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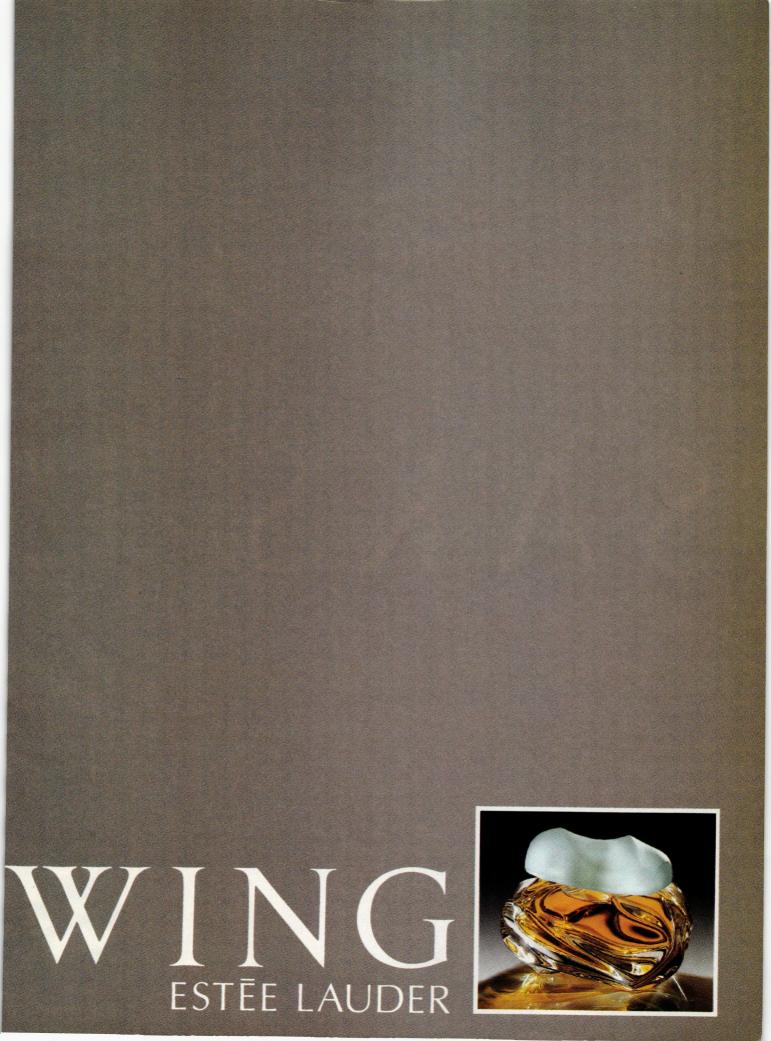


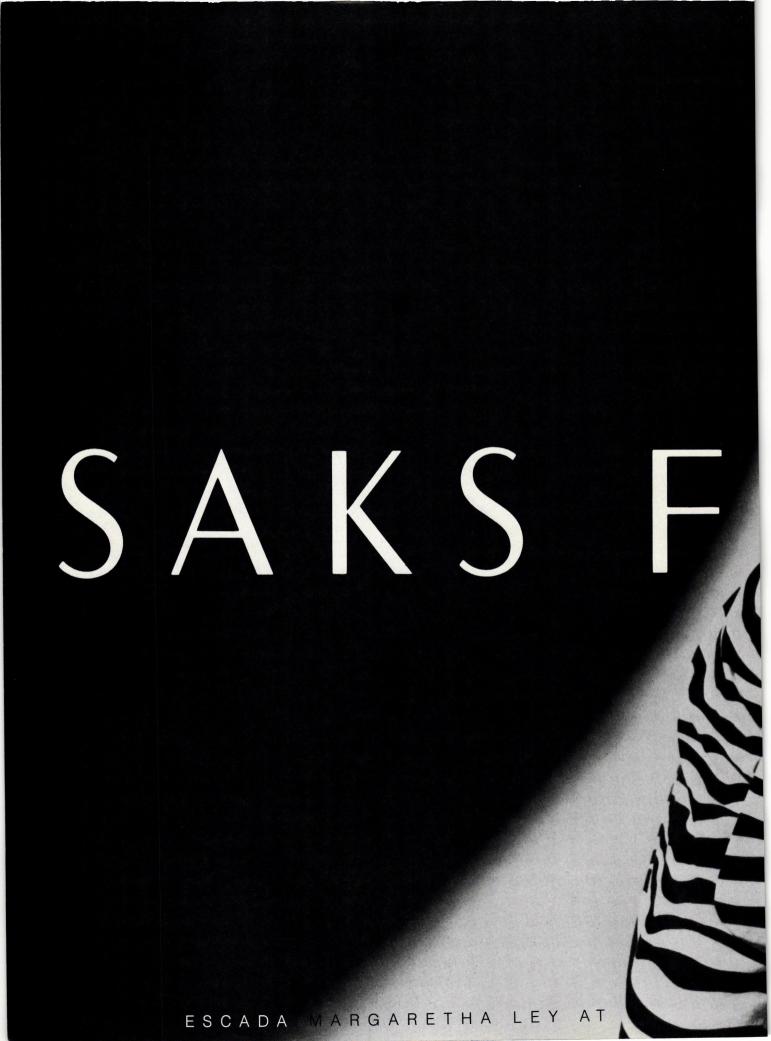


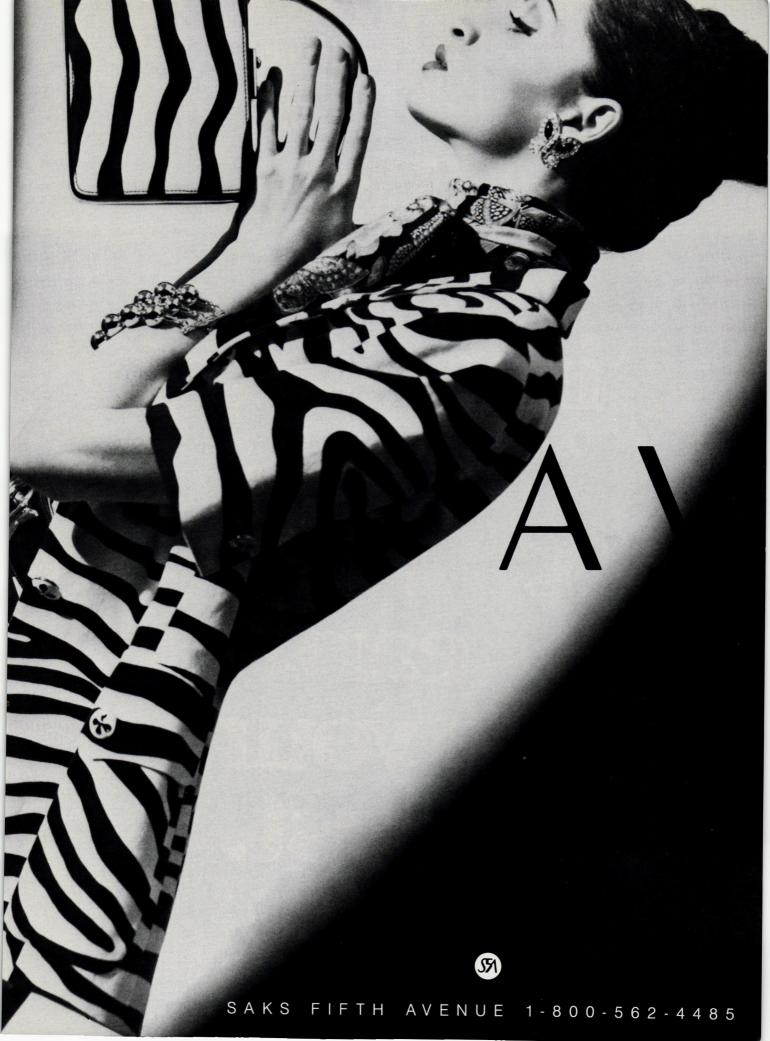
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Dana Delany, <u>above left</u>, strikes a pose. Page 68. <u>Above center:</u> Vibrant blue walls dramatize the geometry of the living room in a house in the Hollywood Hills. Page 116. Above right: In a Beverly Hills house, painted foliage links the dining room with the garden. Page 84.

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COVER A tranquil canyon setting for two Hollywood producers. Photograph by Michael Mundy. Page 58. **The Downscaling of L.A.** *by Peter Haldeman* **98** In a place where image matters, manifestations of modesty are being reported with greater frequency

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HOUSE & GARDEN February 1993 Volume 165, Number 2



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HG goes shopping in L.A. with Lisa Eisner, <u>above left</u>. Page 48. <u>Above center</u>: At the Sassafras Nursery, a 'Climbing Iceberg' rose. Page 52. <u>Above right</u>: Appetizers at Fragrant Springs in the San Gabriel Square mall. Page 40.





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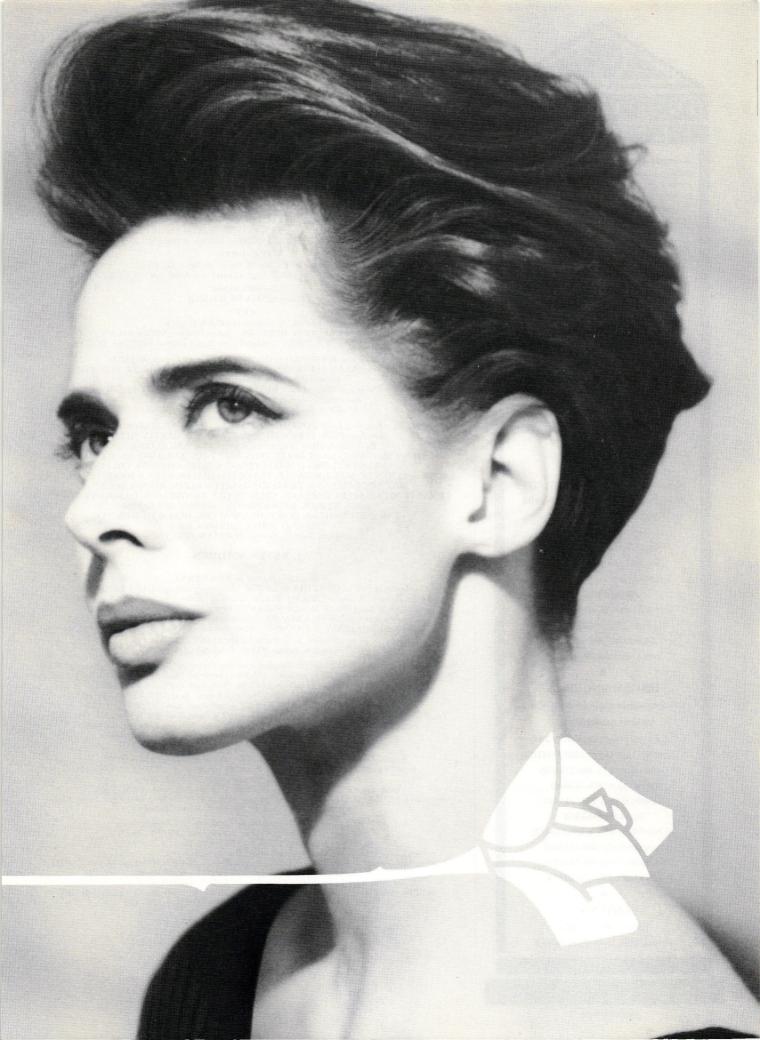
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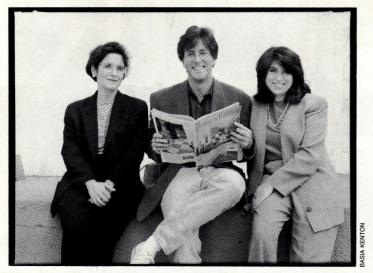
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Contributors Notes



Pilar Viladas, Peter Haldeman, and Jordana Ruhland are HG's tireless L.A. triumvirate. For this issue, architecture editor Pilar Viladas, at left, put together stories on the lives that producers Dawn Steel and Charles Roven and David Kirkpatrick lead away from their studios as well as on houses by architects Frank Israel and Brian Murphy. She also writes about actress Dana Delany's "spare but not too spare hideaway." Contributing editor Peter Haldeman—here with a 1961 *House & Garden* featuring his grandmother's house on the cover—visits photographer Tim Street-Porter at home, reports on the current enthusiasm for California plein air paintings, and charts a new social trend—downscaling. Jordana Ruhland assists Viladas and the West Coast editor of *Glamour:* "My days are divided between sofa styles and skirt lengths."



Charles Perry is a rock critic turned restaurant reviewer whose "News Bites" appears weekly in the *Los Angeles Times*. Perry cowrote *Totally Hot!*, a collection of peppery recipes from around the world, and is at work on a history of cooking in Central Asia. For the "Food" column he ventures into dangerous culinary territory, the southern California shopping mall, and discovers "restaurants that can contend with the very best in L.A."

Dorothea Walker's association with the Condé Nast Publications began in 1945, when she was signed on as a columnist for *Vogue*. For four decades she has been contributing behind-the-scenes for HG, from spotting young design talent to overseeing shoots. (She recounts her experiences in a lecture called "A Gossipy Memo on Interior Design.") The granddaughter of California gold rushers, Walker lives on San Francisco's Russian Hill. The meadows surrounding her Sierra Nevada ski retreat appear in the feature on California wildflowers.





MARY S. PITTS

Lynn Freed's novels set in her native South Africa include Home Ground and The Bungalow, published last month by Poseidon Press. For HG she writes about Stephen Shubel's "California light-driven aesthetic." Freed's home base is a Victorian cottage in Sonoma which was the birthplace of vintner August Sebastiani. "From my garden," she says, "I can watch tourists staggering around after wine tastings."



Sharon Wick is a contributing editor who covers all of northern California. This month she produced the story on decorator Stephen Shubel's Berkeley apartment. "His approach is so unpretentious, he even slipcovers gilded furniture in ordinary cotton duck." Wick lives in San Francisco with her husband and two children in a house that "made it through the 1906 earthquake and every subsequent tremor."

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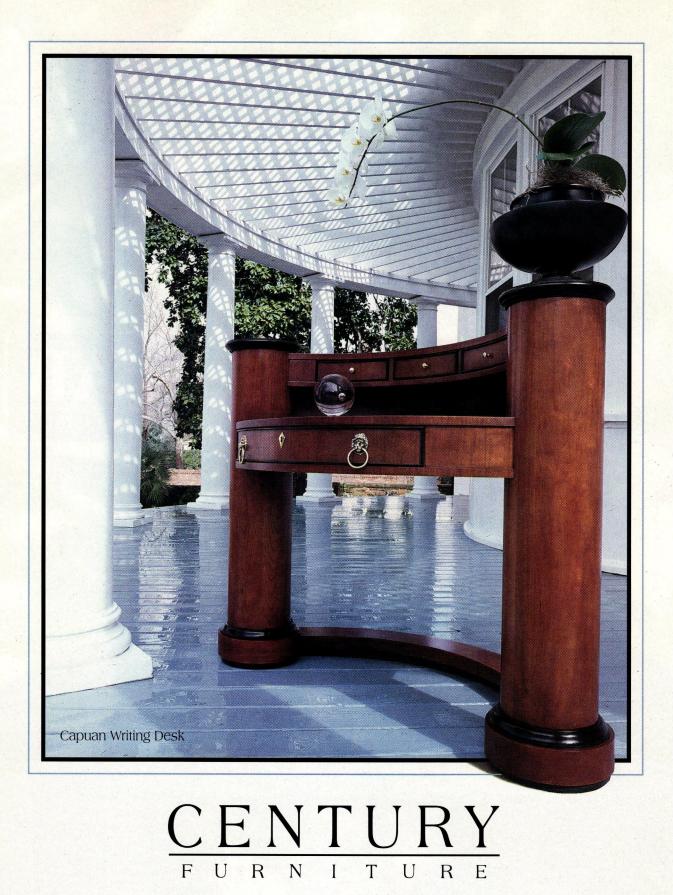
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW

AND THE NOTEWORTHY

By Eric Berthold

"Scale and proportion are

everything to me," says Craig Johnson (*left*), flanked by stone eagles, c. 1780. A designer of both houses and landscapes, he often makes use of antique garden statuary from his collection, which includes (*below, from left*) an eighteenthcentury Istrian stone font, a Bacchus keystone, and a nineteenth-century marble tazza on a column. What excites him, he says, is "knowing these pieces will be around longer than we will." (Craig Johnson's Country Matters at Initials, 8430 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90069; 213-653-6300)







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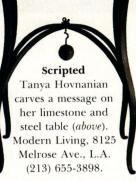
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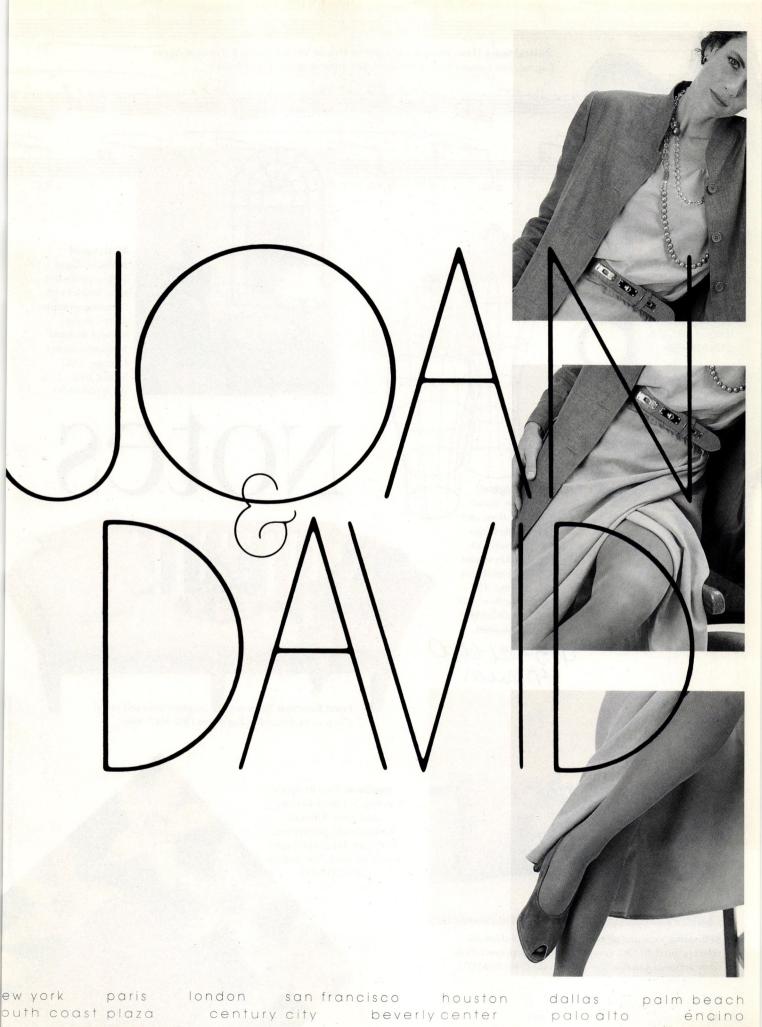
500 Easy Pieces Hand-cut marble mosaic borders and insets (*above*), to order at Italian Country, 8784 Beverly Blvd., L.A. (310) 659-8822.

Scissorhands II Metal topiary forms and a branch-handled broom (*right*) at Delaney & ... Cochran's new garden shop, Lumbini, 128 Texas St., San Francisco (415) 863-5800. **Pick Your Spot** Italian glass plates and bowl (*above*) mimic tortoiseshell. Available at the Ginsberg Collection, San Francisco (415) 621-6060; Los Angeles (310) 854-1133.

Standing Room Only Handblown glass bud vases and metal stands (*left*) by Bay Area artists for Zinc Details, 906 Post St., San Francisco. For other stores (415) 346-1422.

tes

Deep Seated Brewster chair (*above*), in tapestry, from George Smith at Melrose Place Antiques, L.A. (310) 274-0907. For dealers (212) 226-4747. CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ALAN WEINTRAUB: NC: DAVE CALVER; AI AN WEINTRAUR: NC: AI AN WEINTRAUR: RASIA KENTON



Musical Score Hand-printed wallpaper by Helene Verin for Fern I. Tchur at Agnes Bourne, San Francisco (415) 626-6883. For other dealers (413) 637-4444.

Black Gold

Mozart mirror in black and olive paints and gold leaf, carved by Wendy Mardigian, to the trade at Initials, 8430 Melrose Ave., L.A. (213) 653-6300.

> Lights!! Ron Mann's wire floor and table lamps (*above*) with calfskin shades are available at Limn, 457 Pacific Ave., San Francisco (415) -986-3884.

415-621-6060 41 even



Bellissima Venetian pillows (*above*) in hand-dyed silk velvet printed on 13th-century wood-block presses, to the trade at Nancy Corzine. For showrooms (310) 559-9051.



Notes

Mollywood

Molly Mulligan (*left*) supplies the stars' houses with American country pieces, to the trade at Richard Mulligan–Sunset Cottage, 8157 Sunset Blvd., L.A. (213) 650-8660.

蒜

Front Row Seat Redwood **w**outdoor sofa and metal topiaries by Brambles. For stores (707) 942-0686.

Footloose Two Berkeley artists, S. Carter Keffury and Anne Küest of Lemonheads, painted the Y. P. Text floorcloth (*right*) on cotton duck. For dealers (510) 524-3214.



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LENOX CHINA AND CRYSTAL, LAWRENCEVILLE, N.J. 08648. © LENOX 1990.

News HG REPORTS FROM THE HOME FRONT

O&A What is lasting in Michael Taylor's version of

California style? Anthony Hail: He made a lasting impression with the whole outdoors thing-I've been trying to get indoors ever since. But I think it looks dated now. Jarrett Hedborg: I don't care for his Flintstone



Michael Taylor room at Lake Tahoe.

look, but earlier he was almost up to the moment of what designers are trying to do now: using both antiques and reproductions in a clean unsuffocating way.

Paul Vincent Wiseman: In places like Malibu or Lake Tahoe, where his natural materials and overscale pieces connect to the location and the architecture, it really works. And he taught lots of decorators to use soft upholstery as sculpture.

Doing What Comes (Almost) Naturally

When Sally Fox walks through her central California cotton fields in the fall, her jeans provide the perfect camouflage: the mature cotton and the denim are the same subtle brown-unless, of course, she's in the fields dedicated to green cottons or to test patches of pink or red. Only ten years after Fox began breeding naturally brown cotton for fibers that were long enough to spin by machine, thousands of Americans are wearing clothes made with Fox Fibre-from



Levi Strauss jackets and Esprit shirts to Seventh Generation socks-in greens and browns as aesthetically pleasing as their dye-and-bleach-free production is environmentally correct. By next year Fox Fibre sheets and towels should be available, and an upholstery fabric is in the works at Christine Nielson's Coyuchi, a year-old company at Point Reves Station. Meanwhile Sally Fox is focusing on yellow and teal.

By Denise Martin

Costs of Living For deluxe accommodations for a medium-size dog, per day:

- \$14 Country Inn for Pets, Novato, California (415) 897-6022. Specializes in older dogs and those with health problems. Fee all-inclusive.
- \$16 Doyle's Pet Bed & Breakfast, Mahopac, New York (914) 628-4460. Raised beds, cookie breaks. Walks on grass \$3 extra. Country retreat for city dogs.
- \$17.50 Hollywood Dog Training School, North Hollywood (818) 762-1262. Lassie grew up here. Also offers obedience training.
 - \$20 American Pet Motel, Prairie View, Illinois (708) 634-9444. Regency room with wall-towall carpet and fresh bed linens daily.
 - \$30 Yuppie Puppy, New York City (212) 877-2747. Murphy dog beds, kiddie pool.
 - \$35 Cloud 9, Ellenwood, Georgia (404) 981-9512. Inside suite with stereo and VCR.
 - \$40 The Kennel Club, Los Angeles (310) 338-9166. VIP suite with the night attendant.
 - \$40 The Family Dog, Middletown, New York (914) 692-5785. Ten dogs, in owner's house.

Environment The average American uses 61 gallons of water a day at home. In San Francisco the average is 68; in Santa Monica, 137; in Santa Barbara, 60 (down from 120) in 1985). 100 cubic feet (748 gallons) costs \$.90 in San Francisco, \$.97 in Santa Monica, \$3.70 in Santa Barbara. SOURCES: U.S. ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY: LOCAL WATER DEPARTMENTS

Best Sellers Four companies reveal their most popular outdoor seating.



Brown Jordan Quantum chair



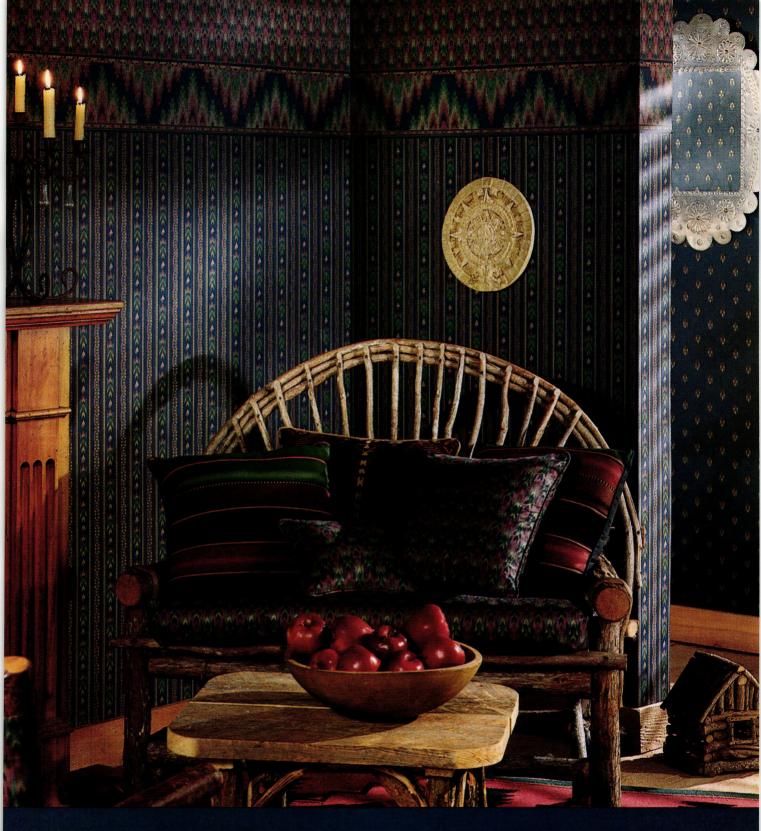
McGuire Sun chaise TK-117/SL



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Wicker by Henry Link Lusty chair and ottoman



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Lasting Impressionists

The light and landscape of an earlier time still glow in California plein air paintings

BY PETER HALDEMAN

ast spring Joan Irvine Smith, granddaughter of the largest private landowner in southern California and recent beneficiary of a quarter-billion-dollar buyout of his development company, made known her plans to establish a museum for her rapidly swelling collection of paintings by California plein air artists. (She is acquiring between 2,000 and 4,000 paintings a year, depending on which dealer you ask.) The creation of the Irvine Museum represents more than a private indulgence. If recent events are any indication, it also serves the public interest: a recession-proof 93 percent of lots sold at Butterfield & Butterfield's last auction of California paintings; plein air galleries are springing up here at a time when shutting down is the rule; and local institutions of every size have sponsored exhibitions advancing the scholarship and popular appeal of the state's last unofficial school of landscape painting.

