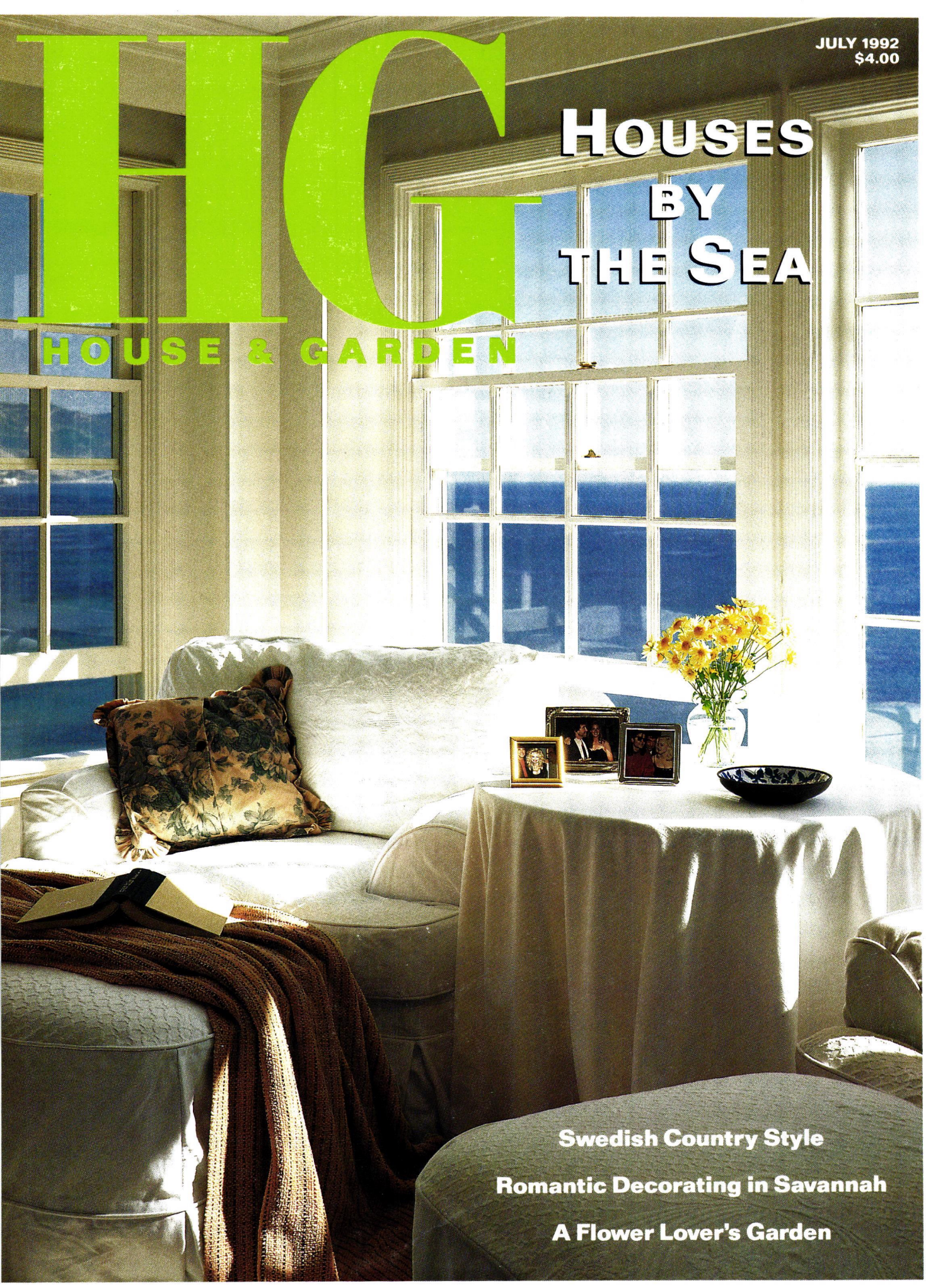
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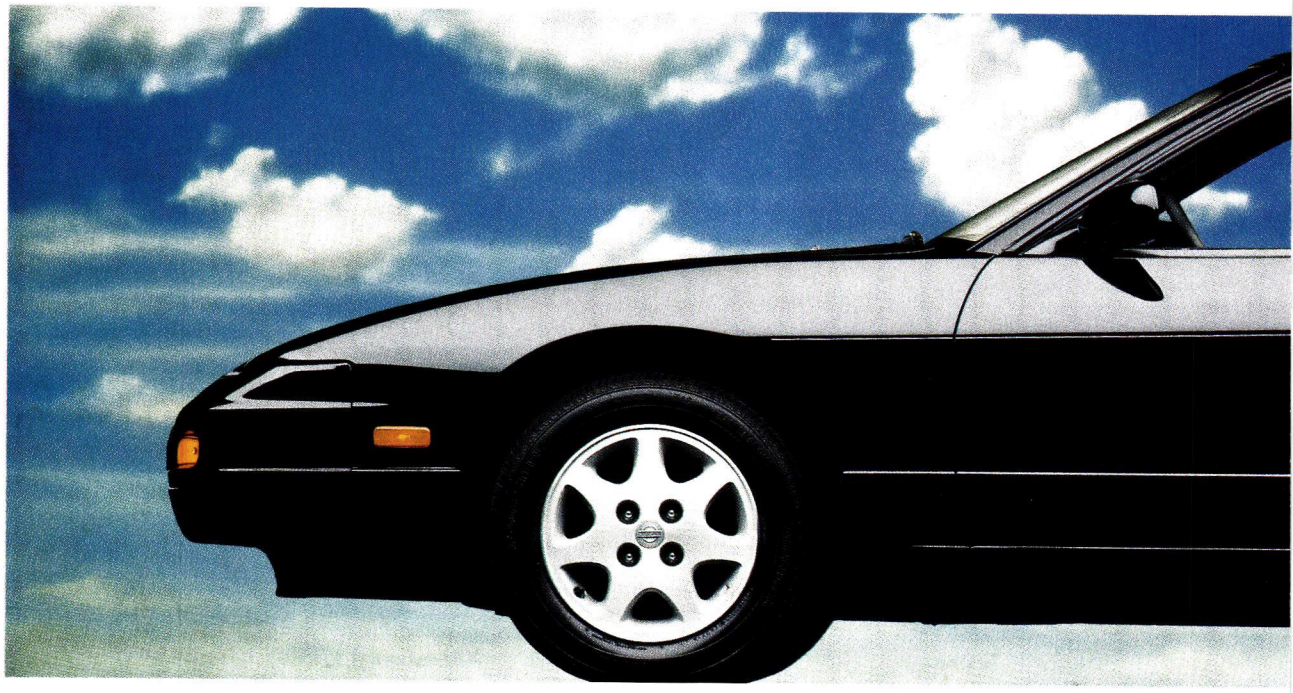

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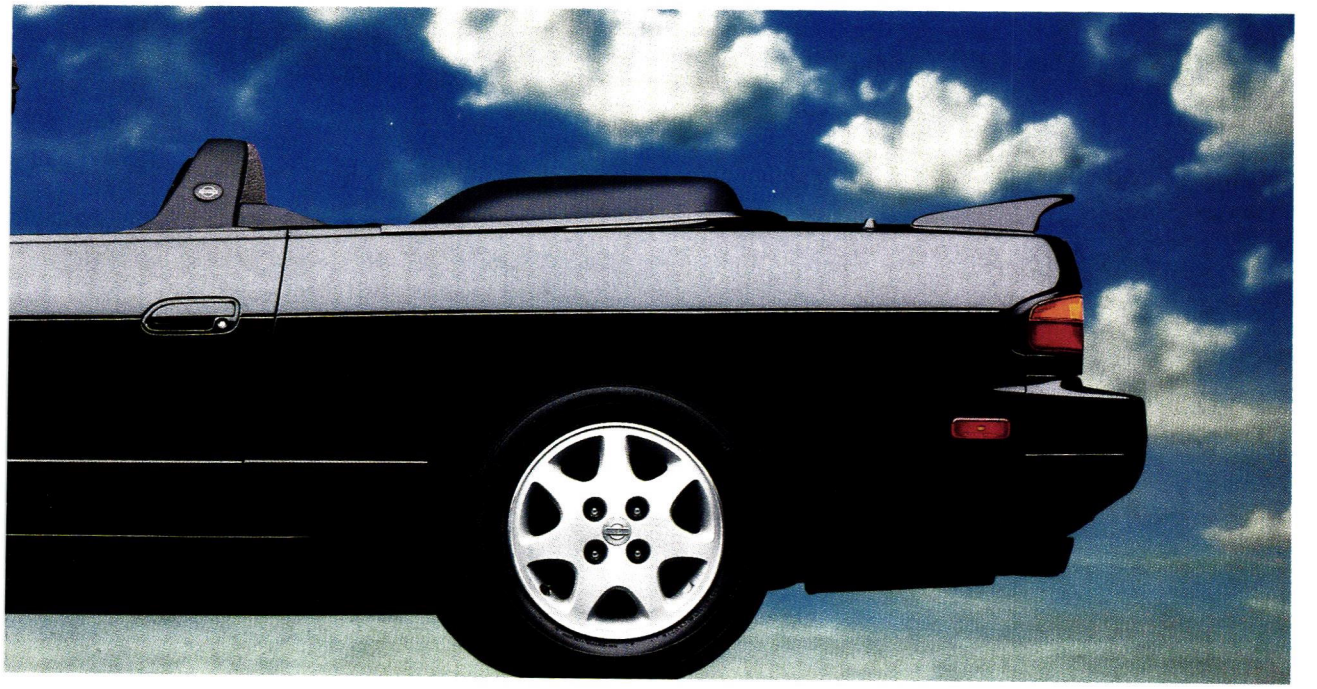

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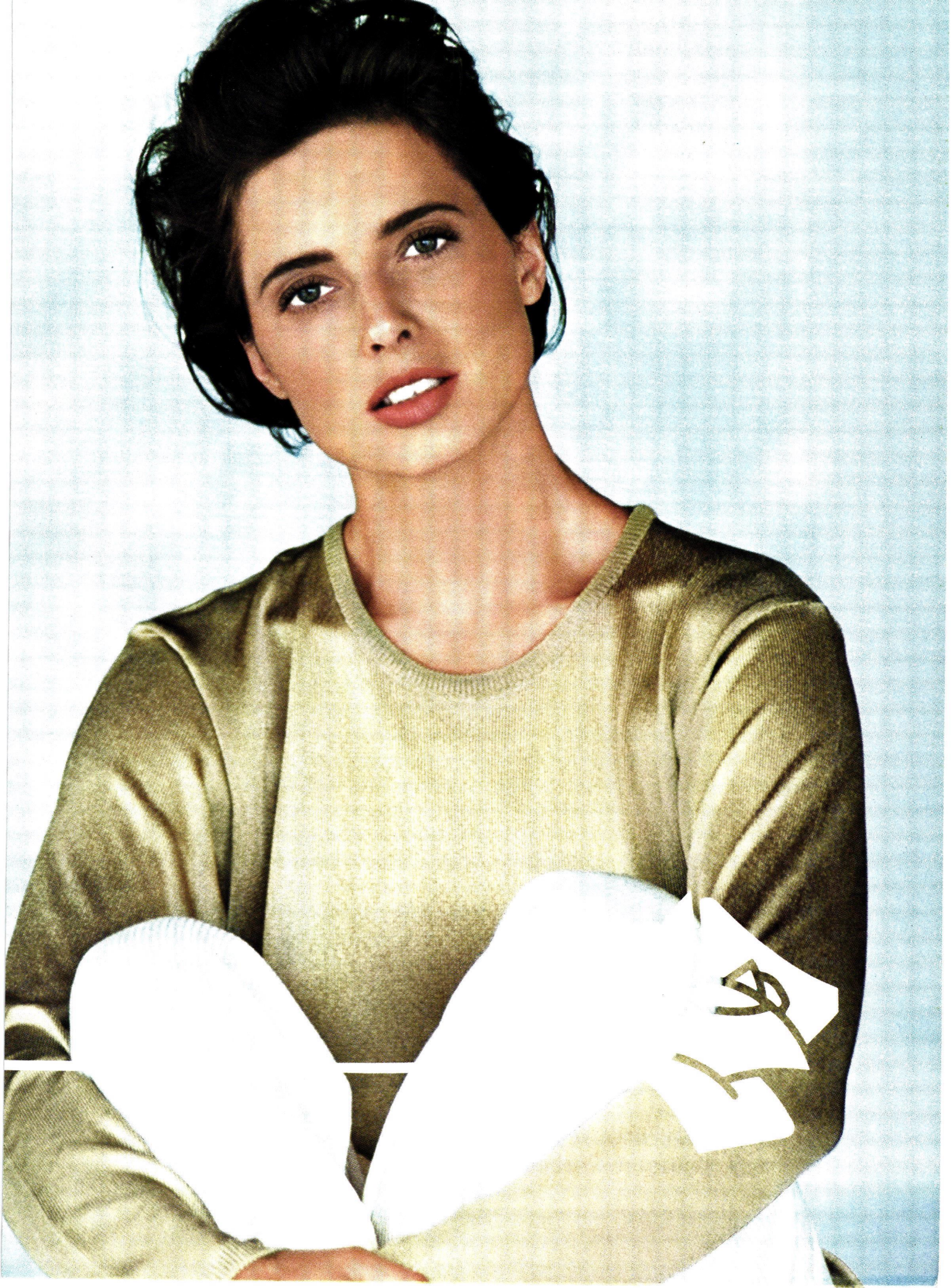

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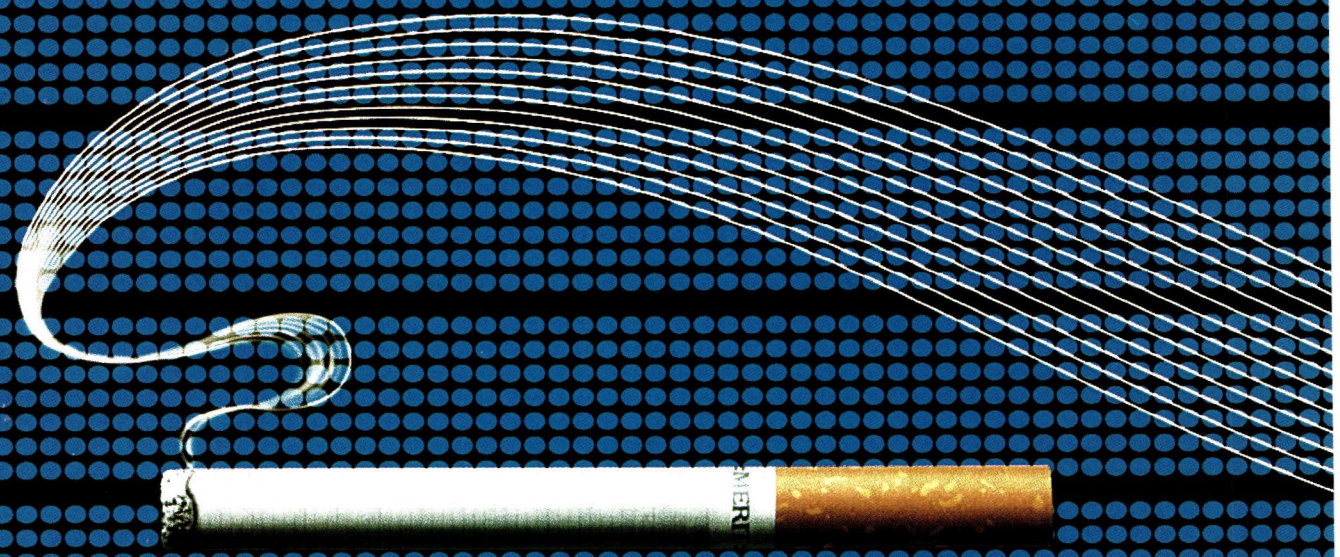

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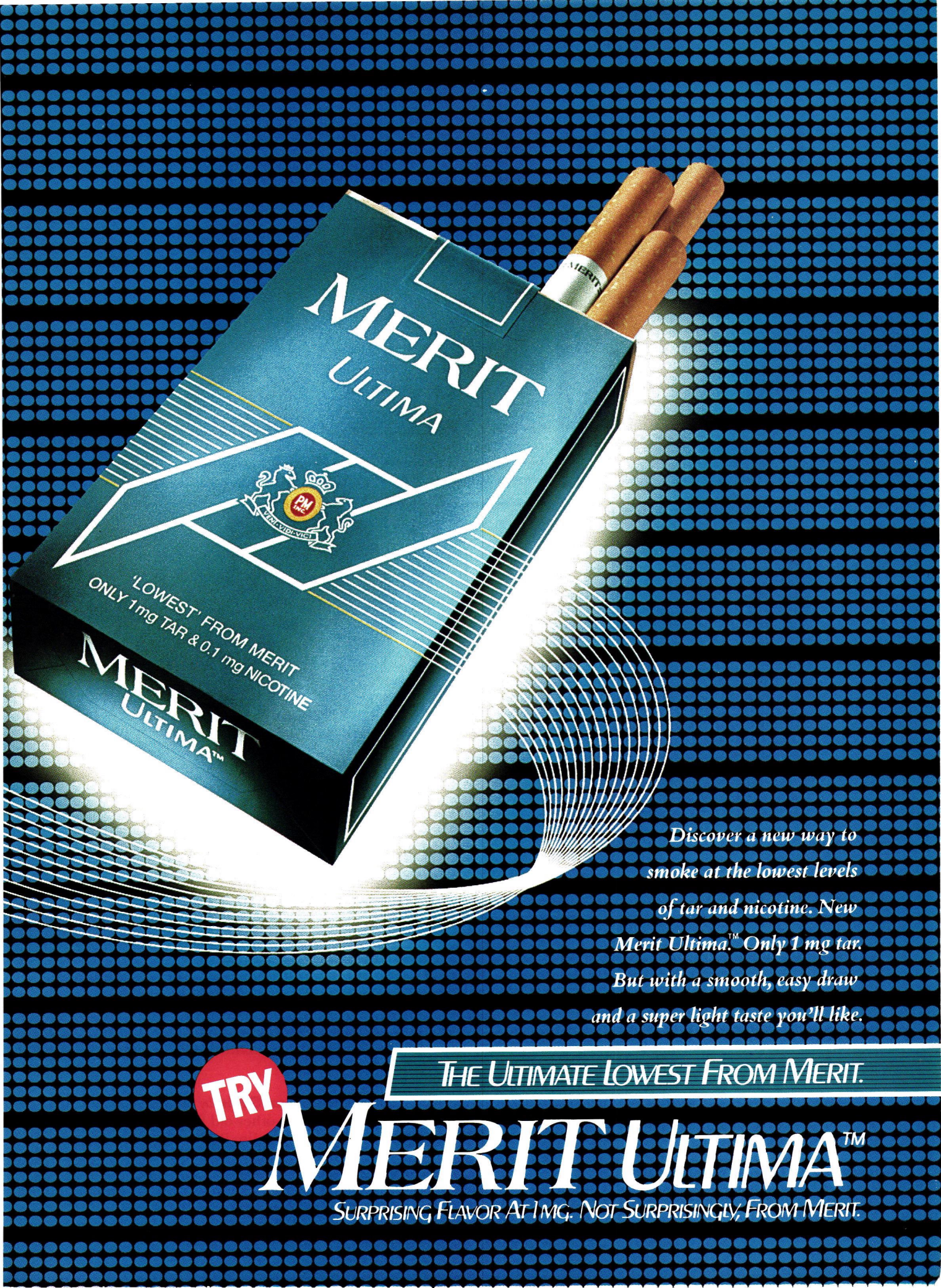

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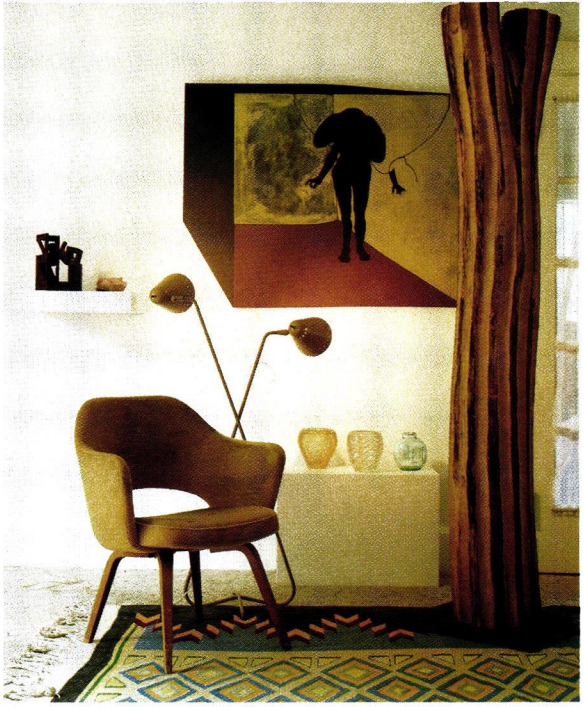
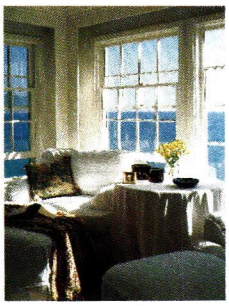
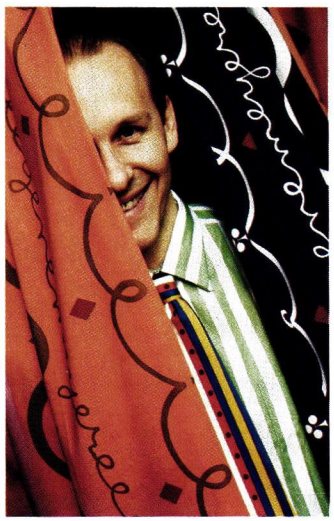


Henry Geldzahler's art-filled Southampton living room, above. Page 64. Left: Alfresco dining at the country house of Spanish decorator Paco Muñoz. Page 84.

COVER *View of the Pacific from a Malibu beach house. Page 50. Photograph by Tim Street-Porter.*



Gene Meyer with his scarves. Page 90.



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HOUSE & GARDEN July 1992 Volume 164, Number 7

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On Friday afternoons, Hollywood mega-manager Sandy Gallin hops in his 300SL and hightails it to Malibu

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Doyen of Spanish decoration Paco Muñoz brings urbanity to a medieval village

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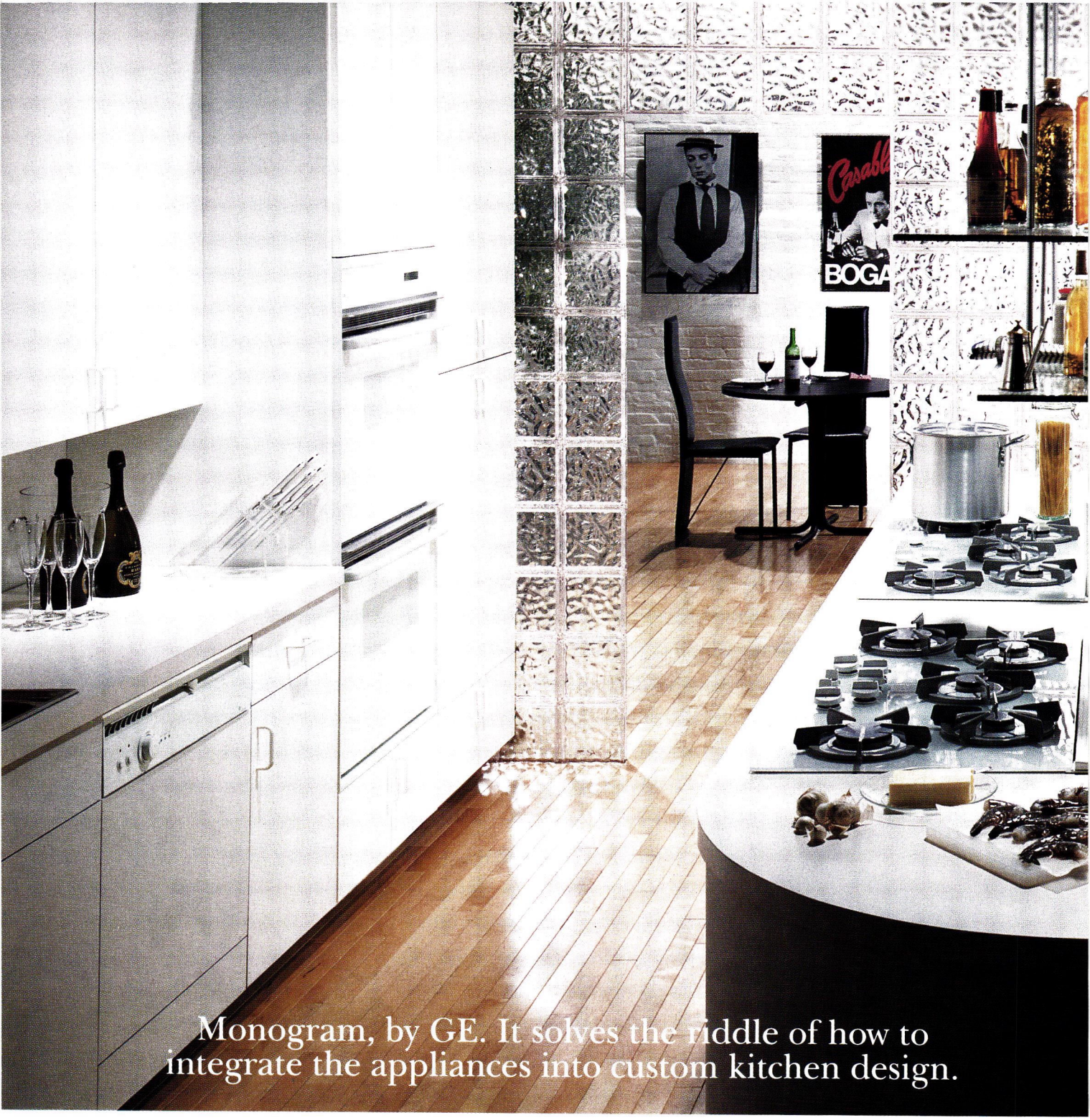

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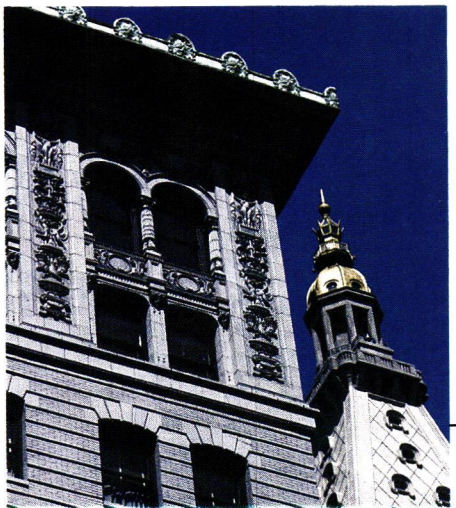

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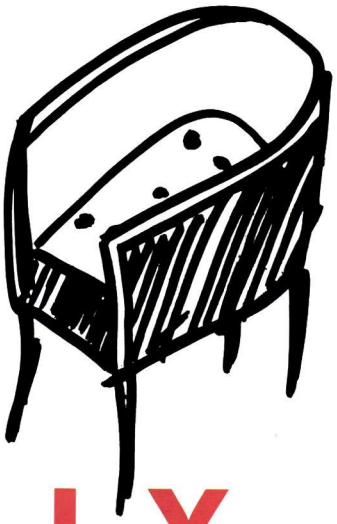
David Wingate, above, on Bermuda's Nonsuch Island, a wildlife sanctuary. Page 32. Below: Geoffrey Beene's armchair for Arkitektura. Page 46. Left: Fanciful curtain design. Page 122.



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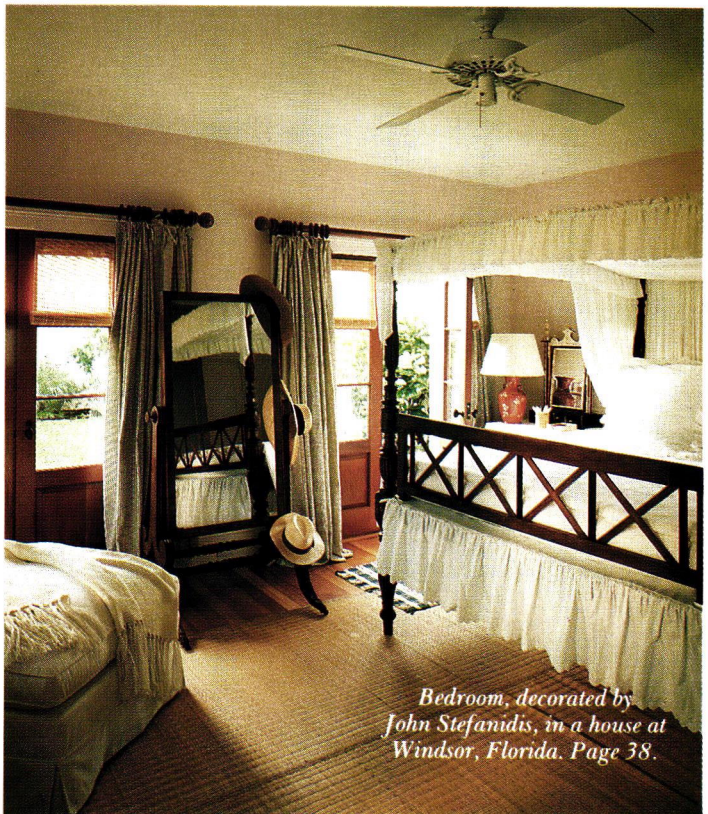

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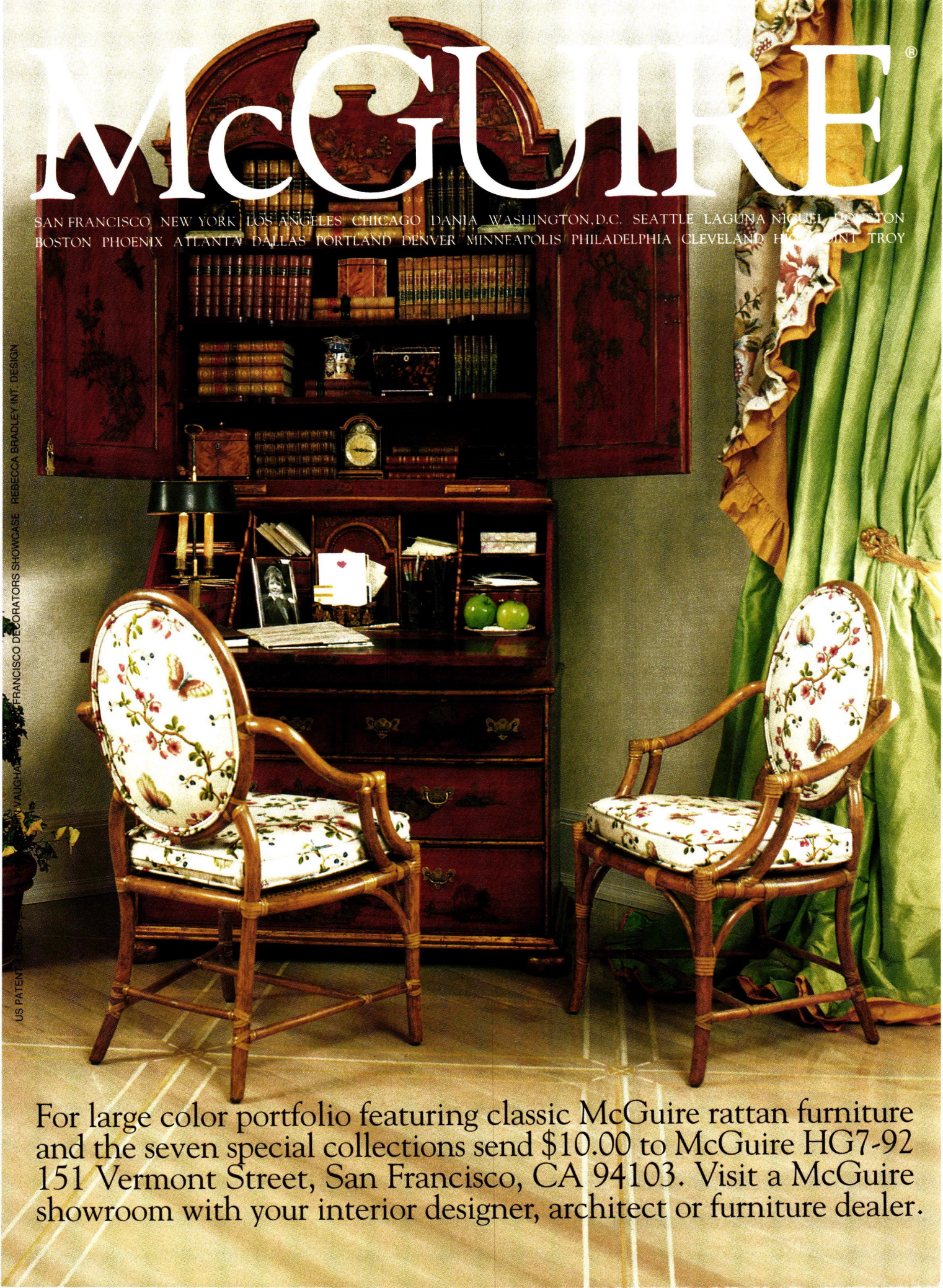
The Design Industries Foundation for AIDS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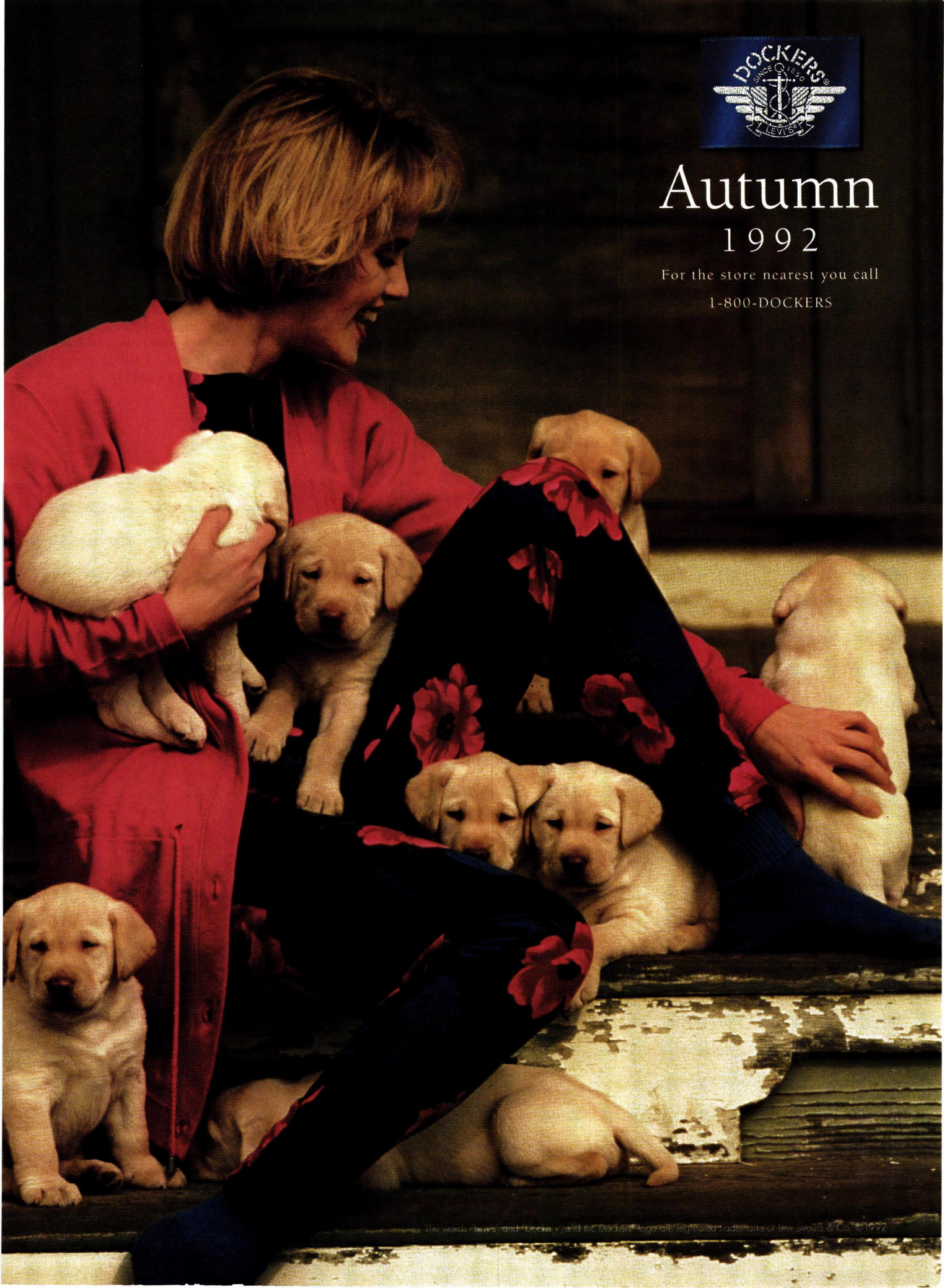
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TIMOTHY MENDELSOHN

Taraneh Tahbaz is a Madrid-based contributing editor of HG and a decorating editor of *Casa Vogue*. For this issue she ventured to the tiny medieval mountain village of Pedraza to visit the country estate of decorator Paco Muñoz, whom she credits as the "inventor of interior design in Spain." A former newspaper journalist and antiques dealer, Tahbaz is currently writing a novel.

RICHARD FELBER

Michael Pollan focused on his own backyard landscape in *Second Nature: A Gardener's Education,* a book in which he set out to explore the garden "in the way American writers have traditionally explored the wilderness." As this month's writer in residence, Pollan shifts his attention to his 1929 mail-order house, revamped so that it relates to the garden. Executive editor of *Harper's Magazine,* Pollan is at work on a meditation about houses tentatively titled *Habitations of the Heart.*

DANIEL KRON

Joan Kron, formerly editor in chief of *Avenue* magazine and the coauthor of *High-Tech,* writes about a Park Avenue apartment designed by Joe D'Urso, whose work she's been following for more than two decades. "When I first encountered D'Urso's single-minded design, I was knocked out," she says. "In this space the evolution from industrial severity to cozy eclecticism shows he's still blazing trails." An editor at large for *Allure,* Kron lives in a "previously high-tech but now postmodern" apartment in Manhattan.

