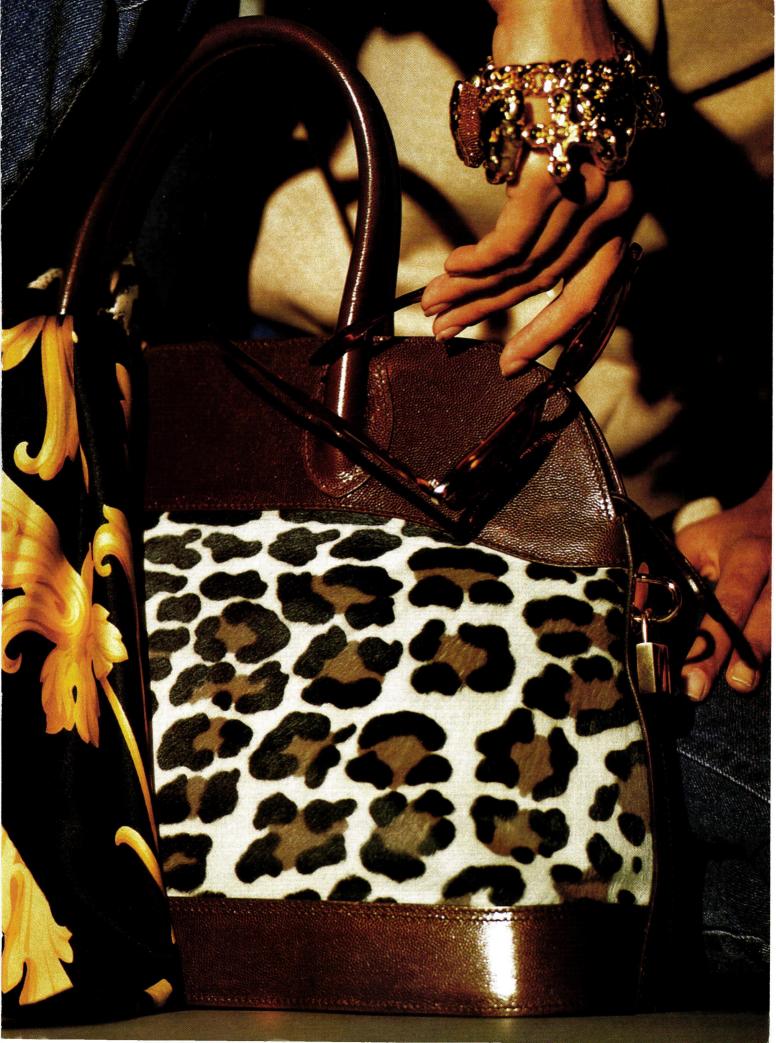


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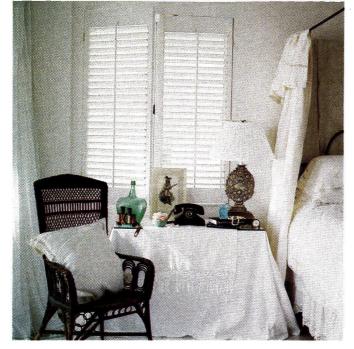
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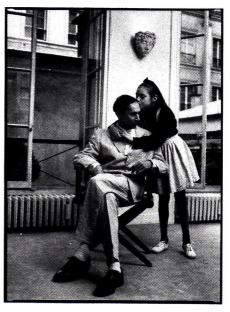
MY UNIFORM



Vintage linens brighten a Florida beach house bedroom, <u>above</u>. Page 90. <u>Right</u>: Marcel Breuer bent-plywood tables in a New York apartment. Page 70. <u>Center right</u>: Paris antiques dealer Eric Philippe with his daughter, Nora. Page 130.



HOUSE & GARDEN August 1992 Volume 164, Number 8



COVER

Rustic furniture overlooks the upstairs porch of a Georgia house. Photograph by Steve Gross and Susan Daley. Page 112.



AUGUST

FEATURES

Cottage Colors by Sherrye Henry **62**The palette of a renovated Bridgehampton farmhouse reflects its closeness to the sea

Thoroughly Modern Men by Heather Smith MacIsaac **70** Only pedigreed twentieth-century classics make their way into the apartments of two East Coast collectors

Return to Grey Gardens by Mac Griswold **76** A faded garden blooms again at the East Hampton retreat of Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee

Vitruvius in Indiana by Pilar Viladas **84**An all-American classicist, architect Thomas Gordon Smith stages his own Greek and Roman revival

Tales of the Sea by Amy Taran **90**Collecting nautical souvenirs for her beach house, Atlanta decorator Jackye Lanham casts a wide net

Mother Nature's Son by Wendy Goodman **98** In northern Italy, a young American designer finds inspiration in organic forms

Yankee Modernist by Pilar Viladas 100

The rugged virtues of the New England coast inform the pure geometry of Peter Forbes's understated buildings

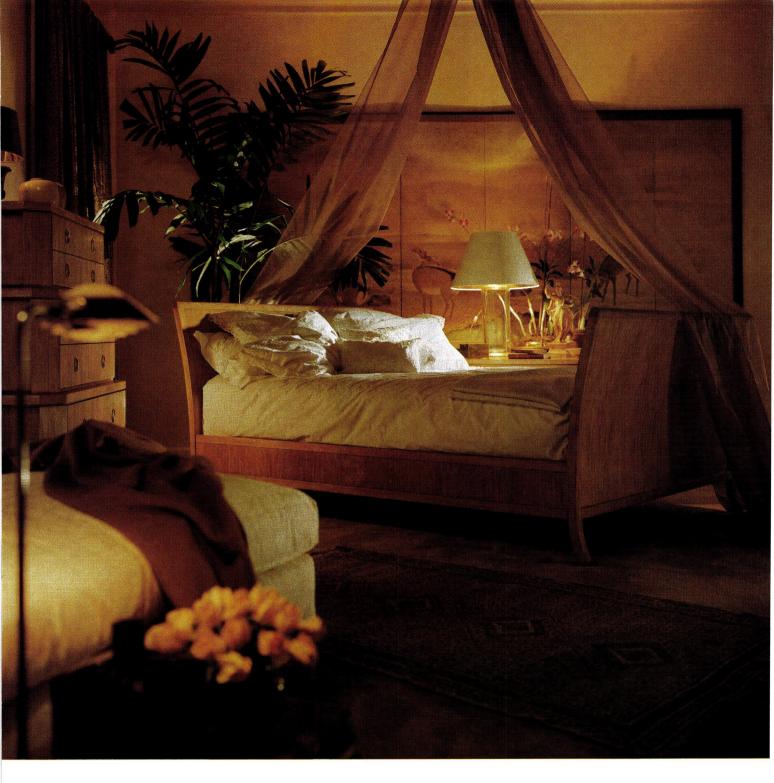
On Nureyev's Island by Elizabeth Kendall 106 Exotic tiles and fabrics set the scene for a legend's hideaway in the Tyrrhenian Sea

Rooted in Georgia by Mac Griswold **112** Long-lost plants and orphaned furniture find a home with garden designer Ryan Gainey

Palm Beach Story *by Wendy Goodman* **118** For the fashion designer Arnold Scaasi, the resort at its best is simply beach and palms

Northern Exposure by Amy Fine Collins **124** Decorator John Stefanidis surrounds a Canadian family with luxurious comfort

Parisian Purist by Emily Eakin **130** The ideals of French modernism define the domestic style of decorative arts dealer Eric Philippe

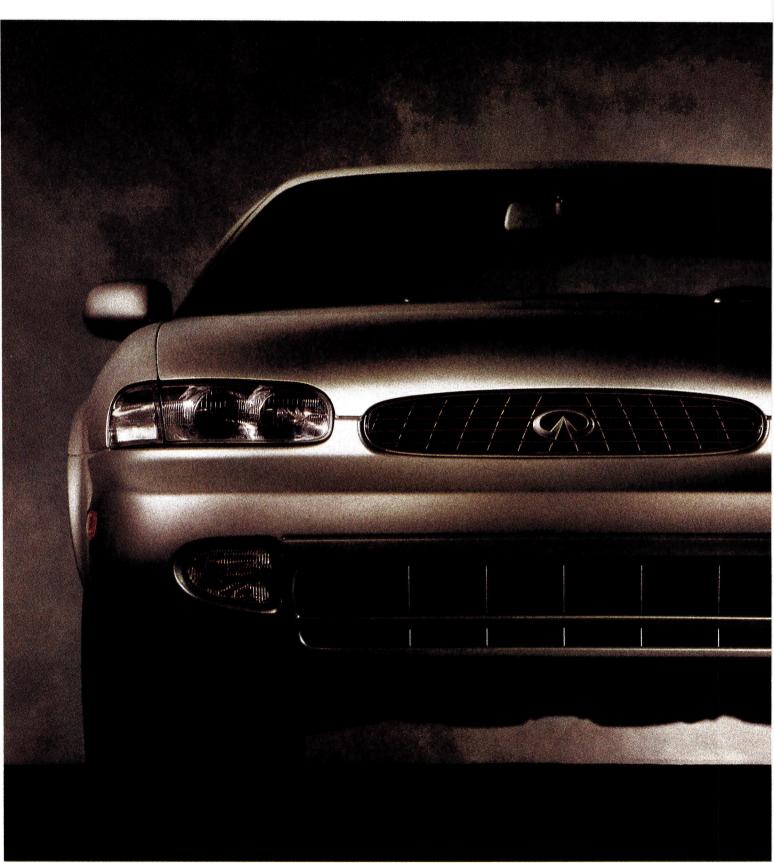


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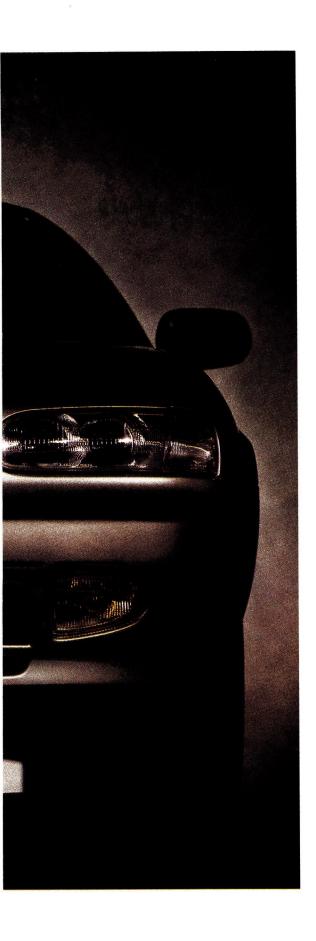
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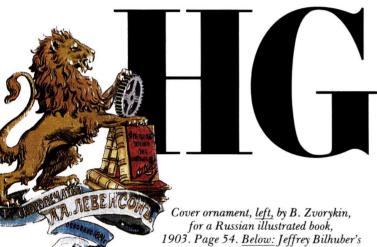
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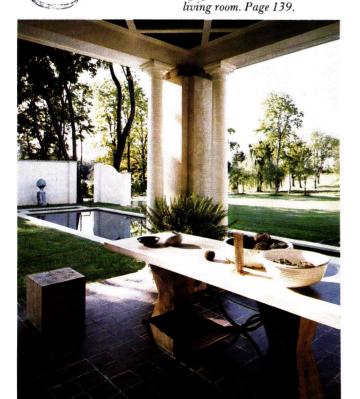
AUGUST

Vintage fifties glassware, left, from Van Der Jean-Paul and chrome





design for an indoor-outdoor



DEPARTMENTS

Contributors Notes 18

Notes The New and the Noteworthy 23

Design by Heather Smith MacIsaac 30 A New York couple ushers fifties furniture forms into the nineties

Gardening by Helen Dillon 36 After generations of secrecy, a family of gardeners opens the door to a walled domain

Writer in Residence by Judith Krantz 40 Not a single detail is overlooked in a novelist's California workroom

Travel by Joseph Giovannini 42 Budapest, one of Europe's oldest spa cities, offers sensuous pleasures unchanged by revolution

Food by Alice Wooledge Salmon 46 Three chefs bring out the distinct personalities of old-fashioned fruits

People by Susanna Moore 50 A New York literary couple adapts a piece of local history to contemporary life in the Connecticut countryside

Books by Prince Michael of Greece 54 In the decades before the Russian Revolution, graphic artists rediscovered their heritage

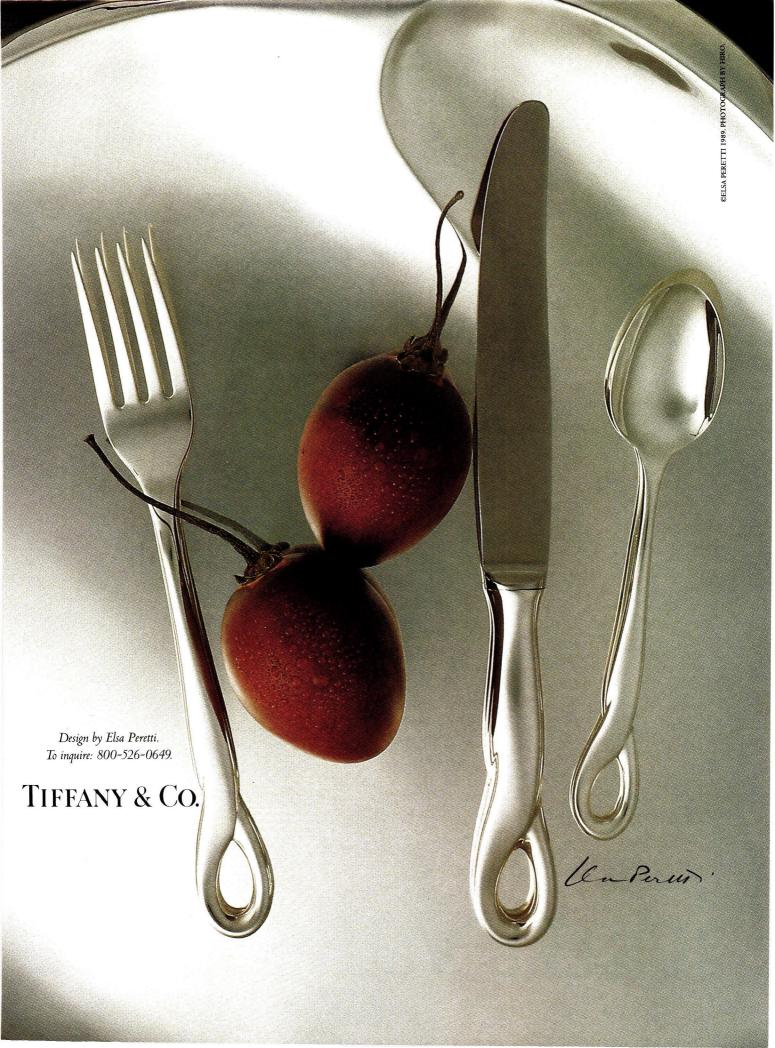
Style by Wendy Goodman 58 Fashion designer Jean-Paul Gaultier's first furniture collection stops traffic

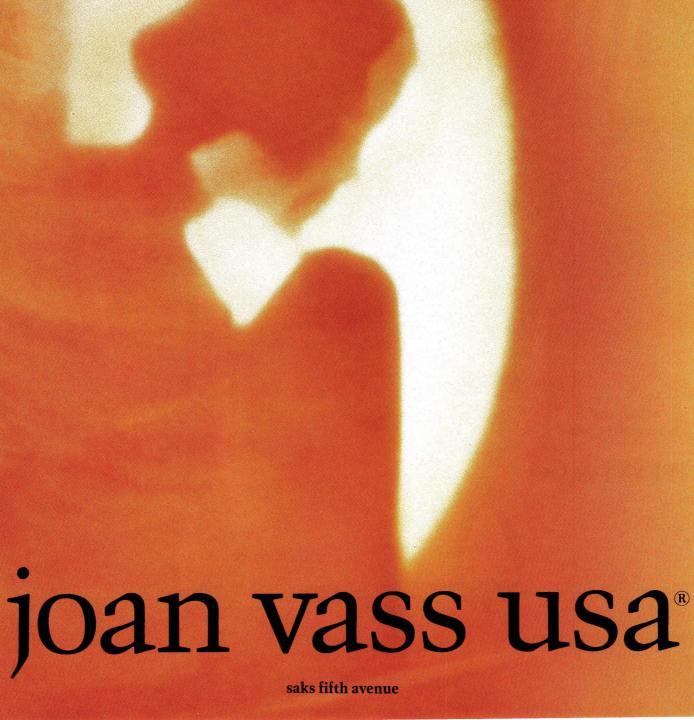
Editor's Page by Nancy Novogrod 61

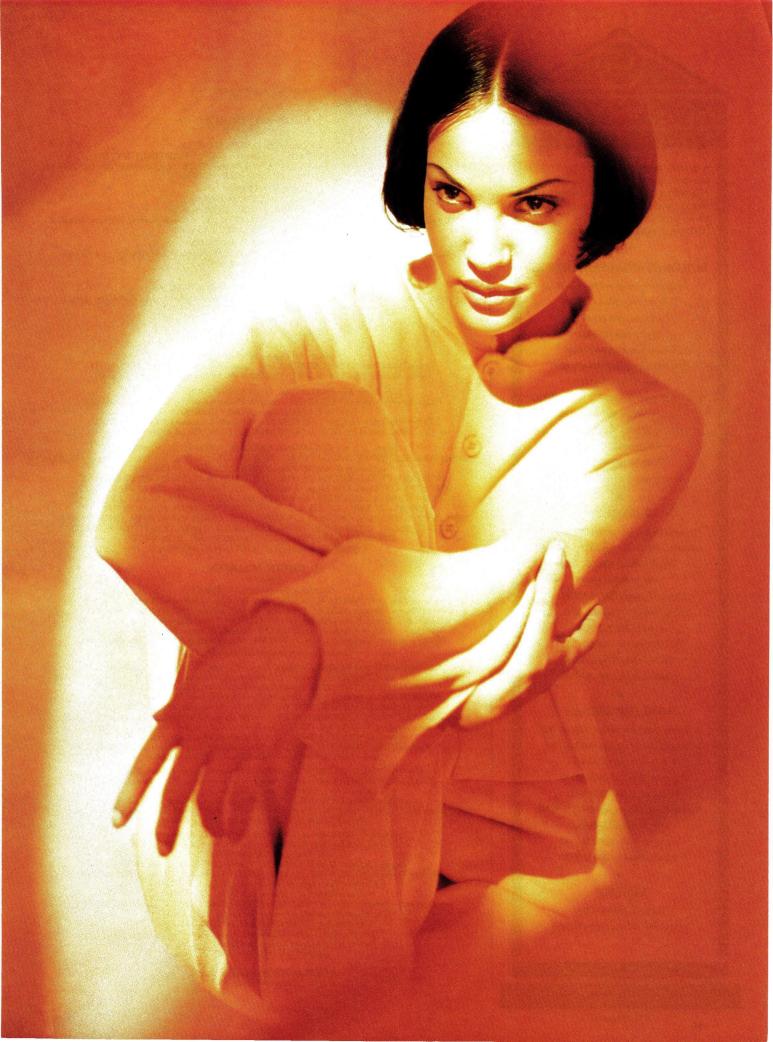
Great Rooms by Jacqueline Gonnet and Alexandra de Rochefort 139 Jeffrey Bilhuber's decorating firm makes the most of often-neglected spaces

Resources Where to Find It 142

Gandee at Large by Charles Gandee 146 To be a Guest









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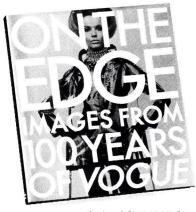


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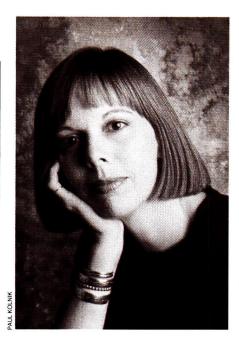
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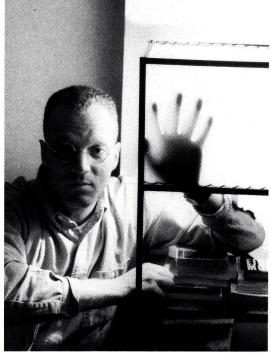
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Contributors Notes

Elizabeth Kendall is a dance critic and the author of *The Runaway Bride: Hollywood Romantic Comedy of the 1930s.* In this issue she writes about ballet legend Rudolf Nureyev and his outpost on the tiny Italian island of Li Galli—"a place that is isolated, rocky, and out of the ordinary, which is why Nureyev loves it." Kendall lives in Manhattan and is brushing up on her Russian in preparation for a year's stay in Saint Petersburg.

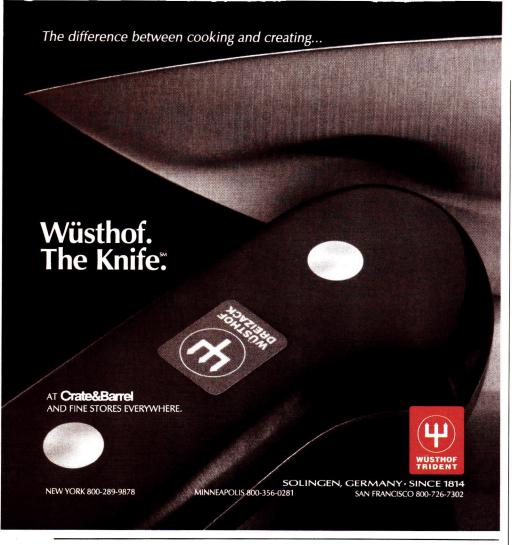
David Seidner traveled by speedboat to Li Galli to capture Nureyev in his exotic tiled rooms. "I noticed his island when I staved nearby at Positano," says Seidner. "I've always thought what a great dream it would be to own your own island." A fashion and portrait photographer, Seidner shot his first magazine cover at nineteen. He lives in Paris and New York and is currently at work on his fourth book, a collection of costume studies from Francis Ford Coppola's forthcoming movie, Bram Stoker's Dracula.



DAVID SEIDNER



Sherrye Henry visits the Bridgehampton cottage of art dealer Vivian Horan and her writer husband, Tim, whose shingled retreat she considers the "perfect spot for unhurried summer weekends." A former radio broadcaster, Henry hosted an interview show on New York's WOR for fifteen years. Now devoting herself to writing and politics, she lives in East Hampton, contributes to numerous magazines, and is the author of the novel Alone Together.

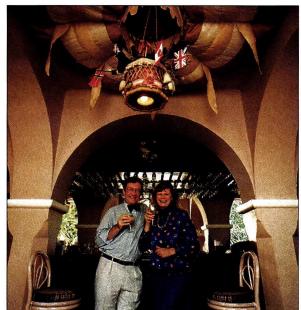


Contributors Notes



Emily Eakin reports on the Paris apartment and gallery of decorative arts dealer Eric Philippe, whom she describes as having an "innate sense of grace and style and an ease with luxury that is quintessentially French." Eakin grew up in Indiana and recently studied comparative literature at the École Normale Supérieure in Paris. She works in the Paris office of The New Yorker.





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Alice Wooledge Salmon writes "about food and France and things that I like." For HG she describes three chefs and their distinctive ways of cooking with fruit. A London-based contributor to Gourmet, she has published two books on food and many short stories. "Whenever I set out to write a novel," she says, "it always becomes a short story."

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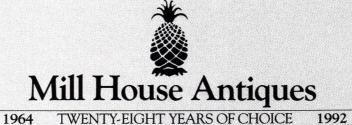
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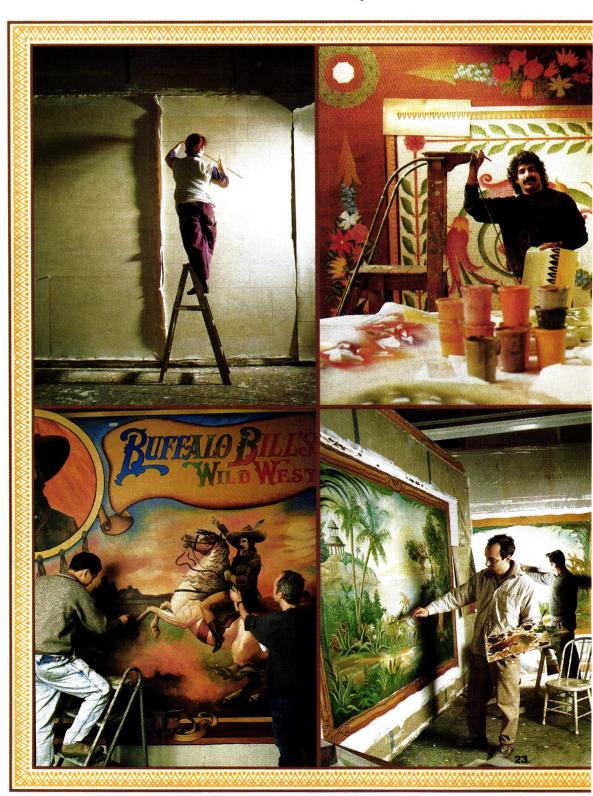
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

"A rich visual

language of texture, pattern, and color," says muralist Jeff Greene, is the vernacular of all the artists working for his company, Evergreene, on commissions spanning the globe. Among them are (clockwise from top row left) Robin Roi, making faux stone panels for South Africa's Palace of the Lost City Hotel; Gustavo Rojas, stenciling an 18th-century Aubusson pattern on sisal for a Palm Beach house; Mark Reynolds and George Goetz, touching up chinoiserie "tapestries" for New York's Hotel Pierre; and Gary Wimmer and Matthew Quayle, re-creating turn-of-thecentury circus banners for Euro Disney. (Evergreene, 635 West 23 St., New York, NY 10011; 212-727-9500)





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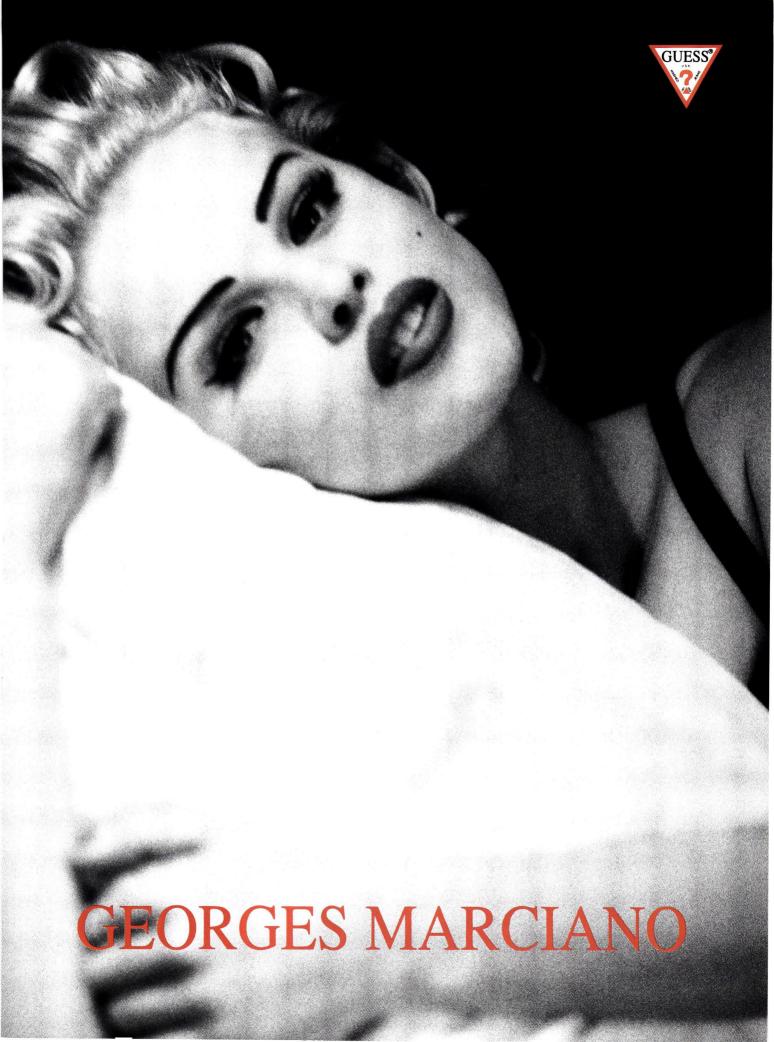
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Pacific Rims A 1920s stone urn (*above*) from Singapore, one of many at Robert Scott Stilin, Palm Beach (407) 833-8964.



Sunday Painters Actress Louise Fletcher (*above*) sells pictures from the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries. Call (310) 479-4219, by appt.