The literature remains fairly slender, but the accounts that exist usually begin around 1915. That was the year of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco, an enormous art fair that both affirmed the preeminence of impressionism in this country and announced the ascent of the style's West Coast practitioners. Landscape artists worked happily in California before and after the vogue for impressionism, but the tradition of outdoor painting that flourished here in the first part of the century was strongly influenced by that French import. If they were well versed in short feathery brushstrokes, however, California plein air artists found their vernacular. By no means a homogeneous group—those who settled in the southern part of the state were as likely to come from the Midwest or Europe as from San Francisco—they shared an abiding and formative passion for the western terrain; California's Saharan deserts and snowcapped mountains, wooded canyons and rugged coastline, more or less unique vegetation and climate, and, above all, light carried their own dictates.

Loosely organized colonies sprang up in aesthetically congenial settings like Laguna Beach, whose blue green ocean, rocky coves, and eucalyptus-shaded canyons made it a prime plein air outpost. For Edgar Payne, a Missourian who had painted his way across Europe and most of the United States after leaving the

Edgar Payne's studio was in Laguna, but he was drawn to the mountains, where he was photographed painting in the 1940s, above left. Above: Sierra Divide, 1921, displays his bold brushwork.

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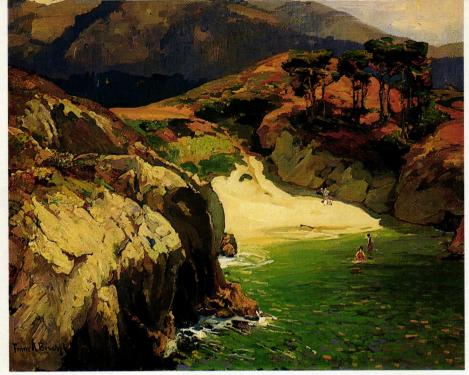
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COLLECTING

Many of the artists came from other places, but they shared a passion for the western terrain

royo and the Sierras. A former ceramist and china painter, Bischoff applied his considerable talents to limning southern California flowers and vistas, perfecting an almost fauvist manipulation of color.

Guy Rose, one of the few southern California natives among the plein air artists, was also perhaps the most dedicated disciple of French impressionism. The son of a state senator, Rose revealed an early talent for drawing while convalescing from a gun accident on the family ranch in the San Gabriel Valley. After studying painting in San Francisco, he made the obligatory pilgrimage to Paris, met Monet, and did his peers one better by living and painting in French impressionist mecca Giverny. When he returned to California in 1914, Rose deftly switched subject matter (from ponds of water lilies to rugged seascapes) and palette (from muted colors to a brighter more personal spectrum) and continued a successful career until, nine years later, he was forced to retire by a severe case of lead poisoning.

Rose had studied at the San Francisco Art Association, a training ground for such better-known northern California artists as Clark Hobart and E. Charlton Fortune. Fortune was born in Sausalito and, like many of her colleagues, was drawn to the gently curving bay, misty atmosphere, and weathered cypresses of Monterey; her light-washed coastal scenes are as close to the

Austrian-born Franz Bischoff exercised his talents as a colorist in Emerald Cove, Carmel.

Art Institute of Chicago—too stodgy—Laguna was a terminus. It was in the studio he built here, a primitive redwood structure with a fieldstone fireplace, that Payne and some thirty fellow artists formed the Laguna Beach Art Association in 1919. Like his associates in Laguna, Payne made day excursions, on foot or horseback, to paint the coast or the interior countryside, but he is best known for his monumental depictions of the snowy peaks and limpid lakes of the High Sierras.

William Wendt—who with his sculptor wife, Julia Bracken, set up a Laguna studio that evolved into a salon for younger artists—is generally regarded as the preeminent painter of his time and place. Another alumnus of Chicago's Art Institute, Wendt progressed technically from French-style dashed strokes and soft colors to a darker, more muscular effect reflecting the virility of California nature. His field methods also departed from the impressionist model: rather than setting up outdoors and painting spontaneously, he would rent a cabin in a remote area, sketch the rolling hills and spreading trees he favored as subjects, then return to his studio to complete his large canvases.

who operated out of a grand Italianate house containing an exhibition gallery and ceramics workshop as well as a stu-

dio with views of the ar-

Indian Tobacco Trees, La Jolla by native son Guy Rose.



spirit and style of French impressionism as Rose's seascapes. But Rose and Fortune are the exceptions: Bay Area artists were, on the whole, more adventurous than their counterparts to the south, and plein air giants like C. S. Price and Bruce Nelson leaned toward postimpressionism as much as impressionism.

By the 1920s institutions like San Francisco's Bohemian Club were helping to

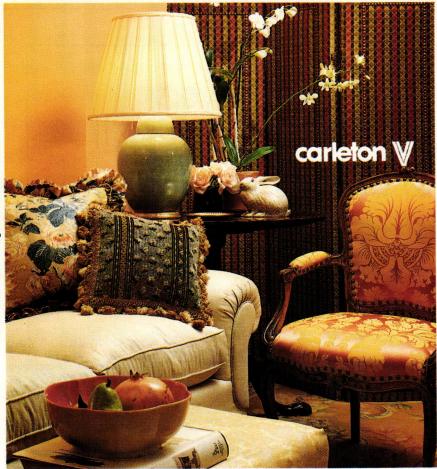
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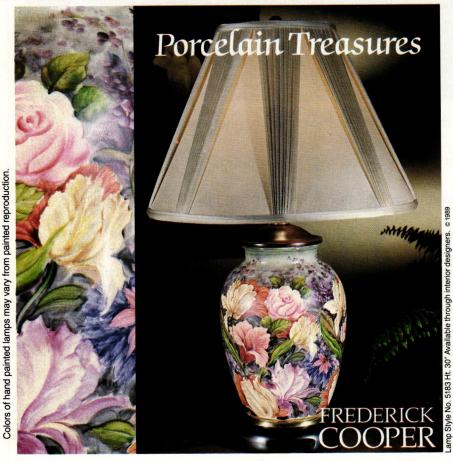


more horsepower than a BMW 525i. And thanks to a revolutionary new automotive architecture called "cab forward," it has more interior room than any Acura, Infiniti or Lexus. Its list of standard features reads like a wish list (including dual air bags). And when it comes to performance, Motor Trend calls it "a ball to drive." The bottom line? The Chrysler Concorde, fully equipped, costs just \$23,432.* Why should driving a high-quality, beautifully performing automobile be a luxury reserved for the privileged few, when it can be offered to the privileged many? For information, call 1-800-4A-CHRYSLER.

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COLLECTING

match up painter and patron, and the more established painters were no starving artists. Galleries up and down the state promoted the work of California painters, many of whom also had dealers in Chicago and New York. William Ritschel, the so-called dean of American marine painters, sold his canvases of storm-tossed surf and Pacific sunsets for \$10,000 apiece. Ritschel resided in a stone castle atop a bluff in the Carmel highlands and was apparently a common sight perched in front of his easel along the cliffs, dabbing away in a Polynesian sarong.

"High-class potboilers" was the artist Louis Siegriest's appraisal of Ritschel's oeuvre. Siegriest belonged to a small group of Oakland-based artists who represented a bolder approach to plein air. The hard-working, hard-playing "society of six" met once a week, fortified themselves with wine, whiskey, and homebrewed beer, and set out for the fields of the East Bay to capture their surroundings with unsentimental directness. They experimented with expressionism, fauvism, even cubism-until, by the 1930s, their sessions degenerated into pretexts for bacchanalia. By that time, too, landscape painters around Los Angeles had outlived their vitality, upholding the merely decorative against the tidal wave of modernism.

The rediscovery of California plein air painting relates in part to a broad-based reappraisal of premodernist art. But it also reflects a homegrown nostalgia-not so much for the genre as for the subject matter. Joan Irvine Smith, for one, has publicly equated her fondness for plein air and her regard for the environment-the environment, that is, as it existed when Irvine Ranch was a patchwork not of malls and houses but of marshes and citrus groves. When William Wendt was led to write, "Here the heart of man becomes impressionable.... It feels that the world is beautiful, that man is his brother, that God is good." When one more California myth was the very image of reality. ▲

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Scenes from a Mall

Haute cuisine is just beyond the parking lot **BY CHARLES PERRY**



Fragrant Spring is the haven for serious eaters at San Gabriel Square, a new all-Asian shopping mall.



Potato pancake at Gustaf Anders.

oodies have mallphobia: they're afraid of getting hungry in a shopping mall and having to apologize to their mouths for what they eat. This has been especially hard on foodies in southern California, since malls are where all the shops are. But today there's a new spirit moving in the malls of this land.

Take San Gabriel Square, one of the all-Asian malls that have sprung up a few minutes east of downtown Los Angeles in the past few years.



the creative whimsies of Chinese

haute cuisine, such as a delicate

broth with greens and a rabbit

Banquet desserts at Fragrant Spring. From a distance it looks like a Chinese fairyland glowing in the night; close up it's more like a gigantic neon sculpture. There's a Seafood Strip and a bakery, but the serious eater's place is Fragrant Spring (San Gabriel Square, Valley and Del Mar Streets, San Gabriel 818-288-0886). The kitchen is headed by a chef who once cooked for a high government official in Beijing and is at home with all



Marinated lamb chops at Carrots.

carved from carrot. There are a lot of family banquets here; most of the round tables pointedly seat twelve. The fountain, the paintings on the walls, and the combination of Chinese decorum with a continuous babble of toasts remind me of expensive restaurants in Hong Kong.

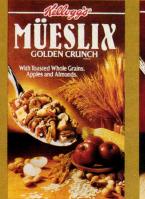
One recent evening I had an eightcourse banquet here that began, in orthodox fashion, with a plate of cold meats: ham, vegetarian smoked "chicken" made from tofu, and shredded jellyfish. It continued, sur-

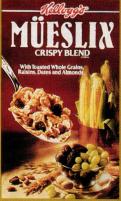
Breakfast With A Rich European.

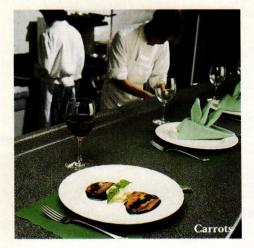
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prisingly, with shrimp two ways, and then a luscious Shanghai fish pottage, made with yellowfish and morsels of sea cucumber. Its aroma, somehow more like chicken than fish, had a dainty smoky overtone.

Then we had steamed boneless spareribs wrapped in lotus leaf; the aroma of Chinese five-spice made me think of clay pot pork, but to Chinese connoisseurs the raison d'être of this dish is the perfume of lotus leaf when you open the packet. Next came a chicken stuffed with the tender musky meat of a soft-shelled turtle, steamed five hours, and served with a rich sauce. House special pork delight, a specialty of the city of Yang-chou, was an imposingly meaty, impossibly plush slab of pork rump served on a bed of pork and shrimp hacked into a paste, the whole scattered with pine nuts. Then came crispy duck with a salty flavor and skin that somehow dissolves under the teeth in tender fatty flakes.

To round out a Chinese feast, of course, you have to eat fish. We had sweet and delicate snowfish, otherwise known as sea trout, in a ground pork and bean paste sauce. Then came salt plums wrapped in lotus leaves, red bean cakes, dumplings, and pastry shaped like tiny calla lilies and filled with sweet bean paste.

You could drink tea with all this, but Fragrant Spring prides itself on the quality of its shao xing, or rice wine, and also offers a limited quantity of kwei hua, a sweet Chinese grape wine that is said to have been the favorite of the dowager empress who appeared in *The Last Emperor*.

FOOD

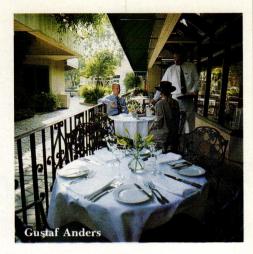
Foie gras is served at Carrots' counter, <u>left</u>, in a modest mini mall. <u>Right:</u> Gustaf Anders gives Scandinavian dishes a nouvelle flair on the outskirts of South Coast Plaza Village.

Not all malls are so grand. Carrots (2834 Santa Monica Boulevard, Santa Monica 310-453-6505) is housed in a former coffee shop that shares a humble mini mall with a doughnut joint and a laundry. But owner Fred Iwasaki used to be Wolfgang Puck's sous chef at Chinois on Main, and you can eat fresh foie gras sitting at the counter. (Try it-you get to watch three chefs dodging one another for space at the tiny stove.) Sprinkled with pepper and sautéed, the foie gras is served in a strong and slightly sweet reduction of port, burgundy, and plum wines with a garnish of tart chunks of apple.

Iwasaki's idea of an appetizer tends to be some sort of salad, such as hot sautéed shrimp in a basil and mustard sauce resting on mixed greens. Cold marinated salmon comes with finely chopped tomato and onion and occasional shreds of apple here and there, a symphony in reds. Among the entrées is grilled New York steak sliced thin and smothered in a meaty sauce of reduced shallots, spiked with soy and fresh ginger. Three marinated lamb chops-the best quality California lamb, heartbreakingly tendercome with a cool cucumber vinaigrette. The only sauce on grilled salmon is a purée of sautéed red onions with a faint bite of cayenne.

It's exquisite food. And don't think Iwasaki isn't aware of the incongruity of his coffee shop location: entrées come with potato salad—but it's a California cuisine potato salad of tiny whole new potatoes mixed with oil, egg yolk, cucumbers, shallots, and a smidgen of plum paste.

Gustaf Anders (South Coast Plaza Village, Sunflower and Bear Streets, Santa Ana 714-668-1737) is located in an outlying section of the vast South Coast Plaza complex in Orange County. It's neither grand nor lunch-counterish but quiet and urbane, with a stylish black ceiling full of exposed ducts and beams and a



window on a gardenlike courtyard.

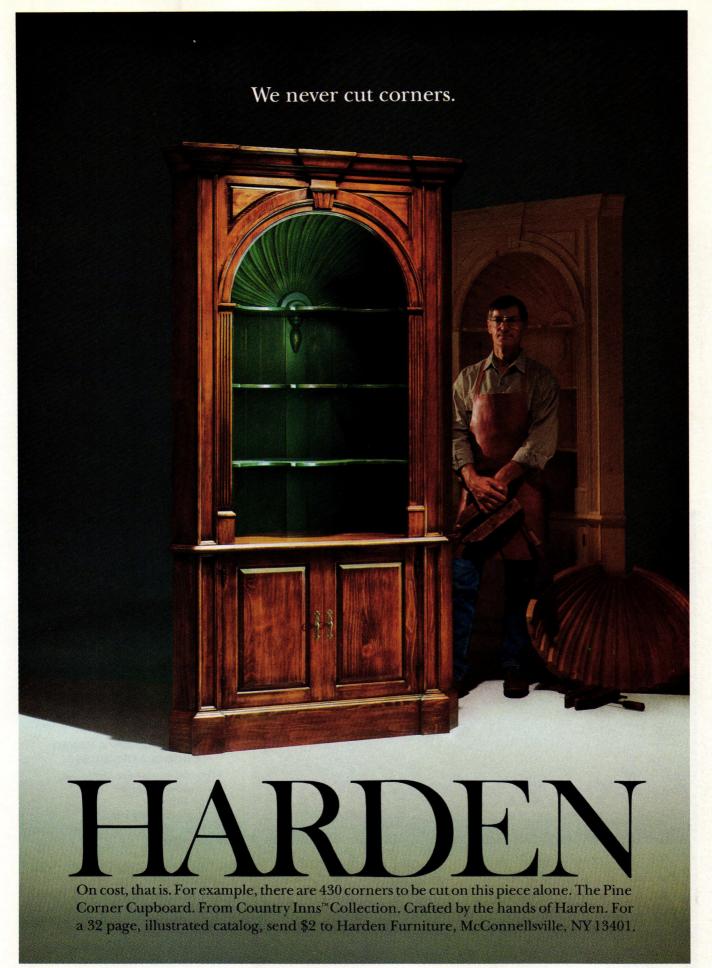
Bill Gustaf Magnuson and chef Ulf Anders Strandberg describe it somewhat misleadingly as a Scandinavian-Continental restaurant. It's true that the cuisine is basically Swedish, including a large selection of Swedish breads—and addictive tunnbröd, huge anise-scented rye wafers that look like tree bark. Ravishing sugar- and salt-cured salmon comes with a crock of hot creamed dill potatoes, the pickled herring is served with Västerbotten cheese, and there are traditional Scandinavian treats like beef Lindström.

But there's a fresh nouvelle cuisine quality to the cooking. Nothing in the menu description prepares you for the potato pancake-as light and delicate as a mousse-garnished with tomato, onion, and cucumber, surrounded by mounds of wild mushrooms and a basil-flavored meat glaze. And Scandinavian tradition definitely does not include a salad of smoked trout, radicchio, yellow sweet peppers, jicama, and grapefruit. The baked chocolate mousse is a marvel, something between an intensely chocolaty mousse and a dense, slightly grainy soufflé.

Foodies, take heart. The mall is your friend.

CARROTS' MARINATED LAMB CHOPS WITH CUCUMBER SAUCE

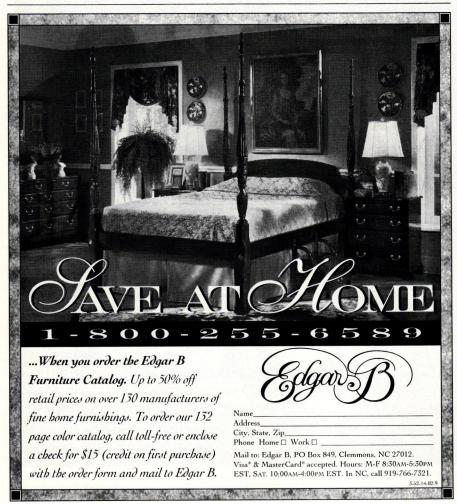
- 1 cup soy
- 1/2 cup sake
- 1/2 cup mirin (sweet rice wine)
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 tablespoon grated fresh ginger
- 1 teaspoon crushed red pepper
- 6 lamb chops



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FOOD

- 1 egg yolk
- 1 peeled cucumber
- 1/2 tablespoon rice vinegar
- 1 tablespoon corn oil
- 1½ tablespoons sesame oil
 ½ teaspoon dry mustard
 Salt and freshly ground pepper

Combine soy, sake, mirin, garlic, ginger, and red pepper and marinate chops 5 minutes. Grill chops. In food processor, purée egg yolk and cucumber until smooth. Add remaining ingredients to make vinaigrette, and spoon it over chops. Serves 2.

GUSTAF ANDERS'S POTATO PANCAKES

- 1 cup white wine
- 1 cup veal stock
- 3 stems basil
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups porcini mushrooms, sliced
 - 4 tablespoons butter 4 cups whipped potatoes
 - 5 eggs
 - 1 cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oil
- ¹/₄ cup julienned tomato
- ¹/₄ cup julienned red onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup julienned cucumber
- 1 teaspoon rice vinegar

Combine wine, stock, and basil and, over moderate heat, reduce to sticky consistency. Remove basil. Set glaze aside. Sauté mushrooms in butter; keep warm. Mix potatoes, eggs, and flour into a smooth batter. Grease a 5or 6-inch sauté pan with oil and set over moderate heat. For each pancake pour batter into pan and cook until it turns golden brown on bottom. Flip and cook other side until just browned. It may help to flip it into another pan, but you can handle it like a flapjack if you're careful. To serve, put mushrooms around pancake. Pour glaze over mushrooms. Top pancake with tomato, onion, and cucumber and sprinkle with rice vinegar. Serves 6.

GUSTAF ANDERS'S BAKED CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

- 1 pound semisweet chocolate
- ³/₄ cup strong coffee
- 1/4 cup brandy
- 11/4 cups heavy cream
- 6 whole eggs
- ²/₃ cup sugar

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Melt chocolate with coffee, brandy, and pinch of salt. Whip cream; chill. Beat eggs and sugar over low flame until thick and foamy, then add to cream. Slowly add chocolate.

Pour into ramekins. Bake in water bath 35 minutes. Serves 12. ▲

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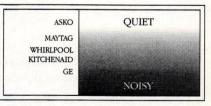
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Lisa Eisner, left, totes a 1950s Nubian lamp from Off the Wall, above. The shop's pickings include a 1930s pedal airplane, a 1950s shoe store bench, and an eight-foot Steiff giraffe.

Pat Bates

SHOPPING

Locations Scout

Stylemaker Lisa Eisner leads HG to her favorite L.A. haunts for everything from candles to fifties collectibles By JENNIE NASH

isa Eisner has shopped around the block more than a few times, first as a *Vogue* editor and now as decorator-in-residence of the 1937 Cliff May hacienda she and her husband, Eric, share with their two boys. A fan of the "old L.A. look," Eisner approaches her favorite stops as more than just places for picking up finishing touches: they're exhibits in the history of California.

Off the Wall Antiques For classic mechanical toys, neon advertising signs, and art deco furnishings—or just to be entertained—head for this jam-packed store. Owner Dennis Clark refers to his stock as "alternative antiques" and says that he and his partners, Dennis and Lisa Boses, were the first to deal in restored Coca-Cola machines. In thirteen years of business, they've delivered more than five hundred. (7325 Melrose

A 1920s French tropical print and a wing chair in 1930s bark cloth are among the offerings from textile specialist Pat Bates.

Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046; 213-930-1185)

Thanks for the Memories Gleaming chrome and lacquered wood furniture by early modernist architects and industrial designers like Russel Wright and Kem Weber take center stage here. Lining the room are cases of William Spratling silver, Chase chrome, art deco glass frames, and other clean-lined accessories. "Doesn't it all seem as if it came from a Fred Astaire movie?" Eisner muses. Owners Maddie and David Sadofski limit their selections to what was considered modern from the twenties to the end of World War II and to what was most prized. (8319 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90069; 213-852-9407)

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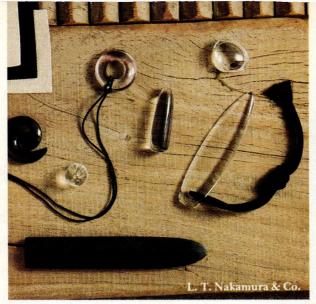
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Nakamura's collection of Tina Chow's designs range from a jade letter opener to a crystal healing wand on a silk cord.



The Gonzalez family's vivid candles, <u>above</u>, are hand-poured in layers using an old Mexican technique. <u>Below:</u> Cathy Endfield's collages turn insects into art.

SHOPPING

Cathy Endfield Supplying Hollywood set decorators with exotic insect specimens (such as the moth that appeared in the poster for *The Silence of the Lambs*) allows artist Cathy Endfield to pursue the art of bug collage. A typical Endfield piece features close to a hundred jewel-colored beetles from Malaysia, Thailand, and Africa and costs upwards of \$2,000. Don't think of backyard bug collections. Endfield's insects glow greener than neon and redder than the smoggiest sunset. (818-783-4357 by appt.)

D. Miller Antiques "Houses around here used to look like this," Eisner sighs as she scans the mission oak chairs, plein air paintings, and Catalina tile tables at Dennis Miller's shop. It's no wonder, since Miller traces most of his inventory to old L.A. haciendas and bungalows. He is an especially good source for topquality California art pottery and Hillside garden urns of cast concrete inset with tiles. (2166 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90026; 213-413-5499 by appt.)

Gonzalez Candles In 1929, Francisco Gonzalez began making candles in the wine cellar of a homestead on historic Olvera Street. Gonzalez's son Robert still occupies the spot and still hand-pours candles in hundreds of vibrant colors. Tip from Eisner: avoid the mobs of tourists by stopping in on a weekday. (W-14 Olvera St., Los Angeles, CA 90012; 213-625-8771)

Scavenger's Paradise Owner Rick Evans salvages architectural details from soon-to-be-demolished buildings. His dramatic finds piled in and around an old adobe church in North Hollywood make for one sophisticated junkyard. Browsers might turn up a set of high school gymnasium lights, a porcelain pedestal sink, or a massive oak door from Gloria Swanson's Beverly Hills estate. (5453 Satsuma Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91604; 213-877-7945)

L. T. Nakamura & Co. To soothe nerves frayed by L.A. traffic, Eisner slips into this tranquil salon run by Lynn Nakamura, who represents Tina Chow's designs. In addition to the well-known rock crystal pendants, Nakamura offers a series of exquisitely refined amulets and objects that Chow completed not long be-

> fore her death last year. (Several of these new pieces are also available at the Ted Muehling store at Domestic Furniture in L.A.) Included in the collection is a black jade letter opener and a palmsize crystal healing wand. Eisner likes to keep one of these wands in her pocket where she can get her hands on it.

