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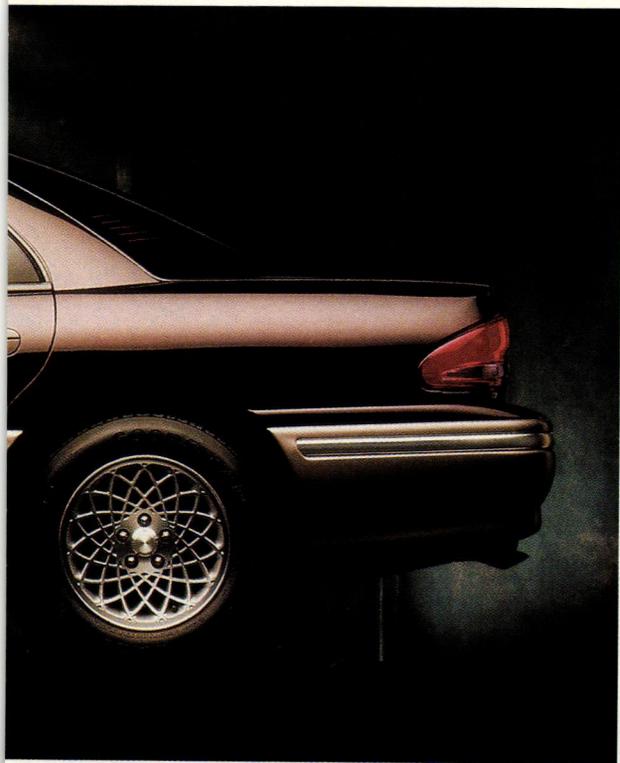
encourage this belief by raising those prices every year.) However, the time has officially come to take a long, hard look at the relationship between a car's price and its value. What's made that necessary is a startling development called the Chrysler Concorde. The Chrysler Concorde is a new luxury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



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with more horsepower than a BMW 525i, more torque than a Nissan 300 ZX. And thanks to a
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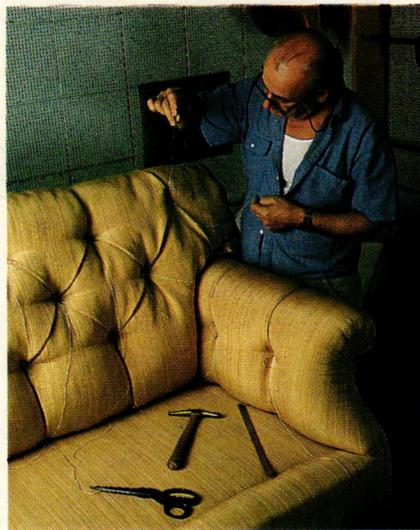
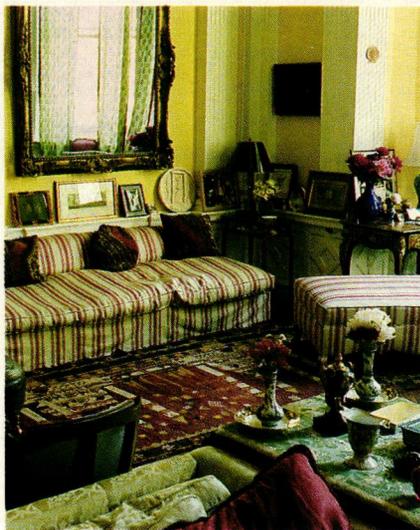
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JANUARY

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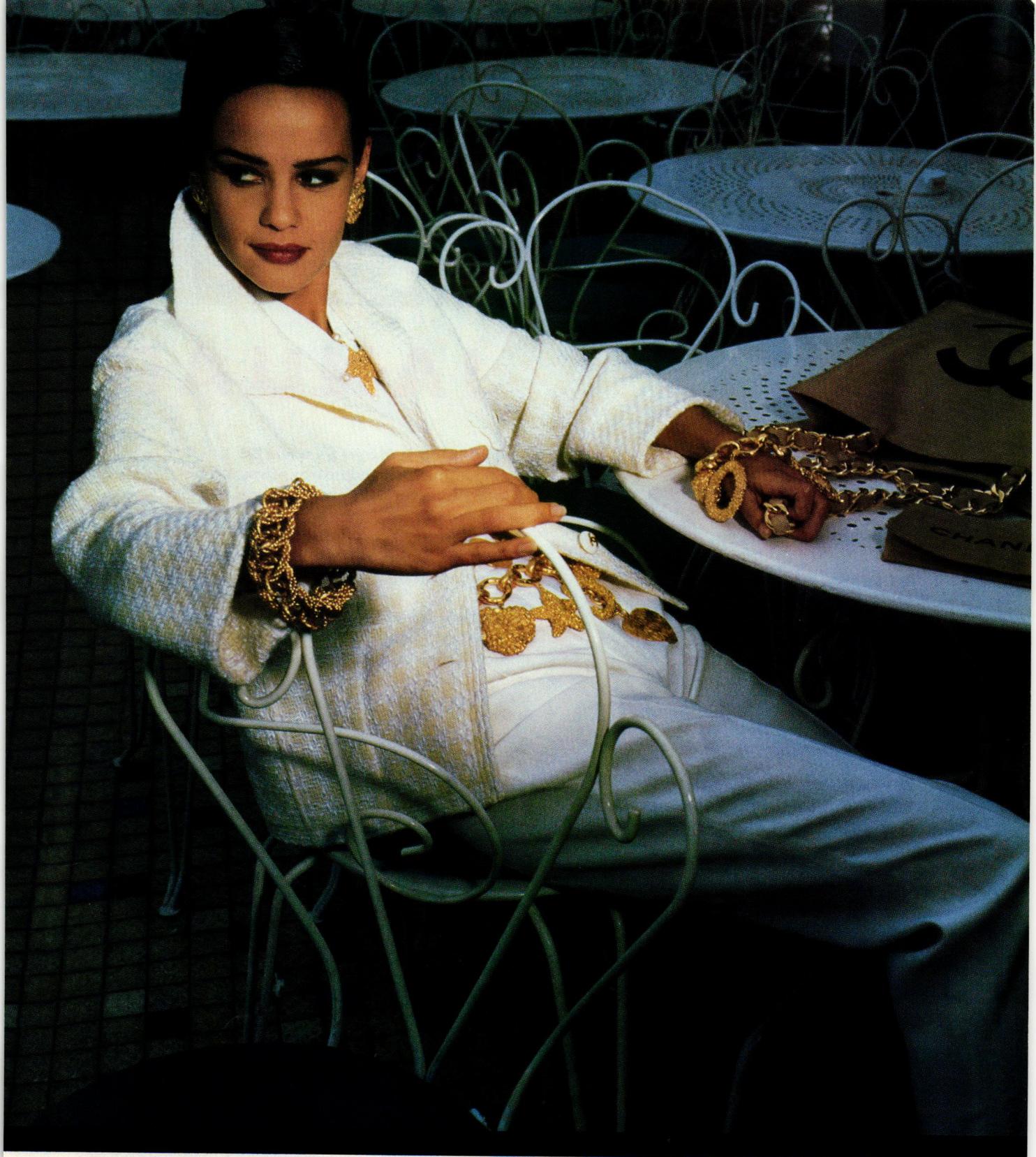
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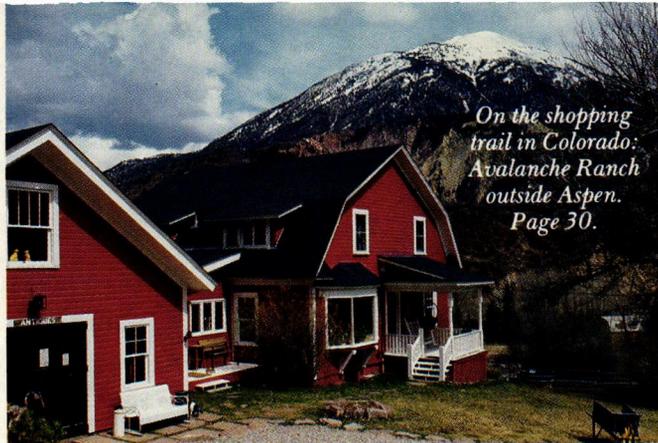


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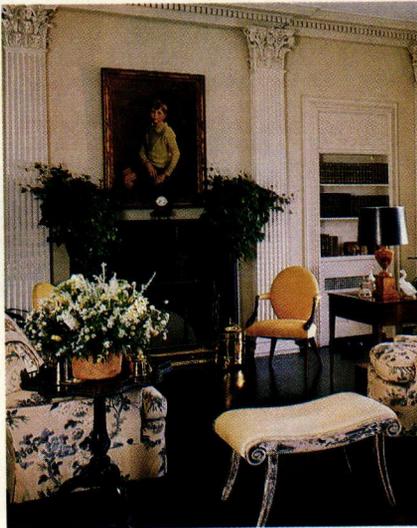
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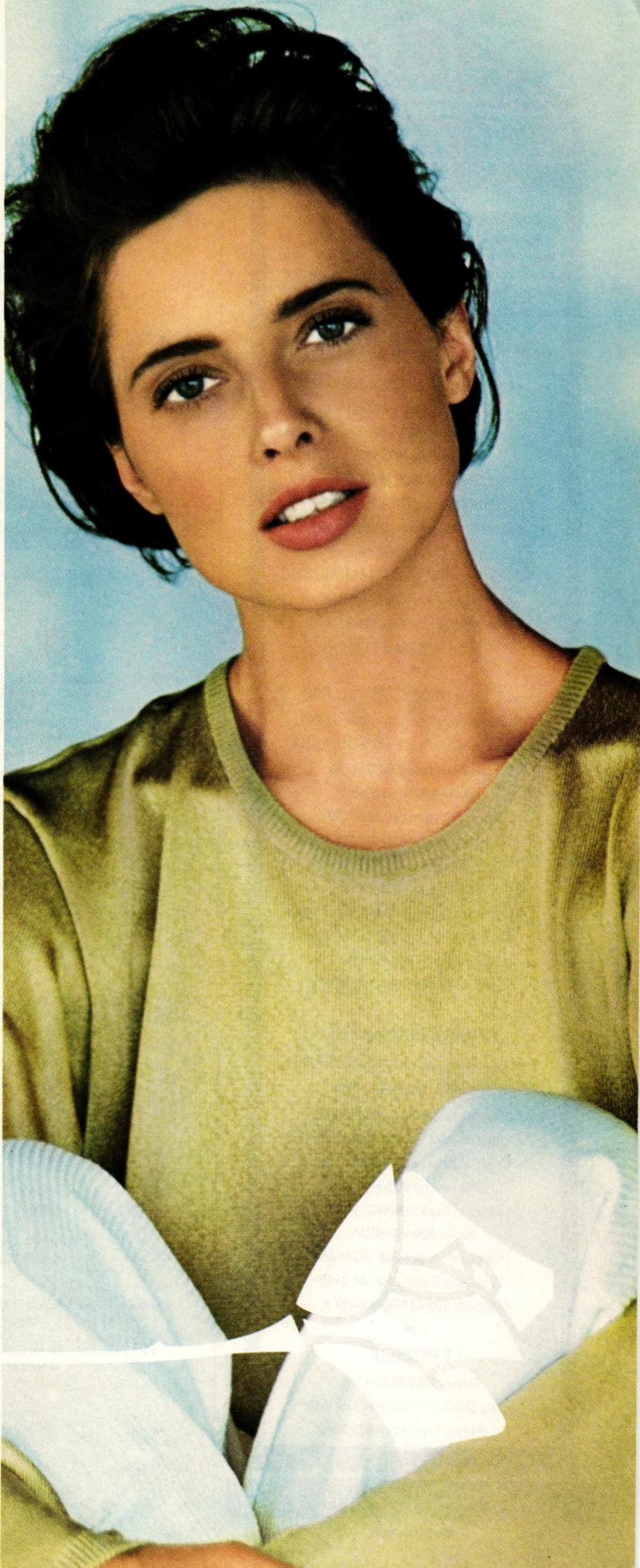
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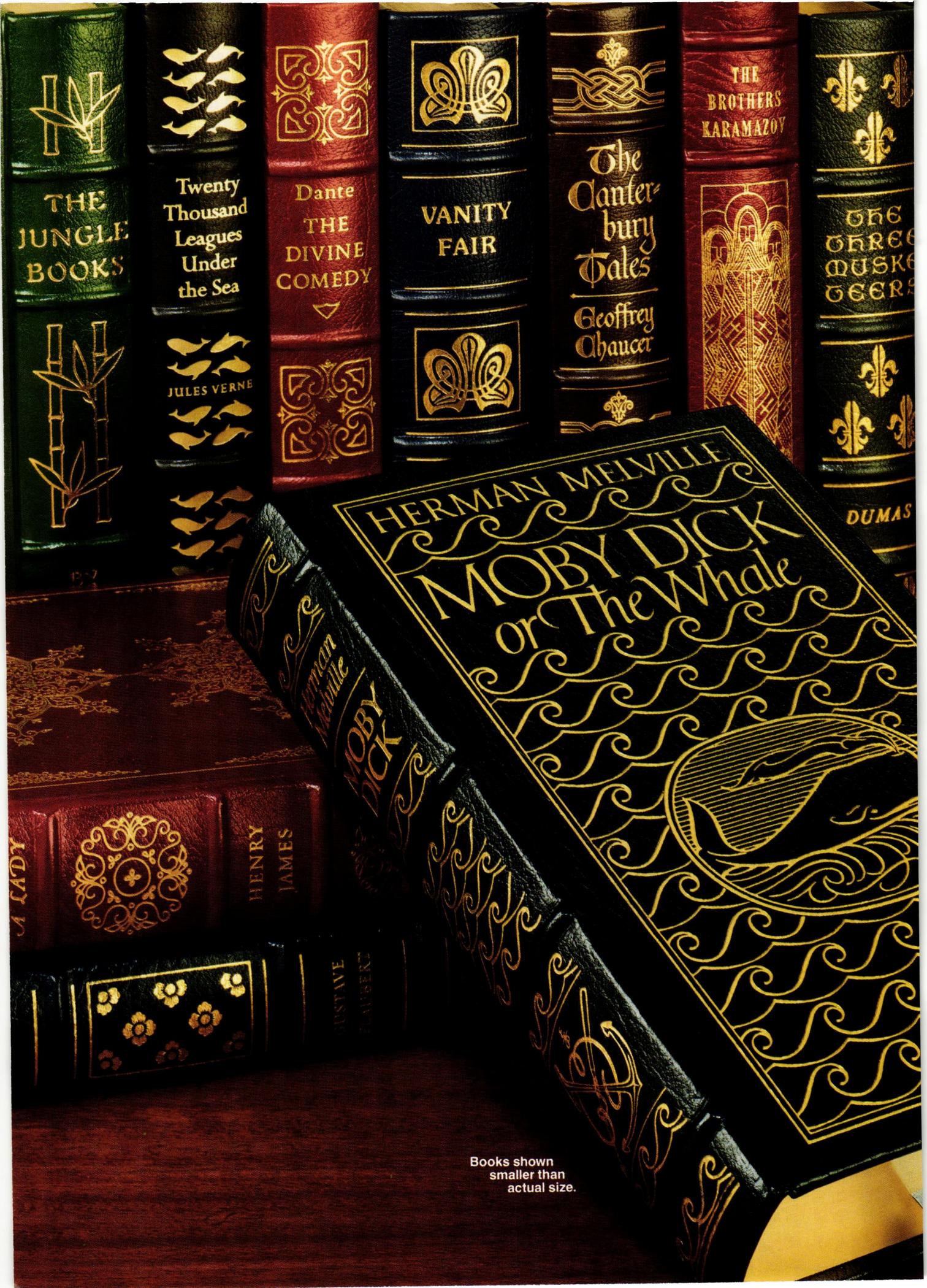
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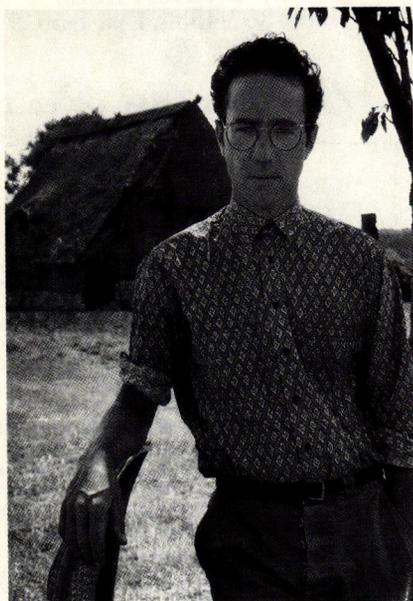
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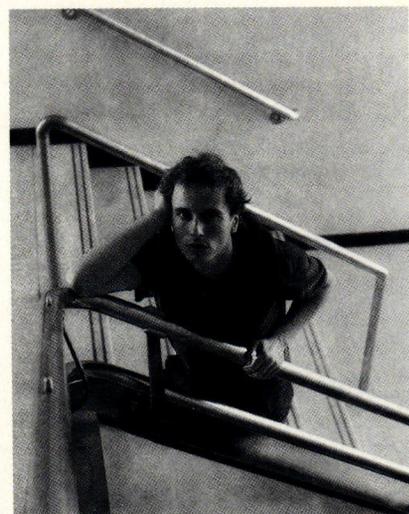
Oberto Gili has been working nearly nonstop for HG since 1984, when he moved to New York from Italy. For this issue he photographed interiors in three countries: Giorgio Armani's retreat on the Italian island of Pantelleria, the L.A. house of Amanda Pays and Corbin Bernsen, and the Paris studio of a connoisseur of modern design. Says Gili, "Fortunately, I love being on planes."

Marina Schinz, a garden photographer, turns her lens on her own upstate New York garden and the surrounding farmland. "I think it's a greater achievement to create a beautiful garden than to take good pictures," she says. "But I do see improvements through the camera that I miss as a gardener." Schinz recently won the Quill & Trowel Award from the Garden Writers Association of America for her contribution to the book *The Gardens of Russell Page*.



Christopher Petkanas explores the life and lasting influence of mid-century tastemaker Van Day Truex, who directed design at Tiffany's. An American living in Paris, Petkanas frequently escapes to the Lubéron Mountains, "a part of Provence that Truex pioneered." Petkanas is the author of *At Home in France*, a book about eating and entertaining in private houses, both grand and humble. He is at work on a history of the New York decorating firm Parish-Hadley.

Kathryn Ireland, an HG contributing editor, visits her friends Amanda Pays and Corbin Bernsen in the cottage they recently transformed into a rambling family house. Between buying trips in England and France for Ireland Pays, the Santa Monica decorating shop she owns with Pays, Ireland is at work on her own house: "It will probably look just like Amanda's—an occupational hazard when you keep shop together."



Umberto Pasti is a journalist who divides his time between his home base in Milan and a villa in Tangier, where he tends a "romantic half-Persian, half-English garden." For HG he writes about a twentieth-century decorative arts collection housed in a restored artist's studio in Paris that was designed by Le Corbusier's firm.

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Helen Frankenthaler

Helen Frankenthaler has long held the highest rank in contemporary painting. *Mountains and Sea*, painted when she was barely into her twenties, is credited with introducing the lyrical use of color to abstract expressionism.

Her work since, exhibited in the world’s most important museums, is admired for its beauty and evocative power, and respected for its disregard of artistic fashion.

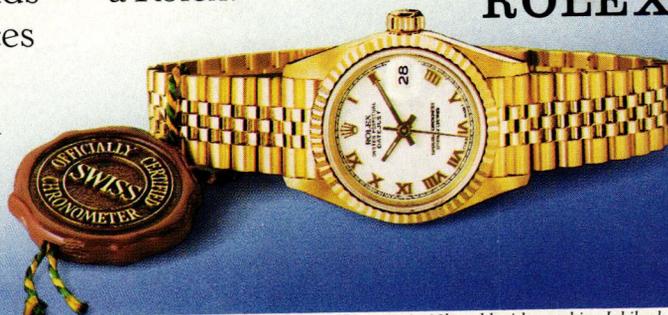
Although Frankenthaler leads a calm, ordered life, she embraces risks and adventure in her art. A strong believer in the magical spark that brings a good painting to life, Frankenthaler approaches her art intuitively,

as well as intellectually, drawing inspiration wherever she may find it, “from nature and the unconscious to great artists of the past.”

“I’ve explored a variety of directions and themes over the years. But I think in all my painting you can see the signature of one artist, the work of one wrist.” And on that immensely talented wrist, Helen Frankenthaler has chosen to wear a Rolex.



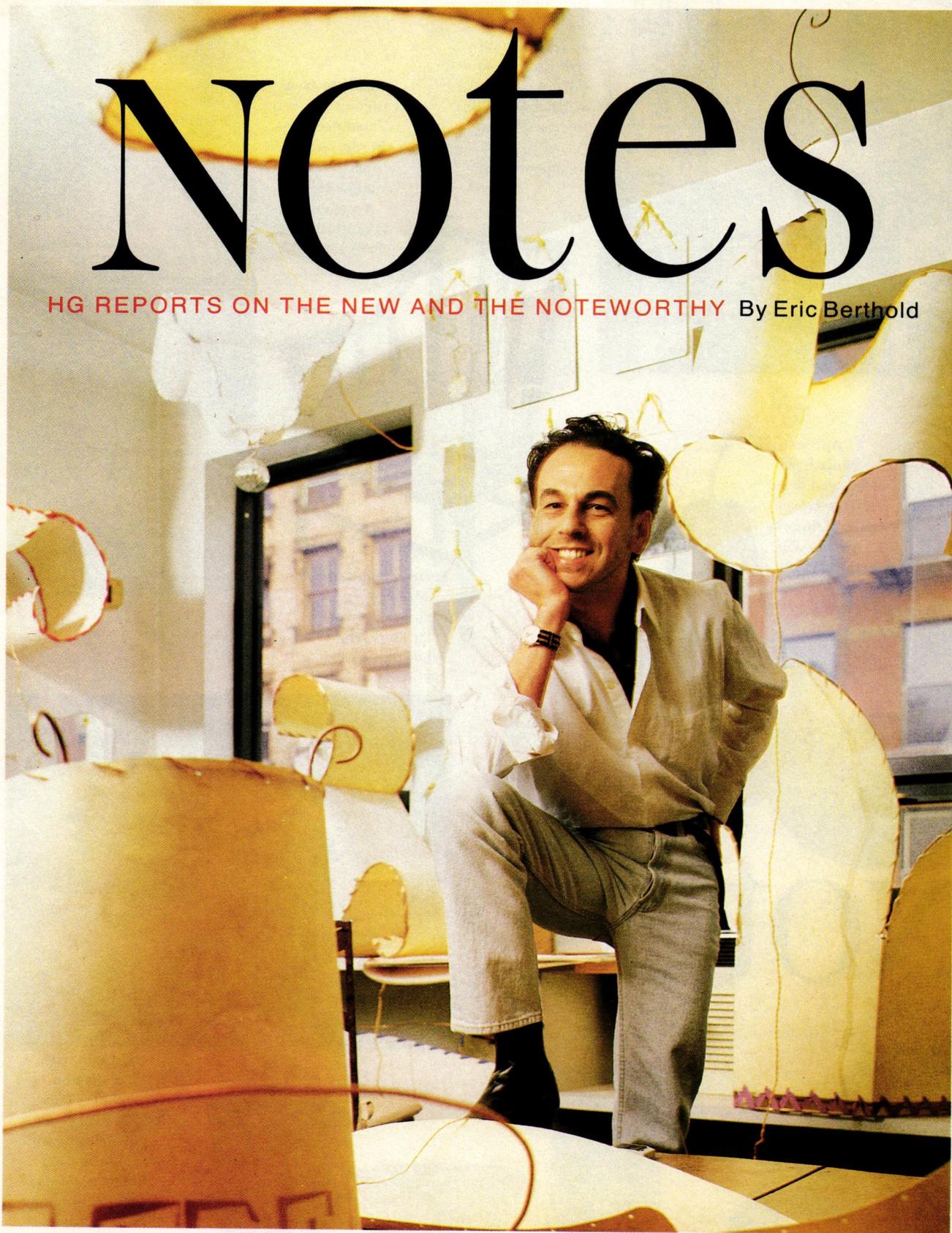
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Notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



“Learning from craftsmen is the best training I could have received,” says architect Roberto Gerosa, who decided to design interiors, furniture, and lighting rather than join his Italian family’s construction business. Using flexible materials, such as waxed papers from Paris and string more commonly seen wrapped around Tuscan herbs, Gerosa forms surprisingly strong light fixtures, with no two alike. Among his other creations are an adjustable Irish linen curtain and an ever-expanding series of small mirrors. (Claiborne Gallery, 452 West Broadway, New York, NY 10012; 212-475-3072)



Graven Images
The makings of an 18th-century-style print room (left), at Nicola Wingate-Saul Print Rooms, London (71) 821-1577 by appointment.



Eastern Standard
Shaker Host chair (above) from McGuire. For showrooms call (415) 626-1414.

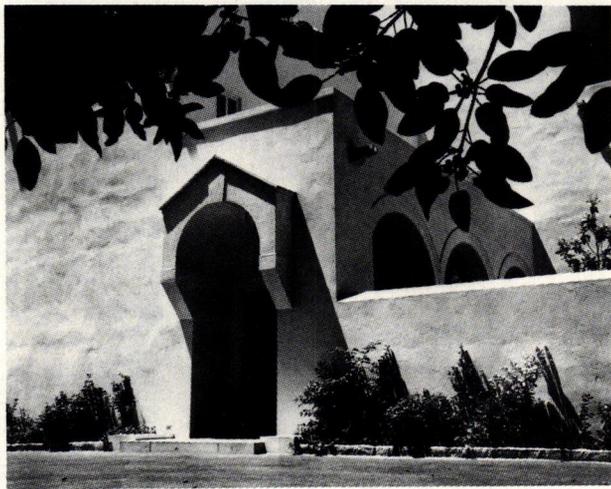


Ready to Wear
Fashion's Adrienne Vittadini creates borders (right), wallcoverings, and fabrics for Gramercy. For information (800) 552-9255.

Apple Polisher
Studded silver fruit (below) from Emporio Armani. For stores (212) 727-3240.



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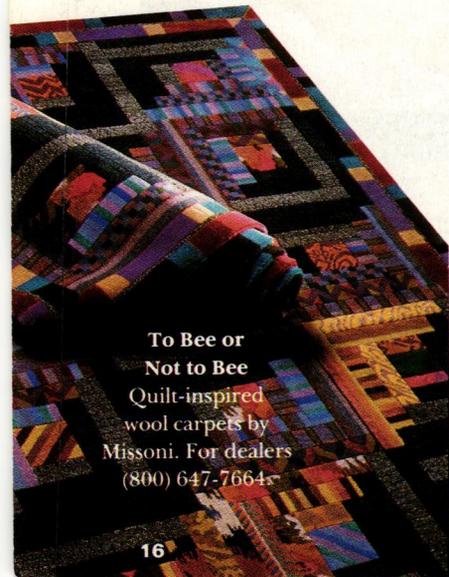


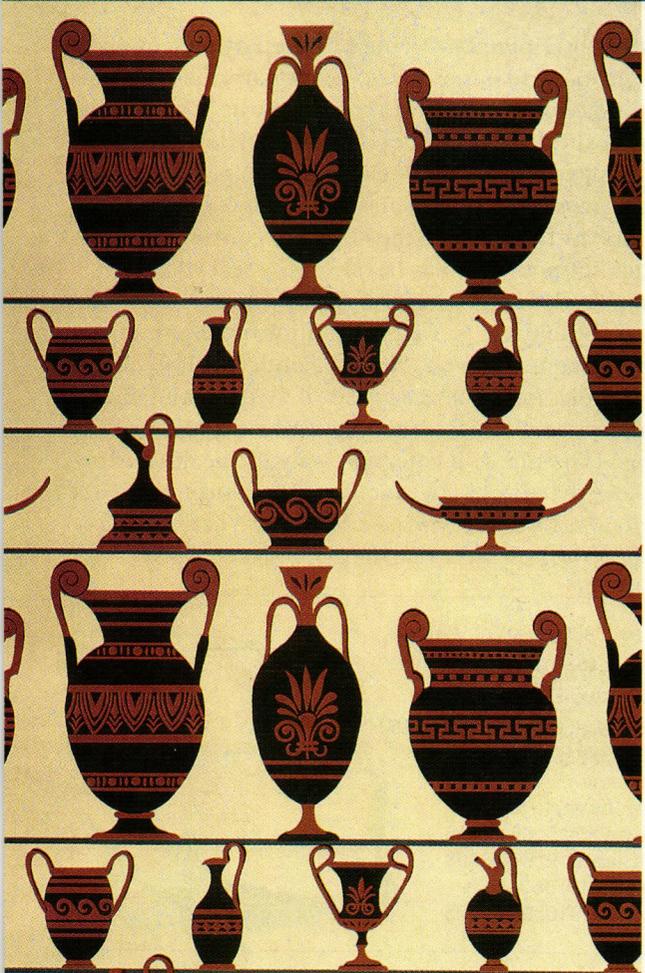
Woman with a Mission
Architect Luth Maria Riggs's house in Montecito for Baron von Romberg (above), 1937-38, is among the projects represented in a retrospective, Dec. 5-Jan. 17, at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, (805) 963-4364.



Cheers Hand-painted goblets (above) by husband-and-wife team MacKenzie-Childs. For stores (315) 364-7123.

To Bee or Not to Bee
Quilt-inspired wool carpets by Missoni. For dealers (800) 647-7664.

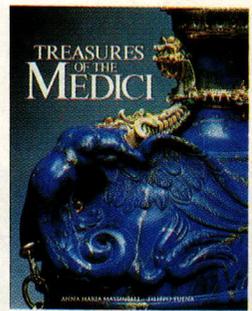




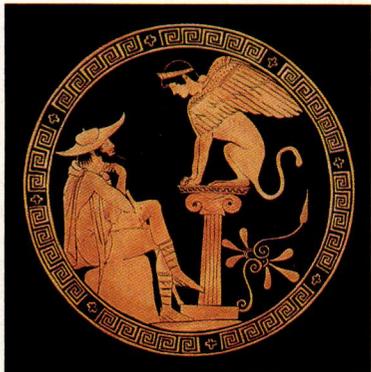
Platonic Relationship Hamilton wallpaper (*above*) and Plato border (*top*) from Quadrille. For showrooms (212) 753-2995.



Greek Translation
Iron klismos chair (*above*) from Wicker Works. For dealers (415) 626-6730.



Family Album Explore another golden age with *Treasures of the Medici* (*above*) by Anna Maria Massinelli and Filippo Tuena (Vendome, \$50).



Oedipus and the Sphinx
Hand-painted floorcloth (*above*) from Grey Dun Studio. Call (212) 535-3194 or (518) 329-2671.

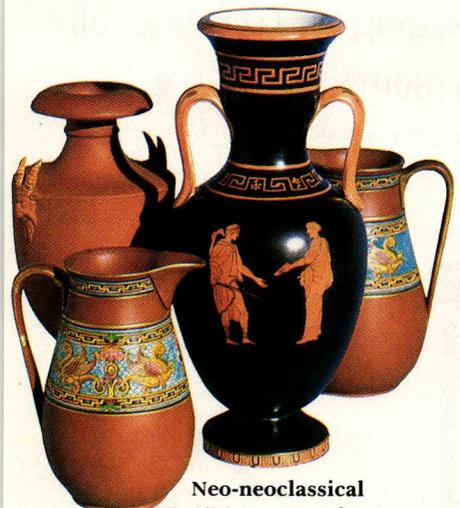


Attic Light
J. Robert Scott's Amphora lamp (*above*), to the trade. For showrooms (310) 659-4910.

NOTES



About Face Profile plate (*above*) from Timney-Fowler, London (71) 352-2263.



Neo-neoclassical
English pottery (*above*), c. 1890, at Sentimento, 14 West 55th St., NYC (212) 245-3111 by appt.



Mediterranean Basin
The ceramic tiles, mosaics, and molded faience used in the Amphibious bathroom (*left*) are available from Paris Ceramics. For brochure (203) 862-9538.

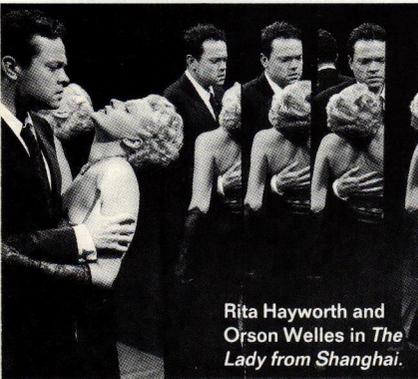
NEWS

HG REPORTS FROM THE HOME FRONT

By Denise Martin

Q&A *How do you feel about mirrored walls?*

Albert Hadley: "Mirrors add sparkle and light and, when carefully used, can increase dimensions. But one must be careful that the reflections are what one really wishes to see."

