

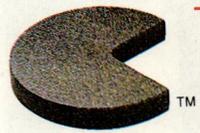
# Never has common sense been expressed with such elegance.

CORIAN® is the extraordinary material that brings new meaning to the idea of elegance for your home. For beneath its classic beauty and craftsmanship lie an incredible ruggedness and easy-to-maintain practicality, that marble, granite and other materials can't live up to.

Nor can other materials match the remarkable design freedom that lets you create custom, virtually seamless worktops with multiple CORIAN sinks. Choose from an endless array of color combinations. And put graceful curves and sweeps where they have never gone before.

And now, CORIAN comes with a one-of-a-kind, 10-year warranty that stands not only behind the material, but the fabrication and installation as well.

Do something very sensible. Visit an Authorized CORIAN Kitchen or Bath Dealer, a design professional who can show you how living with CORIAN can bring you a lifetime of elegant living. For the location of the Dealers near you, call 1-800-4CORIAN. Or write to DuPont CORIAN, Room G-51528, Wilmington, DE 19801.



This brand mark signifies that CORIAN is the original solid surfacing material invented by DuPont, and the only one with over 25 years of experience and customer satisfaction. CORIAN offers the ultimate combination of luxury and practicality for both commercial and residential applications.

CORIAN is a registered trademark of the DuPont Company.

## CORIAN® Living With The Best™

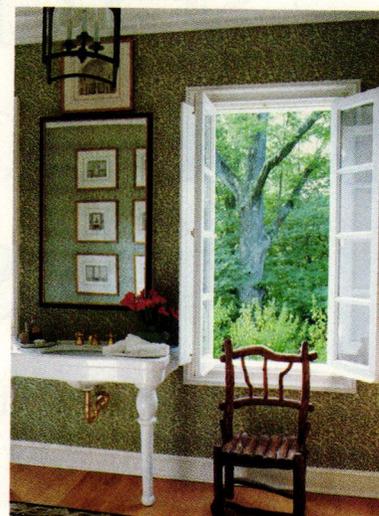
# HG

# JULY

**House & Garden**

July 1993 Volume 165, Number 7

**42** "The seductive setting of my library can be distracting."  
—John Richardson  
*A Writer's Folly*



## ON THE COVER

Willow-inspired wallpaper and a rustic chair echo the Virginia landscape outside Antony Childs's bathroom window. Photograph by William Waldron. Page 108.

## DECORATING

### **20 Profile:** **Madeleine Castaing**

With an eye for unconventional style, the doyenne of Parisian decorators transformed French taste. By Holly Brubach

### **50 True to Herself**

*Self* editor Alexandra Penney's shapely apartment designed by Larry Totah follows the contours of her life. By James Atlas

### **74 I Married a Decorator**

He fluffs the living room. He sets the table. He buys his own clothes. Marriage is different when your husband is the ultimate homemaker. By Stephen Drucker

### **78 Summer at Handy House**

A rotary phone is as fast as life gets at the Shelter Island bungalow of David and Mary Ann McMahon. By Eve M. Kahn

### **96 Design Analysis: Stripes**

Four decorators strike up the bands. By Margot Guralnick

### **108 Hunt Country Simplicity**

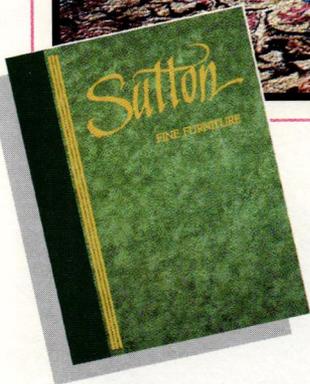
Washington decorator Antony Childs dresses down for his house in rural Virginia. By Amy Fine Collins

(Continued on page 6)



**18 Marcia Sherrill's cozy corner.**



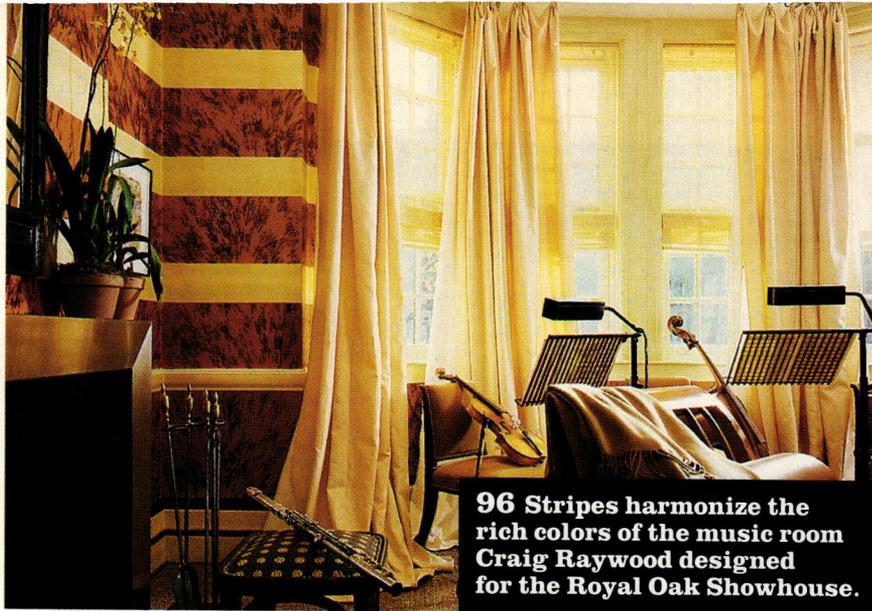


# Sutton

FINE FURNITURE

Sutton Fine Furniture is authorized to reproduce rare furniture from The Smithsonian Institution and The National Trust™ of England, Wales and Northern Ireland. For a 144-page color catalog of English and American reproductions, send \$20 to Sutton, P. O. Box 608, Hickory, North Carolina 28603. For the resource nearest you, please telephone 1-800-852-5552.

A DIVISION OF CENTURY FURNITURE INDUSTRIES. Showrooms in Chicago; New York City; Houston; San Francisco; Los Angeles; Laguna Niguel, CA; High Point, NC. Available through interior designers.



**96 Stripes harmonize the rich colors of the music room Craig Raywood designed for the Royal Oak Showhouse.**

**66 The Well-Composed Cottage**

Drawing on his Middle Eastern heritage and his American education, artist Nabil Nahas puts together a country house. By Gini Alhadeff

**STYLE**

**18 Living with Style**

Down on the Park Avenue plantation with high-energy designer Marcia Sherrill. By Wendy Goodman

**TRAVEL**

**33 Mickey and Minnie at Home**

For the young and the star-struck, Disneyland's Toontown offers visits with the stars. By Margy Rochlin

**FOOD & ENTERTAINMENT**

**26 Summer Stock**

Now at their bountiful peak, vegetables tempt imaginative cooks out of the kitchen. By Leslie Land

**35 The Americanizing of White House Menus**

Food at the presidential table takes on a native accent. By Martin Filler

**IN EVERY ISSUE**

**Contributors Notes 10**

**Notes** by Eric Berthold **13**

**News** by Denise Martin **25**

**Letter from the Editor 41**

**Resources 117**

**HG**

(Continued from page 4)

**120 Timeless Rooms**

In a Westchester County house, Robert Denning created a look of comfortable elegance

**DESIGN & ARCHITECTURE**

**29 Skillful Folk**

Jan Blyler Hoffman carries on a Pennsylvania German crafts tradition. By Margot Guralnick

**42 A Writer's Folly**

John Richardson tells how he made his library a world unto itself

**84 Natural Talent**

Armand Albert Rateau carved his own realm outside the boundaries of art deco. By Christopher Petkanas

**90 Texas Oasis**

Architect Ted Flato and antiques dealer Jack McGregor compose a lush setting for gardens and family heirlooms. By David Dillon

**100 Dwelling Out of Time**

Fabrizio Ferri photographs the house he restored in the ancient landscape of Pantelleria. By Wendy Goodman

**114 Samples: Recycling in Style**

With these inventive designs, you can sort trash without turning the house into a dump. By Elaine Hunt

**GARDENING**

**38 Open and Shut Cases**

Time-honored frames for garden views, gates also open doors for fresh design. By Melanie Fleischmann

**58 Far East Down East**

Taken by the similarities between their coastal property and classic Asian landscapes, an American couple created their own scholar's retreat in Maine. By Paula Deitz

**ART & ANTIQUES**

**30 Fluid Thought**

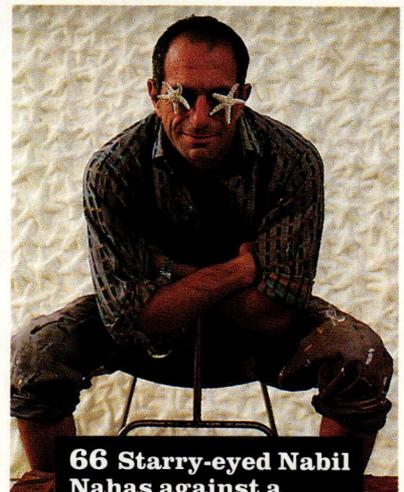
From a Seattle boathouse, Dale Chihuly floats new ideas in glass. By Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel

**24 Selects: Top-Drawer Ticking**

This sturdy vintage fabric is now being put back to use, both in and out of the bedroom. By Margot Guralnick

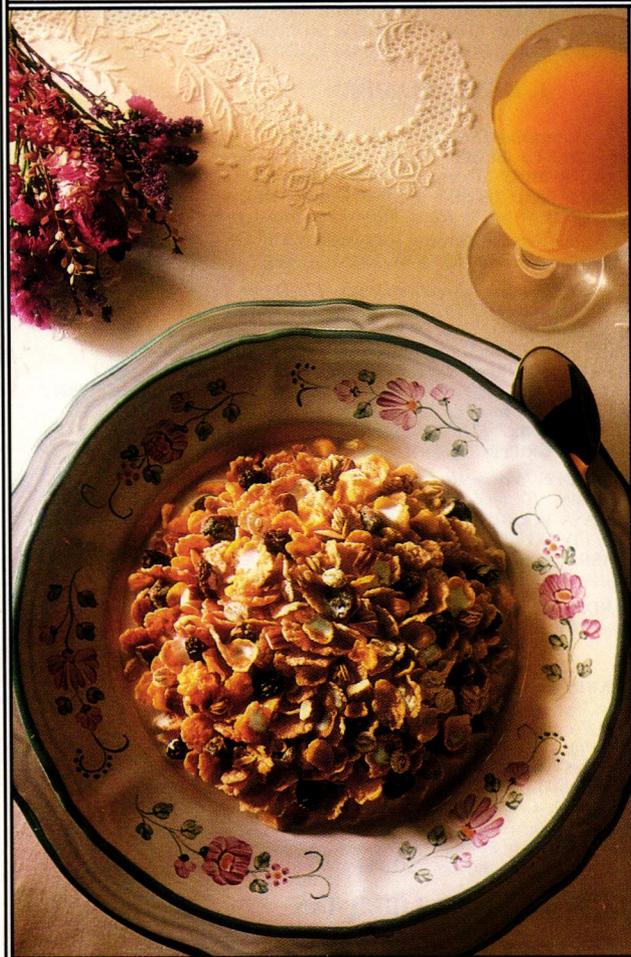


**78 David and Mary Ann McMahon's Shelter Island porch offers wide-open views of the beach.**



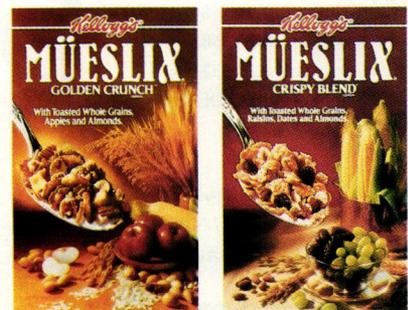
**66 Starry-eyed Nabil Nahas against a backdrop of one his starfish paintings.**

Kellogg's  
Mueslix,  
*unnusally*  
delicious.



Savor luscious fruits, crunchy nuts and crisp whole grains, blended in the European tradition. Kellogg's® Mueslix® cereal. Sweet and chewy, remarkably crunchy in milk. A taste so rich, so satisfying, Europeans have loved it for centuries. Now it's your turn. Bon appétit, indeed.

**Kellogg's® Mueslix®.**  
**The European Secret For Great Taste.**





# HG DIRECTORY

A monthly guide to the toll-free numbers of prestigious advertisers in the building and remodeling, furniture, home furnishings, and tabletop markets. Call for further information about products and services, to order brochures, or for information on store locations.

## BUILDING AND REMODELING

- Amana 800-843-0304
- Andersen Corporation 800-426-4261
- ASKO, Inc. 800-367-2444
- DuPont Corian 800-4-CORIAN
- Eljer Industries 800-435-5372
- Franke, Inc. 800-626-5771
- FiveStar 800-631-8601
- G.E. Appliances 800-626-2000
- Jacuzzi Whirlpool Bath 800-833-9525
- Jenn-Air 800-JENN-AIR
- Kohler Company 800-4-KOHLER
- Marvin Windows 800-346-5128

## FURNITURE

- Century Furniture Company 800-852-5552
- Drexel Heritage 800-447-4700
- Dapha, Ltd. 800-284-4063
- Edgar B Furniture 800-255-6589
- Hekman 800-253-9249
- Henredon 800-444-3682
- Karges Furniture 800-252-7437
- Kreiss Collection 800-229-8890
- La Barge 800-253-3870
- Manhattan Cabinetry 800-MANHATTAN
- The Platt Collection 800-283-3330

## HOME FURNISHINGS

- Armstrong World Industries, Inc. 800-233-3823
- Arte de Mexico 800-622-2134
- The Bombay Company 800-829-7789
- Casablanca Fan Company 800-759-3267
- Duette by Hunter Douglas 800-32-STYLE
- Donghia Furniture/Textiles 800-DONGHIA
- Karastan Bigelow 800-234-1120
- Kravet 800-648-KRAV
- L.L. Bean Home & Camp 800-221-4221
- Missoni Carpet & Rug Collection 800-MISSONI
- Roche-Bobois 800-972-8375
- Vanguard Studios 800-532-9665
- Waverly 800-423-5881 DEPT 99

## TABLETOP

- Lenox China & Crystal 800-635-3669
- Waterford Crystal 800-677-7860
- Wedgwood USA, Inc. 800-955-1550



## NANCY NOVOGROD

Editor in Chief

Features Director STEPHEN DRUCKER Managing Editor DANA COWIN  
 Design Director DANIA MARTINEZ DAVEY Creative Director WENDY GOODMAN  
 Decorating Director CAROLYN SOLLIS Arts Editor DOUGLAS BRENNER  
 Director of Photography SUSAN GOLDBERGER

## DECORATING

Senior Editor JACQUELINE GONNET  
 Editors MARGOT GURALNICK (Features), ERIC A. BERTHOLD, ANNE FOXLEY  
 Associate Editor AMY TARAN ASTLEY Assistant Editor MICHELLE CONLIN  
 European Editor MARIE DABADIE Editorial Assistant TRICIA PARKER

## FEATURES

Senior Editor DENISE MARTIN  
 Editors PILAR VILADAS (Architecture), HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC (Design and Living)  
 Associate Editor ELAINE HUNT  
 Assistant Editors MARIANNA POUTASSE (Travel and Arts), AMY KATZENBERG  
 Editorial Assistant JORDANA RUHLAND  
 Style Editor AMY FINE COLLINS

## GARDENING

Editor SENG MORTIMER

## ART

Art Director GEORGE MOSCAHLADES  
 Design Coordinator CAROLINE BRETTER Junior Designer ANGELICA ESCOTO  
 Picture Assistant PATTI WILSON Assistant to the Design Director DEIRDRE DOLAN

Chief Copy Editor REGINALD GAY Assistant Copy Editor ARIS GEORGIADIS  
 Research Editor SARAH FLETCHER Associate Research Editor SHIRLEY TOWASSER  
 Editorial Production Manager KAY SUSMANN

Deputy Production Manager LEE RUELLE Production Assistant LORI GRUBER  
 Executive Assistant to the Editor in Chief LYNNETTE R. DODDS  
 Assistant to the Editor in Chief KIMBERLY ROBINSON

Editors at Large ROSAMOND BERNIER, JOHN RICHARDSON  
 Consulting Editors ELEANORE PHILLIPS COLT, MARTIN FILLER  
 BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE, NANCY RICHARDSON

Contributing Editors MARELLA AGNELLI, JUDY BRITTAIN, BETHANY EWALD BULTMAN  
 STEPHEN CALLOWAY, MARIE-PIERRE COLLE, OSCAR DE LA RENTA, MAC GRISWOLD  
 PETER HALDEMAN, KATHRYN IRELAND, CHRIS KING, KELLY KLEIN, RHODA KOENIG  
 LESLIE LAND, CHARLES MACLEAN, CELIA MCGEE, TODD OLDHAM, DENISE OTIS  
 MARY JANE RYBURN, JOHN RYMAN, JOEL SILVER, BABS SIMPSON, ANDREW SOLOMON  
 CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES, TARANEH TAHBAZ, DOROTHEA WALKER  
 DEBORAH WEBSTER, EDMUND WHITE, SHARON WICK  
 Editorial Business Manager WILLIAM P. RAYNER

## J. KEVIN MADDEN

Publisher

Advertising Director SUSAN RERAT

Design Resource Director ALBERT J. BLOIS Travell/Automotive Manager MARK DRUCKER  
 Beauty Director CAROLYN KREMINIS Consumer Products Manager CARLOS LAMADRID  
 Art/Antiques Manager KAREN NIEDZIELSKI Fashion Director DEE DE VRIES SALOMON  
 Tabletop Manager KELSEY P. VANNINI Home Furnishings Manager KEVIN T. WALSH

Creative Services Director RICHARD LOUIE  
 Promotion Director JOAN M. MONTGOMERY

New England RICHARD BALZARINI Hingham Executive Center, 175 Derby Street, Hingham, MA 02043  
 South DENNIS W. DOUGHERTY, manager 115 Perimeter Center Place, Suite 1035, Atlanta, GA 30346

MICHAEL LITTLE 115 Perimeter Center Place, Suite 1035, Atlanta, GA 30346  
 Midwest PAMELA DOLBY 875 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 3550, Chicago, IL 60611  
 Detroit LARRY WALLACE 3250 West Big Beaver Road, Suite 233, Troy, MI 48084

Los Angeles CONSTANCE CUSICK MACEDO 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212  
 San Francisco LYNN VEAR 50 Francisco Street, Suite 115, San Francisco, CA 94133  
 Hawaii JAMES PIVARNIK 1226 A'Alapapa Drive, Kailua, HI 96734  
 Italy MARVA GRIFFIN viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

British HOUSE & GARDEN Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1R 0AD  
 French MAISON & JARDIN 10, boulevard du Montparnasse, 75724 Paris Cedex 15  
 Italian CASA VOGUE piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan

Australian VOGUE LIVING 170 Pacific Highway, Greenwich, N.S.W. 2065  
 Brazilian CASA VOGUE BRASIL Avenida Brasil 1456, C.E.P. 01430-Jardim America, São Paulo  
 Spanish CASA VOGUE Serrano 3, 28001 Madrid

HOUSE & GARDEN is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.  
 Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017

Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE JR.  
 President BERNARD H. LESER

Executive Vice Presidents JOHN B. BRUNELLE, JOSEPH L. FUCHS, PAMELA M. VAN ZANDT  
 Executive Vice President-Treasurer ERIC C. ANDERSON

Vice President-Circulation PETER A. ARMOUR

Vice Presidents-Manufacturing and Distribution IRVING HERSCHBEIN, KEVIN G. HICKEY

Vice President-Corporate Advertising Services NEIL J. JACOBS

Vice President-Corporate Research ECKART L. GÜTHE

Vice President-Creative Marketing ROCHELLE UDELL

Director of Advertising Production PHILIP V. LENTINI

Chairman Emeritus of Foreign Operations DANIEL SALEM

Editorial Adviser LEO LERMAN

## ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Editorial Director

PRIVILEGED CLASSICS



Rela Gleason - Designer

FURNITURE

FABRIC

WALLPAPER

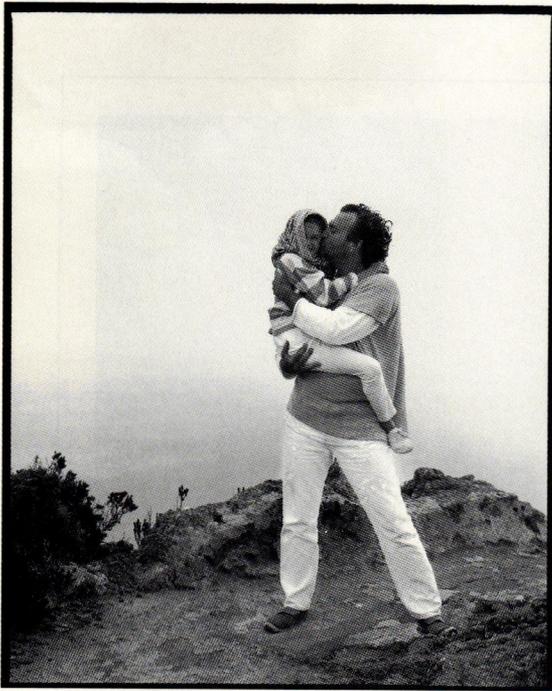
SUMMER  HILL LTD

(415) 868-2600

2682h Middlefield Road • Redwood City, CA 94063

*San Francisco Los Angeles Boston New York Chicago Washington, D.C. Atlanta Dallas Houston Dania  
Denver San Diego Troy Philadelphia Seattle High Point Minneapolis Portland Tokyo*

# contributors notes



OBERTO GILI

**Fabrizio Ferri** is an Italian photographer who has traveled the world doing location work for Gucci, Calvin Klein, and numerous fashion magazines. For HG he turns his camera on his own retreat on the Mediterranean island of Pantelleria, with its restored stone compound and breathtaking vistas. "Shooting my own house was as touching and embarrassing as photographing a close friend," he says. "I notice, though, that the house did not blush."



KENNETH CHEN

**James Atlas** addresses himself to the Manhattan apartment of Alexandra Penney, editor of *Self* magazine and a hostess whose salon Atlas describes as "very special, with an intent to both instruct and delight." Atlas, a consulting editor of *The New York Times Magazine* and the author of the 1986 novel *The Great Pretender* and a biography of Delmore Schwartz, is at work on a biography of Saul Bellow.



JOYCE RAVID

**Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel** visits master glass artist Dale Chihuly in his studio on Seattle's Lake Union. The first director of New York City's Department of Cultural Affairs, Diamonstein-Spielvogel now chairs the city's Landmarks Preservation Foundation. She has produced six series on art and architecture for the Arts & Entertainment Network and written sixteen books, including *The Landmarks of New York II*, due from Abrams in October.



JEAN PAGLIUSO

**The HG staff** Back row, from left: Douglas Brenner, Lee Ruelle, Aris Georgiadis, Deirdre Dolan, George Moscahlades, Wendy Goodman, Stephen Drucker, Eric Berthold, Marianna Poutasse, Sarah Fletcher. Second row: Kimberly Robinson, Lynette Dodds, Kay Susmann, Patti Wilson, Caroline Bretter, Elaine Hunt, Dana Cowin, editor in chief Nancy Novogrod, Reginald Gay, Lori Gruber, Denise Martin, Senga Mortimer, Amy Katzenberg. Third row, seated: Michelle Conlin, Margot Guralnick, Dania Martinez Davey, Carolyn Sollis, Susan Goldberger, Shirley Towasser, Jacqueline Gonnet. Front row: Angelica Escoto, Amy Taran Astley, Anne Foxley.



"AMBASSADOR OF THE STREETS"

BRONZE, LIFE-SIZE

## J. SEWARD JOHNSON, JR.

A MAJOR EXHIBITION OF SEWARD JOHNSON'S LIFE-SIZED SCULPTURES WILL BE ON PUBLIC VIEW DURING THE VENICE BIENNALE, AND FOR THE MONTHS JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST. THE SITE OF THIS EXHIBIT WILL BE THE PALAZZO QUERINI STAMPALIA.

GENEROUS SPONSORSHIP FOR THIS EXHIBIT HAS BEEN PROVIDED BY MANFREDI, AGROFINA, AND THE LORD BYRON HOTEL.

## SCULPTURE PLACEMENT, LTD.

P.O. BOX 9709, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20016

TELE 202.362.9310 FAX 202.9444416

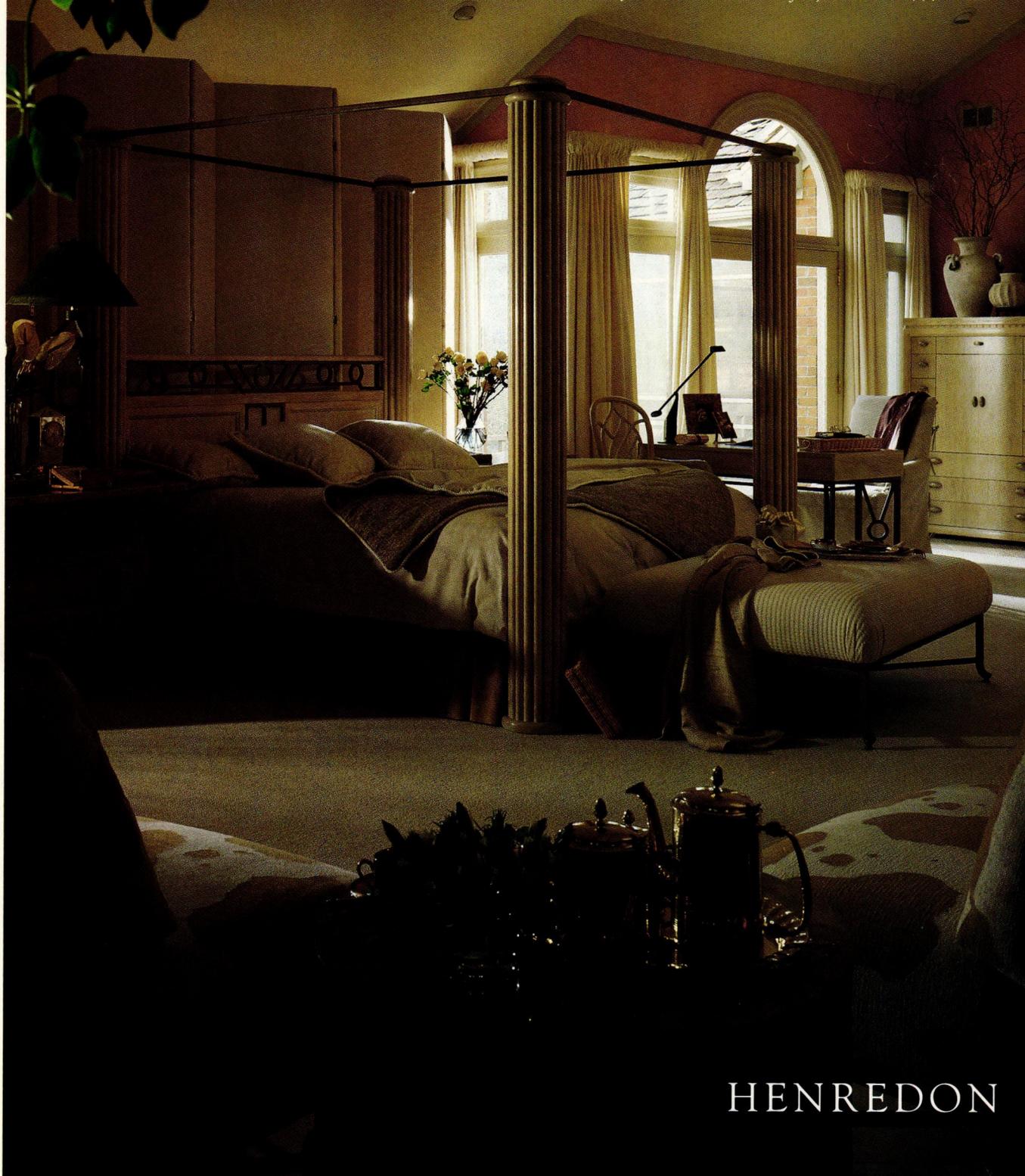
# ENCHANTMENT: A STIRRING NEW VISION FROM HENREDON.

*Turquoise skies . . . air so fresh it fairly intoxicates. An atmosphere . . . a history of life in the old Southwest.*

*Captured now by Henredon in Enchantment, an exciting new contemporary collection; extraordinary furniture for every room. Touched with leather, metal, faux granite; a*

*look, a style that draws upon natural forms and the consummate craftsmanship you'd expect from Henredon.*

*Share our vision. For the catalog, send \$7.00 to Henredon, Dept. G73, Morganton, NC 28655. To order by MasterCard or Visa, or for the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-444-3682.*



HENREDON

# NOTES

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



**“It’s the first ergonomic garden seat,”** says John Danzer of the armchair in the doorway of his upstate New York barn. “I worked with a chiropractor, and I named it after the Taconic Parkway, which I drive every weekend, because it’s so curvy.” This year Danzer’s Taconic chair and other garden furniture he designed for Munder-Skiles—plus antiques, reproductions, and all manner of pots, planters, and ornaments—will spend the summer in the country at his new shop. (Surprise Pond Farm Garden Shop, Box 123, Pitt Rd., Old Chatham, NY 12136; 518-794-8123. Weekends only or by appt.)

ERIC FEINBLATT

**A caterpillar in its cocoon.  
A chick in its shell.  
We figured Mother Nature was trying  
to tell us something.**



*The Infiniti J30.*



*Nature has a way of finding the simplest, most elegant solutions to things. Designs so pure in their purpose, they're beautiful. That was our goal with the Infiniti® J30.®*

*This in mind, our designer's first pen stroke was an egg shape. To create an environment that seemed personal, safe and intimate. The next stroke was an arc, to indicate perfect balance with a sense of fast, quiet motion.*

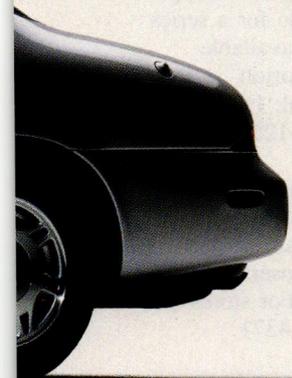
*This pure concept drove all that followed. New methods of construction allowed fluid, organic form. To enhance interior warmth, we chose special leathers and North American walnut. And since nature shows us that feeling comfortable means feeling safe, we included dual air bags, seat belt pre-tensioners and ABS.*

*The result was something all too rare today. An automobile that is both beautiful and functional. Visit your Infiniti showroom for a Guest Drive.® If you find the J30 seems perfectly designed for what it is supposed to do, well, it's only natural.*

*It's everything that's possible.™*



**INFINITI®**



# NOTES

1

Secret Garden wallpaper and border in the Charades Collection. Also available as a cotton print. To the trade; for showrooms (203) 359-1500.

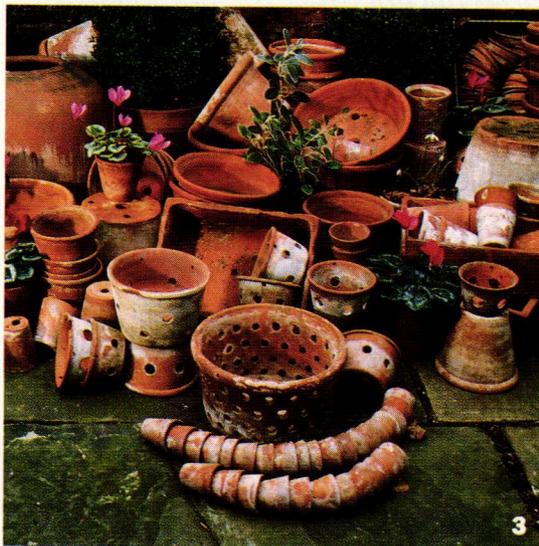
includes the Sultane bookcase, Selma coffee table, and Pacha sofa. For information (212) 535-3161.

1 When Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote *The Secret Garden*, she must have imagined topiaries as fanciful as those on Osborne & Little's new



4

4 Fiona MacKechnie seems to have taken inspiration from 16th-century artist Giuseppe Arcimboldo for a series of plates, available through Norton Blumenthal. For stores (718) 361-1234.



3

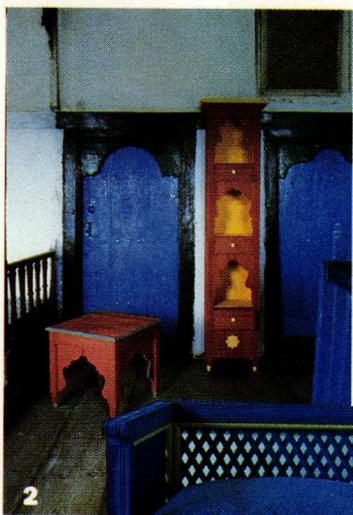
2 Inspired by the fast-disappearing culture of Greece's mountainous north, with its stone houses and vivid interiors, the Ilios Orient collection

3 Queen Victoria's plantsmen acquired this stash of pots, bulb pans, and seed trays for Windsor Castle. Now available at Hortus, 284 East Orange Grove Blvd., Pasadena (818) 792-8255.



5

5 Pier 1 Imports' steel Peacock chair, with epoxy finish, recalls antique conservatory furniture. For stores (800) 447-4371.



2



## ON THE CALENDAR

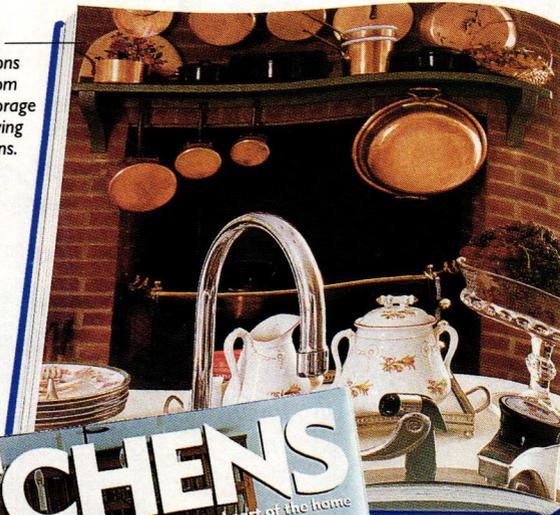
THE RUSHMORE FESTIVAL, JUNE 3—JULY 4, WOODBURY, NEW YORK. FOR INFORMATION (212) 794-4894.

THE PRESERVATION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK STATE'S TOUR OF EASTERN DUTCHESS COUNTY HOUSES, JUNE 25—27. FOR INFORMATION AND TICKETS (518) 462-5658.

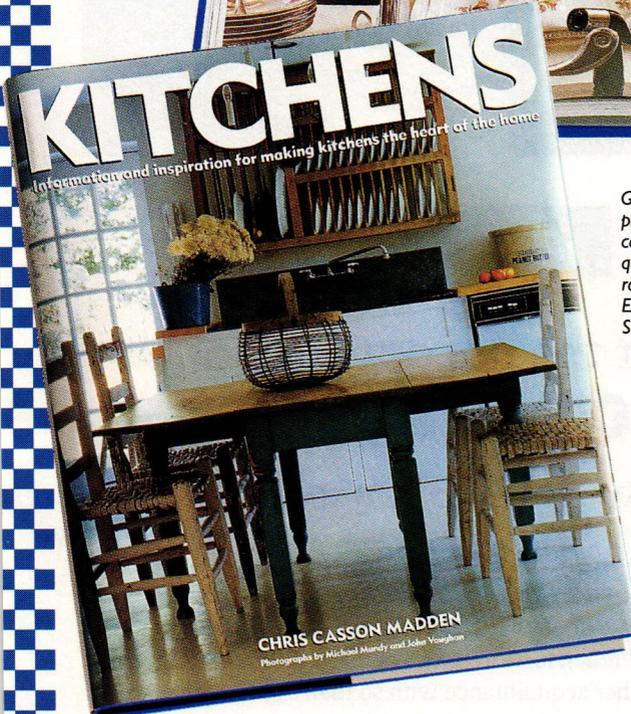
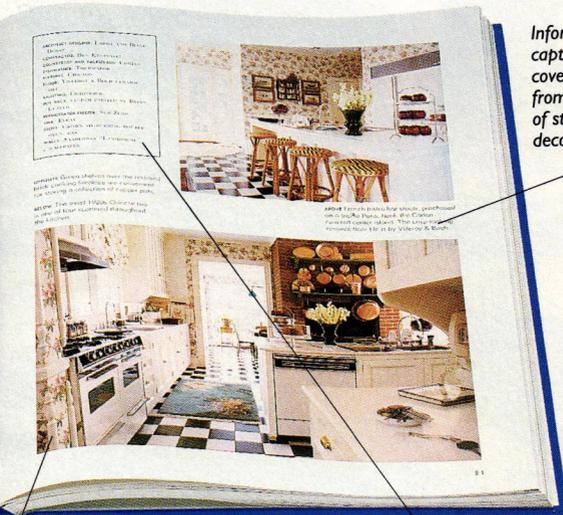
# "Do what works for you.."

Designer-author Chris Casson Madden's first rule for designing the kitchen of your dreams.

Close-up details show you solutions for problems from adding extra storage space to displaying special collections.



Informative captions and text cover everything from basic elements of style to ideas for decorator touches.



Glorious color photographs capture the special qualities of styles ranging from New England Classic to Southwestern Rustic.

A checklist identifies major elements in every kitchen. Where to find them? Look in the Directory of Resources in the back of the book.

**D**oes your kitchen reflect your own individual tastes, needs, interests, home life? Chris Casson Madden takes you through 38 kitchens that epitomize today's new emphasis on personal style – from restaurant consultant George Lang's professional-quality extravaganza to dress designer Jessica McClintock's linens-and-lace evocation of Old World Charm. Through hundreds of photographs and tell-all text, you will discover how many and varied the possibilities are...what's special about each one of them...and how you can make them work for you. An additional 43-page section gives you first-hand advice from professionals, along with a unique visual directory of what's available.

A complete renovation? A few simple decorator touch-ups? Or you just love to look? "Do what works for you!" says Chris Casson Madden. Order your first-edition copy today and save 20% off the cover price of \$45.

