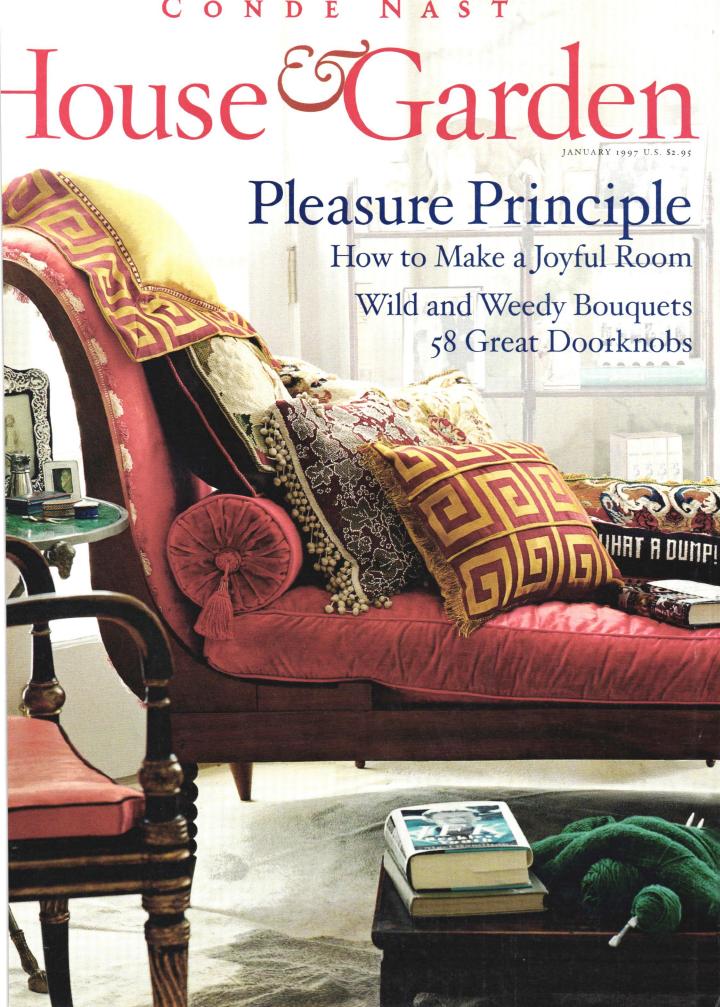
C O N D É N A S T



What appears to be new may in fact be familiar. What appears to be familiar may in fact be new. So question what you know because you may not really know it at all.

Welconglessness Thinglessness

I swoon. Suddenly I'm in a reverie of a life unfettered by possessions, of rooms in which the eye is engaged not by the arrangement on a table but by volumes of space that inspire the contemplation of infinity—or at least world peace. When a minimalist bares his soul, as does the London-based architect John Pawson in his new book, *Minimum*, I'm startled to learn that even the soul must be *de minimis*, because that is a morally advanced state "implying selflessness and unworldliness." Minimalism,

Pawson explains to his readers, offers "a sense of liberation, a chance to be in touch with the essence of existence, rather than distracted by the trivial."

I've often wondered if I would have the moral stamina to sustain the thinglessness of the minimalist—that is, if I could even approach such a condition. So I was pleased recently to learn of the opening of a hotel in London modeled so entirely on the rooms of Pawson's own house that I thought (mistakenly) he was its architect. (It is odd to find the latest form of minimalism emerging from England, home to the sort of decorating in which you expect even fur balls and dust kitties to be artfully arranged.) I booked immediately.

Little did I suspect, as I checked in, that I was about to engage in a contest of wills with a room. Because there can be no "stuff" in a minimal interior, everything must be stored immediately. Because there can be no visible hinges on doors, it takes a lot of trial and error—pushing on walls—to find the closets. Because there can be no knobs to interrupt the lines of the doors, it takes nail-breaking effort to dislodge them from their openings in the plaster. Because the door has to have the same weight as the wall, so that you can really experience its mass, I threw my back out. Because everything is white—walls, floors, ceilings, linens—but my clothes are not, I felt as if I were falling short in aesthetic rigor. Heaven forbid that I should neglect to clean up before the arrival of housekeeping and betray my lack of minimalist discipline.

Living here called for something beyond neatness—something like invisibility. As evening neared, a gloom settled over the rooms, and I could do nothing to dispel it because I could not find a light switch. (Because light switches violate the pure planes of the walls, etc.) I drew a bath, thinking to relax. My bathroom featured one of those Pawson troughs I've seen in photographs: a perfect rectangle of stone. As a tub enthusiast, I couldn't wait to jump in. Once in, I couldn't wait to get out. I felt as if I were in a coffin, and, indeed, in a tub like that, you can only stretch flat out and float, or assume the Marat/Sade position and sit up straight, mostly out of the water, getting chilled to death.

So much for good design. Here's the messy little secret of minimalism: as usual, you can't be too rich or too thin. Minimalism (city-style) takes maximal amounts of money.



Beauty comes from using only the highest-quality materials. Craftsmanship is everything, followed closely by maintenance. A minimal interior tolerates no clutter, wrinkle, or stain. Even your own excess pounds begin to feel like a violation of the building code. Minimalism also takes maximal amounts of things that even money can't always buy, like space and light. The "celebration of mass and volume" is a costly one. So much for leaving behind the things of this world.

In his book Pawson returns over and over to his dread of "the dead weight of possessions," their "oppressive weight," a sense of "drowning in objects." But many of us take nourishment from our things. I feel warmth, I remember joy and pleasure, I take delight in the painting from a lover, the garish clay blob from a child, the vase from my mother. The only time I have ever been without a connection to my things was during a period of intense grief, and I marked the beginning of my passage out of mourning the day I appreciated once again the way the morning light fell across the tiger maple table by my bed, and brought its rich grain to a gleam.

There's nothing modern about minimalism, of course; its appeal is timeless. These days, once again, people are talking a lot about simplicity, about scaling back, about shedding things. The problem is, simplicity isn't so simple: it isn't just a matter of thinglessness. And for many, life in a minimalist space brings out complicated and even unpleasant responses.

Keith Irvine's style of classical English decorating, our cover story, displays a mastery of—and over—things, using them to bring comfort and whimsy to a room. And what could be simpler (and more profound) than to recognize, as he does, the beauty in his daughter's unfinished and abandoned knitting, and tuck that, too, into a still life. The way people use decorating to achieve a state of grace or tranquility is, of course, a matter of taste—and psychology. We can appreciate the different approaches. Just spare us the moral superiority. I know now that my eye needs the beauty, variety, and sensuality of fabric, furniture, and treasure. At least, that is, until I can afford a minimalist retreat of truly magnificent and lavish proportions.

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Dominique Browning, EDITOR



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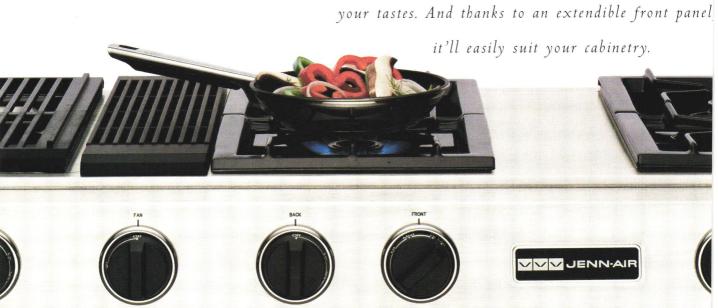
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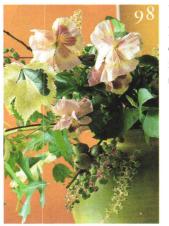
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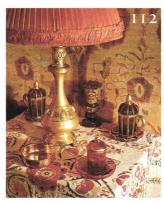
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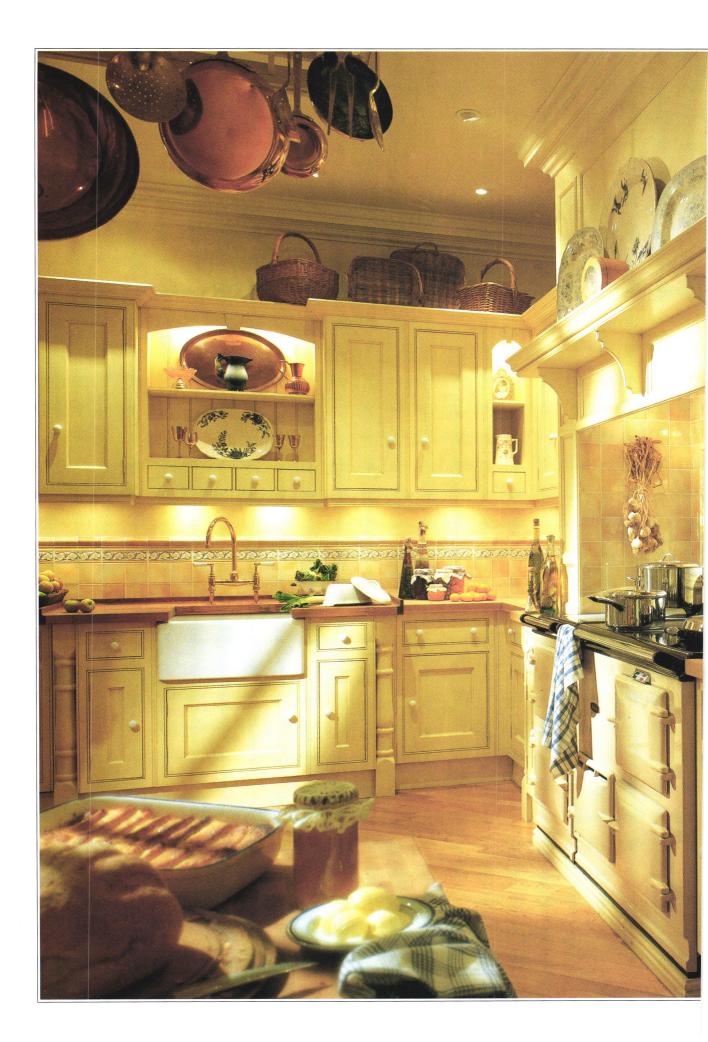
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The Shape of Motion

Three continents and several centuries wind their way through a California garden BY ROSEMARY VEREY









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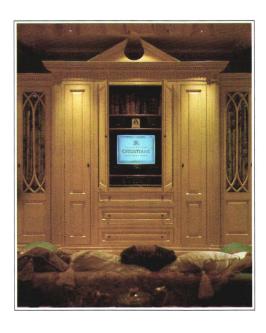
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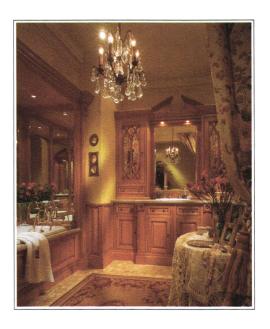
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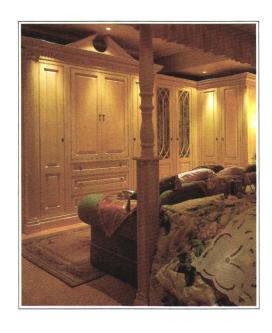
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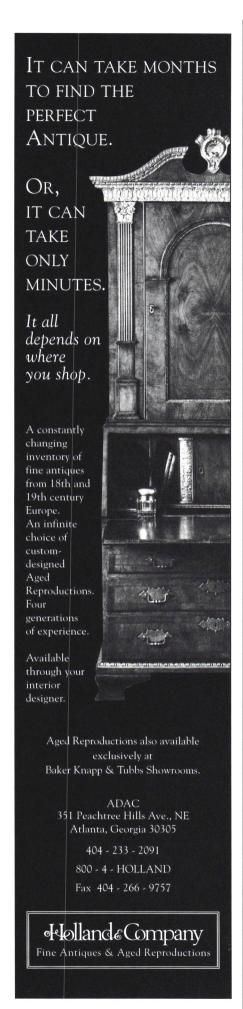


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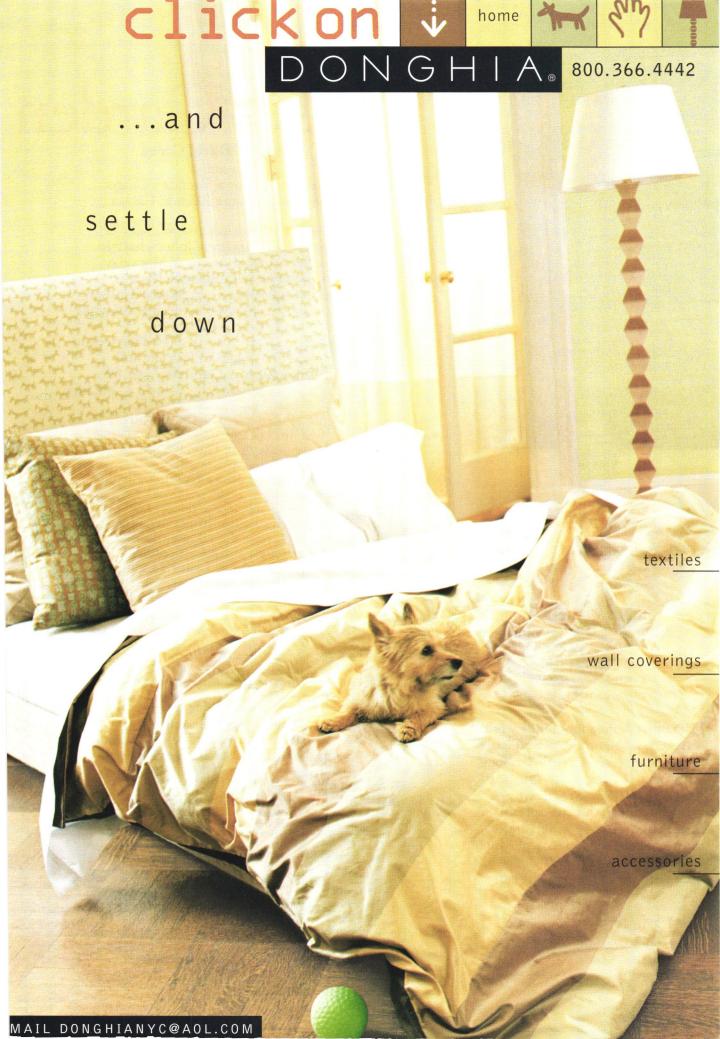
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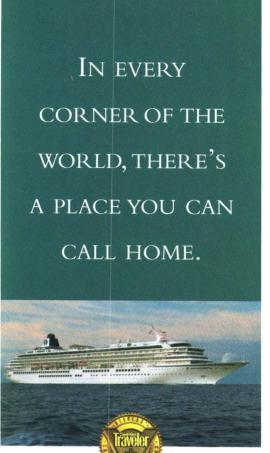
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Condé Nast House & Garden is published by the Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017

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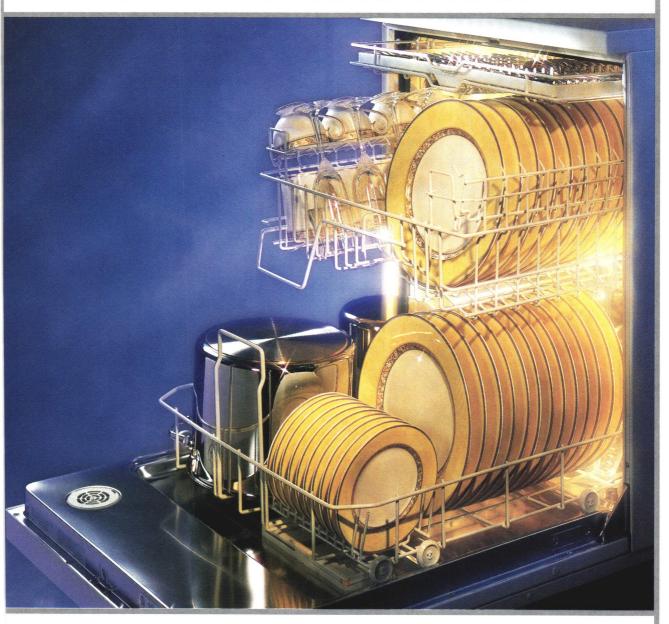
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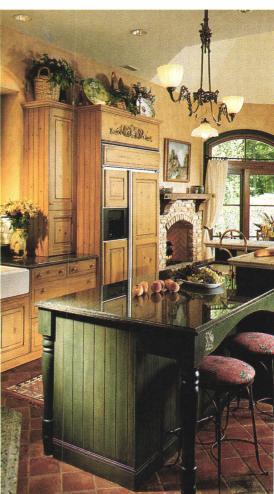
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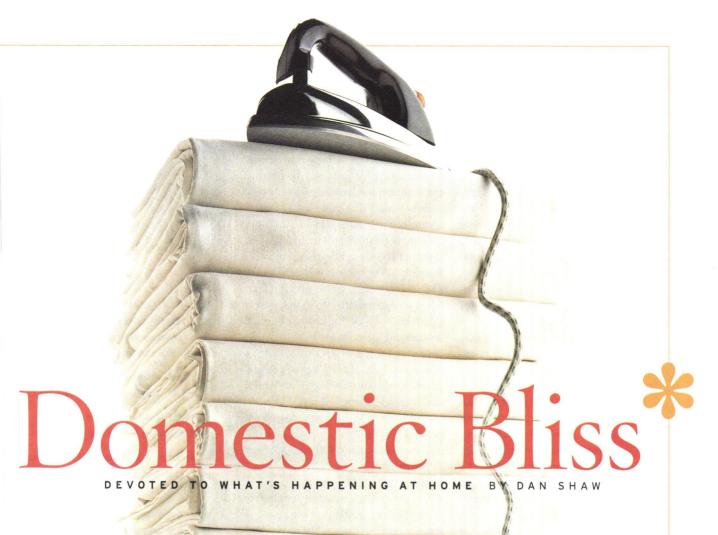


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SLEEPING BEAUTIES It's a common nocturnal fantasy, the dream of bedding

down on freshly laundered sheets every night of the week. * "I would if I could!"

says Barbara Barry, the hyperkinetic Los Angeles decorator who has her bed linens changed twice a week. Barry's twelve sets of sheets are cleaned according to strict guidelines.

"I always have them washed twice—once with soap and once without," she says. "They are taken



DREAMSCAPE An endless supply of freshly laundered sheets is a paradigm for domestic bliss.

SLEEPING BEAUTIES



out of the dryer when they are seven-eighths dry and folded and stacked. When you're finally ready to use them, the sheets are perfectly pressed."

"My husband would love it if we slept on fresh sheets every night," says Lyn Peterson, a decorator in New Rochelle, New York. "I change them twice a week, which I think is quite luxurious. My children's sheets, however, are changed only once a week."

Peri Wolfman-Gold, a SoHo shopkeeper who's known for having her living-room slipcovers washed weekly, also changes her sheets twice a week. "But we spend weekends at our country house, so it's really more than that," she's quick to point out.

Victoria Borus, a New York decorator, has figured out a shortcut for realizing the fresh-sheets-every-day fairy tale: she changes her pillowcases daily. "If you use linen or cotton, that's the only way they'll look fresh," says Borus, who changes the sheets once a week. "I think life is no bed of roses, and the one thing you have at the end of the day is your bed."

Of course, not all linen fanatics are obsessed with fresh sheets. "Changing them more than once a week is unnecessary," says Nancy Reib, founder of Wildcat Territory, a four-year-old New York company that makes sensuous shams and duvets.

Jacquelynne P. Lanham, an Atlanta designer who changes her sheets once a week, understands her clients who do so more often. "Corporate people who travel a lot are used to getting fresh sheets in their hotel every day, and they want that same level of comfort at home," she says.

"I think changing them once a week is more than enough," says Frank Babb Randolph, a decorator in Washington, D.C. "You ought to be pretty clean when you go to bed." Randolph developed his love of high-thread-count cotton and linen sheets in 1959, while spending his junior year of college in Florence, Italy. "At the age of twenty, I bought the most wonderful sheets, and I still use them," he says. "They've lasted that long because they have not been over-laundered. I don't use chlorine bleach and I don't put them in the dryer."

He preaches what he practices. "I often get my clients to spend what they consider exorbitant amounts of money on fine linens," he says. And how does he persuade them to make that investment? "I tell them the story I just told you: that thirty-seven years later, I'm still sleeping on the same wonderful sheets."



beyond popcorn

EATING in bed, at least in the movies, is usually more erotic than neurotic—a sensuous alternative to the kitchen table. Some memorable moments:

- JOAN BLONDELL pouring coffee for Eddie Woods in *The Public Enemy* (1931)
- **JEAN HARLOW**, above, popping bonbons in *Dinner at Eight* (1933)
- ANTHONY HOPKINS and MARIANNE
 FAITHFUL gorging on fruit
 in Hamlet (1969)
- having beer and bananas in

 The Seduction of Joe Tynan (1979)
- STREEP sharing a postcoital bowl of pasta carbonara in *Heartburn* (1986)

FINDERS KEEPERS

Shipshape Sheets

JIM KENNEDY, who used be a partner in a linen shop in Little Rock, Arkansas, and now works for Portico Bed & Bath in New York City, has many of his forty-two sets of sheets laundered in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "I have very good sheets, and if they're properly taken care of they'll last twenty years," he says. Kennedy sends them to the Laundry at Linens Limited, which charges \$23 to \$34.50 to clean a single queen sheet and \$10 to \$20.50 for a pillowcase. "I send two sets at a time. It's a worthwhile expenditure."

Apparently, he's not alone in that belief. Some four thousand Americans mail their bed and table linens to Linens Limited, according to Monica Anderson, who oversees the luxe laundry's staff of nine. "We mainly use UPS and FedEx," she says, "but a lot of our customers from Chicago drive up with their laundry. They like to see what we do." What they do is wash sheets and tablecloths (some by

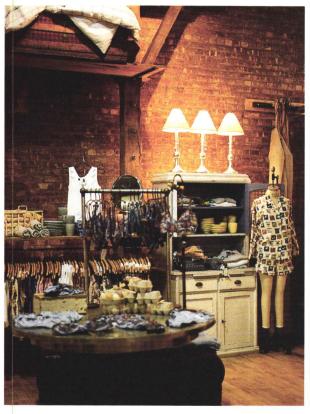


hand), stretch them out on flat tables for air drying, and follow with touch-up ironing and precision folding or rolling. "It's what you would do at home if you could," says Anderson.

But that's not what she does herself. "I don't have such fancy sheets," she says. "Mine go right in the dryer."



Turn the Other Chic











Many sophisticated people today aspire to decorating with flea-market finds but don't have the time, patience, or perspicacity to shop for them. Anthropologie, a growing chain of home-furnishings and clothing stores, caters to this contemporary clientele.

"I like to think we offer a year of flea-market finds in a day," says Keith Johnson, the antiques buyer for Anthropologie, a subsidiary of Urban Outfitters, a chain of stores popular with bohemian college students. "Our customers are people with taste who are time-poor but want to fill their homes with distinctive things." To lure those shoppers away from competitors like Pottery Barn and Crate & Barrel, Johnson scours the globe for affordable artifacts and furniture. Drawn to one- and few-of-a-kind objects like a British library cart or a Philippine bentwood chair, he often hires Third World artisans to make limited-edition copies so that there will be enough merchandise for the eight (and counting) Anthropologies: in Westport, Connecticut; Santa Monica, and Newport Beach, California; Wayne, Pennsylvania; Rockville, Maryland; Chicago; Greenvale, New York; and New York City.

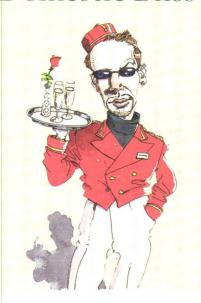
He is also fond of buying ostensibly useless things like rusty turn-of-the-century Portuguese washtubs and awkwardsized iron beds from England. He sends them back home to Anthropologie's SoHo store, bottom row, features furniture from the workshops of Philadelphia artisans like Jennie Shanker and Douglas Smith, top row. Pennsylvania, where he has enlisted a disparate group of artisans to turn found objects into functional furniture. In the West Philadelphia workshop of welder Jennie Shanker, for example, those old beds were taken apart and turned into funky garden benches—the headboard became the backrest and the footboard was

turned into the seat. Shanker shares the loft with Douglas Smith, who has stockpiled massive, obsolete wooden pipe molds and fittings (used to build Philadelphia's infrastructure), which he turns into coffee tables and mirrors. He has also made lamps from old lawn sprinklers.

