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COVER

Anne McNally, wife of New York restaurateur Brion McNally, at home in Greenwich Village with daughter Jessica. Page 118. Anne in cream by Azzedine Alaïa; hair, makeup by Alexis Caydon. Photograph by Oberto Gili.

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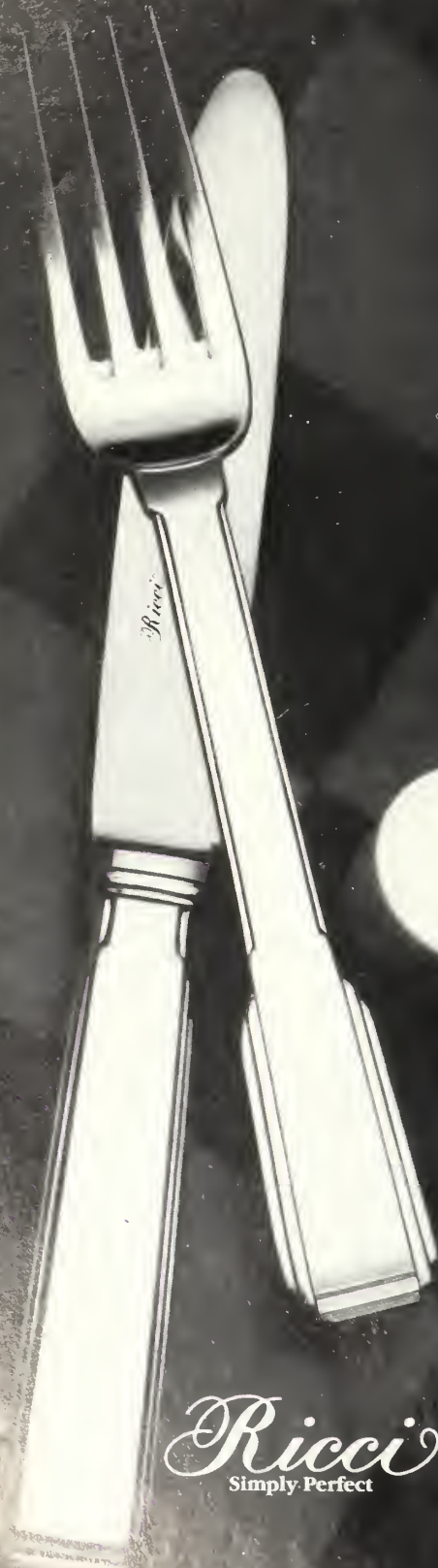
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N O T E S



ANDRE LEON TALLEY

KELLY KLEIN

Contributing editor Kelly Klein got to do something for this month's HG which many people would love to do—look into some famous closets, namely those of well-known fashion editors. (She chose the subjects and went on the photo sessions.)

Fashion is a field Klein is more than familiar with, as she was a designer for ten years—the last five with Calvin Klein, whom she married in 1986. "HG is a perfect extension of fashion," she says. "only it's about collections of furnishings and fabrics."

Her own closet is filled with riding gear; she's a serious horsewoman who often participates in equestrian competitions. And yes, there is one more closet she'd love to look into: Queen Elizabeth's.

JACQUES DEHORNOIS

"Let's send Jacques" is a phrase often heard at HG. Jacques Dehornois, one of HG's most active contributing editors, always brings back a unique look at owners and their houses. "Houses should be a reflection of a personality," he says. "not a bank account."

After almost twenty years working in Europe for magazines such as *British Vogue*, *Queen*, and *Marie Claire*, he came to New York in 1980. He has supervised many photographic sessions for HG, collaborating on this month's feature *A Touch of Gilt*. Dehornois's involvement with houses may explain one of his dreams: "to be in a monk's cell after all the monks have left."



OBERTO GLI



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

HEATHER SMITH MacISAAC

"I studied architecture but prefer to publish rather than practice it. The pace of magazines is much faster, and I am exposed to all schools of thought and an ever-changing cast of characters—architects, clients, artists, photographers," says HG architecture editor Heather Smith MacIsaac, who contributed to this month's feature on young New York architects. "The only problem with knowing so many architects is, when it comes to building my own house, how will I choose?"

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N O T E S



OBERTO GILI

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Contributor Christopher Hitchens will "join any club that will have me" but was refused membership at Groucho's in London. This month he writes about Eric Goode, owner of the New York club M.K. Hitchens is a columnist for *The Nation*, Washington editor for *Harper's Magazine*, and book critic for *Newsday*. His collection of essays *Prepared for the Worst* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is out this fall.



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

PATRICIA THORPE

"The term *flower child* comes up a lot even two decades after the sixties. It's not far wrong. I've had crazy jobs, none nine to five—the only constant is flowers," admits contributor Patricia Thorpe. A gardener and a writer, Thorpe is the author of *Everlastings: The Complete Book of Dried Flowers* and *The American Weekend Garden*. She is now seeking out small backyards to fill her work in progress: *The American Cottage Garden*.

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The Chair by the Window

I don't know how many sweaters my mother's knitted while sitting in her high wingback chair, but surely enough to keep an army warm. They were all knitted for me or my father and, then, my two girls. Solitary as knitting is, Mother always prefers having someone around, which was

usually me. We'd talk for hours, Mother knitting while I held the yarn, the two of us solving the world's problems and some of our own as the sun made its way across the window. Whenever I see that chair, I think of her and how lucky I am to be kept warm by her sweaters, and her love.

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COURTESY SPERONE WESTWATER GALLERY

Out of style?
Sandro Chia's
Grape Drape
Nape, 1987.

All the Rage

Has art become subject to the whims of fashion? An exhibition questions the restless eye of the "collectoriate"

What will be the next thing in art? "There are to be no next things," answers Arthur Danto in his recent book *The State of the Art*. "The time for next things is past."

By now, post-post-post-everything, this comes as a shock. We have grown

so used to the succession of one new movement in art after the other that to say there will be no next thing threatens to upset the appercart of the bustling art bazaar. But lately the turnover of new movements has proceeded at such a giddy rate that the whole system seems

ready to drop dead with exhaustion.

Does this mean that there is no good new work being produced? Of course not. Many followers of the art world are beginning to look with favor on art that doesn't fit into this tyrannical pattern of successive movements. Perhaps it is now time to appreciate the self-reliant artists, the mavericks, who work alone and develop their art diligently over time, and leave the rich, youthful art stars to revel at the Canal Bar.

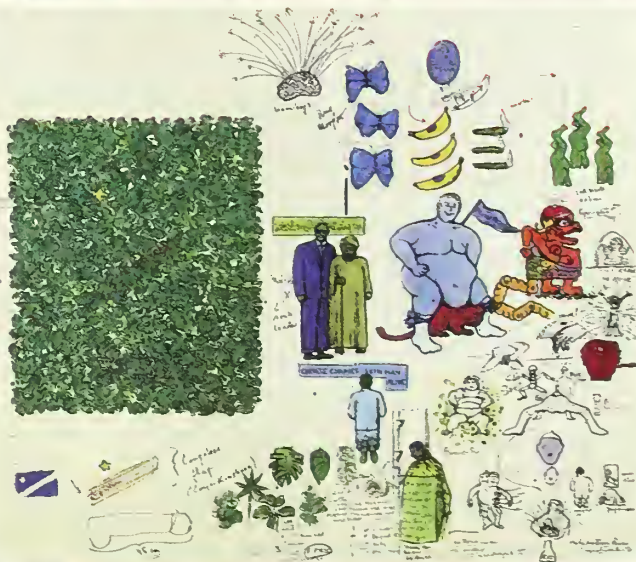
A group show called "Different Drummers" at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., until August 14 is part of this new attitude. Organized by Frank

Gettings, a Hirshhorn curator since 1974, the exhibition presents the work of nine artists who have resolutely remained outside the main currents of post-war American art, creating their own singular and idiosyncratic styles. On view are Robert Helm, Peter Saul, Jess, Luis Jimenez, Clyde Connell, Bruce Conner, Alfred Jensen, Oyvind Fahlström, and Wallace Berman, artists who are as different from each other as they are from the mainstream. The impetus for his show was something of a protest for Gettings. He believes "there are a lot of people in the art business today who are in it just to make a lot of money. Parents tell their children 'Be an artist' the way they used to say 'Be a doctor.'"

For the first time in history there is a mass audience for fine art. More people than ever are collecting. Most of them see with their ears and buy what is fashionable. A view of art based in art history which demands a next thing is, in marketing terms, as effective as the sell-by date on the bottom of a box of doughnuts. It creates turnover but lately has encouraged triviality.

It is a system laden with peril for artists, who can be swept up as the next thing or fall from grace because their sell-by date has expired, regardless of how well their work is going on their own terms.

The latest absurd example of an artist favored and then abandoned by this system is Sandro Chia. In the early eighties



he was announced as the harbinger of a new age of light to follow the darkness of the various forms of conceptualism—a painter who painted recognizable images and wrestled with European tradition. He was all over the place. Then, the gossip went, the Saatchis decided they didn't like his work anymore and sold the many Chias in their enormous collection. Chia's reputation among the "collectoriate" (as art critic Robert Hughes calls it) plummeted. Of course, all of this says more about the power of the Saatchis as bellwethers of art fashion and about the need for a next thing than about Chia's caliber as an artist.

"I'm very tired of that stereotypical view of Sandro Chia," says his dealer Angela Westwater, of the Sperone Westwater gallery in SoHo. "Sandro's career is very productive at this moment, and his work is in demand. A retrospective of his painting was at the Spoleto Festival in Italy this summer, and he's presenting new work at the central pavilion at the Venice Biennale." Try telling that to the collectoriate. Neo-Expressionism was last year's model.

This scramble for the next thing is what the dealer Wendy Olsoff of P.P.O.W. gallery in New York's East Village calls the Postmodern syndrome. If there can be no next thing, then the conduit for new ideas is closed. But the market demands new ideas. Therefore the "appropriation" art of

Highlights of the Hirshhorn's "Different Drummers" show. From top: Alfred Jensen's *My Oneness, A Universe of Colours*, 1957; Oyvind Fahlström's *Study for Green Power*, 1970; Robert Helm's *Splitting Moon*, 1987; Peter Saul's *Self*, 1987.

art

Mike Bidlo and Sherrie Levine, in which the work of past masters is copied and set forth mediated only by the addition of a new signature, becomes a logical step to take. It's a clever but trifling way of proclaiming this death of originality, mildly scandalous and perfectly collectible. This is the legacy of Warhol, for whom art was business and business was art. "Warholism," critic Donald Kuspit says, "makes clear that we are more likely to buy in an atmosphere of contagion than one of reflection."

Robert Hughes has grown weary of this march of novelty. "I'm interested in the individual talent more and more as I get older," he says, citing the English painter Frank Auerbach about whom he is writing a book. "Auerbach lived in silence, exile, and cunning for years. Art matures slowly. No artist has benefited from poverty, but there's something to be said for steady, unpressured maturation."

Wendy Olsoff lists Leon Golub and Richard Artschwager as other artists who have matured out of the spotlight and are now genuine heavyweights on the contemporary scene. "For a long time Artschwager was not doing well compared with his peers, but now people see his importance. Golub is seen as a father figure to the many young artists doing political art," she says.

There's also something to be said for Robert Helm, who at 45 has only recently begun showing his work on the East Coast, and who is part of the Hirshhorn show. A former art professor in Pullman, Washington, Helm has been slowly making his craftsmanlike, thoughtful pieces for years without any idea of showing them until his friend, artist Ed Kienholz, suggested it. "I had twenty pieces hanging on the wall in my house at one time," Helm recalls. "Kienholz said, 'Why don't you show them to a dealer?' I thought he was just being nice." Two pieces were snapped up for last year's Whitney Biennial—not a bad start.

"Art should grow out of your own autobiography," Helm says. "It has to be good of its kind, and I think that takes a lot of time with yourself. To be really prolific isn't what I'm interested in. There's not a good relationship between heavy business involvement and a spiritual quality in art. Art should be as big and fine a thing as you can make it." **Edward Fox**

Dynamic Duos

Photographers team up for innovative results

Anyone who thinks of photography as a moment of drama or beauty magically caught by the camera is likely to be bemused—if not appalled—by the new exhibition at the International Center of Photography in New York. "Two to Tango: Collaboration in Recent American Photography," on view through September 11, not only explodes the myth of the lonely photographer stalking the elusive perfect moment, it even shakes up the very idea of what a photograph is. In this show the image is torn up and taped back together, as in the work of the Starn Twins, manipulated by computer by Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom (known as MANUAL), or is gently mocked, as in the "corporate" portraits of Clegg and Guttman. These and nine other collaborations form a provocative challenge to convention. **Michael Boodro**



Double image and collaborative collage meet in the Starn Twins' *Double Portrait*, 1987.

Art Listings

It seems just about everyone is getting into glasnost this summer. Through September 18 the National Gallery in London will host **French Paintings from the USSR: Watteau to Matisse**. Drawn from the extensive collections of the Hermitage and Pushkin museums are works by such masters as Boucher, Fragonard, Renoir, Picasso, and Gauguin. Meanwhile, at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., **Russian and Soviet Paintings, 1900-1930** celebrates the Russian avant-garde, including Expressionism, Constructivism, Suprematism, and Cubo-Futurism, with ninety examples by artists such as Kandinsky, Malevich, and Chagall. It's on view through

September 25. Both are musts for summer travelers who haven't yet made it past the Iron Curtain.

Attenuated and even grotesque forms abound in **Mannerist Prints: International Style in the Sixteenth Century**, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art July 28-October 9. This selection of 148 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts from the museum's collection of over six hundred Mannerist prints features the work of Parmigianino, Giorgio Ghisi, and Hendrik Goltzius. Among the forty objects in **Art Nouveau in France** are a mirror decorated with a relief by Rodin, a Carlo Bugatti tea set, Lalique jewelry, and Toulouse-Lautrec posters. This delightful look at turn-of-the-century French design is at the Cleveland Museum of Art through November 20. **A. Glenn Harrell**

design

Pascal's Pensées

An innovative Parisian brings fresh meaning to the term "fine French furniture"

Unle Pierre was a famous illustrator in the twenties and thirties, best known in this country for his *Vogue* covers. Brother Olivier achieved considerable repute during the late sixties and early seventies as the author of what were then considered daring furniture pieces. Now it seems that yet another member of the Mourgue family is easing his way into the spotlight.

Although Pascal Mourgue has been successfully producing furniture since the seventies, his work has been consistently regarded as more than respectable but less than remarkable. Recently, however, the younger Mourgue seems to have found his muse.

Last January at the Salon du Meuble in Paris, Mourgue unveiled a remarkably diverse—and remarkably large—collection of furniture and lighting designs for no fewer than seven manufacturers. Mourgue's pieces range from the *très japonais* Paris Yeu wooden storage unit series for Scarabat to the delicate aluminum-and-plastic Belle de Nuit lighting collection for K. L. Luminaires.

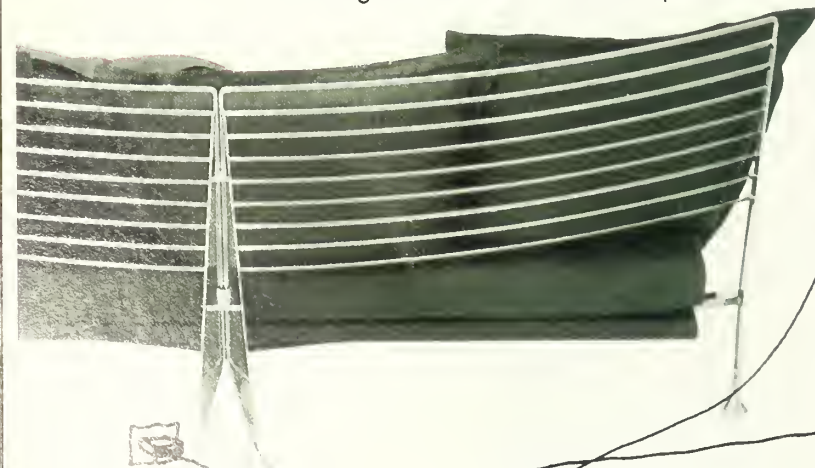
Not one to rest on his newly acquired laurels, Mourgue will introduce still another new collection on October 6 at Furniture of the Twentieth Century in New York. Responding to an invitation from company owner Michael Steinberg, the busy Parisian has designed a series of molded-glass tables punched full of holes so that whimsical little banners, hands, and gilt men can be fitted in. There's a tinge of the surreal about Mourgue's domestic landscapes. They, like he, are guaranteed conversation pieces.

Charles Gandee



PASCAL CHEVALLIER

Pascal Mourgue, above, outside his studio with elements of his new table series. Below: His Ikmissou sofa. Right: His drawing for the adjustable aluminum-and-glass Mémoire du Soir lamp.





LOU SALVATORI

Umemoto and Reiser with their playful garden contraption.

Chaise longues don't usually resemble jungle gyms. Try telling that to New York-based architect Jesse Reiser and his partner Nanako Umemoto who have created an aluminum and steel object that appears to be a little of each. Their *Métier à Aubes*, recently exhibited at two SoHo galleries, is part of a large landscape proj-

ect on Sands Point, Long Island. Reiser describes the piece as "one element, a folly I suppose, that you encounter along a labyrinth that takes you through the garden." While Umemoto struggles with a heavy operating handle—the work's token "found object" from a workshop in Brooklyn—at the foot of the assemblage, Reiser tells animatedly of calculating the exact curve of the upper frame necessary for the chaise to rotate fully from an up-

Swing Time

Two young architects create a high-tech garden folly that adjusts to wind and whim

right to a reclining position—"just like a marionette."

The relationships between the other parts aren't so clearly defined; the connection between the mini-paddle wheel and the back side of cascading vents is "a spiritual one," says Reiser. The paddle's five plates are punctured in a pattern of tiny holes so that it spins wormlike shadows. The vertically-layered vents can be opened or shut manually.

The piece, Reiser explains, is the "only fabricated element in an artificially created natural environment."

A. Glenn Harrell

Chair of the Month

Jimmy Breslin proves he can shoot straight as he goes gunning for a modern design

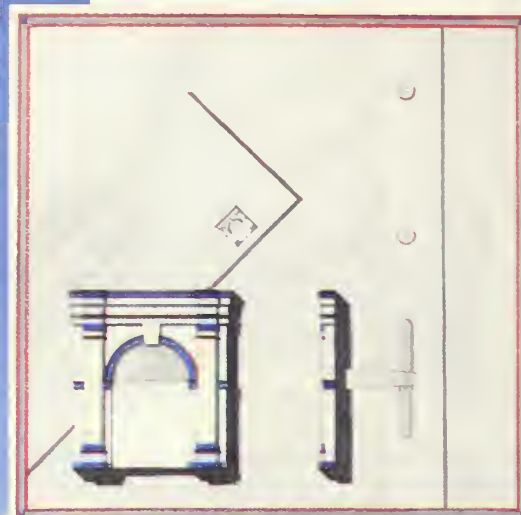
This is the third most revolting chair I have seen in my life. The first was Old Thunderbolt, which was the first electric chair used at the prison in Huntsville, Texas. It was sold at auction to two antiques dealers from Denver. The feature was the blond sear mark halfway down the back of the chair, made when a dwarf's hair caught fire during his execution. The second ugliest chair was the one atop Murder Inc. gangster Happy Maione's casket in East New York. He was electrocuted in Sing Sing prison, and the guys had a florist make a big electric chair out of brown flowers. This chair, made at a time when we have almost two thousand murders a year in New York, is clearly in the same league.



MARK SELIGER

Jimmy Breslin leans on Paul Ludick's *Arms Chair* of wood, fabric, and toy guns (caps included), \$4,200. Available at Art et Industrie, NYC.

architecture



Windy City architect Stanley Tigerman, left, designed the installation for "Chicago Architecture, 1872-1922" and cuff links to match, above.

STANLEY TIGERMAN ASSISTED BY MELANEY THOMPSON, RENE STRATTON

GWENDOLEN CATES

Chicago Homecoming

After a tour through Europe, an exhibition on Chicago architecture returns home to the shores of Lake Michigan

Would that the curators at the Art Institute of Chicago would spend eight years assembling a monumental exhibition on the architecture of the Windy City, "Chicago Architecture, 1872-1922: Birth of a Metropolis," and then pack the whole thing off for consecutive stints at the Musée d'Orsay in Paris and the Deutsches Architekturmuseum in Frankfurt. "It's better to open out of town," explains Stanley Tigerman, the

architect responsible for designing the installation in Chicago. "That way you arrive home in a blaze of glory." No other reason? "Well, Chicago architecture of the period does have its antecedents in France and Germany."

Tigerman has planned a memorable homecoming for the show. July 16-September 5, at the Art Institute. His installation takes visitors on a chronological walk through the city beginning the day after

the Great Fire of 1871 and ending with the Chicago Tribune tower competition of 1922. Tigerman also elected to pay homage to the city's architectural forefathers in freestanding structures he designed in the manner of Louis Sullivan, Daniel Burnham, and Frank Lloyd Wright. He then repeated the architectural motifs in a line of commemorative jewelry which, he explains, is "very commercial, very Chicago." **Charles Gandee**

Back to the Salt Works

Ledoux's ideal city at Chaux will come alive with a provocative museum

no architect of the past has had a stronger effect on high-style building design in the 1980s than the French visionary Claude Nicolas Ledoux (1736–1806). Michael Graves, Arata Isozaki, and Philip Johnson are all indebted to Ledoux for his massive but simplified Classicism, inventive but clear geometry, and dignified but daring sense of architectural play. "His designs have a spirit and energy that allow us to see them as models of architecture and not just specific buildings," explains Graves. "He's also interesting to me because he excludes decoration that is no longer meaningful

or appropriate to his society or ours."

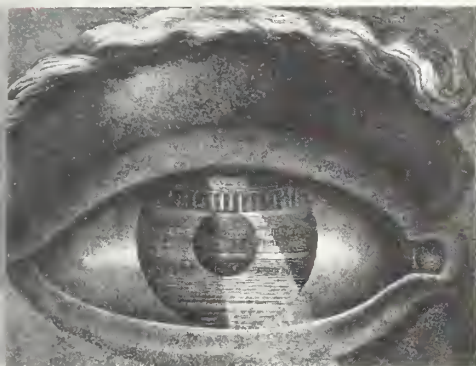
For Graves's Clos Pegase winery in the Napa Valley, he devised a series of templelike farm buildings close in form and proportion to Ledoux's masterpiece, the Royal Salt Works of Chaux. Begun in 1773, that ideal city is one of the marvels of Enlightenment town planning. Now the last of Chaux's unrestored buildings is being converted into a Ledoux museum and study center, scheduled to open next year. Architect and historian Anthony Vidler of Princeton University is responsible for renovating the old barrel maker's building and the creation of new exhibits within it. Three-dimensional mock-ups of Ledoux's many unbuilt schemes will merge with the sublime structural surrounding. Vidler foresees a "dynamic museum with analytical displays in which the architecture and models are fully integrated. You won't find Ledoux's compass in a glass case. It will be a place for everyone—serious scholars, tour groups, and casual visitors—a didactic but enjoyable show that won't self-destruct."

If anything, Ledoux's influence is likely to increase during the bicentennial of the French Revolution in 1989. Ironically, though Ledoux epitomizes the architectural overthrow of the ancien régime, he was tossed into jail during the Terror for his prior royal patronage, and his career came to a virtual end. Ledoux is



SERGE HAMBURG (2)

just as closely associated with the Postmodernists' rebellion against Modernism. When Arata Isozaki reused Ledoux's squared-off rusticated columns from Chaux (above and below right) for his Tsukuba Civic Center in Japan or when Philip Johnson and John Burgee went whole hog by replicating the unbuilt House of Education at Chaux as their University of Houston College of Architecture, the message was clear. At a time when building for the ages can seem laughably pompous, Ledoux's work is a talisman against time, looking back as well as ahead while remaining in the perpetual present. **Martin Filler**



Ledoux's symbolic view, above, of his theater at Besançon. Below: At Chaux, a salt factory and the director's house. Top right: The future Ledoux museum.



Capitol Gains

For its 200th birthday, Australia gives itself a new seat of government

Rarest of all building types is a national capitol, so it is no exaggeration to call Australia's new Parliament House the architectural opportunity of a lifetime. Dedicated in May by Queen Elizabeth II as part of the country's bicentennial celebrations, the \$950 million structure crowning Canberra's Capital Hill was designed by the American architects Mitchell/Giurgola with their Australian partner Richard Thorp. Although the choice of non-Australians for such a prestigious symbol of nationhood might seem surprising, it in fact follows a tradition begun when the American architect Walter Burley Griffin laid out the city itself in 1911.

The scale of Parliament House is massive, but its spirit is restrained, balancing modern elements (such as a gigantic four-legged flag mast) and simplified Classical forms (such as colonnades). Materials are similarly mixed: marble and concrete, gilt and steel. But the scheme lacks the emotional force of Le Corbusier's capitol at Chandigarh in India or Louis Kahn's at Dacca in Bangladesh, which better demonstrates how governmental power can be expressed in modern terms. **M.F.**

At the new Parliament House in Canberra, the curving Great Verandah, below. Right: Cast-stone panels mixed with marble. Far right: High-tech roof covers Verandah.



JOHN GOLLINGS (3)



SHAHID BARNES

Pioneer Career

Although American women have made tremendous progress in the professions, only in this generation are they becoming architects in significant numbers. Mother of them all is Julia Morgan (1872–1957). First of her sex to take an architecture degree from the École des Beaux-Arts, this doughty San Franciscan achieved much besides the most famous of her seven hundred built works—San Simeon, the Hearst castle near San Luis Obispo, California (its mosaic indoor pool, left). The first full-scale study, *Julia Morgan, Architect* (Abbeville, \$55) by Sara Holmes Boutelle, relates the struggles Morgan faced in establishing her credibility as well as her role in forging the distinctive Bay Area style. **M.F.**

Photography: Arthur Elgort Art Direction: Marc Balet



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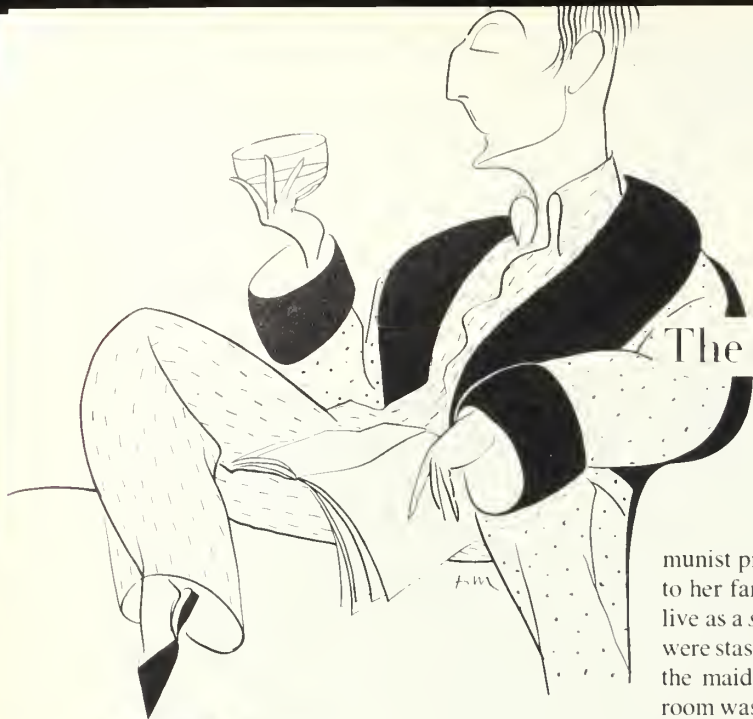
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The Best Mess

The rich aren't just sloppy. They make disarray an art, says Paul Rudnick



The rich are different from you and me—they're slobs. One of the many pleasures of wealth is the license to live without dusting and not be blamed.

The English Country Look consists of a coherent jumble of fine antiques, a comely explosion of chintz upon chintz. There is indeed a U.S. equivalent in the homes of the well-to-do—American squalor, clutter deluxe, the very best mess.

Wealthy American men, when single, live in dorm room-inspired hovels. I knew a multimillionaire, a fabled screenwriter, who lived in eight rooms in a grand building beside the Hayden Planetarium. This completely charming gent, age 46, had owned his place for over six years, yet it was still furnished entirely with

rickety beach furniture from Conraan's, squash racket covers, plastic garbage pails in every room, and a few lumpish upholstered pieces from his parents' home. Bachelor squalor is an international tradition; marriage is considered not as a matter of companionship but as a method of buying rugs.

American women, it has been my experience, live amid by far the most creative debris. I met a young woman in college and was invited to the family duplex, a penthouse with a view over Central Park from a terrace running the length of the building. My hostess was feuding with her parents. In anger she had moved into one of the abandoned maids' rooms. This was some sort of Com-

munist protest. Miranda would not be party to her family's bourgeois antics; she would live as a *servant*. The four tiny maids' rooms were stashed behind a five-foot-high door, so the maids had to stoop to enter. Miranda's room was about four by six feet; it was decorated as if a fire had swept through and the room had been hosed down. All of Miranda's bedding, books, and clothing were jammed into a single corner, in desperate retreat from the penthouse's chandeliers and armoires.