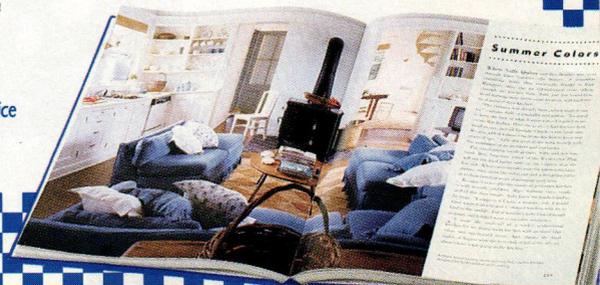
**For credit-card orders call toll free 800-678-5681**

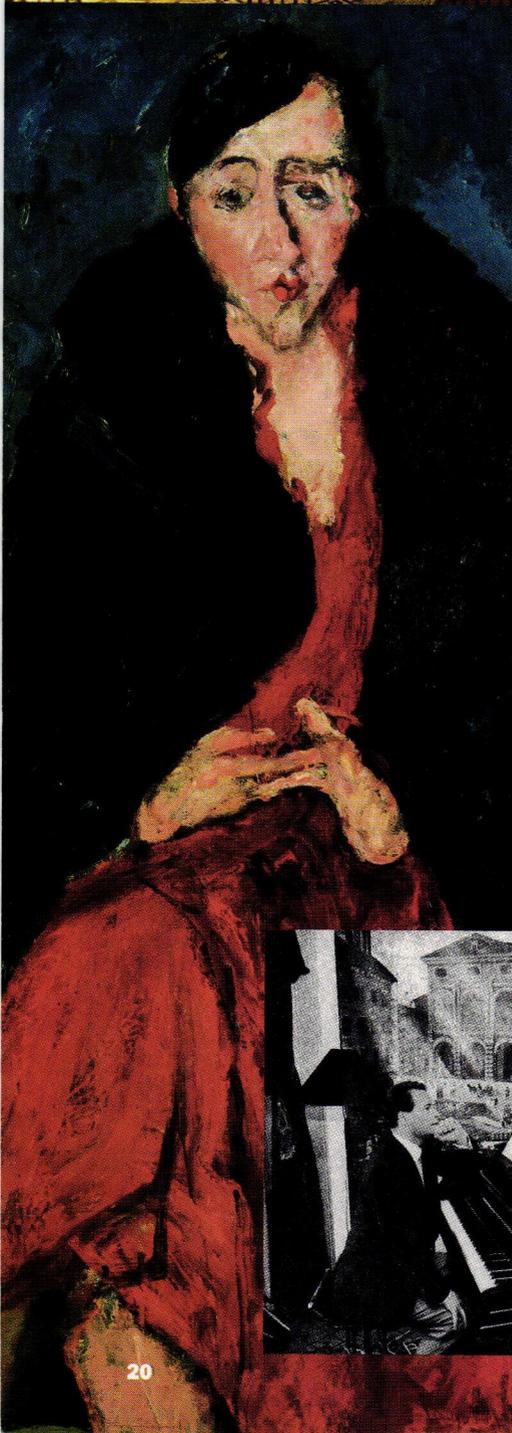
or send check or money order for \$36\* plus \$3 for shipping & handling to:  
The Condé Nast Collection  
Dept. 875096, Box 10214  
Des Moines, IA 50336

**20% off** cover price

\*Please add sales tax in CA, IA, NJ, NY.  
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

- A start-to-finish guide to planning your own perfect kitchen
- Complete directory of suppliers and manufacturers
- Chapters organized by style, from "Spare" to "Old-World"
- Full floor plans
- 288 pages, 8¾" x 10¾" with over 300 full-color photographs
- 38 perfectly planned kitchens, from Craig Claiborne's to Sally Quinn's





**Madeleine Castaing in a 1928 portrait by Soutine, left. Her Paris shop, above, displays a mix of 19th-century styles. Below: With composer Baron Raffaello de Banfield in the apartment she decorated for him in the sixties.**



## PROFILE

# With an eye for the unconventional, **Madeleine Castaing** transformed French taste. BY HOLLY BRUBACH

TOURISTS WHO HAD HEARD ABOUT MADELEINE CASTAING—about her eccentric vision that revolutionized the French taste in interiors, about her remarkable life and her acquaintance with so many of the great artists of our century—would make their way through the streets of Paris's sixth arrondissement and, arriving at the corner of the rue Jacob and the rue Bonaparte, pause in front of the black storefront to look for a sign or maybe a name over the door, some reassurance that this was indeed her boutique. There was none. Neighborhood passersby on their way home from the market in the rue de Buci would stop for a moment in front of the window and stare at the small, doll-like woman settled in her favorite chair, surrounded by beautiful, slightly odd pieces in the nineteenth-century styles she championed: a black-lacquer étagère, a plush chair fringed in tassels, a gilded bamboo end table. Mostly, however, the people who came for a look at the woman who had passed into legend long before her death last December at the age of ninety-seven

FROM TOP: ALEXANDRE BAILLACHE; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK; BEQUEST OF MISS ADELAÏDE MILTON DE GROOT (1876-1987); NC

would wind up feeling somewhat abashed, peering into a warren of rooms that seemed not so much like a shop as like a home, complete with a porch of sorts—a windowless passage at the back, up a half flight of stairs, which had been transformed with airy furniture set against a backdrop of antique trompe l'oeil wallpaper patterned to look like Venetian blinds. In fact, Madame Castaing lived on the floor above, in rooms more private but otherwise not appreciably different from these cozy displays. Madame Castaing was so attached to many of the pieces she had assembled over the years that she—rather famously—refused to sell them, despite the pleading of her clients. She dwelled among those things and among her memories—a vast assortment of highly prized anecdotes and recollections, with which she was also loath to part.

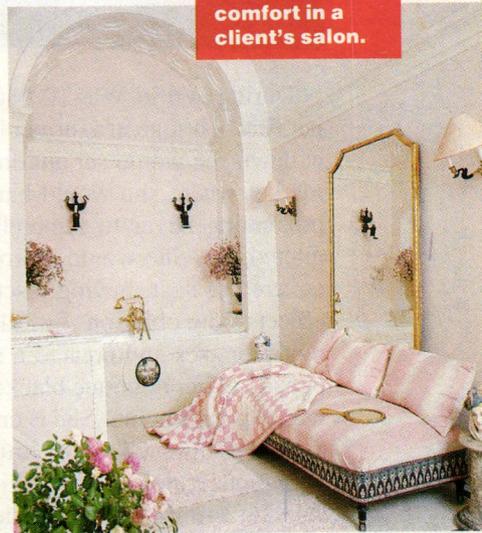
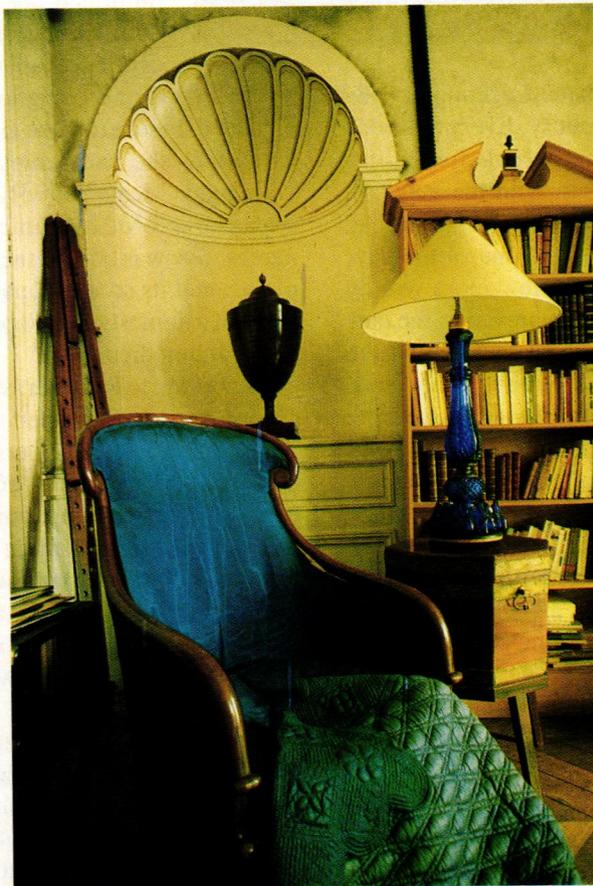
She spoke in the manner of someone very tired, in a low voice, in short sentences which, because they were so terse and because she tended to repeat them, often sounded like the incantations of a high priestess. But her face was animated and expressive—the face of a silent-movie star, with gigantic eyes which she accentuated with false eyelashes; the outline of her mouth was drawn in dark red. The writer Blaise Cendrars is said to have called her the Mary Pickford of France. She was, right up until the end, “très coquette” and rather vain. A friend tells the story of being in her shop one day.

In walked her son, who reminded her that it was his sixtieth birthday. “But he’s crazy!” she said. “I’m not even thirty years old.” She was proud that she had never had what the French call “le lifting”; her secret, which she readily admitted, was a wig held on by an elastic strap that tucked up the skin under her chin. Sometime in the seventies she began to dress in what came to be regarded as her uniform: stirrup pants, long jackets, and flat shoes, a uniform since adopted by the young girls of the Left Bank.

Madame Castaing’s life as she recounted it had unfolded like a fairy tale, one of those stories in which a magic wand is waved over the heroine’s head at birth

and, from then on, happy accidents befall her. First, there was the meeting with her husband, Marcellin, a critic of art and literature, who was, she says, the passion of her life. She was fifteen, in Toulouse, and saw on the street one day a handsome man, tall, blond, with blue eyes; later that afternoon, she saw him again, at a café; she stopped and stared; “Sit down,” he said; they talked of Colette; every day for the next week, he returned at the same time, to the same place. Their marriage lasted fifty-one years, until his death in 1966. And then there was their life together in Paris in the twenties: they went to the theater every

**An Empire chair and trompe l'oeil niche in Castaing's flat above the shop, below left. Below: Her neoclassical bathroom. Bottom right: Second Empire comfort in a client's salon.**



night, and for dinner to La Rotonde, a café in Montparnasse where they met Modigliani, Picasso, Satie, Cocteau, and, of course, the painter Chaïm Soutine, whom Madame Castaing loved and who came to live with her and her husband in their house in the country at Lèves. And finally, there was the house itself. As a girl, interned in a convent school in Chartres, she had discovered on one of the students’ Thursday walks in the countryside a crumbling stone wall and wondered what was behind it. Years later she and Marcellin returned and found behind the wall an abandoned house with a tree pushing through the roof; they bought the house, restored it, and lived there happily.



Castaing in her shop last year.

During World War II, Madame Castaing opened her first boutique in a former laundry. Every Saturday at dawn she would set out on her bicycle for the flea market where she would bargain with the vendors, pretending never to remember the prices they had quoted her. She would return at the end of the day, covered in dust, having rescued a few more worthy objects from oblivion. In 1947 she moved to the current premises and created a scandal by painting the outside of her boutique black; some people thought it was a funeral home. She is credited with opening the eyes of the French to the virtues of English style and with pioneering an appreciation for Biedermeier and Russian furniture. In interviews over the years she chronicled her dislikes: oriental rugs, clutter, cushions, flowers (she hated watching them die). The decorator Jacques Grange, who was a good friend, says that, for all her fondness for the nineteenth century, she was not an "antiquaire"—that her achievement consisted in interpreting the past rather than reconstituting it and that the effect was modern and fresh despite the fact that the elements were old.

Her "training," she claimed, came from the art she saw and the books she read. It was she who put Marcelin on to Proust, soon after *Du Côté de chez Swann* was first published. "Everything is there," she used to say. "Everything is said. Everything is said." It was Marcelin who told her, "You will see, as one grows older, it is toward poetry that one goes, and the French poets are there, at that moment, to embellish life." And of course, she later confirmed, he was right. Her "apprenticeship" as a decorator, she insisted, was at the hands of the artists and writers she had known, particularly Soutine, whom she called the greatest painter of the twentieth century. "After having seen a lot of paintings and talked with a lot of painters," she said, "I came to the conclusion that it was he who carried the torch." He was, she recalled fondly, an artist first and foremost, a shy man who hid

when company came, who would sometimes labor over a single painting for days at a stretch and then, finally finished, collapse exhausted. It was her self-appointed mission "to make him work." She would search for the old canvases he preferred in junk shops and flea markets, buying up bad eighteenth-century paintings which he would then paint over. His portrait of Madame Castaing hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

It was her passion for the literature of the nineteenth century, she believed, that informed her appreciation for its furniture, investing a Second Empire overstuffed chair or a Restoration console

with all sorts of associations from Balzac and Stendhal and Flaubert. But Grange believes that "like everyone, she had a rapport with the style of her childhood." Jean-Louis Riccardi, a decorator in Paris who worked for Madame Castaing for five years, agrees. She was born in the nineteenth century, he explains, and its style resonated with her vivid impressions of a domestic world presided over by her mother and grandmother.

According to Riccardi, she had managed to retain a child's sense of wonder, the innocent capacity to marvel at an object or a person. In her house at Lèves, he says, one saw her "côté joyeux," her urge to celebrate the small moments of life. But, he continues, there was something else there, too—another side that expressed itself in some deep nostalgia, in undertones of melancholy and longing—and the tension between these two aspects of her character charged the atmosphere with emotion and lent the house an air of mystery.

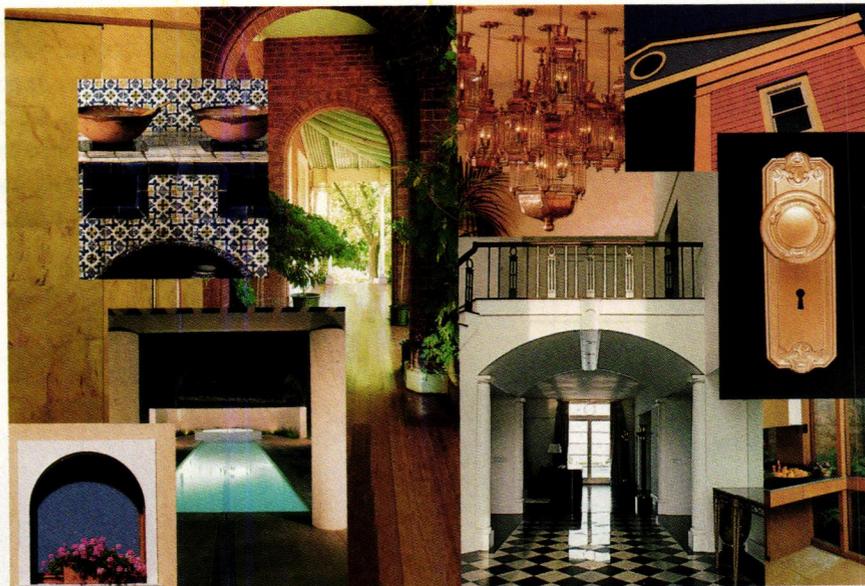
Lèves was as good an example as any of the colors Madame Castaing preferred, celadon, pale blue, yellow, and other shades taken from nature and evoking the outdoors; of the impression she consistently created of a refuge, a place that was somehow both cozy and airy; of the grace in her arrangements. Her style, Riccardi says, consisted of "one subtlety after another." At first glance, her rooms, however welcoming, were not particularly striking; they lacked the sort of flashiness that the French call "tape-à-l'oeil." A room by Madame Castaing would draw you in rather than impress you, and once inside, you would find your eye moving, in no particular hurry, from chair to table to lamp, pausing occasionally to take in each item's quiet idiosyncrasies. There was a lightness to the furniture she chose, a preference for line rather than mass, which, in Riccardi's view, called some feminine aspect into play. The sense of comfort, borrowed from the English, was, until Madame Castaing

came along, a concept foreign to the French, whose interiors were more formal, more serious, designed for people on their best behavior. Where so much French furniture seems intended for guests, for brilliant conversationalists who sit with perfect posture, her tastes ran to intimate settings for friends and family.

When she said that love is essential to the decoration of a house, which she did often, she said it matter-of-factly, without a trace of greeting-card sentimentality. She brought new dignity to the notion of being a homemaker, a word debased after years of service as a euphemism for housewife: the task she set for herself, both in her life and in her work, was to make a home for someone else. Riccardi describes her interiors as "settings for two," as rooms that seem to say, "My love is here" or "My love has just left" or "I'm waiting for my love to arrive." The most important thing in life, Madame Castaing said from the vantage point of old age, is "to have loved." To have loved rather than to have been loved? Well, yes, she conceded, to have been loved as well, but, she insisted, it is better to love. "Love is a school," she said. "Love is a cathedral." It was the love she had for her husband that "illuminated" her life. And money? "Whatever you want to do, you must have it," she said. "It's a shame, but that's the way things are." It was tempting, listening to Madame Castaing reflect on her life, to think of her as privileged or lucky or both. But in the end, privilege and luck accounted for only a small part of the contentment she knew. The paradise she inhabited was of her own making. In the midst of all the upheaval of our century, she cleared a quiet space and created a haven for herself and the people she loved. ▲

*Madeleine Castaing's shop remains open to the public at 21 rue Bonaparte, 75006 Paris; 43-54-91-71.*

# Details.



*Attention to them sets apart the finest homes.  
And the finest real estate agents.*

© 1993 The Prudential Real Estate Affiliates, Inc.\* The Prudential and  are registered service marks of The Prudential Insurance Company of America. Equal Housing Opportunity.  Each Company Independently Owned and Operated.

**The Prudential**   
Real Estate Affiliates®  
Rock solid in real estate.™



© 1993 F. Schumacher & Co.  
Callaway Stripe

# SCHUMACHER®

C L A S S I C D E S I G N

# SELECTS

## Top-Drawer Ticking

The granddaddy of all striped fabrics, ticking has been on the American scene since colonial days when beds were lumpy affairs piled with feather, hay, or cornhusk-stuffed mattresses called ticks, which gave these cottons (or, now rare, homespun linens) their name. Made in a spectrum of banded patterns, this vintage fabric, as soft and sturdy as denim, is now being put back to prominent use, both in and out of the bedroom.

BY MARGOT GURALNICK

### WHERE TO FIND IT

**The Cunninghams**  
Denver, PA  
(215) 267-2981  
by appt.

**East Meets West**  
658 North  
Larchmont Blvd.  
Hollywood,  
CA 90004  
(213) 461-1389

**Faircloth**  
228 Old Santa  
Fe Trail  
Santa Fe, NM 87501  
(505) 982-8700

**Michele Fox**  
New York, NY  
(212) 532-2694  
by appt.

**The Herrs**  
Lancaster, PA  
(717) 569-2268  
by appt.

**Marston House**  
Main St. at Middle  
Wiscasset,  
ME 04578  
(207) 882-6010

**Darien Reece-Sergeant**  
13 East Shore Rd.  
New Preston,  
CT 06777  
(203) 868-9966

**Paula Rubenstein**  
65 Prince St.  
New York,  
NY 10012  
(212) 966-8954

1. Bolster, c. 1920, \$225, from Faircloth.
2. French yardage, \$250, Marston House.
3. Two pillowcases, c. 1940, \$250, Michele Fox.
4. Linen sham, c. 1900, \$275, Michele Fox.
5. Pillow, \$125, Paula Rubenstein.
6. Maine ticking-covered album, c. 1880, \$110, Marston House.
7. Three German bolster covers, c. 1910, \$300, Cunninghams.
8. Pillow, \$145, Michele Fox.
9. Yardage, c. 1910, \$300, Michele Fox.
10. Pennsylvania linen yardage, c. 1850, \$290, Herts.
11. Ohio bolster, c. 1920, \$200, Michele Fox.
12. Bolster, \$185, Paula Rubenstein.
13. Yardage, \$225, Paula Rubenstein.
14. Pillow of 1920s yardage, \$165, Faircloth.
15. Bolster, \$195, Paula Rubenstein.
16. Yardage, \$450, Michele Fox.
17. Yardage, c. 1890, \$250, Marston House. Cupboard from Victoria Eckrich, NYC.

# NEWS

**HG REPORTS FROM THE HOME FRONT** By Denise Martin



## Great Ideas

Being all buttoned up does not mean being prim—not, at least, when it comes to furniture. In New York decorator Stephen Mallory's library for the 1992 Kips Bay Decorator Show House, neat rows of buttons mark the edges of a custom sofa upholstered in shocking-pink raw silk. "It was a direct steal from Coco Chanel," says Mallory. "The buttons suggest a slipcover that can be unbuttoned. We wanted it to look that casual and informal." The upholstery, with its self-covered buttons, was made by Outram, in Brooklyn, of fabric from the Ashley Studio in Manhattan.

## Saving Crafts—and Cultures

"Bedouins used to weave goat hair tents, but once they settled in Jordan the old skills were being lost," explains Dee Ann Brauer of Connecticut-based Aid to Artisans. "We helped them use the same techniques to make rugs, then we introduced them to importers." ATA designers and marketers have guided scores of products, from Hungarian appliqué pillows to piassava palm fiber brooms, into American markets. The brooms are a joint project with Conservation International, which aims to create incentives for rain forest preservation. All this is part of a quiet movement to support traditional crafts, which are disappearing as quickly as the rain forest itself. "Our job is to find markets for producers," explains Elizabeth Carney of Oxfam America, which offers a handsome catalogue of crafts. "The challenge is to keep as close to tradition as possible but also to be exciting to American buyers." (For information or catalogues: Aid to Artisans, 203-677-1649. CARE, 800-428-1257. Conservation International, 202-429-5660. Oxfam America, 800-639-2141. The Sándor Collection, 203-379-5356.)



Two Brazilian brooms, a project of Aid to Artisans and Conservation International; a Mexican ceramic duck from CARE; two Hungarian wool appliqué pillows from the Sándor Collection.

## Costs of Living

For tuning a piano that has been maintained regularly at pitch (a neglected piano will require more work):

- \$60** Detrich Pianos, New York City (212) 245-1234
- \$65** CD Shank Piano Service, Houston (713) 729-5653
- \$75** Academy Piano Service, San Francisco (415) 282-7640
- \$80** The Brown Company, Concord, Massachusetts (508) 369-0760

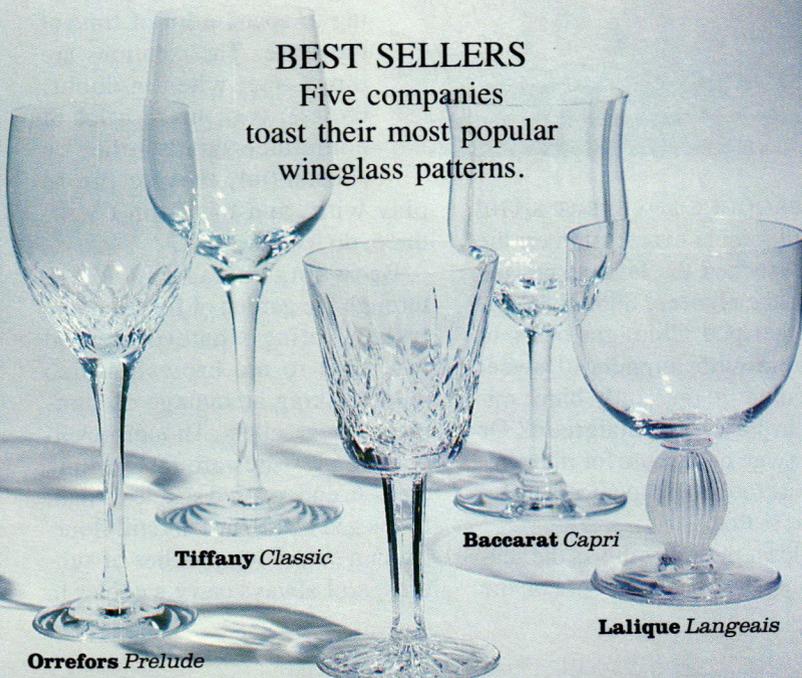


- \$80** Eder Piano Service, Santa Clarita, California (805) 297-1123
- \$80** Joyce E. Meekins, Greenbelt, Maryland (301) 345-3555

All technicians listed are members of the Piano Technicians Guild. For information or directory, contact Piano Technicians Guild, 3930 Washington, Kansas City, MO 64111; (816) 753-7747.

## BEST SELLERS

Five companies toast their most popular wineglass patterns.



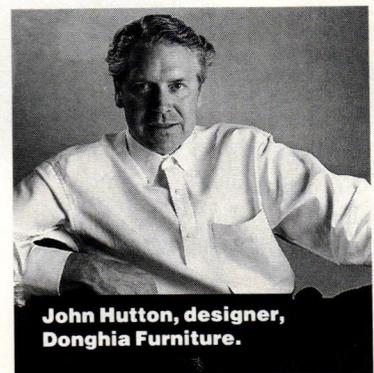
Tiffany Classic

Baccarat Capri

Lalique Langeais

Orrefors Prelude

Waterford Lismore



John Hutton, designer, Donghia Furniture.

“It’s very important that people be aware that furniture can be environmentally friendly. They should ask what the furniture is made of and what’s inside.”

Additional research by Marianna Poutasse

Now at their bountiful peak,  
**vegetables**  
 tempt imaginative cooks out of  
 the kitchen. BY LESLIE LAND

cob—not the saccharine Florida Staysweet but local favorites like Butter and Sugar or Country Gentleman. Tender crookneck squash stewed in just a dab of butter. A dish of raspberries.

On the other hand, since cooking is only as good as its basic ingredients, summer is also the best time to pull out the stops. Consider the increasingly chic potato. As demand rises, farmers markets and farm stands are offering an ever-widening spectrum: earthy Peruvian Purple, dense Yellow Finn, tender-skinned Red Bliss. Such potatoes are delicious plain, with nothing more than salt and maybe a splash of olive oil or cream. But think of all the delicious things available now which will be gone once winter comes. Why not combine the potatoes with buttery fresh Romano beans, red onions sweet enough to eat out of hand, radicchio that doesn't require taking out a bank loan? And why not include a glorious lot of summer basil, the real thing, basil that tastes of the sun?

Why not indeed? At our house the problem isn't choosing between plain and fancy, it's maximizing the vegetable thrills without having to spend a lot of time at the stove. The solutions are three: one, when in doubt, browse; two, make a lot of nonlettuce salads—they're substantial, they're fun to play with, and they don't wilt; three, do it on the grill.

Browsing is easiest. Walk through the garden or forage in the fridge, eating whatever's good raw. But to me browsing also means taking advantage of summer's direct sellers. Though development pressures are fast making them an endangered species, small farms and truck gardens still flourish in a surprising number of suburbs, so I always carry a cooler in



Almond sauce complements vegetables from the grill. Details see Resources.

### RECIPES

GRILLED PIZZA WITH  
 SUMMER SQUASH, CORN,  
 WILD MUSHROOMS, AND  
 GOAT CHEESE

CUCUMBER AND MELON  
 SALAD

GRILLED VEGETABLES WITH  
 ALMOND SAUCE

NEW POTATO SALAD WITH  
 ROMANO BEANS AND  
 RADICCHIO

FOR PRODUCE LOVERS IT'S THE same dilemma every summer: the better stocked the farm stand, the harder the choices. Should we get candy-striped Chioggia beets to combine with nuggets of sweet roasted garlic on faintly bitter mizuna in hazelnut vinaigrette? Or shall we go once more for ripe pink Oxheart tomatoes, to slice and eat simple as that?

At least in theory this is the season when less is more. Corn on the

the car, just in case. Pass a sign that says FRESH BLACKBERRIES on the way to a country auction? No problem. Notice a card table at curbside, covered with the overflow from somebody's garden? Please hand me a basket of yellow plums and some sweet wax-free cukes.

At home there's a melon I'll make into a salad with the cucumbers, yogurt, and mint, a cooling contrast to the dish of shredded carrots, chilies, and tomatoes that's already on hand. Meanwhile, out in my own garden the arugula is starting to bolt in the heat. Time for a salad of wilted bitter greens and chickpeas with oranges, olives, and lemon. Lots of different salads is my idea of menu heaven—all you need to round out the meal is bread. And, of course, any one is a nice change from cole-slaw at barbecue time.

Which brings us at last to the

grill, where almost anything can be cooked and many things besides meat can be cooked best. Eggplant and peppers, particularly, gain a depth of flavor unmatched by baking or frying or steaming. And pizza on the grill is a proper wonder—quite possibly the ultimate in summer vegetable delights.

## RECIPES

### CUCUMBER AND MELON SALAD WITH MINTED YOGURT DRESSING

- ¼ teaspoon cumin**
- Pinch of cinnamon**
- 1 teaspoon honey**
- 1 cup whole milk yogurt**
- 2 tablespoons minced mint leaves, plus sprigs for garnish**
- 1 pound unwaxed cucumbers**
- Half of a medium-size cantaloupe, about 1 pound**
- 5–6 scallions**

Put cumin and cinnamon in small bowl and add honey. Slowly stir in 2 tablespoons yogurt. When honey is dissolved, add remaining yogurt and minced mint, stirring only to mix—excessive stirring will thin yogurt. Set aside.

Slice cucumbers paper thin. Pare rind from melon and cut flesh crosswise in ⅛-inch slices. Cut scallions into thin coins, including about 1 inch of the green part.

Spread the dressing on a broad flat plate. Alternate cucumber and melon slices on top. Sprinkle with scallions, garnish with mint sprigs, and serve at once. Serves 6–8.

Slice mushrooms ¼ inch thick (remove tough stems of shiitakes). In a heavy skillet, heat ¼-inch layer of olive oil until almost smoking. Add mushrooms. Cook over medium-high heat, stirring often, until browned. Remove with slotted spoon and set aside. Take pan from heat, add remaining oil and garlic. Allow to cool.

Meanwhile, prepare a bed of hardwood coals. You need fierce heat for tender pizza, and most gas units don't provide it. Use a large grill so there's room to rake the coals into two distinct heat sources, one hot and one moderate.

Set squash mixture, mushrooms, oil, and cheese on table near grill. Punch down the dough and divide into 4 pieces for 12-inch pizzas or 6 pieces for 6-inch ones. Roll each piece into a ball; cover lightly and allow to rest 5 minutes. Roll ball into a circle ⅛ inch thick. Cook on hot side of grill 60–90 seconds, until bottom is brown and top looks puffy. Turn over onto moderate side of grill and brush cooked surface with mushroom oil.

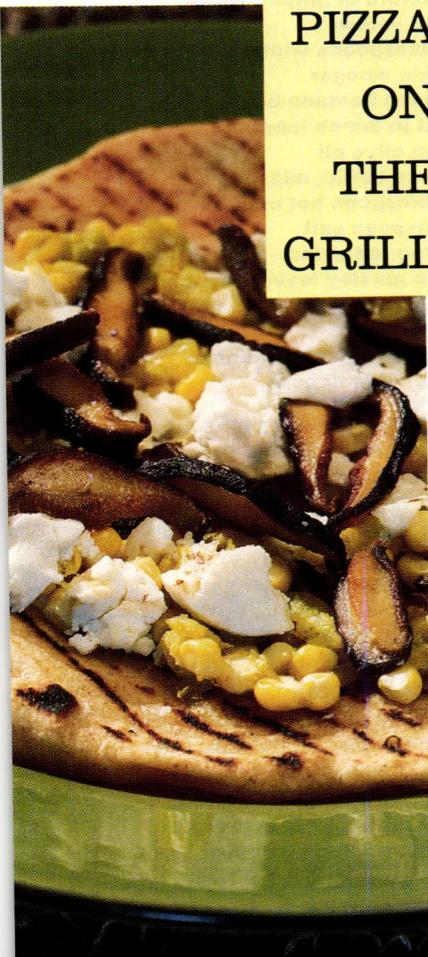
Dollop on squash, then dot with cheese and mushrooms. Do not cover the surface completely; the topping should be scant so everything will cook through. Slide pizza back toward the heat and cook 6–7 minutes, lifting periodically and shifting as necessary to avoid excess char. Serves 4 as a main dish, 6–8 as an appetizer.

## PIZZA ON THE GRILL

- 2 teaspoons dry yeast**
- ½ cup whole wheat flour**
- 2½ teaspoons salt**
- 10 tablespoons olive oil**
- 2¼ cups unbleached white flour**
- 1 pound yellow summer squash, thinly sliced**
- 1 cup corn kernels**
- 8–10 ounces fresh porcini or shiitake mushrooms**
- 1 large clove garlic, quartered**
- 6–8 ounces mild goat cheese, crumbled**

Dissolve yeast in 1 cup tepid water and stir in whole wheat flour. Cover and let rise in a warm place until light and bubbly, about 1 hour. Scrape batter into processor fitted with steel blade. Add 2½ teaspoons salt and 2 tablespoons olive oil and mix briefly. Add white flour and process until dough forms a ball on the blades. Turn out onto floured board and knead briefly. Dough should be elastic and medium firm. Place in lightly oiled bowl, turn to coat with oil, then cover and let rise until double, about 1 hour.

To prepare topping, film a heavy saucepan with water, add squash, and cover. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, until a thick purée forms, about 15 minutes. Uncover; cook and stir until no liquid remains. Remove from heat, add corn and ¼ teaspoon salt.



**GRILLED VEGETABLES WITH ALMOND SAUCE**

**Marinade**

- 1/4 cup corn or canola oil
- 2 tablespoons walnut or hazelnut oil
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

**Vegetables**

- 6 pounds of mixed vegetables, such as Swiss chard, bell peppers, fennel, small eggplant, summer squash, baby onions, cherry tomatoes, new potatoes, baby beets

**Sauce**

- 1 6-inch pita
- 1 1/2 cups blanched almonds
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 large clove garlic
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon ground cardamom
- 1 lightly packed cup coriander leaves

*Marinade.* Combine all ingredients. Mix well. Set aside.

*Vegetables.* Make chard into leaf bundles. Begin by slicing out central ribs and dropping them into boiling water; cook until limp, about 2 minutes. Steam leaves just long enough to soften. Pile 4 half

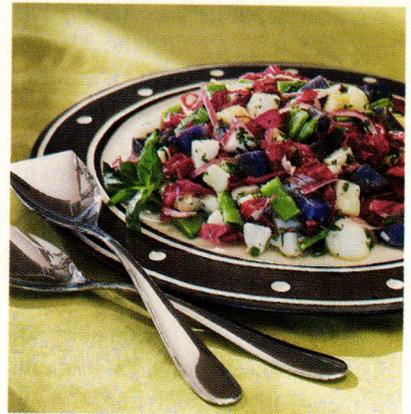
leaves on top of one another. Roll tightly. Cut stems into 1/8-inch strips and use them to tie rolls.

Cut peppers into 1-inch strips. Separate fennel into leaves and trim ends. Cut eggplant into slices 3/4 inch thick. Cut summer squash into cubes or 1/2-inch-thick slices. Halve the onions. Steam new potatoes and beets, trimmed to no more than 1 1/2 inches in diameter.

String all small vegetables on skewers, keeping tomatoes with tomatoes, beets with beets, and so on. Brush vegetables lightly with marinade and allow to sit at least 20 minutes, up to 4 hours. *Sauce.* Cover pita with cold water and soak until very soft. In a processor, grind almonds to paste, stopping from time to time to allow built-up heat to escape. Grinding will take several minutes. Transfer almond paste to a mixing bowl. Squeeze excess water from pita. Place bread, lemon, garlic, and salt in the unwashed processor bowl and grind to paste. Add 1 cup water, whirl to mix, then pour into the bowl and combine with almond paste. Add cardamom and coriander. If necessary, stir in

enough additional water to make a sauce the texture of mayonnaise. Set aside.

Prepare the grill. Arrange vegetables to cook evenly—chard should be grilled tied-side up, without turning—and transfer to a large serving platter. Pass almond sauce separately. Serves 8.



**NEW POTATO SALAD WITH ROMANO BEANS AND RADICCHIO**

- 2 pounds new potatoes, a mixture of purple, white, and yellow
- 5 tablespoons white wine vinegar
- 1 pound Romano beans, cut in 2-inch lengths
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon hot chili oil
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 large red onion
- 1/2 cup parsley leaves, minced
- 1 1/2 cups basil leaves, coarsely shredded
- 2 heads radicchio, sliced into wide ribbons

Steam potatoes whole until tender. While still hot, peel and halve or quarter to make 1/2-inch chunks. Place in large nonreactive bowl, sprinkle with 3 tablespoons of the vinegar, and turn gently to mix. Steam beans until tender and allow to cool. Combine olive oil, remaining vinegar, garlic, chili oil, and salt in a large bowl. Add beans and potatoes.

Cut onion in quarters, then slice each quarter into thin shreds. Add shredded onion, parsley, basil, and radicchio to salad. Add additional salt, hot oil, or vinegar if needed. Serve immediately; the salad keeps well refrigerated, but the basil does wilt. Serves 6-8. ▲

**NEW VIDEOTAPE TRAINING**

# Decorate Your Home

Learn Interior Decoration • Save Money  
• Even Start a New Career

*You can get started in this challenging field at home in your spare time*

If you would enjoy working with colors and fabrics... choosing beautiful furniture and accessories... planning dramatic window treatments... and putting it all together in rooms that win applause - then you may have a good future as a professional interior decorator.

You'll earn money, of course - spare-time or full time. But you'll also be rewarded in other ways - working in fashionable places, meet-

ing fascinating people - and, best of all, finding a profitable outlet for your creativity.

Let the Sheffield School of Interior Design help you get started. Unique 'listen-and-learn' program guides you - step by step - with the voice of your instructor on cassette.

You will be surprised at the low cost. Mail the coupon now for the school's illustrated catalog. No obligation. No salesman will call.

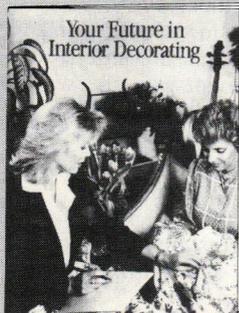
**Sheffield School of Interior Design**

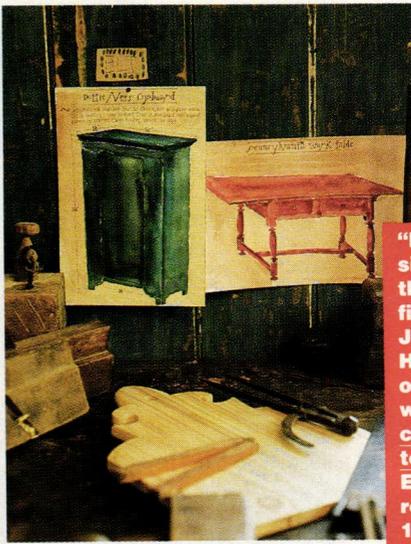
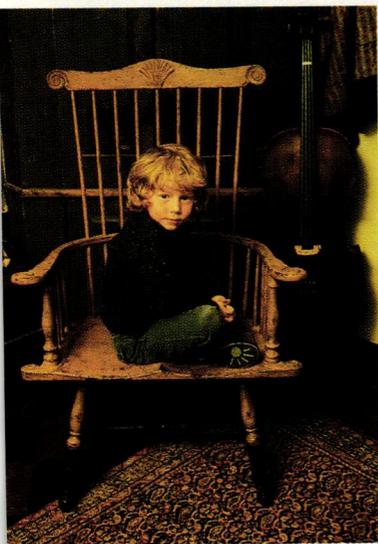


FOR BEAUTIFUL, FREE CATALOG, MAIL COUPON OR CALL 800-451-SHEFF AND ASK FOR OPERATOR 173

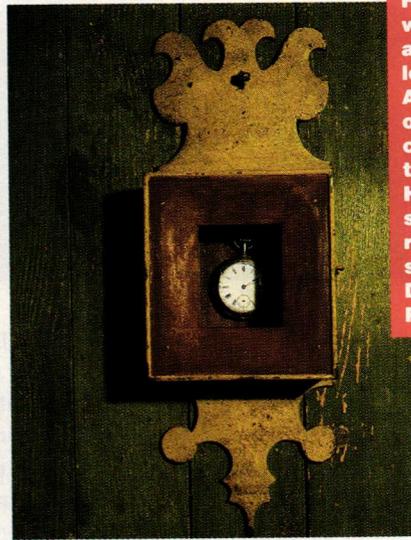
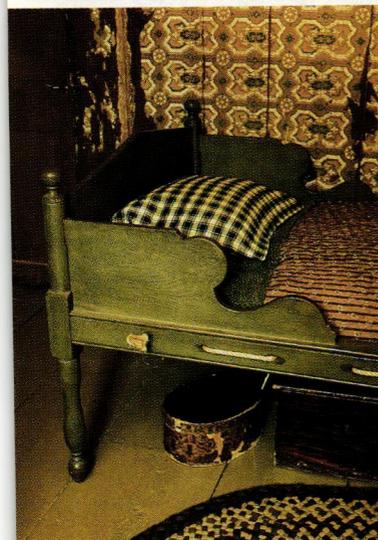
Sheffield School of Interior Design  
Dep't. HG73, 211 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017  
Please send me your CAREER GUIDE & CATALOG without charge and obligation. No salesman will call.  
 Under 18, check here for special information.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY/STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_





**"I am looking for simplicity and the things I make fit the bill," says Jan Blyler Hoffman, below, outside her workshop. Left, clockwise from top left: Her son, Eli, in her reproduction of a 1750 Windsor. Hoffman's watercolors above a tape loom in progress. A watch box, one of the traditional courting favors that are a Hoffman specialty. A roped bed with scrolled sides. Details see Resources.**



across in everything they created." True to their spirit, Hoffman bestows serpentine flourishes on even the most utilitarian forms. And she finishes all of her pieces with milk paint in blacky green, mustard, or "Pennsylvania cupboard blue—a pretty flashy color." Her secret aging process turns brand-new blanket chests, watch boxes, and Windsor chairs into well-loved relics, pleasingly crackled and creaky and glowing with bald spots.