A few blocks away, carpenter Michael D. Long eagerly awaits his visits from Johnson. Together, they brainstorm and figure out how to make tables, mirrors, and coatracks from salvage like linoleum tiles and glass doors, which Long buys up when old buildings are demolished. "We recycle everything here," he says, "and Keith gives us a great point of view to work with." Johnson's point of view is simple: to fill Anthropologie with items that have resonance—the sort of funky and eye-catching objects typically found at flea markets. "People," Johnson says, "want to put things into their homes that have soul."



Domestic Bliss



IF YOU'RE A connoisseur of contemporary design who gets seriously depressed staying in a humdrum hotel room, J. Peter Schweitzer is your messiah. His company, Design

Hotels Inc. (800-337-4685), represents twenty-five hotels in Europe and the U.S. where you can rest your head amid cutting-edge decor. "None of these hotels is *boring*," says Schweitzer, whose roster includes the arty Triton in San Francisco, the glossy Greenview in Miami Beach, the sleekly renovated Claris in Barcelona, and the hard-edged Cristall in Cologne, Germany. "All of these hotels are designed from a purely aesthetic view. We only select hotels that will allow a

HOME AWAY FROM HOME visitor to feel like a local on arrival. They have to be places where the staff will tell you where the cool people are eating dinner and what gallery shows are hot."

Some hotels that meet his standards (such as New York's Royalton and Paramount) don't want to be affiliated with his company. "But people who like to stay at them should know that similar hotels exist in other cities," he says.

Design Hotels must have a modern attitude as well as a modern look. "We choose hotels that don't create a barrier between staff and guests," Schweitzer says. "These are places for people who want to be part of a scene."

GENESIS

WHEN THOMAS O'BRIEN

of Aero was pulling together his schemata for Emporio Armani executives who had hired him to design a new store in New York City, he went to Clarence House and borrowed samples of the company's 150 Stripes wallpaper to use as the background for presentation boards. Having hung the paper traditionally (read: vertically) in apartment lobbies, O'Brien knew it would complement his geometric theme, inspired by the work of modernists Eileen Gray and Josef Hoffmann, if it were hung horizontally.

For the store, which opened in September on Madison Avenue, O'Brien used several versions of the paper (so named because it's available in 150 different colorways): black-and-white and gray-and-gray on the main floor; gray-and-gray in the stairwells; and two different khaki-and-beige combinations to distinguish the men's and women's floors. Since the paper is *meant* to be hung vertically, installation can be precarious. "You have to really think things out beforehand," says Temo Callahan, the showroom director at Clarence House. (Horizontal stripes seem to be a transatlantic trend: Britain's esteemed World of Interiors went gaga for them in a

recent cover story.)

O'Brien cautions about following his example. "The paper is not forgiving with floors and ceilings," he says. "In the store,

we tried to create as many stops and changes as possible. It would be a nightmare to hang in a living room."





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MADISON COX, garden designer

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WHY NOW? Because during the flu and cold season having tissues in almost every room of the house becomes a necessity, and many people can no longer tolerate having banal cardboard boxes on their end tables, nightstands, kitchen counters, and commodes.

FEVER PITCH Americans devote a lot of energy and ingenuity to hiding tissues. There are now designs suitable for every room and decor—from the minimalist, square, pearwood

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The Paragon, \$16.50



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container sold by the Museum of Modern Art (\$135) and the Paragon catalogue's trompe l'oeil ceramic box, painted to look like leather-bound volumes (\$16.50), to the beveled-glass and brass holder in the Neiman Marcus catalogue (\$135). The fabric-and-ribbon Tissue Necessaire (\$68) that Slatkin & Co. sells at its boutique on Manhattan's Upper East Side and at Bergdorf Goodman is "our single most successful product," says Laura Slatkin. "People tend to buy one for every room of the house."

tissue container is an oxymoron. They fill trays or baskets with tissues, holding them down with a pretty stone or paperweight. "Tissue boxes and wastepaper baskets are the bane of a decorator's existence," says designer Naomi Leff. "You need them, but there's so little that's tasteful on the market. You have to make your own."

GOD BLESS From 1924, when Kleenex was introduced, until the late 1960s, the basic blue-and-white tissue box changed very little, according to Kent Willetts, marketing director for Kleenex. "The Boutique Collection we introduced in the early '70s had very mod colors and florals," he says. Last year, Kleenex brought out Expressions—fourteen decorative boxes with graphics depicting everything from sunflowers and polo to ribbons and clay pots. "They're selling like gangbusters," says Willetts. "They already account for nearly 4 percent of the American tissue market."

COLD COMFORT Of course, some finicky people don't mind the plain cardboard boxes. "I'm not a big disguiser," says socialite Nan Kempner. "I just put out the box. People have sent me lacy covers from Pratesi as gifts, and sometimes when I'm sick in bed one of the maids will slip on the cover, mistakenly thinking that will cheer me up."



Expect the unexpected



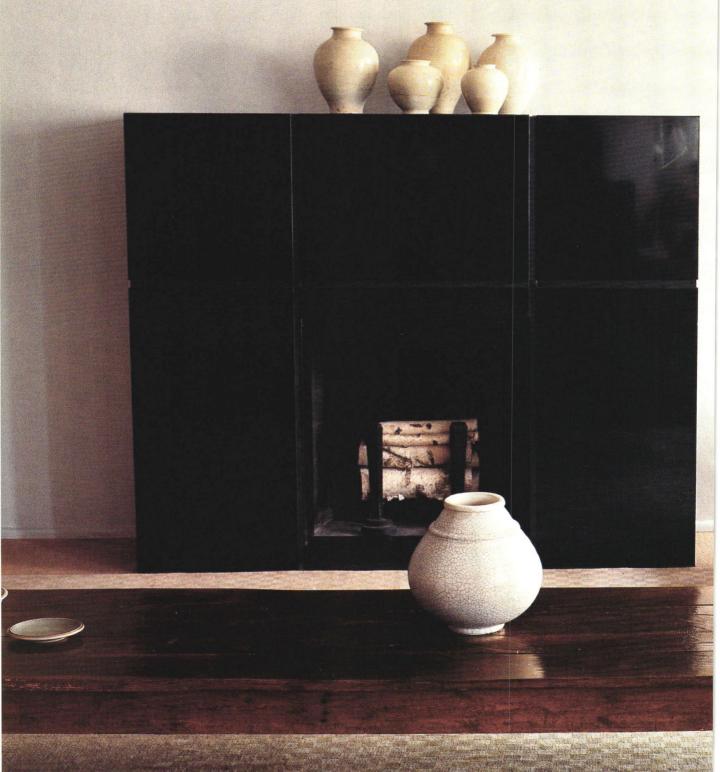
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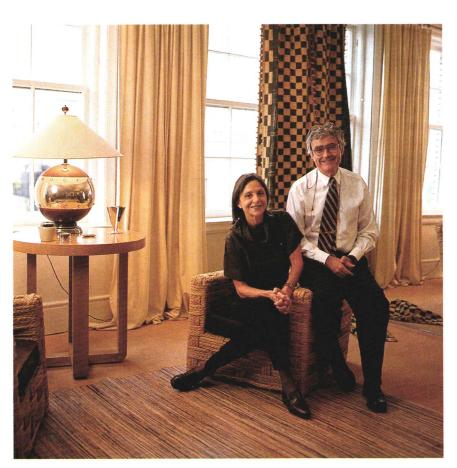
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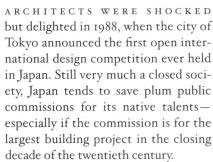
Home Base Clear Thinking

Rafael Viñoly translates a lyrical serenity at home into a Modernist triumph abroad BY WENDY MOONAN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON FREEMAN PORTRAIT BY LUCAS MICHAEL





Three hundred and ninety-five architects from fifty countries submitted designs for the Tokyo International Forum, a convention and performingarts center. In 1989, the jury chose a long shot: Rafael Viñoly, a fifty-two-yearold, Argentine-educated, New York—based architect. Not well known in his adopted country, this private man, an intense, musical homebody, has created one of the world's most public buildings.

Just months before the opening of the Forum, Viñoly is holed up in his Fifth Avenue apartment, fielding nonstop phone calls. He is a study in perpetual motion: bouncing from room to room, from phone to laptop, a pair of glasses perched on top of his head (a second hangs from a cord around his neck, and he wears a third). He looks as DESIGNING COUPLE Rafael and Diana Viñoly pose on a 1940s rope chair from France in their redecorated apartment. Diana chose a pale beige background, left, for a faux-zebra-upholstered Aalto chair from ICF and a massive Belgian marble fireplace surround designed by Rafael.

ready as he'll ever be for the most spectacular moment of his career—the grand opening this month of the Forum, a \$1.5 billion, 6.7-acre complex with four theaters, a conference center, an exhibition space, a public plaza, and fifteen restaurants and cafés. The South American architect, whose idea of heaven is staying home and playing the piano, will be the toast of Tokyo, even the world.

Perhaps only a very private man could have designed a colossal public center in Japan. "Traditionally, the Japanese don't have public buildings," Viñoly explains. "There's no access to places like the Imperial Palace. We have a different sensibility in the West." The architect wants the Forum to be like Venice's Piazza San Marco, a "happening space," full of people.

A tree-filled, open plaza bisects the site. On one side are four boxy theaters



Home Base

elevated on columns. On the other is the Glass Hall, a spectacular, almondshaped, seven-story-high atrium lobby with a transparent, hull-like roof that is suspended from two massive pylons. Midair glass bridges link the atrium to the theaters. Flooded with sun by day and glowing at night, the Glass Hall will be like a beacon, visible for blocks.

"The Glass Hall is about openness," explains Viñoly. "It is something to see, to see from, to be seen in. It's very accessible and very democratic, which is rare in Japan. The Japanese are puzzled by openness. In this building you have volumes of light. Here you can see the materials—steel and glass—coming together and expressing the structure.

"I like things that make you feel like something you can't do," Viñoly muses. "My architecture is trying to deal with the act of putting things up in the air."

For thirty years, Viñoly has built in the air all over the world—steel-and-glass corporate office buildings, apartment houses, colleges, gyms, and elegant modern residences. He has always been commercially successful, but, aside from a 1993 exhibition on the Forum at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, never critically acclaimed. The man obsessed with transparency has been nearly invisible at home.

Born in Uruguay, Viñoly moved to Argentina at age four. After studying architecture, he joined a thriving Buenos Aires firm, and in 1979 moved to New York with his Argentine wife, Diana, and their three sons. He opened his own firm, which today employs forty-five architects in New York and has offices in Tokyo and Buenos Aires.

A compulsive, fourteen-hour-a-day worker, Viñoly is almost always on the move, coming to rest only at the keyboard (he has five pianos,: one per office; one in the New York apartment; and one at his summer house in Watermill, Long Island). In fact, it was the piano that led to the recent renovation of the Viñolys' Fifth Avenue apartment, which they had not touched in eighteen years.

"We wanted a music room, and it led to a domino effect," Viñoly says, smiling.

When the couple's youngest son left home last year, Viñoly converted his



WORLDLY DECORATING In the living room, above, Diana did the pillows and curtains in boldly embroidered Kuba raffia from Zaire. The room is anchored by an 18thcentury French refectory table with its legs cut down. "The guest room [right] is my fancy room," says Diana, "with quilted silk dupion from Interiors by Royale, on beds inspired by Jean-Michel Frank." Bark paper from Jeffrey Bilhuber covers the walls of the master bedroom, below.







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Home Base

bedroom into a soundproof music room. "It's a box in a box, suspended on springs," he explains. "It cost a fortune, but now I can play at night when I'm jet-lagged."

He opened up the apartment by removing the wall between the living room and dining room. "It's the only loft apartment on Fifth," jokes Diana. The decor is spare. Both Viñolys are fond of Buenos Aires's Art Deco buildings, and they have acquired several Deco pieces for New York, including a black, 1930s

THE TOKYO INTERNATIONAL FORUM
The Glass Hall, whose interior is seen at
right, is the stunning signature piece in
Rafael Viñoly's \$1.5 billion, 6.7-acre
performing-arts and convention center,
below, an eight-year project that opens
this month. Sources, see back of book.

Jean Pascaud sideboard from Paris and a 1937 Gilbert Rohde sofa table. Antiques from other periods are integrated into the space by the use of neutral colors. "I've used the same palette all my life: beige, tan, and dark brown," says Diana. The floor is covered in tan sisal. The music room is lined in natural burlap. The palette makes a subtle background for the contemporary paintings and the boldly embroidered Kuba raffia from Zaire used for curtains and pillows. "The decor is about serenity," Diana says.

For Rafael Viñoly, the apartment is a refuge, a place to quiet the eye and the mind. That serenity is going to be a necessity this month, when the Tokyo Forum opens, as the invisible man comes into public view.

Wendy Moonan is an editor at large, focusing on architectural subjects for this magazine. "Home Base" is a regular feature.





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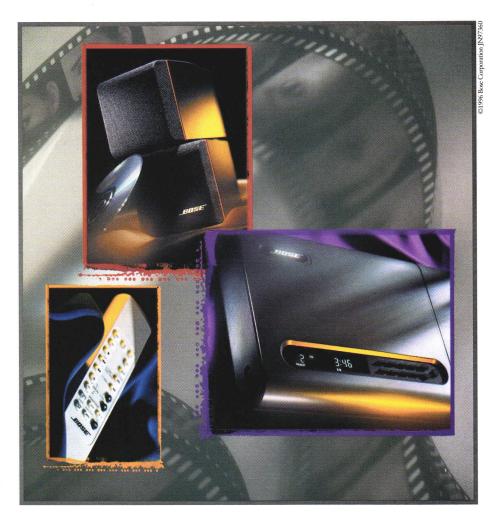
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Dealer's Choice

In the brief respite between Art Deco and modernism lie the glories of '40s French furniture. Chief among them is André Arbus's architect's table BY RICHARD BUCKLEY



PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMON PAGE-RITCHIE

OF THE MASTERPIECES of twentieth-century French furniture, few are as celebrated as designer and sculptor André Arbus's bronze-and-pearwood draftsman's table. The piece, designed in 1952 as the pivotal element in a suite of furniture for a hypothetical architect's office, was installed that year in an exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs.

From the perspective of the 1990s, the table not only represents a high point in the evolution of Arbus's work but can

be seen as the ultimate expression of a style of furniture particular to France in the 1940s. Sandwiched between Art Deco in the 1920s and 1930s and modernism in the 1950s, this period is only now experiencing a major revival.

"By 1935, Art Deco had been pushed about as far as it could go," says Raymond Paynter, a London antiques dealer, "and the new decorative designers like Arbus and Jean-Maurice Rothschild were rejecting it for something more nostalgic." The neoclassical style of eighteenth-century France became, Paynter says, their source of inspiration.

While it is one thing for Parisian dealers to specialize in French furniture of the 1940s, it is unusual for a gallery such as Hemisphere, the London shop of Paynter and his partner, Michael Pruskin, to do so. Pruskin admits that it was one of his greatest regrets that he didn't buy the table when it was exhibited at the Paris gallery of Eric Philippe in 1987. When the table came on the market this past summer, he rushed to buy it.

Now, Pruskin wants to sell his treasure. The asking price is £55,000, which, according to Paynter, makes it the most expensive piece of mid-century furniture ever to be seen in a shop.

In terms of artistic merit, the table, with its eloquent tension, and harmony between material and form, is more sculpture than furniture. Though the lines of the table are delicate, a sense of solidity is conveyed by its cast-bronze structure. There is whimsy in the way the legs are configured to resemble the arms of a draftsman's compass, but these rigid lines are broken by the addition of finely sculpted fish and star details.

After Arbus exhibited the architect's office, the table stayed within his family until the designer's daughter sold it to Eric Philippe in 1986. "I think the table's best feature is that its design is timeless," says Paynter. "If you buy something beautiful and simple like this you will always want to keep it and mix it with other things."

Richard Buckley is an editor at large for the magazine.

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The Golden Slipcover

When words fail and people fall short, the world of things

can often bring us back to ourselves BY AKIKO BUSCH

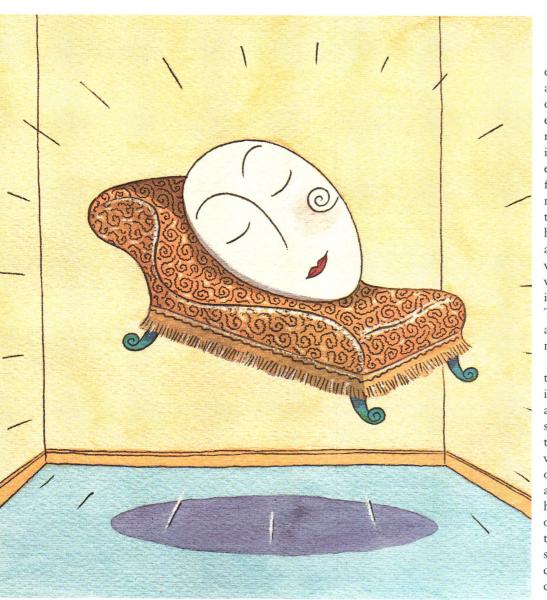


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

I GREW UP IN A HOUSE where frivolity still had a good name. This was largely due to my mother, who, like so many serious people, understood the meaning of the word and its place in life. She was adamant about being well-read, articulate, and informed in political argument. But she was just as capable of acts such as gold-leafing a chocolate mousse.

Frivolity, as I came to understand it in the kitchen and

elsewhere, had a serious side and as often as not demanded discipline and labor. It demanded work. One Christmas, my mother spent five hours cracking open the shells of walnuts, emptying them of the meat, and filling them up again with pennies, tiny dolls, and bits of costume jewelry. Then she glued the halves together and put them, along with some unadulterated walnuts, in an immense basket, where they were meant to astonish and delight small children. That there was a place in life for a sure sense of the frivolous was never questioned in our family.

Besides, my mother belonged to a generation of women more inclined, when depressed, to arm themselves with an extra spritz of Chanel than to discuss the origins of their depression with an analyst. I would never question her logic, because I am certain that my mother and her friends operated with their own kind of courage. Indeed, that frivolity, pure nerve, and a sense of purpose could coincide so gracefully was made clearest to me fourteen years ago when she faced a malignant brain tumor. Her three-

and-a-half-year battle began with the partial paralysis of her right arm. And as this part of her body was gradually stilled, so, too, was her speech.

The seizures my mother suffered as the tumor grew were a physical assault to her brain. And one result of this assault was aphasia, a speech impairment that makes it difficult or impossible to fasten words to thoughts. The clinical definition of



IEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO BOSTON WASHINGTON DC ATLANTA DANIA DALLAS HOUSTON HICAGO CLEVELAND TROY MINNEAPOLIS DENVER SCOTTSDALE SEATTLE PORTLAND PHILADELPHIA TOKYO



On the Couch

aphasia is "defect or loss of the power of expression by speech, writing, or signs, or of comprehending spoken or written language, due to injury or disease of the brain centers."

When you have lost the ability to assign words to thoughts, there is not much point in talking. For my mother, giving up good talk was relinquishing a lifeline; so for months, she tried. Yet the

clarity of thought and speech that had been integral to her life had been obliterated. Now, when she wanted a cup of tea, she would ask you for a hairbrush. If what she really wanted was a sweater, you might find yourself preparing her a salad. When I got married that October, on a

blazing, sunny day, she turned to me and said, "Darling, you know it's meant to be good luck when it rains at your funeral." The strangeness of such a sentence was nothing next to her humiliation after she spoke it. The confusion my mother felt in trying to put simple sentences together outweighed the possible comfort she might find in her old friends.

Except for family members, then, she all but stopped seeing people.

But one afternoon as she was resting in the library after lunch, she noticed that the slipcover on the chaise she was lying on had become frayed. The chaise was covered in gold silk that she had bought in Thailand some thirty years earlier, and it was worn out, torn, graying. I'll never forget what she did next. She got up, walked over to the telephone, and called an upholsterer. In perfectly clear clarity for me as well, because I understood then that frivolity is not necessarily trite or foolish or petty; rather, it is about a sense of play. And about the way essential information sometimes comes to us, unpredictably, through play. I understood also that there are times when this frivolity can intersect precisely and perfectly with a sense of purpose. This can happen most effortlessly and most gracefully when a sense of purpose elsewhere in your life seems

The slipcover

had restored to my mother all the precision and lucidity of language that were dear to her

language, she made arrangements to have the chaise recovered.

You could call this an episode of clarity. Certainly, it was that to her, because for a moment, a golden slipcover had restored to my mother all the precision and lucidity of language that were dear to her; on account of it, she had recovered her voice. But it was a moment of to be either absent or irrelevant.

Since that time—and probably in one way or another because of it-I have made it my work to write about design, about spoons and slipcovers, about hats and houses. Sometimes these objects are called "artifacts of the physical world." I call them things, because so far as I understand it, design is about people and things. You could say that I write about design because I am fascinated by the relationships people forge with things; and by the inevitability of how we engage in play with our material possessions. In my mother's case, she did it because the loss of speech made her relationships with other people unbearable. So she turned, then, to the chaise and its golden slipcover, and, for a moment on the telephone, she was herself again.

People often think of design as having to do with style. But I think it has more to do with the mysterious compulsion we

have to turn to things when we find it impossible, for one reason or another, to turn to people. I wonder what it is about objects that induces us to include them in our emotional life. And I wonder about the great comfort we seem to derive from the possession of certain objects. Most of all, I am astonished by the power we so often draw from frivolous accessories when we confront our fiercest battles.

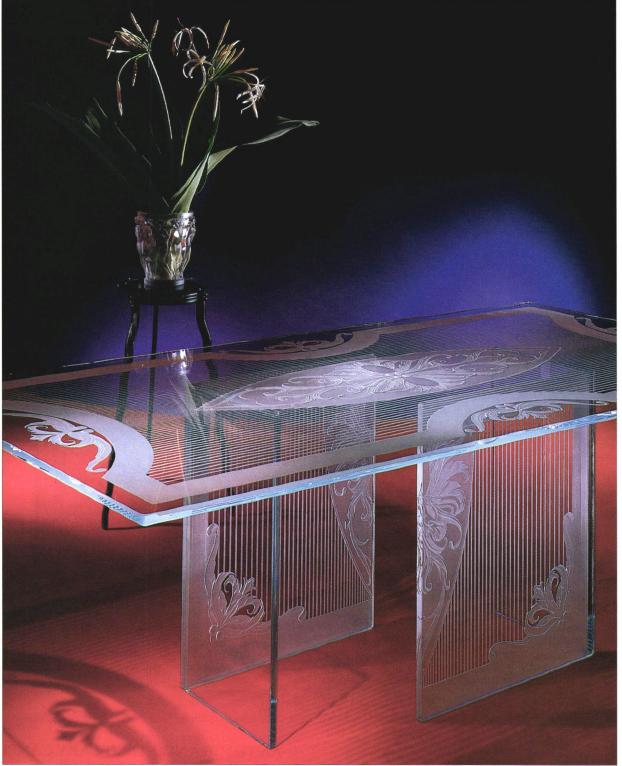
Akiko Busch is a contributing editor for this magazine. "On the Couch" is a column about the psychology of everyday life.