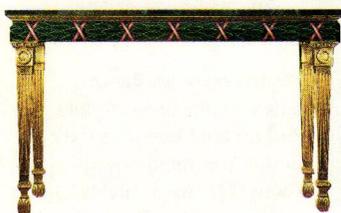


Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles in *The Lady from Shanghai*.

Clodagh: "I hate them, hate to see the seams. Mirrored walls with seams call attention to themselves. But I do use enormous chunks of mirror in an architectural way." **Barbara Barry:** "I love them when they're framed in classic molding, with baseboard and trim. What I don't like is mirror just stuck on the wall so that you can see the edges—terrible, terrible."

Best Sellers

Four furniture companies tell HG which of their side tables are currently most popular.



KARGES
Rothschild console



E. J. VICTOR
Lamp table 9002-42



CENTURY
Capuan table



BAKER
Charleston piecrust table

Adventures in the Rose Trade On September 18 the U.S. Department of Agriculture withdrew its controversial proposal to impose a two-year quarantine on roses from Canada in order to protect our national flower from rose wilt virus. The reason? Scientific evidence indicating that the sudden wilting, defoliation, and death ascribed to the virus may be caused by disease agents that already exist here. "A pathogen conclusively determined to be rose wilt virus has never been isolated," says Cornell professor Kenneth Horst, a plant pathologist who urged the USDA to consider the new research. He suggests that necrotic ringspot virus may be one of the real villains.

According to William E. Johnson, in the November issue of *The America Rose*, the USDA decision "calls into question" the entire U.S. rose quarantine on imports from Europe, as well as the ban on imports from Australia, New Zealand, and Italy. Peter Grosser of the USDA allows that the rules might be rescinded "if we determined that rose wilt virus was the only issue and research shows rose wilt virus is a nonissue."

Some angry rosarians who deluged Grosser with letters praising the health and variety of roses from Canada still believe that the USDA's motive was not protection but protectionism—a claim Grosser denies. But even USDA critic Suzy Verrier of Forevergreen Farm in Maine admits that she's pleased with the agency's retreat.

Costs of Living For making a slipcover with a standard kick pleat for a classic club chair, using the client's white canvas duck and contrasting welting:

\$89 Marc Tash Interiors, New York City (212) 385-2253

\$175 Deloris Toone, New York City (718) 671-1286

\$175-\$200 Gracie's Custom Slipcovers, Houston (713) 491-4347, by appt.

\$280-\$320 Recover Me, San Francisco (415) 864-2725

\$300-\$325 Superior Furniture, Chicago (312) 862-8000

\$300-\$400 Indigo Seas, Los Angeles (310) 550-8758

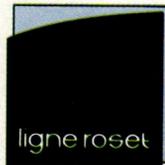
\$385 Shabby Chic, Santa Monica (310) 394-1975



Environment Last year New York City composted 455.1 tons of Christmas trees from two boroughs. ▲ For locations that accept plastic foam packaging for recycling call (800) 944-8448; for foam peanuts (800) 828-2214. ▲

SOURCES: NEW YORK CITY DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION; ASSOCIATION OF FOAM PACKAGING RECYCLERS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

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Toronto	(416) 362-7404

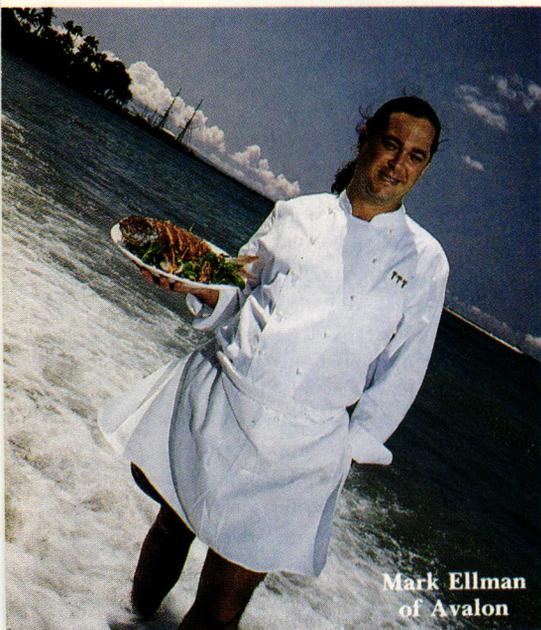
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Mark Ellman
of Avalon



New Wave on Maui

*Three Hawaiian
restaurants put a
fresh spin on
Pacific Rim cuisine*

BY DENISE MARTIN

GENERATIONS OF TOURISTS HAVE flown into Hawaii from the mainland unwittingly accompanied by most of the food they will eat once they touch ground. No more. "Today eighty percent of what I serve is local," says Mark Ellman of Avalon, a bustling restaurant in the old whaling port of Lahaina on Maui. "Just this morning I got thirty pounds of sugar snap peas, plus vine-ripened tomatoes, Ulupalakua strawberries, mangoes, papaya, pineapples, and onions, all from Maui, and shiitakes from the Big Island. All my fish is bought right here, on the harbor."

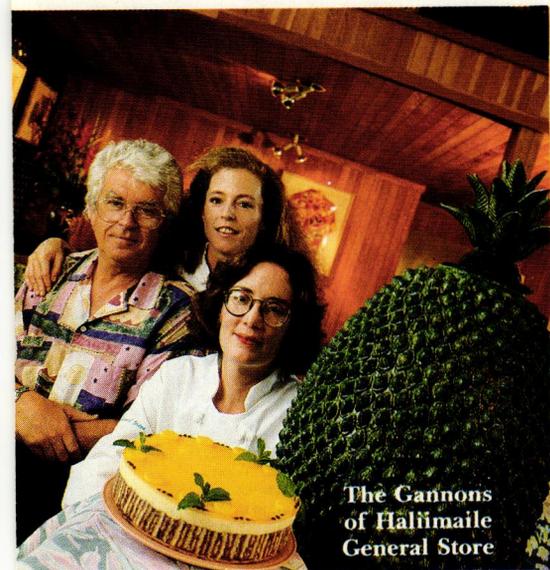
One and a half years ago, fourteen island chefs got together at the Maui Prince Hotel on the beach at Makena for a three-day symposium. What emerged was a new organization, Hawaii Regional Cuisine, dedicated to promoting local food and agriculture. The deliveries to Avalon's back door are one measure of HRC's success. So are the native blackberries that a woman in upcountry Maui picks for the Haliimaile General Store, a lively lunch and dinner spot in an old pineapple plantation camp store, as well as the organic avocados and mesclun greens that end up at the candlelit Prince Court in the hotel where HRC was born. But eating at these three Maui restaurants isn't only a fine way to sample ruby lettuce picked the day it appears on your plate—there's no better place to ex-

perience the wave of invention that is sweeping Hawaiian kitchens.

At Avalon, Los Angeles native Mark Ellman gives Hawaiian regional cuisine a Southeast Asian spin: "Chinese, Japanese, Malaysian, Thai—those were always my favorite foods. When I first tasted shrimp with lobster sauce, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven." The most spectacular dish Ellman and his sister Gerry turn out from Avalon's tiny kitchen is whole opaka-paka, or pink snapper. "I started steaming them the traditional Chinese way, but some customers were squeamish about digging into the whole fish," he recalls. "So I scored the flesh in diamonds before cooking, making it easier to take chunks off the bone." Now Avalon offers whole opaka-paka three ways: steamed Hawaiian style, with soy, ginger, and herb sauce; Thai style, with lemongrass, lime, coconut, mint, and basil; and wok-fried with a spicy black bean sauce.

Bev Gannon's Haliimaile General Store grew accidentally out of her catering business—which grew accidentally out of the music business road tours where she first worked with her husband, Joe, who now manages the restaurant. She calls

Chef Ellman offers his whole opaka-paka, wok-fried with a spicy black bean sauce, above left, or steamed with soy, ginger, and herbs, above right. Left: Joe, Teresa, and Bev Gannon serve mango mousse cake made with fruit picked on the island.

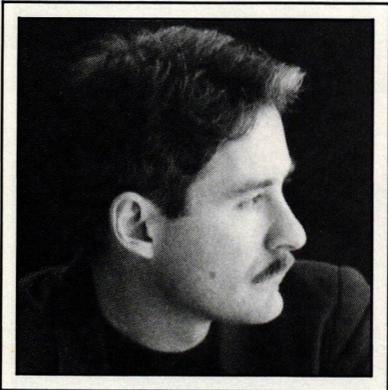


The Gannons
of Haliimaile
General Store

A M E R I C A N
PLAYHOUSE

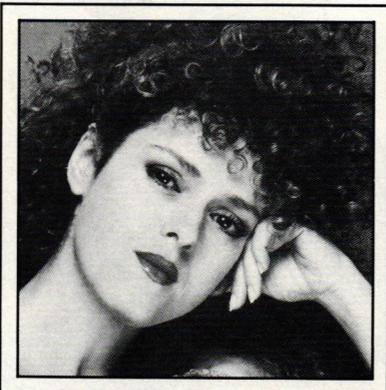
Viewers' Profiles:

Kevin Kline



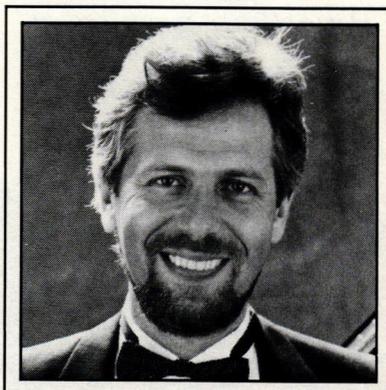
"Playhouse reminds me consistently of how much TV can do. Their programming happily ignores the status quo of the medium and brings out first-rate work from the artists it challenges."

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SOME OF THIS SEASON'S HIGHLIGHTS

Strangers in Good Company

A funny and fascinating chronicle of seven elderly women and their discoveries in an abandoned house.

Straight Out of Brooklyn

This look at a black family's battle against the odds launched the career of 19-year-old filmmaker Matty Rich.

Good Morning, Babylon

Two immigrant brothers discover America on the set of a DW. Griffith epic. Greta Scacchi and Vincent Spano star.

Fires in the Mirror

Racial conflicts in a Brooklyn neighborhood simmer and explode in Anna Deavere Smith's tour de force portrayal of over 30 characters.

Thank You & Goodnight!

Humor, heartache, drama and documentary merge in this off-beat look at the life and death of the filmmaker's grandmother.

La Carpa

An immigrant laborer finds justice, hope and heart in the spirited art of a traveling theater troupe in the '30s.



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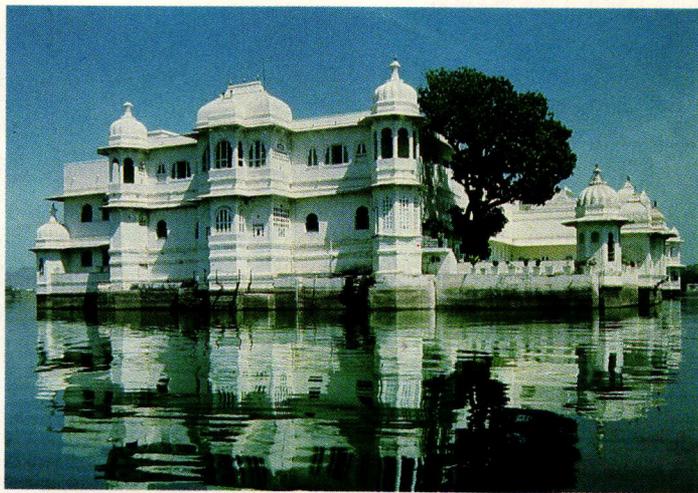
ut electricity, plumbing, or anything more modern than an occasional bicycle. My fellow guests and I had chance to grind wheat, weave, eat a typical meal of breads and vegetables, and try, without success, to lift a

all water jug onto our heads.

From Jodhpur I flew to Udaipur to sample its princely options. Committed as I was to the smaller palaces, I could not resist the former maharani's suite at the dazzling Lake Palace Hotel, which covers an island in Pichola Lake. Once an eighteenth-century Salasaur palace, it has been completely modernized. Fresh small rooms distinguished by magnificent views, tables, three splendid historic suites. Opening the windows of my room in the maharani's quarters, I could almost touch the water lapping under the sill; green, and red stained glass sparkled in the sun, and in the morning the reflections formed shifting patterns of descent light on the wall. The traditional furniture was covered in brocades, and in the center of the

a wedding swing hung from the ceiling. Typical views of the Lake Palace are part of the appeal of the Shiv Niwas Palace and the new Fateh Prakash, owned and run by the maharana of Udaipur, and the Singhji Mewar. Both are adjacent to the historical palace and to the maharana's current quarters. The beautifully restored Shiv Niwas, art deco furniture done up in silk brocades that match the mosaic and chandeliers. The former royal suites open onto a shady patio and pool—a fine place, I found, to sit in the afternoons. The Fateh Prakash houses Rajasthani furniture from the maharana's collection and Jaipur miniature paintings, although at four feet in length some are not so miniature.

A glimpse of the sporting side of princely life, I found some five kilometers from the center of town in Shikarbad, once the maharana's art deco hunting lodge and now the stud farm for his polo ponies, as well as a country hotel. To me it seemed that the new room wing and modern dining room have little in common with the American West than with India, but the lodge itself is unchanged; the upstairs sitting room and bar is decked out in tiger skins and rattan furniture, and tame deer, peacocks, and monkeys

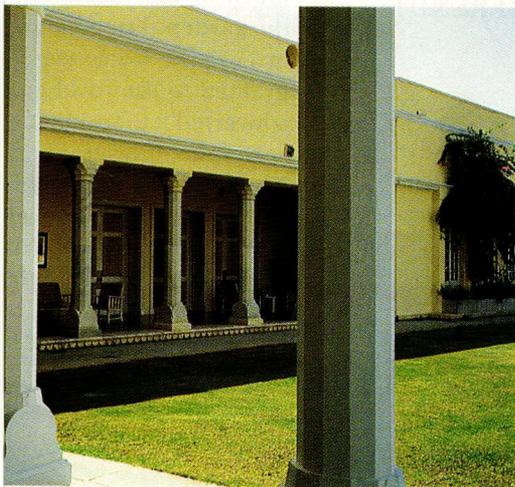


The island setting of the famed Lake Palace in Udaipur, above, is captivating, but smaller palace hotels like the intimate Rajmahal in Jaipur, below left, and the Ajit Bhawan in Jodhpur, with its period dining room, below, retain more of their original character.

wander in the garden. The hotel offers day rides, as well as safaris to such nearby sites as Kumbhalgarh Fort, the Ranakpur temple complex, and Mount Abu.

At once the oldest and the newest palace in Rajasthan is Neemrana Fort-Palace, on the road between Jaipur and Delhi. The Neemrana, which dates back to 1464, nestles in a bowl between two hills, each with its own ruined fort and watchtower. The nine-story palace was in ruins when it was bought by an Indian writer and designer, a French writer and businessman, and two art collectors, who are still in the process of restoring it and filling it with antiques, Rajasthani textiles, and handwork from all over India. The twenty-six rooms carry out different themes, from a nineteenth-century Kerala planter's sitting room to the nearly all-white Chandra Mahal suite, but guests are encouraged to sleep outside on the roof. After a peaceful night under the starry desert sky, it is hard to realize that the teeming millions of Delhi are only two hours away. ▲

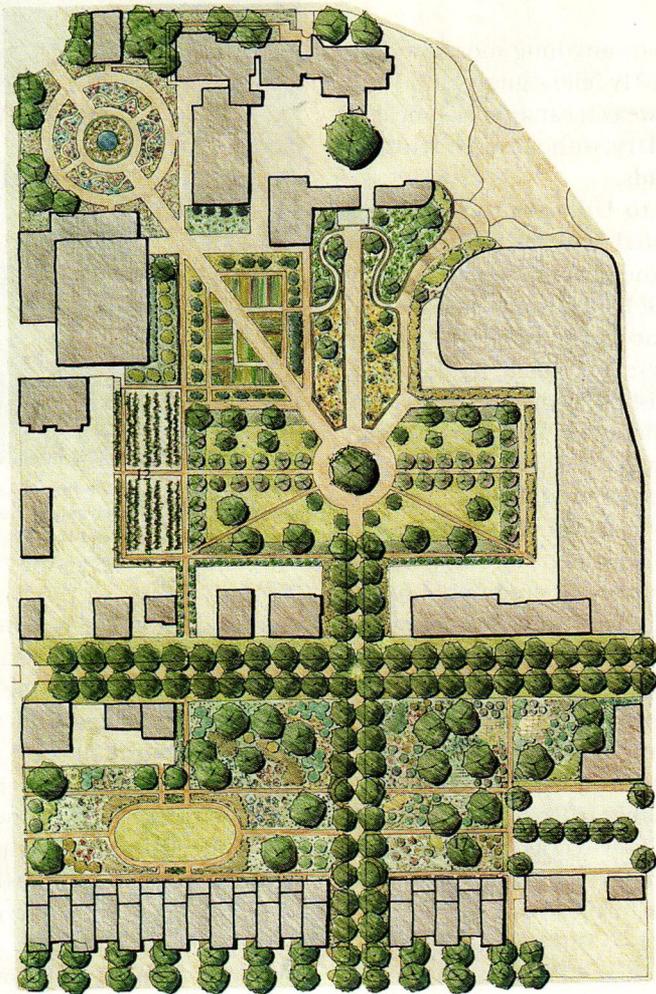
For visitors information: The Jai Mahal Palace and Rajmahal in Jaipur and the Lake Palace in Udaipur are represented in the U.S. by Cox & Kings, (800) 999-1758. Ajit Bhawan, Jodhpur (291) 20409. Fateh Prakash and Shiv Niwas in Udaipur (294) 28239. Neemrana Fort-Palace, call Mrs. Singh, New Delhi (11) 616145, 618962, or 462-5214. Shikarbad, Udaipur (294) 83200.



WHEN THE BRITISH staked out Georgia as the thirteenth American colony in 1733, they intended it to serve as a military buffer between the twelve colonies to the north and the hostile Spaniards in Florida. They also hoped it would turn out to be a money-making proposition. As Britain's southernmost American colony, Georgia would have one of the warmest climates and longest growing seasons in the empire. The trustees of the colony, who supervised it from London, were counting on Georgia to produce commodities that England had been importing at great expense, particularly silk from Italy and wine from Madeira. Therefore, when James Oglethorpe laid out Georgia's first settlement, Savannah, he marked off a ten-acre plot for the purpose of finding out which plants and trees were best suited to the soil and climate of the region. The Trustees' Garden, as it was called, became North America's first experimental botanical garden.

The site is still known as the Trustees' Garden, but the garden is long gone. In its place stands a jumble of buildings that have accumulated over the years—restored remnants of an early nineteenth century fort, a couple of restaurants, and some old wooden houses. The only hint that this was once a garden of historic significance is a marker beside a parking lot. The message on the marker sends a tingle down the spine: "From this garden was disseminated the upland cotton which later comprised the greater part of the world's cotton commerce. Here were propagated and from this garden distributed, the peach trees which gave Georgia and South Carolina another major commercial crop. . . ."

This site has other claims to fame.



Experiment in Savannah

New plans plot the re-creation of a colonial trial garden

BY JOHN BERENDT



According to local legend, Sir Walter Raleigh conferred here with an Indian chief. Later, when the garden was in flower, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, is said to have strolled through it composing hymns. And it was in a rum cellar there that Captain Flint of *Treasure Island* supposedly died. The Pirates' House restaurant, which occupies a structure built in 1734, claims to be the tavern that inspired Robert Louis Stevenson.

From the start, the garden was beset by hardships. A British botanist hired to tour the Caribbean collecting specimens died in Jamaica. His replacement partially fulfilled his mission, suffering innumerable misfortunes, including being detained by the Spaniards in Veracruz. Friends of the colony around the world sent seeds and cuttings, and

once the garden was planted, it flourished as a nursery of oranges, olives, mulberries, figs, and peaches. Within two years, though, the gardeners fell to quarreling, and the head gardener decamped for South Carolina. His successor walked off the job, accusing the keeper of the public stores of cheating him out of part of his wages. A blistering summer in 1738 followed by a killing frost damaged much of the vegetation. Gradually, the garden slipped into decline, and in 1755 the whole ten-acre tract was granted to the royal governor, who converted it to residential use.

Despite its brief life, the Trustees' Garden holds an exalted place in America's horticultural history. A direct descendant of the Chelsea Physic Garden, which contribut-

Bruce Kelly and David Varnell's plan for the re-creation of the lost garden, top. Left: An early botanical print of sassafras, one of the native species propagated in the garden.

ed a number of cuttings and seeds (including cotton), it was the forerunner of our present system of experimental and educational botanical gardens. Not only that, the Trustees' Garden was an instrument of the humanist ideals upon which Georgia was founded. Slavery was originally forbidden in the colony. The production of silk and wine would have required the sort of light work that women and children could have done, and if those industries had taken hold, there might never have been such a clamor for slave labor. But the vines sent from Madeira did not fare well, and although mulberry trees—their leaves are used to feed silkworms—were successfully introduced, profits from the raw silk reeled in Georgia were not great enough to sustain an industry. In 1749 the trustees relented and permitted the introduction of slaves. By the end of the century, cotton had become the region's major crop.

No charts or maps of the garden's original design remain. The only clues as to its shape and content are supplied by contemporaneous written reports. We know that the garden occupied the eastern shoulder of the riverside bluff on which Savannah was built. The soil on top was sandy, on the slope it was clay, and at the bottom it was rich and marshy. The garden was laid out in squares cut by crosswalks lined with fragrant orange trees. At the northern end there was a grove of native bay, sassafras, evergreen, oak, hickory, American ash, and magnolia, and in the coldest part of the garden there were fruit trees common in England—apple, pear, and the like. Elsewhere there were olives, figs, vines, pomegranates, and other fruits that had been imported from southern Europe. At the bottom of the bluff a collection of tropical plants and trees—medicinal herbs, coffee, coconuts, cotton, and bamboo—were huddled in the most sheltered area.

It was inevitable that sooner or later Savannah would get around to restoring the Trustees' Garden. ("Restoring" is probably the wrong

word; "re-creating" is more like it.) The city is already justly famous for the restoration of its two-and-a-half-square-mile historic district, with its lush green squares and more than a thousand beautifully maintained eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses. The prime mover in the campaign to rebuild the Trustees' Garden is a deceptively mild mannered woman named Mary Helen Ray. Mrs. Ray heads Savannah's Park and Tree Commission and has held other positions in the world of horticulture. She has been joined in the effort by New York landscape architects Bruce Kelly and David Varnell, native Georgians best known for Strawberry Fields, the memorial to John Lennon in Central Park. Kelly has long been fascinated by the Trustees' Garden. Four years ago he sought out Mrs. Ray and offered to draw up preliminary plans in order to generate further interest.

In their re-creation Kelly and Varnell propose a five-acre garden, leaving in place all the buildings of

historic value. For authenticity, they propose to include plants that have been bred back to their eighteenth-century form, such as peach trees and tomatoes. The design incorporates many features of the original garden and wisely adds a new touch or two—most notably a strong visual link to the adjacent historic quarter through the placement of an entrance gate and a mulberry allée on line with a busy thoroughfare.

The Atlanta Gas Light Co. owns the land, and as yet, there is no timetable for implementing the plans. The funds to build and maintain the garden project remain to be raised. With Savannah set to play host to the 1996 Olympic yachting races, local interest has picked up. A rebuilt Trustees' Garden would serve as a significant scientific and educational resource for Savannah and it might well become a tourist attraction. As such, it could be expected to generate considerable cash flow, which was, after all, what the trustees intended it to do 260 years ago. ▲



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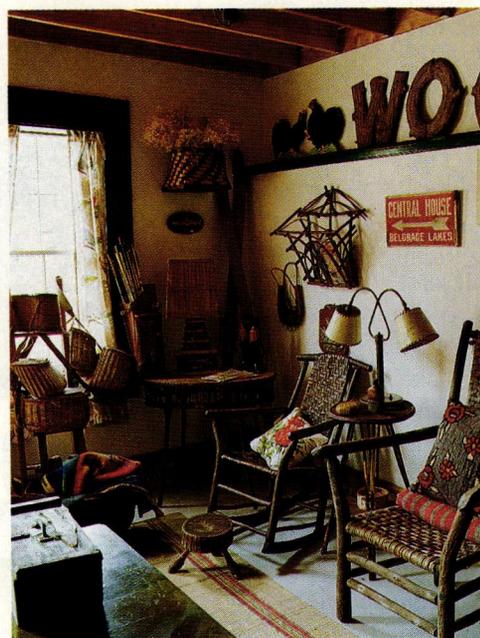
COWBOY-STYLE SKI BOOTS MAY BE JUST around the bend. In Aspen, a town that traces its roots to a scrappy pack of late nineteenth century silver miners and ranchers, the current fervor for western gear is making even palace-scaled vacation houses look like Buffalo Bill's barn. The urge to go rustic typically strikes with the purchase of a 1920s Beacon blanket—the technicolor bedroll—and leads to a wholesale roundup of rough-hewn furniture and archaic sporting equipment. Until recently, these backwoods relics weren't easy to come by. But no longer, thanks to a number of canny antiques dealers whose shops form a scenic trail that starts in Aspen and winds down valley to the rural communities spread out along the Roaring Fork River. Before embarking on a day's excursion, it's best to call ahead since shopkeepers are often off doing some prospecting of their own.

Alderfer's Antiques Seasoned dealer Johnnie Alderfer has an eye for of-the-moment accessories: vintage shooting trophies, bamboo fishing rods, hooked rugs, longhorn-patterned china, and fringed throws. In a space no bigger than a walk-in closet, Alderfer also manages to pack nine-foot-long painted pine benches, hickory chairs (one of hers recently turned up in a J. Crew catalogue), and elaborately stenciled sleds. Actor George Hamilton left the shop toting a life-size portrait of two bull mastiffs. (101 South

High Altitude Antiquing

Shops in Aspen and nearby offer everything for the well-stocked

BY MARGOT GURALNICK



At Avalanche Ranch, former ski instructor Sharon I
antiques barn, above, with vintage sporting gear
covered furniture. The rustic sign came from a Col
left: A 1940s Wisconsin log chair, tramp art f
enamelware breadbox at the Great Camp Collect
Oxy's Trading Post is housed in a Victorian mi

Monarch St., Aspen, CO 81611; 303-925-5051)

Oxy's Trading Post Bob and Maureen Oxenberg hold court in a Victorian miner's cabin with snowshoes hanging on the front porch and "Happy Trails" playing on the tape deck. They drive 60,000 miles a year in search of what Maureen describes as "the playful, the primitive, and the down home." These trips net a remarkably well-priced array of lamps made from stirrups, rumpus room sofas with cowpokes stitched into vinyl upholstery, and choice Beacon and Pendleton blankets, many of which have been whisked away to Hollywood by Bob's sister, actress Catherine Oxenberg. Their back room is the domain of Les Ochs, who offers cowboy chenille bedspreads, guitars, old and new fish decoys, and shiny finds from his biannual jaunts to the Amarillo Bit and Spur Show. (309 East Main St., Aspen, CO 81611; 303-925-1027)

Yesteryear Twenty-two miles down Highway 82 from Aspen in El Jebel, the smell of baking pies lures people into Kem Curtis's enclave of Western Slope Victoriana. Gently rusted wrought-iron beds, domed traveling chests, embroidered linens, and stacks of batter bowls fill a farmhouse little changed since the thirties, when the kitchen's checkerboard linoleum was laid. Every room is set up for living and Curtis likes to feed hungry customers, making the shop an ideal spot to while away a few hours. (18977 Highway 82, El Jebel, CO 81628; 303-963-9840)

The Great Camp Collection In Carbondale, an old mining and cattle town that still offers room to roam, decorator Bonnie Sherwood Miller sells ranch trappings, including turn-of-the-century hitching posts. She mixes her own lines of Molesworth-style sofas and wagon wheel chairs—"wider, deeper, and better made than the Sears, Roebuck originals," says Miller—with vintage pine pieces that have "a patina you just can't fake." (358 Main St., Carbondale, CO 81623; 303-963-0221)

A Country Affair Nancy Thurman, a retired legal secretary and the mother of nine, spends eighty-five percent of her time behind the wheel of a Chevy van tracking down American country furniture. Steering clear of temperamental European veneers and elaborate inlays, she zeros in on woods such as cherry and butternut that thrive in a dry high-altitude climate. "When I go out on the road," she says, "I don't always like myself, because I'm hard to

Stirrup lamps and snowshoe chairs are attractions along the antiques trail that winds down valley from Aspen

please." Her husband, Jack, a former ranch manager, mans the seven-room store, selling braided rugs, scrub pine tables, and Amish cupboards to clients who include "that Australian actor with the big knife who just married someone named Linda." (65 North 3 St., Carbondale, CO 81623; 303-963-9101)

Avalanche Ranch Skiers, hikers, and fishermen come from all over to this hospitable guest ranch, superbly sited on the Crystal River at the base of 13,000-foot Mount Sopris, the highest peak in the area. Owners Sharon and Jim Mollica rent log cabins and run a bed-and-breakfast inn with an antiques store that draws hoards of decorators. Enthralled by "anything campy or woodsy," Sharon is the source for rattan fishing creels, birchbark canoes and baskets, snowshoe lounge chairs, and hand-carved wooden skis with killer tips. At sunset, everyone's welcome to gather around the Avalanche Ranch campfire and swap tall tales about the shopping trail. (12863 Highway 133, Redstone, CO 81623; 303-963-2846) ▲



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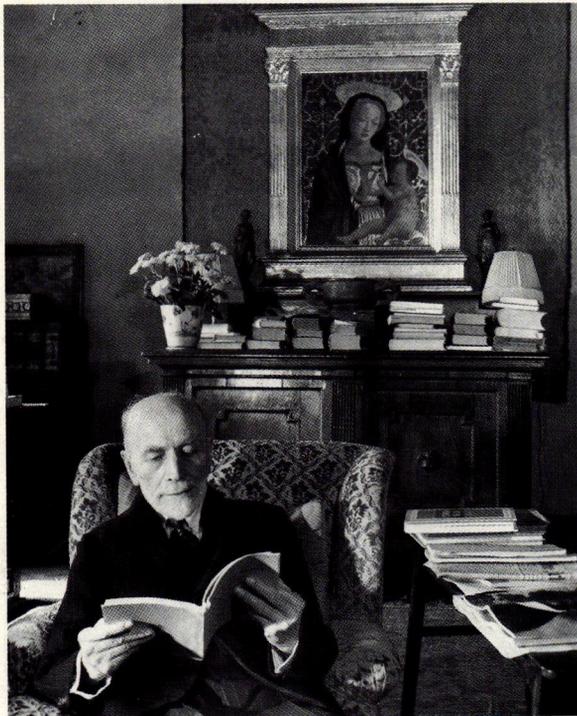
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The Lessons of a Connoisseur

Generations of Americans have opened their eyes to the art of living thanks to Bernard Berenson

BY NANCY RICHARDSON



Berenson at I Tatti with a Domenico Veneziano Madonna, 1952.

The main church at San Gimignano is the highest point of a village on a small steep mountain of a hill between Florence and Siena. To get there you must leave the car outside the medieval town wall and walk up. One brilliant Sunday morning not long ago, we made the climb in order to look at a recently cleaned series of frescoes by Domenico Ghirlandaio. Inside the church we found the side chapel of Santa Fina, a local girl who died in 1253 and whose life was commemorated by Ghirlandaio in 1475. Cleaned, the frescoes read as if they had been painted in our own lifetime. Looking at the left wall, I puzzled over a composition that would be impossible in real life. It

shows a high classical altar set *outdoors* like a garden folly and surrounded by the towers of San Gimignano. In front of the altar and seemingly *indoors*, the slip of a saint lies on a bier arranged like a beautiful bed. Onlookers, like real parishioners, appear to be thinking about what the others are wearing or what they will do when the service is over; a few are lost in a devout concentration.

Eventually I turned to the opposite wall where a figure, perhaps a saint, enveloped in a mantle from the folds of which peer a swarm of baby angel faces, has just dropped through the ceiling of a room, a vision

to the girl lying on a pallet. At that instant, standing in the sunlight that was streaming through the windows, with the music of a very real organ filling the church, I traveled back in time to an episode when a great faith appeared to vanquish even the sting of death. I had encountered both the logic and the subjective power of the religious art of the Renaissance—an art never true to “real” life but always inherently consistent with inspired mental states.

I was taken to the Santa Fina chapel by two art historian friends, one of whom has had a great deal to do with the idea that a knowledge of Italian Renaissance art goes with being an individual of broad culture. Known for my enthusiasm for things

Italian rather than any other, I had been offered the chance to see the frescoes as an element to continue—to travel and to look.

