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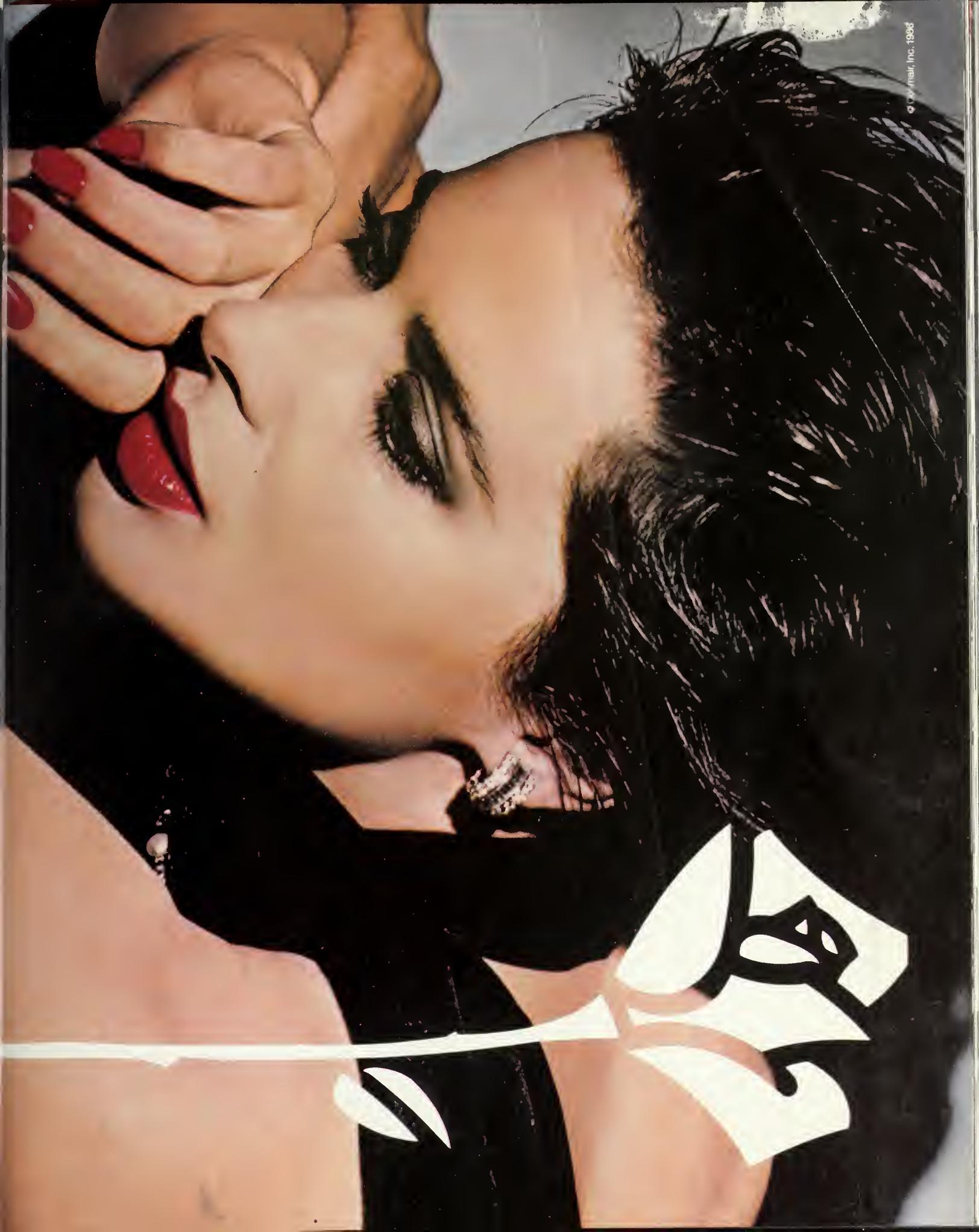
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R O B E R T A L L E N



COVER
Lucie de La Falaise
gaes into the garden
wearing a cashmere
sweater and linen
trousers, fram
Ralph Lauren. Hat by
Eric Javits. Details
page 216. Makeup:
Sania Kashuk.
Style and photagraphy:
André Leon Talley with
the Leica R4 camera.

H G

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Georges Braque
photographed in
his studio
by Alexander
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Kenneth, Christiaan, and Didier Malige turn their shears from hair to topiary. Page 114.



Sofa fabric: Orca; Chair: Tamara; Blanket: Chapiro

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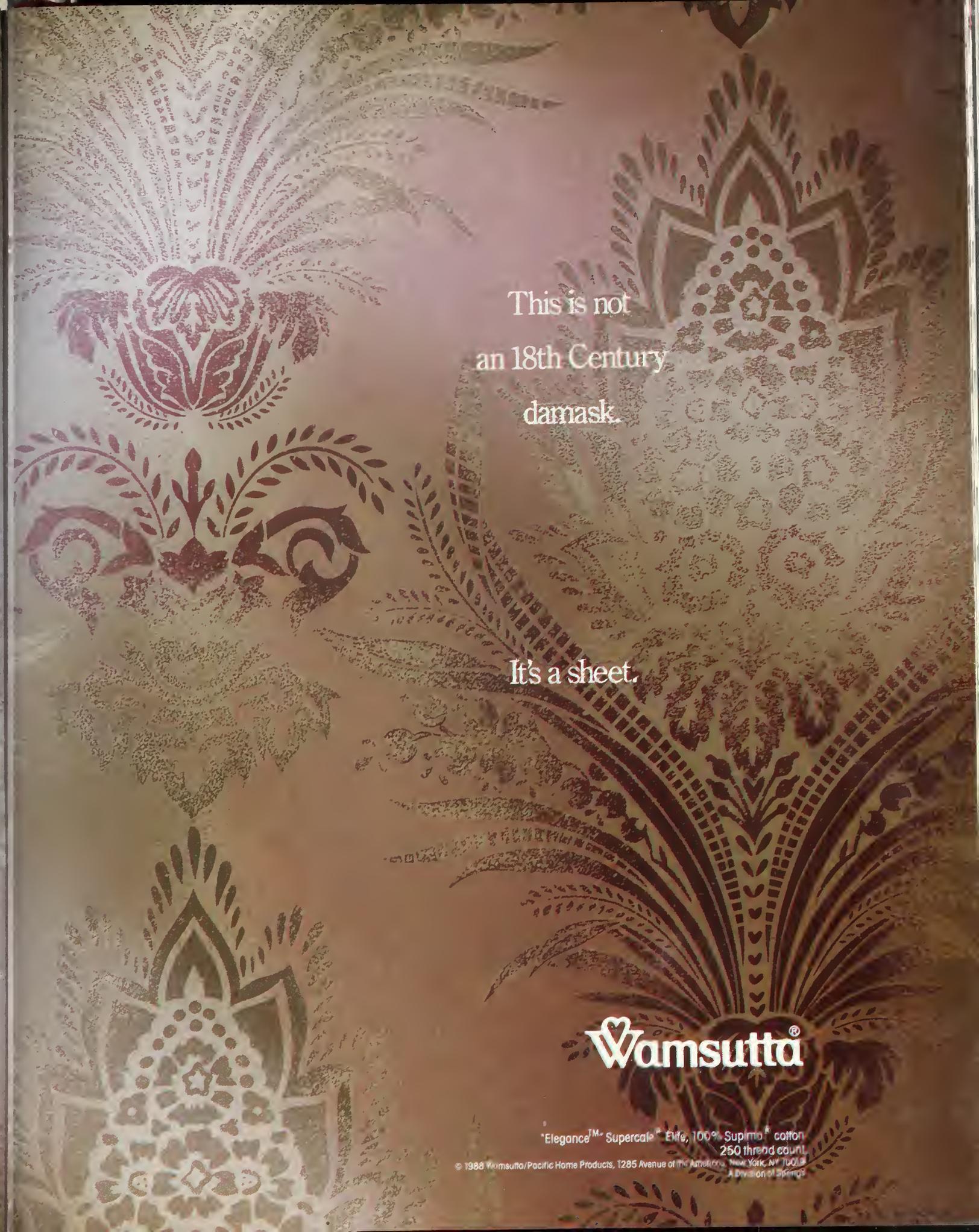
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 French **Maison & Jardin** 8-10, Blvd. du Montparnasse, Paris 75724 Cedex 15
 Italian **Casa Vogue** piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
 Brazilian **Casa Vogue Brasil** Av. Brasil 1456, C.E.P. 01430-Jardim America, São Paulo
 Australian **Vogue Living** 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

House & Garden is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
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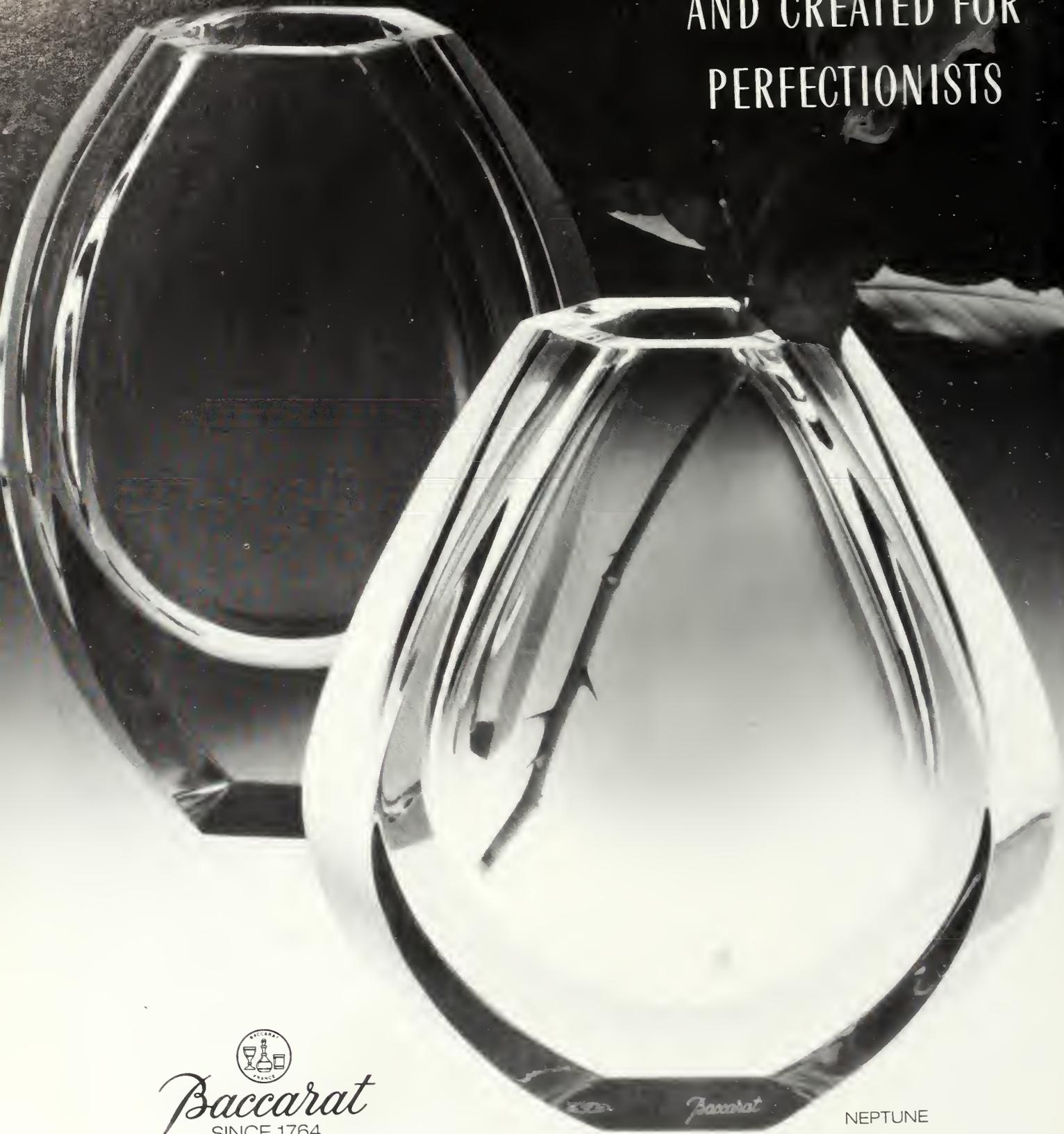
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N O T E S



RUEDI HOFMANN

AMICIA DE MOUBRAY

Decorating editor Amicia de Moubray moved to New York from London and her job as a features editor at *The World of Interiors*. "The subject I cover," she says, "is the same, but it's completely different in America. Because of the clear, sharp daylight, people can use stronger colors, such as chintz with a black background. That would never work in England. It's too gray." Fabrics are a passion, as well as old houses. "I love the sense of history and culmination of taste developing over the centuries." On the lookout for practical solutions to decorating problems, de Moubray seeks the unusual for her column, *Essentials*.

MARTIN FILLER

"In my high-school yearbook I gave my ambition as *bon vivant*," recalls HG editor Martin Filler, who writes on architecture, design, and historic houses. "Sometimes I think I've succeeded, but mostly it's just scribble, scribble, scribble. I try to follow Lewis Mumford's advice to me: 'Have something to say, and say it as briefly and clearly as possible.'" With his wife, architectural historian Rosemarie Haag Bletter, he was a curator of the Whitney Museum's "High Styles" show, and they have made several films on architecture. "And as soon as cloning is perfected, I'll finish my book on American country houses."



ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE



CHRIS SANDERS

SENGA MORTIMER

"My whole life has been consumed with gardening and garden history," says HG gardening editor Senga Mortimer. The proof is in this issue with a story of her own garden—a product of love and hard work—and a fascinating profile of English landscape designer Russell Page. After talking to over thirty people who knew him, "I feel I know Page intimately, but there is one thing I would have liked to ask him: how could you live without your own garden?"

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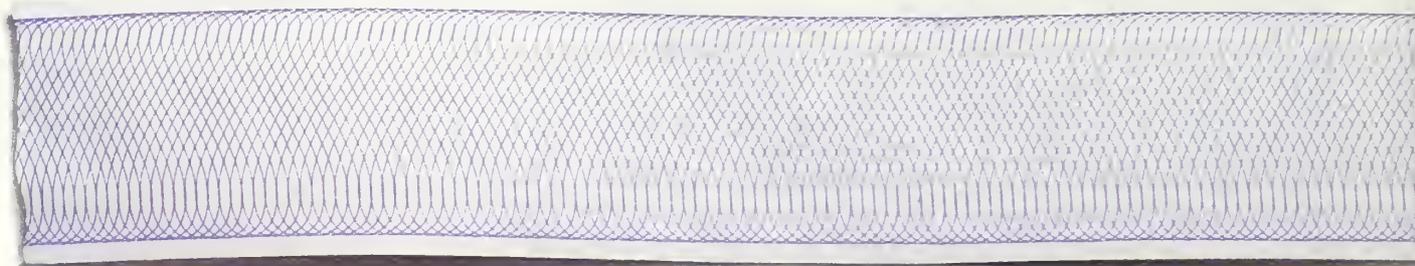
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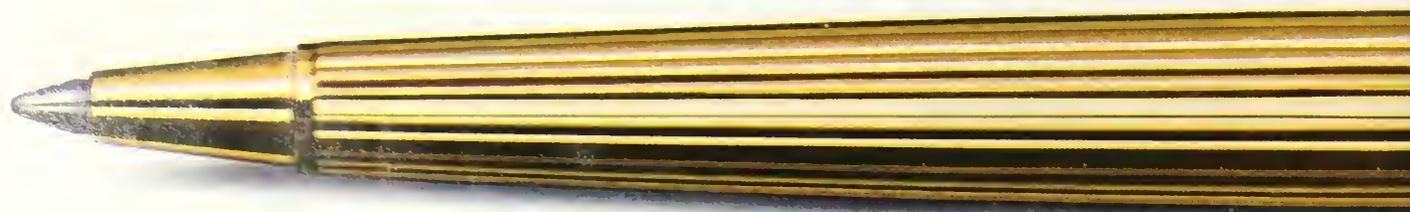


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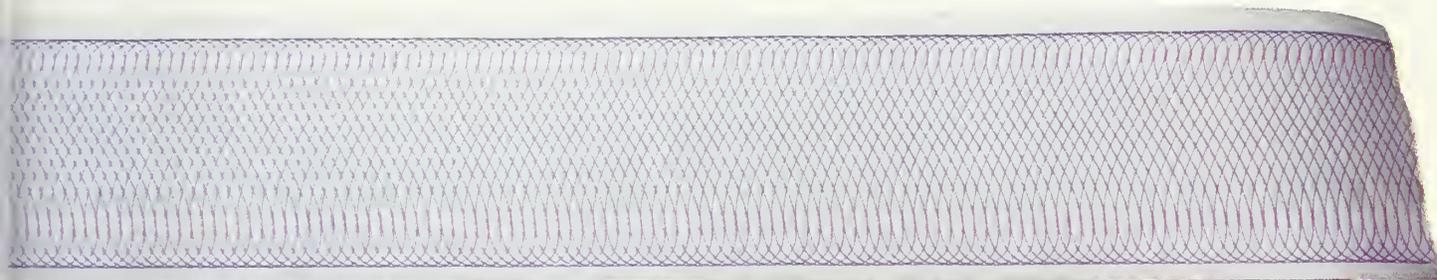


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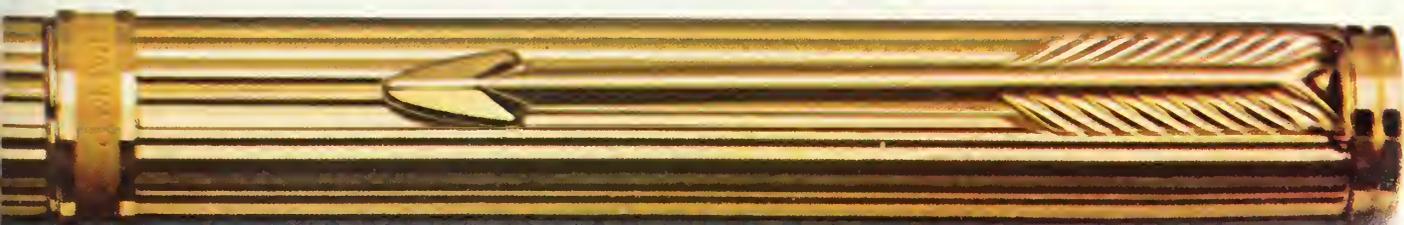


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DODIE KAZANJIAN

Contributing editor Dodie Kazanjian, former deputy press secretary to Nancy Reagan, has always had an interest in art and artists—"they always surprise and fascinate me." This month she interviewed Nicky Haslam, who will be opening a New York office soon. "There is nothing more amusing than a good snob. Nicky has an outrageous assurance of what is common and uncommon—essential to being a New York decorator."



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

MAC GRISWOLD

"I don't have a garden now. I think that's why I'm writing about them," explains HG contributor Mac Griswold. "I get all the pleasure and none of the pain." As a garden historian, she garden-hops all over the world and reports on both the enduring and new for HG. She is the author of *Pleasures of the Garden*.

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CHRIS GARNHAM

Sue Timney and Grahame Fowler on chairs covered in fabric of their design.

British Banzai

Young British designers are bringing a new modernity to Tokyo, adding maximum punch to minimal style

The Japanese may honor their ancient heritage but they build modern. Their devotion to Minimalism has surpassed the call of duty; the severe aesthetic has literally been set in concrete across the land. The British, on the other hand, remain resolutely wedded to chintz and drafty spaces. In the land of cabbages

and kings a native architect has as much chance of realizing a modern project as he has succeeding as a citrus grower. If we are to believe Prince Charles, who in turn believes he is speaking for the English everyman, who needs modern style?

"Alright then," say Britain's young architects and designers who are estab-

lishing yet another British tradition—exporting the best of their bigger-than-a-biscuit-box work. "A-OK," declare the Japanese, who have never been shy about importing—or for that matter copying—a better mousetrap, especially now that they're finding it increasingly difficult to cozy up to concrete.

Frustration on both sides has borne fruit. Two restaurants in Tokyo—A.D. Coliseum by Timney Fowler Limited and Metropole by Branson Coates Architecture—are among an expanding group of British-designed, Japanese-backed hot spots whose up-to-the-minute stylishness is laying to rest a bit of national stereotyping. Japan may be the land of the rising sun, but the Brits appear to be getting a

design



PAUL WARCHOL (2)

British design talent invades Takya in two new restaurants. Patterns in black and white compete at A.D. Coliseum, above, designed by Timney Fowler. Right: At Metropole, designed by Branson Coates, a Greek key motif, set in tile and painted as a border on faux curtains, winds around the private dining room. Below: Doug Branson, at left, leans on the Goose studio chair; Nigel Coates is flanked by the arrows of a prototype chair.



CHRIS GARNHAM

jump on the day.

Sue Timney and Grahame Fowler have had experience working in Japan in the areas for which they are best known—papers, fabrics, and ceramics—since 1979. But A.D. Coliseum, which serves nouvelle Vietnamese cuisine, is their first public built work and a celebration of their decision to expand into interior design. If they did not already have a splendid curiosity shop for their wares on Kings Road in London, the restaurant could serve that function. In a rather small space Timney and Fowler have told the tale in black and white and in a play of pattern on pattern against pattern.

Their designs, derived from such sources as architecture, Japanese prints, photography, mythology, and Classicism, are silk-screened on mirrors, transferred onto glass, rolled directly onto the walls (the fire code precluded using wallpaper), set in tile, lavished on laminate, and assembled in a grouping of plates on the walls which pays homage to Piero Fornasetti. In addition to providing the clients with, in Fowler's words, "a stimulus, a talking point, a flagship" (translated into American—an image), Timney Fowler even came up with the name.

All this in answer to the client's request for "something semi-Classical." The designers were given carte blanche, though the budget was tiny. Of the bits and pieces that went into the space, some objects—a chandelier and small tables—were found; most of the rest was manufactured in Japan. As for the construction plans, Timney Fowler provided a "minutely detailed model, which was executed to a T, even some of the mistakes."

Nigel Coates and partner Doug Branson, able coexecutor of Coates's confections, also supplied exhaustive construction documents for Metropole, but their real advantage as outsiders then and now rests in Shi Yu Chen—entrepreneur and expediter extraordinaire who translated their theatrical schemes and un-

conventional methods into Japanese thought and yen. "The Japanese are strong in technological development and financing," says Chen, "but short on concept, in spite of their new global-mindedness."

Tokyo was ready for a revival of café society; Metropole was the test case. Coates found that "people in Japan had run out of input themselves and were looking for a new direction. Stylistically, Minimalism has run its course. The atmosphere there wants to be individualistic. They see British style as being the opposite of international chic. And at least there is not the fear of building, as there is in Europe."

To the Japanese, Metropole is a fabulous setting for the consumption of "Shanghai modern" food. To Coates it is a stage, an artist's studio, an auditorium, a colonnade, a drawing room, a library. It speaks of a "taste for antiquity and an avant-garde sense of the new" and of craft. Branson Coates purchased a lot of antiques in addition to designing new furniture and commissioned such pieces as a chandelier by Tom Dixon, a drawing by sculptor Edward Allington, two paintings by Adam Lowe, and painted sets by Zaza Wentworth Stanley. "It's a late-twentieth-century William Morris effort really. We treat it all as fun—with a professional edge. I would like to think."

Metropole was a catalyst in the career of Branson Coates. "From the success of it everything else grew." Everything includes Tokyo's Caffè Bongo and the jazz club Bohemia (both wildly popular), a new building, l'Arca di Noè in Sapporo, and the no-longer-limited production of Coates's furniture designs.

With A.D. Coliseum, Timney Fowler simultaneously pulled together and branched out from their work in objects and textiles. The success of their first interior can be gauged by the copies cropping up around Tokyo. Fowler has already spotted "two coffee shops that are almost identical." As he says, "With the good, that is, designer fan clubs, come the bad—design clones."

Britain may not rule the waves, but in design and in Japan she is surely making them.

Heather Smith MacIsaac

Tokyo was ready for a revival of café society

COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



Signs of their times. *Symphony of the Great City*, above, by Georgii and Vladimir Stenberg, 1928. Left: Richard Avedon's famous John Lennon, 1967.

Banner Years

A new show illustrates a century of graphic artistry

Such is the power of the poster that it has led Stuart Wrede to warm even to psychedelia. After spending months going through its vast archive of posters, Wrede, director of the Museum of Modern Art's department of architecture and design, cautiously confesses to a fondness for the swirling acid colors which proclaimed the rock concerts and head shops of the late 1960s. "Psychedelia was a true popular movement," says Wrede. "It led to a revolution in sensibilities."

Psychedelia, however, is only one of the graphic revolutions Wrede celebrates in "The Modern Poster," his selection of over three hundred examples at MOMA June 6–September 6. More than a century of this powerful, engaging popular art form is surveyed, ranging from the quick precise line of Toulouse-Lautrec to the jumbled imagery of Tadanori Yokoo as well as numerous anonymous artisans who realized long before Marshall McLuhan that the message could become a captivating medium. **Michael Boodro**

Chair of the Month

Ann Magnuson test-drives a design evocative of a classic roadster—but stays under 55 mph

At first I thought this chair was kind of boring. Especially for \$8,800. But then they explained why it was called the Bugatti chair. Designed after the Bugatti sports car of the 1920s, the chair's arms mirror the curves of the car's front fenders. I thought, well, that's pretty cool.

So, with visions of Isadora Duncan's broken neck dancing in my head, I settled back into the soft bullhide seat. I was instantly molded to the chair's persistent 135-degree angle.

Overcome with a sense of refined elegance (circa 1927?) I began to battle an uncontrollable urge to nurse a martini and quote incessantly from Noël Coward... but the damn thing picks up cat hairs like a magnet!

The Bugatti Chair, designed by Franz Romero, made by deSede of Switzerland. In bullhide, \$8,800. Available from Stendig.



AARON RAPPAPORT



The museum's primitive projectors, for left. Above: A model of the Roxy Theater, 1927. Left: Charles Gwothmey and Robert Siegel, who have transformed an old movie studio into a new movie mecca.

Movies in Motion

At a new museum devoted to film and television, the visitor becomes as active as the figures on the screen

Until the golden spike arrived by trailer in St. Helena, California, I had considered museums to be like endless freight cars of glass cases passing between me and my freedom. As the fourth grade waited its turn to see the artifact, we joked, fidgeted, and capered. It was heady to be outside, beyond the usual scholastic confines and about to enter someplace weird to look at something special: the trophy commemorating the completion of the first transcontinental railroad. It lay on velvet behind glass thick enough to bounce axes and bullets, the only thing lit up in the dark trailer. Wow. A thrill bloomed inside me from

the presentation of an inert object—my first two-way museum experience.

Rochelle Slovin, Minerva of the American Museum of the Moving Image, a brand-new museum now aborning in Queens, New York, has done lots of homework to provide two-way experiences for forthcoming visitors. She took in European science and technology and history museums as well as San Francisco's famous Exploratorium to get ideas for what she calls participatory exhibitions. In France she found the magic mirror.

The magic mirror into which director Slovin gazed at the Centre Georges Pompidou, a.k.a. Beaubourg, was set up to

deconstruct the viewer, to disassociate the self from its usual mirror image. As I understand the magic mirror at the American Museum of the Moving Image, it will dress visitors in some sort of computer-tailored costume once worn in a movie. Participatory museum-goers will be snapping out, "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn," while dressed in Clark Gable's own costume—or rather the costume's image. In other words, visitors at the American Museum of the Moving Image will be moving in American images themselves, simultaneously alive and artificial, all dressed up in deconstructed preexistence. Wow.

Showing the "material culture" surrounding the manufacturing of moving images is how the museum director explains the often hilarious catholicity of AMMI's growing collection of fan-targeted ephemera. I saw a tiny plastic TV set, the knob of which raised up a pair of salt-and-pepper shakers, rows of metal lunchboxes whose TV-screen shape must have inspired manufacturers to dedicate

them to different TV shows, star coloring and cutout books, mugs, decanters, and movie magazines so myriad I came to know the former human horizon has been left behind in a galactic expansion of camp and kitsch.

Bell Labs has loaned some huge sobering dinosaurs from the days of the moving images' first movements, among them a 1926 television set that looks like the homemade armoire of a handyman living in an early trailer park and the first version of an invention that only universal human dread has prevented—the telephone that shows callers to each other on a screen. All sorts of technical equipment is on display, including projectors dating clear back to early stone models that flickered crude images of bison on the walls of limestone caves in prehistoric France.

Video artists such as the inevitable Nam June Paik will also have their place in the grand, generously windowed “bones-up rehab” handsomely performed by Gwathmey Siegel & Associates on part of the vast old Astoria Studios. Yuk-yuk, har-har, urban Pop artist Red Grooms, a former Roxy Theater usher himself, has teamed up with Lysiane Luong to create a forty-seat theater called Tut's Fever. In another two state-of-the-art theaters seven hundred programs a year will be screened. John Funt of Tiffany & Company will design the first temporary exhibition. Jim Isermann, a Los Angeles artist whose subject is the environment, has created a small viewing lounge evoking the television set as hearth and soul of modern existence.

So the moving image is going to be held still for us by the scholars, curators, administrators, and artists currently constructing and deconstructing the American Museum of the Moving Image in Queens. As of late summer, we're going to have a chance to see and feel how our culture is being turned inside out by its own amazing recorded reflections.

The most perfect movie I ever saw was a little piece of the historical section of that briefly popular *Cinerama*. In this clip, in sepia and white, old George Bernard Shaw himself, wearing plus fours, steps before the camera that will be an audience's eyes—yours and my own—and says, as he often did, the perfect thing: “I'm not really here, you know.”

William Hamilton



COURTESY KENT FINE ART

Doug Walla, right, and from his summer show, above, Julio Gonzalez's *On the Beach*, 1906–12.



MARK SELIGER

Downtown Uptown

Kent Fine Art is an experiment in collaboration

When Doug Walla left his lucrative position at New York's Marlborough gallery to go out on his own, he was immediately asked which artists he planned to steal. “Nobody,” was his reply. “I didn't want to be a robber, someone who is perceived as a raider, because I think I am a good team player.”

At his Kent Fine Art gallery on 57th Street, Walla is proving that teamwork is a winning strategy. For his spring show “Altered States,” curated by Rosetta Brooks, Walla financed an issue of Brooks's *ZG* magazine instead of printing a catalogue. “Fictions,” cosponsored last fall by SoHo's Curt Marcus gallery, ranged from nineteenth-century landscapes to Cindy Sherman's “film still”

photographs. Walla has even taken his collaborative efforts outdoors, working with the city's Public Art Fund to install Richard Artschwager's first public sculpture. And although the gallery represents contemporary artists Troy Brauntuch and TODT, this year Walla also spotlighted the overlooked Surrealists Meret Oppenheim and Dorothea Tanning. This summer Kent will show the paintings of early Modernist sculptor Julio Gonzalez.

“I wanted the format to be open,” Walla explains. “It was never my idea to do all the exhibitions.”

And why the name Kent? “I didn't want my name on it. And I did think it would be a funny pun on Marlborough.”

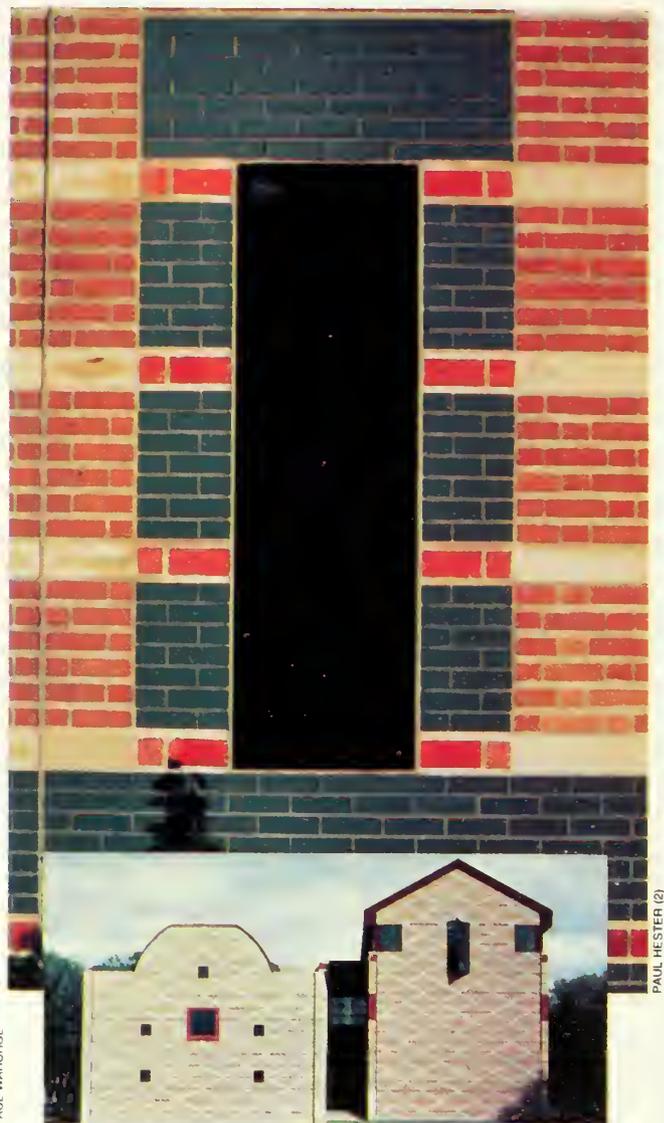
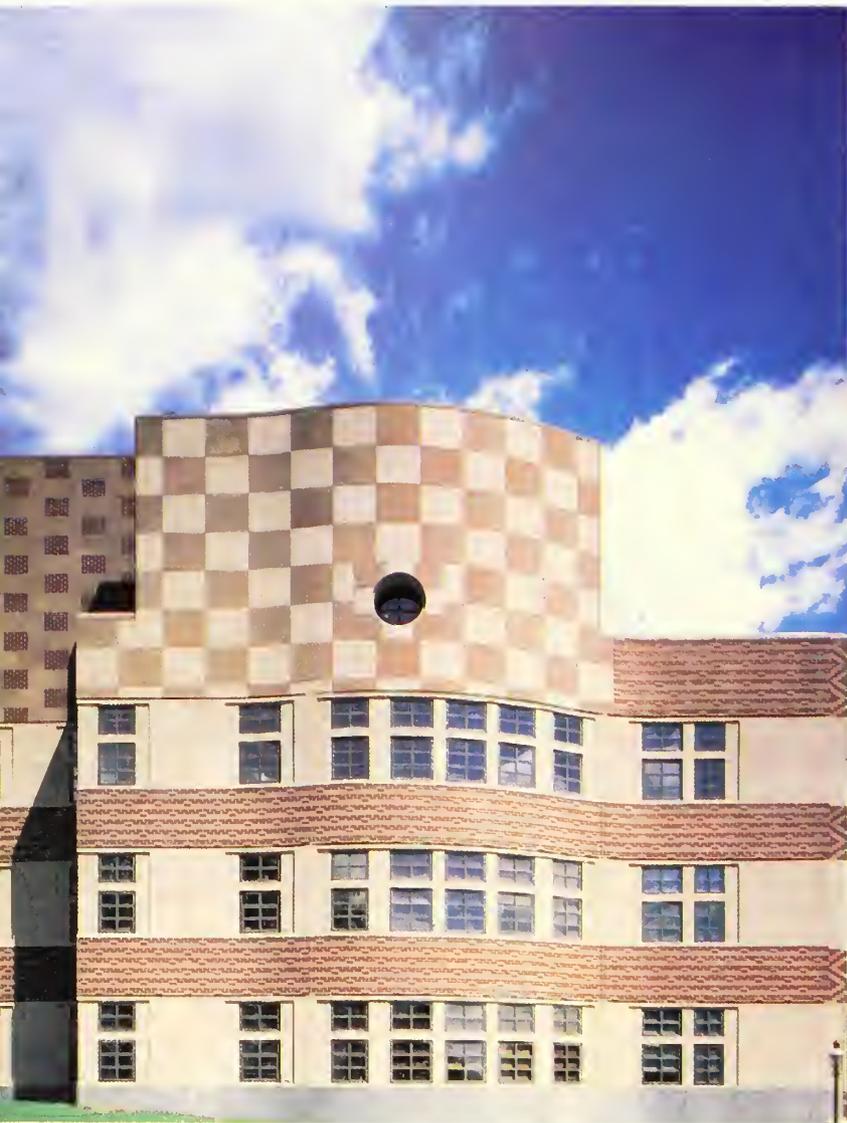
Mary Anne Staniszewski

Art à la Carte

discovering art in odd places is something art dealer Dan Grossman excels at. His New York gallery recently acquired the majority of sculptures and paintings from the original Mamma Leone's restaurant. More than fifty years ago owner Gene Leone amassed a substantial collection of nineteenth-

century art to use as decoration. The most striking pieces are 32 marble sculptures by Americans who went to Italy to study the art of antiquity firsthand. These include William Wetmore Story's *Cleopatra* (1865, predating the Met's version by four years), and two 1850s works by Randolph Rogers, *Ruth Gleaning* and *Nydia*. They are on view at the New York Academy of Art as part of an ongoing exhibition. **A. Glenn Harrell**

architecture



The New Brick Layers

With stripes, checkers, and diamonds.

boldly patterned masonry makes a comeback

One tough problem facing contemporary architects is how to bring ornament to their buildings economically. Modernism was able to sweep away centuries of traditional detailing almost overnight largely because unembellished structures are much cheaper to build than handcrafted ones. But now a

new tendency is emerging on American college campuses that points toward a more vigorous—and affordable—decorative presence for public buildings. Patterned brick, less costly than carved stonework, has been a familiar feature of university architecture since the colleges of medieval Cambridge. The English Vic-

torian vogue for strong, high-contrast masonry was picked up after the Civil War by such American architects as Frank Furness at the University of Pennsylvania and Henry Van Brunt at Harvard. But a retreat to the sedate Neo-Georgian style of monochromatic red brick soon put asser-

tive exteriors out of fashion. Many were planted over with ivy to obscure their intricate façades.

During the 1960s, Robert Venturi reintroduced the venerable idea of vividly decorated architecture in revolt against the anonymous glass boxes of developer Modernism. Yet only lately has he begun

to work with polychrome brick as effectively as he already had with tile and enameled metal paneling. Venturi, Rauch & Scott Brown's new Lewis Thomas Laboratory for molecular biology at Princeton University is one of the liveliest-looking campus halls in decades. The architect wrapped the lab's thriftily simple bulk in an eye-catching series of multicolor brick bands that simultaneously evoke the Collegiate Gothic and Op Art. These earth-toned strata give an illusion of formal variety to the building's ordinary structure. Venturi has a faultless sense of just how far one can go with decoration, and the patterns have the

intriguing texture and integral coherence of a fine Oriental carpet.

Architect Cesar Pelli, whose Museum Tower in New York is clad in a patterned glass skin with a rather

feeble impact, fares much better with his new brick buildings at Rice University in Houston. His Herring Hall there is composed of two parallel volumes enlivened by string courses of matte and glazed brick interspersed with staccato accents of limestone and tile. The materials harmonize with those of the original 1910 campus, but have a crisp graphic quality marking them as unmistakably contemporary. The narrow ends of Herring Hall have buff-colored bricks in the cross-hatched diaper pattern and read like expanses of weighty textile. Across the quad is Pelli's latest exercise in exterior decoration, the Ley Student Center. More conservative than his first Rice design, its discreet horizontal pinstripes attain some real punch only when they meet the rich blue-glazed bricks around the windows.

At Harvard's new Sackler Museum by James Stirling and Michael Wilford, it is evident that working with patterned brick is far from foolproof. The quality of the bricklaying is noticeably less than perfect, the colors of the big alternating bands muddy and lifeless, and the detailing too minimal to divert attention from the unattractive window frames within the lateral brick stripes. Van Brunt's majestic Memorial Hall of 1865-78, which inspired the new scheme, stands nearby like a reproachful instructor looming over an inattentive pupil.

