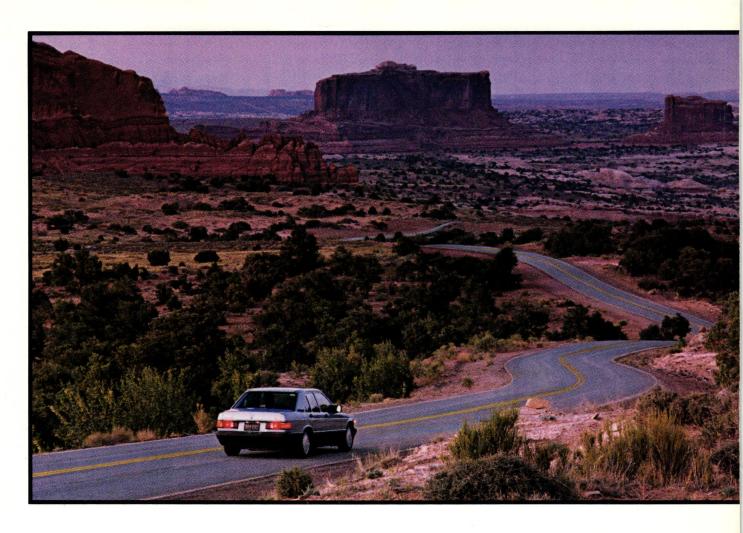
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Jerry Hall's Model Apartment



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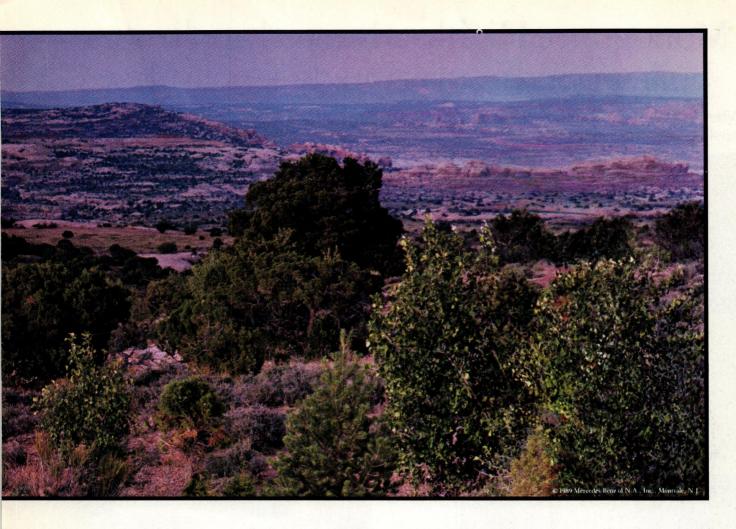


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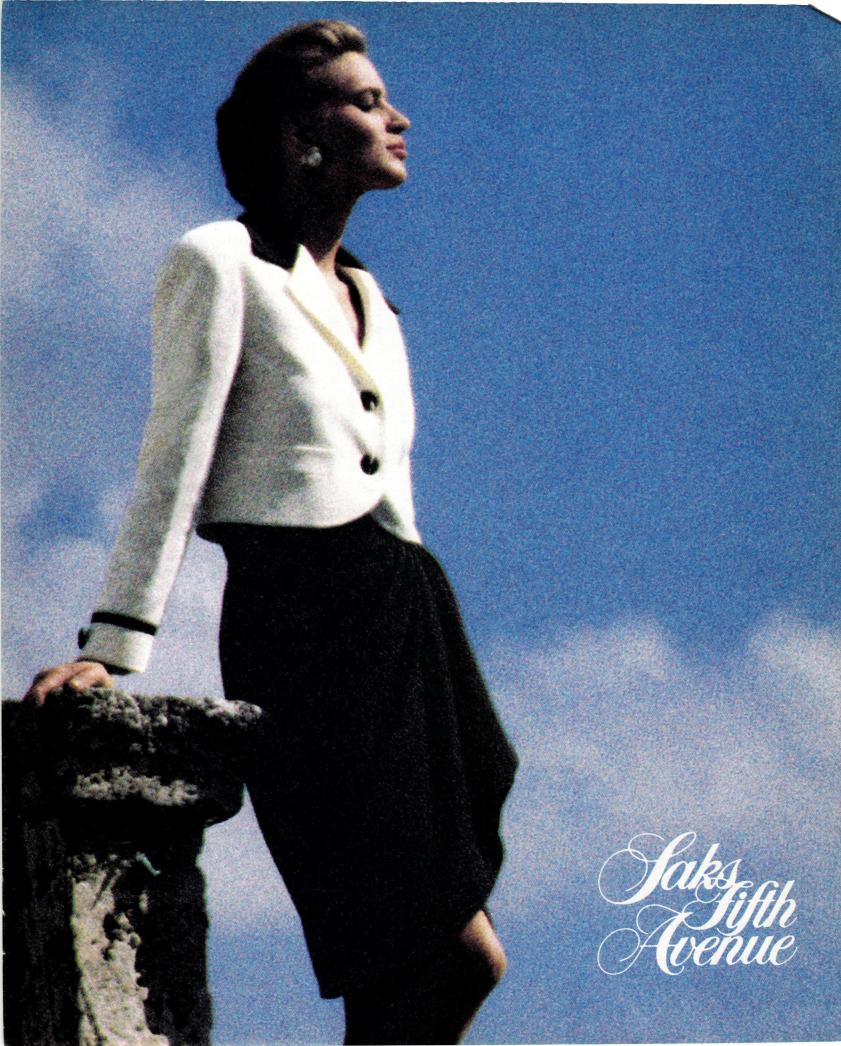
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FEBRUARY



COVER Actress Isabella Rossellini carries an armful of cream roses through a garden in Bellport, New York. Page 100. Photograph by Eric Boman.

HOUSE & GARDEN FEBRUARY 1990 Volume 162, Number 2

Wright in Hollywood A historic Frank Lloyd Wright house is brought back to life by film producer Joel Silver. By Pilar Viladas **78**

The Model Apartment Jerry Hall homes in on a stylish London pied-à-terre. By Guy Nevill **88**

Retreat to Marrakesh Patrick and Martine Guerrand-Hermès leave the modern world behind when they escape to their villa in Morocco. By Charla Carter **94**

The Fame of the Rose Why the classic full-blown beauty is the flower of the moment. By Stephanie Mansfield 100

City Lights Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley finds inspiration in a Manhattan panorama. By Nancy Marx Better 104

The Formal Farm Landscape architect Pascal Cribier reinterprets the traditional French garden through his own vision of rural geometry. By Paula Deitz **108**

The Height of Elegance Milton and Carroll Petrie moved five floors up without leaving home. By Pilar Viladas 116

Crystal Gazing For seven centuries the glorious glass of Bohemia has set the world's standard. By Martin Filler **122**

Aspen on Location Hotshot producer Peter Guber creates the ultimate Western movie set.

By Kent Black 126

Sharp Focus An American photographer in Paris arranges the fragments of his domestic life. By Edmund White **132**

The Phillips Collection Sotheby's French furniture expert Phillips Hathaway lives among the finds of a lifetime. By Kent Black 138

The Writing on the Wall Architect Frederic Schwartz left no surface untouched in the Central Park West apartment of a young collector. By Charles Gandee 142

Knight in Ireland Olda FitzGerald writes about life in the family castle with her husband, the Knight of Glin 148



Hollywood producer Peter Guber, his wife, Lynda, and their dog, Gordon, outside their Aspen house. Page 126.



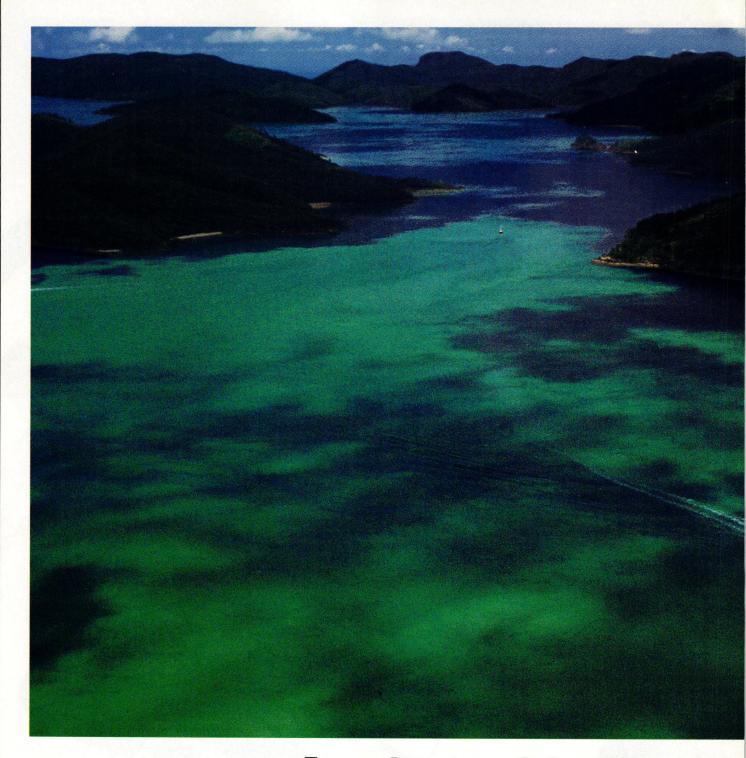


Decorative objects on a mantel in an Irish castle. Page 148.

A Gerrit Thomas Rietveld chair rests against the wall of a Central Park West apartment. Page 142.



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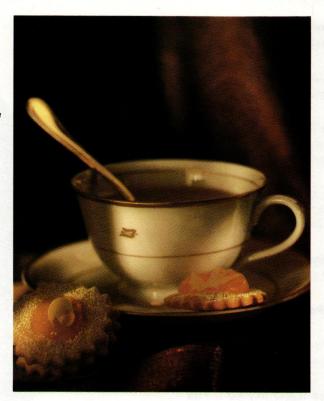
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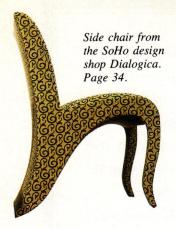
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FEBRUARY

Contributors Notes 20

Notes New and Noteworthy 29

Design by Heather Smith MacIsaac **34**Talking Objects from Dialogica are conversation pieces

Architecture by Joseph Giovannini **40**The master builders of the West are celebrities in Japan

People by James Servin **46**Oleg Cassini is lord of the manor in his Manhattan house

Decoration by Glenn Harrell **50**French decorators take over a New York town house

Food by Gene Hovis **58**Deep-dish pies serve up down-home comfort

Writer in Residence by Ann Magnuson **64**A star of Anything But Love revisits the scenes of her childhood

Travel by Karin Winegar **68**Winter visitors receive a warm welcome at a Minnesota lodge

Workroom by Dana Cowin **74**Joe Biunno gets top billing for decorative hardware

Editor's Page by Nancy Novogrod 77

Cars by Pilar Viladas 158
The redesign of the Mercedes SL convertible stops traffic

Resources Where to Find It 165

Gandee at Large by Charles Gandee 168
Patrick Vuitton gets carried away with special orders

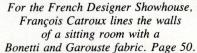


Cree Indian designs enliven the great hall of Naniboujou Lodge. Page 68.



Joe Biunno handcrafts finials in the oldworld style. Page 74.







Japanese office building model. Page 40.



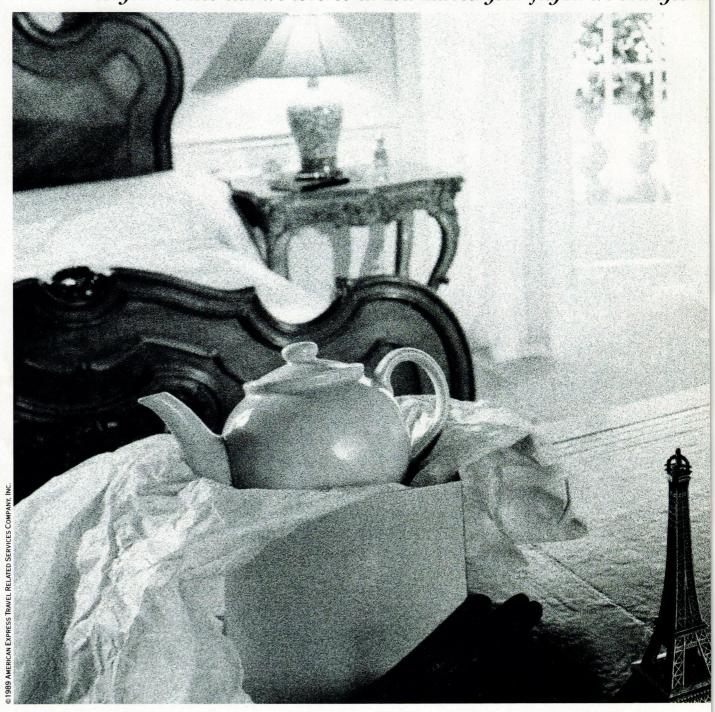
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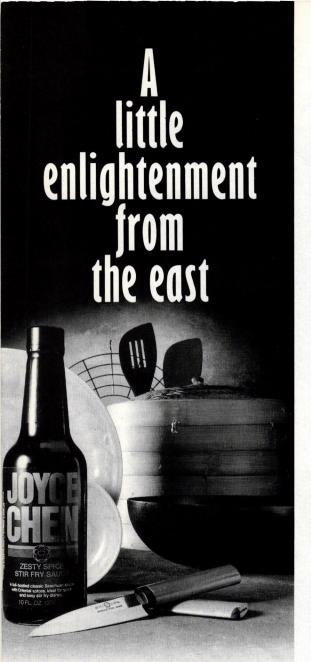
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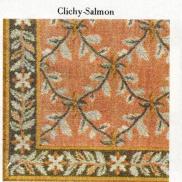
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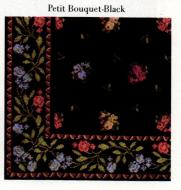
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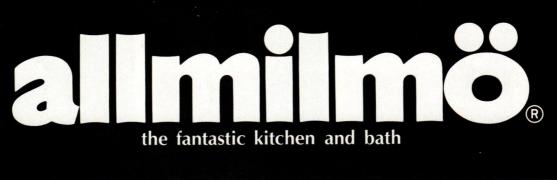


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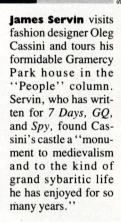
CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



Ann Magnuson plays Catherine Hughes, the hard-nosed editor in chief on the hit ABC-TV series Anything But Love. Magnuson, whose movies include Making Mr. Right, Tequila Sunrise, and the upcoming Love at Large, also contributes to Vogue and Condé Nast Traveler. As this month's writer in residence, she reveals the bittersweet emotions she experienced when the family house was put up for sale, which she sees as a disturbing trend. "Could the middle-class world of the Cleavers and Huxtables be a thing of the past? Can a Newsweek cover story be far behind?"

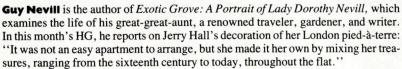


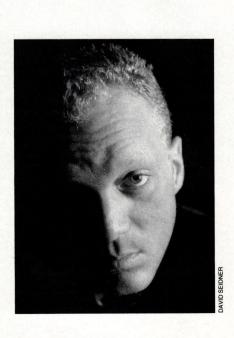






David Seidner describes his vocation as "experimental and stylized photography that deals with fragmentation." In addition to recently assembling David Seidner, a book of his photos, and contributing to Harpers & Queen and Italian Vogue, he shot his Paris residence—a frequent point of reference in his compositions—for the February issue: "Some of the sets I've built look just like the inside of my house. It's so much a part of my work."

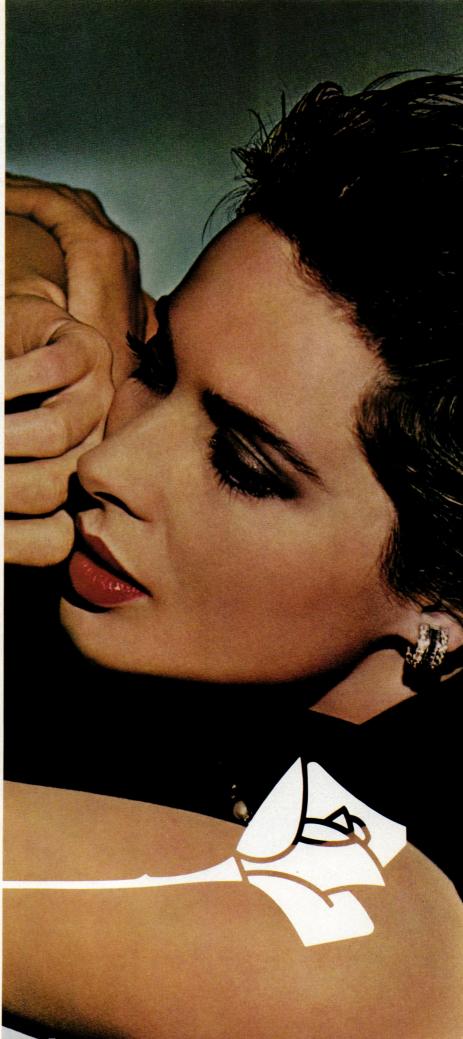














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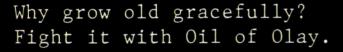
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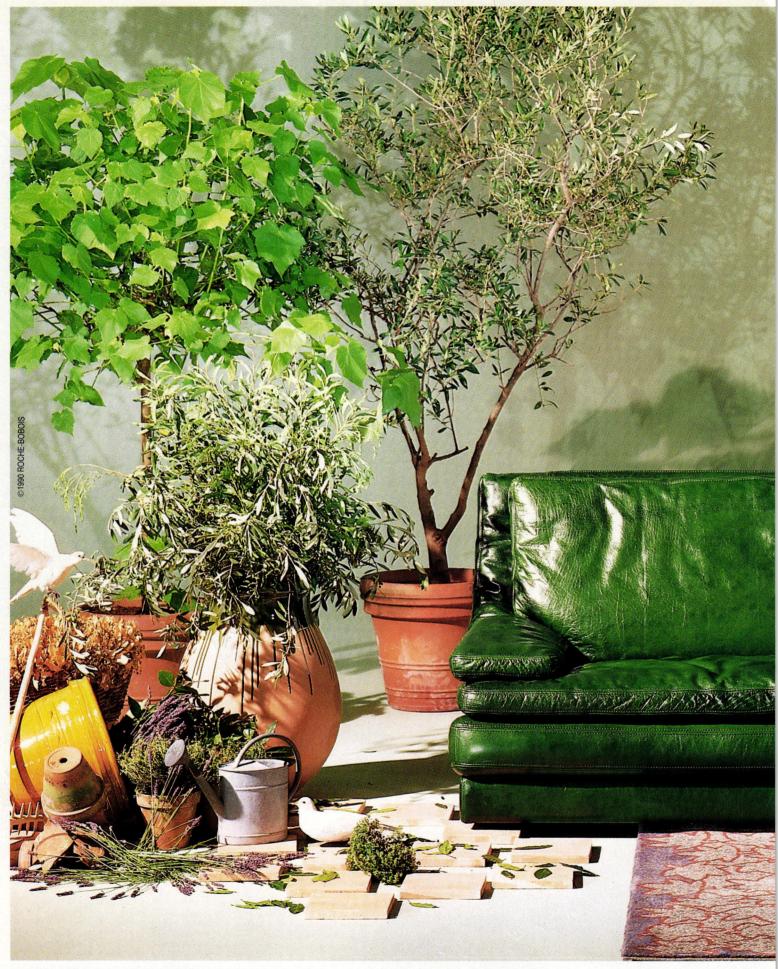
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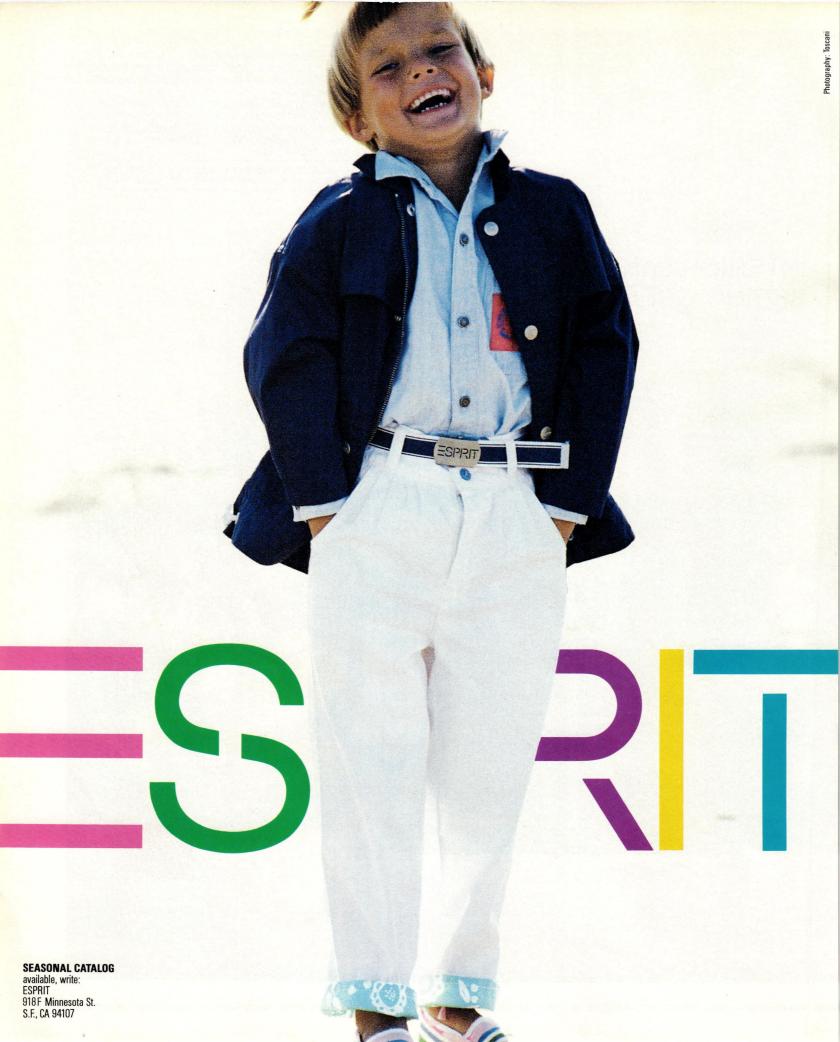




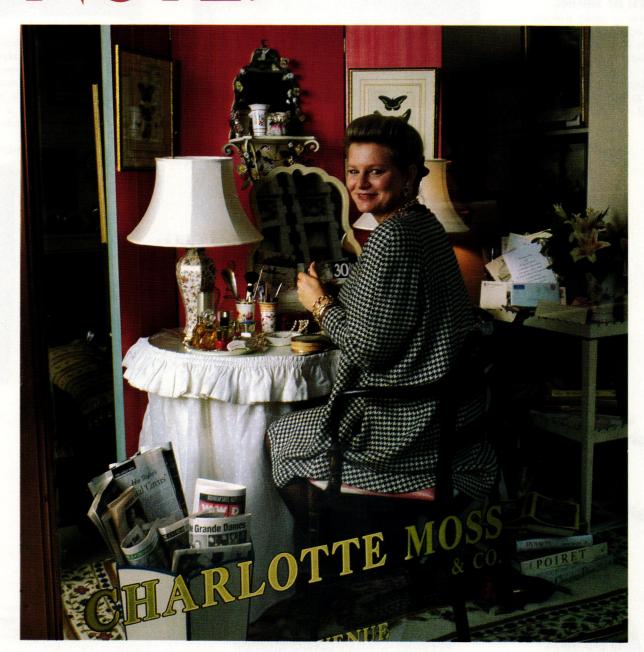
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Designer Marco Formenti on Capri:
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HG reports on the noteworthy.



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In England, for furniture and accessories from toast racks to carpets one goes to a decorating shop . In America, one turns to Charlotte Moss. For a display she dubs Social Butterfly, the first of many thematic windows at her new shop, Moss puts in a guest appearance amid the antiques, books, silver,

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BREATH OF SPRING

Get a jump on spring with the New York Flower Show (Mar. 2–11) at Pier 92 and the Philadelphia Flower Show (Mar. 11–18) at the Philadelphia Civic Center. Call (212) 757-0915 and (215) 625-8253, respectively.



A SUMMERS BRONZE

Inspired by a 1985 exhibit of works by the Giacometti brothers, Gene Summers, an architect for thirty years, switched gears and began crafting furniture and decorative objects in bronze. The candleholder (above), one of more than 120 pieces, is available to the trade at Holly Hunt, Chicago (312) 661-1900. PURE AND SIMPLE The cacophony of color and pattern in Nancy Hagin's better-known work gives way to simple forms and the beauty of white against white, as illustrated in Enamel Top, 1989 (below), one of a collection of paintings and watercolors available through the Fischbach Gallery, NYC.







The latest introductions from October's High Point market draw inspiration from across the design timeline. The oval commode (above), \$2,488, by designer Charles Pfister, is part of the Premier Collection for Baker Furniture; call (616) 361-7321. The Russian desk (right), \$5,700,

from John Widdicomb is based on Russian imperial designs and incorporates intricate inlay, brass trim, and an elegant veneer; call (616) 459-7173. The marble-columned sideboard (below), \$9,950, is a reproduction from the Smithsonian Collection for Century Furniture; call (800) 852-5552.

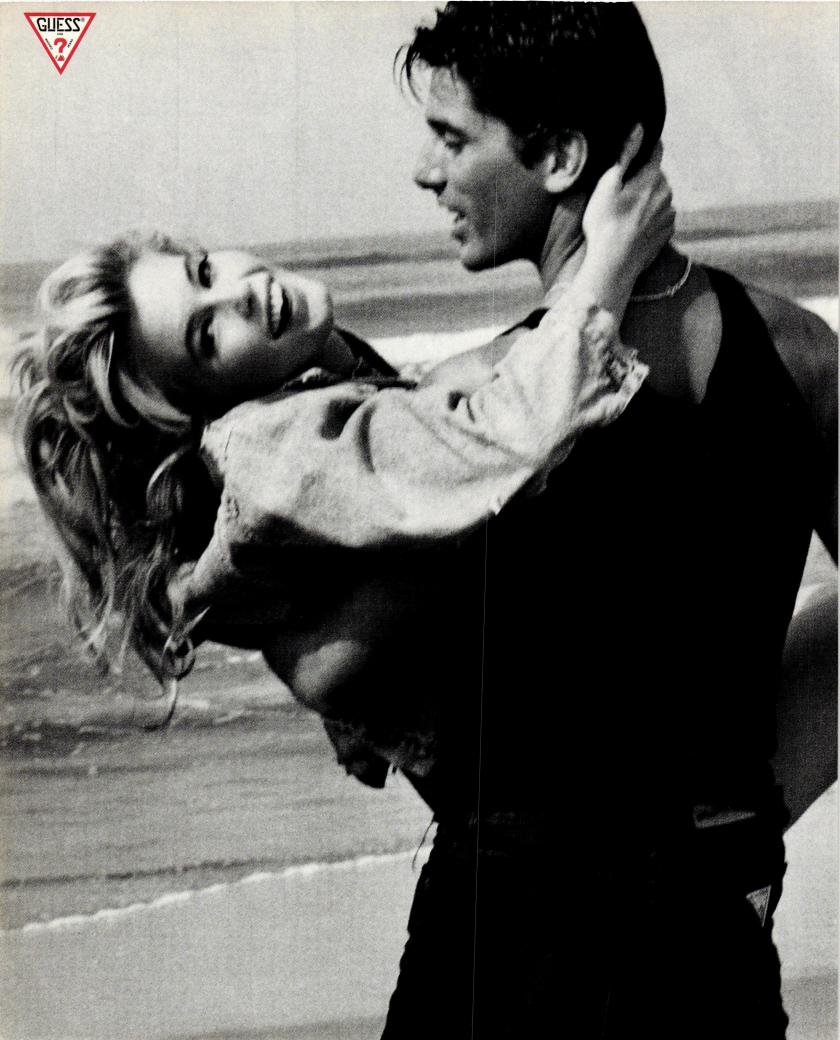


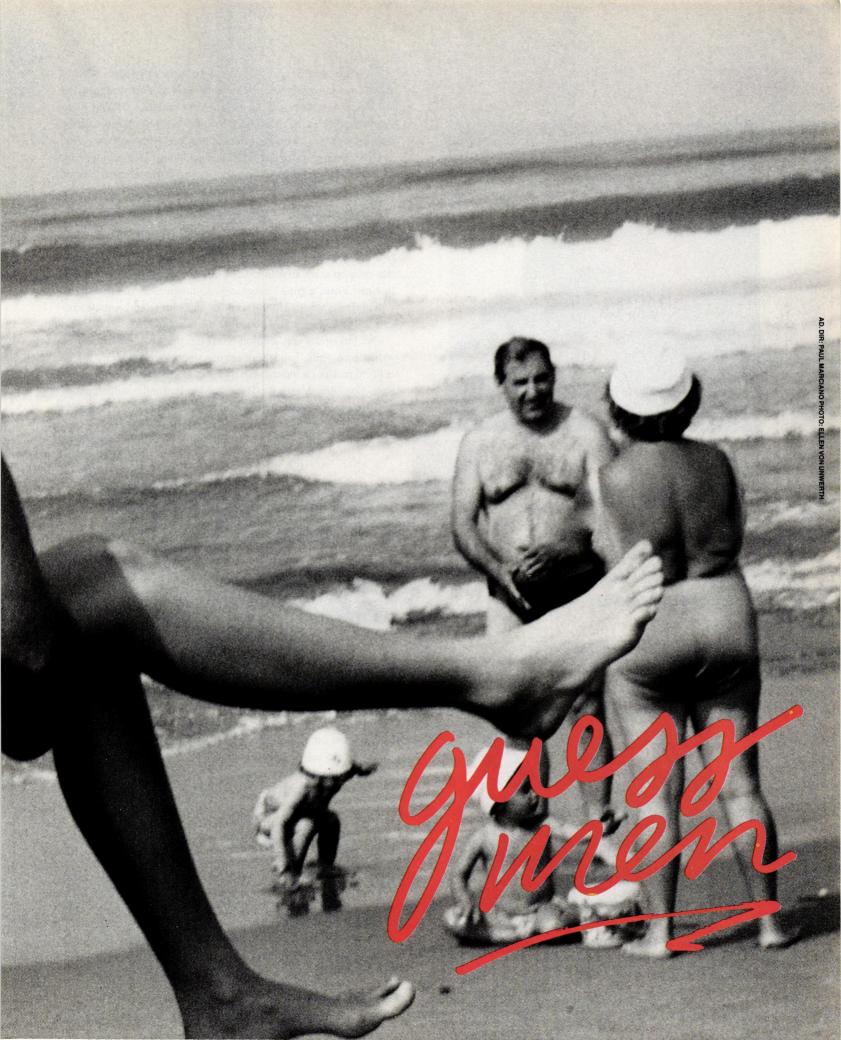


When winter winds send shivers down your spine, curl up in a paisley cashmere jacquard lap blanket (left), \$1,100, from Asprey, NYC (212) 688-1811. Available in four colors.



Visit the Phoenix Art Museum to see The Illinois, Mile High Skyscraper (left), a project proposed in 1956 for Chicago but never completed, and over 300 other Frank Lloyd Wright architectural renderings in "Masterworks from the Frank Lloyd Wright Archives" (Jan. 13–Apr. 8).





NOTES



onique and Sergio Savarese have some lofty ideas when it comes to the philosophy behind their New York design atelier and new store, Dialogica. Just for instance, "Who of us would not give an instant of life to be surrounded by objects with the magical power to evoke moments of passion and reflection." And as if passion weren't enough, this husband-and-wife furniture-and-interior-design team draws on curiosity and provocation, sensation and memory, irony and soul for inspiration.

But proving that actions speak louder than words—and the finished product louder than the idea—is the Talking Objects collection of furniture, rugs, and accessories brought together last November in one generous storefront in SoHo. Of the five pieces that debuted at the first International Contemporary Furniture Fair in New York, a blue velvet sofa seduced the crowd with its voluptuous shape, titillating fabric and color, and provocative name, Elle s'Écoute, Il s'Abandonne. Talk about passion.

The Savareses are keen on "turning up the senses, creating positive moments," and the dozen or so pieces recently added to the collection offer far more than a moment's sensory satisfaction. For the philosopher there is the Think Tank sofa, for the sentimentalist the Memorabilia table, for the dreamer the Wings sleeper-sofa ("a

DESIGN

The SoHo Touch

The Talking Objects from Dialogica are real conversation pieces

By Heather Smith MacIsaac



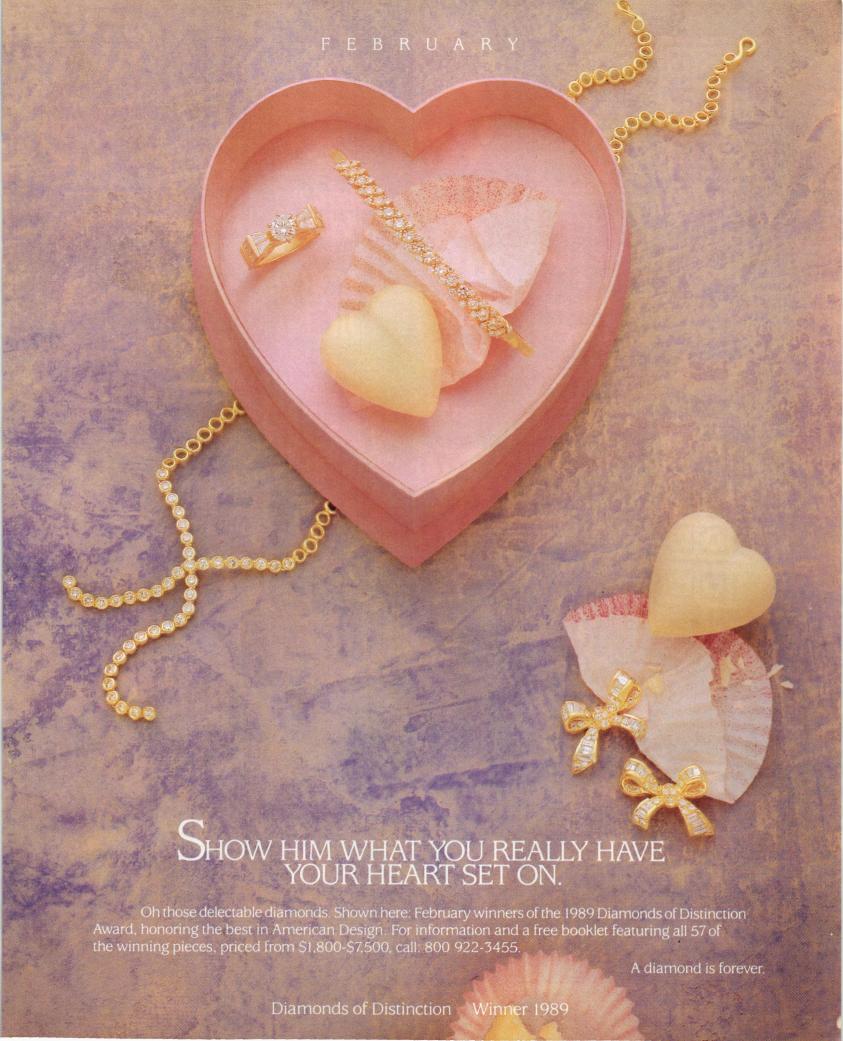
A Dialogica interior includes accessories such as the crushed-velvet pillows and satin and velvet blanket as well as the sofa and chair flanking a credenza of African anigre wood and quilted stainless steel.



Monique and Sergio Savarese, top left, seated on Splash chairs. Above: The Wings sofa in a swirl fabric by Dialogica.

wingspread over day into night"), for the romantic the Splash chair with sexy velvet legs, for the naturalist a screen of rush and ebonized maple "dreamt on a voyage between primitive worlds." And for coddling the littlest collector a cherrywood cradle upholstered in green crushed velvet, topped with a cover of pure white cotton.

Ideas and materials get equal play in a Dialogica piece: a single credenza may incorporate metaphors and cultural references as well as quilted stainless steel and exotic wood. The designers are able not only to conjure up but also produce "dreamful objects for the everyday," largely because they have control over their creation. "We have our own line of fabrics, which were developed with domestic mills, and most of our furniture is made in the Bronx," says Monique. "Being our own manufacturer allows us a lot of freedom and spontaneity. We go from a sketch or watercolor right to the prototype." Although the Savareses, as self-proclaimed maximalists, have fashioned themselves a tall order, they have managed to produce a collection both visual and visionary. Dialogica, 484 Broome Street, New York, NY 10013; (212) 966-1934.