Miranda soon moved to Hoboken, where she now lives in what can only be called a maze. Her place is a railroad flat and each room is mounded with neatly arranged rubble. Miranda imagines that she isn't messy because everything teeters in piles. Piles of *The New York Times Magazine*, dating from 1975; piles of mountain-climbing rope, found on the street; piles of yearbooks from high schools Miranda did not attend. Miranda is a pack rat, a Collier brother. Visiting

her is a treat, not unlike a tour through Pompeii.

Sally, like Miranda, pursues clutter as a partial protest against a polite upbringing. Sally, who occupies an entire brownstone, nests in a blizzard of

paper. She is a wildly successful editor, but things get away from her. One sifts through her rooms, through wedding invitations layered on fourth-draft manuscript pages heaped upon souvenir programs from ABT galas. Sally's place resembles the post office after an earthquake; diving in, one can pluck out phone-disconnection notices, uncashed checks, summonses for jury duty, all of the obligations Sally has wisely chosen not to cope with.

Sally also has a highly personal technique for wardrobe management. She buys only the best—Calvin Klein silks, cashmere from Bonwit's, Charles Jourdan pumps. But she does not approve of these clothes because her

mother would like them, because they inhibit it. Before wearing any luxury item, therefore, she rolls up the blouse or cardigan or camisole and stows it under the bed for a month or so, to gather lint and expressively creases. Finally the garment is fit to wear. Sally's fashions have both quality and character, and her outfits enchant.

Sally and Miranda are both paper-messy; their abodes are ramshackle but dry. Grace, however, owns a true greenhouse, a place where everything, from first editions to blenders, has something unidentifiable growing on it. Grace is stunningly beautiful and a sublime poet, but perhaps her greatest gift, her genius, is for disarray.

Grace had been ensconced in the Village, and Aunt Margaret had fretted; she wanted her niece in a doorman building. Aunt Margaret forthwith bought Grace a co-op on Sutton Place. This act defines love as we know it. I have known Grace for years and she has never ceased to astonish; she once packed away books for the summer in a grad school storeroom. She somehow managed to seal the cartons with honey.

Grace once decided to line an apartment with fabric; together she and I attached yards of gauze to her walls with double-sided tape. That night the tape gave and the gauze fell in heaps, heaps which remained untouched for two years, until Grace moved. Grace is too bright and too active for dry cleaning; every few years she simply throws out all her clothes and spends a restless day shopping.

Workmen were once renovating her current address; with Grace, it is always a hard call as to what is a drop cloth and what is a permanent addition. The workmen, painting the bedroom, hoisted her bed. The linens rolled back and a head of cabbage peeked out. A vintage head of cabbage. Idling at Grace's quarters, I once toasted myself an English muffin; I finally located a stick of margarine in a high-heeled shoe. To this day that margarine transfixes me. Did it fall and was then forgotten? Did she store the margarine

Anyone can be messy, but it requires a diva to file used TV dinner trays with the collected Dickens



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HOMELIFE

rine in her footwear, as a filing system? I did not ask: I prefer mystery. Grace's house-keeping habits strike me as poetry, as true performance art. Anyone can be messy, but it requires a diva, a true original, to file used TV dinner trays with the collected Dickens.

I don't trust neat people—what are they hiding beneath those gleaming plank floors, behind those color-indexed, symmetrically stacked sweaters?

Neat people are so highly strung that I worry about them. A neatnik had recurrent nightmares over the placement of her loft's sole piece of furniture, that one perfect priceless Biedermeier armchair. "It has to be happy," she whimpered. A dear friend returned home to his spotless apartment, a Hall of Mirrors that has never known a fingerprint or streak. A single sheet of blank typing paper had somehow drifted onto a sparkling glass table-

*My house will be tidy at
some point—after I'm
married, after I come back
from Rome, after I'm dead*

top. "I can't live like this!" the obsessive howled, aghast at the filth.

I prefer the casual, the folks with better things to do, the citizens who buy a vacuum and then bury it. I like tenants who operate on the mañana principle, on canny postponement: "My house will be tidy at some point in the future—after I'm married, after I come back from Rome, after I remember to get that nice woman's name from my friend Beth, after I'm dead."

I do not fault Miranda or Sally or Grace; they are my role models. And perhaps my inferiors because I, although not wealthy, am no slouch at disorder (and isn't that a kind word for it?). Several years back my apartment was burglarized by an extremely inept felon. He was arrested on the premises by a good-natured policeman. I was not home at the time. While the officer was handcuffing the burglar the phone rang, and the officer picked up the receiver. My mother was calling. The officer explained what had occurred. He told my mother, an extremely clean person, that the burglar had turned my apartment upside down, that the place had been ransacked, that "it looks like a tornado came through here." My mother was duly upset and contacted me with the sad news. I returned home later that night; the apartment was just as I'd left it. ♣

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Portable Television

Today's megabook is tomorrow's miniseries. Lewis Grossberger tunes in five sagas sure to turn up on the tube

In Dominick Dunne's new novel two writers have this exchange:

"I liked your new book, Nestor," said Gus. "It'll make a terrific movie."

"They don't make movies of books anymore, Gus. They make miniseries of books."

Dunne ought to know: **People Like Us** (Crown, \$19.95) has been sold to NBC to be turned into a miniseries.

There was a time when the purpose of a book was to be read. But now what every young book hopes to become when it grows up is a property—a valuable commodity that excites great interest in the entertainment business and then profitably reincarnates itself. If it doesn't become at least a TV movie, it feels unfulfilled.

Some of us still read, of course, but I have this problem with books destined for the TV factory: I can't keep my mind on the story. I keep worrying about things like casting. Which roles here are right for Stacy Keach and Jane Seymour? Or might there even be one for the king of the miniseries himself, Richard Chamberlain?

And then there's the ultimate question—why even bother slogging through five hundred inanimate pages when I can wait awhile and see the thing leap to life in my living room with the Alps in the background and naked actors in the foreground?

This then is the dilemma we face in the era of the telebook. To read? To watch? To (for masochists only) double dip? Or (usually the best choice) to snub altogether? Five new telebooks are at hand, demanding answers.

Two of them, Dunne's *People Like Us* and Edward Stewart's **Privileged Lives** (Delacorte, \$18.95), take us into one of television's favorite worlds, that of very rich people with very sloppy morals.

Both have received plenty of publicity and both contain characters modeled after real people. Claus

von Bülow, for instance, should find these works interesting. (It looks as if he is going to have quite a literary career, though not as a writer.) Dunne has also based a character on himself: a society writer whose daughter was murdered and who is understandably bitter about the killer's light sentence.

The promise of haut monde best-sellers is to whisk us into blue-blood country and show us all the dirty secrets. The trouble is that after a decade of having the Rich & Greedy served up to us in newspapers, magazines, movies, *Dynasty* and *Dallas*, we already know the secrets. Fancy restaurants save the front room for the Right People? No kidding. Leveraged buyouts, Cartier watches, insider trading, Turnbull & Asser shirts, eighteenth-century French desks with ormolu-encrusted surfaces—we've heard about all that. Even the inside gossip grows repetitious. Both authors here have characters spreading the rumor that the Duchess of Windsor was really a man. (How come her TV movie never mentioned that?)

People Like Us is basically a comedy of manners with a bit of violence tossed in for

flavor. Dunne gets comic mileage out of the snobbery of society types, their obsession with gossip about each other, their distaste for the nouveau riche. He has fun with Elias Renthal, a crude deal-making billionaire who wears loud suits, combs his hair in public, and appalls the upper crusties by actually eating his food, while his social-climbing wife toils desperately to reform him. Much of this stuff seems obvious and has the misfor-

ture of following Tom Wolfe's *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, which dissected New York social pretensions with lethal wit.

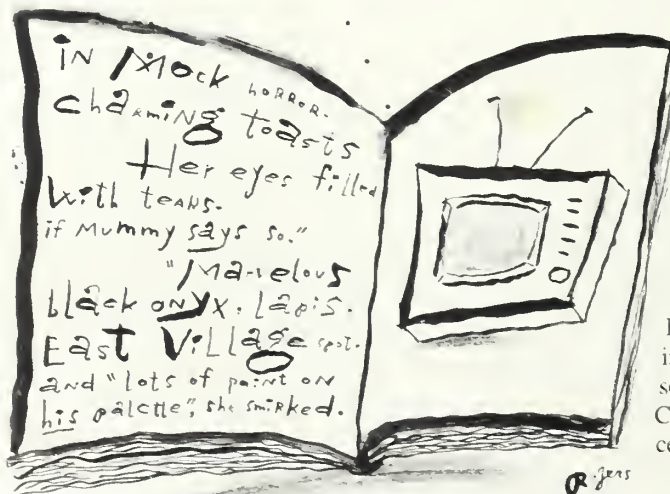
Also set in high society, *Privileged Lives* is a suspense thriller

and the style is Modern Understated Stark Dramatic. Heiress and socialite Babe Devens wakes up from a suspicious seven-year coma, which everyone believes was induced by her husband. (Babe will make a wonderful part for Jaclyn Smith, who has a head start when it comes to playing a coma victim.) A police detective investigating the kinky murder of a man in a leather bondage mask—reminiscent of a real case that shook up the New York art world—gets mixed up in her case and everything inexorably flows togeth-

er. The jaded rich take drugs, attend a nasty sex club, and are generally decadent and detestable. (The author comes from an old-money background and takes a dim view of his class.) *Privileged Lives* promises more sex and violence than it delivers. It goes on for a very long time.

Now things become a little confusing. Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington sounds like a character in a miniseries, but she is a real person who wrote a best-seller on Maria Callas, who was a character in the recent Onassis miniseries. And her lat-

The role cries out for Chamberlain—hair dyed, walking on his knees—shazam! Instant Picasso!



BOOKS

est epic is **Picasso: Creator and Destroyer** (Simon and Schuster, \$22.95).

Now here is the one that could be a miniseries for the ages, the property that cries out for King Richard. (He dyes his hair black, he walks on his knees—shazam! Instant Pablo!) So wouldn't you know that the late word from Hollywood is that *Picasso* will now be a feature film? Surely they will see the light and switch it back to its proper medium.

The book is a rather shrill debunking of the most celebrated artist of the century. Picasso is portrayed as a monster, a sadistic manipulator who betrayed his friends and systematically humiliated and destroyed his numerous wives and mistresses. At one point Huffington calls him a hyena. Nor does Picasso's work escape attack.

But what a miniseries this would make! There is scandalous sex (including a fling with a gypsy boy and a seduction of an underage girl in a children's camp), fabulous European locations, historical-celebrity cameos galore (Matisse, Braque, Proust, Chanel, Stravinsky, Gertrude Stein, and John Maynard Keynes, among others), and an exuberant lifestyle that ranged from raffish bohemian to celebrity millionaire.

There are scenes that could be trashy television classics. Imagine watching Picasso goading two of his mistresses into a fistfight in his studio while working on *Guernica*.

One of the greatest boons to the miniseries is historical fiction, which provides not only exotic drama but also the opportunity to take preposterous liberties with famous people who are in no position to sue. Emily Hanlon's **Petersburg** (G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$19.95) will enable some lucky network or syndicator to whip up a juicy Russian revolutionary extravaganza full of sexy young actors in fur hats running around and seducing one another while tossing bombs at the czar.

Petersburg contains some very bad writing. There are anachronisms—a character calls Czar Nicholas airheaded. And there is the problem of clogged exposition which so often plagues the genre:

“ ‘Plehve.’ Alexei grimaced at the mention of the boldly reactionary Minister of Interior, whose recent unleashing of a pogrom against the Jews in the town of Kishinev had gone far to damage Russia's image internationally.

“ ‘Plehve and his cohort, Yermolov.’ Witte began pacing at the mention of Leonti

Yermolov, head of the Okhrana, the Czar's powerful secret police force.”

I don't know how Norma Klein's **That's My Baby** (Viking, \$16.95) managed a television sale with all these high-powered colossuses. This is a short, simple, modest first-person novel about a New York teenage egghead and his love affair with a slightly older married woman.

Paul Gold is a high-school student and budding playwright who lives with his divorced father. He writes a roman à clef school play that causes complications with his ex-girlfriend. And he has that affair with a married neighbor which ends after she gets pregnant. Her husband never finds out about Paul. No one takes drugs or gets shot or goes insane, which is all right with me. There's nothing terribly wrong with *That's My Baby*. It just isn't arresting or memorable.

But it's perfect for an earnest and inoffensive little television movie featuring some young unknown actors who some day, with luck, hard work, and determination may become the Chamberlains and Seymours of their generation and end up in big-budget miniseries all about kinky sex, drugs, and murder among the seriously rich. ■

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Anatolian Odyssey

John Richardson finds the perfect port for exploring the Aegean Sea

On the death of Mausolus (353 B.C.), satrap and tyrant of Halicarnassus, such a gargantuan tomb was erected that it became known as one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. These days Halicarnassus is called Bodrum, and thanks to thirteenth-century earthquakes and fourteenth-century crusaders, the mausoleum, once as tall as a twenty-story building, is no more than a hole in the ground. However, walk the few hundred yards from the original site to the sea, and you will come upon traces of it: a handsome Ottoman mansion built of mausolean masonry. Known as Aga Konak, this house now belongs to Ahmet Ertegun, satrap though not yet tyrant, of Atlantic Records.

When Ahmet and his wife, Mica, first discovered this house—actually two houses linked by a kitchen—it was virtually a ruin. Nevertheless, the Erteguns decided to buy Aga Konak. And over the years Mica has turned the ruin into an elegant pleasure dome—the latest additions are lavish quarters for guests and servants—comfortable to the point of luxury yet traditionally Ottoman in charm and style.

A move to this idyllic house involves a total change in the owners' way of life. Back in New York, Ahmet Erte-



gun—son of a former Turkish ambassador to the U.S.—has won fame as a principal impresario of pop music as well as a leading authority on jazz. When he returns to his native Turkey, however, Ahmet reverts to being a courtly pasha, an ardent spokesman for his country of which he is immensely proud. His wife, Rumanian by birth, likewise leads a different life in Bodrum. One might think that this busy interior designer—she is a partner in MAC II—with her crowded social schedule would be tempted to take a well-deserved rest. Not at all. She devotes herself to running a house the size of a small hotel—there are now ten guest suites—and ensuring that her exigent friends are never bored. Trust Mica to do this without ever losing her air of cool serenity.

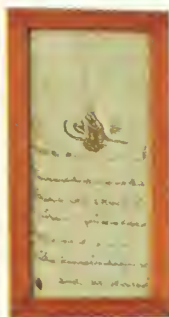
Situated on the south coast of Turkey, with the Aegean Sea on one side, the Mediterranean on the other, Bodrum has always been strategically important. Witness all the ar-

chaeological sites in the vicinity: enough to exhaust the most conscientious sightseer. These sites confirm that the city was once at the very hub of Classical civilization. For instance, Cnidus, sacred to the cult of Aphrodite, is only a few miles to the south. Farther to

the north are the spectacular ruins of Ephesus, site of yet another wonder of the ancient world, the temple of Artemis. Fifteen years ago you could sneak in and watch shepherds cook up hashish in the moonlit ruins. No longer: pressure from America has effected a cleanup. Yet odd things still happen there. A year or two back, after touring the ruins, I was amazed to be offered a herd—or should one say string?—of camels in exchange for

one of my traveling companions. I duly haggled but no camels materialized.

The whole coast seethes with legend. That Homer was probably born not far away is brought home whenever we board Ahmet's full-bellied caique, *Miss Leyla*, and sail the "wine dark sea" of Odysseus. Myths are al-



Inspired oasis: A caravan of camels, top, passes beneath the walls of Aga Konak. Center: A sample of Turkish calligraphy from the Ertegun's collection. Far left: Mica and Ahmet aboard *Miss Leyla*. Left: The garden furniture, designed by Mica Ertegun.

...ressure
...apaya shees

...ak, brushed with
...shed with mushrooms
...buttered green beans,
...nd potato gnocchic

or

...ole and salmon mousse
...range flavoured cream sauce
...ied by baby leaf spinach
...d turned potatoes

— • —

...nal bread and butter pudding,
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TRAVEL

ways coming alive. For example, the bay just outside Bodrum harbor is where Hermaphroditus, son of Aphrodite and Hermes, is said to have bathed—much to the chagrin of Salmacis, the local nymph whom he spurned. When the frustrated nymph invoked divine help, the gods had the droll notion of uniting Salmacis and the boy she fancied in one body. Hence the word *hermaphrodite*; hence, too, the androgynous figures who still gravitate toward a funky little bar on this funky little beach.

So much for legend. History, too, was born at Halicarnassus in the person of Herodotus, the first historian and the man who enables us to interpret the crumbs of history that litter this hallowed area. If the Ertegüns' gardener cannot plant an oleander without unearthing a shard, it is largely because Alexander the Great besieged and sacked this city at the outset of his anti-Persian campaign. Besides Greeks, Egyptians and Romans left their mark, followed in the Middle Ages by crusaders: the noble Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem who vandalized what was left of the mausoleum and used the rubble for their fortifications.

Back, however, to the Ertegüns' boat. Every morning Ahmet Bey takes us to a different beach or cove, identifiable only by the name of the friend who covets it. Just before we arrive, the crew serve meze (hors d'oeuvres)—balik yumurtasi (salted roe of gray mullet), hummus, baba ghanouj, tarاما salata, and very fresh, very delicious garlic—which we wash down with local wine, raki, or, my favorite, ayran, that cooling Turkish drink made of yogurt diluted with ice water and a pinch of salt.

Turkish waters are clear and unpolluted. None of us can resist their emerald lure. Lithe and flippered, Mary McFadden swims round a nearby island; Patty Cisneros throws an offending chair nonchalantly overboard and dives in after it. I swim ashore and come upon a ruined hut: should I end my days here tending a grove of liquidambar trees? Alas, only Club Med can afford access to such inaccessible land. The aroma of grilling fish entices swimmers back on board.

Back in Bodrum after a drowsy homeward trip, we go marketing for green almonds or rose-petal jam, Bessarabian rugs or antique caftans; we have cotton pants made overnight

for five or six dollars and sandals by the local Lobb; we inspect the yachts in the harbor or work off lunchtime excesses in the immemorial darkness of the hammam. And then as the muezzin calls the faithful to evening prayers, we make our way back to Mica's cool white house—its cool white walls hung with Ottoman calligraphy, its cool gray marble floors set with faded kilims.

As dusk falls, maids hang the orange and pomegranate trees with flickering lanterns; more maids (Mica has seven) set the garden tables with dishes of Turkish caviar, whereupon guests materialize from their rooms as if summoned by bells. There is much competition as to caftans, and much heated discussion as to who bought what that afternoon, until dinner is announced. With luck it will be served on the rooftop terrace so that we can look across the harbor at the floodlit castle. And when it is time for dessert, likely as not a belly dancer will appear and start circling the table, agitating her veils and finger cymbals. Last summer we were treated to an especially pneumatic performer, supple as an electric eel. After watching her great belly go into spasms, I swore off baklava for life. ▲



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Hunting the Past

They're architects with a taste for antiques.

Suzanne Stephens visits with Robert and Mary Raley



JEAN PAGLIUSO



Collecting antiques has two major hazards. You can end up with a house stuffed like a flea market ready to open for business. Or if you try to give the whole enterprise some order and discipline, you may find yourself semiembalmed in rooms straight out of the nearest museum.

Robert and Mary Raley have not succumbed to either extreme: "We only collect with a definite purpose in mind," offers Robert. "There's no danger we'll become like William Randolph Hearst," he laughs, alluding to the staggering collection of European architectural fragments and fittings that was too vast even to fit into San Simeon. Nevertheless, the Raleys, who are both architects, are determined collectors and have filled every corner and crevice of their home in New Castle County, Delaware, with a well-chosen array of exquisitely crafted antiques and decorative objects, much of it made in New England and the mid-Atlantic states between the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. A casually cluttered quality prevails, avoiding what Mary Raley says is the local tendency "to make every house look like a miniature Winterthur."

There is little likelihood that the Raleys' house, sitting in a pine forest, would be mistaken for even a miniaturized version of Henry F. du Pont's former home. From the outside it is very simple. In fact, it is made of logs. But although it dates to 1740, the house is hardly like the dirt-floored, one-room log cabins typical of pioneer days. It is three stories high with interior walls and many ceilings smoothed out by a plaster finish. Large pine planks surface the floors; chair rails line the walls. Robert Raley found the house



DUANE MICHALS (5)



Counterclockwise from top: Robert Raley at home in New Castle County, Delaware. In the pantry a Pennsylvania walnut cabinet is filled with Wedgwood and Leeds creamware. In the living room sit an 18th-century French candlesticks and clock on a Federal-period New York desk. An 18th-century New England highboy holds Nanking china. The Pennsylvania German guest room. The log house, built in 1740.

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COLLECTING

about twenty years ago near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. It lay on the path of a proposed highway, its ignominious fate a foregone conclusion: "I could have it for free as long as I carted it away," Raley relates, not elaborating much on the arduous task ahead of dismantling, packing, moving, and rebuilding this structure. Then the Raleys found a basic log cabin built by Swedish settlers nearby. This second addition to their "house collection" has been cozied up by quilts, rustic furniture, and issues of *Country Life*, ready for the many guests who book in year-round.

In surveying the contents of the main house, one quickly becomes aware of the Raleys' penchant for American antiques. In the living room brass-inlaid mahogany chairs made in Boston circa 1800 rivet the eye. Upstairs in the dressing room a carved-and-gilded mahogany bed by New York cabinetmaker Charles Honoré Lannuier offers a further reminder that this collection is not just odds and ends picked up on Saturday outings. Yet the total ensemble avoids the doctrinaire: an exotic mixture of furniture and decorative objects, including a French Directoire glass and silk-paneled screen, a giltwood Irish mirror dating to 1790, and a marble-top Louis XVI console dessert, counters such rig-

"We had planned to have only contemporary things. We just backed into this"

orousness. "Washington and Jefferson also mixed pieces that were both local and Continental," Robert Raley points out.

People who collect are interesting to watch. They can quickly size up the situation, swooping down on the real thing in a matter of minutes. Robert and Mary Raley belong in this category of experienced hunters whose knowledge, keen eye, and intuition help to ferret out the elusive object. "Robert and I realized our inclinations were similar when we were engaged," Mary Raley recalls. "We each put a hold on the same Modigliani drawing in a Philadelphia gallery before we had a chance to tell the other." Now additional paintings and drawings by Matisse, Signac, Rodin, Ingres, and Marsden Hartley offer further elegant testaments to a mutual sensibility.

The Raleys have more than taste in common. Both studied architecture at the University of Pennsylvania in the 1950s during the heyday of Modernism; thirty-five years ago, when they were married, highly desired household items for respectable architects were the Mies van der Rohe Barcelona chair, Le Corbusier's chaise longue, and other similar Bauhaus-inspired pieces. But both Robert and Mary had inherited a few antiques, and building on an older foundation seemed the more sensible option. "We had planned to have only contemporary things," Robert half apologizes for this blatant display of antiquarianism. "We just backed into this."

Although both of the Raleys' architectural practices are active (restoration work has become a specialty for Robert, while Mary prefers to stick with house additions), they have had time to renovate and furnish a complex of three small cottages built between 1820 and 1840 in Harrisville, New Hampshire, for their own use. The interiors are being fitted with Shaker, American Empire, and late-eighteenth-century furniture. "The looking is endless," Raley admits, making sure he scours not only New England but New York and Pennsylvania as well. There will be more antiques shops to comb, estate sales and auctions to cover. The hunt is on. ▲



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A Word to the Weeds

Patricia Thorpe considers the unglamorous and unavoidable side of gardening



There was a theory around here once that houseguests could learn to weed. It was a natural but somewhat optimistic assumption. Weeds and houseguests reach their peak at the same time, and both seem to be all that stands between you and peace and quiet and the perfect garden.

The houseguests professed to be willing, at least until that moment when they stood before some of my more riotous plantings. Then they balked. Eyeing the verbascum, salvia, and oenothera with suspicion, they asked why I didn't grow flowers that *looked* like flowers. They would be perfectly happy weeding a real garden—why didn't I plant things in rows? Well, I knew they had me on that one; there are probably not three plants in a straight line in the whole hundred and fifty acres. But sooner or later we all have to face the deeper truth of the houseguests' complaints: it is almost impossible to weed someone else's garden, and you only know your own garden by weeding it.

Every microclimate and soil type has its own weeds; each season brings intruders you've never seen before. And if you are as adventurous as you are chaotic in your planting, there is no way you are going to know what's what except by crawling around examining every green thing that pops up out of the ground. Before we grew artichokes I had only a vague idea of what one looked like—sort of thistlelike, aren't they? So anything thistlelike within fifty yards of the artichoke bed was preserved until we had an acre of *Cirsium arvense* that sent my neighbors into convulsions of laughter. Somewhere in the thicket three artichoke plants struggled gamely until the first winter. Now I know the difference between an arti-



choke and a thistle in upstate New York—the artichokes die, the thistles don't.

This kind of gardening humiliation is never a thing of the past—each unknown seed packet brings its own species of confusion. How many years have I nurtured a new variety of foxglove until I realized that once again I had devoted my gardening prowess to burdocks? But it all results, finally, in a most exact and detailed knowledge of the plant

world, the kind of garden information you will never learn if you simply buy container-grown plants and sink them in a sea of mulch.

You may have guessed that I'm not a fan of mulch, but I try

to be fair. It's great if you are planting the foundation of a shopping mall. The fact is I love weeding and don't like mulch, and most gardeners feel the same. When mulches work, the garden is rigid, static, final. The gardener gains control by sacrificing all of nature's improvisations on his behalf—chance seedlings; unexpected combinations of plants; the lovely weed that happens to fill the perfect empty spot. Weeding is the active heart of gardening; garden design, plant selection, even the planting itself are just forms of garden theory—how you imagine your

garden to be. Weeding is the day-by-day realization of that garden fulfilling your original aspirations, changing them, giving them up for new dreams.

I don't think there is a gardener in the world who doesn't wish he had less weeding to do, and we all insist on the right to complain about it. But it is the closest you can get to your garden, often the only chance you may have to see your plants up close. And you are choosing your garden every minute as you go along, drawing the

line between order and chaos wherever you wish to suit your landscape, your mood this afternoon. It's up to you to decide if you can bear to pull out the Queen Anne's lace or the delightful Shirley poppies that are taking over the path—here you have created your own weed and now must do something about it. But at least you have the pleasure of the choice; this is one of the reasons weeding isn't drudgery, although it's difficult to explain to houseguests, who are apt to burst into tears at the sight of a poppy in full bloom thrown on the compost.

A few years ago I inadvertently discovered one way to get rid of houseguests. Having a baby in the house really thins the ranks. Not surprisingly, it doesn't have that effect on the weeds; in fact, having a baby definitely gives the weeds the upper hand, probably for years to come. But I appreciate my weeds now more than ever and for quite different reasons. You are all, I'm sure, familiar with the lawn chair syndrome. You grab a newspaper and a glass of ice tea and rush for a chaise in the depths of your yard. What happens? The phone starts ringing, your driveway fills up with visitors, children and pets converge on your chair in a chorus. But just announce that you are going out to weed. Family and friends evaporate like suspects in a drug raid. The garden is yours alone, silent, peaceful, and full of weeds. Heaven. ▲

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ANTIQUES

Well Casted

Antique metal is back where it belongs—in the garden. Margot Guralnick explores

Several years ago, when I was living in London, a scrapman used to drive past my window every Tuesday morning clanging a bell and shouting, “Any old iron? Any old iron?” To me he was an unobtrusive, fairly reliable wake-up call. To many of my neighbors he was quick cash for trash. Often I’d see them tossing him battered pots and broken door hinges, but sometimes they’d invite him into their gardens to haul away Victorian flower urns and rusted side chairs. In exchange for what were then considered mucky metal relics—the sort of things that stayed put simply because they

were too weighty to budge—he was actually willing to pay a few pounds.

These days dealers and collectors are the ones scrabbling to recover some of that detritus. Nineteenth-century cast-iron pieces are being celebrated as icons coupling Victorian technological ingenuity with an unfettered love of ornament.

Of course, gardens have long been used for splashy displays of Classical statuary, fountains, pavilions, and perches. Stone and wood, the centuries-old materials of choice, were joined by wrought iron during the late eighteenth century when English blacksmiths began crafting Regency-style garden love seats. Worked by hand, these pieces were too labor intensive to be produced in volume and only landed

onto the turfs of those who could afford to be extravagant. Decades later, however, mass-produced cast-iron furniture, made by pouring liquid metal into a mold, became a boon product of the Industrial Revolution. Introduced first in Britain, followed fast by America, it catered to a new middle class of property owners eager to imbibe the benefits of outdoor living.