My experience in San Gimignano is a present-day example of the impact that the obvious and spirituality of Renaissance art had on American observers at the end of the last century. Not susceptible, perhaps, as a modern tycoon collector who was one man in particular, Bernard Berenson, as a guide to the Renaissance and its implications for culture in his own era.

Berenson's infatuation with Italian art was born in the Boston of the 1880s where, in the Harvard years, he revolved around William Charles Eliot Norton, the first to see Italy had registered interest in it without being anything very original. Most nineteenth-century admirers of Italian art at the time had simply found the life, as well as the layers of civilization in Italy to be exhilarating beyond compare. Berenson was profound when he went to Italy for the first time on a small study grant at the end of the 1880s. For several years he soaked in a bath of long cultural experience, coming away with the recognition that he had paid serious attention to Italian art since Vasari. Berenson's theory that the art of the period could be described and listed as a series of and picture by picture be properly enjoyed. Yet his writing in churches, monasteries, and museums—his eye for detail, his glass in one hand, flashlight in the other, opera glasses slung over his shoulder (for frescoes)—produced comprehensive results. He had written *Italian Paintings of the Renaissance* and two volumes of *The Florentine Paintings* and his last word on the topic.

His ability to classify art and to identify specifics, say, an early Titian or a Giorgione was good enough

for American collectors to seek his advice. But Berenson was not a pedant. Nor were his clients drawn to him merely as an expert. For Isabella Stewart Gardner, John G. Johnson, and Henry Walters—in the early years before 1900—as well as Joseph Widener, Benjamin Altman, Samuel Kress, and Andrew Mellon in the almost thirty years of Berenson's association with the master dealer Joseph Duveen, dealing with Berenson was like having a direct line to why Giorgione and Titian mattered in the first place. And then there was something about the person of the small, precisely tailored Berenson with his elegant clipped beard and mustache that indicated fulfilled powers of self-invention. Was he not a very modern sort of aristocrat, one of the mind and eye whose heightened sense of identity came from intellectual and aesthetic experiences? Wasn't Berenson the man the perfect role model? Not just to "his" collectors but to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, his exquisite sensitivity to visual phenomena was something to emulate. Above all, it was Berenson who taught many of his contemporaries how to look.

Berenson's idea of connoisseurship is still very much with us. It is related to any ability to look at art, architecture, design, or fashion in the sense that it invokes the notion that to look well, someone must have an "eye." Berenson tried to describe the process in words he hoped would become almost scientific terms. His "tactile values," "space composition," "significant form," and "ideated sensation" entered sophisticated language as the shorthand of visual experience. His analysis of a work of art—given while standing in front of a picture or written as an expert opinion, on the strength of which a collector would buy a gold-ground panel picture from Florence as a Giotto or Bernardo Daddi—was a performance of undeniable intellectual beauty. His parsing of a picture—in a way that made its authorship, subject, and meaning more apparent—combined visual memory, stylistic analysis,

the ability to make visual distinctions, and an enlightened guesswork as to an artist's creative development or "artistic personality."

Following my visit to San Gimignano, I had the opportunity to see Berenson's house outside Florence, left by Berenson to Harvard University in 1959 as a center for advanced studies in the Renaissance. The Villa I Tatti—a library with some rooms

important are the books. There are two libraries, both simply vaulted and as austere beautiful as any in a monastery or convent. Even the corridors throughout the house are lined with bookcases.

If you want to look for a discerning way to live with "things Italian," or any old art for that matter, you could easily settle on Berenson's way of arranging a room. Big comfortable



Renaissance panel paintings hang against old textiles in Berenson's study, c. 1910.

added on, Berenson liked to say—is a large comfortable Tuscan house, not at all monumental, which was remodeled after 1910 by Geoffrey Scott and Cecil Pinsent. Situated amid vineyards and olive trees in the hills near Settignano, the house is surrounded by a classic Italian garden, strongly architectural and primarily green with allées of cypresses and ilex, boxwood hedges, a limonaia, gravel paths, and ornamental pebble pavements. Indoors, plain stucco walls and bare wood floors darkened by repeated waxing are the setting for a few fine early Renaissance pictures by Sieneese and Florentine masters, such as Sassetta's *Saint Francis in Glory* and a Madonna by Domenico Veneziano. Equally

overstuffed chairs, Renaissance credenze, cassoni, and refectory tables, and oriental carpets are still the basic furnishings. Panel pictures are hung against pieces of old damask or brocade. Smaller pictures, often panels that had originally been set into the sides of a chest or had been part of an altarpiece, are propped against the wall on the top of a bookcase. Italian Renaissance sculptures, for the most part religious figures carved in wood, are mixed as objets d'art with a range of oriental sculptures. One of the most charming parts of the house is a suite Berenson and his wife called the Ritz, which was meant to accommodate worldly houseguests who liked upholstered walls, a large bathroom, and a general

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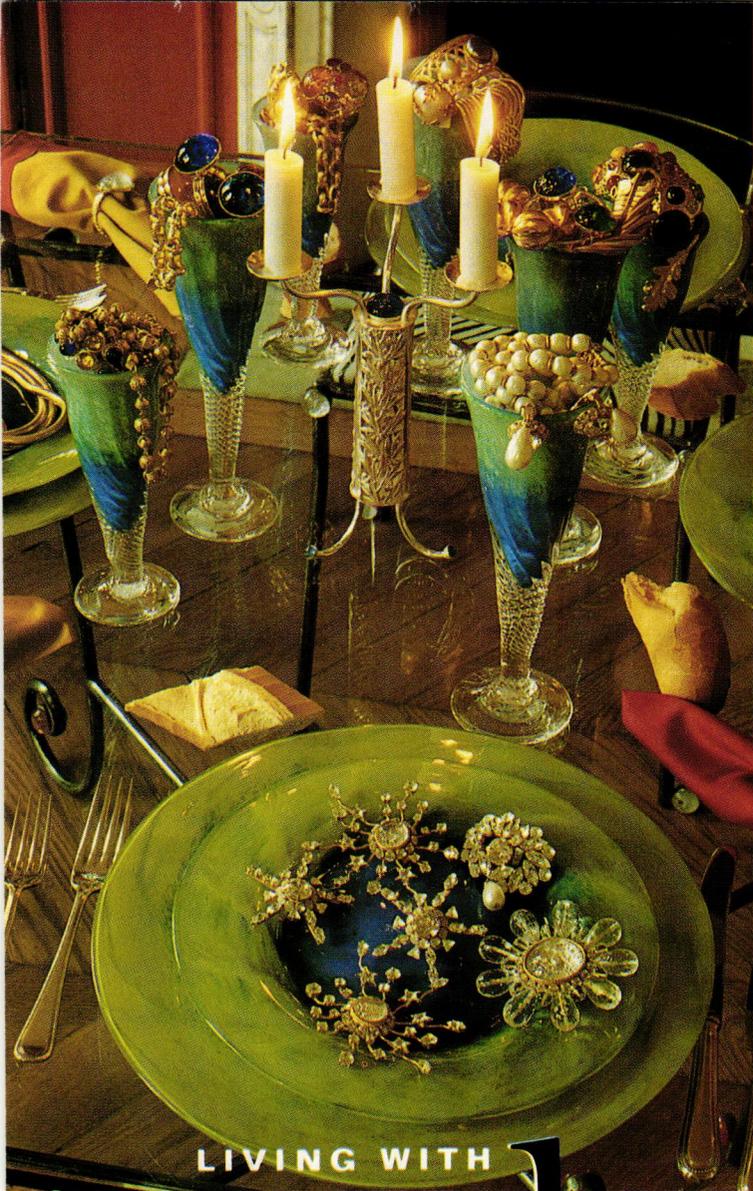
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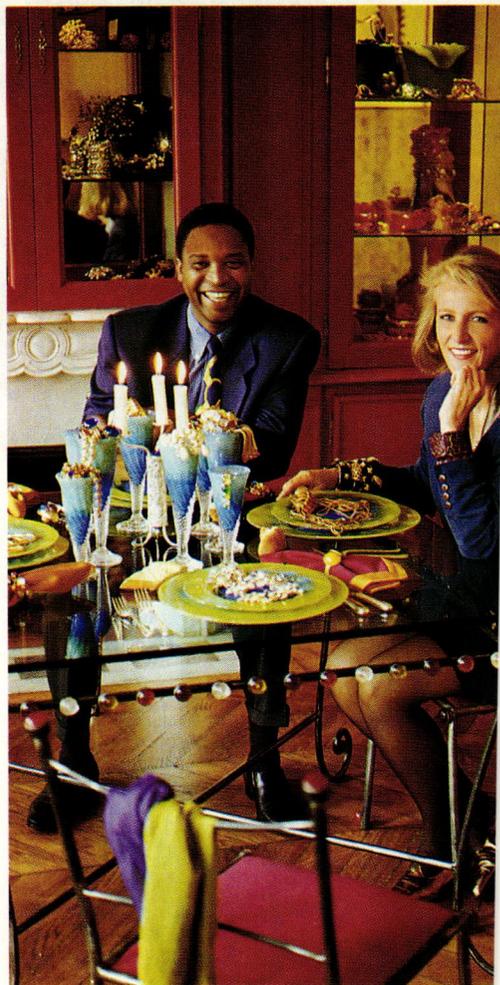
brings

it all back

home

"I LOVE MAKING JEWELRY," SAYS PARIS designer Dominique Aurientis, "but I felt I needed to do something else as well to keep the creative channels open. That's how the housewares came about." The new Dominique Aurientis line, which will be available in selected U.S. stores this winter, "is a logical extension of our work," says her husband and business partner, architect Étienne de Souza. "We're using many of the same materials—brass, wood, colored glass." Souza designs wrought-iron tables and chairs, and Aurientis embellishes them with glass beads. She also conceives the handblown glass plates in swirling colors. "I think glass is almost alive, the way it catches light," she says. "Étienne prefers metal because of the way it can be worked. Between what he likes to do and what I like to do, we have a good partnership." Their next project: a furniture workshop in an apple orchard in Aurientis's native Aix-en-Provence.

In their room, je Dominique and Étienne below, line of tableware by Aurientis in her handblown plates and a table by Étienne de Souza. Her go-to candelabra is blown glass. Details



BY WENDY GOODMAN

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a rose garden
and a gazebo—heavy
on the bluegrass.”



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January

THE SOFAS IN MY LIFE have for the most part stayed with me. The red paisley cotton covered sofa of the first really decorated apartment I had on my own has now been reborn—after a number of relocations—in a blue cotton damask. Conscious that such major purchases usually endure within households, we set out to find and present sixty-seven of the best examples available today. By and large, **sofas with personality** are much in demand; the generic squared seating unit seems to have gone the way of shag carpets, into the quiescent phase of the life-and-death cycle of trends. If the economic climate of the nineties has had any good effect on decorating (and I believe it has), it is in a growing **insistence on quality** and form, the heightened discernment that results when purchases must be made with greater care. While we're on the subject of the nineties, I have come to think of our time as the **age of information**. Our readers, whose numbers have increased significantly during the almost-five-year lifespan of HG (born in 1901 as *House & Garden*), are a vociferous bunch—and more than ever they have been asking for specific suggestions on particular parts of the house. We are, therefore, following our December kitchen section with a twelve-page anthology of **dining rooms** that span the stylistic gamut from a portrait gallery with French and English antiques to a pared-down but cozy nook. Our feature on American panoramic prints offers information for history buffs and a new area for print collectors—I count myself among their ranks. If the winter doldrums have got you, I hope you'll settle down on your own sofa and **escape to a Mediterranean island** with Giorgio Armani, to Los Angeles with Amanda Pays and Corbin Bernsen, to Marina Schinz's garden in New York farm country, or to wherever you find inspiration and a comfortable and stylish perch in the pages of HG.

Uauy Horvoad



Bentley LaRosa Salasky reinterprets traditional shapes in a "house for the nineties."



A HOME ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Currier & Ives's 1871 color lithograph presents a distinctly romantic view of plantation life.



A pastel glow envelops the dining room of John Saladino's Connecticut house.

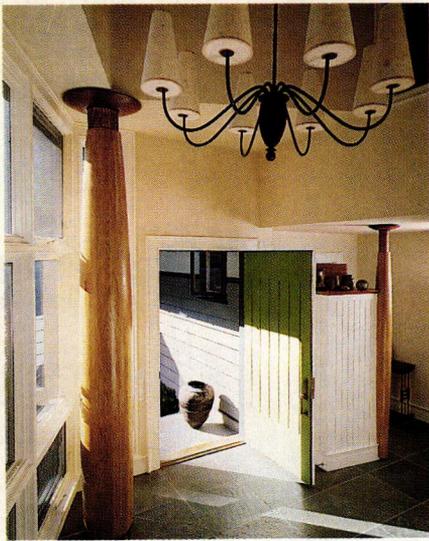
Neither period nor
modern, a house
by Bentley LaRosa Salasky
approaches familiar elements
in an original way
By Christine Pittel

Tradition Takes a New Path

Photographs by Michael Mundy Produced by Heather Smith MacIsaac

A long drive
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IF HOUSES WERE MOVIES, this house would be written, produced, and directed by Bentley LaRosa Salasky. The New York design firm did it all, from site plans to throw pillows, landscaping to light fixtures, doorjambs to divans. "We don't believe in the separation of church and state—architecture and decoration," says

Sal LaRosa. As a result, the house has a strong coherent story line—simplicity and comfort—all part of a high-concept, unconventional package deal.

Of course, you can't have good architecture without a good client. The credits should include the couple—a businessman and an artist with two grown children—who commissioned the project on five acres in suburban Westchester. They had no interest in a revival-style house, and they didn't want modern. "Modern meant cold," explains LaRosa. "They asked us, 'What would a house for the nineties be like?'"

BLS's answer: dynamic yet graceful, eccentric yet refined, full of complexities and contradictions like the era we live in. At first glance, up the long gravel drive, the house looks as if it has been there for decades, spread out across a hilltop. Trees fifty years old were gently moved to a nursery established on the property during construction, then replanted according to the architects' specifications to shelter the house. They chose building materials that suggest a sense of history. The same stone that forms the retaining walls also patterns the base of the façade, tying the structure back into the landscape. Familiar clapboard clads the one-story wings flanking

the two-story hipped-roof central volume.

The vocabulary may be traditional, but the contemporary. The entry contradicts ex-tucked off center on an angle where the kitchen adjoins. There's a push and pull of forces animating the space: horizontal clapboard thrusts one way, vertical board-on-board another. Wide bluestone steps lead to a tall door painted chartreuse. "It sets you up for surprises to come," says Ron Bentley. Inside, you are immediately confronted with a towering tapered column of white oak topped by a stylized mahogany chandelier wrapped in copper wire. The form is unadorned but provocative. Guests slide a hand over its polished surface. The clients love wood, and throughout the house, doors are white oak and details are mahogany with a hand-rubbed oil finish. These surfaces, like the unlacquered brass hardware, "have to be touched and taken care of," says LaRosa.

Nearby, a second column—shorter, more slender, with an elongated neck but obviously of the same wood—sets up a play of scale. "We like to get a bit of architectural eclecticism into our buildings," says Bentley. In the dining room, the architects make a connection between modernism and human proportion: foot-level handrails, waist-high chair rails, and shoulder-height display cases all display a body language that makes the space more accessible. Though the room has a certain Yankee directness, traditional details are used unexpectedly. A window cornice with a long shelf. Windsor-type chairs, designed by Bentley, have upturned armrests that echo the brass chandelier and threaten to levitate.

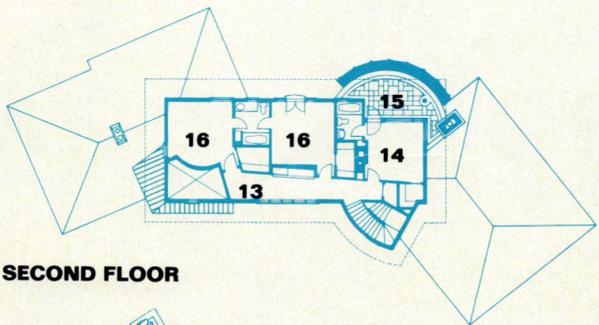
"In this house you don't know what you'll find next," says Franklin Salasky. In the dining room, the generous arched window fills a wall and frames a view of the yard. The furniture gathered around the window is designed overscale square coffee table is eclectic, chosen for character rather than conformity to any particular style—deco, English Regency, Scandinavian farmhouse. Both clients and architects like the feel of the furniture. The first piece purchased for the house was a proportioned, slightly attenuated American-style Windsor back chair that stands out against the window. "It's noble and humble," says Bentley. "You can see the scratch of the maker." (Continued)

The chartreuse front door opens onto a foyer, where Bentley LaRosa Salasky created a clever play of scale with the tapered oak columns, which have mahogany and copper wire. *Left:* The dining room with BLS's Windsor-style chairs and oxidized-brass chandelier shows a "certain Yankee directness," says Ron Bentley. The extended window cornice serves as a wraparound for the kitchen/dining wing. *Above:* Partially faced with three types of granite, the kitchen/dining wing has terraced steps leading to the dining room, edged with bluestone. *Opposite below right:* The window is shaded by a brise-soleil. *Opposite below left:* The dining and bedroom wings flanking the main

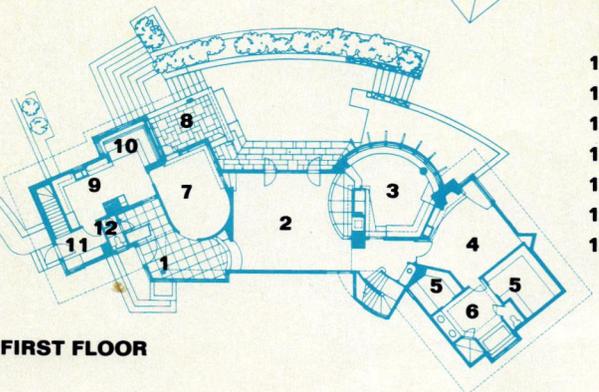




The clients asked, "What would a house for the nineties be like?"

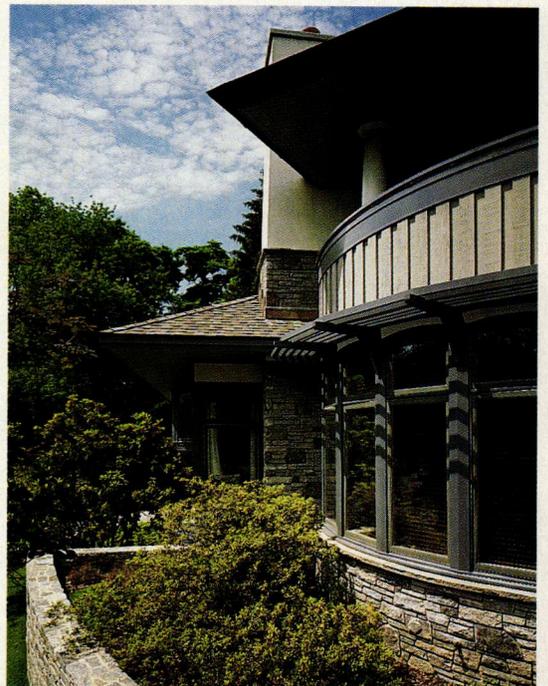


SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR

- 1 Entrance
- 2 Living room
- 3 Den
- 4 Master bedroom
- 5 Closet
- 6 Master bathroom
- 7 Dining room
- 8 Dining porch
- 9 Kitchen
- 10 Breakfast alcove
- 11 Mud room
- 12 Powder room
- 13 Hall
- 14 Guest room
- 15 Balcony
- 16 Bedroom



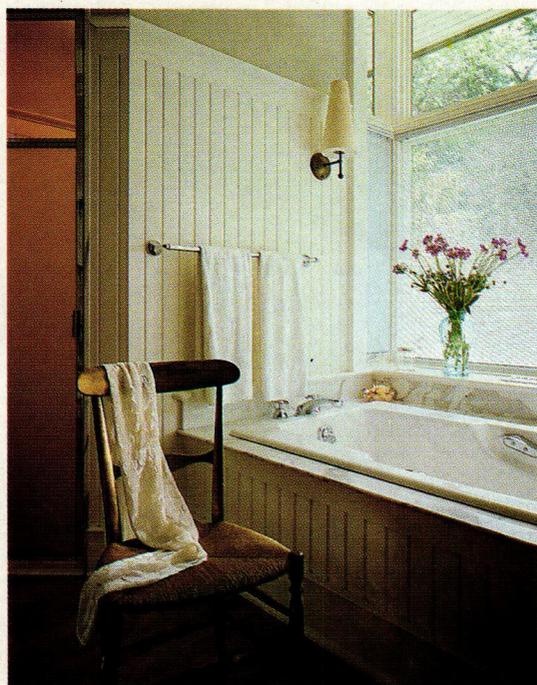




In the living room, familiar forms have been rephrased and reportioned. BLS designed a more voluptuous version of the winged sofa and positioned it before their oversize steel and canvas coffee table and arched club chair. The Donghia armchair in the foreground is covered in a woven damask from Christopher Hyland. The rug is a handwoven design by Elizabeth Eakins, NYC. A Swedish painted cupboard hangs above the copper-faced mahogany mantel, which continues into the adjoining den. The large triptych is by Linda Nisselson.



The vocabulary is traditional, but the moves are contemp



In the master bedroom, *above*, a long mahogany mantel unifies a marble-faced fireplace and a wall of shelves topped by a cupboard that conceals the TV. The armchair is a BLS design in a Clarence House cotton jacquard. Curtains of Lee Jofa wool puddle onto the window seat. *Left*: Built into a wainscoted nook, the master bath's Jacuzzi looks like an old-fashioned tub. *Right*: The architects lined the upstairs hall with a modernist strip of windows and a classic New England-style built-in cabinet. The rug runner is Amish.



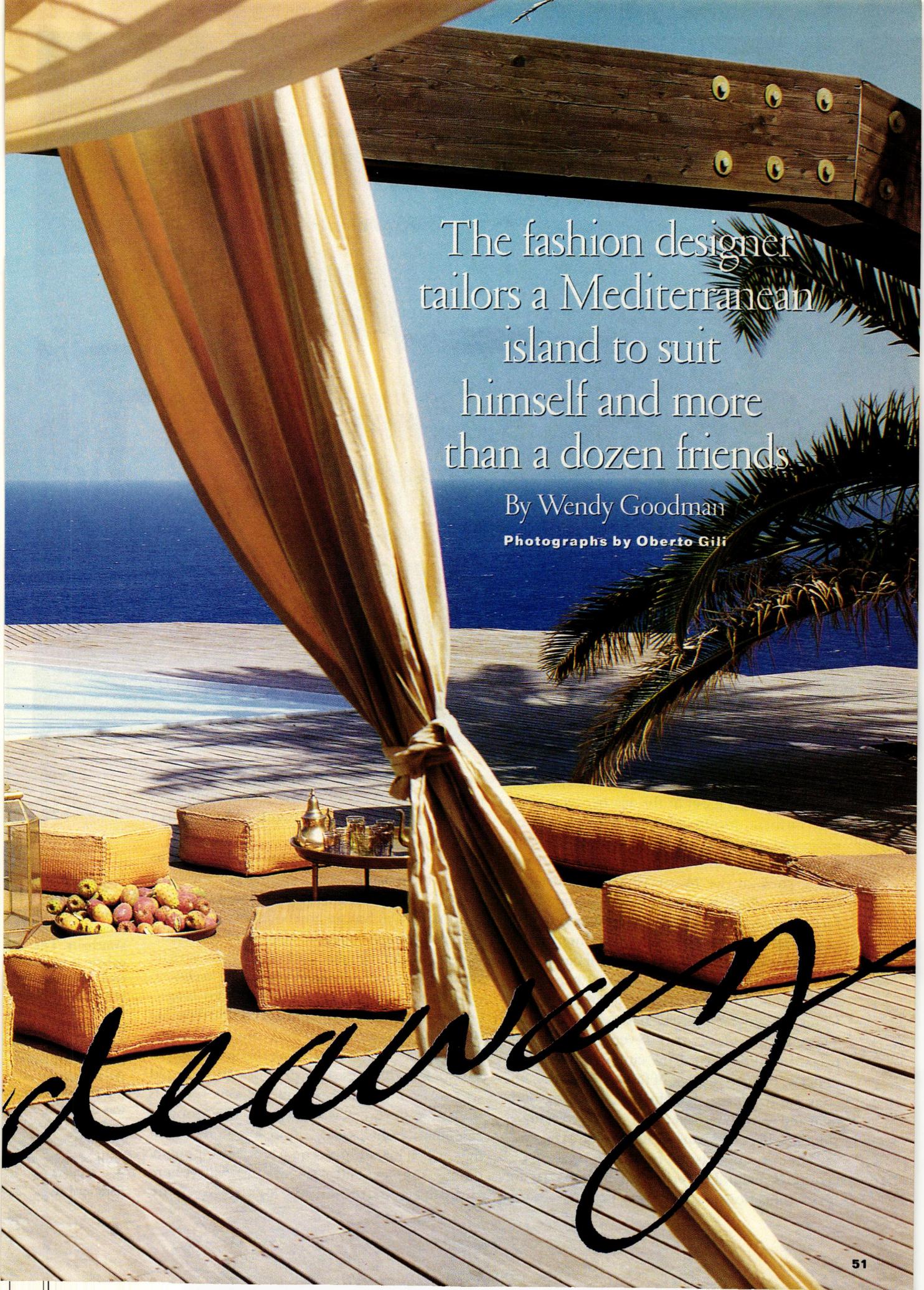


The den is detailed with oak linenfold wainscoting and mahogany trim that echoes the lines of the mantel. The armchair and ottoman are in a ribbed velvet from Clarence House. The Caucasian rug, c. 1880, from F. J. Hakimian, NYC, rests on a carpet from Stark.



At Giorgio Armani's island retreat on Pantelleria, canvas curtains the color of beach sand create patches of shade on a wood deck high above the Mediterranean. The woven straw cushions and mats are from Tunisia, some fifty miles away, and the lantern is from Marrakesh.

ARMANI'S

A photograph of a wooden deck overlooking the ocean. A large, striped umbrella is partially visible in the foreground. On the deck, there are several wicker ottomans and a small table with a teapot and glasses. A bowl of fruit is also visible. The background shows the ocean and a palm tree.

The fashion designer
tailors a Mediterranean
island to suit
himself and more
than a dozen friends.

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gill

clearance



THE SMALL VOLCANIC ISLAND OF PANTELLERIA sits like a rough jewel in the sea between Sicily and Tunisia, mounted on platinum-backed waves and combed by a relentless wind. The rugged landscape is dotted with houses made of volcanic rock in the Moorish style known as dammusi, which is unique to the island. Here form follows function, as roofs designed to capture rainwater create serene vaulted interiors.

Little wonder that Giorgio Armani has chosen an island of such striking natural beauty on which to build an empire of a very different kind from the fashion empire he has created in Milan. There he presides from a seventeenth-century palazzo in the heart of the city over a business that has changed the face of fashion since the moment he deconstructed the jacket, easing both men and women into an era of relaxed elegance. There he lives and works with an almost legendary intensity and passion for detail, creating the Giorgio Armani, Emporio Armani, and Armani Jeans collections, launching a new fragrance,

Giò, and overseeing the multitude of Armani products that generate more than \$600 million in annual sales in nearly two hundred stores around the world.

Here in Pantelleria Armani reigns over his own private Eden. When he bought the land twelve years ago, the only structures on it were two abandoned houses and two stables; it was an isolated spot where people often went to pick Indian figs from the giant cactuses, but he says he always felt it was a magical place. His architect, Gabriella Giuntoli, has preserved that magic. Originally from Milan, Giuntoli has lived on the island with her husband, Pietro, and son for seventeen years; during that time she has designed about eighty houses. Her gift for restoring old structures and re-creating indigenous forms is evident in her work with Armani. His property resembles a small village: four low stone buildings, which include guest quarters, a living room/dining complex, and Armani's own villa where Giuntoli transformed one of the surviving

“I wanted a dream house to escape to,” says Armani

houses into a bedroom and sitting room, then added a new living room with a traditional dammusi vault and aged its exterior walls with a recipe that included vinegar and red wine.

“Armani,” explains architect Giuntoli, “is like a director. He will gesture and say, ‘I see palm trees over there’ or ‘I need a large terrace.’ I never do a formal rendering, I give him sketches of my ideas.” Armani responds, “Gabriella is sensitive and modest and does not impose, but listens and creates.”

Their collaboration has yielded remarkable beauty, from the wood deck and saltwater pool overlooking the sea to the raised terrace planted with giant royal palms, under which dinner is served to guests banquet-style by lantern light. The palm trees were transported from Sicily by barge, then driven to the site. When one did not survive the trip, Armani had it made into stools for the terrace by the bar.

The property has been planted with ninety palm trees in all, along with flowery plants that scent the air with lavender and lemon, rosemary and rose. Blooming cactus mixes with oleander, hibiscus, pomegranate, and olive trees to produce a feast of color. Not a blossom is lost on the master of the house, who loves to walk in the changing Mediterranean light. On the island, life is lived mostly outdoors. When it moves indoors, the tones are soft and subtle, the silhouette as elegant and comfortable as his clothes. In fact the calm colors of Armani’s own rooms were adapted by Giuntoli from the palette of one of his spring/summer collections.

Back in his Milan office after his triumphant spring show, Armani says, “I wanted a dream house to escape to.” He is sitting at a polished desk the length of a runway, looking at photographs of his house in Pantelleria; he is as radiant as a child sharing a cherished prize. He smiles broadly as he describes his days there—alfresco meals overlooking the sea, moped rides around the island with his guests, descending the 208 man-made steps from the deck to swim in the sea. The man who once said “My life is work” has found a pocket of peace. ▲



At Pantelleria, Armani, *above*, plays host to many friends, including, from left, Cristina Brigidini, Carla Vanni, Anna Riva, and Raquele Enriquez.



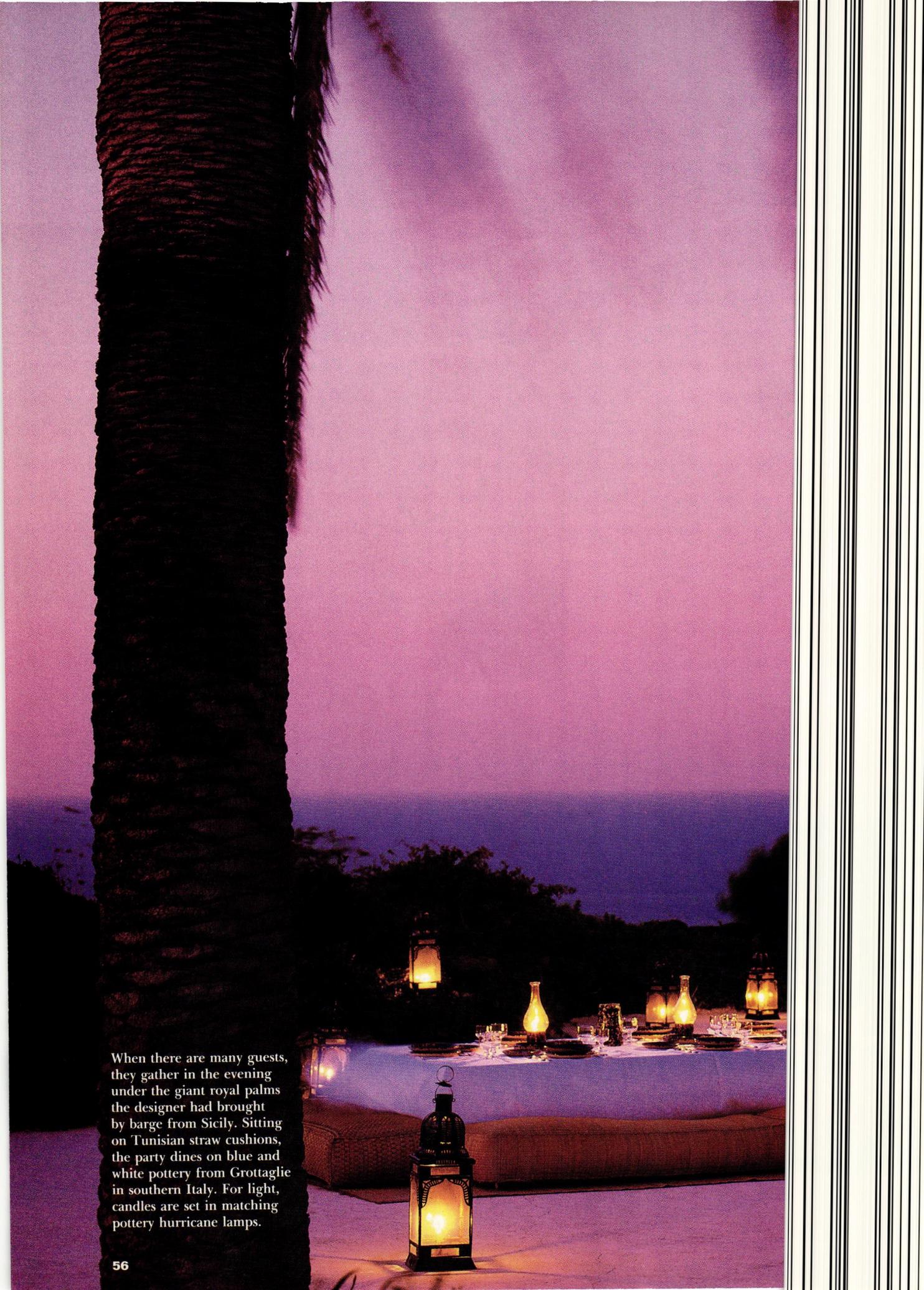
From Armani’s own house he can see a hundred-year-old orange tree, *above*. *Right*: More than 200 steps lead from the swimming pool down to the sea. *Below*: When one of the giant palms died, it was made into stools for the rustic pool bar.