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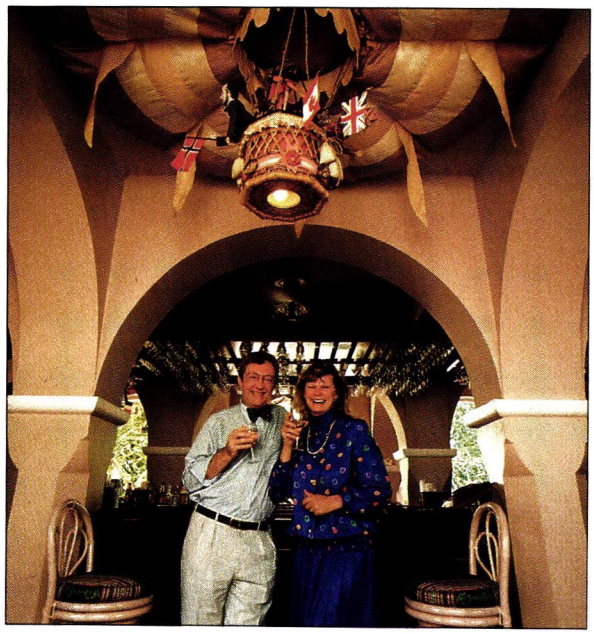

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Ann Marie Valloti, a Pennsylvania-based art dealer, has spent the past twenty-five summers in Maine, where antiquing is her activity of choice. For HG's "Shopping" column she explores her favorite haunts in the Americana-rich midcoast village of Wiscasset and nearby towns. "You never know what you'll turn up in Maine," says Valloti, who is currently searching for folk art, children's books, and cherubs.

SCOTT MATTHEW OSMAN

Kay Susmann came to her position as HG's editorial production manager and resident sage following a stint on the start-up of *Vanity Fair*. "The production department is where the magazine comes together," she says. "There are so many changing variables it's more like putting on a show than working on an assembly line." Susmann previously had an extensive career as a graphic designer of arts publications. She lives in Greenwich Village and spends every minute she can listening to live jazz.

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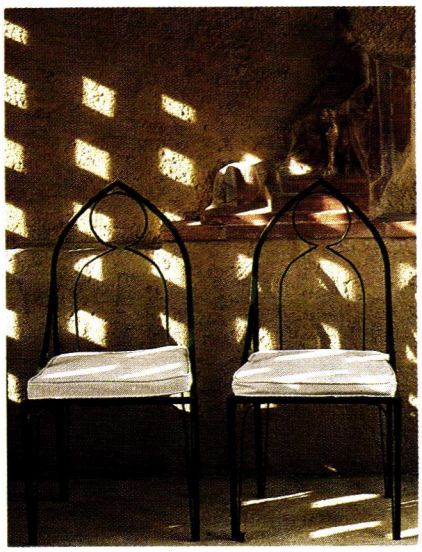
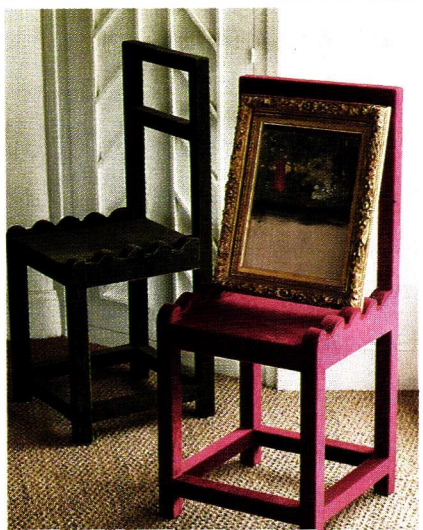
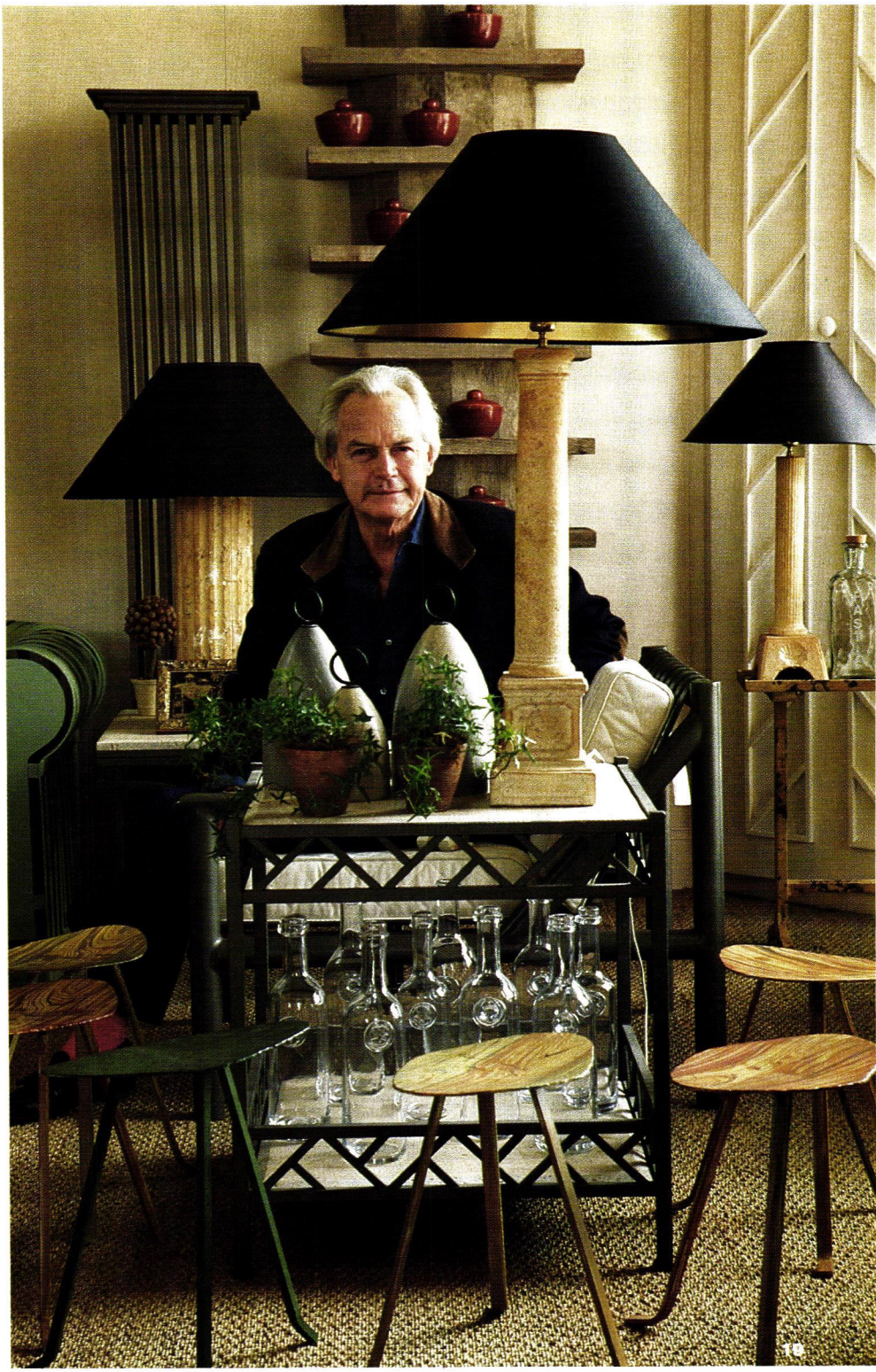
HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

Provence has been home to the American decorator Dick Dumas (*right*) for more than ten years, but it was only in 1990 that he launched his Provençal-flavored Sun House line and only now that it is available in the U.S. "I like the Gothic spirit best," says Dumas, "as long as it doesn't become gimmicky." His designs include Gothic garden chairs (*below*) and velvet-encased Picture Stand chairs (*bottom*), as well as faux bois milking stools, marble doorstops "to keep the doors from clacking on windy days," and mirrored wall sconces (*above*) "for when the lights go out." (Sun House collection, to the trade at Profiles, NYC. For stores 212-689-6903)

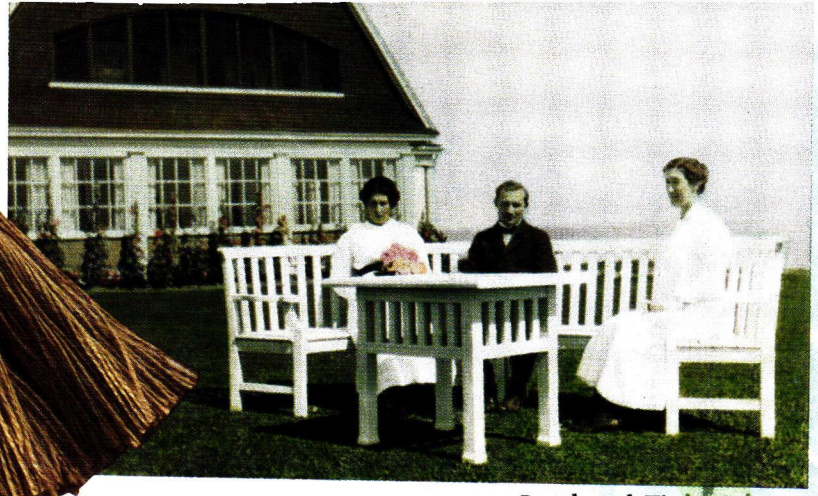






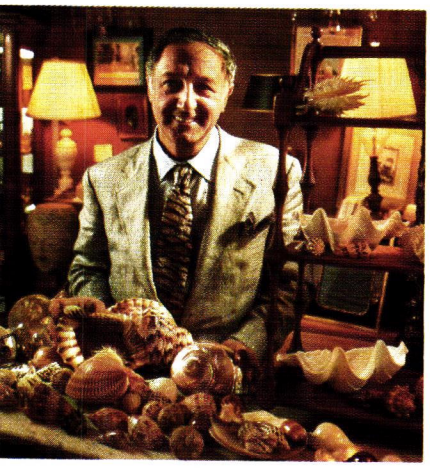
ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

High Tied Ten-inch Les Sables jute tassel (*above*), to the trade at Houlès, (310) 652-6171.

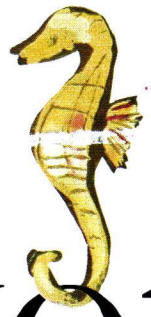


Benchmark The oval settee and table photographed in 1913 (*above*) are produced by Weatherend Estate Furniture. For dealers (800) 456-6483.

Oceanographics Marine prints (*above*) include Seahorse at Christopher Hyland (212) 688-6121, Windemere by Brulé et Cie (310) 474-5006, and Shells at Christopher Hyland, all to the trade, atop Neptune's Treasures from Schumacher (800) 552-9255.



Prize Catch Antiques dealer Vito Giallo (*above*) displays rare and remarkable shells, 966 Madison Ave., NYC (212) 535-9885.



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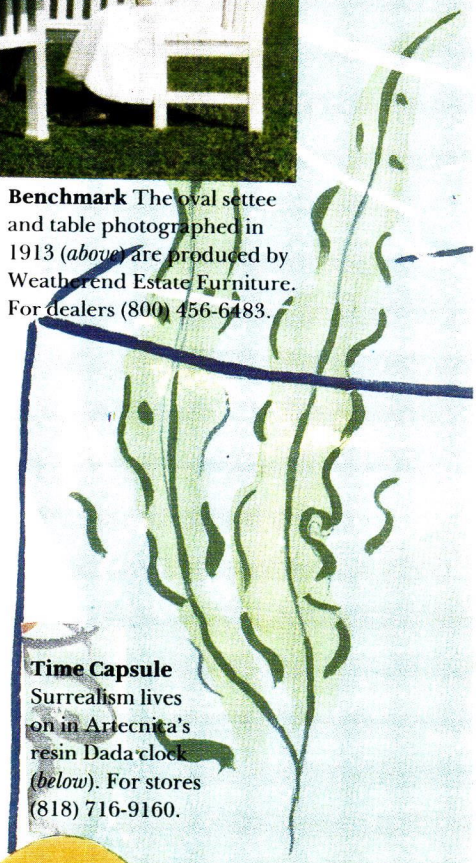
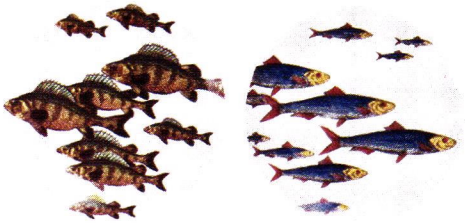


Time Capsule Surrealism lives on in Artecnica's resin Dada clock (*below*). For stores (818) 716-9160.

Sea Fare Hand-painted table linens (*left*) designed by Lynn Chase (800) 229-9909. Glass napkin rings at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212) 473-3000.



Schools of Thought Fornasetti fish plates (*above*) are available to the trade at Norton Blumenthal, NYC (212) 752-2535.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FRANCIS HAMMOND, NC; MONICA STEVENSON; FRANCIS HAMMOND; NC (4); FRANCIS HAMMOND (2); ILLUSTRATION BY DOVRAT BEN-NAHUM

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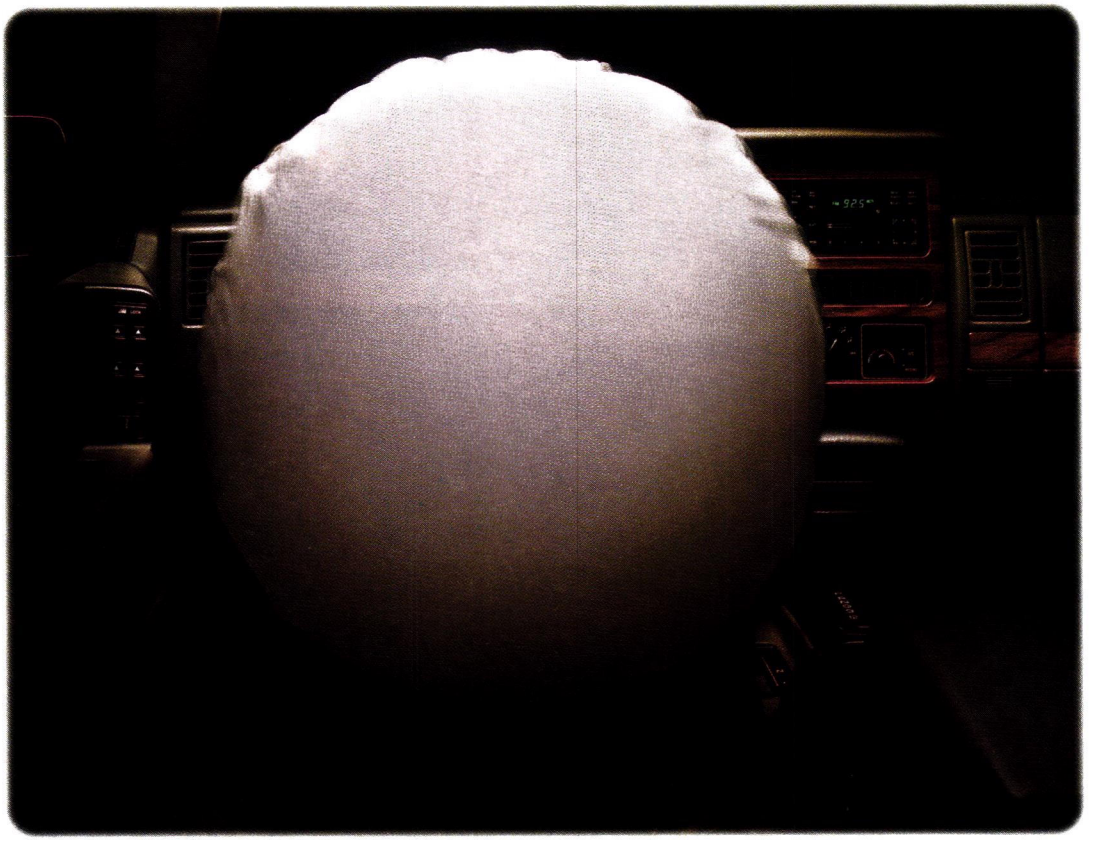

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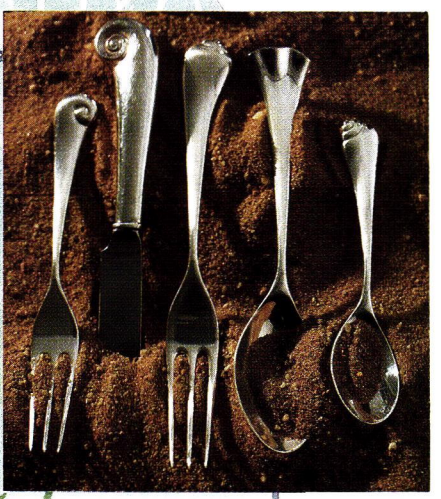
Fish Stick Gold-leafed Pesca candleholder (*above*) by William Harvey Studio for the Loom Co. For stores (212) 355-2069.

Letter Perfect Sterling letter openers (*above*) at RA Collection, Palm Beach; Pierre Hugo Driftwood pen at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Signature fountain pen by A. T. Cross, (800) 654-3880; hand-engraved stationery from Mrs. J. L. Strong Co., NYC.



Shore Line Seashell-motif sterling flatware (*above*) by jewelry designer Angela Cummings at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

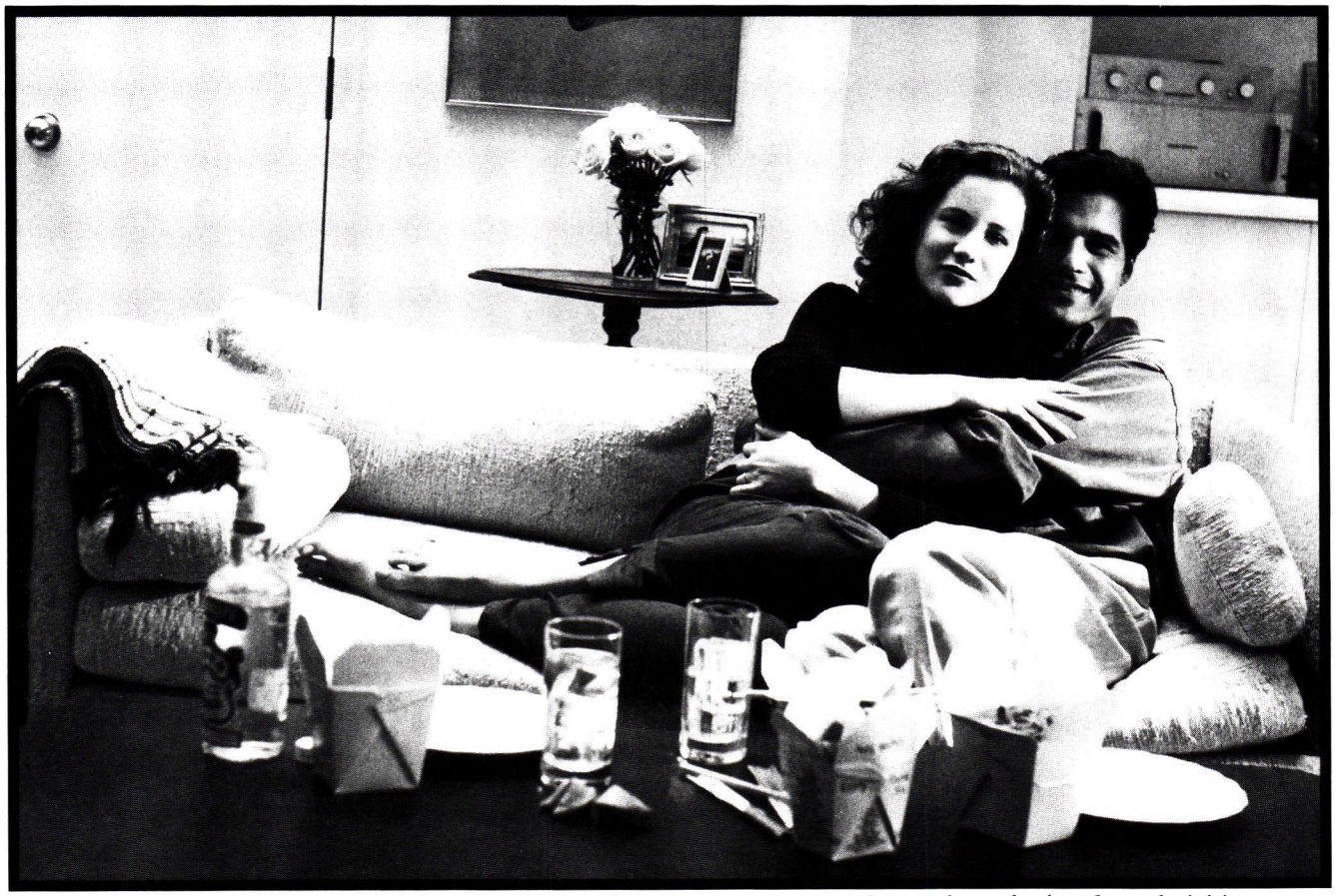
Tail Light Dolphin lamp in wood from La Bella Copia. To the trade at Kneedler-Fauchère, (415) 861-1011.

Shell Out Antiqued-brass cabinet hardware by Modern Objects mimics (*clockwise from above*) a scallop, sea urchin, nautilus, and starfish. For dealers (203) 845-0331.

Bathing Beauties Pelicans primp on a bath mat and oversize beach towel (*above*) in cotton terry from Hermès's Year of the Sea series. For stores (800) 441-4488.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FRANCIS HAMMOND (3); COLIN MCRAE; FRANCIS HAMMOND (5); ILLUSTRATION BY DOVRAT BEN-NAHUM

HOME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.



Our 3rd day anniversary in the place we love the most...home (photo taken by Chinese food delivery guy)

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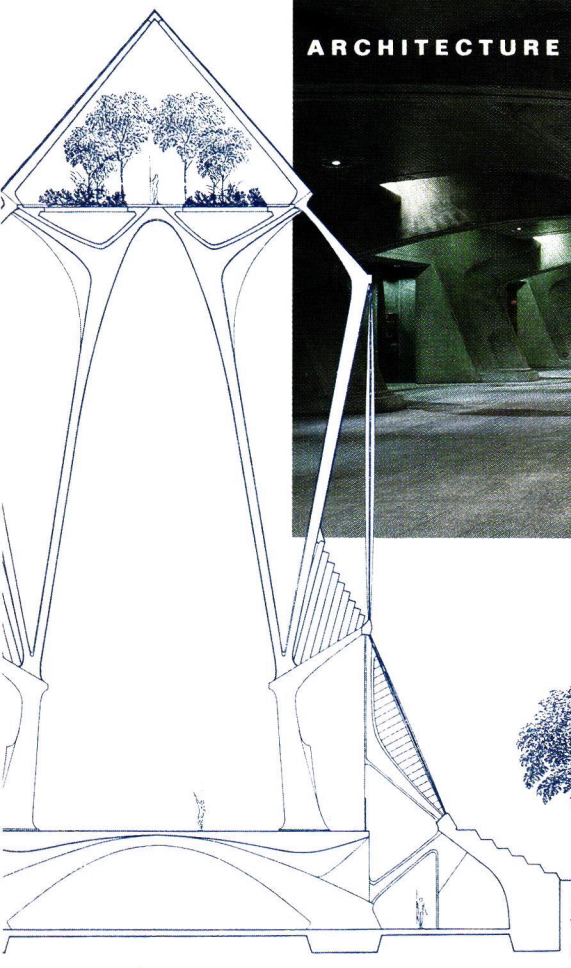
Concrete gracefully spans a passage at a Zurich train station.



Bioshelter for New York's Cathedral of Saint John the Divine.

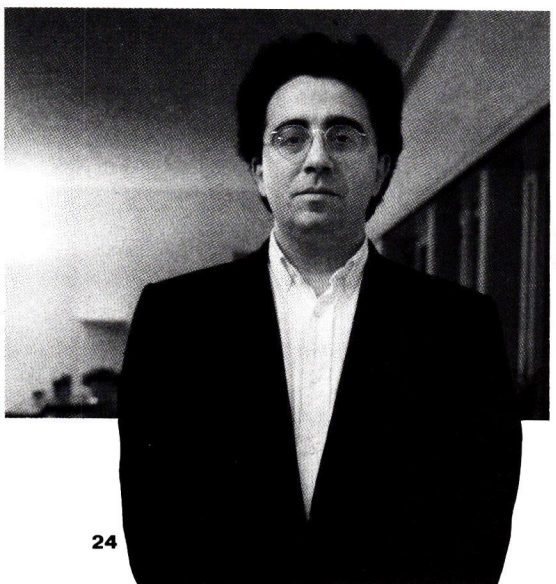
Engineering the Surreal

Fusing reason and fantasy, architect Santiago Calatrava bridges several professional worlds

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

Architects are often good talkers. Even before we've seen their latest buildings we thrill to the ideas they expound, and then find theory confirmed in structure. When we look again, however, over a period of months or a year, all too soon the thrill is gone. "What did we ever see in that outsize Chippendale highboy of a skyscraper?" we wonder. But matters are otherwise with the young Spaniard Santiago Calatrava. When in 1991 he was invited, along with sixty other architects from around the world, to participate in a competition for a project to design the south transept of New York's Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, little was known of him here. In fact, it seemed a bit ludicrous that a European celebrated chiefly as an engineer—a builder of railway stations, bridges, and stadia—should compete to finish an American neo-Gothic cathedral. Yet he won the contest handily.

Calatrava's audacity wasn't in his words, it was in his plans. His model for the transept had somehow distilled the soul of Gothic geometric harmony and presented it intact to our strange, questioning time. It was as though Ralph Adams Cram's massive turn-of-the-century nave had risen lightly on its toes and done a plié. As for words, there were only a few—a quotation from Saint Matthew: "And it shall become a great tree, and the birds of the air shall nest in its branches." Whether or not this structure is ever built, it is a fair sample of Calatrava's panache. Only his forerunners Antoni Gaudí and Eugène Viollet-le-Duc could have conceived such a naked and harmonious display of the interaction between forces and materials. Looking at Calatrava's design, one is remind-



Santiago Calatrava, left. Above: The architect's daring single tilted arch helps support a bridge at Ripoll, Spain. Right: Curves echo through the Zurich station.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NC; LUC BOEGLY/ARCHIPRESS; PETER MAUSS/ESTO; LLUIS CASALS; PAOLO ROSSELLI

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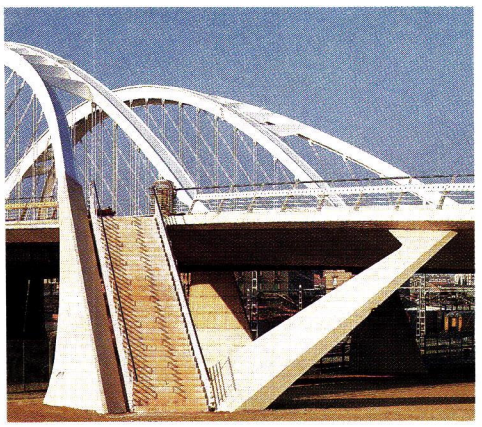
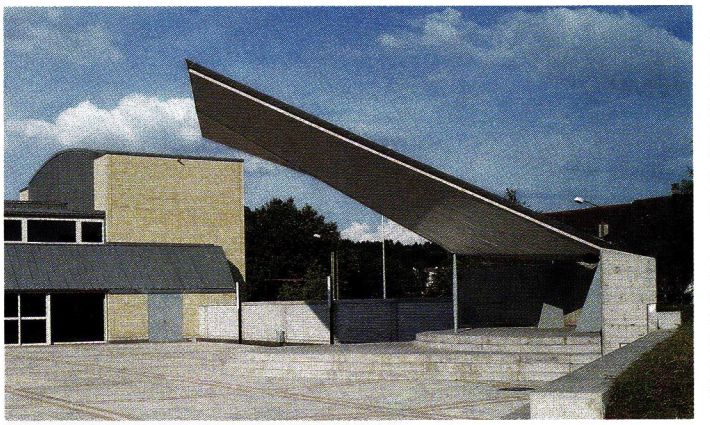
ed of the pillars Gaudí planned for the nave of Barcelona's Sagrada Familia and of the strutted cantilevered structures imagined by Viollet-le-Duc.

The surprising thing is that so much of Calatrava's work to date has been built. Every piece of it contains something wild, an impulse toward beauty, movement, and laughter. There is the gigantic concrete machine built for a Swiss exposition, whose only function is to create shadows; a warehouse whose doors arch up into winged canopies; bridges in the form of a harp or a weaver's loom. The design for a bridge with an obliquely tilted arch was so extreme that some people wondered whether or not the structure could stand. Based on his work with balanced sculptural forms, however, Calatrava assured them that it would. And indeed he built the design at Ripoll in the Spanish Pyrenees, completing it in 1992. "All that is possible is permitted," says Calatrava. "That's one of the rules of the game." Not only does the bridge stand, it stands as a challenge to the sterile boredom of doctrinaire modernism and the naughty boredom of postmodernism.

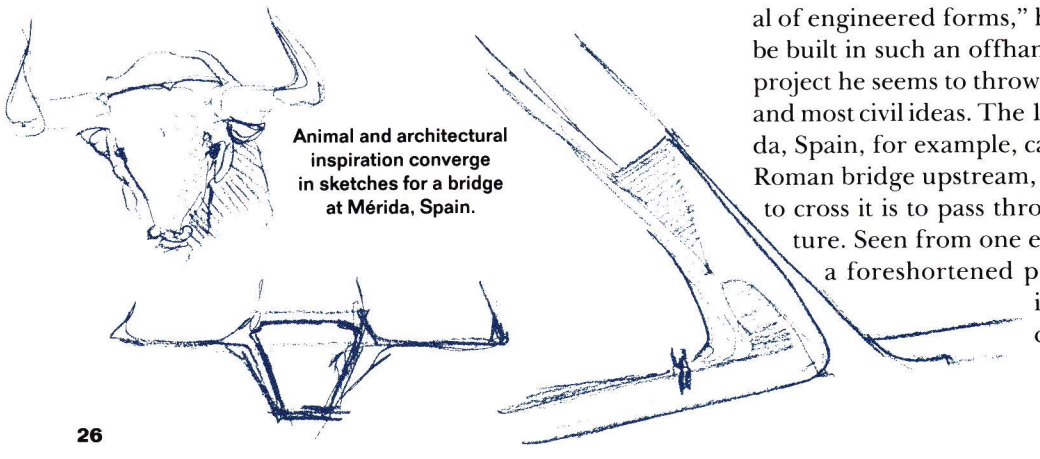
Calatrava's laughter is serious. It is not thrown in your face, but offered as a possibility. It might even point the way to the new century. Trained first as an artist, then as an architect, and finally—in Switzerland—as an engineer, he brings a fresh understanding of craft to his chosen profession. "Architecture," he says, "is made from the inside out. The nature of the materials is decisive." On the one hand, like a good engineer, he derives forms as expressions of the play of forces of compression and tension. On the other hand, like a good sculptor, he pushes materials toward new and enlivening configurations. Frequently, a Calatrava project begins with a sculpture: children's blocks form a cantilever that seems suspended in midair, or two granite cubes connected by a brass wire appear to hover. From this suggestive ambiguity he may scale up to a bridge with a span of 2,000 feet.

Yet Calatrava's structures do not impose themselves on the viewer, demanding respect and submission. They are invitations to participate in a livelier relation to the world. He loves the English term "civil engineer" because it suggests what he regards as the primary relationship between the structure and those whom it is built to serve. Looking out over Manhattan, he singles out as the premier work of civil engineering not some skyscraper but Central Park. Perhaps for this reason, he is angry that in recent years the design of bridges has been neglected. "They are by nature one of the most architectural of engineered forms," he remarks. "Why should they be built in such an offhand manner?" Into each bridge project he seems to throw his most concentrated energy and most civil ideas. The 1,640-foot-long bridge at Mérida, Spain, for example, can in fact be framed by an old Roman bridge upstream, so simple is its basic form, but to cross it is to pass through a whole theater of structure. Seen from one end, the central arch looks like a foreshortened parabola. As you approach it, it branches out into a nest of crisscrossed wires; then you





A winglike ribbed ceiling shelters a Swiss concert hall, above left. Above right: Sculptural trusses frame French railroad tracks. Far left: A bridge in Barcelona gives pedestrians and drivers separate but equally dramatic thoroughfares. Left: Cantilevered steel soars above a Swiss bandstand.



Animal and architectural inspiration converge in sketches for a bridge at Mérida, Spain.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JEREMY COCKAYNE/ARCAID; MICHEL MOCH/ARCHIPRESS; JEREMY COCKAYNE/ARCAID; NC; LUC BOEGLY/ARCHIPRESS

Calatrava's work contains something wild, an impulse toward beauty, movement, and laughter

are inside it, with constantly changing perspectives on the pattern; and finally, as you emerge, the parabola seems to recede behind you. As with most of his bridges, Calatrava has separated the automobile and pedestrian thoroughfares (as Olmsted did in Central Park), so that the rider and walker may each enjoy the experience.

Calatrava's love of bridges tells a lot about his aims. They bring together two sides that had been separate; out of parallel melodies, as it were, bridges make possible a harmony. Viollet-le-Duc praised Gothic architecture for performing just such a function. Greek architecture, he noted, was a single melody: you could extract a column and still see its beauty. Gothic, however, he conceived as a fully integrated harmony, so that no part taken out of the whole could stand alone.

Calatrava, then, is perhaps the perfect person to build a bridge, a cathedral, or any other structure that gathers people and sends them toward their hopes. Even his Zurich railway station shows this urge to integrate. Fitted into a hill, its ribbing would be a pleasure to walk through in itself, but Calatrava has made the entire station a pergola, which soon will be covered in vines, turning this central fact of urban technology into a support for the biological world. The forty-one-year-old Catalan often sketches animals, resolving the horns of a bull or the neck of a horse into the forces that govern their disposition. And at the New York cathedral he has been asked to design the project to integrate a bioshelter where trees, vines, and moss will all find their place. But his solution does not suggest a romantic return to natural form.

What is most exciting about his work is that it has nothing to do with the paralyzing dichotomy between nature and culture. He has neither Gaudí's obsession with natural curves nor the modernist fixation on the mechanics of form and function. Rather, he embraces both, then goes his own way. ("The functionalists can be so hygienic," he quips. "Their beauty is pure and clean.") Every inch a Catalan, he has an eagerness to experiment in the realm of childhood and dreams where things are both/and instead of either/or. "Why not a lobster telephone?" asks Calatrava, referring to Dali's well-known metamorphosis. "It's as legitimate as making a phone a minimal black thing that looks purely functional. Yes, you can put it up to one ear, but the part you listen to might just as well jump to the other ear and blow." He smiles after he mimes the action of a telephone blowing in someone's ear. "This is just an example of how to satisfy the need," he adds, "the need you have to live and know." ▲

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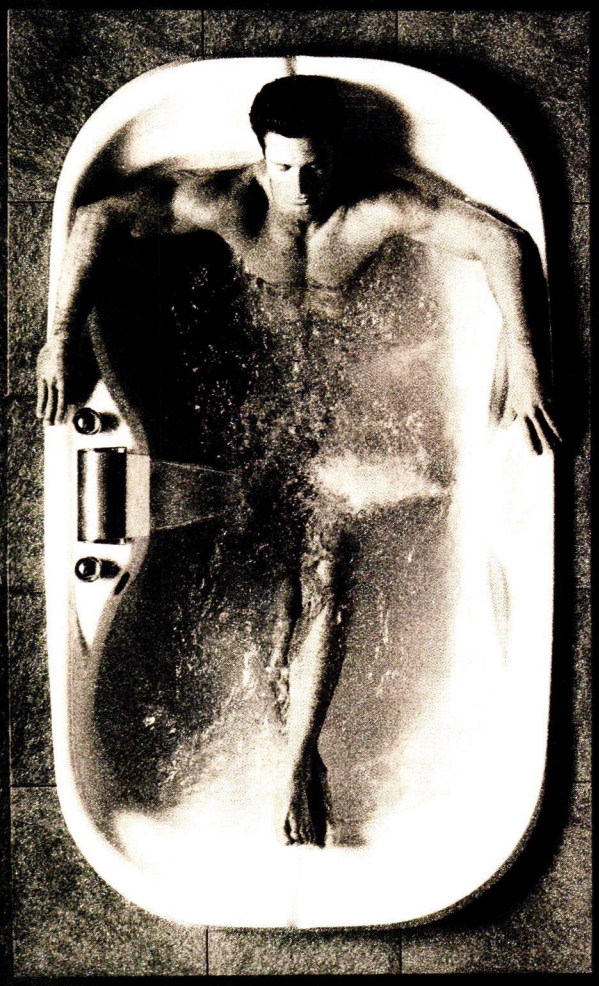

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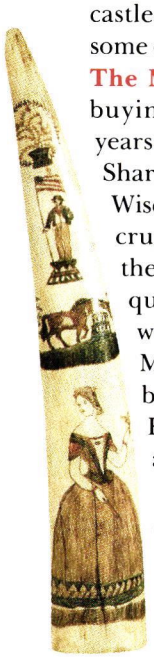
Americana the Beautiful

For midcoast Maine antiques dealers, Yankee craftsmanship is something to celebrate

BY ANN MARIE VALLOTI

Summer and the antiques season come to midcoast Maine in late June. Yard sale signs sprout on roadsides among the lupine and Indian paintbrush, and almost every mile is marked by a flea market. But collectors in search of charm as well as choice pickings don't stop until they reach tiny Wiscasset, which unabashedly calls itself the "prettiest village in Maine." Home to a dozen antiques shops specializing in Americana, Wiscasset is also close to antiques meccas in Newcastle and Damariscotta. Here are some of the area's most tempting.

