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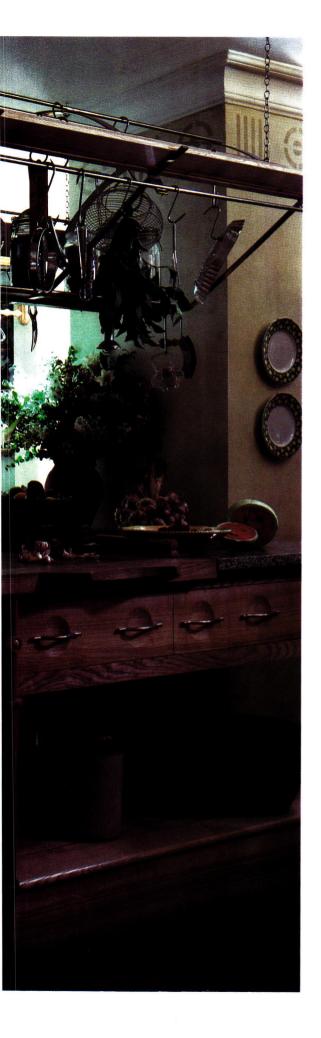
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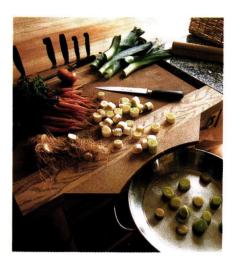
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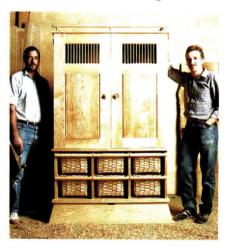
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HOUSE & GARDEN IUNE 1989

Volume 161, Number 6

COVER At Jane Fonda's new Santa Barbara spa, a spectacular view refreshes guests after a vigorous workout. Page 92. Photograph by Tim Street-Porter.



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Jane Fonda's Spa The energetic star works it all out in Santa Barbara. By Pilar Viladas 92

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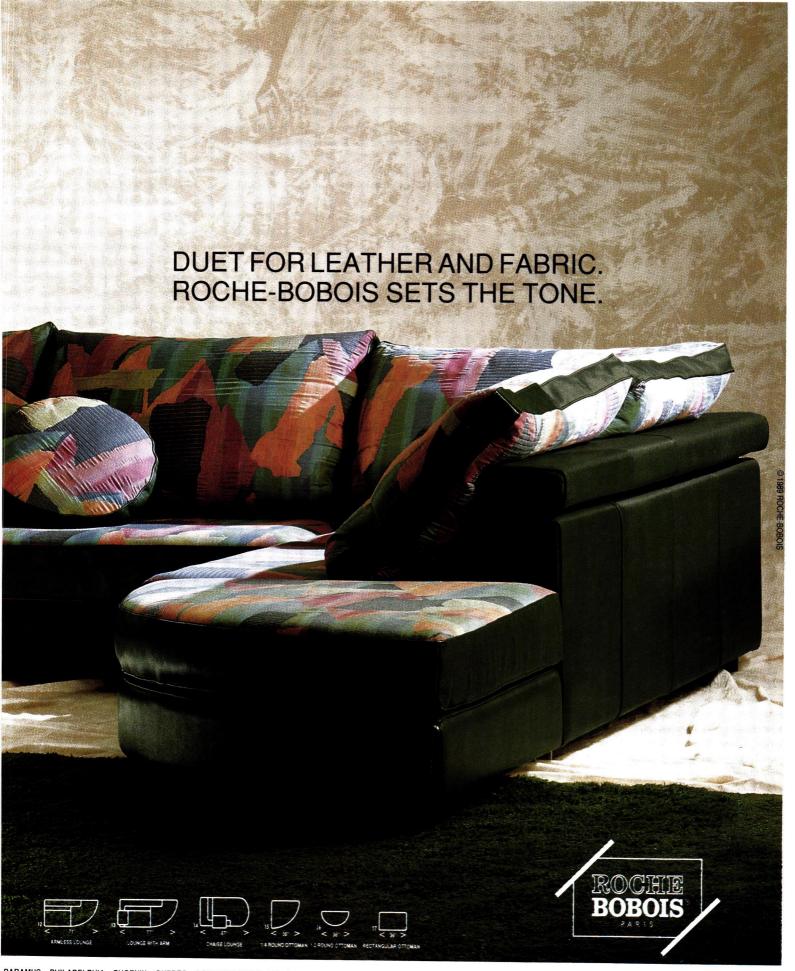
Barbara Bush, above, with grandson Pierce. Page 140.
Photograph by David Valdez/
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A New England dining room by
Mark Hampton. Page 98.
Photograph by William Waldron.



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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Doris Saatchi, an HG contributing editor and collector of contemporary art, uncovers the metalwork of Marie Zimmermann in this month's issue. "I was intrigued instantly," she says of the artist's use of varied materials and astonishing forms, from massive iron garden gates to flowerform copper bowls brushed with colored patinas.



Liz Logan helped start up 7 Days before coming to HG as features editor. She describes her vision of the magazine: "There is a character in John Cheever's Bullet Park who has a terrible cafard. Then he sees a beautiful yellow room where he thinks he could be content. He travels around the world searching for a house with such a room. HG lets you look for your own version of the yellow room."



Stephen Calloway, a curator of paintings at the Victoria and Albert Museum and author, most recently, of *Twentieth-Century Decoration*, reports on the restoration of American Colonial and English Georgian houses. "I've always been fascinated by period houses because of the way the artifacts and surviving decoration reflect the life of the past. I'm an old-fashioned connoisseur, constantly handling these objects."



an Noyes, joining as design director, gs a journalistic senity from his years as director of *The Washon Post Magazine*. G is informational news-oriented—we centrate on decorattrends and cuttingge designers. My

getic, manner.'

Deborah Solomon, author of Jackson Pollock: A Biography and a regular contributor on art for The New York Times Magazine and The New Criterion, wrote this month's feature on Pollock's influential teacher, Thomas Hart Benton. "When they finish a book, some people are done with the subject forever," she says. "Not me. I just can't let go.'

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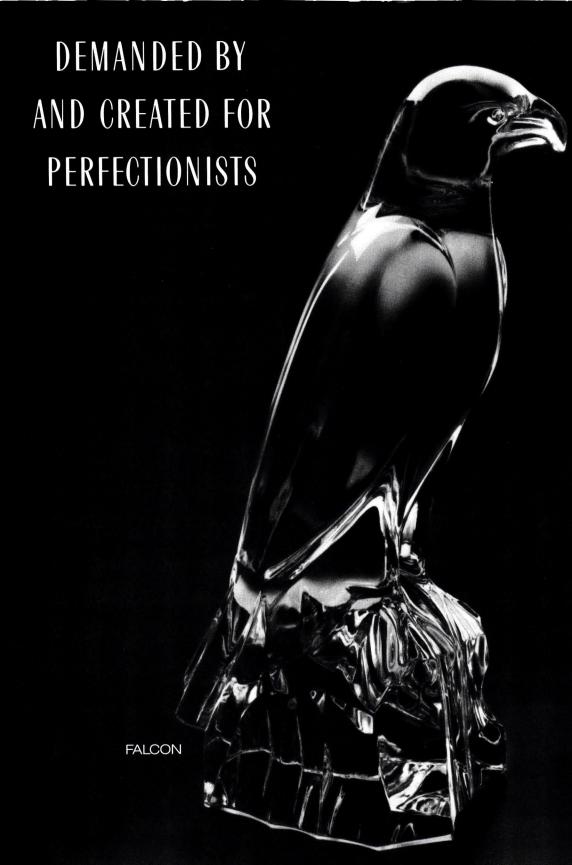
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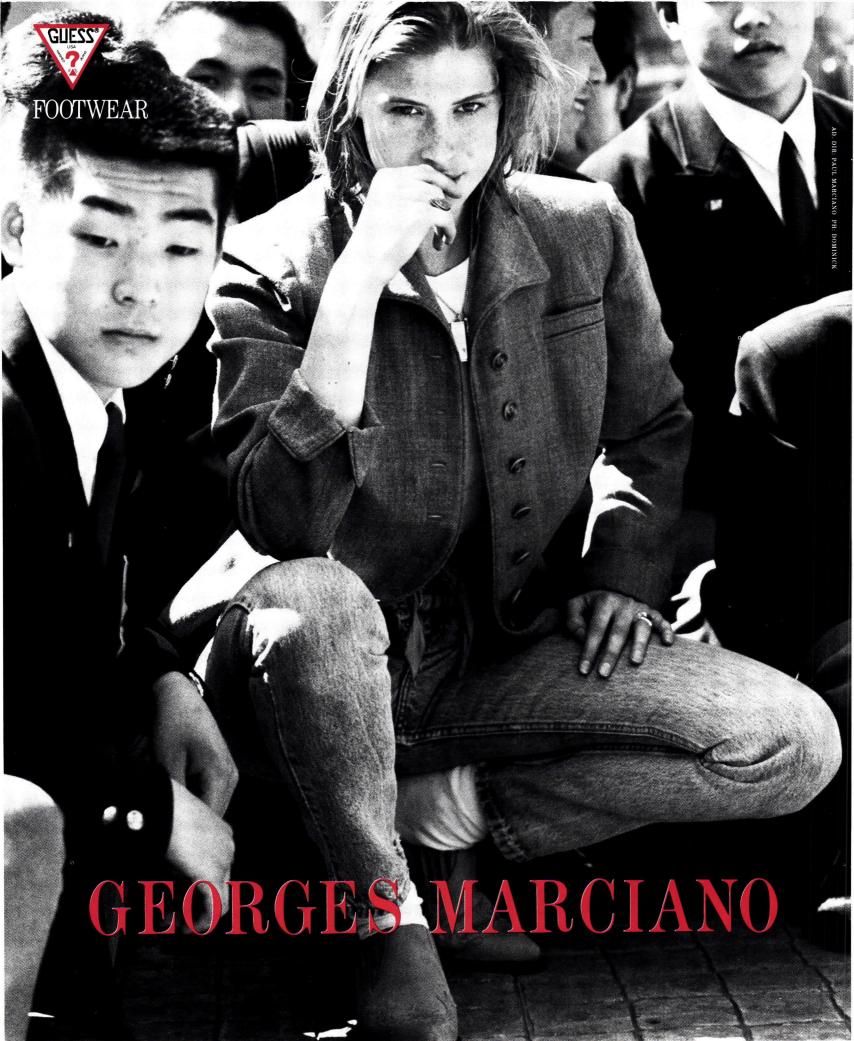


Bullock's



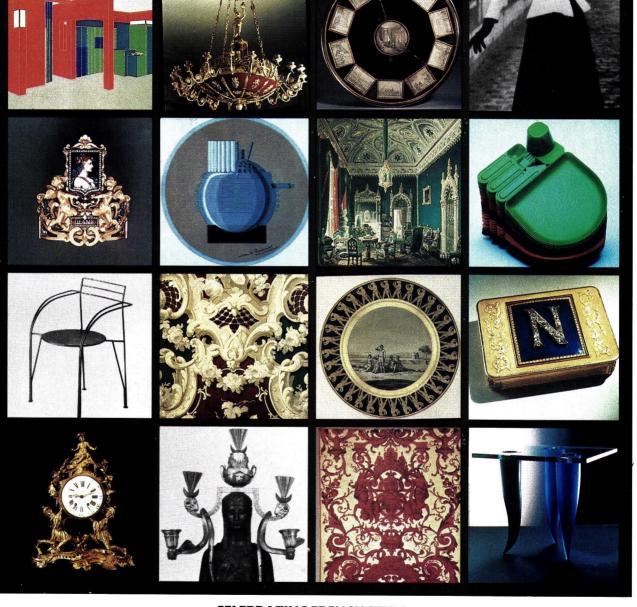
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HG reports on the new and the noteworthy

From top, left to right: Design for an entry hall, c. 1925-30, by Francis Jourdain; bronze chandelier, c. 1810-20; tabletop of ebony and gilded wood, c. 1815; Christian Dior ensemble, 1947; gold bracelet, 1883; design for a smoking set, 1936-38, by Jean Puiforcat; design for a bedroom, c. 1835; plastic disposable picnic set, 1977; steel armchair, c. 1987-88, by Pascal Mourgue; mid 19th century wallpaper; Sèvres plate, 1814; Napoleonic souvenir box; chinoiserie clock, c. 1860; Egyptian-style bronze candelabra, c. 1800-05; silk velvet, 1869; crystal table, 1988, by Philippe Starck.



CELEBRATING FRENCH STYLE

New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum salutes the bicentennial of the French Revolution with "L'Art de Vivre: Decorative Arts and Design in France, 1789–1989," featuring over 500 examples of furniture, silver, glass, ceramics, textiles, wallpaper, couture, and jewelry. On view through July 16. The stylistic effects of Japonisme and various revival movements will be examined at "A Taste for History: Fashion and Furnishings in 19th-Century France," a seminar sponsored by HG, the Comité Colbert, and the Cooper-Hewitt. At the Alliance Française, NYC, June 15, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. To register, call (212) 860-6868.



CARNATIONS FOR CANOVAS

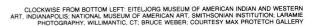
In a competition involving twenty member firms of the Comité Colbert, selected students at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology designed everything from sheets for Porthault to silver flatware for Ercuis. The winning fabric pattern (right) is by Susan Pollack for Manuel Canovas.

COUNTRY ROADS

With tin ceilings and painted wood floors reminiscent of a dry goods emporium (right), the Polo Country Store at 33 Main St., East Hampton, N.Y., features Ralph Lauren's weekend clothes, home furnishings, and folk art. Opens early June.

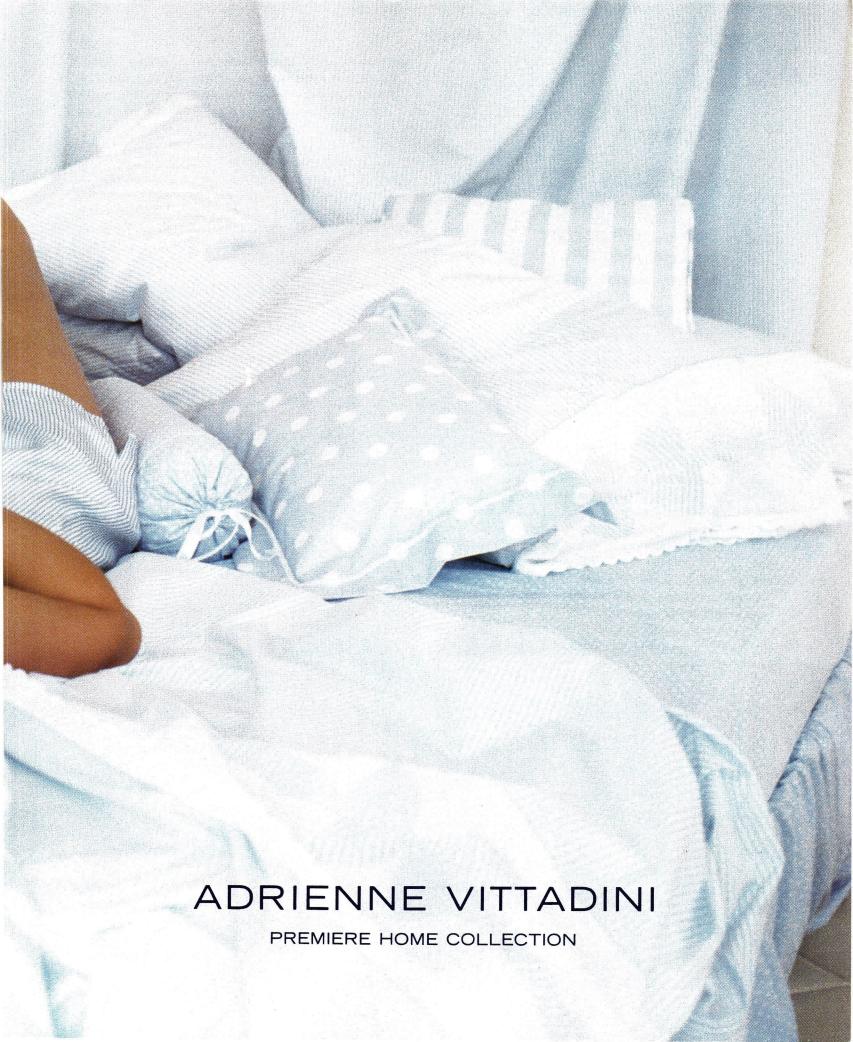
BEAU SÈVRES

Invited by the French Ministry of Culture to work at La Manufacture Nationale de Sèvres, ceramic artist Betty Woodman has produced exotic porcelain pieces (right) using traditional materials, \$2,000-\$6,000. Available through the Max Protetch Gallery, 560 Broadway, NYC; (212) 966-5454.









NOTES

DESIGN

Newman's Own

The movie star's camp for kids is built for hands-on fun By Joseph Giovannini

in Newman's words, "raise a little hell." Tuition is free: Newman's Own, the food company founded by Newman and writer A. E. Hotchner, has financed \$8.5 million of the project, a sum matched by other private donors, including King Fahd of Saudia Arabia who gave \$5 million.

For the designers, the real issue was character. "It has to do with everything you touch, smell, and experience," says Tannys Langdon, who started as project architect while with the Chicago firm and continued as its interior designer after establishing her own practice. Langdon found that even though she could have new tables fabricated out of plywood and veneers to look like pieces of solid

The Wild West "street" of arts and crafts studios, in front of the barrel-

roof gym, at right.

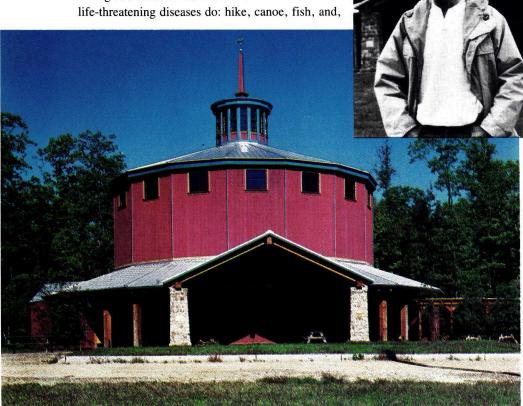


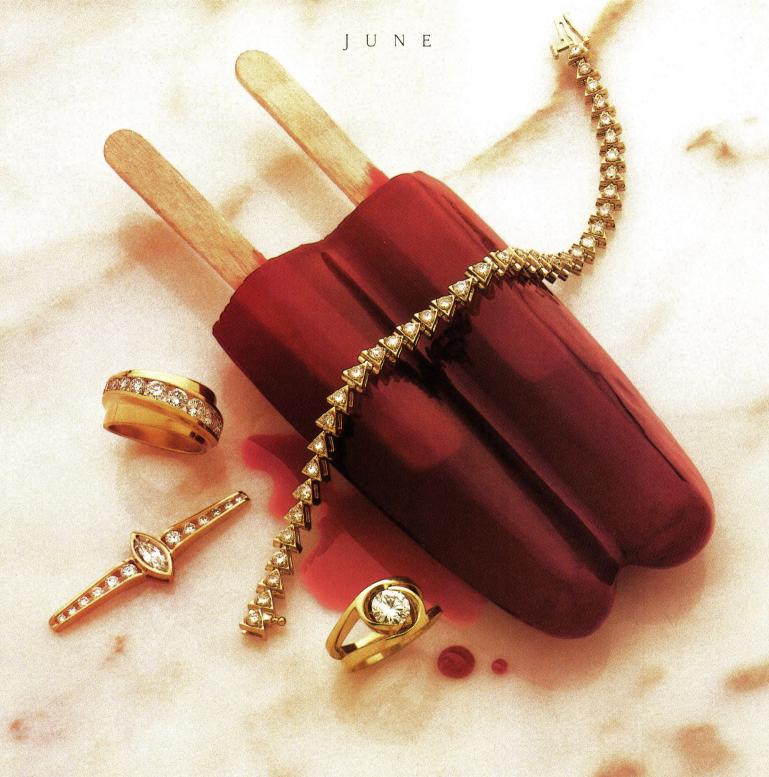
he Hole in the Wall Gang Camp, in the hills of northeast Connecticut, was finished barely a year ago, and already young campers, seven to seventeen years old, have carved their initials into its stout wooden tables and heavy timber beams. Paul Newman, founder of the camp, couldn't be more pleased. When Newman asked Thomas Beeby, dean of Yale's School of

Architecture, and his Chicago-based firm, Hammond Beeby & Babka, to design a retreat for children with cancer and serious blood diseases, he talked about logging camps and mining and mill towns out West and insisted that nothing look clinical. Even though the camp would have up-to-date medical facilities, including

chemotherapy equipment, only natural materials could be used in the buildings and furniture—no stainless steel, no plastic. The camp was to be a "normal" place where more than one hundred youngsters could comfortably and unselfconsciously during two-week sessions do what children without

Paul Newman, left, wanted a rough-and-tumble place where kids could "raise a little hell." Below left: The red barnlike dining hall. Below: The tall clapboard tower of a staff residence rises above the administration building portico.





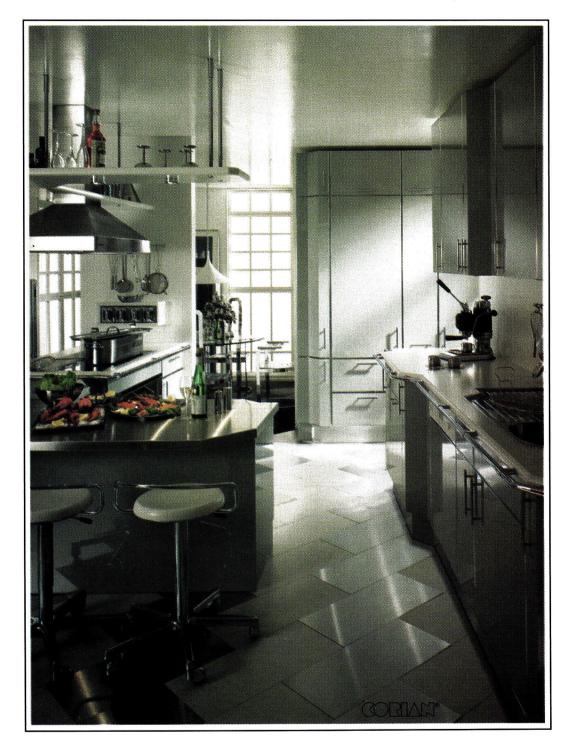
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NOTES

In the dining hall,

antique chairs from country

Windsor to

bentwood and

pressed golden

oak-reflects the

scope of Tannys

nationwide search for furniture.

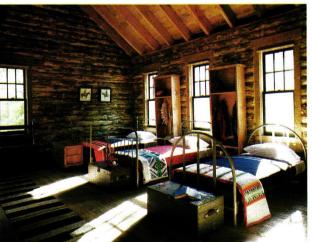
Langdon's

left, stylistic mix of

wood, it was difficult to find manufacturers willing or able to build solid wood tables.

She finally located a firm in New Mexico which could construct solid custom-designed tables and benches. But that left nearly 4,000 other pieces of furniture to acquire. Emissaries from her office went shopping at flea markets across America. Langdon explains, "We wanted pieces with an overt personality—nothing middle ground. And we wanted pieces that implied who had used them and how." One chair might look as though it had rocked for generations on a front porch, another as though it had served the same postmaster for thirty years. "It made sense to buy cheap pieces that had lasted," Langdon says. "I wanted the kids to be able to trash the furniture." Healthy abuse is just part of the ongoing history of the place.

The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp is sited on its 300-acre lakefront



Folk art-style stencils brighten staff office walls, top. Above: Rough-hewn logs and mismatched bed frames in a bunkhouse.

tual American countryside than in the eye of an actor accustomed to movie sets. The camp's name comes from the outlaw band in Newman's film Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. "We expanded the Butch Cassidy idea and created something based on rural and frontier architecture," says Beeby. Much like the furniture, each building tells its own story. The tall clapboard residences for staff look like garrison houses in a frontier fort, and the log cabins are grouped in circles, wagon-train style. The red barnlike dining hall and the gym face a village green, and arts and crafts takes place behind storefront

property like a small Western town, though the inspiration for this image lies less in any ac-

façades. The porticoed administration building exudes authority like an old-fashioned bank.

Perhaps the best evidence that the plan to create a knockabout environment has succeeded comes on the long gravel drive into camp. From there, approaching visitors can hear a great din through the trees, as though children were bouncing on the furniture and off the cabin walls. For adults the buildings may be resonant in their stylish use of history. But for kids, the Hole in the Wall Gang Camp is not a design. It is simply the kind of place where you can wake up to a bugle call and hang your hat on a moose head at lights-out.



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California Modern

Los Angeles architect Frank Israel is attracting national attention By Pilar Viladas

really haven't developed a signature style," says architect Franklin D. Israel. "I'm more interested in the backs of buildings than in the fronts." Such candid admissions may help to explain why the 43-year-old adopted Angeleno has remained one of the West Coast's better-kept secrets over the past decade. Granted, Israel's ratio of built to unbuilt designs hasn't been as high as he would like it to be, but it has recently taken a definite upward turn with completed projects such as a house addition for fashion designer Michele Lamy and filmmaker Richard Newton, offices for Propaganda Films, and a beach house for director Robert Altman, in addition to earlier commissions for Rita Moreno, Joel Grey, Jo Wilder, and hair and makeup artist Rick Gillette.

And, as if to confirm that his star is on the rise, Israel was recently the subject of a one-man exhibition organized by the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis—the first of six shows in the Walker's "Architecture Tomorrow" series, which focuses on America's most with-it young firms.

Design curator Mildred Friedman says that she chose Israel because "we wanted people who

had new ideas. While all these architects are influenced by history, their work isn't Postmodern. It's what's happening now.''

The six wood and concrete pavilions that Israel designed for his show contain everything from models and drawings to live trees (a reference to lumber's increasing scarcity). He attributes the inspiration for the show's themes of transcendent lightness, obscurity, and violated symmetry to the works of writers Italo Calvino and Milan Kundera. But if Israel's spoken architectural philosophy sometimes veers off into the arcane, his buildings remain rooted in the here and now. "I'm attempting to apply a Modern approach to design without sacrificing the regional character of a place," he explains, espousing a goal he shares today with Frank Gehry and historically with such architects as Frank Lloyd Wright, R. M. Schindler, and Charles Eames, all of whom translated Modernist architecture into a uniquely southern Californian vernacular.

The New York-born Israel arrived in California by a circuitous route: Yale and Columbia; a few years in Europe on the Prix de Rome; urban planning in New York; and finally a teaching job at UCLA, where he is now a tenured professor. Los Angeles also

Frank Israel, below left, in one of his structures at the Walker Art Center.

Below and below right:

Other aspects of the Walker installation. Right:

Propaganda Films.





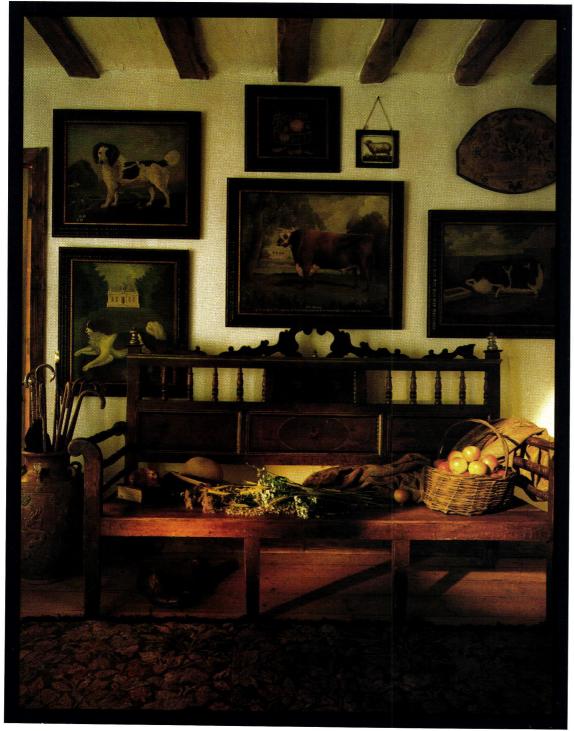
COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: LANGDON CLAY (2) GLENN HALVORSON; GRANT MUDFORD

HG JUNE 1989

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NOTES

provided Israel entrée into the film industry, where he briefly tried his hand at art direction on Roger Vadim's film *Night Games*: "There I was in the jungles of Tahiti, peeling leeches off my legs." Ultimately, the call of architecture proved too strong. "Film is illusion transcribed onto celluloid," says Israel. "Architecture is illusion translated into reality." Still, his ties to film and fashion have provided him with clients willing to take risks. "People like Michele Lamy and Rick Gillette bring out the best in me."

Israel's best is impressive. In the addition he completed last year for Lamy and Newton, a two-story pavilion clad in yellow pigmented stucco is punctuated by red-painted windows and held up by an exposed steel structure. All the rooms at what used to be the back of the house now open onto this space, which also includes the new kitchen—with cabinets and tile patterns designed by Newton, who worked with Israel on materials and finishes for the pavilion

and pool. The pavilion reminds Lamy of the loft where she and Newton used to live: "I find industrial spaces very romantic."

At Propaganda Films the industrial space was already there in the form of a bow-trussed Hollywood warehouse. Rather than divide the space into conventional offices, Israel opted for a design better suited to the company's avant-garde image-Propaganda has produced music videos for Sting and is at work on a new film by David Lynch. A large boat-shaped structure houses the executive offices, while smaller buildings shelter other offices, a conference room, and a café. Designer Paul Fortune supplied updated 1940s and '50s office furniture.

Israel's upcoming projects include the interiors of a Frank Gehry-designed house in Malibu; a collaboration with lightand-space artist James Turrell; two L.A. cafés; and a drive-in restaurant in Newport Beach. But when asked what he would really like to do, Israel replies unhesitatingly, "A gritty urban project." Given the architect's rather glossy client list, that hardly seems likely, though his answer, like his architecture, reminds us that Frank Israel values substance as much as he does style. A Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

Table and armchairs with pillows, above, from Paul Fortune. Right: Seen from the lap pool, the Lamy-Newton addition combines wood, glass, and pigmented stucco to evoke regional character through Modern architecture. Yellow walls were inspired by a color in Lamy's fashion designs. Details see Resources.



SALESROOM

Jean-Baptiste Regnault's 1815 La Toilette de Venus (\$300,000-\$500,000).

Driven to Collect

Walter Chrysler's astonishing art collection lands on the auction block By Stuart Greenspan





Tiffany Cabinet vase

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for bidding this



alter P. Chrysler Jr. was the Peck's Bad Boy of American collectors. For more than half a century, right up until his death last summer at age 79, he bought, sold, traded, and gave away art on a royal scale. To say his taste was eclectic would be to vastly understate the scope of his energies and activities. He bought everything and, whenever he could, he bought in bulk. Much of what he bought was very good indeed; some things were not. A few were outright fakes, and it is that fact which is responsible for the cloud that hangs over the Chrysler name to this day—a cloud that may fol-

low the chunk of Chrysler's collection being sold at Sotheby's this month (fine arts on June 1; decorative arts on June 17).

