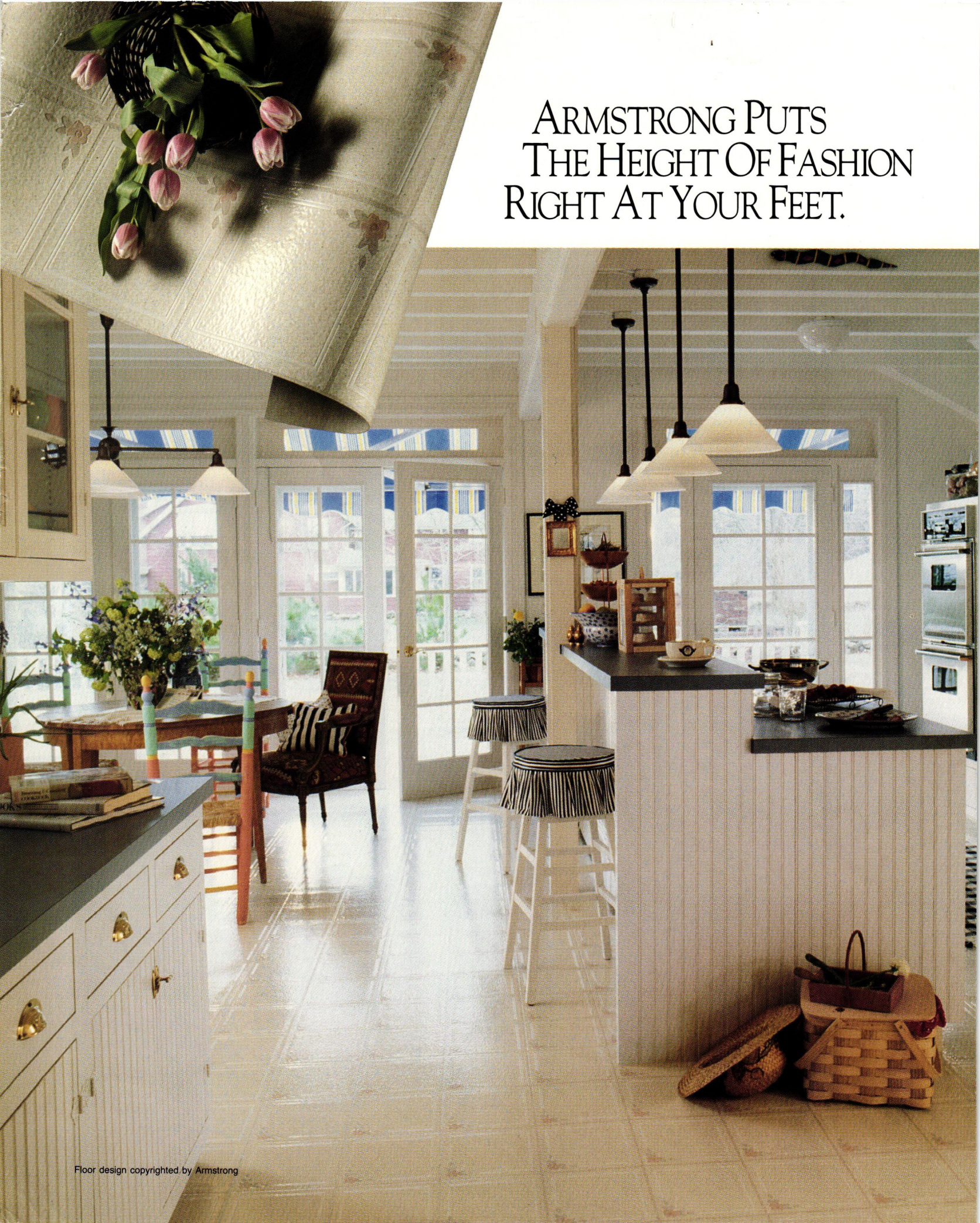
HG

HOUSE & GARDEN

AUGUST 1989
$4.00

Inside Newport
Prairie Garden
Teri Garr at Home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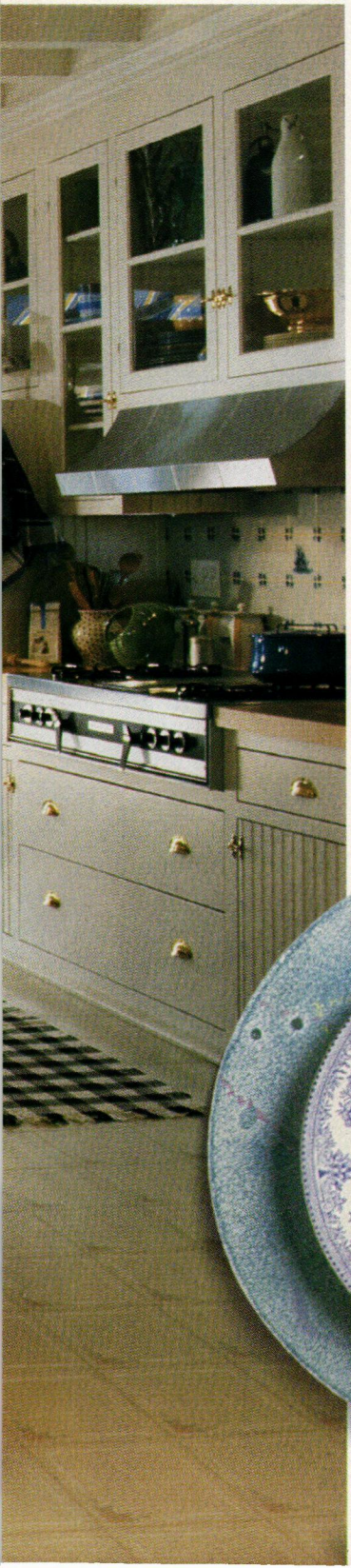

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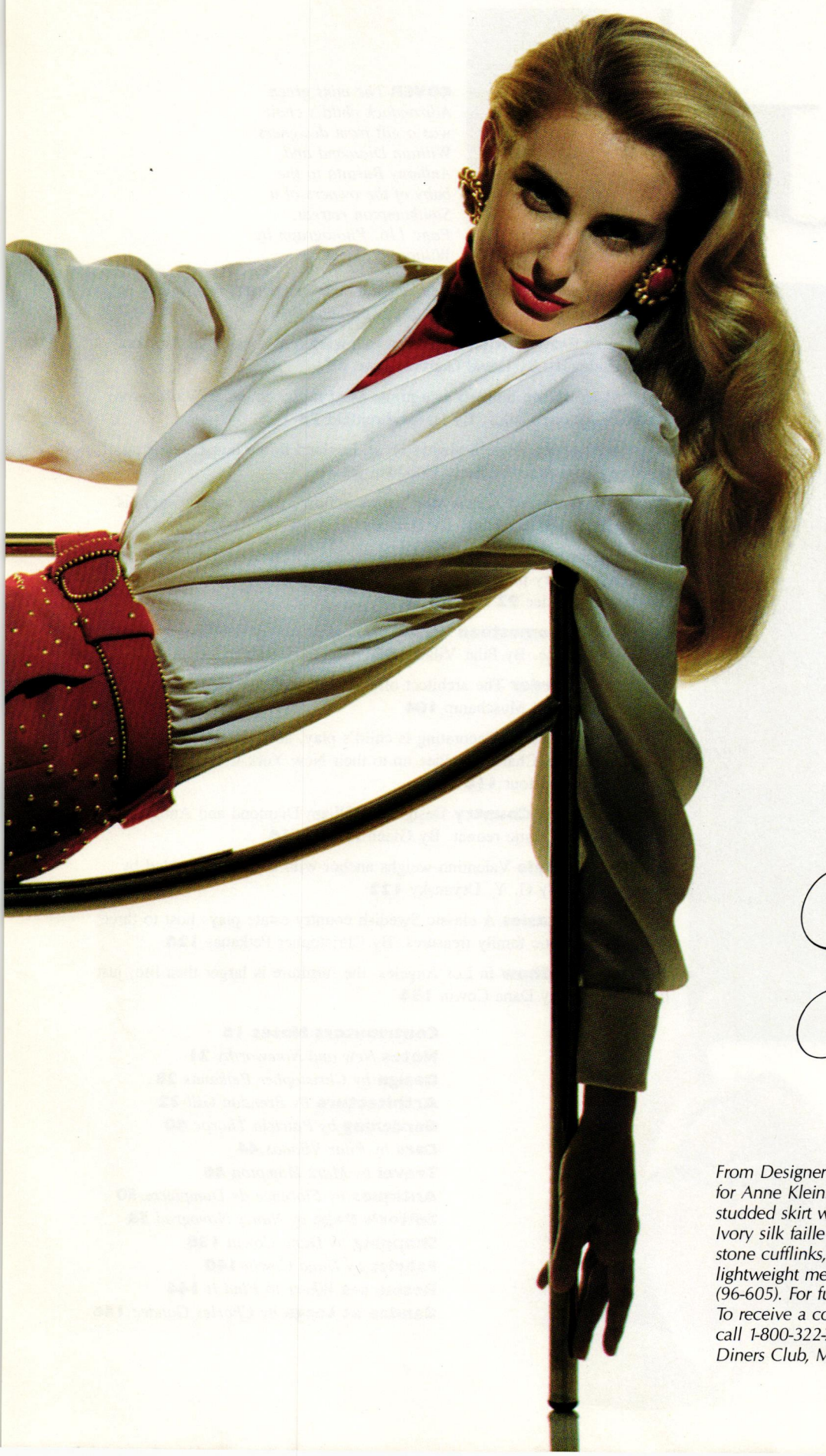

Saks Fifth Avenue

From Designer Sportswear Collections, by Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein: Red or black cashmere-blend broadcloth studded skirt with self belt, sizes 2 to 14, $550 (96-604). Ivory silk faille blouse with French cuffs, goldtone and stone cufflinks, sizes 2 to 14, $450 (96-606). Red or black lightweight merino wool turtleneck, sizes 2 to 14, $290 (96-605). For further information, please call 1-800-345-3454. To receive a copy of our latest Folio Catalogue, please call 1-800-322-7252. We accept American Express, Diners Club, MasterCard and Visa.

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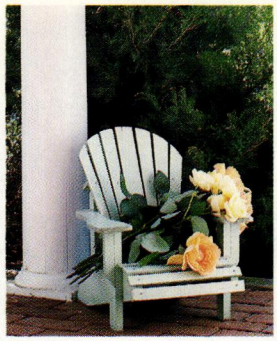
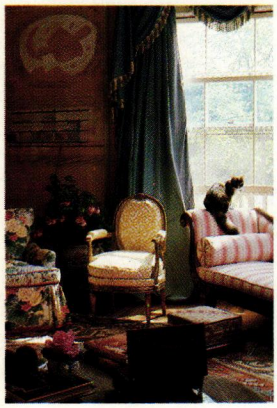
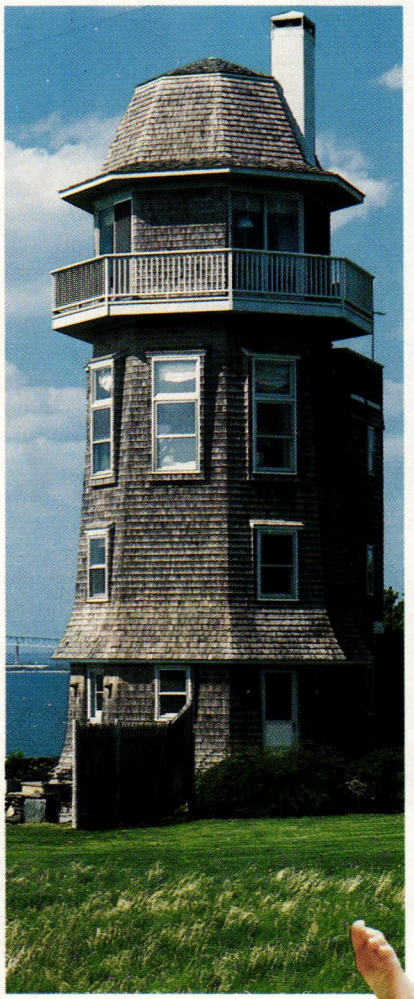
AUGUST 1989
Volume 161, Number 8



COVER *The mint green Adirondack child's chair was a gift from designers William Diamond and Anthony Baratta to the baby of the owners of a Southampton retreat. Page 116. Photograph by William Waldron.*





Elaborate fringed curtains abound throughout the house, above, of antiques dealer Suzanne Rheinstein. Page 82. Photograph by Karen Radkai. Right: A windmill is part of the idyllic scenery of Newport, Rhode Island. Page 54. Photograph by Eric Boman. Below right: Actress Teri Garr muses over a script at the poolside of her Los Angeles house. Page 98. Photograph by Firooz Zahedi. Below: The second-floor hall of Biby, an enormous Swedish estate. Page 126. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.

Inside Newport Dodie Kazanjian, a native Newporter, reconsiders her hometown on the occasion of its 350th birthday **54**

Prairie in Flower A midwestern meadow blooms outside an Arts and Crafts landmark. By David Garrard Lowe **68**

Capital Venture Subtlety is a prime asset in the house of Washington decorator Antony Childs. By David Streitfeld **76**

Los Anglophile There'll always be an England in the house and shop of Suzanne Rheinstein. By Betty Goodwin **82**

Taste Be Damned A man who knows his own preferences lowers his gaze against high standards. By Quentin Crisp **90**

Parlor Game Joe D'Urso introduces his Modernist aesthetic to nineteenth-century propriety in a Greenwich Village town house. By Charles Gandee **92**

Hollywood Homestead Wit and whimsy share equal billing at actress Teri Garr's house. By Pilar Viladas **98**

Venturi to Order The architect offers a full-scale kit for Postmodern living. By Herbert Muschamp **104**

Once upon a Time Decorating is child's play, according to the two little girls who invited Charles Gandee up to their New York City apartment for tea and the grand tour **110**

Custom of the Country Designers William Diamond and Anthony Baratta create a rustic retreat. By Glenn Harrell **116**

Seaworthy Style Valentino weighs anchor with a yacht decorated by Peter Marino. By G. Y. Dryansky **122**

Swedish Fantasies A classic Swedish country estate plays host to three centuries of exotic family treasures. By Christopher Petkanas **126**

A Really Big Show In Los Angeles, the furniture is larger than life, just like the stars. By Dana Cowin **134**

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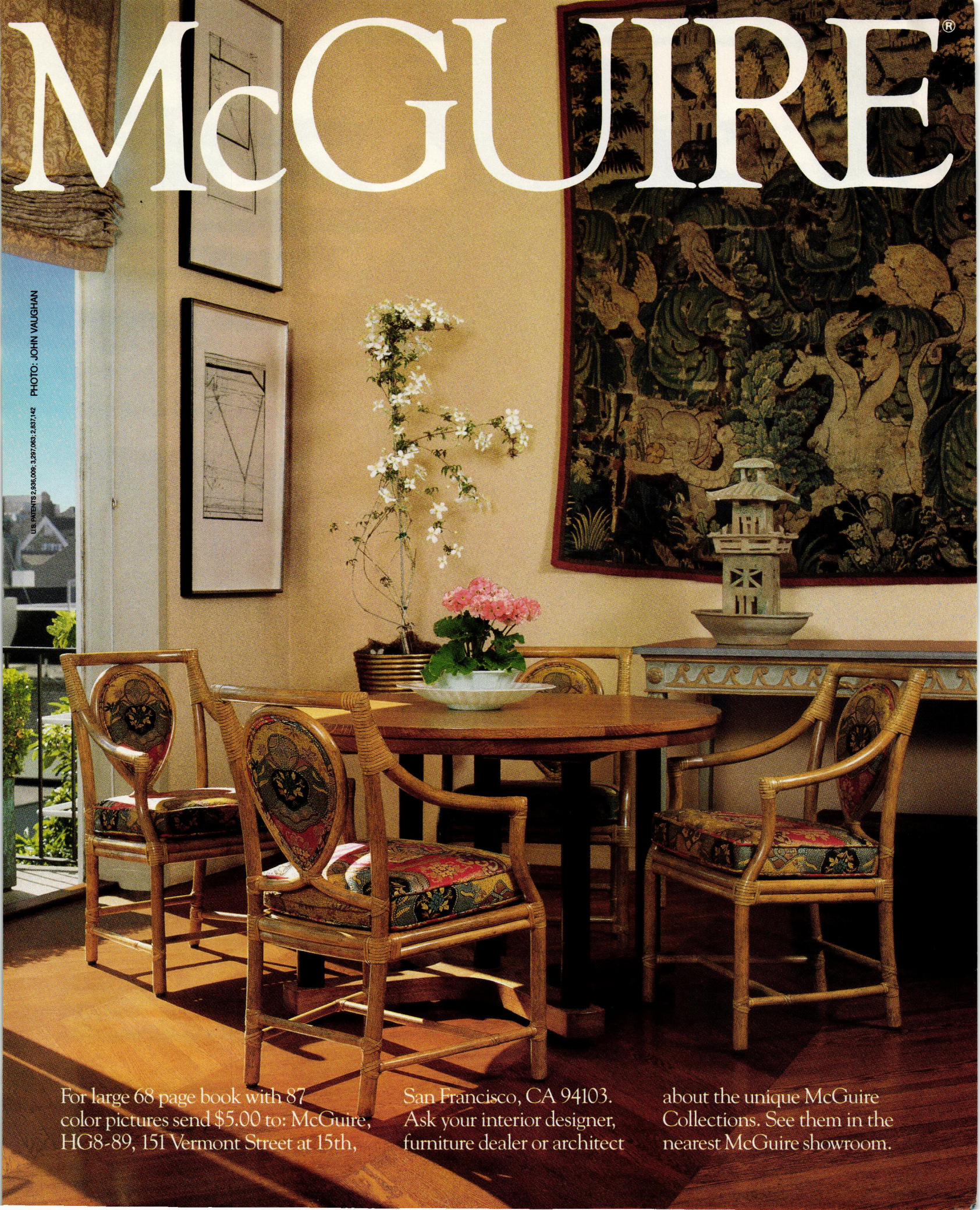
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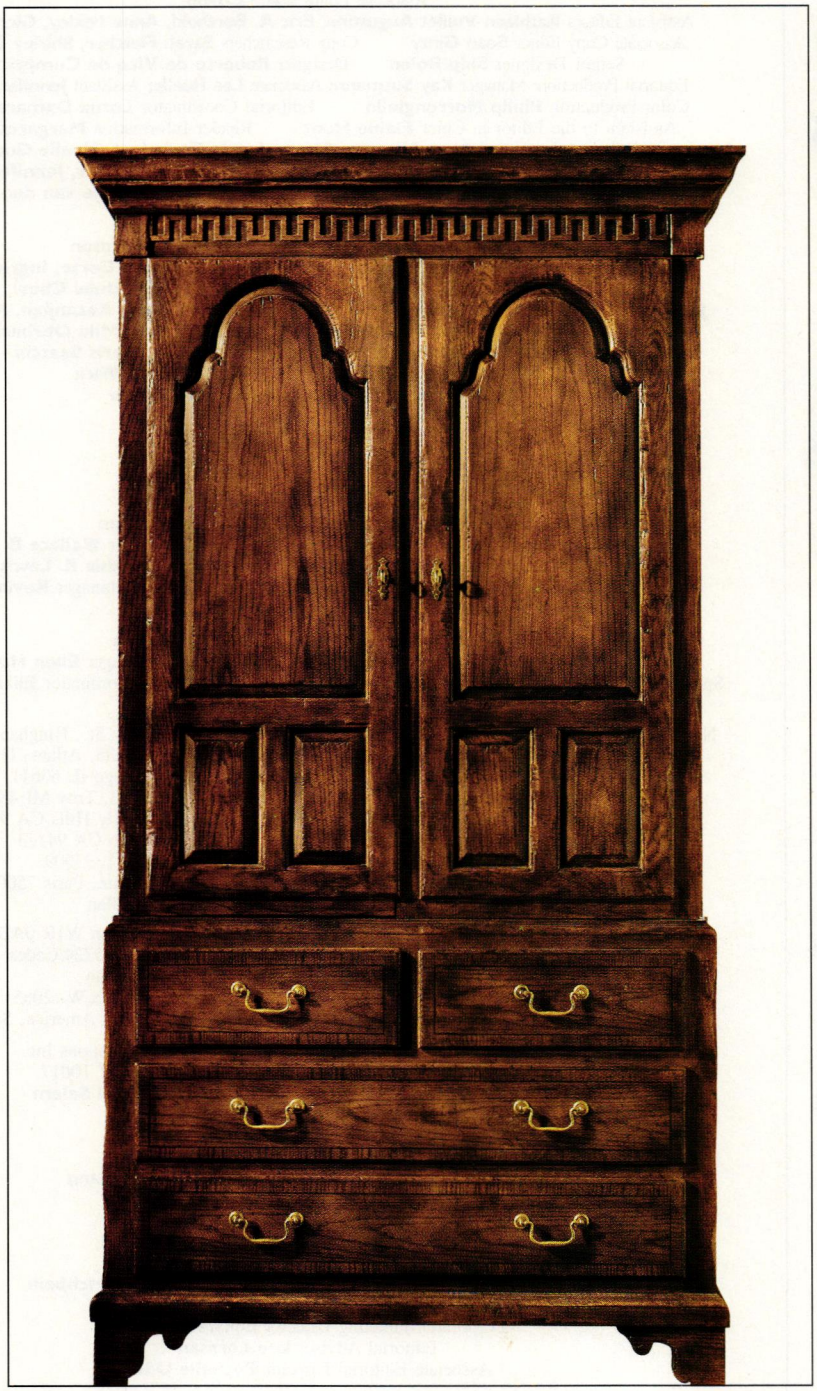

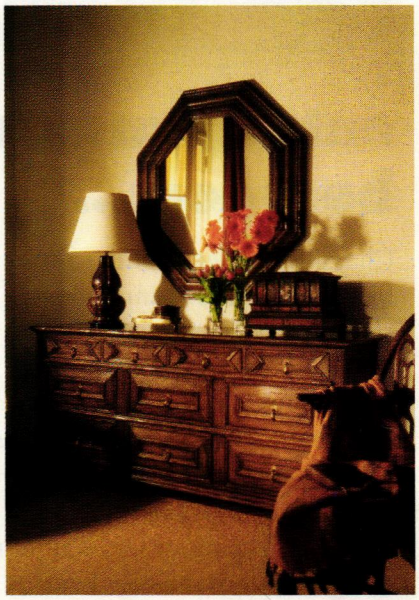

The English Country House Collection of living, dining and bedroom designs is available through many fine furniture and department stores. You are invited to write for their names. Baker Furniture, Dept. 647, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Showrooms in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy and Washington D.C.

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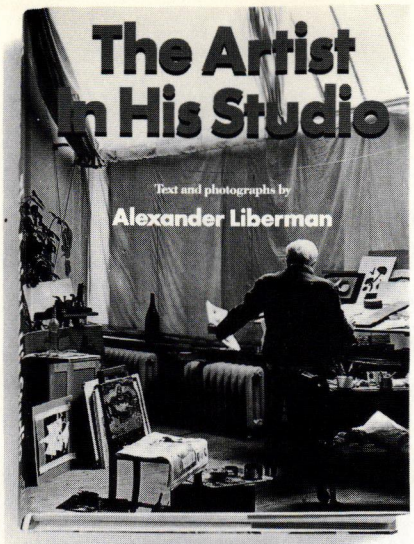

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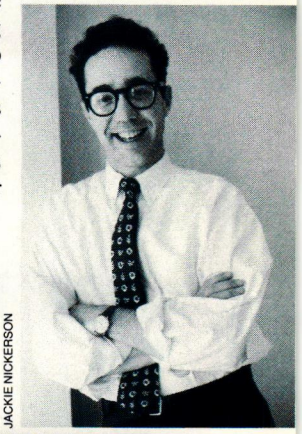
CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Glenn Harrell, an assistant editor at House & Garden who helps create the "Notes" column, has always been fascinated with decoration: "I've been cutting up shelter magazines since I was a child, searching for special rooms and quirky pieces of furniture." In this issue, she also uncovers an inventive renovation of a Southampton house by designers William Diamond and Anthony Baratta.

CHRIS SANDERS

Christopher Petkanas, a contributing editor who is at work on an illustrated book on French cuisine and decoration to be published by Rizzoli next year, lives in Normandy. "Everything before moving to France seven years ago and discovering Souleïado shirts and the French table is one big blur." In addition to writing the August "Design" column, he reports on Biby, a 2,470-acre estate in Sweden which has been in one family for over two centuries.



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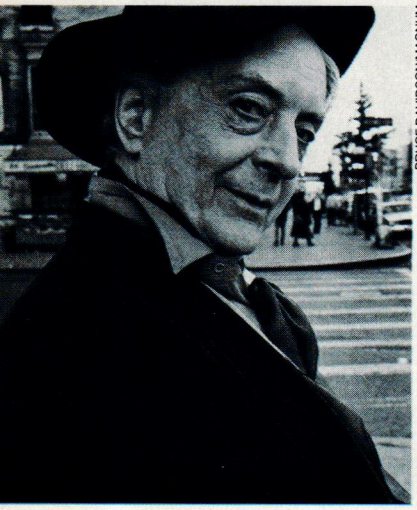
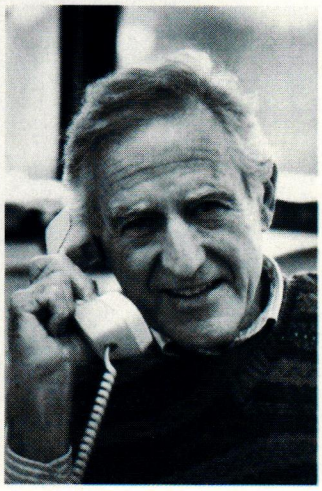


BRUCE DAVIDSON/MAGNUM

Quentin Crisp, whose latest book, *How to Go to the Movies: A Guide for The Perplexed,* will be published in December by St. Martin's Press, was the subject of a Thames Television special, *The Naked Civil Servant,* which also appeared on PBS. In this issue, Crisp dissects the politics of taste: "I condemn the idea of good taste on the principle that it compels those of us who cannot scrape up the fare to Paris to say that foreign travel is overrated and that all Frenchmen are immoral."



SUSAN WOLDENBERG

Brendan Gill, architecture critic of *The New Yorker,* revived that magazine's architecture column, "The Sky Line," in 1987. He is the chairman emeritus of the New York Landmarks Conservancy and author, most recently, of *Many Masks: A Life of Frank Lloyd Wright.* For this month's HG, he reviews Victoria Newhouse's *Wallace K. Harrison, Architect,* published last month by Rizzoli.

ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Catie Marron, HG's New York editor, finds a change of careers refreshing after almost a decade on Wall Street. "When I was an investment banker, all too often I'd make a lunchtime foray to check out a favorite antiques shop's latest find. So it's now great fun to combine the two. This is an especially stimulating time to be at the magazine since there are more and more people who are bringing the decorative arts into their daily lives. Developing a story is different from closing a deal, although both are people-oriented and fast-paced."

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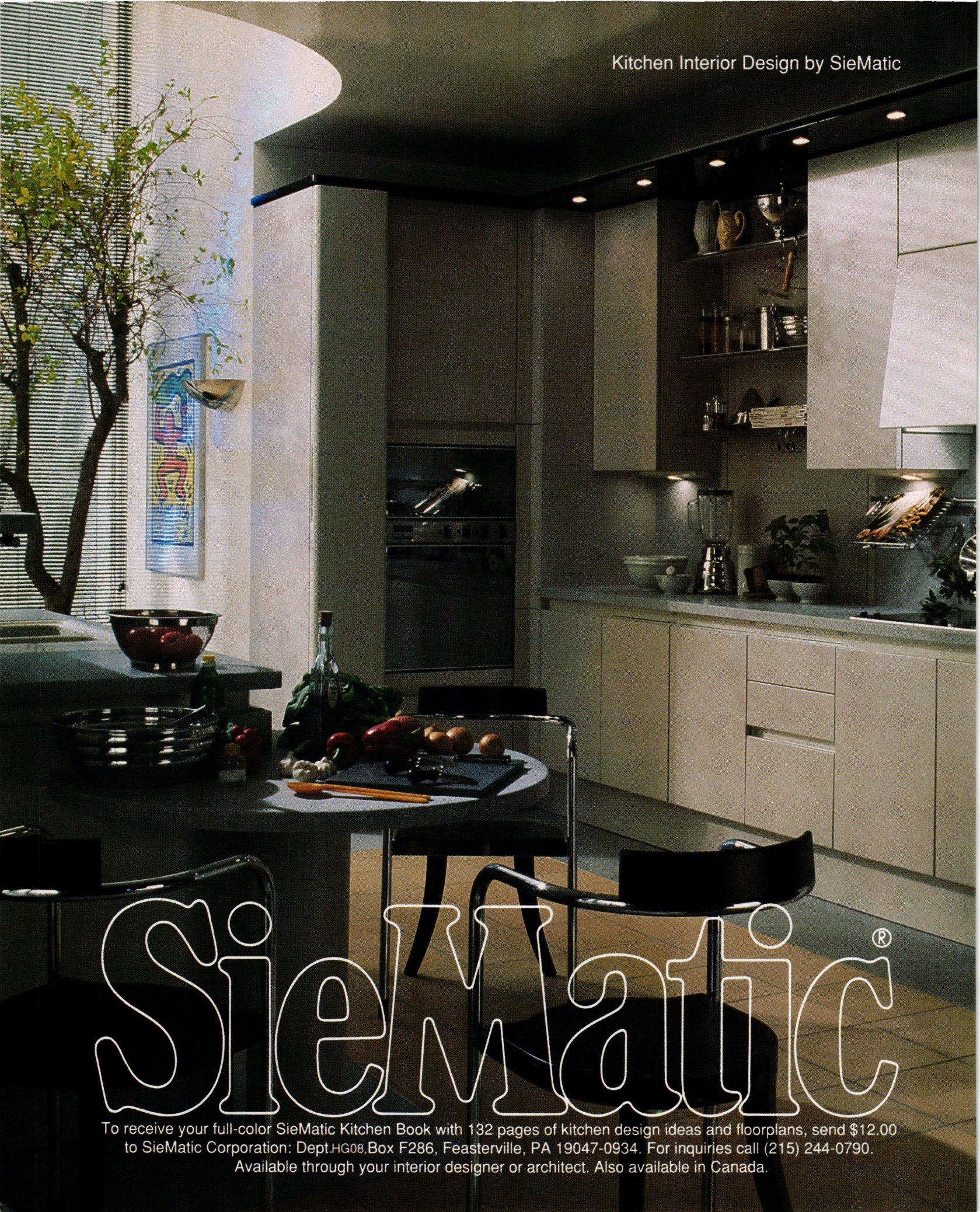

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NOTES

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy from the sea

Edited by Eric A. Berthold

TOM MILLER

BUY THE SEA

HG finds a new school of thought this month with a fresh catch of objects—from tiles to towels—inspired by sea life. British artist Colin Chetwood uses the spiral of a nautilus shell in his design for a steel bench (*above*). Guided by themes of nature, Chetwood creates each piece of furniture by hand. Made-to-order; through Lewis Kaplan Associates, London 589-3108.

ORIENTAL TAILSPIN

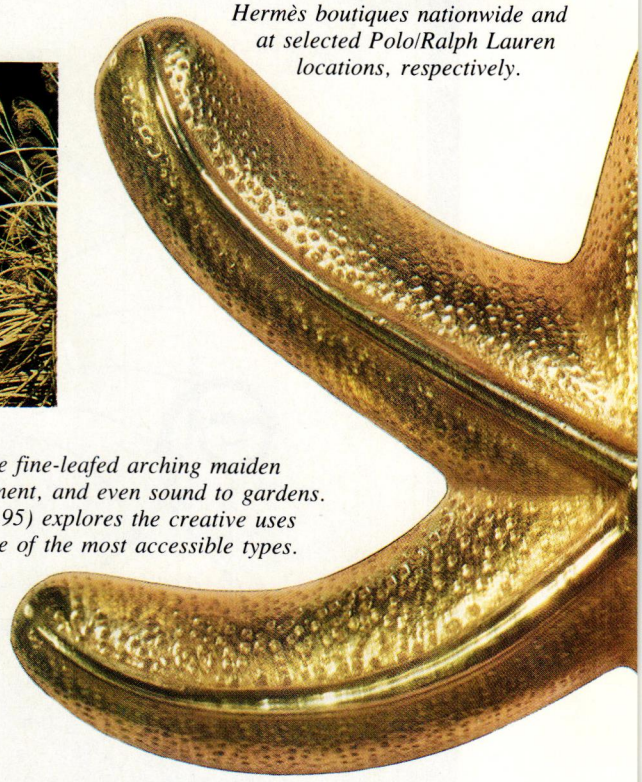
Two carp swim head-to-tail on Fitz & Floyd's Koi Pond porcelain oversize coupé salad plate (above). *In sets of four assorted designs, $185. For nearest store call (800) 527-5211; in Texas (800) 442-4403.*

CORAL REAP

Corals found off the western coast of Italy bring a touch of the Riviera to a spoon (left), *sterling silver, $175; available at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Ricci silversmiths molded a spoon* (far left), *silver-plated, $40, to look and feel like a shell; for nearest store call (800) 523-6502.*

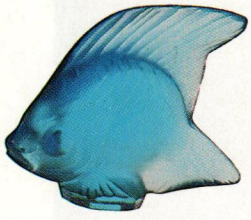
BATHING BEAUTIES

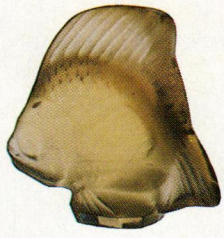
Plush cotton towels are just the answer for lying on a hot sandy beach. Among the best (above) *are Hermès' luxe bath sheet, $495, emblazoned with a school of fish, and Ralph Lauren's bold umbrella stripe towel, $36. At Hermès boutiques nationwide and at selected Polo/Ralph Lauren locations, respectively.*



IS THE GRASS ALWAYS GREENER?