"Tina knew that's what people do," Eisner explains. "They hold on." (634 North Doheny Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90069; 310-205-0733 by appt.) ▲

French textiles, with an emphasis on toiles and floral-printed linens as well as silk curtain tassels. Just don't expect an elegant showroom to match: Bates only sells her wares at trade shows, by mail order, and at flea markets. Eisner frequents Bates's regular booth (#2011) just beyond the main gate at Pasadena's Rose Bowl Flea Market, and though she rarely leaves empty hand-

ed, she has yet to complete even a throw pillow project. "The fabric is so beautiful," she demurs, "that I hate to cut it up." (619-487-7723 by appt.)





Cathy Endfield

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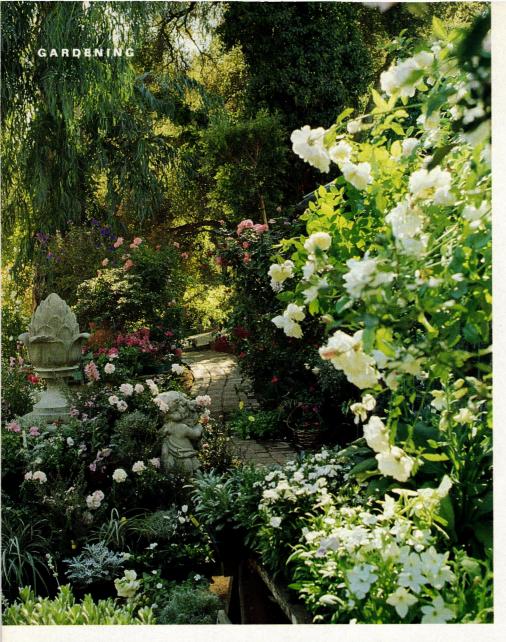
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Gardener's Nursery

A transplanted Englishwoman brings L.A. down to earth By William Bryant Logan



RUNNING UP A SLOPE OUT OF THE creek bottom in Topanga Canyon near Los Angeles is the Sassafras Nursery. It doesn't look like much from the road, glimpsed through eucalyptus, sycamore, and live oak. Still, gardeners drive from as far away as Pasadena just to visit it. There wasn't a trace of sassafras in the place when the name was chosen for its sound and shape, but the nursery's plant selection is vast and superb: home-propagated yellow delphiniums, whole ranges of grayfoliage plants, boxes of delicate white campanulas spilling out of the shade, masses of native and exotic ferns, citrus trees and ceanothus, and the largest collection of English-bred David Austin roses on the West Coast.

As striking as the choice of plants,

French 'Bonica' shrub roses bloom at the base of Sassafras Nursery's marble pineapple, left. The display of imported roses also includes many English varieties developed by David Austin. <u>Below left:</u> 'Climbing Iceberg'.

however, is their arrangement: clumps of yellow iris and water lilies in a wide pool; a checkerboard of flats containing sun-loving ice plants, strawberries, lavender, pansies, and forget-me-nots; a birdhouse covered in different mosses.

There is a sensitive eye at work here, and it belongs to the owner, Pamela Ingram. She has been possessed by an "undivided passion" for gardening since the days when, as a young woman in London, she tended daffodils indoors during the Blitz. Today she takes pleasure in counseling the customers who have the blackest thumbs. And now that many Californians are preoccupied with drought-tolerant gardening, Ingram and her designer, Eric Solberg, have also become expert at advising on how to get the most plant with the least water.

The nursery has a large landscaping practice, which enables Ingram to help people plan their gardens. (A patio paved with mauve bricks made by Sassafras is the centerpiece of the nursery's display at the Chelsea America Flower Show near L.A. this month.) She likes to imagine the pride a client feels when he can clip a David Austin rose to give to the neighbors. Of course, clients must choose the right rose. Once a red-haired woman with bright blue eyes picked a pink rose that didn't belong with her. Ingram told her so. Later, when the woman was ready to go, Ingram offered to give her the rose. She wouldn't take it. She had selected another.

Form and scent are important at Sassafras, but color is the guiding principle. The owner never thinks of plain pink, for example, but rose pink, coral pink, blue pink—tones to be used in subtle combinations. Someone suggests that blue is her favorite color. "Which blue? Where does it go?" she demands. "Don't say just 'blue'!" (Sassafras Nursery and Landscaping, 275 North Topanga Canyon Blvd., Topanga, CA 90290; 310-455-1933) ▲

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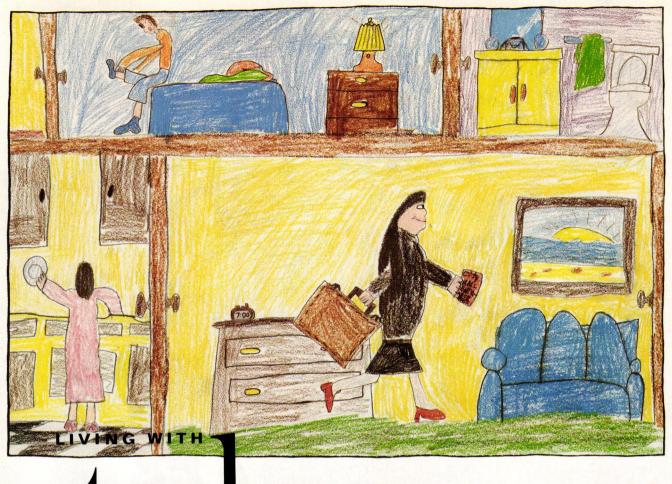
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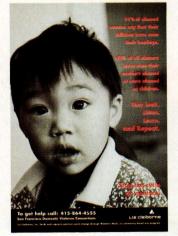
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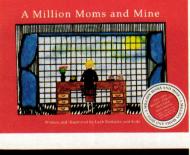
Liz Claiborne launches Women's Work and gives us public art with a mission

WOMEN'S WORK-A SERIES OF COMMUNITY-BASED art projects meant to increase awareness of issues affecting women and families nationwidehas been initiated by Liz Claiborne, Inc., in San Francisco and Chicago. With the aims of exposing and halting domestic violence, six artists collaborated with Bay Area residents to produce local billboards and posters last September. Carrie Mae Weems took a bold approach and photographed abusive partners in her studio. Women's Work also established a centralized twenty-four-hour crisis hotline, the first in San Francisco. In Chicago, writer Leah Komaiko joined forces with a culturally diverse group of elementary school students to create a children's book about working mothers. Proceeds from the book, published last May, benefit literacy programs. Says Liz Claiborne executive Wendy Banks: "We are giving something back to all the women who have made us what we are today."



Photographer Diane Tani's poster, <u>above</u>, for Women's Work's San Francisco campaign against domestic violence. Workshops with survivors inspired Margaret Crane and Jon Winet's image, <u>right</u>.

A boy's illustration of his mother going to the office, <u>above</u>, from A Million Moms and Mine, <u>below</u>, commissioned by Liz Claiborne's Women's Work in Chicago. Details see Resources.



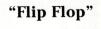
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Swid Powell

Once again we have devoted ourselves—and an entire issue—to reporting on life in California. The good life that California promised may seem more a Hollywood illusion than a reality in the late twentieth century, what with social problems, drought, and the challenges of a faltering economy; nonetheless, the relaxed way of life that is at the heart of the California ethos continues to translate into lessons in living for us all:

Comfort There is a premium on warm and personal decorating. High-powered producers like Dawn Steel and Charles Roven have forsaken the legendary pleasure palaces of their forebears for houses more like those of ordinary Americans. Their sprawling but cozy ranch house in the hills overlooking L.A. "isn't meant to be about either-or choices or creating rooms that are larger than life," decorator Michael Smith says.

Color They are masters of the creamy palette, but when they venture into brightness, Californians seem fearless. Architect Frank Israel colored the wood, stucco, and plaster in an L.A. house deep blue and strong ocher—and it pulses.

Outdoor Living Nowhere is the garden more an extension of the house. Three small-space gardens are presented in this month's "Design Analysis" feature, while an environmental message of a different sort is offered in our story on two colorful preservers of highland and lowland wildflowers.

Fantasy Even a house can be a film, especially Tim Street-Porter and Annie Kelly's 1929 Italianate villa, an homage to the golden days of Hollywood glamour, and Jimtown, a re-creation of a mom-and-pop store with a house beside it. And fake flowers bloom in our story on Rachel London's wacked-out garden of an apartment.

Inventiveness In a hillside house in Santa Monica, architect Brian Murphy recycles eighteen old chandeliers, logs, and broken pottery as environmentally sound decoration—an indication that resourcefulness is alive and well in California.

Change Californians seem perpetually to be evolving—en masse. Currently in L.A., there is a chic new macaroni-and-cheese simplicity, which is analyzed with Swatch-like precision by native son Peter Haldeman. Or as decorator Stephen Shubel puts it, "California's only real tradition is change."

Nam Vorograd

Editor's Page February







Drought-tolerant lawn and plantings, top, for a Hollywood Hills house by Frank Israel. <u>Center</u>: Living quarters next to the country store at Jimtown in Sonoma County. <u>Above</u>: Ease and airiness in Stephen Shubel's Berkeley bedroom.



Canyon Ranch

Studio pressures seem to fade out when producers Dawn Steel and Charles Roven return to their homestead decorated by Michael Smith By Carol Wolper

> Paneling original to the 1937 ranch house provides a classic backdrop for 19th-century American drawings and a bronze bas relief by Robert Graham. An old hatbox stands on the hearth beyond a low table holding a Lalique bowl and a 1920s shagreen box from Paul Ferrante, L.A. Leather upholstery was distressed to blend with antique textile pillows, from the Lotus Collection, San Francisco, and a 19th-century Aubusson. Details see Resources.

Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Pilar Viladas

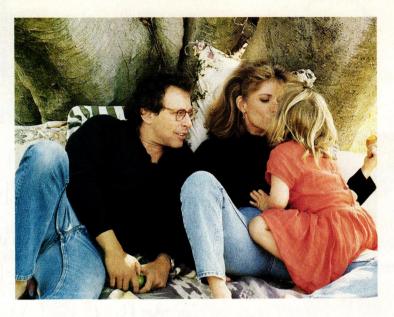
"OUR HOME SIMPLY ABSORBS STRESS," SAYS PROducer Dawn Steel, former president of Columbia Pictures, looking out over the hilltop she shares with her husband, producer Charles Roven, and their six-year-old daughter, Rebecca. For Steel, who spearheaded such films as *Awakenings* and *When Harry Met Sally*, and Roven, whose credits include *Final Analysis* and *Heart Like a Wheel*, a retreat from the rigors of filmmaking is essential. The couple's ten acres in a canyon may be only a short drive from one of L.A.'s busiest boulevards, but once you are there, box office totals and the daily trade papers seem like messages from another continent. No wonder decorator Michael Smith dubbed this spot Lost Horizon.

The house was built in 1937 to preside over a breeding ranch for whippets and Great Danes. (The original owners left blue ribbons behind.) Spacious but not intimidating, the homestead accommodates a cocktail party for three hundred as comfortably as a family dinner for three. The poolside guesthouse and the former kennels, now a family exercise room, are tucked into a well-tended expanse of greenery. On a clear day the view goes all the way to Catalina.

Steel and Roven got their first tour of the property four years ago from the then owner, Warner Brothers vice chairman turned producer John Calley. When the conversation turned to Calley's and Mike Nichols's desire to make the movie *Postcards from the Edge*, Steel learned that their deal at MGM had recently fallen apart. Not missing a beat, she asked, "What do you say to letting me buy your movie for Columbia—and letting Chuck and me buy your house?" It was an offer Calley couldn't refuse.

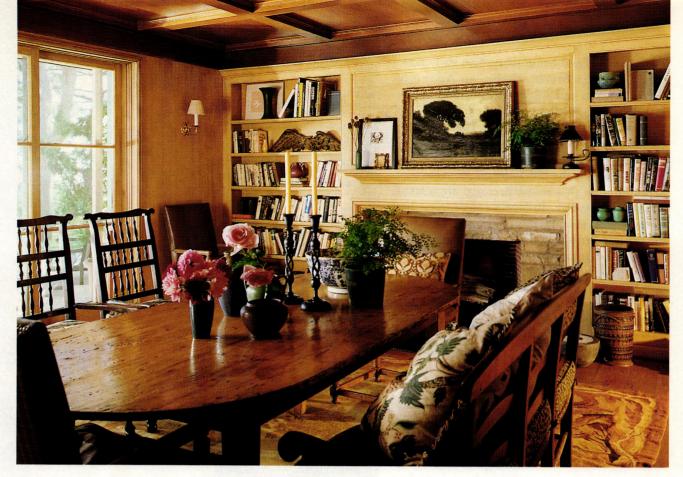
Assuming ownership meant taking on a task Steel and Roven still describe as "work in progress." Outdoors, where trees hadn't been pruned since the thirties, the challenge was subtle intervention. Indoors, the transformation took a more dramatic turn. Steel and Roven's previous house had been done in the art moderne style, with sleek furniture and geometric lines. "I never thought I'd want overstuffed sofas with floral slipcovers," Steel admits. She and Roven credit Michael Smith with having pulled them in a different stylistic direction, one that took them away from stark white walls everywhere to creamy surfaces tinged with tones of celadon, eucalyptus, rose, and tea. Together the trio arrived at an adaptable mix of old and new

Charles Roven and Dawn Steel with their daughter, Rebecca, top right. Above right: A new stone path leads downhill from a terrace into the canyon. Right: The pool reflects the guesthouse. The former kennels, in the distance, are now the family exercise room.









Under the dining room's coffered ceiling, *above*, Smith installed a mantelpiece and bookcases with a grained finish. A California plein air painting rests on the mantel, and American art pottery is displayed among the books. An antique Aubusson has been laid under a French provincial table and bench from West World Imports, Pasadena. *Below:* In the guest-house a turn-of-the-century armoire hides media equipment. Barn-red paint sets off a collection of baskets and the stripes of a chair covered in Hudson Bay blanket cloth. Checked hand-loomed cotton rug from Thomas K. Woodard, NYC.



that's cozy without being fussy. "An early nineteenth century French chaise, an American painted basket, and a Robert Graham sculpture can all be at home here," Smith explains. "This house isn't meant to be about either-or choices or creating rooms that are larger than life."

Smith notes that redesigning a house for successful figures in the film industry often has a lot to do with how they reinterpret real-life roles as their careers evolve. In Steel's case, success has brought out a warmer, more personal side. Having worked her way up in Hollywood to become the first woman president of a major studio, she is now at a point where producing movies must fit into her agenda alongside time devoted to Rebecca and to the various causes Steel assists as a fund-raiser. In 1991 she and Roven hosted President Clinton's first big Hollywood function, and she continues to be an active supporter of the Pediatric AIDS Foundation.

When Steel comes home from her office at Disney and Roven returns from his at TriStar, neither sees any need to be surrounded by trophies of professional achievement. Rather, says Smith, they like to think of the house as a record of personal discoveries. It was fitting that the subtle palette chosen as a unifying backdrop for memorabilia and the art they have collected should borrow colors from an old Chinese shawl, which is one of Steel's cherished finds, as well as from the garden right outside. Existing plank floors, paneling, and beamed ceilings inspired decoration that evokes the sturdy elegance of early twentieth century California ranch houses without resorting to western or period clichés.

Smith placed updated versions of thirties club chairs near the living room fireplace and rubbed dark wax into their leather upholstery until they were as mellow as the patina on a Graham bronze relief atop the mantel. In the same room a Thomas Hart Benton drawing Steel bought as a "slice of rural American life" hangs close to a painting by David Salle, a family friend; the Lalique bowl that was a wedding present from Nora Kaye and Herb Ross accompanies a changing display of pieces from Steel's collection of American ceramics. "Instead of registering at Tiffany or Geary's when Chuck and I got married," she says, "I reg-

Sunlight through a garden room window heightens the contours of a 1920s classical bas relief from Nonesuch Gallery, Santa Monica, above a sofa in washed Fortuny cotton. Pale moss-green walls—inspired by the garden outside—harmonize with the greens of a wicker chair covered in a Bennison floral, a celadon lamp base, a Chinese ceramic garden seat, a painted wooden table, and a pillow in a broad stripe from Clarence House. The faded pink cotton pillow picks up complementary rose tones. Aubusson from Y&B Bolour, L.A.



Set off by walls tinged with muted



colors, the mix of old and new is cozy but not fussy



Kitchen cabinets with beveled glass panes and nickel-plated hardware, above, by architects Appleton, Mechur & Associates, recall the fittings in early 20th century pantries. Schoolhouse lights hang from a new pressed-tin ceiling in a vintage pattern. Wicker storage baskets slide into cabinets in front of the red upholstered breakfast nook. *Below:* A collage of photos and clippings covers a bulletin board in Steel's sitting room. Clarence House florals brighten the sofa and armchair Smith grouped with a 19th-century French country table and an English Windsor chair.



istered at Buddy's." (The small store on Melrose Avenue sells American art pottery and arts and crafts furniture.)

The living room, the book-lined dining room, and the so-called garden room all center on antique Aubusson carpets whose faded hues harmonize with slipcover and pillow fabrics washed in tea or turned inside out to soften their newness. References to the past are most obvious in the kitchen, where a pressed-tin ceiling and oldfashioned cabinets with beveled glass panes were installed, and in Rebecca's bedroom, which was loosely modeled on the turn-of-the-century interiors that the Swedish artist Carl Larsson created for his daughters. Rebecca picked out the floralpatterned wallpaper and Smith designed the sturdy playroom furniture. The romantic effect, he says, conjures up "memories of what we all wish our childhoods had been."

Despite the tranquil simplicity of the master bedroom, there are clear signs that it belongs to hardworking professionals. Large tables on either side of the bed frequently hold scripts, story treatments, and books for nighttime reading. The lack of curtains (Continued on page 138)



Six-year-old Rebecca chose the flowered Rose Cumming wallpaper for her bedroom, *above*, which Smith trimmed with apple-green paint. More bouquets are scattered across 1930s bark cloth coverlets from Auntie Barbara's, Beverly Hills, which have been tucked into the high side rails of antique pine beds. *Right:* Snoopy, Babar, and friends gather in the playroom furnished with child-size painted furniture made to order. The doors, which open onto a sleeping porch, and the window have shades in a cotton toile from Cowtan & Tout. Rug from Thomas K. Woodard.



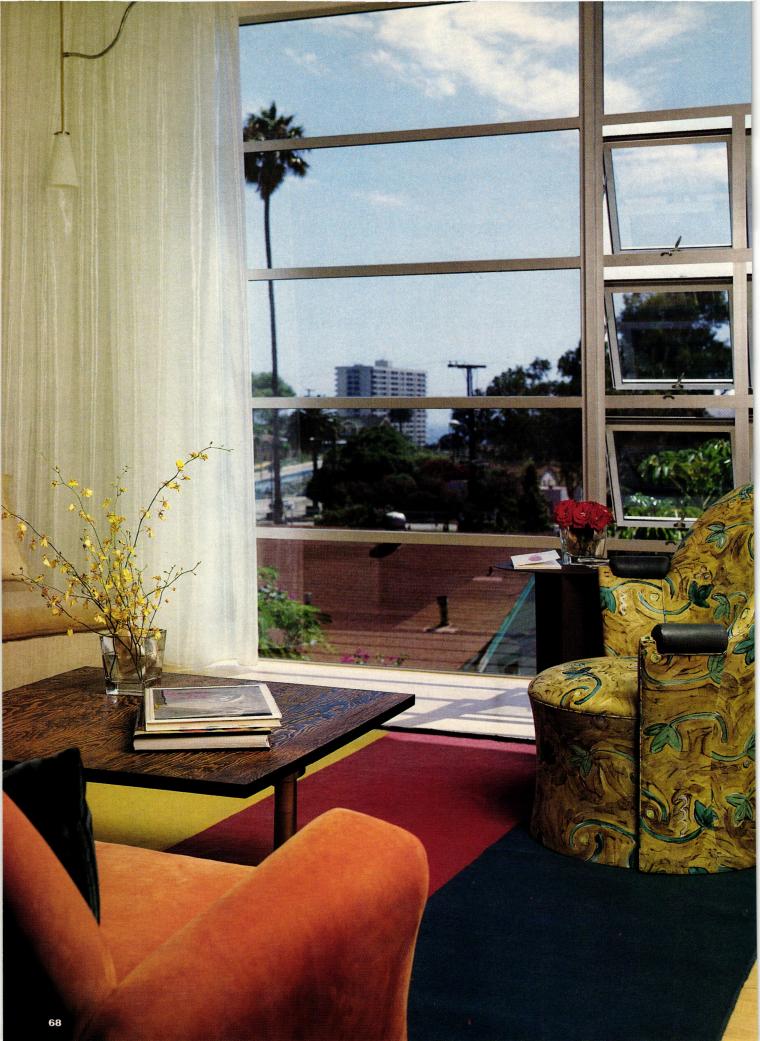




A Biedermeier cheval glass and a gilt ballroom chair, opposite, catch the light filtered through Hunter Douglas wooden blinds in the master bathroom. Above the American Standard tub, Annie Kelly's photographs of statues in the Huntington Botanical Gardens hang near a plaque of comedy and tragedy. Left: Thirties-style green and white tiles contrast with the subtle colors of a table by Michael Smith and a c. 1825 French chaise longue in a Henry Calvin stripe. Above: In the master bedroom an English table to the left of the Grange Furniture sleigh bed and a painted reproduction Gustavian table to the right provide ample space for scripts and other reading matter. The c. 1915 rug was designed by the arts and crafts architect C. F. A. Voysey.

"This house isn't about creating larger-than-life rooms"







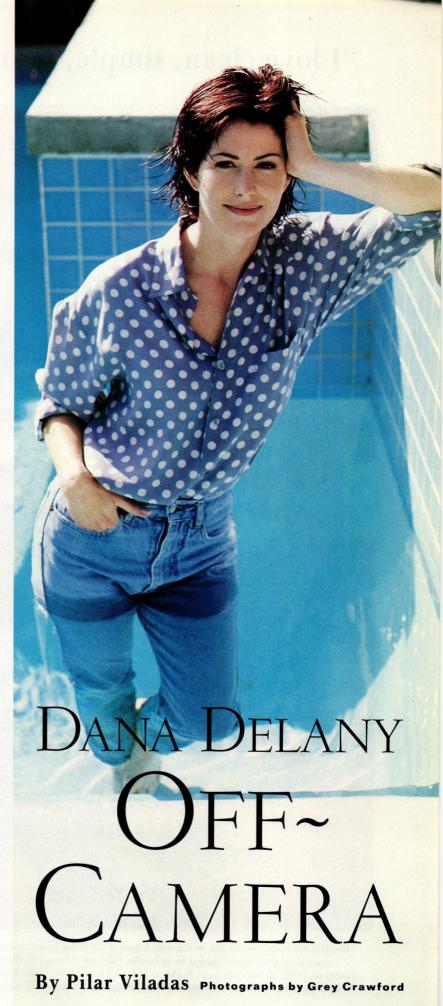
ANA DELANY IS A VERY modern woman. Her brains and her beauty hit you at exactly the same time. The classic features, forthright gaze, and dry wit bespeak her suburban

Connecticut upbringing, but there's nothing remotely suburban about the way she walks into a room wearing polka-dot leggings and hot-pink suede Manolo Blahnik mules, well aware of the effect that her voluptuous figure has on both men ("Va-va-voom") and women ("Damn").

It's just this combination of the prim and the primal that has made the thirty-six-year-old actress so appealing in roles ranging from nurse Colleen McMurphy on *China Beach*, for which she won two Emmys, to the plaid-clad object of Steve Martin's affection in the movie *Housesitter*, a former drug addict confronted with her past in Paul Schrader's film *Light Sleeper*, and a "housewife gone mad" in *Wild Palms*, the series based on Bruce Wagner's comic strip, which airs this season on ABC. This same mix of reserve and sensuality characterizes Delany's house, a small sunbathed contemporary building in a neighborhood that combines urban funkiness with expansive Pacific views.

Delany bought the house nearly three years ago, having realized the moment she walked in that it was the house of her dreams-literally. "I had seen the house in a dream I had about going to a party. I saw the whole space." Which wasn't difficult, since there is only one room on each of the house's three floors: a living/dining/kitchen space on the main level; a bedroom upstairs; and a guest room/office on the basement floor, which opens onto the pool. Before Delany bought the house, originally a modest bungalow, it had been transformed by architect Michael W. Folonis into a geometric composition of concrete block and steel. This was fine with Delany, who grew up in a 1950s modern house that her parents had built and her mother, an interior designer, had decorated in the furnishings and colors of the period. "I love clean, simple, spare things," Delany explains. "I'm not a saver. I hate clutter." But the house was a bit too uncluttered for Delany's taste;

Actress Dana Delany, *right*, chills out in her pool. *Opposite:* Her living room is filled with furniture designed by Kevin Walz: a sofa in tomato-red sueded leather, ebonized marine plywood coffee table, armchair with hand-painted fabric by Carla Weisberg, sandblasted steel side table, multicolored wool carpet, and lighting. The curtains by Mary Bright are made of linen from Decorators Walk. Details see Resources.