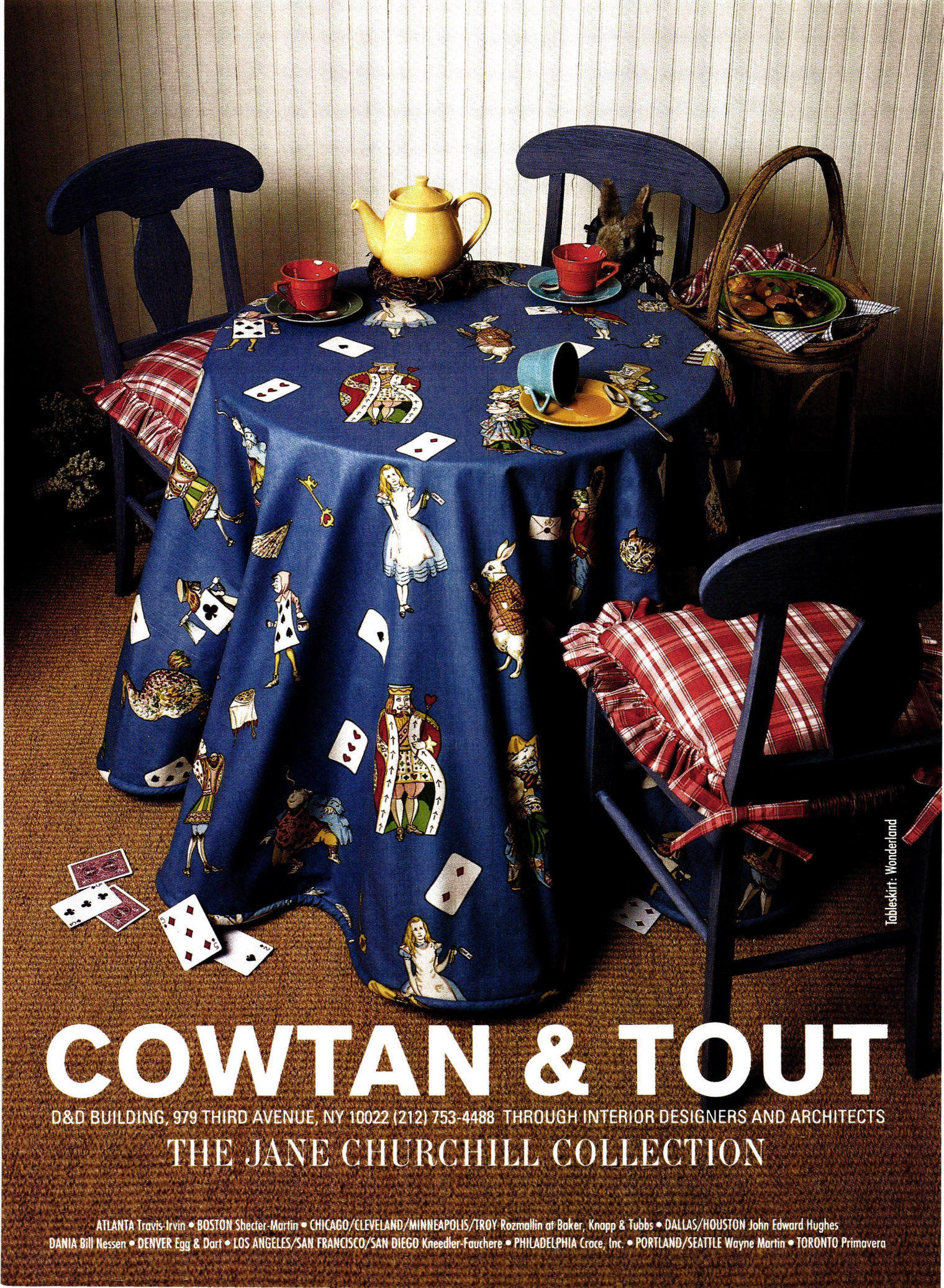


The Marston House On a spring buying trip to New England five years ago, California antiques dealer Sharon Mrozinski fell in love with Wiscasset and, in particular, with a crumbling sea captain's house at the heart of Main Street. After a quick cross-country move and weeks of nonstop renovating, Mrozinski and her architect husband, Paul, opened the Marston House on the Fourth of July and the celebration has been ongoing. During their selling season, from April to December, the front porch sports American flags, banners, pillows adorned with stars and stripes, and even patriotic birdhouses. Inside, Old Glory's colors spread across quilts, painted furniture, vintage ticking, and a pair of 1940s suede chaps. There are also Amish quilts, American samplers, and tin toys. Catering to people with houses to furnish, Mrozinski carries Thomas K. Woodard woven rugs and classic Maine upholstered furniture. In addition, she stitches bed linens from vintage fabrics and takes orders on locally made table linens. And for the shopping weary, Mrozinski operates a bed-and-breakfast in her carriage house. (Main St. at Middle St., Wiscasset, ME 04578; 207-882-6010)

Marine Antiques After twenty-seven years at the helm of Marine Antiques, John Newton is a seasoned and excellent source for ship models, figureheads, whaling journals, sea chests, camphorwood boxes—as he puts it, "Everything made or used by the seamen of yore." He can even sell you the carved mahogany gangplank that once guided passengers onto

At the Marston House, top left, owners Sharon and Paul Mrozinski, above left, put on a patriotic display. Above center: American pull toy, c. 1880, from the Marston House. Top right: John Newton of Marine Antiques stocks seaworthy relics. Above right: Marine paintings and an 1849 whaling journal. Left: Scrimshaw, c. 1880.

BRIAN VANDEN BRINK



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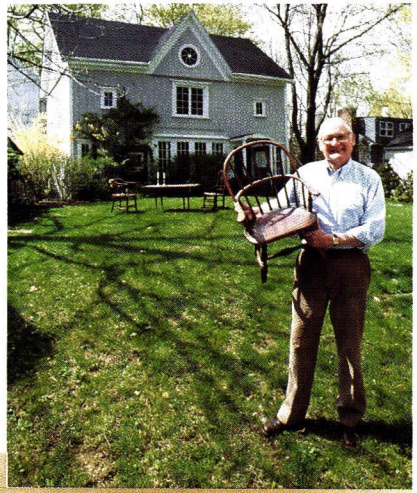
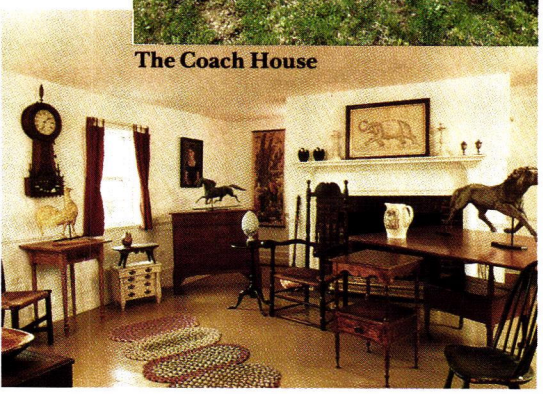


The Coach House



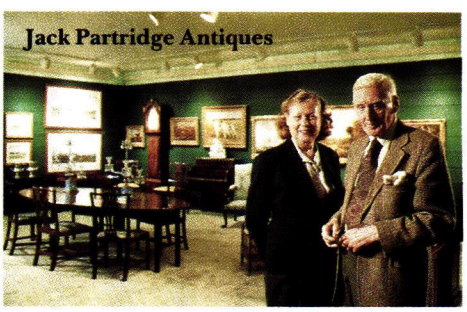
Andrew Mellon's yacht *Enterprise*. Scrimshaw swifts, corset busks, ditty boxes, tusks, and teeth are shop staples, as are American and English marine paintings and navigational equipment—sextants, spyglasses, and lanterns. Knitting enthusiasts note that in the same building, Newton's wife, Barbara, has a shop filled with hand-spun yarns of silk wool, alpaca, mohair, and qiviut from muskox. (Rte. 1, Wiscasset, ME 04578; 207-882-7208)

The Coach House Before settling in Maine some twenty-five years ago, Bill Glennon was a playwright and theater director at the Pittsburgh Playhouse. Though he left the stage behind, Glennon's love of drama and humor is evident in his selection of stellar Americana, ranging from a child's elegant eighteenth-century Windsor chair to a calligraphy drawing of an elephant that looks "far more Democrat than Republican." Semiretired these days, Glennon still contributes inventory but leases the shop to longtime dealer Priscilla Hutchinson, who, he says, "gravitates toward the same things I do." That means folk art (figural weather vanes, schoolgirl theorems, out-of-the-ordinary tramp art) as well as country furniture with fine untouched surfaces. And Glennon and Hutchinson sell all of these things out of what many consider the best-looking barn in Maine. (Pleasant St. near Main St., Wiscasset, ME 04578; 207-882-4200)

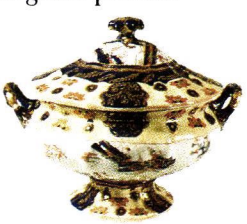
Kaja Veilleux A Maine native who grew up helping with his father's used-furniture business, Kaja Veilleux does most of his buying from down-east families. His free appraisal service on Thursdays provides him with many opportunities to expand his inventory, which is broad and ever changing. American paintings of all sorts fill the walls of his shop overlooking the Damariscotta River, and Veilleux is particularly proud to own what he calls the "largest cat painting in the world"—an 1890 Carl Kahler tableau, measuring 8 by 10½ feet, that features forty-two life-size Persians. Veilleux also has an array of nineteenth-century sculpture (bronzes of women by women are a specialty), as well as American formal and country furniture. The only constant here is quality. (Business Rte. 1 at Newcastle Sq., Newcastle, ME 04553; 207-563-1002)

Patricia Anne Reed A former decorator and antique toy museum proprietor, Pat Reed has an eye for striking objects, from grain-painted blanket chests to four-foot vegetable parers. She can be counted on for painted furniture, fish and duck decoys, tin toys, and miniature paintings. She also has a good selection of delft, Chinese export porcelain, and Quimper. Her passion for architectural relics such as federal fan lights and Victorian brackets stems perhaps from the fact that she lives adjoining the shop in a nineteenth-century house with "more than seven gables." (Rte. 129 at School St., Damariscotta, ME 04543; 207-563-5633)

Jack Partridge Antiques Veteran dealer Jack Partridge traces his roots to the founders of Partridge's Fine Arts, the prestigious London antiques firm. Operating his own business out of a converted cow barn, Partridge and his wife, Tatiana, a fellow London transplant, sell English and American furniture of uncompromising integrity. Inventory of late has included a pair of John Linnell mahogany chests, circa 1770, that came out of Castle Howard in England; a Queen Anne maple highboy from the Crombie family of New Hampshire; and a Hepplewhite mahogany sideboard, circa 1785, with its original hardware. Also noteworthy is the Partridges' array of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century pastoral, marine, and hunting scenes in period frames. Says Jack Partridge, "Chasing paintings is my sport." (Rte. 1 at Dodge Rd., Edgecomb, ME 04556; 207-882-7745) ▲



Jack Partridge Antiques



In a former cow barn, Jack and Tatiana Partridge, below left, showcase pristine furniture such as the c. 1780 New Hampshire highboy, right. Above: A Mason's ironstone tureen, part of a service of 97 pieces, from Partridge. Top left: Bill Glennon in front of the Coach House; the interior of his shop, given over to Americana.

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Bermuda Primeval

An offshore island is transformed into a living museum for native plants and animals BY DOUGLAS BRENNER

When David Wingate stands on his porch, gazes out to sea, and says, "This is the wildest view in Bermuda," you take him at his word. A native Bermudian, he is the colony's chief conservation officer, with a mandate to care for endangered flora and fauna, encourage ecological awareness, and advise on planning—all key roles in an economy that relies on the exquisite balance of nature and civilization to keep visitors coming back. Wingate is also the warden and—with his companion, Helge, Baroness von Dittel, an amateur naturalist who works with him—the sole human resident of Nonsuch Island, a rugged fifteen-acre government nature sanctuary at the mouth of Castle Harbour. Briefly famous as William Beebe's headquarters for the descent of his bathysphere in 1930, Nonsuch had been the site of a yellow-fever quarantine station in the nineteenth century and later a reform school. Wingate began transforming it thirty years ago into what he calls a "living museum" for indigenous plants and animals.

The point of his mission may bewilder travelers who marvel at Bermuda's profusion of hibiscus and oleander, the ubiquitous cry of the kiskadee, or the antics of chameleons on every rock—all seemingly part of a scene as timeless as pink beaches and turquoise water. In fact, the flowering bushes, the bird, and the lizard are among the exotic imports that have dramatically altered the face of Bermuda ever since Spanish navigators left behind a herd of pigs in the 1500s. One modern novelty, the scale insect from California, nearly wiped out the vast population of Bermuda cedars shortly after World War II. By now barely five percent of the vegetation on Bermuda's main island is native, and many of the animals that thrived in an Eden devoid of predators before the arrival of man have long since grown scarce or disappeared.

It was the call of the bygone wild that first drew David Wingate to the Castle Harbour Islands in 1950. A schoolboy explorer with his first pair of field glasses, he paddled about in a kayak, hoping to find traces of the legendary cahow, or Bermuda petrel, a once-abundant sea bird then believed to have been extinct since the seventeenth century. Pigs, cats, dogs, and rats brought by man had quickly rooted out the eggs cahows laid in earth burrows; blinded by firelight, the nocturnal adult birds walked right into open hearths—divine providence in the eyes of famine-stricken settlers. For later generations the cahow became an emblem of precolonial paradise lost. Still, tantalizing clues led naturalists to hope, against all odds, that a few survivors might yet exist, flying in from the open seas under cover of night to breed in some remote hideaway. In 1951, with sixteen-year-old Win-

David Wingate, above left, scans the Castle Harbour Islands, top left, from his porch on Nonsuch. He set out to save the nearly extinct cahow, or Bermuda petrel, inset top, when he was sixteen. Left: The shoreline of Nonsuch, where Wingate has reintroduced sea turtles.

FROM TOP: ROLAND SKINNER; GRAEME OUTERBRIDGE (2)

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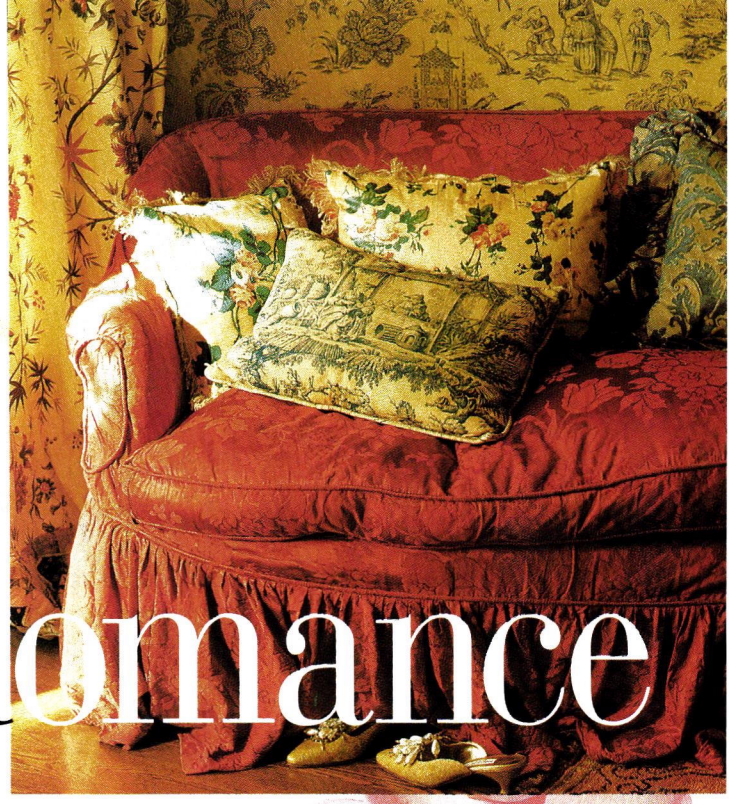

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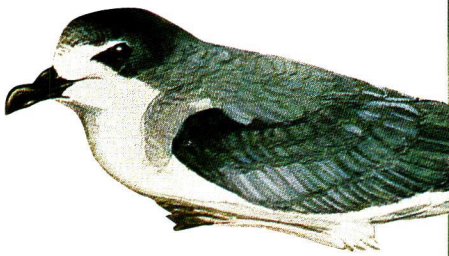
gate looking on, ornithologist Robert Cushman Murphy noosed a live bird from a crevice on one of Nonsuch's offshore islets and cried out, "By gad, the cahow!" Recalls Wingate, "It was as if a dodo had been rediscovered in some sinkhole in Mauritius. Saving the cahow instantly became my fixed aim."

His resolve was confirmed when he returned to Bermuda in 1957, after studying zoology at Cornell, and heard that there was an opening for a caretaker to live on Nonsuch Island, which was about to be declared a bird sanctuary. With repairs, a small derelict building made an airy house for Wingate, who cheerfully made do without electricity or telephone. More daunting was the bleak landscape: nothing but rocks and crabgrass and the skeletons of cedars killed by the blight. No cahows nested on Nonsuch, conditioned as they were to breeding on far more precarious rocky islets. Wingate's decision to turn his island into a habitat where the cahow would someday come back to burrow in the soil almost inevitably led to the creation of the living museum.

Saving Bermuda's native species is a "hold-your-breath struggle," says Wingate. "But we may be making progress"



Single-handedly, he planted seedlings from some of the last Bermuda cedars on the main island, followed by Bermuda palmettos, olivewood, white stopper, and other primeval stalwarts, most of which arrived in cans loaded into Wingate's open skiff. The maturing woodland has since weathered hurricanes that felled nonnative trees elsewhere in the islands, confirming the value of Nonsuch as an environmental laboratory for all Bermuda.

Wingate has also expanded his microecosystem to include two man-made marshes: one saltwater and one fresh. Sources for appropriate wildlife were as close at hand as a pond on a nearby island—a bucketful of pond water is rich in insect and fish eggs—or as far afield as a Costa Rican turtle colony or a Florida heron rookery. Yellow-crown night heron nestlings, shipped from Tampa Bay in the 1970s, not only reintroduced a species exterminated in Bermuda long ago but also proved to have a voracious appetite for the land crabs that plagued Bermuda golf courses. Night herons on the links soon became vivid advertisements for the practical benefits of Wingate's efforts. He hopes that edible whelks, now reproducing along the Nonsuch shoreline, may one day be plentiful enough to become a staple in local kitchens.

One of the best places to view wildlife on Nonsuch is a rustic blind near the freshwater marsh. "I can bring in

Wingate leaves Nonsuch, left, for a nesting site, top left, where he checks one of the concrete burrows he calls "government housing" for cahows. Above: A man-made freshwater marsh on Nonsuch. Inset center: Cahow from a series of seabird portraits by Wingate.

GRAEME OUTERBRIDGE

twenty noisy kids to watch the herons bathe and none of the birds is disturbed," Wingate says. His goal is to have every schoolchild in Bermuda visit the island—shepherded in groups down well-marked paths—as part of his or her primary education. Otherwise, because the creatures he shares the island with are all too easily disturbed, access is restricted. Wingate encourages grown-up bird-watchers and other nature buffs to trek through the main-island preserves, which command most of his professional attention as conservation officer—the sixty-acre Spittal Pond sanctuary, for instance, "which generally supports more waterfowl than all other marshes in Bermuda combined." Native-plant seekers will find collections at the Botanical Gardens and Montpelier Arboretum near Hamilton, the capital.

The most eagerly awaited visitor to Nonsuch Island is, of course, the cahow—and the wait could be a long one. The entire known population totals fewer than fifty breeding pairs, each of which produces one chick in a season, and all of the birds instinctively return to existing colonies. To help those whose nests have been destroyed or who cannot find suitable sites, Wingate constructs concrete nest tunnels he calls "government housing." He has fitted all nests with baffles to keep out larger intruders, such as the native longtail, or white-tailed tropic bird. Recently, though, alarmed by rising tides, which may result from global warming and which have already started to flood the cahow's present breeding ground, Wingate is considering using recorded calls to trick the birds into making the leap to safer Nonsuch.

"The living museum won't really be completed until the cahow colonizes this ecosystem," he says. "I don't expect to see it in my lifetime, but then I never expected to see yellow-crown night herons raising their young in cedars I transplanted from gallon cans. It's an ongoing hold-your-breath struggle. But if you take the long long perspective, we may actually be making progress." ▲

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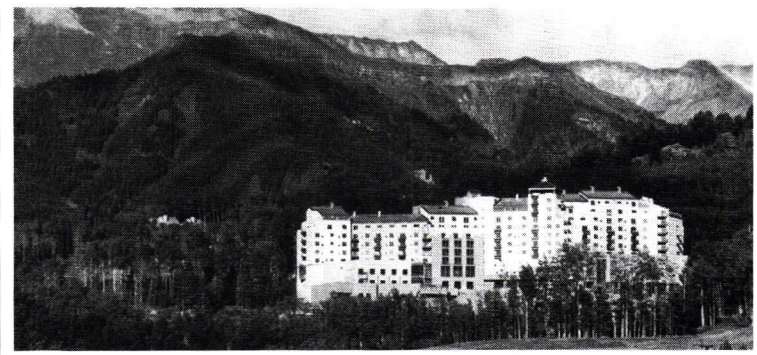

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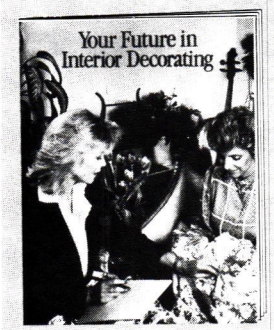

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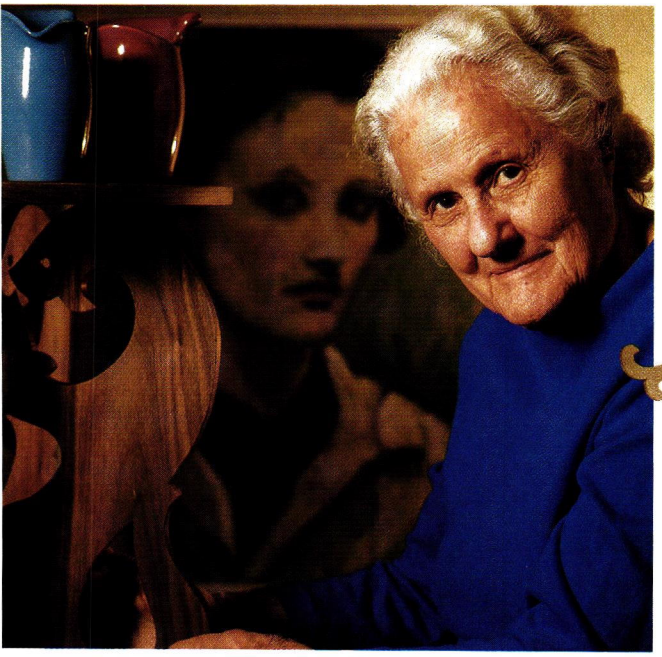
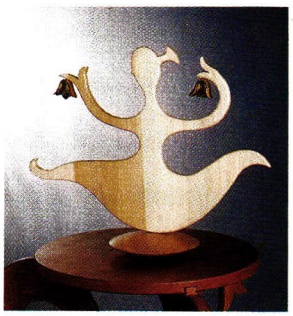




Eva Zeisel's Second Coming

At eighty-five, a master designer has a renewed sense of mission

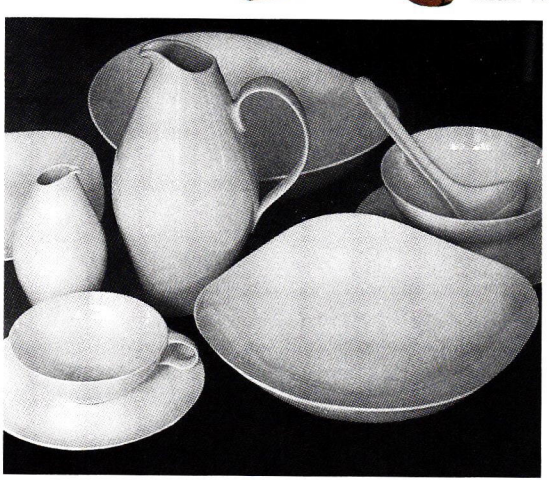
BY EVE M. KAHN

Pouring tea for constant rounds of visitors in her Biedermeier-packed Manhattan apartment, Eva Zeisel seems ageless: her once-chestnut hair has turned a majestic silver, her hands are only faintly gnarled with her eighty-five years, and her gaze is as searching as ever. Her sleek dinnerware ruled American tables throughout the forties and fifties, but nostalgia for past glory does not interest her. She would far prefer to discuss the foibles of contemporary design or show off photos of the new china and furniture she is now creating.

"A designer never rests," she says. This fall, Palazzetti will introduce Zeisel tables, candlesticks, a bell-trimmed ornament, a coatrack, and a screen, all with playful flared profiles that evoke bird heads, dolphin snouts, and ivy leaves. Palazzetti will also produce an ingenious chair based on her 1950 prototype with squiggly tubular-steel sides and a taut seat in fake fur or sailcloth. And she has resumed designing ceramics. All of the work is imbued with her signature exuberance, a quality she finds perplexingly rare in recent design. "Memphis, postmodernism, deconstructionism, these are attempts to eradicate what has come before. They derive from negativity, from an urge to be different and not from a desire simply to give happiness in their own right," she says, shaking her head. "For years I have been saying, 'Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!'—and it seems I must continue."

Zeisel herself has lived by that motto; she has been battling aesthetic severity since the early 1920s, when she threw her first pots in her native Hungary. Her early works combined Central European folk with Wiener Werkstätte motifs: geometric reliefs studded their sides and their rims undulated neatly. Her haute bourgeoisie family supported her unexpected taste for hard labor, and with their encouragement she took a series of jobs at German and Hungarian ceramics factories. By age twenty-three she was designing for a large Berlin pottery firm and dabbling in Bauhaus doctrine. At the time her plates and ashtrays were boxy, her spherical pitchers and creamers shaved flat at the sides; only the gracefully curved handles hint that she was not quite committed. In 1932 she moved to the Soviet Union on a whim, there rising to art director of the Russian Republic's china and glass industry and spending sixteen months in prison for allegedly conspiring to murder Stalin. (She had taken a vacation in France, where Trotsky lived, and was falsely accused of carrying messages to and from him.)

The Soviets released her in 1937—she has never known exactly why, although the frantic urgings of in-



Zeisel, top left, with a 1930 self-portrait and 1947 vases on a new table to be produced by Palazzetti. Other designs that will be available from Palazzetti include Zeisel's bell-trimmed ornament, top right, coatrack, center, and tubular-steel chair, above left. Above: Museum dinnerware, 1946, from Castleton. Details see Resources.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: GWENDOLEN CATES; DAVID FRAZIER (2); ERIC BOMAN; DAVID FRAZIER

fluential family friends probably helped. The next year she and her new husband, Hans Zeisel—a law and sociology professor she had met in Germany—emigrated to New York, where she pursued success relentlessly. Throughout the forties and fifties major manufacturers like Castleton, Red Wing, and Hall hired her, and several craftsmen and model makers were laboring in her basement studio on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Zeisel designed by instinct then, as she does now, molding shapes until her fingers deemed them just right and examining prototypes from all angles. Americans responded by buying millions of her greatest hits: earth tone salt and pepper shakers that look like nuzzling gourds, slim pitchers with drooping rims, and, most popular of all, white dinnerware with contours that always curl just a little further than you expect.

"Then the Vietnam War came and distracted everybody from design, including me," Zeisel says. She retired, spent the next two decades researching arcane corners of American history—including the kangaroo trial and hanging of some innocent New Yorkers in the eighteenth century on charges of conspiring to burn down the city—and then let design draw her back in the early eighties. "My hands remembered something," she says. She was also reacting against contemporary design: "There has been so much patricidal sarcasm, so many empty efforts to mock one's forebears."

> "My new pieces were done swiftly but with control. Change an inch and you spoil them, and yet they have great joie de vivre"

Recovering now from the death last spring of her husband—who, like her, was still producing seminal work in his seventies and eighties—Zeisel takes comfort in her usual routines, dividing her time between her New York City apartment near Columbia University and her woods-enclosed airy studio in Rockland County. She sketches on trains and planes and in taxis—"I am always doodling"—and she is also writing a book, summarizing seven decades of experience, to be called *The Magic Language of Design*. Firm opinions fill chapters with titles like "From Compact to Lacy" or "From Melted to Crisp," and the text emphasizes, above all, the illusion of spontaneity. "Design must look effortless and somewhat obvious, it simply must," says Zeisel. "My new pieces, for instance, were done swiftly but with great control. You change a sixteenth of an inch and you spoil them, and yet they have great joie de vivre. Where it comes from, at my age, I cannot explain, but it is surely there." ▲

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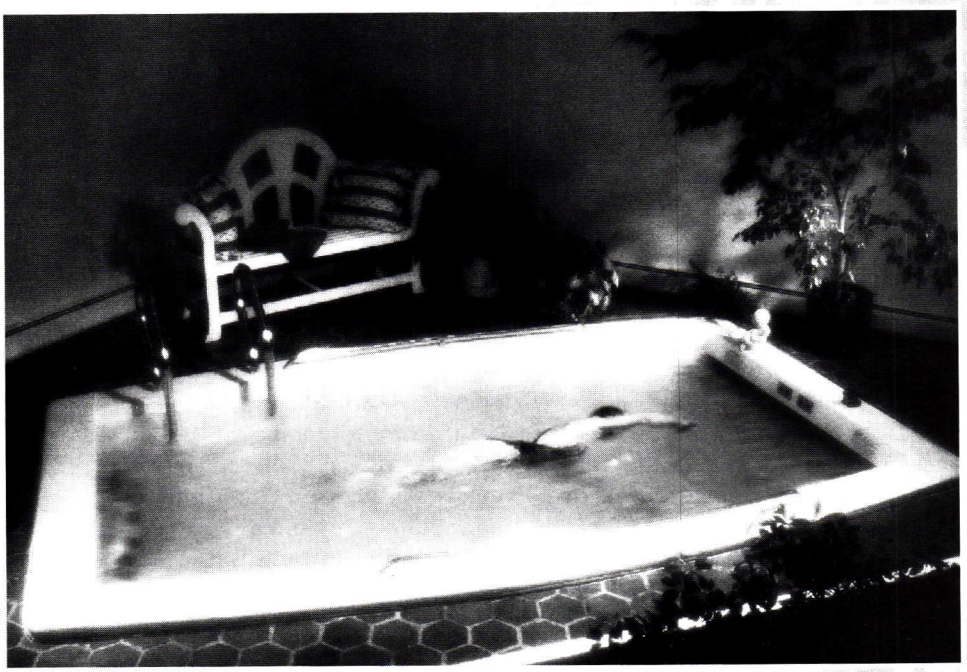

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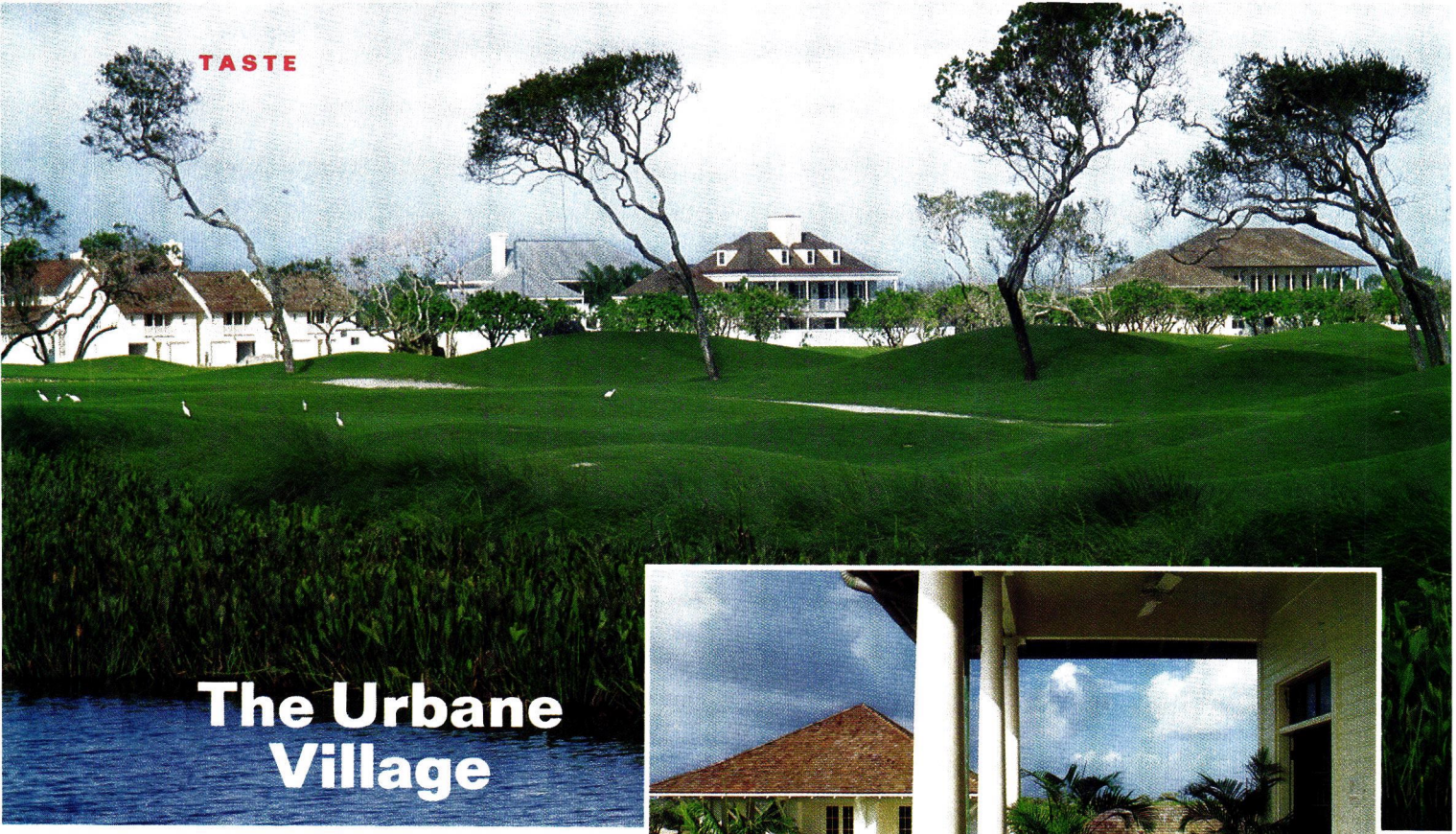


The Urbane Village

Memories of Charleston and Saint Augustine echo in a new Florida town BY PILAR VILADAS

Windsor, top, boasts hundreds of acres of open land, including a golf course by Robert Trent Jones Jr. Above: The loggia of Scott Merrill's Sideyard House overlooks a courtyard and pool.

THOMAS DELBECK

The drive north on A1A from Vero Beach, Florida, seems like an unbroken stretch of so-called golf communities where expensive cookie-cutter houses stand in splendid isolation—a latter-day suburbia seemingly airlifted onto that lush strip of land between the Indian River and the Atlantic Ocean. But just up the road, a different kind of community is taking shape, one that will feel more like a town than a tract: Windsor. Its planners, Miami architects Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk—who reintroduced America to old-fashioned town planning a decade ago with Seaside, their Florida Panhandle resort—describe Windsor as a resort village "designed in the urban tradition of the Caribbean."

The three hundred or so dwellings that will eventually be built in Windsor (between two polo fields and a championship golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones Jr.) will radiate out from a village center (which will have a general store, post office, inn, restaurant, café, offices, and apartments) in a tight traditional grid of crushed-shell—not paved—streets that range in width from a fairly grand one hundred feet to an intimate alleylike twenty-eight. Small squares and green spaces are plentiful, and almost everything will be within walking distance.

But what is really remarkable about Windsor's plan is its proposed dense fabric of urban walls. With the exception of the beach cottages and the houses that overlook the golf course, most houses in Windsor must be built out to the property lines, as must their continuous garden walls. The result will be a village of courtyard and garden houses in the tradition of the historic towns of Charleston and Saint Augustine where enclosed spaces and deep porches, overhangs, and balconies provide relief from the tropical climate.

The handful of houses that have been built to date at Windsor reflect these concerns. A Sideyard House, designed by town architect Scott Merrill and decorated in a suitably modest, almost classical way by John Stefanidis, is typical of its type, with a narrow walled street façade and a front door that opens directly into the garden and covered loggia. In the Saint Augustine tradition its masonry ground floor is topped by a wooden second story that is just one room wide (these houses are also known as single houses), with each room opening onto a porch. Merrill also designed the community's first three "row houses," which owe a debt to English arts and crafts architecture. Duany and Plater-Zyberk's Windsor House

has Caribbean antecedents—its front balcony is shaded by a deep overhanging metal roof—and wraps around a large courtyard.

If Windsor's architectural aesthetic seems a historicist one, this is no accident. Along with their town plan, Duany and Plater-Zyberk drew up an architectural code that is one of the most stringent of any of the two dozen new towns they have in the works from northern California to Turkey. (Their strictest is one they proposed for a town for the prince of Wales.) The code mandates materials, roof pitches, proportions, window shapes, landscape requirements, and construction techniques, most of which are based on historical models. Ornament is discouraged, except where it develops naturally out of construction—rafters and balustrades, for example.

"The tone is high cost, low luxury," says planner Andres Duany

Andres Duany makes no bones about the strictness of the architectural code; he feels it is "self-selecting," by which he means that it will weed out those who aspire to the ostentatious. "The tone is high cost, low luxury," he says, referring to Windsor's relatively steep prices; lots range from $165,000 to $1.5 million, and the asking price for the Windsor House is $1.7 million. Although many of the houses will have guest suites, there is little provision for live-in staff. And the fact that a relatively grand single-family house looks out on a more modest row house may not appeal to the upwardly mobile. But, as Duany points out, "Real towns are that way."

If this insistence on a modest small-town atmosphere drives some would-be home buyers away, no one at Windsor seems to mind. Its founders, Galen and Hilary Weston and Geoffrey and Jorie Kent, have insisted from the beginning on the complete realization of Windsor's vision, even at the expense of sales, which suggests that they are a rare breed of developer. Duany calls Windsor "our best project—the others are constantly under assault by mediocrity."

