



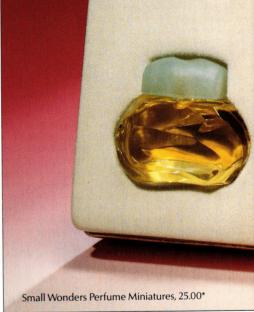
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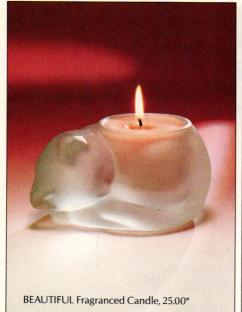
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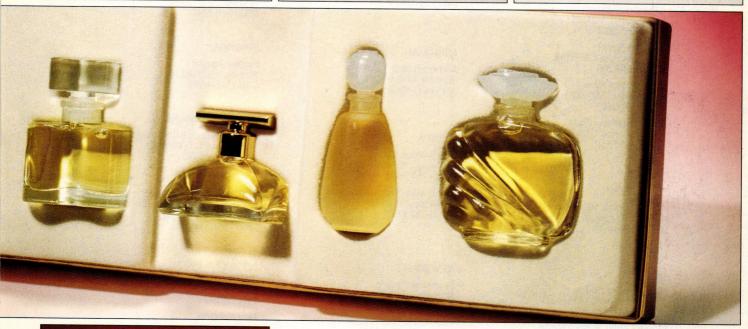


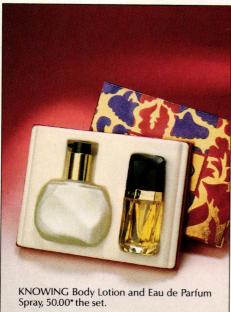






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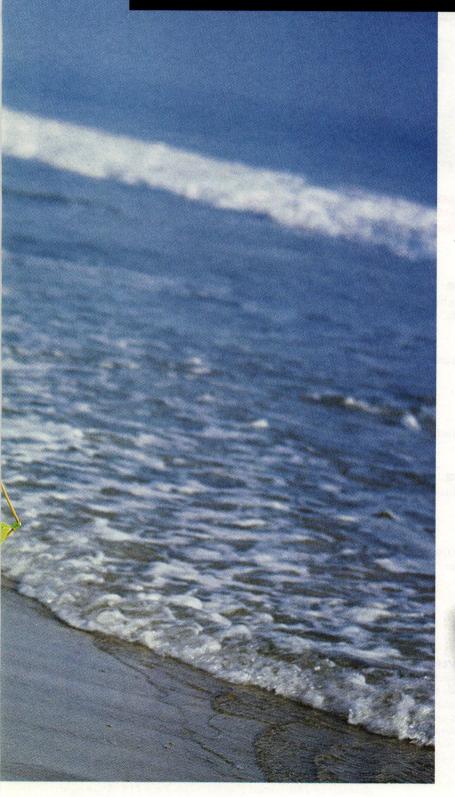
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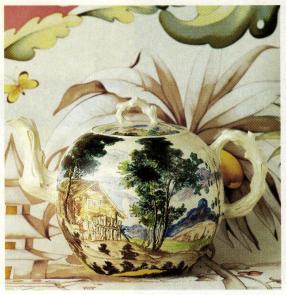
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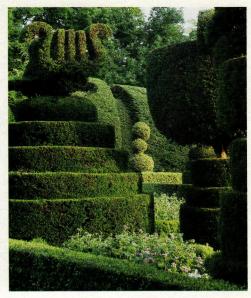
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DECEMBER

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Swedish Country Style *by Margot Guralnick* **68**The simple charm and classical refinement of eighteenth-century antiques fill a manor house near Uppsala

Showing Her Colors *by Brad Gooch* **78** In a downtown loft, architect Alison Spear decorates with a palette of vintage and modern

Making Room for Three Generations

by Pilar Viladas **84**An extended family on two sides of the Pacific finds common ground in a rambling California house

The Art of Arranging by Christopher Petkanas **92** Chahan Minassian, master of display, practices his craft

Mr. Belushi Gets His Dream House

by Peter Haldeman 98

The actor found a retreat in Brentwood and decorator Michael Smith provided all the comforts of home



COVER
A golden palette
sets the tone
for a holiday
table setting.
Photograph by
David Frazier.
Page 120.

Defining a New Look for the Southwest

by Christine Pittel 104

A Native American ruin and a Roman villa inspired John Saladino's alternative to faux adobe

Teapots by Celia McGee 114

Two Philadelphians have surrounded themselves with a museum-quality collection of English ceramic teapots

Season's Settings *by Eric Berthold* **120** From sophisticated formality to casual country, holiday tables take on their own personalities

A Gentleman's Garden *by Adrian Higgins* **124** Harvey S. Ladew adapted European landscape forms to the spirit of the Maryland countryside



HOUSE & GARDEN December 1992 Volume 164, Number 12

Matt and Leigh Anne Kobe, above left, playing in their California living room. Page 84. Above center: A rustic scene decorates an 18th-century English teapot. Page 114. Above right: A lyrebird perches in a Maryland topiary garden. Page 124.



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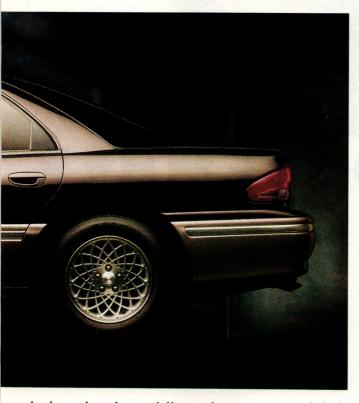


encourage this belief by raising those prices every year.) However, the time has officially come to take a long, hard look at the relationship between a car's price and its value. What's made that necessary is a startling development called the Chrysler Concorde. The Chrysler Concorde is a new luxury sedan



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how it drives, *Motor Trend* describes it this way: "lithe and agile, the balanced handling of a sports sedan, a ball to drive." Which brings us to the bottom line. The Chrysler Concorde, fully equipped, costs \$23,432.*

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Gandee at Large by Charles Gandee **152**Joy to the world



A kitchen interior, left, by Thomas Hicks: housekeeping in the 1860s. Page 28. Below: Ridgway dessert plate, c. 1820, from Bardith. Page 58. Bottom: Invitation to the Garden, a literary and photographic homage. Page 44.

DECEMBER





CRYSTAL - LE GRAND INTERPRÈTE



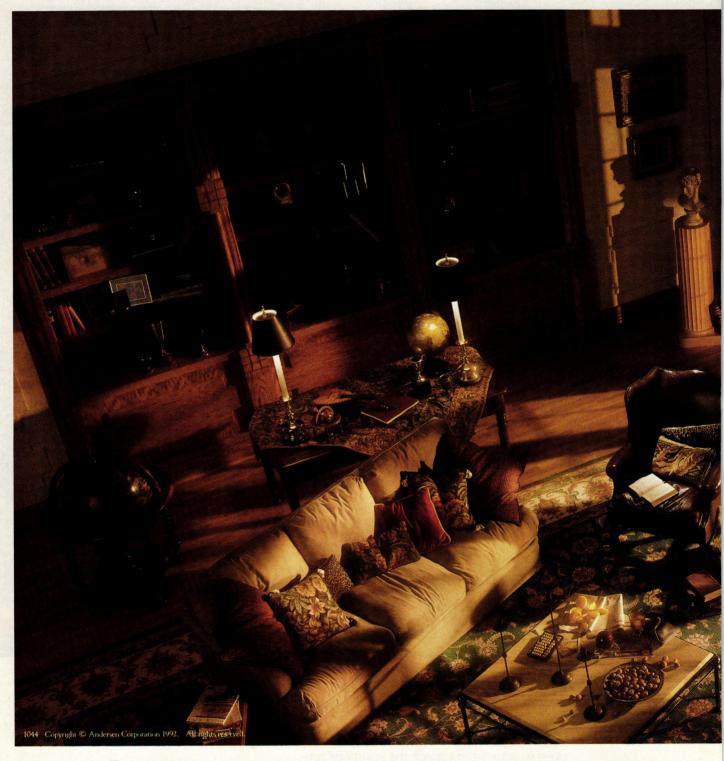
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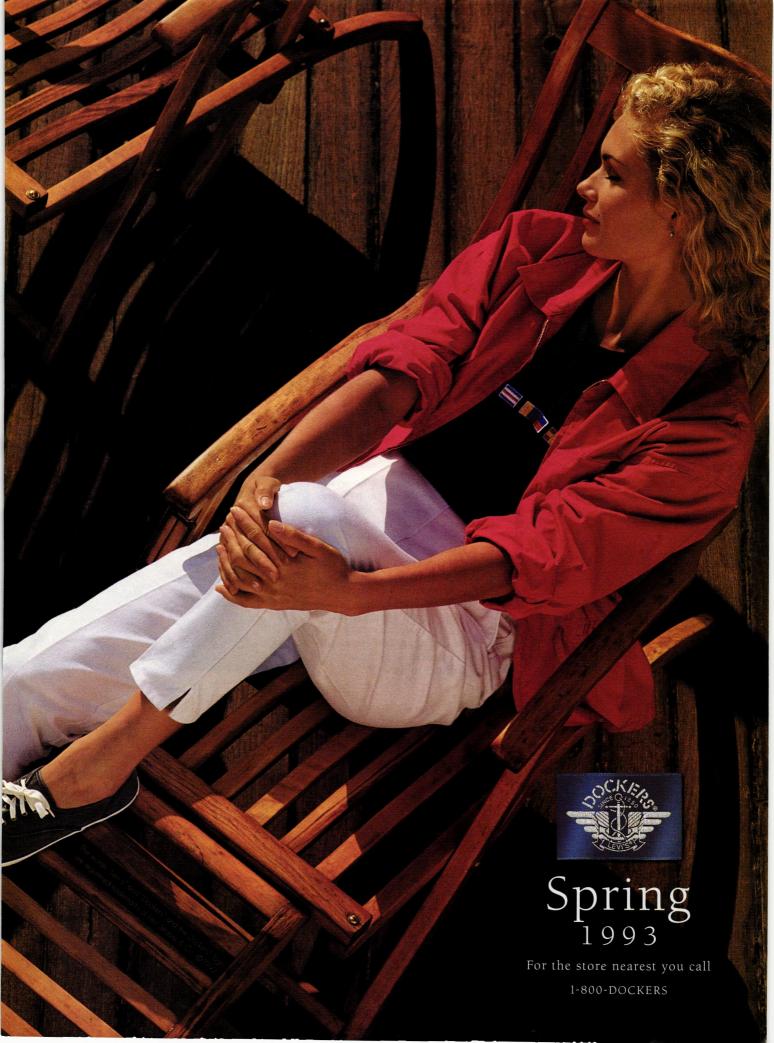
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Christopher Idone cofounded the celebrated New York catering business Glorious Food in 1970 and is the author of four cookbooks, including Glorious American Food and his most recent, Cooking Caribe, published by Clarkson Potter. He is currently at work on a book about Brazilian cuisine—"the next big food trend"—and another on cooking with lemons. For HG he serves up the Christmas dinner recipes of his friends Barry and Linda Donahue, "the best home cooks I know."

Terry Trucco, who writes the "Where to Find It" column for The New York Times, became a connoisseur of kitchen design while writing HG's special supplement on the subject. Trucco lives in New York and just finished redecorating her own kitchen in black and white: "It has striped wallpaper, a checkerboard floor, and a collection of black and white appliances all in working order—if only I could cook!"



STEVE LOHR



David Frazier has captured everything from cardboard cat's houses to Park Avenue dining rooms in his photographs for HG. This month he focuses on tables set in the spirit of the season. Frazier divides his time between a New York apartment and a carriage house in the New Jersey countryside.

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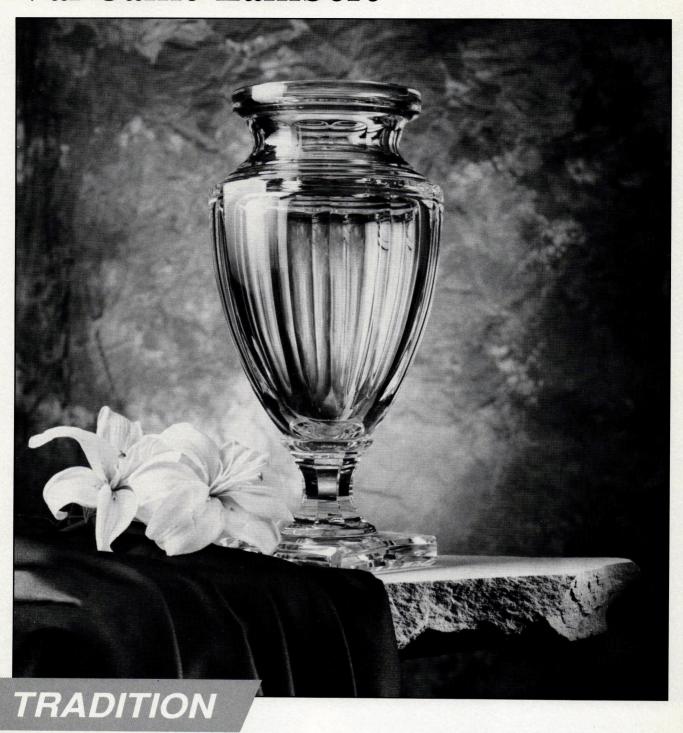


Jeremy Samuelson photographed actor James Belushi at home in his Brentwood villa. "Expecting the madcap comic Belushi, I was surprised by how serious he is in person—and amazed to find him living in such an elegant place." Los Angeles-based Samuelson specializes in interiors and portraits. He says he discovered his calling after careers as "a wanderer, a forester, and a roughneck."



Elizabeth Hawes profiles Michael Trapp, a Connecticut antiques dealer specializing in architectural fragments who lives and keeps shop in a house "given over to rescued relics." Coauthor of Martha Stewart's Entertaining and Weddings, Hawes has just completed a social history of apartment dwelling in Manhattan, due from Knopf. She herself lives in a Connecticut farmhouse with her husband and three children.

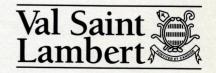
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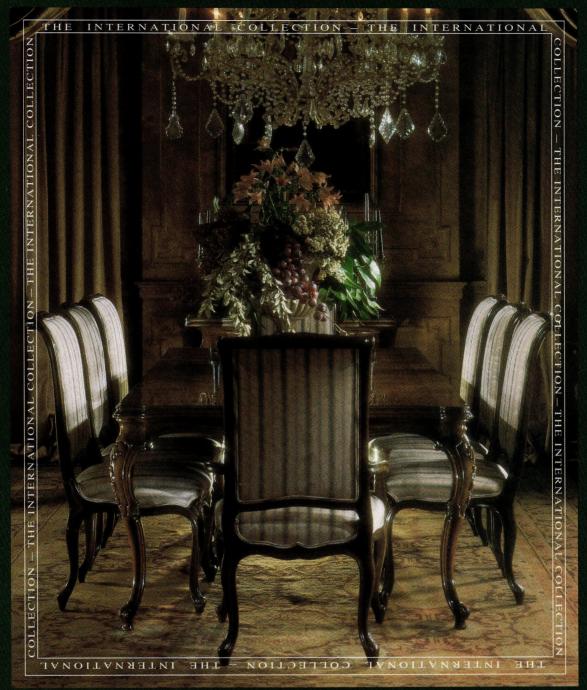
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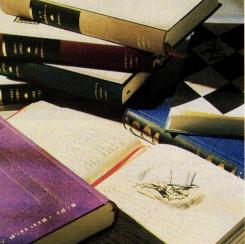
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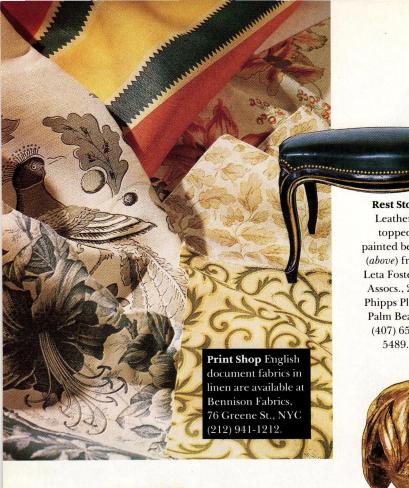
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Mexico Nuevo Steel frame Veranda chair with wicker seat (left) by Mexican designer Kirsti Alopaeus is available through Trends International. To order (804) 565-1156.

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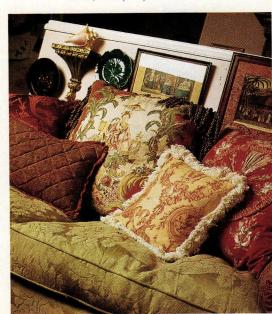
Mantel Piece Reproduction 19th-century gilded flower urn (left) from antiques dealer Schuyler Field, (203) 966-6851 by appt.

Fine Vintage Antique fabrics cover pillows (below) at Indigo Seas, 123 North Robertson Blvd., L.A. (310) 550-8758.

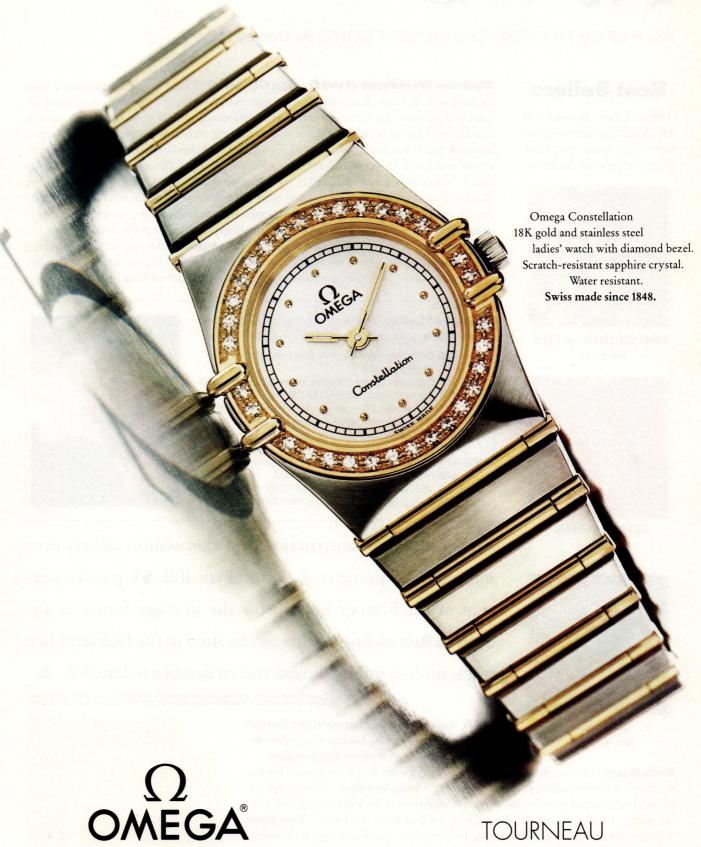




Detail Oriented Dutch botanicals, c. 1696, in handmade frames (above) are at Trowbridge Gallery, Atlanta (404) 352-8080; Chicago (312) 587-9575.



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News

HG REPORTS FROM THE HOME FRONT By Denise Martin

Best Sellers

Three fabric houses tell HG which patterns have been the most popular over the past six months.



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Walk-ins Welcomed at the Design Centers? There are no handwritten signs inviting walk-in trade, but many design centers that once turned away unescorted visitors are putting out welcome mats. HG's informal poll of ten showroom centers across the country turned up three that are going well beyond the occasional open house. ■ San Francisco's Galleria and Showplace launched a daily schedule of designer-led tours and clinics. ■ Los Angeles's Pacific Design Center now has a concierge and a "client services center" offering designer referrals. ■ Chicago's Merchandise Mart is promoting its revamped three-days-a-week tours and a variety of designer referral services. Sales are still to the trade only. In fact, introducing potential clients to designers and the services they offer is at the heart of the new programs.

Meanwhile, at New York's D&D Building, spokesperson Ann Sonet cites concerns that bringing consumers into the showrooms would mean bigger staffs and higher prices, then says, "We've decided to remain a to-the-trade building."

Costs of Living For the least expensive pink phalaenopsis in a six-inch pot, with six to eight flowers:

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\$100 VSF, New York City (212) 206-7236

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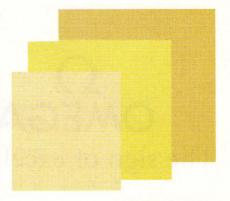


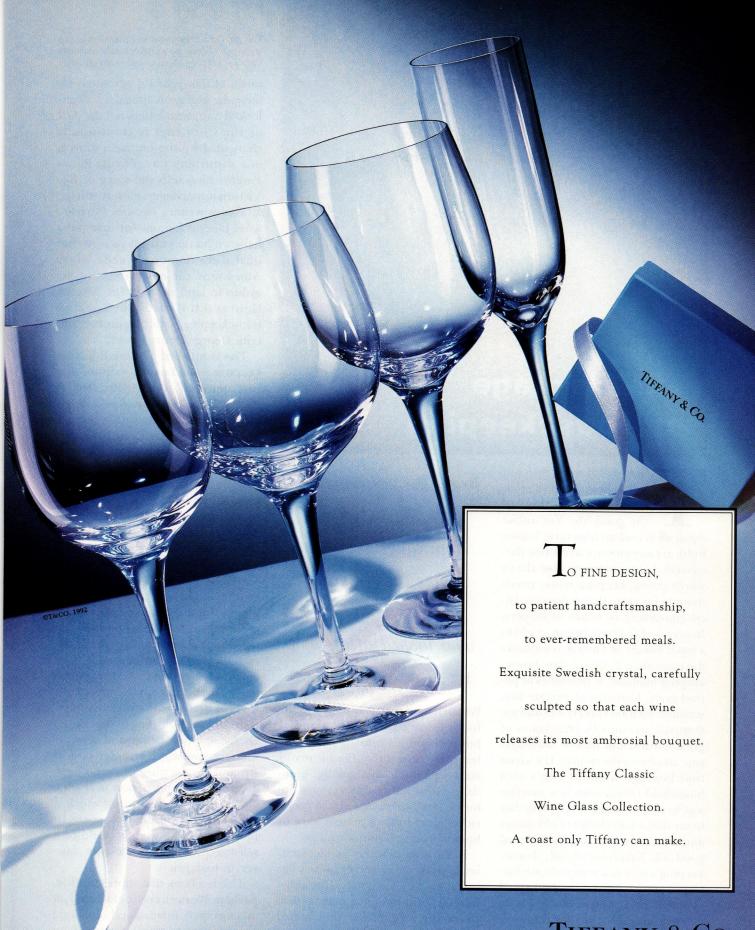
Environment Construction and demolition debris now makes up 25 percent of a typical landfill. ▲ Up to 15 percent of the lumber bought for the average house is unused. ▲ Rebuilding the houses burned in the Oakland fire will send 5–8 million board feet of lumber to landfills. ▲

SOURCES: WILLIAM RATHJE, AUTHOR OF RUBBISH! THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF GARBAGE (HARPER/COLLINS);
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF HOMEBUILDERS; MICHAEL CAPP, SOURCEBANK, NAPA, CALIFORNIA

Q&A According to a Pantone Color Institute survey, yellow is coming back as a color for interiors. How do you feel about that prospect?

Mario Buatta: "Yellow is my favorite color, all shades. But it's not great for the bedroom, where it makes you look a bit sick." John Saladino: "I detest yellow. I don't understand people's love of smearing their walls with the color of rancid butter. I think marigolds should be banished from the land." Tom Parr: "I personally love yellow. The strong 'butter yellow' used in Nancy Lancaster's sitting room is a wonderful color, but it needs strong, grand architecture."

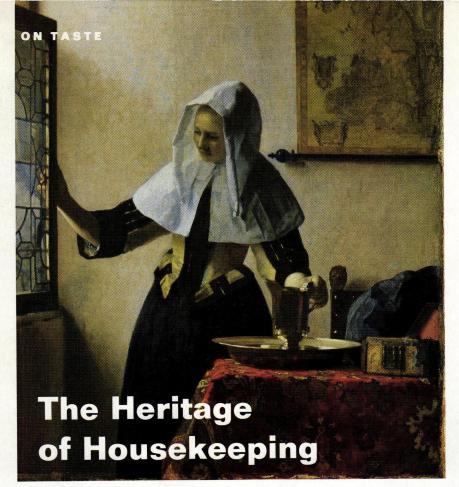




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here are as many styles of housekeeping today as there are definitions of the good life. Yet unlike decoration and architecture, household arrangements are little discussed. Like anything else that's worth doing, keeping house needs thought far more than it does the latest equipment or teams of helpers. In my own life I have begun to add to a small library of vintage cookbooks the equivalent in out-of-date housekeeping manuals or facsimiles of period ones, histories of private life, servants' memoirs and travel diaries, domestic accounts by chatelaines of great houses, and files of old magazine articles on the subject. If it's true that boring on about one's own household tribulations is a surefire way to clear a room, it is equally fair to say that a knowledge of old mores and methods is often considered good talk. Taken anecdotally, housekeeping's past is a series of case histories, more candid ones than you'll ever get from present-day life-style journalism where the idea is to present everything in the best light.

From the well-made bed
to the polished
doorknob, details of
domestic life speak
volumes about those
who looked after them
By NANCY RICHARDSON

Which is not to say that a fine instinct for fantasy isn't behind some of housekeeping's most inspired effects. The fun is that the history of housekeeping is anything but mundane. Historical attitudes toward domestic arrangements are so much richer than today's limited view of housekeeping as housecleaning.

In the wake of recent gender studies, housekeeping and its history has become a serious subject. Ironically, feminist authors have managed to charm the very readers they hoped to galvanize and liberate because

The glow of contentment and cleanliness in a well-kept 17th-century Dutch house pervades Vermeer's Young Woman with a Water Jug.

much of the record is genuinely interesting and even appealing. Overlooked Victorian letters tell the part of the story that is emotionally charged. Drawing on these sources in a disturbing way, Phyllis Rose's Parallel Lives tells the story of five Victorian marriages, each involving a famous writer. Thomas Carlyle's wife, Jane, is famous for martyring her own literary talents to serve her husband's domestic needs. Mary Ann Evans, the only woman of the group to land on her feet, became George Eliot after she took up housekeeping with biographer and critic George Henry Lewes.

The summa of Victorian housekeeping is an English manual that first appeared in the 1860s, Beeton's Book of Household Management. It remained in print in several versions, reemerged in facsimile in 1968, and is being reissued this month by Sterling in an edition adapted to modern equipment and ingredients. The original runs 1,112 pages with more than 1,500 recipes—twice as thick as the Joy of Cooking, its nearest American equivalent, though twenty times as comprehensive and bossy. The Victorian woman's touch was a full grip as taught by Mrs. Isabella Beeton, who outlined the responsibilities of the mistress of the house as well as the duties pertaining to every conceivable kind of indoor work on a daily, weekly, monthly, or seasonal basis; apparatus for cleaning and ways of doing it; the care of silverware and the polishing of other metals; the setting of tables; and rules for the sickroom, which included no gossip and no rustling of crinolines. There is a drawing of how to change a bed with the patient in it which is still standard hospital practice. In Mrs. B's world a woman could be a self-taught version of a doctor, lawyer, or high priest.

This is a book that represents life, perhaps Western civilization itself, at an extremely hierarchical and rigid point. You need a staff just to pick up



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the book let alone attempt the domestic mountaineering described inside. Every page poses the question of who will do the work, but, of course, until after World War I there were always people interested in domestic service. Not that servants carried the whole load. Many Victorian women accepted the idea that household management was a job at every level. Mrs. Beeton's systems, if applied to commercial rather than domestic situations, would still work today. Her idea of how to run a kitchen is a blueprint for anyone going into the restaurant business, as surely her staffing strategy for a large



Immaculate linens have long been a hallmark of the housekeeper's art. John Lewis Krimmel painted an American woman ironing, left. c. 1819. Below left: A chef heads the kitchen staff of an English country house in the 1890s.

who cleaned Titians and Rembrandts by putting them flat on the floor and scrubbing the surface of the pictures with a hard brush and lye soap to get off the old varnish. On the other hand, Mrs. Beeton's recipe

for plum pudding as well as her ideas for menus for invalids and children translate easily enough for use in present-day households. The latter is that most charming of feminine maneuvers now known as nursery food. Originally doled out by nanny, nursery food consisted of the sort of whitish ingredients scrambled, puréed, and mashed which you find in Arabella Boxer's Book of English Food. Victorian children became extremely pliable on a diet of this sort, and so, it seems, did their fathers. Judging by romances of the period in which the husband eventually married the governess

or the mistress gained on the wife, nursery food could be a powerful part of a countercultural domestic campaign, which also included more relaxed housekeeping than the norm and servants who were practically part of the family.

If feminists have had a field day with Victorian housekeeping and a sentimental way of viewing it, it is historic preservationists—particularly curators of historic houses—who satisfy our curiosity about earlier periods by sorting through the diaries, inventories, and letters relating to specific houses in their care. Many Tudor, Elizabethan, and Jacobean household records are in manuscript form, copied from their mother's records by generations of daughters as they were about to marry. Some resemble early attempts at scientific writing in which cooking recipes were treated as experiments. Herbal remedies, thought of as magic potions, were also included along with instructions on how to make perfume, potpourri, and preserves. A picture emerges of the medieval housewife as much a doctor-sorceress as she was cook-cleaner.

Larger households functioned as chaotic but close-knit communities right up until the seventeenth century, with the jobs of head servants done by both men and women. Everyone, high or low, took meals in the great hall. In fine weather the inner courtyard was the scene of numerous domestic activities all going on at once, without any pretense of formality made for visitors. Completely lacking was a sense of privacy.

By the seventeenth century in Holland, a prosperous merchant lived in a town house run by his wife with the help of a servant or two. Genre painting, more than written history, tells a good deal about domestic life. In the pictures of interiors by Vermeer and others we see the mistress of the house reading, playing a musical instrument, speaking with her husband's friends, engaged in conversation with the housekeeper, who is often portrayed handing a letter to her mistress. The idea conveyed about keeping house is that it is simply a matter of scrubbing, polishing, washing, and sweeping-but never



household could be a head housekeeper's ideal in any hotel.

Some venerable household tips still apply, particularly the more straightforward methods of cleaning—bellows to blow dust off picture frames, a paper card with a hole in it to slip over a doorknob to protect the door when the brass is being polished—little miracles of common sense on which no machine can improve. Old methods shouldn't be revived across the board, however. Remember that it was the Victorians

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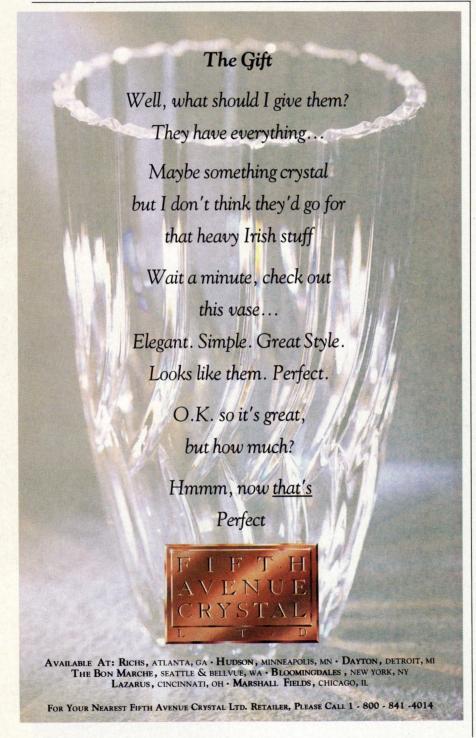
fussily so. The atmosphere of contagious concentration is so tangible in these paintings that it could almost be sliced like a loaf of bread. Another aspect of seventeenth-century Dutch art is the still-life composition of real elements arranged in the artist's eye. As such the still life stands for that aspect of housekeeping that is purely visual and suggests to us the possibili-

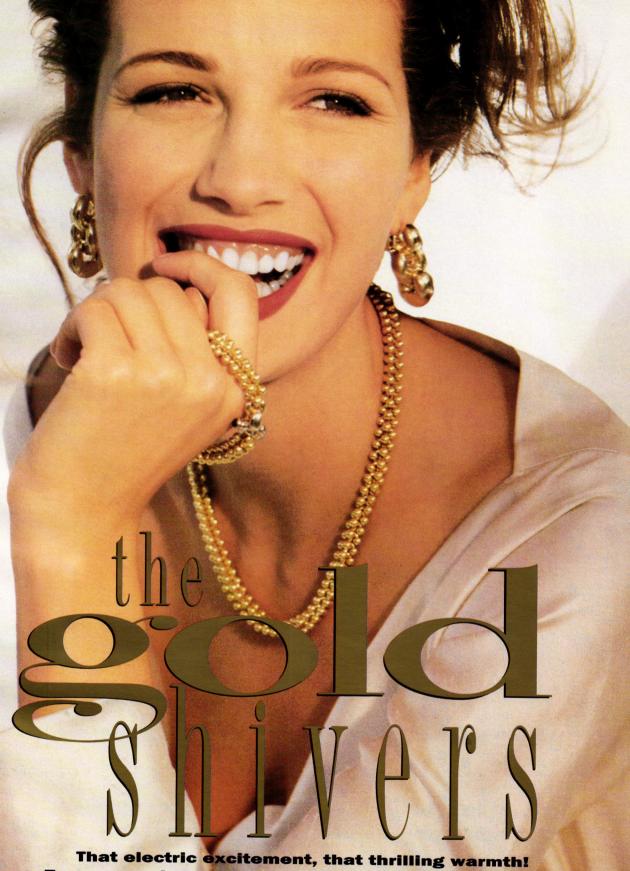
ty of making something pleasing—a wildflower bouquet or dozens of limes mounded in a bowl—after the Dutch example.

Once you get to the eighteenth century, domestic architecture and private life come together in a way that many feel has never been surpassed, especially in France. The calm atmosphere of deliberate daily

habits typical of seventeenth-century bourgeois life had given way to the Enlightenment ideal of the "juste milieu" expressed as suitability and proportion. If inadvertently the Victorians managed to build big houses for small minds, in the eighteenth century the mind and house seemed to move in sync. Keeping house was a practicality and sometimes a pleasure, hardly a moral duty. In the hôtels particuliers of Paris the outcome of inspired housekeeping, if done by a woman with a brain, was a salon. As executed by a lady of fashion, the result was social prestige. When done by the king, the result was the unprecedented influence of French court life on international taste.