Hoffman's showroom occupies the original kitchen in her 1790 red sandstone house in East Berlin, Pennsylvania. She also displays her work at top-drawer crafts shows, such as Hancock Shaker Village's Americana fair in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, July 10–11. "Most of my customers are old-house people like me," she says. Few, however, have opted, like Hoffman, to sleep on mattresses of straw, to electrify their houses only minimally—to truly adopt a way of life that jelly cupboards and spoon racks once stood for. But Hoffman doesn't deny herself a tempting twentieth-century innovation. Several days a week she can be spotted careening down the streets of East Berlin on Rollerblades. ▲

## WORKROOM

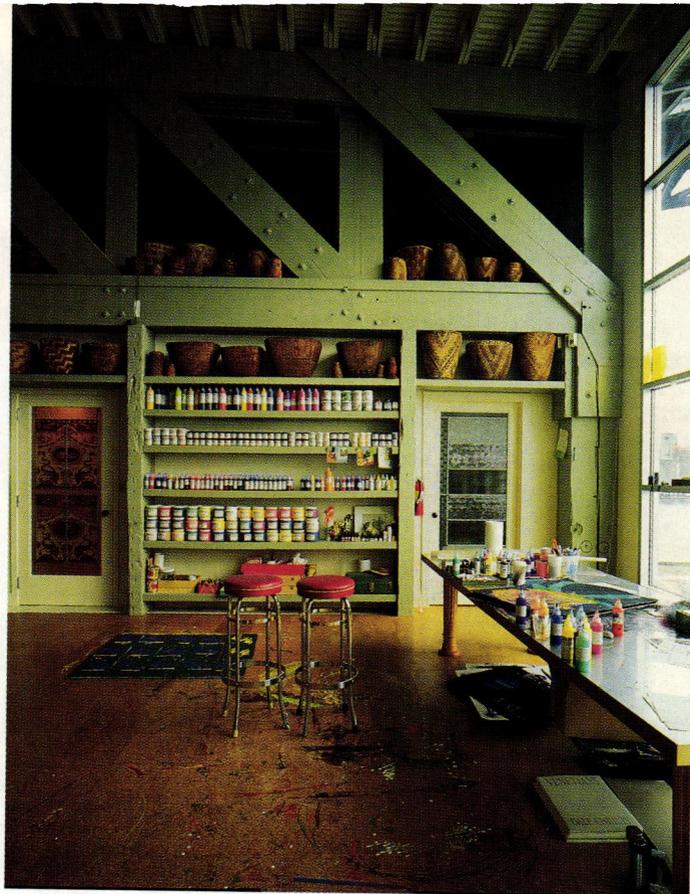
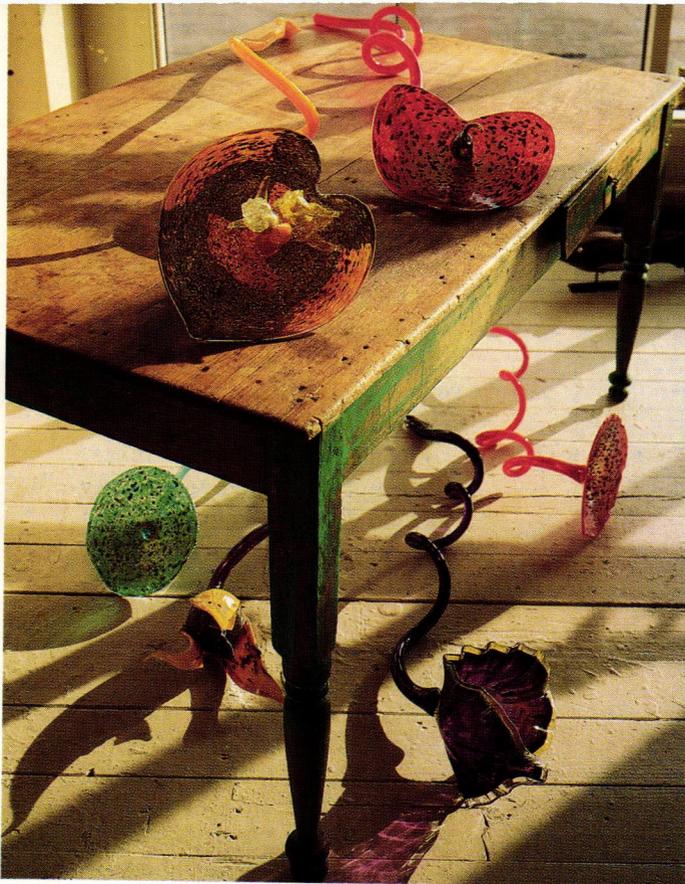
# Jan Blyler Hoffman carries on a Pennsylvania German crafts tradition

WHEN SHE'S NOT TENDING HER KITCHEN GARDEN, or reading bedtime stories by candlelight to Eli, her five-year-old, Jan Blyler Hoffman can almost always be found in her barn workshop, making, as she puts it, "some sawdust fly." A onetime antiques dealer who taught herself woodworking by disassembling her favorite finds and memorizing every last hinge and spindle, this Pennsylvania German is a master at crafting furniture in the folk tradition of her forebears.

"They were a quiet religious people," she says, "but also earthy and witty, and that comes

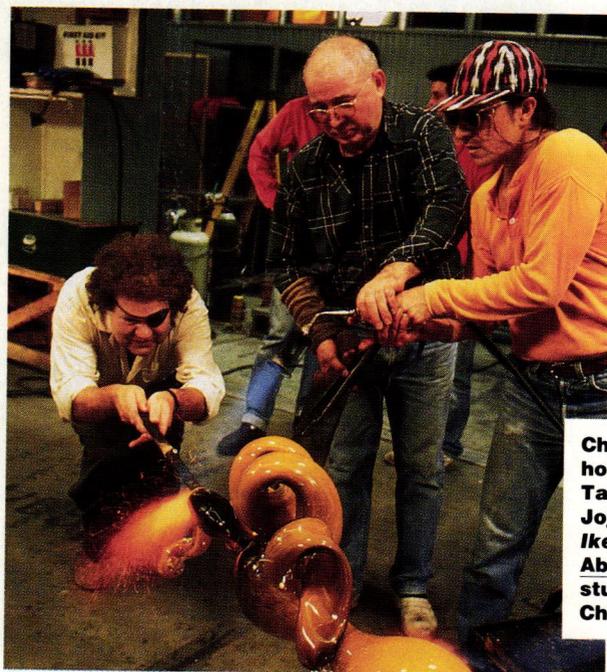


BY MARGOT GURALNICK



ART

From a Seattle boathouse  
**Dale Chihuly** floats  
 ideas in glass. BY BARBARALEE  
 DIAMONSTEIN-SPIELVOGEL



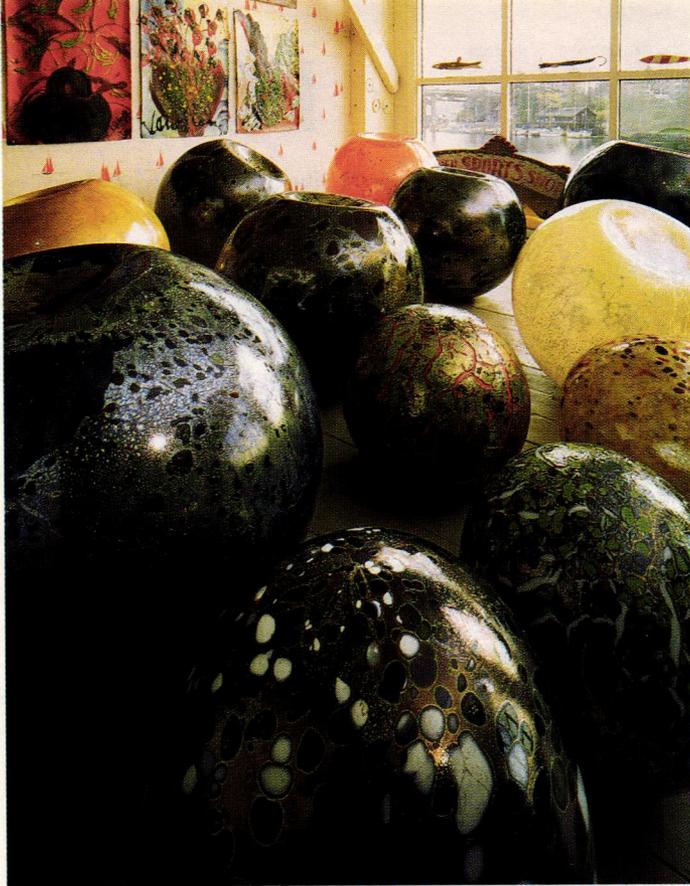
**Chihuly, left, in the hot shop with Lino Tagliapietra and Tony Jojola. Above left: Ikebana Stems, 1992. Above right: The studio corner where Chihuly paints.**

EVER SINCE GLASSBLOWING WAS DEVELOPED IN Syria, probably in the first century B.C., artists have exploited the possibilities of shaping the medium into fragile magical forms. No one has brought it to a higher level of creativity and variety than Dale Chihuly, an early and flamboyant leader of the contemporary studio glass movement. In exploring the sculptural potential of glass, he has confounded expectations, shattered boundaries, and expanded the scale and uses of art glass with fanciful techniques, historical references, aggressive shapes, and luscious forms.

"Our team is accustomed to working on the edge, but we might be going *over* the edge with this one," Chihuly says of the recent series, *Niijima Floats*, named for the Japanese island where the first of the pieces were blown during the dedication of a glass-making school founded by a former pupil. The series was inspired by the glass balls that broke away from fishing nets and washed ashore near Chihuly's childhood home. The vividly colored, lavishly encrusted balls, as large as three and a half feet in diameter and weighing more than eighty pounds, are among the largest, most difficult pieces of glass ever blown. So complicated is the working choreography that as many as eighteen people collaborated on blowing the *Floats*, instead of the usual six or seven.

The *Niijima Floats* were shown at New York's American Crafts Museum in the fall of 1991 and in a Chihuly retrospective that filled the new Seattle Art Museum's entire exhibition space in 1992. The first of his pieces suitable

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CLAIRE GAROITTE (2); RUSSELL JOHNSON



**Among the largest pieces of glass ever blown, *Nijima Floats*, 1991, crowd the old boathouse Chihuly has transformed into a three-level studio and living quarters.**

and pleasure craft go by the boathouse all day long. Chihuly likes being connected to the water—he earned money for graduate school by working on a fishing boat in Alaska—and believes that in many ways, glass is like water. An earlier series, *Seaforms*, alludes to aquatic themes such as shells, mollusks, and rippling water.

As a design major at the University of Washington, Chihuly first took a weaving course. He doesn't recall just where his interest in glass came from but does remember weaving oblong bits of glass into textiles and melting copper wire into glass. He worked for Seattle architect John Graham, earned an MFA from Rhode Island School of Design, and then, on a Fulbright fellowship, became the first American to study glass-making with the Venetians. In 1971, with the help of a \$2,000 grant, Chihuly and John and Anne Hauberg, to whom he had been introduced by preeminent craftsman-collector Jack Lenor Larsen, founded the Pilchuck School of Glass near Puget Sound. Today students from twenty-four countries are enrolled.

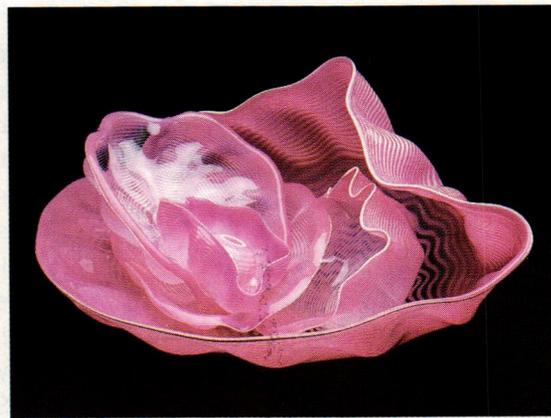
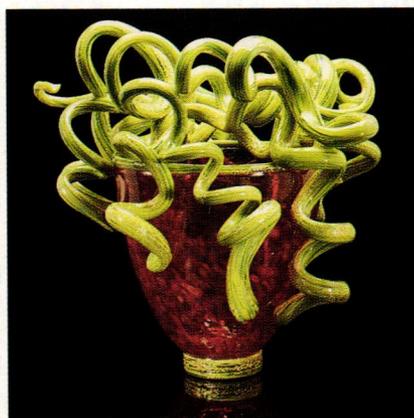
for the outdoors, they were displayed dramatically in a courtyard at the Honolulu Academy of Arts.

Suitably, the *Floats* came into being on the water, in Chihuly's new glass-fronted facility in the former Pocock Boathouse on Lake Union, north of downtown Seattle. Pocock made only racing shells; when the old-growth timber vanished, so did the business. Chihuly has transformed the structure into a three-level 25,000-square-foot work space—the hot shop, where the glass is blown; archive; library; display and work areas; shipping department; photography studio—and living quarters.

The studio's large glory holes, or glass furnaces, thirty-six inches high on the interior, were designed with a series of doors that can be adjusted to accommodate the pieces being blown. When a glory hole is opened all the way, the team is assaulted by 2 million BTUs of heat—2,500 degrees Fahrenheit—while shaping the glass. Despite this painful blast, they are always dazzled, he says, by the “wondrous event of blowing human air down a blowpipe and out comes this form. You're working with fire, which is really the tool.”

Lake Union is connected by canal to Lake Washington in the east and by locks to Puget Sound in the west. Tugboats, log booms, and assorted commercial

For nearly twenty years Chihuly has been a studio glass entrepreneur—not an unpredictable fate for a man who had cornered the lawn-cutting market in his Tacoma, Washington, neighborhood at the age of ten and was subcontracting the work out to other young-



**Exuberant forms are a Chihuly hallmark. Above left: *Deep Red Venetian with Green Coils*, 1990. Above right: *Pink and White Wrapped Persian Set*, 1989.**

sters at twelve. He has always relied on communicating his spontaneous creativity. Even as we talked he was drawing and embellishing linen-covered sleeves that hold catalogues of his work. Everywhere there are drawings—sketches of works in progress, future exhibitions, set designs for the Seattle Opera. All manifest his optimism and bravura.

He is still amazed each time he sees the first breath of air enter the hot gather of glass on the end of a blowpipe. “The piece is always moving while it's in progress, and one has to make decisions very quickly,” he

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CLAIRE GAROUTTE; ROGER SCHREIBER (2)

### The Tulip Living Room



JOCASTA INNES

with STEWART WALTON

EXCLUSIVE STENCIL DESIGNS  
from the WILLIAM MORRIS  
collection

Paintability

### The Crab Apple Bathroom



JOCASTA INNES

with STEWART WALTON

EXCLUSIVE STENCIL DESIGNS  
from the COUNTRY LANES  
collection

Paintability

### The Violet Bedroom



JOCASTA INNES

with STEWART WALTON

EXCLUSIVE STENCIL DESIGNS  
from the COUNTRY LANES  
collection

Paintability

### The Brother Rabbit Kitchen



JOCASTA INNES

with STEWART WALTON

EXCLUSIVE STENCIL DESIGNS  
from the WILLIAM MORRIS  
collection

Paintability

## transform furniture, fabrics, walls with decorator stencils

Hand-stencilling is one of the most creative ways to personalize a room. It's costly if a decorator does it. But now you can stencil anything from a small pillow to an entire wall with the assurance and skill of a professional. *Paint Magic* author Jocasta Innes makes it fun, simple, satisfying.

### save 25% on four complete kits

Choose from a range of styles from country cottage charming to Arts & Crafts traditional. Each kit provides sturdy, pre-cut, reusable stencils with ideas and instructions to guide you every step of the way. Priced in decorator shops at \$39, you get all four kits for only \$29\* plus \$3 shipping and handling. Send check to The Condé Nast Collection, Box 10214, Dept. 760066, Des Moines, IA 50336, or for credit card orders:

call toll-free  
1-800-678-5681

\*Residents of CA, IA, NJ, NY please add applicable sales tax. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

says. "I like the work to reflect those quick decisions, the end result being a frozen fluid thought—as direct as at drawing. My work," he adds, "relies on spontaneous combinations of fire, molten glass, air, and gravity."

Chihuly no longer blows glass himself. Since a 1976 auto accident, he has worn a black patch over one eye and now concentrates on designing, drawing, and directing. He is committed to the team approach; too much is happening at once in the hot shop to rely on independent action. He compares his role to that of a ship captain or a movie director who acts to "keep it moving right."

Chihuly is as interested in the installation of an exhibition as in the objects themselves, as concerned with the photographs of the work as with the work itself. He employs a full-time photographer and speculates that his absorption with photography relates to his lack of depth perception. His extensive archive—approximately 10,000 four-by-five transparencies—records almost everything he has created. Many pieces are photographed several times, from different perspectives, and these help him analyze the work and review his own glassmaking history.

What has this artist of encompassing vision and ambition not yet created that interests him? Not altogether surprisingly he would like to design an entire building, working with glass in a more architectural way, with a deeper involvement in the freedom to make spaces. He has designed sculpture, chandeliers, and a conservatory, but never a glass house.

For now, Dale Chihuly works in a house surrounded by glass. Outside by the water and inside—on shelves, incorporated in doors and walls, in the storage showrooms—are dazzling reminders of what human breath and imagination can create. ▲



Minnie Mouse, below left, now welcomes ordinary humans to her living room, left, in Disneyland's Toontown. Below: Goofy's Bounce House is a high-decibel favorite with the under-ten crowd.



TRAVEL

For the young and the star-struck, **Toontown** offers visits with the stars at home

BY MARGY ROCHLIN



ACCORDING TO Disneyland's corporate marketing parable, Mickey's Toontown isn't new; it's been there since the 1930s, but we couldn't see the secret hideaway until January of this year. That was when the cartoon community decided to go public and allow us nontoons—real-life human beings—not only to visit but also to take tours of Minnie and Mickey Mouse's houses.

Yeah, right. Don't try running this revisionist history past any kids who know from Disneyland. I did, and my seven-year-old niece, Emma, who was then kneeling on the pale yellow and gray linoleum in front of an old-fashioned oven in Minnie's kitchen, threw me a look. She turned the knob on the oven door, which made a white many-layered birthday cake inside suddenly inflate, frost itself, then collapse into a hissing culinary flop. Then Emma patiently explained to me

that, until recently, if you walked straight from the snowcapped Matterhorn past the "It's a Small World" boat ride, you would run into . . . nothing. "Nothing?" I asked her, just to double-check. "OK, a big hill," she finally conceded. Then she started fooling with Minnie's dishwasher, a contraption that resembles a bubbling aquarium full of anthropomorphic cups and saucers which rise up from the drainer and perform a precarious balancing act to tinkly musical accompaniment.

All this is to say that, its implausible back-story aside, Toontown succeeds in nearly every other respect. Because it's aimed primarily at children from ages three to ten, it's so different from the rest of Disneyland that it should get its own ZIP code. It's set in front of a scale-altering gray backdrop of mountains and uses Walt Disney's old trick of forced perspective to make its five-acre site seem



Curious visitors who test the handle on Mickey's refrigerator are rewarded with a mouse's choice of cheeses.



## Toontown is so different from the rest of Disneyland that it should get its own ZIP code

more vast than it really is. The illusion is so successful that I was surprised when a one-way trip on the Jolly Trolley, Toontown's sole form of public transportation, lasted only two minutes.

Some, but not all, of the glowing hardware on Toontown's squirrely looking buildings is interactive; every doorknob, dial, and lever is worth testing. The red detonator at the base of the Fireworks Factory sets off a strobe-popping explosion of smoking bottle rockets and Roman candles. Pull on the door at the Power House and you discover that you've triggered an electricity-crackling industrial accident.

When I opened the plastic slot of what looked like an overweight blue and red mailbox, a startled voice yelled from the depths, "Hey! Can't anyone get any privacy down here?"

There are seven major attractions at Toontown, three of which contribute to the heightened decibel level. For starters, there is Donald Duck's blue and white houseboat, the *Miss Daisy*. As soon as she spotted it, Emma sprinted aboard, set off the foghorn, peeped through its working periscope, then clambered down the knotted rope ladder as expertly as if she were competing in the elimination round of an episode of *American Gladiators*.

Then there is Goofy's Bounce House, where Emma kicked off her tennis shoes and joined twenty other screaming children as they boinged in unison off air-filled furniture—a blue easy chair, a red couch, a yellow ottoman—which

reminded me of pool toys. Afterward she was so exhausted she skipped Chip 'N Dale's Acorn Crawl, which involves diving into one of those pits filled with soft plastic golf balls.

If Emma backed out of taking on one of the two superslides in Chip 'N Dale's tree house, you really can't blame her. Entering the carved cement facsimile of the chipmunk's neighborhood oak tree, we crept up a narrow spiral staircase and encountered a couple of adult daddies—the kind who, given their maximum beer bellies, should have known better than to be up there. Laughing, the first father threw himself feet first down the covered plastic tunnel. Then we heard these faint words echoing back up to us: "Help me... I'm stuck." No joke. The heavier of the pair had converted himself into a human bottle stopper. Perhaps he's still there.

What provokes the loudest shrieks in Toontown isn't a stationary construction, but the life-size characters themselves. Throughout the rest of Disneyland, one can expect to bump into the occasional fake-fur-covered Pluto or Donald. But in Toontown the Clockenspiel atop the City Hall rings, gongs, and whistles with astonishing frequency, and everyone cha-chas out onto the Toontown Square: Mickey, Minnie, Pluto, Donald, Chip 'N Dale, Goofy, and Roger Rabbit. And that's not counting the stars we'd never seen before, like Gadget—a mouse in a blue leotard and too much rouge who evidently has a feature role in *Chip 'N Dale's Rescue Rangers*.

To Emma, this experience was not unlike seeing every major celebrity in her life in one fell swoop. Her eyes bugged out of her head. "Give me some paper," she said excitedly, and then raced off to collect autographs. ▲

For visitors information: Disneyland Guest Relations, Box 3232, Anaheim, CA 92803; (714) 999-4565.

"I could kill for beauty..."

*Elsie de Wolfe*  
 Cole Porter and Noel Coward wrote songs about her. Frick hired her to decorate his mansion. Society whispered about her liaisons and flocked to her extravagant parties. Decorators to this day follow her revolutionary innovations: chintz, trellises, mirrors; "simplicity, suitability, proportion." Now meet the woman who propelled interior design from Victorian clutter into the 20th century, in this enthralling new volume. Lavishly illustrated with 150 color photographs, room renderings, and archival pictures. 8" x 10". Regular bookstore price: \$35. To you: \$28, plus \$2.50 shipping & handling\*.

Send check or money order to:  
 The Condé Nast Collection  
 Dept. 395020, PO Box 10214  
 Des Moines, IA 50336, or

**CALL TOLL FREE**  
**1-800-678-5681**

\*Residents of CA, IA, NJ, NY, please add applicable sales tax. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

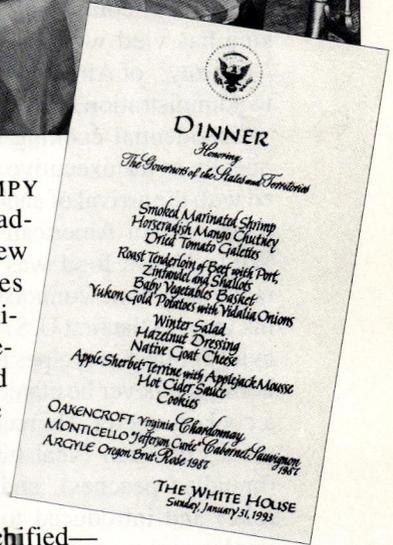
MARTIN FILLER

# on entertaining

## Food at the **White House** takes on an American accent



**Hillary Rodham Clinton in Donna Karan, above right, at the first Clinton state dinner on January 31, featuring an all-American menu, right. Above: A vast curving table spans the East Room, 1902. Below: The Kennedys favored small round tables, here in the State Dining Room, 1962.**



DURING THE FIRST BUMPY fortnight of the Clinton administration, one of the few new White House policies that met with almost unanimous approval was the decision that the food served at official dinners **there** would henceforth be American in inspiration and presentation. The French—or at least Frenchified—

influence that had predominated at the chief executive's table for almost two hundred years is to be replaced by food celebrating our nation's own culinary traditions and reflecting the remarkable evolution of the new American cuisine during the past two decades. Furthermore, no longer will White House menus be written in French—or even *Franglais*.

“There are a lot of exciting ideas going on in American food that we want to showcase,” Hillary Rodham Clinton told Marian Burros of *The New York Times* before the new administration's first state dinner on January 31. To prove that point, the Clintons' meal was composed of recipes provided by three major creators of innovative American cooking: Larry



CLUCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: GRANGER COLLECTION; SUZANNE DRICHILLO/NEW YORK TIMES PICTURES (2); JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY, BOSTON

Forgione, chef of An American Place restaurant in New York; Anne Rosenzweig of New York's Arcadia; and John Sneddon of Rockland's Barbecue & Grilling Co. in Washington, D.C.

The four-course menu they devised—smoked marinated shrimp with horseradish mango chutney; roast tenderloin of beef with port, zinfandel, and shallots; winter salad with hazelnut dressing and native goat cheese; and apple sherbet terrine with applejack mousse and hot cider sauce—was a brilliant demonstration of how seasonal indigenous American ingredients and regional preparations can be given contemporary expression.

Not everyone was thrilled by this declaration of culinary independence, however. Among the dissenters was the White House's French-born executive chef, Pierre Chambrin. "I can't say I'm very pleased," he groused to the *Times*. "It's always difficult with something new." In fact, this is just the latest installment in the two-century battle between French and American influences in the White House kitchen. The refinement, complexity, and prestige of French cuisine has vied with the directness, simplicity, and "honesty" of American cookery from administration to administration, sometimes within a single term.

Presidential cooking has been redesigned as frequently as the executive mansion has been redecorated with the arrival of each new first family. As with so much else in American life, the founding father of White House food was Thomas Jefferson, a gourmand and wine connoisseur par excellence. During his years as the first U.S. minister to France, Jefferson avidly collected recipes to re-create when he got back home and never hesitated to ask a hostess to part with a cookery secret. He recorded the way to make paupiettes de veau (veal birds), pêches à l'eau de vie (brandied peaches), and biscuit de Savoie (sponge cake) and introduced to America such present-day staples as rice, pasta, and ice cream.

When he became president in 1801, Jefferson was determined to set a table second to none in the nation and on a par with those of the heads of state of the great European powers. He hired a French chef, Honoré Julien, and often went along to the Washington market to supervise the selection of the choicest produce. During his eight years in office, Jefferson kept a detailed chart recording the precise seasonal availability of thirty-seven kinds of fruits and vegetables to help in the planning of menus. He called his splendid dinners his "campaigns," and indeed those sybaritic spreads were an important political strategy.

Another populist president, Andrew Jackson, favored country-style meals reminiscent of his frontier



During the Eisenhower years, huge centerpieces, above, obscured diners. Right: Mamie Eisenhower in 1959 checks out her canned goods in the pantry.



origins. One White House guest wrote of a long Jackson menu that included wild turkey, tongue, and Virginia ham. Another visitor recalled a course being served with the culinary litany: "Will you have some roast beef? Some corn beef? Some boiled beef? Some beef steak?" But for important public occasions, Jackson maintained the elegant Jeffersonian style. He engaged a Belgian chef, Joseph Boulanger, renowned for the rich desserts Jackson loved and for dramatic presentations. The daughter of one senator wrote admiringly of a party in the State Dining Room at which "the gorgeous supper table [was] covered with every good and glittering thing French skill could devise, and at either end was a monster salmon in waves of meat jelly."

Yet what was acceptable for homespun "Old Hickory" Jackson became a political liability for his sophisticated New York successor, Martin Van Buren. In a famous election year oration in 1840, Congressman Charles Ogle denounced Van Buren's sumptuous excesses, including his taste for "fricandeau de veau and omelette soufflé." As Ogle told the House of Representatives, "I must inform you that his table is not provided with those old and unfashionable dishes, 'hog and hominy' [and] 'fried meat and gravy.' . . . All these substantial preparations are looked on by *gourmands*, *French cooks*, and *locofoco Presidents* as exceedingly vulgar." Not surprisingly, Van Buren lost the election.

Nonetheless, the French connection continued at the White House through dynastic ties. Although

**Presidential cooking has been redesigned as frequently as the executive mansion has been redecorated**

President James K. Polk brought his family cook from Tennessee to make the family's simple daily meals, he hired Auguste Julien, the son of Jefferson's chef, to create food for special occasions. But Polk himself disliked elaborate fare. Of one dinner he complained that "all the dishes were prepared in the French style of cooking, and to one unaccustomed to it [it] was difficult to tell of what they were composed."

By the 1850s, when Jackson's chef Boulanger returned to work for James Buchanan, French food was regarded as necessary for proper presidential entertaining. Later attempts to forgo haute cuisine met with officialdom's snobbish disapproval. As the historian William Seale wrote in his lively 1986 study, *The President's House*, "At the state dinners Mrs. [Ulysses S.] Grant saw eyebrows rise as slabs of roast beef, heaps of homely vegetables, and desserts of apple pie were laid before the guests."

Sometimes the conflicts between the French and American culinary styles made news. In 1889 a Madame Petronard was hired as White House chef, but Benjamin Harrison found her "rich pastries and sauces" too much for his digestion and had her fired. She was replaced by a Kentucky-born black woman, Dolly Johnson, who had cooked for the Harrisons back home in Indiana and made the "plain meat, potatoes, and white bread" the first family preferred.

The more cosmopolitan tastes of Theodore Roosevelt, a New York City native, were reflected in his choice of Charles Rauscher, a caterer (rather than resident chef) who had been trained at that quintessential Gotham restaurant of the Gilded Age, Louis Sherry's. Rauscher's sumptuous seven-course presidential dinners—one in 1903 featured oysters, a cream soup, bass à la pêcheur, filet of venison, terrapin à la Baltimore, roast quail à la Lucullus, and mousse merveilleuse—were accompanied by a different wine with each serving.

Theodore Roosevelt's much younger cousin Franklin also loved good food, but FDR's wife, Eleanor—who was also TR's niece—was completely indifferent to it. (One of her typically plain-Jane recipes, for huckleberry pudding, calls for layers of commercial white bread interspersed with stewed fruit.) During their twelve-year tenure in the White House the food was generally considered the poorest in Washington. Not only that, but there was not much of it. The Depression made lavish entertaining unseemly, and rationing during World War II imposed new restrictions. Courses were cut to three—soup, entrée, and dessert—portions were closely monitored, and only one (usually undistinguished) wine was served, if any at all. No wonder that one of FDR's

favorite meals was scrambled eggs made in a chafing dish, fortified by his notably dry martinis.

Although Jacqueline Kennedy is now best remembered for her restoration of the White House interiors, her effect on transforming the food served in the president's house was equally important. Mrs. Kennedy hired the French-born chef René Verdon, who reintroduced the high-style French tradition after decades of lackluster presidential dining when the food at the White House was often no better than that of an average hotel or military officer's mess. In those days before nouvelle cuisine, Verdon adhered to the traditional format of a first fish course (sole Véronique or diplomate) followed by a main meat course (roast sirloin of beef Chevreuse or Saint Florentin). He also favored such classic and overrich dishes as



**Andrew Johnson honors the Chinese legation with a White House state dinner, June 1868.**

lobster thermidor, roquefort soufflé, and charlotte plombière (a dense ice cream mold studded with candied fruits).

A new Francophile standard was set, but later presidents sometimes balked at it. Like his fellow southerner James K. Polk, Lyndon Johnson hated fancy French food. At one memorable state dinner, Johnson summoned the Swiss-born White House chef, Henry Haller, to complain about the spoiled filet mignon he'd been served. When Haller pointed out that the soft center was actually foie gras and that the dish was called tournedos Rossini, Johnson bellowed, "Don't ever serve that stuff again in this house!"

The Clintons' changes will certainly not be the last. As with everything else that goes on in the White House, how our presidents dine and how they feed their guests will always be closely watched and carefully analyzed. If we are indeed what we eat, then our leaders must be no less the product of their appetites—for food as well as power—than the rest of us who put them at the highest table in the land. ▲



**Rose Arbor with Picket Gate** An American classic, the white-painted arched gate acts as a doorway or window for a garden room, drawing the eye from the fenced enclosure to the orchard.

GARDENING

Frames for garden views,  
**gates** also open  
 doors for fresh design

landscape than their relative size would indicate. They establish style and scale. They tell your eye where to look and your feet where to walk and, often enough, your car where to drive. They also create expectation, like a magazine cover line: "Cottage Garden in Bloom. See Inside!"

Like most garden ornaments, gates are fairly dictatorial. An ornate wrought-iron gate will fight mightily with a picket fence, and a little gate of rustic poles will look strange set into a brick wall. Still, a slight stylistic mismatch can take a garden from perfectly nice to perfectly wonderful. In Maine there is a small garden of borders surrounded by a white picket fence—unremarkable from the street except for the chains, centered by heavy tassels in a takeoff on the curtain tieback, that act as gates. Designed by Beatrix Farrand, the chains, painted white to match the fence, make the garden.

Many gates are so grand they can hold their own as a solo act.



**Chinese Chippendale**

Double gates elegantly accommodate a wheelbarrow or large mower.

IN BRYAN BURROUGHS'S TALKED-  
 about chronicle of the eighties,  
 there were barbarians at them, but  
 they are also used to keep out more  
 orderly pedestrians, as well as  
 things like dogs, deer, and wood-  
 chucks. Because they have an ap-  
 pealing two-dimensional shape,  
 ideal for ornamentation, many are  
 works of art. And, perversely,  
 nothing causes more curiosity than  
 a closed one—just ask Mary, the  
 little girl in *The Secret Garden*.  
 Gates—which of course is the sub-  
 ject—control more aspects of a

BY MELANIE FLEISCHMANN

According to Henry Hope Reed, that great cognoscente of classicism, "The Italians would stick up a handsome gate just to have a handsome gate—never mind if there was no wall." To wit: at the bottom of Villa Lante's garden is a wrought-iron gate set into a tall stone arch. The gateway is topped with a pediment and two urns, but flanked by nothing more than a loose hedge half its height. And at the Genoese Villa Imperiale Scassi there is a similar gate, which, lacking even the hedge, stands alone over a path. It acts as a magnificent punctuation mark, announcing the end of one thought and the beginning of another.

Perhaps the most famous wrought-iron gates of all are in England, at Hampton Court. These were made in the seventeenth century by the French ironsmith Jean Tijou. They are fabulous creations, with crowns, griffons' heads, and twining vines bright with gilding. Superb examples closer to home include the nineteenth-century gates from Cornelius Vanderbilt II's Fifth Avenue house, which were moved to the Central Park Conservatory Garden, and those at the San Francisco War Memorial and Performing Arts Center, designed in the 1930s by architect Arthur Brown Jr. and painted, in a nod to Versailles, dark blue with gilt details.

Wooden gates painted white are ubiquitous, but colors like dark green, black, light blue, and the greenish turquoise Monet used at Giverny turn up often, too. Most of those shades blend with the other colors of a garden, though it is possible—if riskier—to succeed by taking the opposite tack. The artist Robert Dash, for instance, has painted the gates in his Long Island garden a warm yam orange and the gateposts a vivid chartreuse.

Even when they aren't works of art, or aren't necessary for reasons of traffic flow, gates are versatile tools for the landscape designer. A gate placed in a boundary wall or

hedge frames a view, and even if what is in the frame belongs to a neighbor, the result is a pretty picture on an otherwise blank wall, and a garden that seems larger. If there is no physical boundary at the end of a garden, putting a gate there inserts logic into the conclusion of paths and borders and the beginning of woods or fields. The gate serves as metaphor for a more substantial barrier. At Tintinhull, in Somerset, a little gravel path, edged in nepeta, leads away from the lily pond and ends at a simple hip-high iron gate. Beyond is pastureland. Without the gate, the prospect would seem bizarre and unsettling, but with the gate the scene makes sense.

An old device for improving a viewless garden is to set a gateway, flanked by a screen, a little distance from the end of the garden and then to put a flowerbed, an urn, or even a patch of perfect lawn just beyond the gate. Through foreshortening, this device creates a niche—a minuscule bas-relief garden room, framed by a gateway, sans gate. Roses and vines are classic gateside plantings; remember, though, that they draw bees. Clothing the posts in ivy so dense that they look like topiary is an effect that can be achieved relatively quickly.

Choosing a gate is a personal matter, but there are some caveats. If you are thinking of a gate with an archway or an arbor over it, be sure you don't inadvertently frame only the lower half of a view or an imperfect view. If your garden path leads downhill, you may want to go with a low gate that has no gateway so that the eye can travel upward; a low gate with one tall gatepost, on the hinge side, works well in this situation. To heighten anticipation, put your gate in front of an allée or tunnel—the light at the end of which it can reveal.

Lastly, although see-through gates of wooden pickets or iron emphasize what you can see, concealment has its own rewards.

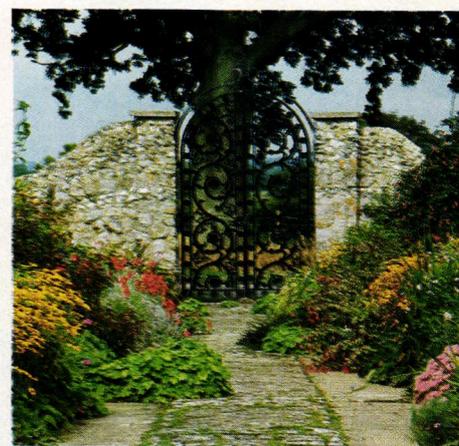


### Arch in a Batten Screen

Simple open framing allows sunlight to reach plantings on the far side.



**Gothic Archway** An ogee crown to a garden-variety fence provides a focus for a shallow view.



### Formal Wrought Iron

Elaborate metalwork is scaled to massive walls and a venerable tree.

Even without a surrounding high wall, a garden with a solid gate or doorway suggests that rare commodity—complete sanctuary. It wouldn't be a bad thing, on a hectic day, to be able to go out into your garden and close the door. ▲  
(For suppliers see Resources.)