Embracing nature with the technical know-how of their era, Victorians waged battles against weeds, bred oddball hybrids of fruit and flowers, and took part in debates over the efficiency of different fertilizers. Thanks to that great 1830s breakthrough—the lawn mower—grassy carpets could be laid without the tedium of using a scythe, and backyards, parks, and cemeteries became roofless rooms ready to be appointed with the comforts of home.

Advertised as “cheap, beautiful, and imperishable,” cast iron, the metal from which window weights, cannons, and crystal pal-

Clackwise from top: Fram Aileen Minar American Antiques, Renaissance Revival curtain-pattern cast-iron armchair, c. 1870; serpentine-farm wire settee, c. 1860, by Haward & Marse; late-19th-century cast-iron whippet; zinc American Racoco garden urn, c. 1880. From Robert E. Kinnaman & Brian A. Ramaekers, cast-iron terrace chairs with urn-shaped acanthus-leaf backs and wooden seats.



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aces were made, appeared on the market during the 1840s and '50s in an infinite number of forms for the garden. Owners of Gothic cottages could enclose their property with peaked and pinnaced iron fences and lounge on the same arch-festooned settees that still line the White House lawns. Industrialists wanting to live like Renaissance dukes propped their gardens with urns on pedestals and installed fountains showcasing knock-offs of Giambologna's Mercury in flight. The most popular look in cast iron, however, was the rustic style, sparked by a revived fashion for naturalism. Manufacturers of cast iron transformed fern fronds, creeping grapevines, forked twigs, and lilies into chairs and benches with snakes crawling up their leafy legs. Never mind that most of these pieces were as comfortable as a block of concrete, they served as clever visual puns: machine-made objects that simultaneously imitated and enhanced nature.

Coated with semiannual layers of green, gray, or brown paint—white was considered too much of a scene stealer—cast-iron furniture could be left outside year-round, subject only to the chip and rust now cherished as the patina of age. Coalbrookdale, the leading foundry in Britain, introduced dozens of designs—tabletops laden with Rococo swags and scrolls, chairbacks doubling as Greek lyres, and plant stands prickling with crockets and finials—that were pirated by American companies. When Prince Albert's greyhound Eos appeared cast in zinc at Britain's Great Exhibition of 1851, Wood & Perot of Philadelphia concocted its own version and added it to the stags, spitzes, rabbits, and frogs already in production.

By the end of the century every well-appointed lawn in America had its own immortal pets. The majority of these creatures were built from cast iron, but several other metals also made it into the garden. Lead and, in the late nineteenth century, zinc—rustproof, easily malleable, and even heavier than iron—was used to mold flower urns and figural forms ranging from sphinxes to half-clad Venuses that posed in niches hollowed out of hedges. Occupying the same ground as these classics were chairs, settees, plant stands, and other so-called piazza pieces ingeniously fashioned from steel wire.

Surging interest in all of these open-air antiques has sent prices doubling and tripling. It has also encouraged the manufacture of enormous quantities of contemporary copies. Iron can be tricky, even impossible, to date precisely, and new pieces are often passed off as originals, though certain details give

ANTIQUES

them away. The first thing to check is weight. Cast iron is extremely heavy—benches average two hundred pounds, even tiny chairs are often impossible to move—but most reproductions are being made in aluminum light enough to lift with one hand. Newly produced cast-iron furniture also frequently gets mistaken for its vintage counterparts. The decorative detailing on early pieces, however, has the crisp look of hand finishing—each leaf, flower, and touch of filigree is precisely silhouetted. Later versions are cluttered with fuzzy lines, mold marks, and glitches in need of filing. And while modern cast iron is soldered together, its predecessors were always joined by nuts and bolts.

Within the past twelve months, collectors have been willing to pay prices of four, five, even six figures to putter around in their gardens surrounded by true century-old decorative whimsies. The going rate for a fine twig-and-serpent settee is \$1,000–\$3,000, depending on condition, quality of casting, and rarity of design. An 1880s family of three life-size deer—a low-population species—can run as high as \$25,000, and a pair of six-foot 1912 French urns embossed with garlands and a thundering herd of stallions falls into the \$200,000 range. Brace yourselves, the iron age is back for a return performance. ▲

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STYLE

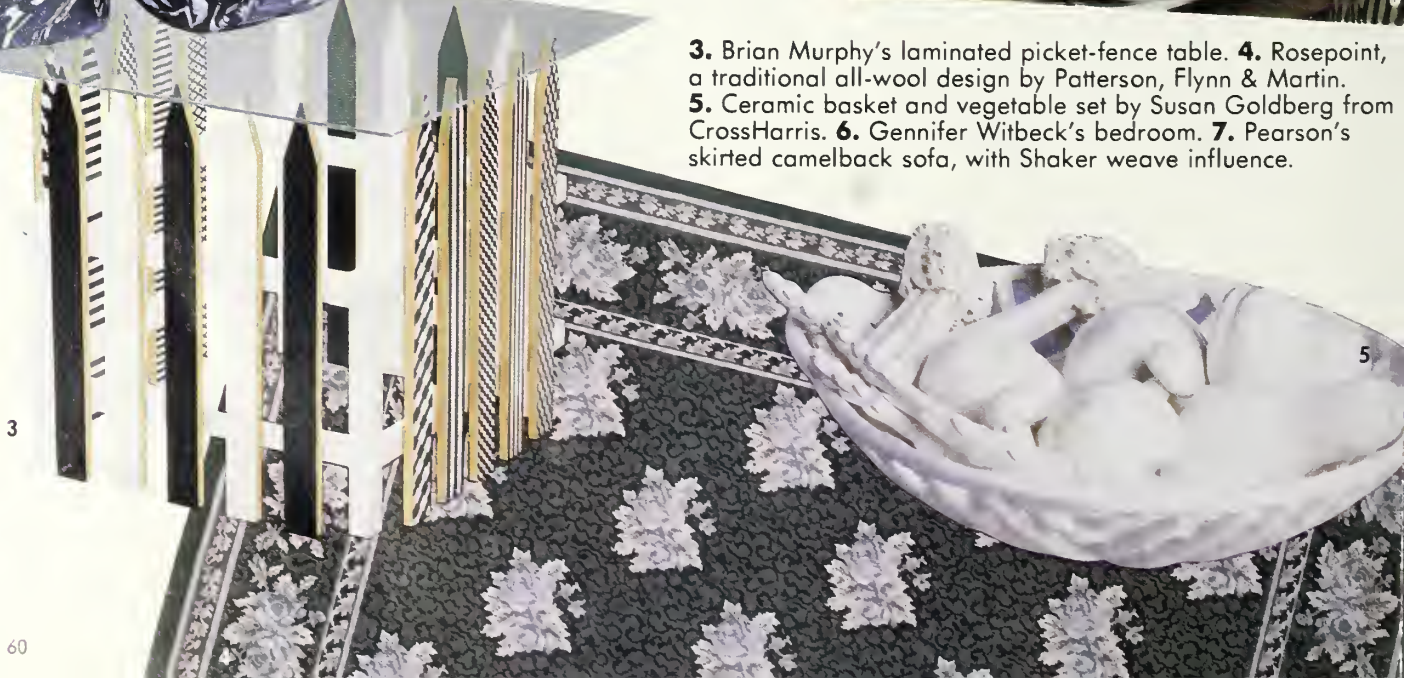
Formal dressing for Shaker boxes, picket fences, even animals and vegetables

an urbane mood has come to the country. It's as simple as black and white. And its roots are in Shaker design, the clean functional approach which still seems modern today. The Pearson Company makes their camelback sofa graphic in a checkerboard fabric that is inspired by a Shaker woven seat. At Patterson, Flynn & Martin the traditional floral needlepoint rug is dressed up in black, white, and gray. Black and white is the theme for the country house stylist-designer Jennifer Witbeck created with her architect husband, Voytek Rutkowski. "It's youthful and modern," explains Witbeck. Edward Weston's black-and-white photographs of vegetables inspired Susan Goldberg to make ceramic ones. Says Goldberg, "White highlights their sculptural qualities and enhances other colors in the room." Brian Murphy creates a black-and-white illusion. Each side of his picket-fence table is laminated in a different motif—it seems like another table from every angle. June Fette, a teacher at the Isabel O'Neil Studio, sums it up: "Black and white has a sophisticated simplicity. Like a black dress with pearls."

Laurie Schechter

1. Farm Set table and chairs, by Guild-Master. **2.** Shaker boxes hand-painted by June Fette, from CrossHarris Fine Crafts.

3. Brian Murphy's laminated picket-fence table. **4.** Rosepoint, a traditional all-wool design by Patterson, Flynn & Martin. **5.** Ceramic basket and vegetable set by Susan Goldberg from CrossHarris. **6.** Jennifer Witbeck's bedroom. **7.** Pearson's skirted camelback sofa, with Shaker weave influence.



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STYLE

A new twist to metal furniture—scraps and steel rods forged into art

Scrap metal, steel rods, old railings, and grates are grist for the mill of four new artists. San Franciscan Jean-Louis Pierson's work in alternative energy resources has taught him that "you make use of what you have." He brings this background to his furniture designs and incorporates whatever collected items he finds lying around the shop. Linus Coraggio, a New Yorker who likens scrap-metal furniture to a patchwork quilt, says of his métier, "It's making junk functional." Brad Reichardt, also based in San Francisco, used to work with found objects but tired of being limited by their forms. His steel-rod pieces seem like drawings in the air. Colin Chetwood has been working in London for two years the old-fashioned way, forging steel by hand with tools he made himself for his nature-inspired furniture.

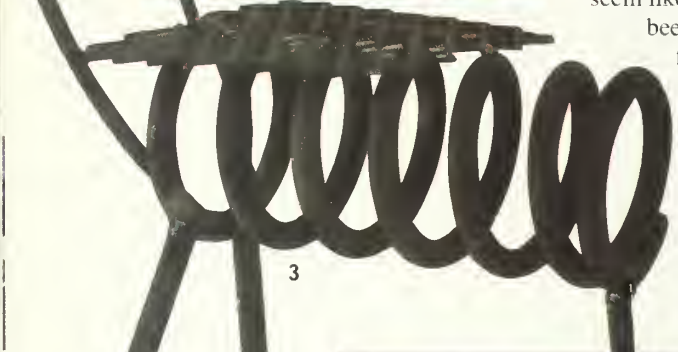
L. S.

1. Brad Reichardt and 2. his steel candelabra, bed frame, and standing chandelier. 3. Jean-Louis Pierson's spiral chair and 4. his hanging lamp, rocking chair, and night lamp.

5. Colin Chetwood's Fern Throne. 6. King's Throne and Queen's Throne by Linus Coraggio.



2



3



4



5



6

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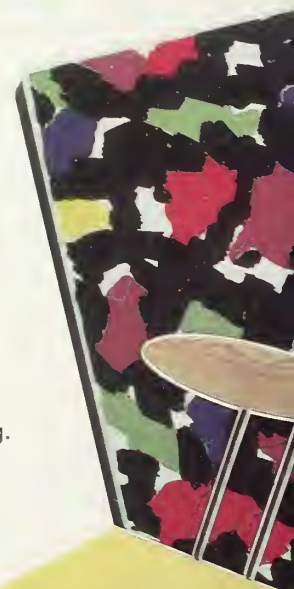
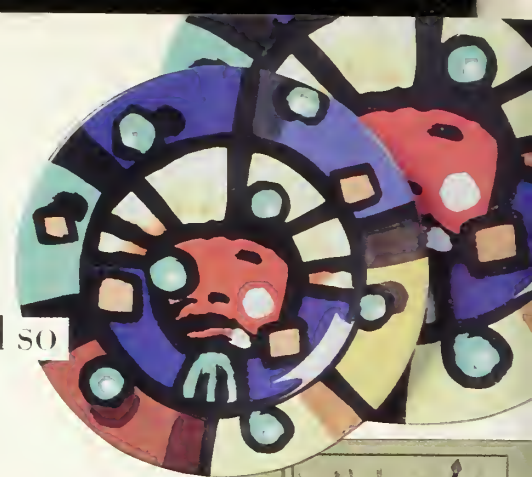
STYLE

The future looks bright—and so do chairs, floors, and tables

breaking from their Cubist relations, the Synchronist and Orphist artists forsook a monochromatic palette for pure bright color. Seventy-five years later modern design is also making the move—away from the industrial look toward high-frequency hues. Interchangeable colored wood pieces give life to the Dry armchair by Massimo Morozzi. Les Frères Ripoulin—seven young painters—make plates for each day of the week. Tiles carry the message, too: Missoni brings its brand of color to a new line. Streamlined shapes in unexpected fabrications are the wave of the future according to Massimo Iosa-Ghini, cofounder of Italy's Bolidismo group of architects and designers. Says Iosa-Ghini, "The object is meaningless if it does not have a bright image." Bright colors are integral to New Yorker Mark Kostabi's painting. He lives with sixties furniture because their colors are close to those in his art. A twist on the past: Jean-Charles de Castelbajac upholsters Louis XVI chairs in shocking colors, and Gianni Zennaro, inspired by Sonia Delaunay, creates his Panorama rug. L.S.



1. Armchair by Massimo Morozzi for Giorgetti Matrix.
2. Mark Kostabi's living room.
3. Gianni Zennaro's Panorama rug.
4. Velox 4 chair by Massimo Iosa-Ghini.
5. Missoni tile.
6. Jean-Charles de Castelbojac chairs.
7. Plates by Ox, a Frère Ripoulin, for Céramique Paris.



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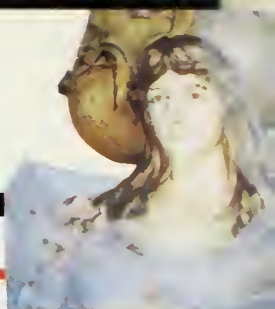
Talley'sheet

Papier-mâché horns . . . A room dressed in tulle . . . Paintings and picture frames



1. Marie-Hélène de Rothschild with Salvador Dali at 1972 Surreal Ball in Paris. 2. Fantasy Gothic frame from Lowy, NYC. 3. In Glenn Bernbaum's apartment, a potentate in Lowy frame.

Surrealism sets the stage for parties. Guests wore papier-mâché horns to Michael Roberts's recent party at San Lorenzo in London, and the restaurant was swathed in tulle and pink roses. The illustrator-photographer-filmmaker previewed his first film, a 28-minute surrealist fantasy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, set to Mendelssohn and Debussy. In *Man Ray: American Artist*, published this fall by Clarkson N. Potter, Neil Baldwin reveals the elegantly surreal excess of Paris balls. For the White Ball in 1930, Jean Cocteau and Christian Bérard made white plaster masks and wigs and Man Ray projected hand-colored film onto the crowd. In 1972, Marie-Hélène de Rothschild put on pearl-studded horns for her famous Bal Surréaliste in Paris. Equally surrealistic: Pat Buckley's Cavalier King Charles spaniels, in trompe l'oeil paintings at Mortimer's in New York. Owner Glenn Bernbaum goes to Lowy for gilded frames. Faux ivy creates a surreal dream mood at WilliWear's new shop in New York designed by SITE. **André Leon Talley**



5. Tulle on surreal bust at San Lorenzo. 6. At Lacroix. 7. At Romeo Gigli. 8. SITE design for WilliWear. 9. Society dogs in Richard Lowell Neas painting at Mortimer's.



4. Lucy Ferry, in horns and Comme des Garçons, at London party.



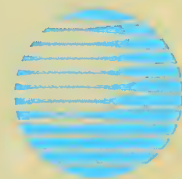


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The right choice.

A photograph of two young boys in profile, facing each other. They are wearing light blue and white vertically striped shirts. The boy on the left has blonde hair and is wearing a red and black plaid tie. The boy on the right has brown hair and is wearing a blue and yellow striped tie. The text 'POLO RALPH LAUREN FOR BOYS' is overlaid in red at the bottom of the image.

POLO
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FOR BOYS

new york style

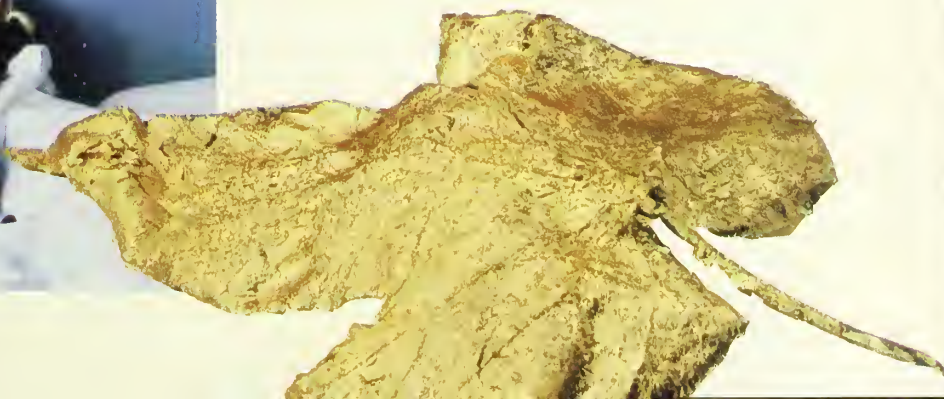
is the focus of this issue in which we report new trends among designers, decorators, and architects of this intensely creative city. For several years we've seen decoration in the decayed look reminiscent of Pompeii—with paint unevenly sponged onto distressed walls. Something new was bound to come along, and we could predict

that it would be smoother and glossier. It's here and it's **gold**—not as it's been done before but newly light and cheerful. We notice, too, a decided determination among young New York architects to be **antistyle**, and their use of materials such as aluminum, steel, and concrete. We show you the West Village brownstone of a top restaurateur and his wife; the **respectably naughty** M.K.

supper club; and the apartment of a photographer who was sponging his walls when everybody else was still into wallpaper. Finally, in a town fast running out of space, we bring you the inside story on New York's leading fashion editors' closets. —Anna Wintour




Clockwise from top: Border paper from Zuber & Co.; Rose Tarlow's shell-back chair; gold leaf by Joan Spreckels and Gwen Lewis; James, son of restaurateur Brian McNally; steel staircase by Hariri & Hariri.



a touch of
gilt




A photograph of a gold-colored brass and marble side table with a gilded Regency chair. The table has a marble top and a brass base with a decorative, fluted column. A vase of pink flowers sits on the table. The background is dark, making the gold and marble stand out.

*Gold shines in
some unexpected
ways. John Duka
observes that it's
come a long way
since Louis XIV*

Good as gold: A gold-colored brass-and-marble side table and gilded Regency chair in the dining room of a New York apartment designed by Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley. Details throughout see Sources.





Imperial blue: Splendid color is set off by gold in the Hager-designed dining room, with a Napoleon III mirror from Philippe Farley; gold-edged tureen by Flight, Barr & Barr on William IV table with giltwood feet, c. 1835, signed by Jupe & Co.; gilded Regency chairs, once owned by the Marchioness of Conyngham, Canterbury, Kent; gold-colored Savonnerie carpet.



Everything that Nature has given man, nothing has tormented him more, or filled him more with desire, than gold." So it says in Léon Laget's *L'Art du peintre, doreur, vernisseur* (1755), the first treatise on the technique of gilding. The observation should come as a surprise to no one.

Ancient myth is filled with golden torments: Midas, the Golden Fleece, Phaëthon's unfortunate ride in Apollo's golden chariot, and the unhappy golden apples of Atalanta. From the Scriptures to the Grimm brothers, gold often fares no better. The golden calf, the princess who wove gold from straw, the pot of gold, and even the goose and the golden egg all point up the subversive qualities of the material.

In decoration the use of gold is equally fraught. "The rules of gold and its being a problem still apply," cautions Mark Hampton, who often uses gold in his work. "It's risky to use gold if you want to avoid vulgarity. But today lots of people don't want to avoid vulgarity or don't know what it means."

Or, it could be argued, they just want a little gold in their lives. "Gold," says Albert Hadley of Parish-Hadley who has been known in his lighter moments to gild a coconut or two, "is the one thing we all need. It is synonymous with the periods of grandeur and perfectly satisfies the desire for luxury that is so much a part of everything today. Naturally, one doesn't want to use too much of it."

Certainly not. Tice Alexander, whose work is featured on the pages that follow and who is known for the seamless way in which he blends tradition with modernity, suggests that gold be used, as he describes it, "here and there so you only see it out of the corner of your eye. It doesn't have to be used in an antique fashion. Sometimes one simple gold object, like gilded poles for curtains is all the gold a room needs."

That gold as decoration is being discussed at all shows the point we have reached. "There is a return to Classic tastes," says Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley whose work also appears on these pages. "People used to think gold was too flashy, too warm, too overdone. Now they want to incorporate an old feeling into their homes and blend it with the new." Many of us have tired of iron surfaces, green simulated bronzes, and anodized metals. We really do want something pretty again. Few things are prettier than gold.

Gold today, either leaf or frankly faux, is turning up in a number of decorative forms. Most of us are familiar with gilding or gold mounts, if only in passing, on furniture from the Directoire, Empire, and Regency periods, but gold is no

Animal magnetism: Griffin pedestal base, made of wood with gilt finish, by Rose Tarlow for Melrose House at Luten Clarey Stern (LCS). Gold tassels are by Clarence House; gold wallpaper border by Zuber & Co. Opposite: Gary Hager in the living room with one of a pair of 18th-century French chairs by Jacob Père; fabric from Cowtan & Tout.

ing used in a contemporary manner on everything from wallpaper borders, mirror frames, and furniture to ceramics.

Given a preference, many of the leading decorators would rather use gold in its pure form, that is, in gold leaf. For them, gold leaf is the only material that provides the authentic luster they prize, the quality of artifact, of something that has aged well. In traditional manufacture, the leaf starts as a 24-carat ingot that is squeezed between rollers, then beaten with a mallet. It is applied with a brush made of badger hair, and, writes Isabel O'Neil in *The Art of the Painted Finish*, "it must be laid over a properly prepared ground of gesso and red clay in order to be burnished to brilliance with an agate tool."

Of course, decorators may not always have the chance to use the real thing. "Although we look at gold finishes as either gold leaf or faux gilt," says Bernardine Gaul of the Luten Clarey Stern showroom, "faux gilt includes all sorts of materials. Dutch gilt, made of copper. Polished bronze, brass, painted finishes, which we call gold patina, and the gold glazes and pigments of ceramics. Fortunately faux gilt can be treated so that it never tarnishes and can last a long time."

One of the purveyors of the current vogue for gold is Gordon Foster, a New York dealer in decorative accessories. "Gold can be too fancy," says Foster. "I like to juxtapose it with crude Classical or primitive shapes, such as Pende pots from Zaire and crude iron objects from Japan. The idea with gold is that it should always be used as a contrast."


Gold leaf first gleamed on Egyptian sarcophagi in the sixth millennium B.C. and appeared in a number of incarnations in succeeding centuries, from the illustrated manuscripts of eighth-century Byzantium and thirteenth-century Europe to the monolithic iron furniture of Louis XIV's Versailles. By the time of the Régence (1715–1723) and the less coldly formal look of Louis XV, gilding was used sparingly.

The eighteenth-century rule of less is more is best followed today. Hager and Alexander use gold with discretion—and they do so successfully. In the dining room of the apartment decorated by Hager, gold is etched into the curves of the chairs or used as a ring of light on the edge of the table. In the bedroom, gold glimmers on a black Regency four-poster, on the arms and back of a Regency chair, on a bookcase, and in the gold taffeta bed curtains trimmed in black dressmaker detail. "Gold should bring some amusement to a room," says Hager, "or it should be extremely subtle."

The rule of thumb for Alexander: when in doubt, use gilding as an accent. "I gilded the early American andirons," he explains. "And I chose a Louis XVI console gilded on the supports and part of the frieze. In the dining room, for a little gleam, I added side chairs with gilded feet, a tureen with gilt handles, and eighteenth-century ormolu candlesticks."

The use of gold leaf is even extending into the realm of food. In Japan sushi is being wrapped with a durable form of gold leaf. And in France gold leaf is icing chocolate cake. What would Marie Antoinette have said? ■

Decorating Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and Carolyn Sollis



"People used
to think gold
was too flashy,
too warm,
too overdone"

—Gary Hager



Precious metal:

Pierre Legrain shagreen-covered table with gilt reeded feet holds collection of ivory objects in the living room designed by Hager. French 18th-century ormolu bronze candelabra and a painting by Roy Lichtenstein rest on an 18th-century Italian console with gilt branched base under one of a pair of 18th-century gilt mirrors. A Warhol botanical is over the sofa, which is covered in Daughtry Cloth from Hinson.






Dreams of gold: Gold-colored silk taffeta from Decorators Walk lines bed curtains and canopy in guest bedroom. Bedpost is touched with gold.

Fine lines:
Hager used gold delicately in the guest bedroom. Regency bed, painted black with gold accents, has black-and-beige cotton linen plaid canopy from Clarence House. Napoleon III bookcase with brass inlays; gilded Regency chair; turn-of-the-century wing chair. Curtains in Medici linen damask from Decorators Walk.



a touch of **gilt**



A man with short brown hair, smiling broadly, is seated on an ornate, gold-colored Regency-style chair. He is wearing a grey suit jacket, a light blue patterned shirt, and a red tie with a dark, intricate pattern. The chair has a blue and white striped seat and a shell-shaped backrest. The background is a plain white wall, and a large, abstract yellow and white pattern is visible on the right side of the frame.

“You should
only see it out of
the corner of
your eye”

—Tice Alexander

Karat topped: Tice Alexander on a Regency gilt shell-back side chair in 22-karat gold leaf, by Rose Tarlow for Melrose House at LCS.




Wild gold: Gilded Louis XVI chair, signed by Sené, in Tiger Velvet by Brunshwig & Fils. Left: Serengeti mottled-gold and white zebra wallpaper, by C. W. Stockwell at Walters Wicker.



Gilded feet: In a New York apartment designed by Tice Alexander the late-18th-century French dining chairs are signed by Demais. Louis XVI ormolu candlesticks, from Philippe Farley, are on a glass-topped dining table with plaster base by Emilio Terry. A 19th-century Anglo-Indian tiger painting hangs on the wall.



Gold teeth: Painted screen by Jeffrey Goodman and Steven Charlton, from Rogers-Tropea; Ron Dier planter, 24-karat gold fired over ceramic, from Lorin Marsh; Sung charger, gold fired over ceramic, Lorin Marsh.



Bordering on gilt:
Directoire-style bench in
gold leaf, by Karges,
covered in Panthère from
Clarence House. Tramp Art
mirror, made from chip-
carved wooden cigar box
pieces, painted in gold,
available at Cynthia
Beneduce Antiques.
Hand-painted window
shade from CrossHarris
Fine Crafts.



Golden apple: Real apple in gold leaf lasts one to four months, by Joan Spreckels and Gwen Lewis.
Right: Sabu, a gold-toned chintz by Rose Cumming.

THE YOUNG CON



Charles Gandee tracks down
the next generation
of New York architects

TENDERS



The eleven who could. From lower left: Sulan Kolatan and William MacDonald (Kolatan/MacDonald Studio); David Piscuskas, Juergen Riehm, and, in foreground, Ines Elskop (100 Associates); Diane Lewis and Peter Mickle (Diane Lewis/Peter Mickle Studios); Karen Bausman and Leslie Gill (Bausman • Gill Associates); and Moigan and Gisue Hariri (Hariri & Hariri Architects). Photographed at A. J. Ross Logistics, Keasbey, New Jersey.



hey used to say that architecture is an old man's profession and they used to be right. But any longer. There is a new generation now bent over the drawing

board, and they're hard at work redefining the rules of the architectural game.

In Manhattan eleven young talents stand out as leaders of this new generation. They came of professional age during the seventies and early eighties. Surviving architectural style wars of the period was their rite of passage. They've seen Modernism go and Postmodernism come, and they've seen Postmodernism go and Deconstructivism come. So much has gone and coming has left them leery—not of any architectural style in particular, but of any architectural style, period.

They have served, in one form or another, the mandatory internship with established architects, but once their service was up, so to speak, they escaped to start their own way. As one young architect proudly quipped on the occasion of her resignation from a large firm: "Why stay around for two hundred dollars a week when you can have all the pride you can swallow?"

They like to think of themselves as "pro-reactionary"—versus reactionary; and their work exhibits a very clear opposition to yesterday's gypboard walls painted to look like the glory that was Rome. The rooms they build have a consistently some might say cold, abstract air to them, owing not only to a rugged material palette but also to the conspicuous absence of traditional domestic details. They focus on the tactile qualities of burnished aluminum, exposed steel, unadorned concrete, and hand-troweled plaster for character and richness. They reveal rather than hide the nuts and bolts. If there is a generation to be made about this group, it is that the only architectural history they are much interested in is the one in the making.