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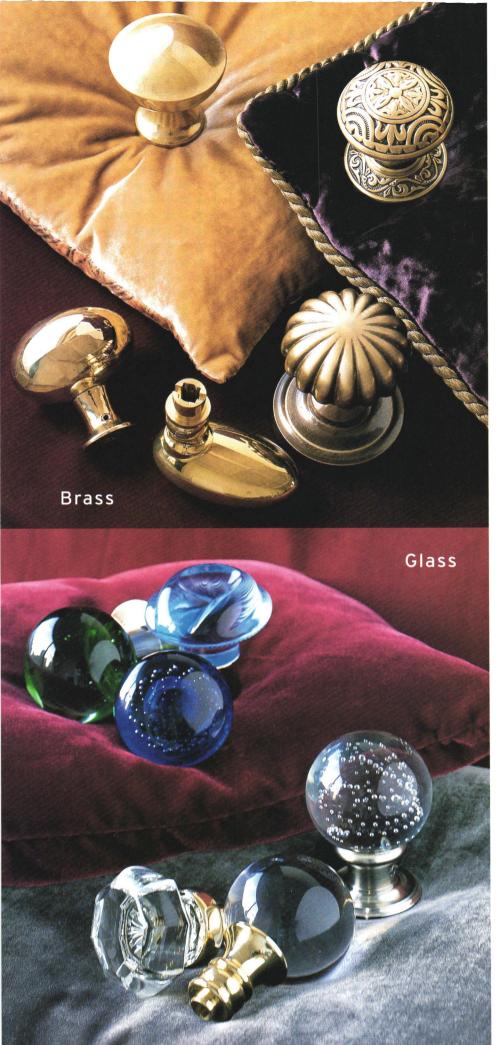
Object Lesson

 $D\ O\ O\ R\ K\ N\ O\ B\ S$ are proof that the smallest details are often the

most important. Brass or glass, empire or art deco, they offer us our first and last impressions of a room



WRITTEN BY VÉRONIQUE VIENNE PRODUCED BY KATHRYN BROOKSHIRE PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEATRIZ DA COSTA STYLED BY DENISE CANTER



FOR OPENERS

TURN THE KNOB, PULL THE DOOR open, and walk out. As simple as it is, this gesture was ages in the making. Before the nineteenth century, latches, knobs, pulls, and keys could make entering and leaving a room a bit tricky. Door hardware kept people out—but it could just as often keep them in. The damsel in the tower, the captive in the dungeon, and the proverbial skeleton in the closet bear witness to a time when the key issues concerning doors were not just privacy but detention. The development of a turning doorknob with a built-in privacy latch changed all that by combining the functions of handle and key, thus allowing the occupant of a room to decide if the door should be locked or not.

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To appreciate doorknobs, you must first think about how people enter and leave a room. Most of us feel that pushing a door is easier than pulling it, and so we have come to equate pushing with entering. Doorknobs curb our pushiness by requiring us to stop long enough for a quick turn of the wrist before we barge in. They help us to slow down before stepping into a private domain.

Whether ornate or plain, knobs also create an aesthetic checkpoint for a room. A well-proportioned knob with the perfect finish just might set the tone for a visitor's deportment. From the tiny oval pulls favored in Colonial times to the ornate, gilded-bronze Empire-style knobs on the doors of the Imperial Suite at the Hôtel Ritz in Paris, door hardware is meant to send a signal—enter slowly

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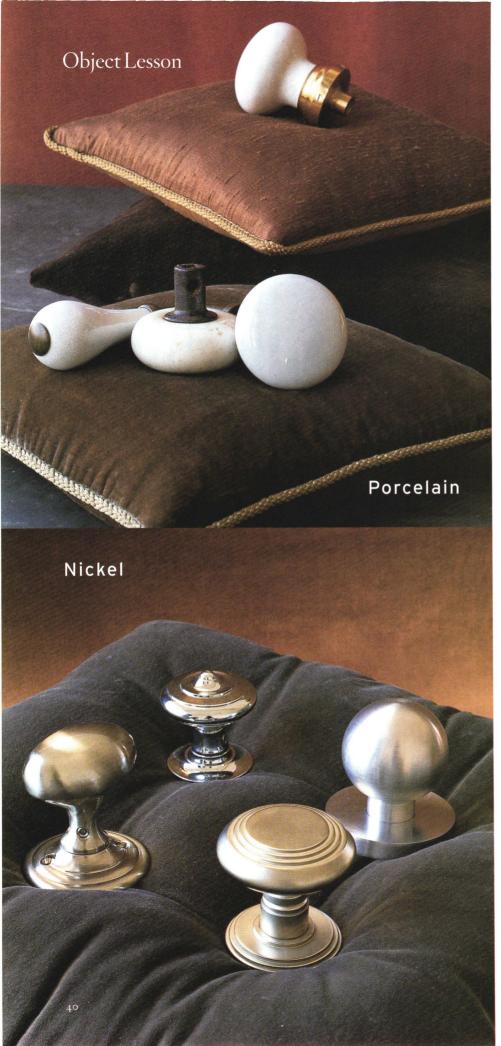
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"Often, door hardware is the only tactile interaction we have with a building," says Richard Franklin Sammons, a New York architect. He believes that doorknobs also unlock doors of perceptions. "A finely hand-chiseled knob in the Georgian style feels completely different from the same design cast in bronze and lacquered to a high shine."

If you are interested in doorknobs, arm yourself with a magnifying glass and study pictures of old hardware. This is the advice of Leta Austin Foster, whose firms in Palm Beach, San Francisco, and New York handle large residential projects. "Scrutinize every picture you like," she advises. "Notice the way the knobs

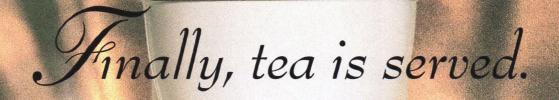
have a limited budget, buy standard knobs, but have them stripped and refinished by a plating company

ALEX ANTONELLI
ARCHITECT • NEW YORK, NY

protrude from the paneling, the distance between the edge of the plate and the center of the knob, the number of set screws. Soon you'll realize that in the past everything was carefully thought out."

At P. E. Guerin, a fourth-generation metalwork factory in Manhattan, door-knobs are still made the way they were in 1857, when Pierre Emmanuel Guerir emigrated from France. The techniques of mold-making, casting, chasing, engraving, plating, and gilding each require a distinct skill. It takes months for the small, sixty-person foundry to turn our customized hardware. But what's the rush? Good doorknobs will teach you to slow down.

Véronique Vienne is a contributing editor to the magazine. "Object Lesson" is a regular feature.



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TURNING POINTS The history of

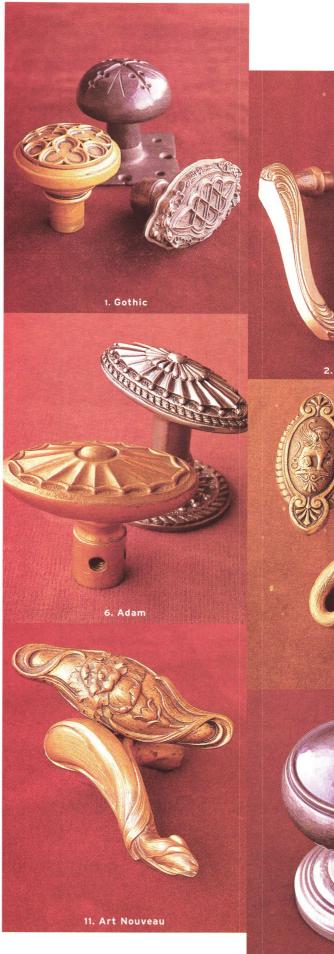
the world can be found,

writ small, in the design

of the doorknob

Ornamental or unadorned, handcrafted or machine-made, with natural motifs or abstract designs, styles of door hardware appear, disappear, and recombine. The following guide identifies some of the basic characteristics of knobs from each period.

- 1. Gothic: Trefoil designs, church-window tracery, deep, heavy lines
- 2. Renaissance: Mythological figures, acanthus leaves, gentle S curves
- 3. Louis XIV: Symmetrical, formal, baroque patterns
- 4. Louis XV: Asymmetrical shapes, Rococo-inspired shells, ribbons, and florals
- 5. Louis XVI: Neat, geometrical forms and designs from classical architecture using laurel, acanthus, sunflowers
- Adam: Light and delicate Neoclassical motifs, especially use of a radiating fanlike design
- 7. Empire: Clear-cut silhouettes and geometrical simplicity; Greek, Roman, and Egyptian motifs
- 8. Georgian: Concentric circles, finely chiseled rope motifs; silver often used in conjunction with gold
- Colonial: Classic, traditional looks in smooth, rounded knobs and pulls
- 10. Victorian: Highly ornate, intricate designs, often borrowing from a combination of styles
- 11. Art Nouveau: Long, delicate lines and foliate forms with a whiplash curve; asymmetrical designs under a Rococo influence
- 12. Arts and Crafts: Smooth, plain fittings with an emphasis on the natural
- 13. Bauhaus: Functional, industrial shapes free of ornament; smooth, simple curves and lines
- Art Deco: Sleek, machinelike, streamlined patterns in polished brass or nickel
 Contemporary: Functional use of
- chrome, aluminum, plastic, and acrylic; spare, abstract, minimalist simplicity.
 Sources, see back of book.



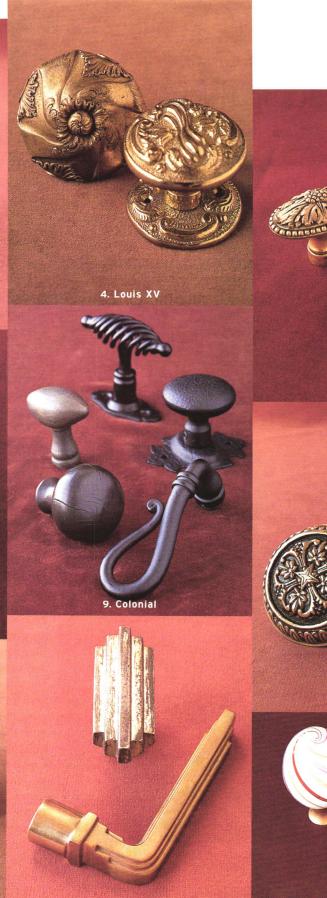


Object Lesson

5. Louis XVI

10. Victorian

15. Contemporary



14. Art Deco



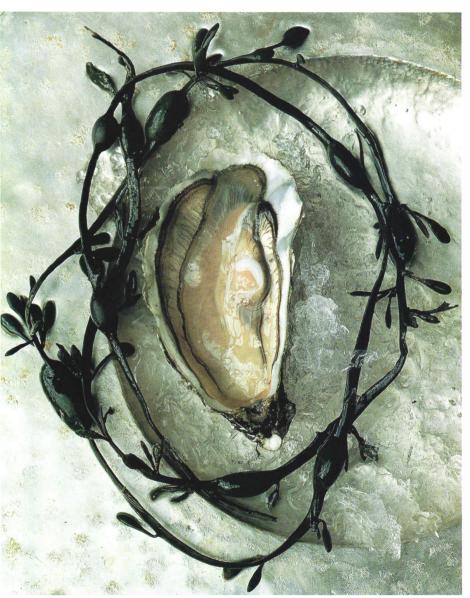
13. Bauhaus

8. Georgian

Bedding the Oyster

Good news for half-shell fanciers. The briny bivalves are

undergoing a renaissance in northern waters BY ALISON COOK



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TESSA TRAEGER STYLED BY PATRICK KINMOUTH
PRODUCED BY LORA ZARUBIN

"WHAT DO YOU FEEL?" Jon Rowley demanded, a thumbsized Olympia oyster poised on his broad fingertips. "Cold... wet...sharp," he answered himself. As Seattle's oyster booster and bard extraordinaire, he knew this Socratic dialogue by heart. "What do you smell?" he asked, waiting now for a reply. "Seaweed lying in horizontal beds, exposed on a wet beach," I blurted out desperately; my animal instinct was to swallow this glistening morsel and talk about it later. "What do you smell?"

"Olympia oyster," Rowley said, with a Cheshire cat smile. Then he gently tipped the whorled, purply shell and slid the little creature into his mouth, nectar and all.

Hallelujah! Let's eat! I thought, reaching for my oyster fork. He shook his head warningly. Oysters are to be slurped by civilized folk, not impaled on crass metal. Rowley wants nothing to come between him and his shellfish. Cocktail sauce? Lemon? Anathema.

"I always look around in an oyster bar," he said, eyeing the patrons in Elliott's Oyster House appraisingly. "If you see someone slurping down their oysters, it tells you something about a person."

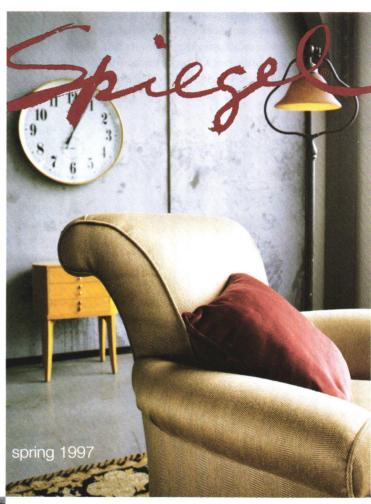
Many slurps later, orchestrated with the ruminations and deliberative hesitations that are Rowley's verbal trademark, I had absorbed his unspoken lesson—which was to slow down and savor my oysters rather than wolf them in the power-eating, quien es más macho style to which I am accustomed. On the Gulf Coast, where I live, raw oysters are still consumed in epic, nineteenth-century fashion, the object being to eat as many as you can, as fast as you can. The oysters are local and cheap and all are the native Atlantic kind. "Gimme a dozen!" is the bald regional battle cry. "A dozen what?" they would inquire in the Pacific Northwest, where an intricate skein of bays and inlets, tidal flats and coastal beaches yields four separate oyster species (most notably the hardy Pacifics, originally

imported from Japan) and upward of forty named oyster varieties, each with its own distinct flavor profile. It's enough to put the brakes on the most impetuous oyster eater.

So was the sheer beauty of these northwestern bivalves. Bristle-scrubbed and power-washed, basking on theatrically lit snowfields of shaved ice, they radiated the charisma of









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museum pieces. Far from the muddy, rudely dredged clusters served up by my favorite New Orleans oyster dives, I suddenly saw oysters as *objects:* fluted and grooved, ridged and striped, their powerfully sculptural armor of calcium carbonate painted in a spectrum of grays, mauves, browns, whites. Such are the cosmetic glories of a flourishing aquaculture industry that farms its halfshell oysters in solitary, uncrowded splendor, suspended well off the bay



GIFT FROM THE SEA Oysters and spinach meet in a finely seasoned soup.

bottoms that have shaped wild oysters since time immemorial. No mere mortals, of course, can improve on the oyster's interior world: the shivery, quicksilvered meat skirted by subtle frills; the polished, nacreous backdrop that is its glamorous serving dish. The oyster's power to alarm, with its alien quality and its faintly labial cast, only enhances its aura. Rich associations, not the least of them Freudian, arrive on the half shell.

My own passion for oysters probably owes more to Jung than Freud. Raw

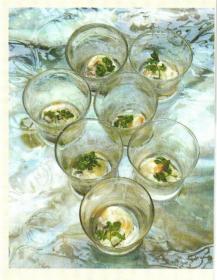
oysters transmit an experience of the sea so primal and unbuffered that reality is turned on its head: you don't jump into the ocean, the ocean jumps into you. That's what happened again in Seattle at my first taste of Olympias, with their dark, concentrated tang and fleeting aftertaste, a submarine gleam of metal. Over at the Brooklyn Seafood, Steak & Oyster House, a Westcott Bay Pacific took me on an exhilarating salt ride. "A little too small for this species," carped Jon Rowley. "Fresh and cleantasting," he added patronizingly, "but

not sweet. With another half-inch of length you would see it firm up. acquire a crunch, a plumpness. With more white stuff, the glycogen, you see them sitting up in their shells, so meaty they're practically bursting forth. Try this one instead." Somewhere, I was certain, Dr. Freud was smiling. And, presently, so was I: this bigger Westcott came tempered with the sweetness that glycogen confers; it was a more complex affair than the briskly salty oysters I tend to love. I get it, I thought, regarding its elegantly pearly and elongated shell. This is a great oyster. I began to feel unreasonably cheerful.

I stayed that way for days, through delicate Skookums and creamy Kumamotos and even a Lasqueti that smacked of poisonous heavy metals. The paranoia that Gulf Coast oyster eaters learn to live with ebbed from my brain. Bays are closed to oystering depressingly often in our warm

waters, where urban and industrial pollution, storm runoff, and the occasional red tide of toxic plankton all can end up concentrated in the poor oyster, nature's finest filter, busily pumping up to a hundred gallons of seawater into and out of itself every day. Eating oysters has always entailed a certain frisson of risk; but as someone who believes that a world where you can't eat a raw oyster is not worth living in, I find myself worrying more lately, scanning the newspaper for FDA warnings and those ominous "Ailment Linked to Oysters" headlines. Revisiting New Orleans half-shell shrines like Casamento's and the (text continued on page 126)

RECIPES



TWOFER The cocktail/appetizer: a shot of vodka, and a well-tempered oyster.

OYSTER SHOOTERS

MAKES 10 SHOOTERS

Chilled cucumber vodka Cucumber (seedless)

Vodka

10 small to medium oysters

Tabasco

Lemon

10 sprigs of chervil

Crushed ice for serving 10 shot glasses

TO MAKE THE CUCUMBER VODKA cut I unpeeled cucumber lengthwise into a equal pieces. Place slices in a I-liter bottle o vodka and freeze for 48 hours.

Shuck oysters and put one oyster and som oyster liquor in each shot glass. Add a splast of vodka (t teaspoon), a dash of Tabasco, squeeze of lemon, and a sprig of chervi Serve shooters on a bed of crushed ice.

OYSTER-AND-SPINACH SOUP

MAKES 2 1/2 QUARTS

FISH STOCK

- 5 pounds fish bones (red snapper, bass, sole, or any other firm-fleshed white fish. Do not use fatty fish)
- 4 quarts cold water
- 2 medium onions, peeled and quartere
- 2 celery stalks, chopped
- 2 bay leaves

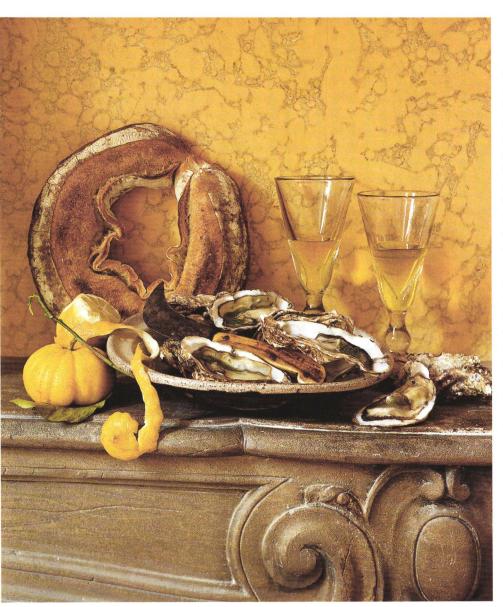
(recipes continued on page 126)



Uncorked Hearts of Stone

Ignore the sticky kid stuff marketed as Chablis by mega-growers. The real thing is a flinty, graceful wine from the limestone-strewn vineyards of northern Burgundy

BY JAY MCINERNEY



PHOTOGRAPH BY TESSA TRAEGER

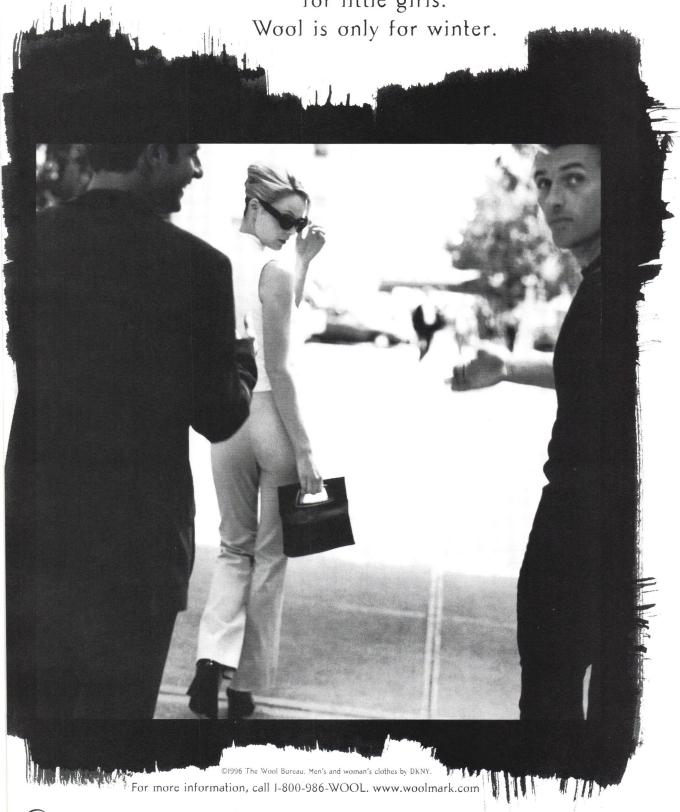
SITTING AT THE TINY FRONT BAR at Lutèce the other night, impatiently waiting for a table, I overheard a woman of a certain age ask the bartender for a glass of Chablis. Donning my inquiring journalist hat, I said, "Excuse me, Madam, but by 'Chablis,' do I understand you to mean specifically the flinty, dry white wine produced in the Appellation Contrôlée Chablis region of northern Burgundy,

near Auxerre? Or just white wine?" She fled without comment to another part of the restaurant, and later sent her redfaced husband in his bird's-eye huntsman suit to glare at me. Apparently, the great white wines of Chablis are still trying to live down the image problem inflicted on them by the American purveyors of jug wines, and their Australian counterparts, who sold millions of gallons of inexpensive semisweet juice under that name.

Cheap imitators are just the latest in a string of disasters that have dogged this northern outpost of Burgundian viticulture, from nineteenth-century epidemics of mildew and phylloxera to the devastations of both World Wars. The soil is thin and tends to wash down the hills. Since Roman times, Chablisians have wrestled with the climate, which is near the edge of the climatic range of wine-growing viability. Frost can strikε in the late spring, wiping out the blossoms. It's a wine-making axiom that stress is good for grapes—more or less on the What-Doesn't-Kill-You-Makes-You-Stronger principle—and since the vines of Chablis are, like, totally stressed out half the time just trying to survive, the region's wines tend to have the stoic grace and rangy strength of will that we some times find in the children of severely dysfunctional marriages.

Though it is made from chardonnay grapes, Chablis at its most characteristic bears little resem blance to the lush, buttery, buxom style of Chardonnay fron warm-weather regions like California and Australia, and i noticeably more austere than the great white burgundies o the Côte d'Or some eighty miles to the south. If Corton Charlemagne resembles a novel by one of the Brontë sisters then Chablis is an early Raymond Carver story. Trying to

YE OLDE DRESS CODE Pastels are only for little girls.





WOOL. The rules no longer APPLY.

Uncorked

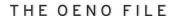
describe the unique precision of Chablis, tasters often seem to come up with visual analogies like "clean" and "bright." With its stony, crisp quality, it sometimes seems to bear more family resemblance to wines made from sauvignon blanc, like Sancerre. "In Chablis," says Al Hotchkin, Jr., of the Burgundy Wine Company in New York, "chardonnay produces a very distinct flavor that's crisp and dry with a unique mineral flavor." (Say, "Ah yes, that distinctive goût de pierre à fusil" if you wish to impress dining companions.)

Chablis sits on a formation of limestone known as Kimmeridgean, found as far north as Dorset. Many of the best vineyards tend to be thickly strewn with golf-ball-sized pieces of limestone. And you'd swear you can taste those stones in the glass. Which is, perhaps, why Chablis makes such an incredible accompaniment to oysters. The Kimmeridgean is composed in large part of the fossilized shells of Jurassic Period oysters (and other bivalves), so it seems natural that there be an affinity. The bright acidity of a young Chablis cuts right to the creamy, briny heart of a Malpeque or a Kumamoto. A little squeeze of lemon may actually enhance the match, but lay off the hot sauce.