THE ODYSSEY

HOMER

ANS

DRE

ER



THE POEMS

of

ROBERT

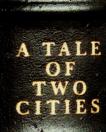
BROWNING





MOBY DICK





CHARLES DICKENS



vanho

WALTER





TRANSLATION
BY
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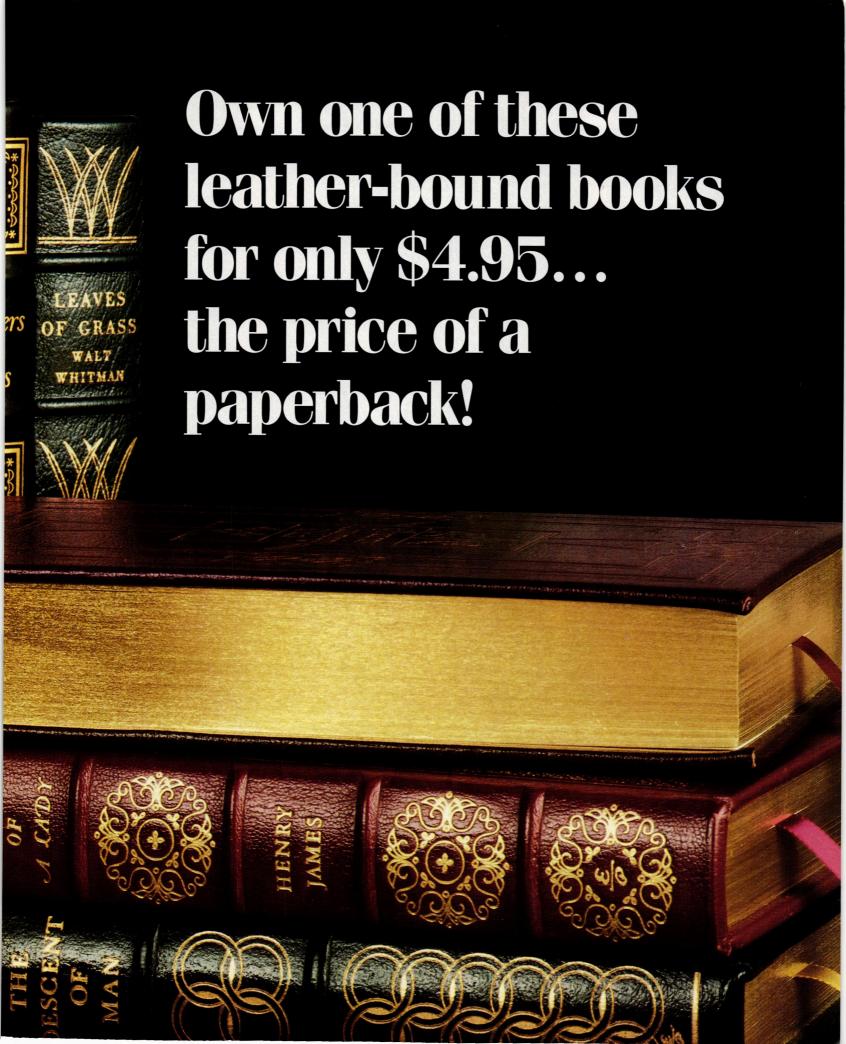


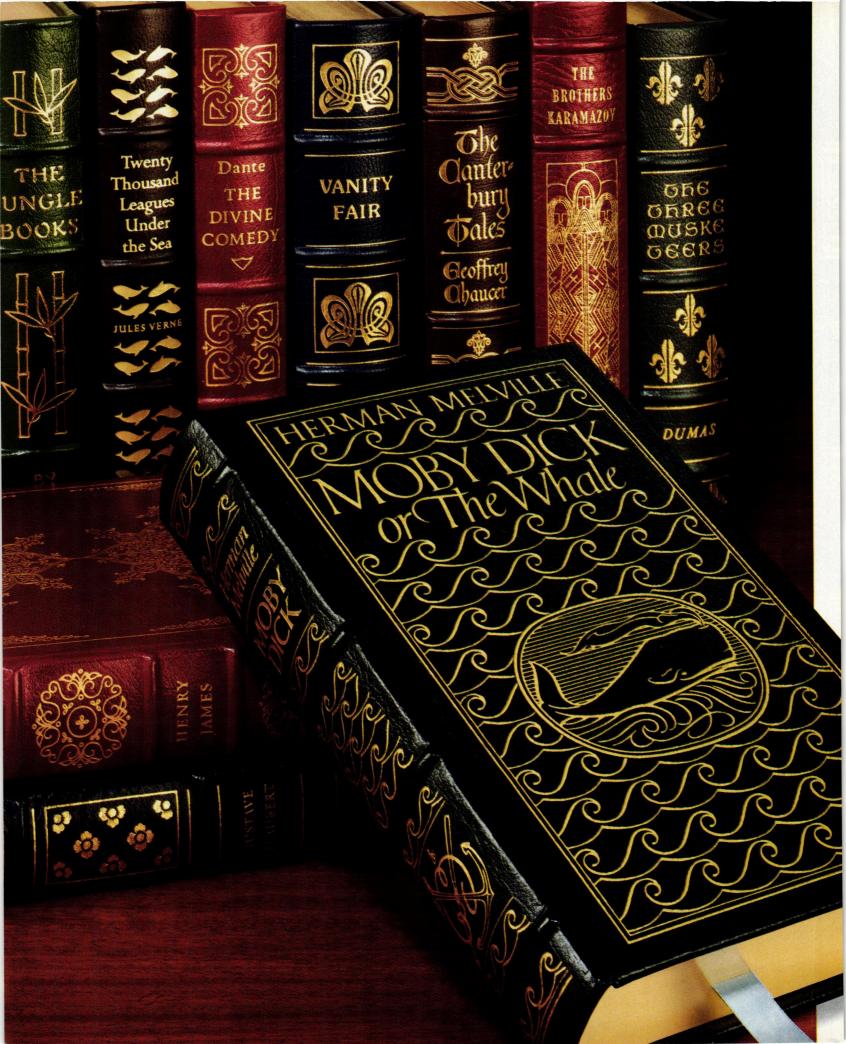






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NOTES

ARCHITECTURE

Go East Young Architect

The master builders of the West are celebrities in the land of the rising sun By Joseph Giovannini



ot since Western architects trailed the petrodollars to Saudi Arabia in the 1970s has there been such a migration of architectural talent. Dozens of the best and brightest from America, England, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland are boarding jets for Tokyo and Osaka, drawings in their quivers, doing what they have done since the time of the Gothic cathedrals: going to the jobs. For small and midsize Western firms with strong design reputations, Japan has emerged as the new patron state.

The yen, of course, is the first among many reasons for the talent drain. Today a Japanese businessman with a chunk of land will pay a foreign architect about the same fees he would pay an architect from across

the prefecture. The difference is that when Frank Gehry, Aldo Rossi, Richard Rogers, Charles Moore, Robert A. M. Stern, Christian de Portzamparc, and Stanley Tigerman step off the jet, they are carrying not only the drawings but also an unusual design, prestige, and a name with public relations potential in the status-conscious Japanese marketplace. Vertiginous prices for real estate also underlie the invitations. The escalation in land values not only justifies eight- and nine-story buildings shoehorned onto sliver lots, it also demands value-added design—or what the Japanese term imeji appu (up-image) and imeji chanji (image change).

Japan has a short but brilliant history of importing foreign architects. Frank Lloyd Wright did the sublime Imperial Hotel (whose demolition will live in infamy) and Le Corbusier designed the Na-

tional Museum of Western Art in Tokyo (with clever interlocking cubist spaces). Japanese developers today are interested in this tradition of signature talent and not in corporate architecture at which their nation's large construction companies already excel. The immigration adds to what has been called the Japanese design revolution—the recent high-speed, time-lapse flowering of radical work by the Japanese in graphics, landscape and industrial design, and fashion.

Some sections of Tokyo boast groupings of avant-garde buildings that exist nowhere else in the same concentration. Roppongi, a fashionable district in southeastern Tokyo, has become a de facto openair museum of contemporary architecture and interiors. Within several blocks, you can lunch at the English-clubbish Metropole by London architect Nigel Coates, stroll over to a free-form gift shop by the Viennese firm Coop Himmelblau, catch several image-intense efforts by Japan's own, and end the afternoon at Coates's Caffé Bongo. Iraqi-born, London-based Zaha Hadid is starting a small building nearby. Architects have been jetting around for decades, but the current globalization of design has had a great assist from fax machines with an accidental bonus for Japan. At Michael Graves's Princeton office, for example, a drawing faxed in the evening to associated architects in Japan will arrive in their morning baskets, giving them the whole workday for a solution that, faxed back, will await Graves in the morning. The joint offices can work

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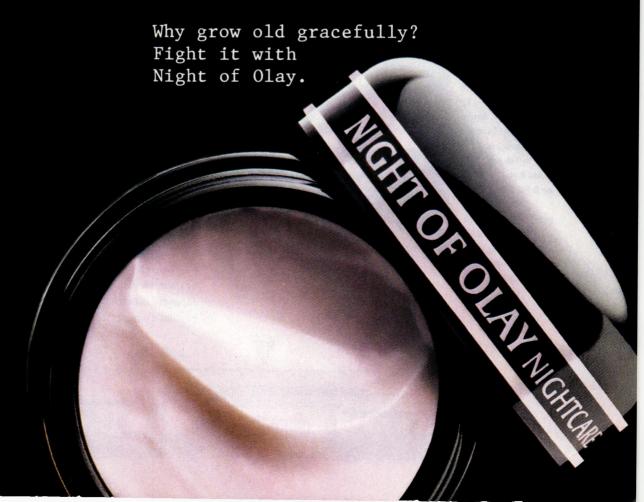
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on the same project 24 hours a day.

Akin to architecture's globalization is Japan's own internationalization, now a stated national goal. Like Americans in the 1950s and '60s, the Japanese today are traveling abroad in hordes, returning better informed, more open, visually sophisticated, and loaded with Gucci and Hermès. At home, internationalization is taking root. For the first time, foreigners can hold seats on the Tokyo stock exchange; it is even possible to take language lessons on commuter trains. Buildings by world-famous architects symbolize the internationalization. Once inward-looking Japanese cities are acquiring a sense of the rest of the world.

Last summer, on the southern island of Kitakyushu, the video cameras were rolling and the interpreters murmuring into microphones as a dozen internationally prominent architects each came up to the podium for fifteen minutes of fame in Fukuoka City. The long conference hall was packed as Michael Graves, Stanley Tigerman, Rem Koolhaas, Christian de Portzamparc, Steven Holl, and Mark Mack described their work in general and their apartment houses for Fukuoka City in particular. The architects had been hired by a local development firm to design apartment buildings on two large parcels in Fukuoka. The first phase in the development of the buildings was to make the project famous.

Japanese developers, who often consult agents with lists of foreign architects, lean to the brand names such as Graves, who has a

> dozen projects throughout the country, including classicized health clubs, high-rise apartments, and corporate headquarters. But other choices, such as Zaha Hadid and Ni-

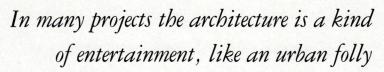
gel Coates, are more recherché and involve greater risk. The interiors by Coates are among his first built works, as are the dynamic, floating designs by Hadid—her first buildings, long awaited by the architecture world, are not inexpensive, and the proud developer has already advertised them by picturing one on telephone calling cards given out by his company.

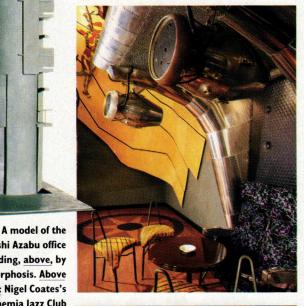
If the work done in the 1970s in Saudi Arabia and other oil-producing nations helped build underdeveloped countries, there is no such social mission in Japan. Some foreign architects, highly respected at home, occupy in Japan a role somewhere between artist, film star, status symbol, and social pet, and they are serving up designs for a society in an advanced stage of aesthetic consumerism. Many of the projects are for restaurants, clubs, and fashion stores where the architecture is a kind of entertainment, like an urban folly. With its mock library and curlicue railings, Metropole is droll. Philippe Starck's restaurant, Manin-which advertises "space and cuisine" -- offers a dramatic granite fashion-ramp staircase into the subbasement. Leonard Koren, author of 283 Useful Ideas from Japan for Entrepreneurs and Everyone Else, criticizes such projects as "expressions of an undiscriminating nouveau riche culture in which the buildings are simply another kind of Mercedes." The groupings in Tokyo resemble a collection—one of each from everybody who is somebody.

There have been difficulties. "The Japanese are very rigid about how to do things," says one American designer. "They have straight functional solutions and say no immediately if something deviates from their norm, including the use of foreign rather than a Japanese material. And they have such an extreme sense of propriety that it's important that we not be quoted by name and that we not

be quoted that we're not being quoted."

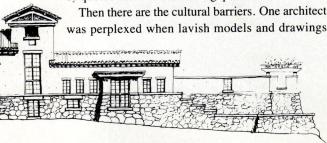
was perplexed when lavish models and drawings

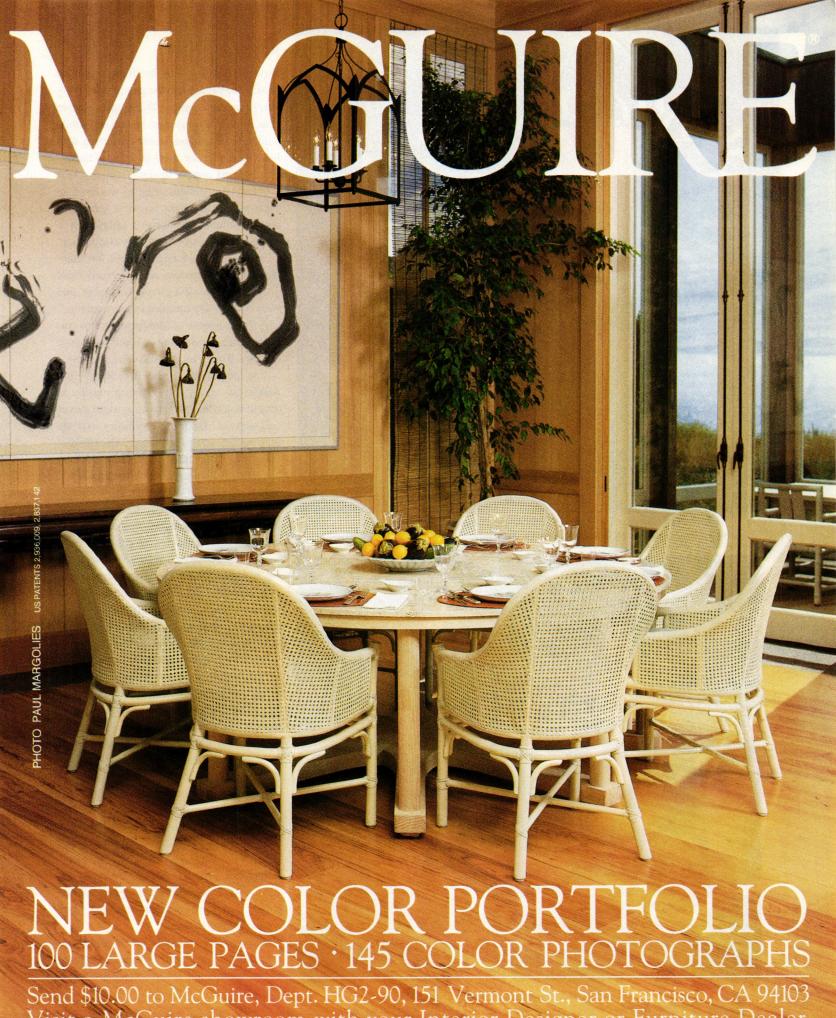












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drew no response from the client committee until the next day when the group collectively voiced its appreciation. The Japanese arrive at decisions by consensus, and no one would volunteer an opinion before conferring with his colleagues. For Wolf D. Prix, of the Viennese firm Coop Himmelblau, there was the problem of communicating to workmen in Japanese: "They have no word for diagonal." (Actually the term is taikakusenmaybe they had no word for his diagonals.)

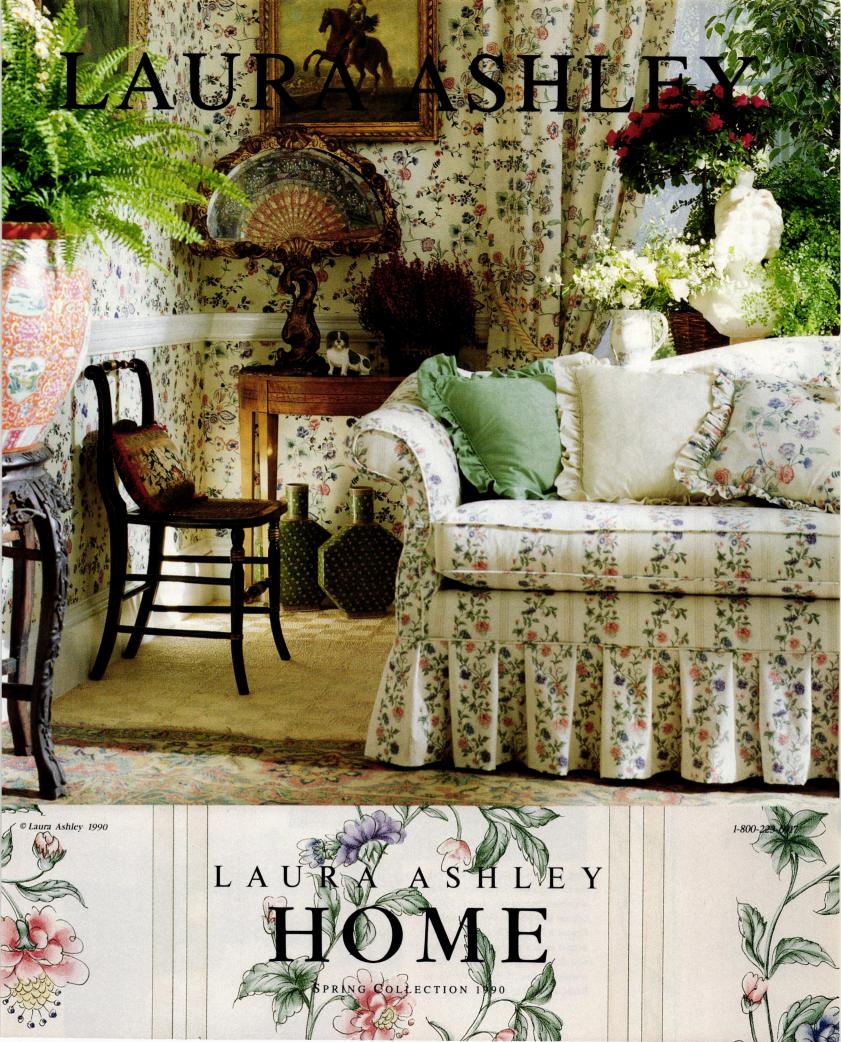
But in general, foreigners have few complaints. "The Japanese are concerned about quality, they're willing to pay for design, and work without any complex legal apparatus," says Thom Mayne of Morphosis in Los Angeles, currently working on a golf clubhouse and a small high rise. "It's all done on a bow."

"At the job site," says Bob Stern, "it's wonderful—everybody lines up outside in ranked order, workers wearing white gloves and smocks. Japanese cordiality extends onto the site: you go in for tea." Then there is the sushi. "They took me to successive restaurants, each more incredible than the last." says New York's George Ranalli. "The sushi is different there. They serve fish of the season alongside seasonal flowers-everything is coded for the time of year."

One of the pleasures of the commissions is the Japanese sense of craft and precision in construction. "Every level change, every wall is worked out so that they never have to cut a tile," observes Buzz Yudell of the Santa Monica firm Moore Ruble Yudell.

Since the Chinese cultural invasions of the eighth century, the Japanese have learned to assimilate ideas from abroad, making foreign ideas theirs through a process of adapting and refining. Given their desire to conform and agree, the Japanese have often looked beyond their island for individuality. The corollary is that the Japanese regard with some suspicion compatriots who venture abroad and assimilate too much; as they become more "foreign" they are less Japanese. If Japan's younger architects have welcomed Western designers who might seem to be invading their turf, it is because everyone has enough work and because foreigners are importing new ideas to watch, use, and adapt without being criticized.

The new round of architects is simply the latest in an ancient cycle of imported change and transformation. It is the Japanese way.



NOTES

PEOPLE

Fashionable Fortress

Oleg Cassini is lord of the manor in his baronial Manhattan house By James Servin



Oleg Cassini's designs, such as this dress, left, made Jacqueline Kennedy a fashion icon of the sixties. Top: Cassini and his favorite first lady. Above: A fireplace in his bedroom, armed with a collection of swords and daggers. The paneling is 16th century Italian. Right: Cassini's late Renaissance four-poster canopy bed.

rmed with a dinner jacket, tennis racket, and \$10, Oleg Cassini arrived in New York in December 1936 and immediately despaired. The 23-year-old Italian aristocrat found the city's architecture hopelessly dreary. Even the well-to-do, he thought, lived in unimportant-looking buildings. Where were the palazzi?

Cassini's search for an identity, a profession, and just the right palazzo away from home took him on a checkered journey through some of the most celebrated pages of American social history. As a boy, Cassini sketched for the Parisian couturier Jean Patou; in New York he quickly found design work with retail fashion houses. In Hollywood Cassini became the "naughty count" who, in spite of his marriage to actress Gene Tierney, robed and disrobed the likes of Grace Kelly, Anita Ekberg, and Marilyn Monroe while drafting movie costumes. Cassini redeemed his public image in 1942 when he became an American citizen and then a U.S. Cavalry officer in World War II. He experienced perhaps his finest moments of respectability and recognition as the sole couturier for Jacqueline Kennedy throughout the Camelot reign. It was during this period that Cassini purchased a baronial castle off Manhattan's Gramercy Park. Finally, the renegade Florentine had an urban fortress to call home.

Built in the sixteenth century in Holland, Cassini's residence, as the accepted legend goes, originally belonged to a member of the Wells Fargo banking family, who transported it overseas brick by brick in 1845. Today, from the outside, it fits inconspicuously and snugly into a row of brownstones, but as you descend a small flight of brick steps and confront a stone archway and a massive door with an elaborate iron grating, a dungeonlike ambiance takes over. The foyer has a stone floor and what could be safely called a miniature armory of breastplates, swords, and crossed daggers mounted on one wall. To the right stands a foreboding four-seat bench from an Italian chapel. Its unusually high armrests were designed to accom-

modate guards wearing suits of armor.

There is also a mirrored case which, when lit, displays a portion of Cassini's extensive weaponry collection. Among the more striking items here are a Burmese cutlass ("Ideal," Cassini says, "for slicing off buffalo heads"), seventeenth-century Persian muskets and daggers, a sixteenth-century German gun, two French pistols, and, his favorite, an ivory, gold, and enamel sword that once belonged to Czar Nicholas II. Most of these treasures were acquired by Cassini on what he calls



An extension



of the ego.



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THE LADY PREFERS

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NOTES

"semi-gastronomic, semi-art and furniturehunting voyages" throughout Europe and Asia. "I collect these things so my travels don't evaporate," says Cassini, nattily dressed in a houndstooth jacket. "I see myself as a modern-day Marco Polo."

Or perhaps a latter-day musketeer. Cassini grew up with tales of chivalry and yeomanship and the knowledge of his own noble legacy: he was born with a place in the Imperial Guard before the Bolshevik revolution intervened and Cassini's family fled to Italy. In Florence Cassini and his mother and brother lived in a sprawling triplex decorated with late Renaissance trappings. This richly textured courtly look was just what his own house, an imposing structure with vaulted twenty-foot ceilings, leaded stained-glass windows, and intricately carved wood paneling, seemed to welcome. "One could see that this place had the basics," Cassini says, "but it was like a pretty girl who needed a bath, a haircut, and a new dress."

Over the course of 25 years Cassini has been able to Svengali his five floors to his satisfaction; this "pretty girl," though, is no shrinking violet. Blood-red carpet covers the stairwells and deep dark woods abound. Monastic in its simplicity, the main room is populated with three standing suits of armor, one of them bought from Hearst's San Simeon, the other two from Lord Astor's Hever Castle in Kent, England.

Stepping into this cavernous corner of the house is like walking into a cathedral; sheer space overwhelms at first. But once your senses adjust to the time warp, you begin to notice carefully stationed, august treasures: the prehistoric helmet, possibly Greek, found in Etruria; the beaded thronelike chairs; the towering silver candelabra; the sconces of crossed swords and spear-carrying soldiers; the Cassini, Medici, and Cromwell flags that hang from the ceiling; the small silver curios (pears, shells, birds); and the personal mementos-a portrait of Cassini's grandfather, who was a Russian ambassador to the United States, a bust of Robert Kennedy, and autographed photos of Jacqueline Kennedy ("For Oleg, with deepest appreciation" and another with her sister, Lee Radziwill, "For Oleg, who made us the best-dressed women in Asia").

For someone given to such a fierce aesthetic, Cassini's manner is surprisingly gentle, if

uncompromising. "When I find a piece that is better than what I have, I eliminate the weaker," he says. It's a soldierly, if not Darwinian, approach to interior design, but then, Cassini assures, the marketplace for late Renaissance decorative art is hardly a jousting tournament these days. "There's not too much interest in this period because it's too massive," says Cassini. "You'd have to live in a castle. Apartments cannot take it."

In the second floor dining room, one of these pieces, a long heavy sixteenth-century table, stands surrounded by twelve red velvet upholstered chairs with ornamental scrolled backs. The notorious party giver says that guests dining here rarely spot the ancient graffiti on the table because it's usually so laden with dishes. "I gave a dinner party for Marilyn Monroe when she was in New York," Cassini says. "But nothing extraordinary happened—she ate my food and drank my champagne."

Perhaps he's being modest. In his 1987 autobiography, In My Own Fashion, Cassini reveals that he once had a harem of seven—one woman for each day of the week. Upstairs, as a maid cleans his room, Cassini details the artisanship of his bed, a late sixteenth century four-poster with cherubs carved into the headboard and a canopy covered in a printed linen of his own design. "The only problem is that the men of that period were a little short," he says, now looking at his bed a bit doubtfully. "I almost have to sleep diagonally on it."

From his bed Cassini has full view of a fireplace covered with more weapons—Persian swords, pistols, and one particularly serpentine dagger with an antler handle. "If I had any of these weapons in battle," sighs Cassini, "I would have been very happy."

All rude injustices of the hourglass aside, Oleg Cassini certainly has lived through this century with style and brought to it some much-needed chivalry. Next month in particular he's a man of the present when he introduces Cassini, his fragrance for women, which will be sold in stores nationwide. But after a long day, no matter what project he's working on, with a crash of the carved-wood door and the iron gate, Oleg Cassini is back to a world where he might have been king. "This house is finished. It is complete," he says, meditatively. "It is now a piece of history."

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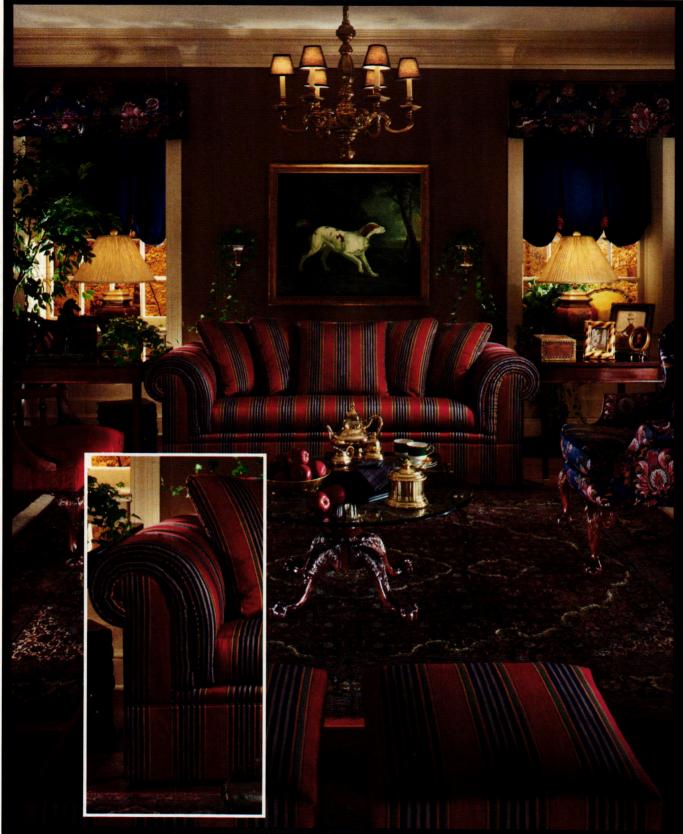
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DECORATION



In his sitting room, left,
François Catroux used Gazebo, an indigo printed fabric designed by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste for Étamine, Paris, throughout.
Below: French flag flies from the 1878 brownstone.

Maison Manhattan

An elite corps of French decorators takes over a New York town house By Glenn Harrell

Russian
Constructivist
painting, c. 1923,
by Anna Kogan,
right, hangs
above mantel.
Furniture, art,
objects, and
rug from Barry
Friedman,
NYC. Details
see Resources.

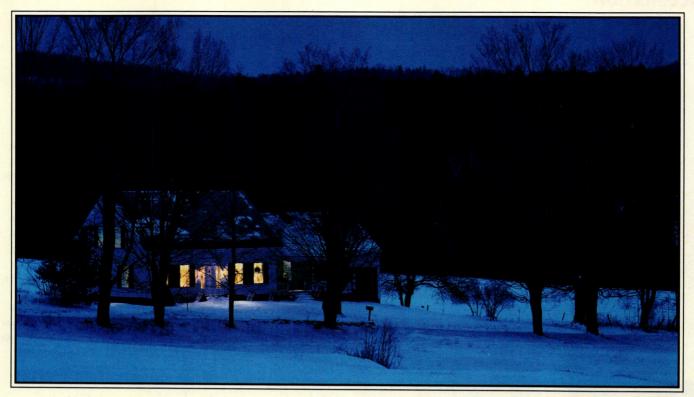


rancophiles stormed a brownstone in Manhattan this past fall for the first French Designer Showhouse organized to benefit the American Hospital of Paris. A late nineteenth century town house was revamped for the occasion with a

green door (commonly seen on the Rive Gauche), Continental hardware, and French-style windows; the designs within were marked by extraordinary texture and color. A fairy tale-derived whimsy prevailed, from a bedroom by Louis-Charles de Rémusat at Didier Aaron inspired by *A Thousand and One Nights* to a dreamy chiffon-draped antechamber by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray.

François Catroux took the Russian Constructivist and Wiener Werkstätte movements as departure points for the sitting room he designed. Its decidedly masculine aura was achieved by the use of a heavy indigo blue cotton, faux grained wainscoting, and blocky Josef Hoffmann–style chairs with studded leather panels. The fabric's bold border acted as a wriggling frieze below the wall's crown molding and on the banquette's upholstered base, balanced by the vivid entangled geometry of the Art Deco rug.

Across the foyer, portière curtains were tied back to reveal an intimate drawing room designed by Jacques Grange with the help of Marie-Paule Pellé, creative director of *Condé Nast Traveler*. Glittering opulence was restrained by rusticity. A damask-covered sofa, armchairs, and ottoman were all cushily overstuffed, including up-



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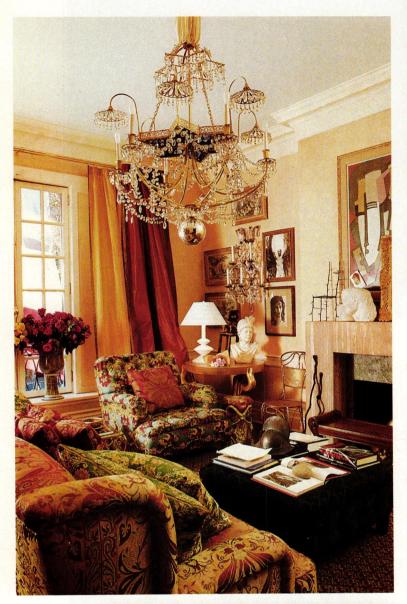
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In the drawing room decorated by Jacques Grange, top, a late 18th century Russian chandelier from Didier Aaron, NYC. Above: Armchairs upholstered in a Quadrille fabric flank tiled chimneypiece in the gentleman's dressing room by Geneviève Faure.

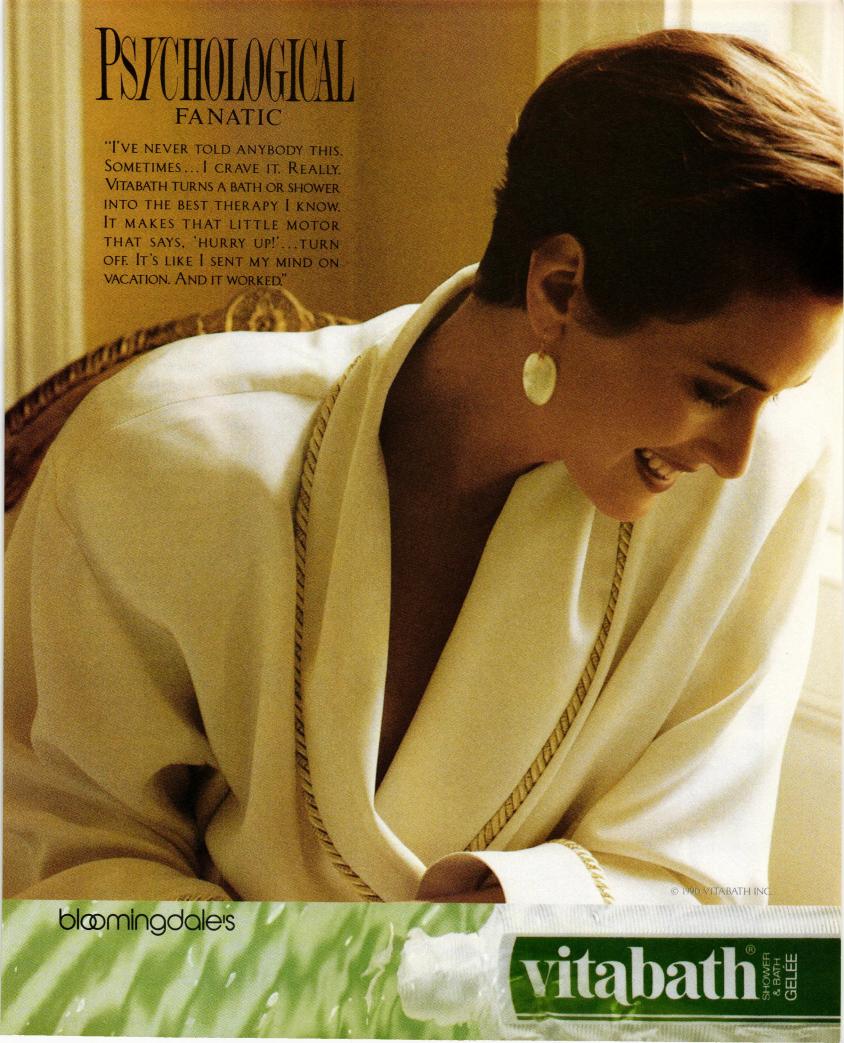


Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste transformed an attic room, left, using pieces from their Trapani furnishings collection for Lieux, Paris. The standing lamps with sixtiesstyle beehive shades, tables, and sofa and armchair have synthetic resin bases in the shape and color of coral branches.

The house embodied a very French douceur de vivre—the sweetness of life that transcends mere stylishness

holstered feet. Two contrasting layers of iridescent silk taffeta at the window framed vases stuffed to the brim with roses. Geneviève Faure's mid nineteenth century gentleman's dressing room was equally atmospheric, with a strong Aesthetic movement feeling that would have appealed to the voluptuary Des Esseintes, hero of Huysmans's influential novel À Rebours (Against the Grain).