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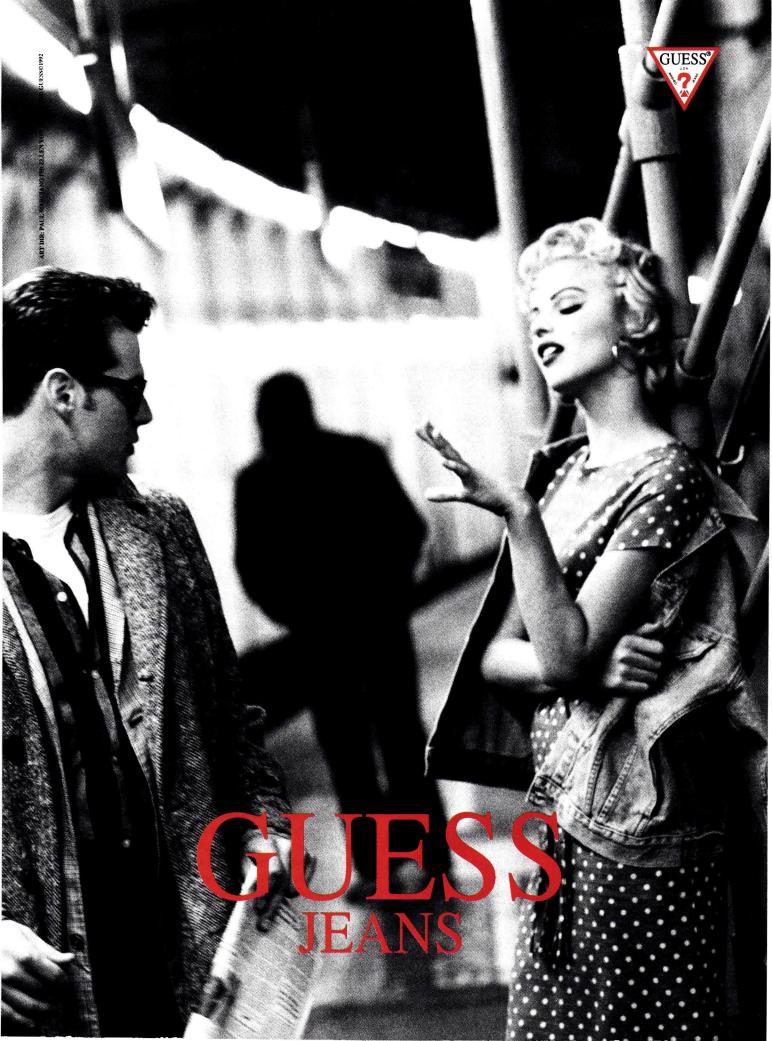
In the Fold Viscount Linley uses twenty-one wood veneers in his London screen (*above*), at Arkitektura, 379 West Broadway, NYC (212) 334-5570.

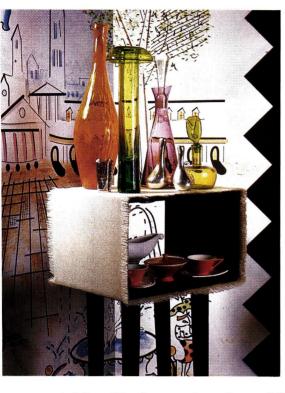


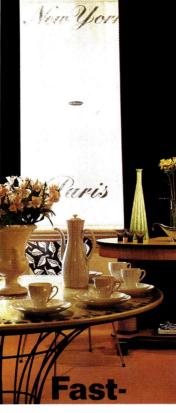
Floral Basket The rug (*above*), used in the bathrooms of the Mayflower Inn, is available in its gift shop, Washington, Conn. (203) 868-9466.



Piled High Italian painted terracotta seat or side table (*above*) by Patina. For dealers (800) 635-4365.







Forwarding History

A screen with a Parisian scene, far left, stands behind a raffia-clad table displaying fifties objects, mostly American.

Left: More period porcelain and glass is arranged on tables reworked by the Graces. Below: A laminated flame pattern and cotton velvet upholstery update two classic midcentury chair forms in front of a Poussin-inspired screen.

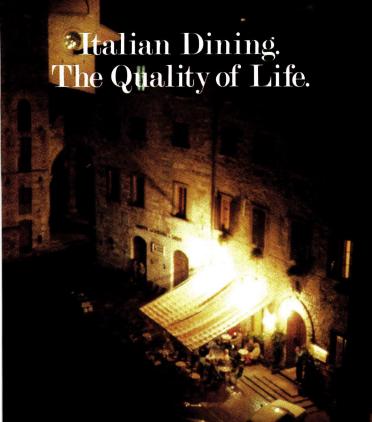


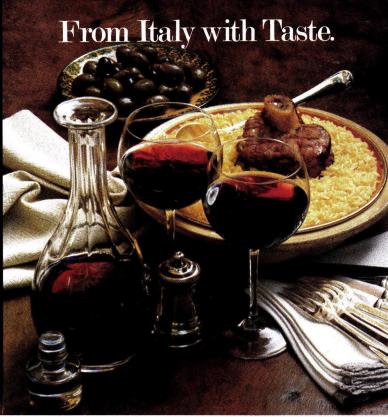
A New York couple ushers fifties forms into the nineties By Heather Smith MacIsaac

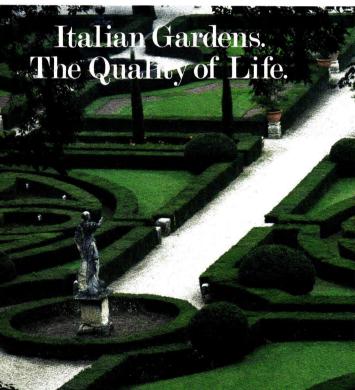


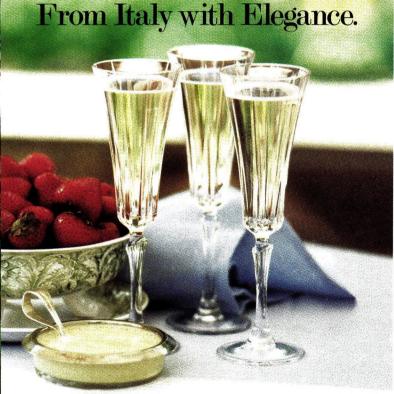
n spite of the scrim across the window emblazoned NEW YORK and PARIS, Van Der Pool & McCoy, a new retail showroom for furniture and objects, has only one outpost—in Manhattan—thus far. Obviously, owners Jim and Joanna Grace (he a former art director at an advertising agency, she a stylist and former fashion editor) are not ones for small thinking. Before they opened shop, the couple spent six weeks in France and three months roaming the U.S. (in a VW camper done up in striped upholstery and polka-dotted curtains), gathering pieces, Polaroids, and ideas. Six months and one 1962 Cadillac Coupe de Ville later (the camper expired in Arizona), the Graces concluded that although the world did not need another source specializing in the forties and fifties, it is the period that inspires them most—"the last great era of design in this country," Jim believes. Van Der Pool & McCoy—derived from his middle and her maiden name-was born.

The Graces' tiny seventh-floor space packs in objects (mostly fifties), furniture (vintage pieces reinterpreted by the couple as well as new designs), and influences (from classical French painting to computer technology), not to mention their design studio (a four-foot-deep slot of space behind a curtain). The couple hopes to add fabrics, wallpapers, and tableware of their own design in the near future. As for a branch in Paris, pourquoi pas? (Van Der Pool & McCoy, 1133 Broadway, Suite 719, New York, NY 10010; 212-206-1255) ▲









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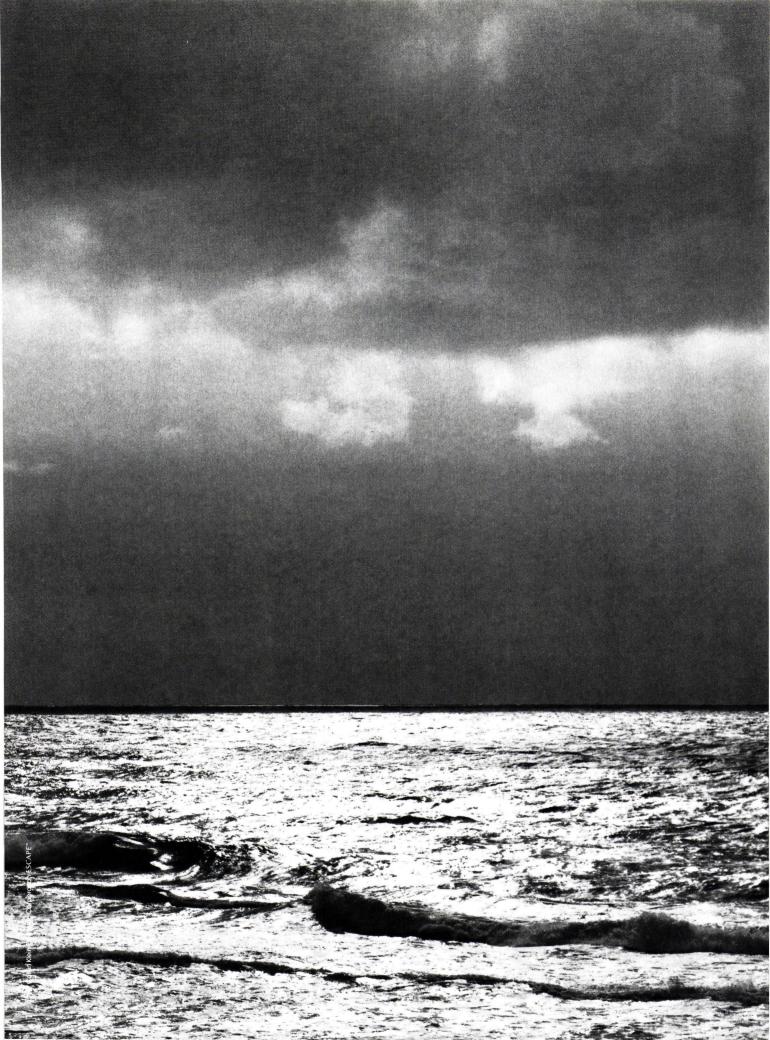


Italian Wines. The Quality of Life.

ESCAPE

SEA-ENRICHED BODY COLLECTION





he approach to Beech Park, near Dublin, is a deceptive prologue to the most secret of Irish secret gardens. A drive through grassy meadows dotted with wildflowers leads to a Regency house reputedly designed by Sir Richard Morrison, one of Ireland's foremost Georgian architects. The house, which appears somewhat modest from a distance, has graceful bay windows overlooking a landscape of mature trees and lawns close-mown for so many decades that the wild thyme has seeded to form a tapestry of palest pink to purple. At the rear is a stable yard, just as it was in the early nineteenth century, with well-worn cobbles underfoot and white doves overhead.

door near the stables.

On the far side of the doorway, high walls of mellow brick and limestone enclose the hidden domain of the great Irish plantsman the late David Shackleton, who built his private collection over half a century. From the rarest of the rare to nearly forgotten cottage garden favorites, an extraordinary gathering of plants is to be found here. As Shackleton's father gardened before him, so his son Jonathan and Jonathan's wife,

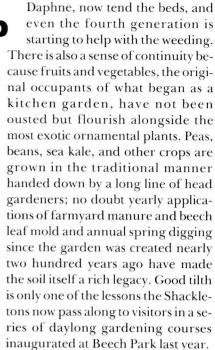
Such is Beech Park-or so it would

seem until you open an old green

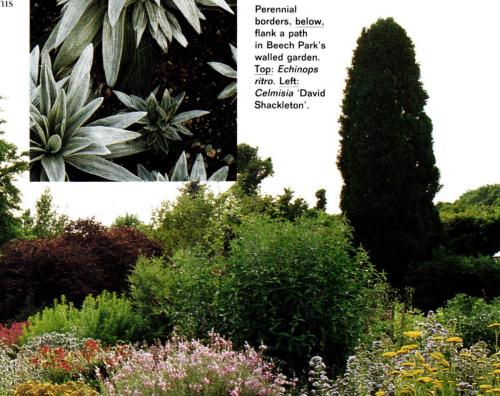
Perennial Plantsmanship

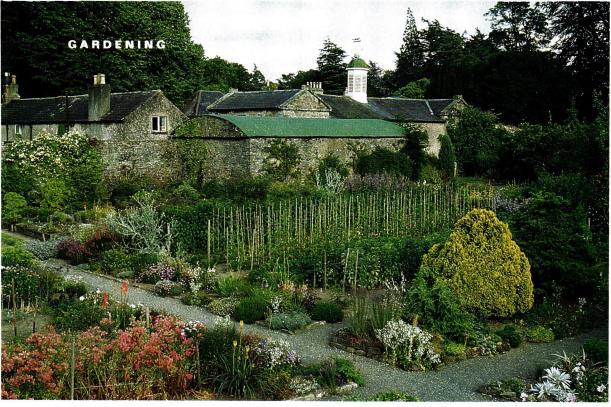


After generations
of secrecy, a family of
gardeners opens the door
to a walled domain
By Helen Dillon



Just inside the green door a series of raised beds demonstrates ideal accommodation for ericaceous plants—small rhododendron, andromeda, gaultheria, pernettya, pieris, and the scarce bi-generic hybrid × Phylliopsis hillieri 'Pinocchio'. The diversity of color and form in the raised beds alone would capture the attention of any horticultural enthusiast: the brilliant blue of gentians





Behind the 19thcentury stable yard, climbing haricots verts, runner beans, potatoes, and Jerusalem artichokes grow near herbaceous plants and alpines.

both European and Asiatic, the ephemeral blush pink of a bloodroot, and the glaucous silver of celmisia's spiky foliage; the beautiful but sinister hoods of members of the arum family, the delicate fairy bells of codonopsis or wahlenbergia, and the opulent pouches of cypripedium. But beyond, near the Georgian hothouse now adapted for the plants Jonathan and Daphne Shackleton sell on "open" days, stands a collection of ancient stone troughs filled with finds from the mountains of the world. These are plants that require sun and good drainage: buns of saxifrage, carpets of raoulia, campanulas and primulas in endless variety, and the exquisite Thalictrum orientale with tiny leaves of glaucous blue and pale mauve flowers which seem suspended in the air above.

Beech Park's walled garden has long been renowned for its borders, which are home to perhaps the finest collection of herbaceous perennials in Ireland. In early summer no fewer than nine varieties of blue Himalayan poppy, *Meconopsis* × *sheldonii*, offer a display of tissue-paper petals in electric hues. Later there are at least forty kinds of phlox, many of them old-fashioned cultivars that tend to be more disease-resistant and vigorous than modern hybrids. The range of kniphofia, or red-hot poker, is just

Nearly every plant in Beech Park's walled garden has a history or memory attached

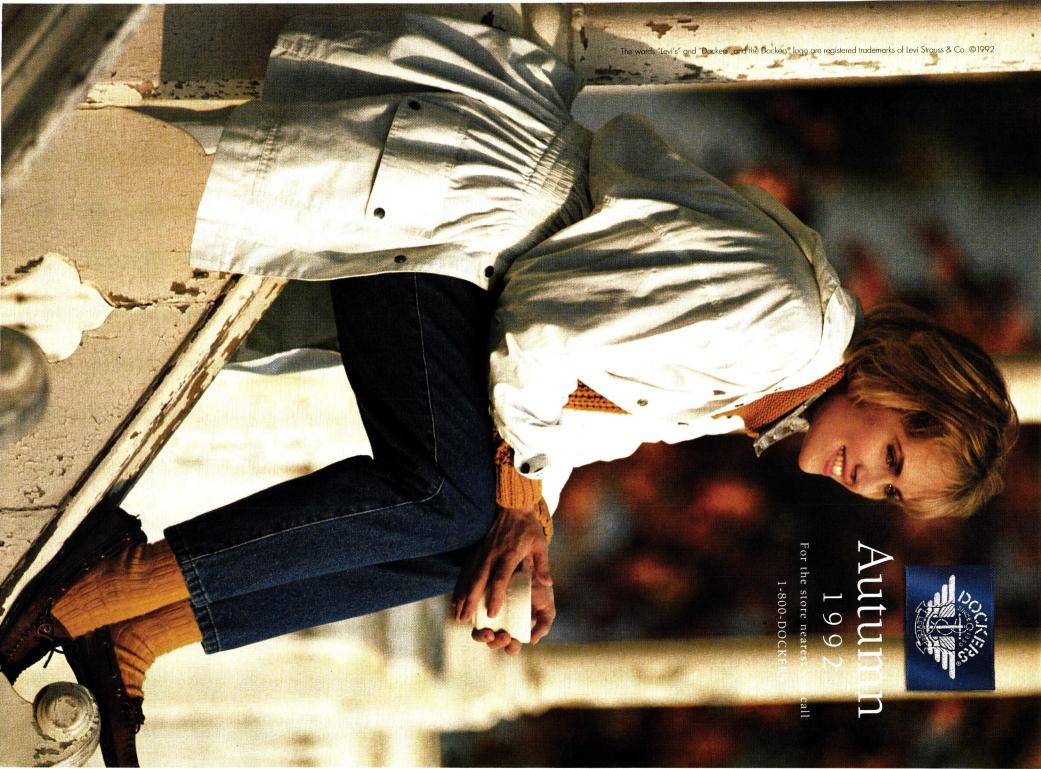
as broad: from the splendid tall glowing red Kniphofia 'John Benary' and 'Wrexham Buttercup' in yellow to the small fine-leaved autumnflowering K. triangularis, a cheering sight in September and October. In these days of would-be low-maintenance horticulture, when many gardeners balk at the staking of huge herbaceous plants, some magnificent tall varieties are fading into obscurity. Not so inside these garden walls: in late summer the view down the borders is punctuated by stately clumps of rudbeckia, inula, miscanthus, towering Michaelmas daisies, and the giant reed Arundo donax.

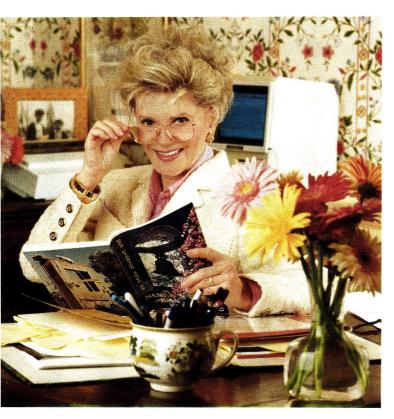
Though there shouldn't be fashions in gardening, the popularity of plants does wax and wane. At Beech Park, however, many old favorites have been kept going, such as the double daffodil 'Queen Anne' introduced around 1600 (it was not named after England's Queen Anne but, more likely, an even earlier

Anne of Austria) and the rare double Lychnis chalcedonica. Nearly every plant has a history or memory attached, which may involve the longgone garden it came from, the donor who presented it, or-if it is a temperamental specimen—the many years spent finding out what conditions suit it best. Of course, the plant roll call is evocative too: fair maids of France, the lovely double form of Ranunculus aconitifolius; granny's bonnets, also double, and nearly wild; Acanthus spinosus 'Lady Moore', namesake of the famous Irish plantswoman; and Celmisia 'David Shackleton', a superb New Zealand mountain daisy with an obvious claim to this plot of Hibernian turf.

Upon leaving Beech Park, you may feel as if you have stepped out of another era back into the present. But it is comforting to know that a garden so deeply rooted in the past still thrives as part of a family's everyday life. The weathered brick and stone walls and green door are not just guardians of history; they shelter secrets for young Shackletons and new friends to discover.

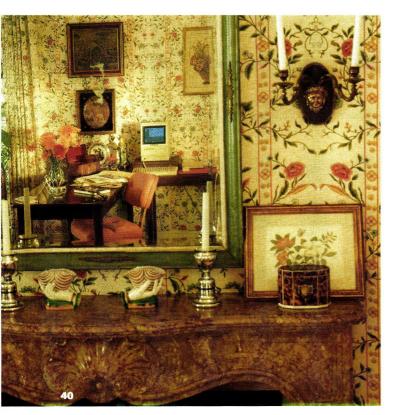
The garden is open and plants are for sale the first Saturday and Sunday of the month, March through October. For information on group visits and gardening courses: Jonathan and Daphne Shackleton, Beech Park, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin 15, Ireland; (1) 821-2216.





Living with Scruples

No detail is overlooked in a novelist's California workroom By Judith Krantz





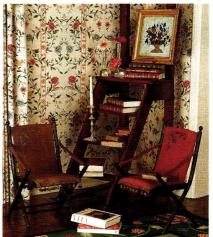
find it oddly difficult to write about my workroom. It would be far easier to discuss my bathroom or closet in every detail than to describe this intensely intimate space that I've shared with no one but the characters who've peopled my imagination during the writing of my last three novels. No visitors are invited to sit here; in fact, I'm so territorial about this room that I get furious when the window washers arrive!

From *Scruples* on, I've always written in a room with doors that open to a garden. Because my work imposes the choice of shutting myself inside all day, I find it necessary to know that the outdoors is available when I take a few steps from my desk. I doubt that I'd be able to write on the second floor of a house—and certainly not in a high rise. This need to feel grounded has guided all of our real estate decisions. When my husband and I returned to California in 1986, after living in a garden apartment in Paris for three years, we had to find a new house; naturally, my main requirement was that there be space on the ground floor for my workroom.

That room, in which I recently finished *Scruples Two*, is surprisingly large—formerly two rooms, a living room and a music room with a wide semicircular bay made of floor-to-ceiling glass panels separated by columns. Outside the door there is a parterre beyond which lies an arbor covered with purple trumpet vines, a wide lawn, and fine old trees blessedly green all year long. In the course of a day's work I allow myself to visit the arbor several times, the lawn rarely, always attached by an invisible cord to my desk, which is made of three separate tables of different heights and occupies the far corner of my office. If the word processor—deliberately placed to face a wall covered with a lighthearted, vaguely Provençal fabric that I no longer notice—was removed, the room would betray nothing of its purpose.

I've never been attracted to the idea of working in a typically serious book-lined writer's sanctum. I keep

Judith Krantz, above left, writes in a large room filled with antiques and flowers and very few books. Left: French majolica vases rest on a mantel beneath a mirror that reflects her desk. The walls are lined in linen from Scalamandré. Above right: Krantz's box collection. Right: English library steps and Napoleon III childsize folding chairs. Details see Resources.



my current research files concealed in the bottom of an old wooden cupboard, and there are almost no books in the room except for an unabridged *Oxford English Dictionary* and specially bound copies of my novels which my publishers give me for Christmas. I'm so protective of my work that I don't welcome the presence of other people's novels, although there are many thousands of them everywhere else in the house.

This room is relatively empty with two contrasting needlepoint rugs on the hardwood floor and deliberately wide spaces between the pieces of furniture. There is a chaise longue opposite my desk near the fireplace and another, at the other end of the room, from which I can catch a distant glimpse of golfers on the seventeenth hole of the Bel-Air Country Club. (Upstairs, in my bedroom and bath, I have three more chaise longues—I believe elevating the feet makes the mind work!)

Near my desk, on and around a rickety wicker table and a handsome

The very air in my office seems to be imprinted with months of work and emotion

set of English library steps (found at Richard Gould, my favorite local antiques dealer), I've grouped clusters of things that attract me. These range from bits of ivory, including three tiny eighteenth-century Chinese apothecary jars and a scrimshaw duck that I swiped from my parents' house forty years ago, to a pair of moth-eaten child-size Napoleon III felt folding chairs that I fell in love with recently. I have to visit dozens of antiques dealers before I spot an object whose mysterious charm informs me that it should be in my workroom.

I rearrange these bits almost daily as I prowl around the room thinking

of the next words, and I need a large supply of them as food for my fidgets. (I've found the perfect excuse for guilt-free antiquing.) Throughout the room there are fresh flowers, and five wicker jardinières hold green plants. Above my desk I've arranged a small collection of framed needlework. I draw inspiration from the careful patient hand labor of other women. The infinitely detailed sampler signed "Barbara Adams, her Work, Aged 10 years, March 15, 1749"—which I bought to celebrate finishing Till We Meet Again—never fails to send me back to work.

Whenever I visit this room between books, I find it an immensely comforting refuge. Everything it contains has meaning to me; its very air seems to be imprinted with months of work and emotion. All the effort of writing is forgotten—until the next time—and only the memory of those elated longed-for moments of creativity remains. Only here can I revisit my characters where they were freshly born.

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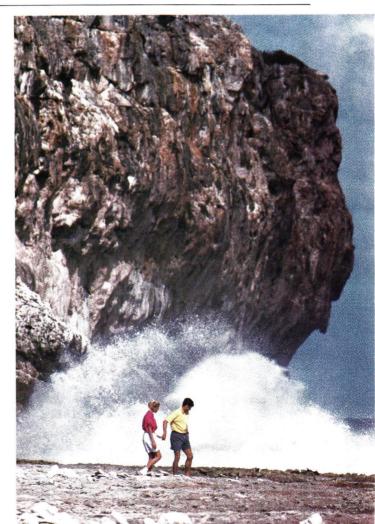
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t is in their ubiquitous thermal baths even more than over their poppy seed strudel that Hungarians have forged the conscience of their race. Budapest— Hungary's imperial and languid capital, a city brushed with the orientalism of its Turkish past and a certain hedonism all its own-has refined the tradition of public bathing into a minor art form. A 1923 black and white photograph still hanging in the Gellért, Budapest's dowager hotel built over pools dating from Ottoman times, pictures its miniature golf course with sand traps brimming with soap suds. The city's jeunesse dorée once danced here, atop glass floors laid across the pool, as though waltzing on water.

There is Buda and there is Pest, the right bank and the left—Buda, being the older city of palaces and baroque houses, and Pest, a late nineteenth century city of commerce. That Buda is hilly is more than a passing incident of the landscape: the rising land surmounts a geological fault line that disgorges thermal waters up through its fissures, a feature much appreciated since the days when Buda was a Roman garrison

An ancient spa city
offers sensuous
pleasures unchanged
by revolution
By Joseph Giovannini

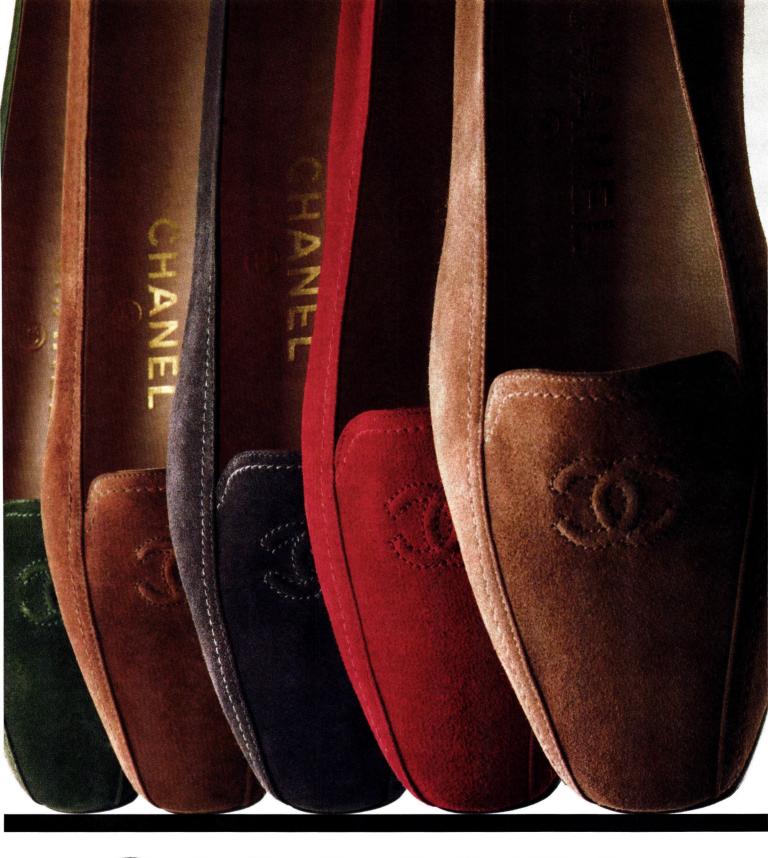
defending the eastern border of the empire along the Danube.

More than forty years of Communism kept the city sooted and introduced a few stupefying apartment blocks, but the regime did not systematically destroy the historic treasures as in neighboring Rumania, nor did it indulge in tear-down Western-style real estate development. In its stagnancy Communism acted as a passive agent of preservation. Budapest's many bathing establishments survived—though they smack of the city's bourgeois and imperial past—perhaps because apparatchiks could plot and steep at the same time without being bugged. These sprawling water emporiums seem even to be surviving the accelerated pace of the go-go free market.

There are many baths throughout Budapest, and each has its own character, clientele, and rituals. The newer versions, which reflect the scale of a nineteenth-century imperial city, are located on the Pest side where industrial-age drilling technology allowed water entrepreneurs to tap deep sources. Some of these spots feature enormous outdoor plazas of water set among Beaux-Arts structures as large as train stations. Locals frequent these arenas as they would a square in Spain, to see or be seen, or a sidewalk café in Paris, for tête-à-têtes. At the Széchenyi Baths in City Park, people standing chest deep in expansive sulfuric pools spend hours playing chess on floating boards. The same thermal waters happen to supply the nearby municipal zoo, making the hippos among the most contented in captivity.

The more historic, less municipal baths are on the Buda side of the Danube where the waters naturally well. Four intimately scaled sixteenth-century Turkish baths still operate in Watertown at the foot of Castle Hill, Pest's central promon-

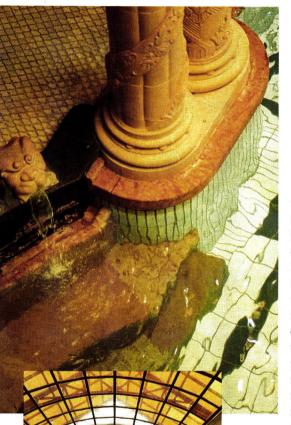
Against a magnificent Beaux-Arts backdrop, swimmers float in the steamy Széchenyi Baths.

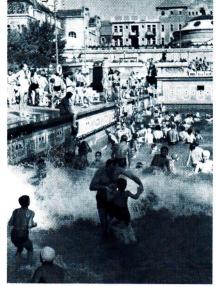


CHANEL

CHANEL BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, COSTA MESA, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, DALLAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU, WASHINGTON, D.C.