Bad to mediocre Chablis has always been more abundant than the good stuff. As in the rest of Burgundy, the producer and the terrain are all-important. Two names to keep in mind: Raveneau and Dauvissat. The Pope and the Dryden of Chablis-now that I think about it, Chablis is definitely a neoclassical wine-Jean-Marie Raveneau and René & Vincent Dauvissat own some of the finest Grand Cru and Premier Cru vineyards. Both domains use a small percentage of new-oak barrels, but not so many as to mask the distinctive flinty heart of the appellation. Their wines, particularly Grand Crus like the magnificent Les Clos, are at their best after eight to ten years of aging. Although they are not exactly cheap-always north of \$30-they are an excellent value compared to the Grand Crus from the Côte d'Or, which often start at \$100.

Challenging the R and D supremacy is the négociant Verget, run by the eccentric Jean-Marie Guffens, who uses more new oak, and whose Montée de Tonnerre is a spicier, slightly less characteristic wine. Best known to Americans for their generic Moreau Blancand Rouge, J. Moreau et Fils uses no wood whatsoever in their various Chablis, which tend to be among the cleanest—some would say leanest—and the most lemony.

You stand an excellent chance of getting a fine bottle if you buy any of the hillside-grown Grand Crus—the highest appellation—or Premier Crus, particularly in the recent vintages of 1994 and 1995, which were both very good Joseph Drouhin, Louis Michel, and Jean Dauvissat (related to René and Vincent) are names to look for. Further down the classification scale, the best makers, such as Michel Barat produce elegant wines under the unin flected "Chablis" label. These wine typically sell for well under \$20. "Peti Chablis," the lowest classification, i best avoided, unless you're making salad dressing and there's no balsamic vinegar in the house.



95 CHABLIS, AC, MICHEL BARAT. Chalky, nutty, and very long in the mouth for a village wine. Amazing value. \$13.50

95 1ER CRU, MONTÉE DE TON-NERRE, WILLIAM FEVRE. Heavier on the oak, good starter Chablis for Chardonnay drinkers. \$17

95 CHABLIS 1ER CRU, VAILLONS, J. MOREAU ET FILS. Bring on the bluepoints! Still young; a bright, lean, lemony wine, textbook Chablis. If Candace Bushnell were a wine. . . . \$26.50

92 CHABLIS 1ER CRU, MONTÉE DE TONNERRE, JEAN-MARIE RAVE-NEAU. My fave Premier Cru vineyard and my fave producer. Just starting to show its rich, full-bodied stuff. Heart of stone. And that's a compliment. 1994 and 1995 should be even better. \$57.50

92 CHABLIS GRAND CRU, LES CLOS, R & V DAUVISSAT. The greatest vineyard in Chablis. At a recent tasting, I had to be forcibly separated from an open bottle of this. Velvety texture, stony flavor, miles of finish. Again, 1994 and 1995 should be killer. \$50 cm



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Past Perfect The Picture of Dorian Leigh

The war was over and the era of the New Woman had just begun

BY VÉRONIQUE VIENNE



PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST

IN AN ACTION many of them would regret, scores of American women left their jobs at the end of the 1940s and went home to raise families. Dorian Leigh, photographed by Horst for *House & Garden* in 1948, had a story something like theirs. She had worked as a tool designer for Eastern Aircraft, a defense plant in New Jersey. In 1944, when she discovered that the men there earned twice as much as she did, she asked for a raise, didn't get it, and quit. But since she was divorced and had two children, she needed to work. Blessed

with a five-thousand-watt personality, Leigl came to the attention of Diana Vreeland, fash ion editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, who figured tha this dynamo would light up newsstand sales. B June of 1945, Dorian Leigh was a cover girl.

Her remarkable allure made her a popula model in several magazines. For an article of summer menus in *House & Garden*, she conjures up the languid mood of a long Junevening simply by letting her right hand rest distractedly on the cool, curvaceous cup. He face, turned toward the window, is bathed be the idling light of a seemingly endless solstice.

Gene Loyd, an art director, remember watching Leigh compose herself. He describe how she put both feet in position, then he knees, then her hips, then her waist, arms an hands, and how, "at the last minute, an expression would come over her face." Here, he gaze seems to dramatize the brooding of woman all dressed up with no place to go.

Dorian Leigh had plenty of places to go She modeled and she also started two mode ing agencies. She was often involved with mor than one man at a time. Her autobiograph was entitled *The Girl Who Had Everythin* Suzy Parker, Dorian's younger sister, who late eclipsed her as a model, referred to the boc as "The Girl Who Had Everyone." Suzy claime that even in the darkest room, her nearsighte sibling "could always . . . walk out with the handsomest man."

Shortly after this photograph was publishe Dorian Leigh, pregnant with her third child, married Rog Mehle, ex-husband of Aileen Mehle, later the gossip columni "Suzy." The new Mrs. Mehle closed her agency and tried to se tle down. But she couldn't maintain the indolent pose she had held so perfectly for the camera. Soon she was back at wor As women all over America found during the long days of poswar prosperity, being home alone is the toughest job of all. G

Every month, "Past Perfect" examines a photo from the magazine's archives

n the peace of night

by a quiet light

child is softly

read to sleep

nd - for a golden moment-

all is right.

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Hunting 6 Gathering



HIGH ROLLERS Life is hard. Anything that helps you glide stylishly through it is welcome.

The best bar carts, whether they're birch or stainless steel, can do just that, all the while bearing things you might otherwise have to carry-bottles, decanters, glasses, bowls, ice buckets,

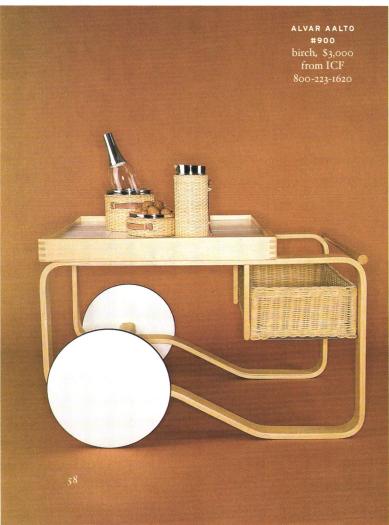
teapots. If life is still too hard, at least you have a handsome display space for your aspirin.

ITALIAN, CIRCA 1945, walnut, \$1,300 at Fred Silberman, 212-925-9470

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN LEWIS STYLED BY MICHAEL REYNOLDS



















POP YOUR CORK with some jazzy gadgets for the bar. While your guests are downing your Dom Pérignon, you can indulge in corkscrews, bottle openers, and bottle stoppers made of horn, bamboo, and sterling silver. Tiffany's pocket swizzle stick can turn even club soda into a party—especially in Holland & Holland's collapsible pocket cup. Sources, see back of book.—AMY CRAIN



Hunting Gathering



LAMPSHADES can be deeply serious—think of reading-room green glass—or things to be taken lightly. Some of the most festive are made of paper, fabric, or plastic, then colorfully painted or hand-blocked. And they're so fashionable that should you be lit up at a New Year's Eve party you can wear one without risk of millinery embarrassment. Sources, see back of book.

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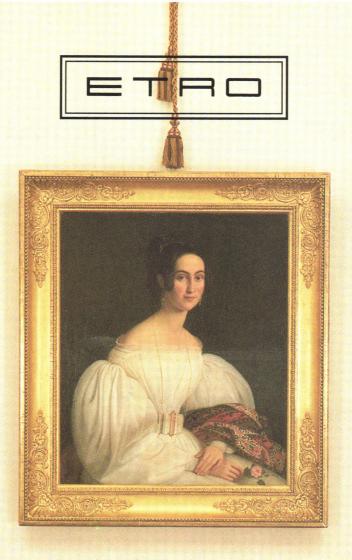


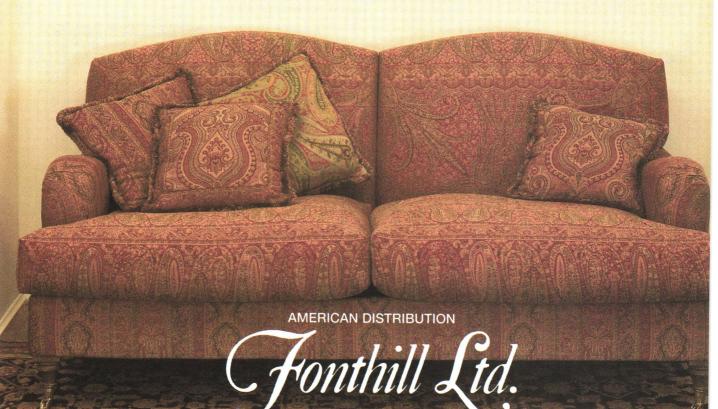
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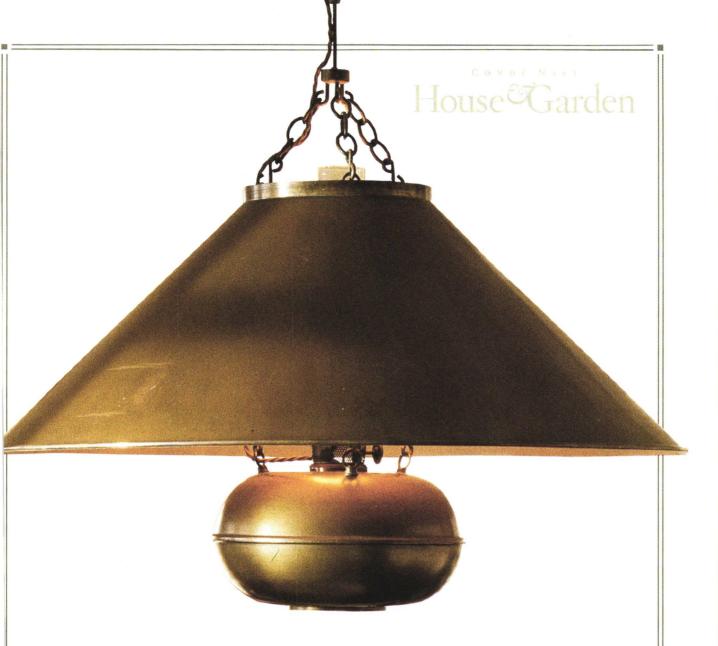


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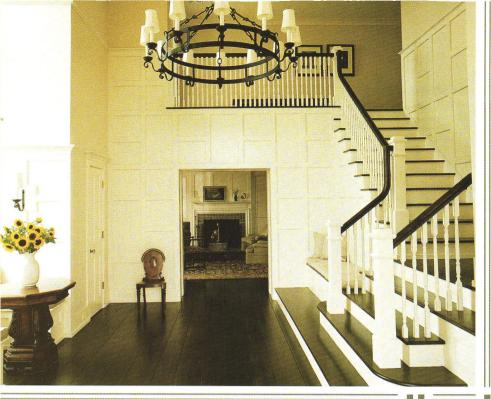
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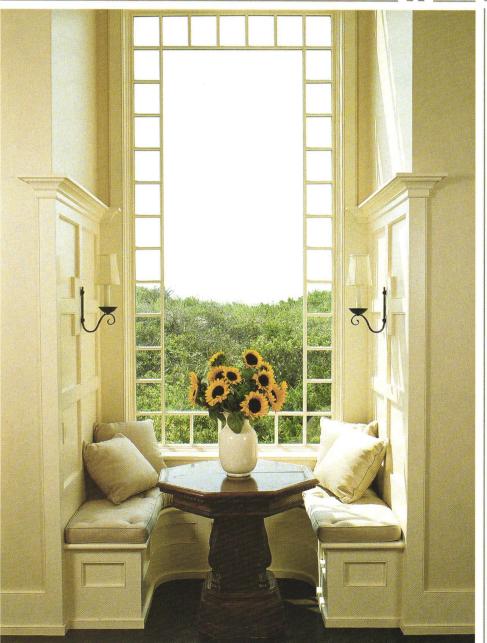


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INSPIRE DESIGNER GLENN GISSLER

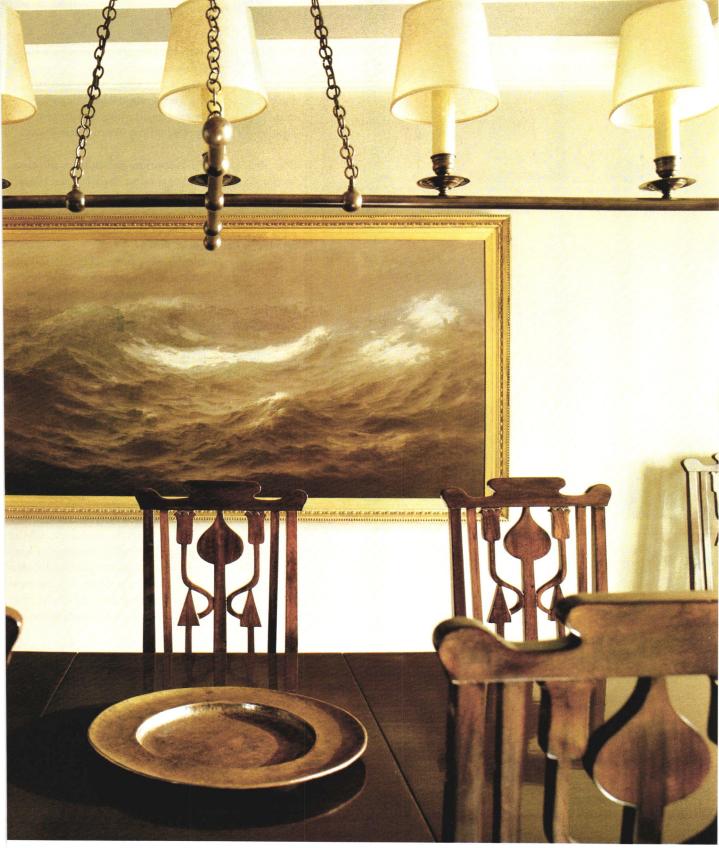








In the kitchen, previous pages, left, an electrified oil lamp hangs above a trestle table. English chairs are from Newel Art Galleries. Mercury glass sits on a hall console, previous pages, right. A 1920s chandelier hangs in the foyer, above left, where banquettes overlook the view, left. The lights and table in the dining room, above, are by Gissler. The Arts and Crafts chairs are from Newel.

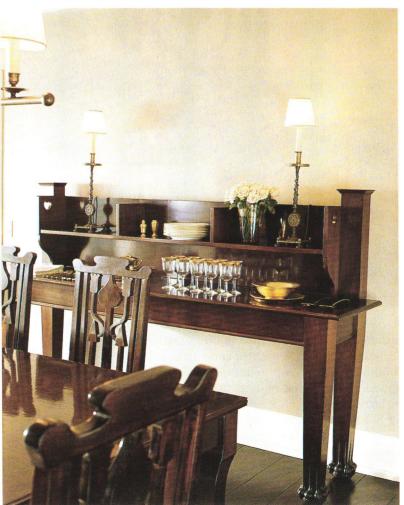


LENN GISSLER is a man with a mission. The New York interior designer is determined to create contemporary rooms that are not cool or impersonal, rooms that make references to the past without looking like reproductions. In the case of a recently completed Shingle-style house—the sort of place influenced by

huge turn-of-the-century structures coyly referred to as beach cottages—he set himself another goal as well.

"How do you furnish large rooms so that they look appealing year-round, can accommodate a houseful of demanding guests, and yet are still comfortable for two people spending the weekend alone?" the thirty-nine-year-old designer asks. In furnishing the 9,000-squarefoot house, Gissler embarked on a three-and-a-half-year design odyssey reinterpreting the American Shingle style. "Although my work is sort of spare, I felt the house had to have a sense of fullness," he says. Working with Stephen McKay, the project director, Gissler took an approach he





Architect Francis Fleetwood designed the fireplace in the living room, left, which is faced with Craftsman ceramic tiles from Country Floors. The dining room's Scottish sideboard, below left, holds a pair of Oscar Bach lamps circa 1920. In the living room, opposite, a custom-made, high-backed sofa is covered in a Bergamo cotton velvet.

describes as one of reduction rather than addition, working to bring the large rooms down to what he calls a "comfortable" scale. "The look is not as simple or as rustic as the Mission or Arts and Crafts styles," he adds. "It's urbane but not fancy, and although it's not humble, it's not showy, either."

Set on an enviable five-acre eastern Long Island site overlooking both ocean and bay, the three-floor house is the work of Francis Fleetwood, an East Hamptonbased architect who has built about a half-dozen Shingle-style houses a year for the past seventeen years. The client was Caroline Hirsch, founder and owner of Caroline's Comedy Club in New York City, a busy executive who wanted a weekend place where she and Andrew Fox, a lawyer, could relax in all seasons. Fox describes the place as being what Hirsch is all about— "understated and classy, detail-oriented and warm. Every room is comfortable, just like her." Hirsch's intent was to "make the house look as if it had been there always. We were going for a house that looked neither new nor modern, but that had slowly evolved over the years."

Hirsch chose Fleetwood and Gissler to carry out her wishes for the house. Both the architect and the interior designer were influenced by a variety of latenineteenth-century sources—from the porches, facades, and trademark shingles to the wood paneling and neutral palette associated with many Arts and Crafts interiors. Yet the house is also successfully rooted in the late twentieth century.

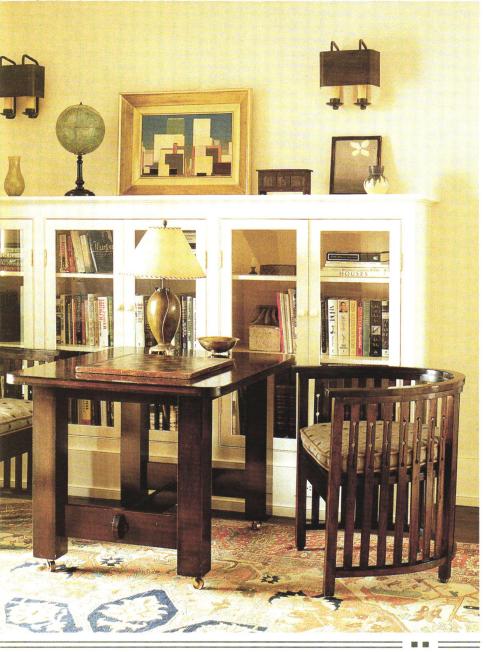
A "romantic simplicity" is what Gissler had in mind for the overall feeling of the interior. Although a host of high-tech conveniences, including multi-zone airconditioning, sophisticated stereo and television systems, lighting controls, and in-wall vacuuming, have been installed, the house was meant to feel reassuringly warm, welcoming, and subtly old-fashioned. Borrowing ideas from the Shaker and Mission styles, as well as incorporating antiques that once suited English, Scottish, and Irish rooms during the Arts and Crafts era, resulted in a look Gissler characterizes as "the nineteenth century and early twentieth century cleansed of all of its pattern." The designer adds: "I wanted to draw on what I felt was at the essence of the Arts and Crafts movement and emphasize the few things that defined the style." Gissler terms this essence "legibility." That's the element he says "got lost at the end of the nineteenth century, when Americans were flush with money and their rooms got filled up with stuff."

While Fleetwood achieved a feeling of openness and lightness by including plenty of windows in his design,









In the library, above, Dutch Colonial Indonesian chairs from the 1920's sit beside a 1910 Austrian walnut table. The French iron wall sconces are from Revmer-Jourdan Antiques. The painting, "Big World," is by Mark Innerst. A pedestal sink from Urban Archaeology, right, is the focus of the beadboard-wainscotted powder room. In the master bedroom, opposite, the dramatic mahogany bed, designed by Gissler, with paneled head- and footboard, is flanked by a pair of Colonial West Indian tables. The draperies were made by Maury Shor, Inc., with cotton taffeta fabric from Decorators Walk.



Gissler opted for a strong graphic statement for the interior. Because the house is big and gutsy, he explains, so is some of the furniture. The creamy-white walls-a custom-paint scheme that Gissler developed with Donald Kaufman-contrast with the wide-plank, dark oak floors and the tailored, overscaled, upholstered furniture. Many of these pieces-French, Anglo-Colonial, and English Arts and Crafts antiques are intriguingly eccentric. "When you pull nineteenth-century furniture out of its original, ongepatcht environment, it suddenly has a sculptural quality," Gissler says. "And especially in a spare environment, many of the pieces look modern and don't have that dowdy look."

In spite of his client's original inclination to do a white-on-white scheme, Gissler wanted the house to be appealing not just during the hot, sunny months but when the weather turned cold and bleak. "On summer weekends, the house is nearly always full," he says. "In the winter we wanted to make sure you didn't get a where-is-everybody feeling, sort of like going into a mansion all by yourself." He also kept in mind one of his favorite mantras: "A big room is not necessarily a good room for furniture." Gissler says, "You have to understand how a room will function."

In a house built to receive guests, Gissler knew, it is important to consider how their rooms should be furnished. In many old, rambling houses, a guest room was often only a place to sleep. These days, he explains, it's a large, comfortable room for a guest to retreat to. "You need a bed, a dresser, bedside tables, good lighting, a place to set a suitcase down, and you definitely don't want to have to wonder, 'Where's the bathroom?'"

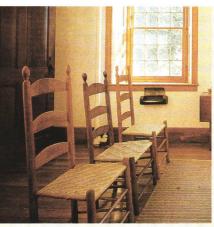
That sense of being right at home—even in someone else's house—seems to be the idea behind many of the seating areas that have a put-your-feet-up appeal to them. Especially inviting are the pillow-lined window seats that pop up here and there. Gissler calls them the "puppies" of interior decorating. "People get all gushy and ooh and aah when they see them," he says with a smile. "When we decorate, we always try to include as many cues like that as we possibly can."



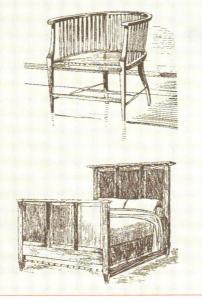
When Glenn Gissler undertook the decoration of Caroline Hirsch's rambling, Shingle-style house, the goal was to make a year-round place comfortable for two or two dozen. A striking palette, muted fabrics, and furniture with distinctive shapes are combined to create an original and livable interpretation of a turn-of-the-century paradigm.

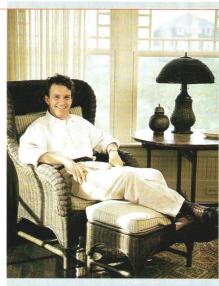


A SHINGLED Francis Fleetwood, an East Hampton, N.Y.-based architect, designed the 9,000-square-foot house, adapting it from the turn-of-the-century American Shingle style, but giving it more windows and light.



< WELLSPRINGS Gissler was inspired by the simplicity and clean palette of a Shaker meetinghouse, left, and by a typically English Arts and Crafts room designed in 1903 by Frank Dickinson, below left. The English drawing-room chair and bedstead, below, are historical precedents for the furniture designs.





A HIS AND HERS Glenn Gissler, shown above in a wicker chair from ABC Carpet & Home, and Caroline Hirsch, below, share a passion for detail. The ottoman and chair cushion are covered in a hemp-and-rayon mixture from Clarence House. The fabric on the banquette is from Rogers & Goffigon.





A MAIN STAIN Minwax's Jacobean stain made it possible to get the dark-brown tone Gissler wanted for all of the wide-plank floors. The deep, rich color contrasts with the pale walls and helps to unify the many styles of furniture, all of which are in dark wood tones.



A PITTER-PATTERN The interior's only strong patterns are provided by antique Persian rugs, like the master bedroom's Sultanabad, from Safavieh Carpets.







A LIGHTEN UP Finding the right lamps is a challenge. Modern "Sheridan" lamp, by Stephen McKay, above left, comes in bronze, brass, or nickel. American 1930s desk light, center, is from the Retro Modern Studio. Edgar Brandt sconce with Daum glass shade, right, a 1920s design, is from the Weinstein Galleries.



A MADE TO ORDER The high-backed, fringed sofa in the living room was custom-designed to complement the Arts and Crafts and Mission pieces. The sofa, designed by Gissler, was made by Jonas Upholstery and covered in a cotton velvet from Bergamo.