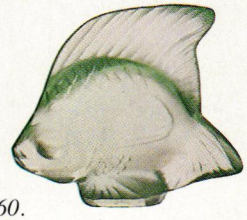
More than just ground cover, grasses—like the fine-leafed arching maiden grass (above)*—can add texture, shape, movement, and even sound to gardens.* Ornamental Grass Gardening *(HP Books, $19.95) explores the creative uses of grasses and includes a descriptive catalogue of the most accessible types.*





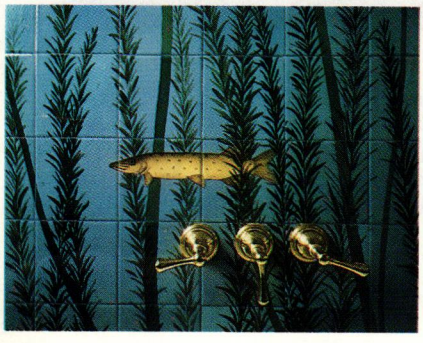
CRYSTAL CATCH

The Fish Cachets (above) *were originally introduced in 1928 by jeweler and glass master René Lalique. These exquisite crystal objets, measuring less than two inches tall, also have a practical use as precious paperweights. Now in a new variety of jewel tones, $79 each. At Lalique, NYC, or for nearest representative call (212) 684-6760.*



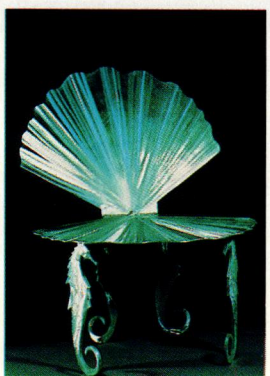
THE REBIRTH OF VENUS

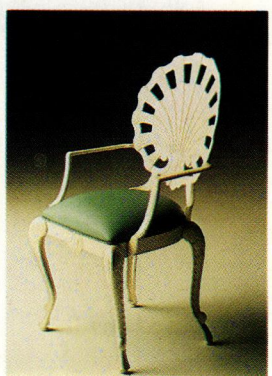
Striking shell chairs capture the glory of Botticelli's masterpiece. Mario Villa's version, $1,400, of brushed aluminum (below left) *has sleek sea-horse legs. To the trade at Mario Villa, New Orleans, Chicago; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Randolph Hein, Los Angeles. The armchair, $310, of solid cast aluminum with an enamel finish* (below right), *can be used indoors and out. To the trade from Tropitone, Irvine (714) 951-*



IN THE SWIM

Beware the barracuda in the bathroom! Hand-painted and custom-designed wall tiles (left) *by artist Dede Lifgren enliven any room with fish, flowers, or whatever strikes your fancy. Custom orders only. Available through VersaTILE, Katonah (914) 232-5811.*





COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: MONICA STEVENSON (3); DEREK FELL; MONICA STEVENSON; HOWARD GOODMAN; RAY KUTOS; NC

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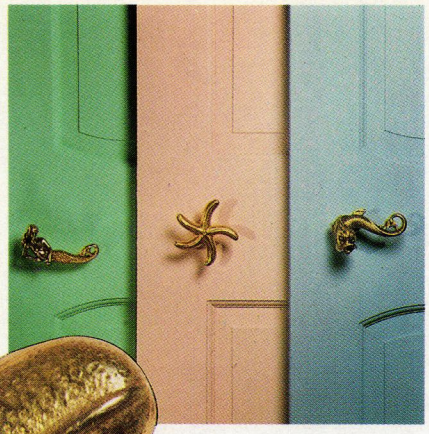

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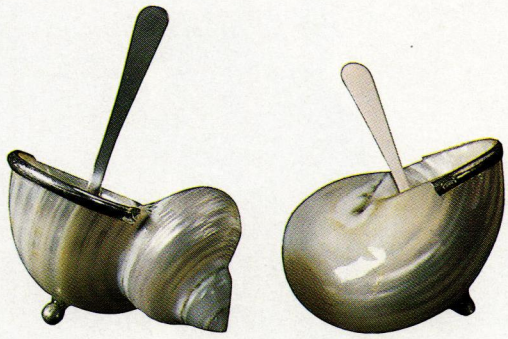


THEY SELL SEASHELLS

With handsome sterling silver spoons, dig into the salt that is hidden like sand in mother-of-pearl shell-shaped saltcellars (above). *Spoon and cellar, $45. At Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.*

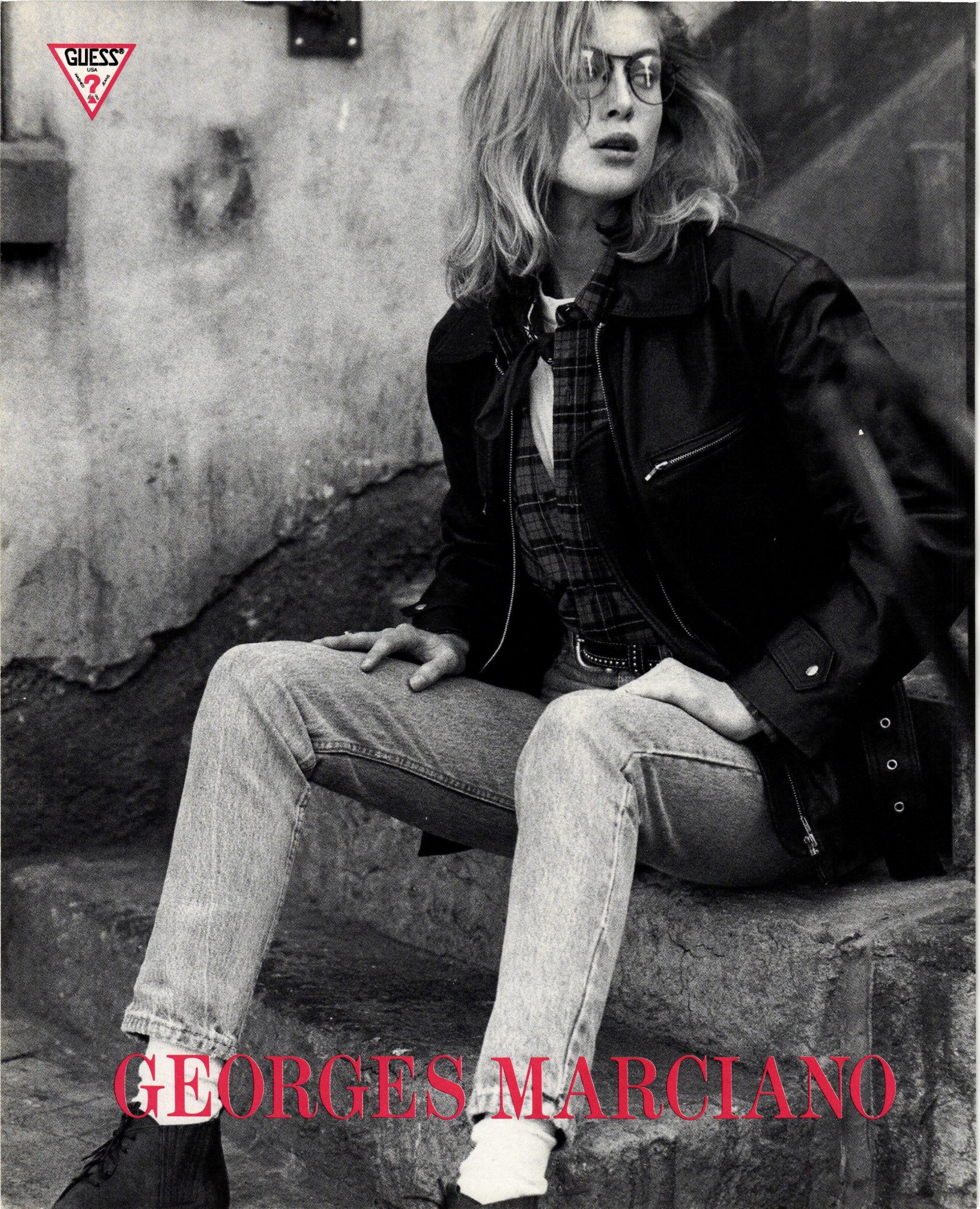
FISH BAKES

Splashy pottery platter, $100, and pitcher, $54, serve up a Mediterranean flavor to summer tables (right). *An exclusive design for Deruta of Italy, NYC (212) 686-0808.*

COTTON JETTIES AT THE BEACH

Seaside-inspired cottons (right, from left), *Small Shells, at Walters Wicker; Animals, from Christopher Hyland; Sanibel, from Payne; By the Sea, from Decorators Walk; Poseidon (in blue and in jade), from Greeff; Fishscale, at Walters Wicker; Jardiniere, at Decorators Walk; Pebble Beach, from Clarence House; Malay Wave, at Decorators Walk; Sanibel, at Decorators Walk; Tortuga, from Christopher Hyland. Details see Resources.*

BOTTOM RIGHT: COURTESY KINNEY WALLCOVERINGS; OTHERS: MONICA STEVENSON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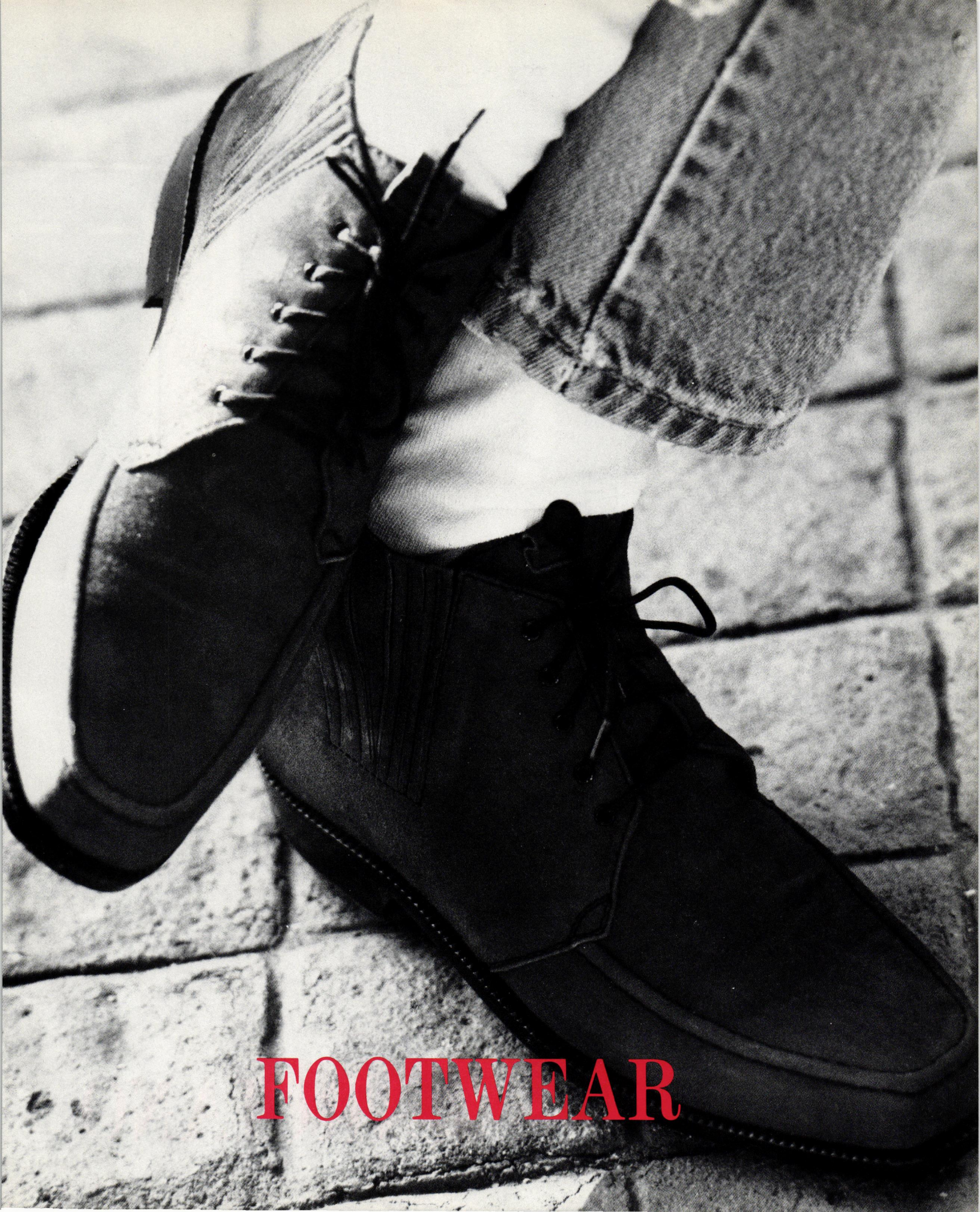

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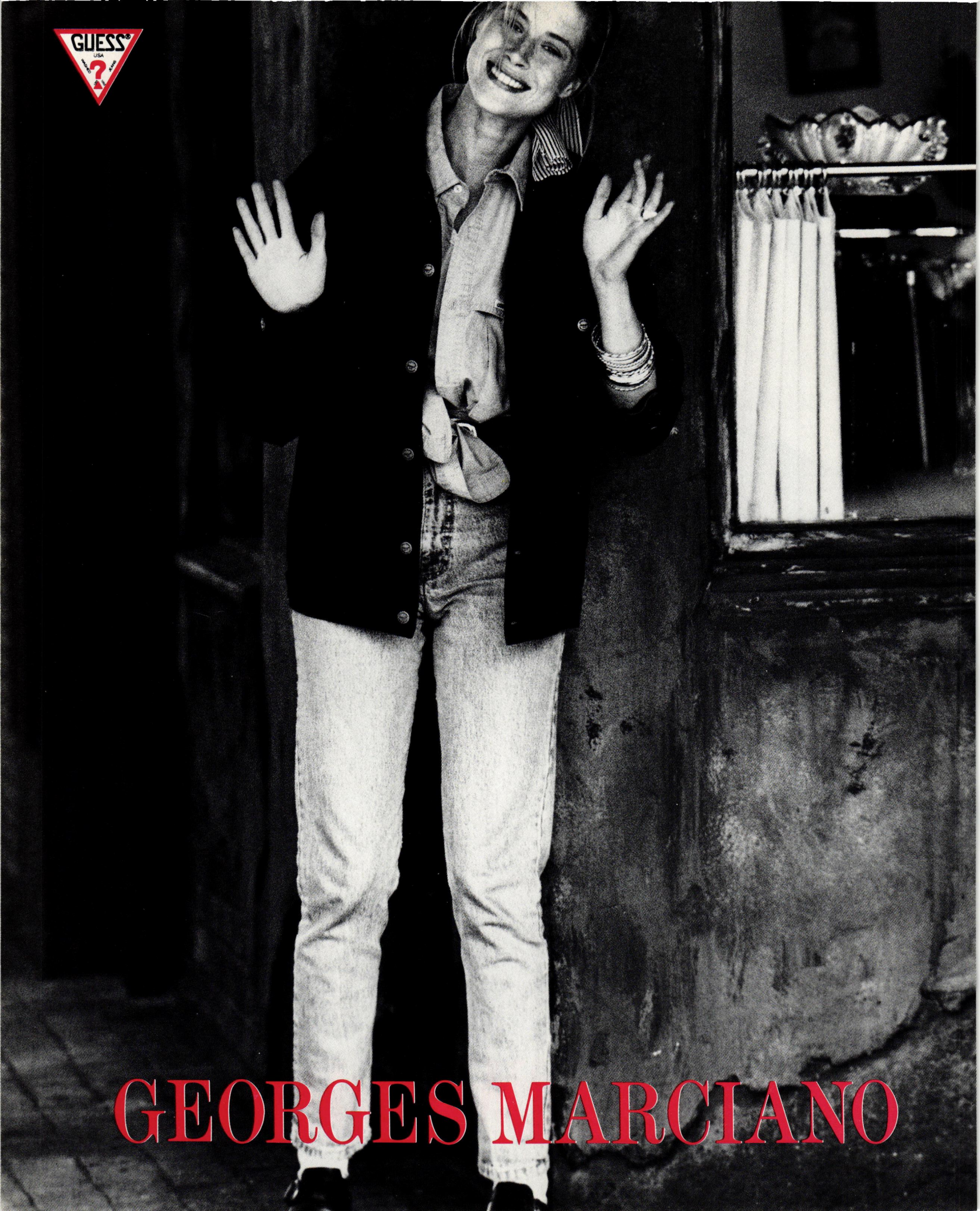
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FOOTWEAR

DESIGN

A Harvest of Ceramics

Two artists mold clay into timeless still lifes

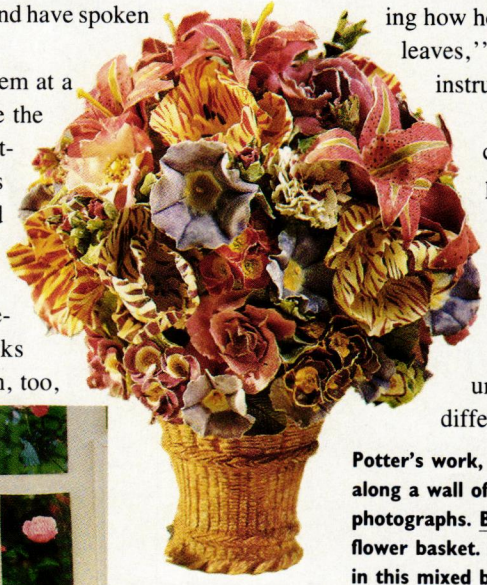
By Christopher Petkanas

Clare Potter in her Mill Neck, New York, studio surrounded by her ceramic cornucopia.

When Anne Gordon and Clare Potter began making ceramic fruit and vegetables in 1978 and 1981, respectively, each had no idea she was building on a tradition that reaches back to mid eighteenth century France. With kitchen gardens bare and orchards rattlingly empty, bleak winters for the privileged were relieved by the amusing custom of displaying bowls of pottery aubergines, lemons, and other out-of-season produce.

Nuggets of history like this one tend to be offered to Gordon and Potter by clients—learned and, in many cases, zealous patrons who are likely to pick up their snow peas and pomegranates and usher them home by private plane. It is through the rather vocal enthusiasm of their joint patrons that the two women know the little bit they do about each other. They have never met and have spoken on the phone just once.

If professional discretion didn't keep them at a courteous distance, there would always be the Atlantic Ocean—both work out of studios attached to their houses, Gordon in Quick's Green in England's Berkshire County, and Potter in New York in the old Long Island Gold Coast village of Mill Neck. Their media also separate them—Gordon's is porcelain, Potter's is earthenware. Each works completely alone, refusing assistants. Each, too, bristles at the heretical mention of molds and mass production. Says Gordon, "I use the basic potter's tools as well as toothpicks and a few things for tooling leather, but, honestly, if one had to, the whole job could be done with nothing more than a penknife and fingernails."



Potter's work, below left, blooms along a wall of horticultural photographs. Below: A fruit and flower basket. Left: Even the basket in this mixed bouquet is ceramic.

Selling to the kind of people who are accustomed to getting what they want when they want it, both women have vast experience meeting iron demands and accommodating outsized personalities. When pictures of Gordon's work appeared in an English magazine last year, one longtime client, a Washington, D.C., hostess and fund-raiser, sent them to her with scribbles in the margins describing how her own legumes should be different. "I like low leaves," the woman wrote next to an artichoke with the instruction, "One of these less yellow."

Although they surround themselves with seed catalogues, photographs, reference works, and piles of clippings, both Gordon and Potter work largely from their imaginations. Neither needs a strawberry in front of her to sculpt one. "Occasionally you have to refer to the thing itself," says Gordon, "but there's never any real danger of making an absolute likeness—the medium itself will do the transforming. Think of the difference between a piece of porcelain and a leaf of lettuce. You're working in a medium that's stiff and hard, whereas the real thing is soft and alive."

The rare times Gordon is stumped, she telephones Jean Monro, proprietor of the two London shops that sell her porcelains exclusively in England, who sends one of the staff across the street to Harrods food halls with a camera. A head of radicchio was recently created with this kind of help.

"Against the advice of all the experts," as Gordon puts it, she fires her pieces a minimum

MONICA STEVENSON

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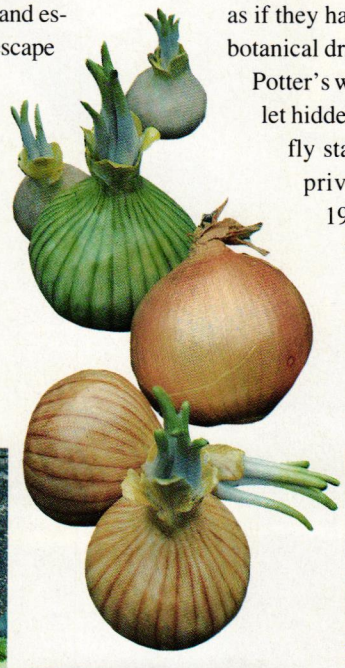
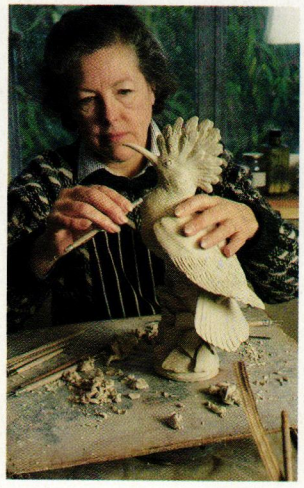
of four times. "The experts say to put the color on thickly, but enamel can break up if heaped on that way, like mud left on a stone on a hot day. I paint it on, which is all wrong, but it works for me. You get a lot of detail that way, and there are no hard edges. A factory would pour the paint on like chocolate sauce over ice cream."

Gordon, who lived on a farm owned by her parents in southern Rhodesia until the age of nine, began modeling in clay while at school in England. In 1940, when she was sixteen, she was sent off to live at Bonnie Blink—one of the Long Island estates of her relatives, the Phipps family—in order to escape the war. Returning to England, she married Alastair Gordon, now the Marquess of Aberdeen, an accomplished painter of botanical watercolors. The marchioness's life was turned briskly around in 1958 when she met potter Alan Caiger-Smith at a Berkshire crafts fair. Caiger-Smith, a neighbor who has written the definitive work on majolica, agreed to let her hang about his studio and learn what she could. "In between firing one nanny and hiring another," says Gordon, "I became a potter."



A patch of Gordon's cabbage, below, mixed in with the real thing. Right: Her tearless onions.



English ceramist Anne Gordon, right, models one of her trademark porcelain birds. Far right: A mélange of fruit and vegetables in the works.

Although she still does some modeling in majolica, Gordon turned to porcelain in 1978 while searching for a sturdier medium for the parrots, Chinese magpies, cranes, and cockatoos she still produces. And it was porcelain that gave her the idea for fruits and vegetables. "Making melons and asparagus, you start from the natural thing, then gild the lily."

Working in Dresden white, a fine and brilliant clay made according to an old English formula, Clare Potter fires her pieces just once. Dresden is also known for taking stain especially well. Out of the kiln the thirsty porous pottery soaks up Potter's acrylic washes. No glazes are used, giving her objects their characteristically dry, powdery finish. "I simply never learned enough about glazes to use them properly, so I experimented with paints, and people responded," says Potter. "The fact that my work is unglazed is what's so distinguishing, yet I have always felt that what I do is unorthodox because of it."

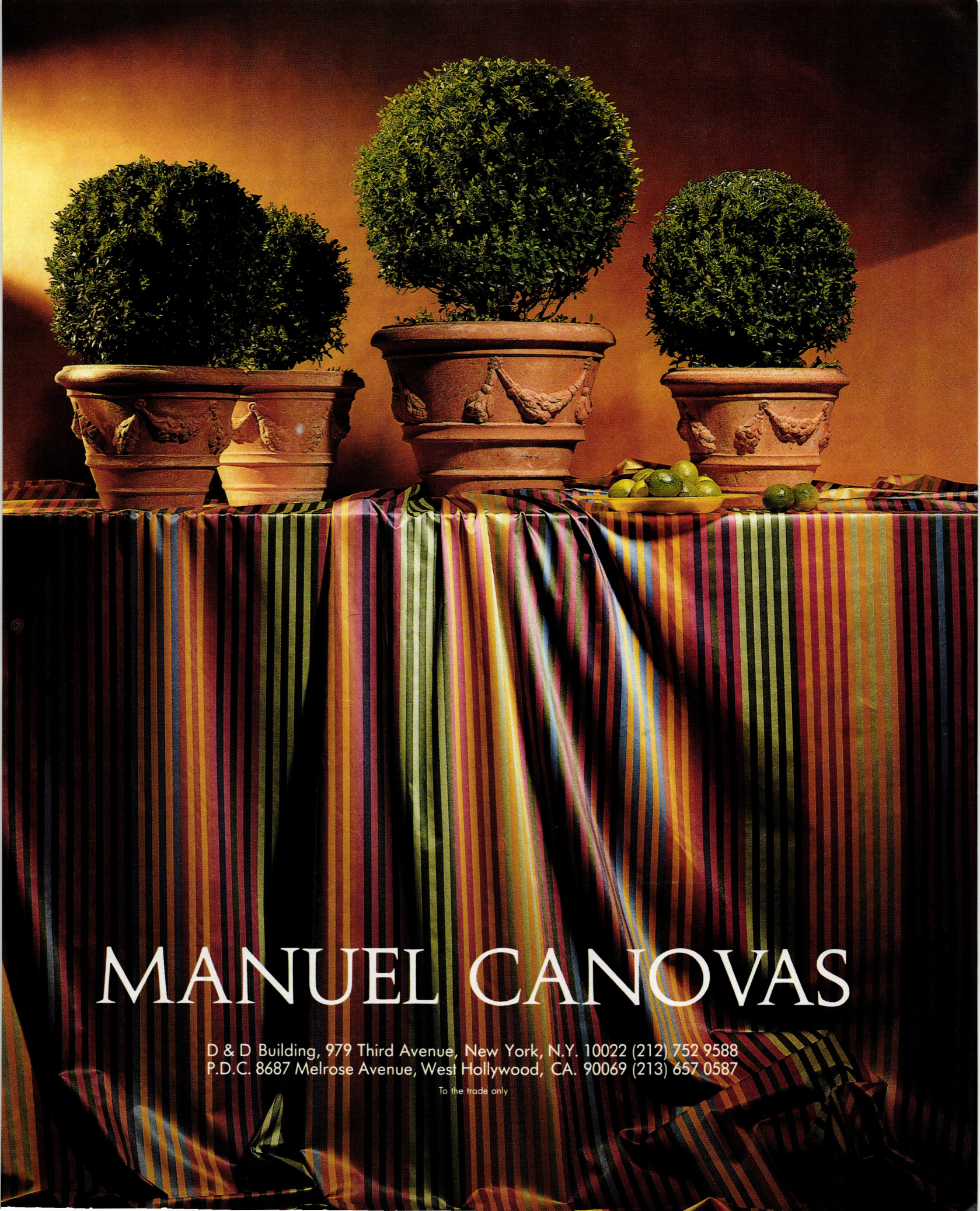
Despite their protestations about realism, both Gordon and Potter achieve it, the latter with a vivid accuracy that can be startling. "I don't think of my work as utterly lifelike," says Potter, "but it does seem to come out that way. I can never resist making a few leaves look wilted or bug-eaten, and often I will place one or two loose flowers on a table near a pot of hollyhocks or a finished arrangement as if they had just fallen off. But I don't pretend to make them like botanical drawings. It's more a natural feeling that I strive for."

Potter's work is also typified by little surprises: a single white violet hidden away in the back of a bunch of purple ones or a butterfly stashed deep in a basket of zinnias. Working strictly by private commission—she has enough to take her into 1991—Potter must be challenged, or at the very least entertained, by a request in order to accept it. These days single pears are out of the question—too banal. But when a client showed up last year with an antique mahogany bowl and asked her to fill it with cherries, stems and all, her mind started racing. The colors of the more than eight dozen cherries she created reflect every stage of ripeness and are nicked and dented with bruises and blemishes. By delivery time two morning glories and seven slightly "buggy" brown-edged leaves could be spotted tossed in among the cherries.

Potter traces her years as a ceramist cautiously and with amazement, as if the gifted artist she is talking about is not herself. Enrolled in the late 1950s as a fashion design student at Parsons in New York, she later worked as an "editorial assistant's assistant" at *Harper's Bazaar* under Diana Vreeland. Although she ditched her career to become a wife and mother, she always remained active as an artist, primarily as a painter of miniatures. When her husband's business took the family to England from 1974 to 1979, she signed up for adult education classes in pottery. As a result of the studies, Potter began making clay shadow boxes and three-dimensional garden scenes. Desperate to escape the maddeningly twee world of miniatures, she quickly advanced to fruits, vegetables, and flowers. Merrill Stenbeck, co-owner of Valley House Antiques in Locust Valley, New York, and a former decorator, started her on cabbages. Susan Gutfreund and Mario Buatta were early fans and supporters. "What Potter captures in a piece of clay," says Buatta, "nature can only achieve for one brilliant moment." ♠ *Editor: Catherine Marron*

(For addresses and a list of dealers see Resources.)

SIMON WHEELER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ARCHITECTURE

Lonely at the Top

A new book follows an architect through the corridors of power

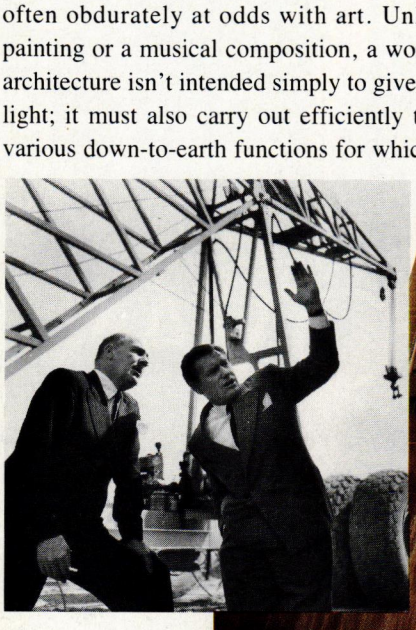
By Brendan Gill

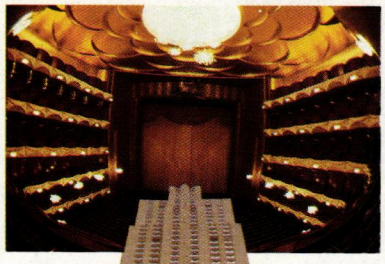
Wallace K. Harrison was one of the best-known American architects of this century, as well as one of the most misunderstood. It is a particular virtue of Victoria Newhouse's biography of him, **Wallace K. Harrison, Architect** (Rizzoli, $45, paper $29.95), that it maintains a sympathetic balance between the architect that the world saw him as being and the architect that he and a handful of close friends believed him to be. There was always a gap between the public figure whose skill in the management of headstrong peers brought many a complex architectural project to a satisfactory conclusion and the private figure whose talent, eager to express itself in surprisingly radical terms, was all too often at the mercy of circumstances that held it in check.

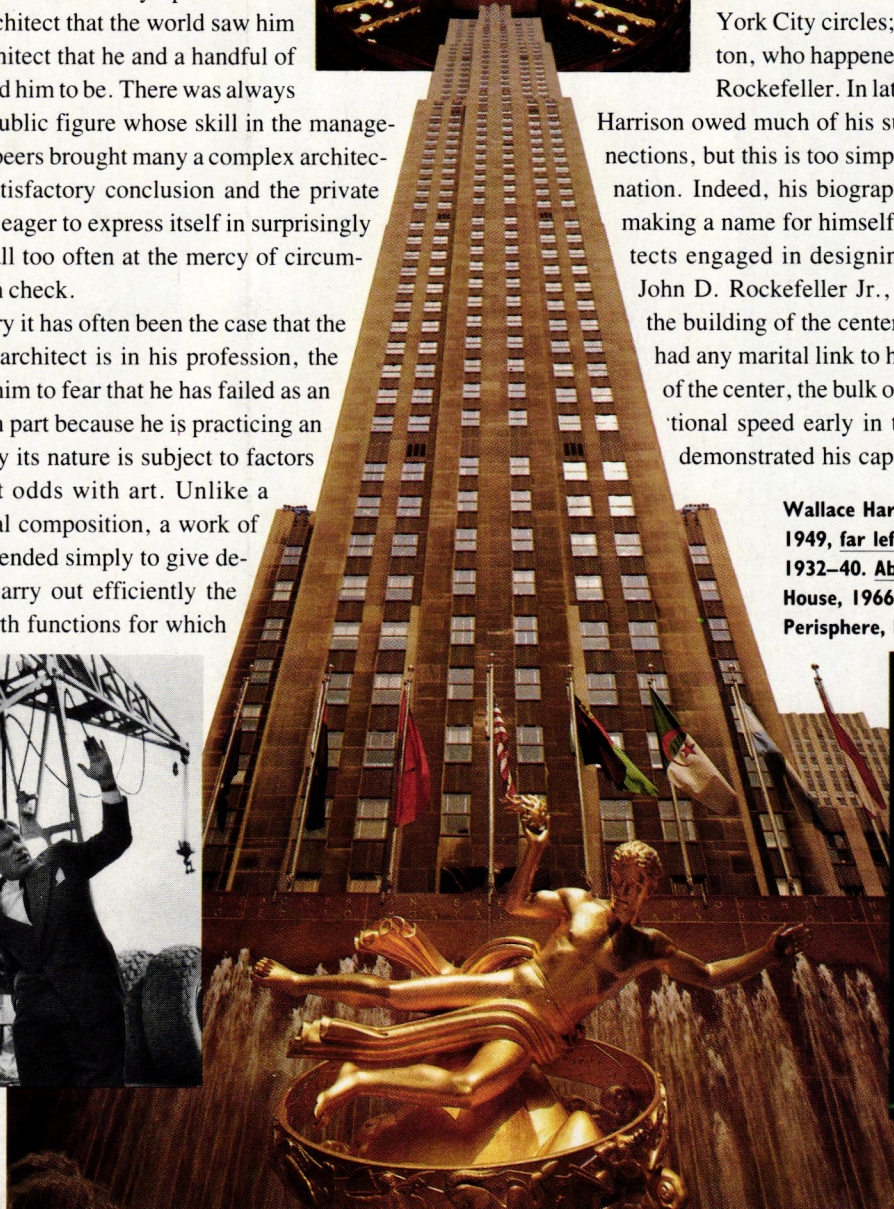
Throughout history it has often been the case that the more successful an architect is in his profession, the more likely it is for him to fear that he has failed as an individual. This is in part because he is practicing an impure art, which by its nature is subject to factors often obdurately at odds with art. Unlike a painting or a musical composition, a work of architecture isn't intended simply to give delight; it must also carry out efficiently the various down-to-earth functions for which it has been designed. Moreover, the architect often finds himself at the mercy of unexpected obstacles—an importunate client, say, or a parsimonious budget. For that reason, biographies of even the most celebrated architects are apt to possess an undertone of sadness, and Harrison's is no exception. Nor does Victoria Newhouse flinch from the biographer's duty of astringent truth telling. Harrison's arduous career ought to have earned him a long and fruitful twilight. Instead, though he lived to be 86, the dark came comparatively early, and with stoic Yankee valor he was obliged to suffer the most unwelcome of fates—not to be used up but to be cast aside.

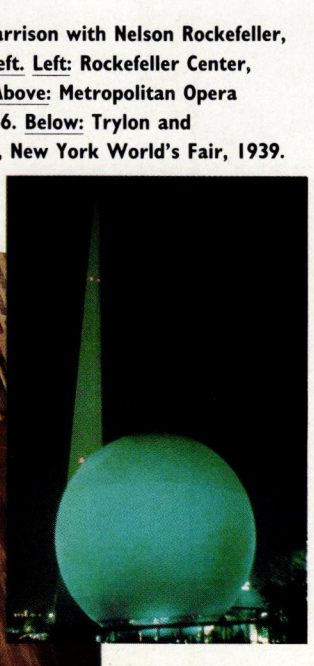
Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1895 on the wrong side of the tracks and to a family without means and frequented by troubles, Harrison was virtually self-taught as an architect. Earning his keep in the offices of McKim, Mead & White, while attending the atelier of Harvey Wiley Corbett, he saved enough money to enter the then-indispensable École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. He returned to work in the drafting rooms of two superb architects, Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue and Raymond Hood, won a traveling fellowship abroad, and found employment back in New York with Hood and with Corbett.

A tall broad-shouldered handsome young man with old-fashioned good manners, Harrison soon found himself at home in the best New York City circles; in 1926 he married Ellen Milton, who happened to be a sister-in-law of Abby Rockefeller. In later years it was often stated that Harrison owed much of his success to his Rockefeller connections, but this is too simple—and malicious—an explanation. Indeed, his biographer notes that he was already making a name for himself as one of the cluster of architects engaged in designing Rockefeller Center before John D. Rockefeller Jr., the patriarch who supervised the building of the center, became aware that Harrison had any marital link to him. It was during the building of the center, the bulk of which took place with exceptional speed early in the Depression, that Harrison demonstrated his capacity for fashioning a consen-









Wallace Harrison with Nelson Rockefeller, 1949, far left. Left: Rockefeller Center, 1932–40. Above: Metropolitan Opera House, 1966. Below: Trylon and Perisphere, New York World's Fair, 1939.

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM RIGHT: FROM *TRYLON & PERISPHERE* BY BARBARA COHEN, STEVEN HALLER, SEYMOUR CHWAST (ABRAMS)/PHOTO WILLIAM A. DOBAK; ERZA STOLLER/ESTO, JERRY COOKE/*LIFE* © TIME INC.; WINNIE KLOTZ

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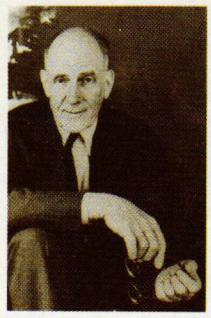
sus among warring factions—he embodied a firmness of will and a probity of character that brought even the most impetuous of his elders to the conference table.