Perhaps no young New York firm heralds the dawn of the new architectural

Hariri & Hariri Architects

teamwork

Sisters in architecture, Gisue and Mojan Hariri prefer to leave exposed the rugged raw materials they favor.

er e emphatically than Hariri & Hariri. B a in Iran, educated at Cornell, sisters N gan and Gisue (ages 30 and 32, respectively) cater to no one's preconceptions. Architecture may be their profession, but men they are not.

he sisters set up their drawing boards ty years ago in a tiny one-bedroom apartment they then shared in Greenwich Village. Though times have been tough financially, the Hariris are a fiercely independent duo determined to build but not to compromise their architectural ideals—which are high. They didn't hesitate, for example, to advise one would-be client to look elsewhere for an architect when he tried to alter their plans for his café. (He was thinking baroque, the Hariris were thinking concrete.) Things went better with Kathleen Schneider, founder of SoHo's forthcoming Children's Museum of Arts, who has a duplex in SoHo and a penchant for the color blue.

The Hariris gave their client her blue, in a wall scratch-coated with integral-color plaster that shifts from near sapphire in the living room to cloudy azure in the bedroom. They also gave her a totally renovated duplex, complete with new steel-and-glass doors, custom-designed furniture, and, most dramatically, a great spiral stair fabricated by two sculptors. By conventional standards, the Schneider duplex is something less than homey. But Gisue and Mojgan are committed to an architectural aesthetic that might best be termed tough and elegant—two words, coincidentally, that also describe the sisters. If you ask them, they will tell you: "It is important to stay with the basics. Architecture is about space, form, and materials you want to touch. Quality is the essence of what we do."

Sulan Kolatan and William MacDonald fell in love by the light of the drafting lamp in architect O. M. Ungers's office in Cologne, Germany. The wedding was in Istanbul, Kolatan's hometown. The couple now lives in Manhattan, where 31-year-old MacDonald is an associate professor of architecture at Columbia University. As often happens with husband-and-wife architects, the personal relationship recently expanded to include a professional partnership; the latter's first offspring is a Chelsea apartment for Larry and Susan Moss.

Perhaps the most telling detail of the Moss loft is that midway through construction the neighbors telephoned to ask if they

tough

Hariri & Hariri's geometric essay in stucco, slate, steel, and marble for an existing firebox in client Laura Roberson's Upper East Side penthouse.



THE YOUNG CONTENDERS



Hariri & Hariri Architects

sculptural

Burnishing the massive steel stair the Hariris constructed in a SoHo duplex not only gave it dramatic luster but also helped mask the weld marks. To enable their client to move the oversize marble coffee table she specified, the young architects broke it into three pieces. The vintage steel-frame chairs in the living room were part of the owner's collection.



Kolatan/MacDonald Studio

precise

The screen wall, below, that Sulan Kolatan and William MacDonald, right, erected in a Manhattan loft reinforces the distinction between new and old by utilizing contrasting materials—aluminum and perforated metal, center—to play off the building's vintage pine columns and beams.

Opposite: The wall doubles as exhibition space for the owners' art collection as well as storage space for their friendly domestic clutter.



GEORGE LANGE



THE YOUNG **CONTENDERS**



Bausman • Gill Associates

clean

Leslie Gill and Karen Bausman, below, placed a luminous living room, right, at the heart of their addition to an old house in Larchmont, New York. The rough pine folding screens, bottom left, designed and built by Bausman and Gill act as another "interior façade." Bottom right: An open-air courtyard adds an additional room to the modestly scaled pavilion.



GEORGE LANGE

could drop by to admire the new David Smith sculpture they had seen going up in the elevator. The owners explained that the sculpture was in fact architecture. It was an understandable error, considering the swirling patterns Kolatan and MacDonald ordered ground into the aluminum structural elements they specified for what can only be termed a great loft divider.

nothing could be more alien to the rough pine envelope Kolatan and MacDonald were handed than the metallic structure they inserted, and that, not surprisingly, was the point—to make clear the distinction between old and new. On a more pragmatic level, the architects' high-tech handiwork demarcates the loft's public and private areas and provides an exhibition space for works by WPA artist

Isadore Possoff, Susan Moss's father.

There is an engineered quality to the perforated metal and shimmering aluminum construction that marks Kolatan and MacDonald's building debut. One could almost be persuaded that the toy manufacturer responsible for supplying generations of children with Erector Sets had made a large-scale edition for grown-ups.

When Karen Bausman and Leslie Gill received their architecture degrees from Cooper Union in 1982, they were, by their own account, unemployable. "The school gives you a strong philosophical base but virtually no practical skills," explains Gill, who doesn't regret her unconventional education for a moment. So the classmates did the only thing they felt they could do—they formed their own practice two months after graduation in a one-room, one-window office overlooking the



OBERTO GILI

100 percent brushless Carz-a-Poppin c wash on lower Broadway.

On-the-job training is the secret of Bausman and Gill's success. "We learned by collaborating with more experienced architects," reports Bausman, who also learned by taking time off from school to work at I. M. Pei's office. Yet another invaluable source of practical information for the 30-year-old partners has been the habit of joining the construction crews to help build part of every project they design. "Karen wields a mean welder's



OBERTO GILI

FRANCES McLAUGHLIN-GILL



1100 Associates

antifashion

Partners David Piscuskas, Juergen Riehm, and Ines Elskop, *below*, and three scenes, *right*, from the apartment they designed for Peter Duchin and Brooke Hayward.



GEORGE LANGE

torch, but I'm much better with the table saw," boasts Gill.

However unorthodox, their methods seem to be effective. In the six years since forming Bausman • Gill Associates they have completed some sixty projects. Recent entries in the portfolio include an office for public relations maven Peggy Tagliarino and an addition to a quirky Arts and Crafts-style house in Larchmont, New York, for Robert and Jo-Anne Huxford.

Tagliarino's office is in a former mosaic factory in Manhattan, and the partners were intent on keeping their distance from the old building's beefy masonry walls, which they admired. Consequently the new interior partitions stand clear of the

building's perimeter. To ensure that their additions have a sense of stability and permanence, however, Bausman and Gill finished the walls in integral-color plaster and created niches that house books, bibelots, and an audiovisual system.

At first glance the Huxfords' house addition may appear to be a modest essay in early Modernism. But on closer inspection the crisp white pavilion contains the tell-tale materials and details that label it as contemporary. The textured stucco wall in the living room, for example, has been punctured to accommodate acid-etched copper casing for recesses that house books. A balcony railing is formed from three-inch copper tubing welded together.



OBERTO GILI



ferential

The steel-and-cable
staircase erected by
100 Associates in a
duplex Tribeca loft.
Sculpture and drawing
by Bryan Hunt.

Although Bausman and Gill are committed to building, they are also committed to pursuing the theoretical side of architecture. They devote 25 percent of their time to a range of outside endeavors, from erecting Cubist-style pavilions for a public art program to constructing Joseph Cornell-like boxes they exhibit at galleries in SoHo. How can a young firm use up "billable hours" pursuing less-than-lucrative extra-architectural endeavors? "It feeds the work," reports Bausman. "And besides, we're used to being poor."

another culturally eclectic firm is 1100 Associates: 35-year-old Ines Elskop picked up her degree in Buenos Aires, 31-year-old David Piscuskas got his in Los Angeles, and 33-year-old Juergen Riehm graduated in Frankfurt. They met as co-workers in the office of an older architect who left his rented space—Suite 1100 at 225 Lafayette Street—to the three when he departed to pursue development projects. In the five years since the trio has been together they have amassed an impressive portfolio of work, most especially residential projects for artists. Bryan Hunt, Jasper Johns, and Roy Lichtenstein are but three of the more familiar names on the firm's client list. Although Elskop, Piscuskas, and Riehm do not want for talent, the success they have enjoyed is at least partially due to the simple fact that they "try not to forget that our clients are the main event."

Like its peers, 1100 Associates subscribes to a conspicuously lean aesthetic. Yet there is a deferential quality to their work—they accommodate rather than impose. "We provide a background," explains partner Elskop, "which is enough when your clients have a strong personality." The backgrounds that 1100 Associates provide tend to have a personality of their own, of course, a personality that could be termed the strong, silent type.

1100 Associates *timeless*

The simple graphic pattern of 1100 Associates' signature steel-and-glass doors comes from a steel-and-wood table designed by artist Bryan Hunt and vintage fifties plywood chairs by Charles Eames.



THE YOUNG **CONTENDERS**



"We're closest to the early Moderns," estimates Piscuskas. "We're interested in proportion, volume, and detail. We try to make timeless rooms you can feel at peace in." Adds partner Riehm: "We treat our materials as a jeweler treats his; we try to use them in ways that show their greatest assets." The firm's goal? "To keep at it."

diane Lewis and Peter Mickle approach architecture with an intensity that might intimidate the uninitiated. They are passionate, zealous, perhaps even obsessed. "I'll either be a great architect or I won't be an architect," threatens 34-year-old Mickle. "Architecture in New York City is guerrilla warfare," maintains 36-year-old Lewis.

The fight is against mediocrity, against the belief that architecture is just one more profession instead of the calling that Lewis and Mickle maintain it is. Intent on "exploring the limits of architecture," the partners pursue theory as well as practice. They teach, write for academic journals, and participate in exhibitions with drawings that Lewis regards as her "love letters to history." They also, of course, build.

There is a raw exposed quality to Lewis and Mickle's work. It is hard, direct, visceral. (Their clients are not the sentimental type.) In the loft the duo constructed for artist Eve Vaterlaus and fine art publisher Donald Sheridan in Brooklyn, for example, massive steel trusses rise from a concrete base to separate the living area from the studio and to support three sliding panels, one of which is adorned with Vaterlaus's sculptural reliefs. Though a gypboard wall would have done the job of partitioning the space, it wouldn't have achieved either the monumental quality or the sheer brute force that Lewis and Mickle aspire to in their architecture.

"We try to fabricate things in unconventional ways," reports Mickle. "We don't send drawings out to let other people handle the details. We inhabit the site; we work alongside the workmen." Lewis shares her partner's commitment: "You do something the most excellent way you can. If it's not memorable, it's not worth doing." ■

*Architecture Editors:
Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron
and Heather Smith MacIsaac*



intense

Partners Diane Lewis and Peter Mickle, above. Right: In the factory loft they transformed in Brooklyn, eight sculptural reliefs by one of the owners, artist Eve Vaterlaus, are mounted on a movable panel supported by steel trusses.

Diane Lewis & Peter Mickle Studio

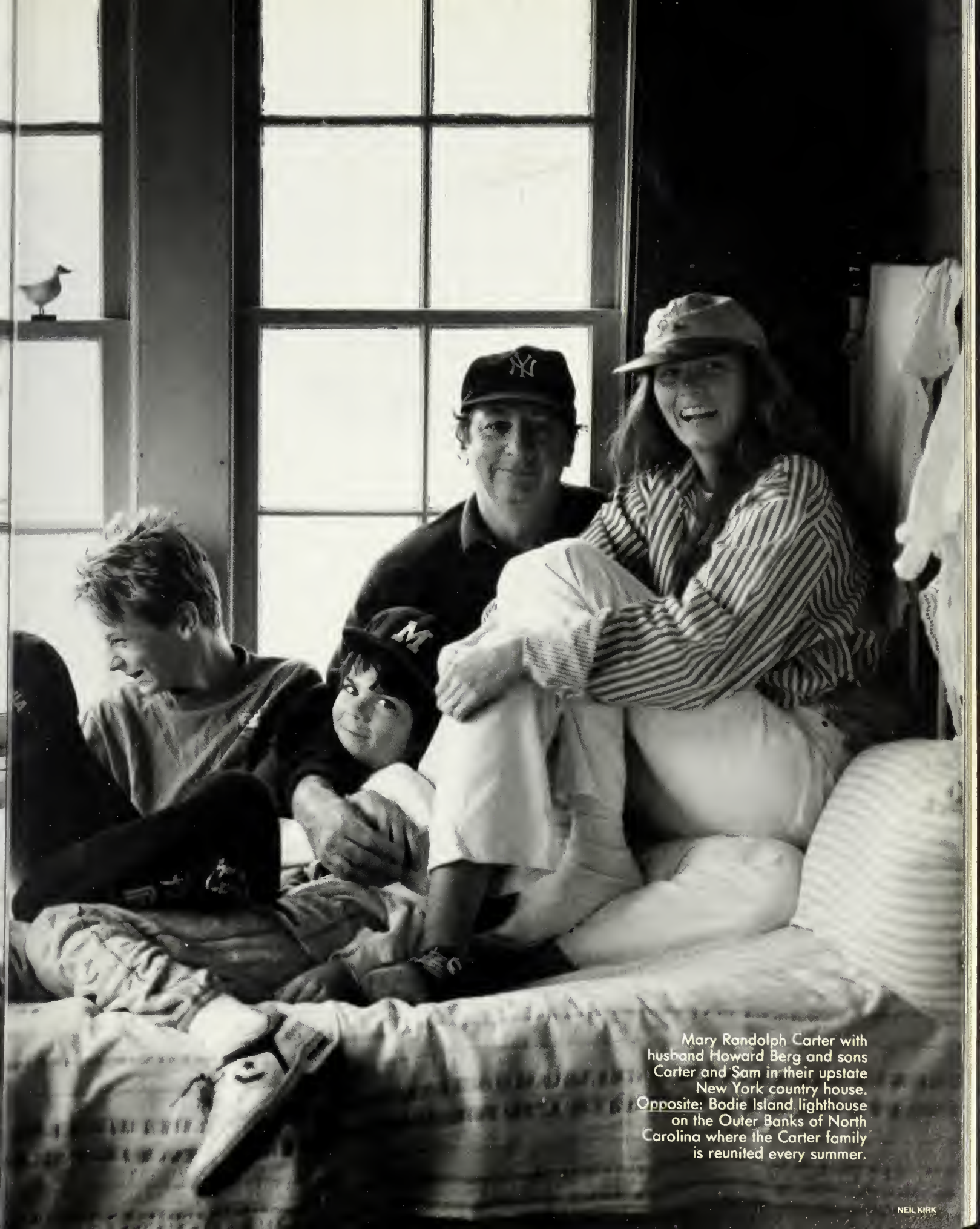
THE YOUNG CONTENDERS





Carter Country

It's a land of family celebrations,
summers by the sea,
and weathered houses well used



Mary Randolph Carter with husband Howard Berg and sons Carter and Sam in their upstate New York country house. Opposite: Bodie Island lighthouse on the Outer Banks of North Carolina where the Carter family is reunited every summer.



*“The background music
of my book is my family, but
what I have been more
concerned with has been
the spirit of making do”*



The cottages the Carter family retreats to on the Outer Banks are perfect for lazy sun-filled days. Left: Old Glory drapes a wicker settee. Above: On a porch facing the sea, weathered settle tables for eating or seating. Opposite: Carter Berg at age eight. Inset: Drift Wood Cottage, a colorful and much-loved landmark that has since been washed away.



In her new book *American Family Style*, Mary Randolph Carter celebrates the pleasures, traditions, and rituals of the home. As the oldest of nine children (no twins), she is, in any way, overqualified for the job. The book, which was gradually compiled over fourteen years, encapsulates all that is best about domesticity, namely, cooking, entertaining, common sense, practical advice, special celebrations, decorating a house, and of course, humor.

"The background music of the book is my family," says Carter, who is the director of advertising for Polo/Ralph Lauren in New York. "But it's not all a personal chronicle of the Carters of Virginia. Obviously I have drawn extensively on my personal experiences, but what I have been more concerned with has been the spirit of making do, like the American pioneers. It has to do with sharing and maintaining a certain spontaneity in the way you entertain."

Although the Carter family members are now scattered from the Bahamas to New York, they remain in almost daily contact and gather at their parents' house several times a year. "We are all each other's best friends and that sounds sickening I know, but we do like to meet up and celebrate whenever we can, especially in the summer.

"As far as interior decoration goes, we all absorbed our parents' style until we took off from home and had to develop our own. The common denominator is that all our styles are very relaxed."

Mary Randolph Carter has an insatiable appetite for folk art. Her Manhattan apartment—which she shares with her husband, Howard Berg, an advertising executive, and sons Carter and Sam—is a bit like the Little House on the Prairie, twelve floors up. The rooms are filled with rocking and ladder-back chairs, rag rugs, and patchwork quilts surrounded by shelf space crammed with witty and naive folk carvings. The effect is rather like walking through the pages of a scrapbook, which is also very much like looking through *American Family Style*.


COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AMERICAN FAMILY STYLE
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MASTER

Woman in Her Bath Washing Her Leg, 1883-84,
is part of the Degas exhibition at the National Gallery
in Ottawa until August 28 and opening at the
Metropolitan Museum of Art on October 11.

Degas

An impressionistic painting by Edgar Degas titled 'The Bath'. It depicts a woman in a bathtub, seen from a high angle. The woman's head is turned away, and her hair is dark and voluminous. The bathtub is white, and the water is rendered with soft, dappled colors. The background is a mix of light and dark tones, suggesting a bathroom setting. The overall style is characteristic of Impressionism, with visible brushstrokes and a focus on light and color.

of the BATH

*When Edgar Degas took his paints into the bathroom, says
Rosamond Bernier, he changed forever the art of the nude*



degas wanted a milieu in which to be naked was not only agreeable and indispensable but also confidential

It is just over a hundred years since Edgar Degas presented himself as the poet laureate—if not the patron saint—of ablution. The naked human figure, seen without self-consciousness, had always seemed to him one of the highest subjects of art. Clothes were clothes, and he always enjoyed thinking about them. Hats were hats, and some of his most telling images were of women trying them on. Professional uniforms, whether worn by dancers, by jockeys, or by orchestral musicians, had a perpetual fascination for him. But the naked body was the ultimate subject, the subject that summed up and epitomized all that we know about human nature—or, as we now say, body language.

How best to trap that naked body? The standard poses bored him. The painting of historical subjects came to seem to him like amateur theatricals. There were women who undressed to offer themselves to all comers, but necessarily they tended to camp it up in the prevailing style of the day. Knowing that they were there to be observed and looked over, they got their act together in ways that ended as a private joke between themselves and the customer. What Degas wanted, rather, was a milieu in which to be naked was not only agreeable and indispensable but also confidential.

It was at the end of the 1870s that he found it, and in the 1880s and the 1890s that he lavished all his resources upon it, returning to the bath over and over again in images as voluptuous as any in French painting. The bathroom—often it was simply a bedroom with a tub—was the arena in which naked women were at once most naked and most unselfconscious. Getting into the tub, lying long in the tub, getting out of the tub, being rubbed down by a maidservant, and stepping over whatever stood between them and the bed, they were consummately themselves. What they did at those times had a naturalness that had never before been tapped for art.

But how did he get to see it? A good question, and one that is unanswered to this day, though many an opinion has been aired. Some people think that he built a bathroom—or, at any rate, the elements of one—in his studio. Others, that he used furnished rooms. Yet others, that he bought his way into the brothels that were familiar ground for Parisian men of the

world and persuaded the women to perform in ways other than those to which they were most accustomed.

It is beyond doubt that Degas sometimes worked from photographs that either he or somebody else had taken. This is self-evidently true of *After the Bath*, an ecstatically beautiful oil painting of circa 1896 in Philadelphia Museum of Art. The related photograph (at right), now in the J. Paul Getty Museum, has precisely the same pose, with the light falling the length of the model's back. There is an unstudied eloquence in the deep shadow between her buttocks and a wonderfully off-balance quality to the pose as a whole.

As to whether he took it himself, who can say? But he was an ardent pioneer photographer. Berthe Morisot's daughter, Julie Manet, who had seen him on the job, once said to me that "it was perfectly terrible. Degas would come to dinner with his camera, which meant that we had to turn up the lamps, light all the candles, and pose interminably without blinking till the tears poured down our cheeks."

And unless we imagine to ourselves a photographer who was more in tune with Degas than Degas was in tune with himself, I think we have to go with the idea that he took that photograph, had it developed, and started from there. It is unlikely that anyone else could have invented a pose that had so precisely the mixture of discomfort and erotic exposure that Degas found irresistible.

The photograph was, even so, only a point of departure. In the image in the Getty Museum, the nonhuman elements—the cashmere shawl, the heavy figured hanging, the blinding white towel, and the zinc tub in the distance—have a look of arrangement that does not quite convince. In the oil painting Degas takes the same figure and sets her out with royal assurance in a plain bare room that is given grandeur by the gamut of reds that Degas has deployed.

It has to be relevant to the motivation behind these nudes that we can hardly ever read them as portraits in the conventional sense. Seen most often from behind or from the side, the woman speaks not with her face but with her arched back, her bent knee, the spring of her ankle, the unsupported weight of her breasts, or the extension of her arms as she reaches, either in supplication or delight, for the towel that will warm and dry her. Only rarely do we see her face, and when we do,



The photograph *After the Bath, Woman Drying Her Back*, 1896; is believed to be by Degas, who used the pose in a series of related nudes painted around the same time (see overleaf).
Opposite: Woman Entering Her Bath, pastel and charcoal on blue paper, c. 1890.

†he pose has precisely the mixture of discomfort and erotic exposure that Degas found irresistible

it is as if half-erased and in any case quite unimportant. It has sometimes been said that Degas's bathers are the work of a misogynist who enjoyed putting women through ungainly paces and disdained to give them the fundamental human attribute of a face. But the more we see of them, the more we may notice that, despite their awkward poses and their occasionally rather dumpy bodies, these women can rise to a Michelangelesque eloquence.

When a large group of naked bathers was shown in Paris in 1886, it caused a sensation. Félix Fénéon, at 25 the most brilliant critic of the day (and quite possibly of any other day), said that "in the work of Degas, and of no one else, human skin leads an expressive life of its own." And it is, as Fénéon said, in the skin of these naked bathers that portraiture resides. Skin has the individuality that we expect of faces—in color, in the way that it catches the light, and in the specific way that it responds to the strange exertions of the bathroom. Who needs the face when we can almost calibrate the movement of the blood beneath that skin?

In the catalogue of the current Degas exhibition, Gary Tinterow suggests that the bathers relate to the notion of the obstacle overcome as a recurrent motif in Degas's art, which surfaced initially in a copy of an engraving after Michelangelo that Degas made in the 1850s. If this is true, Degas's searching, fearless, and ultimately heroic paintings and pastels of naked bathers have an even richer connotation for us.

Some people have always found them difficult. In 1913, Mary Cassatt wrote to her friend Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer about a pastel by Degas of a woman half-standing and half-squatting in a few inches of water. "The art of Degas is addressed, after all, to a limited public. I do not think that many people would appreciate the nude that I have. Works like that are for other painters, and for connoisseurs." Mrs. Havemeyer had a mind of her own, and she was certainly a connoisseur, because in that same year she bought an even stronger Degas of a naked woman climbing into her bath. You can see it on page 108—and in the great exhibition at the Metropolitan this fall. ■



In *After the Bath*, Degas used the pose and the lighting of the photograph but set his figure in a plain room made rich by red ocher.





*William Hamilton looks
into the most private
room in the house
and finds some
elaborate surprises*

SPLENDOR

A splash of Gothic: Anissa Helou is the high priestess of her London bathroom, opposite and this page, made with salvage all from demolished churches all over Great Britain. The grillwork on the tub is an altar rail from a church in Wales; the doorway is from a Victorian church in England. The closets at each end of the bathtub contain towels and a shower. "I wanted to hide everything and make it look not like a bathroom," says Helou.



in the BATH

in the BATH



nly in the bathtub is it grand to be naked and alone. Only in the shower do certain singing voices seem not only viable but even applauded by the same hot droplets simultaneously petting and massaging the artist in their midst.

The bathroom is the home water temple. Within it are privacy, luxury, sympathetic mirrors, and hydraulic comforts mechanically approximating those of the prenatal lobby through which we originally passed from paradise.

When Western civilization chose to believe their kings and queens ruled them by divine right from a link above in the great chain of being, there were no bathrooms. If you were the king or queen, the facilities came to you. The lord high chamberlain was originally no more or less than the butler of the bedchamber, whose duty was to marshal a retinue of liveried specialists to attend upon the needs and appearance of the royal person.

This retinue now presents itself like the soldiers to every ruler of the modern democratic private bathroom. Medals, greaves, seals, gold crowns, proclamations and edicts, patents, ribbons, and coats of arms predominate in the decoration of contemporary bath products. Aristocratic titles brand many of the tools, substances, towels and tissues of modern bathing. Marble, the stuff of palaces, is most often at least represented if not physically present there. Brass and plastic are made to intimate the gold and ivory brought for Cleopatra's morning ablutions on her barge or those of the emperor Hadrian poolside at his getaway outside Rome.

We are all Spanish *infantas* in our empire suds and terry velvet robes. The bathroom is our empire and court, surrounding us with whatever we choose to see and hear without argument.

Because it is basically occupied by one person at a time, the bathroom makes no social arrangement of furniture and decoration. It is there to please the solitary individual, a small chapel to existentialism.

Homage to Mondrian: A basic New York bathroom redesigned by William Diamond and Anthony Baratta. "With a minimum of construction and very little money, we transformed a standard 1950s bath into something special," says Diamond.



Grecian bath: At Vizcaya, the Italian Renaissance-style villa in Miami, created by industrialist James Deering, the bathroom is washed in Neoclassical splendor.

Pictures hung in bathrooms are not viewed with their anxious owner looking on for a reaction, so they can be humorous—a gentle nudge in the ribs from the absent host—or even informative, as in the not-uncommon appearance there of advertisements for the product that originally made the family rich.

Like kitchens, bathrooms were formerly mean affairs kept at a distance. Parlors and libraries, which looked down their upholstered noses at the bleak and often exterior facilities, have fallen victim to their own complacency. An architect friend of mine is presently demolishing the library of an old house he's renovating to make room for a state-of-the-art bathroom that will rinse its lord with a \$2,000 Kallista shower head.

From the elaborate extravagances of Sherle Wagner's designs to the Bauhaus penitentiary chic of Washmobil appliances, suppliers offer props and sets for every imaginable disposition of comedy, melodrama, or tragedy. Stylish and sentimental, severe, utilitarian, corny, and comical choices make this room more essentially personal than any other.

You can brag by decorating a bathroom or amuse or titillate or dazzle or show that bathrooms mean little or nothing in your scheme of things. Whatever you do, visitors will pick up clues to judge what must be the private you.

"Show him the bathroom," urged a friend of mine. We were visiting an estate currently in the hands of a rather mopey pair of heirs—a brother and sister. There was a hint of embarrassment as the brother conducted me down a curving staircase by the entrance hall. Below was a parlor-size room with a refectory table running down the center. On the walls were photographs of fox-hunting meets and fishing expeditions. The floor was white chicken-wire-pattern tile, the walls were paneled oak. I glimpsed the white enamel tree of a balance scale and an old-fashioned steam coop before all my attention halted at the high altar of this bathing cathedral. On a tile dais, side by side, each attended by a

Showered with art: Sculptor Ann Sperry decorated her shower with tiles she bath collected and made herself. "Sometimes I break the tiles, sometimes I don't. It depends on what I want to do with the space," says Sperry.



polished brass cigar ashtray on a brass mast, stood a pair of toilets.

"That was my great uncle's place," exclaimed an old friend of mine, out of the blue, when I told this story. "Granddad had one too, except he didn't smoke, so he didn't have the ashtrays. I think it had something to do with fox hunting." This communal, or anyway fraternal, attitude in high-class bathrooms has, of course, Roman as well as rural American antecedents. Nevertheless, it isn't my idea of a good time.

I prefer Schutzie's bathroom in Hartford, Connecticut, where I found myself preparing for (Text continued on page 167)



Retreat from Wall Street: In a palatial twelve-room apartment, venture capitalist Michael LeConey uses his bathroom as a sanctuary from his noisy family. "It's been said that I'm the owner of twelve rooms and master of none," says LeConey. The bathroom also doubles as a study/dressing room, with dark marble sink and desk, mahogany bookshelves, and leopard-patterned fabric on the wall.

real new yorkers

Restaurateur Brian McNally is British, his wife, Anne, is French, but their lives are pure Manhattan. James Truman reports



Village people:

Anne McNally and daughter, Jessica, in the library of the McNallys' recently renovated Greenwich Village brownstone.

Anne in cream by Azzedine Alaïa; hair and makeup by Alexis Caydam.

Opposite:

Entrance hall with painted steel beams added by the late Alan Buchsbaum, who was the renovation architect.

Inset: Anne and Brian McNally.



The odds in favor of a new restaurant succeeding in New York are notoriously slim. The chances of arriving at Odeon, Indochine, or Canal Bar and being seated within thirty minutes of one's reservation are, just as notoriously, even slimmer. Since 1980, when he opened Odeon in partnership with his brother Keith, Brian McNally has presided nightly over some of the city's most con-

gested thoroughfares. His restaurants fill early and empty late; once installed, diners tend not to leave until pried from their chairs. Given that the average New Yorker is equally preoccupied with eating well and making the scene, it is perhaps logical that a restaurant combining the two should succeed. What's surprising is that the marriage was implemented by someone without a consuming passion for either.