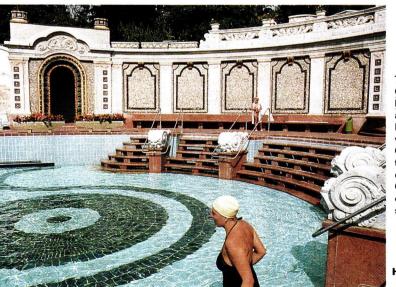


The Gellért's baths are like a Roman forum, with people swaddled in towels wandering everywhere

tory; their vaulted ceilings and Byzantine domes strike a Turkish gong in an otherwise baroque and rococo quarter. But the reigning watering hole is at the Gellért, the splendidly un-up-to-date Belle Époque hotel where a small wood and glass elevator cab discreetly located at the back of the building delivers guests into a vast aqueous world. (The paying public is also welcome, through a more elaborate portal.) Though much of the interior is suffering from a faded 1950s reincarnation, the original art nouveau lines on the massive stone façade remain liquidan appropriate style for a structure built over eighteen generous hot springs that have been turned into tub baths, Turkish baths, mineral water pools, and baths with radioactive mud. Some guests dip into a different setting every day of their stay.

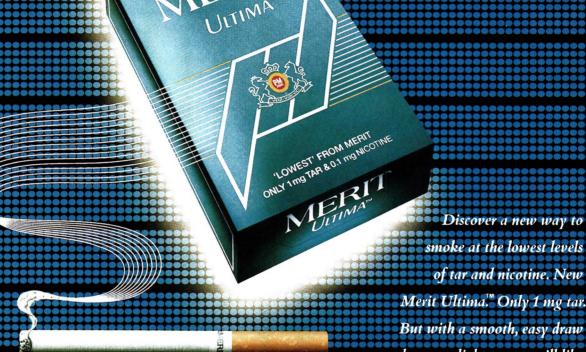
Nothing is shy about Budapest's soaking pools, and the Gellért's, modeled after the baths of Caracalla, seem like an imperial Roman forum, with Hungarians swaddled in towels and robes wandering everywhere, mixing with people in street dress. Mosaics decorate the walls; palms prosper in the humidity. Off the main hall there are massage rooms, steam rooms, and mud rooms with expert attendants. The multistory spa rises from the hotel's basement onto an adjacent hillside terraced with a large surf basin featuring a machine that launches rollers according to its own indiscernible schedule. A raised swimming pool under a retractable glass roof is the Gellért's operatic centerpiece, a pillared hall where ceramic fish spout jets of water. In corridors beneath the pool's decks, glass portals allow magnified underwater glimpses of limbs swimming by-here a pair of legs, there a couple of arms and a torso. No athletes churn waves on their way to a photo finish; folks just putter along in their basic black Speedos, taking in the water's benefits by osmosis. As in the rest of Budapest, there is no exertion, no sense of a race: people have the time and they are blithely taking it.

(For a sampling of the public baths in Budapest see Resources.)



Taking the waters. Clockwise from top left: Chess players at the Széchenyi Baths; a 1940s view of the Hotel Gellért's surf basin; the basin today; the central pool; the Gellért's garlanded columns and a spouting gargoyle.





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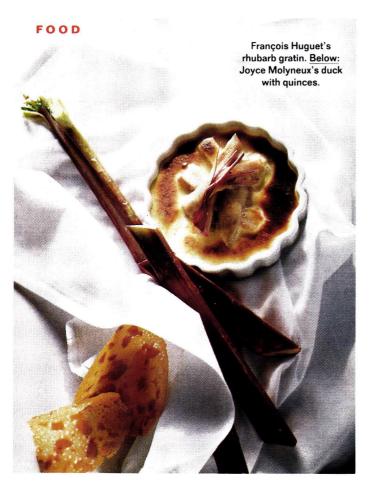
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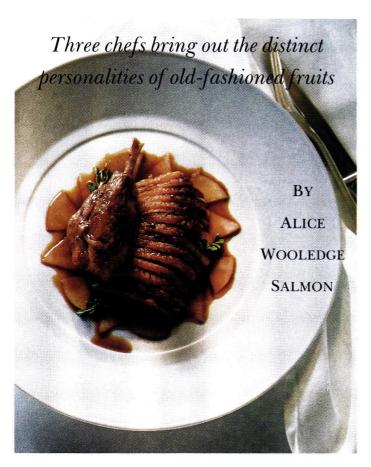
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Sweet Eccentricities



hristian Willer is a Michelin-two-starred Frenchman who has never quite left the soil. He recalls the slopes of Alsace where peach trees grew wild in his grandparents' vineyard and the pêches de vigne were crimson right to the pit. His grandmother bottled them whole, in syrup and red wine, to make large open-face tarts through the winter.

Willer departed Alsace for the chefs' brigades of French, Swiss, and American kitchens, arriving eventually at the Hôtel Martinez in Cannes to open La Palme d'Or during 1985. As befits an Alsatian enamored of fruit, he has made arrangements with five specialist growers on the Côte d'Azur for supplies of the figs, berries, and peaches that distinguish his summer desserts.

The wild peach tree of Willer's youth, which springs from a fallen pit, can still be found in French gardens and minor vineyards where mechanization does not hold sway. The tree—like the vines, never watered—bears small fruit whose compact flesh may be yellow, deep crimson, or an unemphatic rose. Whether sweet or agreeably tannic and tart, the flavor of peach is intense, and the pêche de vigne—also known as a "peach of the four winds" or, if red, as a blood or beet peach—is cherished by the growers for their own consumption and only occasionally sold. This true vineyard peach should not be confused with the large commercial fruit of that name—farmed in irrigated orchards around Lyon—which often tastes like a poor imitation.

When Willer adapts his grandmother's peach tarts for La Palme d'Or, he turns to people like René Schmid, who grows fraises des bois in the hills behind Nice and has wild peach trees bearing fruit he provides "for friends." Or Willer buys small peaches that are cultivated locally and picked ripe—the best choice for those of us not fortunate enough to live in the south of France.

Christian Willer has never met Joyce Molyneux, whose acclaimed restaurant is in England's Devonshire, but he would appreciate her knowledge and the spirit of her generous cooking. At the Carved Angel in Dartmouth, Molyneux's fief since 1974, her culinary interests range from classical French to the Eastern spicing and sharp overtones dear to the British, while old-fashioned fruit such as quinces, medlars, and sloes accent wild game throughout autumn and winter.

The tree in Molyneux's garden at Bath bears its first mature quinces in mid October. (In some areas of the States, quinces are ready by late summer.) She buys more from William Hebditch, who, he says, "discovered quinces on the hippy trail to Nepal" and concluded that adding some trees to his Somerset orchards "would be a romantic gesture." Romantic it was, since the pear- or apple-shaped quince is an emblem of love and fertility. When ripe, it turns daffodil-yellow and pervades a room with the spicy musky fragrance that the late Cyril Connolly perfectly described as an "unearthly savour."

The raw quince is hard and inedible. As the flesh cooks, it changes from creamy to reddish amber, and the



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texture, pleasingly grainy with a fine astringent flavor, lends itself well to jellies, preserves, and apple-based tarts and to rich savory dishes like Molyneux's duck with quinces.

One French chef who adores England and keeps part of his heart in the Scottish highlands has lately been wowing Parisians with rhubarb. Not the stewed stringy mess known to every British child since the reign of Queen Victoria but a gratin of tender young stalks whose sabayon "mantle" is made with Sauternes. A glass of Sauternes escorts the dessert created by François Huguet, who was lured from the Connaught in London to the Hôtel Lancaster, just up from the Champs-Élysées.

Before he went to the Connaught. Huguet was chef in a kitchen whose windows overlooked five hundred acres at Inverlochy Castle, a hotel on the western coast of Scotland, Local fish and game teemed to his larder and casseroles, and from Inverlochy's walled kitchen garden came abundant seasonal produce, including, each spring, the slim pink stalks of early rhubarb, forced into growth beneath terra-cotta bells. These shoots were sweet and delicate, as unlike the coarse stems of a summer crop as the French pêche de vigne or a locally grown peach is to the massproduced clone.

"At the moment," says Huguet, "my forced spring rhubarb arrives from Holland via the Paris market at Saint-Eustache. But what's to prevent me from growing la rhubarbe de Paris on the Lancaster's courtyard terrace off the second floor?"

CHRISTIAN WILLER'S PÊCHE DE **VIGNE EN TARTELETTE**

(Peach Tarts with Red Wine Sauce)

- 6 tablespoons unsalted butter, softened
- 1 cup plus 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon dark rum
- ½ cup finely ground blanched almonds
- 13/4 cups fruity red wine Juice of 1 orange, strained Juice of 1 lemon, strained
 - 6 small ripe peaches

- 1/3 cup tawny port Pastry dough made with unsalted butter, enough for 6 3½-inch tins
- 1½ teaspoons cornstarch
- 12 leaves lemon verbena or mint

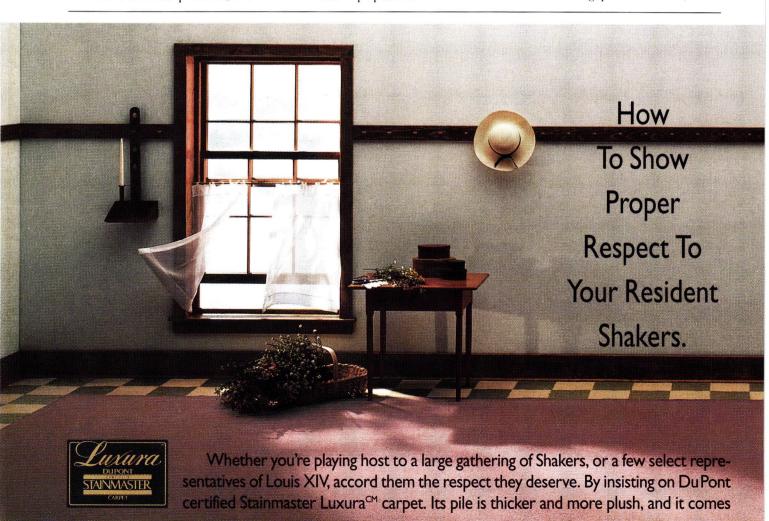
To make frangipane, cream 4 tablespoons butter until soft and light. Gradually beat in 1/3 cup sugar, egg, and rum. Stir in almonds. Cover frangipane and refrigerate.

In a medium-size saucepan combine red wine, ½ cup water, the citrus juices, and remaining sugar. Bring to a boil and skim. Place peaches in a single layer in syrup; lower heat and poach fruit, covered, until cooked through, 1-2 minutes. Cool peaches in the covered saucepan. Carefully remove, peel, and discard skin. Cover peaches and refrigerate. Add port to 21/4 cups of the poaching syrup. Make a sorbet with this, reserving the remaining syrup.

When ready to prepare tarts, preheat oven to 425 degrees. Bring frangipane to room temperature. With unsalted butter lightly grease 6 circular tart tins, each 31/2 inches in diameter. Roll out pastry dough and cut 6 5-inch circles; place pastry in tins and trim

away the excess dough.

Beat frangipane smooth, then



spread 1½ tablespoons of mixture over each pastry shell. (There will be left-over frangipane.) Place 1 peach stemside down in the center of each tart. Put tins on a heavy baking sheet and bake about 25 minutes, until frangipane is golden brown. Cool tarts and remove from tins. Place each on a dessert plate.

Bring reserved poaching syrup to a boil. Dissolve cornstarch in a little water, whisk into syrup, then add 2 tablespoons butter. Simmer briefly until thickened. Spoon a little sauce over each peach and garnish with verbena. Beside each tart, spoon a pool of sauce and a scoop of sorbet. Serves 6.

JOYCE MOLYNEUX'S DUCK WITH QUINCES

Legs and breasts of 4-pound duckling

- 2 small quinces
- 4 tablespoons brandy Salt
- Freshly ground pepper 2 tablespoons duck fat or butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 11/4 cups fruity red wine
- 11/4 cups strong chicken stock
 - 2 tablespoons red currant jelly
 - 1 strip orange zest Juice of ½ orange, strained
 - 2 tablespoons butter

Remove excess fat from duck legs and breasts. Quarter, peel, and core quinces. In a small saucepan add quince peels and cores to 1½ cups water, bring to a boil, and simmer 15 minutes. Strain and reserve juice. Slice quince quarters thinly and place in a shallow dish with duck. Add brandy and mix well. Cover and marinate duck and quinces 2 hours.

Remove duck from marinade and season with salt and pepper. Melt duck fat or butter and sauté duck pieces gently until evenly browned, about 20 minutes. Pour off most of fat.

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Drain marinade from quince slices and pour over duck. Heat gently, turn off burner, and carefully ignite marinade with a match. When flames have died, place duck in a casserole, leaving behind a little fat. Sprinkle flour into the fat; stir in reserved quince juice, red wine, and stock. Bring to a boil, whisk well, and add to casserole with jelly, orange zest, and orange juice. Cover casserole and braise duck 30–40 minutes.

Melt butter and sauté quince slices until tender 5–10 minutes. Arrange duck on a warm serving dish. Skim braising sauce, taste, and adjust seasonings. Strain sauce, pour over duck, surround with quince slices. Serves 4.

FRANÇOIS HUGUET'S GRATIN À LA RHUBARBE

(Rhubarb Gratin with Sauternes Sabayon)

- ½ cup plus 1¼ tablespoons sugar
- 1½ pounds forced rhubarb
 - 4 egg yolks
 - 3 tablespoons Sauternes

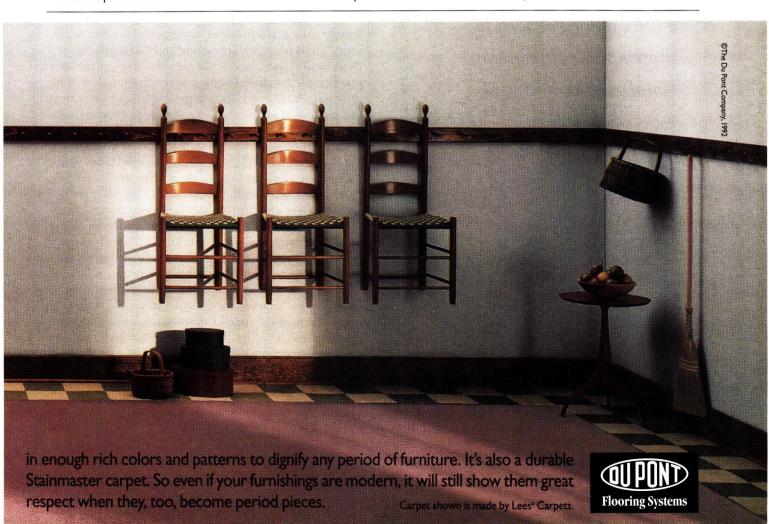
Combine $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups water and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Cut off and discard all leaves from rhubarb, halve each stalk down the center, and slice into short lengths.

Place rhubarb pieces in one layer in a wide low-sided pan. Pour on hot syrup and let rhubarb simmer until just cooked through, about 1 minute.

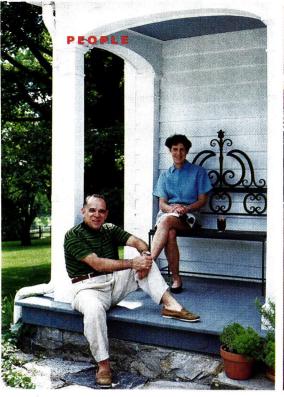
Remove rhubarb from pan and drain well. Transfer to a gratin serving dish. (There will be leftover syrup.)

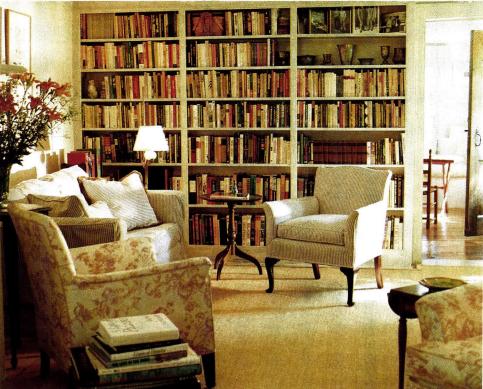
To make sabayon, whisk egg yolks, remaining sugar, and Sauternes in a small heavy saucepan. Place saucepan in a shallow pan filled with hot water kept just below a simmer, and whisk mixture into a thick frothy mousse, about 3–5 minutes.

Preheat broiler to high. Pour sabayon over the warm rhubarb and place gratin dish under broiler until the sauce browns slightly. Serve immediately. Serves 4.



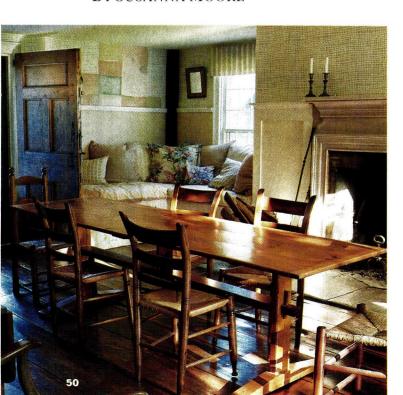






Farmhouse, Revised Edition

A literary couple adapts a piece of local history to contemporary life in the Connecticut countryside By Susanna Moore



uch of the appeal of old New England farmhouses lies in the history which is often evident in the boundaries of fields, in the heights of the trees, and, particularly, in the architecture of the houses themselves. It is frequently possible to trace a story of birth, death, prosperity, and even war, through the metamorphosis of these structures from sturdy frontier cottage to gentleman's farm.

Nearly ten years ago, Howard and Susan Kaminsky bought such a farmhouse on seventy-five acres in northwest Connecticut. He is president and CEO of the Hearst Book Group and a writer like his wife—the couple have just completed their fourth collaborative novel. With their daughter, Jessica, a college sophomore, they treat the place as a weekend haven where, as Howard says, "We read, write, play tennis, and eat pasta."

Situated on a gentle rise at the head of a valley, the house is surrounded by sloping gardens and fields which a neighboring dairy farmer plants with corn and hay. There is a stream with a beaver dam and tall stands of hemlock, Norway spruce, oak, and sugar maple. Deer, fox, coyote, and wild turkey move through the land, and on summer moonlit nights birds call with such exuberance that it seems a phenomenon of nature: they must be fooled by the moon into thinking it is day.

Perhaps because the house has remained in the hands of only a few families, many artifacts have been discovered. The original circa 1750 structure was a one-room dwelling with a kitchen in the basement, which still has a brick bake oven. In 1764 the place was bought for £417 by a farmer who built the first of several additions. During this period the property was on a route used to transfer prisoners taken by American revolutionary war

Howard and Susan Kaminsky, above left, on their back porch. Above right: The living room is furnished with antiques passed down from Susan's family. The sisal is from Stark. Left: The dining room has a trestle table and a generous window seat. Details see Resources.

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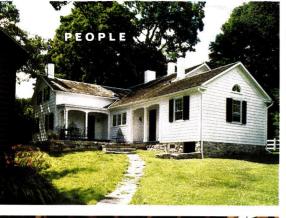
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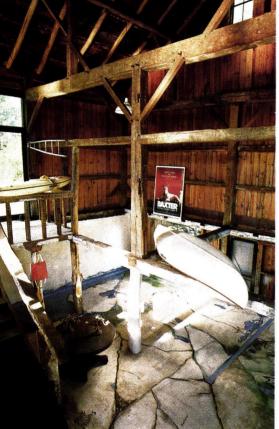
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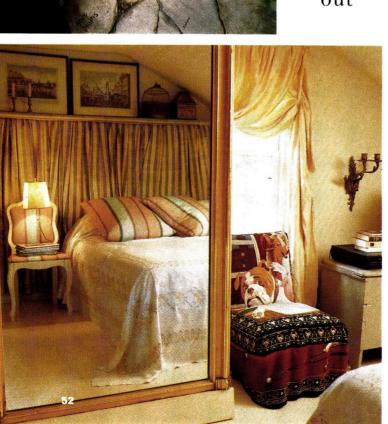
a map painting. Bottom left: The master bedroom features a curtained headboard and a chair slipcovered with a campy velvet tapestry.







The charm of domestic comfort and nature is felt throughout



forces; during one attempted prisoner escape, shots were fired and a piece of wood in which a bullet lodged now rests on a shelf above the Kaminskys' bed. Scratched on a pane of glass in one of the front windows is the name of a young man who graduated in 1824 from Yale—a certain sign the farm had become lucrative. And a hearth pot found beneath the living room floor is perhaps evidence of the tradition of placing something belonging to the owner in the structure for good luck.

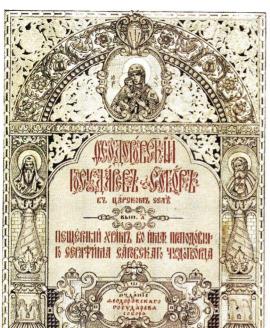
Intent on not making any hasty alterations, the Kaminskys spent more than two years restoring and gently modernizing the house with the help of artist and designer John Ryman. In the main rooms there are built-in bookcases that hold the Kaminskys' enormous library and act as extra insulation for the walls. The enlarged kitchen has open shelves filled with Susan's Quimper pottery. And in every room the furniture—much of it inherited from Susan's family house on Cape Cod—is variously covered in old linens, new toiles, striped ticking, and velvet printed with pool-playing canines.

Other owners might have torn down the neglected L-shaped barn, seeing it as unwieldy. Instead, the Kaminskys put Ryman to work tailoring the spaces for practical use. The long equipment shed in the back was reduced to its posts and beams, finished with a floor of barn boards, and outfitted as a summer room for reading, eating, and sleeping. Under the vaulted ceiling of the central section, formerly home to two dozen cows, there is now a well-equipped gym and, beneath it, a vast storage area for canoes and bicycles. The fact that the concrete floor was badly cracked was turned into an advantage: Ryman painted a fanciful map, transforming the cracks into meandering rivers and borders.

Susan believes a country house should be treated like a beach house: if mud or grass is tracked in, it is swept out the door. It was Susan's idea that the summer room have screens but no glass windows. It is closed in the winter, the wicker furniture put away and repainted in the spring. "The weather just goes through the room," she says happily. This charming integration of domestic comfort and nature is felt throughout the house and grounds. It is a graceful, convivial, old-fashioned place.

CRABTREE





Title page, <u>above</u>, for A. A. Levenson's book on an imperial cathedral alludes to icons and medieval manuscripts.



Two pages from a 1902 book of fairy tales, top right, and a cover for a book of folk songs, left, by Ivan Bilibin.

Right: Aleksandr
Benois's title page for Pushkin's Hussar.





legends. Wealthy merchants and aristocrats built mansions and churches in the style of twelfth-century Pskov or early Muscovy, and painters responded to the simple shapes and rhythmic decorativeness of Russian folk art. Even the czars, for their own political

reasons, became Slavophiles. In 1903 the ill-fated Nicholas II commemorated the founding of Saint Petersburg with a costume ball that harked back to the reign of Peter the Great's father.

Fin de siècle neo-Russian style was not simply a re-creation of the past, but a mingling of Slavic elements with art nouveau—a charming hodgepodge of the age-old and the avantgarde, of sophistication and naiveté. This appealing and original style achieved its triumph in book design—a sign of the new respectability of the applied arts in creative circles, especially those associated with *Mir Iskusstva* (*The World of Art*), an influential art journal pub-

lished in Saint Petersburg. "So-called commercial art and so-called pure art are sisters, twins whose mother is beauty and who resemble each other so closely that it is sometimes difficult to tell them apart," said painter and critic Aleksandr Benois. (Benois illustrated Pushkin's *Hussar*, but today his name is most closely associated with the Ballets Russes, for which he designed sets and costumes.)

The fairy tale illustrations of Ivan Bilibin (1876–1942) are among the first masterpieces of neo-Russian book design, according to art historian Evgenia Kirichenko. Drawing on art as diverse as the late nineteenth century epic paintings of Viktor Vasnetsov, illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, and Japanese prints, Bilibin developed a graphic style in which the "center of gravity," as he put it, was line. The strength of his ornamental outlines, vivid colors, and soaring imagination set the standard

for his peers. So did his stylized vision of Russian folk life and legend with its vernacular wooden architecture, exotic costumes, armored riders, magical birds, and motifs adapted from old manuscripts, popular woodcuts, peasant embroideries, and carved and painted utensils.

Russia Illustrates Itself

In the decades before the Revolution, graphic artists rediscovered their national heritage

rinting books was a habit that came late to Russia, at the end of the seventeenth century, and even then these volumes were extremely primitive—"Gothic," as our ancestors would have said, politely. With the ascent of Peter the Great, books, like the empire's other cultural artifacts, were westernized; for two hundred years their structure, design, and illustration were modeled on examples from Leipzig, London, and Paris. How could it have been otherwise in a country where the elite spoke only French?

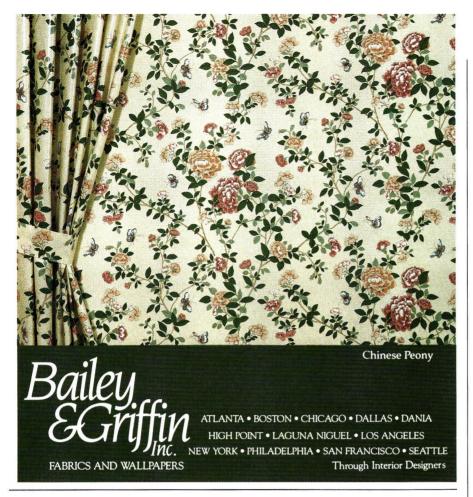
But by the time the nineteenth century came to a close, the creative tide had turned. First architects and then artists looked for inspiration to medieval Russia and traditional folk culture for forms, colors, fairy tales, and



Design by Boris Zvorykin for War of 1812 volume.

By Prince Michael of Greece





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Zvorykin framed a scene from Pushkin's The Golden Cockerel, published in Paris in 1925, with a border of stylized foliage.

Bilibin's talented student Georgi Narbut (1888–1920) favored themes from his native Ukraine. An admirer of old illuminated manuscripts, Narbut himself created charming alphabets for children.

Among the most famous of these artists in the outside world was Boris Zvorykin, who designed and illustrated books for such important Russian publishers as Sytin, Knebel, Marks, and A. A. Levenson, where he was art director for close to twenty years. Zvorykin designed a book honoring the centennial of the War of 1812 and illustrated an elaborate volume that marked the twenty-second anniversary of A. A. Levenson. But his specialty was children's books and Pushkin was his idol; in the mid 1920s, after he had moved to Paris, he produced a bewitching series of pictures for a volume of Pushkin stories, The Golden Cockerel and Other Fairy Tales. (In 1990, thanks to editor Jacqueline Onassis, Doubleday brought out a new edition of this marvelous book, with an introduction by Rudolf Nureyev.)

By and large, these artists supported the revolution of 1917. In 1919 Zvorykin—who had worked on several projects for the Romanovs, including a 1913 book celebrating the dynasty's tricentennial and frescoes in a church built at Tsarskoe Selo by the last czarina—designed a poster

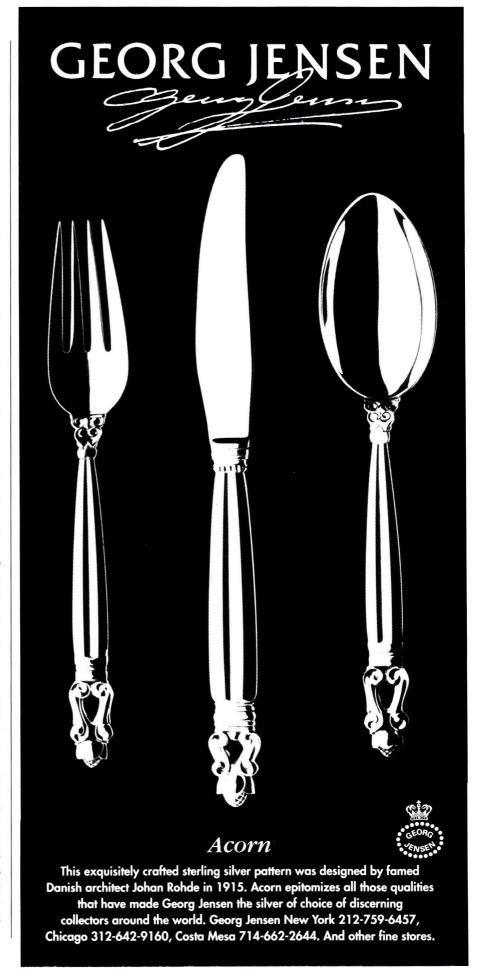
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Neo-Russian style was a charming hodgepodge of the age-old and the avant-garde

entitled "The Battle of the Red Knight with the Dark Force" and a cover for the *Red Army Journal*. But in his case it did not take long for disillusionment to set in: he emigrated in 1921, eventually landing in Paris. It was a French house, H. Piazza, that published *The Golden Cockerel* in 1925. Narbut, who died in 1920 in Kiev, was honored by the Soviets with an exhibition in 1923. Bilibin lived on in the USSR until 1942.

Now that the question of what is Russian has come up in a new and difficult context, these appealing illustrations take on a special resonance. Fortunately, many volumes have been lovingly preserved in the United States, notably in the New York Public Library's Slavic and Baltic Division, now headed by the very knowledgeable Edward Kasinec. The library acquired thousands of these books in the 1930s, when the Soviet government, desperate for hard currency, was selling off the nationalized libraries of the imperial family and other prerevolutionary collectors, explains library technical assistant Benjamin Goldsmith.