In fact, the standard for how to conduct the ceremonial side of housekeeping was set once and for all in eighteenth-century France, where court culture was supported by a management system that was rational in the extreme. The king's households were run at the state level and by noblemen. The queen had nothing to do with it. Public events, court theatricals, royal weddings, receptions for foreign diplomats, the furnishing of public and private apartments as well as their staffing were conceived and carried out by government departments: the Menus-Plaisirs and the Garde-Meuble. Yet no lady of the court would run her family life, much less her love affairs, in the style of the Menus-Plaisirs. She did the opposite, using the same tactics we've seen in the Victorian era. Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Pompadour set a sophisticated private standard for romantic housekeeping in small intimate low-ceilinged apartments tucked under the roof of the palace of Versailles in which Louis XIV and Louis XV could play at normal living. Boucher's images of the Pompadour make much of a stylish disarray-books all over the place, roses tumbling out of bouquets, a shoe here, a swatch of fabric there, sketches of dresses and candelabras, lace being made on the loom, and the lady herself freshly powdered, defi-





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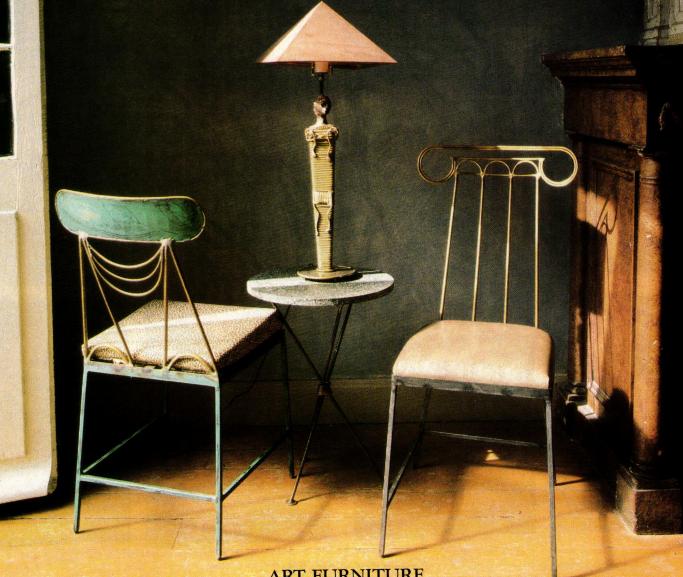








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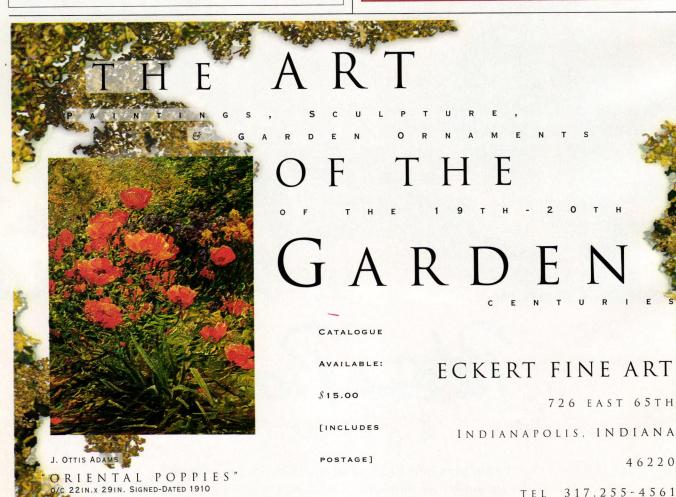
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Charles Cowles Gallery 420 West Broadway	(212) 925-3500 Fax: 925-3501	Sabina Ott-New Paintings November 14-December 5
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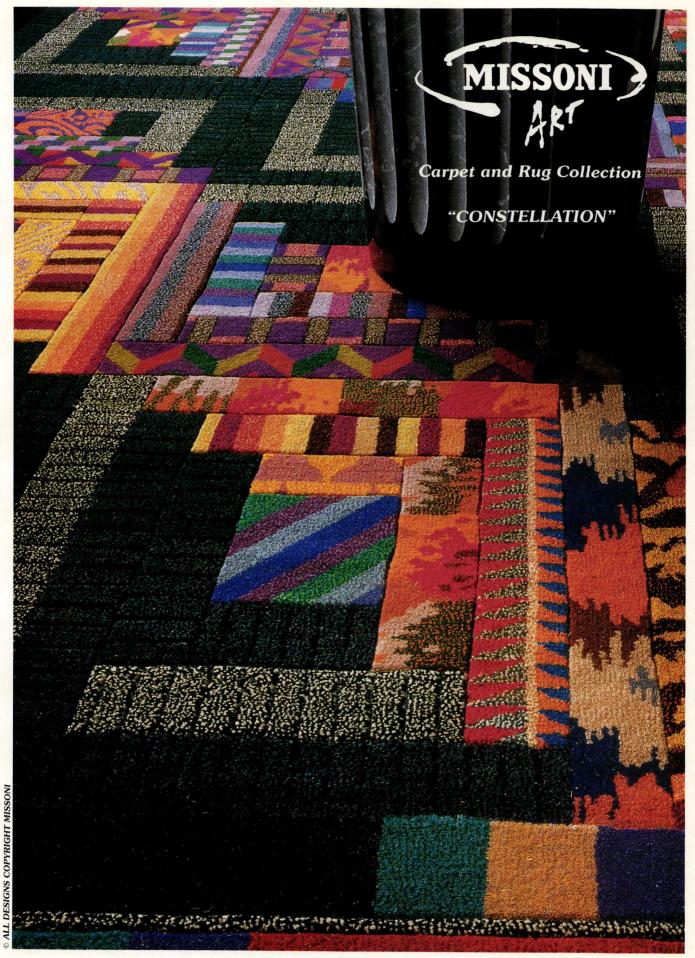
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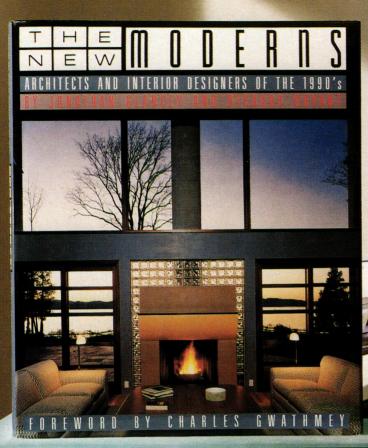
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nitely up, funny, and gently irreverent. Nothing unattractive about this mess, and no lack of housekeeping implied. It was just what Louis XV needed, and the message then as now is that housekeeping with the most charm has nothing about it that is official or rigid.

For actual practical advice on how to maintain a grand house and its contents in today's world, the English National Trust has a book that could apply to many households. The National Trust Manual of Housekeeping, compiled by conservators Hermione Sandwith and Sheila Stainton, first appeared in 1984. It had begun as a file of papers to guide maintenance employees and shows how much housekeeping can benefit from both traditional and new thinking in the world of art conservation. Sections of the manual have been recently put onto a videotape, Keeping House, which demonstrates category by category how to clean floors, metalwork, books, ceramics, furniture, how to close a house for the winter and open it in the spring. The idea of having a tape to teach untrained household helpers their duties could revolutionize home life where the problem is not so much no extra hands-children and husbands qualify, too-but that the hands are not skilled in these things.

The history of housekeeping is a gigantic subject and there has been no complete book on it to date, though Christina Hardyment's Home Comfort: A History of Domestic Arrangements has an excellent chapter on English housekeeping, and Harvard's Belknap Press has already brought out five volumes of its international A History of Private Life. Reading these volumes, I realized that one keeps house differently at different moments in life as well as in different climates and locations. Medieval, Renaissance, and seventeenth-century attitudes have a great deal to say about cozier or country-based life styles today. The medieval model particularly applies to several generations of a family who all congregate in one place for a week at Christmas or a month in the summer. Eighteenth-century and Victorian approaches apply more when it's time to plan a wedding or a charity benefit. Recently many young scholars, like the rest of us, have fallen in love with the "high housekeeping" of late Victorian and Edwardian country houses in England. But be careful not to try to achieve the extraordinary comfort of these houses on a daily basis just out of nostalgia. Even if it were possible to iron guests' newspapers and return their laundry in an hour today, there would be something off about doing it, since we aren't living at the end of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, a Victorian Christmas party or scrap screen are fantasies that are easy to achieve. Real Victorian housekeeping is simply impossible.

So how should we keep house? Without conducting any polls, but doing a little sidelong looking around me, I'd say that many households, my own included, operate in a relaxed style from day to day but, when required, shift into a very different gear. The ability to go from zero to sixty on a few days' notice is possible because virtually any of the specialized skills acquired from several hundred years of known domestic expertise is available from our local Menus-Plaisirs-caterers, florists, party designers, waiters. Even the laundry: seldom used, much loved heirloom tablecloths can be sent by Federal Express to a Milwaukee laundry the night after a party and, for a price that's not ridiculous, be returned within the week.

Further Reading

Caroline Davidson. The World of Mary Ellen Best (Crown, 1985) Elisabeth Donaghy Garrett. At Home: The American Family 1750–1870 (Abrams, 1990) Trevor Lummis and Jan Marsh. The Woman's Domain (Viking, 1990) Merlin Waterson, ed. The Country House Remembered: Recollections

of Life Between the Wars

(Routledge, 1985)

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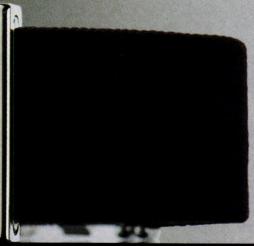
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The Scents of Home

At his country house in Burgundy, perfumer Jean François Laporte follows his nose

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS





rowing up in the Auvergne region of southcentral France, Jean François Laporte made excursions through the countryside with his maternal grandmother, a botanist by passion, to collect wildflowers for arrangements they would later assemble at home according to scent. He was four, she was seventy-five, it was 1942. The war was on, and a young boy needed distraction. One of his favorite and most fragrant bouquets was composed exclusively of flowers emitting what perfumers call "white notes": narcissus, lilies, bluebells.

It was good training, for Laporte went on to become a professional perfumer whose success, he says, depends on having such richly redolent experiences to draw upon. In Paris, at two boutiques decorated by Jean-Louis Riccardi to evoke the lush cosseting atmosphere of eighteenth-century perfumeries, Laporte offers a diverse collection of original fragrances marketed under his Maître Parfumeur et Gantier label.

For many of these products Laporte was directly inspired by his own country garden—"simple in line and varied in color, multiple in fragrance and romantic in feeling"near Cosne-sur-Loire in Burgundy, 115 miles southeast of Paris. "As a creator of perfumes, I find that my garden is always offering new suggestions and triggering ideas-it is the great catalyst," he says. "Even when I walk through quickly, brushing against some of the herbs and vines, different scents propose themselves in endless combinations. The vestigial espaliered pear and apple trees from the 1930s were the starting point for my perfume Fruits Veloutés, the peonies for Pivoine Blonde, the irises for Fleur d'Iris."

Sometimes Laporte marries memory with a more recent olfactory

Jean François Laporte, top left. Above left: In his rose garden, box hedges, punctuated by junipers, border floribundas and hybrid teas chosen for their scent. Left: A grassy walk planted with fragrant chamomile separates cosmos and sunflowers in the mixed garden, at left, from the dahlia beds.

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"Even when I walk through the garden quickly," says the perfumer, "different scents propose themselves in endless combinations"

event. Jardin Blanc, for example, is a hybrid of the narcissus he recalls picking with his grandmother and the tuberoses, lilac, and honeysuckle that captivated his nose not long ago near Cosne-sur-Loire. Other scent memories recall landscapes he has visited farther afield—an Italian estate peopled with stone giants where the smell of hay mingled with the fragrance of wildflowers and lavender; the terraces of a Moroccan fortress filled with the aromas of orange blossom, balsam, jasmine, and rose geranium. Laporte calls his way of working "first-person descriptive perfumery" because his fragrances always evoke a personal experience linked to scent and nature. "My kind of perfume—one that seeks to represent or interpret nature-may be fashionable now, but that was not always the case," he sniffs. "Up until five years ago the rage was for fragrances that smelled like nothing known in the natural world."

Laporte's elegantly sloping fiveacre garden was originally designed in 1827 by the equerry of the duchesse de Berry, a woman history remembers for her determination to seize the throne and get her son, the comte de Chambord, seated on it. Late in the nineteenth century the garden was planted again, in the relaxed French romantic style of the period. The house—a handsome, typically Burgundian maison de maître built in 1717 with honey-colored stone walls, brick door and window embrasures, and a slate roof—was abandoned when Laporte acquired the property, known as Le Charme, in 1984. The long-neglected garden was a no-man's-land.

Laporte had every reason to be put off; instead, he was seduced. "It was the fallen-in quality of the place that actually decided me on it. I loved the idea of awakening a Sleeping Beauty. And I was enchanted by the outline of the former garden barely sketched in by trees—the purple beeches, the conifers, the magnolias with their sugary fragrance, the weeping limes with their aromatic yellow green midsummer blossoms."

The existing trees guided Laporte in creating several smaller gardens within the larger one. In the mixed

Gnarled remnants of a hillside orchard helped Laporte retrace the plan of a five-acre garden laid out in the 19th century.

border or kennel garden, so named because of the presence of old brick doghouses, two enormous beds are planted with campanulas, sunflowers, lupins, foxgloves, roses, and chamomile. Planted in a pathway, chamomile thrives on traffic: the more human feet that touch it, the farther it spreads, forming a dense apple-scented mat one inch thick.

Since many modern roses, including hybrid teas and floribundas, have been bred for color and size rather than fragrance, Laporte has made every effort to seek out cultivars known for their scent to plant with old varieties in the rose garden on the north side of the house, arranged in square beds. The modern roses include 'Charles de Gaulle', cherished for its lavender complexion; 'Yves Piaget', old rose in color and noted for its regal carriage; and 'Pierre de Ronsard', a froth of pinkedged white petals. Laporte says this garden is at its best in the morning when, half in sun and half in shadow, the freshly awakened blooms are just starting to release their perfume.

Finally, and curiously, there is the massive dahlia garden. Curiously because though there are many reasons why gardeners pursue dahlias, their barely perceptible fragrance (a faint "green note") is not one of them. Laporte has nonetheless planted some five hundred varieties and two thousand plants, a nonstop "volcano of colors" from July through September, especially when the west-facing beds catch the afternoon light.

"I know that dahlias are seen as old-fashioned, but I think their combination of architecture, size, and color gives them a surprising modernity," explains Laporte. "Because of my job, I am not supposed to find dahlias interesting, but I love the challenge they pose: they are the only flowers in my garden I am forced to evaluate without considering scent. When I am among my dahlias, I am happy to give my most overworked sense a little time off."

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In what was once a parlor, Michael Trapp displays an early 17th century marble bust, an 18th-century green terra-cotta jar from Portugal, and a turnof-the-century wood and papier-mâché urn. originally used as a theater prop. on a table made from a piece of granite and a pair of 19th-century Corinthian capitals. By the window a French whitewashed pot tops an oak column that stands next to a Cretan olive jar. Both the Boston récamier and the Spanish chair are from the 1840s.

have never sold whole objects, just parts of things," Michael Trapp says modestly, surveying a corner in his antiques shop in West Cornwall, Connecticut, where two pairs of white marble corbels and a small Corinthian capital are grouped at the base of a slender freestanding column. There are, of course, whole objects in Trapp's shop—among them an 1840s récamier from Boston and an array of remarkably handsome galvanized washtubs—but his special province, both as a collector and as a dealer, is architectural fragments.

As a teenager in Xenia, Ohio, Trapp was already picking up pieces of terra-cotta ornamentation from local Romanesque buildings—"things that were not valuable but had been worked by a craftsman," he says. "My mother collected antiques," he recalls, "and before I started school, I went to auctions with her. My brother and sister and I were good kids, though, and didn't touch anything. In fact, that may be why I wanted to be a dealer—so I could touch everything."

After studying architecture and landscape design, he opened a store in Yellow Springs—"almost everything in the place cost \$1.50." He did the rounds of the regional antiques shows and became a pioneer in the field of architectural antiques, dealing in everything

from small stone carvings to pediments and garden gates. Trapp can remember when auctioneers would pay him to remove their historic debris ("Here's that kid again") and other exhibitors on the circuit would complain about his booth.

A 1984 trip to the antiques extravaganza in Brimfield, Massachusetts, finally brought him east to stay. One decade and three shops later, Trapp and his "parts of things" have an enthusiastic following among collectors and other dealers. The new respectability of his specialty has not dimmed his enthusiasm. "These things are real. Columns are bold and powerful. But it's more than aesthetics, it's what they represent," he emphasizes. "They are substantial parts of our heritage. You can touch them, you can own them—they're wonderful to share."

Trapp's collection, which has grown to include early glass, textiles, stone objects, garden sculpture, and esoteric furniture, is now at home in a rambling Greek revival house that sits near the center of this distinguished little Greek revival village. Main Street, with its pottery shop and corner luncheonette, is only a glance away, yet the house, tucked into a steep slope and secluded behind hemlocks, is in a world of its own. "Inside it's not at all northeastern New England," says

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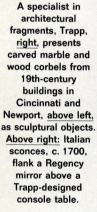
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"Columns are bold and powerful. But it's more than aesthetics, it's what they represent"





Trapp. "It's archaic or European. It has magic in it."

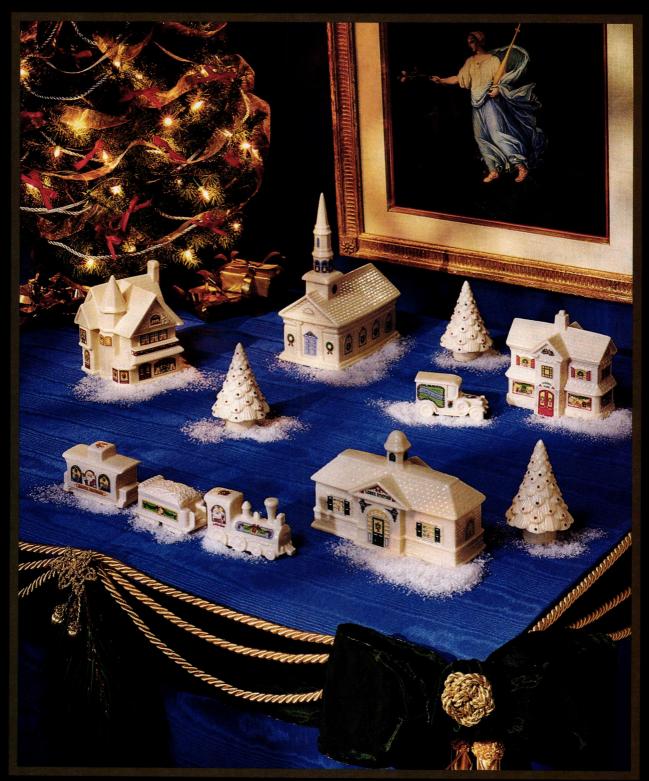
That magic is of Trapp's creation. Over the past two years he has converted much of the ground floor into a shop and the upstairs into his private quarters, using some of his architectural fragments to shape the new space. With occasional help from friends, he installed display windows in the vestibule and made doorframes with Empire moldings from one old house, in Connecticut, and corner bosses from another, in Ohio. He gave the walls a wash of gray "done with watered-down latex paint, a sponge, and *Carmina Burana*," he says. "Once you start, you can't stop, so you need music that moves."

Trapp arranges his finds with the same artful invention with which he has created their setting. In one

room a large gilded frame leans against a table, defining a still life of Empire chairs, a stone urn, a cranberry glass chandelier, and a Victorian terrarium. A master of illusion, Trapp sometimes uses columns to suggest structure, like those that stand next to a garden bench in a corner of the porch adjoining the shop. Some architectural fragments repose in splendid isolation, like a nineteenth-century model for a roof finial displayed on a console table. "Taking pieces out of context means you really look at them," he says. Other fragments become parts of new structures, like the pair of nineteenth-century Corinthian capitals that support a granite slab. "I made my first table about a dozen years ago," he explains. "I had an exquisite piece of iron that had been forged with dedication and skill and I made it into a coffee table for myself. Now I use marble and iron pieces in tables and consoles to give them a new life without compromising their integrity."

Respect lies at the heart of Trapp's art and aesthetic. He refers to his favorite possessions as "old friendly comfortable things." He does only the essential repairs on the things he acquires; as one admirer notes, "He doesn't fool with anything." For some collectors, Trapp explains, "the slightest nick destroys value." But for him the tiny chip on an eighteenth-century Chinese plate or the peeling paint on a graceful Corinthian capital doesn't distract from the beauty of the piece: "I don't see the damage at all. I see an object made by a craftsman who respected his materials and executed his details with care."

To maintain this vision, Trapp keeps his favorite objects in motion. He is constantly rearranging, changing contexts, and creating new perspectives. "The magic is like dust," he says. "It settles and it disappears. If you keep stirring things around, you see them in new ways." (Michael D. Trapp Antiques, 7 River Rd., West Cornwall, CT 06796; 203-672-6098) ▲



Shown: Holiday Village

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Literary Gifts HG's editors divulge their favorite books of the season

reat Irish Houses and Castles (Abrams, \$65). This panoramic compendium, organized by period and style, takes in medieval fortresses, Palladian country seats, a Regency folly, and the Gothic revival mock castles of Victorian tycoons. What Desmond Guinness's concise histories of the houses lack in depth of detail is made up for by the range of locations and the sharp focus of Jacqueline O'Brien's photographs. Best of all, a separate chapter surveys Ireland's decorative arts traditions in painting and sculpture, furniture, plasterwork, porcelain, pottery, and silver.—Nancy Novogrod

Tibetan Medical Paintings (Abrams, \$195). Sangye Gyamtso's The Blue Beryl Treatise, a seventeenth-century manuscript that codified medical traditions in Tibet, may or may not be as instructive as the latest Physicians' Desk Reference, but it certainly is more beautiful. The treatise's seventy-six brilliantly colored illustrations, executed by an atelier of artists in the era of the thirteenth Dalai Lama, address everything from human anatomy to poisons and dream prognostication. Although the modern commentary in the two-volume set, edited by Yuri Parfianovitch, Fernand Meyer, and Gyurme Dorje, is serious medical scholarship, lay readers can enjoy the paintings as sophisticated examples of folk art. One image of the body, for example, includes saucerlike eyes, a toothy smile, and what appears to be a depiction of sea and sky in the stomach.

Handwriting surrounds the feet like calligraphic boots.—Dana Cowin

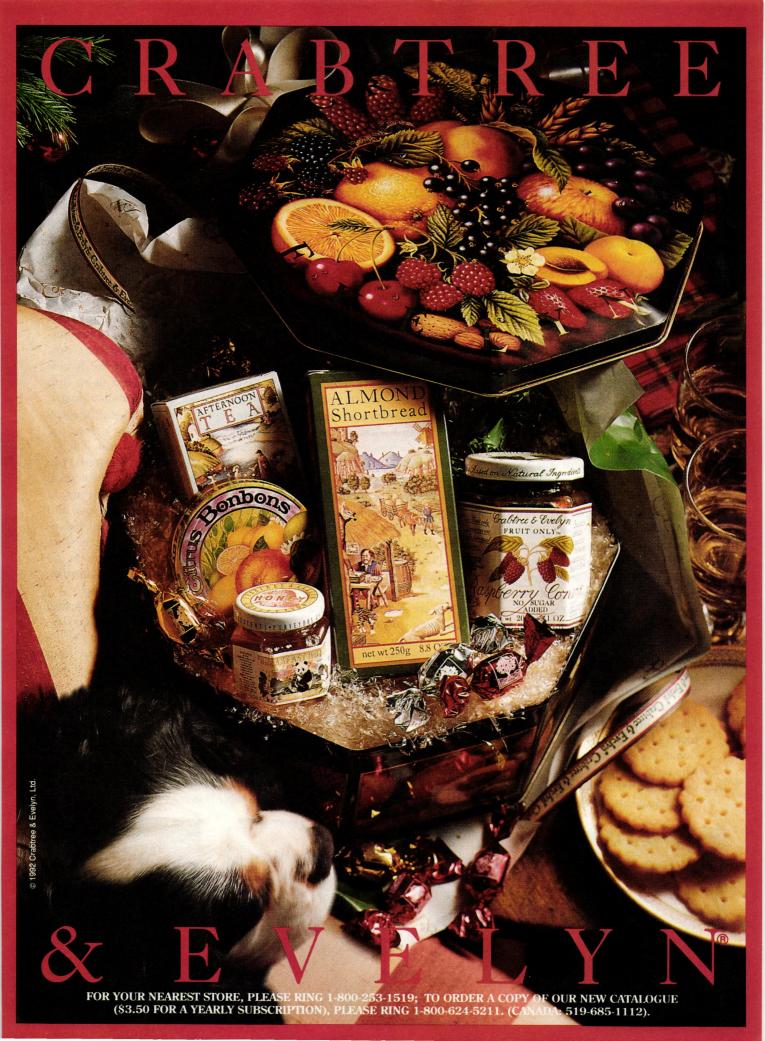
Classic America: The Federal Style and Beyond (Rizzoli, \$75). Living in an age when classicism in new architecture and decoration is often just another "look," we find it easy to forget that Americans once attached social and moral values to the Greek and Roman forms they adapted to porch pediments, sofas, and wallpaper. In chapters linking neoclassical taste to the ascendancy of federalism in New England, the spread of Jeffersonian ideals in the Middle Atlantic states, and the rise of Jacksonian democracy in the South, Wendell Garrett explains how triglyphs and dentils came to be combined with American eagles and wheat sheaves. The buildings and furniture photographed by Paul Rocheleau show a refinement of design and craftsmanship that has never been surpassed in this country.—Douglas Brenner

Joseph Cornell: Gifts of Desire (Grassfield Press, \$45). Forty-four years ago House & Garden beguiled its readers with a cover designed by artist Joseph Cornell in the form of one of his famous boxes, its compartments displaying small but alluring Christmas gifts chosen by the magazine's editors. That collaboration is recalled in Dickran Tashjian's book about the ways Cornell conceived many boxes as presents for people (living and dead) whom he admired. The magical offerings, handsomely illustrated, are as varied as you might expect for a gift list that included Lauren Bacall, Emily Dickinson,

and King Ludwig II of Bavaria.—DB One Man's Garden (Houghton Mifflin, \$21.95). "A stout plastic bag of manure is a splendid gift," writes Henry Mitchell. "I think a whole load is too much like giving emerald cuff links...rather improper, unless you know the gardener well." Gardeners (like me) who don't often have the opportunity to read Mitchell's elegantly pithy essays on horticulture in The Washington Post can never get too much of them between the covers of a book. His latest collection generously mixes practical advice, encouragement, philosophic consolation, and wit. Mitchell is the neighbor you wish you could talk to over the back fence.—DB

Nineteenth-Century Interiors: An Album of Watercolors (Thames & Hudson, \$55). For those who like to peek into the privileged private lives of the royal and the rich, Charlotte Gere has created another superb anthology of interior renderings, from the domed bedroom of Pedro IV of Portugal to the salons of Russia's Pavlino Palace. Each richly detailed plate is accompanied by a description, quotes from contemporaries, and commentary.—Eric Berthold

Dog Painting, 1840–1940: A Social History of the Dog in Art (Antique Collectors' Club, \$79.50). William Secord's volume affectionately traces the visual history of purebred pooches in America and Great Britain, along with an instructive section on prehistoric man's special relationship to dogs—proving, once again, loyalty through and through.—EB



Franklin D. Israel: Buildings and Projects (Rizzoli, \$60). Having worked on projects as diverse as a mixed-use development in Iran and the sets for a Roger Vadim film, Los Angeles architect Frank Israel brings a culturally literate sensibility to his buildings. He draws inspiration from masters like Frank Lloyd Wright and Rudolf Schindler, yet his work is uncompromisingly modern. His forms and materials are spare and tough, yet they are crafted and detailed with a jeweler's precision. This book presents nearly thirty projects-both built and unbuiltwith a biographical essay by UCLA professor Thomas S. Hines and an introduction by one of Israel's mentors and biggest supporters, Frank Gehry.—Pilar Viladas

The Art Pack (Knopf, \$40). This surprise-a-page introduction to Western art (by Christopher and Helen Frayling and Ron van der Meer) takes the participatory approach. Perusers can spin a top, peer through a peephole, admire a pop-up Vermeer painting-and come away with a solid grasp of color theory, the rules of perspective and proportion, and what makes art revolutionary. Succinct texts and captions and a taped lecture flesh out what is perhaps the first basic art history book that makes for an entertaining (and hands-on) read.—Margot Guralnick

Of Houses and Time (Abrams, \$45). From Drayton Hall, circa 1740, to Frank Lloyd Wright's 1941 Pope-Leighey house, William Seale weaves together the stories of seventeen National Trust houses and the people who built, occupied, neglected, preserved, and restored them over the years. Seale also wrote brief but illu-

minating essays for **Domestic Views** (AIA, \$60), an album of Erik Kvalsik's photographs of Colonial Dames of America sites. The subjects range from the 1790 house of a black Natchez businessman to an 1875 Colorado hotel fashioned by a Frenchman convinced that "in this land of gold and silver, we should live like princes."—Denise Martin

The Formal Garden (Thames & Hudson, \$55). To garden historian Mark Laird, it became clear one bright September day at Giverny that "the regular grid of gravel paths and the strong central axis of Monet's flower garden seem to draw inspiration directly from what we might call a 'formal tradition' of garden design." From that realization sprang this stylish, erudite, and thoroughly fascinating consideration of what is "formal" and what is "informal." Adding to the reader's pleasure and understanding are period illustrations and plans, impressive and informative garden photographs, and captions that should be a model for writers everywhere.—DM

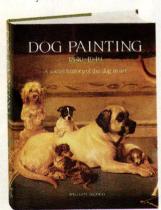
Piero della Francesca (Abbeville, \$95). The beautifully reproduced photographs that accompany Ronald Lightbown's scholarly yet accessible text are no substitute for a trip to Urbino, but they do give the armchair art lover a fine opportunity to contemplate the accomplishments of the quattrocento master. Nearly sixty pages document the Arezzo frescoes: an overall view of the chapel, two-page spreads of significant scenes, and countless details.—DM

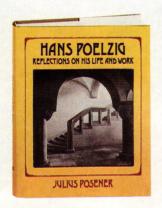
Invitation to the Garden: A Literary and Photographic Celebration (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, \$45). Combining bits of literature with related

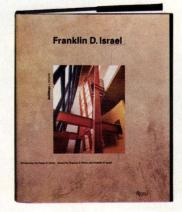
images is a risky business, but Ferris Cook succeeded in juxtaposing interesting texts—from Homer on the magical orchards of Alkínoös to Sylvia Plath's lines on the too-bright tulips—with stunning pictures by nine top garden photographers.—*DM*

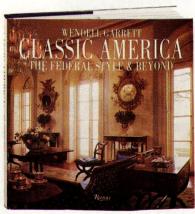
Hans Poelzig: Reflections on His Life and Work (Architectural History Foundation/MIT, \$50). The German expressionist architect Hans Poelzig (1868-1936) in his best designs captured both the angst and the utopianism of the generation that survived the nightmare of World War I. From his luminous stalactiteringed auditorium of 1919 for Berlin to his spooky sets for The Golem, the classic 1920 film of the Jewish legend, Poelzig delved deep into folklore and fantasy for schemes that conveyed a medieval ideal of social coherence as a defense against the chaos of the modern world. The architect's student and friend, the eighty-eight-year-old architectural historian Julius Posener, draws on personal knowledge of the man and his work in this first English-language monograph on a figure who, though until now obscure, is by no means marginal to the architecture of our century. -Martin Filler

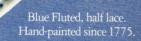
Encyclopedia of Herbs, Spices, and Flavorings (Dorling Kindersley, \$34.95). Elisabeth Lambert Ortiz's volume is not, of course, anything like encyclopedic but it is enjoyable, handsome, and wide-ranging—including an overview of world flavors as well as herbs, spices, and more. Most of the inevitable errors and omissions are minor. Just don't eat too many of the potentially unhealthy sweet peas pictured under edible flowers.—Leslie Land











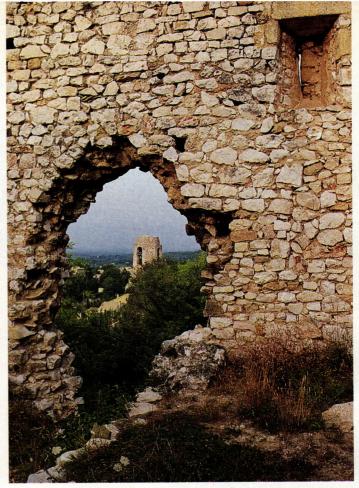
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A vacation at La Sabranenque means mixing mortar and laying stones

BY CATHERINE BARNETT

y watch broke the day I arrived in Saint-Victor-la-Coste. Living for two weeks in a medieval hamlet with thirty volunteers from around the world, I learned to tell time in a rustic language: donkey at seven, breakfast at eight. We all worked together every morning from nine until we heard what became a familiar cry: "Plus du mortier!" Even those who spoke no French knew it was time to put down their trowels, rinse the dust off their faces, and climb down from their eleventh-century perch in the Côtes du Rhône hills. "No more mortar!" meant the day's work was done.

I ventured to this southern French village to join Si-

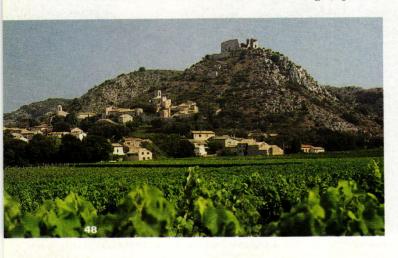
mone and Henri ("Ginou") Gignoux, visionaries who in 1969 established La Sabranenque, a nonprofit organization dedicated to preserving rural architecture—and to resuscitating flagging spirits along the way.

Simone, a reserved mystical woman with the angu-

Simone, a reserved mystical woman with the angular features of Georgia O'Keeffe, grew up in Saint-Victor exploring "le vieux village," the medieval settlement, abandoned early this century, that hugs the nearby limestone hills. Her great-grandparents had once lived there, and Simone hoped one day to return to her family home. In the 1960s she and Ginou, a salty red-haired pioneer from the Alps, climbed beyond the rampart wall, lunged through the rubble, and moved back into the ruins where they camped out, without water or electricity, for two years.