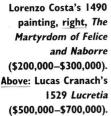
Chrysler was born in 1909 with a name that would soon be famous across America. His father, the senior Walter P., was the founder of the Chrysler Corporation, an individualist, a capitalist, and a self-made man. Walter Jr.'s cloth was cut differently. The elder Chrysler tried to bring his son into the family business; the interest, however, was not there and his efforts met with little success. Instead Walter Jr. dabbled at different things, including producing Broadway plays, but none exactly developed into a career.

Walter Chrysler's real career was collecting, and at that he showed remarkable and precocious ability. It is said that his first art purchase came while he was still a schoolboy. This prescient splurge—a little Renoir watercolor of a nude for which he paid \$350—was confiscated by his dorm master and destroyed as indecent. Still, it was not a bad beginning. After he completed his educa-

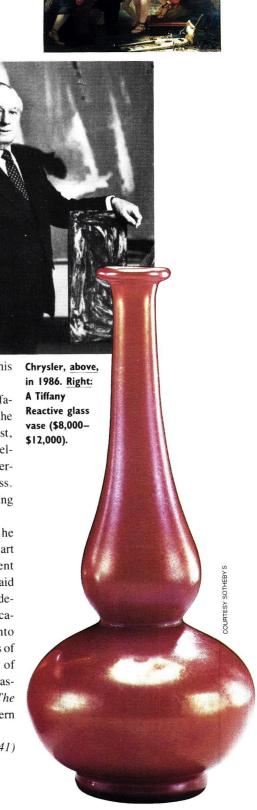
tion, a tour of Europe brought him into contact with the advanced art movements of the day and the leading artists, many of whose finest works he was to own. (Picasso's *The Charnal House* and Matisse's *The Dance*, both now in the Museum of Modern Art, once belonged to Chrysler.)

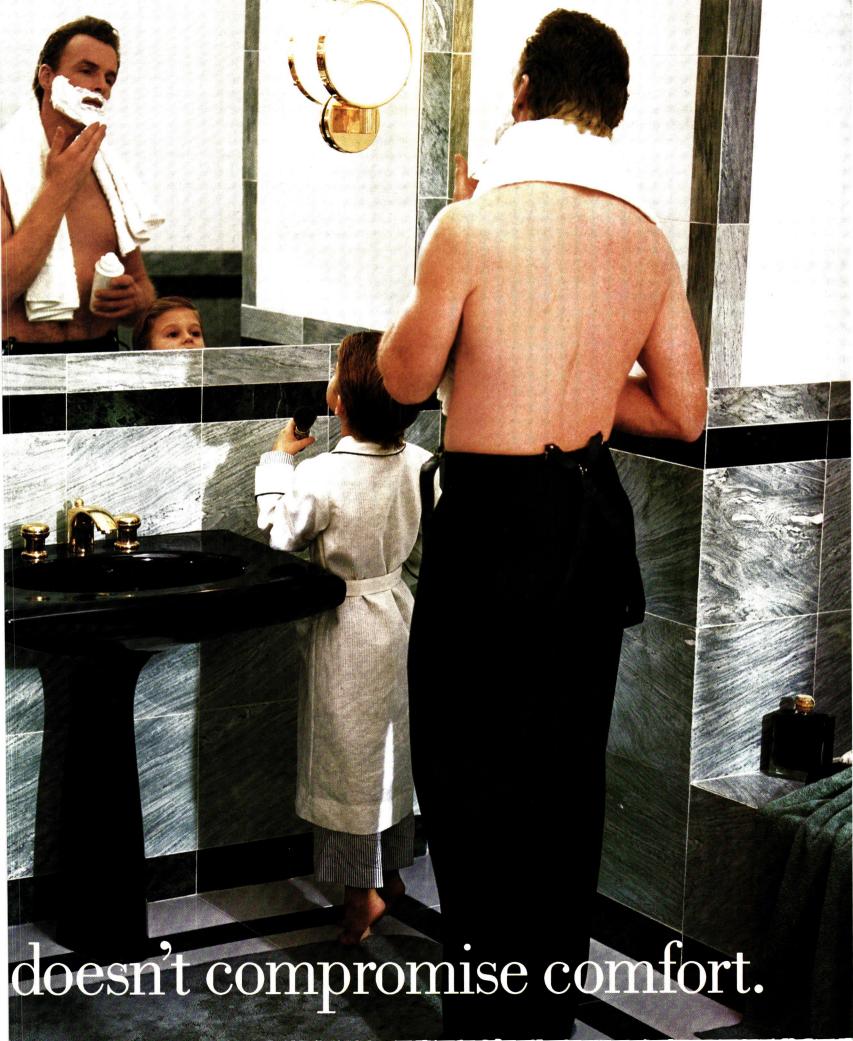
Chrysler's most (Continued on page 41)















Before You Plan Your Bathroom, Consider These 10 Questions.

- 1. Who will be using this bathroom?
- 2. What are their specific needs? Will your bathroom need to accommodate two people at the same time? Will any family member need special design considerations?
- 3. Would creating an exercise, whirlpool and steam area or laundry facility in your bathroom fit into your family's lifestyle?
- 4. Will you work within the existing room size and structure? Have you considered moving walls to add a dressing room, make-up area or a more spacious environment?
- 5. What is a realistic budget range for your bathroom?
- 6. What style of bathroom best expresses your taste and lifestyle? Contemporary? Country? What colors are you comfortable living with?
- 7. Have you considered upgrading from a regular bathtub to a whirlpool? Or perhaps a whirlpool for two? Changing from a countertop lavatory to a pedestal lavatory? Adding a bidet?
- 8. Did you know that if you renovate your bathroom, you are likely to get back more than your original investment when you resell your home?
- 9. If you're not ready for a complete renovation, have you considered giving your kitchen or bathroom a "face lift," simply by changing your faucets? Likewise, changing to a new faucet finish, either bone, white or red for a kitchen or changing your sink, can really add life to a room.
- 10. Have you considered adding an additional bathroom by perhaps converting a closet, or making use of other available space? The additional bathing space or guest bathroom will add convenience and comfort to your home, as well as increase your home's value.

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SALESROOM

remarkable characteristic as a collector was his ability to buy outside of fashion and usually well ahead of it. "When other collectors bought large canvases," he said, "I would buy small pictures. Later, when small paintings were more readily hung, I acquired large ones. When interest lagged in English, Dutch, and Flemish schools, I added them." In this way Chrysler acquired many of the Baroque and nineteenth-century Salon paintings which are frequently associated with his name and taste. Nor did he collect only paintings, far from it. He also collected stamps and rare books and 8,000 examples of American and European glass, including one of the most encyclopedic groupings of glass by Louis Comfort Tiffany, his neighbor on Long Island when Chrysler was a child.

By 1959 Walter Chrysler was looking for a permanent home for his burgeoning collections. He settled on a ninety-year-old Methodist church in Provincetown on Cape Cod, where he and his wife spent their summers. Not one to take a merely proprietary interest, this millionaire could often be found just inside his museum's front door collecting quarters for admission tickets and catalogues.

It was for the museum in Provincetown that Chrysler organized "The Controversial Century: 1850–1950," an exhibit that included seventy paintings attributed to such artists as Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, and Degas, all purchased from two New York dealers within two years. The title proved to be prophetic because by the time the pictures arrived in Ottawa's National Gallery, the show's second venue, word was out that half were fakes. This peculiar situation was debated in Canada's parliament in 1962, and several U.S. government agencies also started to look into Chrysler's doings. He was urged to remove the offending works but remained steadfast in the

face of the aesthetic storm, saying, "I'm satisfied. We can't look at masterpieces all the time. I think that would be rather dull."

The controversy simmered, and Ralph F. Colin, a founder of the Art Dealers Association of America, remarked at the time, "Any collector can make a few mistakes, but to make that many mistakes innocently... is unthinkable." Chrysler nevertheless remained tight-lipped, and the mystery persists to this day—did he buy and exhibit the "controversial" paintings knowing that a good many were fake, indeed likely produced by his dealer's son? Although the works in question were eventually weeded from the collection, the doubts followed it to the Norfolk Museum of Arts and Sciences in Virginia where it was transferred in 1971. The museum was renamed in Chrysler's honor, and he was appointed director.

Weeks after Walter Chrysler's death, the art world—and the Chrysler Museum's administration—was stunned to learn the museum didn't legally own all of the 15,000 works of art Chrysler had ostensibly donated over the years. Some of the \$100 million holdings were still held in Walter Chrysler's name. Although the museum was in the last stages of a major building program, 130 oldmaster and nineteenth-century paintings and 500 pieces of early twentieth century glass, lamps, and furniture, jointly valued at \$15 million, were removed to be sold by Sotheby's.

"There are no fakes in the art to be sold," says Sotheby's George Wachter of the paintings by such artists as Lucas Cranach, Bernardo Bellotto, Géricault, Ingres, and Gérôme. "There are a number of paintings," he continues, "that due to recent scholarship are going to be reattributed to other artists." Still, the Chrysler name, tainted or not, should provide the magic that auctions thrive on.

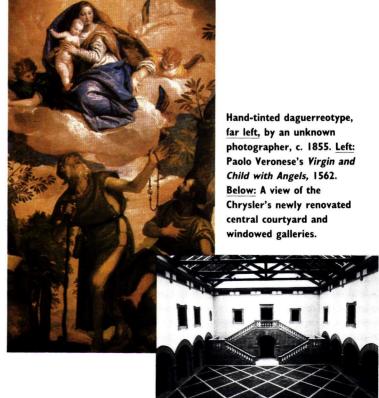
The Biggest Little Museum

t's a tribute to Walter Chrysler's collecting acumen—and excesses—that 630 works could be auctioned without significantly diminishing the prestige of the museum in Norfolk, Virginia, that bears his name. One of this country's smallest major museums, the Chrysler is fondly referred to by locals as the Metropolitan of the South. The Beaux-Arts structure, respectfully renovated and expanded by the architecture firm of Hartman-Cox, now boasts palatial windowed galleries, colonnades, and a skylit central courtyard. The collection is organized chronologically, grouping fine and dec-



orative arts of the same period. Starting with Egyptian antiquities, the museum gains momentum in Italian Baroque and academic French painting and winds up with Pop icons by Andy Warhol and James Rosenquist. Downstairs from the old masters is the Chrysler Institute of Glass, one of the most comprehensive in the world. The many passions of Walter Chrysler have given rise to a formidable temple of art.

Dana Cowin



DECORATION

Rethinking the Past

How 18th-century simplicity became our ideal of good taste By Stephen Calloway

was recently reminded of the story about an American arbiter of fashion and her attempts to get an exact shade of green she had described as something like that of the cloth on a billiard table. As shade after shade just failed to hit the right note, she finally, in exasperation, cried: "I want the green that won America!"

Now, of course, we all know what that means. We have seen it in nearly every historic house and museum shop, and it has become an almost inevitable element in any interior that sets out to evoke a colonial period feel. But why is it that, even subconsciously, we read so much into the simple interiors associated with this color? One answer to this provocative question lies in the way we in the twentieth century look at the styles of the past, adapting them to suit our needs

and express our own cultural and social ideas. We no longer simply romanticize the past; we make it work for us.

Since the beginning of this century, when Edith Wharton and Elsie de Wolfe first led taste and fashion away from clutter and showed how simplicity could be chic, the colonial interior increasingly came to be appreciated for its style as well as its historic charm. Surviving eighteenth-century houses and rooms were photographed and published, and the influence of the austere architectural woodwork and dense paint finishes of the period began to appear in ordinary domestic decoration. Nancy Lancaster, the doyenne of the Anglo-American decorating tradition, for example, recalls how, shortly after the First World War when redecorating her exquisite old Virginia house, Mirador, she had bought plain antiques and shunned bright overhead illumination in favor of wall lights made from old candle sconces. She also developed techniques for applying flat paint in more than one tint to achieve a mellow effect.

Throughout the early 1900s, as in the decades immediately before, nearly all the grandest and the most sophisticated American decoration was carried out in period style, and in these schemes the French and English tastes predominated. Much of the work was done by firms from London or Paris which imported through their New York offices not only fine pieces of furniture but also entire paneled rooms from England and boiseries from France. Against this background of "safe taste" we can, however, detect a growing awareness of national identity shared by both established American

Restored Morris-Jumel dining room, New York, c. 1790, below. Bottom: An interior at Colonial Williamsburg. families and more recent arrivals—an awareness fostered by the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876 and later reinforced by the decisive role the United States played on the world stage in 1917–18. In visual terms the major expression of this new feeling was the creation at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1924, in the context of the greatest collection of art in the New World, of a section including the decorative arts and traditions of the original colonies.

This American Wing drew together and, for the first time on this scale, gave status to specifically American antiques. New types of furniture were thus drawn into the canons of good taste, and in particular the simpler, rustic styles began to be admired by collectors and



Marlboro Lights The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette. Marlboro LIGHTS SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health. 10 mg ''tar;'' 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85

DECORATION

decorators with the sort of enthusiasm previously reserved for early English pieces or the work of the French master ébénistes. On an even more lavish scale, and certainly fired by similar aspirations, was the reconstruction of many of the public buildings and private dwellings of Colonial Williamsburg, of which the most important were the Governor's Palace, on which work was begun in 1931, and the Capitol, completed by 1934. Although many alterations have been made since, in their time these restorations set a benchmark for the reinterpretation of the past. Almost all subsequent attempts to re-create period style, including the refined research-based work in room settings at Winterthur, owe something to their inspiration.

Today a distinct "historic house style" has grown up on both sides of the Atlantic in which careful attention to color treatment, the bold reprinting of original wallpapers and textiles, and a love of little still-life groups of everyday objects all contribute to a freshly painted, spic-and-span look. The restored dining room in the Morris-Jumel Mansion in New York City, one of America's least-known and yet most delightful historic houses, is an excellent example of the style. Here a yellowish wallpaper is set off by not quite the green that won America but by its jolly duck-egg variety. I suspect that this is probably an accurate reflection of how eighteenth-century people liked their houses to look, but what is fascinating is the degree to which it also embodies the way many people like their surroundings to look now. They achieve this appearance by buying either old furniture or reproductions and hiding away the more obvious and unavoidable trappings of modern life.

In England much the same story is true, with a growing interest in the decoration of the more modest sort of old houses affecting contemporary taste rather more than an admiration for the unattainable

splendors of the grandest historic interiors. The crucial figure in the development of English attitudes to historic period style in the postwar period was John Fowler, who, working in partnership with Nancy Lancaster, formulated what many now think of as the classic country-house look. Though he was capable, when it seemed appropriate, of pulling out all the stops, Fowler's great contribution to the world of decoration was a vision of "humble elegance" perfectly expressed in much of his work with Britain's National Trust.

For many years the way in which the National Trust has restored and shown houses has been a subtle influence on us all, not least because as much emphasis seems to be placed on the servants' quarters 'downstairs' as on the grand 'upstairs' rooms. This factor seems to be reflected widely in the kind of bathrooms and kitchens people choose for their own houses, installing 'country house style' cupboards and work surfaces even in the tiniest city apartments. In 1985, Sir Terence Conran introduced furniture based on Shaker pieces, a style which to English eyes always seems reminiscent of the best downstairs fittings of grand eighteenth-century houses.

In London, as in other cities as diverse as Dublin and Washington, a new and admirably enthusiastic attitude to living in and pre-

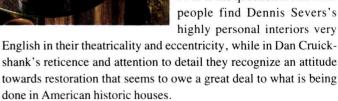
serving eighteenth-century houses has emerged, inspired to some degree no doubt by the "livable" image projected by some of the smaller historic houses, particularly in America. Among the New Georgians in London two enthusiasts exemplify different approaches to how a house can be restored and decorated. Both have taken on houses in Spitalfields, an old quarter on the eastern edge of the City, where a few streets of row houses built in the 1720s have miraculously escaped the grasp of insatiable developers.

Dan Cruickshank, the owner of one of these houses, is the architectural historian who perhaps knows more about this kind of building than anyone else in the world. The decoration of his own interiors is deliberately low-key, emphasis having been placed on salvaging period chimneypieces and reconstructing carefully proportioned paneling. Even some of the paintwork is meticulously archaeological, with pigment in one room mixed in the eighteenthcentury manner to a milk-base formula. This gives rise to hilariously shouted warnings: "Don't slam the door; it makes the paint fall off the walls!" Rather in contrast to the Cruickshank house is that of Dennis Severs, a Californian transplanted to Spitalfields who over the past decade has created one of the most remarkable, highly theatrical historic interiors in England. His house, which he opens for guided tours given at night by candlelight, is in a sense a series of richly conceived and wittily executed still lifes. Everything is based on images from paintings or other sources, but it is all made up like set design from a glorious mixture of genuine antiques, bla-

A neo-Georgian vignette in the 18thcentury London house of Dennis Severs. tant fakes, and any odds and ends that came to hand during the creative process.

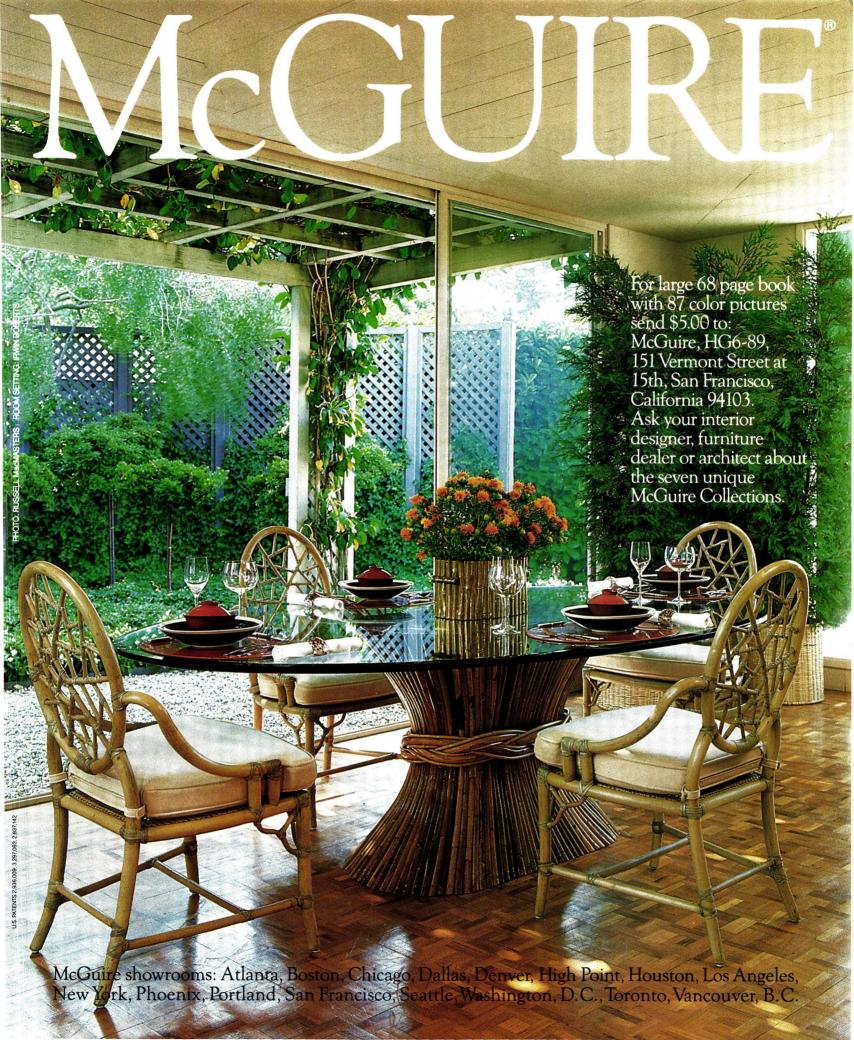
An amusing question springs to mind about these two London houses: which

would the American visitor familiar with eighteenth-century interiors in the States consider to be most English and which would he find the most accurate evocation of the period? (Curiously, and perhaps not entirely by coincidence, both houses have rooms painted in versions of the green that won America.) The simple, if paradoxical, answer to the question is that most people find Dennis Severs's highly personal interiors very



In essence, though, the question is a much wider one, for it concerns the very reason why we love old houses so much and why we are intrigued by what we can read of the past in their decoration. The fact that we can talk of that green that won America—and allude to far more than a paint color—suggests not only that we have grown increasingly sophisticated in our understanding of period style but also that it has become one of the subtlest and most potent influences on the way we live now.





TRAVEL

Call of the Wild

Tim Zagat scouts out luxury lodges in the wilderness By Nancy Marx Better

Back in the 1920s and '30s, in the heyday of great Adirondack camps and grand southwestern ranches, people knew how to summer properly. Some favored the active life, spending their days hiking, fishing, hunting, and canoeing. Others whiled away the time sipping iced tea on a veranda or curled up with a novel in a wicker rocking chair. When it grew cold, guests gathered around a fire to drink brandy and play cards. A jacket was de rigueur for tea and black tie for dinner; amid pristine nature, civility reigned.

"Staying at a rustic lodge today can take you back to that era," says Tim Zagat, publisher with his wife, Nina, of the Zagat United States Hotel Survey. Research for the book confirmed that civilized resorts in the wilderness, far from being an endangered species, are more popular than ever—and that many have improved with age. Best known for a series of restaurant guides, the Zagats relied on thousands of amateur reviewers who filled out detailed questionnaires—a strategy that the publishers advocate for its thoroughness and candid criticism. Their hotel survey drew upon reports from

4,000 respondents, for the first time including 500 travel professionals, who collectively covered 850 sites.

When it comes to rustic lodges, Tim Zagat has definite

guidelines: "A true rustic lodge has to be way out in nature, close to mountains, lakes, forests, streams, with very few people nearby." And the best lodges not only offer scenic views, they are also picturesque in their own right. Zagat's favorites are built of rough-hewn logs and native stone; inside, hand-carved furniture and handwoven rugs mix with animal skins and trophy heads. But within these aesthetic boundaries there is still plenty of leeway for style. "Some lodges are simple and unpretentious," says Zagat. "Some are formal in an old-fashioned way." Unlike a spa, "the rustic lodge is about enjoying nature at your own pace," he explains. "You can be as solitary or social, as active or relaxed as you like." Many lodges offer golf courses, tennis courts, and heated swimming pools as well as guided fishing tours, hunting expeditions, and other time-honored ways to heed the call of the wild. Herewith, Tim Zagat's suggestions for roughing it in high style.

THE POINT

Staying at the Point, says Zagat, "is like being a Rockefeller for a few days." That's because this waterfront retreat was built by William A. Rockefeller in 1931 as what turned out to be the last and most lavish of the great Adirondack camps. Set among balsamscented woods on a ten-acre peninsula, the Point has just ten rooms, with one suite, all overlooking Upper Saranac Lake. "People may be walking around in sneakers," Zagat observes, "but there is an atmosphere of studied elegance." By day, after breakfast in bed, guests may hike, fish, water-ski, or canoe; two nights a week they dine in formal attire. Game and fish are staples of the exceptional cuisine served by firelight. For a luxurious weekend Zagat suggests renting out the entire inn: "Take your nine best friends and re-create the feeling of being a tycoon in the 1930s." (Star Rte., Saranac Lake, NY 12983; 518-891-5674. Rates: Double \$475—\$650/night includes meals and alcohol; 2-night minimum)

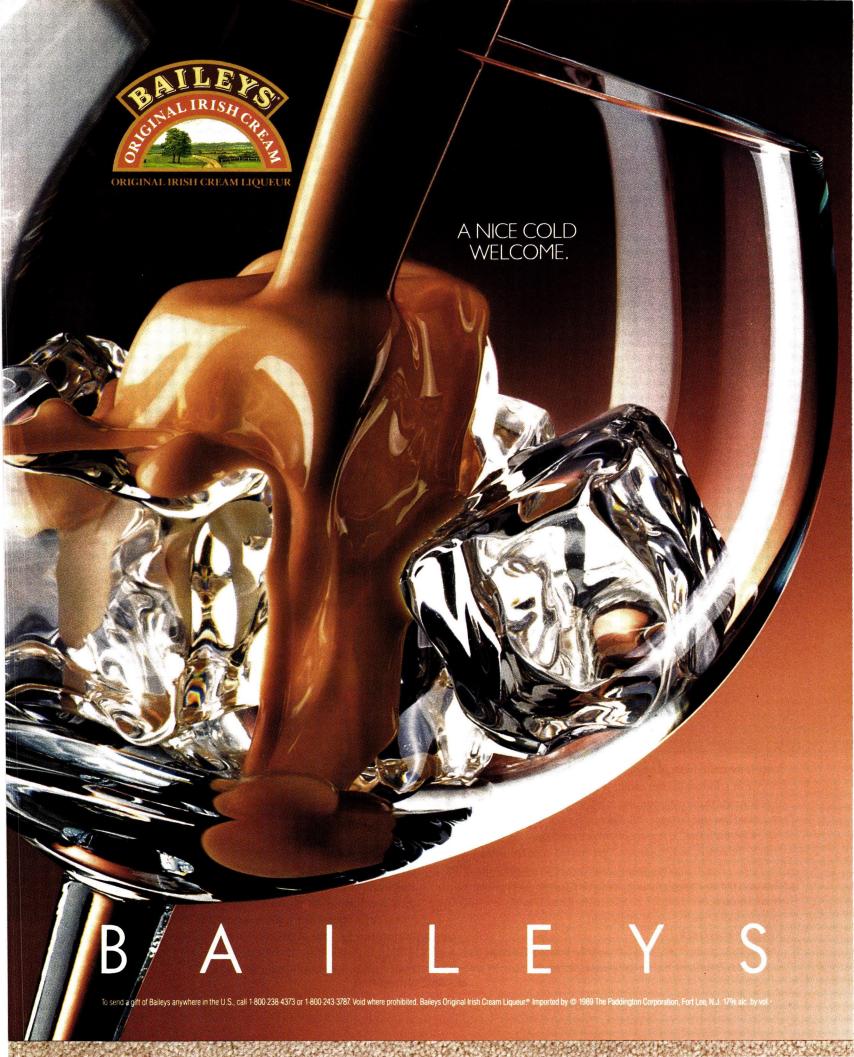
JENNY LAKE LODGE

Even before William Rockefeller built the Point, John D. Rockefeller Jr. was surveying a piece of land in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, which he eventually donated to the government to enlarge the Grand Teton National Park. Jenny Lake Lodge, built in the early 1920s on the Rockefeller tract, offers thirty well-appointed cabins, some with fireplaces. Zagat's reviewers give Jenny Lake top ratings for good, simple food; picnics from the lodge kitchen are especially recommended. The chief



The Point, in upstate New York, above and right. All guest rooms have views of Upper Saranac Lake.





ANTIQUES

Fine Lines

Classic American calligraphy drawings transform writing into art By Margot Guralnick

hen I was twelve and collecting everything from old bottles to hatboxes discovered on trash day, my mother hooked me up with one of her friends who was an ardent—and more important, a discriminating—antiques enthusiast. She invited me along on her weekend flea market forays and, over the years, gently added some focus to my helter-skelter collections by presenting me with Victorian schoolgirls' autograph books. These crimson-bound albums were filled with gracefully penned sentiments, both conventional ("Remember me") and ghoulish ("May we meet in heaven"). The most captivating volumes also contained renderings of doves and ships and feathers in swooping ribbonlike flourishes that were my introduction to calligraphy drawings.

Autograph books, however, were only one by-product of a

veritable craze for penmanship in the nineteenth century. By the 1830s a fluent and elegant "command of the hand" had become a necessity for men hoping to succeed in business and for women with social aspirations. Writing teachers, writing schools, and

writing manuals proliferated throughout the cities of the Northeast and Midwest. Starting at the age of eight, boys practiced their cursive script with the same diligence that their sisters applied to needlework. Itinerant penmanship masters (in some cases former

Trotting horses, <u>above</u>, 1883, from the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Center, Williamsburg. <u>Right:</u> Lion, c. 1860, from Hirschl & Adler Folk. farmhands self-taught from Why Not Learn to Write books) traveled the countryside conducting handwriting classes in private houses and inns. And penmanship contests and exhibitions were major attractions at state fairs.

Calligraphy drawings—or flourishings, as they were known-evolved in this country as a way for enterprising instructors to show off their skills and entice new pupils. Wielding quills or newly invented steelpoint pens and using the same techniques that went into forming shapely letters, professional penmen created lyrical images of trotting horses, well-coiffed lions, and boys bouncing on the backs of pigs. Students also tried their hand at calligraphy drawings, either as an alternative to practicing their p's and q's or as a graduation exercise. Their jaunty steeds and patriotic eagles clutching bundles of arrows-frequently copied, sometimes traced, from instruction books—have a decorative charm. Rarely,

This c. 1855 portrait

of a writing teacher,

from Hirschl & Adler

Folk, is attributed

Sturtevant J.

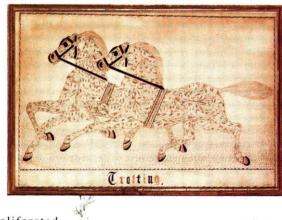
Hamblin.

to itinerant artist

MCNICA STEVENSON (2)/QUILL COURTESY VITO GIALLO ANTIQUES

however, do they measure up to their masters' virtuoso pieces, which like the best Chinese calligraphy make ink dance on the paper.

Tucked into albums and writing tablets or proudly framed, calligraphy drawings











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Shown clockwise, left to right:

A fine oak writing desk by the firm of Gustav Stickley, c. 1902. Estimate: \$8,000–\$12,000

A fine copper and mica table lamp by Dirk Van Erp, c. 1912, height 22¼ in., diameter of shade 19½ in. Estimate: \$30,000–\$50,000

An earthenware sculpture of a pig by Carl Walters, c. 1930. Estimate: \$5,000–\$8,000



FOOD

The Ubiquitous Picnic

A sunny sky is an optional ingredient for the classic alfresco feast By Gene Hovis



A not so traditional picnic menu combines fried chicken and coconut cake with champagne. Details see Resources

ost of us think of picnics as outdoor events, especially in June, when summer is at its best, but they are also enjoyable—and unexpected—indoors. An act of nature was responsible for my first indoor picnic: a downpour that was quickly turning the park into a swamp. With a refrigerator bulging with food, I was not about to postpone the event. Some telephone calls changed the picnic site to my apartment, where the environment was more dependable. Everyone came in their picnic duds, relaxed and at ease, and a fine time was had by all.

Encouraged by the success of this effort, I planned a picnic wedding reception for my friends Brooke Hayward and Peter Duchin. The weeks preceding their Christmastime wedding were crammed with elaborate parties, and it seemed that something different and a bit offbeat was in order. The picnic was held in the couple's spacious loft, which Brooke had decorated lavishly with pine boughs, holly, and tubs of poinsettias. About

fifty guests attended, in clothes that ran the gamut from dressy casual to jeans—not a sequin, lace ruffle, or black tie in sight. It was a high-spirited occasion that everyone enjoyed enormously. What did we eat?

