HG

HOUSE & GARDEN
SEPTEMBER 1988 $4.00

s. Henry Parish II

great american decorators

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Baker Furniture draws from Italy's richest historical periods—the Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo and Neo-classic—for its new Northern Italian Collection. In an inspired mix of styles, the collection displays both the region's passion for complex form and its sense of whimsy in design. Offerings showcase Baker craftsmanship in elaborate carving, the contrasting use of veneers, and artist-signed painting on cabinetry. Each selection mirrors the spirit and bravado of the Italian character.

Baker's Northern Italian Collection is available through many fine furniture and department stores. A list is provided on page 22. You are invited to send $8.00 for a color catalogue to Baker Furniture, Dept. 585, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Showrooms in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy and Washington D.C.

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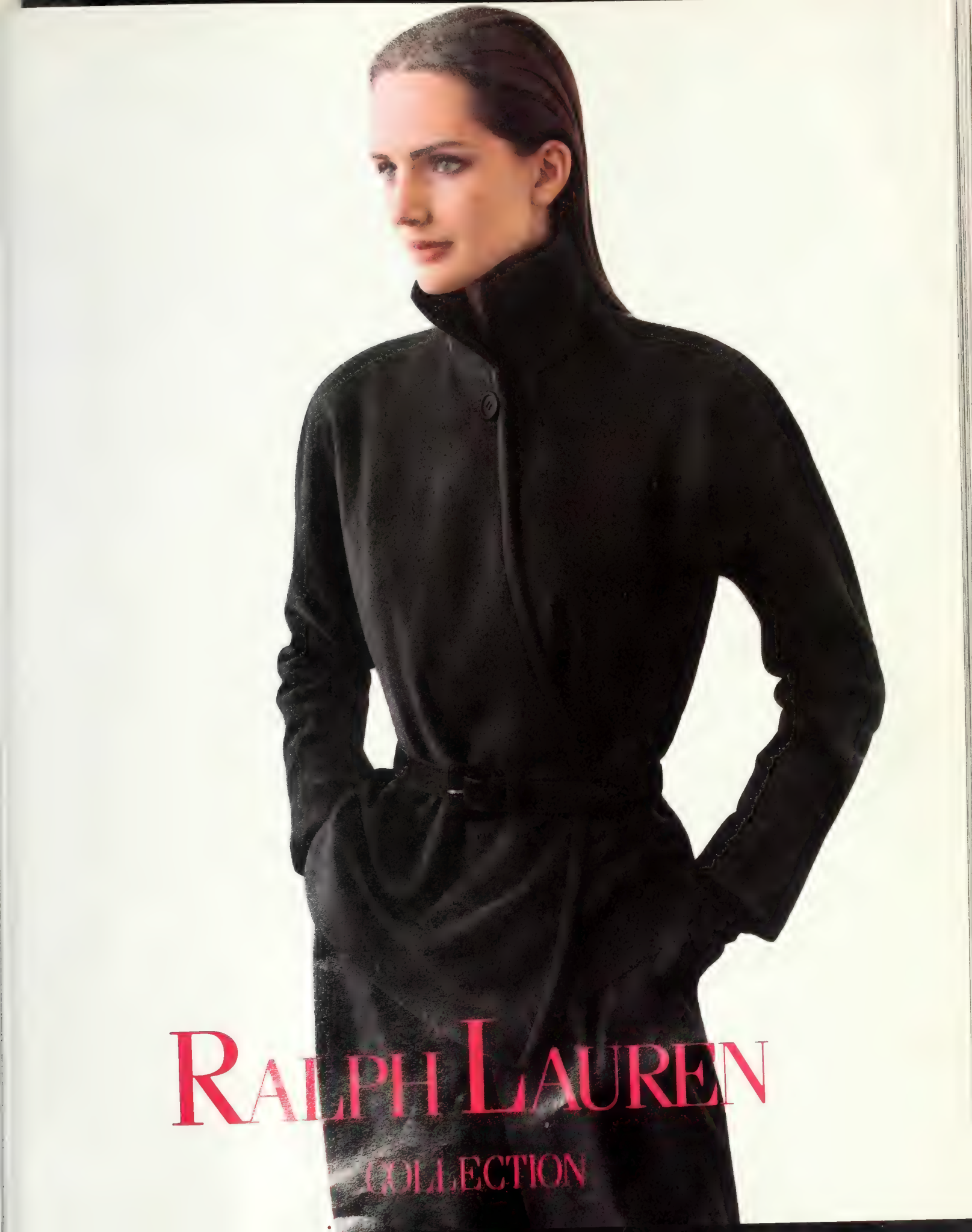
HOUSE & GARDEN
SEPTEMBER 1988
Volume 160, Number 9

HG

COVER
The doyenne of American decorators, Mrs. Henry Parish II. Page 140. Style: André Leon Talley. Photograph by Snowdon.

The drawing room is the center of life at Ardkinglas in Scotland. Page 206. Photograph by Christopher Simon Sykes.

The Gothic arch makes its point in a new armchair. Page 160. Photograph by Eric Boman.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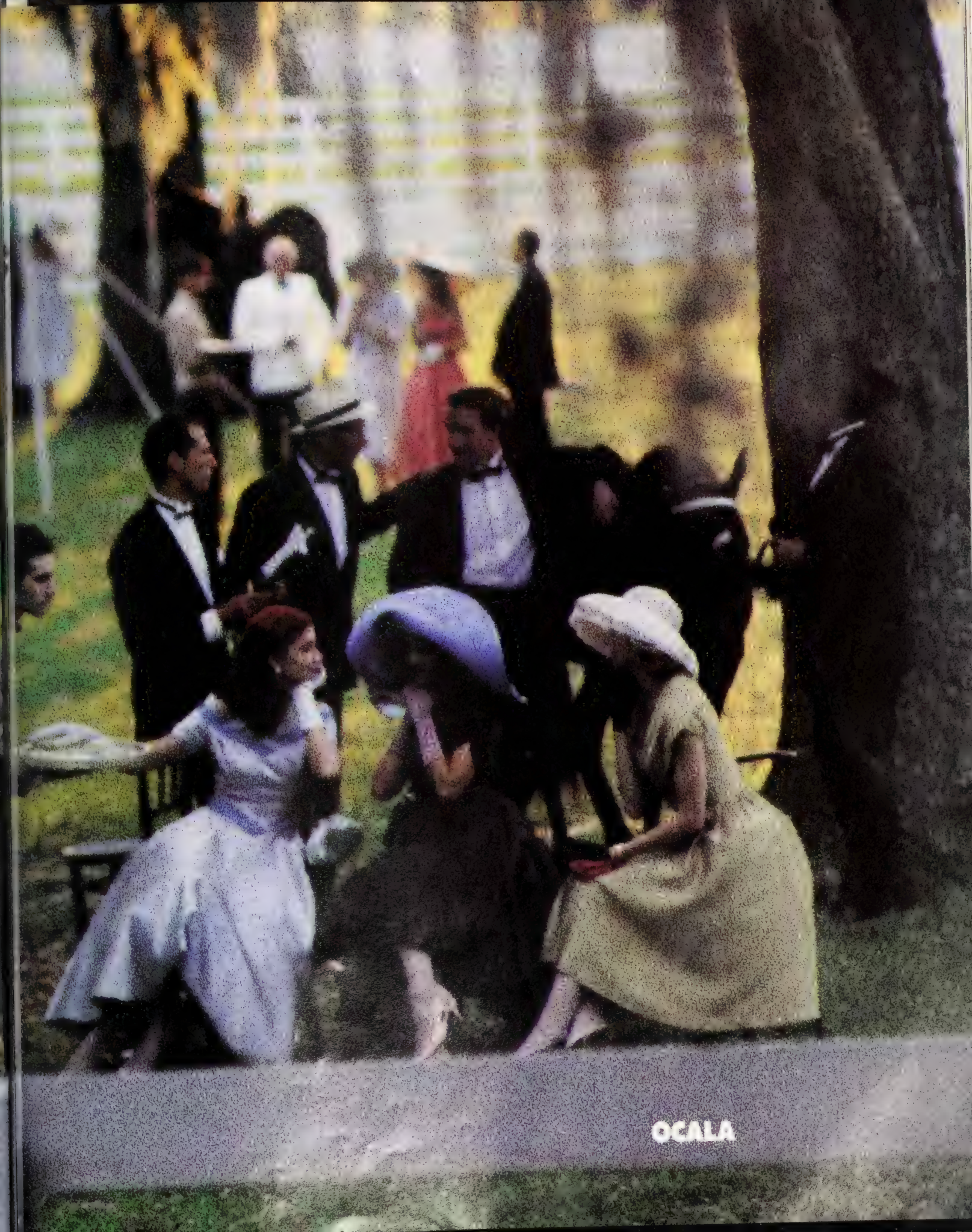
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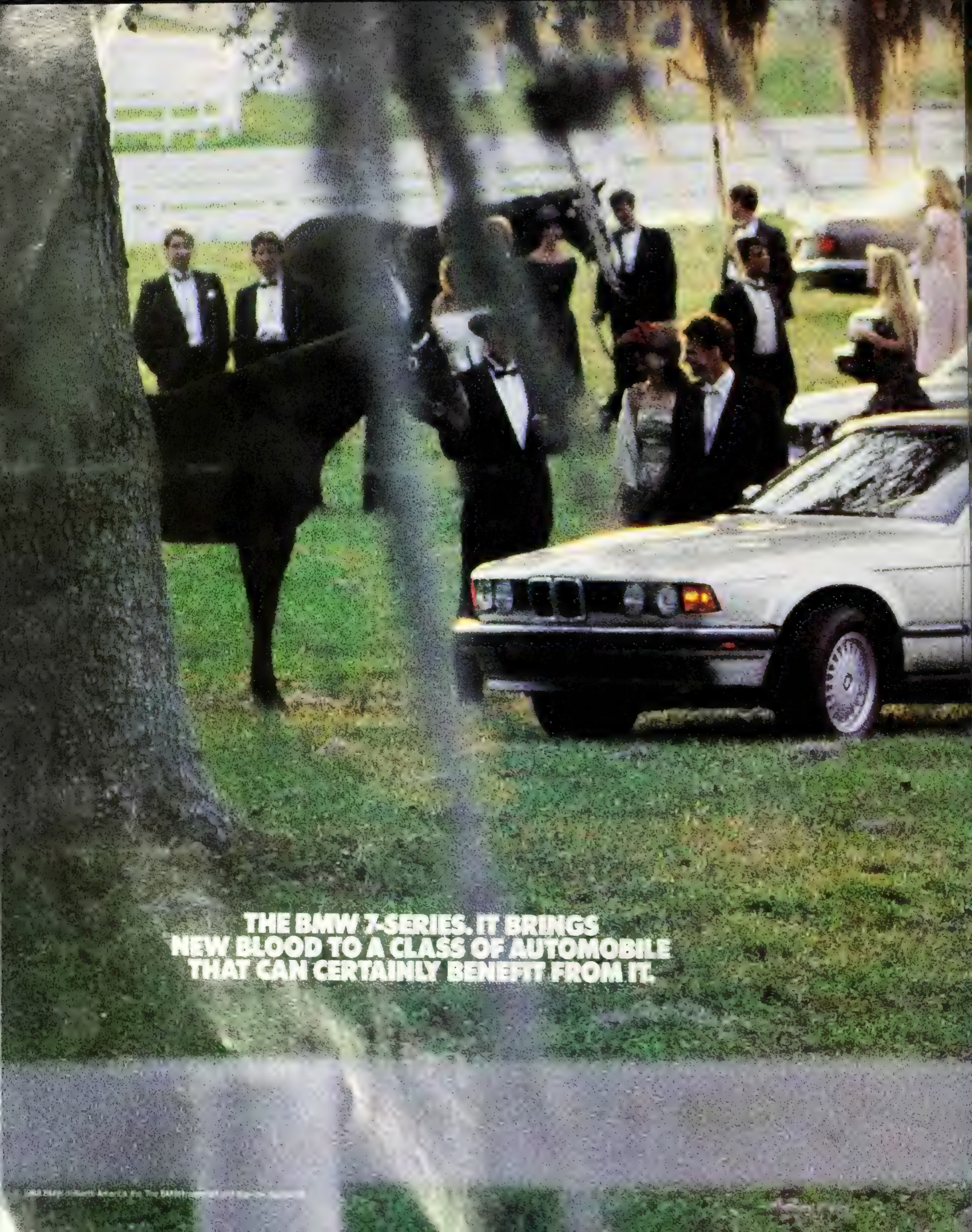
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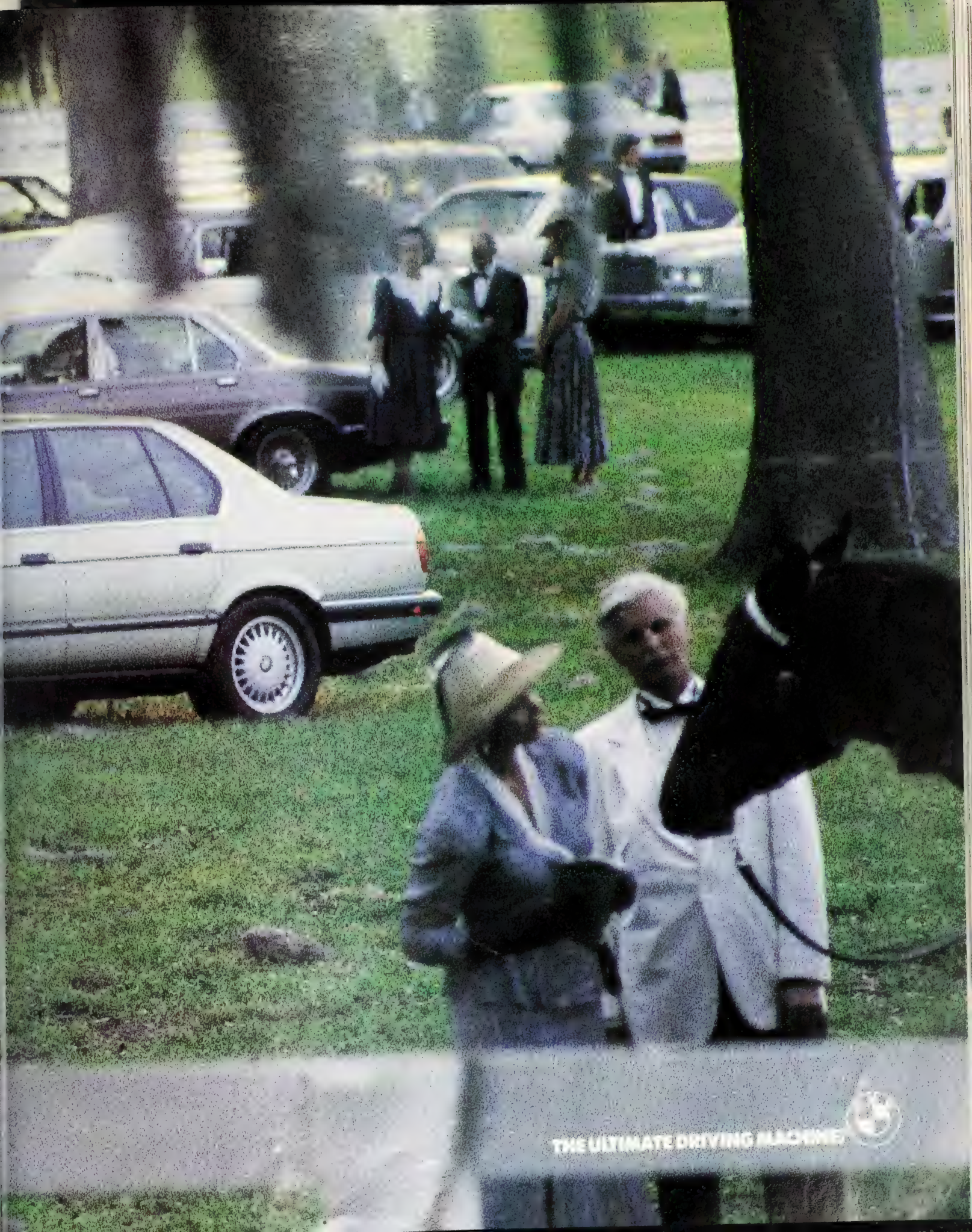
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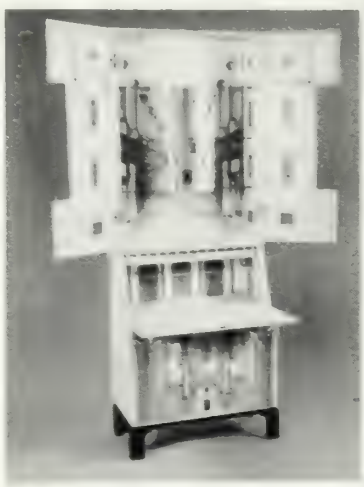

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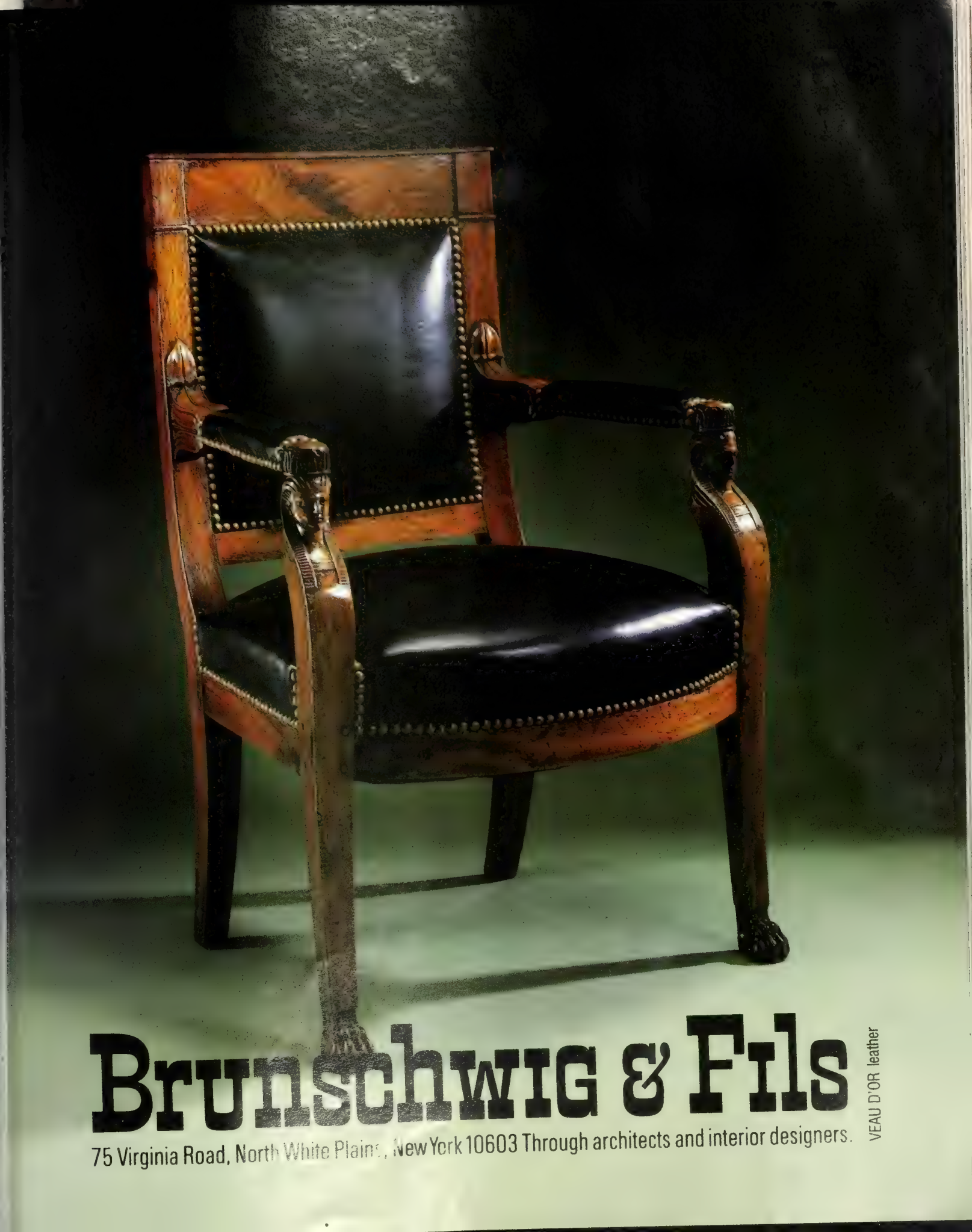
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Amy's Bedroom

It was as much a gift for my husband and me as it was for the person for whom it was intended, our sixteen-year-old Amy. She wasn't home from school yet when it arrived, the bedroom she always wanted. An hour later, I heard the front door open and shut, then a distant greeting as Amy went up to her bedroom. I waited for her to run down the stairs calling for me as I knew she would, but, instead, the house was quiet. I found her sitting on the bed, holding one of her new ruffled pillows, crying. I sat next to her and held her and realized, as I need to now and then, what a gift she is to us.

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If you're going for a genuine country look, what better way to start than with a genuine country barn. The rough-hewn beams and spacious feeling remind you of its past, but everything else has changed.

The old hayloft is now an overlook that opens into the impressive two-story dining area. A newly built hearth is the center of conversation in the family area. And modern kitchen appliances are cleverly hidden, yet easily accessible. With all these changes, this kitchen suite has given an old barn a new lease on a new life.

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The Armstrong floor that brings so much warmth to this suite has always been a favorite. Its striking brick pattern adds rustic beauty, while its natural colors and textures create richness and depth. The floor flows easily from one part of the suite to another, uniting these newly created and very livable areas.

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SNOWDON

SNOWDON

"I had the idea of draping the backgrounds for the great American decorators," says photographer Tony Snowdon, here with HG creative director André Leon Talley, "when I was in Leningrad photographing the Kirov Ballet. Every night after the performance they put dust sheets over the stage sets. It looked so beautiful that I thought of photographing the decorators in a setting that would just show snippets of the furniture, fabric, or rooms they love.

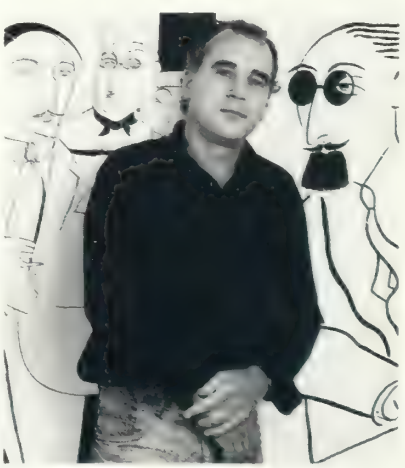
"I adore working with André; his enthusiasm is great and of course he's so tall—I'm not—which helps wonderfully with the draping." Snowdon's portraits are legendary; his most recent collection of photographs is *Snowdon: Stills* (1987).

JACQUELINE GONNET

Decorating editor Jacqueline Gonnet's three Rolodexes on her desk are proof enough of the scope of the decorating world she's been a part of. Her career of following great decoration nearly parallels those of the decorators in The American Greats this month. "We chose these twelve," she says, "because they are some of the best in New York. Versatile, with quality results."

Jacqueline Gonnet has seen everything, but she is still ready to look at more. "New talent is always exciting to follow." Could Rolodex #4 be far behind?

ERIC FEINBLATT



MICHAEL HOMANOS

KEN MARYANSKI

"In everything I draw there has to be some humor. My illustrations are a parody of what's really happening in a face or an event," says Ken Maryanski, whose work appears in Homelife and Duka's Diary each month. "I may do a drawing that's not very pretty, but the tension in it works well on the page." In addition to illustrating, Maryanski is instrumental to the advertising campaign for Meridien Hotels (his drawings for the hotel chain appear with him at left).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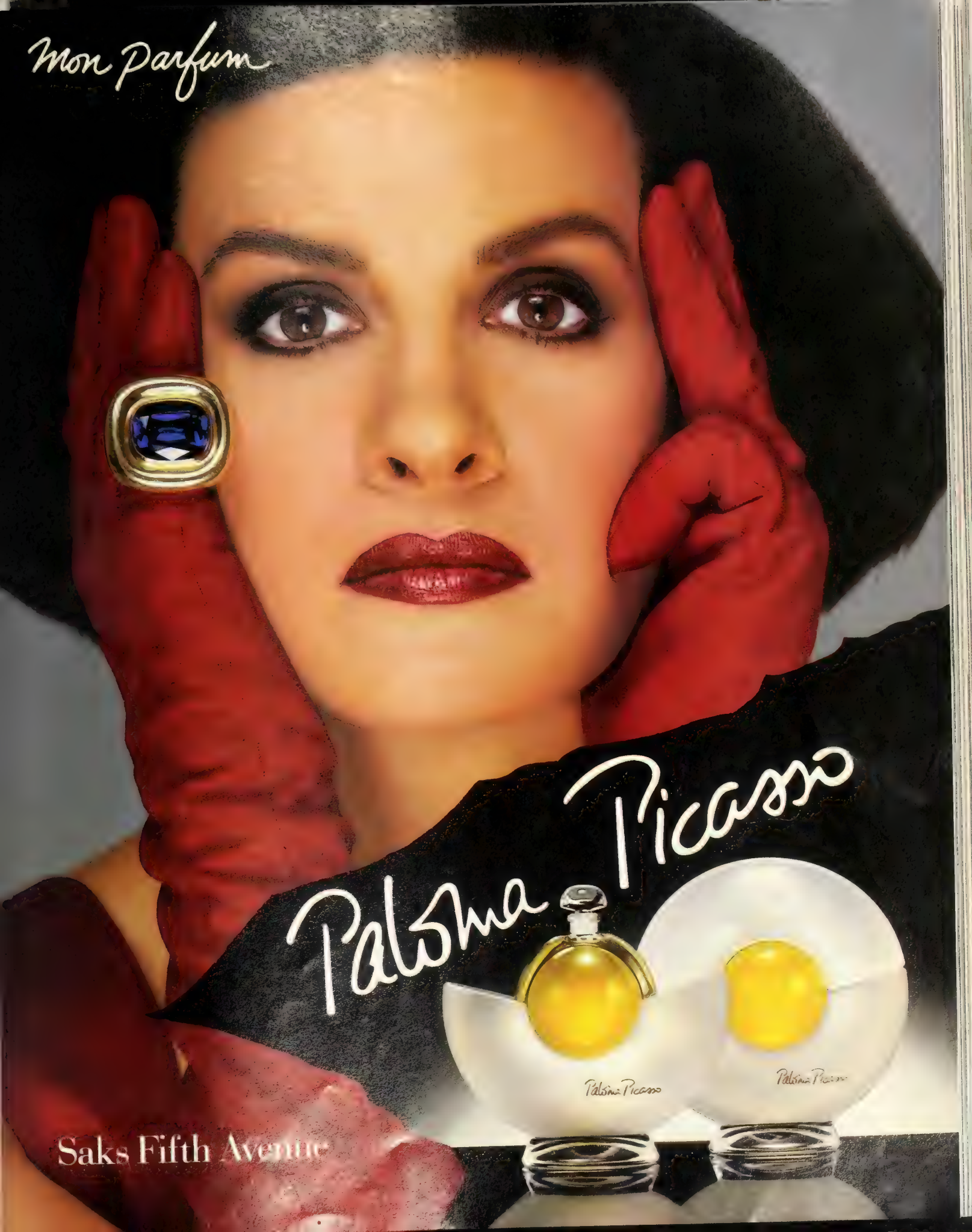
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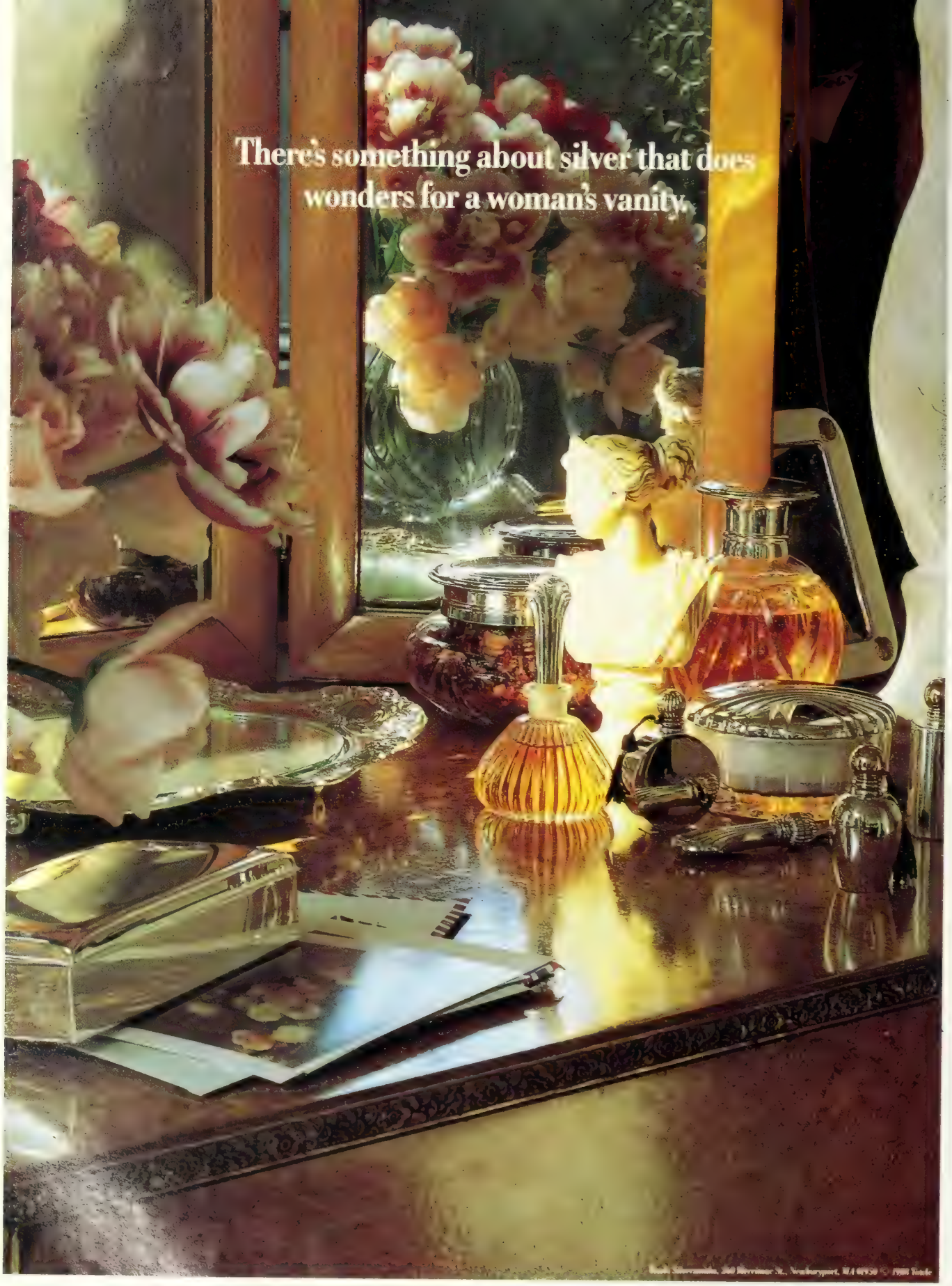

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Don't just set the table. Set the mood.

"Never trust a man who lavishes expensive gifts upon you," my Mother always said. "Unless you really like him."

She told me a lot of things about men, my Mother. And she was almost always right.

But this man was no typical man. This was a man in a million. A man who seemed very fond of me.

It had started only six weeks ago when I was stuck in row 12 on one of those seemingly endless flights that stop in Guam on their way to Tokyo.

In seat 12F, alongside of me, was an elbow that seemed intent on straying across the armrest the entire flight. It was his elbow.

By the time they served lunch I was halfway to falling in love.

Over the next two weeks I saw him just about every day. So when he asked me to join him for a trip out of town, it wasn't really a surprise.

After a long and leisurely lunch at a remote Country Inn, my man took me for a walk into the garden.

"This is for you, and for our days to come," he whispered in my ear as he handed me a package about half the size of a shoe box.

I undid the wrapping paper and revealed a beautiful calfskin jewelry box. With bated breath I lifted the lid.

And there it was, the diamonds glistening in the late afternoon country light, the most exquisite watch you've ever seen.

The name on the textured face identified it as a Concord Saratoga.™

"There are sixteen diamonds locked snugly into that polished eighteen-carat gold and brushed steel bezel," he informed me with a smile, "one for every day I've known you."

The curve of the linkages on the bracelet matched my wrist as though it was designed just for me. And it felt solid and substantial.

This was a watch for a lifetime.

Admiring the way the raised gold numerals seemed to shimmer in the reflected sparkle of the diamonds, I suddenly recalled my Mother's advice.

"There must be strings attached to a gift as beautiful as this?" I asked my man, perhaps a little hopefully.

He let go of me and knelt down on one knee, "I was rather hoping it would help get you to the church on time."

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MICHAEL MUNDY

ELIZABETH SVERBEYEFF BYRON

Senior architecture editor Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron has a long-standing passion for her subject. "I started out as a decorating editor but fell in love with architecture. It's exhilarating to feel the space, the light, the forms and to follow the work of architects as they develop over time." Her dedication pays off in many features for HG, including this month's on Stephen Holl: "I've been following him since the beginning and find him one of the most gifted architects of his generation."

CINDY PALMANO

PATRICK KINMONTH

"I think of myself as a painter rather than a writer, but I do love writing about art," says Patrick Kinmonth, whose piece about British sculpture is in HG Notes this month. The former arts editor at British *Vogue*, Kinmonth now paints full-time—"my pictures start with the sea"—and lives both in London and in Devon near the cliffs on the Cornish border.

clarence house

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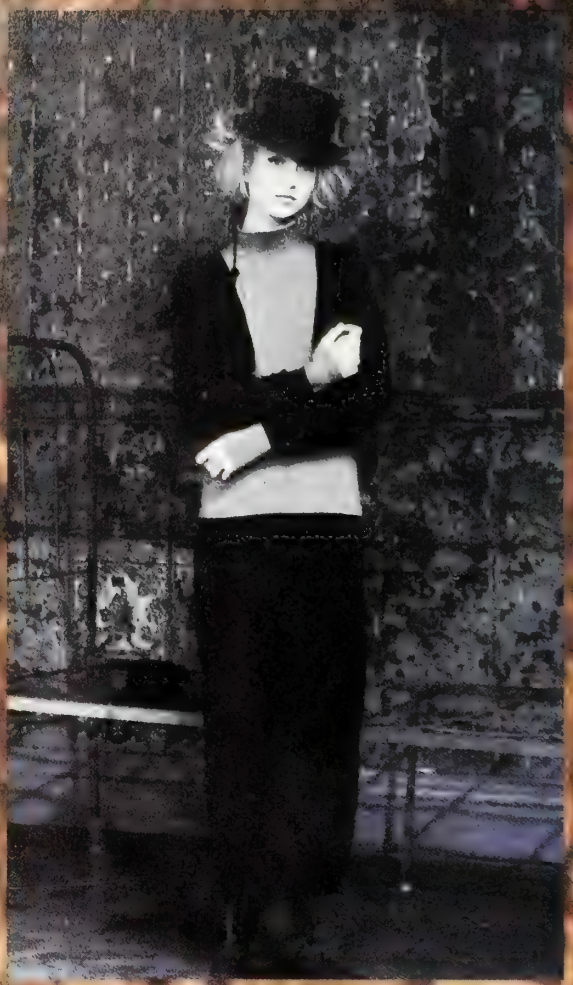

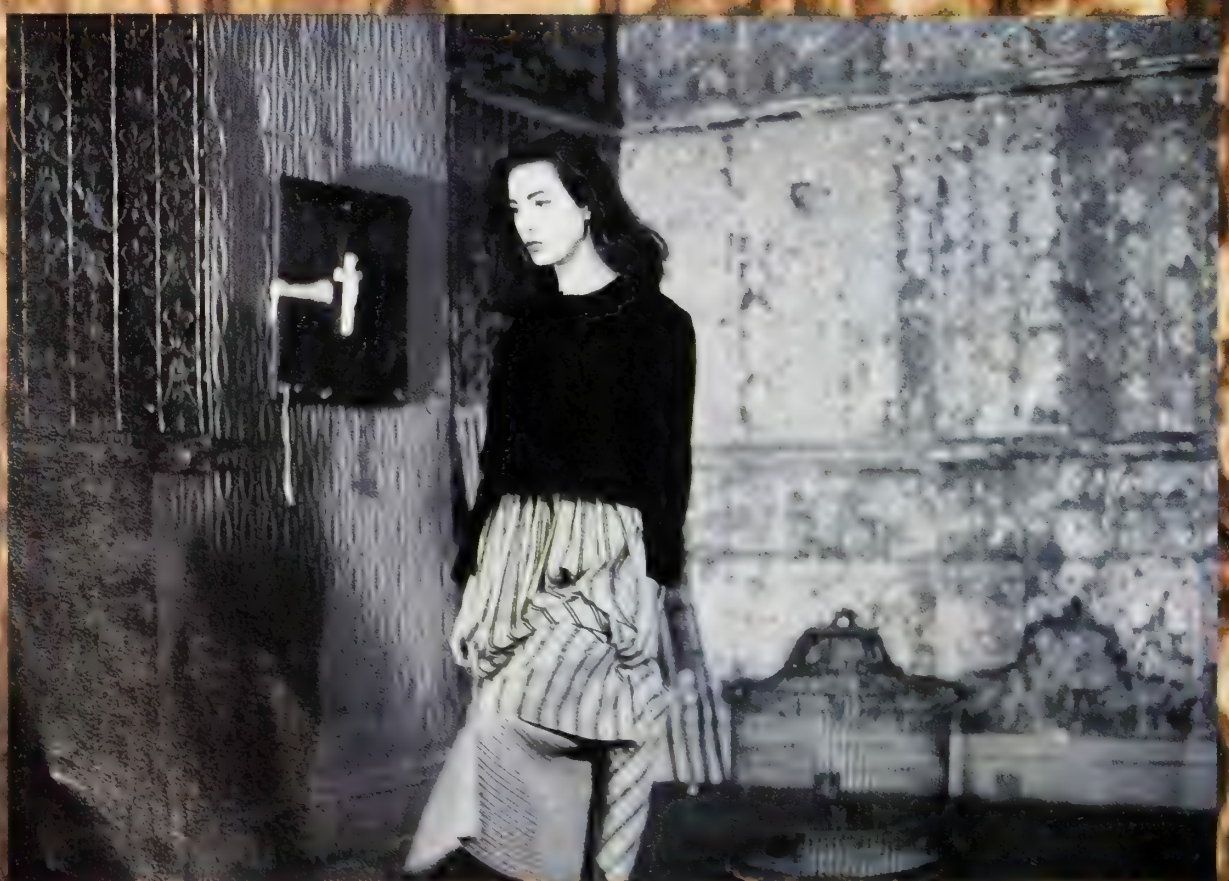

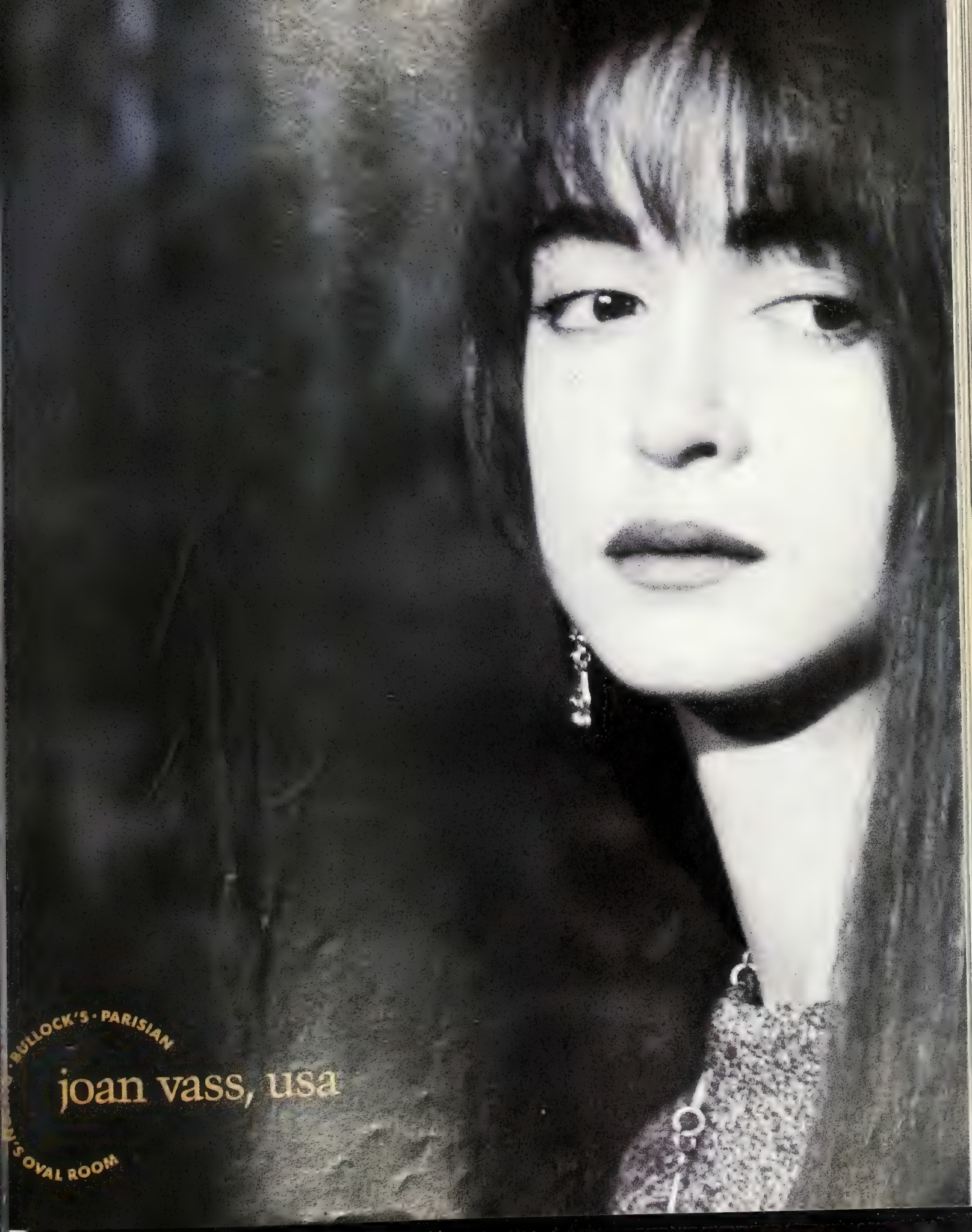
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HG

This fall, you're likely to find the best foliage of the season indoors

Ever since the Greeks crowned their columns with a shower of acanthus leaves, civilized societies have been working natural elements into decoration. And thanks to a bumper crop of foliage and feathers on fabrics and objects this season, the annual fall return to the city need not preclude "back to nature." The pleasures of the outdoors come inside as leaves and feathers festoon some of the most engaging of today's designs.

1. Hand-carved Louis XV armchair by William Switzer covered in Boucle Franklin by Clarence House. **2.** A majolica pitcher and bowl from Guild Hall.

1 MONICA STEVENSON 2 EDWARD ADDEO

1

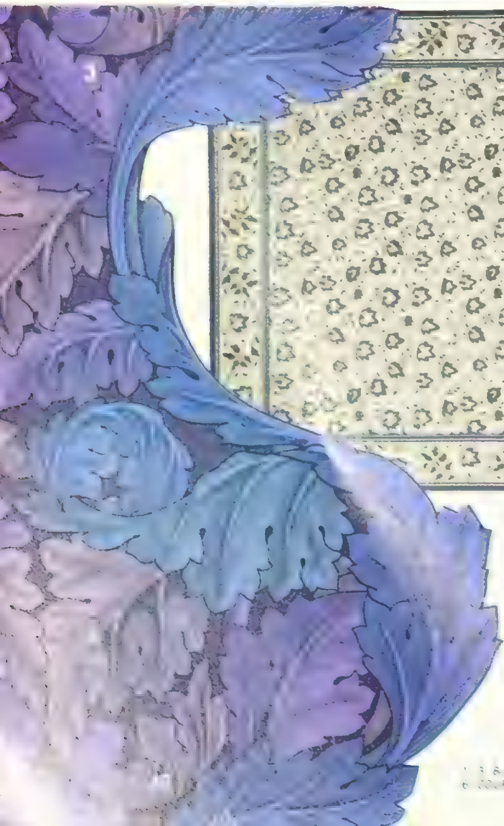
2

Whether they appear in a nineteenth-century Portuguese majolica pattern in vibrant green or a shower of brown Matisse-like lines on white wallpaper, leaves are definitely not fading this season. With their pleasing shapes and noble associations—the laurel wreath of the victor, Bacchus's pleasures in the grapevine—leaves have been a continuing presence in design. From medieval tapestries to the fabrics and wallpapers of William Morris's Arts and Crafts movement, they have repeatedly burst into prominence.

But today's designers are using the forms in surprisingly varied ways to add texture and richness—not to mention color—to interiors. The leaves of today are showing up not only in traditional greens and faded browns but also in vibrant blues, as in Casa Lopez's needlepoint rug based on an ivy pattern taken from a Chinese Ming vase, or rich teals, such as Arthur Sanderson & Sons' acanthus leaf fabric based on a William Morris design of 1875.