By 1939, Harrison and a newly acquired partner, the brilliant young Max Abramovitz, were commissioned to design the main theme buildings for the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and Perisphere, which continue to serve as romantic symbols of a longed-for, unattainable "World of Tomorrow." When, after World War II, it was decided that the United Nations headquarters buildings should be located in New York City, Harrison, assisted by Abramovitz, was placed in charge of the overall design. An international advisory committee was invited to participate in the undertaking, and it was in the course of presiding over this band of prima donnas that, to Harrison's dismay, his reputation as an achiever of useful compromises began to outstrip his reputation as an architect. A man who could keep such an overbearing member of the committee as Le Corbusier from usurping the project was plainly of formidable stature. Out of years of struggle emerged the General Assembly building, the Secretariat building—one of the first of our glass-walled high-rise office buildings—and other UN structures, all bearing to a greater or lesser degree the stamp of Harrison & Abramovitz.



Wallace Harrison, right, and Max Abramovitz, far right. Below: Empire State Plaza, Albany, New York, by Harrison & Abramovitz, 1972–77. Controversy over the project occasioned Harrison's rift with Nelson Rockefeller.

Biographies of even the most celebrated architects are apt to possess an undertone of sadness

In the late 1950s, the firm was given what ought to have been its greatest plum—the commission for Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York City. Harrison again served as the Grand Panjandrum, coordinating the work of Philip Johnson, Eero Saarinen, and several other architects. Abramovitz was to design the Philharmonic Hall; Harrison himself took on the design of the Metropolitan Opera House. As the project proceeded, committee piled atop committee, and many members of the committees turned out to be ardent amateur architects disguised as bankers and insurance executives. The brave hopes with which Harrison had begun designing the opera house were continually dashed, not only by unsuitable suggestions but by escalating costs. As built, the opera house was so far from being what Harrison had intended it to be that for him to appear at the gala on opening night, smiling and in white tie and tails, was an act both courageous and mortifying.

Sorriest of all Harrison's failed successes was the most ambitious project of his career—the immense government mall that Nelson A. Rockefeller as governor of New York insisted upon creating south of the capitol building in Albany. An entire neighborhood of run-down but habitable housing was wiped out to build, at a cost of billions of dollars, a futuristic Corbusian cityscape of marble and concrete. In the course of seeking to humanize this icy colossus, Harrison found that his close friendship with Rockefeller—once Harrison's protégé and later his chief patron—was steadily deteriorating. Before the project was completed, Harrison was tacitly dismissed. Soon thereafter, without a word to anyone, he cleaned out his office at Harrison & Abramovitz and set up in practice on his own: an old man eager for work, but alas, the work was hard to find. For by then architectural critics and the public at large had also dismissed Harrison; his lifelong championship of the experimental over the conventional was forgotten and his own novel and sometimes reckless essays—the cylindrical pavilions he designed for his family residence on Long Island; the fish-shaped church in Stamford, Connecticut; the Nelson Rockefeller hideaway cottage at Pocantico in Westchester, whose concrete-shell roof seems to float weightlessly—were taken to be aberrations, uncharacteristic of the compliant servant of the rich he was thought to be.

Yes, in so many ways a sad story but in other ways a heroic and not-unhappy one: the forging of a worthy life against what had seemed in youth the highest possible odds, with a constant display of generosity to others and with personal reverses staunchly borne. And so in all ways a story well worth the telling. ♠

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2); AUGUSTUS UPITIS/SUPERSTOCK

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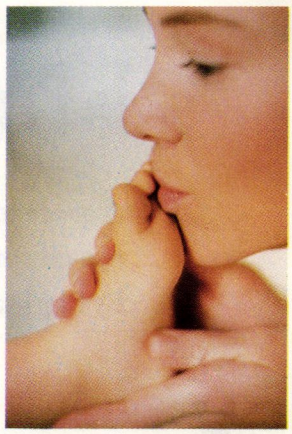

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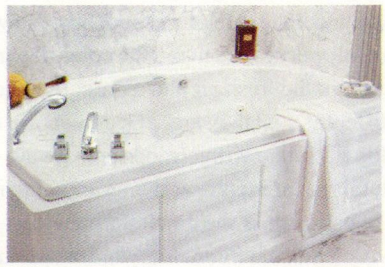

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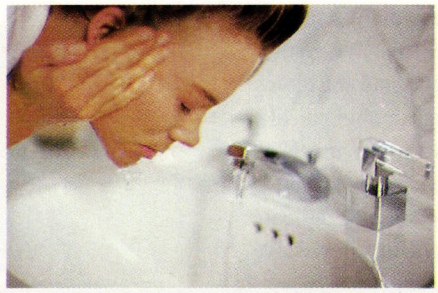

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In Praise of Yellow

A gardener casts a jaundiced eye on cowardly horticulture

By Patricia Thorpe

Yellow: the very name of cowardice. And more than just a symptom of fear, it is often a cause of fear itself. Most of us have at least one yellow disaster in our pasts—the kitchen the color of egg yolk, office walls that were going to be streaked with sunlight and ended up looking like the side of a school bus. No wonder all but the most indomitable decorators avoid the color like malaria.

Outside in the fresh air and natural light you might expect things to be different, and they are, at least early in the spring. Crocus and daffodils flash like Krugerrands and always get a warm reception. In part, this is our rapture at seeing anything in bloom, regardless of color; in part, this is the ameliorating effect of all that fresh spring green. A mound of vibrant forsythia on an emerald lawn is a delight; the same yellow along the concrete of the New Jersey Turnpike looks like a toxic spill. And forsythia next to the flaming rose of the flowering quince—an inevitable suburban spring stunner—is enough to make anyone choleric.

So at least some of our antipathy to yellow depends on its behavior in company. This becomes more noticeable as the season progresses and attention shifts to the carefully blended color schemes of the border. As more and more Americans aspire to this challenging form of garden art, more gardeners are chickening out on yellow. You can see it in the glossy picture spreads and hear it in the interviews: ''We wanted to create something subtle and intriguing and avoided anything harsh or obvious, like yellow.'' Anglophiles with very mistaken ideas of Jekyllian colors strive for muted symphonies of palest peach and delicate mauve, forgetting that in the impassive glare of our American sunlight a delicate mauve will have all the impact of a dirty pillowcase.

I am not just pointing the finger. I was doing this myself. I wasn't actually going to eliminate yellow—yellow and all its relatives were to be neatly segregated in their own border, anesthetized by the company of white and blue. Luckily, my gardening is so haphazard that this could never work. Towering eremuruses that were supposed to be shell pink burst into rockets of chrome in the midst of the delphiniums, which was spectacular, and on top of the furious red Maltese-cross, which was awful. I had worked out an exquisite corner, a wall of white cerastium and blue veronica punctuated by the deep maroon of a peony. And every spring up popped a luxuriant buttercup, which spangled my perfect picture with flecks of gold. I cut it down for years—I have never succeeded in getting it out—until I realized that those splashes of yellow were exactly what I needed to keep my perfect picture from the perfect insipidity of wallpaper.

It is a tempting mistake to make: eliminating the difficult or dangerous elements from the garden. The only drawback is that it produces boring gardens. Coordinated colors that might look enchanting in the bedroom can be utterly banal out of doors, if only because the bedroom is the self-contained and static creation of man and the outdoors is not. In spite of the endless references to ''garden rooms,'' gardens and rooms are much more different than they are alike, and they have to be approached in very different ways—making a garden isn't like ordering some new chintz. Even the meekest landscape has a range and scale and complexity that can swamp a garden that doesn't in some way present a lively complexity of its own. So you can't afford to eliminate arbitrarily a forceful part of the natural spectrum simply out of cowardice.

You also can't afford to ignore the huge number of tough American plants that happen to be yellow. It is all very well for the English to fiddle with their enormous palette of plants until they get just the right combination of shades—although in fact the English are infatuated with yellow in some of its most lurid forms. Americans don't have that luxury; there are fewer plants that will survive in most parts of

Daffodils, bottom, are a reliable source for the yellows of spring. Below left: In mid July, verbascum's candelabra tower above a naturalized planting. Below: Rudbeckia is a late summer staple.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: CURTICE TAYLOR; KAREN RADKAI; PATRICIA THORPE

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our country, and there are fewer still that will hold up until the end of the usual torrid summer. Take a glance around you now and admit it: in August you are probably looking either at yellow or at a hole in the ground.

There is no denying that there are some dreadful yellows out there lying in wait. Yarrow 'Coronation Gold' is both loud and boring, a combination common in cocktail party conversation but unusual in a plant. There are yellow marigolds that burn the landscape like battery acid, yellow dahlias of such outlandish size and bilious tones that they would be more appropriate for the vegetable garden. And brace yourself for the assault of the yellow chrysanthemums, which make us long for the relief of the first black frost.

A garden is more than chintz and wallpaper brought out of doors

But there are many more yellows that you can't garden without: *Allium moly* with the clear color—but not the smell—of butter; the perennial yellow foxglove, *Digitalis grandiflora,* which looks lovely with all colors and self-sows into every corner to prove it; massive verbascum, a favorite of Gertrude Jekyll, with its five-foot candelabra held high above the more trivial plants of mid July; *Primula florindae,* an end-of-season cowslip for damp places which yields an intoxicating springlike scent into the tired air of August.

The above are some of the accommodating yellows with which you really can't go wrong. Once you get more courageous, consider the challenge of oenothera, the combative sundrops that can electrify—or electrocute—your border. Come to terms with coreopsis. Adventure with *Centaurea macrocephala,* a robust perennial with a fierce thistlelike tuft of brilliant gold. Reconcile those late-season stalwarts—rudbeckia, helenium, goldenrod, sunflowers—with the calm of artemisia and the brocade of autumn asters. Start to think about next year's border, free of decorator color schemes, full of the excitement, daring, and disasters of the natural landscape. A garden is more than chintz and wallpaper brought out of doors. And it is no place for cowards. ▲

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HSG/8/89K

Two for the Road

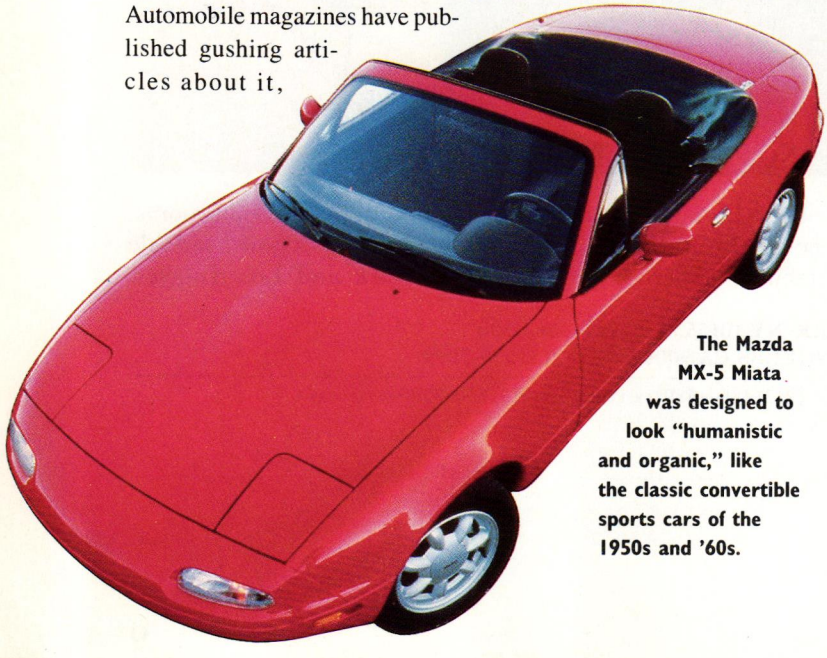
The Mazda Miata puts a new spin on the roadster

By Pilar Viladas

When I was 17, I had a boyfriend who had a sports car. It was an MG convertible, and in it we would spend warm spring nights tearing along the back roads of the suburban town where we lived. The car hugging the curves, the wind in our faces, we had no destination. We simply drove for the fun of it. And so, before us, did tens of thousands of others who drove the classic two-seat roadsters of the 1950s and '60s—the MGs, Jaguars, Alfa Romeos, Mercedes, and others. The idea of open-air driving, which had been raised to an art form in England (remember those British movies with tweedy types buzzing down country lanes in Morgans?), caught on in a big way with young Americans obsessed with speed and freedom.

But then came the 1970s, and the party was over. The Arab oil embargo made recreational driving not just uneconomical but downright un-American. Pollution-control devices diminished a car's performance. And the growing consumer advocacy movement proclaimed convertibles to be unsafe. By the late 1970s, the MG roadster was no more, and except for a few cars such as Mercedes-Benz's SL, the convertible two-seater was history.

History is about to be revised, however. Mazda's new MX-5 Miata, billed as a "truly modern sports car," recently stopped passers-by in their tracks as test drivers piloted the car around town. Automobile magazines have published gushing articles about it, and *Road & Track* has just named the Miata one of the five best cars in the world. The other four? The Ferrari Testarossa, the Mercedes-Benz 300E sedan, the Porsche 911 Carrera 4, and the Chevrolet Corvette ZR-1. This is pretty august company for a car with a sticker price of just under $14,000. And these days, when good and expensive is hard enough to find, good and cheap is almost a miracle. Mazda set out to create an affordable sports car, and in the process they made something that approaches art.



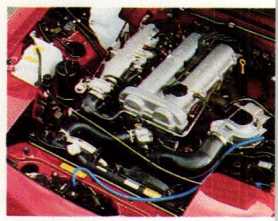
The Mazda MX-5 Miata was designed to look "humanistic and organic," like the classic convertible sports cars of the 1950s and '60s.

The Miata's no-nonsense interior and console.

I could tell you about the Miata's 1.6-liter, four-cylinder, sixteen-valve engine, its electronic fuel injection, its get-up-and-go. I could tell you about its newly developed drive train with a taut lightweight frame, its four-wheel independent suspension, and its flick-of-the-wrist stick shift, all of which combine to make even the most timid driver feel like Mario Andretti. But the Miata does something else which for me is just as important. It is one of the most elegantly designed cars, of any kind, to come along in many years.

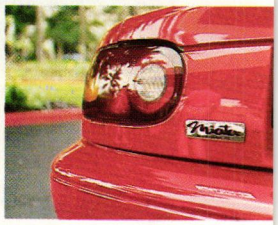
The door handle as minimalist sculpture.

The people who first dreamed up the Miata at Mazda's North American research and development headquarters set out to create a true convertible, not the chopped-off coupe that most "sporty" convertibles are these days. This roadster had to be taut and lean. It had to look good with the top up or down—although, obviously, down is better. And, above all, it had to be "timeless," as Mark Jordan, an assistant chief designer at Mazda, put it. "We didn't want a stereotypical high-tech look," he explained. "We wanted a humanistic organic design with lots of curves."



The 1.6-liter, fuel-injected four-cylinder engine.

This was—and is—a maverick approach. But the Miata's design will outlast the mania for aerodynamic slickness that is turning our highways into something like the set for a Buck Rogers movie. The Miata captures the beauty of classic sports cars both in its voluptuously curvy body and its refreshing lack of ornamentation. Molded plastic bumpers are suavely integrated into a steel body engineered to be as lightweight as possible with an aluminum hood and other pared-down features. Details such as door handles and signal lights have a minimalist flair, and the analog meters and gauges on the console are clean and no-nonsense. Aesthetically as well as functionally, there's not an ounce of fat on this car.



Taillights and rear bumper, above, and front signal light, below, are strong design elements yet don't disturb the Miata's sleek curves.

On the practical side, the Miata's top is a snap to raise or lower, and a driver's-side air bag and collapsible steering column come as standard equipment. Mazda has limited color choices to a patriotic red, white, or blue. There are several available options: a removable hardtop, engine speed-sensitive power assisted steering, power windows, and a CD player, among others. But why gild the lily? ▲

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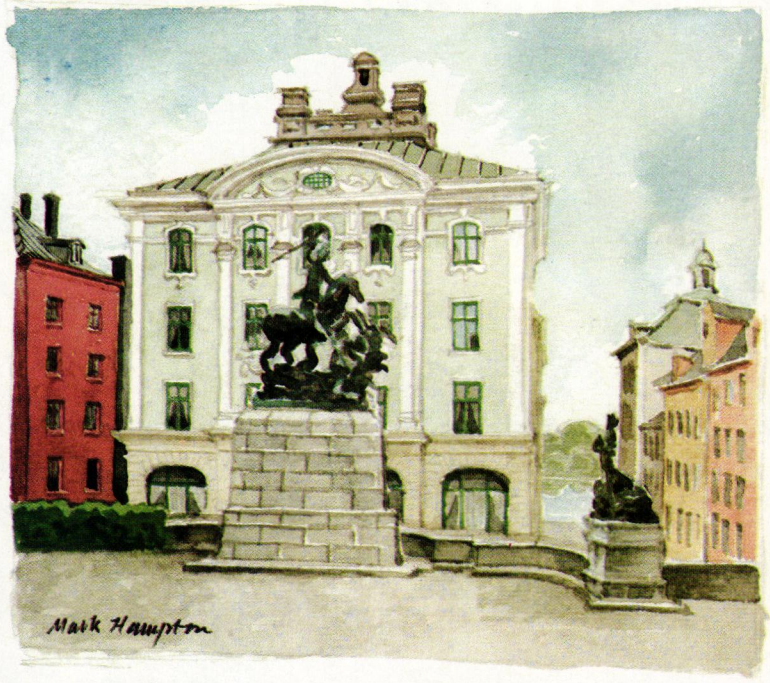
Bed and Biedermeier

A small hotel in Stockholm offers
a taste of Nordic hospitality
By Mark Hampton

It is no doubt a very great mistake to write about my favorite hotel in Stockholm. By committing this act of folly, I will probably never be able to get a reservation there again. On the other hand, maybe the owners will give me even better treatment—if that's possible.

Until last summer I had never been to Sweden. My thoughts of it were many and varied: beautiful blondes, the enchanted art of Carl Larsson, and the larger related area of all that splendid eighteenth- and nineteenth-century decoration. Stockholm called to mind most of the same things, with one addition; every article I had ever read on Swedish decoration included a picture of the blue and gold state bedroom at Drottningholm. The other great element (literally and figuratively) in any thoughts of Stockholm is the water.



Last August my family and I finally set out to equip ourselves with real impressions instead of the borrowed abstractions and picture-book images that had filled our minds before. Of course, some of the old thoughts managed to survive the reality of the visit intact. The people are indeed blond and many of them are beautiful; their smiles and rollicking sense of fun, however, erased the impression of all those gloomy Bergman movies. The food is divine, although we never got around to eating any meatballs. Instead, we had some kind of wonderful fish or other at least once a day, freshly dug new potatoes (my idea of a delicacy) with nearly every meal, and the inevitable crayfish.

The beauty of Swedish decorative arts is easy to see in a hundred different places. The blue and gold state bedroom is infinitely grander and more exciting in person than it is in any of its photographs, and the spell of Carl Larsson is as strong as ever, from the mammoth murals he painted for the museum in Stockholm to the immortal house in the country that he and his wife created, which still has the feeling of being lived in because Larsson's descendants do live in it.

Best of all when you visit Stockholm is the area called Old Town. Here all the elements of Swedishness come together in the most beautiful and interesting way. It is a nucleus of incredible richness, an island surrounded by all this water. Are they rivers? Are they lakes? Is it an ocean? The water is, in fact, all of the above. Lots of rivers form lots of lakes, and the Baltic Sea reaches right up into the town where everything joins together to create a city in which nearly every view terminates in water.

In Old Town, at the top of a narrow street not far from the Royal Palace, there is a perfect little hotel. It is called the Greenhouse, and every cabdriver in Stockholm knows how to find it because it is also the home of one of the greatest restaurants in Sweden—Erik's. Erik Lallerstedt, who used to have a restaurant on a boat, now holds court in a charming and chic duplex that occupies the first and second floors of the Greenhouse, a part of the building that was a pub 75 years ago. So you see, there is a great spirit of continuity pervading the place.

It's like living in a little flat in the most picturesque part of town

The name Greenhouse has nothing to do with glass structures intended for the indoor propagation of plant life. Nor does it allude to any similarities between itself and the well-known spa in our own country for overweight rich people. The building in question, two old houses that were remodeled in 1902 by the architect Erik Malmström and turned into one lively Beaux-Arts composition, is simply painted a light green.

Admittedly, it is not like other hotels. There is no room service and no elevator. There are compensations. The staircase is exceedingly beautiful and broad with columns, curves, and a wealth of ornamental detail. Every suite has its own little kitchen with handsome paneled cabinetwork, a window overlooking the passing scene below, and a very well stocked refrigerator—the provisioning of which is overseen, if you please, by none other than the redoubtable Erik. In your little icebox there are always some fresh fruit and bread, Parma ham, and the ubiquitous yogurt. The coffee is strong and good, and the thing you make it in is easy to operate. Of course, there is tea as well as deli-

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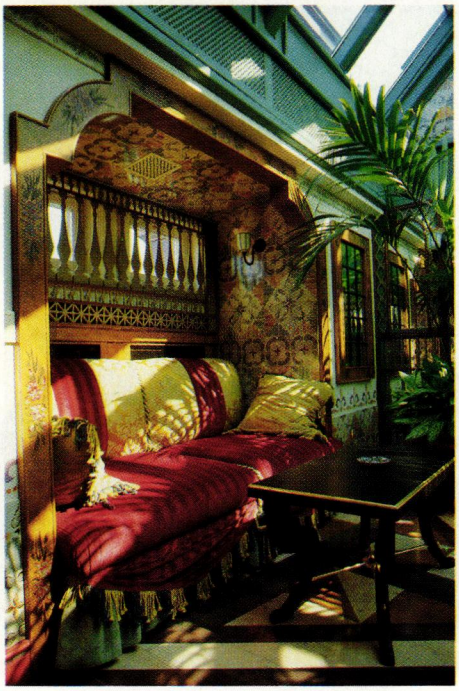
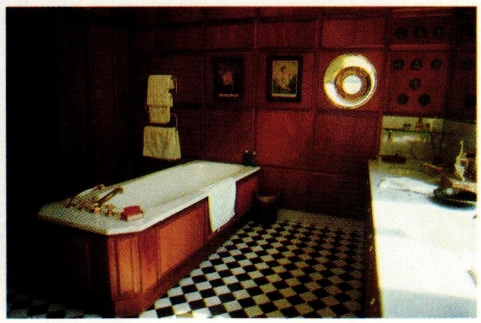
cious jams and jellies. The crockery is beautiful—but perhaps I'm going on too much.

The point of the Greenhouse is not whether room service exists or doesn't exist. Instead, the quality that is most beguiling about the whole place is the opportunity to pretend that one is living in a little Biedermeier-period flat in the most picturesque part of town. Walls upholstered in colorful printed linen are the background for gilded pier mirrors and console tables, canapés with tapestry cushions, and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century genre paintings. Flowering plants fill antique cachepots. In the center of each ceiling hangs an opaline and ormolu light fixture typical of those you see in every Stockholm antiques shop. The beds are comfortable, with pillows plentiful and soft. The bathrooms are equipped with hair dryers and all the necessities of life in a country with an exotic electrical current. And an iron and ironing board are tucked away in each bedroom closet.

To be allowed to play house in immaculate surroundings that are still old-fashioned in spite of their smoothly operating modernity lends a storybook quality to a traveler's life in this storybook part of Stockholm with its steep winding streets and numerous antiques shops. Every afternoon I would walk home, let myself in with my own key, go upstairs, and settle down at a writing table in front of a window overlooking a splendid fountain of Saint George and his eternal dragon to tackle the small task of keeping up with my diary. One day the fountain was full of peacefully demonstrating naked college students. Every evening we dined either at Erik's or at some other nearby restaurant. (Everything is nearby.) Even the celebrated Opera Café is only about a half mile away, across a couple of bridges. All of our reservations were made and confirmed by the wonderful young woman who acts as both manager and concierge. By the time we left, we all felt as though we had really *been* to Sweden, as though we had lived there for a little bit. ▲

The Greenhouse's atrium, below, is not the source of its name; its paint is. Below right: A bathroom offers a mix of modernity and old-fashioned charm.





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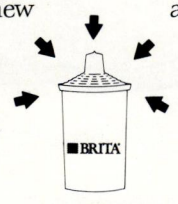

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Tole Tales

Painted tin has taken on unalloyed appeal

By Florence de Dampierre

French tables, c. 1800, bottom, from Florence de Dampierre, NYC. Center: American tray, c. 1830, Creekside Antiques, San Anselmo, Calif. Below: Planters, French 18th century, Pierre Deux, NYC.

As Marie Antoinette was being sped through the cobblestone streets of Paris toward the place de la Concorde and her miserable end, revolutionary guards were busy compiling an inventory of her belongings. What they discovered among the expected heaps of ball gowns, baubles, and master craftsmen furniture was a painted table composed of tin. That this humble object had fallen into such sophisticated hands testifies to the extraordinary popularity of *tôle peinte,* a technique developed in the seventeenth century for finishing utilitarian metal goods.

Originally a poor man's decoration, of the same ilk as today's mugs, snow globes, and other airport ephemera, tole quickly shot up in status thanks to its ornamental appeal. Trays finished with a glossy layer of varnishlike paint became a convincing and affordable knockoff of Oriental lacquer. Artists, occasionally even accomplished ones, brushed landscapes across planters mounted on lion's paw feet. And Classical acanthus leaf borders—often achieved by dipping a carved potato into paint—wound around everyday coffeepots and urns shaped like their ancient Greek counterparts.

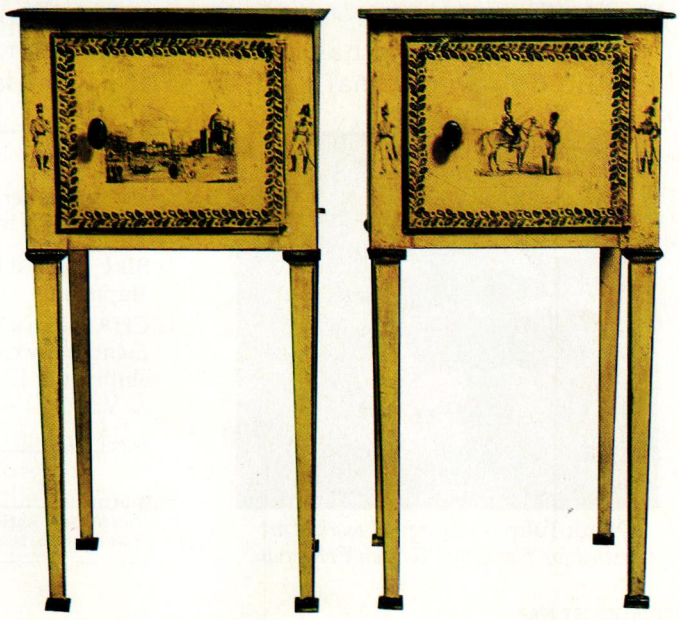
The first factories to produce these wares arose in Bilston and Staffordshire, England, and most notably in Pontypool, Wales, where, around 1660, Thomas Allgood discovered a way to make metal hold thin coats of color. His secrets passed on to his sons, and the business was soon so profitable that jealousy split Allgood's grandchildren, two of whom formed a rival company at Usk. Both factories flourished throughout the eighteenth century, their products becoming so ubiquitous that terms such as "round as a Pontypool waiter"—used in reference both to a large oval tray and a roly-poly person—came into general use.

Such success inspired other countries to test their own metal. Russian tole, first made in the early 1700s in the Ural mountains, is celebrated for its folksy flowers and high-keyed palette. German-speaking countries decorated tinware with the same tulips and hearts that they sewed onto their quilts. These stylized motifs traveled to America with the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania.

Fond as they were of decorative finishes, the French did not take up *tôle peinte* until the 1760s. Making up for a slow start, they produced an astonishing array of tole objects over the next sixty years, ranging from watering cans painted with honeysuckle sprigs to portly pear-shaped chocolate urns bearing gilded pagodas.

Overshadowed by the electroplating process, which revolutionized metalware in the 1840s, tole production eventually petered out. These days, however, thanks to the rage for painted finishes, vintage tole is more prized than ever. Frequently found at antiques shops, tole also turns up at auction in surprising quantities. Prices range from $50 for a small repainted tray to well into five figures for an unusually elaborate table. Like all antiques, tole is most desirable if left untouched. Rust, crackling paint, and dents, after all, are part of the charm. ♠

(For a list of tole dealers see Resources)



FROM TOP: MONICA STEVENSON (3); DAVID LIVINGSTON; MONICA STEVENSON (2)

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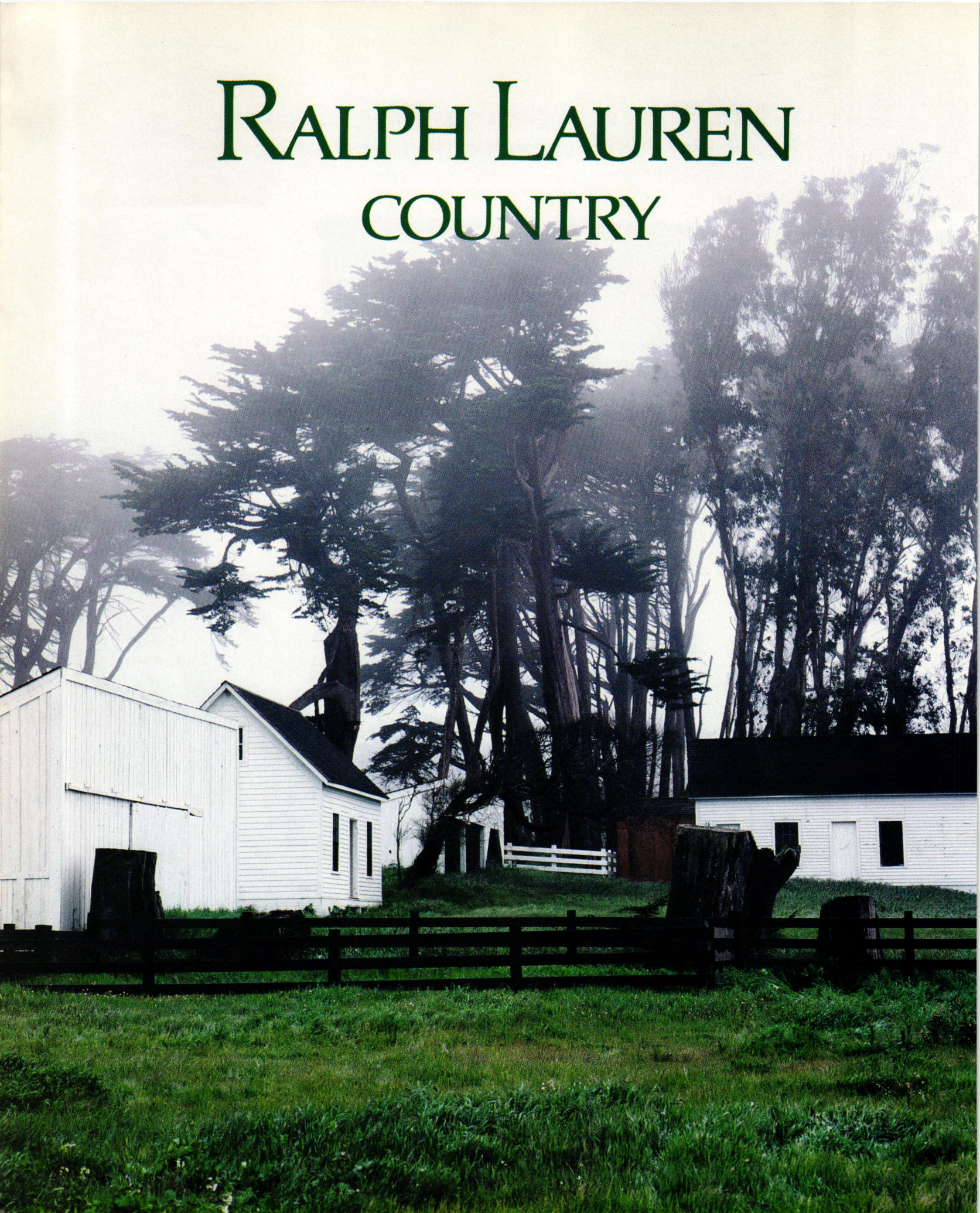


EDITOR'S PAGE

AUGUST 1989

For many people, going to the country does not mean heading out into the vast untrammeled wilds. The country can in fact be an exquisite conceit of rural life—a refuge, for sure, with fresh air, blue skies, open lawns, gardens, and maybe even some beaches, but also a congenial setting for grand houses with large-scale formal rooms and social systems of the most highly evolved sort. Nature itself may be only a part of the scheme, as in the classic example of Newport's "cottages." These Italianate villas, vast châteaus, and sprawling Shingle Style houses, thrown up in the late nineteenth century on an island just off the Rhode Island shore, reflect the opulent taste of a New World aristocracy. In this gold coast resort, revisited by Newport native Dodie Kazanjian, nature has been splendidly manicured to create an imposing icon of gracious living. A different American vision of the landscape prevails at Ragdale, a turn-of-the-century estate in Lake Forest, Illinois, where an expanse of virgin prairie has been preserved against encroaching suburbia. The house built by architect Howard Van Doren Shaw is an aesthetic hybrid—part English manor house, part Arts and Crafts, but the garden offers a seemingly endless vista of nature in its purest untamed state. At a contemporary Long Island retreat, country simplicity has been carefully cultivated—an effect achieved indoors by two accomplished decorators using fabric, paint, and furniture. The estate of Biby in Sweden, on the other hand, represents an Old World version of country—a traditional farm where a couple who met in agriculture school actually live and work. At Biby the cycles of nature are the very focus of existence. So where does this leave us in terms of houses, gardens, and decorating? Only with the certainty that there are many different routes back to nature and no fixed boundaries to the countryside of our imagination.

MARK DARLEY

A Newport yachtsman paid homage to local tradition by remodeling a 1970s stucco house into a Postmodern Shingle Style cottage.

Mary Novogrod

Editor in Chief

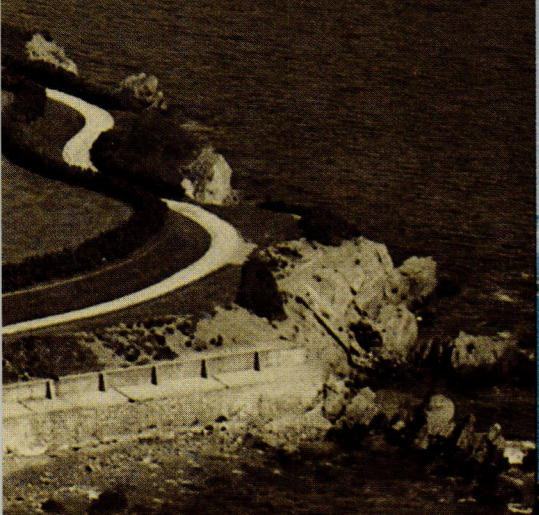
The Breakers, below, the largest of Newport's "cottages," was built by Richard Morris Hunt for Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1892–95. It looks onto Cliff Walk, which continues to Bailey's Beach. Inset below: The Preservation Society of Newport County is sponsoring a weekend of coaching, a Newport tradition, on August 18–20. Opposite: Hugh D. Auchincloss Jr. lives in the Windmill on Hammersmith Farm, where he grew up.

