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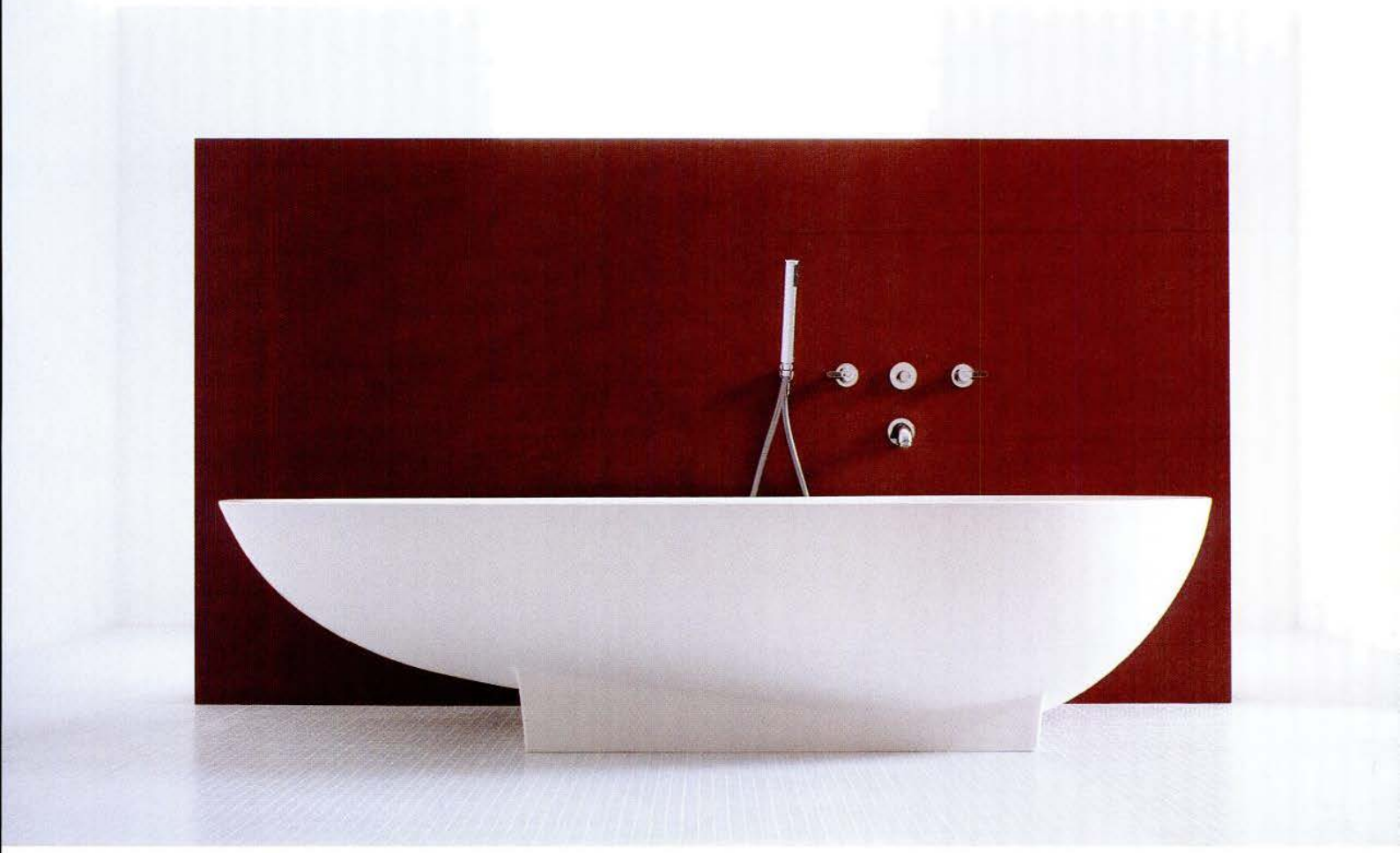

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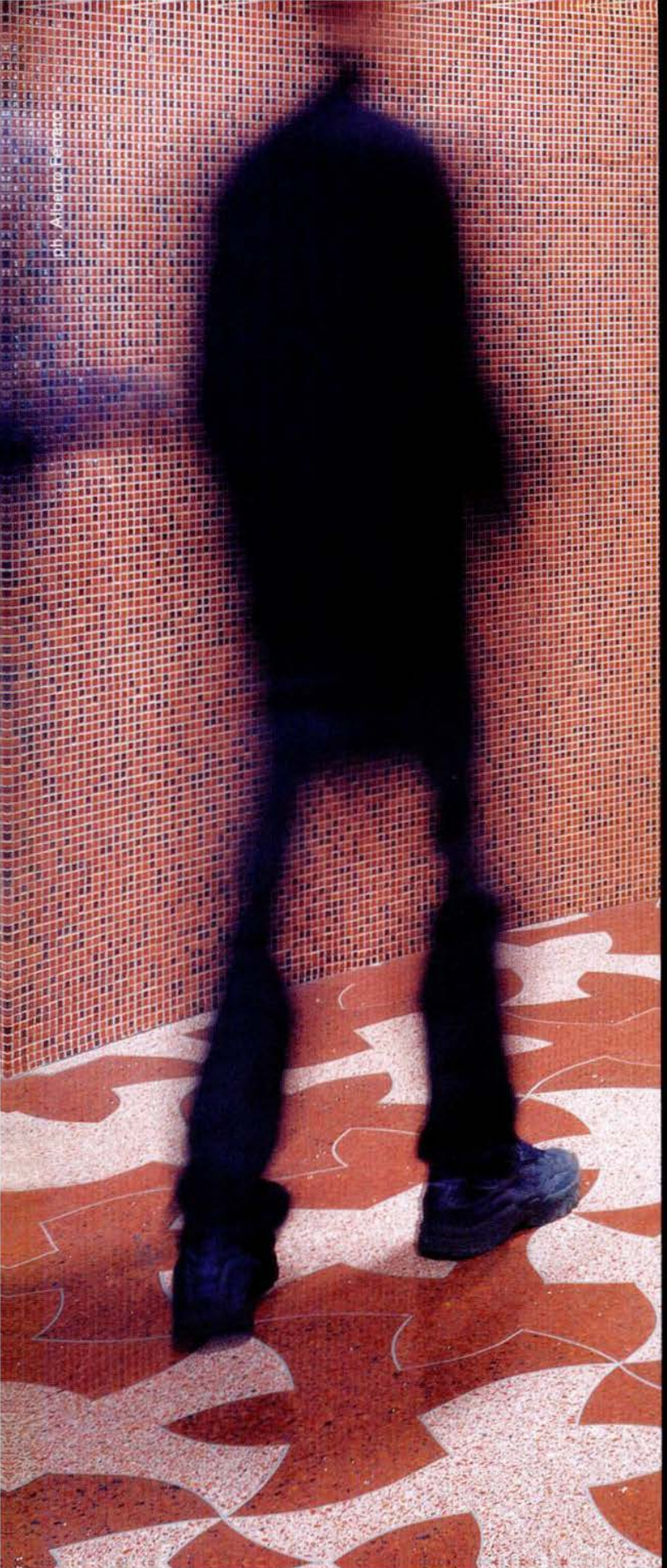

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AUGUST 2001

COVER

Graphic designer Tom Bonauro, at home in his Sausalito hilltop cottage, puts his feet up on a custom-built end table. An open fire is welcome, even in the summer months, when Bay Area weather is cool and foggy. Cover photo by Jim Goldberg

"But in the Motel 6, depression blanketed me every time I entered my room and hit a cloud of American chain-hotel odor... Why must every cheap hotel in America smell like a new car?"
—DAISANN MCLANE, PAGE 39

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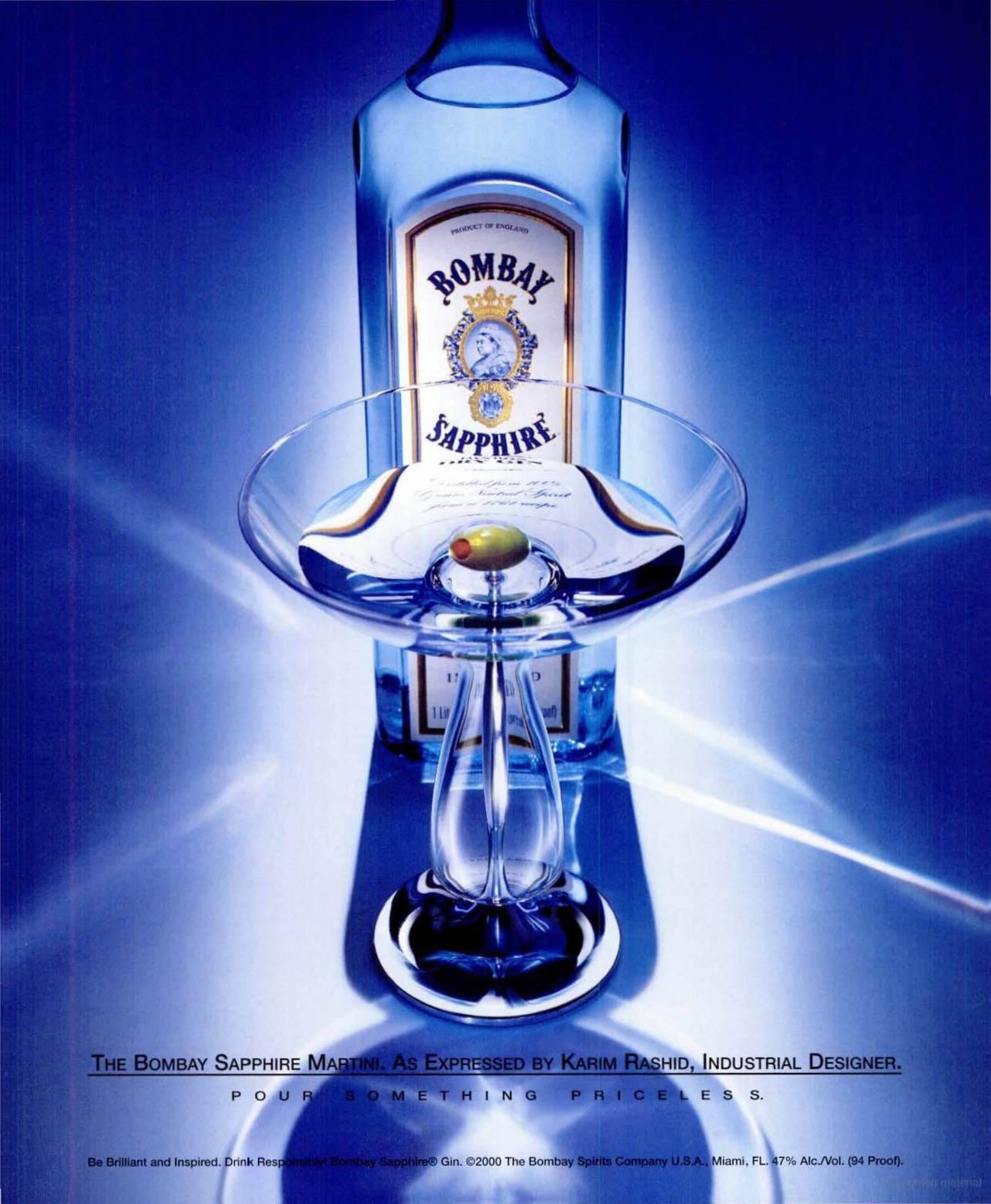


THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS EXPRESSED BY KARIM RASHID, INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

After your first issue, I took your editor-in-chief's invitation to respond seriously. I gave an honest reaction and offered some amateur critique.

Well, to be fair, I now must recognize your achievements. I was very impressed with your April issue, and with June, you've cemented your new style. With your new, big-photo layouts and your focus on the unique, eclectic design stories that no one else is running, you've answered my past gripes. I have no more criticism. Dang. What am I going to do now?

DAVID BARRINGER
Oxford, Michigan

I just got my first copy of dwell, and am quite enamored with the magazine. But I'm confused and annoyed by Bruce Sterling's "What If Green Design Were Just Good Design?" [June 2001]. Sterling is definitely railing against something, but it's hard to discern what or whom. His only actual references to real people who are proponents of what he calls "greenness" are a mention of *New Home* magazine and *The Natural House Book*. I haven't read either, and Sterling provides no quotes. I understand one thing he's saying—that there's a design ethos to "green," and he calls it "bohemian romance." I agree that "bohemian romance" has a certain '70s-ish visual look to it and a certain fuzziness of thought, but no less fuzzy than Sterling's.

Sterling keeps using the word "they": who are "they"? Ralph Nader and Al Gore? Anyone—Christian, Jew, Buddhist, whatever—who believes there's a "spiritual" life? It may indeed be true that "greens turn out to be easily distracted, profoundly ineffectual people" but I need to be told who these "people" are before I can agree or disagree. Cynical generalizations may or may not work as writing: Good storytelling is always better!

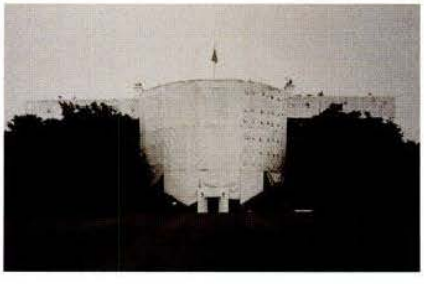
JENNIE LIVINGSTON
Brooklyn, New York

Your magazine has provided a forum for a drive-by shooting of the city of Havana in the insulting article by Robert Neuwirth [April 2001]. Even while overlooking his pedestrian glance of a city that he fails to adequately describe for its standing wealth of architecture and extensive restoration efforts, Neuwirth's clearly biased, hostile article exhibits some laughable errors. A mistake about Ernest Hemingway's 21 years there (not three decades, as Neuwirth reported) isn't a serious mistake, but some erroneous claims by the author definitely are mistakes worth correcting.

Architects and others who are interested in cultural tourism do not "need two warnings" about the beautiful city of Havana, particularly from Neuwirth. I strongly disagree with the claim that "Havana is crumbling." This is one of those worn clichés about Havana which is heard over and over from people who seem determined to smother this flawed jewel of a city with cold-war rhetoric and clear bias against the place, the people, or the government.

For a subject as vast and rich as the city of Havana, I suggest that your author has done the place, and your readers, a disservice by exhibiting a careless disregard for the true value and the extent of wealth in the city. ▸

Correction
In the June issue of dwell, we published the lovely house above by the Chilean-born designer Rocio Romero. In the article, we referred to Romero as "he." Rocio, as it turns out, is a woman. Nothing makes us happier than a woman doing terrific architectural work, so we feel especially bad about getting this important detail wrong.



The Real White House Winner
We received over 70 entries for our competition to design a brand-new White House. At press time, the jury was still out. Look for the winners in our October 2001 issue.

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LETTERS

Even with the sanctimonious disclaimer at the end of his article which proposes that "the city, somehow, seems bathed in light," I suspect that if you sent this guy to Venice, he would report on the sewer smells and rot, rather than the art and architecture.

MARK BURRELL
Author of *Waterline: Ernest Hemingway*
Richmond, Virginia

Robert Neuwirth responds: Our discussions of Cuba are so polarized that we seem to have lost the ability to understand nuance. I presented Havana as a "flawed jewel"—though more flawed than Mark Burrell thinks. Personal attacks aside, that's the nub of his disagreement.

OK. I have to jump on the bandwagon, too— you guys put out a nice mag.

A couple of items concerning the last issue [June 2001]. While the underlying concept of "This Is Your Garbage" is good—utilizing trash in new construction materials—there is a very significant problem with high fly-ash content in concrete mixes—namely that the stuff is extremely toxic. Though the fly ash might be immobilized in the concrete mixture, why have another Transite-like product to deal with in the future when demolition or remodeling occurs? I do not know if it is the same caliber as asbestos, but we should have learned something from our past.

David Rothenberg's "This Is Your House" was an inspiring piece and "House of Earth," "How Inside Meets Outside," and "Miami Murder Mystery" were equally captivating and inspiring. Innovation, design, environment, and context—all addressed very successfully.

MARK SEMAN
Moscow, Idaho

dwell rocks!

I read your February issue front to back and was happy to discover that each article had its own unique flavor, while the magazine maintained a boldly and refreshingly unified overall vision. I really enjoy the emphasis on "the process." You give voice and dignity to the aspects of homes and human living usually considered unglamorous, i.e., problem neighbors, aging parents, small budgets, space efficiency, etc.

You present modern design as a process of solving real, everyday problems as opposed to solutions for conceptual problems. And the amazing thing is, you do this without appearing pretentious or self-righteous.

I'll treat every issue like I treated *W* in my high school years.

SOPHIE ZIFCAK
Portland, Oregon

Congratulations on a great magazine, and thanks for inspiring me to re-enter the world of architecture. It wouldn't have happened if it had not been for the enthusiasm I was filled with after just one issue. I recently caught a glimpse of your magazine in the grocery store and could not put it down. I graduated from my architecture undergrad program in 1991 and worked for a year after that. I became disillusioned with the practice due to the recession and the lack of work and began designing women's clothing. This has been rewarding in its own way but architecture is what I have always loved. Thanks again.

PETE (Last name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

Last night I read the new issue of dwell cover to cover. Just a note to say I thought it was fantastic—great job! Glenn Murcutt [June 2001] was a resident here at the Center a few years back. So, I particularly enjoyed reading the article about him.

Why don't you all come and visit us sometime in central Texas? There has been a lot of construction here, as you might imagine. Lots of very, very bad stuff, but a few good things if you look hard enough!

KEVIN KEIM
Director, Charles W. Moore Center
for the Study of Place
Austin, Texas

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In Tom Bonauro's Sausalito backyard, a moment of inspiration.

LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

Let's get in the car and drive. Or go to the airport and fly. Or pay 20 million dollars to some cash-starved space program (see page 68) and bribe our way out of the earth's atmosphere.

Let's escape. It's tempting, isn't it?

The truth is, I just got back. I went to Milan for the Salone Internazionale del Mobile, the annual furniture fair. I spent a week trooping through showroom after showroom stocked with pod-shaped chairs upholstered in psychedelic patterns and chaises cushioned with translucent chunks of high-tech gel. Generally speaking, I like to read design as if it were a language, as if each stylistic gesture has meaning, but in Milan that approach doesn't work.

Optic fatigue sets in almost immediately. I get so overwhelmed by the sheer quantity of stuff on display that I lose the ability to see or think clearly. Milan is not the place for analysis or discernment. It's where one goes to assess who and what are hot, and to spend long evenings gorging on eye candy and red wine.

So, at the moment, my idea of escape is lying in my own bed, eating health-food-store popcorn, and watching *C.S.I.* on TV.

Which is not what this issue is about.

We called this the "escape" issue rather than the "vacation house" issue because it occurred to us that none of the houses we're showing are exactly about vacationing. They are, instead, about creating a place where there is a minimum of interference, a minimum of static. And these places are not necessarily so far from home.

For example, the Koehlers, a couple who built a glass-walled retreat on the Bay of Fundy, see their place as a refuge from the day-to-day trappings of their lives. They asked the architect for a minimalist approach, not just in the form of the house but also in its furnishings. It features a kitchen without a dishwasher, a bathroom without a Jacuzzi. This may not sound like Walden revisited, but when you think about how people of means build and equip houses these days, it's borderline ascetic.

Among the things we need to escape from, it seems, are major appliances.

Then there's James Keenan, in Arkansas, who built a one-room tower retreat a couple of miles from his typical, possession-stuffed suburban home. Up in the tower there is almost nothing, just 300 square feet of tranquility and an uninterrupted territorial view.

Or Tom Bonauro, a graphic designer who moved from San Francisco to the hills of Sausalito so that he could be alone with his thoughts.

This issue of dwell is all about escape as an antidote to escapism. Escape is not about traveling to an elaborate resort like Atlantis or Bellagio designed to fulfill every fantasy, but rather it's about beating a path back to reality. For some of us that might involve going to a retreat and sitting cross-legged for days at a stretch. For others, it might require popcorn and TV. But for the fortunate people we feature in this magazine, architecture provides that means of escape.

I'm struck by something Mary Beth Koehler said to writer Howard Norman about her new escape house (see page 44):

"I admit what totally surprised me, though, was that after my first day and night there, my whole self-image changed. It's difficult to describe. For the actual building—I mean the physical design—I'd always been drawn to the idea that less is more. But now that philosophy suddenly felt like it applied to life itself, in a way. I'm not saying life immediately seemed simpler. I mean, life seemed—like looking through our windows on the sea—somehow more clear. It was bewildering and wonderful."

This issue of dwell is dedicated to that bewildering and wonderful sensation. And the minute I figure out where I can get some, I am out of here.

—KARRIE JACOBS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
karrie@dwellmag.com

PHOTO BY JIM GOLDBERG

Susannah's light-filled flat opens up to a garden planted with bamboo and grasses.

PHOTO BY MAX JOURDAN & SUSANNAH BAKER-SMITH

A BASEMENT WITH A VIEW

Photographer Susannah Baker-Smith purchased her tiny flat in London's Notting Hill because, quite simply, it was the cheapest thing she could find. She had intended to add an extension, but after two architects warned her of the difficult planning permission process ahead, she held off. Then Susannah met architect Stewart Dodd of London's Satellite Design Workshop, Ltd. The two became friends and before long, Stewart was game to design an extension for what he describes as her "gloomy basement."

"The space constraints were extreme but this was a fun challenge," Stewart explains. "We inserted a small glass building with a glazed roof in the rear yard of the four-story building that lets in a substantial amount of light and lets the space open up into a little garden. If Susannah hadn't been a friend, I would never have taken the job, as the budget was far too small (about $35,000). I knew she would want something I would also feel happy with—clean and simple, with no vulgarities."

"I don't think I had a picture of what I wanted," Susannah adds. "I knew it had to be simple and let in plenty of light, but beyond that I left it to Stewart."

"My goal was to make sure that Susannah got a great little apartment as it really was a damp and nasty place before we started," says Stewart. "I think the project turned out as a very smart space."

Susannah couldn't agree more. "The extension works perfectly as a studio. I have a clean white wall flooded with natural light at all times so during the day I can pose people up against it when I photograph them. In fact, the light is probably my favorite thing.

"Since I moved into this flat five years ago, the neighborhood has undergone a complete metamorphosis and this has become the grooviest street in town. Notting Hill is still largely residential, which gives it a village-y feel even though it has more shoe shops per square meter than any other place in the world. The flat is very quiet so it's easy to forget that I'm in the middle of town. My only view is upwards, to the sky, so I could be anywhere.

"The glass extension has changed my life. I can't quite understand how I existed before! I loathe the window fastenings but it would cost too much to replace them. Besides, it gives me something to moan about when Stewart comes around."

—ALLISON ARIEFF

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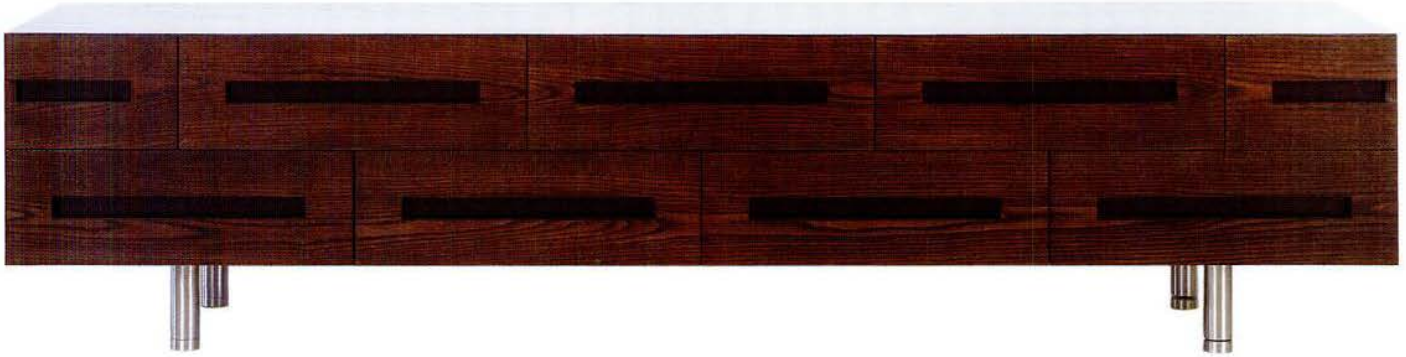

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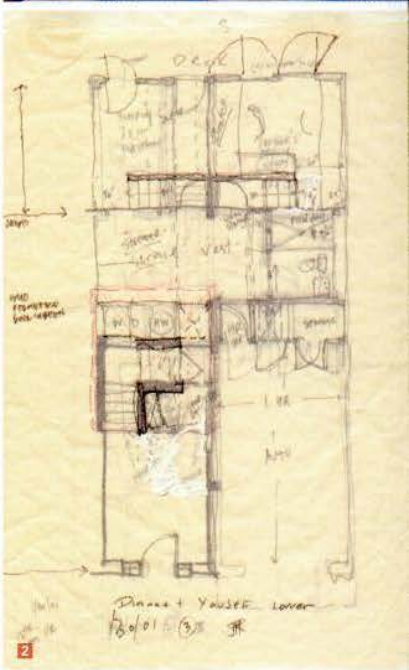

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In October 2000, Diane Griffin and Yousef Atai purchased a two-story house in San Francisco's outer Richmond neighborhood. 1 The house has a modest façade but a staggering view of rooftops and Pacific breakers out the back. Diane runs Wake Up! Productions, a documentary film company, and Yousef works as a technical marketing manager in Silicon Valley. Architect John Randolph began to redesign their house in January 2001. On the 22nd, John met with Diane to discuss the project.

January 22, 2001
A preliminary meeting

Diane: When I considered the budget for the project, I thought, I could be making a film instead. It was really weird.

John: But architecture *is* like making a film. There's lighting, mood, mise-en-scéne. Sometimes I see architecture as a kind of set design.

Diane: Actually, a lot of architects are filmmakers and vice versa. Both involve how you perceive spaces, how you frame things.

John: You're designing the set for these actors, but you have no control over the script. They'll just come and inhabit what you lay out. Depending on how well you know your clients, their patterns and desires, the setting of the scene can become the critical mood. Which is why we need to talk about how you live.

Diane: Like to find out if we have weapons or something.

John: Yeah, weapons. But seriously—daily routines, preferences, habits.

Diane: Police records.

John: Right. But I think it was Abe Lincoln who said, "If I had eight hours to cut down a tree, I'd spend seven sharpening my axe." The more I know starting out, the more tailored my work becomes. 2 The home is where most people spend most of their money. So it's good that Diane is working with someone who will tailor it.

John: I showed Yousef some of my work last week and we discussed some of the finer points of the project. And it became apparent that you two are coming from different places. Yousef is from Tehran, Iran. He adds a new dimension to this project. We're talking about a somewhat traditional Eastern mentality, and then a progressive Western mentality. And these two entities are joined, and the house is where they're going to come together.

Another layer to this project is that you work from home.

Diane: When I'm working on a film, doing casting for instance, people are in and out of my house all day long. Eastern people—their home is sacred. They don't open it up to a lot of people.

John: In five years or so, Yousef will probably retire. This will be his base. So I want to be sure he has a place to retreat.