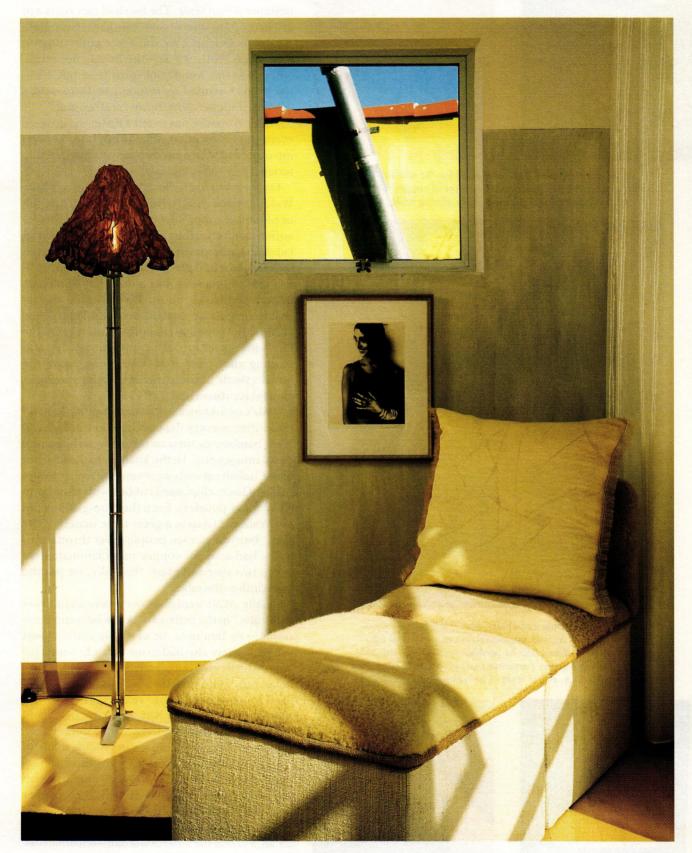


"I love clean, simple, spare things," says Delany



Confronted with four niches in the wall between the living room and the kitchen, Walz lined them with boxes of brushed aluminum that are enameled ivory inside; they pay homage to the work of artist Donald Judd. The boxes hold two pieces of 1930s Bauerware from Buddy's, L.A.; a Fontana Arte vase from Diva, L.A.; and a Luxman stereo. Walz's brass and milk glass lamp plugs into existing recessed ceiling fixtures. The sofa pillows are covered in mohair from Unika Vaev.

'I'm not a saver," she explains. "I hate clutter"



Jacques-Henri Lartigue's 1930 photograph of his friend Renée Perle presides over a corner of the living room where Walz's steel and copper-mesh floor lamp and his sectional chaise, upholstered in shearling from Spinneybeck and Doria II wool from Jack Lenor Larsen, provide a tranquil spot for reading. To unify a room with several ceiling heights, Walz drew a line around the space and finished the walls below it with a mixture of bowling alley paste wax and aluminum powder.



In the entry, *above left*, brass is used for the mirror, shelf, and baseboard. *Above right:* A sheet of copper mesh adds mystery to the glass top of the dining table.



The maple dining table and chairs, *above*, are from Domestic Furniture Co., L.A., and the candelabra of metal and faux pearls from Diva. *Below left*: At poolside a checkerboard table from Venice Garden Furniture partners a chaise from Cottage Shops, L.A. *Below right*: The bathroom is glass-tiled.





she wanted to soften it and to add color.

For this she turned to an old friend, New York designer Kevin Walz. The two had met years ago at a Peter Allen concert at Radio City Music Hall; deadpans Delany, "We did the eighties together." When Walz first saw the house, he recalls, "there was this wonderful spirit to it, but it was too even. I wanted to respond to Dana—she's modern, independent, funny, and sensual."

Walz's response was to tell a different story on every story. The guest room/office floor became introspective with muted colors and rugged materials, like leather and sisal.

On the main living floor, color makes a splash. Walz designed a sofa covered in a suede "the color of tomato soup," he says, which is Delany's favorite spot for reading scripts, as well as a pair of ladylike armchairs in what he calls a "very sixties looking" blue and green hand-painted fabric. All this color vibrates against a discreetly shimmering neutral background: Walz unified the six ceiling heights by establishing a horizontal line around the space and rubbing the walls below the line with a mixture of aluminum powder and bowling alley paste wax. Everything above the line is a shade of white mixed by color specialists Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl.

Walz's well-known iconoclastic way with materials informs every detail of the house. Flanged brass baseboards turn an ordinary architectural detail into jewelry. In the kitchen, expensive but bland Italian cabinets were replaced by new ones made of lowly chipboard rubbed with aluminum and copper powders. Even the dining table's top got Walzed. "Glass is a great table material," he says, "but you can see people's feet through it." So he had a veil of copper mesh laminated between two sheets of glass: "basically, we put the tablecloth *in* the table."

Finally, Walz explains, "we really went crazy with color" in the bedroom. While he wanted the room to be feminine, he says, "we couldn't just use pink, so we also had to use its archenemy, orange, which came out terra-cotta." Mary Bright's net panels float across the windows in Joan Crawford hues-taupe, rose, sea green. Walz designed the four-poster bed-with its cherry and bronze frame and headboard upholstered in a cork-faced fabric-and the vanity table made of copper tubing, white onyx, and yellow sienna marble; the table's cedar storage compartments are rubbed with gold to clash with their copper lids. Such small dissonances sharpen the edge of Walz's elegant-with-street-smarts approach. After all, a house for a 1990s woman-a woman like Dana Delany-should be, as he says, "feminine and sensual, but not helpless."

"We really went crazy with color" in Delany's pink and terra-cotta bedroom, says Walz. His three-way brushed aluminum mirror reflects the custom cherry and bronze bed and its cork-fabric headboard. Delany's rust suede mules from Manolo Blahnik rest on linen floorcovering from Rosecore Carpets. Hand-painted pillow by Carla Weisberg.

Hollywood history and Italian vistas echo at Villa Vallombrosa, where a French window, *opposite*, held open with a doorstop from Rudolph Valentino's house, looks out on cypresses and red tile roofs. *Below:* In the living room Spanish colonial columns flank an 18th-century mirror and console table that belonged to costume designer Adrian. At right, a Garouste and Bonetti sconce illuminates an antique wallhanging; fabric on a pillow from Fortuny. Details see Resources.

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Revival House Glamour

Tim Street-Porter's photos of the villa he shares with his wife, Annie Kelly, bring the spirit of Hollywood past and present into sharp focus By Peter Haldeman



Nothing feels too new or too restored. The pieces grouped by the fireplace are mostly 19th-century French, among them the Louis Philippe mirror and sconces and the armchairs in original upholstery, from Wallach & Jiavis Antiques, L.A. Crossed spears support the glass top of the Mexican table.



The wrong decoration is said to rouse the resident ghost

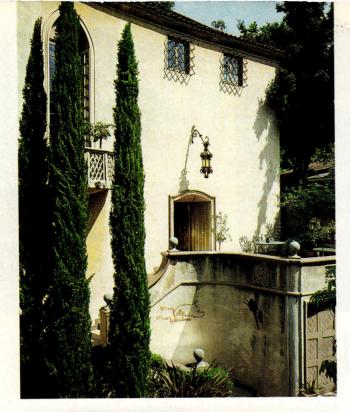
VALLOMBROSA IS A LITTLE VILLAGE IN THE APENNINE forest outside Florence, a mountain retreat with an eleventh-century Benedictine abbey and tourist-attraction views. Villa Vallombrosa is an early twentieth century house built for an East Coast socialite by the name of Eleanor De Witt, an Italianate residence wedged like a chunk of fontina in the hills above the Hollywood Freeway. After visiting the village, the current occupants of the villa-architectural photographer Tim Street-Porter and his wife, Annie Kelly, an artist-were left to ponder whether their dwelling owed its name to Vallombrosa or to a secondary reference to the place, perhaps in Dante. A few days after touring Villa Vallombrosa, I came across these lines in Paradise Lost: "He stood and call'd/ His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intranc't/Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks/In Vallombrosa." They appear in Book 1 of Milton's epic poem, and their subject is the devil. "Uh-oh," said Kelly when I read her the passage. "Eleanor was a literate woman, from all accounts, so maybe we've discovered a closet Satanist."

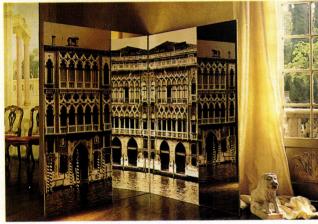
Annie Kelly has the classically pretty features and precise manner of a Gibson girl, an impression reinforced by the old-fashioned wide-brim straw hats she favors. Tim Street-Porter, with his long craggy face, toothy smile, and white hair, brings to mind a Dickens character, one of the kind ones. He is English; she is Australian. As a couple of transplants to Los Angeles, they have taken to their adoptive soil with something like the vigor of Gerald and Sara Murphy in Cap d'Antibes or Paul and Jane Bowles in Tangier. Since moving here fourteen years ago, they have immersed themselves in Mediterranean houses and fin-tailed cars, movieland mythology and pueblo sociology, dingbat design and rock 'em, sock 'em art. They are unabashed champions of the city's true cultural elite—their friends include Frank Gehry and Ed Ruscha—as well as preservationists and amateur annalists of Villa Vallombrosa's historic Hollywood neighborhood, Whitley Heights.

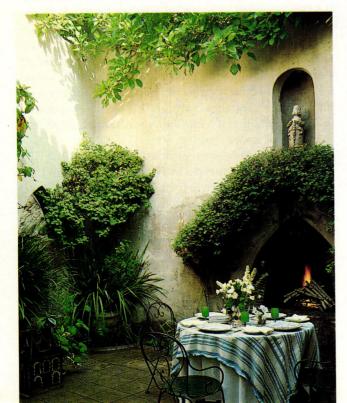
On a brilliant May afternoon, three days after the last of several hundred fires sparked by the Rodney King verdict had been extinguished, Elena, the couple's Mexican cook, served a lunch of fried ground turkey, black beans with onions, and rice in the shady courtyard tucked off the dining room at the villa. Runners of honeysuckle and copa de oro were just coming into bloom, spilling over walls and balconies, and the small space resounded with the trickling of a fountain and the chatter of several caged cockatiels, finches, and budgerigars. The incongruity in such surroundings of a conversation about the riots did not diminish its intensity; nevertheless, we managed to move on to more benign subjects. Street-Porter described his next book-"a whole history of L.A. houses, from Greene & Greene to Trousdale Estates to Frank Gehry's house for Rockwell Schnabel; if you can think of a title, I'd be most appreciative"-and Kelly talked about an upcoming exhibition of her own photographs. And they both agreed that there was something about living at Villa Vallombrosa that aided and abetted such endeavors.

Built in 1929 as a summer house for De Witt, the villa has sheltered creative types as diverse as (in reverse chronology) Richard Rouilard, former editor of *The Advocate*, the nation's premier gay publication, and current con-

For the villa's current owners, photographer Tim Street-Porter and his artist wife, Annie Kelly, *above right*, the house's past is part of its present. "We've very consciously tried to keep in the spirit of the house as it might have been when Eleanor was living here," says Street-Porter, referring to its first owner, Eleanor De Witt, *above left*, pictured in the 1940s by Arthur L. Mitchell in front of the stone mantel. *Above center*: Baron Adolf de Meyer's self-portrait by the fireplace in the late 1930s.







sultant to the Los Angeles Times Magazine; the composer Leonard Bernstein; and the Hollywood costume designer Adrian. "Adrian was here when he did the costumes for Anna Karenina," said Kelly, "and I have evidence in an autobiography by Mercedes de Acosta that Garbo came to dinner right here in this very courtyard."

She paused to let that sink in. "Eleanor apparently haunts the house, you know. But she only manifests herself when it isn't decorated right. One fellow put white shag carpet throughout, and he kept being pushed by unseen hands down the stairs. He was persuaded very quickly by a real estate agent to sell."

Had there been any recent manifestations?

"Not in the slightest, happily. Although small children somehow do have a tendency to fall down the stairs. I can't think *why*."

Just then a leaf the size of a hand—an old woman's hand—landed on the table. We all laughed, a little uneasily, and Street-Porter quickly added, "Annie and I have very consciously tried to keep in the spirit of the house as it might have been at the time that Eleanor was living here—a sort of dream fantasy of a Venetian house stuck in Latin America."

"Because, after all," said Kelly, "we are in Latin America, aren't we?"

Villa Vallombrosa represents a kind of psychological Latin America, a place where the possibilities seem slightly enlarged. With only a few rooms on each of three floors, the house is modest in size, but, as Kelly points out, "whenever something is called a villa you know it's got some style about it." Like most residential monikers, Villa Vallombrosa's is on conspicuous display—in a florid cursive emblazoned across the concave entrance wall. Such flourishes recur throughout the house. There are ceilings as tall as the property's towering cypress trees, balconies and balustrades and fireplaces of stone, and plenty of Gothic arches; to enter the house is to experience some of the wonder of stumbling upon a church in an unfamiliar land.

The living room, with its height and ageless color and textured walls, might even recall an eleventh-century Benedictine abbey outside Florence. At one time the walls were blue. "Frances, the old woman across the street, said Eleanor had them a pale blue at the bottom and they went right up to a deep sky blue at the ceiling," says Kelly. "Apparently she got the idea traveling in Italy." A

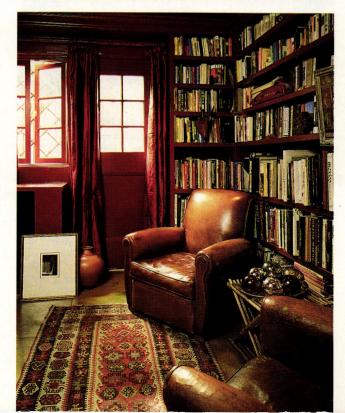
Named for a village outside Florence, the villa is "amusingly authentic," says Kelly, with its curved wall, top left, and tall balconied window behind the cypresses. Above left: In a corner of the sitting room, Kelly's folding screen with images of Venetian palazzi underscores the Venetian Gothic style of the house. A 19th-century Indian stone lion sits at the foot of the billowing silk curtains. Left: Copa de oro and bougainvillea bloom in the courtyard where Garbo once came to dinner; the sculpture in the niche above the fireplace was salvaged from Valentino's house before it was torn down. Café-style chairs by Woodard surround a table set with simple green glasses from Mexico and Antico majolica from Cottura.



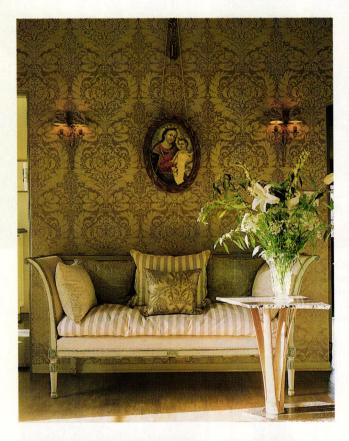
Jasmine twined in the crystal chandelier that came with the house brings the scent of the garden into the dining room, *above*. The faux French armchairs, a slightly burnt offering decorator Tony Duquette rescued from a fire at his San Francisco pavilion, now have fresh Fortuny upholstery. The fabric at the window is also from Fortuny. *Below:* A red leather club chair that designer Tom Callaway modeled after Street-Porter's 1930s French chair now sits with the original in the library at Villa Vallombrosa. The Manuel Alvarez Bravo photograph and the earthenware cántaro on the floor reflect Kelly and Street-Porter's interest in Mexico.

1940s portrait shows De Witt-who eventually settled in California full time, either as a divorcée or as a widow-with a Coco Chanel hairstyle and an air of aristocratic languor, her hand resting on the stone mantel. Another bit of the villa's photographic history is a 1930s self-portrait by the Baron Adolf de Meyer, then a tenant in De Witt's house next door, in front of the same fireplace. Today the mantel is surrounded by Louis Philippe pieces-a gold mirror and sconces and a pair of chairs in their original upholstery, a crimson velvet worn down over the past 150 years to something resembling cheesecloth. Other than a couple of sconces by Garouste and Bonetti and a broken-crockery send-up of Julian Schnabel, there's nothing particularly fashionable or even restored here. In a typically stately tableau, an eighteenth-century European embroidered hanging and two nineteenth-century Turkish panels crown a classical revival mirror and console table that belonged to Adrian, a pair of Spanish colonial columns, and two eighteenth-century Italian chairs from Tom Beeton.

Many of the antiques are gifts or purchases from deco-



"It's a dream fantasy of a Venetian house stuck in Latin America"



Wallpaper from Clarence House and fabrics from Fortuny create a thoroughly romantic mood in the master bedroom, *above*, where a 19th-century Madonna and Child from San Miguel de Allende hangs over a Directoire canapé. The table was made by artist Jim Ganzer. *Opposite:* A 19thcentury print of San Antonio that Street-Porter and Kelly bought in Puebla, Mexico, somehow seems at home among the silvery damask patterns on the walls and a turn-of-the-century French armchair and the silk swags at the window. The 1920s chandelier is of the same vintage as the house. rator friends. The center of attention in the dining room is a Chinese tapestry from Tony Duquette, flanked by a pair of pagodas from Hutton Wilkinson. Duquette also supplied the chairs—a set of "faux French" armchairs from the 1920s with just the sort of patina you'd expect to find on furniture rescued from a fire. (The decorator's San Francisco pavilion burned to the ground in 1989.) "I thought it improved the look of them, actually," says Kelly. "I just threw Fortuny over them." In deep reds, candlelit by several crystal chandeliers festooned with something white and fragrant from the garden—star jasmine, say—the room is as sportively exotic and portentous as a fortune cookie; it augurs an unexpected confidence, a broken alliance, sudden prosperity.

The Latin American part of the fantasy kicks in downstairs where a little library contains pottery and santos and the spoils of many forays south of the border. The couple's interest in Mexico is abiding: Street-Porter's last book was *Casa Mexicana*, and their previous residence, a few blocks away, was in the Mexican style. A pair of apparently identical leather club chairs on either side of the bookshelves turn out to be 1930s French on one hand and 1990s American on the other—a knockoff by Tom Callaway, who named his design the Porter club chair. The chairs may not look much like anything else in the house, but they are entirely in keeping with its magical realism, its smoke-and-mirrors historicism.

Mexican religious art lines the walls of the bedroom, an elegant chamber papered in a silvery damask pattern and sparingly appointed with a few French antiques. Most of the upholstery and cushions and lampshades are Fortuny. "Fortuny really suits this house because it's almost of the same period," says Kelly. An eighteenth-century California liturgical robe on a dressmaker's dummy metamorphoses, with a little mental effort, into a Franciscan friar in beads and sandals. The balcony of this room, like most of Villa Vallombrosa's balconies, overlooks the closest thing to Positano this side of the Mediterranean: a hillside crisscrossed by cypress-lined roads and studded with red tile roofs-and steeped in Hollywood heritage. From the dressing room you can see the front of the house where Gloria Swanson lived when she filmed Sunset Boulevard, along with the glass-block bunker that used to contain the surrealist art collection of Edward James, the godson of King Edward VII.

It's all transporting, to use a term of diminishing currency—and no less precious for its artifices. Whitley Heights was a planned community, and the current residents have recently installed gates. There's something disconcerting about this kind of isolationism, but it's not difficult to understand. Tim Street-Porter and Annie Kelly do not own a television set. So it was that they observed some of the surreal proceedings of the "upheaval" at the house of friends up the street. As their friends' TV sat under a window, and the window overlooked the Los Angeles basin, they had to choose what to watch, the simulacrum or sober reality. ▲

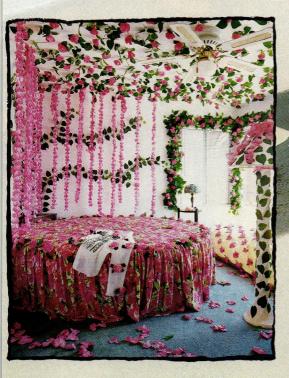


Man-made posies climb the walls, creep across the ceiling, and dot the stretch velvet upholstery in Rachel London's living room, *above*, and make a bower of her bedroom, *opposite below. Opposite above:* London with Talia, Kiara, Kristen, and Shonda of the band Blind Kolor, in the designer's "ha-ha couture." Details see Resources.

A A FANTAN

SPOTLIGHT

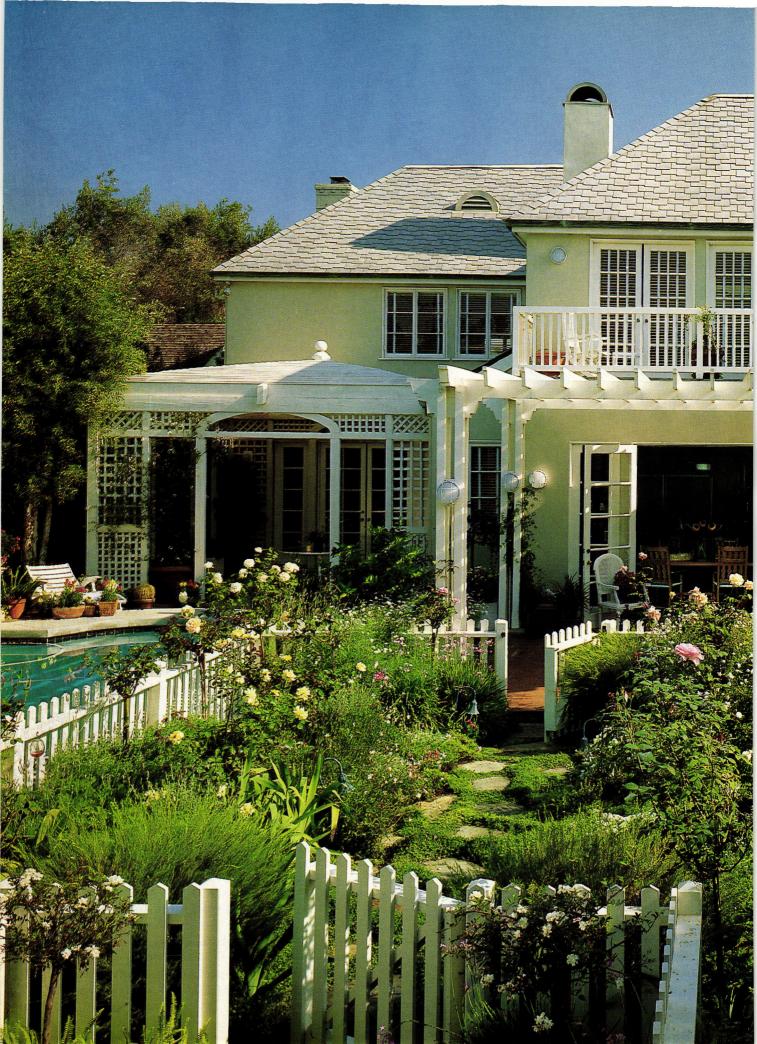
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IF BARBIE HAD HER OWN COUTURIER; HER FIRST CHOICE would surely be Rachel London. When New York's FAO Schwarz opened its Barbie boutique in November, her line of flowerbedecked childrens' dresses looked right at home. A Los Angeles native, London did a stint in New York at Norma Kamali's store before launching her own business in 1987. These days she works in her beachfront apartment in Malibu where she whipped up outfits for the pint-size divas who make up the band Blind Kolor. Grownup fans of London's "ha-ha couture" include Sandra Bernhard, Goldie Hawn, Naomi Campbell, Joni Mitchell, and Madonna. Just before the 1988 Tony awards, London bicycled a floral "fur" coat over to the theater where Madonna was performing with a note that read, "I think you should wear this." She did. *Wendy Goodman*

child Ren



Close to the pool in David Kirkpatrick's backyard, pergolas and porches complete with a porch swing like those he remembers from his Ohio hometown—overlook a picket-fenced garden reminiscent of boyhood summers in New England. Details see Resources.

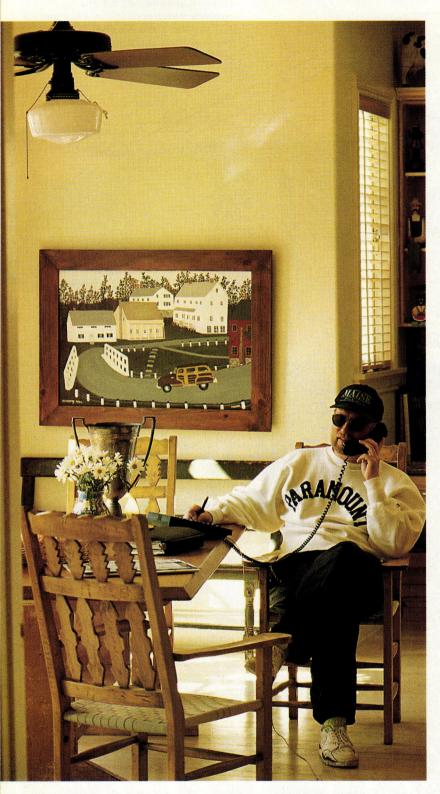
Decorator Jarrett Hedborg helps a film producer create

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 (Π)

a larger-than-life version of his midwestern home By Vance Muse Photographs by Tim Street-Porter Produced by Pilar Viladas



Seated on one of a set of chairs from Richard Mulligan–Sunset Cottage, L.A., *above*, Kirkpatrick takes a call at a breakfast table designed by decorator Jarrett Hedborg. *Opposite above*: Objects from Kirkpatrick's folk art collection are displayed in the library near a Hedborg sofa and chairs in a Henry Calvin cotton twill. *Opposite below*: In the living room, club chairs in the same Donghia fabric used for curtains flank a Louis XVI–style table from R. M. Barokh Antiques, L.A. A leather-upholstered gondola bench from Therien Studio encourages fireside chats. The hexagonal brass table lamp next to the sofa is by Chapman. BRINGING AN OLD HOUSE UP TO DATE MAY BE the usual way of doing things, but not so with film producer David Kirkpatrick. In his recent move from Hollywood to Beverly Hills, Kirkpatrick has taken a shiny-new knockoff, circa 1985, and made it seem contemporary with its neighbors, some of them built more than a half century ago along this ficus-shaded drive. "I wanted the place to look as if it had been built sometime in the thirties," says Kirkpatrick, recalling Hollywood's golden era. The visitor, ambling through roomy rooms where Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert might have romped on camera, quickly sees that Kirkpatrick got his wish. And he's completed the trip back in time, layering decades of character over the hard edges of today without leaving behind a goo of nostalgia.