By the time I joined up with them things were, relatively speaking, luxurious. The old town—affectionately known as Chez Ginou—has been converted into a kibbutz-like village that houses travelers who come to Saint-Victor in the summer for two-week volunteer vacations. (In the spring and fall French language programs are offered.) Simone and Ginou, who live in a terraced house not far from the communal kitchen, spent fifteen years restoring the settlement. As with all their projects, they used only local materials, tradition-

A team of volunteers, above left, rebuilds a stone wall outside the Côtes du Rhône town of Chusclan. Above right: In nearby Saint-Victor-la-Coste, La Sabranenque's crew preserved a medieval church wall in picturesque ruin. Left: A view of Saint-Victor.



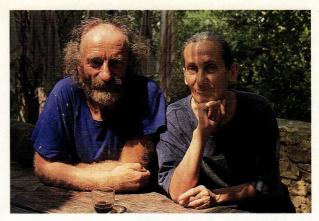
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lives. These houses were built by hand according to need and always with a search for beauty."

Every morning Tan'a'gui, the striped donkey, brayed, waking me in time for breakfast: coffee served in big metal pitchers, hot milk, fresh bread. (Bernard, a tax collector from Paris who has volunteered forty-eight times, trekked daily to the boulangerie to pick up seventeen still-warm baguettes, a half a loaf per person per day.) After eating, we'd drive through acres of vineyards toward the nearby town of Chusclan. "Looks like east Texas," said a red-haired ex-dancer grandmother from Dallas as we climbed the scruffy hills. Then we'd hike past a tiny Romanesque chapel

(in ruins before La Sabranenque restored it), and walk through boxwood, Mediterranean maple, and live oak until we reached the top: the Château de Gicon, a mistral-blown medieval fortress.

La Sabranenque's aim: to make the site usable, safe to visit, and in harmony with the land. Our first task each morning combined aerobic exercise and teamwork: we'd form a human chain and swing buckets of yellow sand, arm to arm, through an arched doorway, across a stone floor, up a restored stair, and out to the crumbling roof.

One morning, a young Parisian architect, handing me bucket after bucket, explained why he returns

to La Sabranenque every summer. "I spend the rest of the year reading blueprints and drawing up plans," he said. "Only here do I see the reality of building. This cleans out my eyes." Down the chain from him was a psychologist from Boston, two Polish students, a broker from Manhattan, and a lawyer from California (his language lesson for the day: "avocat" means lawyer—and avocado—in French).

A signal tower, top left, is part of Chusclan's medieval Château de Gicon, a hilltop site undergoing restoration. Top right: Henri and Simone Gignoux, founders of La Sabranenque, named for a count whose castle they restored. Above left: Meals are served alfresco.



al techniques, and lots of volunteer brawn. There are fifteen buildings in all, including eighteen bedrooms, which are simple—tile floors, beamed ceilings, twin beds—and distinctive. Chambre Rocher, for example, butts right up against a piece of limestone cliff. (The first night I slept in this room my roommate said I spoke in my sleep, incomprehensible except for two words, "Grand Canyon.")

"You can eat and sleep in modern buildings, but here," Simone said, glancing at the jumble of angled stone houses that look as if they were put together by a magician playing with Lego blocks, "here one really As I See It #3 in a series Raymond Meier 'La Vie en Rose' Light-Saturated Photography



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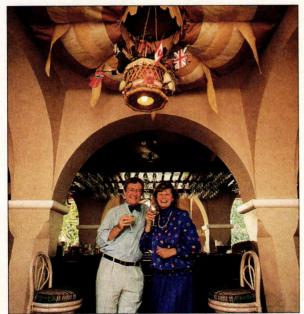
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TRAVEL

After the sand swinging, the volunteers split into small groups. At first the work looked daunting, "You'll learn on the job," said Marc Simon, an American who came twelve years ago as a volunteer and is now one of the program directors. "Let your eves and hands understand the materials, the simple forces. It's common sense, really." The others constructed an archway, rebuilt a chimney, and laid a path to a grotto said to have been used by the druids. But I loved it up on the roof, restoring the lichened walls of the vaulted stone building. I asked Ginou how far we could see. "Ah, from here." he said, turning a full circle, "you can see the Alps! The Mississippi!"

Ginou looks like a cross between a Dr. Seuss character, the wizard of Oz, and Brancusi. He is a philosopher-cum-mason, and to hear him talk about work is to listen to a sage. "Don't look ahead at what you're going to build," he told a career counselor from San Francisco. "Just place one stone at a time and you'll get there." When he found me scouring a pile of stones, he tapped me on the shoulder: "Those who search too long never find anything."

When Ginou came to breakfast, his halo of graying red hair was neatly combed. After twenty minutes of work he'd look wild again, and that is the way he'd look until the next morning. The transformation was inevitable—and inspiring. And after a few hours of work—mixing mortar, finding stones—we, too, were somehow transformed.

The search for the perfect stone is a test of creative vision, as is the actual building of these jigsaw puzzle walls; from a pile thirty feet in diameter you look for stones with just the right dimension, a smooth face, and weathered patina. When Ginou goes hunting for stones, he is like a lion stalking prey: his shoulders hunch forward and his elbows jut back and he scans the pile hungrily. I often caught him gazing at the stones like a sculptor admiring his work.

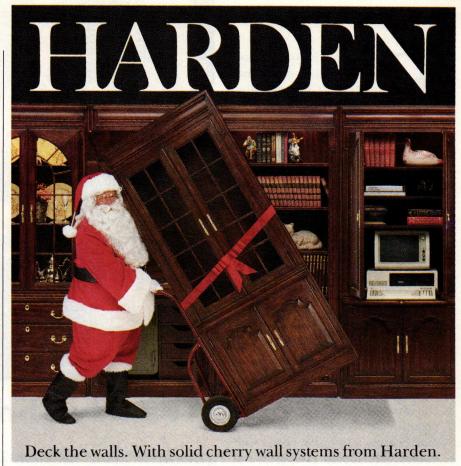
Back in Saint-Victor in time for lunch we'd sit at three picnic tables to a typical meal of tangy spinach pie with a sweet browned crust, local tomatoes and onions in vinaigrette, ratatouille, and a pear and chocolate tarte. All of La Sabranenque's fruit, vegetables, and eggs are supplied by a local farmer; the wine is made by the vintner just down the road; the herbs—thyme and lavender and rosemary-are picked, when needed, from a nearby hill. Each volunteer has kitchen duty one day a week, helping the two young French women who prepare the meals. Under their watchful gaze I sliced tomatoes, eggplants, and zucchini by the basketful and laid out the roundels in colorful rings to make a tian d'été. The chefs are as adept with their vegetables as Ginou is with his stones.

We were free in the afternoon: some people slept, others went wine-tasting through the Côtes du Rhône, others explored the region—Avignon, Arles, Uzès, Saint-Quentin—by bike, car, or thumb. Saint-Victor itself is a small animated town with one general store and two cafés—Bar de l'Industrie is for the older folk, Bar du Progrès for the young.

One day Ginou took us to see a completed restoration: a hermitage said to be a place of miracles for depressed people. Tucked into an enormous limestone cliff, it had served as refuge and religious sanctuary. The first hermit used to ring a bell when he suffered from too much solitude, calling villagers to visit him. We asked Ginou when this hermit lived. "Not long ago," he said, as if he'd been alive then. "In the seventeenth century. C'est récent, quoi?"

At dinner (rice soufflé, lentil salad), we were tired and invigorated. Ginou grated a clove of garlic against the tines of his fork and stirred it into his bowl as he spoke. "It takes physical effort to build well," he said. "Such work makes time and the exterior world disappear, leaving you in a welcome emptiness. Pleasure, fatigue, emptiness—with good fruit on the table, these are simple gifts." •

For information on La Sabranenque: Jacqueline C. Simon, 217 High Park Blvd., Buffalo, NY 14226; (716) 836-8698.



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My 76 year old Grandmother wears **JOY** and she's living with her 28 year old fencing instructor.

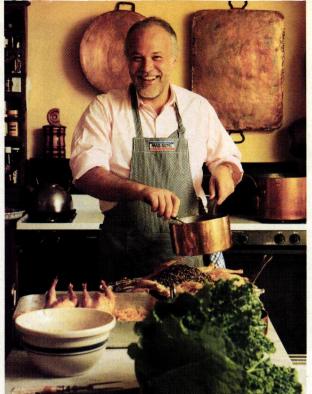


A gift of **JOY** de Jean Patou is always warmly received.

nordstrom

ven if there is no turkey on the table, everyone wants stuffing at Christmas dinner. Barry and Linda Donahue, who prefer braised pheasants with a morel sauce and a bourbonglazed ham to a replay of Thanksgiving, have a solution: a stuffing pie with sausage and spinach made according to a recipe from Linda's grandmother. Baked until it's golden brown on the top and crusty on the bottom, Linda's stuffing pie has a prominent place on the Donahues' Christmas table.

Barry, a private art dealer, Linda, a costume designer, and their two young sons have a busy life in Manhattan, but in many ways the center of their family life is a white turn-of-the-century house in northern Connecticut. It is here that they celebrate Christmas with a lavish afternoon meal for nearly two dozen friends and relatives, a feast that begins with smoked salmon and game paté and ends with poached pears in red wine and sauternes sabayon along with a flamed Christmas pudding.



Barry Donahue, left, spoons morel sauce over a platter of wild rice and braised pheasants in the roomy kitchen of the family's country house. The antique copper pans came from New York's Le Pavillon restaurant. Below left: The Donahues' Christmas dinner begins with champagne, Irish smoked salmon with crackers and a homemade game paté.

A Family Christmas

Inventive cooks welcome friends and relatives to a farmhouse feast By Christopher Idone

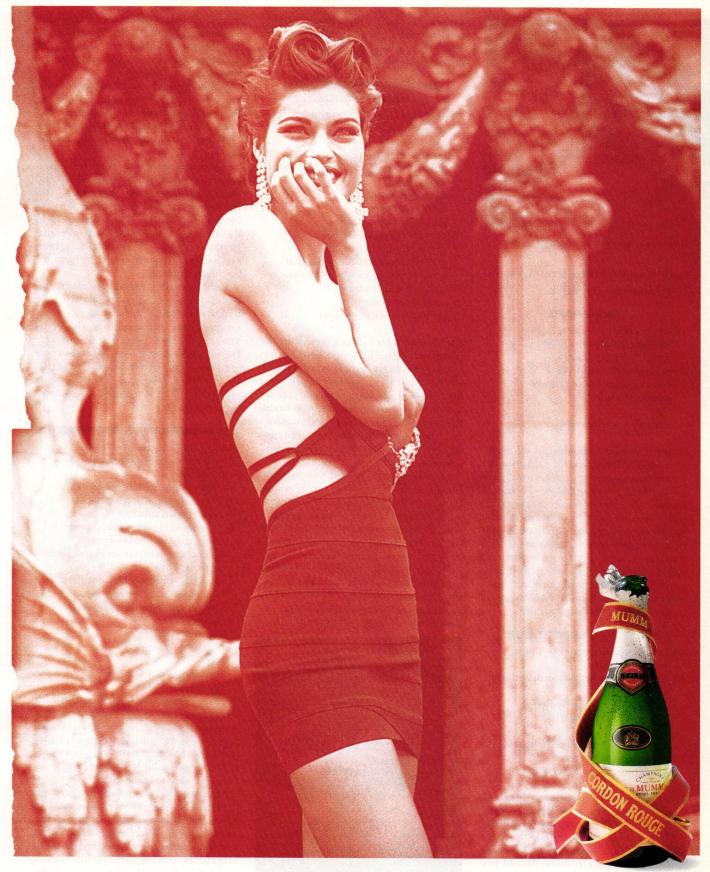


The menu is sumptuous and beautifully served, but the atmosphere is familial, not formal. The Donahues observe tradition in their own fashion, taking full advantage of twentieth-century shortcuts and technology. They are refreshingly practical cooks. Frozen spinach works perfectly in the stuffing pie, says Barry, who is the head chef for the celebratory meal, and frozen peas and baby onions are tasty and quick to prepare. This year they found that they had forgotten to buy dried dates for the pudding, so they substituted a jar of chestnut purée, and they happily use strained baby pears to sweeten the turnip purée.

They are also well-organized hosts. They begin planning the meal in November. By Christmas Eve the pudding is ready, and the pears are steeping in sweetened merlot, pungent with cloves and peppercorns. The hard sauce is chilling in the refrigerator, along with the paté and the mustard sauces, both sweet and hot, for the ham. The ham itself has been glazed with sugar, cloves, and bourbon; the wild rice and dried morels have been set out to soak; and the blueberry confit that was put up during the summer is waiting on the counter. That leaves just carrot soup, pheasants, stuffing pie, vegetables, and roasted glazed chestnuts for Christmas morning.

Later that day, when the guests depart, they take, along with their presents, shopping bags packed with leftovers. It's disheartening to go home to an empty

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Carrot soup is served in an antique tureen.

larder—and Christmas dinner is just as delicious the day after.

GAME PATÉ

12 tablespoons unsalted butter

2 shallots, finely chopped

½ pound chicken livers

1/2 pound pheasant livers

1 ounce bourbon or brandy

1 ounce Madeira

Salt

Freshly ground pepper

Butter 2 8-ounce molds and set aside. In a small skillet melt 2 tablespoons butter and sauté the shallots until wilted. Add the livers and sauté 3 minutes on each side or until they are pink inside. Remove and set aside. Add the bourbon and deglaze the pan over high heat. Set aside. Purée the livers with the pan juices. Add remaining butter and the Madeira. Season with salt and pepper, fold into the molds, and refrigerate overnight. Serve with toast or crackers. Yields about 1 pound.

PURÉE OF CARROT SOUP

4 bunches young carrots, cut in 1-inch rounds

10 cups fresh or low-sodium canned chicken broth

3 cardamom pods, crushed

1 teaspoon curry powder Salt

Freshly ground white pepper

1 quart heavy cream

1 small bunch chives, chopped

Put the carrots and enough broth to cover in a large soup pot. Bring to a boil and skim. Reduce heat to a low boil and add cardamom and curry powder. Season with salt and pepper. Cook 20 minutes or until fork tender. Strain the liquid from the carrots into a large bowl and set aside. Purée the carrots, adding about half the liquid for a thick purée. Return carrot mixture to a clean

soup kettle and add the cream. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer until hot, about 10 minutes. Sprinkle servings with chopped chives. Serves 8–10.

BRAISED PHEASANT WITH MOREL SAUCE

6 pheasants, about 3 pounds each

½ cup vegetable oil

Salt

Freshly ground pepper

1 bunch celery, leaves removed and stalks diced

3 large onions, diced

8 carrots, diced

½ pound unsalted butter

6 juniper berries, crushed

2 sprigs thyme

1 pound dried morels, soaked at least one hour in water to cover

1 cup dry white wine

1 cup heavy cream

1 pound wild rice, cooked

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Rub the pheasants with a little oil, then salt and pepper inside and out. In a large heavy skillet, heat ¼ cup oil over medium heat. Brown the birds, three at a time, on all sides, making sure not to break the skin. Add as much of the remaining oil as necessary and brown the remaining birds. Set them aside. Discard oil and set skillet aside.

Heat butter in the skillet over medium heat. Add diced vegetables and sauté until wilted, about 10 minutes. Add juniper berries, thyme sprigs, 1 cup of the morel liquid, and wine. Season with salt and pepper. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer 5 minutes. Spread the vegetable mixture over the bottom of a large roasting pan, then arrange the birds on top, side by

Vegetables and condiments surround the pheasants and a bourbon-glazed ham.



side. Cover the pan with foil and bake 45 minutes. Remove the foil and cook 15 minutes or until juices run clear. If the pan is drying too quickly, add a small amount of water.

While the birds are braising, remove another ½ cup of morel juice to use in the stuffing pie (see recipe below). Reduce the remaining liquid by half over high heat. Remove the birds, cover, and set aside.

Strain the vegetable mixture into a large saucepan, pressing down on the vegetables. Discard the vegetables. Add the reduced morel liquid to the vegetable liquid. Add the heavy cream and the morels, and season with salt and pepper. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes or until sauce begins to thicken.

Using poultry shears, remove the backbone and cut each bird in half lengthwise. Mound the wild rice on a large platter, then arrange the birds around the rice. Remove the morels from the sauce with a slotted spoon and arrange over and around the birds. Pour a little of the sauce over the birds and pass the rest around in a sauce-boat. Serves 12.

LINDA DONAHUE'S STUFFING PIE

4 tablespoons unsalted butter

2 pounds sweet Italian sausage, crumbled

6 stalks celery, finely chopped

2 large onions, finely chopped

1 clove garlic, minced

2 pounds spinach, washed and chopped, or 3 boxes frozen spinach, defrosted, drained, and squeezed dry

4 cups day-old French or Italian bread, cut in 1/4-inch cubes

½ cup morel juice (see pheasant recipe)

1/4 cup heavy cream

1/4 cup sage, chopped

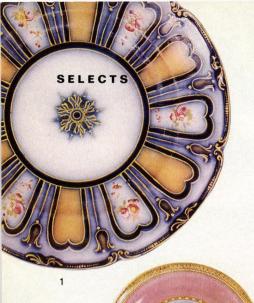
Freshly ground pepper

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Butter 2 10-inch ovenproof glass pie plates and set aside. In a large heavy skillet render and brown the sausage meat over medium heat. With a slotted spoon remove meat to a large mixing bowl.

In the same skillet sauté celery, onions, and garlic over medium heat until wilted. Add the spinach and cook 1–2 minutes. Add vegetable mixture to the sausage meat. Fold in the bread cubes and remaining ingredients. Mix well. Mound the stuffing into pielike domes and bake about 45 minutes until the tops are browned and bottoms form a dark crust. Set aside for 20 minutes, then cut into wedges. Serves 12.



SCHUMACHER. CLASSIC DESIC









For modern tables, nothing provides

a grander finale By Amy Taran Astley

VICTORIAN DESSERT PLATES ARE MAKING A COMEBACK ON contemporary tables. Gilded and adorned with meticulously detailed neoclassical landscapes or rococo revival botanicals, these small-scale follies reflect the design fashions of their day. No nineteenth-century hostess worth her blancmange would dream of setting a mismatched table, but these days, notes California dealer Judy Smith of the Dining Room Shop, "people are collecting single plates and assembling a mad mix."



1 Rockingham porcelain, c. 1850

2 Samuel Alcock porcelain, c. 1845

3 English porcelain, c. 1850

4 Prattware pottery, c. 1850

5 English porcelain, c. 1850

6 French majolica, c. 1860 7 English pottery, c. 1830

8 English amethyst glass, c. 1840

9 Choisy-le-Roi majolica, c. 1890

10 Wedgwood pearlware, c. 1820



Designs with elaborate hand painting and famous maker's marks bring top dollar—"as much as \$500 a plate,"

says Patrick Dunne of Lucullus, "but there are also plenty of \$25 pieces to be found. Buying one here and there, rather than an entire set, can be sur-

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4 James II Galleries

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5 Bergdorf Goodman

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6 The Dining Room Shop

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7 Bardith

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8 Julian Graham-White

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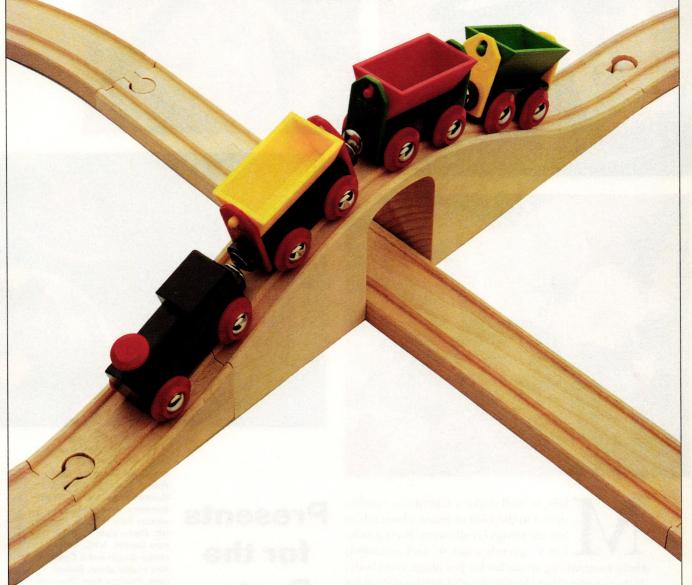
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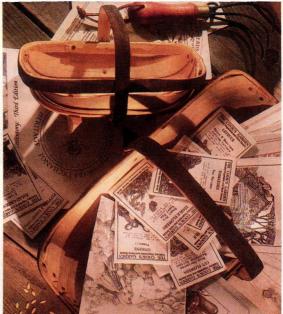
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HG DECEMBER 1992











ight as well make a Christmas confession: I'm the kind of Santa who tends to buy the things I really want. Fortunately, I'm so greedy (and so well rounded) there's something on my list for just about everybody. If there's one thing I love to do, it's Christmas shop for people who care about food.

Every vegetable gardener, for instance, should have a copy of the *Garden Seed Inventory*—an annotated source list for all the nonhybrid seed varieties available in the United States—from Seed Savers Exchange (RR3, Box 239, Decorah, IA 52101; 319-382-5990). Close to five hundred pages of common vegetables such as winter squash (I stopped counting squash varieties when I got to one hundred about halfway through the list) and uncommon vegetables such as devil's-claw (only four choices). Time travel at its finest, from the heirloom Brandywine tomato, circa 1885, to the cypress haricot vert, introduced in 1991.

Presents for the Pantry

No matter how well stocked the larder, there's always a spot the cook longs to fill

BY LESLIE LAND

Gifts for cooks of every taste. Top left: A KitchenAid mixer, with Bundt pans and Great Cakes by Carole Walter. Top right: Smith & Hawken trugs, Garden Seed Inventory, seeds, and a weeder from Kinsman. Bottom left: Derby plate, c. 1800, from Bardith, NYC, with cookie dough and a Cushion-Aire cookie sheet. Bottom right: Produce from Diamond Organics in a basket from Dean & DeLuca and bowl from Wolfman-Gold & Good, NYC. All baking equipment from Williams-Sonoma. Details see Resources.



Since chocophiles tend to be knee-deep in truffles already, let's skip the eats and give them cocoa. Pile on the varieties

Bring things back to earth with my favorite hand tool, the Maine weeder, and a roomy wooden trug to haul the harvest home.

Bakers get the cookie package not an old-hat tin of home baked but the deluxe wherewithal for doing it themselves: a roll of icebox cookie dough to make crisp vanilla-fragrant hazelnut black pepper pinwheels (see recipe below); a CushionAire cookie sheet, insulated to prevent burned bottoms and pale gold to promote delicate browning; a timer to forestall the incineration of the last batch; and an antique plate to put the finished product on. (I keep my eye out for plates all year and hoard them against Christmas emergencies. Topped with a dozen or two homemade cookies or good-looking pieces of fruit, they make ideal lastminute gifts. And if no emergencies arise, you can enjoy them yourself.)

Really serious bakers get a KitchenAid mixer, not only the handsomest of home-kneading and beating machines but also the most efficient. A scaled-down version of those behemoths that do the job in commercial bakeries, hotels, and the like, the KitchenAid is both powerful and reliable. I have the KSM5 ProLineknown to some as the caterer's favorite-which comes in white, black, and an industrial gray. The slightly smaller capacity KSM90 comes in wonderful deep colors, among them forest green and royal blue. Be sure to sacrifice size for beauty if the recipient has a small kitchen or weak biceps; these are heavy-duty machines in more ways than one, and it's nice to be able to leave them out on the counter. An inspirational cookbook and a fancy nonstick baking pan or two make nice additions but even without a map and luggage a Rolls is a pretty spiffy gift.

For chocophiles any gift has to be made of Theobroma cacao. But since such people tend to be knee-deep in truffles already, let's skip the eats and give them cocoa instead. After all, the Aztecs drank their chocolate, and Europeans first fell for the stuff in the form of a sweetened beverage. Pile on the varieties, from Droste and Bensdorp to Ideal from Lititz, Pennsylvania, and Ibarra from Mexico. Like coffees, cocoa beans vary enormously and each manufacturer has a signature blend. To get the full range, be sure to include both natural and Dutched types; the latter are treated with alkali, which cuts bitterness, deepens color, and improves solubility. Complete the set with a fine chocolate pot and some pointers for making a perfect not-too-sweet cup (see recipe below).

When I was growing up, a gift certificate was taboo-too tacky to contemplate-but bibliophiles will compliment you on your good taste if you give them some money to spend at the Wine and Food Library (1207 West Madison St., Ann Arbor, MI 48103; 313-663-4894). Proprietor Jan Longone is more like a librarian than a storekeeper, passionate about books in general, knowledgeable about her own extremely eclectic inventory. It runs the gamut from sixteenth-century herbals to a few new releases, with lots of recherché goodies (fashionable main dishes of 1907, for example, and a 244-page history of the American peppermint and spearmint industry) for about the cost of a decent lunch.

Which brings us to everyone else, who should get something to eat: preferably one or more market baskets full of vegetables and fruits from Diamond Organics (Box 2159, Freedom, CA 95019; 800-922-

2396), the mail-order greengrocers. **Everything the Diamond Organics** folks sell—and they sell almost everything in the line of produce—is not only certified organic but fully guaranteed in the fresh and delicious department. You can order specific items-"two heads of Lollo Rosso lettuce, a bunch each of beets and cilantro, an avocado, and two pounds of gold potatoes, please"-or have them send the sampler that contains selected fruits, vegetables, and herbs. Assortments are seasonal; don't expect tomatoes in February. But shipping is from California, so do expect gorgeous lettuces and tender herbs, sweet leeks, plump artichokes. Real food, delivered right to the door. Add an attractive jar filled with hot cashew chutney to round out the gift (see recipe below). Rich, smooth, and spicy, the chutney makes a fine dip for winter vegetables as is; thinned down with cream, it's salad dressing to die for.

HAZELNUT BLACK PEPPER PINWHEEL COOKIES

3/3 cup hazelnuts

2 cups all-purpose flour

½ teaspoon baking powder

1/4 teaspoon freshly ground pepper

½ cup sugar

1 soft vanilla bean

½ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter

1/4 cup hazelnut oil

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

In a 360-degree oven toast the hazelnuts 15 minutes or until light gold inside. Cool, rub off as much of the skin as possible, and chop medium fine. Toss the nuts in a coarse strainer to remove tiny particles, which keep the dough from holding together. Set chopped nuts aside. Combine flour, baking powder, and pepper thoroughly and set aside. Place sugar in a food processor. Split the vanilla bean in half, and with a thin-bladed knife scrape out the seeds and interior flesh. Discard the seeds, save the bean for another use, and combine scrapings with the sugar. Process until the sugar is fine and the vanilla well mixed in. Cream the butter until fluffy, then beat in the hazelnut oil and vanilla extract. Add the sugar, then the flour mixture.

Pat the dough into a rectangular block and roll it out between sheets of waxed paper to make a 9-by-11-inch rectangle about ¼ inch thick. Spread the chopped nuts over the dough with waxed paper and roll once more so the nuts are well embedded. Remove top paper. Using the bottom paper as a helper, carefully roll the dough as though for jelly roll, pressing firmly at each turn so the layers adhere. Wrap securely in the waxed paper and chill until firm or cover in plastic wrap for longer storage. Dough will keep in the refrigerator for up to 3 days, up to 3 months in the freezer.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Line 2 cookie sheets with baking parchment. If dough is frozen, allow to warm slightly. Cut dough in generous ½sinch-thick slices and place ½ inch apart on the sheets. Bake cookies 15 minutes or until lightly browned, then cool on wire racks and store airtight. Yields approximately 5 dozen.

A GOOD CUP OF COCOA

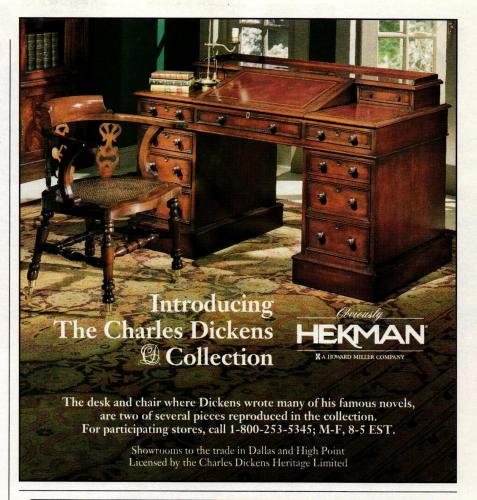
- 5 tablespoons cocoa 2–4 tablespoons sugar
- 2–4 tablespoons sugar Pinch of salt
 - 3 cups milk Whipped cream (optional) Instant espresso powder (optional)

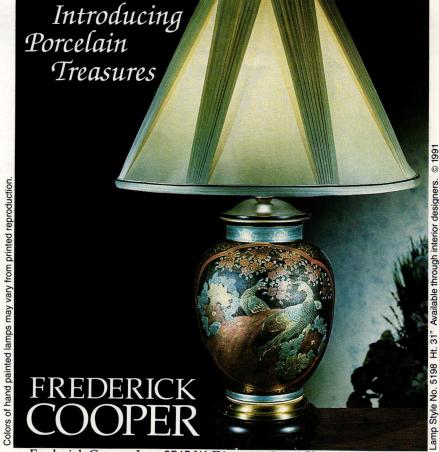
Combine cocoa, sugar, and salt (if cocoa is not Dutched) in the top of a double boiler, then slowly stir in 1 cup boiling water. Place pan over low heat and cook, stirring constantly, about 2 minutes. Add milk, put the pan over simmering water and cook, stirring frequently, until the milk is thoroughly heated. If possible, beat the hot cocoa until it's frothy, using a Mexican molinillo or a rotary beater. Serve in warmed cups, topped with a dollop of softly whipped cream and a sprinkle of espresso powder. Serves 4.

YOGI VITHALDAS'S CASHEW CHUTNEY

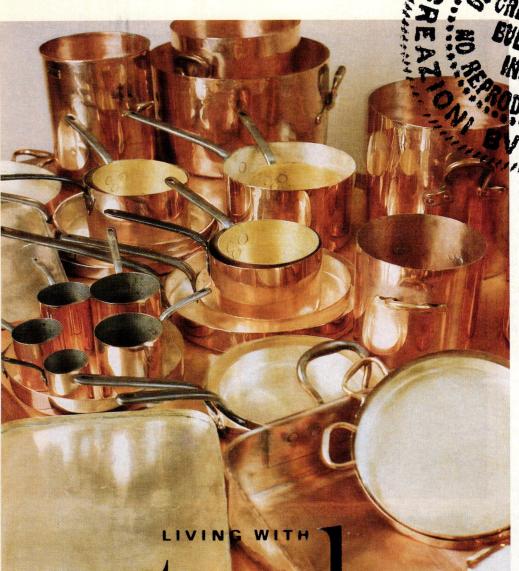
- 1 cup raw cashew nuts
- 2 green jalapeño peppers, chopped (about 2 tablespoons)
- 1/4 cup gingerroot, peeled and chopped
- ½ cup parsley leaves
- 1 teaspoon salt Juice of 1 lime

Use a blender or food processor to grind the cashew nuts to a paste; add the jalapeño peppers, gingerroot, and parsley leaves and grind again. If necessary, add just enough water to make a smooth creamy paste the consistency of thick mayonnaise. Add salt and lime juice and stir well. The chutney will keep, covered and refrigerated, several days. Yields 1½ cups. ▲





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Nicola Bulgari, below, vice president of Bulgari U.S.A., in front of a portrait of his late father, Giorgio, the man most responsible for the Bulgari look. Left: A sampling of the Buckingham Palace cookware, c. 1840, now available from Bulgari. Above: The Bulgari copyright stamp used to identify designs. Details see Resources.



Bulgari acquires



a taste



for royal



cookware

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

BREAKFAST AT BULGARI ANYONE? THIS family store, famed for its jewelry and silver objets, is now selling a limited number of Victorian copper pots and pans that hail

from the kitchens of Buckingham Palace. Available at the New York Fifth Avenue branch and in Rome, they are the royal find of Nicola Bulgari, vice president of Bulgari U.S.A., who combs the world for unusual antiques. Despite their weighty provenance, he says, "I would dare to cook with them." Each has been restored to its original luster and begs its own decorative future: a forty-quart stockpot might hold an armful of flowers when not in use making soup for a hundred, or a large cookie sheet could serve as a desktop organizer. It's food for thought for the majestically minded.

A Bulgari sterling dish, above. Right, from top: A gold snail-shell brooch with diamonds, tourmalines, and a ruby. A gold ring set with an ancient coin. A semiprecious stone and diamond tulip cuff bracelet.



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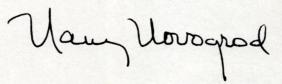
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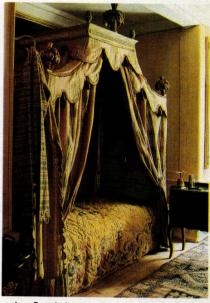
December

SETTING THE TABLE is a skill most of us learn in childhood, but there is a world of potential beyond the fork-on-the-left, knife-on-the-right variety. In the best instances, imagination and art intervene. Recognizing the demands of the season, we asked HG's Eric Berthold to come up with festive settings, including ones for a Christmas dinner served on an old pine table and for a winter breakfast brightened with images of fruit and flowers. In my experience a good table setting—or any good decorative arrangement jumps out of its appointed spot and all but knocks you in the eye. The Swedish manor house of Ingrid Lundquist and Jan Holmberg achieves its impact with warm colors, painted furniture, patterned borders, and tiled stoves, as well as the accoutrements of worldly comfort: books, framed engravings, blue and white china. In this month's "Design Analysis" we look at the art of display, with guidance from an expert. We also turned to experts for our special section "Putting Together the Perfect Kitchen." With the help of designers, chefs, and food writers, HG has compiled the best elements from stools and lighting to stoves and sinks, and sought out real-life kitchens that marry style and function. My own favorites conceal space-age possibilities behind updated kitchen classics like beaded-board wainscoting and glass-paned doors. There's more, of course, on our editorial menu-a desert villa in Arizona, actor James Belushi's California dream house, and a surprising confection of a topiary garden in the Maryland countryside. I hope all the tables you sit down at during this holiday season nourish your soul and delight your eye.

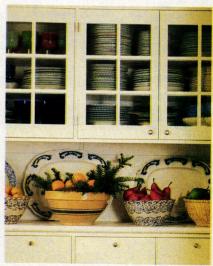




A festive table setting reflects the colors of antique Christmas ornaments.