PRESERVATION SOCIETY OF NEWPORT COUNTY (2)

INSIDE

Dodie Kazanjian, a native Newporter, reconsiders her hometown on the occasion of its 350th birthday

Photographs by ERIC BOMAN



NEWPORT

BETTMANN ARCHIVES

Something else besides day-trippers, condos, and time-sharing is going on. Big new money is moving in

It always astonishes people to hear that I grew up in Newport. Did you live in a mansion, they ask, thinking of one of those vast piles that so appalled Henry James when he revisited the town and found a "mere breeding-ground for white elephants." In the first place, as any old-time Newporter knows, you never say mansion. Even if you're talking about Marble House or the Breakers, the word is "cottage." And no, I didn't live in one. I grew up in my grandfather's big old Victorian house on Kay Street, built long before the cottages. But my grandfather helped to shape the ambience of the white elephants on Bellevue Avenue. The family firm, John H. Kazanjian & Co., imported the finest porcelains, antique carpets, furniture, and objets d'art and advised on matters of taste, which was often in short supply.

In those days before income tax, people thought nothing of giving ten-course dinners, or spending $200,000 (turn-of-the-century dollars) for a party on the lawn. Enormous tents were pitched outside houses choked with alabaster and porphyry, and platforms were constructed and fitted out with thirty to fifty Oriental rugs and hundreds of handwoven Chinese wicker chairs—rented from John H. Kazanjian & Co. The firm was a landmark on Bellevue Avenue; its Tudor-style building was designed by Richard Morris Hunt in the 1870s, shortly before Stanford White did the Casino next door. The family business closed when my father died in 1966, and the building is now given over to boutiques that I never visit.

My sense of Newport in recent years has been that it was in a sorry state—day-trippers, bed and breakfasts, time-sharing, and big-time developers raping the old houses by squeezing too many condominiums into them. The worst case is what happened to Bonniecrest, the old Duncan cottage. Some fifty new condominiums were built—brick cubes that look as if they belong in a shopping mall—right on top of a historic Frederick Law Olmsted garden. But something else is going on in the old town, I have found out. Big new money is moving in. The newcomers are in their thirties or early forties, and they tend to be midwesterners or Texans. Some of them seem to be trying to usher in a new Gay Nineties. They are buying and doing up the cottages. They have no interest in Newport's many fine Victorian houses or its remarkable stock of pre-Revolution houses—and they are not a bit embarrassed to talk about their decorators, something old Newport would never do, or to display reams of $300-a-yard silk fringe (their form of gilt). The splashier the interior, the better. They have servants, quite a few in some cases, and they give lots of ambitious black-tie parties.

How are they received? With equanimity, for the most part. "If they're nice normal people who don't put on airs, most

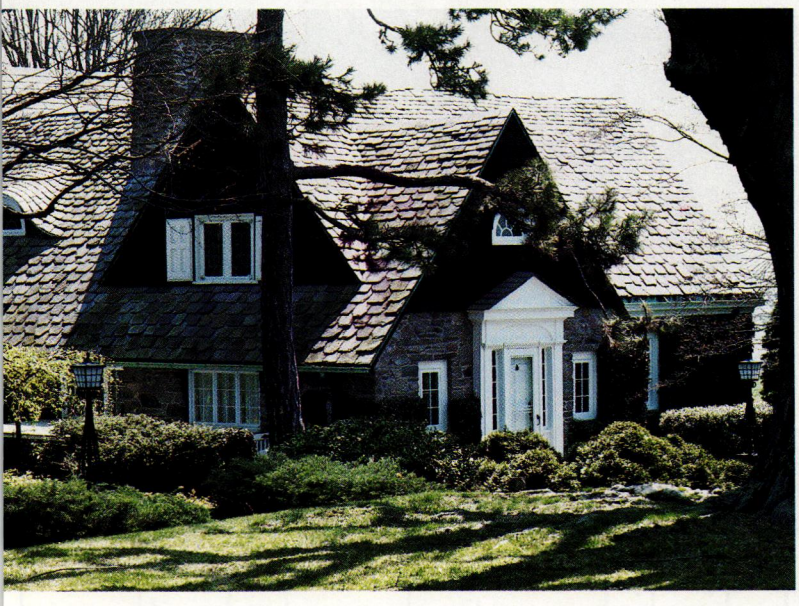
The Glen Randalls recently bought the von Bülows' Clarendon Court, top left. Center: The Kazanjian block on Bellevue Avenue at the turn of the century. Left: The Grand Duke Alexander, brother-in-law and cousin to the Russian czar, with Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

Frances and Alfred Van Liew bought Stony Brook in 1984

Chan and John Mashek acquired Fairholme in 1984

Hope and Richard Alexander started a vineyard at Hopelands

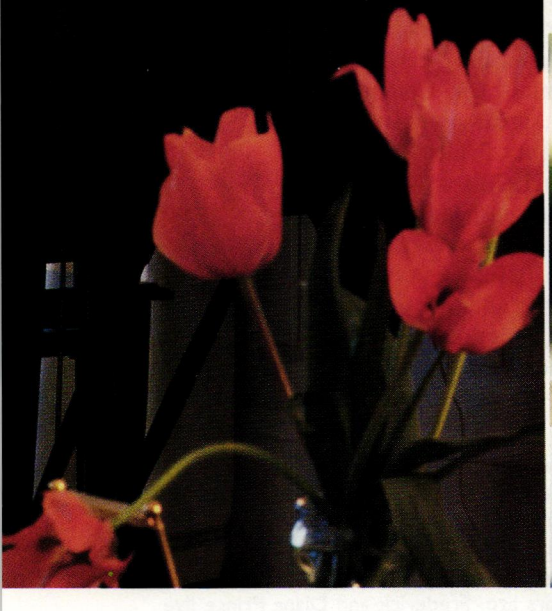
Jan and Robin Corbin have been restoring Southerly since 1976



Sonnenhof, a post–Gilded Age cottage, typifies old-line Newport taste today

John Nicholas Brown's Harbour Court is now the New York Yacht Club

The English country-house look—the real



people accept them,'' says Mrs. John R. Drexel III, whose heritage goes back to Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. But there are different levels of acceptance. ''If you're not related by birth, you're just tolerated,'' says John Cherol, who recently resigned as executive director and curator of the Preservation Society of Newport County. ''Newcomers always have to prove themselves, which means toeing the line. The old-timers can be charming, come to your parties, eat your food, drink your wine, but when they go home, they laugh at you. There are a lot of bigots here. Prehistoric thinking.'' The Newport snob's code word for unacceptable behavior is ''controversial,'' a term that can take in anything from saying ''mansion'' to voting Democrat. But for plain old everyday acceptance, all you need is money. ''Money,'' says Cherol, ''and a willingness to put up with the old-timers. Certainly not taste. Certainly not intelligence.'' If you come to town with an open checkbook, a few introductions—ideally, of the Palm Beach variety—and if you take a big house, it works like a charm, just the way it worked one hundred years ago for Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt (née Alva Smith from Mobile). She built Marble House for $11 million—making it the most expensive summer cottage of its time—and reeled in a duke for a son-in-law.

In the old days Ward McAllister, arbiter of New York's Four Hundred, said it took four seasons of unremitting effort to make a success of yourself in Newport society.

At Stonor Lodge, the Drexels' Newport cottage, the living room, opposite, is decorated with inherited furniture, some from Stonor, Noreen Drexel's family country house, in England. Opposite inset: The exterior of the cottage. Above: Mrs. Drexel's portrait by René Boucher. Left: Her parrot, Peanut Drexel. Below: The entrance hall.

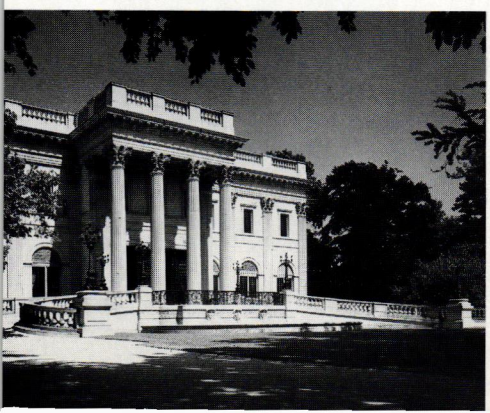
thing—has always been popular in Newport

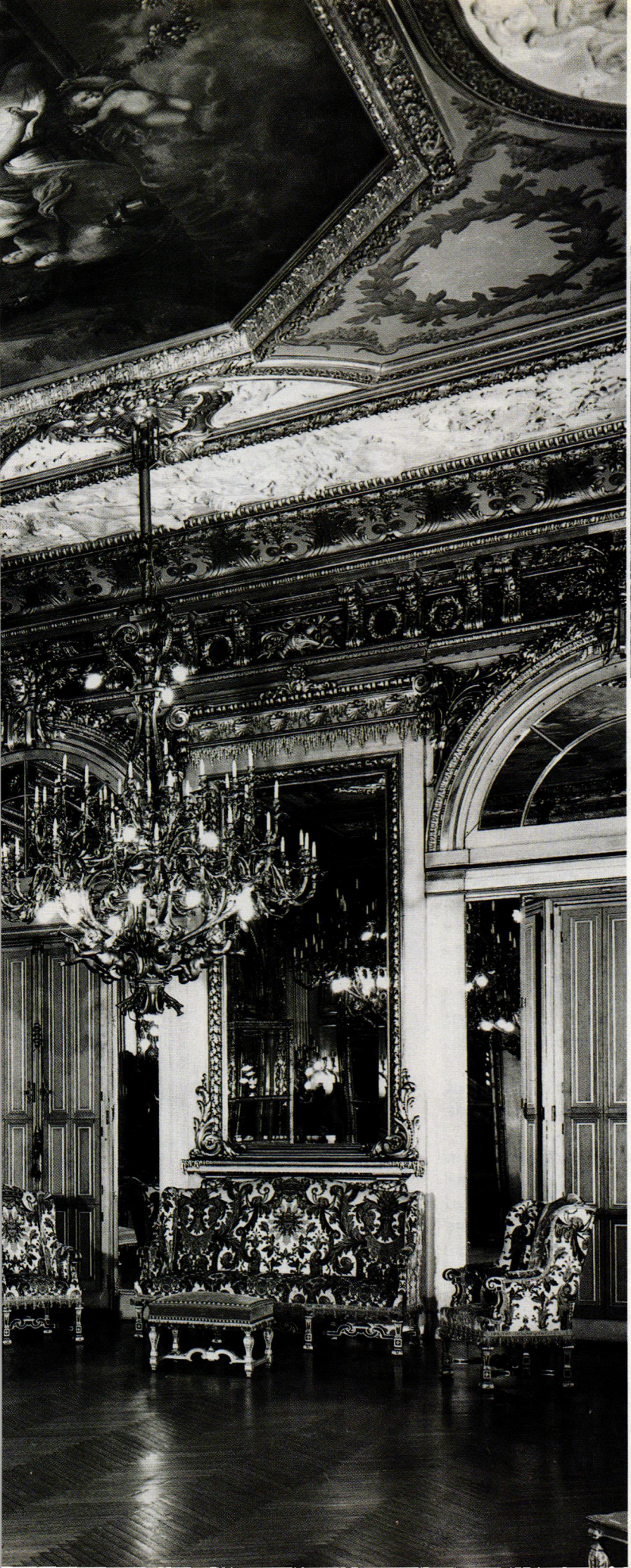
CULVER PICTURES (2)

It's much easier today. One good tack is to get involved in a popular local cause. The Boys Clubs and Girls Clubs will do fine. And if you get on the board of the Preservation Society, you're well on your way to the inner sanctum of Newport society. John Winslow, president of the Preservation Society until this June, is also the president of the Spouting Rock Beach Association, known to the public as Bailey's Beach and to the happy few who go there as The Beach. If you're too aggressive about making it, though, you're in trouble. Rumor has it that one newcomer came to town about five years ago, bought a cottage, did it up in record time, and gave the most pretentious dinner party in recent memory. The waiters wore white gloves, dinner was late, and after the first course—a thick sweet soup, as opposed to a clear broth, which is what Newport likes—it was all over. The house was on the market soon afterward. So far, nobody has done what Sunny and Claus von Bülow did when they bought Clarendon Court in 1970. They bulldozed the natural contours of the property to get a better view of the ocean. They kept trucking in full-grown trees, trying them out on the grounds the way you would try on jewelry, and trucking them away until they found the ones that looked just right.

Another change I've noticed is that many people who used to summer in Newport now live there year-round. (This doesn't make them townies, however. There is still a decided gap between wealthy Newport and the rest of the town.) It's the grandchildren and great-grandchildren who are coming back. Countess Elizabeth de Ramel, great-granddaughter of the Frederick Henry Prince who bought Marble House in 1932 for $100,000, recently left her titled husband and his castle near Uzès and bought a Victorian Stick Style cottage on Bellevue Avenue. She named it Weetamoe after her great-grandfather's J-boat. I can't think of a house on Bellevue Avenue that doesn't have a

The terrace at the New York Yacht Club, top left. Center: Edith Wharton and Henry James, acute observers of Newport. Above right: The Van Liews' porch overlooks the Sakonnet River. Right: Frederick Henry Prince bought Marble House in 1932, and his great-grandchildren bought Newport cottages a few years ago. Frederick and Diana Prince live at Swan's Way, center right, and Elizabeth de Ramel lives at Weetamoe, far right. Left: The living room at Swan's Way.





The rich today have the same contempt for flamboyance that the New England intelligentsia had for the Vanderbilts

NANCY SIRKIS

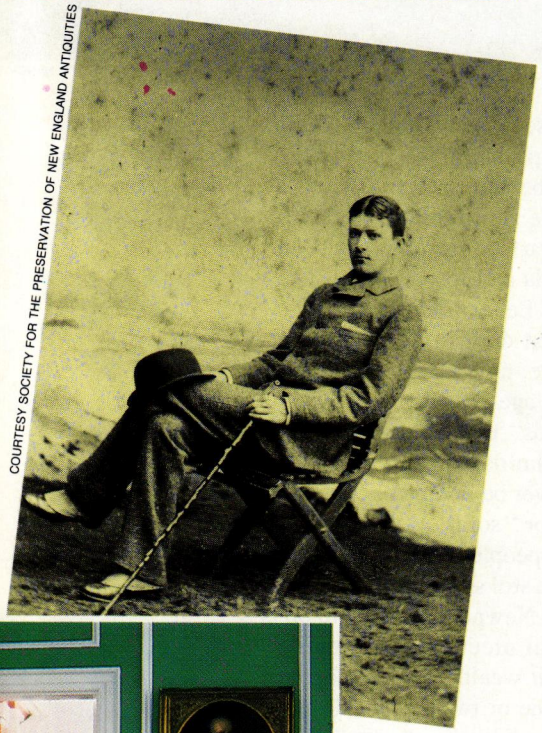
name. Nobody uses street numbers. (This is all right for the postman, who knows the route, but it can be hell for UPS.) Land's End, the cottage remodeled for Edith Wharton by Ogden Codman, has just been bought by Victoria and Joseph Mele. The renowned Oatsie Leiter Charles, Vicky's mother, lives next door in what was the gardener's cottage, now called the Whim. At a very young age, I was told that if I breathed the words ''drapes'' or ''couch'' in certain households, specifically Oatsie's, I would never be invited back. (One said ''curtains'' or ''sofa.'') ''I'm always suspicious about people who use the word 'couch,' '' Oatsie still says.

The old rich in Newport continue to observe such social niceties, but they no longer flaunt their wealth. Today most of them live with one or two aging servants whom they've most likely inherited. The old rich often serve the worst food; a favorite at cocktail parties is dry toast with peanut butter and bacon bits, but Newporters aren't big on cocktail parties. They use caterers when they give a dinner for twelve or more but often claim a preference for picnics, clambakes, or home-cooked spaghetti suppers. That doesn't mean there aren't black-tie dinners. There are. In the summer, they take place every night of the week, Sundays included. But some hostesses try to offset the formality by ''being

Marble House's Louis XIV Gold Ballroom, left, with decoration by J. Allard et Fils and Carl Bitter, epitomizes the Gilded Age. Built in 1889–92 by Richard Morris Hunt for the William K. Vanderbilts, the cottage is now owned by the Preservation Society. Above: The magical topiary at Alice Brayton's estate, Green Animals, is also a Preservation Society property.

original.'' One hostess recently did over the Clambake Club à la Russe and had dinner catered by the Russian Tea Room in New York with more than five different kinds of vodka and a balalaika ensemble.

There are no more white-tie dinners with a footman behind each chair, however, and there are no powerhouse hostesses who rule society with an iron whim—Gilded Age matrons like Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who gave a three-course dinner for one hundred dogs in fancy dress but based the guest list on the owners' pedigrees. The rich don't look after their pets as they used to. There's nobody now like Arthur Curtiss James, who built a Swiss village for his menagerie of farm animals with a miniature chalet for each pig, goat, and sheep. Gone too is the 400-foot yacht. Most people have lasers or lobster put-puts or Boston Whalers so their kids can water-ski. The rich today have the same contempt for flamboyance that Henry James and the New England intelligentsia had for the Vanderbilts and Astors, in the era when Grand Duke Boris of Russia reportedly exclaimed, ''I have never dreamed of such luxury as I have seen at Newport.'' The key to Newport style today is not luxury but comfort. ''Most Newporters have been here for generations,'' says Noreen Drexel. ''Newport is much more laid back now.'' Comfortable in Newport means you decorate around old family furniture, something nobody's done better than the Drexels at Stonor Lodge. Mrs. Drexel was born in her family's English country house, Stonor, and much of the furniture is from there. Stonor Lodge was also her mother's house. ''There isn't a thing that we bought in it,'' she says. ''I've always had the problem of having too many things given to us and trying to keep them compatible.''



COURTESY SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF NEW ENGLAND ANTIQUITIES

There is very little contemporary art in Newport houses. ''This is a town of genre collectors,'' says Jan Corbin, who is a decorator when she's not selling real estate with her husband's firm, Private Properties. ''A lot of marine art. Dogs and horses.

Palm Beach decorator John Hulse did Chan Mashek's living room at Fairholme, right. Victoria and Joseph Mele's Land's End entrance hall, top left, was designed by Ogden Codman, center, a favorite Newport decorator. Left: A view from Jan Corbin's apple-green dining room into the coral living room: Mrs. Corbin painted her Codman rooms with bright colors to make the house more informal.

Newcomers are not

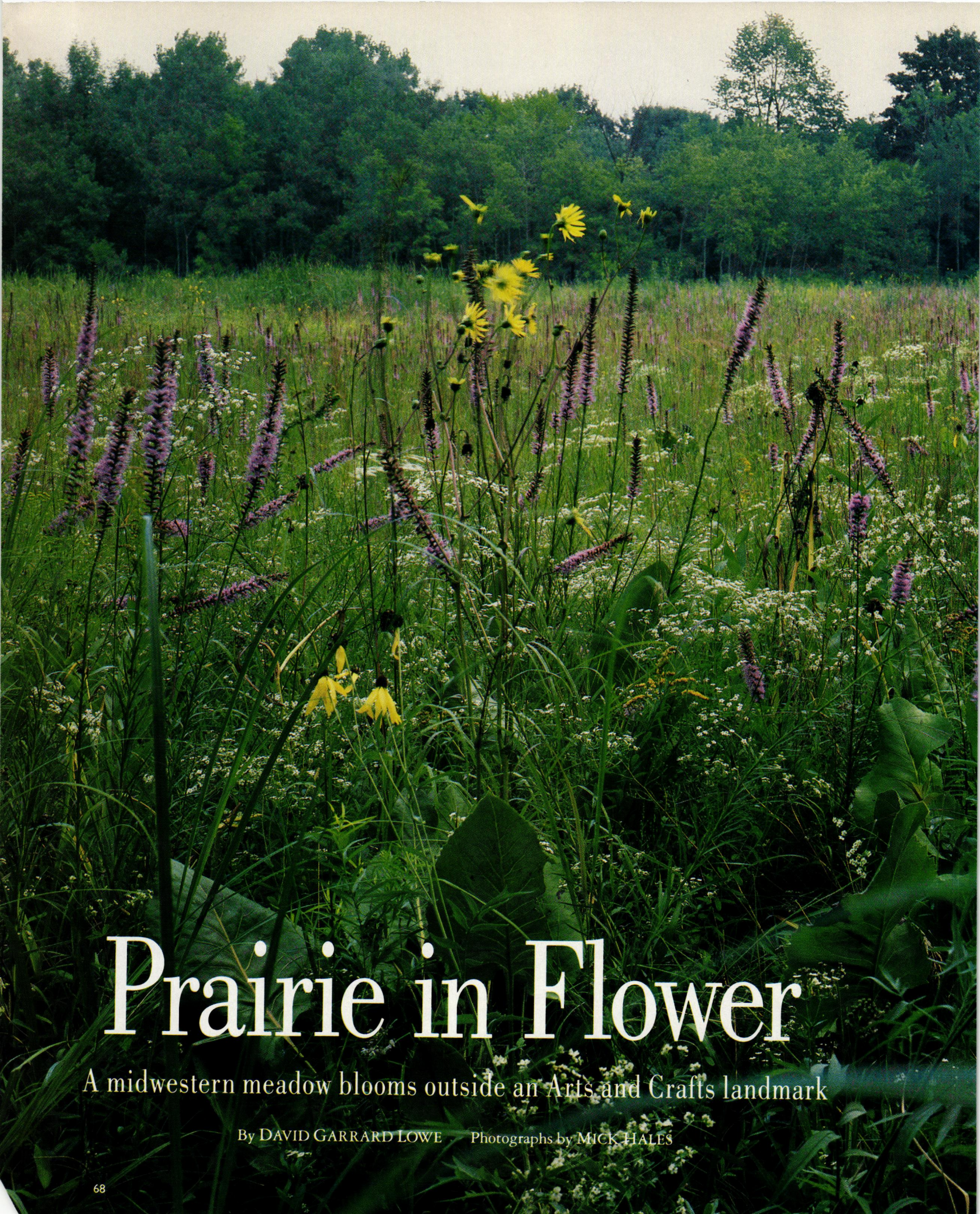
embarrassed to talk about decorators, something old Newport would never do

NANCY SIRKIS

James Gubelmann turned a 1970s stucco house with a mansard roof into a Shingle Style cottage, right. Above: The card room with 20th-century French primitive chairs by Gérard Rigot. Left: Henry was Edith Wetmore's butler for over thirty years at Château-sur-Mer, now a Preservation Society property.

And lots of ancestors.'' The English country-house look—the real thing as opposed to the instant decorator sort—has always been popular in Newport: inherited furnitue, well-worn chintz, cluttered tabletops, and insipid but authentic family portraits. There are also masses of family photographs, and a gaming table—usually backgammon. Newporters decorate once and then never again. When the curtains fall apart, they simply reuse them as lining for the new ones. ''We all know that old Yankees are as tight as ticks,'' says Corbin. ''It's a crime to be shabby in Palm Beach but not in Newport.'' That's true if your name is Cushing, but if you're a newcomer, you've *(Text continued on page 143)*

MARK DARLEY



Prairie in Flower

A midwestern meadow blooms outside an Arts and Crafts landmark

By DAVID GARRARD LOWE Photographs by MICK HALES

Because it has never felt the steel of the plow, the Ragdale prairie is a rare refuge for native plants such as coneflowers, sunflowers, prairie dock, Indian paintbrush, ladies'-tresses, blazing-star, wild fleabane, spurge, meadow rue, and gold puccoon.

Ironically, one of the rare vestiges of unspoiled prairie survives on an estate in an exclusive suburb of Chicago

The memory of the prairie reverberates through the American consciousness—from Lincoln to Whitman to Cather and Sandburg. That memory is always a celebration of freedom, of the boundless American heartland, of numberless buffalo, of pioneers cutting through a sea of grass to build sod huts and plant acres of wheat and corn.

Ironically, one of the rare vestiges of unplowed and unspoiled prairie survives on a turn-of-the-century estate in Lake Forest, Illinois, an exclusive suburb thirty miles north of Chicago. In a midwestern echo of Boston's Lowells speaking only to Cabots and Cabots speaking only to God, Lake Forest is where Farwells and Smiths, Armours and Swifts, Donnelleys and Fields live in chatty proximity. It is where, in splendid houses reminiscent of Versailles and Georgian London designed by architects such as Alfred Hoyt Granger and David Adler, generations of residents have gone through the rituals of bridge and tea, of cocktails and cotillions.

Ragdale, on Green Bay Road, not far from the center of Lake Forest, is both a part of and apart from this stylish grandeur. At first glance the prairie could not seem more distant. Set well back from the road, the blue and off-white stucco house with its bold twin gables and hipped slate roof speaks simultaneously of ample American means and old-world lineage. The style of the architecture unmistakably evokes the English Arts and Crafts movement founded by William Morris, who called for houses that expressed an honest workmanship rooted in ancient English traditions.

"My grandfather saw the name Ragdale on a tudor manor in England and liked it because of its unpretentious ring," recalls Alice Ryerson, a handsome white-haired woman in her sixties who has published short stories and three volumes of poetry. Her grandfather was the noted Chicago architect Howard Van Doren Shaw. Unlike his friend Frank Lloyd Wright, the Yale- and M.I.T.-trained Shaw did not set out to develop a radically new, distinctly American domestic style. His favorite contemporary architects were two Englishmen, Edwin Lutyens and C. F. A. Voysey, who imaginatively adapted time-honored arts and crafts forms and techniques to cottages and country houses. By the mid 1890s, Shaw had married Frances Wells, whose family belonged to Chicago's manufacturing aristocracy, and had established his own firm. Both decisions were happy ones. The young architect never lacked wealthy clients who delighted in the superbly constructed, highly livable, self-assured houses he gave them.

Shaw's architectural proclivities and the needs of his growing family melded perfectly at Ragdale. "When my grandfather drove up to Lake Forest in a horse and buggy in 1897, he was looking for a summer place on the prairie," Alice Ryerson observes. "It was love at first sight." Immediately Shaw began designing a house to rise atop the ridge left by a receding glacier where the view west to the horizon was broken only by an occasional cluster of oak and hickory.

Standing today on the gentle slope behind Ragdale, the visitor still miraculously finds a thirty-acre swath of virgin prairie; only a Shaw-designed split-rail fence and one of his handsome garden seats reveal the hand of man. The architect edged his prairie with a shady mile and a half long path that forms a giant U around the property. "He wanted the path to be reminiscent of an English country lane," Ryerson notes. Bordered by a few Norway maples whose gnarled roots rise out of the ground and carpeted with grass, the lane lures one along the prairie's flank, over a graceful arched bridge spanning the Skokie—more rivulet than river—and into a wood of cottonwoods, swamp willows, ash, and oak. There in the shadows grow clumps of pale white trillium and stands of foot-high umbrella-like mayapple.

Ragdale's wildflowers are one of the most precious gifts of the unplowed prairie. "Seventy-two varieties of native flowers bloom here," Ryerson explains as she seats herself on one of her grandfather's benches near a stand of aspen trees. "Some of these flowers can be seen almost

A small portion of the fifty-acre Ragdale estate was set aside as a formal garden, above. In the midst of arborvitae, concord grapes, trumpet vine, and petunias, a dovecote designed by Howard Van Doren Shaw rises like a medieval watchtower. Right: A view west over the prairie in July.

RAY HEITZMANN

nowhere else," she says. "I love the old-fashioned names: adder's-tongue, henbane, sneezeweed, butter-and-eggs, ladies'-tresses, fleabane, blazing-star. I put them all in one of my poems." She bends down and runs a long blade of grass through her fingers. "This is bluestem turkeyfoot. It grows to be six feet high and is rooted like a tree. This is what fed the buffalo." There is a homespun beauty about these prairie grasses which compares favorably with the exotic beauty of pampas grass and bamboo. And there is drama, too. Every March the Ragdale prairie is carefully put to the torch. Fire has always been key to the survival of prairies, for flames keep the land open, protecting it from the intrusion of trees and shrubs. Before the coming of the white man, fires were started naturally by lightning or deliberately by the Indians. The blaze does not harm the roots of the grass, and the ash nourishes the new growth.

Approaching the house from the prairie, one is struck by Shaw's sure eye for siting. The gabled roofline and tall chimneys, framed by a few surviving elms, seem to

One of Ragdale's most beloved traditions is the burning of the prairie cuttings each October in a great bonfire, above. Above right: Sunflowers, coneflowers, and prairie dock at midsummer. Above far right: The late-summer prairie dominated by tall bluestem turkeyfoot grass. Right: The prairie in full bloom. Over seventy types of flowers flourish on the estate. Far right: Rooted like trees, tough grasses hold rich black loam in place.

grow out of the little hill, making architecture and landscape one. In the same spirit, moving indoors, it is clear that Shaw thought of hallways as paths. The entrance hall, with its old Oriental runner, leads invitingly toward the living room, the dining room, and the main stairway. Evidence of the architect's admiration for Arts and Crafts theory is everywhere: in the hall's mellow oak paneling, barrel-vaulted ceiling, and varied patterns of leaded glass; in the dining room's pleasing mixture of William Morris–inspired wallpaper, green-painted exposed beams, and crisp linenfold carving. Shaw designed the elegant wrought-iron firedogs in the tall brick fireplace as well as the massive oak dining table engraved with the words of poet Carl Sandburg: "The grain of it runs in waves as the sea runs to the shore." True to his Arts and Crafts ideals, Howard Van Doren Shaw was not only an architect but also a first-rate mason, bricklayer, and carpenter. For his dining porch he built a whimsical trelliswork sideboard, which like all the porch furniture is painted Ragdale blue, a mixture of aquamarine and gray also used on the house's shutters and other exterior trim.

Ragdale's survival more than sixty years after Shaw's death in 1926 is due to the determination and imagination of Alice Ryerson. In 1976 her mother, the sculptor Sylvia Shaw Judson, who was then living outside Philadelphia, offered her the estate if she could find an appropriate use for it. "I had lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for thirty years," she recalls, "and I knew that there were artists colonies on the East Coast but *(Text continued on page 141)*

The entrance façade of Ragdale, above, shows architect Howard Van Doren Shaw's debt to the English Arts and Crafts movement. Left: A view from the house includes one of Shaw's garden seats. Above left: Shaw designed the trelliswork sideboard in the sun porch dining room. Furniture is painted Ragdale blue, a mixture of aquamarine and gray. Top: An American Empire love-seat nestles beneath ceiling timbers in the master bedroom. Above right: William Morris–inspired wallpaper and a massive oak table give an Arts and Crafts air to the formal dining room. Right: In the entrance hall Shaw evoked the atmosphere of an ancient English house by the use of a vaulted ceiling, oak paneling, and leaded glass. The carving above the doorway to the living room is the stern of a Venetian gondola. Opposite top left: Prairie grass in an old pottery jug.

Capital Venture

Subtlety is a prime asset in the house of Washington decorator Antony Childs

By DAVID STREITFELD
Photographs by WILLIAM WALDRON

Washington decorator Antony Childs was living in a spare, sparse town house—lots of drama, and modern art everywhere—when he decided it was time to leave. He wanted something special and had in mind a loft's large open territory. But Washington doesn't have much industry and consequently has hardly any lofts.

Mulling this over, Childs was walking Phoebe, his springer spaniel, when he ran into Loraine Percy, wife of the former Illinois senator. "Do you know of any nice houses?" he asked her.

"I know of a perfectly wonderful house," she said. "However, it has a tiny dining room, a tiny living room, the tiniest little kitchen, and a very tiny garden—and it has a tiny driveway."

Childs wasn't impressed. "It sounds very tiny," he said, and thought no more about it.

Two days later, he was out with a real estate agent. "Looking for yourself or a client?" asked the agent. At the moment, in fact, Childs was looking for a client, but he also mentioned that he was in the market for himself.

"I know a nice place," the agent said, "with a tiny garden, a tiny dining room, and tiny living room . . ."

"And it has a tiny driveway, right?"

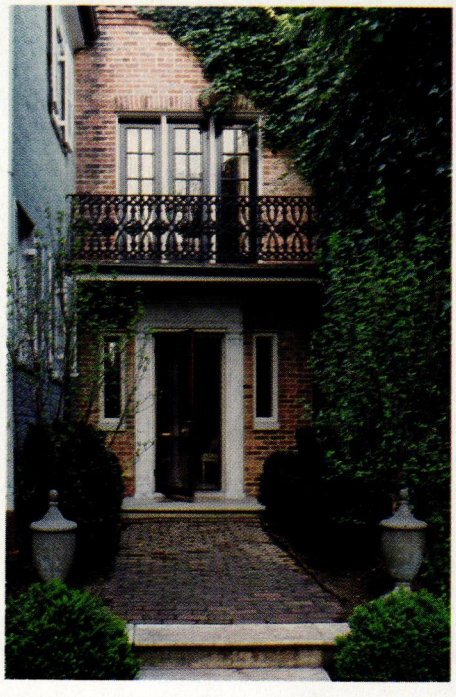
Right. Swayed by two such enthusiastic but independent opinions, Childs decided he had to see the house immediately. All it took was a walk through the entrance hall to convince him.

"Don't you want to look upstairs?"

A snug terrace, above, with chairs from John Good, Los Angeles, and a wall-mounted fireback, c. 1740. Opposite: Soft hues complement fine antiques and a painting by Viviano Codazzi in the living room, which opens onto the terrace. Details see Resources.

''I don't have to,'' Childs replied. ''This is fine.''

That was more than four years ago. The house—which is in Georgetown, still Washington's most desirable neighborhood—remains tiny, especially from the street. And even though the decorator ended up with something quite the opposite of the loft he wanted, he has no regrets. For one thing, smallness has its virtues.



''You walk three steps and you've gone past the house,'' Childs says. ''That's one of the reasons it was difficult to sell. No one could see it. It's not that obvious, which I like. And it's quiet and not demanding of me or my friends or the way I like to live.''

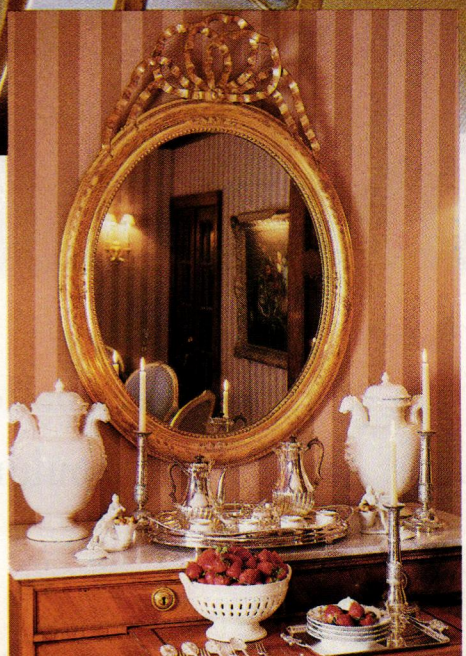
The house was built in 1942 by Sir Willmott and Lady Lewis as guest quarters for their next-door mansion. Sir Willmott, for 28 years the Washington correspondent of the London *Times,* was so popular he was known as ''Britain's unofficial ambassador''; extra lodgings were apparently necessary to house the couple's visitors. The bigger residence, which dates from the eighteenth century, is now the home of Rhode Island senator Claiborne Pell. While the two houses are so close they actually touch, there is no sense of shared history.

What initially attracted Childs was the idea of being in an English country house in the middle of the city: ''It offered a sense of privacy and mystery. You come off the driveway and it telescopes back, starting small and then becoming bigger and bigger.'' That driveway, meanwhile, adds to the sense of isolation. Even if it's small, merely having it is a luxury in car-clogged Georgetown.

For nearly two decades, in Washington and Boston, Antony Childs Inc. has been advising clients on traditional and modern residential interiors. But Childs wouldn't necessarily do things quite the same for a client as he does for himself.