Its radical approach to urbanism aside, Windsor's real contribution, says Duany, will be in the architectural realm, "in the reintroduction of things that are authentically Floridian. A resort has come to mean a monolithic operation. When did that happen? I thought resorts were towns." He complains that at so many luxury developments in the area "everything is either shaggy or shiny. Addison Mizner's classic Palm Beach houses have tiled floors. Floridians have completely forgotten what it's like to have sand between the toes." ▲

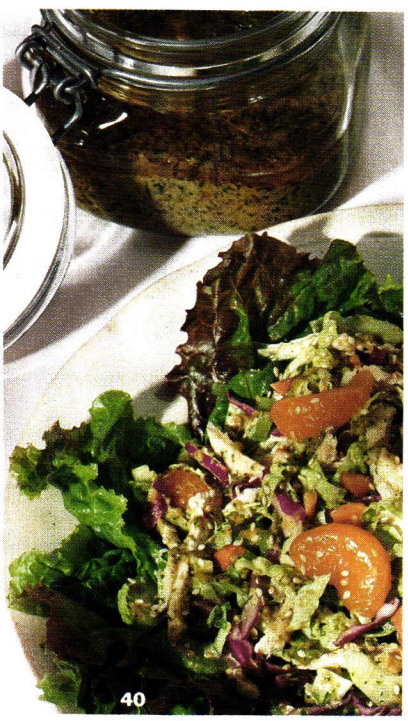
Windsor's architecture, below, is clearly based on historical models. Above: In a Sideyard House French windows open the living room to the loggia. Inside, John Stefanidis combines a sofa of his design with Anglo-Indian pieces and an antique dhurrie. Details see Resources.

Meals in a Jar

A cook learns how to spend summer weekends on the beach, not in the kitchen

BY PEGGY KNICKERBOCKER

My fascination with homemade food in jars started in the 1960s when I learned about buying in bulk at the health food store. It was almost as much fun to fill and label those shiny clean mason jars as it was to cook their contents; I felt like an instant hippie. Later, during my years as a caterer, we made our sauces ahead of time, and our clients were always impressed when we unpacked, placing each container of sauce alongside the food it was to accompany—leek and dill dip with the basket of crudités, sauce verte with the poached salmon, peanut sauce with the Asian chicken salad. Now I am using those same jars to get me through summer weekends with a lot of grace and very little effort.



My new relationship with mason jars stems from a conversation with an old friend about what we didn't like as kids vacationing at Aptos Beach on Monterey Bay. When we were not sneaking Pall Malls to smoke behind a log or eating Jell-O straight from the box, we were being mad at our mothers: they could *never* watch us swimming in the ocean for as long as we would have liked because they were constantly in the kitchen preparing food that we regarded with disdain.

Now I realize that my mother was quite an inspired cook and was probably happiest by herself in the kitchen; she relaxed there, sipping cooking sherry and creating dishes she never had time for at home in San Francisco. She made vitello tonnato back in 1958, when many Americans had never even heard of Tuscany, and served remarkable barbecued spareribs, marinated in bourbon and orange marmalade. Of course she also came up with some embarrassing concoctions, like a lime Jell-O and horseradish condiment for roast beef.

My father was no help on the beach either. A drama critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle,* he spent his vacations writing short stories he sent off to *The New Yorker.* I saw him cry only twice, once when my mother had a stroke and again one foggy morning at the Aptos post office when he got a rejection slip for what he insisted was the "best thing I've ever written."

Years afterwards, when I was a young bride, I seemed genetically predisposed to cook the way my mother did. I left my husband and friends at the beach on Saturday afternoons and retreated to our rented cottage to sip Chablis and make butterflied legs of lamb with Trader Vic's peanut sauce, quiche for Sunday lunch, and lemon custard cake from the Duncan Hines box. Once, weepy with wine-induced nostalgia, I came close to making the lime Jell-O and horseradish mold.

Maybe the women's movement made me change my ways, or maybe I just realized that if I got organized, I

Mason jar cuisine. Clockwise from above left: Spring-top jars, black beans, Asian chicken salad.

MIKE CHESSER. FOOD STYLED BY ALICE M. HART. PROPS STYLED BY VIRGIL YOUNG

I finally realized that if I got organized, I could have my weekend and eat well too

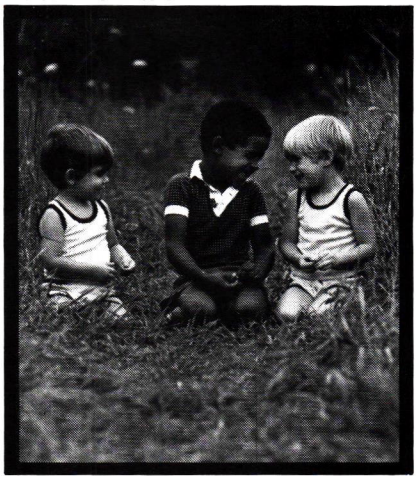
could have my weekend and eat well too. Either way, I have a new summer regimen: during the week I make a big jar of Caesar salad dressing; a container of peanut sauce to use for Asian chicken salad or as a dip for pork satay; a jar of praline sauce to spoon over coffee ice cream; a pot of black beans cooked with a prosciutto bone and Madeira; fresh corn sticks; a spring-top jar of tomato sauce in case we're overcome with pizza lust; and a bottle of garlicky vinaigrette. (I like to mix different vinegars, oils, and spices, but I don't want to lug umpteen bottles to the beach.) I also bring a jar of healthy blueberry bran muffin batter; the aroma of muffins baking gets everybody up early.

On Friday afternoon we pack up all my jars plus a quick-getaway basket we keep loaded with coffee beans, a grinder, a milk frother, an espresso maker, and assorted herbs and spices. When we arrive at the cottage, dinner is ready: black beans, corn sticks, and a Caesar salad.

Early Saturday morning I make a quick stop at the grocery store for a few odds and ends, then go to the vegetable stand to buy fresh fruit for breakfast and simple desserts (fresh berries drizzled with melted chocolate and a splash of kirsch is a favorite); juicy red tomatoes for a salad to accompany cheese, chile, and black bean quesadillas for lunch on Saturday; corn, onions, and eggplant to barbecue with chicken for dinner; and celery, cabbage, cucumbers, cilantro, and lettuce for Sunday's Asian chicken salad. (I sometimes marinate the chicken in my ever-ready all-purpose vinaigrette and always barbecue extra pieces so there will be enough left for salad.)

My childhood friend and I made a

PHOTOGRAPH BY AL SZABO



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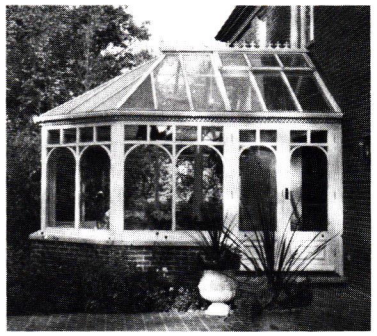

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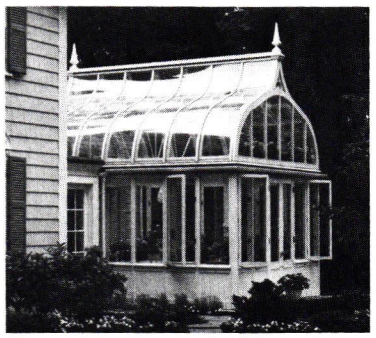

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Praline sauce. Vintage dishes from Robert Grounds, L.A. Details see Resources.

pledge to spend at least one weekend together this vacation doing with assorted children some of the things we wish our mothers had done with us. We'll watch migrating pelicans blacken the sky as the sun sets over the Pacific, while the kids stay in the water until their teeth chatter. I think I'm almost ready to keep my promise. Last weekend I timed myself: no meal took me more than a half hour, and every one drew raves.

FRIDAY NIGHT BLACK BEANS

(Adapted from Stanley Eichelbaum)

3 tablespoons olive oil
2 large onions, chopped
2 leeks, cleaned and sliced
8 cloves garlic, chopped
1 bunch celery, thinly sliced
3 cups black beans, soaked 4 hours
1 prosciutto bone
¼ pound prosciutto scraps
4 carrots, cut into ¼-inch slices
2 cups chicken stock
1 bouquet garni (parsley, whole cloves, peppercorns, thyme, rosemary, and bay leaves)
1 tablespoon ground cumin
½ cup Madeira
⅛ cup red wine vinegar
Freshly ground pepper
Sherry (optional)
Sour cream (optional)
Salsa (optional)

Heat olive oil in a large heavy pot. Add the onions, leeks, garlic, and celery and sauté 3–5 minutes. Add the drained beans, prosciutto bone, prosciutto scraps, carrots, and chicken stock, plus enough water to cover beans. Bring to a boil, then turn down to a simmer and add the bouquet garni. Cook until beans are tender, about 4 hours.

Add the cumin, Madeira, and vinegar and the pepper to taste. Remove the bone. Strip the meat and add to the pot. Remove the bouquet garni.

Allow beans to cool completely before storing in a big spring-top jar. Reheat beans with sherry and serve with sour cream and salsa. Serves 6–8.

CORN STICKS

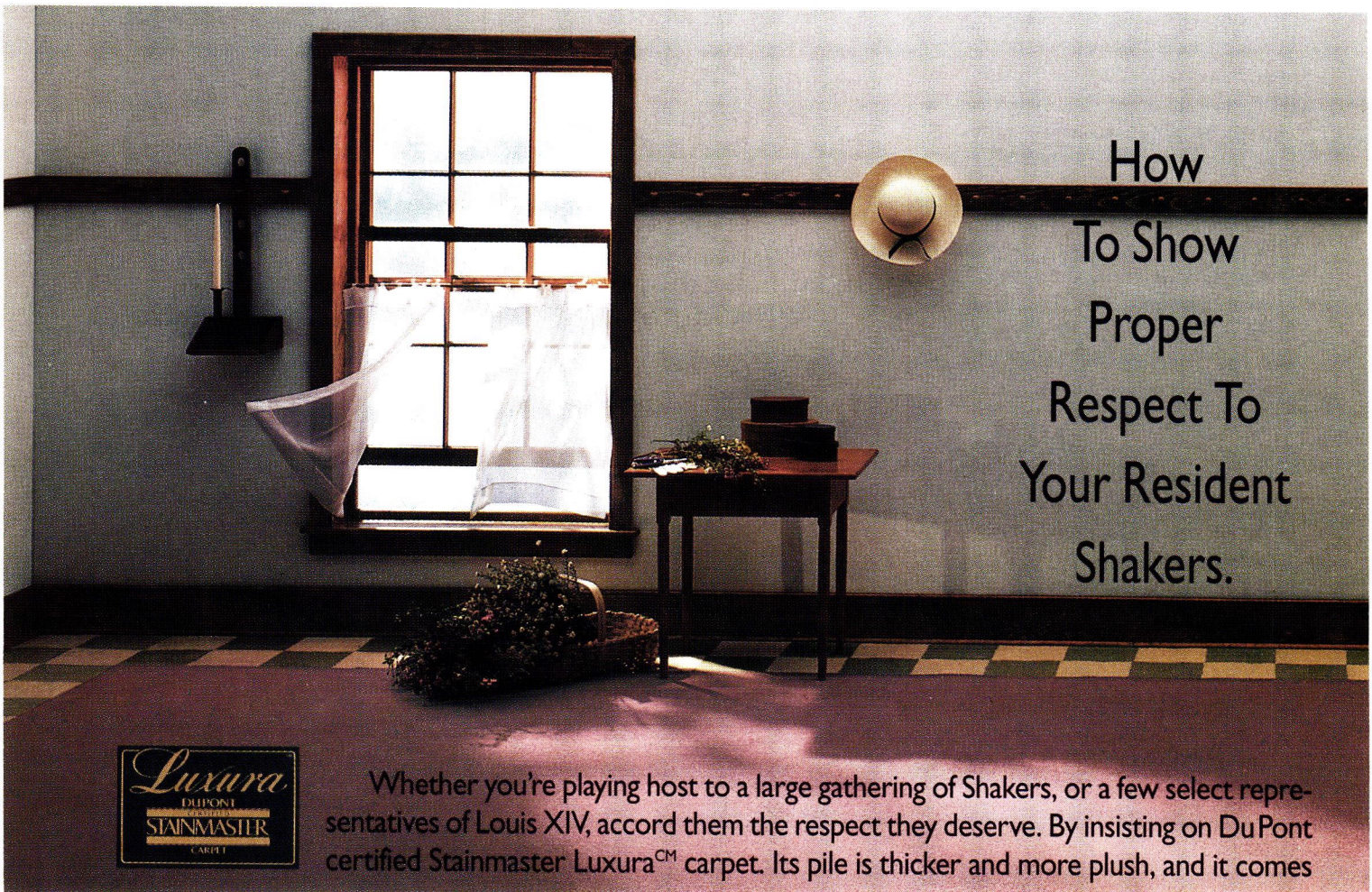
1¼ cups cornmeal
¾ cup flour
3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 cup low-fat milk
1 egg, beaten
3 tablespoons melted butter
2 ears corn, kernels only

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Grease a corn-stick tin or 12-muffin pan. Mix all ingredients well and spoon into pan. Bake 10–15 minutes.

When the corn sticks are cool, store them in an airtight container. Makes 12–14 sticks.

SATURDAY LUNCH QUESADILLAS

2 teaspoons vegetable oil
8 flour or corn tortillas
½ cup drained cooked black beans



1 cup grated Monterey Jack cheese
¼ cup chopped green onions
Salsa

Heat the oil in a heavy iron skillet. For each quesadilla, place one tortilla in the pan, spread with 2 tablespoons black beans (leftover from Friday dinner), sprinkle with ¼ cup cheese and 1 tablespoon green onions. Put another tortilla on top. Brown on one side, flip carefully, and brown second side. Cut in wedges and serve with salsa. Serves 4.

SUNDAY ASIAN CHICKEN SALAD

3 whole chicken breasts, roasted and cooled
6 celery stalks, thinly sliced
3 cups shredded red cabbage
3 cups shredded green cabbage
2 cucumbers, peeled, seeded, and thinly sliced
1–1½ cups peanut dressing (recipe below)
1 head curly red lettuce
¼ cup roasted peanuts, crushed
½ cup roasted sesame seeds
Cilantro leaves
Mandarin orange slices

In a large bowl shred the chicken and toss with celery, red and green cabbage, and cucumber. Mix in the peanut dressing a little at a time. Arrange red lettuce leaves on a platter and gently mound the chicken salad on top. Sprinkle with peanuts and sesame seeds and garnish with cilantro leaves and mandarin orange slices. Serves 6.

PEANUT DRESSING

1 bunch cilantro
¼ cup mint leaves
Juice of 2 limes
2 ounces gingerroot, peeled
2–3 tablespoons toasted sesame oil
4 tablespoons mirin or sherry
5 tablespoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon hot chili paste or 2 jalapeño peppers
1 cup chunky peanut butter
½ cup peanut oil

Blend well in a food processor the cilantro, mint, lime juice, and gingerroot. Add sesame oil, mirin, soy sauce, chili paste, and peanut butter. Add peanut oil and blend. Keeps for 4 weeks in tightly closed jar in refrigerator. Makes about 2 cups.

MASON JAR BLUEBERRY BRAN MUFFINS

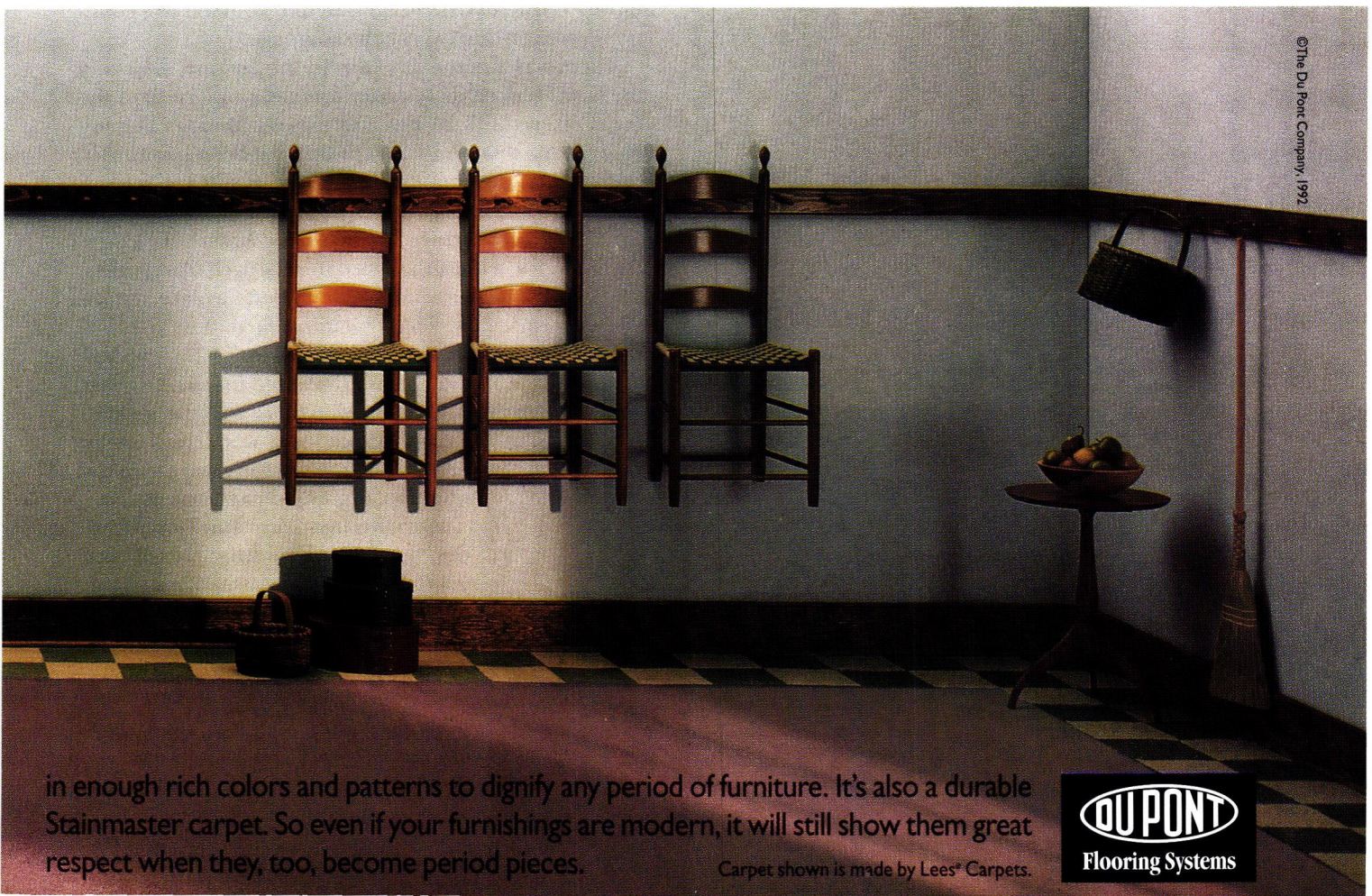
1 large apple, sliced
1 banana, sliced
⅓ cup oat bran
⅓ cup muesli
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
½ cup low-fat ricotta
2 tablespoons roasted sesame seeds
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup blueberries

Blend all ingredients except berries in a food processor. Fold in the berries as you pour the batter into a storage jar. Before baking, preheat oven to 425 degrees. Grease a 12-muffin pan and pour in batter. Bake about 20 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

PRALINE ICE CREAM SAUCE

1 cup heavy cream
1 cup dark brown sugar
2 tablespoons dark rum
1 cup pecan halves
Pinch of salt

In a heavy saucepan combine all ingredients and cook over low heat, 8–10 minutes, until sugar has dissolved and the texture of the sauce is silky. Keep refrigerated in a tightly covered jar. Reheat before serving. Serves 6. ▲



A Gardener Cultivates His House

Renovation raises a modest bungalow to the standard of its well-loved surroundings

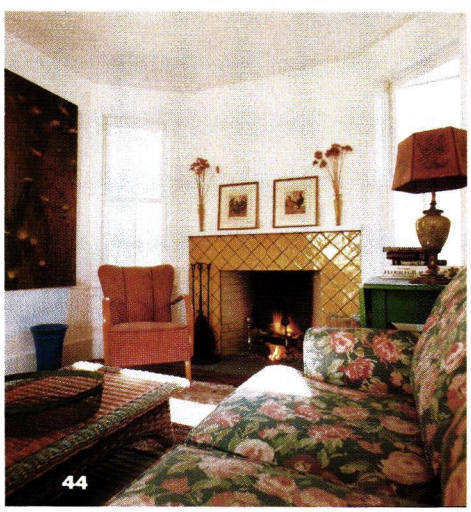
BY MICHAEL POLLAN

It's strictly a hunch, but I'll bet that gardeners move a lot less often than the average American—who, we're told, will change houses some thirty times in the course of a life. Compared with our more restless countrymen, we gardeners are sticks-in-the-mud, literally. Gardening attaches a body to the earth, and besides, it takes a whole lot longer to make a garden than it takes to outgrow a house.

Consider this place. Seven years after we bought our house in northwest Connecticut—a run-down Sears, Roebuck bungalow assembled from a mail-order kit by a farm family in 1929—it started to feel uncomfortable. We needed more and different space, and the house was showing worrisome signs of entropy. Yet we'd put seven years into the gardens, gradually bringing a portion of these five rock-strewn and anarchic acres under a semblance of government, and the thought of abdicating so soon seemed slightly outrageous. After seven years a gardener is just becoming fluent in the language of his land, just learning to draw that deep map of the place which tells him where a tender Bourbon rose might make it or which spot is damp enough to sustain a fountain of Japanese iris. It takes a long time to get literate about your own land, which is why, for a gardener, to move even across the street is to find yourself in a country where you don't speak the language.

There was this, too: for both Judith and me, "working the land" had come to mean something more than the usual efforts with spades and trowels. Besides helping me reshape this landscape, Judith had been painting it, finding a rich vein of imagery in the marsh grasses and brush that march across the property's untended parts. And I'd already written half of *Second Nature: A Gardener's Education,* a book that tried to approach this particular garden as my personal Walden woods, a place to work out the terms of one man's relationship to the earth. Every chapter was rooted in some corner of the garden: here were the antique roses I'd planted for their harvest of tropes; over there was the ground where I'd battled a woodchuck to an epiphanic draw. Moving was out of the question. We would have to renovate.

With this necessity came opportunities. Spending time in a garden, you get to know a house as well as its land, and over time we had come to realize



At Michael Pollan's farm a screened-in porch, top left, now links the house to the garden and perennial border, left. Above left: Pollan, on his porch. Far left: *Seed Heads #5,* by his wife, Judith Belzer, brings the landscape beyond the garden into the living room. Details see Resources.

RICHARD FELBER

that one thing we didn't like about our house was how little it had to do with its site. Our accomplishments in the garden were largely invisible from the house, which had been built facing the road by people who evidently took little pleasure in their intransigent, barely arable land. The more extensive the garden became, the more out of place and irrelevant seemed the house.

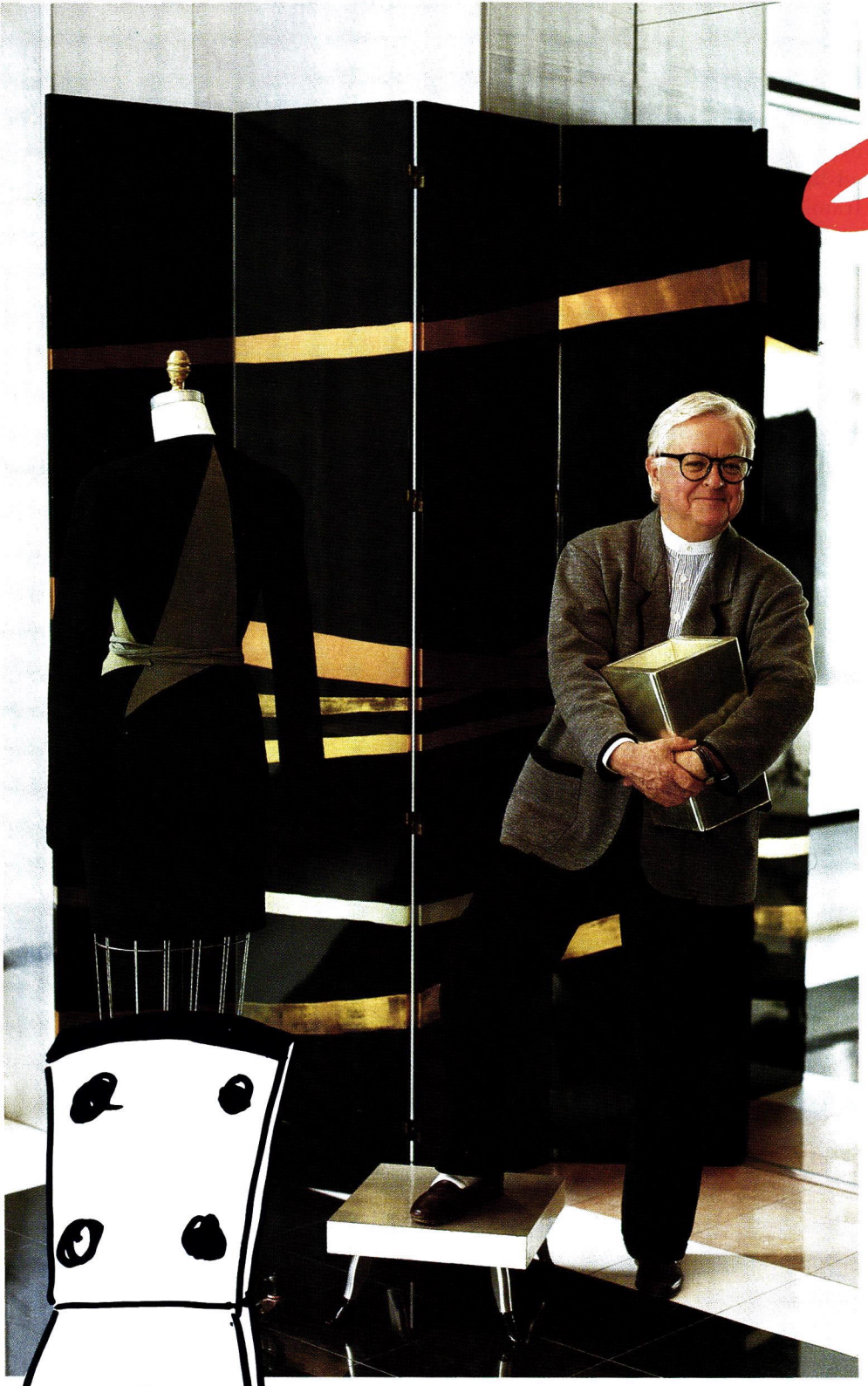
The garden has developed principally along an east-west axis, initially set by an old stone retaining wall and the perennial border we planted beneath it. The path back from the house is a journey from the relative refinements of the perennials and roses, through an arbor clothed in clematis, and out toward the unruly sort of growth that shows up in Judith's paintings. Just when you think the garden has been defeated by the meadow grass and boulders and brush, you come upon a stone stairway that lifts you—deus ex machina!—up a slope to an unexpectedly formal herb garden, a circle of brick set into a cool gray pool of (mostly) lamb's ears, lavender, and catmint. This orderly little retreat, which adjoins the barn where Judith and I both have our work spaces, is an island of calm in an otherwise storm-tossed landscape. Not a bad scheme but it couldn't be seen from the house.

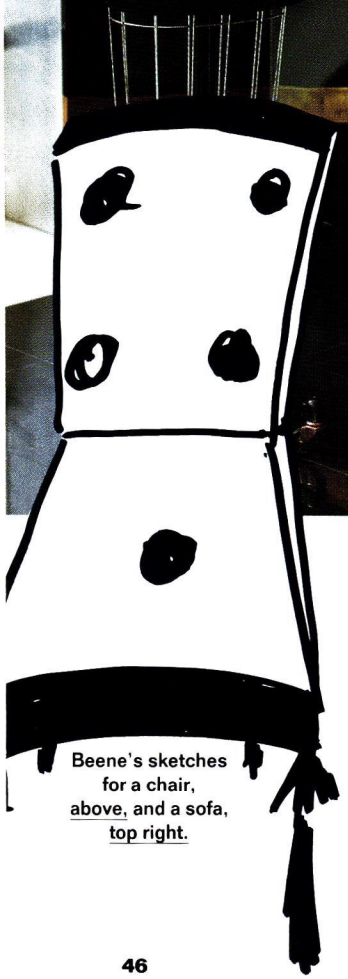
Ordinarily, the house comes first and the gardens are a kind of architectural afterthought, designed to respond to a building that is always going to have pride of place. Here was an opportunity to approach matters from the opposite direction. It was the garden that was fairly well along, and we wanted a house that would respond to and make use of it rather than turn its back.

Our architect did not need to be told he was designing a house for gardeners. Charles Myer was an old friend, an accomplished gardener himself, and he set about creating a house that would provide the kinds of spaces we needed and also be on intimate terms with the garden. Now the house is oriented toward the gardens, whose moods and seasons make their presence felt in virtually every room. There are lots of divided-light windows, many of them framing small-scale vignettes—an apple tree, a section of stone wall, a lilac. In this the house seems to reflect a gardener's approach to the landscape, which is a lot more familiar than that of, say, a wilderness lover, who would be more likely to favor picture windows overlooking distant vistas. Our views search out the intimate rather than the sublime.

On the ground floor, for example, Charlie took as his inspiration a clematis growing against a ramshackle toolshed immediately behind the house. From the old front door—we decided early on to preserve the original façade and the overall scale it sets up—you can catch a glimpse of the clematis, and the supporting columns that now run through the center of the house conduct you toward it, almost as though you were passing through an arbor to a distant point of interest in a garden. Along the way you pass through a sun-filled double-height space whose shape and surface (pine boards painted white) put you in mind of being outdoors.

But perhaps the house's most pleasing gesture toward the garden is the screened-in porch off the kitchen. The porch sits squarely in the garden, not ten feet from the stone wall and the perennial border, whose sounds and scents inhabit it. By painting the porch dark green and trimming it with arches and trellis work, Charlie all but erased the line between house and garden, creating a space from which the garden (with the welcome exception of its flying insects) can be fully experienced. Viewed from outside, from down the garden path, the detailing of the porch makes the entire building look less like a house than the sort of intimate structure you'd be apt to find in a garden—delicate in scale and amenable to vines and climbers. In the middle of a summer afternoon, I can't decide whether the porch is the sweetest spot in the house—or the sweetest spot in the garden. ▲





Beene's sketches for a chair, above, and a sofa, top right.

LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

Geoffrey Beene turns his hand to the home

"CLOTHING AND FURNITURE ARE both geometry: one is liquid, the other hard," says fashion designer Geoffrey Beene, whose first line of furniture for Arkitektura will be out in September. "The challenge in furniture is to make the geometry softer and less weighty." He meets the challenge. Sharp angles and stark contrasts yield to the playful and irregular. A square silver-leaf stool perches on mini black-lacquer boots, a pyramidal lamp wears an underscale shade, round black buttons create dominos. And as the finishes glisten and legs taper, the pieces grow lighter. "We call them 'objects of desire,' " explains Arkitektura president Kenneth F. Smith Jr., "because Mr. Beene feels 'furniture' sounds too grounded." Grounded or not, they're groundbreaking.

Beene, left, and his designs for Arkitektura: a silver-leaf wastebasket and footstool, a screen with gilded strips, and, below, a lamp with a faux tortoise shade. On the form, a suit from his 1992 fall collection. Details see Resources.

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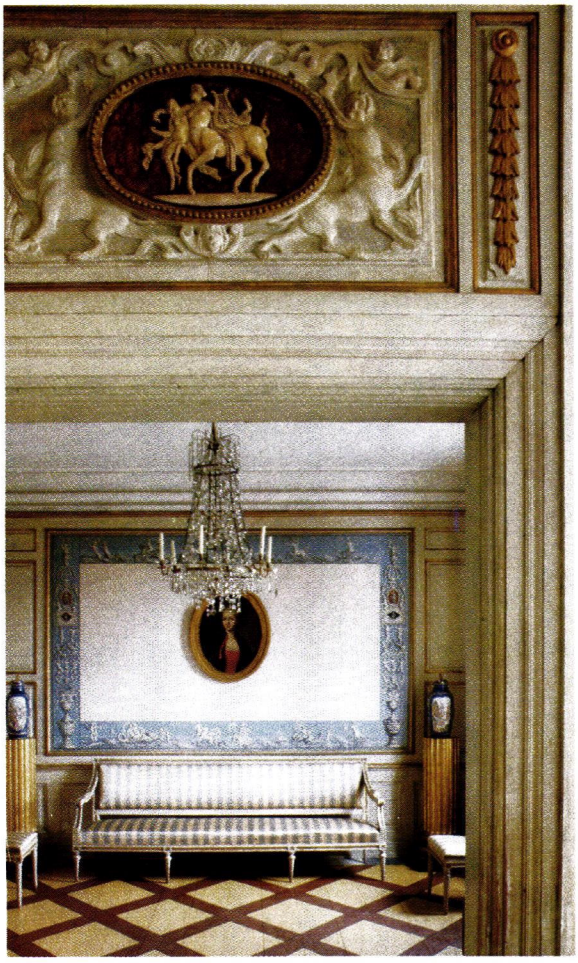


An elegant plaster relief graces the entrance to the Gustavian drawing room at Skogaholm manor house in Stockholm.

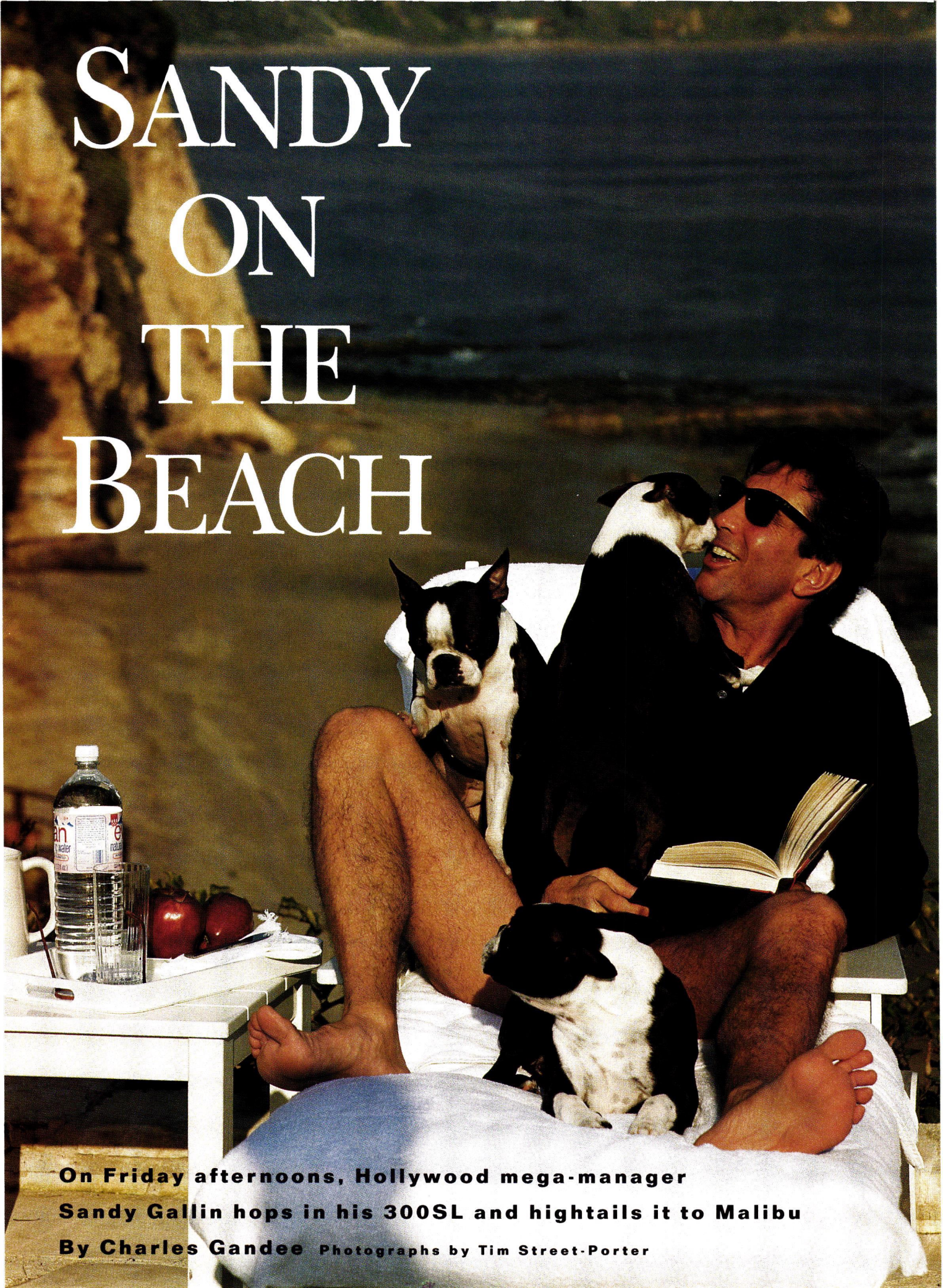
JACQUES DIRAND

ONE OF MY EARLIEST and most pleasurable experiences of life at HG was a slide show masterminded by decorator David Easton. The pictures were not of the what-I-did-with-my-summer-vacation variety but were a chronicle of late eighteenth century Swedish painted floors, ceilings, walls, metal lanterns and sconces, crystal chandeliers, and plaster reliefs. More than a catalogue of the elements of Gustavian decoration, Easton's photographs were an illuminating record of how a noted designer sees. Traveling with an eye makes a trip more enjoyable and ultimately more useful, yielding riches that can be mined at home. John Rosselli, leading New York purveyor of the decorative arts, creates furniture, much of it quite fanciful, that reflects his ventures abroad. Rosselli's Savannah house evokes both the languor of its Spanish moss–draped setting and the sophistication of a well-traveled connoisseur. Sited in a copse of towering cypresses on a promontory on the Greek island of Corfu, Kouloura cast a spell on its Italian owners as they sailed past the stucco façade with its pale green-blue shutters. In four cramped village houses Spanish decorator Paco Muñoz saw an unconventional country residence; the complex he shaped is rooted equally in Iberian history and modern art. Elsewhere in July we direct our gaze to the Malibu beach house of Hollywood's Sandy Gallin, the country retreats of decorating partners Ellie Cullman and Hedi Kravis, and the Southampton house of art world guru Henry Geldzahler. In our story on Skogaholm, I experience again my own travels, through the eyes of HG contributing editor Deborah Webster and photographer Jacques Dirand. It is a vivid souvenir of my visit to Sweden, in the footsteps of David Easton.

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

SANDY ON THE BEACH



On Friday afternoons, Hollywood mega-manager Sandy Gallin hops in his 300SL and hightails it to Malibu

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Tim Street-Porter

Michael Jackson's manager, *opposite*, takes the southern California sun with Uggams, Panda, and Mickey, his Boston terriers. *Right:* A monochromatic corner in Gallin's guesthouse with slipcovers from Shabby Chic in Santa Monica and framed snapshots of Dolly and Kelly and Michael and Madonna. Details see Resources.