In a Swedish manor house, guests sleep under the canopy of a Gustavian bed.



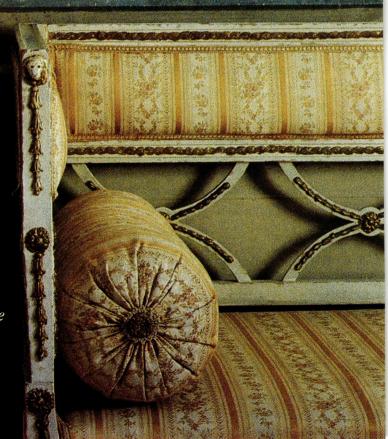
Multipaned cabinets and old mixing bowls evoke the past in a new country kitchen.

LEMENTS OF EDISH INTRY YLE

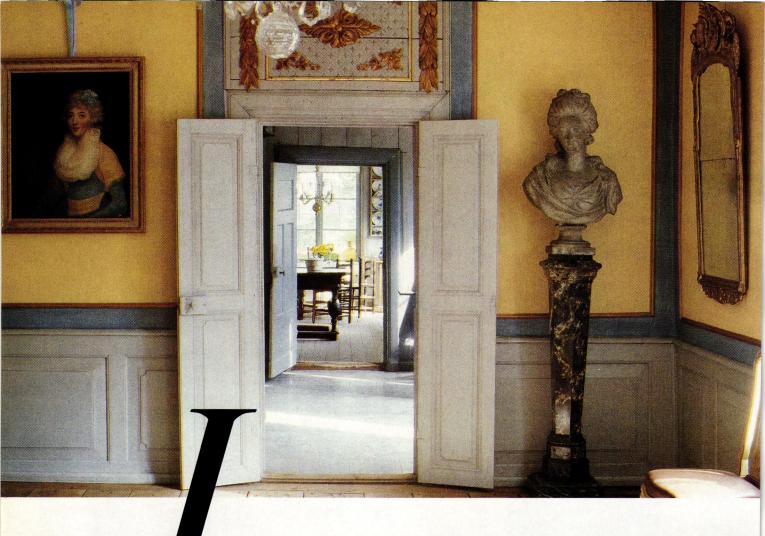
Less imposing than eighteenth-century French and English furniture, less strict and ornamental than nineteenthcentury European pieces, classic Swedish design merges the practical and the sophisticated, the delicate and the robust. This spare romanticism has reemerged as the look of the nineties. HG found a prime example in a manor house near Uppsala where a couple created a level of comfort and refinement that still allows for experimentation and even some wear and tear. By Margot Guralnick

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson

Produced by Deborah Webster







ngrid Lundquist and Jan Holmberg seem entirely at home in the nineties. She knows her way around computers, cooks on a Gaggenau stove, and has leanings toward mysticism. He drives a carphone-equipped silver BMW, wears Armani eyeglasses, and relaxes by watching *Falcon Crest* reruns. Together, they run an auction house in the Swedish university town of Uppsala where each year close to ten million objects, new and old, run-of-the-mill and rare, are put on the block. One week they might be stirring up interest in a collection of Danish moderne furniture, the next touting a parcel of microwave ovens. But at nearby Länna, the 1650 manor where they have lived for close to a decade, Holmberg and Lundquist leave most trappings of the twentieth century behind in favor of rooms that look like magically sealed time capsules of eighteenth-century Swedish design.



"We are not like the Victorians. who rebuilt old houses as they felt they should have looked," says Holmberg, seated in a 1780 armchair scraped down to its original paint. "We are trying to re-create what was." There were few signs of what was, however, by the time they purchased the house at a state auction that attracted only one other bidder. Vacant for years before it had been taken over by a rich recluse who maniacally cut off the plumbing and electricity and burned floorboards for heat, the bat-infested graffiti-covered pile somehow looked welcoming to Holmberg and Lundquist. Projects that seem to have no end fail to daunt these intrepid preservationists who fled a 1914 house after two years because, as Holmberg says, "it was far too new," and, as Lundquist says, "it was finished."

This may never be the case at

Länna. Located on the edge of what had been an unbroken stretch of lakes, ponds, and woods before developers started to muddy the picture, the board-and-batten structure is now shored up and freshly painted what Lundquist calls "traditional haystack yellow," with windows trimmed blue gray to look like limestone. Inside, the house unfolds as a series of luminous rooms whose modest functional designs and bright surfaces bear witness to both an economy long depleted by imperial wars and the Nordic craving for midwinter light. Interpreting unaffordable European finery such as ormolu, marble, and marquetry using little more than pine and paint, eighteenth-century Swedish craftsmen achieved what Holmberg describes as a "perfect balance between the ornamental and the plain."

The same could be said of the couple's work at Länna. As a counterpoint to the crystal chandeliers, gilded paneling, and intricately patterned stove tiles, the rooms have been fitted out with bleached pine floors, low timber ceilings, and pale wainscots, all of which Holmberg built himself using wood salvaged from an old granary—and "the trial and error approach I learned in college sociology classes." Lundquist, meanwhile, became a self-taught expert on mixing powdered pigments into myriad shades of gray, "the ba-

roque color," and making surfaces dance with subtle pattern. In the kitchen, she painted the cupboards the faintest gray green and then battered and rubbed the knobs bare as if from centuries of wear. To add depth to the barely blue gray walls, she spatterpainted them with dashes of dark green, red, and white, using a Jackson Pollock version of marbleizing: "You dip a birch branch into a pot of paint and

then you act like a tennis player."

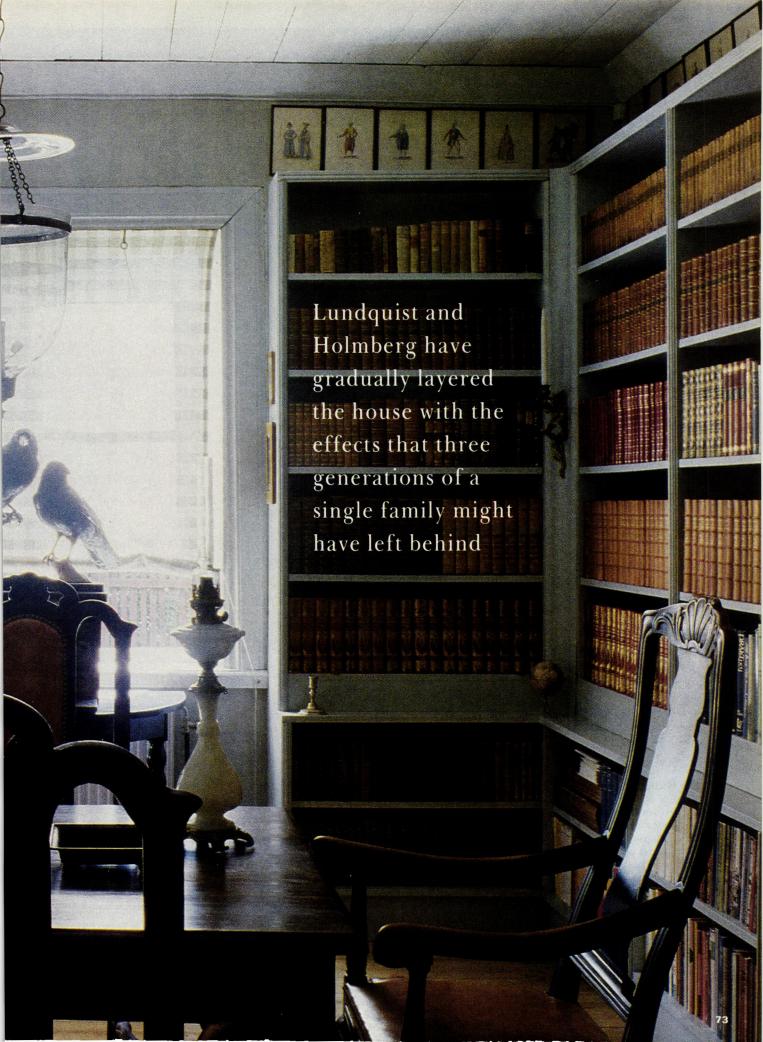
Inexhaustibly willing and able, Holmberg and Lundquist constructed all the bookshelves, hung all the wallpaper, and took on much of the upholstering. They also rebuilt from inexpensively purchased parts nearly all of Länna's Gustavian tiled stoves, so efficient that a five-log fire can keep a room warm for twenty-four hours. And when they concluded that the baroque pastoral scenes in a guest room would look better if balanced by a matching pair, they whipped out



Jan Holmberg and Ingrid Lundquist, above, light a rococo chandelier in preparation for a New Year's Eve ball. The table is set with 18th-century Swedish crystal, faience, and silver and French bronze dancing figures. Left: Swedish faience and pewter in the kitchen. Top left: The 1650 manor is painted a rich ocher once favored by the gentry. Opposite: An 18th-century portrait of a young woman inspired the reception room's yellow and blue palette. The carved panel over the doorway was found in a Paris flea market. Lundquist "made it look Swedish" by softening the black background with gray paint.





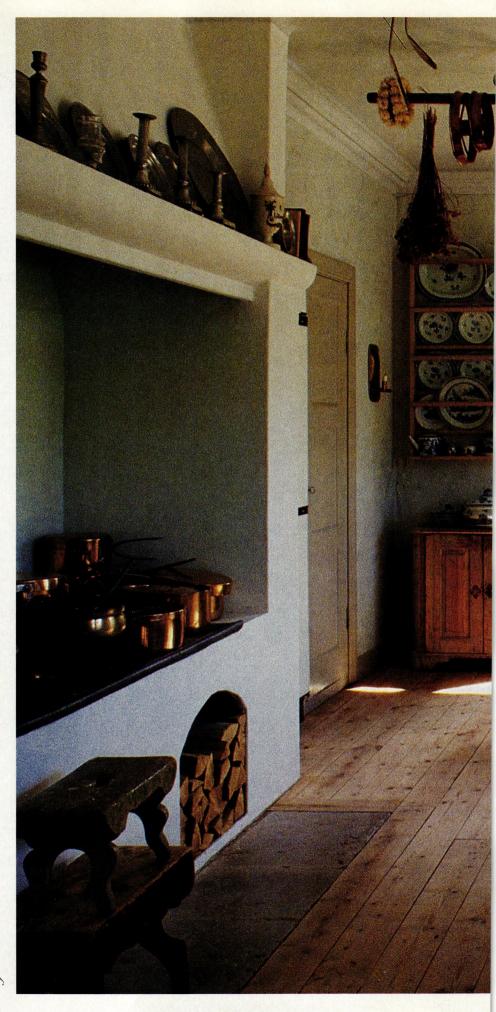


paint brushes and canvas.

Scouring the country for Swedish baroque, rococo, and neoclassical (better known as Gustavian) furnishings, Lundquist and Holmberg have gradually layered the house with the effects that three generations of a single family might have left behind. "You have to put a bit of dissonance in a room so that it doesn't look reconstructed," says Holmberg. "A Gustavian setting should have a baroque painting in it because that's how people lived." The mix of period pieces presents a quick study in how Scandinavian taste has evolved-and how it has always favored sophisticated simplicity. The library's set of 1740 alderwood chairs, with their shallow reliefs and serpentine splats, represents Sweden's elegantly slender version of Europe's full-bodied baroque style. The vogue for French rococo, which sent S-curves reverberating around Swedish forms starting in the 1760s, is represented by the dining room's marble fireplace, carved with a single undulating shell that is about as restrained as rococo can be. And Gustav III's celebrated neoclassicism, the reigning mode during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, can be found in the salon, where Holmberg and Lundquist sip schnapps perched on a rectilinear settee, whose attenuated fretwork, toothpick legs, and ethereal gray paint make it almost a skeletal version of a Louis XVI sofa.

Though few of the objects at Länna are original to the house, the early owners have a strong presence. The stacks of (Continued on page 150)

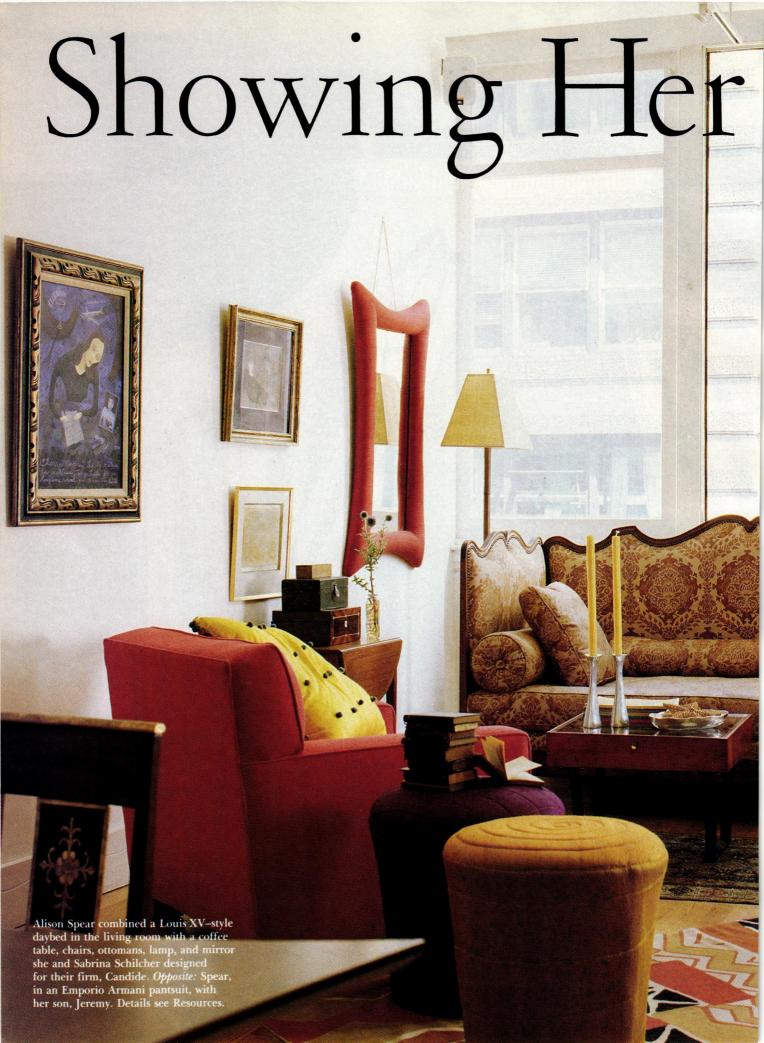
The kitchen at Länna is a harmonious blend of 18th-century charm and modern convenience, all cloaked in the faintest shades of blue and gray. A hefty baroque table stands between the restored hearth and the newly constructed cabinets. Lundquist added subtle texture to the walls using an old Swedish technique of spatter painting with a birch branch. Holmberg built the pair of pine dish racks which display Chinese export porcelain, on the left, and Swedish faience, on the right. The hanging herbs are ingredients for flavored schnapps.













In a downtown loft, architect **Alison Spear** decorates with a palette of vintage and modern By Brad Gooch

"HAVE YOU HEARD 'RED HOT + Dance'?" Alison Spear asks excitedly, sitting curled on a Louis XV-inspired daybed in her loft in a converted girdle factory in Manhattan's Flatiron district. She has on a black top and white shorts, her blond hair cut, as she puts it, "like Grace Kelly's." The song that's putting her in such a good mood is a remix of Sly & the Family Stone's "Thank You (Falettin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)."

"Almost every song on the album's an old song that's been revived," says Spear. Her frisky feel for remixes is infectious. But not surprising. Even a cursory glance around her standard industrial loft-ceiling sprinklers, gangly stripped columns, bare metal windows-takes in a whole stack of examples of decorative remixing. Philippine storm windows with mother-of-pearl panes double as translucent doors to her two-yearold son Jeremy's room. A teddy bear sits on a Thonet chair. A cheap bar sink gleams elegantly from a pedestal of steel crossbeams.

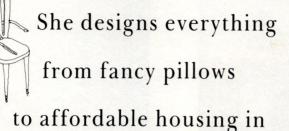
Old and new are spliced as well by a floating wall that stops like a curtain a few inches above the hardwood floor. It snakes down the middle, making four rooms out of the usual one-room loft cliché. "We liked crashing the walls together," Spear says of the deft stroke that she and her husband, architect and developer Campion Platt, carried off when they moved in four years ago. "The old wall with a baseboard versus the new floating wall."

Like her loft, Spear is multitrack. At thirty-three, she designs everything from fancy pillows to affordable housing in the South Bronx. She has her own architecture firm. With her Viennese-born partner, Sabrina Schilcher, she started an auteur furniture company, Candide. She's become the in decorator for Manhattan's youngish F. Scott Fitzgeraldian set. And recently she helped per-



Like her loft,

Alison Spear is multitrack.



the South Bronx.) It's Holly Golightly

meets Robert Moses



suade five other architects to join her in the nonprofit City Design Collaborative (CDC). It's Holly Golightly meets Robert Moses.

"I think I'm into too many things," Spear muses. "And trying to be a mother, too." At that tingle of self-doubt she rests her glass of white wine on the coffee table with a clink. Luckily, a look into its vitrine top revives her. It's filled with shells she collected on the beaches in Florida. "The original theme of the loft was Florida, because I'm from there. I really do love the ocean." So she had a wave design routed across the base-board like a signature.

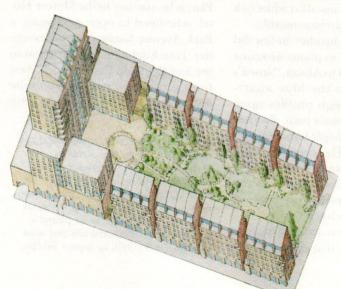
She grew up in Florida as the second daughter, and second architect, in her family. In 1978 her older sister, Laurinda Spear, fresh out of architecture school, built her parents a coup of a pink house in Miami. It soon became Bruce Weber's favorite locale as he shot everyone from GQ models to Candice Bergen daydreaming next to its pastel walls. Laurinda went on to build a slew of skyscrapers in blender-cocktail colors which invariably showed up on the establishing shots for Miami Vice. Her firm, Arquitectonica, a partnership with her husband, Bernardo

Fort-Brescia, is synonymous with Miami's building boom.

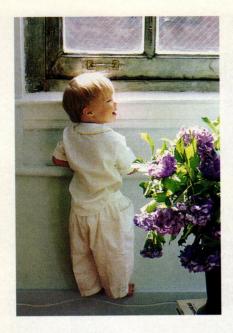
But long before Laurinda made the Brickell Avenue skyline sexy, Alison, eight years her junior, had already been zapped by architecture. Her primal scene was a Palm Beach mansion, Mar-a-Lago. Alison's best girlhood friend happened to be Stephanie Robertson—Cliff Robertson and Dina Merrill's daughter. Stephanie's grandmother, Marjorie Merriweather Post, was still living as an invalid at Mar-a-Lago. So on weekends a chauffeur would collect the girls in a beat-up station wagon for a Palm Beach holiday. The spa-

ghetti they requested for dinner would be served on silver trays by hovering footmen. "And after dinner there we'd be, these two eighthgraders on stools watching reel-toreel movies in the ballroom."

"Mar-a-Lago made quite an impression on Alison architecturally," says her mother, Suzanne Spear, whose résumé includes running an air charter service, modeling, and acting. (Spear's father, Harold, who swam for Yale in the forties, is a retired cardiovascular surgeon.) Between Cornell and Columbia—her sister's alma mater—Alison worked at Skidmore, Owings & Merrill in



Spear's sketches for chair and sofa. above left. Above right: Le Corbusier chairs from AI flank doors made from Philippine storm windows with mother-ofpearl panes. Left: A pro bono project by Spear and her partners in the City Design Collaborative to convert a former brewery in the Bronx into housing.





The former Floridian's turf is now more Bright Lights, Big City than Miami Vice

Chicago. After architecture school, she spent two years launching the New York offices of Arquitectonica. To earn her epaulets as a decorator she worked on Juan Pablo Molyneux's renovation of an 18,000-square-foot Addison Mizner house in Palm Beach.

The year before last marked a plot point in the Spear family's architectural home movies. Dr. and Mrs. Spear moved from their pink landmark to a glam condo on Collins Avenue a minute away from Morris Lapidus's legendary Eden Roc. And they hired their younger daughter as their decorator. Spear swiftly ripped out "popcorn ceilings and horrible plaster walls" and installed white oak floors and Brazilian blue marble.

"Her sister and brother-in-law did the pink house," explains Suzanne Spear. "So we said to Alison, 'Now it's your turn to do the blue apartment." Lots of high profiles agree that now it is Alison's turn. But her own turf is more Bright Lights, Big City than Miami Vice. Her client list reads like a roster of names from William Norwich's New York Post gossip column, which covers the cusp between uptown and downtown.

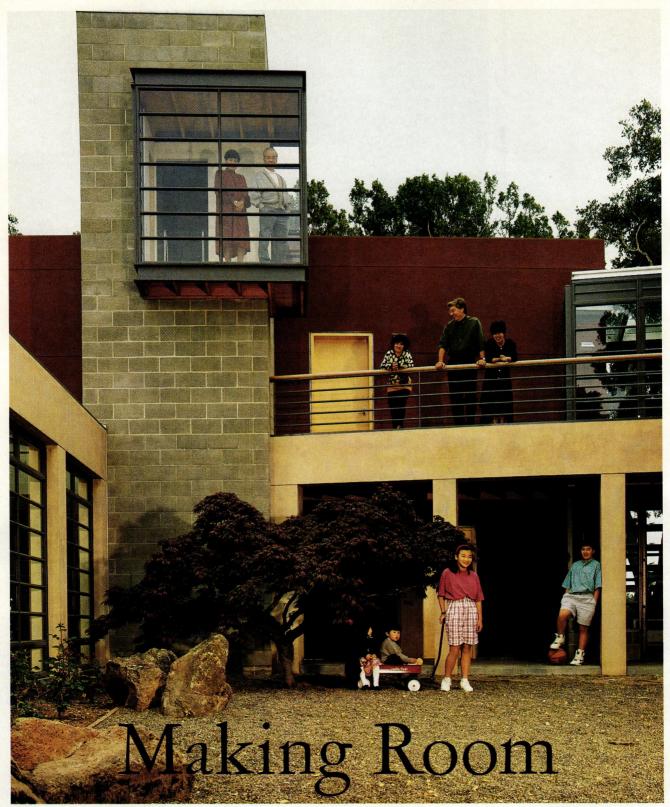
A glossy page turned for Spear in 1988 when she did novelist Jay McInerney's bachelor pad—which he's since outgrown—in Greenwich Village. There she had a chance to flaunt her knack for decorative puns and oxymorons. She spray-painted a set of Georgian-style dining chairs gold and designed a coffee table topped with broken glass. McInerney, in turn, named the loopy narrator of Story of My Life Alison. And Spear claims to share a few tics—including a complex marriage—with Corrine in McInerney's latest, Brightness Falls.

Other boldface projects include a house off lower Fifth Avenue for model agency scion Katie Ford and hotelier André Balazs (Campion Platt is his partner in the Mercer Hotel, scheduled to open next year), a Park Avenue kitchen for oil executive Tom Edelman, an apartment in the San Remo on Central Park West for a private investor. "Alison's the only person I (Continued on page 150)

A gilt scroll-arm chair, right, found at a flea market echoes the curves in Margaret McCann's Earthquake, 1992, which Spear hung above her bed. Pillowcases by Frette. Above left: Jeremy stands next to one of the loft's stripped-metal windows. Above right: Spear paired a Candide maple desk and silk-tied stool beneath Torso, 1990, by Steven Skollar.





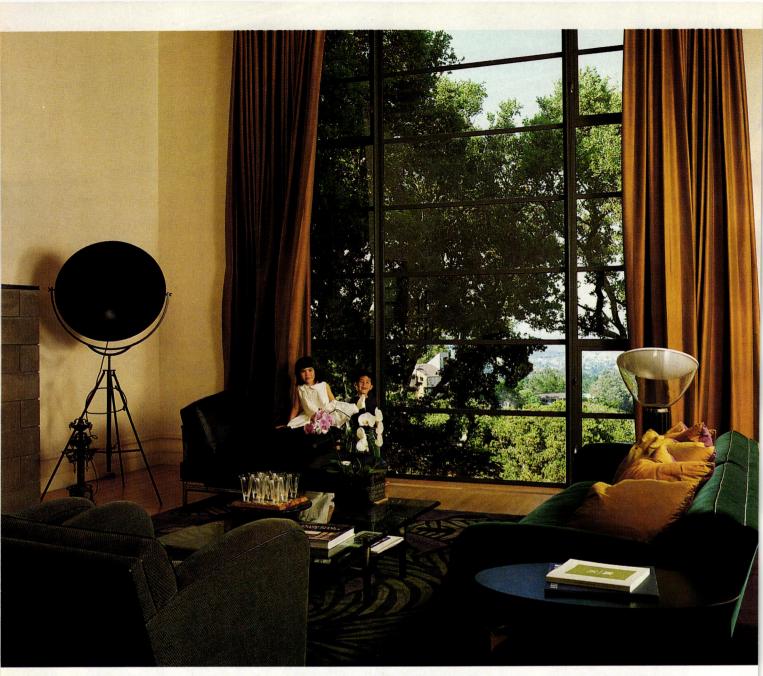


for Three Generations

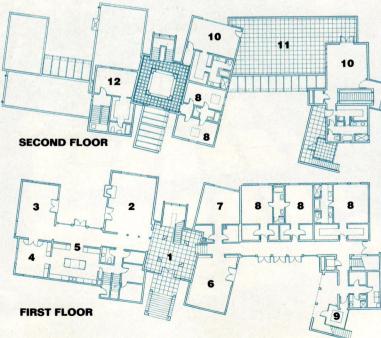
An extended family on two sides of the Pacific finds common ground in a rambling suburban California house. By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Christopher Irion Produced by Heather Smith MacIsaac





Leigh Anne and Matt in the living room, above, where a carpet designed by their mother and Bonni Evenson and woven in Hong Kong sets off large-scale chairs and a sofa in Donghia fabrics and Diesis leather daybed and coffee table by B&B Italia. Fortuny lamp from Écart International. Right: The living room, kitchen, and eating areas are to the left of the square entrance hall, and the bedroom wing to the right. Upstairs, Tim Kobe and Joy Ou's room is in the rear near the hall, while her parents' quarters are across the deck to the right.



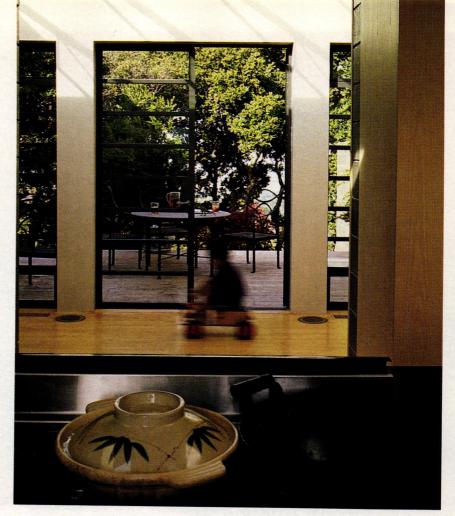
- 1 Entrance
- 2 Living room
- 3 Dining room
- 4 Breakfast room
- 5 Kitchen
- 6 Family room
- 7 Game room
- 8 Bedroom
- 9 Greenhouse
- 10 Master bedroom
- 11 Deck
- 12 Servants rooms

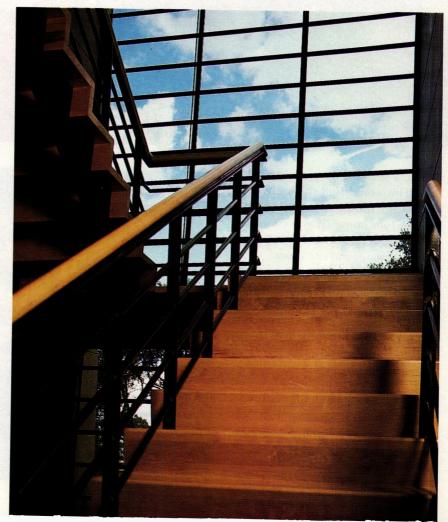
ALIFORNIA-BORN Tim Kobe is Austrian-Irish on his father's side and English-Scots on his mother's. Joy Ou, his wife, was born and raised in Taiwan. They live near San Francisco with their six-year-old daughter, Leigh Anne, and their four-year-old son, Matthew-and with Joy's parents and her three siblings, their spouses, and their seven children during their long and frequent visits from Taiwan. "We have three birthdays this week alone," says Tim. Then there are assorted nannies and school chums-not to mention the Chesapeake Bay retriever and the two Tibetan mastiffs.

If there is something almost old-fashioned about this extended family, there is nothing old-fashioned about the house, in suburban Hillsborough, that they call home in America. A strikingly contemporary cluster of stucco and concrete-block boxes joined by glazed corridors and open loggias, it incorporates centuries-old traditions of family life, but with a modern design vocabulary. Which is entirely fitting, since this is in many ways a very modern family.

Kobe and Ou are designers whose multidisciplinary San Francisco firm, Kobeou, takes on everything from condominium developments in Vancouver and San Francisco to flatware for Dansk. Joy's parents and siblings are involved in a transportation company based in Taiwan, but they also have real estate interests that often bring them to the West Coast. And since Joy's brothers and sisters prefer to send their children to American high schools and col-

Beyond the kitchen, above right, Matt scoots down the hallway to the dining and breakfast rooms, past the deck that forms the less private of the house's two courtyards. Outdoor furniture from the Gardener, Berkeley. Right: A dramatic staircase with plain-sawn maple treads and risers and a steel balustrade with a wood handrail cuts through the double-height central hall. The walls of the stairwell are clad in oxidized copper, a material used throughout the house.

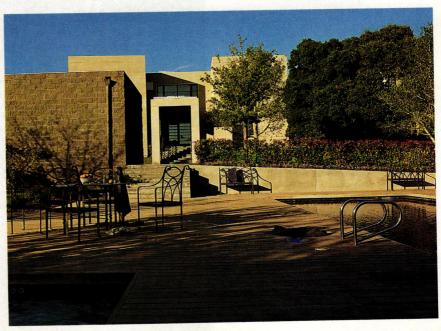






leges, it seems only logical that she and Tim would find themselves designing a nine-bedroom, 11,000-square-foot house (if you count the four-car garage) on a wooded ridge with mountain and city views.

Fitting the building gracefully onto the existing geography meant stringing its considerable size out in a long narrow floor plan, but Tim, Joy, and project architect Scott Williams avoided the railroad-car effect by breaking the house into two wings—one for living, dining, breakfast, and kitchen areas and one for bedrooms—that flank a central double-height entry hall. To create a more intimate feeling, the two wings are skewed



slightly to avoid long vistas from one through the other.

Although Tim's and Joy's own architectural references tend toward the early modernists, Joy's parents look to the traditional Chinese courtyard house for a conceptual, though not a literal, model. Thus the house is arranged around two courtyards: one, at the front of the house, is defined by the family room, bedroom corridor, and grandparents' rooms; the other, at the rear, is a deck connecting the living and dining rooms. The former is somewhat public, the latter private, for alfresco family dining or reading in the sun.

Another traditional Chinese influence on the house is its placement, at the insistence of Joy's mother, according to the principles of feng shui. For example, the stair in the entry is rotated slightly out of line with the front door to deter evil spirits from entering the house.

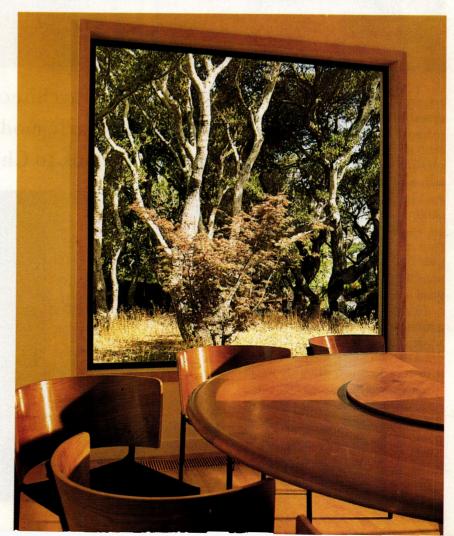
While the house is formally austere, its materials and finishes are not. Exterior colors were chosen from rocks found on the site. Inside, ceiling beams and window frames are made from a favored material of boatbuilders, fine-grained cedar from Port Orford, Oregon. Bird's-eye maple floors, ash cabinets, and granite and marble countertops complete the subtle, elegant palette of materials.

Tim and Joy have devoted equal attention to furnishing the house. Tim and Kobeou associate Erik Anderson designed the table and sideboard in the dining room. Joy collaborated with graphic designer Bonni Evenson on the design of the living room and dining room rugs, which were then woven in Hong Kong. Tim, Joy, and Erik devised the unusual double-bar curtain rods of nickel-plated steel.

Throughout the house, East meets West in graceful—and sometimes whimsical—ways. Flanking the big window in the dining room is a pair of giant Ming dynasty vases brought over by Joy's mother. Just inside the front door a stylish contemporary Brazilian wood cabinet of many draw-



The kitchen, above, has ash cabinets, black granite countertops, and a stainless-steel exhaust hood. Below: A breakfast room window frames a view of a Japanese maple and live oaks. Philippe Starck's Lilla Hunter chairs for XO accompany a table of Kobe and Erik Anderson's design, made by Ceccotti. Opposite above: Ming vases flank the dining room window, which is curtained in a handwoven silk and wool blend from Jack Lenor Larsen. Profili chairs by Loewenstein surround a table by Kobe and Anderson. Opposite below: From the front the house seems to be a cluster of small stucco and concrete-block buildings.