On the top floor, next to transplanted Tennessean Hilton McConnico's rooms decked out in lobster and diminutive cactus, was Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste's Petite Chambre. "We wanted to create an underwater kingdom," explains Bonetti. A two-tone blue palette featured coral branches floating beneath a wavelike crown, and the rug's border was punctuated with starfish, shells, and crabs. Something new for the contemporary team was "introducing antiques from an ancient time." An early nineteenth-century velvet curtain bedizened with gold cartouches and a Louis XVI screen hid windows to exaggerate the room's otherworldliness, a quality exhibited in the decorative schemes of both the old guard and the avant-garde at the grandly Gallic showhouse. Appearing as it did at the end of a year filled with French bicentennial observances of every kind, this remarkable anthology of some of the best decorators of today summed up qualities that seem ineffably French: a willingness to go beyond the limits of quiet good taste, an enthusiasm for surprise and unexpected mixtures, and an unabashed embrace of douceur de vivre—the proverbial sweetness of life that transcends Editor: John Ryman mere stylishness.



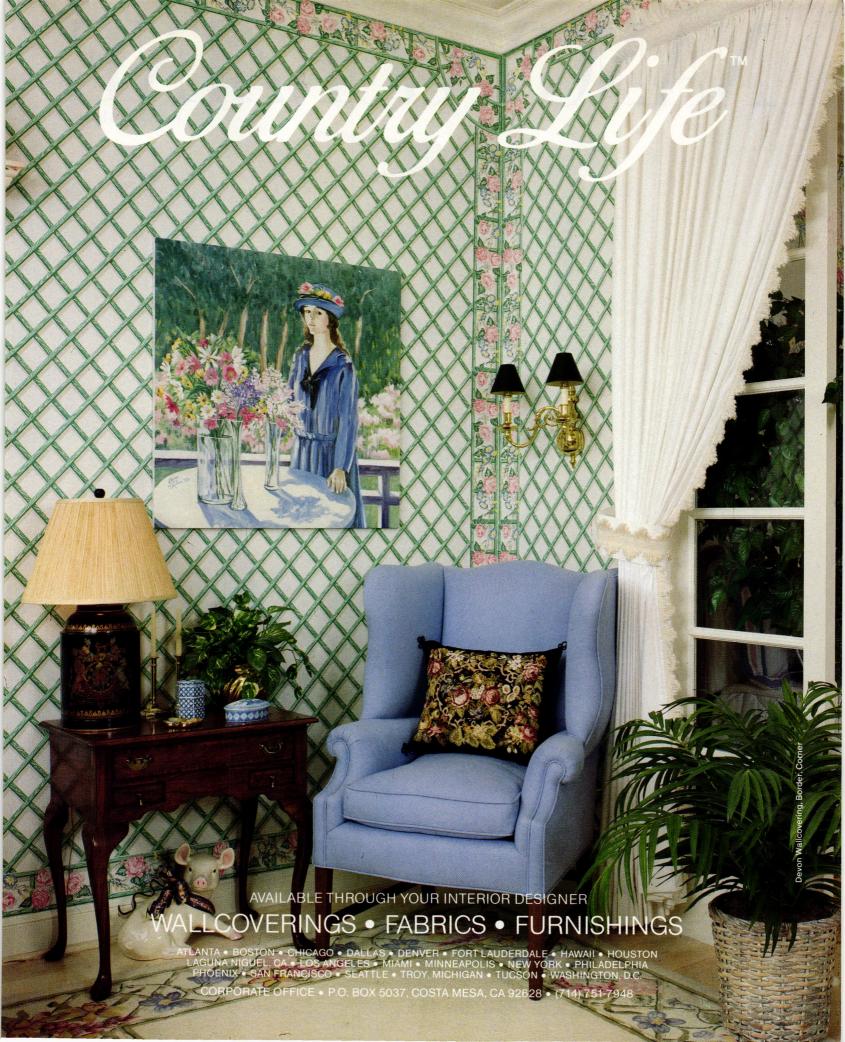


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Country club living takes on a new dimension at Woodfield Country Club in Boca

Raton. Twelve very different neighborhoods have been designed around a large open playing field, central lake and seven-acre nature preserve in this socially active low-density community. Golf, a tennis center, racquet sports clubhouse, and swim and fitness club give residents a variety of options. There are programs for children and social activities for adults of all ages. This plush private community has been created for relaxation and establishing friendships with other residents who have chosen Woodfield for its warm neighborhood feeling.



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tennis players may choose from among clay, grass and hard-surfaced courts. Completing this perfect picture of a world-class sporting facility is the 125-acre Equestrian Club, home of the prestigious Winter Equestrian Festival.

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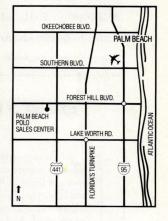
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THE BEST OF FLORIDA

minium tower that is close to the water, close to golf and close to exciting shopping. Located in the glamorous Aventura/ Turnberry Isle area of North Miami Beach, the Landmark's unique residences overlook breathtaking vistas of the Atlantic Ocean, the Intracoastal Waterway and the two championship golf courses of Turnberry Isle Country Club. A wide range of floorplans is available, including stunning two-story "loft" and "duplex" apartment designs, priced from \$318,560 and situated on high floors for outstanding views. Other selections include one-, two- and three-bedroom residences, from \$150,000 to \$541,500. Recreation, from tennis to health spa and more, and attentive services provide a luxury lifestyle.

Occupancy is scheduled for April 1990. The Sales Office is open 9:30–5:30 daily, 20185 East Country Club Drive, North Miami Beach, FL 33180. Telephone (305) 935-8700 or (800) 456-3675.



THE WATERWAYS

Luxury living amid lush, tropical landscaping is the hallmark of Waterways, located in Aventura. A series of neighborhoods provides residents with a variety of Florida lifestyle options. From single-family homes and town houses to luxury high-rise condominiums, Waterways represents the optimum in community living. Dramatic architectural design, spacious living and beautiful garden views characterize the luxurious homes of the neighborhood, Island Way. Oversized kitchens, private pools, sundecks and master-bathroom spa facilities add to the first-class features of these residences. Waterways offers the best in outdoor living, masterful design and the romance of southern Florida.



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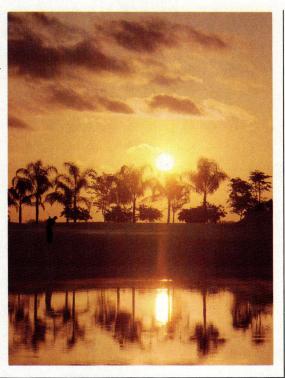
From courtyard homes to private estates, every residence at Woodfield Country Club is built to the same uncompromising standard. And every one is part of an active country club community that boasts one of the lowest residential densities in South Florida.

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entrances and garages.

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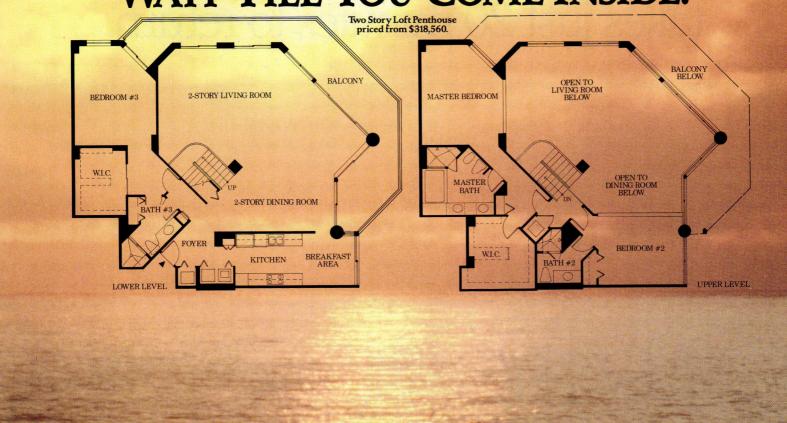
So you can go from your back door to Neptune's backyard in a matter of minutes. Floating all the way. On dry land, we've built 54 holes of championship golf. Two courses designed by Tom Fazio, one by Arthur Hills. But beware the hazards-slices are attracted to water as well.

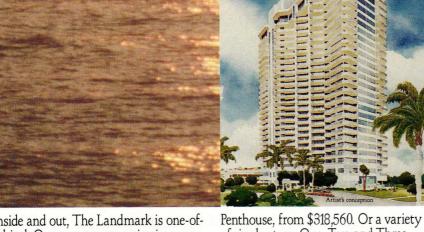
Single-family homesites are priced from \$275,000; patio homesites from \$140,000. If you're interested in a new home or condominium, we've got that, too.

But mostly, we've got water. Water, water everywhere. And direct access to the sea. It's calling. So call us at (407) 746-2561. Or mail the coupon to Jonathan's Landing, Jupiter, FL 33477.

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FLORIDA

idents. Multiple terraces, accommodations for private help, computer-controlled systems for lighting and temperature levels, plus thermostatically controlled wine and fur closets are only a few of the luxurious appointments at "Ultra." Kitchens are equipped with every modern convenience, a vault and safety closet are located in each residence and a special tradesman entrance enhances the security of each apartment. A lounge for chauffeurs and special garage services are available to residents. Special building services include afternoon tea, evening cocktails, evening dinner service, building switchboard and executive business suite. A private gatehouse, valet service, doorman and concierge complete "Ultra's" high level of luxury living.

THE BEST OF FLORIDA

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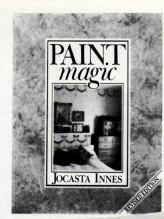
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For the first time, an American writer reveals to American gardeners the splendors of long-forgotten flowers that are enjoying a resurgence of gardening interest. And the result is a great, gorgeous bouquet of a book: both a practical guide to using antique species in contemporary gardens, and a nostalgic evocation of a lusher, more romantic gardening era.

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Measuring 10" x 10" and hardbound, Antique Flowers sells for a reasonable \$29.95 in bookstores. But as a Condé Nast reader, you can have it for 20% less: just \$24.00 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling. CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-453-8100, or send your check and order information to:

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FOOD

Humble Pies

Deep-dish entrées serve up down-home comfort By Gene Hovis

have always had a particular affection for the do-ahead one-dish meal that can take on the air of a special occasion. I can't think of anything that fits the bill better than a steaming golden-crusted meat or poultry pie, filling the room with its mouth-watering aroma. Accompanied by a simple appetizer, a green salad, dessert, and a bottle of your favorite wine, it's a recipe for entertaining with a mini-

mum of fuss. Potpies that don't have a bottom crust, such as the classic beef and chicken pies, can be made well in advance—the day before, if necessary—and simply popped into the oven an hour before dinner. Pies with bottom crusts disappoint by getting soggy if you make them wait to be baked.

I think my enthusiasm for potpie began when I was a boy in North Carolina. Wednesday was Chicken Potpie Day in my school, an occasion to be an-

ticipated and savored. Years later when I moved to New York, I discovered a splendid little restaurant called Mother Hubbard's in my Greenwich Village neighborhood. I became a loyal patron because Mother H's chicken potpie, a specialty of the house, was as good as those I remembered from childhood.

Fashions in food are as changeable as the width of men's neckties and the length of women's skirts. We are now seeing a shift away from bizarre combinations and minuscule portions arranged on a plate like a still life, trends that have dominated American cuisine in recent years. It's back to basics—honest, hearty food is in, pretentious food is out.

Potpies have been around in one form or another for hundreds of years. The frontispiece of a French cookbook translated and published in London in the seventeenth century features a drawing of a peacock pie garnished with the bird's head and tail positioned on the pie as if back where nature intended them to be. Later,

English cookbooks made their way into the kitchens of colonial America and an ambitious cook of that time could find directions for a Hare and Pig Pye. The Pennsylvania Germans have taken justifiable pride in their version of potpie, called bottboi, since pioneer days. Really a kind of stew, it is made with poached chicken and fresh noodles or dumplings. And dear to the hearts—and palates—of most Britons is steak and kidney pie, a combination of chunks of sirloin steak and veal kidneys in a rich brown sauce topped with flaky pastry.

No account of the history of potpies would be complete, however, without a mention of the Automats, a large chain of cafeterias run by Horn & Hardart, known to its devotees as H & H. The Automat dominated serve-yourself eating for years and was a hangout and home away from home for many people, myself included.

Eating at the Automat required a first stop at the cashier's counter where dollar bills were changed into nickels, dimes, and quarters. On one side of the cafeteria gleaming white-tiled walls provided the setting for the long steam table behind which workers wearing spotless white portioned out whatever you chose from an enormous array of foods. But the Automat's main attraction was the little metal-framed glass doors that honeycombed a large expanse of wall in another part of the cafeteria. Behind each door was a treasure waiting to be eaten—beef and chicken potpies, baked macaroni and

cheese, all kinds of sandwiches, little casseroles of Boston baked beans, and rice pudding, among other tempting edibles. To take possession of your prize, you had only to deposit the required amount of coins in a slot (in those days, usually two or three nickels) and the door would magically unlock.

My absolute favorites, of course, were the potpies filled with savory chunks of beef or chicken, pearl onions, and string beans, bathed in a delicious gravy. As an added treat, I would buy a side order of green peas at the steam table, cut a hole in the center of the crust, and carefully pour in the peas,

The last Automat in New York
City provides an appropriate setting
for chicken potpie, long a favorite
of cafeteria connoisseurs.

swishing them around in the gravy to distribute them evenly.

Caught up recently in a wave of nostalgia, I invited some of my former Automat eating companions for an H & H evening. The menu was based on food favorites from those days. Although chicken potpie was the featured dish, I couldn't resist also including baked macaroni and cheese, lemon pie, and pumpkin pie. During dinner we swapped memories. One friend recalled a birthday party she hosted at the Automat when she presented each of her guests with a modest supply of coins and the privilege of choosing his or her own party food. Another friend, a struggling young actor in his Automat days, remembered how he would order just a serving of potato salad but would augment it with lemonade that he made with

What's The Skinny On Beef?

Well, that's just it. The latest word on fat is less. Less at the ranch and less in the meat market. Which is remarkably good news for everyone who thought all they had to look forward to was poached blowfish. So start the charcoal or light the broiler. Because now, eating skinny doesn't mean you have to starve.



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.

We haven't exactly been staring at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral.







MODERATION IN ALL THINGS

Beef, chicken or fish, the suggested serving size is 3-ounces, cooked. Raw, just think of a quarter pound of lean beef per person. Then think teriyaki, fajitas, kabobs, satays....

OF CALORIES AND CRAVINGS.

A lean, trimmed 3-ounce serving of beef averages just 200 calories. Some cuts have even fewer. Just check out the "Skinniest Six" below.

SKINNY BEEF SALAD.

For a salad you won't wish was something else, toss in a few strips of tender sirloin along with the green stuff. P.S. It also works with leftovers.



Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.* © 1988 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board



ROUND TIP 6.4 gms total fat* (2.3 ams sat fat)



7.6 gms total fat* (3.0 gms sat. fat) 172 calories



5.3 gms total fat* .8 gms sat. fat) 162 calories



Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13



EYE OF ROUND 5.5 gms total fat*
(2.1 gms sat. fat)



TENDERLOIN 7.9 gms total fat* gms sat. fat)



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FOOD

a glass of water, free wedges of fresh lemon, and sugar (from the dispenser on the tables). And none of us could forget how, after a nickel was dropped into the proper slot, a silvery spigot shaped like a dolphin's head poured coffee—always piping hot and filling the mug perfectly.

If you're planning to make a nostalgic deep-dish dinner of your own, there are plenty of potpie recipes from which to choose.

OLD-FASHIONED CHICKEN POTPIE

Crust

- 4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 pound cold butter, cut into cubes
- 11/4 cups ice water

Chicken and Stock

- 1 chicken or capon, 6-7 pounds
- 8 cups chicken broth, fresh or canned
- 1 carrot, unpeeled and scrubbed
- 1 large whole onion, peeled
- 4 stalks celery, cut in two
- 4 sprigs parsley, Italian or curly Salt and freshly ground pepper

Filling

Cooked chicken, skinned and cut into substantial pieces

- 4 carrots, scraped and sliced in ½-inch rounds
- ½ pound string beans, cut into 1-inch pieces
- 12 small white onions
- 4 stalks celery, cut into ½-inch slices
- 2 medium parsnips, scraped and cut into ½-inch rounds
- 2 medium potatoes, peeled and cut into 1-inch cubes
- 101/2 ounce package frozen green peas
 - 4 ounce jar pimientos, drained and diced

Sauce

- 1 cup flour
- 3/4 cup water

Chicken stock (see above)

- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 cup heavy cream Salt and pepper

Don't let the length of this recipe discourage you. I can't pretend it's a 30-minute dish, but much can be done in advance. You can prepare the chicken, stock, and piecrust a day or two ahead. For the piecrust, a cook in a hurry could use prepared or frozen puff pastry. Capon is my bird of choice. It is meaty and flavorful and will not fall apart even after long cooking.

Crust. Place flour and butter in food processor fitted with the steel blade. Process, turning on and off rapidly, just until butter is cut into flour and consistency is crumbly. Add ice water, increasing amount if needed, turning processor on and off a few times, just until dough begins to form. (If you don't have a food processor, put the flour in a bowl. Add butter, cutting it in with

a pastry blender or two knives until the mixture is the consistency of coarse cornmeal. Sprinkle with ice water and toss with a fork until ingredients adhere.) Gather the dough into a ball and flatten slightly. Flour lightly, cover tightly with plastic wrap, and refrigerate until ready to use. Stock. Place chicken in a large pot with chicken broth, carrot, onion, celery, and parsley. If broth doesn't completely cover solid ingredients, add more broth or water. Cover pot and slowly bring to a boil. Reduce heat and slide cover over so pot is open an inch or two. Skim surface of stock frequently until scum changes to white foam. Simmer about 1 hour or until bird is tender and the juices at the thigh joint run clear when pierced with a knife. Remove chicken and let cool. Strain stock and discard vegetables. Season stock to taste with salt and pepper. Skim fat off the surface (or let cool, cover with plastic wrap, and refrigerate a few hours or overnight; the solidified fat can then be more completely and easily removed).

Filling. When the chicken is cool enough to handle, remove skin and cut meat into large chunks. Set aside. Cook carrots, string beans, onions, celery, parsnips, and potatoes in the stock, covered, for 9–10 minutes until barely tender. Add peas 1 minute before vegetables are done. Strain stock and return to pot, reserving vegetables. Reduce stock by cooking over moderately high heat about 30 minutes. There should be about 8 cups of concentrated stock. Add pimientos to vegetables and mix thoroughly. Spread chicken pieces over the bottom of a lightly oiled 14-by-11-by-2-inch ovenproof baking dish. Cover with vegetables.

Sauce. In a small bowl mix flour and water until smooth, then slowly stir into the hot stock and cook over moderate heat, whisking with wire whisk until sauce is smooth and the consistency of heavy cream. Stir in grated Parmesan cheese and heavy cream. Heat through, but do not boil. Add salt and pepper if necessary. Ladle sauce (7 cups) over filling to top of baking dish. Dust with freshly ground black pepper. Let cool before covering with crust.

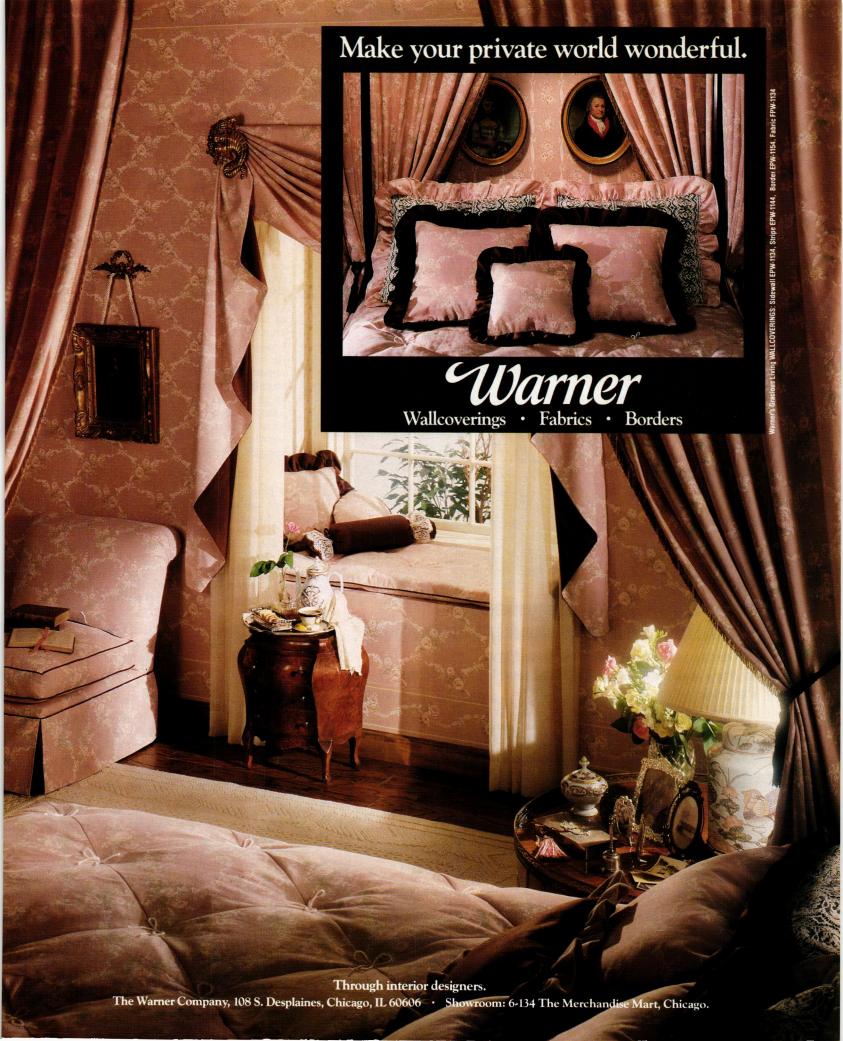
On a lightly floured surface, roll out dough to a 3/8- to 1/2-inch thickness. Allow for a generous 1-inch overlap all around. Cover filling with crust, rolling back the overlap and crimping with the tines of a fork to make it adhere tightly to the edge of baking dish. Cut vents in crust to allow steam to escape. Refrigerate for at least 1 hour before baking.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Place baking dish on aluminum foil or baking sheet to catch any juices bubbling over. Bake 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 375 degrees and bake an additional 35–40 minutes or until crust is nicely browned. Serves 12 or more.

VEAL, HAM, AND LEEK PIE

Crust

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup lightly salted butter
- 1 egg yolk
- 3-4 tablespoons cold water



Filling

- 1 cup leeks, green and white parts coarsely chopped
- 1/4 cup (1/2 stick) butter
- 3/4 cup fresh breadcrumbs
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 cup cooked lean ham, cut into strips
- 1 cup cooked veal, cut into strips
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
- 2 tablespoons minced fresh parsley
- 1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil or 1 teaspoon dried
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1 cup well-seasoned veal stock
- 1 cup well-seasoned chicken stock

Salt and freshly ground pepper

3 hard-cooked eggs, cut into quarters Egg wash (1 egg yolk beaten with 2 tablespoons cream and

pinch of salt)

Crust. Sift flour and salt into bowl. Cut butter into small pieces and coat with flour. Rub the butter in with flour using fingertips until mixture is crumblike. Make a well in the center of flour mixture. Add egg yolk and then water. Mix quickly, pressing mixture together with fingers (adding more water if necessary) to make a smooth dough. Turn dough onto a floured board and knead lightly for a few seconds. Divide dough into two portions, wrap in plastic, and chill for 30 minutes.

Filling. Cut the leeks into 2-inch slices and swirl them around in a bowl of water, changing it a few times until no dirt remains in the bottom of the bowl. Drain well. Chop leeks coarsely and sauté in 1/4 cup of butter until wilted. Transfer to a large bowl. Soak the breadcrumbs in milk and add them to the bowl along with the remaining ingredients except the hard-cooked eggs. Add salt and pepper to taste. Preheat oven to 425 degrees.

Roll out half the dough and line bottom and sides of a shallow casserole (or 10-inch pie dish) 2½ inches deep with sloping sides and a ½-inch rim. Spoon a third of the pie filling into casserole, a layer of eggs, another third of the filling, remaining eggs, and remaining filling. Dome the top so that the crust will be high in the center. Roll out top crust and moisten the edge of bottom crust with egg wash. Arrange top crust in place and cut slits to allow steam to escape. Trim the overhang and crimp to seal the edges. Paint top with egg wash. Bake 25 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue baking 35 minutes longer. If crust begins to get too dark, cover loosely with foil. Use a baking sheet or a layer of foil under the casserole to catch drippings. Serve pie at room temperature or cold. A glass of ale is a fine accompaniment. Serves 4-6.

MEAT AND POTATO PIE

Filling

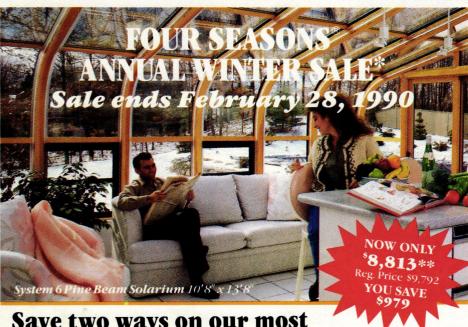
- 1/4 cup vegetable oil
- 1 cup coarsely chopped onions
- 1 cup coarsely chopped celery
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 pounds ground sirloin
- ½ cup tomato sauce
- 1 teaspoon ground rosemary Salt and freshly ground pepper

Topping

- 5 large potatoes, peeled and boiled
- 1/4 cup (1/2 stick) melted butter
- ²/₃ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/4 cup heavy cream Salt and pepper Paprika

Filling. Heat oil in a large skillet. Add onions, celery, and green pepper. Mix well and cook for 5 minutes, stirring a few times so that vegetables cook evenly. Add ground sirloin and continue to cook and stir until meat loses its raw look. Mix in tomato sauce and rosemary. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Transfer to a lightly oiled casserole—a 9-by-13-by-2-inch rectangle or a deep 10-inch pie dish. Preheat oven to 375 degrees.

Topping. Mash cooked potatoes until smooth. Add melted butter, ½ cup of the Parmesan cheese, and the heavy cream. Beat until light and fluffy. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread potato topping over meat and smooth with a spatula. With the tines of a fork, draw diagonal lines on topping. Sprinkle with remaining Parmesan cheese and dust with paprika. Bake 40–45 minutes or until topping is golden brown. Serves 6-8. ▲



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WRITER IN RESIDENCE

Home Sweet Suburbia

One of the stars of TV's Anything But Love revisits the scenes of her childhood By Ann Magnuson

SYON ASMRO

FUJICHRONE_ROP

ther let it go nor been content to relinquish the house I grew up in to my mental meanderings. Instead I take every available opportunity to return. Rooted in the privacy of my old home, I pop in a dusty eight-track tape of Mitch Miller's *Christmas Album* and shamelessly indulge in a torrent of uninhibited, unabashed, and decidedly unhip sentiment. Then strange things begin to happen. Things I can't explain. Why, after fifteen years of vegetarianism, does the smell of sizzling bacon beckon? Why do I get teary-eyed over a glass of Tang or downright mournful when I hear the opening bars to the theme from *The Jackie Gleason Show*? Why

Actress Ann
Magnuson today,
left, and, above
right, in 1966
before one
of her early

performances.

do I shut all the doors and

Magnuson mans the lemonade stand, above. Left: With her brother, Bobby, in front of the house they grew up in.

ven though I threw my crystals away years ago, I still have a weakness for psychics. The only way I can justify this embarrassment is to point out that they are far cheaper than psychiatrists and just as effective. So when I was in Minneapolis last year, I had to visit a psychic in St. Paul who came highly recommended. Her eyesore of a house sat crumbling alongside rows of

tidy suburban houses nestled in a middle American neighborhood that looked just like the neighborhood I grew up in back east.

Twice her trance was interrupted by the sounds of a giant German shepherd throwing up in the next room, but finally I got to ask my most burning question: "Is my father making a mistake selling our house?" "Yes," she answered unequivocally, but I was to (A) Let it go, (B) Be content to visit the house in my memories and dreams, and (C) Please pay her \$85 in cash.

Since that edict was delivered from the "other side," I have nei-

secretly turn on the Muzak station? Is it so I can smirk Lettermanstyle at the Postmodern inanity of it all? Or is it so I can instantly feel my parents in the next room where their transistor radio plays the diluted standards as they ready themselves for an evening out?

All this nostalgic angst because a bright orange disarmingly generic FOR SALE BY OWNER sign looms ominously in our azalea garden. Our home sweet suburban home is being unceremoniously dumped on the market and with it my only link to a glorious Beaver Cleaver past.



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WRITER IN RESIDENCE

Sometimes I wonder why I get so upset over the prospect of strangers moving in. It's not as if it's the same house we built in 1960. The tasteful Jackie Kennedy White House tour touches that my mother spent the prime of her life maintaining were long ago laid to waste by the appearance of the inevitable stepmother and her counteroffensive deco-

Why, after
fifteen years of
vegetarianism, does
the smell of sizzling
bacon beckon?

rating strategies. Gone are the green and gold color scheme and Colonial motifs, replaced by powder-blue and baby-pink pastels and reams of Laura Ashley wallpaper. Scented soaps, dried-flower arrangements, spraypainted pussy willows, lacquered cattails, and ceramic bowls of potpourri fill every nook and cranny. My old room—which I was guilty of transforming from a frilly pink prepubescent boudoir to a black-lit, Day-Glo shag-carpeted opium den-disappeared completely to make room in the master bedroom for a Jacuzzi that no one ever uses. In every part of the house, foreign furniture occupies once-friendly territory. Familiar upholstery lovingly stained with Nestlé Quik now sits mildewing in the basement covered with the petrified droppings of the dreaded Siamese stepcat.

The basement! It holds so many treasured memories. From the childhood reenactments of favorite *Star Trek* episodes to the night my parents caught me and my high school chums having a cherry vodka and pot party to celebrate David Bowie's much-anticipated TV appearance on *The Midnight Special*. In a voice that could have doubled for God's in *The Ten Commandments*, Dad bellowed, "Ann, it smells like burnt rope down here." I was grounded for six months and forbidden to ever watch subversive programming like *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* again. But the sentence was soon reduced to three weeks and by the following weekend, in true paren-

tal fashion, the entire incident was forgotten—just in time for the Uriah Heep concert. Still, I'd scream, "When I'm eighteen, I'm leaving and never coming back!"

Then why do I feel as if the breath has been knocked out of me when Dad talks about selling the house? Is it because after ten years of self-imposed exile from Main Street, USA, to the crack-filled roach-infested slums of inner-city Bohemia, the promise of a fully operating toilet, heat in the winter, and freshly plastered walls is palatable again? Or is it because real estate prices for comparable housing in New York and Los Angeles have soared into the stratosphere, condemning us all to rent hell? Or is this simply another case of Waspish "thirtysomething" whining that has no place in a country of a million homeless people? One thing's for sure, the promise of liquid equity has replaced any hope of achieving a sense of permanence in this Bush-whacked country of ours. Eastman Kodak can only preserve so much.

Fortunately the real estate market in my hometown has bottomed out. Although it doesn't do my father any good, it gives me a chance to return once again and re-repack the storage boxes in the basement that are full of school papers, half-filled diaries, bad college poetry, Creepy Crawlers, an autographed eight-by-ten of Soupy Sales, my first pair of platform shoes, an old rusted gerbil cage, two Troll houses, the entire oeuvre of Milton Bradley, and other memorabilia useless to anyone besides myself. I'll save it all until my dying day and shift the thankless task of dividing it between Goodwill and the incinerator to an indifferent executor.

Until then I can sneak home and swing in the hammock Dad puts up in the backyard during the summer. It used to be so easy to lose yourself there amid the hypnotic sounds of lawn mowers and the narcotic smell of charbroiled burgers. Up in the sky, specks of light left a maze of crisscrossing trails that turned from white to orange to fuchsia before disappearing into the night. You'd wonder where the jets were going and imagine yourself traveling past the sprinklers and bird feeders, exploring the world that lay beyond the patio. What exactly was out there was anyone's guess. But one thing was certainthat pinprick in the map you called home was the center of the universe and, like gravity, would always pull you back.

LLUSTRATION: MICHAEL THIBODEAU

The curious size relationship between chocolate chips and the bakers of chocolate chip cookies.

Cookie lovers have always been puzzled by the uncanny ability of little elves working in a hollow tree to bake cookies and

crackers of uncommon quality. This bewilderment only increased with the appearance of Keebler® Chips Deluxe® cookies.

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chocolate chip cookie you didn't make yourself. Have you tried one? No? Now that's curious.







TRAVEL

Superior Lodgings

Winter visitors receive a warm welcome at Minnesota's venerable Naniboujou Lodge By Karin Winegar

ixty years ago, Duluth bankers, Chicago sportsmen, and New York writers and celebrities, including Ring Lardner, Babe Ruth, and Jack Dempsey signed on as charter members of the elite Naniboujou Club. They purchased 3,300 acres along the Brule River, including a mile of Lake Superior shoreline, fifteen miles northeast of

of the plummy pink granite that permeates the north.

Indoors, a 30-by-80-foot dining hall features soaring vaulted ceilings and walls aglow in a sort of psychedelic Art Moderne interpretation of Cree Indian designs. The paint is virtually undimmed since designer Antoine Gouffée applied it in the nine weeks before the lodge opened in July 1929. The largest native rock fireplace in Minnesota, 200 tons of Lake Superior stone laid by a Swedish mason, flanks one end of the hall. At the other shimmers a mural of a dreamy

Grand Marais, Minnesota, and optioned 8,000 additional acres

Naniboujou Lodge, named for the Cree spirit of the outdoors, was slated to have tennis courts, a golf course, a swimming pool, stables, and beach pavilions. The 1929 market crash, however, put

an end to these projects and to the arrival of elegant families who traveled to Naniboujou by steamship across the Great Lakes. What remains today is the original lodge, a heavy-shuttered gaping horse-shoe-shaped building of weathered cedar and cypress trimmed in

cinnabar and maize. Five massive wooden flagpoles rise from the

gambrel roof. On one side, the lawn slopes down to thickets of rubybranched alder and rustling horsetail where the Brule River mean-

ders into Lake Superior. On the other, it spreads out to a rocky beach

along the nearby lakes for their private hunting chalets.

blue-lidded Naniboujou. At night the haunting owl faces, the teeth, claws, and humped noses along the walls blaze by firelight like technicolor beadwork.

Much of the original furniture remains: a ten-sided gossip seat upholstered in faded coral velvet, two massive oak library tables incised with the owl motif, overstuffed armchairs, and carved chandeliers of balsam pine and parchment.

Young owners Tim and Nancy Ramey and their five lively children are robust and athletic, and their north woods château once frequented by city swells now serves hikers and honeymooners, wanderers and writers. There are still no telephones or television. Instead, guests cross-country ski in the adjacent park or hike to the Devil's Kettle, a waterfall that splits in two.

Gouges at Naniboujou's front door mark it as a scratching post for black bears, and deer and moose browse the meadow behind the volleyball court and basketball hoop.

A pair of otters galumph along the trout-fishing paths on the Brule, and a bald eagle recently made off with one of the three Canadian geese that graze on the lawn. True to its original billing, Naniboujou is still a place to "plunge into the wilderness."

For reservations contact Tim and Nancy Ramey, Naniboujou Lodge, HC 1 Box 505, Grand Marais, MN 55604; (218) 387-2688.

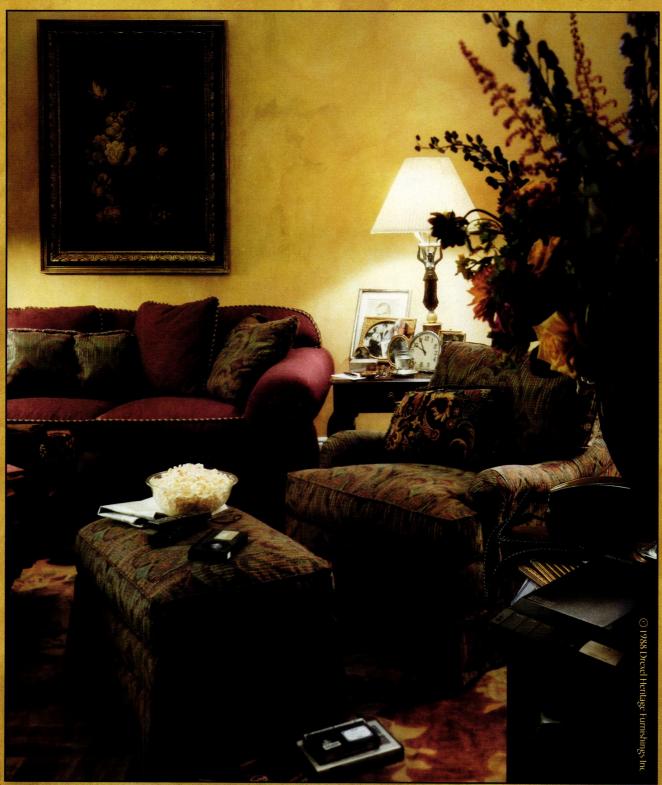






The incised wood lantern over Naniboujou's main door, above, may have been a model for bronze fixtures that never arrived. Left: The great hall with Cree motifs painted in 1929 by Antoine Gouffée. Above left: Visitors to the Naniboujou shore of Lake Superior once arrived by lake steamer.

