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The Duke of Wellington is the eighth member of the Wellesley family to hold the title. He lives at Apsley House, London, and at Stratfield Saye near Reading.
China Seas

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LANCÔME
PARIS
There are many reasons why we are particularly pleased to have our cover story, "Balthus at the Villa Medici," in this issue of House & Garden. First there is the visual delight of Evelyn Hofer's exquisite photographs of the Villa itself, then the fascination of seeing the work of the painter Balthus in relationship to the Villa, where he served as director of the French Academy in Rome, and finally the anticipation of the Balthus retrospective that is scheduled at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. But for us at House & Garden there is another, more personal and human connection to this particular story. One of our contributing editors, Marie-Pierre Toll, modeled for Balthus as a young girl, and his studies of Marie-Pierre and her two sisters turned into a series of monumental paintings. Marie-Pierre met Balthus when her father, the art dealer Pierre Colle, mounted the first Balthus show in Paris. Balthus became a friend of the family, and as he spent time with them he made a series of pencil sketches and oil studies of the three adolescent Colle daughters that resulted, about ten years later, in five versions of The Three Sisters, some of which were painted at the Villa Medici in Rome, some at the Colle family home. All of the paintings show Marie-Pierre seated on a sofa with her youngest sister, Beatrice, on the left and her middle sister, Sylvia, reading in a chair at the right. Marie-Pierre confides that the basket of fruit on the floor in the painting here was actually a box of chocolates in the original studies, given to the girls by Balthus to keep them at their post. Our text by Jean Lemayrie, the present director of the Academy of France in Rome, gives the history of the Villa, the growth of the Academy there, and the important contributions of Balthus during his sixteen-year tenure after being named director of the Academy in 1961. Obviously, we are all going to be looking for The Three Sisters when the Met's Balthus retrospective opens February 29.

Decorator Michael Myers's "restoration" of the Lalaurie House in New Orleans demonstrates that an exact restoration isn't always in the best interest of the current occupants. Analysis of the house had exposed an original trim finish of polychrome and gilt with walls of Empire greens and reds. You will see how much better are the soft, earthy paint colors Myers chose, as they set off the handsome wood and plasterwork in a new coat of white that works beautifully in defining the original ornamentation.

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe built only three houses in the United States, and we show one of them in this issue. Our story was triggered when the house changed hands and New York architect Peter Gluck was asked to add guest quarters, entertainment space, and a pool to the original house. Needless to say, Gluck's assignment was a unique one for a modern architect, and the successful completion of the addition is a measure of his considerable skill and respect for the work of Mies. To make sure that Mies's dictum, "God is in the details," would be equally apparent in his addition, Gluck himself served as contractor on the project, which we show beginning on page 104.

This issue's counterpoint to the Miesian "less-is-more" house is our story on Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown, photographed at their family home outside Philadelphia. In his text, Martin Filler reminds us of Venturi's famous quote "less is a bore" and adds that one can say, after looking at the Venturi-Scott Brown house, that "more is not too much." And it isn't, at least in this instance, as you will see in our portfolio beginning on page 90. A new house by the firm Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown has just been photographed and will be shown in House & Garden this spring.

For a beautiful story on a beautiful woman, be sure to read Steven Aronson's profile of Dorothy Norman, Taste-maker. Mrs. Norman's life and the story of her friendships with artists, poets, and politicians is a perfect way to prepare for a new and, we hope, full year. May it be a peaceful one, as well.
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When the new edition of Mario Praz's *Illustrated History of Furnishing* first came out last year the sensation of the book was a group of nineteenth-century watercolors of interiors. Often by unknown or minor artists, these portraits of rooms gave off an atmosphere of everydayness and immediacy. Not intended as "art," they satisfied a need for a record more substantial than the frozen moments offered by the then infant art of photography. There is no single term for these little works of art, and it would be easy to assume that they were an isolated phenomenon that occurred mostly in Europe and England in the nineteenth century when a class of the talented idle—housewives or amateur artists—flourished during the Industrial Revolution. On the contrary, these interior views were actually a small part of a significant body of work done by artists in many periods in which a house-owner as well as family and surroundings were the subject of a portrait. These portraits were called conversation pieces, and especially in England in the eighteenth century, the term meant something quite specific. Conversation pieces were small canvases in which the figures were normally no more than twelve inches tall and the details of the decoration, the clothes and jewelry of the sitters were painted as carefully as their facial features. In fact these paintings could be read rather like a map or a pictorial inventory of treasured and familiar possessions. They were studies of rooms and a life rather than character analyses of people. Optimistic pictures, they celebrated a world that was reasonable, enlightened, beautiful, and safe.

By 1971 Mario Praz had devoted a whole book to *Conversation Pieces* (Pennsylvania State University Press, 1971) as they occurred right along—from Jan van Eyck's *Arnolfini Marriage* in the fifteenth century, to Velázquez's seventeenth-century masterpiece *Las Meninas*, on down to the 1870s when a little-known painter, Lucius Rossi, did a conversation piece for the William Astors. Praz's scouring of the history of painting in behalf of his topic produced hundreds of examples that justified his fascination with the depiction of the small beer—his term—of everyday life. Vehemently he lamented the rise of Impressionism with its emphasis on light rather (Continued on page 20)
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The quintessential English conversation piece of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews by Gainsborough sets forth the beady-eyed nonchalance of the English squire and the elegant prissiness of a squire’s wife.

(Continued from page 14) than specific detail—an emphasis that was to exclude the conversation piece from the mainstream of contemporary art for the first fifty years of the twentieth century.

Even in the early twentieth century, however, the conversation piece had some substantial admirers. In the thirties Sir Sacheverell Sitwell revived to a certain extent a taste for English conversation pieces. Along with Sir Philip Sassoon, Sitwell mounted private exhibitions of long-neglected examples by William Hogarth, Arthur Devis, and Johann Zoffany. Sitwell’s text convinced many that the conversation piece should occupy—along with the miniature and the landscape—a position at the very core of eighteenth-century English painting.

Praz loved conversation pieces for their stimmung—mood. Sitwell liked the English conversation piece for English reasons. He approved because they were not allegorical works of art and as such did not generalize. And though they grew out of a Dutch tradition, they were not like Dutch still-life and genre paintings which for all their translucent air, richness of detail, and fine brushstrokes often portrayed idealized rooms and unspecific people. Eighteenth-century English conversation pieces showed actual country squires and their actual wives against real Georgian interiors. The quintessential English conversation piece of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews by Gainsborough sets forth the beady-eyed nonchalance of the English squire and the elegant prissiness of a squire’s wife. It is not a cozy painting. The viewer is offered a look into the Andrewses’ lives but not invited into it. Praz found the atmosphere in these English pictures magical, cold, and typical.

Hogarth’s rather masculine treatment of the format provided paintings devoid of nonsense and fussiness while still recording the peacockery of English gentlemen and the relative sobriety of their wives. Arthur Devis, who unlike Hogarth painted conversation pieces and only conversation pieces all of his life, offered meticulously rendered interior views of bare Georgian houses peopled by owners he painted partly from life and partly from the jointed wooden dolls he used in the studio. After the middle of the century, Zoffany came to England and began to beat the English artists at their own game by painting the most elegant conversation pieces to that date not only of the country squires who had been commissioning them steadily for forty years but also of members of George III’s court. In Zoffany’s picture of Queen Charlotte at her dressing table, he combines high-style detail with a candid composition. An enormous family dog moves in under the queen’s elbow, the children are in costume and perhaps have just climbed off their mother’s lap moments before.

John Cornforth and John Fowler relied on conversation pieces to illustrate their text on eighteenth-century English decoration, choosing Zoffany’s painting of Sir Lawrence Dundas and his Grandson to point out how paintings were hung in a small drawing room as well as how bronzes ought to be grouped on a chimney piece. Although Gainsborough painted a number of small-format pictures of couples in a landscape that qualify as conversation pieces, it is Zoffany who has left a large group of paintings that qualify as important works of art while still answering our questions about costume and the arrangement of rooms in the most attractive English houses of his time.

In the thirties Sitwell thought of the conversation (Continued on page 22)
Eighteenth-century English conversation pieces showed actual country squires and their wives against real Georgian interiors

(Continued from page 20) piece as principally an eighteenth-century phenomenon. Today we can see that the form survived heartily in the nineteenth century but without so many big-name painters as exponents. Apart from Turner's conversation pieces done at Petworth and the odd Winterhalter, the conversation piece in England as well as in France became a charming cottage industry cheerfully churned out by a legion of lesser-known painters. The look of their work had evolved considerably from its eighteenth-century antecedents. At the beginning of the eighteenth century families had sat in rooms to which the painter added made-up Palladian windows or in front of landscapes that rarely represented their own land holdings. As the century progressed conversation-piece backgrounds came to be the very ones of their owners who in turn were painted as they actually looked. By the beginning of the nineteenth century families were shown not against high-falutin landscapes but in gardens and at breakfast tables—messy gemütlich breakfast tables at that.

Nineteenth-century conversation pieces have appealed recently to twentieth century collectors because they are decorative and because—unlike their eighteenth-century predecessors—they are relatively inexpensive. The major and enduring interest on the part of the twentieth-century collectors, however, has been in eighteenth-century English conversation pieces. Many of the most important examples remain in the families who commissioned them in the first place. But in the last thirty years American collectors influenced perhaps by Paul Mellon have steadily collected what was available. The Leger Gallery in London has just finished an exhibition of conversation pieces that included a Zoffany, a Devis, and a Gainsborough, each of which cost up to $400,000. Many of Mr. Mellon's conversation pieces are at the Yale Center for British Art and were the focus of a loan exhibition in 1980, Arthur Devis and his Contemporaries, with a catalogue by Ellen D'Oench. Many "big" American collectors have shared Mr. Mellon's taste over the years (Continued on page 24)

Conversation piece of the William Astor family by Lucius Rossi, New York, 1878, courtesy Mrs. Vincent Astor.
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COLLECTING

(Continued from page 22) and numbers of their purchases have found their way into such museum collections as the Kimbell in Fort Worth; the Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Massachusetts; the Art Institute of Chicago; the Huntington Art Gallery in San Marino, California; and the Fine Arts Museum in San Francisco.

For a certain group of people in England and America the conversation piece has always been something to commission rather than collect. John Koch painted families like the Edgar Garbisches and the Malcolm Forbeses every ten or fifteen years. Simon Elwes and Aaron Shikler also did successive paintings of certain families. Julian Barrow, an English painter, has been coming to America to do conversation pieces since the late sixties. His recent painting of eighteen members of the Forbes family records two of Koch's early conversation pieces where they hang over the Forbeses' dining-room mantel.

Barrow paints people and rooms at their ease. His realism has nothing to do with a warts-and-all school but rather with the treatment of light as it enters a room or with the characteristic postures that so immediately identify his sitters. He groups figures not according to a theory of composition but, as John Ward, another English painter of conversation pieces, advises, by putting the ones who sit the best in front. Though Barrow abandons the eighteenth-century convention of men standing with their ankles crossed or seated cross-legged, Barrow's sitters reflect the correct nuances of social behavior just as Arthur Devis's did.

David Posnett, the director of the Leger Gallery in London, has just commissioned Theo Ramos, a London painter who teaches at the Royal Academy, to do a conversation piece of his family. "There I am," he laughs, "doting on my wife who is playing the piano. My ankles are crossed. I haven't got a gun under my arm only because we're indoors and it's London and not the country. But I do look as though I've just come back from the Grand Tour with all my best pictures and furniture around me. My wife doesn't think much of the idea, but I had a tremendous desire to have everything recorded."
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ANTIQUES

FIRE AND ICE

Actual light and the very idea of light are the glittering gifts that a crystal chandelier brings to a room

By Elaine Greene

To encyclopedia connoisseurs, the Eleventh Edition of the Britannica (1910) is a special treat, not only for its deep, broad coverage, but for its endearing lack of objectivity. Naturally this Edwardian authority-on-everything had a firm opinion on crystal chandeliers: "The rapidly growing use of electricity as an illuminating medium [has] pushed into the background an appliance which...has become out of character with modern ideas of household decoration."

Well, yes, in 1910. But ideas of household decoration change every decade or two, and the crystal chandelier has blazed and dimmed in and out of favor throughout our century. In the eighties it is shining brightly. Nancy Nesle, who works with her father, Albert, the world-famous chandelier dealer of 57th Street in New York, says, "We used to sell almost entirely to architects and decorators, who only occasionally brought in a client, but in recent years private individuals have been coming in greater and greater numbers. They are restoring a house or apartment, working hard to learn about its design history and the kind of lighting that used to be there. People are now putting chandeliers in—a few years ago they were removing them." These days Nesle Inc. is selling antique chandeliers (and reproductions made on their second floor) nationally, although in the past nearly all their customers were local.

The ceiling of the Charles J. Winston antiques shop in New York sparkles with a profusion of antique and reproduction chandeliers hung as close together as the space allows. John Winston, son of the founder, also remarks on the renewed interest in chandeliers. "In the past, the chandelier was chosen at the very end of a design project, but in recent years my designer customers have been choosing this element first, with greater care than before, asking us to store it for six months or a year." Winston also reports that younger people are looking at chandeliers now. "They seem less inhibited than their parents. They have the courage to respond to the appeal of a crystal chandelier."

And appealing they are: made of minerals from the earth—rock crystal, leaded glass, metals—and worked into forms that remind us of waterfalls, tiaras, and ice palaces, crystal chandeliers shed usable light while they evoke the very idea of light. A good chandelier in the right place is sheer opulence and glamour. Surely Anna and Vronsky met under a chandelier, and Becky Sharp and Scarlett O'Hara whirled around the dance floor under such a glitter.

The chandelier was invented in medieval times and was originally made of wood or metal. The first records of chandeliers hung with rock-crystal drops are found in a few sixteenth-century inventories, most notably that of Catherine de Médicis, queen of Henry II of France, who died in 1589. Most sixteenth- and early-seventeenth-century chandeliers were hung with just a few crystal pendants. It took a little time before people began to appreciate and exploit the boost in luminous energy that faceted crystal gave the light of candles, but when they did there was a design explosion. French chandelier forms became more and more elaborate, and in the eighteenth century, glass from the Baccarat factory replaced or was combined with the mined crystal.

Seventeenth-century Venetians made glass chandeliers, not those we think of today but bronze fixtures studded with glass flowers and leaves. English glass workers fabricated the first, early-eighteenth-century chandeliers in Britain, and there, as everywhere, elaborations came quickly: curving branches of faceted glass, spire finials, garlands. (Continued on page 29)
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The knowledge of glassmaking spread from country to country, other Europeans produced chandeliers, but none of France and England are most easily found today.

If you shop for antique chandeliers you can find examples of the major historic styles: Louis XV, Louis XVI, and the English Georges. You will also see textures showing the bead-formed basket of the French Empire and English Regency styles, the Adam designs with their urn-shaped standards, the pieces in the Czarist Russian taste with yards of delicate crystal fringes made of narrow iciclelike pendants, and the chandeliers made in England for the Indian nabobs: huge, ostentatious, often made of colored and overlaid glass.

American decorators admire crystal chandeliers. In his own apartment, Tario Buatta has a nineteenth-century piece in the Venetian style of gilt wood, metal, and crystal prisms that once belonged to Nancy Lancaster. Buatta sometimes restores electrified chandeliers back to candlepower, but he is able to tolerate electric lights if a dimmer is used. The designer warns that a low ceiling (under nine feet) makes a chandelier out of the question. Mark Hampton also cautions about installing height. “I have seen big Waterford chandeliers jammed against a ceiling with one link of chain showing. It looks terrible.” Something else that looks terrible to him is incorrect placement. “In the dreadful decoration of the fifties, you often saw a chandelier hung over a dining table in the corner of a living room. A chandelier, like a fireplace or an overdoor, is an element of architecture. The fixture has to be hung in the center of a defined space.” In American rooms, Mark Hampton often uses a Dutch brass chandelier, but he also likes “simple, grayish Waterford bearing just a few glass branches and little dripping from them,” the classic French rockystal pieces that have “a wonderful confusion about them,” and “great big Vichy pieces with spires and swags and cascades.” He recently installed a specimen, eleven feet high, in a twenty-foot-tall room in Caracas—achieving the opulence and glamour of a good chandelier in the right place promises.
ARCHITECTURE, POETRY, AND NUMBER IN THE
ROYAL PALACE AT CASERTA
George L. Hersey
The MIT Press, 318 pages, $37.50

It is only relatively recently that the
seventeenth- and eighteenth-century
palaces and villas of Italy have begun to
attract the popular attention formerly
reserved for ancient Roman remains
and the great medieval and Renais-
sance buildings. In the early fifties they
were seldom open to the public; very
few tourists went to see them. They
had changed little since the beginning
of the century when the vistas of dark
ilex and lichen-stained stonework of their
gardens charmed a select company of
American and English visitors, includ-
ing Henry James and Edith Wharton.
They had "a beauty that is indescri-
bable," Sir George Sitwell wrote, "with
their air of neglect, desolation, and sol-
itude, in spite of the melancholy of the
weed-grown alleys, the weary drop-
plings of fern-fringed fountains, the
fluteless Pans, and headless nymphs
and armless Apollos." No longer ne-
glected nor deserted, they now have
signposts to direct hordes of tourists
through what was once a "wilderness,"
as well as fences to prevent them from
tracing dusty tracks across the lawns.
The showiest of flowering plants
brighten the parterres, statues have
been mended, fountains and water-
surprises repaired and made to func-
tion. If most of what Edith Wharton
called "Italian garden magic" has been
lost, something may have been gained
in other respects. The same can be said
of writings on the subject.

Georgina Masson's Italian Villas
and Palaces of 1959, followed by her
still more interesting Italian Gardens
of 1961, marked the beginning of a new
epoch. These pioneering works have
been succeeded but not entirely super-
seded by more academic publications
which now tend to go beyond the fac-
tual and informative to open ever wid-
er (and wilder) perspectives of in-
terpretation, with varying degrees of
plausibility. Gardens are now being
subjected to the same strenuous icono-
graphical analysis as paintings. All the
"strategies" of structuralism, seami-
ology and hermeneutics—and all the re-
lated jargon—are being employed to
demonstrate that a formal garden is not
"correct, ridiculous, and charming" as
Paul Verlaine thought, but politically,
sociologically, and psychologically
meaningful. Professor George L. Her-
sey's Architecture, Poetry, and Number
in the Royal Palace at Caserta takes this
type of study to its furthest extreme.

The Royal Palace at Caserta, some
sixteen miles north of Naples, was de-
signed for Charles, usually known as
Don Carlo, of Bourbon (a younger son
of Philip V of Spain) who became king
in 1734 of the realm later to be called
the Two Sicilies. Naples was once more
the capital of an independent king-
dom. But its run-down royal palaces
must have seemed woefully inadequate
to the young king who was accustomed
to the palaces of Spain. He wanted to
live where his days could be conven-
niently divided between official duties
and his favorite (Continued on page 32)
Awaken your sense of Rémy.
(Continued from page 30) sports of hunting and shooting. In 1738 a new palace was begun at Capodimonte, above the city. Another was erected for him at Portici; but this, as a contemporary remarked, "was too near the Vesuvius and subject to tremors and eruptions, and too near the sea for an enemy surprise attack." While it was going up in 1742, indeed, he was humiliated by the commodore of a small British naval squadron who threatened bombardment to extort a declaration of nonintervention in the War of Austrian Succession. This incident may perhaps have prompted him to contemplate building a new residence, and even a new capital city, inland.

At Caserta the king was able to obtain more land in an area still richer in game than either Capodimonte or Portici. Water, lacking at Capodimonte, could be brought there by aqueduct. A flat site permitted building on the grandest scale his treasury could afford. No monarch of the time was more strongly infected by the notion summed up by Colbert, first minister to Don Carlo's great-grandfather Louis XIV of France: "Apart from striking actions in warfare, nothing is so well able to show the greatness and spirit of princes than buildings, and all posterity will judge them by the measure of the superb habitations which they have built during their lives." A local architect, Mario Giofreddo, provided a design for what would have been, perhaps, the largest palace ever built anywhere. Although this was rejected, it had some influence, as Professor Hersey shows, on the building begun in 1753 to the design of Luigi Vanvitelli, less megalomaniac in scale but still the largest palace of the century, combining an administrative center with a setting for court ritual and a royal residence. Work proceeded fast until 1759, when Don Carlo succeeded as Charles III of Spain and left for Madrid, and then fitfully until 1774 when the structure we see today was completed, though the interior was never finished.

Professor Hersey claims that "the history of modern architecture, from the Crystal Palace in London of 1851, and through its many colossal progeny, into the modern era of vast factories and vaster office buildings, is a history that partly stems from Caserta: for Caserta was..."
The garden or northern façade at Caserta. The matching southern façade opens onto town.

(Continued from page 32) intended among other things as an office building, a self-sufficient plant that would house and maintain thousands of servant-bureaucrats who governed the kingdom of Naples. It is an early monument to central control, to the manipulation of the masses.” This is hardly less far-fetched than his publisher’s description of Caserta as “an archetypal expression of absolute monarchy.” In fact, the knell of absolute monarchy sounded while it was going up—in the period of the American Revolution. So far from being an archetype, Caserta stands at the end of a long tradition of palatial architecture, nor does it foreshadow in function or form later developments of the industrial age.

All the essential elements of traditional palace architecture were incorporated in the design of Caserta (though some had to be omitted for economy). A central dome—an attribute of royalty before it was adopted for churches—was to have crowned the building and would have appeared to hover above the niched window where the king could show himself to his subjects. From the dauntingly tall main entrance below, a vaulted colonnade with views into four interior courts leads to a marble-clad staircase ascending to a domed vestibule of ingeniously complex design which gives access to the magnificent chapel and three sets of state and private apartments, for the king, queen, and crown prince. Behind the palace, the park was laid out on an appropriately grand scale stretching straight up-hill, past fountains peopled with marble statues, to a point two miles away where water channeled along an aqueduct dashes down a rough cascade. It is the largest and last of the great Italian formal gardens.

Grandeur of scale, the use of expensive materials, inflexible symmetry of planning, and strong axes which control movement are features which Caserta shares with palaces throughout the world. It is unusual mainly because it was built (like the Escorial) to a single predetermined plan and not piecemeal (like the Hradshin in Prague, the Hofburg in Vienna, and even the Louvre and Versailles where the outward appearance of symmetry is deceptive). Such a rigorously symmetrical plan as the site of the Caserta permitted demands skillful articulation, the simultaneous division and integration of interdependent parts, to avoid barrack-like monotony. Professor Hersey will have us believe, however, that such problems were conceived and solved at Caserta in no such simple terms. Ideas about mathematics, law, and monarchy developed by the great Neapolitan philosopher Giambattista Vico were involved, he claims.

In the perspective of history, Vico towers above most other European and all other Italian philosophers of his time (1668–1744). Yet he had few immediate followers even in Naples and his work was little understood until the early nineteenth century. His was an almost unique instance of nearly total contemporary neglect and then of slowly increasing posthumous fame. He is like a mountain whose grandeur can be appreciated only from a distance. Professor Hersey will have none of this, claiming that the iconographical program of Caserta “can be usefully interpreted in terms of the Vichian atmosphere that prevailed at the court.” The idea is novel. It is not, in fact, known whether Carlo of Bourbon or Luigi Vanvitelli ever read Vico’s major book (Continued on page 36)

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—Amos Pettingill

White Flower Farm

Books

(Continued from page 34) La Scienza Nuova, or "The New Science"—far less whether a "Vichian atmosphere" prevailed at the Neapolitan court in the 1750s or later when the paintings and sculpture at Caserta were executed.

Of course, at Caserta as in practically all European palaces, few of the paintings and sculptures were merely decorative. Some were straightforwardly allegorical, celebrating the monarch's ancestry, virtues and power, though many were perhaps intended to do little more than enhance the regal magnificence of the place. Professor Hersey is bent on weaving them all into a seamless fabric of frequently rather abstruse meaning. Statues of Antinous and Germanicus in the lower hall, for instance, are not simply copies of two much admired antiquities (like those similarly placed at Wentworth Woodhouse in Yorkshire), but, he tells us, "stand for legal and civil institutions, for continuity with the imperial past, and for heroic and absolute family laws." Ceres, the protectress of agriculture and the fruits of the earth—an appropriate subject for a garden statue—expresses for him "what Vico calls the oneness of property, tenancy, bonitary lordship, and monarchy."

The dramatic group of Diana and Actaeon in the highest basin of the waterway is not simply the representation of a subject that had for long been popular with painters and sculptors and was obviously suitable for a fountain, but alludes to Vico's belief that the myth recorded "the origin of religion in the fear of divine waters."

The meanings which Professor Hersey describes beneath the planning and embellishment of Caserta seem to have passed over the heads of contemporaries, at any rate of all those who have left records of what they thought about it, not to mention its many later visitors and admirers.

Already by the 1760s, when taste was changing rapidly, the palace looked out of date to some of them. The fashion-conscious young architect James Adam pronounced it to be "great in its whole and of good and durable construction, but wonderfully defective in its detail." To "judge from the model and from Vanvitelli's other works," the decoration "must be execrable," he wrote. The staircase which he allowed to be no more than "something pretty and noble" was, however, generally praised for its size and richness—"very handsome in the old style," an early-nineteenth-century visitor remarked. The gardens seemed still more old-fashioned, "laid out in a manner which would rather term savage than natural," wrote Dr. Johnson's friend Mrs. Piozzi. To a visitor in 1801 they appeared "extensive and regular and, if we except a part in the English style, uninspiring."

The addition of this "English garden" with a Gothic chapel, ruined temple, and abundance of exotic trees, though dismissed in a footnote by Professor Hersey, is highly significant. It was planted in the 1780s for the queen of King Ferdinand (Don Carlo's successor), a sister of Marie Antoinette who had found refuge from the formal park at Versailles in her petit bateau.

The popular King Ferdinand had little taste for ceremony and no desire to be surrounded by his civil servants. Leaving government to his ministers and his wife, he showed no interest in the mystique of absolutism or, indeed, anything apart from his sports, preferring the fields, woods, and the streets of Naples to his palaces—except for a little house on a lake island where he helped to prepare his own food. Despotic though they may have been, his successors also favored a life of unpresumptuous domesticity. By the 1850s, as Sir Harold Acton has written, "amid the architectural splendors of Caserta the Victorian homeliness of the king's family life seemed oddly out of place. Linen was hung up to dry in marble halls; the children romped with the servants and played crude practical jokes on their tutors and governesses; the queen sat over her sewing near the cradle of her latest infant, while the king rocked another babe in his arms and distributed lollipops." It was a far cry from the life Don Carlo had expected to lead there just a century earlier. The palace was functionally obsolete as well as stylistically out of date long before 1860 when the Bourbons were expelled from Naples and the first constitutional king of Italy handed the great white elephant over to the new state as a museum and barracks. Its significance and appeal today is perhaps mainly that of a monument to lost illusions.
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“Dorothy Norman is a collector of souls,” Harold Clurman once observed. “She was magnetized by outstanding personalities and proceeded to cultivate them; she possessed a gift for recognizing them from the first.”

Mrs. Norman’s nuclear balm—her special gift for intimacy—has over the years drawn a motley host of artists, poets, educators, philosophers, and statesmen to her house in the East 70s and made of it a kind of intellectual sanctuary, one of the grand salons of New York. There, the likes of Lewis Mumford, Max Lerner, Edward Albee, Lewis Thomas, Indira Gandhi, Ananda Coomaraswamy, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Edgard Varese have commingled, amid some of the beautiful pictures of our century.

“I’m not a collector,” Mrs. Norman protests. “I don’t collect. I never started out to make a collection of anything. Things have just...accrued. As I went through life, these people appeared. I didn’t know Stieglitz’s name even, I didn’t know who Marin was; I went to work for Freedom for India—I didn’t know I was going to meet Nehru. All of these things were unplanned.”

Born in Philadelphia in 1905, educated at The Barnes Foundation, where her life in the arts began, each week Dorothy Norman was given the same advice by her maternal grandmother: “Never wear glasses and never marry anyone who isn’t Jewish.” Dorothy Norman married Jewish—and well; her husband was the son of a founder of Sears, Roebuck.

She came to New York in 1925. At once a beauty sui generis and an incorrigible bluestocking, she reached out to everything. Ahead of her lay not one but half-a-dozen careers. She was to become the publisher of Twice A Year, a semiannual journal of “Literature, the Arts and Civil Liberties”; the editor of Alfred Stieglitz: An American Seer; a columnist for the New York Post; and a widely exhibited photographer. She would also be appointed by Edward Steichen to choose the captions for his celebrated “Family of Man” photographic exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art—captions that her friend Lewis Mumford wrote her “seemed to carry the show over the soft and thin places, where the sentiment—which was always right—was not supported by an idea... Fortunately, at a critical moment, the pictures would pull me back to your quotations, or the quotations would lift me back into the pictures.”

“Years ago Ben Sonnenberg took me to lunch at Voisin,” Mrs. Norman recounts, fixing her visitor with her clear, unswerving eyes. “He wanted to be public relations man for me. He said, ‘You know, you’re an interesting and up-and-coming young woman and you’ve got to make the most of it.’ I said, ‘Well, I don’t want to make anything of it,’ and he said, ‘You’re very foolish, because you could be famous.’ I said, ‘I don’t want to be famous.’ I’ll al— (Continued on page 42)
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TASTEMAKERS

(Continued from page 40) ways remember what Edith Sitwell once told me: 'If you achieve fame during your lifetime, as it grows, it leaves you less and less time for yourself. And then, after you are dead, all anyone really cares about is digging up the details of your private life.' Mrs. Norman frowns, settling into an armchair in the drawing room of her town house, which has achieved fame during its lifetime. A landmark of modern architecture, it was voted the city's best new building of its period; architecture students often stood in front, studying and sketching it.

"In all fields I gravitated to art that was breaking new ground," Mrs. Norman expounds. "In 1941 my husband and I commissioned William Lescaze to convert a run-down Victorian brownstone into a clean-cut, light-filled house. He moved the front of the building as far forward as was permissible, and slanted the rear to admit the greatest amount of daylight. For the exterior walls he chose glass brick surrounded by light-gray glazed bricks because they kept out the cold, kept in the heat, and allowed yet more light to come through. He also restructured the interior space imaginatively."

Everything in the house, Mrs. Norman emphasizes, was a personal choice. At the beginning, the interior was yellow and gray because that seemed the most satisfyingly neutral combination. "But then somehow the plants took over and there was this feeling of green, so I had the draperies and banquettes covered in a soft grayish green that seemed just as neutral but more alive than the yellow and gray. I wanted the room to be neutral so that any color would be its own vibrant self against it. I felt that my pictures and objects should feel free there."

One of Mrs. Norman's most passionately held convictions is that art should not stay put. "I've always loved shelves for propping pictures up," she explains. "You can change them around so you always have different ones to look at." On the shelves of this drawing room where art can be approached on its own terms rests a Marin mountain range evoking a Gothic cathedral, a blaze of Demuth tulips, a Morris Graves winter bouquet; and everywhere, reflecting her long and close association with Alfred Stieglitz, his photographs of poplars, mountains, and cloud-laden skies, his cityscapes, and his 'equivalents.' "Where, Mrs. Norman is asked, are the famous portraits Stieglitz did of her? "I don't have them out," she replies, "though I do have my hands—near the piano." She gestures toward Stieglitz's study, Hands, 1932. The Marin, the Graves, and most of the Stieglitzes were gifts from the artists.

"For me this room has a sense of the sacredness of art and life," Mrs. Norman comments. "I was invited to have an exhibition of my own photographs at The Cathedral of St. John the Divine this past year and I called it 'A Sense of the Sacred,' and that's really the feeling I have about my home."

It was Stieglitz who instilled in Dorothy Norman this urgent sense of the sacredness of art. "He represented an approach to life I had been seeking about himself that he'd forgotten, and it was never a sexual thing. Without doubt he was the most beautiful man in the world. None of his photographs give any inkling of his radiance. That unforgettable face haunts me still—its every feature and nuance. I saw him for the last time in 1962. I showed him my two-volume book about him and after he read it he said that he had discovered things in it about himself that he'd forgotten, and he wept."

The two met in 1949 when, as an old 'India hand'—as those who had worked for Indian Independence through the India League were called—Dorothy Norman was asked on twenty-four hours' notice to call together a group of distinguished intellectuals to meet Nehru, who was here as an official guest of President Truman. "All (Continued on page 44..."
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French diplomat and Nobel Prize-winning poet Alexis Saint-Léger Léger, also known as Saint-John Perse.

After one of their meetings, Dorothy Norman left behind a pair of gloves. Perse wrote her, romantically, that their presence was "not like a farewell, but plumage shed in full flight." "That was a real affair," she exclaims.

"Alexis was full of poetic tales. He once told me of an incident in the Gobi Desert. Water was running out. He was with the most civilized individuals he had ever known. The question arose: should the dwindling supply be saved entirely for human consumption or should a fair amount be given to the flowers that were dying, and to the goldfish—the beautiful goldfish—that also would perish if deprived of water?

The final decision was made without hesitation. The last water was given to the flowers that were dying, and to the goldfish. The structure was left behind a pair of gloves.

"I am essentially a person who should be in love," Mrs. Norman reflects. "I've been in love all my life—until now. No, I don't think age has anything to do with it. I can imagine falling in love with someone tomorrow. But these days my love affair is with my East Hampton garden. I spend half the year in my white house there. I love white. I love white flowers—single peonies, moonflowers, white roses, lilacs and water lilies and lilies of the valley, white blossoms in spring, begonias. I love the feeling of white, that purity of feeling.

"Years ago I had this recurrent dream of a marvelous little piece of land at the base of Manhattan Island—wooded, secluded. There was nothing around it that was commercial or ugly, and there was a little white house. And then I'd wake up, thinking, 'Why can't I live there? It's so pure and beautiful.' I'd have that dream again and again. I told it to an artist friend of mine, Robert Beverly Hale, and he said, 'Isn't that strange! I have the same dream, and it's recurrent.' And within two or three years, both of us were out in East Hampton, Bob Hale in his snug house in The Springs and I in my white house, with trees, near the ocean. I found it fantastic that we both should end up in exactly what we dreamt about."

Dorothy Norman has always been adventurous and imaginative in her houses. Her East Hampton place was once a traditional meeting house. "I was driving along the Montauk Highway one day," she recalls, "and I saw this abandoned building, a pure, classic, white Federalist structure, under the trees. I had photographed meeting houses in New England and loved them. This one didn't have a spire, so I felt I could live in it without seeming pretentious." Mrs. Norman bought it and eventually had it moved to a potato field that stretched unbroken to the sea. "Standing in the unplowed field without a tree or bush in sight, the little meeting house, unpainted, was one of the bleakest sights I have ever beheld," she has written. "But then, freshly painted white, the structure looked beautifully austere and three times as large."

Today the house is surrounded by pines, laburnums, and silver willows. And by an extraordinarily flowery garden, remarkable for color and texture as well as profusion. The whole house is in fact a garden, with pots of flowers and nosegays ingeniously arranged in every room. (The meeting house functions as the structure's central room. "I wanted the rest of the house not to compete with it, not to be white, so I added a wing of gray cedar, very simple.")

Dorothy Norman's entertaining extends to East Hampton; hers is a movable salon. Saul Steinberg, Constantine Nivola, Alfonso Ossorio, and Lee Krasner, widow of Jackson Pollock, congregate often in her meeting-house living room. "The first time Lee and Jackson came to my house," she recalls, "he walked about picking up shells and examining them. As he put each shell down, he said, 'That's real.' On another occasion Jackson looked at me with tears in his eyes and whispered, 'I am like a clam without a shell.' I told this to Isamu Noguchi, who retorted, 'Every artist feels that way.'"

At Dorothy Norman's, artists and others congregate not only to talk but also to savor the pleasures of her famous table. I remember a lunch party some years ago when a towering confection of profiteroles, homemade strawberry ice cream, and spun sugar was presented—it was so eyeblindingly splendid everybody clapped.

I last lunched with Mrs. Norman on her terrace, in the bright, cool heat of early summer, her garden sending out its "fine golden puffs of seed power" upon the breeze. The hors d'oeuvre tray was laden with gravalx in a mustard dill sauce, local caviar reserved for Mrs. Norman by Stuart's Seafood in nearby Amagansett ("They don't get it in too often, so eat it while you can," she advised), tahini, and niçoise olives. A cooling gazpacho heralded a succulent steamed lobster ("It hasn't been fed the right things—there's no green in it," Mrs. Norman laughed), which was accompanied by an artichoke vinaigrette and followed by a salad of garden greens, which in turn was followed by carmelized oeufs à la neige and fresh lichees ("...brought out from New York but grown in Mexico—they're messy but wonderful"). Lunch ended redolently with madeleines.

Her appetite for life undiminished, mouthful for mouthful, Dorothy Norman at almost eighty ate me under the table!
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APRÈS SKI IN SARAJEVO
Unveiling the charms of a city that has even more to offer than the Winter Olympic Games
By Vera Mijojlic

The average high-school student knows that Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, is where Gavrilo Princip fired the shot at Archduke Franz Ferdinand that precipitated World War I; perhaps some are even familiar with the footprints in the sidewalk that mark the spot from which the notorious bullet flew. But to many Sarajevo means little else. Though it had ancient beginnings, it is not as famous as many Italian and Greek historical sites; it has never been a fashionable resort like Dubrovnik, on the sea; never poor enough nor rich enough to tempt tramps with cultivated eyes to curve their world-touring routes to stop by. Sarajevo, with its half-million souls, is hidden in the center of Yugoslavia, in a narrow Balkan valley surrounded by mountains, rivers, and springs. To approach the city isn't an easy job. Airplanes literally dive into a tiny passage between mountains to reach the runway. Why then would anyone come all the way to Sarajevo? The 1984 Winter Olympic Games are only a recent and isolated reason; the more compelling one is that the people of Sarajevo are practiced at making curious visitors feel completely at home.

This town has its cabinet-in-shadow of old Turkish town pashas and young patrons who formerly passed some time moving around Europe as soccer players, always paid well to shoot a ball for foreign teams, or boys with another talent—smuggling themselves into European royalty circles bearing the title "Profession Unknown." The truth is that the people of Sarajevo, whoever they are or were, have always been devoted to style and have never done anything that lacked a touch of class. Once you get there and meet them in the restaurants, coffee shops, or pizzerias that they run today, they will tell you the countless famous stories about this small town and its professors who studied at ancient European universities, its scientists who are the only experts invited from the mid-European region to take part in world conferences, its thieves who were often well self-educated and almost never got involved in "indecent crime," and its cab drivers who have been known to regale their passengers with Henry James stories.

As to hosting the 1984 Winter Olympic Games, it took nothing but optimism from the Sarajevo people, who never think anything is impossible, to nominate the town for the '84 WOG. Never mind that Sarajevo had almost none of the required objects at the time, and will no doubt be feverishly finishing them in time for the games; their optimism has seen them through more than a millenium of change.

Yugoslavia in general and Sarajevo in particular have never belonged to European or global blocks nor taken part in their schemes or traditions: Yugoslavia is a socialist country, but it is void of the Eastern-monolith atmosphere, climate, and aesthetic—no gray-block buildings are to be found here. Western elements are apparent but the country has been neither a purveyor of Western elegance nor a diplomatic coquette. Sarajevo itself was a neolithic dwelling (2400 to 2300 B.C.), a Roman spa (first centuries A.D.), a Turkish trade and caravansary center (fifteenth to late nineteenth centuries) and Austro-Hungarian protectorate (1878–1914). Today it is the relatively modern admin. (Continued on page 52.
A chauffeur will escort you in considerable comfort for a yearly fee of about $25,000. For a one-time expense of about $40,000, a BMW 733i will present you with a more interesting alternative: a driving experience that will make you reluctant to employ someone to enjoy it for you.

In fact, a case could easily be made for purchasing a BMW 733i on economics alone. But that would misrepresent the car. Actually, no other luxury sedan in the world so thoroughly delights both the driver and the passenger you, while incidentally pleasing the accountant.

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But the case for the 733i was perhaps best made by Autosport magazine, which, describing a test drive, wrote of "the pure song of an in-line six than which there is nothing nicer."

There are simply some songs one should experience for oneself.
traveller: the republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It has felt the impact of, but not been overpowered by, its past.

Throughout its history, the holy law of bloodshed that saw Christians burned in ancient Rome, Moslems and Hindus butchered by each other in India and Pakistan, Jews meeting pogroms wherever they lived, has been denied in Sarajevo. Inexplicably, perhaps, Catholics, Orthodox Christians, Moslems, Jews, and two indigenous sects—Evangelists and Adventists—live a sort of ecclesiastical fairy tale. Sephardic Jews came to Sarajevo with the Turkish invasion, escaping Spain and the royal wrath of Philip II. The Turks used the Jewish talents and protected the Jewish people. It became a tradition, not only for the ruling class but also for the common Moslem, Croatian (Catholic), and Serbian (Orthodox) as well. The coexistence of a sixteenth-century Sephardic cemetery and an old Turkish cemetery testifies to the tolerant spirit of the Sarajevans: an open-mindedness rooted in Bogomil ("Dear to God"), the founding religion of Sarajevo. Bogomil tombstones from the twelfth century lie in the garden of the National Museum, and the very diamond of Jewish culture, the Haggadah codex from the fourteenth century, is intact inside. Only once, during World War II, was the ideal swept away.

Apart from the Olympic events, you will find that the real charm of a stay in Sarajevo is in the heart of the Bash-Tcharshia, Sarajevo's bazaar, a well-organized, clean Liliputian town in which light and eye are allowed to inspect the intrigue of every corner, where doll-size shops share the street with a few larger buildings, mosques, markets, and schools. The old town hall, built in 1896, has a pseudo-Moorish flavor, the National Museum, founded in 1888, a Renaissance touch. The old Orthodox church is a strange building compared to the Serbian examples to the east of this peculiar Eden: rebuilt through the centuries, its base (supposedly) from the fourth to sixth centuries; remains untouched, while the rest of the building illustrates Sarajevo's unique present—trans- 

Basicly, the real rock-bottom treasuries are safely locked in back rooms—and only native Sarajevans can start businesses in this bazaar. If such a person should get into financial trouble, the other merchants will gather in his shop to "have a coffee." No one talks about the real purpose of this meeting. When the coffee ritual is over and the guests are gone, the host picks up the pillows on which his guests were sitting and finds cash beneath them. It is a gift. He is, however, wise to remember the amount and the source of each donation in case he becomes a guest at a similar quiet meeting.

Although the world of old pashas is dying, new bazaar patrons and kings often copy the good old law, and the bazaar, hence Sarajevo, still belongs to the old order. Four hundred and sixty coffee bars, discotheques, and pizzerias are in their hands and eclipse the so-called "socialist sector" restaurants. Fashion boutiques also reign. These little factories of money and power are sophisticated and tasteful in design, and no two are the same. Old Clock is decorated with a collection of real clocks, Bugatti with a noble combination of white walls, dark wooden beams, and drawings of old aristocratic cars, Nava with models of sailboats. Modern owners pay many thousands to have their little bars so designed. Nevertheless, the bazaar still has a lot of old-fashioned coffee shops with Turkish sofas and carved tables and chairs. Together, these creations are a typical Islamic mosaic. Yet that is only the open, visible Sarajevo; a more intriguing reason for the trip lies behind the screens, in the world of the unofficial, the non-tourist. I have tried visiting the official institutions (places that promote Sarajevo as "The Golden Egg of Tourism"), but I wound up in the coffee bars, talking to the older citizens who are the living encyclopedia of Sarajevo's history. There is no other way to see the real town.

If you are not the kind of person who would simply go into any shop in the Bash-Tcharshia and ask its owner to help you find discreet Sarajevo, look for Miss Marina Mikulic, an employee of Centrotrans agency, close to the Hotel Europa in Turkish City. Her friends can take you to private apartments with more authentic ambience than the ethnographic showrooms in the museums. Kreso Martinasevic from General-turist agency on Cathedral place is another source. If you are in Sarajevo during the Olympic Games, the general of the press army, Paul Lukacs, is your man: he was born in Sarajevo and is completely devoted to its charms.

The Vienna Caffee in the Hotel Europa is a meeting place for many Sarajevans who love their city, and you can meet the doyen of Sarajevo guides, Uncle Ibro, there. Sarajevo can provide discreet limousine escort, taxi planes to Dubrovnik, and, best of all, take care to organize your stay in the right places. As for the arrangements for the well-publicized Olympic Games, you may find that the tourist trade in this town doesn't run as smoothly as Swiss timing. But that is not what this story is about; Sarajevo is your town when you don't want to feel like a tourist, and most likely, it will not make an industry of itself for a long time to come.

I was walking one evening from cafe to cafe in the Bash-Tcharshia and watching the crowds in front of them. People were sitting on the sidewalk. It reminded me of something, but I couldn't remember what. It wasn't until I left on an early train that it fell into place: the last time so many young people sat in the streets, listening to music, was in the sixties, when all the world was traveling and teen-agers were still interested in things. I wouldn't say that teen-agers in Sarajevo are hippies, but they do live in a town where almost anything is possible, even the American dream. It is a place where a poor man who has worked as a waiter can still someday buy a shop of his own. Whatever one dreams of somehow appears to be available in Sarajevo. And though you'll never outrwit its terrific gamblers, you'll love the game.
On the three gallery floors of Florian Papp, one may view the products of the finest minds of England's 17th, 18th, and early 19th centuries. Remarkable period pieces, reflecting the master cabinet-maker's sense of proportion, detail, and sheer excellence of invention. Which is why, for three generations, the family of Florian Papp has dedicated itself to the discovery and acquisition of fine period English furniture. Well repaying, we think, a visit from the intelligent collector, designer, or curator.

—Melinda Florian Papp and William James Papp, Jr.
BALTHUS AT THE VILLA MEDICI

The Renaissance Roman villa transformed with love by a modern master

BY JEAN LEYMARIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVELYN HOFER
Founded in 1666 under Louis XIV, the Academy of France in Rome is the oldest and most important institution of its kind in Italy. After having occupied several sites, it was established in 1803 under Napoleon in the marvelous setting that is still its headquarters and contributes so much to its renown: the Villa Medici. Depicted or described by so many great artists and writers, it is at present the object of a systematic study entrusted to a group of specialists, which has resulted in some fascinating discoveries. To the art lover privileged to live in it for several years while undertaking the responsibilities of its direction, nothing is more agreeable than to show its beauties on the spot to visitors, but nothing is more difficult than to evoke these same beauties in a few lines for far-away readers. Evelyn Hofer's excellent photographs, taken with great care for House & Garden, are deliberately concentrated on some of the rather discreet aspects of the interior to the exclusion of the highly decorated apartments, but they reveal even better the charm and the purity of its ambience.

The Villa Medici forms with its annexes and protected gardens an exceptional historic ensemble inseparable from its site. It rises in fact on the Pincian Hill, a favorite promenade from which one discovers the best views of Rome and which in ancient times was called the hill of gardens. The most famous gardens then were those of Lucullus, who brought back from his Asian campaigns a feeling for luxury and refinement. His villa had its back to the hill right in the space between the Villa Medici and the neighboring convent of Trinità dei Monti. Recent excavations, which should be continued, have uncovered vestiges of it and clarified its layout.