Martin Filler

Window Dressing

Architects try their hand at designing the windows at Bergdorf Goodman

An estimated twelve thousand architects and related parties will be gathering in New York City for the 1988 American Institute of Architects convention from May 15 to 18, and Bergdorf Goodman wanted to officially welcome them. But how? What better way than to invite some of the AIA's own to design the Fifth Avenue emporium's windows?

Though the idea of architects moonlighting as window dressers is a novel one, this is not the group's actual debut at Bergdorf's. Up in the store's seventh-floor home-furnishings department, many of the architects tapped for the windows also happen to have lines of china,

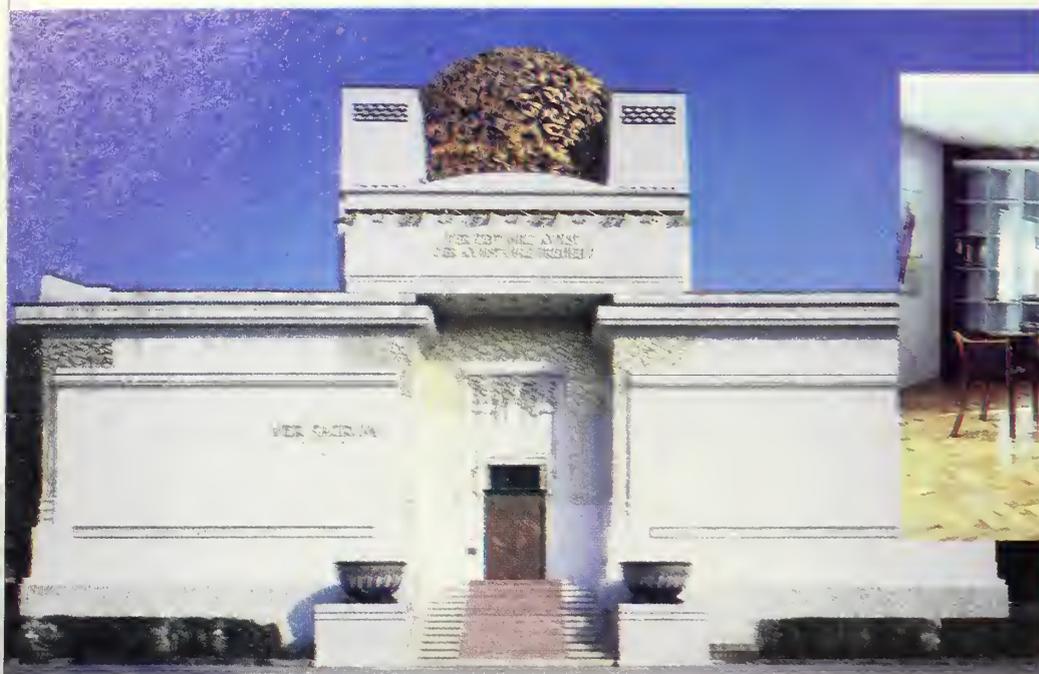
crystal, and silver for sale.

But since Bergdorf's other floors have couture for sale, the architects were teamed up with fashion designers whose work will be incorporated into the displays. Make of the pairings what you will: Roger Ferri and Jean-Paul Gaultier, Michael Graves and Giorgio Armani, Allan Greenberg and Issey Miyake, Charles Gwathmey and Patricia Underwood, Hugh Hardy and Manolo Blahnik, and Maud Frizon, Richard Meier and Calvin Klein, I. M. Pei & Partners' Wendy Evans and Gianfranco Ferrè, Robert Stern and Geoffrey Beene, and Robert Venturi and Christian Lacroix. **Charles Gandee**

Robert Stern drapes a caryatid in Geoffrey Beene for his window, top. Below: Michael Graves introduces Giorgio Armani to Giorgio de Chirico. Right: Allan Greenberg perches an Issey Miyake-clad mannequin on a bench of his own design.



architecture



J. M. Olbrich's 1898 Secession Building, left, has the enigmatic aura of a cult temple. Above: New conference room.

Gilding the Cabbage

The glittering symbol of the Vienna avant-garde is given new life as a center for the arts

In 1898, the Secession—a breakaway society of radical young painters, sculptors, and architects—commissioned Joseph Maria Olbrich to design a new headquarters in Vienna to house their exhibitions. With its severe, symmetrical, windowless façade, lush but confined ornament, and bronze-doré dome of openwork laurel leaves (nicknamed “The Golden Cabbage”), the Secession Build-

ing was a veritable manifesto, declaring an entire artistic philosophy through innovative style. Like the Bauhaus in Dessau, Germany, the Secession Building both announced and fulfilled the revolutionary movement that gave the structure its name. It was a prophetic symbol of the mystical status makers of art have attained.

Closed by the Nazis, the Secession Building was gutted during the last days

of World War II. It was rebuilt in 1963–64, but over the past two decades its increasingly neglected state became a civic embarrassment as interest in the Secession period reached new heights. Determined to save this key artifact of Vienna’s cultural heritage, the reactivated Secession mounted a rescue campaign. The entry hall and the room encircled by Gustav Klimt’s restored *Beethoven Frieze* evoke Olbrich’s original scheme, but the offices and conference rooms have been redone with a free contemporary hand by architect Adolf Krischanitz. The family of Ronald Lauder, who stepped down last fall as U.S. ambassador to Austria, paid to have the dome regilded. It is a refulgent sign that after ninety years the Secession is once again a going concern. M.F.

Through the Mills

The excitement such early Modernists as Le Corbusier and Charles Sheeler felt for the anonymous but eloquent architecture of the Industrial Revolution is recaptured in photographer Serge Hambourg’s *Mills and Factories of New England* (Abrams, \$29.95). His ninety color images (including the Scovill Manufacturing Co. in Waterbury, Conn., right) are on view at the National Building Museum in Washington, D.C., from June 16 to August 29. M.F.





YVES SAINT LAURENT

BLOOMINGDALE'S • BULLOCK'S • BURDINE'S

A Wealth of Problems

Great families apparently have great difficulties.
 Caroline Moorehead looks at four books that bemoan the rich



Rich traditions: Eddy Glenconner Tennant with his son Bim

The wealth of the extremely rich—what do they *do* with their money?—is one of those subjects that never loses its fascination. Combine it with class, and you simply cannot fail. Yet to read two books published this spring on American class and wealth is to be less than wholly charmed. These extremely rich are greedy, venal, snobbish, pretentious, intellectually full of sloth—and unhappy.

Neither Nelson W. Aldrich Jr., author of **Old Money: The Making of America's Upper Class** (Knopf, \$19.95), nor Lewis H. Lapham in **Money and Class in America** (Weidenfeld & Nicolson \$18.95) gives the rich good press. Both speak from impeccable pedigrees, born to what Fitzgerald called the "gay table" of high society among those who married often and had fun (the ghosts of Fitzgerald's fated and decadent twenties playboys peer out of

every page); both went to the "sober table" of Old Money New England prep schools (the "St. Midas" schools) and to prestige Ivy League colleges. Many decades of play in the fields of the rich have provided these authors with more firsthand experience than any ordinary reporter could hope to get his hands on. They have eaten at the Pacific-Union Club in San Francisco, swum off the beaches of East Hampton, danced at radical chic functions, and drunk with Truman Capote—whose 1966 black-and-white masked ball becomes Lapham's apotheosis of the perfect rich experience. Both talk with wry and witty eloquence of the self-perpetuating and self-defeating attitudes of those condemned to spend at least several hundred thousand dollars each year.

Never in the history of the world have so many people been so rich

These two authors' particular corners of concern are, however, somewhat different. What interests Aldrich are the Old Rich, who consider their wealth to be in trust, to pass on, like runners in a relay race, from generation to generation, and who see in it not spending power but influence. This inherited wealth, writes Aldrich, "puts an egregious wrinkle on the nation's promissory claim of equality of opportunity."

Old Money, as Aldrich sees it, comes replete with obligations, assumptions, and a certain faded charm. How Old Money got where it is, how jealously it continues to guard its privileges with exclusive yacht clubs and legacies is the meat of Aldrich's book. He is an onlooker, though seldom an admiring one of these "insidious and careless people." He tells a good story. A New Deal Democrat was informed by his favorite niece that her husband had at last got a job. "Oh, my dear," he replied, "I'm so sorry."

Lapham pays less heed to the fragile distinctions between inherited and made money. His "equestrian class" (the phrase is borrowed from ancient Rome) consists of "all those who can afford to ride rather than walk." These range from the heirs to family fortunes to the self-made millionaires, pop stars, athletes, and corporation presidents he calls boyish bureaucrats. All are hurtling toward disaster. "Never in the history of the world have so many people been so rich; nev-

er in the history of the world have so many of those same people felt themselves so poor."

More bluntly than Aldrich, Lapham lays down what he sees to be

the unpalatable present score: his rich have the temperament of lizards. Indifferent to the sorrows of their friends, they are profoundly infantile, surrounding themselves with costly toys—designer jeans, cappuccino machines, and prints of ducks—and strict nannies in the shape (Continued on page 46)



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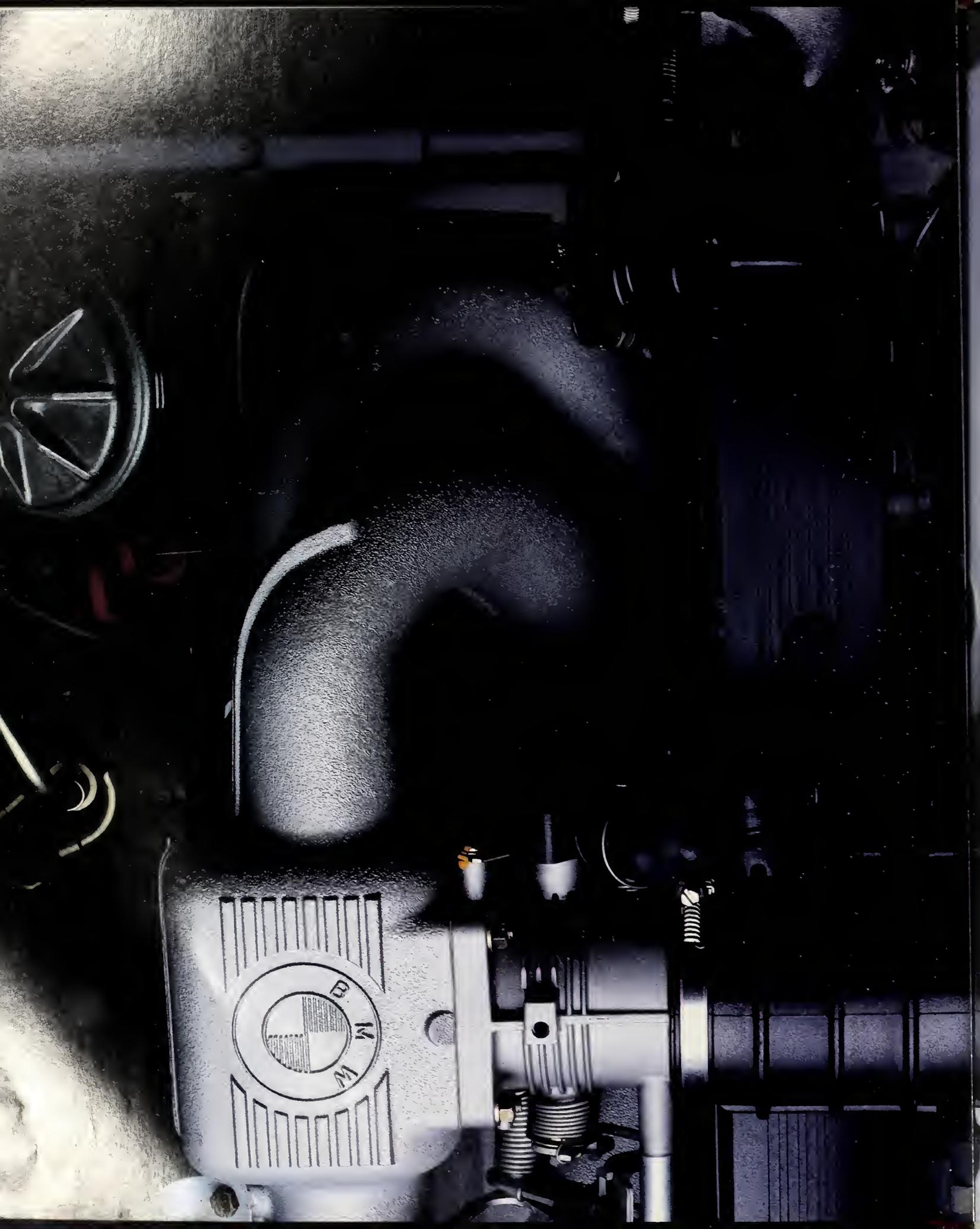
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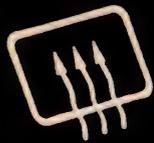
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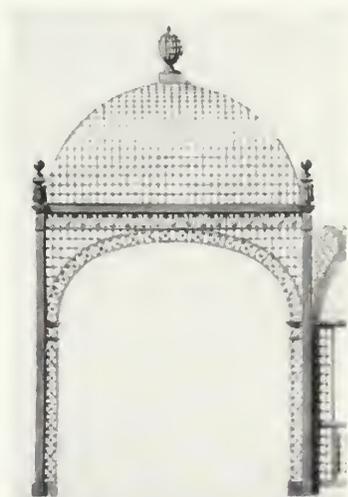
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BOOKS

of ferocious secretaries, psychiatrists, and lawyers, and they occupy cities they have turned into "nomad camps littered with debris and inhabited, temporarily, by people on the way to someplace else." It could be France in 1789, before the Revolution.

Furthermore, they make dismal parents, reducing their offspring to "alcoholism, suicide, drug addiction, insanity and despair," their emotional frigidity causing mayhem, as any good student of Freud or John Bowlby could have warned them. Behind Lapham's words lie the images of baby monkeys, separated from their mothers in the sixties by the fashionable psychologist Harry F. Harlow so that they became timid, craven, quarrelsome, and clinging to any warm object they could find; later they themselves became neglectful parents.

Had Lapham been looking for the perfect case study to accompany his book he could not have done better than Marie Brenner's **House of**

Dreams (Random House, \$19.95). Here is the ideal all-American millionaire family, the Bingham of Louisville, who at one point are shown to admire the Kennedys not for their political prowess but because they all hugged one another. Sentimental and cloyingly adulatory at times, *House of Dreams* exhaustively chronicles every meeting, phone call, and conversation as this luckless family blows itself clean out of the sky.

What is responsible for the demise of this once successful media empire? Family life, it would seem, of a sort to make the protagonists of *Dallas* seem kind in comparison. Bingham gouges Bingham apart, pausing only to sneak on the others or report what they are doing in their own newspapers. "I never wanted this to happen," wails long-toothed Bloomsburysque Sallie, as she catapults the family a little closer to paralysis. "I don't understand," whines her mother, Mary. "You are all so rich, so talented, so good-looking: why can't you be happy?" More loveless than Harlow's apes, the Bingham scratch their way remorselessly to extinction—to emotional extinction, that is. The dreams shatter but the money remains: \$100 million to the parents from the sales of the newspapers, between \$29 and \$40 million to the four surviving children. It is too soon to tell what this gruesome family may have done to their grandchildren: astonishingly they stare out of snapshots with confidence and a degree of good cheer.

Perhaps these children have reason to look so optimistic, at least for the time being. For surely some of them are having a good time. What not one of these authors conveys is the fun, the sheer enjoyment of big money: the euphoria of expensive pastimes you can see on the faces of the very rich as they plummet down the slopes of Klosters, glide in midwinter across the blue Pacific Ocean, or peer into the cases of the better jewelers, wondering not whether but how much to buy. The spending of these dazzling fortunes is not something that Lapham, Aldrich, or Brenner dwells on.

From Britain comes a smaller version of this same theme, Simon Blow's account of his own family's financial squanderings, **Broken Blood: The Rise and Fall of the Tennant Family** (Faber & Faber,

£14.95). Like Lapham and Aldrich, Blow was born to the gay table. Starting earlier in history than they do, he traces the fortunes of the Tennants as the

family rises from being the first makers of commercial bleach in Scotland in 1800 to acquiring a secure place among the landowning classes by the mid-Victorian days.

By 1911 they had built themselves Glen, a manorial pile, "the earthly dream of a Victorian merchant prince," and acquired a title. Then, like the Bingham, they spent their cash and wandered off down wayward paths into bad marriages and degenerate tastes.

The most interesting Tennant of them all was also the most dissolute: Stephen, youngest son of the beautiful Pamela Wyndham, beautiful himself but only slightly talented. Friend to Siegfried Sassoon and Cecil Beaton, Stephen finally took to his satin bed in the Jacobean-style mullioned second family home, Wilsford Manor. He rose only to touch up the rooms with more feathers, more shells, more pink fronds, and increasingly grubby polar-bear skins, while the once-renowned garden of rare plants grew dense and mossy. He died last year. Wilsford was once an extraordinary place; even in its dilapidation visitors marveled. Blow does not pause to admire.

Others have written well, indeed better, about class and money. To Lapham's pithy metaphors, Aldrich adds some sardonic and pleasurable social history. Yet having made their points, all these books grow labored. "Money... is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson. And as thorny. ▲

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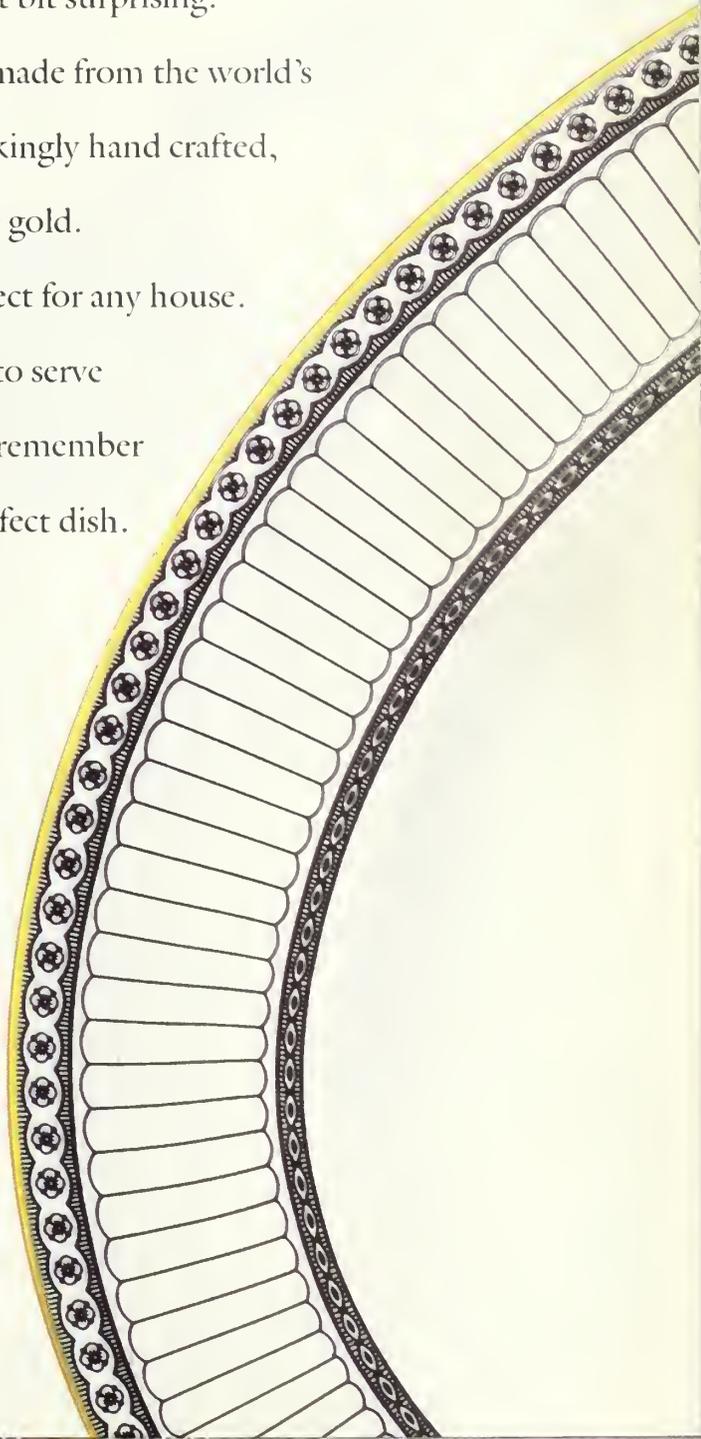
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BOOKNOTES



LINDA BURGESS

The Complete Book of Topiary

by Barbara Gallup and
Deborah Reich

Workman, 318 pp., \$10.95

From a sparrow in a pot to a dinosaur on the prowl, the art of topiary—indoors and out—has been demystified. The authors provide clear illustrations on creating portable, spiral, standard, and mock topiary and demonstrate how to keep topiary growing. Ivy training, espaliers, and knot gardens are also covered.

Topiary: The Art of Clipping Trees and Ornamental Hedges

by A. M. Clevely
Salem House

128 pp., \$29.95

Professional gardener Clevely confines his topiary instructions to the great outdoors, primarily focusing on hedge artistry. He details the history of topiary and illustrates his ideas with 65 colorplates, and 30 black-and-white photographs of some of the world's most famous topiary parks. The plant reference section is especially informative.

The Illustrated Gertrude Jekyll—Color Schemes for the Flower Garden

by Gertrude Jekyll
Little, Brown

192 pp., \$29.95

In this reissue of her classic, Gertrude Jekyll takes the reader on a tour of her own garden, Munstead Wood, with full details on the plantings and colors. This new edition is supplemented with her own color renderings (not seen in the 1908 original) plus an appendix of unpublished designs.

Jekyll enthusiasts should also note that other reprints of her works, including *Children and Gardens*, *Wood and Garden*, and *A Gardener's Testament* (\$29.50 each), are available from the Antique Collectors' Club.

Gabrielle Winkel

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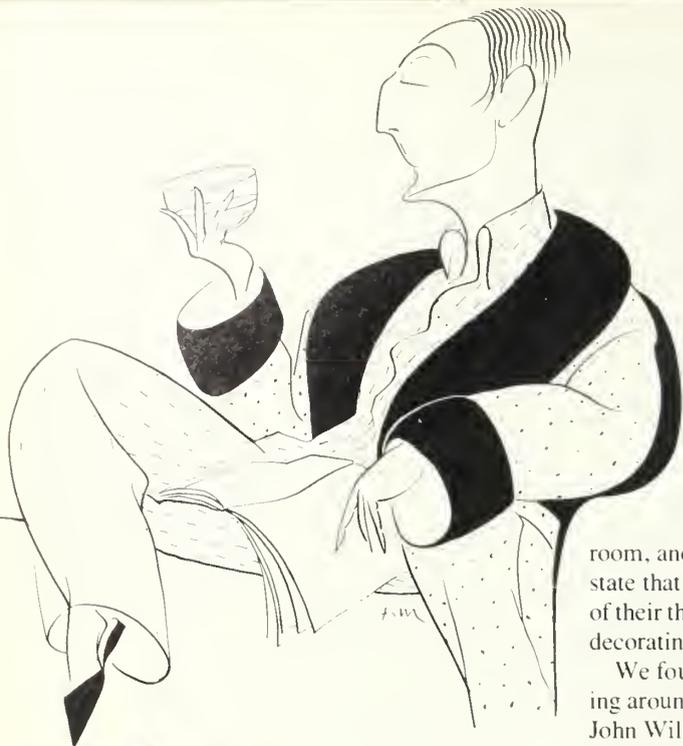
Seal Cove
*Grand Manan Island,
New Brunswick.*

Canada

The World Next Door

Doctor in the House

A. Alvarez discovers that redecoration is an act of the hand as well as the eye



Twenty-one years ago, when my then-young wife was expecting our first child, we bought a house in Flask Walk, in the London suburb of Hampstead. It was a narrow, white-faced, square-windowed building on three floors, built around 1770, with a semibasement at the rear and a small garden front and back, and it was badly run-down when we bought it. But we had the place painted and gussied up, central heating put in, and a downstairs dividing wall taken out to make a drawing room. We also built a two-story addition onto the back of the house, a kitchen and dining room below, a bathroom and a study for my wife above. But because we did not want to spoil the atmosphere of the place, we made no attempt to straighten the bulging panels and crazily angled floor in the hall.

Twenty years and two children later, the house was warmer but almost as run-down as when we first moved in. Every so often we called in two amiable Irishmen, Jimmy the Painter and his boozy cousin, who lashed about indiscriminately with brushfuls of white paint. But the cousin had grown drunker and more indiscriminate over the years, until the mess he made balanced out the fresh paint and it no longer seemed worthwhile to pay good money merely to break even. So the paintwork chipped and yellowed, the panels cracked in the heat, and every month my wife would say, "We've got to do something about it."

Yet it was my wife who was preventing us from redecorating. She is a child-psychiatrist, the semibasement is her consulting

room, and the rules of her curious profession state that patients must be spared the details of their therapist's private life. Of all details, decorating is the least deniable.

We found the solution to our problem living around the corner a hundred yards away. John Williamson is a short, compact man in his middle fifties. He has white hair, a white beard, and a lively mind, and he is court painter and builder to Hampstead Village. Like me, he works on his own, and I got to know him because—also like me—he is always around.

At first we nodded to each other, then we said hello, then we stopped and chatted. When he mentioned that he was interested in rock-climbing, I took him off to an out-crop south of London where he struggled and dangled and cursed and seemed to enjoy himself. At the end of this devious courtship he agreed to slot us in to his very full timetable, partly out of friendship, partly because he is full of intellectual curiosity. He was intrigued by the idea of fitting his own work around my wife's. Hampstead has plenty of eccentrics but, for him, a steady procession of disturbed children would be a first.

We went away for a week while he started on the drawing room. When we got back we realized the benefit of using a builder who understood the idiosyncrasies of these old Hampstead houses. Some of the walls are paneled, and one of the largest panels had cracked and caved in on one side. John had literally fished out the edge of the panel—he used fishhooks and string—packed it from below and glued it. He also discovered a whole wall of paneling that had been covered up a century ago with a kind of glorified cardboard.

The room was not simply redecorated, it was transformed. Uneven crumbling areas of wall had been stripped and replastered,

cracked door panels filled, edges sharpened, details clarified. It was not just a question of new wallpaper and fresh paint, although there was plenty of both; it was more like the refitting of an old ship for an ocean voyage. The whole structure felt sounder, trimmer, more likely to weather the next decade or two of abuse.

John then moved to the top of the staircase and began slowly to work his way down, "making good" as he came. When he stripped away our old William Morris wallpaper, he found walls that were crumbling away and wood that was cracked and rotting.

He ripped off the worn carpet and discovered that the risers of the eighteenth-century stairs were sagging and broken. Without carpets, the stairwell was like a loud-speaker, amplifying his hammering and scraping and unexpectedly tuneful singing.

Every so often he would call me down from my study at the top of the house to show me some fresh marvel of Georgian jerry-building—a stair or a section of wall patched together from whatever odds and ends of wood the builder happened to have on hand two centuries ago, and still miraculously in place. "Always been cowboys in this trade," he announced. "If I tried that on, the district surveyor would string me up by my bleeding thumbs."

There were places, however, where even John's nerve failed: an ominous bulge in a landing wall, for instance, which he tapped and probed. He finally said, "Strip that away and God knows what we'll find." But there were other bulges that he cut away without hesitation, knowing they contained nothing he couldn't cope with, and others still that he insisted we leave be for aesthetic reasons. "It's like an old lady," he said. "Take away the bulges and she won't be the same." It was as though he and the house had some kind of

"The house is like an old lady. Take away the bulges, she won't be the same"

He ripped off the worn carpet and discovered that the risers of the eighteenth-century stairs were sagging and broken. With-



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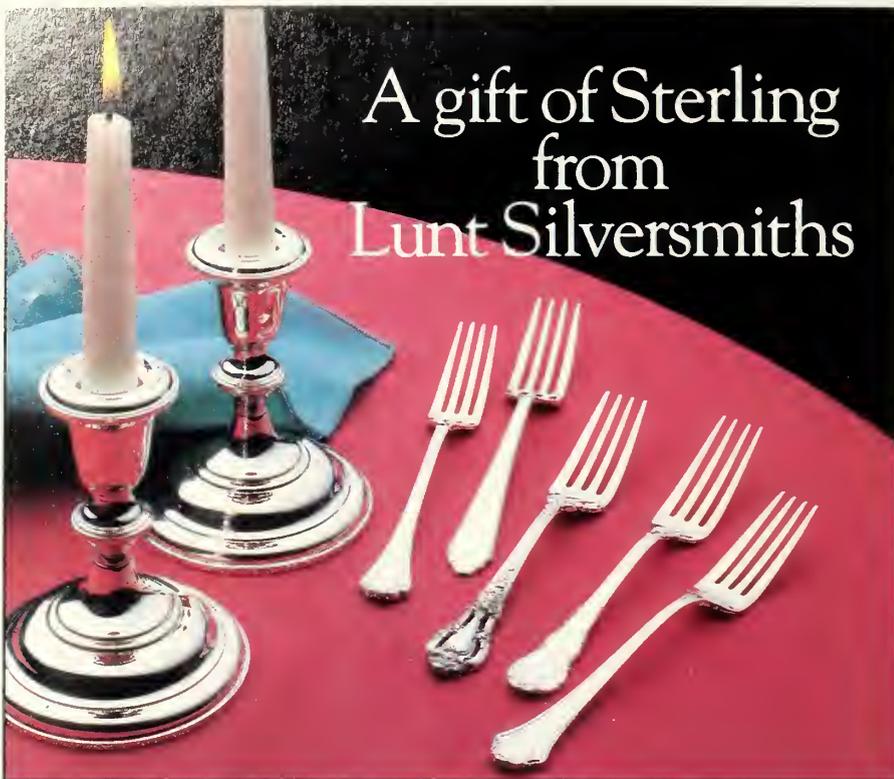
secret understanding, like a sympathetic doctor with a truculent old patient.

He had reckoned the work would take him four to six weeks. Naturally, it took three months, and by the end John had become part of the family. He is a man who likes to talk, and at first he was put out to find there were times and places (namely, downstairs when my wife had patients) when talking wasn't allowed. Each morning, while my wife was seeing her early patient and I was drinking coffee in the kitchen above the consulting room, he would tiptoe in like Sebastian the cat and launch into an elaborate pantomime that became wilder and more unbuttoned as the weeks went by.

Even so, he obeyed the crazy rules and didn't actually speak—to his own surprise. I suspect, as much as to ours. Later in the day he and my wife would chat together over tea and biscuits, and in the evening we would all have a drink and admire the day's progress. He would fill us in on local gossip, but mostly he talked about our house, about how it was responding to treatment, about his diagnosis of the latest ailment and his general prognosis of the patient's health. I had been raised in a family with two older sisters; now I began to discover belatedly what it must be like to have a lively kid brother with a passion for fixing things.

Oddly enough, all three of us were enjoying ourselves, although it seemed as if the house would never be right again, the chaos would never end. In the garden the snowdrops came and went, then the crocuses appeared, vivid splinters of color in the dank air. John sanded and smoothed and plastered and hammered, and the dust sifted down through the echoing house, coating the furniture, filling the air, filling our lives.

Then one day he stopped banging and began to sing in a slightly abstracted way, as though his mind were on something else entirely. Within a week, the ceilings were painted, then the dadoes, the banisters, finally the hall itself. Order was emerging from chaos, after all. Then John appeared with a collapsible table and slowly, meticulously, the wallpaper went up. The carpeting firm arrived, the echoes ceased, the house was finished. We drank together in celebration; we toasted John's labor and skill; we toasted the house and its resurrection. We put a record on the hi-fi and John, who is a jazz buff, sang along with Charlie Parker, passionately blowing into an imaginary saxophone. When he finally left to practice his magic elsewhere, I felt the family was diminished—despite his bill. ♣



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Spiegel

Animal House

A veritable zoo can be found in
19th-century decoration

There may not be rams' heads, birds, or hairy-leg hooves on modern furniture, but visit any antiques dealer and it's practically all you see. The reason? "There is a big interest in Regency, Neoclassical, and Biedermeier styles—and these are periods that happen to incorporate animal and human figures. It's the vogue," says Anthony Victoria of Frederick P. Victoria & Son. Helen Wilson of Linda Horn Antiques agrees. "People are leaning more toward articulated forms and away from Modernism, and there is a sense of whimsy and fun in these figures. The nineteenth century was so charmingly overdone with animals on chair legs and on handles of tureens." **Gabrielle Winkel**

Decorating Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Clockwise, from top right:
19th-century Japanese bronze
bookend, \$4,600 a pair, Linda
Horn Antiques, NYC; zinc
and copper weather vane,
Hirschl & Adler Folk, NYC;
detail of giltwood torchère,
c. 1770, \$75,000 a pair,
G. Randall, Washington, D.C.;
Karabagh wool carpet, c. 1860,
\$30,000, Coury Rugs, NYC;
Viennese planter, mahogany
base, c. 1820, \$32,000,
Frederick P. Victoria, NYC.



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Furniture on the Block

At the Hôtel Drouot's lively sales, knowledgeable buyers can still find good value



Paris in June promises, for habitués of the New York salesrooms, temperate relief from Manhattan's swelter and an auction season that's heating up just as the major American sales have cooled down. June is traditionally an important time for Parisian auctions, and although excellent pieces are to be found in many categories, including Primitive, Impressionist, and Modern art, Paris is also not surprisingly one of the best places to find extraordinary examples of French furniture.

The oldest and primary salesroom in Paris is the Hôtel Drouot, located near the Opéra at 9, rue Drouot in the ninth arrondissement. It is not really an auction house but rather the central staging ground from which the 97 commissaires-priseurs—or auctioneers—of Paris ply their trade. Last year prosperity and demand necessitated the opening of an additional salesroom known as Drouot Montaigne at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées on the rue Montaigne. It is reserved for more prestigious sales and seats over two thousand people. In addition, Drouot maintains smaller salesrooms for collectibles and low-priced items near the Gare du Nord.

At the Hôtel Drouot six to eight sales may be taking place simultaneously. Its seventeen small hot rooms may be packed wall-to-wall with furiously gesturing clients, some of them sitting on furniture destined for auction and randomly arranged with hundreds of other lots, wherever there is space. Sales at

A Drouot habitué: Karl Lagerfeld, right, at home in an 18th-century chair. Above: Louis XVI commode sold at Drouot last winter.

Drouot are tinged with a uniquely Gallic flavor. ("If you go to Drouot," says one dealer, "bring your elbows.") Sales are rough energetic events where quality lots are sold alongside ordinary items dragged from the family attic. "Sales in Paris are conducted very quickly," says Sotheby's Thierry Millebrand, senior vice president in charge of European furniture. "For someone with an educated eye, it's fun.

The reward is finding things others have missed."

Recently exceptional prices have been realized for French furniture at Drouot, including 2,700,000 francs on April 2, 1987, for a pair of Louis XV fauteuils stamped Tiliard—a world record—and at the same sale 2,524,300 francs for a Louis XVI commode stamped Riesener. Even in light of these

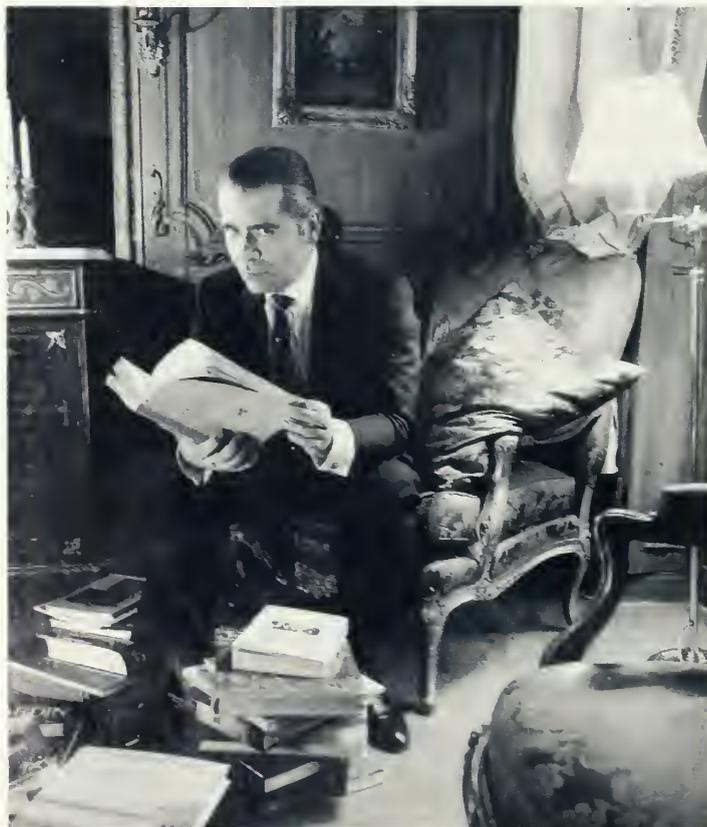
prices, there are still bargains to be found. "Paris is very good for eighteenth-century furniture, the only kind I collect," says designer Karl Lagerfeld. "It's not like New York—here there are many different auctioneers. It's more possible to find undiscovered things. Suddenly you may discover something nobody else has noticed. But in New York everything is catalogued carefully, so there is

"If you go to Drouot," says one dealer, "bring your elbows"

no use in looking at anything but the top lots, which are very expensive."

Sales are advertised in a weekly publication, the *Gazette de l'Hôtel Drouot*, which is available on French newsstands or by subscription for 8½ francs (about \$1.50) per issue. Catalogues, too, are available, although usually not until a week or two before the actual sale, which leaves little time for the international buyer to consider lots for sale. In addition, lots are not catalogued by in-house experts as they are at U.S. and British houses. Instead, outside "experts" are consulted as to the authenticity and value of lots. Since these experts most often turn out to be dealers who may intend to bid on the objects themselves, a piece is "sometimes overvalued (to scare off bidders) or undervalued so the dealer may buy it cheaply himself," says Marc Blondeau, former director of Sotheby's International and currently a consultant in Paris who specializes in nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings. "In France the buyer must fight for himself."

Not entirely. "When you buy in France, there is a thirty-year guarantee," says commissaire-priseur Guy Loudimer. "If a



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work is found to be nonauthentic, that is, not as it was attributed, you may return it, and if you sell it, the purchaser may return it to the auctioneer. There is no guarantee like this anywhere else."

Certainly, the rewards for collectors buying in France can be considerable—aesthetic as well as economical. New York dealer Anthony Victoria of Frederick P. Victoria & Son has bought furniture in France for generations. "It can sometimes be expensive to buy furniture in Paris," he says. "There are shipping costs and tariffs. But there are bargains if you know what to look for."

Karl Lagerfeld agrees that high quality can still be found. "Sometimes one can even find

things from Versailles or Fontainebleau. Last week I bought a little Louis XVI closet from Saint-Cloud at a Drouot sale. Nobody knew what it was." Lagerfeld, who collects French Regency and what is called Transition furniture (late Louis XV to early Louis XVI), is a regular presence at Drouot.

"What I like is the casino atmosphere," he says. "It's very exciting. Sometimes I bid over the phone or send my driver to bid for me so that my being there doesn't drive up prices. But I prefer to bid myself. It's much more thrilling than anything else I know. And," he adds, "unlike gambling, whether you win or lose, you always have a nice object to show for it."

David Lisi

June Sales

EUROPEAN SALES

Hôtel Drouot

9, rue Drouot, 75009 Paris; 42-46-17-11

June 1: Georges Renand Collection of paintings and drawings

June 7: Two paintings by Modigliani at Drouot Montaigne

(Contact Drouot for additional sales not scheduled at press time.)