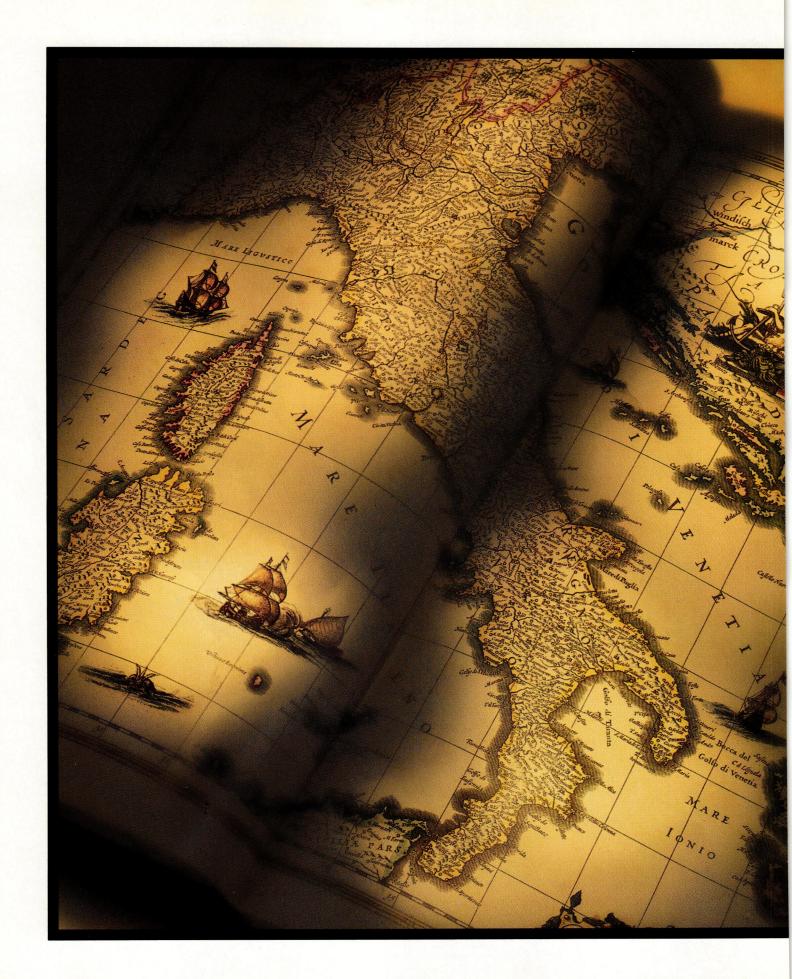
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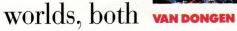
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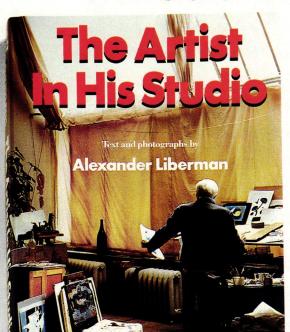
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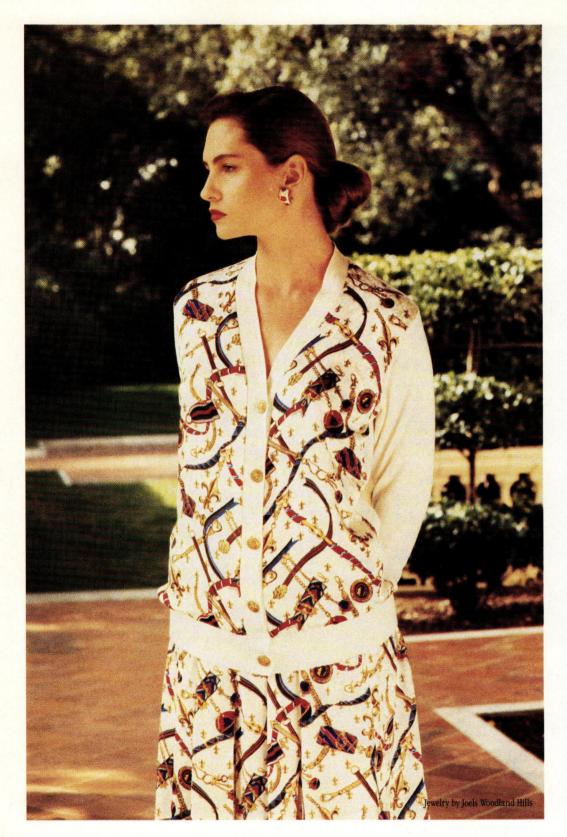
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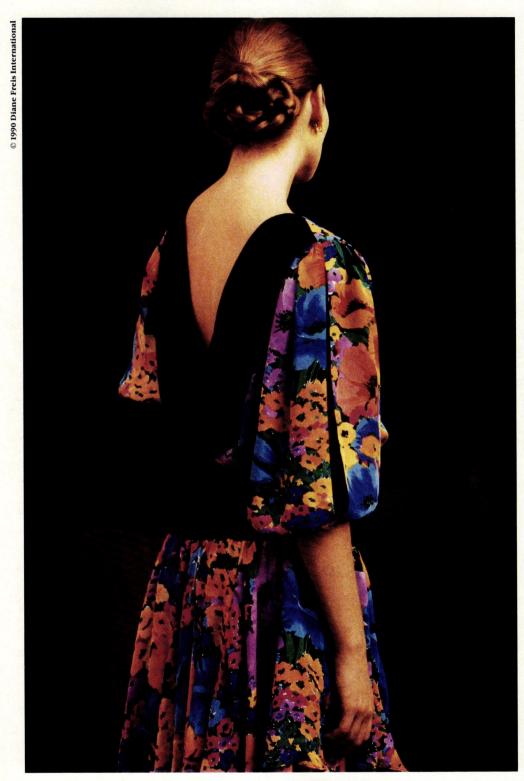
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WORKROOM

Curtain's Up

Craftsman Joe Biunno gets star billing for decorative hardware By Dana Cowin

Saturday morning a woman wearing an Hermès scarf walks into Joe Biunno's cluttered showroom and grabs her husband's elbow. "This is it," she says. "We've found it." What she has found is curtain salvation. On one wall there are over fifty hand-carved wood finials—pointed ones, rounded ones, ones carved to look like pineapples, dragons' or lions' heads, and acorns. Above the workroom door dangle dozens of curtain rings, and lined up like rungs on a ladder are myriad options for bronze curtain poles. The Hermès woman's double-digit walk through the yellow pages has yielded this unexpected windfall of finials, metal tassels, curtain rings, and poles.

Just knowing that among the ads for Roto-Rooter and rent-a-cars there is a listing for Joseph Biunno should make all of us a little more hopeful when trying, unsuccessfully, to find that elusive detail without which all seems lost. For Biunno, a thirdgeneration craftsman, is considered by decorators to be one of New York City's best kept secrets. Many have known him since he was a scraggly haired seventeen-year-old kid apprenticing with his father, a well-respected furniture finisher. The younger Biunno became better acquainted with clients when he was sent to their houses in his father's place—not always a pleasant experience, as he was often greeted at the door by a person who would say, as politely as possible, "Oh, I was expecting Mr. Biunno."

Joe has continued the family trade. The craftsmanship remains old world, the quality unchanged from the fifteen years the two Biunnos worked together in a small room with no help. But Joe

Biunno's natural knack for marketing has brought the business side up-to-date. After his father's death, Biunno moved to the building in which the upholsterer A. Schneller Sons is a tenant. Biunno figured Schneller's proximity would bring more work. He also hired a staff to increase the capacity for carving, gilding, and turning. And already known among design cognoscenti as the man to replace lost antique keys, he cultivated another crowd-pleasing sideline, curtain hardware.

Biunno decided to produce one finial a week until he had a display wall full of spikes. (To the faint of heart it looks like a torture rack in a TV show—''Holy finials, Batman, it's curtains for us.'') He borrowed designs from books, enlarged the dimensions of lamp finials found in flea markets, and adapted carvings from furniture that came into his shop for repairs. The finial Biunno is most proud of is a regal-looking hand-carved water-gilded goat with a curly mane and rugged ridged horns, which he first spied on a round three-legged table. In the showroom the animal's face is about nine inches long and hangs out on a pole over the air conditioner. The goat has also been incorporated into furniture made in the workshop. "I try to get as much mileage as I can out of one shape," he says. "After I get the initial idea, these things just seem to create themselves."

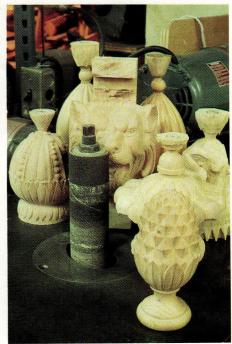
Far from creating themselves, most things in Biunno's shop are the result of his constant attention. His vocabulary is short a few words—"I can't" has seldom been heard on the premises. When one client wanted a 24-foot solid mahogany pole, too big to be turned on most machines, Biunno made it by hand. To dress up simple carved-wood curtain rings, he spent days on the phone and looking through catalogues trying to locate the perfect string of beads to wrap around the ring like a bracelet around a wrist. The final effect is worth all the trouble: the curtain rings stand out but aren't flashy. When another client asked him to make one hundred gilded balls to attach to a blanket, Biunno acquiesced.

All this hard work has certainly paid off. He will never be confronted with a disappointed face again—he is the Mr. Biunno everyone wants to see. (Joseph Biunno Co., 129 West 29 Street, New York, NY 10001; 212-629-5630) ▲



Biunno gilds finials in his New York studio, above. Curtain rings, above right, and finials, right, are carved with oldworld care. Top left: The goat's head is a favorite design.





EDITOR'S PAGE

lying to L.A. last night, I was seated

next to an actor. He was on his way to complete a suspense film at a Hollywood studio; I was about to spend a few days looking at houses for the magazine. What we do is different, and yet I've been thinking we share a common pursuit—drama. This heightening of effect is present in the best houses, and we try to capture it in every issue of the magazine. Frank Lloyd Wright was a master of

The veranda of a Marrakesh villa, where Moorish arches and vibrant bougainvillea set the stage for drama.

drama: in his 1923 Storer house he created it with imposing concrete blocks and heroic scale. The present owner, Hollywood producer Joel Silver, has remained faithful to the architect's vision in his careful use of Wright-designed furniture alongside twentieth-century Arts and Crafts objects. Renowned photographer David Seidner cultivates a dramatic aesthetic of roughness and decay in his finely tuned Paris house, and Patrick and Martine Guerrand-Hermès have drawn upon the romance of North Africa to set the scene in their villa in Marrakesh with elegant Moorish detailing inside and a dreamily exotic lanternlit tent outside. There's drama to spare in the majestic mountains and pines of Aspen, Colorado, where Peter Guber, the newly appointed cochairman and CEO of Columbia Pictures, and his wife, Lynda, retreat to a wooden house on 100 acres of land. The awe-inspiring setting is a constant backdrop, whether seen stretching out from the glass-walled living room or referred to symbolically in the extraordinary boulder-lined master bath. In the Petrie apartment David Easton's Adamesque central hallway frames an elegant—and dramatic—sweep of space. And in Jerry Hall's cozy London apartment, her presence



takes center stage in a Warhol portrait over the mantel while an array of dresses provides a fanciful supporting cast. By now, 7:30 A.M., my actor acquaintance is at the Paramount studio and has no doubt been remade by makeup artists into a menacing villain. I, meanwhile, am thinking about the February issue and the role of content, sequence, presentation—an editor's very own lights, camera, action.

Many Morrograd
EDITOR IN CHIEF

oel Silver is one of Hollywood's hottest young producers. His string of action-picture successes ranges from 48 Hrs and Predator to the even bigger box-office blockbusters Die Hard and Lethal Weapon (1 and 2). But that, as they say in show business, is only Silver's day job. For the past five years, his true love—his grand passion—has been the painstaking and sympathetic restoration of Frank Lloyd Wright's 1923 Storer house, a striking composition of angular pavilions nestled into the foot of the Hollywood Hills and the second in a series of four Wright residential designs from the early 1920s.

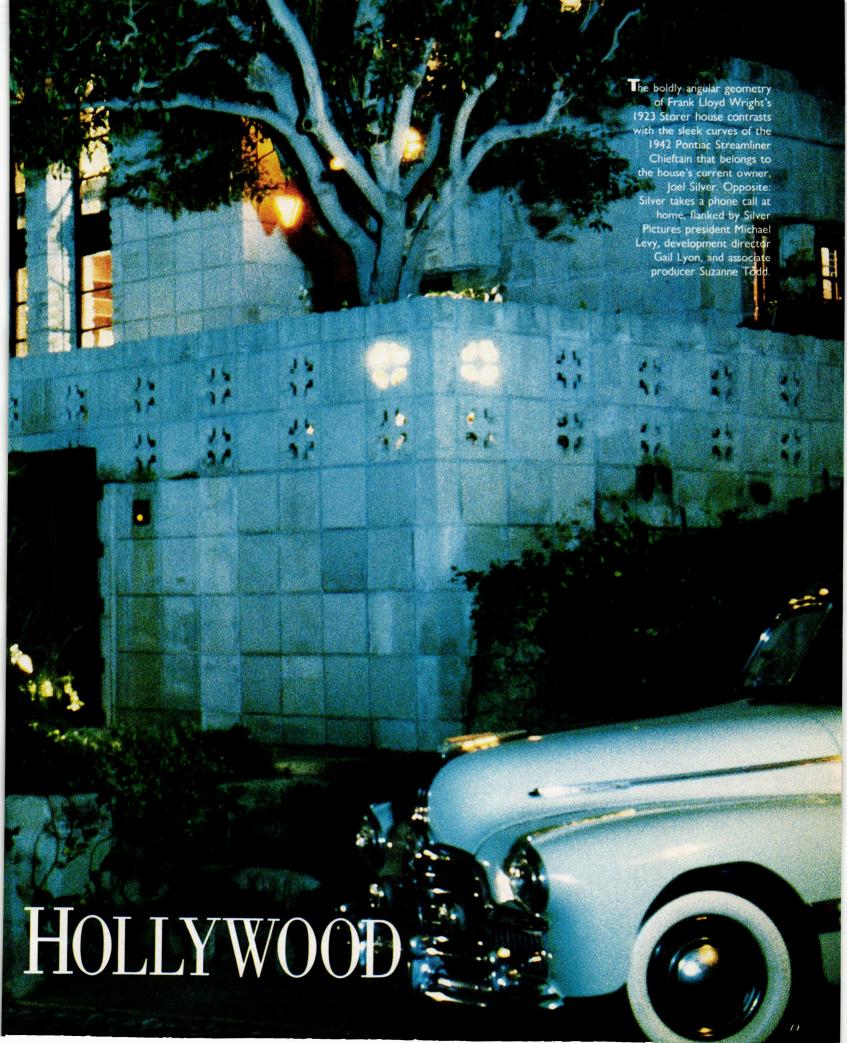
These houses, all located in or near Los Angeles, were a laboratory for the architect's experiments in textile block construction, in which plain and patterned concrete blocks were knit together with steel reinforcing rods to produce structures that could be easily assembled with unskilled labor—and therefore for relatively little money. Alas, building these houses required far greater skill than Wright had imagined; they turned out to be anything but inexpensive. Wright soon abandoned the experiment (he tried again, successfully, decades later), and the Storer, Millard, Ennis, and Freeman houses were left to suffer the ravages of time and in some cases uninformed alterations.

Of the four the Storer house has fared the best, thanks to its current owner's interest and enthusiasm. Joel Silver is a veritable walking encyclopedia on the subject of Frank Lloyd Wright, and he put his knowledge to practical use, personally orchestrating a sensitive and resourceful restora-

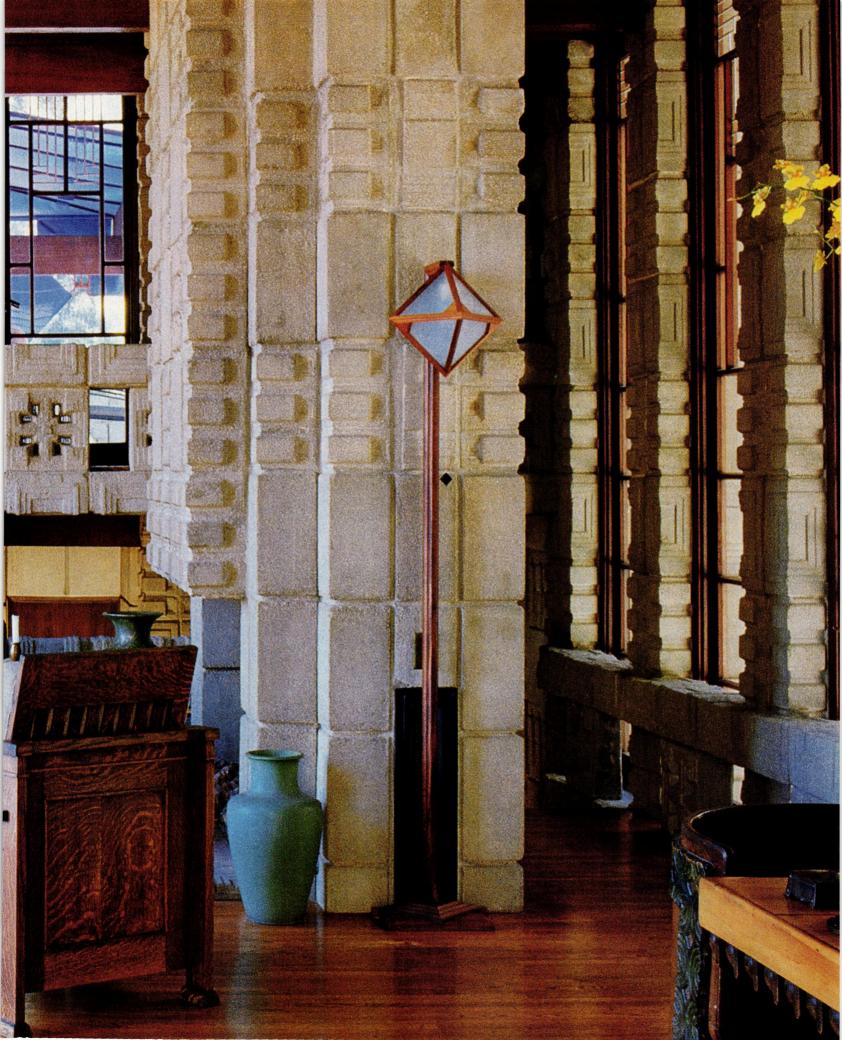
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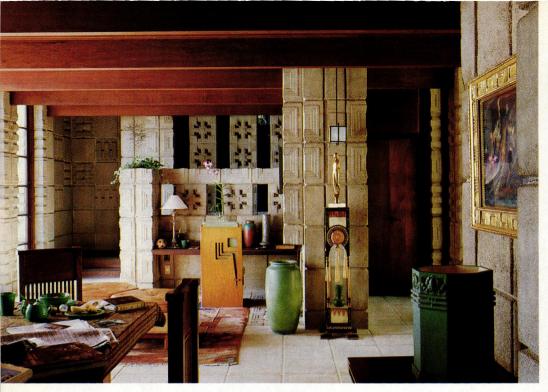
A historic Frank Lloyd Wright house is brought back to life by film producer Joel Silver. By Pilar Viladas Photographs by Oberto Gili

WRIGHT IN









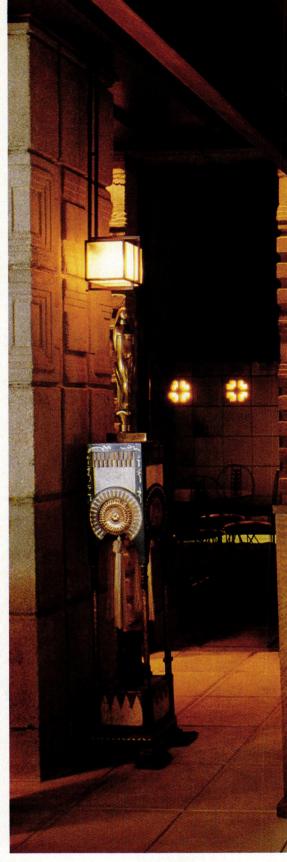
architect Eric Wright (grandson of the master and son of architect Lloyd Wright, who had also worked on the house and who designed its original landscaping) and decorator Linda Marder. Silver was pleased with the results—but that was only the beginning. "My goal was a full realization of Wright's vision of this house," he explains.

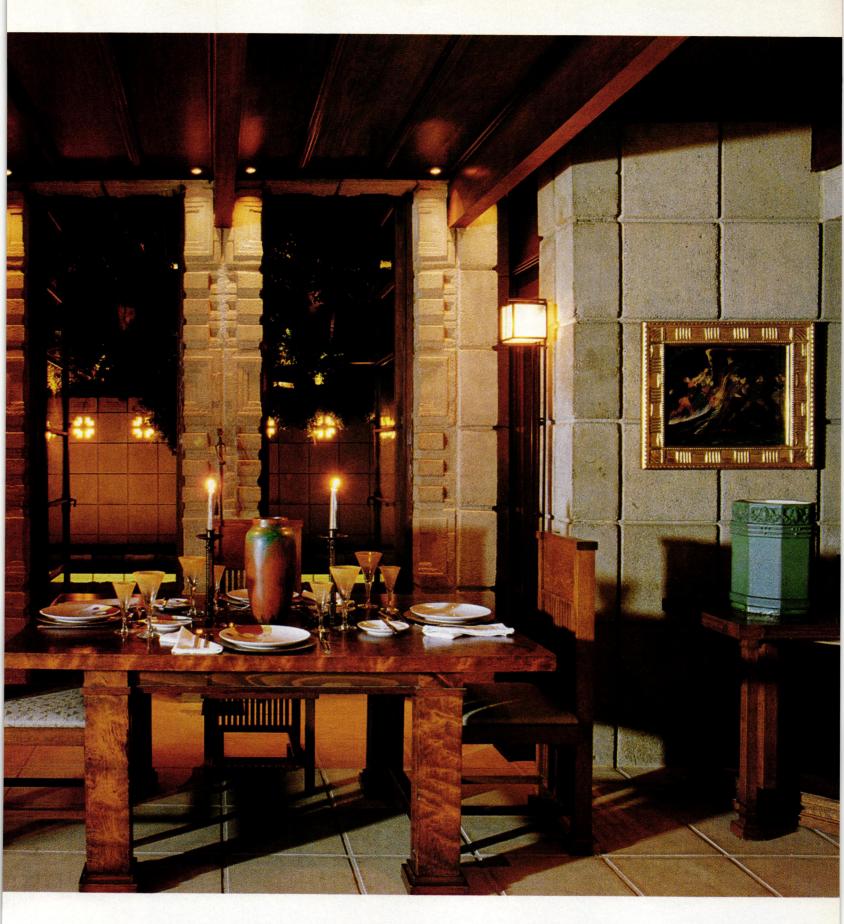
hase two of the project, which is now complete, called for following the spirit of Wright's intention as much as it did the letter. Certain aspects of the original design that were never executed—the canvas canopies over the east and west terraces, the white-painted leading on the windows, the curve of the driveway, even a mahogany floor lampwere carefully produced according to the original drawings. Other things required a combination of historical knowledge and imaginative improvisation. A swimming pool, not in Wright's design but later planned by Lloyd Wright, was added to the backyard, its custom-made patterned concrete blocks echoing those of the original lily pond on the front terrace. The landscaping, a tangle of overgrown shrubbery, was replaced with a reinterpretation of Lloyd Wright's earlier scheme. Of the finished product Eric Wright reports, "I think my grandfather would be pleased."

By day the living-dining wing of the house is an airy sun-filled pavilion; Silver often spends mornings working at his dining table. By night the house assumes quite another personality, becoming a luminous exotic jewel box of a building with a magic carpet of city lights at its feet. Either way, the house perfectly embodies Wright's notion of a California "Romanza," which was, as the architect described it in his autobiography, "the mysterious remaining just haunting enough in a whole so organic as to lose all evidence of how it was made." Making this particular romanza truly livable, however, posed a challenge. Wright designed no furniture for the house, save the aforementioned floor lamp and a series of bronze light fixtures that Silver found piled in a junk heap when he moved in. Here his approach was also sympathetic rather than slavish; original Wright pieces from other sources mix with commissioned reproductions and contemporary adaptations.

Amassing all this furniture was one thing; arranging it was quite another. Wright had placed the living room on the second floor of the main wing to take advantage of the impressive city view, leaving the entry/dining room and kitchen on the first floor—an arrangement that was more effective in theory than in practice. "I had a problem getting people up to the

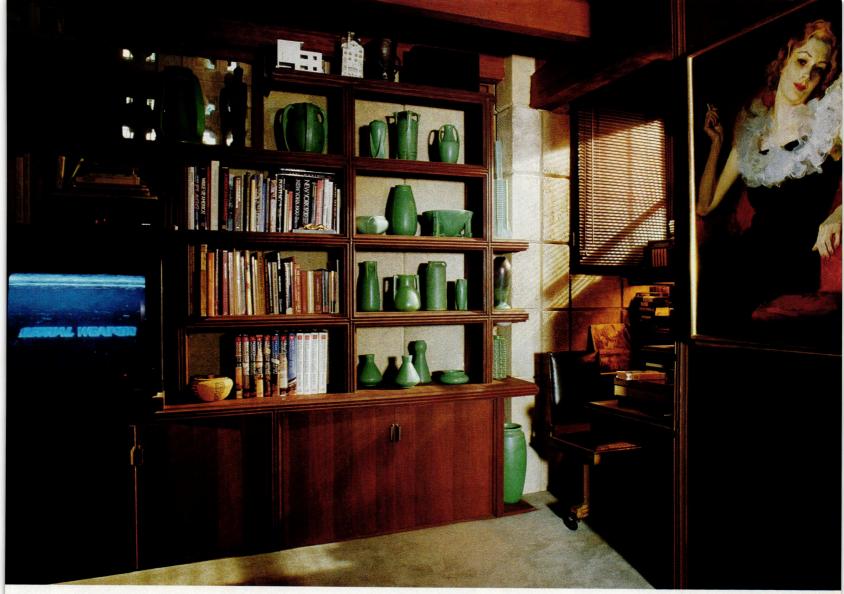
The entry/dining area on the first floor, above, functions by day as a home office. Right: By night this space becomes a dramatic setting for dinner, offering a view to the pool beyond. Flanking the dining table, which is a Wright original from the 1908 Isabel Roberts house, are a Bugatti pedestal and a large Teco vase that may have been designed by Louis Sullivan.





By day or by night, the house embodies Wright's notion of a California "Romanza"





living room," recalls Silver. "They liked to hang around the entry and dining room. So I took all the furniture out of the entry—except for two ottomans—which left no place to sit but the living room." This executive decision would no doubt have made the imperious architect smile.

liver's growing collection of objects and artworks provides the same fascination on a small scale that the architecture does on a large. It is founded on a solid assortment of Arts and Crafts pottery, which includes important pieces of Teco, Fulper, and Sicard. These, as well as the Roycroft and Jarvie candlesticks, the Tiffany lamps and vases, and other treasures, generally predate the house by at least a decade, yet they seem as appropriate as Silver's holdings of Wright furniture, which extend from the turn of the century to the 1950s. Silver is a discerning collector and has targeted many of his acquisitions with the advice of Tod Volpe, a founder of New York's JordanVolpe Gallery and now an independent dealer and consultant in Los Angeles. "Joel and I became friends through our shared interest in the Arts and Crafts movement," says Volpe. "He has an exceptional eye. He owns one of the best pieces of Sicard ever made, and he recently bought a rare Tiffany American Indian lamp. As a collector, he knows the importance of building relationships, and together we have made an important statement."

Given Silver's I've-got-to-have-it approach—collecting for pleasure rather than just investment—it is no surprise that his houseful of museum-quality objects looks anything but museumlike. He understands that works of beauty—from buildings to bowls—need to be used, not simply admired. This outlook will serve him well as he tackles his next architectural project, the restoration of Wright's 1939 C. Leigh Stevens residence, known as Auldbrass Plantation, in Yemassee, South Carolina. From all indications, this latest Wright-Silver production looks like another hit.

Joel Silver has built his
wide-ranging collection on a
solid Arts and Crafts base

On the dining table, opposite, a pair of brass Roycroft candlesticks, 1940s wineglasses by Dorothy Thorpe, and sterling flatware designed by Charles Rennie Mackintosh and manufactured by Sabattini. Above: The study houses Silver's collection of Arts and Crafts pottery, a chair from Wright's 1903 Larkin Building, and a portrait by James Montgomery Flagg.



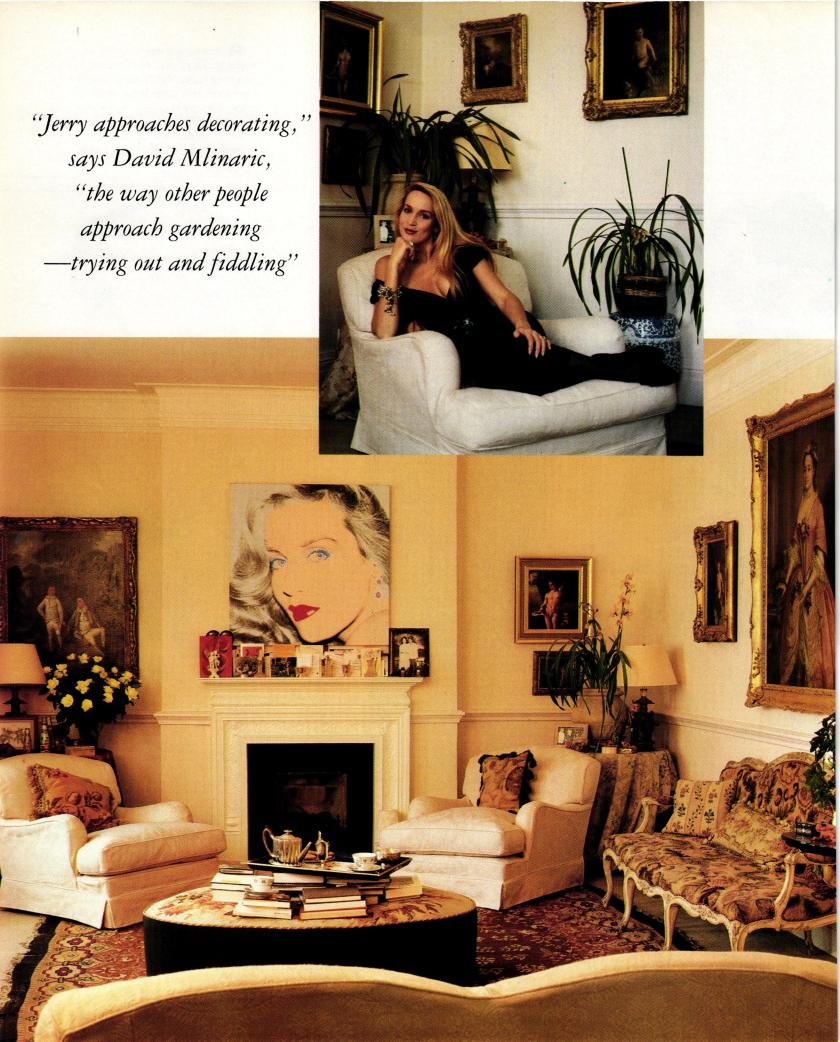




The Model Apartment



Jerry Hall homes in on a stylish London pied-à-terre By Guy Nevill Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes





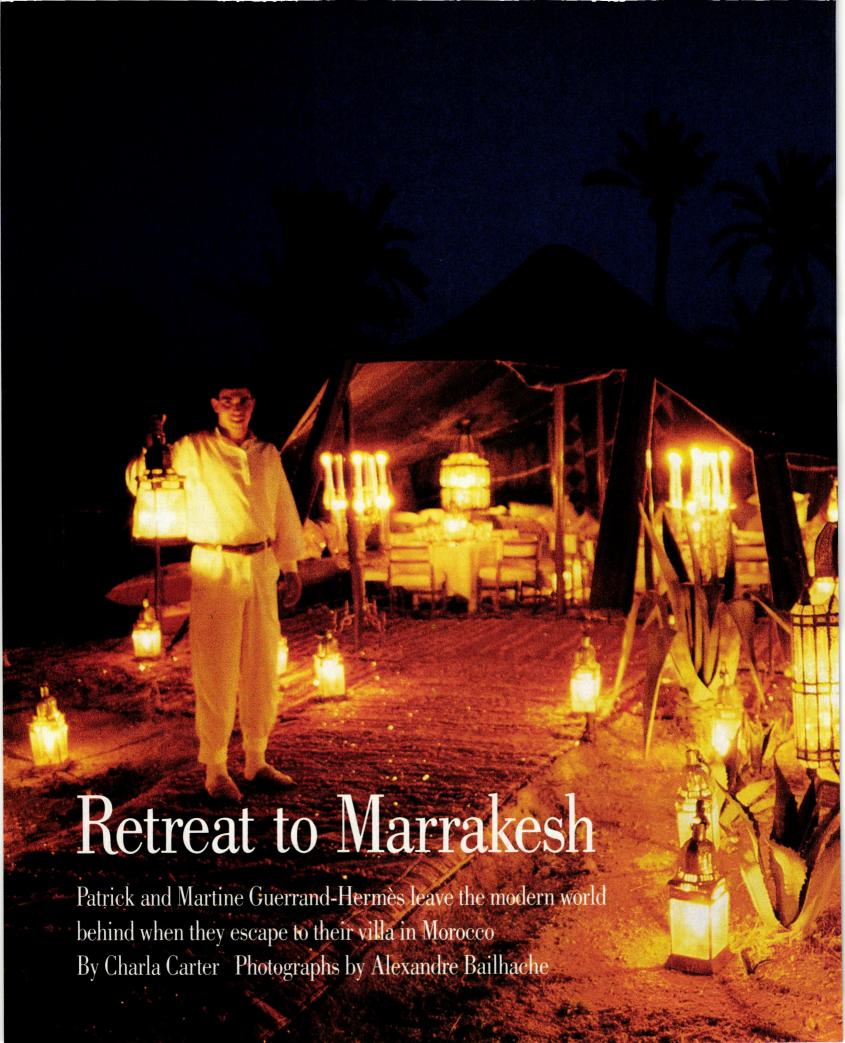
n 1988 Jerry Hall decided she had to have a base in London. It all happened very quickly. Within a week she had bought a fin de siècle flat in Kensington and had even begun improvising her housewarming party. Then Mick Jagger advised her: "Don't move in, call David Mlinaric." Jerry telephoned the decorator's office, said, "Y'all come on over," and the Mlinaric empire descended. Ever the professional, Mlinaric saw the possibilities immediately and, crossing the threshold, instinctively sensed there was a terrazzo floor underneath the pile carpet. But it was to Jane Rainey—daughter of the late Lord Harlech, once British ambassador to Washington-and Tino Zervudachi. both from Mlinaric's office, that he delegated the job, which had to be completed for Jerry's dinner party four months later. Their task was easier than most because Jerry, Mlinaric says, "approaches decorating the way other people approach gardening-trying out and fiddling. Jerry has this life force. That is why it took so little time to complete; she knew what she wanted and it all came together."