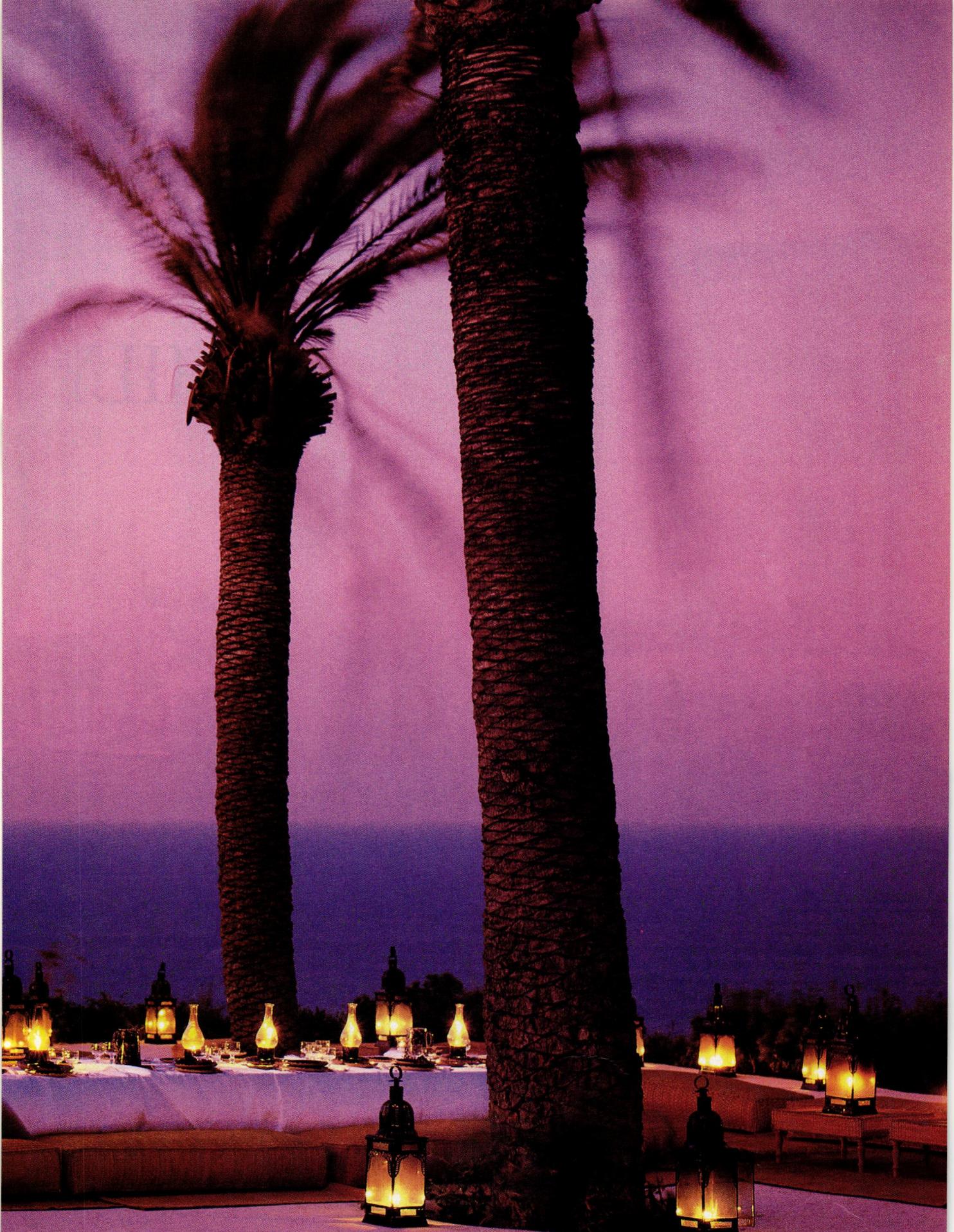


In Armani's private quarters the bedroom is in a restored house, one of the original structures on the property. The acquired wood floor reflects the faux tortoiseshell furniture from Indonesia. *Opposite:* Armani's own sitting room is a new addition created by Giuntoli in the dammusi manner, with a soaring vault and plastered walls. Armani himself designed the sofas that rest on the large Moroccan carpet.



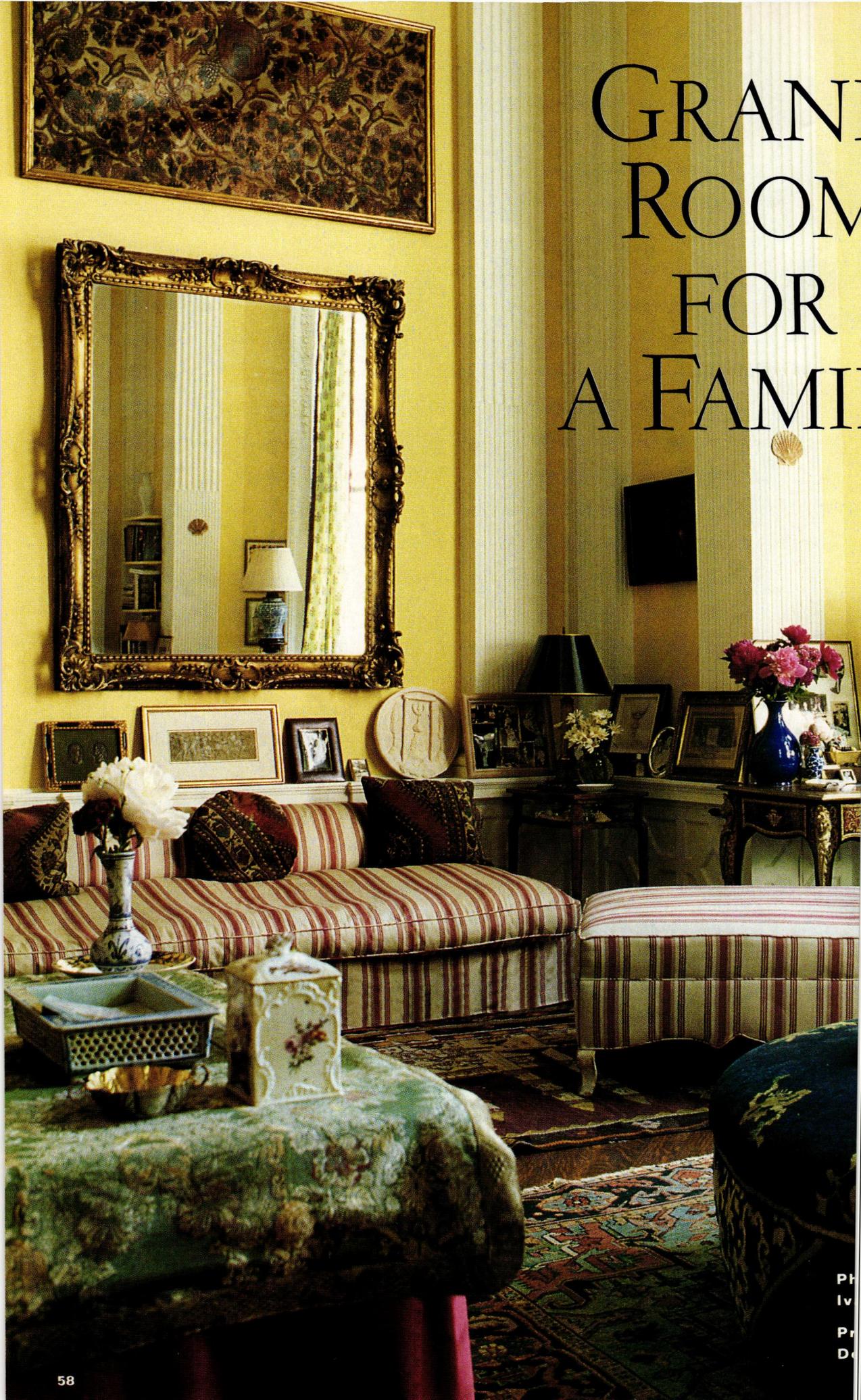


When there are many guests, they gather in the evening under the giant royal palms the designer had brought by barge from Sicily. Sitting on Tunisian straw cushions, the party dines on blue and white pottery from Grottaglie in southern Italy. For light, candles are set in matching pottery hurricane lamps.



“I always felt this was a magical place”

GRAND ROOM FOR A FAMILY



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D

A discerning couple uses warm colors and a lively mix of styles to make prewar proportions seem intimate

By Andrew Solomon

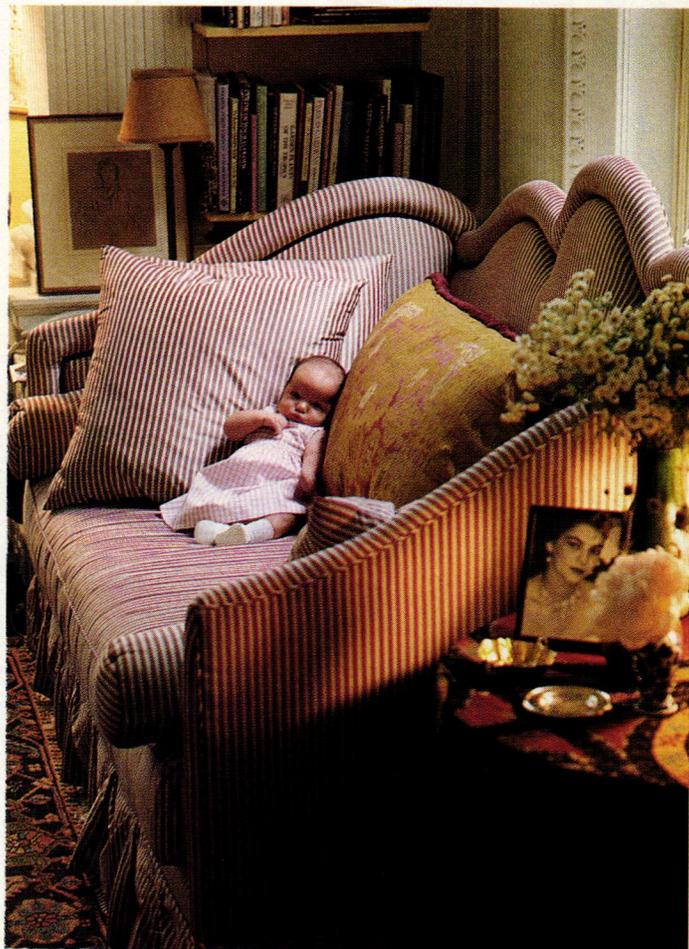
IN THE MONASTERIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE PALACES of the Italian Renaissance, in the coffeehouses of the Age of Reason and decadent night cafés of the fin de siècle, men believed that knowledge and beauty and grace were their own reward, to be pursued with a combination of high-minded asceticism and profound sensualism. These days most people acquire knowledge to get ahead and construct beauty that others may wonder at it. Grace itself has become a means for self-advancement. The innocence which imagined these as three windows of the soul, as luxuries unto themselves, is not of the 1990s; it belongs to a softer and more lavish world.

Carolina Irving, however, is immensely knowledgeable about an extraordinary range of subjects simply because knowledge itself gives her pleasure. She inhabits beauty not to draw other people to her but because her own beauty and the beauty she brings to her surroundings are sources of immense aesthetic gratification; she knows beauty as Ruskin wished to do. She is graceful by instinct and not for effect. It is not that she is the least bit unworldly but that her simple enjoyment of matters most of us complicate with ambition recalls, despite her dizzying sophistication, something almost primal.

Carolina is at first so composed that those who don't know her might find her chilly. Then you see her with her baby, Olympia, or you ask her about Venezuela, or you admire the bit of fabric that is her favorite, and something Latin comes alive in her, and she sweeps you up in laughter. "Do you love İznik?" she asks. "Oh, that lost red!" And she speaks with a relish that brings the lost red back before you and makes it the color of miracles.

The apartment just off Fifth Avenue where she lives with her husband, Ian, and Olympia manifests her own

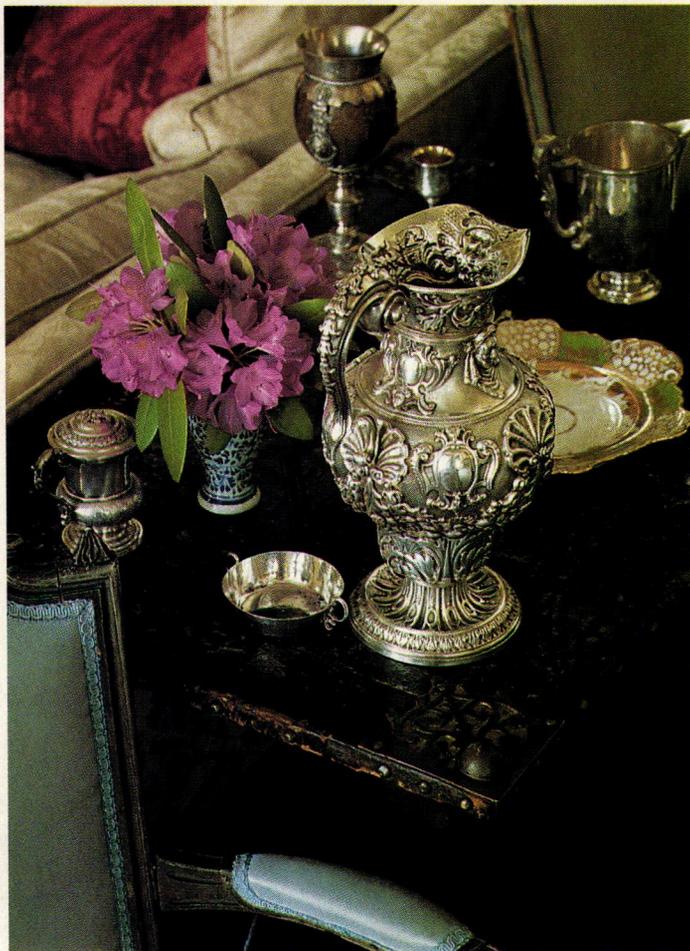
The heart of the apartment where Carolina and Ian Irving, *above right*, live with their baby daughter is a sitting room, *opposite*, expansive enough to accommodate on one wall a 17th-century painted leather panel above an impressive gilt-framed mirror and idiosyncratic enough to combine a reupholstered 1950s chaise longue with a 19th-century Boulle-style writing desk. *Right*: Olympia on a Robert Couturier sofa bed in a crisp stripe from Christopher Hyland. Details see Resources.







Two Spanish colonial angels hover over the door to the dining alcove; to the left hang three 19th-century designs for silver, a reflection of Ian Irving's specialty at Sotheby's, and to the right, a panel of French silk brocade. The center table, covered with 18th-century green brocade, holds antique porcelain.



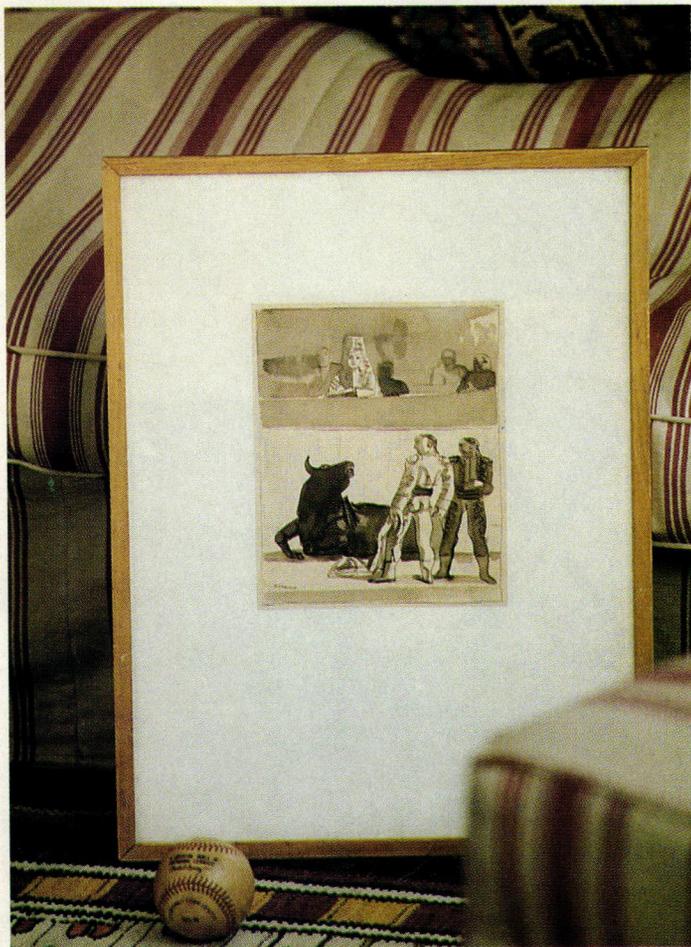
The Irvings' sitting is full of extraordin things that never cor with one anothe

nonchalant elegance. It is really one rem
with several small antechambers. The roo
the dining room when this vast building wa
dence—is the strong yellow of good weathe
place to be in, one where you feel you could
up were you so inclined; the ashtrays are fu
butts, books are piled on the floor, and som
glass is sitting near the fireplace, as tho
wanted you to know how little she cares fo
And yet it has a perfection that is very muc

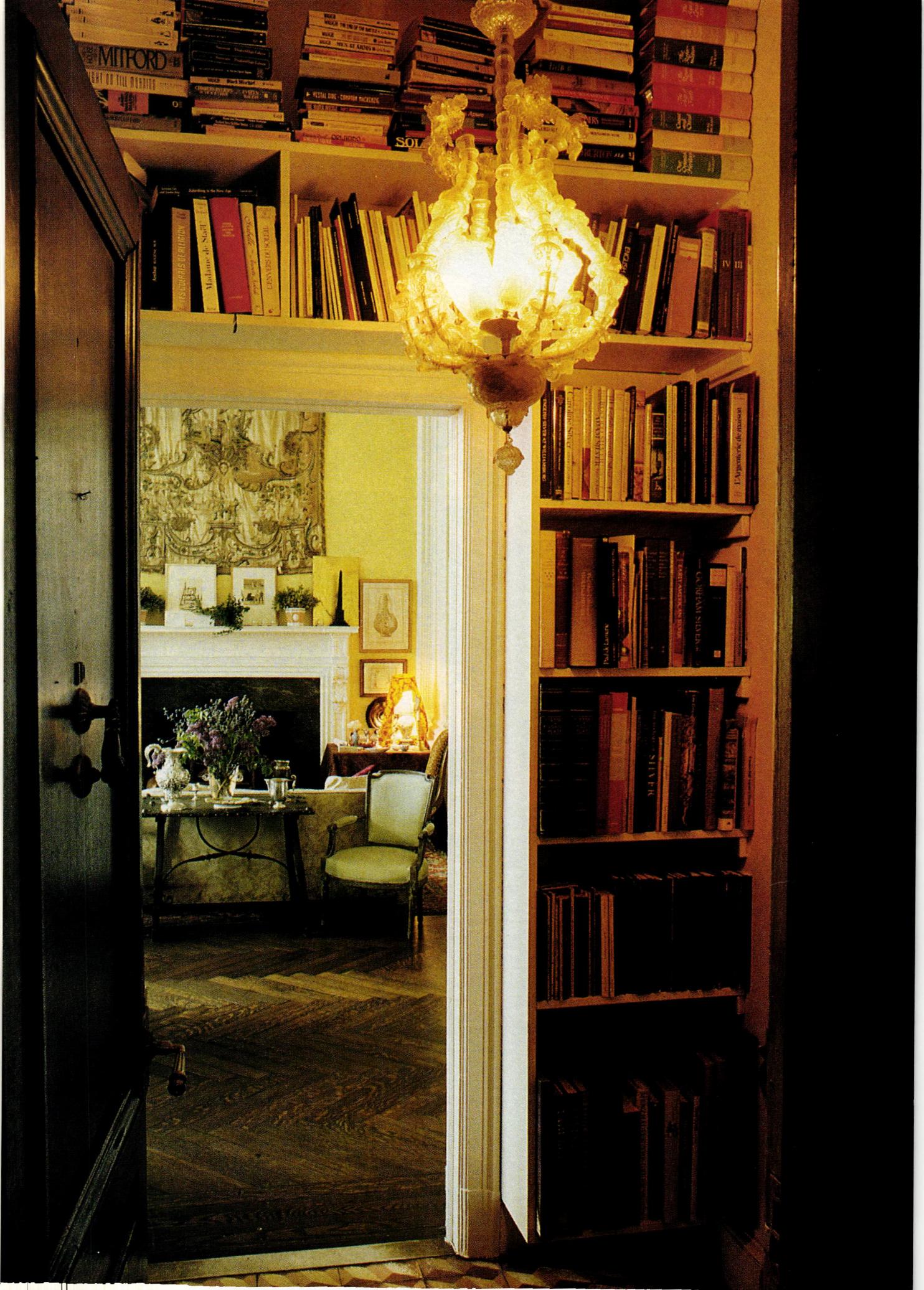
Panels of embroidery, silks, and painted
on the walls, some quite valuable, some r
able; Carolina has assembled a mix of t
would recognize as fine and things she hap
Her husband is an expert in antique silve
and silver objects and designs for silver ar
dence. So are photos of her very beautif
large round ottoman covered with a ninet
Chinese rug is the geographical focus of th
to be sat upon or to be piled with books.

Behind a damask sofa stands a clunky fo
usually draped with a fabric so ornate and re
you could spend a week in its patterns. C
not to mind that from certain vantage poi
the table's steel legs and Formica top. If yo
a fool not to see only the fabric, an old curt
broidered with fantastical floral motifs, t
and not hers. Nearby are a baseball from a
Mets game in 1986, a sixteenth-century r
nut, a Hungarian parcel-gilt sweetmeat di
sen tea caddy. The room is full of extrao
that never compete with one another; no
sists on your attention. It is as though th
some obscure symbiosis so that each lovely
more lovely by its proximity to the others.

Right now Carolina is studying pottery
decided last year that I wanted to do t
hands. My background is in art history, b
pleasure. I never did anything with it.
making things, every day I go (Continu



The array of silver on a 17th-century Spanish
above left, includes an elaborate ewer, c. 1725,
silversmith Thomas Farren and a 16th-century
Left: A more surprising treasure is a ball hit b
during the game that clinched the National Le
division title for the New York Mets in 1986, a
watercolor by Maurice Barraud. *Opposite*: The
lit by a Venetian chandelier, leads into the sitt
a French wallhanging, c. 1730, is mounted abo





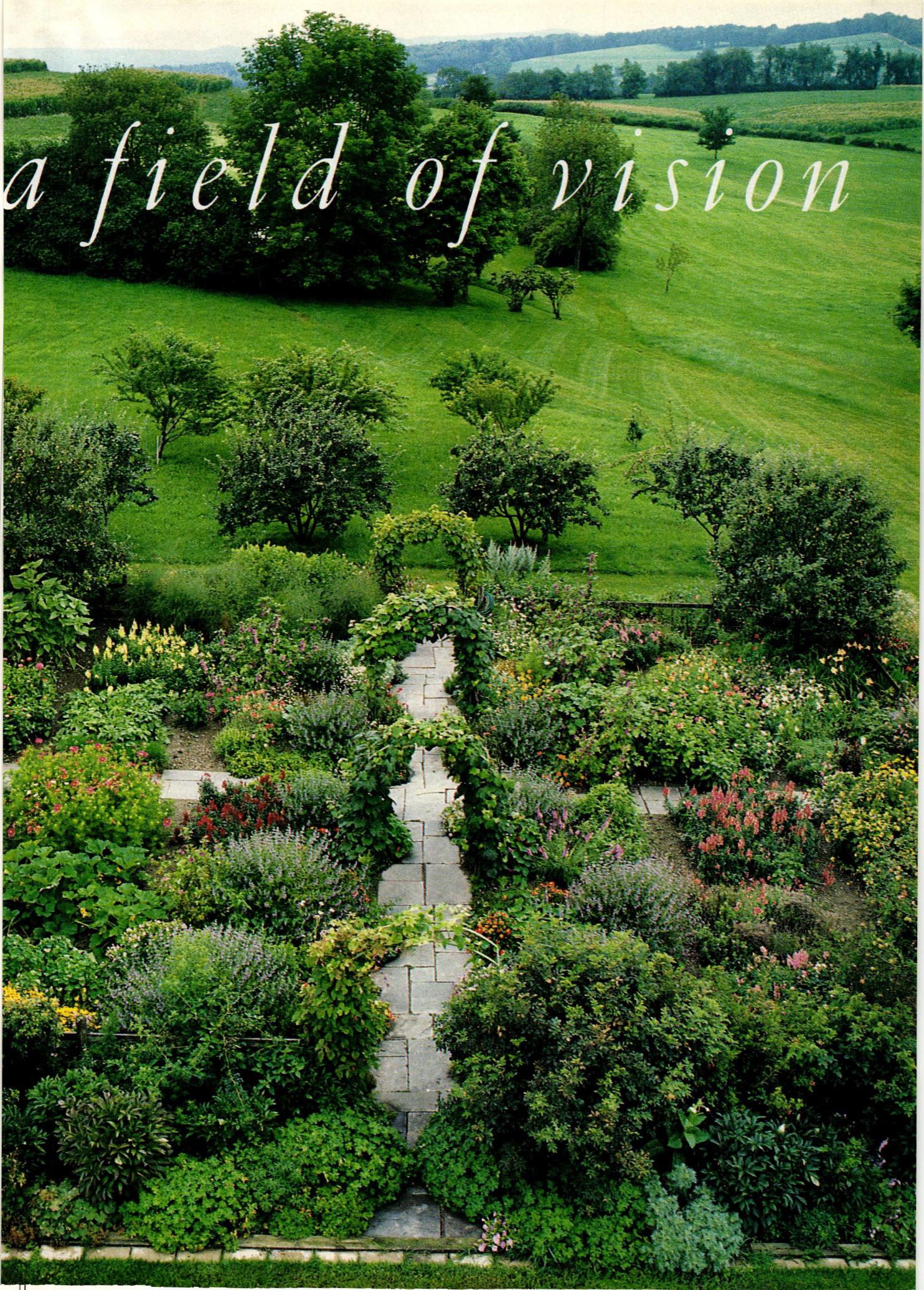
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After years of photographing
other people's plantings,
Marina Schinz focuses
on the landscape she
created in rural New York.

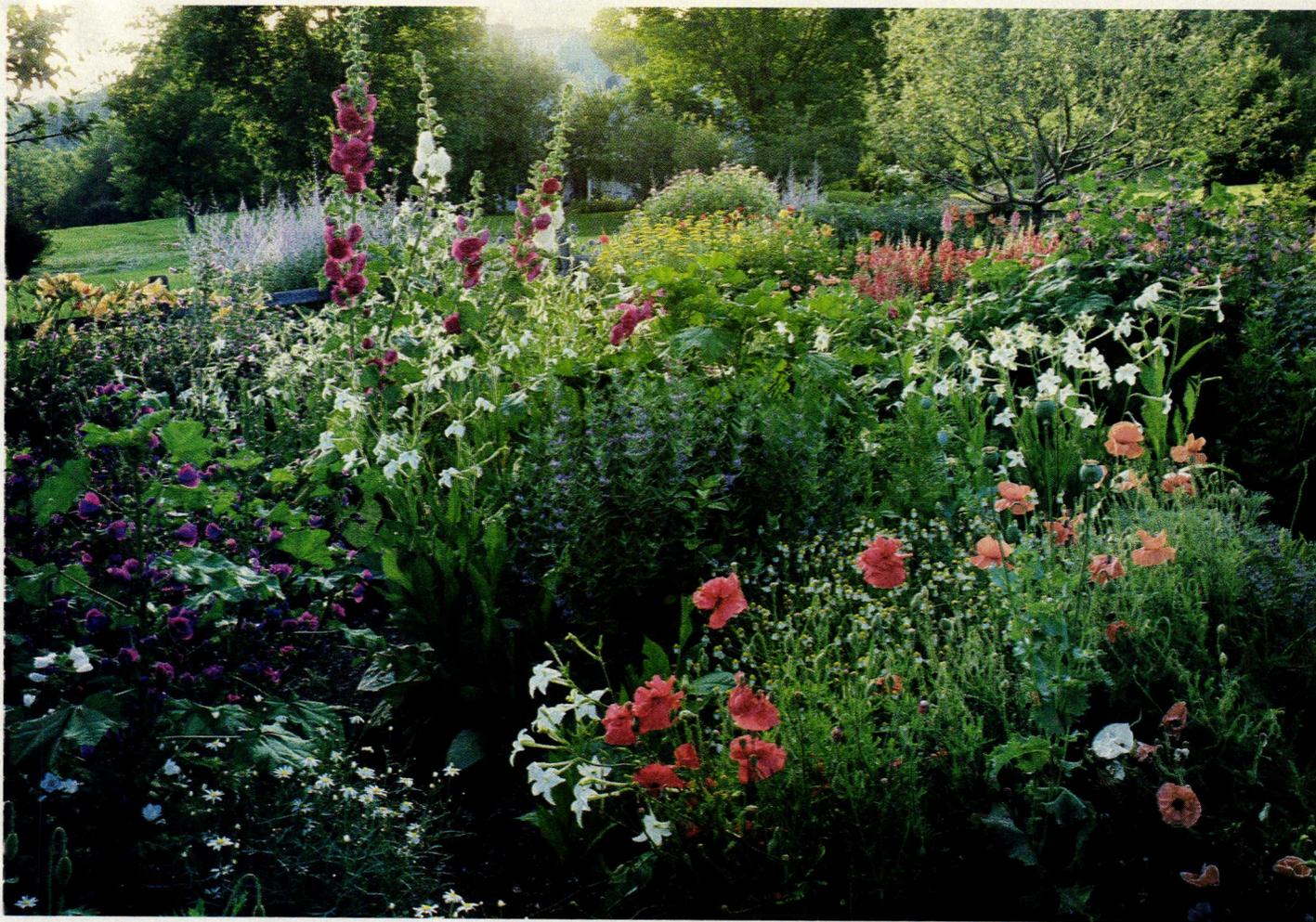
By Mac Griswold

Produced by Senga Mortimer

Bearded iris
Elizabeth's
Baptista and
Elf, and Red
Geranium in
Schinz's front
A grid of flowers
in a grid of
is arched with
grapevine.
scarlet dah
and snapd
in a blue h



a field of vision



quintessential view through the windscreen of Gianni and Marella Agnelli's helicopter hovering over their Villar Perosa near Turin and from the tops of ladders in the cottage gardens of Gloucestershire or Provincetown, Massachusetts.