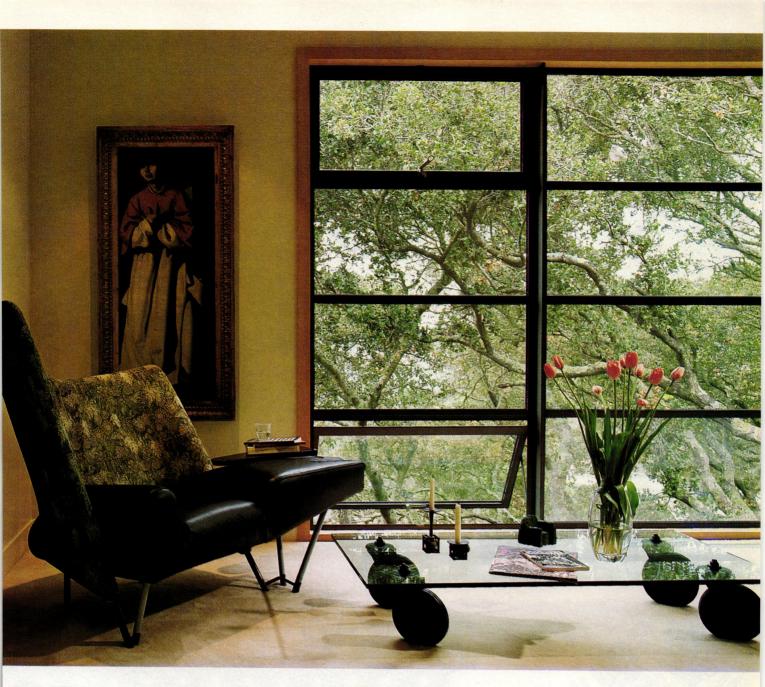


ers contains various family members' shoes, in the Asian tradition. In the second-floor gallery at the top of the main stairs, an antique Chinese console and chairs coexist peacefully with a rabbit cage and a drum set. And perched above the hubbub of children racing around the house, Joy's mother, in her steel and glass fo tang, or Buddha room, communes with Buddha before each meal and at each day's end to ask for continued good fortune for her family.

Tim and Joy are avid art lovers. In addition to Francisco de Zurbarán's seventeenth-century portrait of Cardinal Niccolò Albergati, which hangs in their bedroom, the house currently contains works by such contemporary artists as Francesco Clemente, Tim Rollins & K.O.S., Anish Kapoor, and Stephen Davis. But for Tim, one of the most poignant pieces in the house hangs in the master

Tim and Joy's architectural references tend toward early modernism, while her parents look to Chinese tradition

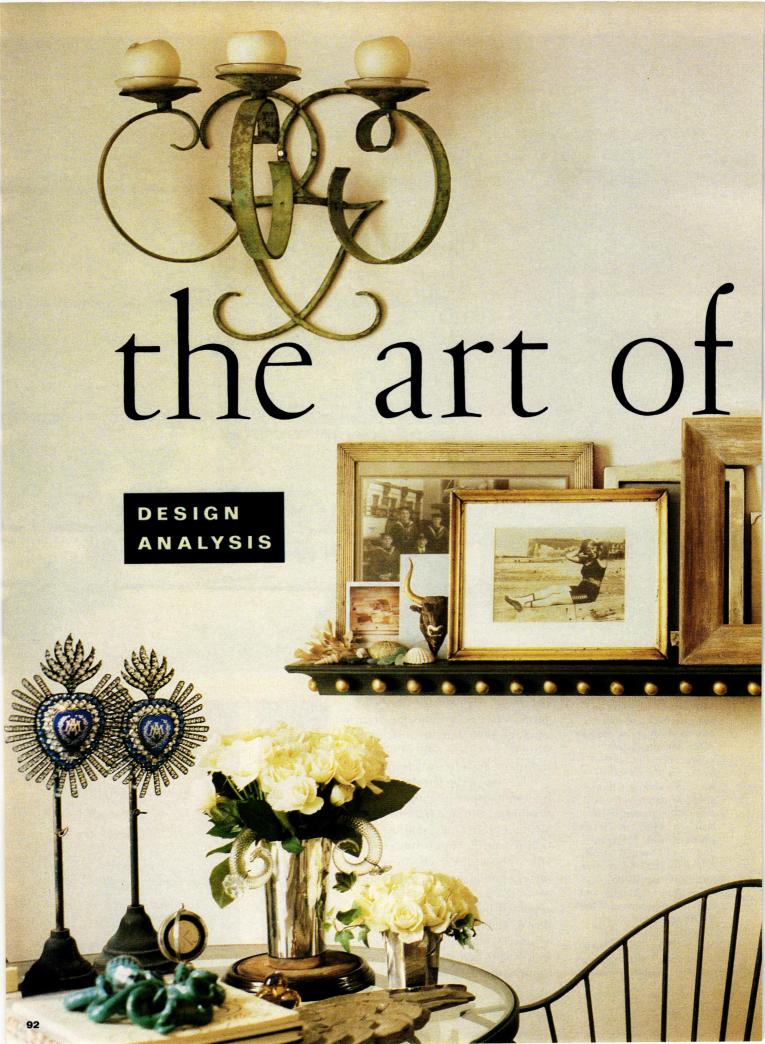




Matt and Leigh Anne do some designing of their own in Matt's room, opposite above, furnished with cabinets made in Finland by Muura Me. Opposite below: An antique Chinese armchair stands in the hall outside the grandparents' bedroom. Above: In Tim and Joy's bedroom, Zurbarán's portrait of Cardinal Niccolò Albergati, 1637-39, contrasts with Paolo Deganello's Torso chair for Cassina and Gae Aulenti's table on wheels for Fontana Arte. Right: A molded plywood stool by Yanagi for Tendo, from Japonesque, San Francisco, sits in the dressing room.

bathroom: Zissou in His Tire-Boat by Jacques-Henri Lartigue, the French photographer famous for the pictures he took as a youth of his large, tight-knit, and often madcap family. While none of the Ou clan seems to be leaping down flights of steps or floating in the water, fully dressed, in an inner tube, Tim's bemused affection for his in-laws is understandable. These days, when even the nuclear family seems to be an endangered species, it's nice to know that extended families like this one still thrive. And it's also nice to know that architects and designers can come up with ways to help them live gracefully under one roof.







Master of display
Chahan Minassian practices his
craft in his tiny Paris
apartment—assembling objects
into unexpected vignettes

By Christopher Petkanas

"I made my dining room shelf from a Victorian window pediment that turned up at a London flea market," says Chahan Minassian. "The fact that it's shallow and gilded makes it ideal for displaying frames united by a palette of gold, ivory, and offwhite which prevails throughout my little apartment. During the day, everything looks creamy and cool. At night, lit by candle light, it all takes on a wonderful sheen." Details see Resources.

Photographs by Mario Testino

Produced by Susan Goldberger





EIGHTY-FIVE BUSINESS TRIPS kept retail display designer Chahan Minassian in the air, between the sheets of blandly familiar hotel beds, and out of his chockablock Paris pied-à-terre exactly 260 days last year. His job is so consuming he could not possibly dedicate himself to it if the composition of layered still lifes and

the wild-eyed buying and amassing of objects were not also among his chief personal interests.

"At work and in my own apartment, what things are made of—how they feel in the hand is what inspires me," says Minassian, who was born of Armenian parents in Lebanon in 1961. "I am constantly setting up confrontations—between matte and shiny, sophisticated and rustic, natural and man-made, worthless and precious. It's my interest in different materials and my insistence on a subdued neutral palette that hold this place together."

The tiny proportions of Minassian's apartment in the first arrondissement, just south of the Palais Royal, dramatize a tabletop confrontation between a spidery coral branch made of Murano glass, an elegantly tall English crystal candy urn, a silver lamp with a stitched parchment shade from Germany, and a Victorian porcupine quill basket. "This whole apartment is about contrasting textures," says Minassian. "The bundle of textiles on the living room floor contains a

Chahan Minassian has learned not to be afraid of putting large things in small spaces: "In my nine-foot-wide dining room, the enormous collage of engravings, found as is at an antiques market, extends almost to the ceiling and gives a great feeling of depth to the wall. The sizable iron chaise isn't overpowering thanks to its clean lines and neutral upholstery. I chose a cream linen velvet because it feels good and wears well—over time it turns the color of old plaster."



Mexican serape, a length of antique toile de Jouy, a kilim, and a bit of Aubusson tapestry—and they're all waiting to be put to use."

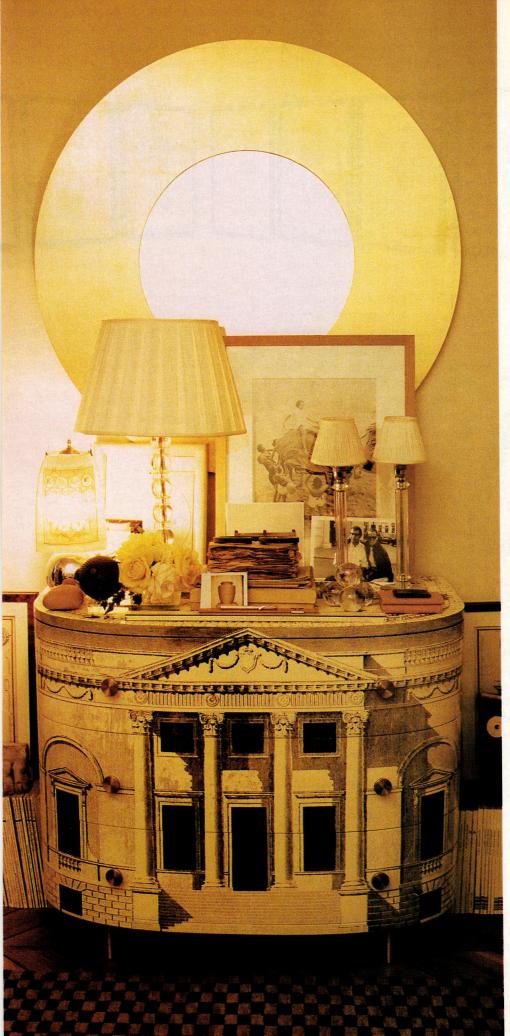
The textiles obey Minassian's rule barring strong head-turning color. Walls upholstered in white canvas with a soft powdery finish provide a sympathetic backdrop for sculptural objects of marble, ivory, shell, plaster, and horn in a catalogue of shades of cream. He also favors burnished wood tones and reflective flashes of mirror, mercury glass, silver, and crystal.

Minassian reins in all of these elements with a sure and disciplined sense of composition. "Some of my arrangements may seem random, but I make sure the effect is pleasing to the eye," he says. "Unruliness is always offset by organiza-

tion; if there's a baroque feeling, I counter it with simplicity." In his bedroom, for example, one end is treated as a catchall, and the other, where he sleeps, is all order and harmony.

Minassian insists that when it comes to creating his expansive still lifes, nothing is too planned or self-conscious. "Wherever I go," he says, "I find things—an Italian picture frame made out of piano keys, a scrapbook of 1920s Indian cigarette packages, a card of French brass military buttons—and when I get home, I pile them on the floors and tables." Minassian admits, nonetheless, to constant fiddling: "I am always stepping back to evaluate. I can't stop myself from adding or eliminating objects to create a more aesthetically powerful effect."

"I try to balance busy and empty spaces so that every room feels both dynamic and serene. One end of my bedroom is filled with distractions; the other, where I sleep, is organized and peaceful. The bed is just a mattress on a box spring covered in white canvas; the walls are empty except for a series of architectural prints aligned to suggest a frieze. The muted shades of the linens and blankets allow a mix of patterns to work well together. Any bright colors would keep me awake."



"The busy end of my bedroom, left, is anchored by a Fornasetti commode that I consider a 3-D version of the prints on the walls. Every time I empty my pockets I add more things to it. What makes the arrangement look balanced is a mix of contrasting lines-verticals supplied by the crystal lamps and the framed sepia photograph; horizontals supplied by the books, the low bouquet of roses, the array of paperweights. One more additionlong-stemmed roses, for example-and the whole thing might fall apart."



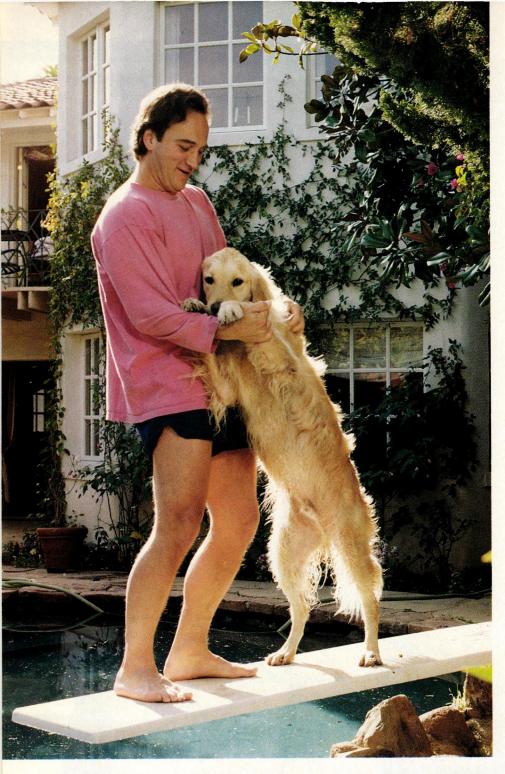
"To introduce a sense of order to a corner of my living room, above, I hung a group of embossed prints of architectural reliefs in a grid. I left the prints frameless because I like the way they blend with the walls and create a trompe l'oeil effect. The large frame, with a small frame floating inside it, is like a window-it adds scale and provides a strong focal point. The Victorian tortoiseshell resting on a row of parchment-covered books presents a striking example of a contrast between disparate objects that have color in common."

"A salvaged 1920s radiator cover, right, makes a great console-and another surface for gathering souvenirs from my travels: 1940s Venetian glass candlesticks, a French vellum frame, an English snailshaped capital. On the floor I arranged a series of prints as a folding screen-I love the way screens can alter the volume of a room, even in miniature. Since the eye needs a place to rest, the large, almost-empty mahogany frame offers an antidote to the clusters of small objects and gives scale to the room."



"I dislike standard bookshelves and side tablesparticularly since I don't have enough space for them. Instead, I create tidy piles that can be used as ledges. My bedside table, above, consists of several books, an English orientalist mirror, and two vintage alligator suitcases that I treat as drawers for keeping things like pocket squares which I don't need to get to every day. I contrasted all of the worn caramel browns with a 1925 shiny nickel lamp. It's often just one out-of-place object that can invigorate an otherwise sleepy-looking group."





HIGH IN A PEPPERTREE UNDER A cloudless Brentwood sky, blue jays and sparrows are harmonizing over the gurgle of the pool filter. A soft breeze carries the scent of rosemary. Memo, the golden retriever, is busy uprooting a cyclamen. A hummingbird floats nearby like a tiny suspended missile. Also nearby, attempting to light his cigar, is James Belushi. "This is what we saw Coronet films on in high school back in Chicago," says the actor between inhalations. "Know what I mean? 'The hummingbird beats its wings three thousand times a minute."

There is about James Belushi a raffish vibe, the disarming charm of the misfit. This may have something to do with his career—mainly a string of feature parts calling for, in the sympathetic words of Pauline Kael, "a rancorous pig from the word go." But after a decade of playing sidekicks and slobs, Belushi recently attained leading-man status, in this fall's *Traces of Red*, a sexy thriller. He looks the romantic lead, too, slimmed down and pumped up. If his outsiderness has something to do with image, then, it goes beyond that.

James Belushi began to grapple with fame shortly after John Belushi succumbed to it, and by the same means: as a cast member on the television show Saturday Night Live. Given the circumstances, it's perhaps less surprising that Belushi frère commenced his own self-destructive cycle—boozing too much, getting suspended from the show, ending his marriage—than that he managed to reverse it. He's had his disappoint-

Mr. Belushi Gets His Dream House

The actor found his ideal retreat in Brentwood and decorator Michael Smith provided all the comforts of home. By Peter Haldeman

Photographs by Jeremy Samuelson Produced by Anne Foxley

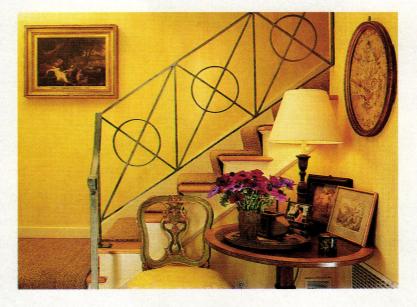




ments since—the dissolution of another long relationship, less than challenging movie assignments—but he seems to have achieved a certain equanimity, the self-possession of the survivor. He is philosophical about his film work, quick to identify the pluses of each project, including, he'll be the first to admit, the sort of income that is useful in fashioning a comfortable existence.

"This is the house that *Real Men* bought," says Belushi, brandishing his cigar as proudly as any new father (and referring to a 1987 comedy with John Ritter about a pair of bungling spies). He disappears inside for a moment and returns with a framed 1935 photograph of the small balconied Mediterranean house, shaded by a handsome Douglas fir. This street, full of such trees and such houses, came to Belushi's attention shortly after he moved from Chicago in 1986 to a bungalow a few blocks

Decorator Michael Smith persuaded Belushi to go beyond the "kind of wheat colors you see in Italian paintings"





The living room, opposite above, is awash with reds and golds, from the Cowtan & Tout check at the windows to the Bennison upholstery on the George Smith armchair. Above: In the dining room the same rich wall finish mediates the stylistic differences between 18th-century Dutch chairs, a Basque table, and a French bench. Curtain and chair fabrics from Brunschwig & Fils; bench stripe from Henry Calvin. Opposite below: An 18th-century bacchanal painted by Corrado Giaquinto hangs in the entry hall.

away. Having arrived with nothing more than his bags-and having always left the homemaking to his wife—his efforts at interior design there ran to a few pieces of patio furniture in the living room. His plans for his new residence were less modest if no less nebulous: they hovered somewhere over Italy, among its atmosphere and colors, "the kind of wheat colors you see in Italian paintings." Belushi's notions about what he did not want were more specific. "I didn't like that Louis stuff," he recalls with evident disgust, "that gaudy kind of gold stuff."

It may be assumed that the actor enlisted the aid of a decorator with some skepticism. By any objective measure, Belushi and Michael Smith—a restive Newport Beach native who began working on the project while he was affiliated with the decorating firm Indigo Seas and completed it after he left—are as dissimilar as

any two varieties of the same species. Not that Belushi need have agitated about the Louis stuff. At twentyeight, with a following that includes Dawn Steel and Charles Roven, Michael J. Fox and Tracy Pollan, Smith both flaunts and flouts his station as a Hollywood darling. "I like to mix couture and surfwear," he camps, proboscis elevated and hands aflutter in a convincing approximation of an insufferably avant-garde designer. But the next minute he's all business. "Seriously," he says, launching a whirlwind tour, "the nice thing about this house is that it's villa-like, so it lent itself to the Italian feel Jimmy wanted."

Smith began with color, coaxing Belushi beyond the wheat range. Color is something of a passion for the decorator, who rhapsodizes about "historical colors that people aren't aware of—the idea of the Acropolis being polychrome, Adam



The living room
may suggest an
Italian poet warrior,
but the bedrooms
are pure donna

rooms in really vivid colors, et cetera." The broad stucco surfaces in Belushi's house, the starting point for the project, are now in shades otherwise found only in natureand perhaps in exurban clothing catalogues: they might have names like palm, hollyberry, burnt amber, watermelon. The yield of several coats of different pigments and a water glaze overlay, these colors have depths that respond dramatically to variations in texture and light. Behind patinated antiques or overstuffed banquettes, above Aubusson fragments or sea grass matting, against sensuous nudes or precise architectural renderings, the richly complected walls gracefully resolve aesthetic disputes that in other rooms could have gotten ugly.

A preponderance of banquettes and throws and pillows invites a horizontal orientation. In the living room—of the burnt amber tones—the view from a big worn sofa with a

velvet patchwork quilt is celestial: a galaxy of gold moons and stars is stenciled on the ceiling. "Vaguely D'Annunzio-esque," Smith intones, "very romantic but in that sort of Italian male way—the idea of the poet warrior." The bedroom, on the other hand, is pure donna. Without a trace of a blush, Belushi says, "I always wanted a pink kind-of-girly bedroom. I like sleeping in a room that reminds me of warmth and a female kind of-you know." The bed was designed around Venetian painted posts, which also inspired the selection of a baroque architectural panel in soft pastels, a few delicate antiques, and drawings and gouaches on silvered-pink walls that are mostly silver or mostly pink according to the time of day and the arrangement of the curtains and shades.

Like most comfortable houses, this one has a protean nature. In the dining room, cotton curtains after an ancient chintzlike Indian fabric



—"it's the granddaddy of Pier I bedspreads," Smith quips—open to admit light from the back of the house and guests from the front or close to define a cozy tented space suggestive of seraglios and concubines, though Belushi points out that his more likely dinner guests are "my agents and lawyers." A Basque draw-top table and an eighteenth-century French bench, which comfortably seats six, further expand the possibilities.

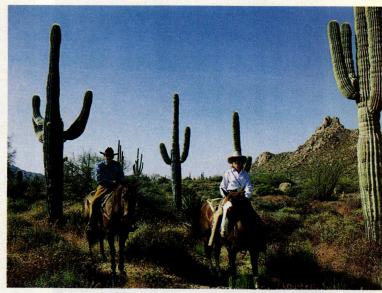
A study tucked off the Tuscanstyle kitchen is the actor's sanctum sanctorum. "I never really had my own room," he says. "I always wanted to have one of those hunt rooms, you know? With that dark red wallpaper and the big leather armchairs and the guns on the walls." If there are any weapons here, they're not on display, and a leather sofa stands in for armchairs, but the sofa and a handsome Bennison fabric on the walls are emphatically dark red. The room bespeaks sports, if not blood sports. This is where the television is, where Belushi watches football and listens to the stereo and indulges all those other passions that make the private lives of movie stars so fascinating. "I *love* changing light bulbs," he deadpans, proving himself equal to Michael Smith's self-mockery.

But get him started on the handpainted pot he was given by neighbors on the occasion of some recent relandscaping or on the visits he receives from his twelve-year-old son, Robert, and James Belushi's pleasure in small but hard-won domestic triumphs is one hundred percent genuine. When Robert is out from Chicago, he spends most of his time around the pool practicing dives. His father watches. Belushi himself is more of a jogger than a swimmer. He jogs with Memo early every morning to a place at the beach called Inspiration Point. Each way, it's a hilly sixmile trek-one mile up, then two down, two miles up, and one down.

The lime green of the guest bedroom, above, was inspired by an 18th-century Venetian damask of the same vintage as the landscape above the bed. The painted steel bed with brass mounts is from the 1920s. Curtain check from Brunschwig & Fils. Opposite: "I always liked the bedroom to be feminine," Belushi says. His own room has silvery pink walls, pink damask on the antique French chaise, and Manuel Canovas toile balloon shades with curtains in Henry Calvin's Sarah Sheer. Paisley lampshade from Paul Ferrante, L.A.

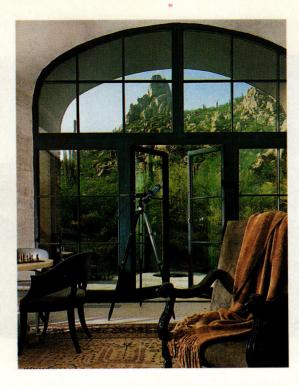






DEFINING A NEW LOOK FOR THE SOUTHWEST

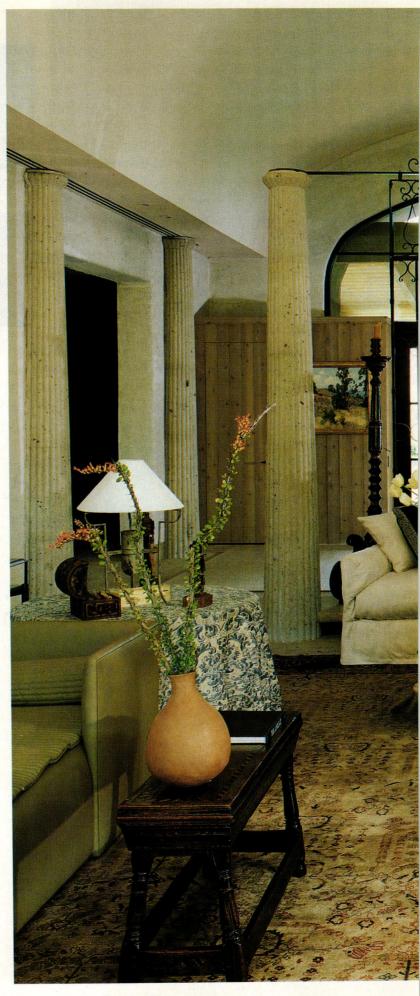
A Native American ruin
and a Roman villa
inspired John Saladino's
alternative to faux adobe
By Christine Pittel
Photographs by Michael Mundy
Produced by Anne Foxley



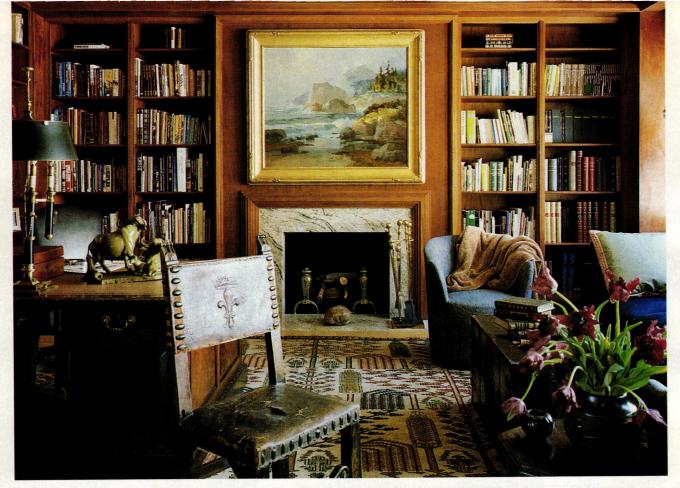
UNDER THE SEARING ARIZONA SUN, THE DESERT landscape Mort and Donna Fleischer see out their windows dissolves into shimmering views, much like those in the California impressionist paintings they collect. The affinities are not entirely accidental. New York designer John Saladino, trained as a painter, sited their house as an amphitheater, framing the desert vistas to capture the ever-shifting play of light on rugged rock outcroppings and spiny cactuses. The harsh midday glare almost erases all trace of pigment, then at sunset the desert blushes with color. "Most people think the desert never changes," explains Donna Fleischer. "But it has its seasons—there's every shade of green imaginable."

"Saladino came out to Scottsdale, looked around, and saw some things no one else had seen before," says Mort Fleischer, president and CEO of the Franchise Finance Corporation of America. Instead of the ubiquitous Santa Festyle adobe, Saladino envisioned a new form—a house conceived as an Anasazi Indian ruin fused with a Roman villa. He was inspired by the remnants of New Mexico's Pueblo Bonito, dating from the ninth century, built in the shape of a half circle with a central entrance. "The idea was

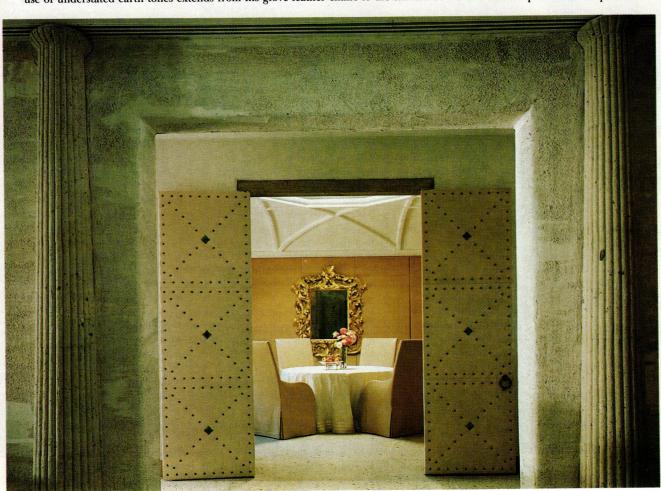
A wrought-iron gate that the Fleischers found in Santa Fe divides the foyer from the great room, right, lined with columns of cantera, a volcanic stone from Mexico. The mottled wall texture was achieved by adding instant coffee to the plaster. Saladino anchored the lofty space with intimate groupings of furniture. His high-backed sofa, glass and steel coffee table, and tub chairs are joined by a Louis XIII armchair draped with a Jeffrey Aronoff chenille throw. The far sofa, also by Saladino, is in a Grey Watkins fabric. Above: The window wall frames Pinnacle Peak.







In response to Mort Fleischer's request for a traditional English study, Saladino created a paneled room, *above*, appointed with a partner's desk, an 18th-century Italian chair, and a tree of life Herez carpet. The c. 1939 seascape is by Jack Wilkinson Smith. Saladino's Calla chair is in a Lee Jofa cotton. *Below:* The references switch to Roman and Spanish colonial designs in the dining room where the doors are wrapped in Spinneybeck leather and studded with copper nails. Saladino's use of understated earth tones extends from his glove-leather chairs to the silk on the walls. The baroque mirror is Spanish.





An oak-topped table set in a bay of French windows opens the kitchen to the dense desert highland vegetation. Natural beech chairs by Jack Lenor Larsen are upholstered in a Gretchen Bellinger white cotton bouclé, which doesn't distract from the scenery. The oversize ceramic floor tiles, custom made in Osaka, were chosen to form a sea of blue against all the sandy colors. The Italian granite counter is equipped with a cooktop from Gaggenau. The large jar is Italian majolica.

to build a house that grew out of the traditions of the Southwest," he explains. Then he grafted on another layer of imagery with a similar geometry. The floor plan approximates the Villa Giulia in Rome, built in the 1550s for Pope Julius III, where a columned classical façade curves around a semicircular forecourt.

"It's an interesting wedding of two cultures," says Saladino of this variation on his concept of "civilized ruin," achieved with the help of project designer Benjamin Noriega-Ortiz and assistant designer Hilary Frame. The wings that reach out to embrace the view of Scottsdale have canted stone walls and eroded surfaces, evoking an ancient dwelling crumbling atop a mesa. The worn soft stone, found in a creek bed, looks as if it has been there a long time.

A visitor first walks through a tunnel-like passage leading to the sun-filled courtyard. "You step from dark into light," explains Saladino. "Architecture should be emotional." A rivulet of water runs down the center of the courtyard garden and spills into a lap pool. You have arrived at the oasis. The shady gallery, roofed in Arizona copper, is supported by a western version of the Doric column, carved from cantera stone with

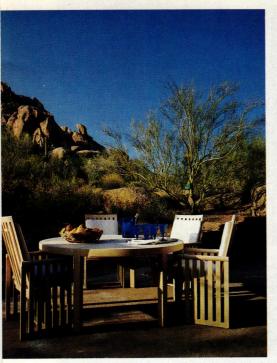
convex fluting (instead of the classical concave) to mimic the giant saguaro cactus.

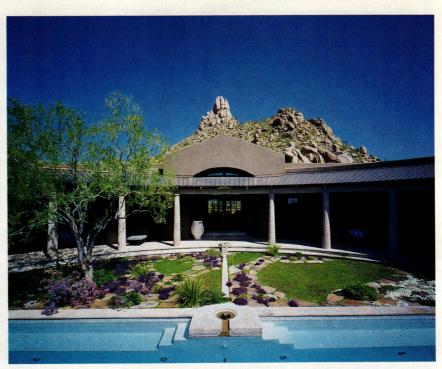
At the center of the colonnade, tall glass double doors open onto a column-lined foyer reminiscent of a Roman peristyle. Only a salvaged wrought-iron gate poised between two stone columns separates it from what Saladino calls the great room, which is the heart of the house. Extending the length of the main axis, the lofty salon climaxes in a dramatic view of Pinnacle Peak framed in a huge arched window wall at the far end. The barrel-vaulted ceiling is seventeen feet high. Furniture arranged in intimate conversation groups creates little rooms within the big

room. Saladino designed a high-backed mohair-covered sofa and the western rendition of a tête-à-tête—a two-sided leather chaise topped with a channel-quilted mat that looks like a cowboy's bedroll. An immense nine-teenth-century Per-

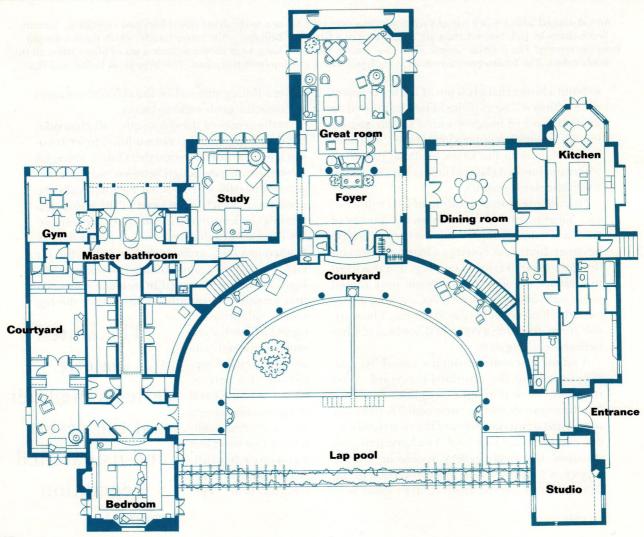
The muted
palette
reflects the hues
of the desert
and its parched
vegetation

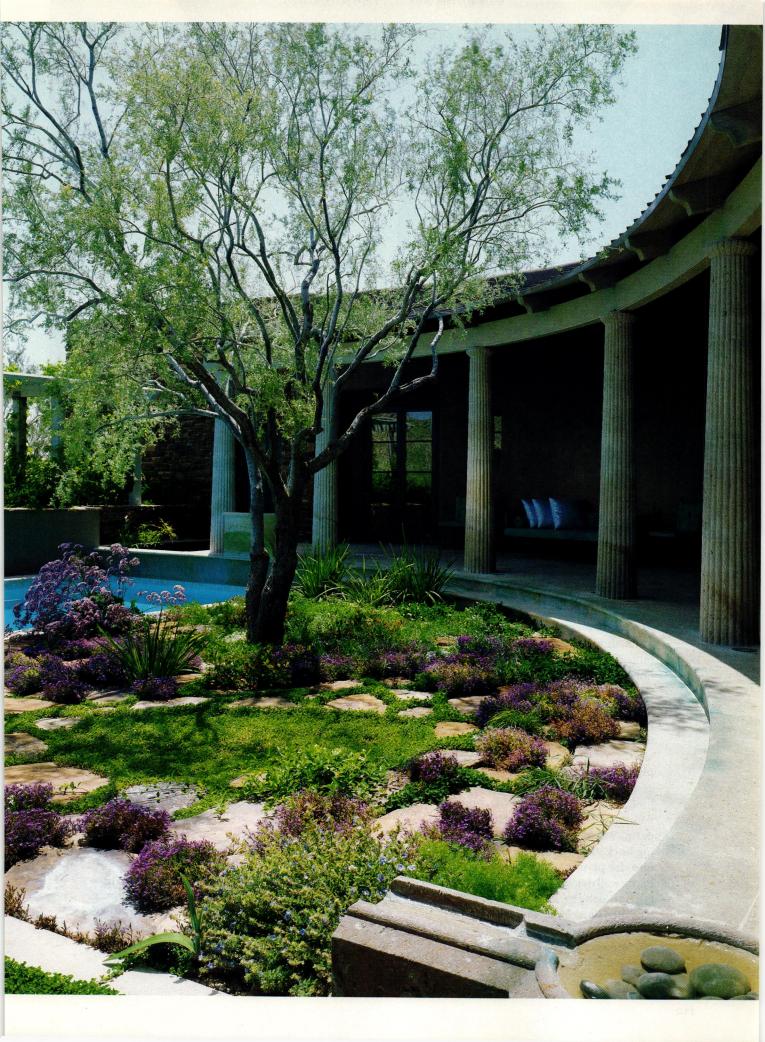


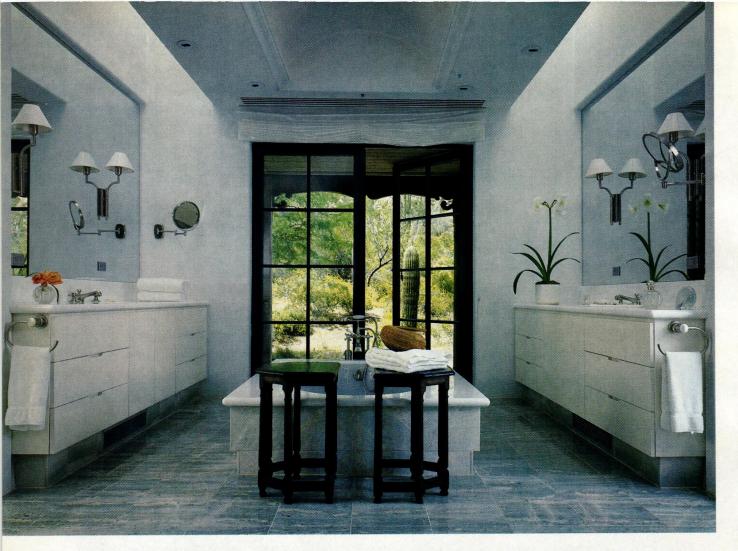




On the patio, above left, the teak table and chairs by Summit Furniture provide an oasis from which to enjoy the brittlebushes and paloverde trees. Above right: A long spine of water runs down the center of the courtyard and into a lap pool, which extends from the east wing of the house to the west. The stucco gable echoes the lines of Pinnacle Peak in the distance. Opposite: An ironwood tree casts dappled light on Donna Fleischer's plantings of lobelia, dichondra, evolvulus, statice, and African iris. Below: The floor plan with its semi-circular court was inspired by both the Villa Giulia, built c. 1550 for Pope Julius III, and an Anasazi ruin.