Depending on scale, leaves can be used either as a dramatic focal point or a subtle background, as in EON's room divider of theatrical scrim hand-painted by Lisa Frank. The leaf design is adapted from a Persian carpet. On William Switzer's hand-carved Louis XV armchair covered in Clarence House's Boucle Franklin fabric, leaves boldly float on a brown background. And in a table setting designed by HG creative director Marie-

Fanciful feathers are blown up to major proportio



3

5

1. Brooks wallpaper by Hinson. 2. A scrim by EON, NYC. 3. Acanthus linen by Arthur Sanderson & Sons. 4. Lierre rug from Casa Lopez, Paris. 5. A table setting designed by HG for Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, with fabrics by Rose Cumming.

MONICA STEVENSON ... SARA BARRETT ... COURTESY CLARENCE HOUSE

Paule Pellé for Bergdorf Goodman, an abundance of ivy leaves brings the garden right onto the tabletop.

Leaves, however, aren't the only entrancing natural forms that drift from the sky. The feather is joining the leaf on the drawing boards of today's designers. Pierre Frey turned to the feather for his Ferrieres cotton for Clarence House, which reproduces the form with the accuracy of a nineteenth-century botanical print. Linn Howard, who admits to a passion for birds, has embedded real feathers in glass plates that serve as the perfect complement to the classic Tiffany Feathers table setting. Fanciful feathers are blown up to major proportions on Baker Furniture's open armchair. Even the traditional textile firm of Greeff, noted for its floral and early American motifs, has joined the flurry for feathers with its Feather Border wallpaper. This evokes Edwardian splendor with a fluffy down Oscar Wilde might have wanted to rest his head upon. Perhaps the most prescient designer of the moment is David Davies, who has created a new line of forged-iron furniture featuring both feathers and laurel leaves. **Laurie Schechter**

6. Ferrieres cotton by Pierre Frey for Clarence House. **7.** Hand-forged iron chairs by David Davies. **8.** Beauty Feathers glass plates by Linn Howard. **9.** Feathers by Tiffany. **10.** Open armchair by Baker. **11.** Feather Border from Greeff.

style

Tartans have always inspired loyalty—now modern designers are joining the clan

1

1. Old World Weavers mix tartan and tassels in their Kordel fabric.
2. Beginning with Wilkes sheets and pillowcases, Ralph Lauren mingles clans in the Thoroughbred bed from his Home Collection with Thornbury and Clarendon blankets, a Cavendish wool throw, and Princess Mary, Thornbury, and Edinsmoor throw pillows.

Thanks are owed to Prince Albert for one of the most potent design trends of the moment—bringing tartans into the home (or in his case, castle). While Queen Victoria also had a great fondness for the Scottish patterns evocative of the romance of the Highlands, she confined her use of the plaids to clothing. But today's designers, like the queen's consort, see no reason not to spread the colorful and complex patterns over walls, furniture, floors, even place settings.

Tartans date back to the ancient Celts, who developed the woven patterns with vegetable dyes indigenous to each region of Scotland. Initially the plaids served as a kind of camouflage for hiding amid the heather. But tartans quickly became more symbolic than practical, with each clan adopting a different plaid. As the clans proliferated, the patterns became more complex and visually dazzling. For a brief period in the eighteenth century tartans were even forbidden by the British government because they were such a potent sign of Scottish solidarity. In 1860, when the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the United States, he set off a rage for the patterns in this country. Ever since, tartans have had a hearty appeal—and royal connotations as well.

These plaids are hearty, masculine and have royal connotations

So great is the fascination with tartans that New York's Fash-

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3. Ceramics from the Hyland Collection by ANTA Design including Black and White MacFarlane, and Rob Roy MacGregor.
4. Daniel Hechter's tea set from the Ready to Live Collection.
5. A tartan bedroom at Queen Victoria's Balmoral Castle.

ion Institute of Technology is planning an exhibition devoted to them from October 25 through early January.

The freewheeling use of tartans today is attributable more to their strong rich colors and warmth than to their symbolic meaning. Ralph Lauren created tartan linens and blankets for the Thoroughbred line of his Home Collection. Anne and Lachlan Stewart of ANTA Design in Scotland have extended tartan's range by using traditional patterns on a line of hand-painted ceramic tableware. French fashion designer Daniel Hechter also dresses up a clean-lined modern tea set in tartan. Old World Weavers combines plaids with tassels in its Kordel fabric, suggesting royalty at play. In Jockey Club green fabric by Clarence House riders sprint in front of a plaid background. Jay Yang surprints roses on top of plaid in his Rosabelle fabric for Hines & Co. A Louis XVI–style chair by Karges Furniture is covered in Clarence House's Ecossais Eiffel plaid with a skirt reminiscent of a kilt. Ultimate proof that tartans are no longer confined to the uniforms of high-school girls. **L.S.**

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6. Clarence House horses around with plaid in its Jockey Club green cotton fabric. **7.** Jay Yang combines roses and plaid in his cotton fabric available from Hines & Co. **8.** Karges Furniture evokes the past with its Louis XVI–style Westbury side chair, slipcovered—and skirted—in Clarence House's Ecossais Eiffel plaid.

1. M[illegible] STEVENSON 2. EDWARD ADDEO 3. ANNE MORTIMER 4. ALEXANDER BAILACHE 5. COURTESY WINDSOR CASTLE, ROYAL LIBRARY HRH QUEEN ELIZABETH II 6. COURTESY CLARENCE HOUSE

design

Italian Revolutionaries

A Boccioni show and the latest design movement prove Italy's perennial fascination with the future

Umberto Boccioni's motto might have been, "Live fast, die young." The Futurist pioneer, who declared early in the century that "we modern Italians are without a past," didn't need one. He and his fellow Futurists were too busy launching a revolution in art and architecture that extolled the virtues of modern technology and the dynamism of trains, planes, and automobiles. In a fitting, if tragic, example of life imitating art, Boccioni's meteor burned out early (he died in World War I at age 33), leaving behind a group of revolutionaries who, without their leader, soon disbanded. But Futurism's place in the history of twentieth-century art was assured, as we can see in the first American retrospective of the artist's work at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art from September 15–January 8, 1989.

If today's electronic age seems the perfect moment for reviving Futurism's romantic fusion of form and technology, we need look no further than—where else?—Italy, where a movement is born (and reborn) every minute, and where, it is said, design is a national sport. There, a group of ten young architects who call themselves the Bolidists have burst onto the design scene faster than a speeding bullet—or should we say *bolide*, the Italian word for "fast-moving object."

Bolidism's influences include not only Futurism but machine age and streamlined design of the 1930s and 1940s; the avant-garde architectural radicals of the Aesthetics with a vengeance. Umberto Boccioni's *Self-Portrait*, 1908, above, and examples of today's Bolidism movement: prototype for the Alua chair, left, designed by Dante Donegani and Ernesto Spicciolato; Massimo Mariani's Boccio di Rosa lamp, right.

FROM LEFT: EMILIO TREMULADA; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART LENT BY PINACOTECA DI BREPA MILAN; INC.

THE SMALL TALK STOPS

ST. GILLIAN

THE DRESS
THAT MAKES
THE DAY.

WHEN THE SAINT COMES MARCHING IN.

design

1960s and the 1970s, such as Archizoom and Superstudio, noted for unlikely utopian urban designs; and contemporary Italian mentors such as Memphis guru Ettore Sottsass and Andrea Branzi, another key proponent of Italian new-wave design.

Like the Futurists, the Bolidists are fond of theories and pronouncements, including their 1986 manifesto that firmly states, "The future is more interesting than the past." But where the Futurists saw speed in mechanical terms (the airplane was a new toy back then), the Bolidists are light-years ahead.

This furniture is so dynamic, it may run away any minute

The styles of these Florentine-educated designers vary wildly from neo-primitive to neo-Jetson. Pierangelo Caramia favors a figurative iconographic approach. Dante Donegani and Ernesto Spicciolato are described as Minimalists. Massimo Mariani's trademarks are neo-naturalism and irony. Maurizio Corrado is fascinated by structural tension. Maurizio Castelvetro opts for "revisitation" and Classicism. Daniele Cariani's preference is for "expressionistic contamination." And Stefano Giovannoni and Guido Venturini believe in "science fiction." But the cardinal rule of Bolidism never varies: function always follows form.

Nowhere is this clearer than in the work of Massimo Iosa-Ghini, the 28-year-old architect, painter, and comic-strip illustrator who is emerging as Bolidism's brightest star. Iosa-Ghini's "narrative of the future" begins in his paintings and illustrations—haunting images of space-age cities that look like sets for a Buck Rogers movie designed by Giorgio de Chirico. His cartoonlike furniture designs are full of sweeping curves and sharp angles. A wing chair looks as if it has Mickey Mouse ears; a buffet seems like a giant "Streamline Moderne" radio. One armchair has a backrest that's more like a backstop, to keep you from sliding out the other end. This furniture is so dynamic, it may run away any minute. Don't blink, or you'll miss it. **Pilar Viladas**

EMILIO TREMULADA

Timely style: A futuristic desk clock also by Donegani and Spicciolato.

Chair of the Month

Joyce Carol Oates analyzes the many components of a novel and poetic chair

Here is a "chair" that is a work of art. It descends from Duchamp and the assemblage-sculptors of the early twentieth century. Made of scrap iron, bolts, nuts, even an ingenious Brillo pad, lightly coated with rust, it is witty, weighty, and almost comfortable. Perhaps it is for those who like their furniture to *hurt*.

The more I contemplate it, the more I like it. I like its playful touch of royalty, its ironic masculinity. I like the way it reassembles its environment around it, demanding its own space. It is to the conventional chair as bone is to flesh, Giacometti is to Renoir, John Cage is to Liszt. Being iron, it exerts an iron will. It dares you to be equal to it. It must be the only one of its kind.

DOUG MYERS

Joyce Carol Oates embraces the hard contours of Linus Coraggio's scrap-metal East Village Gothic Chair, $2,500. Details see Sources.

THE CLASSIC AMERICAN BEAUTY

The newest Conran's in New York has mural by John H. Howard, above, and colorful displays, right. Top right: The proprietor, Sir Terence Conran.

The Conran Conquest

Sir Terence continues to expand his transatlantic empire by selling good design to the masses

Why design in America isn't any better is a bafflement to Sir Terence Conran. "You're prepared to reach out for the most advanced technology, in medicine for example, and yet on the domestic level want the genteel clutter of the English country home. Nobody yet seems prepared to wholeheartedly believe we should be looking for a style in tune with the age we live in." Except him. Clean, uncluttered, unpretentious, accessible, adaptable, and affordable, the Conran look has taken both the fear and the fetishism out of modern design for the public at large. As he correctly notes, "The best furnishings in America are behind closed doors in designer showrooms. There are terrific things the public never sees. Well, my philosophy is how I can raise taste on the mass level."

Since the first Conran's shop opened eleven years ago in New York's Citicorp Center, the chain—part of a nine-hundred-store, London-based international retailing empire with revenues last year in excess of £1 billion—has gradually expanded, with fifteen branches today in the Northeast and a foothold in L.A. scheduled for 1989. In May the latest Conran's opened in the remodeled 81st Street Theater in Manhattan, a handsome white terra-cotta relic built in 1914. The largest retail store on the Upper West Side, it is located across Broadway from the popular Zabar's food emporium, ensuring its success in that weekend shopper's paradise.

Conran's credo of simplicity and utility had its origins in his secondary education at the crafts-oriented Bryanston School in Dorset, which the fourteen-year-old Londoner entered in 1945. After finishing his formal education at London's Central School of Arts and Crafts, Conran was won over by the vernacular design culture of France during his travels there. The emphasis on natural materials, straightforward practicality, and classic forms was in complete agreement with his own theories. "If people are offered only shoddy things that are badly designed," he has reasoned, "then of course that's what they'll buy. But if they're offered better things they'll respond to them. We are offering things that are not wildly aspirational, but we're not embarrassed to be selling them. We're not cynical, and cynicism is often the trouble in retailing."

One skeptic is Min Hogg, editor in chief of *The World of Interiors*. In a recent British TV documentary on Conran by David Wiles she observed that "it's his aim to pare down design until really there's none left. But it creates a wonderful illusion for the public that the shop is absolutely full of magnificent amounts of choice, whereas there's no choice in a way because all the things are of an identical level of design." In fact, the Conran repertoire derives from late Bauhaus, fifties Scandinavian, sixties Italian, seventies naturals, with new revivalist pieces inspired by Art Deco, the Wiener Werkstätte, and reinterpreted country classics. Conran is above all a clever businessman, and he is accepting the new conservatism by stocking more tradition-inspired goods than ever before. It is no capitulation, however. There is little likelihood that the canny design knight has come this far to let the enemy in the front gate. Most likely he will gladly offer an *entente cordiale* on his own benevolent, despotic, but nonetheless principled terms. **Martin Filler**

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: HANS GISSINGER; DUDLEY REED; HANS GISSINGER

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BY WALTER CHIN

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VALENTIN

VALE

V

BY HELMUT NEWTON

SNOWDON

ANTONY GORMLEY

Gormley uses himself as the basis of his work. The figures are mostly him, made from body casts and later adapted to his purpose. But they always retain their form as molds, vessels, the containers of life, like the canopic jars and cases of the Egyptians. Gormley's figures are often covered with lead. His use of that heavy sensitive metal gives his sculpture a heightened sense of volume.

Forging Ahead

A new generation of sculptors is challenging British traditions of good taste

The British have always been better at Taste than Art. Even their bad taste has a definite quality that sets it apart: it is the most influential bad taste in the world. And their taste for sculpture has favored the decorative. When Jacob Epstein made the first great sculpture on a twentieth-century British building in London in 1907, the public demanded it be defaced, the genitalia and heads removed as an offense against their sense of good taste. At that time they did not have a sense of great art to affront.

Now, as then, the British have editorial flair rather than creative genius. They like decoration better than revelation, Colefax & Fowler rather than Bacon and Beuys. But in this stony ground a group of sculptors is thriving despite—and sometimes because of—the hostility of their environment, provoked into sculpture by the chintzy values of modern Britain with its disturbed monetarism and official philistinism. So it must be seen as a welcome respite that the major new gallery in the officially "deprived" north of England, the Tate Gallery Liverpool, has opened with a show devoted to the work of these men and women, on view through September 4.

The nationally acceptable sculpture of Britain is gardening. For the chisels of Carrara we must substitute the trowel. It is the ideal British art: unintellectual, discreet, and other people can do it for you. This leaves you free to pretend that you did it or, indeed, that you did not. It is an art both for those who call a spade a spade and for those who are pleased to say they have never seen one.

The new British sculpture, on the other hand, is highly intelligent, overtly critical, and intensely personal. It has come as a shock—sometimes tragic, as when a submarine made of tires by David Mach led to the death of its saboteur, who set it alight on the South Bank and caught fire himself. But the British have always been happier with a lime walk ended by a copy of the Apollo Belvedere than a room with a Rodin. Recently at the Tate in London *The Kiss* was stumbled on in a dark passage, near some Beatrix Potter watercolors, like a guilty couple mercifully escaped from a guided tour.

Before you say that this is a review of the Chelsea Flower Show masquerading as a generalization about British sculpture, I must insist on a little more digging. Literature was the creator of the later English garden, and literature was Britain's most important artistic export in the Age of Enlightenment. It was minor British poets who established the link (one that could not hold farther south) between weather and emotion—changeable, inclined to be wet, subtle, and a thousand shades of gray. These poets suggested to the incisive minds of Goethe and Rousseau an amazing weather report of the human psyche. Mountains stopped being in

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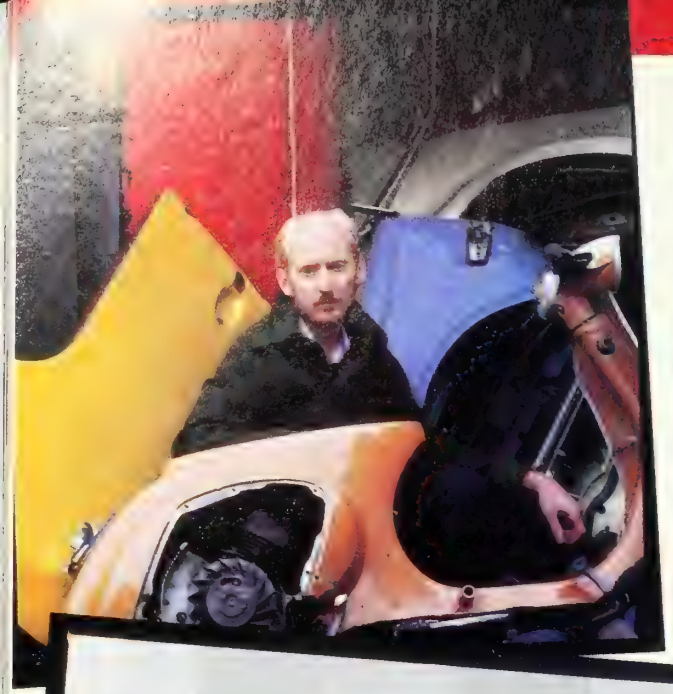

BILL WOODROW

Transformation of an almost magical kind is at the center of Woodrow's work. He snips into a car door and finds a bird or a crucifixion; he creates a bomb from an ironing board. He discovers a cinema in the guts of an old upholstered chair, a guitar in the side of a washing machine, a bicycle frame and handlebars from the metal skin of a spin dryer. Twisted and bent, his objects remain umbilically attached to the things from which they are made. They are riddles of the connections between what they were and what they have become and the role of trash and art (and the possibility of their interchangeability).

MICHAEL CRAIG-MARTIN

Sometimes, like a pun on Léger, Michael Craig-Martin's sculptures hang weightlessly in space. They hover on white walls like drawings lighter than air, as clean-lined as a technician's plan. Elegant outlines of objects as mundane as a shirt on a hanger, a light bulb, scissors, or safety pins, these amusing and disturbing works pose afresh Classical conundrums of space, volume, scale, and form.

BRUCE McLEAN

Working in the widest range of media has been a point of honor with McLean. His catalogue of performances, paintings, sculptures, dinner plates, chimneypieces, bars, and whatever else his marvelously clear mind turns to has dared his students at the Slade School of Fine Art to take as many risks as their teacher. "It's amazing how many people actually want to paint an apple in a corner," he reports. His line, whether drawn on pottery, paper or, as here, in steel, has all the verve of Matisse.

the way and became touchstones for emotions. Rocks spoke of the human condition. A path was cleared for Henry Moore.

Moore, with his insistence on the unintellectual basis of art, was occupying a hole carved out by generations of thinkers. He filled the hole with a bone. The new generation has buried it in a torrent of works, prepared to take on politics, the environment, and immediate issues of discontent. To this end, much of the new sculpture is concerned with the transformation of everyday objects. The flotsam of polluted beaches, the surreal mise-en-scènes of consumer goods, by Tony Cragg, David Mach, Bill Woodrow, Richard Wentworth, and others is a jolt to the system, a pinch to the conscience to see if it is dreaming. It is a spur to responsibility, and in the hands of the symbolists of this generation, Anish Kapoor, Shirazeh Houshiary, Richard Deacon, and Antony Gormley, in particular, it is a confirmation of the value of the spiritual in an ever more material world.

Gardening is the ideal British art: discreet, unintellectual, and others can do it for you

These artists are making sculpture of great importance. In their hands the world has a fourth dimension: truth. They show us what we are in danger of becoming, as well as what we could become if we take the trouble to question, as they do, what sculpture and life are about.

At the opening ceremony for the exhibition Prince Charles paused by a floor piece by Tony Cragg. A television commentator kept a straight face as she supplied, "This piece, called *Spectrum*, is made of found plastic," and paused ominously as the camera zoomed in on His Royal Highness's utterly bemused face. Cragg's piece, a simple rainbow of color made from old bleach and polish containers and abandoned and empty bottles of every shape and size, was clearly drawing a blank. As the party moved from room to room in James Stirling's conversion of the abandoned dock, which art is now to help turn into a "dynamic business center," a voice muttered, "What this place needs is a few plants." **Patrick Kinmonth**

For sculptors' galleries see Sources.

SNOWDON

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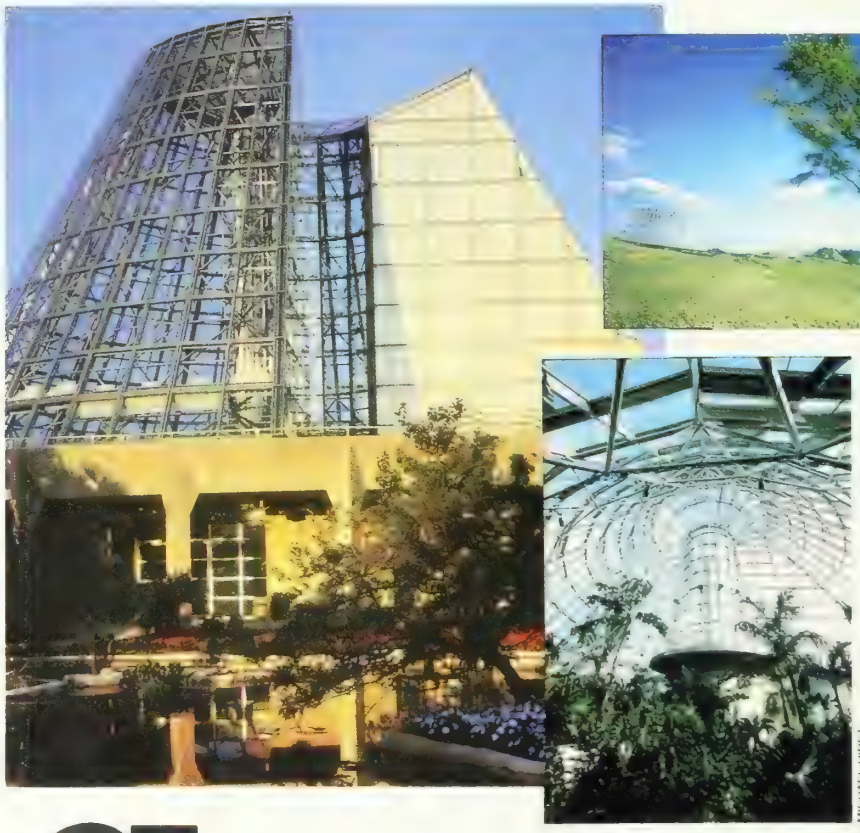
Greenhouse Effects

Architect Emilio Ambasz gives an unusual conservatory in Texas a touch of the poet



The conservatory at the San Antonio Botanical Gardens, above, is dug into hillside. Palm house, left and far left, is tallest structure.

At age 45, Emilio Ambasz is at the put-up-or-shut-up point that comes in the life of every architect. He has had several parallel para-architectural careers, from design curator at New York's Museum of Modern Art to designer of furniture and industrial machinery. Yet this Argentinian-born architect's attitude toward construction has always been oddly ambivalent. He prefers cryptic "fables" to clearly stated programs and Minimalist site models stylized to extremes of Platonic perfection. His self-conscious stance as a "poet" rather than a practitioner has set him apart from his more conventional contemporaries. This strategy has had its rewards: Ambasz is being given a MOMA retrospective (Feb. 9–Apr. 4, 1989), a singular honor for one who has only now just completed his first building. It is the Lucile Halsell Conservatory of the San Antonio Botanical Gardens, and as architects' initial works often do, it simultaneously summarizes both its author's strengths and weaknesses.

The glass-and-metal botanical greenhouse is one of the quintessential products of the Victorian Age, symbolizing modern man's taming of nature through technology. But the legendary prototype of the conservatory is the Garden of Eden, lost paradise of primeval innocence. To emphasize those mythic origins, Ambasz dispensed with the traditional house imagery in favor of dynamic geometric forms half-buried in the gentle slope of the 33-acre park overlooking San Antonio. Despite his claim that he sees "no reason to respond to the context there," the surroundings are unusually attractive, and he responds to them with great skill. The siting and circulation path through the complex are superb. The visitor is led among the buildings along a curving route that requires no doubling back, and the rapid succession of alpine, temperate, desert, subtropical, and tropical environments adds to the sense that the spaces seem far larger than they actually are. This highly sophisticated illusion demonstrates Ambasz's gift for transcending the commonplace without obvious strain.

It is in the poor quality of the construction details that Ambasz's lack of experience as a builder shows. Concrete surfaces (many of which will soon be overgrown with greenery) look ugly, materials meet one another with amateurish crudity, and the structural systems of the greenhouses are overly elaborate. The coincidence of this work's being completed in the same year as I. M. Pei's Louvre pyramid—in contrast, a miracle of lightness, economy, and elegance—is unfortunate. Nonetheless, the verdant hand of nature will soon cover many of this building's flaws, by which time Ambasz will have had the chance to apply his formidable intelligence to other projects that likewise seek solutions outside the norm of architectural business as usual. **Martin Filler**

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architecture

Coming Attractions

Walker Art Center takes a look at the future of contemporary architecture

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: COURTESY WALKER ART CENTER (2); TIMOTHY HURSLEY COURTESY WALKER ART CENTER

Selections from the portfolios of architects chosen by the Walker. Clockwise from above: Franklin Israel, Stanley Saitowitz, Liz Diller and Ricardo Scofidio, Tod Williams and Billie Tsien.

Nine almost young and almost well known architects will have their day in the Minnesota sun, thanks to an ambitious exhibition series at Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Mildred Friedman, the museum's dynamo design curator, has scheduled the show to run in six consecutive fall-spring installments over the next three years, naming it, appropriately enough, "Architecture Tomorrow."

The series opens October 30th with Los Angeles architect Franklin Israel, who plans to construct six pavilions inside the museum that will house drawings and models of his work. Perhaps not so coincidentally, architect Frank Gehry had the same idea two years ago for his blockbuster retrospective at Walker, so we'll see how Israel's structures stack up to Gehry's—which were sensational. Next May, Thom Mayne and Michael Rotondi, two more West Coasters, will take the Walker stage, to be followed by Tod Williams and Billie Tsien (fall 1989), Stanley Saitowitz (spring 1990), Liz Diller and Ricardo Scofidio (fall 1990), and finally, in spring 1991, Steven Holl.

What does "Architecture Tomorrow" tell us about architecture tomorrow? Well, if the six teams that Friedman and her advisory panel tapped for the show have their way, we can look forward to a less sentimental and more rigorous aesthetic future in which Postmodernism is, shall we say, history. **Charles Gandee**

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Checking In

Edna O'Brien withdraws to the Wyndham Hotel to become a lady of leisure

Writers and hotels make good bedfellows. The escape, the privacy, and the temporary sense of aggrandizement of a hotel add to the fairly forlorn hope that words—very special, potent, and as yet undreamed of—will be consigned to paper, hotel paper, whose very logos can be talismanic, presaging success or doom.

There are the glorious affairs between writers and hotels, notably Marcel Proust and Thomas Mann who, in *Within a Budding Grove* and *Death in Venice* respectively, made these luxurious violet-tinted abodes sanctuaries of lust and inspiration. Less noble is the story of poor Oscar Wilde in a hotel on the Left Bank of Paris going out each day, wearing his two cabalistic rings, hoping in vain to cadge; or Dorothy Parker in a hotel in New York, a specter of her former daring and precocious self.

My own favorite hotel is the Wyndham in New York, not least because, when there, I feel as if I have been miraculously restored to the bosom of a family that I have always hankered for. The owners pamper me without ever obliging me to conform; the staff takes the pangs of isolation away by having sundry chats. I manage to understand baseball and football fever and receive opinions about shows before I open my morning paper. Even New York has its own hush at dawn, and as I glimpse through my window gold-painted figures, I feel that I am in some Byzantine city. This early rising constitutes the first few days of jet lag only. Afterward I waken at a more indulgent hour, often to find there are already telephone messages on pink paper which remind me of confetti. Only pleasantries could be inscribed on such a color.

I like any room I inhabit to resemble one Matisse might have painted

Each autumn I teach at the City University of New York and for that duration the Wyndham is my home. It is the stuff of fairy tales. I am free, yet cosseted, succumbing to a bout of fantasy and aggrandizement. I recall a poem of Ogden Nash's about Mrs. Marmaduke Moore dipping her locks in a bowl of henna and booking passage to Vienna. New York is my Vienna. From the earliest age New York featured in our house as the seat of glamour and good fortune. My parents had been there, and for my mother, despite her humble toiling, it was an earthly paradise.

I like any room that I inhabit to resemble one that Matisse might have painted. It so happens that Mr. and Mrs. Mados, the proprietors of the Wyndham, have something of the same idea, so that my belongings and myself merge into it, so to speak. From England I haul pictures, embroideries, jugs, and cranberry glasses. I never carry photographs since the people I love are engraved on my mind anyhow. Never once do I suppose that someone else has occupied the room, even though I know for a fact that Sam Cohn did, and never will I allow the thought that when I leave someone else will come in. I hide little folded notes in drawers and crevices with quotations, mostly from Shakespeare. Come to think of it, I ought to leave lines from Robert Ardrey's *Territorial Imperative*.

Soon, my pictures, my icon, my postcards (mostly of Madonnas), my lace shawls, my Buddha, and my orange-scented sticks bedeck the place. My books fill the bookcase and the windowsills. Every day I buy more books, strengthening the ruse that most writers indulge in, which is that if they buy a book they have at least done some service to literature. Luxury of luxuries, there are two television sets so that I can go from one room to the other and not miss a pronoun.

Bob Geldof once told me that he did not care to stay at the Wyndham because they did not have 24-hour room service or remote-controlled television, two things which utterly endear the place to me. It means that one turns the television off at the sensible hour, and that one can skip breakfast. Long before lunch I can contemplate the glorious ritualistic excursion of going to a delicatessen on 57th Street and having a large orange and carrot juice. Invariably I see someone I know, at least by sight. Stars and rock stars in dark glasses storm the place. To add to all this flourish there is a metal plaque beveled into Sixth Avenue adorned with shamrocks and carrying the signal—BEING IRISH

Then it's back to work and more pink messages and three hours of withdrawal in which I ask for no calls to be put through, at the same time hoping that won't mean having to forgo the pleasure of a conversation with Harrison Ford—a man, incidentally, I do not know. As the hours pass and the words do not get spawned, hunger sets in, or something resembling hunger. To be able to send out for things, such as decaffeinated, turkey on rye, and tuna salad, and receive them is for me an achievement as miraculous as a moon walk.

In my kitchen at the Wyndham there is always an array of those little sachets containing ketchup and mustard and sweeteners, perfect evidence of a woman who disdains cooking. In England I am something of a slave, in New York something of a reprobate. Life in my own house is dogged with domestic duties and the perennial presence of builders. My particular work team is made up of Kerrymen, whose goodwill is matched by massive inefficiency. No sooner do they come to mend a pipe or install a bath than havoc to other parts of the house ensues, and more of their consorts have to be called to repair the damage, and on and so on until it's orders for twelve cups of tea.

But at the Wyndham I need not worry about the roof or the door hinges or the burps

KEN MARYANSKI

from the radiator or the quality of the saucepans. I could with ingenuity rustle up dinner parties, but I don't. To my knowledge, no woman in New York cooks, except my friend Maria Tucci. I join the ranks of the carefree. In my kitchen in London there is invariably yeast bread rising under a muslin cloth, potatoes waiting to be peeled, and even on occasion carrageen moss soaking for a soufflé. In short, evidence of a guilt-ridden woman who still believes that a woman's place is in the kitchen. I know, too, that my son has coveys of girlfriends and that the rooms I have so carefully appointed have become venues for jamborees.

In New York I don't care. I let go of my house and its contents. I buy new clothes to fit my new and profligate persona. I once ordered a very expensive garment which I had seen in a window. Because it arrived in a fancy box I had the illusion that it was actually a gift. Yet at moments I panic. I remember a wonderful story that Woody Allen wrote about Emma Bovary in a hotel in New York getting above herself. Nevertheless, next day I order more flowers or more champagne and wonder what one did without the benefit of credit cards and two other—alas, home-oriented—items: fire lighters and tinfoil. You see I am already lighting the home fires and mentally stuffing that turkey and putting it in tinfoil, which brings me to the subject of Christmas. As with most people, Christmas terrifies me. But at the Wyndham I can have the joys of Yuletide without the bother.

I buy candles although I know that the "Boss" does not approve. I put them in coronets of spruce and light them as ceremoniously as a tree. I receive six or seven Christmas cards, mostly from my students—the ones who like me. I go for Christmas Eve dinner to my friends the Schlesingers. And on Christmas Day I make social calls, remembering with some remorse that as a young girl in Dublin I and other girls went to see the cribs in various churches, which the men referred to as crib-crawls, while they did pub-crawls.

On Boxing Day I envisage the cards and packages and bills and final notices that await me at home, my teaching duties over. Mrs. Mados coaxes me to stay at least until New Year's Eve. Naturally I concede. Come the cold moment of reckoning on January 1, I start to pack. But having acquired more things than will fit in my suitcases, I am obliged to leave shawls, lamps, books, and clobber in a big trunk, knowing that come hell or high water I will be back—God and the Madoses willing. ♠

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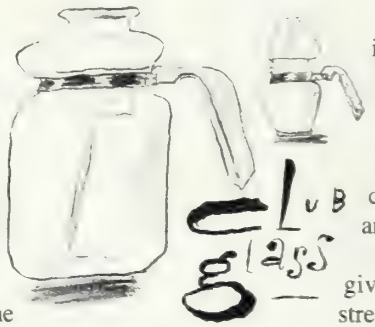
Forward into the Futurama

Herbert Muschamp looks at four books exploring our fascination with form, from streamlined to neo-primitive

"Suddenly, it's 1960." Well, maybe they're not the three most beautiful words in the English language, but if someone will please get up and get me a Grants, or maybe two, I'm prepared to admit that the optimism of those words thrills me as much as anything in Shakespeare. So what if they were ground out on Madison Avenue, coined to plug a new Plymouth that, moreover, had already vanished into tail-fin heaven long before the momentous year actually rolled around? The ad came out in 1956. But as the copywriter pointed out with the hubris characteristic of the age, "Who says tomorrow never comes? You're looking at it!" We were, and the view was great, and it was just going to get greater and greater. Designers were going to design it that way. Designers were onto something truly Promethean. Designers were onto Design.

We tend to forget how long it took to get around to design. After all, the Parthenon wasn't designed. Chartres Cathedral wasn't designed. The *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa María* weren't designed. "Oh, yeah?" a joker in the audience once piped up when I made these assertions in a lecture. "What happened—they just grew?"

No, they were built. They were made. But the word *design* and its equivalents did not appear until about four centuries ago. Nor did there exist until then a conception of the process we use that word to describe. And the Designer did not appear until the present century.



Arthur J. Pulos's new book, **The American Design Adventure** (MIT Press, $50) continues the saga of American design he began in his epic 1983 volume *American Design Ethic*. The earlier book was a kind of Pirandellian study of designed objects in search of a designer, a review of the diverse contributions of inventors, engineers, furniture makers, silversmiths, and decorative, commercial, and applied artists. Then finally in the 1920s—thanks in part to the need of automobile manufacturers for a new gimmick to give themselves a competitive edge—we arrive at the birth of the autonomous designer, an independent professional contracted to bring style and image to an ever-widening range of objects.

Life became a series of inspired aesthetic choices from locomotives to nylons

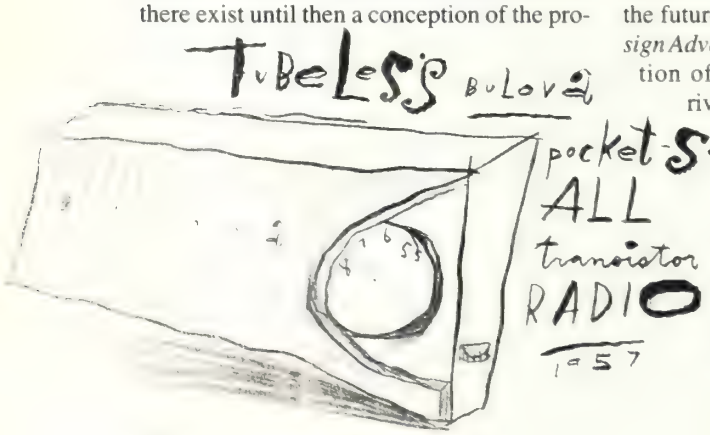
Pulos's first volume introduced the key figures of this movement—Raymond Loewy, Gilbert Rohde, Donald Deskey, Russel Wright, Walter Dorwin Teague, and Henry Dreyfuss—and concludes with their public apotheosis at the 1939 New York World's Fair. There, design staked its claim over the entire man-made environment and the future of civilization. *The American Design Adventure* begins with a brief recapitulation of the 1939 fair and proceeds to a riveting cavalcade of the years 1940 to 1975, when design made good on its claim. In broad strokes Pulos gives us the sociological factors that made this triumph possible: public confidence in the socially ameliorative power of modern industry; confidence in America's continuing growth as an industrial power; and confidence in design itself, the shared conviction of artists and consumers that life itself could be streamlined into an ever more rational form.

More importantly, Pulos gives us his own admirably streamlined history of the people and events, the economic and cultural systems through which these beliefs were translated. He chronicles the development of educational programs for designers, the formation of professional organizations, and, above all, the tireless campaigning—Good Design shows, new product exhibitions, advertising—to create consumer demand for life as a series of inspired aesthetic choices from locomotives to nylons, children's toys to air force bombers.

Everything seemed to climax in 1958, the year of the Sheer. You could pose in your Sheer Look Oleg Cassini gown next to your Frigidaire Sheer Look appliances and practice the Sheer Look gesture (elbow-length gloved arms held up at right angles). And if you lost your balance and fell against too Sheer a kitchen surface, you could make yourself good as new again with a Sheer Strip Band-Aid.

Then suddenly it really *was* 1960: tomorrow had come today and with that collapse of time came a gradual breakdown of confidence in technology as the authority for tomorrow's world. In 1939, Americans had seen the future at the Futurama, and it worked. In 1960—the year the Futurama had depicted—they were living in that future, and it wasn't working all that well.

Andrea Branzi's 1984 book, *The Hothouse*, picks up the saga of what came next. Italian designers, creators of some of the most notable classics of late Modern furniture, tossed out the rule book of Good Design to create a testing ground for radical innovation. Riccardo Dalisi began experimenting



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with "poor technology," chairs and tables crudely hammered together out of rough pieces of what looked like driftwood. Alessandro Mendini and Branzi himself, under the spell of media guru Marshall McLuhan, began approaching design as a form of mass media whose primary function was to transmit information. Ettore Sottsass developed a vocabulary of color and applied surface which eroded the rationality of Modern design with an erotics of everyday living.

Branzi's new book, **Domestic Animals** (MIT Press, $9.95), presents his continuing research into anti-industrial design. Tree stumps, twigs, and animal skins joined together with plastic laminates and illuminated by video monitors are the elements of his "neo-primitive" style, domestic furniture for a postindustrial society: the Jetsons move in with the Flintstones. Branzi's furniture restates the ideal of tribalism, the era of the global village McLuhan felt the media had ushered in. Branzi cites as sources the rustic furniture of rural Italy and America, but he offers his own versions as an homage to Africa as the symbol of tribal life, the primordial mother. Isn't it a bit late in the game for these Eurocentric clichés about the dark continent?

The Italians tossed out the rule book of Good Design and began approaching it as a form of mass media

Peter York, one of seventeen contributors to **Design after Modernism** (Thames & Hudson, $19.95), edited by John Thackara, contends that in the 1980s England has usurped Italy as the leader in contemporary design ideas. York's is a shamelessly chauvinistic position, in the tradition of the postwar "Britain Can Make It" campaigns. His message here, however, is closer to "Britain Can Unmake It," since what gives England its current edge, York feels, is that it was the first industrialized nation to deindustrialize. What's left is a culture of deprivation in which young designers have flourished. "What don't they have?" York asks. "You name it: sun, street life, sport, good food, education, interesting things to do. That means *style* is all you have."

The literature of design criticism is highly scarce compared with that on architecture and city planning, and this book makes a valuable contribution. It's clear from some of these essays that Branzi is not the only designer with the 1960s on his mind. Nigel Coates, a greatly gifted architect, interior designer, and advocate of narrative architecture, opens his essay, "Street Signs," with a section called "Modern Life as TV." How's that for a rerun? Still, the problems with which these writers are grappling—how to keep pace with a culture that has outstripped our capacity to control it; how to replace the physical authority of machine technology with the invisible presence of information networks—have not gone out of style.

John Thackara suggests that the word *design* may no longer be adequate to describe the range of activities mentioned in these essays, in particular, the shift in thinking from objects to events. Some of the writing on this information age shift is utopian—what does it look like when you bring it down to earth? I felt the need to remind myself while reading this book that although I enjoy watching music videos and looking at fashion spreads in *The Face*, I don't particularly want to inhabit them. Those who do want to already can. And, as a matter of fact, there already exists a term for many of the ideas offered up here as the basis of a new design. It is "art direction."

And in some cases just plain "art." The cases I'm thinking about are the paintings and sculptures catalogued in **NY Art Now** (Giancarlo Politi Editore, $30), Dan Cameron's survey of recent additions of the Saatchi Collection. Someone I know once suggested that a lot of this new work truly deserved to hang in the Museum of Modern Art—but in the *design* collection, not the department of painting and sculpture. This book is about the work she had in mind: pieces by Jeff Koons, Haim Steinbach, Philip Taaffe, Peter Halley, Ashley Bickerton, and others whose work is both theoretically and genuinely involved with the commodification of art.

Steinbach makes Formica shelves mounted with consumer products, objects of Good Design (a retractable garden hose) set beside examples of kitsch (a rubber Halloween fright mask). His intention, to challenge hierarchies of taste and class, recalls Walter Gropius's goal to break down the barrier between the fine and applied arts. Koons first attracted notice with a series called *The New*, in which objects such as brand-new vacuum cleaners were encased in Plexiglas boxes and displayed as at a trade fair. Bickerton makes wall reliefs covered with well-known corporate logos interspersed with his own graphics for his fictitious SUSIE corporation: THE BEST IN SENSORY AND INTELLECTUAL EXPERIENCES. Taaffe remakes abstract and op art paintings like a manufacturer eager to widen market share with a trendy line of bed linen.

These artists are well aware that their implication in the Saatchis' world of advertising violates a social taboo about art. Cameron's introduction acknowledges that "all of the work discussed herein has, at some point, been dismissed as cynical, derivative . . . over-hyped, and/or the emperor's new clothes." As he notes, though, the work has touched a nerve; we would still prefer not to think about the extent to which both art and design have been implicated in the culture of advertising and promotion.