# JANE CHURCHILL

FABRICS AND WALLPAPERS

FABRIC: SUNFLOWERS

Distributed by:

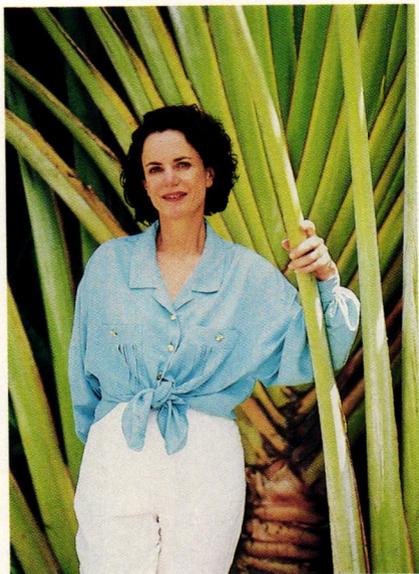
# COWTAN & TOUT

D&D BUILDING, 979 THIRD AVENUE, NY 10022 (212) 753-4488 THROUGH INTERIOR DESIGNERS AND ARCHITECTS

ATLANTA Travis-Irvin • BOSTON Schechter-Martin • CHICAGO/CLEVELAND/MINNEAPOLIS/TROY Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs • DALLAS/HOUSTON John Edward Hughes  
DANIA Bill Nessen • DENVER Egg & Dart • LOS ANGELES/SAN FRANCISCO/SAN DIEGO Kneeder-Fauchere • PHILADELPHIA Croce, Inc. • PORTLAND/SEATTLE Wayne Martin • TORONTO Primavera

## letter from the editor

**HG**  
J U L Y



**There was not even a profession called decorating when the premier issue of *House & Garden* came out in June 1901. It was a mere twenty-two black and white pages, and its staff of three had this point to make: "The house and its garden seem so intimately related that the attempt to design the one without duly considering the other is an attempt that can never reach the highest level of success."**

Since that first slim *House & Garden*, decorating has become a thriving profession, documented in untold numbers of books and a myriad of glossy color magazines. The relationship of the house to its garden, and the garden to its geographic region, is appreciated once again, after years of freewheeling association. In the reckoning days of the 1990s, a new positive value has been placed on houses that are not overembellished and on gardens that are natural, or at least not inappropriate to their climate and soil conditions. Restraint, responsibility, and good design are the watchwords of the day. Recycling, ecologically conscious architecture, and historic preservation are a few of the important contemporary trends. But somehow the seriousness of these issues has spawned a delightful mood of invention, eclecticism, and fun.

Now, as *House & Garden's* eleventh editor, it is my sad duty to preside over the last issue of the magazine. All the richly talented people who have worked with me during the five years of my editorship, a few of whom have roots at *House & Garden* that reach back ten and twenty years, have reveled in the excitement of the world we covered. We leave you with gratitude for your enthusiasm about our magazine and for your expressions of support. We will be there with you, sharing your pleasure in the house and garden as they climb to ever higher levels of interest and success.

*Uauy Novograd*



# A WRITER'S FOLLY

# Picasso biographer John Richardson tells how he made his library a world unto itself

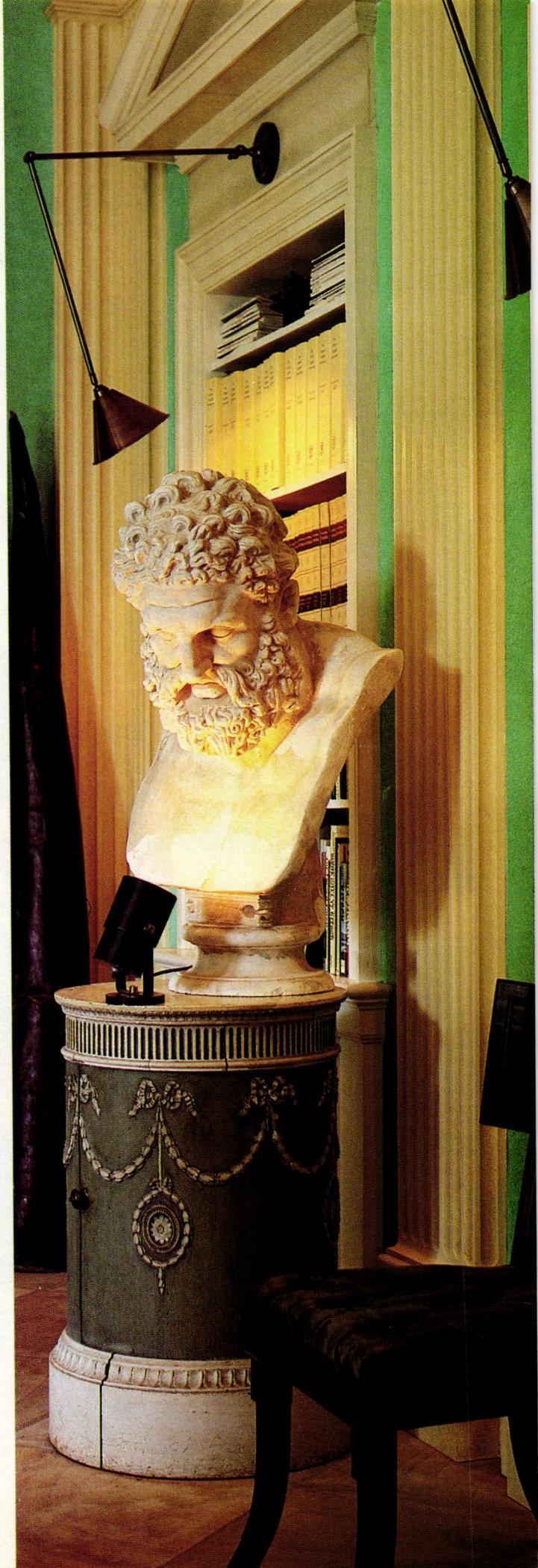
Photographs by Richard Felber

Produced by Deborah Webster

AFTER FOOLHARDILY EMBARKING ON A FOUR-volume biography of Picasso a few years back, I felt the need of a retreat where I could concentrate on writing without risk of interruption. The rooms in my New England house open into one another; hence there is little peace and quiet unless I am alone. Someone suggested a studio in a remote corner of the garden. However, a modern studio demands a high-tech look which, for all its practicality, strikes me as cold and inimical. More to my taste was a warm and friendly space that would allow me to work as well as relax—eat, sleep, read, listen to music, and, above all, escape the responsibilities of being a host. I did not need a studio but a library, at a safe distance from the main house.

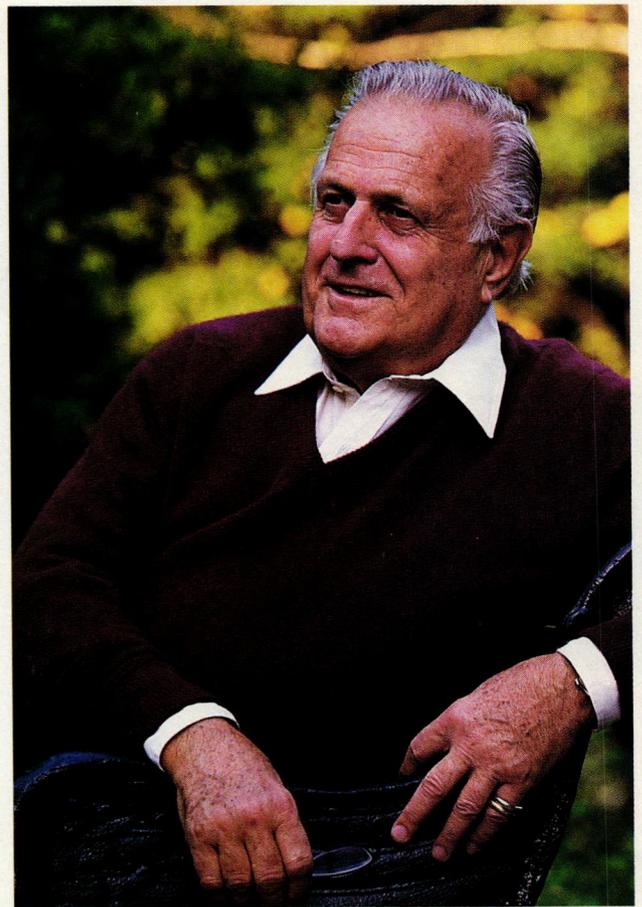
As it happened, I had once fantasized about building a folly. This fantasy went back to my years at an English public school called Stowe—a school that has the good fortune to be housed in a building so grandiose that it bankrupted its former owners, the dukes of Buckingham. Vanbrugh, Kent, Capability Brown, Gibbs, and Robert Adam had all worked there. And although marred by playing fields, Brown's vast park—especially his Grecian Valley and Kent's Elysian Fields—is still dotted with eighteenth-century follies in the height of Palladian taste. These follies were the objectives of our daily runs. Prefects would map out our routes: round the lakes to the Corinthian Arch and then back via the Boycott Pavilions, Dido's Cave, and the Temple of Ancient Virtue.

The library's Doric entrance portico, *left*, designed by architect Ernesto Buch (with a nod to the great Prussian neoclassicist Karl Friedrich Schinkel), shelters pairs of Georgian lead urns, marble herms, and hibiscus standards in 18th-century wooden jardinières from Bennison, London. *Right*: Inside the library a plaster bust of Hercules atop an Adam column-shaped cabinet glows under the light of a lamp from Meilleur, Paris. Details see Resources.



One-room life has turned out to be such a delight  
that I seldom use the main house





Summer evenings, some of us would return to these dilapidated temples for a far from virtuous smoke or drink. Thanks to these idyllic interludes, I developed a lifelong passion for eighteenth-century architecture and the picturesque.

And so my New England library was destined to be a folly, but not a Palladian one (hasn't Palladianism been overexploited by modish pasticheurs?). Neoclassicism was what I had in mind: besides embodying gravitas, it is more Picassian. HG consulting editor and architectural historian Martin Filler had just the architect, a Cuban-born neoclassicist, Ernesto Buch, who had helped create one of this country's most influential planned communities, Seaside, a coastal resort on the Florida panhandle.

Buch proved a perfect choice, an impeccable classicist, mercifully free of postmodernist mannerisms. He rightly pooh-poohed my fanciful suggestion of an arcaded orangery-like building. In the end we agreed to take Karl Friedrich Schinkel, the great German neoclassicist, as a point of departure—specifically his Neue Pavillon of 1824–25 at Charlottenburg in Berlin which has

**John Richardson, *above*, writes at a Regency campaign desk facing the fireplace, *left*. Pedimented bookcases echo the classical crowns of the George II looking glass above the mantel and another Kentian mirror between pilasters at the far end of the room.**



## Commissioning a building is *very* addictive



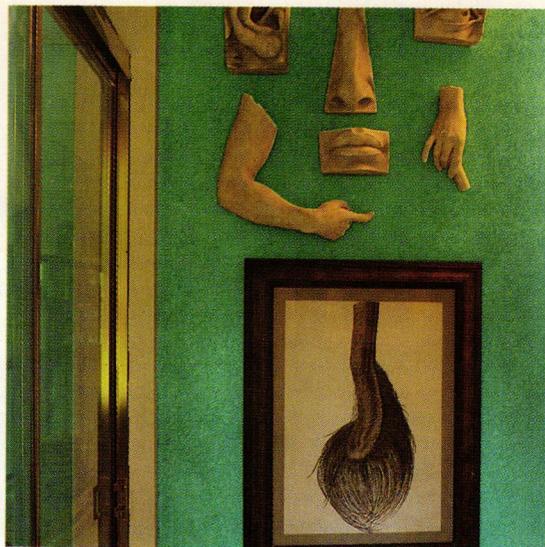
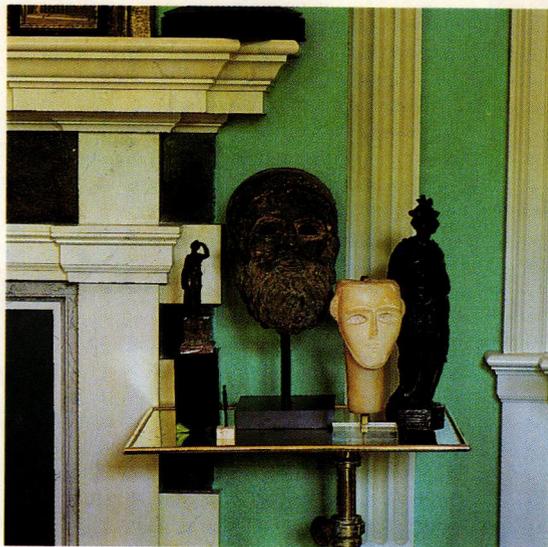
always struck me as one of the most beautiful small houses in the world. Buch came up with an ideal site for my library—toward the top of a steepish slope, looking across a pool to distant hills. He then deluged me with projects of ever-increasing simplicity and stylishness. From time to time I would suggest a modification of his design, and Buch would demonstrate the pros and the cons of it and why virtually everything else would have to be modified accordingly. I will be forever grateful for the crash course in classical architecture that this involved.

No less instructive was the gifted architectural woodworker Marc Olivieri, who acted as general contractor. He and Buch worked harmoniously together and made the project a pleasurable adventure for their client. (Anyone who has never commissioned a building should be warned that it is *very* addictive.) The large Doric columns and

**Simulated-bronze plaster casts of Regency urns, left, flank a pair of mid 18th century English hall chairs alongside French windows curtained with Kashmir shawls. Above: Hydrangeas bloom near the pool on the terraced slope leading up to the library.**



Comfortably slipcovered and piled with a carriage rug and old needlework pillows, the Victorian sofa is ideal for reading or repose. A Louis XVI étagère, topped by an ostrich egg, keeps books at hand. The jar on the desk is 18th century Imari.



## I wanted the feeling of old Russian rooms

interior pilasters were made to order in Pennsylvania, but Olivieri carved all the cornices, bookcases, plinths, and moldings. He also executed the mantelpiece to Buch's and my design. Once the building was done, I brought in an old friend, Malcolm Robson, the English master grainer now settled outside Washington, to give the library a Russian or Scandinavian feeling with his glazes and simulated surfaces. The luminous verdigris tint of certain nineteenth-century Russian rooms, which I had my heart set on, proved difficult to approximate. Modern paint comes nowhere near it. Robson had the walls painted a bland ice blue which he then glazed with a shagreen-colored wash. Perfection!

Marbleizing the cornice and pilasters would have been a cliché, so Robson gave them a faint look of sandstone. This picked up the tonality of the Tennessee Crab Orchard stone I had chosen (again in preference to the more pretentious look of marble) for the floor. Doors were mahoganyized. The only fancy surfaces were red faux porphyry plinths for a huge pair of urns and brown porphyry insets for the mantelpiece. As a finishing touch, Robson discreetly distressed any white surfaces with a dust-colored glaze, a blend of palest gray and ocher that John Fowler always used to dim the dazzle of white.

The cost of building obliged me to skimp on the furnishing. I had to beg, borrow, and improvise. The size of the room (the ceiling is fourteen feet high) necessitated things on a large scale, which usually go cheap. Although the four-poster has a Versailles stamp, it is too tall for the average apartment and so went for a song at Sotheby's.

Likewise, the Regency desk, a piece of campaign furniture that doubles as a sideboard and can be taken apart, was too cumbersome for most people's taste. To save the trouble and expense of having curtains made, I ransacked the London markets for antique Kashmir shawls. The larger ones are traditionally the same size as my windows. Some of the other objects—the “bronze” urns, for instance—are simply plaster casts. Louis XIV's monumental foot (available at the Musée du Louvre) is made of polyurethane. “Nobody will want to run off with these copies” is the excuse I make to disdainful friends. The only really good piece of furniture, the great George II mirror above the fireplace, is a loan from a friend who could not get it into her apartment. As for art, I am most proud of the gigantic Piranesi engravings of Roman columns, one of which I have hung on a movable screen (like those in Sir John Soane's Museum) to cover a door.

This is my third summer in the library. One-room life has turned out to be such a delight that I seldom use the main house. Unfortunately the seductive setting is apt to be distracting. The aquamarine shimmer of the pool is hard to resist, and the garden is forever beckoning me away from Picasso to a whole other range of obligations. ▲

**Behind a 17th-century French four-poster covered with an American quilt, *opposite*, Honthorst engravings of Roman heroes and a Thomas Frye mezzotint of George III adorn a screen. *Above, from left:* Beside the mantel a Yemenite alabaster head, 400–200 B.C., stands with European bronzes. *In the bathroom, art-school plaster casts are grouped above an 18th-century German watercolor of an elephant's tail.***





Alexandra Penney, in an Armani jacket and skirt, *opposite*, grips a serpentine door handle by designer Larry Totah. *Below*: The living room's wicker chairs, copper-sprayed coffee table, and pale velvet-covered pieces—all by Totah Design—compose a discreetly luxurious ensemble set off by a black stained floor. An Alexander Liberman drawing leans against the wall. Details see Resources.



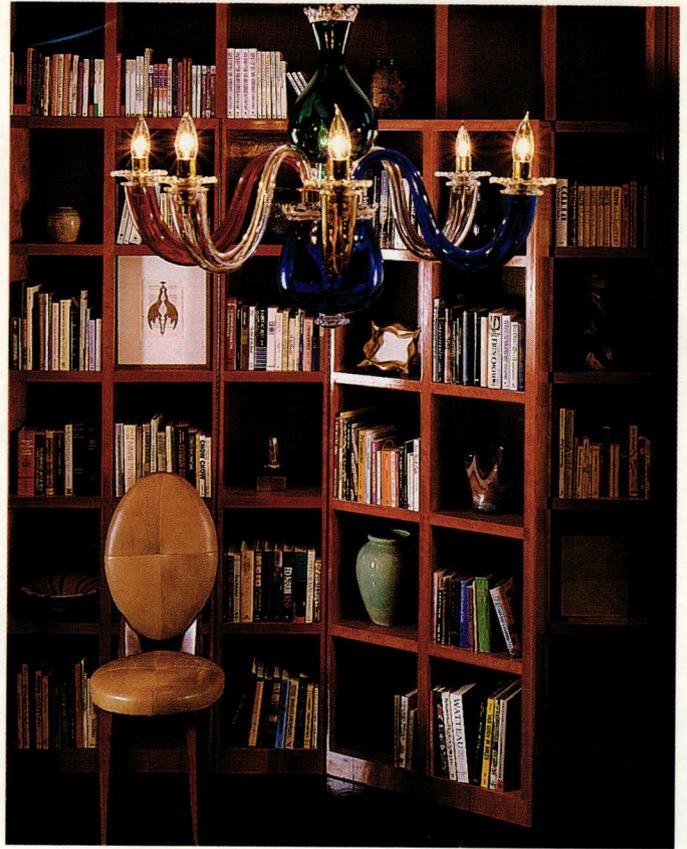
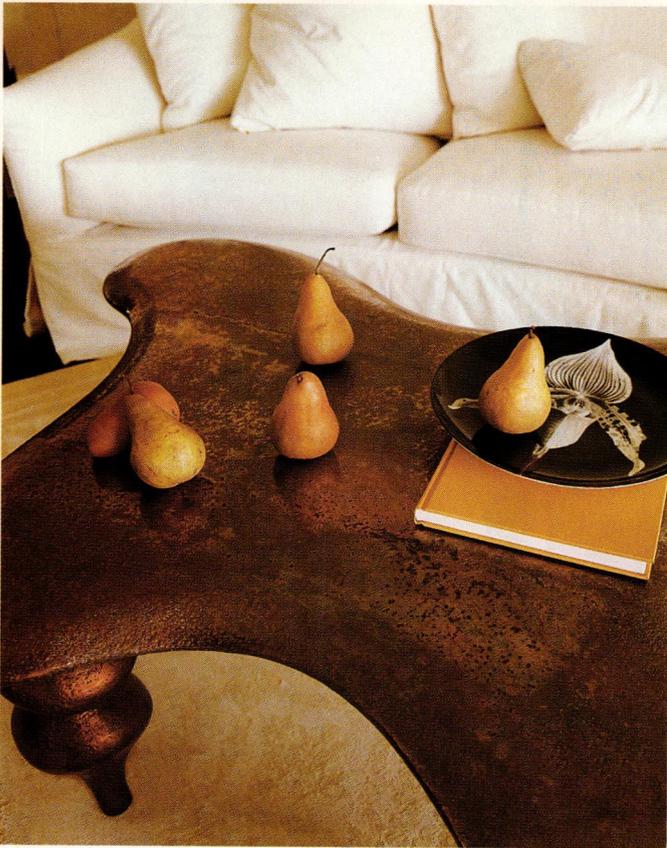
# True to Herself

*Self* editor  
Alexandra Penney's  
shapely apartment  
designed by Larry Totah  
follows the contours  
of her life. By James Atlas

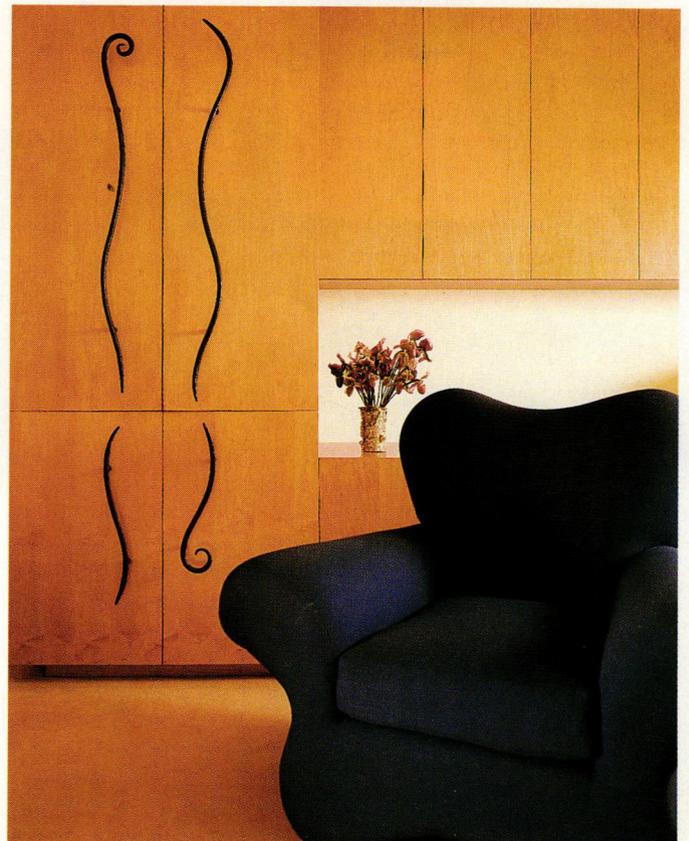
Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Anne Foxley





The copper coffee table, *above left*, provides the background for a still life of pears and a Robert Mapplethorpe plate from Swid Powell. *Above right*: A Venini chandelier by Giò Ponti lights the entrance hall, where a Totah leather chair stands beside lacquered shelves. *Below left*: Near the front door a Fontana Arte table from Diva, L.A., holds a Borek Sipek vase. Drawing by Sarah Seager. *Below right*: A Totah club chair in fabric from Knoll Textiles is silhouetted against maple cabinets in the study. *Opposite*: Lynn Geesaman photographs hang above the study sofa, which is covered in Scalamandr  velvet, and an Eadweard Muybridge photograph rests on the cabinet. Penney found the kidney-shaped tables at a Manhattan flea market. Carpet from Stark.



Penney has made her apartment a chic grown-up version of Eloise at the Plaza



THE GRANDEUR OF THE LEGENDARY MANHATTAN apartment building in which Alexandra Penney lives declares itself at the wrought-iron gate to the circular brick driveway. A brass plate by the entrance bears the terse message: PRIVATE. Beyond the grand art deco lobby is a wide terrace overlooking the East River. Vigilant doormen patrol the marbled floors, escorting visitors to the private elevators that whisk them to the vast palazzi above. The ambiance is somehow European—it's like one of those somber old-world apartment buildings in Paris's *seizième* or the Piazza Navona in Rome.

Maybe it's the prevailing atmosphere below that makes the arrival at Penney's apartment such a surprising experience. The moment you step off the snug wood-paneled elevator into the foyer, you find yourself in a bright uncluttered space with Swiss pearwood walls and lacquered bookshelves. An austere flower arrangement graces a round glass-topped table. The impression is one of simplicity and muted elegance. The black stained floorboards are polished to a glossy sheen. A Venini chandelier by Giò Ponti lends a

festive touch. "It's very Alexandra," notes her designer, Larry Totah, "a happy compromise between traditional and contemporary."

Totah is based in Los Angeles; Penney, a writer, a painter, and the editor of *Self*, is quintessential New York. This particular commission was very much a collaborative bicoastal project. "Part of the fun of it was the intriguing dialogues we had about the art of design and the quality of space in New York versus L.A.," says Penney. "New York has a blue light; L.A. has a white light." Friends since the late seventies—Totah designed two earlier Penney residences, a SoHo loft and an apartment at 1 Fifth Avenue—they have traveled together to Venice and Santa Fe and other exotic locales. The idea was to combine sensibilities—"Alexandra would say, 'There's a wonderful color of green in this vase,'" Totah recalls, "and I'd find a way to use it."

The apartment isn't exactly sprawling. When Totah came to see her new address for the first time, Penney confesses, he pronounced it the most boring space he'd ever seen. "He wasn't sure he could do anything with it." Nor was the

# Guest lists are designed to make sparks fly at dinner. Idle chitchat is forbidden



Chairs clad in Henry Calvin linen, *above*, are pulled up to a Totah dining table holding Josef Hoffmann hammered-brass vases from Barry Friedman, NYC. *Opposite*: Alongside framed mixed-media pieces by Jaume Plensa, the table is set for dinner with Raynaud-Ceralene porcelain, Baccarat crystal, family silver, and 1960s candlesticks.

view exactly dazzling. There *is* something mysterious about the willingness of those who inhabit one of the city's priciest precincts to gaze out upon industrial Queens, where a Silvercup sign flares redly in the dusk. Then there are the ruins of the Smallpox Hospital at the tip of Roosevelt Island, which Arnold Scaasi once asked local authorities to illuminate in a European manner for a cocktail party. But there's also something ineffably romantic about the roiling waters of the East River, the curve of the Triborough Bridge, and the traffic pounding by on the FDR Drive. And Penney's apartment has as much white light as blue—when you walk into her living room, you could be in a Malibu beach house. The wall of windows and the off-white rug and sofas give the room a light airy feeling; wicker chairs emphasize its informality, while the mirrored black-walled liquor closet off the living room imparts a sophisticated Manhattan note. The effect is a marriage of “formality and opulence,” as Totah describes it, with a decidedly casual aura. The bedroom, with its chaise longue, silk chiffon curtains,

and peach carpeting, is more boudoir-like, more lush—“I wanted a bedroom I could wear silk underwear in”—but the study off the living room is a model of unpretentious minimalism. Penney found the pair of 1950s kidney-shaped tables herself, at the West 26th Street flea market. “I was thrilled that Larry approved.”

Because it has such a strong character, Penney's building posed a challenge to the climate of intimacy that both client and designer hoped to achieve. “The building has very grand apartments,” Penney explains. “I wanted a small apartment that could be intimate and warm or easy to entertain in for a group.” A close-knit group: “I like to squish people in at dinner so the decibel level rises.” Penney's guest lists are designed to make sparks fly. Idle chitchat is forbidden.

At one memorable luncheon, Erroll McDonald, the outspoken executive editor of Pantheon Books, got into a heated argument with Lynne Cheney, the equally outspoken chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities (she has since resigned from the post), on whether federal funding for literature and the arts was a worthy enterprise. Only the intervention of Random House publisher Harold Evans, who moderated the debate with gracious equanimity, forestalled what might have become a distinctly un-East Side scene.

The seating plan at these occasions is highly—sometimes harrowingly—eclectic. Artists and writers mingle with society and entertainment types. One evening it will be Robert Morton, coexecutive producer of *Late Night with David Letterman*, playwright Wendy Wasserstein, and the publishing powers Jason Epstein and Joni Evans. On another it will be a small gathering around the lozenge-shaped wood and steel dining table for the Leonard Lauders or the Alexander Libermans: his artwork is on the wall. Then there is the famous annual “pug party” for pooch owners, at which Popeye's fried chicken is served. Penney doesn't take no (*Continued on page 115*)



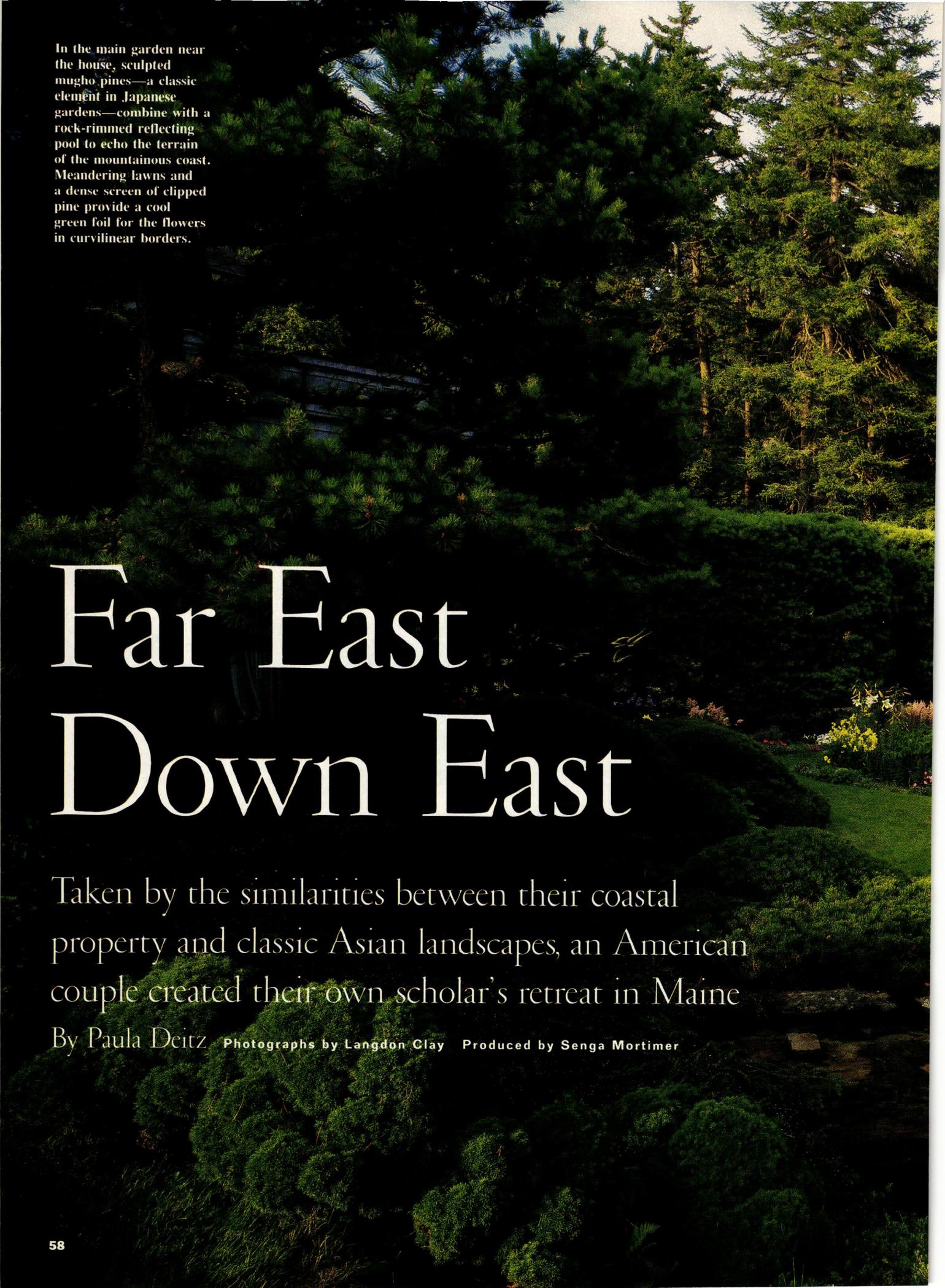


A custom chaise stretches out near an antique table, Matteo Thun mirror, and a bed with a Frette cotton quilt. Iron tiebacks gather sheer silk curtains beneath arched valances. Carpet from Stark.

***Inset:*** Penney catches the morning news beside a Diego Giacometti lamp.

“I wanted a bedroom  
I could wear silk underwear in”



A photograph of a garden featuring several sculpted mugo pines in the foreground. In the background, a reflecting pool is visible, surrounded by more trees and a building. The scene is bathed in soft, natural light, creating a serene atmosphere.

In the main garden near the house, sculpted mugo pines—a classic element in Japanese gardens—combine with a rock-rimmed reflecting pool to echo the terrain of the mountainous coast. Meandering lawns and a dense screen of clipped pine provide a cool green foil for the flowers in curvilinear borders.

# Far East Down East

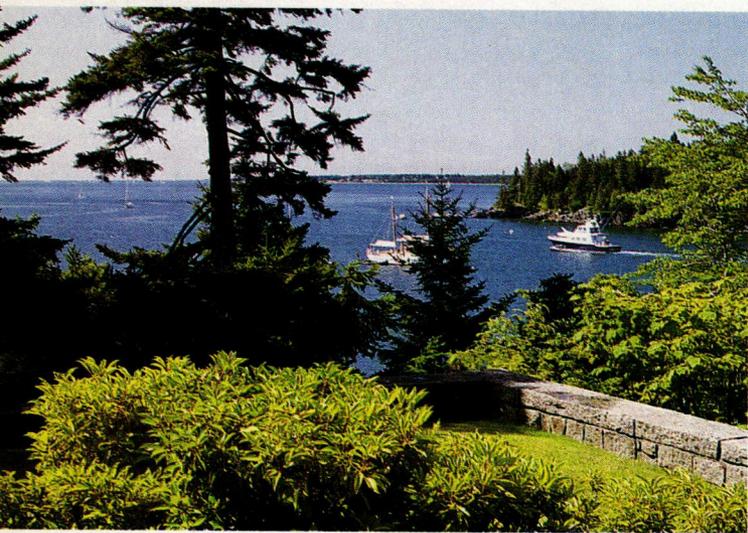
Taken by the similarities between their coastal property and classic Asian landscapes, an American couple created their own scholar's retreat in Maine

By Paula Deitz   Photographs by Langdon Clay   Produced by Senga Mortimer



SOME OF THE BEST TRAVELING IN THE WORLD CAN take place in a quiet room with a Chinese scroll depicting mountains and a hut perched high on a ledge in the mist. Hours can pass as the eye wanders through remote passes and winding trails to attain its goal at the little house, which is usually described as a scholar's retreat. Following a cliffside path to an isolated cabin on the Maine coast can have a similarly meditative effect, especially on a foggy morning when the music of buoy bells drifts across the water. According to one of the creators of such a down east retreat—a small pavilion hidden in the woods near the couple's summer house, overlooking a harbor at the edge of a granite-bound garden—no setting could be more conducive to contemplation. For more than thirty summers the husband, a philosopher of science, left their house every morning at eight, walked through the woods to his secluded study-by-the-sea, and settled in to write about questions of life and matter.

Inside the study, where one might expect to find a Buddha, hangs an engraved portrait of Voltaire, but



A white pine at the edge of the bluff dominates the garden, *above*. Stone walls are relics of a much larger house that once stood here. *Below*: The present house, a modern shingle and glass structure, was sited to overlook both garden and sea. Deep rich tones in the borders were inspired by stained glass at Chartres.



outdoors next to the main house, a bodhisattva has a sanctuary of its own under the canopy of a laburnum. In a sense both sages are tutelary spirits of the surrounding garden, which, like other landscapes in that part of Maine (the Thuya Garden is a well-known example), harmoniously combines the Western tradition of colorful flower borders with Far Eastern features such as rock-rimmed pools and evergreens sculptured into hilly mounds that echo the contours of a rugged coastline.

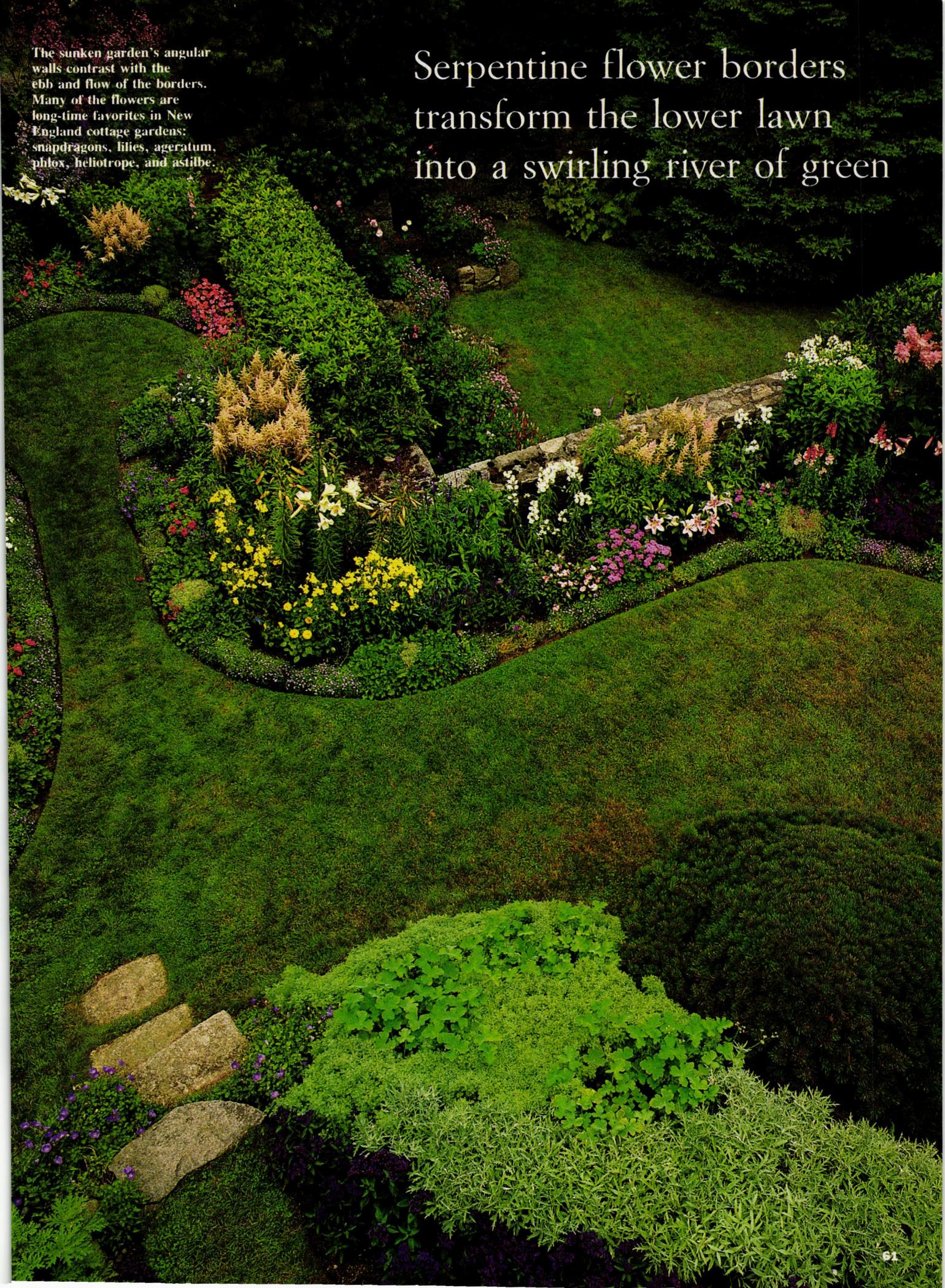
Besides evoking different cultures, this landscape embodies the passage of time. Much of the garden occupies the site of a sprawling turn-of-the-century summer "cottage," which had been torn down by the time the couple purchased the property in the 1950s. Only the massive cut-granite foundations survived as a romantic ruin. The new owners' architect, William Adair Bernoudy of Saint Louis who had trained with Frank Lloyd Wright, designed a cedar-shingled house atop part of the ruin, but on a smaller scale than the original structure and set back farther from the edge of the bluff to make room for a garden. Deep overhangs give shade in summer, and horizontal lines are echoed by the low outstretched branches of trees that have been painstakingly pruned.