Tobias Abeloff of Swann Galleries in New York suggests that something similar may be happening now. "Recently there has been a dramatic increase in this kind of material available for sale," he says. "People emigrating from Eastern Europe bring it with them or have it sent to them by people who want hard currency. There are more sellers than buyers." For auctioneers and dealers and Russian émigrés this is perhaps not such a good thing, but for those who want to enjoy Bilibin's interpretations of Pushkin, for example, this may be a time of opportunity. \triangle







Fashion designer
Jean-Paul Gaultier's
furniture stops traffic



Gaultier's suitcaselike leather chest and wood and chrome chair, <u>left</u>. Above: His aluminum and velvet chair finds a mate.

context. In 1981 the act of opening a can of cat food inspired his barbarian bracelet. The idea for his wheeled furniture sprang from his globe-trotting lifestyle: "I thought, 'I'm always traveling. I don't need furniture, I need luggage.' Then I saw that furniture can be like luggage, it can travel." Indeed, a room full of these mobile creations can be rearranged in a flash. Gaultier, who at twelve designed-and reviewed-a would-be couture collection, keeps adding chapters to his brilliant life. "I take tradition and I twist it."

Gaultier, top right, on a Harley-Davidson. Top left: His aluminum and velvet tête-à-tête is at home in the streets of Paris. Above: Pieces from Gaultier's fall collection are peopled with faces and hands. Details see Resources.





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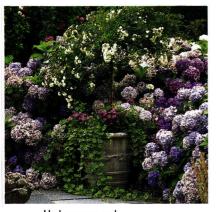
Editor's Page AUSUST

IT TAKES ALL KINDS of sensibil-

ities to put together HG. Our editors' tastes run the stylistic gamut from firmly committed modernism to cozy-cottage traditionalism, and their voices help to give the magazine its variety and texture. The devotion to a single aesthetic can certainly make decorating choices easier. In our

August issue, we feature examples of such purism—the machine-made classics that surround Mark Mc-Donald in his New York apartment, the colorful profusion of tiles that



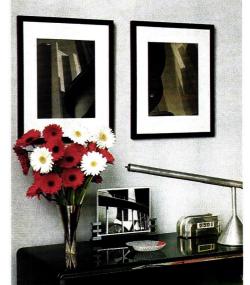


Hydrangeas and Rosa bonica at Grey Gardens, above. Below right:
Norman Bel Geddes 1930s bureau and other treasures in Mark McDonald's apartment.
Above right: The Horans' bedroom.

Rudolf Nureyev chose for his Italian island retreat, and the 1930s elegance of antiques dealer Eric Philippe's Paris flat. We also visit houses and gardens that carry with them a set of elements placing boundaries on appropriateness. Take, for instance, Vivian and Tim Horan's 1880 Long Island farmhouse,

which called for simplicity and colors in tune with its nearness to the sea, or Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee's Grey Gardens, which offered up a slice of history and the challenge of adapting the luxuriance of another era to more casual contemporary life. Palm Beach's legendary glamour provided its own guidelines for fashion designer Arnold Scaasi, as did Canada's winters for master decorator John Stefanidis when he designed the interiors of

the Weston family's house in Toronto. As far as I'm concerned, this diversity is stimulating. So here I am in my New York office, where the desk is by Le Corbusier and the lamps by Mario Villa and Noguchi, thinking about which flower-printed linen to choose for our house in Connecticut and dreaming about rafting, hiking, lolling on the beach, and other alternatives for a family vacation. There are so many good choices, and considering them all is lots of fun.



Vam Vorograd











"In the country the trees and flowers are my paintings," says Vivian Horan, who runs an art gallery in New York. "Here I like a rest for my eyes"

and greens of the ocean, the subtle shifting tones of sand, the bleached whites and silvers of driftwood. Now bring these colors inside an 1880 shingled cottage. Apply them to walls and beams, to moldings and wicker, to sofas and weathered pine, and you have Vivian and Tim Horan's resurrected Bridgehampton house, just a breeze away from the beach.

Like many of the simple tables and chests and chairs that furnish it, the house itself seems to have been taken down to its original surface, then gently refinished. The soft sea-colors that frame the doors and windows and underline the banisters shimmer against satiny white wainscoting. As the daylight fades, cerulean blue be-

comes sea green and celadon turns to celery. "You really have to pay attention to light," says Vivian.

It was Vivian, proprietor of an Upper East Side gallery specializing in twentieth-century art, who fell in love with the house. Her husband, Tim, a writer and former advertising executive, was dismayed. "All the floors were tilting, the doorways sagging. You'd go up the stairs and slide right into bed because the floors were at such an angle," Vivian remembers. "Tim thought I was mad, totally mad. He slumped down in his chair with his eyes rolled back." Ultimately, Tim says, he trusted his wife's judgment and her "unerring eye for detail."

Both her judgment and her eve got quite a workout. After interviewing architects intent on making what she calls a "postmodern statement," she decided to make the aesthetic decisions herself, communing with the spirit of a former owner who had died at ninety-two and was buried with her husband at the back of the property. "Although we had to make a lot of changes, I always had that woman in my mind," Vivian recalls. "Would she be pleased with what we were doing? Or would she think, 'Those city folks came out and ruined my farmhouse'?"

First the house had to be set straight. "We lifted it up and dug a foundation," Vivian explains. "When the house was put down, it made terrible sounds—it was crying! We thought we'd made a ghastly mistake and we'd be stuck with this monster. But the house went down on the new foundation, square as could be."

Then the contractor and his crew tore out walls, floors, and windows

The Horans replanted the forty-year-old perennial borders, above left. Left: Lunches are served on the porch. Folding chairs from Smith & Hawken. Opposite above: A 1920s chair and ottoman and a 19th-century oak library table stand at one end of the living room. Sisal from Stark. Opposite below: The French bistro chairs were originally intended for the porch, "but I never found dining room chairs," says Vivian Horan. The terracotta urns are Moroccan water filters.



















Blue beams, a **Manuel Canovas** check, and red and white stripes make the master bedroom, below, the most vivid room in the house. Left, clockwise from top left: Antique Scandinavian kitchen table under an oval window in a guest room; curtain fabric from Brunschwig & Fils. Painted cupboard, c. 1860, in the master bath. An iron bed made by an artisan in Rome. A Barcelona park chair paired with a repainted kitchen table.

"You really have to pay attention to light"



and installed new heating, plumbing, and air conditioning systems. When they rebuilt the chimney, they found it had originally been lined with clamshells. Vivian had the meandering driveway rerouted and the wide welcoming porch extended around the house. The dining room and kitchen were expanded, a second bay window was added to the living room, and a new master bath was created from two former bedrooms.

During this process the Horans maintained a faithful vigil. "We were here every week for two days, morning to night, freezing sometimes because there was no heat," Vivian says. "But we loved the process, working with contractor Ben Krupinski and his wonderful men. They even worked Sundays for us because they knew I could only be here on Sunday and Monday. What is a horror for many people, working with a contractor, was a treat for us."

Although so much of the construction is new, it is true to the period of the house. Wainscoting now covers many walls and some ceilings—"That's one of the ways we put character back in the house," says Vivian—and old doors were cut down for small cabinets and linen closets. The bathroom fixtures are from the turn of the century; the kitchen hardware was copied from the brass handles on surviving cabinets; the living room mantelpiece was salvaged from an old house that was being demolished in East Hampton.

When it came to selecting colors for the interior, she consulted with experts Donald Kaufman and his wife and partner, Taffy Dahl. "I showed them books with pictures of things I liked, then they'd figure out how to achieve it. We kept trying colors," she says, recalling the blue "that didn't work out" and the green that did—"we just played."

Very little of the furniture is original to the house. The wonderful iron beds were custom-made in Rome—"I didn't want to have the mattresses made to order, and that's what you're obliged to do with old beds,"

Vivian (Continued on page 144)





THOROUGHLY MODERN MEN



Only pedigreed twentieth-century classics make their way into the apartments of two East Coast collectors

By Heather Smith MacIsaac Photographs by John Hall



LEE HAS THE MOST COMPLETE BREUER INTERIOR IN AMERICA, POSSIBLY ANYWHERE



IM LEE AND MARK MCDONALD HAVE SO much in common they really ought to meet one of these days. Both men, born in the fifties, are from the South (Lee is from North Carolina, McDonald is from Texas), both developed an early taste for modernism and originally thought they wanted to be architects, and both live in small apartments with sweeping city views that house exceptional collections of furniture, objects, and artwork from the first half of this century.

Lee is strictly a Bauhaus man, so strict that every piece of furniture, every poster, every decorative object in his Atlanta high-rise apartment—with the exception of his reproduction bed frames, chess set, floor lamp, and ashtray—dates between 1923 and 1935. "What fascinates me about this period in particular is how such pareddown design emerged from such a politically complex time," explains Lee. "The things Marcel Breuer was doing with tubular steel were revolutionary—he made his B35 chair from close to a single length of steel and created a three-dimen-



sional demonstration of Russian constructivist painting with his now-classic Wassily chair."

What was initially startling about the furniture—its industrial quality, portability, and versatility—continues to appeal. Especially to Lee, an investor and self-confessed obsessive who in less than seven years has managed to assemble the most complete Breuer interior in this country, possibly anywhere. Beyond its representative range, the collection is made more valuable still by the fact that nearly every piece is in good unrestored condition, down to the original fabric. Lee especially prizes a set of four B35 chairs, acquired after selling a 1957 T-bird. In his bedroom he has resorted to a pair of reproduction daybeds from a 1930 Alvar Aalto design while he carries on the search for a bed attributed to Breuer. That and a double-tiered glass-topped table, the B23, are the only gaps in his collection he hasn't been able to fill-yet.

On the time line of modern machine-made furniture, Mark McDonald's collection picks up where Lee's leaves off, concentrating on pieces

A Dessau Bauhaus poster, above, picks up the red in a blanket covering two daybeds-reproductions of an Alvar Aalto design, available from ICFwhich Lee joined as his bed. Right: A 1930 French standing mirror by Louis Sognot rests in front of a custom-made folding screen that separates the living room from the bedroom. Opposite above and opposite below: With the exception of the cow-print hassock, 1929 Thonet daybed, and Karl Trabert table lamps, Lee's living room is entirely given over to Marcel Breuer designs, all dating from the late twenties. Swiss posters of the same vintage are by Theo Ballmer.





In McDonald's small apartment, above, new built-in bookcases under oversized windows echo the design of the Eames storage units, which define the living and dining areas. Below, from left: A 1947 three-legged table by Isamu Noguchi serves as a desk and dining table in a corner outfitted with aluminum picture rails. Nesting bent plywood tables by Marcel Breuer display a Venini bowl, a 1950s ashtray, and a book with a graphic cover. A little-known stool by Noguchi and a well-known chair by Eames frame a view of the bedroom from the living room. Opposite: A curtain of vibrant cotton velvet from Gretchen Bellinger sets off an early fifties steel floor lamp by Pierre Guariche and a geometric patterned Dutch blanket from the fifties. The Con Edison tower serves as McDonald's night-light and bedside clock.

from the early thirties through the early fifties, a period he deals in daily as an owner of the New York gallery Fifty/50. But whereas Lee is a metal man, McDonald is more of a wood man—a preference he attributes to having grown up working with the material. He cites the time his family's prized walnut dining table was water damaged as one of the most tragic events of his childhood. And he still has a free-form three-legged table he made in a seventh-grade shop class.

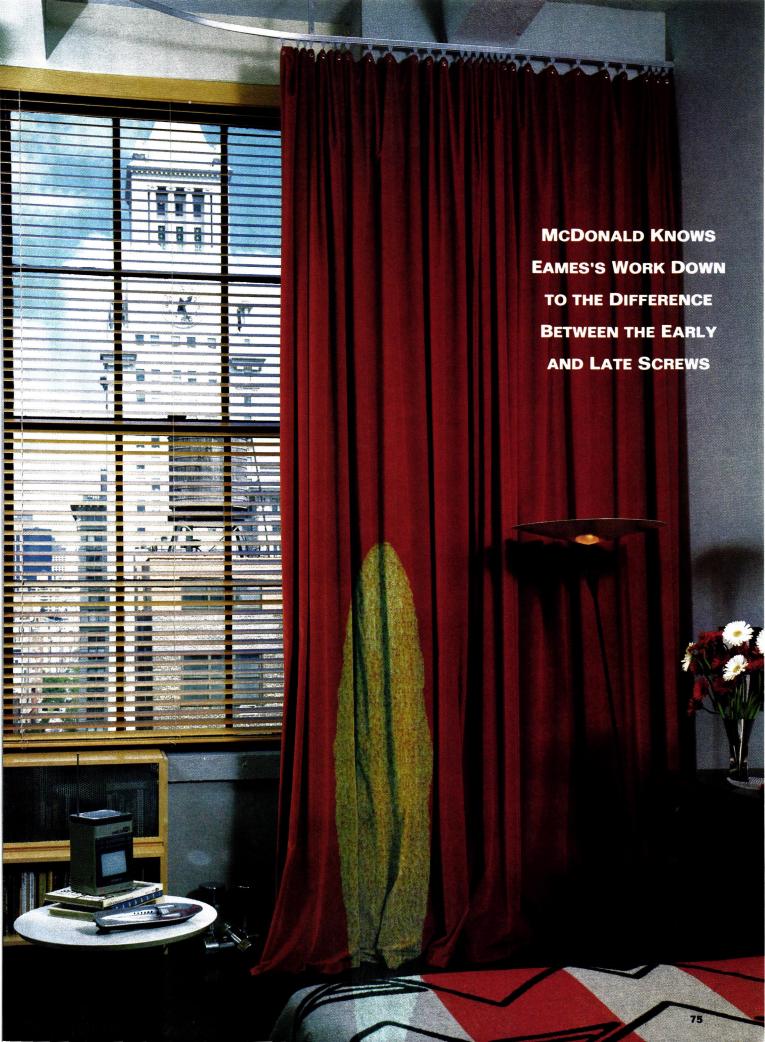
Another three-legged table is a featured part of McDonald's collection: an Isamu Noguchi piece, one of few known to exist. Though the point of furniture by designers such as Gilbert Rohde, George Nelson, Charles and Ray Eames, Florence Knoll, and Harry Bertoia was to bring good design to the masses, it is, of course, the pieces produced in limited quantities that satisfy the ego of the collector. A one-of-a-kind Frank Lloyd Wright table, with its planes and overhangs, reads to McDonald "like a pure architectural drawing." He also lives with a curvy molded-ash Charles Eames screen, more commonly seen in a version double the height, which acts as a neat counterpoint to the wooden Venetian blinds that form another kind of screen across the apartment's wall of windows.

McDonald knows Charles Eames's work particularly well, down to the difference between the early and late screws, and, in fact, was called in with partner Ralph Cutler to appraise the estate after Ray Eames died in 1988. "Of all the designers, Charles Eames is probably my favorite," admits McDonald. "As an architect, furniture designer, photographer, and inventor, he embodied all of the things I'm interested in." When Jim Lee describes his own aesthetic as "studied but anti-decoration," he clearly has a kindred spirit six states away.











Return to Grey Gardens

A faded garden blooms again at the East Hampton retreat of Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee By Mac Griswold

Photographs by Richard Felber

Produced by Senga Mortimer

Horticultural writer Anna Gilman Hill, who began her garden here in 1913, later recalled that "the soft gray of the dunes, cement walls, and sea mists gave us our color scheme as well as our name. We used as edgings all the low gray-foliaged plants.... Only flowers in pale colors were allowed inside the walls, yet the effect was far from insipid."





HE SHINGLE "SUMmer cottages" the size of small motels that line the Atlantic coast from Mount Desert to Cape May sometimes seem to be the only permanent dwellings in the U.S. In them, for a month or so each year, highly wired urbanites carry on a slower-paced life, one lived at the shore for more than a century. The houses and gardens themselves, the old post offices and fish markets, the bikes, the beach, the few remaining patient locals are the teachers. New generations inhale the sunny bittersweet smell of privet and are instantly inducted. Idiosyncrasy—past idiosyncrasy, at least—is cherished. The craziest memories are unfolded and smoothed out every summer. Perhaps these memories survive for such ritual airings because places still exist around

which they can gather. Grey Gardens, in East Hampton, has had three well-known owners in its lifetime as a summer cottage. The most sensational were the second occupants, the eccentric Edith Beales, mother and daughter, "Big" and "Little" Edie, and their ten cats. The place was theirs for more than fifty years. (Like many other summer visitors, they had eventually succumbed to the year-round life.) In the summer of 1975 the Maysles brothers, the documentary filmmakers, shot Grey Gardens, a full-length feature of the Beales' life behind the twentyfoot-tall expanse of raging weeds and unkempt privet that made the place a jawdropper among its manicured neighbors. The Suffolk County Department of Health Services had even tried to evict the recluses for unsanitary conditions two years

Anna Gilman Hill, above left, consults her garden plan under the rambler roses in 1923. Left: Ankle-deep in forget-menots, Sally Quinn sits in the same niche. Right: White and silver accents for the center of the garden include Casablanca lilies, Artemisia lactiflora, Cimicifuga racemosa, white buddleia around the pergola at the back, and a pair of painted Adirondack chairs. Details see Resources.







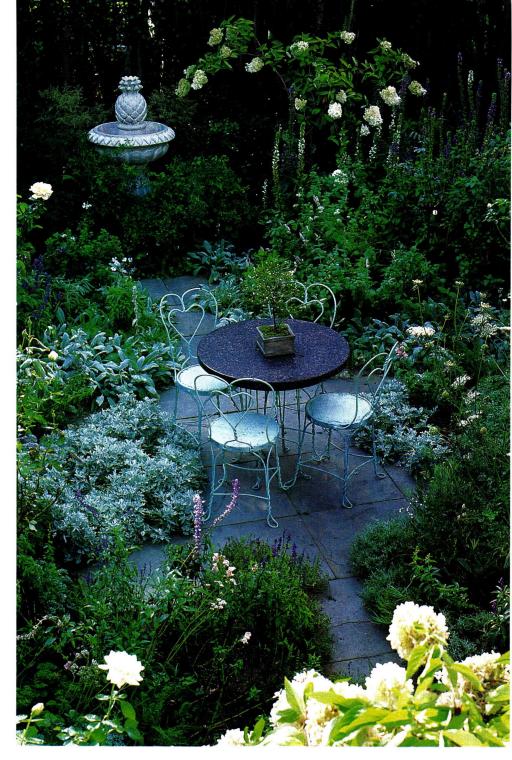
before. The Beales had cleaned up just enough to squeak by, with a little help from their extended family.

"There was a story there," says Al Maysles, and indeed there was. Big Edie, once the wife of New York lawyer Phelan Beale, was John "Black Jack" Bouvier's sister, and Little Edie was Jackie Onassis's first cousin. The Beales were part of the top layer of upper-crust America; mysteriously they had crashed through the crust and now inhabited a couple of rooms and the upper-story porch of a twenty-eight room house filled with might-have-been romances, fantasies of lost legacies, and unfulfilled dreams. Big Edie had trained as a singer and made a few records in the thirties; Little Edie had always wanted to be a dancer.

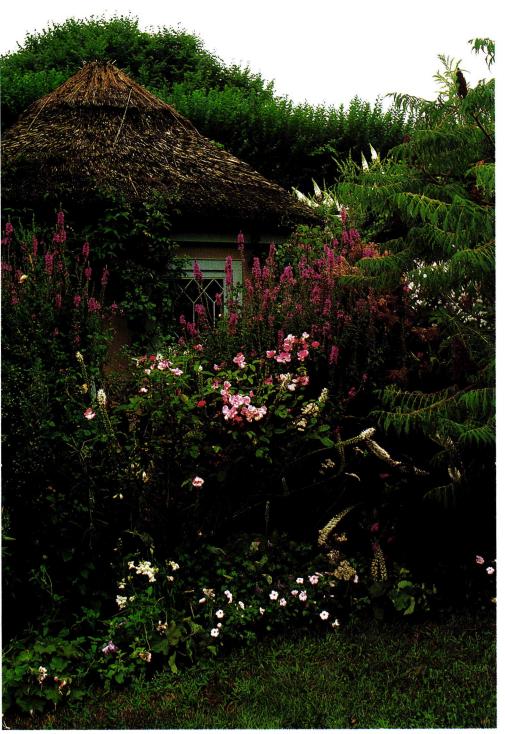
Kennedy connections, Hogarthian squalor, and wistfulness aside, what made the Maysleses' film were the Beales' time-warp fifties clothes (when they bothered to wear something besides towels and bathrobes), their disconcertingly ruinous good looks (Mrs. Beale was seventy-nine, Little Edie fifty-six when the film was made), and, above all, their Locust Valley lockjaw voices carrying on an obsessive dialogue, mostly about themselves. "It was practically the first film about women," says Al Maysles, "a film about the motherdaughter relationship that Freud never wanted to explore."

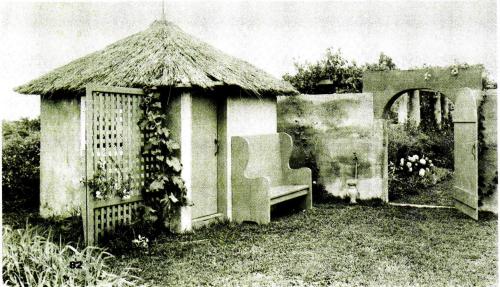
The Beales were pithy, startlingly expressive. "I haven't worn a girdle since I was twelve years old....It's very difficult to live these days," said Big Edie, sitting on the porch, a sweater tied around her immense sagging upper half. Maysles says, "These women stored up a treasure

The new herb garden, right. Opposite, clockwise from top left: Hill's garden once looked directly at the dunes. The pergola and exedra have been rebuilt. On the pool terrace, one of Quinn and Bradlee's new spaces outside the old walls, a planter of Abelia × grandiflora is garden designer Victoria Fensterer's original touch. Little Edie Beale takes it easy in her version of the garden in 1975. Rosa bonica is backed with hydrangeas. Ivy climbs the gables in the 1920s.



At Grey Gardens one can still hear Little Edie Beale murmuring, "It's very difficult to keep the line between the past and the present"



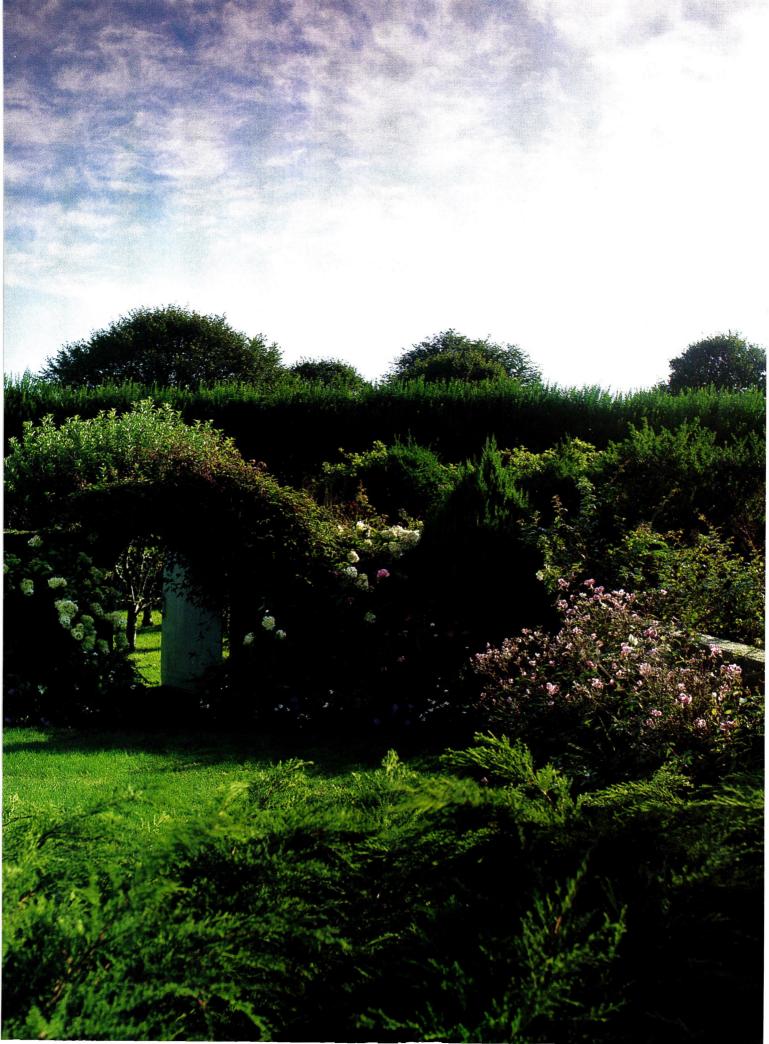


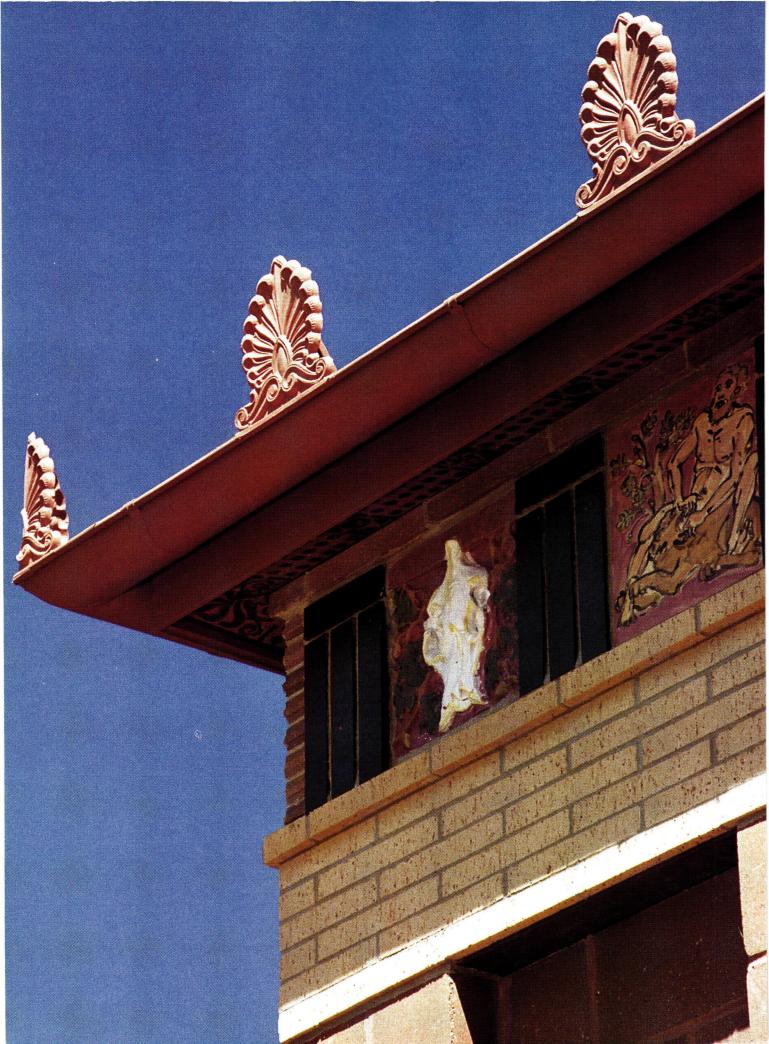
of verbiage and self-expression for twenty years. 'Oh, they just put it on for the movie,' people said, but every time we came over to shoot, we would stop a hundred feet from the house to spray ourselves with Off—for the fleas—and hear the same conversations we would later be filming." Mrs. Beale died a year later. Little Edie said that just before her mother died she asked her, "Is there anything more you want to say, Mother?" and Big Edie replied, "There's nothing more to say, it's all in the film."

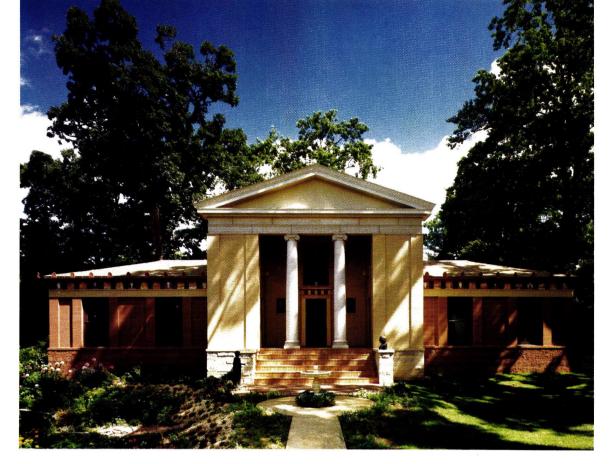
"Edie Beale wasn't going to sell her place to anyone who was going to tear the house down, which was what everybody else wanted to do," says journalist and author Sally Quinn, who with her husband, former Washington Post executive editor Ben Bradlee, bought Grey Gardens in 1979. "Even though one side of the house was flapping in the wind, I saw that the size of the rooms and the bright open upstairs made it beautiful, and I felt it was a happy house. No, I hadn't seen the Maysles film, but I had been in the house with Edie—I saw how they had lived, and I still thought it was a happy place."

Quinn also knew about the legendary garden, what Little Edie grandly referred to in the film as the "Spanish walled garden....They imported everything from Rome." "They" were the original "summer visitors," Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Hill, who in 1913 had bought the cottage and four acres. Anna Gilman Hill, one of the best of America's twentiethcentury horticultural writers, made the enclosure and set out the silveryleaved plants that gave Grey Gardens its name. An accomplished gardener, she found special meaning in her 75-by-40-foot haven. In Forty Years of Gardening, published in 1938, she (Continued on page 143)

Thatched anew, the tool house, above left, is better hidden by purple loosestrife and 'Pearl Meidilend' roses than it was in Hill's day, left. Opposite: Hill wrote, "The blue-green gates clanged merrily in their wide low arches," covered then as now with roses and Clematis montana 'Rubens'. Japanese anemones grow by the wall that leads back to the main house.