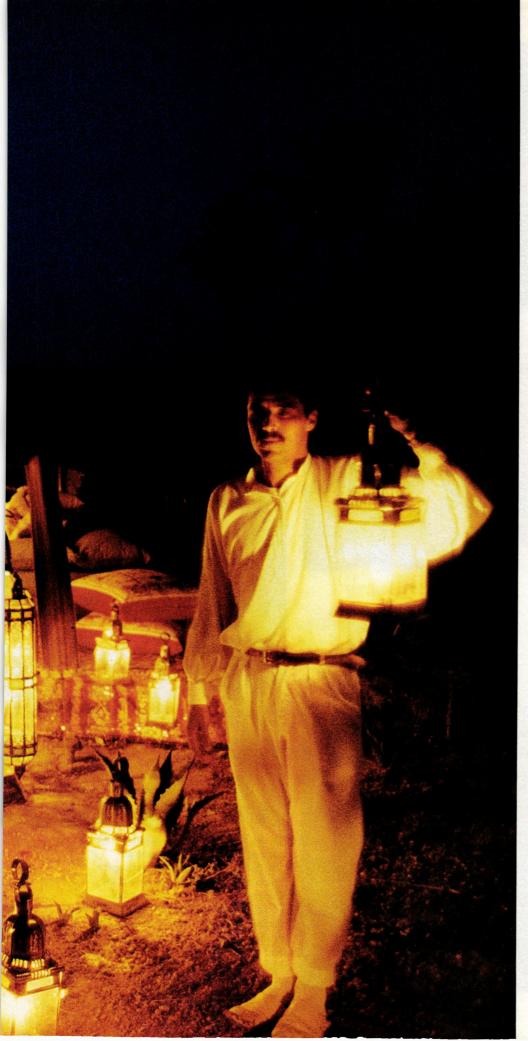
Knowing how to fend for herself comes naturally to Jerry Hall. She and her twin sister, Terry, the youngest of five girls, were raised in a three-bedroom house in Mesquite, now a suburb of Dallas. Soon after they were born the family fell on hard times. Their father, a half American Indian Clark Gable look-alike, who once served as an officer under General Patton, gambled away the family fortune, putting the deed to their farm in Gonzales on the table as a final gesture. Next he became a truck driver, transporting dangerous explosives across the country and taking fishing trips on the side. He named his twin progeny so he could boast to his mates that they were boys. Meanwhile, Jerry's mother, Marjorie Hall, a glamorous woman of Irish-Scottish descent, taught the girls about etiquette and beauty and that sex is the most important beauty secret. "She filled our heads with fantasies,"

Jerry Hall, opposite above, reclines on a George Sherlock chair. Opposite below: An Aubusson carpet provides common ground for a pair of Sherlock chairs, an embroidered ottoman, and a Louis XV needlepoint-upholstered sofa in the living room. Left: Coats and boots line the entrance hall where a reproduction William IV chair sits next to an Irish coal bucket used as an umbrella stand.









hen life at their château in Chantilly becomes too pastoral and Paris from their pied-àterre overlooking the Palais Royal gardens seems altogether too urbane, Patrick and Martine Guerrand-Hermès opt for an extreme in scenery and sensibility—their villa in Marrakesh.

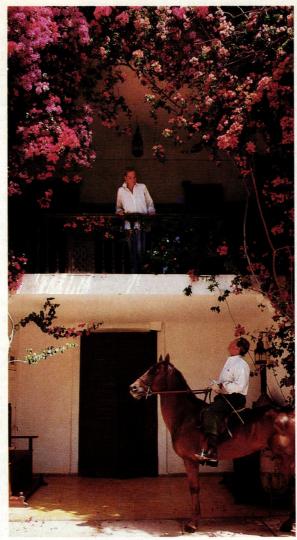
"We're just a three-hour flight from Paris, but it looks like something out of the Bible," says Martine. "Time has stopped here. The chaos of the modern world doesn't exist." Marrakesh's exotic flavor—its pink clay walls, spice-scented air, and djellabah-clad inhabitants-is what appeals to the Guerrand-Hermès, as does the fact that its average year-round temperature is a sunny 80 degrees. These same attractions have been drawing adventurous European expatriates to Morocco since the early decades of the century—a group that later included Leo Tolstoy's granddaughter Tatiana who lived in the Guerrand-Hermès house in the 1950s.

Patrick Guerrand-Hermès, a retired executive in his family's luxury leathergoods firm, first explored Marrakesh in 1954 as a cavalryman stationed in Morocco. Three decades later he surprised Martine and their two sons, Olaf, 26, and Mathias, 18, with the news that he'd just bought a villa in the heart of the Palmeraie, Marrakesh's vast palm grove.

By the time the Guerrand-Hermès moved in, La Source, as Tatiana dubbed it, bore the imprint of an eccentric doctor who left the villa with a decidedly split personality. La Source is, in fact, two houses in one. There is the original 1920s French colonial side containing most of the living space and a 1950s three-floor tower that serves as the bedroom wing. As a result the interior is a maze of winding passageways, staircases, entries, and exits leading from one house to the other. It makes for some "impossible inside circulation," Patrick concedes, "but there's nothing more boring than a salon-to-the-right, bedrooms-tothe-left floor plan, n'est-ce pas?"

Guests like French writer Jean Diwo and his wife, Irène, recommend asking for a map to discover La Source's many de-

A Moroccan waiter lights the way to a cavernous Berber tent in a corner of the Guerrand-Hermès garden. Made of black camel's hair and sheep's wool and carpeted with kilims, the alfresco shelter seats 25 people for feasts of couscous and tajine.



Martine Guerrand-Hermès, right, on a bougainvillea-draped terrace, greets her husband, Patrick, astride one of his Moroccan Barb horses. Below: From the terrace of the master bedroom, a view of La Source's abundant five-acre garden of anemones, asters, delphiniums, and 1,500 rosebushes.





In the master bedroom, above, cream-colored walls and canvas-covered armchairs provide a serene setting for Syrian and Moroccan antiques and an Orientalist painting. The bed stands in the alcove next to the fireplace, behind curtains of French cotton available from Brunschwig & Fils. The double doors lead to Martine Guerrand-Hermès's bathroom. Details see Resources.



"Time has stopped here. The chaos of the modern world doesn't exist"



lights. These include three spacious salons that convert to living or dining rooms, several flower-filled terraces where hot honey cakes and tea are served at breakfast, and seven bedrooms all of which boast superb views of either the Palmeraie or the Atlas mountain range.

Ithough their intention five years ago was simply to rearrange a bit, the Guerrand-Hermès ended up completely revamping La Source's interior. Initially, they asked a "very brilliant, very self-assured decorator to submit a plan," explains Patrick, but in the end they waved him away, saying "Forget about your bare white walls and fancy decorating ideas, we want a place to put our books." Finally they turned to Guy and Rajaa Morin, a local Marrakesh couple more attuned to their tastes and the local offerings, to help them graft traditional Moroccan elements onto La Source's

otherwise undistinguished interior. The Morins added four crescent-shaped fireplaces and replaced existing doors with brass-studded carved cedar ones rescued from defunct palaces in Marrakesh's Medina, the old Arab quarter. Local artisans tiled sink tops in the colorful geometric mosaics known as zellige and rebuilt walls the Moroccan way with layers of cork, packed earth, and tadlak, a plasterlike material that is polished for several days with agate stone, black soap, and beeswax to give it a luster resembling pink marble. A bathroom off the Chambre Toubkal (also known as the Young Marrieds' bedroom for its romantic view of Toubkal, the highest peak of the Atlas Mountains), is a tadlak jewel. Its floor, heavy round columns, sink top, even bathtub are all covered with the rosy finish.

This palette continues in Patrick and Martine's spacious bedroom, which has its own vast bougainvillea-carpeted terrace. Here, as in all the rooms, the only wall decorations are sumptuous nineteenth-century Orientalist paintings. ("A family weakness," says Patrick.) The antique furniture—intricately carved Moroccan and Syrian pieces inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl—was found for the most part in Paris, since, as Martine laments, "there's none to be had in Morocco." For fabrics the Guerrand-Hermès chose cottons patterned with French Provincial flower motifs that reminded them of Islamic decorations.

With Marrakesh's climate so warm and dry, more time is spent outdoors than in. The five acres of garden surrounding the house were in a state of general neglect when Patrick first surveyed them but their potential did not go unnoticed. "The garden's splendid savagery intrigued me," he says. "I threw myself into its renaissance." Almost as soon as the deed was signed, truckloads of fertilizer began mak-

ing their way to Marrakesh from France. Even grass seed was imported—it arrived in 25-pound gunnysacks from America. Fifteen hundred rosebushes were planted and their flowers are displayed throughout the house in sumptuous bouquets arranged by Martine's mother, Kaki.

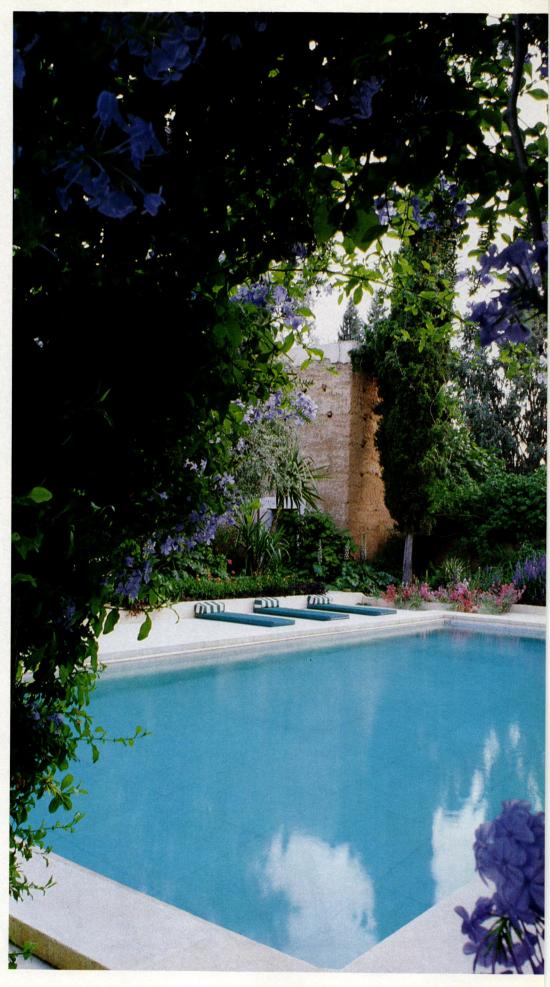
At the end of the garden lies a pool with a Moroccan-style men's changing room and steambath, "constantly being invaded by the women," says Patrick in mock exasperation. (The women's changing room is several all-too-exhausting yards away.) Guests indulge in poolside games of pinochle, gin, and a quaint local favorite called Moroccan's beard, while lounging on plush beach towels branded with the Hermès family name.

A bona fide bedouin tent, fashioned from heavy black camel's hair and sheep's wool and carpeted with kilims, stands in another corner of the garden. Occasionally the family gathers for quiet meals under its dark canopy. More often, however, the tent shelters glittering crowds of 25 or more who dine by the stippled light of silver lacework lanterns. These couscous and tajine feasts are often colored by spectacles in which dozens of Berber horsemen fire their guns in the air at full gallop.

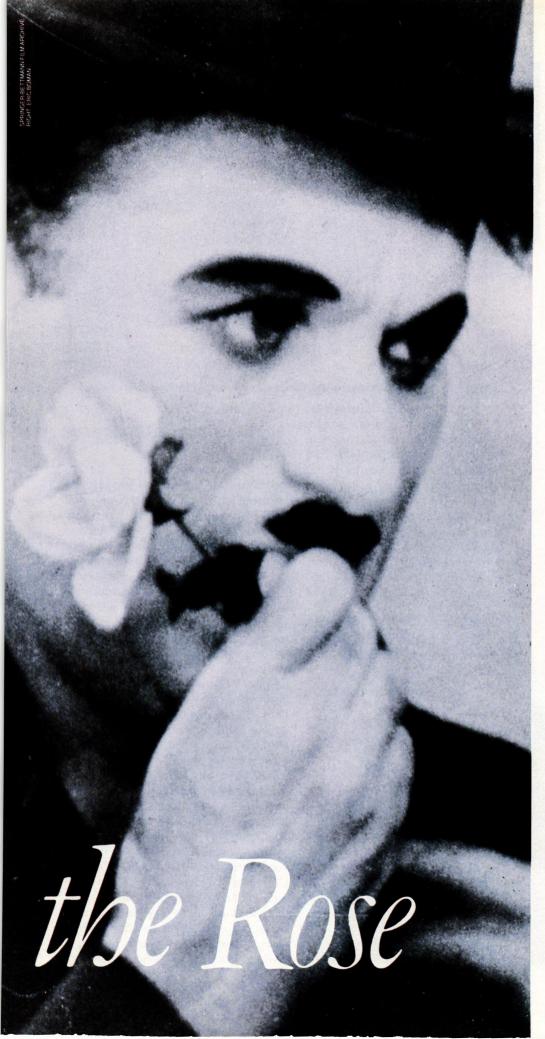
La Source is noted for its inspired entertainment, but Patrick, citing the proximity of ski fields, the ocean, golf courses, and riding trails insists it is the outdoor life they most enjoy. "La Source is a country house for us," explains Martine, who makes a point of being in Marrakesh with her husband in the autumn for the pruning of the garden and again in the spring when "the flowers are stunningly beautiful." Is there ever a time when Marrakesh and La Source are anything less than enchanting? "Yes," replies Patrick. "In August temperatures rise to a hundred degrees in the shade. That's when we turn the house over to some friends of ours—the marquis and marquise de Contades-and they love it." He considers for a moment and adds, "But I think they live only at night."

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

The bathroom, opposite, is finished in tadlak, a marblelike plaster. The divan and cushions are covered in a Brunschwig French cotton. Right: Vines of flowering jasmine and plumbago create an enchanting setting for the pool tucked into one end of the garden. The tower in the corner houses Moroccan-style changing rooms.







Why the classic full-blown beauty is the flower of the moment



By
Stephanie Mansfield
Produced by Ruth Ansel

ngrid Bergman has one named after her. So do Princess Stéphanie and Dolly Parton. Bette Midler and Linda Ronstadt croon over them, Geoffrey Beene and Pat Buckley dote on them, and Mike Nichols has cast them in a supporting role. Voluptuous, intoxicating, and ephemeral at its sensuous peak, one flower has cast a spell over kings and courtesans, poets and princes, and, of course, Gertrude Stein: the rose. The most fussed over flower in history is now the hottest in horto-chic. "Everyone's in love with roses," says Manhattan florist Marlo Phillips. "We'll be eating them soon for all I know."

"They're the most grateful flower," says social arbiter Pat Buckley, wife of William F. Buckley. "The care you give them comes back tenfold." Buckley, who has been known to take a blow dryer to the soil to avoid root rot, prefers white, pale

Actress Isabella Rossellini, opposite, in a Polo by Ralph Lauren sweater with the Danish-grown tea rose 'Ingrid Bergman'. Left: Charlie Chaplin masters the silent language of flowers. Above: The musk rose 'Will Scarlet'. Details see Resources.



Floral footwear, above, designed for HG by Manolo Blahnik. Carolina Herrera in clothes she designed, above right, and one of her rose arrangements, opposite top left. Below: Schumacher's Cabbage Rose carpet. Below right: Old roses grown by Peter Schlesinger.



yellow, and floribundas that bloom repeatedly. Fabric designer Fernanda Niven, who found inspiration for her Cowtan & Tout chintzes in the old roses of her Southampton garden, is especially proud of her 'Mme. Alfred Carrière'-- "because I know how hard it is to grow. It would be happier in England." Cornelia Sharpe Bregman, former model and actress, adores white roses: "They're so peaceful and serene." Kenneth Jay Lane, whose di-

It's hard to imagine Miss

amond rose clasp for pearls was inspired by a rose image in Cocteau's Beauty and the Beast, singles out 'Jazz'.

eoffrey Beene's affinity for roses dates back to his first encounter with a climbing rose in his grandmother's Louisiana garden. He has grown roses at his country house for years and does his own simple arrangements. Beene sniffs at the notion that roses are sexy. "It's a lushness of beauty." He also sees the flower as without class distinction. "The rose is everything to everyone." But party designer and planner Philip Baloun says the appeal is more elitist and a direct result of English manor envy. "Roses are equated with gentility. That's what people are looking for."

Savvy shop owners have begun shipping roses direct from their farms in Guatemala and Ecuador. Jorge Zambrano, manager of Manhattan's Rosa Rosa, takes delivery of 800 dozen (yes, dozen) roses four days a week and usually sells out by early afternoon. "People send their limos," he says. Clients include Joan Rivers, Carolina Herrera, and "a Mrs. Steinberg who calls from her car phone every day, making a \$4 phone call to see if I have a \$5 bunch of roses." A block or two down Lexington Avenue, Roses Only sells Ecuadoran roses









America weeping over an armful of gladiolus

for \$6 a dozen. "The price of roses has always been inflated," says manager John Crowell. His clients include Ivana Trump, who orders roses for the Plaza Hotel lobby twice a week and makes sure "nothing is wasted" by having the faded blossoms taken to the hotel basement, hung by their stems, and placed in dried arrangements in the Plaza suites.

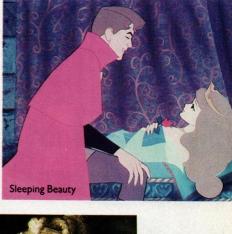
At the moment champagne roses are hot. So are the lavender 'sterling silver' roses. What's also hot is the full-blown look—'the fleeting floral moment,' as

Marlo Phillips describes it. "If the petals aren't on the floor by the end of the party, people aren't happy." Phillips is famous for cramming masses of roses into simple bowls. Two years ago, while impatiently waiting for the buds to open, she took a hair dryer to the arrangement and created the ultimate full-blown look, a floral Farrah Fawcett. Said to be Dominick Dunne's inspiration for the pricey, upwardly mobile florist in *People Like Us*, Phillips was hired by Mike Nichols to supply a rose arrangement for his film *Working Girl*. The only problem was that by the end of the day, the roses had peaked and had to be replaced. After three days of shooting, Nichols's florist bill threatened to put the picture over budget.

In California, Roses of Yesterday and (Text continued on page 164)

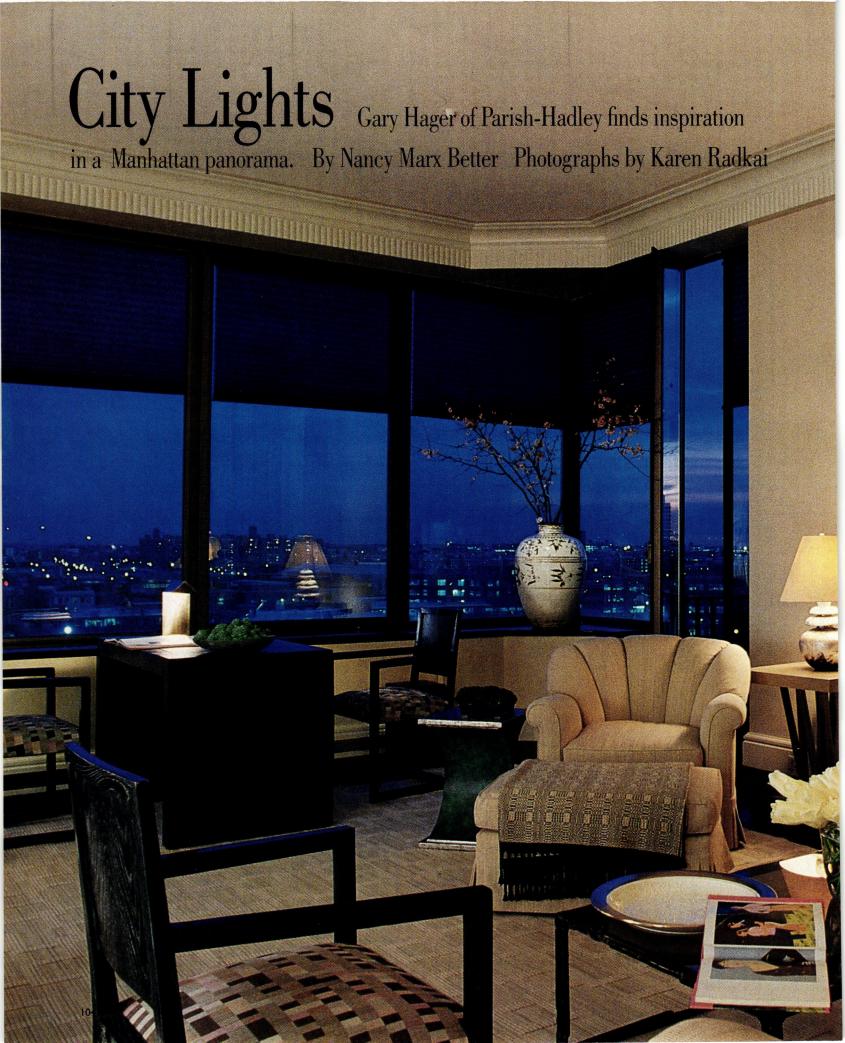














n his twelve years as a decorator with Parish-Hadley Associates, Gary Hager admits that few projects have captivated him as much as this Manhattan duplex, which he worked on with colleague David McMahon. "Everything in it has interest, scale, texture," he says. "Everything was designed to be unlike what other people had. These clients had a strong interest in quality and in having original objects."

Hager's clients, a Wall Street investment banker and his wife, wanted a fresh modern look for the apartment they share with their three young children. "They wanted it to be crisp and clean but not hard or formal," he says. "I call it soft geometry—the lines are simple and spare, but they have a serene elegant quality." That gentleness comes from Hager's muted palette; awash in neutral colors, the apartment changes its expression in different lights. Hager took his inspiration from the greenish gray water of the East River, which is visible from nearly every room: "I wanted it to look like the sea on a stormy day."

The decorator's first challenge was to give the apartment a sense of proportion. "We started with a fantastic space, and we wanted to improve it," he says. To give the front hall scale, he painted the walls like a giant checkerboard with more than a dozen subtle colors, from pink and tan to green and gray, topped with an umber glaze. From a distance the effect is like a highly burnished leather quilt. To give the front hall more structure, he suggested enclosing the main staircase. He also convinced his clients to raise the living room doorways and put black nickel doorknobs low on the ebonized ash doors to make the twelve-foot ceilings look even higher.

This adventuresome spirit extended to a variety of objects Hager selected, made by artists from all over the world. Many of the handcrafted tables and lamps are finished in white gold or bronze, which he finds

Decorator Gary Hager's neutral color scheme and handcrafted metallic pieces create a living room that reflects changes in light. Hager combines a creamy rug by Gregory Newham and a café au lait fabric with a gilded mirror copied from a Jean-Michel Frank original, sculptor Bruno Romeda's bronze coffee table, and Josef Hoffmann's ebonized oak armchairs from Galerie Metropol, NYC. The limestone mantel and silvered lamp are by Parish-Hadley. Details see Resources.



"I call it soft geometry—the lines are simple
and spare, but they have a serene elegant quality"





warmer than silver or steel. To set off the dark herringbone parquet floors, he commissioned a Gregory Newham woven rug in pale beiges and smoky grays and a neutral fabric for the sofas. His favorite pieces include his honey-ash console with unusual lyre-shaped legs fabricated by John Savittieri and a bronze coffee table fashioned by sculptor Bruno Romeda. The centerpiece of the room is the sleek limestone mantel by Parish-Hadley, topped by a scalloped mirror. "The mirror is a copy of one I have by Jean-Michel Frank," Hager says. "It's a whimsical object—a relief from any seriousness." In the fireplace stands a pair of seventeenth-century andirons, which the decorator bought from Danny Alessandro in Manhattan. "The living room is a big strong room, so the fireplace had to be gutsy," he says. "It had to have integrity to hold up

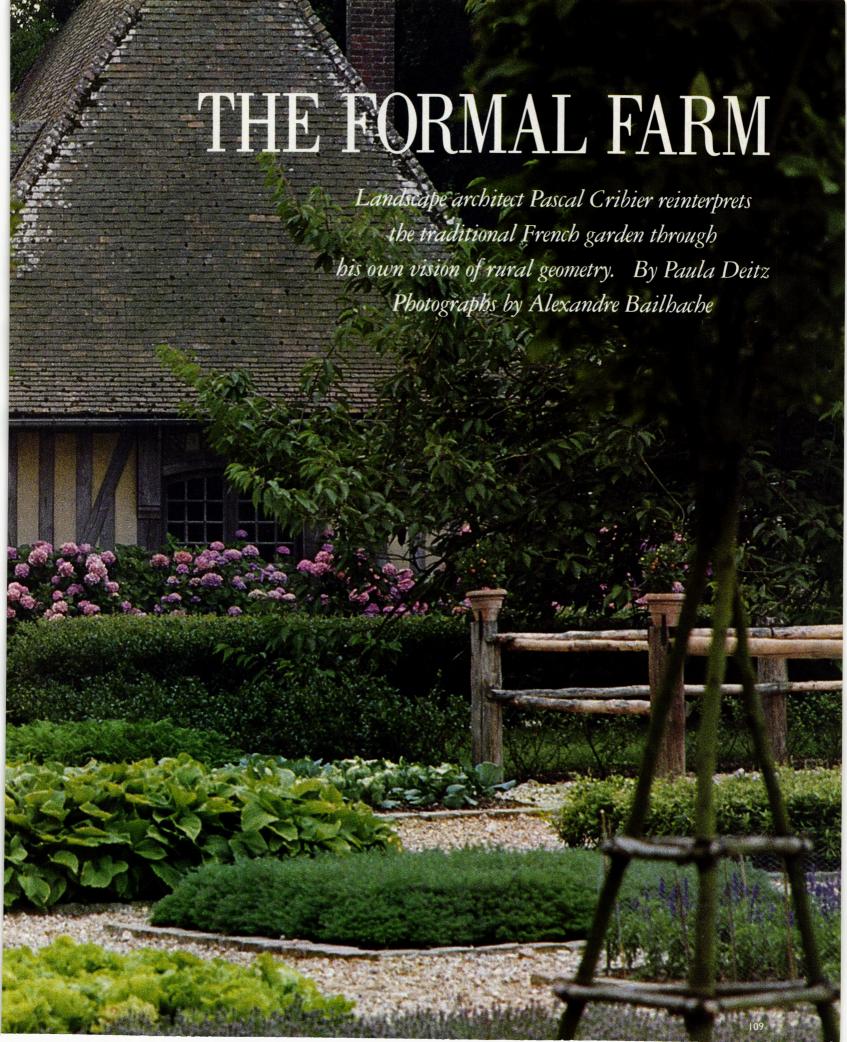
The living room, left, has a collection of artists' designs, including Hager's honey-ash console executed by John Savittieri and a bench with a woven seat by Robin Goss. The night scene is by Yvonne Jacquette. Above: The reflection in a mirror designed by Hager provides a glimpse of the living and dining rooms. With walls covered in silver tea paper from Roger Arlington, the dining room comes alive after dark. The 1908 Carl Witzmann chairs are from Galerie Metropol. Above the Michael La Rocca table, a painting by Franz Willems from Barry Friedman, NYC.

the room." Hager also clad the windowsills in black granite with black nickel grills to complement the architecture: "I thought they should be part of the overall room, as much as the windows."

and silver to create a more sophisticated aura. "Because this room comes alive after dark, I wanted to take advantage of the night view." The walls are covered in silver tea paper, which reflects and diffuses light. The mist black granite table was made by Savittieri, and the black stained and polished beechwood chairs are a 1908 Carl Witzmann design executed by J. & J. Kohn. "This is a room that evolves from morning to night," he says. "It's not a static environment."

The library, whose walls are glazed a sea green, is reminiscent of the water beyond. Even Poseidon would feel at home here. Since his clients use the room for relaxation, Hager designed a built-in entertainment system—set into curved plaster reveals-around the black granite fireplace. "This had to be a more intimate, insular sort of room," he says, "cozy with places for reading, watching television, listening to music." Hager's ultimate goal was to achieve tranquillity: "This apartment is an oasis in the city, and I wanted it to echo the peacefulness of the river and sky." 📤 Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet





n the Seine Valley of Normandy, winds from the Channel sweep across the flat landscape, and a faint mist hangs over miles of apple orchards. Alongside fields of flax alternating with pastureland stand half-timbered houses where the same families have lived for centuries. One domain northwest of Rouen, near the commune of Limésy, has been in the same family for six hundred years, but not since the eighteenth century have its gardens and park played so prominent a role in life on the estate.

In the 1700s, Toustain de Frontebosc, an ancestor of the Bagneux, the present owners, wrote a scholarly manuscript concerning the principles of Norman horticulture and agriculture, including tenets he practiced in the environs of his own château. With all due respect to the spirit of Frontebosc's treatise and to the venerable French tradition of plantings based on clarity and

geometry, Pascal Cribier, a 34-year-old landscape architect, has staked out a fresh interpretation of these ideas on the Bagneux property to create a veritable garden for the twenty-first century.

Adalbert and Anne-Marie de Bagneux retreated to a four-room farmhouse on their domain, La Coquetterie, when the eighteenth-century château burned down after World War II. Using the regional vernacular of half-timbering with brick infill, they expanded the house but kept its charm intact. Adalbert de Bagneux was mayor of Limésy from 1929 until his death in 1973, and since then his wife has carried on to complete their projects at La Coquetterie.

Pascal Cribier's office in Paris is at the edge of the Luxembourg Gardens, with a view over the tops of the radiating allées of horse chestnut trees that give this park its distinctive quality. The view in autumn, with its rows of golden to bronze leaves, is particularly symbolic of Cribier's favorite theories about the effectiveness of planting in quantity, with a composition that relies on slight variations of a repetitive motif instead of major contrasts. He also understands the spirit of a working domain



where, as Madame de Bagneux says, "gardeners like best to mow lawns and clip hedges and would rather tend vegetables than flowers." It is Cribier's ability to grasp the genius of place and express it in a modern design idiom that has inspired an ever-increasing demand for his work.

Madame de Bagneux's basic requirement for La Coquetterie was clear: a garden close to the house that would be beautiful year-round and easily maintained. Cribier, however, characteristically takes the position that gardens around a house make the structure itself too important. "Instead," he says, "the garden should be a collection of variables of which the house is only one element," and in a little sketch to make his point, geometric shapes spin off and away from the main house.

Within a large graveled stable yard in front of the house, framed at one of its far corners by cow sheds, Cribier has laid out an enchanting potager, or kitchen garden, called the Jardin des Carrés. In the traditional potager, like the one in the re-created Renaissance garden at Villandry, the carré, or square, is the basic form for the entire series of beds, each planted with

only one kind of vegetable or herb. At La Coquetterie the potager consists of 36 two and a half meter squares set in a grid of twelve rows of three across. Here too, vegetables, flowers, herbs, and low evergreens are distributed, one variety per carré, each square a miniature version of single-crop agriculture. Whole fields of lavender or tobacco waving in the wind are the sort of image Cribier has in mind when he says "in large quantities, in a kind of saturation of plants, each one becomes more valuable as part of a whole." Each square is framed with what must be the rarest paving blocks in France—stones recently removed from an inner courtyard of the Palais-Royal to make way for contemporary stone and marble columns by the sculptor Daniel Buren.

Under soft gray skies and amid a sea of gravel paths, this arrangement of squares appears cool and spare, and the muted shades of greens,

grays, blues, yellows, and whites have a luminous quality. Squares of similar colors, like the beds of purple petunias and lavender, seem to call out to one another. Contrasts of texture—stiff blades, floppy leaves, and rigid stalks—are as important as color in modulating the regular grid. The sum of these parts is as satisfying as the enclosed gardens of the Renaissance, and yet it feels refreshingly new, modern, and open.

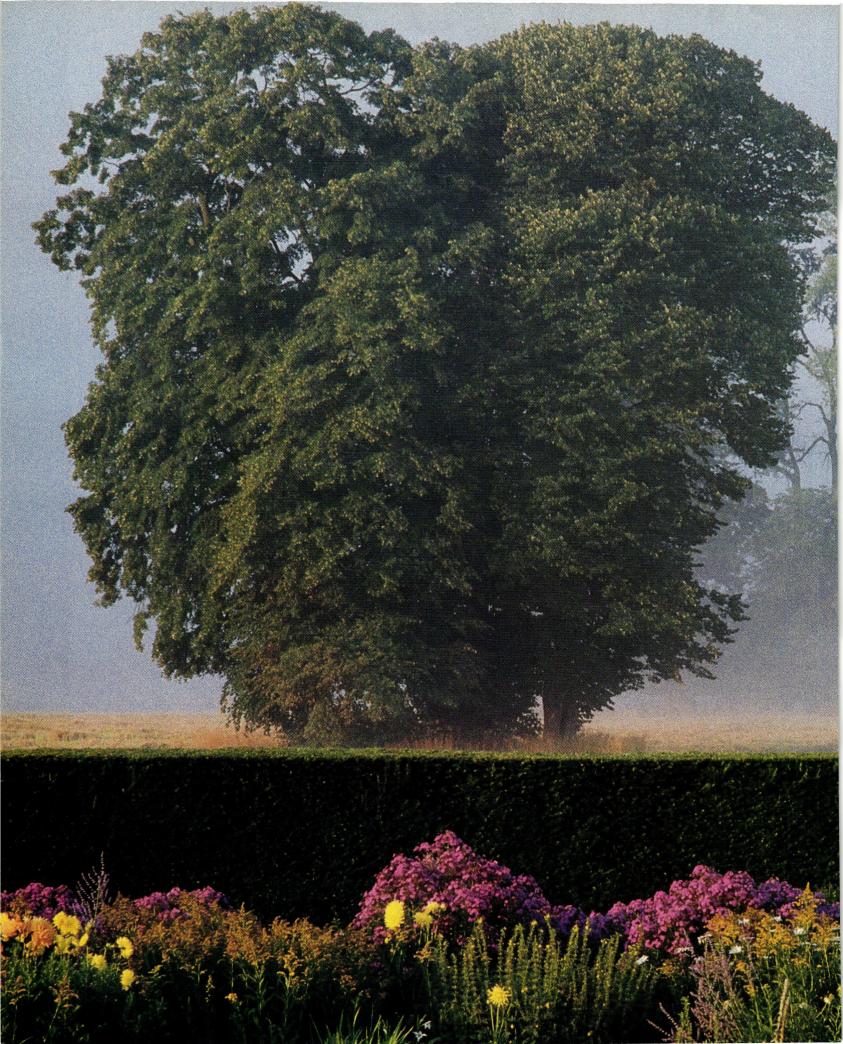
No other area near the house is left simply to be neutral—not even the gravel space for parking. Here twelve linden trees set out in a rectangle will be pleached and clipped over the years so that their

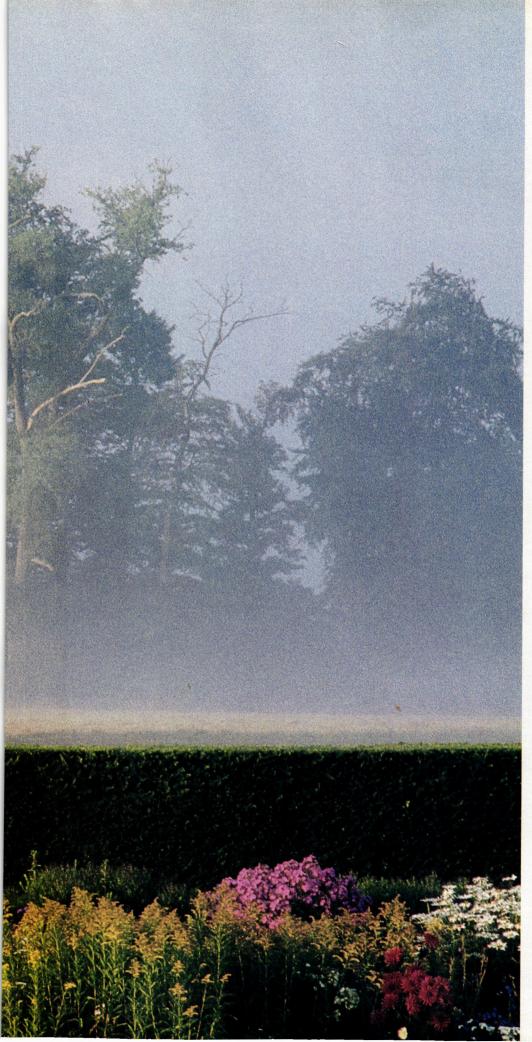
Clipped box globes in the entrance court, opposite, are set on the diagonal among sandstone pavers typical of the region. Pascal Cribier calls the geometric shrubs "sentinels." Above: Seen in profile, plants in the two and a half meter square beds (here lavender, Siberian iris, and perovskia) suggest miniature versions of agricultural crops in large fields. Colors within the grid change seasonally as flowers come into bloom and fade and vegetables mature.











branches form a floating hedge, suspended above the family cars (sometimes as many as 25) that assemble on weekends and holidays. In front of a laurel hedge on the lawn bordering the potager is another example of what Cribier calls "la force végétale" (the natural vigor of plants): here he has trained three triangular pylons from living hornbeams, their supple trunks, three together, bent and tied into forms Madame de Bagneux calls her Eiffel Towers. Crowned by bushy leaves and braced with cut branches, these have become living stakes for tomato vines.

dirt gardener himself, Cribier enjoys the sense of taming these forces of nature and of containing both the wild and the ordinary in a strict geometry of space. Along the piers of the cow sheds he has placed terra-cotta pots filled with immense bouquets of wild grasses and herbs. And in the entry court to the house, 25 box clipped into small globes appear to have sprouted up between the typically Norman sandstone pavers, like sentinels in military formation-a disciplined rank that nevertheless allows for diagonal paths to the doors. From this courtyard one can survey the entire potager seated in comfort against the sword-shaped leaves of one of Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne's fanciful patinated-bronze benches. (The design was originally commissioned for the Lila Acheson Wallace garden at Colonial Williamsburg.)