Christie's

8 King St., London SW1Y 6QT; 839-9060

June 3: Victorian pictures

June 8: Antiquities

June 10: Modern British pictures

June 24: Important Continental pictures

June 27-28: Impressionist pictures



SALESROOM

Christie's

Postbus 53005, 1007 RA Amsterdam
64-20-11

June 6: Motorcars

June 7: Rietveld; 20th-century decorative arts

June 14-15: Furniture, metalwork, sculpture

Sotheby's

34-35 New Bond St., London W1A 2AA
493-8080

June 7: Early Chinese works of art

June 20: English and Continental silver

June 24: French furniture, part 1

June 28-29: Impressionist paintings

June 30: Contemporary art

Sotheby's

102 Rokin, 1012 KZ Amsterdam; 27-56-56

June 6: Chinese and Japanese ceramics, art

June 8: Silver, jewelry, virtu

June 28-July 2: Art and antiques

Sotheby's

Odeonsplatz 16, D-8000 Munich 22
291-3151

June 8: 20th-century German paintings

Sotheby's

20 Bleicherweg, CH-8002 Zurich; 202-0011

June 16: Swiss paintings and furniture

Sotheby's

Le Sporting d'Hiver, place du Casino

MC 98001 Monaco; 30-88-80

June 16: Jeanson sale, old-master paintings

June 17: Old-master paintings; furniture

June 20: Old-master paintings; porcelain

AMERICAN SALES**Butterfield & Butterfield**

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June 9: Tibetan and Nepalese objects

Christie's

502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 546-1000

June 1: Jewelry

June 5: American decorative arts

June 9: Old-master pictures

June 17: Architectural designs

June 18: Art Nouveau

Sotheby's

1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021

(212) 606-7000

June 8-9: 20th-century decorative arts

June 13-14: Important jewelry

June 16: Fabergé, Russian art and silver

June 23: American furniture

June 24: 19th-century furniture

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Shear Madness

Lawn mowers are Christopher Proudfoot's passion.
Hannah Rothschild tracks him down

mowers may not be the most exotic collector's item. And one might also be forgiven for thinking that a person who has spent the best part of his life amassing over eighty of them is a touch crazed. However, anyone who spends a morning with Christopher Proudfoot and his six-year-old son, William, is bound to see the humble lawn mower in a completely different light.

Father and son make a good double act: Proudfoot Senior talks about his strange mechanical brood in a typically dry English manner but cannot disguise the gleam in his eye. His son, on the other hand, positively bursts with excitement: "Look, we've got six Green's Silens Messors."

"Urrh. What is a Green's Whatsit, Whatsit?"

William rolled his eyes with impatience, but his father explained that this machine was probably the most successful mower of all time: "It went on the market in about 1860, and you could still buy it in 1939. Perhaps eighty percent of lawn mower users had one. The only change in its original design was in 1890 when they straightened the handle. I can't think of any other consumer-durable that has survived so long."

Christopher Proudfoot began collecting tools at the age of ten. Strangely it was not until he married that he started "hankering after lawn mowers." He cannot explain his interest in these machines except as part of "an instinct for preserving the past and not progressing into the future." As a result of this conviction he owns remarkably few things made after the 1950s.

In the Proudfoot house in Kent every available nook and cranny is stuffed with relics. Gramophones with vast bulbous horns are piled on top of each other creating death traps



Proudfoot and son William, above, with collection. Right: Old hedge trimmers. Below: Early-20th-century lawn mower nameplate.

on narrow stairs. There are weird and wonderful vacuum cleaners including one that looks like a pogo stick with a concertina wrapped around its middle: "I can assure you," Christopher Proudfoot said wryly, "that this takes much more effort than a broom but it was a status symbol for those without electricity." The larder has been completely taken over by a riot of ancient biscuit tins, old soapboxes, Bakelite bed warmer, coffee grinders, bean slicers, door handles, knife sharpeners, and the odd scientific instrument. Indeed the refrigerator seems to be the only (and only

just) postwar piece of equipment.

The lawn mowers are consigned to various outbuildings. As we fought our way through the door of one of these, Proudfoot apologized: "I am afraid that they are not beautifully displayed as in some museum." Father and son became immersed in technical banter. There was a new vocabulary of blades, bottom blades, counter-shafts, landrolls, and so on. The machines themselves have racy names like the Wasp, the Witch, the Anglo-Paris, the Automaton Minor, the Magic, the Famous, the Banner, the Godiva. Most have been lovingly restored. "They rarely come to us in good condition." Indeed the collection is based around discoveries made on scrap heaps and in old garden sheds. "One morning William and I had a clear-out and took some stuff down to the scrap yard where we found this Webb Wasp."

Mending old lawn mowers is obviously a laborious business: it takes a week to bash the dents out of the grass box and as long to repaint them. Nearly all are in jolly shades of red and green with gold lettering. Unlike their modern counterparts, Victorian lawn mowers were not plain and functional. "After all," Christopher Proudfoot explained, "they were part of the great nineteenth-century cast-iron technology. Everything that was mass-produced in that era was made out of cast iron, and if you're making something out of cast iron, you might as well make it ornamental because once you've got your pattern you can churn out hundreds of copies."

The first lawn mower was invented in 1830 by Edwin Budding. It evolved from a machine used for cutting the nap on cloth.



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Style

COLLECTING

The principle was a simple one, still valid today—just a rotating cylinder against a fixed one. In the beginning the lawn mower was a luxury item and was publicized as, says Proudfoot, "a marvelous opportunity for gentlemen to take some healthy and useful exercise. I don't suppose that any gentleman dreamed of going near one." The earliest models had massive nineteen-inch blades and needed at least two people to push them or, later models with even larger blades, were pulled by ponies. These were only practical for large sweeps of lawn and could hardly be used by the small householder. With time the design was modified and the birth of the six-incher changed the whole pattern of

The earliest models had massive nineteen-inch blades and needed at least two people to push them

the English domestic garden—for the first time people in terraced houses could turn their vegetable patches into manageable lawns. Americans were the real pioneers of the light and affordable mowers. "They took our basic design and improved it. But you have to remember that there is a real difference between English and American grass! We have nice lush grass whereas theirs tends to be rough. They were also more interested in having a labor-saving machine which would just cut, they were not so interested in a nice smooth finish."

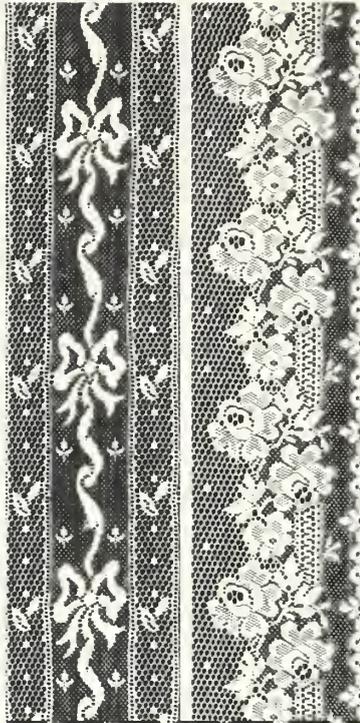
While Christopher Proudfoot explained the lawn mower's history, William was intent on destroying one of his mother's borders with a New Excelsior. "I like nature," beamed William, "especially cutting trees and grass." Karin Proudfoot prefers gardening to machinery. In recent years the family had to move to accommodate her desire for a larger flower garden and Christopher's "collection of junk."

Christopher Proudfoot cannot explain his passion for collecting: "You can get very Freudian about it and say that it gives one a sense of security or that it's all part of man's natural instinct for hunting, but for me it just happens. Besides, when things become fashionable I tend to lose interest." At the moment there are a few up-and-coming lawn mower fanatics, but one suspects that Christopher and William Proudfoot will remain the principal champions of this humble but glorious machine. ●



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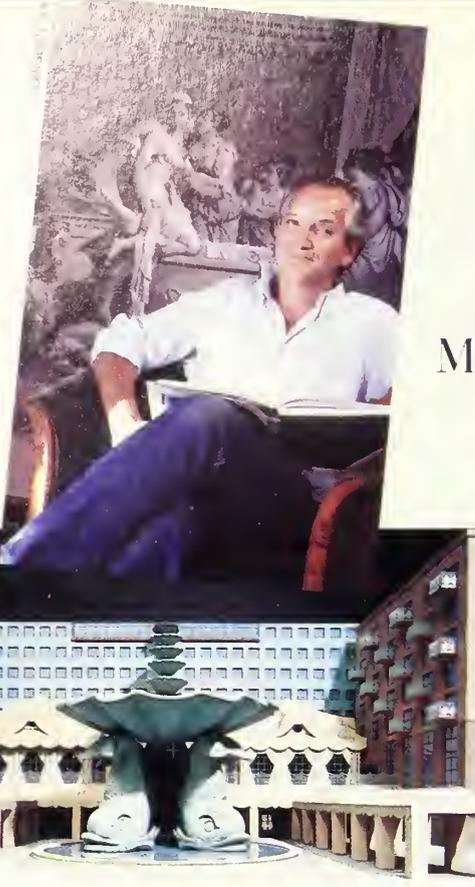
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TRAVEL

Architect on the Move

Michael Graves spends a lot of time in hotels. He tells Michael Boodro what makes a great one



WILLIAM TAYLOR

Certain architects achieve such fame that they seem to become almost as fixed and immutable in the public imagination as their well-known creations. But architects are, in fact, a peripatetic lot. They are constantly on the move, experiencing the great buildings of the past, meeting with developers, checking out the handiwork of the competition, exploring possibilities for new work. The hotter the architect, the more he travels. And at the moment one of the hottest is Michael Graves, the progenitor and popularizer of Postmodernism, architect of, among others, the Portland Building in Oregon, the Clos Pegase Winery in the Napa Valley, and the proposed—and highly controversial—addition to the Whitney Museum in New York City.

When asked what he looks for in a hotel, Graves tells the story of an architect in Houston who was commissioned to design one. With typical Texan largess, the client sent the architect around the world for two weeks to appraise the great hotels and discover their secrets. Graves says with a smile, "When he came back, he said, 'The best hotels are small hotels.' And that's all he said. That was the point of the story."

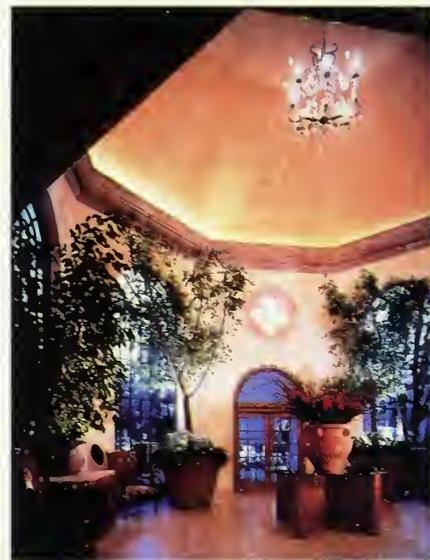
"Hotels should make you feel they care about what you're doing, that you aren't just a number"

As if that were not clear enough, Graves adds, "I will do almost anything not to have to stay in a chain hotel."

This is disarming honesty from a man who is currently designing three giant hotels, two in Orlando for Disney World, the larger of which features 1,500 rooms, and a third in La Jolla that can be considered small only by comparison. "The trick is," he says, "to make these big hotels seem small—by virtue of their service. Some hotels are able to accomplish that, to make you feel they care about what you're doing, that you aren't just a number."

He still has to deal with mass-market hotel decor, which he finds an affront on both a personal and professional level. "Those standard designs of peach and cream and beige are so awful. But even in the hotels we're designing, we have to work with hotel interiors people. We're not allowed to do guest rooms. Between architects and developers, it's a kind of Catch-22. You're not a hotel design expert until you've done a hotel. Once you've done one, you can do the world. But," he adds with a shrug, "we always have to hire hotel interiors people to work with us."

Graves is acutely aware of the contrasts between the exigencies of the marketplace and his own taste. In his hotel design work he is attempting to reconcile the two. When he travels, he fully indulges the latter. Fortunately, he has been able to locate hotels that both please the eye and satisfy his demand for comfort. "What I look for in a hotel," he says, "is a good breakfast. I don't know why I do this to myself, but when I go to a hotel, I feel I am suddenly on vacation, whether I'm working or not—because it's not home and it's not away either. So I eat too much. When I'm at a good hotel, it's as if the number of pastries I (Continued on page 81)



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COURTESY CHARLES HOTEL

Top left: Michael Graves at his office in Princeton; one of his designs for a new Disney World hotel in Orlando. Tap: the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas. Above: Le Pli Health Spa and Salon at the Charles Hotel in Cambridge, Mass.

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consume doesn't count. I also like big beds."

He particularly enjoys trips to Los Angeles because "I can always get fresh fruit for breakfast and that's a switch for me." He is especially fond of the Hotel Bel-Air. "I stay there whenever I can. I even have favorite rooms. I send clients there because I like to prove to them a stucco building can be nice. It is a little bit ersatz Spanish Mission style, but the rooms are done pretty well, all in all. The landscape is fabulous. Most of the hotel is spread out on one level, but when you order breakfast it can be there in no time. And it doesn't get cold."

He also approves of the Beverly Hills Hotel. "The breakfast room is great, the Polo Lounge is terrific for a drink, and for people who haven't been to Los Angeles a lot, it's a great place for watching people. That porte cochere is done better than at any other hotel I know of. The boys get rid of your car and get it back for you in no time flat. They do the same thing at the Bel-Air. At one, they do it in uniforms, at the other in blue blazers. It's supposed to be your younger brother getting your car for you," Graves says and laughs.

He has praise as well for two hotels in Texas, the Remington in Houston and the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas, where he enjoys the service and the breakfasts, if not quite the style. "Everything is a tad overdone," he admits. "There are too many flowers, the tables are too big, the marble is too cream, it's ten percent too much everywhere. It could use a bit of restraint, but I'd rather be there than across the street, which is not ten percent less, it's just other."

In New York, where he often stays overnight rather than commute back to his home in Princeton, Graves stays at the Westbury, the Lowell, and "sometimes the Mayfair Regent. I used to stay at the Stanhope before the remodeling and before the prices went through the ceiling." But his favorite New York stopping place is the Carlyle because "the building is quirky enough so that you're often in different kinds of rooms. Mark Hampton has done a terrific job redesigning many of the guest rooms."

Graves stresses the importance of the small amenities the Carlyle provides and other hotels neglect: a good straightforward sound system ("and the speakers are not hidden behind a flounce," he adds approvingly), a high-quality television and a VCR. "You can go down to the lobby and rent a film. They have cable TV. I don't know what that costs, but I know their rooms don't cost any more than some of the ones down the block. They're able to absorb that cost. I like

to watch sporting events when I go to a hotel room. I put my feet up and don't have to think for half an hour before the next meeting, or before going out for dinner. It's not very sophisticated, but then I'm not very sophisticated. I like that kind of thing."

Asked about the high-style, high-tech look of Morgans in New York, Graves smiles. "Well, I was interviewed for that job and didn't get it." But he holds no grudge against Andrée Putman, who did. "The problem with Morgans is that the building was never suited to be a hotel. Everything—the bathrooms especially—is tiny. So it's theater, to try and make you think everything is bigger and better than it is. And she was very skillful. It is aggressively *her* taste, but it is *taste*. You know somebody's home there. And I would rather have her doing that than have my world beige."

In Cambridge, where he usually stays at the Harvard Faculty Club, he is not averse to the new Charles Hotel in Harvard Square. "It's dreadful on the outside, but once you're inside, you don't have to look at it. Inside it's what a chain hotel could be. It's not outrageously priced and the service is pretty good. If all American hotels were that good in terms

of their service and the way the rooms are designed, I would be very happy."

Although he has praise for hotels in some other American cities ("I don't think I've ever been disappointed in Chicago"), Graves's favorites are clearly European hotels. This is not only because they have the advantage of being smaller, older, and with more character, but also because they usually feature French doors. Graves can go into virtual rhapsodies about French doors and windows. "The French doors that you find in European hotels are the things that I miss most in American hotels. There is nothing worse than a great Deco or Art Moderne or Beaux-Arts hotel in America that's been remodeled and they've put in gray or bronze glass with bronzed aluminum sash around the edge. It is so cheap and so awful-looking and they think this is modern. The idea of being able, in good weather, to throw open the windows and look out at the street is something I find marvelous about European hotels."

In Rome, for example, he enjoys the Inghilterra. "It's not terribly fancy, the rooms are small, nothing about it is terribly special, but the windows are great," he says. Because he often travels on an expense account,

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he doesn't stay at the very best hotels: "I stay not at the Hassler in Rome but next door at the Hôtel de la Ville on the Via Sistina. It's typically European with French windows." At the recommendation of architect James Stirling, Graves has also stayed at the Raphael, off the Piazza Navona. "It's absolutely marvelous from the outside, completely ivy-covered. It couldn't be more charming, but the rooms are boring."

In London, he is partial to Blakes, the hotel created by Anouska Hempel, now a rising fashion designer. Quite a few of the rooms are outfitted with Biedermeier furniture, a preference reflected not only in Graves's own furniture designs but in the superb examples of the style that are spread throughout his office in Princeton. "It's a great hotel for that reason, but it also makes you feel like you're the only person there, maybe with one or two other couples. But while the furniture is wonderful the rooms are much too dark. Most are painted black or indigo. So you may have a wonderful framed Biedermeier print hanging on the wall, but it can be hard to find the light switch. You finally get a little irritated. That high style doesn't quite mesh with modern efficiency, and I think that the mesh can be accomplished. But," he adds, "I don't want to fault Blakes. It's ninety-five percent there and terrific."

Because Blakes has succumbed to popularity, Graves has discovered an alternative in London, the Halcyon. "They've copied Blakes' service. It's two huge Neoclassical houses turned into a hotel. The rooms are light and look onto back gardens or other houses. The spaces are generous, the bathrooms brilliant, they're there instantly with room service, and the food is terrific."

He has also stayed at Browns. "I think people stay at Browns for the scones," he says, "It's charming once or twice, but the rooms have not been done very well."

It's encouraging that someone so acutely aware of what doesn't have to be is now having some input into what *will* be. Though he is clearly pleased with his firm's designs for the resort and convention hotels in Orlando and La Jolla, Graves well knows the constraints that size and budget and the democratization of travel have imposed on the design. "Things are getting larger. It's always a puzzle to us how to make them compatible with, say, what a child can understand. It's very, very difficult," he acknowledges.

"Our hotels will be lighthearted, with a bit of wit and humor about them." He pauses. "Nevertheless, given my druthers, I'd design small hotels in wonderful places." ▲

Graves's Choice

Hotel Bel-Air (213) 472-1211

701 Stone Canyon Rd.
Los Angeles, CA 90077

Number of rooms: 92
Price range: \$195-\$1,300

Beverly Hills Hotel (213) 276-2251

9641 Sunset Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

Number of rooms: 270
Price range: \$150-\$265

The Remington (713) 840-7600

1919 Briar Oaks Lane
Houston, TX 77027

Number of rooms: 248
Price range: \$165-\$1,500

Mansion on Turtle Creek (214) 559-2100

2821 Turtle Creek Blvd.
Dallas, TX 75219

Number of rooms: 143
Price range: \$175-\$870

Charles Hotel (617) 864-1200

1 Bennett St.
Cambridge, MA 02138

Number of rooms: 299
Price range: \$178-\$1,200

The Westbury (212) 535-2000

15 East 69 St., New York, NY 10021

Number of rooms: 350
Price range: \$210-\$1,200

The Lowell (212) 838-1400

28 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021

Number of rooms: 65 suites

Price range: \$190-\$540

Mayfair Regent (212) 288-0800

610 Park Ave., New York, NY 10021

Number of rooms: 200

The Carlyle (212) 744-1600

35 East 76 St., New York, NY 10021

Number of rooms: 500

Price range: \$250-\$1,200

Hotel d'Inghilterra 672-161

Via Bocca di Leone 14
00187 Rome

Number of rooms: 102

Price range: \$182-\$360

Hôtel de la Ville 6733

Via Sistina 69, 00187 Rome

Number of rooms: 195

Price range: \$190-\$625

Blakes Hotel 370-6701

33 Roland Gardens
London SW7

Number of rooms: 50

Price range: \$187-\$700

The Halcyon 727-7288

81 Holland Park
London W11

Number of rooms: 44

Price range: \$177-\$700

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Digging Up-Scale

Seductive mail-order catalogues are causing gardeners to tool up.

Patricia Thorpe separates the practical from the pretentious

One of the assumptions about gardening that makes it most attractive is that it doesn't take much stuff. And the tools you need don't cost much. In fact, it didn't occur to me that they cost anything at all; as the most recent of several generations of gardeners I thought that tools were things you *had*, not things you bought. Or tools were things you used, whether or not they originally had anything to do with gardening: Popsicle sticks, plastic knives, surgical forceps, milk jugs, the ubiquitous peach basket.

But now more people are beginning to garden with no easy familiarity with a garden's objects or traditions who are startled (or chagrined) to find what a marvelously makeshift enterprise gardening really is. Many of today's new gardening enthusiasts, like most recent converts, bring a determination to do it right backed with the financial wherewithal to guarantee success. That in itself is nothing to fear—after several decades of being a poverty-level leisure activity, gardening could use a little infusion of affluence—but when I heard about the \$100 French rose clippers, I got a little worried. The further discovery that institutions as diverse as the Museum of Modern Art and Hermès were selling gardening tools really had me alarmed. The growing popularity of gardening is something from which we can only benefit, but these manifestations seem to indicate something much more sinister: could it be that gardening is now chic?

Closer investigation calmed my fears somewhat. The Museum of Modern Art's most singular gardening suggestion was a selection of plastic rakes in preschool colors—delightful in the sandbox, perhaps, but ridiculous in the garden. The rose clippers from Thiebaut in Paris and the Hermès pruning shears are something else—definitely chic, but more a display of the French simply being French than a general trend. The Thiebaut clippers are exquisite—fine French steel with handles of natural antler, razor-sharp,

nicely balanced, and made to fit in what could only be described as a lady's hand. Six inches long and costing slightly over \$100, this is not a tool for transforming the American landscape. The Hermès pruning shears are somewhat more serious, similar in size, weight, and cutting action to the best professional pruners and at \$325 costing only ten times as much. The shears' handles are covered in pigskin and will be practically invisible should you dare to set them on the ground. (The Felco #2 pruner, a superb instrument and one of the most widely used professional tools, retails for around \$32 and has handles covered in vivid red plastic. I have still managed to lose it, but only with great effort.)

Perhaps a more pervasive symptom of growing garden trendiness can be found in the Smith & Hawken catalogue, if only because it reaches anyone who has ever even thought of gardening. S&H has a mailing list with the sensitivity and accuracy of a laser-directed ballistic missile, and this superlative marketing tool is matched by the persuasive power of the catalogue itself.

Photography and prose combine to create an image of gardening that is almost irresist-

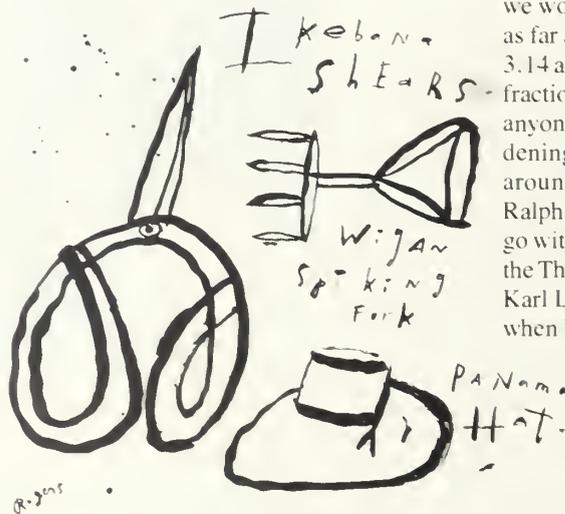
ible: gardening that is clean, serene, restful, and infinitely rewarding; gardening that is challenging yet easy, available to the young, the old, the infirm, the handicapped (but not the poor); gardening, in short, that is leisure in its most beautiful form. With a campaign like that, it is easy to see how the company grew in just eight years from two guys selling tools straight from a shipping container to an operation which last year did \$20 million in business.

These manifestations seem more sinister: could it be that gardening is now chic?

Can you take a tool catalogue seriously if half its pages are devoted to elaborate, beautiful, and expensive ways of sitting down? Armed with

that prejudice I ignored Smith & Hawken; if I hadn't, I could have had a decent trowel for the last eight years. The great news is that their tools are terrific—solid, well-made, serious workers. (This is scarcely news, since it turns out that everyone I know, professional gardeners included, has been buying tools from them for years.) And they have a sensibly limited selection. This is not to say they don't display a few samples of the absurd, and yes, there are definitely some items of inescapable trendiness, one of which I had to fight hard to resist. S&H has a panama hat for \$19.75 (they also have a fedora for \$39, but we won't even consider that), and I even got as far as measuring my head and dividing by 3.14 as instructed. But after laboring with the fractions I had to admit I could not imagine anyone other than, possibly, Tom Wolfe gardening in this hat. Perhaps if I sauntered around in something by Laura Ashley or Ralph Lauren. But that look wouldn't really go with my Felco pruners and if I switched to the Thiebaut clippers, I'd have to change into Karl Lagerfeld, at least. Then what happens when I swing my pick?

Speaking of picks, the mainland of gardening still lies far from the shoals of the chic, don't worry. Just



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*PA estimated 25 city/32 highway MPG for Camry LE with
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TOYOTA QUALITY

WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!

GARDENING

glance through a few catalogues such as Walt Nicke, Clapper's, Gardener's Supply, or A. M. Leonard.

Walt Nicke is my own favorite. Full of senior-citizen jokes and pictures of the grandchildren, it offers not only all the unglamorous indispensables of gardening, such as plastic plant labels, seed trays, and saucers, but also the best prices for Felco pruners. It is the antithesis of trendy and inadvertently supplies the perfect put-down to those in search of status: "If you prefer to garden with smart accessories"—they sug-

gest a plastic trug. Clapper's carries a good selection of cultivation essentials, but their real forte is pruning supplies—a wide assortment of loppers, including the Porter "Forester." This formidable tool weighs about seven pounds, has a fiercely hooked beaklike cutter with ratchet action, and could easily sever a man's hand at the wrist. That may be what you're trying to avoid; it can also cut any branch or trunk up to about seven inches in diameter. Clapper's also offers a perfect gem of a folding pruning saw made by Corona. Corona is one of the best of the American

tool manufacturers; in spite of being located in California and being the favorite of West Coast gardeners, it remains resolutely untouched by trendiness.

No one could accuse Hammacher Schlemmer of being untouched, but it has been an institution of bizarre merchandising for so long that I'm not really worried about it. Hammacher Schlemmer has always balanced delicately between the buyable and the unbelievable and often succeeds in combining the two, as in their solar-charged garden sprayer, which harnesses one natural phenomenon in order to wipe out others, utilizing the somewhat unreliable power of the sun to replace the timeless ecological combination of air pressure and elbow grease. All this for \$620. Yes, they have a hat, too: a solar-powered, ventilated pith helmet for \$49.95. As you probably guessed, it has a tiny built-in propellerlike fan. It is perfectly hideous and very reassuring: it's not going to tempt me out of my Mets cap, men's pajamas, surgical gloves, and blue sneakers. Gardening chic may be on its way, but we still have some time to hide before it arrives. ▲



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Garden Tools

Smith & Hawken

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Mill Valley, CA 94941
(415) 383-4050

Walt Nicke

36 McLeod Lane
Box 433
Topsfield, MA 01983
(617) 887-3388

Clapper's

1125 Washington St.
West Newton, MA 02166
(617) 244-7909

Gardener's Supply

128 Intervale Rd.
Burlington, VT 05401
(802) 863-1700

A. M. Leonard

6665 Spiker Rd.
Piqua, OH 45356
(800) 543-8955

Hammacher Schlemmer

147 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 421-9000

Hermès

11 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 759-7585

Corona Clipper Co.

1540 East 6 St.
Corona, CA 91719
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HG STYLE

Art is everywhere—
even on clocks and chairs

Picasso, Miró, Delaunay, Chagall, and Léger were not only painters but textile designers as well. And in early-twentieth-century England the artists of the Omega Workshop took the inside of the house as their canvas. Today Susan Seaberry, a Los Angeles-based artist, cuts cotton fabric to size and paints it pinned to the wall before using it to upholster a chair. Years ago Robert Denning and Vincent Faurcade introduced a textile based on a painting by the photographer Jacques Henri Lartigue. The fabric launched their decorating career and now covers their dining-room walls. Says Denning, "It works well in a room with no windows or view. It is instant light." Gustav Klimt and the Museum of Modern Art's 1987 exhibition "Vienna 1900" inspired the Vienna Revisited collection from Westgate. Clarence House's Homage à Picasso, Giacometti Zoo, and Jeu de Cartes reflect a new direction for the fabric company. CEO Robin Roberts explains, "Art is the most important part of a fine interior. We are bringing our customer textiles such as these artists might have designed for themselves." **Laurie Schechter**

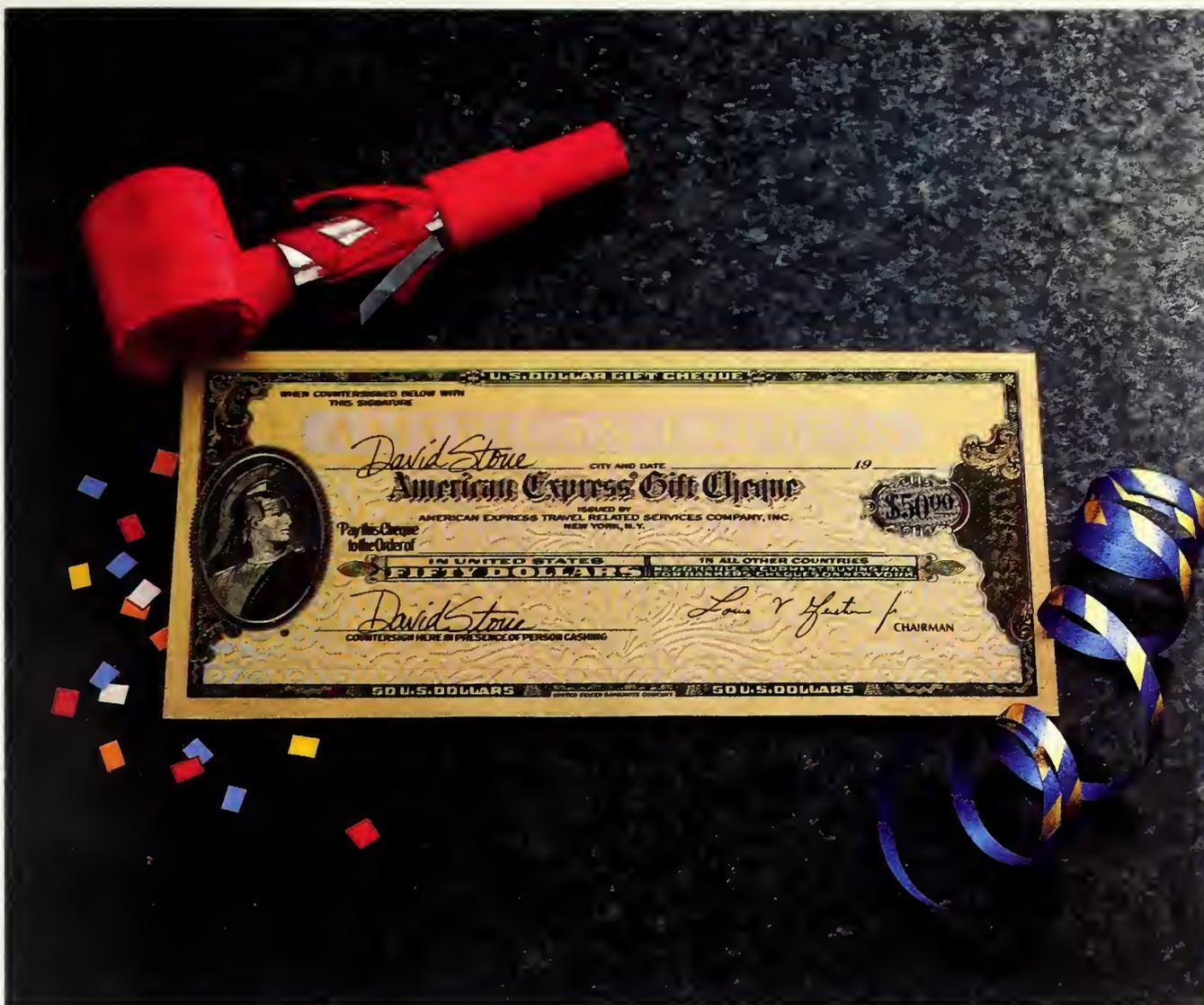
1. Westgate's Klimt-inspired Innsbruck, from the Vienna Revisited collection.
2. Clarence House Jeu de Cartes.
3. Casablanca, reminiscent of Impressionism, from Roger Arlington.
4. Hamage à Picasso and 5. Giacometti Zoo, bath from Clarence House.

1-5 MONICA STEVENSON 6 MASAO VEDA
7 TIM STREET-PORTER 8 KONSTANTIN



6. Mona Lisa clock by Constantin Boym.
7. Denning and Faurcade's dining-room wallcovering, after Lartigue.
8. Susan Seaberry chair inspired by Picasso.





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HIGH STYLE

Screens stand on their own—imitating armoires.

re-creating skylines, even putting plumbing fixtures to decorative use



The Chinese invented them for draft protection in the eighth century B.C.; the Western world adopted them, but not until the modern era have screens become movable art forms. Mel Shawl, a Pennsylvania-based furniture maker, paints his favorite theme, imaginary skylines, on plywood. A Mustique vacation inspired David Hockney's first screen, a lithograph collage called *Caribbean Tea Time*. Fornasetti's screen—a lacquered trompe l'oeil armoire—is a 1950s design being manufactured now. Alvar Aalto made his undulating rollable design in 1935–36. Eric Raffy's Atlantic screen, with its shape inspired by a breaking wave and porthole-like openings, has a 1930s ocean liner feel. Says Babette Holland, whose screens bring elegance to copper pipes and fittings, "Houses have gotten so small they need special pieces in them." Fiam's *Paravento Vojuer* and Christian Liaigre's *Paravento* play on the definition of the screen by using sandblasted glass and cutouts. L.S.



6. Babette Halland screen. 7. David Hockney's *Caribbean Tea Time*, handmade paper, lithography and collage.



1. Screen by Mel Shawl. 2. Fiam screen. 3. Wardrobe screen by Fornasetti. 4. Raffy ship screen. 5. Liaigre wooden screen.

1. COURTESY WOPKBENCH 2. COURTESY PACE COLLECTION 3. COURTESY PAUL SMITH 4. DEIDI 5. ERIC RAFFY 6. COURTESY INTERNA DESIGNS 7. ANTONIO BONDINI 8. STEVEN SLOMAN

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Campari and Soda

Campari on the rocks

Kelly Le Brock dressed by Valentino

48° Proof Spirit Apertif (liqueur) Imported by Campari USA Inc. New York, NY 10104

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

HG STYLE

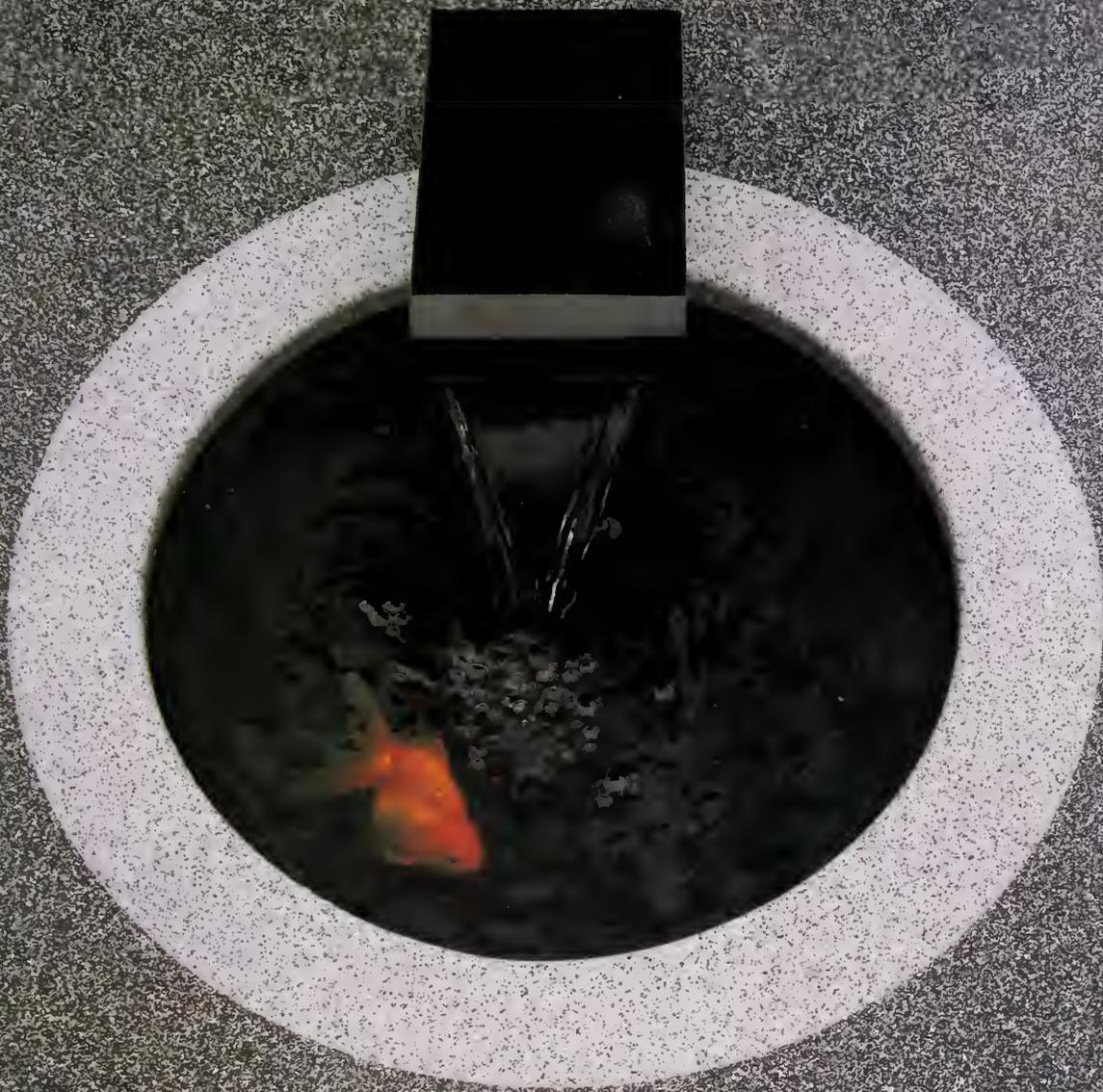
Maps—graphic alternatives
with a worldview

maps are gaining favor as decorative elements, on and off the wall. E. Forbes Smiley III, a dealer in antique globes and maps, says that "maps have a history similar to botanical prints—they were designed, engraved, and colored to impress the eye." His English library globes, circa 1736, are among the earliest examples in this country. Maps are also the inspiration for Dan Friedman's tables. He says, "People are accustomed to aerial views." Two craftsmen at the Isabel O'Neil Foundation for the Art of the Painted Finish decorated the top of a Regency-style pedestal table with an adaptation of a sixteenth-century map. Adding wit to dining tables: a highway tablecloth, Paris map napkin, and rubber-tire napkin ring, from Chateau X. Floor plans, essentially maps of houses, inspire two rugs from V'Soske: architect Richard Meier's *Rug #1* is based on a house he designed in Pittsburgh; Le Corbusier's villas are the inspiration for architect Anthony Ames's *Villa Study #1*. Each rug creates its own interior landscape. L.S.

1. Isabel O'Neil Foundation tabletop.
2. *Globe of ye Earth* by John Senex, c. 1736, and
3. Dutch wall map, 1656, both at E. Forbes Smiley III. 4. Wool *Villa Study #1* rug by Anthony Ames. 5. Dan Friedman's Africo table.
6. Chateau X place setting.
7. *Rug #1* by Richard Meier.