MENU

Cheese Straws

*Fried Buttermilk Chicken

*Savory Meat Loaf

Bourbon Baked Ham

*Mustard-Dill Potato Salad

Baby String Beans and

Cherry Tomatoes

Cauliflowerets and

Bibb Lettuce Vinaigrette

Yeast Rolls

Chow-Chow and Corn Relish

*Fresh Coconut Cake

Hot Mulled Cider

Champagne, Red and White Wine, Beer

*Recipes for starred dishes follow

FRIED BUTTERMILK CHICKEN

2 3-pound chickens cut into serving pieces

2 cups buttermilk

1 tablespoon paprika

Few dashes Tabasco sauce

½ teaspoon sage

½ cup shallots finely chopped

finely chopped

Salt and freshly ground pepper

½ cup whole wheat flour

½ cup all-purpose flour

1 cup Crisco

Wash chicken pieces, remove and discard skin, and trim all fat. Pat dry. Mix together buttermilk, paprika, Tabasco sauce, sage, shallots,

and salt and pepper in a shallow bowl. Dip both sides of chicken into mixture. Combine flours and spread on a sheet of waxed paper. Coat chicken with flour and place in a single layer on waxed paper. Let stand at room temperature 1-2 hours. In a large skillet heat fat to 365 degrees Fahrenheit on a frying thermometer. Submerge chicken pieces in hot fat, one at a time, without crowding. Cook 10-12 minutes on each side until brown and done.

turning with kitchen tongs. Continue until all are done. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve at room temperature. Serves 4–6.

SAVORY MEAT LOAF

3 tablespoons vegetable oil

1 cup onions, finely chopped

1 cup celery, finely chopped

2 pounds ground sirloin steak

1½ cups Herb-Flavored Pepperidge Farm stuffing, finely ground

2 eggs, lightly beaten

1 teaspoon powdered sage

1 teaspoon dried thyme

1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley

1/2 cup seltzer water

Salt and freshly ground pepper

Sauce

1 cup tomato sauce

2 tablespoons dark brown sugar

2 tablespoons soy sauce

1 medium onion, thinly sliced and separated into rings

Preheat oven to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. In a medium-size skillet heat oil. Add onions and celery, and cook until softened but not brown, 7–8 minutes. Remove from heat and let cool. In



"Eggs Newport au Dijon"

1 rainy Sunday

2 freshly baked brioche

4 whole eggs

4 Tbsp. GREY POUPON®

Dijon Mustard

1 cup butter, melted

1 first edition Sonnets by

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

1 Tbsp. lemon juice

3 egg yolks

1 roaring fire

14 cup pre-cooked shrimp

1 recording "Scheherazade"

Sleep late. Poach whole eggs. Build fire to chase away the gloom. Mix egg yolks, lemon juice and Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard in blender at low speed. Add melted butter until sauce is thickened. Put on "Scheherazade." Heat shrimp and slice ____

brioche. Open Browning's Sonnets to

"How do I Love Thee?" and mark place with long-stemmed rose.

Place two poached eggs

and warmed shrimp

on each brioche. As the final touch, pour Grey Poupon Dijon Sauce over top. After dining, curl up with sonnets, gaze out at the rain

and hope it never ends.



Grey Poupon

One of life's finer pleasures.

a large bowl combine ground beef, stuffing crumbs, eggs, sage, thyme, parsley, seltzer, and cooked onions and celery. Mix thoroughly with your hands until all ingredients are blended and mixture is light and spongy. Add salt and pepper to taste. Mound into a loaf on a lightly oiled shallow baking pan.

Sauce. Mix together tomato sauce, brown sugar, and soy sauce. Spread half the sauce over entire surface of meat loaf, and arrange onion rings over all. Bake for 30 minutes. Remove from oven, cover loaf with remaining sauce, and return to oven. Reduce heat to 375 degrees and bake 30 minutes longer. Serve hot, warm, or at room temperature. Serves 6–8.

MUSTARD-DILL POTATO SALAD

2 pounds new red potatoes, unpeeled ½ cup finely chopped celery 1/3 cup finely chopped red onion 3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped ½ cup chopped fresh dill 1/2 cup mayonnaise 1 tablespoon white vinegar 1 tablespoon Dijon mustard Salt and freshly ground pepper Lettuce Cherry tomatoes

Scrub potatoes and cut into large chunks. Place in a saucepan and cover with salted water. Cover and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and cook until tender, about 15 minutes. Drain and transfer to a bowl. Cool. Add celery, onion, hard-boiled eggs, and dill to potatoes, and toss. Combine mayonnaise, vinegar, and mustard. Add to potatoes, and toss. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve on a bed of lettuce in a bowl and garnish with cherry tomatoes. Serves 6.

FRESH COCONUT CAKE

1 cup (2 sticks) lightly salted butter 2 cups granulated sugar 3 cups cake flour (not self-rising) 21/2 teaspoons baking powder 1 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla I lemon, juice and grated rind 6 egg whites

Coconut Milk Syrup Fresh coconut, including milk

1/2 cup sugar Lemon Filling 6 egg yolks 3/4 cup superfine sugar 1/2 cup fresh lemon juice

1/2 cup all-purpose flour 1/3 cup grated lemon rind

1/4 cup water

Seven-Minute Boiled Icing 2 unbeaten egg whites 11/2 cups sugar 2 tablespoons light corn syrup

5 tablespoons cold water

Preheat oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Grease two 10-inch round cake pans. Line bottoms with circles of waxed paper, and grease paper. Set aside. Place baking rack in the center of the oven. In a large bowl cream butter and 1½ cups of sugar until light and fluffy. Sift flour and baking powder together, and add, alternately with the milk, to the butter-sugar mixture in three steps, ending with the flour. Beat after each addition until smooth. Beat in vanilla and lemon juice and rind. Beat egg whites with remaining ½ cup of sugar until stiff but not dry. Gently fold into batter, incorporating well. Divide batter evenly between the two cake pans, and bake 30-35 minutes or until tops spring back when lightly touched. Cool pans on wire racks for 10 minutes, and remove cakes from pans. Peel off waxed paper, and turn layers right side up. Brush cake tops with coconut syrup while they are still warm.

Coconut Milk Syrup. To prepare the coconut syrup, pierce the eyes of the coconut with a sharp instrument and strain the milk into a small saucepan through a fine strainer or a few thicknesses of cheesecloth. Add 1/2 cup of sugar, and cook until the liquid becomes a light syrup. Tap the coconut all over with a hammer, and break it open. Slide a knife between the shell and the meat to extract it. The dark skin coating the white meat can be removed with a vegetable peeler. The coconut may be grated by hand or chopped in a blender or a food processor.

Lemon Filling. In a medium-size bowl combine egg yolks, sugar, lemon juice, water, flour, and lemon rind, and beat vigorously with a wire whisk until thoroughly smooth. Transfer to the top of a double boiler and cook over simmering—not boiling—water, beating constantly until thickened, 15-18 minutes. Cover top with plastic wrap to prevent formation of a skin and let cool. (You won't need all the filling; use the balance to spread over thin buttered toast triangles as a dessert or a teatime treat.)

Seven-Minute Boiled Icing. Combine all ingredients in the top of a double boiler. Over simmering—not boiling—water, beat with a rotary beater or portable electric mixer until mixture triples in volume and stands in high peaks when beater is withdrawn. Use at once.

To assemble cake, place one layer on a large round cake plate and cover generously with cooled lemon filling. Set second layer over filling, and cover sides and top heavily with boiled white icing. Cover all thickly with shredded coconut. Serves 10-12.

The picnic format is a comfortable and easy way to entertain before or after theater, for a children's party, or on a lazy Sunday afternoon. Almost anything goes, and you can be as creative or as practical as you wish. Recently some friends observed an Academy Awards evening with an indoor picnic. To match the elegance of the ladies and gents on the TV screen, champagne was served throughout the evening.

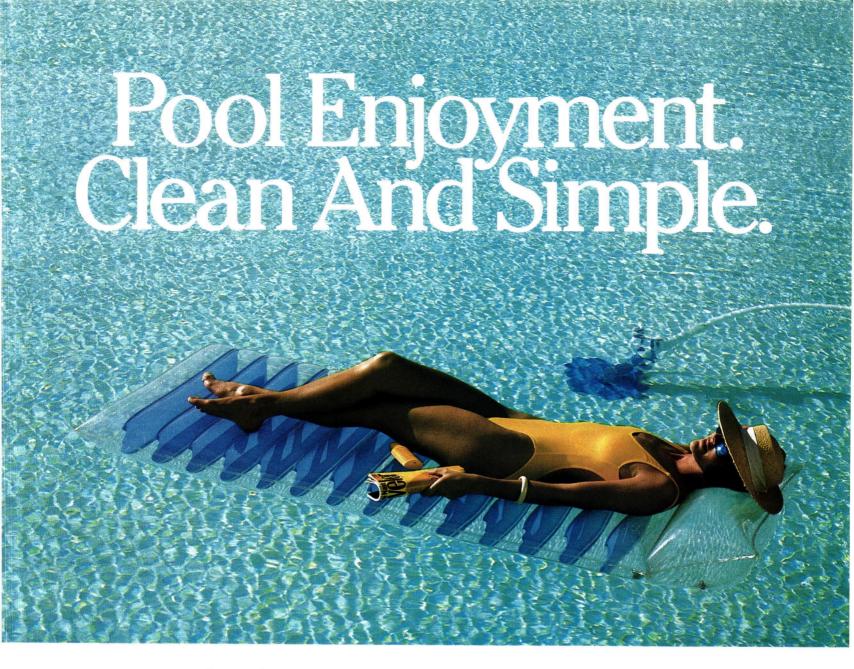
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IM LEWIS

REAL ESTATE

Home Ports

The high demand for boat slips is spawning creative solutions By Robert J. Adamson

wo hundred and ten years ago the only people living on the water around New York City were wretched prisoners crammed into the rotting hulks of British prison ships. Today thousands are lining up for the chance to float about these same crowded waters, creating a bicoastal shortage of urban slips. What space is available has become so pricey that many find they cannot afford both the boat and a place to keep it. In New York, Boston, Fort Lauderdale, and Los Angeles it is commonplace to be charged \$400–\$700 a month for a forty-foot slip.

City-based marina operators point to insurance and regulatory burdens that have forced them to hike up rents during the past decade. In addition, environmental concerns have prevented new marinas from being built in already congested and fragile coastal areas, and the high demand for waterfront housing in popular vacation spots such as Cape Cod and the New Jersey shore has led to the loss of a number of smaller marinas in favor of new development.

While the owners of smaller boats can store

them on trailers or in dry-stack facilities, the owners of larger ones, particularly those over forty feet, are distressed. One option is to treat boats as real vacation homes by installing them in smaller, indeed quainter, marinas in backwaters along the eastern seaboard and the northwestern coast. Prices can be almost half those of urban marinas. Often a quarter of the price of rental slips, harbor moorings are another alternative, although rowing a loaded dinghy into a fresh breeze on a dark night may dampen more than one's enthusiasm.

Buying a slip—a dockominium—may be the best way to beat escalating rental charges and assure yourself a permanent spot at the marina. In the early 1980s, several years after apartment owners and developers became enamored with the idea of selling off real estate as condominiums, marina owners and marine developers decided to see if the idea would float. Dockominium developers, with the opportunity to see a timely return on investment, have been able to upgrade older facilities and offer slip owners such amenities as cable TV and dockside telephone service.

Although dockominiums have sprung up across the country, the Florida coasts, the Chesapeake Bay, and the Northeast have seen the most dramatic development. Initially, dockominiums, like their condo cousins, were the result of conversion. The Anchorage Marina in Lindenhurst, Long Island, was the first of this kind in the New York area. Sloan Marine Associates purchased the property in 1983, invested a considerable sum to improve the conditions at the marina, and in 1985 began selling aquaminiums, as they called them. Since then the value of the slips, which originally sold for \$15,000–\$25,000, has risen 200 percent. Sloan is presently selling slips at the Lincoln Harbor Yacht Club, a new marina, in Weehawken, New Jersey, which will accommodate boats up to 120 feet in length. With its dramatic views of the Manhattan skyline, Lincoln Harbor will certainly attract the owners of larger boats who are searching for a place to tie up near New York City.

On the Chesapeake Bay about a dozen dockominiums have been developed over the past five years. Nautical Properties, the largest developer there, reports that half of the

slips they have sold have been purchased as investments to be rented out to other boaters. On the New Jersey coast several new dockominiums are under construction; the largest, Seaview Harbor Marina in Longport, even runs shuttle buses to the nearby casinos in Atlantic City.

Although only 4 percent of the 10,000 marinas in the U.S. are dockominiums, they represent a trend the prudent boater should not overlook. Their slips, which typically sell from under \$1,000 to over \$2,000 a foot, could prove to be an intelligent investment for the person who wants a first-class home for his boat at a price that will not blow him out of the water altogether.







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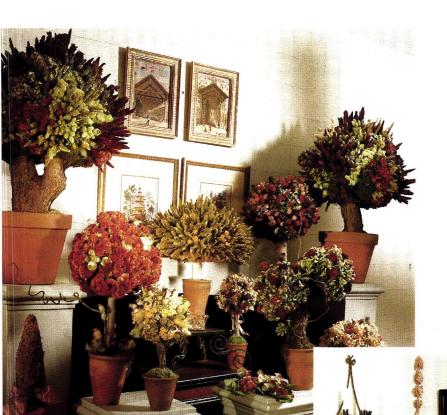
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DEALER'S EYE

Cultivated Pleasures

A new shop in Manhattan offers practical and fanciful items for gardeners By William Bryant Logan





The dried-flower topiary trees, above left, are "used to rusticate city interiors." Left: Antique Victorian wire birdcages adorn a reproduction country French console table. Above: Proprietors Susan Colley and John Humpstone.

new species of garden shop has sprung up on Manhattan's East Side. A simple storefront with a dark blue awning and a cast-aluminum Gothic fret-backed bench framing the single show window, Lexington Gardens brings inside out and outside in. There are practical items for the dirty fingernailed: spades, garden forks, a gorgeous new watering can, and a selection of Wilkinson Sword shears with bright plastic handles that make them look somehow semiautomatic. The garden designer will discover everything from a pair of authentic eighteenth-century gritstone finials of spheroids in crossed bands to an excellent selection of English and American cast-aluminum and wooden garden furnishings. Together with these, however, are several whole collections of flora-form decorative arts to rusticate city interiors: topiary trees of dried flowers, prints and engravings, antique rose-shaped grave markers, and reproduction ceramic footbaths to fill with mounds of potpourri.

The twin inspirations of partners Susan Colley and John Humpstone define the shop's point of view. Susan, an erstwhile Wall Street bond seller, traveled in Europe and fell in love with the window box gardens of Venice, making color in a place that would otherwise be gray stone. John, an interior decorator, found his way into the garden via the architectural landscape settings he saw on visits to Italian villas. So Susan adds green to architecture, and John adds architecture to green.

When the two friends conceived the idea for the shop, they thought how people who wanted really fine, unique pieces for the garden or home had to travel to London and beyond to find what they desired. The solution was for the partners to spend two years traveling through Europe themselves—from London to Ischia and Portofino—assembling a collection as wide-ranging

and eye-catching as a careful individual might find for herself. Some of the finds are true antiques—like a tall Regency jardinière whose supports are formed by three sinuously twining snakes with heads like dogs from hell. Others were modern copies, like some of the finials, dishware, and the two lovely mirrors framed in painted garlands. Other pieces—like a swirled gadroon urn—they bought as originals and had custom-reproduced, making it possible for customers to select the original or a fine, and cheaper, copy.

Their searches were not without a beginner's faux pas. One gray drizzly morning, for example, they set out for a great open market in Bermondsey hoping to arrive before the show opened. Sure enough, they

DEALER'S EYE

were there by four, in plenty of time for the five thirty opening—but sad to say, they had forgotten one indispensable item. "When the show opened," Susan recalls, "it suddenly dawned on us. The sky was still pitch black, and everyone but us had flashlights!" Nevertheless, they were able to come away with a pair of tortoiseshell glass vases and a nineteenth-century amethyst swirl glass bowl.

Both are impulsive buyers, collecting what strikes their eye. Among the garden engravings—of Renais-

sance water features, shed-roofed arbors, garden tools, chinoiserie, garden follies—is a fine series of virtually grotesque botanical illustrations of root crops. One may be a Jerusalem artichoke, but it looks quite a bit like the knobbly mountains in the background of Flemish paintings. "I bought it because it was peculiar," says John. "I got so sick of seeing pink and green tulips." Susan, by the same token, lovingly pats her monkey figurines, one of which wears a green jacket as it grinningly holds out a

shallow bowl suitable for potpourri.

Lexington Gardens has

all around it a look of

well-conceived disarray

The cluttered shop is awash in their collecting obsessions. Aside from the shelves full of flower and fruit plates—including a beautiful blossom-form plate with pomegranates painted on it—there are assemblages of baskets, birdhouses, and birdcages. On a recent visit two of the most striking baskets were a spherical one the

size of a bowling ball made entirely of dried fern fronds and an oblong one made of some strange wood—possibly co-

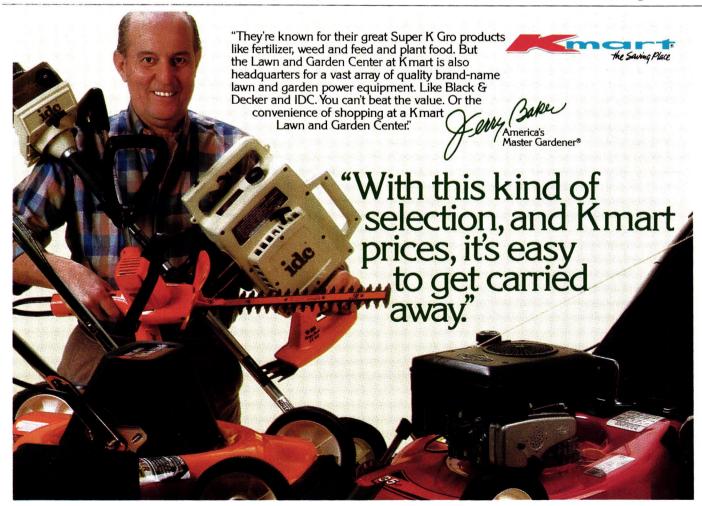
coa—so full of knobs that it appeared to be buttoned. The birdhouses and birdcages—most of them piled on a reproduction settee from Jefferson's Monticello—included cedar-shingled cupolas made by an old couple in North Carolina, a new white birdhouse in the shape of a slope-roofed saltbox, several antique wire cages, and a group of unusual Chinese-style cages recreated from antique parts. An even more uncommon item may be on the way: "I got a call yesterday from a woman who makes

bat houses," says John dryly.

Perhaps the most intriguing reproductions in the place are the dried-flower topiary trees created in a style reminiscent of the work of Kenneth Turner. A quilted pattern of textures and colors is composed of dried sprays of hydrangea, roses, yarrow, celosia, amaranth, thistle, and more. Most of the plant materials are imported from England, but the topiary is made in the United States.

Lexington Gardens has all around it a look of well-conceived disarray—something like a perennial border itself. Themes are grouped here and there, and no spot in the store is bare. Still, every object has its own perfection for the eye—and sometimes for the nose. A whiff of lavender drifts around the space, and the persistent shopper at last discovers its source in two exquisite sheafs of equal lavender stalks, each tied neatly with a parchment ribbon. The effect is at once studied and simple, like that of the store itself. (Lexington Gardens, 1008 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021; 212-861-4390)

Editor: Senga Mortimer





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LIPPE WAREN
Laguna Beach, California

CRYSTAL PALACE
Palm Desert, California

Carlos I A La Carlo Voca Daum Bouuque New York

SKWISE FROM BOTTOM RIGHT: BARBARA ASHMUN; COURTESY FOR STAMILIS & SON: BABBABA ASHMIN: PATRICK STAMILE (2)

GARDENING

Consider the Daylilies

Hybrids bring new glamour to the plain Jane of American flowers By Ann Lovejoy

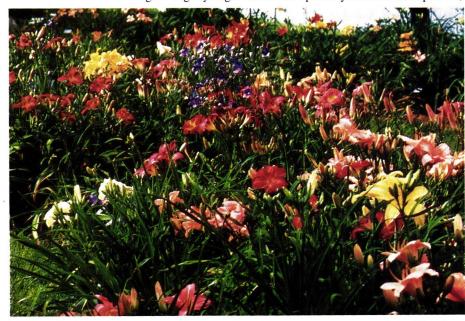
As spring swings into summer, the garden's earliest beauties give way to the lively but fleeting charms of June. Iris and peonies effervesce—for just a few short weeks. Oriental poppies open flagrant cups, then relapse into what looks like the scene of a cat fight. Many gardens are almost emptied after this first lush rush, with only a handful of flowers left to linger through the dog days. Happily, gardeners who want more than this can create marvelous, almost effortless effects for high summer.

Any border will benefit from the addition of foliage plants, particularly those that offer interesting textures. But since flower lovers will never be content with mere leaves, we must add perennials that bloom late and long, require little fussing, and repay every kindness tenfold. Nothing fills the bill like the American daylily. Pity European gardeners, who, owing to limited imports and different climates, must make do with a handful of older cultivars, muddy and indelicate. Here, dedicated plant tinkerers have elevated the invasive tawny species Hemerocallis fulva light-years past the first hybrids, which offered excitingly new, if rather sullied and impure, colors to an expectant gardening world. Rust and brick, buff and chamois, the lumpish early cultivars were diamonds in the rough. From them have been coaxed an enormous race of new American beauties.

True pink daylilies

were once a pipe dream, but now you can choose from baby ribbon and sugar-candy pinks, mauves and flesh pinks, and azalea and fuchsia pinks. There are clean yellows of every intensity. Reds run from smoldering near-black to clear scarlet. Strong tints of violet, plum, and grape have been perfected, the newest ones tending closer to true blues with shadings of gray. The classic daylily form, a narrow trumpet, has also been altered. Some have spidery slim-fingered petals, others are elegantly reflexed like orchids. Blossoms as flat as a sugar cookie may have petals crimped like piecrust. Ruffled daylilies display deeply fluted edges or petals trimmed with little pleats. One consistent aim of hybridizers has been to improve the substance of the petals—what in fabric is called hand. Modern daylilies are textured like slubbed silk, have a thick velvety nap, or are as glossy as old lacquerware. Diamond-dusted petals glitter when they catch the light.

Most daylilies are mid-size perennials, two- or three-footers that fit nicely in between the shrubby border backbones and the spreaders and sprawlers of the front ranks. Some of the strongest and most persistent bloomers are small-flowered dwarfs. (An intermediate range of slightly larger but still-compact daylilies are called ponies.)





'Bitsy', top left.

Center: Mixed daylilies.

Above: 'Siloam

Virginia Henson'. Left:
'Hope Diamond'.

At first considered just another oddity, dwarf daylilies have proven their worth to aficionados and nursery people alike. And who has not heard about 'Stella de Oro', a slight grassy-leaved miniature a foot tall which blooms nonstop from May through September? Stella's tiny golden trumpets are found in gardens all over the country, but few gardeners are aware that there are a lot more just like her back home.

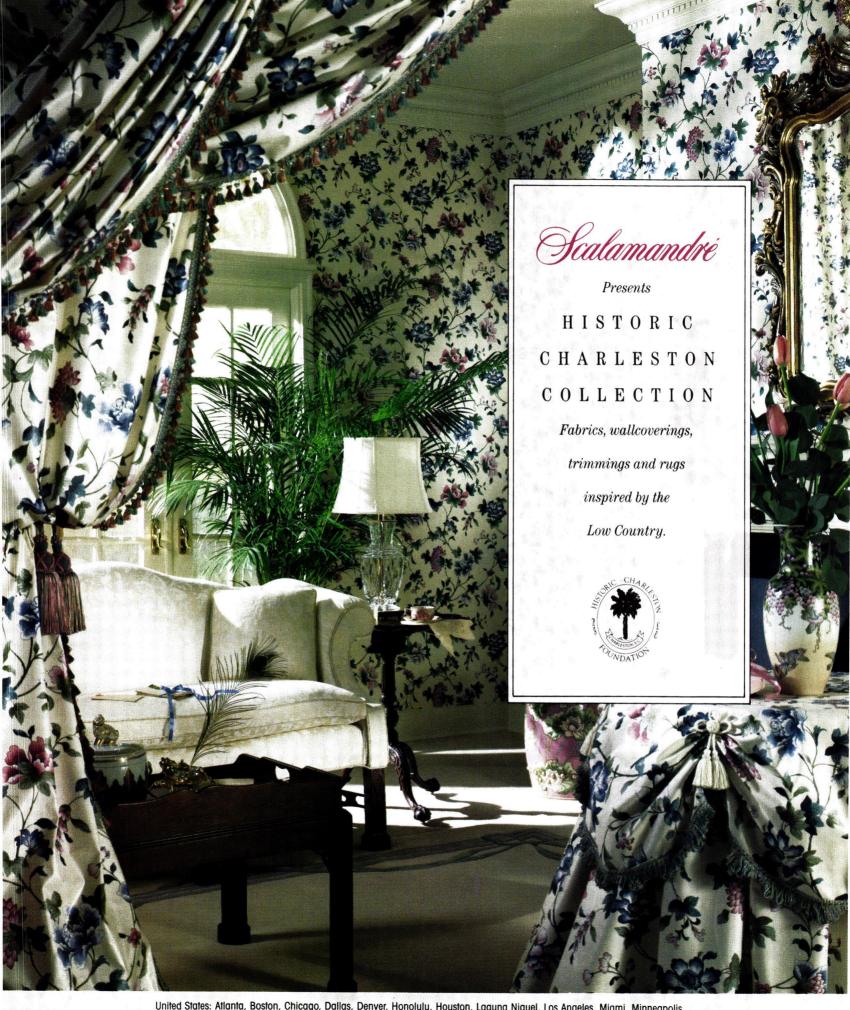
'Little Grapette', the color of Concord grape juice, is generally considered one of the half dozen best dwarfs, those that bloom

from summer into fall. 'Little Wine Cup', a rich burgundy, blooms lavishly, rests a bit, then begins again. A diminutive lavender dwarf, 'Little Lassie', is a reliable and consistent bloomer over a long season. Hundreds of new daylilies are introduced each year, of which few are outstanding. One of the nicest is 'Siloam Ribbon Candy', a heavy bloomer in deep

'Little Lassie' has a long season of bloom.

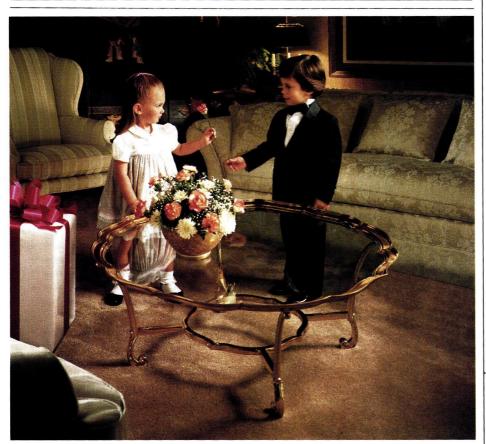






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GARDENING

satiny pink with a darker raspberry eye. 'Siloam Virginia Henson', a pretty pink pony with a ruby red halo, is yet another fairly recent arrival. The many 'Siloam' dwarfs and ponies were hybridized by the Henrys, a family famous in daylily circles for the quality and beauty of their introductions.

'Bitsy' is stalwart, always covered with tiny yellow blossoms. It looks wonderful in a pot, with the silvery lace of lotus vine and a tumble of blue clematis. More subtle toned, 'Terracotta Baby' glows amid apricot pansies, gray woolly thyme, and buttery achillea. 'Water Witch' is a late and heavy bloomer. The open blossoms are shaded with creamy lavender and pink, banded halfway down each petal with a dusky plum watermark above a lime green throat. Such throats are a highly prized attribute. The blossoms begin in July and continue through September; in regions with mild winters they last as late as Thanksgiving. A few daylilies, 'Water Witch' included, may be tender in northern gardens, requiring winter protection. All daylilies really deserve a winter mulch to protect them from frost heaves and desiccation. Famous for their easygoing ways, daylilies still perform best in good garden soil. Their greatest need is for water before and during their bloom period; here too, mulch helps keep the soil moist in heat and drought.

Although many plants are saddled with dreadful names, those of the dwarf daylilies are especially cloying; indeed, this is their only serious flaw. If you can't face asking for 'Buffys Doll' or 'Dancing Pixie' in person, consider the delights of mail order.

Daylily Sources

Caprice Farm Nursery

15425 Southwest Pleasant Hill Rd. Sherwood, Oregon 97140 (503) 625-7241

Cordon Bleu Farms

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San Marcos, CA 92069

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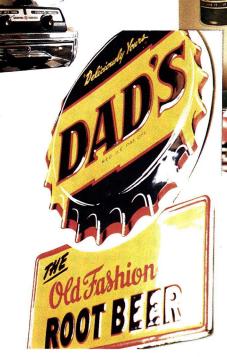
Savvy collectors are making their best finds at monthly outdoor antiques markets By Jonathan Lerner

hree times a year, tiny Brimfield, Massachusetts, erupts with commerce. Antiques dealers whose specialties range from art glass to advertising memorabilia spread their wares in virtually every open space, transforming this town, east of Springfield near the Connecticut border, into America's uncontested champion flea market. There's even brisk trading going on in Brimfield's parking spots, bathroom facilities, and at church suppers. You've missed this year's May 5–13 event, but you can still make the market in the first week of July or the second week of September (information 413-245-7479). Just get to town and find a place to park. Sellers are everywhere and they unpack all week long, so no matter which days you arrive, you've got a chance of finding something wonderful.

I've made my living as an antiques dealer for a dozen years, and next to Brimfield my favorite places to go collecting are the monthly antiques markets around the country. None are as enormous, but at



Architect Roy
Frangiamore, right,
frequents the Atlanta
Fairgrounds Market,
where he discovered his
Kalo bowl and spoons,
above, and Roycroft
vase, above right.



Illustrator Dale Sizer, above, acquired much of his collection of advertising signs, left, vintage appliances, far left, and fifties ceramics, below, at Pasadena's fast-paced Rose Bowl Fleamarket.

their best they emulate Brimfield's bounty. Dealers have time to dig up new merchandise and turn over what's already been shown, so there's a freshness to what they bring

that gives these shows an edge over antiques shops and weekly flea markets. The fact that a sleeper may be lurking among even the most motley array of goods charges these markets with the thrill of the hunt, and people eagerly travel hundreds of miles to attend. Some even camp out at the gates so that they can be among the first to arrive. What follows is a sampling of the most worthwhile monthly markets. The first three are my favorite haunts.

ROSE BOWL

Crazed buyers gladly pay \$10 to get into the Rose Bowl market in Pasadena, California, at six in the morning along with the sellers. The truly obsessed come earlier than that. Wielding flashlights, they wake up the dealers who are sleeping in their vans waiting in line for a space to unpack. Half of the 1,500 vendors at the Rose Bowl sell antiques and collectibles; the rest purvey everything from airbrushed T-shirts to jumper cables. The early crowd customarily includes the owners of Melrose Avenue's trendy antiques shops in pursuit of the choicest booty before it is snapped up by the retail-buying populace. (Daryl Hannah, Diane Keaton, and James Woods have also been spotted amid the Rose Bowl's crack-of-dawn throng.)

The history of California's settlement being what it is, there is less very early merchandise at the Rose Bowl than in markets farther east. But what does show up is impressive for both its range and quality. Vintage clothing, textiles, and rugs are Rose Bowl staples. There is also a great deal of furniture, especially the mid-century modern variety that's so hot now. Dale Sizer, a Hollywood-based



I was born the second son.