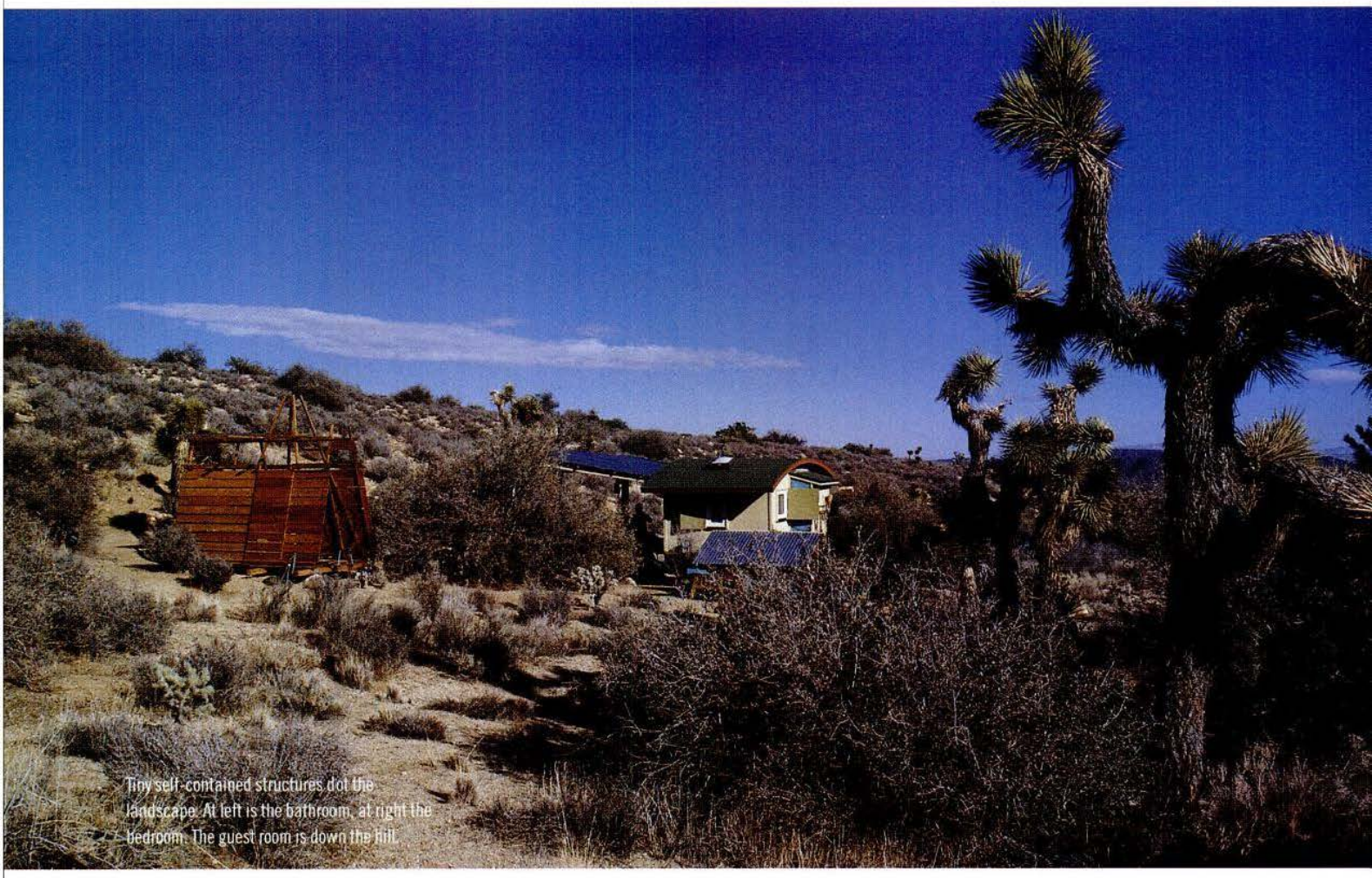
John: How important is it for you to conform to the look and the feel of the street? Do you see this place as a piece of fruit that shows its flavor on the outside, or is it like a watermelon, where you have a typical, nondescript rind and then this juicy fruit on the inside?

Diane: I see the latter more. You can spend huge amounts of money, and is it worth it? I don't think so.

John: That's a wise move. What's interesting about this neighborhood is, all the houses are similar, from the same period. It would be great to walk through this kind of nondescript lens—the façade—and then be really amazed.

(Above, left) John with Diane and Yousef in their soon-to-be-new living room. For updates, see www.dwellmag.com.

SKETCH BY JOHN RANDOLPH



Tiny self-contained structures dot the landscape. At left is the bathroom, at right the bedroom. The guest room is down the hill.

PHOTO BY BRYAN BURKHART

HIGH DESERT HIDEOUT

Five years ago, Steve and Sarah Bardwell bought 39 acres in the high desert, two and a half hours from their home in Sherman Oaks, California, because, Steve jokes, "it was a shorter commute than Santa Fe." Their property, just north of Joshua Tree, is part of Pioneertown, a 10,000-acre nature conservancy that encourages minimum-impact, and conservation-minded use of the land. On their arid cactus-strewn acreage, the Bardwells have fashioned a custom campsite—sleep room, guest room, bathroom, and lounging/swimming area—that makes the most of the spectacular scenery and uses as little of its natural resources as possible.

The built aesthetic can be best described as thrift-store chic with a little cowboy memorabilia thrown in for good measure—*Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* and *The Cisco Kid* were filmed just down the road at the Pioneertown sound stage developed by Roy Rogers in 1946. The Bardwell compound is modest in size and sustainable by design. Almost everything on-site has been adapted to a new use, from the campfire (a modified freestanding Weber fireplace) to the sculpture garden (a bouquet of candy-colored vintage bowling balls suspended on rebar and planted firmly in the ground). A wood countertop was made from maple flooring salvaged from UCLA's Pauley Pavillion. Water comes from a recently dug well that spills into an antique Chinese hyacinth basin and is then heated by the smallest solar panel you've ever seen. The "Vanity Zone," a ship-like structure that artfully encloses a sun shower and small port-a-potty, has redwood walls made from fencing material.

For a few years, Steve and Sarah camped out on the land, protected only by a corrugated metal shade structure. Then, weary of schlepping equipment back and forth, they decided to build a storage shed—which quickly evolved into a sleep room. Steve, an architect, designed what they refer to as their "casita," an 8-by-12-foot plywood dwelling just large enough for a double bed and a tiny bookcase. The moon shines in through the skylight and the painted wooden shutters on the energy-efficient vinyl windows are stenciled with miniature constellations. But they still sleep outside under the stars every now and again. "We love to see the stars come up and the sun go down," Sarah explains. "To see all those cycles that you don't pay attention to when you're in the city."

—ALLISON ARIEFF

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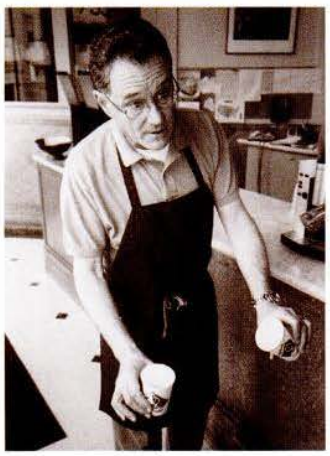

A NOTE ON OUR EXPERT
Luciano Repetto owns Graffeo, a San Francisco–based coffee roastery started by the Graffeo family in 1935 and bought by the Repettos in 1955. Luciano has been in the business of selling coffee beans his whole life. "That's what I do," he explains.

We could give up hamburgers. If we had to, we could swear off martinis, zinfandel, and Pilsner Urquell. We already get along quite happily without cigarettes, bubblegum, cocaine, and toothpicks.

We might even be able to survive without chocolate.

But no way, under no circumstances, not in a million trillion years, could we live without coffee. How could we possibly get out of bed in the morning without knowing that a cup of coffee is waiting?

We are addicts. We admit it.

And like all addicts, we have a certain fascination with the process of procuring, brewing, and consuming our drug of choice. Depressing the plunger of our French press gives us goosebumps. The orgasmic gurgle our stovetop espresso pot makes as the water shoots upward through the grounds makes our nerve endings tingle. And then there is that glorious moment when, after postponing our first cup of the day for an eternity, we walk out the door of Caffe Trieste tightly clasping our double latte and take a sip.

So imagine our delight when the UPS man (in his mocha-java-colored truck) began arriving at our office with boxes full of new coffeemakers. We only wish that every day could be coffee-tasting day.

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Expert Opinion "It's campy. It's like something Batwoman would have," judges Luciano Repetto, who notes that the Hello Kitty coffeemaker shares a flaw with other, more prosaic, coffeemakers. "The hot plate gets, well . . . hot. If you leave the coffee on there it will evaporate, and as it evaporates, it condenses, and the flavor tends to suffer."

What We Think You know how we feel about Hello Kitty. We will buy just about anything emblazoned with her sphinx-like face. We are delighted by the toylike delicacy of this little pink machine. But we keep wondering for whom this product is really intended.

Santos

Bodum

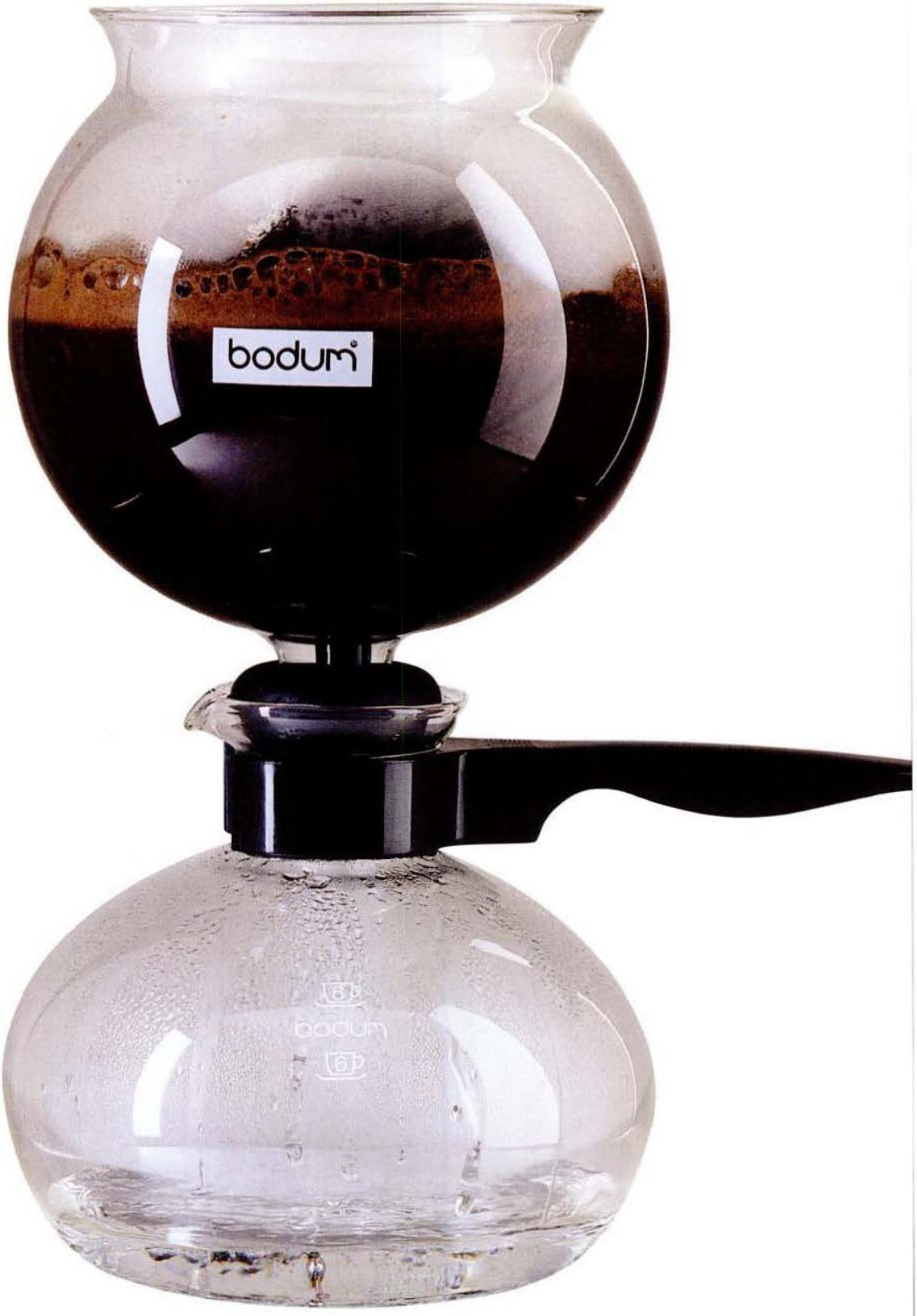
Designer: Kaas Klaeson

$40

In the 1950s and 1960s, vacuum coffeemakers were as routine in Scandinavian countries as the percolator was in America. Coffee grounds go in the top container, water in the bottom. A vacuum created by heat draws hot water into the upper vessel, saturating the grounds, and, as heat dissipates, coffee flows back into the bottom.

Expert Opinion "It's a very odd way to make coffee," Repetto says, "very odd. But this makes a strong brew." Repetto notes that the device is "precarious" and "there's a lot of cleaning involved." But he compliments the results: "Very smooth!" He adds that Raymond Chandler's detective, Phillip Marlowe, was partial to this method.

What We Think Back before we were old enough to actually drink coffee, we loved to watch the percolator, the way the liquid that bubbled up into the glass bead on the lid darkened. This is the only coffeemaker we've seen that provides the same kind of visual stimulus. (In fact, designer Kaas Klaeson wanted coffee making to be a tabletop spectacle.) It's like a lava lamp with redeeming social value. Oh, and the coffee is delicious. ►



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CARDIN (PRODUCTS) AND OLIVIER LAUDE (LUCIANO REPETTO)

C1000

Capresso

Designers: Professor Florian Seiffert and Michael Thoenissen

$899

This espresso machine is like a factory for the countertop. "The C1000 grinds, tamps, brews, and cleans . . . in less than 50 seconds," says the brochure. Learning how to use the machine takes somewhat longer.

Expert Opinion "Let's be very objective about this," says Repetto. "It's really bulky. For what it does, it's half a size too large." Repetto approves of the grinding operation: "It's very smooth." But he is less enthused about the final product. "The coffee looks fairly creamy, but it's not as thick as I would like an espresso to be."

What We Think Like Repetto, we are taken aback by the Capresso's bulk, but we are more bothered by its complexity. We are both fascinated and aggravated by the machine's myriad icons, and symbols for things like "clean brewing chamber" and "low water flotation device missing." Capresso demands a wide-awake user.

Aroma Control Therm Time Steel

Krups

Designer: Philippe Sallet

$129.99

This machine—a filter pot with a thermal carafe and a timer—also steeps the grounds before releasing the coffee into the carafe, making for a richer brew . . . or so it says on the box.

Expert Opinion "I personally like this machine," states Repetto. He especially appreciates the fact that a thermal carafe allows you to keep the coffee warm without it evaporating. "An hour from now," he adds, "this coffee will taste just as good as when it was brewed."

What We Think An old boss of ours strongly suggested that we buy a coffeepot with a timer so that we'd wake up and arrive at work earlier. We, of course, refused. But, in the abstract, we think the timer is a fine idea. With its round filter basket and shiny chrome jug, this Krups looks like a building left over from the 1939 World's Fair, the Carafe and Persiphere.

Cobán

Alessi

Designer: Richard Sapper

$599

Alessi is known for its stovetop espresso pots by designers such as Aldo Rossi, Stefano Giovannoni, Guido Venturini, and Sapper himself. This is the firm's first electric espresso machine, and it's intended to be foolproof. The espresso comes in premeasured, sealed capsules (roughly the size and shape of single-serving creamer containers) that are automatically punctured by a needle.

Expert Opinion "The big drawback here, and this is not because I sell coffee," Repetto says, "[is that the Cobán] is designed only to make coffee with their prepackaged coffee pods. The coffee's creamy, but it smells way off. It's sour."

What We Think Of course we appreciate that this is an eye-catching object with its big, translucent green reservoir on top, looking like the tower of a very chic nuclear power plant. But, like Repetto, we are put off by the Nespresso (read Nestlé) brand "hermetic capsules." These coffee pellets come in nine varieties, rated by strength, and cost $4.50 for a ten-pack. Without the pods, the Cobán is just an objet d'art. ■

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Architect Michael Rotundi and graphic designer April Greiman comb the aisles of Von's supermarket on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles.

PHOTOS BY AMANDA FRIEDMAN

GOOD DESIGN, AISLE FOUR

Suppose you wanted to unscramble all of the mixed messages being shouted at you from every supermarket aisle and sink your money into the most finely designed cereal boxes, well-crafted toilet-bowl cleaners, and glistening produce—how would you begin? dwell started by asking two connoisseurs of everyday life to take a stroll through the Von's supermarket on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles. Architect and educator Michael Rotundi is the founder and principal of RoTo Architects, known for its adventurous forays into the fields of design, science, technology, and the fine arts. Graphic designer April Greiman pioneered the artistic use of the Macintosh in the 1980s and is today a partner in the international design firm Pentagram. Together, Michael and April restored, updated, and currently run the Miracle Manor Retreat in Desert Hot Springs, California.

Michael: We picked the Von's on Sunset for several reasons. It is near our house, but more importantly, probably a hundred different languages are spoken within a five-mile radius of that store. Usually, stores have the regular stuff that you expect to find but then will have one or two different ethnic sections. This one is an ethnic section from one end to the other. The chili section, for instance, has about 20 different types of chilis from Latin America and Asia.

April: It is really more like an open-air market, even though it is a big grocery store.

1 Japanese Super Candies $1.57

April: These seemed typical of Japanese packaging that is targeted for distribution in America and other countries. You know, they always put these really incomplete or grammatically bad or wacky English phrases. In this instance, it is "It's So Wonderful Candy."

Michael: Yeah, it's kind of goofy.

April: One that I remember from Japan was "You will like this, it is a happy fresh."

2 817 Elephant Aged Rice $1.50

April: This is just one out of a hundred rice packages I could have chosen. This one is old-fashioned and really beautiful. Pretty complex and very tied to Indian culture. But it also has a very special illustration, graphic as opposed to illustrative or photographic. You know, an outline or silhouette of the Taj Mahal—just all these different layers of graphical language. So this is an atmospheric label as opposed to a literal one. ▸

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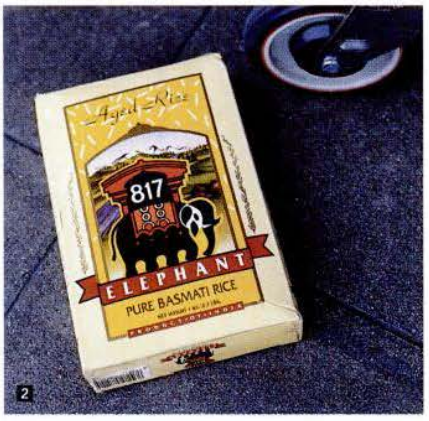

3 Marca El Pato Jalepeño Salsa $1.59
April: The labels for this line of jalapeños, salsas and chilis are just beautiful, really amazing. The whole thing, the whole package all the way around, is really nice. A lot of packages have a nice label but then you turn them around and they are just crappy. But this one is really good all the way around.

4 Le Sueur Early Peas $1.15
April: I wanted to try and find a group of American products with really nice graphics, packaging, and labels, and I came across the Le Sueur peas. They have this elegant, very fine illustration. And you just never see a silver label on a silver container. It is beautiful and is done really well graphically.

It is one of the few labels that hasn't changed. They don't have any "new and improved" or "now with vitamin C," you know, things like that. Le Sueur also makes canned asparagus in a taller can with an equally nice illustration. It is sort of old-school—more old-world Europe. No marketing research, no focus groups.

Michael: Yeah, and the cans are made from steel sheet metal—not aluminum.

5 Heinz E-Z Squirt Ketchup $2.05
Michael: It is surprisingly hard to find truly good design in American markets. It's like going to the Ginza [shopping district in Tokyo]. Everything is competing for your attention. So it is less about the aesthetic and more about grabbing someone walking down the aisle—which isn't surprising, but it is unfortunate that we can't do both.

April: Only the E-Z Squirt from Heinz was a major breakthrough for American packaging. The form is quite nice. The material is really friendly and squishy. It is almost like a toy. It feels soft, like it's padded.

Michael: It kind of looks like a product that Pee-Wee Herman would use in his Playhouse. It is designed to be sensuous. Years ago, when Mario Bellini did the Olivetti calculators, they were latex. The buttons that came up from underneath were hard but the latex that covered it was the size of a nipple and so when you pushed down it always wiggled a little bit like the flesh. So the Italian sensibility is very different from the American sensibility. The American sensibility is just squeezing something and having it pop out like Popeye taking spinach out of a can. That is sensuous to an American, I guess.

I didn't taste it, I just felt the bottle.

April: I ate it. I bought one of each, the red and the green, and I had the green on my french fries for lunch. It is so weird to have green stuff coming out of your mouth. Keep in mind, this stuff is not made from green tomatoes—it is blue and yellow food dyes. It is bright green! I highly recommend it.

6 Humane Harvest Eggs $2.79
April: We both really liked these egg cartons. We thought it was a really good industrial design. The texture, the material, everything. Unfortunately, they are probably not very biodegradable so they will probably be around for a million years. But they really solved the problem of packaging and protecting eggs. I ate some of these; they were really good eggs. ■

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IN VIENNA, A SHOWER WITH SNOW

Five years ago Helmut Schretter, a 65-year-old Viennese advertising executive, teamed up with friends to buy a building in Vienna's First District, and split it up into flats. He loved the neighborhood because of its wide, 19th-century streets and its proximity to parks and the Danube. Most of all, he was thrilled to live around the corner from the Post Office Savings Bank designed in 1906 by architect Otto Wagner, who, arguably, was the founder of Central European modernism. Wagner once said, "Nothing that isn't useful can be beautiful."

Schretter chose the top floor so that he could look out at the rooftops. His floor consisted of three parts: a large flat, a former atelier with high ceilings and a faint turpentine smell, and an old washing room with a wood-burning stove that heated water for cleaning linens. Schretter loved all 377 musty square feet of the washing room—enough to have it professionally photographed—but then turned the space over to Gregor Eichinger of EOK Architects, to make it useful. Schretter wanted a flat that was, in his words, "extremely clean, modern, and easy to keep up." According to the architect, Schretter said, "Gregor, please surprise me, even if it takes time for me to get used to your creation, because I'm bored with things I know."

If all you knew was *The Third Man*'s image of Vienna—with the gigantic Prater Ferris wheel and the tidy maze of sewage tunnels where Harry Lime hid so furtively that only his cat knew he wasn't dead—it would be enough to associate the city with amazing feats of engineering. Schretter's flat embodies a similar cleverness, but on a tiny scale. Eichinger's inventions to maximize the space are as ravishing as they are useful.

Two years ago, Schretter sublet the small flat to his friend Ernst Ploil, a corporate lawyer also native to Vienna, who needed a place to stay. Ploil has been there ever since. Schretter, now living in the large flat next door, goes to enjoy the flat with his friend from time to time.

Why such a small flat? What are its advantages? Disadvantages?

Schretter: In the summer I live 100 kilometers away from Vienna, in a wonderful country place on the Danube. In spring and fall I travel—this year I was in New York, Spain, and Australia . . . So I am only in Vienna for a short time. I don't need a big flat.

PHOTOS BY MARGHERITA SPILUTTINI

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The removable shower (right) is in the living area (left) beneath a skylight. Ploil can open the skylight to let snow fall into the flat.

Ploil: It's small—even tiny—but it has everything you need to live alone.

Schretter: A switch on the door closes all the windows, shuts off all the electricity except for the refrigerator, and lets the washing machine finish its cycle. I can also operate it with my cell phone. An instrument in the flat measures wind, rain, and temperature. If bad weather comes when I'm out, the windows close and the heat turns on.

How does the flat's design maximize the space?

Schretter: There is a big terrace on the roof, accessible through the skylight. We decided to put a removable shower right below the skylight. Just for fun.

Ploil: You can open the skylight and take a shower right beneath the sky. It's wonderful when it snows. When you remove the surrounding shower curtain, the area of waterproof floor remains. Sometimes, I just let the snow fall into the flat.

The space is full of light. A huge window opens with a spiral-motor mechanism. So when it opens, you find yourself sitting on a little patio.

How do you spend your average day?

Ploil: I go to work early and come home late. My flat is central enough that sometimes, if I want to read and can't be bothered, I zip home from the office. I read for a while, and then I go back to work.

I love exercise. I used to be a professional soccer player for Austrian teams. Now I jog, ski, and Rollerblade.

I seldom entertain. One or two for dinner, perhaps. The kitchen is well-equipped, so sometimes if I'm in the mood, I cook—but I'm not very good at it.

What do you think of Vienna?

Ploil: Compared with other capital cities of Europe, I think Vienna is the most beautiful. It is a rich city, and small—there are only about one million people. That makes it easy for the government to operate things. We don't need lots of policemen. You see windows without bars on them, and front doors ajar. The districts outside the center are clean—the buildings are not decrepit at all. The center is opulent. The Emperor had a lot of land there, which is now all public parks and gardens. It's wonderful.

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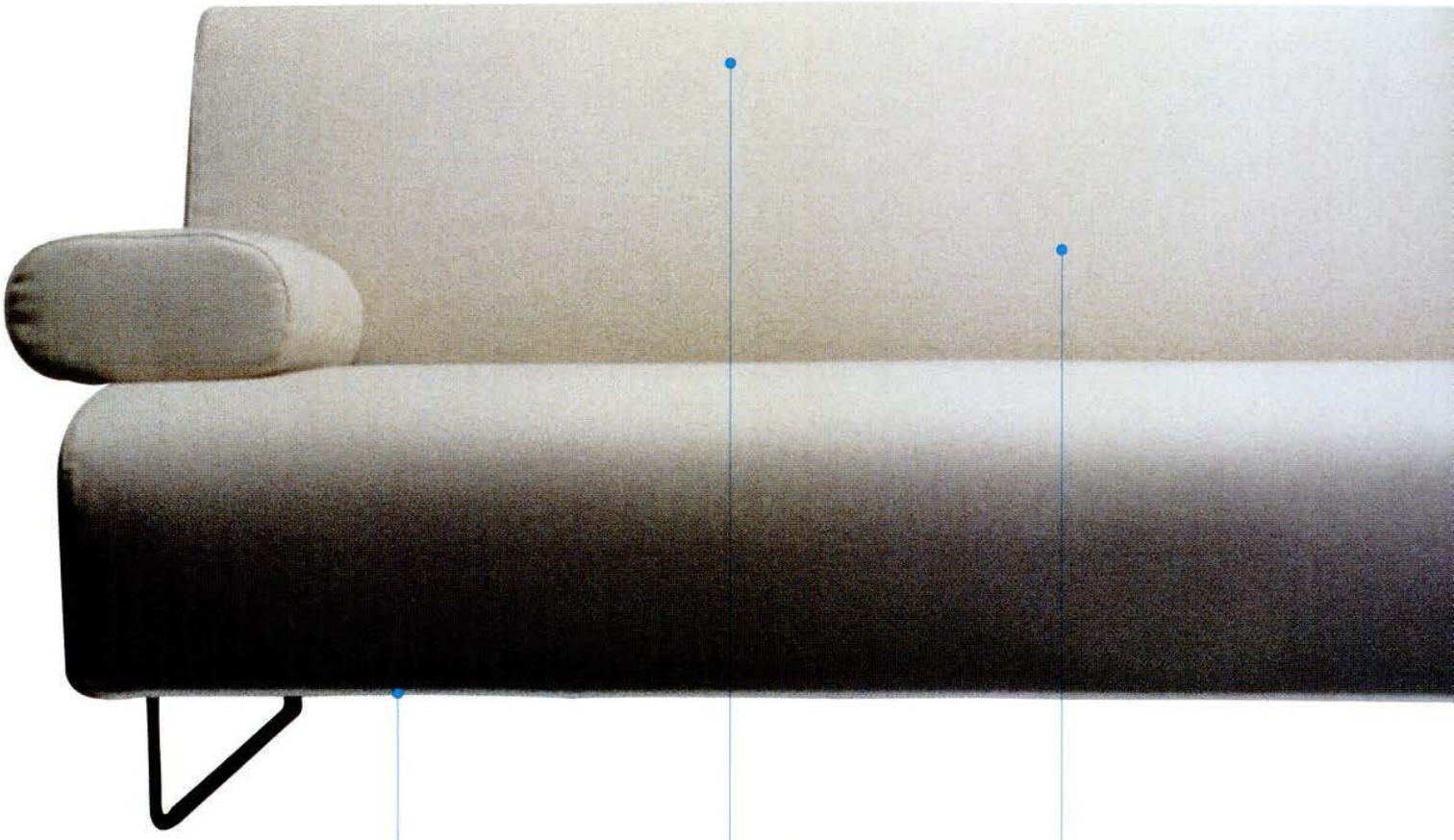
HOW TO BUY A COUCH

One dwell staffer deliberated for two years before finally choosing a couch; another spent nine months just waiting to have hers delivered. Aside from a car or a house, few purchases seem so daunting—and so *permanent*. What is it about this particular piece of furniture that makes its purchase seem so intimidating? We asked four couch experts for some practical—and philosophical—advice on how to choose the right couch with confidence.



Mitchell Gold is the president of Mitchell Gold, a furniture company located in North Carolina.

Nasir Kassamali is the president and founder of Luminaire, a contemporary furniture showroom with locations in Chicago and Coral Gables, Florida.

Cedric Koloseus is the president of Cedanna, a home furnishings store in San Francisco.

James White is an interior designer and customer service manager at Macy's Union Square in San Francisco.

Construction

Cedric: There are three major types of construction: webbing, eight-way hand tie, and serpentine spring or "no sag." I prefer webbing. Materials technology has become so advanced that this method is bulletproof. It will last many, many years. Serpentine spring or "no sag" offers the same type of support as webbing but tends to wear out more quickly.

Mitchell: The eight-way hand-tied spring system used to be the best, but over the past ten years there has been such innovation and advancement in cushion construction that now it clearly is not. Heavy gauge (usually eight gauge) steel sinuous wire springs are the most long-lasting.