After a long period of abandon linked to the decline of Rome the hill of gardens came to life again at the end of the fifteenth century with the installation of monasteries for the religious orders and rustic houses or casinos for dignitaries of the Church. It is from one of them, the casino Crescenzi with its tower, that the Villa Medici was developed in two successive stages by two powerful ecclesiastical builders, whose private apartments were ornamented with frescoes bearing their arms. In 1564 Cardinal Giovanni Ricci, to whom we also owe the Sacchetti palace on the Via Giulia, undertook the necessary construction—living quarters, gardens, the bringing in of water—directed by the architects Nanni de Baccio Bigio and his son Annibale Lippi. In 1576 Cardinal Ferdinando de Medici, councillor of popes, Third Grand Duke of Tuscany on the death of his older brother Francesco, acquired the Ricci domaine, and with the taste for splendor characteristic of his family decided instantly on the enlargements and embellishments necessary to him. He brought his compatriot, the Florentine architect Bartolomeo Ammannati, who created the entry portals; transformed brilliantly the former rectilinear loggia into an arcaded one; moved the piano nobile up; built, on the south for symmetry, the second belvedere tower; added, on the garden side, a wing at right angles as protection from the wind. This latter became the gallery for the antiquities passionately collected by Ferdinando. Sculptures also garnished the garden loggias and every available niche, and a striking series of bas-reliefs from sarcophagi, altars, and important monuments was embedded in the interior façade among the masks, the garlands, and the Medicinal emblems. This complex...
An angle of the grand salon with its subtle harmonies between the walls and the floor tiles. Two eighteenth-century Italian armchairs in wood painted gray-green and picked out in rose: their original colors.

Overleaf left: Passage between the salon and the library in the director's apartment. A handsome seventeenth-century Florentine desk in waxed wood, and eighteenth-century Genoese painted yellow chairs with their original brown leather upholstery. Overleaf right: False window in the two-story grand salon in the central part of the building. Its door opens onto the garden loggia, and its balcony overlooks Rome.
décor with all its symbolism has remained sealed in the stones of the walls, but the other original and movable sculptures, partly replaced by casts, were sent to Florence at the end of the eighteenth century.

With its severe palace façade overhanging Rome, its airy orchestration above the gardens, its silhouette inscribed in the panorama of the hills, the Villa Medici is a major example of the Italian villas of humanist conception devoted to entertainment, to aesthetic enjoyment, to meditation. Itself a vast cabinet d' amateur, it also had its studiolo, its chapel, its library, its secret enclosures, its pavilions to dream in, where today are scattered the ateliers of the fellows, winners of the Grand Prix de Rome. The garden with its two paths of approach invites the kind of contemplative promenade inspired by a place of pilgrimage, with pauses to look carefully at the various loggias, two of which were painted by Velázquez in views of Rome now in the Prado. Velázquez is one among the illustrious guests—popes, sovereigns, princes and dignitaries, scholars and poets, artists and musicians—who haunt these grounds overflowing with history and legend. The fountain esplanade in front of the central loggia's superb thrust both defines and joins together the two parts of the garden. The garden on the terrace is the Bosco, wild and sacred, planted in holm-oaks, acanthus, and laurels with their Vergilian intimations; it leads to a mysterious little house that exactly surmounts, it seems, the little Roman temple that crowned the villa

(Text continued on page 166)
In the director’s apartment. Above: In the salon-library the mirror, mantel, and banquettes are in the Italian eighteenth-century style; the velour armchairs are by Henri Samuel. Opposite: Salon’s furniture of varied provenance is brought into harmony by the subtle balance of the colors. Sardinian folk-craft rugs are based on ancient designs. Balthus painted the coffee table’s top, and one of Giacometti’s last busts is on the green and gold console. Below: Dining-room doors are painted in faux marbre; eighteenth-century chairs from Lucca in polychrome with floral decorations.
Among the famous antique sculptures collected with passion by Ferdinando de Medici was the Hellenistic group called the Niobides, the originals of which are in the Uffizi Museum in Florence. It has been reconstituted with copies and placed not in the perspective of an allee but under the great trees in one of the garden rectangles. Water flows and murmurs under the rocks and the carpet of ivy.

Overleaf left. The eighteenth-century painted-wood Italian armoire in the director's dining room was acquired in Palestrina. Overleaf right. In the interior of the loggia under the terrace of the Bosco are a herm and a copy of the lion sculpted for Ferdinando de Medici by Flaminio Vacca after a classical lion. The originals are in Florence.
LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

A collector embraces the sensuous forms of forties and fifties furniture

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES
On a balcony overlooking the living room of Barbara Jakobson’s New York house, two Italian designs epitomize their period: a 1950 vinyl-upholstered armchair by Carlo Mollino and a 1958 painted-glass table signed Peretti. The hand-carved glass bowl by Hans Model is c. 1955; the unsigned American ceramic vase is roughly contemporary. Flowers throughout arranged by Mark Issacs of Fifty-50.
Left: Barbara Jakobson in a portrait by Horst; she is wearing a black-and-white printed Greek cotton strapless dress designed by Christian Dior in 1952. This page: Set against Charles Eames’s red aniline-dyed molded plywood screen of 1946 (also seen behind Mrs. Jakobson at left), a 1946 table by Isamu Noguchi holds a still life composed of a British ceramic vase by Poole Pottery, c. 1957; a glass bowl by Arte Nuova of Milan, 1958; and an American glass serving dish holding stuffed olives (that quintessentially fifties food) by Blenko, c. 1955.
Absence not long enough to root out quite all love/Increases love at second sight.” Those words of the seventeenth-century English playwright Richard May seem particularly apt to describe one New York collector’s new enthusiasm for the furniture and decorative objects of her years as a young wife setting up house: the early fifties. There is, of course, a common tendency for us to reject the interests of our early adulthood as our tastes expand and change. Later, it is not unusual for us to regard those youthful infatuations with the same fond nostalgia we have for our first love affair; but it is something else to find new meaning in them all over again.

Yet that is precisely what Barbara Jakobson has done. Mrs. Jakobson is an omnipresence in the New York art world and could be variously introduced as a trustee of The Museum of Modern Art, a board member of the Architectural League in New York, an exhibition curator (of the 1980 Houses for Sale show at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York and its 1983 exhibition Follies: Architecture for the Late Twentieth Century Landscape), or an author (under the pseudonym of B.J. Archer, of catalogues for the Castelli shows and Anderson and Archer’s SoHo: The Essential Guide to Art and Life in Lower Manhattan). Yet she prefers to call herself “an observer of the culture,” and that provides the key to explaining her reawakened appreciation of a period of design that is now emerging from two decades of critical neglect and public scorn.

As Barbara Jakobson tells it, “I've
Above: Kenny Scharf’s 1983 painting *Architonguerture* provides a playful analogue to the biomorphic forms throughout the house. The molded plywood chairs below it are Charles Eames’s 1946 classics for Herman Miller. Opposite: Barbara Jakobson’s 1953 engagement portrait by Hal Phyfe is illuminated by a plaster lamp by Alberto and Diego Giacometti. The 1945 Italian glass vase and the ashtray are both by Ercole Barovier. Next to them is a Bambara ceremonial headdress. The sculptural fragments at left are all by Robert Graham. The chair is one of a set by Carlo Mollino made in 1950 as a wedding present for Lisa Ponti, daughter of architect Gio Ponti.
never considered myself a collector on a grand scale. I'm not one who constantly lusted after objects and had to keep fueling the collecting passion. Yet the acquisition of things seems to have come upon me almost as a necessity at various points along the way, and so, out of impulse, I slowly, very slowly, assembled the things that I have. Rather than creating a collection, I put together a series of temptations.

The temptations to which she wisely surrendered include a small but well-chosen selection of modern paintings ranging from works by such long-established figures as Ad Reinhardt, Jasper Johns, and Frank Stella to such masters-of-the-moment as Julian Schnabel and David Salle to such young upstarts as Kenny Scharf. Most were bought well before those artists became famous, an indication of Mrs. Jakobson's canny eye for spotting trends on the horizon of art. But she is quick to add, "I'm delighted, of course, that the painters whom I felt were so wonderful early on have come to extraordinary acceptance in the institutions of high art, but I've never bought something because I've thought about its future validation in the marketplace."

In fact, as she explains, her new interest in forties and fifties furniture was stimulated primarily by recent painting, much of which has been influenced to a notable degree by the aesthetics of the fifties. "I perceive the world visually and take my clues to the culture from the visual arts, especially painting. By the late seventies I began to notice that several younger painters were... (Text continued on page 167)
LIGHT IN
THE VIEUX CARRÉ

Decorator Michael Myers brings a refreshing point of view to a restored New Orleans house

BY ELAINE GREENE    PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES
New Orleanians all know the Lalaurie House, a refined, luxurious, and unusually large French Empire mansion. Even tourists on a two-hour run through the French Quarter are taken to the building and told a lurid history that often distracts them from the beauty of the architecture. The present owner himself was once such a tourist.

The most famous, and infamous, inhabitant in the past was Mme. Lalaurie, born Delphine McCarty, daughter of a rich and titled Scot who owned land in Santo Domingo. Delphine lived and entertained regally in the circa-1825 mansion for two years, until she and her husband fled on an April night in 1834. Mme. Lalaurie, whose previous husband was a friend of the pirate Jean Lafitte, turned out to be a female Simon Legree who chained, tortured, and starved her slaves.

This horror was revealed when the abused cook set fire to the kitchen. Neighbors rushed in to help fight the flames and discovered and rescued seven chained victims. Said a local newspaper at the time, “The sight was so horrible that we could scarce look upon it.” The next day an angry mob surrounded the house and the couple fled in a carriage that charged the crowd and made its escape. Mme. Lalaurie died in Paris many years later.

City records show that a new owner remodeled extensively in 1841, when the third floor was added and the elaborate plasterwork embellishments were installed. Samuel Wilson Jr., New Orleans architect and historian who advised the present owner in the early stages of restoration, believes that Mme. Lalaurie's house was probably a red-brick Federal structure and that the Empire features date from 1841.

The house served as Union headquarters during the Civil War occupation, later as a gambling house, and then as a gathering place for derelicts and counterfeiters, who fostered the building’s reputation as a haunted house so that they could remain there without being disturbed.

After the Vieux Carré's slum years early in this century, the Quarter began the climb to its present status as a choice neighborhood, rich in old-world charm. The Lalaurie house had to wait until the early seventies for its renascence. A physician from Arkansas bought it and returned it to its early splendor and its original purpose as a single-family residence.

As a hospital intern, he had fallen in love with New Orleans, and he returned there as soon as the Navy and other duties allowed. The city’s colorful history fascinated him, and so did its continuing vitality: commercial, social, musical, culinary, architectural. “I wanted to settle in New Orleans and felt it was pointless to live there in anything but an old house.”

Already living in the Vieux Carré in 1969, the physician bought the Lalaurie house, which then consisted of fifteen apartments in the main building and former slave quarters in back. He spared no effort in returning the house to its original state, working with Koch and Wilson, a New Orleans architectural firm that specializes in historic restoration. Fortunately, much of the ornamental plasterwork remained, and gaps were filled by making molds of original details. All the mantelpieces were still in the house. Michael Myers, the interior designer, is still involved in filling out the French antique furnishings. His complex goals were to honor the architecture of the old mansion yet create a comfortable home for a collector of contemporary works of art.

Like any good New Orleans house,
Cooling air moves freely through the house and so does the eye: from this rear drawing room can be seen the adjoining front drawing room, the center hall, and the dining room across the way. Twin Empire chandeliers of bronze doré and crystal light the drawing rooms, which share a pale-putty wall color. Antique dhurries in both rooms from Patterson, Flynn & Martin. Louis XVI painted fauteuils are signed Henri Jacob 1779. Custom-made table in Parsons style by Karl Springer is an exotic wood inlaid with ivory.
this one makes the best of a hot and humid climate and was planned to exploit any breeze in the neighborhood. Michael Myers had the climate in mind when he chose cool leather for seating and flat weaves for the rugs. He used soft, earthy paint colors not only to set off the white details and the works of art but also to bring a quiet tranquility. The colors reflect a conscious decision not to attempt an exact restoration, for analysis had exposed an original trim finish of polychrome and gilt with walls of Empire greens and reds—not the proper background for this client and his art collection.

What the conscientious team of professionals has achieved is a respectful and affectionate compromise between history and life today. The owner thinks that this house may be passing through the best years it has yet seen. Editor: Babs Simpson

Right: Insulated balloon shades of Scalamandré silk protect west windows in the front drawing room. Regency book cabinet is black lacquer and brass; Louis XVI guéridon is marble and bronze doré. P.E. Guerin coffee table has Robsjohn-Gibbings legs. Sofa is done all in velvet—tan cotton and linen from Clarence House; checked silk from Brunschwig & Fils. Above: The revitalized Lalaurie house: restuccoed and painted, its gallery floor replaced, its lacy ironwork mended.
The dining room is the place of greatest splendor, embellished with a frieze that represents the angels of a heavenly choir and signals the room's original purpose as a music room. The grandest chandelier, another Empire example, hangs here. Standing on an antique Regency mahogany three-pedestal table, surrounded by Louis XVI chairs, Striped curtain fabric, inspiration for wall color, from Scalamandre.
Pioneers in the revival of ornament and decoration, architects Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown have made their own home into a living laboratory of design.

BY MARTIN FILLER  PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

Above: Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown in their Philadelphia office. Opposite: In the living room of their home, a polychromed table made for the Traymore Hotel in Atlantic City, c. 1915, holds a characteristically Venturian array of objects (from left): a glazed earthenware bowl by George Timock, 1974-76; an eighteenth-century French-style marble and ormolu urn; and a museum reproduction of a head by Elie Nadelman.
Throughout the house is evidence of Venturi and Scott Brown's greatest talent: an unexpected juxtaposition of familiar elements to make us look at them afresh.

There are two American architects today under the age of sixty who are already assured of a permanent place in the cultural history of our times: Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown. It is now twenty years since they broke onto the American architectural scene with a series of startling designs and a body of provocative writings that have profoundly influenced not only the look of contemporary architecture, but also the very way we see it. The dramatic changes in architectural thinking that have occurred since 1960—now becoming apparent to the public at large with such new structures as Michael Graves's Portland Building in Oregon and Philip Johnson and John Burgee's AT&T Building in New York—can be traced directly to the new attitudes fostered by Venturi and Scott Brown.

Their radically new approach to the built environment was expressed most eloquently in Venturi's landmark 1966 book, Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture, widely acknowledged as one of the two most influential architectural texts of this century (along with Le Corbusier's revolutionary Vers une architecture of 1923). In its first chapter, "Nonstraightforward Architecture: A Gentle Manifesto," Venturi sets forth his articles of design faith in strong, almost Whitmanesque cadences: "I like elements which are hybrid rather than 'pure,' compromising rather than 'clean,' distorted rather than 'straightforward,' ambiguous rather than 'articulated,' perverse as well as impersonal, boring as well as 'interesting,' conventional rather than 'designed,' accommodating rather than excluding, redundant rather than simple, vestigial as well as innovating, inconsistent and equivocal rather than direct and clear. I am for messy vitality over obvious unity. I include the non sequitur and proclaim the duality."

Those were fighting words to the architectural establishment, but they were truly prophetic, sounding the death knell for the bland Corporate Modernism that had become our national architectural style in the years since World War II. In its place, the small Philadelphia firm of Venturi and Rauch (now Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown) offered some unexpected alternatives: public buildings that drew inspiration not only from great architecture of the past, but also from commercial roadside architecture; houses with pitched roofs, discrete rooms, and clearly defined doorways, in contrast to the flat-roofed, open-plan, glass-walled houses typical of the fifties; walls of patterned brick, tile, or paint, rather than the blank surfaces of the late International Style; designs that were (in Venturi's own terms) "ugly" and "ordinary," in defiant contrast to mainstream modern buildings that embodied a moribund ideal of beauty and an exaggerated sense of the extraordinary.

Needless to say, those ideas did not win instant acceptance. But although they were denounced for years as cynics, jokers, and purveyors of camp, Venturi, Scott Brown, and their associates have weathered the critical storms (and the resultant drought of commissions). The passage of time and the completion of a number of notable works have confirmed their preeminent stature among the leading high-art architects at work today. Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown now enjoy a unique position in their medium: they are the Old Masters of the permanent avant-garde, a role equivalent to that of Jasper Johns in painting.

Venturi and Scott Brown, who were married in 1967, are even more noteworthy among their peers for their deep interest in furniture and interior design. One of the most pronounced characteristics of postwar Modernism was its apathetic approach to interiors. Architects concentrated on the exteriors of buildings, but often considered interior design beneath them, leaving it to be dealt with by non-architect specialists. Architecture schools largely ignored the subject, deepening the rift that would have been unthinkable to earlier architects such as Frank Lloyd Wright and Charles Rennie Mackintosh, who believed that the design of a building, inside and out, is an indivisible unity. So believe Venturi and Scott Brown, and they were among the first of their generation to seriously reconsider the traditions of pre-modern decorating. Their own home in a suburb of Philadelphia shows how successfully they have given that older vision new life. The rooms in which they live are nothing less than the synthesis of all they have set out to do in their art: to stimulate, enrich, surprise, instruct, and delight.

For the first few years after their marriage, the Venturis lived in a most un-Venturian setting: I.M. Pei's Society Hill Towers, the resolutely modern concrete-and-glass monoliths that rise high above the Philadelphia historic district's red-brick Colonial town houses. Surprisingly, they did not find the experience at all unpleasant. "We had an austere, modern, concrete setting, and we played dark wood against it—Colonial, Chippendale, Queen Anne, even Victorian things," explains Denise Scott Brown. "And then against that we put very stark Pop Art posters. We had also inherited a Persian rug, but that was about all. It was probably too simple a vocabulary for us, and we were ready to be enticed into doing something different."

The imperative to do so came about as a result of two unrelated events: the birth of the Venturis' son, Jimmie, in 1971, and the couple's... (Text continued page 159)
NOW, MES PETITS,
POUR LA FRANCE!
This page. The library of the Venturis' house has as its focus a spectacular Art Nouveau repoussé copper chimney piece. Opposite: The house, built in 1910 to the designs of architect Milton B. Medary, is an amalgam of German Jugendstil and English Arts and Crafts influences.
The risky game of mixing many styles and piling pattern on top of pattern is carried off with the consummate assurance of the true artist.

The living room of the Venturis’ house is a rich compendium of their broadly ranging enthusiasms. The walls and chimney piece are stenciled with a pastel floral motif that provides a surprisingly receptive background for such a diverse collection. The sofa and lavender velvet club chair are from the Traymore Hotel; the orange plastic stacking chair was designed by Joe Colombo in 1967; the orange armchair is a reproduction of a 1911 Josef Hoffmann design. Next to it is a floor lamp by Louis C. Tiffany. In the right foreground, a wreath-bearing Wiener Keramik cherub representing winter (one of a set of the four seasons), made by the Vienna Secession ceramicist Michael Polowny in 1908. Visible on the dining-room wall through the door at left is Andy Warhol’s 1964 lithograph Liz.
The dining room is encircled by a frieze with the names of the Venturis' culture heroes; beneath it are prints on the alphabet by William Nicholson. The oak dining table is set with dime-store china and glassware; chairs are from the Traymore Hotel. On the terrace, a cherub by sculptor Tex Schweitz blows a silent fanfare.
Gone with the Thaw
First built in Russia in the eighteenth century, these transparent feats of engineering, designed by architects and carved from ice, reached the height of splendor over a hundred years later at winter carnivals in Canada and America. A niece of Peter the Great, the sadistic Empress Anna, had the first documented one built: an ice villa on the banks of the Neva for the wedding night of an out-of-favor prince. Next came the fortresses of the 1880s and the Art Deco palaces of the 1930s—some of which were the size of a football field with towers fourteen stories high; constructed in Montreal, Ottawa, Québec, St. Paul, Minnesota, and Leadville, Colorado, they were often the setting for a mock battle, “the storming of the ice palace,” which ended with a dramatic firework display. At night they were lit from within and their glow could be seen for miles. The tradition, which has continued in Sapporo and Québec, is explored in a new book, Ice Palaces, by Fred Anderes and Ann Agranoff from Abbeville Press.
Architect Peter Gluck adds to a classic house by Mies van der Rohe.

A MASTERFUL MEETING

BY MICHAEL SORKIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES
Ludwig Mies van der Rohe designed a small house in 1955 for a site on a Connecticut river, one of only three built by the architect in the United States. His client was the brother of a Chicago developer who had commissioned Mies’s great apartment project on Lake Shore Drive. Family ties did not end here. The little house incorporated into its façades the same pattern of mullion and glass used in the Chicago apartments—suburbanized with a coat of white paint—and even used surplus materials from the Chicago job site.

This borrowing was no simple economy. Rather, it was expressive of a central preoccupation. Mies, the great apostle of “less is more,” was a Classicist, a believer in universal values, and his was a search not for variety but for perfection. The Connecticut house not only resembled the Lake Shore apartments, it was a virtual twin to a 1951 row-house design meant as a prototype for urban mass housing (a vision, it seems, that fired the enthusiasm only of the rich). But even beyond such similarities as these, it is the hallmark of the Miesian system that every work accomplished according to its rules is a little summa, making conspicuous in all its parts the tenets underlying its construction. In the Connecticut house, the simple plan, with its unimpeded flow of space, the reliance on a gridded geometry, the frank, unadorned use of materials, the penchant for glass and steel, are not just immediate particulars but emblems of a life’s work.

Not long ago, the property changed hands, and New York architect Peter Gluck was hired to add guest quarters, entertainment space, and a pool to the compact original, which together would considerably exceed the size of the existing house. Gluck’s was a double challenge. First, he faced the preservationist imperatives of dealing with an impeccable given. And second, he was to be designing a response to a specific architectural ethic now widely seen as barren of domestic charm. Fortuitously, this latter difficulty pretty much solved itself. The new owner was looking less for a comfy primary domicile than for a place to entertain, not for domestic privacies but for poolside party pavilions that would take full advantage of a lovely wooded site. It was a set of requirements that virtually invited glass houses, and Gluck—responding to the scale and spirit of the original—provided two.

Dealing with the first problem was considerably trickier. To simultaneously respect a seminal idiom and satisfy his own designer-hubris, Gluck had to avoid apishness and self-oblitration. His solution proved to be a piece of design that is clearly in the manner of Mies; but it incorporates gestures and elements that are both deferential and fresh.

Gluck’s additions begin with the idea of celebrating the quintessential components of Miesness. The transcendent icon of the master’s rationality is the grid, and undergirding the plan of the new construction is a classic tartan pattern. This serves both as an organizing principle for the disposition of spaces and as an expressive motif. The grid appears in the pattern of the stone paving that knits the new pool and structures together and in a long sculpted steel screen that more literally links Gluck’s two pavilions. Most important, Gluck uses the grid as Mies did, to generate form and spirit. One reads in the project’s cruciform columns the very idea of intersection. In the rectilinear quality that suffuses the work is an almost religious striving for a legible perfection. Mies’s mighty aphorism, “God is in the details,” means exactly this: heavenly order is revealed in the smallest elements, in the ability of the system to find consistent and logical expression down to the tiniest bit.

In building the addition, Gluck was himself caught up in the search, becoming a dedicated—if temporary—apostle of the Miesian aesthetic. As he recounts it, he found himself trying to “out-Mies Mies,” and as a result, the project grew to be a greater and greater technical challenge, a quest for a scrupulousness of construction that would match the precision of the idea behind it. This called for enormous sophistation in the craft of building, and Gluck finally chose to take on the role of contractor himself, riding attentive herd on a building process that stretched over a period of two years.

Perhaps the most seminal work in the Miesian canon is the celebrated Barcelona Pavilion of 1929. Almost more than any other modern building, this was an act of pure composition, architecture as sculpture. It set a demanding standard against which Mies’s subsequent work had to be judged. If Mies’s architecture is generally associated with the “form follows function” dictum, this was a building that was essentially functionless, a building “about” such ineffables as clarity, order, the sensuality of materials, and the flow of space, concerns that remained the architect’s highest preoccupations, whatever the mundane function to be accommodated.

But the Barcelona Pavilion also crystallized a type. To
CARTESIAN COORDINATES

A corner of one of the pavilions shows ranks of tracks for the sliding glass panels that permit virtually the entire structure to be opened to the outdoors. Seemingly, even shadows must conform to the right-angle perfection of the Miesian idiom.
Entertainment and guest pavilions are arranged at right angles around a swimming pool. Josef Hoffmann chairs from Galerie Metropol surround a table designed by Peter Gluck. The small sculpture is by Max Ernst, from Snellen Haber Gallery.
SPATIAL DELIVERY

Linking the two pavilions is a steel screen wall that reflects the dimensions of the planning grid, here visible in the pattern of the stone pavers. Walls of glass invite reflection, dematerializing the building’s edges.
the last, Mies was preoccupied with “pavilions,” with a sort of secular analogue to the classical Greek temple. Both of these types take as their “problem” the enclosure of a simple space with measured means, striving for a universality of expression in the quest for absolute proportion. In his own Connecticut pavilions, Gluck has used Barcelona as a major source but has tempered his borrowings with references to subsequent work. The structure housing sauna, bathing facilities, and guest bedrooms explicitly alludes to the Barcelona plan, a relationship continued in the placement of the swimming pool, reminiscent of Mies’s reflecting pool at Barcelona.

The Spanish project is also evoked in the way the newer structures exploit the play of planes of materials of varying densities: tile, wood, glass, steel. Their perimeter is composed of sliding panels of glass and screen mesh. As one panel is slid behind another, the buildings can be opened to the outdoors, erasing the barrier between inside and out and abetting the flow of space that is a hallmark of Miesian modernism. As they stack up, though, the panels themselves are transformed, their density and reflectivity subtly altered. With a screen behind them, moiré patterns are created and the layers of glass begin to look almost like polished stone.

This system of panels—even though constructed of modern materials in the service of a rigorously Modernist image—is reminiscent of the movable walls in traditional Japanese architecture. This is not coincidental. In much of his work, Peter Gluck has drawn on Japanese sources, and the Connecticut additions are no exception. Indeed, Gluck sees Miesian and Japanese systems as linked at the source, kin through a common focus on the Classicizing refinement of post-and-beam construction—and, one might add, through a shared concern with the materiality of space and with the idea of impermanence and flux. Finally, the two ways of building find equal fascination in temples and pavilions: Gluck’s works would serve happily as teahouses.

Peter Gluck’s Orientalization of Mies proceeds in several ways. First come those panels and their powers of modulation over light and enclosed space. Second, the architect has dropped ceilings and raised floors within the pavilions by several inches. This step up and floating plane above are classic (Text continued on page 163)
DIPLOMATIC LUXURY
Francis and Mercedes Kellogg at home

BY MARGARET MORSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

It's a city apartment where the decoration has been carefully cultivated for over a decade, like a garden. Francis L. Kellogg, then Special Assistant to Nixon's Secretaries of State and an ambassador to international organizations, gave to the newly acquired apartment a nucleus of heirloom furnishings and paintings. Mercedes Kellogg, a bride, brought a sure eye for mixing furnishings from several traditions—including the always modern-looking Oriental pieces the Kelloggs would acquire. She assumed the role of decorator; her husband, that of client. Their decorating ideal, says Mrs. Kellogg, was, and is "a warm, cozy room of things you can look at and live with," where "nothing hits you in the eye and you can discover each object for yourself." For them, atmosphere is the stuff and substance of a room: "If you have a room where everything is perfect, something misses the mark."

Mercedes Kellogg, fluent in Farsi, French, and English, has created a beautifully balanced setting for their life alone and with friends. Since she likes "guests and their beautiful dresses to provide the color" in a room, she chose to use neutral-toned rugs and fabrics with urbane woven patterns. Drawing-room curtains are of coppery dressmaker silk taffeta. Caught in low tie-backs and allowed to break on the floor, the fringed curtains evince a fin de siècle opulence. In the Bourbon epoch, chairs were placed back to the wall, and, for economy's sake, their backs were upholstered in rustic linen check. Mrs. Kellogg puts her French eighteenth-century chairs in the middle of the room to define seating areas—and lets the checkered linen take the same pride of place as the satin on the front.

Entertaining is of capital importance in the Kelloggs' life. If cocktails are served in the library, after-dinner coffee is served in the drawing room—in winter, by a fire of birch logs from the Kelloggs' country retreat, Mill Pond Farm. Sometimes there are musicians playing in the foyer, for listening or dancing. Mrs. Kellogg keeps menus simple: "I think guests are happier if you avoid fancy food and serve the same dishes you eat à deux." She orders fragrant speciosum lilies or freesia for the beginning of the week, so that by party time most buds have opened and the arrangements look more relaxed.

Mercedes Kellogg believes that "proper decorating is never finished. The last thing I want to hear is 'you've redecorated.' I try to change things very slowly, so the apartment doesn't lose its atmosphere. I want guests to feel as if they've come from home to home."

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Above: Mercedes Kellogg, in a Givenchy gown, photographed by Horst. Table holds malachite objects, real and trompe-l'oeil. Opposite: A 1906 portrait of Mr. Kellogg's mother, Emily Baker, by fellow artist C.Y. Turner, over a Louis XVI lit de repos. Jardiniere is Chinese, and the figures are considered Cambodian. At large parties, guests are encouraged to sit on the lacquered Karl Springer table.
The foyer displays a two-part Coromandel Seven Cranes screen and a bronze goose, both Chinese. Faux marbre moldings and baseboards were Mr. Kellogg's welcome-home surprise for his wife after a trip to Europe. Above: Mr. Kellogg's great-grandfather Charles Henry Leonard is the fisherboy by Lake Nyack. The original oil belongs to Mr. Kellogg's sister-in-law in Spain, who had a student at the Prado paint this copy for him. Carved bull is a memento from New Delhi.

Overleaf: The drawing room exemlifies Mrs. Kellogg's love of Louis XV and XVI furniture. She had existing mirrored niches marbelized to match the fireplace. Added pier mirrors to reflect a treasued Beauvais tapestry. Over the mantel is a Frieske nude.
Above: Beauvais tapestry, *The Chinese Astronomers*, is one of a series woven around 1700. Thai figure is a nineteenth-century Deity Calming the Waters. Georgian-style table holds a Louis XVI clock, a pencil sketch of a satyr attributed to Clodion. Right: In the dining room, under the gaze of Mr. Kellogg's forebears, dessert is served on favorite Meissen. Also on the table: ancestral American glassware, a French vermeil pot, a tablecover of Perceptive Concepts malachite cotton. Chinese red provides a backdrop on other walls for paintings of game and live fowl, and, lit by palm torchères, of Vesuvius aflame.
Above: In the master bedroom, upholstered Louis XV screen was a Washington, D.C., find. A tablecloth used as a blanket cover and squares Mrs. Kellogg lined in peach and sewed up into pillow-covers are heirlooms. Antique Italian desk with adjustable back holds a cloisonné lamp.

Left: In the sitting area of the room, upcoming social invitations are tucked in the mirror frame above a Russian icon. Mrs. Kellogg’s reading includes biographies, diaries, love letters—“romances that really happened.” Meissen dogs resemble the Kelloggs’ Shih Tzu. Crayon drawing is by Paul Helleu. Both striped and plaid fabrics by Brunschwig & Fils.
Juan Montoya designs a cool retreat for a couple’s city life

MANHATTAN SUMMER HOUSE

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL   PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI
Not everyone who summers in New York City is a tourist. There are natives who remain just because everyone else is away. Such is the case with the owners of this apartment high in the Hotel Parker Meridien. They spend Mondays through Thursdays in New York because “we get in to see and do everything,” then have their weekends in the country and winters in Florida.

It was their life in Florida that determined the feel they wanted in the New York apartment—summery, light, open. Designer Juan Montoya approached the seven-thousand-square-foot shell with only two structural requests from the owners—a self-contained guest room and maid’s quarters. The three main living areas branch out from the hallway/gallery. These rooms in turn are subdivided not by walls but through the use of practical alternatives. For example, a column that has been rounded and covered with white vinyl and inlaid with brass separates the sitting area from the music area, the latter often used for dancing. A seven-foot-high island in the master bedroom defines the sleeping and sitting areas and houses televisions for both sides of the room.

More than a haven from the streets below, the apartment was also designed as a showcase for the couple’s collection of sculpture and contemporary American paintings. A clean white background was created with industrial glass for the walls and terrazzo flooring. Brass friezes are found throughout the apartment, an accent that changes to chrome in the den. Montoya explains: “The juxtaposition of elements creates a transition of mood.” In the case of the den, it’s a change from activity to rest—a hard-to-find state in New York City. □ Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet
A GARDEN IN
SOFT COUNTRY COLORS

Mary Watson’s garden at Hermitage, begun almost forty years ago, was inspired by the famous garden at Hidcote but shaped for a special terrain, the rolling green farm country of Warwickshire.

BY SUSAN LITTLEFIELD        PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY HARPUR

Nestled at the foot of an emerald green Warwickshire hill, midway between the village steeple and a sloping pasture dotted with cows, Hermitage is a quintessentially English place: a seventeenth-century house of local honey-colored stone surrounded by a series of gardens with tall trees, sheared hedges, broad grass paths, and a profusion of herbaceous plants.

Like many gardens in England and elsewhere, this one is a variation on the theme of garden rooms that was pioneered so successfully by Major Law-

Opposite: Beyond a bed of lavender, tanacetum, snapdragons, and one red poppy is a beech hedge that surrounds the entry court. Left: The herbaceous border. Right: Fall-blooming cyclamen and crocuses beneath an old walnut tree.
rence Johnston. "We owe it all to Hidcote," Mrs. Mary Watson acknowledges, "with its separate gardens, where you go around a corner and always see something different."

Hermitage had been a "small holding"—a farm where someone lived and kept a few sheep and perhaps a cow; but by 1944, when Mr. and Mrs. Watson arrived, it was a dilapidated, ivy-covered house in the midst of five acres of unkempt fields. They set out to make the house livable, and began to plan a garden that could hold a great deal of variety; for he loved autumn and she loved spring and together they admired a great many different plants. A series of gardens seemed the best solution: but even though the Watsons did model Hermitage on the gardens at Hidcote Manor, theirs is a far less architectural interpretation, tailored to suit the informality of the surrounding countryside and their own particular garden tastes.

Mrs. Watson has always believed that a garden should instill a clear sense of purpose, and here she wanted points to walk to with views and comfortable places to sit. They began by converting part of their field into a lawn that rolled down the hill in gentle contours to a broad herbaceous border at the bottom, just in line with the back door. Gradually nettles and field grasses were cleared and other gardens were added: a white garden at the top of the lawn, a rhododendron walk nearby,
and a woodland path in the shelter of a
ense barberry hedge that fends off
old winds and marauding cattle. A
ater garden was shaped around an
isting pond and a gnarled willow
ree, with a bog garden close by.
In plan the garden fits its site, but the
ting was designed to stand out
om the surrounding landscape.
This is farming country," Mrs. Wat-
explains, "and there is an over-
owering amount of green. For relief, er
felt that contrast was important." he contrast is subtle, however, for
Mrs. Watson believes that brilliant col-
s belong in towns. For country plant-
g, she uses a soft, restful palette full
f bluish-greens, silvers and grays—
hich are a challenge to grow in her
heavy soil—and pale pastels. "Grays
re cooling," she points out, "and
golden things give sunshine," which is
always welcome in the damp English
climate.
Colors and plant combinations look
as if they were composed by an ex-
erienced watercolorist, but Mrs. Watson
has never done any painting. She is a
flower arranger, and Hermitage is her
cutting garden and her largest bou-
quet. She particularly loves roses and
has them throughout the garden—
climbing walls, scrambling over ter-
races, sitting in beds alongside shrubs
and herbaceous plants. The varieties
that she likes best are gathered within
easy reach of the back door: pink 'Cecil
Brunner', a miniature and "a flower ar-
ranger's dream"; 'Compassion', a
grand salmon-colored climber; and
'Garnet', a lovely white that "never
stops flowering." 'Lavender Lass'
combines beautifully with gray and sil-
ver foliage; 'Papa Meillard' is deep red
and redolent of an exotic potpourri.
Plants spill over each other, cover-
ing every patch of available soil. In ear-
ly summer, the terrace is a field of blue
flax, self-seeded in cracks between the
paving stones. A 'Pink Chiffon' rose
blooms with pink lavender and fuchs-
ia, lacy rue, and silvery dusty miller;
marguerites and snapdragons wave
white flowers above a bed of gray and
blue-green groundcovers. "It mustn't
be too tidy," Mrs. Watson suggests.
"After all, (Text continued on page 168)
Top: Yellow panicles of laburnum grace virtually every English garden in early summer—at Hermitage, they provide a visual crescendo at the end of the flower border. Alongside, five-hundred-year-old rickstones made to support stacks of hay echo topiary.

Above: A woodland path abloom in pink and blue hydrangeas, with pale spikes of hosta repeated across the way in the feathery spires of astilbe. In the distance a birch tree captures light, marking the transition from shaded woods to sunny lawn beyond.
Top: A pair of junipers—one fastigate, the other short and full—and a bed of low-growing heathers and frames a garden view. On the terrace, stone troughs offer the chance to combine choice plants in places where they can be admired and easily tended.

Mrs. Watson's penchant for pastels and gray foliage is evident here, with geraniums, artemisia, and helicrysum.

Overleaf: At the top of the rhododendron walk, a Kwanzan cherry heralds springtime with a fountain of double pink flowers.
On September 16, 1943, a young British officer, still in his twenties, was killed in heavy fighting on the beaches of Salerno in Italy, in circumstances of great gallantry. His name was Henry Valerian George, Sixth Duke of Wellington, Marquess of Douro, Marquess and Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Earl of Mornington and Viscount Wellesley, Baron Douro, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grandee in Spain, Duque da Victoria, Marques de ...
The Waterloo Gallery is the most famous room at Apsley House both for the collection of paintings that hang there and for the annual banquets the Iron Duke gave in that room for his fellow officers at Waterloo. An enormous dining-room table ran the length of the room, fitting around the massive candelabra.
Torres Vedras, and Conde de Vimeiro in Portugal. He was known to his family and friends simply as Morny, since as the eldest son of the heir to the Fourth Duke of Wellington, he had been born Earl of Mornington.

Three weeks previously, the ship bearing him and his commandos on the way to Italy had stopped at Gibraltar, and Morny had taken the opportunity to visit his ancestral properties in Spain, Soto de Roma and Molino del Rey, granted to the first Duke of Wellington by a grateful Spanish government in recognition of his services in defeating the French invaders. There are some on the family property who still remember that visit. All whom he met were delighted by his simple charm and infectious enthusiasm. As he left the house he took an ornamental dagger off the wall from amongst the collection of weapons lying side by side some days later when the feature was eventually captured.

In that brief, bloody little battle, the future of the Wellington heritage changed irrevocably, for Morny was a bachelor. He was succeeded in the dukedom by his father’s brother, Lord Gerald Wellesley, a younger son of the Fourth Duke.

Gerald, Seventh Duke of Wellington, who was my father, had been before the war a distinguished architect and Keeper of the King’s Works of Art. He had a wide-ranging knowledge of the visual arts, and no member of the family knew more than he about the great family heritage of pictures, silver, furniture, porcelain, and other objets d’art.

In 1939 he gave up his profession and joined the army.

An 1852 watercolor, Apsley House, the Waterloo Gallery by Joseph Nash.

hanging there. It was regarded as an ill-omen by the crowd of employees and tenants who saw him off, and an old gypsy woman who had the reputation of being a soothsayer declared that she had seen the shadow of death pass over him as he left. Her prophecy was proved to be correct.

On the morning of September 16, the commandos were given the task of securing a low line of hills overlooking the beach at Salerno. They landed under very heavy enemy fire, with Morny at the head of his troop. In fighting their way up the beach and the steep slope beyond, they suffered very heavy casualties, but Morny was the first to reach the top. As he came over the crest he met, face to face, a German officer leading a counterattack. In a short and bitter struggle with grenade, pistol, and dagger both men died, and their bodies were found at the time of his nephew’s death he was serving in Sicily, having taken part in the landings on that island. I was serving in the Middle East theater, and in October I received a cable from him asking me to meet him in Cairo to discuss the future.

It was for both of us a very special occasion. It had been three years since we had met, and when we last saw each other, he had just been evacuated from France, and I was about to step onto a troop ship for the Middle East. Since then he had served in the campaigns in Africa and Sicily, and I in those in Iraq, Syria, and the Western Desert. We had our photograph taken and got down to talking about the future, a future that for both of us was to be very changed. In particular we discussed Apsley House and Stratfield Saye, the family’s country home.

Apsley House has a long (Text continued on page 156)
Had Napoleon defeated the British at Waterloo, he would have lived in unimaginable splendor in the several palaces he constructed or had his eye on across Europe. His victor, the Duke of Wellington, had less ambitious domestic tastes. The palace promised him by Parliament never materialized and he seems to have been perfectly content with Stratfield Saye, the dignified but less-than-palatial country seat that was all a grateful nation could manage. His London residence, Apsley House, situated on what is now the congested roundabout of Hyde Park Corner, is a combination of magnificence and reserve. Wellington was an English gentleman and as such averse to self-display. It is typical that the most memorable portrait in the house is not of Wellington but an immense, ideal statue of Napoleon. The emperor is shown in the nude. It is of course inconceivable that Wellington would have allowed himself to have been portrayed in such a state. It would have caused comment at his clubs.

On the other hand, with its masculine ornament and heavy gilding, the house expresses the Duke's personality rather than that of his wife, Kitty Pakenham. His relations with the Duchess were cool. Wellington complained to Mrs. Arbuthnot, the wife of a friend with whom he carried on a longstanding amitié amoureuse, that she did not understand him—a lament with a strangely modern ring. "She could not enter with him into the consideration of all important concerns which are constantly occupying his mind," wrote Mrs. Arbuthnot, "and...he found he might as well talk to a child." The choice of the Louis XIV style, or what was thought to be such, was not a feminine one. The house has few softening touches and there is no pretty morning room or boudoir. After all, like most Englishmen, the Duke probably regarded his true home as in the country, although he used Apsley House more. It was the setting for his active and successful political career, which culminated in his term as Prime Minister from 1828 to 1830. It is as grand and imposing as the Duke was in his life.

The Duke's architect was Benjamin Dean Wyatt, eldest son of James Wyatt, the immensely busy if slapdash country-house architect who designed William Beckford's Fonthill Abbey. Benjamin Dean Wyatt had been Wellington's secretary in India and Ireland. In 1816, he advised the Duke on the purchase of Apsley House from his eldest brother, Lord Wellesley. "I have examined it throughout," he wrote on May 10. "It certainly is an excellent house, and in very good repair." It had been built by the future Second Earl Bathurst, then Lord Apsley, in the 1770s to the designs of Robert Adam. But it was not especially large, and, shortly after acquiring it, the Duke was making additions.

First, a new dining room was built in 1819. Mrs. Arbuthnot was much impressed when she dined there the first day it was used in 1820: "It is a magnificent room," she wrote in her diary, "and the greatest improvement to the house." Eight years later, however, architect and client were in conflict when a new wing on the west side was planned and built. Mrs. Arbuthnot considered that Wellington did not have time to pay proper attention to the work, and that, if it turned out well, the credit would have to be hers. The real problem was that, as is so often the case with old buildings, when work began the house was found to be in a much worse state than had been anticipated. In the (Text continued on page 150)
A view from the Waterloo Gallery to the second drawing room, preceding pages, left. Preceding pages, right: The Water Seller of Seville by Velázquez, perhaps the most important painting in the First Duke’s collection. Right: Detail of a chimney piece, servant’s bell, and a Flemish picture by Teniers the Younger in the yellow Piccadilly Drawing Room. The Victoria & Albert, which administers the museum part of Apsley House, has recently redecorated the major rooms.
(Continued from page 145) and the Duke spent several times the estimate and could have built a whole new house for the money. He built the present staircase hall, its cantilevered stone staircase sweeping up around the marble Napoleon, the balustrade incorporating the Duke’s crest, and he transformed the piano nobile into a series of grand reception rooms, culminating in the new Waterloo Gallery looking west over Hyde Park. By 1830 he was claiming that the architect had deliberately set out to ruin him. In addition, there were building delays, and at times the Duke would be willful. Against all advice he insisted that the Waterloo Gallery be hung with yellow carpet and red silk for the chairs. Wisely, the Second Duke had the room re-hung in red, with a red damask, which detracted from the opulence. The scale of these occasions can be gauged by the immense standard candelabra of gray Siberian porphyry, presented by Czar Nicholas I of Russia, which were incorporated into the table. By day the gilt moldings in “paste composition” (cheaper than carved wood) may seem overpowering, but imagine the room during the Waterloo Banquets—ablaze with uniforms and decorations, the table groaning with silver and gold, candles overhead, plumed hats and ceremonial swords piled behind the officers’ chairs. Mirrored shutters descended in front of the windows to turn the Gallery into a salle des glaces.

Meissen plates and Vienna porcelain serving dishes—all gifts to the First Duke

Before the recent redecoration by the Victoria & Albert Museum, the Waterloo Gallery contained the massive mahogany table at which the reunion banquets for Wellington’s old officers were held annually from 1830 to 1852. It has now been removed to the dining room, and the Waterloo Gallery is shown in what was its everyday guise, with gilt sofas and chairs around the walls. This is a pity. The room was at its most splendid during the banquets, a sense of which is gained through contemporary paintings. The scale of these occasions can be gauged by the immense standard candelabra of gray Siberian porphyry, presented by Czar Nicholas I of Russia, which were incorporated into the table. By day the gilt moldings in “paste composition” (cheaper than carved wood) may seem overpowering, but imagine the room during the Waterloo Banquets—ablaze with uniforms and decorations, the table groaning with silver and gold, candles overhead, plumed hats and ceremonial swords piled behind the officers’ chairs. Mirrored shutters descended in front of the windows to turn the Gallery into a salle des glaces.

Wellington’s image recurs a number of times in Apsley House. The dashing portrait by Lawrence, painted in 1814, hangs in the Striped Drawing Room in the company of other Waterloo officers, such as the Marquess of Anglesea, whose leg was amputated during the battle and buried in a small coffin by Waterloo Church. (On the Marquess’s death in 1854, the leg was exhumed and reburied with the rest of him in Lichfield Cathedral.) According to the Duke’s wife and son, the best likeness to Wellington was Nollekens’s bust, on the ground floor. Evidently the Duke did not value the less-than-flattering equestrian portrait by Goya, now in the Waterloo Gallery, since he kept it rolled up and out of sight at Stratfield Saye.

The giant figure of Napoleon in the staircase hall was the gift of the British government. It was commissioned by Napoleon from the Italian Neoclassicist Canova in 1802. Swallowing his national pride, Canova (who pointedly signed himself Canova da Venezia) took the chance to vie with the ancients in what he saw as the most noble branch of sculpture, the heroic nude. Incongruously, Napoleon’s peasant’s head was placed on a body of ideal beauty: naked—a fig leaf was added later—and a Classical mantle, or chlamys, cast over one shoulder. In one hand is a figure of Victory alighting on an orb; the Emperor did not like it because it seemed that Victory was flitting away.