In a sense, of course, these new art objects represent the cynical betrayal of the idea that the purpose of design is to democratize art—to supplant the unique luxury item with the more egalitarian objects of everyday use. To which these artists respond that they are betraying nothing but our illusions; they are simply bringing back into the open the fact that the old hierarchies are still with us. And for all their alleged cynicism, the artists occasionally sound downright utopian, as when Philip Taaffe expresses the hope "that when they are in the hands of powerful individuals . . . my paintings could enable a more humanistic perspective to emerge and evolve." Henry Dreyfuss could not have said it better. ♠

Book Notes

Selected Letters of Virgil Thomson
Edited by Tim Page
and Vanessa Weeks Page
Summit, 413 pp., $24.95

To Maurice Grosser
July 2, 1963
D.M.
It is very hot & I feel terrible. Nothing wrong, however. I weekended chez Gruens and cooked dinner for 12—roast chicken tarragon, onions with zucchini, à la Wendell, & fresh things like garden lettuce & red strawberries. I put tarragon under the skin & roasted the chickens with no butter & no basting. It was wonderful. Chicken fat & jelly ooze out and make pan gravy. Try it. Medium oven, around 325–350. Just tie up the feet, salt & pepper a little, put bird upright in dry pan, & never touch. A sizeable one takes about an hour & a quarter. I am sorry about your father. Had a letter from you in London. And some shows. Also the museums. Here terribly hot & I feel terrible, as I said before. LV

Now in his nineties, the eminent composer and critic Virgil Thomson is still writing letters full of wit and charm—even on his bad

Photos Wilfrid ROUFF

ungaro

parallèle

avenue montaigne paris

BOOKS

days. This volume, which collects Thomson's correspondence with family, friends, and many of the twentieth century's most important cultural figures—including James Joyce, Aaron Copland, Alvin Ailey, and Gertrude Stein—truly captures Thomson's lifelong joie de vivre. **Ellen Silberman**

Origami Architecture: American Houses, Pre-Colonial to Present
by Masahiro Chatani
Kodansha
84 pp., $11.95
Unless Japanese youths are far more dexterous than most American adults, Masahiro Chatani's book probably won't have the influence on future architects he had in mind. But the idea is fun and the patterns really do work. Skip the overly serious introduction and the history and go right to the cutouts. Read *all* the instructions. Start with a tepee and work your way up to Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater—if you have the patience. Twenty patterns are featured—from George Washington's Mount Vernon to Robert Venturi's house for his mother—plus variations and a section on designing your own origami home. **E.S.**

Cut & Assemble Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House
by Edmund V. Gillon Jr.
Dover, 32 pp., $5.95
If you've always wanted a model of the Robie House for your train set, pull out your X-Acto knife and get to work. This book of cutouts is simply that: no frills, no introduction, just 132 pieces with detailed step-by-step instructions. If only these books came preassembled. **E.S.**

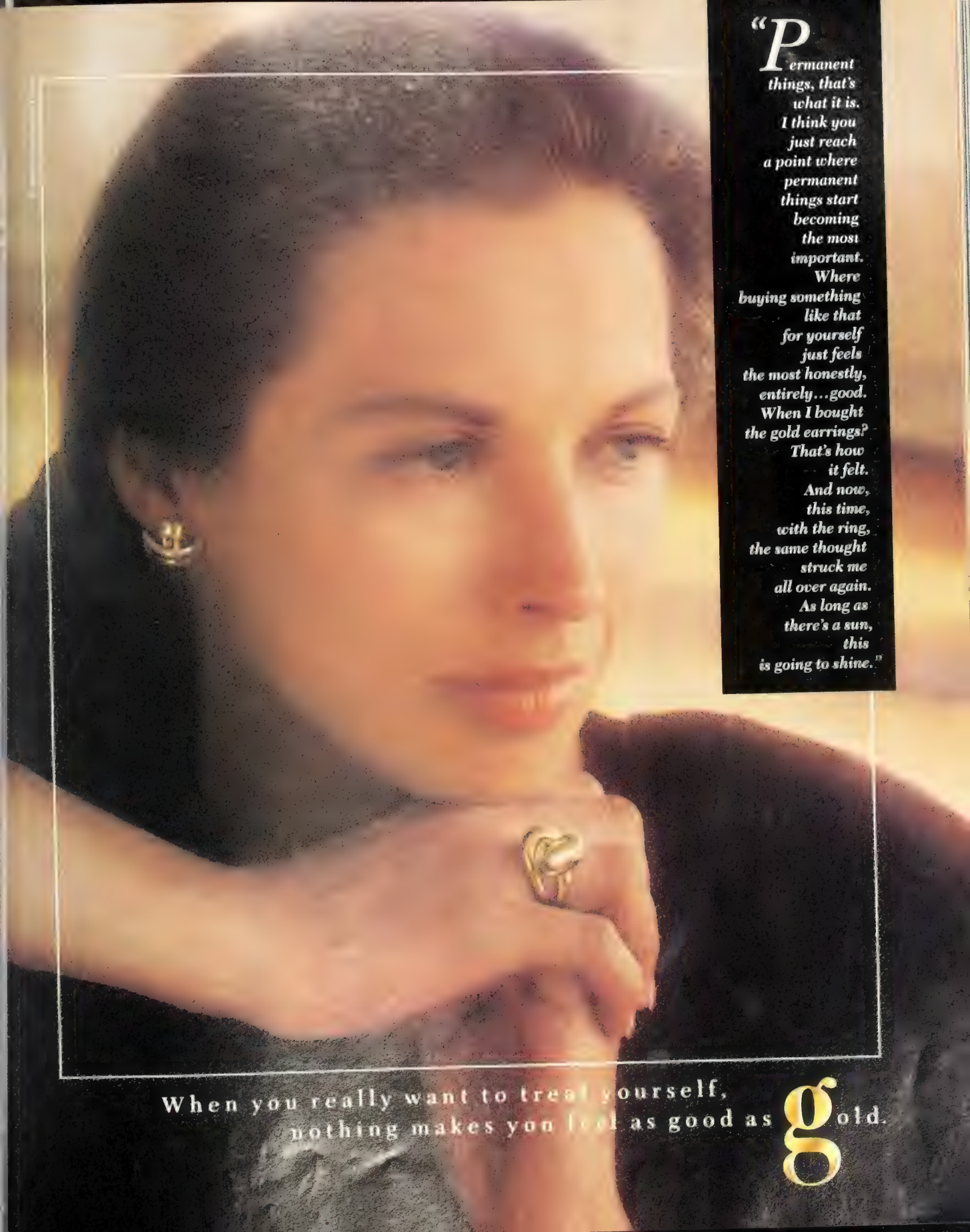
Glass Houses
by May Woods
and Arete Swartz Warren
Rizzoli, 216 pp., $45
Don't be put off by this book's uninspiring cover of leaning fronds and spiraling glass—inside 150 photographs (100 in color) beautifully illustrate the history of the greenhouse, orangery, and conservatory in Europe and America. The effects of architectural, botanical, and social developments are discussed in detail, from the seventeenth-century European fascination with exotic plants from Asia and the New World to the introduction of inexpensive sheet glass in the early nineteenth century. The authors conclude with a brief survey of greenhouses today and an instructive chapter on building one's own.
A. Glenn Harrell

The Landmarks of New York
by Barbaralee Diamonstein
Abrams, 400 pp., $45
New Yorkers do not drive a lot. They walk around and look at buildings and silently thank the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, which keeps New York architecture alive. Diamonstein, a former commissioner, has documented the 550 extant landmark sites with 600 photographs, 52 maps, and a brief history of the buildings. What's sometimes quite amusing is the current use of some historic buildings. Most interesting switch: the 1929–30 Kent Automatic Parking Garage is now the Sofia Apartments. **Gabrielle Winkel**

The City That Never Was
by Rebecca Read Shanor
Viking, 256 pp., $35
Not a book for just dipping into, this entertaining history details the aborted plans and false starts that *don't* make up New York. Imagine an arcade railway running beneath Broadway flanked by a promenade with hundreds of stores, a pneumatically powered elevated transit system, or Central Park's northern end inhabited by grazing oxen, sheep, and goats. This well-illustrated book also serves as a history of the city we *do* know and love. Shanor tells us that an 1872 equine virus helped propel New York from a horse-drawn city to one of more rapid and reliable transit, and explains how Wall Street got its name. Includes 194 black-and-white illustrations. **E.S.**

The Movie Lover's Guide to New York
by Richard Alleman
Harper & Row, 327 pp., $14.95
For some filmmakers New York City is the ultimate movie set. And historically, New York surpasses Hollywood in film events—after all, the Edison Laboratory was just over the Hudson in West Orange, New Jersey.

This tour through the boroughs of New York—with many black-and-white illustrations—lists every location with celluloid connections: from where a movie was filmed (the *Sophie's Choice* house in Brooklyn) to where a star was born (Barbara Stanwyck in Brooklyn), educated (Barbra Streisand at Erasmus Hall High), discovered (Bogart at the Broadhurst Theater), lives (Katharine Hepburn on East 49th Street), and is buried (Mae West at Cypress Hills Cemetery). The author also covers the homes of fictional characters, the locations of the great movie palaces of the past, and even where to buy a Marilyn Monroe toothpick. **G.W.**


"Permanent things, that's what it is. I think you just reach a point where permanent things start becoming the most important. Where buying something like that for yourself just feels the most honestly, entirely...good. When I bought the gold earrings? That's how it felt. And now, this time, with the ring, the same thought struck me all over again. As long as there's a sun, this is going to shine."
When you really want to treat yourself, nothing makes you feel as good as gold.

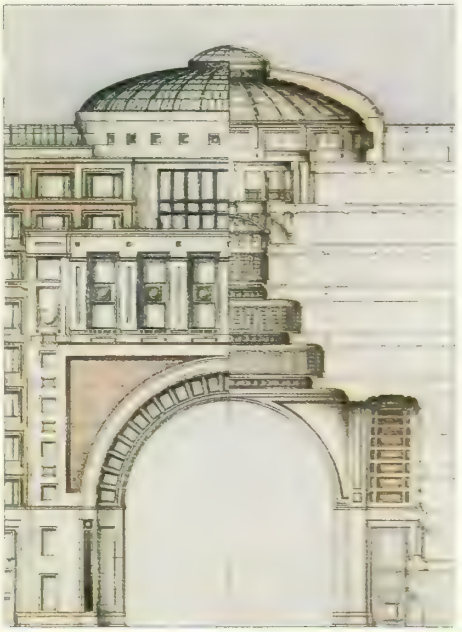
Native Hostelry

As American hotels follow European models, **Suzanne Stephens** rates the best in the Northeast

Getting there is certainly not as much fun as it used to be now that airplanes are crowded, noisy, late, and the airlines not mindful of your baggage. Then you arrive in a strange city that may be just as crowded and noisy—and littered. No wonder hotels are becoming so important—little islands of serenity amid the disorder and pressures of urban life.

Until recently, modern American hotels were more famous for function than repose. They were essentially large functionally run file boxes for the feeding and storing of travelers. But after Americans toured Europe in droves and became accustomed to the small distinctive luxury hotel complete with concierge, minibar, and antiques spilling out of the rooms, the idea caught on here. By the 1970s the American traveler began to find turn-of-the-century apartment houses and hotel buildings converted to the "new" European-style hotel. In the 1980s these hotels have set the standard even for chains, such as the upmarket Four Seasons of Canada.

In this report we look at hotels in the Northeast that have been built or renovated in the past five years to see how well they measure up to design and comfort criteria. (HG will cover hotels in other parts of the country over the next several months.)



Classical revival. Top: Elevation and section of the Boston Harbor Hotel at Rowes Wharf. Above: Ornate moldings, marble archways in the antique-lined lobby.

Jefferson Hotel 16th and M Streets N.W., Washington, D.C. (202) 347-2200)
Rose Narva, interior design
Gray-haired senators in well-cut dark suits are departing. Rose Narva, the smoothly coiffed, redheaded directrice, also attired in a tailored black suit, receives newcomers. The scent of a gigantic floral arrangement permeates the ivory-hued marble and wood-paneled foyer filled with antiques. No, this is not a Parisian bordello. It is Washington. Over the past two years the Jefferson has begun to draw the limousine crowd from the Hay-Adams (where Mrs. Narva and certain members of her staff had been together) and from the Madison Hotel and has been functioning as the caravansary for major-league political visitors. The classically rendered eight-story building has been around since the 1920s, and during most of its existence it has been a genteelly shabby apartment hotel. But then in 1975 lawyer and Baltimore Orioles owner Edward Bennett Williams bought the Jefferson, and with the recent spiffing up and redecoration supervised by Mrs. Narva, it now exudes an aura of comfort, luxury, and clout. Each of the 102 rooms is decorated differently in a not-too-studied mix of antique and reproduction furniture which leans heavily toward the standard American and English eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century classics. In many cases the floral chintz curtains, silk moiré wallcoverings, and scenic wallpaper come from Scalamandré, Brunschwig, Schumacher, and Clarence House's Anglo-American lines.

The public rooms stress the American Colonial in-God-we-trust tone of much of official Washington, with pale colors, Oriental carpets, and Federal-style antiques. The Hunt Club, with its oak wainscoting, wingback chairs, and reproduction Chinese Chippendale chairs, maintains the image, as does the dining room where walls and coved ceilings are a light peach. There are heavy-handed touches to be sure: the double tiers of ivory-painted wood cornices in the dining room try too hard to make you notice them and to forget that there are no windows; the came-with-the-frame paintings throughout the hotel are downmarket, even if the better line of Impressionist knockoffs in the dining room are signed with declarations such as "D'Après Manet 1876, Nancy Sponable Lee, 1983."
Image: John Hay and John Adams might have slept here had they still been around.
Ambience: Almost like home—if your

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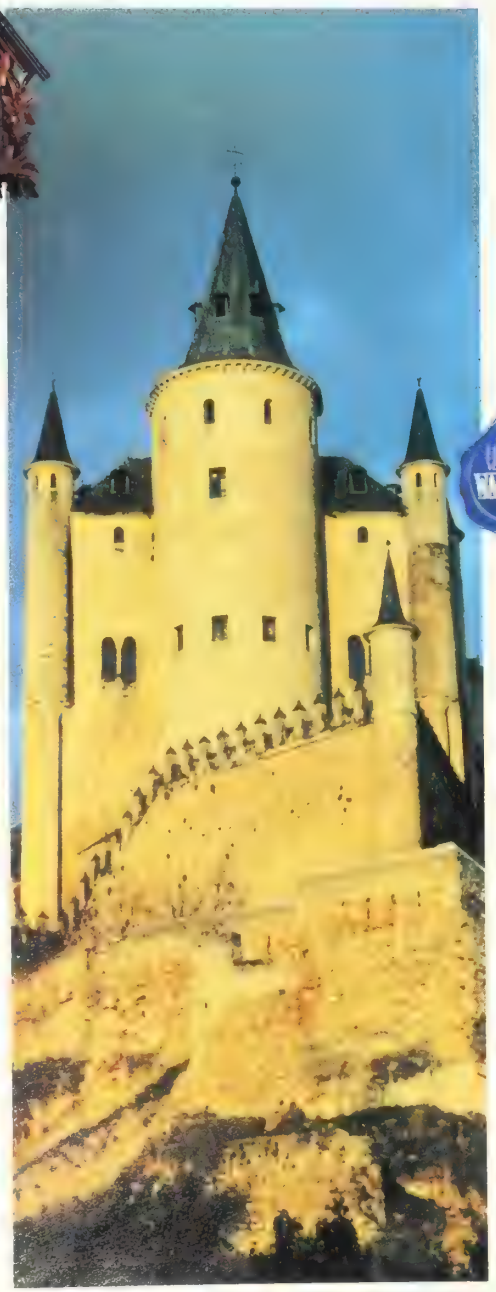

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Pamper quotient: Terry-cloth robes, hairdryers, the requisite complimentary toiletries, dressing-table lighting good and strong. No minibar, but you do get complimentary champagne (Freixenet, actually) and chocolates. Hard-to-open operable windows. No exercise room or pool. Service excellent.

Rates: Singles $150–$235; doubles $160–$255 (weekends $115/night); suites $275–$850 (weekends $170/night); Jefferson Executive Suite $1,000.

The Willard Inter-Continental 1401 Pennsylvania Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. (202) 628-9100

Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer, architects (original renovation scheme); Vlastimil Koubek, architect (execution of modified design); Tom Lee, interior design, renovation

The Willard, another recently renovated and upgraded hotel, is clearly intended to help revive the resplendent grand-hotel tradition as well as attract income-producing conventions. Its service, food, and decor put it into the higher end of the tourist-convention trade, and its room rates definitely keep out the har-de-har-har crowd. The hotel is more apt to be expecting a Concorde to arrive any minute with a load of Parisians coming for a conference on merchandising. The tourists who stay here wear jackets and ties, or skirts and (low) heels, to go mingle with the T-shirt and jeans crowd on line at the White House nearby. Spotted on a recent visit: three authentic little old ladies in flower-print dresses, strawhats, and canes, straight from the Breakers, circa 1920.

Local politicos are known to favor the bars and restaurants, especially the much-touted Willard Room. And you can see why they do. This room goes over the top. Oak paneling and faux bois plaster from the days when the hotel, designed by Henry Hardenbergh (of New York Plaza fame), first opened in 1901 slather the walls and beams of the ceiling. Dark green scagliola (plaster that looks like marble) columns, topped by gilt capitals, stand like giant sequoias in the space. Chandeliers with small lampshades and dark red velvet draperies maintain the proper tone. Although the massive reproduction chairs and carpeting are not quite as posh, they don't mar the overall effect. Ditto the main lobby where the *(Continued on page 92)*

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Oh, The Looks You're Going

o Get!

LEVOLOR TODAY

What's Today. There's English "country." There's French "country." The fact is, just about every country has its "country." Scandinavian country is notable for pieces that are elegant and lighter than many other "primitives" from Europe. Practical antiques have stepped out of the pantries and back hallways and into the spotlight in country rooms. These are pieces prized for their unfussy lines and straightforward simplicity.

What's Levolor® Today. We've taken a sophisticated approach to "primitive" country design with our new Yosemite™ 2" wood horizontal blinds (featured) in Sagewood (#2801). Their simple lines complement and heighten the warmth and authenticity of the room. Beautifully crafted in durable Basswood and superbly finished, our Yosemite 2" wood blinds come in 13 colors and stains. Versatile enough for just about every country statement, from the simple and rustic to the cozy and plush. For the utmost in delicacy, Levolor's Pleated Z-Shades™ shown (above right) in White Lace (#6522) to allow maximum light and visibility. Another obvious choice for a lighter, airier feeling would be our Yosemite 1" wood horizontal blinds, shown (above left) in Cottonwood (#2803).

Oh, The Looks You're Going

o Get! **LEVOLOR** TODAY

What's Today. The latest traditional looks are frankly opulent. And the period that says it best is Beaux Arts—a style with elaborate decoration, gilding, and more than a hint of a bygone, old-world glamour. Traditional is no longer dark or heavy mahogany and leather. Painted furniture adds lightness to a room, while still retaining a clear sense of history.

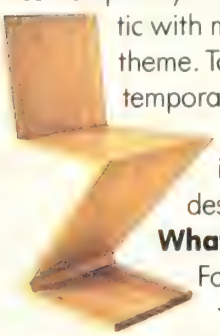
What's Levolor® Today. Versatile enough to work with elaborate draperies and stylish enough to stand completely on their own, Levolor has designed Moiré Satin Pleated Z-Shades.™ Nostalgic in look, but totally modern in their up-to-date energy efficiency, subtle glow, and allowance for complete privacy. And they're available in 17 special Moiré fabric colors. Featured here in Platinum (#6484). Our traditional horizontal blinds have taken on a new silvery shine and subtle texture. We've named it Opulessence.™ The Riviera® 1″ blinds shown here (above right) are in Rose Crystal (#1395). Levolor's Loren™ fabric 2″ verticals (left) also work extremely well with almost every kind of traditional drapery, as you can see by our choice of Jadestone (#8623).

Oh, The Looks You're Going

› Get!

LEVOLOR TODAY

What's Today. The Santa Fe look. Not all bleached bones and wagon wheels, it's achieved by balancing the traditional with the contemporary. Using accent pieces that are authentic with more modern interpretations on the theme. To avoid the merely trendy, good contemporary design demands pieces that are modern with a history. This chair is as fresh today as when it was designed, in 1928.



What's Levolor® Today. For a contemporary interpretation on a tried-and-true theme, we've created our Inspiration™ vertical blinds, featured here in one of our 19 colors, Coral Dust (#8932). Though they look like handsome woven fabric, they're actually two layers of polyester bonded to aluminized film for maximum energy efficiency. Unlike conventional fabric verticals, Inspiration blinds are gently curved, can be hand washed, and need no bottom weights. Levolor introduced the 1" horizontal blind for contemporary decorating. And we now offer them in over 300 colors. Our newest? Shown (above right), our Riviera® 1" blinds in Winter Blue (#618), one of 20 new True Tints. We're also introducing Pearlessence,™ a satin-like sheen, in 18 silvery colors, like the Riviera 2" horizontal blinds shown (left) in Celadon Pearl (#1530).

If it's news today, it's Levolor Today. We're constantly updating our selection to bring you the freshest colors and the most current designs in window fashion. With all the quality and functionality you expect from the Levolor name. We invite you to tear out this special decorating issue and bring it with you to your favorite store — where you can see all the excitement, the exclusives, and the imagination that's Levolor Today.

LEVOLOR TODAY

Oh, The Looks You're Going To Get!

Omar Sharif, Douglas Edwards And Scotland Yard Would Like A Word With You.

What would you say if Omar Sharif asked you to be his bridge partner? If Gary Player personally offered to help with your swing? If former ambassador Malcolm Toon asked your opinion of Gorbachev?

Where else could you meet Omar Sharif or Douglas Edwards? Or question a former detective from Scotland Yard? Hmmm, let us look into this matter.

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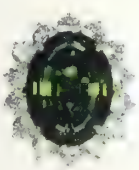

Discover emeralds in South America with gemologist Antoinette Matlins, author of "The Complete Guide to Buying Gems."

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original ivory-colored walls, the coffered ceiling with state seals on it, and pale ochre-tinged scagliola columns are restored. The furniture is now old-time reproduction with a Victorian roundabout velvet sofa and upholstered chairs. Nevertheless, the ghost of Calvin Coolidge still lingers.

The other public rooms, however, such as the Round Robin Bar, the Nest, and the Cafe Espresso, all suffer from decoratoritis: most wretchedly excessive is the Nest, a small cocktail lounge/tearoom paneled in mirror over which is crawling some sort of gooey plaster ivy.

Upstairs the bedrooms make a severe attempt at being traditional, with principally two-color looks—white French Louis the Who–style furniture or fruitwood-repro traditional. But carpeting, wallpaper, and plastic-looking bathroom tile all seem low-rent (when room rates by Washington standards are high), and the walls appear to be thin. (In one room you could hear the neighbors opening their ice bucket.) Some of the rooms on the twelfth floor have been covered head to toe with small-scale floral-print wallpaper and fabric, which comes off well. In the mansard-roof attic space the rooms, with their garretlike ceilings and bull's-eye windows, are high in character if low in natural light.

Saving the 365-room Willard Hotel from demolition in 1975 included adding a wing of offices and shops onto which many of the rooms now look. The wing's pavilions repeat in stepped formation the mansard roof, bull's-eye windows, and beige brick walls of the original with a hyped-up faithfulness that deludes many of the hotel's visitors. There has been much commendable work done in the whole process of bringing the Willard back to something of its former elegance.

Image: Upmarket but not intimidating.

Ambience: Authentic Grand Hotel in the public rooms; imitation European inn in the bedrooms.

Pamper quotient: Minibar, terry-cloth robes, complimentary toiletries, hairdryers (actually a small vacuum attached to the wall and about as easy to handle), lights too dim for dressing table, operable windows; no exercise room or pool. Service very good.

Rates: Singles $185–$260; doubles $210–$285 (weekends $145/night); suites $425–$1,800 (weekends from $225/night); Presidential Suite $2,300.

Grand hotel. Marble-and-mahogany concierge desk in the Willard Inter-Continental lobby, Washington, D.C.

The Four Seasons 1 Logan Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (215) 963-1500
Kohn Pedersen Fox, architects; Frank Nicholson, interior design

The Four Seasons reeks of class—but this class is strictly business. The new hotel clearly caters to the immaculate dark suits who arrive to do business in the slick gray granite towers nearby. The corporate restraint first shows up in the exterior of the eight-story building where the architects have carefully massed the granite-clad structure to stand apart as a hotel, distinct from the slablike office building adjacent, and to defer to the Classical Revival library and government buildings across the circle. The Classical allusions are carried off in a smart abstract fashion reminiscent of official Washington.

The Jefferson Hotel is almost like home—if your home is on the National Register

The lobby downstairs, overlooking an outdoor court, is arrayed in the blend of modernized traditional furniture which characterizes most hotels in this chain. There is much wood paneling in honey-colored East African mahogany, Italian marble, brass trim, comfy furniture, a few antiques. The dining rooms are similar but in darker wood.

The bedrooms announce they are appealing to corporate money: subdued flint gray carpeting and blue, gray, and taupe wallcovering (in a nongender associated pattern) surface a typical room. Reproduction Federal furniture and framed early American collectibles establish a conservative aura. Of course the TV is hidden in the armoire. Yet one is always aware that this is a new building: bedroom ceilings are an ugly acoustical sprayed-on stucco; downstairs, crystal chandeliers may be abundant but so are rows of recessed incandescent downlights.

Image: Executive Suite updated.

Ambience: Dignified, restrained, homogenous public spaces, tailored but not impersonal rooms.

Pamper quotient: Minibar, terry-cloth robes, complimentary toiletries, hairdryers, good vanity lighting, operable windows; good service, small exercise room, 45-foot pool.

Rates: Singles $180; doubles $205 (weekends $120/night); suites $210–$475 (weekends minisuites $160/night); Presidential Suite $1,175.

Hotel Maxim's de Paris 700 Fifth Avenue, New York City (212) 247-2200
AiGroup/Architects, architects; Hirsch/Bedner & Associates, design

After the Maxim's name was licensed from Pierre Cardin, the owner of Maxim's restaurant in Paris, investors spent a lot of money to turn the former Gotham Hotel at 55th Street into a European deluxe hotel of 250 rooms using the famous Art Nouveau theme of the namesake restaurant. The Maximization process has attracted a well-heeled Japanese and French-speaking clientele. But to aficionados of Art Nouveau, the renovation can only seem a souped-up showcase where authentic antiques are placed as icons within an often cloying setting.

The original Art Nouveau movement was conceived out of a desire to integrate ornament and structure in an organic unity. When Art Nouveau is inserted into a Beaux Arts architectural shell, it just becomes decor. The hotel's interiors look themed to the hilt, à la the overreaching Maxim's restaurant at Madison Avenue and 61st Street. The hotel's own restaurant, Adrienne's, suffers from this syndrome as well. You pay a lot of money to look at Art Nouveau posters coyly mounted on mirror-paneled walls, next to pillars cutesied up with Art Nouveau moldings and a lacquer-work border wrapping the room like a bow at the chair rail line. Then it's over: recessed downlights shine brightly on your *cuisine méditerranéenne*. There is no way that you can make a hotel dining room look like a marvelous intime retreat with downlights.

Judging from other details, the architects and designers were not too sensitive to either the old 1905 exterior or the new Art Nouveau pretensions of the interior. New large

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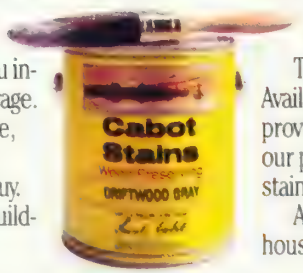

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bronzed mullions framing the windows fight whatever delicacy exists in the exterior limestone detailing. Inside the faux stone in the mezzanine's garden court looks like plastic marzipan.

The bedrooms, however, are rather nicely handled. Art Nouveau done in reproduction can look like so much melted wax, but small rooms, spare use of furniture, and pastel colors with nonaggressive floral prints help. But in the larger suites, where there is more to play with, we start to see touches, such as gold wallpaper, that only a set designer for a Hollywood game show could love. The art-by-the-yard Renoiresque paintings don't help, but then we were getting a little sick of the Alphonse Mucha posters downstairs.

Image: Old New York meets Nouveau Paree.

Ambience: Boudoir chic but done best in the boudoirs.

Pamper quotient: Terry-cloth robes, small refrigerators in rooms, hairdryers, complimentary Lanvin toiletries, operable windows; exercise room, 42-ft pool, sauna to open soon on roof. *Rates:* Singles $210–$325; doubles $230–$325 (weekends $215/night); suites $480–$800 (weekends $275/night); Presidential Suite $2,500.

The Stanhope 995 Fifth Avenue, New York City (212) 288-5800

Hanover Design Group, architects, interior design

This is not the place you are likely to put up Aunt Mathilda from Swarthmore on her annual visit to the Metropolitan Museum across the street. For years, of course, the Stanhope languished in a tatty, bordering-on-genteel somnolence where Aunt Mathilda could feel right at home (and afford to stay). But under real-estate entrepreneur Gerald Guterman, its fustiness was swept away and the hotel injected with haute formality, European style. Guterman overextended himself on this one by some $26 million and currently the hotel is in Chapter 11, but financial restructuring is going on. Guterman still owns it, and the Stanhope says it is "open and prospering." Yet on one recent evening, two visitors having drinks in the bar were the only people in the downstairs public areas.

The renovation and interior decoration undertaken by Guterman's in-house group was not only costly but also quite well done. The sixteen-story building of brick and limestone, designed by Rosario Candela in 1926, was simply given the Paris/New York traditional look it might once have had. The small lobby of the 106-unit hotel favors Louis XVI, with Louis XV furniture thrown in for variety. A tearoom furnished in Lous XVI, with ivory-painted wainscoting and striped moss green walls on which authentic Impressionist paintings are mounted, screams refinement. The bar, which of course does not come with an actual bar or barstools, is turned out in the masculine English men's club mode: green leather barrel chairs, Chesterfield sofas, dark mahogany paneling, and paintings of horses. You expect any minute to see Ralph Lauren walk in and order a Dewar's.

The grand dining room aspires to the Bristol Hotel type of swank with its blond boiserie, Baccarat chandeliers, and Louis XVI beechwood chairs upholstered in suede pigskin. But there are some glaring taste glitches: the real wood, painted to look like beechwood, looks like real vinyl. The chandeliers and wall sconces are appropriate, but who needs the overly bright recessed downlights? The confectionary murals newly painted by Robert Jackson look like wallpaper.

There is a hint of Venice in the way the Boston Harbor hugs the water

The bedrooms and suites composing eighty percent of the units are elegant, however. Good reproductions of Louis XVI mahogany furniture, pale walls, and restrained use of floral chintz give them a low-key polished air. You probably don't have to worry about rowdy tenants next door.

Image: Aunt Mathilda has given up her quarters; Comtesse de Trèsriches is reported in residence.

Ambience: Stately, elegant original made opulent but still comfortable.

Pamper quotient: Complimentary limo to midtown in the mornings, to the theater at night; minibar rooms on top three floors have pantries; operable windows, terry-cloth robes, complimentary toiletries, hairdryers, good vanity lighting. Very attentive service; no exercise or pool facilities.

Rates: Singles/doubles $250–$300 (weekends $195/night); suites $350–$850 (weekends $250/night); Penthouse Suite $2,500.

Boston Harbor Hotel 70 Rowes Wharf Boston, Massachusetts (617) 439-7000

Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, architects; Frank Nicholson, interior design

The Danieli or the Gritti Palace it isn't. But there is a strong hint of Venice in the way the Boston Harbor Hotel hugs the water. One can even take a water shuttle directly from the airport to the hotel, disembarking on an expansive brick promenade that girdles the large hotel/office/condominium complex near Quincy Market. The granite, concrete, and brick structure looks like three huge steamboats that have been permanently locked into a giant arched gateway. This building assemblage is dressed with columns, capitals, cornices, and topped with copper-roofed domes that put in mind Boston's heritage of Classical architecture. (Charles Bulfinch, where are you now?)

As you enter the hotel, Classical references abound: there are long stretches of marble flooring, cornices and moldings, wainscoting, coved ceilings, and real antiques. But the plan's axes raise expectations of vistas that are not always realized. The salon where drinks are served offers up water views and grand ceilings, but the real lounge for hotel guests, up a few steps, comes with no view and a low ceiling with downlights. It seems to function as the major access to the upstairs restaurant. The restaurant itself is placed on the water, but the best sight lines from within are directed to other parts of the Rowes Wharf complex without. Nevertheless, the restaurant's interior, with dark mahogany paneling, dark green walls, generous proportions, and very soft cove lighting, properly evokes the old clubroom atmosphere. Remember, at Sunday brunch the place is mobbed with suburban Bostonians. If you are a guest and in a rush, the only alternative is room service.

The bedrooms are outfitted with good reproduction Chippendale-style antiques and draped with floral fabrics. But in some cases the decor and architecture are like two ships passing in the night, especially where the architecture has created untoward niches and leftover angles no one has thought to solve in the decoration. In some rooms there are draperies concealing solid walls.

Image: Upmarket affluence, but Henry Kissinger types are still to be seen at the Ritz-Carlton.

Ambience: Stately stage set, with behind-the-scenes reality showing up too often.

Pamper quotient: Minibar, terry-cloth robes, hairdryers, good vanity lighting, exercise room, Olympic-size pool.

Rates: Singles $190–$230; doubles $225–$255 (weekends $165/night); suites $350–$550 (weekends $215/night); Presidential Suite $975–$1,600. ▲


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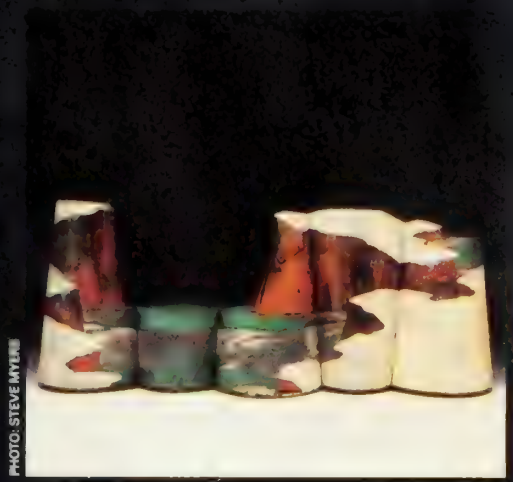

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Wayne Higby; "Pictorial Lake," 1987. Landscape Container; Ceramic. 13½"H × 34"W × 9"D

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Betty Woodman, Italy, 1987. Glazed Earthenware, c. 32"H

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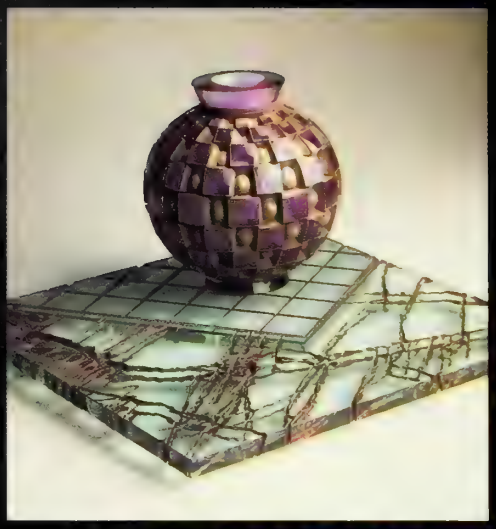
L.E. Cummings "Dancing Chairs" Installation of painted column and chairs with needlepoint seats



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Don Reitz, "Teapot," 1988, Stoneware, slips, salt gl
30"H × 26"W × 20"D

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William Harper, "The Courtesan" Brooch

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Frank Fleming, "Parrot Chair," 1988, Bronze, 23¼"H × 9½"W × 13"D, Edition of 6

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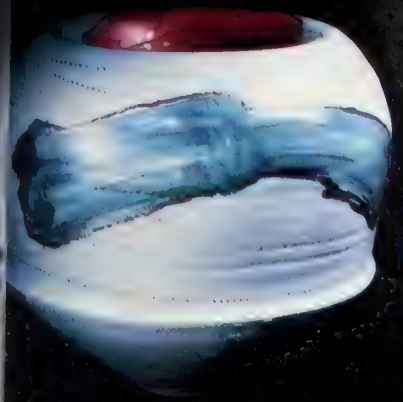
Ida Kohlmeyer, Semiotic Tree 86-1, 1986, Mixed media on wood, 28½"H × 15½"W × 10"D



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erome Horning, Ceramic Double Walled Vessel,
10½"H x 11½"W

PHOTO: JERRY KOBLECKY

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Michael Gross, Vessel - Clay 4'H × 16"W

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Josef Hoffman Fledermaus settee, ca 1905. Blond beechwood, produced by J&J Kohn and Mundus.

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Bunny Tobias, 1987, "Hello Fun City", C
17"H x 10"D

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"Sometimes" by Jack Earl 1987, Ceramic sculpture
with c
30"H x 6½"W x 18"D

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Margot Guralnick traces Savonneries and Aubussons back to the feet of Henry IV

Directoire-style Aubusson, far left, c. 1900, $280,000, F. J. Hakimian. Left: Detail of an Aubusson, c. 1875, $42,000, Coury Rugs. Below: Aubusson with Louis XIV motifs, c. 1865, $85,000, Doris Leslie Blau.

Border detail of an Aubusson, below left, c. 1860, $52,000, Chevalier. Below: Louis XIV–style Savonnerie, $48,000, F. J. Hakimian.

From the moment his silk-stockinged feet touched the ground every morning at eight, Louis XIV maneuvered in a world buffered by magnificent carpets. Never without a fawning audience or an occasion to create a spectacle, the king saw to it that every room in his private quarters at Versailles—into which courtiers entered not by knocking but by scratching on the door first, as palace protocol demanded—featured a woolen field of flowers, fleurs-de-lis, bursting suns, and crowns symbolic of royal glory. In celebration of Louis XIV's military accomplishments, carpets were patterned with trophies and arms; cornucopia overflowing with voluptuous fruit and foliage saluted his administrative prowess; and Apollo plucking a lyre served as a reminder of his encouragement of the arts. It was thanks to this encouragement—aided, of course, by some regal spending—that so many of these monarchical carpets, now famous for their exquisite craftsmanship and opulent designs, came into existence.

The Sun King, however, wasn't the only one who liked to walk on works of art. Generations earlier, in 1601, Henri IV, his frugal grandfather, distressed by the high cost of foreign luxuries such as Venetian mirrors and Turkish carpets, invited a band of craftsmen to come live at the Louvre and furnished them with facilities to create equivalent homegrown products. Within the decade royal artisan Pierre Dupont discovered what he hailed as a lost technique of carpet weaving, one that in truth mimicked and sometimes even outshone the best knotted pile rugs of the Near East. Though eager to maintain a monopoly on his product, Dupont was leapfrogged by Simon Lourdet, one of his former apprentices, who brazenly established his own carpet-manufacturing workshop *(Continued on page 112)*


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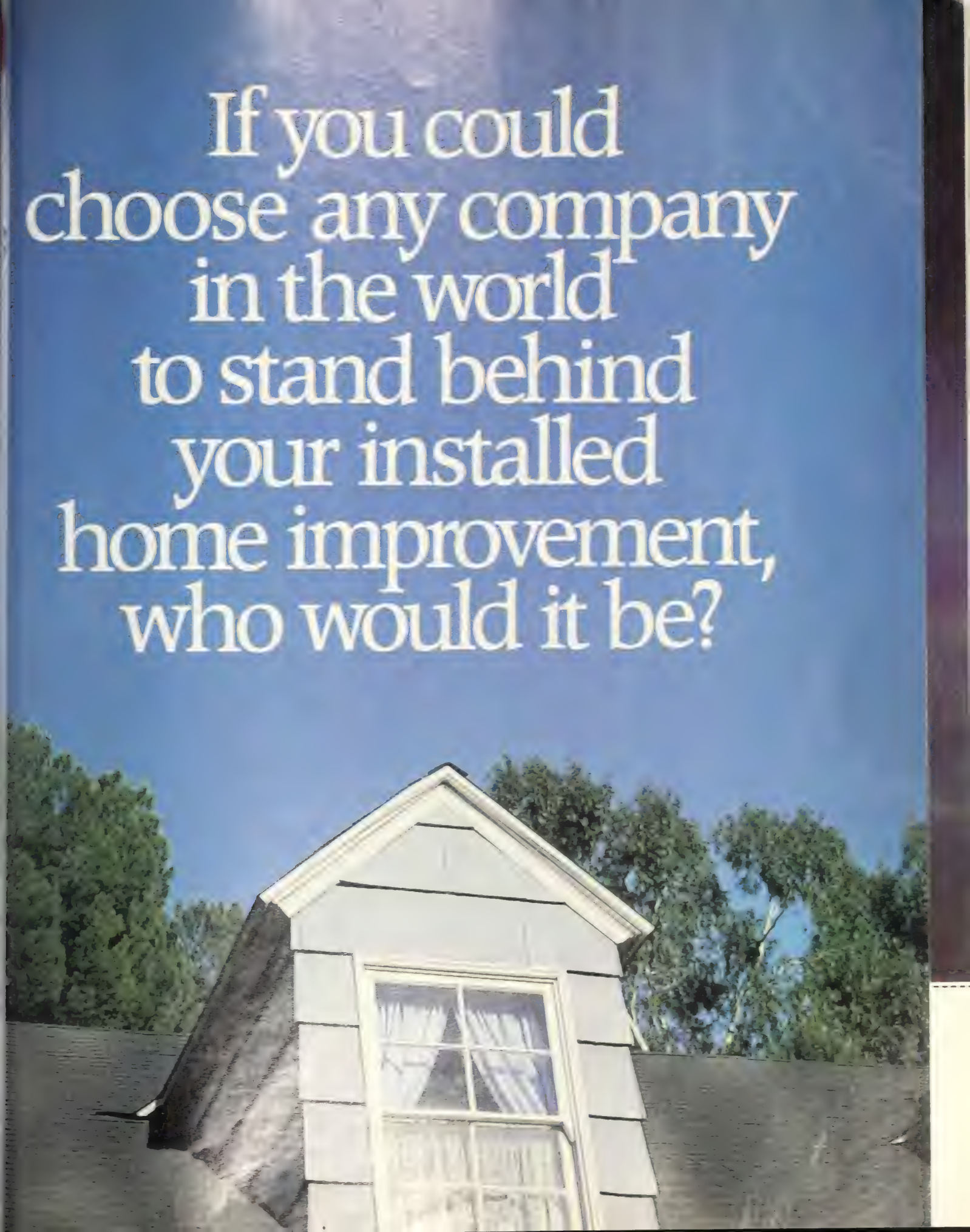

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in Chaillot just outside the walls of Paris.

Lourdet's headquarters were in an abandoned savonnerie (or soap factory) with room for large-scale looms and adjacent to an orphanage occupied by underage laborers willing to work for cabbage soup. A bitter rivalry ensued between Dupont and Lourdet, whose families continued the mudslinging for well over half a century. Under Louis XIV's lavish patronage, however, the two groups amicably joined forces at Chaillot and began a tradition of catering solely to the whims of the king. Their products—carpets, upholstery, and wall panels all painstakingly made from the same method of warp-and-weft pile weaving and quintessentially French in their patterning—became known as Savonneries, although there was nothing sudsy about them.

In fact, Louis XIV was so smitten with the Savonnerie's results that before he began souping up Versailles, he decided to make a splash at the Louvre by commissioning a series of 93 carpets. These Savonneries, each measuring 30 feet long and of varying widths, were to be spread out end to end over the Grand Gallery, an expansive passage joining the Louvre to the Tuileries. Stately acanthus wreaths served as the carpet's centerpieces flanked by landscapes and imitation bas-reliefs woven with such skill that they resembled paintings. Massed together the group would become a formal indoor garden of trailing tendrils, eddying scrolls, and royal insignias. Designed by leading French artists, including the king's favorite, Charles Le Brun, the series went into production in 1664 and wasn't completed until 1683, by which time Louis XIV, already ensconced with his entourage at Versailles, had lost interest in the project.

"For her dressing room Marie Antoinette cold-shouldered the Savonnerie and ordered an Aubusson"

The Louvre carpets are now considered the masterpieces of their ilk—one sold to the Getty two years ago for a price rumored in excess of a million dollars—but most never made it into the Louvre. A sampling of them were whisked off to the boudoirs and game rooms of Versailles; the king of Siam was one of the lucky few who received an example as a diplomatic gift; and the carpets were warehoused for decades to come at the king's furniture repository, carted out whenever a coronation, blessing of a church bell, or other royal function called for a sumptuous ground.

Throughout the eighteenth century it was nearly impossible for anyone other than those closest to the court to acquire a Savonnerie, but workshops all over Europe began scrambling to come up with knockoff carpets. Sophisticated versions began to be produced in Spain, Austria, and Britain, in many cases designed and executed by runaway French weavers. (The dark background colors and formal symmetry of the Savonnerie, from F. J. Hakimian shown at the bottom of page 104 successfully mimics French Louis XIV styling, but the central medallion with Moorish flourishes reveals the carpets Spanish origins.) The most successful lookalikes, however, came out of the centuries-old tapestry workshops of Aubusson in central France which received royal sanction as early as 1665 and began to compete with the Savonnerie for commissions. When Marie Antoinette couldn't stand the noise emanating from the apartment above hers at Fontainebleau, she tactfully presented its occupant, the maréchal de Tavannes, with one of the Louvre carpets. For her own dressing room at Versailles, however, she cold-shouldered the Savonnerie and ordered a stunning 23-by-15-foot Aubusson.

"Proof that Napoleon waltzed across a carpet can add thirty percent to its value"

Unlike Savonneries, which always have a velvety pile, Aubussons are typically flat weaves produced in the same manner as wall tapestries. Less resilient to wear and less rare then Savonneries, Aubussons nevertheless offered essentially the same look for fewer francs. The high-style designs and superb quality of both sorts of carpets were so distinct and so avidly imitated that Savonnerie and Aubusson have become generic terms. European-knotted pile carpets are commonly labeled Savonneries—although the most desirable, of course, are those that came out of the true factory—just as European flat weaves are now known as Aubussons.

Both factories coexisted for three centuries, continually coming out with new palettes and design variations that were a barometer of French fashions. Inspired by Madame de Pompadour's love for all things Rococo, Louis XV kept the looms in motion with orders for carpets covered with twirling ribbons, bows, shells and floral swags alive with brilliant color. These Savonneries and Aubussons served as great unifiers, harmonizing with the scallop shells and swags that crowned chairbacks, the leafy ormolu mounts and floral inlays covering commodes, and the serpentine carvings that traipsed across walls. As Louis XVI's classical look began to prevail, Savonneries and Aubussons became stunningly architectural, patterned to echo the pristine geometric moldings on ceilings. Following the lean years of the Revolution, Napoleon put both factories to work, deleting symbols of royalty on existing carpets and reweaving them with trademarks of the Empire style.

An eighteenth-century critic railed against Savonnerie and Aubusson patterns as so "overcharged I fear they may kill any other furnishings in an apartment." During our own fearlessly flamboyant times, however, such carpets have suddenly become more sought after than any others. Easiest to find are the Rococo and Neoclassical Revival styles that cropped up during the nineteenth century when Aubusson and Savonnerie designs ultimately became frenzied with flowers in watered-down pastels.

Most century-old European carpets measure at least 13-by-16 feet. A 9-by-12 size signals either a twentieth-century specimen or a fragment of a carpet that once was more substantial. Since restoration is extremely costly, condition is a crucial factor to be aware of. Having proof that Napoleon waltzed across a carpet or that a Rothschild had lived with it can tack on as much as thirty percent to the value—but only if the piece is well designed and preserved.

Late-seventeenth- or eighteenth-century Savonneries in great condition are the hen's teeth of the rug world and can range in price from $500,000 to in excess of a million dollars, while early Aubussons almost always in need of some repair, go for $100,000 and up. Prices for nineteenth-century examples can be as low as $2,000, although they generally hover in the $40,000–$70,000 range for Aubussons and close to twice that much for Savonneries. Living with such powerful reminders of the aristocracy underfoot is bound to have its repercussions. Watch out for people walking with the clipped steps of the Versailles shuffle and discreetly scratching at doors with their pinkies. ♠

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Mad for Murano

This exuberant Italian glass is wooing keen-eyed collectors, as **Edward Fox** discovers

There's a particular story that everyone who collects Italian Murano glass will tell you after a while about their favorite subject. The story concerns the "record" price paid at auction for a masterpiece of this type of the Venetian glassblower's art. Although the figure varies—from $20,000 to $50,000 to even $100,000—the story is told with both pride and an edge of self-justification. It's as if they are used to having to explain their mania for objects that to the uneducated eye can appear rather strange, if not downright ugly.