To protect the swimming pool on the back lawn from the constant winds off the Channel, Cribier has set a tall hedge of yews within an existing low stone wall. He is making adjustments as well in the family's long floral border at the bottom of the lawn that, along with the hedge behind, creates a strong horizon at the end of the garden. In summer and on into autumn this border glows with the richer hues of zinnias, asters, and cosmos—and dahlias donated by the village curé.

At a time when most contemporary architecture in France appears to be striving for the boldly (*Text continued on page 164*)

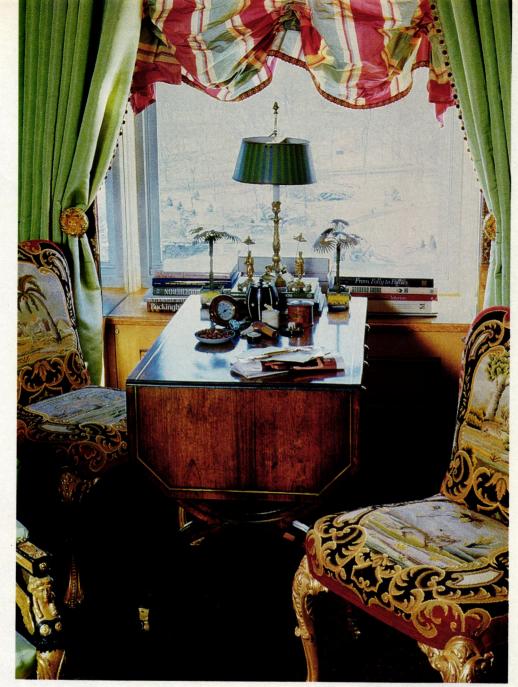
Beyond a summer border at the bottom of the garden, an early morning mist blown in from the Channel hangs over woods and fields. Some of the trees silhouetted on the horizon were planted in the 18th century by the horticulturist and scholar Toustain de Frontebosc, an ancestor of the Bagneux family.

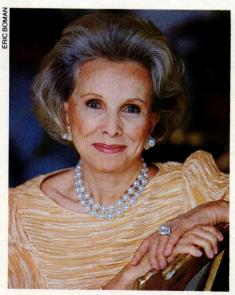


n the library of Milton and Carroll Petrie's Fifth Avenue apartment there is a pillow that says: "Behind every successful man is an exhausted woman." This is obviously Carroll Petrie's idea of a little joke because you have never seen a less exhausted looking woman. Elegantly dressed and coiffed, perfectly poised, and radiating her famous southern charm, Mrs. Petrie looks energetic and assured—a woman who knows exactly what she wants and wastes no time getting it.

What Mrs. Petrie wanted, in this particular case, was a different apartment. She and her husband, the retailing tycoon and noted philanthropist, entertain a great deal, and they needed a place with a larger dining room and more space for staff and service. They found just that-five floors up from where they were living. What Mrs. Petrie didn't want, however, was a new apartment; the look of the old one suited her just fine. So, with the help of two decorators who had worked on the old apartment-David Easton with John Christensen (the architectural planning, the living room, library, and entrance hall) and Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade (the dining room)—and one, Pauline Boardman (the bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchen, servants' quarters, and contracting), who had not, she proved that you can indeed take it with you.

Easton's goal was to create a sense of Classical symmetry in the new apartment. Three small corridors were made into one large columned entrance gallery with bookcases, a black and white marble floor, and yellow faux bois paneling. He aligned the doors that open off the hall into the liv-





The Height of Elegance

Milton and Carroll Petrie moved five floors up without leaving home. By Pilar Viladas Photographs by Oberto Gili







ing and dining rooms and added a wall to shorten the living room's narrow proportions and create a small library.

In the living room the same Louis XVI fauteuils and pastel silk sofas and armchairs sit on the same Empire documentinspired carpet, but a switch from the old apartment's yellow walls to the new apartment's pale pink sets a more delicate, feminine tone: "I have a weakness for pink," confirms Mrs. Petrie.

Next door in the library, Easton gathered China Trade paintings from all three of the Petries' houses and hung them as a collection on the red walls. Accented by apple-green upholstery and curtains, this room has a warmth and intimacy that is not lost on its owners: "We almost always go there when we're alone," comments Mrs. Petrie. The dining room is covered in the same rose damask as in the old apartment. This room's ceiling is painted, as was its predecessor's, but its design of rose garlands and birds against a blue sky is what Robert Denning calls "a more developed version—very Watteauesque."

David Easton gave the entrance gallery, above, a Classical symmetry. Right: In the dining room Robert Denning used the same Lee Jofa rose damask he applied to the walls of the Petries' former apartment. Again, he had the ceiling painted with a blue sky but this time with garlands of roses. An Empire chandelier was transferred from the old library. The Louis XV console is gilt wrought iron with a marble top. Overcurtains are of Rose Cumming chintz.

Thanks to Pauline Boardman, Milton Petrie's bedroom looks suitably masculine (with the exception of his famous collection of teddy bears), and his wife's is luxurious and feminine—the perfect spot for Mrs. Petrie to relax with her two poodles and long-haired Chihuahua, who were out being groomed during our visit. "They spend more time at the hairdresser than I do," she jokes.

he unorthodox three-decorator arrangement worked just as well the second time around—a tribute to Mrs. Petrie's powers of management, if not of persuasion. But then, as Denning says, "Carroll is the ideal client. She makes up her mind and pays her bills. And she likes and lives with the results. What else can you ask for? It's flattering."

It is also interesting that someone of Mrs. Petrie's considerable wherewithal would opt for minimal changes when she could have given her new apartment a radically different look. "It speaks well of knowing yourself," says Denning. "Few people have such assurance." It is an assurance, adds Easton, that comes from experience. "Carroll has seen a lot of the real thing—great houses, great rooms."

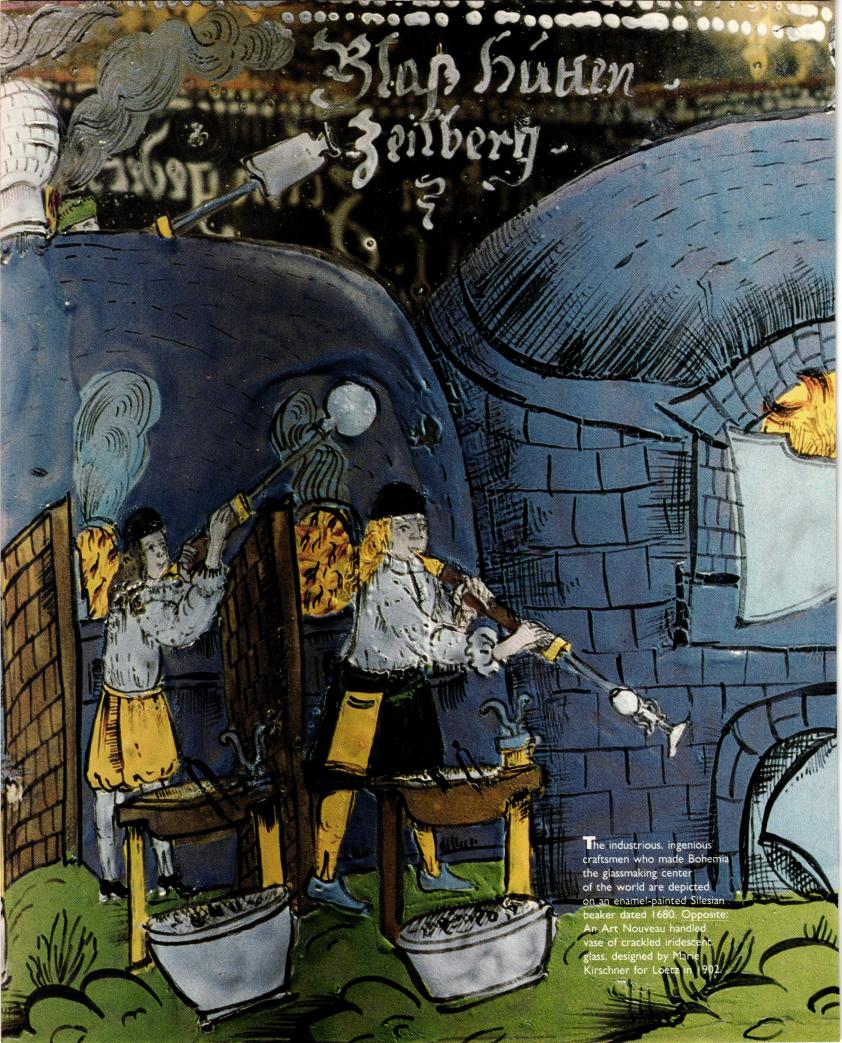
Now that the Petries' New York base is completed, Mrs. Petrie is at work on her next project—a condominium at the Breakers in Palm Beach. And after that? The tireless southern belle replies, "I think I'll take a rest."

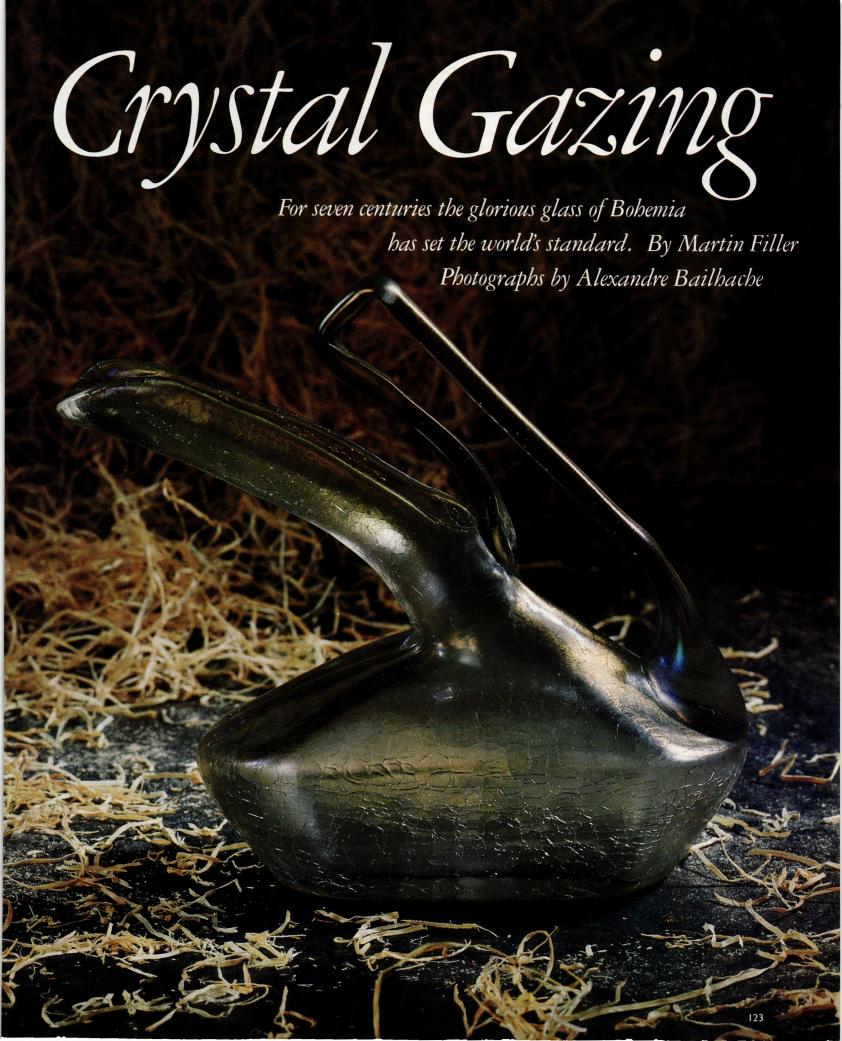
Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet





The unorthodox three-decorator arrangement worked just as well the second time around—a tribute to Carroll Petrie's powers of persuasion





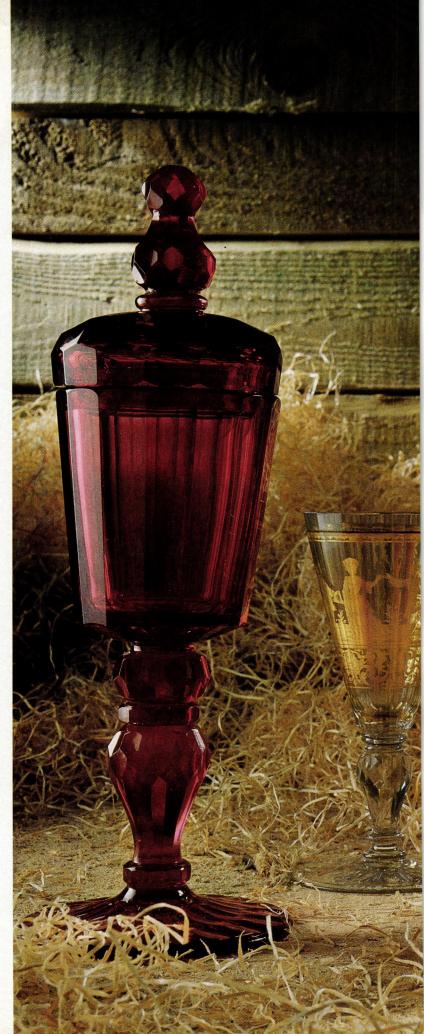
ome artifacts not only epitomize a particular moment in design history but also reflect epochs of political, social, economic, and artistic change. Few man-made objects connect those themes more completely than Bohemian glass. Since the Middle Ages, the rich natural resources and abundant forests of Bohemia (part of present-day Czechoslovakia) have provided the raw materials and fuel for what became the world's most versatile and wide-reaching glass industry. By the mid eighteenth century Bohemian glass could be bought as far away as the shops of colonial Boston, the markets of Mexico City, and the bazaars of Constantinople. Schools in some obscure Bohemian hamlets taught up to a dozen languages to prepare village boys for careers in international trade. Princes and prelates gave and received state presents of prestigious Bohemian crystal, which remained a global watchword for excellence until the cataclysm of World War II.

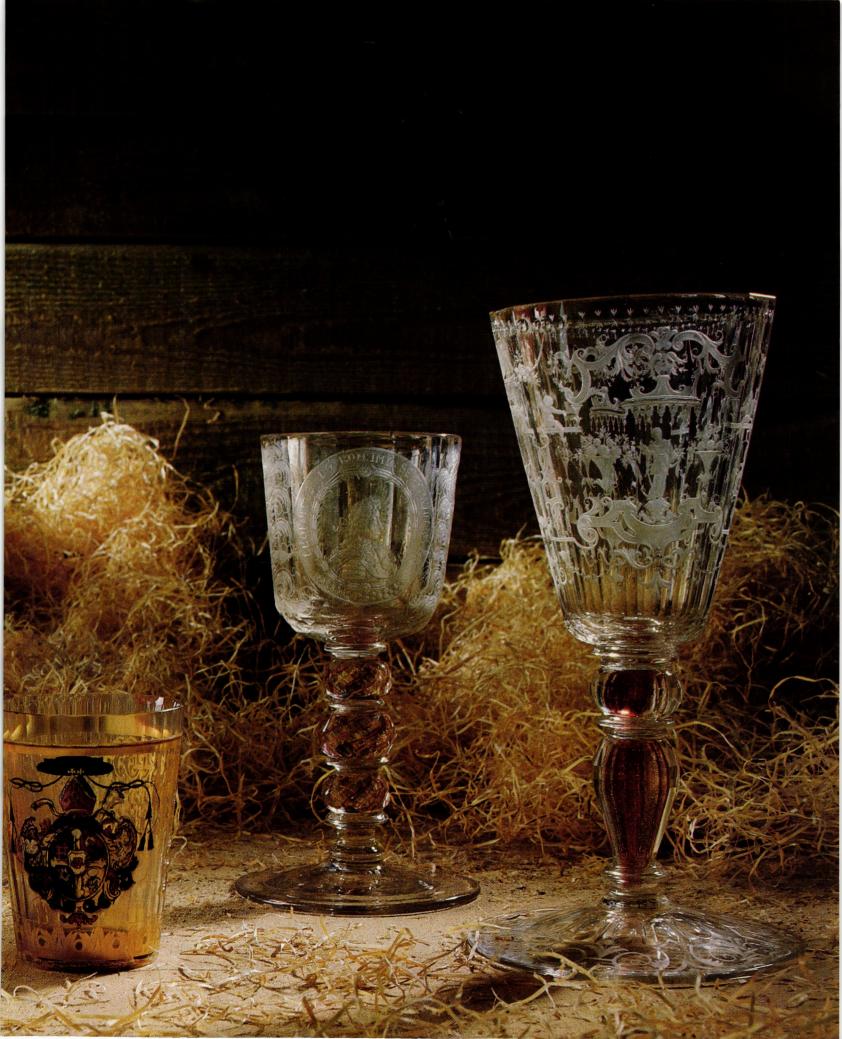
The venerable reputation of the Bohemian glass industry has long been eclipsed by other European manufacturers. Now, in a country far more famous for its crystal today than Czechoslovakia, a major retrospective of seven centuries of Bohemian glass is being held. The exhibition "Verres de Bohême," on view at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris through January 28, is more than just a dazzling panorama of antique and contemporary glass treasures. Rather, over two hundred examples of master craftsmanship illuminate a neglected body of work rarely seen in such depth and quality. It concentrates only on the very best.

As this exhibition demonstrates over and over again, the factory owners of Bohemia were clever, adaptable, and receptive to new ideas as part of a comprehensive marketing strategy that would be the envy of many current CEOs. During the Renaissance, the glass of Murano was rightly regarded as the world's finest. The soda-based Venetian pieces were purer than the yellowish or greenish potash-based Bohemian material. What better ploy for covering up the imperfections of Bohemian glass than appropriating and modifying the dense intertwining grotesques and flower, leaf, and vine motifs used on the fashionable Italian glass? The Bohemians eventually found themselves with an enduring classic, and glassware based on those early designs is still being made in Czechoslovakia.

The demand for novel colors and rich ornamentation led the Bohemians to the frontiers of creativity in search of new techniques. When a Prussian glassmaker finally developed a deepred ruby glass during the 1670s, it caused a sensation and became a jealously guarded secret. Within a decade the Bohemians had learned the formula and made it their own. True to form they went even further with it, creating extravagant Baroque pieces swirled with twisting strands of ruby glass and gold filigree resembling ribbons wafting (Text continued on page 160)

Bohemian glassmakers have constantly experimented with innovative techniques. From left: Covered ruby glass goblet dates from the late 17th century when the secret Prussian formula became known in Bohemia. The double-layer Zwischengold stemmed glass and armorial beaker are both mid 18th century; a close-fitting gilded liner was fixed with clear adhesive inside the outer glass. Two Baroque glasses, a goblet engraved with a portrait of Holy Roman Emperor Leopold I, late 17th century, and goblet with grotesques, 1715–20, have gold and ruby stems.







e had scouts looking all over the country for us, from Montana to New Mexico," says Lynda Guber of the search she and her husband, Peter, made for a mountain retreat. "Then a broker in Aspen called one day and said, 'You have to come up immediately.' A few hours later we were driving up this extraordinarily beautiful winding path to the ranch. Peter and I both laughed because it was like the song 'On the Road to Mandalay."

One glance at the view east across the Aspen valley toward Red Mountain and the continental divide was all it took to convince the Gubers this was the road well taken. Naturally the Gubers named their new ranch Mandalay. This romantic allusion to a locale that has been the subject of a Rudyard Kipling poem, a vaudeville song, and a 1926 silent movie is appropriate to the Gubers. Peter Guber is half of the Guber-Peters Entertainment Co., responsible for producing such films as Flashdance, Rain Man, The Witches of Eastwick, Gorillas in the Mist, and Batman. The Academy Award-winning partnership so impressed the Sony Corporation when it bought Columbia Pictures Entertainment last year that 47-year-old Guber and partner Jon Peters were hired to head the studio. Redheaded Lynda matches her husband stride for stride in energy. A decorator, former schoolteacher, and educational reform activist, she is currently making her film debut as screenwriter and producer of a film tentatively titled Spiritual Girls on the March. The two met when they were students at Syracuse University and have nearly set a Hollywood record with 24 years of marriage.

In Aspen, a town that might more fittingly be called Rockywood for the plethora of film folk in its midst, the Gubers' presence hardly raises an eyebrow. After all, Jack Nicholson, Kurt Russell, Goldie Hawn, Don Johnson, and Disney boss Michael Eisner are only a few of the luminaries who have flocked to the remote valley.

Of course, Aspen has always been a

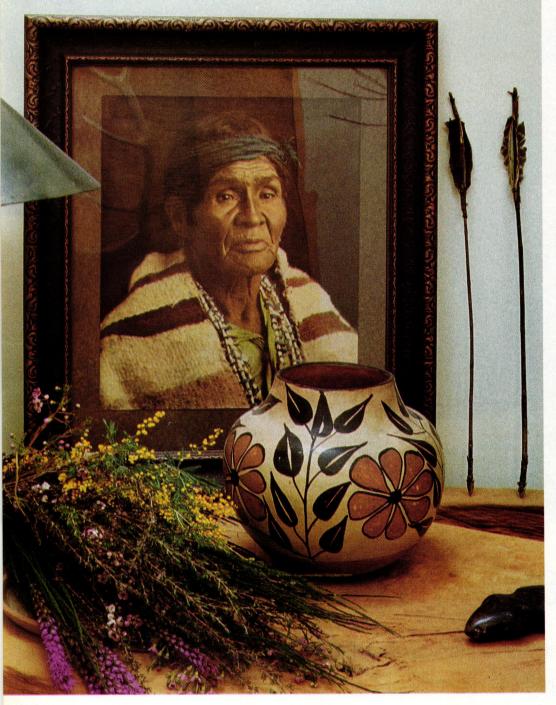
Lynda and Peter Guber, left, trailblaze through the aspens on their Colorado estate. Right: Goatskin lampshades hang from oxen yokes in the barn where the Gubers gather to play pool and saddle up their horses. Next to a wall of chaps, hats, and saddles, an Alaskan dogsled doubles as a chaise longue. Details see Resources.





Aspen on Location

Hotshot producer Peter Guber creates the ultimate Western movie set By Kent Black Photographs by Oberto Gili Contractors estimated two years for the project, but Guber, accustomed to tight schedules, got the job done in 130 days



boomtown. First there was silver in the late nineteenth century, and now there's gold in real estate, retail, and tourism. Guber, though, dismisses the attractiveness of glitz at 8,000 feet. "Sure, the social scene is there if you want it. But we chose the ranch for seclusion. At home in Bel-Air I

sometimes feel that if I wind my watch too loud, the neighbors will call and complain. Here I could fire off a howitzer and no one would comment."

The Gubers' transformation of Mandalay, in fact, was like a sustained artillery barrage. The house was bought in March 1986. Renovation began the following month. "Peter was absolutely determined that the ranch be finished by Labor Day," says Lynda, still awestruck by the undertaking. Although local contractors estimated two years, Guber, accustomed to tight production schedules, got the job done in 130 days.

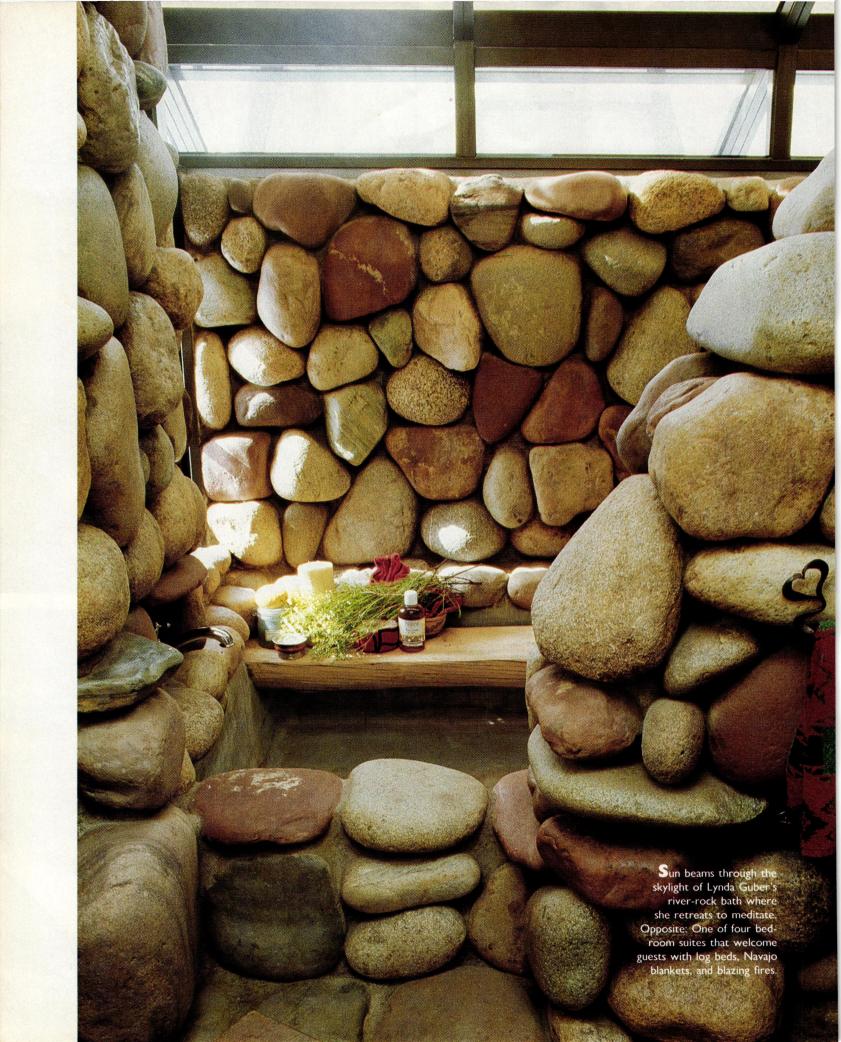
Just short of tearing down the original clapboard house, the Gubers enlarged the foundation, raised the roof, re-sided the structure with logs from Montana, replaced the plumbing and electrical wiring, reconfigured rooms, and refloored all 7,200 square feet with Mexican tile and wide pine planks salvaged from a warehouse in Pennsylvania.

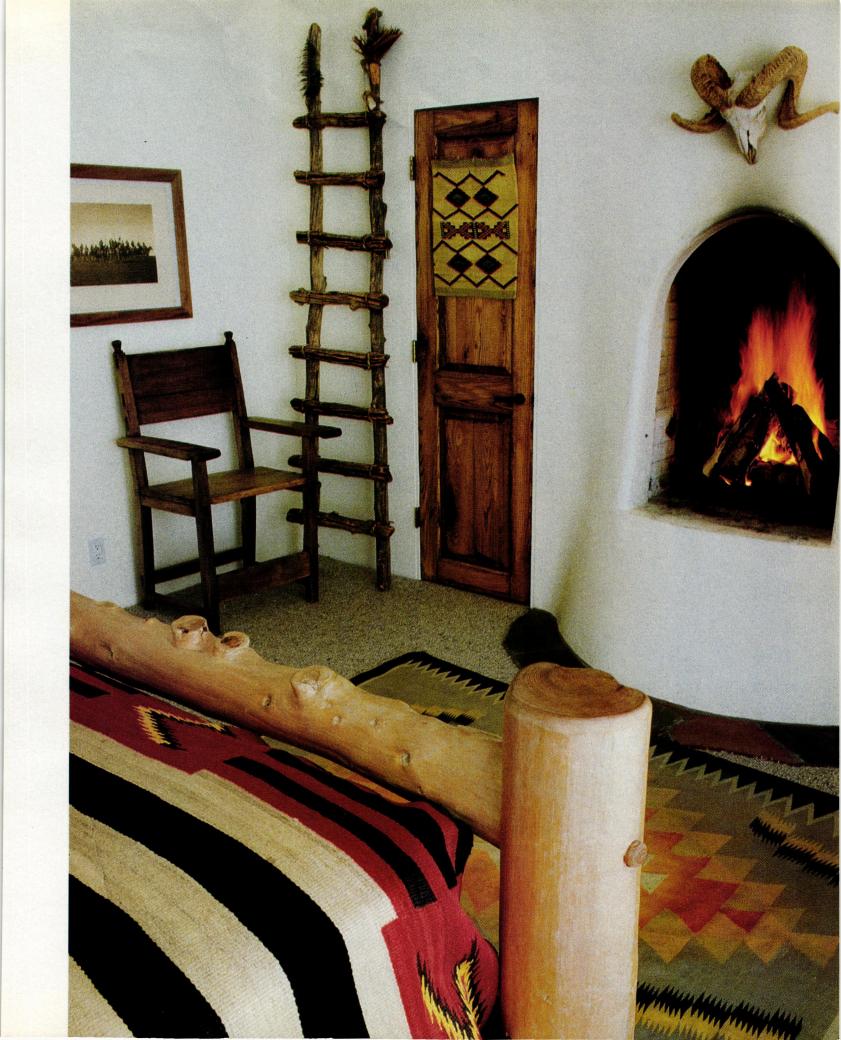
Los Angeles interior designer Dayna Van Kleeck, who acted as the Gubers' design consultant, traveled all over the West with Lynda hunting down furniture and objects. Peter meanwhile took on the weighty responsibility of owner-builder, and for a month he camped out in one small room of the house to oversee the crucial stages of the renovation. "We started out at six in the morning when the specialists arrived. At three in the afternoon the first shift would go home and another crew of stonemasons or tilers would come in and work until nine. (Text continued on page 162)

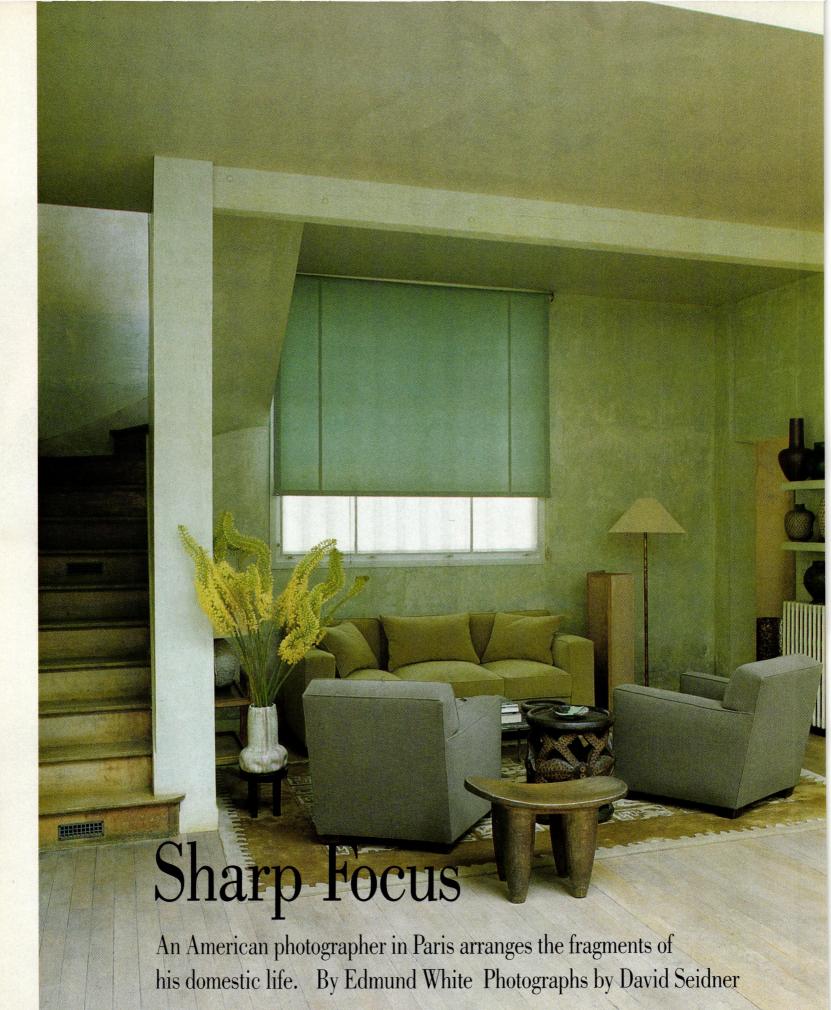
The western theme of the house unfolds opposite the front door, left, where a cedarroot table supports an Indian portrait, a Pueblo pot, and a tomahawk head. Above right: Saplings line the cathedral ceiling, and Navajo Germantown weavings, blankets by Beacon and Pendleton, and a Ralph Lauren Home Collection fabric on pillows decorate the living room, which is both cavernous and cozy. Right: Tucked into the side of a hill, the house is surrounded by dramatic views of the Aspen valley.













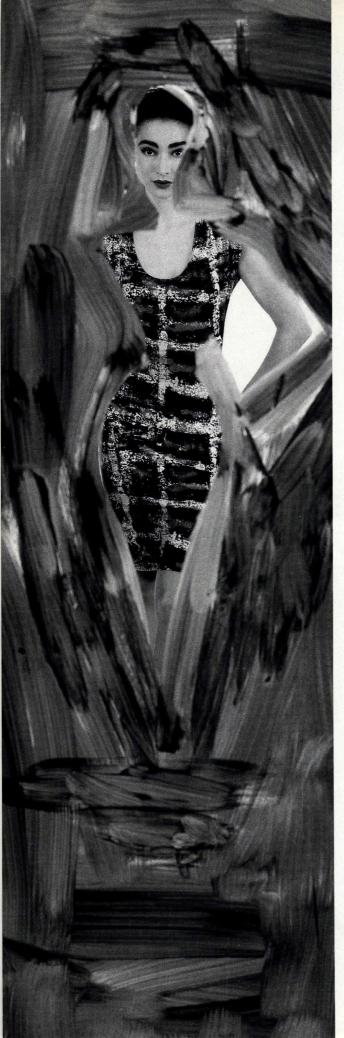
avid Seidner is a 32-year-old American photographer who has the requisite courage and inner strength to see the world in bits and pieces—which is precisely the way it is most of the time. One definition of creativity is the ability to hold contradictions in suspension, to postpone our natural need for closure in order to explore what is disturbingly open-ended. By this definition Seidner is one of the most powerfully creative talents around. His pictures are usually of fragments-bodies glimpsed in motion, faces broken down and analyzed by mirror shards, figures half canceled out by superimposed images.

"I like to orchestrate accidents," he remarks with that level gaze and unsmiling expression so at odds with his natural gift for intimacy—and for antic fun. Tall, crop-haired, blond, broad-shouldered, he has that slightly uncomfortable look of a bodyguard put into a suit, but in fact he's thoroughly at ease in the international art scene. Like his photographs, Seidner himself is never simple; he's bristling with complexities. For someone of his precociousness, for instance, he's almost shockingly dissatisfied with his achievements to date. Holding up an impressive book of his photographs, David Seidner (Rizzoli), he hums "Is That All There Is?" Like all genuine artists, he measures his work to date not against the competition but against his own potential, which is daunting.

Perhaps to dramatize his multiple personality, Seidner divides his time between two cities, New York and Paris, though always in small installments. "Paris is calm next to New York," he says. "It's far from the hype. In Paris I have a house, a convertible, fresh flowers, and the luxury of hours of quiet. New York is a place to earn a living. It's also the best meeting place—the most intense concentration of interesting

David Seidner's living room, left, has the calm of a theatrical space drained of drama. Jean-Michel Frank upholstered furniture blends with an African stool and table and ceramics by Lachenal, Primavera, Clément Massier, and Royal Copenhagen. Right: In his office, meticulous order prevails. On the wall hang Seidner's exhibition prints, a drawing by Yves Oppenheim, and, at top right, a small photograph by Irving Penn of Lisa Fonssagrives, a model of the forties and fifties who is the subject of a book Seidner is editing. Details see Resources.