Color/Pattern/Fabric

Nasir: Roses belong in a vase, not on your sofa. A pattern becomes tired the moment the couch is delivered to your home. Opt for light colors.

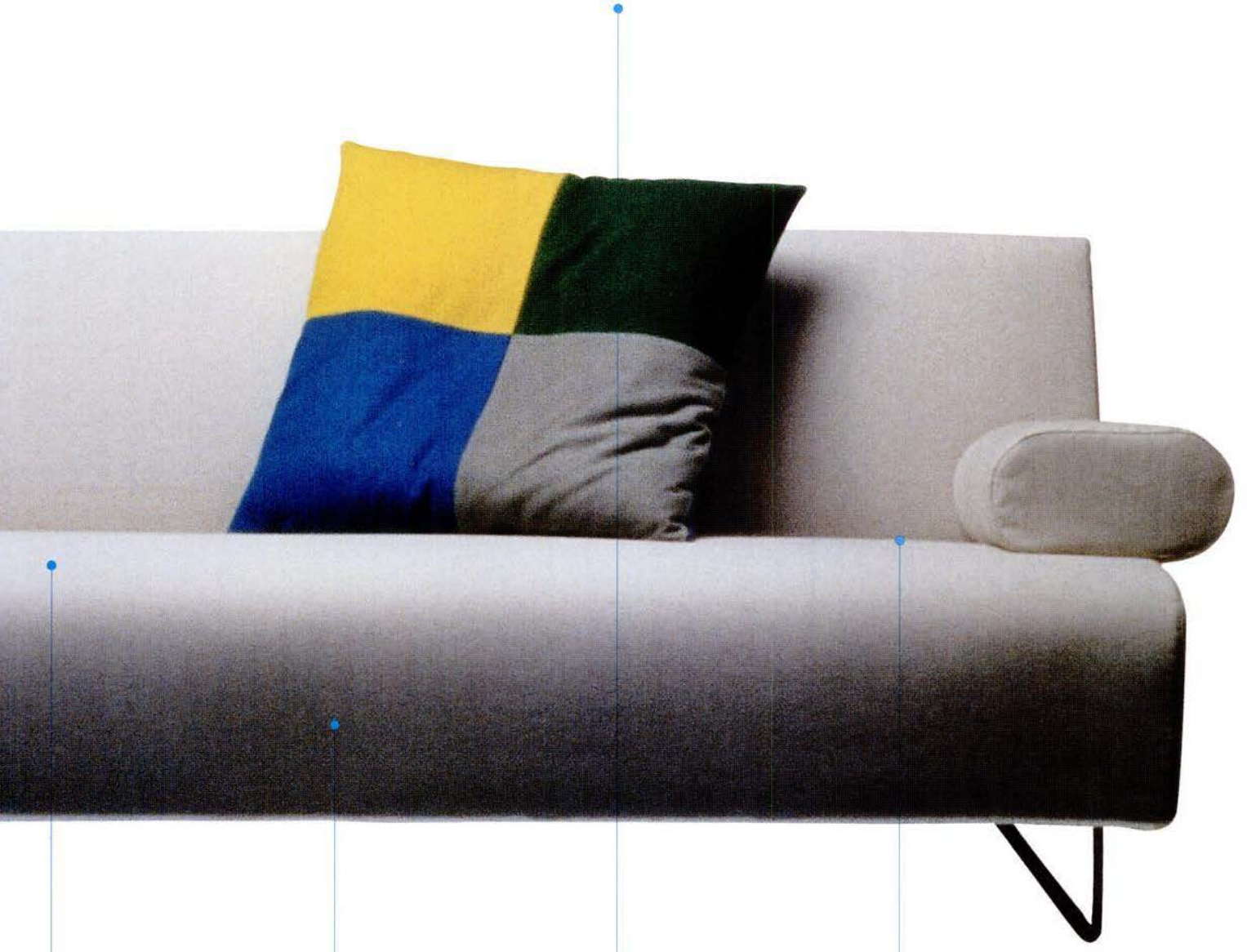
James: Stay with solids or maybe a tone-on-tone. Choose grayed-down tones rather than intense or primary colors. And fabric content is very important. I like natural fibers that breathe and clean easily.

Mitchell: I prefer soft fabrics like velvet or denim. I also like fabric with rayon because it has a silky, soft feel. Tone-on-tone textures tend to be my favorites because I like to have some pattern in a room.

Scale

Nasir: Scale is the most important thing to consider. A couch should not overwhelm the room. People see a couch in a magazine and love the way it looks in that setting but don't consider how the same piece of furniture will look in their home.

Cedric: Measure your room. Do a scale drawing of the room itself and the pieces you have in it. It sounds kind of technical but really helps you visualize your space. Many manufacturers have scale drawings that are basically outlines of the pieces and if you put that on the drawing to the same scale, it's extremely helpful.



Comfort

Cedric: What's most important is that it's comfortable to you. The traditional stuff tends to be very cushiony—you sink into it when you sit down. It doesn't provide very much support for your back. That feels more comfortable initially because you sink down into it, but for prolonged sitting, the firmer, European-style seating is actually better—especially if you have back problems. I would encourage people, while they're shopping, to sit, and sit for a while. It's not just the firmness of the cushion but the depth (from the back of cushion to where your knee hits). If it's very deep, you'll wind up slouching no matter what you try to do.

Durability

Nasir: People should buy a couch like they buy a car. Just as you would ask questions about fuel efficiency, safety features, and the like, you should ask questions about engineering, durability, and construction.

Mitchell: Your couch is right there, front and center, sticking out at you. And it's not disposable. If I buy a crazy Hawaiian shirt that I liked in the store and now would feel like a fool if I wore it, well, I just don't wear it. I leave it in the closet. A sofa is much different. This is why we have been so successful with slipcovers. It is a reasonably priced way to change the look of a sofa.

Philosophy

Nasir: People who are concerned with what others think of them obsess over what couch to buy. Those interested in truly improving the quality of their life focus on the furniture for the bedroom.

James: I don't know that there is a particular sofa that works for everyone. It's an individual decision. Think about the long term. Will you like this couch five years from now? Keep it simple. You'll be able to live with it longer.

Cedric: Large pieces should not make a statement. They should be something you can live with for a long time. Instead, use accent pieces to make the room pop in terms of color and pattern. Your commitment to those is not as big.

Cost

James: Keep in mind that there's a wide range of options. A good median price range is $1,200 to $1,500. Don't expect a $300 sofa to last very long.

Cedric: Research your vendors carefully. Most of the horror stories I hear have to do with delivery.

Mitchell: If something seems like a great bargain, it probably isn't made very well.

Nasir: You get what you pay for. When I see a couch selling for $199, I wonder if it wasn't designed by a robot. ■

"Orly" Couch by Jasper Morrison, 1998
Manufactured by Cappellini spa
Price: approximately $5,000

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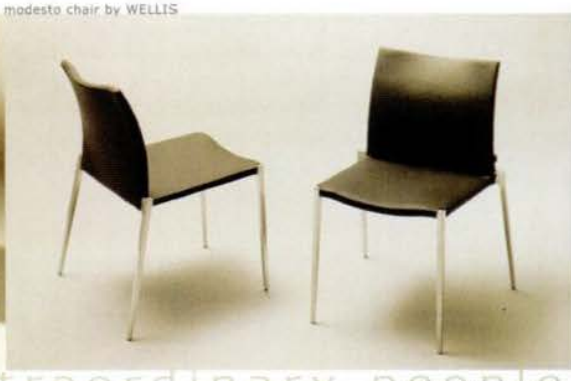

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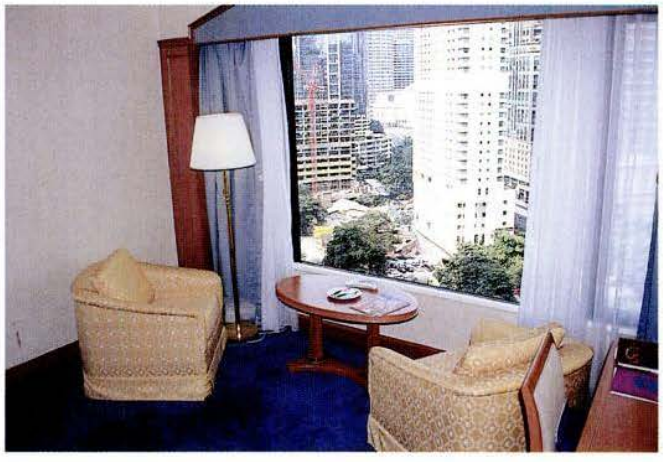
$103 Motel 6, Chicago New car smell.

$99 Painted Lady Inn, San Antonio, Texas The Liberace Room. No piano.



$82 Shangri-La Hotel, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia No durians allowed.

$75 Captain Briggs B&B, Freeport, Maine Steps from L.L. Bean.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND STORY BY DAISANN MCLANE

FROM MOTEL 6 TO SHANGRI-LA

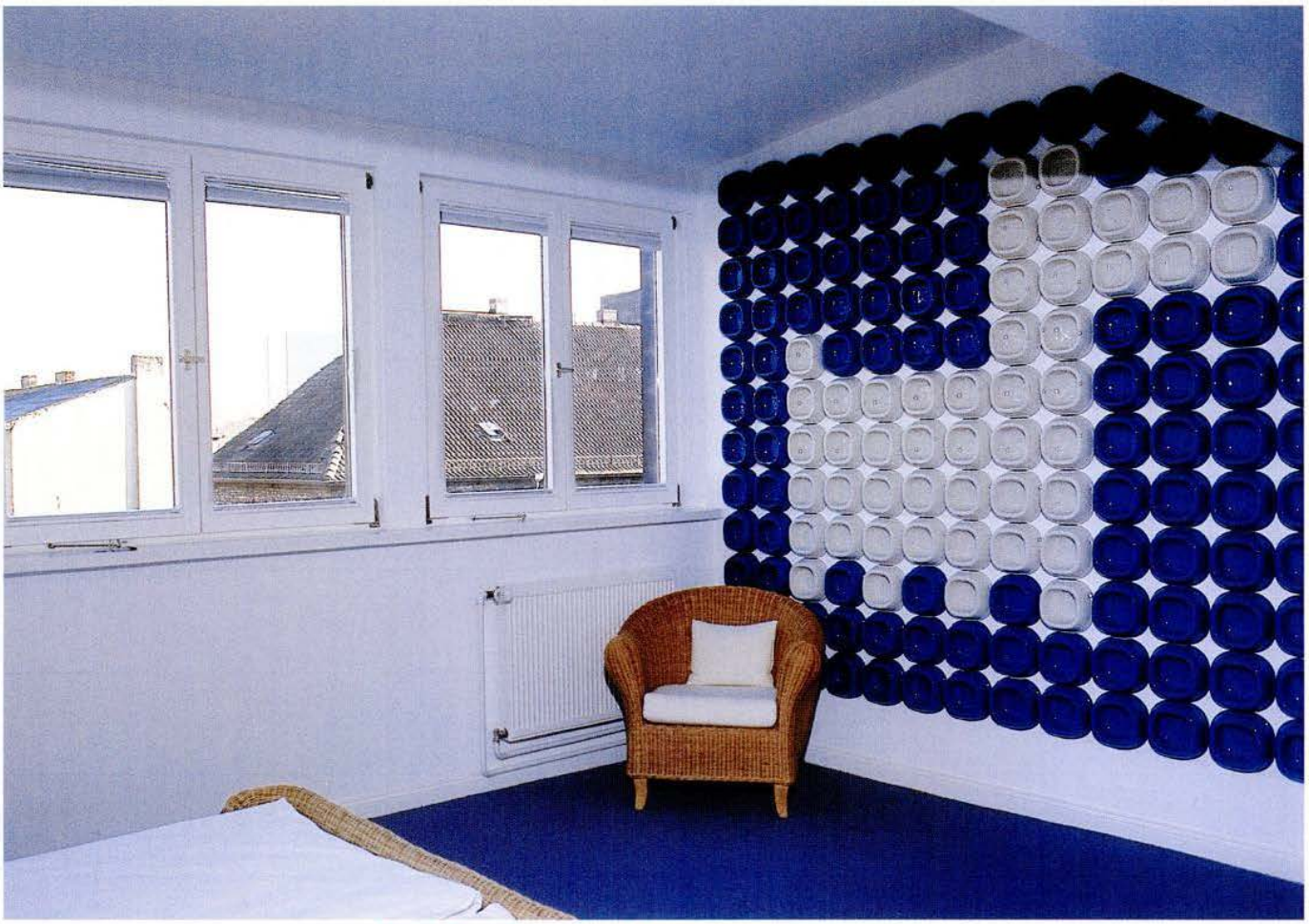
"The new definition in your life starts from Pra Arthit Mansion. The center of the city which will Make your life happy all the Moment that you expect."—Brochure, Pra Arthit Mansion, Bangkok, $19 a night

No hotel room has yet changed my life, but many of them have made me unexpectedly and inexplicably happy. I am not talking about the fantastic, painstakingly designed and realized chambers that decorate the pages of high-end travel magazines. Since taking an assignment three years ago to write a newspaper column about traveling on a budget, I have stayed overnight in about 200 different rooms. However, not a single one has had a private fountain, 24-hour butler service, or authentic Khmer stone goddesses embedded in the bathroom tile.

And yet, in spaces so tiny I can reach out while sleeping and touch both walls, in beds with pilled polyester covers, I have experienced great comfort and profound peace.

While I believe it is possible to buy your way to hotel room bliss—at $1,000-plus a night, a hotel damn well better deliver it—I've found that once you drop below what travel agents call the "super-luxury" category, there's no correlation between a room's price and the pleasure it delivers. Part of this has to do with the unevenness of currency values in the global economy. I paid $103 for a night at the Motel 6 in downtown Chicago and 500 *bhat*, or about $11, for a night at the Peachy Guest House in downtown Bangkok. Both rooms were the same size and offered, more or less, the same amenities.

But in the Motel 6 depression blanketed me every time I entered my room and hit



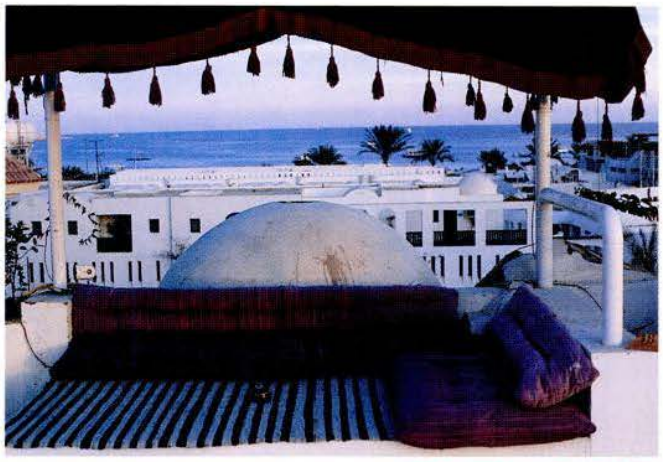
$67 Kunstlerheim Luise Hotel, Berlin, Germany The "Dog Room." Canned food, bowls, and wicker bed.

a cloud of American chain-hotel odor, an assault of industrial carpet polycarbons and synthetic floral disinfectant. Why must every cheap hotel in America smell like a new car? What did Chicago actually smell like? Mysteries to me forever. The Peachy room, on the other hand, had a window with a curious iron Oriental Miami Beach motif separating the bedroom from the bathroom, a source of endless fascination. If I poked around Bangkok long enough, would I suddenly stumble upon an entire neighborhood of Thai Art Deco? In the bathroom, every night at midnight, a tiny pale-yellow chameleon with three legs emerged from behind the toilet. By morning he was always gone. I still think about him.

The strangest things can push the buttons of my hotel desire.

The first thing I do when I enter any hotel room is open all the shades and curtains. The room is my window on a new place, an unexplored culture, and I want to make sure I can see as much as possible. The Hotel el-Hussein, in Cairo's old Khan el-Khalili district, had stained sheets and dust balls—but it also had a little balcony overlooking the city's largest and most splendid mosque. I checked in. Outside my $4, no-sheets-or-towels single at Broadlands Hotel in Madras, wedding parades led by trumpeters and jewel-bedecked elephants drifted past my open wooden shutters. Parades, religious processions, clanging gongs, rhythmic chants, and unexplained animal noises have all, at one time or another, enriched my hotel room experience.

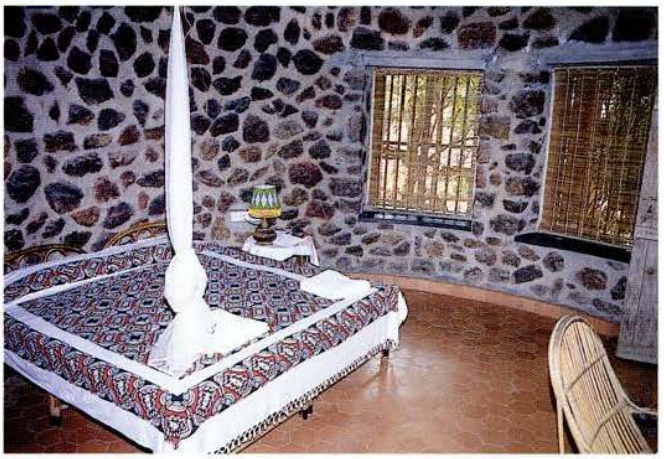
Sometimes, as in the case of the Liberace Room at San Antonio's Painted Lady Inn, my



$65 Sanafir Hotel, Sharm-el-Sheik, Sinai, Egypt Berber splendor on the Red Sea.

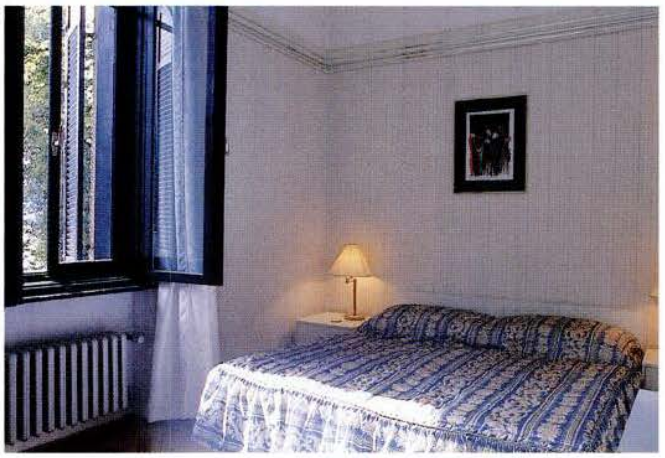
$65 Beverly Laurel Hotel, Los Angeles Modern and chic, microwave and fridge!

$58 Hotel Terme Preistoriche, Montegrotto, Italy I stole a linen towel.



$55 Somatheeram Ayurvedic Resort, Kerala, India No electricity, excellent vibes.

$55 Ryokan Shigetsu, Tokyo, Japan I can touch both walls at once!



$48 Vila Preseren, Lake Bled, Slovenia Tito's favorite resort town.

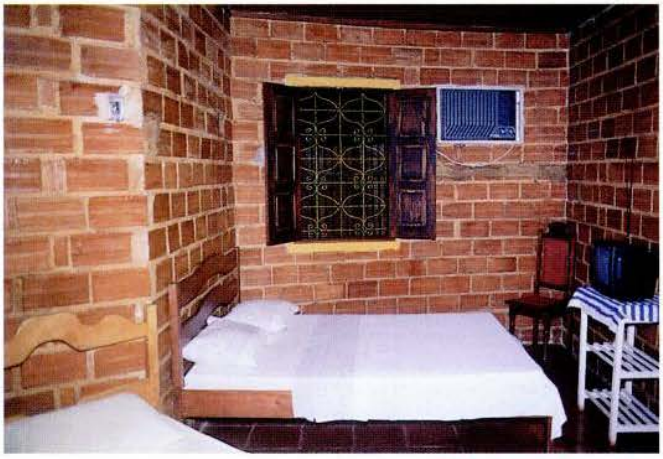
$37 Ryokan Sawanoya, Tokyo, Japan Smells like fresh hot green tea.

$33 Maina Sunset Motel, Aitutaki, Cook Islands 3 A.M. fistfight next door.

$27 Hotel Bretanide, Brac Island, Croatia Popular with tours from Ljubljana.

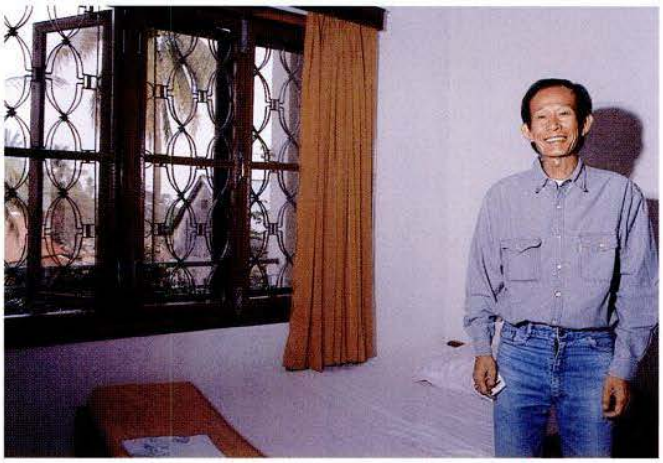
$27 Hostal Rifer, Madrid, Spain Bath included.

$25 Hotel Lord, Sao Luis, Maranhao, Brazil The telephone actually worked.



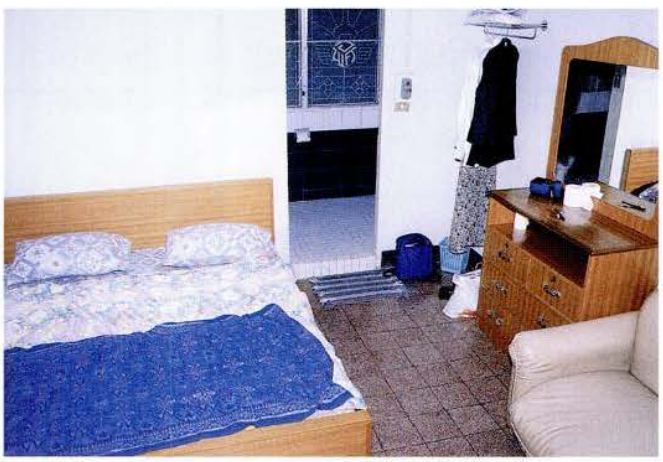
$23.50 Pousada Tupaiulandia, Alter do Chão, Brazil Blocks from the Amazon.

$19.33 Hotel Central, Belem, Brazil Art Deco digs in the rain forest.



$18 Golden Apsara Hotel, Siem Reap, Cambodia Manager Keo Sithan.

$13 Han Hung Jang Guest House, Seoul, Korea Plastic flowers on TV set.



$11 Peachy Guest House, Bangkok, Thailand Chameleon behind toilet.

window looks out on a boring side alley. But when alley-facing windows are offset by gold-framed portraits of Liberace, how can I complain to management?

Once, on a trip to Kuala Lumpur, I got to stay in a bona fide luxury hotel room. Asian currencies were collapsing, and the Malaysian government had frozen the *ringgit*, which was suddenly worth about 40 percent fewer dollars than it had been a few weeks before. Seizing the moment, I booked a room at the Shangri-La (could a hotel chain have a more perfect name?) for $82—less than the price of a night at the Quality Inn in Houston.

The room, of course, was a perfection of marble tubs and gilded faucets, gold damask upholstery, and fresh orchids on the nightstand. Actually, they might have been lilies. When hotel rooms are perfect, I forget the details.

Here's what I do remember: a forest of steel building skeletons and construction cranes frozen motionless outside my 14th-floor picture window. In Malaysia, the tiger economy had stopped, abruptly, in mid-roar. Thanks to the view, what I had understood from abstract headlines was now visible and concrete. Oh, and I remember one other thing—a sign on the refrigerator that said, "Guests are requested to not bring durian fruit into the room."

Perhaps these are not the kind of memories one expects to carry home from Shangri-La. But they are among the best of mine.

Since 1998, Daisann McLane has been flying economy class as the Sunday New York Times' *"Frugal Traveler." She has also written extensively about world music, culture, and food.*

ON BOLD OCEAN

Emphatically minimal, the house that the Koehlers built overlooking the Bay of Fundy is designed to put as little as possible between them and the water.

STORY BY HOWARD NORMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE DUNWELL

PROJECT: THE KOEHLER RESIDENCE
ARCHITECT: JULIE SNOW ARCHITECTS
LOCATION: SEELEY'S COVE, NEW BRUNSWICK

One of the famous Japanese Muromachi-period ink scrolls, *Landscape with Rocky Precipice*, by Sesson Shukei, depicts an inn reached by a land bridge and a steep climb. Individualized brush strokes create a sense of buoyancy, as if the inn and the adjacent houses are floating on the mists. "The climb is arduous," writes art historian Komita Shomei of the idyllic scene, "but the rewards are peace and quiet and contemplation. The architecture seems idiosyncratic by its very presence in a timeless land, yet at the same time, unobtrusive, welcoming, intimate."

"It all applies to our house," Mary Beth Koehler says, laughing delightfully after I read her Shomei's observations. "It's quite a little journey to get there. Many people might see it as a contradiction, that such a wild, rugged, storm-tossed location could provide a kind of inner peace. But our house does indeed. No doubt it's a Zen notion: that life be spare and economical. Sea, stars, rock. At Seeley's Cove we simply feel closer to nature."

I had been talking with Mary Beth Koehler about the house she shares with her husband, David, on Seeley's Cove, a small town in the Canadian province of New Brunswick. Below the house, at the base of a steep cliff of rough, sun-bleached granite, stretches the Koehlers' nearly 6,000 feet of beach along the moody Bay of Fundy. The 55-acre property contains woodland, meadow, marsh, and a small mountain they fondly refer to as McAdam's Mountain to honor local Scottish ancestry and land ownership. While the house, completed in 1999, is clearly a retreat for the Koehlers, it also seems to be the fulfillment of a kind of childhood passion. "When I was a girl," Mary Beth says, "I read the novels of Daphne du Maurier. It's a romantic vision, of course, wild sea, crashing waves. But one is never too old for that!" ▸

When viewed from above, the Koehler house appears fragile. The two-story, 1,680-square-foot home occupies a 1,400-square-foot lot on 55 acres of land and a mile of coast.

For his part, David Koehler has long been a stargazer—an amateur astronomer—and the Seeley's Cove house offers a vast night sky unimpeded by ambient light. "A house can be a lifelong dream come true in any number of ways," David observes.

"Our arrival in New Brunswick had, I suppose, its own meandering sort of path," Mary Beth explains. "There was a lot of thought and perseverance put into the decision." Mary Beth taught elementary and high school English. David, who went to Yale Divinity School and became a Presbyterian minister in the early sixties, a time he describes as "difficult for ministers." After six years, he searched for a way to support his family while still maintaining his religious beliefs. As a minister, he found that the most vexing problems people had were about sex or money. David decided that if he could help people find financial security, that wouldn't be all bad. So he became a stockbroker. Later, he trained stockbrokers in the finer points of insurance and real estate, and he still works as a consultant in the field. The Koehlers love to travel, spending a month each year in Hawaii. While their primary home is in a Minneapolis high-rise, with views of the skyline and the Mississippi River, they spend occasional weekends in a lakefront house in the woods of Wisconsin. They stay in New Brunswick for three weeks at a time in April, July, August, and October. "We live in the calm plains in the Midwest," David explains, "and it is such a dramatic change to come out here. Truly an escape."

As Mary Beth and David neared retirement, they began investigating possibilities of buying land and building a house in Maine. "We'd often visited my brother in Maine. We thought we might build a house there, get a foothold, a place we could really breathe the air, so to speak," Mary Beth explains. "We were very interested in privacy. Maine, as it turned out, wasn't secluded enough. We kept telling realtors we wanted 'bold ocean.' We knew what we meant by that. We knew we'd find it. We decided not to settle for anything less." The Koehlers' insistence on building as unobtrusive a house as possible was further strengthened when David saw an aerial view of Seeley's Cove. "It gave him a sense of proportion and modesty," Mary Beth says, "to see just how awesome the surrounding landscape was! It's truly humbling. Yet in the actual design of the house, we were determined not to be traditional. We chuckle, now, in remembering how our New Brunswick neighbors would say, 'What are they doing? Nobody builds this close to the edge!' And they wondered if all houses in America looked like this, too. We assured them they don't."

Naturally, a house on "bold ocean" required an architect with a bold vision. Enter Julie Snow, of Julie Snow Architects based in Minneapolis. "We had known Julie from church and other municipal organizations. She'd mainly designed enormous complexes—museums, offices. There's something bold in that, isn't there? We spoke with Julie. We found that she had strong ideas, but wasn't dictatorial," Mary Beth recounts. "When we took her to the site in New Brunswick, we were thrilled with her immediate take on the region. Some of her more obvious excitement was in response to my asking for as much glass as possible. We basically consider it a glass house. Let's just say that Julie was the perfect choice."