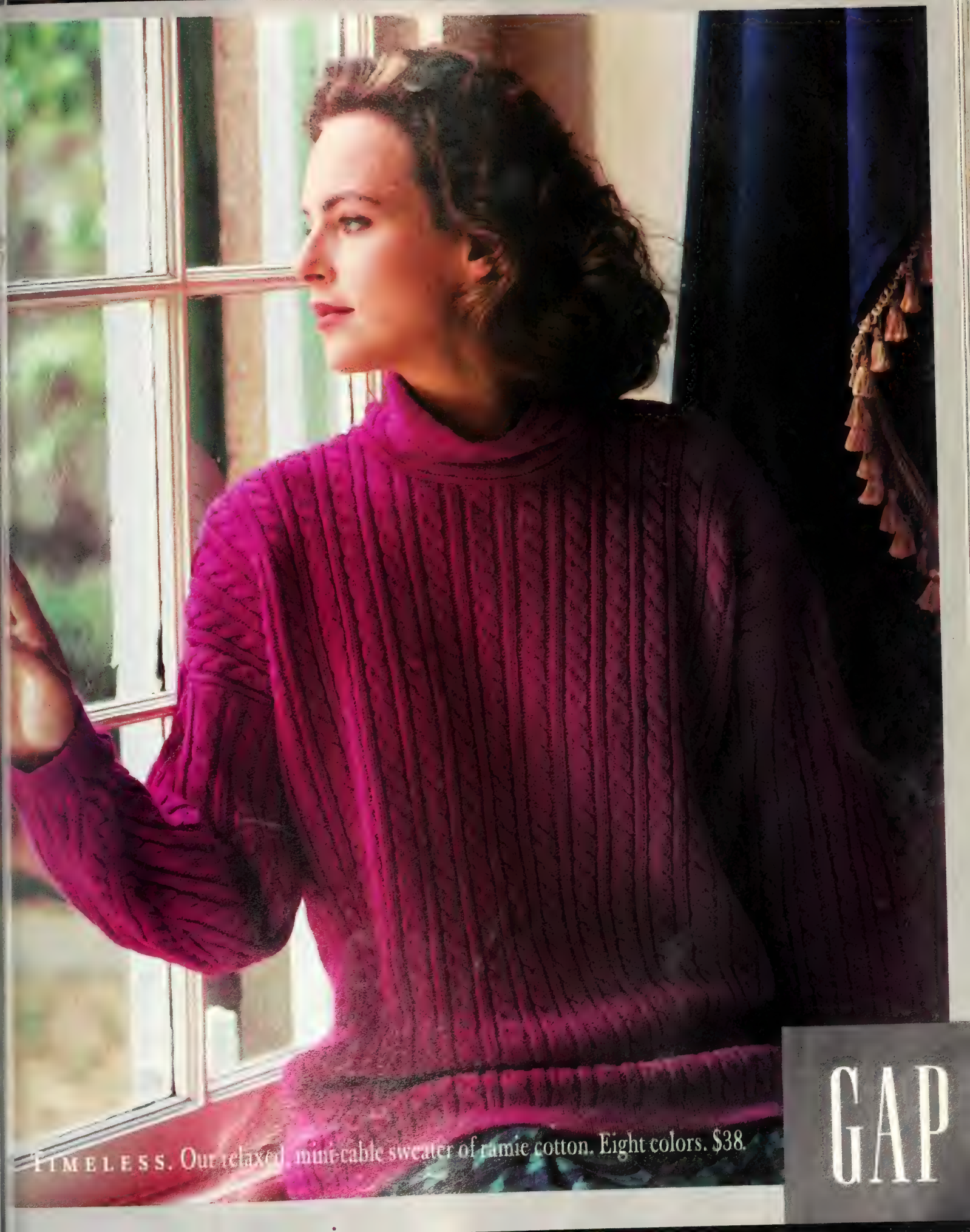
"Everyone" means the dozen or so people who collect Murano glass in the United States. That is, it actually means hardly anyone. But those who do are people with a keen sense of design and a prescient eye for collecting trends who have had an enthusiasm for this exuberant style of art glass for several years. Europeans have always been more willing to spend big money on glass, but prices for and interest in Murano glass in America have begun to creep upward. With its high standards of craftsmanship, innovative designs, and overwhelming variety, Murano glass is appealing increasingly to American collectors.

Don Zanone, above, with his patchwork vase. Top left: His vases by Cappellin, Toso, and two in the latticino pattern. Left: Four pieces by Seguso, orange vase by Cenedese. Far left: Dimitri Levas. Below left: His Seguso vase. Below: A Venini hat with Kurt Markus photo.

Dimitri Levas, for example, a stylist who has worked at Tiffany and with many top fashion photographers, bought his first piece six years ago, and now the shelves in the dining room of his Neoclassical New York apartment are packed with Murano vases from floor to ceiling with many more in a living room decorated with paintings by Warhol and James Brown and photographs by Dennis Hopper and Robert Mapplethorpe.

"It's great for a collector because there's so much of it that collecting all of it is an impossible goal," he says. His most remarkable piece looks like an inflated

MICHAEL HALSBAND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pink blowfish or a sputnik on a pedestal. As one looks around, it seems that every available horizontal surface supports an unusual piece. "Although the prices have become outrageous, there are still a few collectors who are desperate enough for a piece to pay anything," he says. He has two examples of the best-known Murano design, the handkerchief vase, which resembles a piece of fabric with its corners draped upward, as if defying gravity. Thousands of these were produced, all by hand, each slightly different.

Murano, an island that forms part of Venice, has had a glassblowing tradition for over a thousand years. (The craft was introduced by a monastery in 982.) In 1921 a lawyer named Paolo Venini sought to introduce a new spirit into Murano, which by then had fallen into aesthetic doldrums, by starting his own workshop in which the designs of contemporary artists, sculptors, architects, and designers would be aligned with the traditional skills of the Murano craftsmen. The renaissance that resulted lasted through the sixties.

The sought-after pieces from the Murano renaissance were made in about ten factories, with Venini's the most important. Old techniques were applied to new designs, and new techniques were invented. Picasso, Max Ernst, Léger, and Marcel Duchamp were among the many artists who designed pieces for the revived workshops. In the twenties and thirties the designs inclined toward more Classical shapes (the Neoclassical urn was among the most common) and paler colors. By the forties and fifties, however, the designs reflected the dominant styles of painting and sculpture. The wild, crude forms of Surrealism and Abstract Expressionism can be seen in some pieces from these years.

Dealer Mark Isaacson, who sells Murano glass in his New York store, Fifty-50, favors the output of the forties and fifties. He's selling more of it than ever. "I had someone walk in off the street the other day and spend $7,000 on a Murano vase," he says. Odd for a piece that many might consider kitschy.

"It's not about being pretty. Some of it is downright ugly"

"It's not about being pretty," Isaacson says. "It has an esoteric quality to it. Some of it is downright ugly, but there's something beautiful in its ugliness. It's not sweet; it doesn't have that quality of being precious. There's something brute about it, something people are as likely to hate as like."

Another Murano fan is Muriel Karasik, who in her own words "created Bakelite radios," referring to the craze for these prehistoric appliances that erupted a few years ago. She did the same for Mexican jewelry and has similar plans for Murano. Next May she and Leonard Tomkinson, America's acknowledged expert on Murano, will open a show of modern Italian glass at Karasik's Madison Avenue gallery which she hopes will create a Murano stampede.

"It's a new market," says Tomkinson, who has been bringing "high-powered pieces" from Europe for dealers like Karasik for about ten years. "What's exciting about it is that people can still get into it, because enough was produced for it still to be accessible."

Account executive Don Zanone bought his blue, red, and green patchwork vase at a California flea market for $100 and now owns about twenty others purchased from his friend Leonard Tomkinson. The patchwork vase is one of the designs of Fulvio Bianconi, a top Murano glassmaker who also developed the handkerchief vase. It is elegant yet whimsical: transparent squares of color drift together like a pattern of light on water with the apparent defiance of gravity characteristic of some Bianconi vases. "These vases are great for apartments," Zanone says. "They're small decorative objects that can add beauty when space is a factor."

A design like this shows how different Murano glass is in spirit from the other types of European glass. Murano designers never used the icy, colorless crystalline forms typical of Scandinavian glass.

The market for the best Murano glass in the United States has been formed largely by dealers like Mark Isaacson, Muriel Karasik, and Leonard Tomkinson, all based in New York, but interest and resources are cropping up elsewhere in this country. It's a fiercely competitive field for both dealers and collectors. Tomkinson is the kind of person who will get on a plane if he hears that a certain vase he wants is on sale in a shop in Europe. However, despite the high prices being asked for the masterpieces of Murano, the sharp-eyed can occasionally find important pieces in antiques stores and flea markets. ♠

Two pieces from Barovier & Toso and two from Venini, top, owned by Dimitri Levas. Above: His Neoclassical vases from the turn of the century.

MICHAEL HALSBAND

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Driving Ambitions

Speed is of the essence in the design of the cars of the future. **Charles Gandee** discovers

Remember the car of the future? We never got it, did we? At least not the one they promised us, the futuristic, streamlined car like the one George Jetson used to cruise around in.

Instead, we got the box—actually, a pair of boxes: one small with glass, one large with wheels. The box was serviceable, of course, but it was also, shall we say, a few quarts low in the thrill department.

Happily, however, that lackluster chapter in automotive history appears to be drawing to a close. Assembly lines from Detroit to Stuttgart now roll out increasingly more sleek and aerodynamic models that look as if the wind machine had played a formative role in their design.

Are we to infer from this latest stylistic development that the car of the future is making a comeback? HG wanted to know. So we checked around to see what four high-technology, high-profile manufacturers had idling in their garages of tomorrow.

Although Mercedes-Benz admits that "the box is out" and that shape is now determined by wind efficiency, the company is not interested in designing cars that look either "like a teardrop or a banana." (In a similar vein, the people at Peugeot said they have no intention of designing cars that look "like jelly beans.") Mercedes allegedly has no dream or concept cars—"unlike our Detroit competitors." However, the company is at work on developing "intelligent" cars that can communicate with each other via sensors and satellites to warn of hazards and changing driving conditions. The goal of what Mercedes has dubbed its Prometheus project is "to reduce the number of road traffic casualties by half by the year 2000."

Mercedes isn't interested in cars that look like teardrops or bananas

On a lighter note, Jaguar will introduce a new XJ-S convertible this fall, and in the early 1990s, its first new sports car since the E-Type model. The new "super sports car" series will be named in a logical progression, if somewhat anticlimactically, the F-Type.

Jaguar has also joined forces with the TWR Group to develop JaguarSport Limited, a new breed of cat, as they say "aimed at the more specialized requirements of the enthusiast." In other words, fasten your seat belts. The new JaguarSport will be available in the U.S. in October of next year, but only five hundred will be made. Not many, perhaps, but it is three hundred more than the 48-valve V-12 Jaguar due this month, touted as the world's speediest road car. Jaguar has seen the future, and it's going to be fast.

BMW likes to think of its cars as more evolutionary than revolutionary. The company already put its formerly boxy line through the wind tunnel and doesn't plan another major redesign for a decade. In the meantime, the engineers in Munich busy themselves fine-tuning such technical innovations as computer-controlled engine management systems, wave-of-the-future electronically controlled accelerators, and, most remarkably, the BMW 750iL's V-12 engine, which they bill as "virtually maintenance-free" (OK, so you have to change the spark plugs and oil filters).

Tradition has it that the Bentley is "for the man who's won the race, but who doesn't want to wear the laurels." That could change this month, however, when the new Bentley Turbo R is unveiled. "It's a bit like sitting in the Concorde at takeoff," explains company spokesman Ian Kerr, adding that the new model will out-accelerate most current production cars.

Fast, sleek, technically sophisticated. Sound familiar? We may get that car of the future after all. ♠

The shape of things to come? Top: The Pontiac Banshee will come with rearview TV monitors and may be the meanest-looking car in the works. Left: The skin of GM's concept car, Sunraycer, is made of solar panels.

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Masters on the Block

David Lisi finds a surprising range in prices for works by painters of the past

Portrait of a Young Lady with a Lapdog, by Abraham van den Tempel, 17th-century Dutch, at the Otto Naumann gallery.

With all the attention commanded by a $50 million Van Gogh and a $28 million Monet, Impressionist and Modern art have been priced through the roof, and, as of last season with the $4.19 million paid for Jasper Johns's Diver by Chi-nark, contemporary art seems to be following their lead into the realm of stratospheric prices. It would seem, then, that the days of the affordable masterpiece are gone, with great art becoming the exclusive province of the ultrarich. Yet there are paintings that were recognized as masterpieces when Van Gogh was a schoolboy which today can be had for less than ten percent of the cost of a run-of-the-mill Impressionist work. These works by old masters, the great European painters and their followers from the thirteenth through eighteenth centuries, are being rediscovered by collectors who prize their technical brilliance and Classical allusions.

"Old-master paintings are an extraordinary value, especially when you consider that you can buy a masterpiece by a major artist for well under $500,000," says Nicholas Hall of Colnaghi gallery in New York. "And these works have withstood the test of time. They have consistently appreciated for five to six hundred years." Or as George Wachter of Sotheby's old-master department says, "You get a lot for your money. For what an ordinary [illegible], you can buy a pretty major old master."

A 14th-century Crucifixion by [illegible], at Colnaghi gallery.

Once perceived as a stuffy compartment reserved for the tastes of Oxbridge dons and [illegible], old masters are attracting new [illegible] who are enthralled by techniques [illegible] a direct antecedent to the important nineteenth- and twentieth-century schools. "Many of our clients come to the old masters from contemporary art or Impressionism," says Ian Kennedy of Christie's old-master department. "They start with decorative works—flower paintings under $20,000—not very academic but more like the Impressionists. Then they work their way into the more interesting paintings." Kennedy also acknowledges the influence of several decorators in popularizing the period. "Decorators such as Mark Hampton and Mario Buatta have emphasized the English country-house look, which is friendly to the old masters." Yet, because of their stylistic diversity, old-master paintings seem to blend with a variety of styles. So while an English landscape may complement a formal apartment on the Upper East Side, a modern loft in SoHo might do just as well with an Italian Mannerist painting or a Dutch still life.

"Diversity is one reason the old masters are undervalued," says Mark Brady, a New York dealer. "[illegible] other areas are very restricted in terms of the number of artists they contain. But in old masters, there are a greater number of artists and styles. There is also the phenomenon of the Italian and French studios where several artists often worked with the same models or on the same subject matter. Therefore, a painting may be attributed as 'by the master,' 'by the master and an assistant,' 'by a follower of the master,' or 'by an imitator,' all of which doesn't necessarily affect the aesthetic value of a painting but certainly affects the price." The diversity, then, along with condition, accounts for the extremely wide range of prices found in old-master sales, where estimates range from $5,000 to $500,000.

"The most important element in choosing an old master is personal taste," says Mark Brady. Fortunately, because of the wide variety of styles and number of artists, it is still

"The quality is there. Today you can get a great portrait for $50,000 or $100,000"

possible to choose something you can live with that is affordable or even undervalued with regard to the rest of the market. "Sixteenth-century Italian painting seems somewhat undervalued at the moment," says Ian Kennedy. "Mannerist works of religious subjects or Florentine portraits were very popular in the days of J. P. Morgan and Stanford White, but now you can get quite a nice one for about $50,000."

Sotheby's George Wachter agrees. "Second-rung Italian gold-ground paintings and eighteenth-century English portraiture—in fact, all portraiture—seem to be off a bit. We had several lots in our June sale, a [illegible] estimated between $40,000–$50,000 and a [illegible] estimated between $30,000–

GUCCI

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SHORT HILLS SOUTH COAST PLAZA PALM SPRINGS
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$15,000, both of which are marvelous paintings at very reasonable prices. At a higher level, paintings by Cranach the Elder are an unbelievable value. He was the major German artist of his period, yet his work can be had for $100,000–$200,000. Can you say the same for a major artist today?" Wachter is also very enthusiastic about work by Jan van Goyen, an important seventeenth-century painter who was also quite prolific. "You can still get a Goyen for $80,000. That is an amazing buy."

Otto Naumann, a New York dealer, also pointed to portraiture as undervalued. "Works by many of the Dutch portraitists such as Verspronck, Tempel, or Helst have been passed over. The quality is there. You can get a great portrait for $80,000–$100,000, and it seems to me that if the rest of the market gets picked through, these will increase in value."

Naumann advises the buyer new to the old-masters market to get the advice of an experienced dealer or collector in the field, as the age and varying attributions ascribed to these works can daunt even scholars in the field. "Ask about condition first," says Naumann. "It is one of the most important factors. Make sure what you are seeing is really the work of an old master and not overpainting that was added later. Also beware of extensive cleaning which may have stripped important layers of paint." Wachter agrees: "For more expensive paintings we advise buyers to get an independent condition report by a conservator. To come in blind is a mistake. Don't be brave, get good advice."

Both Sotheby's and Christie's have sales of minor old masters which are designed for the collector who wants to get his feet wet. "The works are estimated between $1,000 and $50,000," says Wachter. "These are sales for people who want to get into the area. We don't always know who the artist is for certain, but there are always some wonderful images."

"Most people think of the old masters as austere, but they are quite the opposite," says Nicholas Hall of Colnaghi. "I think they appeal to the new conservatism that is about, but the subject matter is often sexy, luxuriant, and expensive-looking. Sort of like something out of Tom Wolfe." And, as Ian Kennedy puts it, "The market is more diverse than I've ever seen it. It's a very good time to get in. For a small investment, you can acquire a small piece of history, an insight into a time so different and yet so like

Old Master Sources

Christie's
502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
Old Master Paintings Department headed by Ian Kennedy (212) 546-1178. Old-master sale on October 20.

Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
Old Master Paintings Department headed by George Wachter (212) 606-7230. Old-master sale on October 21.

Sotheby's
34–35 New Bond St., London W1A 2AA
Old Master Painting Department headed by Julian Stock 493-8080. Old-master sales on October 26 and December 7.

Didier Aaron
32 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 988-5248

Didier Aaron & Cie
118, rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honore
75008 Paris, 47-42-47-34

Thomas Agnew & Sons
43 Old Bond St., London W1X 4BA
b29-617b

W. M. Brady & Co.
3 East 7th St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 249-7212

Colnaghi
21 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 772-2266

Richard L. Feigen & Co.
113 East 79 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 628-0700

M. Knoedler & Co.
19 East 70 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 794-0550

Otto Naumann
4 East 74 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 734-4443

Wildenstein & Co.
19 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 879-0500

Colnaghi
14 Old Bond St., London W1X 4JL
491-7408

Richard Green Gallery
44 Dover St., London W1X 4JQ
493-3939

Matthiesen Fine Art
7–8 Mason's Yard
Duke St., St. James's
London SW1Y 6BU 930-2437

Johnny Van Haeften
13 Duke St., St. James's
London SW1Y 6DB
930-3062

Galerie P. De Boer
Herengracht 512, 1017 CC Amsterdam
23-68-49

Maurice Segoura
20, rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honore
75008 Paris
42-65-11-03

Jan Krugier Galerie
3, place du Grand Mezel, CH-1204 Geneva
21-03-68

Galerie Bruno Meissner
14, Bahnhofstrasse, CH-8001 Zürich
211-9000

Enrico Frascione
Via dei Fossi
61/R, 50123 Florence, 294-087

September Sales

Christie's
502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 546-1000
September 15–16: Stamps
September 17: European furniture and art
September 19: Jewelry
September 20: Coins
September 24: Chinese art and export porcelain
September 30: American paintings

Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 606-7000
September 15–17: Estate of James R. Herbert Boone to benefit Johns Hopkins University
September 20: Arcade furniture and decorations
September 23: Arcade American paintings
September 29: Arcade Oriental rugs and carpets

Swann Galleries
104 East 25 St., New York, NY 10010
(212) 254-4710
September 8: Reference libraries of Zeitlin & Ver Brugge
September 15: Art and architecture books, ceramics books from Gary Tropper's library
September 22: Books on Pacific travel and exploration
September 29: Bindings and literature

William Doyle Galleries
175 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 427-2730
September 14: Belle Epoque, Art Deco, and Art Nouveau furniture and decorations
September 29: English and Continental furniture, decorations, and paintings

Butterfield & Butterfield
220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco, CA 94103, (415) 861-7500
September 13: Antique and modern silver
September 13: Japanese and Oriental art
September 13–14: Furniture, decorative arts
September 14: Antique and modern jewelry
September 15: Oriental rugs and carpets; American and European old masters to contemporary paintings

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Buried Secrets

There's more to bulbs than ordinary tulips, writes **Patricia Thorpe**

If youth is wasted on the young, spring is wasted on springtime. After the torments of winter, any change would be appreciated, but just think how much more a little spring would mean right now—not just the relief of a few days of soaking rain and forty-degree nights but the whole sense of promise and the vision of a clean slate that only spring can give, the feeling that this year you may get it right. As you look around now in the glare of the dog days, all you can see are your mistakes. Nothing new has come into bloom for weeks; anything still in flower is a sullen purple or the wrong shade of yellow. This is the moment for a bulb catalogue.

I know the bulb sellers would be happier if we all ordered early, but in June the garden looks so promising I can't imagine where I'd put a single snowdrop. By August I'm ready to rip up acres and try anything new. Speaking of new, this year why don't we skip over all the enticing narcissus and tulips and read the catalogues from back to front, turning first to those obscure flowers of the last page, plants so daring that not even a catalogue writer can pretend they have common names. It's not that I don't love daffodils and tulips, but most gardeners do fine with them and ignore scores of equally easy and interesting plants. The world of spring bulbs doesn't begin with King Alfred and end with Darwin.

It's hard to ignore an onion four feet tall with a flower only slightly smaller than a soccer ball

If you don't want to skip tulips entirely in your search for something different, try species tulips and listen to your garden echo with the outraged refrain, "That's a tulip?" This response is understandable—how could a plant four inches high that blooms in February be related to the long-stemmed aristocrats of May? Ignore the sneers of your neighbors—these are delightful and widely varied flowers. Some are almost like crocuses and bloom as early (*Tulipa pulchella* or *T. urumiensis*); some spread as rapidly as a ground cover (*T. tarda*); almost all return year after year. Rabbits, not being taxonomists, are confounded by these tulips and don't eat them. In the case of *T. acuminata* you can see why: with its weirdly twisted and striped petals, this doesn't look like anything you could eat; *T. batalinii*, on the other hand, is a delectable bonbon, short, fat, a delicious pale yellow set in slender, slightly rippled gray leaves. That's a *tulip*?

After being routed by the species tulips, your garden visitors are likely to keep exclaiming, "That's a tulip?" to cover any confusion, especially as they struggle to identify those delicate milk-chocolate bells edged with gold. No, this one is a fritillary, *Fritillaria assyriaca*, one of the more accommodating members of a tempting genus. *F. meleagris*, the checkered lily, is another small, easy, and inexpensive species, happily naturalizing in damp spots around your garden. After that come the real showstoppers, but I can't promise that they're easy. Some of the very difficult fritillary rarities are so expensive that a tight budget will keep you from disaster, but even the reasonably priced and frequently offered crown imperials are far from foolproof. On the other hand, they are astonishing, at least for one year, so take the plunge. The plants are magnificent—they go shooting up over three feet when everything around them in the border is still only two inches high. The effect is stunning but a bit silly; their pronounced odor of skunk is another questionable feature. Crown imperials need good drainage and heavy feeding; even with that they may come up blind. *F. persica* is another large species, a two-foot column of spiraling silver leaves topped by deep plum bells. The usual adjective is somber, but it's lovely, too.

The list of overlooked bulbs must include the allium family, with the exception of *Allium giganteum*—it's hard to ignore an onion four feet tall with a flower only slightly smaller than a soccer ball. If you are utterly confident in your sense of scale and have money to burn, you can certainly stop traffic with this one. But it doesn't come back reliably—after the first year you may get a huge starfish of leaves and a flower the size of a chive. Consider instead *A. christophii*, winner of the Star Wars prize for flower that looks most like a space weapon. This is seldom seen—you'd remember if you'd seen an enormous airy sphere of metal-flake mauve—and is easy to grow and easy to place. It is bizarre but not peculiar; it works with other plants instead of upstaging them. *A. aflatunense*—tall but not as massive as *A. giganteum*—is early, and it returns and multiplies. These larger allium all benefit from good feeding but need nothing else. The smaller species don't even need a good meal and are often used in rock gardens. They are useful and appealing in any small space—*A. moly*, *A. cernuum*, *A. sphaerocephalum* (drumsticks), *A. pulchellum*, it doesn't matter where you start. There are at least 400 species blooming from late spring to late fall.

CHRISTOPHER SHARROCK

NDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REMY.

You haven't yet exhausted the range of knockout bulbs—this may be the year for eremurus. (It's not a true bulb, but it is sold and planted now.) This makes a perfect exclamation point in June, a strong straight wand, soaring four feet or higher, in peach tones or yellow—breathtaking with delphinium.

All the above are hardy survivors at least as far north as zone four. In the South and in warm Western climates you can smugly order lycoris, pancratium, sprekelia, and crinum, to mention only a few. Gardeners there are more daring in their use of bulbs to make up for the perennials they can't grow. It seems like a reasonable trade-off, but I still gnash my teeth with envy at the huge stands of amaryllis that just pop out of the ground. I'll go back north and take solace in my camassia, three-foot spikes of silver blue stars, a bit brief in flowering time but completely reliable, hardy, and edible besides.

After this swarm of peculiar-sounding plants, you may be happy to retreat to narcissus, of which, after all, we can never have enough. As for the planting itself, here gardening most resembles a childhood treasure hunt: you bury a secret in the ground—something brown, shiny, round, accompanied by ritual bonemeal and a mothball or two—and mark the spot with clues that become more enigmatic as winter progresses. Next year, just when you've forgotten all about it, something yellow and wonderful appears. It may only be a daffodil, but it's spring. ♠

Bulb Catalogues

Dutch Gardens
Box 200/HG, Adelphia, NJ 07710
(201) 780-2713
Gorgeous pictures, all the basics plus; reasonable prices.

Frans Roozen
Vogelenzangseweg 49, 2114 BB
Vogelenzang, Holland; 2502-7245

John D. Lyon
143 Alewife Brook Pkwy., Cambridge
MA 02140; (617) 876-3705
Many unusual species, rock garden bulbs, excellent quality.

Grant E. Mitsch Novelty Daffodils
Box 218, Hubbard, OR 97032
(503) 651-2742
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French's
Box 565, Pittsfield, VT 05762
(802) 746-8148
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McClure & Zimmerman
108 West Winnebago St., Box 368
Friesland, WI 53935; (414) 326-4220
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TyTy Bulb Co.
Box 159, TyTy, GA 31795
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Box A, Babylon, NY 11702
(800) 645-5830, NY State (800) 832-5689
Bargain prices, uncertain quality.

White Flower Farm
Rte. 63, Litchfield, CT 06759
(203) 496-9600

Park Seed Co.
Box 31, Greenwood, SC 29647

W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
300 Park Ave., Warminster, PA 18974
(800) 327-3049

Wayside Gardens Co.
Box 1, Hodges, SC 29695
(800) 845-1124


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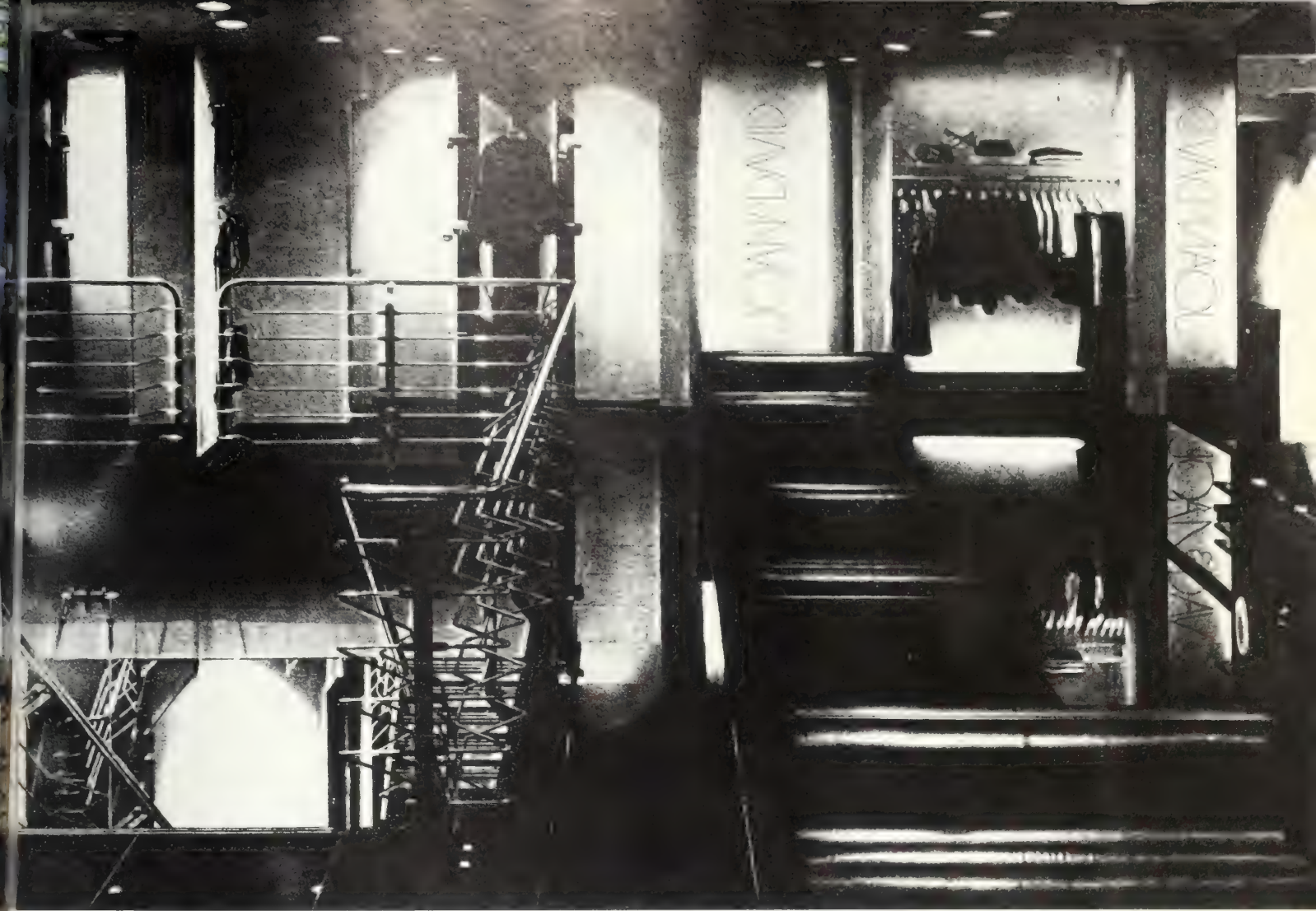
The glamour of black and gold accents . . .

Gardening by video . . .

The latest sparkle in rooms: black-and-gold antiques and decorative objects. The best resources are Didier Aaron, Niall Smith Antiques, and Jean-Paul Beaujard in New York City. "Black and gold add brilliance and life. They give a room great élan," says French antiques dealer Beaujard, whose own apartment is a study in this new grandeur. Niall Smith specializes in nineteenth-century antiques, both ebony and ebonized, including ebony beds and ebonized Viennese Biedermeier furniture and bibelots. An ebony-and-ivory Indian table with penwork, circa 1880, and a Victorian cut-out wood valance with mother-of-pearl inlay are on display in a room setting at Valley House Antiques on Long Island, in Locust Valley, New York. • Just released: *Life in the Garden,* a chat and stroll through the gardens with C. Z. Guest in her new 23-minute video. Says Guest: "Having a garden is like having a good loyal friend." **A.L.T.**

1. Clock from Jean-Paul Beaujard. **2.** C. Z. Guest by Cecil Beaton. **3.** Napoleon III chest with semiprecious stones, Beaujard.

4. Regency chair, Didier Aaron, NYC. **5.** At Valley House Antiques—entire parlor is for sale. **6.** Three-piece clock garniture, c. 1860, Didier Aaron. **7.** Louis Philippe sleigh bed, Niall Smith Antiques. **8.** Beaujard mantel.



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THE AMERICAN FUR AWARDS
AMERICAN ULTRA
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Karl Lagerfeld

Fourrures

Carol & Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago

Karl Lagerfeld

Bloomingdale's
New York, N.Y.

Corinne Travis / Rose Lash Int'l
New York, N.Y.

Neiman Marcus
Dallas, TX.

Nordstrom
San Francisco, CA.

Talleysheet

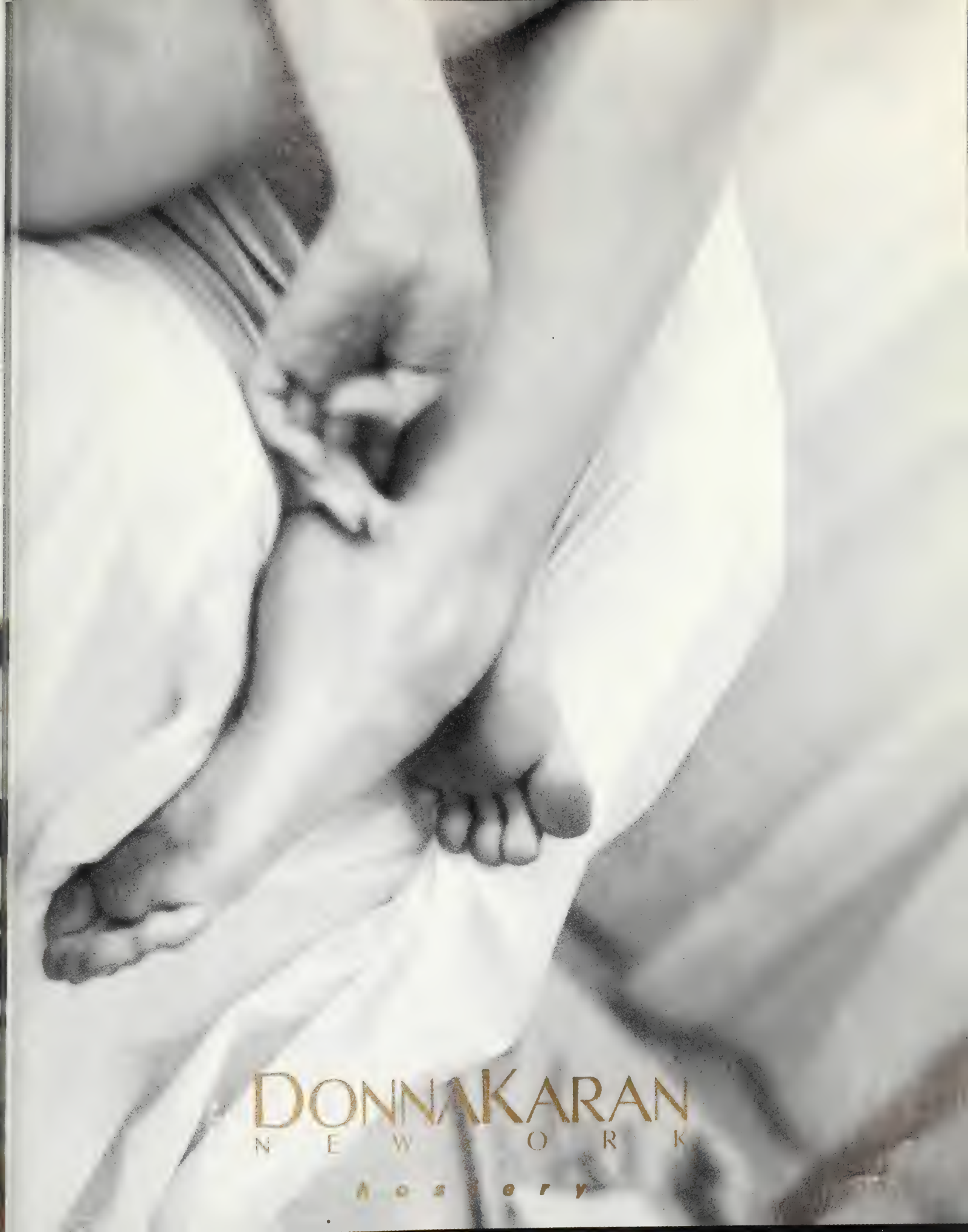
Quilts and Aubussons inspire fall fashion . . . Pillows and panels from antique carpets . . .

Fashion designers look homeward for fall. The all-American quilt turns up in Marc Jacobs's collection. "At home I have a room covered with Ralph Lauren's Home Collection striped ticking, and I love to collect quilts from Kelter-Malce and Susan Parrish on Bleecker Street in New York. I simply took a few liberties with some patterns," notes Jacobs of his jackets and overscaled hand-knitted sweaters with snowflake, clover, and bear-paw motifs. Valentino, the Rome-based couturier, showed hand-beaded evening dresses for spring/summer inspired by his collection of Aubusson carpets. For fall/winter ready-to-wear he simply translated the look for day in a shearling suit appliquéd with vivid Aubusson patterns. By night the rich patterns are stamped across jewellike kimono-sleeved pullover sweaters. A source for Aubusson and nineteenth-century pieces: the four-year-old Locust Valley, New York, shop of Ande Phipps and Merrill Stenbeck—Valley House Antiques. Go there for Aubusson panels and pillows (remounted rugs with decorative felt borders), French paisley throws, and chairs covered in needlepoint. **André Leon Talley**

1. Kelter-Malce's Amish fan quilt. 2. 1890s Pennsylvania Mennonite quilt, Kelter-Malce.

3. Marc Jacobs suit. 4. Album quilt, 1882, Susan Parrish Antiques. 5. Valley House Aubusson panel. 6. Valentino Aubusson-inspired suit. 7. Front porch, Valley House Antiques, with textiles and Aubussons.

1 2 4 5 7 MICHAEL MUNDY 3, 6 MICHEL ARNAUD


DONNA KARAN
NEW YORK
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RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION

HG

american greats

is our lead story featuring the preeminent American decorators in unusual portraits by *Snowdon*. Influential decorators have always played a behind-the-scenes role in establishing taste and social acceptance. Now they themselves are becoming public personalities and their work is reaching a broader public than ever before. The **trend** we highlight this month is **Neo-Gothic**. Displacing the geometry of Modernism and the classic motifs of the Postmoderns are the angular details of the Gothic style—which, as *Charles Gandee* notes, come not with the medieval gloom of the Gothic novel, but with light, color, and delicate shapes. In **architecture** we feature *Steven Holl*, who follows no style but his own. *Maxime de La Falaise*'s bohemian apartment provides an example of **personal style,** part Gypsy, part Bloomsbury, overflowing with dogs and rugs. We also show you *Catie and Donald Marron*'s Manhattan apartment and one of America's great gardens hidden behind walls in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. —*Anna Wintour*

The decorating establishment: Chessy Rayner and Mica Ertegün's design, above, for a country living room; library in a New York apartment, below, by Mark Hampton; and Betty Sherrill, bottom, of McMillen.

Gothic revise: Stonework Arch Border, top, from Brunschwig & Fils; Banquette Gothique, center, from David Hicks France. Above: Catie Marron's Manhattan sitting room.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT
COURTESY BRUNSCHWIG & FILS, FRANCOIS HALARD
SNOWDON, OBERTO GILI (2), PASCAL CHEVALLIER

american GREATS

Never has the American decorator served such an important social function. With more time—and many more dollars—being spent at home, with new money searching out establishment taste—and connections—the proven masters of style are more influential than ever. ***Georgina Howell*** *gives the lowdown on the dozen decorators who really count*

Portraits by ***Snowdon***

s. henry parish II

The First Lady of American Decorating, Sister Parish, in her sheet-draped living room, seated on a Regency ram's-head bench. A 1760 girandole on wall above a rare Regency table; 19th-century Russian candelabra on pedestal table and Anglo-Indian goat on the floor. Curtains are made of moire from Brunschwig & Fils. Style: [illegible] Details s[illegible]

Comfort comes first: Books line the bleached wood walls of a library in a house on the Hudson River. Regency mirror above the mantel, Louis XVI desk, and Louis XV armchairs. Pillows, curtains, and chair add a golden hue.

albert hadley

The president and partner of Parish-Hadley perches on an old ice-cream-parlor stool between 1920s French red metal chair and 1820 French steel campaign chair.

The power and status of American decorators have never stood so high. Over the last decade they have succeeded the painters of the sixties and the fashion designers of the seventies as the social arbiters of our times: companies such as Parish-Hadley, MAC II, Mark Hampton, and Mario Buatta are chosen for reasons far beyond the aesthetic. In the late eighties the choice of a designer for your Manhattan duplex or country house is a crucial element in the struggle for acceptance into the social register. Acquiring the proper decorator confers instant pedigree and lineage—simply through the writing of a massive check.

New York's dozen great decorators exercise their patronage with varying degrees of ruthlessness. "I do sometimes reject clients," admitted one of them, "for reasons of snobbery."

"Yours or theirs?"

"Mine."

No one is more despotic than the legendary Sister Parish, the Mount Everest of the new shelter culture. The only original still operating, she is the authentic representative of Old Money values and taste. She grew up in Far Hills, New Jersey, and spent her summers at her family's "little white pillbox with a porch right on the water" in Maine. In Manhattan she operates from Gloria Swanson's former Fifth Avenue ground-floor maisonette: "It's convenient for the dogs." With both a father and a husband in banking, she started her first shop during the Depression—"but she won her black belt back at Foxcroft," says an old acquaintance, speaking of the horsey upper-crust school where Sister Parish first asserted herself. Now the Diana Vreeland of the decorating world, Sister dominates every drawing room she enters and has been heard to demand of her host, "Who *are* all these people?"

A shrewd, magisterial figure in navy cashmere, with a fresh white blouse with a bow and very real pearls, Mrs. Parish awaits an interview with extreme irritation. She would rather do any interrogating that has to be done. When Glenn Bernbaum, wry proprietor of the top decorator/client stamping ground, Mortimer's, rang the now 38-strong firm of Parish-Hadley to ask if they could work with him on a new town house he had just built, he was told that Mrs. Parish would have to interview him first. And, according to Bernbaum, he auditioned, passed muster, and adores her. Says another observer, "I hear the same thing happened

mark hampton

He sits in an English Regency gilded armchair, c. 1820, from Gene Tyson Antiques. The giltwood eagle console, c. 1730, is from Florian Papp.

when Mrs. Kennedy asked her to do the White House."

She sits, Pekingese at her feet, in the prettiest office in New York—a tiny country drawing room in bandbox turquoise stripes, here a garden rose in a green glass vase, there a jug of a different blue, a piece of needlepoint, a painting of dogs. Is she happy for her style to be summed up as "cabbage roses and Aubusson"?

"It's always been my cup of tea. Of course, I've been copied a lot."

The acerbic touch is completely absent from her work. Sister Parish rooms are fresh, feminine, affectionate, and romantic. Her great talent has lain not just in grasping the authentic code of the great English country house but the whole tenor of that life. Like her old friend John Fowler, she understands how not to overdecorate. Betty Sherrill of New York's other oldest decorating firm, McMillen, recalls going into a room that both she and Mrs. Parish had worked on. "There was this commode between the windows that was the wrong proportion. I said, 'Sister, this doesn't fit!' And she said, 'Don't you know I wanted it to look as though it had been inherited, so I went out and bought it too small.' "

The grandest of all, Mrs. Parish doesn't have to make a point of it. The unpretentious streak runs through everything she does, from the painted and uncarpeted stairs to the Kentucky patchwork quilts she revived, even to the flowers she sent to ex-employee Mark Hampton when his father died. "I was near Indianapolis, a place you can only buy gladiolus," he recalls. "And suddenly this magical little basket of tiny roses and miniature flowers appeared out of the blue."

All the same, her views are autocratic.

Privilege? "It's a great help. It helped me, and when I'm employing people, I notice it." New money? "We're not against it! We want to give them pleasure, make them feel comfortable." Pause. "And *grateful*. But remember you're starting from scratch, mentally and physically."

A woman who, in Maine, still sleeps in the bed in which she was born, Sister Parish stresses the emotional importance of continuity. "When people are buying a house and already wondering if they will get their money back, they have the wrong outlook. You must love a house and want to make a home of it."

When people want the symbol, they go for the whole Sister Parish production, but the soft-spoken, careful Albert Hadley stands as the distinguished heir apparent to his partner, with a style both architectural and contemporary. Nan Kempner and Oscar de la Renta compare Hadley's clean simple taste with that of Billy Baldwin's, the first indigenous American decorator who with Nancy Lancaster and Elsie de Wolfe brought decoration out of post-Victorian formality into a mixture of old and new. Though somewhat in Sister Parish's shadow,

irvine & fleming

Keith Irvine, holding a Hepplewhite armchair with gilt trim, c. 1800, and Tom Fleming resting against a Regency library chair, c. 1830; in front of Newel Art Galleries' Louis XIV settee.

denning & fourcade

Robert Denning at home in a French Empire armchair, c. 1805, and Vincent Fourcade by 18th-century urn. Statue is 18th-century English plaster cast, from a house designed by the architect James Wyatt. Table is George III.

Hadley is "great with people of pronounced taste," says Nan Kempner. "His rooms don't yell the designer's name at you. Not the way you can tell at once if it's a Denning and Fourcade room."

Albert Hadley wears a sober suit and regards you demurely and donnishly over the top of his tortoiseshell spectacles.

"I appreciate the romantic, but I'm wacky," he says. "I approach things analytically. I'm more proscribed." And Minimalism, which recently passed through retrospective decor like an express train? "It forced us all to edit our surroundings. It concentrated our minds on employing only the devices that amplify the point of view you're establishing."