Portrait: Firooz Zahedi

ONE, TWO, THREE, four, five, six, seven, eight''... Sandy Gallin is counting... "nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen'' ...the number..."fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen"...of telephones..."nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two'' ...in his new Malibu beach house ..."twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six"...where he spends most every..."twenty-seven, twenty-eight"...Saturday and Sunday..."twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one"...travel schedule permitting ..."thirty-two."

I asked Gallin to tally up his telephones because, while I've been in a fair number of houses with a fair number of telephones over the years, I've never been in a house with three telephones in the master bathroom—four if you count the just-in-case jack in the closet. "I do all my business on the telephone," tries to explain Gallin, whose business is managing the careers of Dolly Parton, Neil Diamond, the Pointer Sisters, and Michael Jackson—a group it would be safe to label as telephone intensive. And then, of course, there are the mandatory hours of wire time spent monitoring Sandollar, the film and television company Gallin and Parton founded (Sandy + Dolly = Sandollar) in 1984 which has since produced *Father of the Bride, Shining Through, Straight Talk,* and the forthcoming *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* as well as the Academy Award–winning HBO documentary

Common Threads: Stories from the Quilt.

But never mind the thirty-two telephones or the wall-to-wall pearl gray carpeting in the garage or the very big wet bar in the library or the Jacuzzi-cum-waterfall spilling into the swimming pool overlooking the Pacific or the closed-circuit-television monitored electronic gates that swing open with a grand flourish to admit Bentley turbos and Porsche Carreras on sunny Saturday afternoons when Gallin entertains. Gallin is a Hollywood mogul, and such toys and trappings come with the territory. Besides, all things are relative. And nowhere more so than along the fast-lane axis between Beverly Hills, where Gallin spends his weeks in a 14,000-square-foot house currently on the market for $15.5 million—"I just reduced it from $18 million," he tempts—and Malibu, where Gallin spends his weekends. How relative? Where else would a friend try to illustrate Gallin's refreshing down-to-earthness by pointing to the "sensible" car Gallin drives—an $80,000 Mercedes-Benz roadster.

Over the past seventeen years Gallin has built or renovated four Malibu beach houses for himself, beach houses which are, to employ the local parlance, "contemporary"—picture tons of travertine, miles of mirror.

With its white picket fence, clapboard siding, and forest-green shutters, Gallin's beach house, *opposite above,* brings Americana to Malibu. *Right:* In the entry, a Biedermeier sofa from Charles Pollock, L.A. *Below* and *opposite below:* In the living room, a William Morris–style carpet adds color and pattern to a basically black and white palette. All carpets from J. H. Minassian, L.A.

Sandy,
Now tell me again how good I look in my
"Mackie" shoes. I love you. Happy Birthday.
With all my heart (and sole)
1979
Dolly

A Tiffany lamp and a 19th-century Irish carpet in the only-in-Malibu three-telephone master bath. Nickel-plated faucet by Jado. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Plexiglas-encased platforms, a birthday present from Dolly Parton; a pillow-strewn window seat in the living room; a cliff-top pool above the Pacific; a cozy corner by the fire in the library.

For Malibu beach house number five, however, Gallin wanted to try something "traditional." So he looked east for inspiration, to East Hampton to be more precise, to friends Calvin and Kelly Klein's house. "It's one of my favorite places in the whole world," says Gallin of the Kleins' rambling shingle-style retreat overlooking Georgica Pond. "It's calm, comfortable, serene." Aspiring to the same qualities, Gallin called on L.A. architect Peter Choate, who responded to his client's mandate for "something Cape Cod, something New England" with something reassuringly familiar.

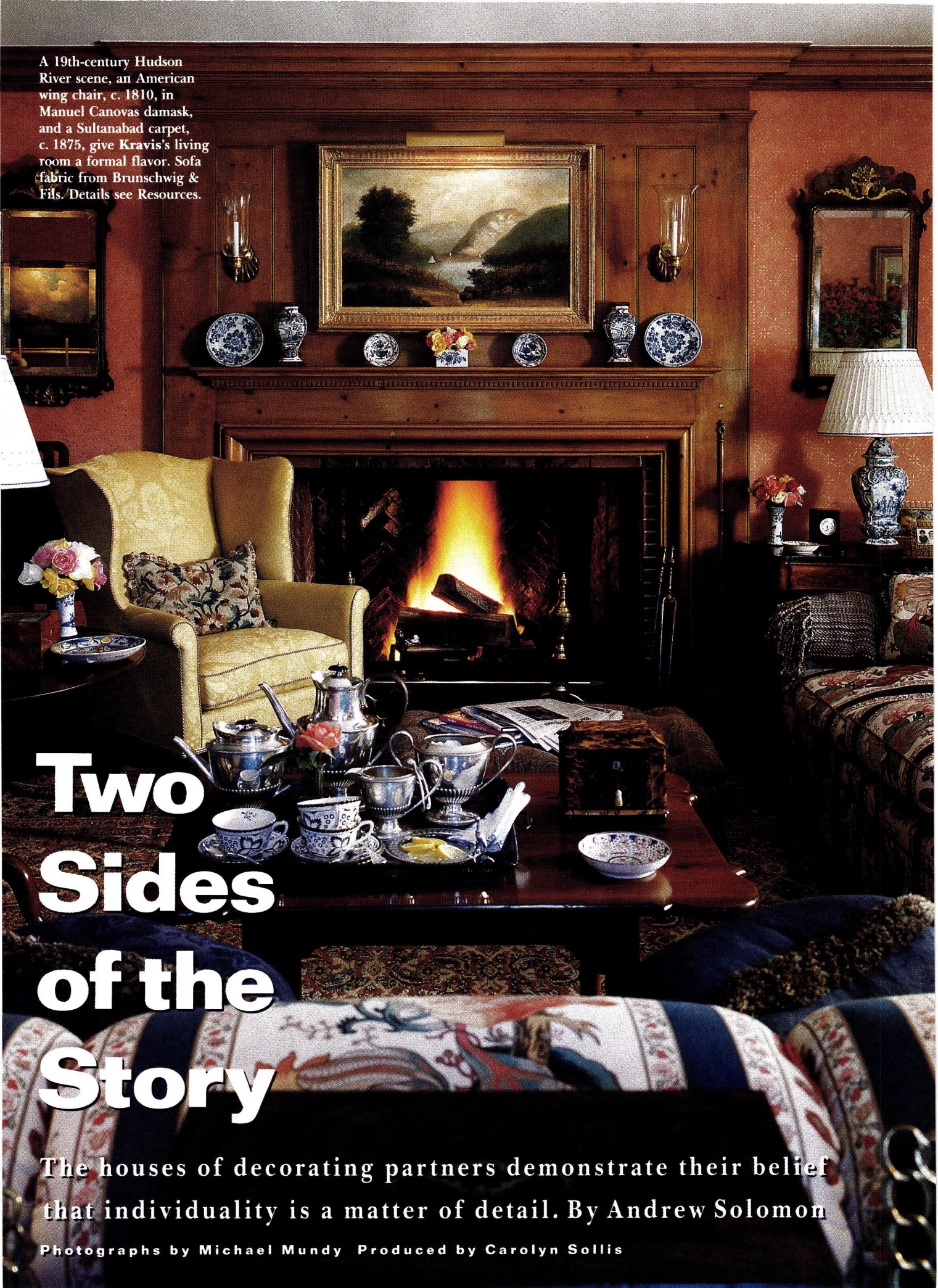
In a different time (say, in the fifties), in a different place (say, on Elm Street, Anytown, U.S.A.), Gallin's house would be regarded as a respectable family affair. (To my eye, it looks more than a bit like the house that Ward and June and Wally and Beaver Cleaver called home.) Set on a stone base and capped with a slate roof, the white clapboard structure presents a retinue of familiar details: there are dormers and gables and forest-green shutters, there's a greener-than-green lawn lined with white primroses and pink roses, there's even a Tom-Sawyer-meets-David-Lynch-style white picket fence that parts at a winding stone path leading to the screened front door. In other words, welcome home to Home Sweet Home.

Behind that green front door, decorator Bill Lane, a perennial good sport who over the past twenty-five years has worked with Gallin on "somewhere between fifteen and twenty projects," took charge, as he always does. "Sandy and I have had our tiffs at times," notes Lane, who also counts Dolly Parton, Roy Disney, and Marvin Hamlisch among his list of repeat clients. "But Sandy is very loyal not only to me but to his contractor, Albino Martinez, who's fabulous." Gallin returns the compliment. "Bill is very very very *very* easy to work with," says the formidable client, who likes to establish the stylistic direction of his houses as well as join in on *(Continued on page 124)*

After four "contemporary" beach houses—

In Gallin's bedroom the cherry-wood California king sleigh bed, from the Richelieu Collection, was elevated to catch the Pacific view over slipcovered chairs from Shabby Chic, a window seat, and a French table from Hideaway House Antiques, L.A.

tons of travertine, miles of mirror—Gallin decided to try "traditional"



A 19th-century Hudson River scene, an American wing chair, c. 1810, in Manuel Canovas damask, and a Sultanabad carpet, c. 1875, give Kravis's living room a formal flavor. Sofa fabric from Brunschwig & Fils. Details see Resources.

Two Sides of the Story

The houses of decorating partners demonstrate their belief that individuality is a matter of detail. By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by Michael Mundy Produced by Carolyn Sollis

A cigar store Indian, an 1849 portrait, and a weather vane, c. 1880, reflect Cullman's interest in folk art. Custom Scalamandré fringe edges curtains in a Brunschwig cotton. Plaid from Christopher Hyland.

HEDI KRAVIS

ELLIE CULLMAN

Kravis's dining room sparkles with bull's-eye mirrors, touches of gold on the walls, painted Regency chairs, and Tiffany silverware. Doris Leslie Blau carpet. ***Above:*** **The hall border was inspired by antique wallpaper.**

ELLIE CULLMAN AND HEDI KRAVIS are the kind of women who know about the best of everything. They know where you can get the best sandwiches in New York. They know who makes the best stationery, the best shoe polish, the best fountain pens. Partners in a seven and a half year old decorating firm, they expend a lot of energy to find the best everything, but like any effort sustained until it becomes a character trait, their insistence on perfection has a casual off-hand quality about it. It's not so much that they strive valiantly for the best as that they would feel rather uncomfortable with anything else.

The details of Hedi Kravis's style are different from the details of Ellie Cullman's, but the two women have in common the fact that their styles are all about details. They are such good friends that each has a keen grasp of the other's mode: Ellie made suggestions about Hedi's house which are plausibly Hedi-ish, and Hedi made suggestions about Ellie's house which seem authentically Ellie-ish. Talking to them is bewildering, since they keep interrupting each other to explain each other. In the end you feel each one is the other's most impressive invention.

Their summer houses are about twenty minutes apart and their husbands get along famously—which is great, since it means that the men can go golfing while the women sit by the pool (either pool) or in the living room (either living room) and make plans for clients. Each of them has a largish but unpretentious house on a large piece of land, and each has been redoing her house in stages for years. "You can never say that you've done your house and it's finished, like women who find their look in their twenties and stick with the same eyeliner and hairstyle straight through middle age," Ellie Cullman remarks. "You have to keep everything fluid and open." Both women wanted houses in which you could put your feet up and feel comfortable, houses in which children could run free—"reasonably free," says Hedi—but both also wanted elegant spaces in which to entertain.

There are a thousand differences of detail. Ellie's house is clever and whimsical where Hedi's is classical and serious. Ellie's is full of folk art and has a slightly primitive stripped-back feeling; Hedi's is full of English furniture and has a rich finished feeling. "When you walk into Ellie's house, you smile, and you keep on smiling as long as you're there," says Hedi with her trademark perkiness. "Hedi's house does all the things you'd want to do in the country to which some clients would probably say, 'No, that's too formal'—but

Ellie's house is clever and whimsical, where her partner Hedi's house is classical and serious

it feels like the country anyway," says Ellie.

Ellie's place has been in her husband's family for two generations; by rights it should have gone to other Cullmans but it was "so hideously ugly," she says, that no one else wanted it. She brought in Robert A. M. Stern to do her first phase of alteration. He opened up the entire space, making it light and bright and linking what had been wholly unrelated rooms. Architect Rink DuPont later designed a new five-bedroom wing. Ellie has been a guest curator at the Museum of American Folk Art, and her collection creates the mood that is sustained throughout the house. "I didn't want to have only American folk art," she says. "In the museum world everyone is so purist—I used to take objects off to a little man in Delaware who would do experiments on wood shavings to disqualify foreign pieces. I wanted to have the sort of collection that might have been put together in the late nineteenth century by an American with a good eye who liked to travel."

Since Ellie herself is an American with a good eye who likes to travel, the only requisite leap of imagination was temporal. She has painted furniture of the Napoleon III period, provincial English carvings, and wonderful American material: the eagle from a Connecticut courthouse dominates the dining room and cigar store Indians—Ellie's husband is in the tobacco industry—appear in most of the main rooms. There are little stars and big stars leaning against cupboards or lying on end tables or stacked in bookcases. Some were ornaments; others were used in shooting ranges or board games.

The details are, of course, superb. In both houses the sheets have been custom-made with Ellie and Hedi's own designs brocaded in ombré threads on dreamily soft Egyptian cotton. The door hinges and radiator grilles are either old ones that have been restored or new ones made to their specifications. "We love hardware," Ellie and Hedi confess simultaneously.

Hedi's house, too, was originally a mess, full of crystal sconces and wall-to-wall carpeting. She knew she couldn't change everything at once, so she painted it white, called it a blank canvas, and worked from there. "I wanted a high-country style," she says. "If you look around the house now, you'll see that it has brass picture frames,

Cullman favors a more rustic trestle dining table, c. 1920, set with Ralph Lauren linens. Chair fabric from Brunschwig. *Below:* Old signs and game boards on the porch.

not silver. I've kept that shine and twinkle but tried to drop the stiffness and pretension."

A long and beautiful drive leads to Hedi's house, through woods and past horse fields. From a big hall with a shining wood floor—Hedi found it beneath the wall-to-wall—you can go into the living room, where traces of gold on the glazed walls make the whole room shimmer. Or you can, instead, go to the dining room, which is in some ways the focus of the house. Hedi had planned to paint the walls in yellow stripes with highlights in gold pencil and had been suffering over the exact yellow for weeks when Ellie said, "You know what? It should be blue." And all at once Hedi saw that it should indeed be blue. Now the stripes are cornflower and cobalt, and the gold pencil makes them look like a rural fantasy for the royal family of Sweden. The mirror-back chairs and miniature bull's-eye mirrors add to the sparkle Hedi is so keen on.

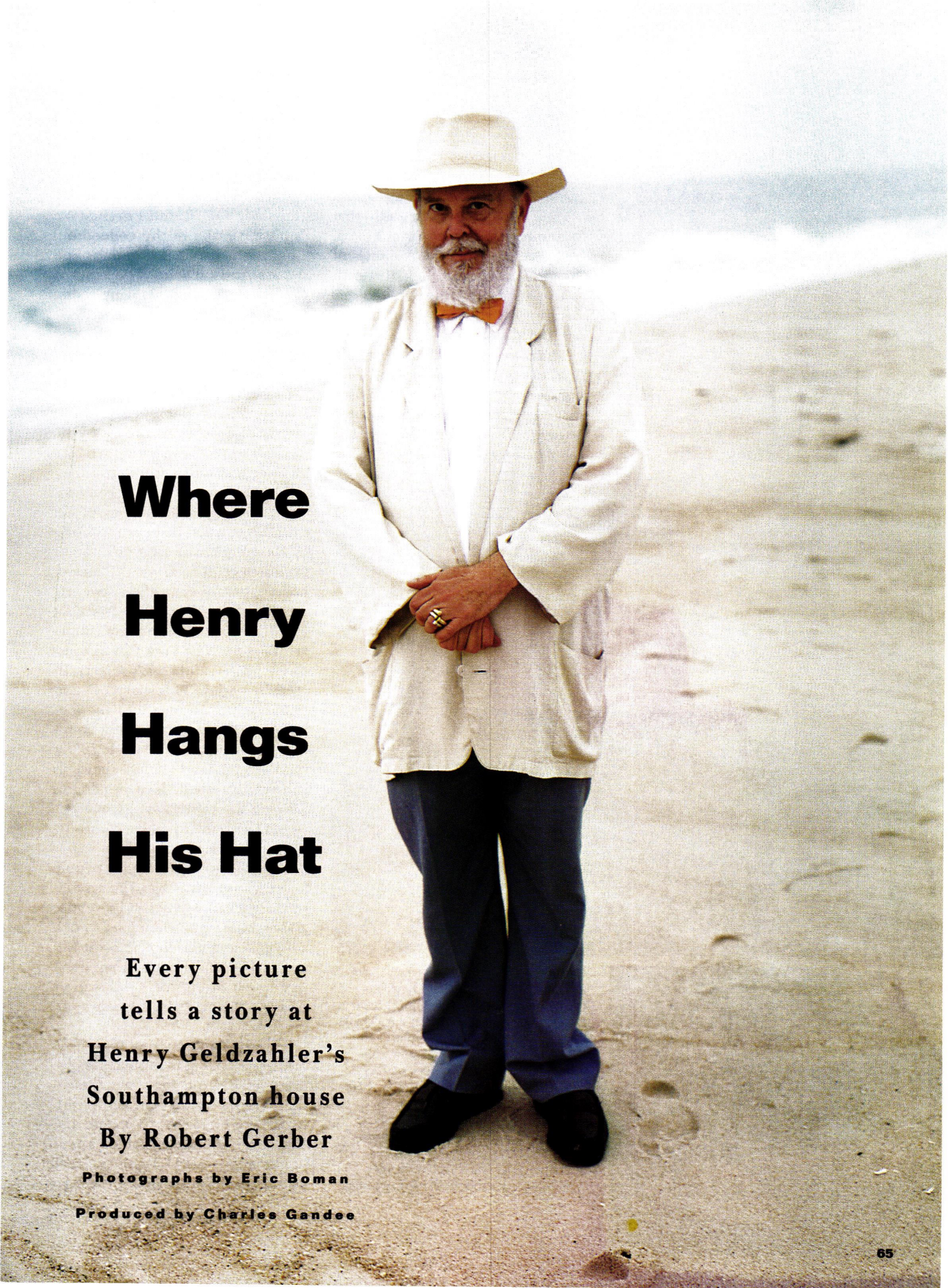
"You'd never mistake a photo of my house for a photo of Ellie's house," says Hedi, and this is true, but you'd also never mistake their work for anyone else's. These houses are two distinct variations on a single theme. One may be in waltz time, the other in march time, but the melodic structure is unmistakably consistent. ♠

The details are superb, right down to the custom bed linens

A Clarence House print and a Cowtan & Tout plaid mix in Kravis's bedroom, *top*, and dressing room, *above*. Faux bamboo vanity and bedroom table from Margot Johnson, NYC; carpet from Elizabeth Eakins, NYC.

Cullman's bedroom, *above*, and dressing room, *left*, have a light and summery air, thanks to a floral cotton from Brunschwig and a 1930s hooked carpet. The button-back chair, c. 1860, is from Bardith, NYC.

Connoisseur of art—and hats—Henry Geldzahler, *opposite*, wears straw from Worth & Worth on the beach near his Southampton house. *Left:* Tom Slaughter's homage to headgear hangs in the living room above a vintage Hans Wegner chair and glass by Orrefors, Venini, and Steuben. Details see Resources.



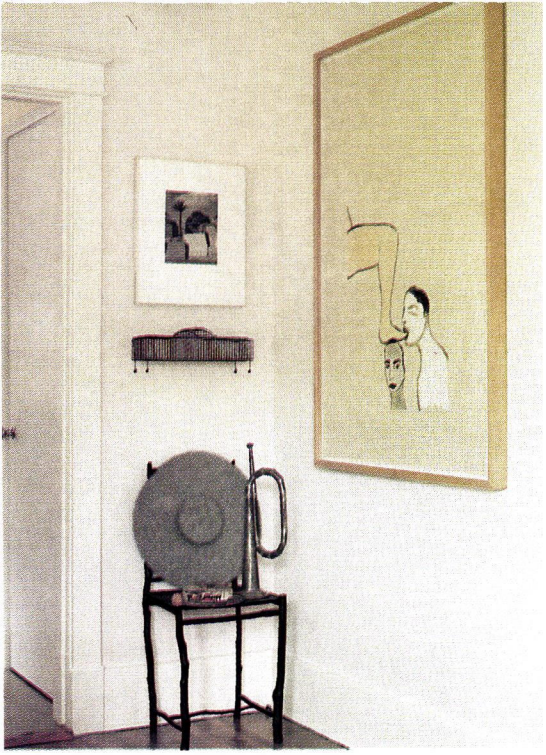
Where Henry Hangs His Hat

Every picture tells a story at Henry Geldzahler's Southampton house

By Robert Gerber

Photographs by Eric Boman

Produced by Charlee Gandee



PAUL STRAND SENT ME that just before he died," Henry Geldzahler says of a photograph of Egypt hanging in a corner of his dining room. "When I told Ellsworth Kelly that Strand had given me a print I liked, he looked through two volumes of Strand's work and picked it out. 'This must be the one,' he told me, 'because it's half Hans Hofmann and half David Hockney.' "

Thirty-two years after Geldzahler first "tickled the sleeping giant"—his phrase for establishing a contemporary art presence in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—he can sit in any room in his two-story stucco house in Southampton and offer an abbreviated art history lesson with appropriate illustration and personal anecdotes. "I had this on my desk at the Met," he recalls, pointing to a bust of Christ he bought at a flea market. "A curator came in one day and said, 'Oh, Raoul Larche. We don't have one in the collection.' That night I took it home." Then there's Andy Warhol's portrait of Geldzahler, now in the living room. It is, the story goes, the second version: "When he showed me the first version, I said, 'Andy, you left something out. You forgot the art.' "

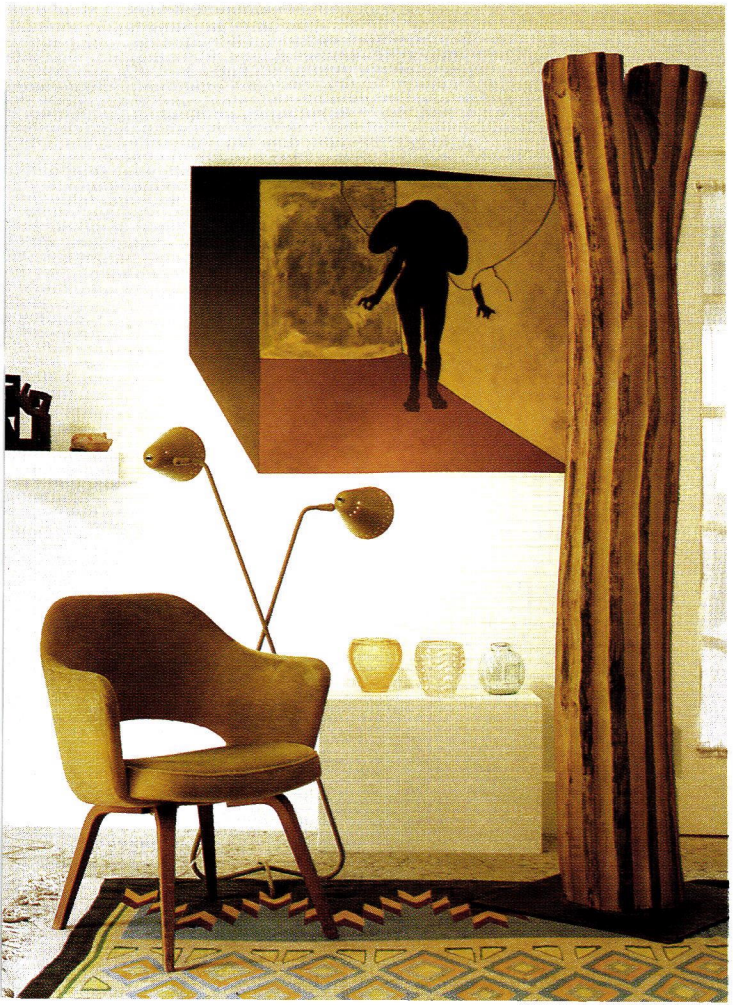
In a 1981 lecture at Yale, *Looking at Pictures*, recently published by Hanuman Books, Geldzahler revealed the master's secret to evaluating art: "It's all anecdote and autobiography." Geldzahler's own life has become inseparable from the history of art since 1960, when he began working in New York: the first curator of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan, organizer of the visual arts division of the National Endowment for the Arts, commissioner of cultural affairs for New York City, art historian, writer, and artist's subject. In 1969 he parlayed his sharp eye and titanic self-assurance into the legendary exhibition "New York Painting and Sculpture, 1940–1970" at the Metropolitan. "Henry's show," as it was always called, filled 35 galleries with 413 works by 43 artists, many of whom Geldzahler had been encouraging since the early 1960s.

"I'm always amazed that people look back and say, 'Gosh, you were always right in the sixties and seventies and eighties.' But when I say, 'Look at Tom Slaughter, look at Scott Kilgour or Robert Harms,' they don't pay much attention." Geldzahler pauses. "People trust their own absence of acuity."

Slides of work by Slaughter, whose grid of hats hangs in the living room, are piled around the typewriter in the upstairs workroom, along with images by Francesco Clemente and Roy Lichtenstein. Geldzahler is writing catalogue essays on all three, as well as working on a book, *Modern Art*

I didn't think about eating when I picked it," says Geldzahler of the Francesco Clemente drawing in his dining room, *top left. Above:* A trio of 1950s armchairs by Hans Wegner, Julius Rindler, and Eero Saarinen face a 1930s sofa with pillows made by Geldzahler's mother. *Left:* Hats in a Dale Chihuly glass shell. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Bow ties. Tom Slaughter painting and lights by Judy Markham in the kitchen. Calvin Churchman furniture with a basket of Italian glass fruits and vegetables. A William Tarr tree in the living room.

"It's not a collection," says Geldzahler. "It's the track of my life"



in America, and curating exhibitions at the Dia Center for the Arts in Bridgehampton. "Learning and teaching" is how he describes his current occupation. "It is more important that a proposition be interesting than true," he says, quoting Alfred North Whitehead as he moves around a worktable.

Geldzahler, who left Manhattan for the Hamptons in 1983, bought this house two years ago. "An absolute nondriver," in Hockney's words, Geldzahler had one major requirement: "If I can't walk to the bookstore, I don't want it." But the place has other advantages as well, including daylight from all sides, "which I've never had before." The famous sofa in Hockney's double portrait

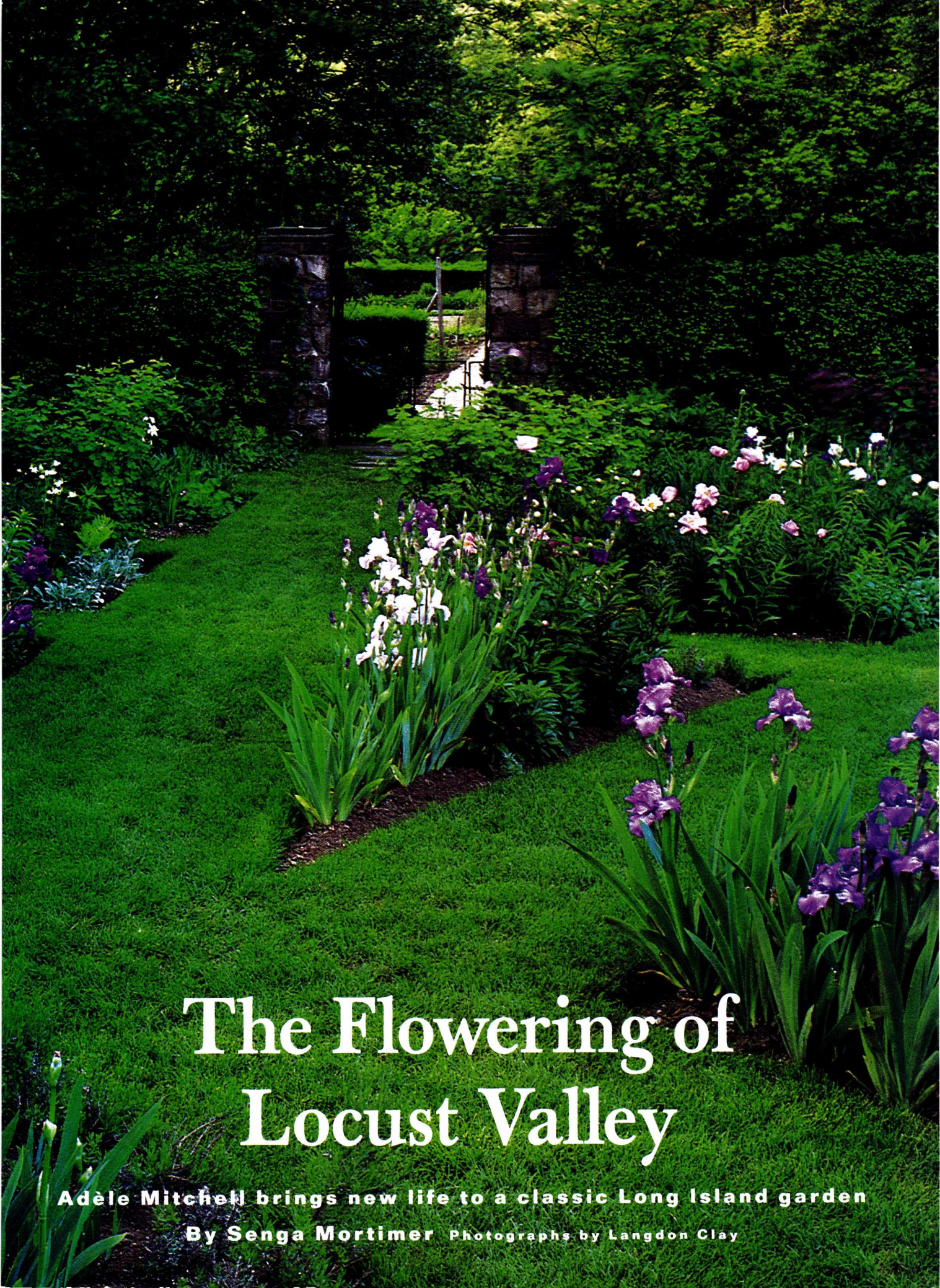
Henry Geldzahler and Christopher Scott is in storage, but there is room for one designed in the 1930s, by Swiss-born architect William Lescaze for a Manhattan town house, and for an assortment of chairs from the 1950s.

Because he is proud of his orderly house but has a famously low threshold for boredom, Geldzahler decides to call people who have asked to visit and invite them all over together. One Sunday sixteen friends, who have been *(Continued on page 125)*

Arnold Newman's portraits of Picasso and Mondrian survey a well-worn Eames lounge chair and ottoman in the library, *right,* where the walls were painted to match a Dansk cup. A roll of brown paper serves as a pedestal for a glass sculpture by Dale Chihuly, while a family of cats, souvenirs of an Alaskan cruise with David Hockney, perch atop a bookcase. *Above:* A painted plaster model of a Hockney theater curtain design.

PERSONAE
ROETHKE
W.H.AUDEN
Collected Poems
THE ENGLISH AUDEN
TIME BOMB
BEN JONSON POEMS
The Norton Anthology
of English Literature
HORACE
TRANSLATIONS
EZRA POUND
Berlioz
Memoirs
Wagner's Ring
OXFORD BOOK OF
LIGHT VERSE
CAVALIER POETS
ANDY WARHOL
ANDY WARHOL_CINEMA
POP ART KISS-EO

In the formal sunken garden an antique lead statue watches over plantings of bearded irises, peonies, oriental poppies, and Asiatic, oriental, and aurelian lilies. The pillared birdhouse is a replica of the main house at Floralyn. Details see Resources.



The Flowering of Locust Valley

Adèle Mitchell brings new life to a classic Long Island garden

By Senga Mortimer Photographs by Langdon Clay

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID that for a garden to have character it must have a history. Floralyn is endowed with both. A seventeenth-century map of the Quaker settlement in Locust Valley, New York, shows the site of what was originally a Long Island farmhouse and the land over which it presided. The house was later enlarged and embellished with grand porticoes, and in the early part of this century the landscape architect Noel Chamberlin laid out a suitably elaborate series of steps and terraces stretching downhill from the rear façade.

Over the years a formal sunken garden was bedded out with low-growing plants—mostly annuals—whose bold contrasting colors and dense grouping accentuated the pattern of the beds. Trees and shrubbery discreetly concealed a secret water garden. Sadly though, by the time Floralyn came into the hands of the present owners much of the man-made landscape had been overgrown or had vanished without a trace. The estate still displayed the enviable stamp of age, however, with its long sweeping drive, towering yews, and ivy-clad garden walls.

Although the new mistress of Floralyn was intent on preserving this legacy, she also hoped to adapt what survived of prewar grandeur to the more informal life of her young family. Above all, she wanted a profusion of perennials and roses that would soften the geometry of parterre-like beds and make the paths and hedged enclosures more inviting as places to explore and linger in. Every one of these goals appealed to the woman who was engaged to compose the latest chapter in Floralyn's history, New York–based landscape designer Adèle Mitchell. Like Russell Page,

Landscape designer Adèle Mitchell, *above left,* photographed by Horst. *Left:* Tulips bloom within view of Floralyn's rear portico. Between mown paths, *opposite above,* Mitchell replaced carpets of low-growing annuals with groupings of peonies and other perennials alongside roses and clematis trained up twisted metal supports, *opposite below.*

Both formal borders and the vegetable garden evoke old-fashioned abundance

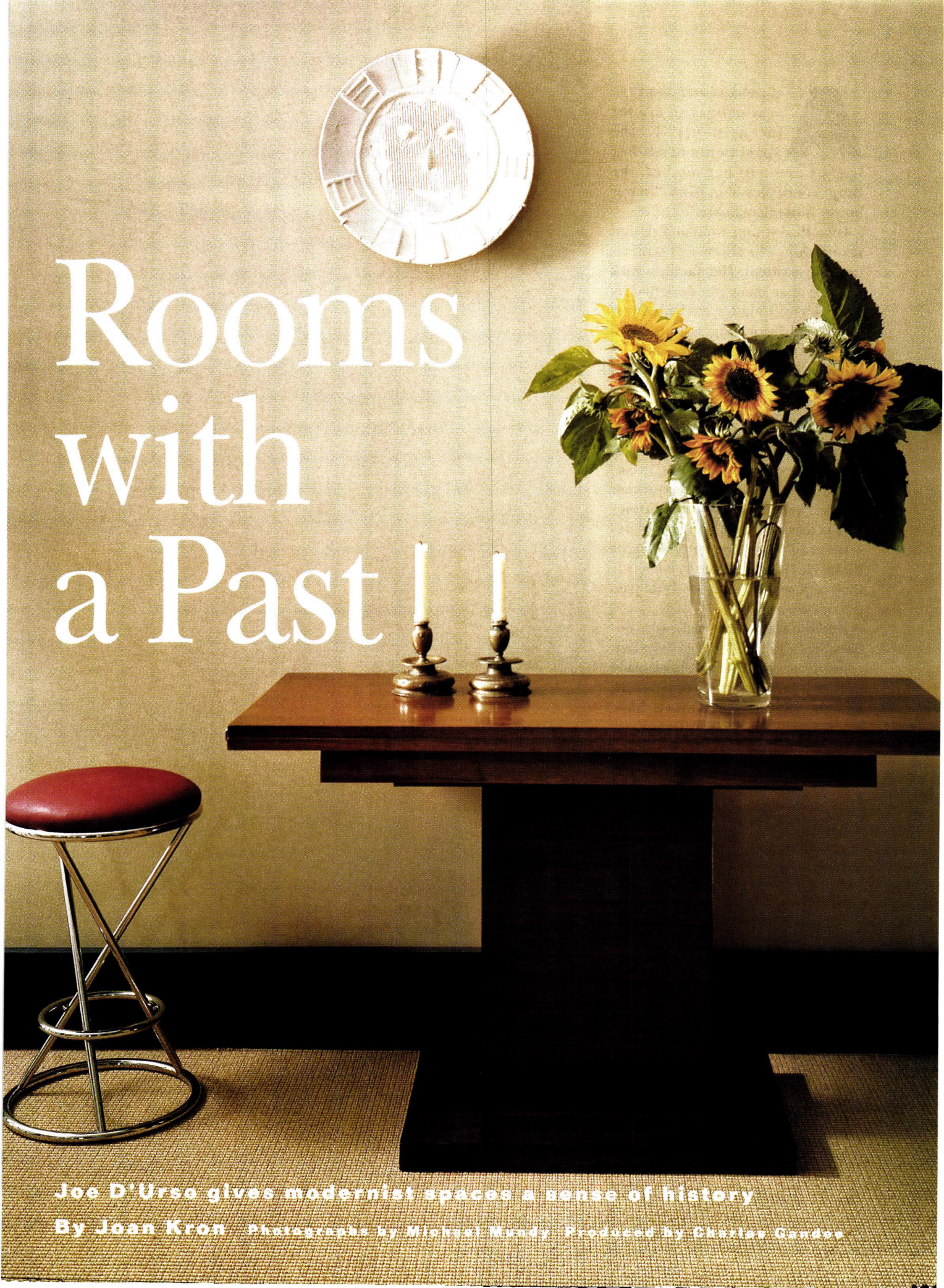
with whom she apprenticed in Europe, the English born and bred Mitchell prefers to be called simply a gardener. (Her friend the photographer Horst sees her as a "garden artist.") "I looked, I listened, I learned, and I weeded, weeded, weeded," she says of her education under Page. The lessons of Page's horticultural pragmatism have proven endlessly useful, but his tutelage also taught her the importance of the "bones" of the garden as the basis for design.

Even today, when planning a project, Mitchell prefers to pay her first visit in winter when there are the fewest possible distractions from the structure of the landscape, or the ways in which it might relate to the architecture of the house. Since founding her firm in Manhattan in the late 1970s, she has applied this principle to sites as diverse as the rocky heights of the Adirondacks, the arid hills of West Texas, and the lush green valleys of Wales.