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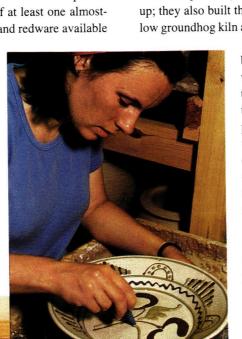
Mary and David Farrell carry on North Carolina's pottery traditions By Dana Cowin

t's always comforting to discover artisans carrying on time-honored traditions, to know that our history is being re-created and sustained by well-trained hands. Mary and David Farrell are potters whose dedication ensures the perpetuation of at least one almostlost craft. The Farrells reproduce stoneware and redware available

long ago around Seagrove, North Carolina, where they live.

When the area was nothing more than a shaggy wilderness in the 1750s, Moravians from Germany unloaded their wagons on the clay-rich land. In between worrying about hostile Indians and settling in, they established surprisingly sophisticated potteries. Old-world masters taught apprentices their craft and produced robust, highly decorated glazed and unglazed wares from porringers to pipkins.

In the early nineteenth century, fiercely independent rural potters, some recently arrived from England and Wales, created one-



Mary Farrell, above, draws freehand on a plate. Left: Moravian-style wares on display in the shop.

or two-person shops and passed down knowledge to their children and grandchildren. Today these old family potteries are beginning to thin out; the descendants are shaking the slip from their fingers and finding other work. Tradition is fraying like a rope stretched too tightly from the past to the present.

Visitors are

welcome to watch the Farrells at work at the Westmoore

Mary and David met while throwing pots at Jugtown, one of the respected family shops. After encouragement from the master potter, they decided to stay in Seagrove. So twelve years ago, at ages 22 and 26 respectively, they built Westmoore Pottery from the ground up; they also built their half-timber, half-brick house and the long low groundhog kiln a few hundred yards away.

The Farrells would do almost anything anybody asked them to do in the first few years, which sometimes meant work they were less than proud of. But now they can finally devote themselves exclusively to the replicas of old pieces they love. Mary's voice gets intense when she describes the challenge of re-creating old Moravian pots that she has studied in various private collections and museums. It seems to her as though the pots speak across the centuries revealing how they were made.

Mary and David stand at their electric wheels conjuring outmoded Moravian techniques, some almost 250 years old. After throwing a piece, they draw freehand on the body with various colored clays. Floral or abstract patterns are squeezed into existence, fired, coated with a clear glaze, and then fired again. The transformation from mound of clay to finished pot takes one month.

Neatly arranged cupboards at Westmoore show off the most handsome pieces: perfectly simple redware pots next to banded sugar jars, chocolate-colored mugs decorated with creamy squiggles and green dashes next to Moravian-style earth-toned plates strewn with offwhite and green flowers.

Since the display case shares the room with the studio, prospective buyers can watch Mary or David work (they each pot half a day while the other takes care of their two children). Most of the jars, jugs, mugs, and other wares are bought by collectors in neighboring southern states, but a number are also prized by museums that want to demonstrate how life in the South was once lived. At Westmoore Pottery history, indeed, is in the making.

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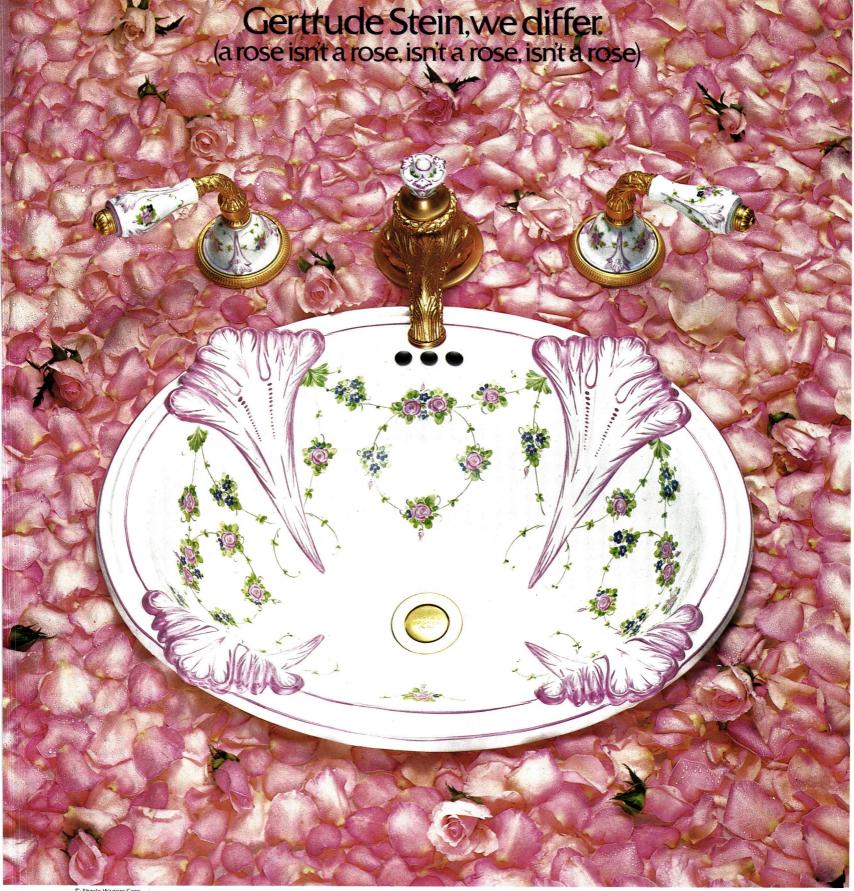
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TASTE

suit looking as nervous as a teenager. I myself was in a dark blue suit with a peplum made to order for me by Hattie Carnegie. I wore a green scarf around my neck and had a turban by Lilly Daché of dark blue and green. The group consisted of our hosts, the Maine lawyer, and the minister. After the knot was tied, we had some champagne with the minister and lawyer, who then left, and we had lunch. Our hosts were the merriest, gayest, most wonderful people to be with. I had always adored them, and even Vincent, who was not gregarious like me, was charmed by their great gesture of friendship. At last we had to leave because it was October and the days were getting shorter. So directly after lunch, leaving my son behind, we got into Vincent's plane and by four thirty were having tea at Ferncliff, my future home on the Hudson. The next morning we had a good laugh when some of the newspapers had a headline saying VINCENT ASTOR, INCURABLE ROMANTIC, ELOPES AT 61.

I suppose it was all very conventional. I have heard of others that were not-one of the most romantic was a couple who knew each other slightly, went off on a cruise on a friend's yacht, fell in love, and got the captain of the ship to marry them. I love a story like that. But these sudden marriages and second marriages miss out on one thing. They get very few wedding presents. That was the bonus from a large first wedding. I received two huge silver chests full of every knife, fork, and spoon imaginable, silver tea sets, trays, candelabras, coffeepots, platters, bowls, salt and pepper shakers, candlesticks, china, glasses, finger bowls, and, from my husband's family, a whole parure of sapphires. Today most young couples receive Cuisinarts and microwave ovens or a couple of cases of really good wine or even vodka. I think it would be nice if they received a modest jewel or a decorative box.

These three different types of weddings all share one thing I am glad to have experienced: I was in love and I was loved. I do not look back on my past happiness, as I wish to live in the present, but I still feel that those words said in the marriage service—"to love and to cherish"—are a true symbol of what it is all about. These marriages were really the three ages of man—17, 28, and 49. I learned a lot. My mother once said, "Don't die guessing," and I took her at her word.



Despite the world wide acceptance of Miss Stein's observation, there are roses and there are roses. As testimony we point to Sherle Wagner's rose bowl where the only contestants are hot and cold water, thus insuring everlasting life for the lovely flowers. All hail to this bathroom botanist for his own original contribution to the genus rosaceae. For illustrated catalog, send \$5 to Sherle Wagner, 60 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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EDITOR'S PAGE

hat could be more American, more genuine, more sophisticated in an essential, unpretentious way than George and Barbara Bush at home in Kennebunkport, Maine? When contributing editor Dodie Kazanjian proposed interviewing Mrs. Bush about her family's summer life Down East, I leapt at the chance to have the story for June—after all, the theme of this issue is the American summer. A sense of history and rootedness—of generations of Bushes vacationing there—gives the house, Surf Ledge, its special charm and grace. The camp in Vermont's Green Mountains that Sherley Warner Morgan built for himself in the late 1920s has also acquired a patina of age and family as it passes down through the generations. Both houses reflect a certain honesty—they are made for living, not display. Such comfort, of course, can be found on any scale: compare the 600-square-foot cottage where a Block Island couple finds "Zen-like" serenity year-round with the 30-room Southampton, Long Island, retreat that Lyn Peterson and Kristiina Ratia of Motif Designs transformed in the spirit of Shaker

An iron chair by a bay window at Birchbrook, a family's summer house in the Green Mountains of Vermont.



simplicity. Or consider Jane Fonda's Santa Barbara spa with its cozy rustic lodge outfitted with Arts and Crafts antiques. Mark Hampton's colorful design for a Connecticut house is equally relaxed, though unabashedly decorative. Decoration of another sort is the subject of contributing editor Doris Saatchi's illuminating essay on early twentieth century metalworker Marie Zimmermann, a superb craftsman on the brink of rediscovery. We also turn to the fine arts in Deborah Solomon's fresh look at the Americana of Thomas Hart Benton and in John Russell's visit with art historian Robert Rosenblum and his wife, painter Jane Kaplowitz, in their "intelligently historicized" loft. And finally, we feature Brooke Astor's remembrance of her three weddings, another HG tribute to the pleasures of June.

Many Vorograd

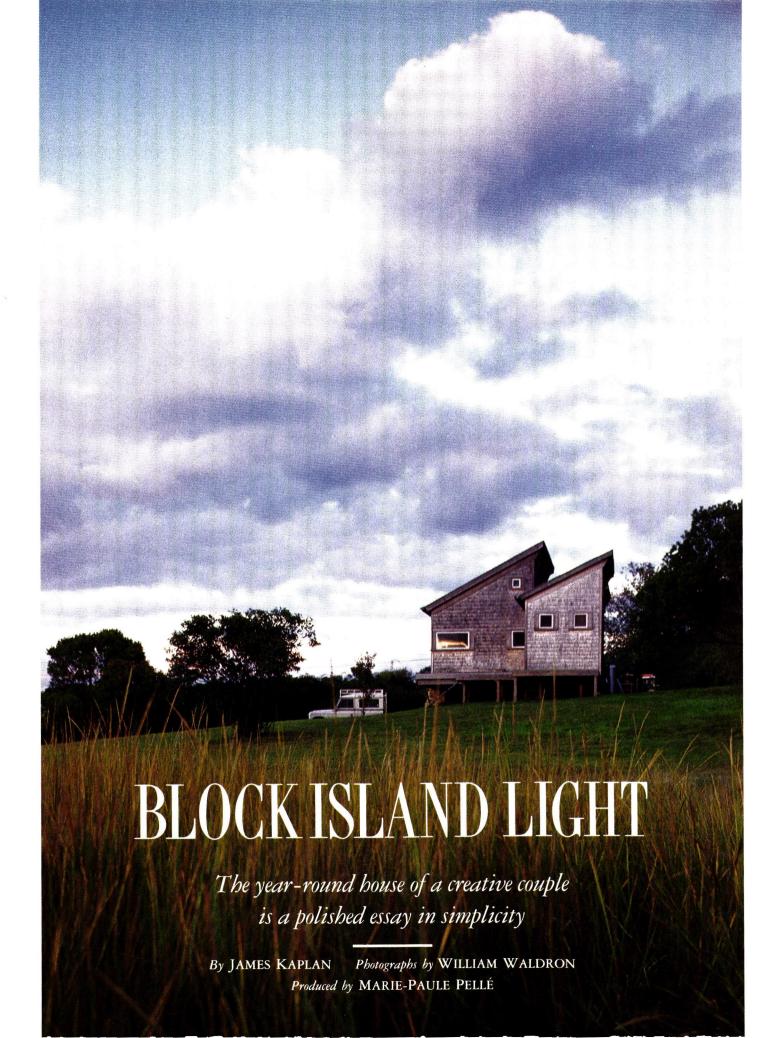


Geoffrey Rigby-Leather designed a working house, opposite, for a baker—his wife, Ela—and a designer—himself.

Below: A Rigby-Leather-designed sofa is flanked by a finch cage and a photograph of the property 120 years ago.

Details see Resources.







heir names are the first big clue that Ela Miloszewski Rigby-Leather and Geoffrey Rigby-Leather are not your standard Block Islanders. In fact, this hopelessly exotic, endlessly photogenic, unremittingly delightful couple don't have a standard bone in their bodies. Yet so sweetly do they project their out-of-the-ordinariness that they don't make you hate your own prosaic life; within minutes of meeting them, you might even start to feel kind of interesting yourself.

Sweet isn't necessarily saccharine. Ela has a baking business on the island, making cakes and pies that use fruit reductions instead of sugar. She's a former model for the art and high-fashion photographer Deborah Turbeville; sleek and Slavic, she lacks the usual model baggage of cloying prettiness. Her face is sharply evocative—not of lip gloss or beauty contracts but of ancient Mitteleuropa, a place of close alleys and dark narrow houses. She grew up in Buenos Aires, city of exiles, and the ac-

cent is—gently, mind-bogglingly—Spanish-Polish. Ela has been everywhere, true to the cliché about modeling—but if half of travel is what you take with you, then Ela has journeyed fully. Even at rest she suggests motion and possibility.

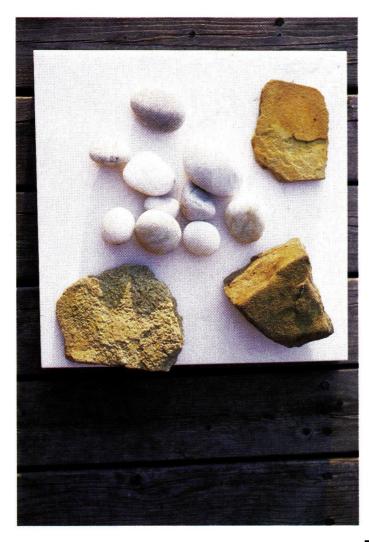
Geoffrey designs renovations, interiors, and furniture—yet once again the commonplace is thoroughly sidestepped. Where is the hip-to-the-eyeballs Postmodernist with a tiny shirt collar buttoned to the neck and slicked-back hair? Not here. If most designers are thoroughly earth, Rigby-Leather is air and water—hence his affinity for ocean and islands. He comes from the southwest of England, not far from the Bristol Channel. He's tall, thin, boyish, with a mop-top of hair and a big curved beak of a Brit nose. He tends toward work clothes. He blushes easily. His gentle voice questions rather than defines.

When Geoffrey finished his studies in art and design, he spent several years working in construction and consulting



The Rigby-Leathers,
top, deliver desserts to local restaurants.
Above: A Japanese tray displays
rocks and fossils. Opposite: In
the living room, gloves protect the
wall from the ladder to the loft.





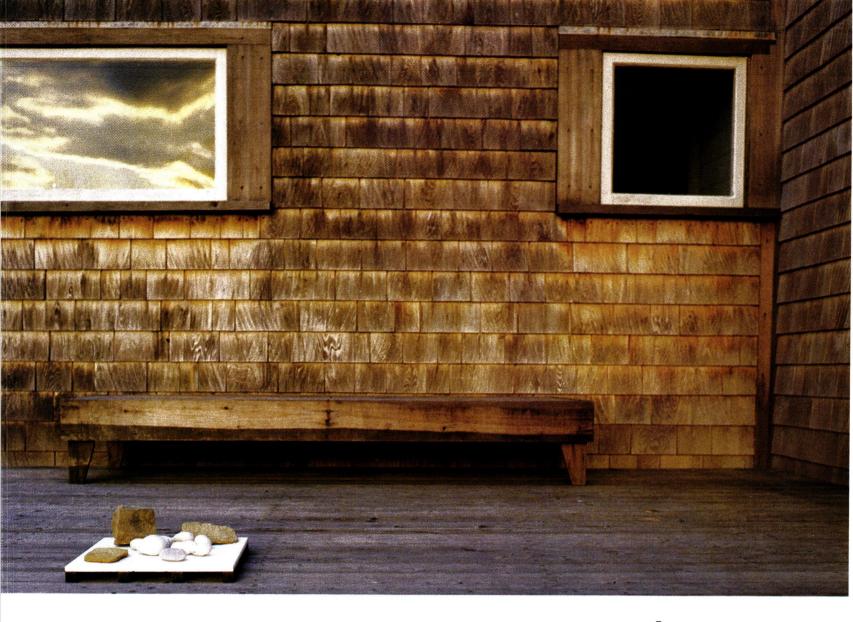


Above right: A Rigby-Leather table in the loft. Below from left: Ela's edible art; Geoffrey's studio, where he designs renovations, interiors, and furniture; Ela at work in the kitchen.









on house renovations. Then in 1975 he worked his way across the Atlantic on a freighter with his Russian motorcycle, then biked from Halifax down to New York, intending to continue on to South America. But he did some art directing for Deborah Turbeville, met her model Ela,and stayed. She smiles at the memory. "All the men in New York were too macho or too beautiful or too something," Ela says. "Geoffrey was just Geoffrey. He was eccentric." He helped redesign Turbeville's apartment in a Bedouin-tent motif. Geoffrey and Ela remember sitting on the photographer's terrace on Lexington Avenue, among the billowing canvas, coughing on exhaust fumes.

New York grew prosaic. The empire of money loomed on the horizon. Geoffrey and Ela and some artistic friends, as well as Deborah Turbeville, migrated to Paris. "That was before we were responsible," Geoffrey says. They all lived in Paris in the

circle of Turbeville; they had fun.

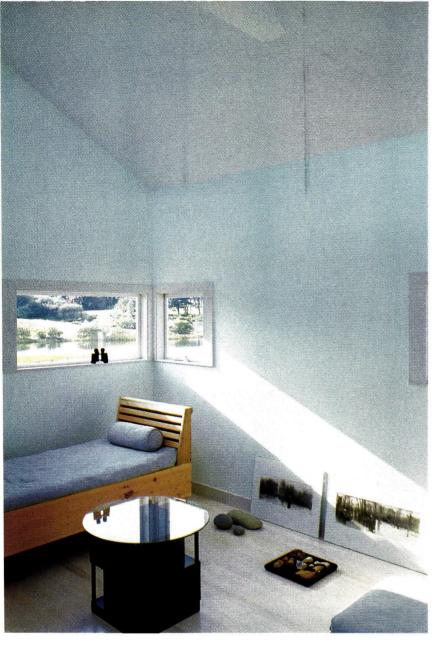
In 1979 Geoffrey and Ela drifted back to the States. Soon afterward they saw Block Island for the first time when they went there to work on an experimental film with Turbeville. "The light was what amazed me at first," Geoffrey says. "I remember going out on the little old ferry; it was August, and the light was just blinding. I had been to California, but I had never seen anything like that."

In 1980 they celebrated their wedding by buying one and a half acres of wetland and pasture in the New Harbor area. It was the last, charmed time when land on Block Island could still be had for a song. The place seemed magical to them: in winter the terrain was a muted symphony of grays; in spring and summer it was a riot of blossoms. "There were thriving farms here in the late nineteenth century," Geoffrey says. "Then the mainland farms won. Most of the island kind

bench, above, beside a cedar-shingled wall.

Below: A battered bicycle, against a wall of local fieldstone, is the couple's favored means of transportation around the island.









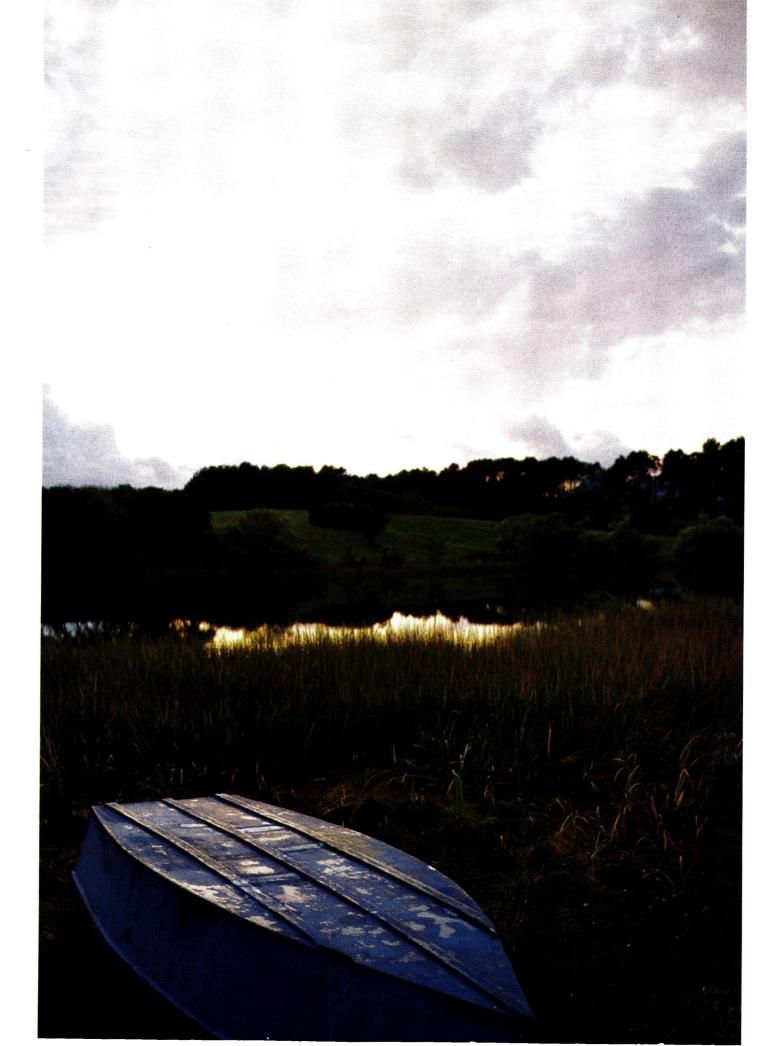
of went to seed in a lovely way. No pesticides have ever been used here."

he bugs were magnificent, as were the deer and pheasant, kingfisher and heron. And the flowers. This, Geoffrey and Ela decided, was a place they could settle in. In 1983 a local builder named John Mott—whose distant ancestors had come to Block Island from Bristol, England—began to construct the house Geoffrey had designed. Like the two of them, it was to be exotic but not narcissistic. It would be tiny—under 600 square feet—yet it would convey the expansiveness of light and space that the island had taught them. And it was to be a working house for both baker and designer.

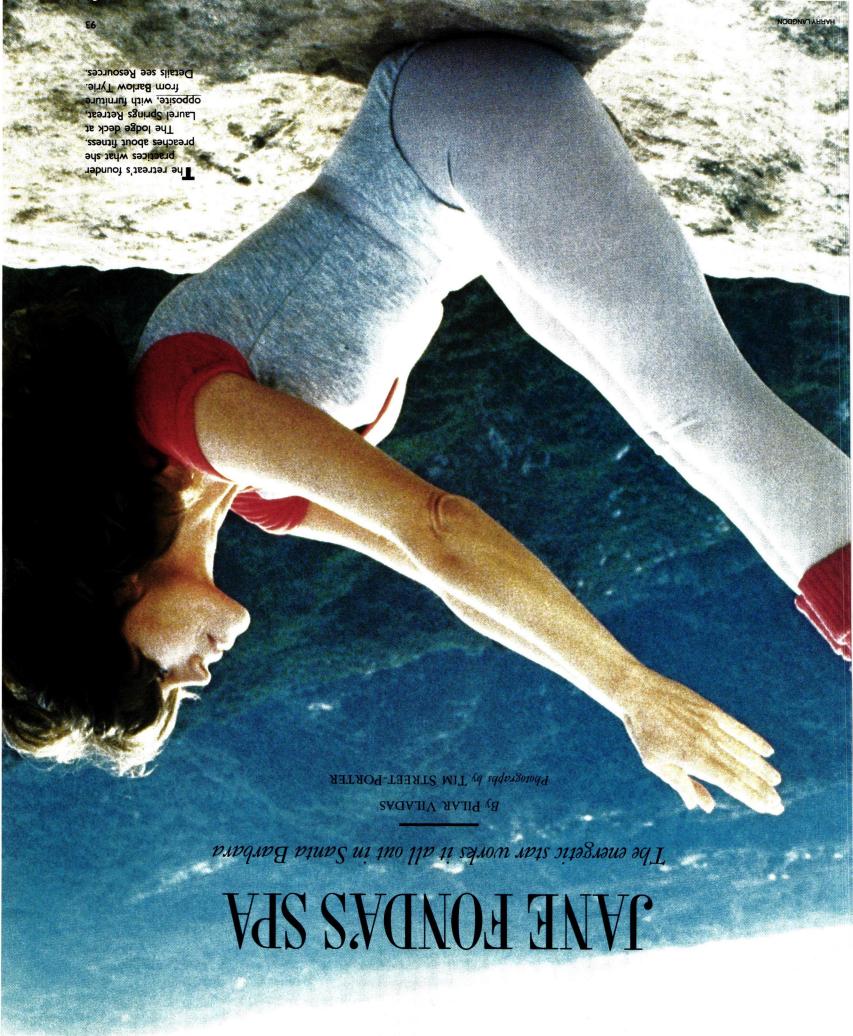
Geoffrey's plan was to connect three discrete structures—studio, kitchen, living area—creating a space that was somewhat surreal. Light would come primarily through clerestories under the ridges of the roofs; windows would be small and oddly placed, editing the view rather than blaring it. "The windows on most houses are far too big and just not spaced properly," Geoffrey says.

The result is a small triumph of spareness, subtlety, and quiet humor. From the outside, the house resembles a hunter's duck blind or a quirky peaked utility shed—a cowlick on the lovely terrain rather than a marshaling of it. Inside, the furnishings, all (Text continued on page 172)

photographs of Versailles in the sparsely furnished living room, above. The steel chair is a Mallet-Stevens design. Left: The Rigby-Leathers at play. Opposite: An old boat used for rowing expeditions.











Fonda's favorite things are arranged in a casual clutter that doesn't "look decorated"

erched high in the Santa Ynez Mountains overlooking Santa Barbara, the Pacific Ocean, and the Channel Islands, Jane Fonda's Laurel Springs Retreat isn't your average spa. Instead of a sprawling resortlike complex, there is just a large shingled lodge and a gym down the hill. Instead of peach and beige hotel-style interiors, the lodge, called Hill House, shelters rooms decorated in a homey but sophisticated mixture of rustic furniture, Arts and Crafts objects, and folk art. Instead of mud baths, herbal wraps, and manicures, there is hiking, mountain biking, and one-on-one personal training. And instead of an army of attendees hell-bent on dropping a quick ten pounds before jetting back to their expense-account lifestyle, there are no more than six guests who, for their \$2,500 a week (\$4,000 per couple), learn how and why to integrate exercise and good nutrition into their lives—permanently.

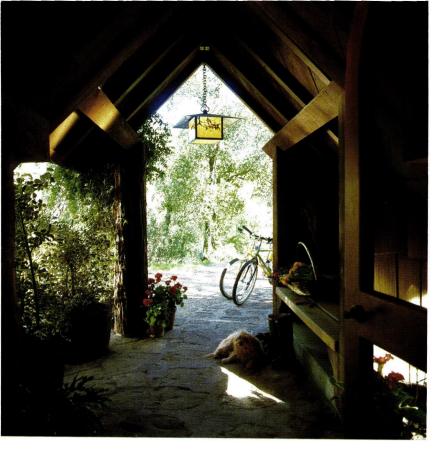
This personal approach is something of

a new direction for Fonda. Although her Beverly Hills exercise studio, Jane Fonda's Workout, has offered private exercise and nutrition classes for some time, the 51year-old actress, movie producer, and fitness guru is best known for showing women how to get in shape and stay that way through her four books and ten videocassettes, which have sold in the millions. Few spas, Fonda believes, have a lasting effect on those who go to them. "When you really understand what aerobic exercise and eating properly do for your body, it motivates you to alter your habits," she says. "This is hard to do in an assembly line situation; you need a personal approach. This dovetailed nicely with our situation at the ranch," she explains, referring not just to Hill House but to her entire 160-acre Laurel Springs Ranch, which also includes a children's camp.

Fonda's one-on-one philosophy is echoed in the domestic scale of Hill House, which was originally designed by Santa

Hill House, above, is the center of the retreat. Right: The living room's redwood tree-trunk columns flank a stone fireplace with andirons from Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles. Contemporary furniture is accented by Mexican and Pendleton blankets and a Popsicle-stick lamp. Above left: In the Green Room for spa guests a Pairpoint lamp, a Roseville vase, Victorian child's rocker, and antique wicker bedside table mingle with new pieces such as a sleigh bed from Habersham Plantation and an end table from Richard Mulligan.





A Greene & Greene—inspired lantern by Arroyo Craftsman, Duarte, California, hangs at the entrance to Hill House.

Barbara architect Bob Easton and later remodeled for the spa by Montecito architect Sam Hurst. With Los Angeles decorator Barbara Pohlman, Fonda brought to the lodge a varied collection of one-of-a-kind and museum-quality objects, such as Rookwood pottery and Handel and Pairpoint art glass lamps. "We made up in quality what we lacked in size," she jokes.

he architecture of the lodge, with its redwood tree-trunk columns and stone fireplaces, was the perfect backdrop for Fonda's and Pohlman's favorite things, which are arranged in a casual clutter since Fonda doesn't like rooms that "look decorated." Neither does Pohlman, who has worked with her for eight years. It is obviously a happy collaboration. Fonda recalls, "Barbara would sit in the lodge and just concentrate, not speaking, and then she'd say, "We need to stain the beams." Little by little, things come to her. And she's never wrong."

Her client's trust allows Pohlman to follow her instincts. "If I find something great, I don't have to ask—I buy it," explains the decorator, whose preferences range from the exquisite to the corny. "I love the idea of putting a museum-quality lamp on a ten-cent doily."

The fruit of the two women's efforts is a spa that feels more like a cozy private house. When they aren't hiking, biking, or working out, guests can sit on the deck with the paper enjoying the ocean view and the fresh produce and complex-carbos cuisine prepared by Karen Averitt, the spa's chef and manager. After an evening talk on exercise and nutrition by Daniel Kosich, Laurel Springs's program director, they can repair to the library to watch movies on cassette or read.

"Everyone who's been here is deeply affected by it," reports Fonda, who also notes that even though the spa has been open only a short time, it has already attracted repeat clients. "I grew up in the mountains," says Fonda. "Sycamore, eucalyptus, oak trees, rolling hills—those are my roots." After a week at Laurel Springs you feel as if they could almost be your roots, too.

Editor: Joyce MacRae





n the Red Room, above and opposite, a Paul de Longpré watercolor above the bed, with linens from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection and antique pillows. The tray is set with Franciscan Desert Rose china. Huichales beaded gourds are grouped above the doorway to the balcony. Left: Bath towels on an antique fortune teller's table.



YANKEE PRESERVE

Mark Hampton puts his signature on a New England house

By ERIC A. BERTHOLD

Photographs by WILLIAM WALDRON







The living room, <u>above</u>, drenched in morning sun, is a showplace for colors and antiques. Club chairs and sofa in foreground are covered in Romney chintz from Rose Cumming. Swedish armchairs, behind, are enhanced by Normandie Bouclé from Cowtan & Tout. Regency mirror over the mantel is from Hyde Park Antiques, NYC. <u>Opposite</u>: Hallway, in tobacco hues, leads to the study. Details see Resources.

he driveway is long and rocky and bordered by a rustic mix of crumbling stone walls, shrubs, and rickety trees. At first the house is camouflaged by its woodsy setting, but then the view opens and there it sits with all its cool New England reserve. It is a classic 1920s Yankee gray-shingled house idyllically sited overlooking miles of forest and the waters of Long Island Sound in the distance.