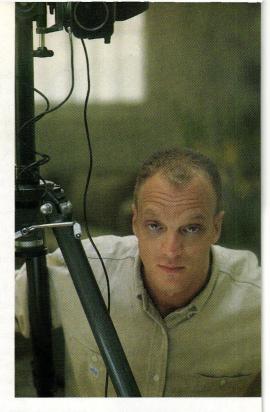


people in the world. In New York you can sit down to dinner with a writer, a doctor, a painter, a stockbroker, and a taxi driver all at the same table; whereas Paris is nothing but cliques—cinema, literature, and no real art world. But if New York is exciting, it's also a hard place to work. In fact, I wish my New York friends lived in Paris."

eidner's Paris house, a turn-of-thecentury atelier down a cul-de-sac in Montparnasse, is a reflection of his divided personality, as modern and relaxed as America and as subtle and refined as France. Although anonymous from the outside, it is richly luminous and detailed inside. As soon as the front door opens, the visitor is greeted by a dazzling jumble of handcrafted ceramics from the early 1900s; just beyond them is the living room, a dramatic two-story room softly lit by the pearl-gray light of Paris. Like a stage after the set has been struck, the room has the calm of a theatrical space drained of drama. The green walls, backdrops for so many of Seidner's photographs, are, as he would say, "narrative" -- suggestive of forgotten stories, like an old billboard fluttering with layered posters. The melancholy is intensified by an old wood ladder posed against one wall, as though the stagehand had just gone out for a coffee break.

"When I bought this place," Seidner says, "it was a dance studio. I've even kept a few of the full-length ballet mirrors. Of course I had to redo everything elseplumbing, wiring, floors, walls-but I wanted to end up with something that felt old and lived in. I prefer sketches to finished paintings and ruins to intact buildings." The walls were built up by trial and error with layers of spackling compound applied with a spatula. The narrative look was helped along by the roughness of the original walls. The wood plank floors resemble ship decking after it's been sunbleached, again a look that was carefully contrived. Seidner streaked them with white wood stain, then sealed them.

On this stage Seidner has placed exquisitely anonymous furniture by Jean-Michel Frank who—nearly fifty years after he committed suicide in New York (to which, as a Jew, he'd fled the Nazis at the outbreak of the war)—remains the reigning spirit of French interior design. The Frank dining room chairs, which Seidner spotted at a flea market, are covered in a dull orange—



The photographer, above, caught in a moment of stillness. Left: One of Seidner's signature prints through painted glass. Below: A somber dining room relieved by wit; the table looks hewn from oak but is concrete and fiberglass. Unearthed at a flea market, Jean-Michel Frank dining chairs are upholstered in what Seidner insists is Pompeian red fabric.





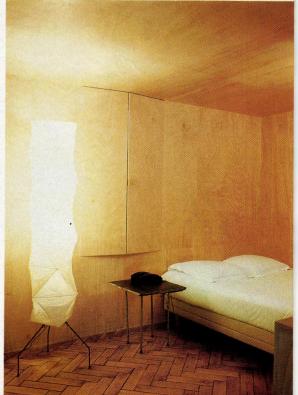


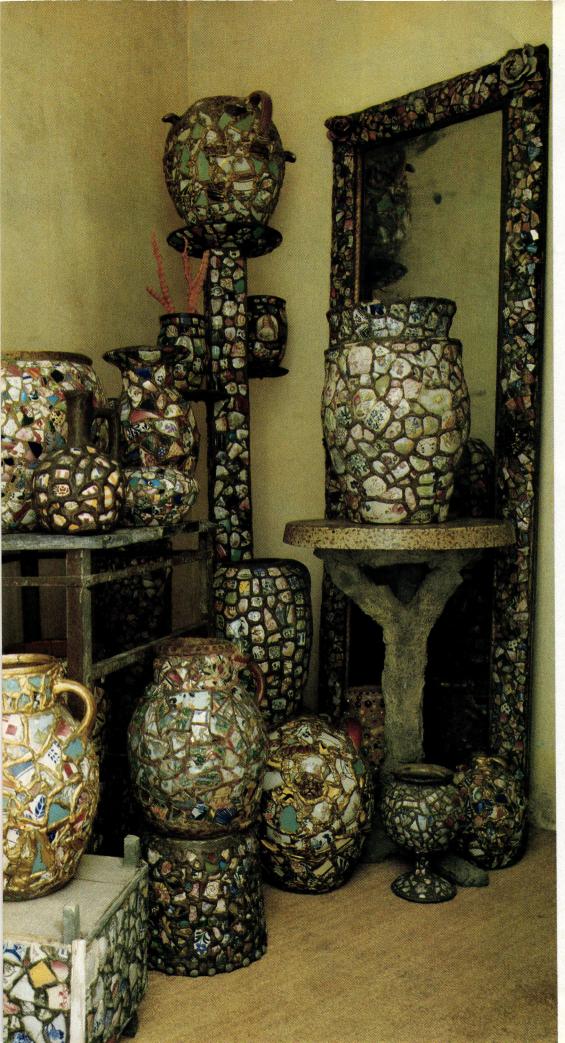
"I wanted something that felt old and lived in.

I prefer sketches to finished paintings and ruins to intact buildings"



Abalone spoons on a leafy dish, top. Top right: A carefully arranged still life. Right: The nearly monastic bedroom with stark wood paneling after Jean-Michel Frank and a Noguchi lamp. Above: A tableau shot in Seidner's studio when he was preparing for an exhibition at the Musée des Arts de la Mode.





a Pompeian red, he insists. The dining room table, which looks carved out of massive oak, is actually a concrete and fiberglass piece rescued from an arty junk shop.

Also found in a flea market were a pair of chairs carved out of real elm tree trunks. Seidner obtained the Frank sofa by trading some of his photos with decorator Jacques Grange. The ceramics, most of them Royal Copenhagen, have beautiful patinas that allude to the walls. For all its look of poetic decay, however, the house is rigorously organized, as a visit to the meticulously neat office on the balcony reveals.

eidner is multitalented. As a teenager, he worked for a Los Angeles furniture designer, then moved to New York and took up fashion—"I change cities the way other people change shirts." He keeps copious journals and writes regularly for *Bomb*. He exhibited his sculptures before he ever showed photos. But his first love was photography, and it remains his governing passion. At age fourteen he had already begun to photograph at school. "The camera is like a beard or sunglasses—it permits anonymity," he explains. Anonymity suited the naturally shy youngster.

Seidner took his first fragmented photo when he went out to interview and shoot avant-garde composer John Cage and had only a telephoto lens for a full-length portrait. Improvising quickly, he took five different shots of Cage from head to toe which he assembled later—a perfect homage to a composer whose music incarnates the principle of randomness.

When he was nineteen, Seidner came to Paris to visit, but he stayed to study art history and literature. "My first day here I was flabbergasted by the crumbling walls, the flaking paint, the half-effaced narratives that suggested murders, births, intrigues." By the time he was 21, he'd had his first Paris (Text continued on page 162)

A dazzling array of turn-of-the-century vases inlaid with broken ceramics fill Seidner's entryway, left. The style is known as pique-assiette (freeloader), which here puns on the term's original meaning, "stealing from a plate."

Opposite: The remnants of a dance studio—ballet mirrors sans barre—haunt the dining room. Playing with the illusion of romantic neglect, Seidner built the walls with layers of spackling compound to create the expressive surface that's often the backdrop for his photographs.





Phillips Hathaway, above, steals home after a day of auction house dealings.

Right: In the living room a Biedermeierinspired sofa and paisley-upholstered club chair by Hathaway's decorators, M Group.

meant this to be a nocturnal cocoon, a place where I could come at night and be far away from New York," says Phillips Hathaway, reclining on a chintz-covered Louis XVI canapé in his Park Avenue apartment. "It was not meant to be lived in during the day."

Although the inspiration came from Parisian apartments of the nineteenth century, the place feels more like a gentleman's rooms in London's Albany. True, there are significant French elements to these rooms: the canapé, a nineteenth-century architectural drawing by Paul Lebret, a Louis XVI secrétaire à abattant, and a Charles X daybed. But there is also a playfulness at work here that seems far too eclectic for a punctilious Parisian abode.

In fact, the curious, droll, and ludicrous abound, like the sophisticated contents of a toy chest. Offsetting the seriousness of the secrétaire, for example, is a Scottish salmon painting; nearby, an unupholstered Italian Rococo stool with goat legs, which looks like a truncated animal, has its exposed spine covered with a black-lacquer tray on which, fittingly, rests a volume titled Legendary Parties, 1922-1972. Such items as the 1914 silver writing tray with Mickey Mouse pens, the huge green marble foot by the fireplace, and the butter churn by the door holding ceremonial swords, walking sticks, and \$10 umbrellas bring together three centuries to produce an effect that is uniquely 1990.

Known as Pete, 34-year-old Hathaway, who is vice president of Sotheby's European furniture division, found the apartment four years ago with the help of Sotheby's International Realty's Lee Thaw. What he was looking for, Hathaway admits, was "something decidedly grander"—something that no doubt could accommodate his six-foot five-inch frame, a stature accentuated by his imperious posture and what in the South is called "big hair." The first time he saw the three rooms was "like walking into a suite at the Hotel Pierre in 1955," he says, dismissing "hideous" as too equivocal a description. "There was this fake gold-flecked Louis XV boiserie and a white grand piano in here and nothing but a harpsichord in the library," recalls Hathaway, lighting a cigarette with his horn-encased lighter and gesturing around the living room. "Still, it would have taken an idiot not to see the potential."

Although he knew what he wanted, Hathaway was less certain about how to go





The Phillips Collection

Sotheby's French furniture expert Phillips Hathaway lives among the finds of a lifetime By Kent Black Photographs by Michael Mundy about it, so he called on M Group, a partnership of architect Hermes Mallea and decorator Carey Maloney, the latter of whom Hathaway had first met in the early 1980s when they shared an office at Christie's. The room was so small, says Maloney, that "if we leaned back in our chairs at the same time, we'd bump heads."

Since the apartment was not as grand as Hathaway wanted, M Group took steps to enhance its dimensions in a variety of ways. Uneven beams were sheathed and supported by pilasters, which also created a consistent aesthetic. South-facing windows blocked by a high rise were turned into shallow closets, the doors covered with squares of distressed glass. This enlarging effect was duplicated on either side of the pocket doors leading into the library/ dining room. Since Hathaway wanted the walls to have a Mediterranean feeling, M Group hired Jean Charles Dicharry to paint a light green glaze; the result looks as if a century of rain has washed out the original paint. Perhaps the most impressive new touch, however, is the faux mahogany in the library, bedroom, and bathroom. The Texas-born Maloney wasn't satisfied that the faux just be good; his rule is that "it has to look better than the real thing."

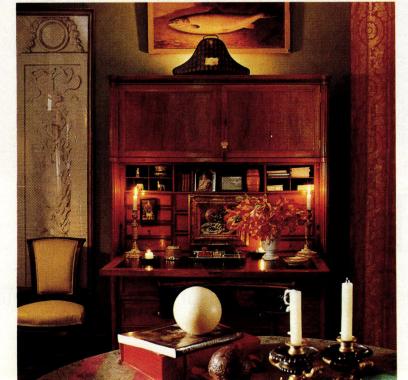
M Group's most important contribution, acknowledges Hathaway, was its ability to deal with the fact that, as he says, he has never been able to part with a single thing he'd collected: "Luckily, I had them to act as editors."

dmits Maloney, "When most clients call up and tell you they have just bought a new chair, you groan or cross yourself. When Pete calls to say he just bought a new chair, you can't wait to see it." Asked about the less pleasurable aspects of working with Hathaway, the decorator drawls diplomatically, "Many of our clients are collectors or involved with businesses such as Sotheby's, so when they don't like something, they don't say, 'I'm not sure,' they say, 'Good God, I wouldn't put that in a doghouse.'"

Maryland-born Hathaway was influenced early on by the English and Continental furniture collected by his parents and their parents. Many of his earliest acquisitions—soldier prints given to him by his father—now hang throughout the apartment, "though most of them are stuffed into the closet," he says with a laugh. These prints, as well as six others of the battle of Trafalgar, an eighteenth-century chief constable's tole hatbox, and a gaucho's belt studded with silver coins, add a decidedly martial flavor to the proceedings.

Hathaway's flair for collecting emerged precociously (Text continued on page 160)

William IV chairs surround an Empire center table in the library/dining room, right, where Hathaway's childhood collection of 19th-century soldier prints and nautical scenes line the walls. Both the mirror and daybed are Charles X. Below: A Louis XVI fruitwood secrétaire is topped with a 19th-century English tole hatbox and a Scottish painting of a fish.







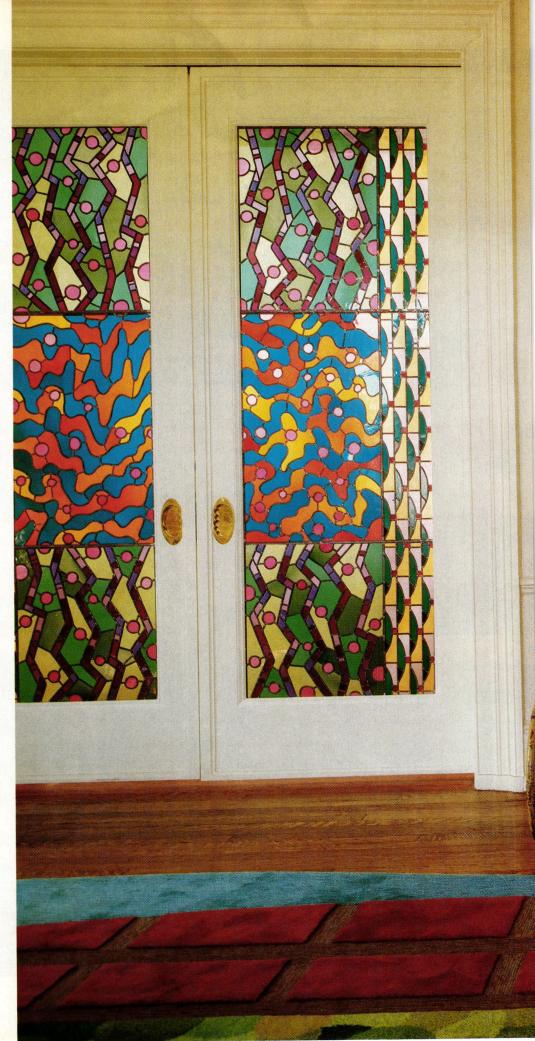
ome architects are not very personal," sniffs Frederic Schwartz, turning up his nose in professional disdain. The 37-year-old architect is referring, of course, to the fact that many of his high-profile brethren in the architectural community have adopted a one-stylefits-all approach to design which effectively ensures that your house will look like my house and that our house will look like their house.

To Schwartz this is worse than an aesthetic shame: it's a missed architectural opportunity. He and his partner, Ross Anderson, have built their reputations on an entirely different foundation. They believe there are as many styles as there are clients, as many solutions as there are problems, and that the architect's job is to serve as matchmaker. "We are very personal," announces Schwartz, and he and Anderson have the portfolio to prove it. Their funky neon-lit Mexican restaurant in Manhattan's Tudor City looks virtually nothing like their sleek corporate offices for Finlandia vodka in Rockefeller Center, and neither could ever be confused with the contemporary variation on the classic Shingle Style cottage the partners just finished in East Hampton. What this means, as you may have deduced, is that your house needn't look at all like my house.

Even by Schwartz's standards, the apartment he recently completed on Central Park West is decidedly more personal than most. Quirky and idiosyncratic, flamboyant and brazen, this is one house that can be safely classified sui generis. According to the architect, the stimulus for this unabashed individuality came from a very private, though spirited, young man in his mid twenties who was looking for considerably more than simple residential accommodation for himself, his bearded collie, and his 37 chairs.

"A wonderful client is a wonderful thing," says Schwartz. "And this client was unbelievably wonderful." By that the

In the living room a custom V'Soske carpet modeled after a map of Manhattan gives the same exuberant punch to the floor that colorful leaded-glass doors, an extended quotation from Italo Calvino's Invisible Cities, and a glorious 2-D garden of overscale stenciled roses give to the walls. The two tubular-steel and cane chairs are by Mies van der Rohe, and the black wood armchair is by Gerrit Thomas Rietveld. All three are 1920s originals.



At first sight nothing seems to resemble Eudoxia less than the design of that carpet, laid out in symmetrical motives whose patterns are repeated along straight and circular lines, interwoven with brilliantly colored spires, in a repetition that can be followed throughout the whole woof. But if you can pause and examine it carefully, you become convinced that each place in the carpet corresponds to a place in the city and all the things contained in the city are included in the design, arranged according to their true relationship, which escapes your eve distracted by the bustle, the throngs, the shoving. All of Eudovis's confusion, the mules'

braying, the lamp evident in the inc but the carpet pro the city shows its scheme implicit ir

It is easy to get lo concentrate and s

smell is what is you grasp; oint from which e geometrical

hen vou

street you were seeking in a crimson or indigo or magenta thread which, in a wide loop, brings you to the purple enclosure that is your real destination. Every inhabitant of Eudoxia compares the carpet's immobile order with his own image of the city, an anguish of his own, and each can find, concealed among the arabesques, an answer, the story of his life, the twists of fate.

Italo Calvino, Invisible Cities, pg. 96



Architect Frederic Schwartz left no surface untouched in the Central Park West apartment of a young collector By Charles Gandee Photographs by Evelyn Hofer

The Writing on the Wall



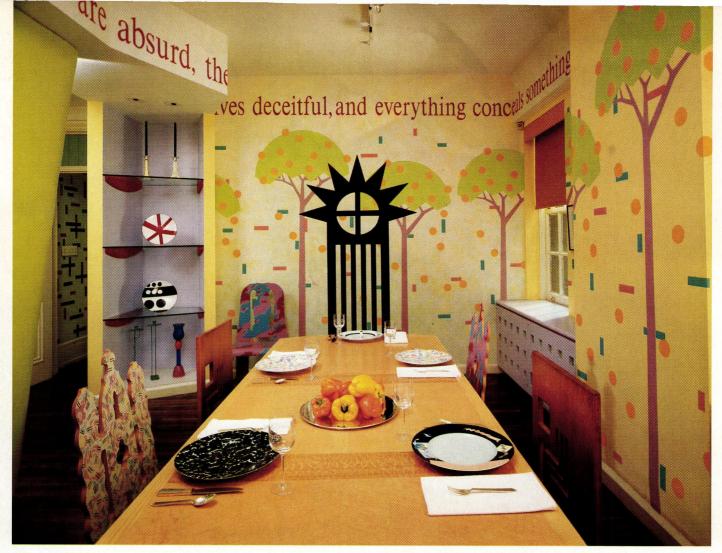


n the bedroom, left, Schwartz added a sprightly Formica ColorCore television cabinet of his own design. Resting on the Barcelona table from Knoll International is Ettore Sottsass's 1982 Mizar vase for Memphis. The owner's noteworthy collection of modern and contemporary furniture classics includes, in the living room, above and right, pieces by Alvar Aalto, Isamu Noguchi, Mies van der Rohe, Robert Venturi, and Frank Lloyd Wright, among countless others. Fabrics are from Clarence House. Details see Resources.



"A wonderful client is a wonderful thing," says architect Schwartz.

"And this client was unbelievably wonderful"



A frieze courtesy of Italo Calvino encircles the stenciled dining area, above, where Schwartz's Skyscraper chair presides at the head of the table. Robert Venturi and Frank Lloyd Wright supplied the other chairs. The dinnerware is from Swid Powell. Opposite: Ettore Sottsass's 1981 Casablanca cabinet for Memphis anchors the other end of the room.

Below: In the library a Mondrianstyle wall pattern adds colorful counterpoint to ebonized ash bookcases. Robert Venturi chair for Knoll.

prepared, not only with an adequate budget but with a sophisticated visual sense he had cultivated at Harvard and was eager to nurture at home. In other words, Schwartz's client viewed the renovation of his apartment not merely as an adventure in the domestic arts but as an adventure in the decorative arts.

Schwart the special of departure,

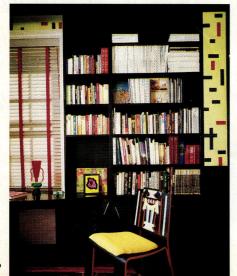
s an obvious point of departure, Schwartz began with the noteworthy collection of furniture his client began assembling at age seventeen—mostly chairs by the acknowledged masters of twentieth-century design. Although many are familiar classics, these are not garden-variety "licensed" reproductions but originals—with a smattering of even rarer prototypes—that span the decades from Gerrit Thomas Rietveld's de Stiil and Mies van der Rohe's Bauhaus to Robert Venturi's Postmodernism and Ettore Sottsass's Memphis. "Even though these are museum-quality pieces," Schwartz explains, "this is an apartment, not a museum." So rather than opt for a minimalist gallery installation of white

architect means that his client came well

walls, wood floors, track lighting, and little else, Schwartz took a livelier tack that engages the collection and the apartment in what he calls a "dialogue."

Before he could prepare the prewar apartment to hold its own in the anticipated conversation, Schwartz felt it necessary first to return the rooms to their original middle-class respectability. Moldings, cornices, and other traditional details were meticulously preserved, restored, or, where necessary, re-created in a low-profile effort at continuity that he dubs "invisible architecture." The sole change in the layout was the reconfiguration of a maze of garret-size service rooms into one large open dining and kitchen space. Otherwise, everything is again as it was in 1910—except, of course, for Schwartz's contribution to the dialogue, a showstopping decorative overlay that engulfs nearly every surface in this once sleepy two-bedroom apartment.

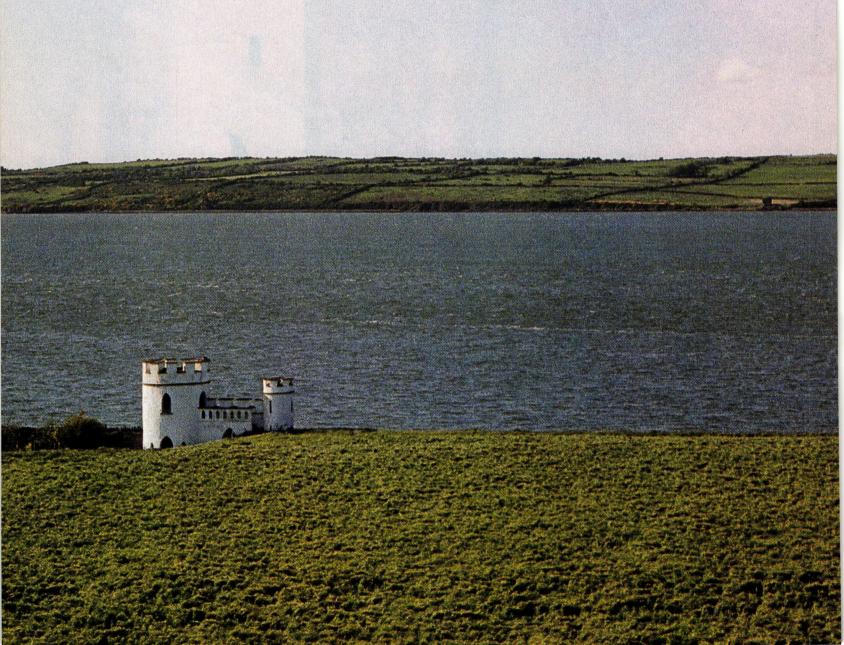
It is rare, even by contemporary standards, for an architect to indulge himself in so spirited an outburst of creative energy. Perhaps Schwartz was inspired by his open-minded (*Text continued on page 162*)



of desires and fears, even if the 1

Knight in Ireland

Olda FitzGerald writes about life in the family castle with her husband, the Knight of Glin. Photographs by Thibault Jeanson





Liveryone who has lived in Glin Castle in County Limerick appears to have been consumed by a passionate attachment to the place. When my husband and I moved into the manywindowed battlemented castle—built by his ancestor the 24th Knight of Glin in the 1780s—I soon discovered that this house on the banks of the River Shannon would always be my greatest rival for my husband's affections. Some living force from the past has been carried through without a break to the present, and it seems to bring back things—and people—that belong.

The castle's "sugar icing" battlements and its "toy fort" Gothic lodges were added in the 1820s by the Knight of Glin's dashing son and heir, John Fraunceis Fitz-Gerald (known locally as the Knight of the Women for his amorous exploits). Myth and folklore have surrounded all the hereditary "fairy-tale" Knights of Glin since the fourteenth century, though this cadet branch of the Norman Geraldines was invariably on the losing side of the battles it fought. After supporting their kinsman the earl of Desmond in his unsuccessful fight against the English, their original castle of which only a stump remains—was laid seige by Queen Elizabeth's soldiers. As if to prove this ancient Irish family could still hold its head high among the mushrooming English nobility and gentry who had usurped their lands since the sixteenth century, Glin Castle rose proudly from its foundation, a lone symbol of the fading Gaelic way of life. Ironically, it is Glin that remains intact today while the splendid mansions built to satisfy the ascendancy's colonial ambitions lie strewn around the whole of County Limerick as ruined hulks.

Glin Castle is not a decorator's dream. Never completely done over, it is instead a house that has gradually grown together, room by room, to become a living page out

A sporting scene by Desportes and Regency gilt sconces are placed above a late 18th century Irish mantelpiece in the smoking room, above right. Right: Neo-Jacobean oak dining room furniture was ordered from London in 1830 by John Fraunceis FitzGerald, whose portrait hangs to the right of the door. Above the mantel is Jean-Baptiste van Loo's portrait of Sir John Willes, a forebear of Olda FitzGerald. Opposite above: A second-floor hallway displays family mementos. Opposite below: In the entrance hall a Neoclassical ceiling, c. 1780, retains its original colors.













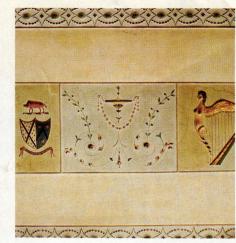






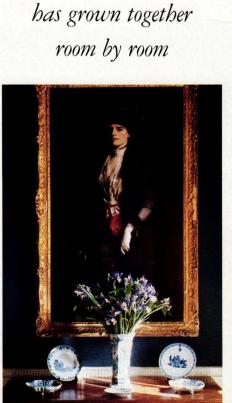


of the history of Irish artists and craftsmen. The powerful and beautiful eighteenthcentury mahogany tables and chairs that have gathered around our household are carved with such an extraordinarily vivid animal-like quality one almost expects them to walk away emitting low grunts and growls. Every wall is plastered with paintings of Irish subjects by Irish painters like a foreign envelope with stamps; some of these we have brought from places as far away as New South Wales and Vancouver Island. Since the diaspora of the hated Anglo-Irish landlord class brought the dispersal and rejection of their culture, it is only now that Irish works of art they commissioned are beginning to



A bust of Milton, left, surmounts a bookcase in the library. Above: Ceiling plasterwork in the entrance hall includes insignia of the 24th Knight of Glin. Right: An engraving after a Susannah Drury gouache of the Giant's Causeway serves as a backdrop to a grouping of Thai and Chinese objects. Below left: A wooden birdcage lantern illuminates the back stairwell. Below: Oswald Birley's 1911 painting of Countess Annesley in the library. Below right: A lodge turret.

Never completely
done over, the castle
has grown together
room by room





be appreciated in their native country.

'When the sky is blue and the river is blue," I brightly tell one of my friends as we walk around the house in the teeth of a gale blowing up from the estuary, "you can't imagine what a beautiful view it is across the water to County Clare." My friend clearly doesn't believe me. I can hardly believe it myself as the gray windlashed waves of the river are only just visible through the mist and rain. Hurrying into the gleaming hall through chaste gray stone pillars under a butterfly-shaped fanlight, we shut and bolt the door behind us. Instinctively I listen for the sound of a door knocker, though none exists-due to the eerie tradition that three knocks by an in-







visible hand herald a death in the family.

Four soaring Corinthian columns support a ceiling which still has the original paintwork of over two hundred years ago. An Irish harp, a French horn, wheat sheaves, spidery vines, and a wild boar dance in delicate plasterwork against an apple-green ground. Tall windows flood the room with light, and the double flying staircase leads up to a Venetian window framed by a cornucopia of plaster flowers. Sometimes, standing here with my hand on the inlaid wood of the stair rail in the immense peace of this great house, I feel certain now will be the time I see a ghost, but all that greets me is the tapping of roses on the windowpane and the rustling of the





Staffordshire pottery, left, on a mantel carved in Dublin in the 1780s by Pietro Bossi. Above: FitzGerald crests on a chairback in the entrance hall. Right: A painted English chair in the drawing room. Below left: The garden room holds 19th-century Wedgwood pottery. Below: The grotesque mask on a table is a hallmark of 18th-century Irish cabinetwork. Below right: Prints of Olda FitzGerald's judicial ancestors preside over a Coalport tea set.

One almost expects the animal-like tables to walk away emitting low growls





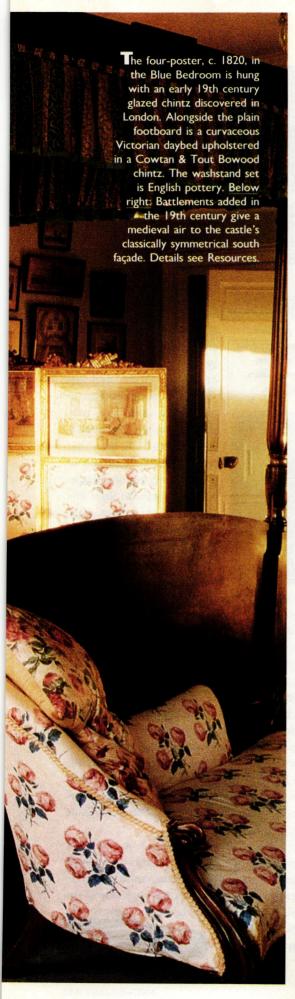
wind in the *Pinus radiata* as it drops pine needles gently onto the lawn below.

Upstairs, the bedrooms each have a dressing room and bathroom to match. Rugs cover the wall-to-wall carpets; comfortingly plump chintz-covered beds sit beside chaise longues and pretty rosy-painted Victorian china wash sets. The huge old-fashioned baths deliver piping hot water from their brass taps, while fluffy white towels air on the warm pipes.

Our season lasts from April to October. During that time, we entertain a wealth of visitors interested in Irish decorative arts. Some come to dine and stay the night; others, perhaps enthusiasts from the Art Institute of Chicago or the Brooklyn Botanic







Garden, join us for feasts laid out on our dining room table. It always seems to me that the gay, albeit rather wooden, portraits of my husband's ancestors gaze curiously down at the flowers we bank on the sideboard, against the glowing crimson walls. All is peace and composure in the drawing room where we have our coffee. A handkerchief-size Aubusson lies in front of the delicate Bossi chimneypiece beneath circlets of pale green leaves enclosing an oval of blue feathers on the ceiling. All around the room faded prim Anglo-Irish ladies sit up straight with hands folded demurely in their laps, staring blankly out of gilded frames. Their faces give no clue to the hearts that once beat so proudly beneath blue bodices and white fichus.

hrough the library, as a gilded mirror glows dimly against the Prussian blue of the wall, the contents of the Sheraton-style bookcase provide the ideal refuge on a wet afternoon. Out through the secret door in the bookcase, one travels across the back hall and into the smoking room, a dovelike and inimitable gray with great mirrors reflecting the company gathered within. The elaborate brasses around the grate sparkle in the firelight. Conversation flows, and crystal glasses of palest Irish whiskey encourage professors to indiscretions.

Hurry up the stairs to the third floor and the largest and best country house nursery in the world. Dolls and teddy bears are piled on the window seats, the fireguard has a double rail for airing nappies, and the huge toy cupboard has shelves of old-fashioned children's books. I always want to stay here gazing out over the gardens below, crooked castellated farm buildings slightly blurred by the trails of smoke idly drifting up from kitchen chimneys. On the other side of a gray stone wall is a huge and noble kitchen garden. A headless marble Ariadne chained to her rock in a rustic temple stands near acres of vegetables and herbs edged by cascading sweet peas and a cutting border for the house.

If we decide to leave the nursery, a small door in a pink passage will open to let us enter the strange underwater luminous world of empty rooms and attics. Up the ladder steps, we can throw open the skylight—lo and behold, with a rush of air we are on the roof. By now a miracle has occurred: the storm clouds have vanished and the rain has stopped. Although the weather often plays this game of nerves with me, it can seldom resist the final curtain call. As the blue ceiling of the sky stretches away to the distant Galway hills, the steel ribbon of the Shannon snakes its way to Limerick and beyond. On the other side of the water, golden gorse brightens the irregular fields of County Clare. I heave a secret sigh of relief that my earlier words can now be seen to be true: it is a beautiful view. With this sudden gift, I forbear to boast.

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

The castle is available for rental or overnight stays. Contact Glin Castle, Glin, County Limerick, Ireland; (68) 34173, Fax (68) 34364. An exhibition, "Vanishing Irish Country Houses" (Feb. 10–Mar. 11), is being presented by the Society of the Four Arts, Four Arts Plaza, Palm Beach, Fl 33480; (407) 655-7226.



CARS

Over the Top

The latest redesign of the Mercedes SL convertible stops traffic By Pilar Viladas

n Los Angeles, as everyone knows, you are what you drive. I had never given this maxim much thought, as I considered myself a modest person who drove a modest car. But when I test-drove a 1990 Mercedes-Benz SL two months before its American debut, I was forced to reassess my position because for one brief heady week I was queen of the road.

Total strangers stopped me at red lights. "Did you get that in Europe?" one woman inquired knowingly as she emerged from her own Mercedes. I was quizzed on the car's particulars by everyone from Japanese executives to gas station attendants—all of whom, it seemed, had been waiting a long time to see this car.

But then so had Mercedes-Benz; the new SL is the first major redesign of the company's renowned convertible in eighteen years. Beginning as an offshoot of the legendary 300SL Gull Wing in 1954, the car commenced its second generation run in 1963 with the 280SL, the roadster with the removable "pagoda" roof. The third generation, which started with the 1972 350SL and finished last year with the 560SL, was a smash hit—over 230,000 cars were sold worldwide. So how did Mercedes improve on a



A long hood, steeply sloping roof pillars, a compact roof, and integrated headlights and taillights are all part of the Mercedes SL's aggressively aerodynamic new design.

winner? The two new versions of the SL—the 300 (with a 228-horsepower, 24-valve inline six-cylinder engine and choice of five-speed automatic or manual transmission) and the 500 (322 horses, 32-valve V-8 automatic fourspeed transmission) bring 1990s refinements in design, performance, comfort, and safety to the venerable line.

On the outside the new SL is aggressively aerodynamic, with integrated headlights and

taillights and a steeply sloping compact roof. (Every SL has both an electronically operated soft-top and a removable aluminum hard-top.) On the inside, two microprocessors and an onboard diagnostic system keep both car and driver purring happily. The new SL is



The Mercedes-Benz SL's profile is equally sleek topless, <u>above</u>, or with the removable hardtop in place, <u>bottom</u>. Below: The interior offers an array of creature comforts.



powerful and fast but remarkably quiet, and it handles beautifully. It boasts increased shoulder and hip room and enough headroom to please a six-foot-six passenger. Seat belts are integrated—at last!—into the seats, which adjust electronically to ten different positions and can be programmed to three different memory settings; these also control the positions of steering wheel and mirrors. The climate control system has a programmable automat-

ic setting, an electrostatic air filter, and a feature that recirculates warm air from the engine even after the car has been turned off. An infrared remote security system is supplemented by a locking system for six interior storage compartments, to safeguard valuables even when the car is parked with the top down. ABS antilock brakes are standard in the car, as are air bags, and an integrated roll bar deploys automatically when a rollover is imminent.

Response to the SL has been predictably overwhelming. There is a six-year waiting list for the car in Germany; in the U.S., which will get over half of the annual production run of 20,000–25,000 cars, the wait is as long as six months. And what price glory? The 300SL automatic will sell for \$73,500, the 500SL for \$83,500—and most of the cars sold in this country will be 500s. Even by today's standards that's a lot of money. But then the privilege of being queen (or king) of the road doesn't come cheap.

One night I drove the SL to dinner at the Ivy, an L.A. restaurant with a clientele so glamorous that Rolls-Royces and Ferraris barely raise an eyebrow. When I emerged from the restaurant after dinner, I have to admit I experienced that little thrill that is peculiar to the

land of the car: the SL had been parked right in front, in the place of honor. Right this way, your majesty.