COOL KITCHEN In the kitchen, Gissler used crackle-glazed tiles from Lountry Floors to create the backsplash. The counter is honed and sealed French imestone, with a single-lever polished hrome faucet from Harrington Brass. Flass cabinet pulls and chrome bin ulls are available from the Crown City Hardware Company catalogue.



< HAUTE HARDWARE

Wrought-iron drapery rods and matching rings by decorative-hardware expert Joseph Biunno are used to create an unbroken line around the walls of the kitchen, page 68, making a strong graphic statement and eliminating fussy finials.



LIVING ROOM

A NEUTRAL PALETTE Neutral fabrics complement the patterned, earthtoned rugs and dark furniture. Fabrics in the living room, include Bergamo cotton velvet (high-backed sofa) page 73, Coraggio wools (sofa and draperies), and Payne Fabrics rayon-and-nylon stripe (armchairs) pages 74 and 75. Fabrics in the master bedroom, page

77, include a Decorators Walk cotton taffeta (draperies), Schumacher cotton (chaise), Cowtan & Tout cotton (bedcover), and Bergamo linen-and-cotton blend (chair cushion). Fabrics in the kitchen, page 68, include a Lee Jofa polyester (draperies) and Clarence House linen turned inside out to give a faded look. Sources, see back of book.



BEDROOM



KITCHEN



PLEASURE

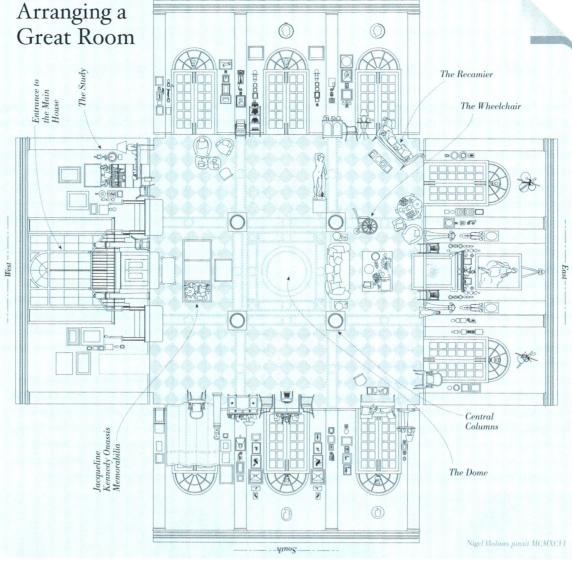
KEITH IRVINE'S NEW GREAT ROOM IS ALL FOR FUN

DQME

BY SUZANNE SLESIN PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL ARNAUD







EFORE VISITORS can even begin to come up with the appropriate word to describe the soaring, dome-topped, columned neoclassical addition to Keith Irvine's Victorian farmhouse, the interior decorator helps them out. "It's a heart stopper—something that simply takes your breath away," says Irvine of his latest project, a frothy and grand but also surprisingly cozy great room.

"Having often designed this kind of room for clients, I felt it was time I lived in one myself," asserts the Scottish-born, English-bred Irvine, who will soon celebrate four decades as a partner with Tom Fleming in Irvine & Fleming, a New York decorating firm known for its pedigreed, English-inspired interiors.

Irvine had considered giving up the nineteenthcentury farmhouse near the Connecticut border where he has lived for more than thirty years with his wife, Chippy, a writer. Over the years, their daughters, Jassy and Emma (now in their twenties), Maud, a golden retriever, and four cats have joined them. "The girls really were up in arms at the thought of moving," says The classical structure, previous pages, left, looks like a Russian pavilion. A chair covered in Brunschwig & Fils fabric, previous pages, right, anchors the double stair. An antique wheelchair, opposite page, is one of the pieces on the move in the space, in which the decorator likes to rearrange paintings and furniture. A blueprint, above, makes the layout clear. The dome, below, soars to 36 feet.



"THERE ARE THINGS THAT DON'T QUITE GO TOGETHER, FABRICS

THAT LOOK WORN, WHAT I CALL THE 'LAYERING OF LIFE AS IT HAPPENS,'

WHERE NOTHING IS AN ACCIDENT BUT IT ALL LOOKS LIKE IT IS"

Irvine, "so I decided to build a great room that would be like finding a Quaker meetinghouse, then embellishing it with neoclassical detailing, that would look as if it had been attached to the old house." The pavilion—a Russian summer palace springs to mind—with a soaring 36-foot-high dome was built with an engineer to ensure structural integrity and with a lot of hands-on work by the designer and local carpenters. The room seems made for the extremes of socialization. "It's a place to be alone in or have dances in, the kind where women would wear huge crinolines," says Irvine.

The decorator, who claims that the space "was all done on a shoestring," believes that it exemplifies his whole philosophy of decorating. "I've always liked the idea of played-down grandeur," says Irvine, who began his career in London, working for the legendary Nancy Lancaster and John Fowler. "I feel the interiors of houses have to be a mix of comfortable things that have drifted into your life—family things and things of no importance that have been used in other places—and then a tiny sprinkling of something really super, almost like something that people can't believe you have."

In this case that might be the Dufy painting or the very good French and English antiques. Swirling around

them are the 160 or so things that Irvine has hung on the 18-foot-high walls. For some, furnishing such a large, symmetrical, and grand space would be daunting, but not for Irvine. As soon as one passes the arched glass doors and descends the graceful, horseshoe-shaped stairs into the pavilion, one notices the deftness with which Irvine has defined the different spaces by placing the furniture in relaxed, interlocking groups, in what he calls an "idiosyncratic" way. One corner is the study, where a human skull ("I always wanted one, à la Dame Edith Sitwell—life and death, and all that," says Irvine) anchors a Louis XV desk with its original paint. A silkvelvet recamier, slathered in pillows-including one needlepointed with the saying What a Dump!—is positioned to take advantage of the view outside. Irvine thinks that furniture should be constantly on the move

The carved mantelpiece, below, offers an ad hoc array of mementos—Roman and Greek antiquities, a bunch of Russian sage cut the previous summer, a postcard of a winking Queen Elizabeth II—arranged by Irvine. Busts of King Louis XIV and one of his mistresses, Madame de Montespan, a Dufy, an 18th-century Venetian painting, and a portrait of Charles I are in the study, right.





"A PLACE SHOULD SHOW THE WARTS," SAYS

THE INTERIOR DECORATOR. "NEVER FORGET JOHN

FOWLER'S FAMOUS SAYING ABOUT DECORATING

AS THE CREATION OF 'PLEASING DECAY'"





rather than in frozen arrangements. "Pictures should be rehung regularly, and furniture should be on the march. I like to stir it up with a spoon," he says. While the building is formal and classical in feeling, everything in the room looks as if it has just been rescued from a great-aunt's attic. "I call it instant accumulation," says Irvine. "There are things that don't quite go together, fabrics that look worn, what I call the 'layering of life as it happens,' where nothing is an accident but it all looks like it is."

Irvine's quirky sense of humor also surfaces in the well laden mantelpiece. That's where Roman and Greek antiquities, a Vieux Paris porcelain urn, a bunch of Russian sage cuthe previous summer, and a postcard of a winking Quee Elizabeth II cohabit quite nicely, thank you.

Everything—from the mattress ticking and silk satin the creatively odd pillows—has the look of having had a previous, and very interesting, existence. "A place should show the warts," says Irvine. "Never forget John Fowler's famou



saying about decorating as the creation of 'pleasing decay.'"

Intimate items from Irvine's past function as reassuring road markers. A mesmerizing relic table holds his Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis memorabilia. Irvine met Mrs. Onassis in 1959 and worked on and off for her for thirty-five years. Cary Grant and William and Patricia Buckley were also clients. 'I've had lots of glittery people," he says. "I've been in this rotten business for forty-five years. I'm one of the old stalwarts now, but I still think that one day I'll do something serious."

The decorator is reflected in mirrored French doors behind a Louis XV leather wine-tasting table, opposite. The red glazed-cotton fabric on the Louis XV armchairs is Brunschwig & Fils's Verrieres. The cotton fabric on the seat cushions of the Sheraton chairs is Brunschwig & Fils's Peaweed. Luxurious pillows are piled on an antique recamier, above, that has been upholstered with a red silk velvet from Clarence House. An Irvine signature touch is on the coffee table: knitting that was started two Christmases ago by one of his daughters. Sources, see back of book.

House & Garden · JANUARY 1997



A DESIGNER CREATES



A BREEZY

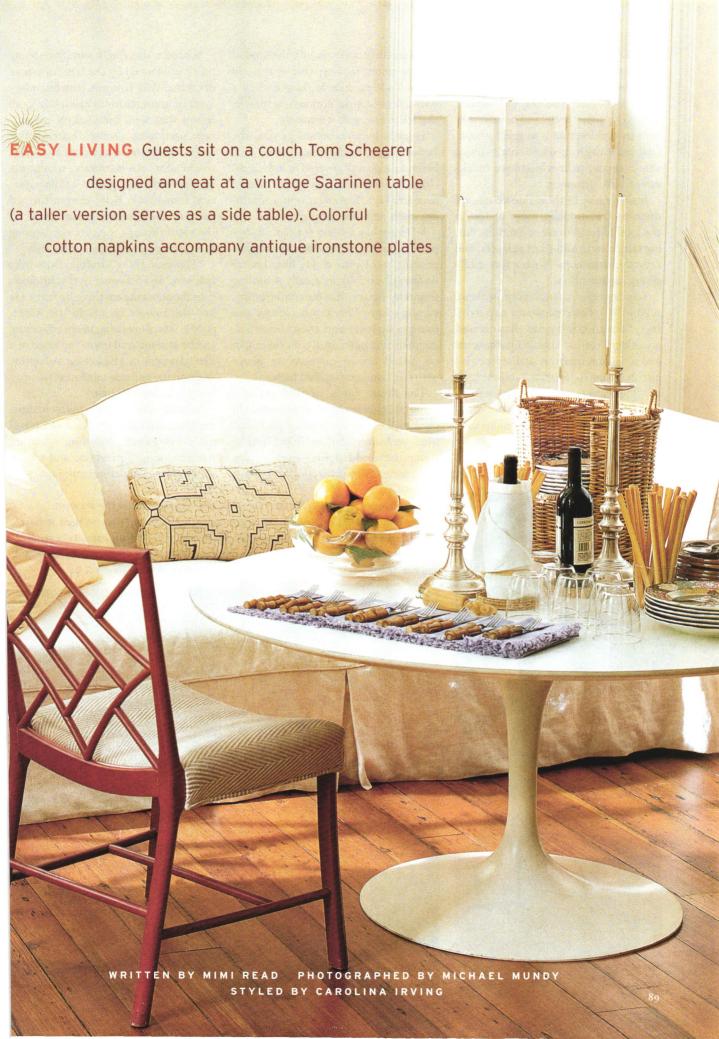


IN THE HEART

OF CHARLESTON







IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, what natives gossip about during cocktail hour and covet on after-dinner walks is *houses*. And it's no wonder. The city's eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architecture is so gravely beautiful and sensitively scaled that roaming the intimate, palmetto-strewn blocks can feel like dreaming.

Inside, many of these fine houses are done up traditionally, more or less in the local idiom—think of Sheraton dining tables, swag-and-jabot valances, and crystal chandeliers—with a few wildly divergent exceptions.

Tom Scheerer's house is one of them. A New York–based decorator and architect, Scheerer, forty-one, has created a weekend retreat that is lighthearted and sensuous, dynamic and serene. It's just an escape for Scheerer and a stream of houseguests, amidst Charleston's thatched palm trees and red roofscapes and West Indian–style white colonnades.

Scheerer first found himself in Charleston about a year and a half ago, on an eighteen-hour working visit. It was a 110-degree day in July, the kind of thermometer reading that scares off lesser Yankees. Not looking to buy a house, he, of course, noticed one for sale, and fell in love with it instantly.

Fronted by a courtyard garden, the Federal-style brick town house sits behind a high wall covered in lush fig ivy "like a few days' soft growth of beard," Scheerer says. The effect is of a sanctuary, sweet amnesia, another world.

Scheerer has a talent for radical simplification, or living like an elegant peasant, as he puts it. He likes breezy doorways and hypnotically babbling fountains better than air-conditioning, even in steamy Charleston. He squeezes oranges by hand and cooks beautiful, emphatically plain meals, serving them on glazed brown earthenware plates with old, bamboo-handled flatware.

The desire for a tropical getaway inspired Scheerer to paint his rooms in clear, pale colors like seashell pink, surf blue, and sunny yellow. It led him to cover the wood floors—even in the bathrooms—with maize-leaf matting.

Scheerer also freely admits to being much influenced by the late American decorator Billy Baldwin, that legendary lover of unpretentious, brilliantly fresh rooms that were founded on correctness, usefulness, a sense of personality, and as much understatement as a client would allow. An instinctive modernist who nevertheless worked within a classical framework, Baldwin transformed some of the best American houses in the 1930s through the 1970s by looking to America, not Europe, for his style.

"The main thing I learned from Billy Baldwin," says Scheerer, "is that he didn't care about having anything be fancy. He had the richest clients in the world, people who were dying to spend money, and he still insisted upon the value of a Plexiglas table or a basket turned upside down to use as a side table next to, say, a fancy upholstered chair."

Yet Scheerer's house is his own, thoroughly contemporary. It's a masterful mix of elements, including signature modern pieces; furnishings and accessories of his own design; some antiques;

A bright, breezy spirit enlivens the courtyard, left, and the walls of the stairwell, bottom left. The kitchen, below, mixes IKEA cabinets, a table by Scheerer, Hans Wegner chairs, and a farmhouse rug from Woodard & Greenstein. In the library, opposite, a stainless steel bed designed by Scheerer has a Tressard Tahiti Straw Cloth canopy, headboard, and box-spring cover. The bamboo scholar's desk is from William-Wayne & Co.









MSPIRATION Scheerer admits to being influenced by the late American decorator Billy Baldwin, legendary tover of unpretentious, brilliantly fresh rooms

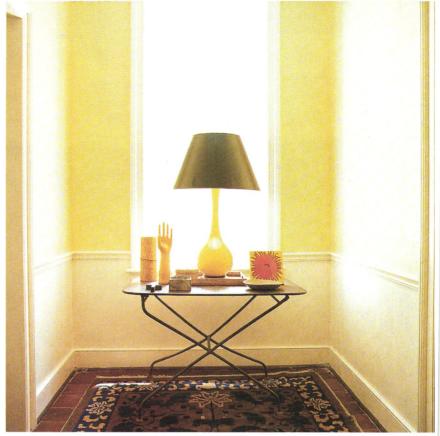




and clever purchases from IKEA.

Scattered about are also many objets trouvés, plucked from unlikely places like people's garbage piles. Because it involves him in a process of discovery, Scheerer prefers the "found art" of a pair of Brancusi-ish wooden candlesticks made by an anonymous hobbyist at his basement lathe to what he calls "manufactured art"—intentional works by fashionable artists.

The house is also charged with the thrill of unorthodox solutions. In Scheerer's combination dining and living room, there are two stark, white Eero Saarinen tables, each one blooming from its slender pedestal like the metaphysical ideal of a table. (Saarinen wished to liberate his tables from the "slum of legs," as the Finnish designer and architect once put it.) Scheerer uses the smaller, higher one as a side table.



Scheerer sparks interest with IKEA's diamond-patterned sisal matting in the hall, left; the complementary curves of a lamp and bud vase, top left; and a French garden table topped by a glove mold and a 1950s gourd-shaped lamp, above. Behind Cotton Candlewicking bed hangings in the master bedroom, opposite, is a cotton bedspread backed with linen. A '50s slipper chair perches on circles of maize-leaf matting. Sources, see back of book.

In a simple but ingenious stroke, the larger, lower Saarinen table has been placed in front of the sofa and pressed into service as a dining table. In a pinch, Scheerer can seat ten around its sublime white circle. Some guests sit on the sofa and the rest pull up his persimmon-lacquered Chinese Chippendale-style chairs with comfortable linen saddle seats. "It's a sympathetic way of having a dining room without it seeming typical and formal," he says.

There's his marvelous Constructivist plywood table, its lacquered top rich with the zen of a watery, figured grain; Scheerer designed it and uses it in his kitchen. "I'd make it for my clients, but no one understands it," he sighs.

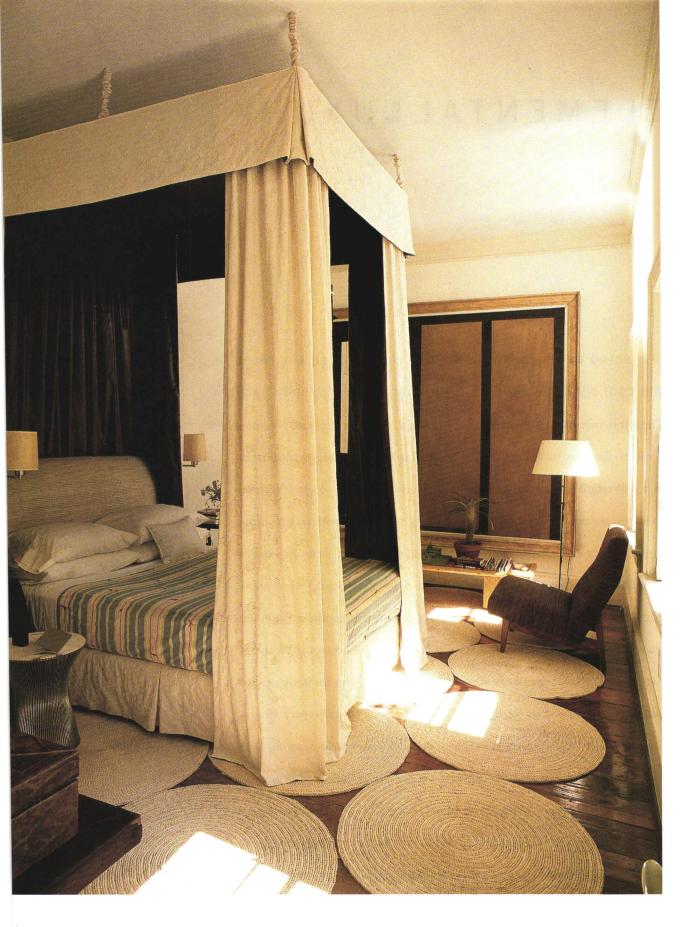
There's his enchantingly playful bedroom rug, made from flat circles of maize-leaf matting that he bought at IKEA for less than \$10 apiece. He sewed them together himself one night while watching TV. ("Have you noticed I have this thing about circles?" he asks.)

And there are the quixotic walls of the house's central hallways. Scheerer painted them an orange yellow, then papered them for a faux-stone effect. The yellow architects' tracing paper he used comes in rolls, from which Scheerer cut out "golden rectangles"—a proportion that is part of an arcanum called sacred geometry, used architecturally as far back as ancient Greece.

"It's just a nice proportion," Scheerer says. "The whole thing was an experiment, and laborious for my paperhanger, because it's essentially tissue paper. But I like the fresh, throwaway effect."

There is very little that is ordinary about Scheerer's eye. Yet he insists that a central point of his house is that even ordinary objects can be made wonderful by the way they're placed.

"Not that my house is a stage set, but it's that spirit of improvisation—making something out of nothing—that is the fun of decorating. For me, it's not about spending a lot of money on expensive furniture, and it's not about premeditating and planning everything down to the last inch. Great decorating always happens at the last minute."



the rug he sewed from spots of matting, bought at IKEA for less than \$10 apiece

ELEMENTALLUXURY

In a pared-down Manhattan loft, Giorgio DeLuca embraces the cool comforts of light, air, and uncompromised space

The loft is majestic in its vastness and its cerebral, stylized emptiness. But there is endless furniture for the eye and the mind. Located in downtown Manhattan, in a still-raffish pocket west of SoHo, the former warehouse space features industrial windows on all four walls, so the city spills inside with its billboards, skyscrapers, water towers, and even one valiant sequoia tree. To Giorgio DeLuca—occupant and mastermind—this cool and cavernous place is home. A founder of Dean & DeLuca, the swank Manhattan food emporium that helped transform eating in America, DeLuca is a man of restless, extroverted energy. After living in SoHo for twenty-three years, he bought this formerly derelict building and took over its top floor and roof, rethinking virtually every detail of the space. New York architect John Fifield, who also designed the beautiful Dean & DeLuca store at Prince and Broadway—a 9,500-square-foot food museum of marble and white tile—worked with him. "Giorgio's an extremely visual and design-aware person," Fifield says. "He looks at a space as a complete composition." DeLuca absorbed his greatest lessons about design simply by living in SoHo





Twin sofas designed by DeLuca and covered in Anju's Erin fabric delineate the living room. Behind them is the kitchen, with Bertoia barstools from Knoll and a butcher-block, marble, and concrete island. Between the windows, cabinets (also designed by DeLuca) hold food, glassware, and wine storage coolers. A concrete staircase bisects the room.



during the early 1970s, when it changed from a low-rent neighborhood of textile factories that were perpetually catching on fire to a nest of stylish artists' lofts that flashed with fire of another kind. | "These spaces have a beauty and a grace all their own, which derive from their original industrial function," says DeLuca. "They are big, tall spaces, and that's what I wanted to preserve." In such a minimalist environment, two white linen sofas with Turkish-inspired lines seem as sensuous as odalisques. The mottled surface of hand-troweled concrete floors looks like



creased old leather. A huge, chunky dining table floats like a piece of sculpture. "To me, luxury is an abundance of pleasing things," says DeLuca, exploring aesthetic notions in his earthy Brooklynese. "Light, air, surfaces to feel, textures, tastes, smells. To have all these things idealizes your sense of living." DeLuca is always hungry for inspiration, and still finds it on the streets of the city around him. The concrete floors, for example, are a trick he picked up from the downtown art galleries of the 1990s. Nakedly beautiful as well as practical, the floors somehow led DeLuca to conceive of the



loft's great centerpiece: a flying staircase made of solid concrete, leading from the living room to a penthouse bedroom and rooftop garden. The staircase shows no obvious supports and appears to defy gravity. It is part visionary and part macho, don't-tell-me-what-I-can't-do architecture—which could be a metaphor for DeLuca's personality. "It's sort of like the floor jumping to the other floor. It's so heavy, and yet it floats," says DeLuca, who, as a dreamer and a doer, knows well the impact of apparent contradictions. "I'm extremely pleased with it."

Mimi Read, a New Orleans-based contributing editor to this magazine, writes on design and travel.

In the dining area, opposite, vintage George Nelson lamps perch on a table designed by DeLuca; a 1930s industrial fan intercepts the river breezes. This page from top, floorto-ceiling window frames a Gerald Summers chair, from Palazzetti; upstairs, a juniper wood bowl and white Italian linen bedding from Calvin Klein; the bathtub is from Porcher.





FORAGERS FIND

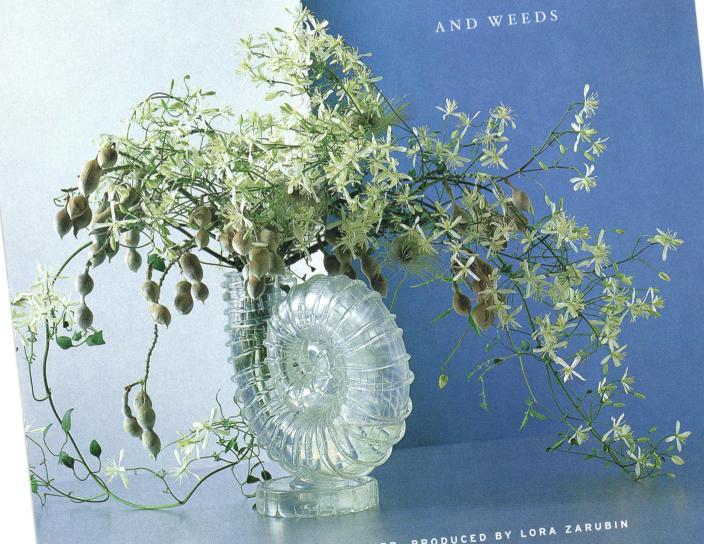
BEAUTY

WHERE OTHERS

WONDERS

DON'T. IN

PODS, FOR INSTANCE.