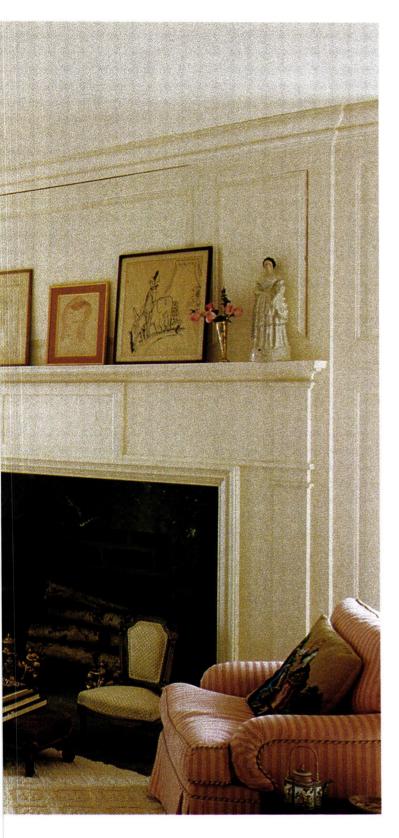
"This house has everything I always wanted—privacy, beautiful grounds, a sense of water nearby—and it's decorated to perfection," says its current owner, referring to Mark Hampton's recent endeavor. "After a day in the city, I'm revitalized by it, like a shot of vitamin B₁₂."

Prior to embarking on this job, Hampton and the client wandered through her former house, only a few miles away, deciding what to bring and what to store. After 28 years as a wife and a mother to seven children, she wanted a new house for a new life. For the duration of the yearlong renovation, she moved into a barn on the property which had a small apartment. Each day she would don her chinos, flannel shirt, and Top-Siders and watch firsthand as the metamorphosis took place. Selecting Hampton was not difficult; he had done her brother's house in such a "wonderful manner" that she felt there was no better choice. "He seemed to know me so well, as though he could delve inside me and pull out only the best." She let Hampton take complete control and ruthlessly expel old family furniture. Hampton used "her passion for the slightly whimsical" as a guide. "She had a collection of miniature furniture, amusing pictures, and pretty little delicate objects" that he was able to incorporate into every room yet still maintain the classic character that the architecture of the house mandates.

The liveliness is immediately evident. Upon entering the front door, one is welcomed by a splash of sunshine pouring through an open Dutch door at the end of the long hall. "This is one of the surprises that sold me on the house," she says. "I

The dining room is wrapped in Hydrangea chintz from Clarence House. Petite Bouquet from Stark Carpet covers the floor. The Regency dining table and chairs were bought in London.







loved the airy and friendly feeling."

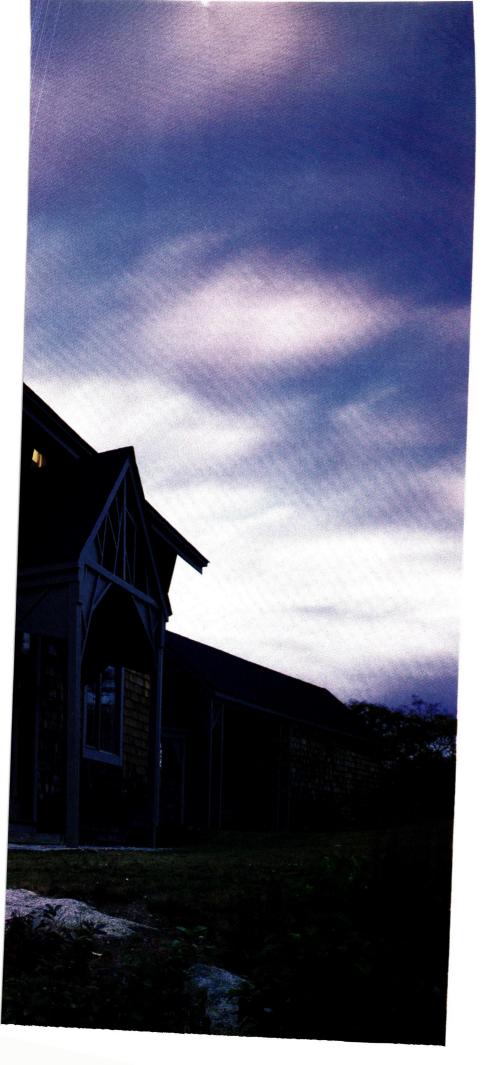
Each of the generous and inviting rooms features a different color theme. Hampton made the client's favorite colors—brown, red, and yellow—work together. Perhaps an odd mix, he says, "but what I like best is that each room contrasts with the other, making them separate and distinct, yet there is a harmony here." The walls of the center hall are tobacco, and a needlepoint-style carpet of small red, green, and white checks runs its length. "I like dark halls," says Hampton. "They create a sort of shadow effect, which I always like after being in the light outdoors."

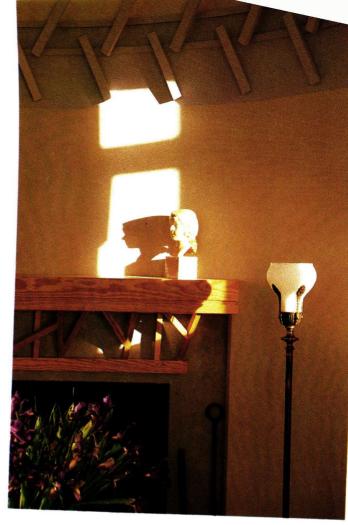
he living room is quite the opposite. Its walls and curtains are a bright sunny shade of yellow, with floor-to-ceiling windows, added just prior to the redecoration, letting morning light drench the room. Hampton introduced variations of green, orange, and red in the upholstered furniture. Although the room is a showplace for a superior collection of antiques, most of which are family heirlooms, Hampton was able to achieve a certain informality that his client wanted by adding his trademark sisal matting and overstuffed pieces.

The floral print of the dining room curtains and walls contains all of the colors of the downstairs, anchored by a black carpet patterned with tiny bouquets of wildflowers. Tucked away in the back of the house, with a view of the sound, the dining room is a special delight to its owner, particularly when (Text continued on page 172)

The bedroom, left, is a mix of periods, colors, and patterns. Club chair and bench in Bentley Ticking Stripe, night table dressed in Felicia silk, both from Brunschwig & Fils. Curtains in lubilee chintz from Clarence House, Buckland wallpaper from Cowtan & Tout. Above: The breakfast room with Japanese pinewood chairs and an early American hutch displaying a collection of Chinese export.







GOTHIC GETAWAY

The zany charm of Victorian resorts is recalled in a house by architect Mark Simon

By MARTIN FILLER
Photographs by LANGDON CLAY

York, the McKim house, left, is a witty tribute to the eccentric seaside architecture of the late 19th century. Above: Living room mantel and frieze continue exterior motif of patterned stick work.



he Victorians, for all their high seriousness, also knew how to have fun. Nowhere is that more apparent than in American resort architecture of the late nineteenth century. In coastal and rural regions from Maine to Michigan, woodframe gingerbread-trimmed vacation houses attest to the playfulness behind the sober public demeanor. That antic quality is what drew architect Charles Moore to a reappreciation of Victorian architecture during the 1960s, long before its current popularity. He passed that enthusiasm on to several generations of students, among them Mark Simon, who eventually became a partner with Moore in the Essex, Connecticut, firm called Centerbrook.

Simon has collaborated on several projects with his former Yale professor, but like all the best students, Simon has taken what he has learned and gone further on his own. Thus, although a new house by Simon on Fishers Island, New York, owes much to both the Victorians and Moore, it is nonetheless a thoroughly original design in its own right. This delightful scheme recaptures the quirkiness and surprise typical of its main sources, but it is also appropriate to its locale and accommodating to the relaxed and gregarious way of life of its owner, Charlotte McKim.

Since childhood, McKim, who is an independent filmmaker and screenwriter, has summered on Fishers Island. Three miles off the Connecticut coast in Long Island Sound, this little-known enclave is light-years removed from the architectural excesses common to most East Coast resorts. It is a vacationland that time forgot, and its summer residents—surely the most

white-shoe crowd south of Bar Harbor—like it that way just fine, thanks. Compared with the Hamptons or even Cape Cod, life on Fishers Island is extremely restrained. It is a place where if money talks at all, it does so in a discreet whisper.

The exterior of the McKim house is far from the polite shingled anonymity of most residences in this comfortable community, but neither is it anomalous in form or feeling. Innovative though it may be, this steep-roofed Gothic cottage already shows every likelihood of weathering into just the kind of house that future generations will think of as authentically local. It is an arresting hybrid—part Adams Chronicles, part Addams Family, part Grizzly Adams—with just enough good-humored, oddball detailing to keep one guessing as to what its designer thought he was doing.

Charlotte McKim told Mark Simon she wanted a house with rooms in which she could use her fine inherited furniture in an unpretentious way. In the end she decided not to include those heirlooms; less precious things seemed a wiser choice for a house often left unoccupied. For Simon her first concept suggested formal rooms in an informal relationship to one another. He adapted the Victorian way of creating eccentric spaces within a controlled exterior, and he juggled the expected and the surprising—and many opposing forms—with great dexterity.

The four rooms of the first floor are each a different shape: circular entry hall, oval living room, rectangular dining room, square kitchen. Yet the outer walls of the shingle-sided house do not betray the mixed bag of volumes within it. Simon managed this intriguing contrast by the extensive use of poché—the architectural term for dead areas wedged into the corners of a building when a room of unusual configuration is fitted inside a rectangular exterior. The way those four shapes work in concert is remarkably sophisticated, allowing the rooms a lively continuity and yet avoiding the open-plan amorphousness of many contemporary vacation houses.

Nothing in the McKim house is revealed all at once, and that slow unfolding of this structure's personality makes a visit there an engaging exploration. There are nooks and crannies galore, those bits of unexpected space that people love about Victorian interiors because most of the rooms we live and work in are so relentlessly rational and regular. A further advantage of

The "drunken fence," above, begins like a conventional picket palisade at right but becomes progressively wilder moving left. Right: The oval living room leads into the library alcove at left and dining room at right. Frieze of diagonal sticks helps make the high ceiling seem less towering. Details see Resources.





the way this four-bedroom house is put together is that as many as eight people can spend a weekend there without being constantly in one another's way or sight, an important consideration for the owner, who likes having many friends around.

imon grew up in Rockland County, New York, in a house built by the early twentieth century artist-craftsman Henry Varnum Poor. The rustic stick work detailing of Poor's rough-hewn design was inspired by Victorian twig work, an updated version of which Simon used both inside and outside the McKim house. Often employed in Adirondack cabins, this zany technique was an intentionally artless transposition of the intricate jigsaw gingerbread trim popular after the Civil War. Simon's other main point of reference was nineteenth-century crazy-quilt patterns. Simon's stick work of gray-painted twoby-twos is the dominant ornamental motif, filling in the pediments over the front door and several windows, the balcony railing outside the master bedroom, and the

eaves of the porte cochère leading up to the front door. It is as if some very large intoxicated spider has wrapped the protuberant parts of this house in its eccentric webs.

The high exposed site on a bluff facing north onto Fishers Island Sound offers dramatic views, but Simon prefers those vistas to be tightly framed to intensify their impact. The tall narrow windows confine the eye to select seg-

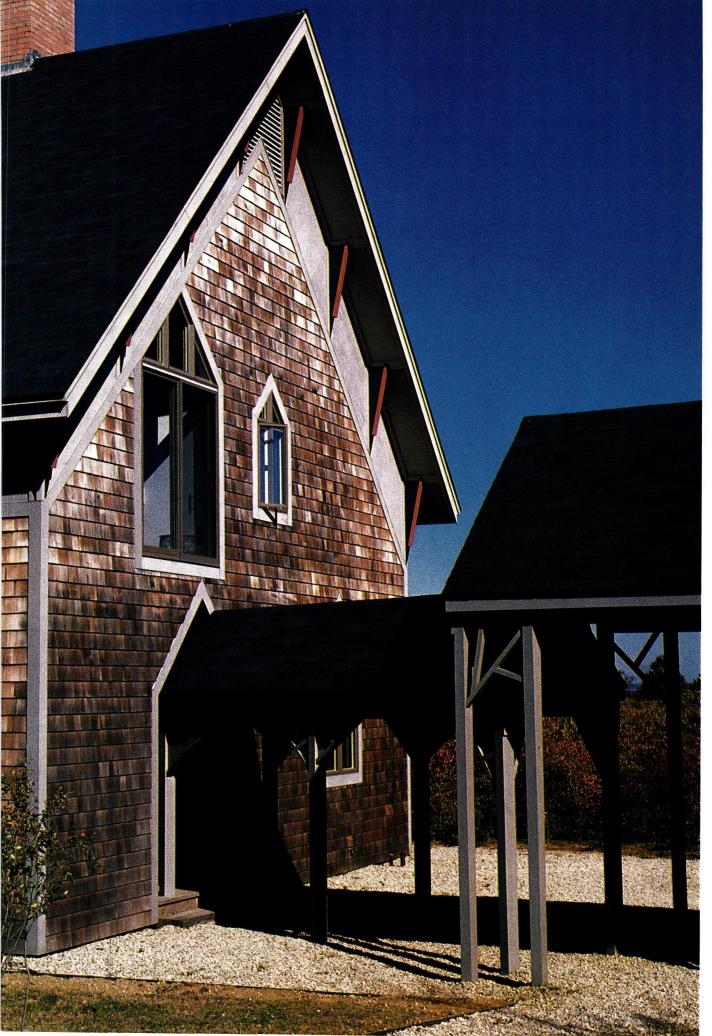
ments of the surroundings, which can therefore be appreciated with calm concentration. Like Victorian windows, these appear larger on the inside than they do on the façade, and they are peaked in the manner of rural Gothic farmhouses found in that part of the country.

The best qualities of Victorian design are honored in Mark Simon's knowledgeable but easygoing restatement of the ar-



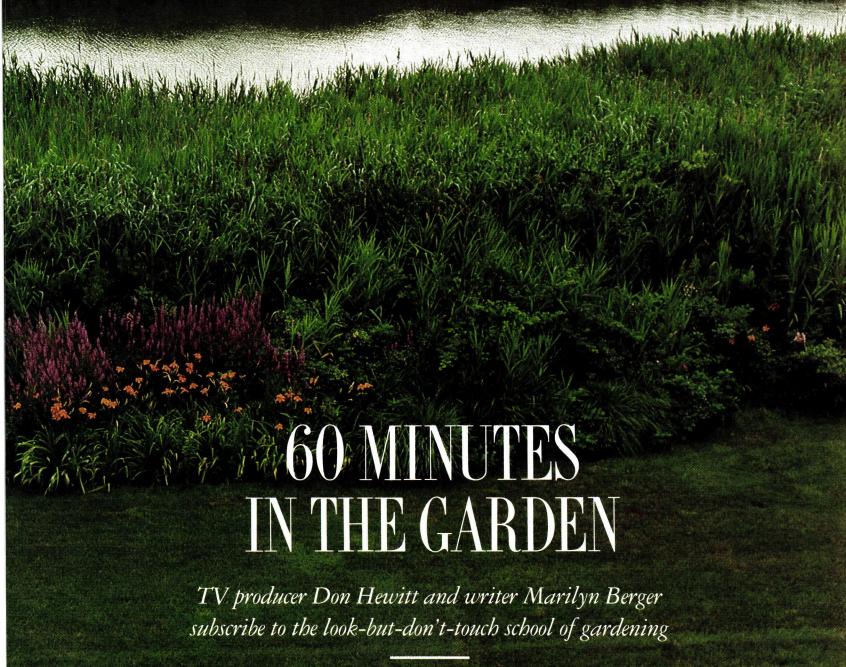
chitectural fantasies of our forebears. This is not one of those houses of too many gables, which rely on nostalgic emblems while the bulk of the scheme remains the same old contemporary thing. Though the McKim house is a pleasure to be in, its unsolemn seriousness gives it a weight that anchors it firmly to its place on Fishers Island as much as its place in history.

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



Front entry of the McKim house, left, is sheltered by a two-part porte cochère that seems to march into the doorway. Opposite above: In the living room, low circular copper table by the architect, nostalgic wicker seating. Opposite below: Four-poster in master bedroom has headboard echoing "crazy quilt" stick work pattern on balcony. Bed was designed by architects Trip Wyeth and Susan Edler as a gift for the owner.



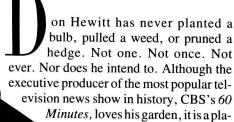


By CHARLES GANDEE
Photographs by ROB GRAY



pool is incorporated into the landscape by means of berms covered with rugosa roses, above and below.

Right: The birdhouse was a present from Berger's friend Annette Reed.



tonic love he feels. In other words, no touching.

Marilyn Berger, Hewitt's wife, is only marginally more involved in things horticultural. Last summer, for example, the New York Times writer even went so far as to try her hand at what she calls a "Monet-style garden by number." But it seems that it didn't work out all that well, so she threw in the trowel.

"The garden is not the focal point of our life," reports Hewitt, who, like Harry Reasoner, is a master of the wry understatement. Berger concurs, confessing that she had never even owned a houseplant "because you have to water them." Nonetheless, when the couple decided to trade in their weekend condominium in the Hamptons for a weekend house in the Hamptons one warm July night in 1982, something approaching a garden happened to be included in the deal. True, it needed some work, but then so did the house, which Hewitt regarded as the "ugliest in the world"—at least when he bought it. (The television mogul exaggerates. Judging by old photographs, the house was a perfectly respectable rendition of a popular Long Island architectural style that might best be termed Mediocre Modern.)

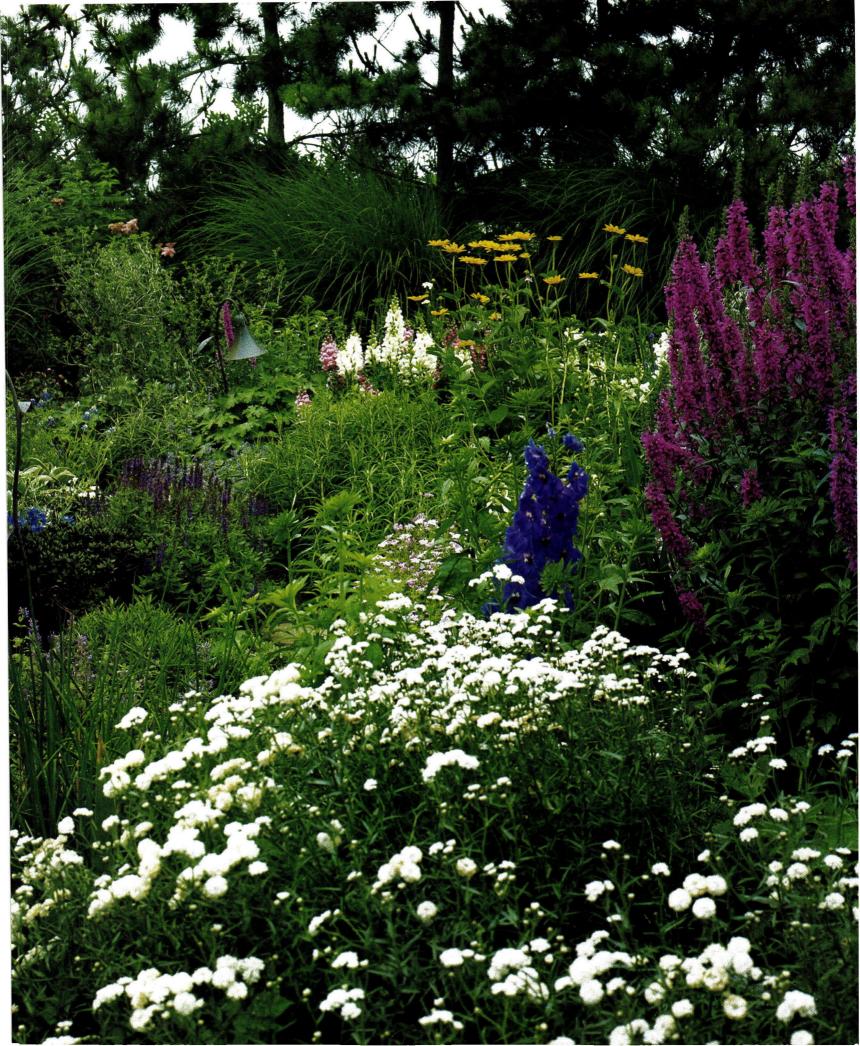
Not surprisingly, Hewitt and Berger are almost grateful that three of their four and a half acres belong to a narrow promontory that reaches out from Long Island proper and into the bay behind their now-renovated (and much improved) house to form a small protected cove. Hewitt likes to think of the marshy sliver as his own private Taiwan. Somewhat less romantically, Berger points out that its tall grass is crawling with ticks-"the kind that give you Lyme disease." Both agreed, however, that the promontory should remain in its natural state. Which left the couple with one and a half acres of more-or-less dry land to contend with.

Although Hewitt and Berger knew virtu-



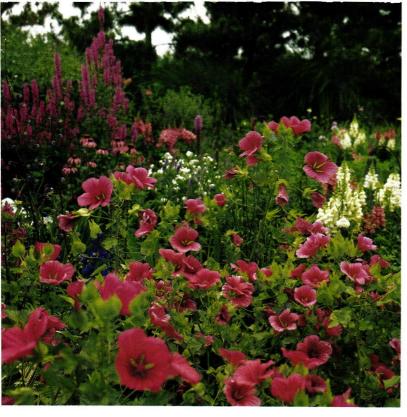


daylilies, <u>above</u>, mingle with other stalwart perennials and annuals, <u>right</u>, in a bed filled with achillea, salvia, rudbeckia, veronica, *Filipendula venusta*, and malva.

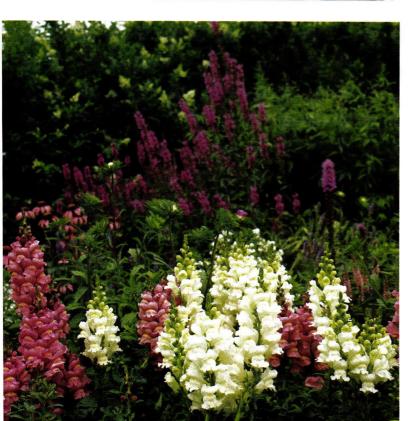












ally nothing about gardening seven years ago, they knew a missed opportunity when they saw one. The previous owner had, to his credit, planted masses of peach yellow daylilies and borders of bayberry, mustard, and ornamental grasses, but he had also turned the bay-front backyard into an extended driveway for a garage inexplicably parked at water's edge. Neophytes though they were, the new owners thought they could do better.

he idea was to make it look as near as possible like a wild English garden, something extremely informal, something completely natural that would seem as though it had always been there," explains Berger, who enlisted the assistance of New York landscape architect Paul Friedberg for the cause. A former classmate of Berger's at Cornell, Friedberg recommended truckloads of landfill as a means of bridging the gap between the garden and the slightly elevated house and to help create the illusion that a new above ground pool was in the ground.

With the house and garden closer to being in synch, Berger and Hewitt then set about animating the vast wall of spiky reeds that traces their sinuous shoreline. They—or, perhaps more accurately, the series of gardeners they have employed over the years—have chosen sedum, lythrum, and more bayberry to achieve the desired effect. Swatches of open space have been left for a meandering lawn that is given definition by dense beds and borders of pink, purple, blue, and white perennials which extend the "seashell palette" of the house into the garden. And just what kinds of flowers might those be? "I'm at a loss for the names right now," confesses Berger, who for once is caught without her reporter's notebook. But then she and Hewitt have both earned the right to leave hard facts back in the city.

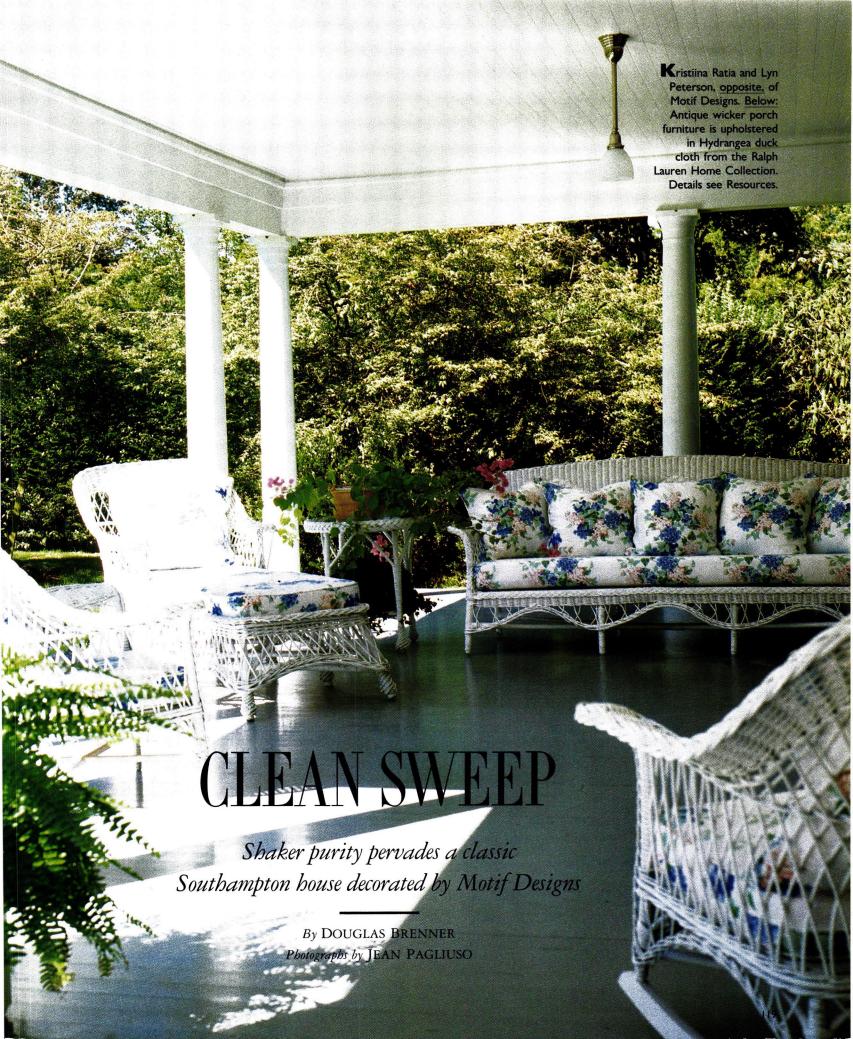
Editor: Senga Mortimer

border blooms, top left, with white physostegia and sidalcea. Center: Berger and Hewitt canoe in the cove behind their garden. Left: Pink and white snapdragons draw the eye to echinacea and towering liatris. Right: Along the shoreline clumps of sedum and lythrum enliven a border of ornamental grasses and reeds.









he sweet simplicity of a country place is rarely as simple to contrive as it is to enjoy. And when the place is a rambling thirty-room house in Southampton, of the kind that older villagers still call a cottage, simple pleasures may entail all sorts of complications. "I lied to my wife," confesses the New York advertising executive who bought one such cottage. "At least, I lied at first," he adds with a laugh, as his spouse smiles knowingly. "I said, 'Honey, we're just going to paint the house and move in.'"

The story also draws smiles from the couple's decorators, Lyn Peterson and Kristiina Ratia of Motif Designs, who know full well what actually happened next. Even though their clients were understandably leery of major remodeling, having recently endured the two-year renovation of a Manhattan brownstone apartment, they soon realized that it would take a good deal more than a paint job to make them feel at home in their Southampton retreat. The 11,000-square-foot frame structure was charming but decrepit from foundation to roof, the layout of formal reception rooms and labyrinthine service quarters hardly lent itself to relaxed family weekends, and the existing decor of gravy-brown woodwork, acid-green flocked wallpaper, and Jacobean floral fabrics made the new owners wince.

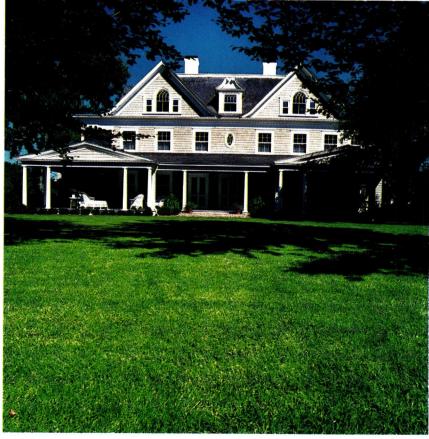
"White is our favorite color," the husband told Peterson and Ratia. "We love simple, uncluttered things. They don't have to be modern or traditional. The period isn't as important as a comfortable minimal environment." Modern, however, was definitely the period with which he and his wife had until then been most comfortable. The suburban house where they raised their three children had been a classic International Style assemblage of Eames chairs and Herman Miller wall units, and their apartment living room is furnished with Le Corbusier designs.

All the same, Peterson and Ratia made a convincing case that furniture of an earlier vintage would better suit the historic setting in Southampton without betraying any purist ideals. Early on, the decorators arrived at the pristine aesthetic of Shaker crafts as an appropriate model for their own strategy, even though the scarcity of actual Shaker pieces meant they would have to venture further afield in search of kindred arti-

remodeled 19th-century farmhouse, right, greatly expanded around 1910. Center: In the living room a Swedish armoire dated 1827 in its original paintwork. Side chair is also Swedish. Far right: A sampler acquired in Connecticut hangs above a Pennsylvania bucket bench, c. 1840, holding Shaker boxes. Column lamp from Edward Russell Decorative Accessories.

Above left: An 18th-century New Hampshire table supports a weather vane and a small chest, c. 1830. Above center: In the hall bleached floors are laid with a cotton and sisal rug from Phoenix Carpet, NYC, and a Bessarabian wool carpet from Patterson, Flynn & Martin. The dollhouse was made in Maine, c. 1880. Above right: On the porch, iron bases carry a custom marble tabletop. Hurricane lamps from Pierre Deux; chairs from Conran's.

