Indeed, the windows of the Koehlers' house start three inches below the light maple floors. With all that glass, it wasn't just the general idea of being enfolded in nature or having magnificent views, it was also that, as Mary Beth says, "the glass helps frame each day itself." The Koehlers watch the sunrise from the dining room and the sunset from the bedroom. And the Koehlers' aesthetic is downright neighborly: "I sometimes imagine those fisherman returning home after dark on their lobster boats, looking up at our house," Mary Beth says. "We've heard they think it's a pleasant sight." The prodigious array of ceiling lights in the Koehlers' house must look, from the sea, like a constellation settled on the earth.

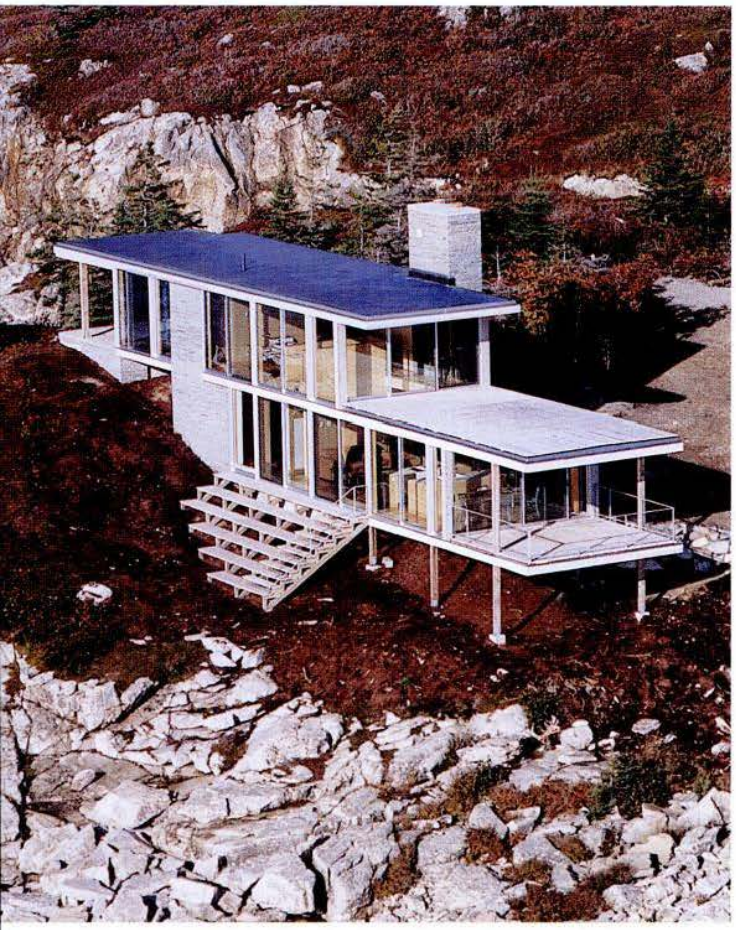
"In terms of unique clients," Snow says, "the Koehlers really stand out. For them, having me design this house was a huge leap of faith. I visited the site on a cold, blustery day in March and I was absolutely knocked out. Both Mary Beth and David had a great sense of what they wanted. Early on we were in agreement: The house needed to be built in a way that protected you from the threatening elements, while allowing you to engage in the surroundings. The whole experience was a great challenge and pleasure."

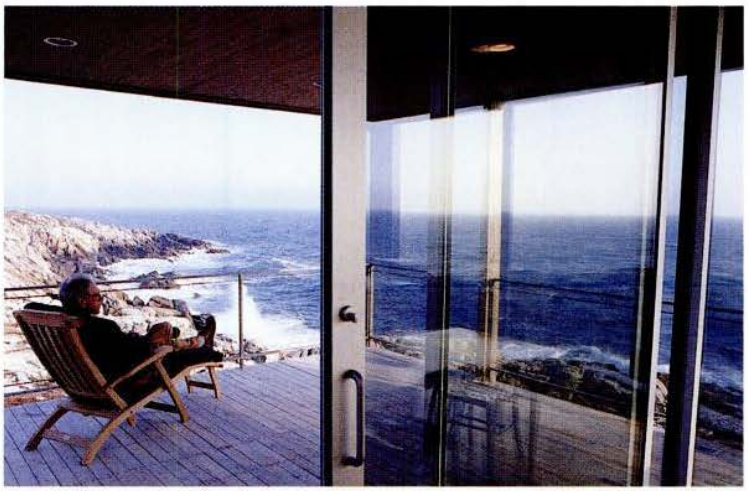
The site offered challenges, though, for local Erb Builders (owned and operated by Wayne Erb). "All that glass was brought in from great distances," Mary Beth says. "And the granite shearer broke five or six bits, flattening out the rock for a level foundation."

After months of working on the house, Wayne Erb reported to the Koehlers that he was "stretched to the limit." There was postponement after postponement. "Finally," Mary Beth says, "we simply had to set a limit, a date on the calendar. We said we'd be arriving on October 13, and that the house had to be finished by then! Well, of course it wasn't. We had to stay in a motel for another five days. But then Wayne said, 'You know, your being here has actually helped us put all the pieces together.'" The house was finally completed on October 18, 1999. "The builders had done a magnificent job. It's hard to find an adjective for how we felt—blessed might work. Like we'd been searching for this house our whole lives. But we had to build it in order to find it."

The house's elegant yet utilitarian design led Julie Snow to write, "Without using ▸

(continued on page 50)

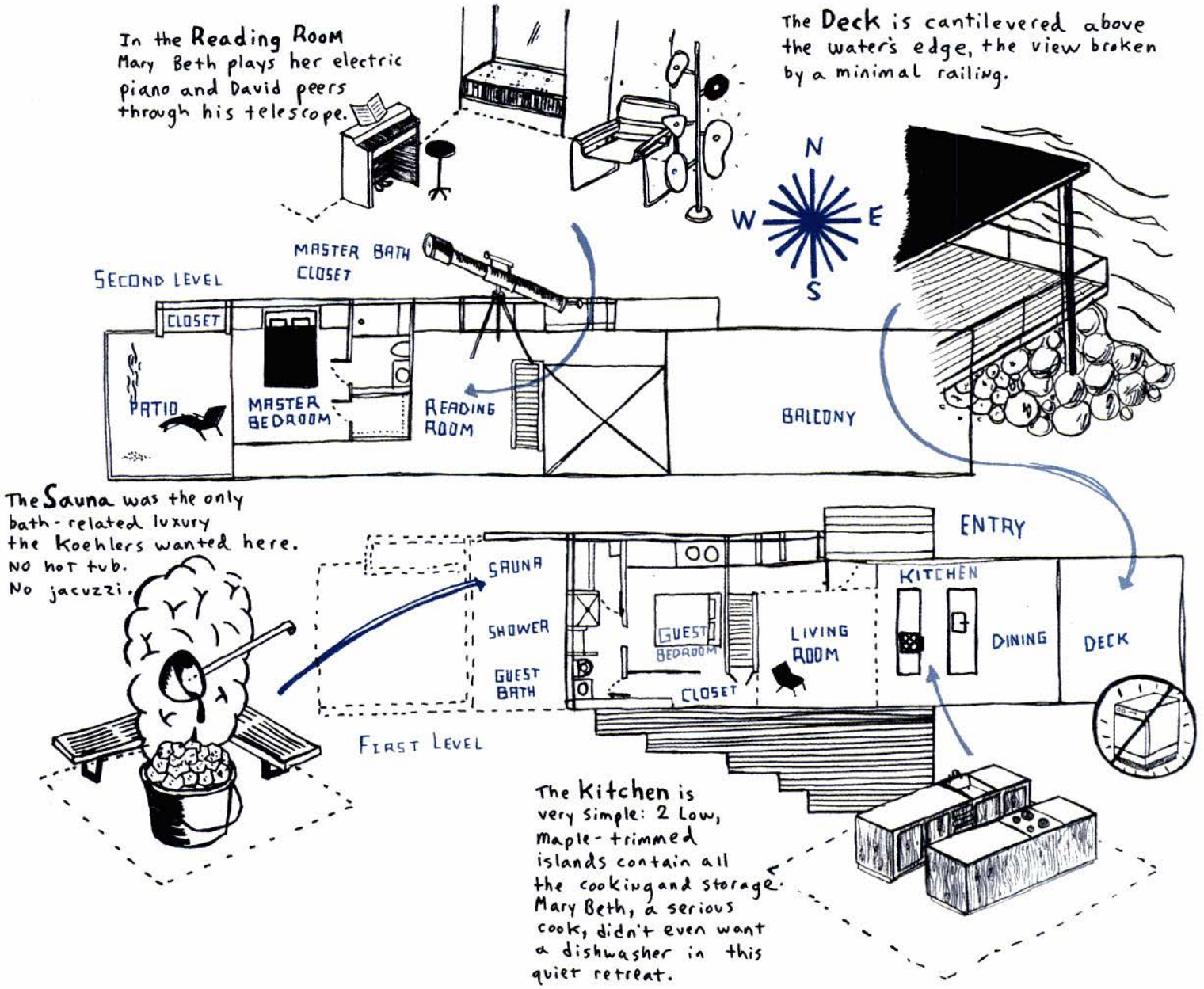




The house (top, left) sits on solid granite toward the back and rests on a series of piers toward the front. In an effort to preserve the ecology of the area, the site was cleared for construction by rolling up the native shrubs and mosses inside a layer of peat, preserving them for replanting after the completion of the house.

David Koehler (above) sits on the deck outside the kitchen. A nighttime view (lower left) shows the minimalist kitchen, with all appliances (including the refrigerator) contained within two low maple clad bars. David's telescope is visible in the upstairs balcony.

The paneling and flooring in the Koehler house is all maple. The furnishings are mostly modern classics: including Le Corbusier's LC1 chair in both black and brown, Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona chair, and Eileen Gray's table—designed for her own seaside house.



Escape to New Brunswick

New Brunswick is a nature lover's paradise that includes the Bay of Fundy, on which the Koehler house perches. Part of a 206-square-kilometer park, the Bay is famous for the Fundy Tides—the highest in the world—which rise to heights of nearly 50 feet (though uptight city-dwellers have been known to complain about the less-than-rapid pace at which this occurs). These four-story-high swells carve into the cliffs to dramatic effect, leaving sculptural formations in their wake.

Given the spectacular view out their living-room window, the Koehlers tend not to venture very far from their house. "If and when we leave our property," David explains, "we usually head over to St. John's for the great seafood restaurants or go shopping for provisions at the Old City Market [an architectural landmark that dates back to 1785]." Other possible excursions include whale watching (over 15 species can be seen in the area), bird watching, fishing, kayaking, and hiking in the region's numerous parks. The area is ideal for camping, but for less rustic accommodations, consider the Fairmont Algonquin Hotel in St. Andrews (reservations: 1-800-441-1414). For further information, visit www.tourismnbcanada.com.

–A.A.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOEL HOLLAND

overt nautical imagery, the house is similar in its experience to a sailing cruise. Everything is stowed in a predictable and secured place. As the house is used it unfolds, revealing all of the necessities of life."

Late in our conversation, I mention to Mary Beth the assertion by the renowned Japanese writer Junichiro Tanizaki that, in architecture, the quality we call beauty must always grow from the realities of life. Tanizaki meant that a house should—in its very design and temperament—complement the full range of humanity of its inhabitants, the bright joys and dark sadness that life has offered. It should, Tanizaki says, "therefore be a place where one can contemplate light and shadow with equal concentration and pleasure." "We built the house for its contemplative qualities, certainly," Mary Beth says. "I admit what totally surprised me, though, was that after my first day and night there, my whole self-image changed. It's difficult to describe. For the actual building—I mean the physical design—I'd always been drawn to the idea that less is more. But now that philosophy suddenly felt like it applied to life itself, in a way. I'm not saying life immediately seemed simpler. I mean, life seemed—like looking through our windows on the sea—somehow more clear. It was bewildering and wonderful."

Should Sesson Shukei, the 16th-century artist-wanderer, emerge from the mists of the Bay of Fundy, looking for a place to rest for the night, I imagine he would feel right at home in the Koehlers' house. I see him sitting on a granite ledge, salt spray in the air, sea winds fluting the craggy pine trees, gulls wheeling overhead, as he brushes calligraphy ink and paint on a scroll, *House Overlooking Seeley's Cove*.

Howard Norman's new novel, The Haunting of L., *will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in 2002.*

Mary Beth and David Koehler relax on the back steps of their house (far left) which sits a mere 30 feet from the edge of Seeley's Cove. Its position atop a small ridge leaves it exposed to harsh winter weather. As partial protection from wind and ice, its north wall is clad in blue stone rather than glass.

The view from the master bedroom (above) is as spectacular as the view from the living room (left) where David entertains friends. The glass doors on the right side of the bedroom lead to a partially enclosed patio, a sheltered spot for David and guests to smoke cigars.

PROJECT: BONAURO HOUSE
ARCHITECT: INTERIM OFFICE OF ARCHITECTURE
LOCATION: SAUSALITO, CALIFORNIA

TOM'S LIVING MUSEUM

Graphic designer Tom Bonauro traded in his urban loft for a secluded garden hideaway where every nook and cranny offers a unique aesthetic experience.

STORY BY DEBORAH BISHOP
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM GOLDBERG

The picture window in Bonauro's kitchen frames an overgrown Arcadia, replete with a deer trouvé transplanted from his former loft space. His garden and home are fenced off from the street for maximum privacy.

Every couple of decades, 46-year-old graphic designer Tom Bonauro migrates a little further north.

In the late 1970s, he fled the suburban embrace of Silicon Valley's Sunnyvale for the cooler climes of San Francisco's art and club scene, to "plug into pop culture" and make his professional mark. Known for iconoclastic print and video work for clients such as Swatch, Voice Farm, Margaret Jenkins, Gus Van Sant, MTV, Todd Oldham, and SFMoMA, Bonauro's dreamy pieces feature hyper-evocative images—many culled from his own voluminous collection of artifacts and photographs. His moody "501 Reasons" campaign for Levi's best-loved product splashed out-of-focus marbles, spirographs, tornadoes, DNA molecules, and more (everything but the jeans themselves) across America's bus shelters and billboards.

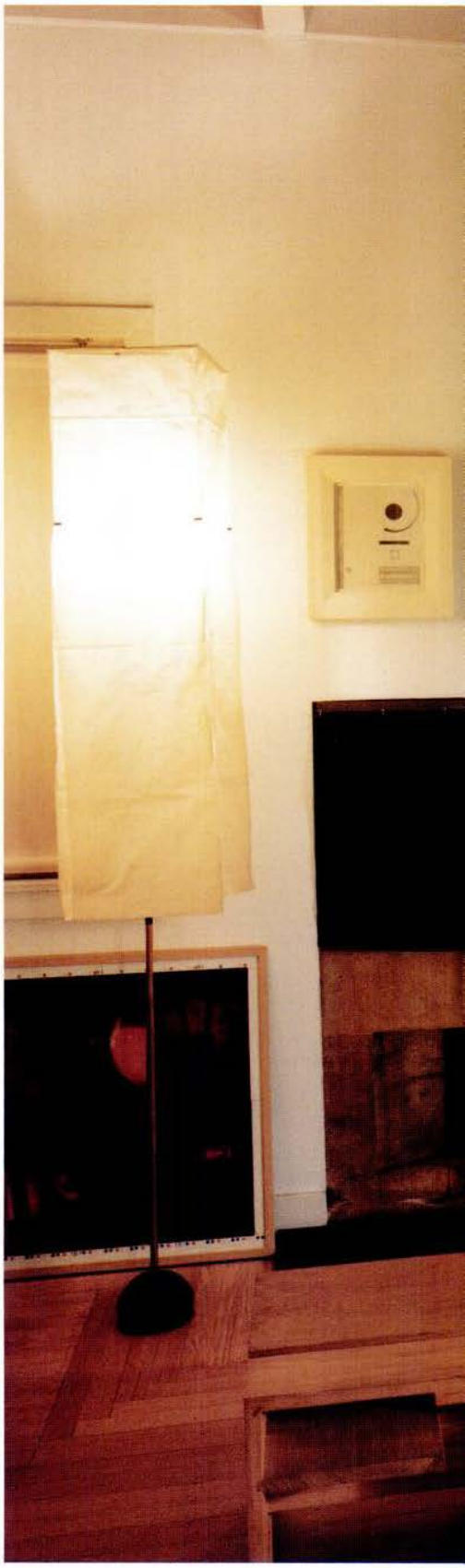
After the usual series of studio apartments, Bonauro landed a raw live/work loft rental in 1989 in sunny Potrero Hill, a once-industrial frontier favored by artists and other noncorporate types that, in the course of a decade, morphed into a dot-com spawning ground. As stories about displaced artists became front-page news, Bonauro's biological clock started ticking ever more urgently for a home of his own. "I had done the whole underground thing, gone to the clubs, been part of the scene. The city was changing all around me, especially outside my front door. After 20 years, it was time to leave and find someplace more private and personal to call home."

By the end of the millennium, Bonauro's name was on the title of a two-level, mid-'50s California bungalow located just across the Golden Gate Bridge in the cool green hills of Sausalito. "Suddenly I went from living in a box within a larger box in the city to this very intimate mountain cabin in a town that I never would have imagined living in." A bayside village and former artists' colony (pop. 7,835) that now boasts some of the area's most expensive real estate, Sausalito is also a magnet for tourists, who mostly mill around the cluster of New Age-y galleries and T-shirt shops by the water.

"Things have always had a way of just falling into place for me," says Bonauro in his best Zen delivery, when explaining how he ▸

Floating above the fireplace (top left) is a cover design by Herbert Bayer for *Bauhaus* magazine. The quartet of images (below left) includes a Herbert Bayer book cover, a Man Ray photogram, a stitched photograph by Andy Warhol, and a Herbert Bayer sketch from *Bauhaus* (clockwise from upper left).

Bonauro curates every surface in his house; the living room, illuminated by a Noguchi lamp, shows off a few of his favorite things. In the foreground, a column cabinet of bleached and stained walnut by his friend, the furniture designer and builder Philip Agee (who also made the occasional table) sheds light on a Russell Wright ashtray and one of Alma Allen's found objects. An experimental offset print from Bonauro's most recent exhibition, "Sublime Intent," rests on the floor.



happened to buy a bucolic dream home while the rest of the Bay Area was bloody from the raging real-estate bidding wars. As it happens, his second northward migration had been set in motion years before.

Among the creative players that the designer had clicked with in San Francisco were John Randolph and Bruce Tomb, founders of the edgy Interim Office of Architecture (IOOA), who invited Bonauro to Sausalito in 1987 to view their house remodel for fine-arts photographer Lewis Baltz. Bonauro promptly commissioned the pair to design his loft, and a 1994 *Elle Decor* article on IOOA featured both Baltz's house and Bonauro's space.

"Then, when IOOA split up a few years ago, Lewis, who lives in Paris, offered John the upstairs [of his house] to use as an office," Bonauro explains. "On a whim I asked if Lewis planned to sell, because I could really imagine living in this space. It feels so protected. We gradually worked it out, and now John and I share my office space in the city."

While the prospect of not living on top of people was seductive, the move was somewhat traumatic for Bonauro, who curates his possessions—from religious reliquaries to antique shoe forms and amulets—and arranges his environment with uncommon rigor. "Basically, I approached moving as if it were another creative project. It gave me a chance to edit and refine my collection. And I had to figure out how to take things I had custom-designed for one space and adapt them to this new context.

"Because IOOA had done the remodel, it wasn't like going to a totally strange place, which was comforting. I brought the pieces they had made for me, and there was furniture—a table, benches, a couch—they had designed for Lewis." Having already lowered walls about a foot from the ceiling and cut in skylights, Randolph continued to subtract and refine once Bonauro moved in. "Doors are ugly and they take up too much space—I like softer closures," says Bonauro, who had them replaced with either fabric or sliding panels—frosted glass in the bathroom, metallic mesh at the threshold to the living room. And then there were the half-dozen sculptural cabinets by his friend, furniture designer and builder Philip Agee, that Bonauro had commissioned over the years.

Amazingly, everything slid into place, albeit with a different aspect. "Where the loft was one big sensation—dominated by work—this house is more a collection of intimate encounters, so I let that be my guide. In the ▸

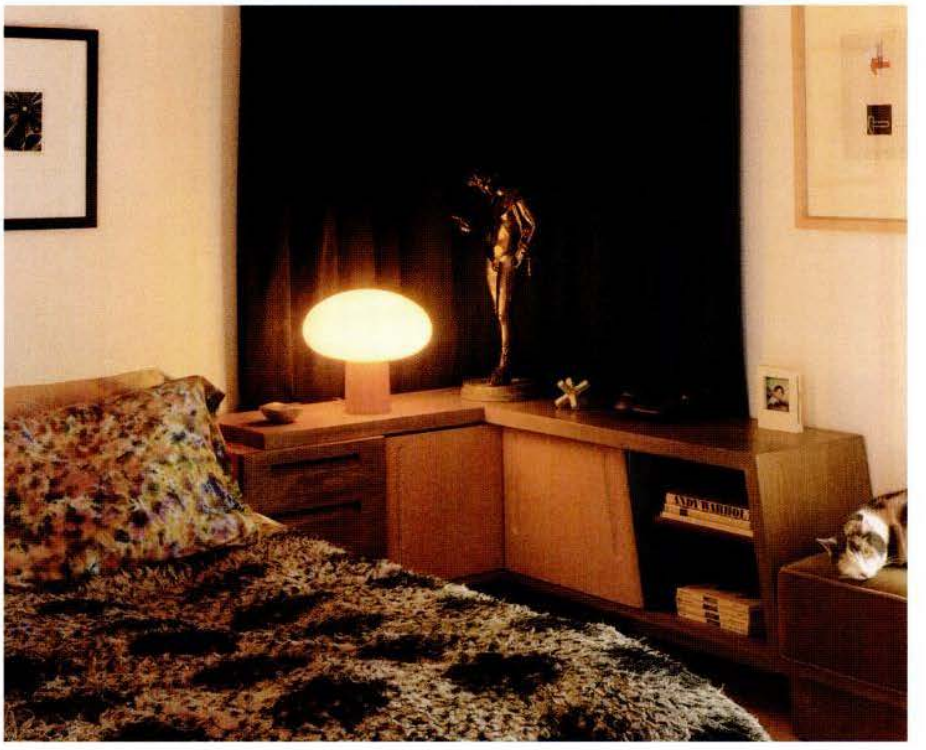
(continued on page 59)


PIET MONDRIAN

Escape to Sausalito

Vacationing in Sausalito? You could merge seamlessly into the antlike procession of tourists strolling up and down Bridgeway, the town's main shopping street. Or you could venture past the endless strip of T-shirt shops and head for the hills.

Just minutes from downtown Sausalito, in the Golden Gate National Recreation Area overlooking the Pacific Ocean, is the Headlands Center for the Arts. Housed in a former military barracks, the internationally renowned art center sponsors several artist-in-residence programs and public exhibitions. Over the years, the Center has commissioned artists to renovate and transform its interior spaces. Installation artist Ann Hamilton designed the mess hall/kitchen in 1988. Conceptual artist David Ireland renovated the East Wing and Rodeo Room in 1986 and, in 1988, with



Much of the furniture throughout Bonauro's house was designed and built by his friend Philip Agee, whose company, Muleland, is based in San Francisco (see sourcing, page 94). Part of the artistic challenge of moving from loft to house was adapting these pieces to a new context.

The swiveling birch television stand (far left) was commissioned almost twenty years ago; the large wall unit behind followed a few years later. Most recently, the khaki-stained oak console with cork-covered sliding doors was created for the niche next to the bed (above)—the built-in end seat providing a welcome perch for Bonauro's cat, Manet. "Philip is a perfect blend of historical references and his own personal style—classic modern in the tradition of Rietveld, Schindler, and Gio Ponti," says Bonauro. "And he's an artist to the core." Agee designs and then builds everything by hand using mortise-and-tenon joinery, a painstaking and time-consuming process. "I think that's why I prefer residential projects," comments Agee. "The interplay of collaborating with people on their homes helps to sustain you after the more exciting phase of refining the design and choosing the materials gives way to the production process . . . which seems endless until suddenly the piece is finished and you're not sure how you got there."

architect Mark Mack, designed the aluminum and wood benches within. The military latrine, ca. 1940, was redesigned in 1988 by architects Bruce Tomb and John Randolph. Its imposing stalls were constructed from quarter-inch steel partitions. Why such a weighty material? "Its overkill quality," Randolph explains, "follows in the military tradition." Most recently, artist Leonard Hunter and architect Mark Cavagnero (whose projects include the renovation of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor museum in San Francisco) led the restoration of a former army storage depot, which was originally constructed in 1907. It currenty houses 20 studios for writers and artists.

The Headland's Summer Open House will take place on Sunday, July 15. For info see www.headlands.org. –A.A.

Bonauro's "table of consideration" is his repository for works in progress, finished pieces, and found elements: "Things rotate, sometimes daily." Many of the images displayed here are part of "inbetween," a collection of original works to be published this autumn.

Bonauro likes to take the afternoon sun on his back deck, where fragrant bloomers such as wisteria, roses, and a magnolia tree thrive behind the bamboo privacy screen.

living room Philip's pieces are placed so as to imply zones within the same room. Extending out from the walls rather than sitting flush, they create nooks and areas of privacy."

As you approach the house, it's easy to see why Bonauro was attracted to its cloistered quality; from the street you could easily miss it altogether. "With its inward-looking aspect, it's perfect for someone who wants to be insulated from the distractions of the outside world," observes Randolph.

The first line of defense is a wooden fence and gate, a structure backed with stands of pine trees and other foliage. Ringing the bell, you feel like a novitiate awaiting admittance to some holy retreat. A bridge takes you to the front door; on the left, a plasterwork deer transplanted from the loft looks down from a hill. To the right is a deck and hot tub (this is Marin County, after all), which Bonauro has yet to stoke.

When you enter the front door, you're hit first with the smell of incense, and next with the view—it's like walking into a tree house. "This is a true garden home; you can see right through it," says Randolph. Bonaro adds, "where the loft was like living in the air, this is almost subterranean. And I'm much more aware of the seasons." He points towards a Japanese redwood that is just beginning to flower. "And look how the shadows of leaves play across the shades." Although the street is part of Sausalito's sun belt, on many days a fine cobweb of clouds cloaks the hills in a Hobbit-like mist. Either way, you feel as if you're in a cozy vacation cottage.

Bonauro considers the upstairs to be divided into three zones. The living room and kitchen, which connect via a pass-through that IOOA cut into the wall (itself lowered about a foot from the ceiling), comprise the main room. A window they added over the fireplace frames and crops the flue, creating a quirky picture of the house's guts. The second zone is a suite of three rooms—bedroom, den, and bathroom—added long ago; the original whitewashed outer wall remains. And the deck, accessible through doors and windows all along the back of the house, is a third alfresco room. In summer, everything ▸

A window in the archive room added by the Interim Office of Architecture (IOOA) years before (far left), looks into the bowels of the house, exposing its core. (A similar window is cut into the wall above the fireplace, page 55).

Flat files created by IOOA for Tom's former loft take root in his archive room, a repository for reference materials and past projects. The elephant photograph (above, left) by longtime Bonauro collaborator Christine Alcino rests next to a print from Bonauro's recent gallery exhibition.

is flung open, but in winter, when many people crave every slant of light, Bonauro has the windows covered to preserve warmth and create a snug, cave-like feeling. One bedroom window that let in a view of other houses has been permanently sealed off with cork, part of the "fortification" process.

Bonauro's objects are all over the place, arranged in tablescapes and composed in tableaux on benches, shelves, tables, and cabinets, yet there is an uncanny absence of clutter (which hits you even harder when you return home to your own mess). Not a paperclip or stray magazine or electrical cord intrudes. Prosaic objects are hidden gently from view; on one visit, an Agee wood-and-raffia screen shielded a cardboard box and pack of film. Nor is there any of technology's detritus. The speakers have been defaced, to blend in with the background. And look as you might, there is no sign of a Macintosh, that most ubiquitous of design tools.