WAYSIDE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTOPHER BAKER PRODUCED BY LORA ZARUBIN



ARRIE GLENN was born to be wild. She can't remember a time when she didn't love plants—not only garden flowers but also things that sprout by the roadside. As a child in Illinois, she spent a lot of time outdoors, "walking in ditches." In her high-school botany class, she remembers, "we were supposed to collect twenty-five leaves from twenty-five trees. I think I had about a hundred and fifty. I just couldn't stop." Some things you never outgrow. Glenn lives in Berkeley, California, now, and uses foraged things in the bouquets that have helped

make her reputation as a consummately imaginative floral arranger. (If you've been to Chez Panisse, chances are you've dined among her handiwork. She has been creating arrangements for the restaurant for more than twentyfive years.) "I'm approaching plants from all angles," Glenn says, "and I always use wild materials if I can." ab Like any good forager, she always leaves what's rare in place: "I wouldn't pick anything precious. But I'd pick wild datura, a big flower that's considered a weed by people who are constantly trying to eradicate it." She gathers branches, vines, and pods (or buys them from oragers in the market) and



"I'm in love with vines. They're natural softeners," says Glenn, who put pods of a vining milkweed with *Holboellia* vines and white *Clematis henryi*, above. Clematis vines mix with pansies, pokeweed, and pin oak acorns, opposite.

ises them not only to set off but to elevate their more ophisticated relatives—roses, say, or clematis. She often idds bits from her own garden, especially what she calls detail things" like *Akebia* (a vine that comes in purple or white), or violet leaves. The result is a kind of botanical ynergy, a mixture more magnificent than its individual omponents. What's most compelling is her talent for naking offbeat combinations of wild and tame appear so atural together. "I look at the most beautiful flower,"

Glenn says, "and then I look for something that will complement it or bring out its best elements. If it's a delicate thing, I'll use something delicate. If it's a soft, pale color, I'll use something like it, something that won't fight it." There's a musical metaphor in her work, too. "I like the scale of larger things with smaller things against them. I like the counterpoint. I love variations on a theme, symphonic arrangements where everything has a certain shape or color." A Her own creations have a distinct line. "I like a flow," Glenn says. "I think lots of arrangements

aren't beautiful to look at because they're stiff." Her strong suit, she believes, is an ability to examine branches and understand "what's natural to them. I don't force them. I've discovered that it's almost impossible to make a branch bend in the opposite direction. I'm following the lines and inclination of the material, looking into its heart and trying to see where it wants to go." An aficionada of vines, she uses them to soften branches and lips of vases. (When nature is in a vase, it sometimes needs help. To keep things from flopping or toppling, Glenn doesn't hesitate to use a cage.) 🔊 Foodies caught on to using wild things

a long time ago; the flower world is finally beginning to do the same. "It's a matter of sophistication, education, and craving," Glenn says. As the population expands, foraging is becoming increasingly difficult, but some farmers are filling the gap, raising vines and shrubs rather than dahlias and zinnias. One forager, Glenn reports, is planting milkweed; others are growing passion vines. And there's always the delectable possibility that you can find something in your own backyard. Go wild.



DOIT YOURSELF

Let's ditch! In many parts of the country, it's legal to pick common—if not exactly garden-variety—plants by the roadside; in some, it's not (check with your state's Department of Agriculture). Even in winter, you can find berries and branches. You may also find that where the wild things are is very close to home. If they're not in your backyard already, you can encourage them to grow there through benign neglect. Almost every plant on earth will flower if you let it alone. If you're lucky enough to have a big garden or yard, try leaving a corner of it completely untouched: don't prune, pluck, or spray. Eventually, what's native to the area will probably spring up there, and the surprises could be beautiful. They might even inspire you to get rid of your mower and let your lawn turn into a meadow.



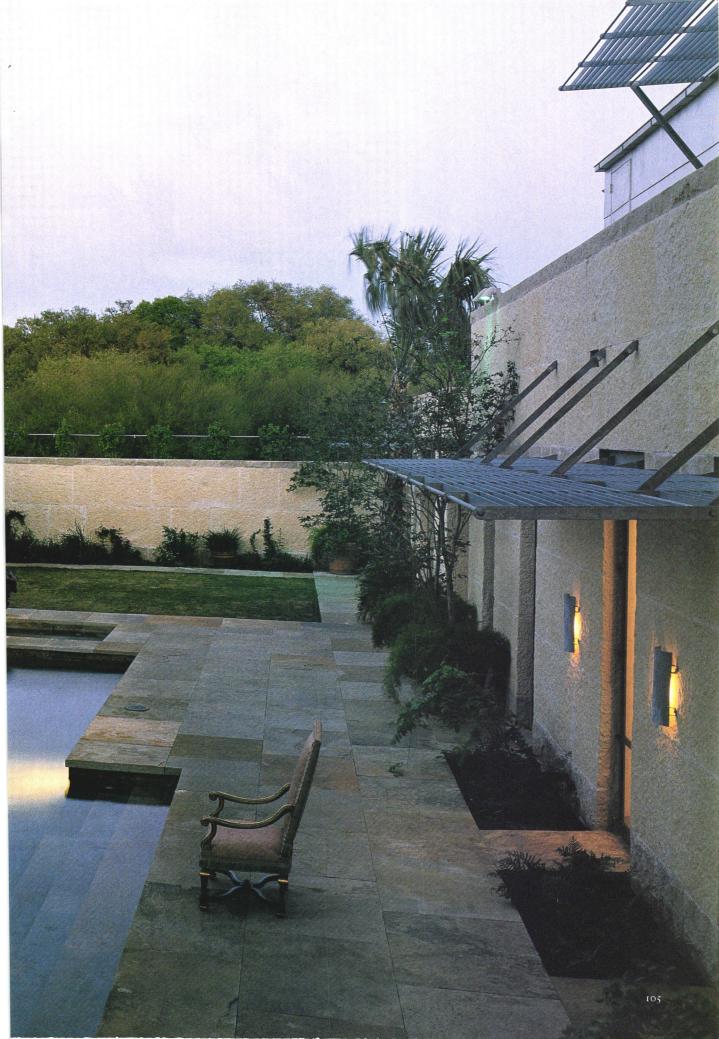
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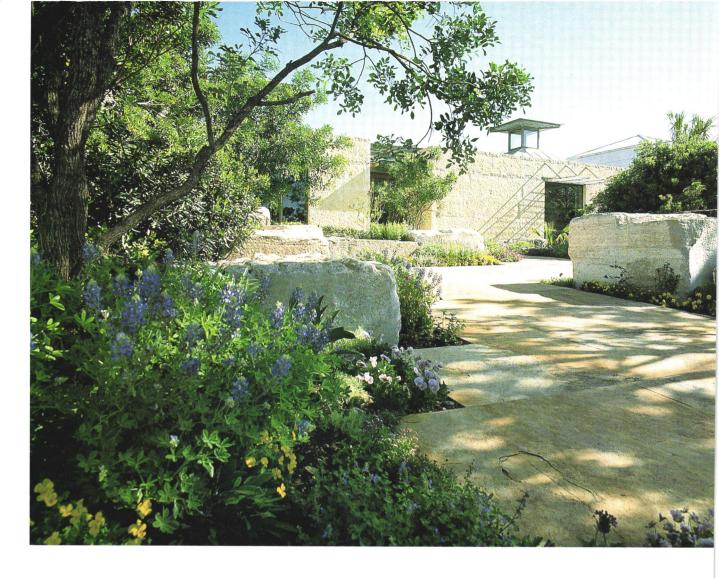
PHLOX

TEXAS

A stone-and-metal southwestern castle, with everything but a moat, houses an important private collection

BY WENDY MOONAN PHOTOGRAPHED BY THIBAULT JEANSON





THE ALAMO IS ONLY A BLOCK FROM

the offices of Lake/Flato Architects in downtown San Antonio, and Ted Flato walks by the "cradle of Texas liberty" nearly every day. Founded as a Spanish mission in 1724, a century before it became a fort, the Alamo retains some of the beautiful, weathered, old limestone walls that once protected the mission and its one-room houses. Its pale stones glow under a sky the color of Texas bluebonnets.

Flato, cofounder of Lake/Flato, one of the Southwest's most innovative architecture firms, doesn't say that the Alamo inspired a house he recently designed—but there are unmistakable similarities. Like the Alamo, it is a long, low structure that hugs the flat land. It has several courtyards and spaces only one room deep. And the house's creamy Texas limestone facade was laid down by a local master stonemason who says he is a direct descendant of the builders of the Alamo.

The project—the most talked about new house in San Antonio—was commissioned by Linda Pace, the beautiful and fearless fifty-one-year-old artist, art patron, and founder of ArtPace, a Foundation for Contemporary Art/San Antonio. A facility housed in a 1920s car showroom, ArtPace has exhibition spaces, studios, and apartments for its artists-in-residence program (for example, Annette Messager of France, Felix Gonzalez-Torres of New York, and Jesse Amado of Texas

were selected in 1994, the year the ambitious program began).

Linda Pace, whose parents founded Pace Foods (sold to Campbell's Soup for \$1 billion in 1995), is also a serious art collector. In the past decade she has bought works by such modern masters as Picasso, de Kooning, and Hans Hofmann, contemporary stars Ross Bleckner and Rachel Whiteread, and emerging talents like Leonardo Drew of New York.

Four years ago, Pace decided to build a new house to accommodate her growing art collection and her many fine antiques. She hired Lake/Flato because she liked the firm's "modern vernacular" style. "We're inspired by the simplicity and integrity of early Texas architecture," says Lake, who met Flato when they were working for the mid-century Texas Modernist O'Neil Ford at his San Antonio firm Ford, Powell & Carson. "The missions, the stone houses of the German settlers, the cotton gins, and metal warehouses: we take the essence of vernacular and do buildings in its spirit."

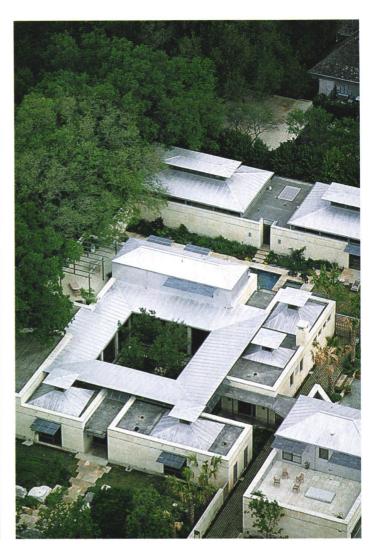
Pace recalls their first meeting: "I told them I wanted a stone house. What I didn't want was any metal."

She got a stone house—but also plenty of metal: metal roofs, cupolas, and separate studio buildings. The house, situated in an affluent suburb filled with large mansions on small lots, is designed to throw a cool shoulder to the outside world.









"You don't want to see the neighbors," says Flato. "We wanted to disassociate the house from the street," adds Lake.

Flato's idea was simple: "Here the effort was to do a building that was really friendly to the art." He created a 12,580-square-foot house with three internal courtyards. "We pushed the buildings to the outer edges of the lot so we could create private internal spaces," he says. "The stone walls are the defining element. They give a horizontal character to the structure and root it to the ground. The walls are about creating space internally rather than making a connection to the site."

The core of the house is the four-sided art gallery, actually a public circulation hall, surrounding a 30-foot-square sculpture courtyard planted with green crape myrtle. With an inner wall of 10-foot-tall Hope metal-and-glass doors and windows, the gallery is like a glass cloister. At its corners are the private rooms of the house, "pods," as Pace calls them, that are for cooking, dining, studying, watching TV, and sleeping.

"There's this real sense of public versus private areas," Pace says. "The layout forces me to walk miles each day, but when I get in the corners, it feels very contained and intimate."

Each pod is like a small pavilion. "Having spaces one room wide gives you great light on two sides and good cross ventilation," Flato says. There are no hallways; the wide doorways lead directly into the gardens, courtyards, and gallery. "You are always jumping back and forth between the inside and outside," says Flato. "There's a certain serenity to the house because you have so much of the outdoors in it," Pace adds. "It's so private. There's a closeness to nature."

It is also quiet—apart from the trickling of an outdoor fountain and the birds singing in the allée of live oaks.

All the roofs are made of metal. The pods have pyramidal hip roofs surmounted by shaded glass lanterns that Flato calls "pop-ups." The lanterns diffuse the harsh midday light. There are also ribbonlike strips of clerestory windows in some rooms. "By lifting the roofs up off the walls, light coming in the clerestory windows bounces off the ceilings," says Lake. "The effort here is to balance the light on the works of art."

Like all Lake/Flato houses, the Pace house was designed

A courtyard with a pool, previous pages, separates the main house from the steel-framed studios at left, where Linda Pace creates her installation art. Lightweight metal roofs float above the massive stone walls of the horizontal house. The entrance, opposite page, is reached by a zigzag path lined with marble boulders from San Saba, Texas. By contrast, the facade is sheathed in fossil-studded blocks of "Old Yella" limestone from Comfort, Texas. San Antonio architects David Lake and Ted Flato, top left and right, were chosen for their "modern vernacular" style. Pace, above, poses next to Antony Gormley's Lock II; right, a bird's-eye view of the house.

House & Garden · January 1997







with the hot, humid climate in mind. The architects, both natives of Texas, site their houses to catch the prevailing breezes. "Airflow is very important to us," says Lake. "This house opens up. The courtyards catch the wind and provide shade. All the doors and windows open. The lanterns open to expel hot air and draw in cool air. It's very well ventilated."

Sunlight is also strictly controlled. To provide leafy shade, wisteria has been planted to grow up onto the metal awnings above the windows, and the windows have special tinted glass that eliminates most ultraviolet rays, to protect the art.

Both Lake and Flato excel at raising inexpensive regional materials like stone and metal to another level. "Limestone is common," says Flato, "but here it's used on a bigger scale and in a different way. You don't see many early Texas buildings with stone blocks this size." For the facade, stonemasons cut the "Old Yella" Texas limestone into 36-inch-wide slabs, then interspersed them with thin courses of gray stone from Leuders, Texas. The layers look "like the side of a hill that's been cut to make a new highway," Flato says.

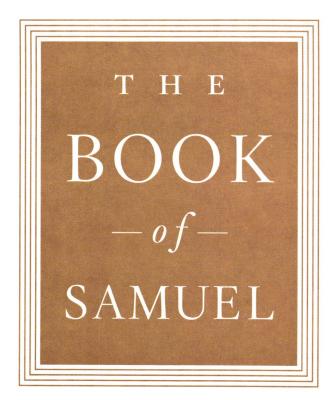
The architects like simple forms and fine craftsmanship. Graham Martin, the project architect for the house, designed the galvanized steel outdoor sconces, then had them dipped in zinc. The nails in the art-gallery ceiling are inserted like jewelry, making elegant patterns. The white oak floors are bordered in pavers of warm Colorado sandstone.

It is the refinement of the architecture that makes such a suitable background for the decor created by Linda Pace's friend Courtney Walker, a San Antonio interior designer with a seventeen-year practice. "I have a philosophy about decorating and art," Walker says. "The art must have its own space." After art comes comfort. "It's important to have comfortable upholstered furniture," she says. "Then you can add antiques." Walker and Pace traveled to London, New York, Sante Fe, and Los Angeles to find pieces for the house, whose high ceilings can accommodate antique armoires and church torchères, along with huge pieces of contemporary installation art. "This was a team effort," says Walker.

Linda Pace is the rarest of all breeds: an art collector who has the ability to commission a contemporary house where stone happily cohabits with metal, cutting-edge installation art with fine French antiques. She is a channeler of talent who has created an Alamo for art in the twenty-first century.

In the living room, above, designer Courtney Walker integrated antiques—an ancient Byzantine mosaic (the coffee-table top), an 18th-century French commode (behind the couch), a painted Mexican armoire—with works of art, such as Picasso's Watercolor with Ink. "Richmodis," a cotton and viscose chenille from David Sutherland, covers the sofa. Opposite, clockwise from top left: A Holophane glass fixture was mounted in a steel frame in the kitchen; the glass around the fireplace was installed to bring the live oaks into view; high windows light the stairs to a large guest suite; the library has a 17th-century carved English table. Sources, see back of book.





THE LEGACY OF THE

LATE MASTER DECORATOR

HENRI SAMUEL IS

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS

OF TWO NEVER
BEFORE-PUBLISHED

PROJECTS—ONE NEW WORLD

AND ONE OLD

BY JAMES REGINATO

NEW WORLD PHOTOGRAPHED

BY TIM STREET - PORTER

OLD WORLD PHOTOGRAPHED

BY PASCAL CHEVALIER

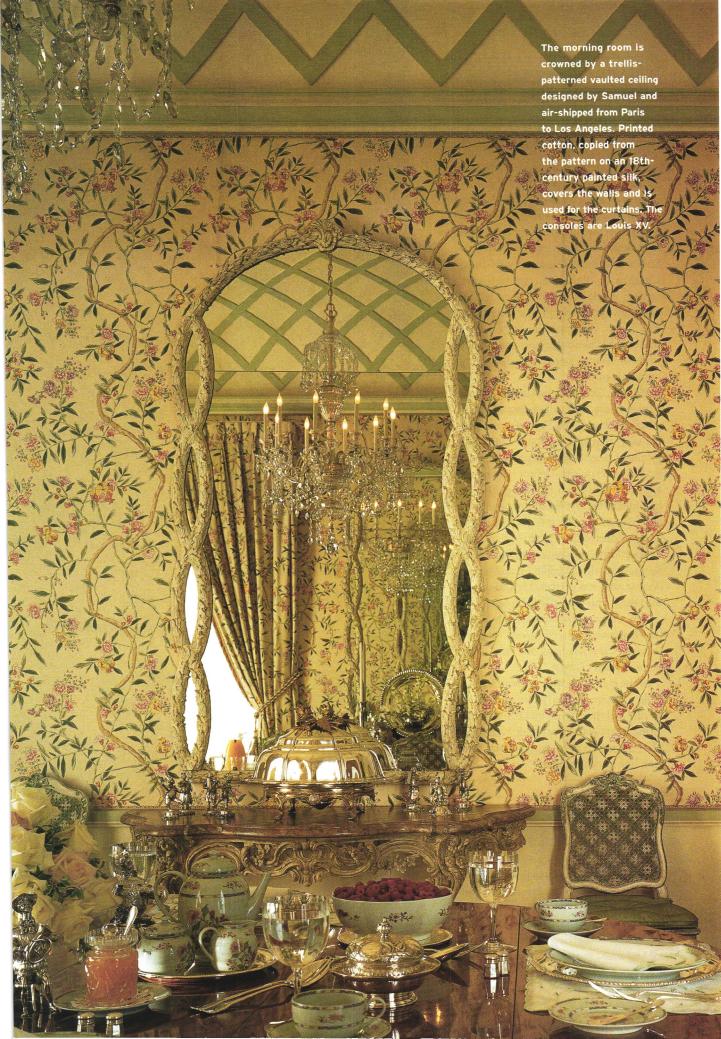


HREE MONTHS AGO, when Henri Samuel died in Paris, at the age of ninetytwo, he was unquestionably one of the century's greatest decorators. Television tycoon Jerry Perenchio's Bel-Air mansion, pictured here and on the previous pages, is perhaps Samuel's crowning achievement. Beginning in 1987, he spent five years gutting and decorating the eighteenth-century-style château built in 1935. Although Perenchio says that Samuel "never made a hymnbook" of his dos and don'ts, one central rule emerges from these rooms. As Nancy Richardson, a client and former editor at House & Garden, puts it, "He always believed in strong walls. He wanted the theme of the room to come from the walls. To him, everything was a system of paneling—bookcases, fabric-lined walls, and, of course, boiserie. If a house didn't have strong paneling, he sure as hell made it."

According to Susan Gutfreund, another American client, "Henri's whole thing was to give the client a perfect base. Then you could fill it in with your own things. Therefore, as your taste grows, the room can change in any direction."

By any estimation, Samuel provided a great deal more than furnishings. "My wife, Margie, and I feel blessed to have known Henri. There's no question that he changed our lives," says Perenchio. "To live with beauty, to learn about it and enjoy it, as Henri taught us to do, elevates your whole understanding and spirit."

Eighteenth-century black and gold lacquered panels inlaid with mother-of-pearl set the tone for the garden room, previous pages, in the Bel-Air house of Jerry and Margie Perenchio. An 18thcentury Chinese carpet covers the parquet de Versailles flooring. In the bar, above, Samuel finished the walls using stuc-pierre, a process of applying a mixture of powdered limestone and plaster. Ceramic plates from Picasso's Tauromachie series hang over the sofa.



OLD WORLD

"HENRI COULD GO from Louis XIV to Art Deco with equal skill," observes a longtime client, Princess Catherine Aga Khan. "But his houses always reflect his clients' personalities. He always worked with you. He never imposed his taste. So you had the feeling it was you." Inside Château de Bellerive, the sixteenth-century castle outside Geneva that she and her husband, Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, purchased in 1957, Samuel combined Islamic elements appropriate to his clients' heritage with grand French antiques.

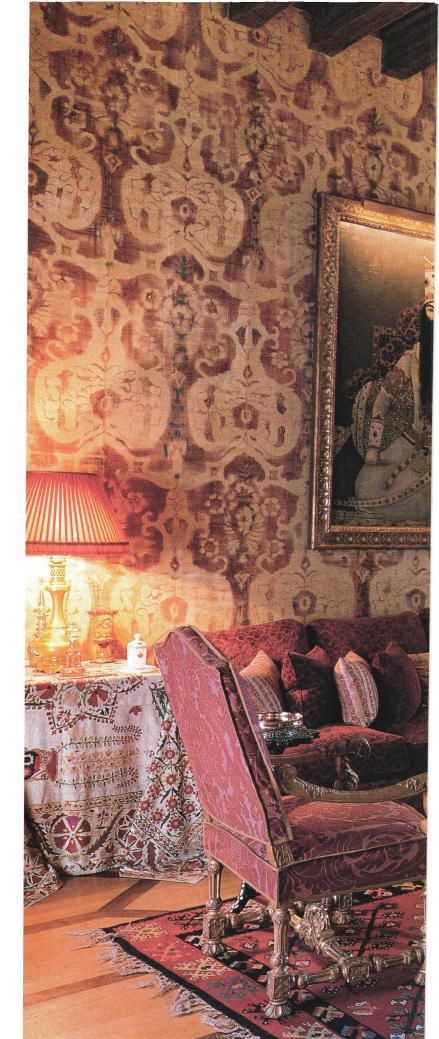
Witness Samuel's tour-de-force *fumoir*, pictured here. "He said we should use the things we have," the Princess recalls. In her case, that meant superb Louis XIV furniture, ancestral portraits, and a collection of exquisite eighteenth-century Egyptian glass. As a backdrop for such splendid items, the decorator picked the humblest material—and made it ravishing. He covered the walls in burlap handstenciled with an Islamic-inspired design. Samuel had the stenciling done and redone until it was perfect. He also draped the tables with exotic Turkish textiles.