Vitruvius in Indiana

AN ALL-AMERICAN CLASSICIST, ARCHITECT THOMAS GORDON SMITH STAGES HIS OWN GREEK AND ROMAN REVIVAL. BY PILAR VILADAS

Photographs by Langdon Clay

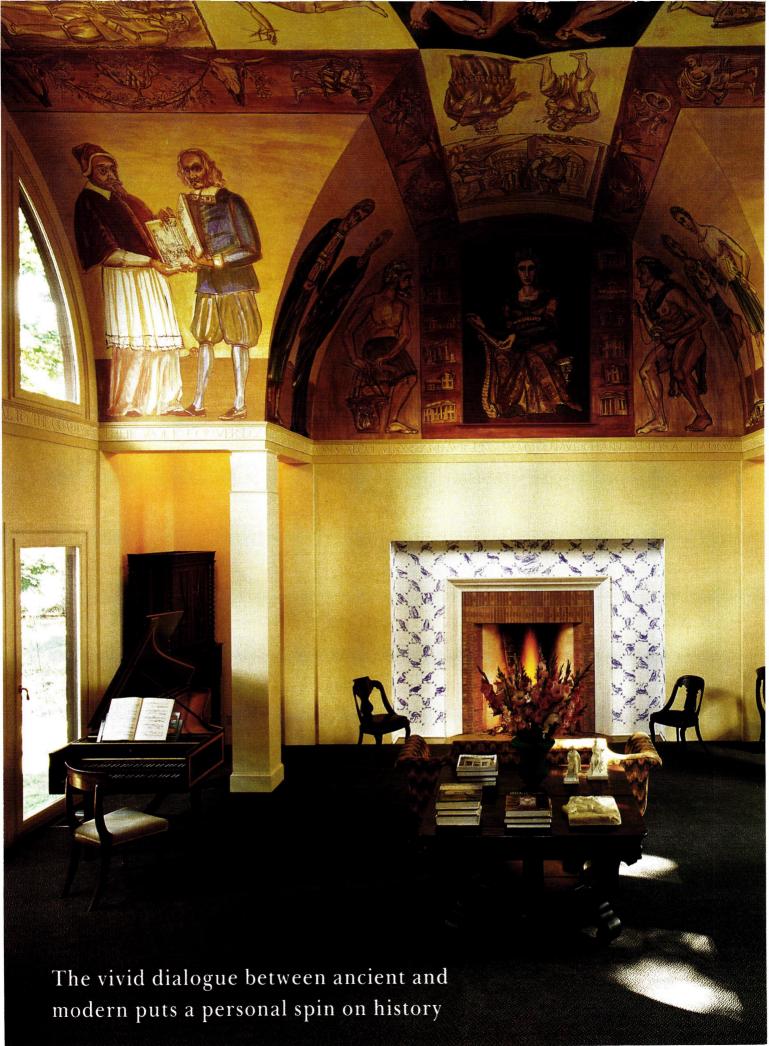
THIS CERTAINLY IS NOT YOUR AVERAGE SUBURban house, but there it sits, on a quiet cul-de-sac in South Bend, Indiana, alongside its colonial, contemporary, and split-level ranch neighbors. Its scale is suitably domestic, yet its solid classical elegance reminds you of some nineteenth-century public library—a private building with a civic presence. Which is what its architect had in mind. For Thomas Gordon Smith, the best way to demonstrate that what was invented twenty-four centuries ago has not lost its relevance, as some insist, is to begin at home.

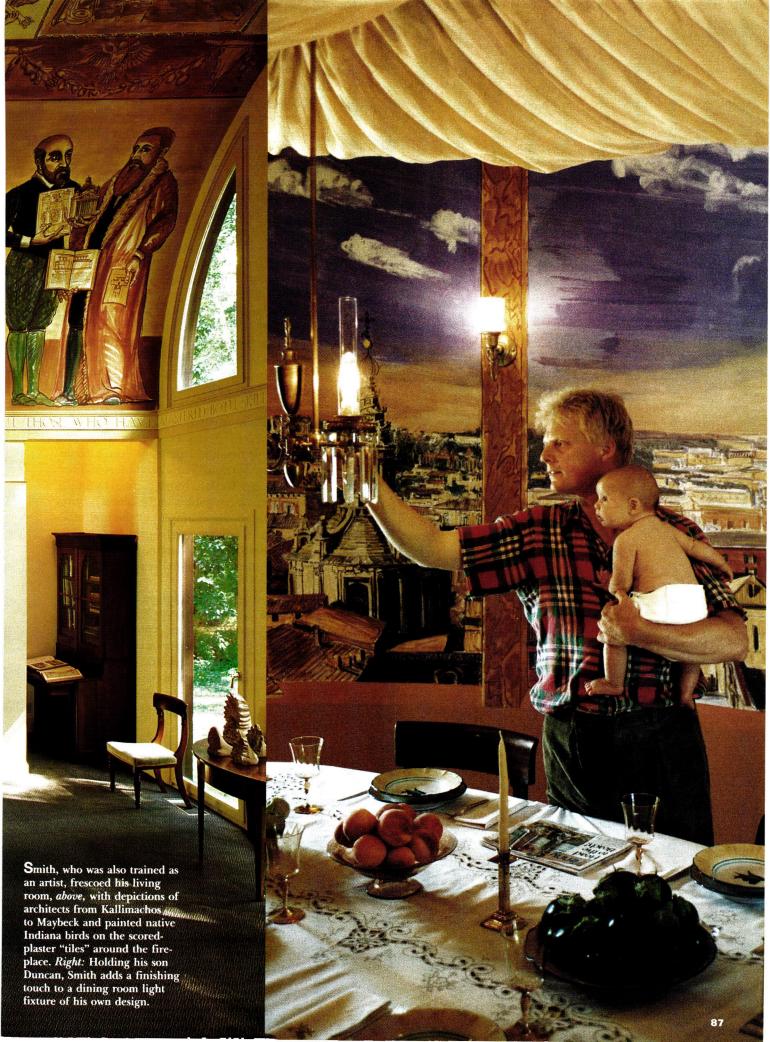
Smith began designing the house that he shares with his wife, Marika, and their six children after he was appointed chairman of the School of Architecture at the University of Notre Dame. At the time he was working on the illustrations for a translation of the legendary *Ten Books*

on Architecture by Vitruvius, who in the first century B.C. revived the architecture of Hellenistic Greece. Smith, relishing the prospect of designing a new house for himself and his family, who were moving from Chicago, wanted to apply Vitruvian principles—filtered through the region's Greek revival heritage—to its design.

Smith calls the building "a basic mid nineteenth century American Greek revival house, a temple with dependent one-story wings." The central form follows a Vitruvian model for an Ionic temple front, its two central limestone columns flanked by four pilasters of Roman brick

The central temple front of Smith's house, above, is flanked by one-story wings with friezes on which glazed tiles picturing the labors of Heracles and terracotta reliefs of animal skulls, opposite, alternate with triglyphs of dark Norman brick. Details see Resources.







from Missouri—an allusion both to the ancient Roman tradition and to the Midwest's prairiestyle architecture, which used the same material.

For the Doric order of the two side wings, Smith deviated from the Vitruvian ideal in favor of proportions he calls "more robust." He used pigmented concrete block (a modern alternative to carved stone) for the walls, Roman brick for the architrave, and Norman brick for the triglyphs of the frieze. Smith puts a personal spin on history with his treatment of the metopes, as the flat surfaces between the triglyphs are called. In a strict Doric interpretation these would bear cow skull reliefs, a reference to animal sacrifice. Smith uses glazed terra-cotta reliefs depicting a



variety of animal skulls from the myth of the labors of Heracles as well as glazed tiles illustrating those labors—all made by Smith himself.

The dialogue between ancient and modern becomes even more vivid inside the house. Passing through a cruciform entry, you proceed down a few steps into the living room, which Smith likens to the ancient oecus, an important space with many functions. The most public room of the house, the living room is also the grandest, its groin vault frescoed with Smith's paintings of great architects and their patrons.

On the north lunette the allegorical figure of Architettura is flanked by Vitruvius and the Hellenistic architect Deinocrates. On the south lunette are two twentieth-century masters: the great Bay Area architect Bernard Maybeck and the Yugoslav Jože Plečnik, both of whom, Smith says, "remotivated antique forms and their associated ideas and values" by balancing "canonical rigor with inventive ability." The same goes for other architects in Smith's painted pantheon, among them Michelangelo and Palladio.

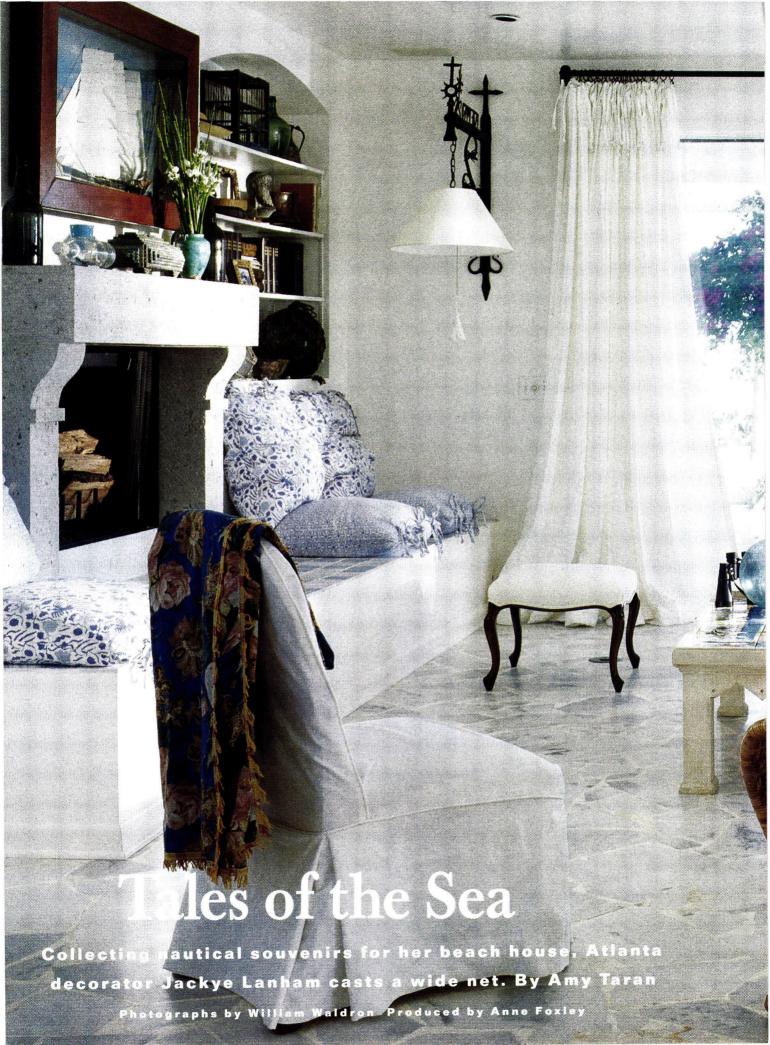
But this room is hardly a stuffy shrine to bygone architects. Its gracious proportions and cheerful light make it a pleasant family room. The fireplace is framed by scored-plaster "tiles" depicting native Indiana birds, painted by Smith. And the sofa, chairs, tables, and cabinets, appropriately enough, are examples of the mid nineteenth century Grecian style. Hunting for these pieces got Smith interested enough in the period to organize an exhibition on the subject at Notre Dame this fall.

The elliptical tented dining room is equally personal, its walls covered with Ruth Engelhardt Stroik's panoramic fresco of Rome from a vantage point atop the Pantheon—a vista inspired by Smith's 1980 visit. The curtains, a patchwork of Provençal print remnants, were sewn by Smith "during family time." He also designed the brass light fixtures along nineteenth-century lines, using mail-order components.

Except for the master bedroom on the second floor of the temple, the other parts of the house are more mundane, in keeping with a limited budget. But no matter. Smith has proven that even in our disjointed times, classical architecture—especially his brand, which is refreshingly free of both academic rigidity and postmodern irony—still speaks eloquently. •

A painted door surround, opposite, which pays tribute to Michelangelo's Laurentian Library, marks the entry into the tented dining room, above left. Ruth Stroik created the fresco of Rome seen from the top of the Pantheon. The vinyl flooring is from Armstrong. Left: Heracles, apotheosized as a constellation, occupies the center of Smith's vaulted living room ceiling.







cottage the sea captain's wife's house. It's one version of a place that exists in my imagination," says Atlanta decorator Jackye Lanham of the seaside house where she and her lawyer husband, Bill, retreat from city life. "The objects gathered here tell the story of the cap-

tain, his wife, and the sea. Lots of people collect one thing, but I'll buy anything that speaks to me and then weave a story that makes everything relate," she explains. "I love mixing history and fantasy."

Once a month the Lanhams, with eight or ten friends in tow, hop the

fifty-five-minute flight from Atlanta to Jacksonville, Florida, enroute to the intimate old community of Ponte Vedra Beach —a place Jackye Lanham describes as "not la-la, not pretentious, just right for really relaxing. We play tennis and golf, swim and sunbathe, and cook a lot. At home I work all the time," she continues. "I don't entertain

in Atlanta—I just invite all my friends here to the beach."

Entertaining may be one consuming activity at Ponte Vedra, but the house also serves as the setting for Jackye's tale of adventure on the high seas, woven with bits of her own past and serendipitous finds from flea markets and estate sales: a ship in a bottle, a ship diorama, and glass floats; a lampshade festooned with seashells; nautical charts; a still life of shark's teeth, a starfish, and bits of glass polished by the tides.

Upstairs in the hall a 1920s photo of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks by a swimming pool in Beverly Hills, a shell lamp, twin photos of a speedboat lovingly documented from two angles, and her grandfather's World War I binoculars case and flashlight

share the top of an old English worktable; a captain's bottle wrapped in raffia and topped with a silver cap is tucked into an alcove. It matters not a bit to Lanham that she is no sailor, that the Fairbankses are no relations, or that someone else was the proud owner of the boat.

Lanham also cheerfully admits that the architecture of the cottage is closer to a "Mediterranean villa or a Florida-ish take on Richard Meier" than to a New England sea captain's clapboard house. But to a self-described army brat who lived in Greece as a child, the breezy Mediterranean feel is a plus. "The house reminded me of Athens instantly, with its airy architecture and pale marble floors," she says. "I spent my

"Some people go to the mountains for peace, but for me it's the sea"

adolescence on the sea in Greece and at Virginia Beach. Some people go to the mountains or the forest for peace, but for me it's the sea. I remember building sandcastles and foraging for lost junk under the boardwalk at Virginia Beach with my brother and cousins. We smoked cigarettes and found great stuff we used in little projects at home."

The fruits of adult beachcombing contribute to what Lanham calls the

cottage's well-traveled look. A house, she says, becomes cozy through evolution. "Too designed is not friendly. Our house is not old, but I think my sea story gives it roots and a history—even if it's made up."

Evolution, though, may be too mild a word for her transformation of the inside of the house. "I'm a shack person," she claims. "My reaction after my first glimpse of this house was, 'Never!' It was *slick*. It had mirrored ceilings, wall-to-wall carpets, and reflective paper in the bathrooms." Today the glitz is gone. Everything is pale and casual. Lanham slipcovered the furniture in the living room, which looks out onto the ocean, in an easy white canvas—"washable and you can sit down in

a wet bathing suit" -and hung breezy white plissé curtains from hand-forged steel rods. "I love the homespun puckered quality of the plissé," she says. "It's similar to peasant cloth found on the Greek islands." She added texture with a rattan armchair like those in the Manila Hotel in the Philippines and rinsed her China Seas blue and

white prints in bleach for a softly weathered effect.

The dining area just off the living room has a row of narrow windows high on the wall. "I couldn't do anything conventional with such an odd shape," Lanham says, "so we just hung this enormous funny sailfish—straight from the taxidermist, paint-

The patio, above, overlooks the Atlantic. Opposite, clockwise from top left: A sailfish caught by her father-in-law sweeps above the hallway. Shells, sea glass, handblown glass fruit, and buttons from Lanham's collection. Jackye Lanham on the beach. A 19th-century glass bottle made in a three-part mold, a portrait of a Seminole chief, a 1920s telephone, and World War I binoculars on a bedroom table. Pressed ferns, a carved panel from an 18th-century French château, and 1920s photographs in the upstairs hall.

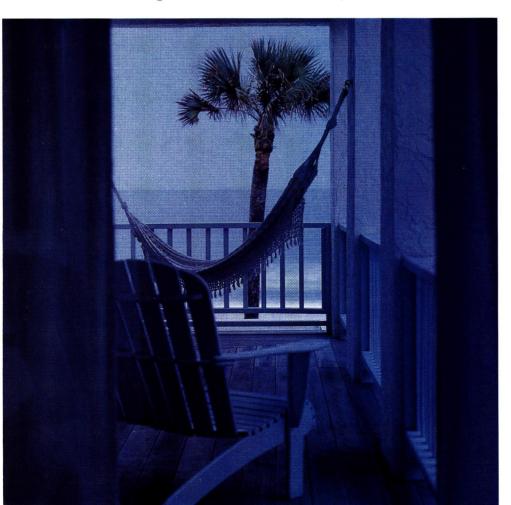








"Too designed is not friendly," Lanham says



ed white. He provides a visual focal point." The fish, eternally poised for a magnificent dive, has a cousin in the entrance hall.

Upstairs she created a guest bedroom, known as the "crew room," from what she calls a "moldy awful jungle-kind of a Taco Bell greenhouse. It had to go." In place of the offending foliage, a trio of immaculate twin beds stand at attention, with tidy stacks of striped pillows at their heads and mahogany carriage boxes at their feet. One wall sports a porthole window and another an enormous collection of oars, paddles, yacht drawings, and assorted boating paraphernalia. Of the four guest rooms this one is a favorite with visitors, who are invariably amused by the baby sailor suit hung on the back of the door, "for laughs at bedtime," Lanham says.

In the master bedroom, mismatched antique linens found at flea markets hang from a romantic iron four-poster. "I prefer crocheted or textured linens," she confides, "not lacy or fancy but things with a crude yet pretty homespun feel." She speaks reverentially of linens washed so often they are translucent, displaying the enthusiasm of a connoisseur of small pleasures. "I include every pampering touch here that I don't have at home."

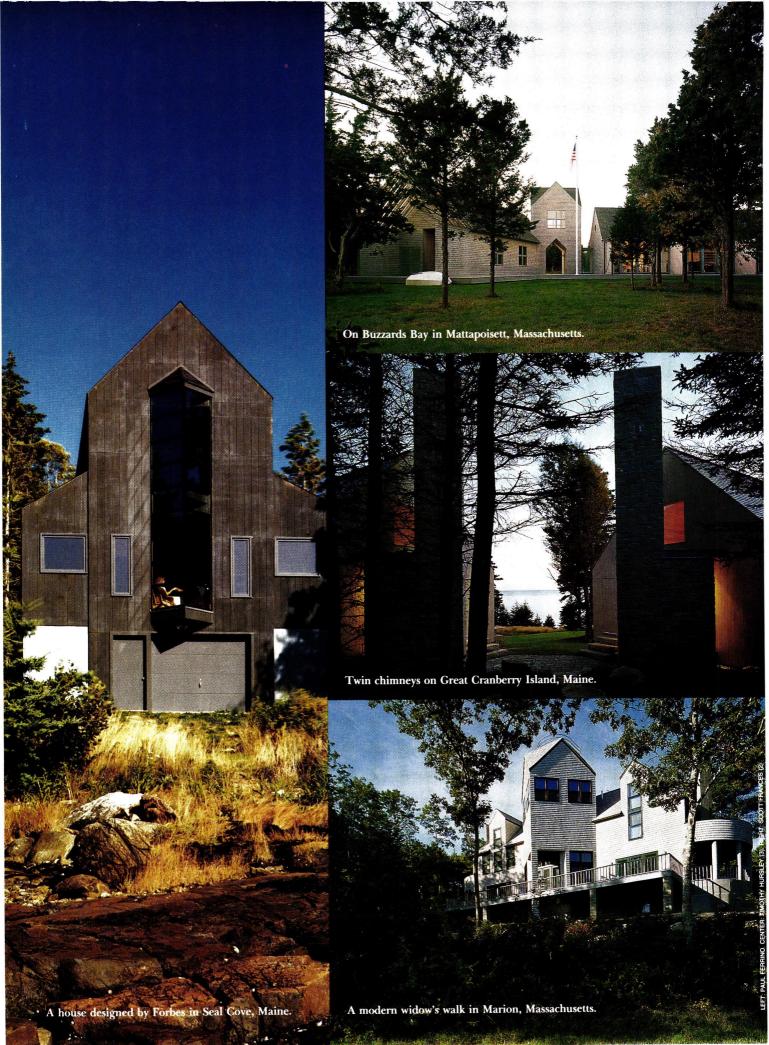
"People distinguish between city and country living too much," she says. "I may approach my Atlanta house a bit too formally, but I'm trying to change that. I think daily life should be more like life at the beach. Now when I find something delightful, instead of carrying it off to Florida, I say, 'Well, why not right here?' "It seems, happily, that a new tale is in the making.

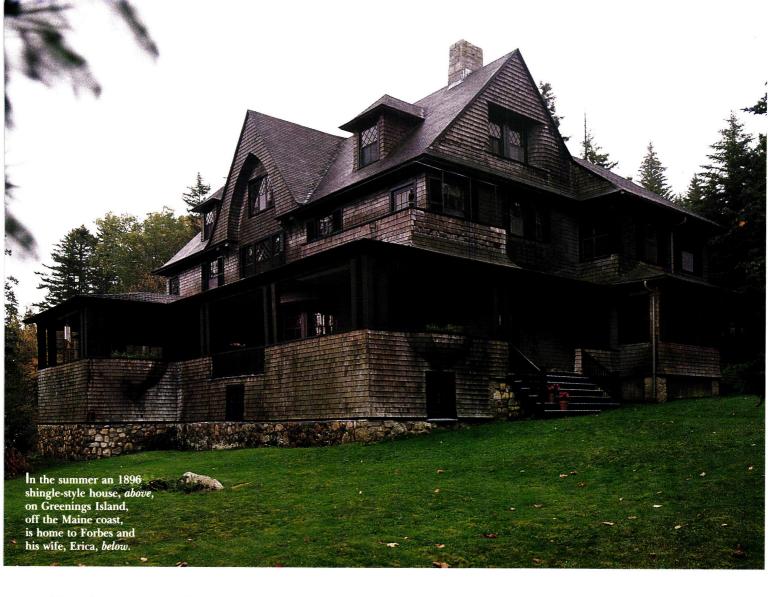
I wanted a cool, romantic room perfect for a nap," says Lanham of the master bedroom, opposite, where vintage linens hang from a hand-forged steel fourposter she designed. The Directoire-style chair came from an estate sale. Above left: In the "crew room" each bed has at its foot an antique Philippine mahogany carriage box from Pierce Martin. The chintz on the armchair is from Clarence House. Left: A hammock on the balcony.





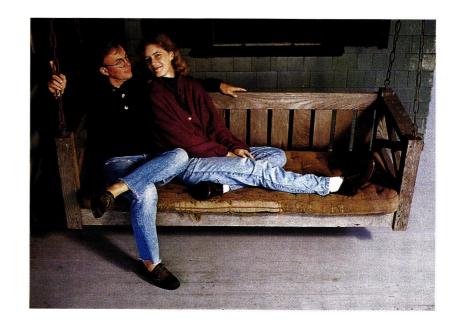






Yankee Modernist

The rugged virtues
of the New England
coast inform the
pure geometry
of Peter Forbes's
understated buildings
By Pilar Viladas







Down-east humanism characterizes Forbes's designs: "One has to design something that's going to last and continue to work for people"



The same sense of light and air that pervades the Forbeses' blue and white bedroom on Greenings Island, left, is expressed in more minimalist form in Peter Forbes's design for the bedroom of the house on Great Cranberry Island, above. Opposite above: Meals are prepared on Greenings Island in a kitchen that looks much as it did at the turn of the century. Opposite below: For his clients at Buzzards Bay, Forbes created an open kitchen. Steel cables provide the structural support that allows one side of the house to be a wall of triple-hung windows.

ESIGNING BUILDINGS, SAYS BOSTON ARCHItect Peter Forbes, is a lot like designing Maine lobster boats. "They aren't the way they are because they're picturesque," he asserts. "The weather comes down pretty hard in Maine and frivolous ideas are discarded. But efficiency doesn't have to preclude delight."

This down-east brand of humanism characterizes Forbes's designs, which range from austerely comfortable houses on the New England coast to a Shaker-plain shop in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for Origins, Estée Lauder's environmentally oriented skin-care line (a second Forbes-designed store recently opened in New York's SoHo and another will soon make its debut at Boston's Quincy Market). "I try to find the essence of a program, material, or form and strip away everything that is extraneous," he explains. "You have to be immune to fashion, which means you take the risk of being unfashionable. But I don't see any other way to go." And although he was born in California, the fifty-year-old architect comes by his no-nonsense Yankee manner honestly.

Forbes has spent nearly every summer of his life in a big shingle-style house on Greenings Island off Southwest Harbor, Maine. The house, which was completed in 1896 by the Bar Harbor firm Savage & Stratton and is on the National Register of Historic Places, was built by Joseph Gilbert Thorp, the scion of a Minnesota lumber family, who married Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's daughter Annie Allegra. Two of their five daughters, Anne and Alice, were friends of Forbes's mother and first invited her to spend the summer at the house in 1932—a visit that became an almost annual ritual, even after she married and had children. When the last of the Thorp daughters died in the late 1970s, their heirs were eager to sell the rambling unelectrified house, and the estate's executors approached Forbes. "I couldn't afford it," he protested. "You'd be surprised," they answered.

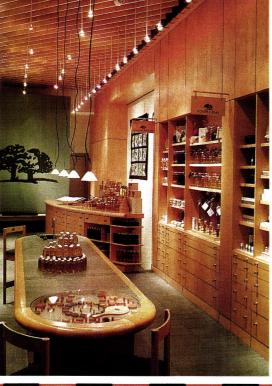
So the architect found himself the proud owner of a house overflowing with both the paraphernalia and memories of close to a hundred summers—from the ancient sports equipment in the entrance hall to the worn oriental carpets and Morris chairs in the living room, unaltered since the 1920s, to the nursery full of aging wellloved toys and books (including an 1841 edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales inscribed with the name of its owner, Henry W. Longfellow). And, almost a decade after having secured the castle of his dreams, Forbes married the princess, too—J. G. Thorp's great-granddaughter, Erica Longfellow de Berry. "She was always the little girl next door," Forbes says of his second wife, "and then she grew up." Forbes's children from his first marriage have also spent many summers on the island and share their father's love of the continuity it provides in their lives. "It's nice to see my son doing the same things here that I used to do, with no prompting," says Forbes.

Although he is philosophically a modernist architect (he knew Mies van der Rohe and studied with Louis I.









At the prototype Origins shop in Cambridge, left, Shaker-like maple shelves hold Estée Lauder products. Below: Forbes's second shop, in SoHo. Bottom left: A faceted glass wall in Cambridge shows off displays.





Walls in Forbes's Boston loft-studio, above right, pivot to screen the living area. Opposite, clockwise from top: The living room on Greenings Island, unchanged since the 1920s and still lit by candles and oil lamps; the veranda; the dining room.

Kahn at Yale) and abhors the historicist "buy-a-heritage" look, Forbes has learned the lessons offered by the built-for-the-ages quality of his summer house (the shingles are still in perfect shape, and the trim only recently got its second coat of paint ever). "One has an extraordinary responsibility to design something that's going to last and continue to work for people," he maintains.

Forbes's buildings, which are made mainly of wood, steel, glass, and stone, combine this sense of solidity with a rigorous abstraction. The elements of New England architecture are there—gables, pitched roofs, porches, widow's walks—but in a tough minimalist guise. A massive stone chimney anchors a seemingly weightless glass-sided pavilion in one house, while in another a grid of heavy timbers establishes the formal vocabulary. Modern building technologies, such as metal structural bracing and glass and steel curtain walls, coexist harmoniously with age-old arts like masonry-wall building.