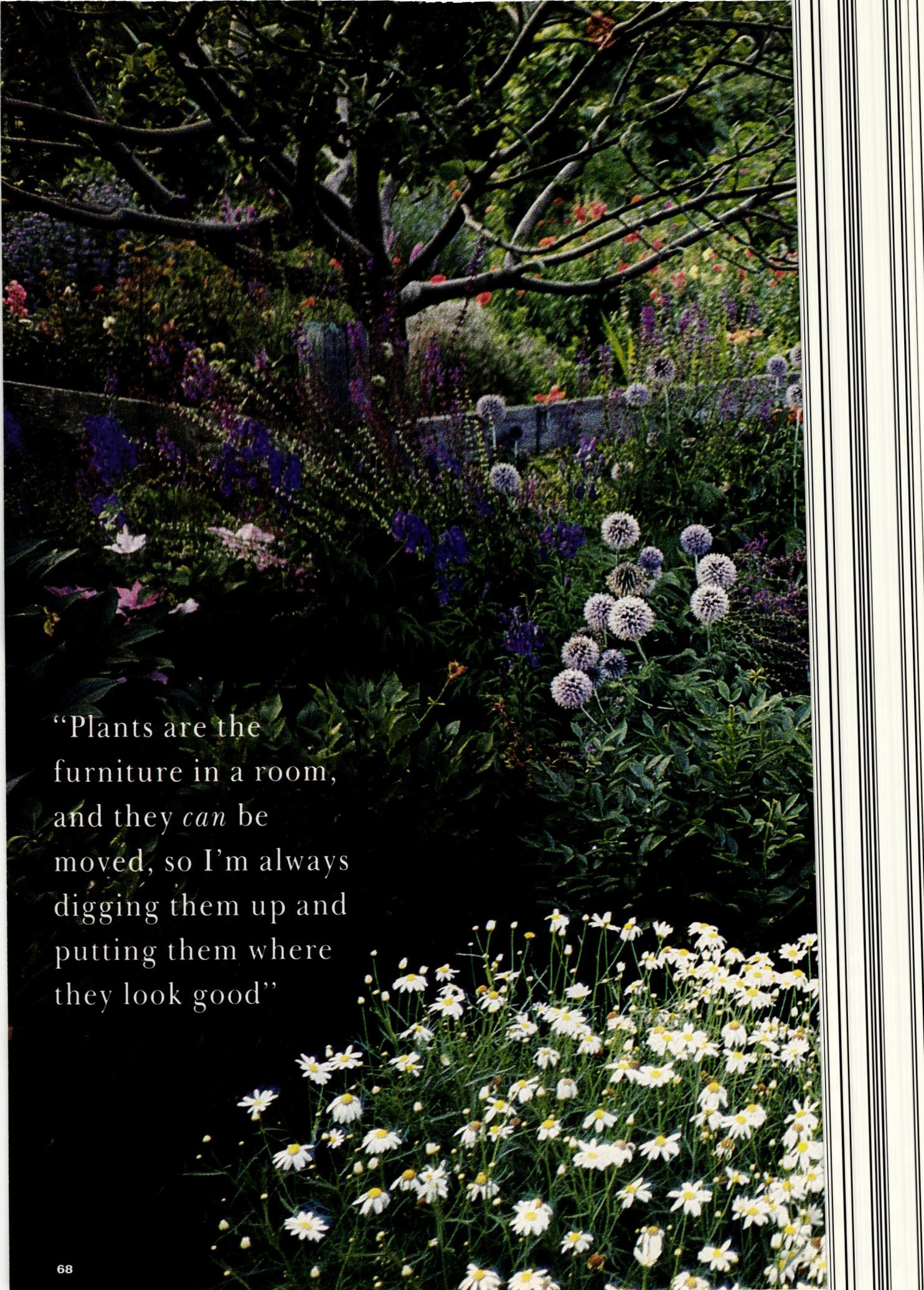
She knows her instrument's powers: "The camera lets you step back and take a very objective look. Through the viewfinder I see the abstraction of the printed page, and when I ask, 'What's wrong with this picture?' I also often find out what's wrong with the garden. A photograph is bigger than life; it brings out both the beauty and the drawbacks." She talks about how similar picture captions are to the explanations people offer about their gardens. "Why do they try to improve with words? They should move the plants!"

Which is what she does in her own garden in Stanfordville, New York, where she and her husband, art dealer Lawrence Rubin, president of M. Knoedler & Co., built a house in

"I recently came round to powder puff hollyhocks," says the photographer, who falls for anything that makes a good picture. In the heart of the garden she lets everything self-sow, "and then edits." Seedlings here, besides the hollyhocks, include nicotiana, Shirley poppies, and a whole tribe of caryopteris.



The house looks westward, away from the garden, at the autumn woods, and the old American ash drops its leaves at the first frost. The only tree on the hillside when the couple bought the farm in 1982, it helped them site the new building.

A lush garden scene featuring a large, dark tree with intricate branches in the upper half. The garden is filled with various plants, including tall purple flowers and clusters of white daisies with yellow centers in the foreground. The overall atmosphere is dense and vibrant.

“Plants are the
furniture in a room,
and they *can* be
moved, so I’m always
digging them up and
putting them where
they look good”



Russian sage, globe thistle, and monkshood sing the blues in the west border outside the fence, while pink bee balm and phlox are a match for orange gaillardia. In the background at right, yarrow fades from red to pale tan. "I couldn't wait to have a beige flower in my garden," says Schinz.



Strongly pruned, the climbing rose 'Alchemist', *above left*, loops a south-facing window and a shutter; *Potentilla 'Abbotswood'*, *above right*, feathers the foundation of the house. The intense fragrance, quartered petals, and yellow and apricot tones of 'Alchemist' deserve to be better known.

1983. When they left Westchester County, just north of New York City, for what was a bare farm hillside, the new landscape was a joint effort. ("There are no other similarities between us and Vita and Harold," says Schinz.) Rubin sited the trees, and Schinz came equipped with favorite plants from the old place. Since then, movement within the garden has been ceaseless. "The plants are the furniture in a room," she says, "and the secret I have discovered for myself is they *can* be moved around, so I am always digging them up at the wrong season and putting them in where they look good." Schinz's garden is startlingly simple in design and forthright in its blazing colors. Her two books—*Visions of Paradise*, with Susan Littlefield, and *The Gardens of Russell Page*, with Gabrielle van Zuylen—are both ambitious and

beautifully executed. She feels at home in the grand gardens of the world and is familiar with their typology and their creators, both living and dead. Since every good garden is a self-portrait of its maker, Schinz's own design and plantings, combined with her photographs, create a double vision of character and place.

In her introduction to *Visions of Paradise*, Schinz says that clarity of style was her first priority in choosing places to photograph. In her garden the clarity of her own style emerges, forged from her memories, her experience, the tempos of her life. As a child, she often stayed at her family's "Pompeian villa," as she calls it, with its courtyard and Lutyensesque terraces on the hills overlooking Zurich. As memorable for Schinz as the grandeur, however, was the geometry of kitchen garden,

cold frame, hotbed, hutch. She also remembers farm wives and their gardens: "They had the cooking for fourteen—they were out of breath they got to their dahlias life is breathless at time globe-trots through the garden has to be kept going to have a garden says, remembering how vegetables she used to her flowers and how to when she wasn't there to Vegetables are something grows, to cover bare patches and as a family bribe spends so much time in she feels she has to produce something delicious to show for

Her 59-by-64-foot room apart from (Continued)

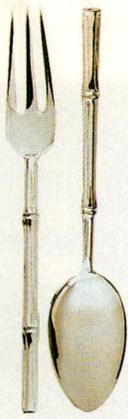


Schinz loves the heat of poppies, cherry red *Phlox* 'Starfire', and yellow-fringed gaillardia. She mixes them with the pink, blue, and purple of the David Austin rose 'Heritage', scabiosa, and *Clematis* 'General Sikorski'. Snapdragons, rugosa rose hips, and white *Lysimachia clethroides* add grace.

Though Schinz "collects" ideas from other gardens with a camera, the scintillating color of these plantings is her own



VAN DAY TRUE
MASTER OF UNDERSTATEMENT



When Van Day Truex had something compelling he wanted you to know about design, he clamped one of his huge expressive hands on the knob of your shoulder, then spoke through bared and

clenched teeth. With eyes that widened to set his dictum in italics, what he often said was, "If something is good once, it's always good." Or "Mother Nature"—*nay-tcha*, as he pronounced it in the middle Atlantic accent he cultivated—"she's always the best designer." Or "Outside of scientific advances, everything has been done."

In a personal style seen as amusing by some and over the top by others, Van Day Truex made his vigorous case for restrained and disciplined domestic design, first at New York's Parsons School of Design, whose Paris branch he headed before becoming president of the entire institution from 1942 to 1952, then as design director of Tiffany & Co., whose silver, crystal, and china departments he shaped from 1955 until his death in 1979 at age seventy-four. In both jobs he stood for control, reason, directness, understatement, and timelessness. When Hubert de Givenchy told Truex that the stucco, stone, and tile house he built for himself in Provence in the regional vernacular was "honest," Truex was over the moon.

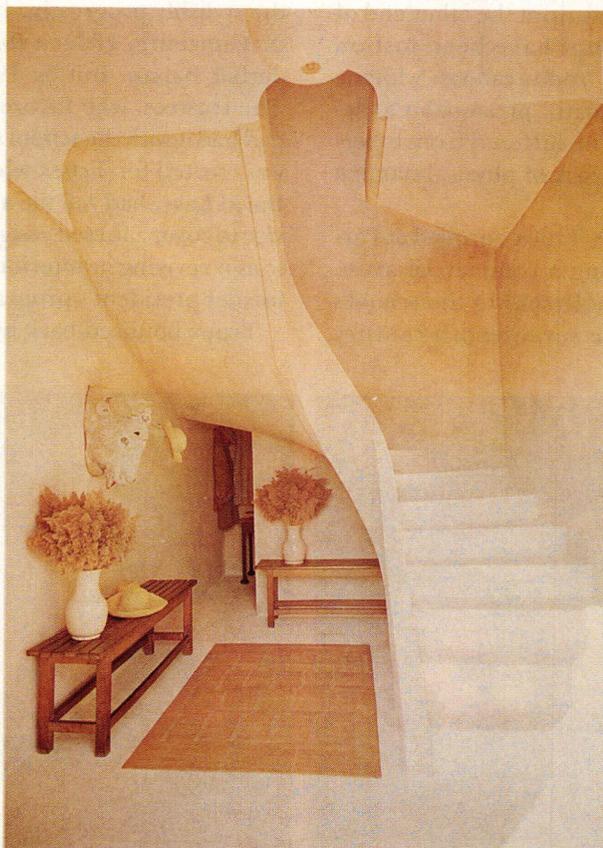
Airily decorated with bamboo and wicker furniture, earth-toned cottons and linens and wools, African art, modest locally crafted benches and chests, and large cushions fashioned out of old Moroccan desert carpets, the house in Ménerbes in the Lubéron Mountains was perhaps the most fluent expression of Truex's famously abstemious style. Even when it came to doing the

Truex, *opposite*, posed for *House & Garden* in 1942 with his wash drawings of Italian landscapes. *Right*: In the late sixties he applied his abstemious style to the entrance hall of a house he built for himself in Provence. *Above*: Truex's 1961 Bamboo flatware is still produced by Tiffany's. Details see Resources.

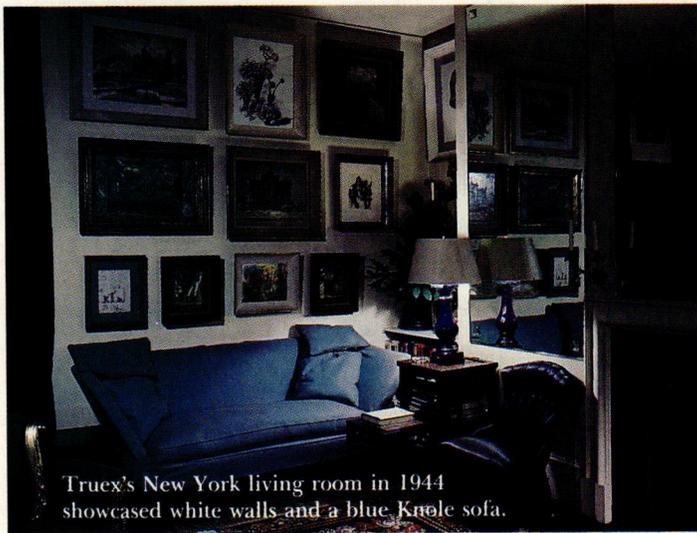
marketing for the midday meal, there was never any question of his letting loose. "Van was definitely not the kind to buy for four if we were only two," remembers Walter Lees, a young attaché at the British embassy in Paris when, in the late forties, he met Truex at La Fiorentina, the countess of Kenmare's landmark chic Riviera villa. Her son, Rory Cameron, liked to quip, "Van's ideal would have been to live in a bowl of porridge," a reference to his almost irrational preference for the color beige. "He saw, without question, the brilliance of browns, beiges, whites, and blacks," Billy Baldwin, Truex's closest friend and champion, affirmed in his autobiography, adding, "His approval of my taste could not possibly have been more sought after by me."

"The dean of twentieth-century American design," as John Loring, Truex's successor at Tiffany's, has called him, brought a resolutely historical and emphatically European perspective to his quietly influential career as an educator and as a creator of such practical everyday objects as ashtrays and cutlery. He saw Giacometti in an Etruscan bronze and Brancusi in a 3000 B.C. Sumerian sculpture of a goose breaking out of its shell. Like Jean-Michel Frank, whom Truex knew well from his Paris days and whose design he borrowed and popularized as the so-called Parsons, or T-square, table, he had an uneasy rapport with the rigors of modernism. The modernist movement, nonetheless, served him well. In fact, it made him.

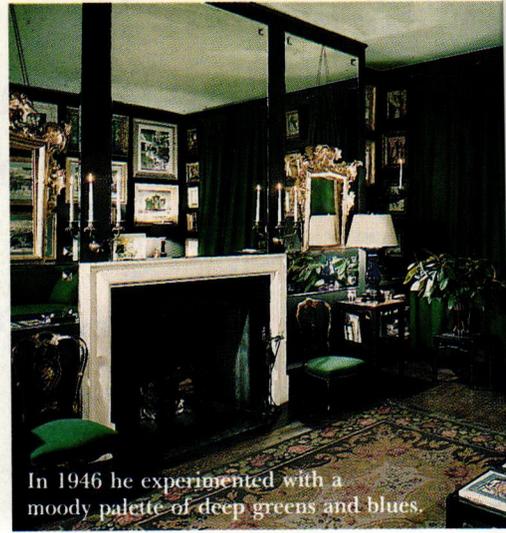
"The philosophy at Parsons under Van was practically word for word that of Edith Wharton and the architect Ogden Codman, who were contemporaries of Frank Alva Parsons, and it was Mr. Parsons who trained Van,"



BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS



Truex's New York living room in 1944 showcased white walls and a blue Krøle sofa.



In 1946 he experimented with a moody palette of deep greens and blues.

says Albert Hadley, a pupil of Truex's who later taught at the school. "They all shared the same notion of what was civilized and in good taste, which, of course, meant most things and ways French. Frank, Elsie de Wolfe, art muse and patron Misia Sert—these were the people Van looked to and whose ideas he shared with his students. He was especially sympathetic to Elsie's insistence on suitability, simplicity, and proportion, which owed so much to the earlier work of Wharton and Codman."

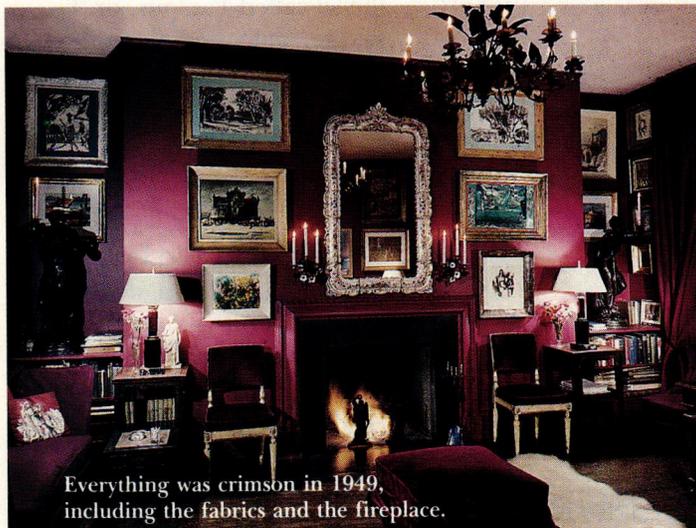
Truex was born on the desolate plains of western Kansas during a cyclone—"in a high wind," he liked to say. His father worked as a manager at what became the J. C. Penney Co. (The irony of winding up at the other end of the retailing pyramid could not have been lost on Truex.) Once a week his mother "rode a caboose with the receipts hidden under her petticoats," presumably to deposit them in the bank. As a boy he suffered from tuberculosis, accounting for a certain lack of physical stamina that hindered him as an adult.

Arriving in New York in 1922, Truex enrolled at Parsons with the intent of becoming a commercial artist. Three years later he won a scholarship to the school's Paris outpost in a fashionable seventeenth-century

house in the Marais district at 9, place des Vosges. There he studied under the fastidious and eccentric architect Charles-Jules Odom, the man known as Mr. Taste, who is credited as the inventor of smart, rich, high-style deco. When Truex was teaching at the school, then running a small flat done entirely in mattress ticking on the Rue de Valenciennes, he had Cocteau and Schiaparelli as neighbors. From her striped and tented perch at the Villa Mairea, Elsie de Wolfe dispensed advice to Truex which steered him throughout his career.

As president of Parsons in New York, he used his family connections to benefit his students, arranging for them to live in the stylishly progressive houses of Philip Johnson, Joseph de Gunzburg, Helena Rubinstein, and Cornelius Vanderbilt Balsan. But by 1952, Truex's number of trustees, who favored the idea of mass education, had had it with the school's uncloaked elitism. A new school was created for Truex which, according to former trustee David Levy, had "all the appearance of a facade to cover a forced resignation." (Forty years later, Parsons is reviving its interior design department, using former president's programs as models.)

Truex bounced back by overseeing an ex-

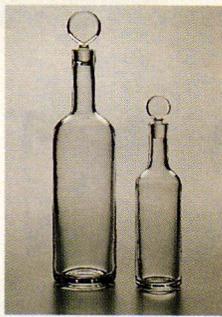


Everything was crimson in 1949, including the fabrics and the fireplace.



The look in 1951: bamboo blinds for curtains, unpolished walls, yellow silk upholstery, and a bare polished floor.

Baccarat's Dionysos decanters, *right*, for Tiffany's—a 1974 Truex design he dubbed "Van ordinaire."



From Truex's scrapbook: Charles Seigny, Rory Cameron, and Billy Baldwin, *above left*, in 1970 at La Fiorentina on the Riviera. *Above center*: Truex in Florence, c. 1935. *Above right*: His wash drawing of a fountain in Gordes, Provence, 1963.

Truex's love of beige prompted a friend to quip, "Van's ideal would have been to live in a bowl of porridge"



Cruising the Mediterranean with Mona Williams and Peggy Healey.

portunity to put his ideas into production, he commissioned Baccarat in France to supply Tiffany's with his Dionysos decanter shaped like a slope-shouldered Bordeaux wine bottle ("Van ordinaire," he called it), which is now in the permanent collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art. The atelier of Archimede Seguso on the Venetian island of Murano fabricated his scabrous organic Rock Cut candlesticks. Alongside nature, whose seedpods and pinecones he had Portuguese craftsmen turn into silver bowls and boxes of humble chic, Truex drew his greatest inspiration from the eighteenth century. The wittily seductive trompe l'oeil earthenware plates, decorated with eggs and olives, which he ordered from the Este ceramics workshops near Padua were a revival from that time, and his widely copied best-selling Bamboo flatware echoed the era's appreciation of chinoiserie. All of these designs are still in production and stocked by Tiffany's.

collection of architectural hardware—doorknobs, pulls, escutcheons, and push plates—that sought to vault the gap between art and industry. Produced for Yale & Towne, the line included his own designs as well as those of Léger, Miró, Noguchi, and others. Flush with success, he next accepted the challenge posed by Tiffany's new owner, Walter Hoving, of reviving the store's name for quality in design. "Tiffany's had become run-down, gloomy, confused," John Loring recalls. "It was full of heavy star vases that Van called 'great vomitings of crystal.'"

Truex's position at the store, coupled with the attention he received as a virtuoso draftsman specializing in monochromatic wash drawings of European architecture, did nothing to ease his reputation as perhaps the original Social Moth. "Van was always the extra man at dinner—women loved him," remembers Mrs. Henry Parish II. "He was always interesting and always interested in you, which made him extremely personable. He was a great gentleman, very kind and generous in thought. It was Mr. Truex, in fact, who introduced me to my partner, Mr. Hadley."

Truex's knowledge of European decorative arts and artisanal traditions made him perhaps the only man for the job. Embracing the op-

Over the years Hadley had become one of the attentive friends and disciples Truex invited round for relaxed dinners which gave him the chance to do some shoulder clamping and voice his dictums. In an apartment treated as a color workshop—in seven years it wore four different complexions—he did the (Continued on page 119)



Silver seedpod box, *above*, from Tiffany's. *Center left*: Doorknob with astral escutcheon, c. 1955.

CALIFORNIA

Actors Amanda Pays and Corbin Bernsen transformed

By Kathryn Ireland Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by



Amanda Pays and Corbin Bernsen, *opposite*, added a stone mantelpiece, teak floor, and old beams to the living room, *above*, which they decorated with antique French chairs and a sofa and armchair from George Smith in cottons from Clarence House and Cowtan & Tout. A yellow Bauer pottery vase rests on a table found in New Mexico. Details see Resources.

RUSTIC

in Los Angeles down to the last beam





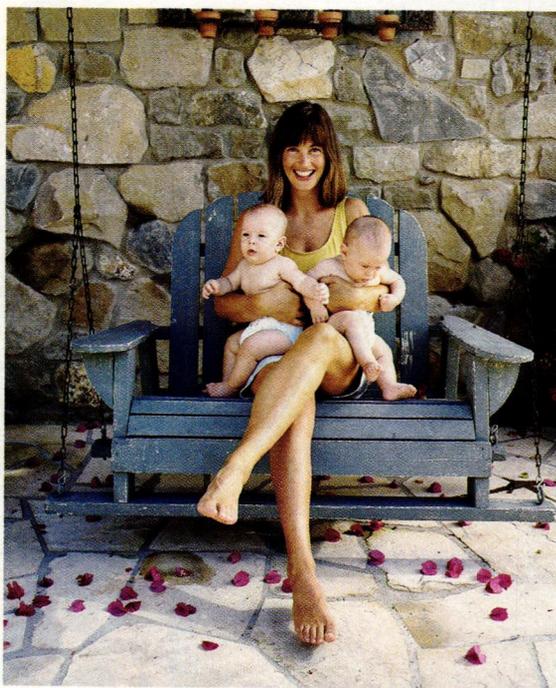
THE SLICK ATTORNEY CORBIN BERNSEN PLAYS ON *L.A. Law* is no one's idea of a homebody. Off the set, however, he is a man with nesting instincts that might win a sympathetic smile from any judge in family court. The star character witness for Corbin's real-life role is his wife, actress Amanda Pays (best known as Theora Jones on the *Max Headroom* series). "From the time Corbin and I met," she says, "we've been collecting everything from doors to mantelpieces—not necessarily because we've always planned to build a house but because we enjoy hunting for things that might go into one. Whether we're in London or Provence or Santa Fe, if we find something we like we buy it, ship it home, and store it." When Amanda and Corbin did decide to build a house in Los Angeles, three and a half years ago, it wasn't only because they had plenty of material to work with: they also wanted space for their son, Oliver, and for the other children they planned to have. As it happened, they found just the right acre of land with a house they liked already in

place—the only problem was that the house barely a quarter the size it needed to be.

Dating to 1930, the simple stuccoed façade reflected no particular style, though the steep pitched roofs, casement windows, and many rose garden reminded Amanda of cottages she had known as a girl growing up in England and France. Corbin, a native Californian, agreed no matter how much he and Amanda might want to change the property to suit modern family life they should keep the sense of a house with "bones" and a European spirit. After architect Cory Buckner drew up plans that adroitly added 7,500 square feet to the 2,380 in the original structure, the new owners applied design touches of their own. Corbin had apprenticed as a painter before becoming an actor and had built and remodeled many houses. Amanda is my partner in the decorative accessories shop Ireland & Co. where we sell simple classic English- and French style lamps, slipcovered chairs, and other paraphernalia of country house life abroad that



The twins, Angus and Henry, sit with their mother, *right*, on an old painted porch swing hung on one of the stone terraces Pays and Bernsen designed. *Opposite*: They have landscaped a patio beside the house to recall English cottage gardens. A wall lantern from Ireland Pays, L.A., is mounted above one of a pair of English urns. *Above*: A collection of 18th- and 19th-century still lifes hangs in the dining room. Simple but luxurious, the curtains are an Ireland Pays signature: yellow damask with a red border hung from gilded poles and tied back as single panels. A custom-made maple table from Richard Mulligan-Sunset Cottage, L.A., is set with Bauer pottery and surrounded by reproduction chairs from Gazebo, L.A. Bernsen left the plaster walls unpainted for a luminous matte effect.



Though the 1930s house had no particular style, it reminded Amanda of old English and French cottages



European and American antiques mix cozily with local swap-meet finds

almost impossible to buy in Los Angeles when she and I moved here from Britain.

Everything Amanda and Corbin installed in their house has a history. The sinks in the master bathroom had been salvaged from London's Dorchester Hotel, the teak floors were custom made in Bali, and the rough-hewn beams came from old farmhouses in New England and upstate New York which had been dismantled and trucked to Los Angeles. When the timbers arrived, they were laid out on the front lawn so that Corbin could shift them around, figuring where each beam should go. Equal thought has been focused on the placement of every baseboard, doorknob, and cabinet pull.

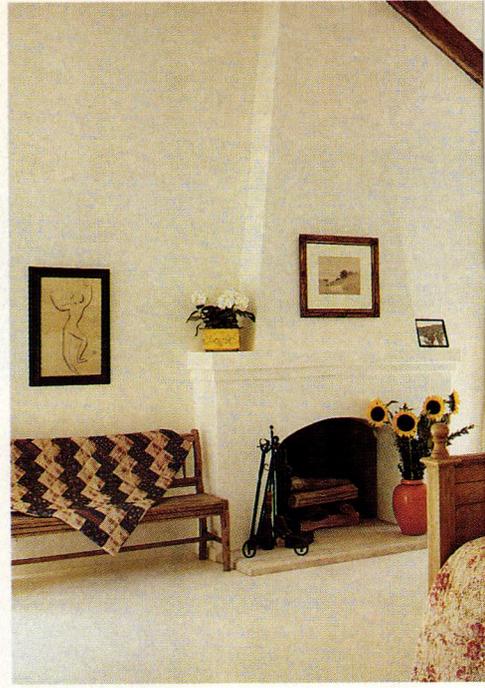
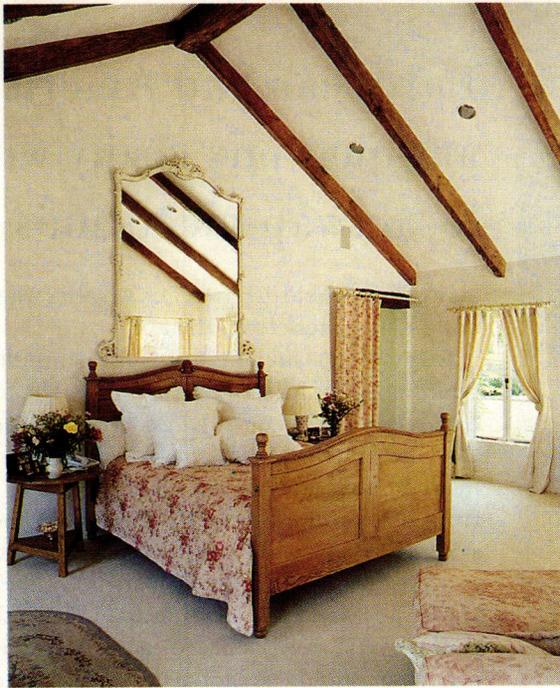
Amanda gives her husband most of the credit for overseeing such details during the last few months before their twins, Angus and Henry, arrived. It was Corbin who diligently rose at five every morning to look in on the construction site before heading to the *L.A. Law* set. No feature of the house shows his eye for planning and craftsmanship—or the collector's desire for more storage—better than the meticulously fitted closets and cupboards. Amanda's father, the London theatrical agent Howard Pays, said of the couple's dressing room, "It's like Savile Row in here, if not quite as tidy." Elsewhere, shelf upon shelf display collections of Bauer pottery and hundreds of the small glass domes in which "snow" falls when you turn them upside down.

But it is the air of uncluttered comfort in light-filled spaces that strikes you when you first enter the stone-flagged entrance hall, the beamed living and dining rooms, or the big country kitchen at the heart of the house. Unpainted plaster walls set off English, French, and American country antiques mixed cozily with the occasional swap-meet find and the paintings Amanda and Corbin have brought back from their travels. One recent acquisition, an eighteenth-century English landscape purchased in

(Continued on page 120)

Family and friends often gather in the large country kitchen, under hand-hewn beams salvaged from farmhouses. Sturdy chairs found at swap meets in Los Angeles and Pasadena encircle a round table Pays and Bernsen bought at a French antiques fair and use for informal dining. Food is prepared on an American butcher block table. Tilework and the stove hood are reminiscent of kitchens in rural France. Pillows from Ireland Pays. Curtain fabric from Nobilis & Fontan.





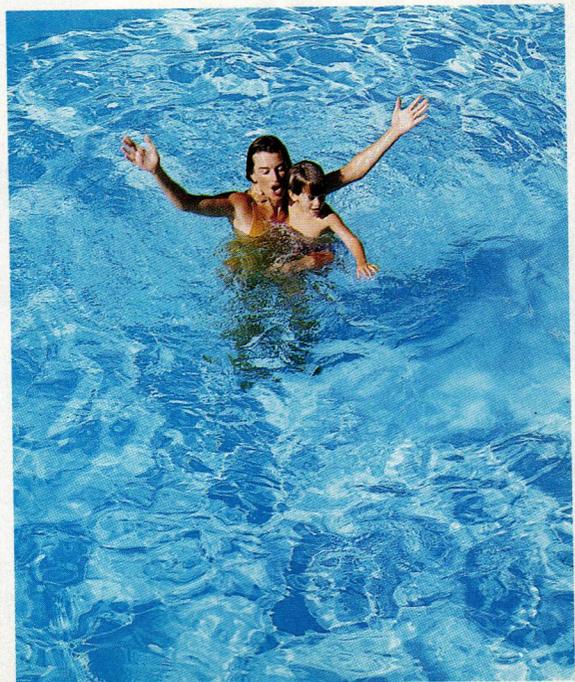
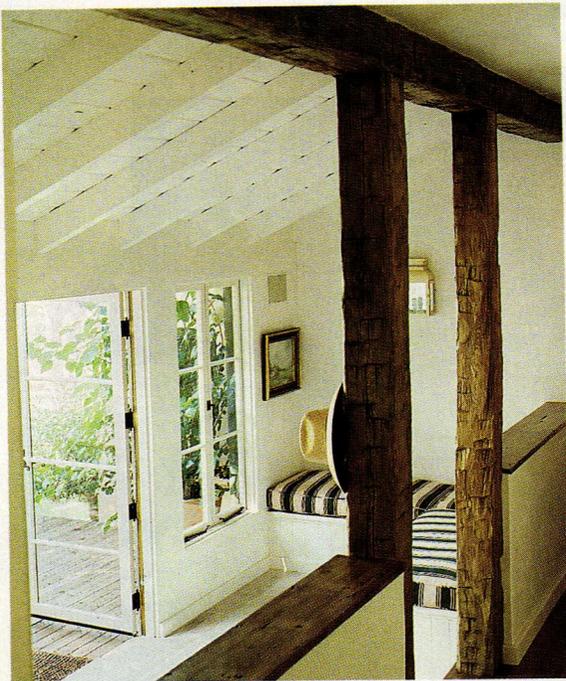
Although the pine bed in the master bedroom, *above left*, is a reproduction, the mirror and pillows are antiques from London. The quilt and portière came from the Isle-sur-la-Sorgue antiques fair in France. Another delicate floral fabric covers a chaise longue and ottoman. *Above right*: The quilt on the hearthside bench is American. *Below*: An English Czech & Speake fixture encourages long soaks in the master bathroom. Blinds in a crisp Ralph Lauren Home Collection contrast with the gently worn surfaces of a rocker purchased in Connecticut and a mirror frame from Richard

From beams to sinks, everything here has a history





A new pool house, *above*, is tucked into one of the massive retaining walls of southern California sandstone that shaped the steep canyon hillside into a series of terraces for outdoor living. Higher up the slope, another level has been planted as an orchard of citrus, peach, apple, and plum trees. *Below left*: Built-in seats, with cushions in a striped Hodssoll McKenzie cotton from Clarence House, provide a welcoming alcove in an entrance hall. *Below right*: Amanda takes a dip in the pool with Oliver.





bowling
by Picasso. Details

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The Comforts of Modernism

**In a Corbusian duplex, a collector
makes himself at home with the
twentieth century. By Umberto Pasti**

Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Wendy Goodman

IN THE LATE 1930S THE OFFICE OF LE CORBUSIER designed a huge duplex apartment as a studio and residence for a couple, both painters. The ample main room, flooded with north light, was meant to be worked in. Today this space has taken on a solely domestic function: these beautiful rooms, with their white walls, natural beechwood floors, and painted iron door and window frames—"It is softened Corbusier, not pure Corbusier," cautions the owner—serve as the Paris residence of a cosmopolitan collector.