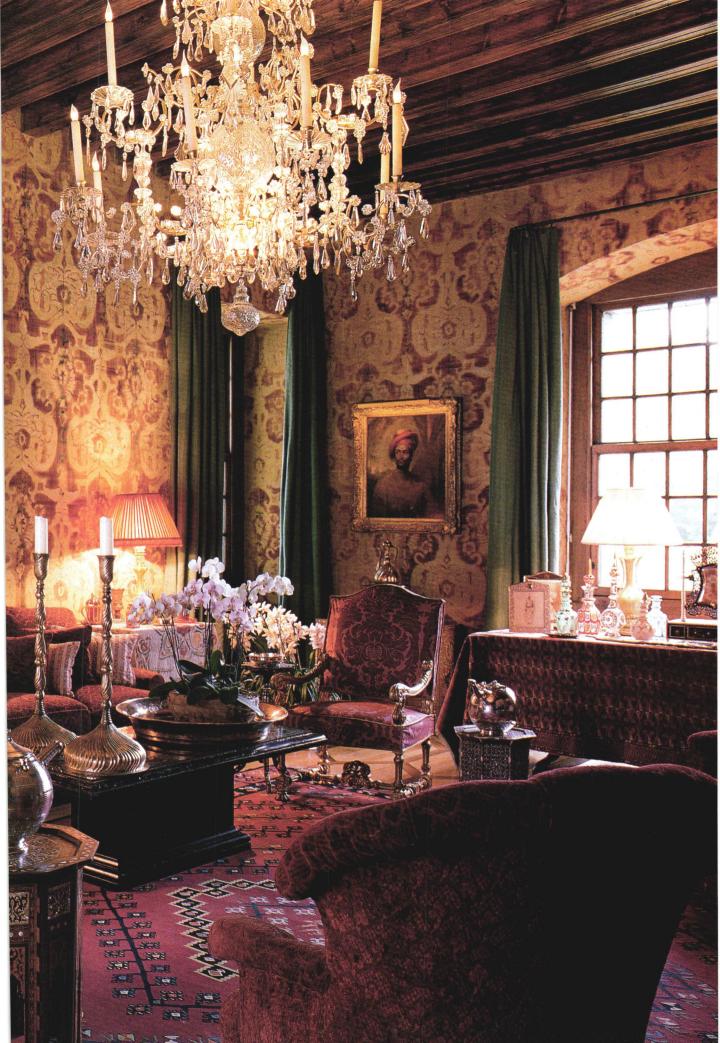
"He always used the best fabrics, so that his rooms were timeless," says the Princess. "If he had any one rule, it was that simplicity is best."

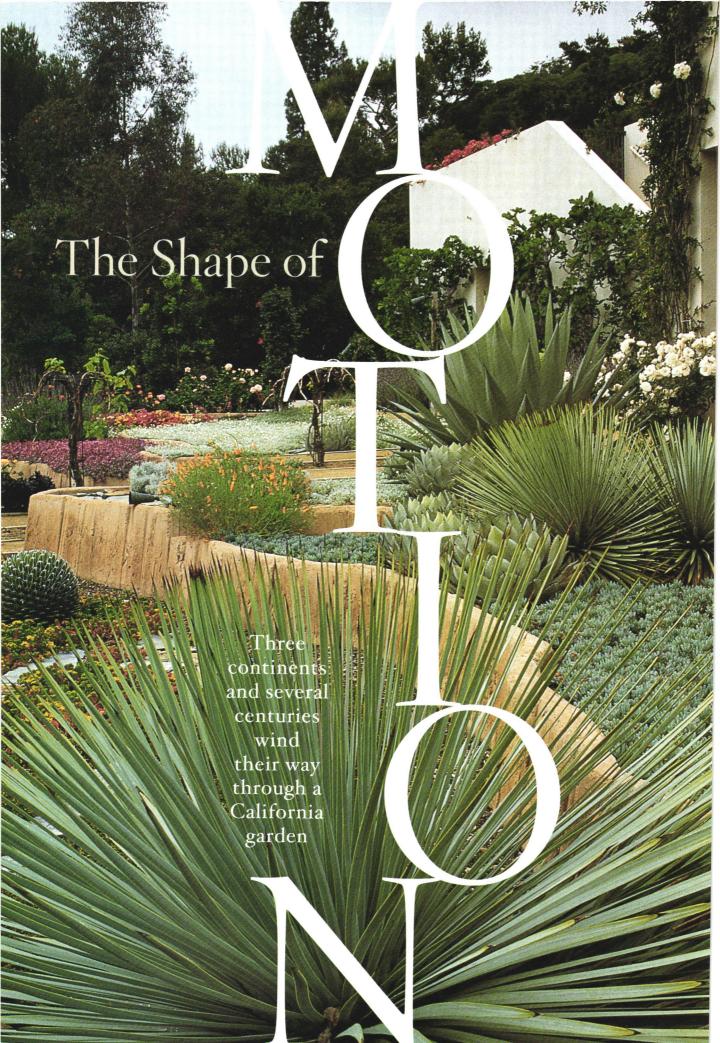
In the end, there was no Henri Samuel look. "There are no hallmarks to his work—and that's what makes him interesting," says decorator Mark Hampton. "The rooms he did for one client don't look like anybody else's."

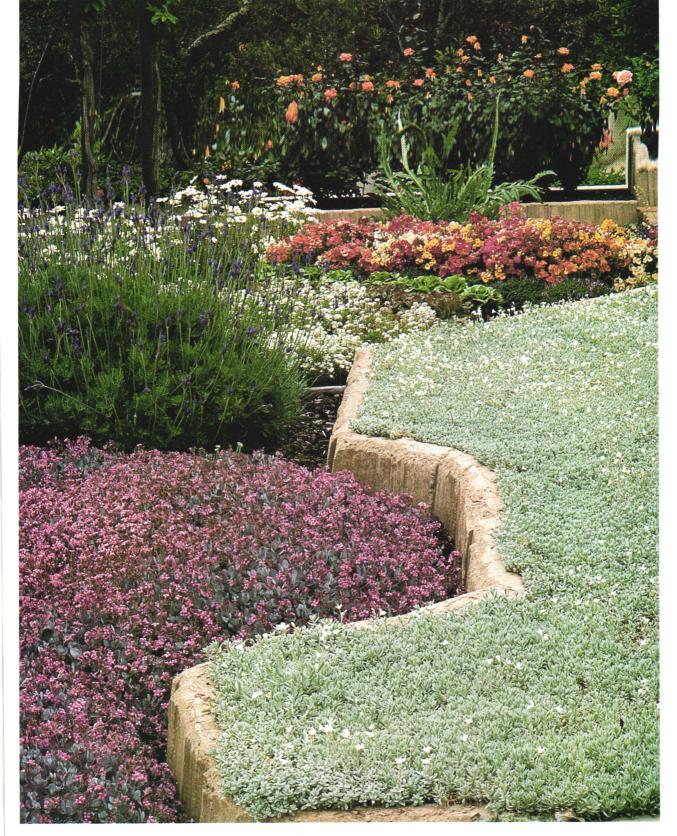
James Reginato, former features editor of W, is an editor at large for this magazine.

In the fumoir of the 16th-century Château de Bellerive, outside Geneva, Samuel mixed French grandeur with Islamic elements appropriate for the client, Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan. Hand-stenciled burlap covers the walls, on which hangs a portrait of the Prince's great-great-grandfather. Chairs are Louis XIV; the rock-crystal chandelier is Régence. Sources, see back of book.









HERE IS A GARDEN with a vivid character all its own. On my first visit the owner was away, but as I walked through the courtyard and looked over the wall to the plantings below, I was aware that she must be a person of great imagination and taste, someone capable of selecting colors and arranging plants in complete but unusual harmony. I enjoyed the mood of each section of the plan, especially the beautifully woven tapestry of succulents, the carefully placed outcrops of rocks, the rounded shapes of cacti, and the spiky leaves of the agaves and yuccas, all wound

The illusion of a watery paradise is created by sinuous walls and the use of cool-hued plants: drought-resistant bluish agaves, opposite, rise from a ground of senecio, with white roses and espaliered figs in the background. A pool of snow-insummer, above, appears to feed thirsty beds of lavender, candytuft, and Shasta daisies.



perfectly into the hillside. To me, a gardener from England, it was a new experience. I knew this was a garden I must revisit.

The opportunity came last year. My first impression as I arrived in the spacious courtyard was of dark-green foliage against a shining white background. Long branches of pendulous rosemary cascade from the top of a ten-foot retaining wall. A simple iron gate leads from the courtyard to the front door, where a canopy of clematis is supported by sturdy vigas protruding from the stucco wall. A feeling of calm pervades this area. Camellias and a lemon-scented eucalyptus are sheltered by the house—there is time to squeeze a leaf and enjoy its scent.

From here, a raked gravel path leads to an irregularly shaped pool of dark water, where tall papyrus thrust through Sierra shale. The path leads on under entwined branches to a terrace, where the wall becomes low enough to offer a view of the Channel Islands and the Pacific Ocean.

On the corner of this terrace, two contemporary, globe-shaped ceramic pots—or are they dinosaur eggs?—are poised on a rectangular wooden platform. You can estimate the time of day by their shadows, which move slowly round like the gnomon of a sundial. This terrace also contains an intriguing collage of clay pots filled with succulents, including echeverias, *Dyckias*, kalanchoes, *Dudleyas*, and dasylirions.

As I looked over the wall, I was told the story of the garden. In the early days the owner consulted landscape architect Isabelle Greene. Together they envisioned the terrace below as if it were farmland and terraced hillsides seen from the air. The plan reminded me of a memorable lecture by Greene during the Seattle flower show a few years

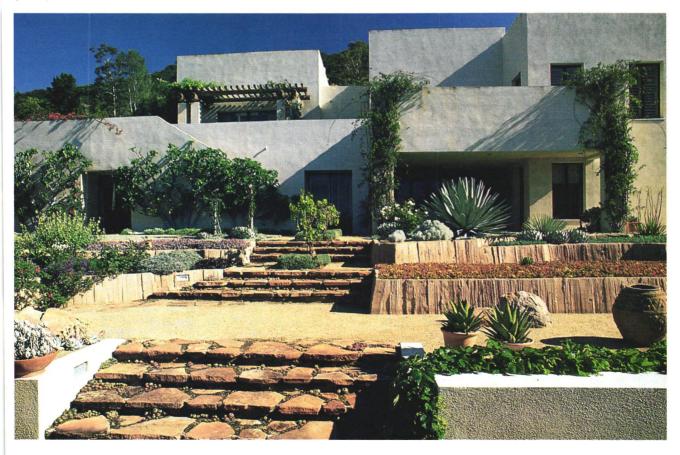
ago, when she showed slides of aerial views of landscapes. Clearly, these views inspired her design for this garden.

I looked with new eyes at the scene below. In my imagination the sedums and aloes became fields of crops and wildflowers; the agaves were tall grasses; the cacti and yuccas became trees and shrubs; and the paths were meandering streams. Then, as we walked down the steps, I felt as if a curtain had been raised—instead of being on a hillside, I was in a garden of succulents and cacti.

The easing of guidelines on the use of water has made it possible for the owner to widen her choices to include honeysuckle, roses, fruit trees, and other thirsty plants. The new combinations have produced a garden of stunning contrasts in form, color, and texture.

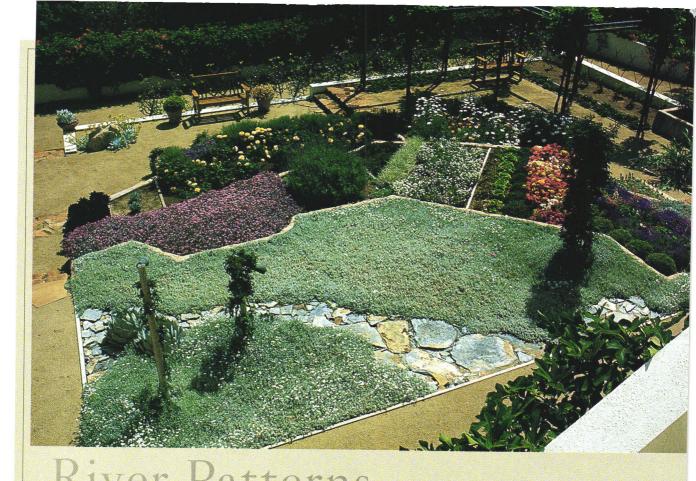
Rosemary Verey's most recent book is The English Country Garden.

Faced with the uncompromising geometry of the house by Santa Barbara architect Paul Gray, landscape architect Isabelle Greene countered with strong geometries of her own. Pillars of climbing roses, espallered figs, and white grapes stand up against the house, below. A central allée divides the site in half, with a small agricultural garden as part of one half, opposite. The wide steps are made of Arizona moss rock. The retaining walls are composed of colored concrete that has been poured into forms made of split cedar shakes, giving it a distinctive patterning. "It looks like a natural substance," the owner says of the material, "but it's sturdier." In the agricultural garden, strips of vegetables and flowers are laid out on the diagonal. They play nicely against the right angles of the gravel path and white stucco walls. Giant Burmese honeysuckle on a tall copper trellis shades this corner of the garden.

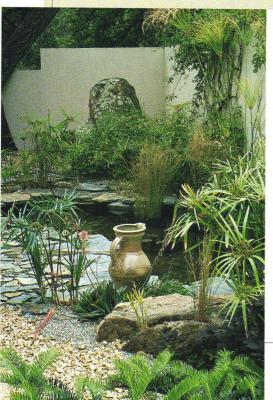








WHEN SHE BEGAN THIS PROJECT, Santa Barbara landscape architect Isabelle C. Greene admits she was daunted by the site: there was no water, the geometry of the house was severe, and its location atop a steep slope made her feel, she says, "cut off from the landscape." Greene realized that the garden would have to make sense from above. She embarked on a design that took its cue in part from an aerial photograph of terraced Asian hillsides. "The flat tops of the rice paddies were so beautiful," she says. "I loved the mud walls that look patted into shape by hand." —DIANA KETCHAM

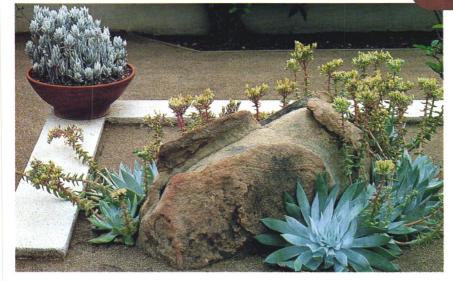


A UP IN THE AIR To imitate the rice paddies of an Asian landscape, Greene, right, created a pattern of shimmering Senecio serpens, above. These plantings and the pools of Senecio and snow-insummer are used to counter the geometry of the stucco walls. The sections of the garden seen from above were inspired by aerial views of the American Midwest, where crops seem laid out in contrasting stripes. "Overlaying an agricultural geometry onto the organic shapes appealed to me," Greene says.

< DRY SALVAGES Greene created an imaginary river of gray-blue gravel and shale, seen in the photograph above, while the Zen-like garden, at left, was inspired by a mountain pool the owner visited with her late husband. Bordered in Sierra shale, the pool appears to feed the make-believe stream that rushes toward the Pacific.</p>



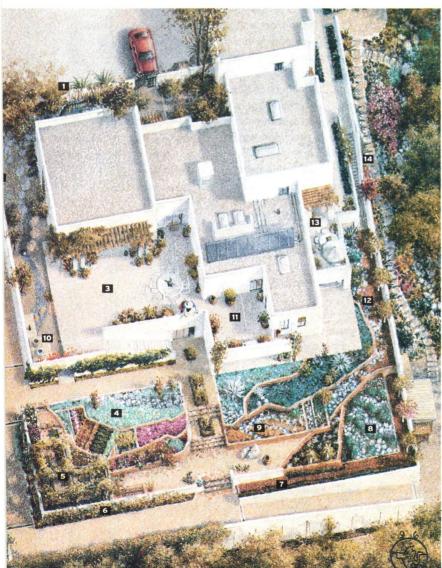
GROUND RULES



A CHANGING COURSE A series of corners, above, filled with plants in what Greene describes as museum-like arrangements, gives the impression that these might be the survivors left on the banks of a river after the water has changed its course. Once you are in the lower terraces, however, these seemingly random com-

positions of stone and plant life emerge as carefully designed sculptural settings in which both the plants and the ground cover beneath them are orchestrated in the same color range. Here, a stone from a nearby wash is encircled in *Dudleya brittonii* and gray agave. The pot behind it is filled with *Senecio haworthii*.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES TUGHAN



V MASTERFUL PLAN The total composition accomplishes two things at once. From above, the terracing pulls the lower garden up toward the eye, flattening out the terrain so it reads as if it were a map. Once in the lower garden, however, the terrain reads equally well if you gaze across it or down at your feet. Gray agaves stand on a carpet of senecio, while rusty Pennisetum springs from a bed of shale. The owner regards the plan as "perfect. You can't ruin the pattern," she says. She changes some beds with the season and plants them according to the needs of her table. "Sometimes we just rake the soil and leave it. It looks beautiful." Sources, see back of book.



A buzzard'seye view

- 1 Entrance, Zen garden, and mountain spring
- 2 Gravel "water path"
- 3 Potted succulent garden
- 4 "Pool" of snow-in-summer
- 5 Giant Burmese honeysuckle arbor
- 6 Espaliered apple-tree fence
- 7 Bark path lined with red poppies
- 8 Sage bed and rock stream
- 9 Brown bean and succulent garden
- 10 Fruit trees and grasses
- 11 Upper terrace with sculpture
- 12 Bedroom terrace
- 13 Kitchen garden with potted herbs
- 14 Canyon steps

A .47-acre detail of a 2.25-acre parcel

In Seasor

(continued from page 48) Acme, I grieve over official placards warning that raw oysters may be hazardous to my health.

There are no such signs in Seattle, where the half-shell trade is in midrenaissance and it is easy to feel optimistic about the fate of the oyster in America. Water quality is generally higher, urban density lower in Puget Sound's watery web. Only a small percentage of the area's bays were closed to shellfishery last year, and the aquaculture industry is healthy enough to have some clean-water political clout. Most cheering of all, a lively oyster culture penetrates life here.

A pilgrimage through prime oyster habitat strengthened my budding faith. I ferried across Puget Sound to the wild Olympic Peninsula, where a damp universe worthy of Rube Goldberg-snaky with hoses, murmurous with fountaining, heated bay water—is home to millions of oyster larvae. Their caretakers at Taylor United's Quilcene seafood hatchery might have stepped from an Eddie Bauer catalogue. Marine biologist Joth Davis offered a voyeuristic peek at oyster eggs that shone like tiny teardrops under a microscope. "You're in the innovative capital of oysterdom here in Washington," Davis told me cheerfully as we contemplated the hatchery's algae tanks. "People here like to try things." Like the triploid oysters that he and his colleague Ed Jones farm; their extra set of chromosomes makes them sterile, so they stay palatable even in the dread "non-r" months, when oysters tend to get obscenely fat and spawny or (on the other end of the reproductive process) watery and exhausted.

All-season oysters? I wondered whether I was ready for them as I drove south along the long, eerily straight inlet misnamed the Hood Canal. Things always taste sweeter to me for having a finite season; then again, the desire for a raw oyster can strike powerfully at any time, and a bad oyster is among the most piercing of sorrows. But I quit my moral ditherings once I arrived at Taylor United's processing plant. Outside, thousands of oysters hurtled down an outlandish conveyor belt that buffed them clean and sorted them with an elec-

tric camera eye. Inside, I found myself seduced all over again by their heady variety. One after another, the shellfish settled on a tray of ice: the diminutive Olympias, which have been nursed back from near extinction by farming operations like Taylor's; Windy Point oysters, exquisitely balanced between sweet and salt; Tottens from nearby South Puget, robustly intense. The two Pacifics, Totten and Windy Point, tasted utterly different: like wine grapes, oysters acquire a goût de terroir, but it springs from plankton and water rather than rock and soil. Finally, confronted by a Belon bigger than the palm of my hand, I cried uncle. In walked a customer who ogled the scary five-year-old Belon lustfully before devouring it in two ecstatic bites.

I went home buoyed by the knowledge that Joth Davis's brother is farming Pemaquid oysters at the mouth of Maine's Damariscotta Inlet - and by the conviction that all is not lost. It seemed proper to celebrate. "Come for one of the world's perfect lunches," I told my friend Camille, a woman who consumes and cooks oysters with Gulf Coast zeal. Armed with garden gloves and oyster knives, we pried open a couple of dozen of our beloved local specimens; some briny and resilient Malpeques from Prince Edward Island; a clutch of sweet Hog Islands from California's Tomales Bay. We dipped them in the gentlest of shallot-laced mignonette sauces, followed by fragrant bites of homemade, black-truffled sausage, shards of crusty, buttered bread, and climactic swigs of dignified Chablis Les Clos. We saluted the wisdom of the citizens of Bordeaux, who worked out the template of this meal, with its inspired union of earth and sea. "I could eat this for my last supper," I suggested.

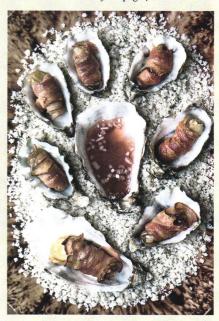
"But have you ever had oysters steamed open over a charcoal fire and swished through garlic butter?" objected Camille.

We debated the merits of raw versus the altogether different pleasures of cooked. We opened a few more oysters, drank a little more Chablis. We were utterly content.

Alison Cook, a winner of the James Beard Foundation's M.F.K. Fisher Award, is a Houston-based journalist who frequently writes on food.

RECIPES

(continued from page 48)



HOLD THE BOTTLED RED STUFF All these oysters need is mignonette sauce.

- 3 cloves garlic, peeled
- 2 Tbsp salt
- I tsp whole peppercorns
- 4 cups dry white wine

THE SOUP

- 2 Tbsp olive oil
- 2 shallots, finely diced
- 2 celery stalks, diced
- 8 cups fish stock (see recipe above)
- 2 dozen oysters shucked; reserve the oyster liquor
- 8 cups spinach leaves, washed, patted dry and cut into 1/4" strips
- 1/2 tsp cayenne pepper
- 1 tsp ground allspice
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, optional

To make the stock

RINSE THE FISH BONES WELL. Combine 4 quarts of cold water with the bones, onions, celery, bay leaves, garlic, salt, peppercorns, and white wine. Simmer for 20 minutes over medium-high heat, skimming occasionally. Strain stock through a finemesh or cheesecloth-lined colander. Return to the stove, bring to a boil, and boil uncovered for 1 hour, or until the stock is reduced by half. Remove and reserve.

To make the soup

IN A 3- OR 4-QUART SAUCEPAN, heat

olive oil over medium heat and add shallots and celery. Sauté for several minutes, then add fish stock. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer for 5 minutes. Add the oysters, oyster liquor, spinach, cayenne, allspice, and salt and pepper, and continue cooking at a low simmer (oysters will toughen up if the heat is too high) for 2 to 3 minutes. Add cream if you are using it. Remove from heat and serve immediately.

OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL, SERVED WITH TRUFFLED PORK CRÉPINETTES, CRUSTY FRENCH BREAD, AND MIGNONETTE SAUCE

SERVES 6

12 oysters, shucked, left on the half shell, and placed on a bed of crushed ice

PORK CRÉPINETTES

- 1/4 pound caul fat
- 1 Tbsp white vinegar
- 1 1/2 pound pork shoulder or butt ground with some fatback
- I clove garlic, peeled and minced
- 1 shallot, finely diced
- I tsp coarse salt
- 2 tsp quatre-épices (Quatre-épices can sometimes be found in stores but is also easily made: I Tbsp each white peppercorns, whole cloves, whole allspice, plus one 3" stick of cinnamon, ground together in an electric coffee grinder. To clean the grinder afterward, simply

FORCE MAJEURE Filet irresistibly accompanied by delicately sauced oysters.



grind some bread in it and remove. The spice mixture will keep for several months in a covered jar.)

- I ounce black truffles, shaved into thin slices
- 2 Tbsp fresh thyme leaves
- 2 Tbsp fresh sage leaves, chopped
- 1 Tbsp olive oil

COVER THE CAUL FAT with mixture of tepid water and the vinegar. Reserve.

Combine all ingredients except the caul fat in a mixing bowl.

Drain the caul fat and cut into 5-inch squares with a pair of kitchen scissors.

Divide the pork mixture into 12 balls and shape them into oval patties. Place each patty on a square of caul fat and wrap it up, tucking any excess fat underneath.