Matching his-and-her cabinets with white marble counters stand at either side of an American Standard cast-iron tub, sunk Roman-style and positioned to face a desert view. The floor is lined with Chinese marble tiles in what Saladino calls a "bleached lettuce color," which resembles jade. The c. 1580 oak stools are French. Saladino designed the enameled steel sconces. Beyond the French doors a carved portal from Santa Fe opens onto a porch. Shade fabric from Lee Jofa.

sian rug covers a floor of volcanic cantera stone.

Saladino is renowned as a colorist, and here the muted palette reflects the desert and its vegetation: sage green, gray, umber, violet, and indigo. "When it's 110 degrees outside, it's a relief to walk in to these cool colors," says Donna Fleischer. Nothing looks too new. Saladino likes the feeling of corroded surfaces—raw silk, weathered wood, worn leather. The scratch-coat plaster walls, with rough and smooth areas, seem archaic: "This is the underplaster you normally hide, but I like it. It's humble, nontechnological,

romantic." The timeworn patina was achieved by pouring buckets of instant coffee into the plaster. Some parts of the wall dried more quickly than others, creating a bleached bone look. The color changes from chalk in the morning to taupe at night. In the kitchen, periwinkle-

blue ceramic tiles psychologically quench your thirst after all those sandy shades.

The progression from room to room is ceremonial, heightened by stately leather-wrapped doors studded with oxidized copper nails. Once again Saladino deftly merges imageries—the pattern on the leather simultaneously suggests ancient Roman grillwork and Spanish colonial hacienda doors. One pair opens onto the dining room where the walls are sheathed in iridescent apricot silk. A rib-vaulted ceiling culminates in a skylight. Says Saladino, "I want you to feel light

pouring over you like water into cupped hands."

For this designer a house should offer not merely shelter but sanctuary: "I always seek a sense of repose. In fact, I like spaces sometimes to be somnambulant." In the master bedroom the chaste steel canopy bed is

"If you think of the exterior as a barnacle shell," says barnacle shell," says

Saladino, "this is the smooth skin"



In the serene ivory-toned master bedroom, *above*, the steel four-poster from J. Lambeth & Co. is hung with gauze curtains and positioned next to a window in a shell-shaped niche. A Casella brass lamp curves over a burled ash night table from William Switzer. The chest is French Gothic. The handwoven wool and mohair rug is a Saladino design. *Below:* J. Bond Francisco's c. 1907 painting of the Grand Canyon, above an 18th-century English mantel, slides sideways to reveal a TV.



draped in white gauze. A jewel-like window is set in a shell-shaped niche scooped out of the thick wall. The ivory-toned walls are more polished here and the light is opalescent. "If you think of the outside of the house as a barnacle shell," says Saladino, "this is the smooth skin." The room is classical and serene. "A house should be a great cathedral in the daytime and shrink at night to a womb," he continues. "You can hear the desert silence," says Mort Fleischer.

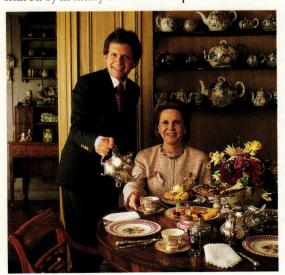
Saladino considers a house a success when the clients "finally wash you out of their hair and spread their own personalities around." The Fleischers have added mementos from their travels to Africa and beyond. Not long ago, Donna Fleischer climbed Kilimanjaro, in between riding cutting horses in competition and serving as executive director of the Fleischer Museum, which is dedicated to California impressionism. Saladino thinks their house will be even better in a few years. "I'm just waiting for more of the desert to sift between the cracks."

Alone on a table or as part of a group on the collector's shelf, the teapot stands out among decorative household objects. The same cozily efficient vessel that retains heat for a proper brew, and pours without spilling or scalding, is also a triumph of sculptural form. Teapot connoisseurs Bennett and Judie Weinstock of Philadelphia have surrounded themselves with a museum-quality array of eighteenth-century English examples. Their classic pots hold more than tea—they offer insights into changing styles of ornament and the ebb and flow of culture and taste.

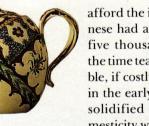
DR. JOHNSON, A MAN OF MORE vices than his biographer chose to mention, did make one significant confession. He was, he owned up, a "hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has, for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of

this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning."

He would never have gotten any sleep in the Philadelphia house of Bennett and Judie Weinstock, whose collection of eighteenth-century English ceramic teapots might have kept the thirsty lexicographer awake just counting them by the score. Johnson's devotion to tea was shared by as many of his contemporaries as could



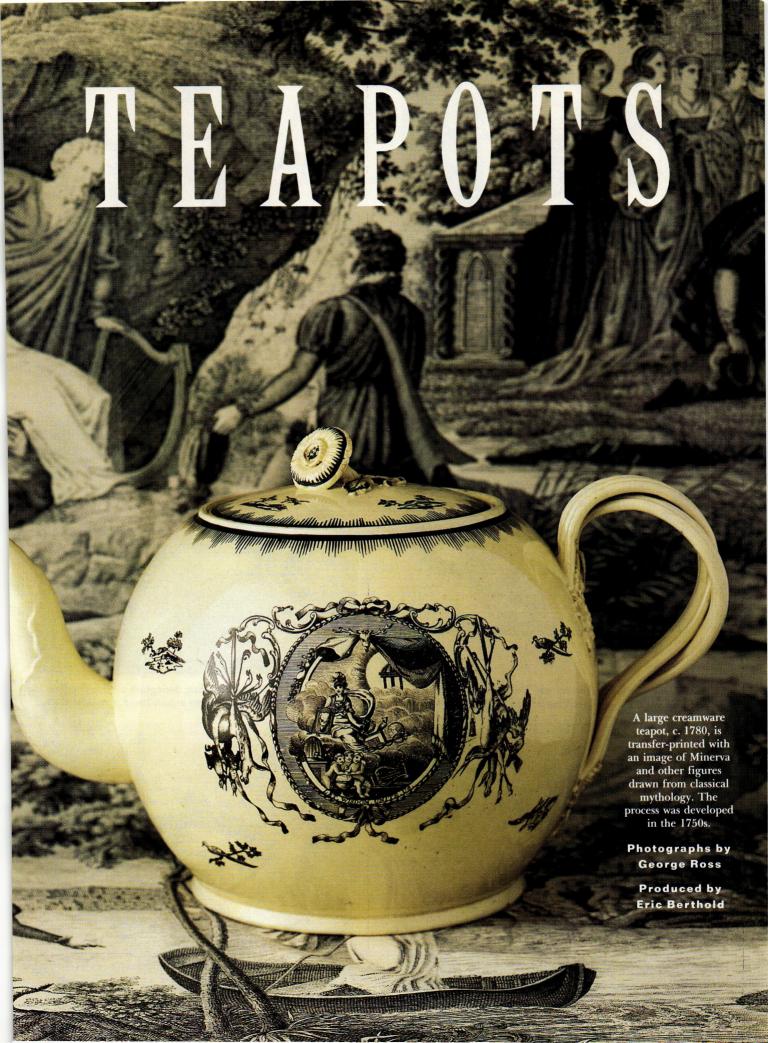
Bennett and Judie Weinstock, above, entertain at teatime with Minton porcelain and Georgian silver. Some of their 18th-century teapots line the shelves. Top: Patterns copied from chintz are combined on a creamware teapot.



afford the indulgence. The Chinese had a head start of almost five thousand years, but from the time tea became an inextricable, if costly, part of English life in the early 1700s, teapots have solidified the equation of domesticity with Britishness.

The Weinstocks' collection comes in practically every variety made in Staffordshire from the 1740s to about 1810, when pottery began to lose its aesthetic innocence to the industrial revolution. Master teapotter Thomas Whieldon was one of the first to establish himself, in 1740, with a knife- and fork-handle factory at Fenton Low which soon expanded to other forms and helped spread potteries throughout the district of the Five Towns. He and young Josiah Wedgwood were briefly partners from 1754 to 1759, before Wedgwood went off on his own, winning royal patronage with his cream or Queen's ware, building an earthenware empire with a combination of scientific acumen, artistic sensibility, and business sense and giving teapots a neoclassical spin.

Mass-produced for the middle classes, relatively few pots were signed, dated, or marked; the rest made their way anonymously into the heart of the English home. Their fragility and their increased popularity among collectors have made them a rarity. They can now end up in collections for as much as \$50,000 apiece. The Weinstocks have some signed pots and many historically significant examples, including their oldest piece, a tubby flower-entwined footed pot attributed to Enoch Booth of Tunstall, who discovered the double-firing method for liquid lead-glazed cream-colored earthenware in the 1740s. But provenance is only a secondary consideration. "It has to do something for us emotionally," Bennett says. It's what you'd call a consuming passion. "Other men play golf or ten-





Traces of gilding remain on a salt-glazed teapot in the shape of a Georgian house. A dog knop, or finial, crowns the lid.



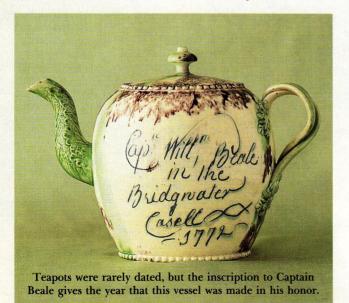
A pearlware teapot, c. 1790, the latest type collected by the Weinstocks, fancifully suggests a Persian garden pavilion.



The tartan on this salt-glaze pot may be a gesture of political affection for Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Jacobite cause.



Subtle glazing and fine modeling distinguish a Whieldon-type overhandled teakettle that mimics a cauliflower, a popular form.



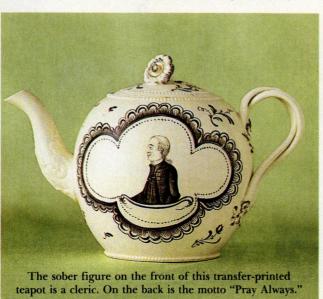


A teapot bearing a likeness of King Frederick of Prussia was a token of English support during the Seven Years War.

One of relatively few signed Staffordshire teapots, this John Voyez piece shows a couple dallying among the bulrushes.



Tops and bottoms often got separated during firing, but the two segments of this striped melon line up beautifully.



Some eighteenthcentury designs could fool the eye into pegging them as modern art pottery

nis," he explains. "I go looking for teapots."

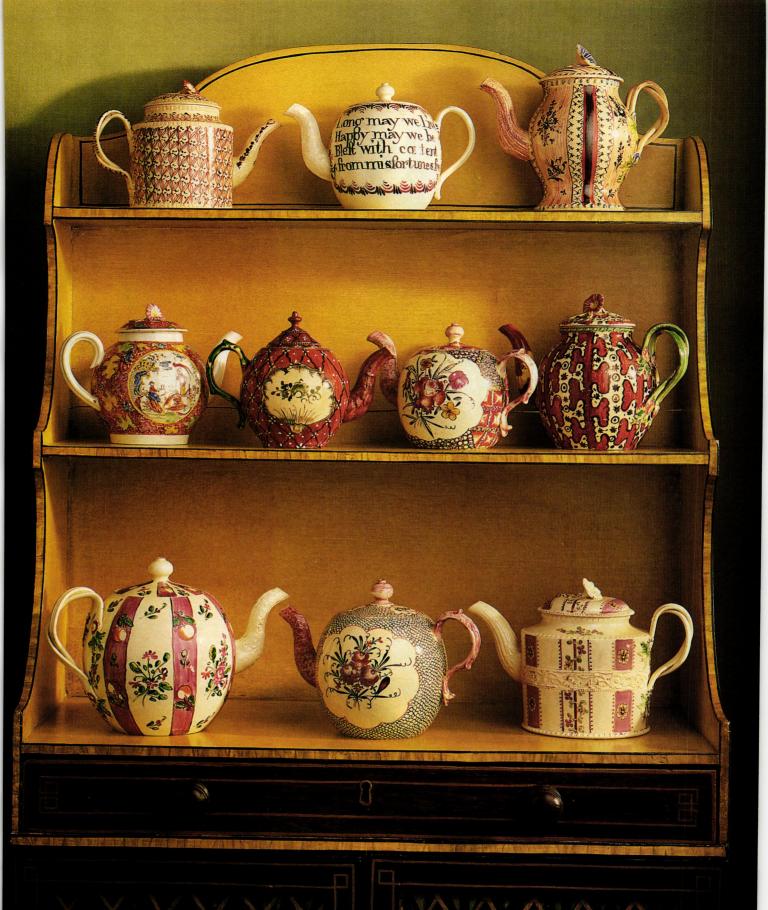
The pots display enough artistry to evoke the full range of eighteenth-century provincial English life. Entire families gathering around the hearth for their afternoon brew. Misses in sprigged muslin whispering tête-à-tête over the teapot. Burly farmers celebrating a good harvest with the luxury beverage. Elderly widows cuddling the warmth from their one-person pots. True to the collection's utilitarian origins, the Weinstocks have actively avoided turning their redbrick house into a museum. "They're really like our toys," says Bennett. The couple, partners in the decorating firm they started when Bennett switched careers after fourteen years as a lawyer, have a grown daughter and son. "We never wanted an atmosphere that would be intimidating to our children," Judie says. "We wanted them to feel comfortable here, and comfortable about having their friends around." For teatime at the Weinstocks', Judie will have made the scones, and Minton the china. (The Weinstocks don't use pots from their collection because some are in delicate condition and the impurities in modern water may be harmful to the pottery.) The teapots can be found on a revolving Sheraton bookcase or tiered Georgian wall shelves, in a Hepplewhite satinwood bookcase-secretary or a miniature Regency painted bookcase. That is a splendid creamware overhandled teakettle being used to hold flowers.

The Weinstocks bought their first teapot on their honeymoon in England twenty-eight years ago. "We were running around to museums and flea markets and began to appreciate the luxury of sitting down and having tea at the end of the day," Bennett says. "We wanted to infuse that into our way of life at home." The teapot was agateware, the type (Continued on page 150)

WE COME DAY

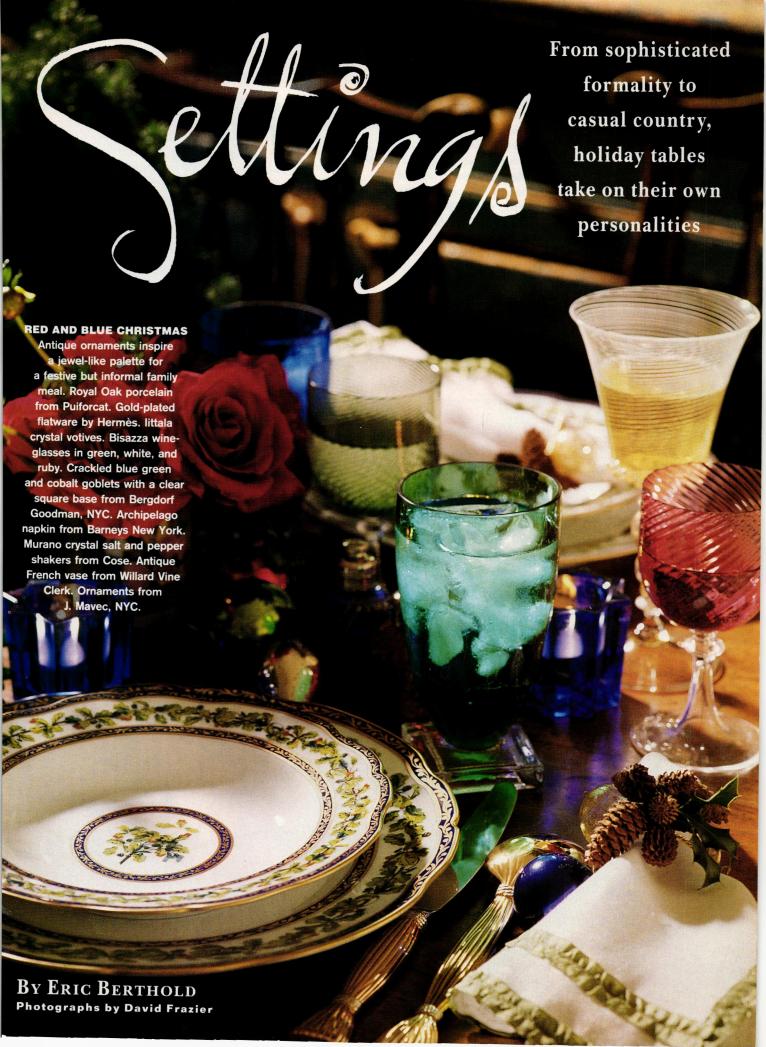
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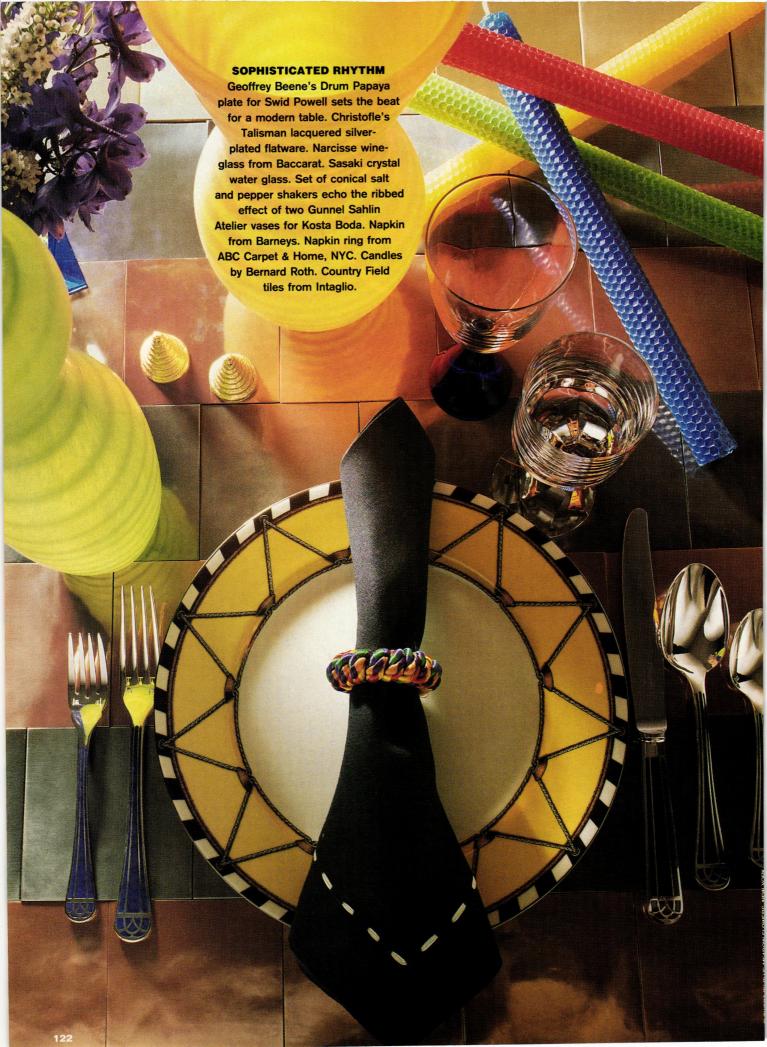




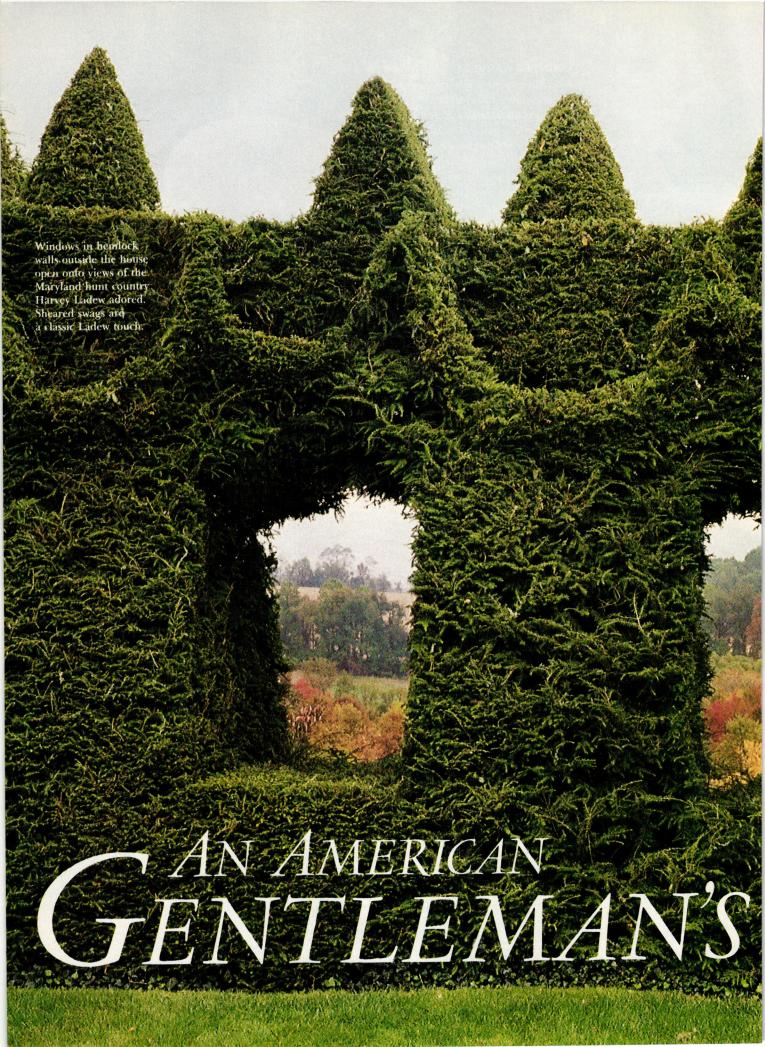
A Sheraton wall shelf, opposite, holds agateware, the pottery made from variously colored clays folded together to resemble the veining of agate. The diamond-shaped pedestal pot at right on the middle shelf is the first teapot the Weinstocks ever bought. The smallest pot on the bottom shelf was intended for one person's use. Lion's-head knees and paw feet on the footed vessels were attempts at imitating silver. Above: A Regency bookcase displays creamware with floral decoration based on pattern books for amateur painting, embroidery, and stenciling. Many pots are topped by flower knops.

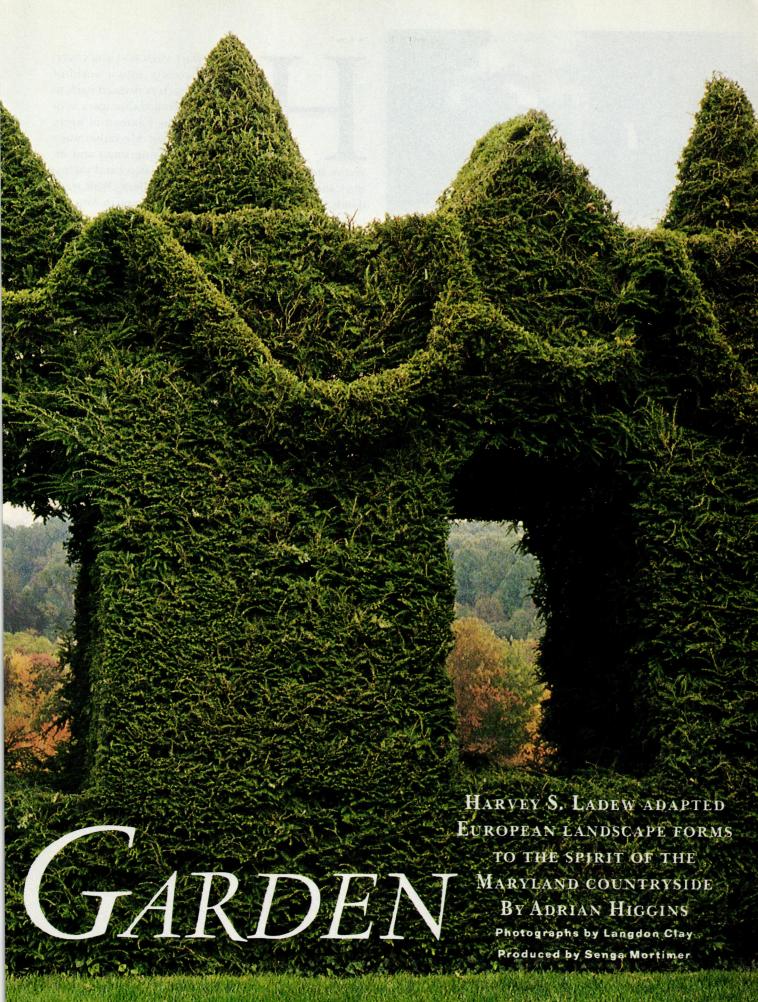














The Terrace Garden, above, aligns with the portico and breezeway Ladew added to the old farmhouse he acquired in 1929. Steps symmetrically flanked by topiary obelisks mark the start of a garden axis that extends northward beyond the vast sunken lawn and central fountain of the Great Bowl, below, and between high buttressed hedges, culminating in the domed Temple of Venus set on a hillock. While the grand scale of the vista and the use of a classical folly as an eyecatcher recall the landscapes of Georgian parks, the geometric plan and architectural topiary evoke earlier Italian and French precedents. Ladew sculpted his obelisks and ramparts in native hemlock, Tsuga canadensis, chosen for its fine texture and dense growth. The topiary is clipped in late spring and, in wet years, again in early fall.

ARVEY SMITH LADEW WAS BORN INTO New York society, into a world of dazzling characters dressed each to his role. He recalled dowagers in tiaras attended by footmen in livery and powdered hair. His father was a hardworking businessman and investor, his uncle Joe was a charming wastrel and yachtsman, and another spendthrift uncle, E. Berry Wall, was a dandy who claimed to be one of the first men in America to wear a tuxedo. Harvey Ladew liked his uncles, liked their style. He came into his own fortune at the age of twenty-five and, after World War I, decided he would live a life of adventure and elegance until he was fifty and then settle down and get a job. As he approached the half-century mark, however, this rash promise went by the board. Instead, he spent the rest of his life building a cluster of splendid gardens for himself and his friends in the Maryland hunt country north of Baltimore.

Today, sixteen years after Harvey Ladew's death, the gardens have been restored as a quiet masterpiece of American landscaping. Between early spring and late fall an average of 30,000 people wander through the twenty-two cultivated acres of the Ladew Topiary Gardens, and if they go thinking they will see some dotty display of cartoonlike creatures, they are in for a pleasant shock. Unlike other public gardens' topiary, which tends to be amassed in a single garden room, Ladew's forms



the backbone to a series of spaces that elicit all the correct emotional responses. Passing among and through the fifteen gardens, there is mystery, surprise, joy, and an undercurrent of whimsy that never sinks to silliness.

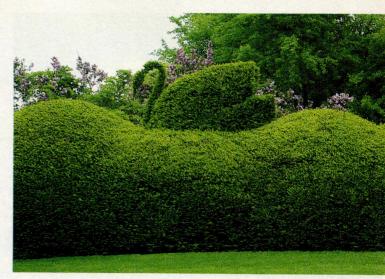
The gardens reflect their creator's cultivated tastes and cosmopolitan experiences. Ladew was an adventurer who once trekked across Arabia on a camel (with butler in tow); he painted, decorated his own interiors, and, as a linguist, became a liaison officer in France during World War I. But Ladew's abiding passion, before his garden-making phase began, was fox hunting. It was the fox that drew him from New York to Maryland's Harford County where, he said, the hunting "was keen and the fences weren't wire."

In designing gardens he was inspired by the images he "collected" wherever he traveled, but his powers of invention ensured originality. The most famous example is his hunt scene topiary: two riders and their mounts fly over a fence behind six hounds in pursuit of a fox making for covert. Ladew got the idea from a topiary hunt atop an English hedge, but he turned a mere plant sculpture into a tableau vivant of great visual energy. Near the entrance to his estate, on the hedge surrounding his gardener's cottage, a topiary Scottie runs toward his bowl and ball.

Farther up the drive is a pair of vast wooden dovecotes: one waits for the thunderous clapping of pigeons the size of condors. The dovecotes mark the start of the garden tour, near the circular forecourt to the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century clapboard farmhouse Ladew acquired in 1929. To the west of the forecourt, the Wild Garden, one of two areas of studied wilderness, leads to the Victorian Garden, whose tiered iron fountain is glimpsed in advance through a tunnel of rhododendron. Inside this secret garden, one's eye is drawn to the delicately planted edges where, in summer, purple heliotrope, lavender pink impatiens, and deep lavender hostas evoke the pastels of an old-fashioned border.

Next along the connecting pathway, the Berry Garden—a long enclosure that runs perpendicular to the path and tempts one away from it—is a masterstroke of design. The garden presents a dichotomy: its central beds of topiary, marble fountain, and gravel floor evoke a classic Italian or French parterre, but the air of oldworld tradition is countered by all-American redbrick edging, glaring blue light in summer and winter, and masses of trees and shrubs chosen for the berries that supply off-season color and food for the birds.

The grass walk is again interrupted, this time by a semicircular landing which turns out to be the viewing platform for a formal lawn to one side. Originally devoted to tennis and later to croquet, the greensward is bounded by high hemlock hedges with windows giving views of treats yet to come. But returning to the path, one comes upon the Pink Garden, where crape myrtle, astilbe, nicotiana, phlox, and malva attest to Ladew's favorite color, and gently curved plantings mark the



One of a flock of twelve topiary swans appears to float on a wavelike hedge along the eastern arc of the Great Bowl. The birds' necks have been regrown to restore their graceful bend.



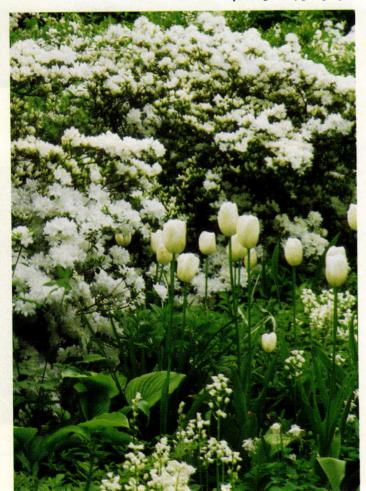
Ladew's hunt scene embodies his dashing style and wit. The horse and rider jumping the fence as well as the hounds were carved from small-leafed English yew trained over metal forms.

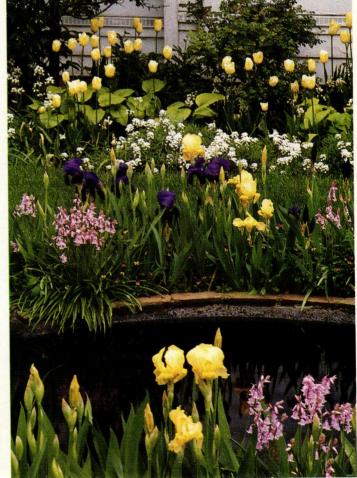


A lyrebird perches in the Topiary Sculpture Garden, which also contains sea horses and Winston Churchill's victory sign.



Among the shrubs and trees that sustain the color scheme of the Yellow Garden, above, are Kerria japonica, a variegated golden dogwood, and a meandering hedge of golden privet. Below left: 'Maureen' tulips underplanted with Scilla campanulata in the White Garden. Below right: In a typical Ladew color counterpoint, Johnny-jump-ups echo the yellows and purples of tulips and irises.