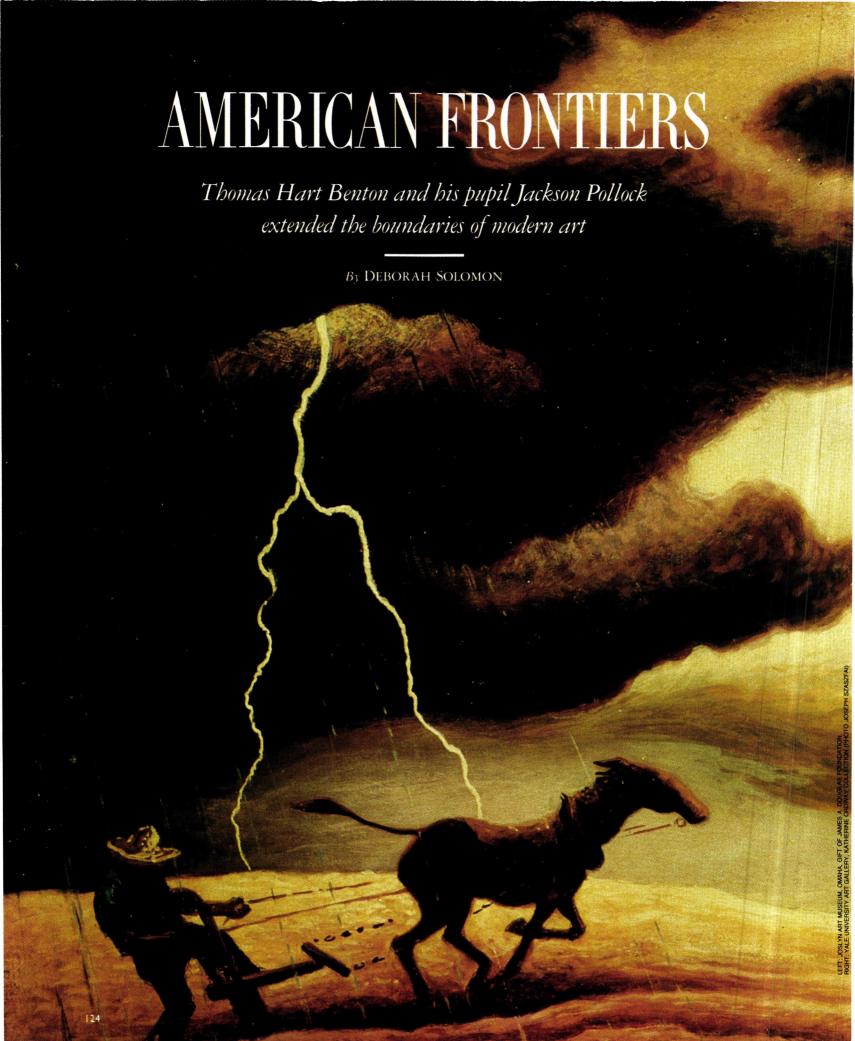
facts. The clients, if sympathetic in principle, were skeptical at first. "In the beginning," he recalls, "they would show us a Polaroid of some old table, and I would ask, 'Now why do you like this? If I saw this at a yard sale, I'd walk right by it.' And Kristiina would say, 'Why don't you go upstate and look at it?' So we'd go, and after a short time we knew that wherever they sent us we'd find something terrific."

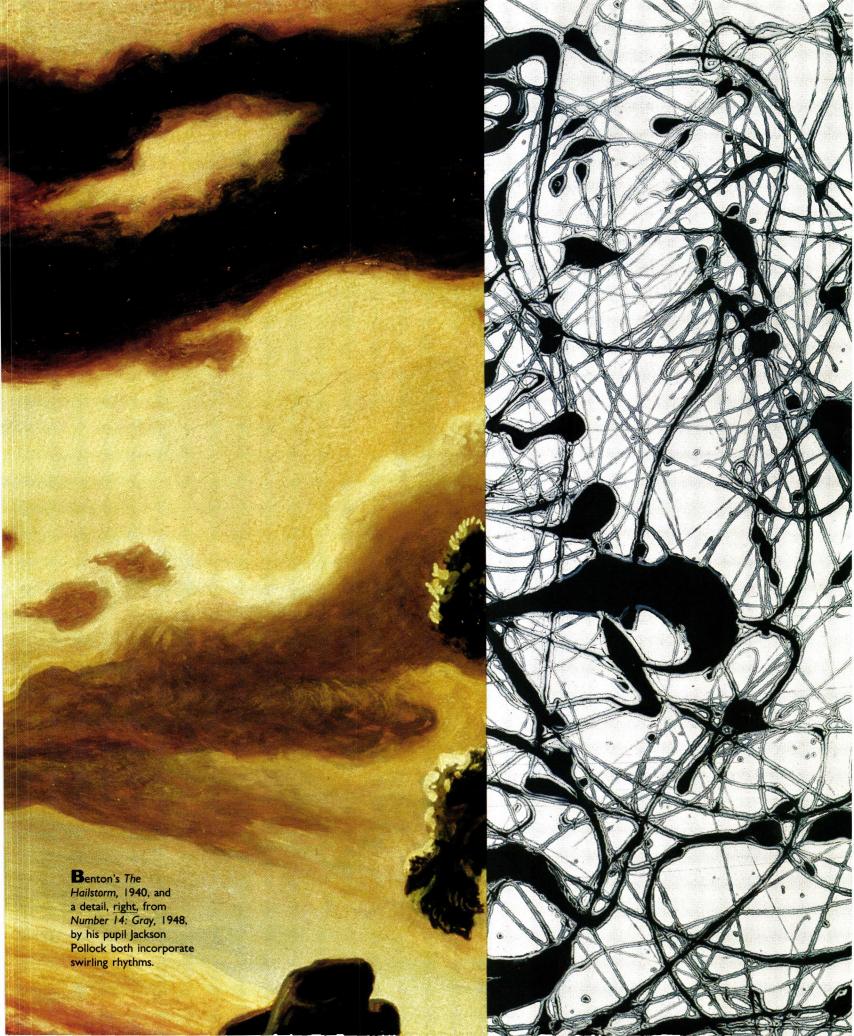
mong the things they saw and liked were painted benches and armoires (several of the latter were Swedish L with original family genealogies still inside), antique game boards, and samplers. It was soon apparent that Peterson and Ratia had a keen eye for objects whose bold colors and strong sculptural shapes could hold their own in the ample spaces of the Southampton house. The transplanted heirlooms took on new authority against the foil of white-painted walls, windows hung with plain linen tab curtains, and floors bleached and stained to a luminous milky finish. Upstairs, the decorators introduced touches of blue in discreetly patterned fabrics and wallpapers. "We had never used a scrap of wallpaper in any place we ever lived in," explains the wife. "Here, though, we had a house that really called for it, and Lyn and Kristiina used it with such restraint that it looks refreshing rather than gussied up."

With a nod to the Shakers, Peterson and Ratia deftly adapted elementary forms to new uses. Their clients like to point out the ingenuity of a fully stocked kitchenette tucked into an English pine armoire in the family sitting room near the swimming pool—a neat way to provide refreshments without a trek to the kitchen proper on the far side of the house. Another antique cupboard—of Shaker provenance—serves as a capacious medicine chest in the master bathroom (Text continued on page 172)

The bedstead in the master bedroom, right, was made by joining two antique iron frames. At the foot of the bed is a sponge-painted blanket chest. Brass candlesticks, each with its own snuffer, are English, c. 1800. Above left: On the mantel is an Indiana Amish horse and buggy. The Seth Thomas wall clock is turn of the century. Chairs and ottoman are from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection. Left: In another bedroom, rugs as well as wallpaper and the bed and curtain fabrics are also from Ralph Lauren.





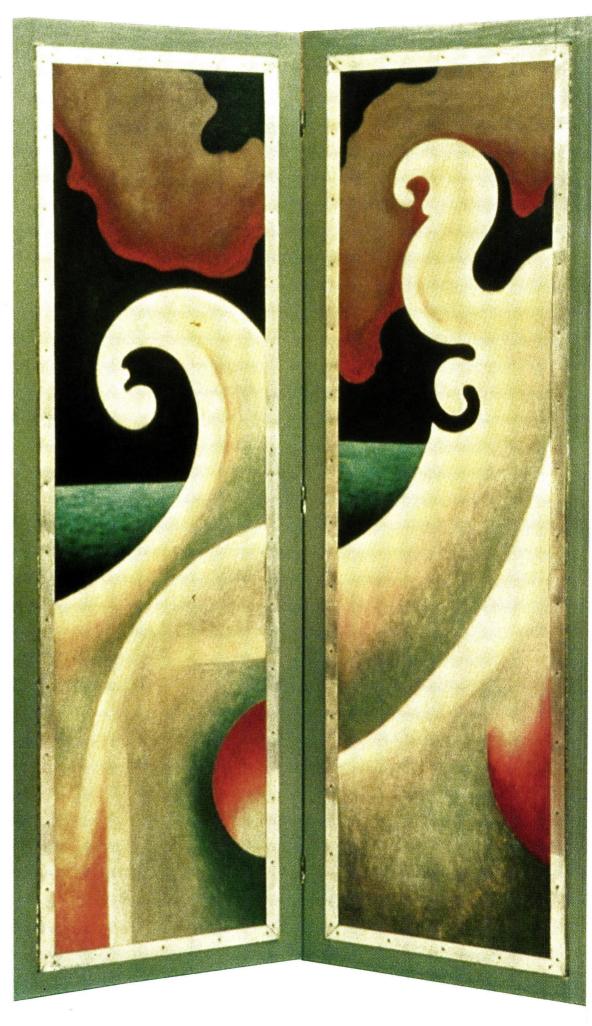


homas Hart Benton is the sort of artist hipsters like to make fun of. Like a character out of a Western, he was gruff, patriotic, idealistic. He wore boots and chewed tobacco. He believed in good guys and bad guys. Cézanne, as he saw it, was a bad guy, and so was just about anyone else who attempted to tamper with the golden truths that had governed painting since the Renaissance. A sworn enemy of abstract art, he spent his life turning out pictures of cotton pickers and wheat threshers intended to appeal to the average man. His goal was to create a native art movement that could rival the grand old traditions of Europe, and it never seemed to occur to him that art-or at least good art—transcends geography.

Benton was a self-styled square, a whiskey-drinking goof who once said he wanted his art to be as important to the public as the funny papers. And he was also one of the most winning artists this country has ever produced. There's something irresistibly pop about his Ozark hinterlands, where skies are always blue, crops are abundant, and farmers are forever engaged in fruitful activity. To be sure, Benton turned America into caricature, but what makes him so great is that he did it with passion. He painted hicks in the style of the old masters; his best compositions, done in the 1930s, have a marvelous swirling energy that owes quite a bit to Baroque art. Benton had a lot of foolish ideas, but they couldn't ruin him as a painter.

This year marks the artist's centennial, and the Nelson-Atkins Museum in Kansas City has put together a big boasting retrospective to honor its native son. The exhibition—on view through June 18 before heading off to Detroit, New York, and Los

The painted screen, right, dates from 1925–26, before Benton turned against abstraction. From the 1930s on, the artist claimed to hate nonrepresentational painting, including the work of Pollock, such as, opposite bottom, the scroll-like Number 2, 1949 (oil, enamel, and aluminum paint on dyed fabric, 38" x 1891/2").



Benton's frontier was a literal place. Pollock's evoked the pioneer experience

Angeles—won't redefine Benton as a hero of Postmodernism, but it does put us in touch with a memorable moment in American art. Benton came of age against the gray backdrop of the Great Depression, when painting took the form of social activism. The key word was "cause," and everyone had one. Benton's was Regionalism, and he championed it in paintings and public murals that remain a testimony to the utopian strivings of the age.

lthough he always called himself a realist, his painter's eye was curiously blind to the most compelling sights of his time. Apple peddlers, soup kitchens-he treated these as if they didn't exist. His vision harked back to a halcyon time when the American dream had not yet been corroded by poverty and other city ills. Lovers strolling the countryside hand in hand, an engineer dreaming of a chugging train, people kicking up their heels at a hootenanny—these are the sort of images he favored, and he rendered them in broad sweeping rhythms intended to echo the upbeat spirit of his subject matter. Today his work seems highly stylized. It has the slicked-up folksiness of country and western music. Of all the artists he came of age with, Benton crooned the loudest.

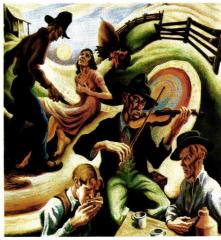
The Benton exhibition is likely to be a hit in Kansas City, where the artist is as legendary as Daniel Boone, but there's no predicting how the show will fare at the trendy Whitney Museum in New York this fall. The East Coast art establish-

ment tends to regard Benton as memorable for one reason only: he was the teacher of Jackson Pollock. How strange, it is often said, that Pollock not only studied with Benton but for years painted in a Regionalist style, the implication being that even geniuses make mistakes. Benton and Pollock have more in common than is generally acknowledged. Some critics see a connection between Benton's looping rhythms and Pollock's drips, but what really unites them is attitude. Benton instilled in Pollock a desire to free American art from its long subservience to European tradition, and both men in a way were painters of the American frontier. Benton's frontier was a literal place of swirling skies and hillbillies. Pollock's frontier was an imaginary place where tossed and flung ribbons of paint evoke the pioneer experience at its most profound.

Among the many ironies of Benton's career is that the student whose talents he described as "most minimal" eventually achieved exactly what Benton had sought for himself: Pollock invented an American painting style. Benton, of course, never did. For all his talk about being a Regionalist, he was, in the end, a belated Mannerist who draped the bony figures of El Greco in farmer's overalls and continued the traditions of the past. Benton's mistake was to believe he could revolutionize American painting on the basis of subject matter, as opposed to style. But don't hold his ideas against him-or you might miss seeing that beneath the pop corniness of his art lie a few hot kernels of great paint.







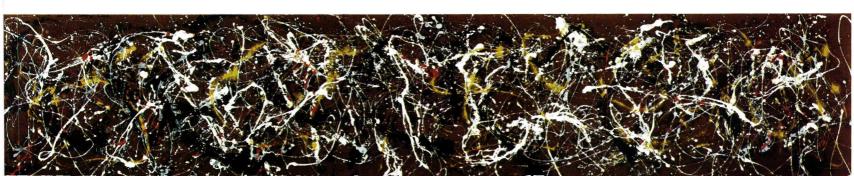
Benton's Self-Portrait with

Rita, top, shows him with his wife on Martha's Vineyard.

It was painted in 1922, the year they married.

His Ballad of the Jealous Lover of Lone Green Valley, 1934,

above right, inspired by country music, includes a
portrait of Pollock playing the Jew's harp; the
portrait is based on the pencil sketch, above left.



FAMILY TIES

Three generations have left their mark on a Vermont lodge designed by the family patriarch

By CHIP BROWN

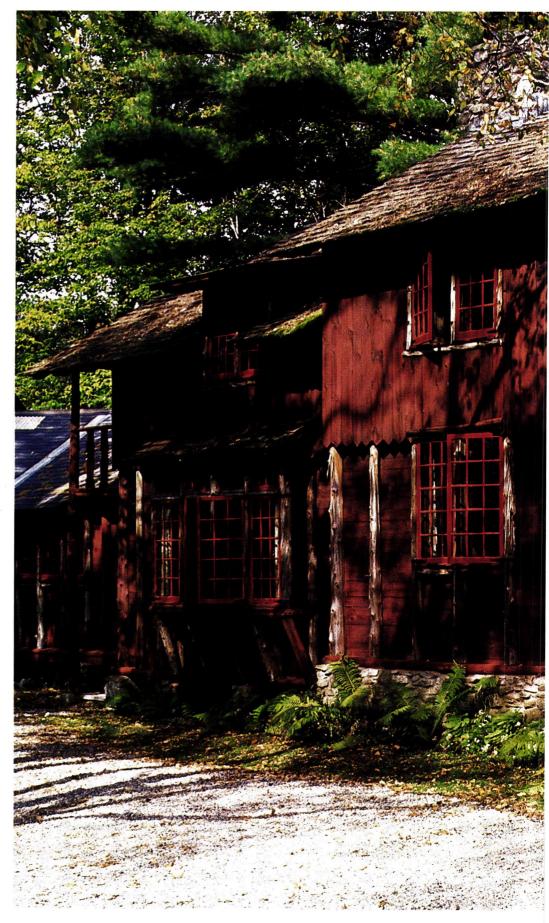
Photographs by LANGDON CLAY

hen a couple of his kids came down with a reaction to the small-pox vaccine in 1923, Sherley Warner Morgan went hunting for a place where his family might beat the fevers of the summer heat. Morgan, who became the director of the Princeton University School of Architecture, tried Connecticut, but it wasn't cool enough. He scouted a potential haven in Vermont, but it had more than a quorum of Princeton faculty members, and that wasn't his idea of summer vacation.

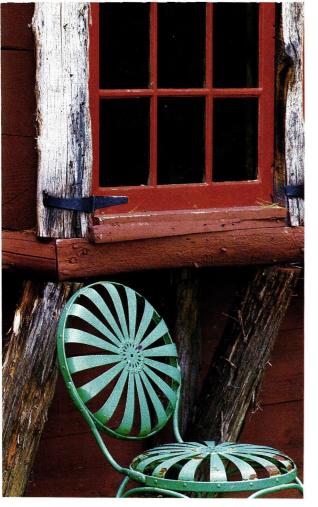
Finally, a spot in Vermont's southern Green Mountains caught his eye: thirty acres on a knoll drained by a little brook with handsome stands of white birch and tonic views reaching north and east across the valley. The only trace of the nearby town was a church steeple above the trees.

He found a builder who looked over the site in 1926. In the winter, he picked out the birch trees that would become the columns and the rafters in the dining room. The following summer the

The front of
Birchbrook showing the exterior cedar
studs and the overhanging roof. The wood
is stained red. On the Fourth of July
the family flies Betsy Ross's thirteen-star flag.







There is an air of changelessness here, a sense of ritual

of indolence, restoration, and retreat, a place to capitalize on the replenishing powers of nature, to tune in the cicadas and watch the busy wind. It was inaugurated in 1928, and decade after decade with the comforting regularity of the summer itself, the doors of the house have been thrown open. Each June the family returns and breathes in the scent of cedar and woodsmoke-and mothballs as trunks full of rugs are unpacked. The newest members may peer up at the moose head as a fire is lit to take the chill from the air. There is always a bat or two to flush out. And then comes the serious labor of summer which lasts through September-sitting on the rock where your father or grandfather once sat, communing with the valley, plunging into the pond, knocking a croquet ball on the lawn under stands of birch dating back nearly to the Civil War. There are horses to ride on the trails that Morgan himself blazed along the mountain flank.

ometimes the thunderstorms blow down the valley, and you can sit as your grandmother did by the window, watching the sky, listening to the patter and rapping on the roof. "When it rains, it's like being inside a drum," says one of Morgan's grandsons.

Most of all at Birchbrook there is a feeling of harmony with nature. The house was built in the "noble-savage-Adirondacklodge tradition," says Morgan's grandson. It is almost an homage to the landscape—the birch columns and rafters and cedar studs still wear their bark. The site was scrupulously laid out to enhance the views and preserve the stands of birch. When the wind comes through, the windows make a marvelous squeak, swaying in the clutch of their hooks and eyes, and the old house creaks—like a wooden ship, like the forest. "Papa wanted to build something that would blend in with the countryside," recalls his daughter, now the matriarch of the family.

Birchbrook realized a number of design ideas that were novel in their time. There

The living room, right, built from two 18th-century barns, has bright birch floors and curtainless windows. It is 45 feet long and two stories high. The silk Japanese lanterns hanging from the oak rafters are three feet across, and the kilim was collected on one of Sherley Warner Morgan's sabbatical trips abroad. In 1940 he went around the world. Above left: An iron chair by a bay window.

work began in earnest. Morgan, the architect of the Squibb building in Brooklyn, had drawn up the plans himself: he envisioned a fourteen-room T-shaped summer house with 101 windows and eight fieldstone fireplaces. It would only be one board thick—no insulation. All the plumbing would be above ground. For the living room he planned to amalgamate two eighteenth-century barns. Hearthstones were unearthed from the property; birch and cedar trim was cut and planed on the site.

And so, Birchbrook, as the house was inevitably named, took shape on a stony ledge. Morgan referred to the piace as a camp, and he liked to say it wasn't built to last more than fifty years. Most of the family thought he wanted to absolve himself in case the roof fell in. One roof beam was replaced in 1960. Otherwise, time has dared to contradict the director of Princeton's architecture school. Last season, 61 years and three generations later, Sherley Warner Morgan's children's children's children romped about his camp.

As with all the best things of summer, there is an air of changelessness about the place, a sense of eternal rituals. Birchbrook is a kind of rustic shrine to the gods



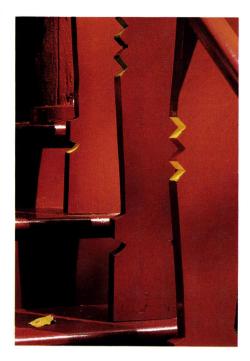




are echoes of a Swiss chalet. The notched balustrades are picked out in sage green, brilliant yellow and blue, and Chinese red. And long before it was chic to renovate barns, Morgan bought a couple of barns in a nearby village to create the living room. The entire house was stained a dark red, and to balance the barny darkness of the roof and walls, Morgan laid a floor of bright birch planks and punched out large curtainless windows. The end of the living room originally had a tremendous picture window-"People used to gasp at the view." When a neighbor planted three pines and blocked the prospect, the family moved the window to another side of the

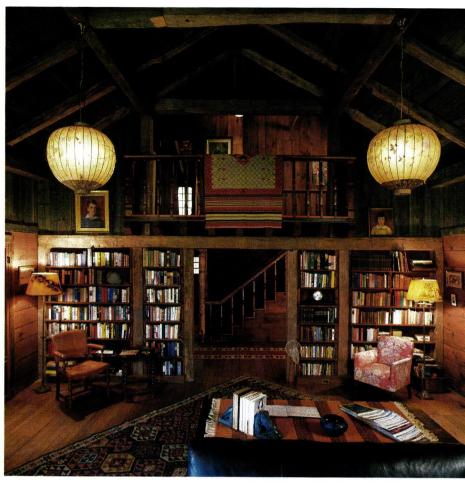
Forked birch columns support birch rafters in the dining room, opposite and above. The casement windows on either side of the room are opened in the afternoon to catch cross breezes. Left: A view of the back lawn, including some of the magnificent birch trees and a peak in the Green Mountains.





A detail of the balcony balustrade, above. Right: The book-lined back wall of the living room and the balcony above on which many of the family's improvisational skits were performed. The newel post is a totem pole carved by an itinerant preacher. Below:

One of eight bedrooms in the house.





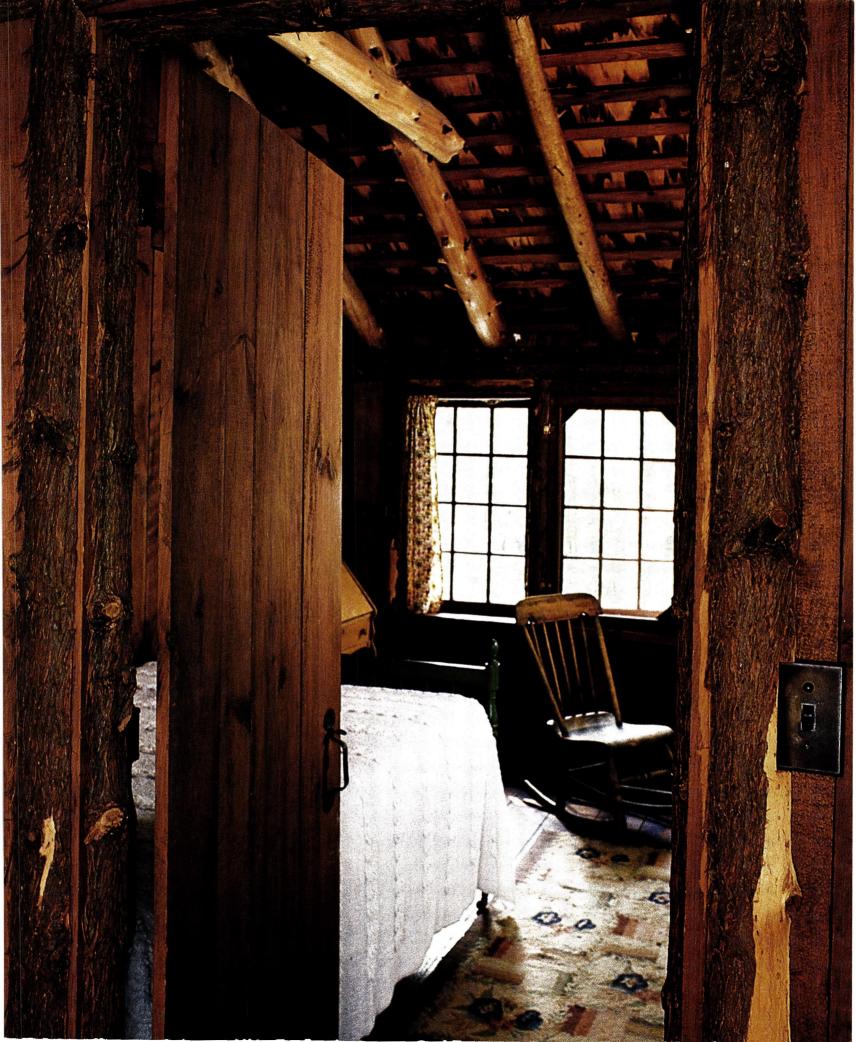
house. Morgan's design dispensed with gutters—the large overhang of the roof keeps the rain out even on a windy day.

Morgan and his wife traveled widely and brought back many of the furnishings in the house—lanterns from Japan, rugs from Turkey and Egypt. An itinerant Alaskan preacher carved the totem pole that Morgan installed as the newel post at the foot of the staircase. Everybody always dressed for dinner, and the dining room was always full of worldly guests, once including the ambassador to Hungary. Sometimes there was dancing afterward to the music of a band hired from one of the local hotels. Some of the older members of the family remember a way of life that is largely gone now—the time before television.

"It was a very pleasant way of life," recalls the architect's daughter. "People got their entertainment from each other."

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

another upstairs bedroom, seen through its cedar-trimmed doorway, shows the exposed roof construction.



Robert Rosenblum and Jane Kaplowitz in front of a late self-portrait by Andy Warhol. Opposite: Sir Joshua Reynolds's Venus and Cupid hangs to the left of the staircase. Details see Resources.



AN EDUCATED PALETTE

By JOHN RUSSELL Photographs by OBERTO GILI



Robert Rosenblum and Jane Kaplowitz use color to compose a vibrant domestic still life

ove me, love my loft" was the siren song of the 1970s in downtown Manhattan, and many there were who heard it and obeyed. To live in a space that was never meant to be lived in was almost everyone's ambition. And with time, money, and perseverance almost everyone achieved it. For them no space could be too misshapen, too ill adapted, too contrary to our instinctive liking for privacy, proportion, and a sense of sweet enclosure.

I myself would date to the year 1979 the first countermove in this regard. It was in that year that Robert Rosenblum, art historian, and his young wife, Jane Kaplowitz, painter, moved into an openplan loft in a development not far from Washington Square. It is a large development, somewhat collegiate in tone, with courtyards and grilles onto the street and a generally monastic air that is doubtless deceptive.

Both Rosenblums were then, and are now, amused and all-seeing observers of the here and now in matters of art, decoration, costume, and companionship. An open loft might have seemed to be just the thing for them. But what they did, forthwith, was to reverse a virtually universal trend by turning their space into the likeness of an unreconstructed old-fashioned house with an upstairs and a downstairs, a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen. "Palladianization" is one of the words that the Rosenblums use for this metamorphosis. But, as with a great deal of what they say, we have to shuck off the irony in that remark, the way we shuck off the shell to get at an oyster. Besides, they say, "you need walls for paintings."

But more to the point is that neither they nor their possessions would thrive in spatial odds and ends. As foster children of London, a city in which they spend much of the summer, they respond to the archetypal London row house with its unpretentious spaces, its narrow staircase, and its coffin-shaped rooms. It has often struck me that visitors from London look very happy at the Rosenblums'.

For that matter, everyone looks happy at the Rosenblums'. From the moment that he leads the way toward the living room with a brisk, short-stepped, somewhat rolling gait and from the moment that she





ane Kaplowitz's Matisse, Laura Ashley, and Chair, 1987, above. Left: In the staircase, a detail of a painting after Picasso by Mike Bidlo. Below left: Theodore Rosenblum before Society & Domestic Tea Screen, 1985, by McDermott and McGough. Below: Sophie Rosenblum in the act (perfected by Marcel Duchamp) of descending the staircase.

appears in a costume that, though sui generis on all occasions, is never affected or perverse, all care is cast aside. So are prejudice, ill humor, and pretension. People are never invited to the Rosenblums' because they are "important" or "useful" or "prestigious." Of one artist-friend of whom they think very highly, they said, "He's very downwardly mobile. No ambition at all."

nce inside, we realize that although it would be hard to think of a more endearing interior, nothing in the house is there to impress. As Robert Rosenblum first made his name as a revisionist authority on eighteenth-century painting, we are not surprised when one of the first things that we come upon is a subject painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. We are not, however, expected to pause in admiration. "Venus and Cupid," our host will say in passing, "the happiest of all couples."

And as he is the author of a no-less-revisionist study of nineteenth-century painting, we are equally unsurprised to hear that a painting not far away was shown in the Paris Salon of 1819. Learned ears are cocked at the news, and learned eyes brought into focus. But, once again, no holy hush is demanded. The artist's name is forthcoming, on demand, but not one visitor in a thousand has ever heard of it. The image, likewise, is unfamiliar. "The Last Communion of Marie-Antoinette," says our host, who is far too polite to remark upon our ignorance.

As Robert Rosenblum is also an authority on Picasso, particularly on the small print on the fragments of newspaper that went into his papiers collés, hopes of seeing one of them sometimes run fast and free. But even those who are momentarily







deceived by what seems to be a painting by Picasso on the staircase are reminded that this is in reality one of the impudent pastiches of Picasso which a young painter called Mike Bidlo showed not so long ago. "Everything in this house is by Mike Bidlo," the householder has been known to say, if provoked.

In no sense, therefore, is this a conformist interior. Shape and color have a life of their own on the staircase. There are welcoming sofas, generously plumped out, but there is also a fine example of Adirondack twig furniture as well as a small-scale log cabin at the top of a pole that was made by an anonymous craftsman in the 1940s. One of the windows in the cabin lights up on request. "You can see Abraham Lincoln reading there," says our host. The coffee set was made by a Czech refugee in Sydney, Australia, and brought back not long ago.