During the year following their acquisition of the property, the owners spent three weeks visiting the gardens of Kyoto where they immediately saw resemblances to familiar sights in Maine. Bonsai and other shrubs and trees shaped by human hands called to mind the pines and spruces that are similarly twisted and sheared by heavy winds whistling along the mountainous Maine coast. Inspired by what they had seen in Japan, the couple worked with Bernoudy and the Philadelphia landscape architect Howard S. Kneedler to reshape their own seaside terrain, which was then dominated by a single white pine. They began by clearing rubble among the granite walls and added layers of soil for intimate planting areas; a series of natural hollows in the bedrock that filled with rainwater now serve as graceful reflecting pools.

The beautifully mellowed foundation walls—ranging in depth from two to eight feet—shelter flower borders which, in contrast to the angular masonry, follow a serpentine path that transforms the lower lawn into a swirling river of green. A knowledgeable botanist, the philosopher of science selected plantings appropriate to the Maine climate, but it was his wife who chose the glowing palette of pinks, blues, and purples—colors she associates with the memorable day in her youth when she first saw the windows of Chartres Cathedral. Viewed from higher ground or from inside the house, the precisely outlined beds of astilbe, delphinium, campanula, heliotrope, snapdragons, lilies, phlox, and artemisia can indeed suggest patterns in stained glass.

The sunken garden's angular walls contrast with the ebb and flow of the borders. Many of the flowers are long-time favorites in New England cottage gardens: snapdragons, lilies, ageratum, phlox, heliotrope, and astilbe.

Serpentine flower borders transform the lower lawn into a swirling river of green

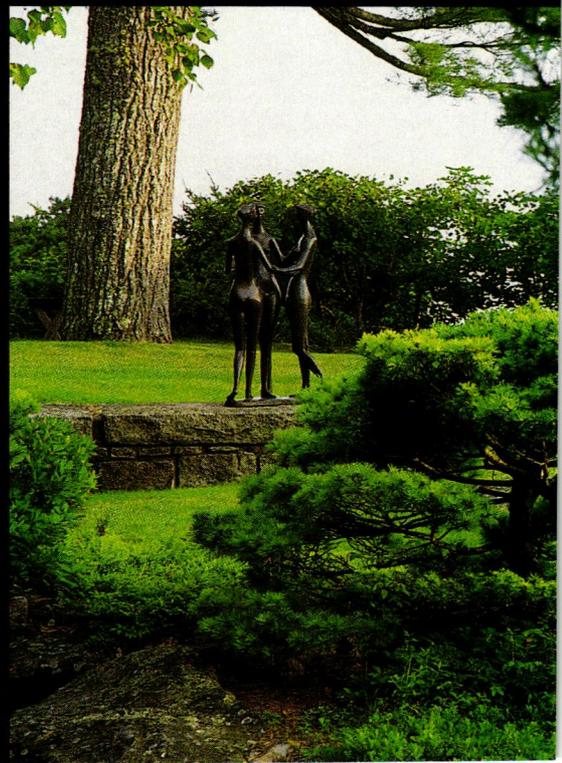




Lichen streaks a carpet of moss in the woodland garden, *right*.  
*Left*: Kiwi vine surrounds a stone head by Marie Taylor. *Below left*: A Japanese snow-viewing lantern beside a walkway railing. *Bottom left*: The Japanese-style pavilion built as a scholar's retreat. *Bottom right*: A modern bronze, *The Three Graces*, by Gerhard Marcks.



Sculptures along the paths encourage meditative pauses





At the end of a pine needle path lined with moss and ferns, a woodland clearing becomes a sanctuary centered on an "altar" of standing monoliths.

Few visitors to this landscape come prepared to find an allusion to medieval France, but then the element of surprise is one of the key lessons the owners learned from their experience in the Far East and imaginatively applied on home ground. There is, for instance, the enchanting surprise of roses nestled against a wall at the depths of a sunken garden and the unexpected drama that unfolds in the woodland that lies along the way from the family house to the scholar's retreat. What at first appears to be dense forest is in fact a cultivated wilderness, a rustic open-air cathedral with a nave of spruce leading to an elliptical apse of giant tree trunk pillars. At the focal point, positioned like a prehistoric altar or relics of Stonehenge, stand two huge granite monoliths unearthed nearby. Paths reinforce the sense of architectural cohesion, and much of the shady forest floor has been carpeted in moist moss and the lacy gray lichen that is the true flower of the Maine woods. The entire woodland garden is encircled by moose maple, whose fall foliage is so bright a yellow that it seems to bring sunshine into the dark grove on even the grayest day.

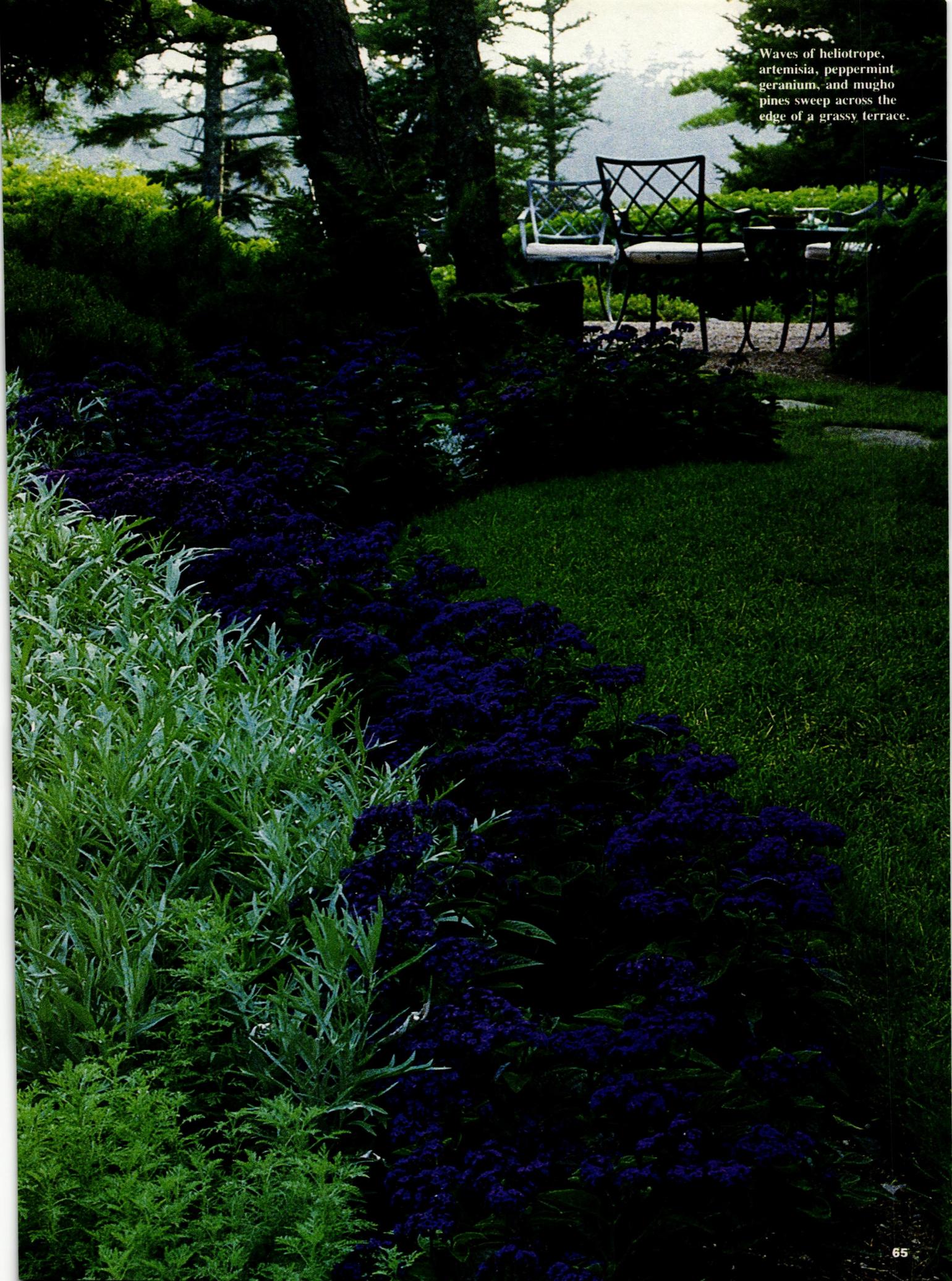
Convinced that no one should ever rush through a garden landscape, the owners stationed sculptures along the paths to encourage meditative pauses. In the woods a Japanese snow-viewing lantern and a pagoda from Kyoto, mementos of family travels, have both

weathered to the same tonality as the granite bedrock of the cliffs. A terrace wall near the edge of a bayside bluff provides the pedestal for *The Three Graces*, a starkly handsome modern bronze by the German sculptor Gerhard Marcks which the couple found on a trip to Heidelberg.

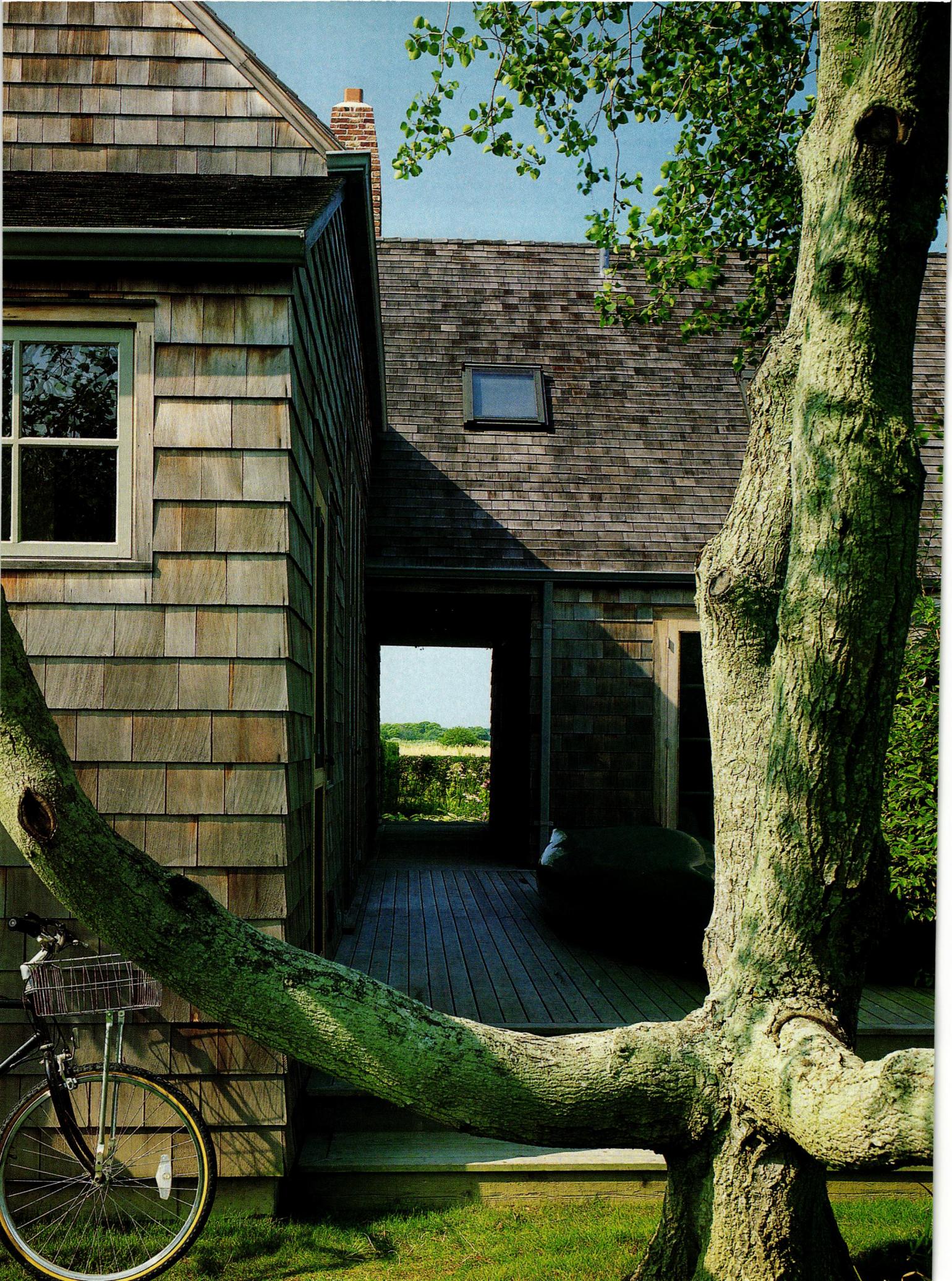
Of course, there are plentiful reminders everywhere that a garden can never be a static work of art, subject as it is to changes imposed by nature. Year after year, the harsh maritime climate took its toll in the woods where the architecture of the cathedral-like design was altered by the loss of trees. When the owners lost the venerable white spruce next to the scholar's pavilion, they took advantage of the fortuitous clearing by planting a new garden of dwarf conifers.

Perhaps because they face extraordinary challenges in sustaining man-made landscapes from season to season, gardeners on the Maine coast take special pride in exquisite balancing acts. No horticultural feat demands so much skill and subtlety—or, when successful, appears so serenely inevitable—as the hybrid of Eastern and Western styles that has become a local specialty. On a summer day, nature and artifice can seem poised in perfect equilibrium. That this couple's garden remains one of the finest examples of the genre is a tribute not only to its creators' taste but also to their perseverance. ▲



A photograph of a garden terrace. In the foreground, a row of purple flowers, likely heliotrope, runs across the frame. To the left of the flowers is a dense patch of green foliage, possibly artemisia. In the background, a seating area with a table and four chairs is visible on a grassy terrace. The terrace is bordered by a low wall and surrounded by trees, including pines. The overall scene is lush and green, with a focus on the purple flowers in the foreground.

Waves of heliotrope,  
artemisia, peppermint  
geranium, and mugho  
pines sweep across the  
edge of a grassy terrace.



# The Well-Composed Cottage

Drawing on his Middle Eastern heritage and his American education, artist Nabil Nahas puts together a country house

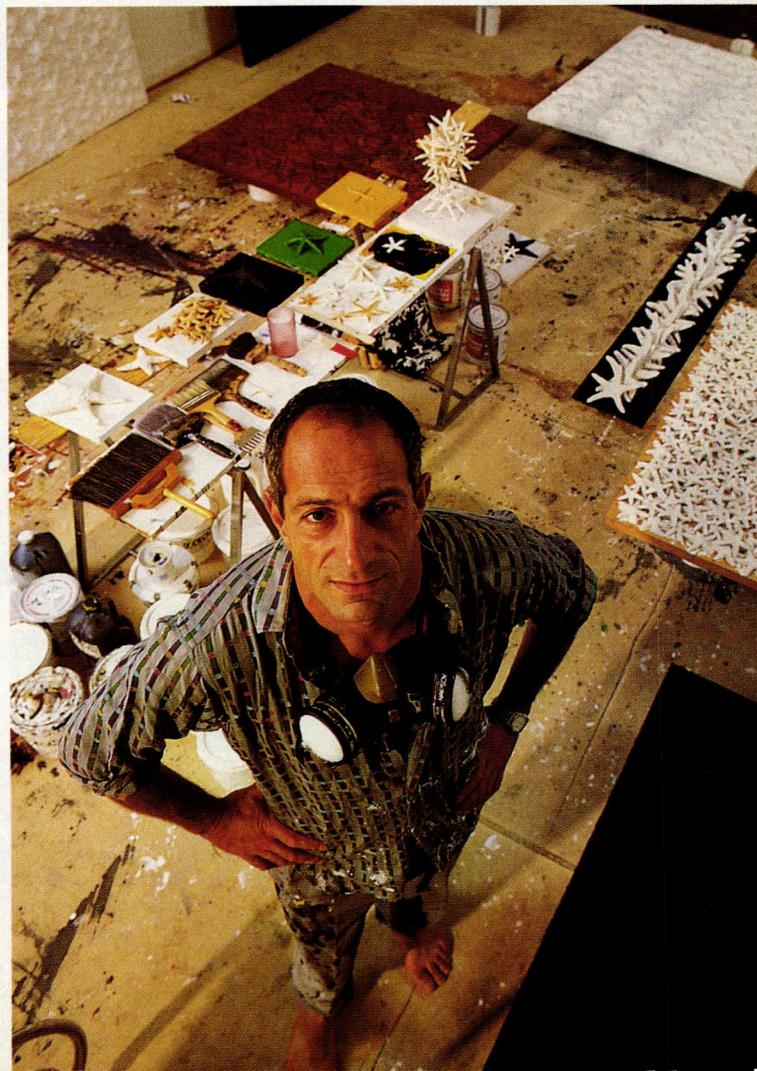
By Gini Alhadeff    Photographs by Scott Frances

HERE IS A MAN TERRIFIED OF BEING TAKEN SERIOUSLY. Nabil Nahas, painter and gentleman, moves within a well-ordered machinery of languor. His quiet movements, low voice, devil-may-care attitude to the hours in a day make up the core of one born—and born well—in Beirut, then raised in Cairo. That core is camouflaged beneath an American manner acquired during two decades in this country, from undergraduate studies at Louisiana State to Yale to life as an artist in a SoHo loft. Six feet one inch, an Ivy League graduate in his erudition, quickness, and athletic form, Nahas lapses into scurrility as a release from the pressure cooker of his lovely manners.

We are sitting at a round wooden table on the deck overlooking his garden in Sagaponack, New York. Eight for lunch: pasta with chicken in a béchamel sauce au gratin, a chunk of blue cheese, salad, strawberry mousse—one of the rare places on Long Island where meals are not conjured up from plastic containers. “Did I tell you the joke of the man who had a small . . . ?” Nabil, who stirred that béchamel and shredded that chicken, asks solicitously. Pause. “He went to the doctor and the doctor asked if he might like an elephant trunk instead . . .” The joke ends, as nearly all Nahas’s jokes do, below the belt. From this vantage point, the man’s fastidious taste in everything from a painting to a refrigerator to a perennial border looms wondrously large.

To corner him into talking about his newly renovated house is like chasing a hare: “after lunch” becomes “after dinner” which becomes “after breakfast.” One is reminded of the story of the English lord who summarily dismisses a member of the

**Nabil Nahas, right, in his two-story studio, surrounded by starfish paintings in progress. Opposite: In his backyard a poplar spreads its boughs before a breezeway that connects the two wings of the house and offers views of potato fields and a pond. Details see Resources.**



The living room's mix of styles would constitute an ABC of chaos for most designers





In the living room Nahas's *Spangled* hangs above a 1950s American sofa and a painting by John McLaughlin tops a mantel made of Louisiana cypress. Nahas also used cypress for the double-hung windows and the door. The seating options range from 1940s French red lacquer armchairs to an African stool. In the foreground a Raoul Dufy bonsai planter is displayed alongside antiquities.



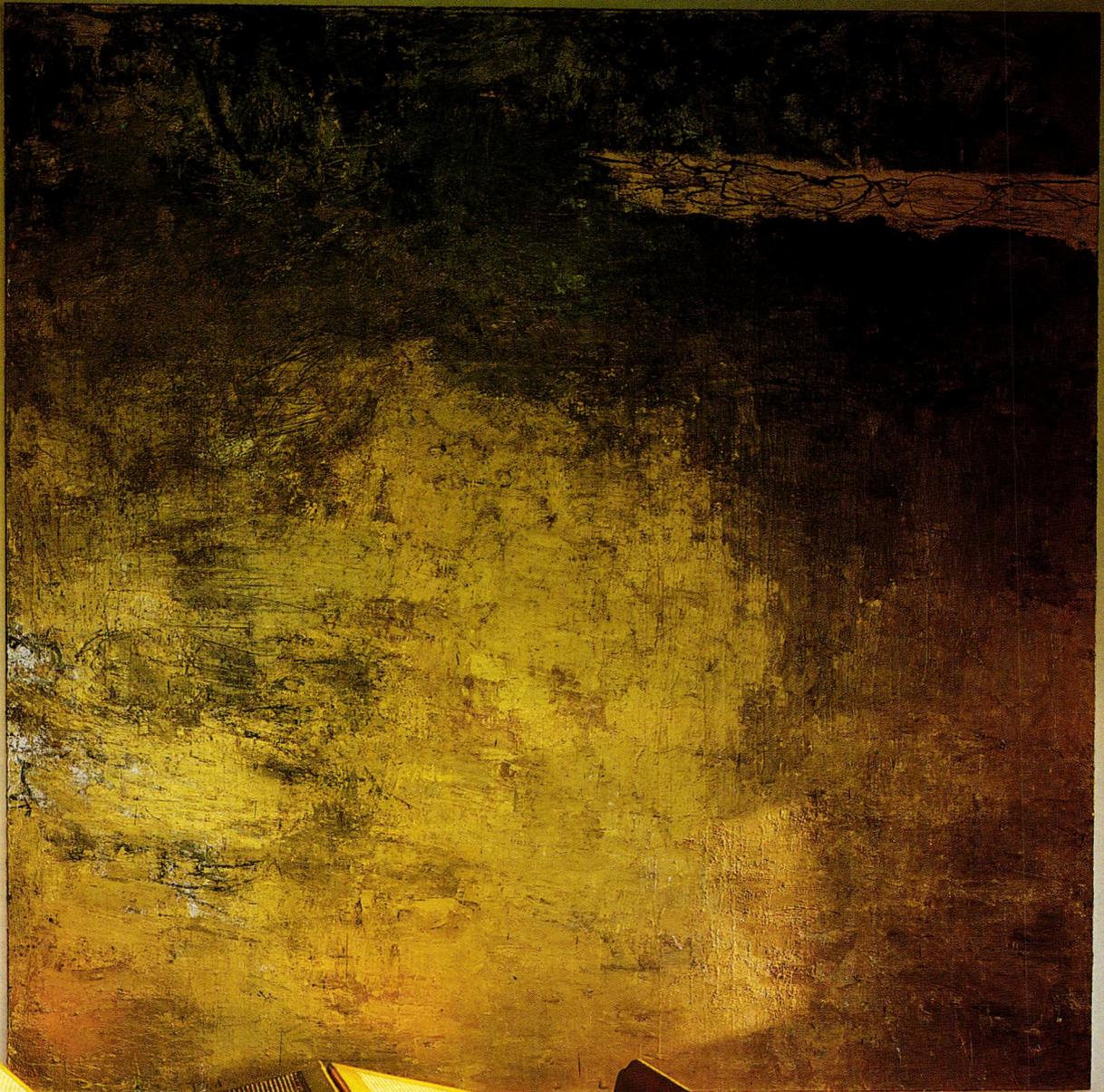
press from his house for having commented on this and that object, chair, or painting, then mutters to the remaining guests, “Strange fellow talking to a fellow about a fellow’s things.” Nahas was, in fact, still reeling from the previous night’s guests who had walked around the house exclaiming in front of two Rothko gouaches, a Twombly drawing, and a Fontana slashed canvas, “This must be worth a fortune!”

However, talk we did, reclining on wooden chaise longues covered in kelly green mattresses by the bluestone pool, gazing at a flat thick green lawn ending in a clipped privet hedge with a row of shimmering young poplars beyond. “Riding around on my bicycle this used to be my favorite street because it seemed so secluded—such a private little discovery between the ponds and fields,” Nahas recalls. “This house came up for sale. It was a 1960s ranch house—pedestrian. I thought, ‘What the heck, I’ll take it anyway.’” For a couple of years the house remained pretty much as it was, but Nahas eventually grew to

Two of his living room chairs served as models for Nahas’s bedframe, *left*, which he wove himself. A 1920s painting by Amadé de la Pattelière hangs above a Regency sofa table, which supports a Victorian lamp and a 1930s vase by Edward Cazaux. *Below*: Landscape architect Perry Guillot flanked the bluestone pool with perennial gardens, “one in cool and the other in warm colors.”



A Nahas painting and an English colonial chaise from Singapore glow in the bedroom's afternoon light.



When it comes to paying attention, Nahas has mastered the art



dislike it so much that he decided to rebuild keeping only part of the original structure. Working around this limitation, and with the help of his contractor, Donald Robertson, he designed the house he wanted on two floors. It is divided into two wings: one consisting of the living room, kitchen, and two guest rooms; the other of his studio, bedroom, and den, which is the only part of the house where the “masters of the grounds,” the cats, Skipper (white and black) and Sam (black and white), are allowed. The separation assures privacy even when the house is full. “This way I don’t disturb my guests,” says Nahas with characteristic Middle Eastern noblesse oblige. Those guests can expect a stream of attentions, from waffles for breakfast and orange blossom tea before bedtime to a bouquet of fresh purple basil, mint, and sage from the garden before leaving.

A passerby will get no satisfaction: the gray wood exterior and sloped roofs are unassertive and congenial to the flat Long Island fields around them. Nahas finds this follows the dictates of Islamic architecture—a neutral linear shell concealing comfort, color, even opulence. The tall French doors in the living room and all the moldings and window frames were made in Louisiana of old cypress wood. He owes the desire for southern textures to his aunt Fina and her house in Covington, Louisiana (subject of her friend Walker Percy’s veiled homage, “Why I Live Here”), and to two years in Louisiana as an undergraduate: “I learned to cook gumbo and paid attention to the architectural detail of the region.”

Of course, when it comes to paying attention Nahas has mastered the art. In an antiques store in Bridgehampton he saw at once that a little reddish rug used as a mat at the entrance was a fine old Caucasian specimen worth rather more than the seventy-five dollars on the price tag. That he bargained to have the price lowered is a sign of the collector’s instinctive urge to put the desired object slightly beyond reach so as to enjoy the conquest of it all the more. But, he insists, “I don’t think of myself as a collector. I just buy things that catch my eye—whether eighteenth-century French furniture or African sculpture.”

The congregation of styles and periods in his living room is a case in point. It would constitute an ABC of aesthetic chaos for most neophyte designers of interiors. Above a stately *(Continued on page 116)*



**In the side yard a path of river rocks, above left, leads from a berry garden to the house. Left: A winding stair with a mahogany newel post found in Louisiana leads to Nahas’s bedroom. Next to the breezeway door, a Nahas starfish sculpture rests before a painting from his *Constellation* series. The runner is 19th-century Turkish. Opposite: Curtains of Amazonian jute shade ten-foot-tall French doors leading to the garden. The William IV bookcase and George III library table rest on an oak floor stained with chicory. The painting is by Lucio Fontana.**

Guests can expect streams of attention,  
from orange blossom tea before bed to a  
bouquet of herbs before leaving



# I Married a

**He fluffs the living room.**

**He sets the table.**

**He buys his own clothes.**

**Marriage is different  
when your husband is  
the ultimate homemaker.**

**By Stephen Drucker**

Photographs by Todd Eberle

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, AND THE GROOM IS SMILING because it's all just the way he pictured it. The wedding dress, which he approved. The bridal veil, which he designed. The emerald green satin tablecloths, which he had made, and the orchids in the mirrored vases, which he chose ever so carefully. The cake and the music, too.

It all simply had to be perfect. And it was.

Twenty-two years later the bride, Lynn Jeffrey, still is perfect, in purple Thierry Mugler with flashes of gold. She has been married all these years to the decorator Noel Jeffrey. Lynn manages his business; between designing rooms, setting the table, and arranging the flowers, Noel shops for her clothes.

"Marrying Noel was a revelation," Lynn says. "It had never occurred to me. You do not see through your eyes what they see through theirs."

The seventies may have liberated women, the eighties may have sensitized men, the nineties may be chipping away at the conventions of the sexes, but the union of decorator and wife will probably still get a wink for years to come. To marry a decorator is to join a sorority for which life offers little preparation.

"What ever happened to that pipe-smoking proto-lawyer you were going to marry?" Duane Flegel's parents asked when she announced she was about to become Mrs. Mark Hampton. They could not possibly foresee that one day their son-in-law would be decorator to the Bushes and that the Hamptons would find themselves



**26 YEARS**  
Chippy rented a Rolls-Royce for her wedding to the dean of English style.



**Chippy and Keith Irvine**

**Chippy Irvine:**

**"I do the vegetables.**

**He does**

**the flowers'"**

There is perpetual twilight in their sixty-foot-long living room, a trove of German neoclassical furniture and marble sculptures. And there is glamour in the family-oriented rooms, with Jean-Michel Frank pieces and many of Peter's own designs.

The big bright white room in the apartment belongs to two-year-old Isabelle. The walls are upholstered with a fabric that Jane designed, a white cotton printed with red and black West Highland terriers, because Peter loves his Westie. Peter designed the child-size tea table with bunnies as legs as well as the white-lacquered changing table.

There is faint hammering across the apartment. Hammering is to the decorator's apartment what Max Steiner's score was to *Now, Voyager*. Something about the kitchen lighting. Jane rolls her eyes: "Something is always being improved."

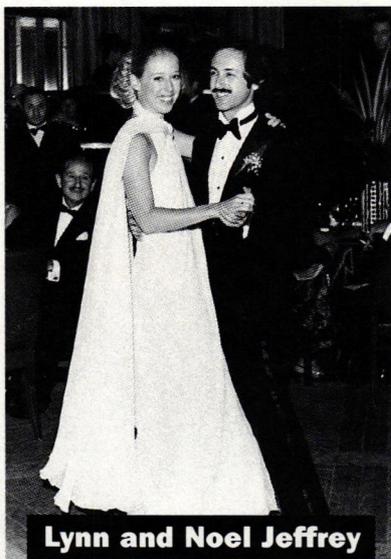
The married life of Duane and Mark Hampton is chronicled in forty-one scrapbooks bound in red morocco. Invitations. Society columns. Photographs of family and friends and all the houses they have visited over the years. "Every blueberry muffin we've eaten," says Duane, the keeper of the archive in their bedroom.

Duane and Mark were married young, twenty-nine years ago, and "grew up together," she says, attracted by all the things they like: museums, travel, history books, and anything beige for him; Regency furniture, the eighteenth century, and the colors red or green for her. Duane, who serves on numerous charity boards, had an antiques shop of her own for several years and has an eye to match her husband's. "Not for one minute have I relinquished control to him," she says.

They started life together in a tiny apartment with her Chinese wedding chest and his old cherry farm table and the Louis XVI-style chair that they bought at the Door Store. Then they went through Mark's David Hicks period, all black and white with patterned carpeting and what she remembers as a "weird" modern lamp. "When you're young, you want to try the things of your time," Duane says. "These days one of Mark's favorite lines is, 'Everything fits in the modern room, except you.'"

For twenty-two years the Hamptons have lived in a three-bedroom apartment on Park Avenue. The Door Store chair, now refurbished, still stands in the living room in front of an eighteenth-century English secretary. Mark and Duane have been through a red and black period here and then nine years of chintz, and the current, very soothing ode to beige and symmetry.

If many people dream of living in a Mark Hampton



**Lynn and Noel Jeffrey**

**22 YEARS**  
The groom saw the Stavropoulos dress before the wedding.

**Lynn Jeffrey:**  
"I have never picked a tie for him in twenty-two years"

room, Duane, of course, must dream of something else. The room in her head has a twenty-four-foot ceiling, gauzy curtains, and a warm ocean outside the window. "Kind of Polynesian looking," she says.

Two Hampton daughters grew up in the Park Avenue apartment. The younger one, Alexa, just graduated from Brown University, where her room had a fireplace, a collection of obelisks, a double bed with lots of pillows, numerous marble objets, a verdigris bust, architectural drawings, and a sisal rug. Every man's dream: a real chip off the old block. ▲

# Summer at

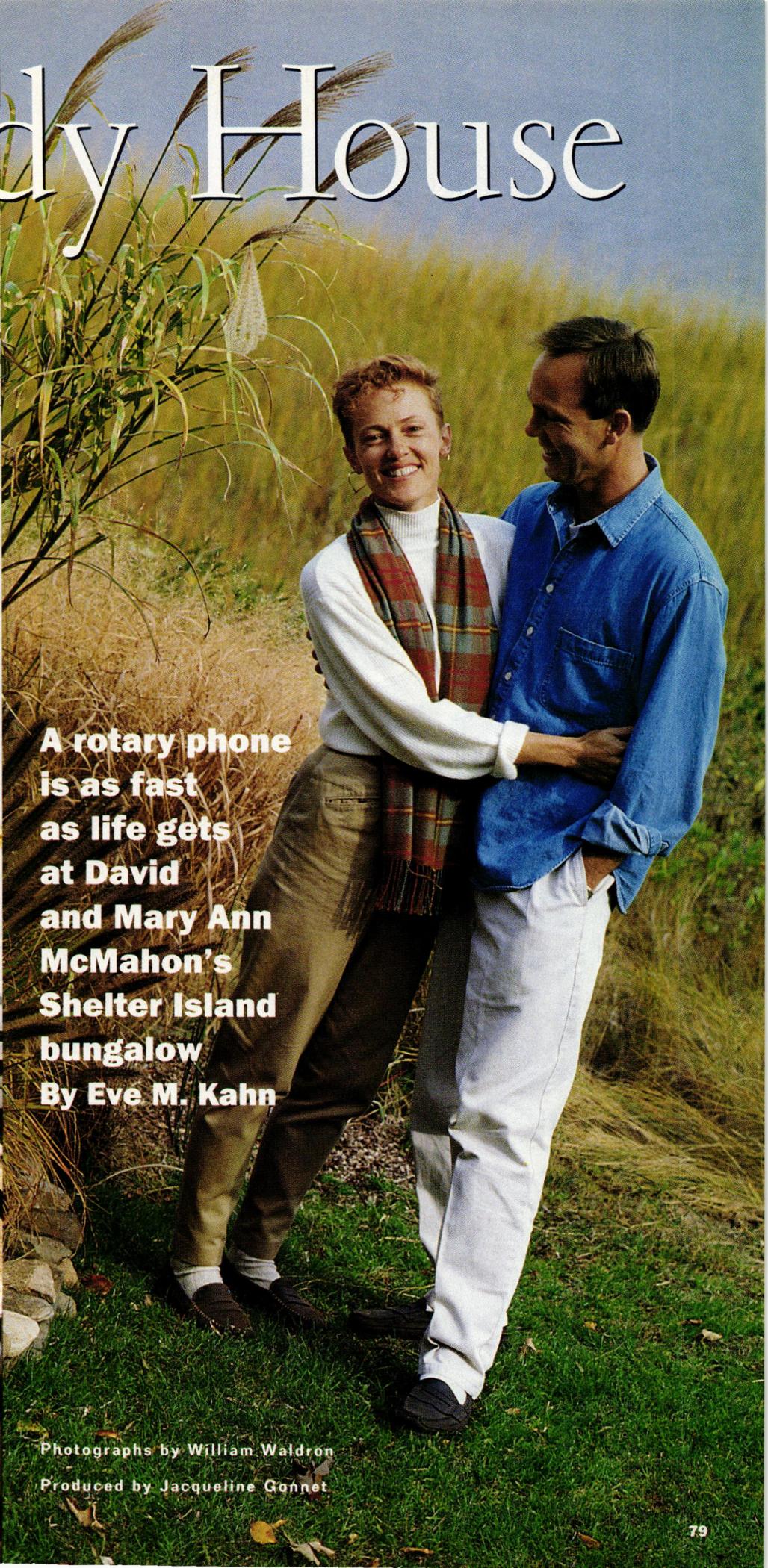


"It's what we'd always dreamed of—it suits us," says David McMahon, *opposite*, with his wife, Mary Ann, at their Shelter Island bungalow. The McMahons' first stroke was to open up the house by demolishing the wall between the front porch, *above*, and the living room. The humble furnishings include an Anglo-Indian cane chair. Details see Resources.

# Handy House



**A rotary phone  
is as fast  
as life gets  
at David  
and Mary Ann  
McMahon's  
Shelter Island  
bungalow  
By Eve M. Kahn**



Photographs by William Waldron  
Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet



A HIGHLY CONDENSED FORM OF Eden: a saltwater bay courses past a quarter acre of lawn; a flag whips and snaps all day on its pole squeezed beside a front porch; those same flag-driving breezes waft through a barely 1,000-square-foot bungalow furnished with rattan, antler candlesticks, seascapes, shells, and Shirvan rugs worn to the color of sand. No style dominates; nothing seems forced; visitors do not worry about where to put up their feet.

David and Mary Ann McMahon own this haven for relaxation on Shelter Island off Long Island's eastern end, and they call it Handy House, not because the name runs in either family but because everything lies within steps of everything else. David, the vice president and director of design of Parish-Hadley, calls its effect "slightly offbeat without being unnerving," and the couple's only regret at the moment is that they'll have to hide a few rafters and studs soon to give the house such modern frills as heat.

The circa 1960 cottage has belonged to the McMahons almost from the day they saw it four years ago, during their first trip to Shelter Island. They had come to visit David's coworker, the late Gary Hager, and casually viewed a few properties for sale. The neighboring shingle-style cottages did not interest them, nor did the ranch houses. They fell instead for this waterfront box of four rooms on concrete block piers, despite bramble landscaping and a rough-wood interior that was painted brown and furnished with plywood cabinets. "It's what we'd always dreamed of," says David. "It suits us."