Mitchell's assured reworking of the pastoral formality at Floralyn is further evidence of her professional kinship to Russell Page. She also cites the inspiration of another friend, the late Luther Greene, Broadway producer and offstage gardener. Mitchell herself has long enjoyed planning gardens as if they were stage sets: "You need entrances and exits so the players don't trip over one another," she says. The entrance avenue to Floralyn's sunken garden is lined by tall junipers and twisted metal columns for climbing roses—'Queen Elizabeth', 'New Dawn', 'Paul's Scarlet'—and clematis. Mitchell painted the columns the blackish bottle green she favors for garden architecture, but placed an off-white antique iron bench against a stone wall in deep shade as a focus for the vista down the avenue. *(Continued on page 124)*

A putto and swan spray the lily pool in the restored secret garden. Azaleas brighten the green enclosure. *Opposite above:* Tomatoes are tied to branch poles in the vegetable garden. *Opposite below: Clematis lanuginosa* 'Candida' climbs above purple and white columbine.

Joe D'Urso, a pioneer of high tech, is now open to floral rugs and velvet pillows. The master bedroom's sofa is copied from an antique in the living room. D'Urso sacrificed a window for storage area with mirrored doors. *Opposite:* In the dining room a D'Urso stool, French table, and Picasso plate. Details see Resources.



Rooms with a Past

Joe D'Urso gives modernist spaces a sense of history

By Joan Kron. Photographs by Michael Mundy. Produced by Charles Gandee

AN OBSERVANT ELEVEN-year-old has an eye for inconsistency. In the apartments of all her friends, she tells her mother, the lamps are deployed in pairs. "In our house, nothing matches."

Give that young woman a design scholarship. The absence of symmetry is no accident. Her family's Park Avenue apartment was designed by Joe D'Urso, a master at challenging cherished decorating assumptions. But this time he does it not with the carpeted platforms and industrial accessories of his high-tech period or with the don't-move-a-chair rigidity of his later homage-to-Josef-Hoffmann period but with a decorating Trojan horse: flowered rugs, great-grandma's tufted sofas, pretty throw pillows, antiques from many times and places, curtains, hanging plates —the traditional decorator's bag of tricks. Has iron Joe gone *Iron John*? If this is a Joseph Paul D'Urso job, pass the smelling salts.

But don't be fooled by the conventional vocabulary. In a period when couturiers are turning clothes inside out and leaving edges unfinished and international architects have forsaken parallel walls, D'Urso is deconstructing "trad" genteelly. There is no loss of equilibrium, no bewil-

Typical of D'Urso's unbalancing act, the Victorian sofa from Kentshire, NYC, in the living room, *right,* is set across a dining room entrance. The furniture mix includes an Otto Wagner étagère, a 1950s Lucite chair, a French garden chair, and a Kolo Moser chest. The *Airship* sculpture is by Bryan Hunt. *Below:* D'Urso ripped out French doors that divided the foyer from the living and dining rooms.

With a Trojan horse of floral rugs and great-

grandma's sofas, D'Urso challenges cherished decorating assumptions

derment or confusion. Still, it's not your mother's living room. He may be using old things—but he's not designing by the old rules. "There are no rules," says D'Urso, who rocks the boat gently here with odd choices, juxtapositions, and placements.

In the past, he admits, "I was less interested in furniture per se. I struggled to get the perfect scheme, erasing the edges between furniture and architecture. Today I'm looser, more freewheeling, more in tune with what people need to be comfortable." His clients indicated that they were tired of contemporary, so he provided an environment that is more furnished than designed. "I'm perfectly comfortable now with the idea of a piece of furniture being placed in one spot and then being able to move it."

D'Urso and clients trekked to ten marble yards before finding the right slab for the living room fireplace surround, *above*. Its veining echoes the lines of the African grain-storage ladder. *Opposite:* Hardly noticeable is the generation gap between D'Urso's sofa in muslin, Pierre Chareau's c. 1920 wicker armchair, and Jean Royère's iron coffee table and the Artemide lamp, both from the 1950s.

D'Urso describes himself today as "looser, more freewheeling, more in tune with what people need to be comfortable"

Several structural changes were made in the rented apartment. Quirky ones. "It was very gutsy of Joe—and of us—to close up three windows," says the woman of the house, a graduate student in photography who vowed fifteen years ago, when she had a low-level job at Calvin Klein, that one day she would live in a D'Urso creation. This is his second job for her and her husband.

Making war on twosomes, D'Urso boarded up one of a pair of windows behind the living room sofa and one of a pair in the bedroom as well as an odd window in the dining room. Then he turned the spacious living room—the reason most people hanker after prewar apartments—into four areas, building an L-shaped bar counter in the middle of it. "I kept asking Joe, 'Are you sure? Are you sure?' " recalls the wife, who has come to respect the decision.

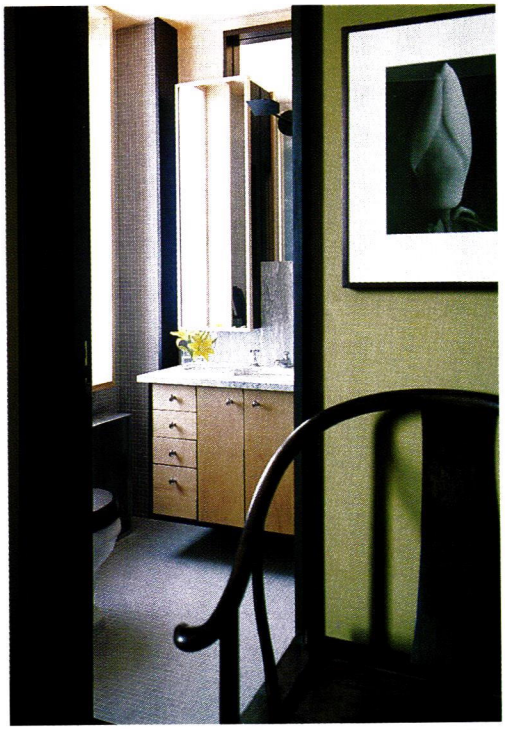
The furnishings, gems of eclecti-

A curtain of hand-woven linen from Nantucket Looms serves as a headboard in the master bedroom. The rose photograph is by Irving Penn. *Opposite:* Imogen Cunningham's *Magnolia* hangs above a Chinese chair outside the precisely detailed master bath, which features basswood cabinets and a marble counter.

Throughout the apartment, the designer rocks the boat with odd

cism spanning at least a dozen decades, may look as if they've been passed down in the family, but they were all purchased within the same year, with no rigid plan in mind. Like an old-fashioned decorator, D'Urso savored the process of shopping with his clients—at auctions, antiques shows, and galleries, searching for the serendipitous find. "Spontaneity interests me now," he says.

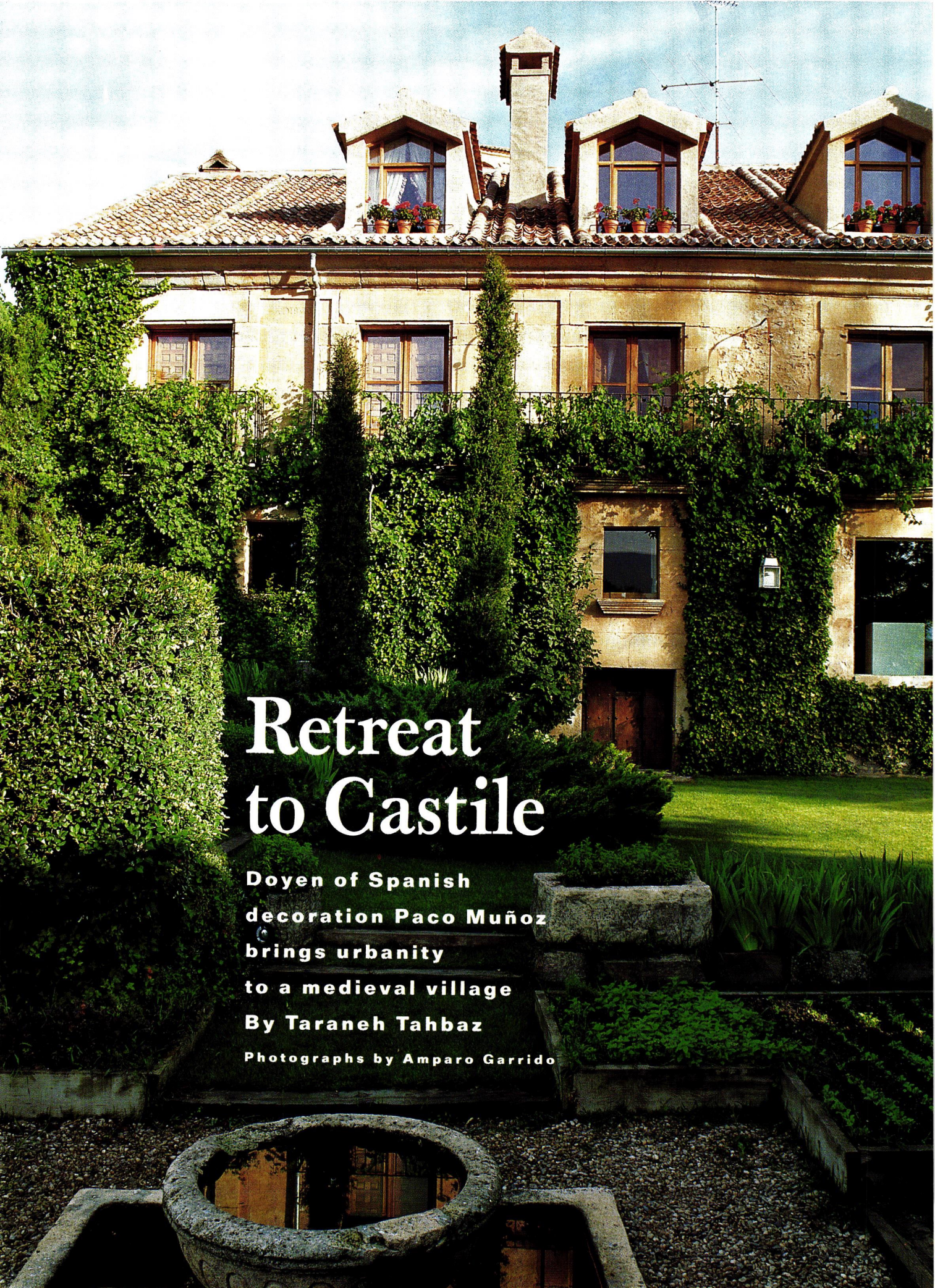
"You go looking for a sofa and a chair, and you come home with $10,000 worth of art glass vases," says the wife, describing an expedition to SoHo. "Or you'll see a sofa



and he'll say, 'I don't know where we'll put it,' but we buy it and put it in storage. You have to have a lot of trust." Eventually, they also came home with an Aubusson rug and exemplary early modern pieces by Otto Wagner, Josef Hoffmann, Pierre Chareau, and Kolo Moser. ("Joe will tolerate nothing less than the best of a period," says his client.) Many pieces, including an $80,000 chest, were bought on approval and sent back. "We could have been finished a hundred times, but the rooms are always evolving. Joe keeps experimenting. He doesn't lose steam."

While D'Urso's choices may be traditional, *(Continued on page 124)*

choices, placements, and jolting juxtapositions



Retreat to Castile

Doyen of Spanish decoration Paco Muñoz brings urbanity to a medieval village

By Taraneh Tahbaz

Photographs by Amparo Garrido

Muñoz crafted his country house, *opposite*, from four small 18th-century structures. Original timbers define the space in the two-story library, *above*, where a collage by Francisco Farreras coexists with antiques ranging from 16th-century bronze eagle lecterns to a Sheraton globe. Details see Resources.

ORSON WELLES FLASHED through my head the first time I set eyes on Paco Muñoz. Relaxing at his country house in Pedraza in a flowing robe, his magnifying glass hanging from a leather cord around his neck, Paco Muñoz seems larger than life. Like Welles, he is tall and solid with a taste for the theatrical and a commanding presence softened by a mischievous smile. And like Welles, he has been a pioneer: he was one of a talented handful who virtually invented interior design in Spain in the early fifties. "Houses used to be furnished, not decorated," he says. "We have all learned on the job."

Muñoz studied architecture and dabbled in set design before turning to interior design and decoration. "My father always expected me to

Paco and Sabine Muñoz, *left,* with Goofy. *Above:* A mirror made from an 18th-century wooden doorframe dominates one end of the library, over a sofa from Muñoz's Casa & Jardin, a pair of rare 14th-century Spanish chairs, and a low table dressed in linen. *Opposite above:* The garden centers on a 2nd-century baptismal font. *Opposite below:* Even the beams are yellow in the vivid breakfast room; the tablecloth is by Souleiado, available at Pierre Deux.

settle eventually into the family business of banking," he says. "But since the thing I did best was draw, I decided to make the best of my abilities." Today his firm, Casa & Jardin, is an institution in Spain, with about a hundred employees and a full line of services, from decorating to manufacturing to retailing.

His romance with Pedraza started about the same time as his decorating career. He and eleven friends used to get together once a week to talk. One week they decided that each would find a house in a different location, do it up, and allow the others to use it. One found a house in Seville, another in Venice. Muñoz found Pedraza, a tiny medieval village deep in the austere and rugged landscape of Castile.

"I drove out there one day on a family excursion and fell in love with the place on the spot," he recalls. "I

Muñoz jokes, "Color came into this house through the French connection"—his wife

"Creating a feeling of space is the essence of all architecture and interior design"

was a bit worried about the reaction of my brother Antonio, who was financing the project with me, but since he was enjoying a weekend on the Onassis yacht in Monaco, I just went ahead." He bought a small house, practically in ruins, with his brother. Later he bought four adjacent eighteenth-century houses and united them into a coherent whole. Taking advantage of the high ceilings and different floor levels, he created an indoor terrace a few steps above the living room, tucked the bedrooms upstairs, and opened up the space next to the living room to its full two-story height. More recently he added an orangerie and third-floor bedrooms.

As I walked from the glaring sunlight into the dim cool entrance hall and then stepped down into the main living room, I was struck by the light and expansiveness of Muñoz's

scheme. "Creating a feeling of space is to me the essence of all architecture and interior design," he says. "For a room to work, there must be a coherence of space around the objects and fabrics you use."

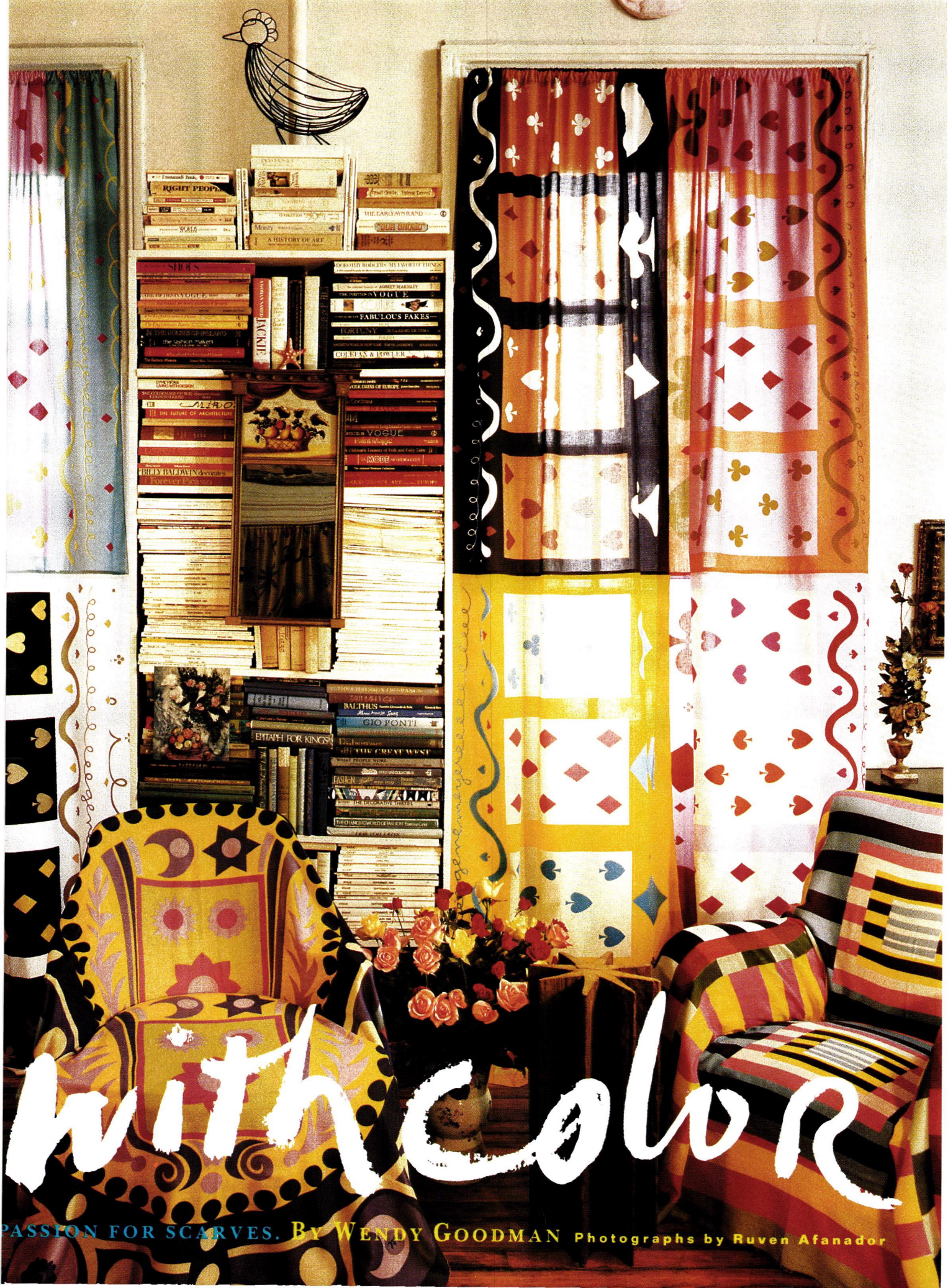
Oversize glass doors lead into the double-height library. Muñoz spends hours poring over drawing boards up in the gallery—where the walls have been covered with nine coats of terra-cotta colored stucco, coated with wax, and polished with a steel bar—while guests chat around the massive whitewashed fireplace downstairs. The original wooden beams help divide the space. Standing back, I suddenly see the room as a three-dimensional rendering of an abstract painting. Muñoz approves. "I was very involved in the abstract art movement in Spain in the fifties, and many of the artists are friends of mine." *(Continued on page 125)*

A Tàpies triptych, 1970, and a 1984 sculpture by Palazuelo, *opposite above,* in the gallery. *Opposite below:* Stone walls and 15th-century grilles screen the pool. *Above:* The master bedroom is a study in whites. *Below:* Tinted stucco walls in a guest room create a warm setting for 19th-century Spanish beds hung with Bennison fabric.

A Fling

IN HIS STUDIO, DESIGNER GENE MEYER INDULGES HIS

Color enthusiast Gene Meyer, *left*, dresses his studio, *right*, with scarves from his accessories collections. Eight of Meyer's exuberant Las Vegas panels serve as curtains, while stitched-together squares of Shield of Dreams and Rear Window cover the sofa and chairs. The star tables are antique Polynesian plows. Details see Resources.


with Color
PASSION FOR SCARVES. BY WENDY GOODMAN Photographs by Ruven Afanador

Late 18th century candelabras and a fashion drawing once owned by Andy Warhol, *above*, rest above a riot of color. *Below:* A tabletop still life includes a 1950s plaster giraffe and a starfish in a 19th-century fruit pail.

Silk twill Framed scarves, *above*, add spice to a pair of American Empire chairs. *Below:* Italian metal sconces from the 1940s flank a large 19th-century giltwood sun. The high-heeled shoe was part of a cast-iron trade sign.

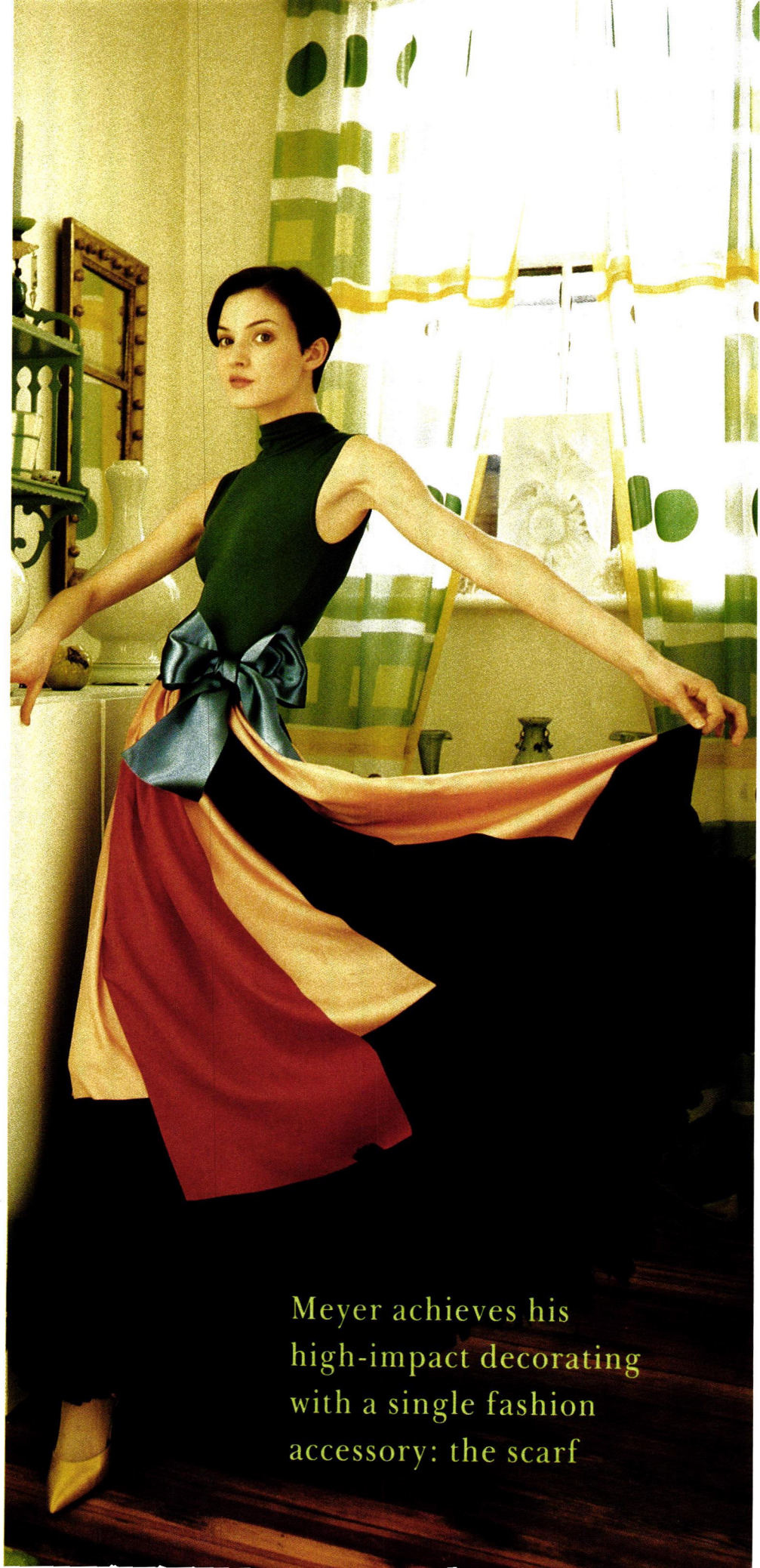
COLOR IS MY FAVORite thing in the world," says accessories designer Gene Meyer. "It doesn't have to be doled out in small neat doses" —and in his Manhattan studio it isn't. Deep pink and lavender vibrate against bright yellow; orange and white dance against black; pink and yellow glow against baby blue—one glimpse brought back that euphoric moment when finger painting opened up a whole world of color.

Meyer achieves his high-impact decorating with a single fashion accessory: his cotton, silk, and silk-wool blend scarves. Sewn together, they become slipcovers, tablecloths, and curtains—an idea Meyer says he got from a friend, writer Amy Fine Collins, who covered her dining room chairs with his silk scarves.

The soft-spoken Louisville-born designer has been part of New York's fashion world since he went from his studies at Parsons School of Design to Anne Klein Studio and then to Geoffrey Beene. After eleven years with Beene he launched his own business, first with made-to-order clothing and now with scarves, ties, and handbags, many of them inspired by images from art and photography books. "The world of books is nurturing—street life these days isn't," he says. "Photographs and books can capture that perfect state of life frozen in a moment."

Six times a year, when he is designing a collection, Meyer folds up his scarves and tucks them away. "I need a white room to think about color," he explains, "but I'm lucky that I can do my work here, surrounded by my things and my world. Someday I'd love to have a house with a chartreuse dining room and white painted furniture with robin's-egg blue fabric on the seats." Someday is probably just around the corner. ♠

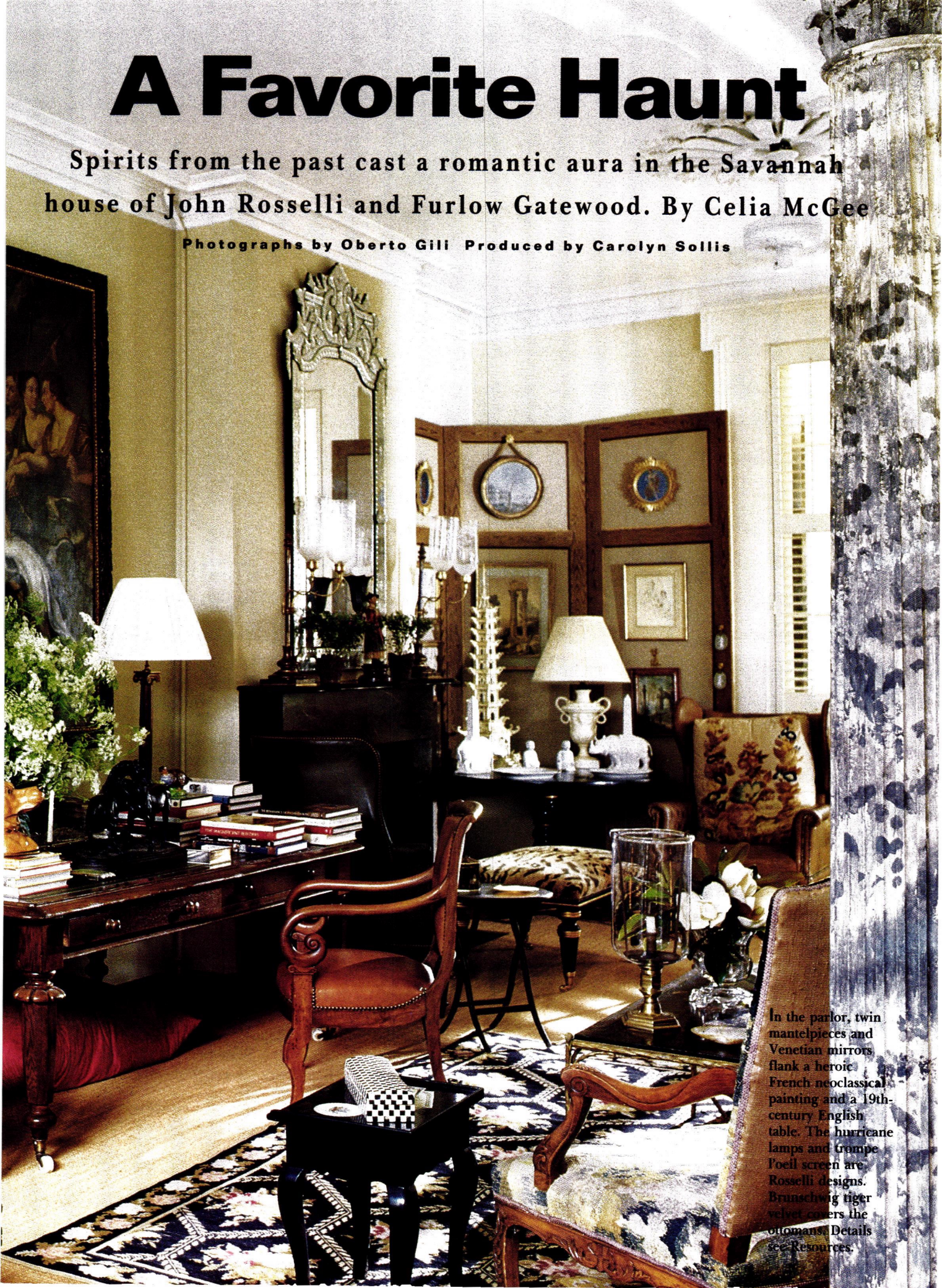
Street Scene cotton curtains, *right,* frame a group of 19th-century objects. Model Teresa Stewart wears a skirt fashioned of Modern Art squares and trimmed with feathers. Shoes by Manolo Blahnik.



A Favorite Haunt

Spirits from the past cast a romantic aura in the Savannah house of John Rosselli and Furlow Gatewood. By Celia McGee

Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Carolyn Sollis



In the parlor, twin mantelpieces and Venetian mirrors flank a heroic French neoclassical painting and a 19th-century English table. The hurricane lamps and trompe l'oeil screen are Rosselli designs. Brunschwig tiger velvet covers the ottomans. Details see Resources.

JOHN ROSSELLI DOESN'T MAKE A HABIT OF chatting with psychics, but when he met one at a party three years ago, he felt he had to tell her about his new house. Together with his partner, Furlow Gatewood, the New York antiques dealer and furniture designer had recently bought Conrad Aiken's childhood home in Savannah, Georgia, the red-brick nineteenth-century row house where, on February 27, 1901, eleven-year-old Conrad, startled by the sound of two pistol shots, made his way to his parents' bedroom to find that his father, increasingly irrational and depressed of late, had killed his wife before turning the gun on himself. Wouldn't you mention this to someone wired into the spirit world? "I told her that I hadn't had a sad moment in the house," says Rosselli, "even though I sleep in the room where it happened. She claimed this made sense: the parents were both unhappy souls who wanted to be released."

Facing onto Colonial Park cemetery, the house last belonged to a preacher who, Rosselli recalls, "had no kitchen but lots of marvelous English and American

Surrounded by blue and white Chinese export porcelain, the William IV dining table, *opposite*, stands on a faux marble floor by decorative painter Bob Christian. The chandelier and paired consoles are by Rosselli. *Above:* Below the French trumeau mirror in the foyer is a William Kent table. The hall chairs are 19th century English. *Left:* The front doorway frames a terra-cotta urn against a background of Spanish moss.

Savannah's climate has a whiff of the exotic that
Rosselli took to the way British colonials took to India

furniture." The paint was peeling, the wooden floors on the street level were rotting away, the garden out back was covered in debris. The walls are much spiffier now, and the decaying floorboards have been pulled up to reveal ancient brickwork underneath. To the raised eyebrows of local visitors, Rosselli and Gatewood covered the wide-board flooring in the second-story parlor with sisal. "To give it an updated, cleaner look," says Rosselli. The foyer and dining room have unabashedly faux marble floors by Bob Christian, a Georgia native trained by Rosselli who returned to Savannah to open a decorative-painting business. Shutters have been used rather than curtains to filter the bright southern light. Rosselli and Gatewood still haven't gotten around to a banister for the staircase leading to the basement. The precarious descent prompted a Savannah grande dame to tease, "They don't drink, do they."

Except for a scattering of plaids, tapestry, and paisleys, the house shows the pair's affinity for monochrome wallcoverings and fabrics. "We're both people who collect things," Rosselli explains, "so we like a plain back-

A Mexican primitive painting inspired Rosselli's folding screen in the breakfast room, *opposite,* where a Louis XVI sofa is combined with a chinoiserie chair and an American Victorian armchair reupholstered in a Brunschwig check. *Right:* The rear garden is centered on a lead fountain and a goldfish pool. *Below:* French garden chairs and a Rosselli table create an informal dining area. The chair in the foreground is American country Sheraton. Rosselli based the sconces on old tole.

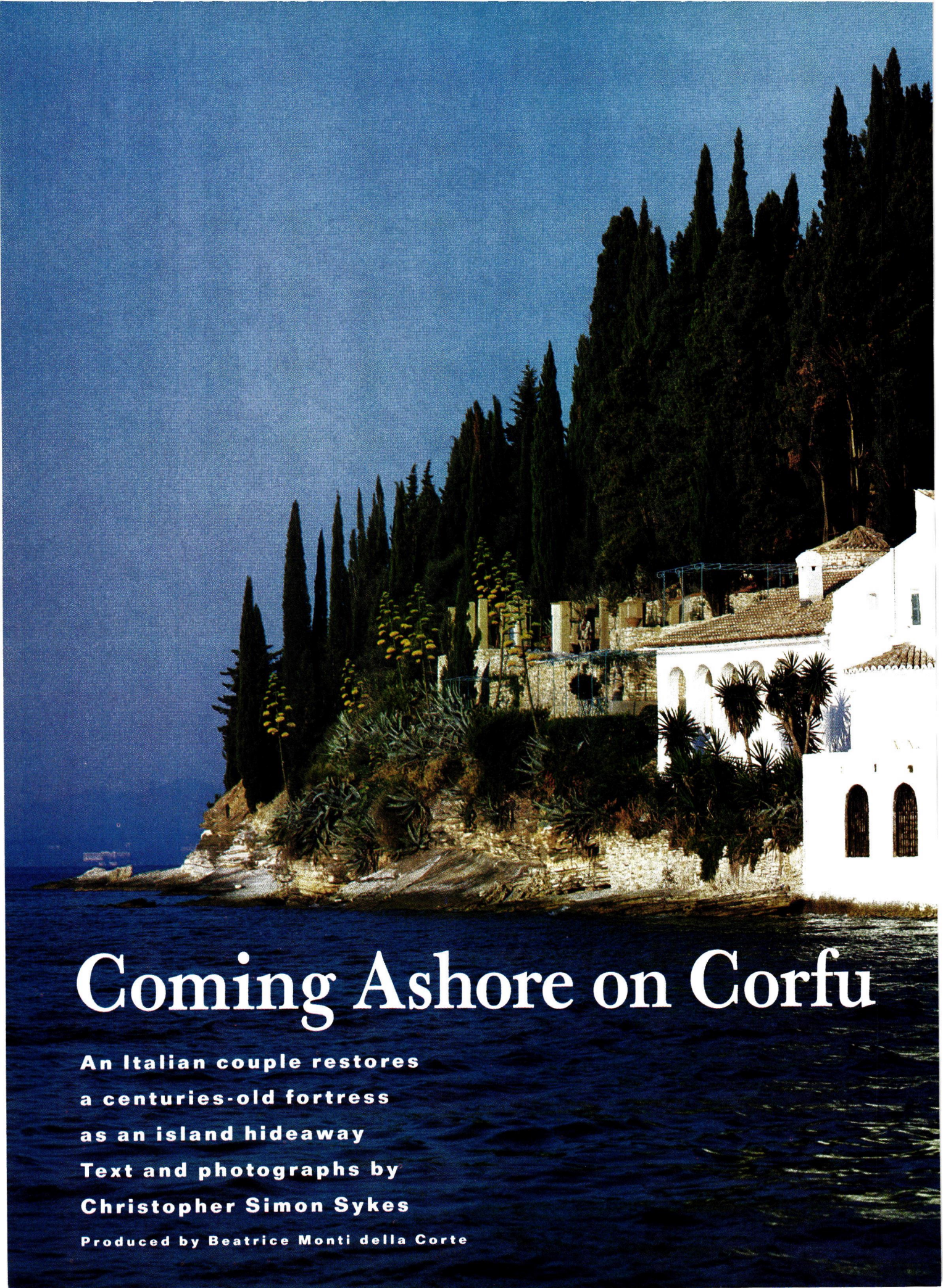
The interior of the house has acquired a gentleman-planter-comes-to-the-city air

ground." Anyone who has squeezed into his Manhattan antiques shop knows this is an understatement. The space, which is regularly plundered by such heirloom-friendly decorators as Mark Hampton, Mario Buatta, Mariette Himes Gomez, and Bunny Williams, is a testament to the fact that, as Gatewood puts it, "John can't go to the barber without coming home with something."

"I come from a long line of compulsive collectors," Rosselli says. His father, a stonemason turned farmer on a seventy-five-acre spread in rural New Jersey, collected everything from cars to carriages to farm implements. His mother loved collecting good china and crocheting. "I was the youngest of fourteen children," says Rosselli, "and my mother crocheted a bedspread for every one of my seven sisters." Gatewood is originally from Americus, Georgia, and the Savannah house has definitely acquired a gentleman-planter-comes-to-the-city air. "The South is brown furniture country," Rosselli says appreciatively of the pieces that mix well with prototypes for the kind of painted designs—reinterpretations of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century cupboards and tables, chandeliers and screens, consoles and mirrors—his studio is known for.

The very brown eight-foot-long English mahogany writing table that Rosselli and Gatewood found locally brings out the generous proportions of Savannah architecture in the parlor, which is two rooms made into one. The parlor's size and its two fireplaces, Rosselli pretends to complain, meant that he and Gatewood had to find two—or two pairs—of everything: matching Venetian mirrors, candelabras, flower containers, Regency figurines. A giant French neoclassical canvas, *Diana and the Hunt,* spans the considerable distance between the two hearths. The room has also let the partners indulge their "fetish for chairs." A leather-bound English library chair, a French pearwood armchair, and a comforting nineteenth-century invalid's chair on wheels are part of a conglomeration that includes the kind of late Victorian American easy chairs Rosselli feels "we in America discount so." The parlor extends back to the breakfast room and the loggia, which Gatewood, "a frustrated architect," designed to overlook the garden, *(Continued on page 125)*

A French campaign bed, *above left,* dominates the guest room. *Left:* In the dressing room a 1950s chest of drawers holds a Directoire shaving mirror and an Indian alabaster deity doubling as a tie holder. *Opposite above:* By painting the study Arabian red, Rosselli brought out the exoticism of orientalist paintings. The painted armchair has cushions in a Rose Cumming paisley; the Biedermeier chair near the desk was purchased from the estate of Marilyn Monroe. *Opposite below:* Chinese figures adorn the antique bedspread in the adjoining bedroom, and the Rosselli screen unfolds a Hindustani scene.