He lives in a pared-down apartment with startling chairs and in a scrapbook country house full of personal possessions in Connecticut. "I like to know exactly where I am. I don't like stage sets." He considers "Country House Style" a poor description of current American decoration. "The striking thing about an old English country house is the sense of interesting architectural enclosure. The rooms do not have distinct personalities because they have accumulated over the generations. I like each room to have its own personality. But then they must work together."

The Duchess of York approached Sister Parish after seeing Parish-Hadley's house for a polo-playing acquaintance, Henryk de Kwiatkowski, in Greenwich, Connecticut. The duchess wanted that crisp new traditional look for the house she and Prince Andrew are building with James Dunbar-Nasmith near Windsor. If she also welcomed not having to make the choice at home—where David Hicks is married to Lord Mountbatten's daughter and therefore rather heavily cued for the job—she seems to have struck a hitch. Parish-Hadley participated in the initial phase of the design, but a British firm will create and execute the final plans.

Clients almost always end up with a decorator via the grapevine. They have seen the houses of friends or relations and want the same know-how for themselves. Beyond the rapport that must exist between a client and a designer to keep relations sweet over the taxing year or two a big project may take, today's social glue has become stronger than ever. Society has always laid the ground rules for style and taste, but in the late eighties a New York decorator cannot consider himself at the top of his profession without the support of the New Society. The decorator, in turn, holds the social network together, providing the substance and background against which the new monied hostess can play out her roles, and acting as a common source of interest and culture between the new key names. Her decorator is often a new billionairess's only guru. What the decorator teaches, she preaches as if it were her own.

Mark Hampton is the urbane prototype of the species, well versed in the English and American social and architectural traditions. Charming, disarming, he wears suits bought in London from Anderson & Sheppard, the same tailors who dressed Fred Astaire and Gary Cooper. He has a house in the hotbed Hamptons and wears tortoiseshell spectacles with a

albert hadley

A flair for Classical restraint: In the decorator's own living room a black-and-gold Louis XVI side chair covered in beige and natural striped linen, zebra-patterned hooked rug, and silver-gilt metal Art Deco table with Armin Pfeiffer nail sculpture. The sculpture on the mantelpiece is by Otello Guarducci. Custom-designed light fixture by Parish-Hadley sits atop a mirrored cube table with beveled edges. The recessed cornice and baseboard details are also mirrored.

He lives in a pared-down apartment with startling chairs

mark hampton

Pure Fifth Avenue: An Adam-style gilded George III pier mirror, c. 1790, hangs above the fireplace of the library of a New York apartment. A round gallery-top mahogany pedestal table sits between two Georgian mahogany armchairs, from the St. Giles suite of furniture, c. 1745, covered in a Brunschwig & Fils silk brocade. Sofa is covered in Ottoman Cream from Old World Weavers. Hand-embroidered carpet is early-19th-century English. Andirons are by Giacometti. Picasso's *La Leçon de dessin*, 1925, reflected in mirror.

Today's social fabric reminds Hampton of nothing so much as high Victorian Empire

ROBERTO GILI

gilt nosepiece. He denies having any social life at all, and he is out every night of the week with his popular wife, Duane.

His first job, during the 1960s, was with David Hicks in London, "stopping off in one weekend at Chiswick House, visiting West Wycombe Park for Lady Dashwood to show us the Tapestry Room, lunching at Stonor Park to see the chapel that never shut down even in Cromwell's time, pausing on the way back to see a Batty Langley ruin." He has decorated the houses of Estée Lauder and Vice President and Mrs. Bush, Rupert Murdoch, Senator and Mrs. John Heinz, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter Burden. The social fabric of 1988, he says, reminds him of nothing so much as high Victorian Empire.

"It's terribly important that a designer be cognizant of your way of life and taste," says Nan Kempner. "He has to work from a knowledge of the way you are. I adore Mark Hampton. He's so good and conscientious—and congenial."

It is no coincidence that the choice for the redecoration of Blair House fell to Manhattan's two most social decorators. The former home of a newspaper family from Kentucky which became President Truman's residence and now serves as the president's guesthouse, Blair House required a three-year ménage à quatre among diplomatic Hampton, exuberant Mario Buatta, exacting U.S. Chief of Protocol Lucky Roosevelt, and Clement Conger, curator of the Diplomatic Reception Rooms. The ménage, awkwardly maintained and frequently bogged down in committee work, finally ended with both designers claiming to have the prettiest rooms and the most urgent reason to use the same favorite hand-blocked paper.

"Fortunately," says Mark Hampton, "Mario is always late, so I'd have an hour in which to make my points first."

Buatta's personal style is exhibitionist, entertaining, and self-promoting. Strongly into licensing and lecturing, he is noted for circulating magazine features about himself to all his acquaintances on the day of publication. "I don't know how much work he can do," says one observer. "He's out all the time. If a *door* opens, he's there holding court." Buatta works with two, sometimes three, assistants from an office that threatens one day to suffocate him in an avalanche of falling papers, fabrics, and vases. "We're like a zoo," shrugs Buatta. "I can't explain it."

He's also enormously talented, with clients who include Nelson Doubleday, Malcom Forbes, Charlotte Ford, and Barbara Walters. His chosen ingredients are the same as Sister Parish's, but put together in overdrive. "He does what I do," she concedes. "Only I've been doing it for 32 years."

His humor is obstreperous, running to the kind of English

irvine & fleming

Antiques and ornaments: In a Manhattan apartment, above left, silk taffeta under valances that are actually painted linen. Left: Dark green and white marble floor in a mirrored private entrance hall with Irvine & Fleming touches—pilasters, ornamental moldings and a combination of French and English antiques.

denning & fourcade

Le style Rothschild: Vincent Fourcade designed this Paris library around a superb rare-book collection. The Empire sofa is covered in Artemis fabric, available at Brunschwig & Fils. The fauteuils are Louis XVI. The carpet is a 19th-century Aubusson from Dario Baccara, Paris. The large painting depicts the Algerian campaign.

PASCAL CHEVALLIER

There are many people who like our style who didn't have anything like it five years ago"

Buatta would place whoopee cushions on the chairs of elderly duchesses who came to visit and sing loudly when bored at dinner

mario buatta

The king of the English country-house style, above, rests on a Louis XIV pedestal amid pieces covered in fabric from Brunschwig & Fils, Colefax & Fowler, and Cowtan & Tout. Opposite: A good mix. A New York library includes Chinese table with Tang period horse. American carousel lion by window dressed in fabric from Alan Campbell. Regency armchair; linen print on sofa and chair from Lee Jofa. Rug is English 19th century. Painting is Balthus's *Le Corbeau*, 1983–86.

practical jokes that embarrassed and delighted John Fowler when Buatta became his friend in London in the mid sixties. He would place whoopee cushions on the chairs of elderly duchesses who came to visit, sing loudly when bored at dinner, and pretend to pocket the silver as he left. He once fixed a gaudy paper bird to John Fowler's shoulder at a grand shooting lunch given by a ducal neighbor. The distinguished decorator carried on all afternoon in ignorance, like Long John Silver with a parrot.

The Fowler connection links Buatta, the son of a New York society bandleader, with the seminal influences on American decoration. Fowler, Lady Colefax, and Nancy Lancaster were the original sources of the Country Style, which will run and run as long as there are conservatives to buy it. Buatta says, "John knew only one way to do things, and that was the right way. He taught me restraint. He said if you get grand on one thing, play it down on the next three things."

Famous for chintz, Buatta has expanded his range. One prominent client pays tribute to the variety of which he is capable. "In the country he did our cottage with jelly bean colors, stripes, and rag rugs. In the duplex it's light and airy in pink and green, the library in wood with old rugs on sisal matting, and a sitting room like turquoise malachite with a woven carpet in animal spots."

Keith Irvine and Tom Fleming say that English country was always a misnomer for London House and that, in any case, the style was invented by an American, Mrs. Lancaster. "If she hadn't brought her wealthy friends to Colefax & Fowler, they'd have had no one to decorate." The look, says Irvine, has become overruffled, with curtains "festooned out of existence." Once John Fowler's assistant, Irvine later hired, then fired the younger Buatta, who now, he says, decorates for millionaires "as mad for publicity as he is himself." Irvine and Fleming are lifelong fans of what Fowler extolled as an "edge of pleasing decay."

"In my own apartment the furniture is nicely distressed," says Irvine. "I like to use chairs in their original fabrics if they are pretty. But you have to have a smart enough client." Irvine went to Oslo last year to redecorate the American embassy and ended up rearranging the furniture with the help of fifty marines. His hosts liked it so much he did himself right out of the job.

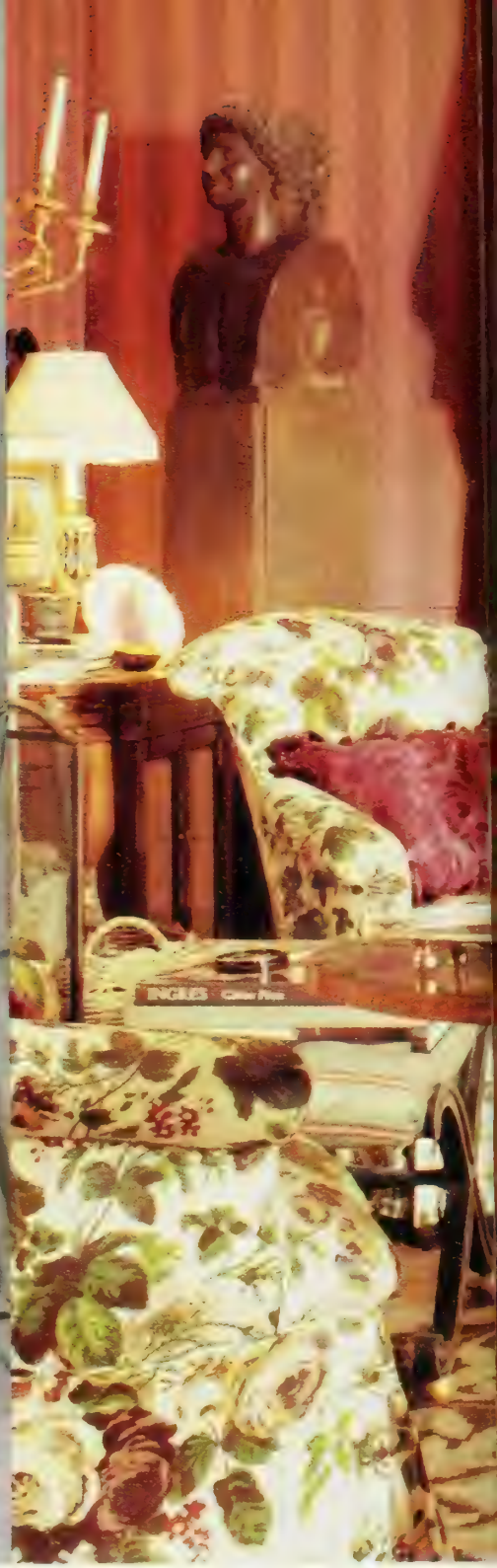
Almost to a man, the top decorators stress the relative simplicity of their work and hark back to the modest approach of Billy Baldwin, who worked for Ruby Ross Wood, who in her turn picked up the outlines when she ghosted a book for Elsie de Wolfe called *The House in Good Taste*. "If you asked Billy to make over your apartment," remembers Bill Blass, "he'd begin by taking things out!" Says Mica Ertegün of MAC II, "He would find beautiful pieces and then take it all down a peg with a sisal carpet." Yet Baldwin could realize the fantasy in a client's imagination, creating for Diana Vreeland an apartment that was all crimson and leopard spots to her single specification. Ertegün maintains it was he who started the sixties tenting craze with his original covering for Babe Paley's rooms at the St. Regis Hotel.

The exceptions to this overt homage to simplicity, and to

mac II

Pretty civilized: A French country table sits behind the sofa in a country house. Indian 19th-century painting hangs above the mantel. Opposite: Chessy Rayner in Victorian chair with painted marble and mother-of-pearl and Mica Ertegun in face of Louis XV mirror. Chair and table are Victorian.


Mica grew up in a
Chessy in her grandmother's
Louis



david easton

Schooled in the classics: The decorator, above, with one of a set of George III giltwood armchairs, c. 1770, and a George I giltwood center table, c. 1725, both from Mallett & Son, London. Right: In his living room, pair of Adam side chairs by rosewood table near window; Regency penwork table in foreground. Chintz is Bailey Rose from Cowtan & Tout. Curtains are moiré; striped wallpaper from Cole & Son, London, available at Clarence House.

OBERTO GILI

I tell my staff to get in line with the chauffeur, the hairdresser, and the maid. The only difference is we get our knees under the table and exchange Christmas gifts"

mrs. virgil sherrill

Well bred: Betty Sherrill, the president of McMillen, dressed for a shoot on chair covered in linen zebra pattern from Brunschwig & Fils. Chinese cloisonné bird and Regency stand are from the 19th century; painting by Dunoyer de Segonzac. Opposite: A New York dining room with 18th-century English table and Hepplewhite chairs, 18th-century Chinese wallpaper, and silk taffeta curtains.

MICHAEL MUNDY

every other rule, are Denning and Fourcade, with their urban Continental palazzo style that Reinaldo Herrera calls by an old name—"le goût Rothschild." Sister Parish calls it "New Victorian," and dryly adds, "You know more about them than I do."

"It's a style that, as far as most Americans know, began with them," says Mark Hampton. "They began by giving chic little lunch parties," says one long-term acquaintance. "Being adorable. Giving you wonderful food. That was the first time anyone had seen walls papered with tapestry. And they carried all before them—Vincent so grand and French, Bob so handsome and fit."

Fashion designer Carolyne Roehm, and her Wall Street husband, Henry Kravis, chose them for "their fantasy and taste—and then Vincent turned out to be the most organized human being, always available, always on time." The Denning and Fourcade look has been enormously successful, particularly with the wealthier fashion crowd who want instant and recognizable grandeur: one of their biggest fans has been Oscar de la Renta.

The huge 73rd Street brownstone Denning and Fourcade share is like something from the heyday of Edith Wharton: rich, patterned enfilades of rooms, with here a four-poster bed, there a mahogany bathtub, or a television screen that rolls down to be watched from a great leather daybed. Nothing they do is understated, even the house they built in a perfect rural landscape in the *(Text continued on page 242)*

It's a little old-fashioned here. I've been here for 37 years; Mrs. Smith's been here 60 and hates publicity"

going gothic

There's a new medieval mood taking shape in interior design, architecture, furniture, and fabrics. **Charles Gandee** looks at the revival of Gothic Revival as the future heads ever more deeply into the past. Who said chivalry was dead?

Past perfect: The Gothic arch makes its point in Dame du Lac fabric, right, by Old World Weavers, reproduced from a 19th-century interpretation of a medieval scene, and in the armchair, opposite, designed this year by James H. Harris & Co., available from Luten Clarey Stern. Details see Sources.

This mean little chaise might have been the perfect perch for Mary Shelley

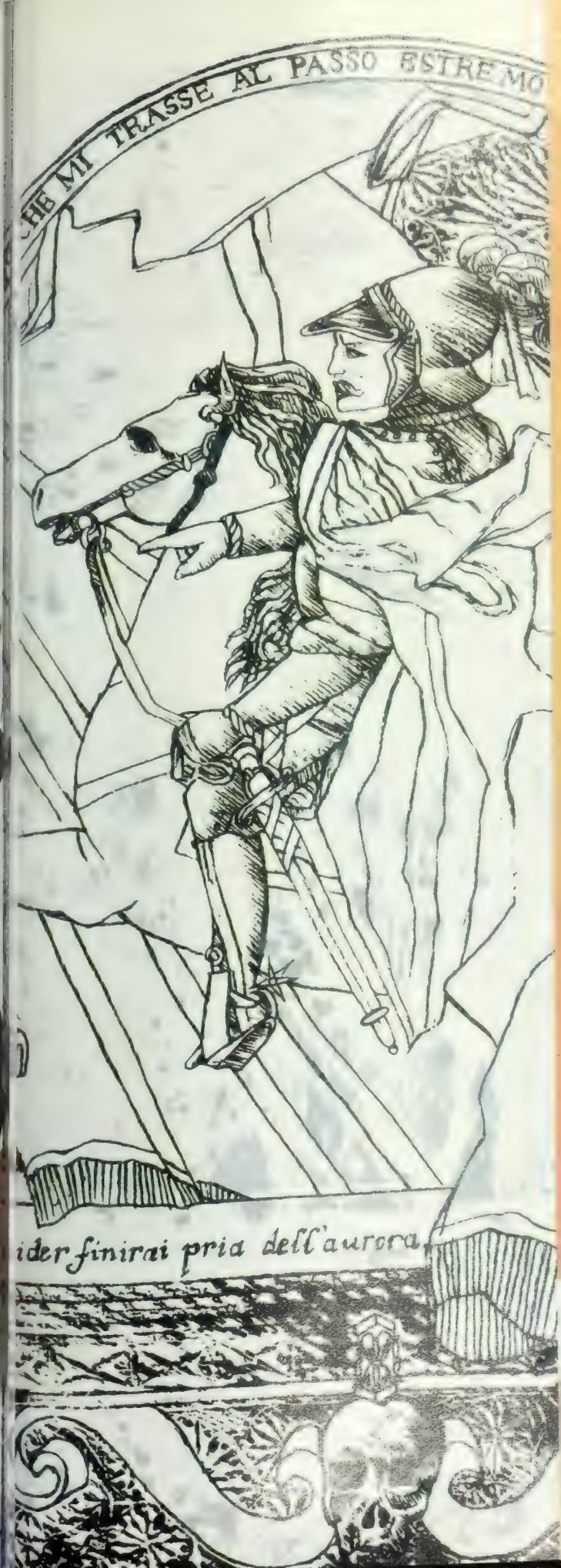
hark! Who goes there? 'Tis Gothic, my Lord, come yet again.

Oh no. Can it be? Surely not Gothic? Surely not again? There's something so creepy and menacing about all those dark shadowy rooms with cold stone floors, molten moldings, and spidery friezes; something so alien and otherworldly about all those ornate patterns and overwrought details. Isn't it just too gloomy? Perhaps even a little sinister? Don't things tend to go bump in the night in Gothic buildings?

Now the English country look, that was another matter. Who could object? Floral chintzes are cheerful and homey, portraits of pugs add a cozy touch. But lancet arches? Rib vaults? Flying buttresses? Is it possible that an ornamental style born in 1140—when one Abbot Suger rebuilt the east end of the abbey of Saint-Denis outside Paris—can find a home in the late twentieth century? Yes. 'Tis possible indeed.

Perhaps it's fin de siècle panic that sends us hurtling back even further into history in search of images to revive and reexplore. Or perhaps it's as antiquarian Horace Walpole explained in the mid eighteenth century when he added fuel to the then raging Gothic Revival fire by building a "little castle" for himself in Twickenham, London, called Strawberry Hill: "Imagination delights in whatever is remote and extraor-

JAMES MORT



Modern with a Gothic twist: Inspirations from the past come to the fore in Jon Mills's spiky metal Crawling Chaise, opposite, and the Fearless Knight, left, a detail from a tablecloth designed this year by Jane Wildgoose. Above: Bonetti and Garouste's Cathedral armoire of painted metal, lacquered wood, and glass merges stark bright lines with the glow of stained glass.

PASCAL CHEVALLIER

JAMES MORTIMER

ERIC BOMAN

Arch revival: A Gothic pelmet, above, in a window treatment by Ian G. Shaw with curtains of Florian fabric by Manuel Canovas. A Pugin chair at the House of Lords, inset left, and an American 19th-century chair, inset right, covered in Brunschwig's 1987 Prince Noir Tapestry. Right: A perfect setting for Gothic dreams. The bed from 1865 is covered in Damasco Borgia from Clarence House.

dinary . . . in order to avoid the objects that custom has rendered too familiar.''

For whatever reason, now clearly audible on both sides of the Atlantic are the sounds of well-aimed picks determinedly mining the rich vein that is Gothic.

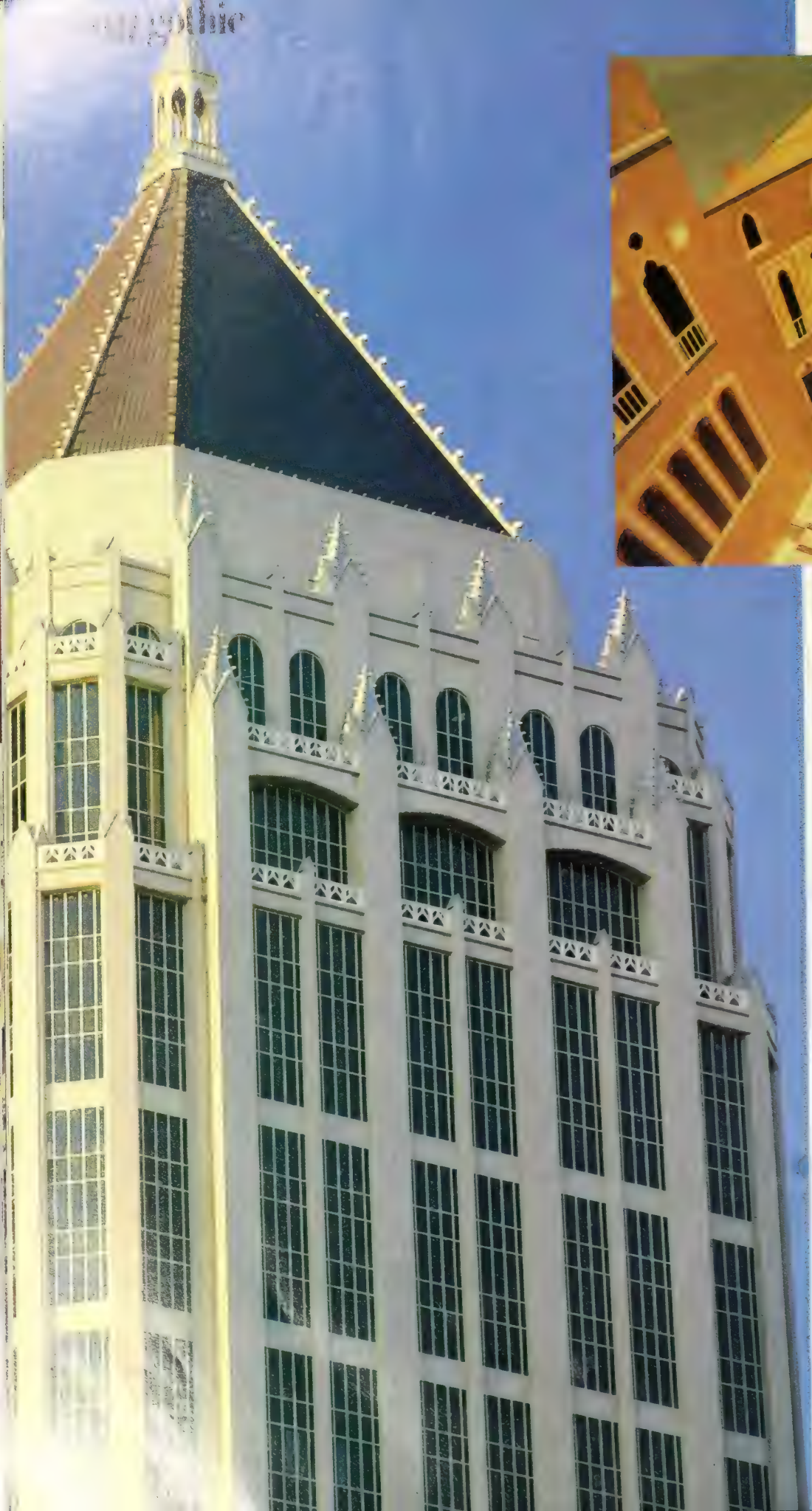
Unlike many of the eighteenth-century Neo-Gothics, however, who were committed to essentially replicating the past—''all Gothic designs should be made to imitate something that was of that time,'' advised Walpole—contemporary inheritors of the tradition appear to be less rigorous about their history. (Some might even say licentious.) Architect Philip Johnson, to name but one of the more energetic stylistic time travelers, is a particularly stellar example. Four years ago Johnson and his partner, John Burgee, erected a new corporate headquarters for PPG Industries in Pittsburgh which looks as if Westminster Palace had slid into the River Thames, floated across the Great Pond, and cast down its anchor on the banks of the river Allegheny. But somewhere along the way the great stone arches, spires, and pinnacles of Westminster turned to reflective glass. Although Charles Barry and A. W. N. Pugin, the architects of the original 1836 model, probably wouldn't appreciate the material metamorphosis, Johnson and Burgee's glass-manufacturer client is, as one might expect, delighted.

More recently the dynamic architectural duo completed a command Gothic performance in Atlanta, Georgia, with an 841-

TOM MILLER

ERIC BOMAN


on't things tend to go bump
in the night in Gothic buildings?



TIM BEDDOW

foot-high tower for IBM which soars, according to partner Burgee, "like a great Gothic cathedral marking a city." Are Johnson and Burgee employing the Gothic style to make a social comment? Has the corporation replaced the church in contemporary American culture? Is this the cathedral of Saint IBM? The boys aren't talking.

Kevin Roche is another architect who appears to have heard the siren song of the Gothic muse. Roche recently unveiled a set of drawings for an astonishingly convincing Neo-Gothic addition to the Jewish Museum on Fifth Avenue in New York City which is housed in C. P. H. Gilbert's 1908 Neo-Gothic Warburg Mansion. (This from the man who gave Manhattan such abstract Minimalist monuments as the UN Plaza Hotel and the Ford Foundation building.)

None of this is news, of course, to the perennially open-minded Philadelphia architect Robert Venturi, who included a Gothic chair in his 1985 furniture collection for Knoll International and incorporated Gothic details into a pair of new buildings his firm has designed for Princeton University. And even in southern California, of all unlikely places, Eric Owen Moss—arguably the most aesthetically rambunctious architect that state has to offer, which is saying something—still holds out hope that the powers that be will see the light and build the country club he designed for a new housing development in San Diego *(Text continued on page 236)*

RION RIZZO CREATIVE SOURCES PHOTOGRAPHY, ATLANTA

Many have heard the siren song of the Gothic muse

Towering achievement: Philip Johnson and John Burgee use Gothic forms to great effect in their new IBM Tower, opposite, in Atlanta. Opposite inset: Taking steps toward Venetian Gothic is the stairway created last year by David Linley Furniture for a London advertising agency. Left: Gothic is underfoot with the carpet Sammy, designed by David Hicks. Above: Medieval aristocracy is evoked in the British Heraldry scarf by Hermès, also available as a tie. Stylist: André Leon Talley.

ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Manhattan RESERVE

An uncompromising simplicity sets the tone in the Donald Marrons' New York apartment. Catie Marron explains her style to **André Leon Talley**

Understated drama: Pale colors in the living room form a backdrop for art and antiques. Beyond, in the dining room, are a George III giltwood mirror and 19th-century English Regency chairs covered in Directoire from Scalamandré. Opposite: Catie Marron in black by Bill Blass.

"It's classic, but with a sense of personality," says Catie Marron. "I pared down to certain basics, then added the details, hoping it wouldn't look too decorated." Marron, formerly an investment banker with Lehman Brothers and now a contributing editor of HG, reflects on the task of redecorating the New York apartment she shares with her husband, Donald Marron, chairman of the Paine Webber Group and president of the board of trustees of New York's Museum of Modern Art. "After we were married three years ago, Don suggested I change things to something that would be more appropriate for us as a couple. Because the paintings are very good, I couldn't just decorate. I had to focus on the demanding quality of the art."

To help get things off the ground, Marron enlisted the assistance of Lee Radziwill. "Lee and I organized the seating areas and chose many of the fabrics, carpets, and colors. She also found the wonderful gilt chairs in the dining room which had belonged to Daisy Fellowes. I love gilt. It has life and personality—and gilt in the furniture complements the frames of the paintings.

"Once the bones were correct, I set about finding the furniture. As I found one piece, I would then know what to do next. Last fall I asked Albert Hadley and Brian McCarthy of Parish-Hadley to help. They came up with the color for the dining-room walls, which I call a rich brown but which most people see as gray. We all wanted a sense of elegance, and one day last October, as I was moving the furniture around with Brian, I got so excited because we finally had it."

Which is not surprising because even before her years at Wellesley, where she majored in economics and art history, and well before the two Louis XV armchairs bought with a first paycheck from Morgan

Soft palette: For the sitting room printed Papiers Japonais fabric from Clarence House was chosen for the walls. Shalimar from Quadrille for the sofa, and Jaguar cotton duck from Karl Mann Associates for the table. Details see Sources.

"I love gilt. It has life and personality"

Perfect placement: Catie Marron, above, in Chanel, at her George III writing table with a bouquet of porcelain poppies by Clare Potter. Left: Boxes and Japanese kimono baskets in closet. Opposite above: In the living room a late-18th-century Swedish giltwood bench covered in silk from Clarence House sits beneath mantel with two late-18th-century Swedish candelabra and an 18th-century French clock. Opposite below: The library has 19th-century Russian mahogany armchairs, a 19th-century Austrian gilded Empire table, a pair of 19th-century Persian camels.

OBERTO GILI

Stanley in New York. Catie Marron had a strong sense of how things should look: "I used to drive my mother crazy by moving all the furniture around in my room." Says Albert Hadley: "Catie has a great editorial eye about what is appropriate, beautiful, good. She has a strong personal taste—and lots of style." Marron's eye is evident in her interesting juxtapositions of paintings and furniture with pieces that have an element of fantasy. "As Don has his pictures, I've developed a collection of objects all with nature—leaves, flowers, fruits, animals." In the living room, for example, Marron placed a faux Wedgwood cachepot with garlands and lion's-head decorations and two Russian vases with grapes and grape-leaf mounts on a French gueridon with grotesque legs carved like serpent monsters. Nearby stand a pair of eighteenth-century Italian giltwood consoles, embellished with leaf motifs.

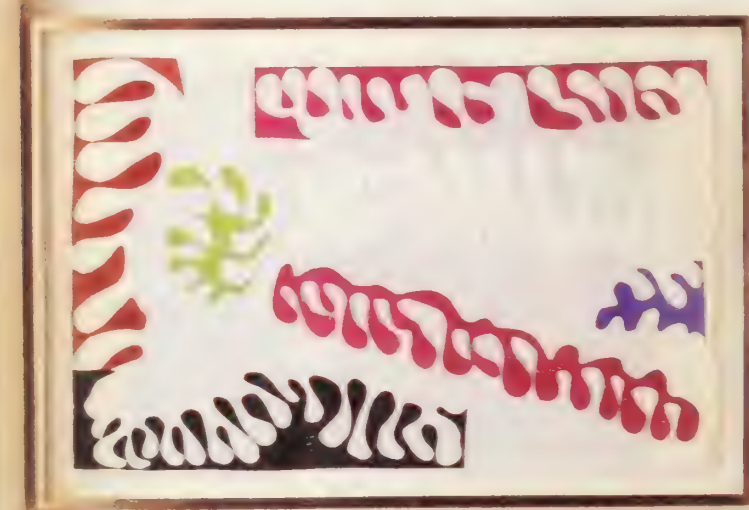
And in the library, where one wall is covered with black-and-white drawings in gilt and silvery frames, Marron flanked an Austrian Empire table with a pair of Russian mahogany chairs that feature carved backs depicting stars, sunbursts, and cornucopias. Nature is also seen in an ormolu clock shaped like a sunflower as well as in porphyry candelabra in the living room which are trimmed in gilded roosters.

Despite such rich ornamental details, however, the Marrons' apartment is one of uncompromising simplicity. It is in the American tradition of Billy Baldwin—for people who live with fine art and antiques. There is an attitude of refusal: a refusal of excess, exuberance, and extravagance.

What warms such cool, rigorous design is the owners' sense of sophisticated ease: "Don and I love to have friends over and prefer to entertain in a relatively informal way," reports Catie, whose eye for simplicity is reflected in the modern tailored clothes she prefers. As Marron says, "I am not the five-tiered ruffled-dress type." ♠

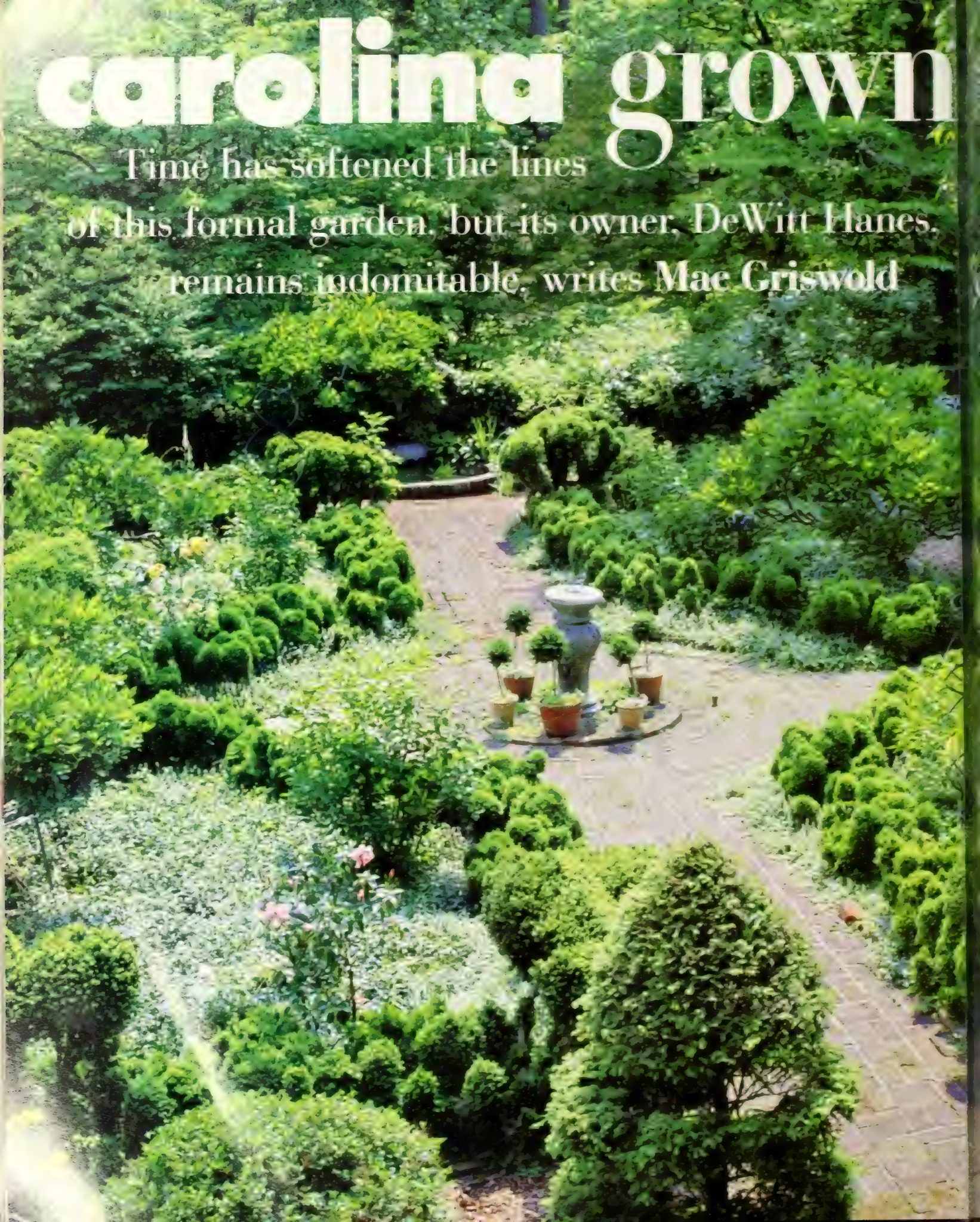
A classic urbanity: In the living room, left, a 19th-century French gueridon holds two 19th-century Russian vases and a 19th-century faux Wedgwood cachepot. Above right: Catie Marron in dress by Carolina Herrera. Right: Library has 19th-century Russian table, Louis XVI armchair, an 18th-century giltwood barometer on wall. Far right: Four plates from Matisse's *Jazz*.


Manhattan RESERVE



carolina grown

Time has softened the lines of this formal garden, but its owner, DeWitt Hanes, remains indomitable, writes **Mac Griswold**



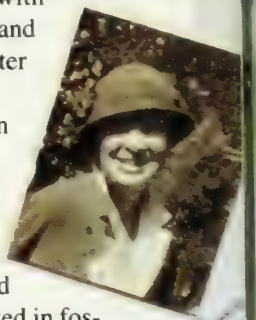
Garden recipe: "A wall, a path, a coping around the bed, a tree, a place to sit—that is a garden," said landscape architect Ellen Shipman in 1929. The garden she designed in Winston-Salem is even better today, as roses and wisteria loop over the wall and the path runs wild with vinca, ajuga, Johnny-jump-ups, and violets. A dovecote hides at center.

The kitchen garden and greenhouse hidden in the woods behind the big brick house are filled with old soldiers. Nobody throws out the ancient leggy hibiscus and gardenia trees here—they just go back to the greenhouse plot to convalesce. They always flower again. Mrs. Ralph P. Hanes of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, has grown most of the hibiscus from her own cuttings: "I'm a dirt digger, and I'm mad about rooting." The small greenhouse is ruffed with fine double blue columbine, the name long lost, and common jewelweed (*Impatiens capensis*), the most ordinary orange-yellow roadside flower. They look unexpectedly great together.

The kitchen garden and greenhouse exhale an air of mossy patience—an air soon dispelled by Mrs. Hanes, who knows how to be patient and how to be impatient. Mrs. Hanes is nearly ninety, so she has had a long time to practice both virtues. "I have got enough ahead of me to live 2,500 years," she breathes, as she surveys one of two gardens (the other is in the Blue Ridge mountains about an hour outside Winston).

Mrs. Ralph P. Hanes is the size of a big ten year old. She says she has shrunk four inches from age and is scared that soon she'll be eating her shoelaces from bending over. In fact, she stands very upright. She wears a sturdy blue smock with ruffles at neck and wrist, and her white hair sticks out magnificently with an electric-shock effect. No one could miss the fact that she is a grande dame—the grandest, perhaps the oldest, and maybe the wiliest of them all. Who could resist a woman who growls at her King Charles spaniel scratching at the door, "Go on—you've gotten very heady, and besides you're too pretty to come in," and then whispers to you, "Since I've said no, I have to wait a *few* minutes."

DeWitt Chatham (as in blankets) Hanes (as in stockings) grew up in Elkin, North Carolina, and went to finishing school in a Gothic castle up north—next to the Rockefellers' Pocantico Hills. She had fallen in love with Ralph Hanes when she was eight, she says, and they were married and lived happily ever after until his death in 1973.



She is the matriarch of a notable Southern family, but a family that has insisted on being at home in America, not just the South. Although DeWitt Hanes styles herself a "mountain woman," and pioneered the current revival of Appalachian arts and crafts, she and her family are just as interested in fostering the contemporary arts as in preserving Southern traditions and collecting baskets.

"The Haneses have done more than shanghai the benefits of European sophistication and drag them to provincial America," says Roger Kennedy, director of the National Museum of American History at the Smithsonian. "Their in-

Green thoughts: DeWitt Hanes, wearing a cornhusk hat made by mountain women, in her kitchen garden. Ellen Shipman's signature, opposite, in the Hanes's guest book and her photograph, inset left; Shipman visited every spring and fall. Inset far left: 'Rosa Mundi' rose showers the grass with perfumed pink and red striped petals.

terest in the arts comes out of a rigorous, unsentimental sense of how life should be. They have grounded themselves in their own culture—but without being patronizing or quaint about it."

"I've gardened all my life," says DeWitt Hanes. "My grandmother in Mississippi had a greenhouse—a pit in the side of the hill, actually—where she kept 'Maréchal Niel' roses and calla lilies. My father kept plant lists of his garden, where he grew lotus and other exotics. In fact, like most people in the South, we were not so struck when everybody discovered Thomas Jefferson's garden records—after all, we *all* had had diaries like that."

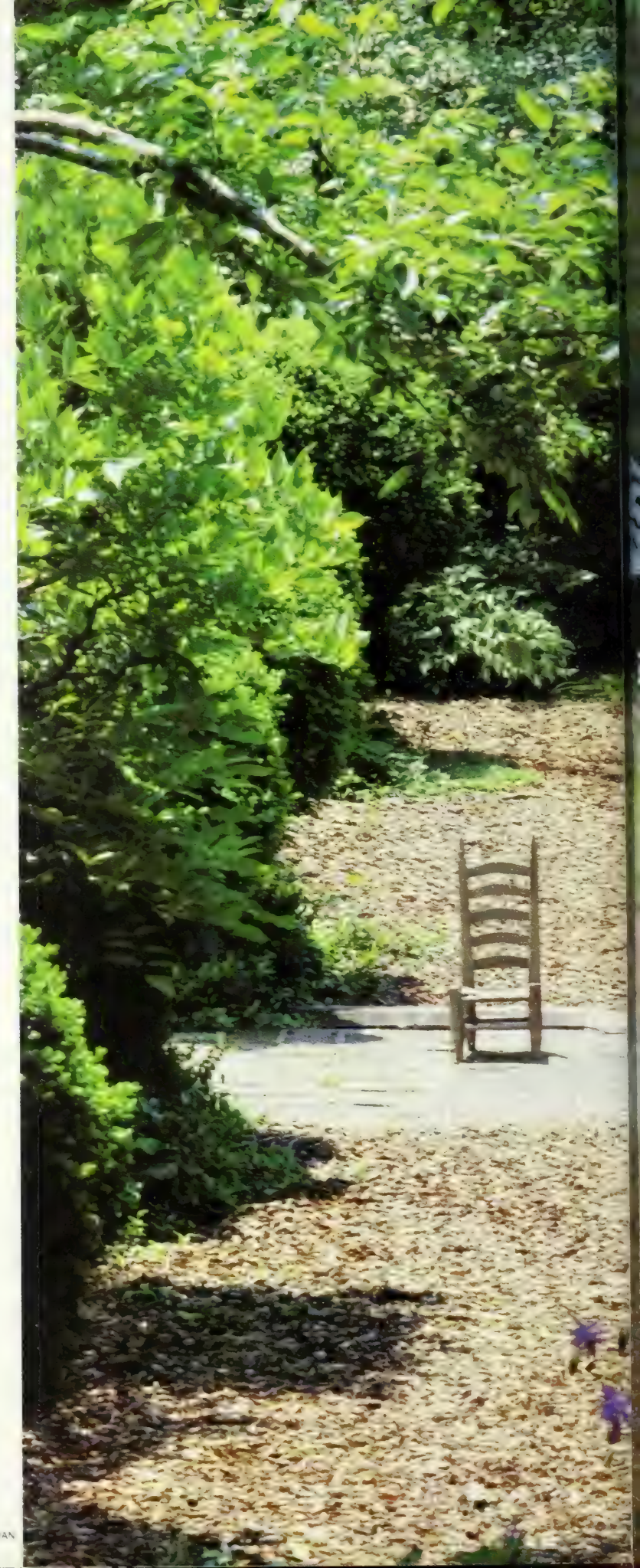
Her Winston-Salem garden is a low-walled square right next to the big brick house. The roomy loggia and terrace have seen a busy fifty years, between a large, bouncy, tight-knit family, and such diversities floating in and out as Henry Mencken, Andrés Segovia, Walt Kuhn, Sister Parish, and Cornelia Otis Skinner, to take just a handful. Helen Hayes, by now a fixture, and one of Mrs. Hanes's best friends, wrote not too long ago, "Please may I move in for always?"

Aldous Huxley almost stayed longer than he wished: he fell through the cellar trapdoor in the sitting-room floor which had accidentally been left open. Another guest told Ralph Hanes he knew why the boxwood was so fine. "You invite the brains of the world," he said, "then you open the trapdoor, and later you just sweep up the bones to feed your box." (Boxwood loves bonemeal fertilizer.)

Boxwood is all you see in the garden at first. English box bulges out into the walks and ten-foot-tall American box "trees," pruned by Ralph Hanes into exotic balloons, are tethered to the earth by their long stalks. Ralph Hanes had a knack for making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. American box *is* leggy; that's its problem, so why not show off its legs?

Another visitor designed the garden—Ellen Shipman. Born in 1869, she was one of that band of first women landscape architects, including Beatrix Farrand, Marian Coffin, and Annette Hoyt Flanders, who made some of the most beautiful gardens in America. In 1938, Mrs. Shipman told a journalist, "Until women took up landscaping, gardening in this country was at its lowest ebb. The renaissance of the art was due largely to the fact that women, instead of working over their boards, used plants as if they were painting pictures, and as an artist would."

In the 1890s, Shipman was encouraged to become a landscape architect by Charles Platt, an architect, garden designer, and painter. Platt and Shipman believed in strict geometry and soft plantings. Platt used stone and brick to shape a garden and relied on plants as filler. Shipman used plants to define garden spaces and to highlight the contrast between a



Family seats: An antique child's chair used by great-granddaughter Martha is dwarfed by an old cast-iron fern-pattern bench and by white irises, daisies, peonies, white foxgloves, and blue *Baptisia australis*. A standard fuchsia back by the dovecote adds a spark of red, and lilies and aconite will contribute height later. Toward the front of the border dark and light pinks, pansies, and snapdragons are a relaxed jumble of soft color.

ERIC BOMAN

garden and its surroundings. "Don't you ever plant one thing outside the wall that isn't native," DeWitt Hanes recalls her saying, "but you can plant anything you want inside."

Shipman took justifiable pride in her garden architecture. A brick garden house topped with a dovecote and what's called the Chippendale Gate, made of white Chinese stickwork, anchor the garden at opposite corners.