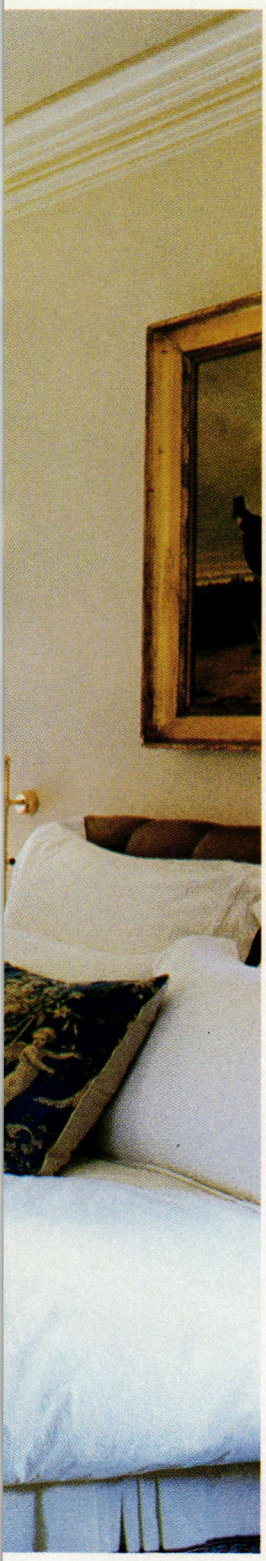
''I don't really think the way I live should be a philosophy that my clients must adhere to. Obviously my house is an individual vision. Nothing is tremendously demanding. The room doesn't take

Carsten Check on dining table, above, is from Brunschwig; silk on Hepplewhite chairs from Jack Lenor Larsen. Wallpaper is custom-made by Cole & Son, London, and curtains are in Henry Calvin taffeta. The sideboard is Louis XVI. Opposite inset: A 19th-century Italian mirror above an 18th-century Swedish console. Top left: The living room sofa, in Hinson's Braswell Cloth, and other pieces are adorned with tapestry pillows. Above left: The front of the house is scarcely wider than the front walk.



"If you have an opulent room, you relax it with casual fabrics," says Childs

The decorator believes that as with a person,
you shouldn't know everything about a room at once



over, and you don't feel you necessarily have to comment on it."

In other words, "I could have designed this house twenty, thirty, forty ways." But for himself? "This was the only possible way." He smiles.

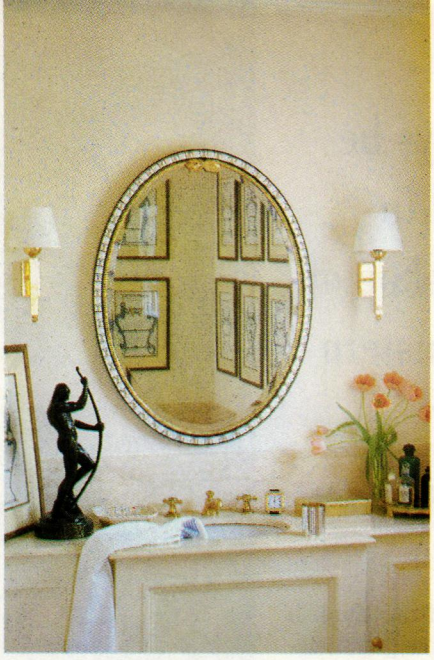
"The only possible way" began with extensive molding, relocated air conditioning ducts, a completely new kitchen, sisal flooring, and an entirely redone second floor ("it looked like a 1950s motor inn"), along with one adjustment a client might have balked at paying for.

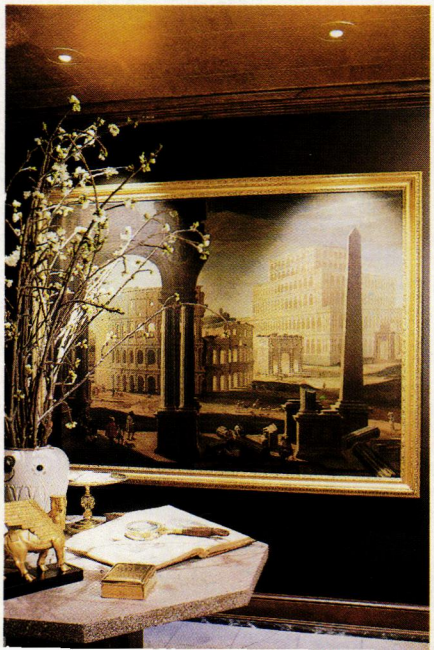
The idea that I wanted to raise doors a foot because I thought it would make a difference is not one most clients would go along with," Childs says. But this improvement, on the second floor, does make a difference: you can see more of the rooms from a distance, and thus they look bigger.

Downstairs, the heart of the house is the living room, which, since this is a small house, also doubles as the library, study, workroom, lunchroom, intimate dining room, and entrance to the terrace.

"Even though certain items in the room may seem formal," says Childs, "they become comfortable when put with informal upholstery. So the mahogany chairs, for instance, are covered in suede. If you have an opulent room—and I think this room tends to be a bit opulent—you relax it with casual fabrics. You could take this same room and upholster it in silks and damasks, and it would have a very touch-me-not attitude."

Most of the furniture from his previous house had to be disposed of and the paintings put in storage. What worked there didn't work here. Childs hadn't planned for that to happen, but he speculates that perhaps *(Text continued on page 142)*





In the master bedroom, left, a pair of John Alfred Wheeler paintings. Regency chair in silk velvet leopard from Old World Weavers, and bed skirt in Fleurs Indiennes from Brunschwig. Right, clockwise from top left: In the bathroom, a copy of a 19th-century Irish mirror reflects watercolors of horse bits. Antony Childs on balcony; study/guest room with Napoleon III mirror; an 18th-century Swedish secretary; a Codazzi architectural fantasy illuminated in the entrance hall.

There'll always be an England in the house and shop of Suzanne Rheinstein

By BETTY GOODWIN
Photographs by KAREN RADKAI

A serious disciple of the English country school of living must acquire an ironic perspective when residing alongside a view of the Hollywood sign, L.A.'s kitschiest landmark. To be sure, Suzanne Rheinstein has her sense of humor intact, but also consider that the architects of her pristine Federal Revival house later went on to create the famed Chinese and Egyptian theaters, two of the city's flashiest shrines to cinema.

"I forbid people to say those dreaded words 'English country.' I call it 'California city' just to be perverse," Rheinstein says of the design principles at work in her house and in her shop, Hollyhock, where she sells eighteenth- and nineteenth-century antiques and what she calls

Suzanne Rheinstein and daughter, Kate, left, in the garden. Above: Masses of 'Iceberg' and 'Jeanne d'Arc' roses permeate the all green and white garden. Details see Resources.

Los Anglophile

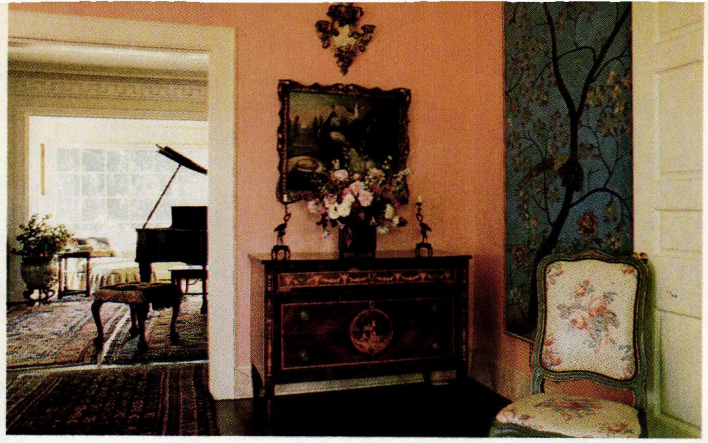
"delicious necessities and indulgences."

Sipping a cappuccino, L.A.'s omnipresent morning brew, from an English pink luster teacup, Rheinstein explains why she was hardly a likely candidate for a life of palm trees, swimming pools, and barbecues. She was raised with a New Orleans–bred sense of propriety and taste; her mother, a decorator, made sure of it. At Christmas, in addition to the "ephemeral junk," Suzanne and her brother received "real presents"—ginger jars, wooden tea caddies, sets of leather books.

So when she married Frederic Rheinstein, a TV writer-producer-director who also operates postproduction facilities in Hollywood and in the new Disney-MGM Studios in Orlando, Florida, her East Coast friends asked plaintively: "If you have to fall in love with someone from California, couldn't he be from San Francisco?"

Nevertheless, determined to make a go of it, Suzanne Rheinstein arrived in town armed with Reyner Banham's definitive urban tome, *Los Angeles: The Architecture*

Elaborate fringed curtains, such as the Scalamandré taffeta in the living room, above, appear throughout the Rheinstein house. Pedestal table from G. R. Durenberger, Antiquarian. Assorted chairs picked up at neighborhood sales and later slipcovered mix with the Regency scroll sofa covered in stripes from Clarence House. The 18th-century portraits over the sofa are a set of nine Venetian doges. Opposite below: In the spacious entry hall, 18th-century Italian engravings of park statuary surround an American Federal mirror. Opposite above: Lady Banks roses hug the house's brick façade, while topiaries line the front steps.



In the formal dining room, opposite, a Sheraton secretary-bookcase holds 19th-century Meissen passed down through Frederic Rheinstein's family. Above: In the living room, exotic birds appear in a painting by 17th-century artist Marmaduke Cradock and on a wallpaper panel from Frederic's family house.

Suzanne Rheinstein in the sunroom, top left, with a grouping of ceramic fruits and vegetables from Hollyhock. Above left: In a dining room corner, 19th-century English dumbwaiter holds bouquets of roses. Above: Library is warmed with slipcovers of printed cotton from Colefax & Fowler.

of Four Ecologies, and plunged into "civic do-gooding," which included joining a group of volunteers to weed the herb garden at the magnificent Huntington botanical gardens in San Marino. One day en route to a Junior League meeting, she stumbled on the historic Windsor Square–Hancock Park neighborhoods, and although the streets are plastered with palm trees, she felt instantly at home.

Windsor Square is slightly older than the adjoining communities, having been developed in the teens, and its residents are a fiercely proud bunch. The area includes side-by-side grand Tudors, Italianate villas, and Spanish Revival houses built originally by prosperous professionals making their way in Los Angeles. Not only did Rheinstein discover like-minded people there—"they didn't want to tear everything down and dress in black and look chic all the time"—she also found a house.

In fact, she thought the all-brick Federal Revival designed by the architectural firm of Milwaukee Building Company (later Meyer & Holler) was perfect but for one blemish: a swimming pool smack in the middle of the backyard precisely where she visualized her garden. But her husband's "New England sensibilities" wouldn't permit filling it in, so a border of hedges was quickly installed.

For the rest of the garden, Rheinstein collaborated with James Yoch, a cousin of Florence Yoch, one of the premier landscape architects of Beverly Hills and Pasadena for over fifty years. The challenge was to plant a garden reminiscent of the green and white part of the Sissinghurst estate in Kent, England, which the Rheinsteins had visited on their wedding trip. But Rheinstein was equally intent on re-creating the flowers of her mother's garden in New Orleans.

So up went rows of stately stilt hedges and topiaries, which rise from fields of confederate jasmine. In the backyard, hedged paths give way to bushes laden with roses, all in white, while honeysuckle climbs beneath nine-year-old daughter Kate's window so that she can grow up with wonderful fragrances just as her

I forbid those dreaded words "English country"—it's "California city"

mother did. Tucked here and there are more whites: lacecap hydrangeas, regal lilies, clematis vines, climbing Lady Banks roses, and a magnolia tree espaliered across the chimney.

Inside the front door, the color story changes. Walls are aglow with color: yellow for the spacious entry hall, warm pink in the formal dining room, coral in the living room, Chinese red in Frederic's dressing room. Rheinstein is nearly apologetic about the beige walls in the master bedroom. But the color scheme was set once she spotted a red and beige fuchsia flowered chintz on a visit to Colefax & Fowler in London and decided to use it for curtains and bedhangings. Everything else in the room was worked around them.

Rheinstein's approach is a cross-cultural blend of reference points and styles, all stemming from the concept of comfortable living set down by the great English country-house designers. As her friend antiquarian Gep Durenberger puts it: "You couldn't say her house is English or French or American. It's just very civilized."

Civilized, yes, but not overcivilized. "I certainly don't think everything has to be perfect—so it just looks dead," she explains. *(Text continued on page 142)*

In the Rheinstein bedroom, above, a massive Southern-style four-poster bed is draped with Colefax & Fowler's fuchsia-patterned chintz edged in pinked scallops to match the draperies. Right: The 19th-century watercolors from Hollyhock brighten the dressing room.

Taste Be Damned

A man who knows his own preferences lowers his gaze against high standards

By QUENTIN CRISP

Taste is a mistake, and good taste is damnable. Using the words "good taste" is as bad as claiming to like only good music or to read only good books. There is no such thing as good music; there is merely the noise you like and the noise you don't. There are no good books; there is merely the drivel you enjoy.

As one observer has said, "Taste belongs in the mouth." In any other context, the person uttering the word is pretending to possess some esoteric standard of judgment that cannot be challenged. Good taste is held to be something inbred or, at the very least, acquired at an early age from a connoisseur (another horrible word). To attend evening classes in good taste would be contemptible—like earning money as opposed to inheriting it.

Taste can be either moral or aesthetic or, in really bad cases, both. When it is ethical, it refers to our behavior or to what we say; when artistic, it is aimed at what we own.

Behavioral good taste is largely concerned with jokes. In this context, the world of entertainment is to bad taste what intensive farming is to dairy produce, and our attitude toward both is the same. We eat the eggs of battery hens while weeping over their discomfort; we watch television more often than we watch real life, but we complain about it all day long.

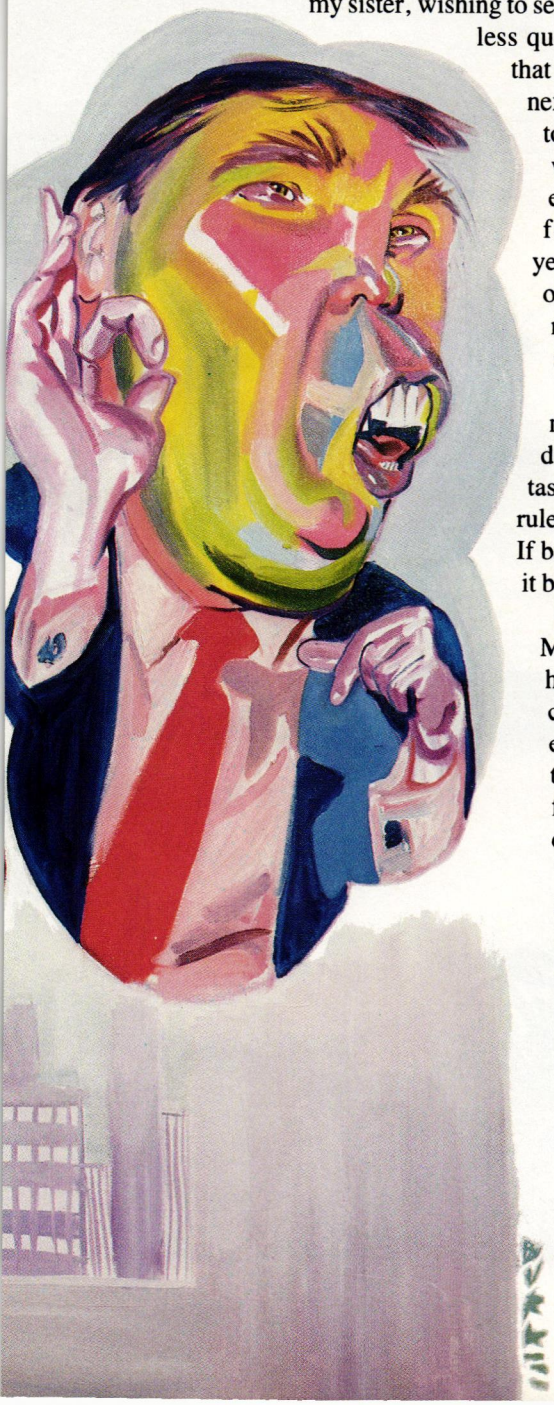
The main cause for complaint is sex. In real

PHILIP BURKE

life, jokes about sex are only forbidden at weddings. On television or in a movie they are not acceptable for the most part. Even serious sex is under suspicion. In truth, protracted love scenes on television are a waste of time. Neither on the large nor the small screen have I ever seen lovers doing anything even faintly unusual. Therefore, dwelling at length upon erotic antics on television or in movies neither reveals character nor advances the plot, but if we say these sequences are disgusting, we lay ourselves open to a charge of prudishness, and if we describe them as boring, we may be said to be blasé. We therefore term them in bad taste, which makes us seem in some mysterious way rarefied.

Another subject about which jokes may be in bad taste is death. When I was young, all jests about death were forbidden. Now they are only taboo at funerals. Elsewhere, since Mr. Coward's *Blithe Spirit,* death—especially other people's—has become a source of merriment.

Then there's the problem of money. When I was but a child, my sister, wishing to seem worldly and doubtless quoting an adult, stated that the people who lived next door had no money to speak of. My mother, who had been a governess and had therefore lived for many years in the twilight zone of taste, replied, "But money is never to speak of."



However, though money can never be discussed in public, taste obeys many of the rules that govern money. If bad taste is old enough, it becomes acceptable.

I have no idea whether Mr. de' Medici called himself "The Magnificent" or whether he employed public relations officers to do it for him while he stood on the piazza saying, "Aw. Shucks. 'Tweren't nothin'." (It may have sounded less corny in Italian.) But, in either case, there is no doubt that he was a monstrous show-off. He used his wealth and other people's, first, to glorify himself and, second, to adorn Florence, which he regarded as an extension of his personality just as New York has become a ceremonial robe worn by Mr. Trump. I do not know how the patricians of his day regarded Mr. de' Medici's antics, but any modern good-taster would kill for a single doorknob carved at his behest.

The same law that applies to aesthetic good taste also governs the appraisal of our actions. Miss Arc wore men's clothes, made a spectacle of herself, and uttered pert replies to church dignitaries. If Miss Madonna behaved like that, she would become a social outcast. Perhaps she already is, but Miss Arc has been redeemed by time.

The traps that lie in the path of taste seekers are many. Not only is good taste not wealth or power, it is also not fashion. Fashion is entirely preoccupied with shaming consumers into spending more money. To this end, like a pig, it will consume anything. Fashion is free to be bizarre, absurd, garish. Taste is not. In this respect, taste is easier for the English to comprehend than for Americans. In Britain, to live at all is to be on the verge of bad taste. To live with gusto—to embrace change—is considered appalling. The English are an island people and have not been compelled to accommodate outside influences since that unpleasantness with the Normans some time ago. Americans, on the other hand, are a welcoming nation—sometimes to a fault. When I first arrived in New York, I was appalled to see the word "boutique" on almost every fascia. If I had my spray can ready, I would have obliterated it.

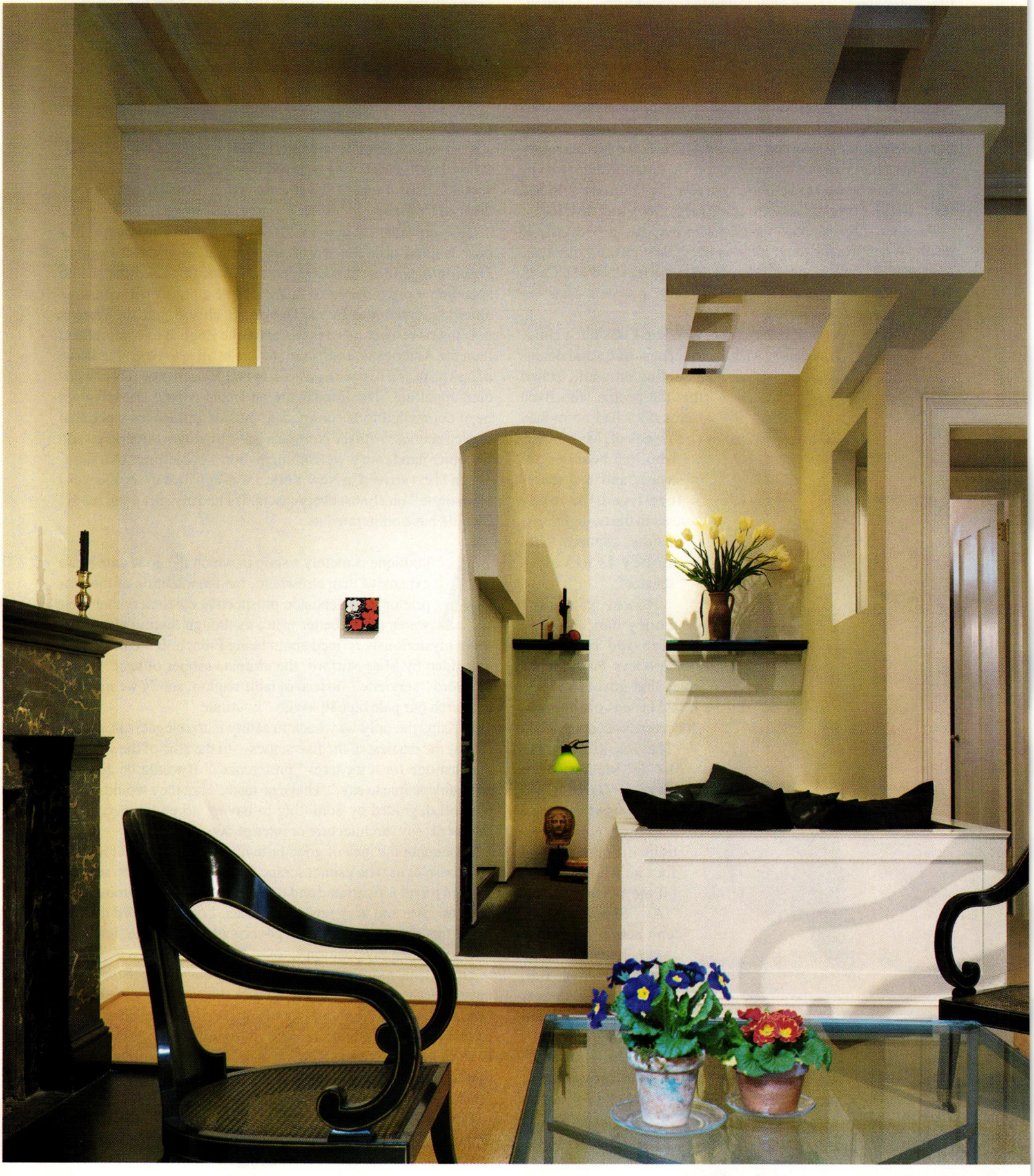
A boutique is merely a shop in which the goods are more expensive than elsewhere, but the intention of the proprietor is to persuade prospective customers that their wares are in better taste, as though there were something mysteriously refined about being French. If we have been forbidden by Miss Mitford, the ultimate arbiter of taste, to use the word "serviette" instead of table napkin, surely we may not besmirch our pale blue lips with "boutique."

Perhaps the only way back to sanity is to relegate taste—except as the nastiest of the five senses—to the attic of the soul and to substitute for it the term "preference." It would be difficult for many people to say, "I have no taste," but they would surely not feel degraded by admitting to having no preference in the matter of, say, architecture or interior decoration.

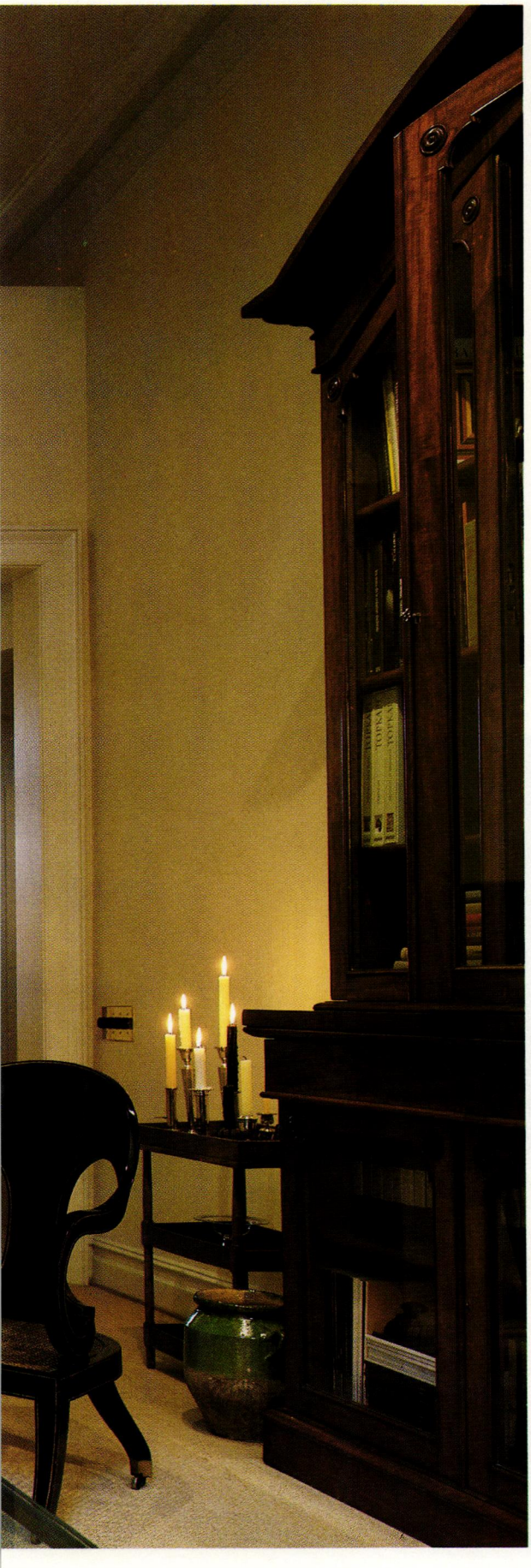
I condemn the idea of good taste on the principle that it compels those of us who cannot scrape up the fare to Paris to say that foreign travel is overrated and that all Frenchmen are immoral. I have no taste and very few preferences. I cannot afford them. I know that this reference to my poverty is in poor taste; I make it only to explain my position.

I live in one room partly from necessity but also because I have never discovered what people do with the room they are not in. (Perhaps they fill it with symbols of good taste.) This room is furnished so that any preference in interior decoration I might have cannot be inferred from my habitat. It goes without saying that I have never owned a garden. Having been for many years an artists' model, I resent flowers; they sit for painters for free.

I will go anywhere where my fare is paid, I will eat any food that isn't Mexican, and I am glad to know absolutely anyone who never condemns another human being for exhibiting bad taste. ♠



NELS ISRAELSON



In the parlor-floor living room a pair of ebonized wooden armchairs that once sat in John F. Kennedy's suite at the Carlyle Hotel flank a steel and glass cocktail table from Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. As an alternative to the traditional seating arrangement, Joe D'Urso constructed an autonomous entertainment pavilion that houses video and stereo equipment and a computer above. Details see Resources.

Parlor Game

Joe D'Urso introduces his Modernist aesthetic to nineteenth-century propriety in a Greenwich Village town house

By CHARLES GANDEE

I'm sorry, but Mr. D'Urso isn't accepting any new residential commissions right now,'' reported the assistant who answered the telephone four years ago when Robert Michael Geisler called to ask if the New York designer would be interested in renovating the Greenwich Village duplex Geisler shares with John Roberdeau. ''Tell him that we have twenty-foot ceilings,'' said the would-be client, who had done enough research on his designer of choice to know that Joe D'Urso has this thing about high ceilings—he just can't resist them.

It was a lie, of course—the duplex has thirteen and a half foot ceilings on one floor and eight and a half foot ceilings on the other. But it worked. The next afternoon D'Urso was in a taxi heading downtown. And as soon as he saw the bi-level apartment in the 1839 town house that Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart once purportedly called home, he was snared. Not only did such tempting period details as elaborate crown moldings and Corinthian pilasters prove irresistible, but Geisler and Roberdeau presented D'Urso with an intriguing domestic riddle.

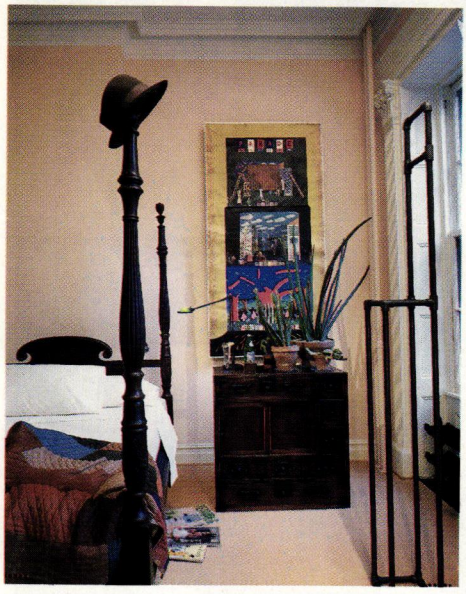
The young film and theater producers were committed to maintaining the traditional disposition of their two parlor-floor rooms, yet they also wanted to accommodate the more modern aspects of their

FRANCINE FLEISCHER

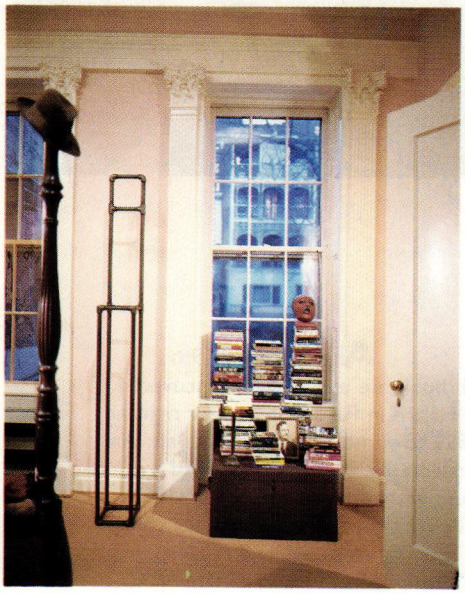
A grand early 19th century English bookcase and a white slipcovered sofa from Yves Halard in Paris, top, appear right at home in the 1839 town house. Above and left: An element of decorative surprise is supplied by the new house-within-the-house that D'Urso erected as a "slouchy, loungey" area for watching television, listening to music, and reading. The architect's lamp is from Harry Gitlin, NYC.

NELS ISRAELSON

FRANCINE FLEISCHER



FRANCINE FLEISCHER

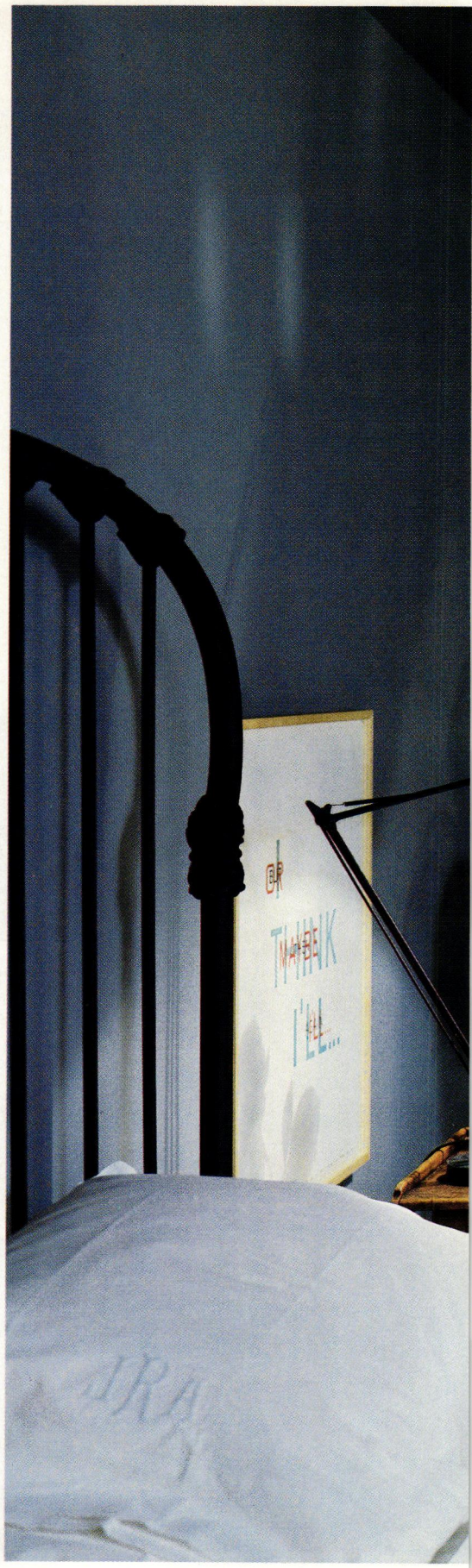


NELS ISRAELSON

life—namely, sophisticated stereo and video systems as well as a home office complete with the obligatory computer. The challenge, as D'Urso saw it, was how to make peace between a Neoclassical gold-veined black marble mantel and a 27-inch Proton television.

D'Urso's solution was to remove the partition between the two parlor-floor rooms and construct a freestanding room that looks like a tiny house with large windows and no roof. Inside the pristine pavilion the designer laid down a low pillow-covered platform that beckons even the most formal guest to kick off his shoes and curl up with a good movie. Tucked in up above this high-style home entertainment complex is a small mezzanine office reached by a stair from the adjacent bedroom. Although the crisp white construction stands in stark contrast to the modest grandeur of the pastel period rooms into which it has been inserted, old and new coexist quite comfortably.

Having satisfied his clients' "lifestyle" requirements, D'Urso outfitted the parlor-floor rooms with an assortment of aesthetically sympathetic antiques and traditional furniture that he, Geisler, and Roberdeau assembled. There's an air of dignified gentility to this studied arrangement of English, French, and American pieces, yet wheat color sisal flooring and D'Urso's hallmark restraint announce the contemporary vintage of the design. One other telling signal of time is the trough dotted with 50-watt spots which the designer furrowed into the ceiling. Perhaps this was the best lighting solution D'Urso could come up with. Or perhaps he was just trying to see how close to twenty feet he could reach. ▲ *Editor: Ruth Ansel*



A small stair in Robert Geisler's parlor-floor bedroom, top left, leads to his new mezzanine-level home office. Center: The four-poster was found at G. K. S. Bush antiques shop in Georgetown. Left: Robert Wilson designed the pipe chair for his production, *Einstein on the Beach*. Right: Downstairs in John Roberdeau's garden-level bedroom, the palette shifts from luminous pink to cavelike gray blue—at client's request. Iron bed from Hob Nail in Pawling, New York. The French Provincial fruitwood night table and Empire secretaire were bought in Paris.

FRANCINE FLEISCHER

Hollywood Homestead

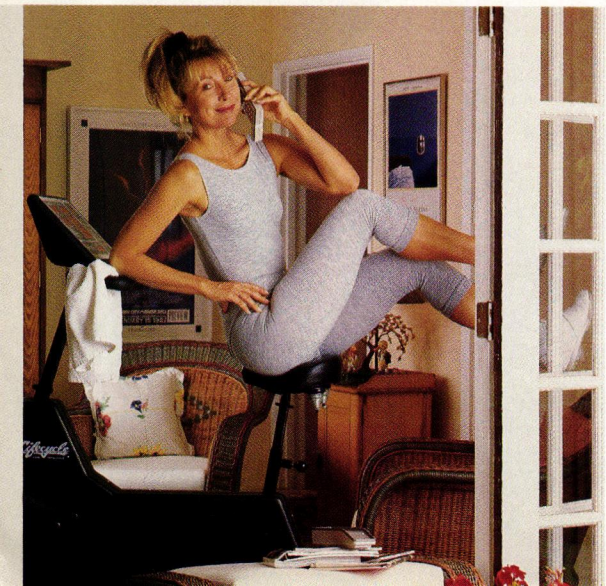
Wit and whimsy share equal billing at actress Teri Garr's house

By PILAR VILADAS Photographs by TIM STREET-PORTER

Teri Garr, right, at home in a Donna Karan suit. Above: In the media room Bruce Conner's *Applause* and Ed Ruscha's *Doomsday* hang above a sofa strewn with needlepoint pillows Garr made on movie sets. Weathered table from Indigo Seas, L.A. Details see Resources.