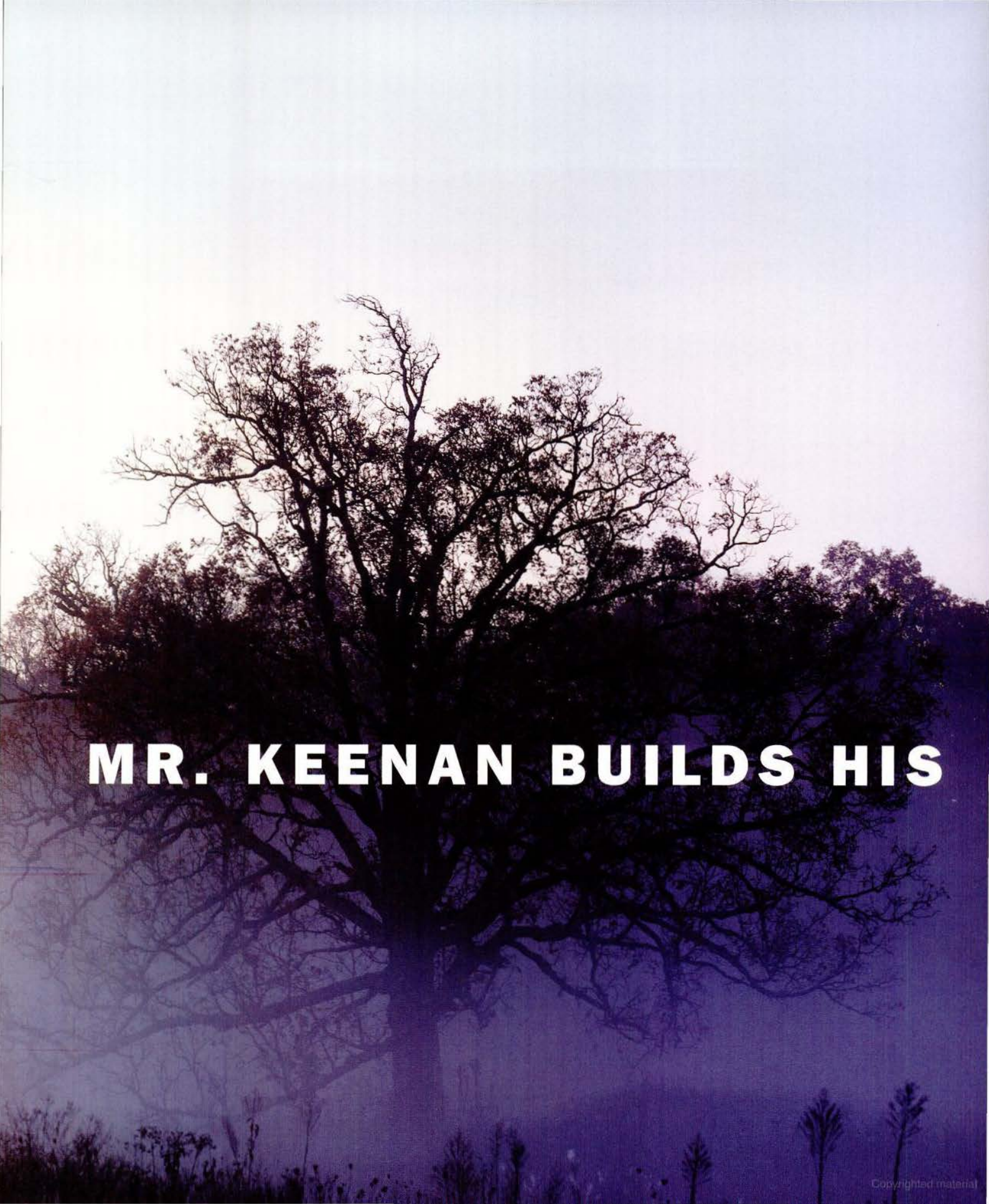
"I love how low-tech it feels out here. In a world where everyone uses a computer to do art, I'd rather use my own methods, as long as the support system is out there. If you have a computer you risk going straight to it without thinking first. And it's intrusive. It changes the physical environment and represents work more than pleasure. As for the Web, I'd rather play with a Polaroid camera," says Bonauro, who nonetheless manages to design websites for clients such as George, the innovative pet products company.

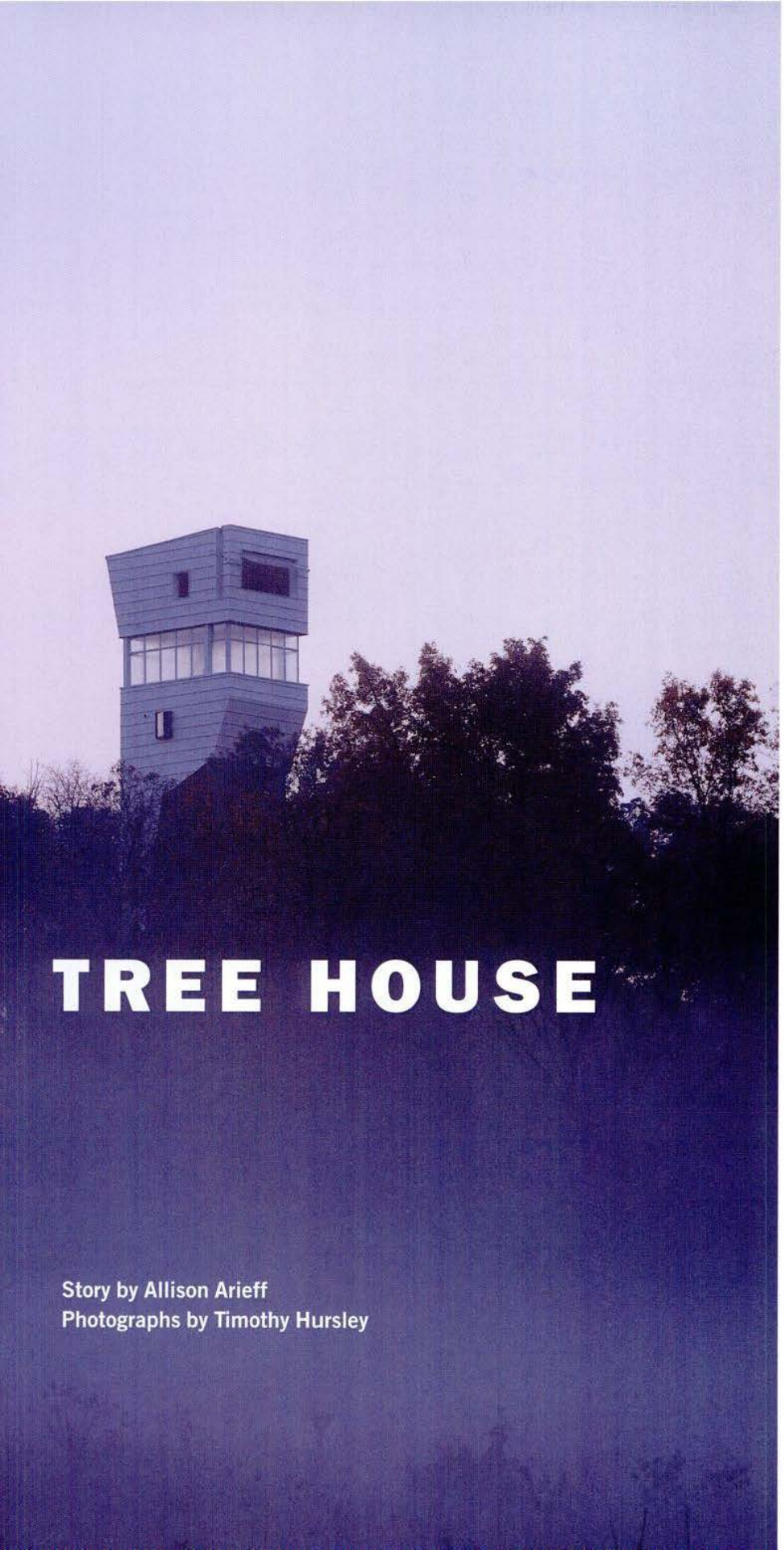
Although Bonauro does most of his thinking upstairs—color-saturated images being pondered for current projects are spread out on what he calls his "table of consideration"—the real office is below, out the back door and down the stairs. Because Sausalito is full of springs (one runs at the edge of the property), these spaces are cool and quiet, almost grotto-like, or "very yin," in Randolph's words. Baltz's darkroom is now a reference room and office, where a rough-hewn, polished-granite work surface sits in front of a picture-window view of the Japanese redwood. A window in the archive room looks inward, revealing the bowels of the house. And a self-contained guest room is nestled into the trees at the end. In the center of the garden is that potent symbol of land-ownership, the potting shed.

How does it feel to go from being two steps away from urban street life to living among the flora and fauna? "In some ways, Sausalito is like another part of the city, it's so close, and I'm often in town for meetings. But I don't miss living there," Bonauro reflects. "It's not that I'm a hermit—I probably spend more time now initiating social activities, because things come up less spontaneously once you leave the city. But I have more fun when I do go in, and I love coming back here at night.

"It's so quiet," he says, "like being in the country. There are all kinds of creatures and critters. Now, when I hear something on the roof at night, I know it's a raccoon or a squirrel, not someone trying to break into my apartment."

Deborah Bishop is the co-author of Hello Midnight: An Insomniac's Bedside Companion *(Simon & Schuster), a compendium of all things sleepless.*





TREE HOUSE

Story by Allison Arieff
Photographs by Timothy Hursley

When Dr. Edith Farnsworth moved into the glass house Mies van der Rohe had designed for her, she bemoaned her lack of privacy. The recurring discovery of nose prints on the glass was just too much for her to bear. Thoughts of poor Edith crossed my mind when I spent the night in the Tower House in Fayetteville, Arkansas, in a room surrounded by glass on all sides. I was in a space that looms nearly 60 feet above the ground, but as gusting winds whipped around me and the night sky grew darker, discovering mysterious smudges on the glass when I woke seemed entirely plausible.

When the sun rose around 6:30 the next morning, everything changed. The panoramic view from the sun-filled room was mesmerizing. Beyond the forest of white oaks that dot the 56-acre property, I could see clear to the plains of Oklahoma. Any initial reservations about the desirability of a structure like this were immediately erased. It was easy to understand the immense pleasure one would take in the perfect simplicity of the space. Once settled in on the Corbu daybed, my feet resting on the George Nelson bench, I could read *War and Peace* straight through in this room or bring up my laptop and write the sequel.

You reach the top of the Tower House, an 82-foot-high structure designed by architect Marlon Blackwell, by way of a sort of fire stair made of grip strut industrial metal that switches back up and around the inside of a 50-foot support column and then narrows as you get higher. The experience can be likened to climbing the stairs to the Statue of ▸

PROJECT: THE TOWER HOUSE
ARCHITECT: MARLON BLACKWELL
LOCATION: FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

The Tower House, architect Marlon Blackwell explains, "... is a fantasy, but one that is rooted within the specifics of its own conditions. It's a transformation of the everyday."

Liberty torch. As you ascend, your focus is on the process of navigating darkness and stairs. Similarly, the somewhat claustrophobic means of entry to the Tower House only makes one's first experience of its 360 degree view that much more profound. "I always thought of the stairwell as a room where you'd go in and light would filter in," explains Blackwell. "As you move up through it, your view is decelerated until there is no view or light—until you walk into the room."

And like the Statue of Liberty, the Tower is a monument, albeit one on a much more human scale and of a more personal bent. The impetus for its building was owner James Keenan's desire to pay homage to his grandfather, Jack Stoffer. James' fondest childhood memory was of his grandfather building him a tree house when he was six years old. Grandpa Stoffer had driven up from Houston to Harrison, Arkansas, to spend a week building the house for his grandson. "I sat on the ground, mesmerized, and watched him build it," James tells me. Two years later, James' family relocated to Italy. "When our house was sold I had my parents pay me for all the materials my grandfather had bought. They were making me move, they were selling my tree house, and I was going to make them pay for it! But it was less about retribution. In a small way, I felt like a homeowner. And I was losing my home."

His parents did pay him, by the way.

Early indicators of financial acumen were on target. Keenan grew up to be a businessman and philanthropist, and after time spent in Texas and Virginia, he returned to his home state of Arkansas, a place he describes as a "hard one to leave." He purchased 56 acres of land in Fayetteville, surrounded by the Ozark Mountains and blanketed with white oaks, in 1996. Keenan is an unapologetic sentimentalist, a quintessential Southern gentleman who lives with his wife and infant son in a Tudor mansion and serves on at least five boards of directors in his beloved town. But he also happens to collect vintage sports cars. And he opted to commission an 80-foot tower down the road from his house rather than build a den. He uses the Tower House primarily as a private retreat—a place to read, think, watch a video, get a little uninterrupted work done. He plans to move his office up there soon.

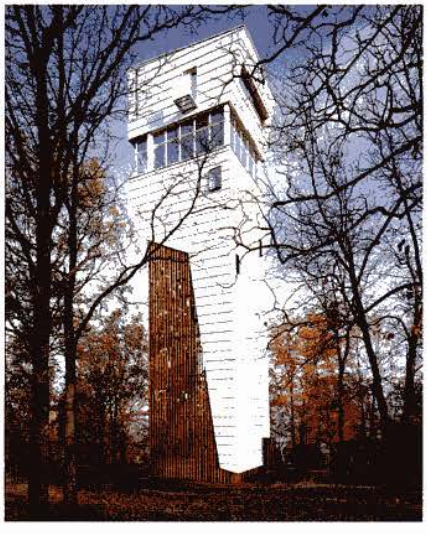
But the true purpose of the Tower? Blackwell laughs. "It's the Porsche James doesn't have to keep in the garage."

In 1996, Keenan approached Blackwell about building a tree house that would allow him to commune with the property. The two men had met through Keenan's wife, Stacy, who worked at the architecture department of the University of Arkansas, where Blackwell is an associate professor. Because of the soft soil and the skinny trees, Blackwell felt that a tree house would not really work. How about, he suggested to Keenan, a house in the trees?

"I'd just returned from Yemen, where people live in these mud-brick towers," Blackwell explains. "I proposed a tower where he'd be above the trees, if not in them. He was intrigued and that's how we started. The problem was that we had no idea of how to do it."

Blackwell and his team took an inventory of the site in November of 1997, noticing things like the way the light hit the trees and illuminated their texture. "I was interested in the idea of local or immanent form," Blackwell explains. "I'd been working with [architect Peter] Eisenman at the time and we were talking of immanence as opposed to transcendence. My take on it was form that was responding to the questions posed to it from within its own conditions. The idea was to use local craftsmen, local materials, to respond to local conditions."

All of the materials used were made or found locally, down to the pecan shells (obtained from a local nut processing plant) used in lieu of gravel or tan bark in the entryway. ("They make a nice crunching sound," Blackwell explains.) The architect's notions of "local form" are revealed in the steel tube tower structure clad with disengaged two-by-six-inch vertical white oak fin lattice around the stairwell. The lattice, which rises up 50 feet, establishes a visible marker at the tree canopy (its height corresponds to the mature height of the surrounding trees), and is analogous to the vertical textured bark of the oak and hickory trees native to the site. The structure's white steel cladding contrasts with the organic condition of the trees. Blackwell had thought about using corrugated metal or Galvalume but was concerned that it would be too associated with the current vogue for the agricultural vernacular. "I thought white would offer a certain ambiguity," the architect explains. "And I was really pleased with how the metal turned out." ▸



Facing page: During the year and a half the Tower (left) was being built, James' wife Stacy (seen with son James, Jr., center) fielded phone calls ranging from the irate to the curious. Her response? "I don't know. That's my husband's project." Pecan shells carpet the entryway (right) which Blackwell likens to "a clearing in the forest."

This page: The Tower's minimal furnishings (above) let the surrounding views outside take precedence. The Tudor house (left) that the Keenans call home. It's located just a mile down the road from the Tower. "I don't think James would have built this if he'd been married before it started," Blackwell jokes.

Atop the tower structure are two rooms. The indoor living and sleeping room sits 57 feet up in the air and has seven-and-a-half-feet-high continuous steel frame windows that provide a 360 degree view of the surrounding landscape. Ten-foot ceilings emphasize the expansive horizon outside. A place to sit, a view to contemplate—the room's simplicity perfectly illustrates Mies' assertion that "less is more." A fold-down stair leads to the sky court above. Four different wall openings frame four distinct views. "The outdoor room is really the climax of the project," Blackwell says.

It was the construction of these rooms that created the biggest challenge. The steel stairs went up quickly but the steel-clad rooms were another matter. "Nobody could have known how much labor would be involved," Blackwell explains. "We never used scaffolding, just cranes and lifts. Two of the three carpenters we used were rappellers; they would just hang off and work on the thing. It was amazing but a very difficult process, exponentially difficult. There were a lot of delays but James never really grumbled about it."

"People ask, 'Is it taller than you thought?' And it is, because the surveyor was off by about ten feet on the tree height. But we didn't find out until it was too late," says Keenan. All were surprised, too, by the extent to which the Tower is visible from surrounding roads, including Highway 45. I half expected to catch a glimpse of it as I landed on the rural airstrip at Northwest Arkansas Airport, about 30 miles outside of town.

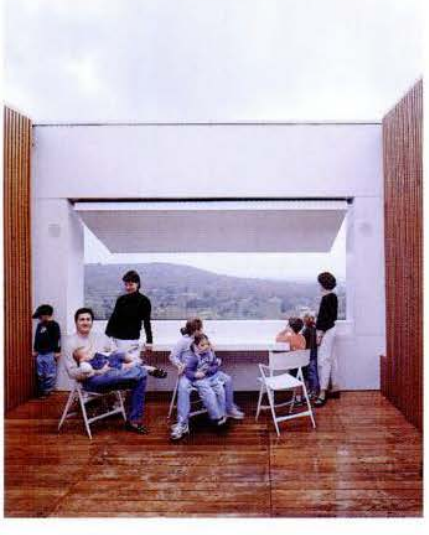
The Tower's height prompts the question: How did this thing ever get past the Fayetteville planning commission? Well, Blackwell couldn't believe his luck. "People were baffled about why it never went to the planning commission for approval. We met with them and said, 'We're going to do a residence eventually and this will be the outbuilding, the retreat.' And they said, 'So you're just doing it backwards? Well, then there are no rules or height limitations so you don't have to go before the commission. But promise me you won't make it look like a forest ranger tower, okay?'"

"Ranger tower" is just one of many labels pinned on the Tower. "Deer stand" is another. When it was going up, many thought it was a cell phone tower. There are the inevitable spaceship references, and my personal favorite, "trailer on a stick." "I made the mistake of telling a local reporter that I was influenced by local forms like trailers, chicken houses, and industrial buildings," Blackwell says. "I said it was not intended to look like them but rather was influenced by them. So she writes, 'The Tower House reminds one of mobile homes and chicken houses.'"

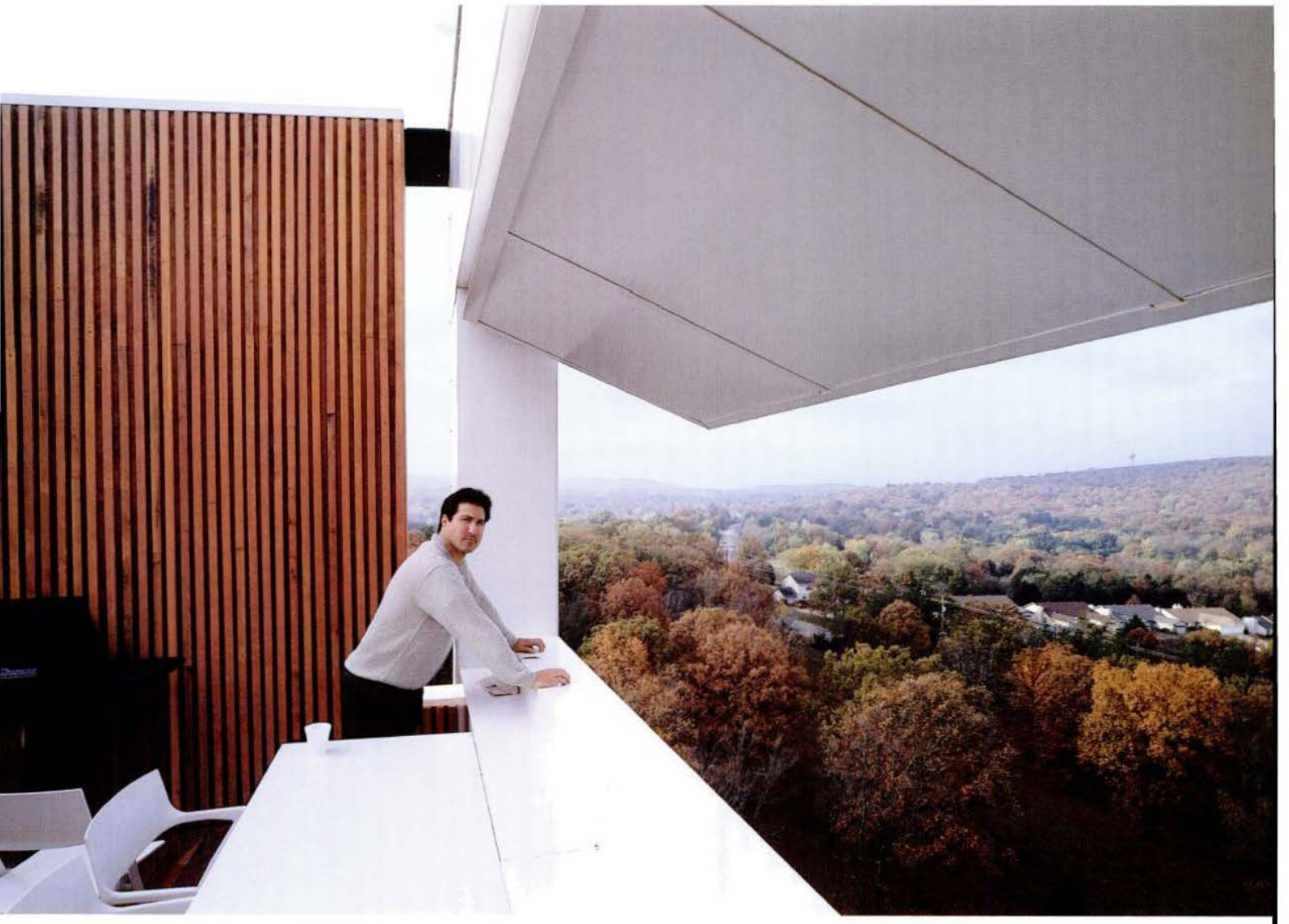
But architect and owner (and owner's wife) take the ribbing from locals with grace and good humor. Both are quick to offer tours of the Tower House to any of their critics. Keenan often holds his board meetings there because it "guarantees 100 percent attendance." People came to the site every day during construction and scratched their heads. James and Stacy told me about the time they were seated next to a group of six women at lunch and listened in as the group gossiped about the Tower. James sauntered over to their table and asked, "Would you like to see it?" The women, feigning ignorance, refused his offer but most others have eagerly accepted the invitation to visit the enigmatic edifice. "Once they've experienced it," explains Blackwell, "they still may not like it but at least they understand why we did it." Numerous others have visited without an invitation. During construction, no small number of amorous teenagers and drunken locals were discovered christening the structure in their own personal fashion.

But the most anticipated visitor was Keenan's grandfather, now 88, who came to Fayetteville last July. Orchestrating his visit was no easy feat. "We had people lined up to carry him up the stairs if necessary. But he climbed up the whole way," says Keenan, beaming. "We had a chair waiting for him on each landing so he could rest. He actually got to experience the Tower in a way most people don't. He got to take it in at each level, to notice the angles and details that most people miss as they walk quickly past. Until we drove up to the Tower, I think he had no sense of the import his building me that tree house had. I told him how much I appreciated the effort he made to come out. I was acknowledging that he had taken on quite an endeavor. He seemed to be in a kind of nirvana and, despite the strenuous climb, told me that he didn't feel a bit of pain. I am so glad to have had that moment and to have that memory of him coming to see it."

Allison Arieff is the senior editor of dwell.



Blackwell was thinking of *Blade Runner* when he designed the structure's imposing metal stairwell (near right). The Tower isn't just a private retreat for James (seen opposite page). It's put to good use for charity events and social gatherings. Children from the local elementary school (far right) were asked to draw pictures of the Tower for a school assignment. Later, the class was invited to come over, display their drawings and check out the view from the outdoor room.



Escape to Fayetteville

Okay, okay. You're not likely to visit your travel agent any time soon to book a romantic weekend in Fayetteville, Arkansas. And it's certainly not the first city that comes to mind when you think of modern architecture. But if you can get past the strip malls (Wal-Mart founder Sam Walton opened a store here 10 years before the first Wal-Mart), there are a number of architecturally interesting places to visit.

Frank Lloyd Wright apprentice and local architectural hero Fay Jones designed several significant homes and buildings in the area, including his design office (now run by architects Maurice Jennings and David McKee). Both Jones and Jennings are well known for their Wright-inspired churches, a reputation earned after the completion of Jones' beautiful Thorncrown Chapel, a contemplative glass structure with a crisscrossing light wood frame that interprets the Gothic vernacular on a more personal scale. It's worth the scenic, hour-long drive through the Ozarks to Eureka Springs, where the chapel is located.

Jones also designed the Lechtenberger House in Fayetteville, a project later renovated by Jennings and McKee. Other examples of Ozark Modernism can be seen in the house at 310 Mountain Street by Miller Boskus Lack Architects, the Lambeth Residence by James Lambeth, and, of course, Marlon Blackwell's Tower House.

Locals congregate at downtown establishments like the 36 Club and Uncle Gaylord's. Also popular are the "Great Steaks of the South" at Doe's Eat Place, the Fayetteville branch of the famous Clinton hangout in Little Rock. In the early '70s, the Clintons made their home in Fayetteville and taught a law course together at the University of Arkansas. Despite Fayetteville's dearth of tourist attractions, it doesn't go to great lengths to promote its Clinton connection (after all, Democrats failed to carry the state in the 2000 election).

There aren't a whole lot of places to buy modern design in Fayetteville, with the exception of Retail Therapy, a modern furnishings store downtown and, of course, Target. You can, however, fall asleep in examples of faux modern design. At the historic Inn at the Mill in nearby Johnson, Arkansas, theme rooms pay homage to architects Wright, Mackintosh, and Lambeth (who is also the Inn's owner).

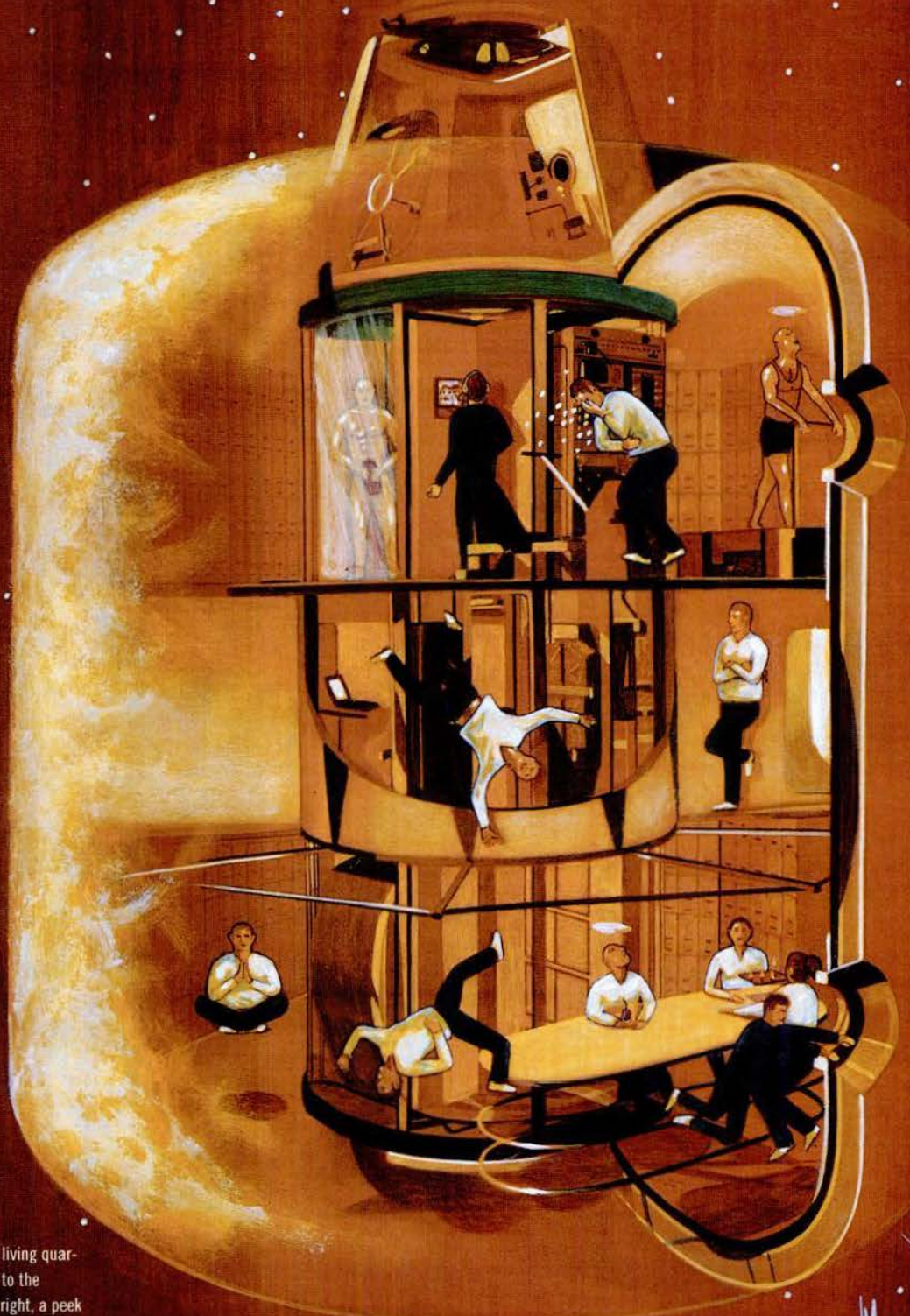
And finally, Fayetteville is home to Donald Roller Wilson, the famed painter of poker-playing dogs and Carmen Miranda–hatted monkeys. Art tours are available at Mr. Wilson's discretion. Contact him in advance of your visit at 501-443-0077 or via email: drw112338@aol.com. —A.A.