"The night we moved into this great big house was the night of the crash," Mrs. Hanes remembers, "and Ralph sat up till dawn. Ellen Shipman had come down for her first visit that spring, when money was rolling, but she loved Ralph, so she kept coming when the money didn't. She got Ralph interested in gardens by teaching him to prune. 'Ralph,' she said, 'there are only two things that man can really control: one is a tree and one is a vine. Always cut out anything that goes up, and make sure you don't leave any nubbins.'

"Before she did any work she sat down with us and said, 'Now you must both tell me your favorite flowers and what you want from a garden—because if anyone asks you who did it, I've been a complete failure.' Then she came here twice a year because, she said, gardens are always changing."

As the ornamental trees planted within the garden square have grown and thickened, simpler increasingly means better here. Recently, gardener John Edwards replaced many of Shipman's perennials so that soft pink, blue, yellow, and white shimmer together again. White violets and Johnny-jump-ups (*Viola tricolor*) have spread everywhere, as have Mrs. Hanes's favorites, wild phlox (*Phlox divaricata*) and Virginia bluebells (*Mertensia virginica*).

What once took seven gardeners now takes only one man—and Mrs. Hanes. "I still know how to bend," she crows. Once everything was staked and tied and shampooed within an inch of its life, but now what's easily grown has been slipped in. Once there were crisper levels, flat surfaces embroidered with hundreds of flowers like a Madeira tablecloth, standards of all different heights, and bamboo arches wreathed with the pale yellow single rose 'Mermaid'. It must have looked good then, but it certainly looks better now.

Ellen Shipman's garden was meant to last for generations; its exact geometry has only become better as it softens with age. DeWitt Hanes knows all this, and more: "One time last summer I came down to Winston-Salem from the mountains and walked in my nightgown in the moonlight. The garden was all overgrown, spiderwebs were glittering everywhere—I knew I must be dead and had come back to my garden because it was just the way it will be in a hundred years." ▲

Editor: Babs Simpson

Hanes's hemlock: The hemlock was sculpted into ruffles by the late Ralph Hanes, who was a brilliant pruner. Pink geraniums stand next to a potted boxwood underplanted with alyssum, a signature plant throughout the garden. Spilling onto the terrace from the border below is the feathery foliage of *Rosa hugonis*, the Golden Rose of China, which has hundreds of primrose yellow flowers, dark red hips in later summer, and bronze leaves [illegible] are companions [illegible]

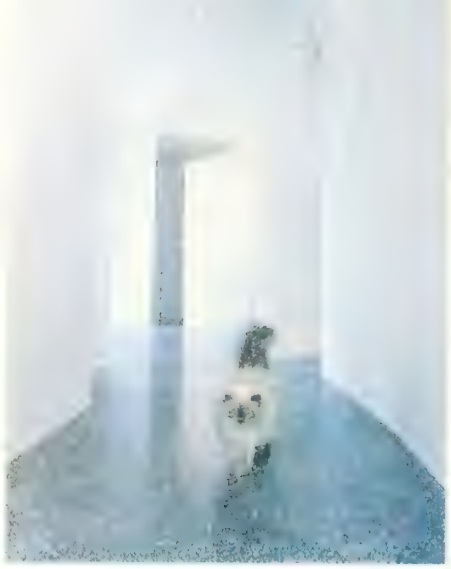
the **holl** truth

With a style all his own, architect Steven Holl continues to search for personal authenticity. **Martin Filler** reports

PAUL WARCHO

Steven Holl, right, in his New York office with models of two of his current house projects. Left: Living area of apartment by Holl in New York's Metropolitan Tower; most of the furniture, the lighting, and the rug were also designed by the multi-talented architect.

GEORGE LANGE



In Metropolitan Tower apartment, terrazzo flooring, skewed wall planes.

Lighting by Holl, above, built-in desk, right, and living room, below, in the Metropolitan Tower apartment.

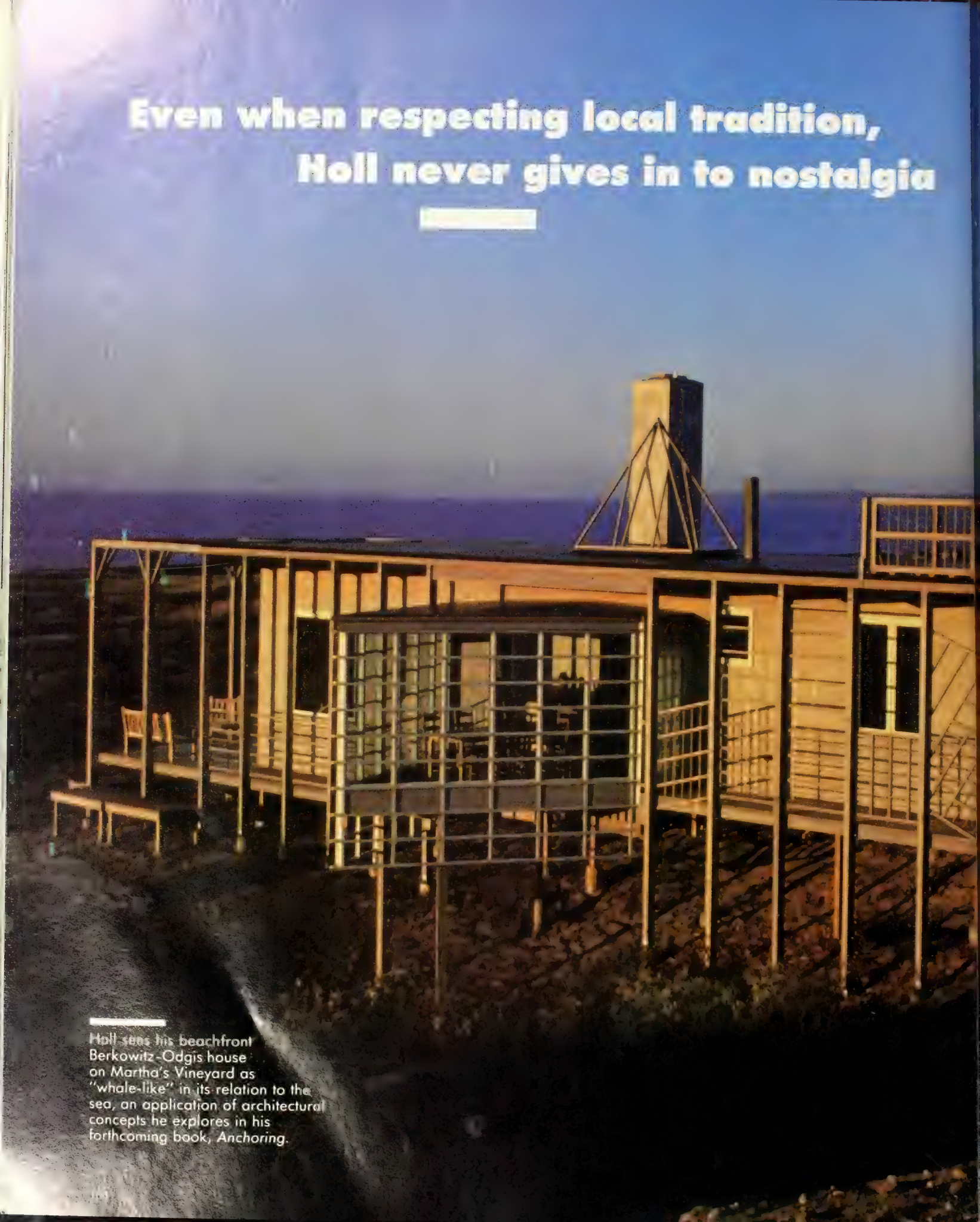
The what's-next syndrome in American architecture is at a fever pitch these days. Postmodernism, yesterday's style of tomorrow, has been widely deemed a failure and already seems passé. Though much Modernism now looks good in contrast to the excesses that followed it, there is no chance that the International Style will ever rise again. The most publicized new direction is Deconstructivism, subject of a controversial show curated by Philip Johnson at New York's Museum of Modern Art this summer. That dubious movement will be taken seriously at least until the exhibition closes. Early next year—from February 9 to April 4, 1989—MOMA will shine its powerful spotlight on the work of another young architect who is lucky not to have been lumped together with the seven ill-assorted members of the Deconstructivist brigade.

Steven Holl, regarded by some to be the most promising American architect of the emerging generation, is not part of any new architectural trend. Nonetheless, he is producing some of the most innovative and consistently original designs in this country today. To the dismay of categorizing critics, Holl's work does not fall neatly into the confines of any prevalent "ism"—it is neither Modernism, nor Postmodernism, still less Deconstructivism. His use of clean traditional forms, handsome natural materials, inventive yet appropriate ornament, rich harmonious color, and careful attention to local building patterns gives Holl's architecture the conviction, stability, and repose conspicuously missing from most contemporary construction. Holl's architecture varies significantly depending on its locality: his elegant concrete and stucco commercial-residential building in Seaside, Florida, to be finished this fall, is quite different from the board-and-batten vacation house he has just done on Martha's Vineyard. On the other hand, his

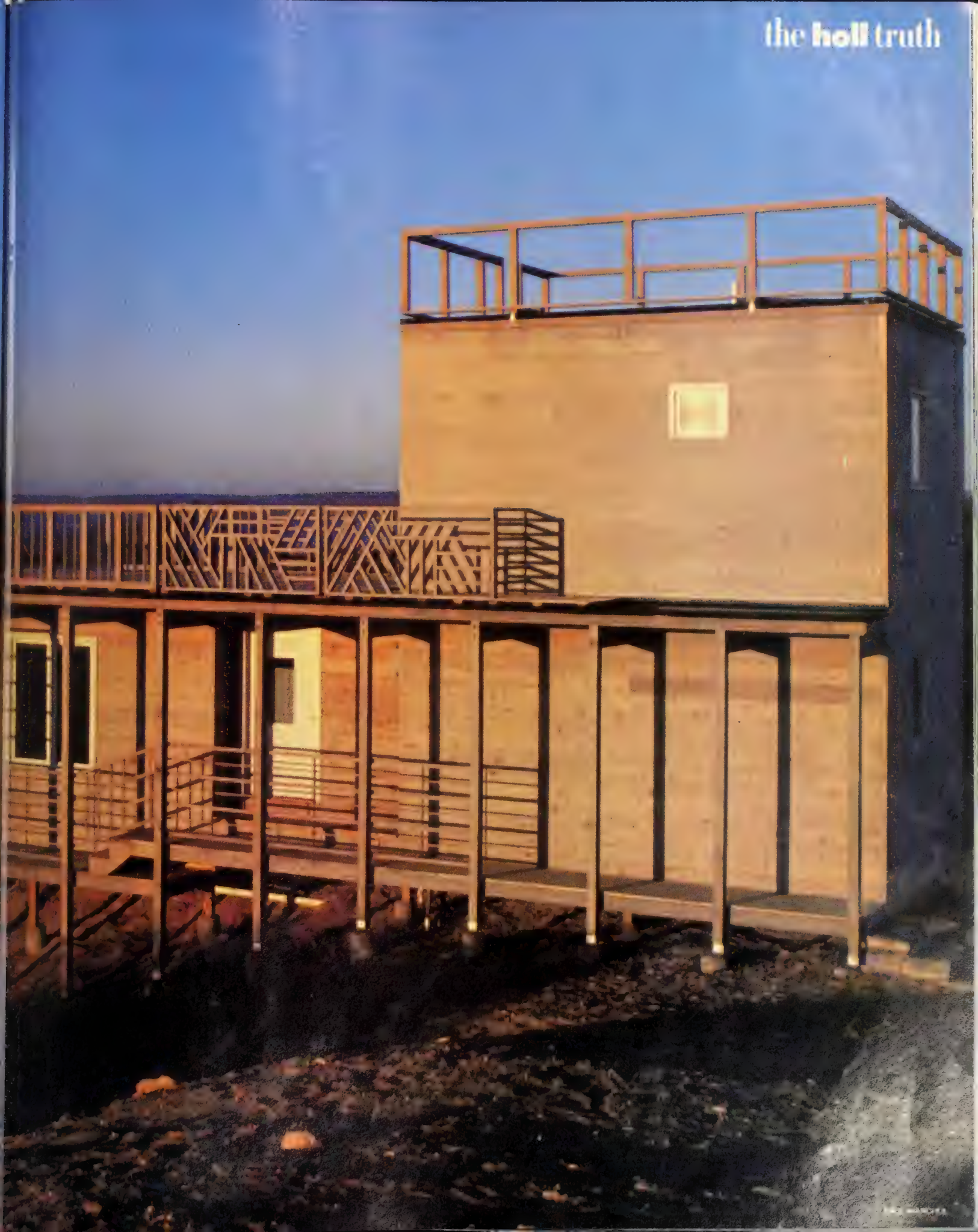
His work can be either rustic or urbane, depending on its context

In Holl's Berkowitz-Odgis house on Martha's Vineyard a table by the architect and traditional country chairs play off against the light-filled prow of the dining room. Antique crock, bowl, and baskets are from Claire West Antiques. Details see Sources.

Even when respecting local tradition, Holl never gives in to nostalgia



Holl sees his beachfront Berkowitz-Odgis house on Martha's Vineyard as "whale-like" in its relation to the sea, an application of architectural concepts he explores in his forthcoming book, *Anchoring*.



Holl gives the simple wooden front porch of the Berkowitz-Odgis house the dignity of a Classical canopy.

Metal-clad chimney flue and stove, above and right, contrast with the warmth of wooden plank floors and beams. Below: The veranda.

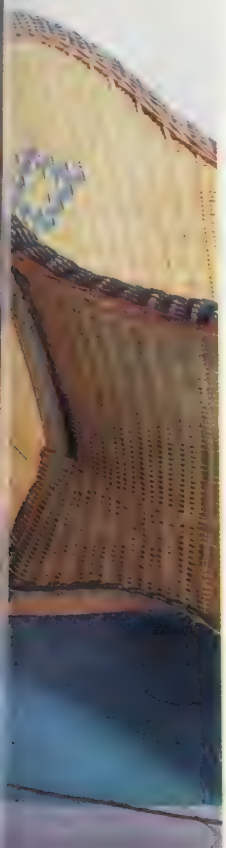
Holl's designs have a combination of American directness and Classical dignity

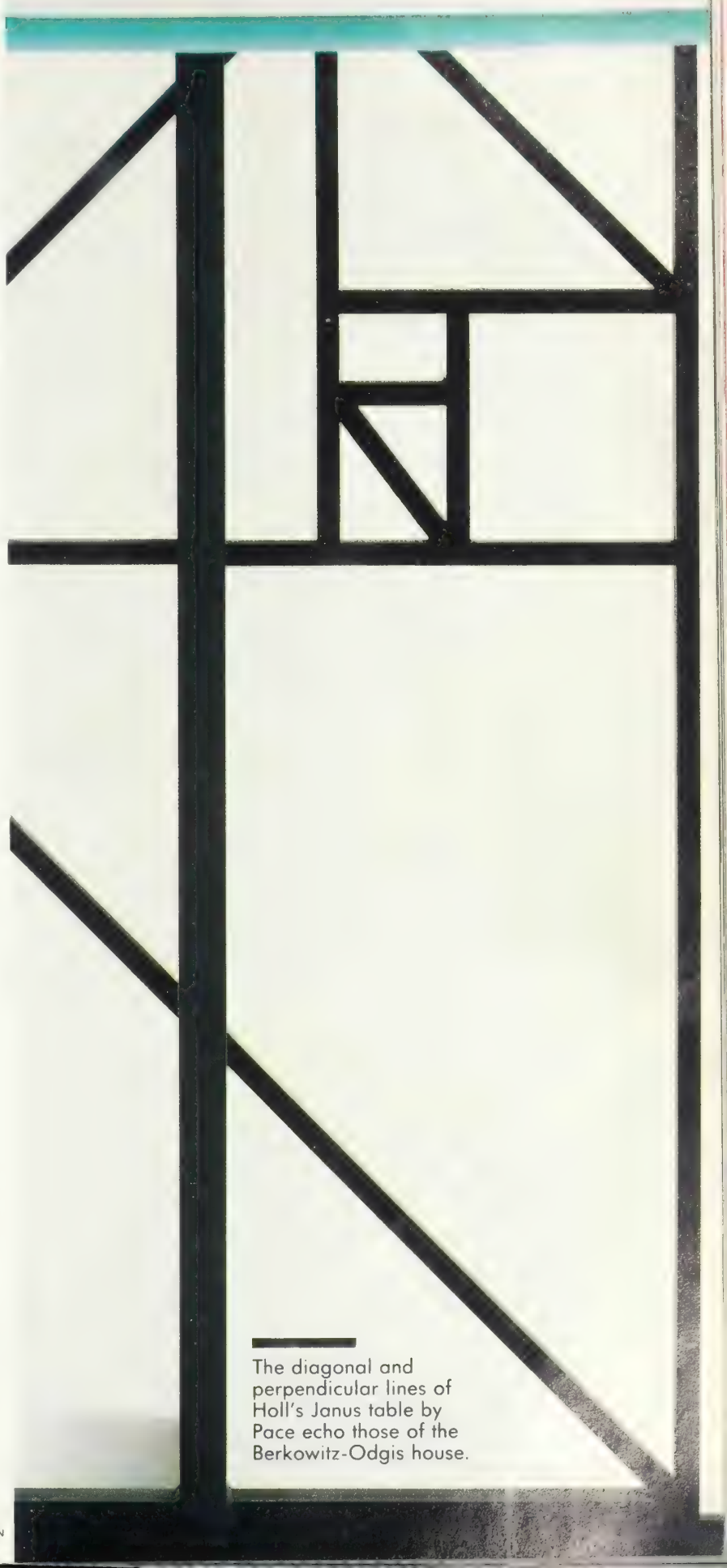
designs are not the least bit nostalgic. They have none of the knowing winks and submissive nods to history and convention that have weighed down some of the slightest schemes of the past decade. This is architecture with assurance but not arrogance, respectful of but not obsequious to the past, and hopeful about but not worshipful of the future.

Holl has been content with keeping his New York–based practice small enough so he can continue making architecture himself rather than leave the designing to his assistants. He is absorbed not in generating publicity but in his own continuing exploration of the architectural process, amplified through his teaching first-year design at Columbia's School of Architecture. Holl is outwardly unperturbed over his relatively small output to date (only a few houses, shops, and interiors completed thus far) and is far more concerned with fully developing new ideas than with becoming the latest consumable, and potentially disposable, object in an architectural marketplace hooked on novelty and indifferent to quality. He is a young man in no hurry.

Holl, at age forty, is neither a flash in the pan nor an overnight success. Although it's been a decade since his flinty, unsentimental designs began to attract attention within his profession, only now is he becoming known to a wider public. Holl's two most visible schemes, a pair of shops on New York's Madison Avenue, have been drawing curious passersby as much for the architecture as for the goods on sale there. The Pace Collection at 72nd Street is a glittering light-filled vitrine for the firm's contract furniture, some of it designed by Holl himself. One block north is Giada, the Manhattan retail outlet of the high-style Milan fashion manufacturer. This shop is radically different in feeling from the Pace showroom and together they give an excellent idea of Holl's range. Pace is all exposure, delicate line, and smooth surface. Giada is all enclosure, heavy mass, and rich texture. Terrazzo floors and red-patinated brass hardware and door give the clothes in Giada an air of becoming fragility, while the varied glazing and pale colors at Pace impart the furniture with a desirable weightiness.

Born in Seattle in 1947, Holl studied at the University of Washington and took part in its architecture program in Rome, which he describes as an awakening in his life: "I flew directly *(Text continued on page 245)*

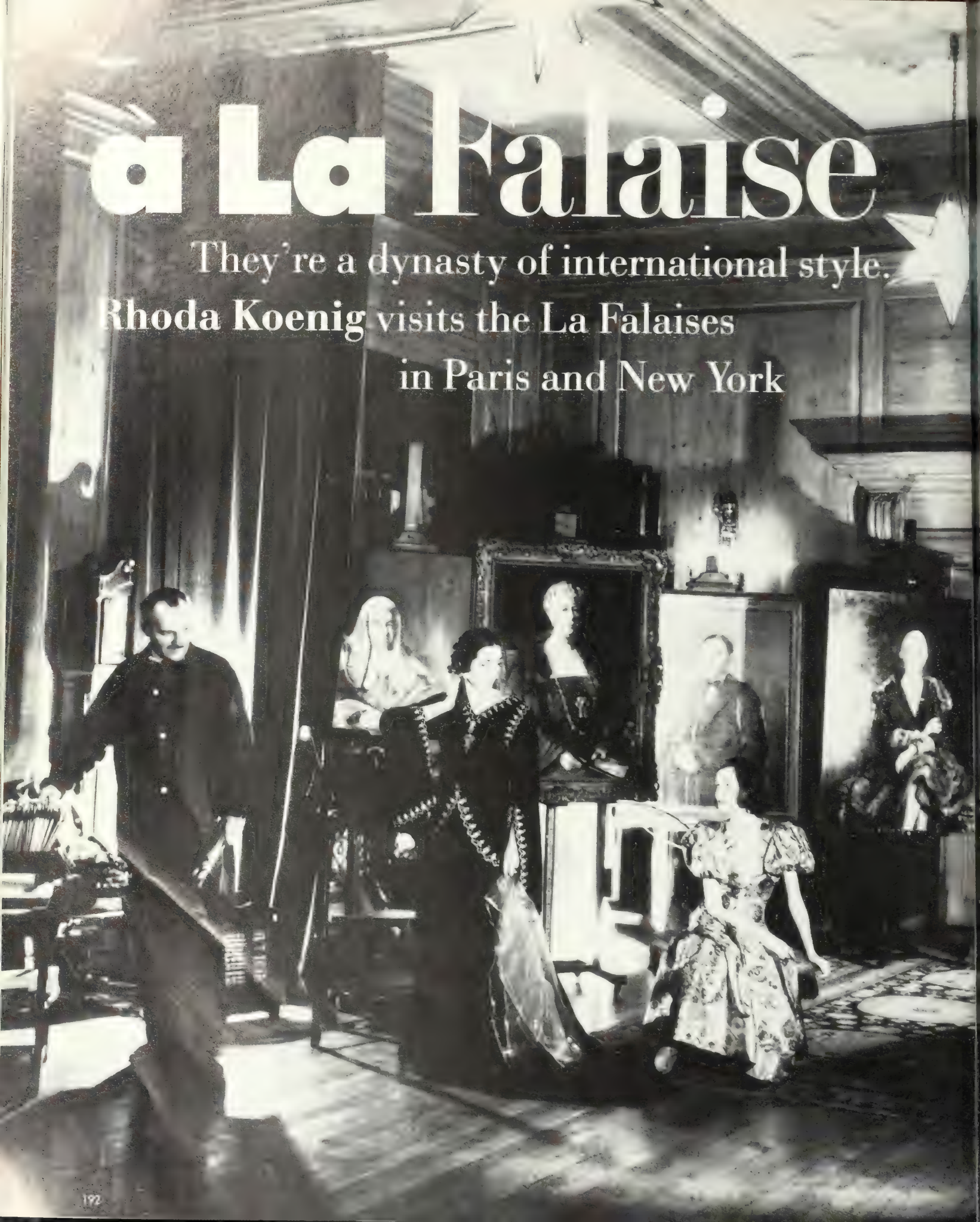




The diagonal and perpendicular lines of Holl's Janus table by Pace echo those of the Berkowitz-Odgis house.

PAUL WARCHOL

JON JENSEN



à La Falaise

They're a dynasty of international style. Rhoda Koenig visits the La Falaises in Paris and New York

Family portraits. In Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Maxime in her living room with her three dogs. Left: Cecil Beaton photograph of the Birleys in London studio of Maxime's father, the royal portraitist Sir Oswald, with Maxime's mother, Lady Birley, in an embroidered Indian dress, and Maxime seated at right. The various commissions include Queen Mary, Elsie de Wolfe, and Maxime's godfather, the famous French cartoonist Sem.

The visitor to Maxime de La Falaise's lower Fifth Avenue flat is prepared for an abundance of chintz and crystal, but no one has mentioned the excessive amount of dog. Warned by an unlucky friend, "She has a dog that bites," I was a bit dismayed when my entrance prompted *three* banshee hounds to rush across the room howling, leaping, and snapping, while I stood very still indeed and thought, "Which one?" Maxime de La Falaise, previously Maxime Birley, latterly Maxime McKendry, wafted in and shooed the naughty dogs out of the living room where a carpenter was doing something to the wall between the Gothic pelmet and the facsimile tree. We stretched out, foot to foot, on her Afghan-curtained bed ("my boat"), while the dogs switched their homicidal intentions from me to one another. "Come on, Patch, upsy me," Maxime crooned. "Baby-Butts, give Cokey a kiss," she murmured to a growling dog that had another upside down and pinned. "That's better." The animals gradually settled down to nothing more alarming than pushing at my arm or ankle with a wistful nose.

Creating aesthetic as well as canine order out of chaos is something Maxime de La Falaise has been adept at for decades—as a fashion designer, known for the well-tamed gypsy look, and as a decorator, for rooms that look as if several fanciful antiques shops have been turned upside down and shaken hard. A strain of haut bohemianism runs through the family—daughter Loulou, son Alexis, and grandchildren Anna, Men, and Muff. "I should think it is in the blood a bit," says Loulou, who is part of Yves Saint Laurent's design team. Although Loulou was at one time the mis-

Gypsy caravan. In the living room, the pelmet design by La Falaise was painted by Graham Smith, the embroidery is Gothic gros point, from a Paris flea market. An American Empire mirror hangs above a large sake vessel; sofas covered in fruit-and-flower chintz from Paris's Marché Saint-Pierre. Sofa in foreground is 19th-century garden furniture covered in kilim rug; chair, American Empire.

tress of an eighteenth-century castle in Ireland, she had "more of an affinity with the tinkers."

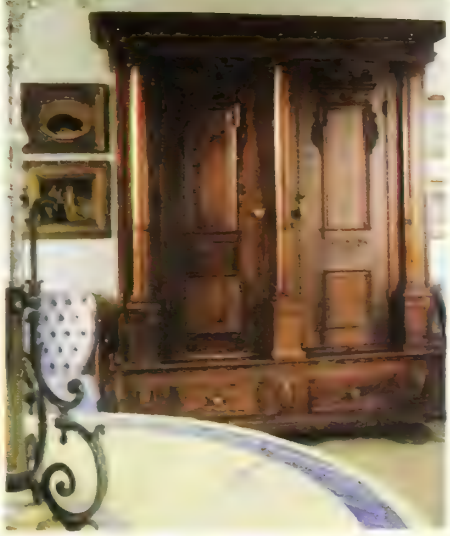
In Maxime's latest unlikely setting, a former loft above a wholesale Oriental carpet showroom—she has also lived in a dodgy part of the Upper West Side and in a run-down commercial quarter that was later called SoHo—she has what a "rather rude English friend referred to as the largest bedsitter he'd ever seen." An open-plan kitchen takes up much of the living room; it is bordered by a fence topped with removable animal-shaped chopping blocks made by Alexis. That room and the bedroom are crammed with rich fabrics and furniture, as well as artworks by Maxime's painter friends and objects from her childhood home, Charleston Manor, near the Sussex farmhouse once inhabited by the Bloomsbury aesthetes Clive and Vanessa Bell.

Although Maxime was born in England, married a Frenchman, and has lived for many years in America, she thinks of herself as Irish—her mother's parents, with whom she spent a great deal of time, were traditional Hibernians in their romantic extravagance. "Once my grandmother fell into a muddy stream when she was out walking. She called for the servants to bring a change of clothes, a chair, a bathtub filled with hot water, and a Coromandel screen to the water's edge. She couldn't bear the thought that my grandfather would see her as anything but perfect."

Maxime's father was Sir Oswald Birley, the royal portrait artist who painted the present queen and the last two kings. He and her mother, well known as a gardener and a beauty, often traveled to America,

Well blended. The dining area, left, with an Irish sideboard, candlesticks from a New York junk shop, and 17th-century bronze dragon incense burner. The dining table has a faux marble top and a gargoyle base; crystal and gilt-bronze candelabra was de-electrified after being purchased at the Marché aux Puces in Paris. Right: In the living room, the trees were hand-painted by Graham Smith after La Falaise's design. Smith's charcoal drawing of the Empire State Building.

My style is hit or miss, but I think it's mostly hit"



Patterned style. Facing La Falaise's bed, top, a wall covered in Pierre Deux Provençal cotton. Federal settee in same fabric, with Patchouli, Baby-Butts, and Cokey, next to Grand Rapids nail chest. La Falaise's portrait by her father. Above: Armoire, found at Ace Galleries, NYC.

Charleston spirit. A trunk draped in leopard-skin velvet serves as a table in the living room. The lampshade is made from original Yves Saint Laurent posters; bases are Chinese. In the foreground, an American Empire armchair. Opposite: The bedroom love seat, upholstered in original Yves Saint Laurent, French country iron and hung in Afghan cotton.

Her rooms look as if several fanciful antiques shops have been turned upside down and shaken hard

Bohemia. In Loulou and Thaadée Klossowski's Paris salon the 18th-century crystal chandelier was found in Paris's Marché aux Puces. Over a 19th-century sleigh bed, an antique mirror found in the basement of Comoglio on Paris's rue Jacob. Two rare blue porcelain vases, which serve as candelabra, are Napoleon III, a gift from Yves Saint Laurent.

An immense waterfall of crystal makes the room look like a lit caravan

where he painted the imposing faces of such families as the Mellons, the Stotesburys, and the Huntingtons. "They were like Edwardian parents," Maxime says. "They thought that children and dogs could be taken care of by servants." Her brother, Mark, later became an important part of the London social scene as well as the proprietor of Annabel's nightclub, now celebrating its 25th anniversary.

After school Maxime had ambitions of becoming a medical student, but then the war broke out, and, like many another patriotic sixteen-year-old in 1939, she lied about her age to get into the air force. She wasn't interested in the army. "I liked blue close to the face. I didn't think khaki suited me." When the war ended, she met Alain de La Falaise—"He had a very aristocratic mind, in the good and the bad sense"—and set up house in Paris, where she wrote articles and styled photographs for *Silhouette* magazine. "Until I came to the U.S., I lived in rented furnished flats with white walls and plain chairs and tables. Paris itself is so beautiful that the decor is outside in the street. New York is so grim that people are forced to be nest builders—you fight off all the cement and stone and chasms with colors and textures and things."

Maxime also went to work for Elsa Schiaparelli, a situation that greatly simplified her wardrobe needs. "All I had was underwear and jeans. I borrowed the rest from Schiap." She designed the baby collection for the boutique, one that echoed Surrealist, or perhaps Edwardian-parent, tastes. "I did a straitjacket so the child could be made to sit still and rompers covered in poisonous mushrooms." From Schiaparelli she moved to Paquin, designing "everything—jewelry, every sweater, every belt," and then "I fanned out—fabrics in Italy, gloves for W. Pinkham & Son in the north of England, shoes for Rayne. I introduced the rugby shirt to France."

Maxime's *(Text continued on page 236)*

Quiet play. In her daughter's own suite of rooms, Loulou sits on floor reading to two-year-old Anna. Overstuffed toy bin was part of an antique French carousel found by grandmother Maxime in the south of France.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

"We were lucky to have been brought up without any roots or ties"

Snapshot album. Alexis and Louise de La Falaise's living room at Fontainebleau. Over mantel, 1821 map of America from Louisa's great-great-grandfather. On sofa, daughter Lucie, or Muff, 15, and her brother Daniel, 18, known as Men. Below: Alexis in his workroom. Below right: In Men's bedroom, photographs of wartime planes.

ly ties. Father and son
v and playing Ping-Pong
in the courtyard of the
e in Fontainebleau. In
's bedroom, bottom,
-grandmother Lady Birley,
ainted by her husband Sir
ald, and table laden with
's favorite things.

Country life. The La Falaises strolling
through Fontainebleau park, left to right, Alexis,
Max, Louisa, and Muff

STEPHEN SIMON DIKE

what's cooking in *Paris?*

From the basement of the Ritz to the pinnacle of French cuisine, *Jeffrey Steingarten* tours the City of Light

Almost ninety years from the day that the eponymous César Ritz opened his Paris hotel with the immortal chef Auguste Escoffier at his side, I belatedly followed the lead of the then Prince of Wales, who said, "Where Ritz goes, I'll go," and joined the inaugural class at the École de Gastronomie Française Ritz-Escoffier, the newest cooking school in Paris. I had never attended cooking school, and, having been away from Paris for five years, I had plenty of eating to catch up on.

The service entrance of the Ritz is in back of the hotel at 38, rue Cambon, two doors down from Hemingway's famous bar and diagonally across from the boutique and the apartment above it where Coco Chanel spent the last years of her life. Down a flight of stairs is a long passageway running through the kitchens, laundries, wine cellars, and food lockers of the Ritz. On the morning I arrived the place was crawling with construction workers from every nation where French is spoken—sprightly Africans balancing ten-foot iron bars on their shoulders, paunchy middle-aged Burgundians whistling at the young male cooks who worked in the Ritz kitchens. The new owners of the Ritz, the Egyptian-born Al-Fayed brothers—who also bought Harrods a few years back—were nearing the end of a complete overhaul of the hotel. The École Ritz-Escoffier had been constructed a few months before, across the hall from the two-star kitchens of the Ritz, and the school opened for business on April 5. Its director is Gregory Usher, a knowledgeable and experienced American who ran La Varenne for seven years and then the Paris Cordon Bleu, until the Al-Fayeds won him away with their plan to open a cooking school in the basement of their hotel.

I was issued a uniform, a locker, and a security pass with my picture on it. It took me fifteen minutes to slip into the six pieces of my new outfit—checked trousers and starched white jacket, a white apron folded over at the waist and tied in front, one clean kitchen towel neatly tucked into my apron strings, one neckerchief folded diagonally several times and knotted like a tie, and a shallow round white cap. In French kitchens your status is announced by the height and grandeur of your hat. Mine was the smallest and humblest they could find.

Other students drifted in and out of the locker room as I dressed. There was a Japanese cook from a restaurant called La Toque in northern Japan, a Taiwanese cook from a French restaurant in Taipei with probably the same name, and the cook to the Earl and Lady Spencer, Princess Di's father and stepmother. All were enrolled in the six-week, middle-level César Ritz course, and they were nervously approaching their final exams. I had persuaded Greg to let me spend a week in the advanced twelve-week Ritz-Escoffier Diploma course. My fellow students were Nacho (short for José Ignacio), a 24-year-old Spaniard whose family owns several restaurants in Madrid, and Jim, a California restaurateur nearing his fiftieth birthday. Nacho showed me how to fold and tie my apron, and Jim knotted my neckerchief.

In French kitchens your status is announced by the height and grandeur of your hat. Mine was the smallest and humblest

I was excited to find a shower stall in the locker room, as my charming little Left Bank hotel lacked even one of those hand-held devices. The French doubtless have a historic preservation law prohibiting the installation of real showers in all but the most luxurious hotels. Either that or they enjoy going face down in the bathtub to wash their hair.

Nacho, Jim, and I walked down the hallway to the main kitchen of the school, handsomely outfitted with painted tiles, stainless-steel cabinets and countertops, wooden chopping boards, and *(Text continued on page 238)*

Noble HOUSE

Charles Maclean tells the tale of Ardkinglas, the last of the great baronial mansions built in Scotland

Designed by Edwardian architect Robert Lorimer, the 146-room house, right, was built in 1907 for Sir Andrew Noble on the shores of Loch Fyne. Above: Johnny Noble, the current laird of Ardkinglas, and his Jack Russell terrier Tommy. One of the west coast's finest hosts, Noble runs a thriving oyster-growing [illegible] on the estate.

One half expects to walk in
on a forgotten house party
from the Edwardian era

A baronial mansion of local granite and Caithness slate weathered the color of malt whiskey, Ardkinglas stands in misty seclusion to the landward end of Loch Fyne. At the foot of its own steep glen, surrounded on three sides by tall trees that preserve the feeling of an autarkic, time-stopped world, the house faces west looking downwater to Inveraray and the hills of Kintyre. Unlike the grim Gothic piles that are a legacy of Queen Victoria's love affair with this part of the world, its tower and castellations seem to rise naturally out of the dramatic Highland landscape.

The last great country house to be built in Scotland this century, it was completed in 1907, the heyday of the Edwardian era. Arriving unannounced, one half expects to walk in on a forgotten house party from that earlier age: the women taking tea in the loggia, the men at billiards after a day's stalking on the hill or gone up to change for dinner—invariably a white-tie affair with a piper in full Highland dress playing pibrochs between courses.

Johnny Noble grew up at Ardkinglas, but under less rigid social conditions. He remembers roaming around the policies from dawn till dusk in a gang of half-wild children. For a boy keen on fishing and shooting, it's hard to imagine a more idyllic childhood home. Returned to live there year-round, he's now involved in the day-to-day business of running the estate he inherited from his father in 1972.

He still has time to enjoy its Buchanesque pleasures and to entertain, perhaps not on the Edwardian scale but lavishly enough to fill the great house with seasonal spates of family and friends. But like many an Argyllshire laird, he has had to find new ways of adapting a traditionally unhurried west coast way of life to the present day. At Ardkinglas it has meant turning the estate, which was created as a rich man's Highland pleasure dome, into a center of local

Overlooked by a Roger Fry painting on the ceiling, the drawing room is the center of life at Ardkinglas. The wall paneling was designed by Lorimer to accommodate 16th-century Florentine tapestries. Dominating the room is the huge fireplace with its carved granite lintel weighing five tons.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

industry—something he has achieved without changing the unique character of a house that only eighty years ago was considered the last word in modern living.

The chance to build a country house for a client to whom expense is no object must be the dream of every domestic architect. Robert Lorimer, yet to be acclaimed as the Scottish Lutyens, was known then mostly for his country-house restoration work. The commission of Ardkinglas came as an answered prayer. "What I'm longing for," he had only recently written to a friend, "is a man to come along to me and say 'look 'ere young fellah, I'm a new *man* and I want a new house, constructed in the most up to date manner and I want it to be characteristic of all the best that can be done now, I want new furniture, new fixtures, new *everything*.' "

Sir Andrew Noble, Johnny's great-grandfather, was precisely such a man. Having made his fortune as chairman of Armstrong, the Tyneside armaments firm—he'd just pulled off a coup by selling to the Japanese the battle fleet with which they defeated the Russians in the 1904–05 Russo-Japanese war—he wanted an architect to build a suitably impressive mansion on his vast Argyllshire estates. An expatriate Scot content to live near his work in Northumberland, he'd bought Ardkinglas chiefly to please his Scots-Canadian wife, who'd always longed to return to the Nobles' native homeland in the west of Scotland.

"He was introduced to Lorimer by Cameron Corbett, an Ayrshire custard baron," Johnny Noble tells the apocryphal story with a certain glee, "who'd married a lavatory baroness, namely, Miss Shanks of Barrhead. Corbett was delighted with the house Lorimer had built for him at Rowallan and strongly recommended his work. The Shanks family, of course, would later honor the architect by asking him to design their most prestigious top-of-the-line loo, the Remirol, which, I'm afraid, is Lorimer spelled back wards.

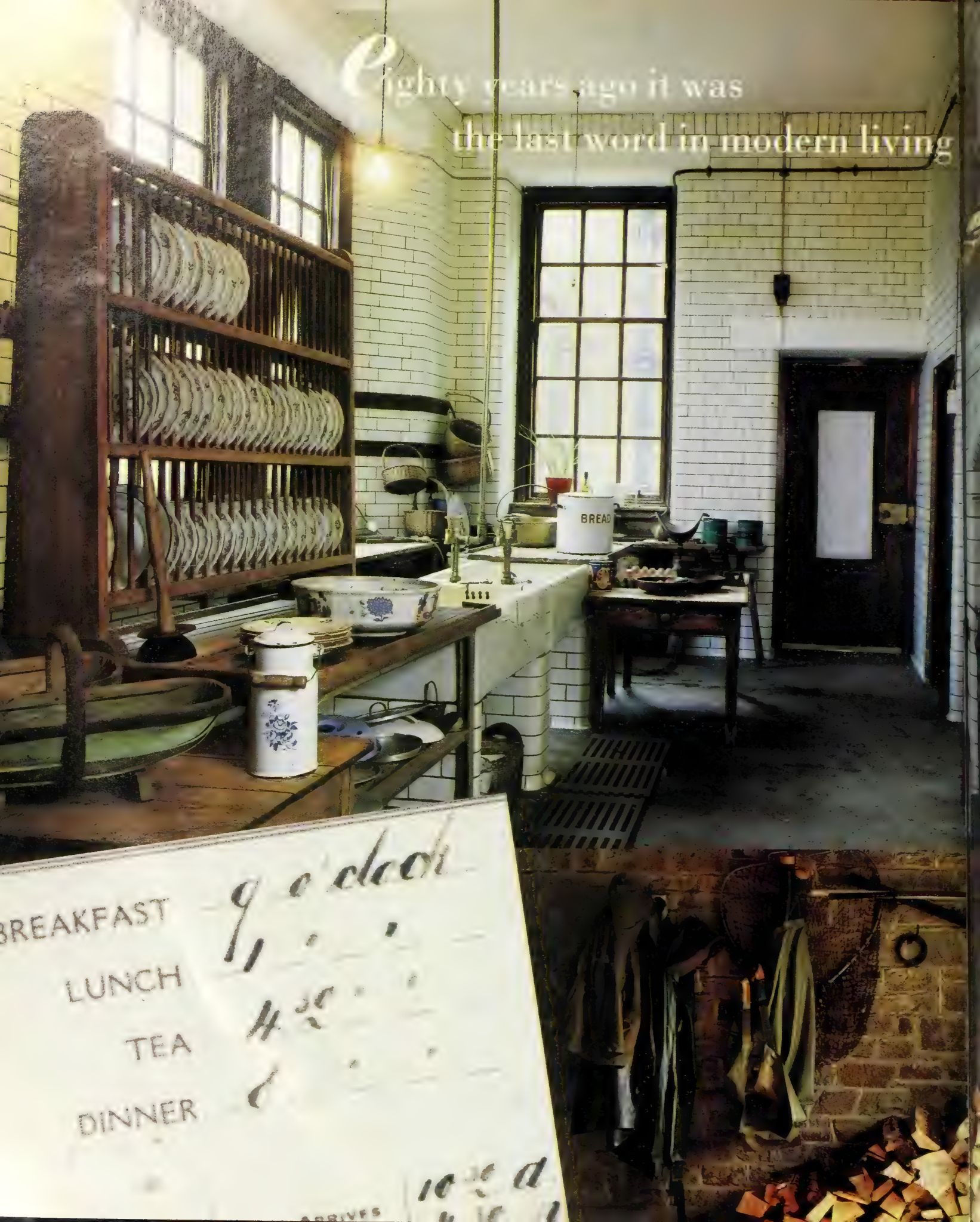
"To this day, you can still find a Shanks' Remirol wherever the map of the world was once painted pink—including here, at Ardkinglas."

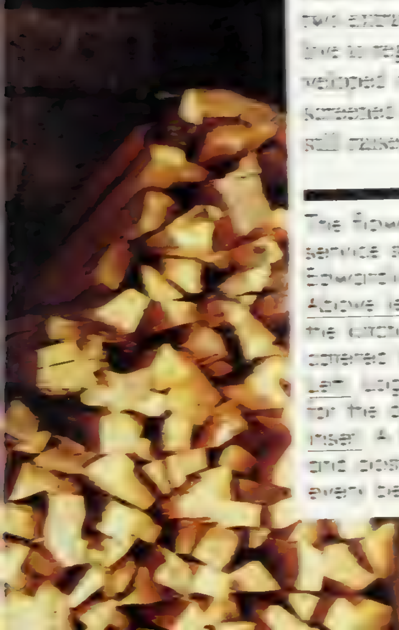
Lorimer was given a free hand by the Nobles, who, not resident in Argyll, asked

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

*t*he instructions were simple: nothing but the best, hang the expense

The light-filled oval morning room has a fine plasterwork ceiling decorated by Edinburgh craftsmen. Left: The unusual shower is just one example of Lorimer's obsession with "modern contraptions." Far left: The arcaded loggia. Left above: Chandelier, with three bay leaves from the family crest worked into the design, proudly displays bare light bulbs.


Eighty years ago it was
the last word in modern living
BREAD
BREAKFAST
LUNCH
TEA
DINNER



him to undertake the design for the house down to the last detail. Sir Andrew's forceful daughter Lilian liaised with the architect and his craftsmen, but her instructions were simple: nothing but the best, hang the expense, and get on with it. The patriarchal Sir Andrew, by then well into his seventies, was in something of a hurry.

Ardkinglas was finished in a remarkable eighteen months at a cost of £55,000 (roughly $5 million in today's money)—a not inconsiderable sum to spend on a shooting lodge that would only be used for a couple of months every summer. But as Johnny Noble points out, his great-grandfather was far from being the hard-nosed, penny-pinching Scots businessman of popular legend. "Even when they didn't have money, the Nobles were always big spenders. Andrew's father, for instance, had his horse shod in solid silver to cut a dash with his Glasgow pals. Within the confines of good taste—there's really nothing grandiose or pretentious about the house—Lorimer interpreted that kind of exuberance in his designs."

In search of a more modern Scottish style, Lorimer brought to the traditional neo-baronial lines of Ardkinglas with its corbelled turrets, stepped gables, and treatment roofs, the gentling influence of luxury, light, and an almost feminine sense of grace. It tells in the rich accumulation of detail, from the decorated plaster ceilings, the curving exterior staircase, the raised dais in the billiards room where spectators could lean comfortably against a wooden rail and watch the game with a fire at their backs—to the original designs for the light fixtures, fireplaces, door handles, and even keystone flags.