Decorator Jarrett Hedborg half-seriously calls the result "American prosperous home style," the key word being "American." Apologizing for the grab-bag term, he offers a string of synonyms: "simple, eclectic, unpretentious, unselfconscious." (Thrashing out his definition, he

mentions another client in the movie business: "Take Bette Midler, a Jewish girl who grew up in Hawaii who's now collecting Scandinavian objects. *That's* American.") Hedborg, who worked previously with Kirkpatrick on a

The rooms are overscaled like sets for a Preston Sturges film

"playhouse" in the Hollywood Hills and his bungalow office on the Paramount Pictures lot, says, "David couldn't live with anything that's not real, not himself. He's an all-American boy, the class president type. He actually was class president— I checked him out in his high school yearbook. David's completely comfortable in his own skin. You meet him and within minutes know he's from Hudson, Ohio." Such blatant biographical facts count for a lot in a town that puts emphasis on reinventing oneself.

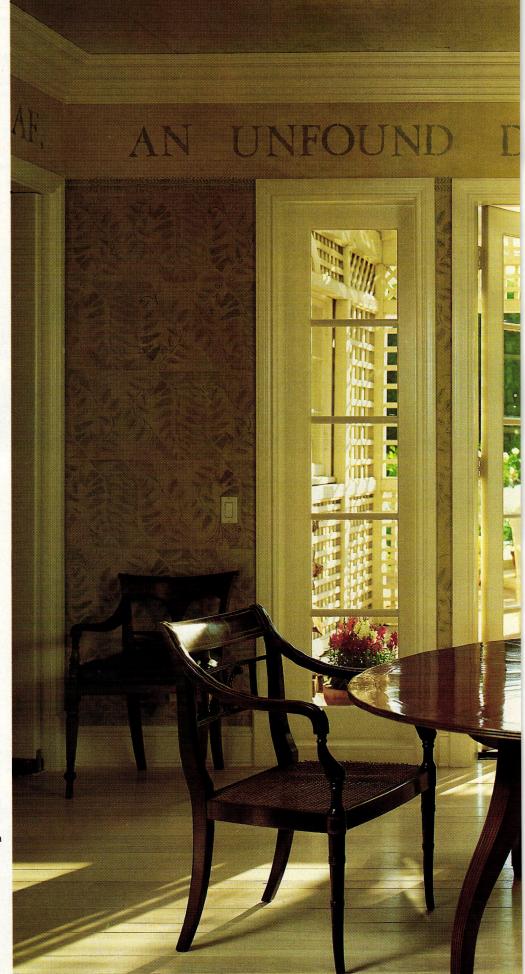
Kirkpatrick, whose current film projects include bringing the Brady Bunch to the big screen, feels enormously at home in his apple-pie house—which is not to say it is humble. In fact, it is rather stately, in a traditional biggest-houseon-the-block sort of way. "If we were in a small town in Ohio or Nebraska," says Hedborg, "this would be the home of the town banker or the family that owned the John Deere dealership."

Asked what they like about working together, Kirkpatrick and Hedborg immediately mention each other's sense of humor. Their happy col-



It is all rather stately, in a traditional biggest-houseon-the-block sort of way. "If we were in the Midwest," says Hedborg, "this would be the home of a smalltown banker"

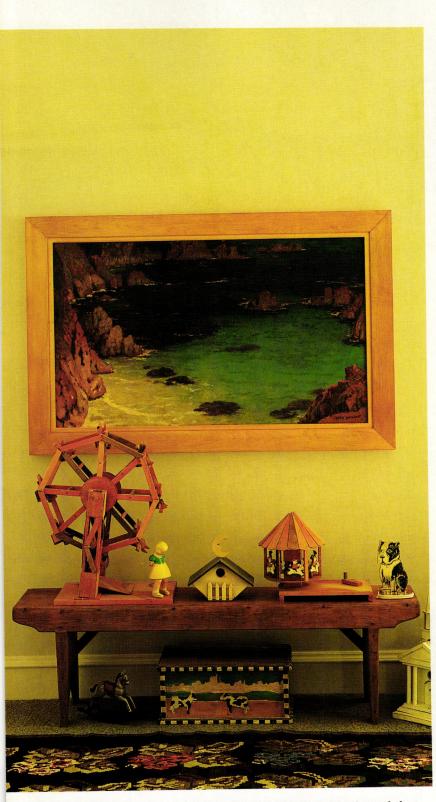
> The dining room is arranged for intimate gatherings around a Regency-style table from Rose Tarlow–Melrose House. Nancy A. Kintisch painted foliage and a quotation from Thomas Wolfe on the walls under a ceiling papered in Roger Arlington's Chinese Pewter.



REMEMBERING



)R



Birdhouses and old toys, *above*, compose a whimsical landscape below Louis Sargent's *Seaside Forgotten* in the master bedroom. The floral rug is an antique kilim. *Opposite below:* More playthings mix with family photographs atop the wainscoting and the country tables beside Kirkpatrick's bed. The linens are classic oxford cloth from Ralph Lauren Home Collection. *Opposite above left:* A mirrored wall in the master bathroom reflects black and white marble tiles, a turn-of-thecentury demilune table, and a silver trophy holding roses. *Opposite above right:* Ben, a West Highland white terrier, sits on a Nantucket chair made by Richard Mulligan and covered in a Fonthill plaid. laboration is evident in the flood of sunlight (there are many windows, but few curtains), the sweet bits of the past scattered about (toy soldiers, model ships, birdhouses), and the general ease that begs you to put your feet up. Kids and dogs are welcome here. Kirkpatrick sees himself as "editor to Jarrett's writer," though there are times when the decorator is the controlling force-"I do tend to tchotchke things up a bit," he admits. But Kirkpatrick usually hangs back, saying little, simply nodding or shaking his head as he is shown paint samples, fabric swatches, chairs. To Hedborg he is the ideal client, "a dream-because he's a filmmaker he totally understands creative people. He sets a mood, makes a few specific requests, then gets out of the way so I can make it happen."

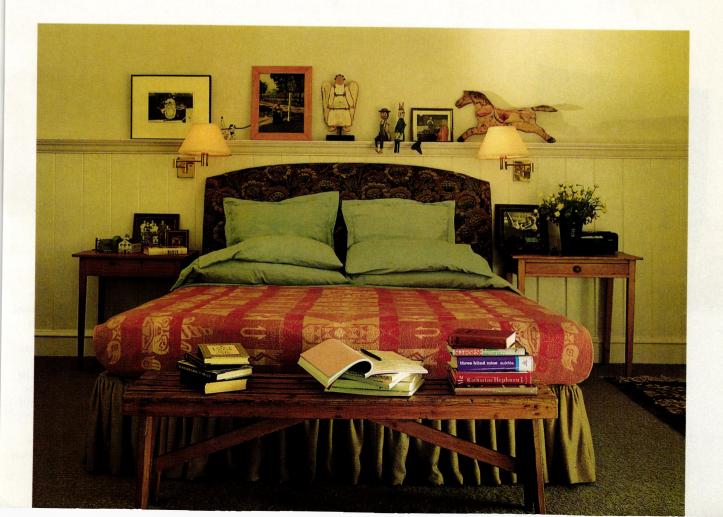
One of Kirkpatrick's requests was for a porch swing, which hangs beneath a modified pergola designed by architect Stephen Derek Weiser and looks out over a picket-fenced garden. Kirkpatrick describes the garden as "a page from my childhood," referring to summers in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. The work of landscape designer Frank Perrino, it is indeed a vision of Cape Cod: white fence, perennials, bushy pink roses—everything but the deer.

The white painted porch swing is enormous, like the rest of the house, from the entrance hall's curving almost-grand staircase to what Kirkpatrick calls the coffee shop-size kitchen. It's a lot of house for a single person, but Kirkpatrick is comforted by the giant proportions. Returning to the subject of his favorite decade, he likens the rooms to the deliberately overscaled sets of thirties comedies. "I feel like I'm living in a Preston Sturges film," he says, referring to the height of the French windows, the expanse of the sunken living room, the width of the doorways. "In John Ford movies the sets are smaller to make figures seem larger than life. Rooms this large do the opposite: they make you seem smaller. You're constantly reminded that you're only human. The message is that life is not so dire, that we sometimes ought to laugh at trouble." Nice to know there's a mogul in town who has his ego in check and a good feel for the human comedy.

Though this house easily handles crowds, Kirkpatrick's preference is for more intimate gatherings, and the dining room is the stage for them. Beneath a metallic ceiling, decorative artist Nancy A. Kintisch has applied as many as twenty layers of color and washes, creating walls that, as she sees them, "you look into, not at." The deep organic pattern may remind you of a wallpaper from the thirties—or, as Kintisch would prefer, of "beautiful (Continued on page 138)



Decades of character have been layered over the hard edges of today, without leaving behind a goo of nostalgia

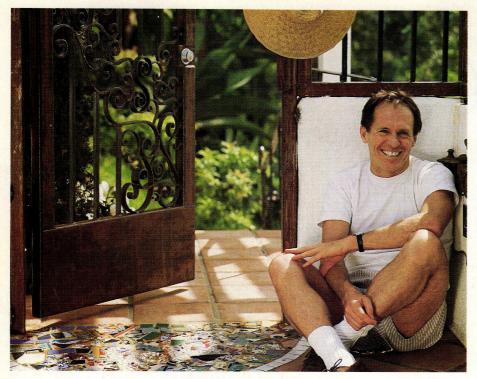


Recycling meets whimsy in the assemblage of chandeliers that Brian Murphy and his BAM Construction/Design crew concocted for his Santa Monica living room. Birch logs serve as a table near the sofa and chair from Shabby Chic. *Opposite:* In the family room a satin pillow rests on an Egyptian revival sofa in a Manuel Canovas stripe. Painting by Martin Sugarman. Details see Resources.

When a house falls into the inventive hands of Brian Murphy, recycling becomes a fine art By Margy Rochlin

Scavenger Stele

> Photographs by Tim Street-Porter Produced by Pilar Viladas



"I believe that you don't have to go to Paris or Italy to get the right materials"



T'S, UM, CONTROVERSIAL," says Brian Murphy, tilting his head to glance up at the flamboyant red chandeliers hanging from the living room of his Santa Monica Canyon house. The inspiration for this contraption came to him "in a Felliniesque dream," the Santa Monica-based architect recalls. By the following afternoon his four-person team at BAM Construction/Design in Santa Monica was scavenging for the eighteen junked lighting fixtures that turned this night vision into a reality.

Because of its delicate balance, some say the end result resembles a Calder mobile. Then there are those who confide that its crimson gaudiness makes them think of a Las Vegas casino marquee. Those of either opinion would agree that it's an enterprising construction, one that combines a save-the-planet taste for recycling with idiosyncratic flashiness—which is exactly what Murphy's clients have come to expect.

Since his professional start in 1982, Murphy has been known for his hard-to-forget way with ordinary materials. Give a pop quiz to celebrity clients like Dennis Hopper, Geena Davis, and Belinda Carlisle and Morgan Mason and they'll tell you that in Murphy's parallel universe piles of sagging brown sandbags equals room divider, stop light–green fiberglass equals wall treatment, and Astroturf equals carpeting.

In the past Murphy's screwball environments have been recognized more for witty ingeniousness than for comfort. But judging from his latest habitat, he has entered his season of affectionate domesticity. In

"Waste not, want not," says designer Murphy, *above left*, of the scrounged metal used in the wrought-iron gate he devised with artist Gale McCall and the Portuguese ceramic pitcher employed as a fountain, *left. Opposite:* For a dining table, Murphy fit the old front floor of the house into a steel frame welded by McCall, then bought Emeco aluminum chairs, produced for institutional use since 1937. The floors were stained deep blue and sealed with Varathane.





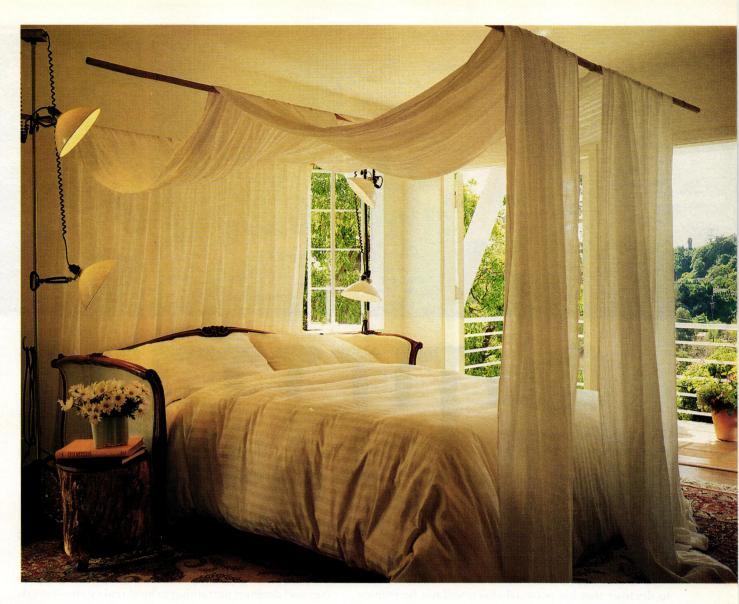


Here Murphy seems to have entered his season of affectionate domesticity

overhauling this three-story Spanish-style house, he positioned a fountain so that a soothing gurgle echoes throughout. Walls that enclosed the once-tiny kitchen—"It was sort of a little rathole"—were knocked down so that appealing food smells would drift across the upper level to the living and family rooms. As a welcome mat he spelled "hola," Spanish for hello, with shards of vintage Malibu and generic white-glazed tile, materials that also punctuate the terracotta walkways and appear unexpectedly in balcony corners.

What first charmed Murphy about the three-bedroom house were the hand-hewn timbers on the ceilings, the curlicued iron stair railing, and the postcard view of the Pacific, which he enhanced by pruning the towering Eugenia hedges in the backyard. While he was at it, he took on the rest of the overgrown rear garden: he planted jasmine and bougainvillea to creep up two white arbors. "Want a tangerine?" he asks, then scoots down the steep slope of stringy blue fescue to one of the many citrus trees that are now bearing sweet fruit.

Murphy might have appreciated the history of the house—it was built in the late 1920s so that a married actor could rendezvous with his girlfriend—but he admits that show biz

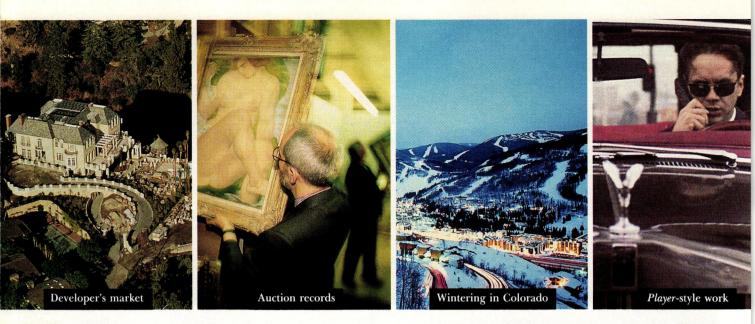


isn't his strong subject. "Until recently," he confesses, "I thought Gene Kelly was a woman who danced with Fred Astaire." What piques his interest are structural problems that he can solve with his plumbing, carpentry, and contracting experience. "This is dead space we claimed," he says excitedly about a closet built into the foundation of a fireplace. "This was the ashpit. That was the dirt. We pinched our way in here, and by hook or by crook..." Then he throws open the door of a whitewalled cubicle that would hold Murphy's wardrobe four times over.

In his baggy long-sleeved T-shirt, black Ray-Bans, and day-old beard, Murphy looks like the San Clemente lifeguard he once was and the surfer he still is. Perhaps all that time outdoors was what moved Murphy to punch out skylights and install French windows where solid walls once stood. He also pierced the walls between the central stairwell and the kitchen and family room with salvaged windows refitted with panes of translucent milk glass, giving the upper floor a quality of unbounded spaciousness. The floors upstairs are his homage to sailing—hardwood stained sea chanty blue, then coated with the *(Continued on page 138)*

On a hillside terrace, opposite above, a bench from Weatherend faces a fountain made of pottery bowls. Opposite below: A garage sale chair sits on the secondfloor landing where salvaged windows now allow air and light into the family room. Above: Murphy's variation on bed curtains consists of cheesecloth draped over bamboo poles. Other BAM touches: a slate-topped tree-trunk table and adjustable lamps designed with Simon Maltby. Right: The down-to-basics bathroom makes the most of a fine view.





That was

The downscaling of L.A. By Peter Haldeman

A CHILD IN MALIBU WAKES UP ONE SATURDAY MORNING to discover that his personal clown will not be coming that weekend—and may never be back again. In Beverly Hills, guests leave the house of a businessman known for his extravagant Christmas party favors—with nothing but tiny music boxes. A restaurant on Melrose takes blowfish off the menu—and adds macaroni and cheese.

In Los Angeles, a town historically hospitable to most forms of showing off, manifestations of modesty are being reported with ever greater frequency. In this respect L.A. may be uncharacteristically behind the curve, as the decline in conspicuous consumption elsewhere has more or less kept pace with an upswing in blatant deprivation. What we lack in quantity, however, we hope to make up for in kind. Consider, for example, Poor Wear, a line of Gap-priced "nonattitude" sportswear launched by local deejay Jim Trenton to express solidarity with "those suffering under a rotten economy." Or Jason Priestley and Lou Diamond Phillips sitting on the floor and eating rice with their fingers, as they did at a recent industry benefit, to express solidarity with those suffering under a rotten system of world food distribution.

The signs are particularly strong on the domestic front. A glance at "Hot Property"—a column in the Sunday Los Angeles Times that, before its name became an oxymoron, slavishly chronicled the more colorful wheelings and dealings pertaining to local real estate—reveals a significant retrenchment. Whereas in the past "Hot Property" might have described the amenities of a \$30 million spec house newly purchased by a Saudi prince, a typical item today breaks the news that Dick Van Patten has renovated his Sherman Oaks residence—pool, spa, sauna, the works. Home improvement, in fact, inspired the name of a newer *Times* column whose primers on renewing crumbling mortar, say, are at least as interesting and, in the current climate, a lot more pertinent.

There is some evidence that those twin accessories of the too-big house—the too-big lawn and the too-big car—are also falling from favor. Slowly, rolling greenswards are vanishing from suburban streets along with those gleaming vehicles worth the gross national product of third world countries. In their place, two icons of the new austerity: broad expanses of waterwise native plants and fleets of mud-spattered four-wheel drives. Excluding, of course, imported four-wheel drives, which, like imported water and virtually every other local status symbol that was lampooned in *The Player*, are rapidly retreating from sight. (Thus Wendy Goldberg, the wife of former Twentieth Century Fox head Leonard Goldberg, publicly proclaiming her resolve to garage the

Buyer's market

MAGE BANK, PHOTOFEST. BOTTOM: STEVE MCURRY/MAGNUM; PHIL KRETCHMAR/IMAGE BANK

Realty



 Weekending in the desert





Rolls and tool around town in a Jeep Cherokee.)

Never mind that the jaunty American varieties go through fuel like school buses and, with such regional necessities as window tinting and bulletproofing, are not exactly inexpensive. (Thus actress Valerie Wildman, a self-described "down-to-earth, want-to-feel-the-pain kind of person" publicly confessing her embarrassment over owning a Ford Explorer.) Never mind that those desertscapes evoking an earlier California—California in the Paleozoic era, say—require difficult-to-find native plant material that must be procured by landscape designers, who charge about the same hourly rate as brain surgeons or good therapists.

These are quibbles. They miss the point. Low outlay is no more essential to a low profile than high outlay was to a high profile. (The vast majority of luxury cars on our streets have always been leased.) In a place where appearances matter—and where do they not?—the point is not the means but the end. Shopping is shopping, after all: a basic human reflex triggered by stimuli like fear and insecurity. The man in a position to buy a Rolex who opts instead for a Timex does so not to save money but to reduce his chances of being robbed at gunpoint at an automated teller machine, another popular trend; the teenager in Encino slips into a pair of combat boots and an oversize baby-doll dress not to offend but to please.

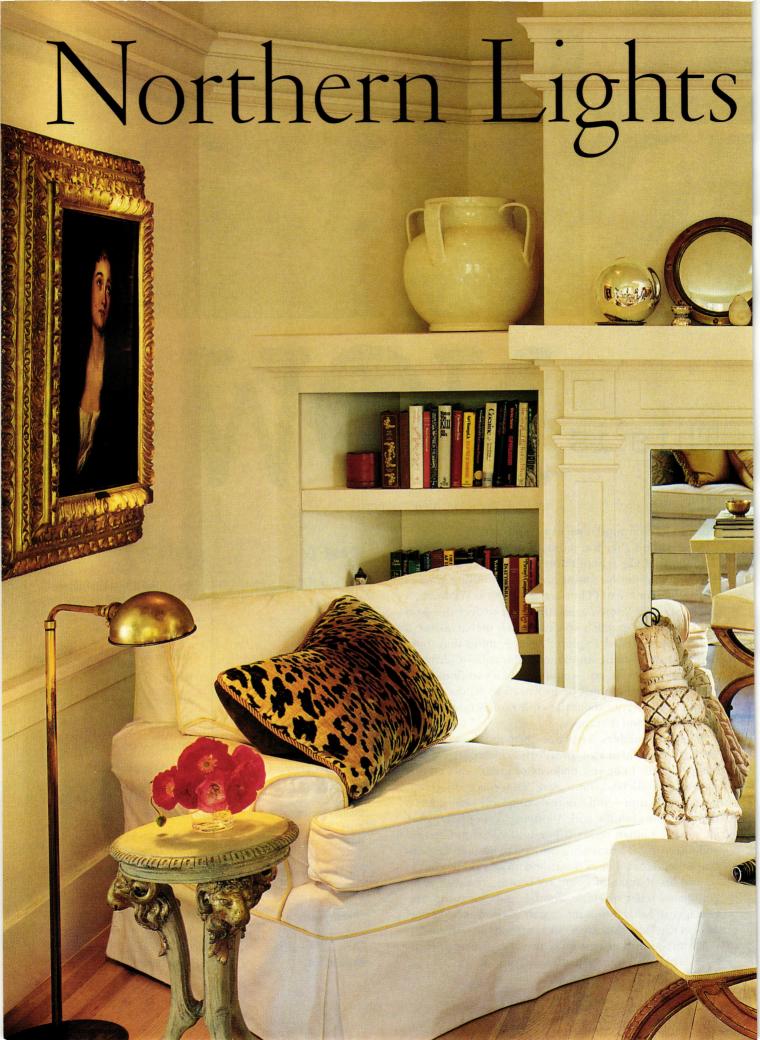
Macaroni and cheese may now be just as pretentious as blowfish—and equally satisfying. ▲

THEN

Imported four-wheel drives **Eating out Auction houses** Aspen Lawns **Buying ivory** Crêpe de Chine Blowfish **Developer** palazzos **Re-covering Claude Montana** Working, as in The Player **French impressionism** Mortons "Hot Property" **Sprinklers** Gump's, L.A.

NOW

American four-wheel drives Eating in **Flea markets** Joshua Tree Herbs Adopting a whale Sailcloth **Macaroni and cheese Craftsman bungalows** Slipcovering **Baby Gap** Fishing, as in A River **Runs Through It** California impressionism **Musso & Frank's Grill** "Home Improvement" **Drip irrigation Home Depot**

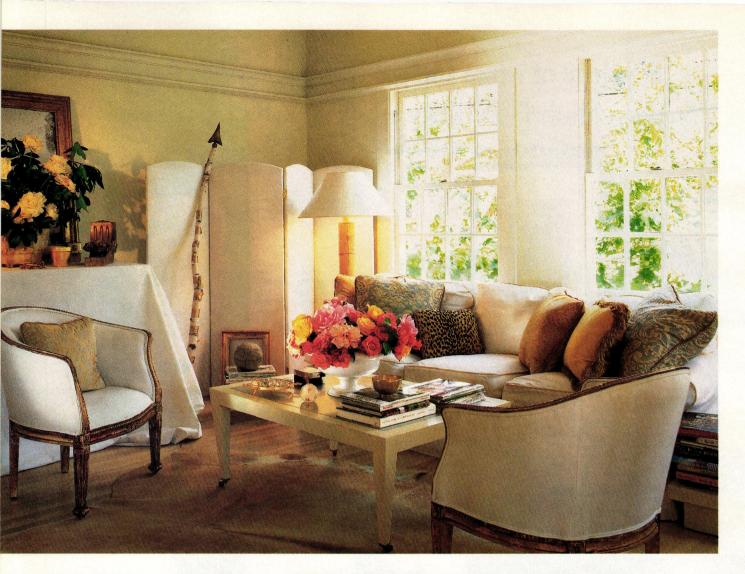


A palette of white and gold brightens decorator Stephen Shubel's Berkeley apartment. By Lynn Freed

Photographs by Jeremy Samuelson Produced by Shar<mark>on Wick</mark>



To flood his living room with light, Shubel painted the walls a creamy white and slipcovered much of the furniture with cotton duck from Decorators Walk. A giant plaster tassel—an old set decoration from the San Francisco Opera—leans against the mantel, which Shubel faced with mirror to enlarge the space visually. The leopard pillows are made of Old World Weavers silk velvet. The star pillow fabric is from Schumacher. The white ceramic jars are from the Ginsberg Collection. Details see Resources.





TEPHEN SHUBEL'S FIRST job as a high school student in a small northern California town was dyeing women's wedding shoes. Paid by the pair, he was soon dyeing them very fast and gaining a reputation for being able to capture any shade on demand. "A woman once came in with a hot-pink Easter egg. I matched it," he says triumphantly. That stint-followed by a few years at the California College of Arts and Crafts and an apprenticeship to a San Francisco decorator-left Shubel with a heightened sensitivity to color, which he tends to use sparingly. "For me it's always been neutrals and a few bold highlights," he says. "I have a real problem with patterned rooms, dizzy rooms. It's important that the eye feels at rest."

Since 1973, when Shubel went out on his own as a decorator, he has applied his subtle palette to houses ranging from a Provincetown Victorian to a Sausalito "glass box." And for the past eleven years he has been playing with paintpots and fabrics in his own sunlit apartment in a landmark stucco building high in the Berkeley Hills.