1. COURTESY ISABEL O'NEIL FOUNDATION
2. MICHAEL MUNDY 3. NO CREDIT
4. 7. COURTESY V'SOSKE 5. JOE COSCIA
6. JESSE FROHMAN

ORARUM SIVE NOVI ORBIS TABVLA



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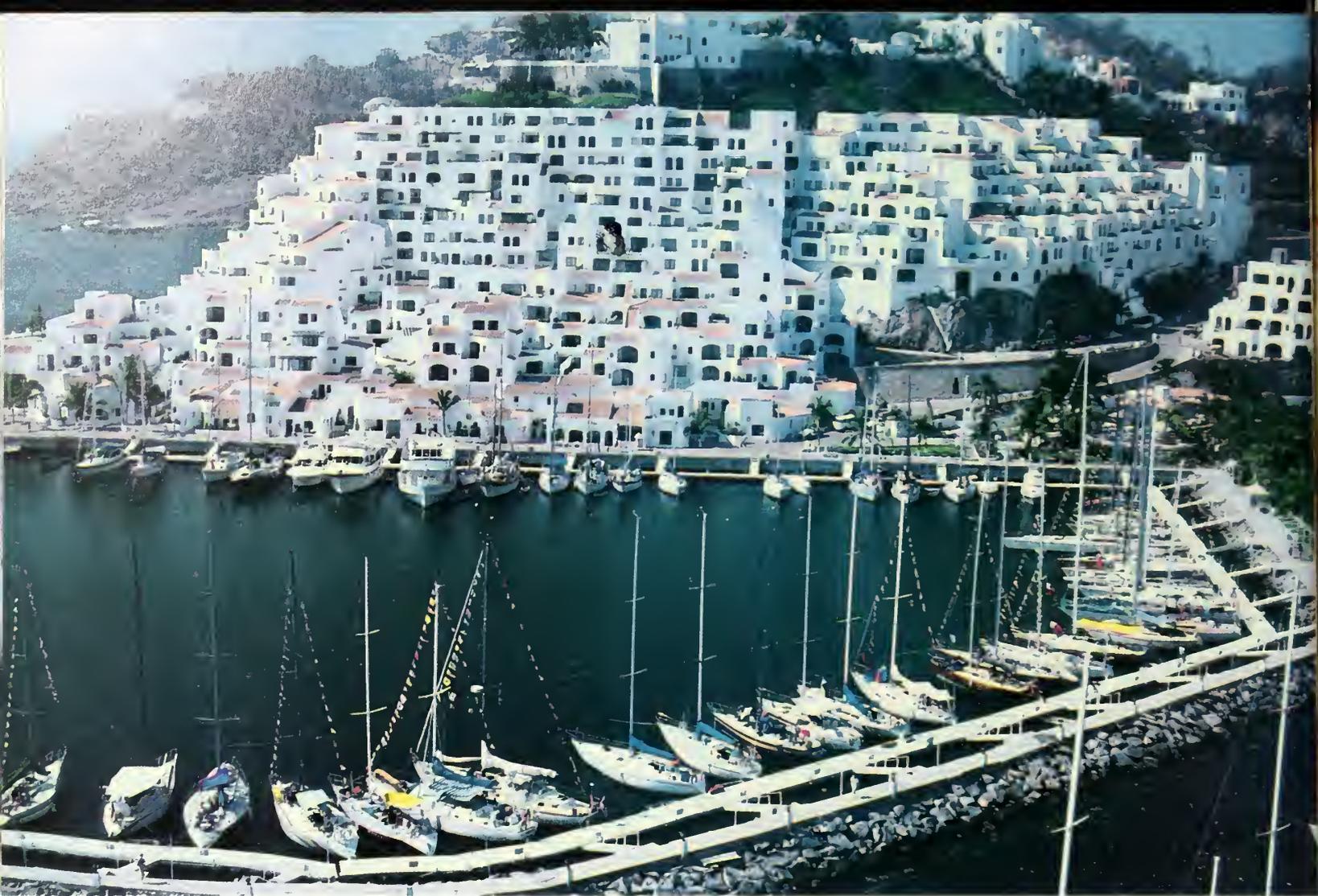
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DOGS: Pair of 18th Century Continental ceramic bulldog figures, circa 1760.

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There's a Flemish beauty from the famous Tournay factory. A lavishly decorated teapot—rich with twenty-four karat gold and cobalt blue—from the German house of Meissen. An exquisite teapot from Jingdezhen. And an extraordinary teapot by Worcester. In all, twelve full-scale re-creations of the most beautiful teapots ever made.

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Please mail by July 31, 1988.

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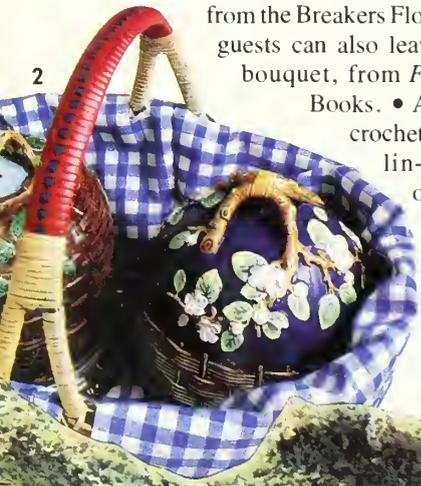
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85588-80

Talley sheet

Picnics plus for summer . . . Antique majolica . . . Wheelbarrows come to the table . . . Fresh view—Irving Penn flowers . . .

for long summer days and outdoor living: Barneys New York Chelsea Passage premier finds include majolica cheese keeps, antique watering cans, imported French table linens and napkins. T. Anthony, the New York luggage shop, carries picnic baskets complete with French porcelain. • The sewing stand from the Willow Tree in Palm Beach is a perfect parking spot for summer coolers. Other Willow Tree antiques: rare majolica pitchers and birdcages. Say thank you or spark up the table for lunch alfresco with a moss-covered wheelbarrow from the Breakers Flower Shop, Palm Beach. Honored guests can also leave behind Irving Penn's classic bouquet, from *Flowers*, reissued by Harmony Books. • A summer standard: the T-shirt, crocheted, from Pat Crowley, the Dublin-based designer, is seen here on Lucie de La Falaise, with Ralph Lauren jeans and an Eric Javits hat. **André Leon Talley**



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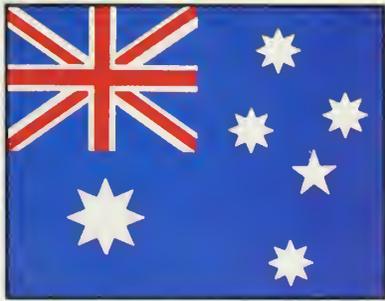


7



4

1. Antique French birdcage from the Willow Tree, Palm Beach. 2. Gingham-lined picnic basket with antique majolica cheese keeps, from Barneys New York. 3. George Jones rope-hondled pitcher c. 1870 and cot-hondled pitcher in a wicker sewing stand, from the Willow Tree. 4. Moss-covered wheelbarrow. 5. Cotton picnic linens, boldly patterned tablecloth, quilted Chonel pouch for picnics. 6. T. Anthony wicker homper, with French porcelain; blanket, Ralph Lauren Home Collection. 7. Pat Crowley shirt worn by Lucie de La Falaise. 8. Tiger lily photo by Irving Penn.



AUSTRALIA



CHINA



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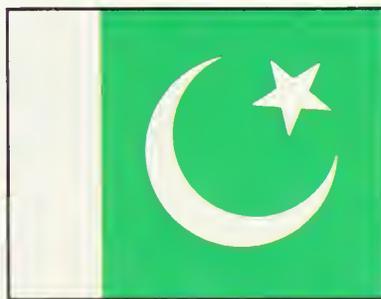
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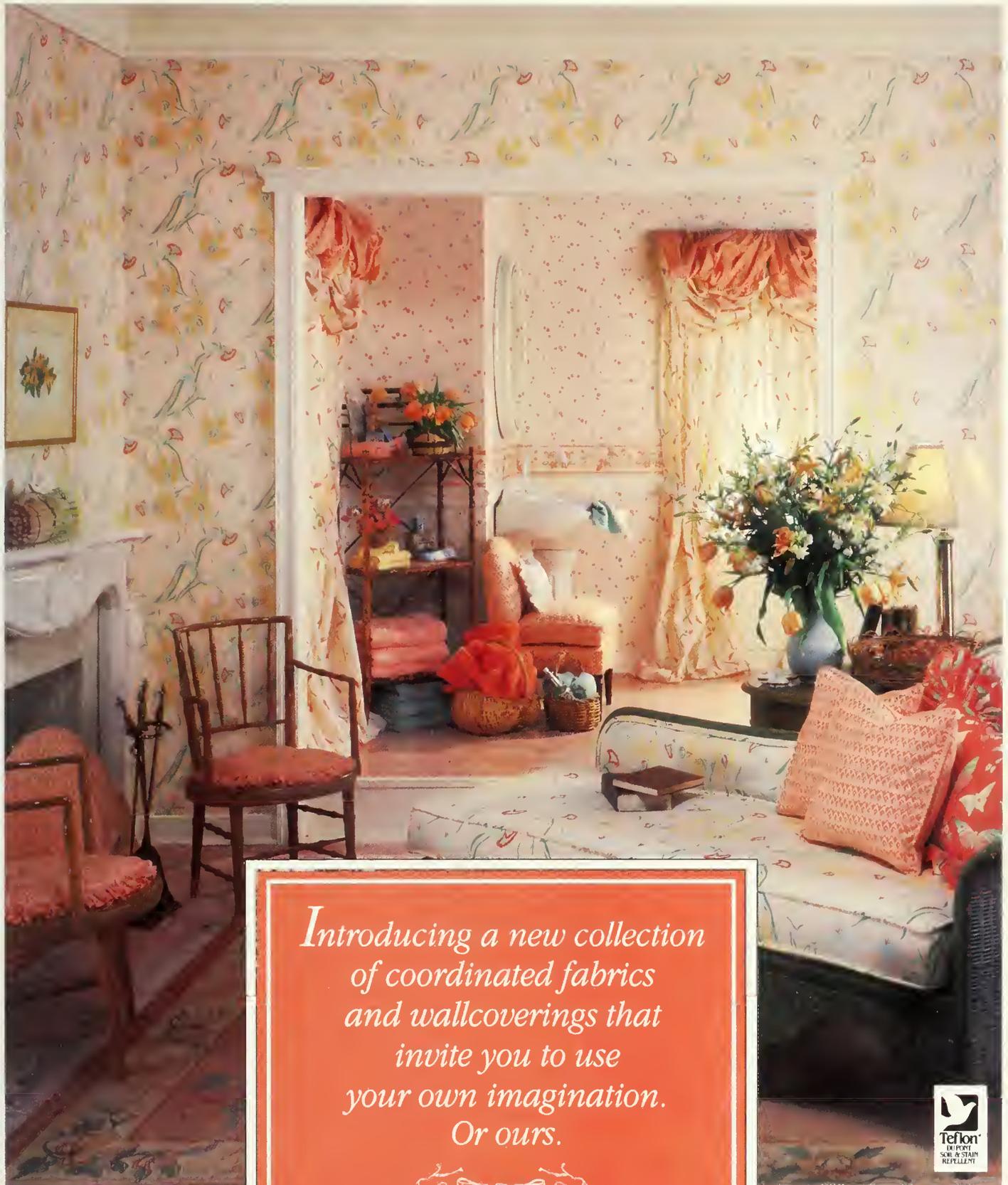
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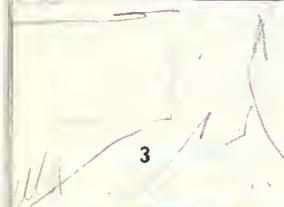
Talley'sheet

Summer dance dresses...New versions of the old standby, wicker...Mail-order style...The ultimate rooftop garden...



he ball gown, in full bloom. Bianca Jagger completes the look with six-button opera gloves. At Chanel, Valentino, YSL, couture dresses recall Franz Winterhalter's romantic nineteenth-century portraits. Says Chanel's Karl Lagerfeld, "I started by glancing at Winterhalter's paintings, but I ended up imagining an evening in Argentina. My dress is more a response to the timeless elegance of the

tango than a costume look." • For his country house outside Paris, Lagerfeld ordered a wicker sofa from a French mail-order house. Ralph Lauren Home Collection has everything from highboy chests to beds in new wicker furniture. His wicker comes in three stains—natural, black, and fresh white. • The rooftop garden of Carlos de Beistegui was the scene of legendary parties. With garden furniture, fireplace, and oval mirror, the terrace looks as stylish today as in its heyday in the 1930s. A.L.T.



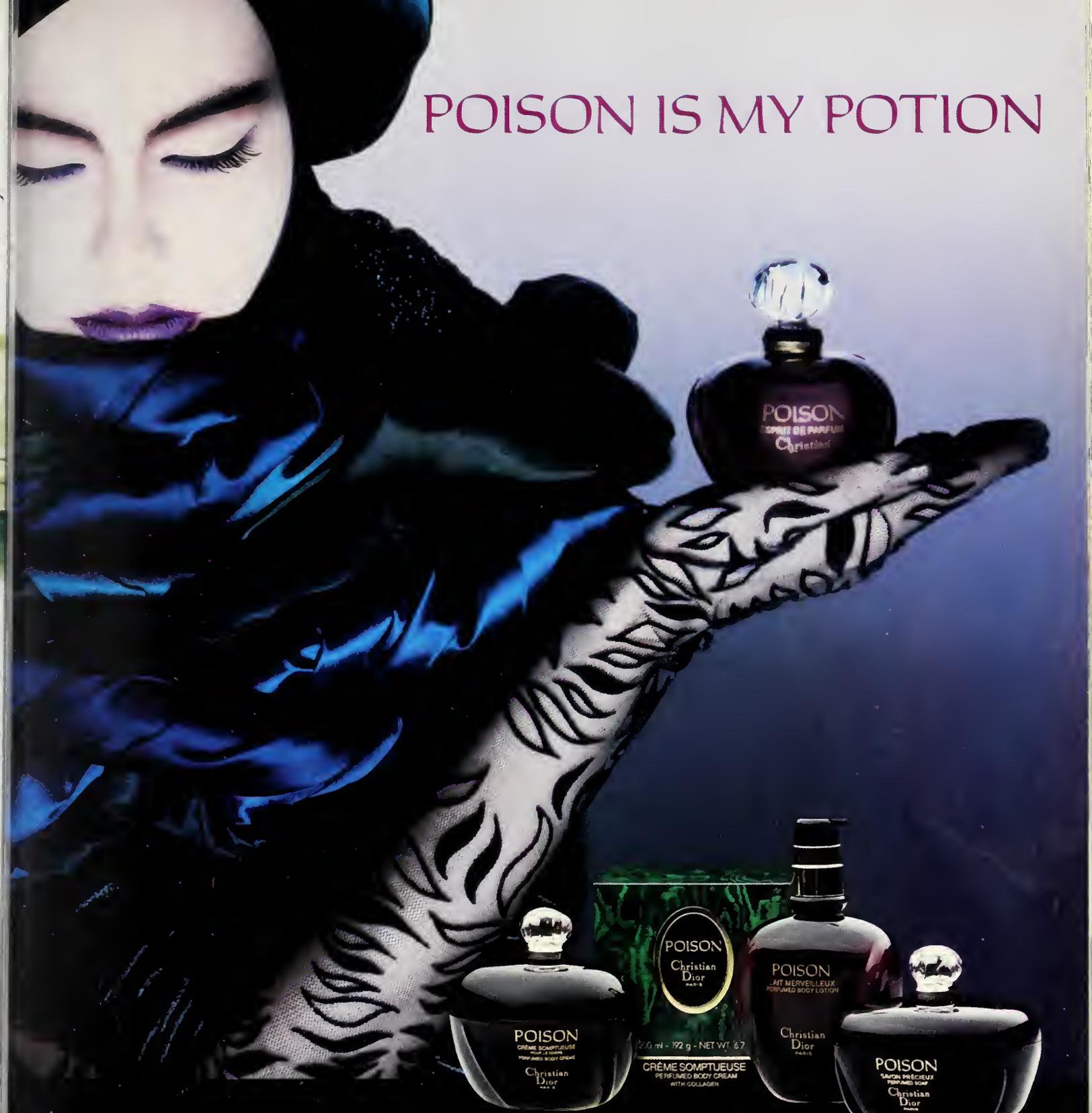
1. Nell Campbell in red "rubber" dress. 2. Bianca Jagger in Randal Mann dress and gloves. 3. Bolmain's silk taffeta dress, drawn by Joe Eulo. 4. Valentino's floral silk chiffon and 5. dotted silk dress. 6. Lagerfeld's wicker sofa.



The right look: Jay Carinne Henderiks, a vice president for Yves Saint Laurent, in YSL's version of Winterhalter-portrait neckline in satin with matching skirt.

7. Ralph Lauren wicker chair. 8. Beistegui's terrace overlooking the Champs-Élysées.

POISON IS MY POTION



le nouveau parfum et Bath & Body Essentials
par Christian Dior
LORD & TAYLOR



LONG

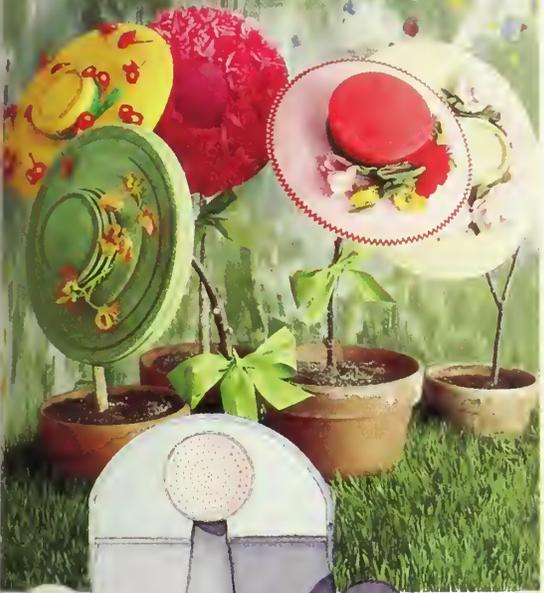


new talent

comes into the garden! Celebrating our June theme, we visit *Senga Mortimer's* beautiful garden designed as a series of open-air rooms and another Long Island garden made almost entirely of grasses. We ask architects *Michael Graves*, *Laurinda Spear*, and *Stanley Tigerman* to design **garden furniture**, and we turn three top hairdressers loose to cut a **topiary**.



Above: Senga Mortimer's garden rooms. Top: Lucie de La Falaise in YSL Rive Gauche, details page 216.

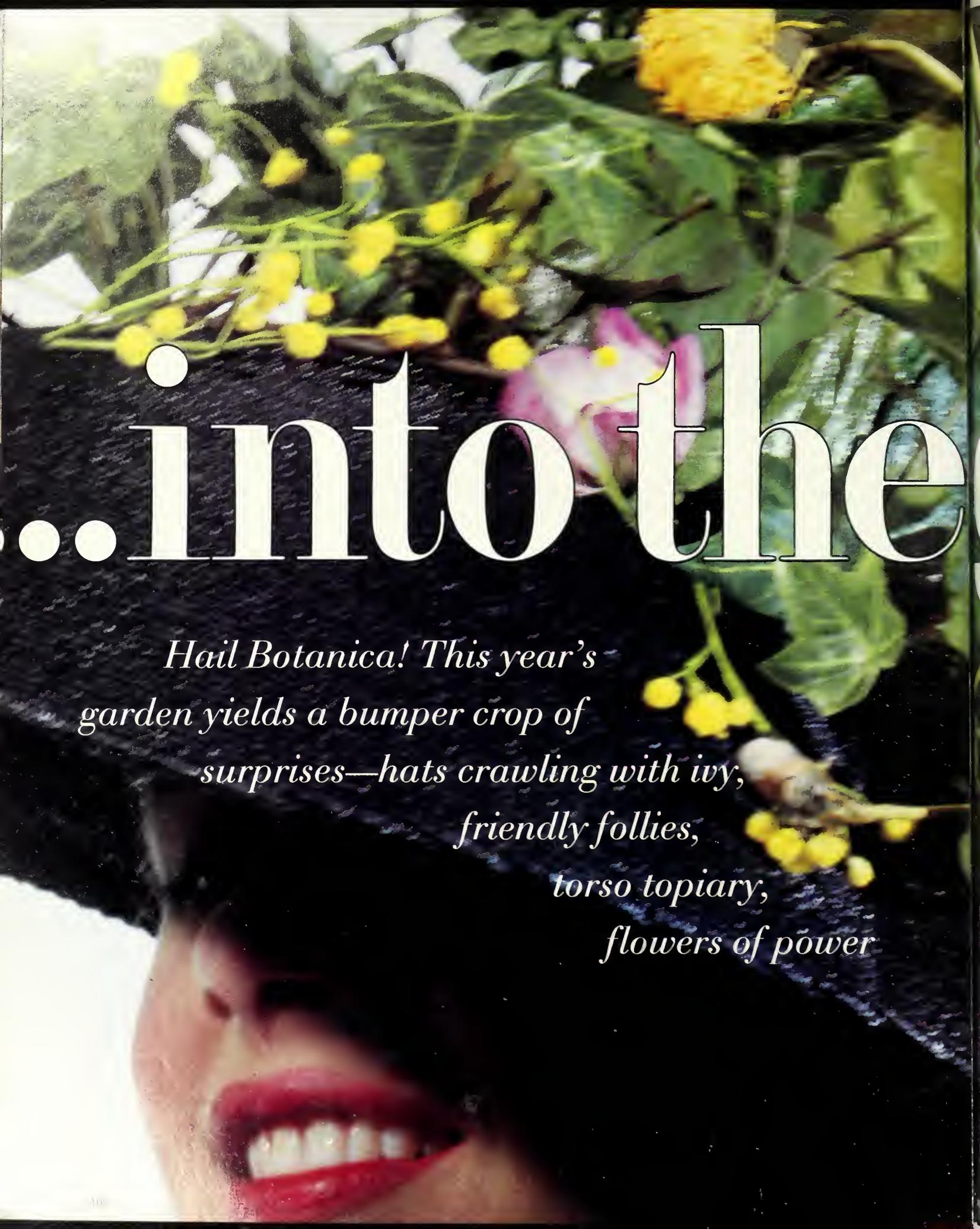


We take you behind the scenes with *Robert Isabell*, who creates Manhattan's most breathtaking flower arrangements, and we find horticultural inspiration in **hats, frocks, and furnishing fabrics**. We don't forget vegetables: *Rachel Lambert Mellon* describes **Louis XIV's kitchen garden** at Versailles, and *Jeffrey Steingarten* warns about *Salad, the Silent Killer*. The famous garden designer *Russell Page* is remembered with respect and exasperation. We recall *Lady Diana Cooper's* sense of style and offer a young boy's memory of *Gertrude Jekyll* and a rabbit. If all of this outdoor stuff is too

Top: Russell Page by Hirschfeld. Above: Hats by Philippe Model, details page 216. Left: Watering can by Stanley Tigerman.

much for you, Rosamond Bernier has touching memories of **Braque**, and we show you the homes of *Nicky Haslam*, decorator to royalty, and of photographers *Robert Mapplethorpe*, *Sheila Metzner*, and *Herb Ritts*. —Anna Wintour



A woman is shown from the nose up, wearing a black hat. The hat is decorated with green leaves, yellow flowers, and a pink flower. She has a joyful expression with her mouth open, showing her teeth. The background is dark, making the greenery and her face stand out.

...into the

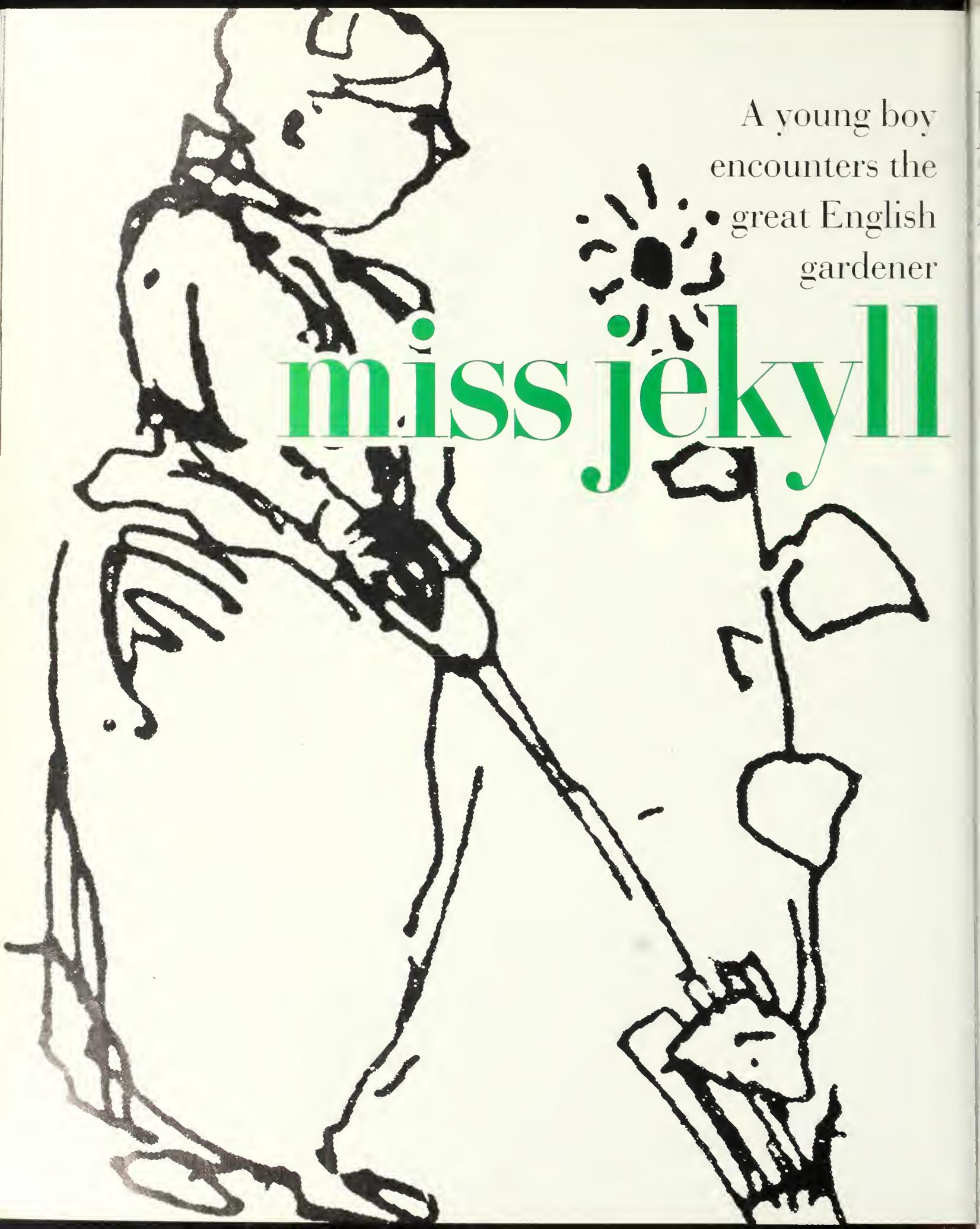
*Hail Botanica! This year's
garden yields a bumper crop of
surprises—hats crawling with ivy,
friendly follies,
torso topiary,
flowers of power*



garden

Philippe Model hat
worn by Alexa
Hampton, daughter
of Mark Hampton.
Garden fork from
Smith & Hawken.
Hair/makeup: Ron
Lewis for Bumble &
Bumble, NYC.
Style: Gabé Doppelt.
Details page 216.

A young boy
encounters the
great English
gardener



miss jekyll

my mother was quite friendly with Miss Jekyll at first. There are photos of my older brothers in floppy hats clambering about on a high bank where sand martins made their nests. They are in Miss Jekyll's book *Children and Gardens* published in 1908.

But then Miss Jekyll asked my mother if she could include the plan of our heather garden in an article she was writing. Miss Jekyll wrote, "A friend and neighbor, by no means

and i

lacking imagination, has planted the most hideous heather garden I have ever seen." My mother never spoke to her again, but by that time Miss Jekyll and I were friends. She was about eighty and I was eleven, and I would bicycle secretly to see her.

To enjoy her fascinating company I had to drink, upon arrival, a glass of raspberry juice and vinegar. I never knew why she insisted on this disagreeable form of hospitality.

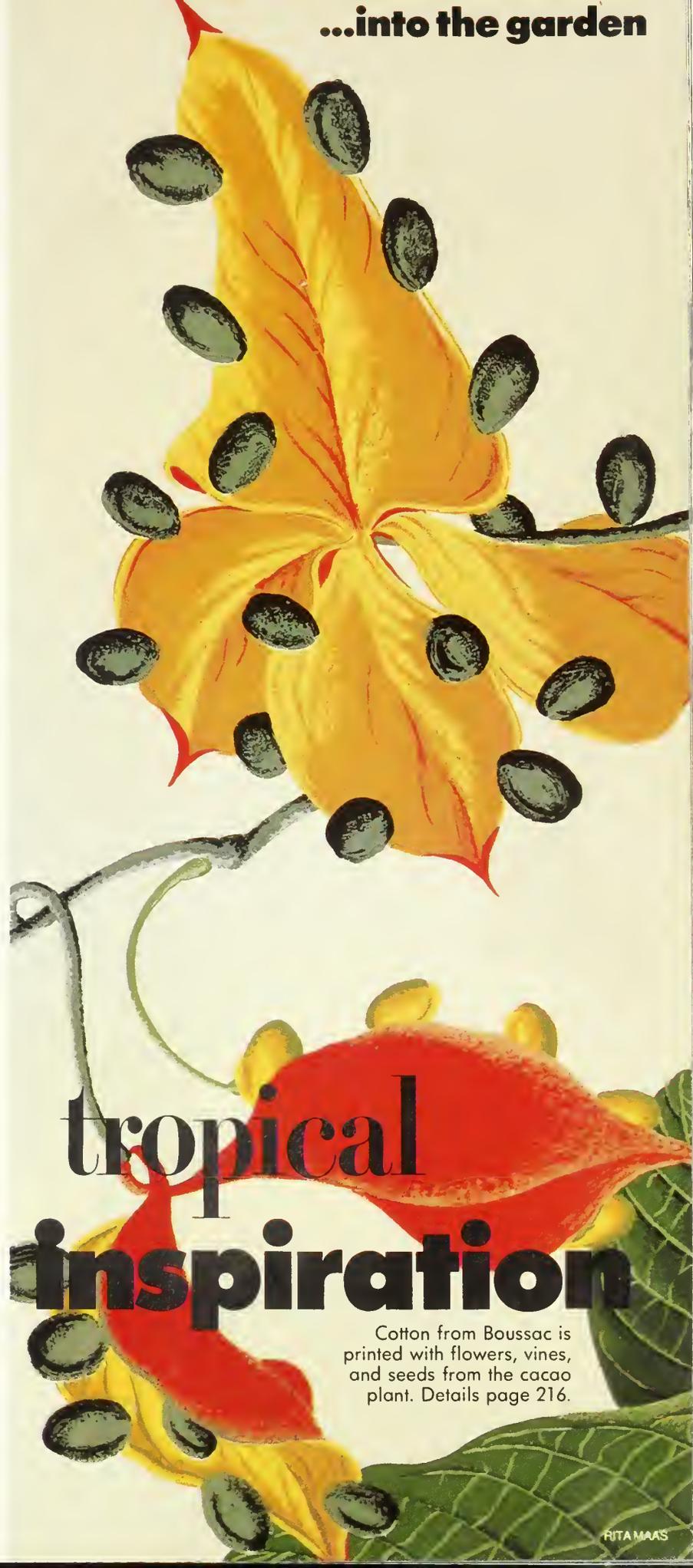
She lived in a house designed by her protégé Edwin Lutyns. It was made of Bargate stone and reflected the new and fashionable notion that you could build a house for Ladies and Gentlemen which was suitable but unassuming. She and I would investigate every foot of her large higgledy-piggledy garden. One day I said, "Oh, Miss Jekyll what is that beautiful tree?" She looked down at me and said, "*Prunus malus floribunda purpurea*—remember it."

I often accompanied my mother when she was asked to tea by Miss Jekyll's brother, Sir Herbert Jekyll. Sir Herbert was baffled by his spinster sister who "spent her life with a trowel in her hand." He preferred the company of worldly people like Lady Asquith, whom I disliked because she pinched my ears.

I was lucky to call on Miss Jekyll on an afternoon that she was going to plant a basketful of *Lilium giganteum*. I carried the heavy basket till we got to the place the gardener had prepared. "Where's the rabbit?" said Miss Jekyll. The gardener reached behind a tree and handed her a freshly killed rabbit. Miss Jekyll threw it into the hole. The gardener added a little leaf mold, just enough to cover the rabbit, followed by an inch or two of coarse sand. "Now," said Miss Jekyll, "always seat bulbs clockwise," and she promptly seated all the bulbs firmly in the sand with a twist to the right, clockwise, and the gardener covered the bulbs with topsoil, and that was that. I went back and looked at the lilies four months later, and they were already five feet high.

I think Miss Jekyll was a magician, but all good gardeners are. ▲

David Pleydell-Bouverie



tropical
inspiration

Cotton from Bousac is printed with flowers, vines, and seeds from the cacao plant. Details page 216.



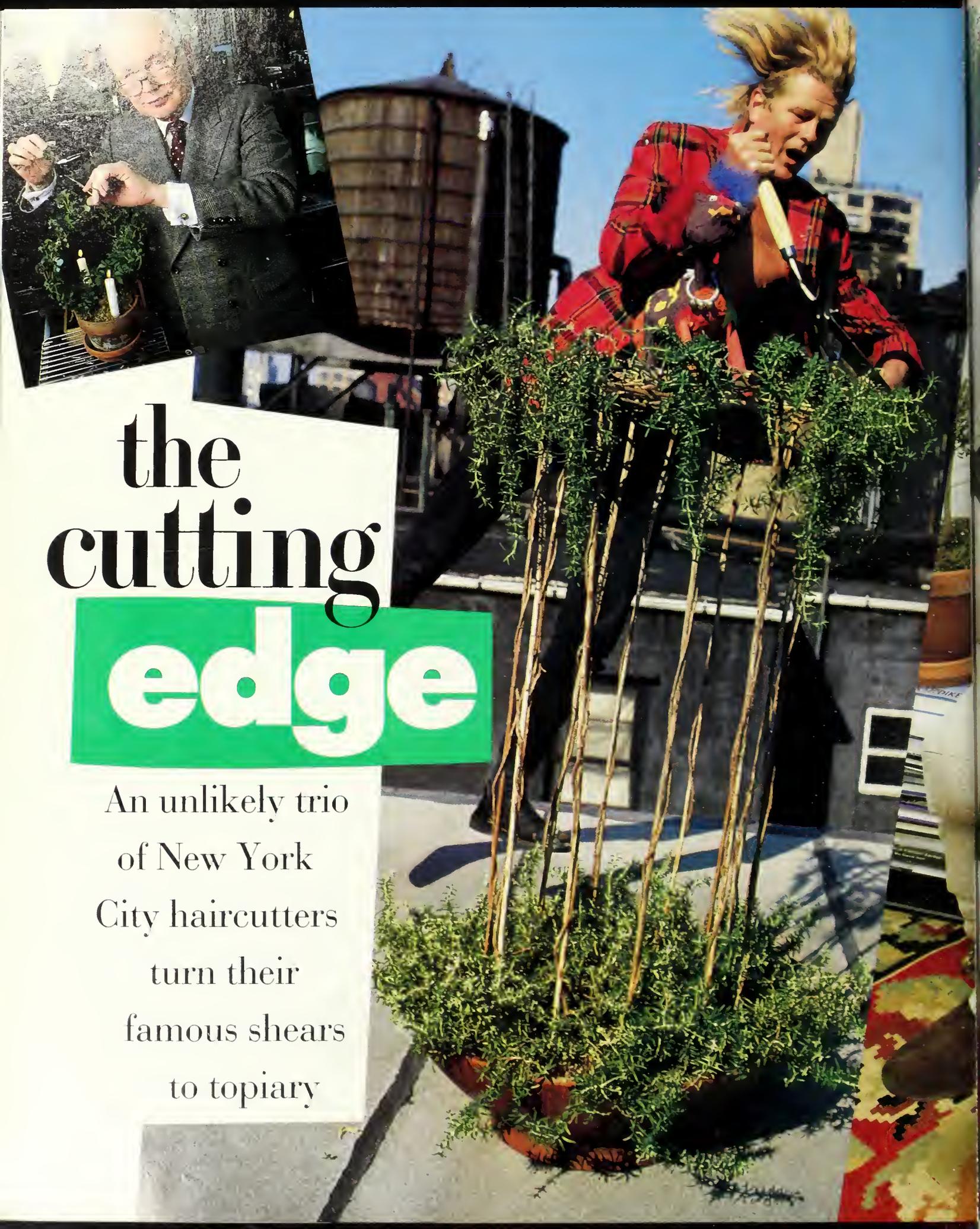
Stomping through the stock at Fisher Farm in Lompoc, California: floral chiffon jumpsuits, Jean-Paul Gaultier; silk Lolita dress, Paul Golding; Gap T-shirt and Ralph Lauren jeans; leather bag, L. L. Bean; gardening footwear, tools from Smith & Hawken. Details page 216. Style: André Leon Talley.

...into the garden

Everything's coming up color—
a mix of styles

for every kind
of gardener

fields of fashion



the cutting edge

An unlikely trio
of New York
City haircutters
turn their
famous shears
to topiary

...into the garden



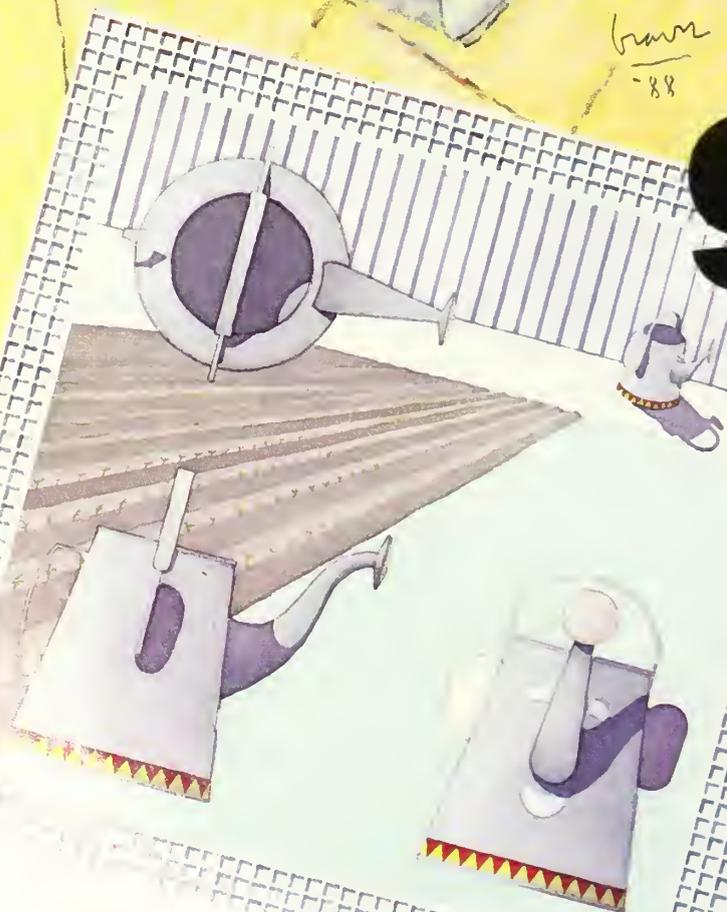
Didier Malige grew a topiarylike torso of ivy over a wooden frame: "You try to imagine a shape and make it happen. Mine was inspired by Jean-Paul Gaultier." Opposite: **Christiaan** looked at his raw materials, in this case rosemary, and created a "living pedestal. You have to walk around natural things and see something in them." Opposite inset: **Kenneth** fashioned a caranet and found the exercise a "form of pruning, though hair is easier."