Influenced by the Scottish Arts and Crafts movement, Lorimer indulged one or two extravagant notions the Nobles would live to regret. A garden statue of a well-developed mermaid, who frolics in a pond screened by a hastily grown yew hedge, still raises (Text continued on page 2—

The flower room, right, one of many service stations designed to supply the Edwardian household's every need. Above left: Tile-lined scullery adjoins the kitchen where a large staff once catered to a never-ending house party. Left: Logs cut to a generous length for the drawing-room fireplace. Inset: A framed reminder of meal and post times which once hung in every bedroom.

HG

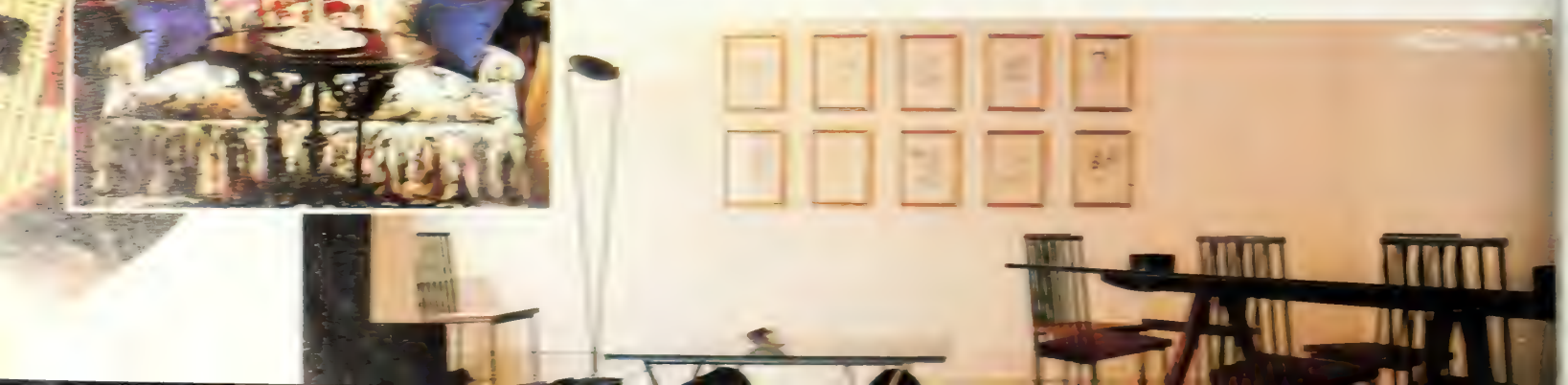
A Directory of Decorators

The best of American interior design—from New York to the Far West

Robert Currie
New York

Choosing a decorator can seem a daunting proposition: not only is decoration a major investment of time and money, the relationship of client to decorator is extremely important to the success of the venture. You want a decorator to discern your own taste, to add much of his or her own style, to present a coherent scheme, to shop for you, to provide the best in materials and workmanship—in short, to do everything necessary to arrive at a comfortable, attractive living space.

To help in this crucial decision, the editors of HG have combed the country to select the best American decorators working today. In this city-by-city listing we have come up with five categories to help define each decorator's style. By these designations we do not mean to limit or pigeonhole a decorator's work. As one who spoke for many put it, "We are there to interpret a client's wishes, taste, and possessions."



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Patino/Wolf Associates
New York

Juan Montoya
Design Corp./New York

Jane [illegible]

[illegible] Antiques & Interiors
Washington, D.C.

NEW YORK CITY

Tice Alexander
260 West 72 St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 877-1282
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Sister Parish, Albert Hadley, Stanley Barrows, Carlos de Beistegui, Pauline de Rothschild
"My strength lies in creating rooms with architectural integrity and drama which represent a certain quality of living. My rooms might combine objects and furniture from vastly different periods that are unified by an aesthetic bond."

Bilhuber
19 East 65 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 517-7673
Style: Classical
Designers: Jeff Bilhuber, Tom Scheerer
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Frances Elkins, David Adler, Albert Hadley, Thomas Jefferson
"We do distinctly American classic decoration. We are modern—but not chrome and glass; we find the best furniture and put it in a thoughtfully edited setting."

Pauline Boardman
767 Fifth Ave., Suite 2850, New York, NY 10153; (212) 288-8379
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
Clients: Milton and Carroll Petrie, Damon and Liz Mezzacappa
"My style is a mixture of old and new, European and the best of American tradition. I love color, texture, and well-lit rooms with an abundance of artwork."

Bray-Schaible Design
80 West 40 St., New York, NY 10018; (212) 354-7525
Style: Modern
Designers: Robert Bray, Michael Schaible
Fees: Percentage of budget
Inspirations: Ward Bennett, Le Corbusier, Pierre Chareau, Luis Barragan, Albert Hadley, Pauline de Rothschild
"There is a strong architectural focus to our work and no preconceived style. We mix modern furniture and antiques and love an uncomplicated palette."

Thomas Britt
796 Lexington Ave., New York NY 10021; (212) 752-9870
Style: Modern
Associate designers: Jay Benkowski, Malcolm McKinstrie II, Cathleen Quinlan
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Palladio, Rose Cumming, Billy Baldwin, Carlos de Beistegui, Stanley Barrows
"I combine furniture and decorative art from the East and West and am known for creating highly architectural backgrounds and balanced arrangements of the decorative elements of a room."

Bromley/Jacobsen Design
242 West 27 St., New York, NY 10001; (212) 620-4250
Style: Modern
Designer: R. Scott Bromley
Fees: 30% on construction, 30% net on furnishings
Inspirations: Robin Jacobsen, Philip Johnson
Clients: Robert Redford, Felix and Elizabeth Rohatyn, Diana Ross
"Our strength is the shaping of exquisitely detailed spaces with both functionality and visual interest."

R. Brooke Interiors
138 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 628-3255
Style: Anglo-American
Designers: Hethea Nye, Ralph Harvard
Fees: Retail, hourly consultation
Inspirations: Mario Buatta, Mac II, Mark Hampton, John Fowler
"We work closely with clients to create cozy and beautiful rooms that combine the best of American and English design."

Mario Buatta
120 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 988-6811
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: John Fowler, Nancy Lancaster
Clients: Blair House, Malcolm Forbes, Henry Ford II, Barbara Walters
"I love the way the English live. Their houses are filled with seven

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT BRIAN HAGIWARA, ANTOINE BOOTZ, MARY NOBLE OURS (2)

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BRACELET (282839) 18K, ¾ CT. TDW, $1,699.99 ($2,250*) • RING (282820) 18K, 1 CT. TDW, $2,499.99 ($3,200*).
RING (750379) 18K, ¾ CT. TDW, $1,999.99 ($2,750*) • CT. = Carat. TDW = Total Diamond Weight

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Bruce Gregga Interiors/Chicago


Jon Cockrell Design/New York


Paul Fortune


Paul Fortune Design Studio Los Angeles

or eight generations of family possessions, reeking of history, mystery, and romance."

Gary Crain Associates
234 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 223-2050
Style: Anglo-American
Assistants: Robert L. Ventolo, Marc N. Gelinas
Fees: List or retail
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
"Our main thrust is a traditional look—basically American—whether formal or informal."

Cullman & Kravis
790 Madison Ave., New York NY 10021; (212) 249-3874
Style: Classical
Designers: Elissa Cullman, Hedi Kravis
Partner: Nancy Prentice (London)
Associate: Hope Weil
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspiration: John Fowler
Client: Stanley Jaffe
"Our strength is our curatorial approach—we provide authentication for fine collectibles and put them in a traditional setting."

Robert Currie
109 West 27 St., New York, NY 10001; (212) 206-0505
Style: Avant-garde
Associate designers: Philip Cozzi, Richard Lee
Fees: Percentage
Inspirations: Pauline de Rothschild, Jean-Michel Frank
Clients: Norma Kamali, Calvin Klein, Jean Muir
"I do everything from traditional to avant-garde. It's the detailing that runs through my jobs. And I play with scale: I would think nothing of putting a low Chinese table next to a huge sculpture so there would be some eye play."

Denning & Fourcade
125 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 759-1969
Style: Classical
Designers: Robert Denning, Vincent Fourcade
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Carlos de Beistegui, Georges Geffroy
Clients: Henry Kravis and Carolyne Roehm, Gloria Vanderbilt, Oscar de la Renta, Henry and Nancy Kissinger
"Our style is elastic and varied—more European-looking than not."

Rubén de Saavedra
210 East 60 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 759-2892
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail, 35% on contracting
Inspirations: Carlos de Beistegui, Velázquez
"I design elegant interiors in all styles, combining the best of past and present. I do ultramodern to period interiors—and everything in between."

William Diamond Design
270 Lafayette St., Suite 1510 New York, NY 10012 (212) 966-8892
Style: Anglo-American
Associates: Anthony Baratta, Pauline Feldman
Fees: Design fee, percentage of construction, decorating, and landscaping
Inspirations: Madeleine Castaing, Joseph D'Urso
Clients: Pierre LeVec and Pierre Moulin, Nancy Newhouse
"For each project we use a fresh sense of style and grace, clean bold pattern, vibrant color—and a crisp simple scheme."

D'Urso Design
80 West 40 St., New York, NY 10018; (212) 869-9313
Style: Modern
Designer: Joseph D'Urso
Fees: Percentage of budget for architectural design and furnishings
Inspirations: Architecture, art, and nature
Clients: Lanford Wilson, Esprit and Calvin Klein showrooms
"Each project is new, not set in style, not preconceived. I like antiques as well as modern furniture."

David Anthony Easton
323 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 486-6704
Style: Classical
Associates: Mark S. Gaudette, Eric


Patrick Naggar (Nile)/New York

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: NC, LIZZIE HIMMEL, IZUI, DEWEY NICKS (2) MARK DARLEY

Featured with *Golden Cove* is Noritake's Golden Tribute Full-Lead Cut Crystal Stemware.

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J. Smith, Katharine E. True
Fees: Difference between retail and net on furnishings, 35% on painter's fee
Inspirations: Robert Adam, William Delano, David Adler
"Our offices have always aimed to integrate architecture, decorating, and landscape. Though tempered by the times we live in, the eighteenth-century totality of design has always been a goal."

Georgina Fairholme
185 East 85 St., New York, NY 10028; (212) 410-4035
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: John Fowler, Rose Cumming
"I love color, comfort, fabric from different countries and time periods. That's what the English country style really is."

Mark Hampton
654 Madison Ave., New York NY 10021; (212) 753-4110
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus design fee, 20% on purchases
Inspirations: Sister Parish, Marion Morgan
Clients: Anne H. Bass, Carter Burden, George and Barbara Bush, Estée Lauder
"My style is based on a lifelong interest in history, architecture, and decoration, and that makes it possible for me to work with many varying types of personal taste. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries inspire me, but I am always in the process of expanding my taste."

Mariette Hines Gomez
241 East 78 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 288-6856
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Eileen Gray
"My interiors are simple and architectural in feeling—a tailored style with antique and modern furnishings. My contemporary palette may include five different whites, color tones, and textures."

Irvine & Fleming
19 East 57 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 888-6000
Style: Anglo-American
Designers: Keith Irvine, Thomas Fleming
Associate: Sam T. Blount
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: John Fowler, Nancy Lancaster, Luchino Visconti, Carlos de Beistegui
Clients: William and Patricia Buckley, Rex and Mercia Harrison, Joan Kennedy
"We do London houses—all the tradition of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century adapted to the fact we live in 1988."

Noel Jeffrey
22 East 65 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 535-0300
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail on furnishings, design fee on construction
Inspiration: Albert Hadley
"My interiors range from contemporary soft to highly eclectic—and all contain a mix of period antiques and emphasize opulent fabrics and finishes."

Johnson/Wanzenberg
211 West 61 St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 489-7840
Style: Avant-garde
Designers: Jed Johnson, Alan Wanzenberg (architect)
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Renzo Mongiardino, Jean-Michel Frank, Henry du Pont
"Inspiration comes from diverse sources, from the eighteenth century to the present. Our style is dictated by the lifestyles and needs of our clients."

A. Michael Krieger
45–17 21 St., Long Island City NY 11101; (718) 706-0077
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, retail on furnishings, percentage on construction
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Albert Hadley
"I create simple, elegant rooms with quality art, antiques, and twentieth-century comfort."

Michael R. La Rocca
150 East 58 St., Suite 3510 New York, NY 10155 (212) 755-5558
Style: Classical
Fees: Retainer, retail on purchases, 20% on construction
Inspirations: Palladio, David Hicks, Adam brothers, William Kent
"I work with the architectural elements in the room. There is a strain of classical Palladian logic at the root of everything I do. Life is complicated; I try to give my clients a little serenity."

Ann LeConey
127 East 59 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 472-2639
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Betty Sherrill
"I bring a unique and daring sense of style and color to traditional settings—and a touch of humor to delight the eye."

Lembo Bohn Design Associates
One Gansevoort St., New York NY 10014; (212) 645-3638
Style: Modern
Designers: Laura Bohn, Joseph Lembo
Fees: 32% of net project or design fee plus hourly
Inspirations: Palladio, Thomas Jefferson, Joseph D'Urso
"We focus on clean-line architecture embellished with baroque details, sumptuous fabrics, and antiques that reflect good taste, mystery, and timelessness."

Robert K. Lewis & Associates
699 Madison Ave., New York NY 10021; (212) 755-1557
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Palladio, John Fowler, Edwin Lutyens, Marcel Breuer
"My early work was influenced by architectural training and the ideas of the Bauhaus. Then my spatial ideas began to merge with a fascination for materials with a historic viewpoint."

MAC II
125 East 81 St., New York, NY 10028; (212) 249-4466
Style: Classical
Partners: Mica Ertegün, Chessy Rayner
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, palaces, houses, and books
Clients: Bill Blass, Kenneth J. Lane, Carlyle Hotel
"Our style is cool, spare, and less patterned. It lets the furniture, objects, and people in the room stand out and shine."

Timothy Macdonald
515 Madison Ave., New York NY 10022; (212) 593-4333
Style: Classical
Associates: Jane Ellsworth, Edward Stockman
Fees: Hourly, percentage on construction, or fixed fee; furnishings retail
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Angelo Donghia
Clients: Jan Cowles, Ralph and Ricky Lauren, Mary Tyler Moore and Dr. Robert Levine
"My strength lies in synthesizing diverse tastes into a personalized interior. This includes formal and informal, grand and simple, traditional and contemporary."

Marshall-Schule Associates
1065 Madison Ave., New York NY 10028; (212) 772-1230
Style: Classical
Designers: Ned Marshall, Harry Schule
Fees: Design fee plus percentage
Inspirations: Yves Saint Laurent, Henri Samuel, David Hicks
Clients: Rockefellers, Mellons, Emilio Pucci, Ginoros
"We do classical interiors with historical references and lots of details—all tailored to the client."

McMillen
155 East 56 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 753-5600
Style: Classical
President: Betty S. Sherrill
Senior designers: Ethel Smith, Luis Rey, John Drews, Fred Cannon, Mary Louise Guertler
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Eleanor Brown, Ethel Smith, William Odom, George Stacey
"We start with one piece in the main room, a rug for example. The colors come from that and are determined by what happens in the room, who's in it, and at what time of day it's used."

Kevin McNamara
541 East 72 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 861-0808
Style: Classical
Business partner: Christopher Norman
Fees: Design and supervision fee, furnishings retail
Inspirations: Eleanor Brown of McMillen, William Odom
"I like clear, fresh colors, eighteenth-century furniture and what's classic and modern, with French and English motifs."

M (Group)
185 West End Ave., New York NY 10023; (212) 874-0773
Style: Classical
Designers: Hermes Mallea (architect), Carey Maloney
Fees: Design fee plus percentage
Inspirations: Sir John Soane, Edwin Lutyens, Edith Wharton
"Our approach is architectural with extensive use of moldings and cabinetry that appear original to the space. The decoration is restrained, always clean, and built around the clients and their possessions."

J. P. Molyneux Studio
29 East 69 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 628-0097

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Until then, pleasant dreams.

laura ashley

Style: Classical
Designer: Juan Pablo Molyneux
Fees: Net plus percentage
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Jean-Michel Frank
"My style is European with leanings toward the past—but not at all English country. I love mixing antiques with modern pieces."

Juan Montoya Design Corp.
80 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10011; (212) 242-3622
Style: Modern
Fees: Design fee, hourly, 40% on purchases
Inspirations: Eugène Printz, Jean-Michel Frank
Client: Mario Kassar
"Detail is the essence of good design—everything must be perfect. I strive for an elegant, warm, yet uncluttered space that exudes comfort."

Tice Alexander
New York

Stephen Sills
New York

John Robert Moore II
41 East 68 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 249-9370
Style: Classical
Fees: Individual appraisal
Inspirations: Rose Cumming, Sister Parish
Clients: James and Phyllis Wyeth, John and Jill Fairchild, Martin and Cornelia Bregman
"I like using very unusual colors, combinations of offbeat hues. I have a sense of the unexpected—you come to a designer for that."

MZD
1133 Broadway, Suite 1523, New York, NY 10010; (212) 255-1700
Style: Avant-garde
Designer: Mark Zeff
Fees: $150 hourly, design fee, 20% on purchases
Inspirations: Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe
Clients: Furniture line for Barneys New York
"My environments are simple with strong historic detailing. An important inspiration is the period 1920–40; my work reflects the International Style, with a medieval twist."

Richard Lowell Neas
157 East 71 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 772-1878
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail, $1,000 per room, design fee plus expenses
Inspirations: Victor Grandpierre, Emilio Terry, Carlos de Beistegui, William Kent
Clients: Jane Engelhardt, Alain and Barbara Cheneviere, bedroom for Queen Elizabeth II
"My style emphasizes comfort, superb antiques, and fine detailing in upholstery and curtains."

Nile
38 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 688-8860
Style: Avant-garde
Designer: Patrick Naggar (architect)
Associates: Terese Carpenter (New York), Dominique Lachevsky (Paris)
Fees: Net with overall percentage
Inspiration: Louis Kahn
"We do classical backgrounds with a modern expressionist touch. It's interior architecture, not interior design."

Parish-Hadley Associates
305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 888-7979
Style: Classical
Founding partner: Mrs. Henry Parish II
President: Albert Hadley
Associates: Bunny Williams (vice president), David Kleinberg, Gary Hager, Brian McCarthy, Elizabeth Cameron
Fees: Retail plus design fee
SISTER PARISH
Inspiration: John Fowler
Clients: Mrs. John Hay Whitney, Brooke Astor
"Comfort is the main word regarding style."
ALBERT HADLEY
Inspirations: William Pahlmann, Billy Baldwin
Clients: President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy, William and Babe Paley, Mrs. John Hay Whitney
"While my work exhibits a strong sense of tradition and history, the needs of today's client require unique solutions. Contemporary methods and fresh applications of the old rules result in treatments that are practical and beautiful."

Patino/Wolf Associates
400 East 52 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 355-6581
Style: Modern
Designers: Bob Patino, Vicente Wolf
Associates: Stephen Kreutzer, Walter T. Taylor (architect)
Fees: Design fee, retainer, commission
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Italian Futurists
"Our spaces are about balance and connotations of luxury achieved through an interplay of neutral textures and from a few fine elements well chosen. Every piece is a vital component."

Josef Pricci
257 East 72 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 744-4962
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Elsie de Wolfe
Clients: Peter and Karen Cohen, Bill and Adair Beutel, Joe and Cindy Ronchetti
"I'm basically traditional and very English. I love wonderful colors and mixing fabrics. I like to make the past—a time when people lived well—a part of the present."

Dennis Rolland
33 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 644-0537
Style: Classical
Partner: Ron Douglas Shelton
Design associate: Yolanda Lenkiewicz
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Mark Hampton
Clients: Henry and Louise

LEFT MICHAEL MUNDY RIGHT OBERTO GILI

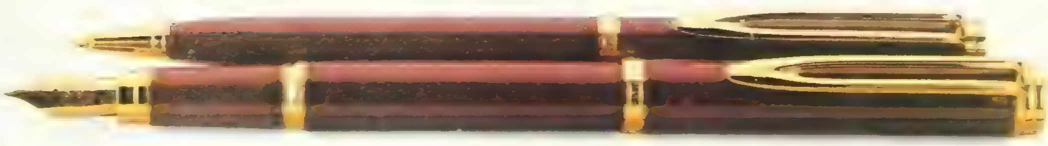
I was born the second son.

I graduated second in my law school class.

And finished second in the Cannes-Marrakesh Rally (twice).

Recently, however, I acquired a Waterman.

How delightful to feel first, at last.



Pens write. A Waterman pen expresses. For more than a century, this distinction has remained constant. In the precise, [illegible]

WATERMAN

PARIS

Grunwald, Amanda Burden, Adrienne Vittadini
"I immerse myself in a client's favorite style and try to bring it to its most beautiful level. My personal taste is traditional, ranging from country to formal, with great attention to detail."

John F. Saladino
305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 752-2440
Style: Classical
Fees: Fixed presentation fee, hourly thereafter
Inspiration: William Kent
"I do old with new, romantic with technological, and balance a Renaissance color palette, antiques, and artifacts with modern furniture and sleek surfaces."

Saunders & Walsh
1438 Third Ave., New York, NY 10028; (212) 472-0121
Style: Anglo-American
Designers: H. Parkin Saunders, Christopher E. Walsh
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Eighteenth century
Clients: Edsel and Cynthia Ford II, Charles and Anne Scarborough
"We use traditional English furniture and fine eighteenth- and nineteenth-century antiques. Our focus is on architecture and helping the client establish a good collection of furniture and art."

Stephen Sills
108 East 86 St., New York, NY 10028; (212) 289-8180
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail or flat fee
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Renzo Mongiardino
"I work to achieve a balance between comforts that are traditional and elements that are eclectic."

Siskin-Valls
21 West 58 St., 2A, New York NY 10019; (212) 752-3790
Style: Avant-garde
Associates: Paul Siskin, Perucho Valls
Fees: 30% against wholesale
Inspirations: Gae Aulenti, Luis Barragan, Halston, Charles James
"Our work is inspired by a variety of sources—history, the client's tastes, humor, drama, and comfort."

Zajac & Callahan
95 Horatio St., New York, NY 10014; (212) 741-1291
Designers: Edward Zajac, Richard Callahan
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
"We believe in scale, colorful schemes, and comfort created with flair and professionalism, keeping in mind today's rooms should be au courant thirty years from now."

BOSTON

Cooper Group
359 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116; (617) 266-2288
Style: Modern
Designer: Celeste Cooper
Associate: Jayne L. Johnson
Fees: Hourly plus 35% service fee
Inspirations: Japanese architecture, Arts & Crafts movement, Billie Tsien, Joseph D'Urso, Bray-Schaible, William Hodgins
"Though I am essentially a Modernist, I am known for my exploration of materials and refined juxtaposition of elements, old and new, which results in a strangely romantic effect."

HHH Designs
16 West Cedar St., Boston, MA 02108; (617) 523-4652
Style: Anglo-American
Designer: Honora Haley Hillier
Fees: Individual contract basis
Inspirations: Nancy Lancaster, Elsie de Wolfe, Billy Baldwin, Sister Parish
"I love all beautiful things and mix them together. If you truly love something, it always works."

Robert Hill
12 Louisburg Sq., Boston, MA 02108; (617) 523-2070
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
"I use a lot of period architectural elements to soften a new house. And I often use painted floors."

William Hodgins
232 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116; (617) 262-9538
Style: Classical
Associates: Gregory Richardson, Paul Lanoix
Fees: Retail plus hourly
Inspirations: Sister Parish, Albert Hadley
Clients: Felix and Elizabeth Rohatyn
"I create scaled and personal rooms combining old and new, emphasizing classic architectural backgrounds, handsome furniture, and clear coloring."

JGL Interiors
10 Thacher St., Suite 104, Boston MA 02113; (617) 723-5164
Style: Modern
Designer: Jane Garland Lucas
Associate: Janice Fanya Lewbin
Fees: Hourly or percentage of budget
Inspirations: Edward Hopper, Charles Moore, Gae Aulenti, Andrée Putman
"Accessories are important. We use classical antiques, all types of furniture and color, but how and where depends on the space."

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Anthony P. Browne
2903 M Street NW, Washington D.C. 20007; (202) 333-1903
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Hourly consultation, retainer, retail
Inspirations: John Fowler, Roderick Cameron
Clients: Evangeline Bruce, Doris Duke, Andrew Lloyd Webber and Sarah Brightman
"I specialize in an authentic English style with a strong emphasis on architectural detail."

Jane Cafritz Antiques & Interiors
3011 P St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20007; (202) 333-2737
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus hourly
Inspirations: Geoffrey Bennison, Nancy Lancaster, Mario Praz
"I like to evoke a romantic sense of the past, incorporating sensual color and textile combinations built around antiques, accessories, and comfortable furniture."

Antony Childs
1670 Wisconsin Ave. NW Washington, D.C. 20007 (202) 337-1100
Style: Classical
Associates: David Knight, Kelly Flocks
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Benjamin Cook of Tradewinds, Boston
"I like the contrast of fine, rich pieces against a simple background. I have a classic international look—mixing periods and styles."

CHARLESTON

John Ragsdale Interiors
95 Broad St., Charleston, SC 29401; (803) 722-1838
Style: Classical
Fees: 50% deposit, hourly, retail on purchases
Inspirations: Henri Samuel, Nancy Lancaster
Clients: Chicora Wood, Medway, Harrietta, Greenfield, and Black River plantations
"I like a sophisticated and cosmopolitan look with a romantic and elegant feeling."

Kathleen Rivers
20 Church St., Charleston, SC 29401; (803) 577-2083
Style: Classical
Fees: Consultant fee plus percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Michael Taylor, Mario Buatta
"I'm a classicist. I strive for symmetry and harmony, and rooms that appear to have been in place for a long period of time."

ATLANTA

Nancy Braithwaite Interiors
437 Valley Rd. NW, Atlanta, GA 30305; (404) 231-9894
Style: American country
Associate: Joye Hirsch
Fees: Flat fee, hourly consultation, or retail
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
"My style is clean, uncluttered, with an emphasis on purity of form and objects. I blend contemporary pieces with antiques, preferably American, of the highest quality."

Dan Carithers Design Consultants
2300 Peachtree Rd. NW, Suite B205, Atlanta, GA 30309 (404) 355-8661
Style: Classical
Fees: Consultant fee plus percentage of purchases
Inspirations: Palladio, Mark Hampton, Colefax & Fowler, John Saladino, David Hicks
"I do traditional rooms and mix ideas, periods, colors to reflect a client's way of life."

Young & Co.
125 Fifth St. NE, Atlanta, GA 30308; (404) 875-8048
Style: Classical
Designer: James Young
Fees: Hourly plus 30% on purchases
Inspiration: Edward Zajac
"My rooms have a strong structure, balanced placement, bull's-eye mirrors, and colored ceilings."

PALM BEACH

Leta Austin Foster
345 Pendleton Lane, Palm Beach FL 33480; (407) 655-5717
Style: Anglo-American

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Paris, Dusseldorf and Milan.

Fees: Net plus 30%
Inspirations: John Fowler, Nancy Lancaster
Clients: Alice Bush Gronewaldt, Jack and Alyne Massey, Ramona and Lee Bass
"The look should be a blend of the house and the people who live in it. I don't like decoration that ignores the architecture."

MIAMI

Dennis Jenkins Associates
5815 Southwest 68 St., Miami, FL 33143; (305) 662-2166
Style: Avant-garde
Associate: Marjorie Fichthorn
Fees: Hourly or fixed fee
Inspiration: Hans Holbein
"Though trained as a Modernist, I don't design from a set formula."

CHICAGO

Cockrell Design
858 North Orleans St., Chicago IL 60610; (312) 266-8610
Style: Avant-garde
Designer: Jon Cockrell
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspiration: Bruce Gregga
"I am willing to experiment with the unexpected, utilizing custom furnishings."

Florian-Wierzbowski
432 North Clark St., Chicago, IL 60610; (312) 670-2081
Style: Modern
Partners: Paul Florian, Stephen Wierzbowski, William Worn
Fees: Fixed fee, hourly, or percentage of construction
Inspirations: Claude Nicolas Ledoux, Victor Horta, Josef Hoffmann, Van Doesburg
Clients: Daniel and Dain Searle, Francis and Margaret Blair
"We work in two styles: "stripped classical" and a contemporary version of the de Stijl look of the 1920s. If asked to do something traditional, we do it with a twist."

Ann Milligan Gray
1416 North Astor St., Chicago, IL 60610; (312) 787-1416
Style: Classical
Fees: Set fee or hourly
Inspirations: Mario Buatta, Colefax & Fowler, Sister Parish, F. Rose Barr
"My interest lies in historical renovation. I have a traditional style with a strong emphasis on architecture and antiques."

Bruce Gregga Interiors
1203 North State Pkwy., Chicago IL 60610; (312) 787-0017
Style: Modern
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Victor Skrebneski
"I may fill a room with lots of furniture, but it is never cluttered."

NEW ORLEANS

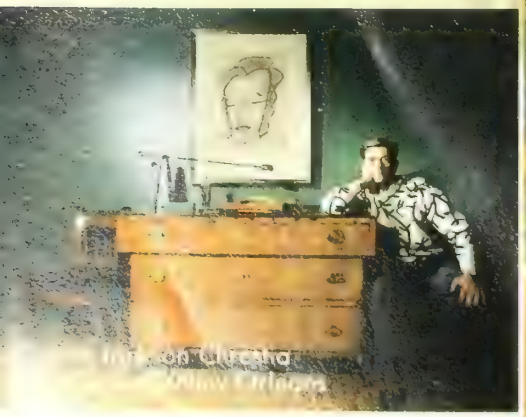
Collum Jackson Chrestia
7219 Perrier St., New Orleans, LA 70118; (504) 866-6677
Style: Classical
Designers: Tom Collum, Edwin Jackson, John Chrestia
Associates: Sandra Staub, Carl Palasota
Fees: Fixed fee, percentage, retail plus shopping per diem, or hourly
Inspiration: Angelo Donghia
"We believe in a mix of classical contemporary furniture and decorative antiques and express a keen sense of color and scale."

Holden & Dupuy
1101 First St., New Orleans, LA 70130; (504) 524-6327
Style: Classical
Designers: Ann Holden, Ann Dupuy
Fees: Hourly plus percentage
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, John Dickinson, Elsie de Wolfe
Clients: Archie and Olivia Manning
"Our look is undecorated and appropriate. We attempt to impart whimsy and humor to every job."

DALLAS

Cadwallader Design
1435 Cedar Hill Rd., Dallas, TX 75208; (214) 942-9530

Holden & Dupuy/New Orleans



COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: DAVID RICHMOND, MICHAEL N. PARAS, KEVIN LEIN

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Style: Avant-garde
Designer: David Cadwallader
Fees: Fixed fee on contracting, residential hourly, 20% on purchases plus handling
Inspirations: John Dickinson, John Saladino
Clients: Bruce and Lynn Lipshy, Barry and Sandra Carter, Barry and Mimi Zale
"I have a soft contemporary approach to interiors. Elegant, spare, with a sense of humor."

Foy Design & Associates
Box 191167, Dallas, TX 75219
(214) 855-5007
Style: Modern
Designer: Tonny Foy
Fees: Dallas retail, fee for architectural design
Inspirations: Ward Bennett, Joseph D'Urso
Clients: Anne Bass, Roger and Carolyn Horchow
"My design leaves room to enjoy the architecture, people, views, and art. I keep the interior simple so there is a unity to the space."

Neal Stewart/Design Associates
1330 Hi Line Dr., Dallas, TX 75207; (214) 653-1840
Style: Modern
Fees: Flat fee
Inspirations: Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier
"Our look is contemporary. Juxtaposing classic furniture, architectural detailing, and lighting delivers drama."

Wilson & Associates
3811 Turtle Creek Blvd., Dallas TX 75219; (214) 521-6753
Style: Anglo-American
Designer: Patricia Wilson
Design director: James Rimelspach
Fees: Hourly, 20% below retail on purchases
Inspiration: Travel
"The real challenge in designing is to find out a client's needs and incorporate them into a livable environment."

HOUSTON

Michael Dale Interiors
2503 South Blvd., Houston, TX 77098; (713) 529-7102
Style: Modern
Fees: Design fee, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, David Hicks
"I work in a range of styles from stark contemporary to traditional and in a variety of palettes, emphasizing fabrics and details."

Holley & Kuhl Interior Design
5100 Westheimer Rd., Suite 200
Houston, TX 77056
(713) 840-1900
Style: Modern
Designers: Richard Holley, Pam Kuhl
Associates: Dede Schuhmacher, Alicia Cannon
Fees: Hourly, wholesale on purchases
Inspirations: Angelo Donghia, Thomas Britt, David Hicks
"Our style is best described as symmetrical and overscaled."

Beverly Jacomini
1701 Brun St., Suite 101
Houston, TX 77019
(713) 524-8224
Style: American country
Associates: Michael A. Meller, Julie Gill Mohajer
Fees: Design fee, hourly, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Herbert Wells, Billy Baldwin
"I love style and comfort. I enjoy using country antiques, as they can be both casual and elegant."

Wells Design
23 West Oak Dr., Houston, TX 77056; (713) 626-1500
Style: Classical
Designer: Herbert Wells
Associate: Jerry Jeanmard
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspirations: Cranbrook Academy, Jean-Michel Frank, Ward Bennett, Armi Ratia
"I work with color in innovative ways and an assemblage of possessions accumulated with caprice or wisdom."

RANCHO MIRAGE

Steve Chase Associates
69–846 Highway 111, Rancho Mirage, CA 92270
(619) 324-4602
Style: California
Fees: Design fee, 35% on purchases plus freight
Inspiration: Arthur Elrod
Clients: Dyan Cannon, Farrah Fawcett, Gene Hackman, Marvin Davis, Johnny Mathis
"I do a blend of contemporary and traditional with a strong emphasis on architectural detailing."

LOS ANGELES

Kalef Alaton et Cie
882 North Doheny Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 551-2630
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, 35% on purchases and services
Inspirations: Henri Samuel, Carlos de Beistegui
"My strengths are in working with large-scale pieces and selecting objects. Being a collector myself, I am highly attracted to objects."

Joan Axelrod Interiors
1711 Rising Glen Rd., Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 652-4182
Style: Classical
Fees: Variable
Inspirations: Elsie de Wolfe, Billy Baldwin
"I combine country, traditional, informal, and grand looks, insist on comfort, and add a touch of humor. Rooms that take themselves too seriously become unintentionally funny."

Brown-Buckley
9036 Vista Grande
Los Angeles CA 90069
(213) 274-7652
Style: Anglo-American
Designer: Thomas Buckley
Associate designer: Michael Shewan
Fees: Design fee, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: McMillen under Grace Fakes and Eleanor Brown
Clients: Walter and Carol Matthau
"My style, if I had one, would be rooms that are human with a dash of humor. Whether a ranch, apartment, or house anywhere in the world, comfortable elegance is the end product."

Bob DeYoung
1913 Tamarind Ave., Hollywood CA 90068; (213) 465-8001
Style: Avant-garde
Fees: Hourly plus 20% of total
Inspiration: Antonio Gaudí
Clients: Danny DeVito and Rhea Perlman, Christopher Lloyd
"My style is a juxtaposition of traditional European and comfortable modern looks. It derives from a deep sense of space and the needs of my clients."

Tony Duquette Studios
Box 69858, Los Angeles, CA 90069; (213) 274-6736
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus designer fee
Inspiration: Elsie de Wolfe
Clients: Doris Duke, J. Paul Getty, Norton Simon
"For me the enemy is the lowest common denominator. I'm totally for an individual look."

Paul Fortune Design Studio
254 South Robertson Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
(213) 652-2771
Style: California
Associate: Frank Israel
Fees: Hourly negotiable
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Robert Delaunay, Cedric Gibbons
Clients: Joel Grey, Julian Sands, Lauren Hutton
"I do all styles, but the latest fad out here is my special Mexican/Southwest/early California hybrid. I restore houses to their original look and do a quirky update to make them more livable."

Jarrett Hedborg Interior Designs
13520 Rand Dr., Sherman Oaks, CA 91423; (818) 501-4239
Style: American country
Fees: Hourly
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Walt Disney
Clients: Jeff and Susan Bridges, Anjelica Huston, Bette Midler and Harry Kipper, Jack Nicholson
"I'm in love with the light of California and Hawaii and irreverent, undecorated, comfortable rooms—a Fortuny sofa with Great Dane pillows."

David James Design
8262 Fountain Ave., Suite C
Los Angeles, CA 90046
(213) 656-9440
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, commission on purchases
Inspiration: Film
Clients: Joel Schumacher, Jim Belushi, Rob Lowe
"I listen to what my clients want and interpret that without painting myself into the picture."

Sally Sirkin Lewis
653 North La Peer, Los Angeles CA 90069; (213) 859-8911
Style: California
Associates: David Wheat, Susan Holley
Fees: Flat fee, hourly, or percentage on sliding scale
Inspirations: Bauhaus, Jean-Michel Frank
"We emphasize architectural detailing and a mixture of contemporary and primitive art and antiquities."

Linda Marder Design
8491 Fountain Ave., West Hollywood, CA 90069
(213) 855-0635
Style: Modern

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Fees: Variable
Inspirations: Frank Lloyd Wright, Richard Neutra
Clients: Carrie Fisher, Teri Garr, Frank Lloyd Wright plantation restoration
'I choose my jobs because either the client or the house is irresistible. My work is comfortable.''

Luis Ortega Design Studio
8813 Rangely Ave., Suite 3, Los Angeles, CA 90048
(213) 273-2040
Style: Modern
Fees: Design fee, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Luis Barragan, Jean-Michel Frank, Eileen Gray, Ward Bennett
Clients: Rita Moreno and Dr. Leonard Gordon
''My strengths: space planning and color sense.''

Janet Polizzi
8428 Melrose Pl., Studio E
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 651-5177
Style: Modern
Fees: Percentage on purchases
Inspirations: William Pahlmann, Robsjohn-Gibbings
Clients: Tim and Nancy Vreeland, Sid and Lorraine Sheinberg
''My interiors reflect a sophisticated, selective eye, be it for English, French, or a contemporary mix of pieces.''

Waldo's Designs
620 North Almont Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 278-1803
Style: California
Designer: Waldo Fernandez
Fees: 33% on purchases and labor
Inspiration: Michael Taylor
Clients: Farrah Fawcett, Elizabeth Taylor
''I do contemporary designs in solid colors blended with selected antiques and artworks.''

Dennis Wilcut
513 North Robertson Blvd.
Los Angeles CA 90048
(213) 854-4481
Style: Modern
Fees: Variable
Inspirations: Jay Steffy, Dennis & Leen
Clients: Saudi royal family
''The cohesive thread running through my work is simplicity and a bold scale.''

Ron Wilson
1235 Tower Rd., Beverly Hills CA 90210; (213) 276-0666
Style: California
Fees: Cost plus one-third, design fee
Inspirations: Peter Shore, Michael Taylor
Clients: Johnny Carson, Cher, Michael Landon, Kenny Rogers
''My clients enjoy a comfortable and slightly formal look.''

C. M. Wright
700 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 657-7655
Style: Classical
Designer: Craig Wright
Fees: Design fee plus one-third on purchases
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Michael Taylor, Anthony Hail
Clients: Michael and Diandra Douglas, Dan Aykroyd and Donna Dixon, Peter Morton
''I like to use antique mirrors, old lacquer, antique wicker, Anglo-Indian pieces and am particularly fond of Italian furniture.''

SANTA BARBARA

Bartoli Interior Design
811 Santa Barbara St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101
(805) 962-2000
Style: American country
Designer: Douglas Bartoli
Inspirations: Houses in the Middle West and Pasadena, as well as European villas
''Most of the spaces I do are for large happy families, and they're casual, warm, full of light. I try never to use a fabric, accessory, or decorative detail more than once.''

Florian-Wierzbowski
Chicago

SAN FRANCISCO

Michael Anthony Design
66 Eureka St., San Francisco CA 94114; (415) 776-0340
Style: Modern
Fees: Hourly, percentage on purchases
Inspiration: Michael Taylor
Clients: Cynthia Freeman, Kenneth and Shirley Sayre
''My interest is in combining primitive artifacts with antiques and contemporary pieces.''

Anthony Hail Studio
1055 Green St., San Francisco CA 94133; (415) 928-3500
Style: Classical
Partner: Charles Posey
Fees: Percentage
Inspirations: Syrie Maugham, Nancy Lancaster, John Fowler, Billy Baldwin, Jean-Michel Frank
Clients: James and Lois Garner.

A. Michael Krieger/New York

Lambo Bohn Design Associates
New York

William Hodgins/Boston

Gordon and Ann Getty
"I mix antiques, old mirrors, and paintings with good upholstery using little chintz if I can help it. I love soft-washed Capri-like colors and textured natural materials. A house should look as though it has been there forever."

Robert Hutchinson Design
232 Sutter St., San Francisco, CA 94109; (415) 771-7000
Style: California
Associates: Michael Carr, Louis Field
Fees: Retail, hourly plus percentage
Inspirations: Frank Lloyd Wright, Greene & Greene, the American West, Japanese architecture
Client: Polo store, San Francisco
"I hate the words formal, traditional, country. Every material is bendable—wood, stone, anything that suits a client's needs."

Scott C. Lamb
1701 Broadway, San Francisco CA 94109; (415) 673-3337
Style: California
Fees: Design fee, 35% on purchases
Assistant: Judith R. Greenberg
Inspiration: Billy Gaylord
"My interiors are traditional, timeless, but I always include a bit of whimsy and humor."

Ron Mann Designs
497 Carolina St., San Francisco CA 94107; (415) 864-4911
Style: California
Partner: Mary Slawson
Design associate: Louise La Palme
Architect/designer: Steven Draper
Fees: Hourly consultation, percentage on purchases and construction
Inspirations: Brancusi, Diego Giacometti, Frank Gehry
"I select pieces for a relaxed, luxurious living style."

Marc Miyasato Designs
1355 Donner St., San Francisco CA 94124; (415) 822-5854
Style: Japanese
Fees: Hourly or by project
Inspiration: Frank Stout
"People call me because they want an authentic Japanese interior, often adapted for Western furniture, practicality, and taste."

Therien & Co.
411 Vermont St., San Francisco CA 94107; (415) 956-8850
Style: Classical
Designer: Robert Garcia
Fees: Design fee plus percentage
Inspirations: Frances Elkins, Billy Baldwin, David Adler
"I work at creating an ambience rather than re-creating a period. I like clean, contemporary, and understated design."

Chuck Winslow & Associates
Box 410927, San Francisco, CA 94141-0927; (415) 431-5600
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, percentage on materials
Inspirations: Van Day Truex, Mrs. Charles Fay, Harry Hinson
"I enjoy creating a background for contemporary art and sculpture, with sensitivity to space and light."

Paul Vincent Wiseman Interior Design
2565A California St., San Francisco, CA 94115
(415) 346-2398
Style: Classical
Fees: Purchases flat fee or percentage plus hourly
Inspirations: Geoffrey Bennison, John Stephanidis, John Saladino
"Quality and appropriateness to location, lifestyle, budget, and architecture are my goals."

SEATTLE

Boehm Design Associates
1213 Pine St., Seattle, WA 98101
(206) 625-0340
Style: Modern
Designer: Don Boehm
Fees: Flat project fee, percentage design fee, hourly consultation
Inspirations: Design and architectural books and magazines
"My style is classical contemporary with an emphasis on scale and clean lines."

Terry Hunziker
97 South Jackson St., Suite 406
Seattle, WA 98104
(206) 467-1144
Style: Modern
Fees: Retail or flat fee
Inspirations: John Dickinson, Michael Taylor, Pierre Chareau, Jean Jongeward
"I have a great interest in the relationship of form, color, materials, the history of their use, and the role of art in space."

Jean Jongeward Interiors
119 Tower Pl., Seattle, WA 98109
(206) 284-1999
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Pauline de Rothschild, Billy Baldwin, David Hicks, Pacific Northwest, Japan
"I would describe my style as contemporary, although I do much traditional work."

Going Gothic

(Continued from page 166) County, flying buttresses and all.

Last winter on the other side of the Atlantic, the curators at London's Royal Academy of Arts offered a crash course in English Gothic, essentially between 1216 (the accession of King Henry III) and 1399 (the abdication of King Richard II). "Age of Chivalry: Art in Plantagenet England, 1200–1400" drew record crowds, and they appear to have been more than attentive. Though you might not call it a revolution, the show has sparked a quickly accelerating interest in things Gothic. Quick-on-the-draw manufacturers have followed suit, as quick-on-the-draw manufacturers do, with "Gothic" floor tiles, fabrics, wallpaper, and furniture. From the House of Lords to the House of Colefax & Fowler. As if to emphasize the point, this year's British Interior Design Exhibition—London's answer to New York's Kips Bay Decorators Show House—featured not one but two rooms in—what else?—the Gothic style. English designer Jon Mills, however, soundly beat his countrymen to the punch, chronologically speaking. Last November the young talent unveiled a mean little metal chaise that might have served as the perfect perch for Mary Shelley to pen her great Gothic fairy tale, *Frankenstein*.

Across the Channel in Paris, Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste, the au courant designers responsible for fashioning Christian Lacroix's much-publicized outpost on the rue de Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, appear to have moved on from their neo-Barbarian beginnings. Introduced in France in May, Bonetti and Garouste's new furniture collection for Neotu testifies quite eloquently to the designers' new fascination with a later tradition. The eleven pieces in the series—which includes tables, étagères, consoles, chairs, benches, and armoires—bear the unmistakable Neo-Gothic mark. Partner Garouste explains the change of stylistic heart: "We've now bypassed the Barbarian image, moved on from the Bronze and Iron ages, and it's the rebirth, the rediscovery of the genius of the Middle Ages which is interesting now. We don't duplicate, exactly, but retranslate in a modern style."