**The American flag flies crisply over the McMahon house, left, which sits behind a grassy salt-tolerant garden. *Opposite above:* A harmoniously unmatched set of rattan and mellowed Shirvan rugs furnish the living room. *Opposite below:* The front porch banquette doubles as a guest bed.**



Visitors do not worry about where to put up their feet

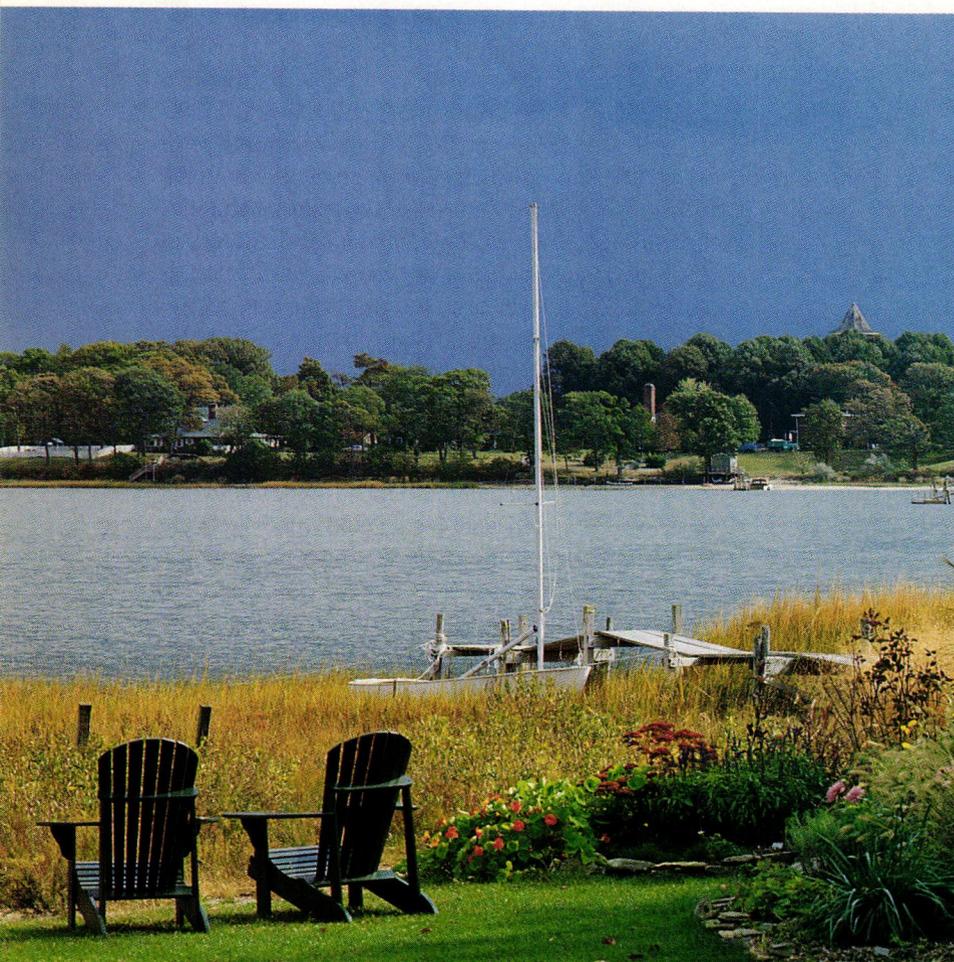


To preserve its rustic charm yet provide for additions, he gave the house an open central core that can grow. He tore out the wall between the porch and the living room, further illuminated the living room with a new round window in the pediment, separated the kitchen and the living room with a half-wall of barn siding, and left the bedrooms at the back of the house unchanged. He painted the surfaces with a mixture of lime and saltwater, which dries to a thin white that lets the woodgrain show, and with Mary Ann he collected furniture first at the local dump and later at local auctions. Hue and form, not provenance or age, determined purchases, and as more refined replacements arrived, each discovery from the dump was returned to the dump.

Decorative themes gradually evolved. Animalia, for instance: carved wooden owls flank brass dolphin candlesticks on the mantel; gray pheasant feathers burst from a Japanese bronze vase beside the front door; melon-size conch shells lurk on bookcases. Nauticalia also crops up: an anchor salvaged from the bay holds open the front door; colored-glass fishing-net floats imitate smooth fruit in bowls; a ship's wheel, which the previous owners used as a chandelier, now holds clothes hangers in the guest bedroom. Another hold-over from the past is the rotary telephone, which Mary Ann tells visitors will give a direct line to none other than Barbie.

When guests drop by—and they often just sail up to the McMahons' dock unannounced—they find David and local handymen working on the new heating system and a new second story; his design calls for lifting the roof to add another bedroom and porch.

Meanwhile, Mary Ann, who is a fashion sales executive, concentrates on the plantings. She has replaced swaths of sand and scrub with lawn and, halfway between



the porch and shore, a lavish salt-tolerant bed of ornamental grasses, daylilies, lavender, lythrum, yarrow, sedum, Russian sage, and salvia. Last winter's violent nor'easters wreaked havoc on the garden. "Every storm takes a little bit out of you," she says. "Maybe I'll start planting more annuals."

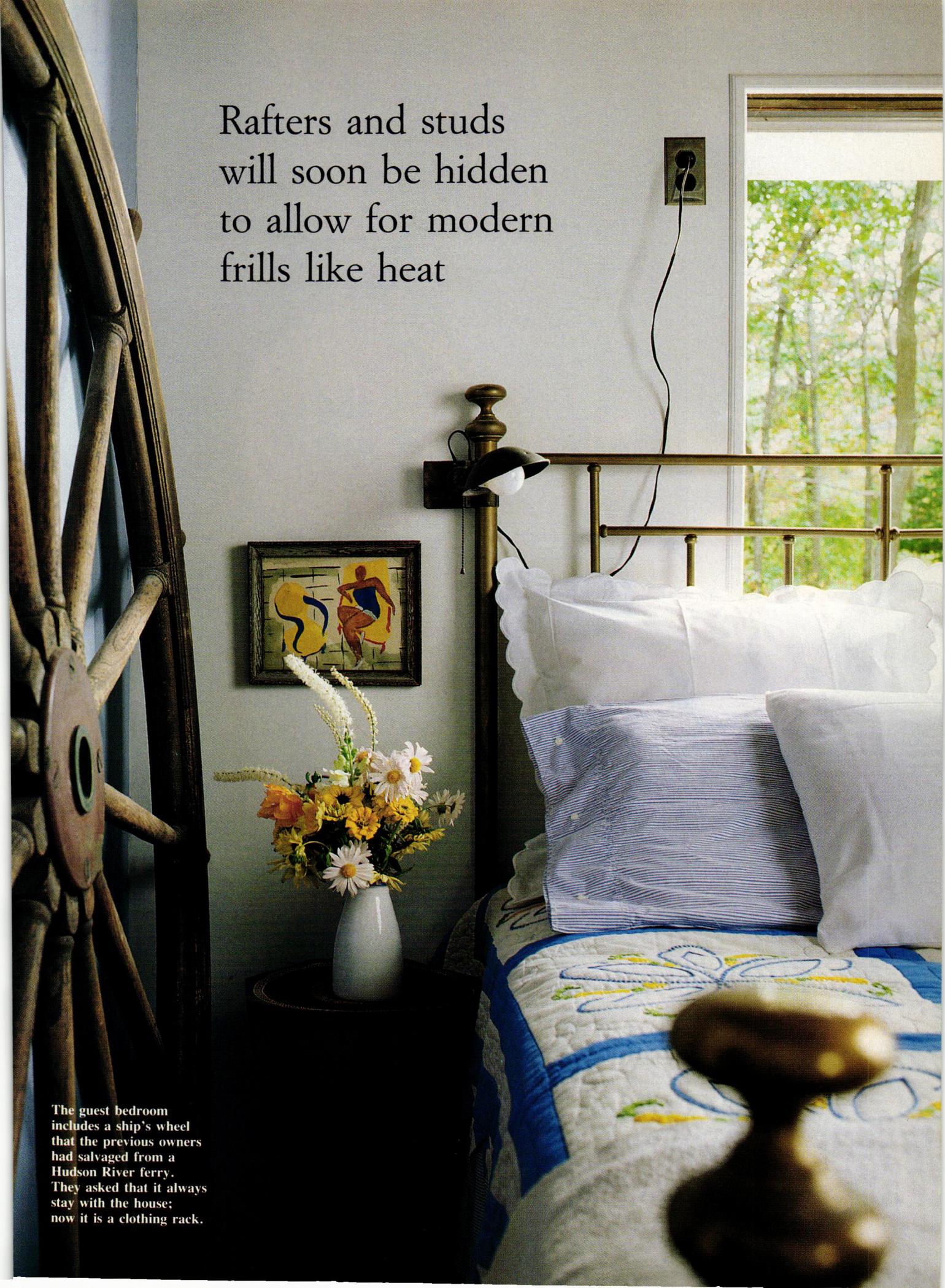
The house, however, has stood firm. Its original owners placed it well past the normal high tide mark, and higher tides flow harmlessly beneath its piers. So every Friday afternoon the McMahons drive out from Manhattan, pull up the shutters, raise the flag, fill the vases with flowers, check on the construction, light the barbecue, and await the docking of the next flotilla of friends. ▲

**The essence of summer: a pair of Adirondack chairs and a water view, left. Above: The McMahons' largest piece of furniture is their late 19th century faux bamboo bedstead.**

Rafters and studs  
will soon be hidden  
to allow for modern  
frills like heat



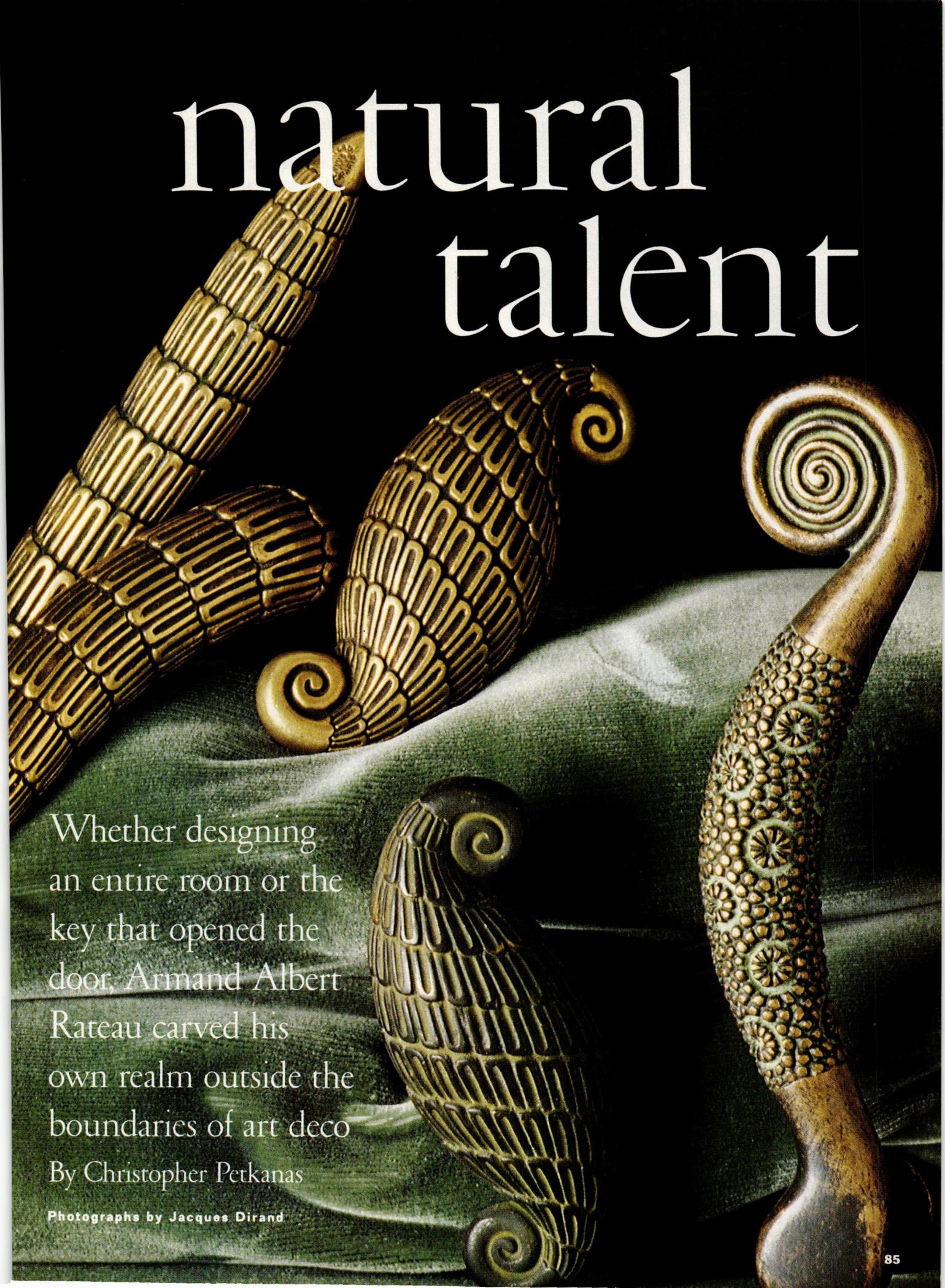
The guest bedroom includes a ship's wheel that the previous owners had salvaged from a Hudson River ferry. They asked that it always stay with the house; now it is a clothing rack.



No detail escaped Rateau's drawing board. His 1925 perpetual calendar, *left*, in patinated bronze rests next to a winged window fastener in gilt bronze and two keys, one topped with two bees and the other with two pelicans. *Right*: Gilt- and patinated-bronze doorknobs from 1925. All pieces courtesy of the Anne-Sophie Duval Gallery in Paris. Details see Resources.



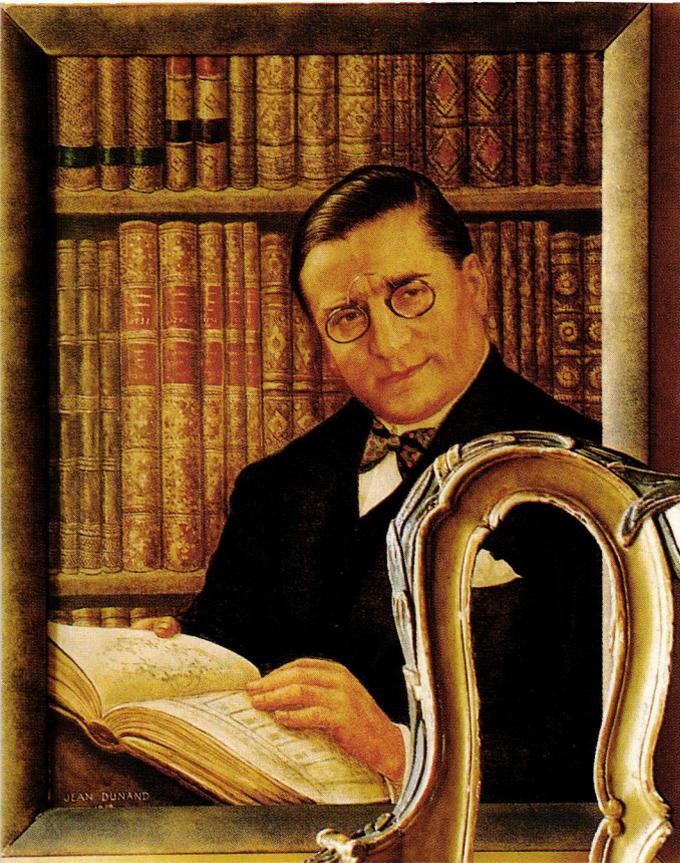
# natural talent



Whether designing an entire room or the key that opened the door, Armand Albert Rateau carved his own realm outside the boundaries of art deco

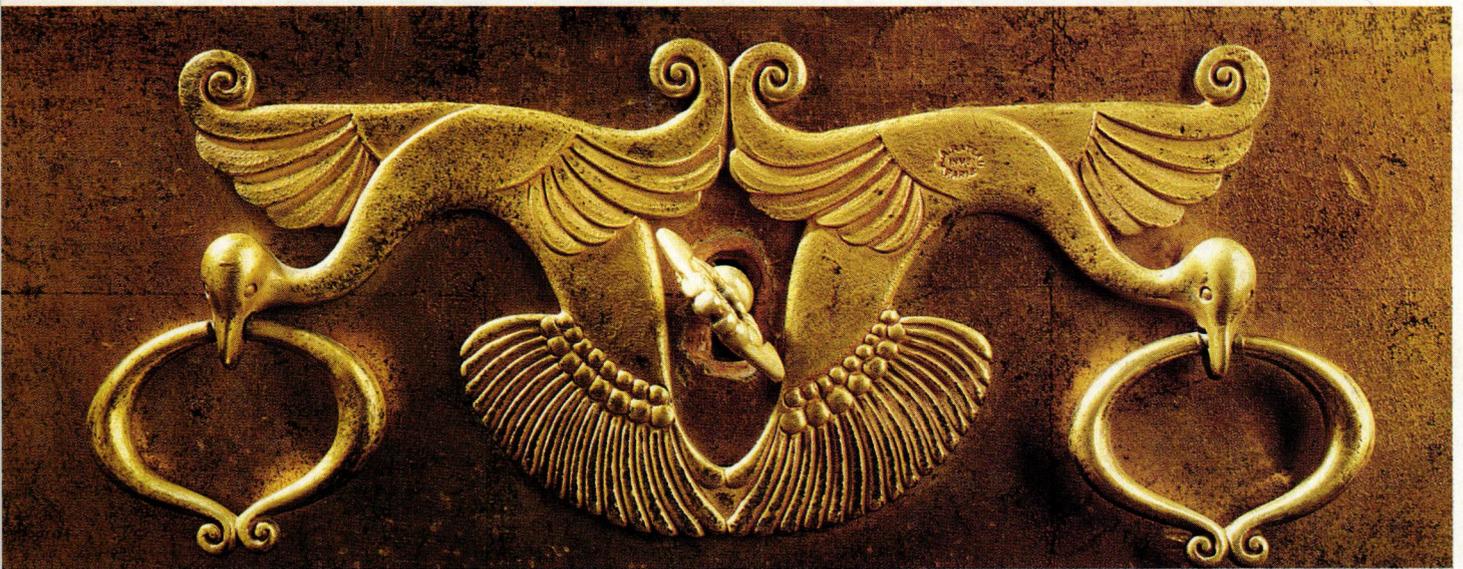
By Christopher Petkanas

Photographs by Jacques Dirand



ENGULFED BY FURNITURE OF HIS OWN DESIGN, with its powerful echoes of antiquity and Edenic flora and fauna, Armand Albert Rateau lived on a rarefied level of aesthetic luxury in a six-story Paris hôtel particulier opposite the Seine. While his surroundings shaped and heightened his quotidian existence, they also kept him attuned to the high-pitched needs and desires of his A-list clientele on both sides of the Atlantic. As Rateau's son, François, a Paris decorator, remembers, his father's American patrons were always surprised to see that he lived as well as they did—with alabaster-shaded torchères on pheasant feet, lacquer screens depicting butterflies and greyhounds, and one of his thronelike armchairs of interlocking bronze medallions in the form of fish and shells.

The good life Rateau relished on the quai de Conti starting in 1930, at age forty-eight, was a dividend of being one of the most in-demand designer-decorators of his time. In the heat of the art deco movement, whose chilly interest in



geometry he rejected, Rateau worked in a neo-classical modernist idiom that clients responded to with strong visceral emotion. Metropolitan Museum of Art president George Blumenthal and his wife, Florence; the couturière Jeanne Lanvin; Cole and Linda Porter; Spain's fiercely discerning duchess of Alba—all regarded him as a major artist, with a special talent for bronze,

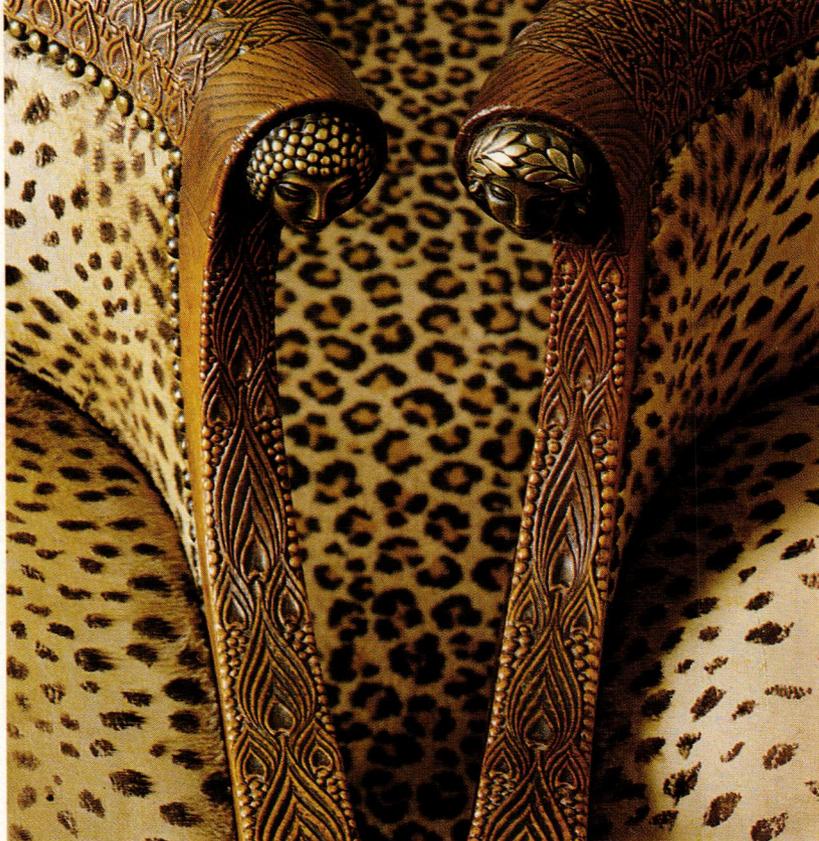
A 1939 portrait of Rateau, *top left*, by a friend, lacquer artist Jean Dunand, hangs behind a gilt-wood chair designed in 1919 for a ballroom in the New York town house of George and Florence Blumenthal. *Above*: A commode drawer with a gilt-bronze escutcheon and handles in the form of twin birds. *Left*: Rateau's woodcarving workshop, c. 1925.

whose forum happened to be the decorative arts.

Marrying muscular line to exuberant ornament, Rateau insisted on a comprehensive ensemble approach that resulted in his designing doorknobs, desk keys, spigots, sponge dishes, ashtrays, andirons, maid's room furniture, tea tables, hand mirrors—even the perfect little low gilt chair for one's manicurist. Working by commission only, he was not shy about producing the

same design for different customers—followers whose support he never took for granted. “Despite hard times which are cruelly attacking all decorators and artists who work almost exclusively for an aristocratic clientele,” he wrote in 1936, “I persist in believing that one must above all create models, decors, furni-

Rateau  
lived as  
well as  
any of his  
clients



ture, objects for a select few, for an elite.”

Drawn to nature in art as in life, Rateau invented a playful anecdotal universe where radiators were hidden behind extravagant grilles composed of his signature butterflies aligned wing-to-wing and where daybeds, built from bronze daisies, were supported on the backs and heads of does. Even when his designs (*Continued on page 115*)

Carved oak armchairs, c. 1931, in faux ocelot, *top right*, feature gilt-bronze medallions representing Africa and the Americas. *Above*: Feline andirons in patinated bronze, 1922. *Right*: The 1922 bathroom for Lanvin is preserved at Paris's Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Under a stucco bas-relief is a bathtub of yellow marble with phoenix-shaped bronze taps.





In art as in life, Rateau was drawn to nature

A mesh of patinated-bronze fish forms the back of Rateau's most famous chair, which he designed for George and Florence Blumenthal's indoor pool on Park Avenue. *Opposite:* Beneath a group of project drawings, a study for lacquerwork rests on a 1922 oak chair.



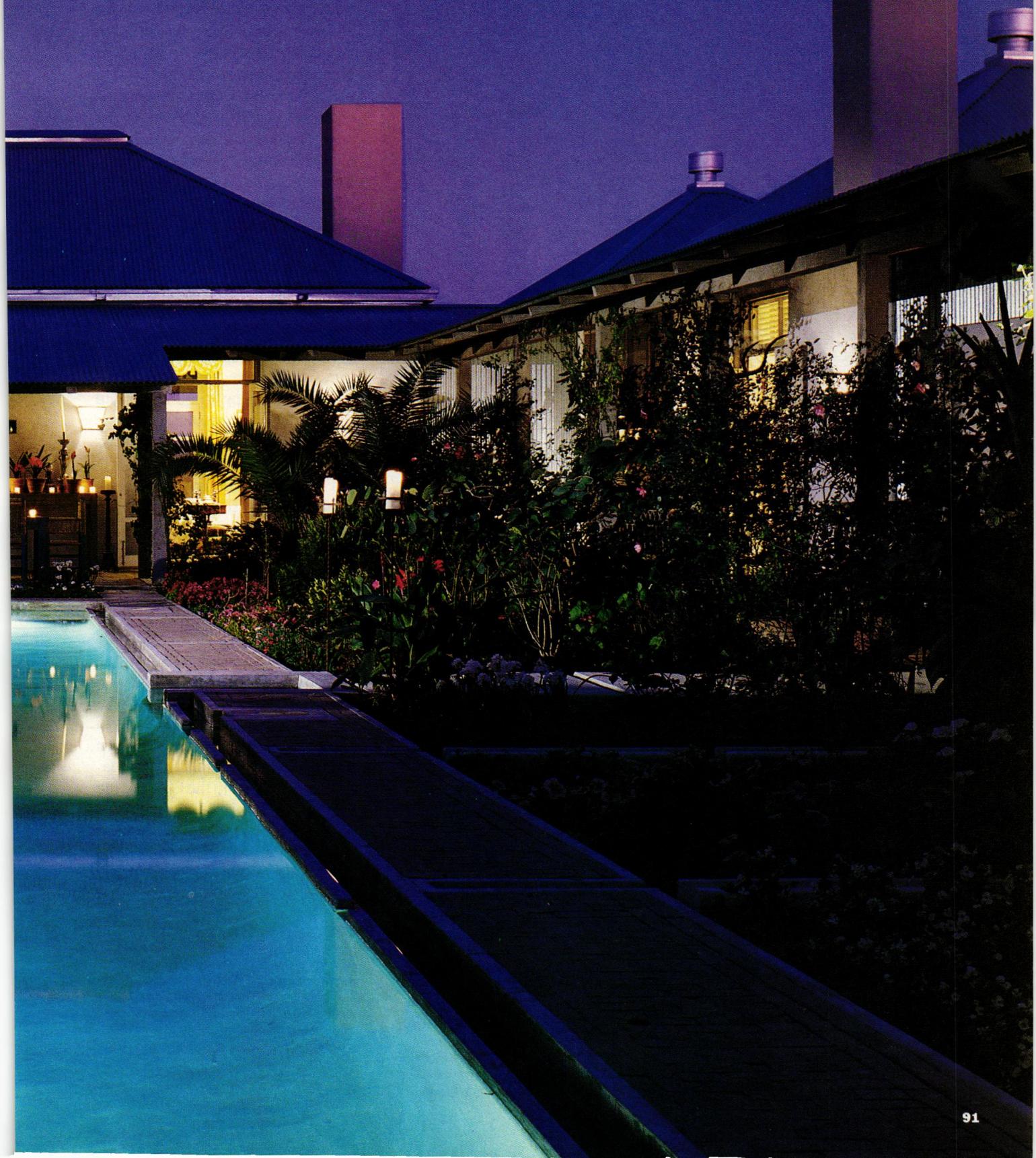
# Texas Oasis



**Votive candles glow in a sheltered open-air dining area just outside the living room at the far end of the pool. Modeled after traditional patios in south Texas, Mexico, and Spain, the main courtyard encloses a garden that supplies flowers, vegetables, and fruit for the family.**

Architect Ted Flato and antiques dealer Jack McGregor  
compose a lush setting for gardens and family heirlooms

By David Dillon   Photographs by Scott Frances   Produced by Pilar Viladas and Chris King

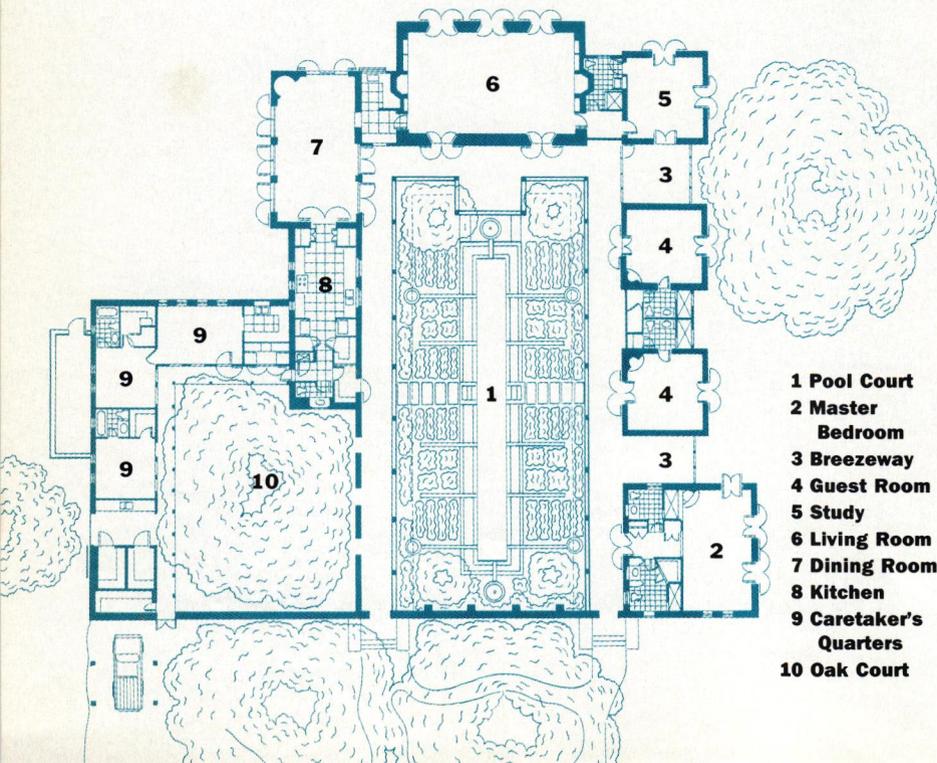




IT COULD BE A SCENE FROM *OUT OF Africa* or *The Jewel in the Crown*: a walled compound in a grassy wilderness, with a courtyard leading to antiques-filled rooms where after a day of hunting the residents dress for dinner. Except that the wilderness is not in Kenya or India but in a sandy coastal plain in south Texas where the horizon is broken only by occasional clumps of live oak and mesquite trees that provide cover for quail and deer. At the edge of one oak grove, barely fifteen feet above sea level, a couple from San Antonio has created an island of refinement that combines the traditions of the Mexican hacienda and the Texas cattle ranch with a romantic classicism imported from Boston, Philadelphia, London, and Paris.

In the beginning, says architect Ted Flato, a partner in the San Antonio firm Lake Flato, the compound was going to be spare and rustic, "like a monastery, with the bedrooms forming a kind of cloister." He sited it among century-old oaks and then constructed an adobe-like wall to fend off the open plain, as pioneers would have done. Linked pavilions with pitched roofs and corner fireplaces flank two courtyards, the larger of which contains a swimming pool bordered by gardens designed by landscape architect James Keeter.

While prototypes for such a plan abound in Mexico and south Texas, Flato and his partner, David Lake, took some of their design cues from the Alhambra in Granada, especially from the Court of the Pool at the Generalife, a royal retreat overlooking the Alhambra proper. The dimensions of the main courtyard at the Texas ranch—forty by ninety feet—are similar

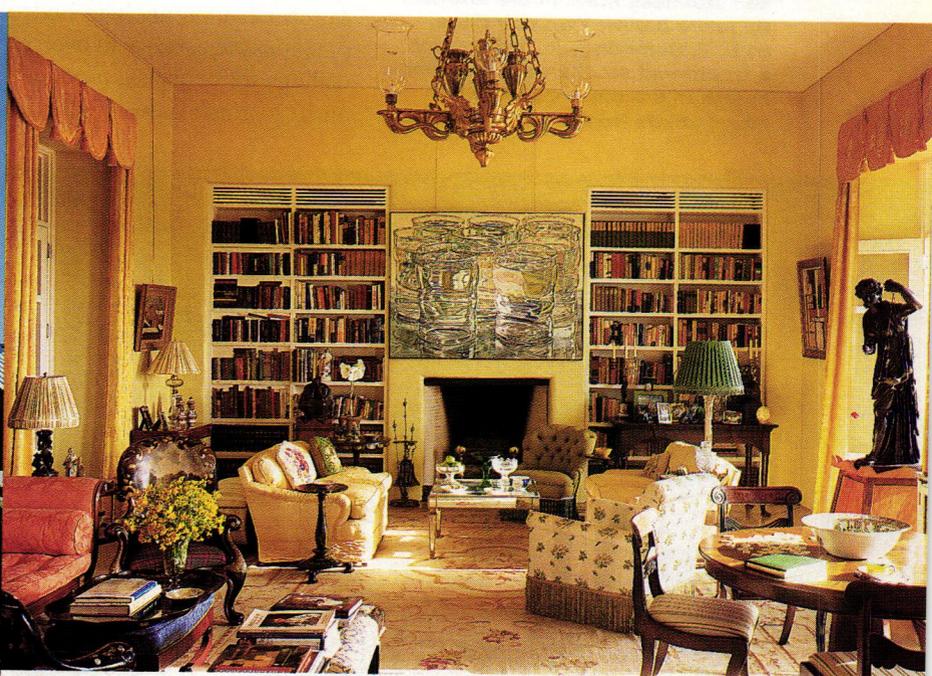
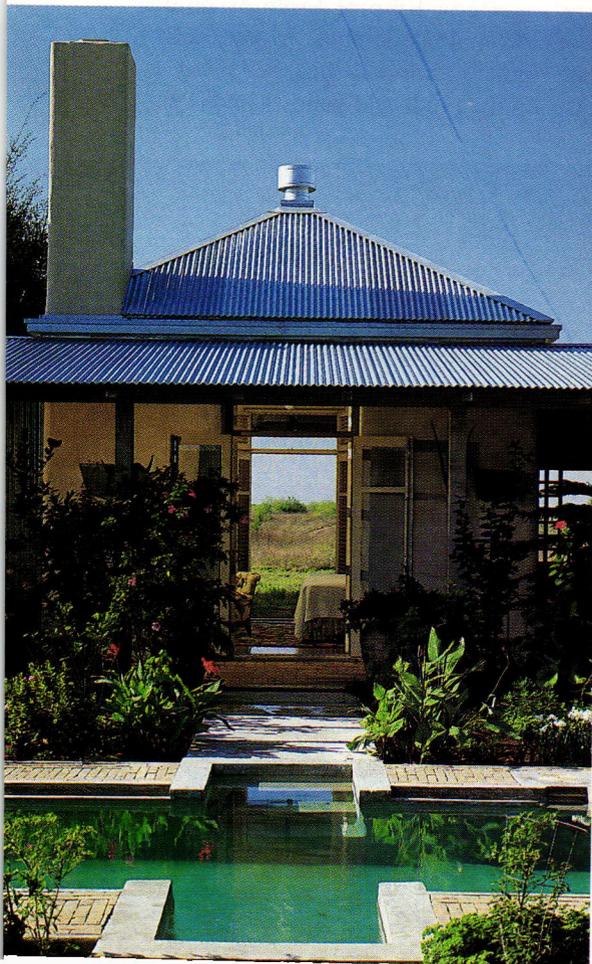


- 1 Pool Court
- 2 Master Bedroom
- 3 Breezeway
- 4 Guest Room
- 5 Study
- 6 Living Room
- 7 Dining Room
- 8 Kitchen
- 9 Caretaker's Quarters
- 10 Oak Court

**The shade cast by live oaks shown in the plan, left, helps keep the house comfortable during the summer, as do latticed gates and covered walkways, above left. Artist Michael Tracy designed the stained pine bench and the raffia chairs. Details see Resources.**



## Heirlooms add refinement to the ranch aesthetic



**In the living room, top, Victorian papier-mâché armchairs and an American Empire sofa in Brunswick damask stand in front of a French wallpaper screen. Above: Upholstered pieces from a former family house are arranged under an English Argand chandelier; curtains frame a lamp-bearer made by Humphrey Hopper in 1809. A 1974 Janet Fish painting hangs above the fireplace. Left: Bedrooms catch southeast breezes.**



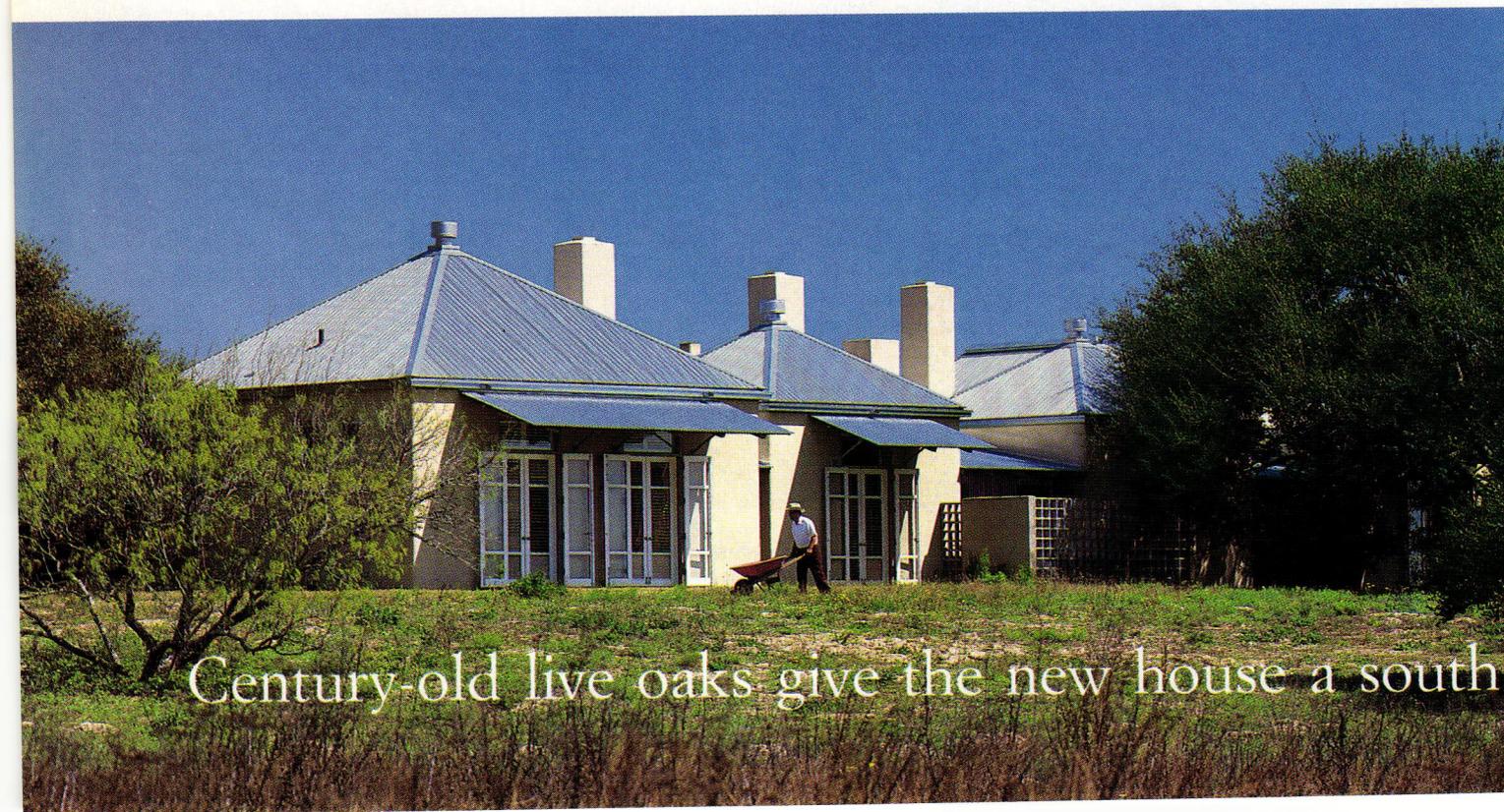
**American Empire klismos chairs in the dining room, above, harmonize with a classical armoire, c. 1805. The English tea table between custom sofas in Cowtan & Tout chintz is an heirloom. Below: Live oaks screen the house, making it nearly invisible in the flatlands. Opposite above: Spanish colonial chairs contrast with industrial pipe and stainless steel in the kitchen. Opposite below: Two paintings by E. E. Cummings, c. 1950, flank a traditional southwestern corner hearth in the master bedroom. Floral chintz from Cowtan & Tout.**

to those of the patio at the Genera-life, as is the layout of a long mirrorlike pool framed by lush plants and low buildings. Flato specified simple materials, including blocks of caliche (adobe made without straw), concrete floors, cedar posts, and corrugated-metal roofs with wide awnings extended below the eaves—all staples of the local ranch vernacular. The bedroom pavilions are cubes with twelve-foot ceilings for coolness, precisely oriented to catch prevailing southeast

breezes off the Gulf of Mexico.