Like Ladew's other passion, the hunt, his gardens display grace and skill within strongly drawn lines of behavior

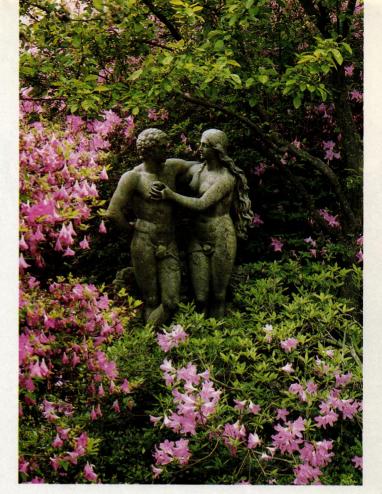
landscape's first conspicuous departure from regular geometry. Order is soon restored, though, in the Rose Garden, where a circular brick wall encloses concentric beds of climbers, ramblers, grandifloras, floribundas, and hybrid teas in solid blocks of pink, white, crimson, and yellow underplanted with blue pansies.

Formality gives way to nature in Ladew's own Garden of Eden. Paths wind through groves of old apple and crab apple trees and broad clumps of mature azaleas, leading to a small keyhole-shaped entrance to a garden in crimson, maroon, and silver and to a shady corner where statues of Adam and Eve speak to the garden as enduring metaphor for paradise. Eve holds an apple to Adam's chest. He gazes back in mild reproof, but the joke is that more fruit is hidden in his hand. Where Harvey Ladew trod, jokes followed. At the far end of the land-scape's main axis—a vista extending northward from a terrace outside the house—stands the Temple of Venus, a classical folly perfectly poised on the rise of a hill, but crowned by an incongruously large white swan.

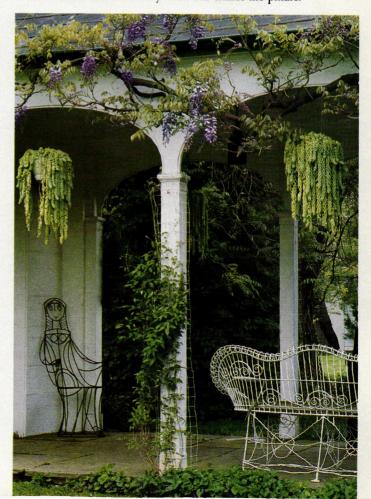
Near a brook that traverses the axis, Ladew placed the teahouse he built onto the façade of a ticket office salvaged from London's Tivoli Music Hall. Above the working fireplace he installed a pane of glass that looks out to the countryside and surrounded it with a picture frame inscribed: "Everchanging Landscape. By Harvey S. Ladew." It is a joke rooted in reality, for each of his gardens is sophisticated enough to carry through every season. The Water Lily Garden, for instance, only improves with the passing of summer. In July the dark slate terraces are washed out by the high sun, but in October the paving turns jet black and is flecked with fallen leaves of pure yellow and crimson. The dried rose purple panicles of hydrangea standards capture the afternoon light.

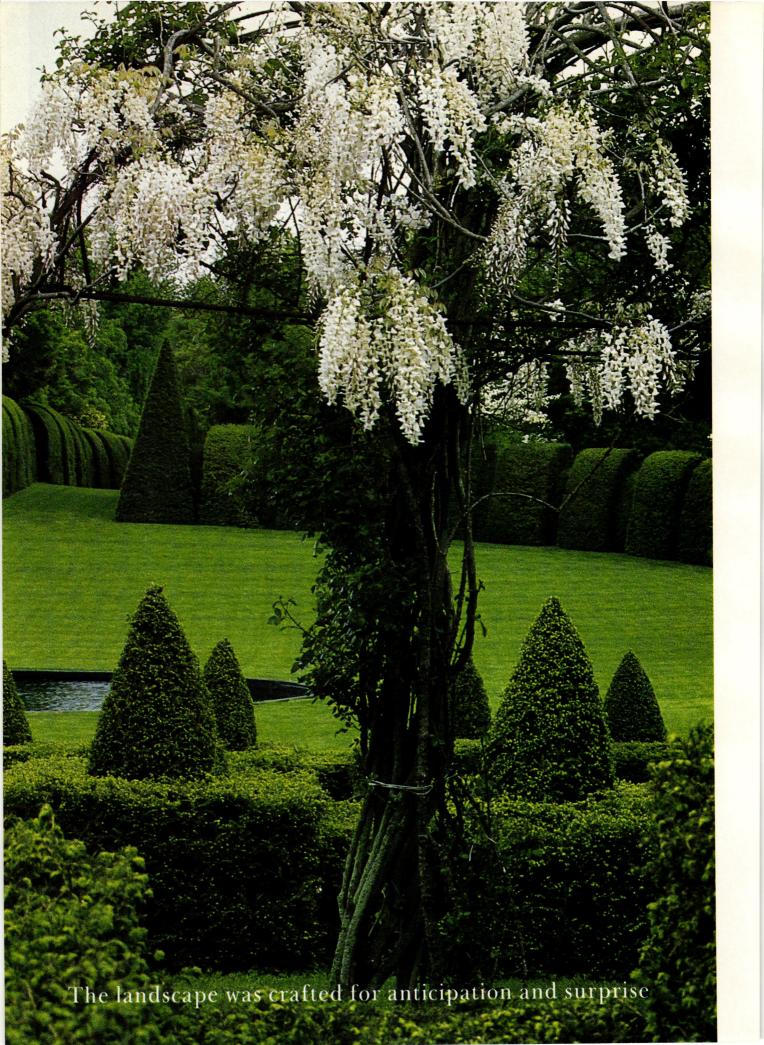
In the sloping Iris Garden there is more topiary tom-foolery: a Chinese junk is moored at the end of a stream, overlooked by a leafy Buddha. The Topiary Sculpture Garden has similarly light moments in horticulture, including giant fingers raised in Winston Churchill's victory sign. Despite such plant antics, Ladew also understood when to leave nature alone—or, at least, to carry off a naturalistic illusion. There is nothing forced about the beauty of the Yellow Garden, where the verticals of golden juniper and arborvitae are balanced by the layered branches of specimen Japanese maples and a variegated golden dogwood.

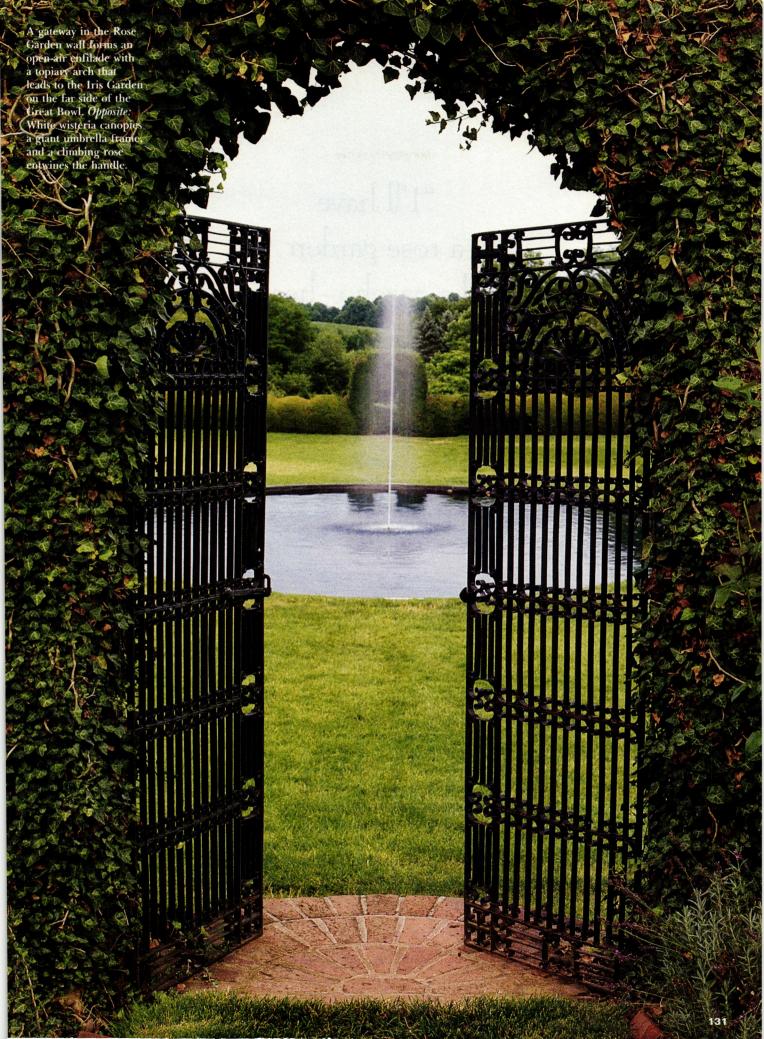
Nor is all the topiary a caper. Yew swans float serenely on billowing hedges rimming the green hollow of the Great Bowl, clipped walls are (Continued on page 151)



Adam hides apples behind his back in the Garden of Eden, above, where azaleas flower under apple and crab apple trees. Below: A ladylike chair sits near hanging baskets of sedum in the wisteria-clad breezeway. Clematis climbs the pillars.







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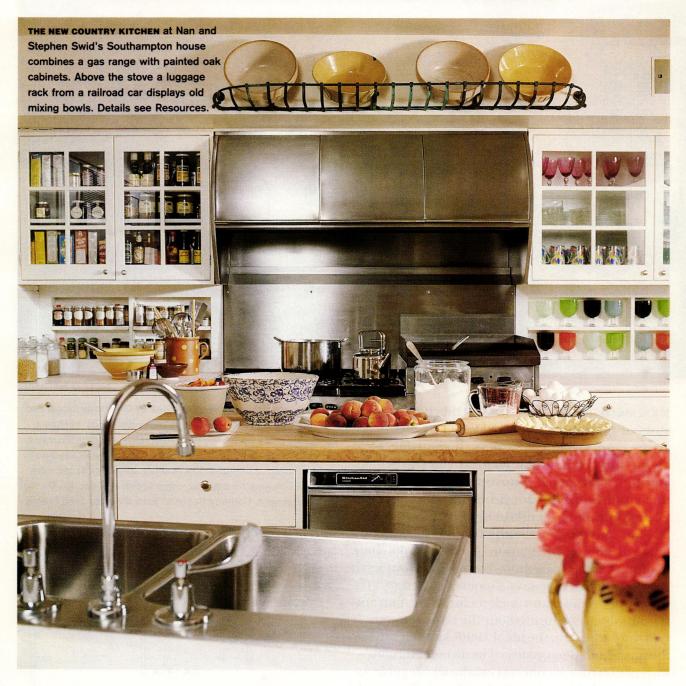


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HG DECEMBER 1992

Putting Together the Perfect

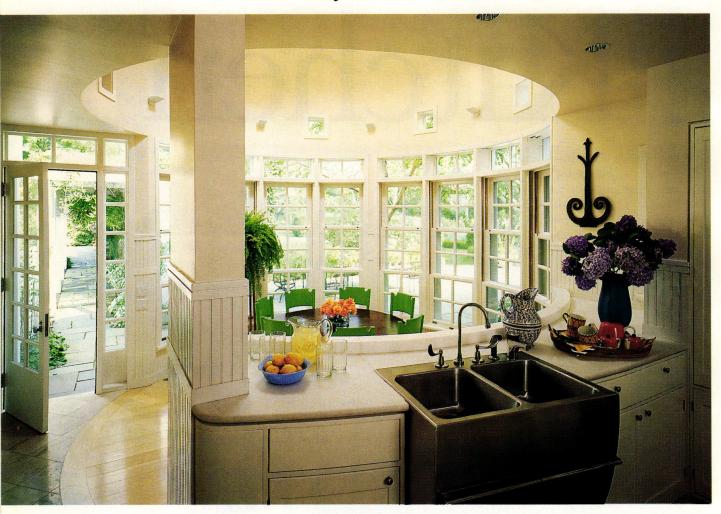
Kitchen



FROM A COUNTRY KITCHEN to a sleek galley, HG finds the best solution for every taste, including storage, lights, hardware, seating, and experts' sources. By Terry Trucco

LEFT: SCOTT FRANCES. RIGHT: STEVE GROSS AND SUSAN DALEY. FLOOR PLAN: RODICA PRATO

New Country Kitchen



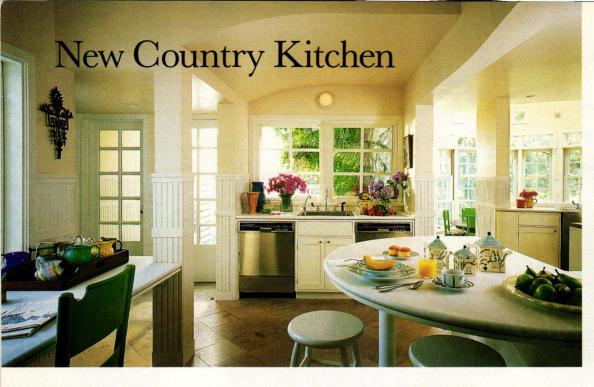
NAN SWID, PRESIDENT OF SWID POWELL, CREators of household items designed by architects, artists, and fashion designers, had strong ideas about the kitchen she wanted for the Southampton, New York, house where she and her husband, Stephen, founder and CEO of SCS Communication, spend their weekends. It had to be light and airy, a friendly funky place to hang out—a 1990s interpretation of a country kitchen. "I didn't want one of those kitchens without a salt shaker in sight," she says. Generous storage, efficient work space, and a checklist of restaurant-type appliances rounded out the requirements.

If, by definition, the ideal 1990s kitchen reflects the needs and personality of its owners, this one—with plans from architects Gwathmey Siegel & Associates and decoration by Stephen Sills—gently nudges perfection. "The rest of the house is so spare I wanted this to be a lived-in working area," says Nan Swid. "Usually there are seven or eight people in here when we're cooking."

THE CIRCULAR EATING AREA, designed by Gwathmey Siegel and decorated by Stephen Sills, helps make the Swids' kitchen a gathering place for friends and family. Light streams through a spherical skylight in the domed ceiling and a row of square skylights above the windows. The stainless-steel sink in the work area has drawers for stashing damp towels and aprons. On the counter at right, Geoffrey Beene's Drum china for Swid Powell.

KITCHEN FLOOR PLAN 1 Eating area 5 Gas range 2 Island 6 Dishwasher 3 Sink 7 Table 4 Refrigerator 8 Pantry





WAINSCOTING, a barn hinge, and French limestone floor tiles, left, accentuate the kitchen's rural roots. At the marble counter, Justin Terzi's Cypress Garden tea service. Below left: The table is set with Calvin Tsao's Flip Flop. All china from Swid Powell. Chair fabric from Brunschwig & Fils.



Sills, who saw his chief task as "softening the kitchen's architectural edge," warmed the walls with pale pink and placed what he calls "humble furnishings" in the window-lined eating area: a round oak table on a Thonet base and green "pioneer chairs." Tall plant stands allow an unobstructed view of the garden.

The kitchen's nerve center is the maple-topped work island, its laminated beech base outfitted with drawers, a trash compactor, and shelves for cookbooks. From here chef Kate Manchester, who cooks for anywhere from sixteen to sixty on summer weekends, can easily wash vegetables at the double sink, peel fruit at a smaller round sink, or warm bread in the sleek stainless-steel cabinets over the six-burner stove. Dirty dishes are relegated to a third sink, which is flanked by twin dishwashers, all a discreet distance from the cooking area. "Everything you see in this kitchen gets used," says Manchester. "Even those four big bowls over the stove."

Specialized Storage



Slots for serving trays and baking tins.



A metal-lined bread drawer in the island.



Pull-out appliance shelf in a cabinet.



Shallow shelves for tea boxes.

A Place for Everything

Every kitchen—and every cook—has unique storage requirements, from teapots and table linens to cookbooks and cookie sheets



GLASS DOORS offer many possibilities. Kevin Walz's vitrine, left, for a farmhouse kitchen provides both natural light and storage. The double-paned window does not open, Walz points out: "Otherwise the neighbors could take the dishes." Cynthia and Patrick O'Neal had a red lacquered cabinet, right, built to set off their Bauerware collection. Details see Resources.







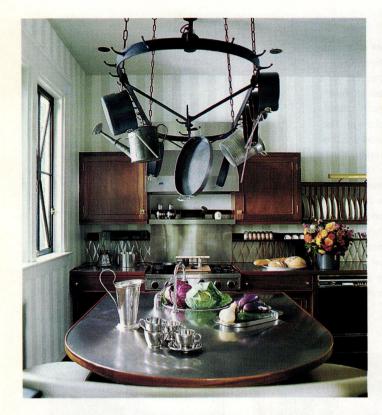
PARTICULAR NEEDS call for inventive solutions, like the slotted wood racks with hooks, left, that display rolling pins in a California pantry. Above: Chicken wire both shields and reveals the contents of Smallbone's pine cabinet. Above right: Allmilmo's melaminesheathed lazy Susan makes the most of corner space and keeps items secure with a false back that follows the shelves' contours. Right: To protect a silver collection, Odom Stamps lined hardwood shelves with felt.





Small-Space Kitchens

Even when every inch is at a premium, there's no need to choose between individual style and efficient organization





TO CAPTURE THE MOOD OF A BUTLER'S PANTRY, architect Robert McAlpine outfitted his own 12-by-12-foot kitchen with a leather-covered banquette, a linoleum floor, and a work island that serves as a table, above left. The appliances—among them a Viking range, KitchenAid dishwasher, and Traulsen refrigerator—are lined up along one wall where electrical outlets hide behind an angled spice shelf atop the quilted stainless-steel backsplash. Oval plates—"They make me feel as if I'm eating out," McAlpine says—are stored like record albums in vertical-slatted shelves, beside a mahogany cabinet. Above right: The island's sink lets McAlpine wash vegetables without turning his back on his guests. Details see Resources.

DIMINUTIVE KITCHENS POSE A DISTINCT SET OF challenges, from providing sufficient storage to shoehorning in a dining area—all without creating a cluttered feeling. To make close areas feel spacious, designers suggest long countertops, consistent colors, and streamlined cabinets. Some architects avoid recessed lighting, which entails lowering the ceiling.

Themes often work well in minimal spaces. For Deborah and Peter Krulewitch, enthusiastic collectors of vintage furniture and appliances, architect Hermes Mallea and decorator Carey Maloney of M (Group) devised a room that "Lucy and Ricky could relate to," as Mallea puts it, in an apartment on New York's Upper West Side. (The bright red wallpaper depicts bakers balancing

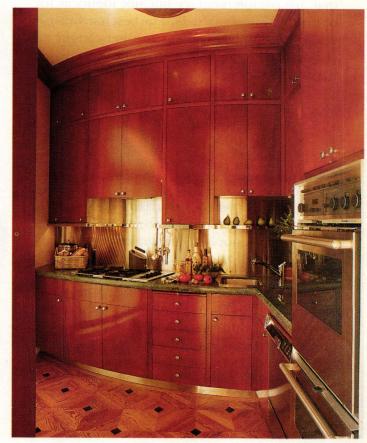
pies.) And when designer Terry Gamble asked a San Francisco client about his dream kitchen, he responded with a magazine photograph of a stateroom on an old luxury liner, which suggested Gamble's elegant curved mahogany cabinetry.

Not everyone yearns for a vast kitchen. Architect Robert McAlpine, an admirer of the classic American diner, deliberately chose to keep the kitchen compact when he remodeled his seventy-eight-year-old Montgomery, Alabama, house two years ago. The work island, topped with stainless steel, doubles as the dining table, and eight guests can squeeze onto the leather-covered banquette while the host chops vegetables. "I can make dinner and chat with my guests without shouting from another room," he says.



A PLAYFUL RETRO KITCHEN, 10 by 15 feet, by architect Hermes Mallea and decorator Carey Maloney of M (Group) showcases 1940s enameled metal tables and 1930s painted wood chairs that owners Deborah and Peter Krulewitch acquired at flea markets. Side cabinets were removed to create a shallow eating alcove, separated from the work area by a colonial revival—style screen wall, and a refrigerator was tucked into a doorless closet opposite the alcove. Old-fashioned cabinets—one wall is vintage, the other new—dotted Swiss curtains, and linoleum flooring from Stark add to the nostalgic flavor.

AN OCEAN LINER inspired Terry Gamble's design for an 11-by-15-foot kitchen on Nob Hill. The gently curved work area, with mahogany cabinets and a marble countertop, shares a wall with the round living room. The natural light entering through a French door onto the terrace, at left, is augmented by a pendant lamp and task lights. The appliances include a Dacor cooktop, Elkay sink, KitchenAid dishwasher, and Thermador combination oven and microwave.



Elements à la Carte

OVERHEAD LIGHTS

The best-lit kitchens mix natural light from windows or skylights with task and overhead lighting. Task lights on a counter or work area can hide discreetly under cabinets for maximum brightness and minimal shadows, while decorative fixtures suit dining areas and islands. New York kitchen designer Florence Perchuk likes angled lights aimed at a painting or plant. Food looks especially appetizing under incandescent lights, but energy-efficient fluorescents and halogens are also effective.

HARDWARE

The quickest way to customize a kitchen is to add distinctive hardware—a process made easier if the cabinets are ordered without predrilled holes. Hardware choices abound, from antique pulls in porcelain, brass, or nickel to sleek hooks in stainless steel. Pieces need not match; designer Charles Morris Mount of New York's Silver & Ziskind/Mount suggests pulls that are complementary but not identical for upper and lower cabinets. The best hardware is often the simplest: aprons can get caught on elaborate edges. Function matters with kitchen hardware: the best feels as good as it looks.

COUNTER-HEIGHT SEATING

From backless perches to chairs on stilts, the classic kitchen stool blends function with style. The smartest stools, ergonomically speaking, have footrests and back supports. Backless models are fine if a countertop or armrest is nearby. The right stool allows the sitter to rest elbows comfortably on the countertop. Few authorities wholeheartedly approve of stools. Still, problems are rare "if you don't sit on them too long," says ergonomics guru Marvin J. Dainoff of Ohio's Miami University.

All prices approximate



Alfred P. Homann and Ole V. Kjar's pendant lamp for Louis Poulsen is crafted from copper. \$683. At the Lighting Center, NYC (212) 888-8383. For other stores (305) 625-1009.



Six flame-shaped bulbs illuminate a handwrought-iron chandelier. \$330. From Nancy Fierberg, Woodbury, Conn. (203) 263-4957.



Classic bin pulls from Merit Metal in chrome, brushed chrome, and brass, 35% inches long. \$10-\$12 ea. At Simon's Hardware, NYC. For other stores (215) 343-2500.



Japanese netsuke inspired Laura Revness's cast-bronze pulls, 2-4 inches long. \$48.50 ea. At Zone, LA. For other dealers (213) 938-8866.



Drucker café stool, 31 inches high, in rattan and Rilsan fiber is handmade in France. \$322. To order at T & K French Antiques, NYC (212) 219-2472.



Painted Windsor tavern chair, with a seat height of 261/4 inches, in maple, pine, and oak. \$523. At Barton-Sharpe, NYC (212) 925-9562.

The right lighting, hardware, and seating are as essential to a comfortable and workable kitchen as the right spices are to good food: they accent the major elements and help define the personality of the room and of the cook



Jens Moller Jensen's Orbiter light in galvanized steel is made in Denmark by Louis Poulsen. \$340. At the Lighting Center, NYC. For other stores (305) 625-1009.



Ribbed-glass hanging lamps, c. 1902, 20 inches in diameter, use conventional bulbs or halogens. \$900 ea. At Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969.



Robert Sonneman's New Age halogen light for George Kovacs combines glass and copperfinished metal. \$825. For dealers (718) 628-5201.



Brian Donovan's spun aluminum Metro 1800 fixture was designed for a Chicago restaurant. \$280. For dealers (607) 539-7089.



Chris Collicott's animals, 6½-8 inches long, are sand-cast aluminum. \$34-\$38 ea.
To order (213) 876-5112.



Rocks served as models for Modern Objects's antiqued brass-plated knobs, 2-4 inches in diameter. \$16.50 ea. For dealers (203) 845-0331.



Michael Aram's stylized utensil pulls, 4½-5 inches long, are handmade in India of sand-cast bronze. \$36 for 3. For dealers (914) 232-7465.



left, ¾-1¼ inches in diameter.
At Simon's. For other stores
(215) 777-7811. From \$5.50, ea.
Right: Philippe Starck's aluminum
pulls or hooks, 1¼ inches in
diameter. \$150 for 4. At Modern
Age, NYC (212) 674-5603.



Stool, c. 1920, 26 inches high, shown with hooked seat cover. \$375 in muslin. At Gomez Assocs., NYC (212) 288-6856.



The Mobius III chair, with a seat height of 30 inches, blends leather with steel. \$750. From Cy Mann International. For dealers (212) 758-6830.



Dakota Jackson's Saturn stool, with an anodized aluminum base, adjusts from 21 to 28 inches. \$3,291. To the trade; for showrooms (212) 838-9444.



Studio X chair, with a 25-inch seat height, has raffia upholstery. \$1,135. To the trade at Donghia; for showrooms (800) 366-4442.

Inspirations

Leslie Land asked three dozen professional cooks, restaurateurs, food writers, and the like about their favorite sources, coast-to-coast, for old and new cooking equipment and vintage stoves. Their recommendations, listed alphabetically:

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Avery Restaurant Supply 905 East 2 St. Los Angeles, CA 90012 (213) 624-7832 The professional's favorite for quality, price, and comprehensiveness, from old standards to the latest thing. Focus is on restaurants, not home kitchens, but members of the public are welcome.

Bridge Kitchenware

214 East 52 St. New York, NY 10022 (212) 688-4220 The precursor. Huge selection of professional equipment, much of it French or Italian. Retinning service. The store of both first resort and last hope. Catalogue \$3, which is applicable toward first order.

Chef's Cordon Bleu Warehouse

926 Broadway St. Redwood City, CA 94063 (415) 364-3604 Discounted prices on everything from Traulsen refrigerators and commercial ranges for home use to garlic presses. Also, a San Carlos warehouse full of items for the tabletop.

Cookin'

339 Divisadero St. San Francisco, CA 94117 (415) 861-1854 "All the stuff your mother won't give you," says owner Judith Kaminsky. European and American items from the 1950s and '60s, like heavy-gauge Revere Ware, Waring blenders, serving pieces.

The Cook Shop

7251 Southwest 57 Ct. Miami, FL 33143 (305) 667-5957 Everything from eats to appliances in south Florida, where pickings in the kitchen department have been notoriously slim.

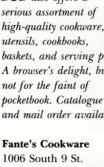


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560 Broadway New York, NY 10012 (800) 221-7714 Famous for its edibles, D&D also offers a serious assortment of high-quality cookware, utensils, cookbooks, baskets, and serving pieces. A browser's delight, but not for the faint of pocketbook. Catalogue (\$2) and mail order available.

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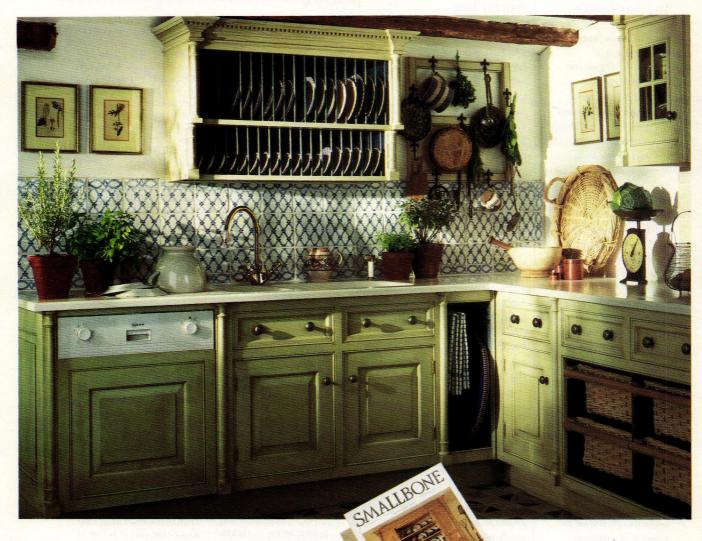
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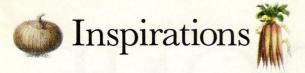
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Box 2048 Thorndike, ME 04986 (207) 568-3665 Anything in older stoves wood, gas, and all the permutations thereofmostly pre-1940. Some 250 stoves (including those intended primarily for heating) are usually on the floor. Catalogue available.

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Green Grocer wallpaper by Motif Designs the trade at Sonia's Place, NYC, or call (914) 633-1170.



BURNING QUESTION

Pretend your kitchen is going to be destroyed and you will have to start over from scratch. What single item would you take with you?

NORMAN VAN AKEN (A Mano, Miami; Feast of Sunlight) is undecided: "Either the ancient yellow saltcellar my grandmother brought from New York to Illinois or my favorite hundred-year-old balsamic vinegar-I drilled a tiny hole in the cork and I shake it out drop by drop." JULIA CHILD (The Way to Cook) says, "I might take my KitchenAid-K5A mixerand I would definitely gather up my knives." PA-TRICIA WELLS (Simply French) doesn't hesitate: "My old oak cooling rack. It's probably German, from a pastry shop. It's just big enough for a loaf of bread, and it's always right out on a shelf where I can get at it." LEO LER-MAN (editorial adviser, Condé Nast Publications) wants, from the kitchen he shares with Gray Foy, the antique majolica monkey who "dangles from the center of the sixteenfoot ceiling and looks wherever he pleases.' From the kitchen shared by MARK PEEL and NAN-CY SILVERTON (Campanile and La Brea Bakery, Los Angeles) expect the salvage of his knives, "the ones I've collected over the years," and her Brazilia espresso machine: "It has good power; you can make coffee and steam milk at the same time. CHARLIE TROTTER (Charlie Trotter's, Chicago) is taking his espresso machine, too, an old-fashioned brass La Pavoni, because "it's an aesthetic pleasure to work with. I love the ritual: grinding the beans, waiting, smell-

ing the coffee. It's twenty

minutes of joy." Beauty

comes first for LYDIA

who's taking her collection of Murano glass-ware—"the colors are wonderful." MOLLY O'NEILL (food columnist, The New York Times) gave a wistful glance at her blue Hobart mixer but decided on the antique botanicals from the Paris flea market. GENE HOVIS (creative director, Macy's Marketplace) wants his razor knife. EMERIL LA-GASSE (Emeril's, New Orleans; Emeril's New New Orleans Cooking) wants all his knives. So do JACK McDAVID (Jack's Firehouse, Philadelphia) and JIMMY SCHMIDT (Rattlesnake Club and Buster's Bay, Detroit), who keeps his in a palomino-skin knife roll and explains, "You really get used to the weights and balances of the knives you use all the time." You get used to your spoons, too, says LAURA SHAPIRO (senior writer, Newsweek; Perfection Salad): "My short old wooden spoon couldn't be replaced—no good wooden spoon can be replaced; the new ones are so pale and flimsy. I use that spoon for everything, love the way food tastes on it. Until you asked, I didn't realize it's the thing that makes me feel at home in JULEE the kitchen." ROSSO (The Wickwood Inn, Michigan; The Silver Palate Cookbook) says she "can't feel at home without my Champion juicer. I use it every day." MAR-GARET VISSER (Much Depends on Dinner; The Rituals of Dinner) will tear from the windowsill her two pots of special ivy, "one from Dante's tomb in Ravenna, the other from Saint Mark's cemetery in Vienna where Mozart is buried." The import's much closer to home for DEAN FEAR-ING (The Mansion on Turtle Creek, Dallas; Dean Fearing's Southwest

SHIRE (Biba, Boston)

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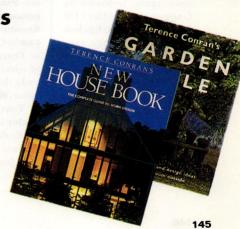
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Inspirations

EXPERTS' CHOICES: Appliances

HG asked more than forty designers from across the country to list the appliances that they would use in a dream kitchen.

Among their favorite brands:

STOVES Viking was the designers' number-one choice. "It has the look, shape, form, and quality of the professional range without the disadvantages," explains New York kitchen specialist Florence Perchuk. "You get the larger grates and higher burners without having to install additional fireproofing or a water-activated hood, both of which are required by most codes."

COOKTOPS Gaggenau and Thermador tied, with the GE Monogram line close behind. Gaggenau cooktops, says kitchen designer Robert Schwagerl, are easy-cleaning and compact, with room for a drawer underneath. Thermador cooktops have similar virtues, he says, although the commercial model is too deep to allow for a drawer. Beverly Ellsley, whose Westport, Connecticut, firm specializes in kitchens, prefers GE's component system for its looks and flexibility-a two-burner unit is interchangeable with a griddle or grill.

OVENS Thermador, once again, followed by Gaggenau. Michael De Giulio of De Giulio Kitchen Designs in Chicago says Thermadors are "best for their flush design, great wide interior space, and flexibility: regular oven and convection."

REFRIGERATORS Sub-Zero—"the vault," as one designer dubs it—was named the most popular built-in for its wide variety of sizes and its ability to fit into the overall design.

SINKS Franke won the largest following for what De Giulio calls the "clean simple lines" of its stainless-steel sinks, particularly the undermounted system that allows water on the counter to flow easily into the sink. Elkay also has a good many boosters. "In stainless steel, Elkay is one of the best names, and it's generally less pricey," says Jack Bales of McBride & Associates Architects in New York.

DISHWASHERS
Miele and KitchenAid attracted the most positive
comment. The Germanmade Miele—along with
another European make,
Asko—is said to be blessedly quiet, while KitchenAid's
reported strengths are reliability and value.