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Phillips Collection

(Continued from page 140) at age sixteen. During a vacation with his family on Martha's Vineyard he "found these two nineteenth-century organ pipes and bought them for \$50," he recalls proudly. "I rode back to the house on my bike carrying them as if I were Lancelot. I think my family thought I was crazy." The gaudy but amusing pipes stood in the corners of various Hathaway residences until he had M Group extend them, attach a number of large brass rings, and set them up in the living room as curtain rods.

Part of Hathaway's flair comes from just this penchant for creating new functions for disparate objects. Like the butter churn accommodating umbrellas and walking sticks, a bit of an eighteenth-century Venetian birdcage has been incorporated into the frame of the painting by Sorine, brass-trimmed hooves are used as ashtrays and paperweights, and an Indonesian musical instrument holds the TV.

After graduating from Boston University in 1977 with a degree in art history, Hathaway took a year to travel around the world, acquiring objects such as the two nineteenth-century kneeling Buddhist monks from Burma that stand guard inside the library. Although Hathaway's parents' influence had initially inclined his taste toward English furniture, his move to Sotheby's French department in 1984 convinced him of the superiority of French design and craftsmanship. Now responsible for Continental furniture for the eighteenth century and the decades immediately preceding and following it, Hathaway often laments the unavailability of the really fine pieces of this period. "Most," he sighs, "are completely beyond my reach."

As for Hathaway's nocturnal requirements for the apartment, they are not simply to provide a haven away from the Manhattan throng. He is an inveterate host. "Despite the relatively small space, I wanted to be able to give large cocktail parties as well as small dinner parties," he explains. Thus, when the library is converted into a dining room, the poker tabletop comes out from under the bed and goes on the Empire center table to accommodate ten diners—"twelve, if I really want to jam them together."

For soirées he hires Sotheby's chef, Bernard Mignot, to take charge of the kitchen. It is the only room in the house in which Hathaway has not left an indelible imprint. Aside from a huge pair of longhorns along the top of

a wall, the room is the same nondescript industrial space with brick-design linoleum that came with the apartment.

Given Hathaway's disinterest in the culinary arts, it comes as no surprise that he knows little beyond where to find the corkscrew. As if this separation needed any further emphasis, the entrance to the kitchen is camouflaged into the fabric of the wall and hidden by a screen that M Group designed using Charles X wallpaper—a slight problem for uninitiated guests in search of ice.

After four years of planning and construction, Hathaway says he's getting ready for a change. "I've already started talking to Carey and Hermes about redoing the place. Despite the fact that we fought like cats and dogs over details, we really had a lot of fun working together." Motioning toward the library wall where the Trafalgar prints hang, Hathaway gets a certain glint in his eye. "I am thinking about buying this pair of eighteenth-century life-size cast-iron garden figures and putting them back here. I'm beginning to feel the need to simplify —all these patterns are driving me crazy. Still, I don't think there is much chance of my going minimalist and ending up with a futon and a bonsai," he says wryly. "Where would I put all this stuff?" ▲

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Crystal Gazing

(Continued from page 124) in a breeze.

Just as it was for medieval alchemists, the quest for gold was an obsession of Bohemia's glassmakers. The instability of the precious metal during the glassblowing process made it difficult to work with. Gilding applied to the exterior of a vessel wore off with use. An ingenious solution was Zwischengoldglas (between gold glass), an ancient Roman idea revived by the same Prussian who invented ruby glass but again taken to new heights by the Bohemians. A Zwischengoldglas piece is made from two tightly interfitting glasses an inner liner and an outer shell-fixed together with a clear adhesive. The surface of the inner glass is embellished with elaborate gilded scenes and sometimes also painted in polychrome but is protected from abrasion once it is inserted and sealed within the exterior one.

The Bohemians remained responsive to the latest design trends and offered approximations of virtually every new product on the international market. They produced milk glass to imitate more expensive ceramics before Europeans discovered how the Chinese made porcelain. When the English potter Josiah Wedgwood introduced his matte black basaltware, the Bohemians came up with opaque black hyalith glass incised with chaste intaglio patterns not unlike Wedgwood's. His famous blue and white jasperware was also reinterpreted in blue glass and white enamel or with engraving. Sparkling cut-glass motifs were interspersed among Classical details on glassware as the nineteenth century progressed.

The Biedermeier period, typified by the house-proud burghers of Central Europe who became the Bohemians' primary audience, was another high point in the development of the most important local industry. Painted and engraved pictorial beakers commemorating everything from romantic sentiments to historical events became popular collector's items (a new activity among the growing middle class) as well as ubiquitous souvenirs sold at the spas and resorts that proliferated along with travel.

Industrialization allowed glass production to reach an unprecedented volume by the end of the nineteenth century, but Bohemian artisans, like their contemporaries all over Europe, returned to the crafts tradition in reaction to the predominance of machine manufacturing. The glassmakers of Bohemia embraced the luxuriant Art Nouveau style with particular enthusiasm. The art glass of the Loetz firm has been especially prized as among the most imaginative of the period, though yet another foreign influence provided the initial spark of inspiration—in this case the incomparable American glass virtuoso Louis Comfort Tiffany.

The ceaseless political upheavals of the twentieth century, which witnessed the birth of the Republic of Czechoslovakia in 1918, its takeover by the Nazis in 1939, its domination by the Soviets a decade later, and its repression after the Prague Spring in 1968, all had obvious impact on the Bohemian glass industry. Age-old foreign connections were broken, production interrupted or ceased altogether by war and political turmoil. The variable output of those troubled times makes the last segments of the "Verres de Bohême" exhibition considerably less absorbing than the first. Nonetheless the most recent pieces—startling experimental works by the emerging generation of Czech glassmakers—herald a new renaissance as the Iron Curtain begins to fall all across Central Europe. Editor: Deborah Webster An important premier issue in fine porcelain and bronze...

Springtime Scamper

The Red Squirrel, nature's treetop acrobat, inspires a delightful new work of art



n a sunny May morning, a frisky red squirrel scurries amid the blossoms of a dogwood, his fur coppery- red against the sky. A natural acrobat, he can leap from tree to tree in search of food to store away. But just for an instant he stops and feels the sun's warmth. With a flick of his tail, he'll be gone.

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Aspen on Location

(Continued from page 128) When they were done, our cleanup crew would take over. At ten I would walk around with an assistant and make notes for the contractors."

Not surprisingly, like many Guber productions, Mandalay is an entertaining and dramatic creation. One enters the split-wing house through double doors of swamp cypress fashioned by local sculptor Eddie Running Wolf, whose carved deer heads on either side of the entrance serve as door pulls.

The front foyer leads to the living room, which is the focal point of the house. The 60-by-30-foot space, with its picture windows facing south and east over the valley and skylights set in a cathedral ceiling lined with saplings, is both cavernous and homey. Huge unfinished wood posts and beams loom over intimate furniture groupings that combine such western flavors as a 130-year-old Nava-

jo rug, Edward S. Curtis prints, Frederic Remington sculptures, saguaro cactus, and Mission oak chairs and benches. There is scarcely a corner in the entire house, in fact, that has not been branded with a westernism. Even the stairwell leading down to the first floor has a handrail of tooled leather.

These lower depths contain the Guber screening room featuring eight overstuffed rawhide chairs, coffee tables made from Indian drums, and a wall lined with Guber's own Hall of Fame: nearly two dozen framed shots of the Columbia chief with the likes of Jack Nicholson, Madonna, Richard Nixon, Fidel Castro, and Michael Jackson.

The real stars at Mandalay, however, are those close friends who come to visit. Four guest suites come equipped with fireplaces, Navajo rugs, the bleached horns of bighorn sheep, and panoramic views. Most telling of the Gubers' concern for their guests' happiness is the mini department store in the converted wine cellar that contains shelves and racks stuffed with ski and hiking boots, ten-

nis shoes, rackets, sweat suits, ski outfits, riding gear—in short, every item that could possibly be used in the great outdoors. "Actually I am just a little embarrassed about that room," giggles Lynda. "I knew I was going too far when I started coordinating all the outfits."

The deluxe guest accommodations extend beyond the main house to the barn a quarter mile down Mandalay Road. The Gubers and their friends gather here to cross-country ski, snowmobile, and saddle up. And those special guest accommodations? When a party gets going, four Dutch doors facing the room are opened so the four horses can stick their heads out and take part in the action.

Though assuming the helm at Columbia means less time for the Gubers to spoil themselves at 8,000 feet, they're determined not to relinquish holidays at the site of their most complex and personal production. After the long road to Mandalay, they'd like to stop by once in a while and admire the view.

Editor: John Ryman

Sharp Focus

(Continued from page 136) one-man show as a photographer. Soon he was known as a serious original talent, and the fashion establishment pounced on him. Now, ten years later, Seidner has a flourishing business as a photographer for such clients as Yves Saint Laurent, Claude Montana, and Bill Blass.

Although he complains of being lazy, the man is actually a dynamo, generating countless new projects. Currently he is editing a book of the best fashion pictures taken of his friend Lisa Fonssagrives, a top model of the forties and fifties (and wife of photographer

Irving Penn). Seidner is also putting together his own pictures of men, a new subject for him, as well as working with a Paris lab to resurrect nineteenth-century printing techniques (collotypes, platinum prints, prints on glass). And he recently experimented with printing photos on canvas.

"My work is all about setting a scene," Seidner says, his seriousness leavened by an air of unreality you might find from someone being teleprompted from Mars. "It's artificial, not documentary." The same atmosphere of artifice and theatricality characterizes his house—but it's a sober, not a flashy, theatricality.

Perhaps that's the final contradiction in this romantically ambiguous young man—

his work is artificial without being insincere, and he makes his living from fashion without ever being merely modish. This combination of the eternal and the fleeting owes something, no doubt, to Baudelaire, the poet who invented modernity for the French in the last century. As Baudelaire wrote, "The beautiful is made up of an eternal and unvarying element, the exact quantity of which is exceedingly difficult to determine, and of another element that is relative, circumstantial-which is, if you will, by turns or all at once representative of the period, fashion, morality, passion." The topical and the eternal come together in David Seidner's taste—the final satisfying resolution of his ambiguity. Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Writing on the Wall

(Continued from page 146) client. Or perhaps he felt the pressure to measure up, aesthetically, to the work of Alvar Aalto, Marcel Breuer, Charles Eames, Isamu Noguchi, Frank Lloyd Wright, and the other masters of Modernism who supplied the furniture. But for whatever reason, Schwartz clearly abandoned himself to his obsession with pattern, ornament, and color.

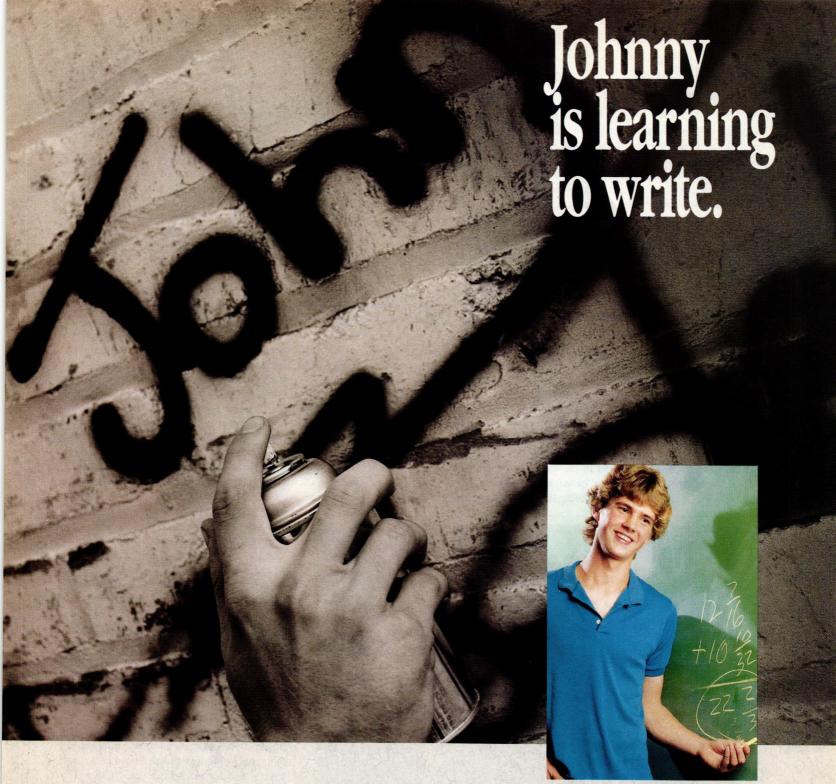
From the Hall of the Giant Rose Entry to the Mondrian Orange Dining Room, from the Symbols of the Universe fire screen to the Wright and Wrong leaded-glass pocket

doors, from the anatomically correct His and Hers andirons to the New York, New York map carpet, from the Bubble Bath Bathroom to the Rolling Thunder television stand, no surface has been left untouched-or unnamed—by the architect and his retinue of first-class stencilers, stained-glass makers, ironmongers, cabinetmakers, weavers, and other assorted artisans. There is a sense of joyful abandon, an unapologetic insouciance, about the visual feast Schwartz has laid out. Witness the over-the-rainbow palette: wild rose, sunny orange, dusky orchid, snapdragon, viva la pink, valentine, shark's tooth, orange chiffon, dew green, lavender glow, cardinal, lemon lime, and lemon meringue. It works as part of the kaleidoscopic

spectacle, but it is just as certainly beyond the wildest dreams of even Benjamin Moore. Like Schwartz's color spectrum, the apartment is excessive and obsessive, but it is also calibrated and controlled.

"There is a practical side to this apartment," says Schwartz, "a lot of problem solving. But there should be a poetic side to architecture, too. Maybe that's where the Italo Calvino quote comes in." The architect is referring to the extended passage from the Italian writer's novel *Invisible Cities* transcribed on one wall in the living room. The quotation is a personal favorite of both Schwartz and his client—an elusive bit of prose amid the pragmatic poetry.

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac



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Improving Life in a Troubled World

Formal Farm

(Continued from page 115) new, Pascal Cribier belongs to a school of young landscape designers who prefer to crystallize images for the present from the art and architecture of the past. Although the resulting forms may appear minimal, they evoke the richness of centuries of French culture.

What also touches Cribier's work directly are visits to such favorite haunts in Paris as

the concentric oval beds of the École de Botanique in the Jardin des Plantes, where more than 10,000 kinds of plants are classified for the public. Cribier regularly exchanges ideas with colleagues such as architects François Roubaud and Patrick Ecoutin in the kind of collaboration of friends that has always stimulated French artists. After Cribier briefly described the proposed Jardin des Carrés at La Coquetterie to Roubaud, the latter sketched the imaginary grid of squares, conveying in spirit all the texture and magic it now has in reality.

Curiously, these Parisian designers tend to see the history of French gardens through the eyes of a California landscape architect, Barbara Stauffacher Solomon, whose influential book *Green Architecture and the Agrarian Garden* Cribier keeps close at hand. In an imaginative combination of drawings and photographs of European landscapes, this American observer conveys the essence of the tradition that Toustain de Frontebosc wrote about centuries ago and that has again beautifully come to life at Limésy.

Editor: Deborah Webster

Fame of the Rose

(Continued from page 103) Today does a brisk mail-order business in antique rose-bushes, catering to clients like Barbra Streisand, Bette Midler, and Walter and Carol Matthau, all of whom have thriving old rose gardens. Roses weren't always this fashionable. Thomas Christopher, author of In Search of Lost Roses, points out that the rose was considered rather utilitarian in the late eighteenth century. Bulbs were in vogue then. And Philip Baloun says that during the

recent Art Deco revival people were drawn to more "architectural" flowers like calla lilies. "Flower choices," he observes, "are definitely linked to interior design statements." For Christopher the rose's enduring appeal is based on its past. "The rose has this tremendous history."

The Bible mentions the rose twice. The Romans wore wreaths of roses. Cleopatra once gave a dinner for Mark Antony and covered the floor of her hall with roses eighteen inches deep. Red roses have been taken as a symbol of the blood of the early martyrs, and church windows were made in the form of roses. The Wars of the Roses are said to have

begun in an English garden where Richard Plantagenet and the earl of Warwick plucked white roses as their symbol while the earl of Somerset and the earl of Suffolk snipped red ones. In France, Madame de Pompadour was especially fond of roses, as was Madame Du Barry, whose bedroom held a canopy embroidered with them. Empress Josephine, whose gardens at Malmaison became world famous, made it possible for flower portraitist Pierre Joseph Redouté to produce one of his major works, Les Roses. Beloved in literature from Shakespeare to Sackville-West, the rose inspired Oscar Wilde to write the bittersweet tale "The Nightingale and the Rose" and Lewis Carroll to paint white roses red to please his Queen of Hearts.

In modern times, roses have become celebrities in their own right. Anyone who wants a rose named after himself can call the American Rose Society in Shreveport, Louisiana, and ask to be put in touch with a hybridizer who will develop a flower. The Temptations are negotiating to have a rose named after them, as did the Tupperware company. Eva Gabor has a showy hot pink rose, while Princess Stéphanie's is a brash young hybrid tea. Dolly Parton's is a lush orange and Minnie Pearl's-what else?-a miniature. "Cary Grant's was exciting," says the society's office manager, Carol Spiers. "He and his wife were calling up all the time." Though Ivana Trump may not have a rose named for her yet, "you never know," she says.

From Gypsy Rose Lee to Sweet Rosie O'Grady, from the yellow rose of Texas to the one in Spanish Harlem, the rose is an American classic. Even if the swimsuit competition becomes passé, it's hard to imagine Miss America weeping over an armful of gladiolus. And Valentine's Day just wouldn't seem right with a box of chocolates and a dozen freesia.

Putting fashion aside, Geoffrey Beene has the last word. "The rose," he says, "is eternal." • Editor: Ruth Ansel



Frederick Cooper Inc., 2545 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago, IL 60647

Model Apartment

(Continued from page 93) antiques galleries and turned up the missing details in record time. For the sitting room Rainey and Zervudachi found a Louis XV sofa and hours later discovered a rare eighteenth-century needle-point tapestry cut exactly to fit.

Working with the existing layout of the apartment, however, proved more challenging. The light-filled double drawing room gives way to a warren of small rooms divided by a narrow hall. Egged on by Jerry's chants of "Go on—more, more," Rainey's sister, Victoria Lloyd, and her partner, Marina Guinness, transformed this passageway into a gallery by covering the apricot-colored walls with prints. Their choices range from a Hogarth and Fuselis to amusing eighteenth-century French and English fashion illustrations of hats, wigs, and hairstyles.

Jerry, nonetheless, isn't entirely steeped in the eighteenth century. Andy Warhol's silkscreen-on-canvas portrait of her is the focal point of the sitting room where it is flanked by Carlo Maria Mariani's 1981 Ciparisso I and Conrad Martin Metz's 1776 painting of boy cricketers. George Sherlock's modern yet classical sofas fill up the rest of the room, and silk noil curtains frame the windows. Everywhere there is ordered chaos of the most engaging kind: silver- and tortoiseshell-framed family photographs line the dressing table; children's hats and toys blanket the floors; jeweled butterflies cling to curtains; and books flood the tables and shelves. The children's and Nanny's rooms are patterned with chintz, while cricket paraphernalia and a rubber head of Jagger from the television show Spitting Image add color to the nursery. For her own bedroom Jerry opted for a William IV four-poster Jagger bought years ago from Christopher Gibbs. It now lacks its canopy (for Jerry fears enclosure) and is instead draped with nineteenthcentury silk and Egyptian cotton. Rare nineteenth-century Japanese fabric handpainted with guinea fowl serves as curtains. And the display of extraordinary textiles continues in her dressing room where an array of plumed and embroidered party dresses perch on the outside of a wardrobe.

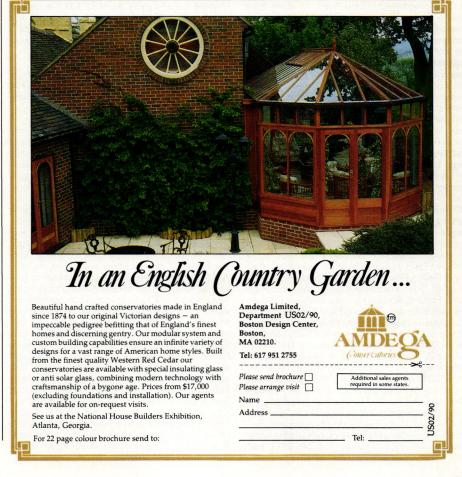
Jerry loves to entertain, and now with her apartment finished and her children removed from the vicissitudes of New York, there's more reason to celebrate. London suits Jerry Hall, and judging from the flurry of friends and family who stream in and out of her door, Jerry's Mesquite ways are just right for London.

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

Resources

DECORATION

Page 50 Gazebo, by Bonetti and Garouste for Étamine, solid blue, 54" wide, \$77 yd, border 54" wide, \$107 yd, all-over pattern, 54" wide, \$121 yd, to order at Le Décor Français, NYC (212) 734-0032. French Art Deco coffee table, \$4,500, Josef Hoffmann nest of tables, c. 1906, \$6,500, Karl Trabert table lamp, 1930, \$1,100, Emil Lenoble ceramic vase, c. 1925, \$6,500, The Athlete, bronze figures by Franz von Stuck, c. 1904, Portuguese Art Deco silver tea set, 1930, \$9,500, Maison Desny brass bowl, c. 1928, \$6,000, René Crevel handmade carpet, c. 1928, Emile Hoppe mantel clock, c. 1908–10, \$11,000, Russian avant-garde paintings, Robert Marc abstract composition to left of mantel, 1980, \$5,500, at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. Art Deco stone head, \$9,000, at Malmaison Antiques, NYC (212) 288-7569. 52 Trapani furnishings, to order at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Early 19th century curtain, \$4,000, at Linda Fresco, NYC (212) 737-4182. Louis XVI screen with hairdressing architectural cartoons, \$16,500, at Florence de Dampierre, NYC (212) 966-1399. Sofa, armchair, rug, curtains, pillows, special order from Jacques Grange, Paris 47-42-47-34. Sardanapale on armchair, 1.3 m wide, Fr850m, from Madeleine Castaing, Paris 43-54-91-71. Late 18th century Russian chandelier, c. 1925 Lambert-Rucki painting over mantel, Regency bench with scrolls in front of mantel, two Augustin Pajou drawings to right of window, rocaille drawing above, at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Rectangular Régence-style stool next to sofa, part of larger set, late Renaissance helmet on pouf, \$2,500, 1940s gilt rope and tassel chair, \$1,500, Art Deco marble Eve sculpture on mantel, \$12,500, Icarus drawing to left of mantel, by Bumbeck, 1945, \$5,000, Tête de Femme drawing beneath, by Bumbeck, 1945, \$4,000, at Malmaison Antiques, NYC (212) 288-7569. Early 19th century porcelain drape-design seat to right of armchair, \$2,500, marble bust of Nubian man on table, \$8,500 for male/female pr, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Classic lamp, Giacometti reproduction, \$490, shade (no marking), \$70, round Pompeian table, \$3,040, to the trade at Sirmos, NYC, for showrooms call (212) 371-0910. Tina Fraser ceramic vase on windowsill, sold as pr, to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking, NYC (212) 677-4316. Turn-of-the-century Italian sconce, \$18,000 pr, to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. Thorn chair on mantel, limited edition, by Michele Oka Doner, \$5,800, at Art et Industrie, NYC (212) 431-1661. Burning Branch fireplace tools, by Michele Oka Doner, \$950 set, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Cholmeley on chairs, Biedermeier Stripe on cushions, Norfolk on walls, to the trade at Quadrille, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard B. Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Hugh Cochran, Dania; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Armchairs, designed by Geneviève Faure, \$2,800 ea, to order from Geneviève Faure, NYC (212) 288-2946. Joseph Louis Pottin, Henry Walker d'Acosta paintings, 19th-century Chinese vases, at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Louis XV clock, at L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC (212) 517-9176. Louis XIV mirror, at Philippe Farley, NYC



Resources

(212) 472-1622. French tiles, PS 4"x4", \$3.50 ea, at Country Floors, NYC, for dealers call (212) 627-8300. Louis XVI andirons, \$5,000 pr, 1940s bookcase, \$4,000 set of 4, at Malmaison, NYC (212) 288-7569. Chinese export gaming tables, at Hyde Park Antiques, NYC (212) 477-0033. 19th-century lamps, \$2,250 pr, at Hubert des Forges, NYC (212) 744-1857. Round William IV tables, at Philippe Farley, NYC (212) 472-1622. Oushak carpet, \$78,000, at F.J. Hakimian, NYC (212) 371-6900.

WRIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD

Pages 80-81 Byfield Velvet on furniture, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms call (212) 691-0700. R. M. Schindler Wolfe House custom-made lamp next to fireplace, to order from Robert Nicolais, Los Angeles (213) 939-1477. 82-83 Imperial Triangles on dining chairs, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 423-5881. Frank Lloyd Wright Cabaret china dinner plates, \$30 ea, bread/butter plates, \$20 ea, at Tiffany & Co., call (800) 526-0649. Dining chairs, similar custom pieces to order from Gardner Woodcraft, Pasadena (818) 449-2594. 84 Dorothy Thorpe wineglasses, similar items at Off the Wall, Los Angeles (213) 930-1185. Charles Rennie Mackintosh Newbury silver-plated flatware, by Sabattini, forks and spoons, \$265 pr, knives, \$130 ea, ladles, \$420 ea, from Italarte, for dealers call (209) 275-0566. 86-87 Frank Lloyd Wright Midway table, \$2,310, chairs, \$965 ea, by Cassina, to the trade at Atelier International, for showrooms call (718) 392-0300. Teak chaise longues, \$2,970 ea, from Weatherend Estate Furniture, for representatives call (207) 596-6483

THE MODEL APARTMENT

Pages 88—89 Organza/ satin dress in Cecil Beaton print, feathered taffeta dress, to order from Antony Price, London 629-5262. 90—91 George Sherlock chairs, to order from George Sherlock Antiques, London 736-3955. 92—93 Bed, similar items at Christopher Gibbs, London 629-2008.

RETREAT TO MARRAKESH

Pages 96—97 Les Arcades Column Border Print, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beechwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. 98 Brunschwig's Les Arcades Print, Les Arcades Border Print (see above).

THE FAME OF THE ROSE

Page 100 Cashmere turtleneck sweater, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, special order at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC (212) 606-2100. 102 Cabbage Rose 9'x 12' carpet, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 672-0068.

CITY LIGHTS

Pages 104-05 Custom-colored handwoven carpet, silk throw, to the trade to order from Gregory Newham, Kingston (914) 338-1030. Infinity, by Chestnut Field, 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 & Assocs., Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Hono-Iulu; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle. Mirror, hand-carved by Bill Sullivan, NYC (212) 713-5323. Bronze coffee table, similar pieces to order from Bruno Romeda, Cannes (93) 77-32-94. Josef Hoffmann armchairs, c. 1904, similar items at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401. 106-07 Console table, other custom furniture designed and/or fabricated, to order from John A. Savittieri, Jersey City (201) 915-4600. Handwoven seat, mohair throw, similar handwoven fabrics, to the trade from Robin Goss, Saugerties (914) 246-2711. 107 Chinese Pewter pewter-leaf wallpaper (#MW4), 30" wide, \$190 per 10" panel, to the trade at Roger Arlington, for showrooms call (212) 752-5288. Carl Witzmann chairs, 1908, similar items at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401. Custom-size X-frame console table, to the trade to order from Michael La Rocca, NYC (212) 755-5558. In the Spotlight, c. 1928, by Franz Willems, at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950.

THE HEIGHT OF ELEGANCE

Pages 116-19 Custom-made silk trims, to the trade to order at Scalamandré, for showrooms call (212) 980-3888. 116 Cauchois Velvet custom gaufré, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 96–97). Damas Recta, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. 117 Taffetas Rayé, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). 118-19 Vaison Brocaded Stripe, Les Roses Moiré Lampas on benches, Veronese Antique Velvet custom gaufré on ottoman, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 96-97). 120-21 Syon Damask, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pgs 104-05). Tewksbury, 48" wide, \$69 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms call (212) 758-0844. Imberline Caserta on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above).

ASPEN ON LOCATION

Pages 126-27 Oxen yoke lamp with rawhide shades, \$800, at Hemisphere, Santa Monica (213) 458-6853. 129 Beacon Blanket fabric, 54" wide, \$250 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Denver, Palm Beach. Antique Beacon and Pendleton blankets, similar items at Territory, Los Angeles (213) 937-4006. Ron Mann Needle lamps with Awahnee rawhide shades, hair-on-calfskin pillows, from Ranch, to the trade at Mimi London, Los Angeles (213) 855-2567, or call Ranch, Aspen (303) 920-1079. 130 Wrought-iron towel bar, \$37-\$45, at Umbrello, Los Angeles, Santa Fe. 131 Kiva aspenwood ladder, \$300-\$395, similar items at Chris O'Connell Spider Woman Designs, Santa Fe (505) 984-0136. Antique Mexican chair, similar items at Claiborne Gallery, Santa Fe, NYC.

SHARP FOCUS

Page 132 Marquis on furniture, to the trade from Bergamo, for showrooms call (718) 392-5000. 135 Akari light sculpture, by Isamu Noguchi, for dealers call Akari-Gemini (805) 966-9557.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Pages 142-43 New York, New York carpet, designed by Frederic Schwartz, to the trade at V'Soske, NYC (212) 688-1150, outside NY state (800) 847-4277. Custom Wright and Wrong leaded-glass doors, made by Nancy Howell, Fingertips hardware on doors, made by Solebury Forge, Hall of the Giant Rose stencil, painted by Joe Braby and Mark Strackbein, designed by Frederic Schwartz, through Anderson/Schwartz Architects, NYC (212) 608-0185. Judith Stockman gold-leaf terra-cotta sconce, \$375, at Urban Archeology, NYC, Bridgehampton. 144 Custom Rolling Thunder Formica ColorCore television stand, made by A. Leinoff, designed by Frederic Schwartz (see above). Mies van der Rohe Barcelona table, to the trade from KnollStudio, at Knoll International, for showrooms call (800) 223-1354. Ettore Sottsass Mizar vase, \$2,200, at Urban Architecture, Detroit, for dealers call (313) 873-2707. 145 Concini Gros Point on ottomans, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 116). Custom Divine Light sconces, made by Lehr Co., Symbols of the Universe fire screen/His and Hers andirons, made by Solebury Forge, designed by Frederic Schwartz (see above). La Récolte on sofa, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 116). Robert Venturi Chippendale side chair, Queen Anne side chair (finish not available) and sofa, to the trade from KnollStudio (see above). Alvar Aalto cantile-

vered armchairs, to the trade from ICF, for showrooms call (914) 365-2500. Isamu Noguchi glass/ wood coffee table, \$1,566, from Herman Miller, for dealers call (800) 851-1196. Javier Mariscal Hilton serving cart, \$2,000, Ettore Sottsass Murmansk silver fruit dish, \$6,100, at Urban Architecture (see above). 146 Custom Skyscraper chair, made by Tansuya, Point and Slab dining table, made by S. F. A. Leinoff, Canal Street radiator, Mondrian Orange stencil, painted by Joe Braby and Mark Strackbein, designed by Frederic Schwartz (see above). Robert Venturi Chippendale and Queen Anne chairs (purple cloudlike finish not available), to the trade from KnollStudio (see above). Robert Venturi Notebook buffet plate, \$65, Grandmother buffet plates, \$65 ea, silver-plated candlesticks, \$250 ea, Steven Holl Planar buffet plate, \$85, patina-on-brass candlesticks, \$375 ea, Gwathmey Siegel Tuxedo buffet plate, \$65, Richard Meier silver-plated tray, \$260, for Swid Powell, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Bloomingdale's, NYC, Chicago; D. F. Sanders & Co., NYC, Boston, Washington, D.C.; to order at Neiman Marcus. Pyramid silver-plated flatware, from Georg Jensen, NYC, Chicago, Costa Mesa. Custom bookcase/writing desk, made by S. F. A. Leinoff, Two Tone Mondrian All Over Stencil, designed by Frederic Schwartz (see above). Robert Venturi Sheraton chair, to the trade from Knoll-Studio (see above). Ettore Sottsass Sirio flower vase, \$1,300, at Urban Architecture (see above). Custom wood-slat blinds, from Bookbinder Modern Blinds, NYC (212) 966-1585. 147 Ettore Sottsass Casablanca cabinet, \$8,700, at Urban Architecture (see above). Vieux Honfleur on shade, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 116).

KNIGHT IN IRELAND

Pages 156–57 Bowood, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle.

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Gandee

Patrick Vuitton gets carried away with special orders

ike his great-great-grandfather Louis, Patrick Vuitton is in the luggage business. He works in Asnières, a Paris suburb thirty minutes up the Seine, in a small office building near a small factory filled with men who spend their days hammering tiny brass nails into the LV-embossed leather bindings of those classic Vuitton valises that make such an impressive thud when they slide onto bag-

gage carousels in airports throughout the world. Although Patrick defines his role in the family business as guardian of the Louis Vuitton tradition, his special responsibility is special orders. That is, if you, like a certain Italian dandy, need a trunk for transporting 72 shirts—and you want those 72 shirts arranged in 36 drawers—it falls to Patrick to provide you with just such a hard-to-find-even-inbetter-department-stores item.

In his years of attending to the special needs of the special few, Patrick has, as you might imagine, supervised the design and construction of some remarkable Vuitton malles. For example, in addition to devising deluxe travel accommodations for suits, hats, dresses, and shoes, he has devised deluxe travel accommodations for met-

ronomes, caviar, and Scotch whisky. (The Scotch whisky case came with a compartment for salted peanuts.) One of the more unusual special requests to come Patrick's way came last year when an African king rang up to order a custom-fitted trunk to transport the gun collection he never leaves home without. After Patrick took exact measurements of the peripatetic arsenal, he spent six months trying to persuade the king that one trunk would be too heavy to carry and that he really needed three. When Patrick succeeded, Vuitton craftsmen got to work, and within weeks the king was armed and ready for the road.

On a less hostile note, there was an Arab statesman who, after

buying and discarding thirty attaché cases, showed up in Patrick's office one day with a laptop computer and a bundle of papers— "things he normally carries around." Two hours later Patrick had designed the perfect attaché case, which included a secret compartment for the poems the statesman likes to pen when he's not attending to matters of state.

Despite all the extravagant special orders Patrick continues to add to his dossier, the record for the most extravagant special order is still held by the man who kept the Vuitton craftsmen busy for months back in the thirties when he ordered a set of forty steamer trunks—all in crocodile. Memorable, according to Patrick, but nowhere near, in terms of single-item-expense, the Macassar ebonylined trunk he built ten years ago for 200,000 francs, which in 1980 dollars came to about \$46,000.

I explained to Patrick, just in case he didn't know, that in certain circles in the United States it is considered chic to use vintage Vuitton steamer trunks as coffee tables, end tables, and television stands. He seemed a bit nonplussed by the news and said that, American practices notwithstanding, he would never fulfill a special order for furniture other than the collapsible beds his ancestors

> produced earlier in the century. Patrick noted that he had turned down, for example, a Vietnamese orchestra conductor who requested a Vuitton cabinet for his elaborate stereo system at home: "We only make luggage."

I asked if there is one person who qualified as the world's all-time biggest Louis Vuitton consumer. Is it Bianca Jagger, as I had heard? Or was it the late Italian film director with the serendipitous initials, Luchino Visconti? Patrick said no. It was neither. Instead he named both Bill Cosby and the late Yul Brynner as two of the most impressive collectors, but added that he believed Jerry Lewis's collection was probably the hands-down world's largest. "He comes in looking very serious," said Patrick. "He wants to make sure that he is getting exactly what he wants."

Although practicality is not an issue when it comes to such fast-lane travelers as those Patrick deals with, I was nonetheless curious to

know just what his clients do with those coffin-size malle armoires, seeing as how they're too large to fit in the trunk of a Mercedes 560SEL, and porters have a tendency to flee when they see them coming. "There are people who have their own personal transportation systems," Patrick explained patiently, referring to the private jets, yachts, and railroad cars I had failed to consider. I said I had forgotten about those people and that I would appreciate it if he would name a few names—to jog my memory. "We believe in discretion at Louis Vuitton," he said. "It's very personal."

Charles Gandee



Patrick Vuitton at work in Asnières

They're too large to fit in the trunk of a Mercedes 560SEL, and porters tend to flee when they see them coming