Initially, the rooms were "stark white" and furnished with boxy armchairs in black chintz and a few sleek Biedermeier pieces. Then in 1986 the building suffered a major fire, and Shubel had to start again. The smoke-damaged spaces prompted him to "go with the light." So did memories of cross-country train

Shubel, *above*, stands behind his gentleman's dresser, a design from his new line of alderwood furniture treated with a "butterscotch Biedermeier finish." *Top:* A rustic spear painted with gold stripes from Turner Martin, Palo Alto, rests on a cotton-covered screen, which conceals the living room radiator. A silver-leafed coffee table from Donghia and a high table draped with cotton provide ideal surfaces for displaying gilded objects. The gondola chairs are reproductions from Regency House.



trips he had taken as a child to visit his grandmother in New York. "I remembered the darkness of the train compartments," he says, "the darkness of Manhattan. It made me very uncomfortable. And then, when we came back home, everything seemed so open and airy and bright."

Now Shubel's living and dining rooms are painted a warm vanilla. White cotton has taken the place of black chintz. And there are many reflective surfaces, no curtains. The tile surround of the living room fireplace is faced with mirror. (In addition to "moving light around the room," he explains, the mirror makes the space look deeper.) And everywhere there are shiny objects a mercury glass ball, turkey bones cast in bronze, gilded flowerpotswinking and gleaming in the sun.

Shubel is always moving things around, trying things out. "California's only real tradition is change," he says. "Pieces are constantly making their way into this apartment unexpectedly." In the living room, for instance, the plaster cherub candlestick on the mantel was discovered by Shubel's dog Fletcher in a gutter in the San Francisco Mission District. ("Fletcher has a great eye.") The leopard-patterned pillows are made from scraps of \$1,500-a-yard silk velvet left over from a job. And the cotton-covered screen that hides the radiator came out of a model room Shubel created for a magazine. The visible side of the screen is white, the other is painted with big yellow polka dots. Is it ever turned around?

"Sure," he says. "It's like choosing which boxer shorts to wear. Sometimes it's fun to be wild." Contributing to the slightly wild look is a sixfoot two-inch birch spear with gold stripes that rests against the screen and "provides texture and whimsy."

To create a harmonious backdrop for this shifting array, Shubel slipcovered much of the furniture, including a gilded Regency stool in the living room and a bedroom headboard, in \$14-a-yard cotton duck. "Dressing a room is very much like dressing a person," he says. "You can wear something inexpensive, like a pair of Gap jeans, but if you have a shirt that's Armani, you have a wonderful outfit." Shubel is strictly antisynthetic. Cotton, linen, silk, wood—O.K. Linoleum, plastic, acrylic (and wall-

A slipcovered Regency stool and ram's head end table from Drum & Co., San Francisco, and a brass floor lamp by Phoenix Day surround a generous armchair with yellow piping. A 17th-century Spanish portrait hangs on the wall adjoining the dining room, cloaked in the same subtle palette with some bright overtones. The table is covered with a heavy cotton cloth trimmed with bullion fringe and surrounded by Regency chairs in a Henry Calvin silk taffeta that echoes the color of the hydrangeas.



Shubel returned home from Italy determined to recreate the soothing pistachio green of his hotel room to-wall carpeting of any sort)-out.

Apart from the relaxed feel of the cotton and the airiness of so much white, there is the appeal of practicality. All the slipcovers zip or button off with ease. Shubel has even fashioned a cotton "doggie guard" that can be removed for washing. This extra skirt, attached with Velcro to the front of chairs and a sofa, ensures that Fletcher and Sophie, his other dog, can hang loose, chill out.

What about the leopard pillows though? Are Fletcher and Sophie allowed on them? "They're allowed, but they're not allowed to drool," says Shubel. He points out that if he hadn't focused on simple fabrics and a neutral palette, the apartment's few rich tones, such as the leopard velvet, would be lost. In his dining room, for example, he draped the table with a heavy white Indian cloth. It highlights a set of Regency chairs with seats done in grenadine silk to match the hydrangeas in the window boxes. A centerpiece composed of three gold-painted stones stenciled with numbers "adds glamour," says Shubel. "I like the idea of using a bit of gold in every room." Another focal point of the room is a terra-cotta-colored male bust that Shubel found in an antiques store in Angers, France, and carried home in his hand luggage. When the bust passed through the X-ray machine at Charles de Gaulle, the security guards gathered around, exclaiming about the beauty of its image on the screen. "In the U.S.," Shubel says wistfully, "that wouldn't happen."

In the master bedroom, extra-long white cotton curtains and a slipcovered armchair provide a crisp counterpart to the pistachio walls. "Green," says Shubel, "is a color that calms people." The decorator paired a simple French fruitwood desk and an Italian rope-twist pouf in Clarence House damask to create "a pleasing contrast of textures and shapes." He also painted a glossy black pedestal matte white and piled it with books topped by a French swan-shaped silver wine cooler used as a receptacle for his sketches.



Much of his time these days is spent in France, where he is decorating an apartment on the Left Bank and turning a sixteenth-century water mill in the Loire Valley into living quarters and a studio for an American painter. "In Europe," he says, "people are much more confident in their tastes. The more time I spend abroad, the better my design."

What he brings back to California, however, must adapt to his apartment's comfortable aesthetic or be passed up: "A lot of my influences are European, but I have a very California preference for things that are not perfectly tailored. I like the carefree, the billowing, the soft and easy."

A trip to Italy left Shubel determined to match the soothing milky pistachio green of one of the guest rooms at the Hotel Florence in Bellagio on Lake Como. The walls of the master bedroom are now covered in an exact replica of the shade, set off by white curtains pooling on the floor. The brown and black striped headboard was chosen to "pick up" the wood tones of the furniture, which includes two of his own designs-a bedside table with goat feet and a tall narrow gentleman's dresser, both with a "butterscotch Biedermeier finish." There is also a simple fruitwood school desk, a fanciful gilded rope-twist pouf-and an overall feeling of ease. "We live in such a chaotic world that when I come home," says Shubel, "I want the rooms to feel restful. I want them to remind me how lucky I am to be living in California."



Drawings by a 19th-century French decorator frame the brown and black striped headboard, *top*, chosen to accentuate the wood tones. The table is a Shubel design. *Above right:* Fletcher and Sophie claim a spot in the yellow bedroom before a John Dickinson plaster table with animal paw feet. In lieu of a drawer a leather suitcase from China holds Shubel's watches and bedside reading. Shubel mixed a striped duvet cover and a dotted bedskirt and pillowcase of Nobilis-Fontan fabric.

California wildflowers are as varied as the state's glorious terrain By Martin Filler

Mountain

On Mount Lincoln in the Sierra Nevadas near Norden, California, mountain mule-ears, *Wyethia mollis*, flourish in July at the beginning of the brief flowering season. This wild member of the sunflower family grows in high altitudes near the Sugar Bowl ski resort house of HG's San Francisco-based contributing editor Dorothea Walker and her husband, Dick.

WHERE THE WILD

Valley

1

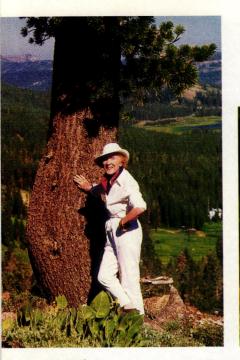
At the Bouverie Audubon Preserve in the Sonoma Valley near Glen Ellen, California, a field of wild radish, *Raphanus sativus*, dotted with purple vetch, *Vicia dasycarpa*, blooms in April. British-born architect and conservationist David Pleydell-Bouverie donated four fifths of his 500-acre spread to the Bouverie preserve, now owned and managed by the Audubon Canyon Ranch.

THINGS ARE

Photographs by Langdon Clay

Produced by Dorothea Walker

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The mountain air makes everything look more intense; wildflowers never seem more beautiful than they do here.

Dorothea Walker, above left, leans against a fir tree high above her vacation house. Above right: Pale lavender daisies, Erigeron peregrinus, surround blue-pod lupines, Lupinus polyphyllus, which grow to a height of five feet. Right: Dick Walker built their cabin from a precut kit in 1952. Below: A print of the driving of the golden spike at the completion of the Pacific railroad in 1869. Dorothea Walker's maternal grandfather, who helped build it, was present.

-DOROTHEA WALKER

HE FAR-RANGING CLIMATE OF CALIfornia allows just about anything to grow there, occasionally leading to bizarre juxtapositions of the alpine and the subtropical in some overly imaginative gardens. But the extraordinarily varied topography of the Pacific coastal states does in fact support the greatest number of native flowering plant species in the United States, although they of course do not occur naturally in the disconcerting mixtures that so bemused such English satirists of southern California as Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh.

In recent years the nationwide trend toward a new appreciation of indigenous plants and ecologically supportable horticulture has led to a growing interest in native wildflowers. Two committed advocates in two contrasting northern California environments are old friends and both longtime proponents of the natural beauty of the region and protectors of its distinctive flora. David Pleydell-Bouverie, a British-born architect and conservationist, is the moving force behind the Bouverie Audubon Preserve in the Sonoma Valley, where he settled in 1937. Soon after that he met Dorothea Walker, now an HG contributing editor based in San Francisco, who has been with the Condé Nast Publications since



1945. Her vacation house in the Sierra Nevada mountain range is also the site of remarkable wildflower displays. The granddaugh-

The granddaughter of Gold Rush pioneers, Walker was born the year of the great San Francisco earthquake and has lived through more than half of the history of her native city

since the days of the forty-niners. And David Bouverie, as a scion of the earls of Radnor, has taken to his adopted land with all the fervor of his ancestors at Longford Castle in Wiltshire. In very different California settings and in different ways, each has helped inspire a respect for the botanical heritage of their state and has forged a link between past and future that is an encouraging sign for the survival of this precious component of California's magnificent ecology.

For David Bouverie, love of the natural environment is a genetic trait. "My family have been protecting land in England since they were kicked out of the Low Countries and went there



in 1530," he explains as though the migration of the Huguenot Bouveries from what is presentday Belgium had happened only yesterday. "The first thing they thought about was land and how to protect it and improve it. Land stewardship is in my blood." As the son of a second son of a noble family, he had no hope of inheriting land under the English law of primogeniture, and so he set off for America during the 1930s with an eye toward acquiring a domain of his own.

In the Sonoma Valley, about fifty miles north of San Francisco, he found a promising property

that he bought "for next to nothing." Ecologically, however, it was a disaster. "It was a desecrated farm," he recalls, "with great pits cut out of it, stands of beautiful madrones cut down, piles of bottles, derelict cars, and not one wildflower. They'd overgrazed it so and put so much coarse fertilizer on it that wildflowers sim-



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ply would not grow there." Determined to restore the ranch to its natural beauty, the new lord of the manor had no desire to re-create the scenes of his childhood. "This business of imitating the English garden, which the nurseries advocate, is terribly expensive and quite abortive," Bouverie says emphatically. "They try to convince Californians to plant phlox and delphinium, but the climate is entirely wrong for it. I don't believe in wasting water in a land that doesn't have any for half the year."

Wildflowers were the perfect solution, and thanks to gentler grazing (some is helpful for seeds that need abrasion in order to germinate) and no fertilizing, many native varieties flourished once again. Among them are fritillaria, which grows in the woodlands, as do Trillium ovatum; mariposa lilies, bringing a golden glow to the slopes of hills; the deep purple arroyo lupine, which likes altitudes lower than some of its cousins; and the blazingly beautiful state flower, the California poppy. Many of the 350 varieties of wildflowers and grasses to be found on the five-hundred-acre estate (most of which has been given to the Audubon Canyon Ranch) are not local, and Bouverie and his resident biologist, John Petersen, try to keep the interlopers from taking over. "They've introduced themselves," says Bouverie, as though the flowering aliens had crashed a party. "They came in



David Pleydell-Bouverie,

right, designed the barn behind him along with

other buildings on his

property. Below left: A

species. *Below center:* California poppy and a

docent explains some of

the ranch's 300 wildflower

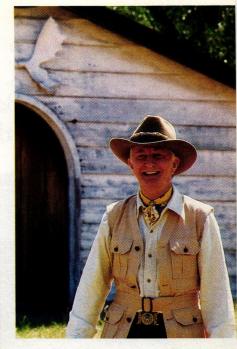
near-albino hybrid variety.

Bottom: Schoolchildren

who welcomes scores

of groups each year.

are greeted by Bouverie,

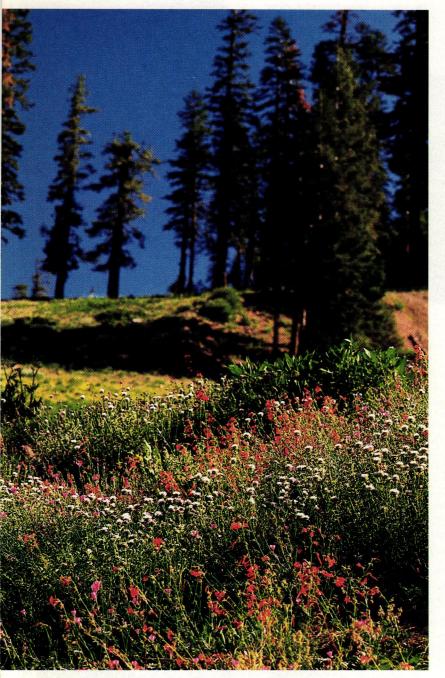


At the ranch, we are counting on the children and grown-ups gaining a bit of love, knowledge, and respect for nature, to preserve our fast-disappearing heritage.

-DAVID PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE



"They try to convince Californians to plant phlox and delphinium, but the climate is entirely wrong for it," says David Bouverie. "I don't believe in wasting water in a land that doesn't have any for half the year"



In an alpine meadow near the Walkers' house, bands of scarlet *Ipomopsis aggregata* are interspersed with white mountain mint, *Monardella odoratissima*. Tall stands of fir and hemlock dot the horizon. On the east side of the Sierra crest, the ill-fated Donner Party was marooned during the winter of 1846–47. In the 1930s, the nearby Sugar Bowl ski area was developed for winter sports, and the Walkers were among the early enthusiasts to enjoy it.

in baled hay. We try to pull out the bad things, like the yellow star thistle. The annual calendula, which is the forerunner of the horrible marigold, is now taking over the vineyards of northern California. It looks very pretty to the uninitiated, but it's a terrible nuisance, a weed, and it isn't indigenous. It's a horrid little thing."

ut as passionate as he is about wildflowers, Bouverie has the true ecologist's view of them as only a single component of a harmoniously balanced environment. "Wildflowers are just one facet," he insists. "It's trees, it's rocks, it's birds, it's mammals, it's reptiles, it's everything. The wildflowers are just one segment that happens to be very dramatic in April and May." That attitude is borne out in the extensive educational programs for school groups and adults at the Bouverie Audubon Preserve (not affiliated with the National Audubon Society), which are partly funded through the support of Sylvia Gilman and the Howard Gilman Foundation. "The ulterior motive of the whole thing," confides Bouverie, "is that we are counting on at least half of these thousands of children and grown-ups gaining a little bit of love, knowledge, and respect for nature—so that when they return to every part of the country, they will badger their local authorities to preserve, rather than destroy, our fast-disappearing heritage."

Frequent guests at the Bouverie ranch, Dorothea Walker and her husband, Dick, have long followed their conservationist friend's example at their own country place in the Sierra Nevadas, 180 miles northeast of their home in San Francisco. Regulars at the Sugar Bowl ski resort since 1939, the couple built their own house there in 1952, when Dick Walker put up a cabin from a precut kit costing \$2,490. The Walkers' getaway house is not far from one of the most poignant reminders of California's early history, Emigrant Meadow. It was near there that the ill-fated Donner Party, a group of hapless pre-Gold Rush pioneers, was marooned in the harsh winter of 1846-47 before they could cross over the mountains and into the promised land. (The ordeal was the subject of Ric Burns's harrowing documentary broadcast last fall on PBS.) A descendant of luckier settlers, (Continued on page 138)

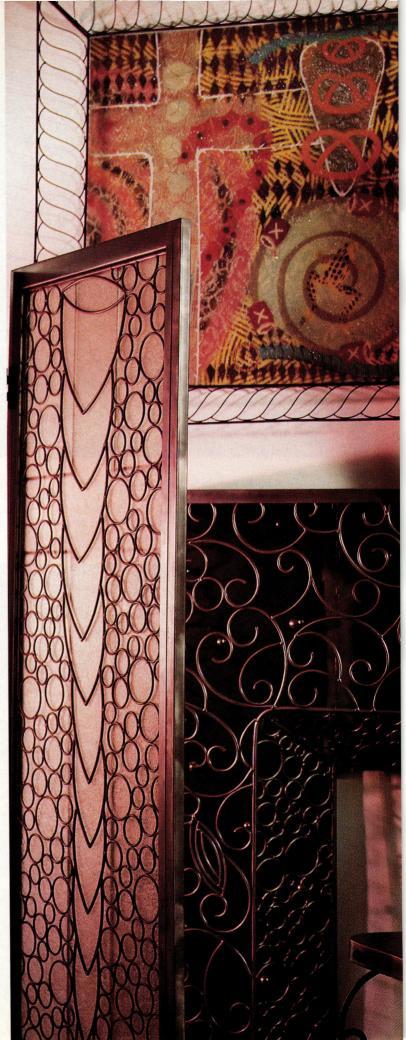


In the native plant garden of the education center at the Bouverie Audubon Preserve, *above*, deep purple arroyo lupine, *Lupinus succulentus*, makes a vivid contrast against the bright red orange of the state flower, the California poppy, *Eschscholzia californica*. Here and there among them are the less showy coastal tidytips, *Layia platyglossa. Below:* A tangle of dead wood in a canyon on the Bouverie preserve, which has eight miles of meandering nature trails, provides a hospitable home to the sticky monkey flower, *Mimulus aurantiacus*.



Carrying On with Crafts

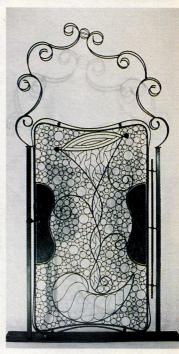
Southern California's docile climate and frontier mentality plus Tinseltown's taste for exotica—have set off aesthetic imaginations for close to a century, encouraging styles as disparate (and enduring) as Greene & Greene's rich horizontality and Charles and Ray Eames's utilitarian





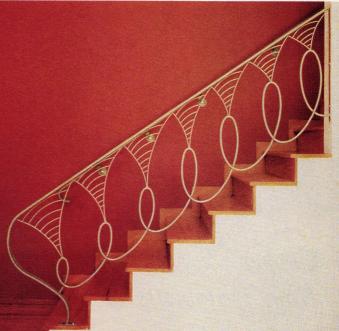






Gale McCall

In her studio McCall perches on a steel mantel next to one of her paintings framed in her medium of choice. The dining chair and screen are recent designs. Top <u>right:</u> Grinding a weld on a stair rail. <u>Center left:</u> A chaise McCall made with architect Norman Millar. <u>Center right:</u> A fanciful garden gate and arbor. <u>Right:</u> A stair rail in a Venice, California, house. Details see Resources.







lison Cooper

Cooper with her kilns. <u>Above left:</u> A sampling of designs produced in the style of Malibu tiles from the 1920s. Cooper also makes faithful reproductions. <u>Above right:</u> A detail of her walkway for an outdoor shopping plaza.

Cooper's work takes inspiration from fragments of old L.A. sleekness. The tradition persists today, as a new generation of craftsmen draw on past motifs, invent new ones, and transform metal, clay, and wood into objects that could have come from no place less vibrant.

While uncaged parakeets swoop through her one-room storefront studio and living space in Inglewood and the sun glitters on metal rods waiting to be bent, **Gale McCall** explains why she is obsessed with steel. "You can draw with it, you can make it do anything," she begins softly. "And welding is the ultimate hot-glue gun: you can put things together and they stay." Then she poses at an imaginary podium and turns on mock-politician fervor: "Steel's given so much to me—I want to give it something in return."

Scarcely separated from her welding torch since she picked it up at art school almost a dozen years ago, she spends her days forming sculpture (Oldenburg-style overgrown brooms, cakes, forks) and functional creations (whimsical architectural ornaments and furniture) that build on local metalworking customs dating back to the Spanish missions. Lately orders have poured in for her nearly psychedelic screens, gates, fences, and stair rails swirling with filigree leaves and spirals and for her fireplace mantels, which look like upended trays of bubbles.

Her own studio clutter provides visual inspiration; shelves are lined with lunch boxes full of colored light bulbs, cheese graters cover a kitchen wall from counter to ceiling. Asked about her usual design method, she'll only reveal that "it just flows, it happens, it's there."

"I'm very lucky," says **Alison Cooper**. "I always seem to fall into things." Since the late seventies, the Surrey native has managed to switch from training horses in Austria to helping cater a European tour of the band Supertramp to traveling to America for no particular professional reason. When she reached Los Angeles, she stayed, married the head of I.R.S. Records, bought a kiln for fun, and started experimenting, first with "roses and cute stuff like demitasse cups," then with "way-out vases and jugs."

A 1983 apprenticeship to a tile maker gave her the glaze technology, as well as the courage, to start her own studio in Manhattan Beach, and she now specializes in reproductions few others have mastered. She produces interpretations and facsimiles of Malibu Pottery's highly collectible 1920s tiles in floral patterns and Mediterranean hues and the Batchelder Tile Co.'s arts and crafts tiles with deep portrait reliefs set off by pools of faint lavender, cream, and beige glaze. Cooper also assembles mosaics by smashing her own or someone else's tiles and gluing the shards onto mesh. She will repeat her previous work or copy tiles clients bring her, but prefers more exotic assignments, especially those that call on the many tile experiments cooking in her kiln. Next on her agenda: more public projects like the Malibu-tiled sundial she recently completed for a nearby Franciscan monastery.

James-Randell, a partnership between woodworker James Ipekjian and Greene & Greene scholar Randell Makinson, can copy any furniture detail that the Greene brothers dreamed up early this century: the sculptural protruding ebony pegs, the serpentine bands of silver across drawer fronts, the joyfully asymmetrical oval openings in chair and table stretchers. At the company's airplane hangar-like workshop in Pasadena, vintage pieces that Ipekjian is restoring mingle with reproductions in progress: a sideboard inlaid with oak leaves and abalone flowers, a mahogany sconce with milky glass panes held together by bronze vines, a stack of cedar slabs waiting for Ipekjian to bring out their complicated graining with analine (the same plant dye experts believe the Greenes used).

Ipekjian and Makinson joined forces in 1984 and produce several dozen pieces annually. The two met when Ipekjian was helping a friend restore a Greene & Greene house; Ipekjian was then narrowing his top-of-the-line woodworking business to an all-Greene focus and Makinson was curator of Pasadena's Gamble house, the Greene & Greene structure that is graced with the most complete set of original furnishings and the only one open to the public. ("It's a place," says Ipekjian, "where you could spend two weeks straight and still keep seeing something new.") Only upon client demand will James-Randell modify an original Greene brothers' scheme, and "in those cases," Ipekjian intones, "we warn customers that the piece will lose some of the appeal that drew them to it in the first place. What the Greenes did approached perfection."

James-Randell can copy any furniture detail that the Greene brothers dreamed up

James-Randell

Woodworker James Ipekjian of James-Randell positions pieces of abalone to form an inlaid flower on his reproduction of a 1908 Greene brothers' sideboard. <u>Below left:</u> Ipekjian uses chisels to carve recesses for the inlay. <u>Below right:</u> His copy of a 1909 Greene & Greene dining chair is accurate down to the ebony splines held in place by silver pins.



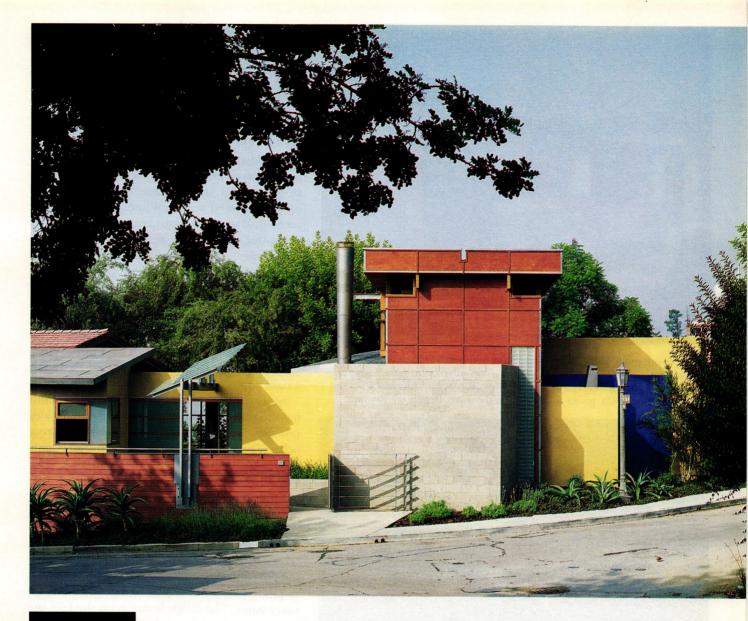


An outdoor hearth on the poolside patio continues a **California** tradition that can be traced back to houses by **Rud**olph Schindler in the 1920s. Walls take their color from pigment mixed into the stucco. **Opposite:** A tilted canopy shades the entry Franklin **Israel** inserted between remnants of the 1950s house, at left, and his own addition.