The sculpture was long in the making, and it was 1811 before Napoleon saw the result. To do him justice, he was somewhat embarrassed by it, especially as he no longer presented himself as a young, all-conquering general but an emperor burdened with administrative cares. The statue was shut away in the Louvre for some years before being bought and presented to Wellington. When he heard its destination, Canova immediately sent directions about how to put the thing up. It was so finely balanced that only if a plumb line from the right nipple touched a certain point marked on the base would it be stable.

In the Waterloo Gallery and elsewhere are many of the paintings Wellington acquired in the course of his campaigns. Some came by gift, such as those presented by the Intendant of Segovia after the Battle of Salamanca in 1812. Others came by conquest, although on this point Wellington was the soul of honor. When Joseph Bonaparte, who was placed on the Spanish throne by his (Continued on page 152).
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January 1984
Many of the paintings Wellington acquired came by gift, others by conquest, although on this point Wellington was the soul of honor.

(Continued from page 151)

Napoleon, fled after the Battle of Vitoria in 1813, Wellington had the good fortune to capture his coach. This was found to contain his state papers, some love letters, a silver chamber pot, and a large number of looted canvases—over two hundred—that had been detached from their stretchers and rolled up for transport. Wellington had them sent to his brother Lord Maryborough in England. They were catalogued and, more importantly, valued. "Upon the whole," wrote Maryborough, "I think I am within the mark if I say the collection is worth £40,000." Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, said "the Correggio and the Giulio Romano ought to be framed in diamonds...."

It is very much to the Duke's credit that, as soon as he realized that the paintings had been pillaged, he insisted that they should be returned to the King of Spain. He had the matter raised through his brother Sir Henry Wellesley, who was British Minister in Spain. In 1816, he heard from Count Núñez, Spanish Minister in England, who sent him the official reply: "I gather, I think, that His Majesty, touched by your delicacy, does not wish to deprive you of that which has come into your possession by means as just as they are honorable." Eighty-three paintings found their way to Apsley House after Vitoria, perhaps the most celebrated being Velázquez's The Water Seller of Seville.

The Duke also collected in his own right. He paid high prices for the already fashionable Dutch and Flemish genre scenes by masters such as Jan Steen (The Sick Lady, Intemperance and the Juvenile Depredators) and Pieter de Hooch (The Conversation, A Musical Party). About thirty such works were acquired during Wellington's period of greatest activity as a buyer, 1817-18. The quality was very high, if not quite to the standard of the collection of another British Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel. Many paintings came from Paris, where religious houses were abolished under Napoleon and private houses had disgorged their treasures during the wars. It was in 1816 that the Duke commissioned his most notable painting from a living artist, Sir David Wilkie's Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Waterloo Dispatch. It is a narrative painting very much in the spirit of the Duke's favorite Old Masters, and shows a kind of tableau vivant of old soldiers, many of them painted from life, expressing varying emotions on hearing the news of the British victory at Waterloo. The fee of £1,200 guineas—paid in cash, supposedly to prevent his bankers' knowing he had spent so much on a picture—was far more than even the Duke's most expensive Old Master had cost.

In the same room are Wellington's orders—the Order of the Elephant from Denmark, the Supreme Order of the Annunziata from Savoy, and so on. And here too are some of the many gifts he received from the City of London, most spectacularly the silver-gilt Wellington Shield, designed by Thomas Stothard and showing the Duke on horseback surrounded by officers in the center.

Wellington was not always popular. As a Tory Prime Minister opposing Parliamentary reform, he had his windows broken by the mob, so that iron shutters had to be installed at Apsley House during his lifetime. Yet at other times he was cheered. An engraving published on the day of his death shows him riding past the Statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, set up by the women of England as a tribute. He must have been an awe-inspiring but familiar figure to Londoners, and now his house is one of the monuments of the capital. □
Irving Penn is one of the most famous photographers in America today. His exhibitions at The Museum of Modern Art and at The Metropolitan Museum have been praised by critics of both art and photography. In 1967 Penn turned his unique eye to the subject of flowers. From then until 1973 he photographed a different species of flower for each Christmas issue of Vogue. Now, in this superbly printed book, these matchless photographs have been collected, along with many others that are reproduced here for the first time.

Each section is devoted to one of seven flowers: Poppy, Tulip, Rose, Lily, Peony, Orchid, Begonia, showing different stages of development from the green freshness of the flower bud, to the full and open perfection of the bloom, and even to the stark and often haunting death of the flower.

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(Continued from page 144) History. Designed by Robert Adam, it was built between 1770 and 1775 for Lord Bathurst, later Secretary of State for War, who for many years was the First Duke of Wellington's immediate political superior. It was named Apsley House after the title of the eldest Bathurst son, Lord Apsley, and in 1805 was sold to Richard, Marquess Wellesley, one of the greatest Governor Generals of India, and the elder brother of Arthur, First Duke of Wellington. It stood just inside the tollgate as you entered London, having come up the hill from the village of Kensington. It was a plain red brick house at this period, and since it was the first house one passed on entering London it came to be known as No. 1 London, not only for this reason but because of the stature of its illustrious occupier from 1817 onward. Even till quite recently, cab drivers in London referred to it as No. 1 London, and I still frequently receive letters addressed as such.

Amongst the wealth of great pictures in his collection, the Great Duke's favorite was a small picture by Correggio, The Agony in the Garden. He had a special frame made for this with a glass front that could be opened with a key, which he kept on him. He used to open it from time to time to delicately clean the surface with one of his silk handkerchiefs. It is not perhaps a gesture one would associate with a man who was misnamed by the Victorians after his death the "Iron Duke." It is further evidence of that streak of emotion he kept under strict control but which surfaced in his distress at the losses at Waterloo.

After the First Duke's death in 1852, a considerable amount of redecoration was carried out by the Second Duke, and during his time and that of the Third Duke, his nephew, many great and splendid occasions took place there.

In 1900 my grandfather, the Fourth Duke, succeeded his brother, the Third Duke, and being more of a country man than his predecessors, Apsley House was less used than formerly. However, on July 13, 1908, a great ball was held in honor of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. To the best of my knowledge this is the last occasion the Waterloo Gallery was used for a ball until 1969, when my wife and I gave one for our elder children.

During World War I, Apsley House was not occupied as an overflow hospital to St. George's, fifty yards away, because of its lack of electricity and inadequate plumbing. My grandfather had a deep suspicion of electricity and refused to put it in. His son, the Fifth Duke, my father's elder brother, inherited this dislike and regarded electricity as a dangerous modern innovation that sooner or later would certainly be the cause of a major fire.

My uncle also preferred country living. He had succeeded my grandfather in 1934, and when the war came in 1939 Apsley House was shut up. All the china, silver, and objets d'art were stored in the cellars and the strong rooms below the house, and the pictures were taken off the walls and placed on the floor. Although the house was closed, my grandmother's elderly lady's maid stayed on. She was a resolute Scottish woman from Dundee called Mrs. Dow, and she lived totally alone in Apsley House throughout the worst years of the blitz, apparently quite unmoved by the experience of the inevitable discomfort that arose from living in a house which apart from wartime disruption had in any case no electricity and pretty poor plumbing.

However, after one particularly bad raid, a family friend called to see that she was all right and found her very perturbed. Mrs. Dow was a stickler for proprieties. In spite of the fact that windows had been blown in and debris was lying around everywhere, what concerned her most was that the fig leaf had been blown off of Canova's nude statue of Napoleon. She insisted that he be made decent again as soon as possible. It was done forthwith.

The fact that Apsley House and its contents survived the war is largely due to two people. The first was Queen Elizabeth, Consort of George VI (now Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother), who told me the story many years later. In 1943, during a very bad period in the blitz in London, knowing that all the male members of the family (the Fifth Duke had died in 1941) were serving abroad, she took it upon herself to have all the pictures removed from Apsley House and stored at Windsor. It was a typically considerate gesture on the part of a very remarkable woman.
The other person who did so much to save Apsley House from the worst effects of the blitz was a cousin, Major Arthur James of the Grenadier Guards. He was stationed nearby at Wellington Barracks, and when the incendiary bombs were raining down on London in 1940 he managed to persuade the authorities that Apsley House was of such national importance that a picket of guardsmen should be stationed on the roof during the worst of the incendiary bomb blitz. These men, very often under his command, dealt with a large number of incendiary bombs which at one time or another fell on the roof.

My memories of the house go back to the period between the First and Second World Wars, when I lived there a great deal with my grandparents. Such inconveniences as no electric light and a paucity of bathrooms did not upset a small boy. What delighted me, however, was Robert Adam's magnificent balustrade, which I found perfect for sliding down, albeit at the grave risk of a collision with Napoleon's outstretched arm at the foot of the staircase.

The Museum Room (now the Plate and China Room) was also a great delight, full of swords and weapons and medals, relics of an awe-inspiring great-great-grandfather. It was also the house from which we, my sister and I, along with other members of the family, watched every major national procession in those years. The Victory Parade after World War I, Queen Alexandra's funeral, weddings, the coronation, and King George V's funeral all passed before Apsley House, and one could not wish for a better vantage point. After the war I never witnessed a national occasion such as those I did as a child because I found myself taking part in them. The 1945 Victory Parade, the present Queen's wedding, her coronation, and the funeral of King George VI all wended their way past Apsley House, and I was fortunate enough to play a role in all of them.

My grandparents lived quietly at Apsley House, and I do not remember any great social occasions. The Piccadilly Drawing Room was my grandmother's favorite room, and it was here that I used to play in the evening, surrounded by... (Continued on page 158)
There are those who either stay at the Ritz-Carlton or stay at home.

THE RITZ-CARLTON


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THE IRON DUKE

(Continued from page 157) potted plants, birds in cages, and a mass of Edwardian bric-a-brac, all jumbled up together with wonderful pictures and marvelous furniture.

After my grandparents the figure I possibly remember best was a splendid man called Mr. Donovan, an ex-Irish Guardsman who was the night watchman. He had an almost totally bald head, except for a circular coif of hair that curled across his forehead in the manner fashionable with men servants in those days. He wore a resplendent livery, with scarlet waistcoat, chocolate-brown tailcoat, black trousers with a red stripe, boiled shirt and white tie, and lots of First World War medals. His job was to sit in a large, almost all-enclosing padded chair at the front door and let in those who returned to the house during the night. In those days one did not carry a front-door key. The bottom half of Donovan's chair was like a little cupboard, and inside could be placed a small charcoal brazier to keep him warm. I also suspect it housed a bottle or two for internal warmth, for it was obvious even to me, youthful as I was, that Donovan liked a drop on a cold night. He remained at Apsley House, an old and very dear friend, until the beginning of the last war when he retired, dying shortly afterwards. By that time Apsley House was the last of the great private houses in London, and the practice of having a night watchman in padded chair must have died out with the war.

This, then, was the house my father and I talked about particularly at that memorable meeting in Cairo. Although no major structural damage had been done, the house had suffered badly. Windows had been blown in Benjamin Wyatt's Bath stone façade had been badly pitted with bomb splinters, plaster was down all over the place, and this wartime damage, allied to ceilings blackened by countless paraffin lamps and candles, inadequate plumbing, and no electric light, presented a daunting prospect.

However, my father had a plan, for which he sought my approval as his heir, since much of the contents of the house were Settled Heirlooms that...
could not be disposed of without my consent. The plan was that the house and its contents should be handed over to the nation, with the proviso that for all time the family would continue to retain in its possession part of the house as a London residence. His great fear was that the family, unable to restore and maintain the house, would be obliged to sell or dispose of a collection unique from both a historical and national point of view. I was naturally only too happy to agree, and thus the idea of the Wellington Museum was born.

Unfortunately, we had very few days together in Cairo, as I had to get back to my regiment to go to Italy, he to the United Kingdom to get on with the huge undertaking of the family heritage in the years after the war. Fortunately, few men were better equipped for the task. With his immense knowledge, not only of the arts but of the family possessions, he was able to plan, in conjunction with those who were nominated by the government, a sensible solution for the future of Apsley House, both as a museum and as a private residence for future generations of Wellesleys.

As a result of their endeavors, a bill was placed before Parliament in 1949 under which the more important rooms at Apsley House, plus the majority of their contents in the form of pictures, porcelain, trophys, and silver, passed into the hands of the nation, and portions of the house consisting of the whole top floor, where my son and his family now live, and part of the ground floor where my wife and I retain some rooms, remain with the family.

The arrangement, in retrospect, has stood the test of time. Our grandchildren still use the nurseries that I lived in as a child, and I have the good fortune to sleep in the Great Duke’s bed in his bedroom. The magnificent library designed by James Wyatt for Lord Wellesley, much used by the Great Duke, is still in our hands, and our drawing room is the old Garden Room, before that the First Duchess’s bedroom, where she was visited on her deathbed by Maria Edgeworth. I still sit at the Great Duke’s desk in the Study where he was sitting when a mob outside in Piccadilly registered their disapproval of his opposition to the Parliamentary Reform Bill by throwing a brick through the window. The brick missed him but damaged a new picture by David Wilkie of Lady Lyndhurst. The Duke was not greatly concerned about the brick, but he was annoyed about the picture. Even though he disliked Lady Lyndhurst, he very much admired the work of Wilkie.

The museum, administered by the Victoria & Albert Museum, fills a small but distinguished place in the London museum scene. From time to time functions of a family nature or those associated with the life and times of the Great Duke take place in the public rooms, now beautifully restored to their former splendor. The last family occasion was the reception after the marriage of our eldest son to Princess Antonia Elizabeth Brigid Luise of Prussia, great-great-granddaughter of Princess Victoria, Queen Victoria’s much loved daughter Vicky, who married the King of Prussia. I was immobilized at the time with a broken ankle, and as I sat in the Waterloo Gallery I could not help but meditate on the scenes that these walls had witnessed: 22 years of the annual banquet for the grizzled veterans of Waterloo, resplendent in their uniforms, nineteenth-century beauties whirling to the music of the waltz at splendid balls, glittering receptions, and Victoria and Albert talking to their “dear old Duke,” as they called him. I felt they would have approved of their great-great-great-grandchildren getting married and receiving their guests in that magnificent room. □ Editor: Nancy Richardson

PERSONAL PATTERNS

(Continued from page 92) purchase of two truckloads of furniture from the old Traymore Hotel in Atlantic City, a fabulous proto–Art Deco pile that was demolished in 1972. Thus their need for larger living quarters had become critical by the time they heard from a young architect in their firm about an unusual house he had seen for sale. As Denise Scott Brown recalls, “He told us it was an Art Nouveau house, but we couldn’t believe it, because who ever heard of an Art Nouveau house in the wilds of Philadelphia?” But there it was, looking like several things the knowledgeable architects had seen, but no one thing they could identify. As it turned out, the house had been built in 1910 to the designs of Philadelphia architect Milton B. Medary for a prosperous German-born couple, a likely clue to its distinctive yet hard-to-define style.

Robert (Continued on page 162)
BUCKY'S PARTING SHOT

Unveiled on November 15 at the Thonet showroom in New York City was the last invention and first furniture design by R. Buckminster Fuller, above, the indefatigable self-taught architect-engineer-visionary who died on July 1 at the age of 87. Fuller first attracted attention in 1928 with his forward-looking Dymaxion House, designed to be mass-produced like an airplane. Fuller lectured widely on how to save the "Spaceship Earth" through technology and designed a great deal, most memorably the geodesic dome, which appears today in every part of the world, as small as a playhouse, as large as a factory. Thonet's Fuller piece, coyly labeled hang it ALL, is a tiered shelf unit hexagonal in plan and suspended immovably by cables. The limited edition will number five hundred.

BIZARRE BAEDEKER

Every so often a book comes along that defies not only categorization but also rational explanation. Codex Seraphinianus by Luigi Serafini (Abbeville Press, $75) is such a work. Alternately recalling a sixties head comic, a relation of a fantastic voyage in the Age of Discovery, and the vivid visions of Hieronymus Bosch, this sumptuous and sublimely absurd volume (illustrated with the architect-author's drawings) is a compendium of freakish flora and fauna, infernal machines, far-out places, and things that go bump in the night. They are annotated with a no less mysterious "text," written in the cursive alphabet of a language as freely invented as the images. Oddly enough, it all begins to make sense after a while, revealing a certain lunatic logic: that's when bewilderment gives way to wonder.

Martin Filler

HOLLY GOES UPTOWN

"Culture is not about purity. Nor is it about possession. It's about influence, and all of its glorious detours." So believes Holly Solomon, art dealer extraordinare and (in the words of art historian Robert Rosenblum) "one of the presiding muses of the New York art scene."

Since 1975 her gallery in SoHo had been one of the most glorious detours on the Saturday art pilgrimage, but skyrocketing rents and creeping suburbanization led the luxury-loving but pragmatic Mrs. Solomon to take a most surprising economy measure: she decided to move to Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, in the heart of the establishment art district, which is now less costly than SoHo.

Befitting her new address, the Holly Solomon Gallery at 724 Fifth Avenue has been richly refurbished and decorated with Mrs. Solomon's distinctive mixture of the funky and the elegant. Her office, above, combines furniture from her own home, a Chinese Art Deco rug, and Brad Davis's untitled painting, 1982–83. Inaugurating the new space were a pair of back-to-back exhibitions, the first a historical overview of the gallery's artists, the second a show of new works. Best known for her championing of the Pattern Painters—including Davis, Tina Girouard, Robert Kushner, and Kim MacConnel—Mrs. Solomon and her partner, husband Horace, have accomplished much more, nurturing such major talents as the late Gordon Matta-Clark, performance artist Laurie Anderson, and sculptor Judy Pfaff, among many others who other galleries once thought too "unsaleable." The art world has been greatly enriched by the wisdom of the Solomons. M.F.
Events of exceptional interest in the arts, design, entertainment, and living

SERVING IRREPLACEABLE LANDMARKS

Countries that boast three much-beloved manmade wonders have recently realized that they might not be able to weather much more affectionate visitor abuse. In 1981, France took on the Eiffel Tower: moving tons of added weight, improving fire security, and easing visitor circulation. Pounding feet and salty air have weakened the Statue of Liberty, and a team of American and French architects started last fall to address its thirteen major trouble spots. Finally, Italian architects are still narrowing down their fix-it options for the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Should they hurry? The tower leans a bit more each year.

Alice Gordon

Still leaning in Pisa
New strength for Liberty
A lighter Eiffel Tower

AKING THE GRADE WITH FLYING COLORS


Student competitions are ordinarily the stuff of serious museum exhibitions. But when the competition question is the celebrated Prix de Rome, and its sponsor France’s wondrous Académie des Beaux-Arts, the result is a show of considerable historical importance and visual appeal. Eighty-six fine-winning history and landscape paintings, executed in grand and rigidly Neoclassical style, testify to the Académie’s importance in shaping the official art of nineteenth-century France.

Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, who won in 1801 with Achilles Receiving the Envoys of Agamemnon, right, is probably the best known of the artists here and certainly the most successful in forging a strong personal style within the tradition of academic Classicism. His winning entry already hints at the crystalline perfection of form and surface of his mature style.

Still, weaknesses one expects from academic works are evident in abundance in these student paintings—complicated, too-studied compositions and self-conscious displays of technical virtuosity, not to mention a total imperviousness to the innovations of contemporaries such as Gustave Courbet and Édouard Manet. Yet their very flaws contribute to the kitschy appeal of these pictures, especially for a generation of museumgoers weary of abstraction and novelty for its own sake.

Ann Priester

"It is the larger-than-life aspect of Texas that makes it different. It gives Texans their confidence and charm, the reassurance that comes from a belief that the Good Lord made Texas on the first day of Creation, and made the rest of the world with what was left over."

From the late Robert DeCourcy's director's first look at U.S. Mail Order Debrett's Texas Peerage by Hugh Best Coward, McCraw, 824 pp.
"He told us it was an Art Nouveau house, but we couldn’t believe it, because who ever heard of an Art Nouveau house in the wilds of Philadelphia?"

(Continued from page 159) Venturi believes that “the Fischer family, who built the house, probably felt sentimental about where they came from and wanted a reminder of what they were familiar with. It’s really a combination of Jugendstil and English Arts and Crafts, which you find in German architecture at that time—that Anglophile quality promoted by Hermann Muthesius plus the true continental Art Nouveau coming together. If our house looks German, but also a bit like early Frank Lloyd Wright, it’s partly because of Charles Rennie Mackintosh, who evidently influenced both the Germans and Wright.”

Understandably, this house had immense appeal for the man who wrote, “I prefer ‘both-and’ to ‘either-or,’” and for his partner and wife, who found the majestic three-hundred-foot sweep of lawn at the rear of the mansion deeply compelling. “It’s a beautiful, Romantic landscape, but for me it’s almost African in scale,” says Denise Scott Brown, who grew up in Johannesburg. “I’ve always wanted to live near something of ‘inhuman’ scale. When I was in California, I lived next to the Pacific Ocean. When we lived in Society Hill Towers, the scale of those big windows and the view out had that same quality of space. I wanted something like that again. I need to feel that I am perched up high looking out to something far beyond where I am.”

A complicated series of negotiations to buy the house followed, and although the Venturis at last succeeded, things ended in an unforeseen turn of events: the land along the long, tree-shaded driveway leading up to the house was sold separately for subdivision. A neighborhood civic group tried to arrange for Venturi and Rauch to design the new housing, but the real-estate developer proceeded instead to erect a half-dozen split-level ranches of the suburban-tract sort.

Those not sympathetic to Venturi and Scott Brown’s attempts to embrace popular culture and to incorporate its imagery into serious architecture might find a perverse poetic justice in their house having to confront a double file of split-levels that are ugly and ordinary in the pre-Venturian sense. Yet those houses prove what a world of difference there is between society’s givens and the subtle reordering of reality that is art.

The interiors of the house also provided problems. As Denise Scott Brown recounts, “The previous owner told us that she had employed an interior decorator of international repute. This designer had given the house what he told her was an ‘Art Nouveau’ face lift. That’s what we had to get rid of. The woodwork was rubbed with white paint to make it resemble driftwood, and the walls were covered with silvery paper with large yellow dahlias and daisies on it.”

Once the most egregious improvements had been stripped away, the strong architectural character of the spaces began to emerge. Furthermore, the setting turned out to be perfect, both in period and scale, for the Venturis’ sizeable collection of furniture from the Traymore Hotel. Made in the period between 1907 to 1915, the pieces are as much a stylistic mixture as the house itself, combining Art Nouveau motifs on forms that point directly to the Art Deco mode of a decade later, with a number of other influences from Chinese to Classical. But for Robert Venturi, the furniture was more than a funky find: he had been a childhood friend of the owners of the Traymore—an old Quaker family named Mott—and he grew up knowing duplicates of many of those pieces.

Even more familiar were the things he inherited from his mother (who lived most of her last years in the famous Chestnut Hill house of 1962–64 designed by her son, which made his reputation). Those Venturi family heirlooms ranged from fine antiques to the comfortable upholstered seating now used in the library. But for all their respect and nostalgia for the past, Denise Scott Brown and Robert Venturi have always been very much of the moment, and the interiors of their house capture many moments from their own lives as well: a large maquette for a stupendous cactus-shaped electrical sign for the Desert Inn (Continued on page 164)
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The density of their accumulated possessions—for Venturi and Scott Brown are not the kind of people who methodically edit their pasts—is atypical for most architects, many of whom have only recently begun to emerge from the constraints of a reductivist aesthetic. But it all depends on one's perspective, for as Robert Venturi points out, "Eclectic interiors may be unusual for architects, but they're not so unusual for interior decorators who cultivate an eclectic look that's now popular. Yet when you look at the interiors of the early McKim, Mead & White Shingle Style houses of the 1880s, you see exactly the same thing—Victorian easy chairs and a very prim, authentic Hepplewhite chair or two. We like that. It's something we feel comfortable with, and it's part of our architectural approach: combining different vocabularies." That combining, of course, is never as easy as it looks, for if such eclecticism is to succeed, no matter how off-handed or spontaneous it might seem, it must have an organizing principle behind it. In the case of the Venturis' house, the grammatical context, as it were, for their mixing of vocabularies is provided by the stunning program of stenciling that creates richly varied backdrops in each of the downstairs rooms. It is difficult to believe at first that it is stenciling at all, so elaborate are the designs; one assumes they must be very wonderful wallpapers. One can safely say that the Venturis and their squad of young assistants (including twelve-year-old Jimmie Venturi) have taken the art of stenciling about as far as it can go and have created a tour-de-force of repeat-pattern painting.

Each room has its own distinctive stenciling: the ample entry hall has a geometric pattern appropriate for its sturdy Mission Style woodwork and boxy Stickley furniture; the big, airy living room behind it is dotted with large pastel flowers against an ashes-of-roses ground; the dining room is encircled by a frieze bearing names such as Beethoven and Borromini, artists whom the owners most admire. But the room that brings together the house's major decorative themes is the library. Along its walls in heady combination are exotic rose trees right out of Gustav Klimt, stripes of urns and medallions right out of Robert Adam, and tiny, perky flowers right out of a Levittown kitchen. Overhead, a sprinkle of stars above the picture rail recalls the ancient way of symbolizing the celestial soffit. Venturi frets that for once he might have gone too far, but to amplify on one of his most famous dictums ("Less is a bore"), one can say that in this case that "More is not too much."

For such is the visual awareness of Denise Scott Brown and Robert Venturi that all of this comes together in a composition that is perfectly legible both in detail and in whole, completely satisfying as rooms to look at and to live in. What they have done is all the more impressive for the fact that Venturi and Scott Brown are not collectors in any organized sense. They furnished their house when it was new to them with things that they could afford and that interested them. Though the names of many famous artists are attached to pieces they own, it is not the intrinsic value of those objects that makes them important, but rather what two remarkable architects see in them, and what they derive from them on a daily basis.

"It's really a teaching collection," explains Denise Scott Brown. "We like to have things as a way of studying them, having them where we can look at them very often and learn from them. Often, we have the problem of where to put things. We have so many chairs that once when my father was here he asked, 'Are you having a meeting?' In fact, there are no less than three meetings simultaneously in progress there: the meeting of distinguished careers that is the shared life of Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown; the meeting of periods that gives the rooms of their house their own unique style; and the meeting of minds and eyes that have made these unions possible.
Japanese devices for defining space. The little platform is a kinesiestic invitation to ritual shoe removal, a subtle barrier that transforms "out" to "in" despite the absence of an opaque wall. More explicitly, the guest pavilion features a Japanese bath, right at home. But a Japanese-style of behavior is invited throughout. The project is virtually unfurnished—even the beds are out of sight, custom-made Murphys—and demands to remain so. In a pavilion/shrine the pressure for perfection is intense, completely contrary to the happy disorder of conventional domestic arrangements. Here, furniture must be genius or not at all.

The general image of the two new pavilions evokes such late Miesian works as the monumental art museum in Berlin and the somewhat earlier project for a headquarters building for Bacardi in Havana. These pavilionlike structures have relatively thick-looking roof slabs supported by large columns, an almost Attic configuration. Gluck's domestication of this form is not entirely successful: his roofs are simply too thick, a problem created partly because of cost and such technical requirements as roof drainage. Thickness also afflicts the project in the long gridded screen wall, which likewise needs a little more of less. But these are small cavils: Gluck's proportions mainly hit the mark.

There's a way in which this project is an aberration, a rare congruence of program and method that has permitted Miesian austerity to flourish. However, it's also a measure of Peter Gluck's skill that the place is both visually and functionally satisfying, that neither component is compromised, that the buildings' delights are so thoroughgoing. More, Gluck has succeeded in producing work in the manner of Mies that transcends an exercise in imitation or role playing. It succeeds by not being exactly Mies while always being about Mies, an absorbing gloss in steel and glass. It's exactly the deference the master deserves. □ Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

CORRECTION
In our December Travel column, the photograph of a Hoatzin was mistakenly credited to Alice Gordon. The photographer was Azalea Alvarez.
The compositions by Balthus on the group of *The Three Sisters*, which will be in New York's Metropolitan Museum retrospective (February 29–May 13), have for a setting one of the salons of the Villa Medici, whose renovated walls become the backgrounds of the paintings, by a real osmosis between the craft and the art of painting, once indissolubly linked.

The frescoes with mythological subjects of the Medici apartments have always been known, although their attribution is still uncertain. After methodical testing, Balthus was able to uncover and bring to light the biblical frescoes blazon'd with the arms of Cardinal Ricci hidden under layers of paint and believed lost, which confirms the antecedence of the north rooms where they are situated. In unveiling them, he found several ancient wall colors, which inspired his chromatic treatment of the entire villa. The ceiling beams and the boiseries of the doors were stripped and left their natural color. All the paving of the ground floor was remade in terra-cotta tiles according to ancient practice. A bar, salons, dining room, and library were arranged and fitted out for the fellows. The former carriage rooms were cleaned out and transformed into magnificent halls that regularly welcome exhibits of the fellows’ work at the end of their residence, and, twice a year, exhibits of various types, conceived according to places with an Italian resonance, which are attended like important events and followed by a large public. Let us cite, among the most recent, Pousin, Gericault, Matisse, Claude, and the artists from Lorraine in Italy; David and Rome; Picasso and the Mediterranean. The exposition open at the moment in which several American museums are participating is devoted to Daumier and Rouault. Once his vast restoration construction work was finished, but before starting on the gardens, Balthus traveled around the different regions of Italy at a time when antiques dealers were still well-supplied and prices affordable to refurbish the rooms in an ideal way, not in the sumptuous and rigid style of historic reconstruction but in a delicious and living fashion that suits a fairy-tale country house with a charm beyond time and polyvalent functions.

The reform of 1971 has modified the recruiting conditions and the statutes of the Villa Medici, which is no longer a dependency of the Institut de France but of an administrative council under the direction of the Ministry of Culture. Prix de Rome candidates are no longer admitted by academic competition but chosen by a double jury on the basis of aptitude. To the traditional disciplines—painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, musical composition—have been added literature, movies, photography, as well as a section of art history and of restoration of works of art. All the activities corresponding to these diverse domains have been amplified, and music has notably undergone considerable expansion. A succession of important concerts retransmitted to France and Italy have just been produced in the Villa Medici gardens, where the works of Varese were performed for his centennial under the direction of important conductors. These exceptional manifestations enhance without betraying it the peace of a privileged place for reflection and creation, out of the tumult of cities and the pressures of fashion, looking down on the blazing domes of Rome and their universal glory.

Balthus with Giacometti, 1951

Editor: Marie-Pierre Toll
SECOND SIGHT

Continued from page 78) beginning to incorporate new forms in their works - wonderful, rounded, almost surrealistic shapes. It set off a desire to live with similar forms, and I began for the first time to collect furniture in a systematic way. The designs of the forties and fifties allowed me to put together a series of compositions that not only related to one another, but gave off an aura in which each object was almost like a piece of sculpture.

Fortunately, Barbara Jakobson owns a New York town house with interiors ample enough to accommodate her intriguing juxtapositions, most of which demand sufficient space for the exuberant free-standing pieces to achieve their full expressiveness. Her two-story living room is a perfect showcase, which the visitor first sees from the entry-level balcony and then descends into via a curving staircase dating from the renovation of the Victorian house in 1957–58.

The viewer’s eye moves irresistibly onward toward the most flamboyant piece, an extravagantly curved sofa designed by Vladimir Kagan in 1955. Although placed in a corner, it is of such dynamic sweep that the room seems set on the diagonal to acknowledge the sofa’s commanding presence. Underscoring that feeling is the diagonal placement of the unusual rug next to it. Although it appears to be another fifties fantasia, it is in fact English Art Deco, woven in 1929–30 to the design of the American Edward McKnight Kauffer. Its amoe- na-shaped central motif seems more redicive of the free-form shapes of forties and fifties design than representative of Art Deco, all angles and zigzags. Its combination of yellow, black, ale green, and gray likewise looks head to favorite postwar colors, as opposed to the dusty pastels of the late twenties and early thirties. This seemingly anomalous design turns out to be not that at all, as it ties together several enerally overlooked strands in the history of twentieth-century design.

For in fact, this is not a careful period room, but one in which a great many chronologically disparate elements are mixed with utterly seamless ease. We realize (Continued on page 168)
LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

(Continued from page 167) that the angular wooden side chairs are not forties or fifties, but reproductions of Gerrit Rietveld's Zigzag chair of 1934. Nearby are a pair of Barcelona chairs, indelibly reminiscent of fifties waiting rooms but, of course, designed in 1929.

In putting it all together, Barbara Jakobson has benefited greatly from the expertise and advice of Mark Isaacson, an owner of Fifty-50, the New York furniture gallery already acknowledged to be the most serious and well-informed dealer of this relatively undiscovered material. But Mrs. Jakobson is fast on the uptake, and she herself has discovered pieces on trips to England, Holland, Germany, and Italy. She even tracked down her Vladimir Kagan sofa from an illustration in one of the few scholarly books on forties and fifties furniture. Christian Borgenraber's Stil Novo. “I was absolutely taken with the sofa,” she recalls, “and decided to ring up Mr. Kagan to ask if he had any of his early pieces. He lutored to be the most serious and wel-

line. She has a few of the hard-edged works of Bauhaus-influenced designers, but now prefers the frankly sensuous shapes of such architects as Charles Eames (whose magnificent molded plywood screen is one of her best pieces) and Alvar Aalto (whose work she covets, but does not yet own).

But what unites all of Mrs. Jakobson's discoveries even more firmly is her lively view of the period, one that is miles removed from the design-reform sobriety of the late International Style. Mrs. Jakobson has many objects that such classical Modernists as George Nelson or Florence Knoll Bassett would consider the nadir of bad taste, but she obviously sees them differently: “I feel this furniture is so friendly. It has an exuberance, an optimism, a gaiety that is extremely winning. Chairs of this period are to me the sexiest of objects.”

That outlook puts her squarely into the post-World War II American frame of mind, and that is what gives her collection its distinctive personality. These buoyant designs are the material incarnation of America's last great Age of Optimism, when a permanently better world seemed just beyond the blue horizon. We all know how things have gone since then, but looking back at these remarkably self-assured objects it is fascinating to realize just what we forgot to remember. By Martin Fillcr. Editor: Carolyn Sollis

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SOFT COUNTRY COLORS

 ged and large-leaved plants mark paths and define views. “Architectural plants matter in a large garden,” Mrs. Watson emphasizes, for they must carry the design.

She also underlines the importance of growing pleasing things: “Plant what you like, for a garden is a reflection of your own character, and the principles that shape it can't always be applied to other characters and other gardens.” Mrs. Watson believes the whole point is to create a restful composition, and that comes with understanding the setting, working within it, and letting things grow loosely and naturally. Her garden is a sanctuary, a fitting complement to a place that has always been called a hermitage.

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Given the choice between a tour of Gothic Cathedrals, Italian Renaissance paintings, or some fine old trees well weighted with history, I'll take the trees myself and leave Rheims and Florence to others. I suppose the taste stems, like most things, from the circumstances of one's early years. In my case childhood was passed in Myrtle Grove, Youghal, a Tudor house in County Cork once inhabited by Sir Walter Raleigh. Through the window of my bedroom I could see four gigantic yews beneath which Sir Walter sat to savor his latest import from America. But as he puffed away on his tobacco pipe his servants thought he was on fire and drenched him with water.

My northern European storytale world was filled with trees too and I could drift off to sleep amid the creak of Raleigh's yews and the bleak enthusiasm of an adult voice reading from Grimm's fairy tales, so replete with children being led off into the forest to perish. Thus I ended up a tree fancier. There are worse things to be and in fact tree worship, as anyone leafing through Frazer's *The Golden Bough* will soon find, is among the oldest of man's various forms of devotion. I fully understand the feelings of that landowner recalled by W.H. Hudson whose "greatest pleasure was to sit out of doors of an evening in sight of the grand old trees of his park, and before going in he would walk round to visit them, one by one, and resting his hand on the bark he would whisper a good night. He was convinced... that they had intelligently souls and knew and encouraged his devotion." I can even appreciate Jeremy Bentham, cited in this context by Keith Thomas in his *Man and the Natural World* in the course of a discussion of nineteenth-century English attitudes to trees, which were, Thomas writes, so personal to the householder and his family that there was nothing paradoxical about Bentham's proposal that "country gentlemen should embalm their ancestors and place them in avenues, alternating with the trees [as] what he called 'auto-icons' (having, of course, first varnished their faces to protect them against the weather)."

As much as any landscape painter, the tree fancier likes to have the lighting to his satisfaction, sun tilting past the oaks and yews, filtering through the foliage and collecting in golden pools around the spring primroses or autumn leaves. And I say spring and fall because twice in 1983, back home in these seasons to Ireland on family visits, the sun rose up with a boldness and constancy of purpose which bade the visitor to take to the road forthwith in search of one or other of Ireland's treasury of gardens and sacred groves.

First we took the road west from the Blackwater Valley, itself filled with ancient houses embowered in still more ancient trees, and within an hour were at the gates of Fota, an island eight miles from Cork City, in the estuary of the River Lee. (Continued on page 172)
The classic collection of furniture from the French House of Nobilis

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(Continued from page 170) Here, by grace of the labors and taste of three generations of one family is one of the finest and oldest arboreta in the world. Hugh Smith-Barry was only 41 when he died in 1857, but he bequeathed to his son, later Lord Barrymore, the reclaimed island of Fota, a four-acre fruit garden, a sunken Italian garden, and a fifteen-acre arboretum. Nourished by the devotion of Lord Barrymore and his head gardener William Osborne, the arboretum grew in interest and fame—a renown amplified once more by Lord Barrymore's daughter Mrs. Dorothy Bell, a formidable figure I remember with awe from my youth.

Beneath a sparkling sky we ambled through this silvan museum. Among its treasures an enormous Magnolia Campbellii, planted in 1872; a ravishing stand of Lawson's cypress; a Huon pine looking in the elegant droop of its branches like an Afghan wolfhound; Picea smithiana brought from the Himalayas in 1847; a vast California nutmeg, planted in 1852; and from 1910—a banner year at Fota—Montezuma pine, Algerian cedar, Mexican fir. The subtropical climate in Cork harbor has been famously gentle to gardeners, and a banana plant against the garden wall stands as testimony to the gentle weather. A Cornus capitata dating from 1825 has been hailed by W.J. Bean of Kew as "the finest he has seen."

Dorothy Bell died in 1975 and the Smith-Barry family, descendants of the sixth Earl of Barrymore who shot himself in Dromana, high above the Blackwater, after a disastrous night at cards, no longer supervises the arboretum and gardens at Fota. As Edward Malins and Patrick Bowe write in their "Irish Gardens and Desmesnes" the two-thousand-year-old oaks, juniper and yews that were a thousand years old when Oliver Cromwell moved among them during his siege of Blarney. Here is a circle of stones of the old Druid religion, and a romantic imagination can easily conjure up a scene similar to that ascribed to the grove of Diana near Nemi by Frazer in the first incomparable lines of The Golden Bough: "In this sacred grove there grew a certain tree round which at any time of the day, and probably far into the night, a grim figure might be seen to prowl. In his hand he carried a drawn sword, and he kept peering warily about him as if at every instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. He was a priest and a murderer, and the man for whom he looked was sooner or later to murder him and hold the priesthood in his stead. Such was the rule of the sanctuary."

In fact one imagination—my own—conjured up just such a scene when was about ten and camping in the sacred grove of Blarney with Adrienn Hamilton, whose mother owned the castle and lived nearby in a nineteenth century Gothic structure of imported Scottish granite. The sun slithered down all too rapidly and the knobby yew branches threw strange shadows on our tent. The herons laughed amid the two-thousand-year-old oaks, junior only to the redwoods and bristle comb pines of California. The distant footfall of a cow sounded like the approaching step of a Druid executioner, and we fled along the path to the light and safety of the post-Druid era.

The Druid wood is as romantic and mysterious as ever, and my mother recounted in triumph her victory over her professor from Cork who had maintained that the Druid stones were actually part of an eighteenth-century folly. "Then how do you explain this?" she had cried to the man of supposed learning, gesturing at the root of an Irish yew, (Continued on page 174)
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by Fulgencio Garcia Lopez

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(Continued from page 172) itself certainly over one thousand years old, which had grown over the stone recess now known—in deference to the Druid priestesses—as the witch’s kitchen.

We passed agreeable hours picnicking among the yews, ilexes, and beeches. Also in the Rock Close that houses the Druid circle are other fine trees of dignified antiquity—a tulip tree, a California redwood, an incense cedar, a cedar of Lebanon some seven hundred years old. Then, as the sun sank we clambered up the keep to refresh the gifts of eloquence by kissing the stone and headed back toward the Blackwater.

It was early fall and the specific, twentieth-anniversary day of John Kennedy’s death still some weeks away when we went east across County Waterford to view the progress of the most lasting and beautiful of the living memorials to the dead president. Some of the trees in the Arboretum and forest garden are 35 feet high now in the John F. Kennedy park—620 acres on the lower slopes of Slieve Coillte, the hill which rises above the Kennedy ancestral home in Dunganstown, County Wexford. It was a clear day and we could see in the distance the Saltee Islands one way and the Comeragh mountains the other. On the terrace of the reception center the sun played on the commemorative fountain hewn from a single block of granite and engraved with the Irish words,

"na fiafrigh ce’n mhaith duit do thir . . . fiafrigh ce’n mhaith don tir tufein," and their English original,

"ask not what your country can do for you . . . ask what you can do for your country."

The month after President Kennedy’s death Irish-American groups met in New York to discuss an appropriate memorial. The park, by dint of Irish-American contributions and the backing of the Irish government, is the splendid result. The purpose has been to establish a scientific arboretum with ancillary collections and a forest garden of separate plots planted with a specific species; out of these to create a park to foster appreciation of the beauty and uses of woody plants.

There are now some four thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, with donations from 22 countries. They include a beautiful Magnolia mollissima Campbellii, a pink magnolia which will grow to forty feet. The park’s director, Chris Kelly, told us it flowered last year after twelve years, once more a visible tribute to the Irish climate, since such magnolias do not usually flower until 25 years after planting.

Mr. Kelly yearns to have a computer to ease his task in cross-refering the behavior of every plant. He also battles, not entirely with success, against rabbits. And he reported the curious circumstances of the only person caught in the act of vandalism—a bank manager. He had been seen throwing rooted shrubs over the outer fence but made off when observed. The number of his car was partly taken and two years later the car was seen parked again. Though caught with a bag of cuttings, he was not charged in the end, partly because the cuttings he had stolen were all from varieties that do not grow from cuttings and thus his misdemeanor seemed to smack more of eccentricity than horticultural aggrandizement.

Be prepared to walk, as the park is large and most of it closed to cars. But the walk is no hardship and the day passed delightfully for us, with those slowly growing trees a reminder to us of a death twenty years ago:

“To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.”

So much for Milton’s Il Penseroso. There would be other days and other trees—Birr Castle, Annes Grove, Headfort . . . In New York in vacant or in pensive moods I am haunted by those Irish trees through all seasons.
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Barbara Lazear Ascher is a non-practicing lawyer who has written for The New York Times, Vogue, and literary journals. Her collection of essays will be published by Doubleday next year.

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Doris Saatchi lives in London and writes about art and interior design.

Roger C. Toll is editor-in-chief of The Mexico City News.
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All the elegant things happening to walls are by Warner Wallcoverings & Fabrics
I was in the early sixties and I was in my early twenties when I first discovered design. Newly moved to Chicago to begin what was to turn into a lifelong career in design journalism, I was walking on the Windy City's Near North Side when I happened upon a shop that was to forever turn my head when it came to furniture and other household objects. The shop was Baldwin & Kingry and it specialized in furniture designed for Herman Miller and Knoll by the design greats of that period—people like Charles Eames, George Nelson, Harry Bertoia, as well as the famous Scandinavians Hans Wegner and Bruno Mathsson. I had never heard of any of them, but I knew instinctively that I had stumbled upon something very special.

A few years later, furnishing my first apartment in New York, I began buying the designs I first saw in Chicago. Today both our home and my office are filled with chairs by Charles Eames, storage by George Nelson, the expandable dining table by Bruno Mathsson, and special handcrafted chairs by Hans Wegner.

But no piece is as special to me as the first molded-plywood chair design by Charles Eames. I had coveted one of those chairs, long out of production, for some time. Walking to work one day I saw it sitting with a group of furniture being readied for auction. It was long before fifties furniture became fashionable, and when the auctioneer held up that chair he asked what anyone would bid on “this Danish-inspired piece.” With his words my heart skipped a beat, for I realized that I knew more about that chair than he did. I raised my hand, called out “five dollars,” and the original Charles Eames chair was mine.

As you read “All About Eames,” page 122, the Eames house, the Eames chairs, and the way Ray and Charles Eames have lived with both will, I hope, teach you as much about the wonder of design as they have me.

There is another kind of wonder involved in Naomi Barry's story “Sailing Away With Léger” and the marvelous unpublished watercolors by the artist that triggered it. The watercolors are from a sketchbook that Léger did while a guest on Sara and Gerald Murphy's schooner, the Weatherbird, over fifty years ago. As the Murphys and their friends sailed, Léger painted, providing us with a wonderful record of a pleasure-filled era. Life has changed dramatically since the twenties and thirties, but the sketchbook is a reminder that any era should include time for the “gentle, loving, and innocent fun” that Naomi Barry describes for us on page 132.

Martin Filler's homage to Karl Friedrich Schinkel will introduce a new name to many House & Garden readers. Ours is the first detailed Western coverage of this important nineteenth-century architect's recently restored projects in East Germany, and we are especially proud to show you the interiors of Schloss Charlottenhof at Potsdam. In his trips behind the iron curtain, Filler was delighted to discover the East German government's program to carefully restore cultural treasures. While there, Filler met with Schinkel scholar Dr. Hans-Joachim Kadatz, who had Schinkel's original drawings brought out for House & Garden to look at in the Schinkel Archive in East Berlin. Although Schinkel's international reputation was a victim of the political upheavals of the twentieth century, our story on this long-neglected architect reveals the impact his work is now having on a younger generation of architects who find in Schinkel the kind of inspiration earlier architects, like Charles Eames, found in the Modern Movement.

Schinkel was not only a masterly architect, however, but an extraordinary decorator as well. It was his decoration of the bedroom of Queen Luise of Prussia that launched his career as unofficial architect to the king. The Queen's husband was more than a bit parsimonious, but Schinkel was able to make cotton seem far more elegant than silk, native woods more alluring than the more expensive imported varieties. Just how alluring can be seen in the photograph of Queen Luise’s bedroom on page 169.

Often in reviewing an issue in preparation for writing this page, I'm struck by a decorating theme that seems to emerge unbidden. In this issue, it is clearly a new, offhand, and handsome way with fabric. Look for it in the shawls and throws used by Gloria Vanderbilt, in the crocheted bedspread and knotted curtains at John Huston's tropical hideaway, in the aged rugs in our story “First-Century American” from Colonial Williamsburg, in the layers of fabrics on the seating and floors of the Eames house in Santa Monica, the material draping walls in the Schinkel interiors, even the horse-blanket cover on the Vico Magistretti sofa in the Paris apartment by architects Patrick Naggar and Dominique Lachevsky. Each example is as inspiring as it is unique.