And always, the architecture is a foil for the beauty of whatever the natural surroundings may be. "Most of our

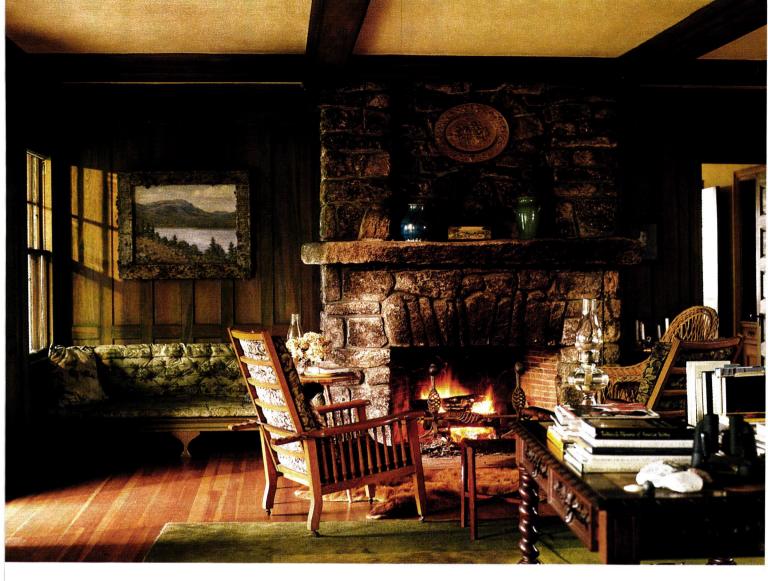
work is done in New England," notes Forbes, "but abstraction is not site specific, so the site transforms the architecture." But not literally-Forbes doesn't think that architecture should look "organic." It is the nature of human beings, he observes, to make things in geometric patterns, not in imitations of nature. "That," he says, "inevitably ends up looking phony." Forbes



isn't trying to imitate nature; he's trying to contend with it. "Nature's pretty harshly efficient."

But much as he waxes rhapsodic about nature's ability to separate the architectural men from the boys, Forbes, true to his word, believes that no-nonsense architecture can also be beautiful. For the Origins shop in Cambridge he conceived a faceted glass wall that "dissolves the barrier between passerby and store." A Shaker-like wall of white maple shelves, drawers, and trays displays and stores Origins products, while a copper sink set into a stone counter has a Japanese simplicity. This prototype for all the stores is both elegant and user-friendly.

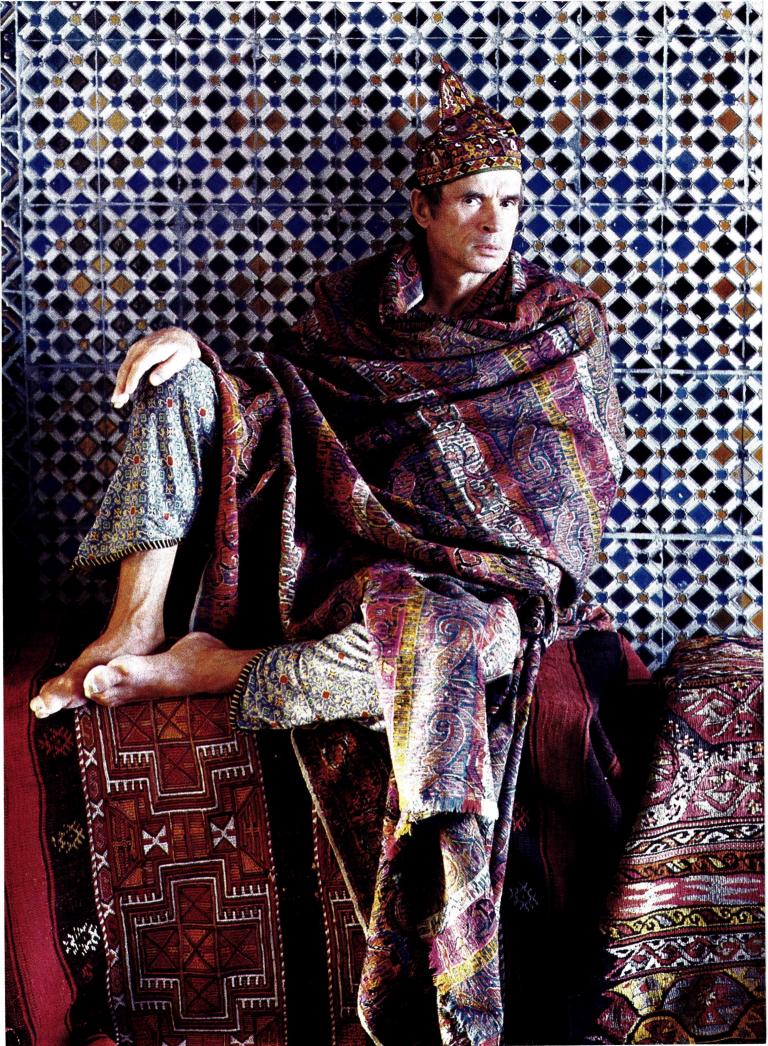
Forbes entertains fantasies of working away from the East Coast—"I'd love to do a house in the desert. It would be very liberating," he says. Still, this desert house would almost certainly be just as uncompromising as the ones he designs for the rocky Maine coast. What else would you expect from a man who likens the "visceral thrill" of designing to that of sailing in a storm? "You do architecture," Forbes insists, "because you can't *not* do it." •



Although he is philosophically a modernist, Forbes has learned the lessons offered by his turn-of-the-century shingle-style house





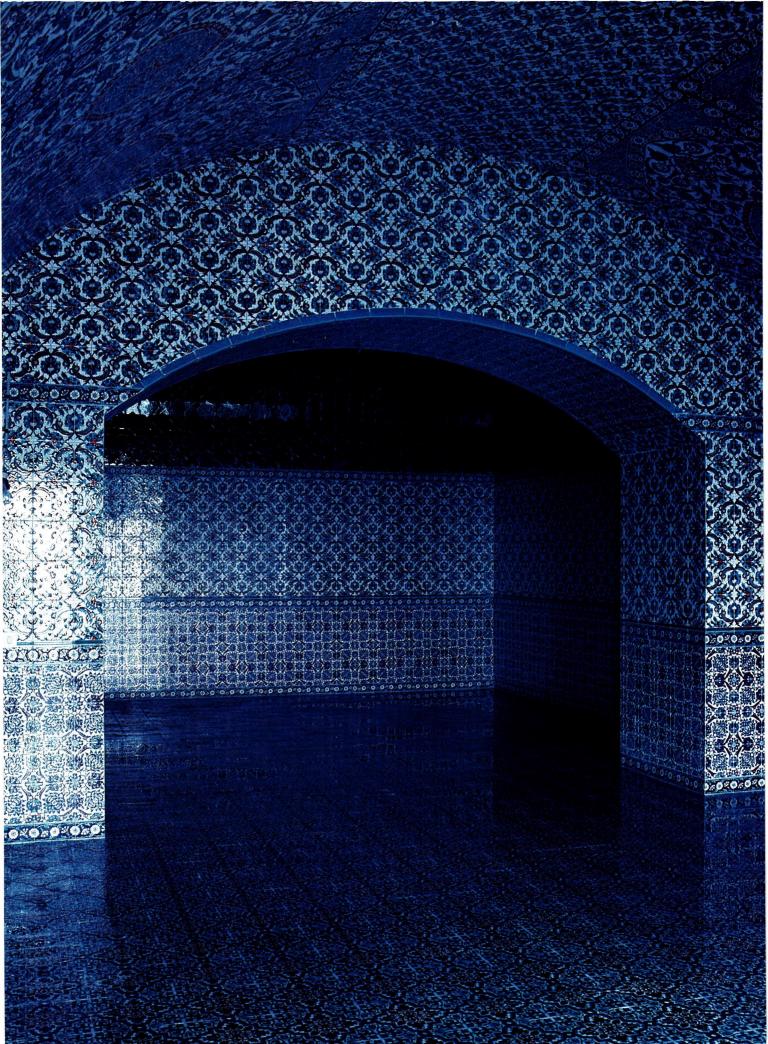


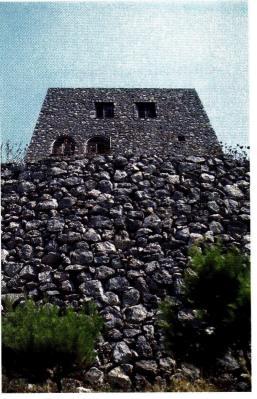
Wrapped in a cashmere shawl, Nureyev, opposite, reposes in his house on Li Galli, below, off the southwest coast of Italy. "It suits me," he says of the island, which he bought from the family of Ballets Russes choreographer Leonid Massine.



ON NUREY'S ISLAND

Exotic tiles and fabrics set the scene for a legend's hideaway in the Tyrrhenian Sea. By Elizabeth Kendall Photographs by David Seidner





that Rudolf Nureyev's life is a compulsive playing out of the fairy tale about a handsome youth who leaves a humble home to seek his fortune. First Nureyev left the Ural Mountains city of Ufa for Leningrad. It was in Ufa that he grew up, living in a single room with the five other members of his family—"Some of us had beds," he recalls. "I had a bench." Then in 1961 he left Leningrad and the Kirov Ballet for the



West where, as everyone knows, he found adulation and riches.

Naturally he has acquired some places of his own in the course of the past thirty years. These days he has apartments in New York, Paris, and Monaco; a villa in Monte Carlo; a house on Saint Barts; a farm in Virginia; and the latest and most interesting acquisition in terms of the psychology of the man: Li Galli, a small rocky island off the west coast of Italy with a castlelike house, guest quarters, and a stone tower said to have been built in the twelfth century.

The island, he explains, belonged to legendary Ballets Russes choreographer Leonid Massine. "Massine built it all but the tower—fantastic achievement." Nureyev recalls that he wanted a place near the sea. First he looked at a tower in southern Italy, but it was too far from the water. Then he heard that Massine's family wanted to sell the island of Li Galli. When he went to look at it, he says, "I could see myself on it."

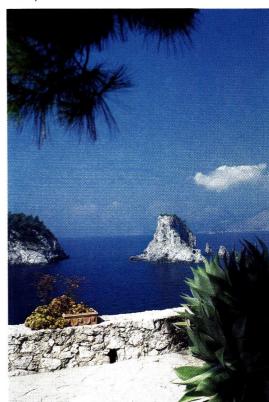
Despite the houses and apartments and now the island, one could say that Nureyev has lived a homeless life. Perhaps it is, indeed, fateful that he was born on a train while his mother was traveling from Ufa to Vladivostok. As an adult, he appeared with dance companies all over the globe, hopping continents in a single day and rushing onstage from the airport—bringing with him the various changes of clothing that dancers cart around. Even today his wardrobe consists of an assortment of patterned caps, sweaters, jackets with hoods, Turkish-style pants, blankets, and shawls and robes, all of which might seem to be the tribal weavings necessary to life in a yurt, if

Nureyev has covered every inch of the echoing vaulted space he named the Metropolitan Room, after the Moscow metro, with Turkish tiles, opposite. Left: An antique Persian tile he got in Iran when he danced there is set in a field of stylized floral hexagons and deep blue triangles from Turkey. Above right: The 18th-century tile panel of a turbaned figure is Portuguese—"best tile is from Portugal," says Nureyev. Right: View from the terrace. Above left: The tower.



you weren't aware that many of his clothes are by Missoni.

Dancing, though, is the consummate no-home art: all you need is your body and your will to move. And Nureyev in his prime was a god of the dance—of more than the dance. The Zeitgeist of the 1960s was defined in his person: the breaking away from social confinement; the cult of androgyny; the concept of international celebrity. And then there was that strong-tender face, a face as haunting in its way as Garbo's. In those years Nureyev's real home was the theater,





where he could make believe that pure eagerness, pure appetite, and pure energy were all one needed in life—and so could his audience.

Of course, the dancing had to stop eventually. Last year, however, Nureyev found a way to remain on the stage: he began conducting orchestras. An old friend in Vienna put him in touch with the small but first-rate Vienna Residence Orchestra. Since June 1991 Nureyev has been busy with orchestras in Eastern and Western Europe. On May 6 he made his conducting debut in New York, leading the orchestra of the American Ballet Theater in a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*.

I spent some time with him last winter in Poland when he was giving a Christmas concert with the local orchestra in Czestochowa, where the sacred icon of the Black Madonna resides in a medieval monastery. A scraggly Christmas tree blinked from the stage of the no-frills concert hall, built on the site of the old syna-

It's an ideal home for someone born on a train



gogue. Still it was a sprightly concert; the Tchaikovsky pieces—The Nutcracker Suite and the prologue from The Sleeping Beauty—sounded lively and up-tempo. Nureyev, in a tailcoat with a nipped waist, looked elegant, rising up on the balls of his feet, embracing the air. "I'm glad they're attached to my body," he said on being complimented about his hands. The audience was mildly appreciative, but the musicians were enthusiastic, crowding around him after the performance and proffering their programs for his autograph.

That midwinter stint in Poland was grueling. When asked how he was, Nureyev would answer, "It could be worse," in his clipped baroque manner. Under the circumstances—the eight-hour night drive from Vienna to Czestochowa, the bleak three days in Czestochowa's Motel Orbis, the snow, the sleet, the sweet wine in the Orbis café, the overnight return trip in a second-class Polish train—the very idea of

home in the West took on the glow of paradise. "I think I'll never see my beloved Saint Barts again," Nureyev said plaintively on one bleak stretch of the Polish highway.

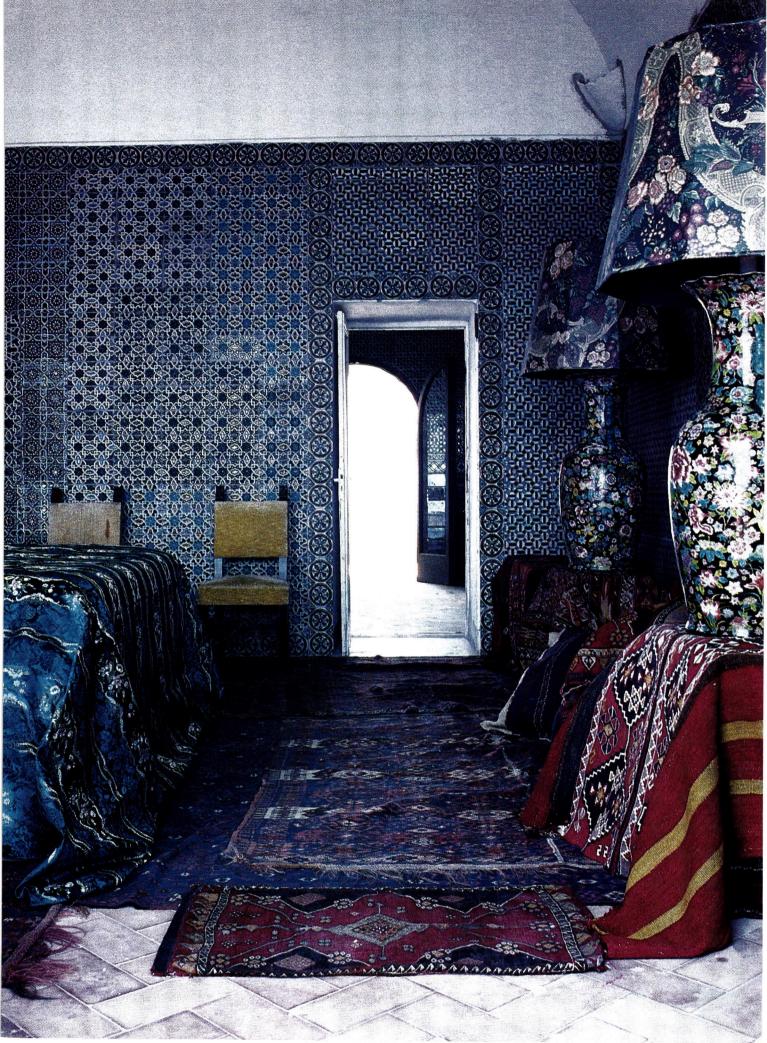
He also spoke warmly about Li Galli: "It suits me." He has had the interior of the house covered with antique tiles—"Any paint you buy, in sea air it flakes"—many of them carried up from the basement of a shop in Seville, then trucked to Italy. "This was not cheap," he says. The tiles, together with kilims and patterned fabrics he has collected, speak of his love of color and ornament.

Still, his rocky island makes for a curious image of home. Until recently there was no water; he put in a pump last summer. And, he concedes, there's nothing to do. Furthermore, it's hard to get there when the seas are choppy: "I need private helicopter—for Christmas."

On the overnight train back to Vienna, resting in the dark on the bottom bunk, Nureyev suddenly began to reminisce about Ufa: "The city is on a hill. The train tracks are below. There is no sound in the city, so you can hear the whistle always." Listening from the opposite top bunk, I could almost hear the whistle echoing through Nureyev's whole life, merging with the sound of airport loudspeakers. "Three days on that train, from Ufa to Leningrad," he continued, as we slipped through a frosty Polish station. "My mother packed a suitcase of bread, tortes, eggs. Those eggs were marvelous. I just looked out the window the whole way. And when we crossed the river out of Ufa, it was so beautiful."

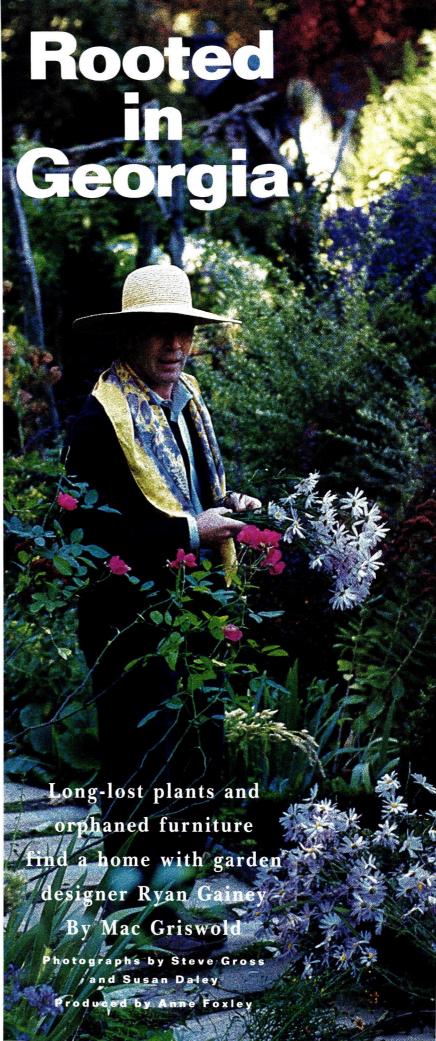
Maybe Nureyev's island is, after all, the ideal home for a compulsive traveler. On a rock in the sea, you don't hear train whistles.

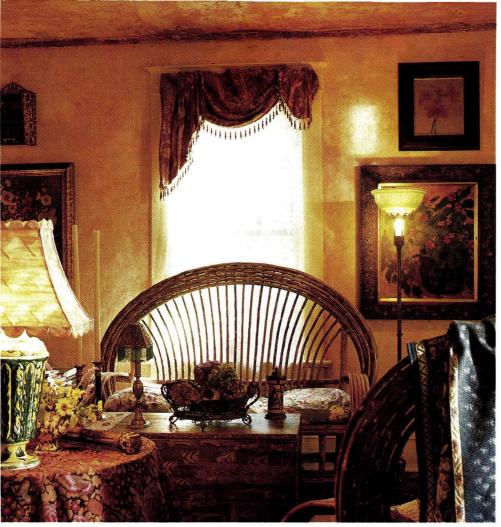
Kilims, embroidered silk, and 150-yearold tiles from Seville create an exotic profusion of pattern in the bedroom, opposite. Nureyev had the lamps put together from vases he found in Rome and shades sent by a friend. Above left: In the living room a bold border caps an expanse of geometric polychrome tile. Left: The rusted metal chair came from a Nureyev villa. Details see Resources.

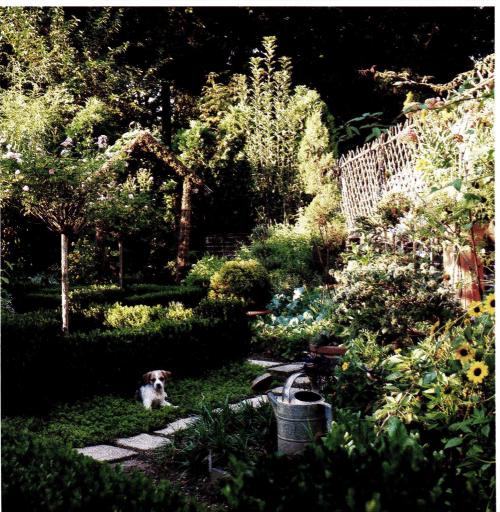








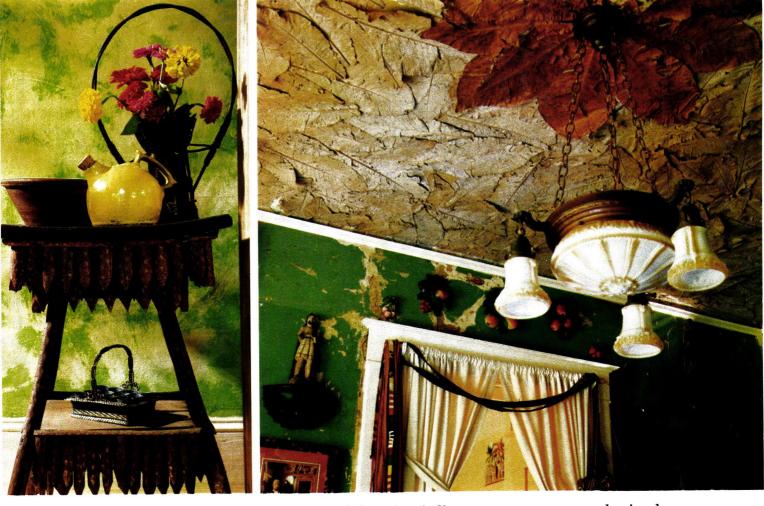




EAK-NOSED, squint-eyed, and wearing a long blue butler's apron, Ryan Gainey contemplates the footwide leaves of his Tetrapanax papyriferus, which looks like giant hogweed. "They're good for place mats," he says. Gainey, master gardener and garden designer in Atlanta, has created or revamped scores of southern gardens and owns a constellation of shops—three of them—that sell plants, tools, vases, dried flowers, and every kind of garden object, practical or ornamental. He has moved his whimsical flowerstrewn style indoors as well, and as Atlanta's leading party decorator, he sets the pace for the city's lavish entertainment life, the heartbeat of the New South. But like many in the New South, Gainey is deeply rooted in the Old South, though his history is definitely not the Gone with the Wind kind. He grew up in the sand hills of South Carolina, where "his people" were small landowners and sharecroppers with resounding names like Augustus and Julius Caesar Cato.

The first garden he remembers was that strangest kind of American garden, the swept yard, the special purview of respectable poverty, both black and white, in the South. As utilitarian as a piece of Shaker furniture, and sometimes as handsome as a Japanese dry garden, a swept yard consists of bare soil all around the house. A couple of trees are permitted to grow for shade and maybe a patch or two of special flowers, but what really makes a swept yard a garden is the pattern created with the yard broom. Gainey's childhood yard was domi-

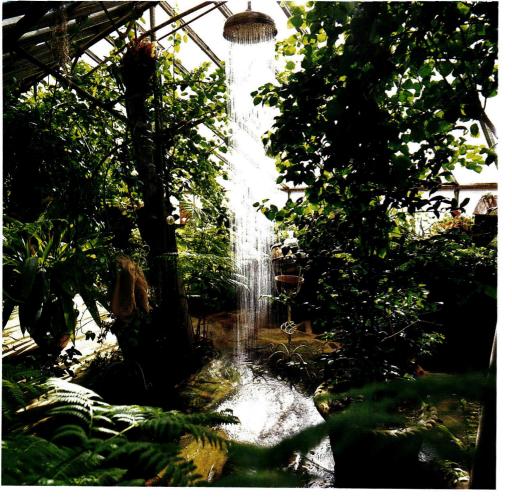
In the living room, above left, a flaking 1920s paint job casts an apricot glow on a willow settee by David Hand. Left: In the vegetable garden a puppy reclines on a bed of golden thyme. Opposite, clockwise from top left: An Adirondack stand holds a pitcher from Tennessee. Gainey frescoed a ceiling with Magnolia tripetala leaves. Gullah baskets and an African headdress crown a cupboard in the study. Tetrapanax papyriferus leaves shade the dining table. Details see Resources.



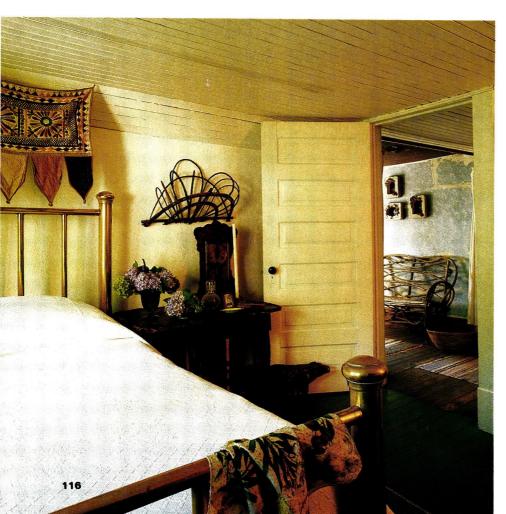
The gardener has moved his whimsical flower-strewn style indoors







Gainey's Old South is not the Gone with the Wind kind



nated by a huge chinaberry tree, and his broom was made of twigs. He cleaned up the leaves and berries of his big tree, when they fell, and drew outlines of house plans in the smooth shady dirt with a stick. The garden, as one would think of it, was a single large clump of cannas. Little Ryan learned to grow cuttings by the immemorial swap method. A neighbor's camellia twig was set to root in the sand under the barn eaves where the soil caught the drips. Camellia cuttings were covered with quart mason jars; African violets with pint mayonnaise jars.

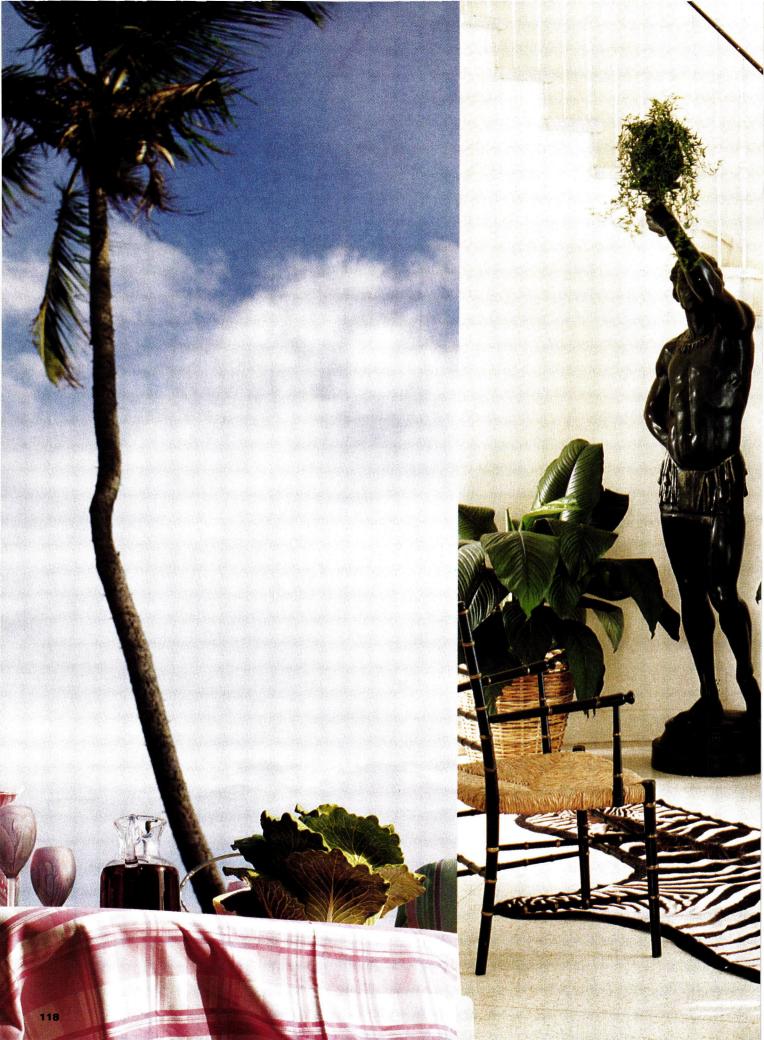
Gainey's native air is the humid, powerfully scented atmosphere of the South, where plantings for the past fifty years or so have seldom stretched beyond azaleas and rhododendrons—the heavy broadleaf evergreen armature that garden writer Elizabeth Lawrence disdainfully called the "cast-iron garden." Gainey's aim is to lengthen the season of bloom, since the South is a riot of

flowers from March through mid June and a green void

thereafter. He scavenges nearly forgotten horticultural oddities as he travels around the region, and a local nursery, Goodness Grows, lovingly propagates every cutting, root, and corm he brings back. An elegant and still unidentified fastigiate hardy cypress variety in his own garden was rescued from an abandoned South Carolina cemetery; in a nearby yard an explosion of white flowers in late July indicates the presence of Chrysanthemum maximum 'Ryan's Daisy', a Shasta daisy type he found near an old house in Decatur. Gainey's standards are rigorous; as he walks through his borders, where the whit-(Continued on page 144) est of

A diamond pattern painted by Atlanta artist Jeroy Hannah around the French windows to the upstairs porch, opposite, harmonizes with the textures of a sweetgrass basket and a stickwork rocker. Antique garden tiles rest on the bark table. Above left: In the greenhouse, a tropical shower among the jasmine, ficus, and bougainvillea. Left: Indian embroidery hangs above a guest bed.