Whether at home, in the newly renovated brownstone he shares with his French wife, Anne, and their two young children, or traversing the city on his evening rounds, Brian McNally doesn't fit the conventional image of a prosperous restaurateur. He's not into self-promotion, and, in fact, refused to be photographed for this article. The son of a London cabdriver, he has the wrong accent entirely, and the kind of down-to-earth humor that isn't taught in hotel school. His training was informal: after moving to New York from London in 1976 he worked as a bartender in a Greenwich Village restaurant while his brother waited tables, and together they courted investors for their own venture. Finding themselves priced out of all the better neighborhoods, they instead backed their intuition that the downtown art scene was rapidly outgrowing its bohemian surroundings. For the scandalous price of \$35,000 they acquired a vast abandoned cafeteria in Tribeca, the then-uncharted territory below SoHo. With a bargain assortment of thirties and forties furniture and the original structure's cavernous space, Odeon somehow came to evoke an idea of Florence or Rome in the sixties—an

A French bias:
Anne McNally's heritage and love of antiques shows in the sunlit parlor, right and below, with its Directoire sofa, 19th-century gilt mirror from a French brasserie, 18th-century country table. Through the sliding double doors is the library with Deco leather armchairs, Kilim rug. Flowers by Alexandra Sutherland.



It's quiet, and light and airy. You don't



unimpeachable period. "The problem was that by the time we were ready to open we only had a few thousand dollars left," McNally recalls. "We had to choose between opening for two weeks and then closing or opening for one night with a big party for all the artists and dealers and designers we knew." It wasn't a tough decision. The party was a hit, and it helped establish Odeon as the current prototype for the restaurant-as-salon—a downtown equivalent to such uptown institutions as Mortimer's and the "21" Club.

It also helped invigorate the competition. "Suddenly it became fashionable to open restaurants downtown," he laughs. "Anybody who'd made \$10 million in cement would want to open one. It was seen as something glamorous, like owning a nightclub had been five years earlier." The glamour, he insists, passed him by. Married in 1982 and a father a year later, he salvaged a family life by escaping to his



empowered the way you do uptown"

wife's Paris apartment for vacations. While in Paris he noticed that the busiest tables in town were usually at the Vietnamese restaurants and that what kept them busy was a steady stream of Americans. In 1984, having sold his interest in Odeon to his brother and their other partner, Lynn Wagenknecht, he opened Indochine. Again he chose an unspectacular location—a dead stretch in the East Village—and decorated with little regard for authenticity. With its potted ferns and jungle-print wallpaper, Indochine looks less like a Vietnamese restaurant than the coffee shop of some tropical Hilton. The clientele continues to enjoy the irony, even as they grumble about the unchanging menu.

McNally offers no formula for his success. "There are no rules. I've seen it happen numerous times—you're hot, and then this mysterious underground consensus develops and suddenly you're out. The fact is that any restaurant in New York that stays fashionable for more than three years is pushing its luck. You have to be ready to spot the first signs of failure, to close down if necessary, and reopen as a hamburger joint." In the meantime he pushes his luck in new directions. Canal Bar, a bistro finished in jazzy colors and animal skins, opened to instant success late last year; it was followed by Jerry's, an upmarket din-



En famille: Anne and Brian McNally generally entertain at one or another of the McNally restaurants; their ground floor dining room, left, is used for family occasions. The French Deco ash-burl table and chairs were found at Second Coming in SoHo. Above: Outside the dining room Jessica perches on terrace steps leading to the garden.

er in SoHo ("I just realized one day that there was nowhere in the neighborhood to sit down and have a sandwich"). For the future there is a Brazilian restaurant planned for SoHo and a restaurant for the Royalton, a midtown hotel currently undergoing Postmodernization.

"Fortunately, I can now come home and relax and escape the horrors of the restaurant world," he roars across the coffee table one afternoon as, in the kitchen below, his children play percussion solos on the copper pans. The household is still in a celebratory mood—the result of finally being settled after seven changes of address in eighteen months. Anne McNally first saw the brownstone back in 1984; located in the West Village, it falls inside the glorious square mile of cobbled treelined streets that form one of Manhattan's few remaining pockets of tranquillity. It took almost a year for the original occupant to move out and another nine months for the renovation. The furnishing of the house was delayed by the death of the renovation architect, Alan Buchsbaum.

The finished house picks up few cues from the restaurants, although one bathroom is covered with wallpaper similar to Indochine's. Works by artist friends of the McNallys, who are also restaurant patrons, are featured on the walls. The living room displays a framed tablecloth and napkin stained with red wine—an act of clumsiness by Julian Schnabel who made up for it by drawing around the stains in crayon.

The furniture was collected from various sources: two Louis XVI chairs were inherited from Anne's grandmother; a Directoire sofa and an eighteenth-century desk arrived from Paris; much of the rest came from local antiques shops. "Whatever we saw in a shop and liked, we bought. Who knows why you do a home like you do? I've always found it unfathomable."

McNally is more at home talking new restaurant concepts, of which he is never short. Today's is for a bar. "But not just any bar. A *modern* bar. I've had it with secondhand furniture stores and phony old photographs. I want floor shows lasting four minutes and no kitchen, just takeout menus so you can call around the corner and get pizza and sushi delivered." Takeout menus—before they had their own restaurants to eat in, both Brian and Anne knew them well. Nowadays only their pristine kitchen betrays the embarrassing secret: neither of them knows how to cook. ■






The household is still in a celebratory mood

Fun and games:
 A relaxed style that doesn't take itself too seriously includes, opposite, son, James, founding the linens in the master bedroom. < drawing is by Brice Marden. This page, clockwise from top left: The children's room, with painted Mexican trunk as toy chest. hanging over Jessica's bed, an early-20th-century quilt from Susan Parrish, NYC. In the bathroom, Manolo Blahnik shoes beneath a 19th-century chair. Buchsbaum features in the throom include black marble and glass-block panels; the painting is by the English artist David Mellwaine.





Millefleur: Tiny low-growing flowers and herbs beneath dwarf lilac standard. Alchemilla, violas, allium, and dianthus are a few of the many species. Filled with the rare varieties of plants Elise Lufkin collects, pots serve as ornaments in the garden, even along walks. Opposite: A pot for every possibility.



Family roots

The plants have a past in this
Connecticut garden.

Patricia Thorpe discovers

“It’s supposed to be a kitchen garden, but flowers keep pushing out the edibles”

Most people live quite happily without a garden. I can’t conceive of life like that.” Since Elise Lufkin has always been surrounded by plants and flowers, it is not surprising she would feel that way. Science has never determined if gardening is an inherited trait or simply an infectious disease; Elise Lufkin follows her mother and grandmother in a line of great garden makers. Many of her plants are hand-me-downs from their gardens.

“I see myself as a link in a family chain of gardeners. In my grandparents’ garden I raced through rooms whose walls were huge hemlock hedges, rooms with lily ponds, flowering trees, and borders. I remember topiary swans on top of yews in my great uncle’s garden. I remember my mother happily directing men with chain saws as she planned vistas and views. Now my oldest daughter has discovered gardening.”

Such a confirmed gardener will make plants grow wherever she finds a home, but when Mrs. Lufkin came to northwestern Connecticut twelve years ago, her new property wasn’t offering much encouragement. The house was awkward, imposing, and of a determined red, flanked by towering spruce and deer-bitten yew. A sweeping macadam drive monopolized most of the front of the property. Around the back of the house there were perennial borders enclosed by low brick walls. Here Mrs. Lufkin contented herself for the first two years; she immediately filled the small greenhouse that jugged out from the kitchen. But the drawbacks of the property became too insistent to ignore: “I knew I needed help to take on the big projects. I just had to find the right person.”

Nancy McCabe has been well known for some years as a garden designer, particularly in this part of Connecticut where she lives. (Her own garden was featured in this magazine in June 1986.) Her relationship with Elise Lufkin soon went beyond the usual client-designer collaboration: “Elise knows so much about plants—she has done much more real gardening than I have. I feel *I’m* the one who’s learning.” Their shared love of plants was the driving force for what quickly be-



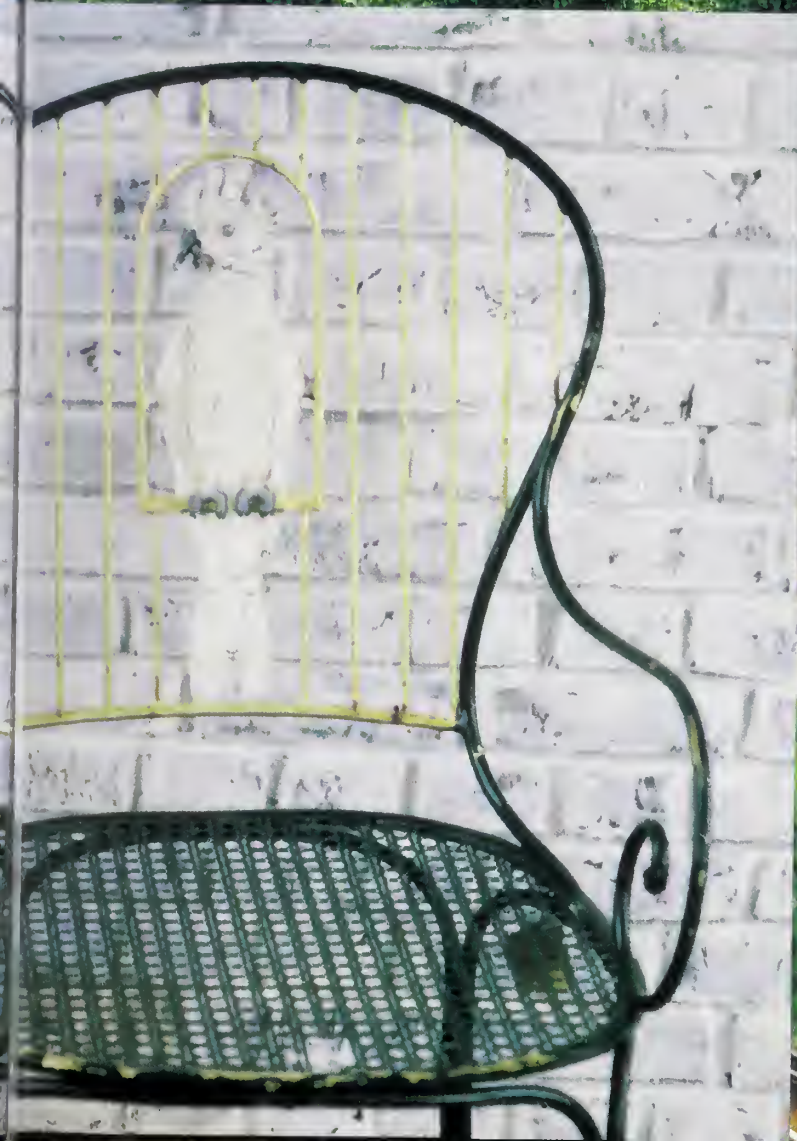
Full bloom: Elise Lufkin, above, by the benches of potted plants and flowers in her greenhouse, a riot of color year-round. Right: Parrot chairs are family heirlooms.



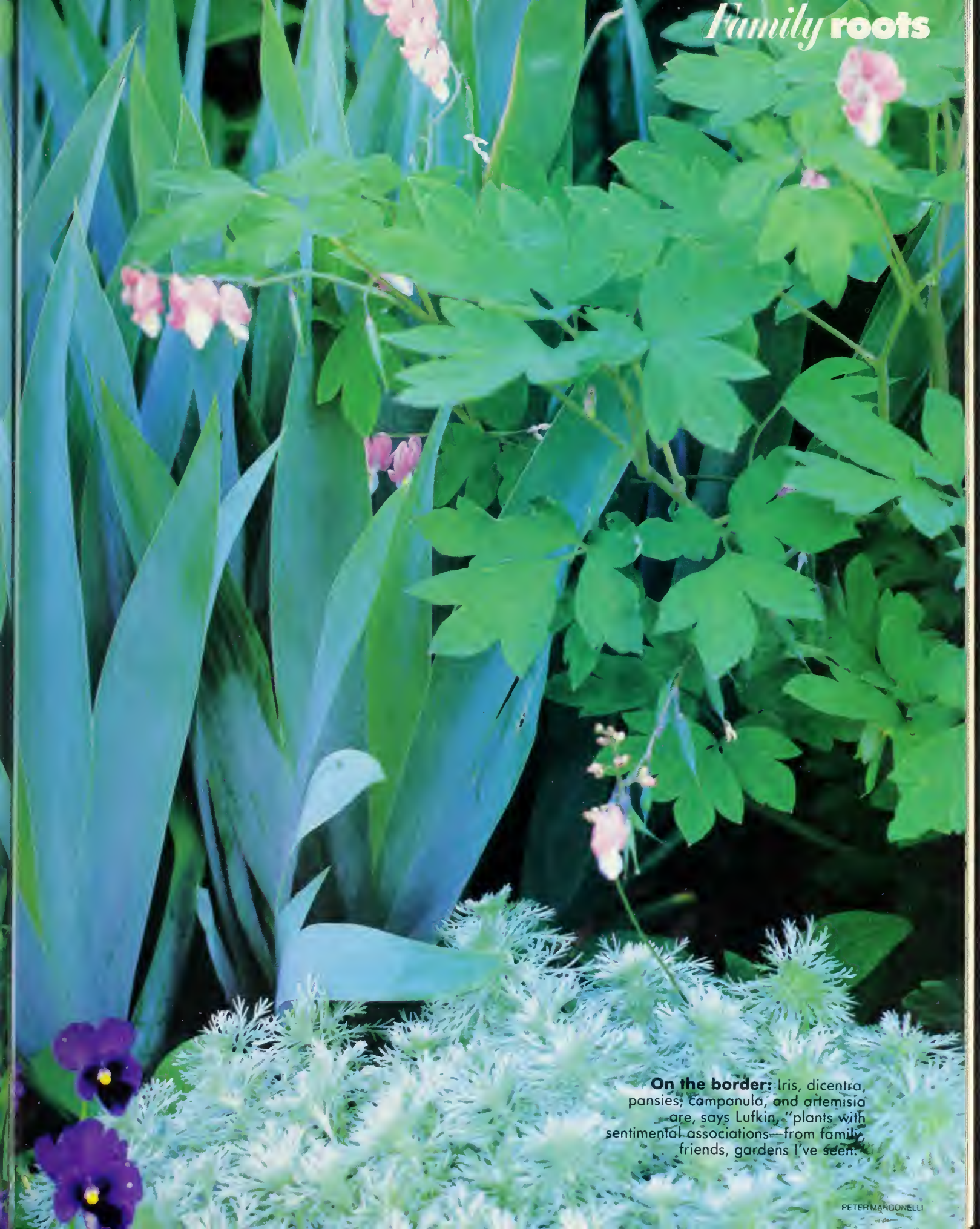
Family roots

Maintaining standards:


Standards and other pot plants, far left, summer on patios around the house. Left: The back-door garden, with its three raised beds, seen from the front. Below: Clematis and morning glory in late summer; assorted baskets for flowers; tabletop planting of lily of the valley.







On the border: Iris, dicentra, pansies, campanula, and artemisia are, says Lufkin, "plants with sentimental associations—from family, friends, gardens I've seen."



came a warm friendship as they worked together on re-creating the garden.

They first attacked the entrance to the house, the somber evergreens and circle of macadam Mrs. Lufkin had come to loathe. The drive is now gravel, smaller and less self-important, ending in an entrance courtyard of high brick walls. Wisteria along the outside of the courtyard adds a formal air, but inside the walls there is a riot of climbing roses, clematis, lonicera, and polygonum, underplanted with vinca and masses of spring bulbs.

Next the greenhouse received attention—the metal frame was replaced by white wood. In winter and early spring it is a brilliant island of scent and color. “I’ve always grown things in pots and forced bulbs,” says Mrs. Lufkin. Her prowess is remarkable: the pots are everywhere, in and out and around the house. Sweet peas twine to seven or eight feet in a fragrant column of pink, lavender, and white. Schizanthus is a frothy mound of rose and lavender, set off by ferny foliage—one of the more easily recognized species in the midst of many unusual specimens. Training plants as standards is a new interest. “Nancy got me started—I used to hate them. But I see them differently now, and it’s wonderful work—totally absorbing.” She plans to experiment with espaliered fruit trees. “I haven’t done any outdoor topiary yet, but my great-uncle Harvey created the Ladew Topiary Garden in Maryland; I suspect the tendency is hiding in my genes.”

Every corner of the garden is filled with seeds from abroad or souvenir plants from Elise Lufkin’s travels to gardens around the world. This fascination with plants is one reason a solid overall design has been invaluable—the design encloses and separates individual spaces within which the dazzling variety can be seen. The treatment of the back-door garden is a particularly good example of this: a courtyard of old brick surrounds three slightly raised beds, each containing a perfect dwarf Korean lilac standard underplanted with low-growing specimens. “It’s supposed to be a kitchen garden with fresh herbs and little salad greens,” says Mrs. Lufkin, “but somehow the flowers keep pushing out the edibles.” In summer, pots are brought out from the greenhouse onto the brick. The result is rather like a medieval hortus conclusus in which the garden exists without reference to natural surroundings. The small scale and highly controlled setting make the individual plants stand out like jewels.

But design alone can’t create a garden with this kind of individual presence. “When I look at my garden, I see so many personal connections. I see bleeding hearts from my mother’s garden. I see primroses a friend planted one spring when I couldn’t work in the garden. I see madonna lilies someone gave me years ago. I see *Salvia argentea*, apricot foxgloves, *Primula auricula*—all plants Nancy McCabe brought into my life. The solitude and peace of gardening is important to me, but I also love the associations and friendships flowers bring.”

Gardening Editor: Senga Mortimer

Design alone can't create
a garden that has
this kind of presence

The language of flowers: Ample perennial borders survive heavy cutting and still look lavish; behind the border, the spires of one of the numerous fanciful birdhouses around the property. **Left:** New and old volumes make up an enviable gardening library. "I've never read a garden writer I didn't like," says Lufkin.

THE Big CHILL

Making ice cream is no simple summer

pleasure. Jeffrey Steingarten learns

Chill eighty cups of heavy cream and dust off your electron microscope—we're about to get serious about ice cream. If you're like me, you have been aimlessly making ice cream for years, following this recipe or that, sometimes adding eggs and sometimes not, throwing in condensed milk one day and half-and-half the next, chilling the mix overnight or not chilling it at all. If you have ever made a decent ice cream, it was largely by chance.

This is not the time to lose ourselves in ice-cream reveries of hushed summer evenings waiting on the porch for the distant song of the ice-cream truck, of afternoons in Provence when we found relief from the blinding sun in perfumed sorbets of rosemary and lavender, of a dusty zocaló in the Yucatán when they brought us six astonishing cream ices, each the essence of some untranslatable tropical fruit. There is too much work ahead. We are about to pillage the scientific literature and exhaust the experimental method in a quest for the perfect ice cream. I do not mean the most delicious ice cream you have ever tasted or even the second most delicious, but the simplest, purest, richest ice cream you can make.

First pour a cup of cold heavy cream into a little bowl and stir in a quarter cup of superfine sugar. Taste. This smooth cool sweet richness is why we love ice cream. It is the milk and honey promised in the Book of Exodus but without that bitter honey aftertaste. It is the reason we are proud to be mammals and not birds or worms—and also why our first word is mama, the mammalian salute. It is the justification for cornflakes. We can dilute it, flavor it, whip it, stud it with fruit or nuts, or cook it into a custard, but the more we add, the less we have.

Now break up an Oreo cookie into seventeen irregular pieces and stir them into the bowl of sugared heavy cream, the way they do at those rustic urban ice-cream parlors with barn-siding wallpaper and signs that advertise real Vermont farm cream and all-natural ingredients. Taste,

if you must. I yield to no one in my love of Oreos—though I much preferred Hydroxes when young—and I happen to be eating one right now, but the idea of mashing up partially hydrogenated cottonseed oil, lard, and vanillin, an artificial flavoring, into real Vermont cream has always struck me as goofy. Discard.

In a clean bowl again stir a quarter cup of sugar into a cup of cold heavy cream. Keep the bowl covered on a handy shelf in your refrigerator, preferably at mouth level, and sip from it now and then to remember how we want our ice cream to taste. The question is, how can we capture this guileless ancient essence in our ice-cream machine?

"Probably more is known about this emulsion than any other," wrote an investigator in 1982, and I would personally be shocked to learn that a rival emulsion has overtaken ice cream in the intervening six years. With the assistance of John B. Forbes at the National Agricultural Library outside Washington and the staff of the New York Public Library, I have ploughed through endless food-science and agriculture databases and harvested whatever scientists have written about ice cream in the past fifty years.

Two books are indispensable to the amateur ice-cream scientist: Harold McGee's always useful *On Food and Cooking—The Science and Lore of the Kitchen*, and Arbuckle. Now in its fourth edition, W. S. Arbuckle's *Ice Cream* is the bible of the industry. Ben and Jerry read Arbuckle before going into business. Armed with the data from our computer search and our copies of Arbuckle and McGee, we can march to the freezer with aplomb.

Ice cream is a frozen sweetened foam. Each bite encompasses a million air bubbles, a million ice crystals of nearly pure water, and maybe a trillion solid globules of milk fat, each surrounded by a protein membrane. The web of ice crystals forms a stable structure, trapping unfrozen water containing dissolved or suspended sugar, milk protein, salts, and flavoring between them. (Text continued on page 166)

This mixture is why we love ice cream: sweet, rich, smooth, comforting. It is the milk and honey promised in the Book of Exodus, but without the bitter honey aftertaste



Palmy days: The grand lobby and bar of M.K., re-creates the leisure life of a grand resort hotel with specially made gilded Regency-style sofas and chairs covered in a fabric from Schumacher, a faux Mirá and Yves Klein, and a pair of stuffed Dabermans. The chandeliers were found in a local antiques shop. Opposite: The ceiling of the library is covered with bugs painted by Michael Herstand and Michael Staats.



eric Goode's new club is changing New York

Goode TIMES

I am never quite sure whether I ever went to Area. If the New York nightclub clientele is fickle, then this was a club that was fickle right back. It kept changing shape, design, theme, and texture. But I'm reasonably certain that I have been to M.K., the new hangout on lower Fifth Avenue. Built as a bank at the turn of the century, it retains qualities of solidity and permanence. You don't have to cope with the unbearable lightness of concept. The man who "did" both spaces seems to be looking for a point of rest.

Eric Goode, originator of M.K., has done time as the young and the restless and now wears a permanent look of diffidence and slight surprise, as if the way in which things have evolved is—shrug—anybody's guess. Area wouldn't sit still long enough for anyone to get a handle on it. The attraction of the Mudd Club was its repulsion—its spikiness and discomfort a lure to the well upholstered. Studio 54 was too garish, and there the lack of amenity had a look of affected luxury. Later venues also tried for gruesome barbaric splendor. But ever since Nell Campbell moved from Rocky Horror to the banquettes, the tendency has been toward refinement—almost gentility. M.K. takes up the story when banquettes become *banque*.

In M.K.—a cryptic name of no acknowledged meaning—there are definite signs of an incipient staidness. The ground-floor bar and lounge are done up with nouveau Regency furniture, and the restaurant has a molded and gold-leaf ceiling that might have been inherited from the

ights. Christopher Hitchens takes a look



■ wouldn't use live animals in a club again. Only fish"

original Gilded Age bank. The dance floor is not so much apart as actually sequestered. You descend some forbidding stairs into a concrete bunker, a vault still adorned with the original safe doors. A cage demarcates the bopping zone. Fleeing from this, you can take refuge on the top floor, the domain of Phileas Fogg, where a leather-bound library encloses a large pool table and London club chairs. Adjacent are a large bedroom and a large bathroom, with a large bed and a large bath respectively.

"I used to be infatuated with ephemerality," says Eric Goode. As boys in California, he and his brother Christopher would put on once-only parties, often with a dog theme of some kind. They chose the old Pony Express building on Hudson Street for Area because it sported two sculptured dogs on its façade. This fidelity to man's best friend is perpetuated at M.K. with its two stuffed Dobermans and a recurring pattern of metal bulldogs welded to the staircases and railings. Goode is touched that I notice this detail. "They are the logos from Mack garbage trucks," he says with evident satisfaction.

A huge and rather crude pastiche of the Joan Miró style hangs in the main bar opposite a fish tank. On the restaurant level are large mounted photographs of boxers, including the young Cassius Clay, which were given to Julian Schnabel—another friend who has been "very supportive"—to paint upon and to make his own, while they re- (Text continued on page 168)



Pooling talent: The M.K. team, opposite, business manager Bruce Frank, Eric Goode, his sister Jennifer, and the reclusive Serge Becker, who designed the standing lomp. Clockwise from top left: The bedroom features an antique harp and a bed draped in Schumacher fabric. Welded onto the main stair rail are Mock truck bulldags; the photographs ore of prize fighters. The plasterwork in the bathroom is by Corla V. Mari. A still life of objects collected by Eric Goode in a vitrine in the library. The pool table in the library is surrounded by scaled-down versions of modern furniture classics.

Closet ENCOUNTERS

*Dodie Kazanjian uncovers
the secrets stowed away*

by five clothes-minded editors

Everybody has them, but no one can ever get enough of them. As a child I thought they were made for hiding. I have since learned they are made for hiding disorderly habits. They come in various shapes and sizes, but they all end up cluttered. Putting stuff in is never a problem. The trouble is getting it out.

Carrie Donovan, who is responsible for the lifestyles features of *The New York Times Magazine*, maintains an archetypically frenetic New York pace. Does she suffer from closet anxiety?

"That's my one shameful spot," admits Donovan, who

has two closets in her bedroom, one for hanging clothes, the other all shelves. Today she is wearing her signature big black-rimmed glasses, a black cashmere pullover, a leopard-pattern denim skirt, and a turban. She has worn turbans ever since the early 1970s after she dyed her hair red in a mad moment—and regretted it. "I am a disgustingly neat person, but I live with a great deal of clutter. I'm impossible. I can't stand things a centimeter off kilter. This is true of everything but my closets where I have a semblance of neatness, but they're stuffed to the gills.

"So I decided there are three things that could make my closets and me happy. One. I need a week to weed them out. Two. I need to redesign the closets' inwards. And three, I need another closet."

Baubles, bangles, and beads:

Carrie Donovan, with her signature glasses but sans turban, brandishes her favored footwear. Inset: In her leopard-carpeted hallway, accessory-bedecked chair from Paul Smith, NYC.





Entering the Upper East Side apartment of **Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele**, my impression is that the entire place is a closet and that she lives in the spaces in between. The French-born special projects director of *Vogue* wears black—motorcycle boots, Levi's, a cashmere sweater, and a man's tuxedo jacket by Saint Laurent—plus half a kilo of gold jewelry. Her entrance is through a room she uses as a closet.

"This rack is full of this year's clothes. It's easy for me. I can go bing, bing, bing, bing, and very quickly find what I want," she says, sipping coffee out of a blue-and-white bowl. "Alors. Armani jacket that I buy in every color because I love. This is Azzedine. Voilà, same jacket. Blue. White. Black. Beige. This is something I bought last year at Chanel. J'adore. One of the best thing I ever see in my life. This is another Chanel. And thousands of Saint Laurent jacket, all the same. I think I have fifteen black jackets from everybody. Armani. Gaultier. Saint Laurent. Azzedine. One day it's Saint Laurent. The other day it's Azzedine. I like it kind of big. This is Gaultier jacket I buy and wear one time at Paris collection."

"I can't stop buying clothes. I just love, love, love, love clothes. I love fashion. It's my life. I love classic. Quality. Not show-off."

In the same room there is a container filled with at least two dozen umbrellas, all alike, by Prada, but in different colors. Beside the umbrellas is a huge bin brimming with scarves—oversize scarves by Chanel and Hermès and all the little scarves with which she ties back her hair.



The success of excess: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele, top, in a Chanel jacket and jewelry, a Zoran T-shirt, and Levi's. Details see Sources. Above: Her bags, by Hermès, Vuitton, Pellegrino, and Chanel, on hangers in a row. Right: Chanel shoes and a rainbow of Hermès shawls fill a closet. Style: Kelly Klein.



Sneaker mania:

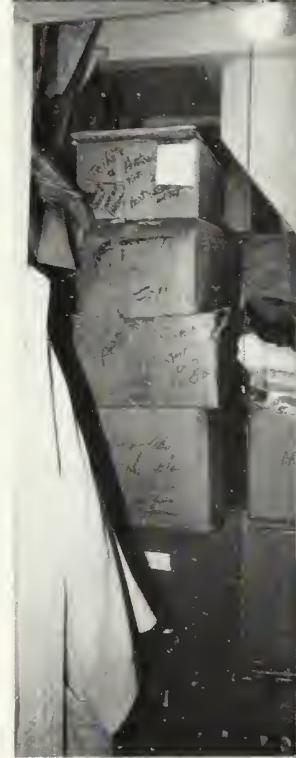
In Joe McKenno's closet, neat rows of turtlenecks, imported sneakers, and stacks of hats. The pinup photo of his friend Liso-Morie was taken by Bruce Weber. Above: The editor tops off his all-American look with a Colvin Klein cotton-twill coat.