MARS NEEDS ARCHITECTS

One of these days, we're going to travel to Mars. And since it will take months to get there, we won't want to just take our small steps and giant leaps and turn around and come home. We'll need a place to stay.

Story by M.G. Lord

Illustration by Marcel Bastiaans



At left, the TransHab inflatable living quarters as it would look attached to the International Space Station. At right, a peek at life inside TransHab: A novice space traveler loses his freeze-dried lunch and a seasoned astronaut practices zero-gravity yoga.

Although science-fiction writers and space-tourism promoters might try to convince you otherwise, a space shuttle in low-earth orbit is no fun. Many astronauts spend entire shuttle missions vomiting from "space sickness," as well as weathering such visual hallucinations as the "inversion illusion," a conviction that the entire world is upside down. Even when reality is perceived without distortion, it can be jarring. Astronauts often vomit spontaneously when they look out a window and see the Earth at the top rather than the bottom of the frame.

To minimize such dislocation, spacecraft interiors feature what designers call a "local vertical," a consistent, if artificial, up and down created by visual cues. "There are usually no lights on what we think of as 'the floor,'" explains Dr. Millard Reschke, a medical researcher at the Johnson Space Center, who studies the effect of weightlessness on the vestibular system, with which the body orients itself in gravity. Lighter colors go "above," darker colors go "below," just as, in the mock-up laboratory module of the International Space Station (ISS), air-delivery vents are near the "ceiling" and return vents are near the "floor."

The vestibular research lab houses bizarre centrifuges that, by way of a special, illuminated eye mask, can convince a spinning astronaut who is lying on his side that he is tumbling head over heels—a memorable evocation of the weightless experience. Nor does weightlessness make a person look good: **Blood that normally rushes to the feet collects in the face; internal organs float to novel locations;** bone density dwindles. Add to this the fact that a spacecraft is a target for meteorites, orbital junk, and cosmic rays, and you have a better picture of the challenges facing a space architect such as Kriss Kennedy, a principal designer of TransHab, a revolutionary inflatable living quarters planned to be part of the ISS. It's not enough to design a sleek homage to the Airstream trailer; a space habitat must protect its sick, fragile occupants from a stunningly hostile environment.

Historically, the need for protection has been the most potent force shaping space architecture, Kennedy explains. He says this while walking—often clambering, hunched over—through a mock-up of the American laboratory module on the ISS at the Johnson Space Center. This module was connected via a central node to a European module and a Japanese module. (Mock-ups of Zarya and Unity, the first two modules whose linkage in 1998 inaugurated the ISS, were set up in another part of Building 9, an immense bay.) Like Skylab, the 1973 space workstation constructed inside an unused section of a Saturn V rocket, all the ISS modules have an exoskeleton, or hard shell. This creates an inflexible design constraint. In addition, the modules must fit within the 15-by-50-foot cargo bay of the space shuttle. Thus, each cylindrical module is, at most, a claustrophobic 13 feet in diameter.

By contrast, in lieu of an exoskeleton TransHab has an endoskeleton—a hard central core surrounded by a soft exterior that can be squeezed inside the shuttle for lift-off. Once in orbit, however, and out of the cargo bay, **the soft exterior inflates to three times its compressed size, producing a three-story, six-bedroom habitat.** Most dramatic from the standpoint of someone visiting an earthbound model, TransHab needs no staircase. Astronauts simply float "up."

TransHab's foot-thick shell is composed of layers, each of which achieves certain goals. Air is contained by three bladders made from gas-impermeable materials like those used in the food-packing industry. The bladders are cushioned and protected by layers of open-cell foam (much like the filler in seat cushions) and Nextel, a substance used for insulation under the hoods of cars. Near the center of the sandwich, a bulletproof layer of woven Kevlar holds the structure's shape. On its inside walls, a layer of Nomex, a fireproof cloth, prevents the air bladder from being scuffed.

"Prior to TransHab, inflatable structures were looked at with ridicule," Kennedy observes. In tests, however, TransHab's sturdy skin withstood all manner of stresses, including simulated impact with orbital debris. It survived pressure four times as great as the Earth's atmosphere at sea level in NASA's neutral buoyancy tank and, in NASA's seven-story vacuum chamber, no atmospheric pressure at all. Tests also demonstrated that TransHab could insulate against the temperature extremes of space—from 250 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun to minus 200 degrees in the shade. To stand on the first floor of the three-tiered structure after being wedged into the space station mock-up is to appreciate TransHab's convention-shattering design.

It is like walking out of a filling-station bathroom and into San Simeon. Originally, TransHab, whose name comes from "transit habitat," was planned as a crew quarters for a Mars mission. Kennedy did not evolve the idea alone; he was part of a "tiger team" of engineers with different back-grounds. Constance Adams, a space architect on staff at Lockheed Martin, was TransHab's other principal hands-on designer. (She has, however, since left the Johnson Space Center.) The team drew on human factors research and sought to play with space to alleviate the psychological aspects of long-term habitation, including feelings of isolation and confinement that have worn down researchers in Antarctica.

To preserve the astronauts' bone mass, a treadmill and stationary bicycle are installed on the third floor—at a significant remove from the dining table on floor one. Unless you like sweat in your food, eating and exercising don't mix, as astronaut William Pogue learned on Skylab. By the end of a half-hour of exercise, Pogue reported, astronauts generate a floating puddle of sweat, "as large as a dinner plate and about a quarter of an inch deep." And speaking of hygiene, the third floor features a "full body cleaner"—a glorified sponge bath, because zero-G showers don't work. TransHab also has two observation windows, in spots suited to looking out: the exercise area and the dining room. Made of four layers of pressurized glass encased in metal, the windows are standard products manufactured by Corning.

TransHab's bedrooms are not exactly presidential suites. But they do afford privacy, and a computer and video terminal for speaking and viewing.

While no astronaut would characterize any space habitat as cozy, most have strong opinions about the things that make them tolerable. Yuri Glazkov, a cosmonaut who spent time on Mir, valued his brief moments of privacy. "It's a really big deal," he says through an interpreter, "to be able to confine yourself when you sleep." In general, he was less concerned with interior design than with communications equipment—especially a video connection to home: **"You want to see your kids grow older, to communicate with your family, your dog, your cat."**

Astronaut Nancy Currie, who was part of the 1998 shuttle crew that linked Unity with Zarya, felt color played a role in comfort. During the training phase, her crew members—two male marines—were not pleased with the salmon color on part of the module's walls. "They were convinced it was pink," Currie explains. Once in space, however, their opinion changed. Even notoriously tough guys were drawn to the salmon-colored area.

Unfortunately, NASA's color palette is limited. In a closed ecological system, you can't introduce materials that emit toxic gases. And Nomex, one of the few fireproof fabrics to pass NASA's rigorous vetting (it lines the interior of TransHab), is only available in off-white, blue, and salmon.

Velcro and elastic loops, or bungees, are also key design elements. Unlike the Zarya module, which had one wall covered in the Russian equivalent of Velcro, Unity launched with no Velcro and no bungees, Currie recalls. And until they were installed, people tended to float off the walls and out of control. "It's the zero-G equivalent of 'I've fallen and I can't get up,'" she jokes.

Lighting, too, has an impact on mood. "The shuttle tends to be dark and dingy," she observes. "But Unity was very well lit."

As a licensed architect, Kennedy is an anomaly in NASA's Houston headquarters—and subject to skepticism from both architects and engineers. The AIA doesn't recognize space architecture as a legitimate field. Nor does NASA acknowledge its architects; on the payroll Kennedy is listed as an "aerospace engineer." Oddly, the field of space architecture has caught on in Europe, with programs at Lund University in Sweden, the University of Florence, and the Technical University of Munich. The Sasakawa International Center for Space Architecture (SICSA) at the University of Houston, endowed in 1987 by a Japanese philanthropist, is the mecca for space architects in this country. Kennedy entered SICSA in 1986, after earning a B.S. in architecture from the State University of New York at Buffalo, a decision that, because of the novelty of the field, struck some colleagues as bizarre. "My wife thought I was crazy," he recalls, an opinion she did not change until he won the AIA's prestigious Henry Adams Award, given to the university's top student. Kennedy's master's thesis involved designing a variable-gravity rotating space station, a model of which is still on display at the school.

Kennedy has consulted for a variety of clients, ranging from movie directors to space-tourism entrepreneurs. But Hollywood, he discovered while consulting for director James Cameron, has little use for verisimilitude. Realistic designs won't work; they have to be "enhanced for the audience."

And while an inflatable structure modeled on **TransHab could provide the luxurious interiors would-be space hoteliers fantasize about,** their budgets dictate modest alternatives. Gene Meyers, for instance, an engineer based in West Covina, California, has received significant press attention for what sounds like an orbiting Hooverville. He proposes cobbling together discarded space-shuttle fuel tanks to form a wheel-shaped space habitat reminiscent of the station in *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

Although one high roller, Nevada's Robert Bigelow, owner of the Budget Suites of America hotel chain, has put up $500 million to develop a space hotel, mass market space tourism is in no danger of happening tomorrow. Without a cheap, reusable launch vehicle to transport travelers and building parts, even the cleverest schemes must remain stuck on Earth. Although several privately funded firms are competing to build an alternative to the space shuttle, NASA has stepped out of the race. It cancelled its contract with Lockheed Martin for the X-33, a single-stage-to-orbit vehicle that had been earmarked to succeed the shuttle.

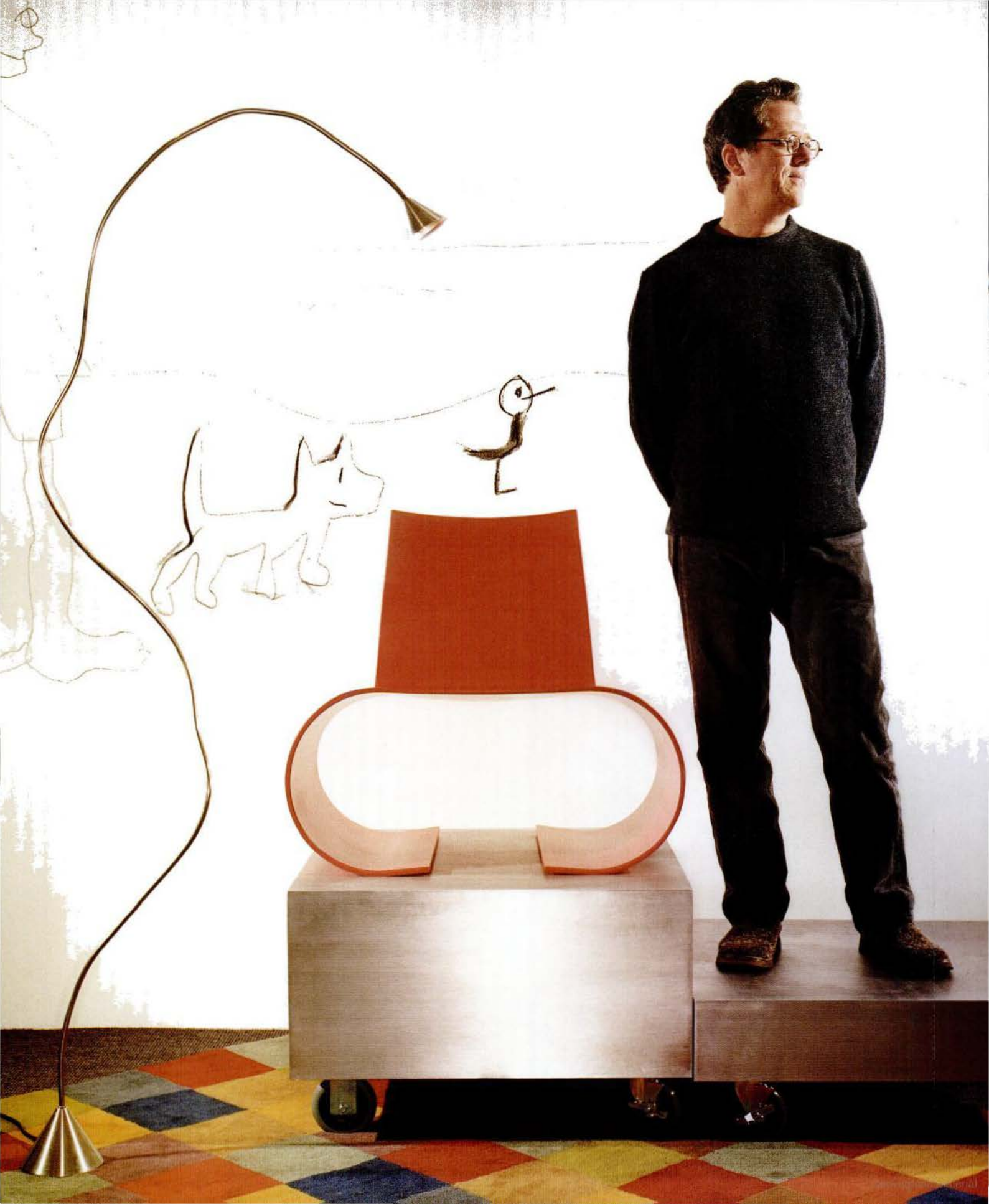
Indeed, money may be the most unhappy variable in the life of a space architect. In March, a few days before Kennedy spoke to dwell, NASA announced that it had cut the station's budget, and TransHab was among the projects scrapped. Kennedy took the news bravely, remaining enthusiastic about his current project, a "sleep station" that "deploys into a rack bay" in the U.S. laboratory module on the ISS. Made from a composite frame and soundproof board (with machines running constantly, the ISS is noisy), it would supplement two sleep stations in the Russian section. Despite Kennedy's keenness about the work, it still seemed like a comedown—as if he had been yanked off the space equivalent of Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater and reassigned to a Jennifer convertible sofa.

Still, the cutback has by no means sealed the fate of inflatable habitats, either for NASA or for the tourist industry—entities that Dennis Tito, a California businessman who paid the Russians $20 million to ferry him to the ISS, hopes to reconcile. And perhaps because of the Russians' interest in Tito's checkbook, he was able do it. This could set a dramatic precedent, enabling the ISS to overcome funding cuts with private money.

Tito, it seems, was remarkably sanguine about his space sickness, not letting a little thing like nausea rain on his orbital parade. And who knows—perhaps his enthusiasm will infect other rich people with strong stomachs. At $20 million per trip, 50 space tourists could generate a billion dollars—possibly enough to nudge TransHab off the drawing board.

After all, they have to sleep somewhere.

M.G. Lord is the author of Forever Barbie: The Unauthorized Biography of a Real Doll. *She is finishing an informal history of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory for Simon & Schuster.*



DESIGN WITHOUT PRETENSIONS

STORY BY KARRIE JACOBS

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY ARCHIBALD

From left to right: the Papiro Lamp by Sergio Calatroni, the Oto Chair by Peter Karpf and Design Within Reach founder Rob Forbes. On the wall: drawings by Javier Mariscal. On the floor: the Cuadros Rug by Nani Marquina.

A little over two years ago, Rob Forbes, founder of Design Within Reach, a company that today mails catalogs full of high-end designer furniture to hundreds of thousands of potential customers, was trying to figure out what, exactly, his nascent business would be. He made a point of talking with experts such as industrial designer Bill Stumpf and architects Frank Gehry and Michael Graves. The message he says he got from these luminaries was this: "If you can do anything, take the stuffiness out of design. You don't need to be elitist."

After spending a few hours talking with Forbes at DWR's headquarters near the Oakland, California waterfront, trying out potential products—a squat blue upholstered cube that moves like a rocking chair, for instance—I was convinced that Forbes is sincere in his desire to bring the best possible design to the most people. Our conversation, however, reminded me of an article that architecture critic Paul Goldberger wrote for the *New York Times Magazine* a few years ago. Goldberger was of the opinion that good design is being "devalued by . . . accessibility." He lamented the end of "a time when good taste was something earned."

How exactly does one "earn" good taste? Goldberger suggested education and travel, both admirable pursuits, but if you haven't had access to those things, should you be denied access to their fruits? Should good design be out of reach?

Forbes, 50, started his professional life as a ceramic artist—"I took it seriously. I made my living doing it"—but eventually decided to up the ante. He went to business school at Stanford, graduated in 1985, and, possessing an unusual combination of visual smarts and an MBA, landed a marketing position at a leading merchant of tasteful housewares—precisely the company at which Goldberger took umbrage—Williams Sonoma. What stuck with Forbes from his three years there was "that concept of making good-quality stuff accessible."

Forbes left Williams Sonoma for a marriage that took him to England and a job setting up a catalog division for Selfridges. By the early 1990s, he was back in the Bay Area without wife or furniture. "I came back to San Francisco with nothing," he recalls, and he started asking his friends, "Okay, where do you go for furniture?" The only place was LIMN, the pioneering high-end furniture store (which, like most high-end furniture stores, keeps almost no inventory, so customers have to place an order and wait months for delivery). "At the time, I made a coffee table, and I made some lighting out of rain gutters."

He went to work at The Nature Company and, later, Smith & Hawken, where he built a division that sold outdoor furniture to the trade. He began talking to architects and discovered a "problem." People who like designer furniture don't know where to buy it. Today, Forbes makes the genesis of Design Within Reach sound like a simple progression: "A friend died. I thought, Life is short. Do something that you want to do. I took a year off, developed the concept with Pentagram [a graphic design firm], built relationships, raised a couple of million bucks, and bought 20 containers of product."

My own fascination with the DWR catalog has something to do with the fact that they deliver most merchandise in a week or two (I recently waited nine months for a sofa from another retailer) and that it's less predictable than it first appears. It doesn't rely solely on mid-century-modern designs, furniture's greatest hits, although you can find the Eameses, Mies, and George Nelson inside its pages. Nor does it seem consumed by the moment; there is hardly anything by Karim Rashid. Instead, it seems to be forging its own approach, product by product.

The thing I really appreciate about DWR is its desire to make good taste accessible. Initially, Forbes wanted to call the company "Access" but found it was too commonly ▸

used to be trademarked. A copywriter came up with Design Within Reach. While the name may be inelegant, it gets the point across. Pentagram partner Kit Hinrichs worked on the graphic design of the catalog, striving to give it an "insider feel," so that non-designers will get the impression that they're being given entrée to something a little bit exclusive or special, and design professionals will be drawn in by a familiar visual language, one that includes schematic diagrams and detailed information about materials and colors.

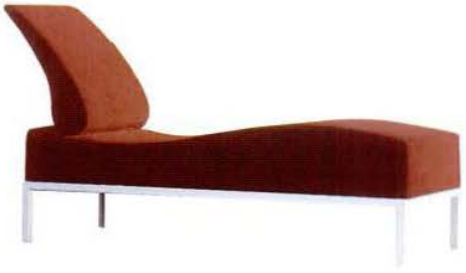
Forbes has managed to pick pieces based on his instincts. Many come from relatively obscure designers, and DWR's thoughtfully designed, information-rich catalog (and website) gives these pieces a pedigree. In DWR's first catalog, mailed in July 1999, classic modernism and a restrained collection of chairs, suitable for corporate needs, dominated. But, in recent months, the selection has been getting riskier. For instance, a crazy red chair made from molded beechwood by Danish designer Peter Karpf is given lots of play. Most recently, DWR has been promoting a selection of products—rugs, lighting fixtures, a chaise, seating—from a group of Spanish designers who are largely unknown in the States. Some of the Spanish designs are surprisingly conservative. Jorge Pensi's leather-and-steel Mango Armchair and Settee are sleek and corporate, while other pieces, like the Alambre Rug by Nani Marquina, with a pattern inspired by wood shavings, are quirkier.

I have been staring at a certain product in the DWR catalog for months, much the way I stared at the Stingray bike I wanted as a kid. It's a desk by Rodolfo Dordoni, an Italian designer about whom I know nothing, other than that he's fashioned one lovely piece of furniture. The desk boasts over 18 square feet of surface, is available in blue lacquer (roughly the shade of both my former Stingray and my current car), and, unlike many modern desks, it accommodates drawers.

One of these days, I'll actually buy the Dordoni Worktop and I'll like it just the same if lots of other people own it too.

Make something accessible, Goldberger would argue, and you make it, somehow, bad. Forbes, the enlightened catalog merchant, disagrees: "I don't think accessibility is the issue. If you homogenize design and dumb it down, that's different." Designs that are "authentic," Forbes believes, will be good no matter how many people own them.

Karrie Jacobs is the editor-in-chief of dwell.



The Agua Chaise (top, right), part of a water-inspired series by Spanish designer Diego Fortunato, is upholstered in worsted wool crepe. It will debut in the September DWR catalog, along with the Agua Pouf, a little ottoman that—literally—rocks.

The Dordoni Worktop (above) is one of the products that has been in the DWR catalog since the beginning. Forbes recalls walking into the studio of Milanese designer Rodolfo Dordoni and thinking, "That's the kind of desk I'd like to work on."

The Globus Chair (above, right) by Spanish designer Jesús Gasca (for a company called Stua) is like a peekaboo version of the famous Jacobsen Ant Chair. It's one of several Gasca pieces that DWR is adding to its catalog.

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God Bless You, Mr. Wanders: Our favorite things at this year's Salone Internazionale del Mobile—the furniture fair in Milan—were Dutch designer Marcel Wanders' "Airborne Snotty Vases." The bizarro forms of these polyamide vessels, manufactured by Cappellini, were, Wanders insists, lifted directly from the shapes of particles typically found in a sneeze. Hence the vases' names: Influenza, Sinusitis, Pollinosis, and Coryza (Greek for runny nose). For more from Milan, see new products, page 81.

EXHIBITS

The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks
March 17–August 5
Good magicians never explain their tricks, but since Walt's gone to his cryonic reward, an exhibit can reveal the ingenious tactics behind Disneyland. The show explores all aspects of his empire. In old video footage, Disney describes his intentions for Anaheim's park. Original mock-ups reveal the secrets that made shops on Main Street U.S.A. look bigger. Come demystify the happiest place on earth!
National Building Museum
Washington, DC
www.nbm.org

Public Offerings
April 1–July 29
A hand-to-mouth artist is prepared to sell his soul for exhibits and an income instead of dingy anonymity. Then, like "Solitary Man" did for Neil Diamond, a single work blasts him into fame. Jorge Pardo did it with five wrenches in a display case. MoCA will show breakthrough works by 25 contemporary artists, arguing that the first success influences all the work that follows.
L.A. Museum of Contemporary Art
Los Angeles, CA
www.moca-la.org

The Making of Miami Beach, 1933–1942: Architecture of Lawrence Murray Dixon
May 2–September 2
In a few short years during the 1930s, Miami Beach found its aesthetic identity, as dozens of hotels—many by Lawrence Murray Dixon—were designed to look "tropical" but nonetheless sleek and Art Deco enough to appeal to New York City vacationers. A huge collection of drawings and photos document Dixon's buildings. A great way to see architect Arata Isozaki's new Bass Museum building during its inaugural summer.
Bass Museum of Art
Miami Beach, FL
www.bassmuseum.org

Landscape/Land Use
May 6–July 8
What do Japanese internment camps, an irrigation canal in New Mexico, the landfill of Tokyo Bay, and Celebration, Florida, have in common? No, this is not the sequel to *Snow Falling on Cedars*. Various locations are on display here in landscape photography. From digitally manipulated computer graphics to Hockney-style photo collages, the works explore the effects of an overbearing human presence in nature, and simultaneously relate the artists' personal histories.
Tampa Museum of Art
Tampa, FL
www.tampamuseum.com

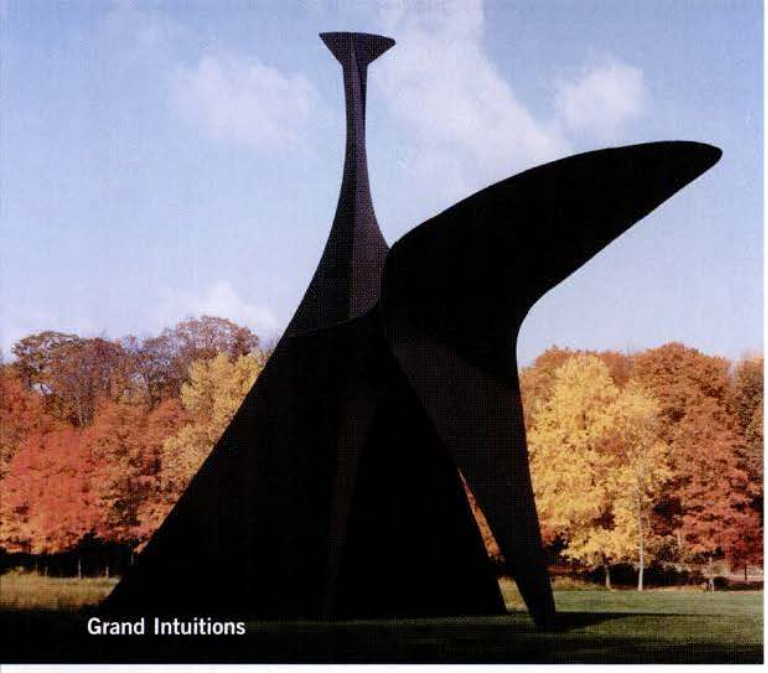
Modern Architecture in the Making: John Soane
May 16–September 3
The first in a two-year series of shows that examine "critical moments in the reinvention of architecture" (future exhibits will document Mies van der Rohe, Frank Gehry, and Herzog & de Meuron). While Soane's (1753–1837) contemporaries were devising new and improved ways to attach gilding and gloss, he was inventing "new types and forms of buildings to meet the realities of the industrial age."
Canadian Centre for Architecture
Montréal, Canada
www.cca.qc.ca

Frank Gehry: Architect
May 18–August 26
It should be something to see Frank Lloyd Wright's thick spiral transformed by Gehry's massive installation—a face-off between the Guggenheim's former and present signature architects. Wright's white icon will house Gehry's multimedia retrospective, with drawings, photos, video footage, and more from his 40-plus years' work.
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
New York, NY
www.guggenheim.org

J.J.P. Oud—Philip Johnson, A Dialogue
May 19–September 9
Along with contemporaries Theo Van Doesburg and Gerrit Reitveld, J.J.P. Oud was at the forefront of Holland's De Stijl group. Taking cues from Cubism, Mondrian's geometric compositions, and Frank Lloyd Wright's *Wasmuth Volumes* (the striking folios that brought Wright much acclaim in Europe when his reputation was less than solid stateside), the De Stijl stripped architecture of ornament, instead promoting the simple beauty of floating horizontal and vertical planes. Oud's contribution to what we today call modern is vastly underappreciated. As he did in 1930 while heading MoMA's architecture department and subsequently introducing us to the International Style, Philip Johnson will set the record straight.
Netherlands Architecture Institute
Rotterdam, the Netherlands
www.nai.nl

Grand Intuitions: Calder's Monumental Sculpture
May 21–November 15
We'd like to see a tiger in the wild rather than crammed into a cage at the zoo. The same is true for Alexander Calder's sculptures. The recent SFMoMA show whet our appetite for his playful creations, but here's a chance to see the biggest collection ever assembled of Calder's large-scale outdoor work roaming freely in the wilds of the Schunnemunk mountains. Eighteen pieces, some exhibited for the first time, along with 30 indoor sculptures

PHOTO COLLAGE BY MASUMI HAYASHI



Grand Intuitions

Public Offerings

PHOTO BY JERRY L. THOMPSON, COURTESY OF STORM KING ART CENTER (GRAND INTUITIONS). PAINTING BY TOBA KHEDOORI, COURTESY JEFFREY DEITCH (PUBLIC OFFERINGS)

and preparatory models, have been gathered here by the artist's grandson and guest curator, Alexander S.C. Rower.
Storm King Art Center
Mountainville, NY
www.stormkingartcenter.org

Virgil Marti
June 15–September 2
We're not sure what Mr. Marti has in store for this new site-specific installation. But based on past works such as *For Oscar Wilde*, where he outfitted a cell block in Philadelphia's run-down Eastern State Penitentiary with white lilies, 19th-century-style wallpaper, and crisp silk sheets, or *Pills*, a black-lit stairwell covered floor-to-ceiling with flourescent green, red, blue, and yellow wallpaper, it will most likely involve his skewed (read: artistic) take on interior decoration.
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts
Morris Gallery
Philadelphia, PA
www.pafa.org/museum

Malcolm Morley
June 15–August 27
Sometimes we need a break from the three-dimensional world of architecture, product design, and installations, simply to admire dried paint on a canvas. In honor of a career that spans a remarkable number of different styles, themes, and "effects on the central nervous system," the Hayward Gallery celebrates Malcolm Morley's 70th birthday with a diverse retrospective. Standouts include *Coronation and Beach Scene* (1968) and *Diving Champion* (1968)—sunny environments featuring tan flesh, from his "superrealism" period.
Hayward Gallery
London, England
www.hayward-gallery.org.uk

Martin Puryear
June 20–August 19
In an alternate universe Puryear would replace Norm Abram on *The New Yankee Workshop*. Home-woodshop fanatics could try creating chunky forms of cedar, pine, and rattan—without a highboy in sight. Puryear's tar-soaked lattice shapes are delicate. Light passes through them like a shivering Milky Way. The twelve works include the 36' *Ladder for Booker T. Washington* and *Plenty's Boast*, which resembles a giant Victorola horn.
Miami Art Museum
Miami, FL
www.miamiartmuseum.org

Detonation Deutschland
June 28–September 3
We never tire of stamping out sandcastles, pegging pyramids with baseballs, and knocking down other people's blocks. Nor do designers Julian Rosefelt and Piero Steinle, who created this traveling exhibition that fills a room with screens, surround-sound, and real-life footage of German buildings blowing up. Controlled demolition is almost as routine as construction, but much more thrilling.
Architectur Zentrum Wien
Vienna, Austria
www.azw.at

Norway Says
June 28–August 5
We're always hearing about the rich tradition of Scandinavian design, but when you break it down, Denmark, Sweden, and Finland (technically not even Scandinavia) get all the attention. The folks at Totem have decided that's all going to change (although Totem regulars will note that the previous exhibit featured Sweden's Offecct Interiör) and are thusly giving five young designers from the land of fjords, Grieg, and the midnight sun a chance to show their wares.
Totem Design
New York, NY
www.totemdesign.com

Arthur Tress: Fantastic Voyage, 1956–2000
July 7–September 23
Tress's photos, often set in melancholy architectural surroundings like ruined churches and eerily lit batting cages, are clearly staged and sometimes campy. *Fantastic Voyage* supposedly tells Tress's

BIRTHDAYS

Philip Johnson 7-8-1906

Michael Graves 7-9-1934

Buckminster Fuller 7-12-1895

Moshie Sadfie 7-14-1938

Peter Eisenman 8-11-1932

Robert Mills 8-12-1781

Charles Follen McKim 8-24-1847

Eliel and Eero Saarinen 8-20-1873 and 8-20-1910
Take a flight from Eero's TWA terminal at JFK to Dulles Airport in Virginia. Board a plane for Helsinki. Then ride the rails from Eliel's Helsinki Central Station to the home he built in Hvittrask in 1906.