It is often said that theology is really autobiography, and Barbara Lazear Ascher's story on Gloria Vanderbilt makes me realize that this is also true of decoration. The photographs of Gloria Vanderbilt's New York City apartment by Edgar de Evia reveal how she has created an ancestral dwelling for herself. As we read of the influence of the Bloomsbury set on Gloria Vanderbilt and her concepts of what decorating is all about we’re glad to play our supporting part in helping people come to terms with “their feelings about beauty and their hopes for themselves.” Perhaps that's why, as Barbara Lazear Ascher says: “Home is not only our autobiography, but an opportunity to rewrite that autobiography.”

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WE'LL OPEN YOUR EYES.

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The twists and turns in Picasso’s style can best be understood if we realize how closely they reflect the zigzag pattern of his marital arrangements. The controversial switch from Cubism to Neoclassicism, for instance, coincides with Picasso’s marriage in 1918 to Olga Koklova, most virtuous of Diaghilev’s ballerinas. Because Picasso was madly in love with her, this excessively upright beauty succeeded—albeit briefly—in weaning him away from bohemia and transforming him into a sociable figure with a duplex apartment on the fashionable rue la Boetie, and smart suits (including a tuxedo) from Poole of London. And what better match for all this propriety than the bland, pneumatic goddesses who populate Picasso’s paintings of the period?

Poor deluded Olga (the daughter of a Russian colonel) was determined to establish herself socially. And so she set about furnishing the apartment in the most decorous fashion. Marble chimney pieces were adorned with embroidered cloths and Second Empire clocks made of ormolu. The upright piano was draped with a shawl surmounted by an imposing pair of bronze candlesticks. Glazed doors between the salon and salle à manger were hung with net curtains. It was all very dainty. And the English art critic Clive Bell described to me how this comme il faut décor was just the right setting for the nice little dinners that the Picassos proceeded to give for the nice new friends they had met through Diaghilev and Cocteau. Bourgeois aspirations likewise drove Olga to employ a chauffeur in livery and white gloves, as well as a nanny and, later, an English governess as well as dancing teachers and riding and fencing instructors for her son, Paulo, who followed his father’s example in only one respect: he reacted violently against Olga’s manic grooming.

As the scales fell from his besotted eyes, Picasso came to dread the social round and the rituals that society life involved. More and more he would take refuge in his atelier on the upper floor where dust was allowed to accumulate. “Dust is my ally,” Picasso informed Brassai. “It’s like a protective layer. When there’s no dust in this spot or that one, it’s because someone has been meddling with my things. I can see right away that someone has been there. And it’s because I live constantly with dust, in the midst of dust, that I usually wear gray suits—they’re the only ones that...”
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STEUBEN GLASS
It was only when I went to live in Provence in the early fifties that I really got to know the artist. By that time he was living at Vallauris—"la capitale de la céramique"—back of Cannes. His potters, the Ramies, had found him a small pink villa, La Galloise, conveniently near their kilns. La Galloise had a further convenience: although its garage was situated on the road, the house itself was hidden away in the garden at the back. What is more, the upper floor of the garage was inhabited by a weirdly garbed old witch named Madame Boissière—an Isadora Duncanish dancer, painter, mystic—who loathed Picasso and, much to his amusement, placarded his garage with notices saying, "This is not where Monsieur Picasso lives. Furthermore, Monsieur Picasso is a terrible painter." Trust Picasso to call her "the ideal concierge."

After running the gauntlet of Madame Boissière's vituperation, visitors found themselves in front of a small gabled dwelling guarded by a large boxer dog. As Françoise Gilot, Picasso's mistress at the time, subsequently wrote, "It was a rather ugly little villa with almost nothing to recommend it..." Within a week we had whitewashed the interior, brought in two beds, two unpainted tables, two unpainted chairs, and four stools, and we were ready to move in. What a bleak way for the world's most prodigious artist to live, I felt. True, there were a terrace and a couple of mulberry trees, and Françoise, who had recently walked out on the artist, had done her best to brighten the hideously tiled rooms with colorful rugs and bedspreads and a decorative chest inlaid with bits of mirror. I remember Picasso proudly showing us some peculiar armchairs that he had just acquired, designed by a young Englishman; for all their rickety look—they appeared to be made of wooden balls and macramé—these chairs come across as throne-like in portraits of the period. And then there was a poignant heap of the toys he had contrived for his children, who were so conspicuous by their absence. By the look of things the artist was fed up with leading the simple life of a Party member (this was at the height of Picasso's Communist affiliation), especially given his lonely state. And in subsequent years he seldom talked of La Galloise, except to disparage it.

When Jacqueline Roque stepped into Françoise's shoes a few months later, Picasso whisked her off to Paris, but he was discouraged at finding himself a principal target of Parisian paparazzi. A return to Vallauris only induced gloom. What the artist required was a change of venue: space and privacy and the proximity of the Mediterranean. La Californie—a grandiose villa built in a debased Art Nouveau style that he and Jacqueline came upon one
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COMMENTARY

Suitable upholstery was no problem: chairs from local junkshops were covered with canvas which the artist, in an uncharacteristic concession to decoration, painted like damask.

(Continued from page 20) evening on a hillside in back of Cannes—fulfilled these needs. "How hideous, how pretentious it is," the sardonic owner liked to boast, but he took childish satisfaction in the villa's provenance (it had been built by one of the partners in Moet et Chandon), in its enfilade of salons divided by glass doors à la Maxim's, above all in the mirrored cuvettes which were a startling feature of the mahogany-paneled lavatories. And I don't think he would have drawn and painted the house on so many occasions if it had not been a source of pride.

In no time La Californie filled up with a prodigious accumulation of treasure and trash. Apart from paintings, drawings, and bronzes from all periods and Pisan towers of ceramics, the accumulation consisted largely of tribute offered by admirers the world over. I remember hats of every conceivable kind (from fez to yarmulke, pillbox to billycock), a grotesque female figure from the New Hebrides given by Matisse, an unopened bottle of Guerlain inscribed Bonne Annee, given by Matisse, an unopened bottle of marzipan?), masks from eighteenth-century Venetian ones to Halloween costumes Colosseum, rolls of toilet paper to billycock), a grotesque female figure from the New Hebrides given by Matisse, an unopened bottle of Guerlain inscribed Bonne Annee, given by Matisse, an unopened bottle of marzipan?), masks from eighteenth-century Venetian ones to Halloween costumes of Cezanne's favorite motif. Months later Picasso painted a gigantic Nue couchée whose outline approximates Saint-Victoire. To be habitable the chateau required a great deal of sizable furniture. How, we wondered, was Picasso going to decorate—or, rather, not decorate—this monument historique? Suitable upholstery was no problem: chairs from local junkshops were covered with canvas which the artist, in an uncharacteristic concession to decoration, painted like damask. The bathroom? Have the local plumber install an aggressively ugly tub and lavabo in one of the loftier chambers, light and some of the artist's rarer bronzes. Dangling from a length of string was the skeleton of a bat, a cart of forest on the slopes of Cezanne's Mont Sainte-Victoire and, it was said, the title of marquis. The following day Picasso drove over and viewed Vauvenargues; a week later it was his. How would he depict Cezanne's favorite motif? Months later Picasso painted a gigantic Nue couchée whose outline approximates Saint-Victoire.

(Continued on page 28)
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And only one woman could have created it.
(Continued from page 24) ever. Even more of a menace were the high-rise buildings going up on the property below and the nightly disturbance of son et lumière nearby. Picasso, who had finally married Jacqueline a few months earlier, soon found "la maison des rêves," a few kilometers away, at Mougin. Despite an ancient pilgrimage chapel on the property, the new house, Notre-Dame-de-Vie, was virtually impregnable, and its beautiful site, on a hillside terrace with olive and orange trees and cypresses, was not overlooked. Originally a Provençal farm-house, it had been transformed by members of the ubiquitous Guinness family into a spacious and luxurious villa but without any sacrifice of simplicity.

Shortly after Picasso moved in (1961), I called to see how he was. "Viens voir. The new house has hundreds of bathrooms, hundreds of white telephones." But it was an improvement on La Californie, in more respects than that. Downstairs was a magnificent arcaded space for a sculpture studio, where plaster casts of Michelangelo's chained slaves presided over a museum of blue period bronzes, Cubist constructions, ceramic owls, and metal cutouts in ever-increasing quantities. But this was just one of many studios. The no-less-attractive living quarters were filled with favorite furniture: a couple of trendy armchairs from Kootz (the New York dealer); a no-less-hideous chaise longue, which figures in one of the artist's finest nudes of the period, from Rosenberg (the Lucerne dealer); and a vicuna rug for the marriage bed from the Ramiès. For a change the clutter seemed less overwhelming; and flowers and plants were no longer left to die of thirst, probably because nothing disturbed the aged artist's peace of mind so much as intimations of mortality.

After his eightieth birthday Picasso went out less and less. As a result Notre-Dame-de-Vie became more and more of a microcosm of the artist's universe—a microcosm that consisted of a series of sanctums, one within another like a Russian toy, the innermost being the studio. A favorite refuge from visitors was a windowless vestibule on the ground floor which the Picassos called the quai de la gare (the station platform), because it often served as a waiting room (for storms to blow over, moods to change); also the floor was permanently piled with unopened packages. There was only one piece of furniture: a down-at-heel divan for confabulations and naps. And a plethora of mysterious doors left room for only two paintings, both remarkable: a large canvas of a black matador from Mozambique and Matisse's celebrated Still Life with Oranges.

Upstairs, besides the much-vaunted bathrooms, was Jacqueline's bright boudoir (vulgarly known as "le fauteuil") and the chambre de maître. I liked the fact that Picasso's bedhead consisted of a canvas with its face to the wall. Had it been painted? I can't remember. As a rule Picasso disowned lampshades and went in for bare bulbs; an exception was Jacqueline's bedside lamp, ingeniously contrived out of one of Picasso's cut-out owls, tilted in such a way that the light would not bother her husband's eyes.

Apart from a television set—largely for watching all in wrestling—and some zebra skins, the principal contents of the bedroom were precarious piles of books, magazines, empty cigarette packets, and papers, the latter frequently marked with the Spanish word ojo ("eye," i.e., attention) and a cabalistic sign, φ. This meant the same thing but I always felt it constituted a kind of shorthand self-portrait. Indeed the countless eyes—large penetrating eyes like Picasso's own—that stared out from the Notre-Dame-de-Vie paintings were enough to induce paranoia. Why were all these paintings glaring at one? Yes, there was something eerie about the place, but it would be wrong to see Notre-Dame-de-Vie as a premature tomb, for in the face of death the incumbent was very much alive—more demon driven than ever. He still had to paint the picture. Could it be that the aged artist—such a prey to omens and so fearful of death—had bought this penultimate house for the magic of its name?
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Of the three Soviet republics which lie beyond the great mountain barrier of the Caucasus—Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan—I had until quite recently visited Azerbaijan less frequently than the other two, my experience of it having been limited to Baku, the capital, and to Lenkoran, a harbor in the far south, to which I had paid an eventful visit 45 years ago, when, having somehow wandered into the frontier zone with Persia, I came very near to being shot. Usually I have arrived in the great city of Baku by train or plane. On my latest visit, after a few most agreeable days spent with friends in Georgia, I tried a new approach, namely by road from Telavi, the old capital of Kakhetia, or Western Georgia. What I had in mind was to take a look at an area with a Tartar population and Moslem traditions going back well beyond the time of Tamerlane, the ruler of Samarkand, whose favorite hunting ground, the Karabagh, lay in this region.

The October sun was hot for the time of year and, feeling the need for protection against it, I decided at the last moment to buy myself one of the traditional soft black pillboxes with a button on top, which they still wear in Kakhetia. The leading hatter in Telavi had eight different portraits of Generalissimo Stalin in his tiny shop in the high street, and no hat that would fit me. "But," he said, "I will make you one in ten minutes." This seemed improbable, but, sure enough, ten minutes later, he had two hats ready, one black and one white. Handing him four rubles and placing the black one firmly on the back of my head, I set out for Azerbaijan, with a backward glance at a fine new statue of that most astute monarch, King Hercules II of Georgia, magnificent on his charger, guarding, sword in hand, what remains of his former palace.

Not many miles from Telavi we came to Gremi with its two ancient fortified churches high on their hilltop. It was a brilliantly fine autumn day and the dusty road we were following ran along the fertile Alazani valley between vineyards bearing the names of famous local wines such as Tsinandali and Mukuzani. In the ditches beside the popular-lined road water buffalo wallowed contentedly. Soon after leaving Gremi, we reached the border with Azerbaijan. To the north rose the mountains of Daghestan, a formidable barrier, broken here or there by some river valley, but nowhere, even today, by a road. These were the mountains in which in the nineteenth century the Moslem tribesmen of the great Imam Shamyl fought back valiantly against the czar's armies for more than thirty years. Clambering a few hundred yards up the bed of the stream that marks the border, we stopped halfway between the frontier posts to lunch off Soviet sausage and flat, unleavened Georgian bread, washed down by a bottle of white Tsinandali cooled in the icy water of the stream.

Some twenty miles inside Azerbaijan, at Zakataly, we passed the crumbling ruins of one of Shamyl's strongholds. Not far away is the grave of Shamyl's ally, rival, and ultimately bitter enemy, Hadji Murad. It was here that Count Tolstoy served as a young officer and here that he must have heard the story of Hadji Murad, of whom he later wrote so excitingly. It was at Zakataly, too, that in 1905, after their ill-fated mutiny, the sailors of the cruiser Potemkin were imprisoned at a safe distance from any possible sympathizers, to be immortalized a generation later by Eisenstein's famous film.

Seventy miles beyond Zakataly, in the shadow of three massive mountain peaks, we reached the attractive little hill town of Sheki, where we were to spend the night at a hostelry describing itself, with astonishing frankness, as Hotel Shaky. At Sheki the local tribesmen managed in 60 B.C. to throw back Pompey's legions, only to be overrun in the centuries that followed by Arabs, Seljuks, Mongols, Turks, and Persians.

In the first half of the eighteenth century Sheki

(Continued on page 32)
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(Continued from page 30) became the capital of an independent or semi-independent Khanate under Persian suzerainty. This it remained until it was taken over by Russia a century later. Within the walls of its fortress stands the Khan's former palace, built in 1796, an agreeable two-story building with a pleasant garden shaded by ancient plane trees in front of it. The greater part of each floor is taken up by one long room, lighted by windows of brightly colored glass and lavishly decorated with wall paintings. Round the upper room runs a long frieze commemorating the Khan's victories over his enemies, neat piles of whose severed heads appear as a recurring motif.

For centuries Sheki was an important trading post on the Silk Route to China and still boasts two fine old caravansaries, the upper and the lower. Here passing merchants lived in comfort in spacious apartments giving on to the open galleries of the first floor. Their trading was done in the great central courtyard and their goods stored in the cellars below. Soon, we were told, the upper caravansary was to revert to its original role and again provide accommodation for foreign travelers as a welcome alternative to the Hotel Shaky.

Some miles outside Sheki, perched precipitously on a hilltop commanding the river valley which alone gives access to the interior of Daghestan, are the crumbling ruins of the Gelersen Gyoresen, or Come-and-See Fortress, so named to recall the challenge broadcast by the Khan of the day to his enemies, of whom only the more imprudent accepted it and did not usually live to tell the tale. Having scrambled up to the top of the hill through impenetrable scrub at sunset hard on the heels of an energetic young Azer-bajani called Osman, I can bear witness to the hazards any would-be invader must have faced trying to reach the top, let alone storm the fortress when he got there.

That evening I found to my delight that Sheki boasts a first-class restaurant, cleverly sited on a hillside overlooking the valley and rejoicing in the name of Happiness. Directed there by the invariable Osman, I was rewarded for my exertions by an excellent dinner of freshly grilled sturgeon from the Caspian and chicken shashlik, accompanied by a more than adequate local wine. Thought historically a Moslem country, Azerbaijan produces enormous quantities of excellent wine which the Azerbaijanis boldly claim equals that of Georgia. The Kura-Araksin Valley and the plain of Shirvan in which Sheki is situated form one of the most fertile regions of Azerbaijan with an almost subtropical climate, which, in addition to wine, produces tea, rice, and tobacco.

Sixty miles or so beyond Sheki you come to the Aksu Pass commanding a wide view of the surrounding region. Thence you descend abruptly into a country bearing a strong resemblance to Persia, of which for many years it was a part: tawny hills in the foreground, and, to your north, a continuing line of amethyst mountains, the southeastern extremity of the main range of the Caucasus.

The town of Shemakha, which we reached an hour or two later, was founded in the sixth century by the Sassanid dynasty and for seven or eight hundred years was the capital of the Khanate of Shirvan, a region famous above all for its carpets, which are still made there. Like Sheki, it lay on the caravan route to China and in the sixteenth century, in the days of the great merchant-adventurers, could even boast an...
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These were the mountains in which in the nineteenth century the Moslem tribesmen fought back valiantly against the czar's armies for more than thirty years

(Continued from page 36) case a group of friends celebrating the birth of a son and heir to a leading local television producer. In a neighboring alcove several native Azerbaijani musicians were playing with vigor, the drum predominating, while such guests as felt inclined danced a variety of steps to its pulsating rhythm. The food, which consisted of a wide range of local Azerbaijani delicacies, including plenty of caviar from the Caspian, was delicious and abundant, the wine flowed freely, and I was soon thankful that my lunch menu had been relatively austere.

On earlier visits to Baku I had duly inspected the ancient Palace and Mosque of the Shirvan Khans, who ruled there in the days before the Russian occupation, their mausoleum and the Court of Justice, the latter equipped with a convenient hole in the middle of the floor through which the heads of those executed could find their way into the Caspian Sea without unnecessary delay. I had also enjoyed inspecting the unrivaled collection of Shirvan and other carpets from the Caucasus.

Today Baku is first and foremost an oil town and this time the chief purpose of my visit was to look at oil wells. This I did in style the next day, driving for miles out into the Caspian along an immensely long jetty, which led to the first of a great line of derricks reaching for miles out to sea. As so often in Baku, a gale was blowing, aptly recalling the city's Persian name, Badkube, or Nasty Wind.

On our way back into town we stopped in the village of Surakhani to inspect some much earlier evidence of the region's oil-bearing capacity: the temple of a sect of fire-worshippers who came there from India in the eighteenth century to prostrate themselves before the flames which sprang so surprisingly from the earth.

At Surakhani a massive castellated wall encloses the central courtyard where the worshipers once performed their sacred rites. There have, it seems, been no practicing fire-worshippers in Baku for many years, but at dusk the flames still burned brightly in their one-time temple and the darkly beautiful Azerbaijani maiden who showed me around clearly enjoyed her role of high priestess of an extinct cult.
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We once asked George Balanchine how to make *paskha*, the Russian Easter dessert. “No recipe,” he answered, “Tradition. Just put in the cottage cheese, eggs, sugar, vanilla, and a little of this and that.” It sounded, we said, like his recipe for making a ballet with classical ingredients, above all the addition of “this and that.”

“Right,” he agreed, “excellent.” Then with typical Russian disregard for the “the’s” and “a’s” of English, he added, “It’s ‘this and that’ makes whole difference.” Balanchine often compared the task of the choreographer to that of the cook. But while he could give clear, detailed recipes for his favorite Russian dishes, he was stubbornly silent about the meaning of his ballets and how he went about making them.

A balletomane once asked him to explain the final moment of his Rieti ballet, *Night Shadow*. Those who have seen this gothic drama with its haunted, otherworldly somnambulist and the poet who dies for love of her will remember the mysterious ending. The spellbound sleepwalker, a flickering candle in her hand, carries the lifeless body of the poet into a castle tower and, one imagines, to her sequestered room at the top. Or so the light seen winding its way upward would seem to suggest.

Balanchine was not to be pinned down by the ballet-lover’s question. “What does it mean?” he asked, an annihilating glint in his eye. “Very simple. Poet gets better. Marries somnambulist. They move to Scarsdale, nice house, five children. She cooks—awful, heavy quiches.”

We first met Balanchine in 1944, when Stravinsky took us to the choreographer’s apartment to play his newly composed sonata for two pianos. A splendid musician, Balanchine always gave the impression that in his hierarchy of the arts music ranked above the ballet. As very young pianists we were touched by the interest he took in our playing that afternoon and at our subsequent concerts. Very generously he invited us to come to rehearsals and performances whenever we felt like it and, needless to say, we felt like it very often.

Frequently he would ask us to dinner after the performance. But it was not until we timidly offered to make a dessert for him that his attention took on a sharper focus. “But this is delicious,” he said. “What is it?” Pecan pie, as we had hoped, was new to him, and he looked at us with new respect.

Henry James once said that the most beautiful words in the English language were “summer afternoon.” George Balanchine, had anyone asked him, might well have answered, “around the table.” More domestic than any of his ballerina wives, he found that... (Continued on page 46)
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had to admit that nothing would be ready for an hour but if details to Stravinsky, and reported that the great composer their friend, the conductor and writer Robert Craft, were out to the country to see us. We suggested they arrive about noon so that we could have our “piano lesson” before lunch. George took a lively interest in the mechanics of the after-horror, that he was starving. Couldn’t we have lunch immediately and then the music? With great embarrassment we restaurant were reluctantly abandoned. “It sounds marvelous,” we said, “but wouldn’t it be eats as much as they want, then they go to dining room d’oeuvres and in the center huge, huge bowl filled with best beluga caviar. We will have same thing. First everybody to the table. At these fine stores.

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(Continued from page 41)
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(Continued from page 46) Stravinsky kindly agreed. “Naturally, my dears,” he said, “I would love to have a martini, but my doctor forbade me to drink anything but red wine. I did not know if you had any—so I brought you this.”

With a grand flourish and a brilliant smile he produced, as though it were a magnum of Dom Perignon, a miniature Chianti bottle just large enough to fill one small glass. When we assured him that there was plenty of wine, he took off his Borsalino, carefully set it on a chair—and prudently put the bottle in the hat, presumably to serve in some other preprandial emergency. Then he said he thought perhaps he might have just one martini after all.

Despite his doctor’s orders Stravinsky kept pace with the others, downing a series of forbidden martinis that was prolonged by the extended music lesson and the not-yet-cooked lunch. All the while he gave us profoundly revealing insights on how his music should be performed. Not surprisingly, his teaching gained in warmth and excitement as the cocktail hour progressed.

During lunch Stravinsky lovingly teased his beautiful wife Vera about her Moscow accent, infinitely less distinguished, he explained with a wink, than his and Balanchine’s pure Saint Petersburg Russian. Everyone became quite jolly, the guests exhilarated by the wine and we by the privilege of the lesson we had received and the Russians’ approval of the salmon coulibiac we had prepared.

Over dessert, we played the game what-would-you-choose-if-you-were-on-a-desert-island-and-could-only-have-one-thing-to-eat. George was the first to answer. With no hesitation he called out, “Potatoes! Naturally! Nice, fan-tah-syt, hot, boiled potatoes—crunchy, crisp, like sugar.” After a moment’s reflection he added plaintively, amid the general laughter, “With potatoes could I have a little oil, a little chopped parsley, and a nice cold bottle of Roederer Cristal champagne?”

We were reminded of Balanchine’s request one night many years later during a benefit performance for the School of American Ballet. He had asked us to play Stravinsky’s Eight Easy Pieces for the first performance of Peter Martins’s ballet and we had arranged to have flowers delivered onstage to the three baby-ballerinas for whom Martins had created this charming pas de trois.

Backstage at the New York State Theater Barbara Horgan, Balanchine’s devoted assistant, told us that “Mr. B” was determined to choreograph the bows. Just then “Mr. B.” appeared. “First bow, girls alone,” he said, “then you go out and you give them flowers.”

“Second bow, you alone, then they go out and bring you surprise.”

“Last time, all go out, girls carrying flowers, you carrying surprise, and everybody bow together.”

The surprise the young ballerinas presented each of us with was a bottle of Balanchine’s favorite desert-island champagne. For the gala occasion he had the bottles decked out with long multicolored streamers, rather like the headdresses of the princesses in his ballet Firebird.

Perhaps the simplest meal we ever had with Balanchine was during a rehearsal break. “Let’s go across the street for a quick bite,” he suggested as he piloted us to a cheap diner. To our astonishment he ordered “some hard brie and an ice-cold bottle of red wine.”

“But George,” we protested, “why do you ask for ‘hard brie’ and ‘ice-cold red wine’?”

“Might as well. That’s how they bring it anyway,” he said triumphantly, looking as though he had just outwitted a conspiracy of malevolent waiters.

Balanchine’s most elaborate meal of the year was the Russian Easter midnight supper. For days before the great feast his every spare moment between rehearsals and performances was spent dashing home to see if the yeast dough arrived for the Salade Olivier? (The first night supper. For days before the great feast his every spare moment between rehearsals and performances was spent dashing home to see if the yeast dough was rising for the kulich, and the paskha properly draining in its flowerpot. Had the sturgeon jelled in its aspic? What about the tearful grating of the horseradish? Had the pheasant arrived for the Salade Olivier? (The first time George permitted us to make this complicated salad we felt as though we had been awarded what he liked to call the “Russky Cordon Bleu-sky.”) It was dazzling to see the swiftness and the cool dispatch with which Balanchine completed the elaborate preparations before leaving for church.

During the long Russian Orthodox Easter service, the entire congregation stands in the... (Continued on page 52)
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**AT THE TABLE**

(Continued from page 50) darkened cathedral, each person holding a burning candle. At midnight the chandeliers erupt in a blaze of light, the choir explodes in a paean of joy, and cries of “Christos Voskres! Christ is Risen!” are heard. The celebrants then walk around the church three times exchanging the traditional three kisses with friends and strangers alike before they return to their homes for the banquet that marks the end of Lent.

One Easter, one of the strangers somehow made it known to George that he had no place to go after the service. With true Russian hospitality, Balanchine invited him to come along to his party where the unknown guest soon proved to have an impressive capacity for celebration. Fragrant hyacinths, bottles of iced vodka, and bowls of caviar stood at each end of the buffet. We all returned to the candlelit table time after time but no one more assiduously than Mr. X. After a while it became quite clear that he had had too much to drink. When he poured himself what must have been his tenth vodka, Balanchine tactfully suggested that perhaps he had had enough. To which Mr. X cheerfully replied, “Well, how about a beer?” In desperation, George said there was no beer. Mr. X seemed astonished. “Whaddaya mean, no beer?” he said. “You’re Mr. Ballantine, aren’t you?”

Enthralled though he was by this particular case of mistaken identity, Balanchine said, “My friend, you’ve had a lot to eat and a lot to drink. In fact you’ve had a wonderful time. Now you’re happy, maybe you should go home.” He spoke with such gentle authority that Mr. X took no offense. “I guess you’re right,” he mumbled. And bestowing a few nontraditional Easter kisses—and a few well-placed pinches—on several of the beautiful women present, he calmly, if unsteadily, departed.

In 1977 Balanchine bought a small house that we called his Russian dacha. It was a short walk from where we live on eastern Long Island. The exchange of dinners followed by music was happily resumed. To watch one of the greatest artists of the twentieth century scraping carrots and peeling potatoes with the same intense concentration he brought to his choreography was a very moving experience. We were given a key to the house so that we could use his piano when we wanted to rehearse separately.

At the end of his country weekends Balanchine would tidy up his house, wash the dishes and leave them in a rack to dry so that everything would be shipshape for his next visit. Then he would sit at his round dining table and lay out a game of solitaire to pass the time until the friends who drove him to the city came to pick him up.

When George first began to work on his ballet Robert Schumann’s “Davidsbündlertänze” we listened together to all the available recordings of Schumann’s romantic masterpiece.

“Which do you like best?” George asked. We said that, except for the first in the set of pieces, which seemed unaccountably slow, we preferred the Gieseking recording.

“I think so too! First piece not the right tempo,” George said. “All the others beautiful.”

Whenever we dropped in to visit George we would peer through the glass panel of his front door. Often we could see him playing Schumann on his white “cottage” piano. In that case we would simply go away. But if he was not visible we would ring the bell and George would play a little game. He would appear and without glancing at the door—as though he had not heard the bell—he would seat himself at the piano and begin the Davidsbündlertänze at the “right tempo.”

After a minute or two we would ring again. He would look up, feigning great surprise, and open the door with his usual courtly bow. How much of the Imperial Russian Ballet School was in that bow! Then he would say, “Come in, come in. We’ll have some tea.”

The last time we used our key to George’s house he was in the hospital and un beknownst to us would never see his beloved dacha again. We let ourselves in. No need to ring the bell or wait for his playful game of surprise-at-the-piano. The sun shone on the coffee cups, long since dry in the dishrack. The kitchen clock ticked loudly in the bright silence. The piano stood mute against the wall. And on the table lay an unfinished game of solitaire, set out just as he had left it.
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OPENING NIGHT

Once again the great quality controversy springs to life, but the New York Winter Antiques Show is still the place to be

By Nancy Richardson

The Winter Antiques Show has been going for thirty years. But in the last five years it has established a position that’s unique both in the antiques world and on New York’s social calendar. For the ten days of its duration—this year January 20–29—collectors, decorators, and dealers come from across the country as well as from the Far East and Europe to buy, take the temperature of the market, and be seen. Christie’s and Sotheby’s schedule big Americana sales at the same time, and for a week or two there’s not a bargain even in lesser auction sales because so many people are in town and buying. This ripple effect is in fact the Winter Antiques Show’s finest achievement. Its role as a forum far exceeds its reputation as a source for the finest goods.

That the Antiques Show easily maintains a level of pleasant decorative furniture but rarely produces extraordinary or world-class antiques is a built-in condition. The show exists to make money for the East Side House Settlement. This is done by selling quantities of six-dollar admission tickets. Dealers tend to bring what will sell to these ticket buyers and what they have brought in recent years is high-quality furnishing furniture. The dealers who come to the Winter Antiques Show make money, the settlement house raises its annual budget, and the opening night party is as prestigious an event as anything put on by The Metropolitan Museum of Art or The New York Public Library.

So why are people complaining? Because the Winter Antiques Show could so easily be a critical success as well. As general taste has swung back from clean modernist interiors to a reinvented, re-edited traditionalism, the market for antiques has grown in numbers and seriousness well beyond the local core of decorators and collectors who always supported the show long before it became (Continued on page 56)
The distinctly enduring style of the Sherrill Collection. An extensive selection of fabrics and furniture styles creates the look of elegance. For catalog, send $3.00 to Dept. S-3, Sherrill Furniture Company, Inc., Box 189, Hickory, NC 28603.
The same small group of serious collectors that show up at the Paris Biennale and London's Grosvenor and Burlington House fairs also completes the circuit in New York, "works" the room greeting dealers and friends but buys only from one or two dealers.

Is the problem that some of New York's most serious dealers—Harold Sack of Israel Sack, the Munveses of James Robinson—feel they can't participate? Mario Buatta, the Winter Antiques Show's greatest promoter and its chairman for the last eight years, sees a need to attract more serious dealers and collectors. "The English and the French have been in the habit of collecting for several hundred years. But America is a young country, we haven't been at it as long," Mario explains. "The Paris Biennale is a French show. The Grosvenor/Burlington House fairs are fundamentally English, but in New York we can't follow suit and do an American show—people want a much wider variety. They want to see everything, in fact, and our biggest job is to attract the best dealers and encourage them to show the most extraordinary things they've found all year."

There are many American dealers who go regularly to the European antiques shows and know that well-mounted, well-supported fairs infuse the market with the same urgency and glamour found at big-name auctions. It is also a fact that it is the dealers themselves as well as a small number of collectors and museums who do the most buying at the European fairs. And in spite of the extraordinary things certain American collectors have been buying in Europe, it is not clear whether or not the American market in general is ready for a top-quality show. Mario Buatta argues that such a show would be merely an exhibition. Yet a number of dealers such as Edward Munves of James Robinson have explored the possibility of a fair held in a hotel or a museum where the security would be tight and the setting more luxurious than an armory. Though the Royal Academy has been host to the Burlington House Fair, American museums shy away from projects they consider commercial, and the cost of doing a hotel show here would be far greater than it is in England.

For the most part the criticisms of the Winter Antiques Show are confined to a small knowledgeable international group. That the Armory show is such a general success is enough for the, twenty-odd other antique fairs around the country that are modeled after the New York original. They are not only modeled after it but are also managed by Russell Carrell, who has supervised the dealer arrangements for the Winter Antiques Show for thirty years. This year in particular Russell Carrell's efforts in behalf of the two-year-old San Francisco Antiques Show have been so successful that many dealers who would normally only go to the New York show are also going to San Francisco every November. It is no fluke that this new show has been such a success. It is held in Pier Three of Fort Mason Center. This is not a pier such as we know piers on the East Coast. Pier Three might even be called a pretty pier because of the view of the bay and the Golden Gate. As a space it seems more like a large greenhouse than, say, an industrial storage facility.

Since San Francisco is a conservative city, it somehow follows that the launching of a big league antiques show must occur with the right social backing. No less a figure than Mrs. Robert Magowan convinced a number of well-known New York and London dealers to come—even in the first year. Garrick Stephenson has done the show both years—not only because you can't say no to Mrs. Magowan but because the setting for the fair is so pleasant and many of his clients live in California. Armin Allen, the New York porcelain dealer, came; so did William Beadleston, the New York nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings dealer. Cora Ginsberg offered museum quality textiles. George Randall came from Alexandria, Virginia, with interesting Anglo-Indian tables. Robert Kinnaman of Houston displayed a $75,000 Early (Continued on page 58)
inaugurating a new sculpture collection by one of America's most gifted artists

Cinderella
by Trina Hyman

An original porcelain sculpture in the attractive form of a collector bell.

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Trina Hyman, the artist who created this captivating sculpture of Cinderella, has won the coveted Horn Book Award for her works, which are so highly regarded that they have been exhibited at The Metropolitan Museum of Art as well as other prestigious museums and galleries throughout the country. In this fascinating sculpture, Trina Hyman captures the full beauty of her subject. The elegant ball gown, with lavishly detailed embroidery...the gleaming chestnut hair adorned with tiny flowers...and the ill, in complete harmony with the figure, is hand-bellished with a band of pure 24 karat gold.

To ensure that every nuance of Trina Hyman's art is truthfully captured, each sculptured bell will be individually crafted by the skilled artisans of Franklin Porcelain, then carefully hand-painted to capture Cinderella's delicate skin tones...the shining highlights of her hair...the soft hues of her gown. Cinderella inaugurates a suite of imported sculptured bells by Trina Hyman. A collection that combines the delicacy of crinoline figurines with the appeal of fine porcelain bells. That captures the charm of two cherished traditions, and in doing so enhances each. And as the owner of Cinderella, you will have the opportunity — but not the obligation — to acquire subsequent sculptures if you wish to do so.

To acquire Cinderella, no payment is required at this time. However, the enclosed application should be returned to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091 no later than February 29, 1984.

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(Continued from page 56) American fireboard to an audience with an emerging familiarity with high-quality American folk art.  

Hervé Aaron, who along with Garrick Stephenson formed the leadership of the New York contingent, was full of admiration for the local dealers. Opposite his stand was Mr. Cook of Kuromatsu with a handsome set of kaidan—steps with storage underneath. Down the way was Therien, whose Bob Garcia worked for McMillen for several years, which showed good-quality Continental furniture. Two other San Francisco dealers, Ed Hardy and Gaylord Dillingham, offered a rich variety of furniture. Dillingham, one of the few old-guard San Franciscans to be a dealer, sold several big English pieces in the last few minutes of the show, which lasted for four days. Quite opposite to the frantic buying that traditionally goes on in the first hours of the Winter Antiques Show, in San Francisco opening night was a social event—the buying went on later, a luxury that will evaporate with more competition for the best goods.

For opening night at the Winter Antiques Show in New York, the tradition has been to ask a fashion designer who was also a collector to give the Armory reception rooms a new look. This year Bill Blass, who is among other things a collector of botanical prints, will make things attractive for the preview party. Eugene J. Kupiec’s miniature rooms from The Art Institute of Chicago will provide a handsome decorative-arts display at the heart of the show.

This year’s Winter Antiques Show will offer collectors a rich range of furniture as well as rugs, porcelains, paintings, and decorative objects. Dealer Gene Tyson will be exhibiting this year for the first time. George Schoellkopf of New York and Robert Kinnaman and Brian Ramakers will lead the folk-art dealers. Stephanie Hoppen, a London dealer in curious maps and natural history drawings, will continue to develop her decorative, unacademic approach to watercolors, engravings, and illustrated books. Watch for Anthony Stuempfig, a dealer in museum-quality American nineteenth-century furniture who amazed everyone last year with a pair of white and gold American Empire chairs from Baltimore for $50,000. Hervé Aaron will continue to indulge his taste for nineteenth-century furniture with a hybrid influence. "I like the furniture that's hard to identify—Anglo-Indian, German-Gothic, Swedish-Russian pieces. What is appealing is the bizarre mixture of French or English classical styles blended with a local flavoring," he says. Matthew Schutz, a private dealer with a strong word-of-mouth reputation, is one of the few private dealers to take a booth at the Winter Antiques Show. Look for a pair of Louis Cresson palace chairs in carved natural wood and an early-nineteenth-century Russian ivory table. Representing the downtown dealers with shops around Broadway and 11th and 12th streets will be Hyde Park Antiques—a regular at the Antiques Show and a long-time favorite with decorators. Garrick Stephenson will be at the show as usual but this year will also mount a simultaneous exhibition in his shop—a suite of Alma-Tadema furniture arranged by Chessie Rayner and Mica Ertegun of Mac II. This furniture was made in 1901 for the music room of the then head of the Metropolitan Museum, Henry Gurdon Marquand. One step removed from Garrick Stephenson, who uses his booth at the Antiques Fair as a lure back to his shop, are Bernard and S. Dean Levy, who aren't actually exhibiting at the Winter Antiques Show but recognize the activity it generates. This year the Levys have put together an exhibition of the finest chairs made by New York cabinetmakers from 1690–1830. Some are on loan, some for sale, January 20–February 18. The Levys, like the 30,000 visitors to the Antiques Show, know that the Armory is the vital hub of a wheel of interest in the decorative arts that rolls over New York for ten glorious days.
The Winterthur Museum, located in Wilmington, Delaware, is a national treasure of 196 rooms that contain the finest examples of furnishings and decorative objects produced in America from 1640 to 1840. The Kindel Company has reproduced a collection of 24 beautiful and complicated items that are a crowning achievement in precision and discipline.

Martha Washington Lolling Chair, Massachusetts, circa 1795. This Federal-style reproduction is crafted in solid mahogany with boxwood string inlays. The original may be seen in the Billiard Room.

Connecticut Chest of Drawers, Connecticut, circa 1760. This chest of drawers, handcrafted in cherry, features strong vertical elements—pilasters and blocking—with equally strong horizontal elements—dentils, shells, and fillet moldings. The brasses duplicate the originals. The original may be seen in the Essex Room.

Connecticut Canopy Bed, Connecticut, circa 1770. This Chippendale-style bed, reproduced in cherry and accented by solid brass bolt covers, is often called a "tester bedstead." The original may be seen in the Essex Room.
A George II period silver coffee pot.
London 1717 by Francis Spilsbury
Arms of Thomas. Height: 8½".

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Circa 1730.
Maker: Thomas Pott
St. James Street, London.
A pair of English Regency mahogany settees carved with lotus leaves on sabre legs and paw feet. Height: 45" Width: 34½" Depth: 24"

A rare unglazed red pottery horse and rider with falcon. Of the Tang Dynasty, 618-907 A.D. Height: 14½"
One aspect of Manhattan that keeps me here is this: on the most tedious day known to man, in the most lackluster weather, as I'm walking down any old street (with nothing more inspired than a nap on my mind) past a number of unpromising storefronts, suddenly a person or event can be glimpsed that is so startling it just takes my breath away.

Such a person is young Michael Smith of 135 Sullivan Street, SoHo, and such an event is his little store, Depression Modern. I first visited the store one weekend afternoon with Donald Sultan, an artist who collects thirties furniture and who had just bought a Russell Wright bedroom suite intact from Michael. The store was awash with chrome, plush, blue mirrors, black lacquer, and customers. It was pandemonium. I've never seen so many people snapping up merchandise with such cupidity. Donald put a hold on two elegant brushed-chrome standing lamps. It seemed that each week the entire contents of the store sold out and had to be replaced Friday night after hours.

"Saturday is the day all my regulars are waiting for," said Michael when I asked him about this phenomenon. "They all know exactly what is coming in on any given Saturday four or five weeks from now, and they're all here. I usually have waiting lists for my best pieces. Saturday between 12 PM and 1 PM it's very intense, not the kind of store you just walk into."

Michael himself is very intense; he is a small, pale-faced, focused one-man industry. Twinkling eyes belie his serious demeanor. He laughs easily, most easily at himself. He is likable. And he's in a hurry. He opened the store five years ago when he was nineteen. Simultaneously he studied for—and received—a degree in engineering from Pratt. At that time his was the first twentieth-century furniture store in SoHo where now there are seven. But Michael even then was a specialist. "Depression Modern contains only material from 1929 to 1942," he says, trying to explain the subtleties of his vocation. "Most people who sell twentieth-century material combine the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. But this is the only store around that deals in just one style. It ended with the Second World War, just went out of production. And it is an American style, not French, which is the true Art Deco, you know, ziggurats, women holding balls, inlaid exotic woods, shagreen and ivory trim, macassar ebony, repousse leather, emphasis on craftsmanship and sumptuous materials. American thirties is machine art, spare, functionally expressive, streamlined like a train. My store is based on a conception—laid out in a book called Depression Modern—which points out that in the American thirties the objectives of design were efficiency and economy. No extraneous details. And all design was related to the world of commerce."

Furthermore, Michael is a collector. He has a passion for prototypes of metalwork in designer housewares from the thirties; his collection of Russell Wright housewares is among those on view at the Renwick Gallery (part of the Smithsonian) in Washington, D.C. "I think (Continued on page 64)
In 1905, Cecilia Biegel tried to break the ice with Richard Lemley by lighting up a cigarette.

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Originally, Michael had wanted a minimal look for his store, such as one rug with a chair on it, but that took too much capital to maintain. So he ended up doing what he called “minimal displays” whereby he would weekly redecorate the space as, for instance, a kitchen, a bathroom, or even a diner from the thirties. As well as the furniture, he used to change the floors once a week, wonderful Mondrian-like linoleum and rugs. He wanted that kind of thematic emphasis instead of just another store full of things.

“When I started, it was much more difficult to find good material. Now there are many contacts. And every week letters pour in from private collectors offering pieces they bought long ago and have held onto ever since.” In this way Michael is often able to acquire pieces with the original sales slips and guarantees. Also he is often familiar with the complete history of his merchandise. Where five years ago he bought from merchants all over the East Coast, now he sticks entirely to Manhattan because that is where the most sophisticated pieces seem to be located.
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THE DEALER'S EYE

(Continued from page 64) where all his furniture gets restored to its original condition. He has assembled an excellent team of salaried, Old World German craftsmen who work exclusively for him and who never take a vacation either. There are two upholsterers plus an assistant, and a carpenter who repairs the frames and does all the lacquering, sometimes applying as many as sixteen coats to get the right gloss. Outside restoration on such a scale, explains Michael, is just too expensive. Here storage and workshop are rolled into one enormous space with racks and racks of furniture.

"For instance," says Michael, amused with his own obsession, "I just wrote a check for a machine that makes upholstering cushions easier—it sort of compresses the cushion so that the fabric can slip on more easily. I'm very indulgent; we scour the countryside to find this equipment, special machines with special techniques."

After the store closes Friday night (at seven), Michael, who has been out in New Jersey inspecting the racks and filling up his van with the newly restored pieces, will set up the next display. "I just lo-o-o-ve that store so much! I can put endless hours into it; I get up really early and work every night until about eleven, doing all the wiring and remounting myself. When I sell something, you can take it right home. And I make my own deliveries—so you get me too—I won't let people pick up a chair themselves. It might get damaged. And if there's one thing that annoys my upholsterers, it's having to restore their own work."

Something about Michael reminds me of another time—the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties, perhaps—a time when sayings like "great American work ethic" and "backbone of America" had some meaning. Just thinking about the dedication, the organization, the overhead, the investment in a self-made business, a dream realized, would be enough to capsize most of the current crop of nineteen-year-olds. Of course Michael is now a seasoned old man of 25. And he is still stretching; he wants to expand. So, although he opened up another store at the beginning of the year—a couple of blocks away on Thompson—he still is not satisfied.

"I didn't" (Continued on page 71)
Officially Authorized by The Saturday Evening Post

The Norman Rockwell Figurines

Gramps at the Reins
The Norman Rockwell Figurines

A collection of twelve hand-painted figurines in fine imported porcelain inspired by the unforgettable Saturday Evening Post classics of Norman Rockwell.

He is unquestionably America's best-loved artist — and it's easy to understand why. For Norman Rockwell loved us. With a heart as big as his talent, he celebrated our heritage, championed our values, and affectionately caught us unawares in our moments of triumph, tenderness, joy and embarrassment. He looked kindly upon our foibles, made light of our daily dilemmas, and again and again affirmed an unshakable faith in our basic goodness.

Extraordinary Collector Demand for Rockwell Figurines

Nowhere is the special charm of Rockwell's work more apparent than in the unique artistic medium that is taking the collecting world by storm — Rockwell figurines.

Beautifully-executed figurines inspired by the great works of Norman Rockwell have grown so popular because they combine the stunning lifelike realism of Rockwell's art with the added realism of three-dimensional sculpture. The joyous result is that classic Rockwell scenes appear in their most lifelike renderings ever!

Announcing an Historic Rockwell Tribute

That is why the Danbury Mint is proud to present a land tribute to this authentic American genius. By official authority of The Saturday Evening Post, this collection re-creates twelve of Norman Rockwell's classic paintings in beautiful hand-painted figurines of fine imported porcelain.

As you probably know, Rockwell gave his best years to The Saturday Evening Post. From 1916 to 1963, Rockwell's Post covers delighted countless millions of Americans with warm and witty "visual vignettes" of everyday life in America. Together these Post covers comprise one of our nation's richest artistic treasures, a magnificent collection of genuine 20th century Americana.

The Finest Rockwell Figurines You Can Find Anywhere

These twelve Norman Rockwell figurines are unsurpassed. They are exceptional because of their composition, complexity of form, their wealth of detail, and their rich color. You simply cannot compare them with lesser figurines cast from a single mold and hastily painted with conventional colors.

While the photographs here are two-dimensional, you begin to see why these figurines are altogether different. Each scene, on its own integral base, consists of several sculptured forms which must be brought together with the most painstaking care, to create the genuine three-dimensional effect and true dramatic realism of the composition.

Each Figurine Individually Hand-Painted

To enhance their artistic fidelity and capture Rockwell's brimming mastery of lighting, texture and color, each figurine will be painstakingly hand-painted with a wide palette of ceramic colors.

To charm and delight you is the grandpa who's become more like a child than his grandson in Gramps at the Reindeer Farm. Trick or Treat you can almost hear the impish little girl giggle.
nder the sheet as she “surprises” her kindly victim… the boy has abandoned an old friend in pursuit of a new “puppy in Young Love…and other favorite Norman Rockwell sics especially selected from the best of his works.