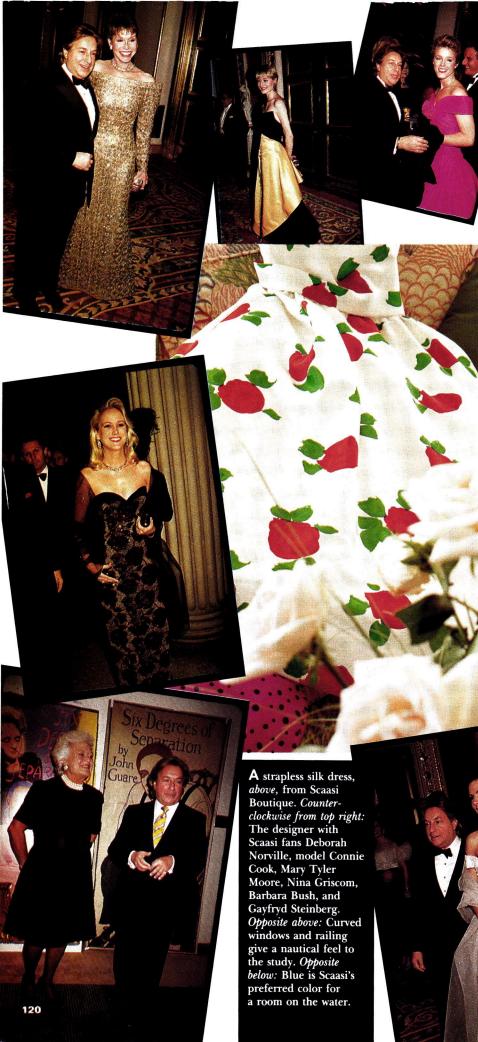


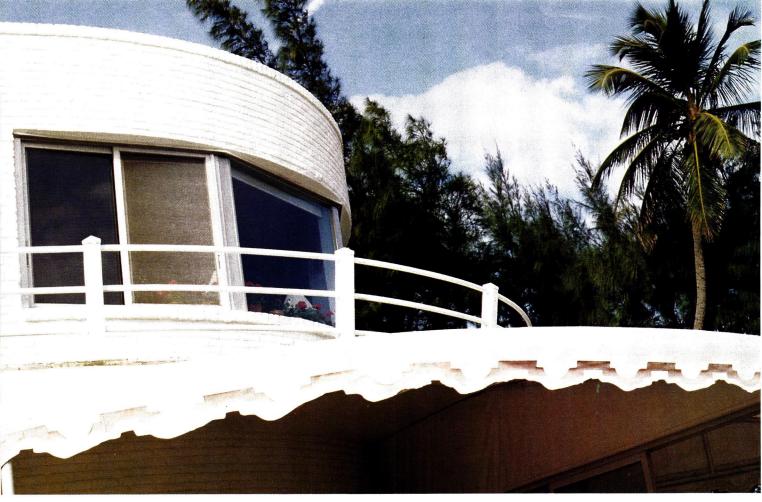


When I prod for the secret of his success, he exclaims, "I like them! Maybe that's it. I have a good time. I really want to do flattering clothes. I think that's what dressing is all about. That's what I'm all about—can't change." Capitalizing on the designer's popularity with his clients was the idea of advertising wizard Peter Rogers, who came up with the "Me and My Scaasi" ad campaign with its glamorous black and white portraits of Scaasi and his leading ladies.

A time line of these photos covers the library walls of the Palm Beach house the designer bought in 1988 after a quest that lasted nearly twenty years. His requisites for the elusive perfect beach house were few: it had to be "small but real" and easy to take care of, with two stories and wonderful views of water and palm trees. But real estate agents just didn't seem to get it. "They kept showing me these extravagant Spanish-style places," Scaasi complains. "I wanted a simple house. We live a very full life in New York City; when we get down here, we want to collapse."

> Scaasi first visited Palm Beach back in 1964 at the behest of client Ruth Tankoos, who insisted he show his collection at the Colony Hotel, which she conveniently owned. The next day, he recalls, "I was invited out to four lunches by all the ladies." Soon the hunt for a "small but real" house was on. "I think Tauruses are house people,





"The whole point of the house for me," says Scaasi, "are the views"





"I wanted a simple house," Scaasi says.
"We live a very full life in New York; when
we get down here, we want to collapse"



you know. Are you a Taurus?" Scaasi inquires. "Why do I think that? You're a Gemini? No problem—you have two personalities."

Finally, after looking at more than two hundred houses—"and I am not exaggerating"—he saw this one. It was instant love, sealed with the pronouncement, "This is my house." (When he set out to find a new apartment in New York, he also dismissed two hundred offerings out of hand: "I'd get in the front door and say to the agent, we don't have to go any farther—this is not my house.")

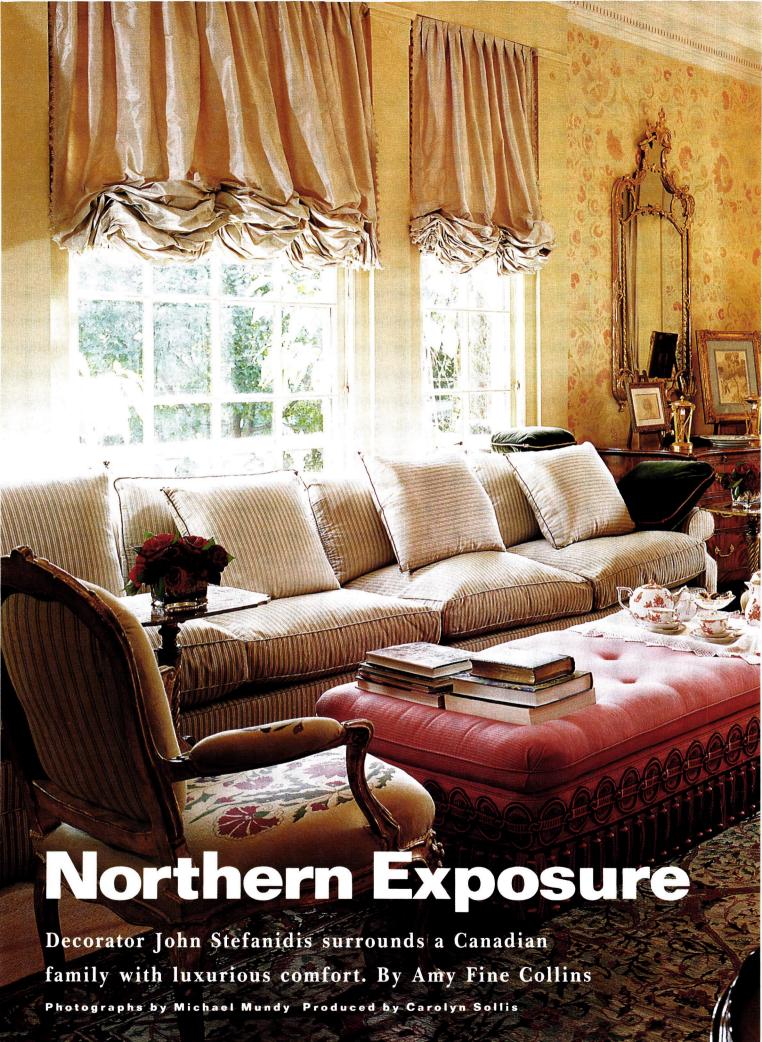
Scaasi is used to making a dress overnight and believes decorating should follow suit. Having signed the papers for the Palm Beach house early in December, he wanted to spend Christmas there, so he kept most of its original furnishings and personalized it with flowers, carpets,

paintings, and photographs: "All I did was make it look prettier, I hope." The centerpiece of the living room, a vivid folding screen painted by David Hockney, testifies to Scaasi's clairvoyance. He bought it in London before he had found the house to put it in. "I said it would be perfect for the place in Palm Beach."

His entertaining is done mostly outdoors on the terrace, at lunchtime. "The whole point of the house for me are the views," he confides. "At night they don't exist. You could be anywhere." Or almost anywhere. Day or night, the blue room—Scaasi's houses near the water always have a blue room—feels like the pilot house of an improbably luxurious tugboat; the ocean is perceptible even when it is invisible.

Design rules seem to have evolved in Scaasi's scheme of things quite naturally. "I have a theory and it works for me. There is one right way to do a room—when you change it, it never looks as good." And dresses? "If by the third fitting it doesn't look terrific, you are trying too hard; it wasn't meant to be."











OUSES GO THROUGH CYCLES, just like people," reflects Hilary Weston, explaining why she and her husband, Galen, a Canadian businessman, engaged John Stefanidis to "update and rethink" their Toronto base. The Westons had acquired the three-story brick residence, designed in 1917 by a local architect, nearly a decade before Stefanidis came on board, while their two children were small. "John redecorated for the second stage," she says, "when the kids were no longer wreaking so much havoc."

In addition to such obvious responses to the family's shifting needs as the conversion of a top-floor nursery into an office, Stefanidis also "did a considerable amount of fiddling to achieve better proportions and a slicker finish," he says. Having worked previously on the Westons' historic English estate, Fort Belvedere—the eighteenth-century folly near Windsor Castle where Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson trysted —Stefanidis was already well acquainted with the family's casual tastes and athletic habits.



"John redecorated for the stage when the kids weren't wreaking havoc"

Yet the two houses differed in character and purpose. Fort Belvedere is romantic, old-world, pastoral—and a summer house. The Toronto place, "very much for the family," says Hilary, is practical, unpretentious, urban—and suitable for every season. And, as Hilary, a native of Ireland, is quick to point out, the subarctic Canadian winters can seem interminably long, and the hours of daylight oppressively short. "With all the bad weather," says Stefanidis, "we really needed to make things jolly."

An enormous fireplace, ablaze on cool days, welcomes visitors who enter the front hall. Here the house's grandest and most rustic flourishes commingle quietly and without paradox. A deeply carved baroque frame hangs above the marble mantel, yet a colossal rough-hewn basket, heaped high with firewood, squats near the hearth. The pair of serpentine-backed parcelgilt eighteenth-century chairs from Williamsburg, Virginia, are "very important, one of the best things in the house," Hilary says, but they





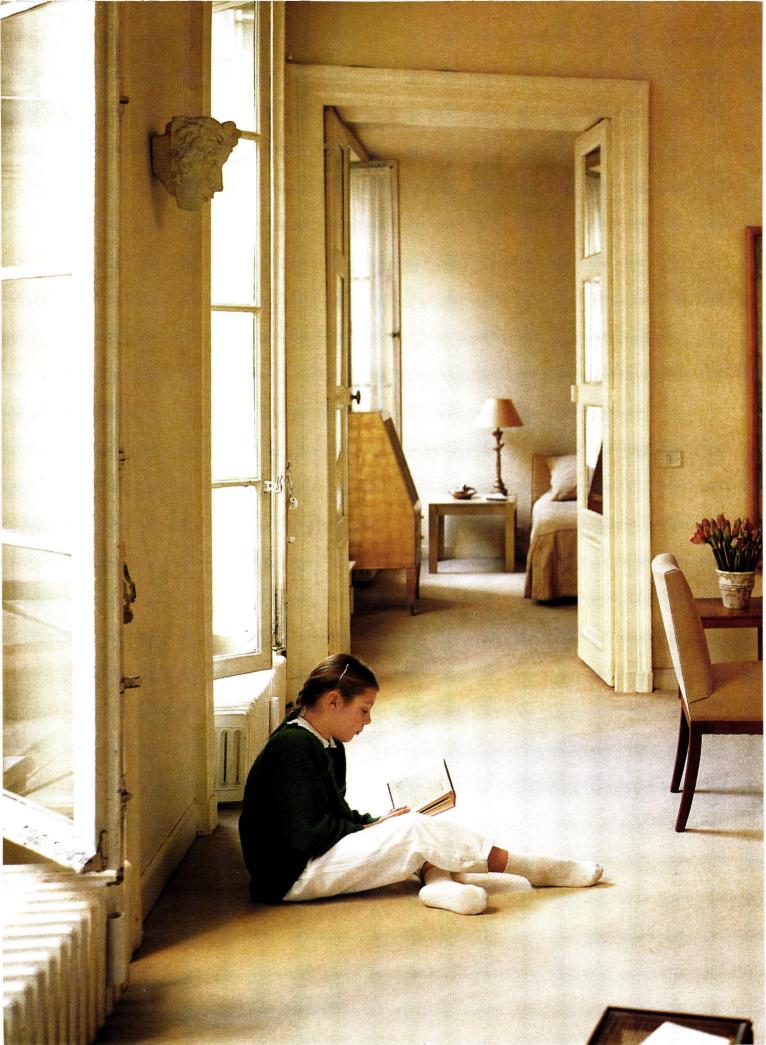


rest on a plain limestone floor, its slabs laid at an angle to foster an illusion of depth.

Stefanidis spruced up the living room with "rather good, but not grand" furniture found in New York and London, supplementing what Hilary, an avid collector of vintage textiles, calls "lots of bits and pieces that we'd had around for a long time." One of these "bits" was a circa 1600 Afghan embroidery (now draped over an end table) that served as the creative wellspring of the room. The walls, stenciled in a free interpretation of the cloth's exotic floral motif, blush gentle shades of coral and ocher. The execution is so fastidious, there are no repeats—and therefore no possibility of mistaking the pattern for wallpaper. And the finish is so fine the walls approximate precious faded silk. Not content to stop there, Stefanidis adapted the ancient textile to an "unpretentious" fabric he produced, which covers a pair of Louis XV chairs and an immense sofa, scaled to offset the room's long narrow dimensions and "low North American ceiling."

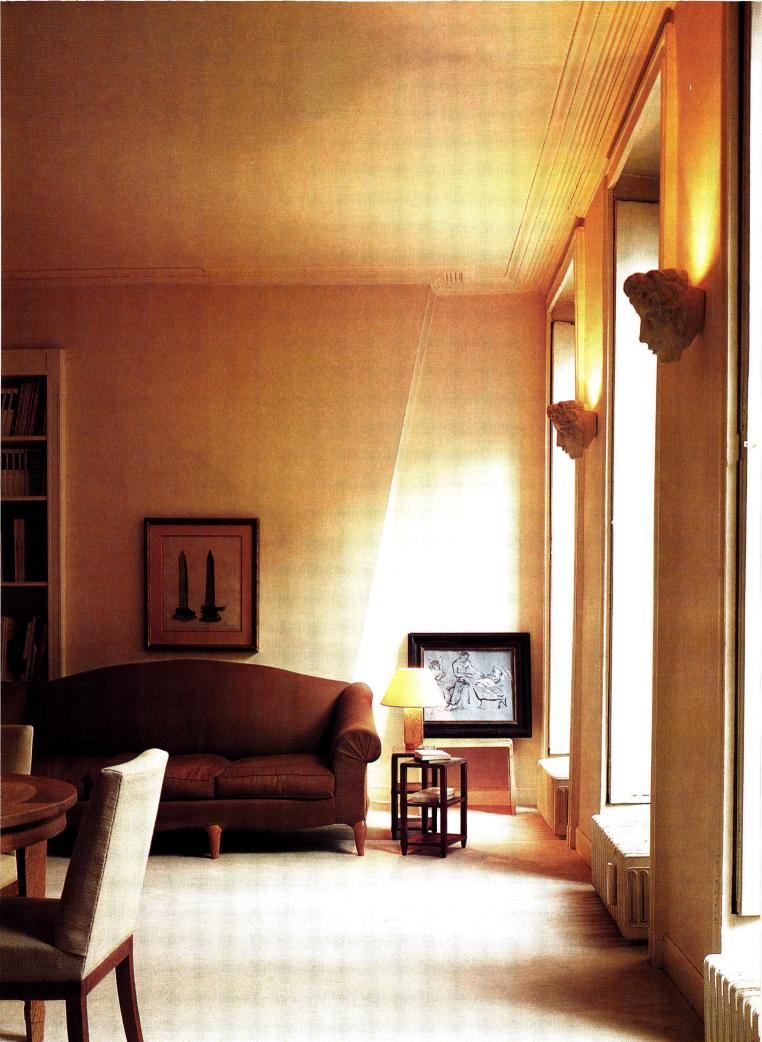
Upstairs, in the master bedroom, Stefanidis once again unfurled bolts of softly patterned fabric. Curtained and lined (Continued on page 145)





Parisian Purist THE IDEALS OF FRENCH MODERNISM DEFINE THE DOMESTIC STYLE OF DECORATIVE ARTS DEALER ERIC PHILIPPE BY EMILY EAKIN Photographs by Scott Produced by Charles Gandee

In Eric Philippe's apartment French masterpieces of the 1930s and '40s, among them Jean-Michel Frank's sandedoak dining table and chairs and a painting by Christian Bérard, c. 1940, are part of his daughter Nora's daily life. Details see Resources.



HEN PARIS ANtiques dealer Eric Philippe talks about Dolly
Parton, his serene face
becomes beatific. "The
cowboy singer," he
croons, recalling his discovery of the big-wigged

American diva one evening on a Stockholm hotel television set. "She's so professional, so smooth, so *bracing*. The way she presents her performers as her own children—she's been around, she's seen a lot, she's lived."

Such enthusiasm may seem surprising from a devotee of London androgyne Annie Lennox. But there is a logic here: what excites Eric Phi-

lippe is work that is rigorous and precise, whether it comes with British polish or a Nashville twang. He is convinced that rigor and precision give art its force and pleasure.

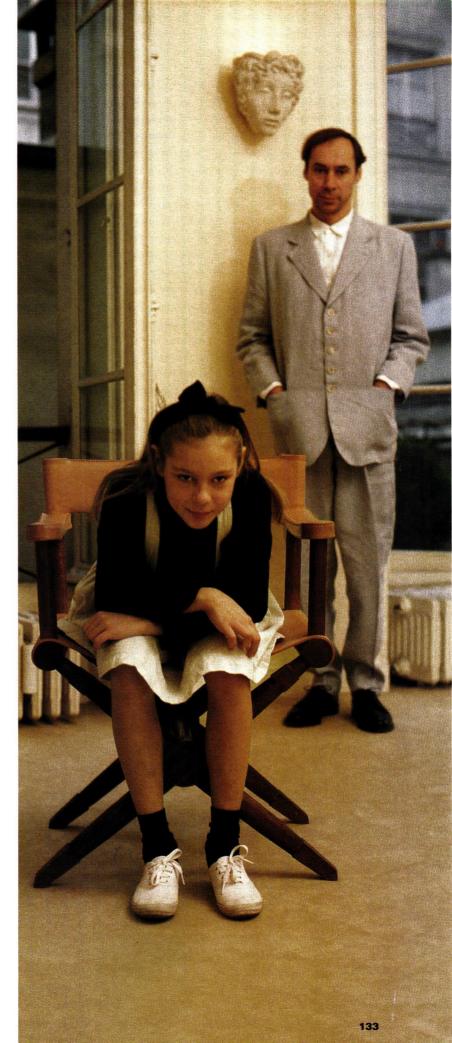
Philippe's sensibility is contemporary and a tad irreverent

At forty-three,

Philippe has spent most of his life cultivating his convictions and more than a decade showing them at his gallery near the Louvre—and living with them in his apartment upstairs. Specializing in decorative arts from the first half of this century, he has a particular passion for Jean-Michel Frank, André Arbus, and Christian Bérard, whose daringly simple elegance made them the rage among moneyed Parisians in the thirties. His sensibility, however, is contemporary: sensual, intuitive, and a tad irreverent.

Taste, for Philippe, is not a matter of privilege or education but of belief, and acting on convictions is a family tradition. His businessman father traded in his briefcase for a clown suit and joined the circus to pursue the trapeze artist who became Philippe's mother. Philippe himself abandoned law school after three years. After a flirtation with fashion photography and an increasingly serious study of modern decorative

Bérard's 1940 drawing of columns supported by turtles hangs over a 1938 pearwood sofa by René Prou in the living room, *opposite*. Another Bérard drawing is tucked behind a pair of cane and oak tables and a terra-cotta lamp, all by Frank. Between the windows are sconces, plaster sculptures of gorgon heads, created by Vadime Androusov for André Arbus in 1937. Linen on chair available from André Bon, NYC. *Right:* Philippe, in Comme des Garçons, with Nora, on a chair designed by Frank with leather from Hermès.

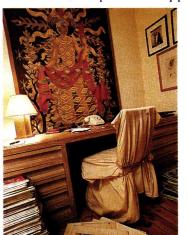




art, he opened his gallery in January 1980.

Philippe exudes a relaxed and slightly funky elegance. In a city where it is rare to see a man whose trousers do not look as though they had just been fastidiously pressed, his faintly rumpled linen is invigorating. He confidently mixes Comme des Garçons tailoring with Gucci loafers or red Gaultier jeans with a floppy shell-draped Paul Smith hat. "I will end up a clown like my father," he says happily.

He works as he dresses, with unerring instinct and unflappable poise. When he was hunting for a gallery space, he disregarded conventional Left Bank boutiques and installed himself near the rue de Rivoli in the galerie Véro-Dodat, a dimly lit jumble of displays of everything from Victorian cupids on strings and Il Bisonte leather purses to fussy marble busts paired with vinyl-green office plants. "I wanted to be in and out at the same time," explains Philippe, referring to Véro-



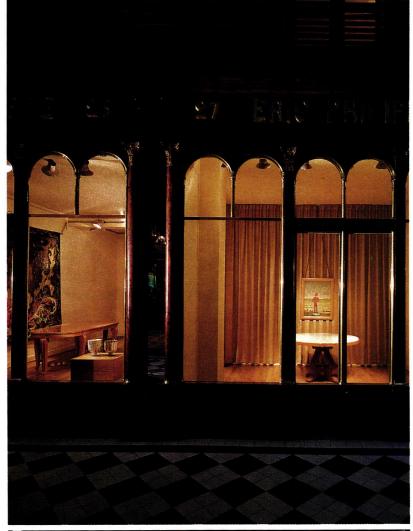
Dodat's central but hidden location, "and this space gave me the energy to work."

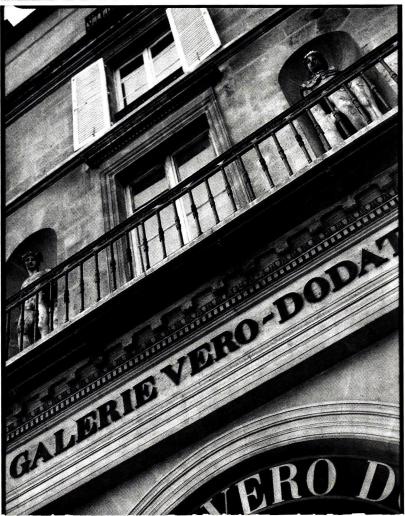
His first exhibition, of work by Jean-Michel Frank, coincided with the publication of a monograph on the designer by Éditions du Regard. The success of the opening and of the book party later that evening—at Le Pal-

ace, then the in crowd's nightclub of choice—launched Philippe's reputation and sold him on the idea of organizing special exhibitions. In 1990, to celebrate the gallery's tenth anniversary, he assembled an array of objects into a "collection" and lured clients and friends with a handsome catalogue. Among his finds: stylized

Aubusson tapestries from the 1940s ("Too often neglected these days," he laments), a voluptuous sycamore side chair from 1920, a pewter table engraved with a giddy panorama of Stockholm by Nils Fougstedt in 1929. Now an annual tradition, Philippe's collection is kept secret until the official unveiling. "Almost ev-

Philippe's showroom, above right, at the galerie Véro-Dodat, right, displays a 1942 Aubusson tapestry, Georges Devêche's Poseidon, above a 1935 blond mahogany table by André Arbus and a small 1950 painting by Coutaud above a 1945 table by Jacques Adnet. Above left: The 1945 oak desk in the office was designed by Countess Ottolenghi.







"I am attracted to the pure and the delirious," explains Philippe

erything gets sold," he marvels, adding with peculiarly French sagacity that the point of the exhibition is entertainment, not business: "I do it to amuse myself—and to surprise my clients."

"I am attracted to the pure and the delirious," he continues, and the collections offer him a chance to show off that range. This year's exhibition includes a pair of two-foot-high cement poodles by Tita Terisse from the late 1940s. "They are not kitsch but forceful and funny," Philippe insists. By his own account, his style is "rigorous and clean"—but not too clean. "It bores me when something is too clean; it's pretentious." Tom Wolfe's white suit, for example, Philippe deplores as "too systematic to be truly elegant."

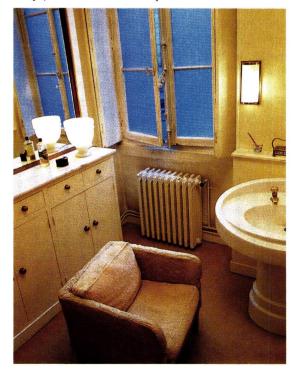
This is not to say that Philippe is not meticulous. He makes careful drawings of his display area and buys pieces to fit a particular corner or wall. But each object interacts with its neighbors. You can almost hear the banter between an oversize rose sofa monopolizing one corner and a pair of sober curule stools by Charles Dudouyt. The 1980 monograph describes Frank's interiors as sacred spaces, mausoleums of perfect form

through which one tiptoed uneasily, like a thief. In Philippe's hands costly vellum and shagreen, blond woods and untreated leathers are domesticated without being demeaned.

Nowhere is this more visible than in his apartment above the gallery. Approached from a side street and up three flights, it is a quiet explosion of warmth and light. Just inside the front door a 1945 hammered bronze statue of a young girl by the Swedish sculptor John Lundqvist radiates welcome. The long corridor leading to the living room is bare except for a pair of chandeliers in patinated bronze and a series of plain brass door handles, formerly part of a Frank interior.

In the living room the apartment's small scale and modest proportions suddenly seem deliberate, allowing priceless furniture and family life to coexist in uncluttered intimacy. The room doubles as a dining room and library, where Philippe's nine-year-old daughter, Nora, curls up with a favorite Roald Dahl story on a 1938 pearwood sofa by René Prou or perches on a 1937 gold-painted iron and cowhide stool by Marc du Plantier. In the master bedroom an Arbus writing desk in gold lacquer seems almost luminous, while a Frank wardrobe in vellum and walnut projects a deeper warmth.

But the most revealing room in the apartment, its private sanctuary, is the bathroom. Here a deliciously battered Frank armchair in sycamore and natural sheepskin keeps company with a capacious tub and a 1930 porcelain pedestal sink. To this grand and familiar audience, Philippe sings Annie Lennox while he showers. Frank might have found the room decadent. In fact, it is simply an exclamation of pleasure.







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Harmony and perfection in fixtures for the bath





Gr

LOGGIA LIVING ROOM

- Jeffrey Bilhuber created an Italianate loggia, above and right, that offers the comforts of indoor living yet can withstand the elements. The iron furniture has been treated with a noncorrosive finish. The cushions are in a waterproofed Stroheim & Romann cotton. The sisal is replaced every few years.
- Slatted Bermuda shutters provide an enclosure, far right, that allows in light and breezes. A spaceaccentuating play of geometric shapes extends from the terra-cotta floor to the diamond strapwork ceiling. Details see Resources.



Jeffrey Bilhuber's

decorating firm makes

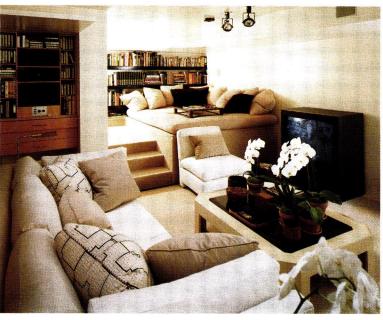
the most of oftenneglected spaces

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ROOMS

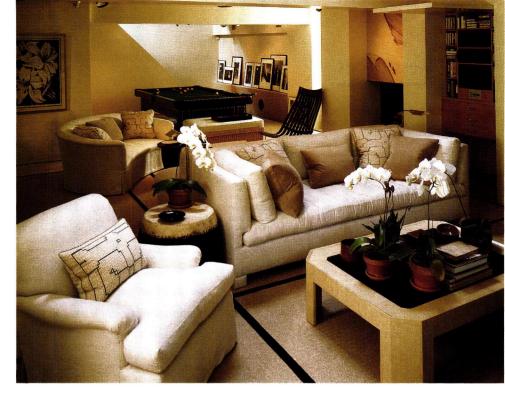




REVAMPED REC ROOM

- A basement playroom, open to a greenhouse, was given new life by Bilhuber and his partner, Tom Scheerer, as an updated version of the family room, above. The semi-subterranean greenhouse, newly planted with bamboo, was designed in the 1970s by Joe D'Urso, who created a spot for it by expanding a window well. A mirror on the back wall of the greenhouse gives the garden the illusion of depth.
- A nearly monochromatic pale color scheme lends the room, *left*, a look of tranquillity and coherence. An awkward corner was put to clever use by D'Urso as a reading platform which Bilhuber and Scheerer outfitted with pillows and a futon. The carpet is stainresistant synthetic sisal from Scalamandré.
- Well-defined seating and playing areas and ample storage allow the basement, opposite above, to function in multiple ways without being overrun by equipment or clutter. The pool table is set off by a collection of photographs casually arranged on a shallow ledge.

Even though the basement isn't usually a room with a view, this one comes equipped with its own piece of nature thanks to a sunken greenhouse



THE NEW GARRET

Bilhuber and Scheerer's tester bed with sleek soaring lines, below, emphasizes the loftiness of a top-floor room at the 1991 Kips Bay Decorator Show House in New York. Stairs and a door leading to a terrace further expand the sense of space as do paintings and photographs in contrasting sizes, displayed on a glass shelf at eye level. Celebrating rather than camouflaging the fact that the room is an attic, the decorators supplied it with an old floor from Stark and a mix of antiques.