Between design and the start of construction, the clients sold their Mediterranean-style house in San Antonio. Unwilling to put the past into storage, however, they made arrangements to move their eclectic collection of antique furniture to the ranch. What the architect had conceived as a casual retreat for shooting parties suddenly became a primary residence, to be used for serious entertaining as well as family gatherings and sport.

Working with Houston antiques dealer Jack McGregor, the owners furnished their new house with nineteenth-century American, English, and French antiques and a mix of heirlooms and recent acquisitions. The living room evolved into a kind of grand salon, complete with damask curtains from Colonial Williamsburg, Victorian papier-mâché chairs from London, an Empire sofa made in Boston, and a French folding screen covered in an early nineteenth century scenic wallpaper. The dining room was splendidly outfitted with a classical mahogany armoire and sixteen Empire klismos chairs from Philadelphia. Muted colors and simple finishes gave way to strong reds and yellows and richly



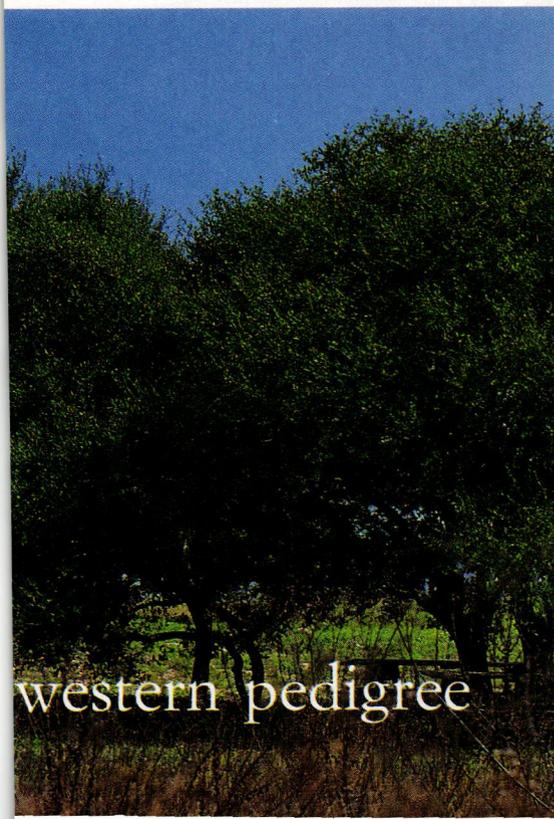
Century-old live oaks give the new house a south

patterned damasks and Aubussons. Only the kitchen retains a spartan ranch aesthetic.

“After being outdoors all day hunting and riding, the owners wanted something cozy and soft to come back to,” explains McGregor. The house is filled with surprising juxtapositions—raw and refined, rustic and elegant—that frustrate a quick stylistic read. Not everything falls neatly into place. By conventional standards, some pieces are too big or too assertive for their surroundings; others fit into Flato’s spare white volumes as though they had been made for them. But because this is a house rather than a museum, these incongruities only add to its charm.

Unchanged from the first design sketches is the delicate relationship of architecture to the land. Despite the tabletop terrain, the building is nearly invisible from a distance. Two gigantic oaks screen the entrance and project an image of protective enclosure. Three more shade the walls and courtyards, giving the house a native pedigree to complement the imported historical ones. Breezes flow through the latticed gates and screened French doors that open directly onto

*(Continued on page 115)*



western pedigree



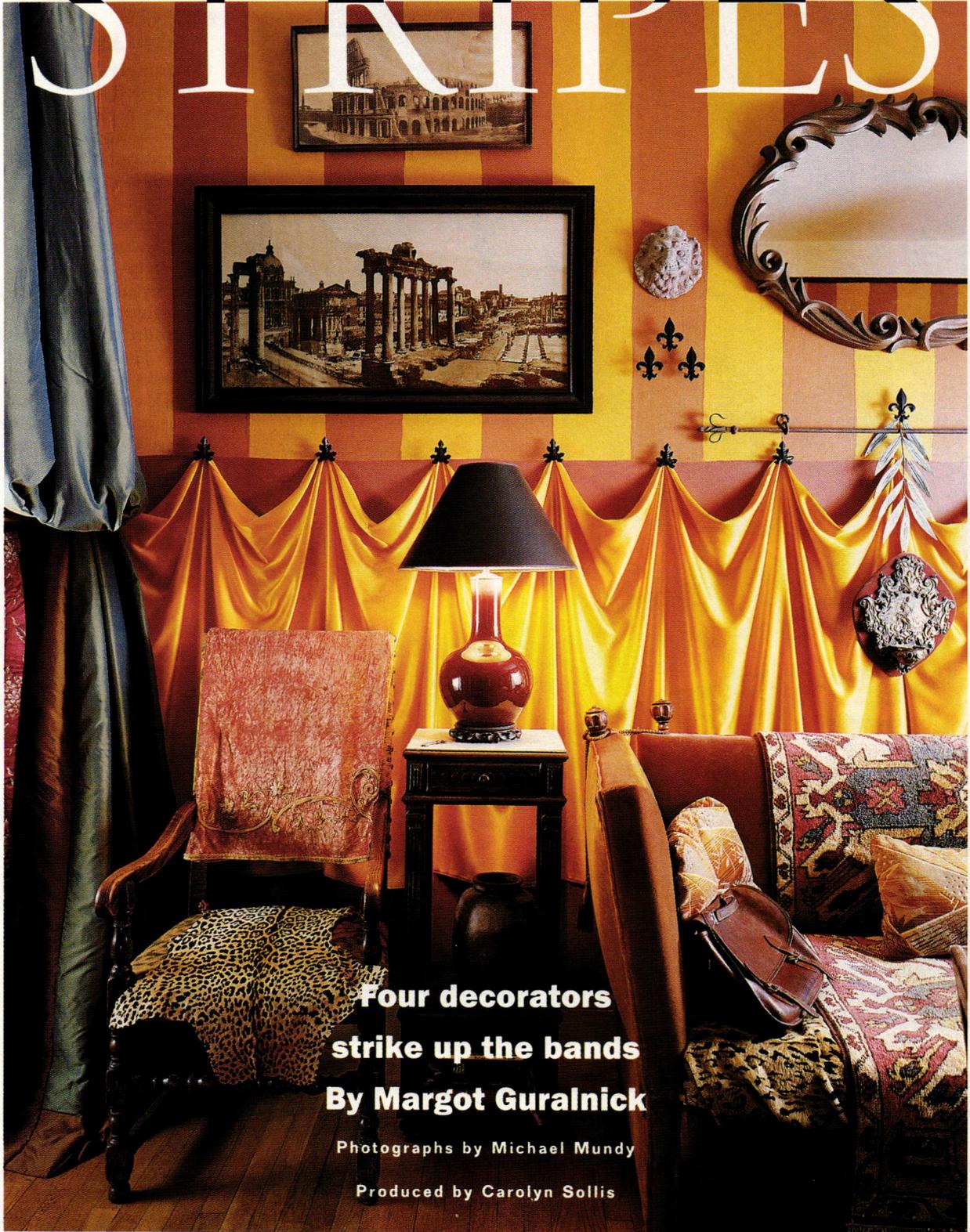
## DESIGN ANALYSIS

### SHADES OF GOLD

To give a luxurious shimmer to the wall around his sitting room mantel, Ned Marshall ragged the surface with olive glaze before layering it with graduated gold stripes—“far less static than regular widths.” Applying metallic powder “pounced” with a stenciling brush, he achieved a shaded effect. Cross-hatching in pale blue and white pencil adds a subtle dimension. The linear theme carries over onto everything from the graining on the side table to the carpet—a Patterson, Flynn & Martin design that “testifies to the orderly influence of stripes.” Details see Resources.



# STRIPES



**Four decorators  
strike up the bands**  
**By Margot Guralnick**

Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Carolyn Sollis

**BOLD STROKES** On the same weekend Windsor Castle was burning, HG contributing editor John Ryman was wielding a paint roller and imagining his one-bedroom apartment as a “stately hideaway for a royal retainer.” He painted the walls a vivid yellow and then applied roller-width heraldic stripes of terra-cotta—“a golden rather than glaring color combination”—that suggest monumental scale in a tiny place. To avoid a jail-bar effect, he painted the lower third of the walls terra-cotta as a backdrop for draped silk rayon. Hammered in place with custom leaf-capped nails, the fabric softly echoes the lines of the stripes and lends the room a regal flourish.



## DESIGN ANALYSIS

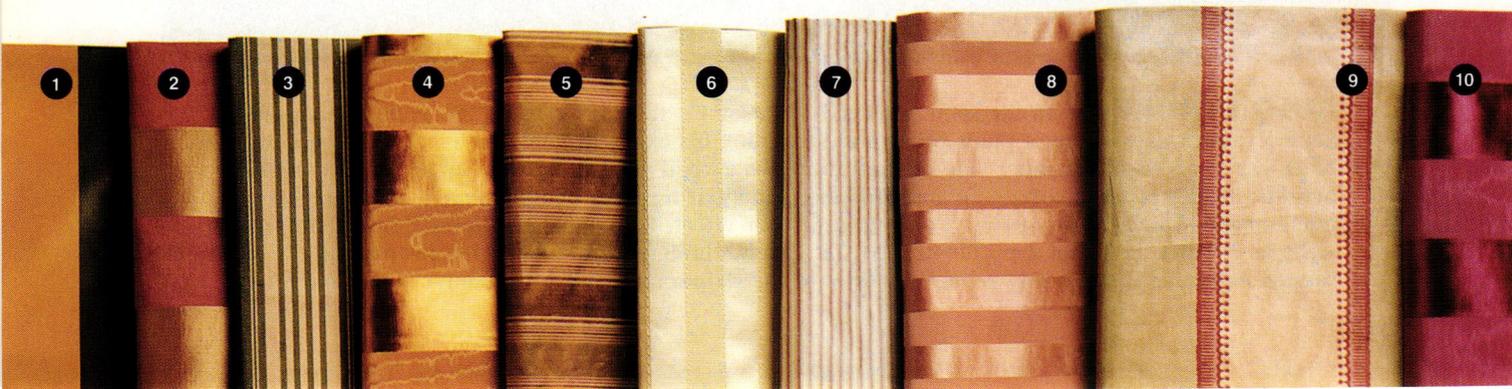
### ◀ MUTED METALLICS

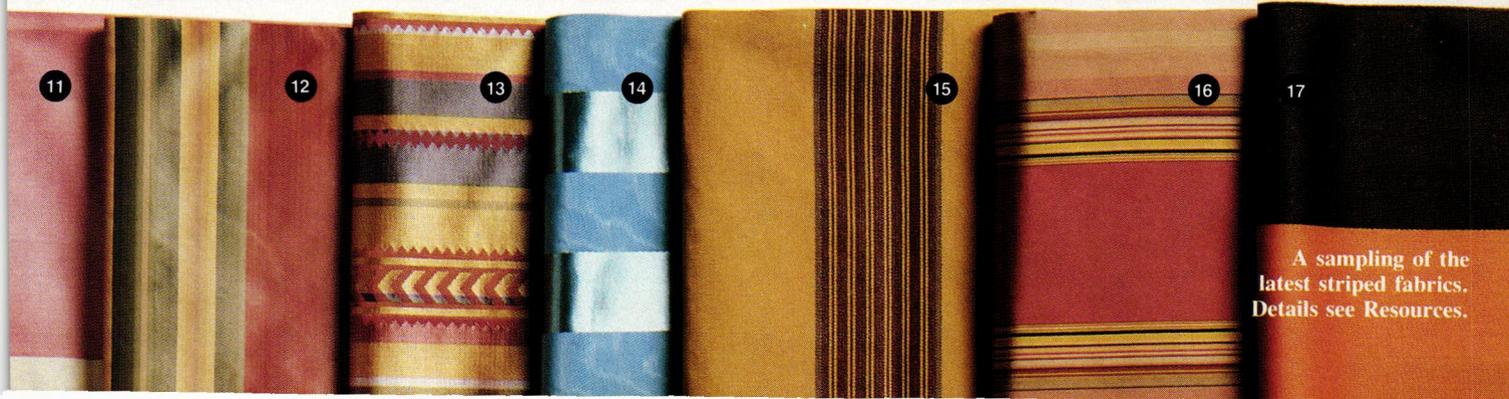
Remaining true to the style of his client's period living room without being pedantically historicist, Jed Johnson covered a Herter Brothers settee and armchair in an olive and caramel silk stripe—"an unconventional choice that gives the low furniture a considerable lift." The palette was picked out from the Ushak carpet, the first piece purchased for the space. Vertical stripes in the cove—a legacy from the previous owner—echo the upholstery pattern and direct the eye up to the stenciled ceiling.

### LINEAR TROMPE L'OEIL ▶

When Craig Raywood set out to create a music room for New York's Royal Oak Showhouse, he envisioned musical staves on the walls. Opting for richer harmonies than flat color can provide, he had painter Sylvie Michel fill in the lines with glossy tortoiseshell and ivory. A mantel of stainless steel and an ebonized mirror frame provide bold counterpoint to the trompe l'oeil—as do framed music-related ephemera which Raywood arranged "like notes against the stripes."

Forecast: this season's emerging stars are striped fabrics in autumnal tones highlighted with a subtle sheen—the urbane alternative to fussy pattern





A sampling of the latest striped fabrics. Details see Resources.

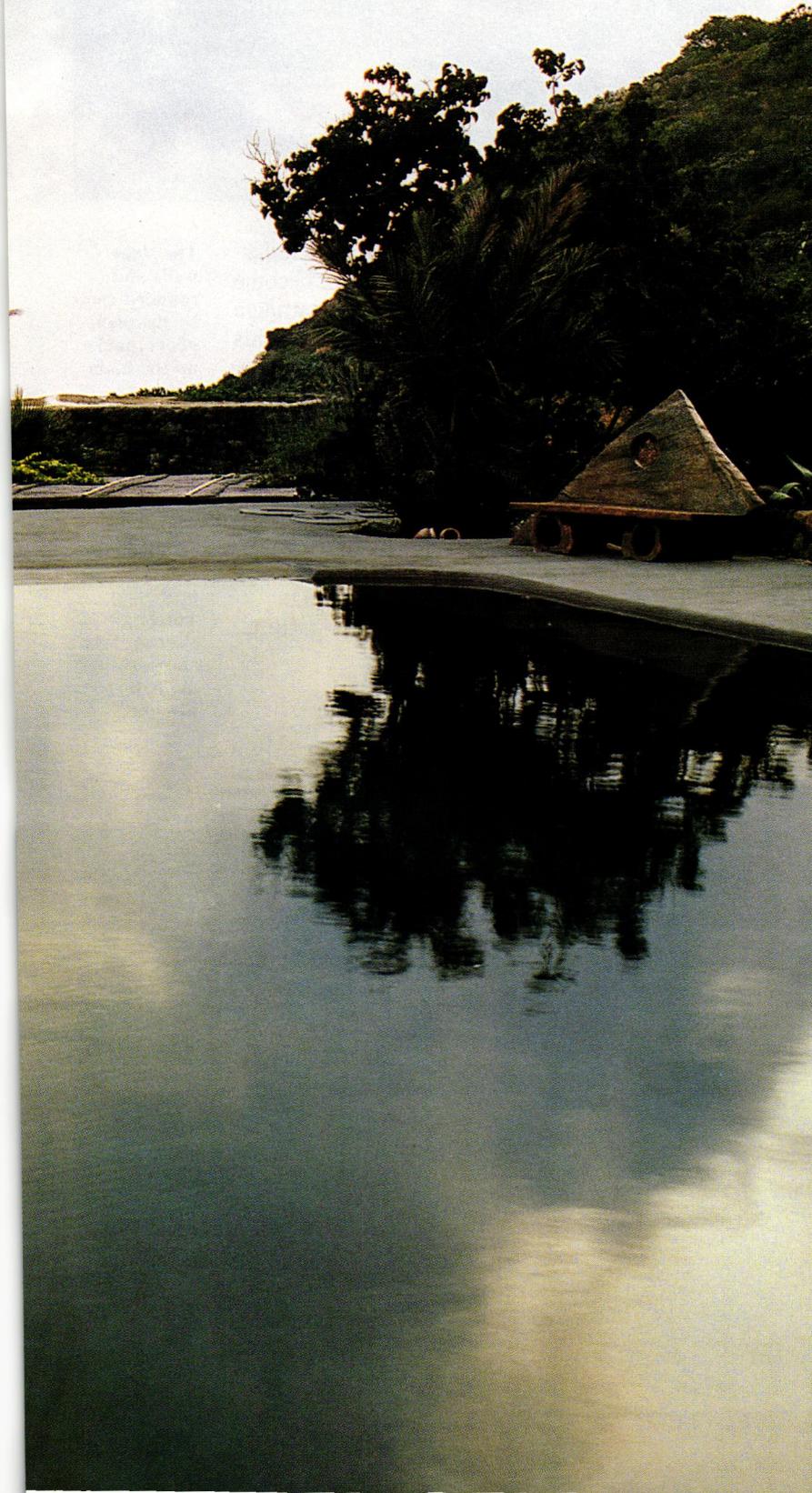
# Dwelling Out



Fabrizio Ferri's new pool, designed with architect Gabriella Giuntoli, reflects the Mediterranean sky at the photographer's Pantelleria retreat. *Opposite:* Ferri with his daughter, Marta. His clothing by Industria. Details see Resources.

# of Time

Fabrizio Ferri  
photographs  
the house he  
restored in the  
ancient landscape  
of Pantelleria  
By Wendy Goodman



OBERTO GILI



SIX YEARS AGO FABRIZIO FERRI FELL IN LOVE. The Italian photographer lost his heart—and some say his head—when he decided to buy sixty acres at the foot of a mountain on the rugged volcanic island of Pantelleria between Sicily and Tunisia. The property, in the nearly deserted interior of the island, contained the abandoned ruins of two small villages, dwellings with an ancient air in a biblical landscape.

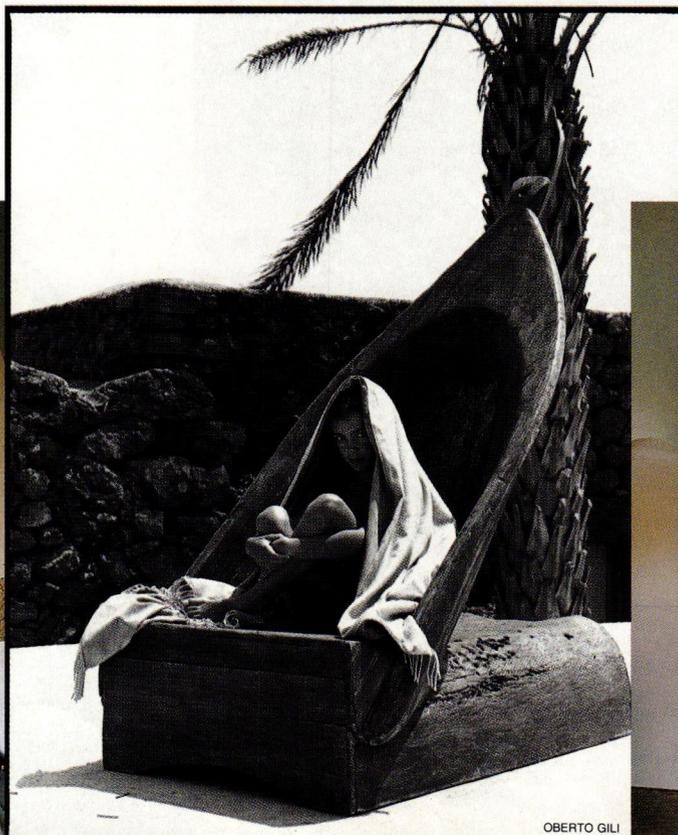
Ferri, a great bear of a man who radiates a dreamer's charm and a pragmatist's intelligence, has claimed his life's considerable successes with conviction. "Everyone has always thought I was crazy," he says with a laugh, "first to open Superstudio in Milan, then Industria studio in New York—during a recession. And then to buy a house on the wrong side of the island!"

Superstudio, now nine years old, and Industria, which opened two years ago, have become meccas for the fashion industry's elite, setting a new standard for a major photo studio. As for his land on the "wrong" side of the island, away from the more populated resort area overlooking the sea, Ferri has again proved to be a brilliant pioneer. He has embraced a setting of unequalled natural beauty. The reverent restoration he accomplished with Pantelleria architect Gabriella Giuntoli preserves the timeless character of the place: even the swimming pool, so perfectly sited, looks like a spring born from the sea.

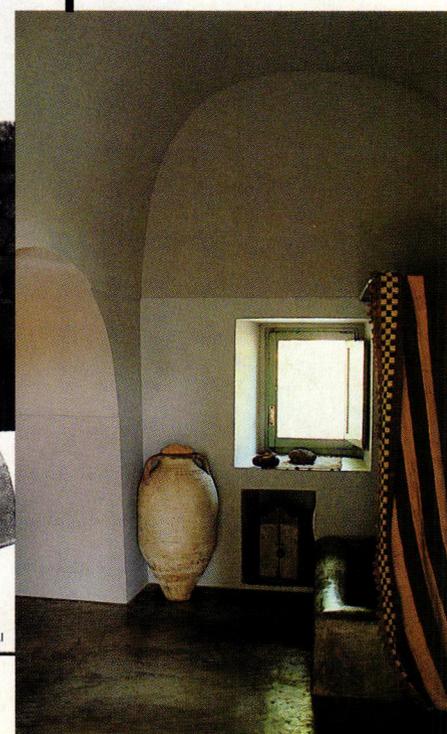
As you approach Ferri's place for the first time,

The stone walls and rounded roofs by the pool, above, make up the main house.

Opposite: The living room was once a mill. Below from left: Dining area off the patio. Marta resting in Renato Varela's "canoe." An amphora by the bathroom window.

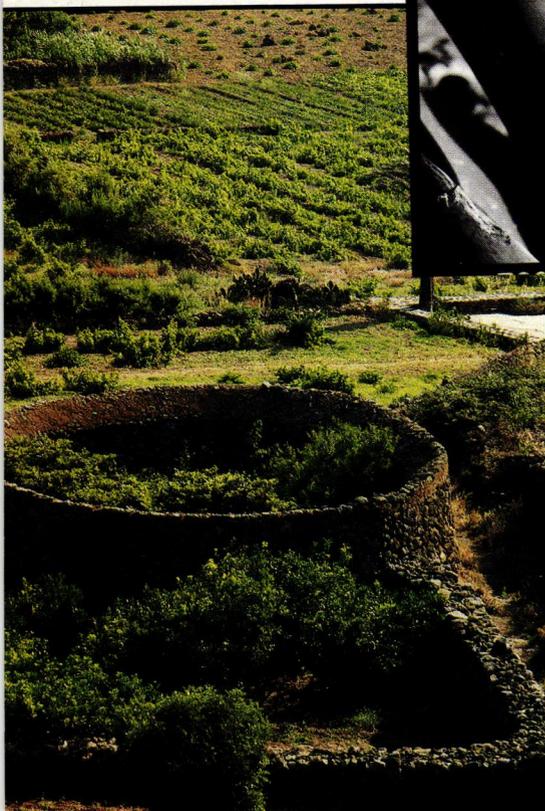
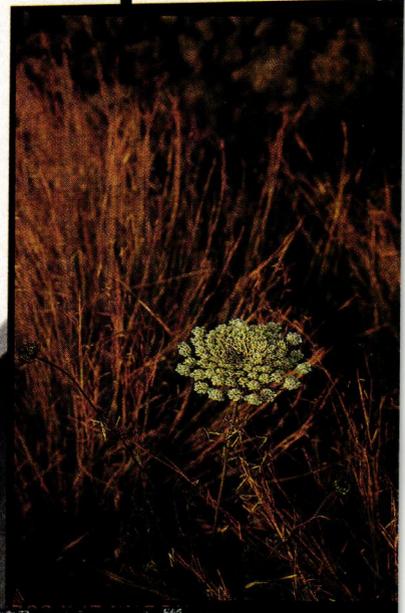
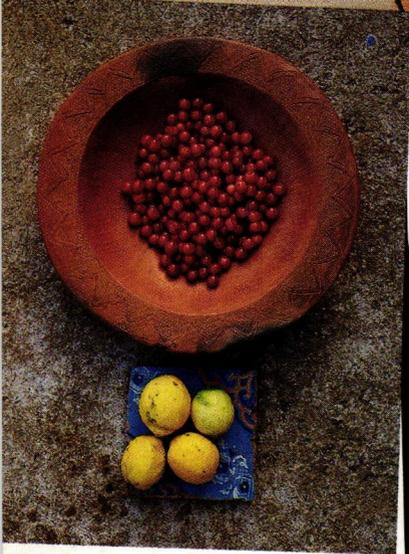
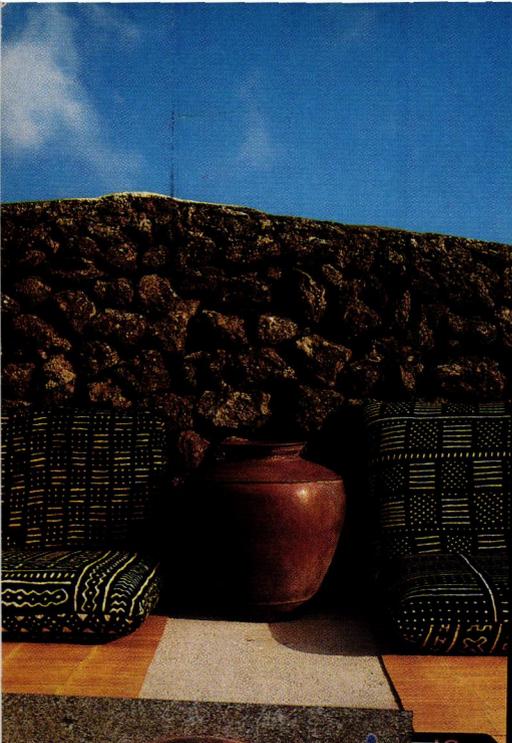


OBERTO GILI

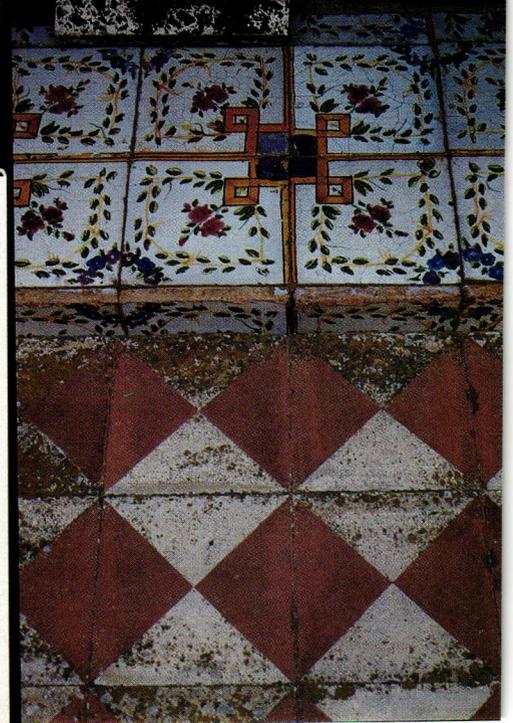


“The arches were made to allow the  
mules to circle around the mill”





Beyond Ferri's compound, *opposite*, terraces built from volcanic stones climb Passo del Vento. The island's architecture and its countryside are a visual record of the efforts successive waves of settlers have made to adjust to the arid, windy climate. *Clockwise from bottom left*: Stone circles and low walls protect plants and trees from the wind. Lemons and sour cherries from Ferri's garden. Cushions in a bold print against the stone walls of Ferri's house. Tunisian jars used to catch octopus. Lace curtains in a metal door in a nearby town. Wildflower and grasses on the mountainside. Antique tiles in town. An agave plant.



“Men spend their lives piling stones together  
and moving them, redesigning  
the whole island”



“On Pantelleria men have gotten along with nature in spite of nature herself”



OBERTO GILI

your eyes travel up the mountain, terraced with volcanic stone walls and covered all the way to the summit by wild sage, grasses, and Queen Anne's lace, ruffled by the wind. Only gradually do you realize that the organized masses of stone with undulating tops are the structures that make up Ferri's compound, perfectly camouflaged in an incredible sweep of land.

Pantelleria has been traversed and occupied for centuries, first by the Phoenicians, then the Egyptians, followed by the Greeks and Romans. "Everybody has been through here," muses Ferri, "and the first thing that hits you is the effort that men have made to stay on this island, to the point that you almost wonder why. Because everything works against you here—the wind, the sea, the earth itself. Men have gotten along with nature in spite of nature herself." Ferri points out that the islanders had to come up with new ways of cultivating plants—encircling olive and orange trees with stone walls and putting grape seedlings in deep holes in the earth—to protect them against the strong winds. "Men spend their lives piling stones together and moving them from the fields, redesigning the whole island," he says. "It's completely redesigned by man's hand."

The aesthetic of Pantelleria's unique dammusi architecture is also a byproduct of problem solving. Because there is so little wood, islanders built their houses and farm buildings of native stone with thick walls and vaulted ceilings. "You look at the arches carved into the walls of my living room," Ferri continues. "They are not decorative. They were made to allow the mules to circle around the mill inside the house. They couldn't make the room wider because of the technique they use to build the roof."

What Ferri calls the "motherly" shape of the roofs was devised to make it easy to collect precious rainwater and to keep the interiors cool by allowing the hot air to rise. "What you discover here is this incredible encounter between intelligence, logic, and architecture, which is still the most glorious thing to look at, you know. It rarely happens," he says.

The walls inside, as well as some of those outside, are painted in tones that embody various colors when seen in the shade. "The gray we picked is actually the color of white in a shadow," Ferri explains. "The pink is a shadowed pink with lots of gray in it." This palette was chosen to accentuate the feeling of the (Continued on page 116)

**Ferri with Francesco Belvisi, a friend and neighbor, above, and his mule.**

**Opposite: A copper lantern from Ferri's Industria line lights the dinner table on the porch. Everything in the house is simple and functional, in keeping with Ferri's credo, "Nothing is designed."**



# Hunt Country Simplicity



Antony Childs was collecting 19th-century English furniture before he bought his c. 1880 stone house, *opposite*. But when the time came to decorate his living room, *above*, he mixed William IV armchairs with older and newer pieces, from 18th-century walnut side chairs to Rose Tarlow-Melrose House club chairs in Donghia fabric and a George Smith ottoman in Clarence House fabric. Details see Resources.

# Washington decorator Antony Childs dresses down for his house in rural Virginia

By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet



LONG BEFORE DECORATOR ANTONY CHILDS EVER laid eyes on his Virginia country house, it already had a kind of Platonic existence for him. “Fifteen years ago I bought English marble garden sculptures of Winter and Summer for the pool behind my house. But I had no house, and I had no pool!” A few more years passed, and stirred by the same vision, he began buying William IV furniture in England because “it was unpopular and therefore affordable.” Finally, some years later, he found the “house I always wanted”—a two-story stone dwelling with a sternly symmetrical American Gothic façade, situated on ten pastoral acres less than an hour from his city house in Washington, D.C.

Two days before renovations were scheduled to begin, catastrophe struck. “A vagrant who wanted to keep warm started a fire. The interior went, the roof caved in. When it was over, all that remained were three stone walls,” relates Childs, speaking with surprising equanimity about an episode that, in his life, must seem akin to the burning of the Alexandrian library. In addition to sending his dreams up in smoke, the calamity laid bare the modest house’s strange secret: when originally built, about 1880, it had been clapboard. “About twenty years after its construction, the family, who must have been tenants working a nearby estate, enclosed the whole house in stone to show off their new affluence. I had always wondered why the windows were so deep.”

Drawing a breath, Childs recalls, “At this point I had no choice but to take three giant steps backward.” Liberated by the fire to summon up his phoenix any way he wished, he completely redesigned the floor plans and everything else, down to the doorknobs. (Unaffected, of course, were the furnishings, which simply had to languish a few more years in storage.) Architecturally, he wound up with a self-contained first floor—“You could just live there if you wanted”—composed of a living room, dining room,

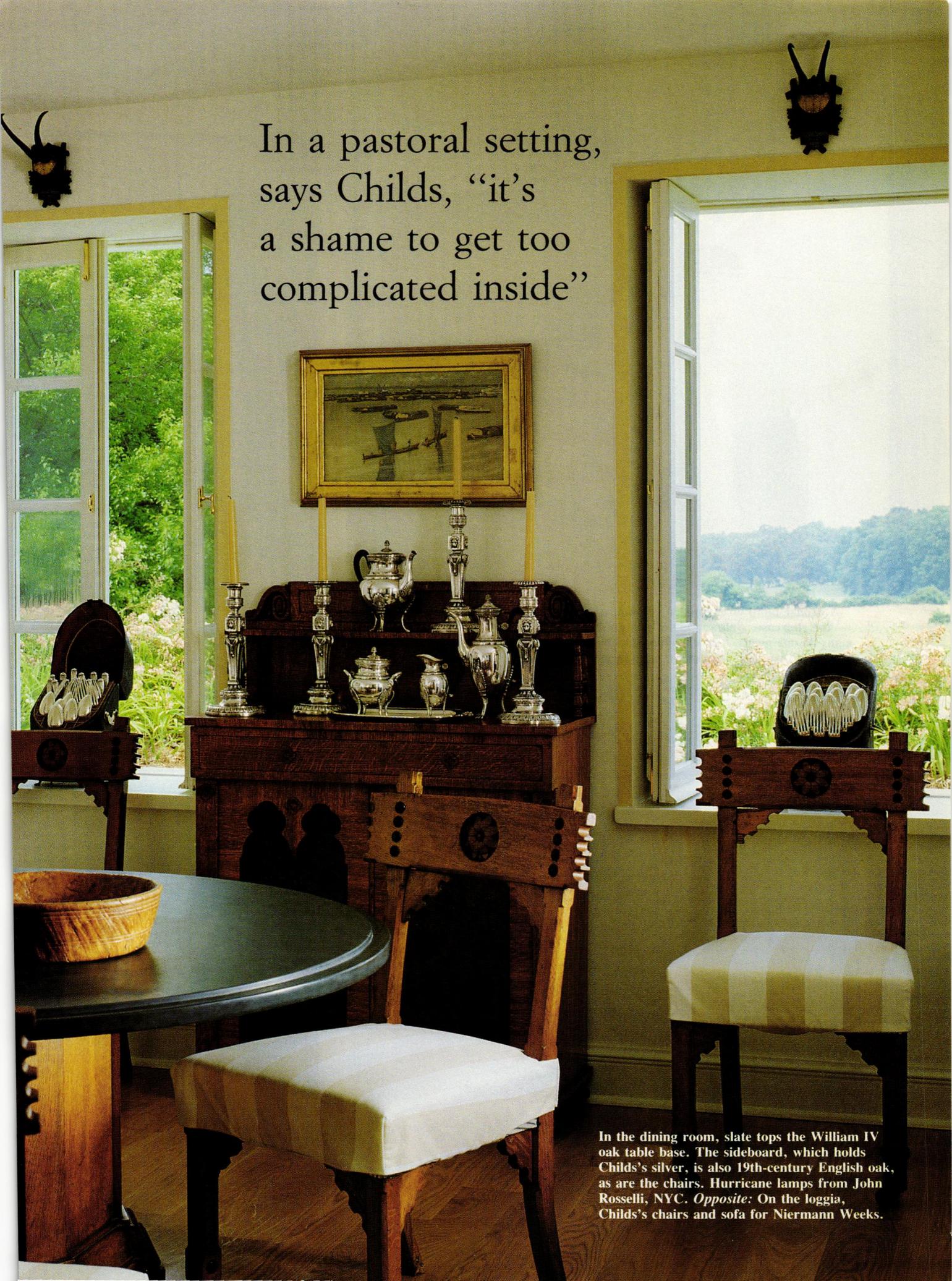


study, kitchen, and master bedroom which gives onto a white-pillared loggia. (“Do you see why I’m in a bad mood on Sunday night when I return to the city?” he asks rhetorically.) And on the second floor, positioned behind twin dormer windows, he created two guest rooms—“exactly as many as one needs.”

Despite his penchant for furniture dating from approximately the same period as the house, Childs says he did not want it to be a “restoration.” In the public rooms, he arranged unfussy oak chairs and tables against walls painted a “scrubbed or pumice white” and wide-plank floors stained the “color of Virginia mud.” Speaking of his sunlight-suffused living room, Childs says, “When you have five French windows facing gardens, a pool, and meadows, the outdoors becomes the important decorative element. It’s a shame to get too complicated inside.” Childs-style simplicity in this case means a stalwart pair of American oak columns bracketing an austere neoclassical mantel, scroll-back William IV armchairs covered in old leather, and a big upholstered ottoman from George Smith “for lazing about with coffee and the Sunday paper.” Color enters “only in the pinks, greens, and ochers of the pillows, Ushak rug, and paintings.” Tossed purposefully into the living room’s Anglo-American mix is one circa 1725 Régence fauteuil, because, he says, “a French chair will always soften everything around it.” The most frivolous note struck in this otherwise forthright room—“It’s much less dressy than what I do for clients”—is the trompe l’oeil fireplace panel of a fruit basket, painted by artist Dana Westring.

To underscore exactly why he felt compelled to “undress” his house, Childs turns to the ground-floor bathroom. “Look at these windows. They become like landscape paintings,” marvels the decorator, whose habit of looking at nature through an artist’s eye was formed during his years as a painting major at Boston University. “The (Continued on page 116)





In a pastoral setting,  
says Childs, “it’s  
a shame to get too  
complicated inside”

In the dining room, slate tops the William IV oak table base. The sideboard, which holds Childs’s silver, is also 19th-century English oak, as are the chairs. Hurricane lamps from John Rosselli, NYC. *Opposite:* On the loggia, Childs’s chairs and sofa for Niermann Weeks.



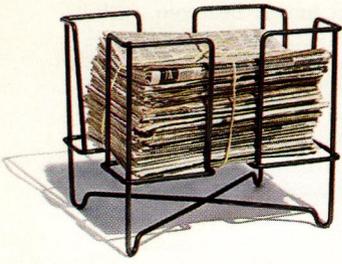
A bronze lamp on a wooden column, *above*, is tucked against the staircase. *Below*: One of two guest rooms—"exactly as many as one needs," says Childs—has Napoleon III slipper chairs in a Cowtan & Tout chintz and an antique English chaise.



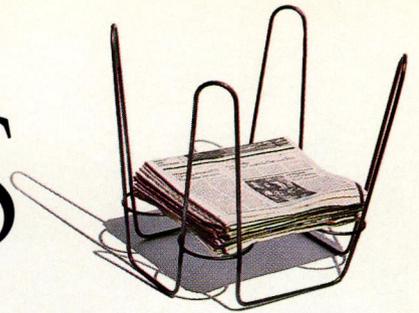
The master bedroom, with its 18th-century four-poster, opens onto the loggia. An 18th-century French writing table and Régence-style chair and a Rose Tarlow-Melrose House armchair stand on a French linen carpet from Stark.