An Exceptional Value

rockwell figurines of such outstanding quality often sell for $125 each in stores. Yet the Danbury Mint is making of the figurines in this collection available at only $65. An exceptionally low price is made possible by the economics this convenient, direct-by-mail offer — where the savings passed along to you.

An Exclusive Edition.

Price Guaranteed Only Until April 30, 1984

Keep with its unique collectible us, The Norman Rockwell Figurines be available exclusively from the bury Mint. No figurines will be ilable in even the finest stores. The rent price is guaranteed only for subscriptions entered by April 30, 1984.

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ou can reserve your collection of The Norman Rockwell Figurines by simply mpleting the attached reservation plication. There is no need to send money now. The twelve figurines will issued at the rate of one every two months. You will be billed for each uirine in two convenient monthly installments of only $32.50 each.

Your Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed

Of course, if you receive any figurine you are not completely satisfied with for any reason, you may return it within 30 days for replacement or refund. And you may discontinue your subscription at any time.

Act Promptly to Avoid Disappointment

This is an extraordinary opportunity to open your home to the gentle wisdom, timeless appeal and great artistic skill of America’s best-loved artist. Reserve your collection today!

The Norman Rockwell Figurines

The Danbury Mint
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Please accept my reservation to The Norman Rockwell Figurines. I understand that this is a collection of 12 hand-painted porcelain figurines featuring classic Norman Rockwell paintings from The Saturday Evening Post.

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Figurines shown smaller than actual sizes which range from 5½ to 6½ in height.
Shown above are six of the figurines in this collection in one of the many ways you might display them in your home.
Believe in combining the thirties with a later style—in a store, that is—so I opened Atomic Modern, which deals in forties and fifties, again, designer pieces—mostly based on shape—free-form, amoebic. That store has done in one year what it took me five years to do in Depression Modern. Beats the thirties store in sales every week. The clientele is completely different too. In Depression Modern we get a lot of artists and architects—David Salle, Jennifer Bartlett, once even I.M. Pei, whereas Atomic Modern gets Woody Allen, Lily Tomlin—totally different. Big rock following.

And while he still changes all the material in both stores every week, it consumes too much of his time and energy to undertake those overall productions 52 times a year: nowadays he does only one, his Christmas show, for the whole month of December. He buys the whole year for that one month, amassing enough inventory so he can replace everything that's sold. "Very bad retail, but I do it as a kind of salute to my regular customers. One year the theme was the Trylon and Perisphere from the 1939 World's Fair, nothing but pieces from that exhibition. Another year it was Bakelite jewelry—early plastic—all of it strung in garlands, above the mantel. Another year I did a child's room from the thirties with streamlined toys. That was a hard one to stre-e-etch because it was so popular. The next year I did a show of merchandise from the thirties in the original boxes: cosmetics and Chase housewares. Chase is the chrome I specialize in—Lucia Chase, American Ballet Theater, her family owned a chrome company in the thirties and I owe my store to that company. Very expensive designer coffee and tea sets, cocktail sets—top quality. An entire show of Chase products in their original boxes! And last year was blue mirror, nothing but blue mirror. Blue mirror ornaments on the Christmas tree."

And this year? Michael collapses in gales of laughter. "This year I'm stumped! So I can't tell you. Such a strange way to run a business. One of these days I'm going to get it together. I don't quite know what direction I'm going in. But I do know there's something in me..."
OH, PIONEERS!

While the East still looked to Europe, a quartet of Bay Area designers, circa 1900, created one of America's most original architectural styles

By William H. Jordy

Around the turn of the century, California passed through a magical period both architecturally and culturally. It was, as Richard Longstreth's title suggests, a paradise "on the edge of the world," facing the "other" ocean. Like any respectable Shangri-la, California at that time could be reached only after an exhausting journey and passage across lofty mountains. Several days of railroad travel, even at its grittiest, hardly counted as arduous when measured against the bitter hardships of earlier journeys to California by Conestoga wagon or by ship around the Horn. Even so, a journey by rail from the East to the West Coast toward the end of the nineteenth century involved both a commitment of time and leaving behind what was established.

By 1890 the rough-and-ready provincialism of the pioneering days was passing. San Francisco in particular had its share of second-generation wealth, and was attracting outsiders with money and ambition who came partly for the economic opportunities, but also for the relaxed way of life in such a benign climate and spectacular setting. Those who purveyed culture in San Francisco tended, once there, to loosen the conservative approach to their métier back East under the combined influence of the informality and remoteness of the California situation. This is certainly the case for architecture in the Bay Area at the turn of the century, as Longstreth demonstrates in his thorough, thoughtful, and (for those willing to follow its detail) entertaining appraisal of four architects whose early careers in California constitute the beginnings of high-style professional design in the area.

When Ernest Coxhead, Willis Polk, A.C. (Albert Cicero) Schweinfurth, and Bernard Maybeck arrived in San Francisco between 1889 and 1890, the city showed signs of the rambunctious and slapdash style of builders with little or no architectural training. However much the fancifully carpentered High Victorian and Queen Anne houses, all decked out in circus-wagon colors, squeezed onto San Francisco's narrow hillside sites may appeal to us today, the well-trained architect of the 1890s could only have viewed such parvenu showiness with scorn. Two had attended world-famous schools: Coxhead, the Royal Academy in his native England; Maybeck, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. All except Coxhead had worked in leading New York offices: Maybeck with Carrère & Hastings, one of the leading Beaux-Arts firms in the country; Polk and Schweinfurth with A. Page Brown, who was responsible for bringing the (Continued on page 74)
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BOOKS

(Continued from page 72) McKim Mead & White Renaissance style to San Francisco.

So these men arrived well-versed in the historic styles, as, generally speaking, their American predecessors in the professions were not; but, like their predecessors, they were open to an eclectic approach to the styles. Long-stretch labels them “academic eclectics.”

At the start, they welcomed the modest domestic commissions, calling for simple and experimental design in the wood-and-shingle vernacular of the area. Such houses represented the flurry of concern in California for nature and the natural. Spurred by naturalists like John Muir, the Sierra Club, founded in 1892, entered upon a crusade for the conservation of such wonders as the Yosemite Valley, while the Bohemian Club conducted annual rituals amidst the redwoods, all activities in which the architects variously participated.

Local apostles, close to the artists and architects in the region, proselytized the “natural” home and the “natural” life. Rail and trolley connections in the region were just beginning to connect with ferries on the Bay. Some of the first suburban houses to go up in Marin County on the then near-vacant scenic slopes of Sausalito, Mill Valley, and Belvedere came from this group of architects.

The fervor for rusticity carried into the city itself, where Polk and Coxhead led the way in creating wooden and shingle houses that were fitted to the precipitous slopes and cramped sites of Russian Hill and Pacific Heights. Unlike the formal, rambling Eastern counterparts of McKim, Mead & White in resorts like Newport, these (unless built on flat sites) tended to appear, whether in the city or suburb, as a series of boxed platforms set at different levels along the climb of a central staircase in accord with the topography. Wide doorways and halls opening onto porches or terraces reduced the sense of their tightness.

Rusticity of treatment, however, was no barrier to the eclectic use of Classical detailing. Sometimes it was enlarged, as in Coxhead’s outsized broken front-door entrance pediment (taken straight from Sir Christopher Wren) theatrically set against a cottage.
design in gabled brick in his James Brown--Reginald Smith house. Sometimes, as in certain fireplaces by Polk, large-scale expectations are diminished in actual dimensions in order to increase the apparent size of small spaces. This playful mix of Classical allusion amidst rusticity, and such quirks as Coxhead's clipping a corner from an otherwise symmetrical elevation where it abuts a neighboring house, or Polk's bringing one into a Classical portico at the side and organizing the columns with a progressively diminished interval, strike a current Post Modern chord.

The classical bits, however, also indicated the grander dreams of these designers. They did, in fact, realize few of their larger Renaissance schemes. Polk planned an unsuccessful semicircular plaza lined with columns in the manner of Bernini's for St. Peter's to enclose the front of the Ferry Building; and Coxhead envisioned a scheme, also unbuilt, for a colossal terracing of buildings in his entry in the international competition for a master plan for the University of California that Maybeck managed.

With Phoebe Hearst's backing, Maybeck foresaw the day when the bright Renaissance buildings of the fledgling university would step up the slope of its Berkeley hill on either side of a grand verdant axis. Only a few blocks away, Maybeck had designed a compound of wood and shingle houses which gave ardent support to the "natural life" in the vernacular house.

By 1900, another younger wave of architects from the East was moving into San Francisco, more attuned to big corporate clients and their managers and less concerned with balancing the rustic point of view with (what was after all) the first blush of the grand. Schweinfurth died of pneumonia in 1900. The other three continued working into the twenties and thirties, and Maybeck even later. But Coxhead's retiring nature and increasing conservatism in design apparently circumscribed his career.

The flamboyant, rather brassy, and ambitious Polk pitifully attempted to hitch his falling star to Daniel Burnham's giant Chicago operation by serving as the manager of his West Coast office; but his personal style and lax management doomed the connection. Maybeck, the real star of the group, continued in his bohemian way, with little ambition for professional success, to design many small houses, each different from the other. They continue the early experimental approach of the first wave of professional architects, occasionally interspersed with idiosyncratic gestures toward grandeur, such as his famed Palace of Fine Arts for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and his Christian Science church in Berkeley.

But around 1900 an episode poignant for Bay Area architecture and culture had passed; not, however, without conditioning much of what would be best in the region's future.
A PERSONAL TRADITION

Gloria Vanderbilt layers past and present in her highly evocative penthouse

BY BARBARA LAZEAR ASCHER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

Home is the soul we wrap around ourselves, an outward display of inner selves. Aspirations, affections, quirks and passions, bits and pieces of the past—as it was or as we wished it to be—go on parade within these walls. "All decorating," says Gloria Vanderbilt, "comes out of our deepest feelings about ourselves, about beauty, and about our hopes for ourselves."

In her own New York City apartment it is no accident that she has created the atmosphere of an ancestral dwelling. "It's important to me to feel that home is always going to be here. That it has roots and stability. When you have had as rootless a childhood as I did..." She looks out the window across the East River to the Triborough Bridge and Long Island rolling off in a distant blue haze. Although this is a penthouse high above the ground, it feels firmly rooted. Its occupant is held in place by these walls, by glittering collections, by paintings and collages, by snippets of the past.

The past to which Gloria Vanderbilt is most strongly drawn is the early 1900s when the Bloomsbury set held sway. She experiences an "almost mystical closeness" to Katherine Mansfield—"K.M.,” as she refers to her—and reads "everything I can on that period.” The books of Virginia Woolf, D.H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and the journals and letters of those with whom they consorted fill her bookshelves and tables. Their presence is palpable. "Well, you know they all made fun of her behind her back," she says with such sympathy for Lady Ottoline Morrell that one forgets for a moment that this is not a mutual friend about to be comforted over tea and crumpets. But that is the point. At home it is possible to create one’s own time. A better time.

How Gloria Vanderbilt has constructed her own atmosphere is neither a secret nor readily apparent. She is not prone to probing the creative process. "I don’t think that the artist should analyze that process too much. You should just do it." "Doing it" in this apartment consisted of "surrounding myself with beauty and the things I love.” The result is a celebration of color and texture. "Color inspires me the most in my work. I feel very confident in it.”

Gloria Vanderbilt’s living room glows with a George III mirror, a Louis XVI ormolu and marble French clock bordered with brilliants, rock crystal Russian candelabra, glittering picture frames, and two Victorian night lights in the shape of peacocks. In the foreground are nineteenth-century German standing horn cups, Victorian shells, and American silver vases (Philadelphia 1900) on a coffee table covered with antique Chinese wallpaper.
The living room's lettuce-green walls and deeper green curtains bring the outside in, echoing terrace plantings and the verdant island far below in the East River. For the rest, the room creates its own world with English chintz by Rose Cumming that Gloria Vanderbilt feels gives a room a sense "that it has been there forever." The portrait of Gloria Vanderbilt by Artists Shikla stands behind a romantic roundabout overlaid with a Spanish motif.
She has also confidently indulged her fondness for fantasy. The moment a visitor steps into the Vanderbilt world she is greeted by a welcoming committee of peacocks. Fantailed and lit from within, they conjure visions of Flannery O'Connor's front lawn or the peacock room of Neuschwanstein in Bavaria. These Victorian night lights huddled together on foyer tables are an immediate announcement that one has entered a colorful flight of the imagination.

By day, the river's light is caught by shimmering surfaces—chandeliers, crystal candlesticks, a collection of beaded purses, a gold dressing-table set, amethyst beads hanging from a lampshade, lettuce-green walls glazed "to last forever." They conspire to allow the sun its wild courses through rooms that are more than living space; they are possibility.

"Rooms exist in the world that we don't even know of," she says in a whisper, "and yet someday we may be in those rooms and extraordinary things may happen." She relates this intuition to having first seen the dressing room of this apartment when Lily Pons lived here with André Kostelanetz. "It would have been hard to believe that someday it would be mine. There are rooms like that all over the world, waiting for us."

Although this might sound slightly ethereal, as a businesswoman and designer Gloria Vanderbilt is very much of this world. Her aim is to provide affordable beauty and comfort. What pleases her most about her recent collection of home furnishings designed for J.P. Stevens, which she thinks is "the best commercial work I've ever

A carved-wood chair made in India in the mid nineteenth century, Procession de Fe it Dieu—a painting by Maurice Denis—an eighteenth-century Aubusson rug from Stark, and a pale rose quartz lamp topped by a shade trimmed with amethyst beads enhance the romantic mood of the living room. In front of the terrace door is a Northern Italian Rococo giltwood bergere from the mid eighteenth century.
Above: Behind 1791 George III silver-mounted coconut cups are photographs of Gloria Vanderbilt's sons and late husband, Wyatt Emory Cooper. Above them hangs her painting of a former family retreat. The tea set belonged to Grandmother Morgan, and the Louis XV chairs, opposite, have needlepoint by Aunt Thelma Furness. Painting, Clouds by Gloria Vanderbilt.

The accomplishment delights her, but she insists that home be a retreat from all that. Elsie de Wolfe, that formidable doyenne of interior design and the first woman in America to make it her career, would concur. Her favorite houses were those women had created for themselves alone—Paradiso built by Isabella d'Este following the death of her husband, the Marquise de Rambouillet's retreat from the "hurly-burly of court life."

Femininity was given full reign in those interiors, and the same is true in Gloria Vanderbilt's apartment high above the hurly-burly of Manhattan. There is not a gray or brown in sight. Rather, these rooms speak of a woman who says of herself, "My whole psyche is very feminine."

"I am what is around me," Wallace Stevens wrote in his poem, "Theory," and added, "Women understand this." Women also understand that they can become what is around them; that "home" is not only our autobiography, but an opportunity to rewrite that autobiography. What Gloria Vanderbilt has created is a sense of stability; she has exorcised all ghosts of a rootless past.

In 1955 she published a collection of poems, one of which promises "I will show you a garden like you never saw/Build castles for you that waves will ignore...." That is what she has done in this apartment that sits as steady as a lightship above the waves of the East River. Editor: Jacqueline Gourret
An "incredible dream" of a dressing room is flooded with light reflected from the terrace garden by a mirrored wall and a twenties Tiffany gold dressing table set. The Portuguese metal-and-porcelain flower arrangements date from 1752. Opposite: In a photograph by Horst, Gloria Vanderbilt stands beside the bed, which in this photograph she has draped with a Spanish shawl and antique laces from her collection.
Gloria Vanderbilt feels that "the bedroom is the woman's space, and she can make that as feminine as she wants." Here that effect is enhanced by elaborate curtiing of the canopy bed, which is covered with a silk embroidered spread depicting an Arabic poem. The rug is French needlepoint. Wallcovering is by Rose Cummings.
Opposite: The square foyer with ziggurat-domed ceiling and plaster surfaces in a stony finish (detail, above) has the look of an archaic volume carved out of solid rock. Translucent door of sanded plexiglass leads to the salon. It pivots 180 degrees on a handsome visible hinge. At right, black-lacquered front door.

ANCIENT ECHOES

Architects Patrick Elie Naggar and Dominique Lachevsky create a new mood in the Paris apartment of an art-collecting couple

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND
Ten years ago, architects Patrick Naggar and Dominique Lachevsky designed an apartment in a suite of early-nineteenth-century rooms on the Place Vendôme. It was, in Patrick Naggar's words, "a space for the seventies, very modern, with one large living-dining area." A decade passed and the clients returned to the designers for something different in the same space: rooms more traditional in function and detail, yet clearly contemporary, rooms that would continue to work as a background for their art collection.

Naggar and Lachevsky built the couple the equivalent of a new house except for the outside walls. They gutted the entire space and created a classically symmetrical plan. From a square, domed central foyer, identical galleries now extend on two sides leading to the rooms. Although they live in Paris, the art collectors have an Italianate spatial arrangement, room forms and surfaces that evoke the ancient worlds of Babylonia and Egypt, idiosyncratic furniture designed for these rooms only, and ceilings that match the walls—"something few Frenchmen can conceive of," according to Patrick Naggar.

By Elaine Greene
Salon walls and ceiling, like the others, have been painted, distressed, varnished, and waxed to resemble masonry. Fixed brass strips punctuate upper wall, serve as picture moldings. A Dubuffet painting hangs over sofa; a Poliakoff near piano. In foreground: Cambodian rain drum used as a table; Eileen Gray’s Transat chair by Ecart.

Overleaf, left: In the bedroom, a nineteenth-century Pompeian-style table; Mediterranean interior shutters of bleached oak painted with blurred lines reminiscent of Egyptian wall art.

Overleaf, right: A terra-cotta sleeping figure by Georges Jeanclos in the dining-room window.
Two sets of translucent interior doors of sanded plexiglass, which flatten against their half-meter-thick reveals, lead to the dining room. Walls and ceiling are a faded Pompeian red. Shade of a fine silk satin was chosen to contrast with the architectural solidity. Chairs are nineteenth-century Chinese. Painting is an early Matta. Table, wood with a trompe-l'œil stone finish on gesso, is a Naggar Lachovsky design. Patrick Naggar has recently moved his office to Didier Aaron in New York.
To the south of Puerto Vallarta, the Sierra Madre slices impressively into the Pacific. The steep mountains are lush and green at this time of the year, alive with wild hibiscus and jungle sounds. On the open sea at the foot of these slopes, where at times a narrow beach flirts with a man's imagination, an open, outboard-powered launch of a type common in these parts beats against ten-foot swells rolling in from Asia.
Some thirty minutes from the beach where the coast road thrusts itself inland and over the mountains, a cove appears. At its center, majestic, a species of banyan reigns. Then, a thatched hut, some houses, and the surf playing on the rocks. There are no roads. The sea is the only way to get here.

On the shore, like a great oak, John Huston welcomes you to his home. Hoary, venerable, yet so simple in his white cotton clothes and bare feet and the beard that reminds you of Noah, graciously benevolent to the lesser beasts. There is the mythic to the man. At 77, a classic of the American film, Huston is larger than the normal run, with something of the mischievous Irish that is his descent: “that bloody awful breed...the most impossible people,” he says.

He has been the lord of Las Caletas—“the whole little cove, one thousand feet of oceanfront, and back for about four hundred feet”—since 1975, years after he brought fame and many subsequent tourists to this once tiny fishing village of Puerto Vallarta by shooting *The Night of the Iguana* here, and even more years after he first visited this coast to write a film script. “I can’t even remember what script, it was so long ago...” he says. There were only 2,500 people then, Huston likes to point out, compared to today’s 90,000.

In those days Huston was Master of the Hunt and squire at his country estate of St. Clerans, in County Galway, Ireland, to which he had repaired following his disillusionment with the United States at the time of McCarthy and the House Un-American Activities Committee’s trials. “I gave up on the United States when Eisenhower shook hands with the man who called George C. Marshall a communist and a traitor to his country,” he explains. “I said to myself, ‘That’s enough. I don’t want to...”
Huston's bedroom epitomizes the airy simplicity of L.A. life. A white canvas curtain tumbles into an equipal chair; blue sailcloth is hung over the open windows from the outside. Bed is in the center of the room.
of Americans of my generation was they thought of themselves as tough individualists capable of laying down their own code of behavior and following it. It was all the sadder, then, when we saw them toe the line and put their tails between their legs.”

Huston, who was born in the Midwest to the distinguished actor Walter Huston, took up Irish citizenship partway through his more than fifteen years at St. Clerans. He lived an aristocratic life there, pursuing his passions for collecting art and fine wines, breeding horses, and running after foxes three times a week, when he wasn’t off in some exotic location working.

“When I left St. Clerans, I decided to close out that department of my life, along with the horses,” he explains. “That world was coming to an end, you see. And here is no place to bring Monets. So I decided to get back to the fundamentals and live as simply as I could. And this is as simple as I can possibly live.”

Simple, indeed. There is no dock to tie up to; the landing operation is “basic,” as he says. As the motor keeps the stern to sea and the bow caresses the sand, the incoming swells pitching the launch like a seesaw all the while, the visitor, shoes off and pants rolled up, leaps. Once ashore, past the pebble beach, past the great banyan, along the brick path by the thatched hut and the parabolic satellite antenna (a unique concession to that other world of the news and the late show), the visitor joins a junction of paths leading off to several buildings, which are actually screened-in pavilions that comfortably, airily house Huston’s studio and bedroom (to the right), the kitchen and living room (straight ahead), and various guest quarters (to the left and up the hill).

He loves his friends and guests as much as he cherishes his privacy and peace. “The buildings are scattered about because when you have guests, which I do a lot, it is important not to be seeing each other too much. There is nothing I find more of a chore than being a guest, going around having to be polite to your host, putting in appearances at designated times, and so on... it’s a bore! And it takes the pleasure out of a visit. So I see as little as possible (Text continued on page 176)
Top: John Huston on the beach at Las Caletas. Above: The kitchen, living area, and dining area are all in one bungalow. Because it's a twenty-minute open-boat ride to the nearest market, the kitchen is always well-stocked with staples. The Filipino cook turns out a lot of Oriental food, Huston's favorite.

Top: In another view of Huston's studio can be seen the table where he plays guests at backgammon. Behind is a caged squirrel, one of several wild pets at Las Caletas. Above: Triangular tables in the living area were designed by Huston and built of parota wood. Sculpture in foreground by Ramis Barquet. Shell painting in shelves at right by Huston friend Cathy von Rohr. Left: Native rustic furniture outside the guest cottage. Overleaf, left: Dining table of parota wood was designed by Huston. Overleaf, right: A hibiscus flower in Huston's studio.
HOUSE
OF THE FOUR
ELEMENTS

Brian Alfred Murphy
designs a supremely simple
hideaway for fashion
photographer Philip Dixon

BY HEATHER SMITH MAC ISAAC
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

Left: The fireplace, set adrift by its flush
placement in a frosted-glass section
of the stud wall and crowned by a translucent
slab of rough onyx, is the centerpiece of the living room.
“Stud wall” coffee table, oversized
pillows, and a single chair out of sight are the
only other furnishings. Above: Chimney
and box of fireplace are removed
to the exterior, where they form simple sculpture.
Fashion and glamour go hand in hand. For a fashion photographer, the glamour is accompanied by long and erratic hours with all-too-colorful people in all-too-exotic settings. What better place, then, for Philip Dixon to come home to than the serene and supremely simple hideaway in Venice, California, shaped for him from a run-down house and adjoining grocery store by designer and contractor Brian Alfred Murphy of BAM Construction/Design.

Dixon found in Murphy a designer whose self-described image is new and clean; Murphy discovered in Dixon "a client who was willing to roll the dice"—not that Murphy had anything gimmicky in mind, just a blending of a little innovative engineering with basic and inexpensive materials, concrete in particular. Dixon concurred, adding only a predilection for rocks.

Murphy's design is as fundamental and pure as nature's four elements: earth, fire, water, and air (here let air equal light). Earth enters the two main areas, living and sleeping, as the concrete hearths and the curb of the bed, as the concrete cylinders and kiln bricks of the dining-table base, as the sensuous rocks placed with an almost Oriental studiousness in the tub and near the fire, and most spectacularly as the translucent piece of onyx crowning the fireplace. Fire is the focus of the living area, where fireplace as traditional solid hub of the house gives way to fireplace as void floating in a wide mantel-piece of light. In the bedroom, water is the magnetic element and a glass-block tub the focal point, again infused with light from a window that is an extension of one of the tub's walls. Throughout, although there are no conventional opening windows for reasons of security, the sun floods in via baffled skylights of wire glass, bringing to light a bare, beautiful, and rejuvenating environment.

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

Opposite: Screen walls and tension cables secured by turnbuckles give dimension and support to the open living area. Paintings by Pat Patterson. Right: The owner's fondness for stone extends to the bathtub, where a few movable rocks counter the rigidity of the glass block.
Minimal decoration of the bedroom belies its formality and structural sophistication. A concrete curbed bed and glass-block window of equal dimensions establish an axis on which the baffled skylights, tub, and closets are also symmetrically arranged. Exterior flying buttresses allow for the uninterrupted expanse of the gabled space.
Among the houses on historic Duke of Gloucester Street in Colonial Williamsburg stands a private residence where Col. Miodrag Blagojevich and his wife, Elizabeth, live with part of their collection of furnishings from America's first century of settlement. Friends say that the thrill of being among these pieces of great age, extreme rarity, and highest quality never palls; one man calls them "presences." And new visitors who had always pictured our first settlers in tall hats and gloomy rooms come away with minds opened and imaginations stirred.

Col. Blagojevich (pronounced blago-yay-vitch) came to the United States in 1942 as a Yugoslav air force colonel and military attaché in Washington. Unsympathetic to Marshal Tito's post-war government, the colonel remained here. He married the former Elizabeth Ridgely of Washington, whose family settled in Maryland around 1650, and the couple restored a derelict seventeenth-century manor house in Maryland.

They sought the help of architectural, archaeological, and landscape experts from Colonial Williamsburg, beginning a long and mutually beneficial connection that culminated with the 1976 gift to the institution of a large portion of the Blagojeviches' collection of seventeenth-century and William and Mary furniture of the mid-Atlantic coast of America. Colonial Williamsburg rents the donors their present home, the reconstructed circa-1718 Pitt-Dixon House.

The couple had originally decorated the Maryland house with American eighteenth-century furniture and some English Jacobean pieces, but they soon felt a strong pull in another direction. The house seemed to them to demand

*Preceding pages: Three variations of the Spanish foot reflect the Continental influence on American furniture of the William and Mary style. *Left: In the William and Mary parlor, a walnut Boston wing chair, ca. 1710, one of perhaps six similar pieces known; a very rare and unusually early Southern piece, the Virginia black-walnut tea table, ca. 1710; a banister-back walnut armchair, Philadelphia, ca. 1710, considered the best in existence; a walnut desk-on-frame, ca. 1720, another early Pennsylvania piece.*
The press cupboard of oak, pine, and maple with turned pillars and applied bosses and spindles on its architectural façade is attributed to John Taylor of Cambridge, Massachusetts, "College Joyner" for Harvard, ca. 1638-82. It bears traces of original red and black paint.

Opposite: A detail of a late-seventeenth-century English beadwork picture of Charles I and his queen, Henrietta Maria, with two courtiers. Like stumpwork, beadwork was done at home, presumably by women, but was based on drawings sold by professionals either as kits or embroidery books.
American contemporaneous furniture, and they accepted the challenge—becoming collecting pioneers.

It was hard work, however joyful, to build the collection, even during the fifties when the period was generally ignored. To begin with, the population in the first century of American settlement was small. Although the stalwart English merchant and yeoman families who emigrated to the mid-Atlantic coast brought skilled workers and tools to replicate their lives in England, numerically not much furniture was made. Then most of this small supply was lost, through the centuries, to fire, war, wood-eating insects, neglect, and ignorance. Only with the publication of Irving W. Lyon's *The Colonial Furniture of New England* in 1891 did the ignorance begin to lift as Americans with family antiques realized that they owned pieces made on this side of the Atlantic; in the mid-nineteenth century it was believed that everything fine had come from England.

In fact, most Americans still think the early colonials were "ignorant, bigoted, entrapped in a crude frontier environment, sexually repressed, drab...[and] deprived of the artistic delights..." So says Jonathan L. Fairbanks, American Decorative Arts Curator at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, in his introduction to the catalogue for that museum's important 1982 exhibition "New England Begins: The Seventeenth Century." Fairbanks continues: "Just the reverse was generally the case... The settlers transferred their entire culture to the New World, maintained strong ties with England... and enjoyed a complex geometric, artificial, and colorful artistic style now called Mannerism."

In the same catalogue Robert F. Trent, Curator of Exhibitions and Education at The Connecticut Historical Society in Hartford, traces the heavy ornament and exaggerated proportions of Anglo-Netherlandic Mannerism back to the Italian courtly style of the sixteenth century, which reached northern Europe and underwent a "bourgeoisification" as the century progressed. This modified mode came to America in the seventeenth century and flourished until the next. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685, thus ending religious freedom (Text continued on page 184).
ALL ABOUT EAMES

Their 1949 house in Santa Monica, put together from prefab parts by Ray and Charles Eames, is now historic High Tech

BY DORIS SAATCHI   PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES
Thirty-five years ago, Ray and Charles Eames built a house on a cliff above the Pacific Ocean in Southern California. Originally designed as an experiment in low-cost housing, one of the Case Study houses sponsored by a West Coast magazine, it finished up as the Eameses’ own home and alternative office, a living area, courtyard, and studio complex with a structure so simple that it took just one-and-a-half days to erect.

Almost immediately it became an international architectural landmark, one of the first houses in the steel-and-glass construction style that was widespread in the fifties in America, particularly on the West Coast. Since Charles Eames’s death in 1978, it has also assumed the status of a monument, commemorating one of America’s most innovative and internationally admired architects and designers.

Ray Eames lives and works in her famous house, known throughout the world simply as the Eames House, with undiminished enthusiasm for its construction and design. In fact, the steel decking, webbed steel joists, factory sash windows, and all the other materials and fittings, which at the time had never been used for domestic building, are today accepted features of a distinct style of architecture. There have been a few necessary changes, such as a new roof. But basically the house and its setting are much the same as they were three decades ago.

From a gravel drive a rough plank path leads to a long-grass meadow canopied by branches of eucalyptus trees so it resembles an enormous silver and green room with a leaf-framed view of the sea at one end. The house was originally designed as a bridge over the meadow but Eames decided to preserve the site as much as possible and placed it up against the hillside. Connected to each other across a courtyard by an invisible grid of measurements are two boxlike structures formed by glass and stucco panels held airily in place by what designer Edgar Kaufmann once called a “gray web of steel.”

Some of the panels are painted in bright, primary colors and two small panels over the entrance to the house are gold, elements that give this assembly of components from an industrial catalogue an air of playfulness characteristic of most Eames designs and one of the reasons for their popularity. For Ray and Charles Eames, work was simply a difficult form of play.

Another characteristic of the Eameses’ work, whether they were making buildings, furniture, a film, or a plan for exhibition, is an intense awareness of the natural world. In their house, that awareness has turned a tech-
nological tour de force into a surprisingly romantic space filled with the glow of honey-colored light reflected from the primavera wood paneling on the living-room walls, pale leaf-shaped shadows, the sky blues and earth browns of Navaho, Chinese, and Berber rugs, and apparently artless bunches of freshly picked flowers. In the living room, the delicate skeleton of a dried plant from the California desert hangs by a slender thread where it was suspended many years ago from the twenty-foot ceiling. Just inside the front door, the individual treads of a spiral staircase curve up to the sleeping area on the mezzanine like segments of a fat pine cone.

The Eameses’ interest in objects and data of every type and culture is evident. There are books on Henry Moore, Giacometti, the philosophies of India, shells, and space technology. There is a collection of Japanese combs, each one designed for a specific function in the complicated process of the traditional and highly stylized female Japanese coiffure. There are Chinese paper globe lanterns, a brightly painted Indian child’s chair, an Indonesian wooden bell. These accumulations reflect, beyond interest, what an observer has called a “delight in ordinary objects,” which in turn reflects an attention to the details of ordinary life. Combined with the Eameses’ interest in technological processes, it produced a unique approach to design problems from the beginning.

The Eameses had a way of seeing in sections, working from the part to the whole, from the particular to the general a step at a time. Charles Eames’s interest in process developed early in his life when he taught himself to take pictures by using his father’s antiquated photographic equipment. His fascination with process continued ever after, resulting in a technique for molding plywood into a new kind of leg splint used during World War II, and eventually into the chairs and tables that helped make him famous. The intense combinations of color and pattern in the house are an expression in part of Ray Eames’s talent as a colorist, developed while she was one of Hans Hofmann’s painting students. A small bright abstract canvas, one of her own paintings and the only one she still has, hangs in the stairwell. However, she makes no distinction between an oil-on-canvas painting and a sumptuous arrangement of breakfast makings on the kitchen table. Everywhere there are delightful combinations of objects that would look “set” elsewhere, but here seem to have happened without anyone apparently giving it a thought. A white Formica tray on the living-room floor holds a crystal candelabrum as if in preparation for a nighttime indoor picnic. A smoothly rounded American Indian clay jug nestles in a bristly rope coil that keeps it upright and protects it from breaking. A cartwheel hat made of creamy straw rests lightly on a pile of thick striped blankets. Both Ray and Charles Eames have in fact given every detail in the house attention and thought. “The details are not details,” Charles Eames said. “They make the product. It will in the end be these details that give the product its life.”

Such attention to detail is exhausting, requiring tight control over every project from beginning to end for a successful result. After designing just two houses besides his own and a showroom for Herman Miller furniture, Charles Eames gave up designing buildings altogether because, as Ray Eames puts it, “There were so many chances for something to...” (Text continued on page 200)
SAILING AWAY WITH LÉGER

The renowned artist’s unpublished watercolors of his Mediterranean cruise with the legendary Murphys, along with photographs from the family’s private collection

BY NAOMI BARRY
The Weatherbird was a 114-foot black-hulled schooner built for Sara and Gerald Murphy. Her home port was Antibes but she flew the American flag from her stern and the pavillon particulier that fluttered from the top masthead was a genuine Gerald Murphy. Against a hard yellow background, he had painted an abstract of a huge staring human eye, which seemed to blink in the wind.

"I like your drawing," Picasso told Gerald when he saw the Weatherbird's private flag.

It was that optimistic era between two wars which Zelda Fitzgerald in a letter to the Murphys described as "those tragically ecstatic years when the pockets of the world were filled with pleasant surprizes and people still thought of life in terms of their right to a good time."

Sara later talking of the Murphys'
“Look what beautiful things the sailors do with the rope!” wrote Sara Murphy on board.
own "tragically ecstatic years" in Paris and in Antibes during the twenties and thirties said, "We thought of everybody having a good time everywhere... even if they lived on Coney Island or in Scarsdale or wherever."

Life aboard the Murphys' pleasure boat was gentle, loving, and innocent fun... a floating extension of home for family and friends to enjoy sun, sea, enchanting ports, and each other.

In the summer of 1934, the family's friend Fernand Léger took a cruise on the Weatherbird. Gerald regarded Léger as "apostle, mentor, teacher." The robust Norman admired the elegant young American in return. Gerald's first exhibited painting at the 1923 Salon des Independents in Paris, a boldly constructed large canvas entitled Razor (now in the Dallas Museum of Art), had elicited from Léger the praise that Murphy was the only American painter demonstrating a graphic response to the new postwar painting in France.

Not long ago, the Murphys' daughter Honoria Donnelly took from a bureau drawer a sketchbook. The unsuspected pad of 24 watercolors—landscapes, portraits, and still-life compositions—was Fernand Léger's memento of his trip with the Murphys on the Weatherbird.

"Fanny, why don't you wear polish on your toenails?" asked Fernand Léger.

"Because I'm not allowed," answered the thirteen-year-old naiad who was five feet, eleven inches tall out of the water with legs to infinity.

"I could paint you each toe a different color. Think how pretty that would be."

Fanny winkled her toes and repeated politely, "I'm not allowed. They won't let me smoke either. I can drink though. Gerald always gives me a Cinzano with a twist of lemon. He treats me as if I were about thirty. No wonder we all adore him."

So Léger went on sketching ropes while Fanny Myers, aged thirteen, and her best friend, Honoria Murphy, sat down on deck with a pile of movie magazines and made color pencil portraits of Dorothy Lamour, Merle Oberon, Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn, and Michèle Morgan. They then each wrote a letter to Charles Farrell asking for his autograph. Spying handsome young men on a passing schooner, they threw them cigarettes.

Giggling, the youthful beauties retreated into the safety nets that hung below the bowsprit. The nets were to catch any sailor who might fall from the rigging, but on the Weatherbird they were everybody's favorite hammock, cradling a curled-up body deliciously close to the waves. An hour in the nets rated as the supreme in "fooling around."

From the cabin salon floated the sensuous sounds of Debussy's La Cathédrale Engloutie. The Weatherbird sailed in a cloud of music. Even her name was a song. Sara Murphy loved it, and a record of Louis Armstrong playing "Weatherbird" had been sealed in the ship's keel for good luck.

Whoever traveled was... (Text continued on page 186)
On the deck of the Weatherbird, Ellen Barry, Sara Murphy, Philip Barry (author of The Philadelphia Story), and Gerald Murphy “fool around.” Inset opposite: An unknown woman. Inset this page: Léger’s New Year’s greeting to the Murphys.
Of all the older and established native gardens of Australia, Milton Park probably has no peer. A garden that appears to defy the harsh and unpredictable climate of the country, it is little different from any large garden that you might expect to find on the South Downs of Sussex in England.
My first visit to Milton Park, a garden that has been miraculously (or, if the truth must be known, by virtue of great skill and dedication) transplanted to a rural setting in New South Wales, was in the spring of 1978 shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu had inherited it. I had long heard of this garden, not only in Australia but in England, where it is also well-known, and so was delighted when Edwina Baillieu invited me to come and see it in the month of October at the height of the Australian spring.

I was driving from Canberra to Sydney, a journey of some two hundred miles, and Milton Park, just outside the town of Bowral, is about halfway between them. It is not unusual for the temperatures to already be high at this time of year, and the afternoon of my visit was no exception. Mile after mile of dazzling midday sunshine reflected off the road and stupefied the senses.

No greater welcome is possible to a country house in Australia than to pass from the seeming infinity of the harsh landscape into a narrow tunnel of green and then to emerge a few minutes later—as if by magic transformation like Alice following the white rabbit down the burrow—into a private domain of shade and the sound of falling water.

Milton Park is, for all that, no different from the great thirteenth-century Moorish paradise garden of the Alhambra which the weary traveler, having crossed miles of arid Andalusia, reaches by way of the same kind of steep, tree-lined avenue. Unlike the Alhambra, however, Milton Park is not a series of formal enclosures each of which gives a tantalizing glimpse of the outside world. Rather, it is in the tradition of the informal English park of the Victorian era that in its own and perhaps less obvious way—almost as if by circumlocution—catches the visitor up in its world and finally rewards him with views across a valley to the surrounding hills.

In 1910 Edwina Baillieu's father, Anthony Hordern, then only 22, bought the 1200-acre property known as Mansfield's Farm and renamed it after the town of Milton, on the south coast of New South Wales, which had been founded by his grandfather. With the help of a very young gardener called Les Fahey, he began by planting massive windbreaks against the devastating westerly
winds that blow in from the Outback. The trees he chose are native to the Monterey Peninsula in California and grow very quickly in Australia: *Pinus radiata*, the Monterey pine, and *Cupressus macrocarpa*, the Monterey cypress. Anthony Hordern designed a formal garden with a rectilinear pattern of hedges and flower beds in front of the house. It remained this way until the early thirties when his wife opened up vistas through the trees and redesigned the garden beds in the shape of sweeping curves. Before making a final decision on the shape of these curves, she would lay down a garden hose along the proposed edge of the bed and then alter its position until she felt that the line was right. Plants were moved in full bloom and juggled about—before being replanted—until Mary Hordern was satisfied that the color of their flowers, their shapes, and the texture of their leaves all worked perfectly. Talking of her mother, Edwina Baillieu attributes much of the present layout of the garden to her mother’s "uncanny eye for color, and also her great sense of style and design."

Walking from one part of the garden to another, you find that your field of vision is constantly having tricks played upon it; perhaps by being constricted along, let’s say, the length of a charmingly informal wisteria pergola, or through the more formal aperture of a sandstone arch, only to be opened a few seconds later by the view of a broad lawn surrounded by large elms and beeches, or maybe something as unexpected as a heath garden of broom and heather.

As your walk continues you find yourself exclaiming, "But who would have thought that these plants could grow in New South Wales?" For not only are there heathers and brooms, a rose garden with clipped English box topiary of birds and animals, but there are also spectacular slopes covered in rhododendrons and azaleas, fields of bluebells mixed with... (Text continued on page 190)
Frank Gehry transforms a warehouse into a spectacular art gallery and a vital new force in the cultural life of L.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANT MUDFORD

Johnny-come-lately among large American cities in its public commitment to modern art, Los Angeles now takes a giant step forward with the opening of the Temporary Contemporary, the interim home of its new Museum of Contemporary Art. Designed by Frank Gehry, the maverick architect best known for his powerful handling of low-cost industrial materials, this remodeled structure in L.A.'s Little Tokyo began as a warehouse that looked quite a bit like a Gehry building before he ever laid hands on it. The simple but imaginative alterations by America's most consistently original avant-garde architect have resulted in a building that is both a professional triumph and a personal vindication: Gehry had been eliminated from consideration for the commission for the permanent museum because it was feared that a local architect would signify a provincial effort. Japanese architect Arata Isozaki won the job instead, but his controversy-ridden scheme has led some observers to predict that the Temporary Contemporary might in the end turn out to be for keeps. □ By Martin Filler

Left: Exposed structural members give the interiors a strongly sculptural feeling. Above: At the entrance, a cube of Gehry's signature material, chain-link fencing.
DONE WITH MIRRORS

Interior architect Thomas Moore remolds a narrow city house

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

Few modern town houses can boast of raffish activity on the dining-room ceiling. But the Chicago lawyer who bought muralist Frank V. Hoffman's house and studio sees his mural as a unique bonus and wouldn't dream of touching it. Though its Baroque flavor was definitely not duplicated in the decorating, the pastel tones did inspire the colors in a few of the rooms.

The remodeling of the town house was a joint project for the owner and his cousin, New York interior architect Thomas L. Moore. They first set out to get more natural light in the house and make it appear broader than its twenty-foot width. This was done by using mirrors, taking down several walls, and adding windows to the rear of the house. Furniture was kept on a small scale—though never too small to sacrifice comfort—with Louis XVI-style chairs, a custom-made banquette in polished cotton, and a Chinese lacquer table in the living room.

The owner's eclectic likes have been brought together to create a "lived-in, warm feeling" and range from Oriental art to antiques of several periods. There is also a large indoor "window box" looking down on the dining room, which adds an appropriate touch of exotica to the mural above it all.

An early-nineteenth-century Japanese screen done in the seventeenth-century bridge design covers two of the living-room walls; the rest are mirrored. Late Regency candelabra and Queen Anne mirror accent the Victorian mantelpiece. Coffee tables on antique Chinese rug are turned-over glass beakers.
Above: Frank Hoffman’s mural, painted in 1941. Below: The master bedroom, which runs the length of the house, is the owner’s favorite sitting area. The black-brown walls were inspired by the Chinese-style eighteenth-century English leather screen and the teak chest on the left wall. Room has Berber carpeting; bed is covered in raw silk. Opposite: A dracaena stretches from the black-and-white marble floor to Hoffman’s ceiling mural. English Regency chairs surround the dining-room table. Balcony greenery is also the rear of the second-floor living room.
SCHINKEL
THE RESTLESS ROMANTIC

BY MARTIN FILLER    PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING

Architect, interior decorator, painter, and designer of furniture, objects, and stage sets, Karl Friedrich Schinkel was the prolific protean genius of Prussia. Now, the restoration of his long-neglected works in and around Berlin reconfirms him as an artist of the first rank and the greatest architect of his time.
Opposite: The Kent Room in Schloss Charlottenhof, dressed in blue and white striped linen. The walls and ceiling are covered in matching paper.
Above: Franz Louis Catel's watercolor of Schinkel in Naples, an archetypal Romantic locale. Painted in October 1824 during Schinkel’s second Italian sojourn, it portrays him surrounded by Classical antiquities, with the island of Capri visible to the south through the open window. Commissioned by the sitter, it was intended by him as a Christmas gift for his wife, Susanne. Opposite: A color lithograph of the grandiose reception hall of Schinkel’s unexecuted 1834 project for a palace on top of the Acropolis in Athens for King Otto I of the Hellenes, the Bavarian-born prince who was placed on the newly established Greek throne in 1829.

When Philip Johnson once flippantly declared that Frank Lloyd Wright was “the greatest architect of the nineteenth century,” he was slighting not only one of the true giants of the twentieth century, but also the man whom Johnson actually believes to be the leading figure in architecture before Modernism: the nineteenth-century polymath Karl Friedrich Schinkel. More than fifty years have passed since Johnson first saw the works of Schinkel in and around Berlin and 25 since he began to proselytize among his colleagues on behalf of the great Prussian Neoclassicist. Today Schinkel no longer needs promotion: he is accepted without question by a younger generation of architects as a major source of inspiration, perhaps more influential than the founders of the Modern Movement. The splendid Exedra Books reprint of Schinkel’s collected works—which were limited in surpassingly elegant engravings executed under his perfectionist supervision—is now a basic reference for designers and historians alike. The recently completed restoration of several of his most important buildings (the best of which are now in East Germany) has sent a small but steady stream of architectural cognoscenti on a demanding but ultimately rewarding pilgrimage. And the bicentennial of Schinkel’s birth three years ago launched no fewer than three major exhibitions of his prodigious achievements and a slew of publications that have further reinforced his stature.

Not that it was ever questioned in Germany: Schinkel has always been appreciated as that country’s most important architect of the nineteenth century. Others disre-
The vestibule at Schloss Charlottenhof was initially designed by Schinkel from 1826-29 in a relatively simple Neoclassical manner, but was greatly embellished from 1839-43 with new Schinkel designs at the order of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm. The richly ornamented bronze fountain was installed in 1843, two years after the architect’s death. The two roundels set into the balustrade, *Aurora*, left, and *Luna*, right, are plaster casts of a pair of bas-reliefs by the great Danish Neoclassical sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen. Between them is a three-legged, marble-topped table by Schinkel. 1839. He designed the painted frieze of winged geniuses a dozen years earlier. Hovering in midair is a chandelier in the form of a torch-bearing winged genius by Friedrich Drake.
Above: The park surrounding Schloss Charlottenhof (visible in the distance at right) was laid out by the landscape architect Peter Joseph Lenne in 1825 and is one of the great masterpieces of late Romantic garden design. Opposite: The writing room of Crown Princess Elisabeth at Schloss Charlottenhof is among Schinkel's most ravishing achievements as an interior decorator, and its scheme of rose, moss green, and silver epitomizes his innate gift as a colorist of great subtlety and high sophistication. The silvered wood desk was also designed by Schinkel: the painted panels of dancing women are copies of Pompeian originals.