Three architects
look out the
window to the
garden to see
what could
be there

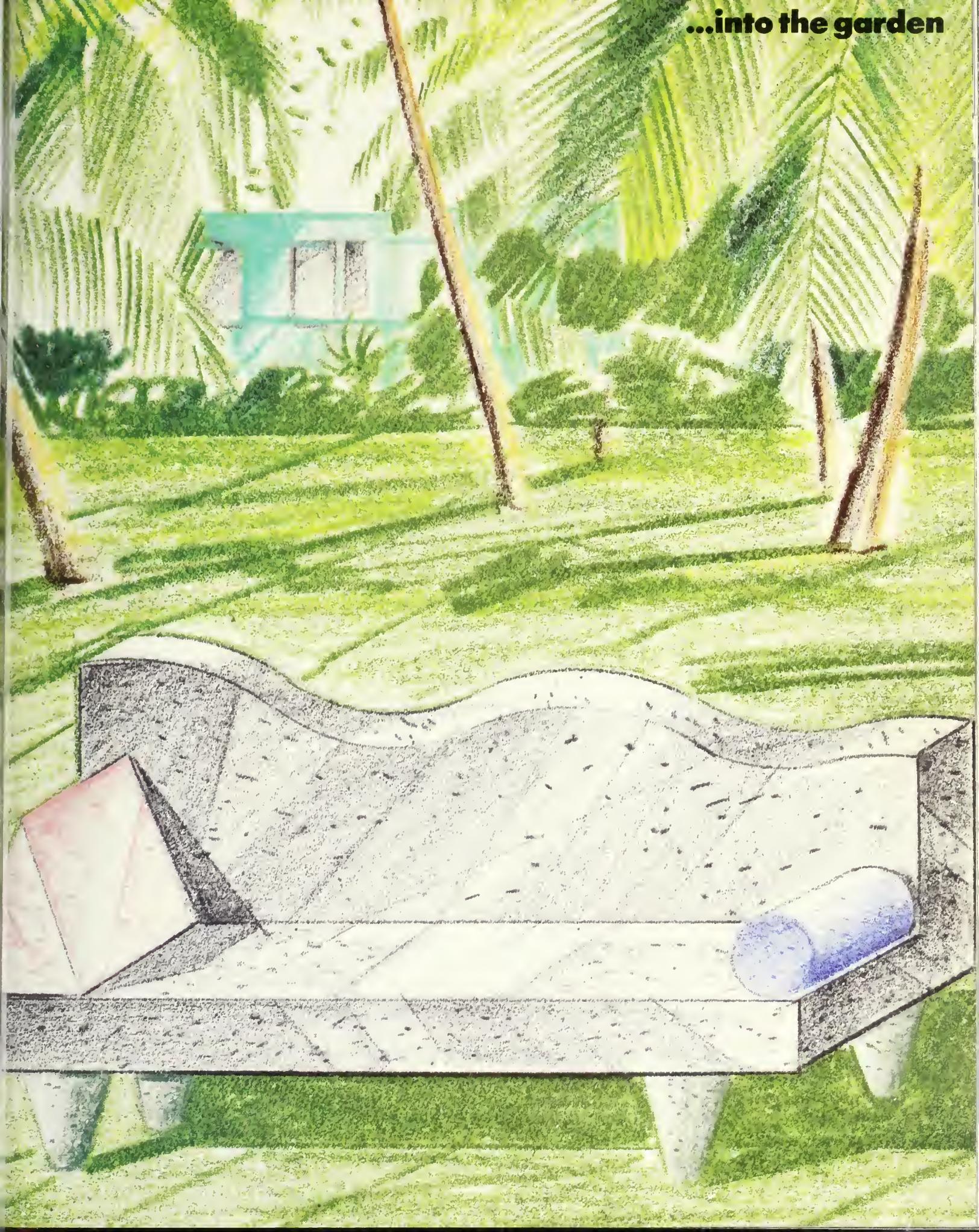
Graves
-88

garden follies



Arquitectonica's **Laurinda Spear** brings Memphis to Miami in her wavy-back garden bench, *right*. **Michael Graves** pictures morning coffee outside in the fresh air with his bow-tied spade table, *above*. "It's a play on the play," quips the ever-mischievous **Stanley Tigerman** of his Elephant Can watering can, *left*.

...into the garden



isabell in bloom

The social life of
Manhattan would wilt
without Robert Isabell,
the city's reigning
Flower King

Robert Isabell is perhaps the only person in New York who shows up at more parties than Bianca Jagger. And like Ms. Jagger, Isabell always arrives with a very attentive entourage (although in his case it's fifteen kids who look as if they'd just been collectively tossed out of Choate). But unlike Ms. Jagger, Isabell and company tend to arrive unfashionably early—say, eight to ten hours before party time—making a not-so-grand entrance with cartons of candles, racks of just-pressed tablecloths, and, of course, more flowers than you thought existed this side of paradise.

"I can't talk now, Gayfryd Steinberg is waiting," Isabell screams from the cellular phone in his black Jaguar XJ-S. He's on his way to the Park Avenue triplex of the queen of New York's Nouvelle Society to finalize plans for the matrimonial merger of the year—Saul Steinberg's daughter Laura and Preston Tisch's son Jonathan—and he's late. Unfortunately, Isabell can't talk about the wedding later that day either.

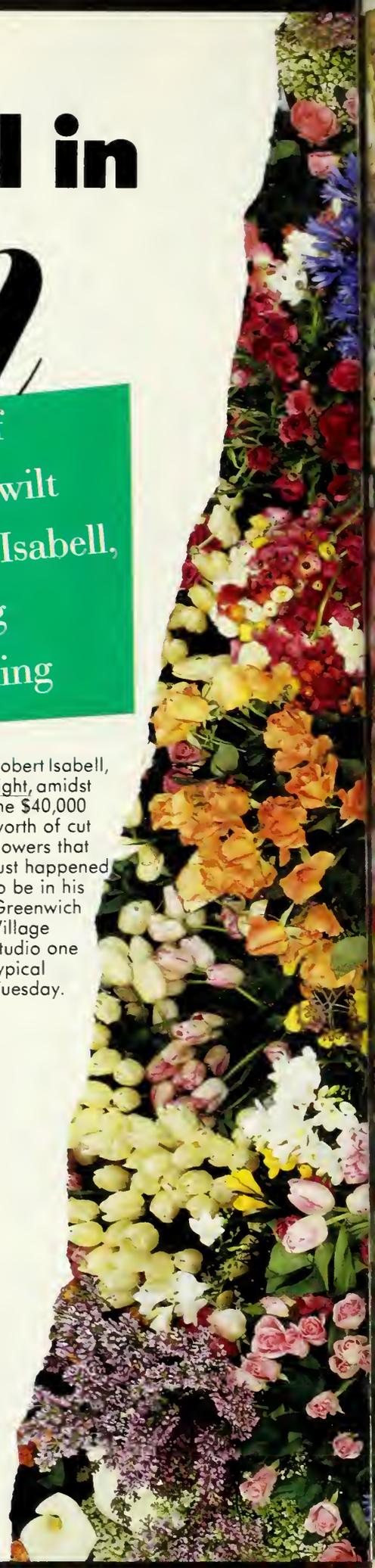
It is unusual for a vow of silence to be imposed on a florist by his client, but Isabell's clients are not ordinary people, nor is he an ordinary florist. Ordinary florists do not drench derelict basement nightclubs in metallic silver paint so that those at a memorial luncheon for Andy Warhol will be reminded of the late artist's infamous Factory. Ordinary florists do not set out 5,340 candles in architect Cesar Pelli's World Financial Center Winter Garden so that 620 guests can view fashion designer Christian Lacroix's new collections in a flattering light. Ordinary florists do not fly jasmine in from Hawaii for the chandeliers at Le Cirque's L'Orangerie so that the stage will be aromatically set when Carolina Herrera uncorks her new perfume for the press. And ordinary florists most certainly do not dismiss a second request for two-year-old photographs of a certain wedding in Hyannis Port with a withering, "I told you already, Mrs. Onassis wouldn't like it."

It's a very long way from tending a tiny flower shop in Bergdorf Goodman to tenting Rose Kennedy's backyard for her granddaughter's wedding party, and Isabell has made the journey in only seven years. The boy from "nowhere," Minnesota, is now everywhere in Manhattan that women in Scaasi gowns and men in bespoke dinner jackets gather after dark. Isabell rose to his current preeminence through the rank and file of New York City hostesses. A few well-placed orchids for a dinner party here, a memorable arrangement delivered to a famous socialite there, and word gets around—at least on Manhattan's Upper East Side. "I have style and taste," claims the 35-year-old Isabell, and it's true. His high-profile weddings and blockbuster parties may cost hundreds of thousands at times, but they never cross that delicate line between lavish and vulgar. Is it criminal to spend so much money on a party? "Not if it's the event of someone's life or if it's for charity, which they usually are," reports Isabell.

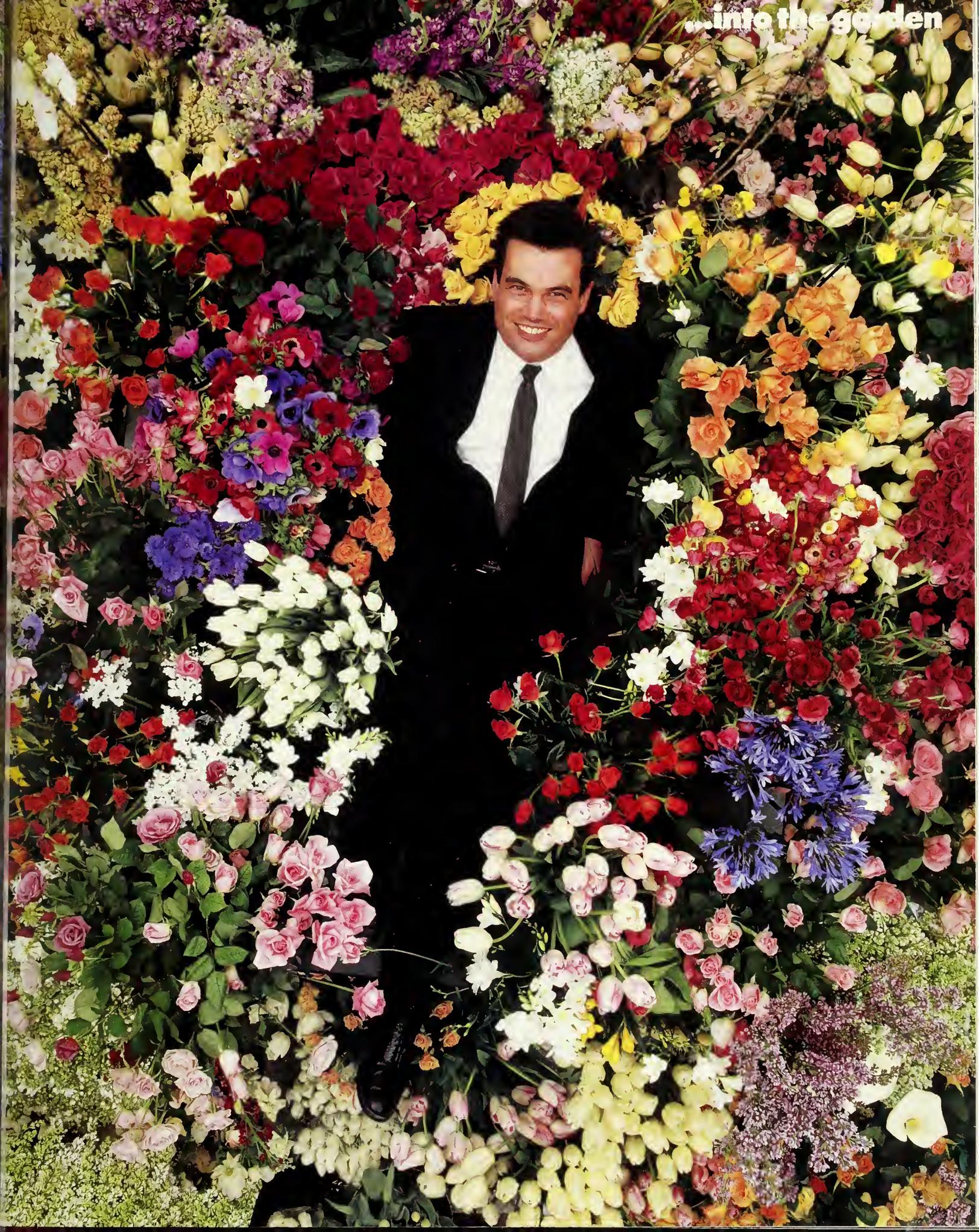
And what happens to all those roses and irises and tulips and lilies after the party is over? Isabell gives them to the waiters. "My clients aren't the type who take the centerpieces home."

Charles Gandee

Robert Isabell, right, amidst the \$40,000 worth of cut flowers that just happened to be in his Greenwich Village studio one typical Tuesday.



...into the garden





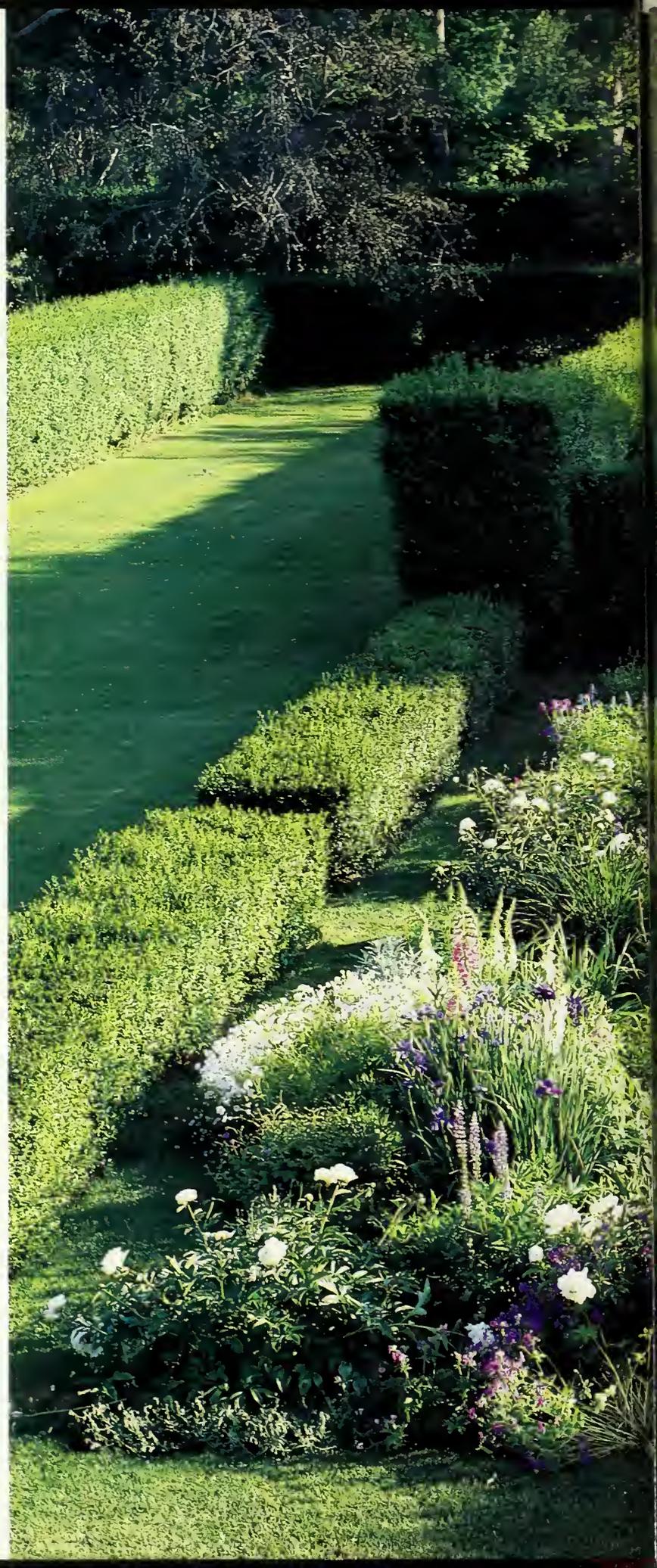
Garden ROOMS



Folly à deux: The pergola, above, that inspired Senga Mortimer at the cottage at Badminton, then the home of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. Opposite: Her own version, showered with the pale pink climber 'New Dawn' and 'White Dawn'.

Amateurs make the best gardeners, says Senga Mortimer, and her own Southampton garden may be the best proof. She tells Charles Gandee how she took inspiration from history and cultivated an inviting outdoor architecture

You have to
have lasting
structure in a garden,
otherwise it won't
work. Trees or
walls or hedges
provide spatial
definition. You
must create
shapes that last,
"since flowers
disappear with
the seasons"





Privet-izing the garden: The early-summer border with tall bearded iris, peonies, Himalayan geranium, lupine, white geraniums, and catmint. Just visible beyond the gate is the round garden.



Since I didn't want anyone to see the garden from the road and since I didn't have a zillion dollars to spend on brick walls, I put in privet. From the front of the house you don't even know the garden is there."



The only thing worse than instant landscaping is instant decorating.

I hate them both. I'm always changing, so why shouldn't my garden continually evolve? We're both works in progress"

Down the garden path: A walkway, above, bordered with hostas—Hadspen blue, *Hosta sieboldiana* 'Elegans', and lovepat—selected for their bluish leaves. Opposite: The full late-summer border with pink monarda, yellow hybrid daylilies, lamb's-ears, dark pink 'Claridge Druse' geraniums, and artemisia.

a lot of people in Southampton claim to be gardeners but they're not—their gardeners are gardeners"

Don't bother telling Senga Mortimer you're a gardener unless you have the hands to prove it. She'll want to see callouses, broken fingernails, and blisters, the telltale battle scars of hand-to-hand combat with Mother Nature. If you don't have them she'll dismiss you as a dilettante—no second chances, no apologetic explanations about "the most wonderful little pair of gloves." Senga Mortimer is very tough on the subject because in her mind a garden is no place for sissies.

Mrs. Mortimer knows whereof she speaks. Seven years ago HG's gardening editor and her husband traded in their weekend gate house for a larger house in Southampton. "I didn't really want the house, but how could I say no to three acres of land just begging to be a garden?" asks Senga. She couldn't.

The first order of business was to change the house's name from Whitewood to Aluminum Abbey: "It may have been white, but it most certainly was not wood." The next logical item on the agenda should have been remodeling the two-story house, which needed it. But the new mistress of Aluminum Abbey turned her back on the house and commenced work on the garden, which has since become her passion and, not surprisingly, her manicurist's fortune.

Mrs. Mortimer's approach, at least in those first years, might be termed hit-or-miss. The impulse to extend the house's central hall out into the landscape with a grand privet-lined allée was a great success; the vegetable garden, on the other hand, a dismal failure. "My children refuse to put anything green in their mouths, and even if they could be persuaded, it's cheaper to buy green things at the roadstand than grow them."

Out came the vegetable garden. In

search of something her three children wouldn't turn up their noses at, Mrs. Mortimer hit on the idea of a rose garden, filled not with "those modern hybrids but with old roses with wonderful names like 'Félicité Parmentier', 'Gloire des Mousseux', 'Cardinal de Richelieu', 'Reine des Violettes', 'Boule de Neige'." The rose garden's crowning glory is a lattice pergola, "borrowed" from the Duke of Beaufort's cottage at Badminton, thanks to a handy 35-mm Canon Senga took with her when she paid a call on the duke and duchess one summer.

Although she has also been accused of borrowing the concept for the series of outdoor rooms flanking her garden's central allée from Vita Sackville-West's garden, Mrs. Mortimer protests: "I'm embarrassed to say I've never been to Sissinghurst—really I haven't." Rather, the beautifully proportioned sequence of round, square, and rectangular garden rooms was inspired, according to their architect, by an overwhelming desire not to look at the swimming pool. Even tucked away in a far corner of the garden, the pool was still partially visible until Senga erected four walls of privet. As any architect will attest, once you start building, it's hard to stop.

But in the end the green walls that divide the garden are merely an armature. Neat, rigid, disciplined, and more than a bit formal, they attempt to tame the glorious chaos of borders and beds bursting with lilies, geraniums, peonies, poppies, violas, pinks, and veronica.

Does she do it all by herself? Not quite. Senga Mortimer does in fact enlist assistance from outside the family from time to time. But somehow it never quite works out: "They always try to get creative and start doing things like sneaking in orange flowers, which I cannot bear. So off they go. After all, this is my garden." ▲





Borderline passion: In early summer the garden spills forth with Siberian iris, foxglove, 'Festiva Maxima' peonies, red and pink Oriental poppies, and 'Wargrave Pink' geraniums. **Opposite:** Senga Mortimer, gathering the bounty of her hard work.

No one had a greater impact
on garden design—or more
rich and powerful
clients—than
Russell Page.

Senga

Mortimer

talks to those
who worked with,
battled with,
and loved the
controversial master

The Garden Pa



MORTIMER 3

moderately born, only moderately educated, and mostly underpaid, Russell Page nonetheless climbed to the top of his profession. At his death in 1985 he left a legacy of scores of beautiful and influential gardens in eleven countries—and a host of admiring yet exasperated clients. They were among the most illustrious, demanding, and knowledgeable figures of the day. Here they speak of this difficult, brilliant man who had an instinctive understanding of all that a garden could be—but who never created one for himself.

Michael Tree: He was not a man who can be remembered. He was like talking about the Ritz.

Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe: He was very eccentric. And he was very intimidating. My wife knew him inside out. Russell and my wife used to be terribly amusing in the office. I used to call them Dilli and Tante. Which one was Dilli I did not quite know.

C. Z. Guest: He was an incredible man. He was a great big, tall, handsome, marvelous man, a man of affairs, of the world. Savoir

faire he had. And he was such a gentleman. God, women were crazy about him. He was really what you'd call a scholar.

Guy de Rothschild: He wasn't a hardy fellow in the sense of those beefy English people who when it's cold they like it and when it's colder they think it's even better. He was much more refined and artistic than that. I'm quite sure that he had, let's say, a rather complicated emotional life.

Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe: I think that what Mr. Page did was make himself attractive only to those he wanted to make himself attractive to. And if he felt that they were not accepting him, then he just turned the charm off.

Duke of Beaufort: I don't think he was rude—I think he was perhaps rather tactless, with people's gardeners especially. He didn't get on with them. He was very touchy. He always thought people were treating him like a tradesman through the back door and all that sort of thing. In fact, they were all delighted to have him—he was a very agreeable and intelligent man.

Anne H. Bass: He was immediately turned off by vulgarity. He said he could tell in two minutes about potential clients just by looking at the ashtrays in their houses.

Geraldine Stutz: C.Z. asked Russell to design my garden and



Gardening chic: Babe Paley



Ungilded lives at the Frick



Thomas Vail's garden



Anne H. Bass's Cypress gardens

He became your three- or four-day houseguest. He liked good food. And every day he would have tea. — Thomas Vail



Orderly profusion at Leeds Castle

he replied, "C.Z., dear, as I said, I'm too old. I don't want to—and I'm too crochety to deal with ladies; I have this wonderful thing going with PepsiCo and I'm finishing the island off Chile, and please, spare me private ladies." But C.Z. is dogged.

Eventually, about a year later, Russell said, "Alllll right, C.Z. I will go see Mrs. Gibbs's garden under the most stringent circumstances in the world." He was in New York consulting with PepsiCo, and he said, "If she will pick me up at the Carlyle Hotel promptly at nine on Saturday morning and see that arrangements are made for me to be back in town by seven, I will come and take a look."

To me being anywhere promptly at nine on a Saturday morning is kind of wild. I appeared at the Carlyle, and standing under that canopy is this tall man in exactly the right kind of worn corduroy and gum boots with an easy jacket and a scarf twirled twice around his shoulders, wearing a beret because it was raining. He was very tall, maybe six feet seven. And wonderful. He was like a tree who had been out against the elements, as he had been for seventy years. Everything was oversize but elegantly attenuated. Long pants, long fingers, and body, very graceful.

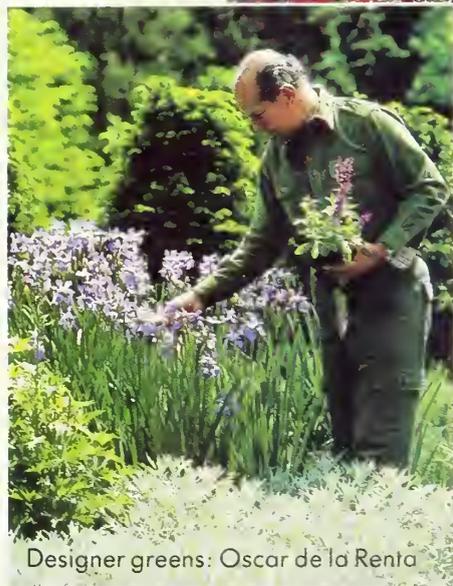
say, "Good morning, Mr. Page," and he folds himself into the car, looks at me, and says, "Good morning, Mrs. Gibbs," as if I were a demented child. Those were the last words he spoke for an hour and 45 minutes. When we arrived, he takes his umbrella out of the backseat, raises it, hands it to me, and without a word takes off. He intends I should go with him and shelter him under the umbrella.

For two hours—I cannot tell you what it did to the muscles of my arms. We traipsed over every accessible part of the property. With my arm stretched up I keep the umbrella over the giant. He is sniffing, muttering to himself. He picks up a hunk of soil, smells it, wanders through the woods, snaps off the edge of a bush or a branch. He has this wonderful kind of X-ray eye, as if he were breathing it in, as though it were coming in through his pores. I've never seen such concentration. It's as if he were looking at a face or looking at something and memorizing it, knowing it through seeing it.

Finally, back at the house under the shelter of the front porch, he took the umbrella out of my hand. He looked down at me, smiled seraphically, and said, "Geraldine..." after not having addressed a word (Text continued on page 208)



Royal retreat: Page with the Duke of Windsor



Designer greens: Oscar de la Renta

Russell said to me, "As far as your garden, you will never have one. But I can improve on your view."

— Oscar de la Renta



Prising PepsiCo



Improved view at the de la Renta garden



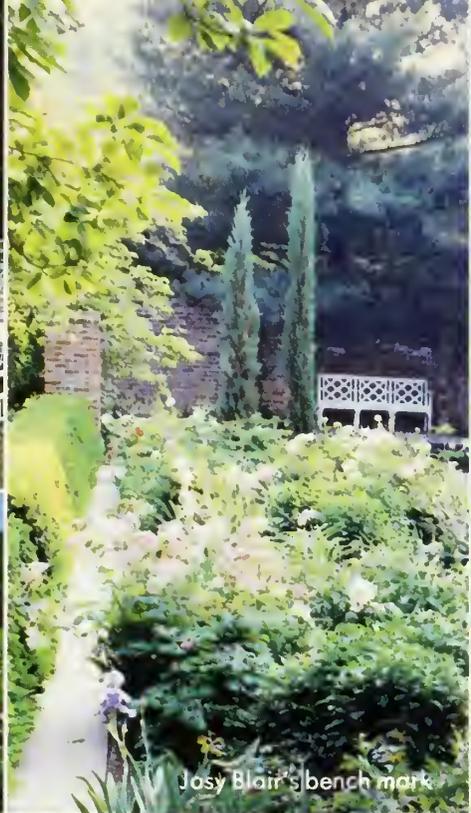
Bordering on excess at PepsiCo



Count Brando Brandolini



The Brandolini garden



Josy Blair's bench mark



C. Z. Guest, top, and her topiary creatures

The bench was a sixth of a mile away. Russell took one look and said, "Cut a quarter inch off the legs."

— Josy Blair



David and Duchess of Beaufort, daughter, Anne



The Cottage Garden at Badminton

He liked America very much. He liked the museum world. And he rather liked rich people.
— David, Duke of Beaufort



The rigid lineup at Longleat



Geraldine Stutz



Fenced-in flowers, Stutz garden



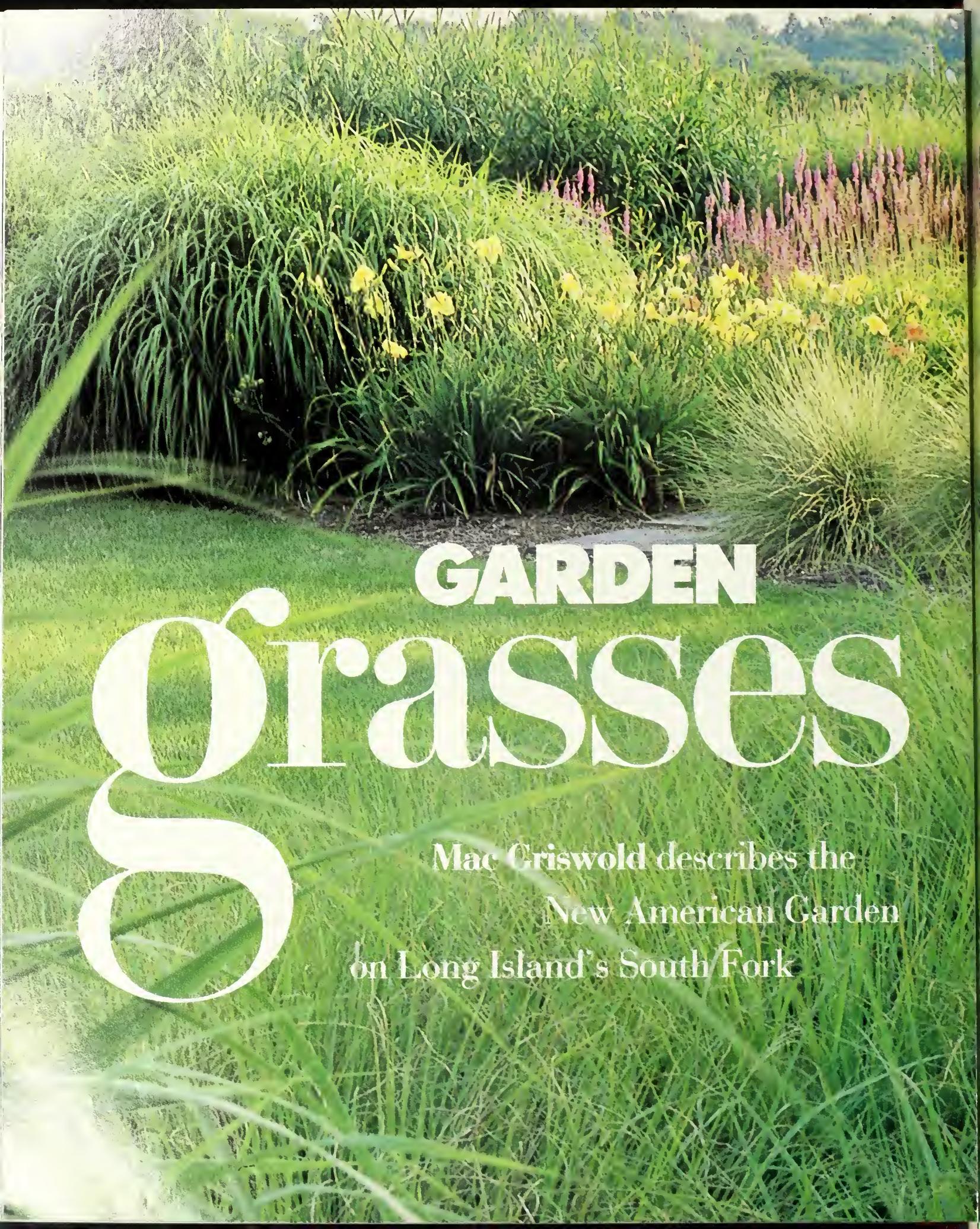
Lilies for days, Stutz garden



Page's favorite red at the Agnelli garden



By fial: Marella Agnelli in her garden



GARDEN

Grasses

Mac Criswold describes the
New American Garden
on Long Island's South Fork



Summer waves

Silver grass and fountain grass part for a company of daylilies, loosestrife, and yarrow. At right wands of molinia 'Windspiel' screen the terrace umbrella.



Landscape garden is the phrase that for two hundred years has meant Capability Brown's vision of an agricultural countryside: painted by Constable, pastoral, English, with statuesquely arranged trees and even an occasional cow on the (always) smooth, deep-green velvet lawn. Now, at last, there's a new version: exciting, American, hip-high, filled with grasses and wildflowers, a dream of the lost prairies or whatever wild lost place each of us imagines.

Like all really successful Edens, this new landscape garden is formulaic. The look depends on certain plant combinations and design ideas. Ornamental grasses are the most dramatic planting feature of the elegantly shaggy ensembles devised by Oehme, van Sweden & Associates, the Washington-based landscape design firm chiefly responsible for the New American Garden, as the style is now being hailed.

Alex and Carole Rosenberg are New York art dealers, quick and confident in their artistic judgments, accustomed to sizing up the new. Six years ago they were searching for a landscape architect for their Long Island weekend garden, located at the edge of a marsh-rimmed freshwater pond behind the South Shore dunes. It took about five minutes for Carole Rosenberg to know what she was looking at when she leafed through Oehme, van Sweden's portfolio of grasses, bamboos, and black-eyed Susans. Both she and Alex recognized a mastery of texture, form, and space presented in a natural style they had never seen before.

"We had been in the house for four years," Carole Rosenberg remembers. "We loved the reeds and the visits from the swans. We'd cut down the brambles—the only thing that grew in the garden—to see the water. An artist friend, Buffy Johnson, had designed the free-form pool, which we painted the same no-color as the pond. We hired a landscaper and let him experiment on the driveway turnaround, but his work was boring, so we tried to do it ourselves."

Alex Rosenberg was not an inexperienced gardener; Carole had had an herb garden. They put in dozens of plants. So did their houseguests. Everyone wondered how so many plants could just disappear into the landscape. At the end of one frenzied weekend of gardening, a guest, sculptor Lila Katzen, mentioned a beautifully planted outdoor exhibition space in Washington where a piece of hers had been on display. It turned out to be the now very well known Federal Reserve building garden, designed by Oehme, van Sweden.

The Rosenbergs immediately felt at home with Oehme, van Sweden's revolutionary idea: year-round garden beauty doesn't have to be—should *not* be—evergreen or in forever-perfect bloom. Infancy, age, and even untidiness are welcome. No one stalks the *(Text continued on page 206)*

Winter plumage

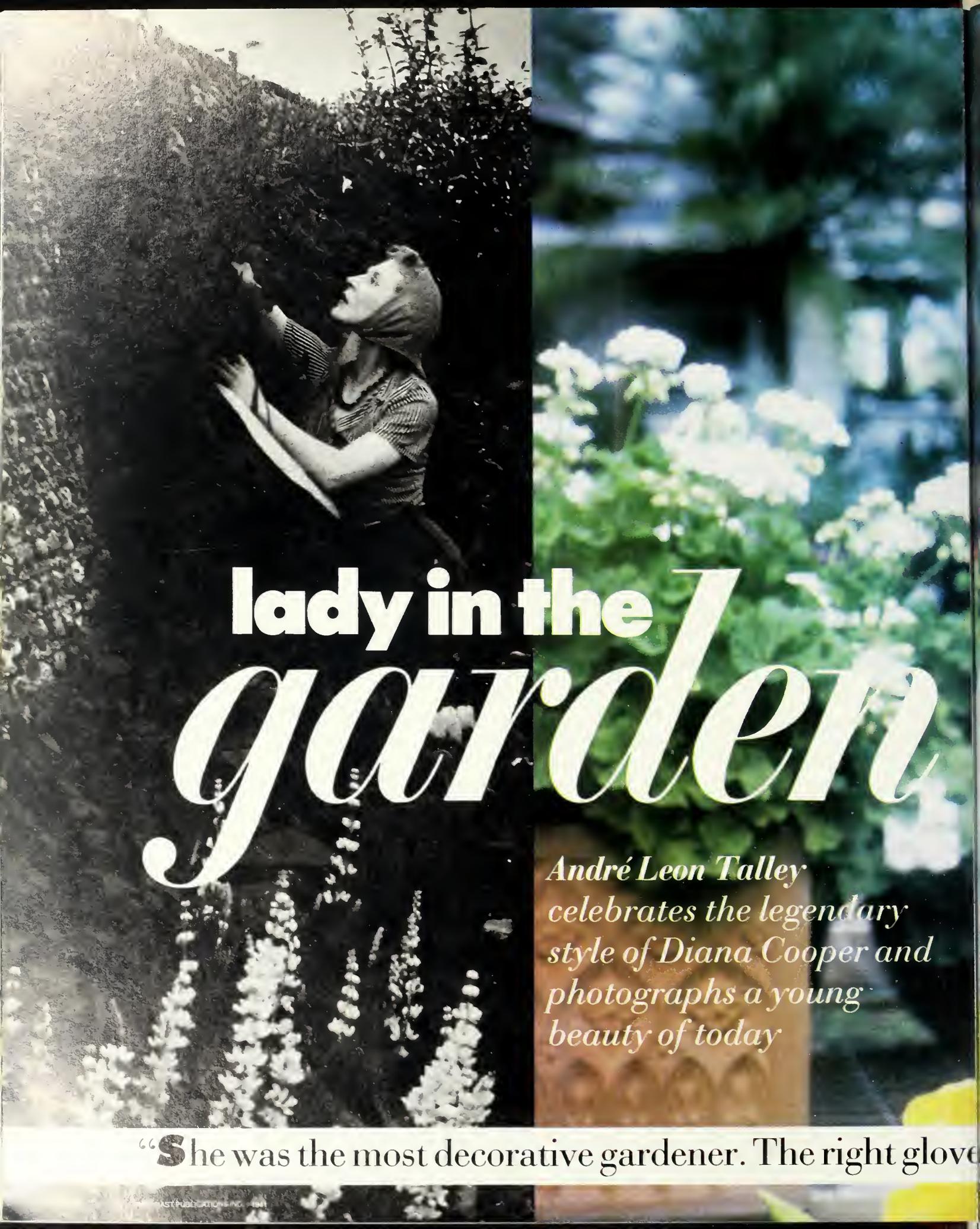
Maiden grass and giant native reeds soften the icy edge of a Long Island seaside pond.



GARDEN grasses

Like poison ivy

Carole Rosenberg says Russian sage, center right, grows like that malevolent weed. Blue oat grass, in foreground, and striped porcupine grass, upper right, contrast with the soft blue flowers of the Russian sage.



lady in the
gardener

*André Leon Talley
celebrates the legendary
style of Diana Cooper and
photographs a young
beauty of today*

“She was the most decorative gardener. The right glove



High-style gardening:
Fifteen-year-old Lucie de La Falaise
in Saint Laurent Rive Gauche linen
jacket embroidered with sequin tulips.
Hat by Eric Javits. Details page 216.
Makeup: Sonia Kashuk. Opposite: Lady
Diana Cooper in her garden.

nd hat for wandering around cutting roses were her thing”

She had this magic quality—chic isn't the word. She simp



Crowning glories: "She gave all her hats names," says decorator Nicky Haslam.
Above: Lady Diana Cooper pulling weeds. **Below:** Portrait by Cecil Beaton.



ave to everything an extraordinary sense of stylishness”

No matter what she did, be it milking a cow or making goat cheese during the war or simply wearing a big oversize hat, Diana had innate style,” says art historian John Richardson. “She was never contrived—and yet she had this magical quality even if she wore farmworker’s overalls while mucking out the cowshed at her house at Bognor. Chic wasn’t ever a word to apply to Diana. She simply gave to everything an extraordinary sense of stylishness.”

Throughout a life that spanned over nine decades from 1892 to 1986, Lady Diana Cooper was an arbiter of style. If she appeared in a film by D. W. Griffith, it made the headlines. When she attended a Venetian fancy-dress ball, she would be the most sought-after guest. As the wife of Duff Cooper, British ambassador to France, she mixed high bohemia and high politics.

“I remember when I lived in Paris and was always broke. I asked friends to bring things around for dinner. Diana arrived with the best crested embassy china for me to serve dinner on,” says Maxime de La Falaise, who is herself a paragon of style.