STYLED BY JOHN RYMAN

FIROOZ ZAHEDI



FIROOZ ZAHEDI

The homey clutter of comfortable furniture,
chintz pillows, and family photos
is tempered by an eye for the ironic

When you walk through Teri Garr's front door, the first thing you see is a picture of a thatched cottage in a storybook garden; above the cottage in gold script is the motto "God Bless Our Home." Not twenty feet away, however, one of Ed Ruscha's word pictures hangs over the dining room fireplace. It is called *The Last Ray of Hope*. Such is the dialogue between the sentimental and the sardonic that characterizes the Los Angeles house of the actress who was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance in *Tootsie* and who has also appeared in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind, One from the Heart, Mr. Mom, After Hours, Out Cold,* and, this month, *Let It Ride*.

Garr has consistently resisted stereotyping in her choice of movie roles, and she chafes at the mention of her "daffy blonde" screen image. " 'Ditzy' is a word I could strangle anyone for using," she fumes, and not without reason, as anyone who has seen her on late-night talk shows will confirm. Garr is one of the wittiest women in Hollywood, and her slightly off-center sense of humor pervades her house, a series of sunny pastel-colored rooms tucked away in the hills above Sunset Boulevard. Its homey clutter of comfortable furniture, chintz-covered pillows, and family photographs is tempered by an eye for the ironic.

Personal history and pop culture mingle easily here. The family photos share shelf space with a collection of Eiffel Tower miniatures. Demure antique chairs sit beneath works by the California artists who are Garr's old friends, such as Ruscha, Jim Ganzer, and Bruce Conner. Collectible Roseville pottery and corny souvenir ashtrays are displayed with equal affection. The effect is so relaxed that even the first-time visitor is charmed into feeling like one of the family.

Family is an important motif chez Garr. Point to a certain Victorian chair, and Garr will tell you that it belonged to her aunt Lucy in Cleveland. The Lalique bowl on the media room coffee table came from another aunt. The quilt on Garr's bed was sewn by her mother. Garr's maternal grandparents were Austrian immigrants who settled in Ohio, and upon their arrival in the United States, her grandmother stitched the American flag that now hangs in the exercise room. Her grandfather, a woodcarver, made the picture frame next to Garr's bed. Even her attachment to Roseville pottery is somewhat familial—it was, after all, produced in Ohio.

In the living room, above, wicker furniture mingles with family pieces. The rose painting between the bookcases is by Berthold Haas. Left: Garr displays American ceramics in the dining room. Below: Roseville and Weller pottery.

Almost everything in the house has a past. And if not Garr's own past, then someone else's. "I'm a secondhand-store junkie," she admits, and evidence of her addiction abounds. One of her favorite finds is an ashtray that looks like a section of a log adorned with a tiny oil well, hard hat, and lunch box. When told its price, she replied incredulously, "Three dollars?" The shop owner, misunderstanding, said, "Well, all right. I'll let you have it for $1.79." In the kitchen a wall clock with the words "Lone Star Steak" is indeed a convincing replica of one of the choicer cuts of beef, shaped like the state of Texas. In the dining room a sign that no doubt hung in a restaurant advertises "Special Dinners." "A joke," she quips, referring to her talents as a cook. Even the pillows in her study are recycled, made by Garr her-

When not taking calls on her exercise cycle, opposite below, Garr often retreats to her study, opposite above. The sofa is cozily decked out in an heirloom quilt and pillows Garr made from old tablecloths. Table from Richard Mulligan, L.A.

FIROOZ ZAHEDI

self out of vintage tablecloths: ''Don't throw anything out is my policy.''

Garr was aided and abetted in her less-is-a-bore approach by Los Angeles decorator Linda Marder, who advised her on fabrics and furnishings but who served primarily as an aesthetic soul mate. ''Most decorators would be horrified by all this stuff,'' contends Garr. ''The great thing about Linda is that she encourages me.'' Marder, in turn, admires her client's view of the world: ''I'd rather talk to Teri about the meaning of life than about furniture.''

Although the house is noticeably devoid of overt movie star memorabilia, subtler signs are there if you look for them. A wooden chest serves as a living room coffee table, but it also holds clippings that date back to the earliest days of Garr's career, including grammar school ballet recitals. ''Would you like to see my scrapbooks?'' she jokes, adopting a slightly crazed Norma Desmond look. She is also a great reader, and the shelves are full of books on the movies, biographies—''I read them as a child to find out if there was a formula for becoming famous. There wasn't''—books on art and art history, photography, and novels—Colette is a favorite author. Garr's grandfather in Ohio instilled in her a reverence for books and encouraged her to accumulate them. ''I see that this has spilled over into other things,'' she deadpans, looking sternly around the room.

Another of her pastimes is needlepoint, which she puts to good use while making movies: ''You spend a lot of time just waiting on a movie set, so I make pillows.'' Garr's current needlepoint project is on the set of an as yet untitled film in which she is starring with Shirley MacLaine. This isn't the first time the two actresses have appeared together. ''I danced behind Shirley, in the chorus line, in *What a Way to Go!*, and *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*. I wondered how you got in front of the chorus line, and I realized that it was by becoming an actor.''

Thus began acting studies and what Garr describes as ''years of obscurity,'' during which she survived by dancing on television shows like *Shindig* and *Sonny and Cher* before getting her first film break, a bit part in *The Conversation,* with Gene Hackman, and then the role of Gene Wilder's assistant in *Young Frankenstein.* Garr's sense of humor about her profession is summed up in the sign—a gift from songwriter Mason Williams—that sits on her desk: ''There's No Abyssness Like Show Abyssness.'' Perhaps it was this cosmic-comic perspective that led her to be ordained, on *Saturday Night Live,* as the first woman pope—Pope Lois. ''Pope-a Lois,'' Garr corrects, mimicking her ordainer, Father Guido Sarducci.

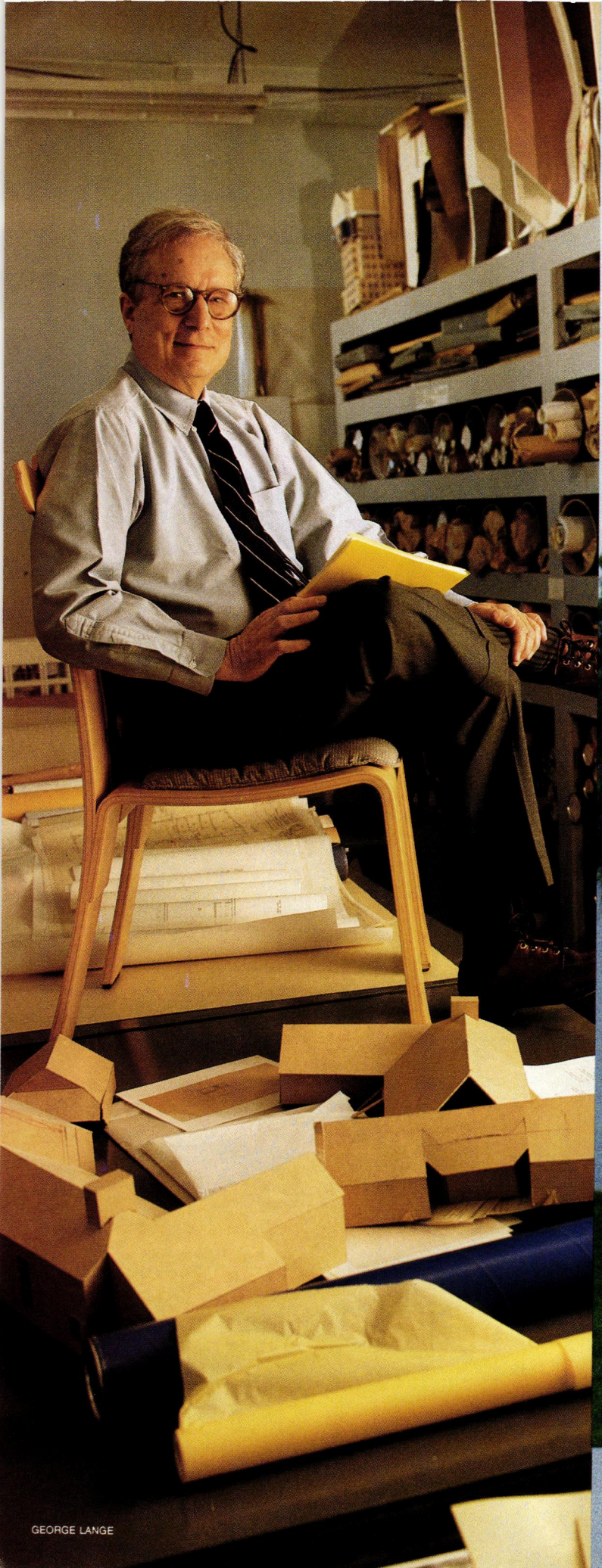
Does Teri Garr have a dream house? Yes. ''It would have great views, light, lots of space,'' she replies. ''It would be simple, like the Shaker chest in my bedroom—its function is what makes it beautiful, with no frills.'' So that's what she really wants—simple, spacious, no frills? She considers the question and says, ''I'd like a house like that. And then I'd fill it with all *this* stuff.'' ▲ *Editor: Ruth Ansel*

French doors open onto the patio, top left, and pool, where Garr ponders a script, above. Sunglasses by Alain Mikli. Above left: Kitchen cupboard is stocked with Fiesta ware. Opposite: A quilt sewn by Garr's mother covers the bed beneath a painting by Sandra Sussman. The wall cabinet frames a Hockney poster. Opposite above: Family photographs stand alongside one of a collection of Eiffel Tower miniatures.

GARR PORTRAITS: STYLED BY JANE ROSS; HAIR/MAKEUP BY ANGELO diBIASE

"Don't throw anything out is my policy,"
jokes Garr about her collecting mania

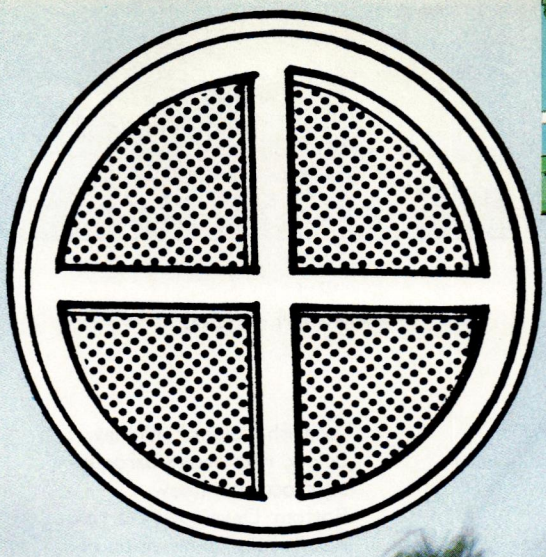
Venturi to

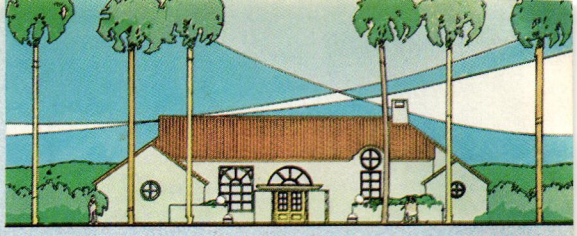


GEORGE LANGE

Robert Venturi, left. Right: Venturi's Signature house —flanked by two garages, one for cars, the other for a golf cart—brings to architecture the package of options tradition of American car buying. Stucco walls are standard. Top right: A Venturi model.

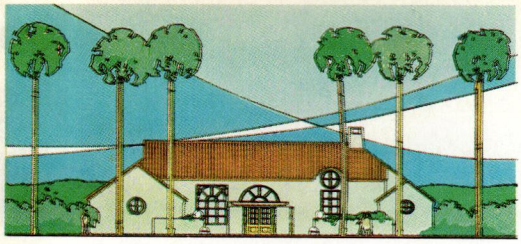
Order

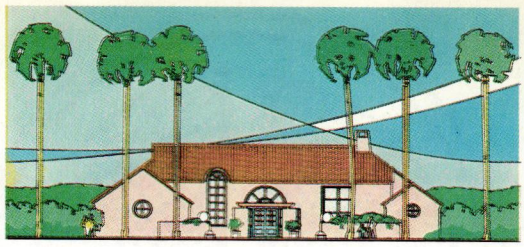


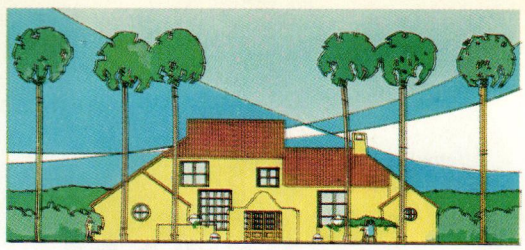


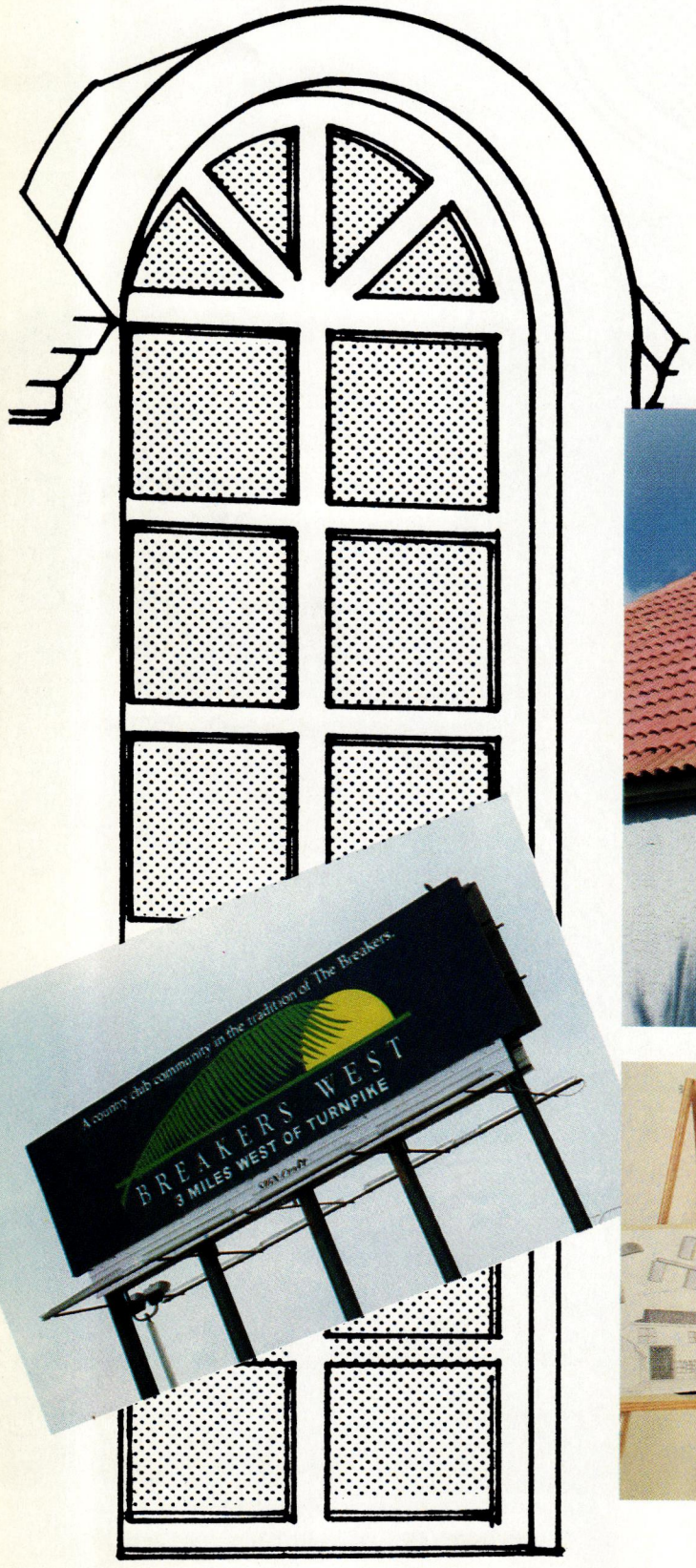
The architect offers a full-scale kit for Postmodern living

By HERBERT MUSCHAMP
Photographs by MICHAEL MUNDY

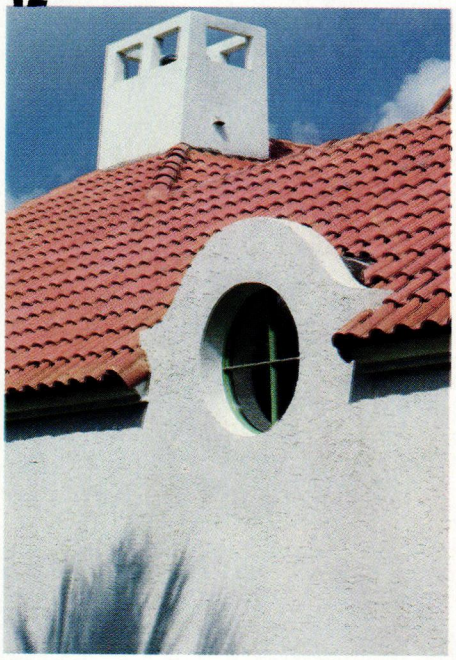


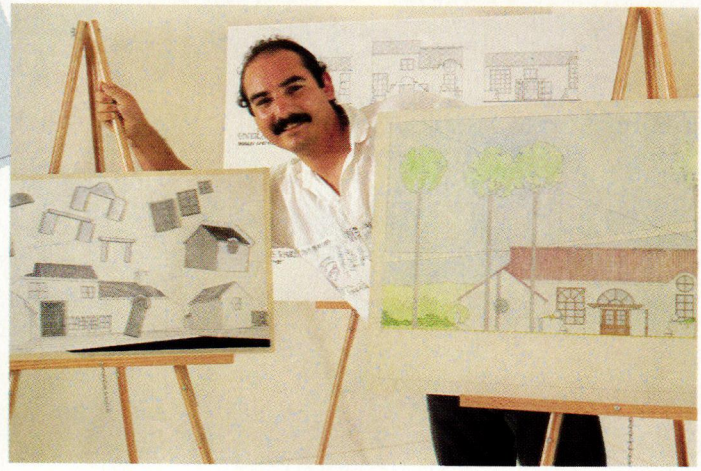






Spanish Colonial chimney, below, rises above Baroque-style ocular window. Bottom: Developer Warren Pearl cooks up his vision of an architecturally enlightened suburb from Venturi's recipe for the model American home. Left: Billboard for Breakers West, site of the Signature house. Above: Three variations on a theme.





Architecture,'' declared the great Modernist Le Corbusier, ''is the knowing, correct, and magnificent play of forms beneath the sun.'' Let's edit that a bit and try it out on Florida's Gold Coast. It's got the sun. Its whole economy is based on play. For the magnificent, escape to Palm Beach. With any luck the place will *never* be correct. And knowing? Come on down! Check out West Palm Beach, home of a savvy new design by a master of architectural wit.

The Robert Venturi Signature Series is the brainchild of developer Warren Pearl, a young man with a mission to elevate the architectural quality of suburban America. Pearl certainly has his work cut out for him. Breakers West, the location he has chosen to kick off this quixotic campaign, is a ''guarded country club community,'' one of a rapidly proliferating new genre of development where a firm grasp of design is generally to be found only in the landscaping of the golf course that typically occupies half the acreage.

Of most of the houses in Breakers West, let's just say that no one would mistake them for temples to the life of the mind. Round and round we go, down curving lanes that seem to take us to the far side of the moon, if the moon had putting greens and Fairway Villas, past the ''Caribbean cottages'' of the Colony, the ''Monterey-style residences'' of Seagull Park, feeling major culture shock as we struggle against hope to imagine what it must be like to survey this immaculately tended terrain through eyes of desire, and then, rounding the bend into the Estates, we pull up in view of a house that opens our eyes, but not in horror.

The Pearl house stands out sharply from its surroundings (like a pearl cast, you might say, before—never mind), but you can't accuse it of being unneighborly. The house is straining with every fiber of its thorough-

Playful elements add up to that form of borderline eccentricity known as character

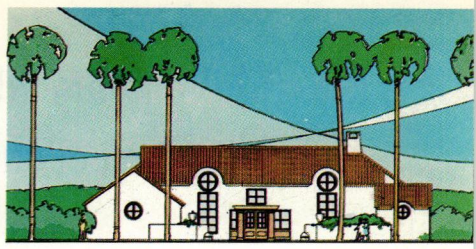
bred body to look as if it is part of a community. And that, perhaps, is exactly what sets the house apart. It's one house that isn't trying to keep ahead of the Joneses; it isn't out to rub it in that it has made it into the exclusive precincts of the Estates. Robert Venturi, in any case, is not the architect you would hire to high-hat the folks next door. He and his firm, Venturi, Rauch & Scott Brown, have made a career out of learning from the buildings of Middle America, from Main Streets to commercial strips, shingle-sided Cape Cods to Caesars Palace. In the early seventies the firm undertook a project called "Learning from Levittown"; though the study remains unpublished, it informed the firm's memorable 1976 exhibition at the Renwick Gallery in Washington, D.C., entitled "Signs of Life: Symbols in the American City."

It was this receptivity to the vernacular tradition which drew Pearl to choose Venturi as the perfect architect to create his transcendent vision of the American dream. But, as Pearl cheerfully admits, his motives were not purely altruistic. The developer had been trying to break into the highly competitive market of luxury house building for some time. He needed something—a gimmick—to give him an edge. In New York, Pearl had done construction work for some of today's leading architects, including Michael Graves and John Burgee. He knew how to talk to prestigious architects and knew that his target market put a premium on prestige.

Pearl speaks with scorn of the suburban "design-build" firms, for whom architecture consists of ripping pages out of shelter magazines and handing them over to draftsmen to make a set of working drawings from an ad hoc collage of gracious living. Yet this approach is by no means inconsistent with the design philosophy that Venturi, Rauch & Scott Brown have embraced for many years. One of the major themes in *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture,* Venturi's 1966 manifesto, was "accommodation"—the idea that architects should draw inspiration from the contemporary world instead of imposing alien, abstract solutions upon it. Over the years many of the firm's projects have adapted elements from the vernacular and collaged them into an artistic whole.

With the Pearl house, Venturi, Rauch &

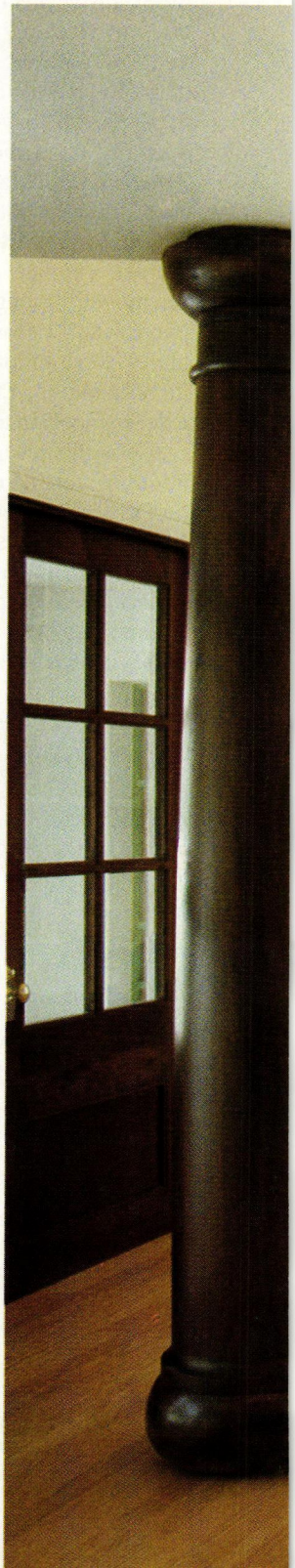
Simple shapes, complex relationships, above right and right, are the elements of Venturi's suburban mannered style. Below: Reflected in the outdoor pool, lighting from within the house illuminates a classic study in Venturian complexity—the layering of space in planes, the syncopated rhythm of windows, doors, and columns. Furniture from Syllian Collection, at Bill Nessen, Dania. Details see Resources.



A trio of more variations, right. Far right: Above the microwave oven, a small window peers down into the kitchen from a cozy perch on the staircase leading to the children's rooms upstairs.

This house isn't

Scott Brown have taken these theories to a new level of application. Here, they have not only made design decisions based on context and popular taste, they have allowed the marketplace to participate directly in the design process. The Pearl house is a model house, the first of 24 limited-edition structures Pearl hopes to put up in south Florida. Each of the buildings can be customized to the buyer's taste, drawing from a "menu of options" that includes different shapes for windows, different materials and patterns for floors, paving, and cabinet trim, different styles for the entrance façade and ornamental moldings inside.

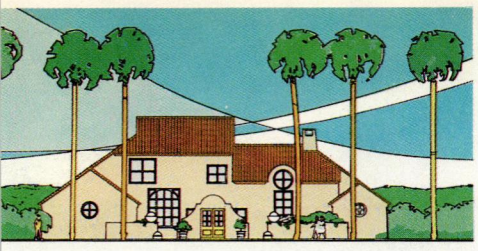


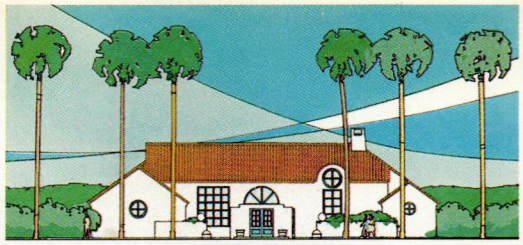
Because of this mix-and-match method, the house has been likened to the children's toy Mr. Potato Head. If Pearl, in other words, turned to Venturi for the gimmick of high style, Venturi turned right around with what looks like a trick from the five-and-ten. But it's easy to make too much of this gimmick; indeed the advance publicity on the house, as well as the fact that Venturi himself has yet to visit the site, led me to think that the project might be of lesser rank, perhaps a throwaway, like the prefabs Frank Lloyd Wright designed for his less affluent admirers in the mid 1950s. As it turns out, the Pearl house is no such thing. The Venturi signature isn't only on the promotional literature, it's on every square inch of the building.

From the outside, with the blazing Florida sun reflecting off the white stucco walls, it's not easy at first to take the full measure of the architecture. But don a pair of sunglasses and you instantly recognize the Venturi touch in the asymmetrical composition of the windows, an oddment of shapes and sizes at play beneath the red tile roof. It's Malevich on a Mediterranean holiday.

The interior of the house draws you fully into Venturi's complex and contradictory world. *(Text continued on page 141)*

Tuscan mahogany columns, right, support a lowered ceiling over a marble floor and suggest the formality of an entrance foyer without blocking the flow of space between the house's formal and informal zones. Furnishings from Baker. Paintings by Cleve Gray and Friedel Dzubas, from Irving Galleries, Palm Beach. Above: The master suite's eyebrow window is a Venturi motif. Furniture from Baker, linens from Porthault, throw and tray from Jack Davidson, Palm Beach. Left: Venturi's table and chairs for Knoll gather in the family room off the kitchen.





trying to keep ahead of the Joneses

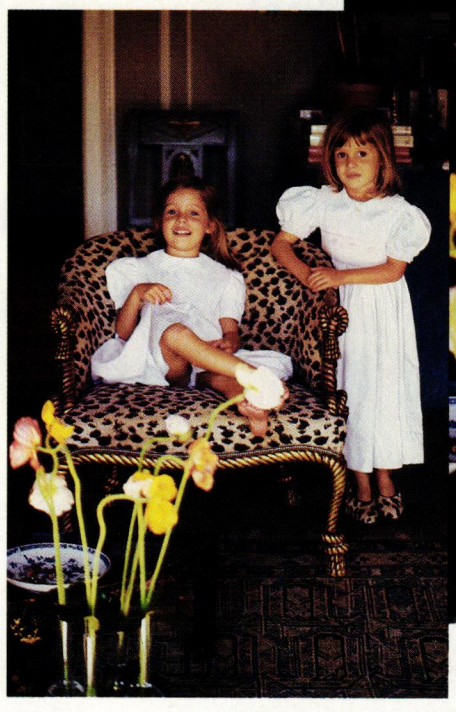
Eleonora and Tathiana like to wear their tutus while taking tea on the sunshine-yellow skirted bed in their parents' silver bedroom. Details see Resources.

Once upon a time

Decorating is child's play, according to the two little girls who invited Charles Gandee up to their New York City apartment for tea and the grand tour

Photographs by LIZZIE HIMMEL

The twins have New York decorator Andrew Tauber to thank for their luxe playroom, which doubles as their parents' living room. The two Napoleon III rope chairs are covered in leopard-print velvet from Craig Fabrics. The sofa from Guild Furniture is covered in damask from Clarence House.



Life is good for four-and-a-half-year-old Eleonora and Tathiana, twin sisters who live with their father, Alfred, their mother, Suzana, and their nanny, Francesca, on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Life is good for Eleonora and Tathiana because in the great tradition of Eloise, they do exactly—or almost exactly—as they please.

Each morning at 8:00 A.M. sharp, for example, the twins bound out of bed and head down the hall to their parents' room, where they like to awaken the sleeping giants with kisses. It's a morning ritual that everyone enjoys. But mornings are too rushed for prolonged play. At 9:15 preschool calls, which is OK because that's where the girls learn to do things like make butterflies with colored pipe cleaners. By 2:00 P.M. Eleonora and Tathiana are either back at home doing what they do best—playing—or at gym class, where they learn to do somersaults and headstands, skills that can come in very handy.

Although they used to be partial to riding their tricycles "all over the place," the sisters recently traded up to two-wheelers that they now trundle over to Central Park. So at present, playtime consists of roughhousing on the living room furniture or playing "grown-up" in the dining room, where Tathiana and Eleonora have reserved one corner for themselves. They have their own table and chairs—Tathiana tends to *(Text continued on page 142)*

I like to play on all the furniture. The spotted chairs are my favorite. They're big and squishy. You can slide down the arms and do somersaults.

The blue chair is too thin. All you can do is sit.

—ELEONORA

I like to be silly

on the sofa and stand on my head. I like to throw the cushions on the floor and bounce up and down.

The new blue pillow is the best. It has little strings that come out if you pull them.

—TATHIANA

Tathiana and Eleonora used to have tricycle races from the living room to the dining room, but now they're "grown-up children," and they take their two-wheelers to Central Park

The twin beds in the twins' bedroom, left and above, not only serve as clothing racks but also, occasionally, as trampolines. "I like to fly," explains Eleonora. The wall paintings designed by Ronaldo Maia depict Brazilian jungle scenes. Opposite: In the grown-ups' dining room cum library, black Echiquier fabric from Clarence House covers the table.

Custom of the Country

Designers William Diamond and Anthony Baratta create a rustic retreat

By GLENN HARRELL
Photographs by WILLIAM WALDRON

Every time I decorate a house, I try to do something new,'' says William Diamond. ''I experiment to create something a little more exciting.'' In this year-round Southampton retreat for a young New York couple, Diamond based his experiment on an imaginative reuse of age-old crafts and an emphasis on comfort and playfulness. The result is charmingly quirky, individualized rooms that reflect both country traditions and the seaside atmosphere of eastern Long Island.

Diamond and his associate Anthony Baratta did more than just a little tinkering with the two-story five-bedroom house, a

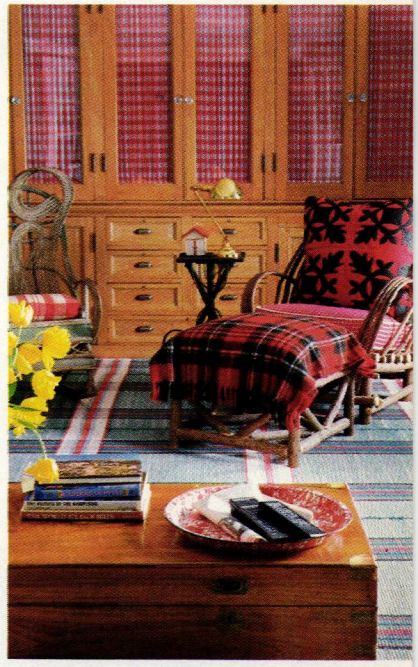
With its pitched ceiling, paddock-fence balconies, and pine floors, the living room is reminiscent of a freshened-up barn. The braided rugs and the 1930s-style rattan armchairs and ottoman with checkerboard quilt upholstery were specially crafted for William Diamond Design. Next to the overstuffed sofa is a 1920s chair of ropelike seagrass the designers painted black green. The Amish rocker's blue and white fabric is from Kravet. The quilts are from a country antiques fair. Details see Resources.

Vivid hues suggest a picnic lawn during the summer; in winter they evoke

the rustic warmth of a cabin

nondescript 1970s structure situated on four acres of open land a half mile from the ocean. Although few rooms remain untouched, the most dramatic rehab occurred in the living room. Says Diamond, ''Tony and I had a concept of this enormous white room that was fresh, barnlike, and very American.'' Toward that end, they ripped out an upstairs sitting room, replaced a ''tacky'' raised hearth with an antique mantel, installed a two-story wall of bookcases, and modified the balcony railing to resemble a paddock fence. To achieve the missing sense of quality and architectural detail, plasterboard walls were covered with wood paneling. The final step was lots of white paint.

To fill the living room's newly expanded space—the pitched ceiling rises 26 feet at its peak—every decorative element was, in Diamond's words, ''blown up.'' Colors were intensified and the scale of furniture and fabric patterns emphatically exaggerated. Huge bright red gingham checks pep up a 1920s-style overstuffed sofa. Cushions on a set of reproduction 1930s rattan



The foyer, left, is patterned with a stenciled border, gingham wallpaper on the ceiling, and a handwoven plaid rug. A hooked rug hangs above a 19th-century English settee upholstered in a quilt sewn for William Diamond Design. Above: Awning stripe cushions brighten the mix of wicker, rough-hewn wood, and twig furniture on the back porch. Center right: A large pine cupboard in the library conceals a television and stereo. Right: At one end of the porch a child's mint green Adirondack chair—a gift from Diamond and Baratta to the clients' baby—holds cut roses.

Charmingly quirky interiors reflect country traditions
and the seaside atmosphere of eastern Long Island

armchairs and ottoman are upholstered in bold checkerboard quilts designed by Diamond and sewn by the firm's revered ''quilt lady,'' Sarah Bruce. Enormous turn-of-the-century kitchen tables serve as hefty end tables, supporting mismatched canister lamps. Three braided rugs, each produced over the course of eight months by craftsmen in the Midwest, hide much of the dark-stained pine floor. Baratta remarks enthusiastically: ''They are just like the old ones except that they aren't dingy or dirty looking.'' Their vivid hues, ranging from cobalt blue to emerald green, suggest a picnic lawn during the summer; in winter they evoke the rustic warmth of a cabin. An iron and glass lantern suspended between the beams overhead is a conspicuous six feet tall.

More intimate is the foyer, where Diamond and Baratta paneled the walls and removed most of the existing recessed lighting for old-fashioned coziness. A red stenciled border of stylized leaves encases the aqua and white wallpaper above the wainscoting and across the ceiling. A hooked rug hangs between a pair of mounted lanterns above a nineteenth-century English settee—quilted to accentuate the curve of its camelback ridge—and a plaid handwoven wool carpet.

In the master bedroom, large closets built into the sloped eaves were removed to open up the space. And in keeping with the owner's desire for warmth, pattern, and charm, Diamond and Baratta applied blue green toile de Jouy wallpaper to both the knee-high walls and the ceiling and trimmed linen shams and white curtains with different brightly colored grosgrain. The bed is anchored by a massive upholstered headboard that extends a foot beyond each side of the bed. Plump pillows have whimsical quilted checkerboard fronts and solid white backs.