Beau Monde

Arthur Tress

EXHIBITS (cont.)

life story. It is sometimes better to avoid the borderline-psycho/borderline-narcissistic stares of his portrait subjects, but the settings are vivid and beautiful.
Corcoran Gallery of Art
Washington, DC
www.corcoran.org

Beau Monde: Toward a Redeemed Cosmopolitanism
July 14, 2001–January 6, 2002
"Redeemed cosmopolitanism" could mean any number of things in Santa Fe, but we're guessing it won't eradicate the market for pastel-hued Native American pastiches that always wind up in dentists' offices. Without a "preconceived notion of what a *beau monde* might be" (that's up to the artists), SITE's Fourth International Biennial curator Dave Hickey plans to gather the diverse work of roughly 30 artists in galleries newly redesigned to evoke "regional cultural milieus."
SITE Santa Fe
Santa Fe, NM
www.sitesantafe.org

In Between: Outdoors
July 20–September 2
We don't need any extra excuses to visit the brilliant Schindler house, but in the final phase of this year-long exhibition Iñigo Manglano-Ovalle, Jorge Pardo, and Steve Roden will be creating site-specific sculpture and sound installations that blur the lines between interior and exterior. Further excuses include Drag City's Stephen Prina performing the Los Angeles premiere of "Sonic Dan" for voice, electric piano, acoustic guitar, and prerecorded sound on August 24 and 25.
MAK Center
Los Angeles, CA
www.makcenter.com

California Pottery: From Missions to Modernism
July 20–October 14
When "the big one" hits, and California tumbles into the sea, pottery will be the first casualty. Barring any seismic activity between now and July, you'll be able to see 180 selections of commercially produced ceramics made in California in the first half of the 20th century. May Hamilton de Causse and Geneviève Hamilton's *Rippled* platter resembles Fiestaware with wings; other pieces will boast narrative representations of the state's culture.
SFMoMA
San Francisco, CA
www.sfmoma.org

Anna Skibska
August 8, 2001–February 17, 2002
A life-sized labyrinth made from stretched, stringy hot glass will have a caramel-sugar look to it, and may even attract insects. The Seattle Art Museum hired Anna Skibska to create it as part of the Document Northwest series, in which local artists build giant apparatuses for trapping visitors and abducting them. Motion detectors and moving spotlights will add to the confusion.
Seattle Art Museum
Seattle, WA
www.seattleartmuseum.org

Glass of the Avant-Garde: From Vienna Secession to Bauhaus
August 21, 2001–January 6, 2002
This is the stuff of which *Antiques Roadshow* appraisers' dreams are made. These guys could really blow—glass that is. In an unprecedented loan, the Torsten Bröhan Collection from the Museo Nacional de Artes Decorativas, Madrid will travel, and be exhibited abroad for the first time. Featuring everything from one-of-a-kind Secessionist vases to mass-produced functionalist glassware from the Bauhaus. Sand never looked so good.
The Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum
New York, NY
www.si.edu/ndm

All dates are subject to change.
Please call to confirm.
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FAIRS / CONTESTS

The Graduating Designers Show
July 5–8, 12–15
This is where top, sometimes stylish designers (including Donna Karan) go to find fresh new employees. Hundreds of sweet young things, all hoping to get nabbed by hotshot designers, display their furniture, graphics, and media.
London, England
www.newdesigners.com

Atlanta International Rug Market
July 19–22
The AmericasMart showrooms present bright new carpeting of all colors and origins, from palace-sized rugs that cost more than most houses to flimsy little mats. Leave untrained puppies at home.
Atlanta, GA
www.americasmart.com

3rd International "Design for Architecture" Symposium
August 10–12
The Alvar Aalto Foundation chose "Skin and Soul" to be this year's theme. Designers will discuss the relationship between surface and content, arguing that "transparency has become surface and vice versa—illusion has become content."
Jyväskylä, Finland
www.alvaraalto.fi

Tendence
August 24–28
Pillows and sausages await you in the German expo halls. Furniture, interior, and tchotchke designers bring their best to the 335,000-square-meter exhibition space. Highlights will be the "Loft" section (modern interiors), the "Passage" area (exotic gifts), and the snackbar (sausages).
Frankfurt, Germany
www.tendence.de

Caravan Salon
August 24–September 2
Goodbye Winnebago, hello *Weinsberg Meteor*. 512 exhibitors, mostly from Holland, Italy, and Austria, display the latest in R.V. technology and design. Book early for a spot in the R.V. campground (capacity 600) and you might meet some European smoking buddies.
Dusseldorf, Germany
Tel: 312-781-5180

SCULPTURE BY ERIKA WANENMACHER (BEAU MONDE)


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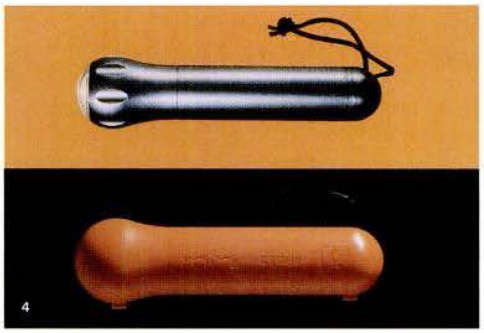
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What We Saw in Milan

1 Eo
Wulf Schneider
Interlübke
We walked into the Interlübke space at the Milan fair, yawned, and thought, Oh, it's another batch of translucent wall units. Then we noticed the glowing frosted-glass cabinets all around us subtly changing colors. The Eo, designed by Wulf Schneider, is lined with blue, green, and red LEDs. With a remote control, you can mix and adjust the intensity of each color to suit your mood.

2 Anemone
Fernando and Humberto Campana
Edra
We first encountered a construction of steel and plastic tubing like the Anemone chair at the Museum of Modern Art's 1998 exhibition of the Brazilian brothers' work. Their experiments with materials such as garden hose made them seem more like conceptual artists than designers. But Edra clearly sees the commercial potential in the Campanas' experiments.

3 Magis dog house
Michael Young
Magis
From the company that brought us the Marc Newson dish drainer and the Jasper Morrison bird feeder comes this oddly postmodern plastic dog house by British designer Michael Young, best known for his design of Reykjavik's AstroBar. It comes with a choice of brass plaques: "Amicus fidelis protectio fortis" (faithful friend, strong protector) or the more personal, "If you want to speak with me my name is (dog's name)."

4 Apollo
Marc Newson
Flos
What can we say about this aluminum flashlight created for Flos by that hot dog of the design world, Marc Newson? That it takes two alkaline batteries? That it comes with a plastic case? Its form says it all.

5 Gas Gas
Kaname Okajima
Sputnik
It's round. It's wicker. You sit in it and spin. Kaname Okajima, the 28-year-old designer, named it after a brand of motorcycle. With Tokyo-based Sputnik, less an actual company than traveling design circus, you never know whether a product is really a product—something available for purchase. But you can try and find out by going to www.gosputnik.com.

6 Outline
Jean Marie Massaud
Cappellini
The Outline chaise is an upholstered fiberglass plane that has been ever so slightly distorted to accommodate the human body. It was designed by Massaud, a French designer, best known for his Cacharel perfume bottle, who was featured in the "Heirs of Starck?" exhibition held in Paris last year.

2001: Lowrider
Johanna Grawunder
After 16 years in Milan, designer Grawunder celebrates her California roots. Hot Impala (top) is a sofa with polyester upholstery and a green fluorescent light. Juan's Slammed Monte (bottom) is a wooden bench covered in liquid rubber paint with fluorescent colored cushions and a recessed spotlight.

PHOTO BY RAMAK FAZEL (APOLLO)

Toy of the Month

LOMO CyberSamplerAS2.0
It's no fun being called "four eyes." That is, unless you're a LOMO camera. These multiple exposure cameras are perfect for a generation of wannabe MTV video directors tired of getting one big lame picture instead of four time-lapsed ultra-groovy images. Four separate shutters trigger within a second of each other, but not at the same time, allowing your short-term memory a well-deserved break. www.lomography.com

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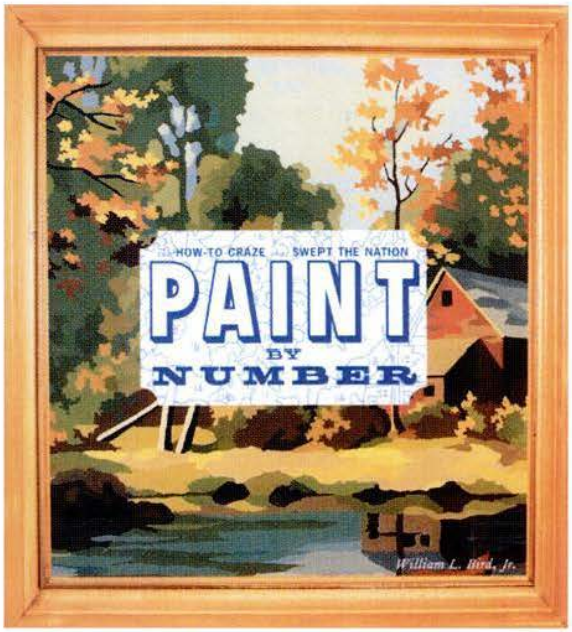
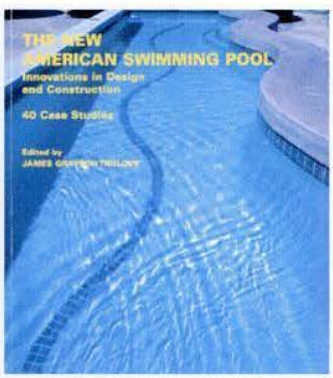
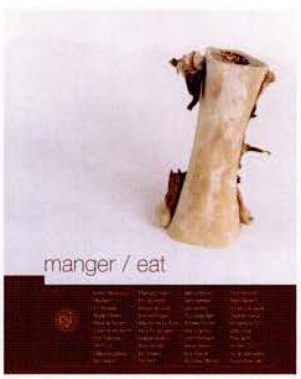


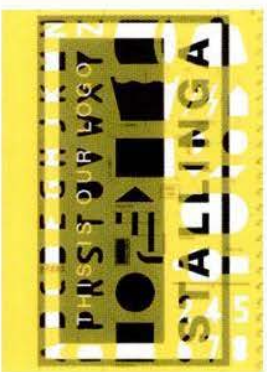
Paint by Number
William L. Bird, Jr.
Princeton Architectural Press, $18.95
In 1952, Dan Robbins, an unknown San Francisco hobbyist, entered a paint-by-number still life reminiscent of Georges Braque in a local art contest and won third prize. The judges, upon discovering this, were too embarrassed to draw further attention to their blunder and the prankster hung on to his prize. Robbins went on to create a paint-by-number kit for Craft Master, based on a method developed by Leonardo da Vinci (who had assigned numbered portions of paintings to his assistants to complete) that he'd learned about in art class. A phenomenon was born, and the DIY masterpiece became a national craze. Everyone from Andy Warhol to J. Edgar Hoover to your mom tried it. Clowns, Christ on the cross, landscapes, the Mona Lisa, cowboys, kittens, and even abstract expressionism—all were fodder for paint-by-number kits. And how did this mania affect the modern home? Home décor magazines of the period displayed paint-by-number paintings in their interior spreads and urged homeowners to convert their basements and extra rooms into workshops/hobby rooms. But, in the end, as the craze waned, painting by the numbers was charged with bringing down the standard of taste in America. (Hard to believe it was the real culprit.) Today the works are being shown at the Smithsonian (albeit with a caveat from curator Bird that these paintings are "not art"). *Paint by Number: Accounting for Taste in the 1950s*, at the National Museum of American History in Washington, D.C., runs through December 31st.



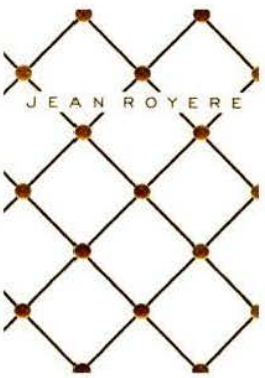
The New American Swimming Pool
Edited by James Grayson Trulove
Watson Guptil, $55
The incredible pools presented here would inspire even the most lackadaisical swimmer to hang on for another lap (or 50). The book succeeds as an important sourcebook as well as a vehicle for escapist fantasy. Notable projects include the second-floor lap pool designed by architects Mark Scogin and Merrill Elam that is adjacent to their glass-walled bedroom, Edmund Hollander's ocean-front pool in East Hampton, and the Malibu Infinity Pool by Barry Beer that creates a continuous plane from pool to ocean.



manger/eat
Coromandel Express, $90
In *manger/eat*, the second in a series of titles devoted to a quotidian theme (think *sleep, work, move*), contemporary artists and writers such as Uta Barth, William Eggleston, Tony Oursler, and Lydia Davis present provocative work about, well, eating (broadly defined). The Bourellec brothers were commissioned to design a limited-edition serving tray as a companion piece to the bilingual book. (Blue/green lacquered tray available at Colette in Paris and Moss Design in New York for $450.)



Stallinga: This Is Our Logo
BIS Publishers, $40
A quirky look at Dutch artist/designer Henk Stallinga's recent furniture and design work. From the bright plastic stencil cover (available in four different colors) that tempts you to tear it off and use it for your next drawing class assignment to the 51 projects presented in lo-fi photography, we are reminded that things are not always as they seem—particularly within the ever-changing Dutch design scene.



Jean Royère
By Catherine and Stéphane de Beyrie with Jacques Ouaiss
Galerie de Beyrie, $70
A peer of Jean-Michel Frank, Jean Royère is one of the last "undiscovered" modernists. His pieces have yet to be involved in bidding wars on eBay. Royère's style can best be described as classicism with a modern sensibility. His furniture deftly mixed luxe materials like velvet and bronze with pure forms. The design detail of a popular group of pieces referenced the Eiffel Tower; other pieces are ascribed with zoomorphic traits (i.e., the Eléphanteau chair). New York gallerists Catherine and Stéphane de Beyrie have lovingly produced a catalog of Royère's work, which they have dedicated to "Royère hunters."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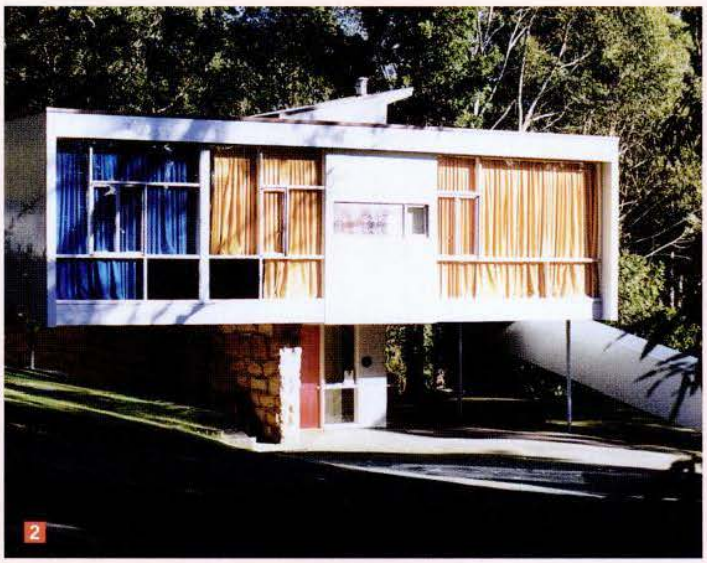
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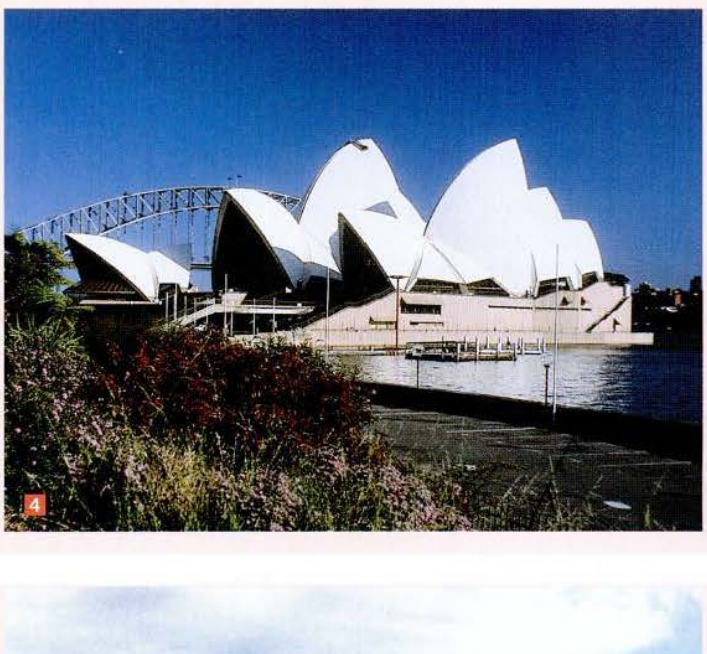
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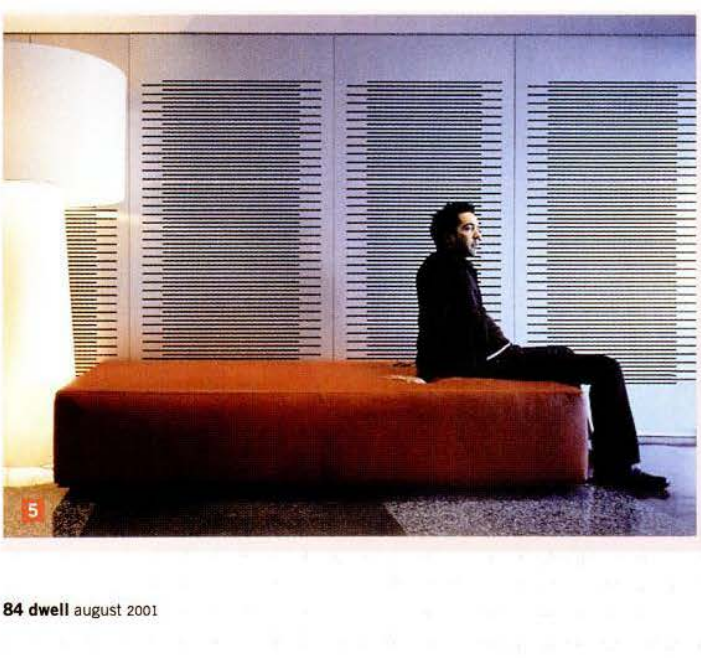
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PHOTOS BY CHARLES AND JOSETTE LENARS / CORBIS (1). COURTESY OF UTOPIA ART SYDNEY AND PAPUNYA TULA ARTISTS (3). SCOTT FRANCES / ESTO (4). DAVID CHALKER (6)

Sydney

WHICH WAY TO WOOLOOMOOLOO?

STORY BY DAVID HAY

After graduate school in California, I moved to Sydney for a brief spell. I lived in a series of Victorian-era terrace houses 1 with high ceilings. They were dark, and chilly and damp in winter, and, like many British imports, failed to recognize what Sydney has to offer: abundant light, water, and warm weather. Returning recently, I was taken by the sophisticated ways in which Sydney-siders now embrace these elements. Sidewalk cafés have been carved out of the tiny storefronts that line the streets of inner-city Darlinghurst. Converted old factories, such as the Powerhouse Museum of science and design, welcome the light. Even the skyscraper-laden downtown seems open and uninhibited.

Many of the terrace houses have had their innards ripped out and windows enlarged. Similar conversions have brought crowds back to the two-story wooden wharves on both sides of downtown. One houses the lively Sydney Theater Company. Another, in a cove abutting Wooloomooloo, is home to the new W hotel as well as a string of restaurants, including the boisterously hip Otto's. And all this is served by water taxi.

Houses: The recent realization that nature can make life innately pleasurable flies in the face of Sydney's 200-year history. Successive waves of European settlers, frightened by the area's brash ecology, designed homes to hide from it. Luckily, some 20th-century visionaries thought otherwise. One pioneer was Chicago-born architect Walter Burley Griffin, who worked with Frank Lloyd Wright from 1901 to 1906. Griffin came to Australia after winning the design competition for Canberra, the new capital. In 1920, he embarked on a housing experiment just across the harbor in Castlecrag. On 650 acres, he envisioned a settlement of sandstone houses blended with the rugged bush—with no apartment buildings, fences, or pitched roofs in sight. The landscape was to belong to the individual, and rather than filling the gardens with European imports, native fauna was planted. However, Griffin was ahead of his time. After 15 years, he packed up and went to India, his plan resulting in no more than 14 homes (1921 prototype: 136 Edinburgh Road).

A decade later, another break with the standard model for the Australian home—a solid brick veneer house with small, separated living areas—came with an archetypal modernist house, designed by Harry Seidler, a Harvard student of Walter Gropius, for his parents. Seidler, now based in Sydney, brought not only this model but also many building materials from America to this small block that looks out over the bush. Built in 1950, the Rose Seidler House 2 has been immaculately restored to its original condition (71 Clissold Road, Wahroonga).

In the 1950s, Castlecrag, where Griffin built his houses, spawned a series of modernist houses designed for the more relaxed Sydney life. A standout is Hugh Buhrich's home, built in the late 1960s (375 Edinburgh Road). Its wavelike roof seems to continue on the slatted, wooden, interior ceiling, making the house appear as if it were an extention of the nearby harbor on a choppy day.

Not far away is Harold Smith's prototype for modest but open living built from brick and steel (14 Sunnyside Crescent). It has been refurbished by the designer Stephen Collins, a sign that Sydney-siders are gradually embracing their own modernist history.

Indigenous Modernism: The one group who does understand Sydney's ecology are the Australian Aborigines.

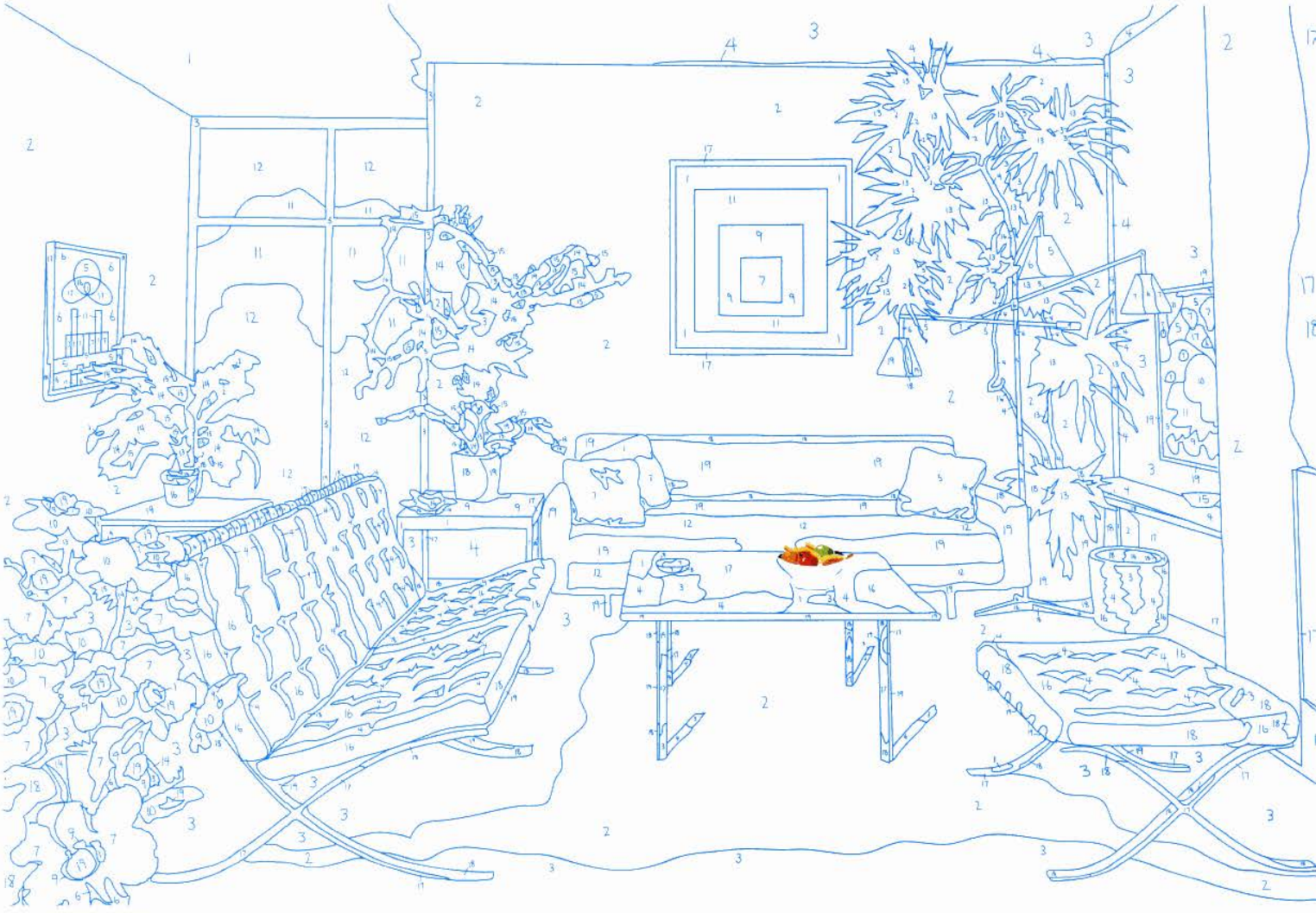
Today, European Australians are still battling over how to coexist with the continent's original inhabitants. The most ready embrace of Aboriginal society has come in the form of its art. Over 30 years ago, Aborigines in Central Australia were introduced to acrylic paint and urged to transfer some of their sacred imagery, for centuries confined to sand and rock walls, to canvas. Using the end of a matchstick and painting in dots, they produced a surrogate but hugely elegant form of their sacred art. Their nonrepresentational images—dubbed "indigenous modernism"—have become wildly popular, with prices often outmatching their white Australian contemporaries (Hogarth Gallery, Paddington; Utopia Art Sydney 3, Stanmore).