Great Rooms



Resources

WRITER IN RESIDENCE

Page 40 Jardin de Tuileries linen (#6905-3) for walls and curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jim Ditallo, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. English library steps, c. 1870, George III tortoiseshell/ivory tea caddy on mantel, similar at Richard Gould Antiques, Santa Monica (310) 395-0724. Nappoleon III folding chairs, c. 1820 Creil bowl holding pencils on desk, similar at Hollyhock, Los Angeles (213) 931-3400.

TRAVEL

Pages 42, 44 Császár Baths, Frankel Leo ut 17–19, 1027 Budapest; (1) 115-4680, fax (1) 115-0271. Gellért Hotel and Spa, Szt. Gellert ter 1, 1111 Budapest; (1) 185-2200, fax (1) 166-6631. Király Baths, Fo u. 84, 1027 Budapest; (1) 202-3688. Lukács Baths, Frankel Leo ut 25–29, 1027 Budapest; (1) 115-4280. Rudas Medicinal Baths (men only), Dobrentei ter 9, 1013 Budapest; (1) 156-1322. Széchenyi Baths, Allatkerti korut 11, 1146 Budapest; (1) 121-0310. Thermal Hotel Aquincum, Arpad fejedelem utja 94, 1036 Budapest; (1) 188-6360/9340, fax (1) 168-8872. Thermal Hotel Hélia, Karpat u. 62–64, 1133 Budapest; (1) 129-8650, fax (1) 120-1429. Thermal Hotel Margitsziget, Margitsziget, 1138 Budapest; (1) 132-3373.

PEOPLE

Pages 50, 52 Design, by John Ryman, NYC (212) 529-9766. 50 Kange Trac sisal, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. Cathay Damask linen/cotton (#166060) on chairs, to the trade at Schumacher, for information (800) 552-9255. Cotton ticking on sofa and chair, at Harry Zarin, NYC (212) 226-3492.

STYLE

Page 58 Jean-Paul Gaultier's furniture collection for V.I.A., \$4,000 to \$9,000 ea., at Neotu, Sept. 17—Oct. 27, to order at Neotu, 133 Greene St., New York, NY 10012; (212) 982-0210. Pieces from Jean-Paul Gaultier's fall women's collection: Double-breasted checked wool jacket, at Marshall Field's 28 Shop, Chicago; Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis; Faces cotton/polyester vest, at L'Animale, Englewood; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Hand Print silk pants, similar at Macy's, San Francisco; Ralph Davies, San Francisco;

COTTAGE COLORS

Pages 62-69 Contracting, by Ben Krupinski General Contractor, 15 Toilsome Lane, East Hampton, NY 11937; (516) 324-3656. Custom paint color consultation, by Donald Kaufman Color, NYC (212) 243-2766; for standard line, Donald Kaufman Color Collection, Englewood (201) 568-2226. 62-63 Aydin Yoruk kilim, similar at Le Monde des Kilims, NYC (212) 431-9064. Two-seater sofas and ottoman in muslin, to order at George Sherlock Antiques with Upholstery, London (71) 736-3955, fax (71) 371-5179. Swedish Weave cotton/linen check on wicker chair, from a selection at McKinney Kidston, London (71) 384-1377, 19th-century English mahogany hat/umbrella stand, similar to the trade at Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308. 64 Parisian Park slatted-wood/metal folding chairs (#4150), from Smith & Hawken, to order (415) 383-2000, catalogue available. 65 1920s wicker chair and ottoman, similar at Robert Kinnaman & Brian Ramaekers Antiques, Bridgehampton (516) 537-0779. Natural Ribs sisal/acrylic, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 50). 20th-century French metal bistro chairs, similar to the trade at Ann-Morris (see above). 19th-century Moroccan terra-cotta water filters, similar at Cobweb, NYC (212) 505-1558. Antique church window mirror, similar at the American Wing, Bridgehampton (516) 537-3319. **66–67** Early 1900s Buenos Aires pine/marble pastry shop table, early 1900s Barcelona bentwood/cane settee, similar at Cobweb (see above). Marble countertops, from the St. Regis Hotel, similar at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. 68 Priscilla Plaid Taffeta cotton (#45732.02) for curtain, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C., London, Massachusetts painted cupboard, c. 1860, similar at Elaine's Antiques, Southampton (516) 287-3276. Custom-size painted iron bed, to order from M. Bartozzi, Rome (6) 654-3342. Tremolat rayon check (#4281-57) for curtains, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta, High Point; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Egg & Dart, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia. Old dhurries, similar at the Rug Loft, NYC (212) 879-2663. Large armchairs, to order from George Sherlock (see above.) Customsize painted iron bed, to order from M. Bartozzi (see above). 69 Vintage porcelain tub and sink, similar at Urban Archaeology (see above).

THOROUGHLY MODERN MEN

Page 70 Marcel Breuer 1928 B19 chrome/glass table, similar at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. 73 Alvar Aalto tubular-steel sofa beds (#390), to the trade at ICF, for showrooms (914) 365-2500. Marcel Breuer 1928 B22 chrome/glass table by bed, similar at Barry Friedman (see above). 74 Built-in bookcases, picture rails, both by Peter Superti of Trans-Hudson Design, Hoboken (201) 798-3018. 75 Applause cotton velvet (#2672) for curtain, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828.

RETURN TO GREY GARDENS

Pages 78–83 Garden and landscape design, by Victoria Fensterer, Amagansett (516) 267-6079, (516) 267-8696.

VITRUVIUS IN INDIANA

Pages 84-89 Architectural design, by Thomas Gordon Smith, 1903 Dorwood Dr., South Bend, IN 46617; (219) 239-6137. Structural engineering, by Leonard Morse-Fortier, Cambridge (617) 253-5569. Contracting, by Heritage Construction Co., Granger (219) 277-0101. 84 Painted terra-cotta metopes, by Thomas Gordon Smith (see above). 85 Limestone for columns and entablature, from Bybee Stone, Ellettsville (812) 876-2215. Durock exterior stucco, from USG Corp., for stores (800) 621-9622. Tilt Turn windows, from Marvin Windows & Doors, for stores (800) 346-5128. 86-87, 88 Living room fresco, by Thomas Gordon Smith (see above). Interior plaster for fresco, by USG Corp. (see above). 86-87 American Empire mahogany center table and chairs, similar at 160 West Chicago Antiques, Allen (517) 869-2929. American Empire sofa, similar from Barbara Taylor, Michiana Antiques Mall, Nyles (616) 684-7001. 87, 88 Dining room fresco, by Ruth Engelhardt Stroik, Notre Dame (219) 239-6137. 88 Classic Corlon Sandoval vinyl flooring, from Armstrong World Industries, for stores (800) 233-3823. 89 Painted door surround, by Thomas Gordon Smith (see above)

TALES OF THE SEA

Pages 90-97 Decoration, by Jacquelynne P. Lanham Designs, 472 East Paces Ferry Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305; (404) 364-0472. 90-91 Rivers Natural canvas on furniture, to the trade at Travis-Irvin Fabrics, Atlanta (404) 237-5079. Pucker Cloth cotton plissé (#HC-86305) for curtains, to the trade at Henry Cassen, division of Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Wallcoverings North, Anchorage; Borland, Hono-Iulu; Hampton Row, Minneapolis; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. Seya (#117-20) and Nitik II (#149-201) batik-inspired linen prints (shown bleached) for cushions near fireplace, to the trade at China Seas, for showrooms (800) 723-8207. Italian fabric throw, similar at Melosi, Atlanta (404) 352-5451. New England boat model, c. 1920, and 1880s ship diorama, similar at Witte's Antiques, Hillsboro (703) 668-6521. Manila rattan chair, iron/glass game table (#8001-G) (without glass shelf), to the trade to order at Pierce Martin/Rattanworks, for showrooms

(404) 237-6765, catalogue available. French walnut stool, c. 1850, similar to the trade at Tom Hayes & Assocs., Atlanta (404) 233-7425. Custom birchtop table with willow/alder twig base and bird's nest, to order from Tiger Mountain Woodworks, Scaly Mountain (704) 526-5577 by appt. 93 American painted side chairs, c. 1880, similar to the trade at Toby West, Atlanta (404) 233-7425. 94-95 Table of French wrought-iron base, c. 1900, married with 19th-century English pine top, similar to the trade at Toby West (see above). Wood chairs (#7771) (unpainted), to the trade at the Artistic Frame Co., Brooklyn (212) 289-2100. Madagascar Cloth coarse woven raffia (#HCY-390-AA-95) on chairs, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Devon Service, Boston; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; Designers Showroom, Seattle; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. Giacometti-inspired iron candelabrum (#8122), to the trade at Pierce Martin/Rattanworks (see above). 96 One-of-a-kind turn-of-the-century Philippine mahogany carriage boxes (#5526), Blue Ridge Mountain rattan chair (#3022), to the trade at Pierce Martin/Rattanworks (see above). Frampton chintz (#32489-1) on chair, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. 97 Custom hand-forged steel four-poster bed, similar to the trade to order from Shaffer Forge, Stone Mountain (404) 469-2680. Philippine hand-hammered tin candlestick, copy of 18th-century ecclesiastical candlestick, made into a lamp, similar at Melosi (see above).

MOTHER NATURE'S SON

Page 98 Similar handbags, from the DeVecchi Collection by Hamilton Hodge, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Bloomingdales, NYC, Bergen County, Boca Raton, Chestnut Hill, the Falls, King of Prussia, North Michigan, Palm Gardens, Short Hills, White Flint, White Plains; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, Palm Desert, Phoenix, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Seattle, Woodland Hills; Neiman Marcus; Saks Fifth Avenue; for other stores (212) 758-9770. 99 Technical design assistance, by Laura Conti, via Procopio 5, 20146 Milan; (2) 473544.

YANKEE MODERNIST

Pages 100, 102–104 Architecture, by Peter Forbes & Assocs., 241 A St., Boston, MA 02210; (617) 542-1760, fax (617) 542-2407.

ON NUREYEV'S ISLAND

Page 111 Custom lampshades, by Tessa Kennedy Design, Los Angeles (310) 273-4097; London (71) 221-4546.

ROOTED IN GEORGIA

Pages 112–17 Garden design, decoration, by Ryan Gainey, 3165 East Shadowlawn Ave., Atlanta, GA 30305; (404) 233-2050/7800. Selected furniture and accessories, similar at the Potted Plant, Atlanta (404) 233-7800; the Cottage Garden, Atlanta (404) 233-7800. The Connoisseur's Garden, Atlanta (404) 233-7800. 116 Willow garden bench, reproduction to order at the Potted Plant (see above). 117 Decorative painting, by Jeroy Hannah, Atlanta (404) 939-9849. Late 19th century latticework garden edging tile on bark table, reproduction to order at the Potted Plant (see above).

PALM BEACH STORY

Page 118 Ceramic lettuce, by Dodie Thayer, similar at Isabel's Et Cetera, Palm Beach (407) 655-5394.120 Strapless silk jacquard mid-calf dress, by Arnold Scassi for Scassi Boutique, to special order at Martha, NYC, Bal Harbour, Palm Beach; Neiman Marcus: Nordstrom (couture department); Saks Fifth Avenue, 123 Tobacco Leaf porcelain épergne, by Mottahedeh, at Isabel's Et Cetera (see above); Masterpiece Home Furnishing, Fairfield; George Watts & Son, Milwaukee; Gump's, San Francisco; to order at Maier & Berkele, Atlanta; Amen Wardy, Beverly Hills; Bromberg & Co., Birmingham; Squire Chase, McLean; Jacobson's. Alhambra Limoges porcelain dinner plates, by Philippe Deshoulières, at Isabel's Et Cetera (see above); for other stores (201) 939-4199

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

Pages 124-29 Decoration, by John Stefanidis, 6

142 HG AUGUST 1992

Burnsall St., London SW3 3ST; (71) 351-7511, fax (71) 352-9460. Flowers, by Lidia Tacconelli of Fiori Floral Designs, Toronto (416) 658-0715. 124-25 Bokhara linen/cotton/modralacrylic (#1030-20) on fauteuils and sofa, by John Stefanidis, to the trade at China Seas, for showrooms (800) 723-8207. Windsor hemp/rayon stripe on sofa at left, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 96). Bijar carpet, c. 1850, similar at S. Franses, London (71) 976-1234. Three Seater sofa, Four Seater sofa, Bestigui chairs at right, ottoman, all by John Stefanidis, to order at John Stefanidis & Assocs., 261 Fulham Rd., London SW3 6HY; (71) 352-3537. 127 19th-century Mirzapur carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. Colette silk stripe for dining room curtains, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC, Stamford; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; David Parrett, Chatham; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Shanahan Collection, Denver; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Stephen E. Earls Showroom, Portland, Seattle; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. 128 New Kandahar Filler cotton for walls, shell-shaped sofa and chairs, curtains, table, and bed, Kandahar Narrow Stripe cotton on ottoman, chairs, and chaise, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 68). Shell-shaped sofas and chairs, ottoman, all by John Stefanidis, to order at John Stefanidis & Assocs. (see above). 129 Emma cotton (#1045-01) for bed curtains and pillow, by John Stefanidis, to the trade at China Seas (see above). Plain Muslin for dressing table, at Elizabeth Eaton, London (71) 589-0118. Custom woven Pheasant's Eye cotton on chairs, to the trade to order at Bernard Thorp, London (71) 362-5745. Daybed, chairs, dressing table, mirror, column lamp, bedside table, all by John Stefanidis, to order at John Stefanidis & Assocs. (see above)

PARISIAN PURIST

Pages 130–37 European decorative arts, 1900–1950, at Eric Philippe, 25 Galerie Véro-Dodat, 75001 Paris; (1) 42-33-28-26, fax (1) 42-21-17-93. 130–31, 32, Tapis Natte linen (#T610) on dining chairs, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard B. Hecker & Assocs., Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Southard, Dania; Nielsen-Mayne, Denver; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Pacific Showrooms West, San Francisco; Elinor & Verve, Seattle; Matches at Miley, Washington, D.C. 134 Sirocco cotton sateen (#3530) on chair, to the trade at Boussac of France, for showrooms (212) 421-0534.

GREAT ROOMS

Pages 139-41 Decoration, by Jeffrey Bilhuber and Tom Scheerer, of Bilhuber, 19 East 65 St., New York, New York 10021; (212) 517-7673. 139 Caravelle Texture cotton (shown waterproofed) on cushions, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms (718) 706-7000. Open Cube laminated birchwood tables, to order at Bilhuber (see above). Nagpur cotton print on pillows on sofa, at Far Eastern Fabrics, NYC (212) 683-2623. 140 Tami Tapis olefin carpet, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pg 40). New Daughtry Cloth viscose/linen (#HCW-308-AA-74) on sofas, chaise, and chairs, Ultrasuede polyester (#CDW-709-KB-53) for beige pillows, to the trade at Hinson (see above for pgs 94-95). Drap wool (#4135-0085) for dark brown pillows, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pg 68). Wicker chaise longue (#W7800), to the trade at Bielecky Brothers, for showrooms (212) 753-2355. 141 Norwegian slatted-rosewood/steel chair near pool table, similar at 280 Modern, NYC (212) 941-5825. Stainless steel tester bed, to order at Bilhuber (see above). Antique random width chestnut plank flooring, to the trade to order at Stark (see above for pg 50). Bakh Shaiesh carpet, c. 1830, similar at F. J. Hakimian, NYC (212) 371-6900. American Queen Anne chairs, Chippendale slipper chair, and Chippendale lowboy, similar at Bernard & S. Dean Levy, NYC (212) 628-7088. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

Grey Gardens

(Continued from page 82) wrote, "For whenever I say my garden I mean that small walled-garden opening out of the sunroom at East Hampton."

"We had to take Edie Beale's word for it that there was a garden," says Quinn. Spelunking in the green depths of privet, poison ivy, and wild grape, they found the walls intact. "We had to drop a bulldozer inside with a crane," she says, "because the gateways were too narrow. We took everything out; it was just a mud pit. Then we rebuilt the pergola and planted wisteria over it." Quinn, who is quite happy never to scratch the soil herself, dreamed of "pink things there, tall white things here, little blue curly ones on this side, something lacy, something bushy." Victoria Fensterer, her imaginative garden designer, added *Thalic*-

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Grey Gardens

trum rochebrunianum, eryngium, echinops, sidalcea, caryopteris, cimicifuga, perovskia, macleaya, chelone, Rosa rubrifolia, pink and white lilies, among many others. In the center of the rectangle, tall soft-colored perennials now ring a patch of turf just big enough to hold two Adirondack chairs. From Anna Gilman Hill's sunroom there is again an enticing view that tempts the laziest summer visitor down the grassy path.

A photograph of the young Anna Gilman Hill, seated demurely in a rambler-covered niche, shows her flanked by two bouquets, one of her own gardening tools and the other of potted hydrangeas. It hints at what her book reveals: her energy, her cheerfulness—and her mild self-deprecating humor. Donning that protective shield was almost a reflex for Hill, or for any of her female contemporaries who set out to

display their own expertise in public.

Like the position of women, Hill's garden is somewhat different now. The bare masonry is thickly padded with ivy and roses, and the glimpse from within the garden of "blue water between...the high dunes, grass covered and soft gray like our walls," has vanished behind the roofs of other houses, screens of privet, and the green domes of trees. In other ways much is unchanged, and Hill could be writing today when she says that "gardening in Suffolk County spoils you for gardening anywhere else in North America. It is an almost foolproof place, for all you have to do to grow the most delicate specimen is to go out into the rough lawn or into a field, dig a hole and put it in." It is still true that "all green things upon that particular piece of earth praise the Lord with might and main....Their blossoms are larger and more brilliantly colored than those of inland plants," thanks to the "rich black muck" and "an almost continuous moisture from the sea."

Now, as then, this is a garden for summer only-now, as then, the last flowers the owners see as they leave at the end of August are sheaves of silverpink and white Anemone japonica, "which throve in the shadiest border." Summer time acts as a powerful solvent at Grey Gardens, and one hears Little Edie murmuring, "It's very difficult to keep the line between the past and the present. You know what I mean?" Quinn and Bradlee have had the strength and style to keep Big Edie and Little Edie in the garden too: the halfrotten catalpa and the straggly wild cherry by the front porch are their witnesses. Out by the road is another reminder of the Beales and of the continuous life of this place. Instead of the ubiquitous privet hedge, there is a high wild swath of bittersweet, honeysuckle, blackberry, goldenrod, and sweet autumn clematis—something that separates inside from outside, but not the past from the present.

Cottage Colors

(Continued from page 68) explains—and the living room sofas came from London, but much of the rest turned up in local shops. "I found that I love to shop for antiques," she says. An old wicker chair and ottoman she discovered in Bridgehampton sit proudly in the living room in their original faded dress. The Lloyd Loom chairs, also from the Hamptons, have been repainted—"pale pink, apricot, almost colors without a name"—then rubbed down to look old. Towering iron plant stands

purchased by photograph from a Newport dealer take the place of curtains in the dining room, and unpretentious French bistro chairs, sans cushions, ring a pine table from the countryside of Argentina. "I'm lucky enough to have a lot of friends who do this sort of thing," says Vivian. "Someone would say, 'I just brought back this great fabric from London,' and it would be just what I love."

If there is a single surprise, it's that an art dealer's house has not one painting on the wall. Instead a changing collection of photographs and twentieth-century drawings appear in unexpected places—propped under tables, marching across the mantle. "The trees and flowers are my paintings," Vivian says. "From Monday to Friday I'm always looking—here I like a rest for my eye."

Asked to describe the transformation of the house, she gently disparages the effect she so painstakingly created: "It's kind of a stripped-down look. I wanted it seamless, as if it had been this way from the beginning, and I think that happened." Her kindred spirit, the old lady buried out back, would no doubt agree: the city folks haven't ruined her farmhouse.

Rooted in Georgia

(Continued from page 116) perennial sweet peas stare back at him with pale green eyes, he talks about what it takes to make him want to save, propagate, and grow a plant: "It's not hard to be picky about plants. A desirable one has to have everything—form, structure, hardiness, and the ability to blend into the garden."

He lives near Druid Hills, one of the oldest Atlanta neighborhoods, whose

gardenesque curves were designed by the Olmsted firm just after the turn of the century. A dozen years ago he bought a squat cozy stone-clad bungalow built in 1906 for a family of wholesale florists. From the maze of greenhouses, compost heaps, and garden middens Gainey shaped a series of green rooms. One fallen-in greenhouse became the main garden; the central path, once the central walk between the florists' benches, is partly composed of the original cast-stone pavers. One still-intact greenhouse is

filled with tropical plants—and a shower. Gainey's domestic life, as it should be in the South, is a series of little trips that take him outdoors; one of the best is this daily twenty-step jaunt across the paved courtyard. A shorter route to cleanliness leads across the porch to the "Tuscan bathroom," actually an old lean-to transmogrified with terra-cotta paint. The claw-footed tub feels as if it were in the garden, placed as it is in a bay window.

The house itself is overwhelming in its decorative details. Most of the

rooms, Gainey ruefully admits, are seldom used. His busy life keeps him running straight from garden to kitchen to bedroom and bath, with the occasional drop onto a hickory rocker on the porch. The other rooms are like collages—some of them are collages. In the sitting room the delicate plasterwork turns out to be huge Magnolia tripetala leaves glued to the ceiling. Outof-scale objects loom in the darkness (the best southern houses are always dark); the latest arrival is a roomheight sunflower made out of a wooden dowel and a lot of painted canvas. His second life as a party decorator leaves such flotsam around, and it adds to the charm.

"We only know things up to a certain point," says Gainey about his family's past (his great-great-grandmother was a Cherokee). The highly wrought surfaces of this bungalow are a patchwork of what he wants to remember about where he comes from. Every available wall space has a painted motto or a mural, every tabletop is jammed with picture frames, a family of handmade baskets dwindles to a little split white oak number from Tennessee no bigger than an acorn, a spavined glass-fronted cabinet contains a precious cache of beadwork pouches worked by Native Americans in the nineteenth century. However, Gainey is not a collector or an antiquarian but an assembler, and many of the things he works with inside and out, such as lampshades and flowerpots, are mass produced to start with. In this he is a child of his times. "Everything comes as a blank," he says. "It's what you do with it." He's not a hoarder either, nor could he be—his "secrets" are so easy they can be picked up at a glance—tie a skinny black ribbon around the neck of a plain glass container, for instance. No one could fail to be tickled by what fills his garden, house, and shops. Veering dangerously close to cute at times, his ensembles preserve their dignity and magic with a southern storyteller's nerve and verve.

With prosperity and fame, Gainey now wears French smocks from a brocanteur in L'Isle-sur-la-Sorgue in the Lubéron, \$600 challis shawls so fine they can be drawn through the proverbial wedding ring, and wide-brimmed straw hats à la Lytton Strachey. A driving businessman notwithstanding such touches, he is a pleasure to listen to on the phone, giving a lesson in Gainey's Economic Laws to an apprentice who is staking plants in a client's garden: "Remember it's my money. You can go buy fifty-dollar-a-yard ribbon and fancy green sticks if you want to, but when you're working for me, just go down the street and cut some bamboo and get some old green string." Truth is, the bamboo looks much better anyway. Although Gainey says that with success he is "nervous about staying who I am," there is a ruthlessness about his tastes and character and expression that will keep him safely, uniquely eccentric.

noon, and the library after dinner"—a formal meal taken by the family nightly in the dining room. There buff-colored paneling and Georgian silver radiate a mellow gleam that is as flattering as candlelight. On some evenings the expandable table seats just the four Westons; more often it is

Not surprisingly, the Westons' guest rooms—stocked with everything from Irish bed linens to writing paper—are frequently occupied. "People are always blowing in for a day or so for one reason or another," Hilary says. "So every room in the house is very much used. I hate rooms that are just for show. I like my house to be lived in fully by all our friends and every family member, including our dog."

opened to accommodate visitors.

Into the New South, a land of blandly matching furniture and genteelly formal decor, Gainey has introduced an affection for crumbling sand plaster, flyspecked surfaces, crazed paint, and mongrel objects as well as plants that have slipped from cultivation. For him cobalt blue begins at home as the color of milk of magnesia bottles, and a pile of leftover two-inch clay pots becomes a most appropriate coping, overturned and neatly lined up at the edge of his flower border. Buddy, Hollyhock, Snapper, and Rosemary, his yard-dog pack who travel everywhere with him, are stylish mutts as mottled and rustic as Whieldon pottery. Certainly sunstruck chintzes, threadbare brocades, and worn luggage are no novelty in New York, London, or Paris. Gainey's particular ability to stretch the style into the South comes from having lived at the edge of what is now called the "economy of lack," a long-familiar place where nothing gets thrown away and one old saying runs, "Too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash."

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Northern Exposure

(Continued from page 128) in a gathered cotton whose design derives from an old French tree of life print, the bedroom beckons like a pinkish chrysalis where one might happily withdraw to await the arrival of spring.

The course of the seasons and the phases of the day do in fact determine the way the house is inhabited, every bit as much as they affect the activity in the statue-dotted green gardens outside. (An avid gardener, Hilary cowrote with Nicole Easton the book *In a Canadian Garden.*) "One uses houses with the light," Hilary elaborates. "We're in the breakfast room in the morning, the living room in the after-

Gandee AT LARGE

To be a Guest

Thirty years ago, Mrs. Winston Frederick Churchill Guest showed up on the cover of *Time* magazine standing

tall, proud, and confident as the platinum-blond paradigm of what in the summer of 1962 was called New Society. For the photograph, taken in front of Templeton, the Guests' fifty-five-room house in Roslyn, Long Island, Mrs. Guest, better known as C.Z., wore riding boots, Huntsman jodhpurs, and a necktie. Her hair was brushed back tight in the kind of taut little flip that Gloria Vanderbilt would later make famous, and a dog stood in front of her, a big beautiful Saluki, which Mrs. Guest steadied by means of a very short and very firm leash.

It was this image of unapologetic American aristocracy that I took with me to Old Westbury, Long Island, not long ago when I turned up at Templeton No. 2, Mrs. Guest's current estate—grand by all standards save the standard of Templeton No. I—wondering what, if any, difference the past thirty years had made.

Although it was cold, gray, and rainy, Mrs. Guest greeted me at the door dressed for tennis in surprisingly short white shorts. "Want to see the house?" she said.

And then we embarked on a high-speed tour. Mrs. Guest pointed out the family portraits by Sargent here, by Dali there. The tour ended in a library with leopard-print carpeting, intensely patterned fabric walls, and a big Mitsubishi TV—a wood-encased floor model—tuned in, very clear and very loud, to the French Open.

Mrs. Guest seated herself in a green velvet lounge chair facing the Mitsubishi, which left me the green velvet lounge



"I like to think of myself as the Estée Lauder of the garden world"

chair facing Mrs. Guest, who, after an awkward while, picked up the remote control and lowered the volume a tad so we could talk. Which wasn't easy since Andre Agassi and Jim Courier were putting up such formidable competition for Mrs. Guest's attention. "Your new book?" I began, referring to C. Z. Guest's Five Seasons of Gardening due next month from Little, Brown. "I think it's fabulous," said Mrs. Guest, taking the bait. "I'm really excited because it made the Book-of-the-Month Club!" I asked what it meant to make the Book-of-the-Month

Club. "I guess it's a sign of excellence. I guess it means you've written a fabulous book," said Mrs. Guest. And then, reconsidering the question: "I don't know what it means. Call up Time Warner. They own it. Ask them what it means." And how many copies of Mrs. Guest's book will be printed? "I have no idea," said Mrs. Guest, "but I know it's going to cost \$29.95." I said I thought that was a good price. Mrs. Guest said, "I think it's a fabulous price." Mrs. Guest then added that she was also working on a date book organizer called *Five Seasons of Harvest from Your Garden*—"with menus," she noted. "Very easy menus because I don't know how to cook."

C. Z. Guest's Five Seasons of Gardening (the fifth is the holiday season) is not Mrs. Guest's first foray into publishing. In 1976 Mrs. Guest wrote First Garden, a horticultural primer of sorts, with illustrations by Cecil Beaton and an introduction by Truman Capote. "I learned to garden from my mother's head gardener," recalled Mrs. Guest, who reinvented herself after her husband's death in 1982 as, as she likes to say, the "Estée Lauder of the garden world." Her company, C. Z. Guest Garden Enterprises, includes everything from aromatic bug spray

and sweatshirts—"Isn't it chic?" said Mrs. Guest, handing me one with planting instructions on the front—to garden furniture. I asked Mrs. Guest how she designed the furniture. "Well, actually Paul Manno, who used to be with Jansen, helped me with the designs, gave me the designs, let me have the designs, and I worked on them and changed them a little bit. They're really mostly my designs." I asked if the furniture had been successful. "Yes," Mrs. Guest said. "Everything I do is successful."

Among her greatest successes, Mrs. Guest counts her syndicated newspaper column, "Garden Talk." In addition to her column, Mrs.

Guest writes for countless other publications, including the *Star*. And what does Mrs. Guest write for the *Star*? "Whatever I think is interesting," said Mrs. Guest. "Because what is interesting to me I think other people out there find interesting. I keep it very basic, gardening tips or Q&As. Actually, it's usually a famous person asking me a question." Like? Like Sally Jessy Raphael.

And speaking of famous people. "Would you like me to show you what Robin Leach did about me?" asked Mrs. Guest. "I think it's pretty fabulous." I said I would. So Mrs. Guest switched off the tennis match and popped in the ever-ready cassette. "I think Robin is fabulous," said Mrs. Guest, giving her undivided attention to herself on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. **Charles Gandee**

HG AUGUST 1992