“At Chantilly, her house in the country,” Maxime continues, “she would come down for dinner in wonderful tea gowns, with skin like translucent alabaster. She was the most decorative gardener. The chic gardening gloves and the right hat for wandering around cutting roses for tables in the house were her thing. I don’t think she did much weeding.” ▲

Cooper style continues: Lucie de La Falaise carries on the tradition of gardening with glamour in Ralph Lauren’s sweater and pants, Eric Javits hat. Pillows, rugs, footstools from Ralph Lauren Home Collection. Inset: Lucie in Saint Laurent Palm Tree jacket, Eric Javits hat. Details page 216.



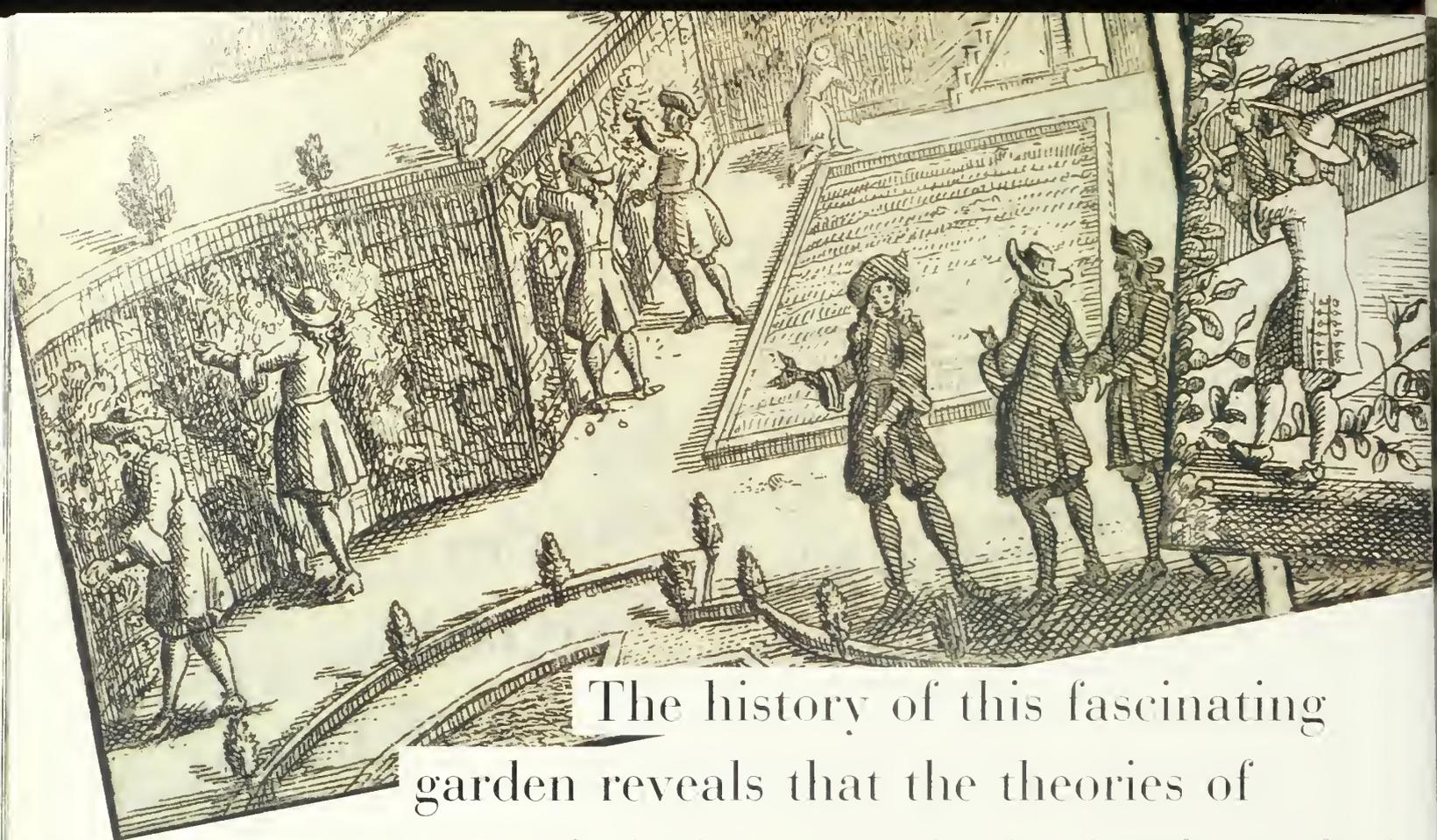
A photograph of a woman with short, wavy, light-colored hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and a necklace. She is smiling and holding a small, round, green topiary tree in a dark pot. She stands in a greenhouse or conservatory, surrounded by various plants, including several other topiary trees of different shapes and sizes. The background shows the glass and metal structure of the building. The lighting is bright, suggesting natural light coming through the glass panes.

Mrs. Mellon's SECRET GARDEN

Beyond a courtyard of unassuming houses at Versailles is the extraordinary kitchen garden of Louis XIV. Rachel Lambert Mellon explores



Compleat gardeners: Mrs. Paul Mellon, opposite, in her greenhouse in Upperville, Virginia. This page: In the Versailles garden designed by Jean de La Quintinye, a pear tree is trained to an iron trellis.



The history of this fascinating garden reveals that the theories of La Quintinye are the basis of our fruit and vegetable culture today

We had finished the weekend shopping in the marketplace at Versailles, filling our baskets with vegetables, fish, and cheese. My friend, knowing my love for gardening and recognizing *joie de vivre*—a smile, a red nose, and freezing hands stuffed in pockets—said with sudden inspiration, “Come with me.”

We drove a few blocks, left the car in a narrow dark street, and walked into a courtyard of ancient white stucco houses. Climbing the steps of one, we opened an unlocked door and followed an empty corridor, until we came to a second door made of glass.

It was late autumn, a faint mist was beginning to shorten the last light of day. We opened the door and before us was an uninterrupted space so great that a far row of houses beyond a wall was silhouetted by the glow of the departing sun.

Turning into this gray mist and down a pebbled ramp covered with moss and dried leaves, we came to a forest of espaliered fruit trees towering high on the surrounding walls.

Trellises outlined beds of vegetables—row upon row of red and green cabbages, artichokes, blue green leeks, beets, and the feathered tops of carrots. Pears hung from the small twigs that climbed the walls or covered the trellises.

For one who had struggled with this form of horticulture the garden had the unreality of a dream. A gardener walked past returning home as darkness fell. He touched his cap without a word. Wandering in speechless wonder through the acres of thoughtfully pruned fruit trees and carefully tended vegetables, we came to a tunnel where wooden doors lay open against the walls that supported the terraces. These tunnels, cluttered with wheelbarrows, watering cans, and other garden paraphernalia, were connected to more gardens—walled rooms of small grass-filled meadows with now and then low wild white asters. Here standard trees of plums, apricots, and apples were evenly planted in the center, and doors led from room to room, the walls always covered with espaliered fruit. In some places the standard trees had been pruned that day leaving a wreath of small branches on the ground where the mist had formed droplets of water that glistened.

No one explained the garden or disturbed the silence. My friend, a quiet reassuring presence, understood the pleasure and the mystery of the adventure. Keeping to the straight



paths, we eventually returned to a closed gate we'd passed unnoticed on our way in.

The magnificent gate at the end of a wide walk stood between two high walls covered with ripe pears. Around it was a working yard filled with carts, hot frames, potting sheds, straw matting, and a small foundry ready to repair the broken tools lying outside. The gate held the secret to the garden. Woven into its painted blue ironwork bordered with gold were the initials of Louis XIV.

This was the king's kitchen garden. Little has been written about it compared with the other glories of Versailles, but its enchanting story is not lost to literature. Charles Perrault, whose tales include *Cinderella*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and *Puss in Boots*, wrote a poem to it and to the gardener who made it, Jean de La Quintinye.

The history of this fascinating garden reveals that the technical and advanced theories of La Quintinye are the basis of our fruit and vegetable culture today. Two years after his death his only surviving son, the abbé Michel de La Quintinye, gathered together his father's carefully written notes and published a book in his name entitled *Instruction pour les jardins fruitiers et potagers*. In 1693 this was translated into English by John Evelyn as *The Compleat Gard'ner*.

La Quintinye was eleven years younger than his contemporary, the great landscape architect André Le Nôtre, who looked to the sky to outline and balance his designs of parks, avenues, and gardens. La Quintinye, on the other hand, dedicated his life to horticulture and the soil. His designs benefited the growing of plants and fruit trees with walls for protection against the wind or to catch the sun. The paths were straight to aid cultivation and harvesting.

La Quintinye was not descended from a family of gardeners as were many gardeners of his time, including Le Nôtre and several generations of Mollets; he originally chose to study law. Born in Chabanais in 1624, he finished his early studies at the Jesuit college in Poitiers and completed his legal education in Paris becoming a lawyer at the court of Parlia-

ment. A distinguished young man, eloquent and skilled in his profession, he was chosen by Jean Tambonneau, president of the *Chambre des Comptes*, as a suitable tutor to educate his son, Michel Antoine. The young lawyer moved to the house of Tambonneau near the *rue de l'Université* where he took up his responsibilities with seriousness and integrity. Tambonneau lived in a beautiful house surrounded by a large garden, which held a new fascination for La Quintinye. Without neglecting his young charge, the tutor began to spend his free hours in the study of botanical and agricultural books, both ancient and modern.

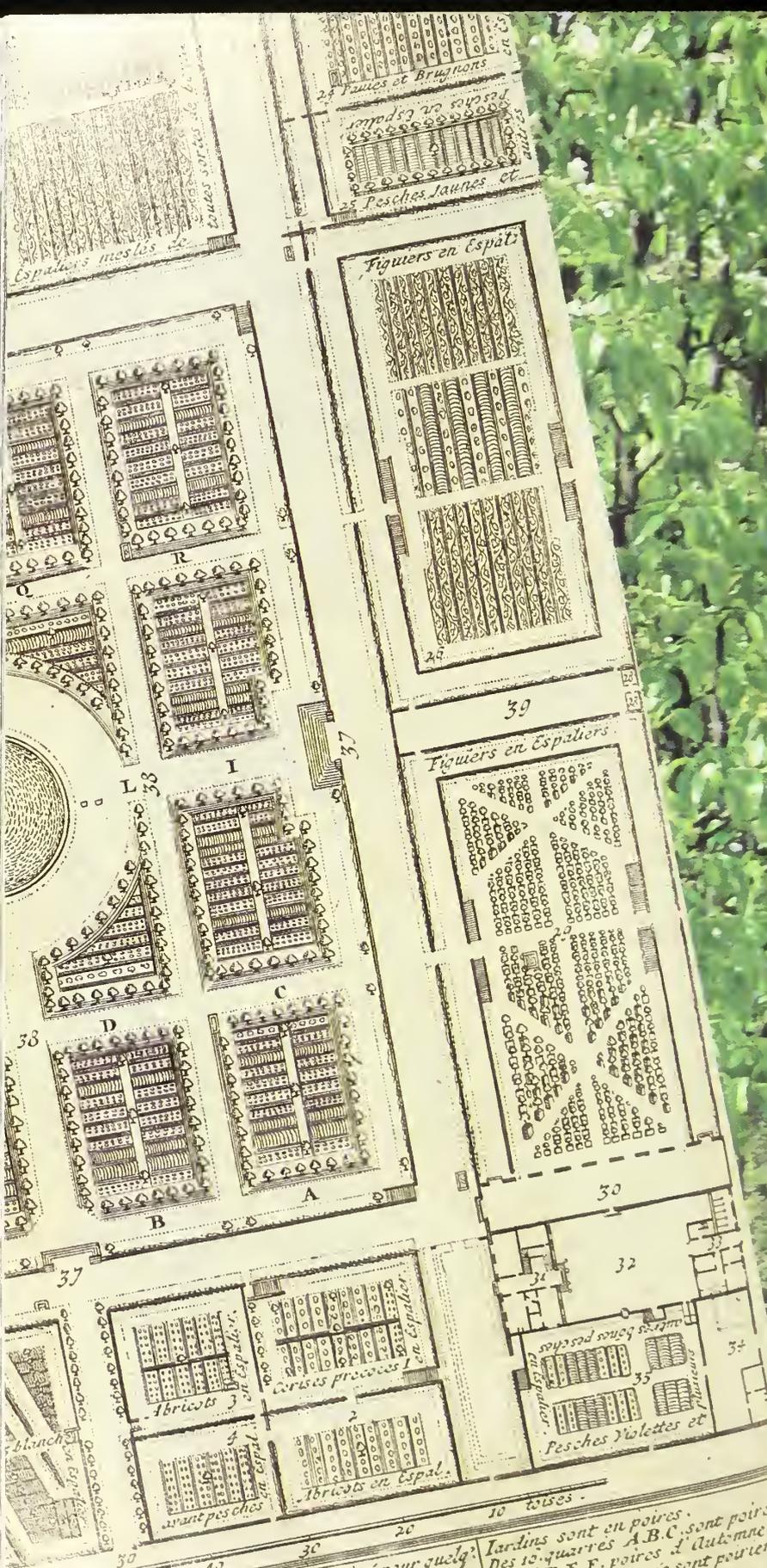
After thirteen years as an instructor and a trip to Italy, La Quintinye decided to abandon the law for the garden. Aware of his lack of practical experience, he asked to be employed in the garden he knew so well, and recognizing his natural ability, Tambonneau turned over to him the running of his garden. He thus began to match technique with the knowledge of horticulture he had acquired from books. He was passionate in his cultivation of espaliered fruit trees, especially pears, keeping notes about grafting, pruning, preparation of the soil, and transplanting. His methods produced better fruit years ahead of conventional methods.

Led by his curiosity to observe and compare other forms of cultivation, La Quintinye sailed twice to England, where he was received by Charles II, an avid gardener who begged him to remain and oversee the royal gardens. He chose, however, to return to France. His exceptional originality brought La Quintinye great success. Among the many gardens he designed were the orchards and vegetable gardens for Colbert at Sceaux, Fouquet at Vaux-le-Vicomte, and the prince de Condé at Chantilly. The extravagant life of France created a demand for out-of-season

Practice makes perfect:

An illustration, opposite, in *La Quintinye's Instruction pour les jardins fruitiers et potagers* shows fruit trees being pruned in the king's garden. Above: This engraving, from the book's last chapter, illustrates "new instruction for the culture of flowers."

(Text continued on page 206)



35. petit Jardin destiné pour quelq.
 fleurs.
 36. la grande entrée du Roy qui est
 bordée de poiriers de Rouisselet et
 de Robine à haute tige.
 37. Terrasse qui regne tout a l'en-
 tour du grand quarré.
 38. le grand quarré.
 39. Voids où l'on serre les racines.
 les artichaux choux fleurs &c.
 tout l'hyver.
 le grand Jardin
 &c. &c.

Jardins sont en poires.
 Des 10. quarrés A.B.C. sont poires
 d'esté D.E.F. poires d'automne
 les autres 10. quarrés sont poiriers
 d'hyver.
 Toutes les pommes sont au tour
 des onze Jardins du costé de
 Sataury.
 Il manque seulement dans ce
 plan le Jardin des nouue quarrés
 qui est à tenant du Jardin
 marqué 23. c'est à dire autre pois
 la Cour des fumiers.

On a grand scale:
 Espaliered apple trees
 supported by a trellis of
 metal and wire border
 the walk leading to one of
 the fruit gardens.
 left. The plan for the
 vegetable garden.



Turning into the gray mist,
we came to a forest of
espaliered fruit trees towering high
on the surrounding walls

close-ups:



herb ritts

Lightstruck: Sun streams through new windows onto the original fireplace in Ritts's living room. **Left:** In a photograph by his assistant Lorraine Day, the photographer holds a vintage Irving Penn print from his collection, *Saul Steinberg in Nose Mask*, 1966.

THE Birds

The art of Georges Braque took flight, as seen in a
Bernier remembers the artist in his studio



A still life of
the elements that
went into Georges
Braque's art
in his sculpture
studio and,
opposite, the
imposing artist
in 1958.



It was in 1939 on the eve of World War II that Georges Braque first showed signs of becoming the Lord of the Birds. He was 57 at the time and had been a preeminent figure in twentieth-century art since his close association with Picasso before 1914. But until that fateful summer no bird in flight had made its way into his work. Yet there it was—a bird of undefined species, putting on a good turn of speed as it flapped its way across the studio. Braque caught it, moreover, exactly as it moved past the readied but untouched canvas on the easel. It was as if he wanted to alert us that, thereafter, bird and canvas were to be in partnership.

In the great series of *Studio* paintings—the crowning achievement of Braque’s later years and among the highlights of the Braque retrospective at New York’s Guggenheim Museum, June 10–September 11—birds unknown to Audubon appear over and over again. In the ceiling design for the Etruscan Room in the Louvre, two huge birds wheel in close formation with stars and crescent moon in attendance. There are paintings of a bird returning to its nest, a painted plaster of two doves on a black background, a print called *The Fire Bird*, and a design for jewelry in which two blue birds were named Pelias and Neleus. You couldn’t go to the studio in Paris any time after World War II and not recognize Georges Braque as the Lord of the Birds. As to what they meant, he never liked to say. If pressed on the subject by some tactless visitor, he would say, “It is something very Braque, madame,” and change the subject.

Braque died in 1963, but his house near the Parc Montsouris in Paris is still lived in by his heir, Claude Laurens and his wife. The leafy no-exit street used to be called the rue du Douanier, after the Douanier Rousseau, but now it is called the rue Georges-Braque. When I went back there to dinner a few months ago, the journey was uncannily familiar, not least the familiar apprehension about missing the narrow turnoff from the park.

The house was built for Braque in 1925 by Auguste Perret, the father of the reinforced concrete frame. (Braque liked to say that he drew up all the plans, by

In *Studio VIII* of 1952–55, one of the highlights of his later years, Braque summed up his diverse and revolutionary career through the objects that surrounded him. His signature bird becomes a soaring, triumphant presence.





the way.) It always surprised me that Braque lived in a house made of concrete since he disliked synthetic materials intensely and would only wear real cotton, wool, and silk.

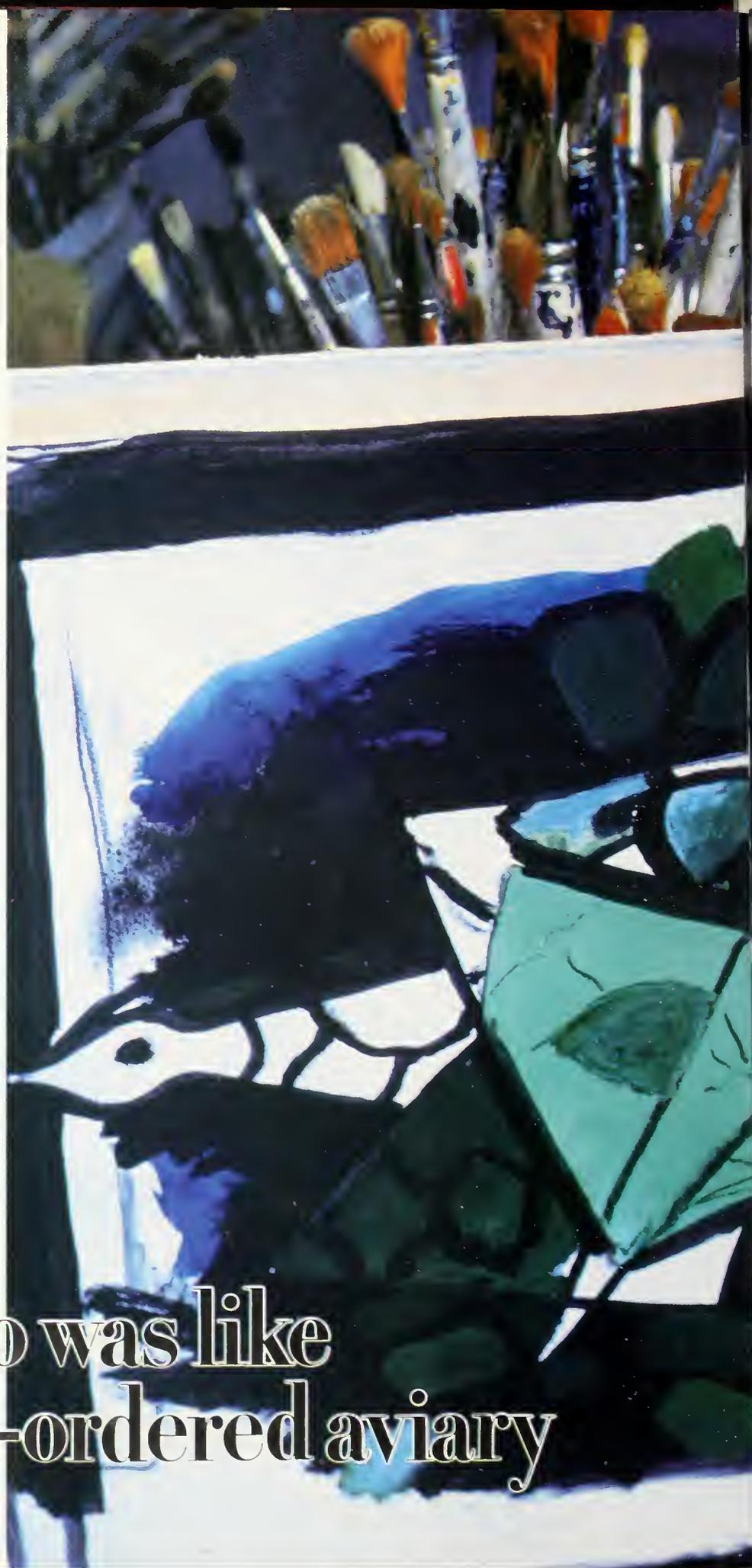
He was very proud of the house, even down to the paulownia he had planted in the little front garden. (Two of the paintings from his last years are of birds setting up house in that paulownia.) On my first visit in 1954 I arrived with a vivid impression of Braque already in my mind. In 1950 I had gone to a party for the sculptor Henri Laurens, one of Braque's oldest and closest friends. Laurens had been passed over—wrongly, we all thought—for a prize at the Venice Biennale.

The party was a gesture of solidarity and affection held in a bistro in Puteaux, near Paris, where the painter Jacques Villon used to live. We all sat at long trestle tables, and there was a very good dinner with many toasts, and finally we danced. Everyone wanted to make it a happy occasion. Everyone danced—even Braque. As a young man he had been a great dancer, as well as a bicyclist, swimmer, and boxer. But after he was badly wounded in World War I, he had to take things more easily.

But that evening he made an exception, and I can still see him turning majestically in a waltz with his handsome features hidden behind an improvised mask. In an uncharacteristically playful gesture he had torn holes in a white paper napkin that covered his face completely.

In the studio, however, there was nothing informal about him. The door was opened for visitors by Mariette Lachaud, the tiny birdlike woman who was Braque's studio assistant. (She is still there, by the way, with her serious face and long sharp nose—a face that might have come off the capital of a Romanesque column.) It was she who led the way up a tall staircase with conspicuously easy rises and into the stu-

His studio was like
a well-ordered aviary



dio where Braque was waiting in his favorite oblique and slightly hooded light.

It was a bit awesome. Braque had a commanding presence, but he had trouble moving around. So he sat on a sofa and extended his hand like a benign sovereign. He was always elegance itself, dressed most often in his own colors—dark blue, brown, black, white. His slippers were burnished till they shone like horse chestnuts. He had been one of the first men in Europe to wear denim, cut to perfection.

I had come to ask for his blessing on the art magazine *L'Oeil* of which I was co-founder and editor. Naturally I hoped that he would let us run an article on his recent work and, if he agreed, a photograph of him. Meanwhile, I tried to get my bearings. The studio was full of many surprises. When I looked at a little child's chair that stood not far away, Braque explained that he sat there to work while Mariette Lachaud handed him the paints and brushes as he needed them, thereby saving him all unnecessary movement.

A bird in mid flight captured in a work in progress, a gouache on Braque's drawing board in 1958. His fascination with birds became so complete that he portrayed the creatures in virtually every medium in which he worked.

Braque was a man of regular and orderly habits. Nothing could have been further from the precarious and barely penetrable jumble in which Picasso lived. He was orderly in other ways, too. "Still the same wife?" Picasso would ask when I gave him news of Braque. Braque did, indeed, have the same wife for more than a half century. He had the same house in Paris until his death and the same house in Varengeville in Normandy. Stability was important to him.

So I was not surprised to find that his studio in the 1950s was like a well-ordered aviary in which every bird was on its best behavior. Large birds streaked across large canvases, dive-bombing any clouds in their way. Small birds clustered on sheets of lithographs tacked to the wall. Ghostly birds lay on the floor on transparent sheets being prepared for more lithographs. All around the room there was a forest of easels of varying heights. Fanned out in a sumptuous display, they made me think that I had walked into a Braque still life larger than life. Remembering what Pascal had said—that all our misfortunes spring from our inability to stay still in one room—I thought that Braque had solved that problem once and for all.

All the ingredients of his art were there:

the plants, the bowls of fruit, the primitive masks and shields and standing figures, the shells and bones, and the pencils and brushes so carefully marshaled on big sheets of corrugated cardboard. There were also unexpected souvenirs of other artists' work—a reproduction of one of Van Gogh's paintings of sunflowers for one and a reproduction of Corot's portrait of the great soprano Christine Nilsson. Picasso, Braque, and Juan Gris had all admired an exhibition of Corot's figure paintings in Paris in 1909, he told me. But Braque—never one to force the pace—waited thirteen years before he painted a variant of one of Corot's figures.

He liked the first issues of *L'Oeil* and wrote a characteristically measured endorsement that he allowed to be used for its promotion. He also promised to let me know when he had finished one of the great *Studio* paintings that were to sum up the ideas dearest to him. And, sure enough, one day I got a telephone call. "Venez," he said, not being a man to waste words. And so in 1955 I had the privilege of seeing *Studio VIII* before he had even decided how he would sign it.

Fired by the occasion and by the sight of Braque in his studio with all his paintings around him, I asked if we might take a photograph of him. After a long pause he agreed. "But I must get something first," he said, and with infinite precaution he got up and walked across to a vermilion spectacle case that he tucked into the breast pocket of his jacket. "Every picture needs a spot of bright red," he said.

The big studio upstairs is empty now, but the house downstairs is much the same. The miniature upright piano that belonged to Erik Satie is still there, as well as the flower piece by Cézanne which Braque always kept by him, and the combination of English comfort, here and there, and French frugality. But the birds have almost all flown away, and I miss them. I also miss the fifty-centime stamp issued in France at the time of Braque's eightieth birthday. Braque's white bird on a blue background looked exactly right. It was a happy time when letters from Paris landed on breakfast tables the world over with the Lord of the Birds clear for all to see on the top right-hand corner of the envelope. ▲



Les Oiseaux

Braque's birds
ornament the ceiling
of the Etruscan Room
of the Louvre,
executed in 1952-53.

RÉUNION DES MUSÉES NATIONAUX

Flights of Fancy

Art's impact on fashion becomes stronger and clearer than ever before in Yves Saint Laurent's tribute to Braque

Yves Saint Laurent strapless long dress with embroidered doves and Cubist guitar, from his spring/summer couture collection, worn by Yasmin Parvaneh. Hair: James Bradshaw for Jean Louis David. Makeup: Michel Delarue for Yves Saint Laurent Beauté. Style: André Leon Talley.

Salad

THE SILENT KILLER

Jeffrey Steingarten looks into a bowl of leafy greens and raw vegetables and discovers some frightening facts

I love salad, taken in moderation like bacon or chocolate, about once a week. Adults who demand a salad at every meal are like little children who will eat nothing but frozen pizza or canned ravioli for months on end. They tuck into the dreariest salad simply because it is raw and green. No matter that the arugula is edged with brown, the croutons taste rancid, the vinegar burns like battery acid. No matter that it is the dead of winter when salad chills us to the marrow and we should be eating preserved meats and hearty roots, garbures, and cassoulets. No matter that they are keeping me from my dessert. They think nothing of interrupting a perfectly nice meal with their superstitious salad ritual—heads bowed, mouths brought close to their plastic wood-grained bowls, crunching and shoveling simultaneously—their power of conversation lost.

Salad gluttons, defined as people who eat salad more than twice a week in winter or four times a week in summer, are insidiously programmed with three related beliefs: first, that all foods are either poisons, which make you fat and feeble, or medicines, which make you sleek and lovely. Second, that raw vegetables, including salad and crudités, fall into the medicine category. And third, that the plant kingdom has been put there by some benign force for man's pleasure and well-being. All three beliefs are toxic delusions.

I have spent weeks combing the scientific journals for data on the poisons that lurk in every bowl of salad and every basket of crudités. My quarry was not the artificial man-made pesticides, fungicides, herbicides, and hormones that hog the headlines of our daily newspapers. I was after the true perils—the fresh and natural poisons that plants manufacture to stay alive and perpetuate their species, just as a cobra uses its venom. Having completed my research, I can confidently predict that by the end of this century the surgeon general of the United States will require the following warning label: "Excess Consumption of Salad Ingredients Can Cause Vitamin Deficiency, Bad Skin, Lathyrism, Anemia, and, Quite Frankly, Death."

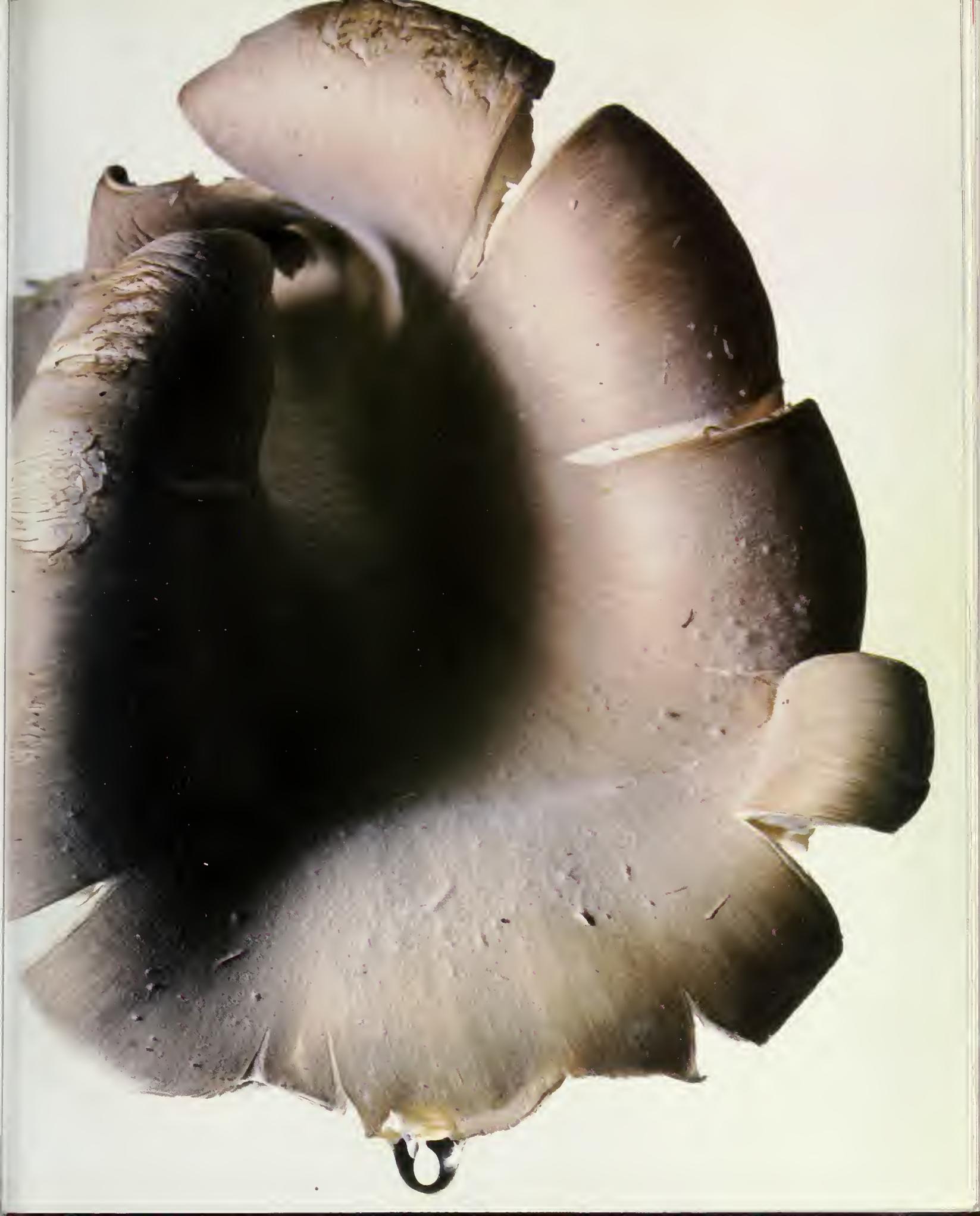
Imagine that you are a juicy and attractive vegetable. All around you are predators—germs and fungi, bugs and snails, birds and animals—who see you as nothing more than their next meal. You have no house to hide in, no feet for running away, no money with which to buy a gun. It's a real jungle out there, and the neighboring vegetable covets your place in the sun. What do you do? Either have a nervous collapse or pull yourself together and evolve a complex system of chemical warfare.

Like the walnut or eucalyptus tree, you can secrete a growth inhibitor through your leaves which the rain will wash down into the soil to keep your neighbors at a safe distance, or you can secrete it directly through your roots as apple trees and wheat do. If you lack subtlety, imitate poison ivy and produce an oil so noxious that human predators will teach their children to avoid you like the plague. If you approve of contraception, concoct a brew of juvabionones to de-

Much more sinister than the vitamin and mineral blockers in raw vegetables—which after all merely fool certain people who believe that salad is good for them—are the toxins, which can make them very ill

lay the reproduction of insects that bite you, or ecdysones to accelerate their growth right past the childbearing years. If you excel in Byzantine plots as the snakeroot does, you might consider tainting the milk of cows that forage on you so that Abraham Lincoln's mother will die when she drinks it. Think of the publicity.

(Text continued on page 214)





Roughly Modern

There's a gritty glamour
to this converted firehouse.

according to **Martin Filler**

The converted industrial loft has come a long way from its original reincarnation as low-cost artist's studio space. The director of an art museum in a large East Coast city was eager to replicate the expansive, informal, flexible, art-receptive atmosphere of the SoHo loft and found an adaptable local alternative in a handsome though derelict 1840 firehouse. He and his wife launched a focused nationwide search for an adventurous young architect and found what they were looking for in the New York team of Henry Smith-Miller and Laurie Hawkinson.

They have a small but superior practice specializing in renovations, several in downtown Manhattan. One was a loft for fashion designer Neil Bieff which was published in this magazine. It inspired the museum director and his wife to contact Smith-Miller and Hawkinson. "They were about as ideal clients as we've ever had," says Smith-Miller. "They allowed us to look at the project with a completely open mind. Although we had to restore the exterior very carefully because the house is in a historic district, on the interior we were able to develop the most radical strategy we could."

That involved virtually hollowing out the three-story brick building and inserting an entirely new structure within the shell of the old. The architects were determined to have both remain perfectly apparent with no confusion as to which is which. "A lot of what passes for historic preservation today

Architects Henry Smith-Miller and Laurie Hawkinson, left, have transformed an old firehouse into a dramatic home for a gregarious art-world couple. Right: The top-floor living room is both tough and sleek.





"It's not just the new and the old, it's what you get when you put the two together"

In the living room the steel cladding of the elevator shaft takes on a burnished glow. Opposite: Above a 16th-century Italian walnut chest of drawers, a series of photographs by Bernd and Hilla Becher. Chair by architect Mark Mack for Bernhardt. Striped etched-glass panel in floor admits light to story below.

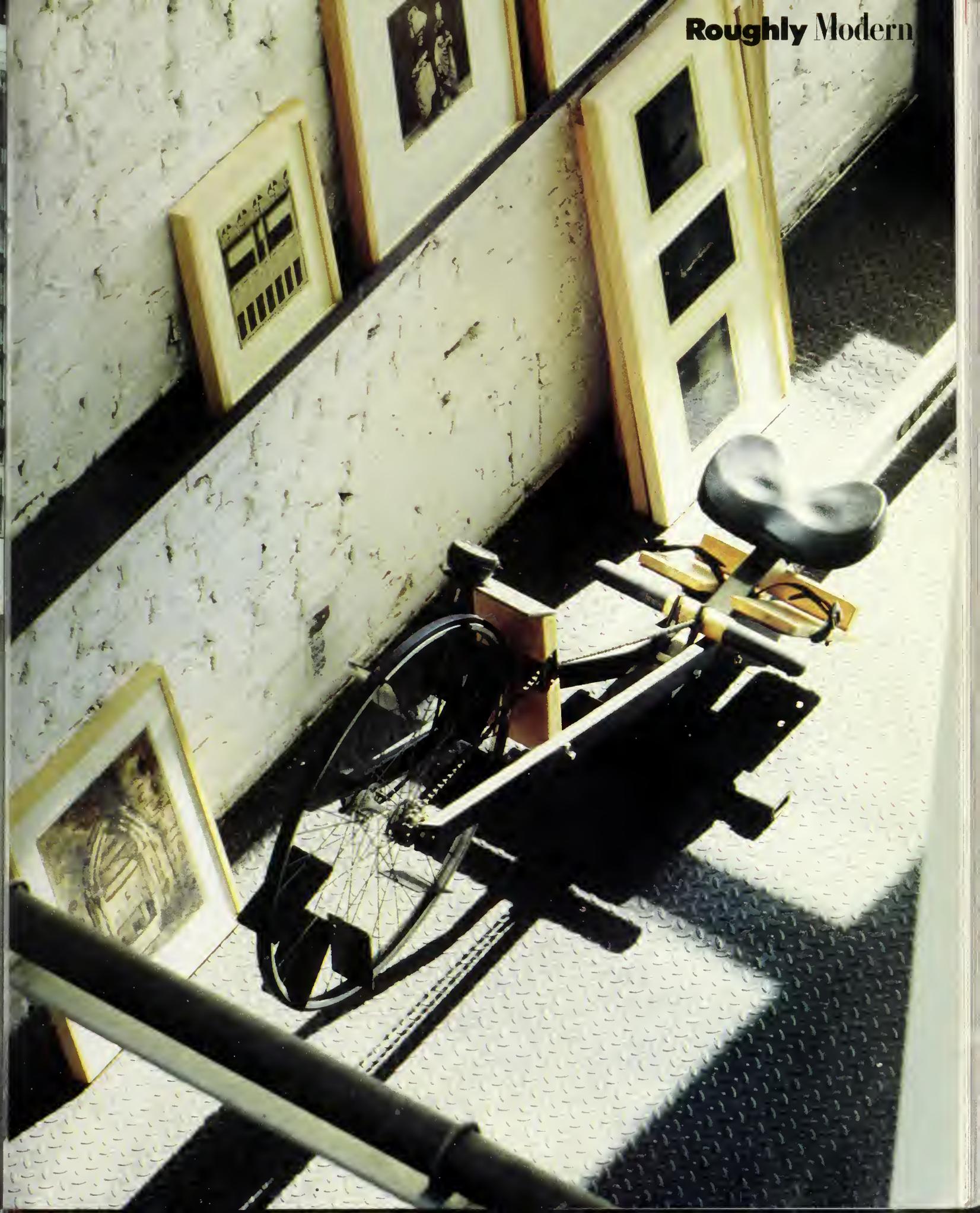




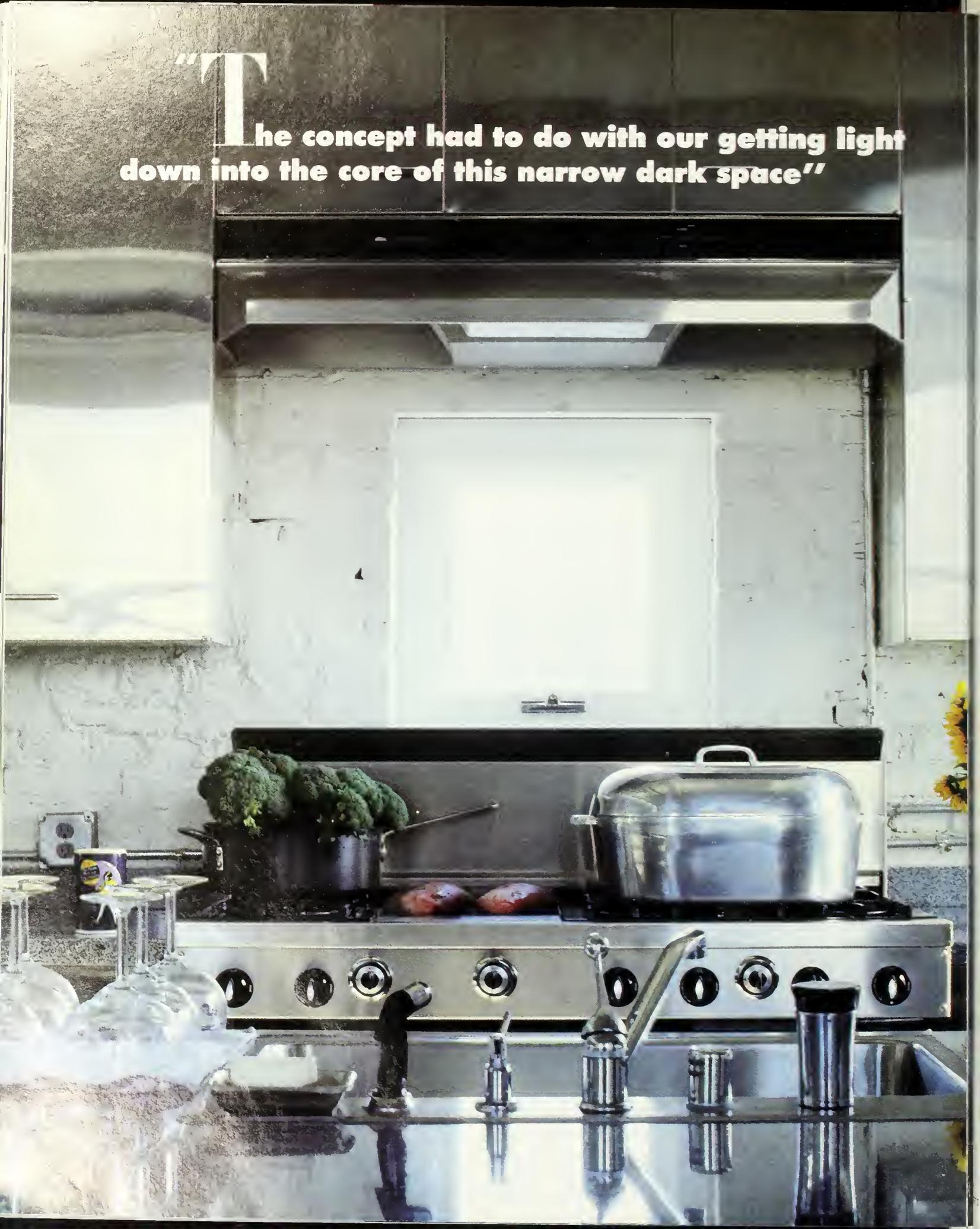
The architects designed an entirely new internal structure and inserted it into the existing brick shell. The central stair core, above, top, and right, dramatizes the play of light within.