In contrast to the other rooms, the master bathroom *(Text continued on page 141)*

In the master bedroom, above, ten-inch-square handwoven checks on the box springs and oversize headboard are echoed in the quilted pillows. Linen shams—embellished with turquoise grosgrain—lie on a white cotton bedspread from Pierre Deux. Different tones of aqua stand out in relief against the red braided carpet from Stark: aqua and cream stripe cotton from Brunschwig, solid aqua wool canvas from Luten Clarey Stern, and toile de Jouy wallpaper from Scalamandré. Above right: The bathroom is a soothing retreat with its bright pastel Caribbean-inspired shutters and painted wood walls and floor. Right: Reflecting a log cabin quilt, the gilded Federal mirror with églomisé panel of clipper ships rests on the bedroom mantel behind a row of potted primroses.

SEAWORTHY STYLE

Valentino weighs anchor with a yacht decorated by Peter Marino

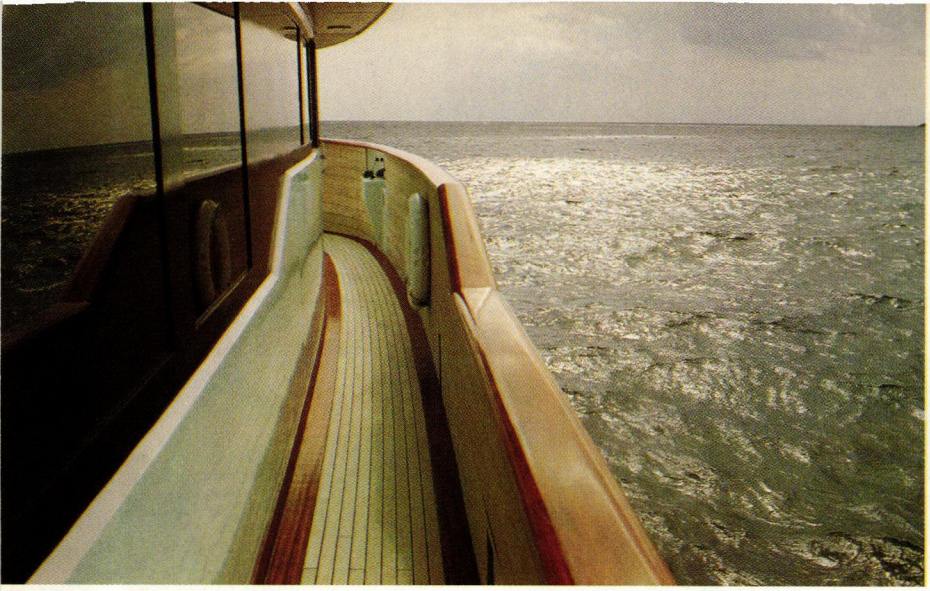
By G. Y. DRYANSKY Photographs by NICOLAS BRUANT

The prestige of glitzy yachts may have peaked not long ago when Adnan Khashoggi unloaded his *Nabila* on Donald Trump as the trajectory of A.K.'s career took a turn toward the slammer. Khashoggi had a helipad aboard, along with gilt plumbing and staterooms and saloons worthy of a grand hotel. Trump rechristened the 282-foot boat and added his own refinements, in the same Kublai Khan Contemporary genre. But few people seem to have been stirred to admiration for *The Trump Princess*.

Consider, in contrast, Valentino's *T.M. Blue One*. When the Roman couturier recently upgraded himself to a boat of Aga Khan dimensions, he entered the world of superyachts on a new tack. Valentino is at the crest of the latest phase of yacht rivalry: understatement. As much as a vessel 152 feet long can be, the *T.M. Blue One* is unostentatious.

In the words of an eminent English yacht-building consultant, *T.M. Blue One* embodies a "trend toward high technology outside, while inside there is a return to the feeling of the gentleman's yacht of the past. Yachts are still the ultimate power toy. Boats turn men on and big boats turn on big men." (Men. Since Cleopatra there have been few female yacht fanatics—even if a number of today's rich women have tagged along in the archetypal rivalry.) What's fascinating about *T.M. Blue One*, though, is how quietly indeed the

Valentino, above, aboard *T.M. Blue One*. Brunschwig & Fils linen/cotton on banquette and chairs. Mahogany and brass table by decorator Peter Marino. China with yacht monogram, also emblazoned above sun deck, left, and on cushions in main saloon, right. Marino's armchairs in Clarence House cotton. Sofa, coffee table, rolltop desk also custom-made. Opposite top: View from the bow. Details see Resources.



Understated decoration reflects sleek details of the boat's superstructure, top left. Inside, white-lacquered paneling on walls and ceilings is beveled to allow for expansion and contraction. Above right: Venard painting in the dining saloon updates an otherwise nostalgic setting. Antique wicker chairs with antimacassars around a custom-built pedestal table recall prewar yacht fittings. Top right: Built-in bunks and storage in one of four guest cabins are also traditional. Above: Subtle variants on pattern and color, as in the Georges Le Manach striped cotton on a sofa, enhance the ambience of quiet luxury.

power is expressed, in both technology and decoration.

When Valentino decided to move up from his previous, smaller boat *T.M. Blue,* he matched the new yacht's increased length with greater refinement. *T.M. Blue* had been built by an Italian yard with a reputation of making sports car–like craft. In turning to Cantieri Picchiotti of Viareggio for the steel and aluminum hulled *T.M. Blue One,* Valentino opted for the solid limousine approach to construction—the kind of technical details yacht aficionados always admire when they pull away the paneling and look at frame, bolts, and wires. For the most distinguished boatbuilders, Valentino might have gone to the Netherlands and engaged Feadship, but the designer makes a patriotic point of using Italian labor. The workmen for both his New York apartment and his New York shop were brought over from Italy.

The yacht's architect, though, is the up-to-date German Gerhard Gilgenast, who was the project engineer for the Aga Khan's *Shergar*. With its clean classic profile, blue black hull, bands of tinted glass, and sleek lines of white and blue running horizontally above water, the *T.M. Blue One* looks the very model of advanced technology. It is powered relatively conservatively, however, by two Caterpillar engines that cruise at 15.5 knots (the twin turbines of His Highness's *Shergar*—only one foot longer than the fashion prince's boat—can reach 45 knots and cruise at 40). All in all, the design and technics of *T.M. Blue One* speak of quality, contemporaneity, and sensible restraint.

The decoration, by Peter Marino, who did Valentino's New York apartment, continues that message. "I wanted something

both timely and timeless,'' Marino explains, ''no floating palace—those things look outdated the minute they're done. I wanted the undecorated look.''

In old-fashioned yacht tradition there is ample mahogany paneling, polished brass fittings, and a lot of built-in furniture on the *T.M. Blue One*. Until recently, big-yacht people had a pejorative expression for boats with plenty of mahogany: ''Paneled-out,'' they'd scoff.

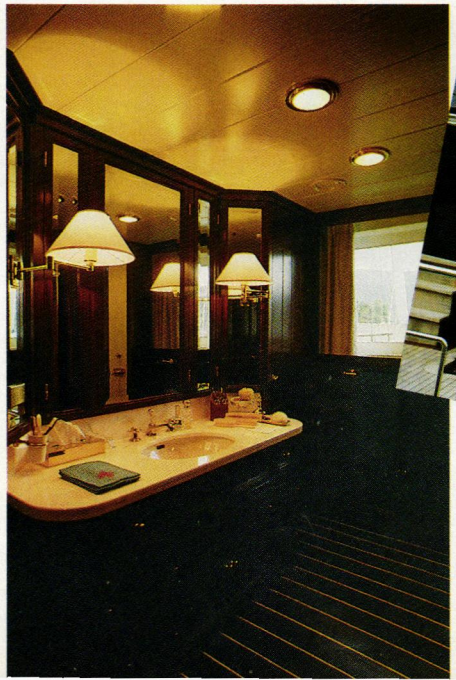
The mahogany on Valentino's boat breaks up expanses of white lacquer, adding warmth and an aura of tradition. The colors of these two materials plus navy are repeated in various combinations in the all-cotton textiles that shift, room to room, from stripes of different widths to monogrammed solids (Valentino designed the yacht logo). ''Simple, simple,'' says Marino. Simple but subtle, and not cheap: Valentino had wool carpeting specially woven in Holland because it looks like standard nautical sisal but feels better than sisal under bare feet.

Marino says the boat has the character of ''about 1911.'' Valentino says it has a ''little of a 1940 Colonial air.'' The vagueness of the time reference is easy to understand because this boat stands for the revival of a spirit, not the style of a period. ''It was a question,'' Valentino points out, ''of decorating a place where you live in a bathing suit and can also dine in black tie.''

As a designer, Valentino has earned his yachts by creating clothes that are often theatrically formal but always manage to be sensible. His land dwellings—the apartment in New York, houses in Rome, Gstaad, and Capri—don't lack theatrics. His boat, which he uses to take a simple break from his bustling ornate life, is like the sorbet that cleared the palate between the courses of a Belle Époque meal.

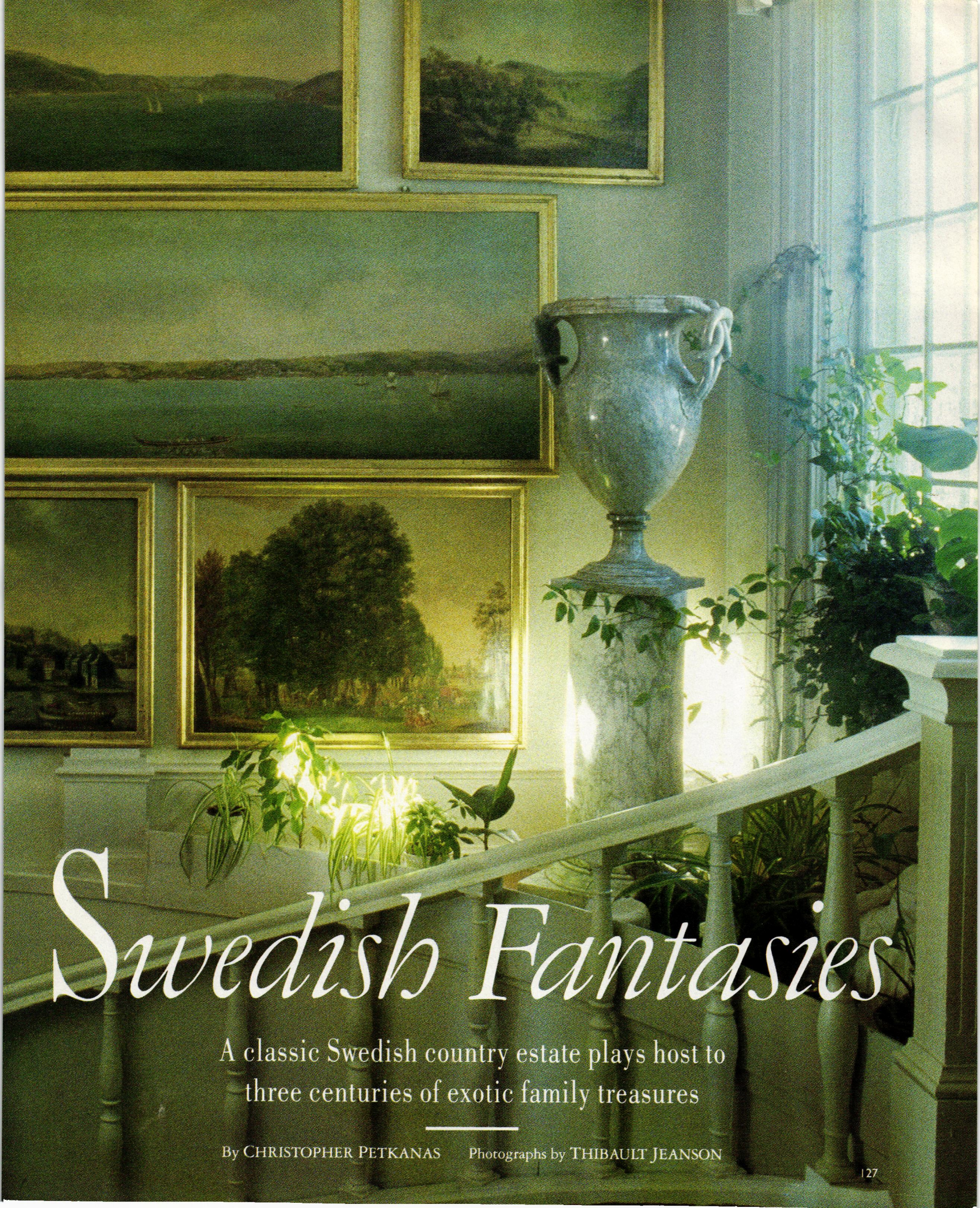
''Maybe I didn't really want something quite that big,'' he confesses. (Maybe years ago he never thought Valentino Garavani of the town of Voghera would become the worldly Valentino of our time.) ''But there it is,'' he says. ''Why not?'' ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster



In the main cabin, above right, a dhurrie atop wool carpet woven by Van Besouw to look like standard boat sisal. Right: The master bathroom. Far right: The crew wears designer T-shirts.

One of the oldest and best-preserved wooden manor houses in Sweden, Biby is especially celebrated for its collection of 18th-century Turkish-motif paintings. Shown here is the second-floor hall awash with views of the Bosporus.



Swedish Fantasies

A classic Swedish country estate plays host to three centuries of exotic family treasures

By CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS Photographs by THIBAULT JEANSON

Like the Knole of Vita Sackville-West's luxurious childhood, Biby is remembered as a perfectly self-contained, wondrous little village. "When I arrived in 1943, it was like a small society all to itself," says Inga von Celsing of the 2,470-acre estate, 80 miles west of Stockholm, which she first came to know as the young bride of Captain Fredrik von Celsing. "Biby had its own carpenters then, its own painters, and its own looms for weaving the table linen. Even the *trasmattor*—the traditional cotton rag rugs we put over scrubbed fir floors—were made here. All the surrounding cottages were dependent on the farm, and all the farming was done with horses. The animals were slaughtered on the property, and there was everything you could possibly want in the way of food. One very seldom bought anything."

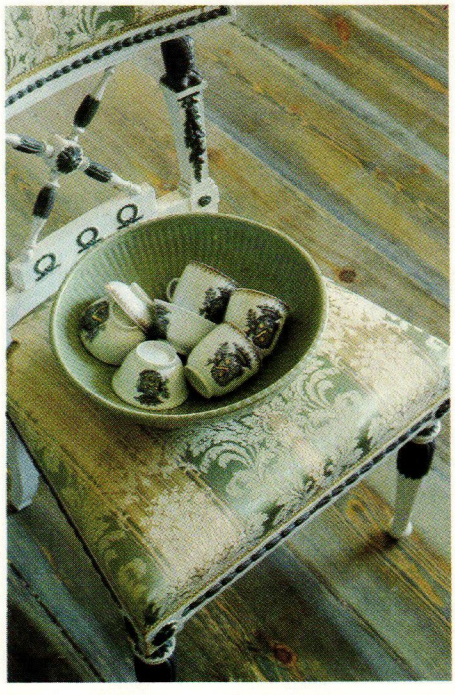
The staff of 55, which until the early 1940s kept things humming at Biby, has been chipped away at over the years, until today when only five men are employed by Fredrik von Celsing. And none of them is engaged in making tablecloths. "Before I took over, Biby was managed by a director," says Captain von Celsing (the title is for service in the Royal Horse Guard). "My father was the supreme commander,

At dawn a misty tree-lined drive, opposite, leads to Biby, the Celsing family's estate since 1781. Above: In the 18th century, ambassadors Gustaf and Ulric Celsing brought a bit of the Bosporus to Biby by creating this eclectic Turkish drawing room with low divans, paintings of sultans, and Swedish Rococo furniture. Left: Fredrik and Inga von Celsing strolling on their property.

if you like, but every function on the farm—forestry, for example—was looked after by its own specialist. Although my father let out a lot of fields for tenant farming, we handle it all ourselves now. Sweden is also unlike France, say, where the count or baron lives in Paris and comes out to have a look at his farm now and then. I live at Biby and raise six hundred head of beef cattle full time."

In other ways, Biby has looked time in the eye and defied it with a shrug of its stylish white linen bedhangings. "The inside of the house is exactly as I knew it as a boy," says Celsing, adding that his only contributions to the decor have been a refrigerator, a television, and a toaster.

Built in 1606 by Claes Stjernsköld, a royal counselor, Biby was originally two houses with a gate between them. At the end of the seventeenth century the buildings were connected to form the single residence one sees today. According to Inga von Celsing, its fir timber dates from the 1300s and makes for a warm house in winter and an agreeably cool one in summer.



Biby entered a flamboyant era in 1781 when it was acquired by Gustaf and Ulric Celsing, brothers who between them served thirty years as Swedish ambassador to the Ottoman Empire. Where the connecting gate once stood, the Celsings installed a glamorous Turkish drawing room with long divans that hug the floor, brass piecrust trays set on low black wooden legs patterned with white spots, and part of their extraordinary collection of Turkish landscapes executed between 1750 and 1770. To men intent on re-creating the lush atmosphere of the Bosporus in chilly Swe-

den it did not matter that the room already contained an exuberant painted Baroque ceiling celebrating the marriage of one of Stjernsköld's sons, with cherubs clutching his monogram. Fredrik von Celsing's mother left her stamp in 1914 with a perfectly outrageous chandelier in Venetian glass, which lords over the drawing room. Somewhere along the way someone also added a blazing-white grand piano. Nothing about Biby's unemotional exterior could possibly prepare one for the hurly-burly of exotica within.

Elsewhere in the house a wealth of Swedish Baroque, Rococo, and Gustavian furniture fills rooms that are as sober as the drawing room is eccentric. Other pieces show the influence of French Empire on Swedish design, and still others go back to Biby's earliest years. These last include a number of severe straight-backed chairs from the mid seventeenth century with spiral-turned legs and stretchers and their original leather coverings.

Precious furniture and a tooled Spanish leather chess set, left behind by a forgetful Karl XI, who ruled from 1660 to 1697, are

The front hall, above, with a traditional rag runner handwoven at Biby, is furnished with English and Swedish antiques. The mounted animal heads are a reminder of royal hunts. The golf clubs are used on the estate's own six-hole course. Opposite above: In the *förmak*, the small room leading into the main salon, tea is served beneath portraits of Swedish royalty. Opposite below: A Chinese export bowl and teacups bearing the Celsing coat of arms. Left: A silhouette of a Turkish soldier.

displayed at Biby with a nonchalance that can leave visitors breathless. That the game set once belonged to a Swedish king did nothing to stop Celsing's father, Elof, from using it. As a boy growing up at Biby, Elof von Celsing, watching his grandfather shoot moose every year with Karl XV, became accustomed to royalty.

The Celsings' worshipful appreciation of Biby begins with the fact that it is there at all. "Normally it should have burned down or been done over in another sort of building material," says Inga von Celsing. "There aren't more than twenty red wooden manor houses in all of Sweden from Biby's epoch. There's never been a war fought in Sweden, which is why so much has managed to remain in our houses. The Russians came to Sweden in the early eighteenth century but only along the coast, not inland. We've been very fortunate."

Biby is also distinguished by the novel face it turns to the flat countryside of the province of Svealand. The floor levels of most Swedish manor houses are placed directly atop one another, but the second story at Biby projects slightly out over the first. In 1858 Celsing's great-grandfather, who owned a steel factory, replaced the terracotta tile roof with a metal one. Biby's fir façade is refreshed (and preserved) every ten years with paint that gets its red color from copper.

Inga von Celsing isn't as removed from the running of the estate as her demure character and her husband's bearish presence might suggest. "Being married to Fredrik isn't at all like being married to the president of a company who leaves every day to go to the office," she says. "I'm right in the middle of all the problems, giving advice. We met at agricultural school during the war, you see. When he talks about the farm, I understand."

Just as *(Text continued on page 142)*

Chinese export teacups and a Dutch silver cake knife, top left, are set on Philippine linen. Center left and right: A late 18th century Swedish ormolu clock surrounded by a tole garland; roebuck antlers in the front hall hang above the Celsing coat of arms, c. 1750, and a 16th-century chair in its original leather. Left: The Turkish drawing room's Baroque ceiling celebrates the marriage of one of Biby's first owners.

In the white bedroom Swedish Baroque chairs, a silver-painted vanity mirror, and scrubbed fir floors form an ethereal ensemble. The linen hangings surround a c. 1650 four-poster bed.

There are those who feel that a flight to California is like a tumble down the rabbit hole—when you emerge in Los Angeles, everything is a little distorted. Parking lots, freeways, oranges, houses, rooms, and furniture all seem bigger than life. More surprisingly, the gargantuan effect seems to be working retroactively. Period pieces of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Georgian, and Regency which you would have sworn were the perfect scale for minuscule Manhattan pieds-à-terre have mysteriously become appropriately oversize for vast Hollywood hideaways.

Since this is the West Coast, not Wonderland, there is an explanation. Esteemed decorators and antiques dealers are copying their prize finds in made-for-L.A. proportions. Aside from the size, most of the reproductions are perfectly accurate. If a piece seems to combine different styles, it is often because the original itself was a hybrid. This is not fantasy furniture after all.

Copies today have the stature of antiques, and they are certain to be the collectibles of tomorrow. Every curly carving is crafted by hand, every material the finest. Gilding, for example, is of the 22-kt variety, and the wood ranges from alder to ebony. On these four pages, HG presents some fun fakes with very serious intentions. ▲

Editor: Joyce MacRae

Reproductions are often lavishly detailed. Opposite: An 18th-century-style chair with twisted legs and console with interlocking carvings from Formations; silver-gilt gesso mirror from Melrose Place Antiques; sumptuous William Kent–inspired bench by Charles Pollock Reproductions, at Kneedler-Fauchère. Top: Graceful Lord Byron chaise from Rose Tarlow–Melrose House. Above: Console from Dennis & Leen goes for Baroque alongside a more restrained Etruscan chair from Randolph & Hein. Busts and urns from Paul Ferrante. Above right: Ornate George II–style armchair sheathed in 22-kt gold from Waldo's Designs. Hand-carved Umbria console from J. Robert Scott. Details see Resources.

A Really

STYLED BY JOHN RYMAN

Big Show

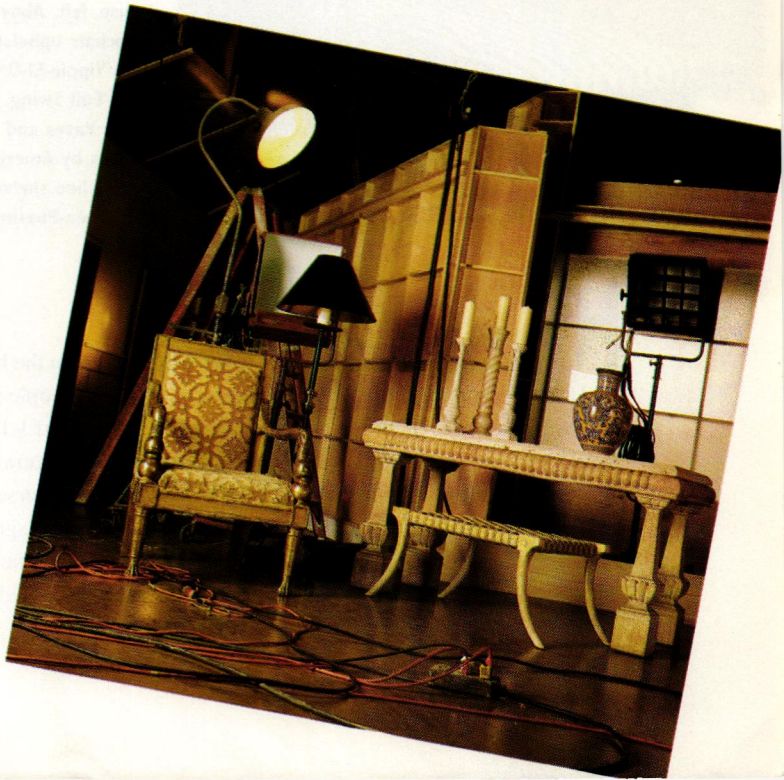
In Los Angeles, the furniture is larger than life, just like the stars

By DANA COWIN Photographs by DEWEY NICKS

Period pieces have mysteriously become appropriately oversize for vast Hollywood hideaways

PHOTOGRAPHED AT PARAMOUNT PICTURES, HOLLYWOOD

Egyptian-inspired Ramses chair, above, from Rose Tarlow. Right: Saber-legged bench from Formations copies a Regency copy of a Greek klismos. Savoy console from Dennis & Leen accompanied by Dolphin chair from Rose Tarlow. Accessores from Paul Ferrante. Above far left: Gilt Wrightsman I armchair by Erika Brunson, at Randolph & Hein. Above left: Laid-back library chair with serpentine arms and lotus table with toothy crocodile legs by Quatrain, at Randolph & Hein. Regency-style chair from Nancy Corzine. Far left: Fauteuils from Nancy Corzine: a reproduction Louis XVI chair is bracketed by looser interpretations of Louis XVI and Louis XV. Left: Victorian shell chair reproduced by Melrose Place Antiques and Spanish mirror, from Dennis & Leen. Rugs from Lawrence O. Lawrence. Draped fabrics from Christopher Hyland, at George Wallach Antiques. Floral arrangements by Thomas von Covenhoven. Animals from Steve Martin's Working Wildlife.



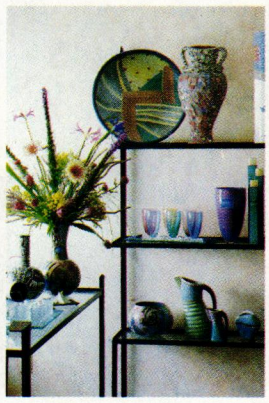
SOURCES

SHOPPING

Newport News

HG points the way to year-round finds in the Rhode Island resort

By Dana Cowin



Panels from John Jacob Astor's house serve as a backdrop for a chaise at John Gidley House, left. Above: Armchair upholstered with Yippie-Ei-O fabric from Full Swing. Above right: Vases and glasses by American artists line shelves at Tropea-Puerini.

Newport stores attract not only tourists escaping from the beach and art lovers taking a break from the cottages but also people in the know from all over the country. They make the detour off I-195 in search of everything from French country lace to architectural artifacts and handblown glass vases. The shops, though diverse, are unified by the affability of their owners and the quality of the goods. You don't have to be an Astor or a Vanderbilt to feel welcome. The following is HG's selective guide; store hours vary, so call ahead. The area code for all telephone numbers is 401.

RUE DE FRANCE

A child of the Levolor blind generation, American Pamela Kelley had an inspiration while living in Paris. She wanted to import French country lace curtains to the U.S. to soften the edges for those who, like her, grew up with slatted views. Once home, she sent out a black and white sampler to people who answered her small magazine ads. The response was tremendous. In fact, customers were so enamored of her lace that when they were passing through Newport, they would track Kelley down to her kitchen table. She decided to open a store, she says, "in self-defense." Now Kelley has another shop in Boston, and business is booming with 22 patterns, from classic Doves to the more unusual Papillon, made to measure or ready-made, as well as complementary Provençal fabrics, flouncy pillows, and other accessories. (78 Thames St.; 846-2084)

DEVONSHIRE

A piggy in the window pulls in customers at Devonshire, the branch of a garden shop based in Middleburg, Virginia. Although Devonshire has wonderful garden ornaments found in France and England—an old butcher's gate, a nineteenth-century terra-cotta finial, a leaded fountain—the stone pig has distinguished itself as a best-seller in the several months the shop has been open. Thatch-roof birdhouses made of straw and wood by ladies in Devon, England, are also sold here. They make the seemingly superfluous but sound ornithological distinction between a house for a Tiverton tit and a Hennock tit. For those who would like to know more about the difference between these birds and other garden-related facts, Devonshire is equipped with a fully stocked book closet. (302 Thames St.; 846-8210)

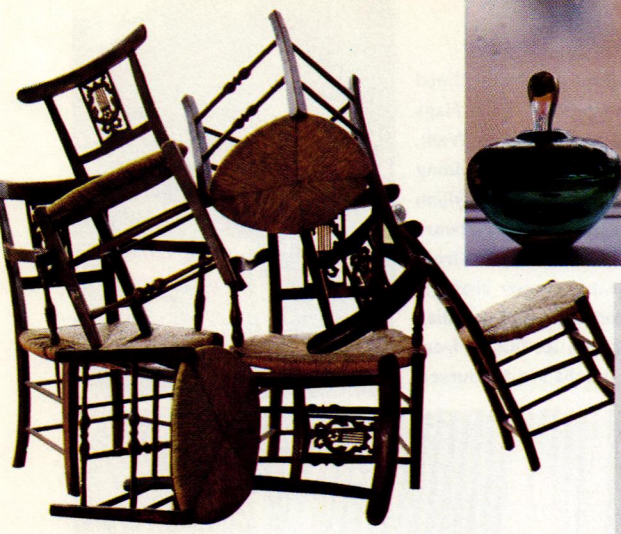
JOHN GIDLEY HOUSE

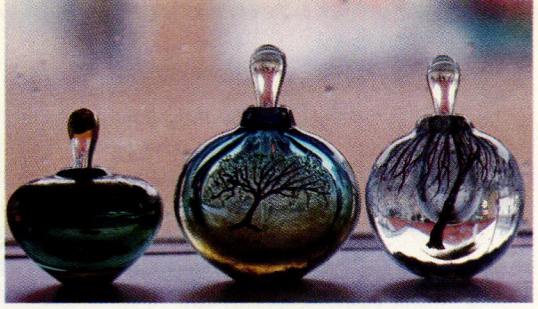
This shop got its start buying from the locals. Twenty years ago, when the Newport mansions were breaking up, owner Carl Ritorno bought oversize European furniture and objects no one else wanted. Although little of the stock is from the neighborhood anymore, ornately carved French panels saved from the John Jacob Astor estate line the walls, and a Russian red brown porphyry ashtray bearing the blue enamel and gold initials of Willie K. Vanderbilt lies on a table. Ritorno is still strong on Continental furniture: an eighteenth-century Venetian settee, an Austrian crystal chandelier, and a set of French country lyre-back chairs dot the shop. He also has a cache of small treasures—two stunning Fabergé eggs, a rock-crystal and enamel Fabergé parasol handle, a silver gilt Nicholas II presentation box studded with the czar's monogram in rubies—and museum pieces he spotted among the bric-a-brac of the Brimfield flea market. (22 Franklin St.; 846-8303)

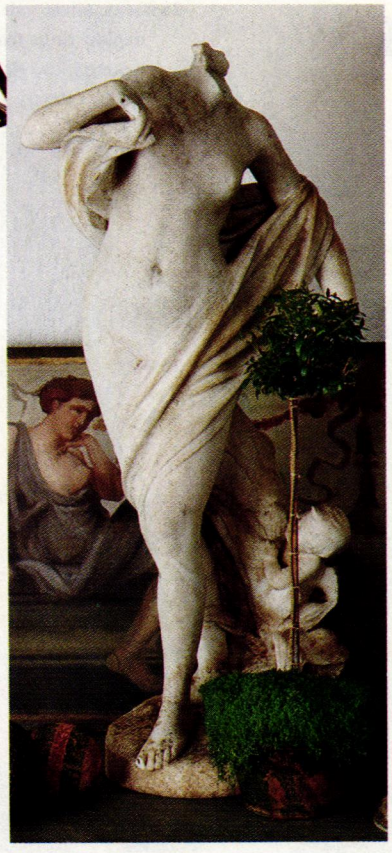
R. KAZARIAN

The summer finds owner Richard Kazarian in the yard behind his cluttered shop sipping iced coffee and surrounded by clients, friends, and garden accoutrements such as peeling urns, a headless

WILLIAM WALDRON







You don't have to be an Astor or a Vanderbilt to enjoy shopping in Newport

statue, and a nineteenth-century grate converted into a coffee table. The garden pieces exemplify the best of his eclectic selection: they work equally well inside and out and have a strong sculptural integrity. Kazarian, who is a professor of American history at the University of Rhode Island in his "free time," has also begun to reproduce furniture. A Neoclassical metal chair with swans' heads he couldn't bear to part with, for example, is now the prototype for a new line. (35 Franklin St.; 846-3563)

A collage of lyre-back French chairs at John Gidley House, above left. Top: Handblown glass perfume bottles designed by Matthew Buechner at Thames Street Glass House. Bottom: Neoclassical statue at R. Kazarian.

FULL SWING

Michele Mancini is a walking advertisement for her store. She has been known to wear yellow pants made from original fifties Barkcloth fabric and an electric-blue jacket made from new Barkcloth with a retro-cowboy pattern. The vintage fabric, of which there is a diminishing supply, inspired her own line, now available in showrooms throughout the country. The three patterns, Yippie-Ei-O, Carmen Miranda, and Hollywood Plumes, recall the flamboyant designs of the 1940s and '50s. The Barkcloth weave, which hasn't been made in decades, has been resurrected for its texture and durability. Restored furniture from the 1920s to the '50s is upholstered with her fabrics and arranged in vignettes around the room. Says Mancini, "You'll never see big-name designers like Eames and Bertoia here; I like to keep everything affordable." (474 Thames St.; 849-9494)

TROPEA-PUERINI

A painted concrete floor and specially designed metal display cases set the tone for a New York–style shop selling contemporary handmade home accessories. The array of serving pieces, vases, candlesticks, and glassware represents a selection of the work of more than seventy artists cultivated by owner Jan Tropea-Puerini. Although she is in touch with craftsmen all over the country, Tropea-Puerini is developing local resources. A leaning, black-handled pitcher, for example, was executed by a pair from Providence who call themselves Butter & Toast Enterprises. One of her favorite items of the moment is a concrete vase embedded with cracked ceramic by Linda Hosshines which resembles a curvaceous woman with her hands on her hips. (492 Thames St.; 846-3344)

CLASSIC GARDEN

"I'm not like a regular florist," says owner Diane Beaver. "I don't do funerals or wire service or anything like that." The shop, opened the first day of spring this year, looks more like an antiques store than a flower shop. Wicker garden chairs, antique vases, and botanical prints are for sale up front. But there are flowers here—they're in the back where Beaver arranges them with a loose European touch for large parties or for single bouquets. (515 Thames St.; 848-5744)

THAMES STREET GLASS HOUSE

Furnaces glowing orange and men in T-shirts blowing glass are an unexpected sight for window shoppers on historic Thames Street. In fact, when Matthew Buechner and his wife, Adrian, set up their shop and studio, doubting neighbors speculated on how long it would be before these 23-year-old kids would give up and the space would revert to more appropriate uses. Eight years later, Thames Street Glass House has established itself as a special attraction in Newport, a place where people can watch balls of glass twirled into existence, shaped with wet paper, and popped back into the furnace. It has become a nationwide source of sensuous vases emerging from sandblasted bases, Christmas ornaments, gold-leaf folded bowls, and perfume bottles. Matthew Buechner, whose father was president of Steuben Glass in Corning, New York, designs and, with his crew, creates all of the glasswork, and his wife manages the business. (688 Thames St.; 846-0576)

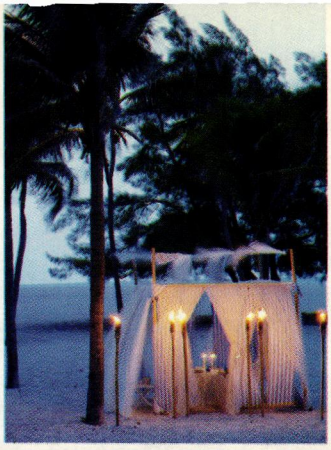
CABBAGES AND KINGS

This Newport institution has stood near the Tennis Hall of Fame on the Casino block for as long as most people can remember. Herend figurines from Budapest, Limoges snuffboxes, Lalique vases, crystal lamps, reproduction furniture, and hand-painted America's Cup commemorative plates and glasses, long found in the cottages on Bellevue Avenue, can often be traced back to the shop. They also carry more plebeian items; as owner Althea Elder says, "We have things that cost from $3 to $3,000." Thus the name Cabbages and Kings. (214 Bellevue Ave.; 847-4650) ▲

FABRICS

Far Out Pavilions

Architect Lance Boge makes a splash with the best in cabanas
By Dana Cowin



Dining pavilion, right and below, lined with Lemans from Hines & Co. Flags from Henry Cassen, at Decorators Walk, and Brunschwig fly above. Folding chairs and hurricane lamps from Syllian Collection; German bar glasses, flatware from Barneys New York. Crystal from Baccarat. Silver salt and pepper shakers, napkin rings from Tiffany. On Syllian tray, napkins, glasses, ice bucket from Bergdorf Goodman. Details see Resources.