"Of course," Robert Rosenblum says, this is the most historicizing moment in the history of the world. We can't wait for something to be ten years old so that we can place it in history." Fired up by that concept, the visitor may decide that a historical reference must be found even for their children, Sophie and Theodore, and for their nearly adopted pet, a friend's King Charles spaniel. (We may also remember that perhaps the most original art book published last fall was Robert Rosenblum's *The Dog in Art from Rococo to Postmodernism.*)

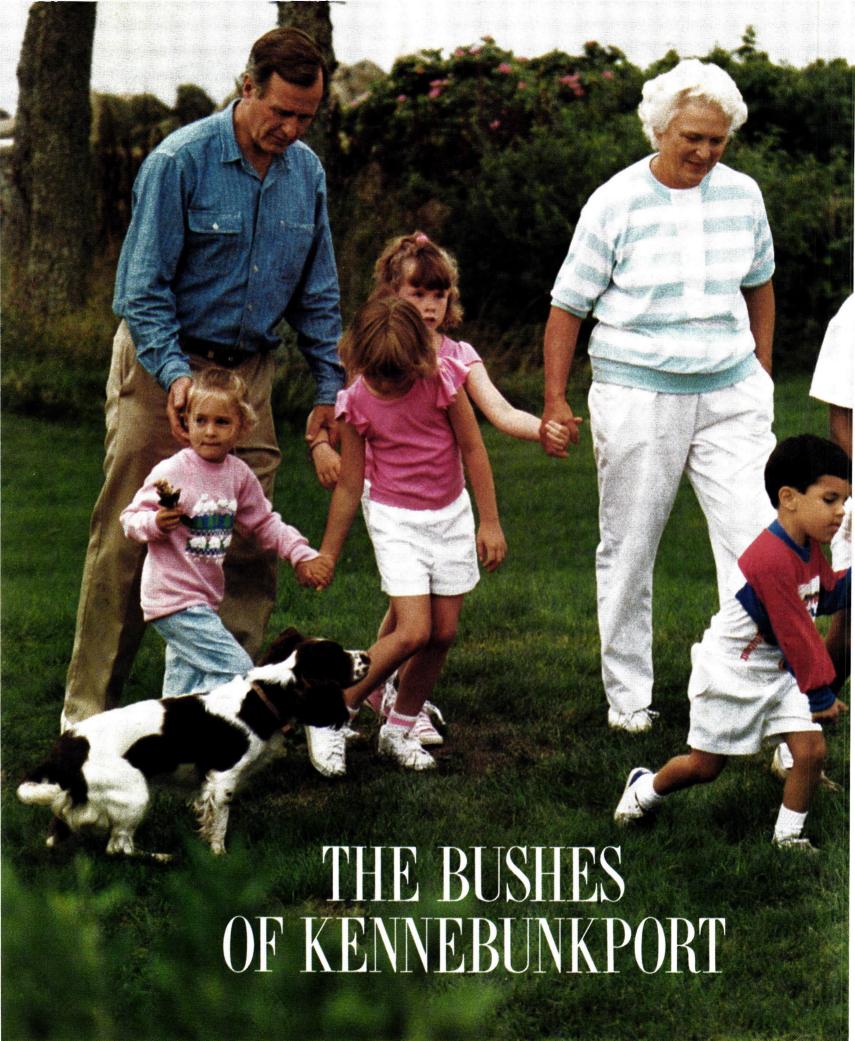
What the visitor will most probably not be shown are the paintings of Jane Kaplowitz. Yet they, too, represent historicization in its wittiest and most mischievous aspect, made up as they are of art historical references recombined and unpredictably mated. In one of them, the seated figure from Matisse's great *Music*, now in the Hermitage in Leningrad, is brought home from the bald mountaintop on which Matisse left him and put side by side with an armchair upholstered in fabric by Laura Ashley.

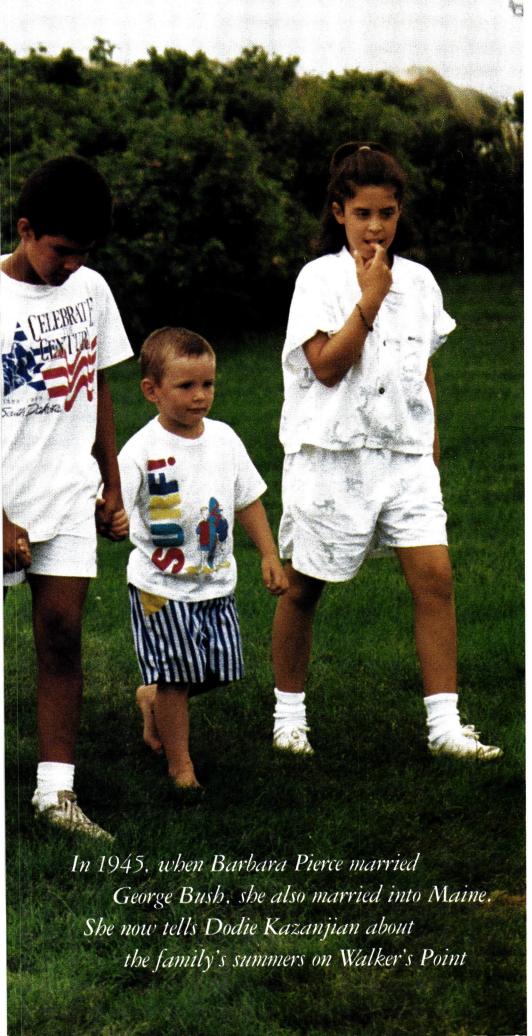
In both Jane and Robert Rosenblum a

visitor will at once detect a complete freedom from prejudice in what passes elsewhere for "taste." Hierarchies long taken for granted are not so much discarded as erased. (A great favorite with them is their painting by Robert Colescott. Eat dem Taters! is its (Text continued on page 172)

The living room, above, with a Roy Lichtenstein landscape, a log cabin on a pole by an anonymous craftsman, and an Adirondack étagère. Below: David Hockney's Fireplace, 1979, by Jane Kaplowitz.







ur way of life in Kennebunkport is very informal. The difference between Washington and Maine is night and day. I play tennis, garden, and plot and plan everyone's day. I try to see that one and all are included in some activity. Every day is different, although I do have certain rules posted on the doors which no one really keeps: "Picnics should be planned early for the beach"; "Please pick up wet towels and use them twice"; "Please be down for breakfast between seven and nine or no breakfast." All rules are broken constantly.

We spend as much time in Kennebunkport as possible. From Memorial Day on, we go there as many weekends as we can. In August we try to have all our children visit at the same time. It's a tight fit, but we can do it—23 strong! We have only three heated rooms in the winter—one of which is our bedroom—but we do get there for Thanksgiving and even the occasional winter weekend.

We bought the house from George's aunt in 1980 to keep it in the family. It came with a name—Surf Ledge—although the whole place is commonly called Walker's Point. George's family had always gone to Maine: both his grandfather and his great-grandfather built houses on Walker's Point at the turn of the century; his mother was born there and still owns a house, The Bungalow, on Walker's Point; his cousin owns two acres—so we do not own the whole point.

The decor of the house is hodgepodge—three houses of furniture put in one, no antiques, fifteen-year-old slipcovers—a house grandchildren are more than welcome in. There are six bedrooms and six baths in the main house plus a girls' dormitory. My favorite room is the end

Barbara and
George Bush out for a walk with
seven of their eleven grandchildren
and Millie, their English springer
spaniel, at Walker's Point.



green Walker's Point.

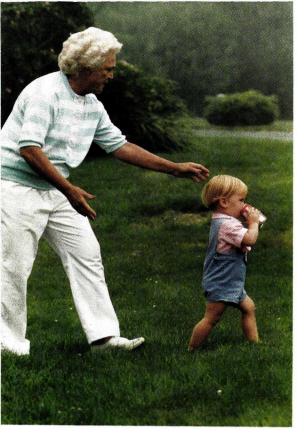
he garden is where the old garden was. I spend hours in it—therapy. I have many perennials but I also have annuals. There is a cutting garden, so I can have flowers for the house. I mix my garden flowers with wonderful wildflowers and have big loose arrangements. My favorites are hard to say, but certainly lilies, gardenias, daisies of all varieties, phlox, and delphiniums.

The day starts with coffee in bed at six children and grandchildren drift on down. They all have breakfast at the dining room table, and there's a choice of pancakes or muffins, depending on the day. Many of us go our separate ways-boating, swimming, softball, tennis, horseshoes, and golf. Many ages play together.

I am trying to re-green Walker's



Point. Hours in the garden are like therapy

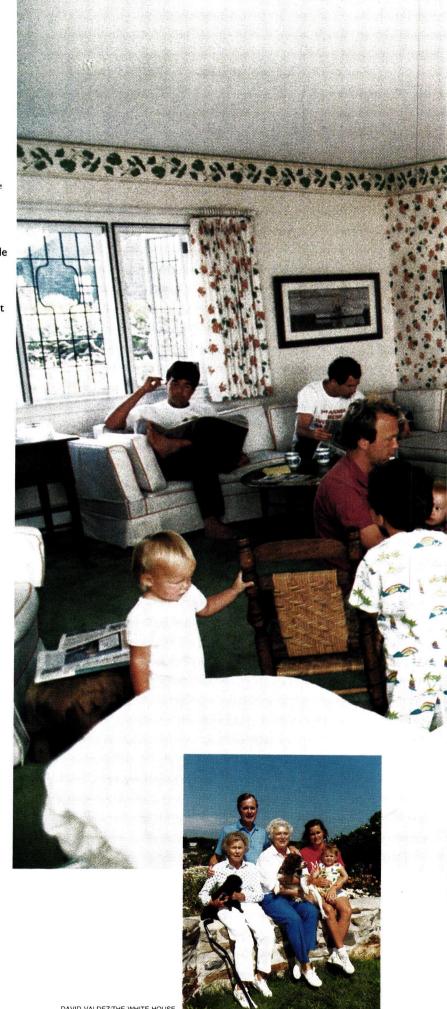


Barbara Bush, left, with grandson Pierce. Right: The Bush boys get a chance to read the morning paper while Ganny and Gampy entertain the grandchildren on their bed. In August the Bushes try to have all their children visit Kennebunkport at the same time. It's a tight fit with 23 around the house.

It's a hodgepodge a house grandchildren are more than welcome in

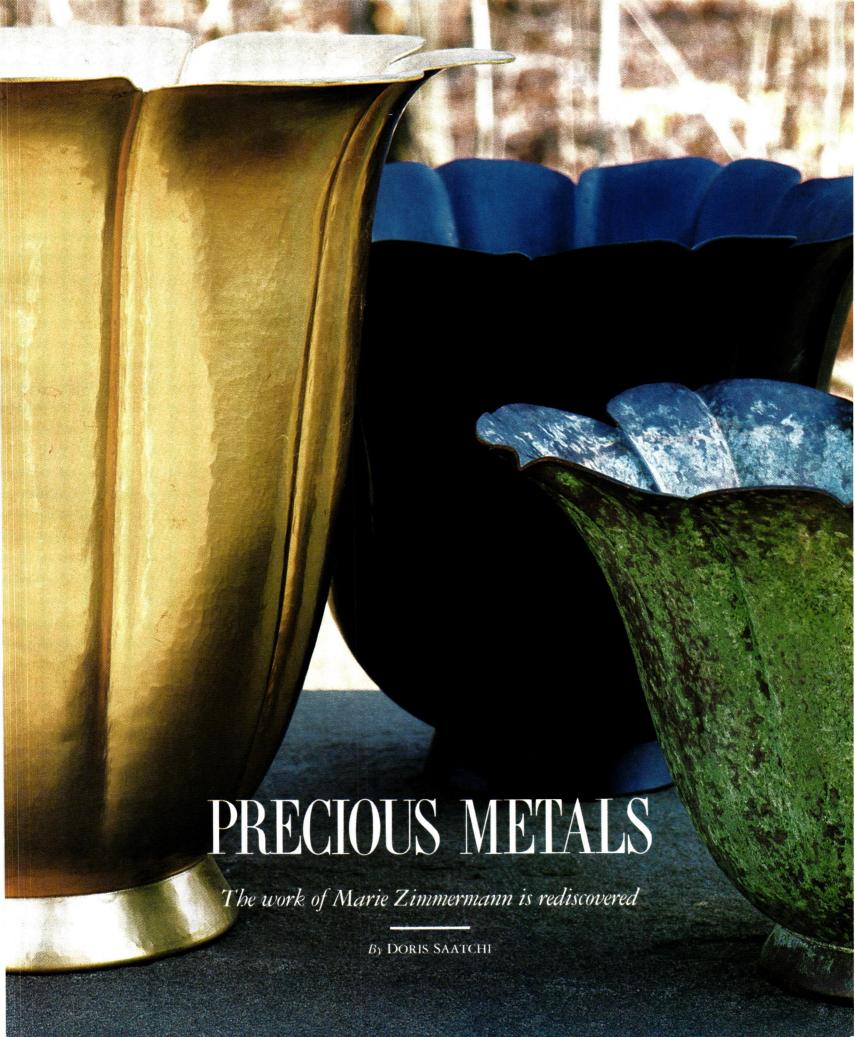
Lunch, usually on the deck, is a big pot of soup-clam chowder, corn chowder, zucchini-with sandwiches or salad. The children eat dinner early, but the two older grandchildren usually eat with us. I do not cook these days. Most of our meals are cooked on the grill, swordfish being my favorite and lobster a close second. We usually have a clear soup served in mugs in the living room. A favorite dessert is ice cream with Paula Rendon's butterscotch sauce she's been with us for years. We entertain a lot on four round tables of ten—big family dinners and get-togethers mixing childhood friends with foreign friends or just out-of-town guests.

I'm not big on games after dinner, but I keep a jigsaw puzzle going. Bedtime varies, people go at different hours. George and I crawl into bed—happy and very tired-at nine thirty and read for a bit before turning off the light.











Critics heralded Marie Zimmermann

as a "female Cellini" and

the "last of the great craftsmen"

n coming of age at the turn of this century, most daughters of prosperous and distinguished parents settled more or less happily for a married matron's life. With the full support of her Swiss-born parents, Marie Zimmermann chose a career instead. But when it turned out to be metalworking, her father refused to speak to her for almost a year. By the time Pater Zimmermann simmered down, his thoroughly modern Marie had studied drawing, painting, sculpture, and chemistry and in 1901 joined Manhattan's National Arts Club, where she later set up a workshop.

With characteristic determination she strove to overcome the disadvantages of her privileged background and establish herself first and foremost as a hardworking artisan. Proclaiming that "it isn't so much what you are as what you produce," Zimmermann embarked on an energetic production of beautiful objects from stainedglass windows in the manner of Louis Comfort Tiffany to Egyptian-inspired settees. But it was when she discovered the wide-ranging possibilities of designing in metal that she found her true métier. Standing over a modern gas-jet version of the smithy's flame in her favorite blue gingham apron, she hammered, welded, and twisted copper, silver, gold, bronze, and iron into bowls, vases, candlesticks, bracelets, cigarette boxes, even massive garden gates and tiny riding spurs.

Guided by her love of the countryside and Goethe's view of the essential unity of art and nature, she interpreted naturalistic motifs in an astonishing array of materials.



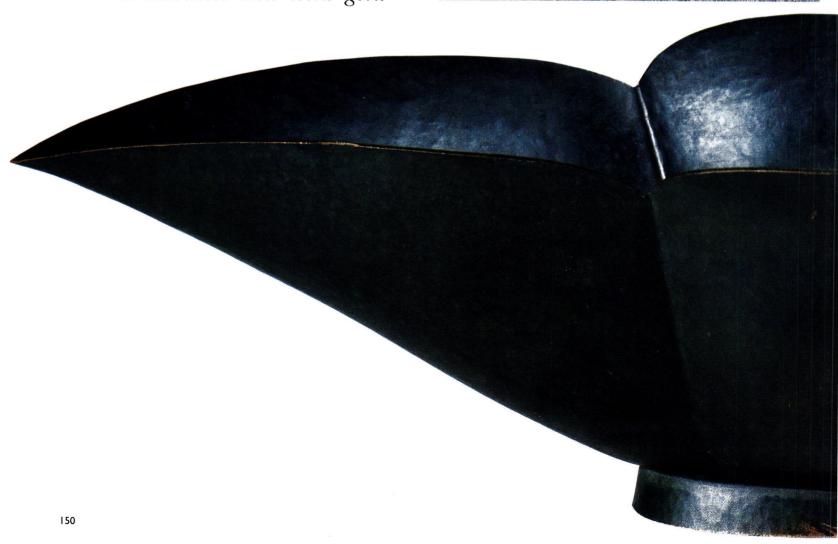


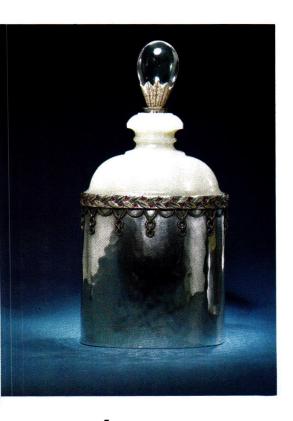


When light shines on the ivory and silver box, <u>left</u>, decorated with pearls and semiprecious stones, it reveals four vibrant Persian miniatures lining the interior. <u>Below:</u> A pair of coral beaded bracelets fitted with dragon's heads of silver and enamel.



One moment Zimmermann used ancient techniques, the next she combined stainless steel with gold





In 1922 the Metropolitan Museum of Art purchased Zimmermann's flask-shaped box of silver and white jade embellished with a crystal finial and garlands of gold and rubies.

There were berries wrought, cast, and carved out of gemstones; silver leaves; bronze water lilies; twining vines of iron; and copper lotus petals. Her way of working metals was both serious and irreverent. One moment she would use ancient techniques, such as lost-wax casting to create a jewel-encrusted dagger that looks as if it were once worn by a Florentine nobleman. Then, for a carving set, she combined stainless steel with gold, years before anyone else thought—or dared—to do it.

"A metal in itself is neither base nor precious," she asserted. "It is our treatment of it that places it either in a glass case or in our kitchen closet." Zimmermann's own treatment always combined spontaneity and guile. Once she achieved a satisfying form, she often disguised the material from which it was wrought by gilding, plating, or painting it with a patina. For her favorite lotus petal bowls and vases, she brushed on black blue, verdigris, Chinese red, and terra-cotta patinas, producing highly textured, painterly surfaces.

Such a freewheeling approach to the possibilities of material, form, and color could produce a watchcase deemed by

an unknowing expert at the time to be a hundred years old; a thin-lipped flaring silver bowl heralding the spare Modernist pieces of the Art Deco period; and a vanity box bearing such an unlikely combination of antique cameo and garishly colored semiprecious stones that it would not look out of place in the most au courant contemporary art gallery.

averick as Zimmermann's work might be, it appealed to the rich and famous of her day. There were commissions for mausoleum doors in Chicago, gates for imposing Long Island estates, commemorative silver bowls, fountains for town house gardens, necklaces for gala balls. Throughout the twenties and thirties her work was shown in leading museums and galleries in Chicago, Detroit, New York, and Philadelphia. Articles by and about her appeared in The New York Times, Arts & Decoration, and House & Garden. Critics heralded her as a "female Cellini" and the "last of the great craftsmen."

Just as her work could never be categorized, (Text continued on page 170)



ABOVE IT ALL

A glamorous Manhattan triplex is a study in superlatives

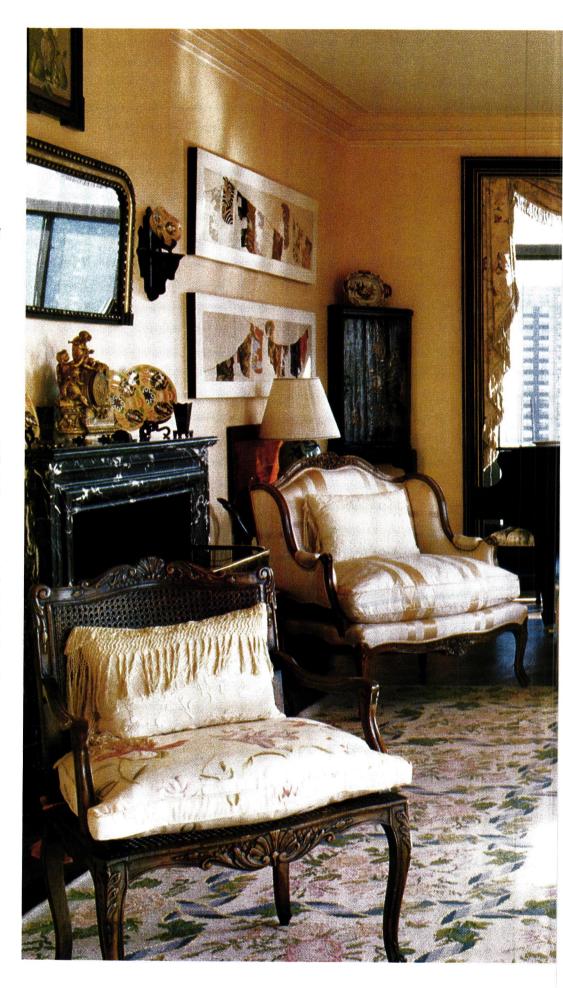
By JAMES REGINATO

Photographs by MICHAEL MUNDY

eremy and Friederike Biggs dwell not just at the height of Park Avenue splendor but at the heights: their triplex penthouse spans floors 16, 17, and 18. It's quite likely, however, that the couple would never have arrived at this summit had it not been for the terrace.

They explain. Just a few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Biggs—he an investment manager, she a decorator—were comfortably sheltered in a perfectly nice apartment just down the avenue. Weekends they retreated to Fire Island. Everything was fine, except that when spring came, they longed to step outside into a garden. A search for property in Connecticut was proposed, but the pair began to have second thoughts, namely, according to Friederike Kemp Biggs, "Who's going to want to get in a car and drive every weekend?" They ruminated on this until the solution arrived. She recalls: "Finally one morning I said, 'What about a penthouse?' "He had to agree—it made

For the living room of Jeremy and Friederike Biggs's Park Avenue penthouse, pale peach was chosen to flatter the couple's collection of Japanese and Chinese antiques. Curtains and caned Régence armchairs in Clarence House silks; sofa in Volnay Texture from Brunschwig & Fils. The needlepoint carpet is from Rosecore. Details see Resources.







The Biggses' triplex features most of the contents of their previous apartment, "shuffled around" along color lines



Living room niches, top, display some of Friederike Kemp Biggs's Oriental lacquerware and paintings in the Dutch floral style. The large Japanese screen depicts court ladies engaged in a "flower battle," for the amusement of the empress. Above: An antique courting bench covered in Brunschwig's Harrow damask dominates the hand-painted entrance hall. Opposite: A bathroom was transformed into a book room, which houses Jeremy Biggs's collection of Winston Churchill memorabilia. Shutters are faux bookshelves.

sense. Since they only too rarely get to escape the city, thanks to their jobs, why not buy a wonderful terraced apartment? There they could satisfy nearly every horticultural longing. What's more, they could relax without leaving home.

But when the real estate agent called to tell them about this penthouse, they laughed. They had seen the place—the children of its former owners were schoolmates of the elder of the Biggses' two boys—and they knew it was extravagant.

year passed. After another penthouse was found and lost while he was locked in jury duty, the triplex was still on the market. They took another look. They discovered that nearly every one of the thirteen rooms opens onto its own terrace. Sold.

While the apartment's bones, according to its chatelaine, were undeniably good, the place needed an overhaul and, of course, redecoration. The Biggses took possession one day in October 1986 and started tearing it apart that morning. They departed for Bermuda that weekend, but they could hide out for only so long.

"For a year and a half," she remembers, "he kissed me good-bye at seven thirty and left me with ten men." Jeremy Biggs, for his part, faltered on no occasion. "I would never have bought it if I didn't have a very high degree of confidence in my wife's ability to fix it up," he explains.

But camping out in one room on the top floor for most of this period was no month in the country. He pulled through by imagining that decorating must be like child-birth. "After it's over, you'll forget the pain," he reasoned. Still, there were dark days—days when it appeared as though they were providing a "nice warm place for ten men to play their radios."

The couple developed some helpful rules of thumb: if workmen say a job will take four months, figure eight. The process was not speeded up because Friederike Biggs was decorating for herself. On the contrary—when she found a really good craftsman, he would invariably be dispatched to one of her clients.

Situated as it is on the roof of a prewar building designed by Rosario Candela, architect of such other Park Avenue beauties as number 740, the triplex was a warren of apparently insurmountable and undisguisable obstacles: obtrusive shutoff valves and unroutable ducts, among







others. But the decorator triumphed over them all. Antique birdcages offer marvelous camouflage for valves, and mir-

rors do wonders for ducts.

Although the apartment is nothing if not capacious, many spaces weren't exactly of the right proportions. So one bathroom off the library now serves as a book room; a closet became a bar; the axis panel for the Jacuzzi protrudes into a hallway, though it's cleverly concealed by a Regency panel.

hen designing for herself, she operates under a handicap: "I'm not as free to throw it all out." When working for clients, though, her approach is not so different. "I say, 'Let's see what you have, what we can do with it." I'm always working around somebody's grandmother's trunk," notes Friederike

Biggs, who describes herself as a "soft traditionalist" and whose recent projects have included not only residences and offices but also banquet rooms at New York's Harvard Club, elaborate curtains for a period (Text continued on page 171)

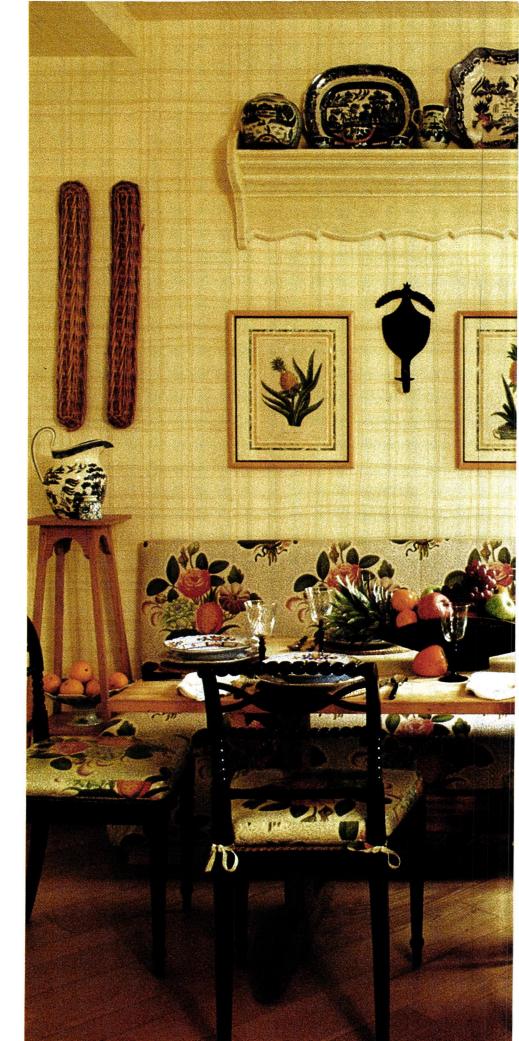
agique swag border and Winfield chintz, both from Cowtan & Tout, and a handmade needlepoint rug enliven the top-floor master bedroom, left. Curtains and sofa feature Carleton V's Stissing. Below: Antique botanical prints decorate bedroom walls; carpeting is Rosecore's Petite Fleur. Above: Cowtan & Tout's Barroco lace and Brunschwig's Roses Pompon wallpaper adorn the bathroom.







Friederike Kemp
Biggs, top, in her office—"my padded cell,"
as she calls it. Above: In the dining room she
retained the original chinoiserie paneling and
covered the wing chairs in Coromandel from
Clarence House. Right: The breakfast
area has decoratively hand-painted walls
and cabinets. The banquette and cushions
are in Brunschwig's Howqua's Garden.





SOURCES

SAMPLES

Making an Entrance

Dressed-up doors add a dramatic presence to any room By Dana Cowin he fate of the door in America has been a curious one," wrote Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman Jr. in *The Decoration of Houses*, asserting there is "relentless animosity" directed toward that humble feature of the house. And it's true: doors have often been disguised—tucked into walls, blended into rooms—or left out altogether. On these pages doors come into their own, drawing attention away from gussied-up windows, domineering fireplaces, and highly decorated mantelpieces and toward a worthy doorknob or a brightly trimmed panel. With a few well-considered accoutrements, doors can be the deserving focus of any room.

Editor: Amicia de Moubray





Schumacher's Centennial Bouquet draws attention to the half-hidden door, left. The portière is suspended from pole tipped with Clare Mosley's gilded spearhead and flight finials. Mezzotints by J. J. Haid from Ursus Prints, NYC, grace the walls, covered in Cowtan & Tout's Chevalier Stripe. Rug is from Braganza, NYC; urn from Kogan & Co., NYC.

Above: Gilt acanthus leaf tieback from Christopher Hyland, NYC. Below: Louis XY-style door handle and escutcheon from P. E. Guerin, NYC, adds an elegant touch. Details see Resources.





SOURCES



Grey Watkins's bold fabric La Gloire de la Mer sets the tone for this sea-life extravaganza, right. A row of real shells is beached on the chair rail and door. Sea horse chair is from Florentine Craftsmen, NYC. Striped fabric from Laura Ashley. Above: A metal shell from P. E. Guerin serves as the doorknob.







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SOURCES

SAMPLES

Fruits of the Loom

old masters' still lifes and tapestries. The pineapple, for example, was a sign of hospitality; the pomegranate represented fertility because of its many seeds. Today fruit continues to be an alluring subject for weavers, and they are bursting forth in a delicious array of colors and textures. Combined here is a patch-The time is ripe for work of two dozen different fabrics: Clarence wovens with fruit motifs House's line of richly toned grapes in bold lightweight-cotton prints suggests the look By Eric A. Berthold of a Tuscan vineyard; Frutteto from Stroheim & Romann boasts a thick tapestrylike weave with flowering citrus; and, on sturdy canvas, giant tangy lemons and pomegranates, which seem seasoned by the Mediterranean sun, are newly imported from Italy. Ready for picking, this bumper crop of fruit adds flavor to any room. Fabric houses are harvesting a record crop of fruit this summer-from apricots to pineapples. Details see Resources. 164 **HG** JUNE 1989

n the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, fruits from apricots to

pineapples, valued for their symbolic importance, were glorified in

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SOURCES



Tulipomania

The flower takes root everywhere—from fabrics to fashion

By Dana Cowin

he tulip, a Turkish contribution to horticulture, was once the most exalted of flowers. Seventeenth-century kings and noblemen paid the equivalent of thousands of dollars for a single bulb, and greedy Dutchmen imperiled their full-blown economy by trading tulips that only existed on paper. Inspired by tulipomania, craftsmen captured its likeness on wood, pottery, silver and created forms, such as delft tulipières, to flaunt each stem's beauty. The flamboyant bloom, whose appeal has been buttressed by time, is now cropping up everywhere—on jackets, furni-

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

ture, plates, and fabrics.

Tulipière, left, modeled after 17th-century original, and, right, cup and saucer copied from 18th-century faience sketchbooks, both from Mottahedeh.

Above: Armchair,
Florentine Craftsmen.

Oscar de la Renta's spring jacket, <u>above right</u>, abloom with tulips. <u>Above</u>: Delicate gilt-edged plate. <u>Right</u>: Exotic-looking parrot tulips on Cynthia Gibson's fabric.

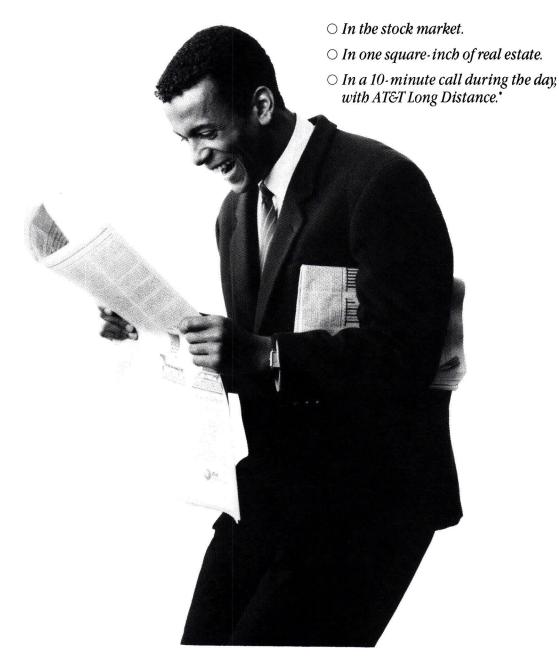
Details see Resources.

An antique Indian painted dowry box, above, from Lexington Gardens.