Photographs by Grant Mudford

Produced by Pilar Viladas Technicolor Modernism

> Franklin Israel compresses a wide-angle view of Los Angeles architecture in a house in the Hollywood Hills By Joseph Giovannini



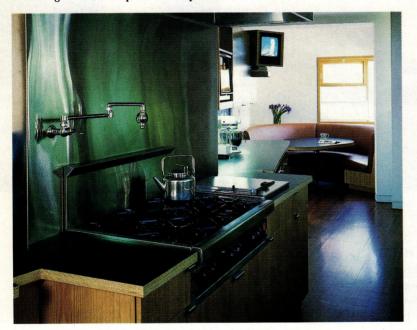
URN OFF FRANKLIN AVENUE ONTO Outpost and drive up into the Hollywood Hills and a micro-Andalusia of haciendas, courtyards, and bougainvillea unfolds. The celluloid fictions exported by Hollywood in the 1910s and '20s produced a more concrete sort of fiction on the hillsides. In the

early days, when Hollywood was inventing its own myth, the city borrowed these architectural fables from other times and cultures. But Los Angeles eventually came of age, developing its own character, and like the Hollywood directors who emphasized the L.A.-ness of Los Angeles in *Shampoo* and *Chinatown*, architects discovered southern California images and mixed them with foreign influences into a blend of their own. Chain-link fencing, stucco, and exposed plywood entered the palette along with references to classic modernist houses. The designers came to acknowledge that there *is* a there there. No there is more here-and-now than the half acre on Castilian Drive, a hairpin turn of a street, where Los Angeles architect Franklin Israel has designed a house that invigorates this mythic hillscape with a design of L.A.'s own. Israel, a Rome Prize winner from New York who moved west to teach at UCLA and work in set design, is a one-man intersection of the old and new worlds, high and low culture, the literate and the vernacular. His voracious intelligence ingests a wide aesthetic experience—including a movie-smart attitude about L.A.'s intense images.

The house he created for Howard Goldberg and Jim Bean, a theatrical agent and a real estate agent, could hardly be in any other city. Israel taps deeply into the Angeleno traditions of movie sets, street culture, and architectural modernism, producing a structure with hybrid vigor. Ocher and red and white and cobalt blue, the elongated composition fairly sizzles on its corner amid Hollywood's older dream houses, holding



In the living room, *above*, Kjaerholm chairs and bench from ICF are grouped near a blue wall that evokes the vibrant colors of architect Luis Barragán. Israel designed the cherry entertainment cabinet. *Below:* A faucet from the Chicago Faucet Co. pivots to fill pots on the stove. Details see Resources.



its own against rambling Spanish fantasies and a nearby modernist steel and glass cliff hanger.

Five years ago, at the peak of the real estate market, when the charming architectural legends from the twenties were at their most expensive, Goldberg and Bean bought a postwar house they didn't like but could at least afford. They bought it for the site's possibilities: what Goldberg calls "a petite international-style ranch house" occupied one side of the wide lot, but an erstwhile dog run on the other side meant there was room to grow. Although the patios, kidneyshaped pool, and wide lawn offered a life style, the basic amenities inside—the small kitchen, the inadequate closets and baths—were outmoded. "The place was in desperate need of a master bedroom suite," says Bean.

As though pulling taffy, Israel stretched the original structure from the left side of the lot to the far right, creating a long façade that fences the backyard from the street. The house-cumfence is no ordinary barrier, however, but a cubist technicolor composition. Israel designed a series of layered walls and interlocking cubes to accommodate new rooms, as in some of Rudolph Schindler's modernist designs of the twenties and thirties, and then set them at slightly different angles that violate the cubic geometry, as in Frank Gehry's recent work. "We put the house together as a set of pieces, each a vignette with its separate identity-like the master bedroom suite and the entrance gallery," explains Israel. "And each is oriented to a different grid in the city." Goldberg says, "It doesn't look as though there's a right angle in the place."

Israel then colorized his architecture by staining the wood and impregnating the plaster with powder pigments in a deep blue and strong ocher. On a bright day the colors pulse. "Color should be integral to material," says Israel. "The result is not psychedelic but fresh, bright, and natural, as in an Italian fresco. Over time the colors will fade like an old pair of jeans."

While the original house anchors the composition at one end, a master bedroom wing with a second-story study stakes down the other. A visitor slips into the walk-through cubist collage by stepping past a red-stained cedar fence into an entry patio. The 1950s house is on the left, the addition on the right, and an ocher wall hyphenates the two parts.

The door opens and immediately reveals the house's great secret—a forever view through specimen trees, across the Los Angeles basin to Catalina and the Pacific. If the street side of the building is mostly opaque, the view side, with disappearing corners, is mostly transparent. As you move through the interior, the lawn, trees, pool, and newly planted jungle of succulents and exotics designed by Jay Griffith always stay in sight. "From the master bedroom, the view looking out as the sun goes down over the hillside opposite is a revelation," marvels Goldberg. "Every night it's a different color."

But the house is hardly just a pair of environmental binoculars. On the inside a cobalt blue wall—whose mysterious intensity owes a debt to the great Mexican architectural colorist Luis Barragán—forms a backbone that undulates its way from the living room through the entry gallery to the master bedroom suite (*Continued on page 137*)

The front door, recessed to the left of a built-in table, opens into an entrance gallery with an unexpected distant view of the Pacific. A poured concrete floor inset with metal strips has been ground and polished to a terrazzo-like surface that catches the light pouring through the wood and steel window wall. A tawny stain warms the precise grid of Douglas fir.

Walls compose a walk-through cubist collage

Familiar L.A. building materials in contrasting hues—ocher stucco, red-stained cedar plywood, and gray sheet metal—encase the interlocking volumes of the master bedroom on the ground floor and the study upstairs. The strong vertical line of a tapered chimney seems to anchor the horizontal planes of the balcony and its overhanging trellis. Perched above the bedroom's bowed west wall, this aerie helps fulfill Howard Goldberg's request for a livable tree house.

As in a movie set, natural colors are heightened



Paired beams in the master bedroom, *above*, align with a giant "headboard" to suggest an abstracted tester bed. The hues of Frette linens reflect color harmonies throughout the interior. Tucked behind the headboard, a cherry and Finnish plywood-lined staircase, *below left*, climbs to the study, *below right*. Broad clerestories under the eaves channel light into both spaces, and a bay window framing a desk creates a sunny work area. Natural wax-finished Eames chairs from Palazzetti date to the era of the original ranch house.





Gardening in Small Spaces

Three Intimate Solutions

WEST COAST COTTAGE GARDEN

DESIGNER Robert M. Fletcher, landscape architect

DESIGN PROBLEMS Plan for brilliant spring flowers, drought-resistant summer foliage, and year-round privacy in a backyard used as informal living space.

Three Californians have composed inviting spaces in a dry climate which offer lessons for gardeners everywhere. Skilled designers can suit a wide range of tastes by drawing inspiration from a varied palette of locally appropriate plants (in these gardens, western natives or transplants from the Mediterranean region or other places where rain is scarce). Walls, hedges, containers, and raised beds are timehonored devices for making small plots congenial to plants and people alike. Foliage is as useful as flowers in supplying the textures, col-

ors, and shifts of scale that make a small yard seem full of incident. And lawns can be pared down to manageable size or allowed to vanish altogether.



SOLUTION Concrete pavers combine with drifts of flowersmany fall-planted, with little winter watering required-to suggest cottage-garden abundance. Raised beds allow heavy clay soil to be replaced with lighter mix and make a graceful transition from ground level to boundary walls. Antique ornaments anchor garden vignettes, and greenery is pruned for "borrowed landscape" views of a neighbor's lemon trees. The modest lawn-tough Kikuyu grass, clover, and oxalis mown to a height of two inches or more-survives summer without sprinkling or fertilizer. **COLORS** Orange to contrast with azure southern California skies, complemented by blue, purple, and a range of greens. **PLANTS** Poppies (California, Iceland, and others), Canterbury bells, pansies, nicotiana, lavender, and Santa Barbara daisy. Podocarpus gracilior, upright 'Tuscan Blue' rosemary, low helichrysum alongside concrete herm. Daffodils and narcissus in pots for mobility. Agave in urns for drama. Details see Resources.

ANGLO-AMERICAN BORDER

DESIGNER Philip Chandler, 2000 .

LOCATION Santa Monica

DESIGN PROBLEMS Create views for rooms overlooking a square backyard lawn; add luxuriant plantings in an orderly, relatively low-maintenance arrangement that links the house to terraces at the far end of the garden.

SOLUTION The plan adapts a classic Anglo-American border, replacing thirsty herbaceous perennials with California and Mediterranean natives and other plants less demanding of water and fertilizer; dense planting cuts down on weeds and mulch. A tall bushy hedge forms a backdrop to feathery, velvety, shiny, and spiky textures and pastel hues. Thickly planted containers flank a bench on the terrace, softening its hard surface and visually tying it to the border; the geometry of the terrace is "extended" into the garden by edging the border with sunken bricks (a neat strip for the lawn mower to trim without nipping plants).

COLORS Silvery and bluish foliage with bronze accents; occasional pink, white, and purple flowers. Restricted palette reinforces the simple plan and harmonizes with grays of walls and painted terrace.

PLANT COMBINATIONS Hedge of elaeagnus, Dorycnium hirsutum, Solanum jasminoides, and Pittosporum crassifolium. Senecio repens, New Zealand flax, sedum, and other succulents. Artemisia, Limonium perezii, iris.





WELCOMING DOORYARD

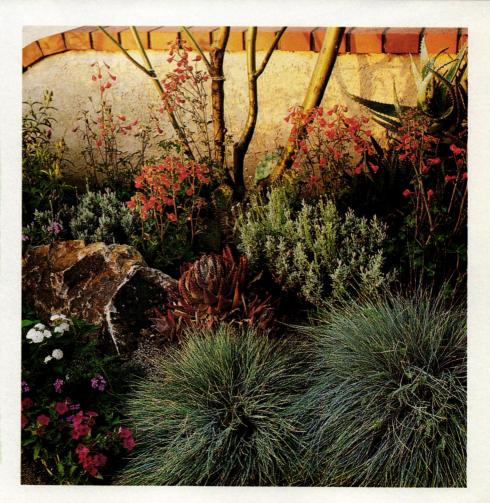
DESIGNER John DeForest

LOCATION Riverside

DESIGN PROBLEMS Turn a narrow wedge-shaped corner lot in a densely settled suburb into a hospitable entry that doubles as a secluded patio. Garden should suit a hot dry inland climate.

SOLUTION Shoulder-high walls compose an architectural surround, give privacy, and enclose an area visible from the living room. Pale stucco wall surfaces are a foil to a weathered gate laid in sandy soil, irregular paving of broken concrete, and the varied silhouettes, colors, and textures of plants and pots. Foliage and few flowers play off against rugged native stones and gravel, suggesting a "desert" aesthetic. No lawn. The tiled rim of the raised fish pond offers seating and its shimmering water adds to sense of cultivated oasis.

COLORS Predominant cool grays and blues sparked with reds, purples, pinks (and the orange of goldfish). **PLANT COMBINATIONS** Crape myrtle, eucalyptus, and pine trees against the walls. Lower groupings for contrasting color and texture: opuntia with society garlic; California red delphinium with blue fescue, santolina, and aloe. Moss-green sunloving Sagina subulata 'Aurea' and wine-dark oxalis among the pavers. New Zealand flax and Cereus cactus in a terra-cotta oil jar.



JIMTOWN

Pots of geraniums have replaced gas pumps at the Jimtown store, *right*, first opened in 1894 and brought back to life by Carrie Brown and John Werner, *inset above*, with the help of the Berkeley-based architectural firm Fernau & Hartman. The shopkeepers' 1955 Ford pickup served for many years as a county fire truck. Details see Resources.

By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by Jeremy Samuelson

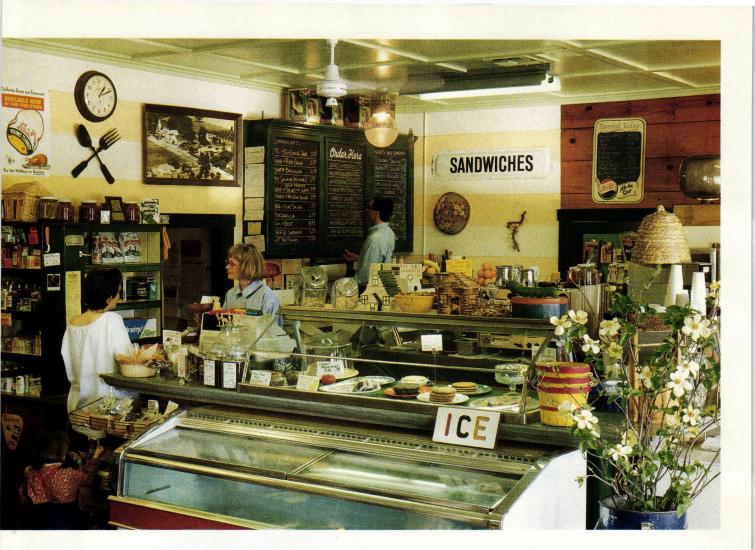
126

Highway 128, which runs through the Napa, Alexander, and Sonoma valleys

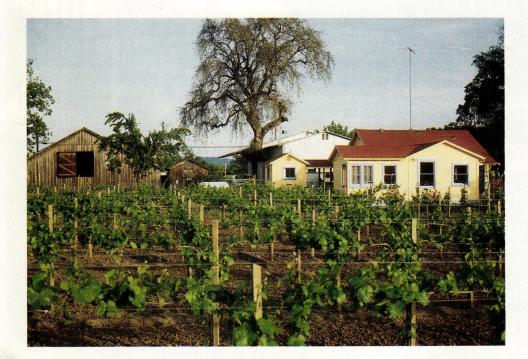
north of San Francisco, could be called the Main Street of wine country. Woodburned signs advertising tasting hours dot the two-lane highway as it wends its way past vineyard after vineyard, stucco and stone winery after winery. That is,

JIMTOWN STORE

until you reach a jog in the road between Healdsburg and Calistoga where the Jimtown Store offers a welcome jolt: hot coffee—and many other things—to go. This sunny yellow false-fronted general store



JIMTOWN IS NO ORDINARY MOM-AND-POP STORE. "WE WANTED TO CREATE A PLACE WE OURSELVES WOULD LIKE TO COME ACROSS," SAYS WERNER



YELLOW AND WHITE STRIPES DEFINE THE FOOD PREP CORNER OF THE STORE, ABOVE, WHERE WERNER CHALKS UP THE DAILY SPECIALS AS BROWN TAKES AN ORDER. BROWN'S COLLECTION OF VINTAGE COOKIE JARS TOPS A CASE FILLED WITH HER BAKED GOODS, INCLUDING PEANUT BUTTER AND JIMTOWN JAM COOKIES. LEFT: A VALLEY OAK STANDS AT THE HEART OF THE COMPOUND MADE UP OF BARNS, STORE, AND LIVING QUARTERS. WERNER AND BROWN'S MODEST RED-ROOFED HOUSE BOASTS WHAT WERNER CALLS A "MILLIONAIRE'S VIEW" OF ADJOINING CHARDONNAY VINEYARDS, WHICH EXTEND FOR 500 ACRES.

draws everyone from the underaged to the of a certain age. Though the business has been there as long as the tiny town (both were founded by the enterprising Jim Patrick in the 1890s), it has been stopping traffic for the past year and a half because New Yorkers John Werner and Carrie Brown themselves stopped to examine the store's shuttered remains in 1989 and came away with a few big ideas.

"We weren't really looking to leave the city," explains Werner, "but we had always fantasized in a vague way about a project that would combine our talents." Werner, an inventor of innovative edibles, including his own line of spicy cocktail nuts, and a former partner in the Silver Palate, a gourmet food business, is, suffice it to say, an accomplished cook. Brown is an artist with a gifted eye for color and collage and, as it happens, an excellent baker. Together they are collectors of vintage Americana who only consider a treasure hunt successful if they return with their bumpers scraping the ground. "To us it just seems natural to have a business combining food and antiques," muses Werner. "We wanted to create the kind of place we ourselves would like to come across in our wanderings."

The minute Werner and Brown saw Jimtown the brainstorming began. Spread across an acre was everything they needed: a store little changed since the 1940s; "an uninspired house with a millionaire's view of 500 acres of vine-

yards," according to Werner; and barns ideal for use as Brown's painting studio and for storing the more than 8,000 pounds of belongings, mostly antiques, that they trucked out from back East. And all in a landscape "very Italian, a little French," he continues, "and within yodeling distance of a big city."

Intent on tackling most of the ren-

ovation themselves, Werner and Brown, nonetheless, recognized that they needed an architect to make visual and organizational sense of their compound. Before Brown had finished showing Werner a magazine article about a house not far from Jimtown designed by Richard Fernau and Laura Hartman, he was on the phone to the Berkeley-based architects. "At first, Richard and I were all doom and gloom about how much work was involved in pulling together this unholy mix of structures added over time," admits Hartman. But the four found they shared sympathetic instincts for northern California vernacular architecture and for prosaic materials such as corrugated fiberglass and as-



SCENES FROM THE STORE. LEFT: BINS OF PLASTER FRUIT AND VEGETABLES SUGGEST THE PRODUCE KEPT UNDER REFRIGERATION. BELOW: JIMTOWN'S DINING PATIO FEATURES PICNIC TABLES MODELED AFTER NEW MEXICAN SCHOOL DESKS. BELOW CENTER: A BIG TOP GUMBALL MACHINE FROM THE FIFTIES DISPENSES THE JIMTOWN STORE'S EDIBLE BUSINESS CARD.

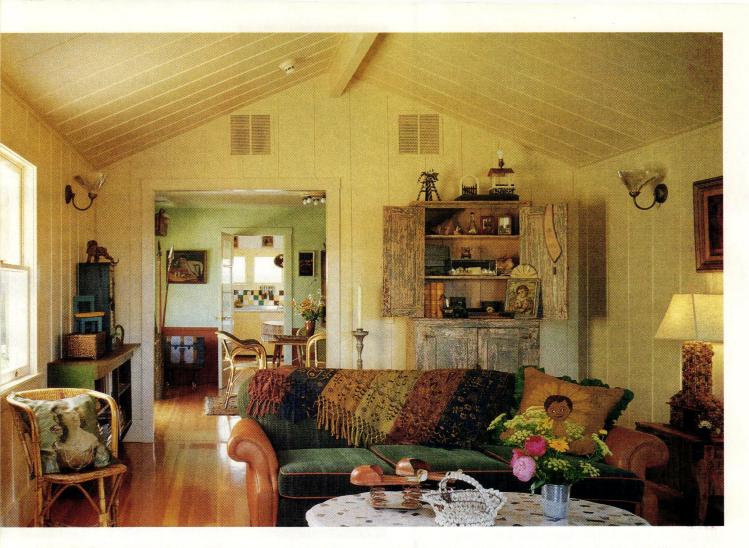


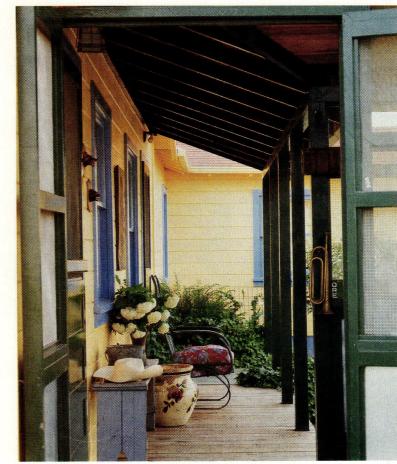






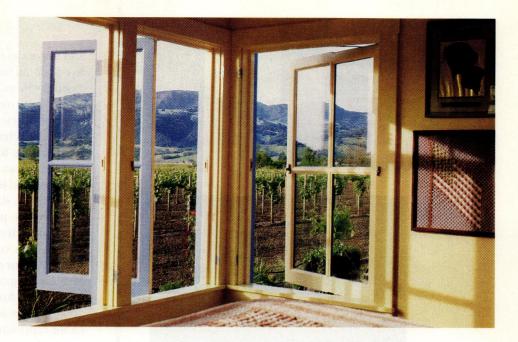
THE ORIGINAL SHELVES, *ABOVE*, ARE STOCKED WITH EVERYTHING FROM JACKS TO JELL-O. THE FISHING STILL LIFE IS ONE OF BROWN'S SEASONAL DISPLAYS. *LEFT*: BROWN'S MOTHER, CAROLINE, WHO COMES IN DAILY TO HELP WITH THE BAKING, CARRIES BREAD THROUGH THE SERVICE BREEZEWAY.





phalt shingles, and finishes like clapboard and board and batten. The process became improvisational, with the architects concentrating on plan and function—"it was the spaces in between as much as the buildings themselves that mattered," says Hartman—while the owners focused on details concerning pattern and palette. Sporting a new coat of colors devised by Brown—six shades of yellow, eight greens, as well as accents of primary school red (for the store) and periwinkle blue (for the house)—the Jimtown compound blossomed.

Just as the architecture called for attention but not affect, so too did the store, which best serves the community by being neither exclusively a gourmet food shop nor a 7-Eleven–style quick stop. Though the gas pumps in front and feed bins out back are gone, Werner and Brown, like Mr. and Mrs. Goodyear before them, still sell stamps and fishing lures in addition to groceries and will gladly cash checks, send faxes and UPS packages, or display a quilt to be raffled for the benefit of the local high school. For those just passing through, Jimtown is a roadside respite complete with tasty and healthy takeout food; travel information (a corner of the big front room is devoted to maps, guides, and postcards); ELEVATED ON DRAWERS FOUND IN THE BARN, THE MASTER BED TAKES IN A VIEW OF VINEYARDS THROUGH UNCURTAINED WINDOWS, *RIGHT. BELOW RIGHT:* WERNER AND BROWN DESIGNED THEIR PICKET FENCE HEADBOARD, WHICH FEATURES BUILT-IN SIDE TABLES, LIGHT POSTS, AND SHUTTERS THAT SCREEN A WINDOW. *BOTTOM:* NEEDLEPOINT PILLOWS FROM THE FORTIES AND PAINTINGS OF ANIMALS POPULATE THE FAUX WOOD CARPETED GUEST ROOM. *BELOW:* A 1953 MAP OF CALIFORNIA IS USED AS A WINDOW SHADE.





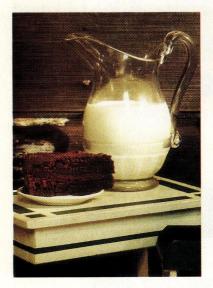
THE LIVING ROOM, OPPOSITE ABOVE, PAINTED A COLOR BROWN DESCRIBES AS "COFFEE WITH A LOT OF CREAM," WAS OPENED UP BY ADDING WINDOWS, WIDENING A DOORWAY, AND RAISING THE CEILING TO THE ROOFLINE. TO SCALE THE 1930S SOFA TO THE SMALL SPACE, AN UPHOLSTERER CHAINSAWED A ONE AND A HALF FOOT SECTION OUT OF THE MIDDLE, JOINED THE HALVES, AND RECOVERED THEM IN SADDLE LEATHER AND A COTTON CHENILLE FROM BRUNSCHWIG. **OPPOSITE BELOW:** A NEW PORCH RUNNING ALONG THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE OPENS ONTO A BREEZEWAY LEADING TO A WASHHOUSE.







Order Here







TRADEMARKS OF A JIMTOWN DINNER PARTY. *FROM TOP:* SOUVENIR CHINA FROM SAN FRANCISCO; THE MENU ON THE STORE'S ORDER BOARD; GUESTS GATHERED AROUND AN AMERICAN HARVEST TABLE; AN OLD-FASHIONED CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE; COCKTAILS OUT ON THE PATIO. and souvenirs from pocket-size picnic knives to a five-foot-tall wooden chicken, a 1930s sign from a poultry farm in the area. A passageway stocked with handwoven throws and spatterware dishes leads to a new barn-shaped addition, the Mercantile & Exchange, where a small selection of local products like honey, jam, and pottery mix with American antiques, mostly folk. Forays into the heartland in search of treasures that, in Werner's words, "show someone's hand," are the couple's favorite pastime. Their idea of a romantic anniversary is to go foraging in the Ozarks.

"This is a very democratic store," explains Werner. "Our customers include winery owners, Mexican migrant workers, neighbors, farmers, tourists." Though relative newcomers to the area, Werner and Brown could easily be mistaken for representatives of the local Welcome Wagon. As they ring up goods ranging from Clorox to condoms, tortillas to prosciutto, they hobnob with their customers, congratulating a young neighbor on his Little League performance and encouraging a group of German visitors to try Calistoga's mud baths. In between sales and before and after store hours, Werner whips up his specialties: the house pork and duck liver pâté served with pickled Rainier cherries and caper berries, tamale pie, roasted sweet corn chowder, and a ruby salad of apples, beets, and walnuts. Brown and her mother, Caroline, who lives down the road in Healdsburg, stock the store's

glass cases with their own baked goods: dark chocolate shortbread, rice pudding tarts, lemon sugar cookies, dried cherry scones, Hungarian coffee cake, and Sunday caramel buns.

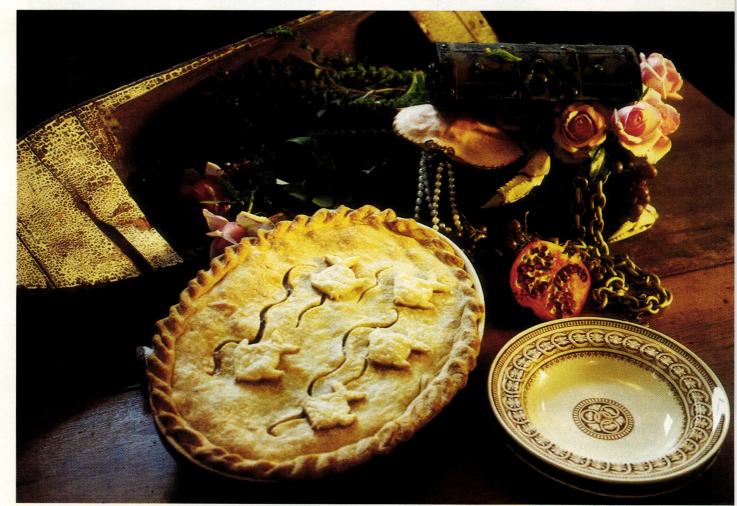
The couple also cater, as Werner puts it, "from cradle to grave—in the same week we did a baptism and a wake." Whether preparing food for the store, for a wedding, or for a simple supper (their preferred form of entertaining), the two "move

preferred form of entertaining), the two move in concert in the kitchen," says Werner. Friends are invited to come in with their plates to help themselves to his shrimp and crab pot pie, her frisée salad (with chef Sarah Scott's pomegranate dressing). "We'd be hard pressed to serve bad food with all of the sources Sonoma County has to offer," says Brown modestly. "Within a twenty mile radius we can find lamb, goat, rabbit, any variety of mushroom, and every kind of baby vegetable." And, of course, they have access to some of the best wines in America.