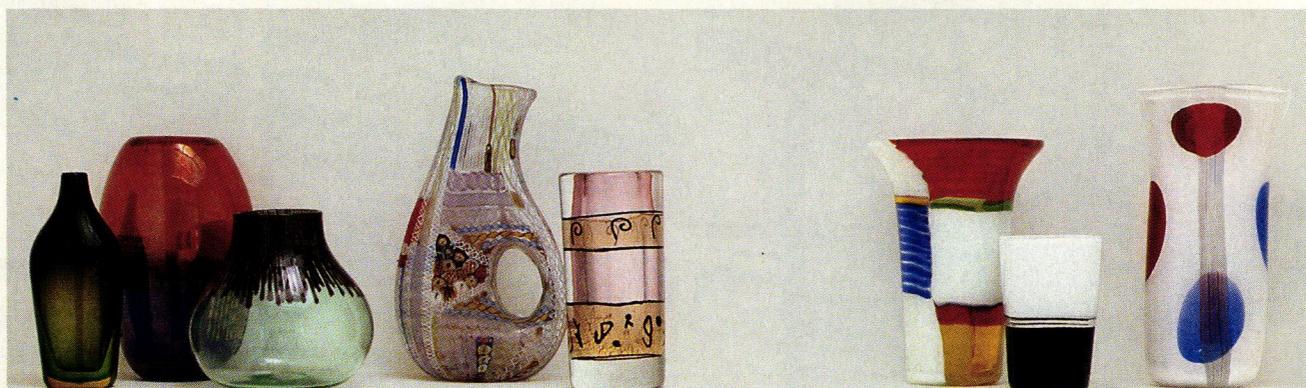
Perhaps fifteen years ago, demonstrating the ultrasensitive antennae that allow leaders of taste to pick up on trends before others do, this collector embraced the aesthetic elaborated by the artists of the twentieth century, particularly those active from the 1930s to the close of the 1960s, nearly four decades that were magical for design.

Backing up enthusiasm with research in period documents—the bookshelves in the drawing room contain a vast array of old exhibition catalogues, decorating magazines, plans from furniture makers, monographs, and works devoted to twentieth-century architects and designers—the collector began a methodical exploration of flea markets, auction houses, junk dealers, warehouses, and ateliers all over the world.





In the drawing room, floor-to-ceiling shelves hold catalogues and books the owner acquired while studying 20th-century designers like French architect and metalworker Jean Prouvé, whose waxed oak table with painted aluminum legs occupies the center of the room. Piero Fornasetti's four-panel folding screen with a stylized view of Jerusalem stands behind one of a pair of Le Corbusier armchairs.



Vivid Venetian glass inhabits a stark white ledge

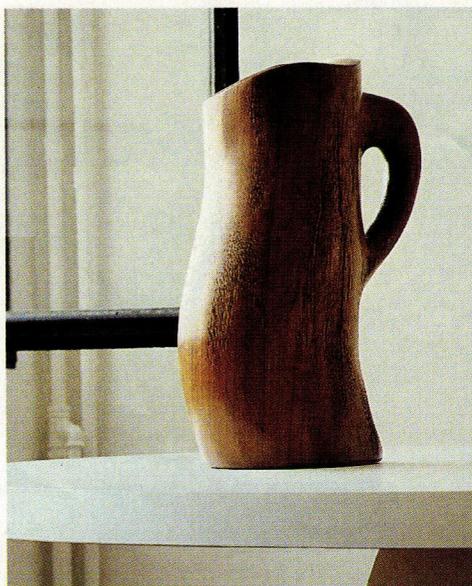
"The first painting I bought was a still life by Gilles Aillaud, which now hangs in the main room," the owner recalls. "The first major piece of furniture was a small round table I bought directly from Jean Prouvé." Trained as an architect and a metalworker, Prouvé experimented with sheet steel furniture as early as the mid 1920s; his 1936 market building in Clichy led Frank Lloyd Wright to dub him the inventor of the modern curtain wall. "I had been interested in Prouvé's architecture, and visited many of his buildings in Paris," the owner says. "Finally I called him at his office and visited him. His life was very difficult; now that he is dead, he is famous."

Indeed, both private and institutional collectors have now become champions of once-neglected modernists. Several pieces by Prouvé, as well as others by 1950s master Jean Royère, whose work is also represented in this apartment, are among the examples of modern furniture in the permanent collection of the Centre Georges Pompidou. These days the wall and table lamps devised by Serge Mouille in the 1950s, like the two in one of the bedrooms in the apartment, have become nearly mythical due to their rarity, and the glass vases of Venini and Barovier & Toso—which attracted this collector with their "very very strange colors"—are widely sought after. When the collector began to acquire such objects, however, a market for them did not exist.

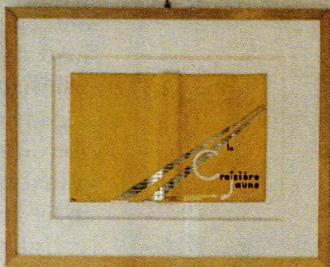
A lover of eccentricity, of surprising volumes, of unusual lines, the collector "rediscovered" Piero Fornasetti at a time when few outside the Milanese bourgeoisie knew of his existence. Other more than timely "rediscoveries" were Jacques Adnet's metal and leather furniture, made by Hermès in the 1940s and '50s, and the bamboo chairs designed by architect Emilio Terry, the in-

ventive decorator for the fabulous balls of Carlos de Beistegui and a close collaborator of Jean-Michel Frank. In the mid 1980s the collector began to acquire furniture and objects created between 1950 and '60 by Parisian Alexandre Noll, whose specialty was forming an entire chair, even an entire cabinet, from a single piece of wood. Only in the last decade did the Musée des Arts Décoratifs acquire three Noll pieces, thus consecrating his fame to the general public.

This list could continue for pages. Besides the drawings and paintings of neoromantics Christian Bérard and Eugene Berman, illustrations and set designs by Jean Hugo, Philippe Jullian, Denyse Bravura, and Barcelona-born Antoni Clavé, this apartment houses tables and chairs, bowls and lamps and screens by Frenchmen André Arbus and Jean Dunand, the Bauhaus-



Although nearly all of the furniture dates from 1930 to 1970, a plastic table by Philippe Starck, *opposite*, finds a place under a book-binding project by Boris Lacroix and a Léger plaque. Lino Sabattini designed the silver-plated tea service. Anticipating fashion, the owner bought a beautifully crafted jug by Alexandre Noll, *left*, and vases by Venini, Luciano Ferro, and others, *above*, before the current revival of interest in such pieces.





A lover of eccentricity,
the owner “rediscovered”
Fornasetti when few
people outside the
Milanese bourgeoisie
knew of his existence

inspired Scandinavian designer Poul Kjaerholm, and Turin-based architect Carlo Mollino. Leather portfolios hold photographs by Cecil Beaton, André Kertész, Herbert List, George Hoyningen-Huene, and others. Arranged on shelves in the drawing room in apparent disorder, next to drawings by uncontested masters like Picasso, Miró, and Cocteau, are sketches and temperas by that most eccentric of surrealists Valentine Hugo and by American artist Tom Keogh, who did illustrations for fashion magazines and was the true heir to Bérard's talent. “At first I tried hanging my drawings and photographs on the wall,” the owner recalls, “but it was too busy. It had a nineteenth-century look. In this place it is better to have white walls.”

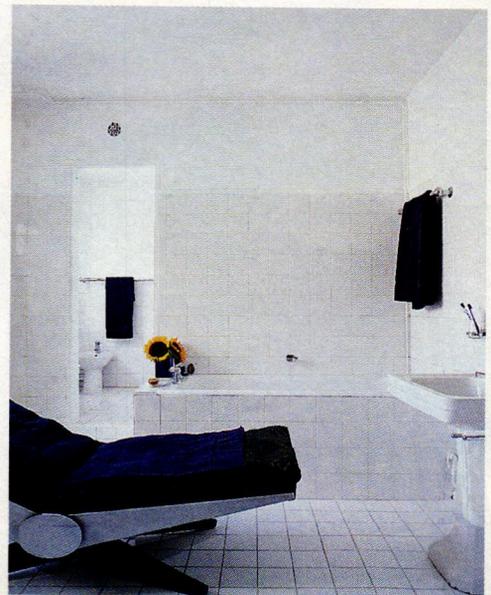
Unlike many collectors, this one has no fear of today, no need to resist its seductions. The apartment mixes pieces of art and furniture from the 1930s, '40s, and '50s with contemporary works, among them acrylics on paper by Sigmar Polke, silver by Lino Sabattini, and a plastic laminate table by Philippe Starck. Always vigilant, always wanting to know, always ready to embark on a trip to acquire a desired object or meet an artist whose work is intriguing, our collector continues to buy, guided by a demand for quality that can be satisfied by a metal and enamel art deco book binding by Pierre Legrain or by a wooden table created by an anonymous carpenter of the 1980s.

This intuition and freedom, this admirable capacity for renewal makes this collection fascinating. But what most strikes the visitor wandering through these rooms for the first time is the naturalness with which things of great value and beauty are arranged, the harmony achieved by pairing a postmodern vase and a rationalist table or a vorticist gouache with a neoromantic portrait. The apartment as well as the collection reflects the full life of the person who lives here: the silver by Josef Hoffmann and Dagobert Peche and the ceramics by Cocteau and Picasso are not displayed in antiseptic glass cases but are used to serve fish and fruit. Each object is enjoyed, as was intended by its creator. Rather than a museum of the decorative arts of our century, this is a cheerful and hospitable residence filled with conversation and laughter. ▲

A portrait by neoromantic painter Christian Bérard, an arbiter of Parisian taste in the 1930s, surveys one of the bedrooms, *above left*. From the witty Fornasetti come the acrobat screen and, on the gaming table in the foreground, the lamp and an ashtray with a characteristically graphic image. The table, one of several pieces in the collection designed by Jacques Adnet in the 1940s or '50s and executed by Hermès, also displays a Jaeger Lecoultre clock, a Man Ray photograph, and books bound by Pierre Legrain.



Jean Prouvé's aluminum desk and chair, *above*, are felicitously positioned in front of a bedroom radiator; a lamp by Ingo Maurer illuminates the terrazzo desktop. *Below left*: Twin beds flank an anonymous table, c. 1950. The lamps are by Serge Mouille, France's premier lighting designer of the 1950s, and the vases by Luciano Ferro, Dino Martens, and Orrefors, all c. 1950. *Below right*: A chaise longue of the same vintage seems to float in the white-tiled bathroom.



S

ITTING COMFORTABLY AT THE heart of the twentieth-century interior is the sofa. Its evolving shape—extending from Frank Lloyd Wright's hard-edged settle to Denning & Fourcade's extravagantly plump perch—offers a shorthand account of every seismic and subtle change in the design climate. From what we know of the nineties, there is no definitive silhouette

that serves as a signpost for the decade. Instead, everything goes, as evidenced by the fifty-two dramatically diverse contemporary sofas—plus fifteen still-produced classics—presented on the following pages. And for those who want to understand what makes a sofa worth its stuffing, HG investigates the New York workrooms of Thomas De Angelis, the king of custom furniture. Details see Resources.

O

ALL ABOUT

By Elaine Hunt

Horizontal wings act as end tables on Frank Lloyd Wright's sofa in the Francis W. Little living room.

1910s 1920s

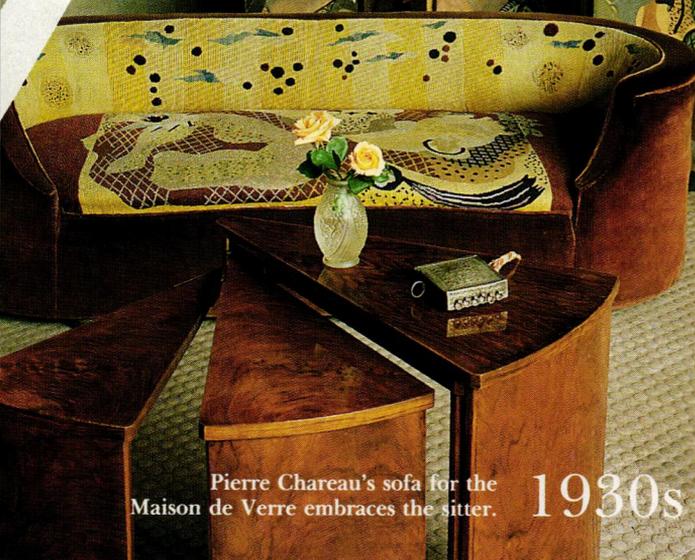
Jean-Michel Frank enclosed his cube sofa with miniature folding screens.

Vladimir Kagan expressed postwar exuberance in an amoeboid sofa.

1950s 1960s

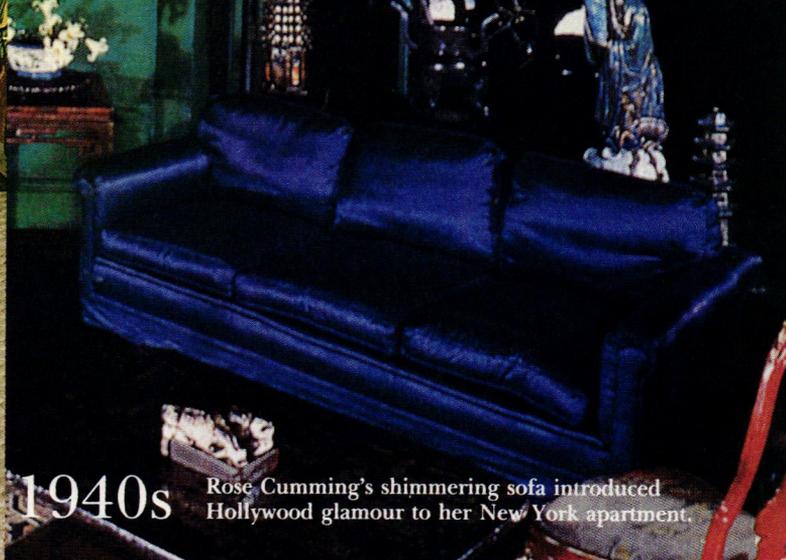
Chunks of leather-covered foam ebb and flow in François Catroux's living room.

F A S



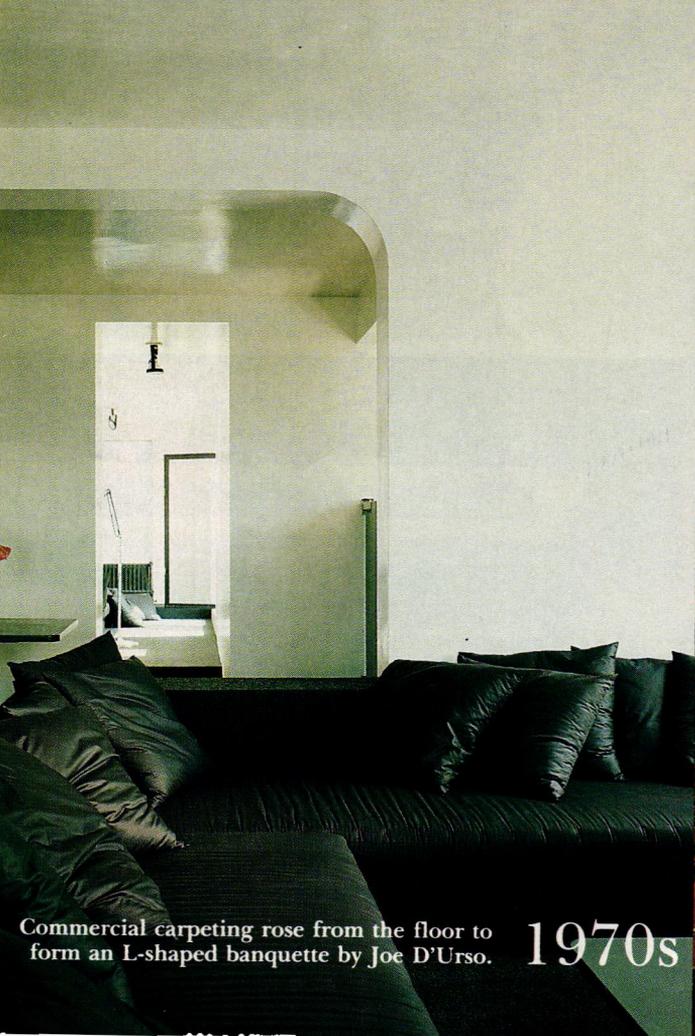
Pierre Chareau's sofa for the Maison de Verre embraces the sitter.

1930s



Rose Cumming's shimmering sofa introduced Hollywood glamour to her New York apartment.

1940s



Commercial carpeting rose from the floor to form an L-shaped banquette by Joe D'Urso.

1970s



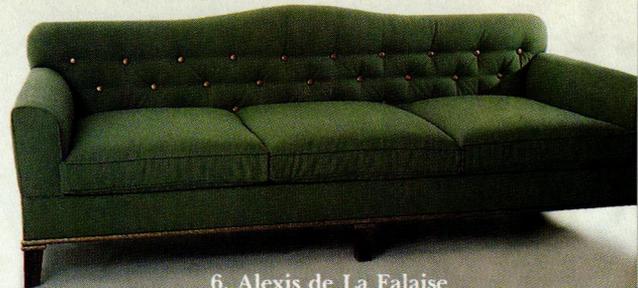
Denning & Fourcade designed a tufted and tasseled double-faced sofa for Oscar de la Renta.

1980s

SOFAS



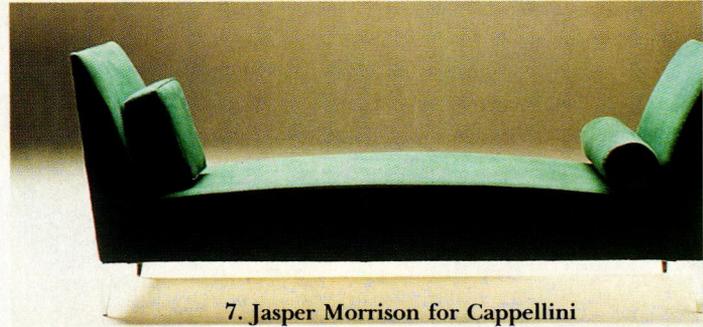
1. Alan Buchsbaum with Marc l'Italian for Dennis Miller



6. Alexis de La Falaise



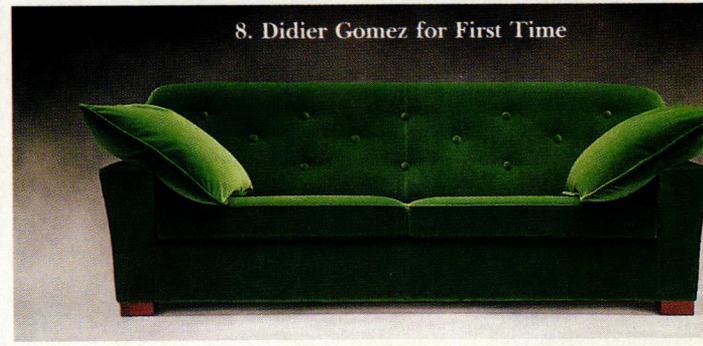
2. E.N.T.



7. Jasper Morrison for Cappellini

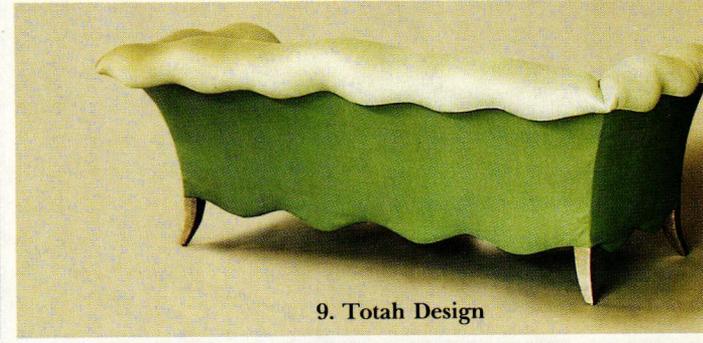


3. Palecek



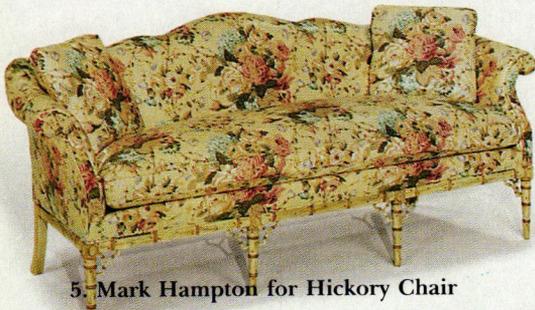
8. Didier Gomez for First Time

4. George Smith Sofas & Chairs



9. Totah Design

5. Mark Hampton for Hickory Chair



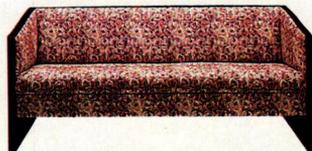
10. Aldo Cibic for Ferlea

Classics

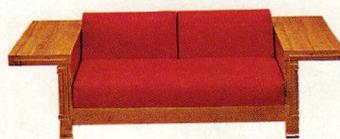
Still in

Production

Charles Rennie Mackintosh's Argyle Set sofa, 1897, from Atelier International

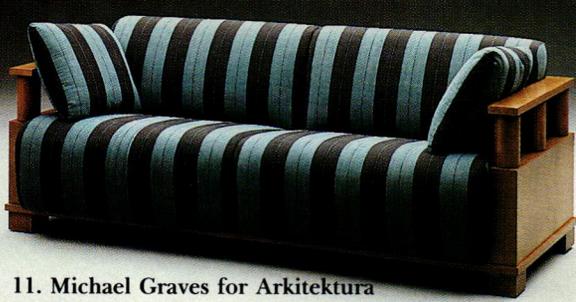


Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie 3, 1906, from Atelier International



Josef Hoffmann's Palais Stoclet sofa, 1911, from ICF





11. Michael Graves for Arkitektura



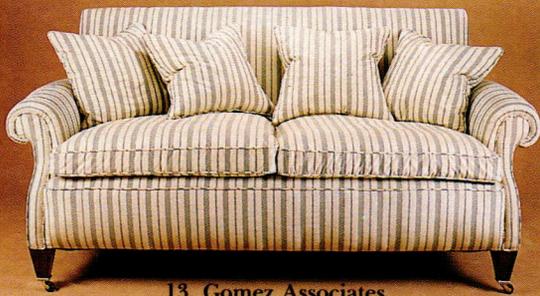
16. John Saladino



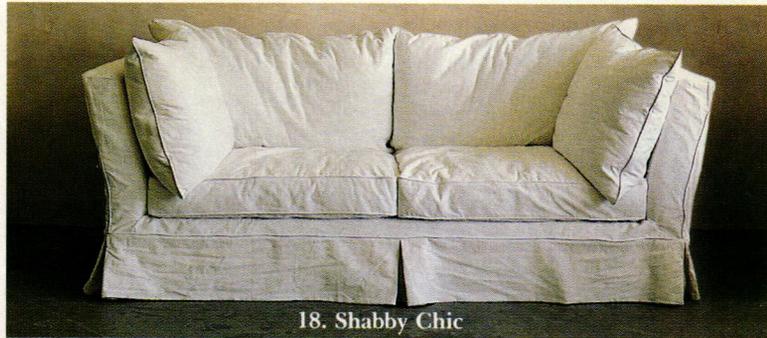
12. Arel Design



17. Mario Buatta for John Widdicomb



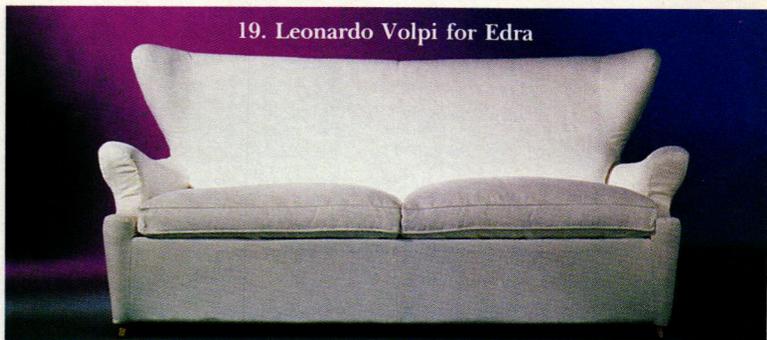
13. Gomez Associates



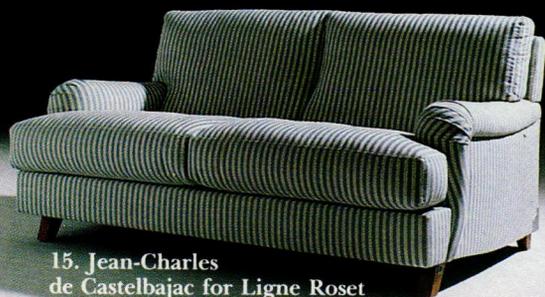
18. Shabby Chic



14. Osborne & Little



19. Leonardo Volpi for Edra



15. Jean-Charles de Castelbajac for Ligne Roset



20. Shelton Mindel Associates

Leopold Stickley's Prairie settle, 1912, from L. & J. G. Stickley

Walter Gropius's Bauhaus Weimar, 1920, from Unit 7301 Bauhaus Furniture Resource

Eileen Gray's Lota sofa, 1924, from Palazzetti

Edwin Lutyen's Government House settee, 1925, from Arkitektura





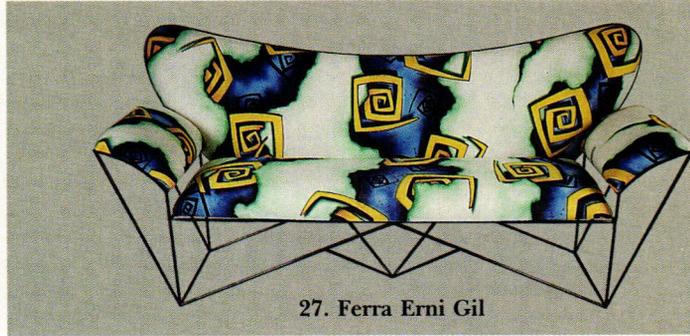
21. Antonio Citterio for B&B Italia



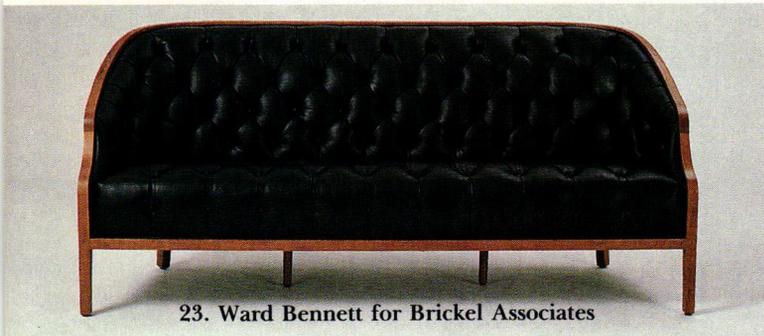
26. Ralph Lauren Home Collection



22. Martine Harlé



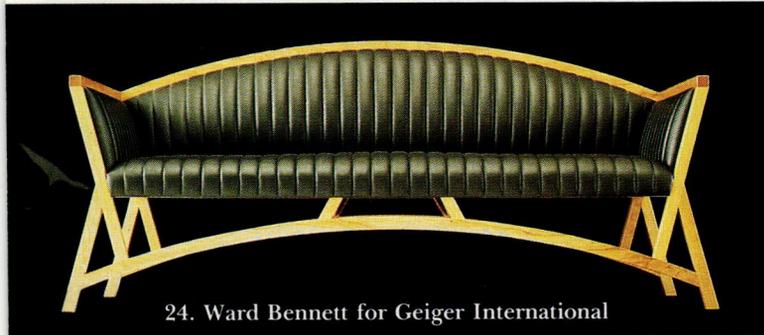
27. Ferruccio Ferrini



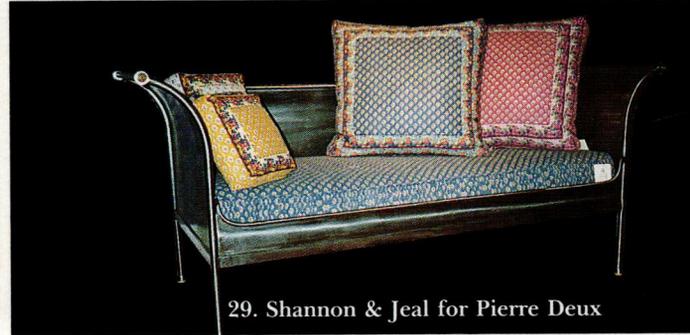
23. Ward Bennett for Brickell Associates



28. Garouste and Bonetti



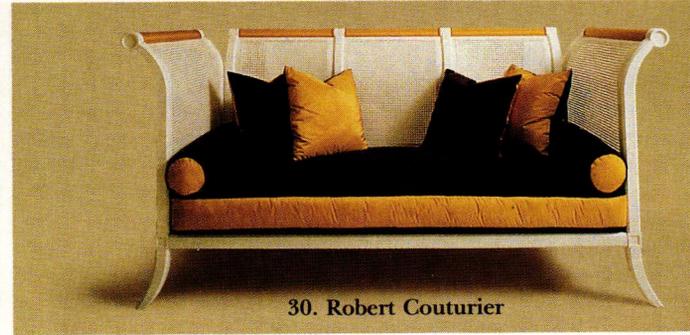
24. Ward Bennett for Geiger International



29. Shannon & Jeal for Pierre Deux



25. Vladimir Kagan for Directional

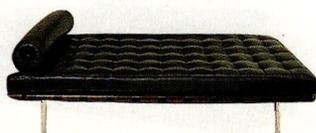


30. Robert Couturier

Le Corbusier's LC/2/3 sofa, 1928, from Atelier International



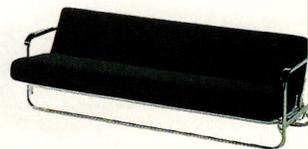
Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona daybed, 1929, from Knoll



Jean-Michel Frank's 1930 sofa from Écart International

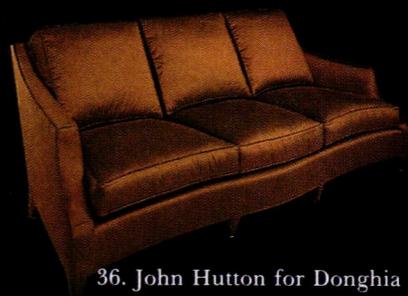


Alvar Aalto's 1930 sofa bed from ICF





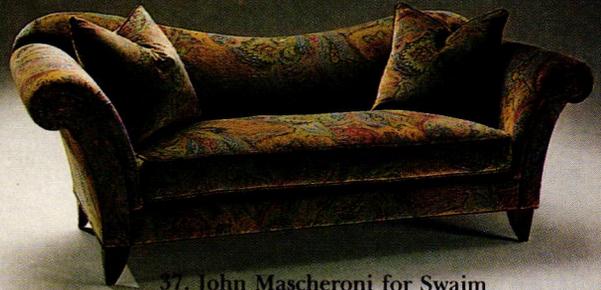
31. Rose Tarlow—Melrose House



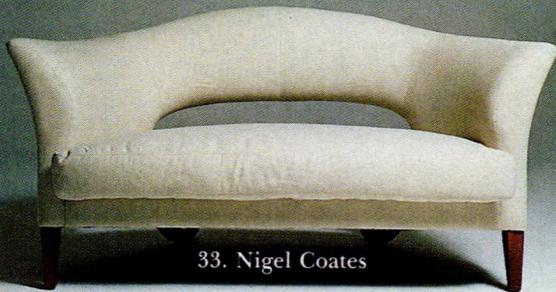
36. John Hutton for Donghia



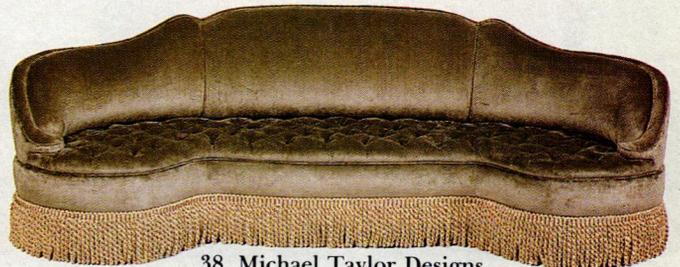
32. Anthony P. Browne for DAPHA



37. John Mascheroni for Swaim



33. Nigel Coates



38. Michael Taylor Designs



34. Roberto Gerosa



39. Patrick Nagler for Arc International

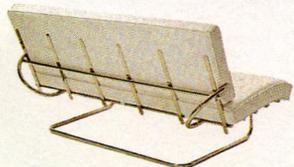


35. Andrée Putman



40. Massimo Iosa-Ghini for Moroso

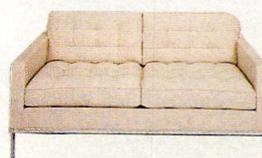
Marcel Breuer's Bauhaus Ausstellung
Berlin sofa, 1931, from Unit
7301 Bauhaus Furniture Resource