# SAMPLES



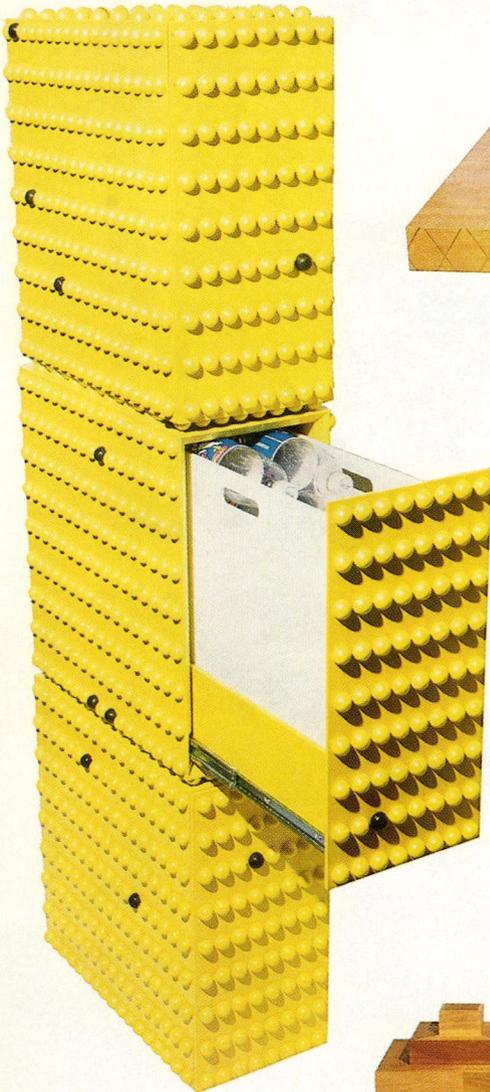
**Newspaper Bundler** An elevated base makes it easy to tie papers, \$60. By Kurt Ossenfort for Terra Verde, 120 Wooster St., NYC (212) 925-4533.



**Recycling Rack** The sculptural cast-iron frame is attractive yet functional, \$49.95, from Earth General, Brooklyn. For information (718) 398-4648.

With these inventive designs, you can sort trash without turning the house into a dump

BY ELAINE HUNT

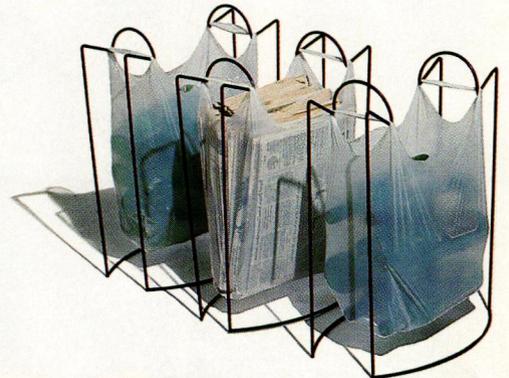


## Furniture for Recyclables

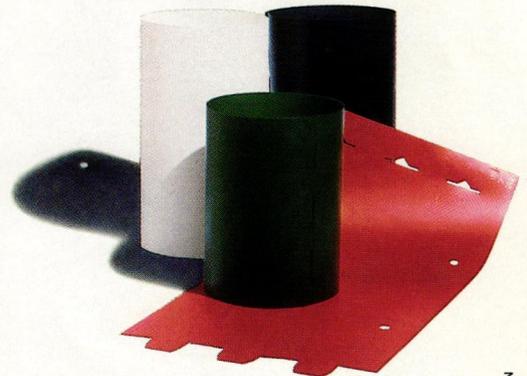
Haute House designers Dwight Huffman and John Rantanen create couture containers. *Above:* A quilted stainless-steel kitchen island with butcher-block top, \$1,900. *Left:* A set of three stackable birch boxes decorated with balls, \$3,000. *Below:* Wooden bins made from the salvaged end pieces of oak boards, \$230 ea. All units include plastic liners. For stores or catalogue (607) 273-9348.



**Stacking Baskets** Indonesian wicker trays rest one on top of the other for storing, \$45 pr., from Mainly Baskets. At selected stores nationwide.



**Bag Frames** Gaston Marticorena's hangers suspend cloth, mesh, or plastic bags, \$50 ea. For stores (212) 966-3722.



**Plastic Cylinders** Sheets by John Lonczak of Form Farm roll into tubes that hold garbage bags, in two sizes, \$13 and \$16. For stores (212) 274-8592.

## True to Herself

(Continued from page 54) for an answer; when one of her dinner parties coincided with the near-monsoon that knocked the whole city out of commission for a day last winter, she blithely sent around a Manhattan Limo to fetch the guests.

Penney's building has a lot of per-

sonal associations. Her aunt used to live there, in what is now Henry Kissinger's apartment, "so I visited there all the time as a child. I have these Proustian memories of Christmas and Thanksgiving." She's made her own apartment there a home—a chic grown-up version of Eloise at the Plaza. Not that her dinner parties are homey affairs. When the young hunk

waiters from Glorious Food, outfitted (depending on the hostess's mood) in black tie or blue jeans, glide toward you with flutes of champagne, the decibel level rises, and the glittering lights from a dense thicket of skyscrapers blaze through the dining room window, to be chez Penney on a Friday night in New York is to be in one of the few places that still qualifies as a salon. ▲

## Natural Talent

(Continued from page 87) aren't strictly representational, such as a table poised on the tapered legs of some preening mythical forest animal, they inhabit a zoological world.

Those who cracked Rateau's private world discovered a family man whose idea of celebrating his son's seventh birthday was to invite him on a seven-kilometer walk along the Seine near their house in Bougival in the Paris suburbs. Famously independent, shunning friendships with most designers (Louis Cartier, for whom he created jewelry, and the great lacquer artist Jean Dunand were two exceptions), Rateau believed that work was its own reward. During his richest period of creation, from 1919 to 1929, he derived constant inspiration from the Hellenistic, Greco-Roman, Etruscan, and Roman cultures that fascinated him. Even his preferred metal affirmed his affinity with pre-Christian times, when bronze was prized as a virile material. And to complete the connection with ancient civilizations, he regularly finished his pieces with blue green verdigris.

A happy swimmer against the tide, Rateau was reaching back to antiquity when many of his contemporaries were mining eighteenth-century France. While he preferred humble oak and occasionally ash, beech, and cherry, they favored lush and exotic rosewood, am-

boyna, and mahogany. Another thing Rateau's creations had going for them, as 1920s expert Alistair Duncan has noted, was charm, a quality not normally identified with the period.

Born in Paris to an Alsatian mother and a Burgundian father who supported his family as a bootmaker, Rateau studied woodcarving at the city's École Boulle, graduating in 1898. For six years he worked on and off for Georges Hoentschel, a decorator and ceramist whose occasional descent into the macaroni excesses of art nouveau no doubt demonstrated to Rateau what he wanted most to avoid. In 1905 he became artistic director of the old-line decorating firm of Alavoine, but turning out reproduction Louis furniture surely didn't thrill him either. The job, however, did allow him to make a critical voyage, accompanied by Cartier, to the ruins at Pompeii, where he must have seen fragments of bronze chairs and stools that fired his imagination.

George and Florence Blumenthal, clients from his Alavoine years, followed Rateau when he went out on his own in 1919. Starting with the celebrated fish and shell chair, which they commissioned for their indoor pool on Park Avenue, the couple became the designer's most important, faithful patrons—even surpassing Madame Lanvin. In the early twenties Rateau created a suite of rooms for the couturière that are landmarks of twentieth-century

decoration. The bedroom, hung with blue shantung embroidered with Rateau daisies in silver thread, and the yellow Sienese marble bathroom, with a bas-relief of deer and lush vegetation sculpted by one of his top artisans, Paul Plumet, were reassembled, down to the ocelot toilet seat cover, in Paris's Musée des Arts Décoratifs in 1985. Capping his rapport with Madame Lanvin, Rateau became director of Lanvin Décoration, under whose banner he adorned the Théâtre Daunou with lacy friezes of monkeys and maidens.

It is typical of the loner artist that he didn't belong to any of the Paris salons that would have allowed him to exhibit as a designer at the 1925 Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs. Rateau cleverly skirted the problem by outfitting the couture pavilion with two wrought-iron gates, one mimicking draped cloth, the other in a spidery palmlike motif. Four years later business was so good that Rateau employed 212 craftsmen in ateliers devoted to cabinetmaking, weaving, metal and plaster work, carving, gilding, lacquering, and decorative painting.

When Rateau died suddenly in 1938 of a cerebral hemorrhage, many felt they knew the work but not the man. "To outsiders Papa could seem austere, but he was a bon vivant, serious but not sad," says his son. "The real Rateau was revealed at home in the country with the butterflies." ▲

## Texas Oasis

(Continued from page 95) flatlands replanted in indigenous prairie grasses and wildflowers.

Daily life revolves around the central courtyard, which suggests a greenhouse without its glass roof. The owners wanted a working garden, not a

purely decorative space, so alongside bright clusters of hibiscus, canna lilies, and other flowers they cultivate vegetables, herbs, and fruits, including strawberries and bananas. Water flows through little canals among the pool-side garden beds, organizing them into neat rectangles and recalling the acequias, or irrigation streams, of the San

Antonio missions and the Alhambra. The merging of trickling water, perfumed flowers, and tropical breezes induces a mood of sweet melancholy calm, like a movement from Manuel de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*. Not just a sheltered spot to sun or swim, the courtyard is a place of reflection and renewal. ▲

## Dwelling Out of Time

(Continued from page 106) house as an oasis in an arid land. Ferri feels that the clothing and furniture produced under the Industria label reflect a similar philosophy: "When I say that nothing is designed, I mean that everything comes from a memory or a need."

Memory and need echo on throughout Pantelleria. In the countryside and in the small towns the architecture tells the story of the island and the steps people took to exist there. Everywhere

there is a straightforward modesty and elegance, sometimes expressed in a patchwork of hand-painted tiles where the owners couldn't afford to cover an entire floor or in a pair of lace curtains in the window of a metal door—an unpremeditated gesture that startles the passerby with its beauty.

Ferri explains the island's mysterious attraction in terms of its creation from an erupting volcano deep in the sea: "Just the relationship between a volcano and the sea, the heat and the cold, fire and water. It started out of

this relationship, which you can see as a contradiction or as a counterpoint. Or, as I see it, a relationship between something masculine and something feminine." Then he adds, gazing at the clouds brushing the top of the mountain, "You'll see, this place will grow on you. It has this thing—you can't get enough, you just can't get enough."

Listening to him talk, you come to understand his passion for Pantelleria. You realize that in buying on the wrong side of the island, Fabrizio Ferri has won another gamble. ▲

## Composed Cottage

(Continued from page 72) carved neoclassical cypress fireplace is a John McLaughlin abstract painting, and gathered around it is an eclectic collection of furniture: an African stool, two Jacques Adnet chairs from the 1950s in their original Hermès leather covers, two Queen Anne chairs, and an American sofa—"one of those very deep after-lunch sofas of the 1950s" that encourage reclining. The lower halves of the windows are fitted with a curtain of handwoven Amazonian jute reminiscent of those found on the back of caravans in souks. One treads on an extraordinarily large Turkish kilim, a Turkish prayer rug, and a Persian Serab rug. Presiding over the scene, an Inca stone statue and three tall African "noisemakers" in the shape of lances with rattling mechanisms inside. I should mention that the ceiling is at least eighteen feet high. Everything fine fits in this rather flexible plan, with the possible exception of a guest's red, yellow, and green baby seat, which Na-

has, much as he approves of its occupant, the four-month-old Willie (son of a Yale pal), would gladly banish.

Nahas's bedroom has the same airy proportions as the living room and the same tall windows overlooking poplars and fields of rye and potatoes. Through a short passage one arrives at the cats' domain, a serene white room with a bed and two sofas. A staircase leads down to the double-height studio. Here one finds the dot paintings of a few years ago which were exhibited at the Holly Solomon Gallery in New York—constellations that resemble stills taken from a satellite video. "The acne period," volunteers Nahas, the knave. And it is the knave who stumbled on a new vein of inspiration. One evening a year ago, he invited several friends to dinner. Rushing and schedules not being part of the Nahas repertory, it was soon ten o'clock. The guests were starving, so Nahas took starfish he had found on the beach, disposed them elegantly on a plate with lemon wedges, crushed ice, and seaweed, and served them as hors d'oeuvres. The group

looked up expectantly. They thought, or so Nahas maintains, "If Nabil's serving it, it must be good." One man had skewered a starfish on his fork and was about to put it in his mouth when Nahas called the joke. It was then that he thought to himself, "I must do something with these creatures."

His recent paintings are covered with starfish affixed to wooden boards, then painted over in natural pigment, sometimes in metallic tones. He uses "sugar stars" and "blue stars"; the first kind is pink and plump, the second is thin and bony and has a prehistoric look: a close-up of the galaxy or the stars in the American flag, as zoetic as Jasper Johns's were graphic. The painting hanging by the door to the living room is a web of starfish, point to point, painted the color of rust, oxidized and powdery. It is almost the same color as the raw liver Nahas has daintily served on a white plate to Skipper, the predominantly white cat in a tartan collar who soon vanishes through a cloud of *Rosa rugosa* into the berry bushes. . . . ▲

## Country Simplicity

(Continued from page 110) views are so incredible: cows grazing on two hundred acres of meadow. The land across from me is under an easement, so it is all protected. I get the benefit of the scenery but only have to tend those ten acres that are my own." The shapes and colors beyond the windows quietly reverberate indoors in the Sanderson Willow Bough Minor wallpaper and the gnarled chestnut chair.

More stately are the appointments in

Childs's bedroom, where an eighteenth-century French desk with coiling legs and an Italian eighteenth-century bed with tall twisting posts introduce elements of torsion to the house's prevailing strict lines. "I took both pieces from my city house," he says. "The bed originally would have been enclosed by a much heavier fabric than the natural silk I've chosen. When I shut the drapery around me—which is easier to do than getting up at night to draw the curtains—I feel as if I'm tucking myself into a paper bag." For a

long time Childs's bed lacked its finials. Then one day in Florence he stumbled upon four small giltwood objects, two carved as pomegranates, the others as ears of corn. "I knew immediately they had once belonged to the same type of Italian bed," he recalls. When he tried them on his bedposts for size, the finials' screws glided into the holes as surely as Cinderella's foot eased into her glass slipper. "You see," Childs concludes, no doubt reflecting on more than bedposts, "if you wait long enough, everything falls into place." ▲

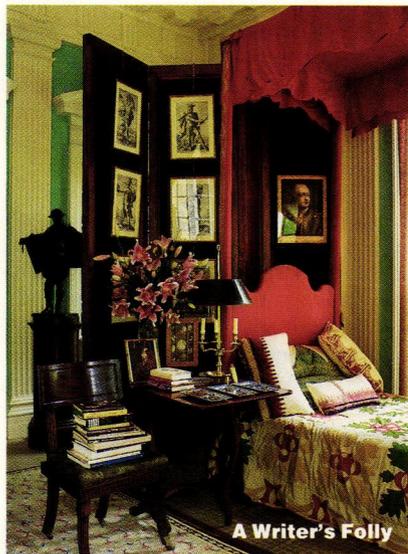
# where to find it

## COVER

Willow Bough Minor (#WR7676/1) **wallpaper**, to the trade at Sanderson, for showrooms (212) 319-7220. Italian Belle Époque porcelain **basin**, from Cesame, to the trade at Great Western Kitchen & Bath, for showrooms (818) 781-8549. Colonial Series brass **faucet set** (#853998), from Jado, for dealers (800) 227-2734.

## STYLE

**Page 18** Kleinberg Sherrill Love Knot 18-kt gold vermeil **bracelet**, \$445, at Stanley Korshak, Dallas (214) 871-3600. Kleinberg Sherrill Baroque Crescent 18-kt gold vermeil **bracelet**, at Cyreld, Brookline (617) 566-2577. Kleinberg



A Writer's Folly

Sherrill Remington 18-kt gold vermeil **hoop earrings**, \$230, at the Clothes Garden, Wynnewood (215) 896-7050. Kleinberg Sherrill **straw cloth handbag** with bullhorn handles and chamouis trim, at Kleinberg Sherrill, 56 East Andrews Dr., Atlanta, GA 30305; (404) 233-5773. Emblèmes de l'Europe silk **scarf**, from Hermès, for stores (800) 441-4488 ext 1079. Promenade Stripe (#56089) cotton/rayon **satin on chair**, from Schumacher, for dealers (800) 332-3384. Kleinberg Sherrill silk satin evening **envelope bag** with pavé rhinestone buckle clasp, \$305, at Stanley Korshak (see above). Kleinberg Sherrill painted wooden box **bracelet bag** with Love Knot 18-kt gold vermeil clasp, at Spear & Stephens, Baton Rouge (504) 927-0306. Kleinberg Sherrill **alligator bag** with Remington 18-kt gold vermeil clasp and Karung snakeskin **dog collar** with 18-kt gold vermeil love knots, at Kleinberg Sherrill (see above). Kleinberg Sherrill reversible silk/cashmere **throw** with leather fringe, Kleinberg Sherrill woven **rattan handbag** with Karung snakeskin trim and Love Knot 18-kt gold vermeil clasp, Kleinberg Sherrill **sterling-silver boxes**, all at Kleinberg Sherrill (see above).

## FOOD

**Page 26** Ceramic **serving bowl**, \$185,

**condiment plate**, \$32, both by Dan Levy, Spinato linen/cotton **napkin**, \$28, from Anichini, all at Barneys New York, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Houston, Manhasset, Troy. For other Anichini stores (800) 553-5309. **27** Ceramic **salad plate**, \$52, at Barneys New York (see above). Italian ceramic **serving plate**, \$38, by Este for Barneys New York (see above). **28** Porcelain **polka dot plate**, by Kathy Ertman, \$150, Nuovo Milano stainless-steel **serving set**, by Alessi, \$105, both at Barneys New York (see above). For other Alessi stores (617) 932-9444.

## WORKROOM

**Page 29** Reproduction 1750 comb-back **Windsor chair**, maple/pine scrolled **watch box**, oak/pine/maple **roped bed**, cotton **plaid pillowcase**, all by Jan Blyler Hoffman, similar at J. Blyler Hoffman Wonderful Goods, 412 West King St., East Berlin, PA 17316, (717) 259-7676; the Dilworthtown Country Store, West Chester (215) 399-0560; New England Historical Connection, Wilton (800) 647-5719. For more information on the Americana Artisans Crafts Show, contact Hancock Shaker Village, Pittsfield (413) 443-0188.

## GARDENING

**Pages 38–39** Where to find **garden gates**: Bow House, Box 900, Bolton, MA 01740; (508) 779-2271 (wooden gates, custom and ready-made). Garden Concepts, Box 241233, Memphis, TN 38124; (901) 756-1649 (wooden and metal gates, made to order). Kenneth Lynch & Sons, Box 488, Wilton, CT 06897; (203) 762-8363 (custom wrought-iron gates). Murray's Ironworks, 8632 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90069; (310) 652-0632 (cast-iron and wrought-iron gates, made to order). Robinson Iron, Alexander City, AL 35010; (205) 329-8486 (cast-iron and wrought-iron gates, made to order). Seret & Sons, 149 East Alameda, Santa Fe, NM 87501; (505) 988-9151 (wooden and wrought-iron gates, made to order and antique). Timeless Garden, Box 5406, Arlington, VA 22205; (703) 536-8958 (reproduction wooden gates, made to order).

## A WRITER'S FOLLY

**Pages 42–49 Architecture**, by Ernesto Buch, Architect, 37 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511; (203) 777-3322. **Construction**, by Marc Olivieri Design-Construction, (203) 263-4619. Custom painted pine Doric **columns and pilasters**, similar to order from Somerset Door & Column, (800) 242-7916, in PA (800) 242-7915. **Woodgraining**, by Robson Worldwide Graining, Fairfax (703) 978-5331. **12** 18th-century English wooden **jardinières**, similar at Bennison, London (71) 730-3370. **43** Applique pour Bibliothèque articulated brass **wall lamps**, from Daniel Meilleur, Paris, to the trade at Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles (310) 855-1222.

## TRUE TO HERSELF

**Pages 50–57 Architecture and design**, by Totah Design, 654 North Larchmont Blvd., Los

Angeles, CA 90004; (213) 467-2927. **50–51** Juju **wicker chairs**, Squiggle copper-sprayed **coffee table**, Wave upholstered **settee and armchairs** with alder wood legs, to order from Totah Design (see above). Applause (#2672-02) cotton **velvet on upholstered furniture**, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. Linen (#2383) **fabric on wicker chairs**, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 565-1981. Summer (#402) handwoven **silk for shades**, to the trade at J. Robert Scott Textiles, for showrooms (213) 525-1010. 19th-century French **linen rug**, similar at Parviz Nemati, NYC (212) 486-6900 by appt. Swedish Biedermeier **pedestal table**, c. 1840, similar at Lief, Los Angeles (213) 658-1100; (310) 458-4863. Cobalt Bohemian **glass vase**, by David Palterer for Alter Ego, to order at Modern Age, NYC (800) 358-4289; for other stores (800) 869-9163. Custom antiqued-brass **floor lamps**, similar to the trade to order from Phoenix Day, for showrooms (415) 822-4414. **52** Murano glass **chandelier**, by Giò Ponti for Venini, to order at Modern Age (see above); for other stores (404) 664-0600. Fifi leather/alder wood **side chair**, to order from Totah Design (see above). Mignon 1 cherry wood **table with frosted-glass top**, by Daniela Puppa for Fontana Arte, at Diva, Los Angeles (310) 278-3191; for other stores (212) 477-3188. Marcelle Murano glass/gold-plated metal **vase on table**, by Borek Sipek for Triade's



True to Herself

Follies Collection, at Modern Age (see above); for other stores (800) 869-9163. Ms. Kieffer **club chair**, to order from Totah Design (see above). Rochelle (#K721/19) worsted spun-nylon **fabric on club chair**, from Knoll Textiles, division of the Knoll Group, for dealers (800) 445-5045. **53** Lynn Geesaman **photographs**, similar at P.P.O.W., NYC (212) 941-8642. Rainbow Velvet (#98663-19) cotton **velvet on sofa**, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Prestige (Miel) cut-pile wool velvet **carpet**, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. **54** Linen (#2383) **fabric on chairs**, to the trade at Henry Calvin (see above). **Hammered-brass vases**, by Josef Hoffmann, 1922, similar at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. **55** Dragon Rouge Limoges porcelain **salad plate**, Louis XV

## RESOURCES

Limoges porcelain **dinner plate**, to special-order from Raynaud-Ceralene, (800) 777-0100. Genova crystal **water and wine goblets**, from Baccarat, for stores or to order (800) 777-0100. Linen **napkins**, at George Henry, Shelter Island (516) 749-4392 by appt. **56–57** Moiré Stripe (#1-2160-59-0) viscose rayon/cotton **fabric on chaise and bed**, to the trade at Westgate Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 527-2517. Sounion **oval mirror** with plastic base, by Matteo Thun for Kartell, at Diva (see above); for other stores (212) 477-3188. Sienna Egyptian cotton **quilt**, Aurora Egyptian cotton matelassé **bed cover**, Ambra Egyptian cotton jacquard **teal pillow sham**, from Frette, for stores (212) 988-5221. Chiffon Sheer (#OG1) **silk for curtains**, to the trade at Archive, for showrooms (510) 489-2928. Summer (#474) handwoven **silk for valances**, to the trade at J. Robert Scott (see above). Orleans (Potivon) cut-pile wool velvet **carpet**, to the trade at Stark (see above). Early 19th century Austrian demilune walnut **side cabinet**, similar at James Peter Jennings, Los Angeles (213) 655-7823.

### THE WELL-COMPOSED COTTAGE

#### Pages 66–73 Contracting and architectural

**consultation**, by Donald Robertson, Box 369, East Hampton, NY 11937; (516) 537-5228.

**Landscape architecture**, by Perry Guillot, 55 West 75 St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 496-0496. **68–72** 19th-century Turkish and Persian **rugs**, similar at Wojtech Blau, NYC (212) 249-4525. **68–69** Senanque (#705-1) **linen on sofa**, from Rubelli, to the trade at Bergamo Fabrics, for showrooms (718) 392-5000. 1940s French lacquered wood/sea grass **armchairs**, Adnet **director's chair**, similar at Stéphane Deschamps, Paris (1) 46-33-58-00. Charles X **candlestick lamps**, similar at Erik Vidal, Paris (1) 48-99-28-46 by appt. **70** Regency **sofa table**, similar at Erik Vidal (see above). **73** Provincial **Roman head**, 2nd century, similar at Joel Mathieson, NYC (212) 941-1491.

### SUMMER AT HANDY HOUSE

**Pages 78–83** **Decoration**, by David McMahon of Parish-Hadley Assocs., 305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 888-7979. **78–79** Les Papillons Exotiques Cotton Print (#173418.00) **cotton on settee**, to the trade at Brunswick & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. **81** Linen Moiré Stripe (#100872.00) rayon/cotton/linen **fabric on banquette pillows**, to the trade at Brunswick (see above). **82** Adirondack **chairs**, from Treillage, NYC (212) 535-2288. **83** Oxford Classic Blue cotton **striped pillow sham** with buttons, from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection, for stores (212) 642-8700.

### NATURAL TALENT

**Pages 84–89** 1925 Perpetual **calendar** in patinated bronze, gilt-bronze **straight doorknob**, both by Rateau, at DeLorenzo Gallery, 958 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021; (212) 249-7575. **Selected pieces by Rateau**, at Galerie

Anne-Sophie Duval, 5 quai Malaquais, 75006 Paris, (1) 43-54-51-16; Galerie Jacques De Vos, 7 rue Bonaparte, 75006 Paris, (1) 43-29-88-94; Galerie Félix Marcihac, 8 rue Bonaparte, 75006 Paris, (1) 43-26-47-36.

### TEXAS OASIS

**Pages 90–95** **Architecture**, by Ted Flato and David Lake of Lake/Flato Architects, 311 3rd St., Suite 200, San Antonio, TX 78205; (210) 227-3335. **Decoration**, by antiques dealer Jack McGregor of McGregor & Co., 2635 Steel St., Houston, TX 77098; (713) 524-9823 by appt. **Landscape architecture**, by James Keeter of J. E. K., Box 691090, San Antonio, TX 78269; (210) 698-0083. **93** English **papier-mâché chairs**, 1850, by Jennens & Bettridge, American Empire **mahogany sofa**, from Boston, c. 1820, American Empire mahogany curule **stool**, from Boston, c. 1820, Pittsburgh **glass vase**, c. 1840, all similar at McGregor & Co. (see above). Janvry Damask (#10536.02) cotton/nylon **damask on mahogany sofa**, to the trade at Brunswick & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Milton Leaf (#4083-01) viscose/rayon **fabric on stool**, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. American Empire mahogany **round table and chairs**, from Boston, c. 1820, English silver-plated **column lamp**, c. 1870, all similar at McGregor & Co. (see above). **94** American Empire mahogany **klismos chairs**, from Philadelphia, c. 1830, Philadelphia mahogany **armoire**, c. 1805, Boston mahogany **console table** with mirrored base, c. 1820, all similar at McGregor & Co. (see above). La France (#98164-1) horsehair/cotton **fabric on klismos chairs**, to the trade at Scalamantré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Bailey Rose (#7181) **chintz on sofas**, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). **Still-life painting**, by Alexander Pope, 1898, similar at Meredith Long & Co., Houston (713) 523-6671. **95** **Paintings**, by E. E. Cummings, c. 1950, similar at Meredith Long & Co. (see above). Ashley (#2570) **chintz on furniture and for curtains**, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). 1930s American **hooked rug**, similar at Corey Daniels Antiques, Wells (207) 646-5301 by appt. Gilt-bronze/ceramic **lamp**, c. 1870, similar at McGregor & Co. (see above).

### DESIGN ANALYSIS: STRIPES

**96** **Decoration**, by Ned Marshall, Inc., 215 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 879-3672. Listado flat-weave wool **carpet**, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. 1930s Italian **mahogany table**, by Paolo Buffa, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470. Custom hand-painted **lampshade**, similar to order from Oriental Lamp Shade Co., NYC (212) 832-8190. Etruscan-style **sterling-silver vase**, from Buccellati, for stores (212) 308-2900. 1930s English sterling-silver **cigarette box**, similar at Robert Gingold Amazing Art Deco, NYC

(212) 475-4008. Odom **upholstered armchair**, to the trade to order from Jonas Upholstery, NYC (212) 691-2777. Custom 19th-century English mohair velvet **pillow**, similar to order at Van Gregory & Norton, NYC (212) 866-4464. **97** **Decoration**, by John Ryman, NYC (212) 529-9766. 17th-century Italian-style walnut **armchair**, 19th-century Italian-style walnut **table**, similar at John Koch Antiques, NYC (212) 243-8625. English **Knole sofa**, 1915, similar at Alan Moss Gallery, NYC (212) 219-1663. Chinese porcelain **vase made into lamp**, similar to the trade at Vera E. Imports, Bayport (516) 472-0533. **98** **Decoration**, by Jed Johnson of Jed Johnson & Assocs., 211 West 61 St., New York, N.Y. 10023; (212) 489-7840. Custom handwoven filament **silk satin on settee and armchair**, to the trade to order from James Gould Textiles, Riverside (203) 637-3062. Custom silk **cord on settee and armchair**, to the trade to order from Tassels & Trims, NYC (212) 754-6000. **Ushak carpet**, c. 1900, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. English, c. 1850, printed wool **shawl on ottoman**, similar to the trade at Cora Ginsburg, NYC (212) 744-1352 by appt. Custom **ottoman**, to the trade to order from Henry B. Urban/Delta Upholsterers, NYC (212) 265-7333. American carved-wood/parcel-gilt **mirror**, c. 1875, similar at Eli Wilner & Co. Period Frames & Mirrors, NYC (212) 744-6521. Japanese, c. 1914, bronze **openwork lamp on desk**, similar at Treasures & Trifles, NYC (212) 243-2723. **99** **Decoration**, by Craig Raywood, NYC (212) 452-0406. **Decorative painting**, by Sylvie Michel, NYC (212) 349-3328. **Upholstery**, to the trade to order from Urban/Delta (see above). Custom **stainless-steel mantelpiece**, similar to order from Danny Alessandro, NYC (212) 759-8210, Los Angeles (213) 654-6198. Dutch **ebonized mirror frame**, c. 1900, with antique glass, restored by Spiegel Framing & Restoring, NYC (212) 475-5630. 18th and 19th century **manuscripts, documents, autograph letters, and photographs**, similar at Kenneth W. Rendell Gallery, NYC (212) 717-1776, Beverly Hills (310) 550-1812. 1820s Danish birch **daybed** with mahogany intarsia, similar at Evergreen Antiques, NYC (212) 744-5664. Cuoietto Lucido cowhide **leather on daybed**, at Dualoy, NYC (212) 736-3360. Custom **armchairs**, designed by Craig Raywood, similar to the trade to order from Urban/Delta (see above). Custom Therese glass/metal **guéridon**, to the trade to order at John Boone, NYC (212) 758-0012. Cashmere **blankets**, at Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC (212) 988-5252. Chicago (312) 337-6558. English brass/mahogany **tripod table**, similar at Ann Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308. Antique **Aubusson rug**, similar to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. **98–99** **Fabric sampler: 1** Marigny (#P1968-05) viscose taffeta, to the trade at Pierre Frey, for showrooms (212) 355-6700. **2** Barcelona



Design Analysis

(#BARC-03) cotton/rayon, to the trade at Kirk Brummel, for showrooms (212) 477-8590. **3** Riga Woven Stripe (#16112.00/7) cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. **4** Malmaison (#4347/30) cotton/rayon, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. **5** Park Avenue Stripe (#5190-1) silk taffeta, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844. **6** Pekine (#30287-29) viscose/cotton, to the trade at André Bon, for showrooms (212) 355-4012. **7** Chambord Taffeta (#C2-501-5) silk, to the trade at Christopher Norman, for showrooms (212) 644-4100. **8** Elegant (#ELEG-04) cotton/silk, to the trade at Kirk Brummel (see above). **9** Sackville Stripe (#NCF 600/05) chintz, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500. **10** Malmaison (# 4347/06) cotton/rayon, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above). **11** Voltaire Stripe (#C2-1201) silk taffeta, to the trade at Christopher Norman (see above). **12** Chantonnay Stripe (#103391) silk taffeta, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. **13** Oviedo (#2971/004) cotton/rayon jacquard, to the trade at Yves Gonnet Fabrics, for showrooms (212) 758-8220. **14** Malmaison (#4347/57) cotton/rayon, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above). **15** Amberline (#33181/3-0) wool/linen, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. **16** Durango (#A101-1) silk/polyester taffeta, to the trade at Carleton V, for showrooms (212) 355-4525. **17** Dundale (#F334/04) wool, from the Designers Guild Tindall Collection, to the trade at Osborne

& Little (see above).

#### DWELLING OUT OF TIME

**Page 101** Boxy cashmere **sweater**, cotton roll-neck **long-sleeved T-shirt**, white **jeans**, from Industria, similar at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Fred Segal, Los Angeles. **107** Copper/glass **lantern**, from Industria, available in Europe only, for stores (212) 366-1114.

#### HUNT COUNTRY SIMPLICITY

**108-113** **Decoration and selected antiques**, from Antony Childs, Inc., 1670 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, D.C. 20007; (202) 337-1100. **108-09** Lambertus (#361) **club chairs**, to the trade at Rose Tarlow-Melrose House, for showrooms (213) 651-2202. Toulon (#6330-30) rayon/linen **fabric on club chairs**, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442. Custom Empire Stool **ottoman**, to order from George Smith Sofas & Chairs, for dealers (212) 226-4747. Beaugency (#13785) wool/cotton/rayon **fabric on ottoman**, Silver Jubilee (#32611/B) **cotton panels for curtains**, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. 19th-century American oak **column**, similar at Marston Luce, Washington, D.C. (202) 775-9460. **110** Loggia painted farmed-poplar/sand-finished **armchairs** (#1792), **side chair** (#1692), and **sofa** (#1892), by Antony Childs for Niermann Weeks, Twig (#2192) **steel tables** with slate tops, from Niermann Weeks, all to the trade at John Rosselli International, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah & Assoc., Atlanta; Kirk Brummel, Chicago; A. Rudin, Los Angeles; J. Lambeth, Washington, D.C.; for other showrooms (410) 224-0133. **110-**

**11** Louis XV-style silverplate/glass **hurricane lamps**, to the trade at John Rosselli, for showrooms (212) 737-2252. Print stripe (#9682) **cotton on chairs**, to the trade at Duralee Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 275-3872, in NY (212) 752-4040. **112** Reproduction bronze **bouillotte lamp** with tole shade, to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. Squiggle (#5606) **chintz on slipper chairs and chaise pillow**, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. French mohair **throw on chaise**, similar at the Jane Wilner Shop, Washington, D.C. (202) 966-1484. 19th-century Italian **painted pine bedstead**, similar at Marston Luce (see above). **112-13** Natural (#1-2498/05/0) handloomed Indian **silk for bedhangings**, to the trade at Westgate Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 527-2517. Luxe Calif (#LU27) **leather on Régence-style chair**, to the trade at Edelman Leather, for showrooms (800) 886-8339. Churchill (#3-129) **upholstered armchair**, to the trade at Rose Tarlow-Melrose House (see above). Cashmere French linen-pile **carpet** with companion border, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000.

#### RESOURCES

**Page 118** Variations (#9960/87) viscose/cotton **moiré stripe**, to the trade at Nobilis-Fontan, for showrooms (908) 464-1177.

#### TIMELESS ROOMS

**Page 120** **Decoration**, by Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade, 111 East 56 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 759-1969.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

HG AND HOUSE & GARDEN ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. COPYRIGHT © 1993 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

HG—House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Pamela van Zandt, Executive Vice President-Secretary; Eric C. Anderson, Executive Vice President-Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 192589. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, \$24 for one year, \$46 for two years; in Canada, \$41 for one year, including GST. Elsewhere, \$43 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. \$4, Canada \$4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. However, House & Garden is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies), or any other unsolicited material.

**Subscription inquiries:** Please write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder, CO 80322, or call (800) 234-1520. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to House & Garden Magazine, 350 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017.

**POSTMASTER: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder, CO 80322. Printed in the USA**

*Dine with the Medicis!*

# FLORENTINES

## A Tuscan Feast

By Lorenza de'Medici

Illustrations by Giovanna Garzoni 1600-1670

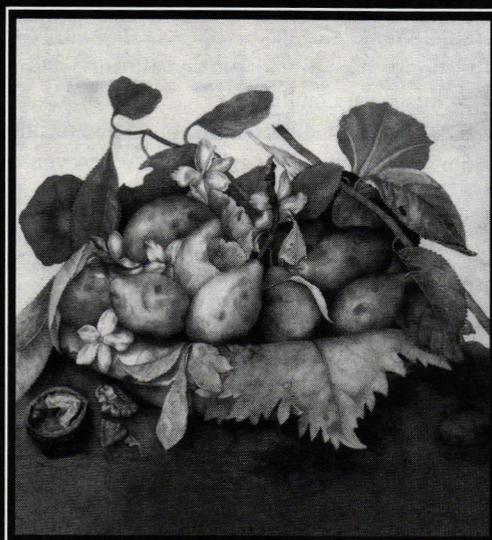
From the splendors of the Medicis to the rustic tables of Tuscan peasants, here is a fruit-to-nuts journey that includes ancient recipes, classic paintings and delicious anecdotes.

*"Charming...the raison d'être of this volume is the still-life paintings... all the recipes beg to be tried at once."*

— *The New Yorker*

Full-color illustrations throughout  
Books Make Great Gifts

RANDOM HOUSE



# TIMELESS ROOMS



FIND THE  
IDEAL IN  
SOMETHING  
NOT IDEAL.

—ROBERT DENNING

**DATE** Mid 1970s

**PLACE** Westchester County, New York

**DECORATOR** Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade in New York City

**BIO** With his partner, Vincent Fourcade, who died late last year, Denning perfected a look of worldly yet comfortable elegance, with lots of color, rich textures, elaborate curtain and paint treatments, and traditional architectural detailing.

**SETTING** A dining room in an eighteenth-century house with very low ceilings. "When you can touch your ceiling—and you're short—you're in trouble," says Denning. "But what you don't do to a low ceiling is ignore it by painting it white and hoping no one will notice. Find the ideal in something not ideal." Upholstering the ceiling in a cotton print and installing oversize crown moldings dramatized the room's proportions. Built-in cupboards, which contain china and crystal for the table, were camouflaged by marbled doors hung with Chinese flower prints.

**ELEMENTS** The owners' nineteenth-century French country furniture was already there. "They bought it in

the heyday of French provincial. We used the last of it here," explains Denning. A quilted rose-patterned Liberty cotton covers the walls. The Chinese prints, bought by a previous decorator, "looked dreary in the guest room," says Denning. "They don't look dreary here." Shirred curtains, the only ones in the room, adorn the French doors, including, wittily, the pair with mirrored panes.

**LIGHTING** Fringed floor lamps, which Denning loves because they add a flattering light—"Candlelight alone gives people circles under the eyes"—and Argand lamps on the sideboard.

**FLOOR PLAN** "There is none," quips Denning. "You can barely get around the table."

**COLOR SCHEME** "Multi."

**DECORATOR'S ASSESSMENT** "The height of your ceilings is like the size of your waist—you have to live with it. We took a very common problem and, by making the room as cozy as possible, turned it into a charm instead of a disease."

Details see Resources.