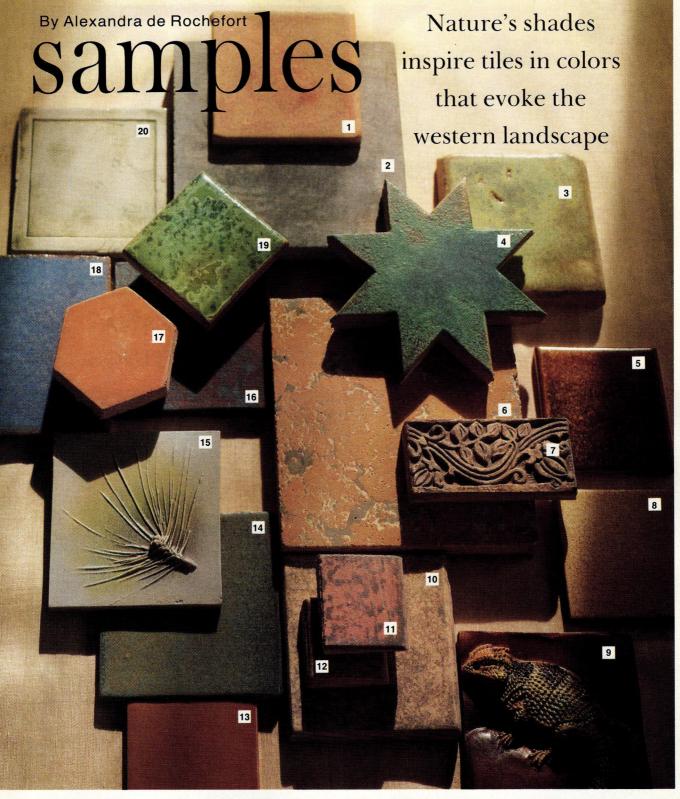
But what Werner and Brown offer appeals as much to the eye as to the taste bud. It's how they put everything together that distinguishes Jimtown. Brown packs the *(Continued on page 136)*



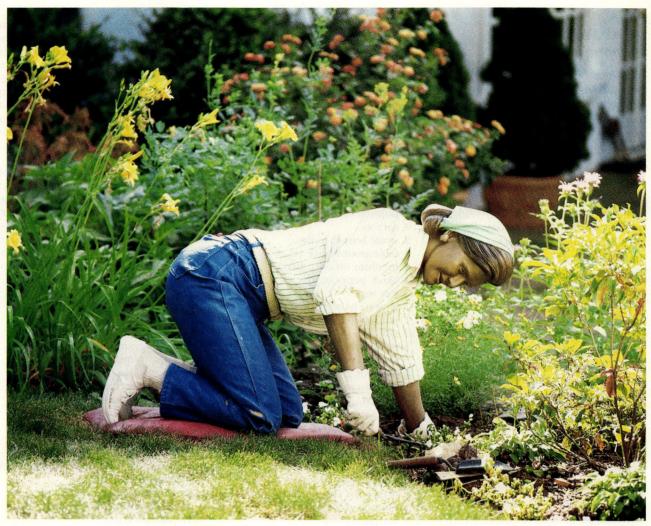
WERNER AND BROWN LIKE TO STAGE DINNERS IN THEIR ANTIQUES STORE WHERE THEY MAKE USE OF THEIR AMERICANA COLLECTIONS FOR THE TABLE SETTINGS



IN WINTER WERNER AND BROWN SERVE LOCAL WINES AND HEARTY FARE, STARTING WITH OVEN-ROASTED CHANTERELLES AND SHIITAKES DRESSED WITH GARDEN HERBS, *TOP LEFT. TOP RIGHT:* A FRISÉE SALAD IS ACCOMPANIED BY WALNUT BREAD TOASTS AND CHEESES EITHER ROLLED IN NUTS OR BEJEWELED WITH POMEGRANATE SEEDS. *Above:* THE MAIN COURSE, A SHRIMP AND CRAB POT PIE WITH CORNMEAL CRUST, INSPIRED BROWN'S TREASURE CHEST CENTERPIECES, WHICH INCORPORATE HER ANTIQUE BOXES AND HER SISTER'S COSTUME JEWELRY. (FOR RECIPES SEE PAGE 136.)



Tile terrain. 1. Salmon on White stoneware by Totten-Harnden Tileworks, (206) 785-3282. 2. Steel Gray concrete by Buddy Rhodes Studio, (415) 641-8070. 3. Lichen Green on White stoneware by Totten-Harnden Tileworks, (206) 785-3282. 4. Persian Blue Moorish Star stoneware by Totten-Harnden Tileworks, (206) 785-3282. 5. Copper Dust stoneware by Fulper Tile, (215) 736-8512.
6. Tuscany concrete by Buddy Rhodes Studio, (415) 641-8070. 7. Green Gray Ivy Trim stoneware by Tile Restoration Center, (206) 633-4866. 8. Wheat stoneware by Heath Ceramics, (415) 332-3732. 9. Horned Lizard ceramic by Surving Studios, (800) 768-4954.
10. Green Field stoneware by Tile Restoration Center, (206) 633-4866. 11. Salmon/Green stoneware by Tile Restoration Center, (206) 633-4866. 12. Salmon/Brown stoneware by Tile Restoration Center, (206) 633-4866. 13. Granite Umber porcelain by Heath Ceramics, (415) 332-3732. 14. Earthenware Stain stoneware by Concept Studio, (714) 759-0606. 15. Pine Needles ceramic by Surving Studios, (800) 768-4954. 16. Rusty Iron on Red stoneware by Totten-Harnden Tileworks, (206) 785-3282. 17. Distressed Hexagon terra-cotta by Concept Studio, (714) 759-0606. 18. Turquoise Blue stoneware by Busby-Gilbert Tile, (818) 780-9460.
19. Leopardskin stoneware by Fulper Tile, (215) 736-8512. 20. BTS Green Wash kaolin by Concept Studio, (714) 759-0606.



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Jimtown, USA

(Continued from page 132) store, like her own still lifes, with wit, knickknacks, and color and borrows from their collections for seasonal displays. An assortment of old heart-shaped candy boxes and new heart-shaped piñatas dress up the walls for Valentine's Day. In the summer they serve patio suppers that feature picnic baskets lined with oilcloth, the silverware wrapped in dish towels. At Christmas, Brown packages bottles of California olive oil and herb vinegars in wire baskets cushioned with moss, pinecones, and lichen-covered twigs. Gift baskets and picnic hampers are topped with sprigs of herbs tied with raffia.

Country life has permitted Werner and Brown to have the dog they longed for but never allowed themselves as city dwellers. Their redbone coonhound, Patty Lewis, recently gained a sibling, Bernard, the dachshund. Still, considering all the attention and labor and care they have poured into the store, there's no denying that it's their baby. Jimtown is no ordinary mom-and-pop spot. By offering old-fashioned service and newfangled foods and presenting a cornucopia of objects, edible and otherwise, they have cooked up a model for the general store of the future.

A typical Jimtown dinner party menu starts with local chanterelle and shiitake mushrooms and ends with a classic rich chocolate cake from a recipe passed down by a friend of Brown's grandmother.

OVEN-ROASTED CHANTERELLES AND SHIITAKES

- 1 pound fresh grape leaves or other sturdy greens
- 1 cup extra-virgin olive oil
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¹/₂ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ³/₄ pound shiitake mushrooms
- ³/₄ pound chanterelle mushrooms
- 2 teaspoons chopped thyme Juice of 1/2 lemon

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Tear the grape leaves into small pieces and toss with 1/2 cup of the oil, 1/2 teaspoon of the salt, and 1/4 teaspoon of the pepper. Spread in a jelly roll pan and bake 10 minutes. Meanwhile, discard shiitake stems, trim all mushrooms, and toss them with the remaining olive oil, salt, and pepper as well as the thyme. Spread the mushrooms bottom side up on the leaves. Bake 20 minutes. Season to taste with lemon juice and additional pepper. Serves 12.

SHRIMP AND CRAB POT PIE WITH CORNMEAL CRUST

Pastry

- 11/2 cups flour, sifted
- 1/2 cup cornmeal
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 12 tablespoons unsalted
- butter, chilled

Filling

- 2¹/₂ pounds medium shrimp 4 carrots
 - 2 small fennel bulbs
 - 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 medium onions, diced
- 4 black peppercorns
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 lemon, halved
- 1 bottle (750 milliliters) pinot noir
- 12 tablespoons unsalted butter
- 3 celery ribs, thinly sliced crosswise
- 1 cup flour
- 4 medium tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and diced
- 2 10-ounce boxes baby peas, thawed
- 3 large potatoes, cooked, peeled, and diced
- 1¹/₂ cups cooked wild rice
- 1¹/₂ tablespoons chopped thyme
- 1¹/₂ teaspoons chopped tarragon
- 1¹/₂ pounds crabmeat
- 11/2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper

Pastry. Toss together flour, cornmeal, and salt. Cut in butter until the mixture resembles coarse meal. Sprinkle 1/3 cup ice water over the flour mixture 1 tablespoon at a time, tossing with a fork. Gather the dough into a ball, pat into a disk, and wrap in plastic wrap. Refrigerate at least 30 minutes.

Filling. Shell and devein shrimp. Reserve shells. Coarsely chop 1 carrot and julienne remaining carrots and the fennel. In a large skillet, heat oil over high heat. Add shrimp and cook until just pink, then set aside. In a large saucepan, combine half the onions, chopped carrot, peppercorns, bay leaf, lemon halves, shrimp shells, and 10 cups of water. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer until reduced by half, about 30 minutes. Strain shrimp stock.

In a medium nonreactive skillet, pour half the wine over the fennel. Bring to a boil and cook, stirring frequently. When the wine has evaporated and fennel is tender, about 10 minutes, remove and reserve. In the same skillet, melt butter over high heat and add remaining onion, julienned carrot, and celery. Sauté 4 minutes,

stirring constantly. Stir in flour and cook 2 minutes. Add shrimp stock and the remaining red wine and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil and thickens. Transfer to a large bowl. Add reserved fennel and shrimp along with the tomatoes, peas, potatoes, wild rice, thyme, tarragon, and crabmeat. Mix thoroughly and season with salt and pepper. Place filling in 2 3-quart casseroles.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Roll out half of the pastry dough to 1/8 inch thick. Brush the rim of 1 of the casseroles with water and drape the pastry over the top. Crimp the edges. Cut several 1-inch vents into the center. Repeat with remaining pastry and the other casserole. Bake until crust is golden, about 45 minutes. Serves 12.

FRISÉE SALAD WITH POMEGRANATES AND **TWO CHEESES**

- 2 pomegranates
- 1 cup walnut halves
- 4 ounces Maytag blue cheese
- 8 ounces cream cheese
- 8 ounces Saint-André cheese
- 2 teaspoons balsamic vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon Dijon mustard
- 1 small shallot, finely chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ¹/₄ cup light olive oil
- 1/4 cup extra-virgin olive oil
- 1 loaf walnut bread
- 11/2 pounds frisée

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Peel 1 of the pomegranates and separate it into seeds; set aside. Halve the other pomegranate and juice it. Pour the juice through a fine strainer and reserve 1/4 cup. Spread the walnuts in a single layer on a baking sheet and toast 8 minutes. Chop finely when cool. Crumble Maytag cheese and mix with cream cheese. Form the mixture into a log 1 inch in diameter, cover in plastic wrap, and refrigerate. Discard rind of Saint-André and cut cheese into 1-inch wedges. Press walnuts into each wedge, cover in plastic wrap, and refrigerate. In a small bowl, whisk pomegranate juice with vinegar, mustard, shallot, salt, and pepper. Whisk in oils.

An hour before serving, bring the cheeses to room temperature. Press 1/2 cup of the pomegranate seeds into the blue cheese log and cut into 12 pieces. Thinly slice bread and toast it. Meanwhile, tear frisée into small pieces and toss with dressing. Arrange on 12 salad plates. Garnish each plate with 1 blue cheese slice, 1 Saint-André wedge, and 1 piece of toast. Sprinkle salads with remaining pomegranate seeds. Serve remaining toast separately. Serves 12.

HAZEL SHANK'S CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 5 cups sugar
- 4 cups flour
- 3 sticks unsalted butter
- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 8 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa
- 1 cup strong coffee
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- 4 large eggs, lightly beaten
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¹/₂ cup dark rum
- 4 ounces unsweetened chocolate, coarsely chopped
- 4 ounces semisweet chocolate, coarsely chopped
- 4 teaspoons honey

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Butter 4 10-inch cake pans. Cover bottoms with parchment paper, butter the paper, and flour the pans. Over a large mixing bowl, sift 4 cups of the sugar with the flour. In a medium saucepan, combine 2 sticks butter, shortening, and cocoa. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coffee and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Stir into the flour mixture. Add

Technicolor Modern

(Continued from page 118) where it ends in the combination shower stall/steam room. Its trajectory leads from fire to water. All along its path the blue wall changes, interrupted by an entertainment cabinet, a fireplace, and a built-in entry table (the inspiration here is the great Italian collagist Carlo Scarpa, who layered one part of a building over another). In the older wing of the house, that same wall separates the living room from the kitchen. "The blue wall acts as a backdrop and storyboard for events like the fireplace and gives the house a theatricality," explains Israel, who was assisted in his office by project architect Steven Shortridge.

The colors, materials, and forms are most forcefully orchestrated in the master bedroom suite. Clad in panels of sheet metal, the bedroom bows out sculpturally and supports a terrace whose wood beams burst through the parapet. The study, covered in redstained cedar plywood, rides atop the bedroom—looking like the tree house Goldberg requested. A flaring metal chimney punctuates the composition like an exclamation point.

buttermilk and baking soda and stir until incorporated. Set aside for 10 minutes. Beat eggs with vanilla and salt. Fold into the batter and stir until smooth. Pour batter into pans. Bake until a cake tester inserted in center comes out clean, about 35-40 minutes. Transfer pans to a rack and let cool 20 minutes. To make rum syrup, in a small saucepan combine the remaining sugar with ²/₃ cup of water. Bring to a boil, then let cool to room temperature. Stir in rum. To make glaze, in a double boiler stir together the chocolate, butter, and honey over moderate heat until melted. Whisk in remaining coffee and remove from heat.

Remove the cake layers from pans and allow to cool completely. Trim off the top of each layer to make them flat. Brush each generously with rum syrup. Spread 3 tablespoons of glaze over 1 cake layer. Invert another layer, cut side down, on top. Repeat procedure with the remaining layers to make another cake. Place the cakes on plates and spread the remaining glaze over the tops and sides. Refrigerate 2 hours. Return to room temperature before serving. Makes 2 cakes. Serves 12.

Unlike their East Coast colleagues, architects in southern California have never really subscribed to postmodernism, and in reacting against its painted thinness often bring out the materiality of their own buildings. Israel especially makes a display of steel, concrete, stucco, and wood but warms them indoors by turning up the chromatic volume. "I was concerned that the angular design and the metal would come off as cold," remembers Goldberg. "But when Frank showed us the colors of the woods and stucco next to the metal, it softened the effect."

It is hard to imagine that this highvoltage house will ever seem routine or fade into invisibility. Like elements of a good movie set, forms are exaggerated and the natural colors heightened. For Bean the greatest surprise is that this revision of a fifties house is so friendly: "We may have looked initially at old Spanish-style houses, but this is just as well detailed and full of rare moments. I can't even decide where I want to read. At least six places are special, because they offer a nook or a cozy feeling or the light hits the room in a special way or there's a patch of garden right outside. I didn't know that could be done in a contemporary design." 🛦

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Canyon Ranch

(Continued from page 64) or shades speaks of early risers. In Steel's sitting room a few steps away, a bulletin board is pinned with clippings, photos, notes for current projects—ephemera that Smith says are as much a part of the decoration as the jaunty 1890s American flag in the hall or the rustic sisal rugs paired with the exquisitely worn Aubussons.

The result is a house that seems fresh and familiar all at once, and it is tempting to trace the familiarity to classic films that might have shaped Steel's or Roven's vision of domestic life. He jokingly cites The Philadelphia Story and Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House; she takes a different tack. "When I was a child, it was books, not movies, that had the greatest impact on me. And when I moved here from New York, books were the only thing I took along." She will soon be able to add a volume of her own to the shelf, a memoir titled They Can Kill You but They Can't Eat You...and Other Lessons from the Front, due from Simon & Schuster later this year. Reflecting on her rise in a town where it's tough for women to make it to the top, Steel acknowledges that naiveté worked in her favor when she was starting out. "I didn't know there was a glass ceiling you could hit. When I was working on Footloose, Dan Melnick nicknamed me the Tank, because whenever a problem came up, I'd just keep going." These days Steel is wiser about the ways of Hollywood. She and Roven have both learned that the best solution to a problem at the studio sometimes comes to mind at home in the canyon. Besides, they never know when Rebecca might need advice on whether to plant sunflowers next to the carrots in her garden.

All-American

(Continued from page 90) bugs in resin." Running around the walls at cornice height is a line from Thomas Wolfe: "Remembering speechlessly we seek the great forgotten language, the lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, an unfound door." It was Kirkpatrick's idea to give this room a literal headnote, and he searched for an embracing, evocative phrase to contemplate with friends at table. His search ended with this fragment from *Look Homeward, Angel.* The words sum up the author's yearning for the past and suit the mood here, but Kirkpatrick might just as well have dipped into Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*. He has done something remarkably like returning home here, rescuing a well-made house from the present and making it resonate with an earlier, lovelier time.

Scavenger Style

(Continued from page 97) same glossy finish used on boat decks.

During his guided tour Murphy seems to end every other sentence, "Waste not, want not." He applies this maxim, for example, to tree trimmings; bundled together and wrapped with stainless-steel banding, birch logs have become a coffee table even Davy Crockett would love. And if the pale green dining table looks eerily familiar to the house's former owners, that's because it's made from their old front door, complete with locks and hinges. Water in a patio fountain splashes through three sawed-off crockery bowls; the corresponding halves are stored under BAM architect Fro Vakili's drafting table for future use. "I believe that you don't have to go to Paris or Italy to get the right materials," says Murphy. Then he worries about seeming parsimonious—"but raiding your own kitchen cupboard is making the supreme sacrifice, right?"

From the gleaming surgical scrub sinks in the powder room to the aluminum chairs in the dining room, it appears that Murphy's penchant for industrial items is intact. So is his fondness for garage sales; the house is filled with sofas that have been meticulously refinished or fitted with slipcovers. And his desire "to make things contextual and user-friendly" finds expression in the drinking fountain he built by the driveway for joggers and bikers making their way up the Santa Monica Canyon. "You know," says Murphy, "it's like one of those thousand points of light that George Bush was always talking about." \spadesuit

Wild Things

(Continued from page 110) Dorothea Walker has been a lifelong believer in the unparalleled natural splendor of northern California, in particular the beauty of the Sierra Nevadas and their unique wildflowers. "Although we first came here for the skiing," she admits, "Dick and I wanted a house that we could come to during the summer as well. Dick is a lover of flowers, and certainly the wildflowers were a great attraction. The mountain air makes everything look clearer and more intense, and wildflowers never seem more beautiful than they do here."

Varieties of wildflowers that thrive elsewhere on the Pacific coast have evolved hardy variants that are well adapted to the 7,000-foot altitude around the Walker house, including the majestic tower delphinium, *Delphinium glaucum*, which reaches heights of six feet; Parish's yampah, *Perideridia parishii*, a member of the carrot family; and mountain mule-ears, *Wyethia mollis*, the leaves of which take their name from a favored beast of burden of the Gold Rush pioneers. And there are always surprises: a trickle of water can create a microenvironment in which wildflowers will pop up quite apart from a completely different surrounding context. That diversity—and flair for the unexpected—is the perfect horticultural equivalent of the state and its people. ▲

The Bouverie preserve, now owned and operated by the Audubon Canyon Ranch, is open to the public for docent-led Guided Nature Walks, only by reservation. Bouverie Audubon Preserve, Box 1195, Glen Ellen, CA 95442; (707) 938-4554.

Where to find it

COVER

Rectory Wall **cotton on cushions,** to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700.

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Page 54 A Million Moms and Mine, book by Leah Komaiko and Kids, in hardcover at Liz Claiborne stores; to order send check or money order for \$11.95 (hardcover) or \$5.95 (paperback) plus \$1.05 shipping (NY/NJ residents add sales tax) to: Liz Claiborne's Women's Work, Box 726, Dept. E, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10101 (allow 4–6 weeks for delivery).

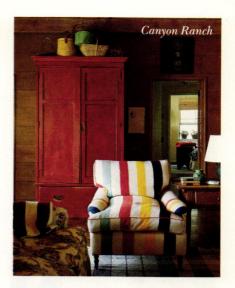
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Ireland Pays, Santa Monica (310) 396-5035 by appt. Wainscott (#11) handloomed reproduction rug, to order at Thomas K. Woodard, NYC (212) 988-2906. Tribute to John Fowler hand-blocked linen/cotton fabric on sofa, to the trade at Hazelton House, for showrooms (416) 925-4779. American tavern table, c. 1780, similar at Oveda Maurer, San Anselmo (415) 454-6439. 62-63 1920s plaster/straw bas relief, similar at Nonesuch Gallery, Santa Monica (310) 458-3773. Corone cotton on sofa, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Faded Floral linen/ cotton fabric on wicker chair, Faded Floral on Oyster linen/cotton fabric on armchair, at Bennison Fabrics (see above). 19th-century Chinese garden seat, similar at the Gallery, Palos Verdes Estates (310) 375-2212, Narrow Stripe cotton on large pillow, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. 19thcentury Aubusson, similar to the trade at Y & B Bolour (see above). 19th-century Indian marble table, similar to the trade at Minton-Spidell, Los Angeles (310) 657-0160, 64 Schoolhouse pendant lamps, c. 1915, at Urban Archaeology. NYC (212) 431-6969. Pressed-tin ceiling, by W. F. Norman Corp., to order from Classic Ceilings (800) 992-8700. Pennsylvania Bar (#1A6) handloomed reproduction rug, to order at Woodard (see above). Custom mahogany bulletin board, similar at Jefferies. Newport Beach (714) 642-4154. Mortefontaine chintz on sofa, Aurelie cotton on chair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). 19th-century French table, similar at Hideaway House Antiques, Los Angeles (310) 276-4319. Reading (#19) handloomed reproduction rug, to order at Woodard (see above). Painting, by Alfredo Ramos Martinez, c. 1932, similar at Louis Stern Galleries, Beverly Hills (310) 276-0147, 65 Floral Spray wallpaper, to the trade at Rose Cumming. for showrooms (212) 758-0844. Coverlets, reproduction step stool, antique painted table, similar at Auntie Barbara's Antiques, Beverly Hills (310) 285-0873. Le Brun cotton toile for shades. to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Rittenhouse Square (#130-BT) handloomed reproduction rug, to order at Woodard (see above). 66 Cherrywood sleigh bed, from Grange Furniture, for dealers (212) 685-9494. Gustavian-style painted table, to order at Karl XII Swedish Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 852-0303. Voysey rug, similar to the trade at Y & B Bolour (see above). 1" sq unglazed ceramic mosaics for Key Border, 1" hexagon unglazed ceramic mosaics for background, both from American Olean, for dealers: American Olean, 1000 Cannon Ave., Dept. HG, Lansdale, PA 19446. Custom center table, to order from Michael S. Smith (see above). French fruitwood chaise, c. 1825, similar at Durenberger & Friends, San Juan Capistrano (714) 493-1283. Trevor Stripe (#2666) cotton on chaise, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 565-1981. 67 Country Wood Venetian

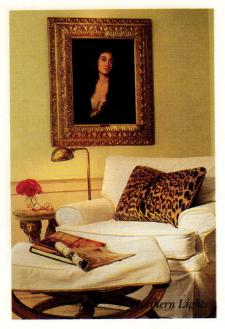


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POSTMASTER: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder, CO 80322. Range, for dealers (310) 637-3737. **121** Smeraldo cotton **coverlet**, cotton jacquard **pillow shams**, Botticelli cotton **pillow shams and sheets**, at Frette, Beverly Hills, NYC. Eames plywood **chairs**, from Palazzetti, for stores (212) 832-1199. **GARDENING IN SMALL SPACES**

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TIMELESS ROOMS

I go for muted colors, and few of them. —JOHN DICKINSON



DATE 1973 **PLACE** San Francisco **DECORATOR** John Dickinson

CONCEPT During the sixties and seventies Dickinson, like Michael Taylor, helped pioneer the cool white California look. Sculptural forms, metal, and menswear fabrics were among his trademarks. His influences included Jean-Michel Frank and Frances Elkins; he, in turn, influenced scores of younger designers, including Angelo Donghia.

SETTING The former dormitory of a Victorian firehouse that Dickinson renovated for his own use.

ELEMENTS Groups of comfortable love seats and chairs mix with overscale pieces, which provide drama *and* practicality: the art nouveau dining table is also a desk; storage cabinets are built into the plinths beneath the giant phrenology busts—salvaged store

props. Ten Victorian armchairs serve as dining chairs. **FLOOR PLAN** The dining table acts as an unobtrusive dividing line between the living area and the work/ music area. Because Dickinson liked to change furniture arrangements, he placed electrical outlets all around the floor.

COLORS The space's muted palette defers to the aged plaster walls, left their original "smoky topaz." Gray appears on everything from the industrial carpeting to the reversible pillows—charcoal suit-flannel on one side, camel hair on the other.

LIGHTING Dickinson's "Alice in Wonderland porcelain mushroom" table lamps are supplemented by standard architects' lamps, which the designer even employed as spotlights.

FINAL ANALYSIS "I like a clean look."