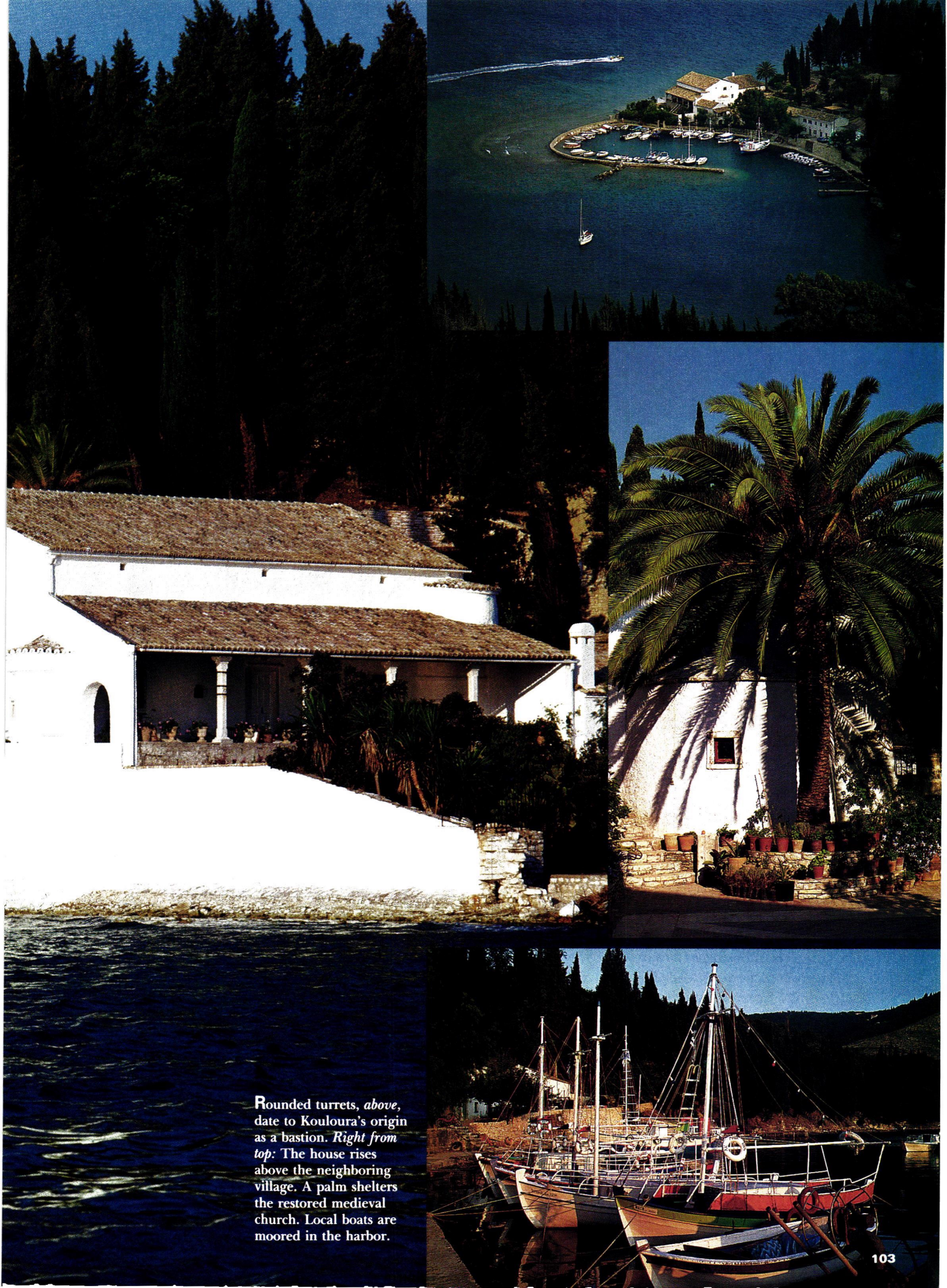


Coming Ashore on Corfu

An Italian couple restores a centuries-old fortress as an island hideaway

Text and photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes

Produced by Beatrice Monti della Corte



Rounded turrets, *above*, date to Kouloura's origin as a bastion. *Right from top:* The house rises above the neighboring village. A palm shelters the restored medieval church. Local boats are moored in the harbor.

Like the rest of the interior, the Turkish-style music room and library, *above*, was decorated by Dominique Benier. *Opposite above:* On the veranda a steamer chair sits beside a Corfiote stone column. *Opposite below:* A Biedermeier dining table and chairs in Boussac cotton are accompanied by a Swedish clock and an English chest holding an 1886 Wedgwood majolica seashell. Details see Resources.

EVEN AT THE END OF THE TWENtieth century there are places on the coast of Greece and its islands that seem to keep the modern age at bay. Such is the northeastern tip of Corfu where hills thick with scrub oaks, cypresses, and olive trees descend steeply to a shore dotted with small coves, fishing villages, and ancient fortresses. The latter, the most important of which is at Kassiopi, were built in the Middle Ages to protect sea traffic in the Corfu Straits. The small fort called Kouloura is unusual in that it has been turned into a house which may well be one of the most romantic hideaways in the world.

"I first saw Kouloura from a boat in 1958," the Italian owner, Giorgio, told me. "It was a white dot surrounded by cypresses—and I thought, 'How wonderful!' I saw it again in 1985, and over the next three years, each time I came to Corfu I looked at it longingly. Then, in 1988, I was introduced to the owners, who told me Kouloura was for sale. My wife and I bought it without a second thought." It is easy to understand why. The house stands at the very tip of a wooded promontory, and the ocean laps at its stone walls. Four squat turrets reveal its ancestry as a fortress, which was converted into a residence more than five hundred years ago by the Quartano family. Their coat of arms can still be seen carved above the stone-arched entrance. Legend has it that in 1537 a beautiful daughter of the Quartanos was kidnapped by Turkish marauders and taken back to the harem of Sultan Suleiman I, the Magnificent. In later life the sultana returned to Corfu and used her riches to bring prosperity to the island. Her family lived on at Kouloura, adding to it bit by bit over the years until well into the nineteenth century.

"As soon as the purchase was complete," Giorgio said, "we installed minimal furniture and essentially camped out in the house. The floors were all linoleum, there was only one bathroom and one shower, and in the vaulted cellar, the

oldest part of the building, the mortar had rotted. At night the rats ran round, and once, when the wind blew, great pieces of the ceiling fell down. That's when I had a shock, because until then my love for this Corfiote lady had blinded me to her faults. Now I saw that she was in urgent need of structural repairs." In fact, Kouloura was barely standing. A massive project lay ahead, the central challenge of which was to respect the spirit of the house while virtually rebuilding it. After expert advice was sought on everything from earthquake resistance to the restoration of the nearby medieval church of Saint Nicholas, work eventually began in October 1988, supervised by an able local contractor, Erricos Theodotos. For ten months a team that sometimes numbered as many as thirty men labored to preserve the shell while gutting and completely reconstructing the interior. Miraculously, the owners were able to move back into the house in July 1989.

The driving aesthetic force behind Kouloura's new rooms was a local decorator, Dominique

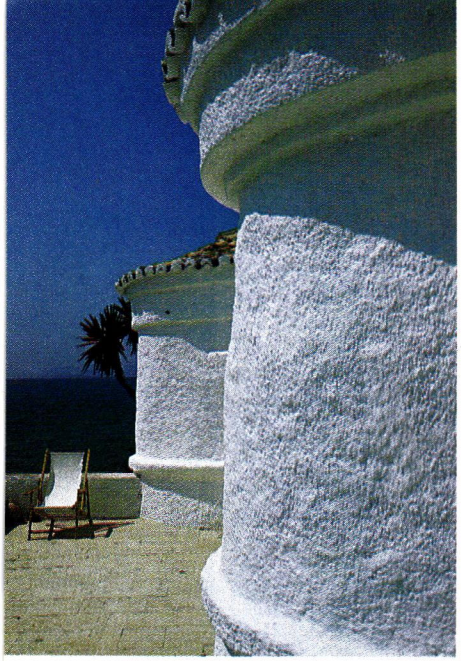
"The house is done in what I call the Anglo-Mediterranean-Greek style," says Kouloura's Italian owner

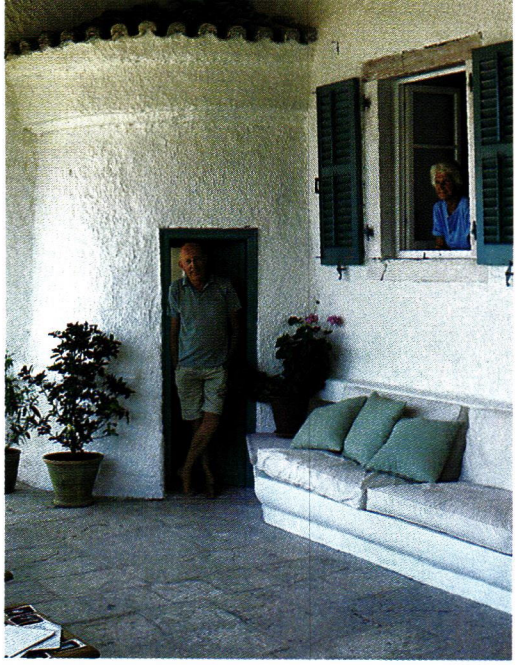
Benier. "The house is done in what I call the Anglo-Mediterranean-Greek style," said Giorgio, "the origins of which lie in the period of British rule in the Ionian islands, during the early nineteenth century." This means stone floors, white walls, and white wooden ceilings and furniture that is a mixture of wood in its natural color along with white upholstered sofas and chairs. Objects and pictures reflect Giorgio's lifelong passion for the sea. The scene is immediately set in the entrance hall with nineteenth-century prints of merchant ships, a collection of ceramic sea urchins and pebbles by the Athenian artist Stella Bactiari, and a dazzling white enfilade through to French doors onto the veranda. In the dining room the maple frames surrounding a collection of shell prints reflect the warm hue of a Biedermeier table and chairs and a handsome Swedish grandfather clock. Under the master bedroom's typical Corfiote plank ceiling, an English iron and brass bedstead accompanies a simple wooden desk and chests of drawers as well as more marine pictures; an adjoining turret has been transformed into a bathroom.

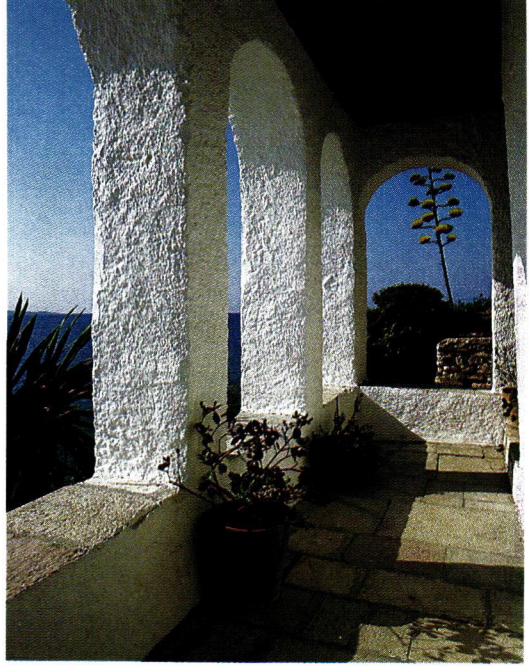
Dominique has created a magnificent room, with a coved and molded ceiling in the Turkish style, known alternatively as the music room and the library, but because Kouloura is a summer house, most of its daily life takes place on the veranda. A nineteenth-century addition, this covered terrace with elegantly chamfered Corfiote stone columns overlooks the harbor, with views across the water to Albania. Though at its best at breakfast time, bathed in golden early morning sunlight, the veranda is a comfortable place to sit around all through the day, since its northerly exposure means that there is a cool breeze even in the hottest weather. Sitting at the marble dining table, sipping white wine and eating exquisite food prepared by Giorgio's Italian cook, I have often thought that this is as close to an earthly paradise as I am likely to find.

The most recent achievement at Kouloura is the restoration of the *(Continued on page 126)*

Mirrors signal the way from the entrance hall, *below*, to the veranda. Ceramic sea urchins and pebbles by Stella Bactiari are displayed below maritime prints. *Opposite above, from left:* A rooftop view of the Corfu Straits; the owners looking onto the veranda; an arcade near the garden. *Opposite below:* Beyond the English iron bedstead in the master bedroom, an archway leads to a turret bathroom.

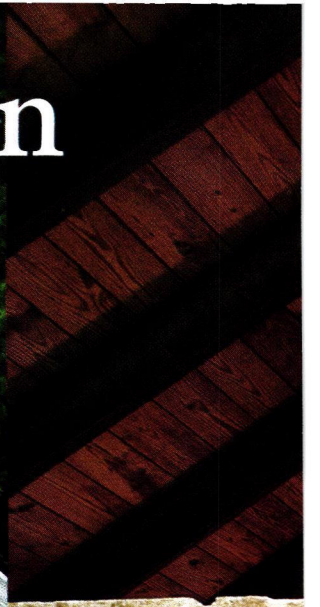


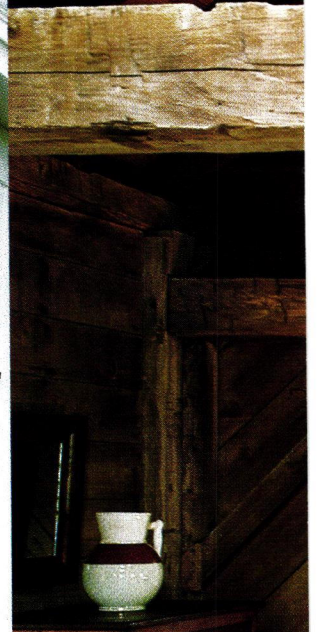




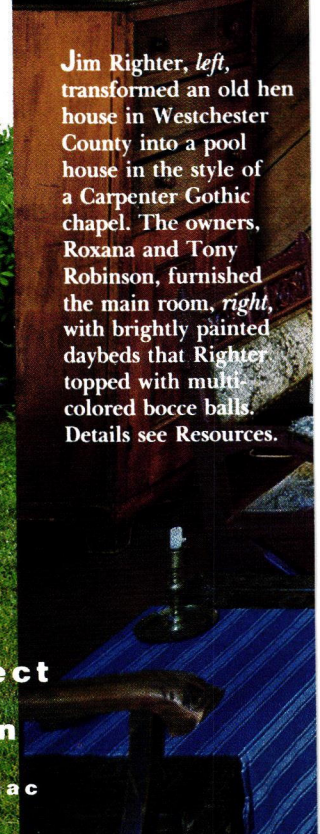
"Kouloura is a magic place, an oasis—it is the island in *The Tempest.* I just wish it were easier to get here"

In the American Grain





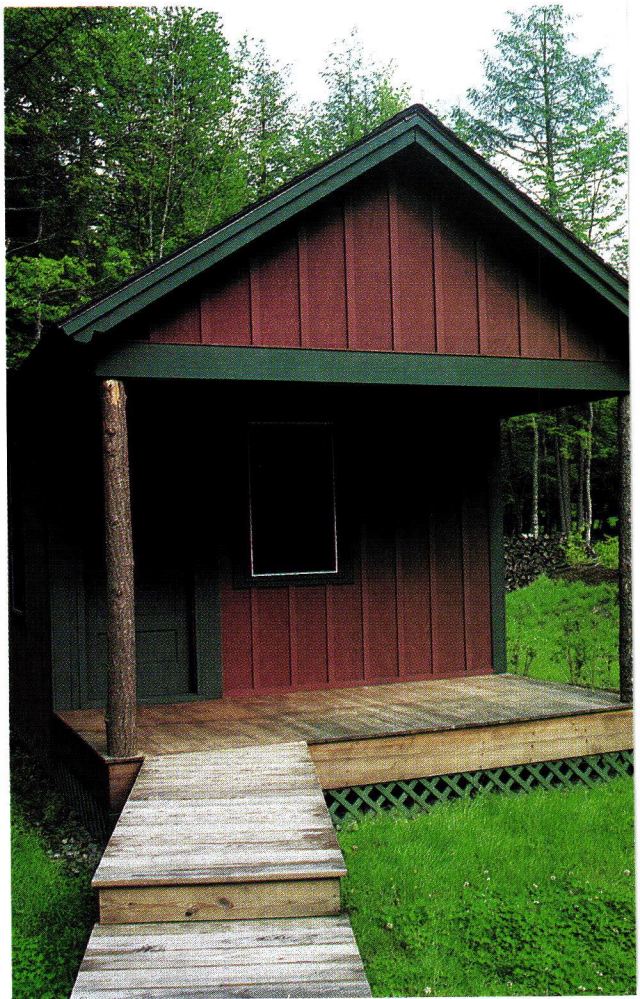
Jim Righter, *left*, transformed an old hen house in Westchester County into a pool house in the style of a Carpenter Gothic chapel. The owners, Roxana and Tony Robinson, furnished the main room, *right*, with brightly painted daybeds that Righter topped with multicolored bocce balls. Details see Resources.



Shingles, clapboards, and other old favorites provide the framework for Boston architect Jim Righter's personal style. By Roxana Robinson

Photographs by Richard Felber Produced by Heather Smith MacIsaac

"I'm more interested in the naive response than in the art historian's"



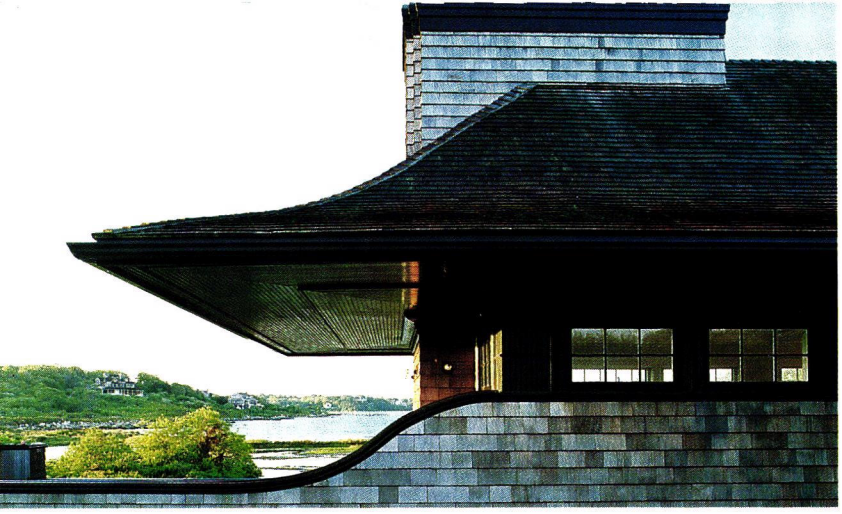
IF YOU ASK JIM RIGHTER WHY HE SPECIALIZES in designing houses, his explanation is simple: "People. I like hearing their dreams. What I do is help them realize those dreams." In an era of flamboyant egos, dictatorial theorists, and confrontational architecture, this is a modest and refreshing point of view, but Jim Righter is a modest and refreshing man. (He is also my brother-in-law and architect-of-choice, so I am partial.) Righter distrusts dogma and thinks that buildings should delight rather than intimidate. His houses manage to be both handsome and comforting, and his work is notable for its unpretentiousness, warmth, and humanism. All of this runs decidedly counter to the prevailing trends in twentieth-century architecture, which lean toward a grand and chilly geometry: it makes Righter something of a radical.

This Boston-based architect, with horn-rimmed glasses and a slightly rumpled face, is an unlikely revolutionary. His background suggests convention: he went to boarding school, then to Harvard, and afterward he sold advertising space for a magazine. Then came the break. In 1964 his parents, who had their own streak of aesthetic radicalism, commissioned a house from the elegant modernist Edward Larrabee Barnes. "That changed my life," say Righter. Barnes became a friend and mentor, and Righter went back to school, this time to study architecture at Yale. After graduation he briefly joined a Connecticut firm and soon after started his own. He also taught at Yale for many years.

In 1980, Righter and his wife, Sandy, a psychotherapist, moved to Boston, where he relocated his firm, which remains small, composed of two colleagues, Jacob Albert and Cynthia Wardell, and no secretary. Righter's unpretentious style extends to office management—all three answer the telephone and write their own letters. During the past decade James Volney Righter Architects has turned out quietly eccentric designs that have drawn increasing critical attention, and in 1991 Righter's own summer house on an island off New England won the Boston Society of Architects/AIA Housing Award.

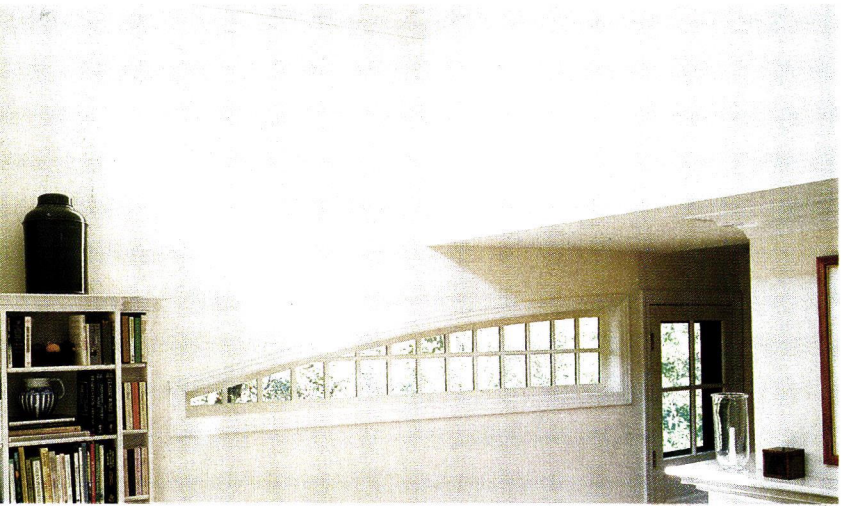
Righter's style is decidedly eclectic. The award-

Miniature wooden houses, *right,* climb the stairs of the guest tower at Righter's weekend retreat on an island off the New England coast. Compact, quietly eccentric vacation houses are a Righter specialty. Recent work includes, *opposite, clockwise from top left,* a board-and-batten fishing cabin with a wide porch in the Catskills; bathing pavilions, in New York State, with flaired sides and sawtoothed bases à la beach tents at Deauville; also in the Catskills, a companion cabin with log columns; the Westchester County pool house.



ed structure combines a swooping pagoda-like roof, a turreted Gothic arcade leading to the front door, and a whimsical guest tower in the stick-style manner. Other work includes a poolside folly, in New York State, that looks like an American Gothic chapel (for my husband and myself), a Catskills cabin with log columns, and a pair of jaunty striped bathing pavilions in eastern New York. Here is a man ready to combine almost anything with almost anything. "I like all these styles," says Righter. "Why should I limit myself to one?"—an attitude that allows his clients to have a wide variety of dreams, with a wealth of possible interpretations.

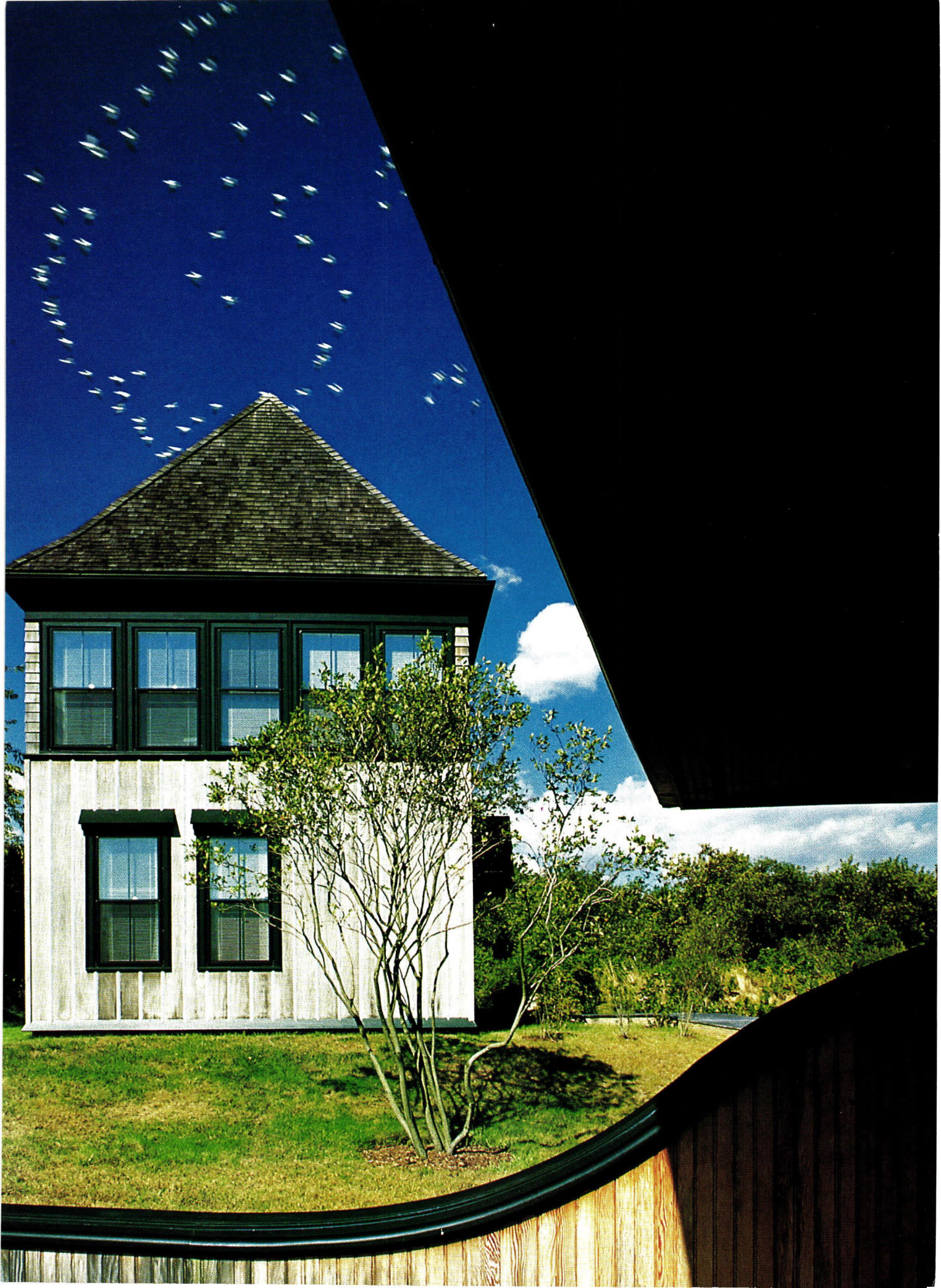
For sources, Righter looks to the American past



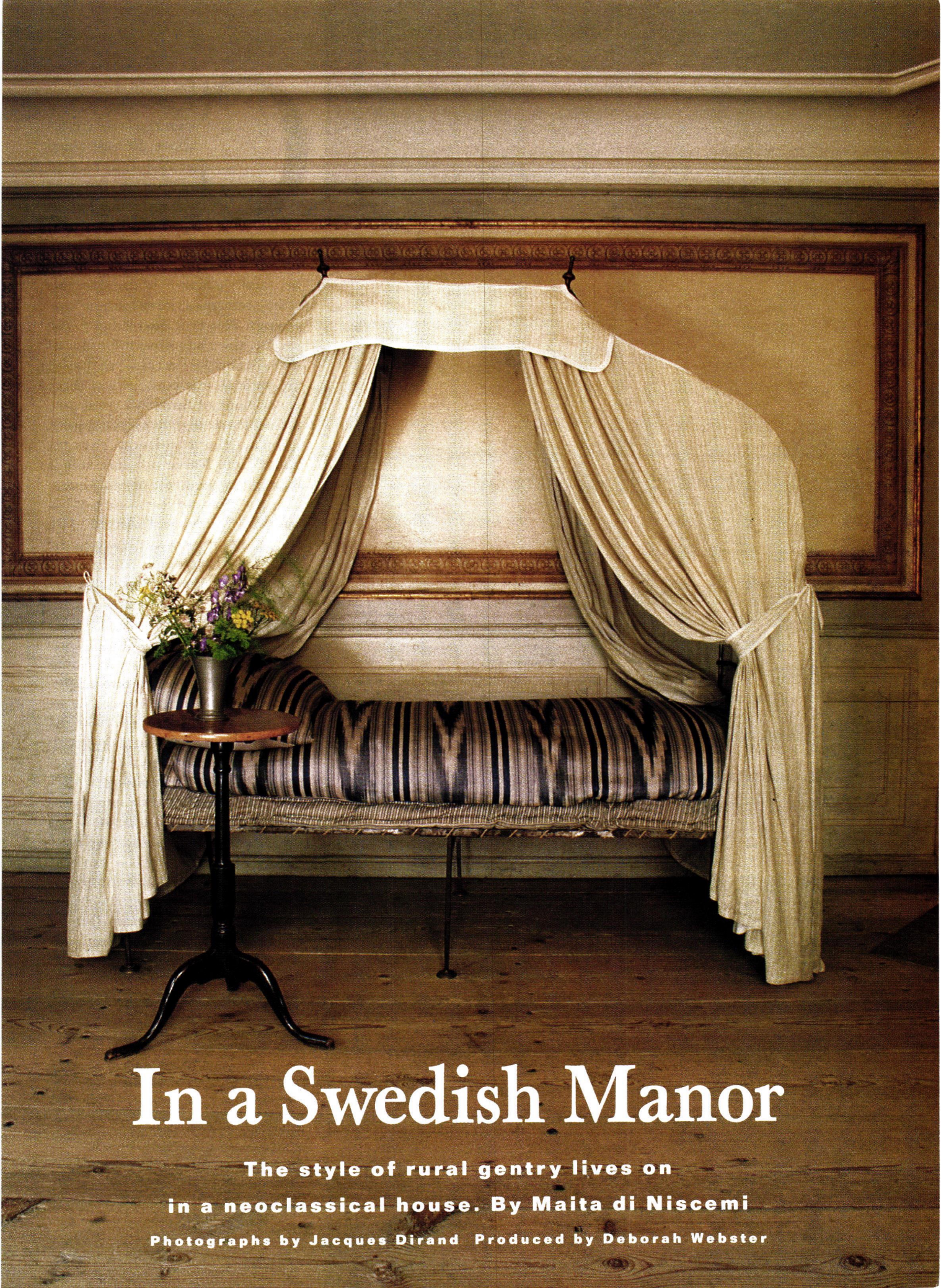
Ideas, ruminations, and fantasies play an important part in Righter's work. Much of his design functions in the realm of intuition where things seem half-known but deeply felt. He uses a rich mix of visual allusions which extend the meaning of the design and engage the viewer's imagination. In his own house the Gothic-arched arcade is reminiscent of a cloister's serene and sheltered ambulatory. The arcade's high pointed roof suggests the row of crossed swords at a military wedding, lending it a ceremonial air. The whole structure—low and shingled and solid—is evocative of Henry Hobson Richardson's late nineteenth century railroad stations. Righter likes the metaphoric power of all these images. "A railroad station means the start of a journey," he says. "Isn't that what a summer house does—transport you to another part of your life?"

Despite his eclecticism, Righter has his own purism in the form of a strong American bias. His favorite architect is Richardson, one of the founders of the shingle style, and for sources, he looks to the American past. "If I want to draw on Gothic style, I don't look at Chartres, I look at American Gothic. If I want classical sources, I look at Greek revival. We have our own versions of these styles—even when American builders worked straight from English pattern books their churches were different from the originals. Everything is changed in translation. I relish that. I'm a great fan of Americanness." Of course, Righter makes exceptions to his own rule. Our American *(Continued on page 126)*

Righter's shingled vacation house, *top left,* with its swooping roof, dark trim, and extended railing, is reminiscent of the railroad stations of Henry Hobson Richardson. *Above left:* Next to the front door of a New England summer house, two high multipaned windows provide privacy and light. *Left:* Comfortable furniture surrounds a mantel inset with Italian coins in Righter's airy living room overlooking a harbor. *Opposite:* Sea gulls radiate above Righter's guest tower, connected to the main house by a boardwalk.



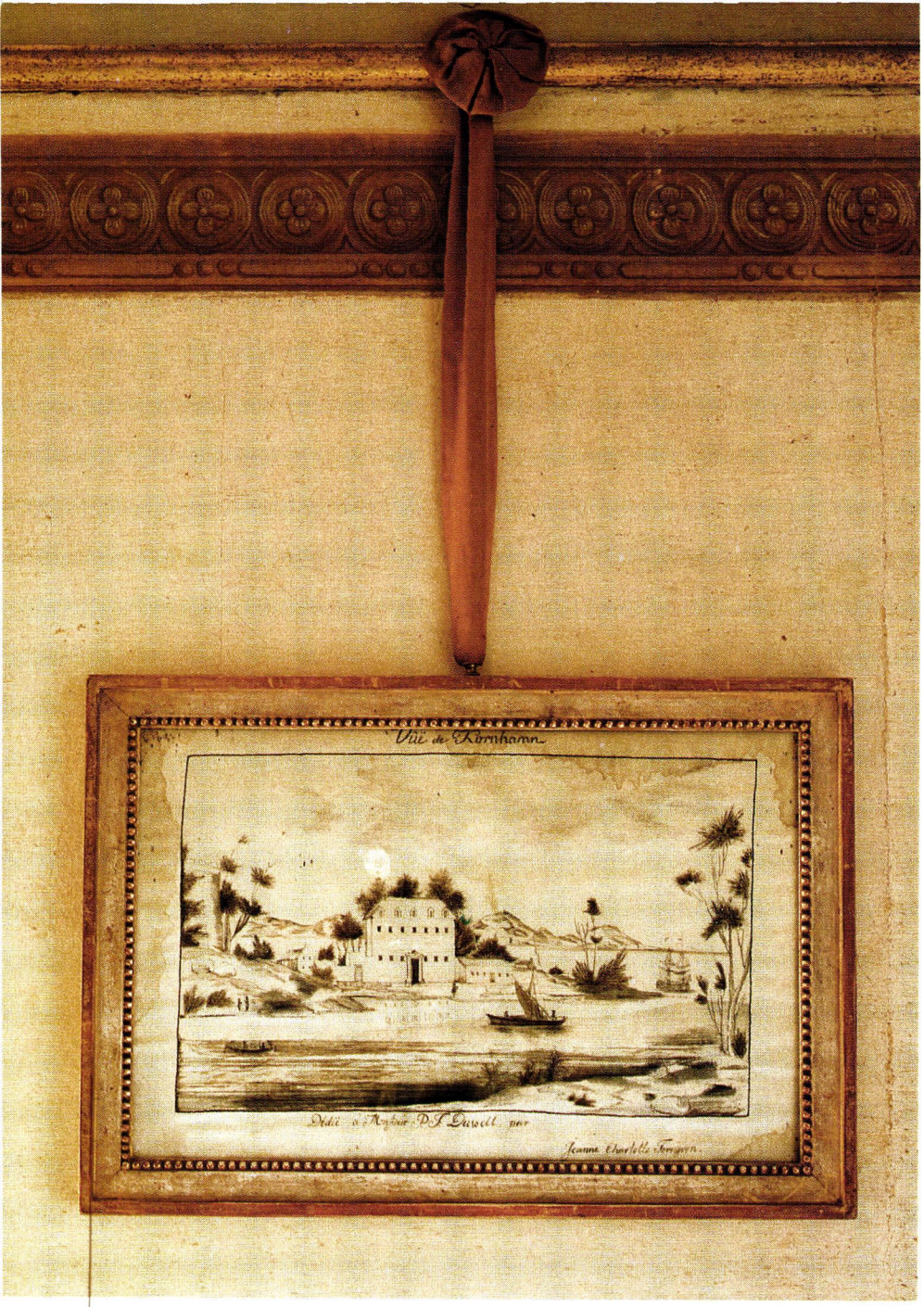
The distemper ceiling in the chamber, known as the president's bedroom, *below*, dates back to the building of the Skogaholm manor house in the 1680s, while the guest room across the corridor, *opposite*, with its ingenious collapsible bed, was redone in 1793–94.