Opposite: A rowing machine takes on a natural air next to a wall of framed pictures.





"The concept had to do with our getting light down into the core of this narrow dark space"





One new window, opposite, was punched through the wall above the kitchen range. Above: *The Red Sculpture*, a series of photos by Gilbert & George, hangs over the dining table. At left, the elevator shaft.

makes me very nervous," explains Laurie Hawkinson. "It doesn't account enough for the passage of time. I find it richer when you can compare what was and what is. That's why we prefer to take the memory of what's there, fix it in time, and then put a new way of life into it."

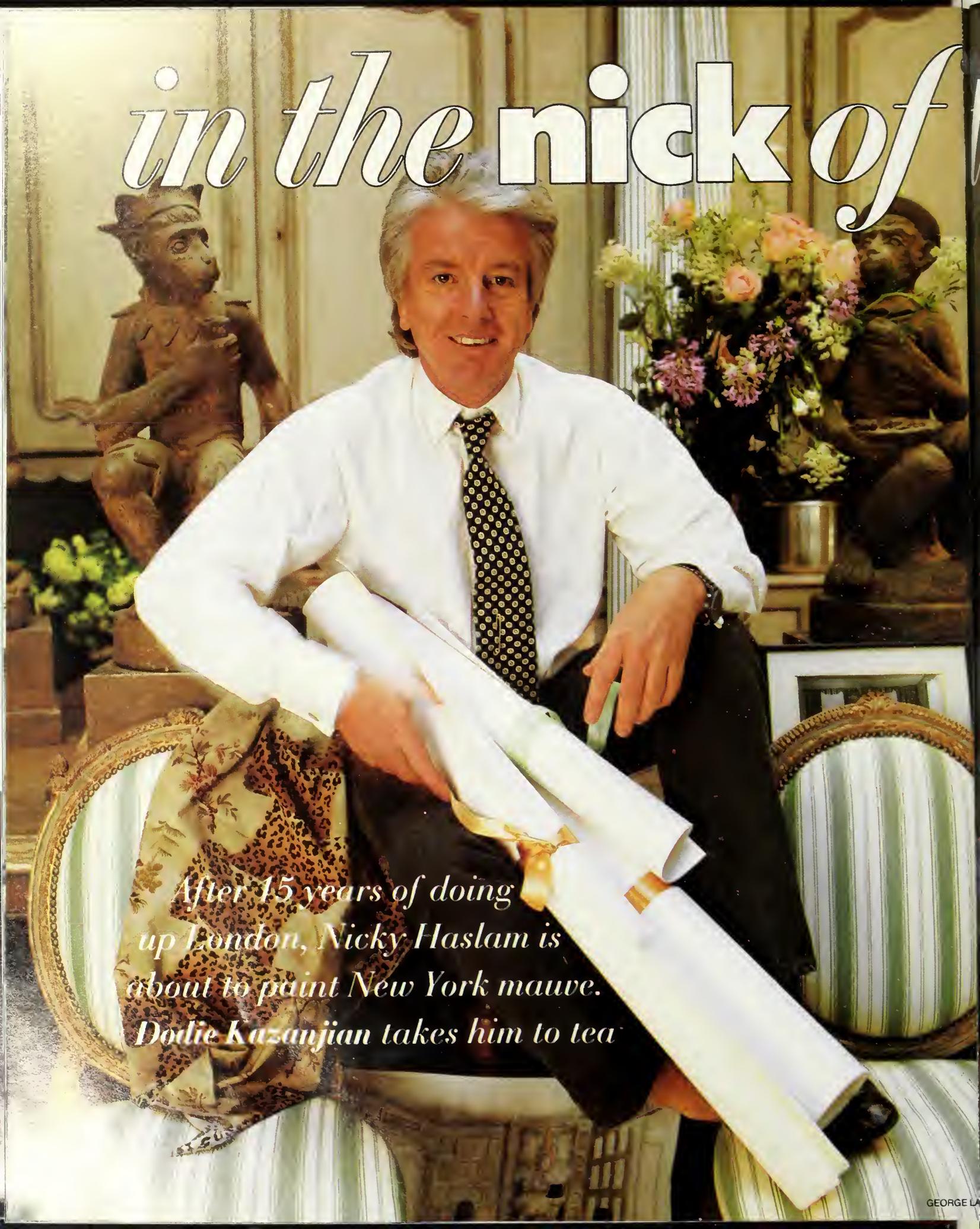
The architects devised what they call an upside-down plan in which the main living space is at the very top of the house, the owners' private quarters below that, and at the bottom a utilitarian but architecturally negligible ground floor. "We took the idea from the 'architectural promenade' of Le Corbusier's *Maison Citrohan*," Smith-Miller points out, "though it wasn't necessary for us to get into that with the client. For them the concept had more to do with our getting light down into the core of this long, narrow dark space and taking advantage of the wonderful views from the top floor."

The building is flanked by low houses but rises above them over the second floor. Hawkinson and Smith-Miller cut a number of new windows into the originally blank side elevations, which immediately changed the character of the interior by emphasizing its relation to the surroundings in all four directions. Visitors quickly bypass the ground floor, taken up

by a huge garage and a small rental apartment, and ascend the steep stairway to the dramatic second-floor landing that serves as the real entrance to the house. Black-painted metal deck flooring ("We mop with Rust-Oleum," the owner confides), black wire-panel railings, steel catwalks, and movable modern "shoji" of corrugated fiberglass give this central light well a gutsy high-tech texture set off by the ruinlike handling of the original masonry walls. The architects left exposed portions of brick beneath the thick plaster and added a new dimension of material richness in the process.

The imaginative detailing of the many industrial found objects incorporated into the scheme has a pleasantly offhanded quality and speaks to the designers' admirable sense of architectural priorities. "When you get too hung up on details, you tend to lose sight of the whole," says Laurie Hawkinson. "We're much more interested in the way people live than in how a million materials meet one another. The two of us have gotten much more aware of that. We're not the gods who come in and say, 'This is how you shall live.' It's not just the new and the old, it's what you get when you put the two together." ▲ *Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

in the nick of

A man with grey hair, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie with a light-colored polka-dot pattern, is sitting in a chair. He is holding a large, rolled-up white document or blueprint. The room is ornate, with a large vase of pink and purple flowers to his right and two bronze statues of figures on pedestals in the background. The lighting is warm and indoor.

*After 15 years of doing
up London, Nicky Haslam is
about to paint New York mauve.
Dodie Kazanjian takes him to tea*

time



Artistry at work: A corner of Haslam's library is used to prepare watercolor renderings of his designs for clients. His favorite mauve makes an appearance in the cherub-bedecked lining of the curtains. Opposite: Haslam with items typifying his blend of the classical and the fanciful.

The Verandah,
Charles Street, W
for
Charles and Doris Saatchi
by
Nicholas Haslam
April 1986

Nicholas Haslam is coming to New York. Again. "Really? I saw him just the other day, and he didn't breathe a word to me," says Kenneth Jay Lane, one of Nicky's first friends when he originally lived in New York. "Nicky is a very amusing cat, with an enormous sense of style. I met him the day he arrived in 1961. He was at the theater with Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, who is now Lady Jane Rayne. I was having dinner the following night with Bill Blass and Billy Baldwin, and Nicky joined us. Within three days he knew more people in New York than I did."

"He's like Jerry Zipkin," says Mark Hampton, "in that he's an indefatigable organizer involving people going to things. Nicky, like Jerry, never has trouble reaching people."

"I'm thrilled Nicky's coming," says Jerry Zipkin. "I'm worn out on my own."

Twenty-seven years and many friends later, London decorator Nicholas Haslam is opening a New York office. "I just saw something that might be an absolute dream," says Nicky of a possible office space. He is sitting in the tearoom at the Carlyle over a cup of Indian tea and chocolate cake with whipped cream. His grapefruit diet pills are on the table, too. "It's an old *Vogue* studio on 55th Street that's being used as a storeroom with jolly nice furniture. It would be wonderful to have just a desk and a telephone in that storeroom. It's so romantic. It's rather like my own rooms. It's like everything I love."

What does Nicky love? According to Mark Hampton, "His style is full of whimsy and fantasy."

"Ladies in England
now realize they better get
their hair done properly and
they better get a decorator"



Palatial comfort: Inspired by a room in the palace of Pavlovsk, Haslam's sitting room features paintings by Leon Kossoff, striped pillows with black and yellow yarn "bees" on a mauve brocade sofa, and faux milk-glass walls. A copy of Napoleon's column on the coffee table provides an imperial touch. **Opposite:** His watercolor of a scheme created for the Saatchis.



influenced by the English and European tendency to have storerooms and attics full of funny things. He has a taste for a light romantic kind of room that is typically English Edwardian."

But are New Yorkers ready for this sort of thing?

"I think they will be with Nicky," predicts Hampton.

"New York is much more adventurous," says Nicky, who fits Cocteau's definition of genius: knowing how far to go too far. "There's an awful lot of traditionalism in London. New Yorkers are more open to the decorative approach."

He believes the gap between New York and London is closing, however. "People in England thought they could do it themselves," says Nicky. "They thought it was unnecessary to have a decorator. Until about ten years ago it was thought unnecessary to have a hairdresser. These days, ladies in England realize they better get their hair done properly and that they had better get a decorator."

Nicholas Haslam has no intention of abandoning those ladies in England. Or his deeply social life or his weekend hunting lodge and garden in Hampshire (it was once John Fowler's house and now belongs to the National Trust) or Zelda, his black Pekingese, or his new Chelsea mansion flat with a drawing room, a morning room, and a library he just decorated for himself.

"The cliché that no designer can do his own place almost came true," admits Nicky, whose clients have included Ava Gardner, James Goldsmith, Princess Aly Khan, Princess Michael of Kent, Lady Rothermere, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Lord Lewisham, the Charles Saatchis, and St. James's Palace. "I was the worst client I've ever had. I simply couldn't make up my mind which room could be used for which purpose. Should the morning room be the library or the library the drawing room or...?"

"There are designers who are slavish re-creators of the past, who get everything absolutely perfectly in period. I think that's totally valid, but I also think it is faintly museumy. One has to be a guardian of the past, but I don't want my rooms to seem historicist. I want them to feel ephemeral, almost undefinable, a romantic part of the past that carries through to the future and beyond."

His dining room is a good case in point. It's a re-creation of a re-creation of the dining room of the Amalienberg Palace. Cobwebs are sprayed onto the *(Text continued on page 212)*

"My God, my clock
stopped at the time the
mob stormed Versailles.
I must leave it like that"



in the **nick** of time



Twilight mood: In his interior octagonal dining room Haslam evokes a mist of shadows through silvery paneling, distressed mirror paper, bits of broken glass, and a painted ceiling. The clock is stopped at 4:55. **Opposite:** A Nicky Haslam stripe printed on glazed chintz by Brunschwig & Fils, from an Elsie de Wolfe original in Haslam's private collection.



Parting Gestures

As a houseguest, tipping the help is a highly subjective matter requiring tact and diplomacy

What do you leave your personal chambermaid after you've spent a pleasant weekend at a country estate? Who else should you remember? The butler? The cook? The chauffeur? The chambermaid's chambermaid?

"I have no idea," admits Evangeline Bruce, the wife of the late ambassador David Bruce, who has entertained and been

entertained in China, London, and every corner of the world. "I always have to ask other people what they are doing."

"The most amazing people don't know," says Joan Gardner, a consultant to Christie's. "At my mother-in-law's in Palm Beach, the most sophisticated people would ask, 'How do we tip our way out of here?'"

If you are a houseguest, tipping the help is the diciest kind of tipping there is. After all,

what's fifteen percent of a wonderful week-end in the country? It's a highly subjective matter. "The sum must differ, perforce, with the size of the pocketbook, as well as the amount of waiting upon required, but it is always customary, in spending a night or a week-end in a friend's house to 'remember' the servants," says *Vogue's Book of Etiquette* (1929). "Most of them are excellent judges of human nature and will take a small

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tip and a kind word from a gentleman quite as gratefully as they take a large one and an aloof look from a new-made imitation."

Alas, a "small tip" has had to keep pace with the times. "If I'm alone and one person makes my bed and presses my dress, I give ten dollars," says Letitia Baldrige, former social secretary to the White House for Jacqueline Kennedy and the author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette*. "I'm never a houseguest longer than two nights. I believe in the old rule that says if you stay longer, like fish, you begin to stink."

She continues, "If my husband and I are together, I give fifteen dollars for the night. If there's a cook who has prepared dinner and then breakfast, I give ten dollars to the cook, too. If I'm driven around a lot, I give twenty dollars to the chauffeur. I don't give anything to the butler because there aren't any butlers anymore. Staff like that started to disappear about ten years ago."

Francis Kellogg, a veteran houseguest, has worked out a tipping formula. "It depends upon whether you just have breakfast or breakfast, lunch, and dinner. If I only have breakfast, I give ten dollars a day. I give twice that if the cook cooks me three meals a

day. This formula is for one or two people." But he admits there's a tremendous range. For example, last November he spent a week aboard a 72-foot yawl in the Caribbean with five in crew, and he left a \$400 tip, which works out to \$57 a day divided by five or less than \$12 a day per person.

"When I said good-bye I handed it to the captain in an envelope and said, 'This is for you, however you want to divide it,'" says Kellogg, who carries personal stationery for these occasions. "I didn't include a note because I didn't have time. I've since written him saying how wonderful the food was."

"I always leave my tip in an envelope with a note," says Letitia Baldrige. "Leaving it in an envelope without a note is very cold."

Some people are embarrassed to tip the help, especially if there is a big staff, so they leave a lump sum with the host to distribute. "This is not as personal," advises Baldrige. "When you give it yourself, the domestic feels much more of an attachment."

Sometimes guests ask how much they should leave. "I'd never say, 'Don't bother,' because I think they should," says Joan Gardner. "Guests are extra trouble, and I think they shouldn't even have to ask. Of

course, people ask when it looks like deep trouble—if there's a cast of thousands."

Some people are so anxious about the subtleties of the act that they can't bring themselves to utter the word *tipping*. Each year the conservative pundit William F. Buckley Jr. rents a chateau in Switzerland with a staff of five. One year his son and daughter-in-law, Christopher and Lucy, invited a couple to stay for a week. "At the end of the week," says Christopher, "my dad took me aside discreetly and said, 'I think you should tell your guests they ought to leave a *propina*.' Dad never says tip. He always says *propina*. Since it's money, you know, it's best not to discuss it directly. So he always lapses into Spanish."

His father suggested the following *propinas*: \$150 for the cook, \$100 for the concierge, \$100 for the butler, \$100 for the scullery maid, and \$50 for the underchef.

"So it fell to me to go with crimson face to our friends and say, 'Oh, by the way, please fork over five hundred bucks,'" he recalls. "I was mortified. They were very sweet about it but clearly shocked to the depth of their souls, as well they should have been."

Christopher and Lucy were houseguests themselves not long ago at an enormous country estate for a long weekend that included a shooting party. He was told by someone who had been there umpteen times that the formula was "fifty bucks for the head butler, twenty bucks for the underbutler, twenty bucks for the maid, and fifty bucks for the gamekeeper." But Buckley wanted to leave something more than this recommended *propina*. So he handed one envelope to the maid with a note saying, "Meet me by the sugar maple." And he handed another envelope to the butler with a note saying, "I love you. Meet me by the sugar maple."

"I was hoping to bring about a romance between them. They'd both show up, and I'd be long gone by then, leaving them to their passion beneath the maple tree."

You can't always expect to get a fringe benefit when you do the *propina*. But there are some basic rules. Tip in the currency of the country. It should always be in round numbers. And you'll always do right when tipping servants if you follow the great rule of "putting yourself in the other's place." It was true in 1929, according to *Vogue's Book of Etiquette*, and is still true today: "Think of the other person and of how one would feel in his shoes, and the right way will come to one unawares. This is really the backbone of etiquette... in the merry-go-round of society."

Dodie Kazanjian



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Pieces of the Past

Architectural salvage houses across the country offer everything from doorknobs to entire rooms

Salvage, by the sound of it, isn't something you'd willingly bring into your house. But architectural salvage can mean marble columns, Adirondack love seats, Prairie School leaded-glass windows, holy-water fountains, even a Gimbel's elevator directory which indicates that ladies' riding habits are found on the fifth floor. The largest salvage company in the country—the six showrooms of the Great American Salvage Company—houses 80,000 square feet of inventory that defies description, everything from doorknobs and bathroom fixtures to complete interiors and exterior façades.

The classic salvage house—the sister operation of a wrecking company or dismantling service—bids on buildings slated for demolition. Before the structure is crushed by a wrecking ball, the interiors and the exterior architectural elements of interest are collected and then resold with little restoration. In this way, at least part of the heritage of the original building is preserved, and the public has a valuable source for fixtures, hardware, metalwork, and furniture often at better prices than those offered by antiques shops. Because of the large volume of inventory, the merchandise is generally sold as is.

Set and prop stylists, interior designers, and architects have long relied on salvage houses, but today many homeowners are rummaging to fill a need and to savor a bit of the past. A keen eye, a good imagination, and patience are necessary, but the results can be charming. One can use classically designed elements in non-traditional ways. Columns of all persuasions—from Doric to Co-

rinthian in everything from marble to tin—are often bought in pairs and topped with glass to make tables. An ornate metal gate becomes a fine headboard for a bed. Garden fixtures are nothing short of noble: the Great American Salvage Company's New York showroom had, on a single Saturday, two immense working fountains, several ornate

Many salvage houses keep a request file for clients out of town

stone benches, a fanciful stone birdbath, and countless examples of weathered statuary.

"We don't presume to decide how our client will use the piece he buys," says Gil Schapiro of Urban Archaeology in New York. "A copper lighting fixture with a natural verdigris finish might be perfect for one person, but the next one who walks in the door will want it cleaned. We let the buyer decide." Urban Archaeology has a full restoration service and will help clients find contractors for the installation of bars and other large fixtures. Most of the salvage houses listed offer these services and can make referrals for additional carpentry or glasswork needed. Wainscoting, stained-glass windows and cabinetry often require the expertise of craftsmen skilled in adapting old fixtures to new sites. In addition, many salvage houses keep an active request file and will send photographs to clients out of town.

"In general, the American eye for authentic detail has become more discriminating," says Annie Steinwedell of Salvage One in Chicago. "The owners of a prewar brownstone, for example, will no longer accept brand-new doorknobs. They'll go to great

lengths to find crystal knobs or iron fencing faithful to the original design of their home."

A few caveats for shopping for salvage: choose to browse on a day unbroken by other appointments. If you need a few things in particular, jot them down beforehand—the inventory can be wonderfully distracting. Steel yourself against sentimentality, or you may come home with a drinking fountain just like the one you remember from grammar school. (See listing page 194.)

Diane Lilly di Costanzo



At Irreplacable Artifacts, top, display on one of fifteen floors. Above: At Colonial, Gustav Stickley 1905 book chair.

From Colonial: 1950s neon clock, top, and Philco's Predicta television, left.

COURTESY COLONIAL ANTIQUES (3)

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97 Crown St., New Haven, CT 06508
(203) 624-1009

34 Cooper Sq., New York, NY 10003
(212) 505-0070

Madison and Main St., Sag Harbor
NY 11963; (516) 725-2272

Irreplaceable Artifacts, 14 Second
Ave., New York, NY 10003
(212) 777-2900

Old House Parts, 1305 Blue Hill Ave.
Boston, MA 02126; (617) 296-0445
By appointment only.

Pelnik Wrecking, 1749 Erie Blvd.
Syracuse, NY 13210; (315) 472-1031
315 Oriskany St., Yorkville, NY 13495
(315) 736-4621

SAVE Warehouse, 337 Berry St.
Brooklyn NY 11211; (718) 388-4527
Open Saturdays and Sundays only.

Stamford Wrecking, One Barry Pl.
Stamford CT 06902; (203) 324-9537
A huge inventory of windows, doors, etc.

United House Wrecking, 535 Hope St.
Stamford, CT 06906; (203) 348-5371
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Urban Archaeology, 285 Lafayette St.
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After The Paint, 2711 Lafayette St.
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Architectural Antiques, 801
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MN 55401; (612) 378-2844

Art Directions, 6120 Delmar Blvd.
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Colonial Antiques, 5000 West 96 St.
Indianapolis, IN 46268; (317) 873-2727

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Salvage One, 1524 South Sangamon St.
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Architectural Antiques, 2611 West 7
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(501) 372-1744

The Bank, 1824 Felicity St., New Orleans
LA 70113; (504) 523-2702

**Florida Victorian Architectural
Antiques**, 901 West 1 St., Sanford
FL 32711; (305) 321-5767

Great American Salvage Company
1630 San Marco Blvd., Jacksonville
FL 32207; (904) 396-8081
7 West Washington St., Middleburg
VA 22117; (703) 687-5980

Nostalgia, 307 Stiles Ave., Savannah
GA 31401; (912) 232-2324

Majority of inventory is bought in England.
The Wrecking Bar, 292 Moreland Ave.
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Sensing a coming boom—and the merging of home audio and video systems—companies such as Denon and Sony will also soon be delivering combination players. The finely engineered Yamaha CDV-1000 sells for \$799 and even offers better CD sound than most low-priced CD players.

Meanwhile, disc possibilities are just beginning to be explored. Voyager's Criterion Collection offers scrupulously transferred movie classics with a second audio track containing commentary and a video scrapbook of stills, interviews, and rare footage. There are over 25 films in Criterion's features catalogue, selling from \$39.95 to \$99.95. For information call (800) 446-2001, in California (800) 443-2001.

Though laser discs still play a minor role in the video world, their range seems unlimited.

There are Metropolitan Opera and Glyndebourne performances, tours of the Louvre, satellite photos of the planet Uranus. Interactive discs teach everything from sketching to belly dancing. There are mystery discs that turn the viewer into a detective. A multivolume animal encyclopedia can even be controlled by computer. These discs are distributed by Pioneer's LaserDisc Corporation (201) 573-1122, but other companies, such as PolyGram, are entering the fray with discs from their rich music catalogue.

The choice is no longer between tapes or laser discs; it is for both.

Edward Rothstein

now that more than 50 million VCRs are in American households, attention is finally focusing on a format that puts the ubiquitous VHS tape to shame—the laser disc. While VHS tapes usually display hazy detail, distorted colors, and speckled screens, most laser discs show pictures finer than any ever seen on television. They are the video counterparts of the digital compact disc and possible inheritors of its success.

It may be impossible to tape broadcasts using a laser disc, but no tape yet can match the best disc. (This is true even of the Super VHS format now seeping into the marketplace; ED Beta, due this summer, may be another story.) Laser discs do not wear out, they permit pristine special effects, and many offer CD-quality digital sound. Most major releases are also cheaper than tapes, with prices around \$35. For building a movie library they are the obvious choice.

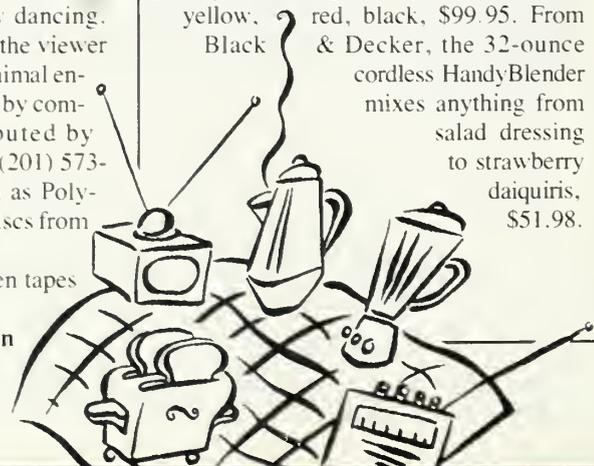
Pioneer Electronics nursed along the format since introducing it in 1980; until recently, it was the only manufacturer of the 250,000 players in use domestically and the only distributor of more than 2,200 titles.

*A nearly forgotten format
puts the ubiquitous VHS
tape to shame*



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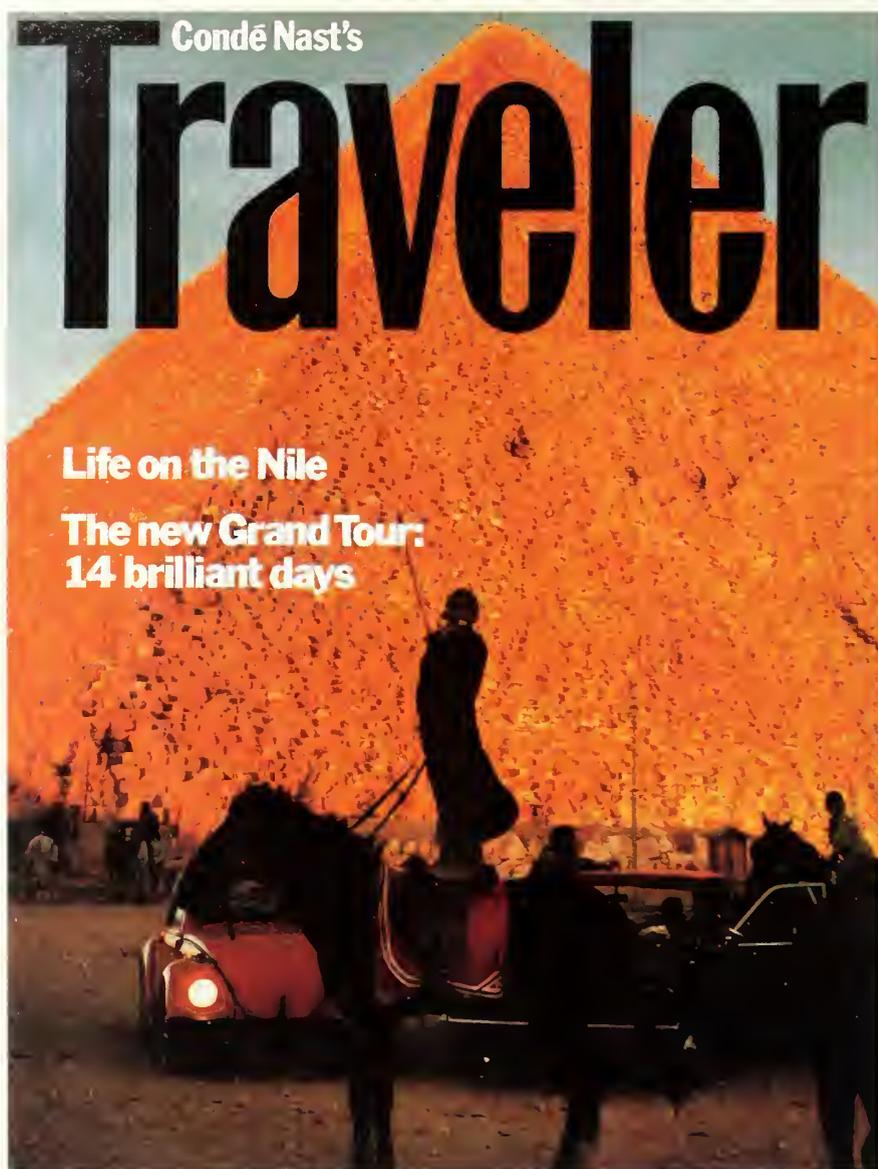
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Amicia de Moubray



Nakai fabric, right, from Baussac. Left: Brunschwig & Fils Fraisières fabric. Above: Clarence Huse Vignoble in background, Camargue an cushion. Antique bench from Newel Art Galleries. On the wall, matted prints from Ursus Prints; Ferns fabric by Old World Weavers. Country Floors tiles. Center inset: Brunschwig & Fils Anemanes. Top right inset: Baussac's Nucleus fabric. All frames by J. Packer & San. Details page 216.



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Divide and Conquer

Once considered white elephants, many great houses are now being converted into condominiums



The demand for 146-room houses is, as you might suspect, very small. Donald Trump probably wouldn't be interested since he and Ivana already have a weekend getaway—Marjorie Merriweather Post's 118-room Mar-a-Lago in Palm Beach. Both the sultan of Brunei and Sylvester Stallone could most likely handle the \$52 million price tag such a house carries, but it's difficult to picture either of them relocating to the North Shore of Long Island.

So what's to become of Oheka Castle, architects Delano & Aldrich's behemoth retreat for financier Otto Kahn in Cold Spring Harbor, New York? Chances are excellent that the 1916 monument to capitalism will follow in the footsteps of Stanford White's Patterson/McCormick Mansion in Chicago, McKim, Mead & White's Orchards in Southampton, and any number of other great houses around the country that have been carved up into condominiums. (Gary Melius, the current owner of Oheka, embarked on the condominium-conversion course in 1984 but changed his mind after completing a prototype unit and put the castle up for sale.)

A popular variation on the conversion-to-condos theme is offered by William K. Vanderbilt II's winter home on Florida's Fisher Island and Alfred I. Du Pont's estate farther up the coast in Jacksonville, which have been called into service as clubhouses for new housing developments. "Once a millionaire's opulent mansion... today the focal point of your leisure hours," explains the breathless brochure for Rosecliff, yet another example of the same phenomenon in New York's Westchester County.

Although there's something slightly unsettling about transforming financiers' palatial estates into condos and clubhouses, demolition is frequently the only other alternative for what realtors not so affectionately

Unsettling as it may be, demolition is frequently the only other alternative



Signs point to the condominiumization of Oheka Castle, Otto Kahn's 1916 estate

refer to as white elephants. In other words, preservation has its price.

Perhaps no community is more aware of just how high that price can be than Newport, Rhode Island. The venerable summer resort boasts an extraordinary number of sprawling estates erected by generations of assorted tycoons, and although most of them are still privately owned, many have fallen into the ever-waiting hands of developers—a group not generally known for situating either architecture or preservation high on its list of priorities. Residents still bristle over the wholesale slaughter of Bonniecrest, for example—a once-grand Tudor mansion that was converted from single-family to multifamily use six years ago. The conversion was so murderously executed that the Department of the Interior had Bonniecrest removed from the National Register of Historic Places. (Among other crimes, the developer bulldozed Frederick Law Olmsted's landscaping to make way for three Mediterranean-style villas, with a total of 43 units.)

Happily more recent estate conversions have given Newporters less cause for com-

plaint. Although the old guard still grumbles, the transformation of the 1927 English Tudor compound architect John Russell Pope built for himself into ten "luxury" condominiums is perfectly respectable, as is the recent reworking of architect William MacKenzie's 1937 château into six residences. In the latter instance, however, the developer should leave well enough alone and not construct the two-duplex building he recently unveiled for the site.

Considering Newport's luxe housing stock and the exigencies of contemporary real estate, it is not surprising that an architecture firm would rise to meet the local demand for residential conversions. The Newport Collaborative has established itself as just such a firm over the last seven years by specializing in what its brochure rather coyly refers to as historic mediation.

"We try to go back to the original room configurations as much as possible," reports partner Glenn Gardiner, who adds that it isn't always easy since many of the thirty houses he and his partners have converted into condominiums had already been hacked up into apartments after the Depression. Nonetheless, the Newport Collaborative's portfolio includes a range of notable successes, both architecturally and commercially—from ar-

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chitect Richard Morris Hunt's 1864 "chalet" for a socialite who loved Switzerland, now a twelve-unit condominium, to four 1881 Queen Anne cottages, now twenty-two units of charm.

But no matter how sensitive the conversion architect and how reasonable the developer, there is still a bittersweet tinge to the metamorphosis of America's great houses into condominiums. One tends to feel sorry, in a way, for the late Philadelphia art collector Henry P. McIlhenny whose great 34-room Rittenhouse Square mansion will be transformed into a dozen or so "mansionettes." Perhaps such change signals the passing of an era more grand than our own, the dissipation of romantic dreams that many would like to share.

But think of it this way—now you can.

Charles Gandee

Estate Conversions

The Chalet Newport, Rhode Island
Grand Victorian house built in 1864 on a 4-acre site by architect Richard Morris Hunt. Converted in 1984 into twelve condominiums, 650–1,200 square feet; \$200,000–\$300,000. New tennis court and

swimming pool were added to grounds.

Chieftains Greenwich, Connecticut
Purchased by department store co-owner Isaac Gimbel in 1925, this 1911 estate is slated to begin conversion into 29 units in August. The original 15,000-square-foot mansion, built in an eclectic style, and the Shingle-style barn, gardener's cottage, and stable will be converted into five units, 2,000–9,000 square feet. There are 24 new 4,200-square-foot houses and a nature preserve planned for the surrounding 96 acres. Prices will run upward of \$1.5 million.

Epping Forest Jacksonville, Florida
Former estate of Alfred I. Du Pont. Today the 1926 15,000-square-foot Mediterranean-style mansion built by architect Harold Saxelby is the yacht club for a 58-acre community. Two mid-rise buildings each house sixteen riverfront villas, 1,700–3,700 square feet; \$265,000–\$587,000. There are also 41 Forest Homes—freestanding single-family units, 2,400–3,500 square feet; \$315,000–\$387,000. Also available are 53 custom lots. Fitness center, swimming pools, and original 2½-acre formal gardens.

Oronoque Stockbridge, Massachusetts
A 22-room Shingle-style "cottage" built in 1887 on 12 acres. Bought from Boston University in early 1986 for \$600,000; restored and subdivided into six units at a

cost of \$1.65 million. Condominiums for sale, 1,700–2,200 square feet: \$320,000–\$350,000. Eight duplexes planned.

Seafair Newport, Rhode Island
Replica of a French chateau built in 1937 by architect William MacKenzie on an isolated 9-acre promontory overlooking Narragansett Bay. The 30,000-square-foot mansion has been converted into five town houses, 2,600–6,000 square feet; \$900,000–\$1.75 million. One additional freestanding unit constructed from the former stables and garage should be completed this summer.

Seaside Fisher Island, Florida
William K. Vanderbilt II's 216-acre estate is being converted into a resort community of 1,050 new units. In 1987 the 1927 Mediterranean-style mansion reopened as a private clubhouse, and Bayside Village (78 units) was completed. Three different condominium groupings will be constructed in 1988: 35 units in Bayside Village East, 2,000–3,000 square feet; \$435,000–\$1.8 million; 52 units in Seaside Village, 850–1,700 square feet; \$250,000–\$685,000; and a 20-unit oceanside development, 2,500–5,500 square feet; \$795,000–\$2.4 million.

Sunnyside Place Newport, Rhode Island
Georgian brick manor house designed by McKim, Mead & White in 1885–86. Converted in mid 1987 into seven condominiums, 1,000–1,600 square feet; \$275,000–\$300,000. Communal gathering quarters include second-floor terraced outdoor living room with fireplace.

Uihlein Estate Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Jacobean mansion built in 1906 by architects Kirchoff & Ross on 3½ acres overlooking Lake Michigan. Original owner's grandson, architect David Uihlein, was responsible for conversion of house in late 1985 into four row-house units and of carriage house and adjoining stable into two additional units; condominiums, 1,900–3,600 square feet; \$200,000–\$300,000. An eight-car parking garage was added underneath the front yard.

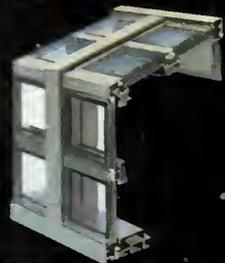
The Waves Newport, Rhode Island
Architect John Russell Pope's 1927 English Tudor mansion situated on a 9-acre promontory. Converted into ten multilevel units, 850–2,750 square feet: all sold in past ten months for \$600,000–\$1 million. Undulating heavy slate roof gave estate its original name.

Whitefield Southampton, Long Island
A 25,000-square-foot neo-Colonial mansion, (originally named The Orchards), started by McKim, Mead & White in 1896, completed by Stanford White in 1906. In 1980 main house was converted into five condominiums, 1,700–4,500 square feet; \$200,000–\$375,000. Developers also built 24 town houses in six clusters, 2,100–2,600 square feet; \$200,000–\$300,000 a unit. Adjoining formal gardens have been restored.

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Secret Garden

(Continued from page 143) fruits and vegetables as well as unknown exotic delicacies. Ships that circled the earth to explore new territories often carried one or more botanists. They were dependent on competent gardeners to develop their fragile cargoes.

For five years, beginning in 1673, La Quintinye was responsible for the ancient kitchen garden at Versailles built by Louis XIII and for the culture of orange trees in the new orangery designed by Le Nôtre but often attributed to Jules Hardouin-Mansart, who had directed its construction. The kitchen garden was fast becoming inadequate, unable to supply the increasing needs of the royal kitchen. Louis XIV, whose passion for building was reinforced by his pleasure in learning from artisans, collaborated on La Quintinye's project to create a new garden. It was to be of geometric design, including a round basin in the large center square which sent a stream of water a hundred feet into the air echoing the fountains of Versailles.