Karl Friedrich Schinkel's early life established his loving view of the world with a firmness that later tragedy and adversity would not diminish. He was born in 1781 in the city of Neuruppin, some seventeen miles northwest of Berlin. He was the son and grandson of Evangelical ministers but was not raised in an atmosphere of Bermanesque denial, and the Schinkel home was well acquainted with music, literature, and art. The family's second of five children showed unusual talents from an early age and was encouraged in his artistic interests by his parents. When Karl Friedrich was six, his father died, and the widow Schinkel and her children eventually...
The conjugal bedroom as *bürgerlich* heaven: the sleeping chamber of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and Crown Princess Elisabeth at Schloss Charlottenhof is virtually indistinguishable from that of a wealthy merchant; it was highly unusual for royalty at that time to occupy the same bedroom. The double bed is flanked by gilded wooden Empire candelabra refitted to support the emerald-green silk bed curtain. On the wall behind the bed is a sepia drawing by Johann Heusinger after Raphael's *Transfiguration*. The mirrored doors lead to the Crown Prince's study, the walls of which are papered in the same apple green as the bedroom. Reflected in the right door is the Crown Princess's elaborately inlaid sewing table.
moved to Berlin; her son attended school there until the age of sixteen, when he decided to become an architect.

The young Schinkel had picked a most fortunate time and place to commence his chosen career. Berlin was then one of the great world centers of the Neoclassical movement and at the height of a glorious, if brief, period of architectural inspiration and opportunity. In 1798 Schinkel was apprenticed to David Gilly, who ran Berlin’s best architecture studio. For all his respect for Classicism, Gilly was a deeply pragmatic professional, and he passed on to Schinkel his essential credo of three basic principles: economy, practicality, and simplicity. These were to serve the young architect in very good stead throughout his career, especially during its early phase.

If the decade before the turn of the century had been a golden age for architectural education, then for architectural practice the years after 1800 were particularly inauspicious. For the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century Europe was wracked by the Napoleonic Wars, and architecture—the art form most dependent on financial prosperity and political stability—was one of its major casualties. Thus Schinkel was almost thirty by the time he finally got the opportunity to practice architecture. Meanwhile, he eagerly sought alternative outlets for his talent and ambition. He designed china for Berlin’s Königliche Porzellan Manufaktur (Royal Porcelain Factory) and produced furniture in the new Empire mode, which was welcomed with far more enthusiasm in Prussia than the advent of that style’s chief instigator, Napoleon. With the money he carefully set aside from his design commissions, Schinkel in 1803 began a two-year Grand Tour of Austria, Italy, and France that culminated in the most important destination for the Romantic artist: Rome. With barely contained rapture Schinkel later reported, “I consider the day I entered Rome as my second day of birth, as true revelation, the beginning of a new life.” Schinkel arrived back in Berlin in 1805, a year and a half before Napoleon, who took the captured Prussian capital after his victory at Jena.

The years of the French occupation saw Schinkel’s earlier means of livelihood even further reduced, and he turned toward painting as his main occupation. Schinkel developed into a more than competent landscape artist, producing works rather (Text continued on page 172)
The Garden Salon of the Summer House at Charlottenburg was created by Schinkel at the height of his infatuation with Classical antiquity. Designed in 1824-25 just after his return from Italy, this jewellike structure was intended to recall the Villa Reale Chiatamone near Naples, where King Friedrich Wilhelm III had stayed in 1822. The curving settee copies an ancient Roman exedra found at Pompeii. Marble wall paneling, marble busts of King Friedrich Wilhelm III, left, and Queen Luise, right, and Classically inspired furniture and marble vases add to the antiquarian atmosphere. The tripod table in front of the settee is attributed to Schinkel; its painted porcelain top can be seen on page 156.
Hung the walls with gauzy white muslin, through which pink wallpaper cast a flattering glow. The furniture, also by Schinkel, was sparse but unquestionably chic, based on the latest Parisian mode. Schinkel also kept in mind that the queen’s husband was the parsimonious Friedrich Wilhelm III and accordingly provided a relatively low-cost scheme, abiding by the king’s ironclad rule: je schlichter und einfacher desto besser (“The plainer and simpler the better”). Yet so adept was Schinkel that in his hands cotton became far more elegant than silk, native pearwood far more alluring than imported mahogany or rosewood.

The queen’s tragic early death just months later did not mean the end of Schinkel’s royal patronage, for earlier in 1810 he had been appointed as a supervisory architect in the Prussian civil town palaces for the princes in Berlin, Schinkel transformed the royal precincts on the banks of the Havel River and around the palace of Sanssouci at Potsdam into a Romantic dreamland without equal anywhere on the continent or in England. For Prince Karl he built Schloss Gleneicke, remodeling an existing mansion and designing a number of outbuildings and follies in an astonishing array of architectural styles: a Roman temple, a Greek gazebo, an Italianate casino, a Moorish palm house, a Tudor hunting lodge, a Swiss cottage, and the Neo-Gothic Kavalierhaus. On a hillside overlooking Gleneicke is Schinkel’s Schloss Babelsberg, the Neo-Gothic summer residence of Prince Wilhelm (later King of Prussia and the first Kaiser of unified Germany) and his blue-stocking wife, Augusta (who as a young princess of Saxe-Weimar had built houses in the Gothic taste with Goethe).

But the most superb of all are the buildings at the Potsdam estate of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm (who eventually became King Friedrich Wilhelm IV). (Continued on page 174)
In the celebrated world of quarter horses, the value of a stallion often runs into the millions. So it's no wonder that Bob Norris, former President of the American Quarter Horse Association, and so many other distinguished figures in equestrian circles, trust the safe transport of their valued cargos to the Jeep Grand Wagoneer. There's a special feeling of confidence behind the wheel of a Grand Wagoneer. There's authority in its power, security in its traction and prestige in its appearance.

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SCHINKEL: THE RESTLESS ROMANTIC

(Continued from page 172) Schinkel was called upon to renovate a rather clumsy little villa on that property into a regal residence, and the result was Schloss Charlottenhof, an architectural gem and Schinkel’s apogee as an interior decorator. If Schloss Charlottenhof was the perfect evocation of Schinkel’s Classical vision, then the nearby group of buildings he designed for the Crown Prince just a few years later (executed by Schinkel’s chief assistant Ludwig Persius) are among the most Romantic. Known as the Hofgärtnerei (Court Gardener’s House) and the Römische Bäder (Roman Baths), they are nostalgically Italianate, based on the vernacular farm buildings of Tuscany and, in the interior of the baths, on archaeological examples. The Congress of Vienna might have brought to an end the Age of Revolution, but the bucolic ideal of Rousseau still flourished among the royal family of Prussia.

Not all of Schinkel’s work was for the private use of the monarchy, and in fact his most famous building, the Altes Museum in Berlin, was revolutionary in that it marked the shift away from the royal monopoly on picture galleries and toward the public display of great works of art. The purchase by the Prussian government of two major hoards of Old Master paintings—the Giustinian collection in 1815 and the Solly collection in 1821—led quite logically to the idea for a new national gallery. Schinkel proposed to the king his scheme for a new building (typically, Friedrich Wilhelm III had initially considered yet another remodeling), and thereby won the most prestigious commission of his career. Aside from its conception as a public museum, Schinkel’s project was further innovative in being designed for that purpose expressly, as opposed to museums recycled from other building types such as palaces (the Louvre and the Hermitage) or offices (the Uffizi). Simple in plan, efficient in circulation, and flexible in layout (its freestanding wooden walls were a precursor of the open-plan gallery), Schinkel’s Altes Museum has been surpassed by very few other museums in the 154 years since its completion.

Including the Altes Museum, no fewer than seven public structures by Schinkel were erected in central Berlin, including his last great executed work, the Bauakademie, completed five years before his death. Built to house the school of architecture (as well as Schinkel’s offices, his apartment, and shops at the street level), its design still seems extraordinarily advanced. Moving away from the use of historical styles, Schinkel devised a rhythmic pattern of eight essentially identical bays on each of its four elevations, which, combined with the building’s unusually large, multipaned windows, gave it a modular quality that now seems to point directly to the curtain walls of Modern architecture. But it was by no means bare of ornament: Schinkel enriched its exterior with extensive terra-cotta detailing, including doorway surrounds that depicted the mythic origins of the Classical architectural orders. (Badly damaged during World War II, the Bauakademie was torn down in 1961 despite vigorous protests. In its place was erected a banal modern box, which houses East Germany’s Foreign Office. Ironically, now that Schinkel has been recognized as a national cultural treasure by the East Germans, plans are being discussed for the erection of a replica of the Bauakademie—with its original terra-cotta panels, which were carefully preserved—on another site nearby.)

As Schinkel’s fame grew, so his health declined. A fanatically conscientious professional, he tackled even the smallest assignment with relentless seriousness. His official duties on behalf of the Prussian state (which at that time embraced Pomerania to the north, the Rheinland to the west, and Silesia to the east) required vast amounts of exhausting travel. Though he begged to be released from some of his obligations, he was not, for he was regarded by his government as its golden goose of architecture. Plagued by blinding migraines, Schinkel sought cures at several spas during his endless business trips and finally collapsed of a cerebral accident in September 1840. He lingered on for just over a year, drifting in and out of a coma, and died at last at the age of sixty.

It was an incalculable loss for architecture. What he still might have accomplished as architecture entered the Age of Industrialization—with his perfect balance between the real and the ideal, the rational and the emotional, the immediate and the timeless—remains a question for the ages. Yet what he was able to do in his remarkable lifetime is best explained in his own words: “A work of architecture must not stand as a finished and self-sufficient object. True and pure imagination, having once entered the stream of the idea that it expresses, has to expand forever beyond this work, and it must venture out, leading ultimately to the infinite. It must be regarded as the point at which one can make an orderly entry into the unbreakable chain of the universe.”
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(Continued from page 104) of my guests!” And out rolls a Huston belly laugh, as expressive and humorous itself as any of his wonderful stories.

Lunch, or “farmers’ dinner,” as Huston calls it, appears at around four o’clock, an impressive and surprising feast put together daily by his Filipino cook, Archie, whom Huston has installed in a neighboring cove. Over fresh red snapper and pork strips cooked in Polynesian style, along with an assortment of salads, desserts, and Mexican wine and beer, Huston explains why he chose such a remote spot. “I don’t like cities,” he says, without any particular emphasis. “I don’t like living too close to people. When filming a picture, you are very close to everyone, really on each other’s bosom. When I’m through, I like to get away and be quiet, and not have other persons striking sparks, as it were.” He adds that if he had to live in a city, it would be New York or Paris or Rome.

“You know,” he says later, “in another generation there won’t be places like this anymore...not instantly available the way they still are. This is the end of the streetcar line...”

This quintessence of the American man who, like many artists before him, seems to need the distant vantage living abroad provides, has often dealt with that inherent American theme of man in the purity of nature in his films. One of his great concerns today is the destruction of that nature. “Before anything else, I guess I’m an environmentalist, a conservative in the deepest sense of the word. And I hate to see what is inevitable...On the other hand, I hate to think of everything being a national park!” Another punctuating laugh. “We’re just running short of world, that’s all. It’s running out on us.”

“Does your work reflect those concerns in a conscious way?” we ask.

“I’m not sure that I choose stories that have to do with that, at least not for that reason. There is nothing premeditated about it. If it happens, I’m unaware of it. In other words, I have no message to convey, though it may well be there. Critics have said various things about my work. Some I’ve recognized and some I haven’t. But the fact that I don’t recognize them doesn’t make them any less true.”

Perched above Huston on a living-room wall is a painting he made a few years ago of a large blue whale, reminiscent of his film Moby Dick. “We can sit here and watch whales go by,” Huston says. “And there are a lot of dolphins, and those poorly named devilfish, which are actually manta rays. They are very beautiful when they leap out of the sea. And at night you can hear the noise they make when they slap the water with their great wings.”

He is an inveterate lover of animals, this man who himself had to take the part of Noah in his film The Bible because no one else could get the vast menagerie he had collected to walk into the ark together. He is still amazed that audiences did not marvel at that feat, somehow taking it for granted that animals always walk into arks “two by two.” At least one of his several marriages crashed on the rocks of his love for animals: having to choose between a favorite chimpanzee, who one night all but destroyed an apartment his wife had meticulously furnished, and the wife in question, he chose the chimp, with whom he moved to another house.

Huston loves to surprise. His craggy, patrician features barely hide the mischievousness in his eyes, and on his lips lurks a constant hint of amusement. Ready for lunch one day, Huston appears with his pet boa constrictor.
“Lechugita”—little lettuce—contentedly coiled round his neck like some preposterous Elizabethan ruff. Don Diego, a handsome Rottweiler dog, and a little squirrel called Panchito run at his side. “What’s wonderful in animals is that they aren’t human beings,” Huston says. “They’re so well-disposed you just understand them. They are pure. One is rarely disappointed in them. If one is, then it’s some human being’s fault.”

As the conversation spirits on, Lechugita quite happily curls up under a table for a siesta. Finally, Huston, bringing the talk to a close, reaches under the table to take the boa back to his enclosure. A sudden scream and large drops of blood fall to the floor. “He was asleep, and I surprised him. I should not have done that.”

Huston has been his own man all his life, a “tough individualist,” a maverick. “The idea of devoting myself to a single pursuit in life is unthinkable,” he says. “I like to go from flower to flower.” This cove of Las Caletas, where he paints, reads a lot—up to four books a week—takes long swims, occasionally fishes, reflects, receives his friends and a “tough individualist,” a maverick. “The idea of devoting myself to a single pursuit in life is unthinkable,” he says. “I like to go from flower to flower.”

This cove of Las Caletas, where he paints, reads a lot—up to four books a week—takes long swims, occasionally fishes, reflects, receives his friends and a companion Maricela beside him, he sees to the upkeep of the land and buildings he has leased from the local Indians, who own it collectively. One day, as we sit with them in his room, they discuss the design of the windows for a new studio by the edge of the sea. “How high should the screening start?” Maricela asks.

Huston raises his hand about two feet from the floor. “About this high would be good. Let’s make it 24 inches.”

“That’s too low,” Maricela answers. “Then make it about three feet.”

When later we ask him who planned the windows for a new studio by the edge of the sea, he laughs. “I did, but it’s nothing, as you can see. There is no conception. It’s like what you saw a little while ago. You say, ‘How high is three feet? Okay, that looks good.’ There were no plans.” And he laughs.

Huston loves to gamble. In his room where we retire to sit and talk, a backgammon board sits open on a table between us. I mention that I like the game. In the manner of a Southern gentleman encountered on a Mississippi riverboat, he invites us to play. We lose thirteen dollars. “I’m not a big-time gambler,” he says, “but I have always played and laid bets: horses, cards, backgammon, whatever. But if I have to play with real pros, I’m sunk.”

He is full of stories of world poker championships and of his Tuesday night game in town, which has “grown into quite something,” he says. “It’s not a big game, but you can win or lose a couple thousand dollars.” When I ask him why he has never made a film on poker or gambling, considering his great love for it, he says he would if he could find the right script.

As we speak, the radio that is his sole way of communicating to the outside world and to his secretary, Joan Blake, who tends the telephone and the mail at his office/town house in Puerto Vallarta itself, chatters amiably in the background.

Here in his home, Huston is a long way from the frenetic world of the Hollywood film industry, the source of his fame, where he started his career as a screenwriter on A House Divided in 1931 and Murders in the Rue Morgue in 1932. He first made his name in a big way in 1941 by directing Humphrey Bogart and Sydney Greenstreet in The Maltese Falcon, considered by some the best film he ever made. From there he went on to such classics as The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, Key Largo, The Asphalt Jungle, The African Queen, Moulin Rouge, Moby Dick, The Roots of Heaven, The Misfits, Freud, The Night of the Iguana, Reflections in a Golden Eye, The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean, and The Man Who Would Be King, many of which were filmed in impossibly faraway locations: the more inaccessible, many who worked with him were convinced, the better. Throughout, he remained a writer, co-scripting many of his own films, for which he received a number of important awards. His most recent accolade came last spring when The American Film Institute presented him their coveted Life Achievement Award.

Though many of his films have been blockbusters, others, which critics have acclaimed and passing time has highlighted (Continued on page 178)
There are people, who without much fanfare, have managed to carve out for themselves a sizeable piece of success. They choose their friends, their possessions, their activities and their homes with the same careful consideration they give to business. When choosing a second home, second best will never do. And that is why more and more are selecting The Landfall as their personal place in the sun. Here, in a spacious and luxurious living environment, surrounded by their most cherished possessions, they can relax and reside in complete privacy.

The exceptions are the French, he says, who have always made his films a popular success there. Why? "Well, I suppose the French are the smartest people in the world, the most intelligent, and they pride themselves on being sharp and discerning. American audiences don't give a hang whether they are discerning or not. They want to be entertained. I'm not sure if I admire one more than I do the other."

Huston cannot name any one of his films as his best. There are things he likes in them, he says, moments that come alive. These moments are what he seeks. "This is something I've never really touched on before, but..." — he hesitates, groping for the right expression— "There are times when you see something, or you read something, and you react as though it were a living experience. You don't react to it as a literary experience, which can be a very strong and valid experience, too, but..."
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"At what stage of making a film do you become aware of this moment, that it is living?" we ask.

"Oh, I feel it on the set when I am doing it. It just happens. It's there, that's all. It's even there implicit in the scene when it's written. There's the possibility of it and if you can make it breathe while shooting it, then it's down."

"You have said the greatest influence on your life has been the world of painting," we say. "What is its connection to film?"

"I don't really draw any lines. I like the same things in literature and film that I do in painting. I respond to the same things. Most of all, a sense of the mystery of life when it's brought up close to you. The eternal questions. The Princess of Wales has acknowledged receipt of one, called "Crown Prince". If you enjoy small work, these heirloom beauties are involved, lengthy, sometimes aggravating, but the finished creation might just make you addictive. 32 page full color award winning catalog has nearly 200 original designs. THE CRACKER BOX INC. $3.00.

"What is the lesson of your life in retrospect?" we ask Huston.

"Not to be bored!" he says, once again punctuating his sentence with a delighted laugh. "I think it is one of the great crusades. Not to be bored with oneself. If you find that what you are doing is uninteresting and that, doing it, you are becoming uninteresting, then you'd better change your routine. I'm held together by the things that fascinate me."

"Is there anything of the mystic in you?"

"I have no orthodox persuasions at all. I simply marvel... Now I'll play you another game of backgammon."}

Editor: Marie-Pierre Toll
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SAILING AWAY
WITH LÉGER

(Continued from page 138) requested to send the latest records... from New York, from the Boîte à Musique in Paris, from Gerald Murphy’s favorite "platten" shop in Munich. The Weatherbird’s gramophone would be cranked up to send forth a concert of Debussy, Stravinsky, Darius Milhaud. When the mood changed, it was Charles Trenet, Jean Sablon, Mireille. Sara was crazy about Fats Waller. Everybody sang along with the records.

"Moi, je crache dans l’eau
Sur les poissons qui nagent
Ça fait les ronds rigolos."

Gerald played the new American hits on the white upright piano. Gerald sang tenor and Sara sang alto.

“When there’s a shine on your shoes,
There’s a melody in your heart,..." The young Murphys were handsome, rich, sensitive to the arts, and bursting with a talent for life. They had three beautiful children—Honoria, Baoth, and Patrick—and their friends were the gifted of a generation. What they had, they shared with generous abundance.

“Gerald had this capacity for enriching your life with things he found, like Early American folk art and old Negro spirituals and early Western songs,” said Archibald MacLeish.

The Murphys weren’t stylish, remarked one of their many friends. "They were Style."

"Voilà, la vraie élegance américaine," said Picasso to Count Étienne de Beaumont on spotting Gerald at the Paris Opéra’s premiere of Maurice Ravel’s ballet La Valse.

John Dos Passos called their marriage “...unshakable—the Murphys complemented each other, backed each other up in a way that was remarkable.”

Neither Gerald nor Sara liked big parties. Sara referred to them as “holocausts.” Their intimates, however, they entertained with thoughtful lavishness. “It wasn’t big parties that made it such a gay time,” said Sara. “There was so much affection between everybody. You loved your friends and wanted to see them every day. It was like a great fair.”

In 1921 the Murphys settled in Paris because, as Gertrude Stein had noted, “Paris was where the twentieth century was.”

Gerald, who had turned his back on
the family business, Mark Cross, saw modern painting for the first time and was astounded by Picasso, Braque, De- rain, Juan Gris, and Leger.

"If that’s painting," he told Sara, "that’s the kind of painting I’d like to do." And for the next six months they studied together in the studio of Natalia Goncharova, a Russian painter who also did sets for Diaghilev.

Cole Porter introduced the Murphy's to the French Riviera, then deserted by visitors in summer. It was instant love. They bought a house on Cap d'Antibes and renamed it Villa America. Here they welcomed the friends like homing pigeons...the Robert Benchleys, Philip and Ellen Barry, the Ernest Hemingways, the Fitzgeralds, Dorothy Parker, the Archibald MacLeishes, Dick and Alice Lee Myers, Katie and John Dos Passos, Fernand Léger.

Sara sent a check for six-hundred francs to Alice Lee Myers in Paris for a "ticket aller retour and couchettes, as an invitation without a ticket is no good to anybody, so don’t argue will you?"

Almost a member of the family was Vladimir Orloff, a young White Russian the Murphys had met in Diaghilev’s atelier working on scenery for the ballet. His father had been a banker to the czarina and his grandfather, whose yachts sailed the Black Sea, had encouraged him to study naval architecture.

So in 1931 when Sara wanted a family boat, Vladimir helped design the Weatherbird to meet the Murphy specifications for style and comfort. She had the refinement of yacht lines inspired by the Vanitie, an America’s Cup defense contender.

To build her, however, Vladimir chose a shipyard near Le Havre that for 175 years had been constructing Newfoundland fishing schooners. The same sturdiness went into the Weatherbird. The schooner's teakwood deck was a fat 21 feet wide...the better to easefully sun, read, paint, and write letters.

"In those days everybody wrote letters to everybody everywhere," said Fanny Myers Brennan.

The boat had her own stationery, pale blue with her name in navy. In the upper left corner, Gerald had drawn a discreet (Continued on page 188)
which she had dramatically dyed navy or black and edged with lace dyed to match.

In port, she slipped off in the early morning with one of the crew to buy fruits, vegetables, bread, fish, and quantities of parsley. A Sara trademark was a small bouquet of flowers feathered with sprigs of fresh green parsley.

Gin and bitters was the Weatherbird remedy for seasickness. Cinzano with a twist was the ship drink. Gerald crushed ice in a long canvas bag with the letters I-C-E cross-stitched in red by Ernestine, one of the maids at the Villa. From 5:30 p.m. began the pleasant sound of the cocktail shaker.

Sara’s dinner-party tables at the Villa America on the gray-and-white marble tile terrace under a silver linden were the tune-in to the local scene. Dinners were on land to give the crew a rest. In Barcelona he had two taxis provided for comfort aboard. Nobody was to want for anything. There were masses of towels, honey-and-almond cream, lavender soap from Grasse, witch hazel, gargle solution, coconut oil, lemon verbena scent, tins of Petit Beurre biscuits.

The deck of the Weatherbird built wide for comfort...
"Fernand was very apprehensive, as he considered himself a very bad sailor," Gerald recounted in a letter. During the first day out the sea was smooth and Fernand, who had never been aboard a sailing vessel, was fascinated with the rigging and all the conveniences on board. He had brought his notebook and a few watercolors with him and he spent the entire day making sketches. He had never worked under such conditions, he said, and it stimulated him enormously.

"The second day out the weather turned bad as we encountered Mistral. Very much to his surprise he did not feel the rough sea as he expected and persisted in his work.

"He made quite a joke of his being able to remain at his post while some of the rest of us were unable to do so. It was for this reason that he wrote on the cover of the notebook, "A Gerald, à Sara leur mousse très dévoué (faithful cabin boy), F. Léger."

Léger's watercolor of his wife, Jeanne Léger's sketches—there were 25 in the album but one has disappeared—speak of the last happy summer before Baoth and Patrick, the adored young sons, had died—one suddenly of meningitis, the other slowly of tuberculosis.

"Where is the logic of physical suffering? Of any suffering? Unless you learn to enjoy it, it seems to me to have no meaning," Gerald wrote Dick Myers.

"All that I ask is that we be allowed to sit, all of us, under a tree, and talk to each other like human beings.

"Wait till the clouds roll by, Polly—"Swell chance."

Gerald

Photographs of the watercolors are by Henry Seville; black-and-white photographs are from the private collection of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Donnelly. For additional reading on the Murphys: Sara & Gerald: Villa America and After by Honoria Murphy Donnelly with Richard N. Billings (Times Books, 1982); Living Well Is The Best Revenge by Calvin Tompkins (Viking, 1971).
PASSAGE TO PARADISE

(Continued from page 147) forget-me-nots that run riot beneath stands of oaks and pines, flowering dogwoods, a variegated tulip tree of seventy feet planted in 1912, weeping beech trees, and a large collection of different types of maple that range from almost the tallest of trees to the smallest.

And, indeed, why do these hardy trees and shrubs grow so well less than a hundred miles from the temperate climate of Sydney? To begin with, Milton Park is some two-and-a-half-thousand feet above sea level and is on what are known as the Southern Highlands of New South Wales. Frost can be expected during six months of the year and snow, although not falling every year, is nevertheless not uncommon. It is protected from the wind and it has rich, natural volcanic soil that is sufficiently acid and well-drained so that heathers and rhododendrons grow easily.

Water, too, is in reliable and plentiful supply and both its sight and sound form an important part of the design of the garden. Beneath a massive cedar there is a waterfall which flows over shelves of natural sandstone. Directly in front of the large rambling Edwardian farmhouse is a circular pond edged in large standard wisterias, at the center of which is a fountain. And, at the bottom of the garden, in the sunken garden, another small pond is formed out of a huge piece of hewn sandstone that weighs several tons.

But it is due to Edwina Baillieu's knowledge of gardening and ability to organize that Milton Park retains its original design and feeling. And, following the tradition established by her mother, she has made her own important additions, such as the sandstone waterfall and the heath garden. And still giving valuable advice and helping her with the garden, as he helped her father plant the first trees, is Les Fahey, who has lived and worked at Milton Park all his life, watching it develop from farmland to the garden it is today.

Australia is a young country and so an eight-acre garden that is still only three quarters of a century old—and one with such a large collection of rare and interesting plants—forms an important part of the nation's heritage. The garden is open to the public for several weeks each spring, and in the autumn.

Editor: Babs Simpson
A REAL ESTATE PORTFOLIO

The distinctive residential properties presented here include offerings by internationally known realtors, as well as prestigious real estate companies in your own area. Each property listed represents the possibility of luxurious living for people who insist on the best.

Covey Rise Farm
Covey Rise Farm is a 340-acre private hunting preserve. In this authentic, but beautifully restored 1880 Victorian, charm and modern convenience are combined. There are 3 bedrooms, 3½ baths, an up-to-date kitchen, central heat and air conditioning, heart pine floors and 14 ft. high ceilings. Two cottages, fields, woodlands and 2 fly-over ponds complete the picture.

$575,000.

Sky Meadows
"Sky Meadows" is a luxurious 105-acre estate just 13 miles from downtown Augusta, GA. A private tree-lined drive passes fenced pastures and a peaceful lake and leads to this 5,100 sq. ft. one-level brick home. There are 3 generously proportioned bedrooms and 3½ baths in this elegant and traditionally formal home. Also included is a riding arena and an 8-stall horse barn.

$695,000.

English Country House
This 4-bedroom English Country home is in the greater North Atlanta area on 9.08 wooded acres, with a stream, waterfall and pool. It has the dear, familiar feeling of home and hearth with high beamed ceilings, brick and oak floors and a country kitchen with a fireplace. There are walk-in cedar closets, a chopping block kitchen counter, solid brass fixtures and a second fireplace in the Great Room.

$449,000.

Myriad Properties, Inc., 1936-A North Druid Hills Rd., N.E., Atlanta, GA 30319
The stranger to Minneapolis may be forgiven for supposing that the only place to live is in the western automobile suburbs of Edina, Long Lake, and especially Wayzata, a classic suburb, clean and comfortable, like Lake Forest or Grosse Pointe. But after taking in a show at the Walker Art Center–Guthrie Theater complex in downtown Minneapolis, the first-time visitor may by accident find his way up a nearby steep ridge and onto a wide, hilly street with big, broad Prairie houses shaded by oaks and elms. Here is the most pleasing address in Minneapolis; this is the street they call Mount Curve.

Minneapolis generally occupies a broad, flat farm plain, sliced diagonally in two by the upper reaches of the Mississippi River. A young city by Eastern standards, it saw its first generation of fortunes develop after the 1850s, typically in flour and lumber as river and railroad traffic combined to bring Eastern markets to the upper Midwest.

By the turn of the century the clusters of commerce and industry had pushed the choice residential section south over twenty blocks from the river, and the leading names—Pillsbury, Donaldson, McKnight, and others—were building their houses on the broad flat boulevards of Portland, Stevens, and especially Park Avenue. Many of these houses survive today, although most are in institutional use, surrounded by vacant lots, hospitals, and rivers of commuter traffic.

It seemed as if business and residence sections might forever leapfrog south from there, along the gridded plat so typical of nineteenth-century Western boom towns, but by 1900 the residence section had climbed over the natural barrier to the west, a great ridge remaining from a glacial moraine that the Indians called the Devil’s Backbone. Suddenly a whole new section was opened up, protected from the southerly advance of business, and elevated above the surrounding flatlands—inaccessible to the streetcars of the middle class, demanding private carriages as a price of admission. Chief among the streets in this new section was one that ran along the top of the ridge, rising and falling as old trails and creeks cut through it; this street was named Mount Curve.

Mount Curve begins as an unmarked turn off Hennepin Avenue, just a block beyond the Walker Art Center–Guthrie Theater complex, which lies at the foot of the ridge. Other streets run into Mount Curve from both sides but rarely pass completely through, so even the first-time visitor will know he is on a preeminent thoroughfare. The intersecting streets often run directly into Mount Curve opposite houses set on broad embankments, giving (Continued on page 194)
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appearance and small lotting. With a self-assurance peculiar to Minneapolis, few of the Mount Curve elite imported talent from Boston, New York, or other centers of national taste and usually retained local architects. By 1930 almost all the lots were occupied, often with the investors, lawyers, and businessmen who served the lumber and milling fortunes that built along Mount Curve before them. There are sixty-odd houses on the street in all.

Although the large and fashionable Kenwood neighborhoods, with their distinctive laketrack avenues, grew up adjacent to Mount Curve, the street was at all times something special in the hierarchy of Minneapolis addresses. "There was always a Mount Curve set," remarks the woman who founded the Junior League just off Mount Curve in the twenties. "It is such a small town in a way; we've all known each other for so long." This sort of close society is characteristic of Minneapolis, where the big family companies have held out against conglomerates and remained under local control.

One relatively solid rule for the Mount Curve elite was to spend the winter on Mount Curve and then go out to summer in their second houses in Wayzata. With easier automobile commuting, more and more families gave up their city houses, moving to Wayzata, Edina, or Long Lake full time, as early as the twenties. Mount Curve did not really drag until the fifties, when corporate headquarters began to leave downtown for more pleasant surroundings. The older elite still lived on Mount Curve, but fewer younger people were moving in. It became harder and harder to sell big, old-fashioned houses, and Mount Curve, unprotected by single-family residence restrictions, began to be dotted with big houses converted to apartments or rooming houses.

But unlike the typical suburbanites in other cities, Mount Curve émigrés did not cut their ties with their old street, instead keeping up a constant back-and-forth between city and country, holding Mount Curve on an equal footing with its suburban counterparts. So the street continued as the residential address in Minneapolis. "A lot of the property was held onto after the families moved out, and if sold, sold

(Continued on page 196)
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(Continued from page 195) reluctantly,” says a current resident. “In Wayzata I think they have a real protective feeling toward Mount Curve; this is where they lived until they started commuting.”

There is definitely a protective instinct toward Mount Curve, both on and outside of the street. Members of the older families are quick to point out the more typically famous residents of Mount Curve—composer Dominick Argento, Walker Art Center director-curator duo Martin and Mickey Friedman, and Star and Tribune columnist Barbara Flanagan—but the outsider will only find out by coincidence that there are two Wintons, a Wurtele, and other old or owner-builder families discreetly settled on the street. Likewise, if you ask an older resident if there are any active social vestiges of the Mount Curve group, they will off-handedly say “there may be a few remnants,” but move the conversation on to other topics. No one will mention the yearly January-February get-togethers at one resident’s house. Designed to break the winter doldrums (no mean task in frigid Minnesota), eight or ten women, most either living or brought up on Mount Curve, gather for tea and a lecture by a scholar once a week. Some now live in Wayzata, but for a few hours each year the old Mount Curve group is back together.

As it now is, Mount Curve is just barely on solid ground—at least as a first-class residential street. Even in the better, western half of the street, perhaps a quarter of the houses have been cut up as apartments—with cars crowding the driveway and a distinct dormitory air. Recent zoning changes have institutionalized these apartment conversions, pushed through by neighboring residents thinking that they would forestall illegal, poor-quality alterations. But there is still a strong air of the propriety of the private house on Mount Curve; some apartments have been reconverted to single-family residences, and several elaborate, modern houses have gone up since 1964.

As in other American cities there is a pronounced trend to move back in from suburban quarters to avoid the commute and to be in a more neighborly, less rural atmosphere. Conley Brooks Jr. recently bought the house next door to the one his great-great uncle built in 1905. He grew up in Long Lake, his wife, Carol, in Wayzata “You know the doors actually slam here, and there just aren’t that many old houses out at the Lake [the Wayzata area on Lake Minnetonka]. But the important criteria is that I can leave here at 7:22 for a 7:30 breakfast meeting downtown.”

One attraction for many of the Wayzata returnees is Mount Curve Place, a three-story neo-Tudor townhouse row, designed to echo the 1910s Dunwoody mansion, its predecessor on the site. As such buildings go this one is good, and it continues to attract a nucleus of the retired elite who want low maintenance in an enclave otherwise full of grand houses.

Today Mount Curve at its best still seems serene and untroubled—the big Prairie residences run along the top of the Devil’s Backbone, catching the last sunlight of the day in Minneapolis. Some outsiders might find it smug, but the big houses are unpretentious in their way—a bit like high-style farmhouses—unabashed expressions of Minneapolis’s agrarian prosperity.

Some Mount Curve residents, especially those new to the street and unfamiliar with its origins, are pessimistic about its future, predicting the gradual fall of its big houses to apartment conversions. But others are not so sure: “I think the balance is established,” says a Winton child raised and still living on the street. And a neighbor, born on the street and recently returned from Wayzata, says, “I still see the girls I used to play with in the little park here. Now people my age [about sixty] are beginning to sell their Lake houses and move back, closer to downtown, to the museums, the symphony, their friends.”

In the evening the big Midwestern parlor light up, ready to receive guests or families returning from a day visiting out at the Lake. Children play in leaves on the broad front lawns, and occasional tourists go by, suddenly alert that this street is quite different from the others they have seen.

One man, now living in Wayzata and London, still has his childhood room in his parents’ house on Mount Curve, and remembers that the dips and bumps along the ridge, the varied houses made it an ideal street to walk along. “I still think of it when I step out the front door, wherever I am. I always wish I were stepping out onto Mount Curve.”

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Japan’s warlords, the shoguns wrested power from the emperor in the seventeenth century, altering both political and art history. The emperors cultivated the aesthetic of simplicity, but the shoguns went all out for glitter and display. Their strong, unsubtle art is typified by the three-hundred pieces in this striking exhibition.

Suit of armor (gusoku), lacquered iron plates, Momoyama period.

POURQUOI PAS PARQUET?

French marquetry artist Yann Hervis’s intricately inlaid portrait of Yves Saint Laurent, right (for Andrée Putman’s new YSL showroom in Chicago), recalls the rare-wood murals so beloved in the Art Deco period—a welcome return of the boss relief.

IMAGES THAT GREW FROM INNER NECESSITY

Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933.

Retrospectives of the work of major artists are always problematic. A lifetime of achievement is condensed, and there is rarely enough space to introduce influences, see them gradually germinate and finally flower. Time is telescoped and genius emphasized at the expense of humanity.

So among the luxuries afforded by the three-part Kandinsky exhibition series presented by the Guggenheim Museum is the occasion to gain a better understanding of the flow of time, the changing seasons in a painter’s career. Last year the exhibit concentrated on the first phase of Vasily Kandinsky’s work, which began in 1896 when, at age thirty, he rejected a career in law and economics and made his commitment to art. For the next fourteen years, until the outbreak of World War I, Kandinsky lived primarily in Munich, a city whose liberalism and cultural variety contrasted strongly with the restrictive environment of his Russian homeland. It was in the Bavarian capital that the emerging painter began to assimilate a range of influences that included nineteenth-century symbolism and romanticism, folk art, German Art Nouveau, and cabaret theater. There too he found a community who could share his belief in the nonrational, transcendent, spiritual nature of art. This first period in Kandinsky’s emergence as a singular force in modern art coalesced with the formation of The Blue Rider group. Taking its name from the symbolic horse and rider appearing in
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(Continued from page 129) go wrong. It took so much time and energy, and that much time and energy could be put into something that we could control more.” Instead, he and Ray continued designing furniture, making films, and planning exhibitions, using the house that has been variously described as “playful” and “witty” as a serious workplace. The separate studio still serves not only as a guesthouse but also as a storage space and working area. It is a study in the study of objects, where accumulations of shells, stones, and various other bits laid out for inspection make lively patterns. Ray and Charles Eames thought of their house as a cave, not in the sense of a retreat for rest and inaction, but a private place where they could gather information for consideration. “We used to bring a piece of furniture we were working on home to look at it, because at the office everything was out of scale. Most of whatever is here is something that was just brought over and left.”

With the recent increased interest in fifties designs, some Eames pieces such as the early molded plywood chairs and tables are so sought-after that prices are already rising to “antique” levels. But their popularity is not new. Almost all of the original designs were immediately and enthusiastically admired by the Eameses’ fellow architects and designers and the general public as well.

In the opinion of Arthur Drexler, director of the Department of Architecture and Design at New York’s Museum of Modern Art, Charles Eames has contributed three of the major chair designs of the twentieth century. One of them, the lounge chair and ottoman, has been an international status symbol for executives since 1956 when it was first made. Its down-filled, leather-covered surface and curved sections of rosewood veneer seem wildly extravagant. In fact, the chair is supremely comfortable as well as luxurious, ample justification for its presence in the office of achievers throughout the world. The other two chairs are the 1946 plywood dining one and the 1950 fiberglass with metal legs. There is a well-used lounge chair and ottoman in the living room of the Eames House, looking from the side remarkably like a human form stretched out comfortably, feet up, and about to read the evening paper.

Charles Eames often cited the importance of the “small, obscure, but vital bits of seemingly unrelated information which accumulate in any tradition.” He pointed out that any design which ignored these bits of information might be satisfactory, but was rarely satisfying.

He and Ray achieved so many totally satisfying designs that hardly a day goes by when there isn’t a visitor or group of visitors arriving to look at the house and talk to Ray about her husband and their work together. Pinned to the wall just inside the front door is a frayed and yellowed rectangle of rice paper with two large dark Japanese characters painted on it. It is a traditional sign normally posted outside a theater where a troupe of kabuki players is performing to indicate a full house. Since a sold-out performance meant the company would have money for food, drink, and shelter, these fat characters are happy ones. “I’ve had it pinned up,” says Ray Eames, “and it has fallen down, and now that corner is lost and I’m sorry, but there is something about it that makes me resist the formality of a frame, and when it finally disintegrates, well, that’s it.” With her husband Charles, Ray Eames has spent her whole life resisting the formality of a frame. The result is that there has always been room in her home for new information, another interesting object, one more guest.

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeff Byrom

Separated by a courtyard, the Eames house and studio work as one.
Dick Anderson, an Executive Vice President of Needham, Harper and Steers, explains it this way:

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Sesshū, who was born in 1420 and died in 1506, is perhaps Japan’s greatest artist. Writing of him during his lifetime, the priest Shūhō said: “Sesshū’s brush is natural and spontaneous... it seems as though his very blood were ink and everything he touches turns to painting.” Writing four hundred years later, Ernest Fenollosa said: “He is the greatest master of the straight line and angle in the whole range of the world’s art.”

Art in fifteenth-century Asia was mainly landscape painting, though there was also official portraiture, Buddhist scenes, genre pieces. Following the example of the Southern school of the Sung period painters, particularly Ma Yuan and Hsia Kuei, painters in both China and Japan chose landscape as the universal subject. Chinese landscape painting was also concerned with the ideal, a place perfectly proportioned, in which an order—Taoist, Buddhist—was to be discerned. Such idealized landscape scrolls, already popular in China, were shortly in great demand in Japan as well.

There was, indeed, an entire school of such painters in Japan. One of its members was the famous Shubun, and it was under him that the young Sesshū studied. What he painted is not known since so much of Sesshū’s work was destroyed in the civil wars which ravaged Kyoto, where he had spent his early life. It was, however, probably Chinese style landscape painting, brushed in sumi-e charcoal on silk or paper, the genre for which he was later famous. What he otherwise created during this early period is also lost—all except for a single landscape garden, that at Joei-ji.

That artists should have also been landscape gardeners is not surprising—no more surprising that in our time such artists as Picasso, Matisse, Rouault should be stage designers. In Japan, which has no towering, ragged, Chinese-style mountains, both painting and garden were imaginative in that the artist had to create his subject. This doubly suited the taste of the times because it made the results more ideal.

Sesshū, in his early twenties, longing to go to China and study under the real masters, far too young to be considered for such an honor, was invited to take charge of a small temple some distance from Kyoto, the capital where he had been studying. The civil disturbances which were to destroy the city had already begun and that may be one of the reasons that the young artist-priest agreed to so exile himself. Another may have been that, young as he was, he would be allowed to create what he wanted.

To later contemporaries, after Sesshū had gone to China, and studied under the real masters, far too young to be considered for such an honor, was invited to take charge of a small temple some distance from Kyoto, the capital where he had been studying. The civil disturbances which were to destroy the city had already begun and that may be one of the reasons that the young artist-priest agreed to so exile himself. Another may have been that, young as he was, he would be allowed to create what he wanted.

To later contemporaries, after Sesshū had gone to China, had studied with the masters, had come back to Japan and revealed himself as a master painter, the artist was still almost as famous as a landscape gardener. Four of his later gardens still exist: those of the Kiseki, at Hikosan in present-day Fukuoka, at Mampuku-ji in Shimane, near Masuda, at the Iko-ji, also near Masuda, and at the Fudain in the Tofuku-ji in Kyoto. Though all are in various stages of disrepair (the Iko-ji is the best preserved), they all give some indication of the garden style of the older Sesshū. Only Joei-ji, however, gives an indi- (Continued on page 204)
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Reed & Barton is pleased to introduce a superb new pattern in silverplate, adapted from the Winterthur Museum Collection*. There is perhaps no other site that better reflects the proud history of American decorative arts. Our Winterthur pattern salutes this heritage in design and in fact. It is so meticulously crafted and so richly plated, we can guarantee it for 100 years. Winterthur. Make it your own American heirloom.

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*The Henry Francis duPont Winterthur Museum, Wilmington, Delaware.
Shown: Winterthur For pattern brochure and a store in your area, call toll-free: 800-343-1383, Mon.-Fri. 8-4:30 E.S.T., or write Dept. HG, REED & BARTON, Taunton, MA 02780, © 1983 Reed & Barton.
For 1984, five of the more potent gasoline-powered automobiles sold in America are sold by Mercedes-Benz.

Changing conditions never seem to catch the engineers of Mercedes-Benz napping. Diesel cars, years in advance of the efficiency stampede, turbodiesels that anticipated a demand for efficiency plus performance. And it should now come as no shock that Mercedes-Benz greets the current performance renaissance with a range of five muscular gasoline performance cars.

In fact, gasoline-powered models now represent half the Mercedes-Benz line. Four of them—the 190 E 2.3 Sedan, the 380 SE Sedan, the 500 SEL Sedan and the 500 SEC Coupe—are new to America for 1984.

They help form the most vivid group of performance automobiles Mercedes-Benz has ever built for sale.

The most spirited Mercedes-Benz is unquestionably the stunning new 190 E 2.3 Sedan—perhaps the best in the world in its size class, in Road & Track's opinion. And perhaps the equal, in pure driving exhilaration, of any sports sedan now sold.

BOLD PERFORMANCE, MUTED NOISE
The 190 E combines its trim 2,655 lbs. and a four-cylinder, 2.3-liter fuel-injected engine to reach test track maximums of 115-mph-plus. Yet it is so finely engineered that vibration and noise are as muted as in larger Mercedes-Benz sedans.

Its performance character is underscored by the five-speed manual gearbox that can be ordered as an alternative to the four-speed automatic.

A V-8 LIKE NO OTHER
The new 380 SE Sedan exploits the technology of the eighties before it is made available to the market. Turbine-smooth and jackrabbit quick, its 3.8-liter V-8 engine evolves from a new design generation meant to deftly balance power and efficiency.

Note that its block is even made of a different substance than most V-8s—cast not in iron but in an exotic alloy of aluminum, magnesium and silicon that radically cuts weight. The piston in this engine move not against metal cylinder walls but against a surface of slippery, smooth, seemingly indestructible silicon crystals.

The 380 SE's torque-convoy four-speed automatic gearbox is so well integrated with this powerplant that it seems to function almost as part of the engine. The benefit of satisfying performance motoring.

What that 3.8-liter engine does for the 380 SE it does for the 380 SL Roadster, the two-seater descendant of Mercedes-Benz's immortal SL sports car series carried over intact for 1984.

“Transmission designers fly around the world,” Road & Track suggests, “should take a sabbatical to spend time at Stuttgart learning the Mercedes way of building gearboxes.”
cedes-Benz launches two flagship models for 1984—
600 SEL Sedan and the SEC Coupe. They top off the line performance line in
identical fashion.
The 500 SEL, featured below, five-passenger sedan of near
carriage status. The 500 SEC is
its sybaritic four-passenger touring
coupe counterpart.
Each is propelled by an Olympian performer of an engine: the
five-liter, light-alloy Mercedes-Benz V-8, new to America for 1984 but
already somewhat of a legend on the highways of Europe.
So massive are its power
reserves that, though not a practice recommended for normal
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at 55 mph in second gear. At 55 mph in top gear it is turning
at a lazy and barely audible 1,886
rpm. Acceleration from zero to
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The automobiles powered by
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levels, from suspensions to steering to brakes. And to the stern
safety standards imposed by
Mercedes-Benz on every car it builds.

These five gasoline-powered
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CONTRIBUTORS’ NOTES

Claude Arthaud, writer and photographer, editor and publisher, is the author of the cult book Les Maisons de Gêne. She is presently restoring the seventeenth-century Château de La Ballue in Brittany.

Luigi Barzini is the author of The Italians and The Europeans. He was awarded the Bentinck Prize at the House of Commons in December.

Mary Cantwell is a member of The New York Times editorial board.


Christina de Liagre is an American journalist living in Paris. She was associate editor of The Paris Metro and has worked for The International Herald Tribune, Le Monde, and Paris Hebdo.

Christopher Hemphill is coauthor with Diana Vreeland of Allure and coeditor with George Plimpton of D.V., Mrs. Vreeland’s forthcoming autobiography.