EXTRAS To make the dream kitchen complete, our experts suggest:

Wine Cooler by Traulsen or-for those like Schwagerl, who insists that coolers "are not to be seen"-U-Line, which can be built into an undercounter cabinet. Pizza Oven by Gaggenau, Bakers Pride, or Renato. Indoor Barbecue by Gaggenau (electric) or Thermador (gas), both of which feature the lava rocks that assure barbecue flavor. Warming Drawer by Toastmaster or Thermador to warm plates or whole dinners, since even the best cook does not always have perfect timing. **Anne Foxley**

Cuisine), who is rescuing a jar of fellow Texan War-ren Clark's barbecue sauce: "I can't light up the grill without it-and maybe a small bottle of the Mexican habanero sauce Mark Miller turned me on to." What **ELI ZABAR** (E.A.T., New York) needs is people: "I'd take my wife, Devon Fredericks, or my friend David Ziff. No, really, ninety-five or ninety-eight percent of my cooking is done with one or the other and it's the only cooking I really enjoy. As I've gotten older, I do less and less by myself. I hardly pick up a knife." LAURIE COLWIN (Home Cooking) picks up her knives at flea markets, cheap-"I never pay more than three bucks"and would flee with her favorite, a bone-handled Victorian number with a carbon-steel blade. No telling how much YAN-NICK CAM (Yannick's, Alexandria) paid for the "absolutely fantastic" Japanese knives he'd rescue. but they're from the atelier of a samurai sword maker and had been displayed in the shop on velvet, like a set of diamonds. The jewel for restaurant designer ADAM TIHANY (Remi, New York; Gundel, Budapest) is the telephone: "No, I'm definitely taking the telephone. It's the only thing that saves your life." Unfortunately, Delta Air Lines lost the favorite knives of TOM NEY (food editor, Prevention), so now he'd take his big enameled cast-iron pot, though the "food is more important to me than the equipment I use." Important means different things to JANE and MICHAEL STERN (American Gourmet; Roadfood). He insists on taking his little jar of habanero paste, but she's saving the threadbare copy of The Settlement Cookbook which has her mother's annotations in it. A sharpening steel that belonged to his father goes with CARLO MIDDIONE (Vivande, San Francisco; The Food of Southern Italy): "It's fourteen inches long, with a wonderfully turned wooden handle. When I took it to be regrooved after seventy years, the company wanted to buy it back, but I wouldn't part with it." NACH WAXMAN (Kitchen Arts & Letters bookstore, New York) plans to grab his marble mortar and pestle since "I hardly make a meal without using it." EDNA LEW-IS (Gage & Tollner, New York; In Pursuit of Flavor) also leans on "my mortar and pestle, the kind the Africans use, with crockery lines on the bottom for a better grip." CHARLES PERRY (food writer, Los Angeles Times) is keeping his grip on "a square-ended paring knife. The handle got scorched and now it's taken on the shape of my hand—like those pets that come to resemble their owners." For similar reasons HAROLD McGEE (On Food and Cooking; The Curious Cook) is taking his cast-iron pans. "It's taken quite a while to get them to their present place," he says. "That sort of thing you can't buy." MADHUR JAFFREY (Indian Cookery) will take the volcanicgranite grinding stone her mother gave her when she left India thirty years ago: "For grinding small amounts of spices, no blender will do." Rural dweller ED BEHR (editor, The Art of Eating newsletter) opts for his handcranked Tre Spade coffee grinder "in case of a power outage. It's shiny iron painted the green of old country furniture, with a brass-plated globe to hold the coffee." **DEBORAH** MADISON (The Greens Cookbook; The Savory Way) keeps her coffee in a bright yellow olive jar that's "so cheerful I'd hate to lose it. But oh, the ceramic strainer from the flea market in Nice! It has an orangy glaze and crude holes, and with fruit it makes beautiful still lifes."

Leslie Land

Where to find it

FOOD/PRESENTS

Page 60 41/2-qt steel mixer with stainless-steel bowl, by KitchenAid, at Williams-Sonoma, to order (800) 541-2233; for other dealers (800) 422-1230. Heavy-gauge steel nonstick Bundt pan, by Kaiser La Forme, at Williams-Sonoma (see above); for other stores, (800) 966-3009. Aluminum nonstick Bundt pan at rear, by Nordic Ware, at Williams-Sonoma (see above); for other stores (800) 328-4310. Wooden spoons, \$3.50-\$5.50, at Williams-Sonoma (see above). Sussex wooden trugs, \$59 11/2-gal size (not shown), \$69 3-gal size, to order from Smith & Hawken, (415) 383-2000, catalogue available. Seeds: to order from the Cook's Garden, Londonderry (802) 824-3400, catalogue available: Shepherd's Garden Seeds, Felton (408) 335-6910, catalogue available. Claw steel weeder with wood handle, \$9.95, from the Kinsman Garden Co., to order (800) 733-5613, catalogue available. Derby porcelain cake stand, c. 1800, \$750, at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-3775. CushionAire insulated aluminum cookie sheet, by WearEver, at Williams-Sonoma (see above) and other gourmet and department stores. Timer 60', by DAS, \$17.50, wood-handled stainless-steel spatula, \$14, French baker's parchment paper, \$3.50 10 sheets, at Williams-Sonoma (see above). Basket, to order at Dean & DeLuca (800) 221-7714. Grappa Italian ceramic salad bowl, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC (212) 431-1888.

STYLE

Page 64 Buckingham Palace cookware, c. 1840, at Bulgari, 730 5th Ave., NYC (212) 315-9000. Naturalia Collection Snail brooch, ancient coin ring, Naturalia Collection Tulip cuff bracelet, Onda wavelike sterling dish, at Bulgari, NYC, Aspen, Bal Harbour (opens in Dec.), Los Angeles, San Francisco.



SWEDISH COUNTRY STYLE

Pages 68–77 Weekly auctions, international antiques and art auction every March and October, and special antique textile auctions, at Uppsala Auktionskammare, Kungsgatan 70, 753–21 Uppsala, Sweden; (18) 12-12-22.

SHOWING HER COLORS

Pages 78–83 Architecture and decoration, by Alison Spear of Alison Spear, AIA, 636 Broadway #1007, New York, NY 10012; (212) 254-2406. Paintings, drawings, similar at Bridgewater/
Lustberg Gallery, NYC (212) 941-6355. 78–79
Exposé stained-maple/glass coffee table,
PastPerfect I upholstered armchair in French
wool felt, raw-steel stacking chair with woven
raffia upholstery, ottomans in purple and gold
douppioni silks, bamboo standing lamp with
woven raffia shade, silk-upholstered mirror,
Track douppioni silk pillow on daybed, Pom Pom



douppioni silk pillow on armchair, all by Alison Spear and Sabrina Schilcher for Candide, Block wool handwoven chain-stitch rug, by Judy Ross for Candide, all to custom order at Candide, 720 Greenwich St. #6D, New York, NY 10014; (212) 206-0309. 79 Wool plaid pantsuit, from Emporio Armani's fall/winter collection, at Emporio Armani boutiques, NYC, Boston, Costa Mesa, Honolulu. San Francisco, Toronto. 80 Encaustic wall coating, by Modeworks, NYC (212) 226-4079. Consulat mahogany chairs with gold-leaf appliqué, c. 1800, similar at Reymer-Jourdan, NYC (212) 674-4470. Stained-maple dining table, ottomans in gold and purple douppioni silks, both by Spear and Schilcher for Candide. Zig wool handwoven chain-stitch rug, by Judy Ross for Candide, all to custom order at Candide (see above). 19th-century Portuguese gilt mirror, similar at Cobweb, NYC (212) 505-1558. 81 Le Corbusier lounge chairs, to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles. 18th-century Philippine mahogany/ mother-of-pearl storm windows, similar at Tucker Robbins, NYC (212) 832-3092 by appt. Entrance wool handwoven chain-stitch rug, by Judy Ross for Candide, to custom order at Candide (see above). 82 Beauty and the Beast maple desk with felt or wood top, Secret gilded birch stool with douppioni silk cover, both by Spear and Schilcher, to custom order at Candide (see above). 82-83 Fiori scalloped Egyptiancotton standard pillow shams, at Frette, NYC. Beverly Hills; to special order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Custom-color Rowan handblocked wallpaper, by Joanna Rock, to order at Candide (see above).

THREE GENERATIONS

Pages 84–91 Design, by Kobeou, 675 California St., San Francisco, CA 94108; (415) 394-6090. **Architecture,** by Scott Williams, 1250 45th St., Emeryville, CA 94608; (510) 428-0787. **85** French

school bench, c. 1890, similar at Jernigan Wicker Fine Arts, San Francisco (415) 922-2213. 86 Custom wool carpet, by Joy Ou and Bonni Evenson, to order from Kobeou (see above). Sheffield Cotton Chenille cotton on chairs. Mohair cotton/mohair fabric on sofa, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442. Diesis leather daybed with metal nickelplated frame, Diesis nickel-plated base coffee table with glass top, both by B&B Italia, at Limn, San Francisco (415) 397-7474; for other dealers (800) 872-1697. Metal floor lamp, by Mariano Fortuny, from Écart International, to the trade to order at Pucci International, NYC (212) 219-0142. 87 Painted iron table with glass top, iron chairs, at the Gardener, Berkeley (510) 548-4545. 88 Thailana silk/wool handwoven fabric for curtains, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Profili wood chairs, by Loewenstein, at Limn (see above). Custom cherry dining table, custom cherry sideboard, by Tim Kobe and Erik Anderson, to order from Kobeou (see above). Custom wool carpet, by Ou and Evenson, to order from Kobeou (see above). 89 Lilla Hunter leather/wood armchairs, by Philippe Starck for XO, at Limn (see above). Custom table, by Kobe and Anderson, to order from Kobeou (see above). 90 Lacquered furniture board cabinets, by Muura Me, at Limn (see above). Manilla cotton on armchair, by Ligne Roset, at Limn (see above); for other dealers (212) 685-2238. Brandon ashwood bed (#4060). by Vermont Tubbs, Hybrid maple child-size table (#6020-XOO) and chairs (#6010-XOO), by Vermont Precision Woodworks, to order at Such a Business, San Francisco (415) 431-1703. 91 Torso steel/leather armchair, by Paolo Deganello for Cassina, at Limn (see above); for other dealers (800) 645-7254. Tavola con Ruote glasstopped table on steel/rubber casters, by Gae Aulenti for Fontana Arte, at Limn (see above); for other stores (212) 477-3188. Butterfly rosewood stool, by Yanagi for Tendo, at Japonesque, San Francisco (415) 398-8577.

THE ART OF ARRANGING

Pages 92-93 1940s French wrought-iron sconces, similar at Frederik Bermond, Paris (1) 40-10-15-67 (Fri.-Mon.). 94 1920s chrome standing lamp, similar at Jean-Michel Merlin, Paris (1) 40-11-39-83 (Fri.-Mon.). 95 Framed 19th-century architectural engravings, similar at Baxter, Paris (1) 45-49-01-34. Rene Drouet 1940s bronze doré sconces on books, similar at Patrick Fourtin, Paris (1) 40-10-17-87 (Fri.-Mon.). 96 Palladian commode, by Fornasetti, at Norton Blumenthal, NYC (212) 752-2535. 19th-century embossed prints of architectural reliefs, similar at Alexandre Biaggi, Paris (1) 42-86-08-40. 97 Félix Aublet nickel-plated lamp, 1925, reedition available from Écart International, to the trade to order at Pucci International, NYC (212) 219-0142. 1940s Jansen gold-leafed candlesticks, 1940s French velum picture frame, similar at Alexandre Biaggi (see above).

MR. BELUSHI GETS HIS DREAM HOUSE

Pages 98–103 Decoration, by Michael S. Smith, 8944 Burton Way, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; (310) 278-9046. 99–103 Flowers, by Shawn Cossette of Eufloria, Santa Monica (310) 828-8122. 99

Exotic Column (#32979) cotton on sofa, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. 1920s Murano glass goblet-vase on coffee table, similar at J. F. Chen, Los Angeles (213) 655-6310. Late 19th century English majolica pitcher on coffee table, late 19th century Pakistani large turned-wood grain measure (shown as vase), mid 19th century Provençal glazed pottery pot à confit at rear, similar at Antiques by Claude Hubert, Santa Monica (310) 395-5607. 100 Chester Check cotton for curtains, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Turkish Star Stripe linen/cotton fabric on armchair, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 941-1212. Standard armchair with handmade aged beechwood frame, at George Smith, NYC, for other dealers (212) 226-4747. Empire-style giltwood mirror over fireplace, c. 1860, similar at Evans & Gerst Antiques, Los Angeles (310) 657-0112. Seagrass stair runner, 13'x1", at Angeles Carpets, Los Angeles (310) 652-3092. 101 Basque dining table, c. 1850, similar at Durenberger & Friends, San Juan Capistrano (714) 240-5181. Les Arcades Border Print cotton for curtains, Carsten Check cotton on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Trevor Stripe (#2661) cotton on bench, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 565-1950. French handblown glass chemist's bottle, c. 1900, 19th-century English majolica turquoise jardinière, similar at Antiques by Claude Hubert (see above). 102 Louis XIV chaise, similar at Evans & Gerst (see

above). Mandarin Toile cotton for balloon shades, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Sarah Sheer cotton/ linen fabric for curtains, to the trade at Henry Calvin (see above). Custom paisley lampshade, to order at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. 103 Carsten Check cotton for curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above).

A NEW LOOK FOR THE SOUTHWEST

Pages 104-13 Architectural design and interior decoration, by John F. Saladino, Inc., 305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 752-2440. Contracting, by J. & C. Builders, 2744 West Osborn Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85017; (602) 257-8123 106-111 Cantera stone, from Calduro Natural Stone, San Diego (619) 578-6181. 104-05 Amphora metal lamp with green patina and parchment shade, to the trade at Saladino Furniture, NYC (212) 838-0500. Corone (#5051) cotton for tablecloth, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Noce travertine for fireplace surround, to order at Pride Marble & Granite, Scottsdale (602) 948-3223. 106 Reproduction Regency barrel-back chairs, to the trade to order at Smith & Watson, for showrooms (212) 355-5615. 106-07 Wroughtiron gate, similar at the Frightened Owl, Santa Fe (505) 983-7607 by appt. Babylon solid camel chenille throw, to the trade at Jeffrey Aronoff, for showrooms (212) 645-3155. Bay sofa at rear, Tube metal floor lamp and table lamp at entrance, both with green patina, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Renshaw (#1028-35) viscose/linen fabric on rear sofa, to

the trade at Grey Watkins, for showrooms (212) 371-2333. Hermitage (#363-7) directional wool mohair on high-backed sofa, to the trade at Joseph Noble, for showrooms (214) 741-8100 Silk Faille (#14900-4) silk on high-backed sofa pillow, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Antique Mexican candlesticks at entrance, similar at Holler & Saunders, Nogales (602) 287-5153 by appt. 108 Calla chair, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Hatake cotton on chair, Versailles acetate taffeta on pillow, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444, Pink Juparana Brazilian granite for fireplace surround. to order at Pride Marble & Granite (see above). Ducale Velour (#120) grain-sueded leather on doors, by Spinneybeck, to order (800) 482-7777. Josephine (#3771-03) iridescent silk on walls, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. 109 Cambridge alderwood base table with custom oak herringbone parquet top, to the trade to order at Minton-Spidell, for showrooms (310) 836-0403. Vicenza natural beech chairs, to the trade to order at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Guide Boat (#2523-00) cotton bouclé on chairs, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger (see above). Grigio Sardo Sardinian granite, to order at Pride Marble & Granite (see above). Two-burner gas stainlesssteel cooktop (#VG 223), by Gaggenau, for dealers (617) 255-1766. 110 First Cabin solid teak deck-top table (#25) and chairs (#SR 203-204), by Kipp Stewart, to the trade to order at Summit Furniture, for showrooms (408) 375-7811.

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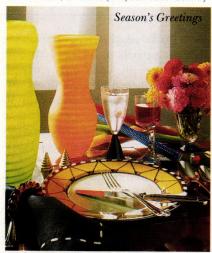
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7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and (Signed) J. Kevin Madden, Publisher

112 Thassos "A" Greek marble for counters and tub deck, to order at Pride Marble & Granite (see above). Roma 5 whirlpool enameled cast-iron tub, by American Standard, for dealers (800) 821-7700 ext 4023. Ming green Chinese marble tiles, at C. A. International, Kansas City (913) 338-4488. Enameled-steel sconces, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Glacé Ice polyester/nylon fabric for shade, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above). 113 Custom handmade steel four-poster bed (#0285), to the trade to order at J. Lambeth & Co., Washington, D.C. (202) 646-1774. Linen (#1206) gauze for bed hangings, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 565-1950. Round-base adjustable brass floor lamp with dimmer (#C1130-F), by Casella, for dealers (415) 626-9600. Cylinder burled ashwood table, designed by Harry Lawenda, to the trade to order at William Switzer, for showrooms (604) 255-5911. Handwoven wool/mohair rug, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Natural (#9023) silk for bedskirt, to the trade at Victoria Fabrics, West Lawrence (718) 327-0210.

SEASON'S SETTINGS

Pages 120, 122-23 Flowers, by Blue Meadow Flowers, NYC (212) 979-8618. 120 Limoges porcelain salad plate, by Lieux, \$120, at Henri Bendel, for stores (212) 247-1100. Botticelli Limoges porcelain dinner plate, \$395 5-pce place setting, at Bernardaud, NYC (212) 737-7775. Carat gold leaf Limoges porcelain plate shown as charger, \$122, by Philippe Deshoulières, for stores (201) 939-4199. Nobel crystal flute, \$75, by Orrefors, for stores (609) 768-5400. All-purpose wine and water goblets, \$15 ea, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC (212) 431-1888. Chrysanthemum sterling saltcellar and spoon, \$1,575, sterling pepper shaker, \$425, sterling dog candlesticks, by Tiffany & Co., for stores (800) 526-0649. Opera Star silk for tablecloth, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. Sophia printed linen napkin, by Leslie Pontz, for stores (215) 242-3366. Louis XVI delft bust, c. 1770, Russian 18th-century gold on steel fork and gold on steel knife with chinoiserie blade, \$4,800 24-pce set, similar at Willard Vine Clerk, Malden Bridge (518) 766-4650. Garden Room Stripe (#658450) cotton chintz, from Waverly, for dealers (800) 423-5881. 121 Antique mercury glass ornaments, similar at J. Mavec & Co., NYC (212) 888-8100. Royal Oak Limoges porcelain plate and bowl, \$750 5-pce setting, by Puiforcat, for stores (201) 939-4199. Moisson gold-plated flatware, knife \$160, spoon \$190, fork \$190, by Hermès, for stores (800) 441-4488. Crystal votive candle holders, \$12 ea, by littala, for stores (800) 448-8252; in NY (914) 628-1616. Bellotto handblown wineglasses, green \$70, red \$90, Carmea handblown white goblet, \$350, both by Bisazza, for stores (800) 398-8071. Smyers handblown goblets, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Linen napkin, by Archipelago, at Barneys New York, for stores (212) 929-9000. Murano crystal salt and pepper shakers, \$116 pr, to the trade at Cose, Chicago (312) 226-6220. Vieux Paris porcelain vase, \$450, similar at Willard Vine Clerk (see above). Flowers, hollyand-pinecone napkin ring, by Deborah Shapiro, NYC (212) 532-2420. 122 Drum Papaya porcelain plate, \$70 5-pce setting, by Geoffrey Beene for Swid Powell, for stores (212) 753-0606. Talisman lacquered silver-plated flatware, \$395 5-pce set, by Christofle, for stores (800) 677-7458. Narcisse crystal wineglass, \$185, by Baccarat, for stores (212) 826-4100. Blue Stem Eon crystal water glass, \$30 ea, by Sasaki, NYC (212) 686-5080. Acid-washed limited edition glass vases, \$250, \$300, by Gunnel Sahlin Atelier for Kosta Boda, for stores (609) 768-5400. Linen napkin, by Archipelago, at Barneys New York (see above). Multicolor cord napkin ring, at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212) 473-3000. Wax candles, by Bernard Roth, for stores (212) 964-0363. Country



Field metal/polymer/ceramic tiles, \$5.50 ea, by Intaglio, for stores (212) 744-3091. Cristal de Sèvres crystal champagne flute (shown as vase), at Daum Boutique, NYC (212) 355-2060. 123 Jardin d'Éden Limoges porcelain plates with peach border, \$190 5-pce setting, by Haviland Limoges, for stores (212) 826-4100. Blue Raffia ceramic service plate, \$37, by Fitz & Floyd, for stores (800) 527-5211. Distressed wood table, \$895, at ABC Carpet & Home (see above) Compote Limoges porcelain oversized cups and saucers, by Billy Goldsmith Designs, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co. (see above). American Garden sterling teaspoons, \$425 5-pce set, by Tiffany & Co. (see above). Hand-painted ceramic flower plates, large \$85, small \$25, pearlized resin flatware, by Laure Japy, \$225 5-pce set, at Barneys New York (see above). Pressed glass grape-motif goblets, \$15 ea, link napkin ring, \$3.50, at ABC Carpet & Home (see above). Checked cotton napkin, \$14, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co. (see above).

THE PERFECT KITCHEN

New Country Kitchen

Pages 133–36 Architecture, by Gwathmey Siegel & Assocs., 475 10th Ave., New York, NY 10018 (212) 947-1240. **Decoration,** by Stephen Sills of Stephen Sills & Assocs., 204 East 90 St., New York, NY 10028; (212) 289-8180. Beau Harnais French limestone tiles, Thassos marble for countertops and backsplash, at Southampton Gallery of Marble & Tile, Southampton (516) 283-7525. 9-inch bronze flush-mount lights on walls, at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. 134

Drum porcelain, by Geoffrey Beene for Swid Powell, for stores (212) 753-0606. 135 Ultraheavy-gauge stainless-steel refrigerator (#UR48HT), by Traulsen & Co., for dealers (800) 825-8220. Stove, by Garland Industries, for dealers (800) 257-2643. 136 Cypress Garden china tea service, by Justin Terzi for Swid Powell (see above). Superba dishwashers (#KUDS220T) with porcelain-on-steel interior, by KitchenAid, for dealers (800) 422-1230. Flip Flop porcelain, by Tsao & McKown for Swid Powell (see above). Magnolia Gardens linen/cotton print on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Oster Classic chrome/glass blender, by Osterizer, for dealers (718) 236-5065. Classic 41/2-qt steel mixer with stainless-steel bowl (#K45SS), by KitchenAid (see above).

A Place for Everything

Page 137 Window vitrine, by Walz Design, NYC (212) 229-2299. California pantry design, rolling pin racks, by Joan Borinstein, Los Angeles (213) 272-4411. Barley Twist pine cabinet with chicken wire, by Smallbone, for dealers (215) 750-1928. Full round melamine lazy Susan with heavy-gauge steel bars, by Allmilmo, for dealers (201) 227-2502. Felt-lined cabinet design, by Odom Stamps of Stamps & Stamps, Los Angeles (213) 933-5698. Felt-lined cabinet fabrication, by Gennaro Rosetti Furniture, Los Angeles (213) 750-7794.

Small-Space Kitchens

Page 138 Architecture, by Robert McAlpine of Robert Frank McAlpine Architecture, 644 South Perry St., Montgomery, AL 36104; (205) 262-8315. Range, by Viking Range, for dealers (601) 455-1200. Dishwasher, by KitchenAid, for dealers (800) 422-1230. Refrigerator (not shown), by Traulsen & Co., for dealers (800) 825-8220. 139 Architecture and decoration, by Hermes Mallea and Carey Maloney of M (Group). 207 West 86 St. #815, New York, NY 10024; (212) 874-0773. Cabinet fabrication, by Milton Hadiks Crafted Interiors, Teaneck (201) 833-0761. Woodwork design, by Tess Grundon. NYC (212) 274-9764. Marmoleum linoleum (#3002), to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. 1940s wallpaper, similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. Stove, by Garland Industries, for dealers (800) 257-2643. Range hood, by Viking Range (see above). Potscrubber dishwasher, by General Electric, for dealers (800) 626-2000. Single-faucet stainless-steel sink, by Elkay, for dealers (800) 223-5529. Architecture of Nob Hill kitchen, by Cass Smith of Cass Calder Smith Architecture, 522 Second St., San Francisco, CA 94107; (415) 546-6470. Design of Nob Hill kitchen, by Terry Gamble Interiors, 276 Edgewood Ave., San Francisco, CA 94117; (415) 731-8143. Four-burner stainless-steel cooktop (#GC), by Dacor, for dealers (800) 793-0093 Single-faucet stainless-steel corner sink (#LCCR-3232), by Elkay (see above). Superba Selectra dishwasher (#KUDS21S) with porcelain on stainless-steel interior, by KitchenAid (see above). Stainless-steel oven/microwave (#CMT), by Thermador, for dealers (213) 562-1133. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

Showing Her Colors

(Continued from page 82) know who truly operates as an architect and a decorator all at once," says Balazs, who bravely collaborated with her in knocking down a few walls. "Her approach is that everything is OK to try. She's immensely playful, very self-confident. She just jumps into these things and makes successes of them." These days Spear is acting on her social conscience, too. In their spare time she and the oth-

er architects in the CDC group have been drawing up blueprints for a plan to revamp the Ebling Brewery on a 2.33-acre site in the Bronx to provide three hundred family-size units.

All of a sudden there's some commotion in Jeremy's room. We hurry through the bookcases which make up his walls. ("Books are the best sound insulation.") But by the time we arrive Jeremy's nanny has already smoothed his upset and returned to a telephone conversation across the room. "I totally disagree with anyone who tells me bud-

get relates to aesthetic," Spear goes on, picking up on a lost point about her elegant flea market sensibility. "It's a challenge to make something work with less money. It's like a puzzle. You fit the pieces in." Exhibit A is Jeremy's crib, ordered from a hotel supply catalogue. "It was only a hundred dollars," says Spear proudly. "And it's on wheels." Then she fusses with an armful of Salvation Army mosquito netting so that it falls over her son, as leep in his chromed-steel crib, as gracefully as if it were a lace mantilla.

Teapots

(Continued from page 117) of pottery—developed in ancient Rome and all the rage in classically minded, natural-history-besotted eighteenth-century England—made by layering clays of different colors to simulate the elaborate veining of hard stone. The Weinstocks own one of the largest-known agateware pots as well as possibly the smallest, a so-called one-dish teapot. The agate designs could fool an untutored eye into pegging them as early twentieth century art pottery.

In the molding and decoration of teapots, nothing mundane was used when the exotic or romantic would do, and every effort was made to create vessels that looked like anything they were not. The Weinstocks' undecorated white salt-glaze ware—their thin, slightly pitted surfaces the result of salt thrown into the kiln while firing at the highest temperature—takes the shapes of squirrels, hearts, even manor houses, with serpents for spouts, dogs for knops (the Dutch word is used for the finials on lids), and leafy tendrils and bunches of grapes in relief winding over the bodies. The more distant the climes the better for inspiring the Weinstocks' pearlware pot resembling a Persian pavilion, their polychrome salt-glaze replica of Chinese export porcelain, their pots citing Greek mythology with transfer-printed huntresses and temples. In an effort to imitate the patterns of more princely silver vessels, pots were given lion'shead knees and paw-shaped feet.

Like a latter-day Venus rising, Bonnie Prince Charlie tops a pecten shell on an enameled salt-glaze pot that is just one of many manufactured for Jacobite supporters of the Stuart cause and its heartthrob leader. One of the more imaginative ways of sporting the tartan was on a plaid teapot. The decoration on the Weinstocks' unusual checked pot embodies the whimsicality that snares them every time. "We're drawn to naive, folksy things," says Judie. "I like the fact that these pots look handmade." Sometimes the artisans she admires would let loose on pots whose decorations, like the tartan, are so stylized or abstract Motherwell or de Kooning could have painted them. One fellow (fellows is apparently what they were) covered a pot with feathery curlicues in green, yellow, and red. There's even a whole group of pots designed to look like the geometric chintzes of the time.

Of course, England would not be England without a ven for nature. A fullscale rural idyll, complete with twee cottage, sheltering trees, and rugged yeoman, works its way around a large pot finished off with crabstock, the picturesque form suggested by gnarled branches-and rooted in rococo style—that appears on the handles, knops, and spouts of so much Staffordshire. Whieldon pottery, famous for its lovely subtle glazes, went this one better, with fruit- and vegetable-shaped teapots: melons, apples, pears, pineapples, cauliflowers. The connoisseur in Bennett values his melon pot for the precision with which the lid and body match up, since parts often got mixed up during firing.

This is a finicky customer, but for his fiftieth birthday two years ago, Judie knew exactly what to give him. The Weinstocks, their children, and twenty-four of their closest friends, including Philly's own Dr. J., met for a long weekend in England at Cliveden, kicked off with afternoon tea. The invitation had been transfer-printed on teapots, along with a photograph of Bennett. "It was like stepping back into the eighteenth century for the weekend," says Judie. Just the Weinstocks' pot of tea.

Swedish Country

(Continued from page 74) leather-bound natural history books in the library and the scalloped Turkish wedding gowns hanging ready in a guest room are a tribute to bibliophile Claes Rålamb, a counselor to Karl XI, who built the manor and later traveled to Turkey where he made his mark as the first Swede to taste coffee. In honor of Fredrik I's master of the hunt ("a master at hunting mistresses for the king," says Holmberg), who was an avid collector of weapons during his sojourn at Länna, there are three cannons carved above the front entrance and lances

leaning against a wall outside the dining room, as if their owners had checked them at the door before going in. The rococo and neoclassical flourishes throughout are an homage to the eighteenth-century steel magnate responsible for updating Länna by redecorating upstairs and down and adding a fashionable mansard roof.

Opposed to handling antiques with curators' white gloves, Holmberg and Lundquist use eighteenth-century goblets as everyday drinking glasses, stack Chinese export plates in the dishwasher, and put up guests in a Gustavian tester bed layered with a 1750 embroidered spread. They have had to learn how to edit out all but the essen-

tials of modern life and, whenever possible, keep these anachronisms out of eyeshot: their Rolling Stones and Steppenwolf albums are stashed in a medieval iron safe near the front door.

Throughout the year the couple give elaborate parties, including a New Year's Eve ball with a chamber orchestra and an entirely candlelit Gustavian dinner attended by hoopskirted guests. It's unlikely, however, that the manor house has ever seemed as festive as it did at their midsummer seventies-theme night. Posing as members of the Top 40 band Abba, in blond shag wigs and leather bell-bottoms, the hosts did the bump while the chandeliers swayed to blaring disco.

Gentleman's Garden

(Continued from page 129) "hung" with garlands, and the ranks of hemlock obelisks in the Terrace Garden next to the house are as elegant as any Italian-inspired effort in France or Holland. Here too the eye is distracted by the view through more sheared windows of meadows tumbling down from thickets of oak and hickory.

In his waning years Ladew, who never married, gathered friends and relatives and asked them to create a foundation to keep the garden going after his death. Today a staff of five full-time gardeners works under the

director, Lena Caron, and fund-raising enterprises include a benefit pointto-point race in April, open-air concerts, and rent from two polo fields on the 250-acre estate.

A visitor is asked what he likes most about the gardens. Everything, is the answer: the rhythm and counterpoint, the crafted moments of anticipation and surprise, the balance between man and nature. It is a composition analogous to fox hunting, indeed to Harvey Ladew's whole life: an exercise in daring, grace, and skill within strongly drawn lines of behavior. Ladew entered the world before the Gay Nineties and left it in the wake of the Age of Aquarius—and was happy to do so. He

saw civilization unraveling before him. Young women in the hunt, he complained, tipped back their bowlers irreverently. His grandmother's Madison Avenue brownstone housed an establishment advertising the Whamburger. Perhaps if he could return to see his garden in its renewed splendor, he would want to linger. Even those of us who never knew him would wish that too. But the overriding sentiment is relief that Harvey Ladew never got around to that desk job.

For visitors information: Ladew Topiary Gardens, 3535 Jarrettsville Pike, Monkton, MD 21111; (410) 557-9570. The gardens are open until Dec. 6; the house will be decorated for the holidays and open Dec. 11–13.

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Gandee AT LARGE

Joy to the world

This is a story about five women and two men who live and work in three neighboring houses on

Fulton Street in San Francisco. Their names are Sheila, Laverne, Jeannie, Cathy, Marie, Bill, and Jim, and they are, depending on who's doing the talking about them, either special, disabled, retarded, or handicapped.

I know of these seven women and men, who together

form a family that is both unlike any other family and exactly like any other family, because last July a whirlwind of a woman named Joy Venturini Bianchi swept into my office in New York and began pulling little velvet stuffed animals out of bags. In the somewhat chaotic show-andtell that followed, I was informed that the animals covering my desk were Christmas tree ornaments, that they had been designed by Peewee's Playhouse costume designer Max Robert, who died of AIDS, and



"I have never been to a place where people are happier," said Rose Kennedy

that they had been made by the aforementioned group of people whom my visitor couldn't mention without getting misty-eyed. I was also informed that for the fourth year the animals were to be featured in the Christmas windows of Tiffany's in San Francisco, but that if I wanted one, they were only for sale from a shop in Ghirardelli Square (Helpers Homes Bazaar, 415-387-3031). It all happened very fast. And then Joy Venturini Bianchi gathered her little animals and was gone.

After the visit a somewhat formal note arrived: "The young ladies and gentlemen at Helpers Homes look forward to touring you through our home, activity program, and Ghirardelli Square store when you are in San Francisco." Since San Francisco is but a plane ride away from New York, and since Christmas comes but once a year, I went to San Francisco.

The original idea, as conceived in 1953, was to teach Christian doctrine to the mentally retarded so that they could get into heaven. It was a controversial concept for its time, just as it surely would be for our time (though for different reasons), but it was the brainchild of a num—Sister Miriam Auxilium—and for nuns special dispensation for controversial concepts has traditionally been granted. So Sister Miriam marshaled her forces by enlisting volunteers from the captive audience of San Francisco's Convent of the Sacred Heart. An early convert to the cause was Joy Venturini, who in 1953 was fifteen.

In the intervening forty years, Joy Venturini kept at it, ultimately becoming the group's director. "I wanted to give other people what my parents gave me—a home in every sense of the word," she said by way of explaining her life's work. Which, and it's as simple and remarkable as that, explains the palpable warmth in the trio of houses where I met Sheila, Laverne, Jeannie, Cathy, Marie, Bill, and Jim, who all stopped work on their Christmas animals to greet me en masse. "Hello, Charles," said Cathy, whose task it was to open the front door. "Welcome to Helpers Homes." And then, having delivered her line perfectly, Cathy sighed, visibly pleased with her success. It was Jim who led me on the promised tour, with Sheila and Cathy, helping to point out the highlights, as they saw them, of the women's home, the men's home, and the communal house, which is where the little animals are made, quilting-bee style, around a big table with everybody sewing and stuffing and suggest-

ing decorative additions to each ornament as it makes its way through each of the various hands. One of the major highlights of the tour, certainly for Jim, was the framed photograph of a smiling Jim alongside a smiling Rose Kennedy, who showed up in the spring of 1968 in a big hat and who said, before leaving: "I have never been to a place where people are happier than at Helpers Homes."

The last stop on the itinerary was the shop where Helpers Homes sell, in addition to the Christmas animals, a variety of donated things in a large space provided rent free. As we arrived, Cathy rushed to position herself near the door, once again the official greeter. Jim, meanwhile, had grabbed a pile of fliers and found his favorite spot on Beach Street where, when I walked down to say good-bye, he was handing out the commercial inducements to anyone who would take one. He was wearing a big floppy hat and a big floppy smile and he was a happy man. "Bye, Charles," he said and then he went on with his business.

Charles Gandee