Next is a room with four closets and a full-length mirror. One closet is for handbags—Louis Vuitton, Hermès, Chanel, and Renaud Pellegrino—on hangers because they take up less space that way. Another closet contains rows of Chanel flat shoes exactly alike except for their colors. The back row is Chanel velvet and suede evening slippers. "Just to look at this makes me mad with pleasure. I love this." Above the shoes are shelves, nearly ten feet of them, stocked with cashmere sweaters, especially oversize ones by Zoran, and a big, big collection of Hermès shawls. "Every single color that can exist is here."

Then there's her shoe room, with a window. It might have been the perfect study. Instead it's five rows deep in shoes. "These little boots by Azzedine I need in every color," she says. "Four new pairs this winter; I never wear them one time. Never. Never. Never. I have tons of black pumps." Shoes are lined up by designer—Manolo Blahnik, Prada, Alaïa, Maude Frizon, Walter Steiger, and on and on and on and on. "Shoes I absolutely love. I don't wear them too much, but I buy them."

Polly Mellen, *Vogue's* legendary creative director for fashion, arrives from the country in a short navy A-line coat by Geoffrey Beene, gray Armani cashmere trousers and silk T-shirt, and crocodile moccasins by Prada. She flings open the door of her "Easy Evening" closet.

"I always separate my Big Big Evening from my Easy Evening," Mellen declares. "There has to be a method to your closet. You have to deal within the space you have. Because I have to move so fast, my clothes have to be in perfect order. My Big Big Evening, I put in the guest bedroom closet because I always have more time to dress for a Big Big Evening. Geoffrey Beene is a big part of my closet. Now the Biggest Evening I have is my star dress by Geoffrey Beene." As she speaks a car waits to whisk her back to *Vogue*. She continues at the slow pace and with the emphatic emphasis that brings to life the italics of a page of *Vogue*. "An Easy Evening, a less decked-out evening, is in my bedroom closet because these are clothes that swing for me—that can be day and night.



Low-tech approach: Cunningham, top, uses the quickest means in traffic. Above: His filing system, for more than papers.

"I'm always editing my closet," says Mellen, who stores off-season clothes in an enormous closet at her Connecticut country house. "I'm not sure I'm minimizing my closet each season because of space reasons. I'm really doing it because I think it's easier to dress. It eliminates the options I'm not sure of. And it keeps within my reach clothes I know I look best in. Presentation is my business. I care a lot that I look well. There's never enough time."

Bill Cunningham doesn't believe in closets. He doesn't need them because he almost doesn't have any clothes. "I don't have a closet because I don't want to have a lot of stuff around. It's a nuisance to have stuff around that you don't wear," says Cunningham, who photographs street fashion for *The New York Times* and covers high fashion for *Details*.

He lives in a small midtown one-room studio. A little alcove under the stairway that is 98 percent filled with photographic file cabinets acts as his closet. "I haven't bought anything in thirty years. I have a couple of changes of clothes—by choice—and they just hang on the handles of the file cabinets and from a couple of hooks on the wall." He does have two sweaters, maroon and black, that a friend found for him at a thrift shop, and he has one coat—a down jacket from another friend. "When it gets soiled, I throw it into the laundromat on Ninth Avenue. I wait while it washes and then put it back on. Wash it and wear it. It's very easy.

"I spend all my money on my photographic materials. It's not that I'm not interested in clothes. Mine are functional—first camouflage—to blend in. I need clothes that make me invisible when I'm photographing."

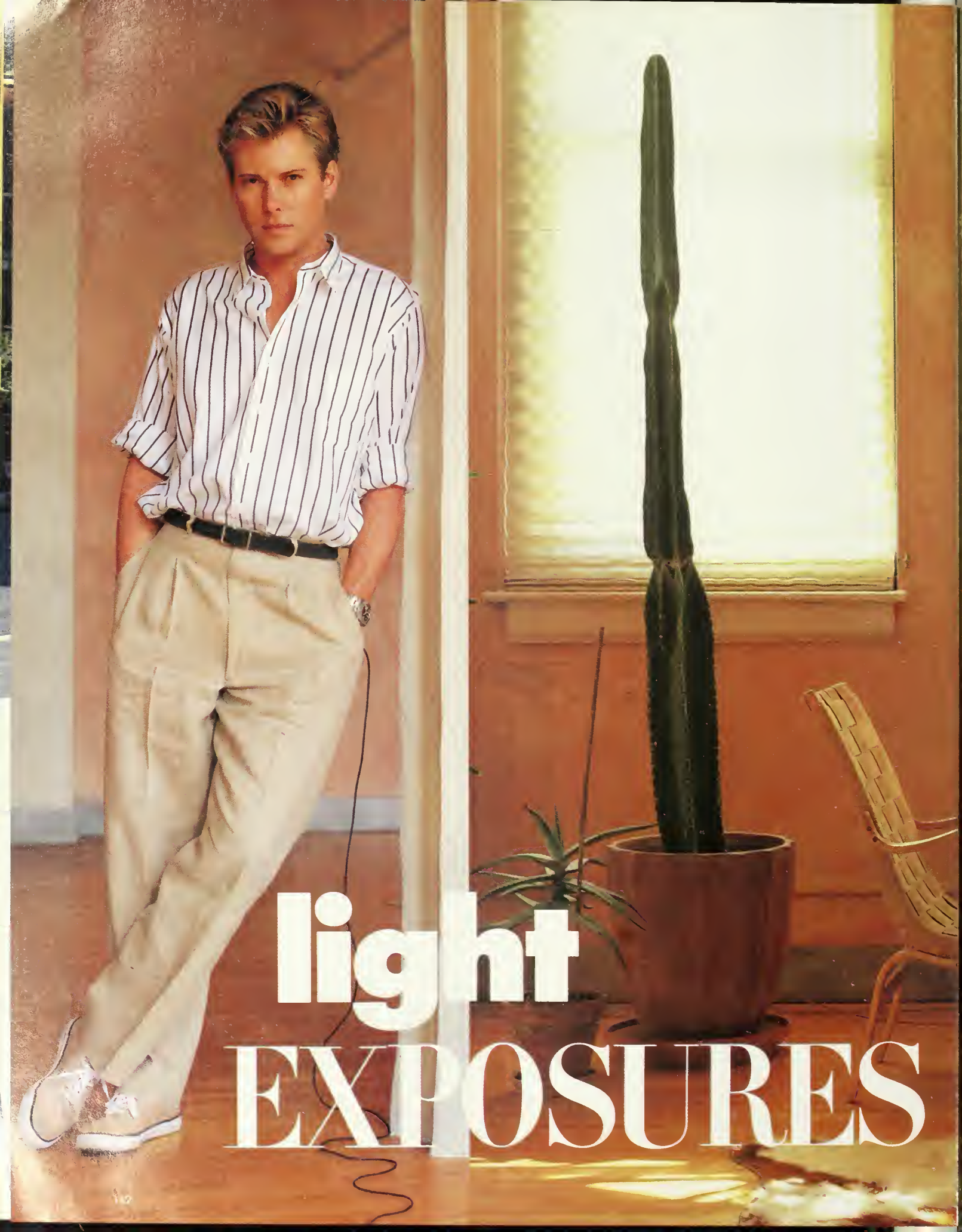
He acquired his camouflage of the night—black tie—when a girl who lives in his building expelled her boyfriend. "A day later, his clothes were thrown out, and I just picked it out of the trash can," says *(Text continued on page 168)*

Clearly organized: Polly Mellen, right, stands out in Calvin Klein. Below: A selection of her day clothes carefully laid out for consideration.



GEORGE LAMBE





light
EXPOSURES

Eric Boman has created an environment as flattering as his photographs.

Dodie Kazanjian pays a visit



Self-portraits: Eric Boman leans on a sculpted column, designed by Peter Schlesinger, that divides the room. Bruno Mathsson chairs and a chaise from the 1940s surround a table arrayed with pottery, including Poole, Crown Devon, and anonymous pieces. The fluted vase is by Andrew Lord. Sunlight is filtered by shades of cotton duck.

You're so vain. I can't believe it. You're the vainest person I've ever come across." Click, click. Click, click, click. "It's really quite shocking."

Eric Boman, the fashion photographer, is taking my picture. He is dressed entirely in white, wearing a doctor's lab coat from New York Hospital. "I make women look beautiful, which is the way to a woman's heart," is how he explains his success. Magazine covers for European editions of *Vogue* have become a specialty. He is known as le nouveau Horst because he likes houses and does so well with the rich ladies.

Boman is the only photographer Paloma Picasso has let photograph her without her trademark red lipstick. "He's able to show a side of me not apparent to other people," says Picasso. And Jennifer Bartlett can't stand to have anybody else take her picture. "He's quick, and you always look fifteen years younger," says Bartlett.

Despite such mutual flattery, Eric Boman doesn't think photography is art. "Because you have such limited control," says Boman, who doesn't talk to other photographers because he finds them deadly dull. "Photography is archival. A photograph is fascinating because it shows you what someone looked like at a certain point in life. For me photography is not an ultimate expression. It's one thing I do. I'm not contribution-minded—feeling I have to leave something behind—like some artists. If anything, I think my opinion is my contribution. And I have lots of opinions about lots of things. En-n-dless," says Boman, who once interviewed himself for *Interview* magazine.

Apparently Eric Boman was born in 1970. When I asked three of his friends—Manolo Blahnik in London, Jennifer Bartlett in Paris, and Paloma Picasso in New York—how long they had known Eric, each answered without hesitating, since 1970. "I started wearing red lipstick the year I met Eric," says Paloma Picasso.

"That would make me eighteen," says Boman. "That's rather good." He doesn't look much older, certainly not his 42 years.

Boman and Peter Schlesinger, who is a painter and sculptor, live in a Manhattan loft in a turn-of-the-century building that was once a girdle factory. "This place is quite ridiculous, don't you think?" said Boman when I was there for tea shortly af-

ter he had photographed it. "I mean, the combination of things is quite silly. We just put anything together that we think looks good. If the form and color work together, it doesn't matter what it is, stylewise. We don't follow any rules."

A twelve-foot fluted column—Peter's interpretation of Doric—seems to be growing in the middle of the pinky peachy 32-foot-square sitting room. Everything else radiates from this dynamic spot. The column emphasizes that the room is divided into four separate square areas, one for dining, one for sitting, and two for walking through. "The air you walk through is very important. That's what space is all about. It's a luxury to have space you don't need," said Eric. "None of this represents money. Just taste."

His clients and admirers are impressed with his taste. Manolo Blahnik says, "With the most unlikely furniture and objects—with nothing at all—Eric manages to create an incredible visual impact. This is the trick of Eric." And Paloma Picasso says, "I like the fact that it's sort of homemade, which I think is an important part of it. That's what's nice about Eric's place, the decoration seems as if it's left over from somebody else, which is always a nice touch."

Light to a photographer is like sun to a flower, and over the past fifteen years Eric Boman has mastered the use of light as a photographer. So it's not surprising that he has figured out precisely how to light his loft. "You don't want overhead light because it gives you bags under your eyes," said Boman, who painted his ceiling pale yellow ocher because white ceilings reflect light. All ten lamps in the sitting room are on one switch, and all go on at teatime.

"I upgraded wattage recently. Basically there isn't a lot on the walls here, and I love the funny shapes that the light from the lampshades makes on the walls. That's why we have clear bulbs everywhere. No frosted bulbs. They give you a softer edge. My favorite wattage—you know, like my favorite scent—is 75 watts. When it was 60 watts, you felt as if something was just not right with your head."

The son of a Swedish minister and diplomat, Boman was born in Copenhagen and attended schools all over Europe. He studied at the Royal College of Art in London and then designed fabrics and wallpaper. He became fascinated with magazines and started out as an illustrator for British



There isn't a lot on the
 walls here. It's a luxury
 to have space
 you don't need"



Set design: The Dunbar dining table from the 1960s is surrounded by 1920s French iron chairs, with Quadrille fabric. The sideboard is also French. The painting, *Henry*, is by Peter Schlesinger; the sconces are Scottish Arts and Crafts. Details see Sources.



Sitting pretty: In the sitting room, "Mamie Eisenhower" chairs an a rug by Jules Coudyser. Vase on the plinth and painting are by Peter Schlesinger.



Zsa Zsa Zsa vroom: The silverleaf waad cabinet was once part of Zsa Zsa Gabor's bedroom suite. The pottery includes Royal Lancastrian and Gustavsberg Argenta ware. The etching is by Marie Laurencin.

Vogue and *Marie Claire* before engineering his way into photography, and he came to the United States in 1978.

When Boman and Schlesinger bought their loft in 1979, they designed the space with a contractor and a roll of white tape.

Says Boman, "The contractor told us 'You're making everything the wrong proportions. Buy a roll of white masking tape, put it on the floor where you want the walls, make three-foot openings where you want the doors, and walk in and out to see how it feels.' Absolutely brilliant."

Everything in the apartment is twentieth century with an emphasis on the 1950s. But surprisingly, there are no photographs. The two are proud of the fact that the provenance of almost every object is thrift shops, auction houses, or the street. "It's what *Vogue* used to call, 'Done on more dash than cash,'" explained Boman, who has never had to buy a rubber band or paper clip because he saves all incoming ones. ("I greatly admire his thriftiness—waste not, want not," says Jennifer Bartlett.) They are not collectors, aside from their accumulation of English studio pottery, which they call their sport. "It's not like a collection of things that are valuable. It just seems to be a much more all-around preoccupation with form and color."

Everywhere is evidence of an incredible attention to detail. Take the solid-brass lever door handles he tracked down in a hardware store in Sweden for \$20 apiece—they would have cost \$350 back home—or the moss braid he bought for a song at Crocianielli, a fringe shop in Rome. "When you do something like this, it's often the trim or the hardware that really breaks the bank."

Peter's paintings hang on the walls, but Eric, not Peter, painted the walls. "No housepainting," said Eric about Peter's work with a brush. "Only a-h-hrt painting. I do all the housepainting." He rubbed red ochre, gray, and bone color on the walls in the sitting room, using a rag as if sponging down the wall to get just the right feeling of depth. "If a room this size has flat paint on the walls, it gets very dead." He painted the baseboards with silver radiator paint applied with a Lola dishpan brush.

Everything in Boman's fashion photographs is deliberate, and the same is true at home. "You put things 'just so,' as the Trinis [Trinidadians] say. It's a good expression, isn't it? Just so. Seems to me, if you have something that's not exactly what you want, why have it?" ▲

*This place is quite ridiculous,
don't you think? We just put
anything together that looks good"*



Decorative decay: A chair discovered on the street remains exactly as found. The English table, from the 1920s, is by Letigan and Morant.



MARK DARLEY



J. T. CHEW JR./CHEW & CO.

Designer floors: Varnished pine, left, by San Francisco architect Christopher Alexander; painted pine, above, by NYC designers D'Aquino/Humphreys.

Glory Underfoot

Floor finishing has reached a new state of perfection. The only problem is deciding which decorative technique to employ

With the focus on uncovered wood floors these days, the services of a fine floor refinisher are very much in demand. Not only are wood floors remarkably resilient—the beauty of even a badly scratched floor, dulled by traffic or suffocated under carpeting, can be easily restored—

but they can also be completely transformed in the restoration process. Floors can be bleached, pickled, stained almost any color, painted upon, or given a decorative wood border or center insert. Here is an overview of these techniques, followed by a list of highly regarded floor finishers who will provide free consultation in the client's home to

discuss both the options available and the cost of doing the work.

BLEACHING AND PICKLING

Pale floors, achieved through bleaching and pickling, can enhance a room in uncommon ways: it will seem brighter, fresher, and more spacious. The lightening method is chosen to

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BOX: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," less than 0.05 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report JAN. '85; BOX 100's: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," less than 0.05 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's, FILTER: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's, MENTHOL: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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suit the species of wood and the effect desired. When a bleach is applied to sanded wood, the existing pigmentation is neutralized entirely. Then a clear nonyellowing stain is used to protect the wood. The effect is ashen, much like the color of driftwood.

Pickling refers to the application of a heavily pigmented white or light-colored stain to sanded floors. Unlike the spare raw quality of bleached wood, the pickled floor has a warm finish that can look attractively mottled or distressed. Many floor woods have a natural reddish pigmentation, and the finished pickled floor can take on a rosy glow. When stain is applied, it is rubbed into the wood and then allowed to absorb until the desired color is achieved. Good custom refinishers can mix virtually any pale hue to complement the surroundings.

Pale floors may not be successful in every room, however. Damaged floors or floors of a lesser quality wood may be better stained a darker, more forgiving wood tone. There are those in the refinishing business who counsel against pale floors in rooms with heavy traffic and especially in kitchens. They require a high degree of maintenance, and when the protective finish begins to "walk off," the muddying effect is much more noticeable on a pale floor than on a darker floor.

DYES AND STAINS

Industry specialists report that dyes can be used to achieve brilliant, pure colors, but controlling their application is difficult and many professionals prefer not to work with them. Aniline dyes, for instance, are highly toxic and can seep quickly and unevenly into sanded wood. When people speak of dyed floors they may actually be talking about floors that have been colored with a stain composed of pigments in a stable oil-based solution. Stains can also be mixed to achieve a wide range of colors that can be put to use in both traditional and nontraditional settings. An ebony-stained floor, for instance, can be striking in a modern apartment or in a country house. Stains can also be applied to give a pattern to a simple wood floor or to enhance the pattern of an existing parquet.

FAUX FINISHES AND ILLUSIONARY PAINTING

Faux finishes work to both fool and delight the eye. The faux-marble finish is seen most often, and the effect can look realistic enough to evoke the cool glow of marble underfoot. Faux granite, faux sandstone, and, ironically, faux bois are also popular. The finishes can be rendered to look like the real thing and

to match existing fixtures such as a marble mantelpiece, or the effect can be fanciful: faux marble can be created in unexpected colors with glittering veins; the texture of faux granite can be exaggerated to look as if magnified; and the pattern of a faux bois parquet can look as finely cut as a gem.

There are growing numbers of artisans who can be commissioned to create these finishes. Although they tend to work primarily with interior designers and architects, most of them express a willingness to take on smaller independent projects. "We welcome inquiries from people with even a vague idea of what they want from the finished effect," says Clyde Wachberger, a partner at Tromp, a New York firm. "Once ideas start to bubble to the surface, our only limitation is the boundary of our imagination."

Illusionary painting takes the faux finishes several steps further: it is more elaborate and often humorous. Crumbling marble columns can be made to grace a door frame; rumpled silken carpets can be painted underfoot. Lucretia Moroni of Mocart once undertook a two-month project to create intricate antique Persian rugs in a large formal room. John Demar of Los Angeles creates vignettes: he has done everything from a flock of barn swallows to a zebra-skin rug painted on a floor in front of a fireplace. Christine Hayward, who runs a one-woman studio called Interior Arts near Newton, Massachusetts, recalls the playful details of one of her favorite projects. "I painted a stack of mail as if it had been slipped under the front door," she said. "The envelope on top was addressed in a grandmother's handwriting, and for the stamp I painted the face of their dog."

INLAID BORDERS AND INSERTS

If the client has the luxury of commissioning the installation of a new wood floor, the possibilities are endless. Bill Erbe, whose grandfather established the William J. Erbe Company of New York City, takes on eight to ten projects a year, and many of those involve the milling and installation of exquisite custom-made floors. He also buys antique floors from Europe and undertakes the painstaking task of restoring and installing them. "The look and feel of the antique floor is impossible to recreate from new materials," he says.

One halfway measure is catching on: the installation of new wood borders—either custom-designed—or bought pre-cut. Rode Brothers, a large Los Angeles-based company, has installed specialty borders of wood inlaid with marble, granite, or brass. Less la-

bor-intensive and perhaps more dramatic is the center insert—a block of patterned wood inlaid in a space cut out of the center of the floor.

All floorwork, even the simplest sanding and refinishing job, requires care and craftsmanship, and quality work never comes cheap. But somehow it always seems worth it in the end.

Diane Lilly di Costanzo

Floor Refinishers

STANDARD FINISHES

Capitol Wood Flooring

979 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 759-5917

This large diversified firm takes on all kinds of floor refinishing and installation. Currently contracted for 30,000 square feet on Ellis Island, they have done finish work in the Oval Office. A branch office of the parent company, Hoboken Wood Flooring, can make referrals for refinishers in the Boston area (617) 426-4343.

Dudley Coughlin Flooring Co.

414 West Broadway, New York, NY 10012
(212) 532-8770

Coughlin has been in business for over sixty years and adheres to traditional, time-honored methods. He does meticulous sanding and prefers wax finishes on wood floors in homes. He also dismantles, restores, and reinstalls antique wood floors.

Designed Wood Flooring Center

281 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012
(212) 925-6633

The showroom is open to the public and has on display their wide variety of specialty flooring and ornamental wood borders.

William J. Erbe Co.

434½ East 75th St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 249-6400

Bill Erbe is highly respected for his custom-designed, finely crafted wood flooring. He also dismantles, restores, and reinstalls antique wood floors.

Floorworks

230 East 93 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 289-7000

This firm works mostly in conjunction with interior designers and architects but welcomes smaller private jobs as well. They specialize in fine color work and the installation of ornamental borders and insets.

Florida Flooring Co.

236 West Division St., Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 664-0888

This large firm takes on all kinds of installation and refinishing work.

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South, in business since 1914. They do refinishing and custom-designed floors.

Heywood-Berk Floor Co.

414 West Broadway, New York, NY 10012
(212) 226-4024

This large firm, in business since 1923, did the floors for the rehabilitation of Carnegie Hall and for Ralph Lauren's new shop on Madison Avenue.

Axel Isackson Floor Co.

100 North Hill Dr., Unit 36, Brisbane, CA 94005; (415) 467-0888

In business for 41 years and over three generations in the San Francisco area, this firm specializes in new floor installation.

New Wood Co.

301 West 96 St., New York, NY 10025
(212) 222-9332

A small firm whose clients include galleries and museums, New Wood offers a full range of services for the residential client.

Rode Brothers

8280 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046; (213) 653-2660

This firm has branch offices in San Diego, Palm Springs, Costa Mesa, and is highly regarded for their custom-designed floors.

Troendle

8605 Oak St., New Orleans, LA 70118
(504) 861-8117

The Troendle family founded the firm, which continues to do high-quality refinishing and installation work.

DECORATIVE FINISHES

Interior Arts

6 Jaffrey Circle, Waban, MA 02168
(617) 527-7705

Christine Hayward travels all over the Boston area and the East Coast creating faux finishes and inventive, elaborate illusionary painting on floors and walls.

Kathryn Kozan Studios

219 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 787-4014

This full-service studio of ten artists and designers specializes in decorative painting on all surfaces, both interior and exterior.

Local Color

842 South Sycamore Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036; (213) 934-3231 by appointment
Bob House designs and produces all kinds of faux finishes.

Maer/Murphy

429 West 53rd St., New York, NY 10019
(212) 265-3460

This studio specializes in fantasy murals on both interior and exterior surfaces. Their faux marble finishes can be seen at three

locations in Manhattan: Il Moneo, Il Nido, and the Carlyle Hotel.

Shelley Masters Studio

2443 Filmore, Box 305, San Francisco CA 94115; (415) 695-7844

Masters's work can be seen at Chez Panisse in Berkeley where she designed and produced a "weathered Pompeian stone finish" on the walls. On floors she has executed rose quartz, lapis lazuli, bronze, verdigris, and marble, among other finishes.

Thomas Melvin Painting Studio

2860 West Leland Ave., Chicago, IL 60625
(312) 588-2932

Melvin has been painting on all surfaces, inside and out, for fifteen years. He can produce a wide range of faux finishes, including marble, wood grain, mosaic tiles, and likes to play with scale and color.

Mocart

241 West 36 St., New York, NY 10018
(212) 629-3975

Lucretia Moroni runs a full-service interior-design firm. Most of the elaborate illusionary painting she does is in conjunction with other aspects of interior design.

Sue Connell

Clayton Store, Star Rte., Southfield, MA 01259; (413) 229-2621

Connell travels extensively to produce for clients effects as diverse as faux rugs, including Navajo, Oriental, and American hooked rugs, Art Deco and Victorian patterns painted with stencils, and faux finishes of all sorts.

Isabel O'Neil Foundation for the Art of the Painted Finish

177 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 348-2120

The O'Neil Studio operates as a guild: the masters, apprentices, and journeymen work cooperatively, perfecting their skills side by side. Some guild members, past and present, take commissions for painting on floors.

Studios of John Demar

148 South Laurel Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90048; (213) 933-2555

Demar delights in creating highly personal fantasy paintings for his clients. He designs a variety of faux finishes, including marble, bois, and crackle, which has the effect of bubbling, peeling paint.

Tromplocy

400 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10003
(212) 420-1639

In business since 1980, this studio takes on jobs of all sizes and in locations as diverse as the U.S., Japan, and Saudi Arabia.

Designs for the New Age

132 West 24 St., Box 7, New York, NY 10011; (212) 255-2772

The work from this four-year-old highly imaginative studio varies widely. Mark Victor Venaglia's favorite project was a ballroom floor in a private residence painted to evoke a Grant Wood landscape.



THE SRINIGAR COLLECTION

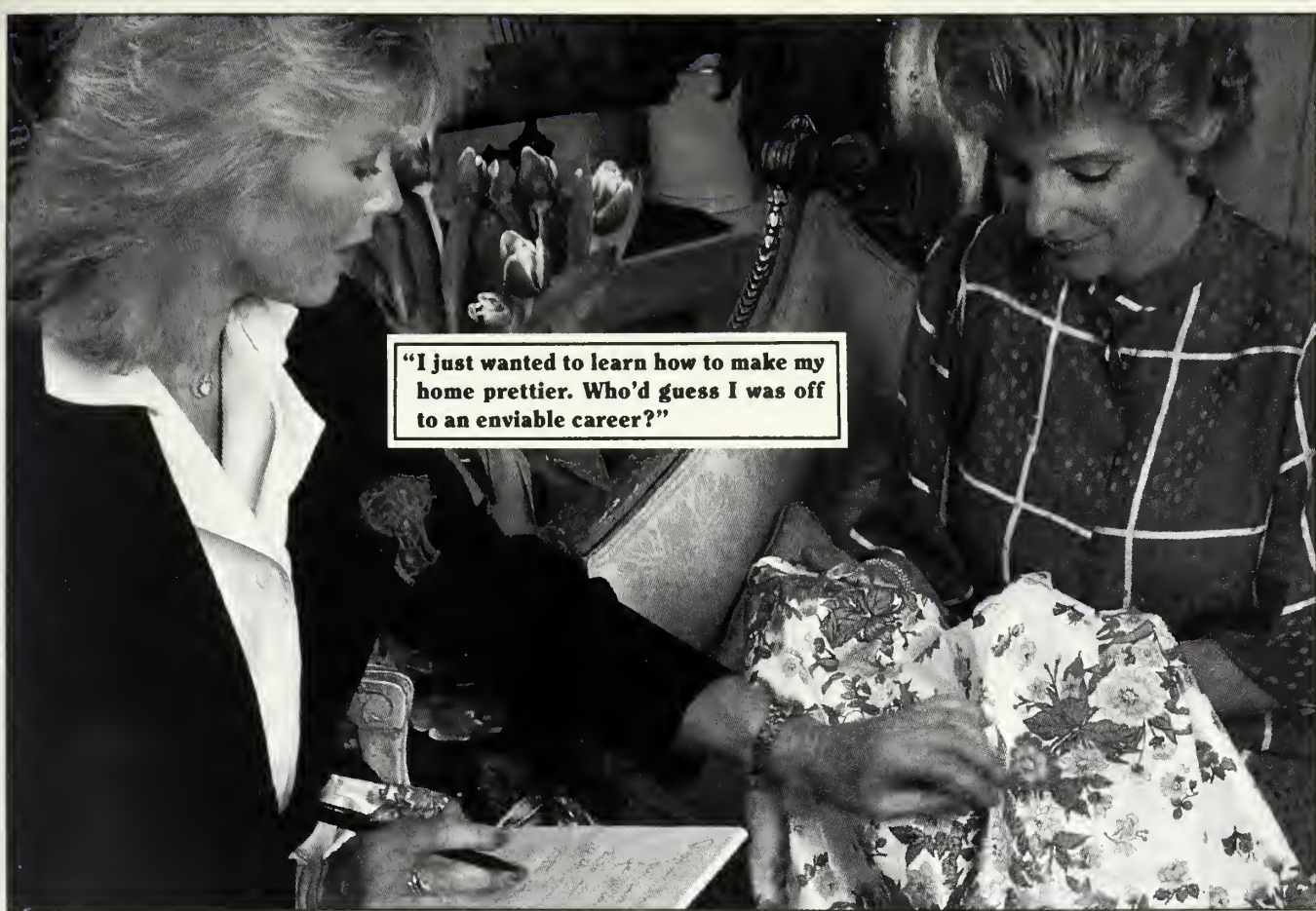
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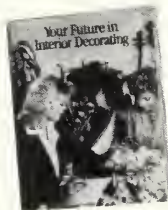
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The Buys of Summer

At regional auctions, great finds and a relaxed atmosphere are the order of the day

In many urban centers—especially New York—August is the month when galleries close, vacations are scheduled, and attention shifts to the country and relief from the swelter and frenzy of city life. For both experienced collectors and those new to the salesroom this shift provides a pleasant diversion and welcome opportunity to explore the varied—and often surprising—offerings at some of the end-of-season sales at country and regional auctions.