Gerrit Thomas Rietveld's
Utrecht sofa, 1935,
from Atelier International



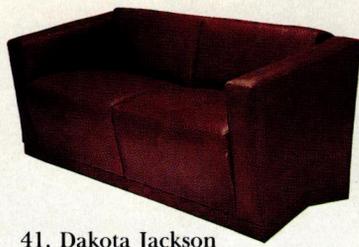
Florence Knoll's 1954
settee from Knoll



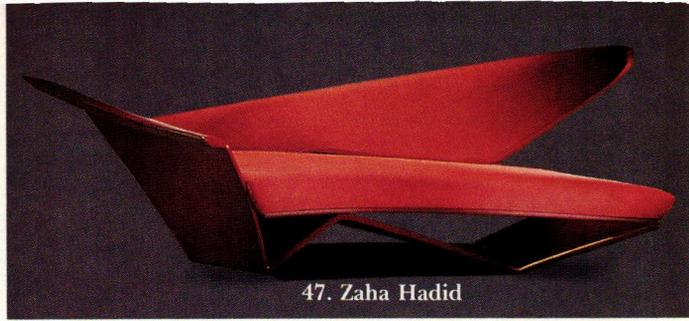
Charles and Ray Eames's
Soft Pad sofa, c. 1976,
from Herman Miller



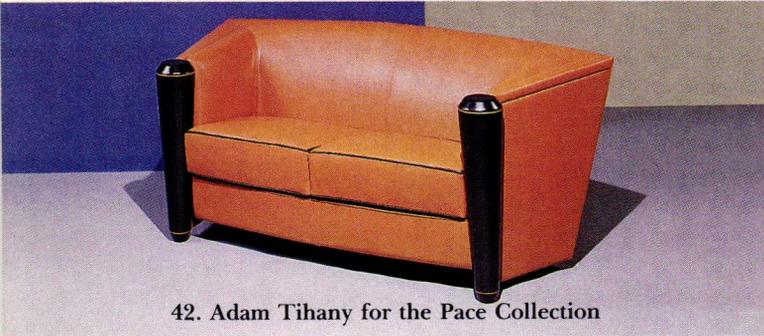
SOFA S



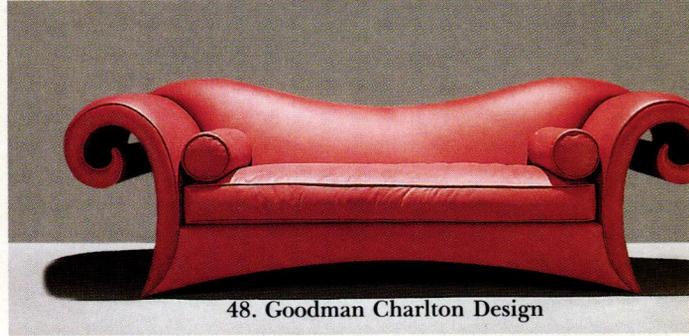
41. Dakota Jackson



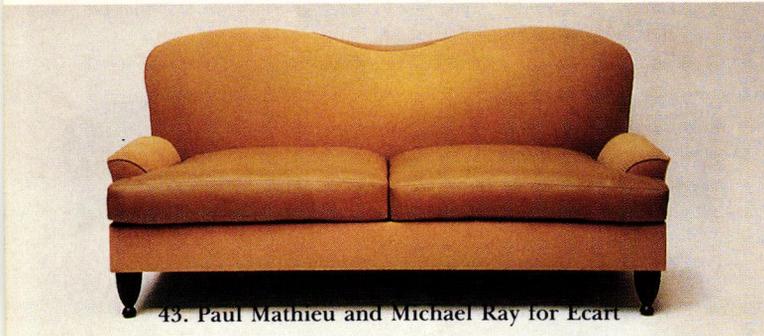
47. Zaha Hadid



42. Adam Tihany for the Pace Collection



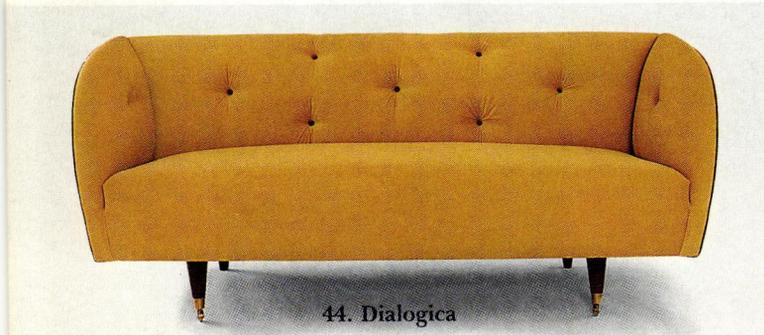
48. Goodman Charlton Design



43. Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray for Ecart



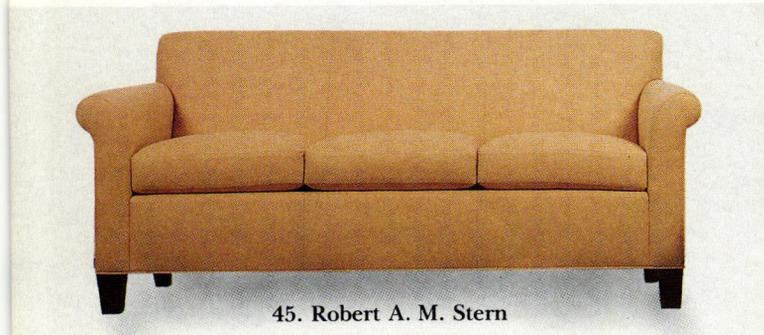
49. Betty Sherrill for Baker Furniture



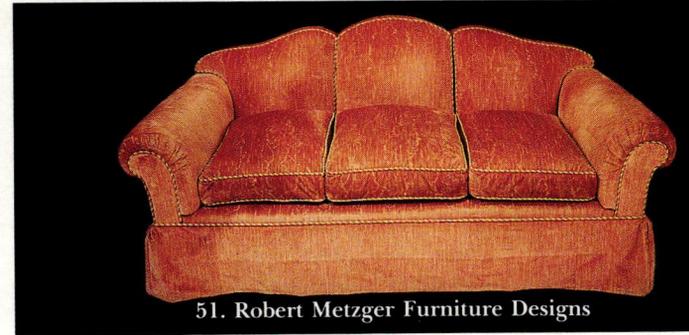
44. Dialogica



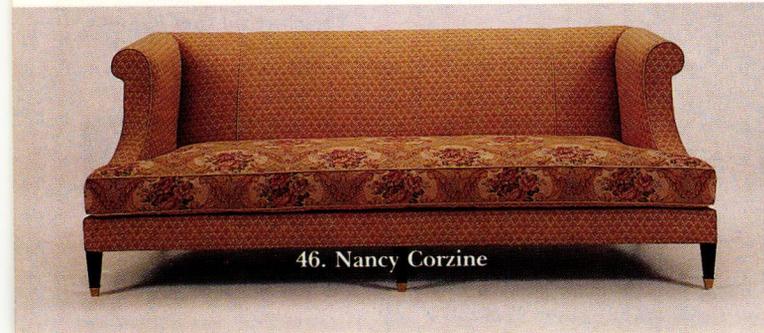
50. IKEA



45. Robert A. M. Stern



51. Robert Metzger Furniture Designs



46. Nancy Corzine

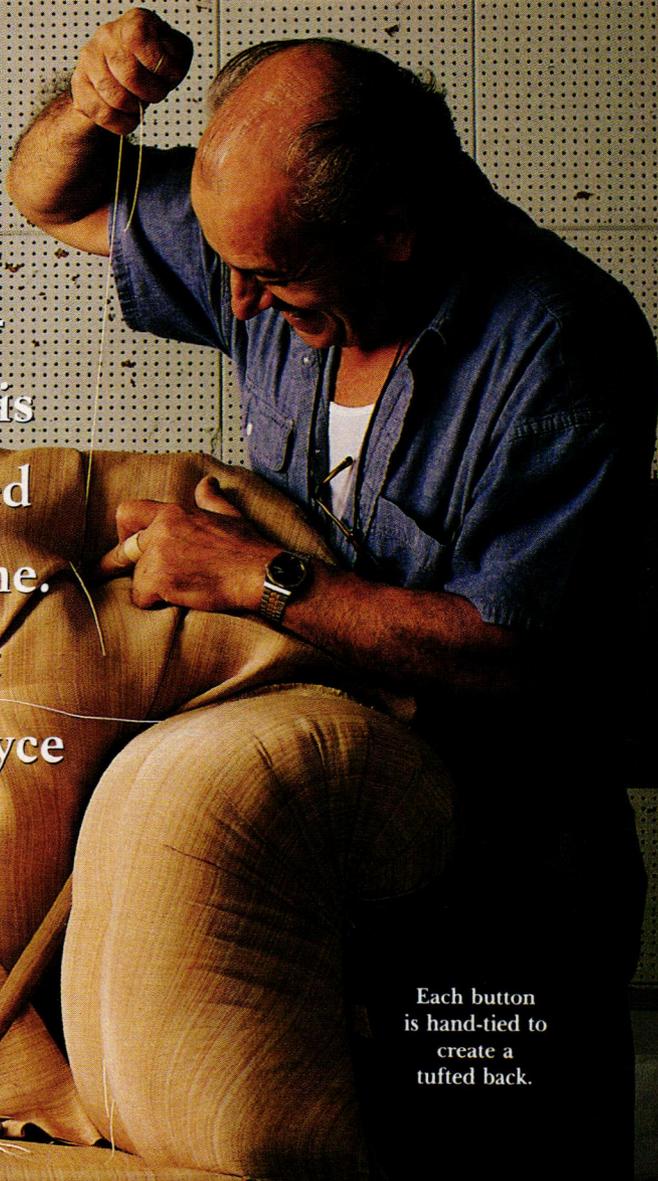


52. Studio 65

CUSTOM SOFAS:

The inside story

Out of the New York work-rooms of Thomas De Angelis & Co. come sofas guaranteed to last more than one lifetime. HG follows the steps that it takes to create the Rolls-Royce of the furniture world



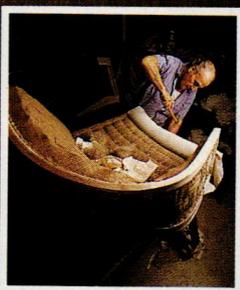
Each button is hand-tied to create a tufted back.



Webbing woven on the underside of the sofa acts as a base for springs.



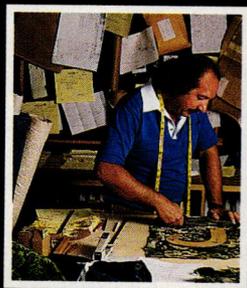
Springs are anchored and adjusted to create a level surface.



A layer of muslin is tacked over cattle hair stuffing and burlap.



A hand-filled down pad is pinned over a scroll arm.



Upholstery fabric is cut from patterns specially made for each sofa.



A seamstress stitches a seat cushion.



The back upholstery panel is sewn with a curved needle.



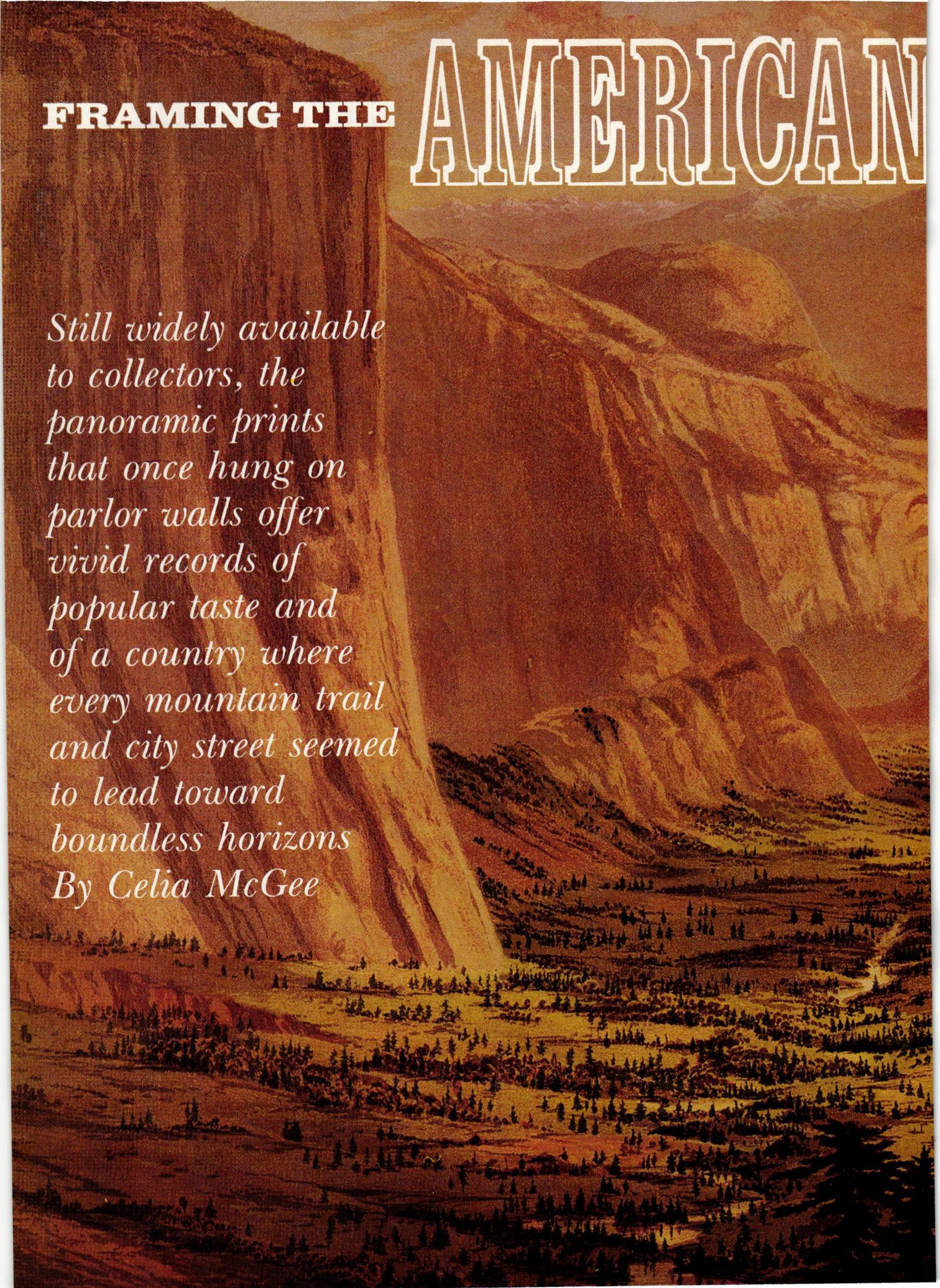
The final step: outfitting the base with an elaborate silk fringe.

FRAMING THE

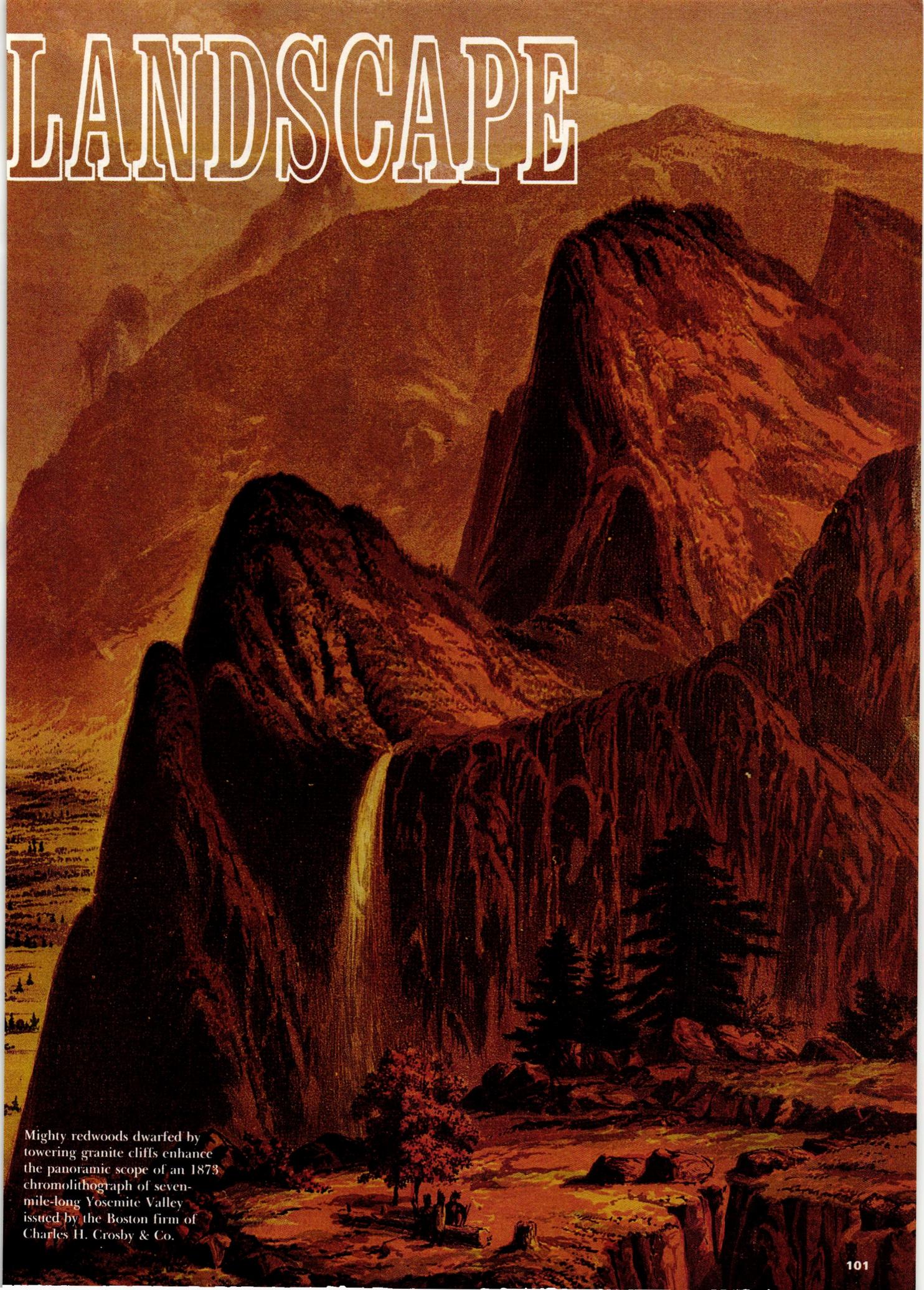
AMERICAN

Still widely available to collectors, the panoramic prints that once hung on parlor walls offer vivid records of popular taste and of a country where every mountain trail and city street seemed to lead toward boundless horizons

By Celia McGee



LANDSCAPE

A panoramic chromolithograph of the Yosemite Valley, showing towering granite cliffs, a waterfall, and a valley floor with trees and a small settlement. The scene is rendered in a monochromatic, sepia-toned style, characteristic of 19th-century lithography. The foreground features a rocky clearing with several trees, including a prominent evergreen. In the middle ground, a waterfall cascades down a steep, craggy cliff face. The background is dominated by massive, rugged granite peaks and ridges, creating a sense of immense scale and grandeur. The overall composition is a wide, panoramic view of the valley, capturing its natural beauty and geological complexity.

Mighty redwoods dwarfed by towering granite cliffs enhance the panoramic scope of an 1873 chromolithograph of seven-mile-long Yosemite Valley issued by the Boston firm of Charles H. Crosby & Co.

ALL OF A SUDDEN, ROUND ABOUT 1880, YOUNG MISS Cynthia White of Cornwall, Connecticut, found herself unbetrothed when she lost her fiancé to mental collapse. In a kind of fit of Victorian sublimation, she decided to raise funds for building an observation tower on nearby Mohawk Mountain that would afford a panoramic vista of the countryside. The lookout was finished in time for a Fourth of July opening in 1883. People drove from miles around to picnic at the summit. Bands played, speeches were delivered. Most of all, there was the view: north, south, east, and, on a clear day, west to the Catskills. Church spires looked like tatting spindles, farms like patchwork quilts. The clouds seemed close enough to touch.

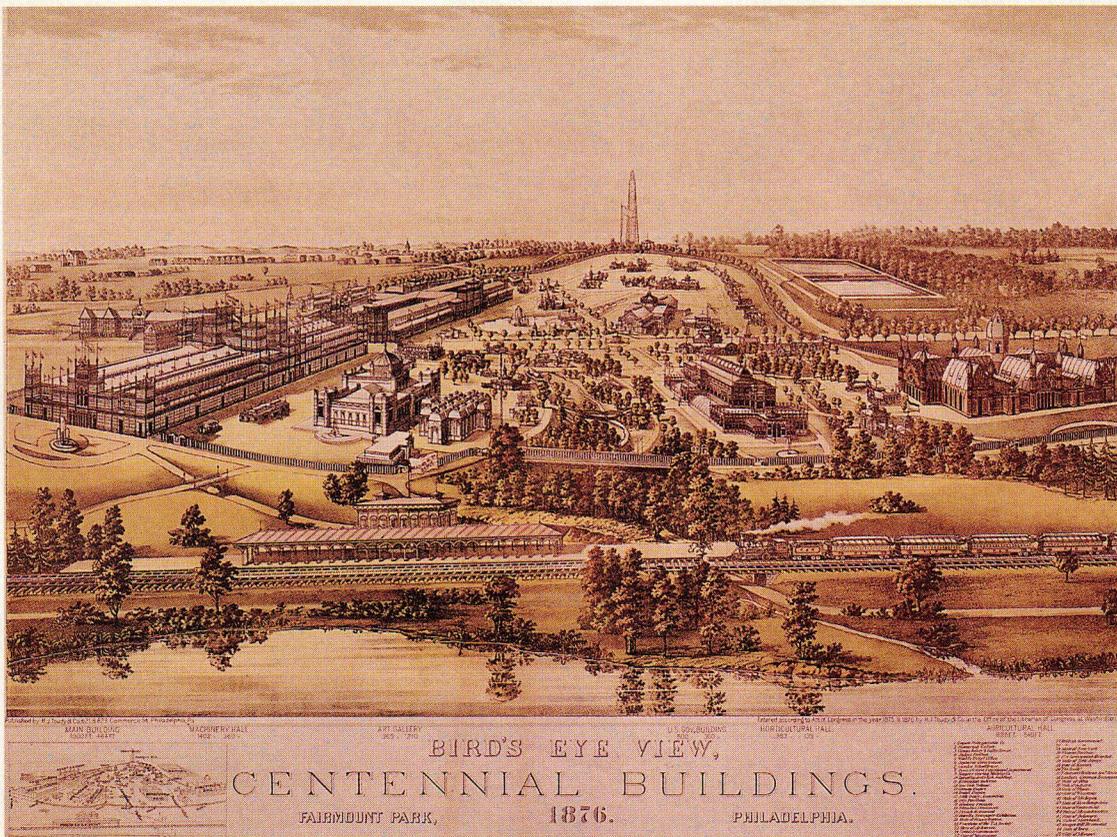
Not every nineteenth-century American could emulate Miss White. But many could and did buy panoramic prints. Among the most popular art forms in a nation hungry for images, particularly of itself, panoramic engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and, by the 1840s, chromolithographs took up much of the millions of gallons of ink and reams of paper, thousands of lithographic stones, and hundreds of printing presses utilized by artists and craftsmen to spin out an American iconography, to chart every detail of American life.

In aristocratic England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, topographical canvases had often

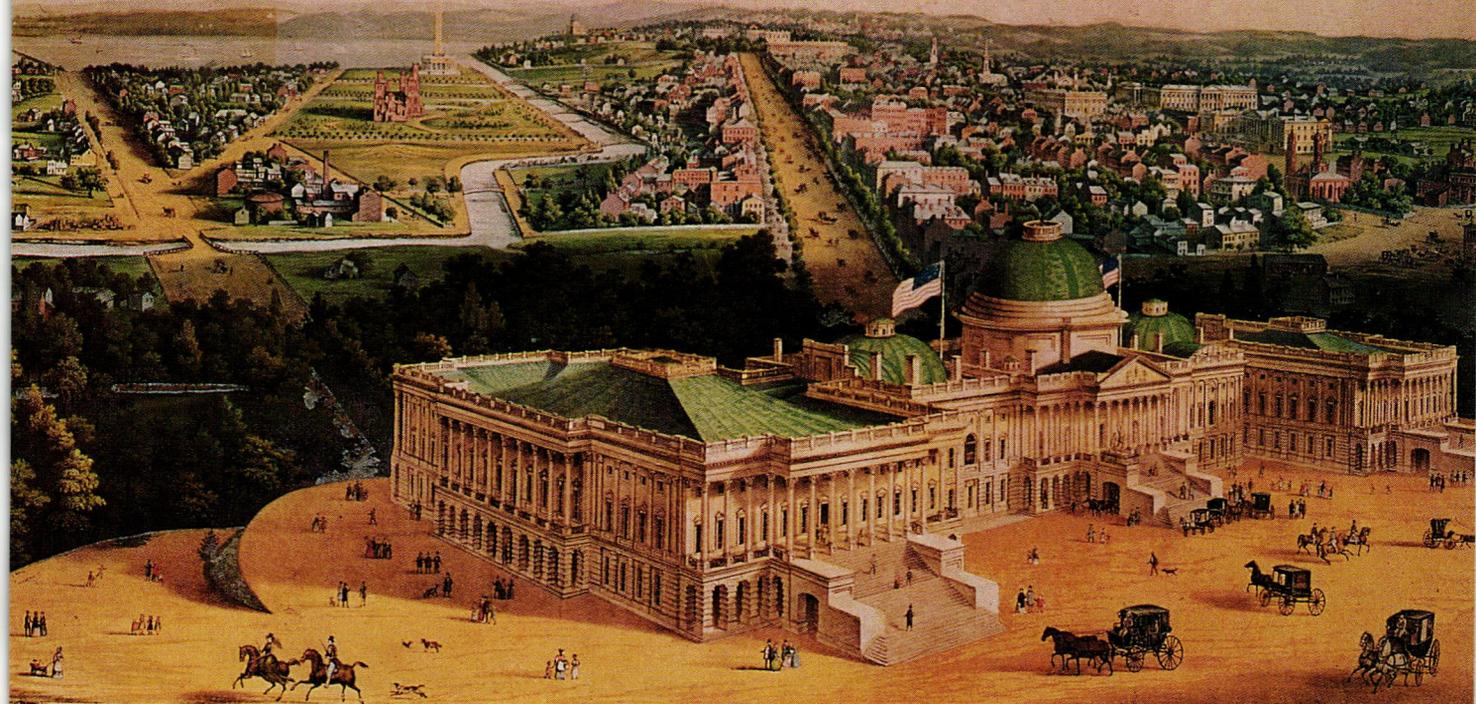
served to spread a gentleman's country estate out before him. Over here, a full-steam-ahead printing industry and a distribution system of magazine premiums, traveling salesmen, furniture dealers, religious, cultural, and fraternal organizations, and advertising made mass-produced images available to everyone. The all-encompassing nature of panoramic prints seemed to produce the ultimate democratic art.

Their format—a hilltop or bird's-eye view—got a lot of its inspiration from the circular panoramas that John Constable reported were "all the rage" in Georgian London. American artists embraced the wide-angle viewpoint as eminently suitable for capturing the special qualities of the American landscape—its vast empty spaces, its staggering grandeur, its breathlessly growing cities, the promise of what lay beyond the horizon.

Earlier views tended toward the hilltop perspective and were frequently originated by well-known artists. After the Civil War the vantage point was higher and the purpose more cartographical, and handwork all but gave way to steam-powered chromolithography. Because technology made the prints so numerous, some can now be had for less than a hundred dollars. But rare, historically significant or artistically top-notch ones fetch as much as \$10,000. An image may appeal for personal reasons: if, perhaps, Cheyenne, Wyoming (the sketchiest of propositions on endless plains in an 1870 print), is your hometown or you honeymooned at Niagara (in Robert



The point was to distinguish scenes of American life from the same old sights of Europe



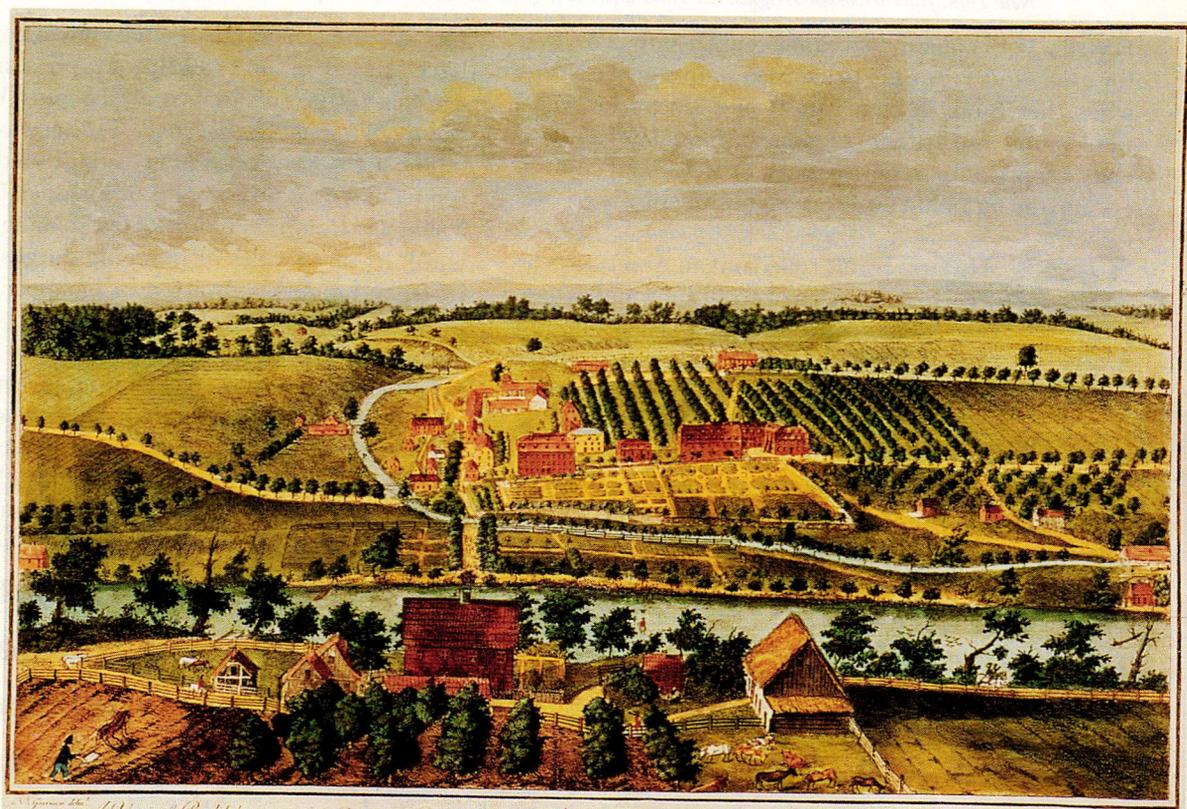
Engraved and on stone by E. Sachse

Lith. and print. in colors by F. Sauer

VIEW OF WASHINGTON.

Published and sold by E. Sauer & Co. Baltimore, Md.

In 1851 *View of Washington*, a tinted lithograph, above, confidently shows buildings on the Capitol that were not finished until sixteen years later. *Right:* A colored etching with engraving makes in the entire Moravian settlement of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1757. *Opposite:* Panoramas of the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition 1876 were popular among visitors as well as those who could not attend but wanted a detailed impression. Railroad companies used such views to drum up Philadelphia-bound business.



View of Bethlehem, one of the Brothers' Principal Settlements in Pennsylvania, North America.

Vue de Bethlehem, l'un des principaux établissements des Frères Moraves en Pensylvanie, Amérique Septentrionale.



NEW YORK
from Brooklyn Heights

By taking a vantage point even higher than the family overlooking New York harbor from their rooftop perch, *New York, from Brooklyn Heights*, an 1836 aquatint, gives the sense of sweep for which such prints were admired.