Waverly fabric, left, hand-painted by Lance Boge, offers refuge at the beach. Big balls from Childcraft.

The seaside equivalents of garden follies, these fabrications of Lance Boge promise privacy and romance on the beach. During the day, shelters created from poles slipcovered simply with hand-painted brightly colored material provide a magical place to hide from the sun. A pavilion worthy of Jay Gatsby can be raised from cheesecloth and flowing striped panels as, in F. Scott Fitzgerald's words, "the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music." After passing between the flaming torches posted at the door, time and place are forgotten. As the night air sifts in and out, guests can cocoon in the tent, pulled up close to a table set for an intimate yet casual dinner. ▲

Editors: Carolyn Sollis and Anne Foxley

A reversible cabana, right, hung outside with Kalliomaa from Marimekko and inside with hand-painted fabric by Molly Corbett. In the background, Marimekko's Paju, a lemon Mainsail fabric from Waverly. Butterfly chairs from Crate & Barrel.

MICHAEL MUNDY

Venturi to Order

(Continued from page 108) Entering the house, you step onto a floor of inlaid marble surrounded by a trio of fat Tuscan columns that irregularly define a four-sided foyer without walls. The columns are executed in mahogany, and you would be tempted to say that these dark heavy forms are out of place here if the columns didn't seem to say it first themselves. A fourth column would kill the joke, but as three members of an implied quartet, the columns give the sense that the pompous notion of a half-acre "estate" is already dissolving into tropical languor.

That sense of play permeates the whole house. It is evident, for instance, in the way the living room ceiling chops the top off the ornamental molding that rises from either side of the fireplace below; the quirky little niches in the bedrooms, precisely calculated accidents that suggest the renovation efforts of a weekend carpenter who misjudged the alignment of wall with window; the slope of walls dictated by charm, not by the slant of the roof above; columns outside the house that change from round to square as you walk past them; the proportions of the garden wall, like something molded by children from sand. These elements add up to that form of borderline eccentricity known as character. Even unfurnished, the house has none of the booming hollowness of speculative housing. It's already almost home.

Although the Signature Series might seem a natural move for these architects, whose work has often blurred the line between high art and popular culture, surprisingly it is a move Venturi resisted at first. How come? "Because," he says, "it's unusual for—I guess I have to call it—a 'high art' firm like ourselves to give up that degree of control over a project. We're used to supervising every detail of a building and working with a client over a period of time. That isn't possible in this kind of work."

Design control is not the only issue raised by this project. A note of discomfort creeps into Venturi's voice when he speaks of himself as a "high artist," as though it had forced a shift in his allegiance from populist to mandarin. It's ironic that this enterprise—the first to involve him fully in the pop landscape of consumer marketing—does not blur but actually sharpens his identity as a member of the architectural elite.

Yet it's possible that in today's world there is no real contradiction between pop culture and the elite. The relationship between high and low art has been shifting for some time, and Venturi's work has been instrumental in bringing about that shift. Moreover, there's arguably no strain of pop culture hardier than its lust for the status of designer labels. In this sense, a Robert Venturi Signature house is scarcely more elitist than Calvin Klein jeans or Vidal Sassoon shampoo. Except, of course, that it happens to be a pearl of great price. ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

Prairie in Flower

(Continued from page 74) none in the Midwest. Ragdale seemed an ideal place for one." It was a natural development for a house that had a long history of providing shelter for artists. Besides Shaw himself and Sylvia Shaw Judson, another daughter, Evelyn, had married the noted cartoonist John T. McCutcheon and Shaw's youngest daughter, Frances, had been a well-known weaver. In addition, close family ties to *Poetry* magazine had brought Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay and even William Butler Yeats to Ragdale. And then, of course, Ryerson still writes there. In 1976 the Ragdale Foundation was born with four artists in residence. Now it is possible to provide studios and living quarters for twelve writers and painters on the estate at one time. Recent Ragdale residents have come from as far away as Hong Kong and Uganda.

The estate is also listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The prairie is jointly owned by the Nature Conservancy and the Lake Forest Open Lands Association and maintained by the association. The house and three acres immediately surrounding it (including a small formal garden with a dovecote designed by Shaw) are now the property of the city of Lake Forest. "All the owners take very good care of the place," Ryerson says with a smile.

Ragdale is always magical, always beautiful: in early spring with blue and white violets beneath the black locust trees, in high summer when the sunflowers resemble Indian braves in warbonnets, in autumn when the goldenrod washes across the prairie like ocher paint, even in the dead of winter when the tall grasses glazed with ice shimmer like Venetian glass. Yet perhaps the most magical moment at Ragdale is that October night each year when tree limbs and underbrush gathered over the past twelve months are burned in a spectacular bonfire. As the flames leap high into the autumn sky a piper plays old Scottish airs. It is a tradition begun more than eighty years ago by Howard Van Doren Shaw himself, a fitting celebration of art and nature perennially renewed. ▲

Editor: Senga Mortimer

Custom of the Country

(Continued from page 121) has a "very undesigned feel," according to Diamond. "It looks as though the tub has always been there." Which, of course, was not the case. In their quest for dramatic height, the designers tore out an upstairs sleeping loft, encased the walls and ceiling in wood, and cut new windows, which they outfitted with Caribbean-inspired broad-louvered shutters. Swinging doors, carved to look like horse stalls, shield the two basins. The thick wooden countertop surrounding the basins was coated again and again with glossy lacquer—"as you would on a boat."

Further examples of Diamond and Baratta's decorative ingenuity appear throughout the house. They had tin and brass gas lamps wired for electricity in the dining room. An enameled tin graniteware coffeepot was capped with a lampshade papered in a tiny red and white gingham that looks as though it might have been clipped off a child's apron. Alternatives to the standard coffee table include a garden bench—built by estate carpenters at Chatsworth in England—and a painted Scandinavian chest. The scalloped lip of a rickety old butcher-block table so inspired Diamond that he had it restored and topped with a thick slab of white marble for use as a bedside table. In the library a vast pine cupboard was dressed up with curtains and cut down slightly to fit against one wall. "Everybody, including Tony, thought I was crazy when I tried to adapt this piece to the house," says Diamond. "But, like everything else we brought in, it really adds character and a sense of integrity to the room."

As Diamond and Baratta's clients have happily learned, combining crafts and antiques doesn't have to result in something predictably traditional. In the hands of these inventive designers, the experimental rediscovery of the past is a continuing adventure. ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

Los Anglophile

(Continued from page 89) "Look at this," she says, inspecting an early nineteenth century English banquet table in the dining room. "It has hunks out and hunks put in." As for an American sideboard nearby, one entire leg is missing. No matter. "It fell off, and I never got around to sticking it back on," she says.

Another part of the blend is painted antique furniture, such as a favorite gilded Italian table in the living room she describes as a "gooey gold and cream." Many of the upholstered pieces were bought at neighborhood yard sales and then slipcovered, and each one seems to have a story. "This is Mrs. Walker's sofa," Suzanne begins. "This is Dr. Walker's chair, the most comfortable club chair. This chair is the June Street chair because I bought it at a sale on June Street for five dollars."

To be sure, the antiques also come with a narrative, since the couple acquired a bounty of antiques from their families: at one time, Suzanne's mother owned an antiques shop in New Orleans, and Frederic's mother was an inveterate collector. The nineteenth-century English copies of Chinese wallpaper panels were rescued from Frederic's family dining room in Manhattan.

Having worked for several years as a decorator, last year Rheinstein opened Hollyhock on Larchmont Boulevard, the single commercial street in her neighborhood, which one could say is to nearby Melrose Avenue what Gershwin is to Guns N' Roses. Down the street is a greengrocer who still shells peas, a butcher who knows everyone's name, and a cobbler who resoles Belgian loafers.

Joining forces with her husband, her brother, L.A. architect Odom Stamps, who installed Classical architectural details, and his wife, Kate, Rheinstein set about re-creating the feeling of her house in her shop. The warm colored walls are identical. Favorite treasures, such as nineteenth-century English botanical paintings, paisley pillows, and japanned and painted antiques, also echo her choices at home.

And if the upholstered pieces look familiar, it's because Rheinstein copied Dr. and Mrs. Walker's furniture as well as the five-dollar chair she bought on June Street. ♠

Editor: Joyce MacRae

Capital Venture

(Continued from page 81) decorators find it easier to adapt when it does.

"If you want to move on to another house and it suits you, you might have to get rid of things. A lot of people want to have too many carryovers." Still, he admits, there were things he refused to give up: certain paintings and books. "Some things are important," he concedes. "But most furniture and pictures and objects can go. They can always make someone else happy."

Some of his new possessions help link the house's smallish rooms together. In the living room and entrance hall are seventeenth-century Italian and Dutch architectural paintings. Upstairs, both the master bedroom and bath feature equestrian art. And the sisal flooring is everywhere.

Parts of the house, though, are perfect as they were. "A friend and client came by the day I was moving in," the decorator remembers. "I hung a picture above the fireplace. 'Aren't you going to adjust the hook?' she asked. And I said no, it was exactly where it should be."

Childs believes that a good room doesn't scream at you to look at it. "You also should be able to find different things to look at. As with a person, you shouldn't know everything at once. Rooms that are not successful, you know everything about within five minutes. That's also true of some people. You never need to see them again. You should be able to discover nuances over a period of time." ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

Swedish Fantasies

(Continued from page 132) there are no extra bodies making table linen at Biby today, there is also no cook. When Fredrik von Celsing comes in from the fields at lunchtime, it is to a meal prepared by his wife and set in a tiny corner of the immense dining room. Typically, a first course of *herrgårds* and *svecia* (two cow's milk cheeses) is followed by *Wallenbergare* (small fried patties of ground meat, cream, and egg yolk), lingonberry relish, a simple salad, Portuguese white wine, cinnamon cake, and homemade ginger cookies slathered with sweet butter. When the couple's four children and seven grandchildren visit, the locale shifts to the Turkish drawing room. Inga von Celsing says its sprawling sofas and giddy atmosphere make the ideal stage set for parties.

The Biby collection of 102 Turkish-motif paintings is the most important in the world, rivaled only by a series of sixty works commissioned by the eighteenth-century Dutch ambassador to Turkey and housed today in a private part of Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum. In amassing their canvases of Constantinople and Ottoman dignitaries, Celsing says his ancestors were in fact following the example of their Dutch contemporary.

Although the avenues were open, a diplomatic career for Fredrik von Celsing himself has always been out of the question. "No time," he says sharply. "Who would have looked after the farm?" Biby may have never functioned on the sumptuous scale Vita Sackville-West knew at Knole, but it did enjoy the same sort of independence. The captain in any case has no particular longing for that lost era. "Today at Biby," he says with a tonic lack of nostalgia, "I know every tree, every stone, every step I take." ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

Once upon a Time

(Continued from page 112) take the red chair, Eleonora the yellow one—as well as their own set of Peter Rabbit china, which the real grown-ups aren't allowed to use unless they're invited.

Another option is their own room, which is painted to look like a jungle in Brazil but which looks more like the stuffed-animal department at FAO Schwarz. Sometimes, when Eleonora and Tathiana are feeling mischievous, they hide under their beds so Francesca can't find them. Other times, when they're feeling romantic, they retreat to their parents' silver room with the giant yellow-skirted bed and play Sleeping Beauty. Tathiana likes to take the lead, which leaves Eleonora with the role of Prince Charming.

Once in a while, amid the squeals and giggles, the piercing sound of a porcelain plate smashing can be heard. But no one gets too excited about it. Stuff gets broken. It just happens. After all, you're only young once. ♠ *Editor: Martha Baker*

Inside Newport

(Continued from page 66) got to do it up right. Actually, newcomers are the best thing that could happen to the old cottages they now spend fortunes fixing up. Glenn Randall, an international art dealer from Washington, D.C., has just bought the von Bülow's Clarendon Court for more than $4 million, and he's filling it with fine eighteenth-century English and French pieces. The John Masheks of Dallas (oil and gas) bought Mrs. Robert Young's huge house, Fairholme, about four years ago. Chan Mashek used Palm Beach decorator John Hulse, and Mark Hampton is doing her new winter house in Palm Beach.

What is it about Newport that draws people there today? What is the appeal of this town that has lost the Four Hundred and the America's Cup and turned itself into an overcrowded tourist mecca every summer, with bumper-to-bumper traffic from one end of Bellevue Avenue to the other? For James Gubelmann, who came to Newport as an alternate crew member on the *Constellation* in the 1964 America's Cup race, the lure is sailing: "Newport's got perfect wind conditions. There's nothing like it anywhere else on the East Coast." A few years ago he bought a 1970s stucco house with a stubby mansard roof on the Arthur Curtiss James estate and turned it into a Shingle Style chalet.

Others are drawn by the sense of history that permeates the place—by the many towns-within-the-town that Thornton Wilder wrote about in *Theophilus North* (Newport has always been much more than a resort). And there is the aura of exclusivity that challenges and fascinates people even today, the myth that if you can make it in Newport, you've really arrived. Newport long ago ceased to be the pinnacle of America's high society. If you want to be annointed as a social hostess or a media queen, you don't live there. But some Newporters still believe in the illusion of their social superiority, and in this miniature haven, belief is everything. I have sometimes felt that Newporters live in a time warp, a cozy pocket of attitudes that disappeared some forty years ago in other parts of the country. This has its advantages, of course. Newport is one of the last outposts of good manners, of real consideration for one's neighbor. The quickest way to be blackballed there is to be unkind to the help.

No, the grandeur of social Newport is part of its history, not its living present. In the social sense, today's Newport is more like the older Newport of Edith Wharton without the literary overtones; it is conservative, quiet, and agreeably dull. There is the Newport Music Festival, two weeks of classical concerts in the cottages every summer, and the Newport Jazz Festival has been tamed and no longer attracts hordes of rowdy outsiders. The Casino, once the capital of America's amateur tennis, now has only a few minor tournaments on its grass courts, along with the Tennis Hall of Fame. It also has serious croquet; mallets are imported from England, and everybody dresses in white.

The only true exclusivity left in Newport rests with the clubs, which still exist in something like their former glory. Newport swells dressed in navy blazers with club insignia still dominate the boards. There's the Reading Room, one of the oldest men's club in America, which now has a disco night every Labor Day weekend. There is also the Clambake Club, with trapshooting, second-rate food, and the best natural setting I've ever seen (the dining room is right on the ocean); the Ida Lewis Yacht Club; the Newport Country Club; the Casino; and, most exclusively, The Beach. To be a member of The Beach is the ultimate acceptance. In spite of the Olympic-size heated saltwater pool installed in 1959, The Beach remains the purest expression of what old Newport holds dear. It is comfortable. It is protected, small-scale, self-contained. No big waves but a ceaseless undertow of gossip. The sand is incredibly fine and smooth and gray. Each of the cabanas—89 facing the ocean and 26 around the pool—is painted (mint, peach, yellow, blue, pink) and decorated according to the owner's taste. There is a waiting list for the cabanas, of course. The Beach, all too clearly, is Us, with an invisible bulwark against Them.

What pulls me back to Newport time and again is not some illusion of tribal superiority, however. It is the geography of the place. Ocean vistas, rocky cliffs, the smell of the sea, the bracing breeze off the water, blue hydrangeas, the romantic early-morning fog that dissolves the outlines of the overly assertive houses, the sense of being on an island, which it still is, in spite of the bridge to Jamestown that replaced the ferry in 1969. Henry James, though appalled by the vulgar display he saw here in 1905, could still praise Newport nostalgically in *The American Scene* as "this miniature spot of earth, where the sea-nymphs on the curved sands . . . might have chanted back to the shepherds." He was right. It is both an intimate landscape and a mannered tableau, a scene idyllic and preposterous all at once. I keep coming back, and I can't imagine staying. The trouble with Newport is that it spoils you for every other place, including Newport. ▲

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NOTES

Page 23 Small Shells cotton, 48" wide, $60 yd, by Dek Tillett, to the trade at 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. Animals, 48" wide, $68 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Bander & Daniel, Dallas; Bill Nessen, Dania; George Wallach Antiques (retail), Los Angeles; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Sanibel, 54" wide, $40 yd, to the trade at Payne Fabrics, for nearest showroom call (800) 543-4322. By the Sea, 54" wide, $38.85 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Poseidon, 56" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Greeff, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Fish Scale, 48" wide, $45 yd, by Dek Tillett (see above). Jardinière cotton/linen, 53" wide, $53.25 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above). Pebble Beach cotton, 51" wide, $82.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Malay Wave, 48" wide, $33 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above). Tortuga chintz, 55" wide, $51 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above).

DESIGN

Pages 28, 30 Anne Gordon's work, $300–$2,000, through Alexandra Stoddard, NYC (212) 490-1940; at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320; Mrs. Monro, London 589-5052; Monro Heywood Antiques, London 351-1477. Contact Clare Potter at Box 624, Locust Valley, NY 11560.

ANTIQUES

Page 50 Tole objects available from: Bardith I, 1015 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 737-6699; Yale R. Burge, 305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 838-4005; Cherchez, 862 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 737-8215; Creekside Antiques, 241 Sir Francis Drake Ave., San Anselmo, CA 94960 (415) 457-1266; Florence de Dampierre, 16 East 78 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 734-6764; G. R. Durenberger, Antiquarian, 31531 Camino Capistrano St., San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675 (714) 493-1283; Georgian Manor Antiques, 305 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 593-2520; Herrup & Wolfner, 12 East 86 St., New York, NY 10028 (212) 737-9051; Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 673-6644; Kogan & Co., 30 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 288-8523; Lenox Court Antiques, 972 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 772-2460; Marston Luce, 1314 21 St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036 (202) 775-9460; J. Garvin Mecking, 72 East 11 St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 677-4316; Newel Art Galleries, 425 East 53 St., New York, NY 10022 (212) 758-1970; Florian Papp, 962 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 288-6770; Pierre Deux Antiques, 369 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10014 (212) 243-7740; Florence Sack, 813 Broadway, New York, NY 10003 (212) 777-2967; A. Smith Antiques, 235 East 60 St., New York, NY 10022 (212) 838-8050; Thomas-Matthews, 4233-D Howard Ave., Kensington, MD 20895 (301) 562-4871; Vernay & Jussel, 817 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 879-3344; Don Walters, 1 Amber Lane, Northampton, MA 01060 (413) 586-3909.

CAPITAL VENTURE

Page 76 Linen/rayon/cotton (#3983) on walls and shades, 54" wide, $35 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, NYC, San Francisco; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; Devon Services, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Keith H. McCoy & Assoc., Los Angeles; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Braswell Cloth cotton/linen on sofa, 52" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Sueded buffalo hide on desk chairs, to the trade at Teddy & Arthur Edelman, for nearest showroom call (203) 426-3611. **77** Chairs (#T7), $535 ea, table (#T4CR), $486, at John Good Imports, Los Angeles (213) 655-6484. **78–79** Carsten Check cotton, 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. Shan silk, 40" wide, $100 yd, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland; Zelsing, Troy. Custom wallpaper, at Cole & Son, London 580-1066. Bedford cotton taffeta, 54" wide, $41 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics (see above). **80–81** Leopardo silk velvet, 51" wide, $714 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; McQuiston-Riggs, Seattle; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Fleurs Indiennes cotton/linen, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above).

LOS ANGLOPHILE

Pages 84–85 Similar 18th-century Italian gilt table, at G. R. Durenberger, Antiquarian, San Juan Capistrano (714) 493-1283. Faux silk cachepots, $475 ea, at Hollyhock, Los Angeles (213) 931-3400. Begonia chintz, 48" wide, $58 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). **86** Ceramic fruits/vegetables, $35–$650, botanical watercolors, from a collection, at Hollyhock (see above). Chinoiserie cachepot on chest, $780, at Hollyhock (see above). Tole Directoire lamp, from G. R. Durenberger, Antiquarian (see above). **88–89** Fuchsia chintz by Colefax & Fowler, 48" wide, $105 yd, Glenalmond cotton lining, 54" wide, $22.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). Silent Companion table near bed, $795, botanical watercolors, from a collection, at Hollyhock (see above).

PARLOR GAME

Pages 92–93 Steel table, adapted by Joe D'Urso from a Shelton Mindel design, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Ellen Aronis Heard, Kensington; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco. **95** Sarah sofa, $1,500 COM, at Yves Halard, Paris 42-22-60-50. Floor lamp base (#BB3), $220, shade (#55DD), $116, by Isamu Noguchi, from Akari-Gemini, for nearest store call (805) 966-9557. Architect's lamp with green shade (#612G), $395, to the trade at Harry Gitlin, NYC (212) 243-1080. **96–97** Antique American bed, from G. K. S. Bush, Washington, D.C. (202) 965-0653. Iron bed, approx $1,200, from Hob Nail Antiques, Pawling (914) 855-1623. White cabled cashmere throw, $1,145, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus; Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach; Polo Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto. Berenice aluminum reading lamps, $390 ea, at Artemide, for nearest dealer call (800) 326-8200, in NY (718) 786-8528.

HOLLYWOOD HOMESTEAD

Pages 98–99 Table, from a collection, at Indigo Seas, Los Angeles (213) 550-8758. **100** Table, $850, from a collection, to the trade at Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles (213) 653-0204. Ophelia chintz on pillows, 49" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for nearest showroom call (212) 758-0844. **102** William tank suit, $64, at Norma Kamali, NYC (212) 957-9797. Sunglasses (#053), $120, at Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; Optica Chicago, Chicago; Optical Designs, Santa Monica; City Optix, San Francisco.

VENTURI TO ORDER

Page 107 Malmaison metal settee, $1,900, armchair, $930, stool, $580, tray on stool, $300, from Syllian Collection, to the trade at Bill Nessen, Dania (305) 925-0606. **108** Queen-size iron bed (#2922-05), $5,238, Tuscan-finished tables (#5660), $1,160 ea, bench (#257) in rayon/cotton (#20-124), $2,793, by Baker Furniture. Porthault, from Mary Mahoney, Palm Beach (407) 655-8288. Indian cotton throw, $55, bamboo tray, $40, at Jack Davidson, Palm Beach (407) 655-0906. Venturi bentwood laminate table, $9,175, yellow chair, $1,204, maple chair, $1,494, to the trade through KnollStudio, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. **109** Console with travertine top (#5665 with finish #212), $2,935, sofa (#675-89) in cotton (#50-158), $5,700, armchair (#216) in cotton (#50-158), $2,675, armless chairs (#270) in silk/cotton (#17-100), $1,233 ea, armchair (#217) in leather (#G-931), $3,263, Tuscan-finished side table (#5609), $1,145, by Baker Furniture. Tortoise urn (#209-7863), $410, to the trade at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Dania (305) 920-4565. Lacquer tray, $175, at Jack Davidson (see above). Paintings by Cleve Gray, $4,500, and Friedl Dzubus, $27,000, at Irving Galleries, Palm Beach (407) 659-6221. In kitchen, appliances by KitchenAid.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Page 112 Leopard velvet, 54" wide, $70 yd, to the trade at Craig Fabrics, for nearest showroom call (212) 371-0827. **113** Concrete pedestal, antique lacquer tables, to the trade at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 772-2137. Iron side table, by Ronaldo Maia, $525, at Casa Maia, NYC (212) 534-3615. Wright sofa, to the trade at Guild Furniture, NYC (212) 627-1850. Zebra Damask ramie/viscose/silk, 51" wide, $90 yd, Lampas Ferrare brocade on pillow, 51" wide, $240 yd, Armure Luberon viscose/cotton on side chairs, 55" wide, $52.50 yd, Moiré Roxane viscose/cotton on table, 50" wide, $58.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). **114** Scheherazade chintz on sofa, 51" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). Black/gold lace top with sequined skirt on chair, by Suzana Monacella, at Jimmys, NYC; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills; Ultimo, Chicago; Stanley Korshak, Dallas.

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

Pages 116–21 Contemporary quilts and quilting, by Sara Bruce, South Salem (914) 763-8019. **116–17** Ludwig cotton, to the trade at Kravet Fabrics, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, for other showrooms call (800) 645-9068. Quilts over railings, from a collection, at American Hurrah, NYC (212) 535-1930. Creamware jug, Staffordshire mug, from Ages Past Antiques, NYC (212) 628-0725. **120–21** Marseilles cotton bedspread, $350, king, at Pierre Deux, NYC, for other dealers call (800) 221-4080. Braided Early American carpet (custom colors), $19.35 sq ft, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleve-

land; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. New Antrim Stripe linen/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 78–79). Wool canvas, by Glant Textiles, 52" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for nearest dealer call (206) 628-6235. Italian Countryside paper-backed 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-McClaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle.

SEAWORTHY STYLE

Page 123 New Antrim Stripe (see above for pgs 120–21). Jules cotton, 57" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). Custom-monogrammed porcelain, from Richard Ginori, NYC (212) 213-6884.

A REALLY BIG SHOW

Page 134 Lord Byron chaise, $6,300 COM, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Spanish console, $4,800, to the trade at Dennis & Leen, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco. Etruscan chair, $2,667 COM, to the trade at Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Gerald Hargett, Dallas; Todd Wiggins, Fort Lauderdale, Miami; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Matches, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle. Busts, $9,600 pr, urns, $9,300 pr, at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. Larger Kazak rug, $970, Baluch rug, $670, at Lawrence O. Lawrence, Los Angeles (213) 854-5605. Hilliard silk, 50" wide, $247.50 yd, at George Wallach Antiques, Los Angeles; Christopher Hyland (see above for pg 23). George II–style armchair, $7,200 COM, to the trade at Waldo's Designs, Los Angeles (213) 278-1803. Umbria console, to the trade at J. Robert Scott, Los Angeles, Laguna Niguel; Holly Hunt, Chicago; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Shears & Window, San Francisco. Hyland Gothic silk, 50" wide, $247 yd, at George Wallach (see above). Persian rug, $2,400, at Lawrence O. Lawrence (see above). **135** Italian armchair, $2,535 COM, Trianon console, $7,500, to the trade at Formations, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco. Star mirror, $13,500, at Melrose Place Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 274-0907. William Kent–style bench, by Charles Pollock Reproductions, $2,085 COM, to the trade at Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kirk-Brummel, Miami, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. **136** Wrightsman I armchair, by Erika Brunson, $4,110 COM, to the trade at Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Gerald Hargett, Dallas. Serpent chair, by Quatrain, $7,845, in Randolph & Hein silk, Crocodile-Lotus table, by Quatrain, $6,300, to the trade at Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Regency-style armchair, $2,040 COM, to the trade at Nancy Corzine, Los Angeles (213) 276-0291. Windsor Tapestry cotton/rayon, 50" wide, $249 yd, at George Wallach (see above). Louis XVI–style Ribbon Salon chair, $2,590, Louis XVI–style Fontainebleau Salon chair, $2,845, Louis XV–style chair, $2,160, all in Nancy Corzine Thai silk, to the trade at Nancy Corzine (see above). Shell chair, $2,400 COM, at Melrose Place Antiques (see above). Spanish mirror, $5,400, to the trade at Dennis & Leen (see above). **137** Ramses chair, $4,200 COM, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House (see above). Small Roman Heads cotton, 48" wide, $58.50 yd, at George Wallach (see above). Saber Leg bench, $1,215, to the trade at Formations (see above). Savoy console, $5,800, to the trade at $5,700 COM, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House (see above). Candlesticks, $3,600 pr, columnar, $3,900 pr, faience urn, $2,700, floor lamp, $2,700, at Paul Ferrante (see above).

FABRICS

Page 140 Mainsail Dralon, 54" wide, $24.50 yd, at Waverly, for nearest showroom call (800) 423-5881. Butterfly chair frame, $24.95, cover, $19.95, at Crate & Barrel (800) 323-5461. Activity balls (4 sizes), $15.95 16", to $37.95 37", at Childcraft (800) 367-3255. Lemans cotton, 54" wide, $42 yd, to the trade at Hines & Co., NYC, Chicago; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Shecter-Martin, Boston; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Cheesecloth, 36" wide, $2.75 yd, at Circle Fabrics, NYC (212) 719-5153. Linen scrim for flags (#HC79151), 50" wide, $12.85 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above for pg 23). Other flags, New Antrim Stripe (see above for pgs 120–21). Monet iron chairs, $700 ea, to the trade at Syllian Collection, NYC (212) 988-7930. Silver salt and pepper sets (#231-53), $130, napkin rings (#231-44), $110, Elsa Peretti glasses (#254-11), $18 ea, at Tiffany & Co., NYC (212) 755-8000. Stool with tray, $445, hurricane lamps, $150 ea, to the trade at Syllian Collection (see above). Perfection wineglasses, $52 ea, champagne flutes, $52 ea, at Baccarat, NYC (212) 696-1440. Hand-painted French geometric top plate, $48, underplate, $65, by Laura Japy, German bar glasses, $85 ea, Siècle plastic and stainless-steel flatware, at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Liz Wain napkins, cocktail $7 ea, luncheon $22 ea, Ricci silver-plated ice bucket, $180, blue/clear and yellow/clear glasses, $85 ea, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Kalliomaa cotton exterior, 55" wide, $24 yd, at Marimekko, NYC (212) 581-9616. Caribbean Dream, by Molly Corbett, 54" wide, to the trade at Walters Wicker, NYC (212) 832-1810, or call for nearest showroom (415) 771-2988. Fence of Paju cotton, 55" wide, $24 yd, at Marimekko (see above).

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Gandee AT LARGE

"I'm not pushy," said bicoastal real estate agent Linda Stein. "I'm wildly enthusiastic"

If I had $500,000 and I told you I wanted to live on Central Park West, what would you tell me?'' I asked real estate agent Linda Stein. ''I'd tell you to take drugs because you're on a trip west,'' she said. ''To West End Avenue. It's over, $500,000 on Central Park West—forget it. But I'm sure if you had $500,000, we could have a nice afternoon. We might even have a nice weekend.''

In truth, if I had a mere $500,000 to spend on a New York City apartment, Linda Stein wouldn't even pencil me into her Filofax. Nor would she send me caviar or cashmere, buy me lunch at Le Cirque or La Grenouille, or squire me around town in her chauffeur-driven BMW 528e, letting me talk on her cellular telephone for as long as I wanted. Instead, she would ''refer'' me to a colleague. Why? Because Linda Stein doesn't handle such modestly priced apartments. Her bottom-of-the-barrel property these days is what she calls a ''Classic Six.'' Which is? ''A not-so-large apartment with a living room, dining room, two bedrooms, and a maid's room.'' And just what does a Classic Six in Manhattan run a guy these days? ''It could be $2 million on Central Park West,'' said Stein. ''About $4 million in a wonderful building on Fifth Avenue. And I might be able to find you one for $900,000 on Upper [emphasis on the Upper] Park Avenue—provided it's not in great condition.''

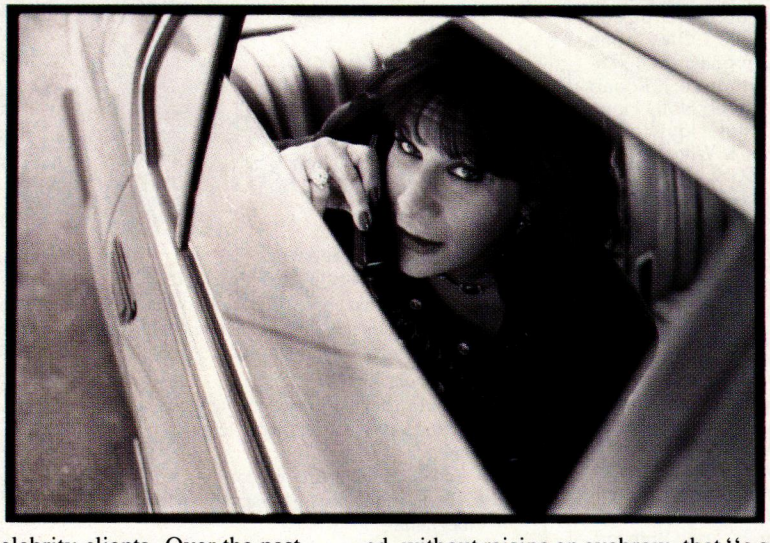
Such stratospheric statistics are commonplace to Stein, who has been dubbed the Realtor to the Stars owing to her roster of high-rolling celebrity clients. Over the past four years she has sold Andrew Lloyd Webber a $5.5 million duplex in Trump Tower; sold Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley two nine-room apartments overlooking Central Park, which they converted to a duplex; resold that same duplex to Sting; sold *Rolling Stone* publisher Jann Wenner the late Perry Ellis's Upper West Side town house; sold Steve Martin and Victoria Tennant a pied-à-terre on Central Park West—and yes, Stein is the one who finally found Madonna an apartment in Manhattan. In honor of such high-profile ''deals,'' Stein also allegedly served as the model for the shrill real estate agent in Oliver Stone's film *Wall Street*. ''It's not true,'' says Stein. ''That wasn't me. For one thing, she wasn't wearing Chanel.''

Although Stein seems to bask in her quasi-celebrityhood, ''ex-cruciating'' is the word she chooses to describe her profession. ''Everybody hates real estate agents,'' she explains, ''because they're supposed to be pushy.'' ''Are you pushy?'' I felt compelled to ask. ''No,'' she said. ''I am enthusiastic—wildly enthusiastic. Most of my clients have earned their money, and if they're smart enough to have earned enough money to buy these kinds of properties, then they're smart enough to see what they're looking at. You can't push something down somebody's throat. That's stupid.''

Another thorn in Stein's professional side are New York co-op boards—those fierce defenders of ''better buildings'' who screen their potential neighbors very carefully. ''They don't like people who get a lot of publicity,'' explains Stein, whose specialty, of course, is people who get a lot of publicity. ''But what boards have to understand,''adds a clearly rankled Stein, ''is that if you earn your living entertaining hundreds of thousands of people, maybe you want to be alone at home.''

I asked Stein if there was anything particularly wonderful she had to offer this month, and she gave me the tantalizing rundown on her current favorite property, a two-bedroom apartment at the Dakota—home to Yoko Ono, Lauren Bacall, and Leonard Bernstein, among others—with a ''double drawing room, central air conditioning, modern bathrooms, fourteen and a half foot ceilings, and floor-to-ceiling windows.'' How much? ''It's a good deal,'' said Stein.

"A good house in L.A. costs $7 million"



''It's $2.5 million, slightly negotiable.'' As an afterthought Stein happened to mention that the Dakota board prefers ''all cash'' purchases and that they also prefer prospective neighbors to show four times the apartment purchase price in liquid assets.

Although this came as somewhat sad news to me as a New Yorker, I cheered up, perversely enough, when Stein noted, without raising an eyebrow, that ''a good house in L.A. costs $7 million.'' She knows because she's been house hunting on the West Coast for a British rock star. ''I guess I'm bicoastal now.'' And just what does $7 million buy these days? According to Linda Stein, it buys you ''a nice house on a good street in a nice neighborhood—probably with some sort of view. It buys you a pool, a tennis court, three bedroom suites, a guest room, and some staff space.'' Then she added: ''And for $7 million you hope that you don't have to look at the tennis court from the master.'' You hope. **Charles Gandee**

CHRIS SANDERS

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