Stanley Mieses is a staff writer for The New Yorker.


Mary Ann Tighe is vice-president of programming at the American Broadcasting Company. She writes frequently on the arts.

Marjorie Welish is a poet and painter whose art criticism has appeared in Art in America and The Partisan Review.
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Brown Jordan
One of the most special things about House & Garden is our relationship with people who take their life's pleasure in creativity. Our story on page 100 provides a perfect example. Discovered by art director Lloyd Ziff on a trip to France and photographed by the French photographer François Halard, it is the magical home of André and Margaret François. Its trompe-l'œil walls, the owners' collections and their artful arrangements of them, along with André François's elusive paintings of trees on the property, demonstrate the many forms creativity can take in just one household.

Because we were familiar with the beautiful rooms he had done over the years for The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, we were all looking forward to seeing decorator Henri Samuel's own house in Paris. We were not disappointed. His rooms reflect the sophistication of a man who has been arranging beautiful rooms in museums, historic houses, and private apartments since the twenties. His Paris house, pages 154 to 163, makes us even more anxious to see the new Samuel-designed Jack and Belle Linksy Galleries, which will open at the Metropolitan in June.

Readers in San Juan Capistrano now have an extra pleasure ahead of them as they go off to pick up their books, for architect Michael Graves's latest building is the new library there. Sensitive to the Mission Style of Southern California, it takes that region's vernacular architecture and gives a modestly sized building Graves-style grandeur. Back from her photography session there, our architecture editor Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Bryron reports that the new library is full of wonderfully human spaces in which to find a good book and read.

The art of collecting is seen in several stories this month, with collections that range from the rare to the avant-garde to the idiosyncratic. In our opening story the collection tends to the rare: rare Chinese sculptures, paintings by Goya, Oudry, and Cassis, and fine French furniture in the Louis XV and XVI styles, all pulled together by the splendor of scarlet, page 86. In another story, found on Audubon Place in New Orleans, two collections—one of eighteenth-century French furniture, another of twentieth-century art—are at ease in a very American house of broad rooms, high ceilings, fine woodwork, and leaded-glass windows. In still another, the collection is an impressive array of large-scale modern art, very much at home in a Deco-Moorish-Florentine villa-turned-gallery in Florida.

None of these collections, however, is quite as unusual as the one found by photographer William Eggleston and editor Martin Filler at Graceland, the memento-filled home of Elvis Presley. Graceland opened to the public in June 1982; this spring it expects to have its millionth visitor. Eggleston, whose work concentrates on haunting images of the Deep South, doesn't normally take on assignments but agreed to this one from House & Garden because of his fascination with the subject matter. A resident of Memphis himself, and never a fan of Presley when he was alive, Eggleston has become increasingly interested in the Elvis legend since the singer's death. As has Martin Filler, who reveals in this issue: "For Elvis Presley, Graceland was the fixed star in his volatile personal universe, the center that somehow always held even while so much else in his life exploded."

Home is also important to Luigi Barzini, as you will see in reading "The Last Italian," page 170. The author describes not only the evolution of his house and garden on the Via Cassia outside of Rome and the changes that have taken place in the world and its culture during the almost forty years since he first built his villa and planted his vineyard, but more importantly, the place of a house designed to "perpetuate the family sense of solidarity for generations to come."

It is a good vision and we hope many will share it with him.

Lou Grass
Editor-in-Chief
One of the most special things about House & Garden is our relationship with people who take their life's pleasure in creativity. Our story on page 100 provides a perfect example. Discovered by art director Lloyd Ziff on a trip to France and photographed by the French photographer François Halard, it is the magical home of André and Margaret François. Its trompe-l'oeil walls, the owners' collections and their artful arrangements of them, along with André François's elusive paintings of trees on the property, demonstrate the many forms creativity can take in just one household.

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The president of the Volvo Corporation is an engineer, not an accountant.

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In designing a new car, most companies go directly from clay models to sheet metal to save money. Volvo engineers insisted on a costly, but important intermediate step: a full-scale wooden model. This, they felt, would permit superior fit and finish in the final production car. Again, our accountants groaned. But our engineers got their way.

You'll find examples like this throughout the 760 GLE. Instead of a car that smacks of corner-cutting, you'll discover a car that's beautifully made.

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But down the road, you'll be thankful it was designed by people who have mastered the art of building cars.

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Artist-made screens—the main focus of an exhibition, “The Folding Image: Screens by Western Artists of the Nineteenth & Twentieth Centuries,” at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., March 4 through September 3—represents an appealing episode in the almost two-thousand-year history of the decorative screen. The history of the folding screen is fascinating because it stretches back so far, embodies both Oriental and Western cultural influences, and symbolizes the overlapping worlds of the fine artist and the furniture maker in a single dramatic object. In addition to its twentieth-century role as a kind of three-dimensional painting, the screen is being collected and commissioned with renewed interest for the same practical, architectural, and decorative reasons that evoked it in the first place.


Our taste for decorative screens is something that was established several hundred years ago, and with the exception of a lull in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century there has hardly been a moment when they were out of fashion. In the late sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries in Europe screens were as much of a necessity in a room as chairs and beds. Houses were heated by fires in fireplaces or stoves, and rooms were routinely hot near the fire and cold near the windows. The most basic kind of screen was one that acted as buffer to either extreme. Other screens were used to hide things. A high screen usually stood near the door of large reception rooms in French royal palaces. It was a cover-up for the bed and belongings of the ever-present Swiss guard. In other multipurpose sitting rooms shoulder-high screens created a pocket of privacy in which inhabitants could change their clothes while other people were in the room.

Paintings of the period give us a feeling for how screens looked in a room. Jean-Francois Detroy’s painting of a group of friends listening as one reads Molière aloud shows a screen forming a boundary for an intimate circle within a large room. This sort of screen had handles so that it could be moved. The panels were fitted with double hinges so it could be arranged in a Z-shape without falling over and also with candleholders—an eighteenth-century equivalent of

(Continued on page 22)
our portable reading light. Screens like the one in the Deyr painting were covered in needlework and sometimes in silk to match the other furniture in the room. Silk, damask, and velvet screens were often hung with a group of portrait miniatures. According to Jean Feray, Inspecteur Principal des Monuments Historiques in Paris, the most extraordinary eighteenth-century screen ever made was twelve panels of Lyons silk designed by Louis XVI himself with gilt bronze rather than gilt wood for the frame.

It is not the European decorative screen, however, but the Oriental screen that people have always thought of as a piece of pure decoration desirable above all for its looks. Both in Janet Woodbury Adams's recent book, Decorative Folding Screens (Viking) and in the catalogue for the National Gallery's current exhibition by Assistant to the Director at the Yale University Art Gallery, Michael Komanecky, the history of the influence of the Oriental screen on European taste has been carefully traced. The thread of the research is this: the Chinese invented the screen in the second century A.D.; the Japanese took up the Chinese model, making it out of paper rather than wood, in the eighth century. Though interrelated, each culture used the screen differently. The Chinese house had stationary walls. Screens were used to control light and drafts and to create privacy. The painting of screens was a fine art for a long time, but by the time the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English got to China, screens were made mostly by craftsmen. Japanese houses did not have stationary walls and for architectural reasons, several sorts of screens developed. The Japanese folding screen was made out of paper; it was meant to be movable, flexible, and easy to carry. The design of the hinge allowed artists to treat the screen as though it were an uninterrupted picture plane.

Europeans loved the lack of perspective in Oriental painted screens, the abstraction of forms and the general flatness of the design. In spite of this, it was the Oriental lacquer screen that was desired above all and remained in full fashion for 150 years after the time of its introduction to Europe. Chinese Coromandel screens—so called because they were originally shipped via the Coromandel coast of India—were usually made in pairs, each one twelve panels of inimitably lacquered wood. The design was incised into the lacquer with a knife. Both sides of the screen were finished and the designs usually were unrelated. The principal portion of the design was continuous across all the panels. 

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In the 1890s in France, painters such as Vuillard and Bonnard, who were already inclined to paint the intermixture of patterns of late-nineteenth-century interiors, recorded the fashion for these Japanese goods in their paintings of rooms. The trend then was away from big casel pictures, and these artists—known as the Nabis—turned instead to painting decorative wall panels and elements like screens. Vuillard's commissions for a series of screens for the Natanson family—publishers of the art periodical "La Revue Blanche" and patrons of Vuillard and his friends—represent one of the high moments for the screen as a European art form.

The Oriental screen was not as much an influence on English screenmaking as it was on the French. William Morris and other Englishmen of the Arts and Crafts Movement began making screens again in the 1880s as part of a revival of an interest in needlework based on medieval tapestry and embroidery. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema made a screen, on loan to the National Gallery exhibition, that was both a conversation piece of his bride-to-be's family and a piece of furniture.

The late nineteenth century in England also marked the flowering of the made-at-home scrapbook screen. These highly individual decoupage creations were made by cutting out embossed color pictures—Valentines and Christmas cards included—and pasting them to a mahogany screen which then received a coat of varnish, page 22. Another popular treatment used by amateur screenmakers was the arrangement of cutouts from colorful seed catalogues, which were mixed with photographs or engravings. It was thought then that these screens looked best if color and black-and-white weren't mixed, but in Diana Wilton's contemporary English interpretation, the mixture is a great success.

In our era the creation of screens springs from a wide range of inspiration. Early-twentieth-century craftsmen such as Jean Dunand and Eileen Gray became enamored—as had eighteenth-century craftsmen before them—by the lacquer work of Oriental screens. Both Gray and Dunand studied with a Japanese craftsman to learn the technique. The designs they applied to their...

(Continued from page 22) The wide borders of these screens were decorated with flowers, bowls, birds, emblems, and inscriptions. The Japanese generally did not carve a design into the lacquer but rather built up a design made of gesso that was sprinkled with gold dust before the lacquer was applied.

Oriental lacquer screens were both rare and expensive in Europe for a long time and were therefore frequently copied in gilt leather. European painted screens—second only to Oriental lacquer screens in their pure decorative appeal—were also sought after. Some of the most charming ones imitated Chinese motifs in the prevailing fashion for chinoiserie. Major artists, however, did not work on screens. Watteau is known to have painted one screen, and Boucher also painted a single screen as a royal commission. Some of Watteau's paintings of pastoral scenes were copied on screens from time to time. But in the last decades of the eighteenth century the screen was no longer an important element of decoration, nor was it seen as a fashionable substitute for a painting.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century and for the ensuing fifty years the screen was solidly out of style for both artists and craftsmen. There are isolated examples of screens being used as folding picture frames for a series of engravings that were usually pasted directly onto the panels. In the early nineteenth century watercolors of interiors in Russia and Germany, a zimmerlaube, or screen of vegetation growing on a trellis, became a new way of separating a bedroom into sleeping and sitting areas. With the development of scenic wallpaper panels in the early part of the century, the screen used as a pseudo-wall became an alternative way to mount a series of panels.

In spite of the development of central heating, the screen was in great demand again by the end of the nineteenth century. Part of its vogue was due to the influx of Japanese decorative objects—fans, embroidered silks, and contemporary gold paper screens—that occurred with renewed trade with Japan in the 1850s. These screens were universally incorporated as elements of decoration in actual rooms and also used as major compositional elements in paintings by Whistler, Manet, Tissot, and Sargent.
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COLLECTING

(Continued from page 24) lacquer screens, however, owed nothing to Oriental designs except that they treated the total surface of the connected panels as one unbroken space.

Some twentieth-century painters have painted screens in the course of tracing Japanese influences on nineteenth-century painters they admired. Others responded to contemporary artistic stimuli and employed the screen form for secondary reasons. During the era of the Omega Workshops, Vanessa Bell used a decorative screen commissioned for a music room as an opportunity to work out four female figures in a Cubist manner. The Surrealists subverted the screen to suit their own agenda by treating the screen as a titillating piece of furniture. Their screens achieved the necessary shock value by being transparent. Other artists experimented with screens as a form of sculpture or as a metaphor for the human body. Very recently the architectural possibilities of screens attracted architects such as Michael Graves, Robert Stern, and Stanley Tigerman to do a group of screens for an exhibition at the Rizzoli Gallery in New York and Chicago, 1982–83.

Though twentieth-century artists and craftsmen have produced numerous screens, the major traffic in the last forty years has been in old screens. Seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century Oriental and European screens have been attractive to collectors and decorators. Today, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Coromandel screens are valued above the rest. Lesser screens maintain their popularity as they are useful or charming in the room’s arrangement. What else could shield the kitchen door from the view of those at the dining table, hide a radiator or television? Wallpaper and carved-wood screens are used in bedrooms or sitting rooms much as they always have been: to give an impression of architecture and create a cozy atmosphere. “New” screens commissioned by decorators over the last fifty years are coming back onto the market undervalued and unidentified. Look for screens by Charles Baskerville, or Elsie Mendl’s friend A. Drian. Syrie Maugham’s mirrored screens framed in brass are going for a song—an encouraging sign if you’d like to enter the screen game late.
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HARDEN

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Camping out in the western wing of America's vast museum of landscapes

By Alexander Cockburn

The last time I found myself damned all covered bridges, Vermont, and the Northeast generally, I legged it for the western wing of the national museum, in this instance the swath of country stretching northeast from San Francisco as far as the western ends of Montana and Wyoming, edging into bits of Oregon, Idaho, Utah, and Nevada on the roads thence and thither. This is country famed for its unrivaled collection of landscapes invented by such painters as Alfred Jacob Miller, Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, and Frederic Remington; by such photographers as Timothy O'Sullivan, William Henry Jackson, A.J. Russell, and John K. Hillers. There, between those immense horizons, you can feel the romance and even terror of the frontier and of the wilderness above which, as John J. Ingalls put it, "forever broods a pathetic solemnity born of distance, silence, and solitude."

A purist would no doubt wish to approach this portion of the national museum in a manner consistent with the history of the frontier, inching slowly toward the sunset across the Great Plains. Thus, Herbert Quick wrote of his ancestors, "they turned their faces to the west which they had for generations seen at sunset through traceries of the twigs and leafage of the primal forests, and finally stepped out into the open, where God had cleared the fields, and stood at last with the forests behind them gazing with dazzled eyes...." But with advantages denied Quick's forebears we hopped over the Midwest and the Great Plains and started right off with our backs to the sunset, perched above Glenellen on a ridge between the Napa and Sonoma valleys, waiting for the summer fires in the brown, sun-dried grass down the hill to burn right up to the door of our tent.

A lot of people say damn all tents too, but there's no way you can savor landscape and wilderness from the window of a Best Western. In our case Classy Clunkers of Santa Rosa furnished the full-size station wagon, and Eureka the twelve-by-ten-by-eight-foot tent. A word here about tents. Tent architecture has made no advance since the teepee, in which your Indian could at least light a fire. It has indeed regressed since the days of Laurence Olivier's marquee at Agincourt or the majestic shelters on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It is apparently the ambition of the modern mass-produced tent designer to produce something that can be carried up a mountainside on the back of a small dog or child and in which the unfortunate denizens are crammed like refugees from a Turkish earthquake. Let our architects spend less time building skyscrapers and more time making tents that can accommodate beds, tables, and chairs; are up lifting to the eye; and can be erected and dismantled by people of average strength and intelligence in the light of the moon.

The fire was beaten back and, on a hillside fragrant with eucalyptus and the ripening vine, we stowed ourselves into the Clunker and headed north up the coast toward Eureka and that twilight zone where Sublime meets Kitsch, along Redwood Highway. You might think that man, meeting a 250-foot, 2,000-year-old Sequoia sempervirens, would be content to leave well enough alone. Man of course has done nothing of the sort. He likes to cut down Sequoia sempervirens since, in the words of one local brochure, "it is a superior building material being light weight, with clear grain and insect resistance."

Another thing man likes to do is saw off, salami-style, slices of Sequoia sempervirens. These polished burls are then

(Continued on page 32)
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**THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.**
cuming fashioned into tiny lamps, adorned with the gnome-like ligurines that people apparently associate with big trees. Laden with such treasure, the traveler can finally drive, just north of Myer’s Flat, right through poor old Sequoia sempervirens, specifically the “Shrine Drive thru Tree.”

So much for the kitsch. But once you escape Founder’s Tree, Chimney Tree, Tree House, Immortal Tree, and all the other plague trees where dendrophilia meets the profit motive, you are indeed in an immense, whispering cathedral, amid columns and flying buttresses of those Sequoia sempervirens, which so aroused the nineteenth-century traveler and which prompted Joseph B. Strauss, builder of the Golden Gate Bridge, to moralize:

“So shall they live, when ends our day.
When our crude cities decay;
For brief the years allotted man.
But infinite permanents span . . .
To be like these, straight, true and fine.
To make our world, like theirs, a shrine;
Sink down, Oh, traveler, on your knees,
God stands before you in these trees.”

And indeed we did sink down a few hours later in the Patrick’s Point state camp ground, 25 miles north of Eureka, less in awe of the godhead in the redwoods than at the splendid view of the Pacific rolling its way onto Agate Beach. I had brought dried chanterelles from New York. A little stock, some red wine, fettucine, and the great red sun fading into the waves; around us the Winnebagos and Airstreams of the older folks stood watch amid the tranquil, decorous repose which is the atmosphere of most state and federal campgrounds after dark in the United States.

The Trinity River heads south from its source high in the Trinity Mountains of northern California and then, level with Redding, hooks west through the coastal range into the Pacific, accompanied most of the way by Route 299. The Trinity is everything you could want from a good mountain river if you were a handy watercolorist somewhere in the early nineteenth century: a profusion of blue pools, white water rapids, and the slower reaches where trout hover in the eddies; redwoods and conifers marching their way steeply up the mountains on either side. From the High Victorian sententiousness of redwood country we headed east across the Sacramento Valley toward the region of fire and ice.

At the southern end of the system of volcanoes and glaciers known as the Cascades, which stretch down from Mount Garibaldi in British Columbia, are Lassen Peak, Mount Shasta, and Crater Lake. After an afternoon circling south and east of the perfect fourteen-thousand-foot cone of Mount Shasta, we drove into Lava Beds National Monument. This is relatively high country, five thousand feet or so above sea level. The land is semi-arid, but covered with Sierra juniper, bittersbush, sage, mountain mahogany, and fern bush. Slightly to our north were the lava beds themselves where, from 1872 to 1873 the Modoc chief known as Captain Jack held off the U.S. Army for six months, inflicting 168 casualties and costs of $500,000 against nineteen dead Modocs, including four hanged and one suicide.

As they led Captain Jack toward the gallows the preacher discoursed on the felicities of heaven. “Do you like this place called Heaven?” Captain Jack asked the man of God. The preacher gave another glowing description and Captain Jack said, “I’ll tell you what I will do. I’ll give you 25 head of ponies if you take my place, as you say Heaven is such a nice place; because I do not like to go right now.” There was no taker, and Captain Jack’s embalmed body was sent on a tour of the East. The Modocs, who uniquely had been in one place from the time of settlement of North America until the coming of the Europeans, were sent to a small reservation in Kansas and soon ceased to exist. We looked at drawings in the lava pipes made by Captain Jack’s ancestors a thousand years ago and went to sleep to the boom of nighthawks.

If the concept of the picturesque had to be defined for a primitive Modoc, I suppose Crater Lake, eight thousand feet up and a few hours’ drive north of the Lava Beds into Oregon would do the trick. There is something almost banal—(Continued on page 36)
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(Continued from page 32) about the perfection of this crater filled with indigo water, two thousand feet deep. It is almost certainly the scene of the greatest volcanic explosion in postglacial time, greater even than the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883. Some 6,600 years ago 42 cubic miles of a mountain posthumously known as Mazama lifted into the air, leaving the six-mile-wide caldera now called Crater Lake.

We slept above the snow line, some four miles back from the crater lip, and next morning drove out of this nineteenth-century postcard into the minimal tones and vast empty canvases of southeast Oregon and northwest Nevada. The road stretched ten, twenty miles ahead of us through the Sheldon National Wildlife Refuge, drained of all but two or three tones: brown, olive, and sage green. If Crater Lake was Smokey-the-Bear landscape, with the odor of ursine cuteness, this was landscape as enemy. As a woman homesteader said on first seeing the prairie, “Why, there isn’t even a thing one can hide behind.”

On the map it looked as though there was a nice place to camp in the Santa Rosa mountains, sixty miles north of Winnemucca. The Clunker groaned its way through twilight hairpins up to eight thousand feet. Our only companions in eternity seemed to be the westward flying plane 38,000 feet above our heads: landscape as silence. The wind picked up as we pegged the tent to a boulder-strewn slope. In the night the wind and rain came, and the tent fell. Trembling with cold, I lashed the canvas ruins to a rock and drank heavily against the hope of dawn.

For two days we cut up through Idaho, through the Sawtooth National Forest, past Ketchum and the peaked horrors of ski condos, along a Salmon river swollen and muddy with rare summer rains. Fly fishermen swore sadly in the saloons. The lush Sawtooths gave way to the bareness of the Lost River Range. We turned south from Salmon to Leadore, traveling down the fertile, Mormon-settled Lemhi Valley. East of us was the Bitterroot and the Continental Divide. We climbed the divide and found a marker. To the very day, 178 years earlier the advance guard of Lewis and Clark’s expedition had reached the same spot. As their journal put it, what they believed to be the remotest headwater of the Missouri “had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God he had lived to braid the Missouri... They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain—as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties.”

Just north of the Montana-Idaho state line we drove through an enchanted upland landscape, through the fens, red hills, and quiet waters of the Red Rock Wildlife Refuge, devoid of man, to the first national park created—in 1872—in the United States: overloaded, overcrowded, ever-popular Yellowstone.

Here is where the photographer Jackson and the painters Bierstadt and Moran invented nineteenth-century western landscape in its Sublime form. As the U.S. Senate pondered the bill creating the first national park, Jackson’s photographs of the geysers were distributed, handsomely bound, as the coup de grace in persuasion.

One has to go back to the first descriptions of Yellowstone to appreciate the tremendous impact the scenery, the gorge, the falls, and the geysers had upon the nineteenth-century imagination. Though the trapper Jim Colter had explored the area in 1807 no one believed his descriptions of what they derisively called “Colter’s Hell.” No one believed Jim Bridger’s reports of Yellowstone in the 1840s either. As late as 1869 Lippincott rejected David Folsom’s... (Continued on page 38)
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NOTE TO COLLECTORS

A book on the art and history of Cartier, the jewellers, is due for publication in 1984. The author researches relevant documents and wishes to photograph important pieces by Cartier created between 1900 and 1950. All information to be handled in strictest confidence.

Please contact:
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TRAVEL

(Continued from page 38) years become habituated, menace the campgrounds. "Ate seventy pounds of a fellow over in West Yellowstone," an old-timer remarked to me with satisfaction. "Right out of his sleeping bag. Fool didn't take off the clothes he'd been cooking in." Yellowstone should be closed for a decade, allowed to breathe and to recover.

We reached the easternmost extent of our landscape tour, and there in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, in the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, we could see its history from the zealous anthropology of Karl Bodmer and George Catlin through the romanticism of Bierstadt and Moran to the mythic, racist vulgarities of Charles M. Russell. Alongside the paintings there are the "facts" of western iconography: the saddle that developed from the simple stirrup link and lasso pommel of gauchos to the ornate and immensely heavy show saddles of the late nineteenth century; the rifles and six-guns that in one generation cleared the West and animated the rodeos which toured the States and Europe.

We stayed a week in one of the oldest and still the best of the dude ranches, Valley Ranch on the south fork of the Shoshone. Then, alone in the Clunker, I headed west again. Down through the Wind River canyon I headed over hills, green trees against red earth, surging west toward the Rockies. Over South Pass, known to tens of thousands of emigrants on the Oregon Trail, and where two women organized suffrage in the territory in 1869, I drove to Flaming Gorge. The hills of northeastern Utah opened down into Salt Lake City and the great desert to its west. Desert and sky mirrored each other and married on the horizon in feathery blue-and-white mirages. Now it was landscape as endurance, months for the pioneers and scarcely two days for me through Utah and the empty hills of northern Nevada. Damn all hills! Damn Interstate 80! Damn the Clunker! There at last were the Sierras and the Donner Pass and not long thereafter the orchards and vineyards of Napa. For me it was closing time in the western wing of the museum where, finally, in the wine country, landscape loops back upon itself and we could be in old Europe once again.
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TASTEMAKERS

VAN DAY TRUEx

The man behind the Parsons table edited the world of design with a faultless eye

By Christopher Hemphill

“Interiors speak!” Van Day Truex declared in a lecture delivered more than forty years ago. He had just returned to America after an extended stay in France and was recounting what he had learned. Over the following four decades, American interiors came to speak through him. In time, he became their preeminent mouthpiece.

First at the Parsons School of Design and later at Tiffany & Co., he exercised an influence that so populates the present landscape as to be almost imperceptible.

Take, for example, the now-ubiquitous Parsons table. At Parsons it was never known as such. In keeping with Truex’s architectural bent, it was called the “T-square table.” He had borrowed its design from Jean Michel Frank, with whom he shared a problematic relationship with modernity perhaps best described as “avant-garde traditionalism.” Frank, however, was a tragically ill-starred figure estranged as a French exile in New York from the hurly-burly of American commerce, while Truex enjoyed conspicuous good fortune both before and after his repatriation. Even when his hair turned silver he was still called a golden boy.

His gift of gab, allied with a genuine and flattering interest in other people, made him a born teacher, and he never abandoned the pedagogic habit. With his peculiar combination of reticence and flamboyance, he was destined to be a legendary figure within the decorating world but largely unknown outside of it. To his often determinedly silly profession, he brought high seriousness, and his contribution formed part of the history of what might be called the “Europeanization” of American taste.

In 1925 he had arrived at the Paris branch of Parsons to study with the austere William Odom, himself an important part of that history. Truex, however, was a different sort of expatriate. A thoroughly American physical type with ears like Dumbo’s, a jaw like Dick Tracy’s, and a figure like a scarecrow that looked good in clothes, he could be as expansive as his native Kansas. Divining the secret of many another American in Paris, he charmed the French by speaking their language perfectly but with a distinct Midwestern twang, and he had something to say. Add to this his good manners, his unfailing sobriety, the social fluidity of Paris (Continued on page 46)
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In the halcyon-sounding days between the wars, and it is no wonder that he got around. “It was all there—the provocative, the intellectual, the brilliant, the creative,” he wrote toward the end of his life about the effect that Paris had had on him. His modesty prevented him from adding that he had also affected the French. His seersucker jacket, blue jeans, and sneakers were seen as complementing the “poor chic” propagated by Chanel and Frank. Unlike theirs, Truex’s style represented a triumph over actual poverty. In decor he evolved a sort of poor man’s version of the famous striped and tente-dining room at Lady Mendl’s Villa Trianon which he soon knew well, doing over his rooms completely in mattress ticking. When he revived this material in New York after the Second World War, it became something of a cliché among his students. “Don’t forget to shrink it first,” he would remind them with characteristic practicality.

Parsons coulisse gossip of that period, which today can be neither confirmed nor denied, had it that Truex, in order to pay for his education in Paris, had worked as Odom’s chauffeur for one day; after that, the story went, he rode in back. Whether this is apocryphal or not, his rise was an extraordinarily rapid one. Soon assuming many of Odom’s teaching duties, he eventually took over his job.

Truex’s talents flourished in several media. In addition to beginning a series of sepia-ink drawings of landscapes, he also became a passionate amateur photographer of his wide and worldly circle, keeping the results in albums that few saw. Toward the end of the thirties volumes an ominous note appears. Just too old to be drafted, Truex returned to New York in 1940 and soon assumed the presidency of Parsons.

The war years, as recorded in his albums, seem an idyllic succession of country weekends with friends like the Gilbert Millers and the Harrison Williamses. Truex’s undeniable snobbism was of a piece with his sense of quality; he was a connoisseur of people as well as things. Wartime, however, was hardly a propitious time for interior decoration, let alone its promulgation. Only after the war did Truex emerge as more than a particularly charming extra man.

Because of the G.I. Bill, Parsons in 1946 had its largest enrollment to date—all of sixty students. Odom had just died and Truex had become the school’s director. Unlike his predecessor, he made himself available to all. Like most good teachers, however, he taught by indirection; his comments were often gnomic and usually cautionary. Many of them haunt their interlocutors to this day. Albert Hadley remembers a pronouncement on exercise in chinoiserie: “Be careful that it doesn’t look like an Upper West Side chop suey parlor”; for David Whitcomb, who had designed a canopy bed lined with orange-red silk, it is “Take care that it isn’t a burning of Brünnhilde”; for Joseph Braswell, who had become enamored of trompe-l’oeil effects at Palladio’s Teatro Olimpico during a Parsons tour of Italy: “Beware of vistas. It might be a dead-end street.”

Even students unable to afford the advantages of the European tours were made to feel (Continued on page 48)
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(Continued from page 46) “at home in the world,” a condition Truex considered the central purpose of education. Sharing the benefits of his worldly conquests, he arranged for them to see the grandest interiors that he knew. After they graduated he helped them get jobs and continued to follow their careers with interest. When he introduced Albert Hadley, who was working for his good friend Mrs. Archibald Brown of McMillen Inc., to Mrs. Henry Parish II, another good friend, he inaugurated one of the most influential collaborations in modern American decorating.

Naturally, his own style of living had the greatest influence on his disciples. In the forties, he redecorated his small apartment at regular two-year intervals—first green, then red, then umber with neutral accents—and had the results published. The latter scheme and its converse were to suit him for the rest of his life. Typically, he had picked up the idea in Europe. It had precedents in both Syrie Maugham’s modish “all-white” schemes and in the more cerebral work of Frank. Some maintain that Truex suffered from a mild form of color blindness in which contraries like red and green are disquieting. If this is the case, he made an advantage out of his liability that had far-reaching consequences in the work of his students, even as they quoted a remark of Billy Baldwin, his best friend, that became celebrated: “Van, you’re going to beige yourself to death!”

As it happened, Truex never succumbed to insipidity. His monochromaticism was always governed by what he called “a structural and grammatical sense of color,” and, above all, by his single-minded powers of control “Control,” “edit,” and “distill” were his favorite words. Each redecoration and change of his apartments was supposed to represent a distillation of what had preceded. Of these apartments, the next to the last, on Park Avenue, is perhaps best remembered by his disciples.

“When I saw it, I thought, ‘You wouldn’t have to go to Parsons,’” Inman Cook, a former Truex student who now owns Woolworks on Madison Avenue, recalls. “If you were smart, you could have picked every thing up from that apartment. It was a there—

(Continued on page 51)
From the Franklin Mint:  
a new approach to miniature collecting

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Amid the clutter of the counter were sweets in glass jars and bins of coffee and tea. Crowding the shelves were breakfast foods and canned goods, horse liniments and household linens. There was a potbellied stove and a Flexible Flyer sled. And posted at the entrance, the carved wooden figure of an Indian—announcing the exotic assortment of tobaccos inside.

It was the country store of the early 1900s—the very heart of small-town America, still remembered today as the symbol of a much-loved era. And now it is recaptured, exactly as it was, in an extraordinary collection of scale miniatures—more than 550 pieces in all, some of them specially imported from abroad and every one of them faithfully crafted for this superb re-creation of The American Country Store.

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State, Zip.

Signature

All orders are subject to acceptance.
Continued from page 48) the bare floors, the so-called Parsons tables, the Giacometti lamps, the black lacquer, the rattan, and especially the arrangements. At first glance, everything was on an axis and completely symmetrical. Then you saw one thing, then another, ever so slightly off—quite intentionally.

This play between symmetry and asymmetry as a constant in Truex’s aesthetic; he liked to invoke as an example the random deployment of light movable furniture against rigidly symmetrical boisserie in eighteenth-century French rooms. At Parsons such arrangements found quasi-scientific status in a system known as “Dynamic Symmetry.” Formulated by Frank Al’iah Parsons, after whom the school was named, it had been taught by Odom to Truex, who taught it to all his students. With the aid of tracing paper, they were enjoined to superimpose a rectangular grid, then an intricate series of diagonal axes upon a photograph of an exemplary object—say, an Attic vase—in order to discover its constituent properties of balance.

While many of Truex’s devices—his redirection for overscaled furniture in small rooms and his use of empty space in large ones, among others—have since become canonical, their archetypic underpinnings have fallen into disuse. Despite its period-sounding name, the system is surely due for a revival.

In 1953 Parsons changed suddenly and drastically. Before, the atmosphere had been frankly elitist and rather clubby. Impecunious but promising protégés were subsidized by discreet scholarships secured by Truex from his rich friends. Now, the trustees decided that the school should embark on something more along the lines of mass education. Truex was out of a job.

He told his friends that he thought his life was over. Naturally, new opportunities arose almost immediately. First, engaged as a consultant by Yale & Towne, he commissioned a line of architectural hardware from artists like Miró, Léger, and Noguchi. Then, in 1955, Walter Hoving enlisted him as the design director of Tiffany & Co., a connection maintained until his death.

"Stuffy, boring, old-fashioned, middle-class, (Continued on page 52)"
things we need just waiting to be found. What is modern: about his example is his elevation of the editing process to a kind of authorship.

The editing never stopped. Although in his inaugural American lecture he had decried “changing an address as often as a lady changes her season’s hats,” he continued to do exactly that. He tried to spend half of every year in a succession of houses in Provence—the first Louis XIII and

rather grand, the second a decrepit farmhouse he completely rebuilt, and the last, right up against a hill in Ménerbes, a house he built from scratch that looked as if it had always been there. All were simply outfitted with rattan and furniture made by local carpenters. Attracted by Truex’s cooking and conversation, guests at these houses happily submitted to a Spartan regimen like their host’s that began at dawn and ended, because of his dis- taste for drinking, early in the evening.

From Provence, he issued broadsides against what he called “the blast of promotion and the blast of fashion.” In truth, back in New York he excelled at orchestrating both. He was without even the more appealing sort of sentimentality; after his apartments and houses had been published, he invariably lost interest in them. Just as he had sold his house in Ménerbes for francs, the hill next to it collapsed, convincing him the sale would fall through. Not only did it not, but the franc in the meantime went way up. “‘Van,’ I told him,” his business adviser and friend John Pierrepont recalls, “‘everything you touch turns to gold.’”

The commercialization of his work in other hands troubled him not one bit. He furnished his last apartment almost entirely with inexpensive Dot Store versions of his old Parsons “torn square” furniture. Here, after one cocktail, never two, he would conduct têtes-à-têtes at a table set with a “Van ordinaire,” his widely imitated “Bamboo” silverware for Tiffany’s, an Wedgwood Drabware—“awful name, marvelous color,” in his words. Even the food was beige—blanquette de veau or scrambled eggs à la Elisabeth, the latter a concoction involving curry powder and cream. “The trick is to know a few good recipes by heart,” Truex would observe with a wink, “and then repeat them.”

Strangely enough, for all his savoir vivre, he also had a markedly morbid side. Toward the end of his life he too to carrying a cyanide pill on his person, terrified that he might suddenly become enfeebled, and constantly rewritten his list of bequests, never changing the names of recipients like Brooke Astor and Mary Rockefeller but always reshuffling the particular possessions.

His planned retirement never came. In the fall of 1979 while visiting Connecticut with a group of friends, the fabric designer Alan Campbell among them, he found what he thought would be the perfect house for that retirement. Although he made courtly apologies for not feeling better, as far as friends could see he was as engaging as ever. That evening, apparently unaware, he suffered a fatal heart attack back in New York.

“‘Van was above all a teacher,” Campbell recalls. “‘There!’ he used to love to say and then wait for your reaction. I remember when it was a field of lavender around an abbey in Provence that he had decided was the most beautiful thing in the world. Have you ever seen a field of lavender? It was beautiful but odd—bare earth with little clumps of lavender. When we return to the house in Ménerbes I saw it as for the first time. It was surrounded by masses of lavender and masses of yellow butterflies. I think Van cultivated the lavender. For all I know, he cultivated the butterflies, too.”
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A GOLDEN PALATE

How the joys of eating put Barbara Kafka on the road to culinary celebrity

By Mary Cantwell

Barbara Kafka is a very thin, well-dressed resident of Manhattan’s Upper East Side who tastes rather than eats. So do many of her neighbors—how else account for the skininess of the women strolling upper Madison Avenue?—but with this difference. When Barbara Kafka tastes, her taste buds behave like the pinball machine in The Time of Your Life. When properly played they go crazy.

Barbara Kafka’s taste buds have total recall and elegant perceptions. “It’s just that I know how things taste, and why they do, and how they should,” she says in an attempt to explain a phenomenon as inexplicable as perfect pitch. But however modestly Ms. Kafka may choose to describe her talented tongue, the fact is that it has brought her close to the summit of the food world. As the head of Barbara Kafka Associates, she advises food industry presidents and restaurant entrepreneurs, and in California, America’s new gastro-intestinal heaven, she is “practically a celebrity.”

The food world is not agribusiness, although who’s to say that a James Beard endorsement of turnips might not result in several thousand more acres being planted annually? More likely, however, is the food world’s power to affect the fortunes of the grower of sugar snap peas, the maker of goat cheese, the small operator up there . . . in Maine, say . . . who markets a superior mussel. Such people, once hailed, may find themselves rich and certainly respected. If, as someone once said, distinction in the sixties meant being being with a chef. Not any chef, mind you, only those who, like Alice Waters of Berkeley’s Chez Panisse, bring to food what Kenneth Battelle brought to hair. Miss Waters’ goat-cheese soufflé, for instance, is as much a trend-setter for now as was Kenneth’s (and Mrs. JFK’s) bouffant in 1960.

It’s amazing. Twenty years ago America didn’t have a food world. I had people who wrote cookbooks people who worked for women’s magazines and knew how to make a tuna casserole look good, and a citizenry blissfully ignorant of competition eating. Then, almost overnight, such questions as, “Did you read Craig Claiborne on Baumaniere last week?”, “Is this Julia Child’s mousse?” and “Have you tried Michael Field’s veal?” began to sound throughout the land. Suddenly the time was right for Barbara Kafka, and Barbara Kafka was right for the time.

She was born and grew up in New York City, the “spoiled only child” of a lawyer and a gentleman in the fragrance business. Her mother, being too busy litigating, didn’t cook, but Rachel Wellman did. Rachel was a black woman who came from Canada and was raised by (Continued on page 56).
Lilies for Naturalizing

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Several years ago, we secured for testing a small quantity of unnamed seedling Lilies from a hybridizer of our acquaintance. These bulbs come from strains grown mostly for cut flowers and the parents include some of the most elegant flowers ever seen, with heights generally in the two foot range — short enough, that is, not to need staking. The idea was to naturalize the Lilies with Daffodils in an area where tall oaks offer a bit of shade and the results exceeded our most optimistic imaginings.

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(Continued from page 54) the Salvation Army—not a promising beginning for a fine bouche—but she could cook “anything you described.” Rachel was the reason Barbara Kafka hung around the kitchen. “I got a great feel for cooking there,” she says. “There was love attached to it.” Rachel’s kitchen was also the source of a cake Ms. Kafka has still not figured out how to duplicate “Chocolate with whipped cream between the layers, over which she kind of floated another layer of chocolate.”

But there was more to Ms. Kafka’s early culinary education than Rachel. There was France, a word that evoked an idea as well as a country. “For me, a New York Jewish child of a first-generation father—my parents came enormous distances in their own lives—France was culture.” Interspersed with that culture was its cuisine, and to those who came of age in the fifties France’s was the only cuisine. Anything else was cookery. That the word means cookery was irrelevant. If one was eating steak it was food; if the steak had a sauce on it and was the work of a restaurant called La Whatever, it was cuisine. Being a New Yorker, and an affluent one at that, Ms. Kafka was lucky enough to be exposed to America’s few temples of French cooking.

When she married, shortly after Radcliffe, Ms. Kafka took to her own kitchen the love of food she’d learned at Rachel’s elbow, a desire to do her mother one better, a fearful perfectionism, and a low threshold of boredom between the layers, over which she kind of floated another layer of chocolate.”

“Write about food,” he said.

Until she got pregnant and quit (the mother having worked, the daughter didn’t want to), Ms. Kafka was in book and magazine publishing, usually as a copy editor, and burned to write. But what about? Leo Lerman, then an editor of Mademoiselle, settled it for her “Write about food,” he said.

So she did. She undertook a restaurant column for Playbill, paid for everything out of her own pocket, and probably operated at a loss. Wrote fairly regularly for a fashion magazine, did an article for its arch-rival and was starved when her first editor never spoke to her again. Translated a book of menus and... (Continued on page 58)
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Ms. Kafka’s progress was not vertical but horizontal, which, contrary to the theory that lateral moves are mistaken, often creates useful eddies. There came a time when she had done so much, however amateurish her start, that “How about Barbara Kafka?” became the almost inevitable answer to “Do you know anyone who could . . . ?”

Joseph Baum, a brilliant restaurant entrepreneur, thinks that Barbara Kafka can do just about anything. “The way I work is generally to exhaust the possibilities, and with Barbara there are always endless possibilities. So when we work together there’s a kind of point counterpoint. Barbara’s fertile . . . she’s forever raising the horizons . . . and she has a great mass of information.” He hired her to help buy the table service for his Windows on the World in the World Trade Center, but plates proved only a base for a pyramid. Ms. Kafka also worked on the wine list, recommended the cellar master, advised on the menus, and eventually hit the kitchens. “When you start working with the chefs,” she says, “you’re working in an artisanal world. And sometimes being innocent about a lot of things helps. You just do it.” Asked the source of the confidence that enables her to “just do it,” she replies, “a kind of intellectual arrogance.” “What Joe saw in his head was more created than defined, so I began to define it. You could call it . . . an attempt to define American high style in food.”

Just what is American food, let alone when it’s high style, is something currently puzzling those who make a living thinking about such things. Purists claim that American food is that which is essentially indigenous: e.g., johnnycake with maple syrup. Another camp makes a claim for all the ingredients in the melting pot, but cooked so as to achieve apotheosis: e.g. Craig Claiborne’s menus for the Economic Summit Meeting at Williamsburg last May, which featured a Tex-Mex luncheon and the occasional bagel. Judging by a dinner Ms. Kafka devised for Vogue several years ago, she is of the latter group. The “typical Kafka Menu” listed shrimp quenelles with watercress sauce, borscht, poached chicken with summer vegetables, and poached pears filled with pear sherbet.

After “Windows,” Ms. Kafka edited a small and rather special magazine called Cooking (since rechristened The Pleasures of Cooking). “With that as a fall back position,” she says, “I figured could start my own business.” Which it is to say, Barbara Kafka Associates.

“I give the same advice to someone who wants to open a restaurant that an editor would give a writer. You prune the idea so it’s clear to people, and you make everything else relate to it. But you’ve also got to make money, so you think about leftovers too, and of not having everything in the broiler unit at the same time.”

Barbara Kafka Associates also work on products—recently they developed recipes for an ice-cream machine—and Ms. Kafka herself is the inventor of a power whisk. Her store, Star-Spangled Foods, which was supposed to be American food what New York’s America Hurrah is to American folk art, folded after eleven months. “I may have been,” she muses, “a touch premature.” After Cooking she edited The Four Seasons; at the moment she’s finishing a book, Food for Friends, advising a new Greenwich Village restaurant, which she says should have “the informalness of a bar and the convenience of a restaurant,” and writing a monthly column for Vogue.

The years of cooking, tasting, and cogitating have left Ms. Kafka, if not precisely jaded, a bit fatigued. “Eating,” she reports ruefully, “is not the fun it used to be. I can never be innocent again.” That’s the kind of thing a lot of successful people say: the arrival is never as much fun as the ascent. And this ascent, although often rocky, has been unusually pleasant in that Ms. Kafka has almost always managed to avoid a nine-to-five job. But when one mentions her luck in being able to afford the luxury of failure—she has never, after all, had to worry about where the rent was coming from—Ms. Kafka stiffens. “The great luxury,” she says, “was that I wasn’t afraid of starting over. And I did that a lot. That was the security I was given as a child: that I could manage, that I could do things. That’s the luxury.”

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GRAHAM STUART THOMAS' THREE GARDENS
By Graham Stuart Thomas
Capallbray's Books, 184 pp., $29.95

HOME GROUND
A Gardener's Miscellany
By Allen Lacy
Farrar, Straus and Giroux
272 pp., $14.95 (April)

THE WELL-CHOSEN GARDEN
By Christopher Lloyd
Harper & Row, 176 pp., $18.95 (March)

THE ADVENTUROUS GARDENER
By Christopher Lloyd
Random House, 248 pp., $17.95

Four garden books at once, eminently readable, are too much to ask for. But such is the occasional (very occasional indeed) smile of fortune. Graham Stuart Thomas, one of England's celebrated gardeners, is best known to Americans for his veritable bible of roses in only three volumes, all of them psalms and proverbs, and for his work as Gardens Consultant to the National Trust. He has grown thousands of things, many of them maddeningly rare to the American loam, but now for the first time he looks back over a long career as pattering gardener at home.

Graham Stuart Thomas' Three Gardens is the account of his own gardens over the years, and since his last one around his cottage is small, it is instructive to see what he has come up with. And there are surprises.

A "small" garden used to be four to seven acres, but now, even in England (where a stalwart race is still prepared to spend more, work more, and insist on more in the garden) a grim realism has set in, reflecting rising costs of land, a virtual disappearance of outside labor, and an increasing perception (not noticed so much in the day when other people could be persuaded to trim hedges, dig docks and clip verges) that the usual day has only 2 hours in it. The garden in back of the cottage is only sixty by seventy feet. As one of the world's ultimate authorities on all that is beautiful in the rose, he must have gone mad choosing from full thousand of the most indispensable kinds, the scant handful he now maintains. These include 'Alist C. Stella Gray', 'Perl d'Or', 'Reine des Violettes', 'Reine Victoria', 'Mme. Pierre Oger', 'Comte de Chambord', 'Jacques Cartier', and that turn-of-the-century American rambler now virtually extinct in American commerce, 'Gardienia'. He had to keep, he felt, the old white 'Mme. Hardy' 'Belle de Crecy', and 'Ferdinand Pichard'.

In half the space required by 'Gardencia', he could have had both 'Violette' and 'Climbing Goldilocks', as he no doubt knows, but then roses are like love in the sense that you can hardly offer another fellow advice or expect him to take it. (Continued on page 62)
It's More you.

It's beige.
It's slender.
It's special.
It's menthol.


8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
(Continued from page 60) And some of us will feel vindicated, indeed, at his inclusion of both 'Jacques Cartier' and 'Comte de Chambord' (virtually indistinguishable), which are shamefully neglected. Any rose chosen from the multitude by Thomas may consider it safe from oblivion for the next century if not positively immortalized. Mr. Thomas is that rare garden writer who gently wrangles with ("and would you kindly explain how you expect to sustain your life without the alba rose 'Celestial'?"), for he inspires the same affectionate response accorded a wise and totally reliable old retriever who nevertheless is his own dog still.

The book includes that great rarity — diagrams of the three gardens complete with measurements. It is said by some that a fanatical interest in length, breadth, and depth are signs of incipient insanity; if so, most serious gardeners are headed for Bedlam, since we invariably like to know just how the garden is laid out.