“Fun is really the byword at regional sales,” says Michael Grogan, formerly director of Sotheby’s Appraisal Co. and currently president of Grogan & Co., a new auction house in Boston. “There’s a much more lively atmosphere, almost like a little carnival at times. You can buy a cup of coffee and catch up with friends in the back of the room while the sale is on.” Often a good place for inexperienced buyers to discover the auction process, summer sales are also where experienced hands can discover bargains. “I would think these sales are a good introduction to our auctions, even if one just comes to watch,” says Maryalice Adams of William Doyle Galleries.

Unlike the specialized seasonal sales that

highlight a specific area of art, summer auctions are varied catch-as-catch-can conglomerations of things left unsold from past seasons and odd lots from various consignors. In addition, regional auctioneers often time their sales to coincide with local civic events—or even transform the sale into the event itself. “We put up tents, have a barbecue; we want to service dealers but also make the event approachable for the casual buyer. It’s a yard sale with specialists,” says Alicia

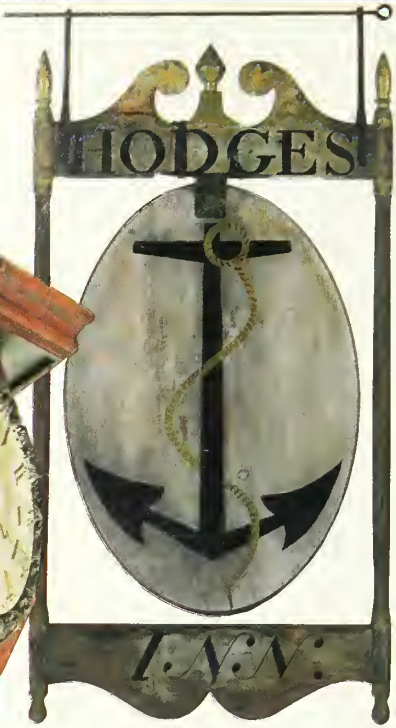
“These sales are good introductions, even if one just comes to watch”

Gordon of Skinner’s in Bolton, Massachusetts. For some buyers, however, this atmosphere may obscure the better lots or intimidate the buyer

who feels a need for supervision. “The first-time buyer finds our sales relatively easy after the initial fright of the auction process, with the \$5,000–\$10,000 bids flying by. It’s a congenial atmosphere with a lot of joking from the podium,” says Jerry Hart of Hart Galleries, Houston. “But we do run through maybe seventy items an hour—that’s a good clip.”

As with any sale, summer auctions post previews of most items that come to the block and print catalogues that may be purchased at the door or in advance for \$5–\$10. Buyers are encouraged to preview the items before the sale, even if only by phone with one of the house’s specialists, to get a feel for the pieces. Of course, there are always last-minute additions, so the buyer should be prepared for anything. “I’ve heard of people wanting to buy the doorknobs from a house where we were having a country sale,” says Michael Grogan. “If it’s an estate sale especially, buyers can suggest items that are not mentioned in the catalogue. Often this includes gardening equipment, architectural details such as banisters, things you can’t buy today. It doesn’t hurt to ask.” Nor does it hurt to consult with one of the specialists if you have a question. “We always have a

A 1790 inn sign, above, sold at Skinner Auction Gallery, Bolton, Mass. Railroad station clock, left, and, below, London town house entryway, at John P. Wilson Presents!, in southern California.



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number of specialists on hand," says Alicia Gordon. "But if there are crowds you have to persevere."

"Right now is an absolutely remarkable time for buyers," says Jerry Hart. "I've had a good eighteenth-century chest that would sell in London for around \$5,000. I put it up for \$300 and didn't get a hand in the air. You never know what will happen." The problem with regional sales, says Hart, is the snob factor. Often local buyers won't spend past a set amount in the country. "If they buy something for \$50,000, they want to say they bought it in New York or London. But this can be an advantage to the buyer who'd rather boast of a bargain than provenance."

This year Hart Galleries will have a three-day August sale that will feature mixed lots in porcelain, paintings, jewelry, and furniture and will project the sale on video monitors for the four to five hundred people expected at their Houston galleries. Skinner's will be hosting a sale in Bolton, "fifteen minutes away from Walden Pond." In the past Skinner's has been known for the quality of the lots at its country sales and once sold E. L. Henry's *Election Day* for \$250,000 to a deal-

er who subsequently lent the painting to the White House. This year some of the featured lots will include American stoneware and pottery, including Bennington pottery estimated at \$200-\$400; jewelry, including a rare platinum woman's Rolex watch with diamonds and sapphires; Victorian furniture; and Venetian glass and paperweights estimated at \$200-\$4,000. For those who plan to find their piece of the country in the city, Doyle's conducts an end-of-summer sale offering objects not sold earlier in the year. Items will not have a reserve. "There are usually very good buys," says Maryalice Adams. "We'll have dressing tables, tea trolleys, wicker and wrought-iron terrace furniture, and garden statuary. They're not all antiques. There will also be bronzes, linens, and boxed lots of Victoriana. This sale is not representative of the kind of material we usually sell, but it's a lot of fun."

Local newspapers are the best place to look for sales notices—announcements are usually printed several weeks before the auction. For those who are traveling and hope to attend auctions in more far-flung parts of the country, local chambers of commerce have

information about sales tied to events, such as the antique Indian art auction held in conjunction with Santa Fe's Indian Market. And it doesn't hurt to call the auction houses directly; they're usually helpful and will even advertise one another's sales—within limits. "People have begun coming to these sales," says Jerry Hart, "because there are quality things and it's a real fine way to spend a summer day."

David Lisi

August Sales

William Doyle Galleries

175 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 427-2730

August 3: Contents of abandoned safe deposit boxes

August 17: End-of-summer sale

Eldred's

Box 796, East Dennis, MA 02641
(617) 385-3116

August 4-5: Americana

August 11-12: Fine arts

August 22-27: Japanese, Chinese, and other Oriental art

Hart Galleries

2311 Westheimer Rd., Houston, TX 77098
(713) 524-2979

August 19-21: Antique furnishings, fine art

Willis Henry Auctions

22 Main St., Marshfield, MA 02050
(617) 834-7774

August 7: Shaker furniture, New Lebanon, N.Y.

Indian Market

Outdoors on the Plaza, Santa Fe, New Mexico

August 18: Auction of American Indian arts and crafts

Northgate Gallery

5520 Highway 153; Chattanooga, TN 37343
(615) 877-6114

August 6: Estate sale

Robert W. Skinner Auction Gallery

Rte. 117, Bolton, MA 01740
(617) 779-5528

August 20-21: Americana and estate furnishings sale celebrating Bolton's 250th birthday

South Bay Auctions

Box 303, East Moriches, NY 11940
(516) 878-2909

August: Potpourri of decorative arts and fine art (call for sale dates)

H. R. Tyrer Galleries

707 Upper Glen St., Glens Falls, NY 12801
(518) 793-2244

August: Estate sales on Friday evenings

John P. Wilson Presents!

2220 Gaspar Ave., City of Commerce, CA 90040; (213) 726-0073

August 5-7: Architectural antiques, Art Nouveau-Art Deco, period furnishings, J. P. Morgan's private Pullman car

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Second City SoHo

Chicago's recently revived River North district serves up a diverse mix of art and design

It seemed daring six years ago when galleries first began to colonize Chicago's warehouse-rife River North district; skeptics doubted that the area would lure art aficionados from Michigan Avenue. But it wasn't long before the galleries were joined by a host of design-conscious shops and the area quickly evolved into the sort of art-design-fashion-food center that's inevitably compared with New York's SoHo. Amid the

mouth-watering fumes from a candy factory, browsers in River North are now as likely to be looking for a great chair as for a painting and can while away the hours in stylish abandon. Here are some of the area's most unusual offerings (all area codes 312).

NORTH WELLS STREET

Elements Colorful exterior banners and Chicago's only water bar spell Elements, the brainchild of Jeannine DalPra and Toby Glickman, where cutting-edge furniture, tableware, jewelry, and desk accessories could inspire you to throw out all your old stuff and start over. The

playfully dramatic interior by designer Jon Cockrell complements wood and stainless-steel furniture by local Henry Royer, bright ceramic dinnerware by Claudia Reese, Scott Roush's architecture-inspired brass jewelry, sandblasted glass shelves and mirrors by Marco De Gueltzl, sushi plates by Barbara Takiguchi, and much more. (738 North Wells; 642-6574)

It could inspire you to throw out all your old stuff and start over

Gallery Fly by Nite It's hard to describe the essence of this shop, in the same dark cramped location for 23 years—but think “Paris flea market.” Like a collector adding to his own holdings, proprietor Thomas Tomc has amassed a mind-boggling selection of, among other things, European art pottery, Art Nouveau and Deco insect jewelry, and French repoussé metalwork, all displayed with elaborately lettered labels full of painstaking research. Don't be bashful about delving into Tomc's vast knowledge, and by all means ask to see his own illustrated inventory book, a work of art in itself. (714 North Wells; 664-8136)

Table of Contents Sisters Marlene Berland and Susan Fishbein just expanded their three-year-old shop and offer such prominent lines as Swid Powell, Sasaki, Christofle, and others. Great selection of flatware, crystal, and gifts, too. In other words they supply the contents, you supply the table. (448 North Wells; 644-9004)

Victoria Peters Antiques British-born Victoria Peters owns this charming jam-packed shop which runs the gamut from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English and Continental furniture and accessories, with



Clockwise from top: Heinz & Co. replica of Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel chair, at Manifesto. Barbara Takiguchi's handmade sushi trays and saki set, at Elements. Greene & Greene-style table by Prairie Woodworks, with German silver after 1920s designs, at Manifesto. At Elements, pedestal and bench by Henry Royer, candlesticks by Dennis Higgins, eight-tiered pastry rack by Jim Gaudineer.

MARK JENKINSON

an occasional Oriental piece, to fanciful Victorian and Edwardian beaded and needlepoint pillows to Victorian bamboo bureaus. You can also find boxes in every shape, size, and material imaginable. (449 North Wells; 644-5855)

WEST SUPERIOR STREET

Carl Hammer Gallery Carl Hammer spends a lot of time on the road in his continual quest for self-taught and visionary art, or what many consider folk art. Exhibitions of old circus banners, Amish furnishings, twig tables, and carved cigarette stands make this gallery a particularly interesting stop. (200 West Superior; 266-8512)

Manifesto Architect Richard Gorman and interior designer Barbara Gorman have joined forces with interior designer Frank Scalia to offer reproductions of architect-designed furniture and objects from 1890 through 1940. Handcrafted Frank Lloyd Wright clones by Heinz & Co., Wiener Werkstätte-inspired textiles, and selections from the Cleto Munari Collection of silver, ebony, and gold-washed accessories all grace the elegant Gorman-designed interior. (200 West Superior; 664-0733)

Hokin/Kaufman Gallery A drop-leaf table shaped like a pig? That, in addition to less animated offerings, can be found at Hokin/Kaufman Gallery. Owner Lori Kaufman organizes several furniture shows during the year featuring work of such established figureheads as Wendell Castle as well as the fine work of lesser-known Chicago designers like Lee Weitzman, Jon Cockrell, and Andrew Pawlan. (210 West Superior; 266-1211)

Esther Saks Gallery Saks started out as a collector of contemporary ceramic sculpture, the gallery's specialty. There's quite a range: Bennett Bean's golden-lined, delicately painted vessels are beautiful to behold, while Richard Notkin's skull-shaped stoneware teapots and cups offer food for thought. There are changing shows of innovative jewelry, beadwork, and the lustrous silk tapestries by Chinese-born painter Ruth Kao. (311 West Superior; 751-0911)

Douglas Dawson Gallery Visiting Douglas Dawson's gallery is like having a private museum tour, particularly if he supplies the audio portion. You can easily spend hours poring over textiles from Africa, Melanesia, New Guinea, Asia, and the Americas. There are also African ancestor posts, religious folk art from Guatemala, antique furniture from Afghanistan, Sri Lanka, and Japan, and even yam masks from New Guinea. (341 West Superior; 751-1961)

Objects Gallery Collector Ann Nathan's passion for unique objects is responsible for her gallery's being stocked with an eclectic assortment of hand-fashioned items, such as an Ashanti chieftain's throne, a Tramp Art chest, or contemporary artist Karen Doherty's mirror-studded clay furniture. There's always a lot to see at Objects, with different contemporary shows four or five times a year. (341 West Superior; 664-6622)

WEST HURON STREET

Portals One of the newest additions to River North, Portals is an unusually comfortable gallery which offers works by French naïf painters like Rosy Amoy and Alain Bonnet, plus an ever-changing selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and objets d'art. You can lose yourself among the many decorative objects owners Nancy and Bill McIlvaine locate on their travels along with such oddities as a book-shaped biscuit tin from England. (230 West Huron; 642-1066)

NORTH FRANKLIN STREET

Cose Italian design is the focus at Cose, which sports a fittingly Euro-style interior of steel, glass, and slate. No full-scale furniture here—just a well-chosen selection of housewares, desk accessories, handblown Murano crystal, and Lino Sabbatini silver-plate ware. Owner Phil Rasmussen also looks for lesser-known Italian designers like Carlo Moretti or Mauro Landoni, whose men's valet stand could easily be sold next door as sculpture. (750 North Franklin; 787-0304)

Paper Source This is the ultimate paper store in Chicago and the most extensive in the Midwest. Shelf upon shelf of handmade art papers from all over the world display sheets that are marbled, wood-blocked, pressed from bark, or embedded with flowers. (730 North Franklin; 337-0798)

Aquariums by Design Part pet shop, part design studio, this high-style custom aquarium store is worth a peek whether or not you possess sea creatures of your own. And if you've ever dreamed of a mirrored aquarium headboard for your bed, these are the folks to talk to. (730 North Franklin; 944-5566)

NORTH ORLEANS STREET

Chiaroscuro Partners Ronna Isaacs and Peggy Wolf wanted to combine elements of a gallery and a store in their art and craft-filled environment, and the result is visually overwhelming. Designed by award-winning Himmel Bonner Architects, the high-tech surroundings are all but obscured by the ce-

ramics, jewelry, paintings, fiberwork, and furniture on display. Seek out Wildgirl's crazed-and-glazed candleholders, Leon Fontier's handwrought pewter goods. As for the paintings on display, you'll do better in River North's many galleries. (750 North Orleans; 988-9253)

Gallery Vienna Vienna-born Norbert Gleicher's love of Austrian design evolved into a gallery that specializes in Biedermeier, Jugendstil, and Wiener Werkstätte furniture and art objects. Thonet café sets, Josef Hoffmann settees, and a variety of vases and candleholders make appearances, besides the occasional contemporary art exhibition. (750 North Orleans; 951-0300)

Decoration 7 A retail offshoot of Niedermaier, Chicago's largest visual merchandising company, Decoration 7 joins the forces of Diana Niedermaier and her mother, Judy, offering fixtures, furniture, and a variety of objects that defy categorization, such as giant Fiberglas pink flamingos and oversize faux Baroque gold-leaf candelabra. Most of the goods are designed expressly for the company, but the selection of busts, columns, capitals, and moldings attest to some hefty historical input. (365 West Chicago Ave.; 266-7077)

NEARBY SHOPS

City In the beginning there was City, the pioneering contemporary design store in River North that Barry Bursak opened in 1982. The emporium, now in huge new bi-level digs (25,000 square feet), still caters to lovers of industrial chic who avoid hues other than black, gray, and white. Memphis has been dropped from the roster in favor of City's own exclusive lines, such as the dazzling silver leather furniture and metallic-finish desk lamps. Equally handsome in the restrained space is Rei Kawakubo's granite-and-steel furniture; her *Comme des Garçons* clothing line is also a City staple. (361 West Chestnut; 664-9581)

Branca Alessandra Branca's Roman eye for elegance catapulted her antique-print business into a multifaceted design store, complete with its own workshop and studio. Not only can you find prints from the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries, but you can also have them framed with a hand-decorated mat à la Italia—and then order a couch to match. Or feast your eyes on the fine Biedermeier, French, and English antiques, along with Branca's own hand-painted silk pillows, trompe l'oeil tables, and dried topiary bushes. (112 West Illinois; 822-0751)

Victoria Lautman

China Blue

No longer just on the mantel, blue and white moves on to fabric and wallpaper

Oriental blue-and-white china has hardly ever been out of fashion since the early seventeenth century, when it was brought to Europe by enterprising merchants of the Dutch East India Company. The Georgians had a craze for chinoiserie; late-nineteenth-century aesthetes adorned their mantelpieces with blue-and-white pots holding lilies; and Christie's sale two years ago of the Nanking cargo sparked yet another revival of interest. Now even fabric and wallpaper firms are producing designs incorporating blue-and-white china. And Putnams of London has gone one step further by taking the patterns of china inspired by English porcelain and printing them as textile designs.

Amicia de Moubray



Delft wallpaper and border, above, from Ehrman; Coins fabric by Cynthia Gibson; Warwick tapestry from Brunschwig & Fils. Jardiniere by Mottahedeh, from Bergdorf Goodman. Left: Incurable Collector wallpaper by Clarence House; blue-and-white Olivia fabric by Putnams of London, from Cherchez. Center: Crocus Trellis from Osborne & Little.



Sake fabric, above, from Manuel Canovas. Blue-and-white India fabric by Putnams, from Cherchez. Details see Sources.

On the Waterfront

Tempting seaside properties on both the East and West Coasts offer year-round pleasures

What is it about land by the sea: is it the piquant salt air? The enchanting light and colors? The elemental awareness of legendary life-and-death deeds? Or simply the fun of bathing, sailing, and clamming? Whatever its atavistic sources, there's no denying its magnetic power.

And whatever its hold on the human psyche, being near the sea exerts a similar elevating influence on real-estate values: one can virtually smell prices rising in the salt air. Still, buying a weekend place even directly on megalopolitan waters remains a dream for many—and there are areas on both coasts where the costs, while high, are still below the multimillion level.

EAST COAST NEW YORK AREA

For many New Yorkers "on the water" means on Long Island Sound, which stretches some 100 miles northeast of the city. Compared with the open Atlantic, it seems pacific; the Sound's coasts are not exposed to the full hunger of the beach-devouring ocean. Its shores along Connecticut and the North Fork of Long Island are varied: sometimes trim and domestic as a village green, sometimes surprisingly wild and beautiful.

All along the Sound are appealing beaches, navigable waters, handsome shores, atmospheric villages, and worthy houses.

Connecticut In Connecticut one should skip over the commuter Gold Coast from Greenwich to Westport and the industrial Bridgeport-to-New Haven area and begin exploring the strand from Branford to Clinton.

"Branford's like Maine, with the rocks and harbors. Guilford's got the coves and in-

lets for sailing. Madison's got the beaches. And Clinton's got the big harbor." That's how Marilyn Maurer of Maurer Real Estate in Madison, Connecticut, characterized the shore between New Haven and the mouth of the Connecticut River. Beyond easy commuting distance to New York City but within easy weekend driving distances, these are long-established towns—some were settled in the seventeenth century, Guilford as early as 1639—with identities fixed well before anyone imagined interstate highways, cars, or recreational boating. At their centers are common greens, Congregational church steeples, and white clapboard houses with dark shutters. Some

share marine traditions that include shipbuilding, whaling, and worldwide commerce under sail. The reach of the railroad along the southern New England coast—and the very idea of vacations—

spurred development in the mid to late nineteenth century. Much of the shoreside architecture here is Victorian, with its generosity and exuberance of style.

This Connecticut coast, between New Haven and New London, is thoroughly built up with its appealing stock of older houses (late nineteenth and early twentieth century), many of which began as summer places and have since been converted to year-round use. In the areas with the best sandy beaches, lots are small and the houses were built close together, though the prices remain hefty. A



quarter-acre lot directly on the beach in Madison, near the town park, recently sold for \$500,000. The waterfront location seems to outweigh all other considerations. Even many of the small rocky islands just offshore, like the Thimbles off the atmospheric section of Branford known as Stony Creek, bear long-standing summer "cottages," now cherished as weekend re-

treats. Where there is new construction it has taken place on old commercial sites, old estates, or on the footprint of an older house. Branford reportedly has 3,500 condominiums and those on the water range in price from about \$300,000 to \$500,000. (See listings and brokers at end.)

North Fork of Long Island On Long Island search the North Fork, the narrow (some of it only a couple of miles wide) 30-mile-long tine that separates Long Island Sound from the Peconic Bays. Until recently, it was a stronghold of potato farmers and commercial watermen and thus the more rural of the Sound shores. It is the residual sand and rock left behind by the last Ice Age, so it is flat, with brushy bluffs overlooking the breezy Sound. Either the glacier dropped bigger, harder rocks on the Sound side or the less violent waters haven't had enough time to pound them to fine sand. Sound beaches here are generally pebblier than those of the Atlantic on the South Fork. And except for a few tiny inlets, there are no anchorages along the Sound side. So most boating is concentrated on the bays of the southern coast of the North Fork—the Great and Little Peconic, Noyack, and Gardiners.

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coastal Connecticut in depth of history and seafaring tradition (cemeteries in Orient memorialize a large number of captains lost at sea), but it was and remains much less populous, and its vacation-retreat buildup has occurred much more recently. There are some very old farmhouses, many in the weathered gray shingle that is an architectural trait of far eastern Long Island; Orient and Southold have examples of eighteenth-century village houses; and other villages such as Greenport, New Suffolk, and Mattituck are rich in Victorian-era homes. The North Fork also has recently built substantial year-round waterfront houses on the bay side—often with their own docks—and on the Sound bluffs.

The North Fork has long stood as a low-key, glitzless alternative to the Hamptons. But weekend popularity, development, and gentrification are burgeoning—along with real-estate prices. “When I first came here eight years ago,” says broker David Kapell, “one could have bought a waterfront house in the Greenport area for less than \$100,000.” Now, although prices have leveled off, according to Kapell, it’s difficult to find any house on the water for less than half a million, and a one-acre direct-waterfront lot sells for an average price of \$350,000. Still, compared with the Hamptons, the North Fork offers good values. (See listings and brokers at end.) **Michael Robbins**

WEST COAST SAN FRANCISCO AREA

Owning a slice of waterfront property satisfies some primeval desire; but there isn’t enough to go around near San Francisco, so finding a great buy takes expert sleuthing and imagination. The rewards are well worth the cash and the travail—lavish sunsets across the golden water, wave sounds that lull and cosset you into dreamland, and a constant vaudeville of big seabirds such as gulls, pelicans, and cormorants with often a seal or sea lion popping up to get in the act.

Sea Cliff In San Francisco, Sea Cliff is a spur of the most spectacular land hanging over the ocean beyond the Golden Gate Bridge. It has gone in and out of fashion, but nothing can diminish its natural grandeur. The residents probably play it down on purpose. The late famed interior designer Michael Taylor, whose house just sold for \$2,350,000, was said to have purchased it for \$60,000. When he hauled in gigantic slate slabs to pave his bedroom floor, a wag suggested he might wake up in bed down on the beach. A few doors away, a larger more contemporary villa is offered at \$3,500,000.

Montara/Miramar Driving past Montara, some twenty miles south of San Francisco, designer Ron Mann glimpsed a flash of blue Pacific through an open gate in a stone wall. He jammed on the brakes, bought the property, and with buckets of plaster patted over what was there, this has become one of the most enchanting houses along the coast. It is now owned by importer Ivy Rosequist and may soon go on the market. Ivy calls this area, just twenty minutes from San Francisco, “a sleeping giant.”

South of Montara is the busy fishing village Princeton-by-the-Sea, which may become another Portofino or even St. Tropez; but now with marine-related industrial zoning it is still full of fish, fishing gear, boats, and men who go to sea. On down the road in Miramar is a crescent of shingled condominiums that dig their toes into the sand, with cypress trees, grass, and poppies as native landscaping. New two years ago, one of these units that first sold for \$170,000 just sold again for \$450,000.

Stinson Beach After a twisting ride across the cliff tops of Marin, your first sight of ruffled white-scalloped waves washing in rows onto Stinson Beach can approach Nirvana. This narrow, much-coveted sandspit and some of its waterfront houses suffered severe storm damage in the early 1980s, and real-estate values leveled off. Riprap fill now makes the property secure and more in demand than ever. Furniture designers John and Elinor McGuire, and daughter Jean as well, have beach houses there—perfect for their inimitable and exotic rattan pieces. A 60-foot beachfront lot might go for around \$400,000, a house in Stinson Beach’s Sadrift community averages \$600,000—still a buy compared to Malibu.

Sausalito Inspired by the houseboats in the Vale of Kashmir, Bill Harlan’s elegant white Taj moored in Sausalito Harbor is the ultimate in living afloat. Other Sausalito houseboats—a creative way to maximize waterfront space—can range from simple to very grand, going at prices from \$55,000 to \$350,000 to \$750,000—plus a monthly slip fee. A series of marina harbor facilities dot the Sausalito waterfront. Rules are strict, but the living is easy and deck gardens seem to flourish by the sea.

Belvedere Home of the San Francisco Yacht Club, Belvedere offers waterfront property on San Francisco Bay and on a lagoon. Near the club are picturesque town houses for rent (with lengthy waiting lists) and turn-of-the-century houses. More contemporary houses can be found on West

Shore Road. Houses on the lagoon are always in demand with space for sailboats to dock in the watery backyards.

Tiburon From Tiburon, San Francisco looks like a tray of frosty Popsicles—pale and unreal across the bay. Property here is a little unreal as well. An older beach cottage on the water can go for \$1,285,000, and two and a half acres with waterfront and outbuilding, but no house, commands \$975,000. Condominiums on the water at Point Tiburon (\$320,000–\$700,000) are minutes from a last sip of coffee to arrival in San Francisco. Watch the ferry dock, put down the cup, and saunter out the door for the fifteen-minute ride.

Point Richmond/Brickyard Cove On the east side of the bay Point Richmond is decidedly coming into its own. Gentle cliffs above intimate crescent beaches have a variety of established houses with character and commanding views. Just below Point Richmond, Brickyard Cove comes as a delightful surprise. Once an old pier and brickyard, it has every yachtsman’s dream—deep water. Fingers of landfill put houses half on land and half on piles in the water, the best of both worlds. Gardens thrive ashore, lapping waves lull you to sleep, and your moored yacht ties up to the back porch. A choice lot there is available for about \$325,000.

Foster City The Islands are island communities—Lido Isle and Balboa—created on landfill in water-laced Foster City on the leeward side of the San Mateo Bridge on the bay. The white condominiums with blue roofs and yellow awnings have aged well since they were built in the mid 1970s. Prices originally under \$100,000 now hover between \$250,000 and \$350,000.

Marilyn Schafer

A Coastal Sampler

CONNECTICUT

From DeWees Realty (203) 245-0066

Madison \$1,495,000

New cedar-shingled Colonial on ½ acre, with direct view of Sound. Three stories, six bedrooms including master suite with fireplace and private sun deck, living room, den, sunroom opening onto pool. Gourmet country kitchen, exercise room, Jacuzzi, observatory with covered balcony, two-car garage.

From Maurer Real Estate (203) 245-7361

Madison \$895,000

Fully improved 1915 summer house on 200-foot-deep lot on sandy Sound beach. Five bedrooms with wood floors and wainscoting. Living room with beamed ceiling and fireplace. Glass solarium opening onto wood deck and beach.

From Osage Realtors (203) 767-2653

Madison \$1,500,000

Neo-Victorian directly on the Sound beach and adjacent to private country club. Eight rooms with hardwood and marble floors, including three bedrooms, kitchen with wet bar, library, sauna, Jacuzzi.

From H. Pearce Co. (203) 245-3133

Guilford \$1,700,000

An 1890s four-bedroom Colonial with expansive lawn, 175 feet of private sandy beach, and 180-degree view of Sound from Guilford Point. Living room with granite fireplace, screened porch. Waterfront patio off kitchen. Master bedroom with roof deck. Walk to village and marina.

From Geenty Group Realtors

(203) 488-1005

Branford \$1,400,000

Renovated 1900 thirteen-room Victorian on low bluff directly above beach, at end of quiet residential street. Full-width screened porch. Living room with stone fireplace, formal dining room, den with fireplace. Eight bedrooms, sewing room, family room in 22-foot diameter tower on third floor.