The site chosen was less than ideal, a swamp hopelessly lacking in drainage. La Quintinye protested, suggesting another site, but the king's will prevailed. Building the garden was a gigantic task that took five years. Hardouin-Mansart began the walls that enclosed the garden in 1677. From July to October 1678, Swiss soldiers loaded soil from nearby land into lumbering wagons.

The lake that was created—Pièce d'Eau Des Suisses—took its name from these brave soldiers who suffered the illness of the swamps as they worked.

Long before the carts had stopped carrying the loads of earth, long before Hardouin-Mansart had completed the walls and buildings, La Quintinye started to cultivate and plant the soil. Small corners of vegetables and strawberries began to flourish near warm walls. When the Potager du Roy was finished in November 1683, its fame soon reached beyond the Alps. In 1685 it was visited by the doge of Venice and a year later by the ambassadors of the king of Siam.

High terraces on all four sides outline the central square, creating walls for espaliers and protection from the wind. These terraces are wide enough to allow visitors to walk side by side and view the garden from above. Two wide paths run north and south and east and west dividing the central area into four large squares that are subdivided for late-maturing vegetables. To the south against the outer terrace walls are five small orchards, which were once the original "eleven rooms." To the west beyond the outer terrace and at the end of the wide walk is the royal gate, the entrance used by the king to visit the garden. His interest in the art of pruning and the methods of gardening often brought him here, and a strong feeling of friendship and respect was shared by the king and his gardener. In appreciation of La Quintinye's exceptional abilities, the king built a house for him in the northwest corner of the garden. This house, still

there, is now occupied by Raymond Chauv, the director of the horticulture school.

Many lovely legends surround the life of this important seventeenth-century gardener. His simplicity, charm, and knowledge inspired confidence in others. In 1677 he was made a member of the Académie Française, where he joined his friend Charles Perrault. He was also honored by the king in 1687 with the title *directeur des jardins fruitiers et potagers de toutes les maisons royales*.

Fate, however, allowed this pioneer little time to enjoy all he had earned. His spirit and health weakened by the death of two of his sons, Jean de La Quintinye died in 1688 at Versailles. The king sent these words to his widow: "Madame, nous venons faire une perte que nous ne pourrons jamais réparer" (Madam, we have just experienced a loss that we can never replace).

This is the story of a king, his gardener, and a garden that has survived the calamities of time with the protection of the French government under the supervision of the École Nationale Supérieure d'Horticulture. Today its fruit trees and espaliers are cultivated and pruned by Jacques Beccaletto, using La Quintinye's basic methods with the help of modern science and his own judgment. And its fruits and vegetables are now sold in the nearby markets. There is much for a gardener to learn from the past, from the lives of men like Jean de La Quintinye whose fascination with gardening and knowledge of it is an inspiration for us today. ■

Gardening Editor: Babs Simpson

Grass Garden

(Continued from page 134) garden with secateurs, cutting off seed heads; they stay on by design, showing the cycle of nature.

At the Rosenbergs, the landscape Oehme, van Sweden consider their most important private project, ten-foot-tall clumps of giant eulalia grass, *Miscanthus floridulus*, echo the rhythm of the huge native reeds, *Phragmites communis*, that fill the surrounding marsh. Thirteen other grasses create height in rounded volumes, not thin verticals, so nothing interferes with the grand horizontal of sky and water. When the English gardener Christopher Lloyd saw it, he said, "They have welcomed the dominance of the sea."

The self-sufficient plants that horticulturist Wolfgang Oehme uses with grasses must pass strenuous tests of hardiness, versatility, and four-season beauty. Staking, pruning, and spraying are out. The Rosenbergs' gar-

dening chores take about four hours a week—just enough time to work up an appetite for a long cool summer lunch.

Perennials are planted en masse: none of the old three-of-this and five-of-that approach, it's more likely a minimum of fifty. Lavender (*Lavandula vera*) and yarrow (*Achillea filipendulina* 'Parker'), two old soldiers from the perennial border, are used as high colorful ground covers instead of lawn.

"At first the plants just knock you out," says James van Sweden. "But planting is only about twenty percent of what we do. The rest is what we call the 'hardscape'—drainage, grading, irrigation, steps, surfaces, lighting." A one-acre garden that manages to squeeze in, and make beautiful, such traditional eyesores as a fenced vegetable garden and a swimming pool (with filter) is clearly a masterful design. So is a terrace perfect for two which is really big enough to hold six chaise longues, a hundred people, and Larry Rivers's jazz band.

"Layering space is the key," says van

Sweden. "If you create scrims of plants, they will contour space and give it mystery without cutting it up." He and his partner believe that working on a large scale makes a small space look bigger. The miraculous terrace covers almost the same area as the house.

Once the hardscape was complete, planting took only one weekend. Hundreds of plants and a six-man crew arrived. The Rosenbergs put them up and cooked mighty meals. Oehme recalls, "We planted till late at night because rain was going to fall."

Then it was all over. "It looked like a potato field," van Sweden recalls, "with little green whiskers." The Rosenbergs were perfect patrons. They did not whine or blanch; they trusted, waited, and applied fish emulsion and water. They had seen the light—the New American Garden was on its way, they were sure. A year later there it was, waving and rustling, a grassy vision, a signed and numbered original in an entirely new series of landscape art. ■

Gardening Editor: Senga Mortimer

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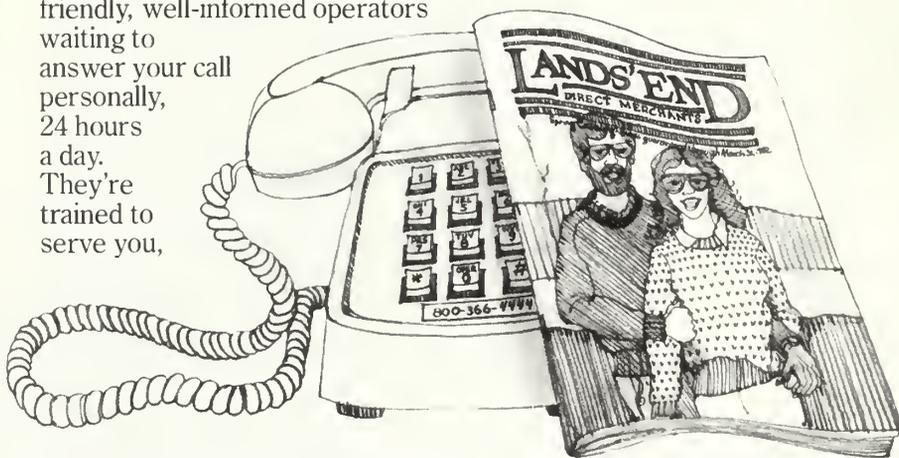
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The Garden Page

(Continued from page 130) to me. "Geraldine, you have the perfect combination of deep country and white water, and we will make it wonderful."

Jacqueline de la Chaume: Cecil Beaton may be Cecil Beaton. But as I always said, he's boring to sit next to, to start with, and then you struggle all through a meal. Russell was that way, too. Sitting next to Russell at dinner was really boring.

Anne H. Bass: He used to love talking about clothes. He did read fashion magazines and kept up. I adore Ungaro and he really loved him, too. Russell thought he was a real artist just for his combination of patterns and colors. And, you know, in a way fashion is similar to gardening. Russell, too, had this sort of brilliant mind for textures and shapes.

Curtice Taylor: He was such a snob and such a climber. I bumped into the man who helped design the new wing of the Frick while Russell was designing the garden. They hated each other, just *hated* each other. And he told me that in the middle of meetings Russell would have the phone ring and he'd pick it up and say, "Oh, Jackie, so nice of you to call." Or, "Oh, Babe."

Jacqueline de la Chaume: As much as I admired his capacities as a garden architect, I thought he was the most unpleasant person I ever dealt with.

Josy Blair: After all, he was an artist, a genius. He was a great genius, and they are not like other people.

William Paley: I was sure he liked what he was doing. He got up at six in the morning and got down to work. A man doesn't do that unless he likes it.

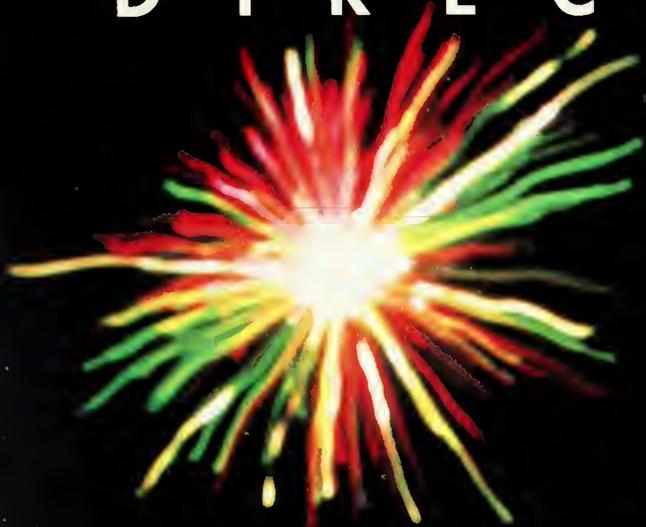
C. Z. Guest: I wouldn't call him fashionable. I don't call people like that fashionable, because they're always in fashion.

Anne H. Bass: He apparently was once shown a very large diamond by a client, and he was expected to express great admiration for it. But he said, "That isn't jewelry, that's mineralogy."

Patrick Bowe: He always said that he did not have a style. He liked to be styleless. The way he worked was, he went to a site, and each site generated a different style of garden. He was like Capability Brown. People said that Brown's work would not be recognized because it was so based on the site rather than on his own personal style. I think it is probably the same with Page.

Paul Rudolph: The way he really worked was not a matter of drawing at all, it was a matter of imagining. That is important about

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The Garden Page

him because—and this will sound a little strange—you can't really draw landscape. You can only imagine the three-dimensional. And I saw that's what Russell Page did. He imagined first and in the smallest detail.

Rosemary Verey: I said to him, "I must put another tree in a certain part of the garden. Where should I put it?" And he said, "Well, I'll go and stand where it should go." He stood there and said, "Now go and look at me from all angles."

Guy de Rothschild: He wanted to be more of an architect than one wanted him to be. When I built the house here, he would have gladly designed the house more than the landscape.

Count Brando Brandolini: He did the plans, then I did the planting myself. He never came back. I don't think he was very good with flowers. He had not a clue—and the color was always awful.

Marella Agnelli: He had very good taste in colors and plants. A lot of people are very knowledgeable, but when they finish, you end up not with a very pretty place because they don't have good taste.

Geraldine Stutz: My first naive experi-

enced gardener's question to Russell was, "What kind of flowers are you going to plant?" He said with infinite patience, "My dear, in the parlance of the fashion profession, let me tell you that flowers and flowering herbs are like maquillage. Before the maquillage comes the facelift. The bones of the land must be placed as perfectly as the bones in the face. Once the bones are perfectly placed, it doesn't make any difference what maquillage you use."

Anne H. Bass: The one thing he did for us that was really a mistake was plant everything too close together. I admonished him for having done that at one point, and he said, "Well, you have to understand that I don't have many years left, and I want to see an effect right away." I said, "What about me?" And he said, "You can just replant it."

Patrick Bowe: He did an enormous lake for the de Belders just by walking out with about one or two hundred bamboo canes. He walked around the outline of the lake once, putting in bamboo canes as he went along. When he got back to the first bamboo cane, he said, "That's it." And he never looked at the lake again, nor did he change one bamboo cane one inch to one side or the other.

Fernanda Niven: Russell Page and I were once having quite an interesting discussion

on plant material and the play of texture. I asked him, "Do you like red?" Well, he drew himself up to a frightening height, shot me a look that could have frozen hell, and said in the most arrogant tone, "My dear, you must never ask a question like that. What do you mean by red? Light red? Dark red? Clothes? Table linen? Socks?"

Oscar de la Renta: I became a friend of Russell's before we worked together. Being a friend I finally thought to ask him, "I have this house in the country and I..." We'd had the house for only a year and a half or so, and I wanted him to help me. We set a date. When he arrived, I showed him around. I had planted an herbaceous border, and as we walked by, Russell sort of took a look and said to me, "What's that?" But the way he said "What's that?" I was embarrassed and said, "I don't know exactly. The people who sold me the house put that thing there, and I haven't done anything with it." We finally ended our tour, and Russell says to me, "What is it you want to do?" I said, "I would love to have a garden." He said, "Well, a garden is a room, and to have a room you need walls, but you have no walls, so the only thing we can do is emphasize your view. As for a garden, you will never have one. But I can improve on your view."



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Anne H. Bass: When he started, he would get really impatient. "No, not that way," pounding the ground. He would treat the workers almost as though they were furniture, just screaming at them, gardeners running here and there. He really wasn't an unkind person, so he would back off. He would be completely exhausted by about one o'clock, come in, calm down, and have a drink.

Thomas Vail: Russell Page, when I knew him from 1976 onward, was a completely modern person. He knew that huge places, with twenty gardeners just to change flowers, were no more. So he adapted his elegant designs and superb taste to the modern era.

He was very funny about money. For a long time he wouldn't send you a bill. It was very strange. You would have to press him to accept payment for things. Yet when he was working on the garden, he expected, if he wanted to move a hill, that you would get bulldozers to do it.

Patrick Bowe: He was interested in carrying on the meaningful traditions of Western garden art into contemporary design. For example, the PepsiCo scheme is a contemporary reinterpretation of the principles of the eighteenth-century landscape of Stourhead in England. There is a famous view at Stourhead

from the Grotto, the circular window looking over the water, the window framing a reflection of the temple on the other side. This is exactly parallel to PepsiCo, where you look through a large circular hole in the Henry Moore sculpture and see a Calder reflected on the other side.

Donald Kendall: I met Russell down in Chile, and we established a wonderful relationship there. I invited him up to our home and then showed him PepsiCo. He lived at our house for quite a while. It was a very personal thing between the two of us, and that's why he devoted the last years of his life here. It wasn't just the garden. Russell was so happy here, and everybody treated him so well. He was treated like a king because they all thought he was one.

Everett Fahy: I remember that before I met Russell, I spoke to Babe Paley, and she was very enthusiastic about the things he had done. But then she called back later and said, "If you get him to do this work, you'll never get him out of your hair. You'll have him on your back." And it was true.

Thomas Vail: His own establishment was zero. I mean, he did not live in any grand place or have a fancy apartment or a flat or a house or anything. I don't think he ever had a garden of his own.

Curtice Taylor: He'd be driving along some lane in England and say with trepidation, "I did a garden here 25 years ago, and do I dare look?" Then he'd drive down the lane and push back the hedge and there'd be this mess. He'd say, "There's another one gone." He said it was often so depressing because you work so hard and then the property gets sold.

Marina Schinz: Russell was a truly exotic person—almost as if he were from another planet. There was something mysterious about him, always vanishing or appearing unpredictably, whether he came from next door or from a remote corner of the world. His choice of a rosemary bush as a tombstone was true to form and very touching. I think the knowledge that two harsh winters were to follow his death would not have altered his choice. His devotion to nature was absolute.

Hubert Faure: I had the feeling he would not like to have anything written about him. ▲

Credits for The Garden Page

Page 129—Top to bottom: Marina Schinz, Marina Schinz, Horst, Thomas Vail, Tim Beddow, Marina Schinz
Page 130—Top row (left to right): Frank Scherschel *Life Magazine* © 1956, Time Inc., Mick Hales, Josy Blair, Mick Hales, Elvin McDonald; second row: J. Guichard Gamma, Mick Hales; third row: Marina Schinz, Mick Hales, Senga Mortimer, Marina Schinz, Marina Schinz; bottom row: Marina Schinz, Randy O'Rourke, Mick Hales, Marella Agnelli, Calosso

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Style 808AE. Georgian chandelier, Polished solid brass, Twelve lights, 34"H x 28"Dia

In the Nick of Time

(Continued from page 186) arms of the chandelier. Walls are covered with distressed mirror. It's an octagonal room in the center of the flat with no daylight. The ceiling is painted like a late-evening summer sky, and the clock is stalled at 4:55.

Nicky explains the useless clock. "When I bought the clock, it was stopped at that time. Then I realized, my God, my clock stopped at the time the mob stormed

Versailles. I must leave it like that."

He's taken poetic license with history in other rooms, too. A room in the palace of Pavlovsk inspired his drawing room of milk-glass walls, bronze fittings, and mauve furniture. An eternal flame in a steel urn burns in the fireplace. In his bedroom, he has tapped his own family history. The walls are painted to look like strata of fossilized rocks to evoke the seventeenth-century paneling of his father's country-house bedroom. Over the bed is the only recognizable scene, a ghostly vision of Nicky's house in Hampshire.

Haslam was born in Buckinghamshire in

1939. His mother, a goddaughter of Queen Victoria, was for a time Fanny Brice's secretary; his father was a diplomat. Nancy Mitford, a family friend, was in and out of the house, and he called her Aunt Nancy. At Eton he decked out his room with leopard-patterned curtains with pelmets of cut-paper ostrich feathers and a carpet of faux grass.

In 1961 he moved to New York and was given a job in the art department at *Vogue*. "When he came to me with a photograph of the Beatles—the discovery of the century—whom no one had ever heard of, that established him for me," says Diana Vreeland. In 1973, after working as an art director, a cowboy in Arizona, and a photographer in Hollywood, Nicky returned to London to become a decorator. Lord Hesketh was his first client.

Nicky Haslam is not a middle-pather. He loves the mixture of very cheap and very expensive. "My curtains are often made of the cheapest possible stuff but, mind you, exquisitely made. And then I mix in marvelous fabrics, for instance, gilt and purple metal fringe or eighteenth-century toile."

More to the point, he loves things that look rare but not necessarily expensive. "Rarity is everything. Rarity is the clue to life. Now we're talking basics. As the world becomes more and more the same, rarity is the only interesting thing. Having a different approach. One of a kind. Or even one of a group."

One of a group? "Royalty is rarity. There aren't many of them, so I find them an interesting group," says Nicky, who is preparing a book on royal decoration.

Has he done any work for Prince Charles?

"No, but he's done work for me," jokes Nicky, referring to the drawing by Prince Charles he keeps framed by his bed.

If rarity is the clue to life, unsterility is the key to Nicky Haslam's design. "The other day I got a set of furniture that had calico covers. I took a Pentel and drew zebra skin onto it. I love that kind of instant thing." Unsterility also includes rolled-up sheets of cartridge paper tied up with nothing-colored ribbon chucked in a basket or covering all the books in your library with one-color paper—white or beige—like the Strahov Library in Prague.

Clients won't get the run of the mill with Nicky Haslam. "I loathe greenery indoors—anything like a ficus or rubber plants or ferns. Greenery is made for conservatories or out-of-doors," says Nicky. He also hates the technical: light dimmers and televisions that come up out of coffee tables, whirl away, turn into VCRs, and make a cup of decaf—"that's a very passé form of decorating"—but he thinks some appliances *should* be seen. "There's nothing wrong with a television set. They're so well designed now



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In the Nick of Time

they're not worth hiding." And he loves telephones. "It's not exposed steel girders and brick walls that make rooms look up-to-date. It's telephones and televisions and real-life objects. The objects that were made for Marie Antoinette or Madam Du Barry were the

latest things. One must have the newest things knocking around to make the whole thing sing. Lady Juliet Duff always said. 'A perfect room has to contain something ugly, something pink, and something modern.'"

Pink, yes, and mauve. "Not orchid. Mauve mauve. I just think it's the most wonderful range of color. It goes from monkey brown to lilac. It's very underplayed." But not orange. "Orange is common. Of course,

one says these things are common, but suddenly they can be rather wonderful, very unexpected. Remember that ravishing orangy velvet boudoir that belonged to the Duchess of Windsor? Soo-o-o beautiful."

Nicky Haslam has never used orange. But perhaps he will in New York. Move over shiny chintzes, ficus trees, and Jerry Zipkin. Think mauve and, who knows, even orange. Nicky Haslam's coming to town. ■

Salad, the Silent Killer

(Continued from page 172) So much for the benignity of the plant kingdom. Generally speaking, there are four categories of chemical weaponry that salad deploys against its human predators: nutrition blockers, toxins, mutagens (which alter genetic material), and carcinogens. Nutrition blockers are the most delicious of the four, morally delicious that is, because they rob the salad fanatics of the one excuse for their obsessive behavior—that salad is good for you. Nutrition blockers are chemicals that bind with some desirable vitamin or mineral and prevent your intestines from absorbing it. My favorite is the oxalic acid in raw spinach, a vegetable exalted for its high content of calcium and iron. Oxalic acid, it seems, forms an insoluble complex with calcium and iron and blocks their absorption.

Raw red cabbage, brussels sprouts, and beets contain an antivitamin that binds with the B vitamin thiamine and stops its absorption. Various antithiamine factors are also found in mustard seeds, some berries, cottonseed (the oil of which finds its way into the cheaper salad dressings), and some ferns (fiddlehead fans take note). The raw egg in a Caesar's salad contains avidin, which binds up the B vitamin called biotin in much the same way.

One of the most offensive phrases used by nutrition buffs is "empty calories," applied to such culinary triumphs as the frozen Milky Way bar. I, for one, would rather eat an empty calorie than a toxic one. And what could be emptier than a bowl of blocked, raw spinach or cabbage?

As you might expect, vegetables that would otherwise be alluring as rich sources of protein or starch may be equally rich in chemicals that make the protein or starch indigestible. Protease inhibitors in raw turnips, rutabaga, chickpeas, bamboo sprouts, cashews, peanuts, and most beans counteract the enzymes in our bodies that digest protein. In a similar fashion, amylase inhibitors in

raw red kidney beans and navy beans render their carbohydrate content unusable.

The keen reader will notice that each of these salad ingredients act as antinutrients only in their raw state. Like some of the toxins we'll come to later, antinutrients are destroyed by proper cooking. Boiling water dissolves or dilutes some of them; high heat denatures or oxidizes others. It is important to know the right method, temperature, and cooking time for each toxic vegetable. Consult your old wives' tales for further instructions.

This year we celebrate the forty thousandth anniversary of the miracle of cooking. Current anthropological thought suggests that modern Homo sapiens rapidly displaced the Neanderthal race in Europe because erect, modern Homo sapiens could cook and Neanderthals could not. These Homo sapiens were able to gain a rich supply of protein by disabling the nutrition blockers and many of the toxins in raw vegetables and thus achieve a crucial advantage in the battle for survival. The way I see it, Neanderthals, with their flat receding foreheads and bad posture, continued to eat salad and *crudité* until they died out, which is why we call them Neanderthals, which means a crude and stupid person, and also why we use the term for people who still eat the way Neanderthals did. I cannot say whether they preferred Thousand Island or Green Goddess, but then again, anthropology is not my field.

Much more sinister than the vitamin and mineral blockers in raw vegetables, which after all merely fool certain people who believe that salad is good for them, are the toxins, which can make them very ill. Some of these are destroyed by cooking and some are not. As you would expect, vegetables that have been bruised or attacked by mold or fungus manufacture these poisons many times more enthusiastically than healthy ones.

The earliest description of poisoning by lima bean is from Mauritius in 1884. Lima and other broad beans contain high concentrations of cyanogens, and poisoning by them is just like the cyanide poisoning in those death-row-on-Alcatraz movies. Cyanogens

are also found in unripe millet; young bamboo shoots; and cassava (see also manioc, tapioca, and so forth), the starchy root that supplies ten percent of the world's caloric requirements and still turns up in the Nigerian newspapers as a cause of death. Cassava is unlikely to turn up in your salad, but immature bamboo shoots probably will. Both must be carefully peeled, washed in running (not still) water, and boiled without a lid to prevent the cyanide from condensing back into the pot.

One reason to voyage to France and Italy is that they don't force salad on you with the napkins, the silverware, and the incantation, "French, Italian, or oil and vinegar?" When you request a salad, it is not thrown together by the dishwasher between his more demanding tasks. It is treated as food, not fodder. It has been thoughtfully composed, animated with duck or smoked fish or foie gras, and often served as a first course. Consequently, it does not delay dessert. On the other hand, France and Italy are the source of the current culinary love affair with foods like fava beans, plantains, and chickpeas—all native to exotic lands where life after forty is not an everyday thing.

Favism is a disease named after the fava bean, or vice versa. This darling of the nouvelle cuisine may well turn up raw in your salad. Mild cases of favism result in fatigue and nausea, acute cases in jaundice. The mathematician and cult figure Pythagoras, who was nobody's fool, forbade his followers to eat fava beans. The Iranians never listened to him, and a recent survey of 579 cases of favism there blamed the broad bean for all but four. The good news is that favism seems to attack mainly people who have something called G6PD genetic deficiency. The bad news is that G6PD deficiency shows up in 100 million people of all races worldwide.

Both the ancient Hindus and Hippocrates warned that chickpeas could cause lathyrism—neurological lesions of the spinal cord which result in paralysis of the legs. The sale of chickpeas is illegal in many states in India, where they would otherwise dominate the diet of the poor, who make chapati out of

chickpea flour. If you soak chickpeas overnight or cook them in an excess of boiling water, they will not give you lathyrism. But don't try to make chapati this way.

As for plantains, eat them in moderation. Africans who ignore this injunction ingest too much serotonin and end up with carcinoid heart disease, apparently whether they cook their plantains or not.

Nor will cooking protect you if you make your potato salad with green immature potatoes, which contain *lethal* amounts of solanine in their sprouts and skin. Undercooked kidney beans in those popular al dente mixed-bean salads contain hemagglutinins, which make your red blood cells stick together and account for poor growth among children in parts of Africa. Monkeys placed on a diet of alfalfa sprouts, develop lupuslike symptoms. Soybean sprouts and yams are high in estrogenic factors, which can wreak havoc with a woman's hormones if she consumes too much of them or if the plants have been attacked by mold.

The list is endless. But the government virtually ignores these and other natural poisons in your salad bowl while worrying itself to death about artificial food additives and industrial pollutants. Unmasking this double standard—particularly concerning carcinogens

and mutagens—has become something of a mission for Professor Bruce Ames, chairman of the biochemistry department at Berkeley. Ames likes to compare the carcinogenic hazard in an average serving of everyday food to the carcinogens in the most polluted well water in Silicon Valley in California, condemned by the state Department of Health Services as unfit for human consumption. Aflatoxin, for example, is among the most potent carcinogens known and is present in mold-contaminated grain and nuts, like those peanuts you sprinkle on your salad or enjoy in peanut butter. The FDA permits so much aflatoxin in food that the peanut butter in your sandwich can be 75 times more hazardous than a liter of contaminated Silicon Valley water, the amount you would drink in a day if they let you.

Almost as hazardous is one raw mushroom or the amount of basil in a dollop of pesto sauce. Safrole, a compound related to estragole, is the reason that natural root beer is now banned. Much worse than Silicon Valley water and almost as bad as basil is the daily spoonful of brown mustard in your piquant salad dressing. The psoralens in moldy celery regularly cause dermatitis among supermarket checkers. Healthy celery in your salad does no harm, but can you be absolute-

ly sure your celery is healthy? Some investigators warn that psoralens are so carcinogenic that "unnecessary exposures should be avoided."

I should mention that Professor Ames himself seems to have nothing personal against salad. (He even speculates on the anticarcinogenic potential of some vegetables.) But great minds sometimes fail to see the full implication of their own work. This task falls upon the shoulders of those who follow.

Salad fanatics may notice that I have presented no evidence against raw zucchini. The reason is that I found none. Mother Nature could never have foreseen that zucchini—which has no taste and less nutritive value—would be used as a food by modern Homo sapiens. Then again, should we regard those who eat raw zucchini as modern Homo sapiens?

And what about raw fruit? Unlike the antisocial vegetable, fruit is gregarious and loves to be eaten and have its seeds widely dispersed. That's why many types of ripe fruit generate chemicals to entice animals rather than injure them. Ripe sweet juicy fruit was designed to give ceaseless pleasure to man and beast alike, even to Neanderthals and their modern cousins. And you never have to boil it into submission. ♣



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Sources

COVER

Ralph Lauren cashmere sweater, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, \$496, and as a set with pink satin pants (not shown), \$1,098, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Georgetown; all Bloomingdale's stores. Eric Javits natural straw hat, \$100, at Moda Sport, Los Angeles; 24 Collection, Miami; all Neiman Marcus stores; Henri Bendel, NYC; all Bloomingdale's stores.

CHAIR OF THE MONTH

Page 25 Bugatti chair, \$8,800, to the trade at Stendig International, NYC (212) 838-6050.

STYLE

Page 88 Westgate's Innsbruck fabric, 54" wide, \$54.50 yard, to the trade at Westgate, Grand Prairie, Atlanta, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Phoenix, San Francisco, Washington, DC; Studio III, Boston; De Aurora, Chicago; Harkema-Wilson, Cincinnati, Troy; Chuck Wells Associates, Denver; Gordon Maxwell, Minneapolis; D & E Showroom, Philadelphia; Designers' Resource, Portland; Sewell & Co., San Diego; Designer's Choice Northwest, Seattle. Jeu de Cartes fabric, 51" wide, \$108 yard, by Clarence House, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Casablanca fabric, 55" wide, \$42 yard, by Roger Arlington, to the trade at Roger Arlington, NYC; Jerry Pair Associates, Atlanta, Miami; Devon Service, Boston; Hinson, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneidler-Fauchere, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, DC; Wayne

Martin, Portland; McQuiston-Riggs, Seattle. Homage à Picasso, 54" wide, \$148.50 yard, and Giacometti Zoo, 54" wide, \$30 yard, fabrics by Clarence House (see above). Mona Lisa clock, \$200, at Gallery 91; NYC (212) 966-3722. Susan Seaberry chair, \$2,200, at Taylor/Gretzer Gallery, Los Angeles; La Maison à Soleil, Palm Beach; and to the trade at Kipp Collection, Los Angeles; Lawrence-Green, San Francisco; John Edward Hughes, Dallas; Roz-Mallin, Troy. **90** Mel Shawl screen, \$2,600, in the Gallery at Workbench, NYC (212) 532-7900. Fiam screen, \$5,240, to the trade at the Pace Collection, NYC, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, DC. Fornasetti screen, \$7,850, at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. Raffy screen, \$995, to the trade at Grange Furniture, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, Washington, DC; Casa Isabella, Columbus; Algebra, Philadelphia; Department of the Interior, Pittsburgh; Mossa Center, St. Louis. Liaigre screen, \$4,160, to the trade at Interna Designs, Chicago, Los Angeles, NYC (800) INTERNA. Babette Holland screen, \$750, to the trade at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Hockney screen, \$200,000, at Tyler Graphics, Mount Kisco (914) 241-2707. **92** Antique globe sold as a pair, \$30,000, at E. Forbes Smiley III, NYC (212) 371-0054. Anthony Ames rug, to the trade at V'Soske, NYC, San Francisco. Dan Friedman table, \$2,500, to the trade at Art et Industrie, NYC (212) 431-1661. Tire napkin ring, \$8, highway tablecloth, \$80, map napkin, \$12, by Zelda Linnon for Chateau X at Barneys New York; Giles & Lewis, NYC; Zero Minus Plus, Santa Monica. Eat place mat, \$35, by Mike Jones for Chateau X, at Clodagh Ross & Williams, NYC; Giles & Lewis, NYC; Elements, Chicago; Wilder Place, Los Angeles. Richard Meier rug, to the trade at V'Soske (see above).

TALLEYSHEET

Page 100 Antique birdcage from the Willow Tree, Palm Beach (305) 655-0504. Picnic basket, \$80, brown majolica cheese keep, blue majolica cheese keep, from Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Wicker sewing stand, \$495, majolica rope pitcher, \$500, majolica cat pitcher, \$595, from the Willow Tree (see above). Moss-covered wheelbarrow, \$75, Breakers Flower Shop, Palm Beach (305) 833-3026. Watering can, \$200, Chanel bag, \$450, menu cards, \$1.50, white-lace place mat, \$6, Patrick Frey Chinese print tablecloth, \$313, red-and-white plaid napkin, \$5, from Barneys New York (see above). Picnic basket, \$990, at T. Anthony, NYC (212) 750-9797. Ralph Lauren Home Collection blanket, \$130, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach. **104** Ralph Lauren chair (with basic cotton fabric), \$1,488, at Polo/Ralph Lauren (see above).

HG VIEW

Page 107 Natural straw hat with pink roses, \$525, red/pink with ric-rac, \$500, yellow with rosebuds, \$475, olive green with orange flowers, \$400, and red with pink roses, \$420, all by Philippe Model from a collection at Barneys New York and Bloomingdale's, NYC. Tulip jacket, \$37,000, and green silk skirt, \$950, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, NYC, Washington, DC, Chevy Chase; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour. Eric Javits green straw hat, \$100, at Moda Sport, Los Angeles; 24 Collection, Miami; all Neiman Marcus stores; Henri Bendel, NYC; all Bloomingdale's stores.

INTO THE GARDEN

Pages 108-109 Hat, \$780, by Philippe Model from a collection at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Gardening hand fork, \$9.60, by Smith & Hawken (415) 383-4050. **111** Boussac of France Nakai fabric, 59" wide, to the trade at Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Decorators Walk, Washington, DC, Dallas,



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LADY IN THE GARDEN

Page 137 Tulip jacket, \$8,700, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, NYC, Washington, DC, Chevy Chase; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour. Eric Javits green straw hat, \$125, at Mada Spart, Los Angeles; 24 Collection, Miami; all Neiman Marcus stores; Henri Bendel, NYC; all Bloomingdale's stores. **139** Ralph Lauren cashmere sweater (see cover sources); white linen

pants, \$159, at Pala/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Georgetown, Beverly Hills; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; all Bloomingdale's stores; all Macy's, CA; Banwit Teller, Miami, Chicago, Boston; all Frederick Nelson stores. Eric Javits natural straw hat, \$100 (see above). Ralph Lauren Palm Belle floor covering, \$800; Black Isadora sheets used for pillows, \$160-\$250; map pillow, \$225; wicker faatstaals in Allison fabric, \$147 each from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Palo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach. Inset: Saint Laurent Palm Tree jacket, \$37,000, and green silk skirt, \$950, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, NYC, Washington, DC, Chevy Chase; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour. Eric Javits green straw hat, \$100 (see above).

HOME FRONT/ELECTRONICS

Page 196 Sharp television and stereo at all Macy's, Faley's, Bullack's, and K mart stores. Black & Decker blender at all Macy's, JCPenney's, True Value Hardware, Ace Hardware, and Service Merchandise.

HOME FRONT/ESSENTIALS

Page 200 Nakai from Bausac of France, 59" wide, to the trade at Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Decorators Walk, Washington, DC, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Curran & Associates, Atlanta, High Point, Minneapolis; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Deciacca, Cincinnati; Tadd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Taggart/Zweibel, Philadelphia; S.C. Smith Ltd., Phoenix; Sloan Miyasata, San Francisco; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel. Brunshwig & Fils Fraisiere fabric, 48" wide, to the trade at Brunshwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Taranta, Tray, Washington, DC. Vignable, 54" wide, \$90 yard, to the

trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Tray. English 19th-century walnut bench, \$9,000, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Camargue by Clarence House (see above). Tap: Phytanthoza Iconographia print, by Weinman, \$145; battam: Struthiofera fern print, by Munting, \$165, at Ursus Prints, NYC (212) 772-8787. Ferns fabric, 55" wide, \$69 yard, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Hargett Associates, Dallas, Houston; Tadd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, McQuistan-Riggs, Seattle; Scardino Collection, Washington, DC. Garden gloves, \$9.50, at Zana, NYC (212) 925-6750. Bulbs from the Grass Roots Garden, NYC (212) 226-2662. Colonial Pavers tiles, \$5.25 sq. ft., from Country Floors, NYC, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, for representatives call (212) 627-8300. Brunshwig & Fils Anemanes, 50" wide, (see above). Nucleus from Bausac of France (see above) to the trade, 59" wide. Mahogany veneer frames, \$9 foot, at J. Packer & San, NYC (212) 838-5488.

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CORRECTION: In the May issue, due to an error, part of a sentence was omitted from Tahitian Mythology. John Richardson's article on Gauguin. The full sentence should have read: "If Picasso acknowledged his debts to Cézanne and Van Gogh while he unaccountably denied those he owed to Gauguin, it was doubtless because he was averse to admitting any obligation to someone as light-fingered as himself."



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RAYNOR GARAGE DOORS

Duka's DIARY

Status Symbols

From dogs to fountain pens, it's all a matter of fine distinctions, says John Duka



Some people want Fine French Furniture. I always wanted a new nose. I have, however, changed my mind on that score because the former is a better investment. F.F.F. is the ambergris of furniture, forebodingly priced, \$26,000, say, for a side table, yet it has survived Billy Baldwin's dismissal ("No F.F.F.!" he decreed years ago) to become a status symbol all over again. Unlike the lowly nose job, F.F.F. doesn't have to fool anyone. That's why we want it. That's what the new status symbols are all about.

I would like to say that I have a tough time with status symbols, or that status is a dirty word, or that I would take a Jeep over a Mercedes any day of the week. That would be a lie. I'll take the Mercedes, but without the tinted windows. You see? That is what status symbols are all about. Distinctions. Distinctions and fickleness. Almost nothing is as fickle as the public taste, which every day reshapes itself in imperceptible ways.

Take, for example, the Jack Russell terrier. Compact but manly, fierce but loving, the little Jack Russell is the answer to the dog question for those who live in the city but dream of chasing hares through the brambles. It is also one of the few small dogs that a man can walk without losing face. The Jack Russell terrier, a cult for so long, last year popped into the public awareness like Blaine Trump. But that was last year. This year's dog is not the Jack Russell and for one inescapable reason—the Jack Russell sheds.

The dog this year, and I predict for a long time to come, is the Brussels griffon, or the griffon bruxellois. Smaller than the Jack Russell, but just as fierce, it looks something like a monkey, as beautiful and

ugly as a gargoyle, and, most important, you can pick it up after dinner with your friends and not ruin your navy blazer. It also placed second in the toy group at the recent Westminster show, which makes it even more status-y. Certain types of status cannot and should not be appreciated by everyone.

Which, of course, brings us to the subject of furniture and the lint-free way we live. According to one of New York's chicest decorators whose father just happened to be a bandleader (among the decorating world's best-kept secrets), nothing is more status-y than having a butler who speaks French, like, say, Susan Gutfreund's. I frankly don't agree with him. Status is having a butler with a Balkan accent. It's having the guts to have one footman for every four guests. Even if F.F.F. is in once again, French accents are old hat.

What else do New York's decorators like this year? They like Regency antiques better than ever, especially Scottish Regency. They like antique boiserie. They like wall-to-wall carpets covered with little rugs. Gunmetal-colored swirled door-knobs. Antique Chinese throne chairs laden with pots of hydrangeas. The smart ones like curtains and not Austrian shades.

Meanwhile, Chanel bags can be seen everywhere on women who are willing to pay almost anything for quality. Not surprisingly, Chanel has also influenced the way interior designers think today. And interpretations of Chanel's style, her easy

manner with casual and formal textures, are finding their way into some of New York's most beautiful Park Avenue apartments. Many designers, in fact, think glamour and comfort is the most important decorating combination. They want to combine textures in much the same way Chanel might have: pale sanded floors with Thai silk covering everything; wool

next to satin. They like alabaster hanging lights in bathrooms, and the contrast of sleek modern interiors with eighteenth-century chandeliers

in blue glass. And they don't like Sheraton or Hepplewhite (even though I do), mahogany furniture (even though I do), brown furniture of any kind, and, if the floor is wood, it must be highly grained checkerboard marquetry. And, one whispered to me, nothing (nothing!) is more exciting than a room full of books in wood and glass cases.

With that last, I agree. But the decorators I spoke with left out the most important direction status symbols are taking now. Which is that the old status symbols (with the exception of chipped-beef sandwiches) have become the new status symbols: mink; fountain pens, especially the Montblanc, but not the Montblanc ballpoint, which *everyone* can afford and whose black cartridge does not write black enough; the little Saab convertible in red; diamonds; railroad cars; wooden kitchens; children and families; black-and-white tile floors; and expensive black leather luggage tags that you forget to put on your luggage. ▲

The most important direction status symbols are taking now is that the old ones are the new ones