Havell's 1845 aquatint, strolling couples only have eyes for each other). But the prints also simply evoke a time when they hung in elaborate frames on parlor walls, were bound into leather volumes for Eastlake chair travelers, cropped up in newspapers, or welcomed customers into the humblest business establishments.

Panoramic prints rolled out an American way of seeing, a pattern of acquisition and expansion, gentle cultivation and cruel Manifest Destiny, the abutment of nature and culture where forests ended and fields began. Some are more than two feet across. They were windows onto unfolding history. The cozy geometry of *A View of Bethlehem*, drawn by a member of the community founded by the Moravian brotherhood in the wilds of Pennsylvania in the 1740s, sings out the order and harmony of the sect in bright reds and greens and yellows. Like so many panoramas, this print seems to be entertaining an art historical drop-in, a busy farmer reminiscent of the plowman in Brueghel's *Fall of Icarus*, just as Saenredam comes to mind in panoramic takes on eighteenth-cen-

tury Albany or a Paulus Potter animalscape appears to have landed in an 1856 lithograph commemorating Thomas Jefferson's architectural genius, *View of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, and Monticello*.

The point, however, was to distinguish the scenes chosen from the same old sights of Europe. Take Yosemite Valley (as Congress did in 1864, making it state parkland): its seven miles of plunging gorges, sky-scraping cliffs, and sequoias dwarfed in perspective all worked their way into an 1873 chromolithograph, complete with romantically mournful Indians.

Our received notions of a frontier nation make us forget that cities were just as important as wilderness. Some 2,500 separate urban views, the nineteenth century's version of 3-D, Sensurround, and IMAX, helped city dwellers get a handle on their surroundings. They were maps pumped up like balloons (Continued on page 120)

The air the printmakers breathed was optimism. Many of their images were idealized, as much anticipations of progress as documents of reality



English artist Francis Samuel Marryat first visited San Francisco during the 1850 fire. Returning a year later, he drew the panorama, *above*, lithographed in London, to record the city's rapid reconstruction. *Below*: Man-made wonders were as attractive to panoramic printmakers as natural ones. *Richmond, from the Hill above the Waterworks*, by George Cooke, commemorates hydraulic marvels built along the James River in the 1830s.





The restrained color scheme is boldly offset by valanced curtains of French chintz in a pattern that “keeps the eye moving and keeps the room from looking flat,” says the hostess. She likes to “draw out the colors in the fabric” with small bouquets of roses arranged in French silver beakers low enough to encourage conversation across the table.

TABLE

HG extends an invitation to seven dining

MANNERS

rooms where entertaining good friends is

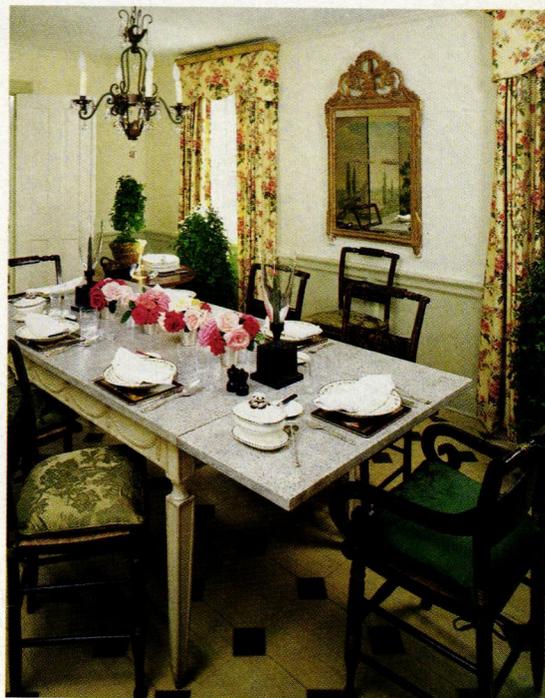
FOR THE

always a pleasure. By Margot Guralnick

NINETIES

Pool tables, piles of books, and yesterday's mail all have a tendency to make their way into the dining room. But purists who aren't pressed for space keep these nongustatory distractions at bay. What they favor is a place where the practical and the fanciful meet to celebrate the ritual of feasting. As the examples on these pages show, creating a successful dining room is above all a matter of indulging personal taste.

Just back from years in Paris, the couple who own this Connecticut dining room adopted a pale French palette to lend simplicity and sophistication to a formal country setting. Hitchcock chairs—"exactly what you'd expect in this room," says the wife—are unexpectedly paired with a 1920s Italian table spatter-painted a faux granite that harmonizes with the walls and with a collection of creamware. Homesick for the polished stone floor they left behind, the couple hired a decorative painter to replicate a traditional French pattern. Primed with off-white porch paint, the existing oak boards were then painted, stenciled, sponged, and glazed. Details see Resources.





"The idea was to create an ethereal space," says designer John Saladino of the serene neoclassical dining room in his Connecticut house. The walls—painted a Benjamin Moore pale matte blue spiked with red—cloak the room in a soft lavender-tinged light. A 19th-century Marseilles

quilt draped on the table provides an equally subtle backdrop. ("If wine is spilled, it's not a big deal—we just get out the club soda. The next morning, we bleach the quilt in the sun.") Having a round dining table is crucial to Saladino: "I like the fact that people aren't locked



The dining room is possibly the only place in our lives where we still have a sense of ceremony.

—JOHN SALADINO

into talking just to the person on either side of them. Everyone is equal at a circular table; it's very American." And to ensure that his guests feel comfortable enough to linger, he chose cushioned tub chairs of his own design and covered them in a "frosty platinum" fabric.



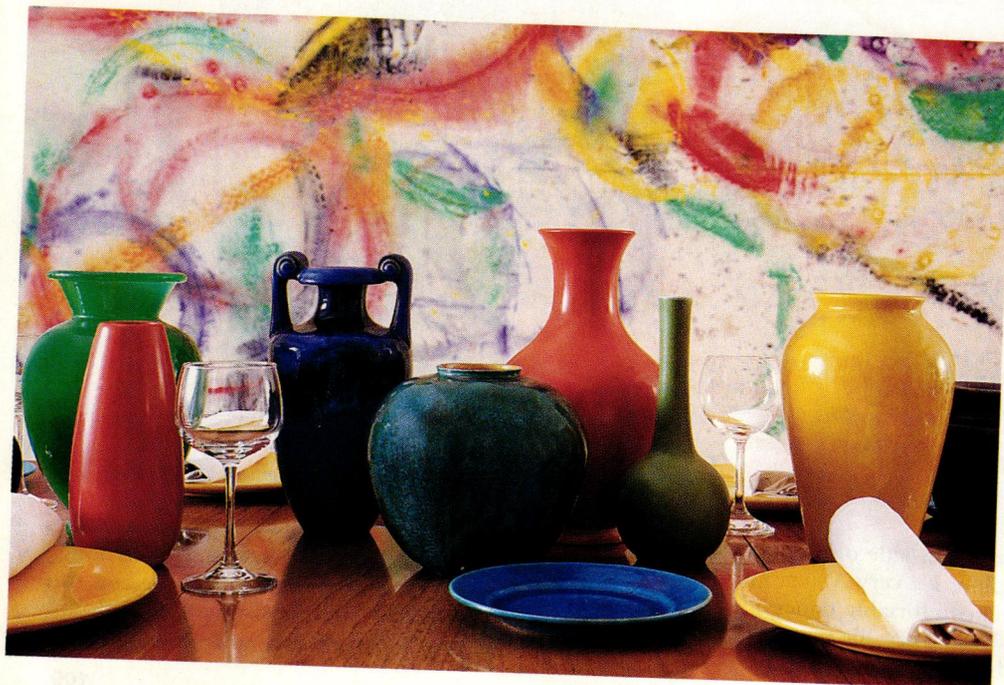
Saladino's delicate layered place settings display only the merest hints of color and pattern. Soup bowls and plates in celadon and lilac rest on beaded silver chargers. For flatware he freely mixes pieces from four services.



"Chemical beakers make ideal dining table vases," says Saladino. "In a room without a chandelier, their long necks provide a nice vertical accent, and since you can see through the glass, they're not distracting. With only four tall flowers, you have an elegant arrangement."



I let art provide the color in
my dining room. —JOHN CHEIM



Gallery director John Cheim treats his cavernous New York loft as a showcase for contemporary art. “No pattern, no wallpaper, no ornamentation,” are the rules in the dining area, *above*, where the walls are white, the floor is a seamless glossy gray, and the flatware, a potential distraction, is neatly bundled in white linen. The 1950s Robsjohn-Gibbings dining table and chairs, like the flea market finds around them, were chosen for minimal lines that don’t compete with the main attractions of the room: canvases by Martha Diamond, at left, and Jiri Georg Dokoupil. A screen with 1940s frosted plastic sheeting blocks the view of Cheim’s exercise room without blocking the natural light. *Left*: The vibrant ceramic and glass forms grouped at the center of the table make flowers unnecessary.

The only thing worse than an elaborately folded napkin is a napkin placed in the water glass.

—JEROME ZIPKIN



"Before entertaining, I go around my apartment gathering things from my collections to put on the table," says man-about-Manhattan Jerome Zipkin. The Spode urn usually rests on a bedroom armoire, the Meissen bird migrates from the living room piano, and Michael Ayrtton's acrobats tumble in from the entrance hall. The idiosyncratic mix also includes a pair of Waterford rinsing bowls filled with freesia, which pick up the yellow of Coalport plates. Another Zipkin touch: a carafe at each place.





I chose pale peach because it's a great neutral—everything looks wonderful against it.

—CARROLL PETRIE

“We moved to this apartment from the one downstairs because it gave us a much bigger dining room,” explains New York philanthropist Carroll Petrie. For a couple who likes to live with art and antiques scaled to another era, space, as Carroll Petrie says, “is the most precious thing.” With her husband, Milton, she uses their sit-down portrait gallery for tête-à-tête breakfasts as well as dinners for fifty—a feat achieved by removing all furniture except the Regency center table, which is supplemented with three additional tables and fifty bamboo chairs brought up from the basement. David Anthony Easton associate John Christensen emphasized the airiness of the room with light peach walls and a trompe l’oeil sky overhead. He set off the windows with silk swag and jabot half curtains—“an Empire treatment,” says Christensen, “that’s grand without looking heavy”—and lined them with balloon shades of yellow silk that “make the room seem sun-washed even on cloudy days.”

Start with strong basics—modernist chairs, an inviting sofa, a solid table—and then go to town with color.

—LAURA BOHN





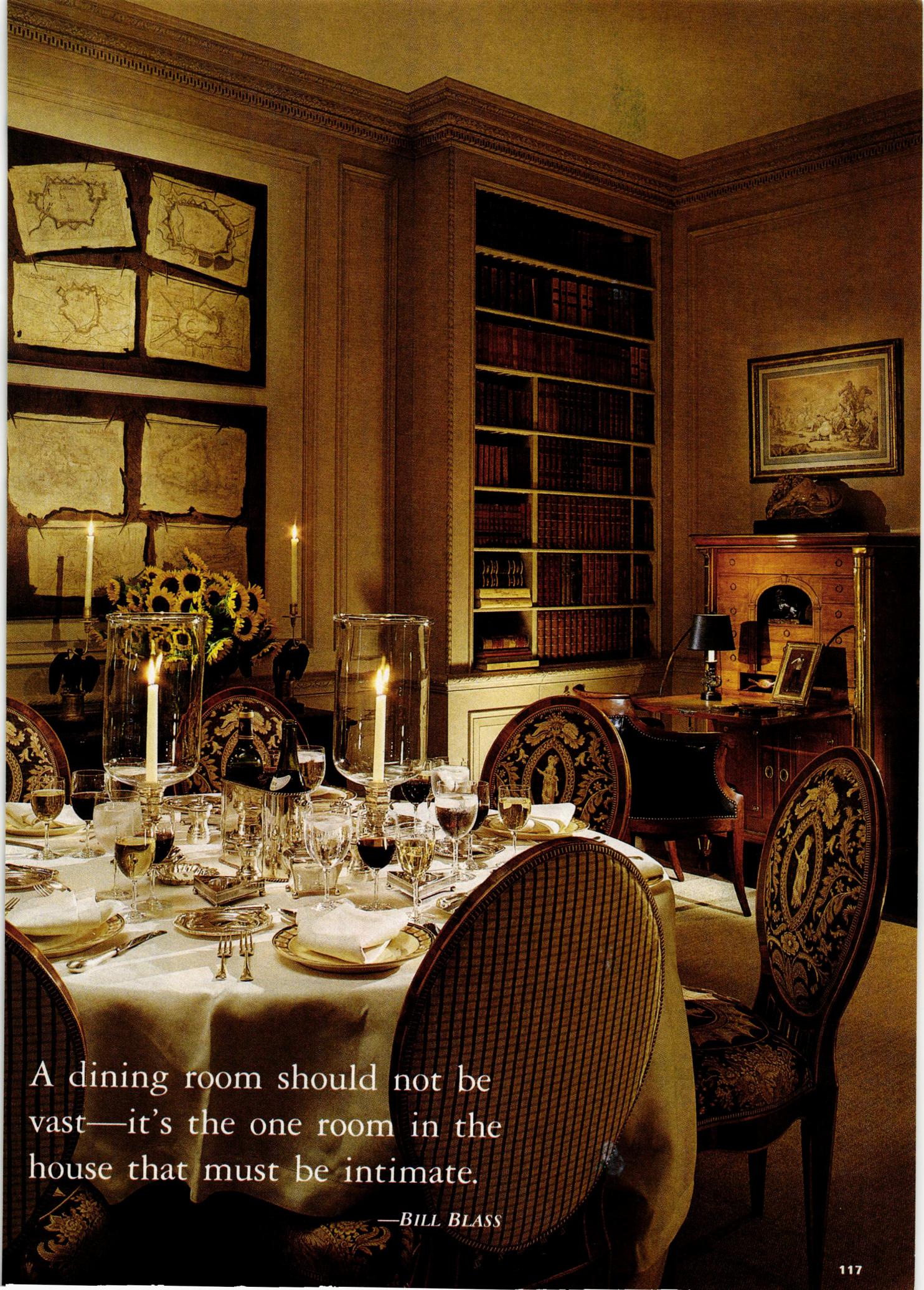
In a corner of their New York loft, designer Laura Bohn and construction manager Richard Fiore created a raised dining platform, *opposite*, that has what she calls "a bright animated look." Bohn and partner Joseph Lembo chose a massive wood and stone table of their own design to anchor the space. "The fact that the table has a solid base makes the chair legs look less chaotic," explains Bohn, who likes to offer a variety of seating possibilities. A staunch advocate of sofas in the dining room—"They add color, weight, warmth, and a place to accessorize"—she continually revamps with slipcovers, draped fabrics, and festive pillows. *Above*: The hard surface of the flamed granite tabletop is offset by straw mats that "cushion" Wedgwood Drabware plates and Victorian silver goblets and flatware. A cobalt bottle of mineral water at each place provides a jolt of color. The ever-changing centerpiece frequently consists of fruit, flowers, and a pair of candlesticks decorator Paul Siskin made from firehose nozzles.



“Dining rooms should be cozy, not palatial,” says fashion designer Bill Blass. Disliking the unwieldy proportions of his Manhattan dining room, he enlisted Chessy Rayner and David Barritt of MAC II to help transform his library, *opposite*, into a gentlemanly preserve ideal for dinner parties. Adhering to an understated palette of browns and beiges enhanced with a bit of black, they bleached the paneled walls and hung a pair of 17th-century French trompe l’oeil paintings of maps which mirror the warm tones around them. Blass’s small round table is ideal for four but can seat as many as eight with the addition of a large top camouflaged by a white tablecloth. Distracting flowers are placed well away from the eating area. Instead, hurricane lamps provide simple centerpieces and keep candle warmth to a minimum. “A cool temperature is crucial,” says Blass. “People forget that candles generate heat.”

On a group of Louis XVI German chairs, *above*, Blass paired an 18th-century neoclassical linen—“a French or English fabric I kept for twenty years before finding the perfect use for it”—with a trim contemporary check. *Right*: He was thrilled to discover plates that echo the fluting on the vintage linen. Set with unadorned crystal and silver, the table epitomizes his idea of tailored luxury.





A dining room should not be vast—it's the one room in the house that must be intimate.

—BILL BLASS

Copper wire from ABC
Carpet & Home, NYC
(212) 473-3000.



samples

By Amy Taran Astley

Toile from Briger Design;
for stores (212) 517-4489.



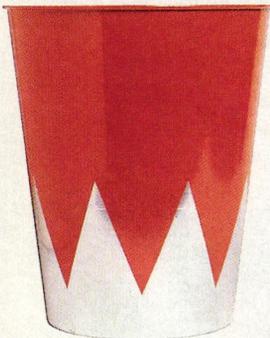
Fretted mahogany by
Chelsea House—
Port Royal; for dealers
(704) 867-5926.

The latest wastebaskets
are full to the brim

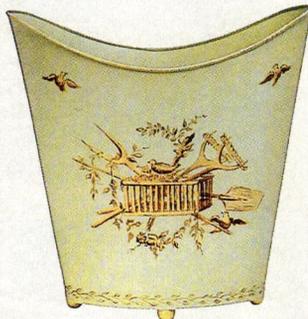
with decorative detail



Philippe Starck's
anodized aluminum
basket/stool
from Modern Age, NYC
(212) 477-2224.



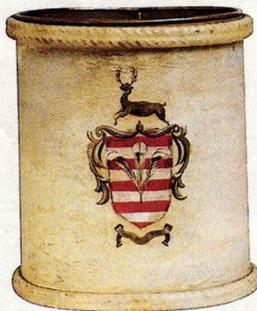
Toile by London-Sagalyn;
for stores (212) 242-0557.



Galvanized-steel wire by
Mottura; for stores
(800) 257-5300.



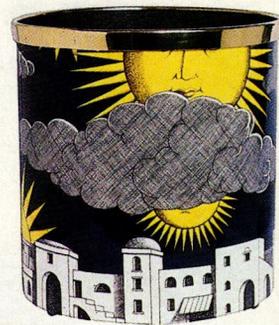
English brass-lined
vellum, c. 1890, from
Sentimento, NYC
(212) 245-3111.



Painted Chinese
hardwood from William-
Wayne & Co., NYC
(212) 477-3182.



Painted metal by
Fornasetti, to the trade at
Norton Blumenthal, NYC
(212) 752-2535.



Painted pine from
Adrien Linford, NYC
(212) 289-4427.



Toile from Charlotte
Moss & Co., NYC
(212) 772-3320.



Crested English coal bucket
from the Uncommon
Market, Dallas
(214) 871-2775.



Cherry-trimmed woven
rush from Robert Homma
William Lipton, NYC
(212) 593-4341.



Tradition

(Continued from page 44) The most striking feature in the room is the copper-faced mahogany mantel that wraps around a wall and into the den, which shares the see-through fireplace. The copper glows even without flames. "We ask everyone who comes in to touch it," says Bentley. "We want that patina." The curve of the living room's bluestone hearth anticipates the curve of the bowed wall of windows in the den. The husband wanted the warmth of wood here, and BLS obliged with linenfold wainscoting. "It's an arts and crafts solution," explains LaRosa. "That's the most interesting period for

me—1890 to 1920—when the culture was changing from agrarian to industrial, Victorian to modern."

The modern version of the hearth is the television, so the architects set the TV in the fireplace. Their wit shows in a fire screen that also pulls across the TV screen. "Once you've made this semicircular shape, try to furnish it," says Bentley wryly. They solved that problem with built-ins placed, for example, right where you'd want to put a drink. "One thing we're good at is making livable rooms," notes Salasky. They left architecture school die-hard minimalists, but soon learned that uncomfortable austere rooms don't survive.

The master bedroom is painted a soothing cream. The fireplace is lined

with Carrara marble, and, again, the mantelpiece pulls across the wall like an abstract line unifying everything beneath it. Built-in shelves hold family photos and talismans, within reach yet composed. A window seat tucked into a corner beckons. The architects insert moldings into stock windows to give them more presence. "If you pay attention even to stock items, you can get them to add up to something," says Bentley. Sconces throughout the house are made of standard parts with custom rice paper shades.

"This house represents ten years of our firm's work," says LaRosa. "Ten years of looking and reacting." It's spare, idiosyncratic, yet sensible. It's a BLS production, from start to finish. ▲

Grand Room

(Continued from page 62) to the libraries at the Frick or the Cooper-Hewitt or the Met to read about anything that interests me. Recently it's Islamic art. It changes. I have my moods."

Carolina's parents had to leave Venezuela after the coup of 1958. She was born in Miami but grew up in Paris, where her family moved when she was three months old. She studied art history at the Louvre, then came to New York in 1981, took a job at Christie's, and did an internship at the Metropolitan Museum. Later she was hired by the International Foundation for Art

Research to catalogue the contents of churches in the Peruvian Andes. "It was hard work. It was such a beautiful country, but the poverty and the filth and the food..." She shudders. "It was disgusting—and also scary because Sendero Luminoso was on hand. Then you arrived in villages where no one even speaks Spanish and saw the work. The Indians of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries were given prints of paintings, and they copied them in their own way. In the middle of the Andes, suddenly you come across these amazing baroque things. You cannot imagine how beautiful it is."

A tone of nostalgia creeps into her voice. Carolina Irving has a quality of

sadness about her—an elegant, fragile, almost elegiac sadness. She is not exactly a scholar, and she is not exactly a society beauty, and she is not exactly an artist. She is not quite Venezuelan, and she is not quite French, and she is not quite American. She is not of the present, but she is not really of the past. In some sense she brings together the best of her many worlds, but sometimes she seems to yearn for a clarity and simplicity of nationality and purpose that she has perhaps never had. The overflowing ashtrays and the Formica table—it is almost as though she had tired of perfection, but wouldn't know how to escape it. Then she laughs again and brings the world back to order. ▲

Van Day Truex

(Continued from page 75) cooking himself: oeufs brouillés, sausage, Thomas's corn cakes, and, for dessert, applesauce with sour cream. Often the meal was served on his favorite Drabware faience (beige, of course), which he persuaded Wedgwood to start making again and which was always warmed under running water before the food was plated. These dinners indulged what John Pierrepont, Truex's friend, financial adviser, and executor, recalls as his "shy and reserved side, his surprising need for privacy." His voracious interest in "people who lived well," as Pierrepont puts it, was satis-

fied on as many nights of the week as he liked at the tables of Rockefellers, Astors, and Mellons. Parties, openings, and travels were all assiduously documented for his own use in scrapbook after scrapbook.

The rhythm of Truex's life slowed in 1967 when, continuing with Tiffany's under a more limited agreement, he chose to live part of the year in Providence. George O'Brien, who had worked at *The New York Times* as home news editor, was handpicked by Truex to take his place, but by 1978 the arrangement had frayed. O'Brien quit, he later said, after both men acknowledged the futility of two people doing what was in effect the same job. Having accepted Walter Hoving's offer to re-

sume his full stewardship at Tiffany's, Truex moved back to New York and signed on John Loring as his associate. Their understanding was that when the time came, Loring would succeed him. After five months back at the store, dining at home alone, Truex died of a heart attack.

Two years before, he had used a ceremony at Parsons establishing a chair in his name to advance his belief that all students of design should put off being "creative" for as long as possible and instead give time to examining, absorbing, and, most of all, being "provoked" by the past. "Our formative years should last forever," he said. Truex was seventy-two. "I feel I'm just beginning to know a little something." ▲

American Landscape

(Continued from page 104) into architectural verisimilitude.

The air the printmakers breathed was optimism, meaning that many of their images were idealized, as much anticipations of progress as documents of existing reality. An 1851 view of Washington projects itself into the future. The Capitol has wings that weren't completed for another sixteen years; the porch encircling the Washington Monument never materialized.

Because they were not uncommonly intended to sell real estate or attract immigrants, city panoramas were occasionally deceptive, the "Glengarry Glen Ross" come-ons of their day. Around 1858 a young Boston Brahmin, John James Ingalls, fell for a, shall we say, charitable view of Sumner, Kansas. The print, he was forced to

write his father once he got out west, was a "chromatic triumph of lithographed mendacity." Other panoramas distanced themselves more delicately from actuality. In the 1849 *View of Sutter's Mill and Culloma Valley* woodland beauty and an elegiac tenderness miniaturize the site of the Gold Rush where miners' shacks and tents are barely noticeable.

High-booted gold diggers are more in evidence on the streets of San Francisco recorded by the English adventurer Francis Samuel Marryat only a year after the city was devastated by fire. The panoramic mode and the impression that there are more ships in the harbor than rebuilt houses on the burned-over land makes for a lonely edge-of-the-world quality. Nonetheless, Marryat was impressed: if Americans could perform this kind of phoenix act, they could do anything.

American know-how and industrial

miracles were touted in Philadelphia at the Centennial International Exposition, which also made gutsy claims for American culture. Prints were classed with painting and sculpture inside the Art Gallery shown in *Bird's Eye View, Centennial Buildings*. At the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, prints were lumped in with industrial arts. The heyday of panoramas was drawing to a close. Decorating tastes had outgrown the naively grandiose spectacle, cities were changing so fast viewmakers couldn't keep up with them, the age of flight was about to lift cameras into the sky.

Still, a century later, a chord is struck when Thelma and Louise take their final, panoramic leap into the Grand Canyon. Just beyond the horizon linger these panoramic views of the nineteenth century—open-mouthed, hopeful pictures of everything that was new, and then some. ▲

California Rustic

(Continued from page 81) Long Beach, California, takes pride of place above the living room's French limestone mantel. Sunflower-yellow damask curtains diffuse the daylight, casting a warm glow on the white walls.

The windows overlook decades-old gardens Amanda and Corbin have re-

arranged as lush borders next to lawns where the three boys can play. A useless hillside has been terraced to create a sunbathing deck, a kitchen garden, and an orchard of citrus, peach, apple, and plum trees. The retaining walls are of California sandstone.

Amanda says, "I love this house because it calls other places to mind even though we're still very much in Los Angeles. But, you know," she adds, "it

wouldn't be difficult for us to move on to something else." She and Corbin cannot resist the challenge of the *next* house. When asked what that might be, Amanda has a ready answer: "A funky shingled farmhouse with a couple of guest cottages, somewhere on the East Coast." It will have to wait. For now, she and Corbin are already concentrating on rebuilding the old mas they recently bought in southern France. ▲

Field of Vision

(Continued from page 70) the house, next to a little orchard of peach, pear, and quince, as if it really were a kitchen garden. "I did not want it too close to the house because I didn't want to get obsessive about weeds," says Schinz, who notes that she is "neurotically tidy." Contour plowing transforms a distant hill into a pile of bold black and green slices; the field directly behind the garden is watermarked with the silky stripes of the hay mower; cylindrical bales lie in a row up by the driveway. The neatness of agricultural pattern is everywhere in this landscape, and it sets the tone for the garden. After the effect of the first blast of scintillating color subsides, one notices the cordu-

roy textures of rows of lettuce, the rhythm of rows of beans, and the featherers of asparagus and carrots among the yarrow and sea lavender.

Schinz's tidiness became geometry here: she quartered the space with bluestone paths and set four grape-wreathed arbors at regular intervals on the north-south cross axis. The corners are pegged down with apple trees, which provide a little shade and a vertical note in this horizontal garden. "I get my bearings from the fence," she says about the low post-and-rails that bound the four beds. Outside, three and a half foot deep borders form the garden perimeter, planted with that luxuriant abandon Schinz has learned from gardens like Rosemary Verey's and Robert Dash's. "I collect ideas and plants with my camera."

The colors are her own. She snorts about the recent fashion in America for so-called English gardens, saying, "I've always been against that damn pink and blue—it's too academic—a good garden always has something else, even though the idea comes across as pink and blue." Indeed, though there is a lot of pink and blue here, it is sparked with scarlet phlox, a cherry lily edged with white, an incandescently pale bladder campion. A single purple gladiolus stands among the *Miscanthus sinensis* 'Zebrinus' in what she calls the "coincidental bed" to the east where she puts plants she's not sure of yet.

Under the flood of color, there is a grid of common sense as well as geometry. The site is perfect: ideal drainage, enough wind exposure to prevent mildew, enough shelter in the bowl of hills

Where to find it

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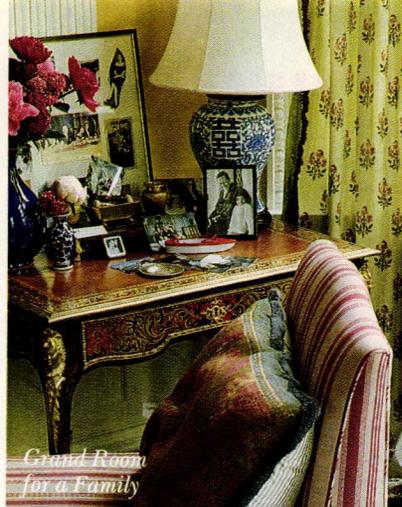
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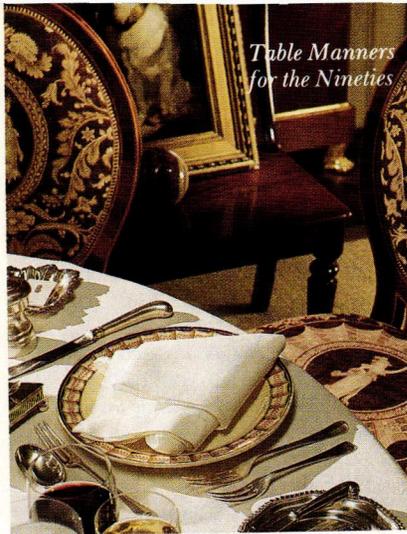
Tradition Takes a New Path



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TIMELESS ROOMS

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ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the "Shells" article for November, the folly on page 178 is the seventeenth-century shell room at Woburn Abbey in Bedfordshire, not the "classical grotto hall" at Sanssouci.

Field of Vision

to prevent damage. No railroad ties in this garden—"Many old ones are filled with preservative that eventually leaches into the soil and kills plants," explains Schinz, who uses unadulterated four-by-four-inch timbers to edge the borders. Her plantings shift all the time both because she loves change and because experience is her teacher. "The west border is for August: that's when we sit outside the most and we can see the garden from the porch."

A walk through the garden reveals how the most sophisticated ideas have been worked out in simple materials. For example, cinder blocks laid flush with the grass form the so often forgotten mowing strip which eliminates hours of edging. Schinz insists she grows only the most ordinary plants. Judging by the highest standards, this is true, if one goes along with the description of "ordinary" given by that great English gardener Margery Fish, who called the perfect cottage garden plants "good-tempered and pleasing." There are plenty of biennials and annuals, such as hollyhocks and white

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pansies and nasturtiums, many self-sown and others grown from seed by the gardener, a welcome though only occasional presence. Easy-to-grow herbs such as borage and mint sprawl on the walks. The perennial range is broad because Schinz constantly experiments—there is always the horizon of "the love that strikes next."

In the first chapter of *The Education of a Gardener*, Russell Page, one of her great inspirations, wrote, "I know that I cannot make anything new. To make

a garden is to organize all the elements present and add fresh ones, but first of all, I must absorb as best I can all that I see, the sky and the skyline, the soil, the color of the grass and the shape and nature of the trees. . . . Such things show the limitations of a site and limitations imply possibilities."

"You do very well by concentrating your efforts," says Schinz, filling her garden rectangle with all that she can grow—and the frame of her camera with the distilled experience. ▲



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TIMELESS ROOMS

There can always be luxury in restraint.—ALBERT HADLEY



DATE 1969 **PLACE** New Jersey countryside
DECORATOR Albert Hadley of Parish-Hadley
CONCEPT A formal reception room that gracefully straddles the line between ease and urbanity. Unifying grisaille color scheme inspired by the client's striking mane of gray-streaked black hair.
SETTING A salon with French doors, pilasters, and moldings salvaged from a nearby historic house.
ELEMENTS Lean antiques—as well as a dramatic gilded sunburst clock—and classic upholstered furniture are anchored by a polished dark wood floor. Aside from scatter rugs added for winter warmth, everything is equally appropriate in any season.
FLOOR PLAN Three seating groups along the perimeter are each composed of a comfortable sofa, armchairs, and a coffee table. Regency benches define the

boundaries of the clusters. "This is a room arranged for civilized conversation," says Hadley. "Nothing ever moves because everything is where it should be."

FABRICS Chintz patterned with black roses mirrors the charcoal hues of a pair of 18th-century French painted screens. Pale apricot silk on a Hepplewhite chair and powdery yellow silk on the Regency benches soften the severe palette. Curtains are made of quilted ivory cotton on painted poles. No frills.

LIGHTING Three pairs of table lamps with off-white paper shades supplement natural light. "On evenings when candles are lit," says Hadley, "fire dances across the gleaming floor."

DECORATOR'S ASSESSMENT "A grisaille palette remains the essence of stylish understatement."

Details see Resources