AREA REALTORS

Osage Realtors

Essex; Joann Chapman (203) 767-2653

H. Pearce Co.

Madison; Michael Sexton (203) 245-3133

Geenty Group

Branford; Kevin Geenty (203) 488-1005

Village Realty

Branford; Deirdre Fitzgerald, Nancy Hopkins (203) 488-2529

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Madison; Ginni Treadwell (203) 245-3100

William Raveis Real Estate

Guilford; Carol Muir (203) 453-0391

DeWees Realty

Madison; Bonnie Solan (203) 245-0066

Maurer Real Estate

Madison; Marilyn Maurer (203) 245-7361

NORTH FORK OF LONG ISLAND

From Kapell Real Estate (516) 477-0100

Greenport \$595,000

Turn-of-the-century Victorian in village directly across street from protected harbor with private 85-foot dock. Three floors, six bedrooms, porch facing water, sunroom, front and rear parlors. On two lots, one 360 feet deep, with three-car garage.

Greenport \$595,000

Contemporary 1981 ranch house on secluded ½ acre on high bluff over Sound. Full-width patio, lawn, stairs to beach. Two bedrooms, two baths, through kitchen. Living room with slate fireplace, oak-plank floors.

From Hahn Realty (516) 477-0551

Orient Point \$1,200,000

Japanese contemporary, designed by Tony award-winning set designer, on six acres of forest and lawn on Sound bluff. Private,

with sheltered swimming pool, decks, gazebo, stairs to beach. Open interior, three bedrooms, two with Sound views.

Orient \$1,950,000

Turn-of-the-century estate on high ridge overlooking Sound and Orient harbor. Six hilly, wooded acres with 170-foot waterfront. Six-bedroom main house with country kitchen, fireplaces, porches, patios, terrace on second floor. Converted barn with two guest apartments with cathedral ceilings. Tennis court, swimming pool.

East Marion \$585,000

Contemporary post-and-beam in private waterfront community on Sound bluff, with stairs to private beach. Three bedrooms, gourmet kitchen, living room with fireplace, playroom, decks off living room, dining room, and sitting room, two-car garage. Auxiliary solar heat and central air-conditioning. Fully landscaped, community tennis courts, security.

East Marion \$795,000

Classic 1906 waterfront estate with 5.7 acres and 550 feet on Dam Pond overlooking Sound. Naturally landscaped, very private. Five bedrooms, two living rooms, and formal dining room—all with fireplaces. Sunroom, country kitchen, full wraparound open porch, two garages.

Greenport \$300,000

Oyster Point condominiums—two-story, 1,300-square-foot town houses—adjacent to deep-water marina on Peconic Bay, with private slip for each unit. Living room with fireplace and opening to deck, dining room, and kitchen. Two bedrooms with balcony, two baths, laundry on second floor. Site includes sand beach, parking, tennis court, swimming pool.

East Cutchogue \$950,000

Renovated ranch house on 2.2 acres and 250 feet on Little Peconic Bay. Main house has three bedrooms, living room with fireplace, sun porch and decks. Adjacent guesthouse has two bedrooms, loft, kitchen, laundry. Albert Einstein spent the summer of 1939 in the main house.

Cutchogue \$1,450,000

1922 Dutch Colonial stucco on 2½ acres with 270 feet of bayfront sandy beach, 600 feet of creek front. Library with stone fireplace, large living room. Sunroom, enclosed porch, kitchen and dining area with slate floor. Three bedrooms, two baths, laundry. Garage, shed, sauna in cedar log cabin, two floating docks, landscaping.

AREA REALTORS

Kapell Real Estate

Greenport; David E. Kapell (516) 477-0100

Hahn Realty

Greenport; Suzanne Hahn (516) 477-0551

Celic Realtors

Mattituck; Bob Celic (516) 298-8000

Top Sail Realty

Cutchogue; Stanley Karanewski: (516) 734-6600

Lewis & Nickles

Southold; John Nickles (516) 765-3416

Burt Lewis

Cutchogue; Burt Lewis (516) 734-5533

SAN FRANCISCO AREA

From Grubb & Ellis Co. (415) 388-5060

Belvedere \$895,000

Two-story redwood/glass contemporary with forty-foot pier. Five bedrooms, three baths, two fireplaces, solarium. Croquet lawn, huge decks, and two-car garage.

From Vincent Friaa & Co. (415) 931-3669

Sea Cliff \$2,350,000

Designed by architect Donald Crosby, the 9,000-square-foot house has views of Golden Gate Bridge and Pacific Ocean. Includes eight bedrooms, six baths, 20-foot-high windows in living room, recreation room with sauna, maid's quarters.

From Mason-McDuffie Real Estate

(415) 527-4447

Point Richmond \$610,000

San Francisco Bay beachfront residence with 2,645 square feet. Includes three bedrooms, four and a half baths, glass-enclosed walkway to bedroom wing, library with wet bar, art gallery, two fireplaces, and built-in stereo system throughout house.

From Sam Maher & Co. (415) 349-8230

Foster City \$250,000

Waterfront condominium in the Islands community of Foster City has 1,395 square feet. Includes two bedrooms, two baths, den, formal dining room, and terrace.

AREA REALTORS

Vincent Friaa & Co.

Vincent Friaa (415) 931-3669

Marina Vista Realtors

Montara/Miramar; Millie R. Workman-Golder (415) 726-7533

Oceanic Realty

Stinson Beach; Robert Hanlon (415) 868-0717

Grubb & Ellis

Susan Simone, Dan Gould (415) 388-5060

Merrill Lynch Realty

Sausalito; Rae Miller (415) 332-1263

Belvedere Land Co.

Belvedere; David W. Allen (415) 435-4525

Frank Howard Allen Realtor

Marie Whitermore (415) 435-3844

Point Tiburon Sales Center

Marcy Taylor, Polly Johnston (415) 435-0801

Mason-McDuffie Real Estate

Estelle Kent (415) 527-4447

Don Peters (415) 527-9800

Alma Naismith Co.

Mary Hart (415) 283-2562

Sam Maher & Co.

Foster City; Sam Maher (415) 349-8230

The Big Chill

(Continued from page 132) It's time to make our first frozen sweetened foam. You could simply pour a quart of sugared cream into the ice-cream machine, as I am frequently caught doing. Try a batch or two. You will probably come to the conclusion that so pure and literal an ice cream is too rich for volume feeding. It is scrumptious spooned over juicy berries an hour or two after you make it, and you can create a terrific peach ice cream by mixing two cups of the pure sugared cream with an equal quantity of peaches.

Let's dilute our heavy cream with milk to bring down the fat content to 21 percent, more opulent than almost anything you can go out and buy but still within reasonable limits. And while we are at it, let's try to follow a set of guidelines I've extracted from the technical literature.

- Sugar molecules physically block the formation of large ice crystals, which is desirable, but if the sugar in our mix exceeds 18 percent by weight, the result will be sticky and soggy. We'll aim for 16–18 percent.

- Nonfat milk solids provide proteins, which improve the whipping ability of the

mix, give it body, and improve its texture by reducing the size of air cells and ice crystals. But if nonfat milk solids exceed about 15 percent of the weight, the lactose sugar crystallizes and the ice cream turns sandy.

- Total solids, milk fat plus sugar plus nonfat milk solids, should not exceed 42 percent by weight, or your ice cream will be soggy and dense. Skimpy total solids, on the other hand, make dry and crumbly ice cream. Egg yolks, which contain lecithin, would emulsify the milk fat and improve its whipping ability, but in the interest of primordial purity our ice cream is eggless.

How did your grandmother manage to juggle all of these factors? I put them on a computer spreadsheet along with milk-composition data and weight-volume equivalents, and set the machine to work.

In nanoseconds an astonishing formula for the perfect ice cream appeared: two and two-thirds cups of heavy cream, one and one-third cups of milk, and fourteen tablespoons of sugar! Humming the melody of the Mister Softee truck, I mixed them together and froze according to the manufacturer's instructions. The results were awful—icy, granular, odd-tasting, and very cold on the tongue.

There should be a law against ice-cream recipes that conclude with "freeze according

to the manufacturer's instructions," as most recipes do. My manufacturer's instructions were chiefly in Italian until I lost them. Do you remember a time in college when everybody wanted to learn Italian in order to read Dante? I passed through that phase in only four days, and I never got up to the ice-cream words. I used to be devoted to a big wooden hand-cranked four-quart White Mountain freezer, but I found that its large capacity discouraged experimentation, as did the inconvenience of cracked ice and rock salt. One unbearable summer afternoon as I trundled home from the fish store—I bribed a fellow there for ice—my shopping bags split and forty pounds of cracked ice spewed out over the steaming Greenwich Village pavement.

The next day I went out and bought one of those gleaming Italian jobs with its own self-contained refrigeration system. It is reminiscent of a room air conditioner in size, shape, and suggested retail price. I also own most other types of ice-cream makers, including a medium-size device with an electric motor which you put in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator and a little one with a hand crank and a bowl made of Japanese antifreeze which you chill overnight. But I have never read a set of manufacturer's instructions that answered the most elementary questions about the timing and temperature.

The older cookbooks advise you to "age" the mix overnight to improve the texture and lightness of your ice cream. The technical literature is unanimous on the efficacy of aging but exhibits perfect discord on the reason and the timing. There is some agreement that four hours of aging at 40 degrees is enough, but Arbuckle says that high-fat ice cream, as ours will certainly be, needs at least 24 hours. This issue may never be resolved. That is why we call it the mystery of aging. Having tried our new formula and thousands of others over the years, however, I cast my lot with aging overnight or longer.

Our goal is to manufacture the smallest, most evenly distributed ice crystals. Some experts think swift freezing will accomplish this, others the opposite. After trying many combinations, I again come down on the side of Arbuckle: slow freezing. If your machine starts out below the 27-degree freezing point of ice cream, part of the mix will immediately crystallize into massive shards of ice. But if your mix is above 45 degrees, you wind up with unsightly butter chips.

Let's give it a whirl. This is creditable ice cream. A slight granularity persists, but the texture is light, the taste that of pure sweetened cream, the sensation on the tongue soft and soothing. After you transfer the ice cream to your freezer and harden it for two or

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I M P O R T E D F R O M F R A N C E

three hours, the texture further improves and the taste becomes more pronounced, although still a bit bland. The effect of a melting or ripening period, which seems to work with all ice creams but not with sorbets, is taken for granted in the older recipe books, but as far as I can tell, the technical literature is silent on the subject.

Add a good pinch of salt to your next batch, and you'll find that it brings out the sweet cream flavor and adds an edge to it without compromising its freshness. This is called Philadelphia Ice Cream.

Is there nothing we can do to improve the texture? Why does the addition of milk produce large ice crystals? Some older recipes for Philadelphia Ice Cream have you bring the milk (or both the milk and cream) to a boil as you add the sugar. The milk changes dramatically, turning thin and blue gray.

The resulting ice cream is perfectly smooth. But as anyone could have predicted, at 165 degrees the sulfur atoms in our milk reacted with the hydrogen ions to form hydrogen sulfide, compromising the fresh taste and replacing it with a strongly cooked flavor. Can anything be done about this? It all depends on how heating the milk works, and I've never found a completely satisfying explanation. One possibility is that sugar dissolves more completely in hot milk. The other is that the structure of milk is transformed when you heat it—either the fat becomes homogenized or the proteins are discouraged from curdling.

To settle the matter once and for all, we will make two nearly identical ice creams, one heating the milk to 155 degrees, the other bringing the milk to just below 180 degrees and cooling it quickly in the refrigerator before adding the cream. The ice cream made from 155-degree milk falls somewhere between granular and lumpy. The other is smooth and soft with only the slightest cooked taste.

This is nearly what we have searched for, quart after heretofore imperfect quart. Try to save some for later. It has 2,927 calories.

Do you find our perfect ice cream a little dense? The next time you buy a cow, you might try a nice Holstein instead of a Jersey or Guernsey. Holsteins produce smaller, more copious fat globules, which should theoretically clump more evenly and whip more lightly than the larger Guernsey globules.

Our final experiment seeks to answer the question: who invented ice cream? The popular candidates:

- Egyptians or Babylonians, who chilled their sweets
- The Chinese, from whom Marco Polo brought age-old recipes for water ices

- Nero, who ordered mountain snow borne to his palace to cool wine and fruit juice and possibly to freeze them
- Nancy Johnson.

In a metal bowl sealed with plastic wrap, we will age our best ice-cream mix for a few hours and then place it down into a larger bowl of salt water, which has been chilled in your freezer for a full day. Every half hour scrape and stir the cream thoroughly until it has the consistency of a stiff mush. Serve. This is a rough approximation of Hannah Glasse's famous recipe published in 1751, although she recommends adding raspberries, uses sealed pewter molds, and did not own a refrigerator. The result is an amusing little concoction—icy, coarse, dense, and sweet, but hardly even ice cream.

That is why the award goes to the otherwise anonymous Nancy Johnson, who in 1846 invented the hand-cranked ice-cream machine. For the first time in human history the mix could be continuously agitated and scraped as the water crystallized, resulting in a light, rich, smooth dessert. Whether Nancy Johnson profited from her greatness is a matter obscured in the mists of history. According to the U.S. Patent Office, the hand-cranked ice-cream freezer was patented two years later by a man named Young. ▲

Splendor in the Bath

(Continued from page 116) my college sweetheart's marriage to someone else. Schutzie (pronounced *Shootsie*) was a great host, a bachelor who had kept the family house just as it had been in the last century, except for modernizing the kitchen and bathrooms.

"Bath's in there," he said sweetly. "Would you like a dressing drink?" I carried my martini into a large room of white enameled tongue-and-groove woodwork in the center of which, cowlike, stood a deep tub on four griffons' paws. Silver brushes lay on ironed linen on top of a dressing table. A stool with a linen cloth awaited my martini.

Well, in that bath of Schutzie's, what did I care who my ex-girlfriend married? My thoughts quickly grew cosmic and sublime. She shrank into a momentary circumstantial speck as comfort chemicals and my generous and private surroundings counseled me on themes of relative importance, temporality, and the obscurity of forgotten things. The right bath at the right time and place can make the world right again. ▲

Decorating Editor: *Acicia de Moubray*

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Closet Encounters

(Continued from page 141) Cunningham, who works for *Details* gratis. "It's a French dinner jacket. He was French. And it fits beautifully. I couldn't get anything like it.

"My philosophy is small upkeep, small worries, and wash and wear. It eliminates closets."

Joe McKenna, *Rolling Stone's* hot new 26-year-old fashion editor, was born in Glasgow, moved to London at seventeen, and began working for *Tatler*. He came to New York in 1986 and did a stint with *Vanity Fair* before joining the *Stone*. He wears his customary loose-fitting clothes—vintage Levi's redyed black, white Hanes Beefy T-shirt, Comme des Garçons white shirt, cardigan by nobody smart, and white sneakers.

"I didn't construct anything in my closet,"

he says. "The shelves were already there. I'm far too lazy to construct. I just like to open the closet and know my clean sneakers are there and there's a bin for the dirty sneakers waiting to go to the laundry. Just now I've got about fifteen pairs.

"Being in America, I've tended to be influenced by all the things that surround me. The New York style is very different from the London style. I really love the way American kids dress. I love sneakers. I love jeans. I love T-shirts and sweatshirts and bandannas and baseball caps. It's such an easy cool look. I just think it's so important to feel comfortable in what you're wearing, regardless of how other people may think you look."

Carrie Donovan says of her characteristic look, "An awful lot of what I wear is based on black—and to a certain extent, navy, gray, and touches of red and white. There may be people who think I never change my clothes, but I do. I promise. When you base

your closet pretty much on three or four colors, it makes your life simpler. Red is fabulous. Orange red, scarlet. All reds, I adore. Well, I'm an Aries. The doors to one of my closets are all lacquered red. I have to have red in my life."

Polly Mellen has a new favorite: "The jumpsuit. For day as well as evening. Geoffrey Beene has just done one for me for evening, and I keep this in my Easy Evening closet because I call this a Less Big Evening that can swing."

"I have all these things that I can't bear to throw away," says Carrie Donovan in conclusion. "I have three comforters stored on a shelf because I keep thinking that when I have a country house they will be wonderful. I keep having this fantasy that I'll have a country house someday. Don't we all have that fantasy? I'm always saving these things for this country house that I'll probably never have." ♣

Goode Times

(Continued from page 136) mained in place. Farther along the same wall is a giant framed memento mori with coppered skulls in high relief, the work of Goode himself.

Goode thinks of M.K. as "more of a restaurant than a dancing place." And if the bar and the disco make you feel middle aged, you can sit fairly demurely in the eating area. It's best to have a seat facing the door. Then you can contemplate the club's chief glory, the enormous arched window that forms the east side of the building.

Goode loves animals and employed live ones for effect at Area. "We had reticulated pythons, monitor lizards, and a great horned owl," he recalls happily. "But I wouldn't

use live animals in a club again. Only fish."

Almost like someone giving an Oscar acceptance speech, though with appreciably more sincerity, Goode stresses the contributions of Serge Becker—his Swiss codesigner and friend from Area days—Bruce Frank the business manager, and his architect, Carlos Almada. He also seems to be quite a family man—his sister Jennifer works at the club.

If Goode himself is restless about the design of his club, that has only helped him to understand the transitory nature of the crowds who frequent it. He wouldn't exchange the fickleness of New York clubgoers for the predictability and loyalty of London, say, where certain joints have played almost as long as *The Mousetrap* and the staff knows the customers by name.

At least for now, Goode doesn't have to worry. His newest creation seems to have

captured the fancy of the denizens of the night, searching for stability mixed with their frivolity, who want allusions to social status, and old money as a backdrop to their relentless efforts to have fun. For just as Ralph Lauren in his uptown shop has created the perfect environment to feed and further the fantasies of those who want to indulge in a bit of Olde England in New York, so, with M.K., Goode has crafted the ideal stage set for the downtown crowd who want to be creative, unconventional, and wild—but only a little bit.

Indeed, M.K. may have pushed retro and reassurance as far as they can go. But until someone concocts a truly modern arena for play, earnest and single-minded faces will continue to line up at the rope outside, anxious to pose in this fantasy of Regency wealth and upper-crust breeding. ♣

Sources

STYLE

Page 60 Farm Set table and four chairs, \$2,250, by GuildMaster, call (417) 831-4311 for nearest dealer. June Fette small hatbox, \$90, medium-size hatbox, \$105, oval hatbox, \$135, small cheese box, \$105, to the trade at CrossHarris Fine Crafts, NYC (212) 888-7878. Brian Murphy table, to order from BAM, Los Angeles (213) 459-7547. Rosepoint rug, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, NYC, Chicago; Designers Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Hi-Craft, Dania, Miami; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Company, Phoenix; Jane S. Goldman, Seattle;

Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Susan Goldberg ceramic vegetables in a ceramic basket, \$330 set, to the trade at CrassHarris Fine Crafts (see above). Sofa and pillows, \$2,072, through Pearson, call (919) 882-8135 for nearest dealer. **62** Candelabra, \$1,200, bed frame, \$2,000, standing chandelier, \$1,500, through Brad Reichardt (415) 621-2469. Jean-Louis Pierson spiral chair, \$300, hanging lamp, \$1,100, rocking chair, \$1,100, night lamp, \$500, at Show N Tell Gallery, Limn, San Francisco. Fern Throne, £1,500, through Calin Chetwood, London 249-6853. King's Throne, Queen's Throne, \$1,200 each, at 2B Metal Furniture Concepts, NYC (212) 866-9556. **64** Giorgetti Matrix chair, to the trade at Designer Imports International, Los Angeles (213) 938-2357. Gianni Zennaro rug, through Images/Kaleidos, Venice, Italy, 522-2111. Massimo Iosa-Ghini chair, \$250, at Palazzetti, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles; Repertoire, Boston; Modern Living,

Los Angeles; Leitmatif, New Orleans; Knepper-Sweeney, Philadelphia; Audets, Rochester; Limn, San Francisco; Massimo, Syracuse. Missoni tiles, at Amaru Tile, Great Neck (516) 487-4750. Casteljacob chairs, at Boutique Jean-Charles de Casteljacob, Paris 42-60-78-40. Céramique plates, \$100 large, \$90 small, at Four Seasons, Great Neck (516) 487-4797.

TALLEYSHEET

Page 66 Frame, \$25,000, at Lowy, NYC (212) 586-2050.

HG VIEW

Page 69 Border with rings (includes end tassels), \$100 yd, to the trade at Zuber & Co., NYC (212) 486-9226. Shell-back chair, faux gilt \$3,900, 22 karat \$4,200, by Rose Tarlow for Melrose House, to the trade at Lutten Clarey Stern, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco;

Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Todd Wiggins, Miami. Duppioni silk on chair, 52" wide, \$97.50 yd, by Leni's, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; eni's, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Shears & Winlow, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco.

A TOUCH OF GILT

Pages 72-73 Napoleon III mirror from Philippe Farley Antiques, NYC (212) 472-1622. **74** Griffin pedestal, \$1,950, by Rose Tarlow for Melrose House, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Winlow, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Todd Wiggins, Miami; Embrasse Valencay tassels, \$261, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Zuber & Co. border with rings and end tassels (see HG View). **75** Conley Dot fabric, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Schechter & Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; William Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto. **76** Daugherty Cloth, 48" wide, \$57 yd, to the trade at Hinson, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designer's Showroom, Seattle. Satin stripe on chair, 54" wide, \$31 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin, NYC (212) 371-4333. **77** Silky taffeta, 50" wide, \$74.25 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC (212) 319-7100. **78-79** Corsica plaid, 59" wide, \$90, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Medici, 56" wide, \$60 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above). **80** Shell-back chair and fabric (see HG View). Serengeti by C. W. Stockwell, \$45 roll, to the trade at Walters Wicker, NYC; C. W. Stockwell, Los Angeles; Curran, Atlanta; Rozmallin, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Blake House, Denver; Design West, Miami; Taggart-Zwiebel, Philadelphia; Leo J. Miner, San Francisco; Mattoon Associates, Seattle; Richard Markman Associates, Washington, D.C. **81** Tiger Velvet, 25" wide, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **82** Candlesticks, \$6,000 pair, from Philippe Farley Antiques, NYC (see above). **83** Screen by Jeffrey Goodman and Steven Charlton, \$1,250, at Rogers-Tropea, NYC (212) 249-8310. Ron Dier planter, \$3,600, and Sung charger, \$1,495, to the trade at Lorin Marsh, NYC (212) 759-8700. **84** Directoire bench, \$1,464, by Karges, call (800) 252-7437 for dealers. Panthère on bench, 50" wide, \$234 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Tramp Art antique mirror, \$2,200, at Cynthia Beneduce Antiques, NYC (212) 645-5037. Rosemary Sherman window shade, \$600 (with valance \$900), to the trade at CrossHarris Fine Crafts, NYC (212) 888-7878. **85** Gilt apple, \$12 (plus shipping), at Williamson Young, Beverly Hills (213) 550-B269. Sabu, 49" wide, \$33 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Keith McCoy, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Charles Gelfond, Miami; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.

GOODE TIMES

Page 134 Royal blue Wreath and Rosette fabric, 54" wide, \$76 yd, black Medici velvet, 55" wide, \$90 yd, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 423-

5881 for nearest showroom. **136** Empire green Wreath and Rosette fabric, 54" wide, \$76 yd; apricot Medici velvet (gold crosses not included), 55" wide, \$90 yd; Tabriz Tapestry, 54" wide, \$72 yd (fringe not included), at Schumacher (see above).

CLOSET ENCOUNTERS

Page 138 John Webb chair, \$950, at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. **139** Wool emblem jacket, \$2,720, at Chanel boutiques, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, NYC, Palm Beach; Rich's, Atlanta; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, San Francisco; Barneys New York. **140** Cotton-twill overcoat, \$130, by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, at Calvin Klein Boutique, Dallas; JW Robinson's, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **141** Yellow wool blazer, \$1,000, exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300.

LIGHT EXPOSURES

Pages 144-145 Essex fabric on dining-room chairs, to the trade at Quadrille Wallpapers & Fabrics, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Hugh Cochran, Miami; J.W. Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Company, Phoenix; Shears & Winlow, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. **146** Audubon Sirié on sofas, and Traviata Marabout Fringe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Cortina on armchair, at Quadrille (see above).

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161 Delft, £12.50 roll, to order at Ehrman, London 937-4568. Coins, 54" wide, \$36.99 yd, at Cynthia

Gibson, NYC (212) 758-B977. Warwick, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Jardiniere, \$250, by Mottahedeh, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Incurable Collector, \$51 a roll, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Olivia, 50" wide, \$45 yd, by Putnams of London, at Cherchez, NYC (212) 737-B215, and Putnams of London 431-2935. Crocus Trellis, 55" wide, \$54 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Schechter & Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Design West, Miami; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Seattle. Sake, 55" wide, \$111 yd, at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, High Point, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. India, 50" wide, \$45 yd, by Putnams of London, at Cherchez, NYC, and Putnams of London (see above). ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Nicholas Haslam's watercolor rendering *The Verandah for Charles and Doris Saatchi*, published in the June issue of HG, was only a proposal and was never carried out. We regret that the illustration appeared without the knowledge or consent of Mr. and Mrs. Saatchi.

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Duka's DIARY

Guest Work

John Duka observes that good guests come, clean up, and go



When the late Daisy Fellowes lived at the Palazzo Polignac in Venice, one of her guests, a New York socialite who can still be heard refusing her veal at Le Cirque, arrived with fifty pieces of luggage. Naturally, Fellowes's maid spent all day unpacking. That evening, the friend, winded from watching the maid hang and fold, inched down the staircase and asked: "Daisy, darling, how long are you expecting me to stay?"

"Till tomorrow, darling," Fellowes replied. "Till tomorrow."

Even if it had slipped Fellowes's mind to arrange the length of stay, she obviously had *not* forgotten what Benjamin Franklin once said about the condition of guests and fish after three days. Not to mention the old Quaker adage that short visits make long friends. Never mind.

Houseguests have a lot to learn, and it's high time they learned it. It is, after all, August, the month when the badly dressed dinner partner with whom you mistakenly had a conversation bordering on the intimate intimates that she wouldn't mind being asked to your country place. The month your cook decides to go on holiday. The month, in short, to choose your houseguests wisely and to remember that being a guest means always having to say you're sorry.

My first choice for houseguest? Eileen Ford, of Ford Models, owner of an eighteenth-century farmhouse and a stickler for thank-you notes—a woman who remembers as if it were yesterday the time a guest arrived with an uninvited standard poodle named Pookie that scraped the paint off the dining-room windows.

"I'm the best houseguest in the

world," says Ford. "I cook, clean, strip my bed, bring a gift with me, send one afterward, and leave the place in better shape than when I arrived." And there, in one terse, declaration, you have the rules for proper houseguest behavior.

There are, however, two schools of houseguest thought. The first is terrifyingly flexible. The way, say, that Nan Bush conducts life in the Adirondacks with photographer Bruce Weber. Nan doesn't bat an eyelash when Bruce brings home his ten best friends that he just met boating on the lake. Or the way that Dasha Epstein, Broadway producer, gives her guests flats of flowers and small plots of land for the season, then cheers them on with this advice: no flowers, no return visits.

The other approach calls for what the simple, noble-winged seraphs envied—rigor. It calls for someone to tell us what to do since we know doing what we want is out of the question. For this type of rigor, no one holds a candle to Audrey del Rosario, social meteor, and Carolina Herrera, meteoric fashion designer.

Audrey has a house in Southampton, and a list of don'ts which she posts for her guests (no more than eight at a time). First rule, don't come with the flu. Just don't. Do *not* leave things behind. Don't keep asking what you're doing next. Don't bring your pets (see Pookie above). And don't try to steal the help (they'll just tell on you anyway).

What do you get for your trouble? A bedside thermos of cold springwater, your own bar with liquor and soft drinks,

perfumes, and a bed board, just in case. "I'm an innkeeper," says Audrey. "I want my guests to have everything I would want. But keep the presents small. All our houses are overdecorated."

One look at Carolina Herrera's impeccably coiffed head and you know what you'll find at her house. Night-lights that work. "Carolina's rule," says her husband, Reinaldo, "is that you should always sleep in your guest's room before they do to see what's wrong, and pull the drawers out to make sure they work."

I could never do that. All of my drawers stick. Still, I've got a few rules of my own. Two days is the ideal stay. A guest should never bring dirty laundry, and old school friends and heads of state should be treated exactly the same.

Which reminds me of Diane van Amerongen (the very name breathes houseguests). A baron who once stayed with her asked if he should list his requirements for the help. Diane, not sure he was joking, didn't know what to say. I say: As a guest, make all the lists you want. Let your host know when you would like breakfast and that you would like it in bed. Let your host know, as Kenneth Jay Lane, bon vivant and frequent guest, lets his know, that you expect your own bah-h-h-throom. Let him know that, though you are not displeased with being put in what used to be a children's room, you *would* like a longer bed. Yes, let him know. And tip the maid at least \$20. You never know. You may be invited back. ■

"I want my guests to keep the presents small. All our houses are overdecorated"

7392