Garouste has the right idea. ♠

Decorating Editor: Amicia de Moubray

À La Falaise

(Continued from page 201) career worked out better than her marriage, however, and after her divorce she took up designing in New York in the early sixties. She had her own label, at Blousecraft, and later, like her daughter, began to work for Yves Saint Laurent. "Don't say that I design, because there is only one designer at Yves Saint Laurent," Maxime says reverently. "I adapt the designs for the licensees. The drape of a skirt can give you the wrist movement for a glove, the corner of a handbag can give you an idea for sunglasses. I work for Saint Laurent so easily because his are the sort of clothes I've spent my life with—my grandmother's and mother's Indian silks and shawls, the Irish farm workers who wore red and green flannel petticoats under their black skirts."

As the wife of John McKendry, a man of blasé good looks who was curator of prints and photographs at the Metropolitan Museum, Maxime entertained on a grand scale and in the exotic fashion one would expect from the author of *The Seven Centuries Cookbook*. "We would test everything out—we had a party for each century." McKendry was a charming husband, she says. "He was very musical, rather fey, but halfway through the marriage he started to get iller and iller. We had five good and five pretty terrible years."

Besides her fashion work, Maxime is now writing a history of her family, going through her mother's sometimes elliptical diaries from the twenties. She is talking with Nan Kempner about doing an uptown-downtown cookbook, and applying her decorating skills to the apartment of Leonard Holzer. She finds New York a good place for the creative life, not despite but because of all its irritations and distractions. "I like working against interference. I work on the tube. When things are perfect, I go all blah." She is not interested in parties anymore, but she keeps up with her friends in the literary, art, and design worlds—John Richardson, Fernando Sanchez, Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, Robert Silvers, Dee Ayer—and "people from England and France come and go."

Maxime's apartment reflects her obsessions, her travels, the history of her family and friends. There is a portrait of a very young Maxime, wearing a twin set and holding a shrimp net, by her father and an almost black sideboard carved with a mask from the Knight of Glin, Loulou's first husband, Desmond Fitz-Gerald. A Dennis Smith painting of New York shows a doorman with a corpse-like face—"That's my death corner"—and a Robert Mapplethorpe box in the style of Joseph Cornell—a sample of the assemblage work he did before turning to photography—contains a little camera sprouting a baby's head, feet, and four hands. "Those are just some old Rauschenbergs," Maxime says of a group of bathroom decorations, which contrast with the Eastern fantasy of bamboo-trimmed walls and mirrored ceiling. Fantasy is evident, too, in the dining table she designed: "It's faux everything"—the three concentric circles on its top are painted to imitate wood, leopard skin, and marble. For a touch of nature among the chasms of stone, painted trees line the living-room walls, bursting into clumps of carved wooden leaves at the ceiling, and a brightly colored floral border sprouts from the wainscoting. The mélange of hues is wild but ingratiating. "When you've worked in the fashion business for years, you can keep a lot of colors in your head. My style is hit or miss, but I think it's mostly hit."

For all her acquisitiveness, Maxime isn't overly attached to her possessions. "I think that if you've lived with something and looked at it for a long time, you've absorbed its essence. I feel rather happily rootless, really. I could leave this place and go to another and put up my tent, and in a week it would be just as cozy."

It's easy to see from Loulou de La Falaise's Montparnasse sitting room that she has a touch of the gypsy. Although the ceiling is sixteen feet high, an immense waterfall of crystal fills up nearly half the room, making it look like a caravan lit by a much smaller chandelier. Loulou and her brother, Alexis, grew up in France, England, and New York, and, she says, "We were lucky to have been brought up without any roots or ties because it makes us rather malleable." Indeed, the blue, white, and glass of her enormous room suggest light, air, and water, an impression Loulou confirms with her remark that movement and sunshine are an important part of her designs. She once made up necklaces that spelled out SOLEIL and DANSE, and a table made of blue, green, and gold Bakst-inspired tiles suggests summers by the sea. In her two-year-old daughter Anna's playroom, several boxes of brilliant butterflies are arranged into groups of buttercup, orange, fuchsia, and lime, the gift of Yves Saint Laurent.

Although Loulou dresses strikingly and stylishly now, as a teenager she was only interested in blue jeans and gumboots, never wearing a skirt until the days of the mini in swinging London, where she attracted the eye of Desmond Fitz-Gerald.

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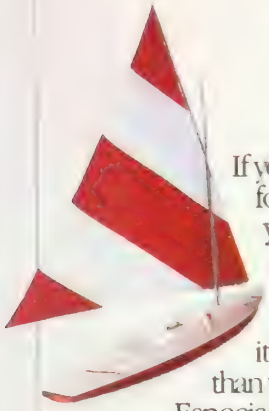

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A La Falaise

When she was seventeen, he married her and swept her off to his castle on the banks of the Shannon where she had trouble adjusting. "I used to walk along the battlements and scream into the night."

After the marriage ended, Loulou returned to New York, where she had once worked for the Surrealist Alexander Iolas gallery, and began studying design. In 1972, Saint Laurent brought her back to Paris to design jewelry, printed fabrics, and color schemes. She has become known as Saint Laurent's muse but prefers to call herself, more casually, a "bouncing board. Yves likes to work at his house. I sometimes go for weekends. He likes to be in a messy room with the seven people he's close to and the dog playing with his toys." Loulou's latest creations are a baroque jumble of beads and bits—circles of black filigree topped with fake amethyst or a mixture of pale turquoise and gold accented with a swoop of verdigris. "I like the French term *bijoux fantaisie* better than the English 'costume jewelry,' which sounds so heavy, like Sarah Bernhardt hitting the stage." Some people have thought her bijoux very fantastic indeed. "Once," she says laughing, "the customs man opened my valise and saw all these brightly colored things and said, 'Do you work in a circus?'"

Alexis de La Falaise was for a time a farmer in Wales but has now moved, with his wife and two children, to Fontainebleau, where he and Loulou played in childhood at "les Peaux-Rouges et les cowboys." He has become a cabinetmaker, producing such delicate items as an obelisk bookcase and an occasional table whose top is composed of black, beige, and emerald triangles that can be lifted off and arranged in a near-infinite number of patterns. The two slip from French to English. "This is a lime tree," she explained of her plants. "This is a maple, this—comment dit-on?" "Geranium, Loulou."

In 1977, Loulou married Thadée Klossowski, the son of the painter Balthus. "We liked each other as soon as we met," he says, "and ten years later we married." At the same time they moved into the 1930s building they still occupy. It was set up to provide work space for painters and sculptors, which attracted Loulou—"I've never liked a bourgeois house." She and Thadée live in one former studio, Anna in an adjoining one. Their bedroom is a little gallery overlooking the sitting room from a balcony hung with blue-and-white Javanese fabrics; the bed is covered with a tartan spread and the windowless walls curtained in stark white. Unlike her mother, Loulou has almost no family pictures on display—"I feel anguished by too many souvenirs"—but there is another Birley portrait of Maxime as well as a bust of her father in the days of his youth and beauty crowned with a fantastic gilt headdress of eleven flying horses.

A mobile spot of color among the brightly tinted tile and china and wood is provided by little Anna, who wanders in clutching a teddy bear, not of conventional brown but lipstick red. "Look at how nicely the color goes with your dress," says Loulou, holding it against the deep blue. One feels that yet another La Falaise eye is being trained for a stylish future. ♠

Editor: André Leon Talley

Cooking in Paris

(Continued from page 204) rows of terrific pots and pans in copper and stainless. Every morning we had a *pratique* in either cooking or pastry and every afternoon a demonstration class. Our cooking teacher was Chef Christian Guillut, who had apprenticed twenty years ago as a teenager at the restaurant Barrier in Tours when it possessed three Michelin stars and who has worked in starred establishments ever since. Thin, serious, good-natured, and indefatigable to a fault, he spent an hour explaining the recipes we were to make that week, all generally modernized versions of classic cuisine. I was assigned the *étoufée de légumes à la crème persillée* (a stew of baby vegetables) and the *pieds de porc farcis en crépinette, sauce aux morilles* (a recipe from Barrier involving the feet of a pig). The immediate objective of each *pratique* in cooking was to get a three-course lunch for ourselves, the administrators of the school, and sometimes an honored guest, on the table by one o'clock.

To begin the vegetable stew, you peel, cut, and carve eight baby carrots and baby turnips, a half pound of baby onions, and four baby zucchini into pieces the size of large olives and the shape of barrels. If any of the vegetables are not quite baby enough, you make them look as though they were. For all this delicate work you hold a paring knife around its blade, leaving only a half inch of the point exposed.

I might have completed my assignment within the allotted two hours if my knife hand had not first become paralyzed. The fingers simply would not move. It struck me as unremarkable that when you strenuously exercise a part of your body in completely unaccustomed ways, it will first protest with pain and then stage a work stoppage. But I could tell that some of the others thought I was malingering. One of them asked me if I had arthritis. Chef Guillut helped me finish up.

The cooking part was fun, using a low wide covered pan with a little butter and water in it. I braised the tougher vegetables first and gradually added the more tender ones—baby leeks and zucchini and then peas and fava beans—always making sure there was a little water in the bottom of the pan to prevent the vegetables from browning in butter. I have a tendency to overstir things in the kitchen, but Guillut put an end to that by showing me how, if you shake and swirl the pan instead, the delicate food stays beautifully intact. Finally we added some crème fraîche and chopped parsley, and the *étouffée de légumes à la crème persillée* was ready.

They were the best vegetables I've ever eaten, and the sauce was sweet with their juices. Nacho's *civet de lapereau* (a rabbit stew thickened with pig's blood) and Jim's buttery *sablés* topped with whipped cream and fruit were both delicious, the wines were good, and everyone felt quite fine.

Tuesday and Thursday we dipped chocolates with Chef Pâtissier Bruno Neveu in the school's pastry kitchen. Chocolate is child's play if you can tell the difference between 27 and 31 degrees centigrade without a thermometer. Neatness counts in chocolate making. Our interpreter, Natasha, sadistically neglected to translate this crucial rule until my section of the marble work table was littered with hard chocolate puddles, I had nowhere to *enrober* my centers of *praline* and *pâte d'amandes*, and the front of my uniform was covered with cocoa. They made me go down to the laundry to find a new one.

On our chocolate days we were free at lunchtime, and I sagely used the three hours before the afternoon demonstration class to scour Paris for good things to eat. Fast food, frozen food, convenience food, and third-rate food have frighteningly gained ground in France over the past 25 years, and you can no longer stumble into the nearest boulangerie, hand the lady three francs, and expect in return a loaf of bread worth eating.

I remember a trip to Paris in the mid seventies, my first for fifteen years, aboard a train

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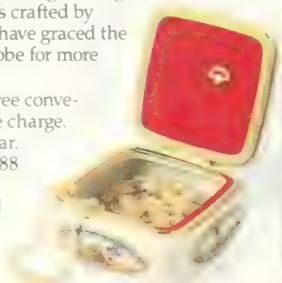

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from Brussels. For the final hundred miles I could think of nothing but the crisp chewy dense yeasty bread of my student days. It was late afternoon when we pulled into the Gare du Nord, and, fearful that the shops were about to close, I left my wife with our luggage, ran from the station, and darted into the first boulangerie in sight. The bread was awful, with a crust like paper, insides like cotton candy, and no perceptible taste. I hurried down the street to the next bread shop and the one after that, all with the same results. An hour later, sadly trudging back to the Gare du Nord in the gathering twilight, I found my wife sitting on our suitcases on the sidewalk. The curious mixture of tears and fury on her face told me she, too, sensed that the bread of our youth was gone forever.

To find the small number of true artisans and cooks whose impeccable standards still bring glory to France, you need a taxi and a guide. Taxis in Paris use a cunning system to ensure that you will never get one. The main light on their roofs is extremely dim and cannot be seen by day. The three tiny colored bulbs beneath it, which are also meant to tell you something about the availability of the cab, employ a code that has been successfully kept secret from everyone, even lifelong residents of Paris. And just to make sure, taxis are painted dark gray to make them indistinguishable from other cars until they run over your foot.

Finding a guide is much easier. Robert Noah's bimonthly *Paris en Cuisine Newsletter* (Box 50099, St. Louis, MO 63105) and Patricia Wells's *Food Lover's Guide to Paris* are nearly indispensable to anyone unwilling to settle for what Fauchon has on offer. Noah is more selective, but you will need his back issues for a complete listing. Wells's book, in a revised 1988 edition, is comprehensive and therefore less critical. Both are terrific. (Robert Noah also offers a nearly miraculous restaurant reservation service. You can write to him at 49, rue de Richelieu, 75001 Paris, or telephone 42-61-35-23.)

For the rest of the week Nacho and I bore an even heavier workload than usual because Jim had flown to Los Angeles to buy a new restaurant. My *pieds de porc en crépinette* took five days to prepare and five minutes to eat, but they were worth every day. Before I arrived, Chef Guillut had immersed four pig's feet in a curing brine with juniper berries, laurel, and thyme. I simmered them for three hours with aromatic vegetables until the bones came loose, soaked some dried morels overnight in water, and began a mousseline of chicken for the stuffing by puréeing both white and dark meat in a food processor with egg whites and salt and forcing the mixture through a sieve. The gaps between Chef Guillut's English and my kitchen French were so spacious, at least in the beginning, that catastrophe might have stalked my every move were it not for our prescient translator, a young woman named Janet from Newcastle upon Tyne, who was interning at the Ritz.

On the final day I sliced the boned pig's feet and beat heavy cream into the chilled chicken mixture, tablespoon by tablespoon, poaching a bit of it every so often to test for consistency and seasoning. Too little cream, and the mousseline was tough; too much, and it fell apart. I also cooked the morels in butter and water and chopped them finely. Half went into the mousseline and half was saved for the sauce, a type of Périgueux we made by reducing Madeira, veal stock, and some of the cooking liquid from the morels.

Everything was ready for the final assembly. A *crépinette* is defined by Larousse as a flat sausage enclosed by pig's caul fat or *crépine*, which is the lining of an animal's visceral cavity. Caul fat looks like an irregular

white net filled in with translucent membrane. Following Guillut's lead, I opened a sheet of it on the table, spread a three-inch square of mousseline near one edge, placed a layer of pig's feet over that, and covered it with another layer of mousseline. Then, trimming the caul fat to leave an inch or two all around, I wrapped it up like an envelope and started again until I had nine little packages. I browned them in clarified butter and put them in the oven to finish cooking. The caul fat magically melted into the plump pillows of chicken and pork. Presented in a pool of meaty morel sauce, they were delectable.

Enclosing a stuffing in caul fat is an ancient idea, and Escoffier gives six distinct recipes for *crépinettes* in his *Guide Culinaire*. I had a chance to study the full English translation of the *Guide* by Cracknell and Kaufmann (published by Heinemann) in the school's library and bought a copy as soon as I returned home, years after I should have. Here, in Escoffier's systematic presentation of 5,012 recipes, is the whole of classic French cuisine as it was to remain, in all its triumph and all its faults, for the first half of this century. Millions of trees could be saved if cookbooks with nothing more to say than "Make the eggs and crayfish in recipe 1,356 but substitute recipe 125 for the sauce Nantua" said nothing more than that.

Crépinettes were ubiquitous on the chic menus of Paris this year. It is dangerous to generalize from only ten meals, but the nouvelle cuisine seems to have moved in a heartier and friendlier direction—and not simply because the earthy *crépinette* was omnipresent. Even in the grandest settings the service was more relaxed and the plates were less decorated with fussy garnishes and painted sauces. The ingredients never seemed overhandled and simply looked more like themselves. It is stylish these days to prefer Italian food to French and to think that the culinary progress we have made in the United States in the past ten years has put us in serious contention. But the French have not stood still in the face of this challenge, and I will risk the opinion that the best food I ate in Paris was as good as they make it anywhere.

Our one disastrous meal was a parody of everything that can go wrong with modern French cooking. We knew we were in trouble when the *amuse-gueule*—the tempting little treats they bring you while you read the menu—did not even remotely amuse. In an apparent homage to, or pun on, Michel Guérard's famous broken eggshell filled with caviar, this chef's shell was filled instead with a tepid raw egg yolk. Get it? Just when you thought he would do Guérard one better and put something really terrific in an empty egg shell, he turned the tables on you. It was all downhill from there.

My last day in Paris was spent in a taxi revisiting the best of what I had discovered with Wells's and Noah's help: ice cream from Berthillon, bread from Ganachaud, bonbons from La Maison du Chocolat and Peltier, a tiny *melon de Cavaillon* from Opéra Primeurs, cheese from La Ferme Saint-Hubert, and foie gras from a little charcuterie near the Ritz called Gargantua. My exhausting voyage, from the remote and dingy twentieth arrondissement to the elegant first, reaffirmed my belief that the museums and monuments of Paris were built chiefly to keep the bistros, boulangeries, brasseries, charcuteries, chocolatiers, and fromageries from running into one another.

My technique and understanding measurably improved in a week at the École Ritz-Escoffier, and I brought home a new attitude toward manual labor in the kitchen. Having an assignment to cook and eat in Paris is like getting paid to spend the night with Isabelle Adjani. Ten days with nothing to do but eat, read, hear, and think about food nearly slaked my obsessive passion for a while. Fifteen days would have been even better. ▲

American Greats

(Continued from page 159) Hamptons.

"It is not at all simple," says Fourcade in an accent right out of a French farce which has somehow managed to survive for more than twenty years in the United States. "The house was built for a collection of Art Nouveau furniture I inherited from my grandparents.

"There are many people who like our style who didn't have anything like it five years ago. Now we are being ripped off all over the place.

"Ours is not the taste of most American decorators. Look at the way they live themselves. Sister Parish's house is not the house of a mature woman who has lived for beauty and art all of her life. It is stuffed with poodles and cushions."

"Everyone has *wonderful* cushions," says Denning.

When they do an apartment, it instantly takes on a patina of age, as though it has been there for at least fifty years. The Duchess of Buccleuch, having lunched at their apartment, delighted them by writing to say, "It's wonderful to see such a great English house in such good condition."

The late eighties provide a canvas for fantasies fueled by money on an unprecedented scale. In a world where Alfred Taubman makes $800 million on shopping centers and malls, Gayfryd Steinberg hangs a Renoir in her powder room and Basia Johnson runs up a $30 million Palladian mansion alongside a $78,000 orchid house, stories of excess are common. One decorator tells how he recently called an acquaintance in real estate to say he had a wealthy client looking for the best Manhattan apartment money could buy. The agent's response was, "Not another one! I've got three clients already waiting to spend $15 million each on an apartment, and there's nothing to be had."

The power of the decorator is growing. David Easton, for instance, always carries with him 24 typewritten sheets specifying antique furniture he's looking for. Each of his clients has a place in a warehouse, humidified and insured, where japanned or marquetry furniture is gradually acclimatized on its arrival from Europe. "I see people all around me who are far more interested in their houses than their clothes," says Bill Blass. Chessy Rayner agrees. "In the old days there were just a few families in each town who would employ a decorator. Now there must be five hundred who have made zillions. And they can't wait to begin rewriting their lives. If they want to live well and have pretty things around them, great!"

There are two imperatives at play. There is the influence of fashion on clients who begin with nothing and can make up their backgrounds unhampered by family possessions or a grandmother's furniture. They may update their houses frequently. Bill Blass says the usual period is a decade—"the ten-year itch." The other force is what Mark Hampton terms the "romantic longing for an ennobling past." Here the owner wants to found a new dynasty in a setting of great permanence. This takes the form of recreating the past in one way or another.

Ivana Trump has lovingly restored the 1920s Palm Beach house of Mrs. Merriweather Post, and Patricia Kluge, married to Metromedia chairman John, has worked side by side with the scholarly David Easton to build a 10,000-acre estate complete with a brand-new eighteenth-century manor house, a chapel, a gallery, and a carriage museum near Charlottesville, Virginia.

She says, "Now that it's complete, what gives me the most pleasure is that I'm able to leave a bit of John and myself to our descendants. This house is a statement to the generations of what we stood for."

Mrs. Kluge's wardrobe includes outfits by Scaasi, Galanos, Donna Karan, Bill Blass, and Oscar de la Renta, but when it came to the new estate, she wanted, "a house designed for the ages." She chose Neoclassicist David Easton, who taught the history of design for seven years at Parsons. Client and designer planned the house in one hour while having tea at the Carlyle. Mrs. Kluge has been involved in each detail since, down to the white-tailed stag motif on all the locks, doorknobs, sheets, and towels.

Easton admits it's hard to rationalize building twentieth-century houses in a traditional way but agrees with Tom Wolfe that style alone doesn't satisfy an emotional need.

"A modern house wouldn't have sat well in a rural landscape. It's also to do with what people want—enclosure and comfort."

The execution of the house and surrounding buildings is remarkable not only for the historical accuracy but also for the painstaking craftsmanship throughout, extending to the air-conditioning hidden in the Classical cornices, and the dental crown molding for the ceilings.

One of the more modest of the decorators, Easton feels he has a position to keep down. "I tell my staff to get in line with the chauffeur, the hairdresser, and the maid," he says. "The only difference is we get our knees under the table and exchange Christmas gifts."

Not so Mica Ertegün and Chessy Rayner

of Mac II, referred to by some of their peers as "ladies who decorate." There's little getting in line with the maid about either of their social lives. "Those girls!" says Sister Parish. "Mica does *not* have to work. Chessy is very nice."

Extremely competent and efficient, the partners of Mac II are noted for their clean and contrasting styles. They may have achieved the ideal balance, in which Mica Ertegün's European, historically oriented, and architecturally rigorous Classicism is softened by Chessy Rayner's more feminine approach. Their success belies their critics who say that they didn't have to go to Parsons; they simply had a long list of friends. But the friends help and "those girls" are extremely busy with a roster of clients, many corporate, from around the world.

Mica Ertegün, married to Ahmet, wealthy Turkish founder of Atlantic Records, left Rumania with Queen Elisabeth of Greece on the royal train when the Communists took over. She grew up in a wooden dacha with a porch and samovar among the orchards and windy wheat fields of her native Baragan. Chessy Rayner was brought up in New York and at her grandmother's house in Perrysburg, Ohio, which was built in Louis XIV style—"It wasn't exactly *cottagey*." Both, but particularly Mica, run with the Rat Pack, a part of whose activities center on the Ertegüns' house in Bodrum, where Sid Bass and Mercedes Kellogg, the James Nivens, Oscar de la Renta and Annette Reed, and John Richardson all stay, and where a recent guest was Princess Margaret.

McMillen is a big social firm with an older tradition. Today they do much commercial work as well as catering to a backbone of Old Money and many distinguished Middle Eastern clients such as Queen Noor and Prince Bandar. The founder, Mrs. Brown, nearly as legendary a figure as Sister Parish, is 99 and her presence is still almost tangible. "It's a little old-fashioned here, I guess," says Betty Sherrill, originally from New Orleans, who now heads the firm and still runs a tight ship. "I've been here for 37 years: then there's Mrs. Smith who's been here for sixty years and *hates* publicity.

"We like people not to feel the minute they walk into a room that it's a McMillen job. We can provide a background. I hope we give it some of Mrs. Brown's quality and famous restraint, but the client did the room, dontcha think?"

Mrs. Sherrill was raised duck shooting in Louisiana and made many friends hunting. Shooting in Texas with Lord Derby and the Tobin Armstrongs, she wears chaps and boots to wade through the rattlesnakes. On safari once in Tanzania she was there when a leopard almost got Bing Crosby. She is now doing houses for the grandchildren of McMillen's earliest clients: "If clients don't become friends as you work, you're no success," she feels.

Social arbiters or not, New York's greatest decorators form a homogeneous whole with their clients to evolve the visible ennoblement of the New Society's high rollers. Handed on from Old Money to New, they set the standard which all America recognizes.

And it's not all carved in marble.

Albert Hadley was invited to dinner recently in an apartment he had just decorated for one of Manhattan's new merchant kings. When the guests admired the magnificent rose quartz chandelier suspended above the table, the hostess told them she had inherited it from her grandmother. Hadley, who had bought it at Sotheby's in London only a few months previously, allowed himself a fleeting smile and added, "Granny had such *wonderful* taste." ♠

Decorating Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Noble House

(Continued from page 213) a few eyebrows. But, on the whole, the artistic freedom given to Lorimer and his gifted Edinburgh craftsmen was rewarded by a house that was remarkable in its decorative detail, modern in the practical aspects of its design, and above all, comfortable.

Until 1947 there was no local supply of electricity at the head of Loch Fyne. Lorimer harnessed the waterpower of the Kinglas River and built a Gothic bunker of large pebbles to house the hydroturbines that are still in use today. A fascinating relic, the "powerhouse" epitomizes his obsession with making everything on the Ardkinglas estate newfangled and up-to-the-minute. Ironically, this now quaint air of modernity has had the effect of embalming the past—as the bare, once proudly displayed light bulbs in the bedroom chandeliers testify. Some of them have never been changed.

It was inevitable that following generations of Nobles would choose to make Ardkinglas a permanent home. Sir Andrew had died in October 1915, "called over," a romantic account has it, by the roaring of stags in Glen Kinglas as the reluctant laird breathed his last. The blithe age of Edwardian summering in Scotland had come to an end. After the intervention of two world wars, life at Ardkinglas was to be lived on a much-reduced scale.

Nonetheless, Johnny Noble remembers that when he was a child everyone in the nearby village of Cairndow still worked for the estate. He now employs many of the local people he grew up with and whose fathers had worked for his father, but the estate has become leaner, more diversified. "The days of seven gardeners toiling away to produce vegetables for the big house are long gone," says Noble. "On the farming side, for instance, with new techniques and equipment, one head shepherd and a forester can look after fourteen thousand acres. I welcome the change. But if you include all the tenanted enterprises being run from the estate, Ardkinglas provides as many if not more jobs than it did in Andrew Noble's time."

Nine years ago, looking for ways to meet the growing costs of keeping up the house, Johnny started to grow oysters from seed on the shores of Loch Fyne. With his partner, marine fish-farmer Andrew Lane, he has since developed Loch Fyne Oysters into a thriving seafood concern that sends out fresh oysters, langoustines, smoked salmon, and kippers all over the world. This year they opened a restaurant a few miles from the house called the Oyster Bar, which the manager of the London Ritz, a regular customer, has compared favorably to its eponym in Grand Central Station.

When the tide is out, you can see the oyster beds from the morning-room windows. In the middle of the loch, a flotilla of salmon cages leased by the estate to a fish-farming tenant are now a permanent part of the view. His father would certainly have disapproved, but Johnny claims he's learned to love them, which is perhaps typical of his pragmatic, relaxed attitude towards life at Ardkinglas.

He lives in solitary splendor, very much the Highland gentleman, though a habit of wearing frayed fisherman's smocks over ancient tweed or tartan "breeks" makes it easy to mistake the laird for one of those toiling gardeners of the Edwardian past. For someone who describes himself as "basically idle," he's kept busy enough by the affairs of the estate. When we talked, he'd just flown back from the Far East, where he'd been on a mission to sell to the Japanese not a battle fleet but Loch Fyne salmon and oysters.

At home his living arrangements are simple enough. He has a live-in couple to keep the house and grounds in order, but usually cooks for himself and whoever happens to be staying. Knowledgeable about food and wine—a passionate expertise he acquired from his parents and his continuing involvement in the wine trade—he has a well-deserved reputation for being one of the west coast's finest hosts.

"Mind you," he sets the record straight over a glass of cellar-cold Chablis in the mermaid garden, "I don't exactly go in for *les délices de sole Alphonse treize*. I tend to give simple but delicious things like smoked salmon and venison, which require hardly any preparation."

Although it can be a little bleak in winter even by Scottish standards, Johnny insists that Ardkinglas is an easy and comfortably compact house to run. Central heating, fueled by off-cuts from the local sawmill (another tenant of the estate), provides what he generously describes as "background heat." Inured to most of its inconveniences, he's never found rattling around in a 146-room barony much of a hardship.

"There are so many misconceptions about living in a large house. It doesn't *have* to be a problem to heat and maintain. Nor does it have to be cluttered with butlers and housemaids. The thought of having an enormous staff is a complete nightmare to me. I pull the cork out of my own wine. If there's any illicit drinking"—he raises his glass to Lorimer's mermaid—"it's done by myself."

A bachelor of 51, with no immediate plans to make changes in an agreeable life, Johnny doesn't appear unduly concerned about the future of Ardkinglas. Because it was built as a holiday home, the idea of the family continuing here has always seemed more important than the succession of any particular line. There's no shortage of Noble relations about. His aunt, Anastasia Noble, lives in the Square and breeds championship-class deerhounds, whose musical baying at the damp Argyllshire moon has lightened the sleep of many an unsuspecting guest. Two married sisters, Sarah and Christina, both have satellite houses on the estate. There are nieces and nephews and countless cousins constantly dropping in or coming to stay. Few of them have to be encouraged to think of Ardkinglas as their second home.

"Things look more optimistic than they've been for a long time," Johnny admits with a hint of satisfaction. "Of course, previous generations didn't have the pressures *or* the opportunities I've had. Whether the sheep lived or died didn't make a ha'p'worth of difference to my grandfather. To me it does."

Hearing him talk about the estate, whether on the subject of modernizing the farm, repairing the roof, or venturing the family silver on the "lowly oyster," what comes across more strongly than Johnny Noble's sense of achievement is his abiding love of the place. On a balmy June evening, looking down Loch Fyne from the sun-drenched loggia, one can understand—at least until the midges come out—why the spell cast by Lorimer, in what he considered the perfect setting for a Scottish country house, has never been broken.

"It may seem eccentric to some people," the laird of Ardkinglas concedes, "my living here as I do. Of course, it depends on what you're used to. But how many places can you go out and catch a salmon, or shoot a woodcock for dinner, or walk down to the shore and gather your own oysters?" ▲

The Holl Truth

(Continued from page 191) from Seattle to Rome," he recalls, "and you can imagine what a revelation that was. I had an apartment right behind one of the greatest architectural spaces in the world—the Pantheon—and was able to see it every day in every kind of light and weather. My teacher there, an architect named Astra Zarina, told us, 'Before you can learn architecture you must first learn how to live,' and that was how I began to think about design, as a cultural experience instead of just putting pencil to paper."

In making that tremendous leap Holl bypassed the East Coast architectural establishment: its schools, its firms, its networks, and even its Italian outpost, the American Academy in Rome. Although Holl's architectural schemes have a strong (though approximate) Classical undercurrent, they have more to do with the simple vernacular tradition of the Pacific Northwest than the preoccupations and pretentions of many East Coast architects. The combination of American directness and Classical dignity in Holl's designs bears the authentic imprint of his patient path toward architectural self-discovery.

He has gained particular notice for his uncommon virtuosity as a designer. With the exception of Michael Graves, no American architect today has been as active in creating furniture and decorative objects in such quantity—and of such high quality—as Holl. His furniture by Pace, tableware by Swid Powell, and rugs by V'Soske have a coherence that allows them to be used together even though they were all designed for specific architectural settings, one of the most impressive demonstrations of total design in recent years. Although that degree of control can have a claustrophobic effect on an interior scheme, Holl's characteristic lightness of touch has largely overcome that danger.

The plainspoken but thoughtful Holl might be called a pragmatic theorist and is quite interested in setting down his concepts of architecture: his approach to urban planning is the subject of the current issue of *Design Quarterly,* and his forthcoming book, *Anchoring,* a study of how buildings should interrelate with their surroundings, will be published by the Princeton Architectural Press.

Above all, Holl is concerned about keeping his basic priorities straight. "Teaching remains tremendously important to me, especially about essences—the zero ground of architecture and the ability to renew again," he says. "Of course, I think there's a lot that's wrong with American architecture now, but one doesn't want to burn oneself out with protests. I'm not interested in offering yet another reactionary position. I think it's better to try to find what unites all great architectures, even those as different as ancient Rome and Kyoto—the qualities of proportion, of space and light common to them all. If you start with that as your goal, then you may have made the big connections that really matter." ▲

Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

Sheetings

HG NOTES/STYLE

Page 39 William Switzer chair, $950, to the trade at Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Roger Arlington, NYC; William Switzer, Vancouver, BC 872-7611. Boucle Franklin, 50" wide, approx $114 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Guild Hall pitcher, $30, bowl, $35, at Antique Guild, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Phoenix; Gear, NYC; Oxford Galleries, Birmingham; Regency Manor, St. Louis. **40** Brooks, 27" wide, $36 roll, by Hinson, at Marshall Field's, Chicago; Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, NYC; Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles; to the trade at Hinson, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; Brandt's (retail), Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Scrim at EON, NYC (212) 941-1170. Acanthus, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson, NYC, Toronto; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Anderson-Douglas, Portland; Collins-Draheim, Seattle. Lierre rug, $1,480, at Rouvine Maire Galerie, Boston (617) 330-1430. English Ivy, $51 yd, Chestnut Leaves, $36 yd, both 50" wide, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC (212) 758-0844. Limoges china, by Porcelaine Amerique, 5-pc setting, $335, soup tureen, $350, by Mottahedeh, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **41** Ferrieres, 54" wide, approx $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. David Davies chairs, $265 and $255, at Davies, London 240-2223. Beauty Feathers plates, $80, by Linn Howard, NYC (212) 988-3345. Feathers demitasse cup, saucer, $250, dinner plate, $280, dessert, $265, butter, $230, at all Tiffany locations, NYC (212) 755-8000. Baker Furniture chair, $1,760, (312) 329-9410 for dealer. Feather Border, $6.50 yd, to the trade at Designers Signature Showroom Greeff, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Port Chester, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. **42** Kordel, 51" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; McQuiston Riggs, Seattle; Scardino Collections at Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Wilkes sheet, $59, pillowcase, $50 pr, Thornbury blanket, $155, Clarendon blanket, $275, Cavendish throw, $340, Princess Mary pillow, $105, Thornbury, Edinsmoor pillows, $165 ea, Cavendish sham, $105 ea, Elizabeth Paisley sheet, $110, at Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto, and Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach. Hyland Collection: top row beakers, Black and White MacFarlane, $33; top row plates, Hamilton, Dress Barclay, MacLeod of Skye, Rob Roy MacGregor, $65 ea; top row bowls, MacGregor, $87 (left), $216 (right), MacFarlane, $87; center row plates, Erskine, MacFarlane, MacIntosh, MacKay, $65 ea; center row bowls, MacFarlane and MacGregor, $87 ea, $216 (large); bottom row plates, MacGregor, MacKay, MacFarlane, Erskine, $65 ea; bottom row large bowl, MacGregor, $756, through Christopher Hyland, NYC (212) 688-6121. **43** Daniel Hechter sugar bowl, $28, teapot, $65, cup and saucer, $18, to order through Mikasa (201) 867-9210. Jockey Club, 54" wide, $117 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. Rosabelle, 54" wide, $144 yd, by Jay Yang, to the trade at Hines, NYC (212) 685-8590. Westbury chair, $1,200, by Karges Furniture (800) 252-7437 for dealer. Ecossais Eiffel, 55" wide, approx $72 yd, to the trade at Clarence House.

CHAIR OF THE MONTH

Page 46 Gothic chair, $2,500, by 2B Metal Furniture Concepts, NYC (212) 866-9556.

HG NOTES/ART

Page 54 Galleries for British sculptors. Michael Craig-Martin: Zack/Shuster Gallery, 7777 Glades Rd., Boca Raton, FL 33434, (407) 488-0104. Tony Cragg: Donald Young Gallery, 325 West Huron St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 664-2151; Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 West 57 St., New York, NY 10019, (212) 977-7160. Richard Deacon: Marian Goodman Gallery, New York. Antony Gormley: Salvatore Ala Gallery, 560 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, (212) 941-1990. Shirazeh Houshiary: Lisson Gallery London, 67 Lisson St., London NW1 5DA, 724-2739. Anish Kapoor: Barbara Gladstone Gallery, 99 Greene St., New York, NY 10012, (212) 431-3334; Donald Young Gallery, Chicago. David Mach: Barbara Toll Fine Arts, 146 Greene St., New York, NY 10012, (212) 431-1788. Bruce McLean: Hillman Holland Fine Arts, 2575 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, (404) 233-7494. Richard Wentworth: Wolff Gallery, 560 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, (212) 431-7833. Bill Woodrow: Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York; Donald Young Gallery, Chicago.

TALLEYSHEET

Page 132 Regency armchair, 3-piece clock garniture, at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 997-7499. Sleigh bed from Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. C. Z. Guest's *Life in the Garden*, $20 (plus tax, $2.40 postage), to order from C. Z. Guest Garden Enterprises, Old Westbury (516) 997-7499. **136** Fan quilt, $900, Mennonite quilt, $2,500, at Kelter-Malce, NYC (212) 989-6760. Marc Jacobs jacket, $675, skirt, $180, at Charivari, NYC; all Bloomingdale's, all Nordstrom's; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Ultimo, Chicago. Album quilt, $3,600, at Susan Parrish, NYC (212) 645-5020. Aubusson suit, approx $8,050, at Valentino Boutique, NYC; Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jacobson's, Grosse Pointe, Indianapolis; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Valley House Antiques (see above).

HG VIEW

Page 139 Banquette Gothique, Fr5,000, from David Hicks France, Paris 326-0067. Stonework Arch Border, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.

AMERICAN GREATS

Page 144 Armchair, $11,000, at Gene Tyson Antiques, NYC (212) 744-5785. Console, $29,500, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. **145** Louis XIV settee, incl side chairs, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. **148–149** Vaison Brocaded Stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 139). Ottoman Cream, 51" wide, $114 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers (see above for pg 42). **151** Artemis, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils. Aubusson carpet, Fr150,000, at Dario Boccara, Paris 359-8463. **153** Chinese table from Hyde Park Antiques, NYC (212) 477-0033. 2-inch stripe on curtains, 48" wide, $45 yd, to the trade at Alan Campbell, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Duncan & Huggins, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Althea print, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman, Seattle. Feltre on armchair, 51" wide, $99 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers. **156–157** George III armchair (set of 6), center table, from Mallett & Son, London 499-7411. Bailey Rose, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; William Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Regatta Large Stripe, 20" wide, $23 roll, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 39). Brabant Velvet on two chairs, 51" wide, $104 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Hinson, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Rist, Washington, D.C. **158–159** Le Zebre, to the trade to order at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Adriatic on curtains, 50" wide, approx $65 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C

GOING GOTHIC

Pages 160–161 Dame du Lac, 32" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers (see above for pg 42). Dyanand chair, $3,105, by James H. Harris, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Rozmallin, Chicago; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Wildgoose tablecloth, $250 (plus postage), through Nigel Carr, NYC (212) 594-5284. **162–163** Chaise, £850, by Jon Mills, to order at One Off, London 379-7796. Cathedral armoire, by Bonetti/Garouste, approx $5,000, to order at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. **164–165** Pelmet decoration, 5-ft length, £276, to order from Patrick Bellville, London 747-4017. Florian 53" wide, $93 yd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC; William Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Nancy Miklos Mason, Birmingham; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; James Goldman, Seattle. Prince Noir Tapestry, to the trade from Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 139). Damasco Borgia, 50" wide, approx $270 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 39). Brown and buff tile, from H&R Johnson Tiles, Stoke-on-Trent, England 575-575. **167** Sammy carpet, £52–£59 to order, at David Hicks, London 627-4400. Hermès scarf, $175, at Hermès, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Palm Beach, San Francisco. Paloma Picasso gloves, $260, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Bonwit Teller, Boston; Bloomingdale's, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Nordstrom's, Los Angeles; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Quilted wool sable-lined coat,

$81,800, by Bill Blass, to order at Martha, NYC, Bal Harbour, Palm Beach.

MANHATTAN RESERVE

Pages 168–169 Directoire, 50" wide, approx $100 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pgs 158–159). Tapa, on pillows, 52" wide, $168 yd, at Fortuny, NYC (212) 753-7153. **170–171** Papiers Japonais, 50" wide, approx $99 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 39). Shalimar, to the trade at Quadrille Wallpapers & Fabrics, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard B. Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Hugh Cochran, Miami; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Jaguar, 45" wide, $72 yd, to the trade to order at Karl Mann, NYC, Chicago; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman, Seattle. **172** Porcelain poppies, to order one-of-a-kind pieces write Clare Potter, P.O. Box 624, Locust Valley, NY 11560. **175** Jaguar on armchair (see above).

THE HOLL TRUTH

Pages 184–185 I table at right, $13,695, Interlocked chandelier, $925, to the trade from Pace Collection, NYC, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. Steel and plastic chair, approx $360, from Chairs, Tokyo 479-5071. Chaplin leather chair, $1,787, by Gerard van den Berg, at Axiom Designs, NYC, San Francisco; Domus, Atlanta; Adesso, Boston; City, Chicago; Urban Architecture, Detroit; Design Express, Los Angeles; Luminaire, Miami; Metropolis, Minneapolis; Inside, San Diego; In Form, St. Louis; Current, Seattle; Uzzolo, Washington, D.C. Rug #3, from V'Soske, NYC, San Francisco. **186** Steel and velvet sofa, approx $3,700, from Chairs (see above). George Kovacs's Feather desk lamp, $240, at George Kovacs, NYC; all Bloomingdale's and West Coast Bullock's. **187** Interlocked chandelier (see above). Crock, $375, bowl, $75, baskets, approx $300 ea, at Claire West Antiques, Martha's Vineyard, Savannah. **190–191** *Gesture I (State 1)* by Motherwell, from Pace Editions, NYC (212) 421-3237. Cheeseweave basket, $360, and #3 Shaker rocker, $600, at Claire West Antiques (see above). Planar lamp on outside wall, $1,220, to the trade from Pace Collection (see above). Hunt table, $2,200, crock, $60, with wooden pieces, $45–$85, at Claire West Antiques. Janus table, $3,985, to the trade from Pace Collection.

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Duka's DIARY

Society's Architect

Peter Marino has a wealth of clients, projects, and styles, writes **John Duka**

"Do you know Meshulam Riklis?" asks Peter Marino. "No? Why, he's my mad billionaire, my crazed, wonderful, mad billionaire!"

Riklis is also the proud husband of Pia Zadora and the new owner of Pickfair, the Beverly Hills estate of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Marino is the architect he has just asked to renovate it.

No matter that Pickfair is "total, split-level ranchburger, terrible and appalling," says Marino, as he gazes from his all-glass office to the far cliffs of Central Park West. Given its celluloid history, it's the kind of commission one simply doesn't refuse. And given Marino's meteoric rise in New York's architecture circles—he can smell money and destiny across a crowded cocktail party—it makes perfect sense that he didn't refuse.

In ten short years Marino has assayed a role that few, outside of Stanford White and Philip Johnson, have attempted with success—that of society's architect. His staff has grown from six to sixty-six and will grow to eighty by year's end. His newest projects include Giorgio Armani's house in Milan; Calvin Klein's new store in Dallas; Lawrance Lovett's sixteenth-century palazzo in Venice; the five-story town house of Ron Perelman, chairman of Revlon, as well as his corporate office; 300,000 square feet of office space in downtown Knoxville; the new Barneys New York in the World Financial Center; and "the new apartment of Mr. Merger and Acquisition," says Marino. "I just love my Wall Streeters!"

Once in awe as clients such as Gianni Agnelli jumped into their helicopters, Marino now helicopters all over the Eastern seaboard to oversee his projects. He stole his cook, he says with pride, from the Colony Club. And he doesn't act, or talk, like any architect that ever worked for Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. But then, society's architect wouldn't.

"My profession is very heavy in the bozo factor," says Marino, in an accent that skitters from Queens to England. "Architects are dry, dry, dry—and so glum and self-deprecating. They hate what they're doing—you know, all those hospital jobs. And they're terrible businessmen. Once I watched an architect lower his fees to his client without even being asked. I make sure my clients pay up. Slow payers give me shpilkes. And I only take jobs I like."

"But I don't have a style. My only trademarks are wood, wood, wood"

Indeed. Who else but society's architect would be so well connected to the owners of Valentino, Chanel, and Armani that he could convince them to open stores on Miracle Mile, the formerly tony two-mile stretch on Long Island's North Shore? And then parlay that into the position of design director with veto power over the design of any store that does not meet his standards? Who else would do the decorations for the recent benefit of the School of American Ballet, stipulating that the whole affair had to look as if it were done by Carlos de Beistegui and that the roses had to be just this full-blown side of over?

"I got into a lot of trouble over that one," says Marino. "But the evening's chairman, Princess Pahlavi, has been my friend for absolutely ever. And you have to choose your charity, don't you?"

As flighty as Marino likes to sound, the reason for the diversity in his work does not rest on his choice of charity. Unlike many architects working today, he does not believe in plumbing the depths of one style, nor does he believe in working on only one kind of commission. While Pickfair will be, he says, the "maximum 1930s Wallace Neff statement," an office building in Antwerp, all aluminum, glass, and stone, will be one part Wiener Werkstätte, one part Beaux Arts.

"I think it's time to bring bodies back to architecture, that's why I love Beaux Arts," he says. "But I don't have a style. My only trademarks are wood, wood, wood. That's how I got started—with the woodwork I did for the Saint Laurent apartment in the Pierre. It was American Renaissance Revival. Everyone freaked out. My problem with people like Michael Graves and the other Postmodernists is that I can't accept that one style fits all. In this business architects whip up their solution and then do it everywhere."

Then Marino takes me on an impromptu tour. "We have a fine arts studio, and painters and sculptors on staff. This is my library, and this is my collection of antique fabrics. Aren't they divine? I figure you have to buy it when you see it or it's gone. Some of my clients have been known on more than one occasion to walk out of here with this stuff stuck under one arm, but I see everything," says society's architect, his smile a twist of mischief. ▲

KEN MARYANSKI