In a Swedish Manor

The style of rural gentry lives on in a neoclassical house. By Maita di Niscemi

Photographs by Jacques Dirand Produced by Deborah Webster

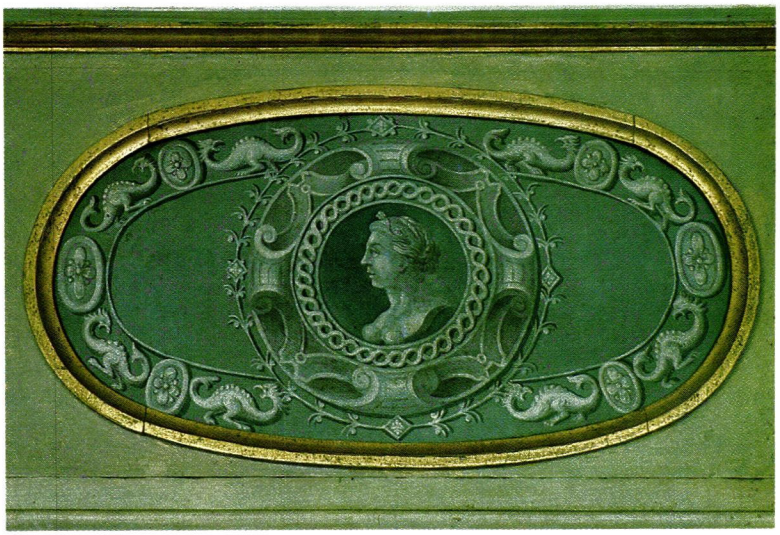


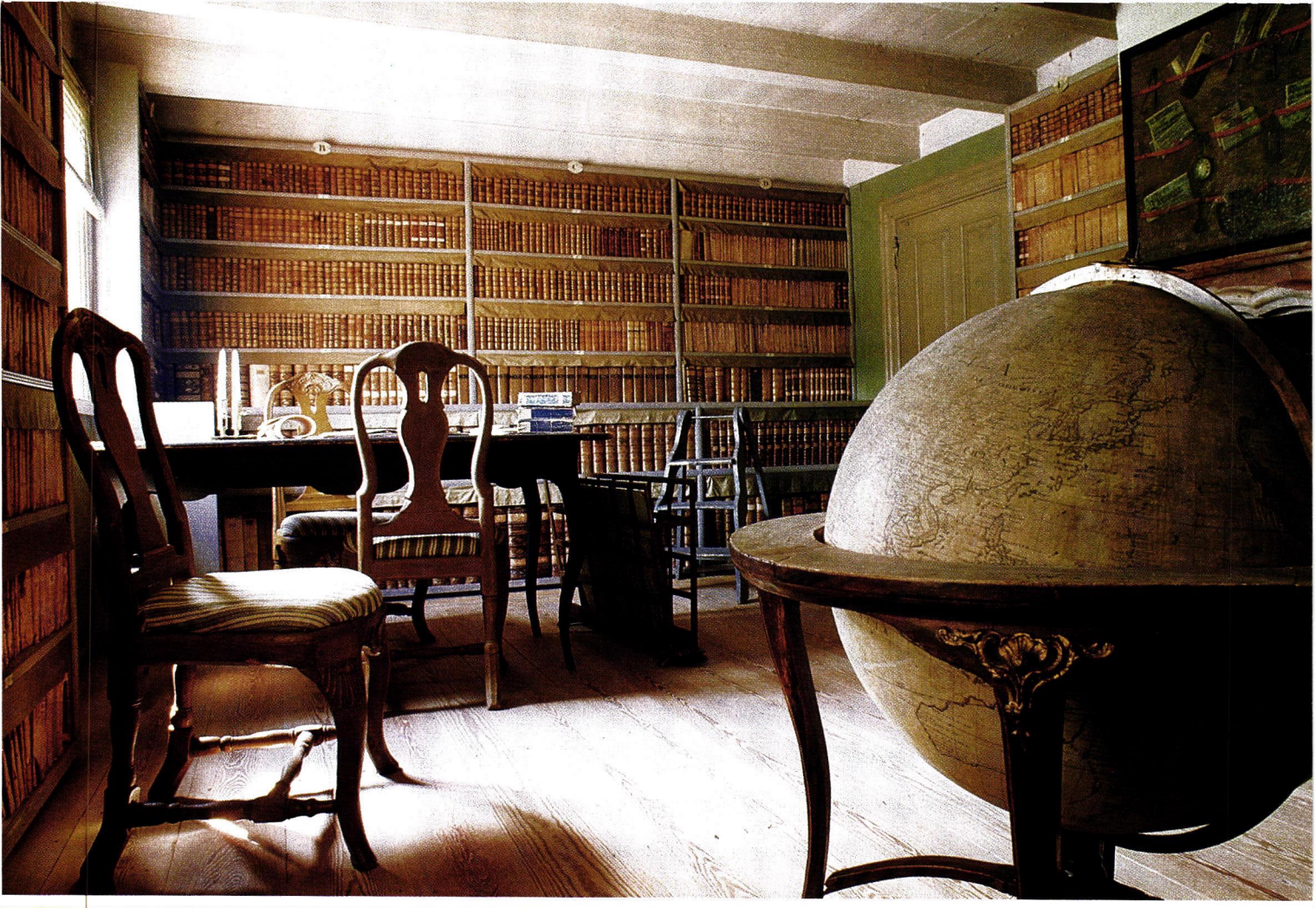
CERES AND POMONA IN a golden chariot float with a covey of cupids above the restrained gray borders and proper garlands of the entrance hall at Skogaholm. Major General Gustav Philip Wennerstedt may have imposed neoclassicism on the walls of his family's manor house, but this ceiling remains a riot of baroque mythology. However distressing to the purist, the charming mélange of styles persuades the rest of us that we are, indeed, in a house where three generations of Sweden's rural aristocracy lived out their everyday lives.

Today this handsome country house from Närke province stands on a hill in the heart of Stockholm, where it is part of the world's oldest open-air museum, Skansen. The Skogaholm manor was home to the Wennerstedts, from its construction for Anders Wennerstedt in the 1680s to its modernization by his grandson the general in 1793–94 and its abandonment in 1833. During the many decades that the house was empty the furniture and art disappeared, but the decorative scheme was relatively untouched. Now the house is once again furnished with pieces much like those the Wennerstedts listed in their inventories—largely neoclassical, with some rococo holdovers and a few examples of the stout baroque of Anders's day.

The dining room is a pure, if somewhat countrified, example of the neoclassical style named for Gustav III, who dictated Swedish fashion from his succession in 1771 until his assassination at the infamous "ballo in maschera" in 1792—and whose influence continued to shape the taste

The baroque and the neoclassical coexist at Skogaholm. *Opposite, clockwise from top:* In the paneled dining room a bust of Gustav III presides over a decorative scheme in the style he favored. Painted overdoor, 1793–94. Monochrome wall painting, c. 1760. A mythological scene, c. 1700, above Gustavian borders in the hall. *Above left:* A 1785 embroidery hangs against painted linen. *Left:* View past a pavilion to the manor house.





Fear of fire relegated the kitchen to a separate wing, away from the family and guest quarters and the elegant library

of the good general and his peers. Originally, ten family portraits were fitted into the room's pearl gray panels, but by the time Skogaholm was transported to Skansen in 1929, nothing was left but the inscriptions and the holes in the paneling. Eight of the paintings have been restored to their proper places.

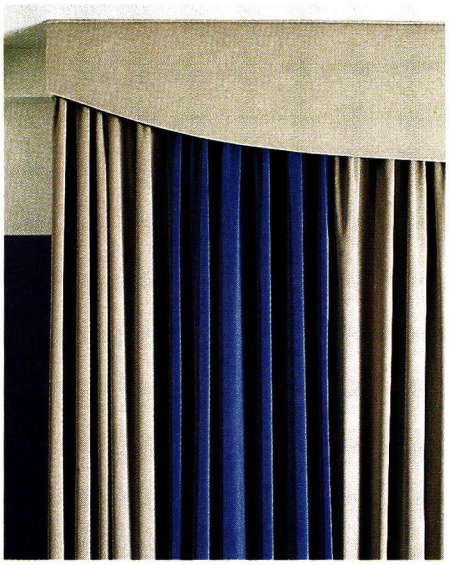
The general's local craftsmen also transformed the adjoining drawing room, painting the plank floor in faux oak parquet. "This very Swedish tradition was introduced by Gustav III," explains Ralph Edenheim, head curator of Skansen's cultural history department. "He thought plain floors were so dull." The same ingenuity with simple materials also appears in rooms associated with the general's mother and his father, Carl Gustav, the president of the Göta court of appeal. In the baroness's bedroom, the bed was painted red to resemble mahogany, and in her husband's baroque parlor and bedroom, the walls were covered with linen treated to *(Continued on page 124)*

In the president's bedroom an early 18th century oak desk with elm and plumwood veneer stands out against the "Dutch cloth" walls of linen gilded, painted, and textured to resemble cut velvet. *Opposite above:* The library bookcases are copies of 1770s shelves. *Opposite below:* A wall in the kitchen stores tin and earthenware.

The painting above the door and the armchairs at the right lend a rococo touch to the otherwise Gustavian decoration of the baroness's parlor and bedroom. The bed was painted red to mimic mahogany, then too rare and expensive for the rural Swedish nobility.

From novel rods to couture flourishes, innovative details shed new light on curtain design

great ideas



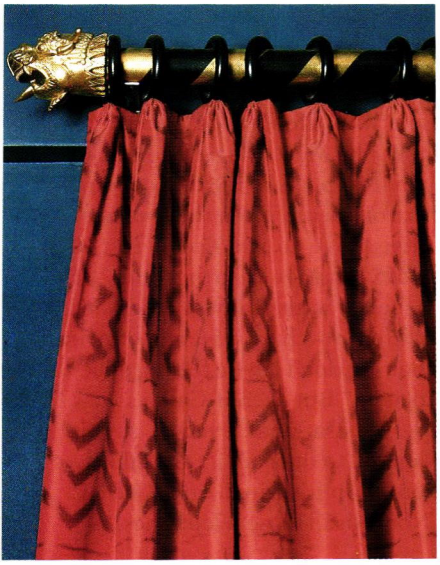
COLOR OPTIONS
Thad Hayes used two tones of velvet and a structured solid-colored valance to create a curtain that evokes a stateroom on a luxury liner. Details see Resources.

By Anne Foxley

HANGING BY A CHAIN Instead of installing a rod, Mary Bright suspended a copper chain from the ceiling as support for an asymmetrical valance consisting of nothing more than a double-layered panel of draped taffeta.

DAVID FRAZIER

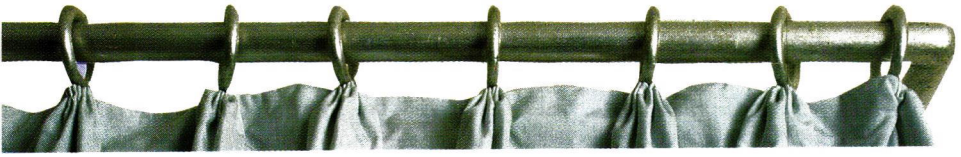
RESHAPING THE VALANCE In place of swags, MaryAnne McGowan finished her ball gown–style curtains with jester's-cap points and gold balls. A lavender lining lends the white silk taffeta its violet cast.



CREATIVE HARDWARE
Joseph Biunno's dragon finial on a striped rod adds opulence to Gary Crain's silk taffeta curtain, with loosely gathered pleats that create a billowy effect.

PLAYING WITH SCALE
William Harvey's oversize leafy branch tieback serves as a graphic focal point for intricate hand-painted fabric by Carla Weisberg.

BORROWING FROM FASHION
Ned Marshall outfitted a basic pleated curtain design with couture-inspired details, including quilting, gold-braided borders, and tasseled bows.



INNOVATIVE RIGGING An aluminum-leafed rod, bent at the corners and attached by metal plates, makes brackets unnecessary. Parish-Hadley's elegantly spare design also features aluminum-leafed curtain rings.

DRESSMAKER STYLING Vivian White used buttoned fabric loops, instead of metal rings, for a whimsical curtain in primary colors. The zigzagged edge is achieved by sewing wire into the hem and then shaping it.

UPDATING TRADITION Against damask-inspired wallpaper, Parish-Hadley's formal curtain—sparingly ruffled, swagged, and goblet-pleated—looks far from traditional in vivid yellow cotton patterned with spirals.

Sandy on the Beach

(Continued from page 56) Lane-organized whirlwind shopping sprees. "It takes me less than five minutes to do a store," boasts Gallin. "I can do all of Los Angeles in three or four hours."

This time around town, Gallin and Lane hit Shabby Chic, the Santa Monica–based purveyor of tantalizingly comfortable upholstered furniture that tends to come wrapped in one-size-too-large slipcovers. Although Gallin asked for a slightly more tailored look, Shabby Chic was understandably happy to oblige. Dropped into the Klein-inspired envelope of ebonized wood floors and crisp white walls with bronze, not brass, hardware and yards and yards and yards of books (Kelly advised against dust jackets, so off went the dust jackets one night), the white sofas and chairs and ottomans and pillows provide a neutral foreground against a neutral background.

Although a series of William Morris–inspired carpets add a bit of arts and crafts–style color and pattern, there's deliberate reserve. And understandably so. It would be perverse to compete with the envy-of-every-mogul-in-Malibu view offered from Gallin's perch atop a bluff looking out on a wide arc of Pacific, from the shores of Paradise Cove to the north to the shores of Santa Monica to the south. "If all you see is water," says Gallin, "it's lonely. Here you have a feeling of privacy, but you don't have a feeling of being isolated." But even if Gallin's view were less sensational, even if, say, it were limited to the Pacific, it's unlikely that lonely and isolated would be his fate. Not with all those telephones. ▲

Locust Valley

(Continued from page 74) New rectangular and wedge-shaped beds framed by mown paths overflow with tulips, bearded irises, lilies, roses, oriental poppies, lavender, and peonies. "I always wanted to grow the peonies I remembered from childhood," says Mitchell, "flowers that looked like swansdown powder puffs." Dark walls of hemlock offset luxuriant shrub roses and hybrid teas.

A new path of ancient flagstones leads to the vegetable patch and cutting beds, whose neat rows evoke the abundance of old-fashioned kitchen gardens. Here, as in the formal borders, Mitchell explains, "the owners wanted a garden that would serve their needs from spring till autumn." On the far side of a lawn is the Long Walk, a gentle slope flanked by fine old apple trees, large viburnums, and newly planted eighteen-foot-tall 'Mount Fuji' cherry trees. At the bottom of the walk, along which Mitchell has massed purple Siberian irises with purple and pale blue tradescantia amid a blanket of ferns, the most romantic coup de théâtre comes into view: the secret water garden. In the restored pool—cracked and empty when Mitchell found it—carp and golden orfe once again dart through water lilies under the spray of a lead swan fountain. The water reflects the pink, yellow, and white of venerable azaleas recently pruned by an expert hand. No other scene at Floralyn speaks more eloquently of time as the gardener's trusty collaborator. ▲

Rooms with a Past

(Continued from page 83) placement isn't. The first jolt comes when you notice the dining table isn't centered in the room, nor is it centered on the oval Aubusson rug (actually, a medallion from a larger weaving) partly beneath it. "It seems pointless to obscure a rug," explains D'Urso. Then you notice a sofa blocking the entrance to the living room from the dining room and forcing the use of another doorway; entrée to the bedroom hall is impeded by a floating stone plank that requires a detour around it—a bold but simple privacy mechanism. In the master bedroom, night table lamps are as different as the rice paper and silver plate they're made of. And throughout the apartment the curtains refuse to abide by the dimensions of the windows. Pictures, needless to say, are placed in surprising ways. Two Irving Penn flower photos—which, in another designer's aesthetic, would surely be treated as a pair—are planted in separate rooms. And wall colors such as pale lime and terra-cotta stop short and shift gears, like planes of hue in a Rietveld chair.

"It takes trust and indulgence to be a D'Urso client," says the client, joking that an archaeologist could count the layers of paint that were tried, rejected, and painted over. "But we kept the faith. If Joe wanted me to paint everything red, I'd give it a shot." ▲

In a Swedish Manor

(Continued from page 118) look like damask and cut velvet, respectively.

The two freestanding wings are originally from Småland. The west wing houses guest rooms, a scullery for the manor's collection of Marieberg and Rörstrand porcelain, and a library. The east wing's functions are less glamorous: a kitchen, a maid's room, and the housekeeper's chamber where the scents of spices once kept there under lock and key linger in the cabinets. Because of the great fear of fire in the eighteenth century, no silver or china was kept in the kitchen wing.

Although there are no barns or stables, Skogaholm has a country atmosphere. In summer a hidden door in the dining room is opened and the parterre becomes an alfresco drawing room. Nearby, fruit trees and bushes of gooseberries and currants border the kitchen garden, from which a trellised path leads to a tiny garden house. For what is a Swedish garden without a hidden pavilion made for quiet thought and modest pleasure? ▲

The grounds of Skogaholm, within the open-air museum of Skansen, can be visited daily except Christmas Eve. The interior of Skogaholm manor house is open May 16–Aug. 31, 11:00 A.M.–7:00 P.M., or by appt. For further information, Stockholm (8) 663-0500.

Retreat to Castile

(Continued from page 89) Beyond the library he has converted old animal sheds into a private gallery where works by Antoni Tàpies, Eduardo Chillida, and Pablo Palazuelo mingle with Renaissance wrought-iron candlesticks and Casa & Jardin sofas covered in natural linen. "When I started decorating in Spain after the war, there was nothing," Muñoz explains, "so I had to design my own fabrics and furniture and use whatever was around me, which was basically old Castilian oak doors and furniture, religious objects, and abstract art. I still draw inspiration from my Spanish roots."

Thus Muñoz's attraction to white: "It is really the most difficult color to use because of all its nuances, but it is part of our history of whitewashed houses, monasteries, and monks' habits." The master bedroom celebrates whites, from the stucco walls to the silk and wool bedcover and the ceramic lamps. The breakfast room, however, is yellow, and each guest room has its own color scheme. "I think color came into this house through the French connection," he jokes, looking at his French wife, Sabine.

As we sit on the porch and watch the sun set over the Castilian plateau, he reminisces about past visitors: "When Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco came to visit as newlyweds, the village rooftops were swarming with paparazzi." But even when there are no royal guests, it's clear that he has transformed Pedraza. Friends and admirers have renovated houses here and many residents work at De Natura, his store in the village, or make products for Casa & Jardin. Now Spain's official college of architects has given him an honor normally bestowed only upon architects, Sabine tells me. Paco Muñoz smiles. The frustrated architect inside is pleased. ♠

A Favorite Haunt

(Continued from page 100) centered on a lead fountain with spewing swans that clinched the deal on the house. Flowerbeds have been edged with Savannah tile. The garden is at its height during the city's lengthy spring. It has also served as an inspiration for Rosselli's latest venture, Treillage, the garden emporium he and Bunny Williams opened in Manhattan last year.

Savannah's steamy climate has a whiff of the exotic that Rosselli goes for the way British and French colonials once took to India and other points east. The way the British and French, too, translated the Near and Far East into the Regency and orientalist styles which are at play throughout the house—and practically enshrined in Rosselli's Arabian-red study and bedroom suite. "I have a passion for orientalist painting," he says of the pictures he's installed there along with figures from an Anglo-Indian regiment of lead soldiers, a Moresque ivory-inlaid occasional table, and a screen he painted with Hindustani scenes based on a Zuber wallpaper.

In the adjoining dressing room, carpeted in a Billy Baldwin antelope pattern from the fifties, an Indian alabaster deity serves as a tie holder. It's surrounded by photographs of the many prize whippets Rosselli and Gatewood have owned over the years. The current pets, Lilly and Little Sister, are the reason Gatewood undertakes a two-day car trip rather than fly from New York.

Rosselli once took a four-day trip to Savannah. He was eleven, and because his father had sold his favorite sheep, he decided to run away from home. He made it as far as Savannah, where, tired and hungry and a good little Catholic boy, he sought refuge in the cathedral. The Franciscans sent him back to New Jersey, but not before he got a taste for Spanish moss and the Gothic South. Gothic is what happened to Conrad Aiken. Yet, as an adult, Aiken practically moved back to the scene of his horrible childhood discovery. He took up residence in a house next door. "Yes," he wrote of that house, and he could just as well have been thinking of the one that is now Rosselli and Gatewood's, "here we are, in this most heavenly house and heavenly city." Séance, anyone? ♠

Henry Hangs His Hat

(Continued from page 68) instructed to "come at noon and leave at one," gather for a tour. Their host rambles through the rooms—"six upstairs, six downstairs; a Palladian rectangle under an art deco matrix."

Several of the guests get the impression they've missed something. They look at him nervously; some actually twitch. He manages to be at once childlike, bohemian, eccentric, and authoritative. As he talks, he pulls surprises out of his pocket—a jingling silver ball, an engraved stone, a tiny crystal pacifier. With his white beard, blue knit cap, yellow Indian silk bow tie, purple shirt, and violet cologne, he has the aura of a transported pasha or pied piper.

He stops near a row of Ellsworth Kelly collages, a postcard painted by Adolph Gottlieb, and what may be the world's smallest Frank Stella, just three inches square, inscribed "The Green Hornet goes to L.A. March 26, 1962." Geldzahler says, "Somebody asked me why Stella had so much space in the New York painting show, and I said, 'Because he's my best friend.' It was a joke, but it's true. He's my best friend because he teaches me the most."

The tour continues through this house of mirrors, full of images that reflect back on its owner the support and affection he has shown to artists. A mythological painting by Sandro Chia, inscribed "For Henry," hangs in the dining room. In the foyer, above an enormous Dale Chihuly glass clamshell full of hats, is Hockney's seven-foot-tall photographic collage of Geldzahler wearing leather suspenders and holding his jingling silver ball. Irving Penn's Geldzahler in a hat and fur collar resembles a brooding Donald Sutherland. A Robert Mapplethorpe portrait seems to explore the intellectual possibility of tweed.

"It's not a collection," concludes Geldzahler. "It's the track of my life that rolls back through the decades. It's simple. It's just a house." ♠

American Grain

(Continued from page 112) Gothic folly has a French aspect: toward the swimming pool it presents a Gallic façade, cool and symmetrical, with long-windowed doors. And the two striped bathing pavilions, Righter admits, derive from the beach tents at Deauville.

Righter's interiors, like his exteriors, are a rich and sophisticated mix. He uses ordinary objects for their decorative and symbolic qualities. In his living room the white-painted mantel is inset with a row of shiny five hundred lira Italian coins which evoke a country Righter knows and loves. In our pool folly the daybed's corner posts are topped with colored bocce balls suggesting summertime, outdoor games, and a sense of liberation. And the stairs of Righter's guest tower sport miniature wooden houses—trim and meticulous structures that make a punning reference both to their creator's profession and to the structure that houses them. What is interesting about these elements is the way they are used; they themselves are neither rare nor arcane. Righter avoids elitism and wants a common language. "I'm more interested in the naive response," he says, "than in the art historian's."

"Firmness, commodity, and delight" are an architect's main responsibilities, according to the classical master Vitruvius. Righter attends to the first two—"They're homework"—but it's the last that truly engages him. There are no rules for achieving delight any more than there are rules for dreaming. Delight is instinctive. We cannot call it up, but we know it when we feel it, and we feel it when we see Righter's houses. Full of meaning, humor, beauty, they stand in the landscape like dreams, like dreams come true. ♠

Ashore on Corfu

(Continued from page 106) garden. Crowned by cypresses and a sprinkling of palm trees, this consists of a series of terraces stepping down to sea level which were all but destroyed in a whirlwind during the fall of 1988. The terraces have now been rebuilt and planted with citrus trees, bougainvillea, rosemary, lavender, oleander, and other fragrant and ornamental favorites of gardeners in hot dry climates. Although some of the plantings still need to mature, Giorgio looks forward to the day when the landscape will again have the overgrown luxuriance it had when he and his wife first set eyes on it. "Kouloura is a magic place, an oasis—it is the island in *The Tempest*," said Giorgio, adding with a chuckle, "I just wish it were easier to get here. *That* I miscalculated." ♠

Resources

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TWO SIDES OF THE STORY
Pages 58–63 Decoration, by Cullman & Kravis, 790 Madison Ave., Suite 206, New York, NY 10021; (212) 249-3874. Cullman house alteration, by Robert A. M. Stern Architects, NYC (212) 246-1980. Cullman house wing, by Rink DuPont of Laurent T. DuPont, Architects, (203) 966-5185. Cullman house construction, by Ray Van De Water, (203) 938-2928. Custom handsewn lampshades, to the trade from Abat-Jour, NYC (212) 753-5455. **58** Chair, similar at Artemis, (914) 669-5971. Ruspoli viscose damask on chair, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Giverny silk cord (#C14T-039), custom metallic/spun-rayon gimp (#V604-999), both on chair, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Carpet, similar at Dildarian, NYC (212) 288-4948. La Portugaise Cotton & Linen Print (#36602.01), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Akebia cotton/polyester woven paisley on ottoman, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. George II mirror to left of fireplace, similar at Clifford Wright Antiques, London (71) 589-0986. Custom reproduction George II mirror to right of fireplace, similar to order from Curry & Hovis, (914) 764-1138. Antique Dutch delft on mantel, similar at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-8660. Stenciling, by Helen Kelsey, Brooklyn (718) 599-1106. Living room glazing, by Lindsay Allen, NYC (212) 534-8098. Woodwork, by Frank Fiumara of Walmara Construction, (914) 666-3093. **59** Weather vane, similar at America Hurrah Antiques, NYC (212) 535-1930. Custom silk/wood-mold fringe (#FX4211-999) for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Les Jardins des Muses Cotton Print (#62790.01) for curtains, Trouville Linen Damask (#39444.01) on chair and sofa pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Edwardian cotton/polyester cord and braid on chair, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Kennedy cotton plaid (#AN0053), to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC (212) 688-6121. Custom Grandmother's Garden hand-hooked carpet, to order at Elizabeth Eakins, NYC (212) 628-1950. **60** Stenciling and glazing of entry, by Rene Lynch, NYC (212) 677-8101. Palisades carpet on stairs, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Stenciling and glazing of dining room, by Lindsay Allen (see above). Audubon sterling flatware, from Tiffany & Co., for

stores (800) 526-0649. Bakshaish carpet, c.1890, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. English demi-lune table, c.1810, similar at Clinton Howell Antiques, (914) 764-5168. **61** Betsy cotton place mats, Chambray cotton napkins, by Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above for pg 10). Castanet Cotton Plaid for chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Shelton Plaid linen/cotton (#A88722) for swag, to the trade at Greeff Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 223-0357. Custom chandelier, designed by Cullman & Kravis, similar to order from Authentic Designs, West Rupert (802) 394-7713. Decorative painting of dining room, by Mark Uriu, Brooklyn (718) 858-2977. Nohant Cotton & Linen Print (#174640) on wicker sofa and chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). **62, 63** Custom-embroidered Egyptian cotton bed linens, custom makeup mirrors, to order from Cullman & Kravis (see above). **62** Persan cotton on walls and furniture, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Custom silk cord (#C48T-999) and Inverary silk gimp (#V62-2) for dust ruffle, chair, ottoman, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Aurora Plaid silk, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. R. J. Horner dressing table and bedroom table, similar at Margot Johnson, NYC (212) 794-2225. Kelly leather/linen handbag, by Hermès, on dressing table chair, at all Hermès boutiques, for other stores or to order (800) 441-4488 ext 1001. Custom Huck Grid handwoven carpet, to order at Elizabeth Eakins (see above). Isabelle Braid (#90447/05) for wall trimming, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Cotton tassel fringe (#TF1001-2) for curtains, to the trade at Passementerie, for showrooms (718) 392-0100. Custom faux bamboo bench and curtain rod, similar to order from Nininger & Co., Woodbury (203) 266-4661. English candlesticks, c. 1890, mounted as lamps on Cullman dressing table, similar at Sentimento, NYC (212) 245-3111 by appt. Carnival polyester/linen dotted swiss sheer for table skirt, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Country Fancy cotton/viscose rayon/linen (#604304) for tabletop, by Waverly, for dealers (800) 423-5881. **63** Cordelia Cotton Print (#62833.01) for walls, curtains, and dust ruffle, Salisbury Woven Plaid viscose (#4009.01/5) for shades, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Custom wood-mold fringe (#FX4210-999), custom rosettes, both for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Carpet, similar to the trade at Berdj Abadjian, NYC (212) 688-2229. Button-back chair, similar at Bardith (see above). Zerlina Check spun rayon for button-back chair, Caserta cable and galloon for dust ruffle, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). R. J. Horner faux bamboo table, similar at Margot Johnson (see above).

WHERE HENRY HANGS HIS HAT

Pages 64–69 *Looking at Pictures,* by Henry Geldzahler, 3″x4″, $4.95, from Hanuman Books, Box 1070, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113. **64** Wegner chair, similar at Alan Moss, NYC (212) 219-1663. **67** Lights, similar to order from Judy Markham, Los Angeles (213) 913-0648.

THE FLOWERING OF LOCUST VALLEY

Pages 70–75 Garden design, by Adèle Mitchell, NYC (212) 794-0390.

ROOMS WITH A PAST

Pages 76–83 Design, by Joe D'Urso, (516) 537-3216. **76** Custom Bottom-Up shade, similar to order at Shade People, NYC (212) 533-7788. 18th-century Portuguese carpet, similar at Bernard Steinitz et Fils, NYC (212) 832-3711. **78–79** Sofa, similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644. Wagner étagère, similar at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401. Moser chest, similar at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. Epernay Cut Velvet bemberg on pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. English carpet, c. 1850, similar at Dildarian, NYC (212) 288-4948. Celestina chairs in dining room, by Marco Zanuso, at Modern Age, NYC (800) 358-4289. **80** Jean Royère nesting table, similar at DeLorenzo 1950, NYC (212) 535-8511. **82–83** Custom linen, to order at Nantucket Looms, Nantucket (508) 228-1908. Flischi floor lamp, by Ingo Maurer, for stores (212) 477-3188. Noguchi light sculpture (#1N) on table, by Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. Silver-plated lamp, reedition of Edouard Buquet lamp, at Full House, NYC (212) 529-2298.

RETREAT TO CASTILE

Pages 84–89 Decoration, by Paco Muñoz of Casa & Jardin, Padilla 21–19, 28006 Madrid; (1) 576-76-04, fax (1) 578-00-14. **87** Baumaniere cotton tablecloth, by Souleiado, 72″x108″, with 12 matching napkins, $308, at Pierre Deux, for stores (800) 874-3773. Toile Lavallière cotton (#1343) for curtain, at Burger et Cie, Paris (1) 42-97-46-19. **88** Dreanert curved glass tables, at Casa & Jardin (see above). **89** Reproduction white ceramic vinegar bottle lamps, made in Italy for Cald, at Casa & Jardin (see above). Monochrome Pink Roses linen/cotton, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 941-1212. Cestro terra-cotta lamp, cork paper lampshade, both by De Natura for Casa & Jardin (see above).

A FLING WITH COLOR

Pages 90–93 Scarves, by Gene Meyer, at Gene Meyer Accessories, NYC (212) 586-3983. Selected scarves, at Barneys New York, NYC; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; MOMA Design Store, NYC; Beach News, Miami Beach; Ron Ross, Studio City. **93** Skirt of 3 Modern Art silk scarves with turkey feathers, by Gene Meyer, to order at Gene Meyer (see above). Tebaldi silk shoes, by Manolo Blahnik, $550, at Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Los Angeles.

A FAVORITE HAUNT

Pages 94–95 Custom Venetian-style mirrors, hurricane lamps with brass arms and wood bases, screen, all by John Rosselli, to the trade to order at John Rosselli International, 523 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 772-2137. Tiger velvet silk/linen/cotton (#36510), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. **96, 97** Hand-painted floors, by Bob Christian Decorative Art, Savannah (912) 234-6866. **97** Crystal/tole chandelier (#0978), by John Rosselli for Niermann Weeks, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above), for other showrooms (410) 224-0133. Console tables (#185), by Estes Products, to the trade at John Rosselli, for other showrooms (901) 521-1514. Brass sconces, by John Rosselli, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). **98** Sun & Moon screen, Gothic birdcage, both by John Rosselli, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). Brunschwig Plaid cotton (#63366) on chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Hand-painted floor, by Bob Christian (see above). **99** Custom folding table, reproduction pineapple tole sconces, both by John Rosselli, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). **100** French-style bed, reproductions of dog painting, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). **101** Paisley Scallop chintz (#5138-3) on painted armchair, Mountbatten cotton (#6004) on armchair at left, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844. Zuber-inspired screen, by John Rosselli, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above).

COMING ASHORE ON CORFU

Pages 102–07 Decoration, by Dominique Benier, Box 262, 49100 Corfu; (30) 661-56576, fax (30) 661-56575. Selected items, purchased by Sally Yates Decoration Assistance, London (71) 834-6554. Restoration, by Erricos Theodotos, Dino Theotoki 4, 49100 Corfu; (30) 661-46212, fax (30) 661-56575. **105** Steamer chair, by Steamer Furniture, at Chelsea Gardener, London (71) 352-5656. Kalif cotton (#5673), to the trade at Boussac of France, for showrooms (212) 421-0534. **107** Bed, horsehair/lamb's-wool mattress, similar at Bed Bazaar, Suffolk (728) 723-756, catalogue available.

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN

Pages 108–13 Architecture, by James Volney Righter Architects, 58 Winter St., Boston, MA 02108; (617) 451-5740.

GREAT IDEAS

Page 122 Curtains, by Mary Bright of Mary Bright Originals, NYC (212) 677-1970. Karina chairs, by Joey Mancini, at Modern Age, NYC (800) 358-4289. Curtain, by Thad Hayes Design, NYC (212) 571-1234. Applause cotton velvets (#57, #05) for curtain, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. Curtains, designed by MaryAnne McGowan, (203) 625-9669; custom-made by Regency Draperies, Long Island City (718) 482-7383. Antique silk taffeta for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Badminton Taffeta silk/dacron for lining, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Giltwood balls, to order from Joseph Biunno, NYC (212) 629-5636. Versailles check on chair, by Christian Schlumberger, at Le Petit Trianon, NYC (212) 472-1803; to the trade at Hines & Co., NYC. **123** Curtain, designed by Gary Crain Assocs., NYC (212) 223-2050; custom-made to the trade at Thomas De Angelis, NYC (212) 620-0191. Pascal silk taffeta for curtain, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Dragon giltwood finial, to order from Joseph Biunno (see above). Barbershop striped gilded/lacquered wood rod, designed by Gary Crain Assocs. (see above), custom-made by Joseph Biunno (see above). Curtain and custom hand-painted rayon and cotton, by Carla Weisberg, NYC (212) 627-7632. Gilded tieback, by William Harvey Studio, similar from Loom Co., for stores (212) 355-2069. Curtain, designed by Ned Marshall, NYC (212) 879-3672; custom-made by Van Gregory & Norton, NYC (212) 866-4464. Charlotte quilted cotton, Constantine silk, both for curtain, Julias cotton stripe on wall, to the trade at Carleton V, for showrooms (212) 355-4525. Custom gilded/silver-gilt wood rod and finial, silver-gilt wood rings, to order from Van Gregory & Norton (see above). Curtain, designed by Parish-Hadley; custom-made by F. R. Quijada, NYC (212) 744-4242. Custom iron rod and rings, to order at Wainlands Mark II, NYC (212) 223-2376. Aluminum leafing on rod and rings, by Joseph Biunno (see above). Cotton Taffeta for curtain, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Curtains, designed by Parish-Hadley; custom-made by Regency Draperies (see above). Custom Pear wallpaper, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. Curtains, by Vivian White of White Workroom, NYC (212) 941-5910, with design collaboration by Bonnie Copp. Air carpet, by Christin Van Der Hurd, for stores (800) 435-8119.

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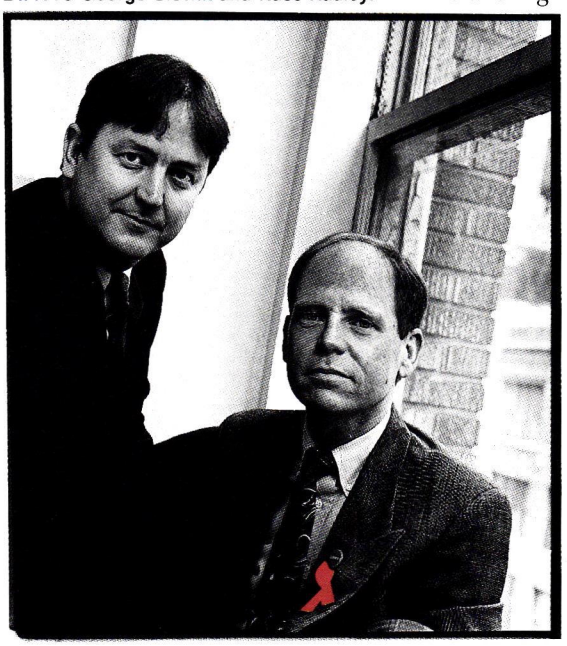
Gandee

The Design Industries Foundation for AIDS

"I think it's true of any illness-related fund-raising that people get involved when they've been touched," says George Slowik, publisher of *Publishers Weekly* and chairman of the board of DIFFA, a not-for-profit organization founded eight years ago this month because eight years ago this month prescient members of the New York design community suddenly realized that their community—our community—was not merely being touched by AIDS, but mauled by AIDS.

At the time, July 1984, mobilizing around the issue of AIDS was a dicey proposition because gay urban males appeared to be the disease's exclusive target, which meant any discussion of AIDS required not only speaking of the love that dare not speak its name but speaking of the graphic particulars of that love: two subjects guaranteed to make polite company squeamish. Add to that the dearth of scientific information about AIDS in 1984, and you have some appreciation of the course DIFFA set for itself—that of the blind leading the blind through the terrifying dark.

DIFFA's George Slowik and Russ Radley.



"Early on," recalls Slowik, "our mission was simply to sensitize the industry to the issue." This the volunteer organization did with, among many other things, DIFFA ads in the trade press (one of which read, unforgettably, "We must raise money because we can't raise the dead"). The money DIFFA raised was dispersed to individuals and groups involved in AIDS education, AIDS advocacy, and, of course, to the providers of direct services to people with AIDS. "We pride ourselves in helping groups in their infancy," explains Slowik, "groups for whom a $1,000 grant makes a difference." For example, DIFFA gave God's Love We Deliver, a New York organization that feeds the homebound with AIDS, one of its first grants, and the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt one of its first grants—as well as fabric.

Anticipating the disease's inevitable move into the mainstream—which is to say anticipating the ultraconservative current government estimate that one million people in the U.S. are HIV-positive—Slowik and the DIFFA board expanded their horizons: "We decided that we could use the creativity of the design industry to make everyone else aware of the AIDS issue." Which meant adopting a higher public profile and a more systematic approach to large-scale fund-raising and grant-making. Which meant in 1986 hiring Russ Radley as director of foundation relations. It was from Radley's modest command posts, first at a borrowed desk in the offices of *Interiors* magazine, then in the basement of the D&D building, that DIFFA came out, so to speak. The 1988 showhouse sponsored by *Metropolitan Home*, for example, not only generated an unprecedented $800,000 but also brought AIDS and DIFFA to the attention of the public. So did DIFFA's Atlanta-based project *Heart Strings*, an emotional and educational musical revue intended to "humanize" AIDS—to raise money and compassion. (Now on its second national tour, *Heart Strings* is traveling to thirty-five cities, with the goal of distributing something in the neighborhood of $5 million among those cities. Additional revenues are assured with ABC's *Heart Strings*–inspired special slated for this summer.) Also successful, if somewhat limited in appeal, were the 1989 and 1991 *Love Ball*s, as downtown diva Susanne Bartsch's much-publicized pageants for cross-dressers are called.

Asked where the money from such fund-raising ultimately lands, Radley reports DIFFA has "always tried to look to the growth areas of HIV infections." And now, eight years later, what are they? "AIDS is becoming much more of a women's issue. Women have been systematically excluded from even the definition of eligibility for benefits because the original diagnostic tools were for men. Other growth areas include prisoners and prostitutes, intravenous drug users and their sexual partners, minorities, and adolescents." Putting a finer point on the last category, he adds, "There are many many cases in the Bronx where the grandparent is the sole surviving relative."

In DIFFA's current quarters, a rough-around-the-edges loft, Radley points to a stack of requests for grants, primarily from organizations attempting to provide direct service to people with AIDS. "Virtually all of these three hundred proposals should receive grants," says Radley, quickly adding that they won't. The problem, of course, is that the proposals total $7 million, whereas available DIFFA dollars total just under $700,000. The difference is a big difference. Anyone can make one. (DIFFA, 150 West 26 St., Suite 602, New York, NY 10001; 212-727-3100)

Charles Gandee

SIGRID ESTRADA