The Opera House: It's rare that a familiar icon is also a breakthrough in contemporary architecture. But The Opera House 4 designed by Danish architect Jørn Utzon, whose winning entry was reportedly pulled from a pile of rejects by a late-arriving competition judge, Eero Saarinen, presaged a revolution in the design of monumental buildings. Utzon's 1957 design, completed in 1973 by a team of Australian architects after his resignation in 1966, boasts no columns or overbearing entrance. Its roof, in fact, is more important than its walls. Utzon's set of towering sails blowing up off the harbor not only acknowledges Sydney's environment but embellishes it. Yet architectural historian Graham Jahn notes that "it has had no influence on architects here at all. No one has tried to copy it."

Lifestyle: The 40-room Kirketon 5 is a refreshing change from standard-issue hotels (229 Darlinghurst Road). Remodeled by Burly Katon Halliday—restrained modernism superimposed on Edwardian antecedents—it is also home, on the ground floor, to Salt, Luke Mangan's consummate restaurant whose menu includes roasted barramundi as well as a seared then poached fillet of beef. One must head downtown to Tetsuya's, however, to eat quail with daikon and gobo or a fig dressed with goat cheese, two of chef Tetsuya Wakuda's specialties. In the neighborhood around Oxford Street, a ten-minute walk from the Kirketon, you'll find several small boutiques and the design studio Norman and Quaine, which features furniture and lamps made by contemporary Australian designers (74 Commonwealth Street). Close by is dedece with a more international bent, but it carries the work of Sydney designer Stefan Lie, whose spectacular snakelike "ribs" can function as both a seat and a coffee table (263 Liverpool Street).

A Glenn Murcutt Day Trip: Glenn Murcutt, the renowned Sydney-based architect, has built many houses in the city, but his most accessible recent work is the hall and artists' residences 6 overlooking the river at the Arthur and Yvonne Boyd Education Centre at Riversdale. A beautiful two-and-a-half-hour drive south of Sydney, this complex shows how Murcutt's sophisticated embrace of Australia's sometimes harsh elements can enhance a building's comfort and utility.

David Hay writes about the impact of design on our daily lives.



IS MODERN DESIGN COLORBLIND?

STORY BY DAVID A. GREENE

Cruising the mid-century modern section of the local flea market last Sunday, I came upon an example of a disturbing trend: A herd of streamline-moderne Heywood-Wakefield night tables and dressers, probably rescued from some farmhouse in Iowa, had been chemically stripped to the bare wood and sprayed with crystal-clear lacquer, like perfect (if well-traveled) apples at the grocery store. The baseball-capped twenty-somethings buying the shiny pieces blithely ignored the lovely Heywood bedroom set next to them, which was less expensive yet still maintained the milky-orange "wheat" finish distinctive to the brand (the result of a not-so-secret recipe of paints and waxes). The uncolored furniture looked more "modern," they declared—and they were willing to pay a premium for it.

At some point in the popular history of modern design, colorlessness got mixed up with class. Stark white interiors populated by blond wood furniture are now a hallmark of quality—a "pure" modernism—while color means a déclassé kitschiness, the IKEA-fication of classic style. (Never mind that IKEA is closer to the real thing, both in form and spirit, than almost anything out there.) Where did this fetish for antisepsis come from?

Part of the problem, believe it or not, can be traced to all those coffee-table books extolling historical modernism, with their largely black-and-white reproductions. If you weren't there, the pre-1965 material world seems grayscale—think of Dick Van Dyke's living room and Julius Shulman's renowned Case Study House photographs. Luckily, today we have *Saving Private Ryan* and *ESPN Classic Sports*—not to mention George Nelson marshmallow sofas—to remind us that the early to mid-20th century was far from achromatic. In fact, what we consider the heyday of modernism, the late 1930s through the early 1960s, marked a revolution in the world of color, from the development of acrylic and Day-Glo paints to annual advances in the technologies of color television and film.

Not that early modern architects and designers weren't wary of color—and with

Color Key

1 Frank Lloyd **White**
2 Skidmore, **Off-white**, and Merrill
3 **Creamosphere** House
4 Richard **Neutral**
5 Mies van der **Yellow**
6 **Orange** Niemeyer
7 Eero Saa**red**nen
8 Villa **Maroon**ea
9 J.J. **Pink** Oud
10 R. Buckminster **Purple**
11 Le Cor**blue**sier
12 Laszlo Moholy-**Navy**
13 Maison de **Vert**
14 David A. **Green**e
15 **Chartreuse** & Ray Eames
16 Marcel **Brown**uer
17 Silver Prince **Silver**
18 Eileen **Dark Gray**
19 Case Study **Black**

ILLUSTRATION BY SHAWN HAZEN

good reason. In the pronouncements of founders such as Le Corbusier and Adolf Loos, nascent modernism sounded stridently anti-chromatic—but really, it was anti-fussiness. Color was lumped in with the Victorian decorative urge, that "distracting din of colors and ornaments" that Le Corbusier railed against in his "Rappel à l'ordre" of 1925, an era when Victoriana had reached its confectionary peak. Loos, too, yearned for "plain, undecorated simplicity." And early modernist buildings achieved just that: Among the most austere and influential was Mies van der Rohe's Farnsworth house, a glass-and-steel box in shades of stark white, so cold (and transparent) that it was declared uninhabitable. But check out a color photo of the Farnsworth house, taken in the autumn—the riot of yellows and reds on the trees and carpeting the grounds around the home is obviously meant to be enjoyed from within. If nature does such a fine job with color, why would an architect dare to compete?

Rank-and-file modern architects weren't anti-color, either; rather, they were pro–mass production, and materials like steel, concrete, and wood paneling are not very chromatic by themselves. And then there's this: Just as nature was important to Mies and his West Coast Case Study followers, designers in less verdant urban locales planned on the presence of a similar visual diversion—art. It is no coincidence that modern interiors resemble modern art galleries, and vice versa. Integral to the modern credo is not just an appreciation of good, functional design but also the more optimistic vision of a corresponding awareness (and acquisition) of visual art on the part of the masses. This is not an elitist thing; in fact, it's exactly the opposite.

David Batchelor's *Chromophobia* is a recent book-length thesis on the supposedly aggressive, even pernicious war on color by straight-laced (and, we are meant to assume, straight) modernists who see color as a dangerous exemplar of everything feminine, messy, and queer. But color was never the enemy: Modernism doesn't avoid color because it hates it or fears it. Rather, modernism continues to engage color carefully and judiciously because of the immense respect it has for it. Modernism sees a world of colors—not a colored world.

If Wittgenstein taught us anything, it's that color is powerful—subjectivity defined. So, as a general rule, modernism relies on solid colors to define discrete forms, leaving their combination to the experts—us. Which is why those Case Study houses, so ordered and cool when built, occasionally became temples to bad taste and chromatic tone-deafness when people actually lived in them. Even Charles and Ray Eames, modernism's boldest color couple, were not immune. Their Case Study House No. 8 (1945–49) was chockablock with their own paintings and furniture, all of it with an indisputable modernist pedigree. But when combined with their choice of rugs, blankets, and decorative bric-a-brac—Holy cacophony, Batman—it became a nauseating, hippy-dippy mess. But hey, that's the way it should be, because good design is democratic, not autocratic. Designers and architects provide us with tools for living, and we decide how we're going to use them—thoughtfully, exuberantly, indiscriminately.

To assume that modernism is about colorlessness is therefore to miss the point entirely, and to de-color modern accoutrements that are *supposed* to be colorful is just plain wrong. But it is also understandable, since color, or the lack thereof, is so deeply rooted in our economic psyche. A preference for colorlessness is not elitist but rather a symptom of middle-class anxiety: If one wants to market (or re-sell) a durable good like a car, computer, or house to the broadest possible audience, common wisdom dictates it be made a neutral or non-color like white, black, gray, or beige.

While this economic color rule never breaks, it is occasionally bent—especially in flush times, when the anticipation of increased buying power spurs manufacturers and the public to irrational exuberance. Thus, we have the turn-of-the-century explosion of colorful modern durables, from iMac computers (the granddaddy of them all) to Nokia cell phones, translucent Visor PDAs, the Volkswagen New Beetle, and my favorite, the fantastically purple Dyson Contrarotator washing machine. The West's previous major color eruption was the period after World War II, when consumer confidence and all-around optimism were at a roiling boil. Then, the colors were aqua, avocado, and goldenrod, but the urge was the same—to express one's personality through the color of things one purchases—resale (and overstock) be damned. (Modernism's vision of an art-owning public is recast, more realistically, as a colorful-kitchen-appliance-owning one.)

So why were those flea-marketers buying the denuded furniture rather than the real thing? Maybe they just didn't get it. Or maybe they were prescient, anticipating an end to our free-wheeling, colorful era and a return to a colorless world of caution and conservatism, of gray computers and beige refrigerators.

David A. Greene, a baseball-capped thirty-something, is a screenwriter in Los Angeles and a former art critic for The New Yorker *and the* Village Voice.

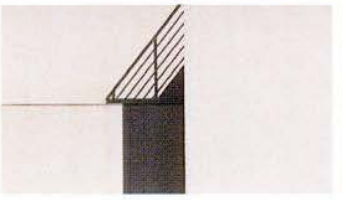
WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE COLOR?

01 / WHITE

The color of my T-shirt, my underwear, the color of time, of the spirits.
Sarah, proprietor, Colette

02 / WHITE

Because my favorite place is bed and my ceiling happens to be white.
Marc Newson, designer



03 / WHITE

The color which intensifies the perception of all of the other hues that exist in nature.
Richard Meier, architect

04 / BUTTER

It is the perfect yellow shade, so perfect it can make your mouth water.
Lydia Ricci, graphic designer

05 / FLESH (Anglo)

A color I sometimes have when I spend more time in the sun, but don't have right now.
Brian Eno, musician/artist

06 / SUN

Just between yellow and orange, golden like the sun. It puts me in a good mood.
Paolo Antonelli, curator

07 / ORANGE

Orange makes me happy. Orange stands out.
Paul Frank, clothing/accessories designer

08 / TERRA COTTA

It reminds me of early memories of Italy.
Anita Roddick, founder, The Body Shop

09 / EYELID (Interior)

The luminescent blood-orange of regarding the sun through my eyelids. It's a color I'd like to spend more time with.
Ethan Imboden, industrial designer

10 / ORANGE

Reminds me of my country's (Holland) soccer team in their orange outfits playing beautiful games over and over again.
Marcel Wanders, designer

11 / ORANGE (Pantone 021)

Totem's corporate color. One of the few good colors that came out of the seventies.
David Shearer, proprietor, Totem Design

12 / REFRACTION

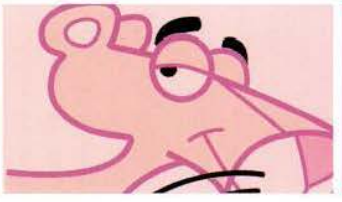
The color between colors or the refraction of light that creates a third color.
Orfeo Quagliata, glass artist

13 / FIRE ENGINE RED

Why? I've had enough of orange and it's time to move on.
John Christakos, furniture designer

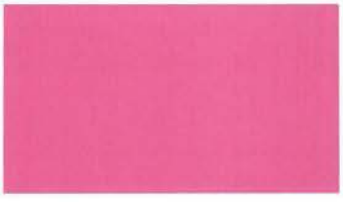
14 / RED

Power, passion, most intense sign of life, this is the queen of color.
Hella Jongerius, designer



15 / PINK

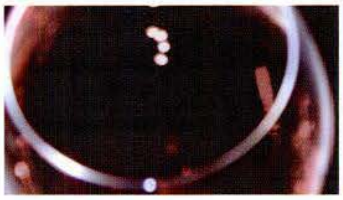
Most fascinating as an artificial and synthetic color (like the Pink Panther).
Alessandro Mendini, architect



16 / MAGENTA

Color is something you sense and feel. Understanding it will reduce or lose its mystery.
Patrick Chia, furniture designer

PHOTOS BY CHRISTINA CLUGSTON, SCOTT FRANCES / ESTO (03), PHILIPPE MONTIGNY / AGENCE VANDYSTADT / ALLSPORT (10), JEFF GROSS / ALLSPORT (19), JIM ZUCKERMAN / CORBIS (24)



17 / BORDEAUX

It reminds me of the wine.
Elliott Erwitt, photographer

18 / DEEP COBALT BLUE

I fell in love with it as a kid looking at Maxfield Parrish paintings. It seems infinite, dreamlike, and magical.
David Rockwell, architect

19 / TAR HEEL BLUE

North Carolina Tar Heel Blue.
Phil Patton, writer

20 / SKY BLUE

The color when you are flying above the clouds.
John Maeda, graphic designer

21 / CHERENKOV RADIATION BLUE

The peculiar wavelength given off by decaying uranium.
Syd Mead, designer/illustrator

22 / TV

The color(s) emanating from my TV set.
Gary Chang, architect

23 / ELECTRIC BLUE (Pantone 801C)

Because I have not used it up yet.
Elizabeth Diller, architect

24 / CARIBBEAN BLUE

The Caribbean Sea from my room in Anguilla.
Murray Moss, Moss Design

25 / GREEN

Every shade of green works with every other shade of green, and every shade of green works with every other color.
Stanlee Gatti, floral designer

26 / PISTACHIO GREEN

A smudge of pistachio ice cream on a piece of paper that I had a printer match.
Raul Cabra, graphic designer

27 / APPLE GREEN

It inspires a feeling of healthiness (an apple a day?) and crispness, like the feeling of biting into that apple.
Raul Barreneche, writer

28 / CHARTREUSE

A color you truly only see in nature in the spring when the leaves are just peeking out of the branches.
Cynthia Connolly, photographer

29 / BROWN

In many different shades from camel to chocolate.
Todd Hido, photographer

30 / BLACK AND WHITE

A perfect combination of two opposites, of yin and yang, of light and darkness.
Barbara Ducoté, editor, Abitare

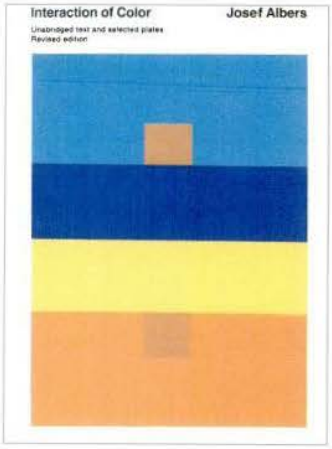
31 / NATURAL ALUMINUM

I'm fascinated by aluminum. It's a miraculous material.
James Irvine, architect

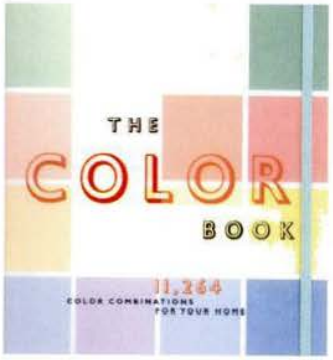
32 / TRANSLUCENT

I have an affinity toward ephemera, translucency, and phenomena.
Karim Rashid, designer

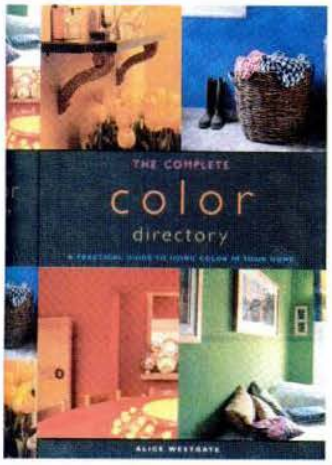
The Colorful Bookshelf



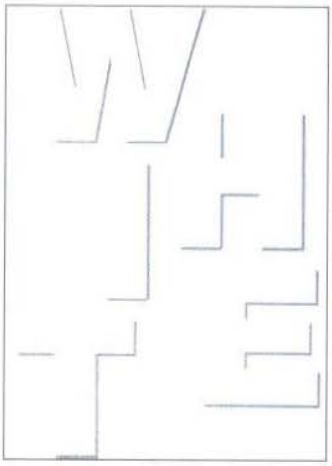
Interaction of Color
By Josef Albers
Yale University Press, 1963, 1975
Required reading for anyone interested in color and visual perception. The aim of such study, Albers explains, "is to develop—through experience—by trial and error—an eye for color." An intellectual approach to what is often considered a purely emotional subject.



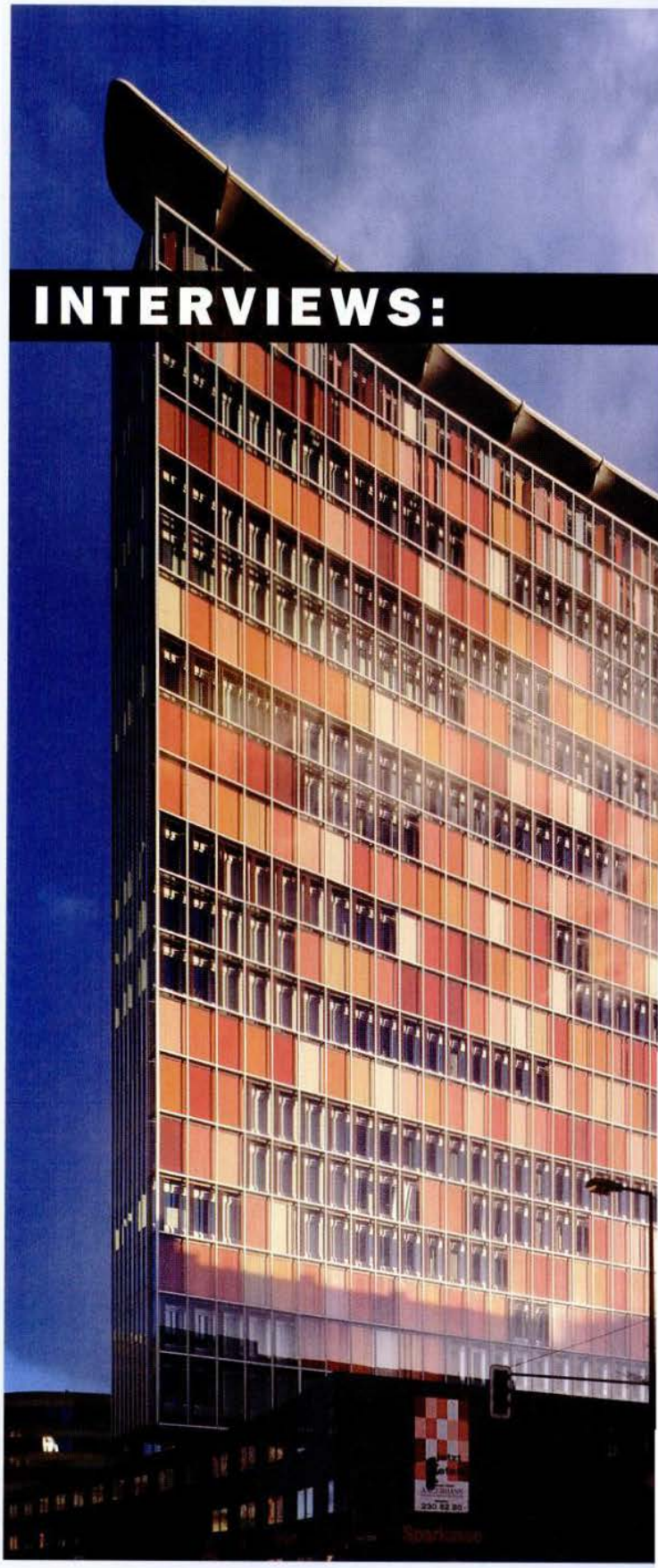
The Color Book: 11,264 Color Combinations for Your Home
By Ben Kendrick
Chronicle Books, 1997
What will your oak floor look like with sage green walls? How will you feel about an orange bedroom in the morning? Cleverly divided into three sections—floor, walls, and ceiling—that can be flipped separately to mix and match a vast array of colors, *The Color Book* lets you gauge instantly what effect a change in color will have on a room.

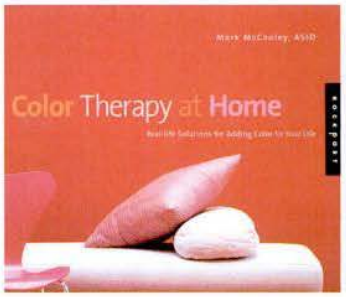


The Complete Color Directory
By Alice Westgate
Watson Guptill, 1999
Another variation on the theme. *The Complete Color Directory* gives its readers not only practical advice but the courage to go ahead and paint their living rooms cobalt blue. The introduction analyzes everything from the relationship of colors to the effect of color on your sense of well-being. Tear-out color swatches help you see how colors work together.



White
By Stéphanie Busuttil
Assouline, 2001
As Josef Albers wrote, "one and the same color evokes innumerable readings." Case in point: the disparate array of white images collected in this beautiful book of photographs. "White" is a Luis Barragan courtyard, an Azzedine Alaïa dress, Brancusi's marble sculpture, *Muse endormi*, a glass of water, the moon.





CREATING A ROOM WITH A HUE

Nick Dine *is a furniture and interior designer in New York City. His clients include Stussy, Hugo Boss, Habitat, and Pure Design. He is currently design director of Dune, a furniture manufacturer based in New York. (Above) Dine's "Ravioli" floor seating.*

Is there a place for color in modern design?
Without a doubt. Color is personal. It's a way to manipulate space, to the same degree as form or structure.

Is color important to your design work?
I feel very strongly that color should be treated almost as a material, one inherently possessing its own strengths and weaknesses. My way of integrating it into a project usually revolves around the appropriateness and the client's comfort level. I have been accused of using a lot of color but it's something I derive a tremendous amount of joy from. Studied and used judiciously it's a fantastic tool of expression—not only personal but in direct context to the project at hand.

Are there colors you embrace? Avoid?
I don't use a lot of green or red. Every thing else is a go. This is very subjective stuff.

What is the simplest way to integrate color into one's interior?
With furnishings. I think that painting walls can be overpowering. Objects and furnishings in colors work better, especially for the inexperienced. Color can bite you on the ass and ruin the look of a project extremely fast.

Deborah Starr *is the founder and owner of Full Upright Position, a modern furniture company based in Portland, Oregon and on the web at www.fup.com. (Above) Womb Chair and Ottoman by Eero Saarinen.*

Is color antithetical to modern design?
Absolutely not. The fathers of modern design used color often but the photos are all black and white, so who would have known?

Is there a place for color in a modern interior?
Always, even if a shade of white is the color that works best.

If someone wanted to bring color into their decor, how would you suggest they start?
With their favorite color. Many people are afraid of using color in their spaces. To minimize the feeling of risk, begin with a color that you have always been comfortable with. The easiest way to integrate color is with paint. It is relatively inexpensive. If you wish, you can do it yourself and it can easily be changed (to achieve this level of ease, don't start by painting the 20-foot cathedral ceiling; try a nice flat accessible wall first).

I have seen it happen repeatedly. An individual is afraid to use color so they start by painting their bathroom (which is a great place to start) and soon enough every room of their home or office is a different color.

Accessories are another good way to bring color into a space. Depending on the accessory, it can be another inexpensive way to get comfortable using color and determining the colors that work best with your life.

Mark McCauley, *ASID, is an interior designer and the author of* Color Therapy at Home *(Rockport, 2000).*

What is the best way to choose the right color for your bedroom?
Bedrooms are the ultimate sanctuary. They are the place of respite and recovery from the hectic day-to-day. The best way to choose colors for the bedroom is to focus on what your "inner needs" are. Start by dreaming of *your* private world. When your mind wanders, when you think of safe havens and restful places, where does it go? A lush, tropical island perhaps? Wherever your thoughts lead you, attempt to re-create this special place with the color you choose. Select the colors that represent for you the emotions you would like to capture, then re-create your secret world in living color.

Are certain colors better than others?
Not necessarily. But colors that make you uncomfortable should certainly be avoided. Think of things or places you *don't* like in order to keep these influences from your secret world when choosing a color scheme. Most people have definite emotional reactions to color. This is the key. As humans, we form mental associations with things in our minds. Blue relates to air or water, red to fire, or yellow to the sun, etc. If, for some reason, your life experience has lead you to form an emotionally negative association with a particular color ("I *hate* blue!"), then obviously you would want to avoid that color. But be sure to note the color behind the color as well. For example, if you do hate blue, be careful not to choose mauve as it has a great deal of blue undertones. You will be inadvertently adding a color you don't feel comfortable with.

Louisa Hutton *and* **Matthias Sauerbruch** *are founding partners of the London- and Berlin-based Sauerbruch Hutton Architects.*

Is there a place for color in modern design?
Definitely. It is important in our work because we see color as an extra design tool with which we can create sensual and atmospheric spaces.

Are there colors you embrace/avoid?
We tend to work with warmer colors rather than cold ones. This is probably a reaction to the context—i.e., warm colors against the contrast of a cold sky, or against the coldness of many architectural materials such as glass, metal, water, etc.

We often work with "families" of colors—which you can see in the west façade of the GSW headquarters project (large photo at left), for example, or in the color groups around the Photonic Centre (inset above). In the latter example, within each color group we have used neutral colors of the opposing color groups—pale pistachio is combined with the red/orange family, a warm stone color is combined with the blue family, etc.

What is your theory when approaching a project in regards to color? How do you assess which color will work best when?
Color is an integral part of our design process. We usually have defined areas of color already in the competition phase of a project, and as the scheme is developed the color is refined both in terms of the selection of colors themselves and in the method of its application. Ultimately we test the colors on-site in full-scale mock-ups. There is no recipe to integrating color into a project—it always depends on the particularities of each space.

PHOTOS BY BITTER/BREDT FOTOGRAFIE (SAUERBRUCH HUTTON ARCHITECTS)

dwell

MARKETPLACE

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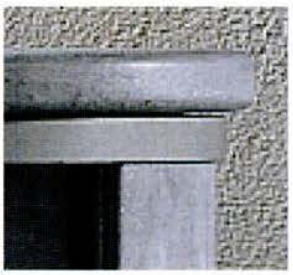

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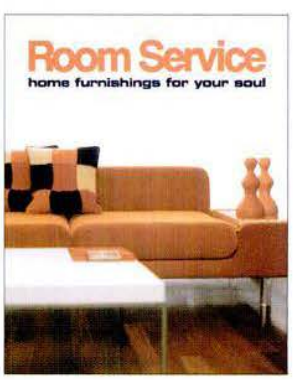

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With this modern take on a design classic, Airstream hopes to attract a new generation of trailer fanatics.

RENDERINGS BY STEVE KIM

TRAVELS WITH BAMBI

Almost anyone can identify an Airstream trailer from the outside. The riveted, reflective aluminum-clad lozenge is the roadworthy version of Jules Verne's futuristic Nautilus, risen from the watery depths.

But from the inside?

"You would think you were in Grandma's cottage," laughs San Francisco architect Christopher C. Deam, referring to the trailer's oak paneling and motel carpeting. One of just a handful of outside designers to be hired in the Ohio company's history, Deam had no qualms about messing with a genuine American icon when asked to rethink its interior. "I saw it as a chance to marry that super-cool shell with something equally modern, liberating, and authentic."

Since 1936, company founder Wally Byam has led caravans of the culturally curious, with their own wind-defying bullets in tow, from the plains of Africa to the jungles of Angkor Wat, all the while upholding his design credo: "Let's not make any changes—let's make only improvements."

As a designer, Deam was primed to improve the look and functionality of the 16-foot "Bambi," the smallest of the Airstream fleet. As a surfer, he was intrigued by the escape opportunities offered by a trailer light enough to be towed by his Volvo station wagon and thought other outdoors types would feel just as excited.

Which was good news for Airstream.

As Raymond Loewy once observed, "The loveliest curve I know is the sales curve." For an industry whose customer base is past the first flush of youth (40 percent of RV owners are 55 and older), upgrading the aesthetics is key to attracting a boomer/hipster audience for whom good design is a given.

Deam began by tearing out vinyl and foam to expose the aluminum walls. Long horizontal lines and rounded corners create a feeling of expansiveness. Colorful laminates brighten the space and low-voltage halogens replace the dentist's-office fluorescent glare with a warmer, sexier glow. A dinette folds down to make space for the main bed and a hammock suspended by aircraft cable can either sleep another body or stash more gear.

Some longtime Airstreamers who have viewed the new interior have termed it "mod," which suits Deam. "Anything but 'retro.' I really dislike that word because it's all about looking back—and I'm far more interested in the future."

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