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NOTES

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ARCHITECTURE

Page 28 Wooden dining table, by Paul Fortune, \$2,500, armchairs, \$1,200 ea (incl pillows not shown), from Paul Fortune, Los Angeles (213) 652-771. Painted Italian wooden bowl, \$210, to order at Wilder Place, Los Angeles (213) 655-9072. California pottery bowl, vase, candlestick, c. 1930s, at Buddy's, Los Angeles (213) 939-2419. Pillows, \$95-\$250 ea, wool blankets, \$375-\$550 ea, at Territory, Los Angeles (213) 937-4006. Paddle armchairs, \$412.50 ea, suntanning bench, \$525, at Umbrello, Los Angeles, Santa Fe, NYC.

FOOD

Page 54 Wicker picnic basket, \$325, by Frank McIntosh, at Henri Bendel, NYC (212) 492-1681. Aubusson pillows, \$1,200-\$2,400 ea, bread knife with ivory handle, \$225, woven silver baskets, c. 1865, \$450-\$1,250 ea, needlepointrug, \$3,800, at Linda Horn Antiques, NYC (212) 772-1122.

BLOCK ISLAND LIGHT

Pages 84–90 All wooden furniture, custom-designed by Geoffrey Rigby-Leather, to the trade to order from Geoffrey Rigby-Leather, Block Island (401) 466-2391. Pastry catering, by Ela's Pâtisserie, Block Island (401) 466-2391. 88 Chair, a Robert Mallet-Stevens 1928 design, \$210, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Colorcore Formica laminate kitchen cabinetry, by Universal Designs, Queens (718) 721-1111. Italian porcelain floor tile, by Fiandre, approx \$5 sq ft, at Integrity Tile, Queens (718) 899-5540.

JANE FONDA'S SPA

Page 92 Capri lounge chairs, \$604 ea, Cambridge side tables, \$172 ea, Devon dining chairs, \$232 ea, Arundel table with hole for umbrella, \$901, Roma parasol, \$1,305, base, \$333, at Barlow Tyrie, for nearest dealer call (800) 451-7467. 94 Pairpoint lamp, from a collection, at Toulouse Antique Gallery, Los Angeles (213) 655-1271. Alderwood end table, approx \$1,200, to the trade at Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles (213) 653-0204. Southwest cabinet, from a collection, at Umbrello (see above for pg 28). Sleigh bed, similar ones available in twin size, \$600, from Habersham Plantation, for nearest dealer call (800) 241-0716. Charlotte cotton duvet, \$490 full/queen, Charlotte cotton ruffled shams, \$80 std, Polo white cotton flat and fitted sheets, \$61 ea queen, Polo white cotton pillowcases, \$43 pr std, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Palm Beach, Palo Alto, San Francisco. 95 Star andirons, approx \$1,000, to the trade at Richard Mulligan (see above). 96 Monterey lantern with etched sycamore filigree, \$616 24" size, from Arroyo Craftsman Lighting, Duarte (818) 359-3298. 97 Astor Floral Cotton fabric for sham and duvet cover, 54" wide, \$67.50 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). Wedgwood's Franciscan Desert Rose china, \$46.50 per 5-piece place setting, at Foster-Ingersoll, Los Angeles; Waterford Wedgwood, Chicago; Ivy House, Dallas; other Wedgwood dealers. Sweetheart bed, \$1,100 queen, from Habersham Plantation (see above). Delta I fan (#141212D) with light fixture (#K1-12), globe (#G501), approx \$250, from Casablanca, for nearest dealer call (818) 369-6441.

YANKEE PRESERVE

Pages 98-99 Romney chintz, 48" wide, \$54 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Keith McCoy, Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco. Normandie Bouclé cotton, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. March Bank Cotton Matelassé on left sofa, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Daughtry Cloth viscose/flax orange-colored fabric, 48" wide, \$57 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Moiré Ondine cotton/linen on curtains, 51" wide, \$99 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Large Chinese jardinière, \$1,500, at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. Regency overmantel mirror, at Hyde Park Antiques, NYC (212) 477-0033. Natura natural-colored sisal carpeting, \$58 sq yd, Chinese needlepoint rug, \$51 sq ft, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. 100– 01 Hydrangea chintz 521/4" wide, \$93 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Petite Bouquet wool carpet, \$128 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above). Russell cording, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Kress/Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle. 102-03 Jubilee Chintz, 521/2" wide, \$93 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Felicia Silk Plaid, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Quo Vadis viscose/cotton on chaise, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Bentley Ticking Stripe cotton/ rayon/linen, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Buckland wallpaper, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Limerick wool broadloom carpeting, \$102 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above).

GOTHIC GETAWAY

Page 107 Alfresco wool broadloom carpet, \$85 sq yd, at Einstein Moomjy, NYC (212) 758-0900; also New Jersey stores. Bird's-eye maple dining chairs with Shaker-style woven seats, side chair, \$60 ea, armchair, \$620, to order from lan Ingersoll, West Cornwall (203) 672-6334. 108 One-of-

a-kind bird's-eye maple/cherry dining table, copper on painted wood cocktail table, by Mark Simon. Other designs, to order from Mark Simon, Centerbrook Architects & Planners, Essex (203) 767-0175. Le Nouveau II wool broadloom carpet, \$80 sq yd, at Einstein Moomjy (see above). Lusty Lavender cotton, 54" wide, \$55 yd, to the trade at Daphne Tyson, for nearest showroom call (800) 828-2454. Stained and painted ash bed, similar designs, to order from Trip Wyeth and Susan Edler, Centerbrook Architects & Planners (see above). Lloyd Loom—inspired armchair, \$290, to order at Grange, NYC (212) 737-8080.

CLEAN SWEEP

Page 119 Hydrangea cotton duck cloth, 54" wide, \$55 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Bloomingdale's, NYC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. Boston, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach; Polo/Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto. 120-23 White cotton/sisal area rugs, range from 7'x9', \$1,960, to 11'x18', \$5,200, to the trade to order at Phoenix Carpet, NYC (212) 758-5070. 121 Julianne cotton damask on wicker chairs, 45" wide, \$100 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). Column lamp, \$210, to the trade at Edward Russell Decorative Accessories, NYC (212) 226-1360. Antique Bessarabian kilim, similar ones, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Hi-Craft, Dania; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston: Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles: Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Nelson lamp, \$240, to the trade at Edward Russell Decorative Accessories (see above). English bell lantern, c. 1850, \$1,600, from a collection, at Bardith I, NYC (212) 737-3775. Hurricane lamps, 12" size, \$195, at Pierre Deux, NYC, Atlanta, Beverly Hills, Boston, Carmel, Dallas, Houston, Kansas City, Newport Beach, Palm Beach, San Francisco, Scottsdale, Washington, D.C., Winnetka. French Park side chairs (#P491314), \$45 ea, at Conran's, for nearest store call (800) 626-6726. 122 Yorkshire chairs in Alabaster linen, \$1,335 ea, Yorkshire ottoman in Alabaster linen, \$680, Whitney linen rugs, \$285, 5'x7' size, \$120, 3'x5' size, Village Stripe wallpaper, \$32.50 std roll, Clearwater Supima-cotton herringbone bed blanket, \$160 full/queen, Rosemary cotton dishtowel fabric for duvet and shams, \$35 yd, oxford cloth tailored shams, \$62 ea std, Marissa Lace cotton on curtains, 45" wide, \$55 yd, Jasmine cotton on bathroom chair, 511/2" wide, \$35 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). 123 White linen on curtains, 58" wide, \$77.50 yd, Clearwater Supimacotton herringbone bed blankets, \$190 ea king, Hemstitch linen duvet, \$990 king, top sheet, \$920 king, European-tailored shams, \$135 ea, pillowcases, \$75 ea std, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). Rome lamp in foreground, \$250, to the trade at Kostka of America, for nearest representative call (212) 213-0880.

AMERICAN FRONTIERS

Pages 124–27 For more information see Henry Adams's Thomas Hart Benton: An American Original (to be published in October by Alfred A. Knopf, \$60) and Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith's Jackson Pollock: An American Saga (to be published in November by Clarkson N. Potter, \$29.95).

AN EDUCATED PALETTE

Pages 137–39 Leopard-pattern wool/nylon carpeting, \$60 sq yd, from Safari Collection at Einstein Moomjy (see above for pg 107).

ABOVE IT ALL

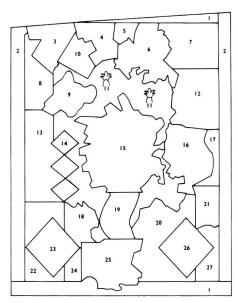
Pages 152-53 Jardin Tropical silk on foreground chairs, 55" wide, \$150 yd, La Vie Japon-

aise silk on curtains, 55" wide, \$180 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 98–99). Volnay Texture cotton on L-shaped sofa, all fringes and tassels, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98-99). Custom Portuguese needlepoint carpet, \$60 sq ft, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Richard Guillen, Laguna Niguel; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Wroolie & LoPresti, San Francisco; Collins Draheim, Seattle; W. F. Carter, Tempe; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. 154 Harrow Damask Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98– 99). BPS Portuguese needlepoint rug, \$4,500, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 98–99). Beauchamp wool runner, \$88 per linear yd, to the trade at Rosecore (see above). I 56-57 Stissing cotton, 54" wide, \$30 yd, to the trade at Carleton V, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Charles Gelfond, Miami; C. L. McRae, San Francisco; Marion Kent, Washington, D.C.; Carleton Varney at Greenbrier Hotel (retail), White Sulphur Springs. Magique Border, Winfield chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 98-99). 157 Barroco Lace, acrylic/polyester, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 98–99). Roses Pompon wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99). Petite Fleur wool carpeting (custom colors), \$128.50 sq yd, to the trade at Rosecore (see above). 158 Coromandel cotton fabric on wing chairs, 54" wide, \$135 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 98-99). 158-59 Howqua's Garden Cotton Print (laminated), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99).

SAMPLES/DOORS

Page 160 Centennial Bouquet linen, 53" wide, \$126 yd, to the trade at F. Schumacher & Co., NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Bailey Showrooms, Kansas City; Prade, Milwaukee; Edward Linder & Assoc., Pittsburgh; Designer Resource, Portland; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Carlos fringe of Dralon, used at Soughton Hall, Chester, England, 4" wide, \$29.70 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Bander & Daniel, Dallas; Bill Nessen, Dania; George Wallach, Los Angeles; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Giltwood spearhead and flight finials, by Clare Mosley, \$775 pr, at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320. Mezzotints, c. 1760, by J. J. Haid, \$12,000 for set of 10, at Ursus Books & Prints, NYC (212) 772-8787. Chevalier Stripe chintz, green viscose fringe, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 98–99). Late 19th century Aubusson rug, 4'6"x7'8", \$22,000, to the trade at Braganza, NYC (212) 371-4630. Marbleized ceramic urn, \$8,250 pr, at Kogan & Co., NYC (212) 288-8523. Gilt resin and metal acanthus tieback, \$132, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). Louis XV-style brass fittings, 24-kt gold: lever (#7191), \$90, escutcheon (#7192), \$115, thumb knob (#7194), \$46, at P. E. Guerin, NYC; to the trade at Rozmallin, Chicago; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Keith H. Mc-Coy & Assoc., Los Angeles; Randolph & Hein, San Francisco. Silk tassel, to the trade at Standard Trimming, NYC. 162 La Gloire de la Mer linen/ cotton, 50" wide, \$90 yd, to the trade at Grey Watkins, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms,

Dania, Los Angeles, Washington D.C.; Randolph & Hein, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. Sea horse armchair, welded cast aluminum in Pompeian green finish, \$575, to order at Florentine Craftsmen, NYC (212) 532-3926. Cirque cotton, 48" wide, \$15 yd, at Laura Ashley, for nearest store call (800) 223-6917. Gray rayon gimp around door, to the trade at Standard Trimming, NYC. Pewter-plated brass seashell doorknob (#7048), \$187.50, to order at P. E. Guerin (see above). Bamboo chairs with brass finials, \$9,000 for set of 6, at L'Aquitaine Interiors, NYC (212) 219-9332. Italian delft-patterned earthenware jars with covers, \$150 ea, to the trade at Limited Editions, NYC (212) 249-5563. Potomac Linen Check linen/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99). Bei Jing cotton, 55" wide, \$117 yd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Nancy Miklos Mason, Birmingham; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle. Antique glass doorknob, \$90, from a collection, at P. E. Guerin (see above). Blue rayon gimp around door, to the trade at Standard Trimming, NYC. Chinese Man plaster brackets (#815), \$60 ea, from Ballard Designs, 2148-J Hills Ave., Dept. 596, Atlanta, GA 30318.



SAMPLES/FRUIT FABRICS

Page 164 KEY TO FABRIC COLLAGE 1. Pomegranates cotton fabric, 54" wide, \$135 yd, to the trade at L'Aquitaine Interiors (see above for pg 162). 2. Lemons cotton (two patterns), 54" wide, \$135 yd, to the trade at L'Aquitaine Interiors, NYC (see above for pg 162). 3. Château Renaud linen/cotton, 58" wide, \$69 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 98-99). 4. Popoli cotton, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; Smith, Phoenix; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle. 5. Balmoral Harvest Tapestry wool/cotton, by Ralph Lauren Home Collection, 54" wide, \$275 yd, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach, San Francisco. 6. Les Vendanges glazed cotton, 54" wide, \$109.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 98–99). 7. Bradley Theorem cotton, 54" wide, \$34 yd, to the

trade from Schumacher (see above for pg 160). 8. Summer Harvest cotton, 36" wide, \$41 yd, to the trade at Greeff, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Port Chester, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. 9. Fruit Theorem, glazed cotton, 54" wide, \$30 yd, to the trade from Schumacher (see above for pg 160). 10. Strawberry Hill glazed cotton, 54" wide, \$30 yd, to the trade from Schumacher (see above for pg 160). II. Pineapples polished cotton, by Dek Tillett, 48" wide, \$60 yd, to the trade at Dek Tillett, Sheffield; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Mimi London, Los Angeles; Decorators Walk, Miami; Walters Wicker, NYC; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Billi Born, Troy; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. 12. Finistère glazed cotton chintz, by Galacar & Co., 50" wide, \$97.50 yd, to the trade at Carleton V, NYC; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia, West Palm Beach; Fortune, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Clifford Stephens, Los Angeles. 13. Montrachet Print on Moiré cotton/rayon, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98-99). 14. Framboise cotton, to the trade at Payne Fabrics, for nearest showroom call (800) 543-4322. **15.** Lemons cotton, 57"x138", \$915 panel, to the trade at L'Aquitaine Interiors (see above for pg 162). 16. Villandry cotton, by Bassett McNabb, for nearest showroom call (215) 922-8717. 17. Plums cotton satin, 54" wide, \$68 yd, to the trade at Laura Ashley Decorator Collection, for nearest showroom call (800) 847-0202. 18. Eliza glazed cotton, 53" wide, \$42 yd, Historic Natchez Foundation Collection, to the trade from Schumacher (see above for pg 160). 19. Kelmscott Vine cotton, 54" wide, \$60 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson & Sons, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; De-Cioccio, Cincinnati; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Designers Showroom, Seattle. 20. Corinthe cotton, 59" wide, \$72 yd, by Etamine, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC, for nearest showroom call (212) 421-0534. 21. Same as #17 above. 22. Riviera cotton, 55" wide, \$48 yd, to the trade at Boussac of France (see #20 above). 23. Same as #2 above. 24. Pommerie cotton, by Bises Novità, 55" wide, \$48 yd, to the trade at Boris Kroll, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. 25. Filoli Tapestry linen/ cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98-99). 26. Flowers cotton, 54" wide, \$135 yd, to the trade at L'Aquitaine Interiors (see above for pg 162). 27. Frutteto cotton, 54" wide, \$75 yd, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.

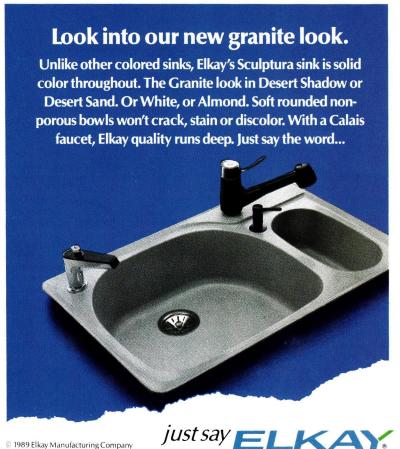
FORECASTS

Page 166 Faience tulipière, by Mottahedeh, \$2,250, at La Falce, Campbell, Robbin, Canton (203) 693-8345. Faience cup and saucer, by Mottahedeh, \$200 set of four, at Barneys New York, NYC; George Watts & Son, Milwaukee. Armchair, cast aluminum, Pompeian green finish, \$575, at Florentine Craftsmen, NYC (212) 532-3926. Embroidered cotton piqué jacket (#4510), approx \$5,600, long red silk-crepe skirt (#4406), approx \$800, from spring 1989 couture collection by Oscar de la Renta, NYC (212) 354-6777. Parrot Tulips wallpaper, by Cynthia Gibson, std roll, \$33, matching cotton, 54" wide, \$26 yd, for nearest store call (800) 272-2766. Painted box, \$125, at Lexington Gardens, NYC (212) 861-4390. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

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HG JUNE 1989





Precious Metals

(Continued from page 151) Zimmermann herself resisted restrictions. In the 1930s, when a law was passed requiring goldsmiths and silversmiths to record all purchases of these metals and their use and resale of them, Zimmermann declared, "I am an artist, not a bookkeeper," and closed her workshop.

Shortly afterward, she left the city for her family farm in Pennsylvania and never worked again. Life in the country, where she could enjoy the natural environment she had always incorporated into her designs, suited her. She was a keen horsewoman, a crack shot (her Purdey shotgun was custom-made to suit her diminutive size), and so skillful with a fly fishing rod that she was the first woman invited into the fiercely guarded male ranks of the local hunting and fishing club.

She taught her great-nephew Jack Zimmermann to fly-cast, and while they fished in the stream on the family property, she told him stories about her life and work that she had never told anyone else. Before her death in 1972, she mentioned a silver and crystal box that New York's Metropolitan Museum had included in one of its shows in the 1920s and subsequently purchased. But her work had been dispersed and her talent forgotten to such an extent that when Jack Zimmermann inquired at the Met about "Aunt Marie's piece," there was no trace of it. "They had no biography, no record of purchase, nothing," he says. "I kept insisting, and I think they were about ready to throw me out." Thanks, however, to his insistence, a misfiled card was located, and having been forced to rediscover Marie Zimmermann, the museum eventually displayed a small selection of her artifacts.

Recently one of her lotus petal bowls was included in "The Art That Is Life," an important exhibition of Arts and Crafts work at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, and New York's Hirschl & Adler Galleries will include a similar bowl in a forthcoming Arts and Crafts show. Dealer Rosalie Berberian of ARK Antiques in New Haven, Connecticut, first discovered Zimmermann's work in a Christie's auction seven or eight years ago and has been assembling it ever since. "Zimmermann doesn't seem to have been tied to any one traditional influence," Berberian remarks. "She had an advanced aesthetic for the times in which she lived. Her lines are very strong, very sure, but just when I think I know the work, I come across something else and find myself thinking, 'Oh my goodness,

Above It All

(Continued from page 157) room at Harvard's Fogg Art Museum in Cambridge, and a New Jersey yacht club with its adjacent dockominiums.

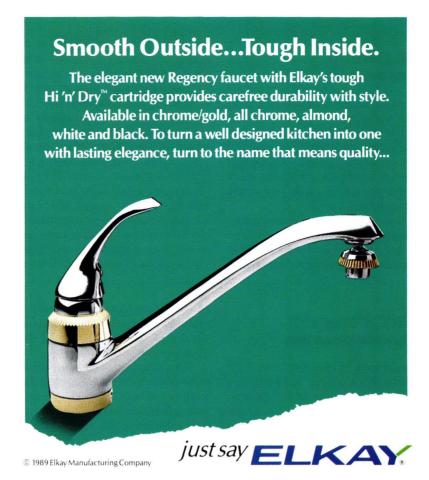
Accordingly, the Biggses' triplex features most of the contents of their previous apartment, "shuffled around" along color lines, according to the decorator. Furniture from her former blue dining room and a small guest room is now ensconced in the indigo guest bedroom. The new living room is pale peach, chosen to flatter the Oriental porcelains—her passion—and the black-lacquer chinoiserie. In the dining room she retained the mustard-hued chinoiserie paneling, after initial reservations. "If you're a blue and white person, it's tough to become a yellow and green person," she explains.

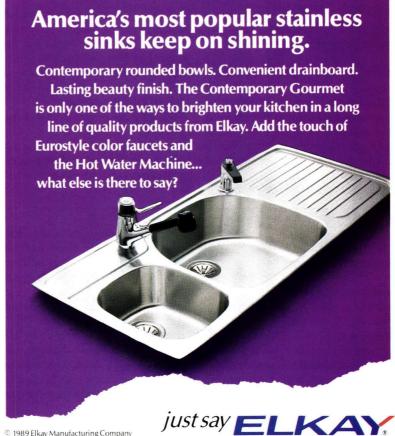
When it came to the top-floor master bedroom, she confesses that she desperately wanted sky blue. But she went with celadon, to complement the room's botanical prints. The choice was winning. Filled with greenery, the room feels like some wonderful secret bower eighteen floors above Manhattan—360 degrees of which shimmers from its part-wraparound terrace. Anybody who could climb up to this aerie would have to allow that—like the National Gallery and Garbo's salary, an O'Neill drama and Whistler's mama—it's the top, by Cole Porter standards or any other.

Best of all, this garden flows seamlessly from within, where trompe l'oeil rosebushes and trellises climb the walls, to without, where rosebushes grow along with daffodils, weeping Siberian peas, climbing wisteria, drop-leaf maples, Russian olives, and many another verdant thing.

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

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Clean Sweep

(Continued from page 122) next to a rustic step stool whose treads supply open shelf space. Amid such vignettes of studied austerity, the occasional whimsy of a primitive toy or the ornamental flourish of a weather vane betrays a sure hand with the small gestures that give intimate scale and warmth to a spare aesthetic.

On the two long verandas, antique wicker combines with Adirondack chairs and bistro furniture to extend the mood of cultivated serenity outdoors. Porch columns and beadedboard ceilings were refurbished as carefully as interior wainscots and mantelpieces, in the spirit of the painstaking restoration conducted throughout the house by architect John C. Fondrisi. The visible result of his work belies the scope of the project, since the building now looks as though it has merely been maintained—impeccably—over the decades since earlier owners remodeled what had been a farmhouse, around 1910. In fact, Fondrisi reoriented the entrance by creating a new façade (after earlier haphazard alterations had made the front door indistinguishable from the back), totally reorganized the service wing and kitchen, and stripped the exterior down to the frame to replace rotted clapboard with new stained shingles.

"All summer long," says Lyn Peterson, "we'd catch the painter hosing down the sides of the house that aren't hit by the ocean spray so that the shingles would weather evenly." Peterson also remembers how during construction "local dowagers-those erect women of eighty in plaid skirts—would walk by, glance at the house, and say, 'They seem like a nice young couple, but I don't think they should have done a thing to the place.' '' It's easy to imagine the same ladies passing by the house this summer and praising it as an example of how the best things, the simple pleasures, of their little colony never really change. Editor: Carolyn Sollis

Yankee Preserve

(Continued from page 103) lit by candlelight alone. "It makes everyone and everything look voluptuous—even the food," she says.

With its bay window, eclectic mix of Japanese pinewood chairs, early American hutch, and Chinese export porcelain, the breakfast room, added by Hampton, is to the owner the "perfect morning room in which to relax and be alone, just sitting and reading the newspaper over a cup of coffee." Though admittedly not much of a gardener, she plant-

ed a bed of roses last spring directly outside, to bring the outdoors into the breakfast room. "It's work to maintain them," she says, "but they bring me great joy."

Toward the front of the house, with a view to the drive, is the study. In warm tones, the room is just big enough to accommodate a desk, a fireplace, and bookshelves. Here she feels safe and sound. Hampton says small rooms give that sense of security: "Most people do not feel comfortable in a large room with a lot of empty chairs."

Many of the whimsical pieces in her collection ended up in her new bedroom. Hampton finds humor here, as it is a "mix of everything-every period of furniture from the French commode to the English chests and every color and pattern (plaids, florals, and stripes), not to mention the few pieces of children's furniture." The size of the children's pieces makes their owner feel "cozy," perhaps appropriate, she herself being quite petite. The walls are pale green, the color of lime juice. Hampton says, "Most people would not use it in a bedroom, but I find it fresh, watery, and pure." Clearly, decorator and client here had an enviable relationship. "It was more than a collaboration," she says. "It was fun, like playing.'' ▲ Editor: Amicia de Moubray

Educated Palette

(Continued from page 139) title, and it takes the somber subject of Van Gogh's The Potato Eaters and restates it in terms of free-running and irrepressible high spirits.) If there is in one corner a lamp that doubles as a rather wimpish fountain and yields no more than an almost invisible spray, they will look at it with shared glee and say, "Every dentist should have one." There are objects already

long in the canon of high art—a tiny black painting by Frank Stella, a piece of wedding cake by Claes Oldenburg—and there is a painting by Roy Lichtenstein which has its place in art history not only as one of the artist's very rare landscapes but—rarer still—as his only English landscape.

But although it would be difficult not to notice the very late self-portrait by Andy Warhol, the Rosenblums' greatest pleasure is not to point the visitor in the direction of celebrity art but to make us look at work that we have not seen a hundred times elsewhere. At one end of the living room, for instance, there is a big double-sided folding screen by David McDermott and Peter McGough. On the panels of the facing side, members of the jeunesse dorée of the year 1925 are seen to be taking their ease, with uniformed staff in attendance. On the other side, life below stairs is portrayed with an equal vivacity. The result has elements of parody (not least in its pictorial style), but it is also a tour de force of—what else, in this house?—intelligent historicization.

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

Block Island Light

(Continued from page 90) designed by Geoffrey, except for one steel chair, are at a Zenlike minimum. A storage closet and the bathroom are housed in a gabled structure with two doors that look as if they might pop open any second to reveal clockwork figures.

But humor and beauty coexist easily here. Spending time in this unique house, you have the feeling of being under translucent tents of pale, glorious ocean color. Each structure has its own key hue: aqua for the living room, pink for Ela's kitchen, a slightly different pink for the bathroom. The ceilings are a very light blue. "We used pure pigment added to a white base," Geoffrey says. "It's handmixed paint, with three coats on top of a white undercoat. So while the colors are subtle, they're very intense, even on a dull day. The light really does bounce around. I tried to get the color of the ceiling to match

the sky—the ceiling goes into the sky."

Ela, who refers to no recipes when creating her one-of-a-kind pastries, is proud that Geoffrey does the same thing. "Usually when people try to create something, they borrow from here and there; they make it too complicated," she says. "Look at most buildings today. Geoffrey makes something completely simple and completely new. That for me is the mark of a true artist. That, and that he doesn't call himself an artist."



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Gandee AT LARGE

Julia Child—Still cooking at 76

ave the liver!'' shrieked Julia Child in that remarkable patrician voice of hers—only a Monty Python falsetto comes even close. And then she roared with laughter. I had asked if she had enjoyed Dan Aykroyd's characterization of her, in what is arguably the funniest skit of *Saturday Night Live*'s long tenure—the one in which Aykroyd in drag as Child lethally gouges himself/herself while wrestling with a chicken—and she responded by mimicking Aykroyd mimicking her.

Julia—it never occurred to me to call her Mrs. Child—is in a jolly mood this particularly perfect Saturday afternoon. She and her husband, Paul, adore southern California; they love being bicoastal. They used to be tricoastal, but the annual trek to their house outside Grasse in the south of France is now "a bit too much" for Paul, who celebrated his 87th birthday in January. And besides, the last time they went everyone came down with the flu. "It was dreadful," recalled Julia, rolling her eyes in mock horror. "You know how the French love their suppositories—even the poor cat!"

So Paul and Julia now divide the year between their rambling house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and their modest condominium in Santa Barbara, which is where I stopped in for lunch.

"Come into the kitchen," beckoned my hostess when I presented myself at the door. She was wearing a brilliant green skirt, a sprightly striped blouse, and massive athletic shoes with thick soles and lots of racy graphics. "We're having quiche, free-form quiche," she announced. "I've declared that quiche is back in style." So in I went. Save for a butcher block—top work island and a pegboard wall laden down with well-worn pots, pans, and assorted paraphernalia, Julia's kitchen is standard condominium issue. There's even a small microwave perched on top of the refrigerator. "I use it to melt butter and defrost homemade bread," she explained.

Julia then poured three glasses of chardonnay, and we got acquainted while she washed and ripped romaine for the salad. "How old are you?" she queried, out of the blue. "Thirty-six! And you

still have all your hair!" "Married?" came the next question. "No, well that'll come. And can you cook?" she asked inevitably. I told her about my success with chicken and my failure with

fish. "If it's falling apart, you're leaving it in too long," she said. "Don't leave it in so long."

When lunch was ready, Julia, Paul, and I adjourned to the living room with the quiche, the salad, and the white wine. (The condominium dining room has been turned into Julia's office.) "I feel as if I've been let out of jail," she sighed, bearing down on the quiche with a massive cleaver. She was referring to the recent completion of her seventh book, *The Way to Cook*. "I wrote every word in it," said Julia, who then excused herself to retrieve the galleys of the 500-page tome, which she dropped next to my plate. "It's not trying to be an encyclopedia," she explained. "It covers a lot of ground, though—what I would consider the basics." Julia noted that *The Way to Cook* includes 800 color photographs—"all taken from the cook's point of view," she added proudly. "This is very important."

Julia's publisher, Knopf, has scheduled an October publication date, and she is excited by the prospect of the cross-country publicity tour that will follow in November. "You've got to go out and sell it," said Julia. "No sense spending all that time—five years on this one—and then hiding your light under a bushel. My mother used to say, 'If you don't blow your own horn, nobody else is going to blow it for you.' Besides, I'm a ham,' added the woman who once dropped a potato pancake onto the floor of the oven on camera, then scooped it up, placed it back on the rack, and advised her television viewing audience, "Remember, you're alone in the kitchen."

Although Julia is an energetic saleswoman for her books and how-to videos, she draws the line at selling her name. She has steadfastly refused to endorse anything other than good cooking. And when others have taken the liberty of appropriating her name for their own commercial purposes, Julia sues. And wins. "There was a hotel that said, 'Julia Child says such and such a restaurant is the best in town.' They had big banners and everything. So we sued them and won \$50,000, which is now in a trust fund sending people abroad to study. Then there was a computer company that used someone who had my voice, and they said, 'Here's a recipe for the computer. Bon appétit!' And it was called Julia Wild or something. So we sued them and won \$40,000, and that's gone for something else. We keep hoping someone else will do it,' she added. ''It's easy money. But I'm afraid the word gets around that I'll sue.''

I asked Julia how she felt about actress Jean Stapleton, who appropriated Child's persona in the musical monologue *Bon Appétit!*, which was presented at the Kennedy Center in Washington this past March. "She's wonderful," reported Julia, who hadn't yet seen *Bon Appétit!*, though she had been in correspondence with Stapleton about the recipe for *gâteau au chocolat l'Éminence Brune*, the preparation of which is the ostensible plot of the musical.

"Now, is there anything else I can do for you?" asked Julia,

when the coffee and honey vanilla ice cream had come and gone. "No? Well then we'll be seeing you," she said, escorting me out to the terrace from where you can see the ocean in one direction and the mountains in the other. "Aren't we lucky?" said Julia, taking in the view—and Paul's hand.

Charles Gandee