Heat a sauté pan, add the olive oil, and fry the crépinettes for 6 minutes on each side over medium-low heat. Serve immediately with fresh-shucked oysters, mignonette sauce, and good, crusty sourdough bread.

MIGNONETTE SAUCE

1/2 cup champagne or white-wine vinegar
1/2 cup dry white wine

I shallot, peeled and thinly sliced Ground white pepper to taste

Combine vinegar and white wine, and add the shallots and pepper to taste.

OYSTERS WRAPPED WITH IRISH BACON AND SERVED WITH MIGNONETTE SAUCE

SERVES 12

12 large oysters shucked, bottom shells reserved

Olive oil

12 slices Irish or Canadian bacon Chopped parsley for garnish

PREHEAT OVEN TO 350°

Wash the oyster shells well and place on a tray in a preheated 350-degree oven for 10 minutes. Remove.

Brush the oysters lightly with olive oil. Wrap a slice of bacon around each of them.

Place the wrapped oysters on a baking sheet and broil for 2 minutes. Turn them over and broil for 2 minutes more. Remove from oven, place each wrapped oyster in a shell, sprinkle with parsley, and serve with mignonette sauce.

*MIGNONETTE SAUCE RECIPE ABOVE.

STEAK AND OYSTERS

SERVES 6-8

2 1/2 pounds filet mignon

I Tbsp olive oil

I Tbsp sweet butter

3 shallots, diced

12 large oysters, oyster liquor reserved

1/2 cup heavy cream

1/4 cup brandy

Salt and pepper

Chopped parsley to garnish



EARTHLY PARADISE Oysters, mignonette sauce, and pork crépinettes.

PREHEAT OVEN TO 400°

Rub filet with salt and pepper. Heat a sauté pan, add the oil, and sear the meat on all sides. Place on a baking tray and roast 30 minutes for rare.

In a sauté pan, melt butter over medium heat, add shallots, and sauté for 4 minutes until translucent. Add heavy cream and brandy, and cook briskly until reduced by half. Add oysters and reserved liquor, sauté for several more minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Remove filet from oven when ready, slice, and top each slice with oysters and their sauce.

SOURCES

MONTEREY FISH MARKET, Berkeley, CA. 510-525-5600. Fax: 510-525-4109

PURE FOOD FISH MARKET, Seattle, WA. 800-392-3474. Fax: 206-622-2050



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THRESHOLD PAGE 6 Barcart, \$2,400, John Rosselli & Associates, 212-593-2060. Available through architects and designers. Decanter and glasses, \$100/\$30 each, Tiffany & Co. 800-526-0649. DOMESTIC BLISS PAGES 15-22 page 15, Styled by Nato Welton. Dry iron, #40181, Morphy Richards of England. Sheets, Walton Lodge Linen Services, London, England. 44-171-274-2013. page 17, Pillows, feather/down, Cuddledown of Maine, 800-323-6793. Pillowcases, Area, 180 Varick St., NYC 10014. 212-924-7084. Kimberly House Ltd., 212-779-3434. Glenn Thomas, Inc., 561 Acorn St., Ste. N. Deer Park, NY 11729. 516-243-3330. Lucille & Henry Home Textiles, 2935 Washington St., San Francisco, CA 94115. 415-771-1867. Fieldcrest Cannon, 800-841-3336. Malabar Grove Ltd., 401-431-1555. MK Home, 2658 Bridgeway, Ste. 202, Sausalito, CA 94965. 415-331-3755. Martex, 800-533-8229. page 18, Anthropologie, 375 W. Broadway, NYC 10012. 212-343-7070. page 20, Three-Over Stripe, Clarence House, 212-752-2890. Available through architects and designers. page 22, Thai basket, Stone Road, 328 Montauk Highway, Wainscott, NY 11975. 516-537-5656. Two's Company, 800-896-7266. Slatkin & Co., 131 E. 70th St., NYC 10021. 212-794-1661. Calvin Klein Home, 800-294-7978. The Paragon, 800-343-3095. Neiman Marcus, 800-825-8000. Metropolitan Design Group, 80 W. 40th St., NYC 10018. 212-944-6110.

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212-925-4067. Bedcovers, Interiors by Royale, 212-753-4600. Mirror, Amy Perlin Antiques, 1020 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 212-744-4923. Hanging light, Ruby Beets, PO Box 596, Wainscott, NY 11975. 516-537-2802. **OBJECT LESSON PAGES 37-43 page** 37, Cherub knob, #1099, gold-plated, \$425 with backplate, Sherle Wagner, 60 E. 57th St., 10022. 212-758-3300. Pillow, \$195, ABC Carpet & Home, 888 Broadway, NYC 10003. 212-473-3000. page 38, Brass, clockwise from top: Antique knob, #1030, Nanz Custom, 20 Vandam St., NYC 10013. 212-367-7000. Available through architects and designers. With rosette, #5067-060, \$67.88, by Baldwin; shaded-bronze finish with rosette, #405, \$37.50, by Omnia, Simon's, 421 3rd Ave., NYC 10022. 212-532-9220. Contemporary lever, #K140, \$167.50, Vali & Vali, 1540 Highland Ave., Duarte, CA 91010. 818-359-2569. Oval knob, F34-064, \$76.45, with rose, Ball and Ball Hardware Reproductions, 800-257-3711. Velvet pillows, \$165-\$200, ABC Carpet & Home. Glass, clockwise from Green globe, #1020, Nanz Custom. Lightblue knob, Empriente by Thomas Bastide Designs, \$375, Baccarat, Inc., 800-777-0100. Blue Murano crystal, \$275, Edward R. Butler Co., Inc., P.O. Box 272, Prince Street Station, NYC 10012. Clear knob with seeds, #1016, Nanz Custom. Smoky crystal ball, \$128/pair, Baldwin Hardware Corporation, 800-566-1986. Clear crystal knob, #2-A, \$50, Crown City Hardware Co., 800-950-1047. Bottom pillow, \$125, ABC Carpet & Home. Pillow in background, \$85, Portico Bed & Bath, 139 Spring St., NYC 10022. 212-961-7722. page 40, Porcelain, clockwise from top: Passage, #15E, \$109.70, Crown City Hardware Co. Cracked knob, \$150, Edward R. Butler Co., Inc. White china with cast-iron base, VIIO-I55, \$29.05, with rose, Ball and Ball Hardware Reproductions. Lever, 621 Opale, \$149, Mandelli through Design Source, 115 Bowery St., NYC 10002. 212-274-0022. Pillows, from top, Copper, \$72, ABC Carpet & Home. Bolster pillow, \$39, Pottery Barn, 800-922-5507. **Gray pillow**, \$60, Portico Bed & Bath. Nickel, clockwise from top: Polished knob, 1003, Nanz Custom. Brushed finish, DK 5041-264, \$105.60, Gracious Home, 800-338-7809. Stepped round knob, #1006, matte nickel, Nanz Custom. Eggshaped knob, #3415 Passage, \$145, Broadway Collection through Design Source. Pillow, cotton, \$130, Dialogica, 484 Broome St., NYC 10013. 212-966-1934. pages 42-43, Unless

noted, identified from left to right. Gothic: Custom antique; square cottage knob, \$275, Edward R. Butler Co.; Oval knob, #787, brass-plated, \$400, P. E. Guerin, Inc., 23 Jane St., NYC 10014. 212-243-5270. Renaissance: Lever, #H914, brass, 75.50, Vali & Vali; grotesque knob,#1461, brass, \$387.50, and lever, #831, brass, \$450, P. E. Guerin. Louis XIV: #1096, brass, \$400, P. E. Guerin. Louis XV: Knob, #861, brass, \$387.50, P. E. Guerin, Inc.; knob and rosette, \$50, Period Furniture Hardware Co., Inc., 123 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114. 617-227-0758. Louis XVI: Oval knob, #2082, brass, \$387.50, P. E. Guerin, Inc. Ribbon-and-reed knob with rosette, #6909-03, polished brass, \$64, Period Brass, 117 Foote Ave., Jamestown, NY 14701. 716-664-6081. Lever, #748, brass, \$475, P. E. Guerin. Adam: Brassfinished knob, #1002, \$375, P. E. Guerin, Inc. Oxidized-bronze knob, \$119, Edward R. Butler Co., Inc. Empire: Griffin knob, #790, brass, \$400; swan lever, #517, brass, \$375, both from P. E. Guerin, Inc. Hexagonal, brass, \$280, Edward R. Butler Co., Inc. Georgian, from top: Two-tone knob, #102/241, \$263.75, Phylrich, 1000 N. Orange Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90038. 213-467-3143; silver-plated knob, #978, \$325, P. E. Guerin, Inc.; antique gold, #1015, Nanz Custom. Colonial: clockwise from top, Black knob swirl, #1605-00-07, steel, \$36, Bouvet at Kraft, 306 E. 61st., NYC 10021. 212-838-2214; cast-iron knob, Acorn Manufacturers, 800-835-0121; Lever, #2002/07, \$24, Simon's; dark-brown knob, \$275, and olive-shaped knob, \$119, Edward R. Butler Co., Inc. Victorian: Cast knob, #7B/1, brass, \$37.76, Crown City Hardware Co. Brocade suite, brass, \$57.20, Cirecast, Inc., 380 7th St., San Francisco, CA 94103. 415-863-8319. Art Nouveau, from top: Knob, #2100, brass, \$400, P. E. Guerin, Inc.; lever, #966, brass, \$40. Arts and Crafts knob, \$204, Edward R. Butler Co., Inc. Bauhaus: Lever, by Walter Gropius, #2006, satin nickel, Nanz Custom; cylindrical knob, #1070, polished brass with lacquer. Art Deco, from top: Lever, brass, \$325, P. E. Guerin, Inc.; knob, brass, \$325. Contemporary, from top: Striped oval pull, \$240, Carl Martinez Hardware, 212-941-8142. By appointment only. Amber lever, Empriente by Thomas Bastide Designs, \$350, Baccarat, Inc. Coral pull, \$210, Carl Martinez. Phillipe Stark lever, aluminum, \$178, Edward R. Butler Co., Inc.

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plated dish, Mark Reddy, Norfolk, England, 44-15-02-67-75-88. Shot glasses, \$35/each, Lucullus, 610 Chartres St., New Orleans, LA 70130. 504-528-9620. Measuring cup, Dean & DeLuca, 800-221-7714.

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Fred Silberman, 83 Wooster St., New York, NY 10012. 212-925-9470. Amoeba dish, \$475, Troy, 138 Greene St., NYC 10012. 212-941-4777. pages 58-59 From left to right, top row, Domus Atlanta, 1919 Piedmont Rd., Atlanta, GA 30324. 800-432-2713. Cocktail shaker, martini mixer, and cocktail tray, stainless steel, \$98-\$162, Stelton U.S.A., PO Box 1645, NYC 10028. 212-734-4318. Ligne Roset, 212-685-1099. Martini glasses, \$32/each, Tiffany & Co., 800-526-0649. Cantoni, 4800 Alpha Rd., Dallas, TX 75244. 214-934-9191. Flask, \$650, Tiffany & Co. Teacup and saucer, sugar bowl, creamer and coffeepot, King's Garden, porcelain, \$90-\$495, Bernardaud, 800-884-7775. From left to right, bottom row, Antique bottle, \$1,750, James II Galleries, Ltd., 11 E. 57th St., NYC 10022. 212-593-0341. Nut dish, ice bucket and pitcher, \$885-\$1,350, Hermès, 800-441-4488. Carafe and highball glasses, \$215, and \$45/each, Moss, 146 Greene St., NYC 10012. 212-226-2190. Goblets, \$195-\$345, James II Galleries, Ltd. Repertoire, 318 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02216, 617-426-0060. Glass, \$210/5-piece set, Moss. BARWARE PAGES 60-61 Amalgamated Home, 212-255-4160. Barneys New York, 212-826-8900. Cartier, 800-

212-243-1629. Holland & Holland, 212-752-7755. Moss, 212-226-2190. Museum of Modern Art Design Store, 800-447-6662. Royal Copenhagen, 800-546-5253. Tiffany & Co., 800-526-0649. Wolfman-Gold & Good Company, 212-966-7055. Zona, 212-925-6750. LAMPSHADES PAGE 62 Industry, 276 Newbery St., Boston, MA 02118. 617-437-0319. Jubilee Inc., 800-366-8383. Galbraith & Paul, 307 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, PA 19106. 215-923-4632. Roseline Crowley, Inc., 1050 Whitney Ave., Hamden, CT 06517. 203-785-9376. Grange Furniture, 800-Grange-1, Frederic Williams, 200 Lexington Ave.,

Cartier. Christofle, 800-799-6886.

Crate & Barrel, 800-451-8217. Galileo,

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NYC 10016. 212-686-6390.

7766. Laue through Blumenthal, Inc., 800-367-8885.

ATLANTIC CROSSING PAGES 67-77 Interior design, Glenn Gissler Design, 174 5th Ave., Rm. 402, NYC 10010. 212-727-3220. Architect, Francis Fleetwood & Associates, 25 Newton Ln., East Hampton, NY 11937. 516-324-4994. Caroline's Comedy Club, 1626 Broadway, NYC 10019. 212-757-4100. Opening in NYC at same address in spring 1997, Caroline Hirsch's Comedy Nation restaurant. All upholstery done by Jonas Upholstery, 44 W. 18th St., NYC 10011. 212-691-2777. All curtains made by Maury Shor, Inc., 1056 Washington Ave., Bronx, NY 10456. 718-993-0200. Custom paints by Donald Kaufman Color, 410 W. 13th St., NYC 10014. 212-243-2766. page 67, Hanging lamp, Vincent Mulford, 711 Warren St., Hudson, NY 12534. 518-828-5489. pages 68-69, Table, Charles Pollock Reproductions Inc. through Randolph & Hein, 212-826-9898. Available through architects and designers. Newel Art Galleries, Inc., 425 E. 53rd St., NYC 10022. 212-758-1970; fabric, Charles Striae, rayon/cotton, Henry Calvin, 212-371-4333. Curtain fabric, Groundworks, polyester, Lee Jofa, 212-688-0444. Malayer rug, Abraham Moheban & Son Antique Carpets, 800-247-0001. Anglo-Indian console, Anglo Raj Antiques, 212-689-3437. Mercuryglass lamp, Florence Sack Ltd., 602 Warren St., Hudson, NY 12534. 518-822-0363. Mercury glass, J. Garvin Mecking, 212-677-4316. Available through architects and designers. pages 70-71, Chandelier, Alan Moss, 436 Lafayette St., NYC 10003. 212-473-1410. Table, Amy Perlin Antiques, 1020 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 212-744-4923. Cushion and pillow fabric, Loofah, linen, Rogers & Goffigon, 212-888-3242. Wall sconces, Glenn Gissler Design. Chairs, Newel Art Galleries Inc. Table and chandelier, Glenn Gissler Design. Painting, Reymer-Jourdan Antiques. Candelabra, John Rosselli Int., 212-772-2137. pages 72-73, Sideboard, Ann-Morris Antiques, 239 E. 60th St., NYC 10022. 212-755-3308. Sofa fabric, Bergamo, 718-392-5000. Sofa bouillon fringe, Houlès USA, 310-652-6171. Lamp table, mahogany, Ann-Morris Antiques. Table lamp, by Oscar Bach, Retro Modern Studio, 58 E. 11th St., 2nd Fl., NYC 10003. 212-674-0530. pages 74-75, Sofa and Melhado armchairs, designed by Glenn Gissler. Sofa fabric, Wool Frieze, Coraggio Textiles, 800-624-2420. Armchair fabric, Brody Stripe, rayon/nylon, Payne, 800-543-4322. Louis XIII armchair, Revmer-Jourdan Antiques. Low table, Rene Antiques, 516-324-3282. Iron table lamp, Retro Modern Studio. pages 76-77, Antique Serapi rug, Safavieh Carpets. Table lamp, Florence Sack Ltd. Table, Sarah Latham-Kearns, 212-505-9127. By appointment only. Chairs, Far Eastern Antiques, 212-460-5030. Available through architects and designers. Antique sink and towel bar, Urban Archaeology, 285 Lafayette St., NYC 10012. 212-431-6969. Bed, designed by Glenn Gissler Design, built by Joseph Biunno Ltd. Colonial West Indian tables, Michael Connors, 39 Great Jones St., NYC 10012, 212-473-0377. Chair with rush seat, Rose Tarlow through Holly Hunt New York, 212-755-6555; fabric, Coronado, Bergamo. Bedcover fabric, Flamenco (discontinued), Cowtan & Tout, 212-753-4488. Footstool, David Stutmann, 192 6th Ave., NYC 10013. 212-226-5717. Footstool fabric, Brookline Satin Stripe, cotton, Stroheim & Romann, 718-706-7000. Curtain fabric, Decorators Walk, 212-319-7100.

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Wicker wing chairs, ABC Carpet & Home, 888 Broadway, NYC 10003. 212-473-3000; fabric, Windsor, Clarence House, 212-752-2890. Banquette fabric, Loofah, linen, Rogers & Goffigon, 212-888-3242. Minwax, 800-526-0495. Antique Sultanabad rug, Safavieh Carpets, 238 E. 59th St., NYC 10022. 212-888-7847. Stephen McKay Lighting Design, 225 Lafayette St., 10012. 212-966-3858, Retro Modern Studio, 58 E. 11th St., 2nd Fl., NYC 10003. 212-674-0530. Weinstein Galleries, 793 Madison Ave., NYC 10021. 212-717-6333. Iron curtain hardware, Joseph Biunno Ltd., 129 W. 29th St., NYC 10001. 212-629-5630. Bergamo, 718-392-5000. Stove, Viking Range Corporation, 800-553-7704. Country Floors, 15 E. 16th St., NYC 10003. 212-627-8300. Counter, Alan Court & Associates, 5713 Main St., East Hampton, NY 11937. 516-324-7497. Harrington Brassworks, 7 Pearl Ct., Allendale, NJ 07401. 201-818-1300. Drawer Pulls, Crown City Hardware Co., 800-950-1047. Living-room fabrics, from top, Coraggio Textiles, 800-624-2420. Brookline Satin Stripe, cotton, Stroheim & Romann, 718-706-7000. Cassio, wool, Coraggio Textiles. Bergamo. Payne Fabrics, 800-543-4322. Bedroom fabrics, from top, Siam, cotton, Clarence House, 212-752-2890. Decorators Walk, 212-319-7100. Torino, cotton, Schumacher, 800-332-3384. Cowtan & Tout, 212-753-4488. Bergamo, 718-392-5000. Kitchen fabrics, from top, Lee Jofa, 212-688-0444. Arts & Crafts and Windsor, Clarence House. La Quinta, cotton, Schumacher. Belvedere, wool/cotton/viscose, Pollack & Associates. 212-627-7766.

& Associates. 212-627-7766.

PLEASURE DOME PAGES 80-87 Irvine
& Fleming, Inc., 150 East 58th St., 22nd
Fl., NYC 10155. (212) 888-6000. Sun
Moon & Stars, Verrieres, Peaweed,
Brunschwig & Fils, 212-838-7878.

Velvet, Clarence House, 212-752-2890.

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29401. 803-723-0210; 212-860-4509.
pages 90-91, Cabinets, IKEA U.S.,
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Coast 818-912-1119. Carpet, Woodard
& Greenstein American Antiques, 506
E 74th St., 4th Fl., NYC. 212-988-

2906; 212-794-9404. Tahiti Straw Cloth, viscose/cotton, Tressard through The Friendly Lyon, 212-319-3005. **Table**, reissue through Knoll, 800-445-5045. **Scholar's desk**, William-Wayne & Co., 850 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 800-318-3435. **pages 92-93, Bedspread**, Urban Outfitters, 215-569-3232 X700. **Bed curtains**, Waverly Home, 800-423-5881. **Leather**, Larsen, 233 Spring St., NYC 10013. 212-462-1300. **Round mats**, IKEA U.S., Inc.

ELEMENTAL LUXURY PAGES 94-97 Architect, Fifield Piaker & Associates, 72 Spring St., NYC 10012. 212-925-8806. Barstools, Jamaica, Knoll, 800-445-5045. Sofas, French Art Upholstery, 440 Lafayette St., NYC 10003. 212-358-0653. Sofa fabric, Erin, Anju/Woodridge, 212-889-7000. Large bottle vase, \$325, A+J 20th Century Designs, 255 Lafayette St., NYC 10012. 212-226-6290. Small bottle, \$225, Troy, 138 Greene St., NYC 10013. 212-941-4777. Chair, Palazzetti, 152 Wooster St., NYC 10012. 212-260-8815. Bed linens, Calvin Klein Home, 800-294-7978. Wood bowl, \$1,265, Troy. Lamps, Berenice, \$290/each, Luceplan, 800-268-7790. Bathtub, by Porcher, porcelain/cast iron, and fittings at Hardware Bath & Spa, 461 Rt. 46 West, Fairfield, NJ 07004. 201-575-0500. Black vase and white vase, \$350/\$385, A+J 20th Century Designs. Blue glass, \$95; hand towel, \$22, Ad Hoc Softwares, 410 W. Broadway, NYC 10012. 212-925-2652. Vintage George Nelson lamps, \$550-\$880, Troy. Vintage fan, 280 Modern, 280 Lafayette St., NYC 10012. 212-941-5825.

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Landscaping, PO Box 1328, Cedarhill, TX 75106. 214-653-1160. page 104, Armchair by pool, Therien & Co., Inc., 716 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, CA 90069. 310-657-4615. pages 110-111, Armchairs, standing candelabra, desk, The Lion and Eagle, 3511 Broadway, San Antonio, TX 78209. 210-826-3483. Chenille, Richmodis, David Sutherland, Inc.,214-742-6501. Armchair fabric, Shimmer Stripe, silk, J. Robert Scott, 310-659-4910. Flower vase, \$50, Takashimaya, 693 5th Ave., NYC 10022. 800-753-2038. Desk chair fabric, Manuel Canovas, Polidoro, from David Sutherland, Inc. Pale agra vase, #OC320, \$125, The Lively Set, 33 Bedford St., NYC 10014. 212-807-8417. THE BOOK OF SAMUEL PAGE 112-117 page 115, fabric on walls and draperies in morning room,

Granade, Tessinari Chantal, Paris, France. 33-1-42-61-74-08. THE SHAPE OF MOTION PAGES 118-125 Isabelle Greene & Associates, 2613 De La Vina St., Santa Barbara, CA 93105.

805-569-4045.

& ANOTHER THING PAGE 130 Cup and saucer, dessert plate and dinner plate, Alice, porcelain,\$38-45; vodka glass, Vega, crystal, \$280/set of 4, Baccarat, Inc., 800-363-4700. PHOTO CREDITS page 16, Chocolate in Bed: Motion Picture & Television Archive. page 78, Shaker: Michael Freeman/Courtesy Stewart, Tabori, & Chang, Inc. Shingleside: Swampscott, MA: Arthur Little 1880-81/Courtesy Yale University Press. Hall: The Craftsman, April 1902/Courtesy Turn of the Century Editions. Sitting room: Peter Aprahamian/Courtesy Phaidon Press Ltd. Chair Woodcuts: Courtesy Rizzoli International Press. page 124, Portrait of Isabelle Greene: Leslie Holtzman.

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-PRODUCED BY JOYCE BAUTISTA

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Condé Nast HOUSE & GARDEN (ISSN-1087-9528) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Steven T. Florio, President & CEO; Robert Sapolsky, Secretary; Eric C. Anderson, Executive Vice President-Treasurer. Periodical postage paid at New York, New York 10001 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. 0978027. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Subscription: In the U.S. and possessions, \$18 for one year, \$34 for two years. In Canada, \$32 for one year including GST. Elsewhere, \$37 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. \$2.95; Canada \$3.50. For subscription, address changes, and adjustments, write to Condé Nast HOUSE & GARDEN, P.O. Box 56145. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address, as printed on last label. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to Conde Nast HOUSE & GARDEN, P.O. Box 56145, Boulder, Colorado 80322-6145, or call 1-800-234-1520. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Volume 166 Number 1 PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES

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