Only 750 plants are mentioned by this gardener who could have held forth on 10,000, but it is very far from a gardening dictionary or a practical guide. What it aims at, and splendidly succeeds in being, is a personal odyssey through happy fields, as you might say though few fields were ever so packed with fragrant flowers as Mr. Thomas' three gardens. One surprise is his emphasis on good garden design, and his restraint is an embarrassing lesson to the rest of us. It is an easy book, arousing only moderate waves of envy.

Christopher Lloyd is another kettle of fish entirely. He, too, is one of the world's great gardeners south of London. Not only is he possibly the best garden writer today, he also has Great Dixter one of the world's most beautiful gardens.

He, too, grows that rose, 'Perle d'Or', and this may be the place to say its foliage is positively poor, its color quite ambiguous yellow, and it is by no means good enough or rare enough to presume to die on a gardener, though I have lost it twice. The chief difficulty with Mr. Lloyd is that if he were to mention a sunflower, one would feel incomplete, in fact a barbarian if one did not have it, so great are his persuasive powers. Even more annoying, he is almost invariably correct in his judgments. If he (Continued on page 66, HOUSE & GARDEN)
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WITZERLAND
Books

(Continued from page 62) lathers up in print about, say, a somewhat obscure clematis such as ‘Perle d’Azur’, and if one acquires it in order to see for oneself, it always turns out Lloyd was correct. It is a plant of unparalleled or at least unexcelled merit. In such earlier Lloyd books as The Well-Tempered Garden and Clematis, the reader soon gets used to not arguing with him, not because he is stern or unforgiving (he is, endlessly good-humored), but because when you come right down to it and try yourself, he is right.

What a pleasure when he is wrong. In his new offering, The Adventurous Gardener, he goes out of his way to be little Sargent’s crab, which he says is quite without character and has insignificant fruit. But as every right-thinking gardener knows from birth, Sargent’s crab is the finest of all crabs for the small garden, and almost the only crab of supreme beauty. It has far more character in its branches and habit of growth than other crabs, and its fruit (a fine scarlet) is lovely from October on. It is, furthermore, nicely scented, and unlike most crabs, which tend toward vulgarity one way or another, it is everything in the way of refinement that a small tree should be: the same quality you find in the dogwood, the Washington thorn, or the Foster holly. One likes to think Lloyd failed with this crab, heh, heh, heh. On the other hand he is right, as usual, in his lavish praise of the tea crab, Malus hupehensis which with Sargent’s is one of the finest among all crab apples for the small garden in which ultimate loveliness is required, or at least hoped for.

You have to call a book something but The Adventurous Gardener has nothing to do with such adventures as growing redwoods in a pot or attempting a large bed of Tecophilaec; there are no wild dreams in it, and one is not especially adventurous if one grows the ordinary Kerria or the various rugosae roses (two among many of the first-rate plants he deals with). Most readers of gardening books would have been happy with More From Lloyd, but such a title would mean little to those whose lives have been blighted by a failure to know who Lloyd is.

His other new book, The Well-Chosen Garden, is a continuation of his The Well-Tempered Garden, and equally full of (Continued on page 70
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Allow 8-12 weeks after payment for shipment.
BOOKS

(Continued from page 66) comment on a multitude of plants. He often mentions plant juxtapositions he has found especially rewarding (Nerine Bowdemi with Aster Amellus, for example), but best of all he tells you things you would already know if you grew this or that plant, but which you have no idea about the first time you try. Certain mullions, he points out, have a disconcerting way of forming rosettes far larger than expected, and their great leaves (as he says) lay friendly lion's paw over smaller kitter plants in the neighborhood. This hardly esoteric gardening lore, but I wager there is hardly a gardener alive who was not astounded the first time he grew Verbascum broussa (one of the handsomest mullions) only to discover its basal rosette occupied a circle a yard wide and killed everything within the space. So these things that you learn the hard way are much more easily learned in the books of fine writers.

There are so few garden writers of vast experience who possess taste chastened by time, slugs, and late freezes.

A great deal of learning goes into Lloyd's books. To profit the most from them, one needs to have a good garden dictionary or encyclopedia at hand to check the plants as he mentions them. Otherwise, one sails over the unfamiliar names. Alchemilla mollis, the lady mantle, is one of the most worthwhile of all garden perennials, and every gardener who grows it treasures it. Yet it is not all that common in American gardens. If, when it is mentioned in Lloyd one looks it up and thinks about it and acquires it, the life of the garden becomes richer. Of course, Hebe are not going to decorate chilly American gardens, no matter how beautiful they are and no matter how much the gardener knows about them; they are simply too tender.

(Continued on page 72)
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Nothing else feels like real gold.
Alstroemeria, he is a boy with an electric train for Christmas. He does not discover things he didn't know before. But the great thing about his book is its sense of delight, its irresistible wholesomeness—a good choice indeed for a gardener who is just becoming a bit wary of marigolds. He encourages, he points ways, and he writes with a surging quality that is entirely refreshing at a time so many American gardening books are dull as minutes of a board meeting.

He has good things to say for rudbeckias, which strike me as weeds unworthy of a place in any garden except a supermarket parking lot, and I must say he makes them sound attractive. Like everyone else, he ignores the one grand member of the tribe, *Rudbeckia maxima*, inelegantly known in rural America as burr heads, but which is handsome enough to hold a place in gardens where ordinary coneflowers would be weeded out. Still, if a gardener likes rudbeckias or dislikes (like Lloyd) Sargent’s crab, you have to make allowances for sunspots and brainstorms and the astonishing fact that not all gardeners see things as clearly as we do.

He offers a great deal of information and it must be a most unusual gardener who does not discover things he didn’t know before. But the great thing about his book is that not all gardeners see things clearly as we do. And there are scarcely any who can do this in a style as brisk, merry, and wise as Lloyd’s. One of the few unarguable things in gardening is that any book of Christopher Lloyd’s should be acquired instantly.

Finally, in *Home Ground*, a book of new essays and pieces from *Horticulture* and from his garden column in *The Wall Street Journal*, Allen Lacy approaches almost all plants as if he were Adam wandering about Eden, struck blind to discover so much wonder in the meadows. When he comes upon *Alstroemeria*, he is a boy with an electric train for Christmas. He does not repeat the usual incorrect information that if the roots are broken the plant will die (they should be handled with great care, but breakage is not necessarily fatal), and he might have added that they may be planted safe from freezes at the astounding depth of twelve inches.

At Inverewe in Scotland, red astilbe is followed by bright yellow Achillea ‘Coronation Gold’ and magenta *Geranium psilostemon*; these are softened by gray santolinas, purple and blue aconites, and campionulas.
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Interest in the Wiener Werkstätte (literally Vienna Workshop), which was founded in 1903 in order to produce Austrian modern design of the highest quality, is as great as it has ever been among scholars but only recently has it caught the eye of the collector. Last year in Monte Carlo a desk by Koloman Moser, one of the Werkstätte founders, sold at auction for $325,000 and just recently in New York a Josef Hoffmann vitrine brought nearly as much. But it hasn't always been this way. “When I began, just over ten years ago,” explains Wolfgang Ritschka, owner and founder of Galerie Metropol at 927 Madison Avenue in New York, “the Wiener Werkstätte pieces were difficult to find—they still are—but they were also quite inexpensive; there just wasn’t much interest in the Austrians. Josef Hoffmann died a poor

and mostly forgotten man in 1956.”

Indeed, while there have long been avid collectors for modern design—for the work of Werkstätte contemporaries like Charles Rennie Mackintosh, for original Bauhaus furniture and objects, for Le Corbusier’s, and for Rietveld’s furniture—no comparable group existed for the Viennese work. This is especially striking since Vienna is synonymous with a certain kind of modern culture: the city that gave us Freud, Schoenberg, and Klimt has a special claim on our attention. Yet the reasons for the neglect of Wiener Werkstätte are not hard to divine. Put quite simply: by the Modernist standards of Le Corbusier or Mies, the work of Hoffmann and Moser look “impure”—there is an obvious love of decoration for its own sake, albeit a very restricted conception of the decorative, that has kept the work out of the High Modernist pantheon. Although the Wiener Werkstätte, as both an organization and an aesthetic, was directly inspired by the English Arts and Crafts movement—by the moralizing theory of John Ruskin and the moralized vision of William Morris—Austrian designs are not in the least primitival. On the contrary, there is a exultation and a joy in giving pleasure. In the case of Hoffmann’s famous Fledermaus chair, for example, the immaculately rendered curve of the arms and back is countered, softened and made far less rigorous by the addition of the (Continued on page 74)
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tincts than others.
(Continued from page 7.) Whimsical spheres—blatantly useless—that, as if they were the baubles hanging from the ears of a fashionable woman, are suspended at the two intersections of the back and the upright supports (and, again, four more times, underneath the seat). Elsewhere, the implacable geometry of the grids beloved of Hoffmann and Moser are made inviting by the addition of a quilted pad, a checked fabric, or a tufted cushion; or a piece of hardware is added for "interest," for which no theoretical justification could possibly be construed. If a whiff of the monastery hangs over the work of the Scottish Mackintosh, the aesthetic of the Werkstätte, which was directly influenced by his, is nonetheless its opposite: with a sense of Hapsburg luxury and Ringstrasse comfort, the Werkstätte's is an art of accommodation—a modernism mit Schlag. Although it's been a long time in coming—and perhaps it could not have happened without the current, anti-Modernist reaction—the moment for Viennese Modern's return is now fully upon us.

Behind the founding of Galerie Metropol, that immaculate, stark white shop on upper Madison Avenue filled with the best of Viennese Modern design—there lies a touching tale. As Ritschka tells it: "I began as an artist—I'd attended the School of Applied Arts in Vienna and then the Beaux-Arts in Paris. When I returned to Austria I set up a studio and began to paint. Of course, I didn't have much money, so I filled the studio with furniture from my grandfather's house—things he had been given at the time of his wedding, around 1910. I liked the furniture, but I hadn't really paid that much attention to it. But something funny began to happen, and to happen fairly often: people would come to my studio to see my work, would say polite words about my paintings, and then have wildly enthusiastic reactions to my grandfather's chairs and settees. I had, you see, a studio filled with Wiener Werkstätte furniture, pieces by Josef Hoffmann, Koloman Moser, and their associates." Gradually falling under the powerful spell cast by those great objects, and sensing the obvious direction in which fate's finger was pointing, Ritschka put down his brushes and hung out a sign. He and two partners now maintain a gallery on the Dorotheergasse in Vienna, as well as the gallery in New York. Among the treasures that currently grace the Metropol premises is a splendid Moser writing desk of 1901. Made of beechwood and mahogany by the Kohn brothers (the firm that merged in 1923 with Thonet and with Mundus, well-known bentwood manufacturers), the desk still preserves an echo of Jugendstil sinuousness. The detailing is uniformly superb—from the brass feet at the bottom of the front legs, to the brass drawer pulls and inlaid leather writing surface. Metropol's most important collectors are Austrians and Americans who show rather different patterns of collecting. "First of all," says Ritschka, "the Americans are somewhat narrower in their interest than the Austrians—aside from furniture, we sell a great number of small decorative objects in our Vienna gallery—the Gitterwerk (gridwork) objects in silver and white enamel; the boxes, vases, and such, in Paktong—the beaten metal for which the Werkstätte was well-known. The Americans tend to be interested mostly in furniture, although that may change with time. Also, Vienna has the crazier—some really mad—collectors, the kind of people who want everything Koloman Moser ever made, for instance, which then may be deposited in a warehouse never to be seen again. The American collectors, on the other hand, often want to actually (Continued on page 82.)
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SPLENDOR IN SCARLET

Centuries of fine design are combined in a luxurious Manhattan apartment

BY ALICE GORDON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

Above: The spacious entrance is lit by two Empire chandeliers. Over the gilt-bronze Empire console (and above the Louis XVI sofa on opposite wall) are paintings by Masissas.

Opposite: On the Louis XVI table by Boulard are vermeil boxes, Meissen candlesticks mounted in gilt bronze, and a rock-crystal cachepot filled with a moss-wrapped orchid plant.
In this view of the huge living room, several of many prized possessions stand out: the luminous blue commode, the intricate eighteenth-century French tapestries mounted on screens, the seventeenth-century Chinese painting of a warrior, one of two in the room. Denning and Fourcade designed the silk-taffeta curtains and lightened the wood paneling to offset the rich glow of red-damask sofas and chairs on a nineteenth-century Turkish rug that covers almost the entire floor.
Denning and Fourcade found for the living room are a Boule barometer and a sculpture after Michelangelo's *Night* and *Day*. Above: The owner's favorite piece among many candidates for that honor is this exquisite Boule writing desk. Louis XV painted and gilded chair is one of six in tiger silk velvet.
In a sense, the decoration of this New York pied-à-terre began centuries ago. Gifted Chinese sculptors and painters played an important part; so did the great ébénistes for Louis XIV, XV, and XVI; the painters Goya and Oudry made a contribution, equaled in carved wood by the masterly Italian furniture maker Andrea Brustolon. Only several years ago, decorator François Catroux stepped in, followed by Robert Denning and Vincent Fourcade. In time was created yet another breathtaking setting for a woman who calls the whole world home.

The woman and her late husband had been collecting fine objects for many years, and when they chose this apartment for their annual four months of living in New York, deciding what to furnish it with meant, in part, selecting objects from their other houses in other countries. (They had also brought numerous treasures to their previous New York apartment.) To consider what they must have left behind is staggering, for here is a gathering of furniture, silver, and art the likes of which one usually finds only in a museum: a sixteenth-century Chinese torso that still has traces of its polychrome paint; German, French, and American silver, some of it dating from the seventeenth century; a pair of Chinese chests that once
Above: There are four massive chairs in the library by seventeenth-century master Andrea Brustolon, which have arms and legs of intricately carved pastoral figures (detail, opposite) and are covered in antique French tapestry. Bronze sculptures above bookcases are seventeenth-century Italian. Velvet covers the walls. Paisley carpet from Stark.

were in the sizable collection of the Marquise de Larain, nee Marguerite Rockefeller; an exquisite blue horn and aventurine lacquer commode made for Louis XIV’s finance minister, Nicolas Fouquet, whose fatal mistake was displaying his wealth with more extravagance than the king himself.

But for this woman, owning priceless objects does not in any way preclude a comfortable relationship with them. She wanted this apartment to have the feeling of her other interiors around the world, and indeed, with similarly appointed residences in Portugal, France, and Mexico, she is used to luxurious comfort; it is something she demands and knows how to obtain. When she thought about the decoration of this apartment, she knew that red, and lots of it, was exactly what she needed to take the edge off New York City, which she considers colder than her native France. Red was what she was given, in abundant, luxurious supply. The walls in the entrance and library were covered with different textured patterns of red velvet and the sofas and chairs upholstered in red damask and satin. Heavy clouds of fringed red silk taffeta curtains were designed to crown the library and living-room windows. The same color swirls through the paisley carpet in the library and makes bold
Under an eighteenth-century Swedish chandelier glitters the owner's collection of antique silver. The sixteenth-century Chinese torso, with traces of its original polychrome paint, was in the great international exhibition of Far Eastern art in London, 1935-36. François Catroux designed the pleated-silk and wood screen.
Above: The master bedroom is swathed in a French cotton print chosen by François Catroux from Lemanach. Armchairs and bench at foot of bed are eighteenth-century French; side chairs are Italian. The owner of the apartment found the Japanese lady in a New York antiques shop. Opposite: Wedgwood nymphs run across the front of this delicate Austrian chest.

delicate floral on the Turkish rug in the living room, where the tone of the paneled walls was lightened to give the entire room a warm enclosure.

In the dining room and master bedroom, red also appears, but as accent on the chairs in the former and as the soft focus of a pinkish floral fabric in the latter. The warmth of the dining room comes from the rich pattern of the eighteenth-century Chinese wallpaper, which was in the apartment when the woman and her husband bought it, and from the brilliance of the silver and crystal. The bedroom's cheerful flowers trapse over the walls and furniture in a delicate French cotton print.

When she is in New York, where she has many friends as well as two granddaughters in school, the woman loves to entertain, sharing her apartment's splendor and warmth on a frequent basis. With the fond memory of the delight taken in collecting by her late husband, who as a very young man sold a prized race horse to buy his first rare antique, she is still of a mind to buy beautiful things, and no doubt if she "can find anywhere to put them," the material treasures of this apartment will increase. In equal measure, so will the pleasure of the people who share it with her. Editors: Jacqueline Gonet and Kaaren Parker Gray
André François's home outside Paris is an extension of his unusual vision.

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARY.
risy-les-Plâtres, a small village fifty kilometers north of Paris, boasts three farms, a baker, a butcher, a twelfth-century church, and an artist in residence: André François. What Saul Steinberg is to America, and Ronald Searle to England, André François is to France: a graphic artist par excellence, whose work has often graced the covers of The New Yorker, Punch, and Le Nouvel Observateur. Though Rumanian born, André François has put down the kind of roots in France typical of a tenacious transplant.

On a late December afternoon, André François and his English wife, Margaret, explained how they happened to find their house while we sat over tea in François’s studio—a modern structure built by their son Pierre Farkas (the original family name) in 1973. Perfectly proportioned and flooded with light, it is set unobtrusively away at the end of a garden of fruit trees, slightly downhill from the stone house, which dates from 1820. Margaret François wears sneakers, faded blue jeans, and a light blue traditional French sailor sweater. Cut in bangs, her gray hair falls straight to the shoulder. Her husband, also tall and lean and an astonishingly vigorous, white-haired 69, wears the same sweater in navy blue over brown corduroy jeans and sneakers.
In the living/dining room, the chestnut-wood table was found at a local antiques shop; a factory lamp hangs overhead, bought many years ago by François. The mural, completed in 1956, shows china they use daily. Overhead on the right a painting from Haiti, in the middle a scene of the Pontoise Valley around Grisy-les-Plâtres from the Paris flea market, and on the left a dog painting from England.
PrcsediKS, pages In New York around 1963, painter Richard Lindner was collecting American money boxes and it inspired Margaret Francois to begin her toy collection. She got her first one at Macy's. The collection, which includes many outlandish sandine tins, is taken down once a year for cleaning.

Opposite: Francois opened up the walls of this small room with a trompe-l'oeil view of the Marseilles harbor, for which he cut up an old engraving. The birds are engravings, too, from an ornithological collection. "Birds are the only animals I am truly frightened of," Francois admits.

Let's refering to his pastel Suf7 on the Apple Tree — West, December 1976. Francois says, "The garden is very different in winter as there are no evergreens. The trees — all fruit-bearing — stand stark and bare."

We've been here since 1945," they begin to explain in what turns out to be a perfect counterpoint of mixed accents and languages. "At the end of the war we intended to move back to Paris, but it was impossible to find a place to let—so we bicycled out here one day to see what we might find. We came across a local schoolmaster who confirmed there was nothing. As we turned to go he asked Andre, 'What do you do?' When Andre replied, 'I am a painter,' the schoolmaster threw up his arms and said, 'I am a poet! Wait, I'll get my bike and see if I can help you.' So the three of us biked from one village to another over muddy country roads, and nothing but nothing was in the offing. Finally, at sundown we got to Grisy and the village notaire—the official solicitor in charge of sales and rentals—said yes: he might have a house, but who were we? He needed references. The schoolmaster volunteered we were close friends of his! And so the notaire agreed we could move right away, everything we owned fit into one suitcase."

Occupied by Nazi troops during the war, the house the Francoises were soon to call home was in a state of disarray. Upstairs the wallpaper was falling off in strips. Downstairs everything was very dark. (Text continued on page 190.)
Above: Garden and Countryside in July 1980. A collage of different elements, a pastel of the garden in summer is flanked, top, by a pencil drawing of the studio curtains and, below, by one of the surrounding fields of maize, sugar beets, and potatoes. Opposite: On the marble-top bistro table outside the living room where Margaret and André François often eat are the cans they use to collect milk every evening at sundown from the neighboring village. On the wall is an arrangement of utensils, among them several grills and an old barber-shop sign.
Ludwig Mies van der Rohe would no doubt gladly give you a tour of the Marriott apartment. But after he had proudly driven you up to the door of the steel-and-glass tower he built in the late fifties along the shore of Lake Michigan, led you past the now classic reception-area arrangement of his furniture in the glass lobby, and taken you up the elevator and down the hall to Celia Marriott’s door, he would deposit you graciously and confidently into the hands of Krueck & Olsen Architects. Ron Krueck and Keith Olsen, both graduates of the Illinois Institute of Technology and so bred in the Mies manner, would in turn respectfully invite Mies to look over their shoulders on the tour, as he does when they design.

Enter the apartment at any time of day and the effect is spellbinding. At dawn, the vision is radiant; in the afternoon, the mood is of being becalmed on a silvery sea; at night, the scene ranges from serene to theatrical. This chameleonic design grows out of a devotion to the best of Mies—his commitment to technological materials and the scrupulous detailing of their assembly—with a radical and studied warp.

Here are the screens set in metal frames to form planes in an open room, a device Mies elevated to near perfection in the Barcelona Pavilion of 1929, but now their disposition is fluid rather than rigid. The curvy-cut sections of perforated aluminum whirl and slide around Mies’s centrifugal structural column. When overlapped, the close range of different-sized holes in the screens, drawn from experimentation with many samples, creates a moiré that abandons (Text continued on page 200)
All furniture, except the tubular Mies chairs, is either built in or bolted to the floor. For the upholstery, subtle shades of velvet and satin were chosen for their ease in shifting color as the light changes; at certain times of day, they are as silvery as the screens. Dimmer-controlled lights buried in the glass-block walls balance natural light during the day and animate the apartment at night.
Light acting upon the overlapping screens alters their translucency, and the mood of the apartment.
Stainless steel ledge indulates, like the Lake Michigan shoreline it parallels, along the fifty-five-foot length of the window wall, from guest bedroom through living room, where it widens into a banquette, to the master bedroom. Nesting doors, in Cadillac and Porsche paint polished to a new-car finish, slip between the gaps in the ledge for bedroom privacy.
Human beings have never been satisfied by reality. The gardens of the unconscious are there to witness the power of fantasies and the seduction of the unreal. The nature invented by man exists in reality only in relation to his idea of it. When he searches out its most unusual aspects, it is probably only to give himself the illusion that the nature around him was created in the image of his dreams for nothing is less natural than a park. The most beautiful gardens are generally those of narcissists—reflecting their megalomania—and misanthropes—raising between themselves and the world the protective and uncrossable barrier of the inanimate
Recently discovered by archaeologists, the subterranean garden in the tomb of a Chinese emperor — a stupefying landscape of trees of jade, houses and flowers of marble threaded with brooks in which still flows the mercury poured in centuries ago.

**GOISTS IN THE GARDEN**

*Opposite:* In the Linderhof gardens of Wagner’s patron, theead King Ludwig II of Bavaria later stairs, tunnels, and pavilions in greenery, *parterres de rodére* and other classic elements of the formal French garden are joined with a *frenusberg* grotto illuminated by multicolored bulbs and a Moorish-style kiosk bought at the Paris exposition of 1867. The hub of the entire garden design created by the court gardener was the king’s bed. *Right:* Latin tags in boxwood near Aberdeen, Scotland, are not the tongues that Shakespeare found in trees, but plants trained with infinite care to speak other languages.

**TAMED TREES**

*Top:* The art of cutting trees into shape goes straight to the heart on the Azorean island of Terceira. Some call it torture but the Romans called it topiary; gardeners have found it irresistible ever since. *Above:* Pliny the Elder tells of an enormous plane tree whose hollow trunk could hold eighteen guests and another, the pride of Caligula, possessing a platform that could hold a banquet. The hollow oak at Pratolino in Stephano della Bella’s engraving contains a table, animals in tufa, and a nymphaeum; and a double stair leads to a platform lodged in the branches.
IN ORDER SERVICEABLE

Below: Like well-disciplined puffballs, light globes section the lawn around the Château Lascombes in the Bordeaux country. During the First Empire the Maréchal Lannes had planted in the park of his château, Maison-Laffitte, battalions of Italian poplars representing each of the armies with which he had been victorious.

THE ROUGH AND THE SMOOTH

Gardens of humor are not numerous because humor is rare; the very refined humor of that eighteenth-century Mongol Emperor of China, who wishing to obscure his barbaric origins ordered the lawns of his Peking palace combed each morning with a fine comb.

An American botanist assembled numbered seed packets of different flowers that, planted according to plan, created an exact reproduction of the American flag. The following year the flowers reappeared but as a mess of mixed colors: nature too has a sense of humor.

Water Amusements

*Top:* Facing the Château d’Annevoie in Belgium, a “water buffet”—innumerable jets, none over a foot tall, in a grassy slope. *Above:* Carved birds spit water into a central basin from the top of an arbor in the curious aviary at Schwetzingen, Germany.
SURPRISES

Above: A maze, a green temple, a round théâtre de verdure, a grove of scented plants, and, opposite top, a sylvan dining room where hidden jets drench the unsuspecting—some fascinations of the diagonal Baroque park at the Château de La Ballue created by architect P. Maymont after period plans.

TEAMWORK

Above left: In his garden at Fontainebleau Charles de Noailles placed a big bird by François Lalanne on a nest of jasmine between two pools of water lilies. One species opens in the morning and closes in the afternoon when the other opens.

MARVELS

Left: Allées turn into vaults of water; the horns of deer's-head trophies spray passers-by; invisible water organs play Elysian songs—all at Hellbrunn Castle in Austria.

WELL-TRIMMED BOAT

Above: Faithful to the Italian Renaissance gardens that were their inspiration, the gardens of Vizcaya in Miami include a stone boat, an elaborate barge "anchored" in the sea at the foot of descending terraces. Practically, it serves as a breakwater for the landing stairs.
Some years ago an English merchant sold packets containing a mixture of seeds and chrysalises. Sown, the mixture produced at the appointed time not just flowers that bloomed and butterflies that flew, but butterflies of the same colors as the flowers.

Gardens of eccentricity and surprises are based on unusual uses of water, unexpected structures, automated statues, artificial grottoes, trees that are rare or worked into strange shapes and were popular in ancient Rome and during the Renaissance. The restored Château de La Ballue provides an example of the Mannerist and Baroque gardens of France, gardens showing what Nature can produce that is most beautiful, most rare, or most monstrous and realizations of the fantasies that Nature suggests to Man who tortures and manipulates her according to his desire to astonish.
An amateur did not wish to see the soil in his park and had the idea of planting acres of violets under acres of asparagus, which he would then be able to sell in bunches and bundles.

Gardens of fantasy have a fairy-tale quality that outweighs the eccentricity which may contain a certain impudence. They may never be as precious or as sumptuous as those dreamed and described by poets, but the purpose of these gardens also is to transport the visitor into an enchanted world, a paradise where every wish is granted.

ODD BEDFELLOWS

Above: One tall white lily rising from a formal mass of pink astilbe, dwarf fruit trees or jets of water hidden in herbaceous borders: conceits in an Aberdeen public garden.

ECCENTRIC WALLS

Right: Monster-capped walls lead to the palace of the Princes of Palagonia near Palermo. Goethe hated the "revolting shapes" created by a mad prince: "every kind of paw attached to every kind of body, double heads and exchanged heads."

Far right: Frozen in stone, a stag hunt crowns one wall and a boar hunt its pendant at Raray in France. Built in the seventeenth century by Nicolas de Lancy and his Italian wife, it was the beast's chateau in Jean Cocteau's film Beauty and the Beast.

More fantasy gardens, page 206
HIGH, WIDE & HANDSOME

Stephen Tilly and Alan Buchsbaum combine steel, concrete, glass, and wood in a brilliantly colored solar house

BY ELAINE GREENE    PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN McGRATH
he owner of this new house in a wood in South Carolina is the brightest jewel in an architect’s crown, a satisfied client. “I am 99 percent in love with it,” he claims, deducting one percent for a tiny roof leak, even though he says he knows that almost all of Frank Lloyd Wright’s roofs leak. How does he love his house? “It is warm, strong, open, innovative, and responsible—all qualities I want to see in myself.”

The man, a Savannah native who is vice-president of a steel company and a well-known mover in Democratic Party politics, has become a nature lover in one year in the country. His house stands high over a river where he swims and canoes, fishes for bass and trout, and watches the blue herons feeding along the shore. A contemplative side has emerged in his life which surprises him, and it is the design of the house, he says, that has changed him so: the closeness to nature day and night, summer and winter, through the glass wall and many windows, a closeness unimpeded by superfluous interior walls.

Architects Stephen Tilly and Alan Buchsbaum found the project unusually interesting in several ways. The location is far from their usual New York City and Westchester County sites, although Buchsbaum, also a Savannahian, knows the climate well. The climate is a factor of no small consequence because the house relies on passive solar technology for some of its heating and cooling. The south side of the structure is a modified Trombe wall: a heat-collector based on an inner wall of heavy masonry (here painted a strong earth-red), an air space, and an outer wall of insulating glass. A classic Trombe wall has openings in the masonry only for air ducts; this version is perforated by many windows and glass doors, which can close to form an unbroken plane.

A standard passive house would present a well-insulated, nearly windowless wall to the north, but this building contains numerous north...
In a view from the ceiling of the two-story, open-plan living space, the conversation area by the fireplace is bounded by seating and anchored by a rug designed by Alan Buchsbaum. Based on a photograph of a tree at Hadrian’s Villa outside Rome, it was made by Thai Carpets. The Virginia Cartwright bowl on the fireplace shelf left of the chimney is from Convergence. On cocktail table, a Woody Hughes platter, also from Convergence.
HOME AGAIN

A solid American house filled with antiques

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSHUA GREENE
The man who lives in this house on Audubon Place in New Orleans is a lawyer active in real-estate development and high-level diplomatic work, but he first climbed the front steps as a small child come to visit his neighborhood friends. The quirky tiling of the porch where they played is as familiar to him as his own hand; on this same porch he now reads his newspaper in the morning and sits to smoke an evening cigar.

To remain on the street where you grew up, where your parents still live, and where your siblings have also settled—a decision made not only by this man but also by several other Audubon Place families—is so unusual in an American city that an observer seeks reasons. And finds them in the protected tranquility of the well-located, private, parklike cul-de-sac boulevard and its harmonious but individually designed houses, representing several sturdy American styles of the turn of the century.

This house is a versatile setting for domestic life because its well-proportioned, sunny rooms lend themselves to both casual and formal use. To Herbert Wells of Houston, Texas, the owner’s first interior designer, the spaces seemed beautifully suited to the two collections he had to work with: twentieth-century art and eighteenth-century French furniture. It was Wells’s job to pull the works of art, the antiques, and the architecture together into rooms that would satisfy the needs of everyday home life and many varieties of entertaining.

The greatest demands are made on the house during visits of foreign dignitaries. Not only does its owner honor his distin-
A major sitting room, the larger of the two front parlors has a neutral-warm wall color that does not compete with the fine French antiques, Aubusson rug, and six-panel Coromandel screen. Below the Louis XV trumeau with an oil-on-panel painting, a Modigliani bust in bronze stands upon a signed Louis XV console table. Over the Louis XV writing table in the far corner hangs a painting by Claude Emile Schuffenecker. The serpentine-frame Louis XVI sofa is covered in a fabric from Clarence House.
This recently redecorated bedroom is warm and sophisticated in a way that used to be called "masculine." Setting the mood: camel-color wool flannel from Innovations in Wallcoverings on the walls, windows, and bed; a Saxony Carpet Co. rug based on primitive patterns; glowing ceiling paper from Gracie Inc. Antique English bed is a family piece. Bedspread trim, Brunschwig & Fils; curtain trim, Decorators Walk. Above, clockwise from top left: A New Orleans ancestor, 1848; Homage to Jasper Johns by Mark Lancaster; cardplayers by Milton Avery; an Andy Warhol portrait.
ELVIS PRESLEY'S
GRACELAND
AN AMERICAN SHRIN

BY MARTIN FILLER  PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM EGGLESTON
THE RAIMENT

At Graceland, a headless mannequin dressed in Elvis's Eagle costume, one of the fake-crusted jumpsuits he favored performances late in his career.

Most prized among Elvis's jewels was his TCB ring; the eleven-carat round diamond is flanked by lightning bolts, which together with the initials stand for his motto, "Taking care of business in a flash."

THE CROWN

Among the memorabilia in the Trophy Room is a crown presented by his fans to "the King of Rock-and-Roll". Above it is one of his Harley-Davidson motorcycles, below it one of his many guitars.

W are on U.S. Highway 51 South, yet another interchangeable part of the Great American Commercial Strip, which is virtually identical from Oxnard to East Orange. One by one, the familiar roadside litany of fuel and fast food: The Pancake Man, Texaco, Pancho's Taco, Shoney's Big Boy, Shell, Mobile, Exxon. Then, ahead on the left, is a sizable oasis of tall trees. As we approach this surprising curtain of green, traffic slows to a crawl, tour buses wheeze to a halt, and all eyes and In-stamatics turn toward the peculiar white gate and the white-columned mansion on the hillside above it. The address is 3764 Elvis Presley Boulevard, Memphis, Tennessee. This is Graceland, the palace of the King of Rock-and-Roll.

Although it is one of America's newest shrines (it was opened to the public in June 1982), Graceland is nevertheless one of its most revered. Among recently hallowed places in this country it is comparable only to the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington in its ability to attract hundreds of thousands of people each year and to stir their deepest emotions. When Elvis Presley died suddenly on August 16, 1977, at the age of 42, an immense wave of public mourning was set off, on a scale that normally accompanies the passing of a national leader. But not all the grief was blind. When told of Presley's demise, John Lennon (who had once declared, "Before Elvis there was nothing") was said to have replied, "Elvis died the day he went into the army." He echoed the opinion of the many critics who felt that Presley's artistic greatness had long predeceased him.

Worse evaluations and revelations soon followed: scandalous reminiscences and debunking biographies told a lurid but lamentably believable tale of Elvis's dissipation: drug abuse, debauchery, divorce, depression, and the steady, sad decline of a young artist's gifts—this was the flip side of Presley's golden record. But to the legions of the faithful, none of this mattered, nor should it, for well before his death Elvis had ascended into America's Pop Pantheon. He had become a genuinely mythic figure, and the divergence of his public image and the private reality behind it is virtually irrelevant in terms of understanding Presley's lasting effect on the American psyche.

Elvis Presley was one of those pivotal personalities whose emergence creates a clearly defined sense of "be-
In the living room, a portrait of Presley hangs above a book on John F. Kennedy, whose assassination obsessed the singer.

fore” and “after” in a culture. But what was his real contribution? To be sure, Elvis Presley did not conceive rock-and-roll: it was a child with many fathers. Nor was he the first to introduce sexually explicit rhythms and lyrics into popular music—that was done by black artists on so-called “race records” years before the release of such innuendo-drenched Presley disks as “Baby, Let’s Play House,” “Any Way You Want Me,” and “I Need Your Love Tonight.” Rather, Elvis Presley was to the rock revolution as Henry Ford was to the automobile: he didn’t invent it, but he was responsible for mass-producing it and winning acceptance for it among the American public at large. The black singer James Brown summed up Presley’s role most succinctly: “He taught white America to get down.” Elvis was our rebel with a cause, and that cause was personal pleasure.

But as revolutionary as Presley was, a great deal of his lasting appeal to his millions of fans rested on traditional values: his deep religious faith, his reputation for charity, his respect for his elders, his devotion to his family, and his abiding love of home. The last was perhaps the most constant element in his adult life, all the more extraordinary in his insecure profession and the changing times in which he lived. For Elvis Presley, Graceland was the fixed star in his volatile personal universe, the center that somehow always held even while so much else in his life exploded.

Presley was much like a nineteenth-century American political figure in that the story of his life and climb to fame and fortune can be told largely in terms of his houses. His version of the proverbial log cabin was the two-room shack in Tupelo, Mississippi, where he was born on January 8, 1935, to Vernon and Gladys Love Smith Presley. The appalling poverty of his upbringing left him with a lifelong aversion to anything old. As he later recalled, “When I was growing up in Tupelo, I lived with enough . . . antiques to do me for a lifetime.” (After Presley’s astonishing success, well-meaning citizens of Tupelo restored his birthplace into a preposterously prettified simulacrum, filling the house with things the Presleys had been much too poor to afford.)

In September 1948, when Elvis was 13, his parents moved with their only child to Memphis, where they lived at first in a dilapi—

ALL THAT GLITTERS

Opposite: A bust of Elvis in the living room is framed by the doorway into the Music Room. In 1968 Priscilla Presley had the 1928 Kimball concert grand piano gilded as a present for her husband on their first wedding anniversary.
BLUE STREAK

Below: Portrait of Elvis against a blue background recalls his superstitious belief in that color. In 1955 he toured as part of a trio called The Blue Moon Boys. His records included “Blue Moon,” “Blue Moon Over Kentucky,” and “Blue Suede Shoes,” and he starred in the film Blue Hawaii.

LIGHTNING STRIKES AGAIN

Above: One wall of the TV Room is emblazoned with Elvis’s trademark lightning-bolt logo, here rendered as a sixties-style supergraphic.

THE SHIELD

Below: Resembling the trophbelts of prize fighters, the ornamental buckles of Presley's costumes grew to massive proportions. This one, ornamented with large golden balls, is from his A&R-inspired Sunburst jumpsuit.

AMONG THE GOLD

Right: In a corner of the Music Room is one of the eleven television sets Presley kept throughout the mansion. Like most of them, it was a gift from RCA Victor, whose most successful recording artist Elvis remained for years.

KING OF THE JUNGLE

Opposite: Elvis's favorite part of Graceland was the Jungle Room, decorated with bizarre pseudo-Primitive furniture. He occasionally used the room as a recording studio and there made his 1976 album From Elvis Presley Boulevard, Memphis, Tennessee.
In a few short years Michael Graves has had a profound effect on American architecture, though his Classically inspired, traditionally detailed, richly colored designs have provoked more controversy than their inherently sweet nature would lead one to expect. Several of Graves’s ideas have already reached the mainstream of American architectural practice, and his influence has spread with a speed that is surely a record for a member of the avant-garde. His output, however, still lags behind his fame: his first major urban commission, the widely publicized Portland Building in Oregon, was dedi-

Right: The entrance to the San Juan Capistrano Regional Library is marked by a lattice-roofed pergola. Above: The stucco structure, arranged around a central courtyard, relates closely to the Spanish Colonial architecture of the town.
cated just a year and a half ago, and his next wave of smaller public projects is only now reaching completion.

Among them is a building that in time might be seen as an archetypal Graves work: his San Juan Capistrano Regional Library in the Southern California town best known for its historic eighteenth-century mission and, of course, the annual return of its legendary swallows every March 19. San Juan Capistrano is another of those Southern California communities (like Santa Barbara and Mission Viejo) that has enacted stringent architectural guidelines for new construction, in an attempt to create a more coherent civic identity than is the norm in the exurban chaos of that region. Although the town’s choice of Michael Graves to design its new library might seem adventurous for such a small community, it was actually quite appropriate. His recent work had already moved very

Right: A striking file of pinnacled turrets brings to mind a childhood fantasy castle or the dream architecture of the Surrealists. Reading nooks are housed in the lower portions. A latticework pergola at the far right mimics the shape of the stucco towers. Above: The 75-foot-long gallery is the library’s main circulation spine. The Classically inspired sconces repeat a favorite Graves design motif.
close to what his client wanted: a small-scale, stucco, tile-roofed building that would fit in with the prevailing local style, Spanish Colonial, which ranges from the authenticity of the venerable mission itself to the kitschy adaptations of gas stations and Taco Bells.

Graves has succeeded here in employing his basic design repertoire—the boldly defined entryways, the Classical colonnades, the strongly processional sequence of spaces, the rhythmic repetition of elements—with such a keen eye to what was desired of him formally that one might well forget what specific functions this building was meant to fulfill. In truth, the San Juan Capistrano Regional Library bears a striking resemblance to another recently completed Graves work, his Environmental Education Center in Jersey City, New Jersey, a reminder that Graves is an artist involved above all in working out his own aesthetic concerns, an architect who more or less adapts use to his designs rather than vice versa.

As always, Graves has devised a memorable series of effects and has invested a visit to the library with a sense of occasion lacking in the vast majority of contemporary architecture. Though quite small, the Capistrano library aspires to a certain grandeur, and that alone is enough to qualify it among Graves's other noble experiments. But in the

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A TALENT FOR HOUSES

Interior designer Henri Samuel's house in Paris reveals his instinct for beauty

BY NANCY RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY KAREN RADKAI
As with many things money cannot buy nor schooling teach, a talent for arranging houses is something that develops, often unnoticed, over several generations. Henri Samuel, whose reputation as one of the major decorators of our era has been established virtually from the beginning of his career in Paris in the twenties, comes from a family of visual people who were art dealers, collectors, and bankers. Confident early on that his eye was his gift, Samuel learned the business of decoration in the twenties under the legendary Mr. Boudin of Jansen. Starting at the top, he stayed there—though not for long at Jansen—and has worked decade after decade since for a small group of museums and private clients with houses all over Europe as well as for a number of Americans who came across his work in their travels.

Rarely called in to help clients who were starting from scratch, Samuel’s work has usually been for collectors who have been thinking about architecture and decoration for a long time. So identified is Henri Samuel with the installation of collections and the restoration of historic houses that after over fifty years his reputation as a decorator is rather like that of a poet’s poet or an editor’s editor. His instincts, preferences, dislikes, and habits speak out to those who are interested in a kind of aesthetic shorthand.

Henri Samuel’s greatest influence in this country has been in affecting how Americans perceived French eighteenth-century decoration. In the series of galleries done for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman at the Metropolitan Museum in New York in the sixties, Samuel set out to recreate the mood of the most refined rooms of a refined century. Fully familiar with the conventions of palace reception rooms, he chose however to offer the public something less expected. In the Sèvres Room, for instance, he painted the boiserie the colors of flowers—a playful, little-done treatment that skillfully sets off a grouping of furniture by Martin Carlin, which is famous for its flowered porcelain plaques. Nearby are two small rooms. One is from theHôtel de Crillon in Paris and the other from a house in Bordeaux. Samuel brought them to life with a few insignificant props—a bit of brocade stuffed into a lower shelf of a candlestand, a small leather-bound book left open and face-down next to a tiny bouquet of silk flowers on a day bed that is covered in a luminous acid-green silk. In the Bordeaux room, a small perfect sitting room in the round, Samuel set a table for four that looks to be two minutes away from lunch—almost as though hot dishes were already en route from the kitchen.

Samuel’s unpedantic but correct treatment of important pieces becomes even more essential in doing up houses with collections that could easily look stiff and pompous. One of the ways he prevents a house from looking like a museum is to mix furniture and works of art from several periods. His own house in Paris celebrates a unique eclecticism developed over the years. A rich assortment of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century furniture and pictures, African and Oriental works of art are grouped by shape, color, and mood and...
Mr. Samuel's drawing room is renowned for his collection and arrangement of twentieth-century art. *Le Fruit D'Or* by Balthus hangs over a console by César on which are propped a drawing by David Levine and a Léger watercolor. The bronze table in front of the window, by Diego Giacometti. On the screen behind: drawings by Wilfredo Lam and Fred Deux.
set in a remarkable series of rooms on the ground floor of a late-eighteenth-century hôtel particulier in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

One's impression of the place begins on the street. Large wooden doors open from it into a typical cobbled courtyard. On the other side of the court are a couple of steps, an outer door, and then a pair of gray-white double doors with some ancient fingerprints, a standard indication that something worthwhile lies within. A perfect butler opens the door, and immediately—as though to say that life is as important to the setting as the quality of the furniture and objects—a pair of dachshunds blasts through the entry hall in full voice.

This hall has been made into a green library with Empire furniture, a pair of full-size Empire bookcases, a marble fountain by Carpeaux fitted into a niche as though it were sculpture, a collection of bronzes, contemporary pictures propped up waiting to be hung elsewhere in the house.

Though there is a lot to look at here, the eye moves through and beyond to an enormous drawing room that opens through a series of four double French doors into a big, mostly green city garden. The big room is hung with material of a color that's a cross between Pompeian red and terra cotta. The walls are covered in a nineteenth-century arrangement of twentieth-century paintings and drawings—a Hartung, a Jawlensky, two canvases by Balthus—and the room is furnished with large clean-lined sofas covered in gray-black velvet. There are also Louis XVI desks and chairs, a bronze table by Diego Giacometti, and other tables and consoles designed for him by contemporary artists such as Guy de Rougemont and César. The length of this room runs parallel to the garden. Across the garden sits a little house of three rooms that make up Henri Samuel's private apartment. His sitting room and bedroom are padded and hung with printed cotton material of his own design and filled with upholstered furniture.
Henri Samuel’s bedroom. The walls are covered in a leopard-printed cotton material he designed. Chinese paintings on mirror combine with black lacquer or japanned furniture and Napoleon III chairs.
NEW BLACK MAGIC

Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf design a stage for entertaining

BY MARGARET MORSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER VITALE

In the slate-tiled dining room, niches display Thai jars from 3500 B.C. and an Egyptian New Kingdom relief. Peripheral walls are upholstered in sound-muffling gray flannel. Around the casted tables, Mies’s “Brno” chairs designed in 1930.
When the new owners bought this large apartment, they planned on remodeling every square inch within. The couple was going to use the apartment almost exclusively as a weeknight/weekend space and to entertain frequently on a large scale. They wanted a glamorous nighttime environment that would wear well party after party and take on different moods with changes of lighting, music, and flowers. Friends recommended the interior-design firm of Patino/Wolf Associates. Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf gutted the interior, built a new "open" layout in its place, and decorated it largely with furniture they designed to the clients' specifications.

The couple had very definite color preferences—for black, gray, and white, revved up with red accents—the same palette that the woman (a blonde) likes to wear. She would have liked all the rooms done in shades of black and charcoal gray, but her husband leaned toward lighter tones—pearl gray, white, and blond wood. To please them both, Patino/Wolf designed the living room—library and master suite with dark interior walls, white window walls, and medium tones in between.
Above: In the master bedroom, vertical blinds form a serpentine bay for the carpeted platform around the bed. The topmost step on each side is a drawer. Steel “Antelope” chair is from the fifties. Sheets by Pratesi.

Opposite: The woman’s sitting area boasts a lounge in tufted poplin, a cashmere throw with leather piping. In the corner, a rococo mirror is suspended behind a seventeenth-century Chinese bowl and sprays of ginger flowers. Eames chair wears its original aniline red. Brass bowls are from Nepal.
In the living room-library, the shift from black glass to blond wood to white lacquer, from the emphatic horizontals of the bookshelves to the more closely spaced verticals of the window blinds makes any wall one looks at a study in geometry, interesting in and of itself. Art and accessories are kept to a minimum: silver candlesticks by Elsa Peretti, an Art Deco bronze medallion, a Japanese mother-of-pearl inlaid box on a bleached oak tray. In this way, every object makes an aesthetic contribution. The log holder, for example, is a pleasing vertical assemblage of triangular pieces of wood within a glass cylinder.

At first glance, the bold geometry and grand scale cast a reverential hush over the space. But at close range there is a reassuring, sensuous panoply of textures—gray flannel, black leather (plain or perforated), velvet carpeting, cleft slate flooring, flats of tulips on polished slate tabletops. These rooms are at their most hospitable at parties, with two dozen guests sampling beautiful food and reveling in subtle changes of music and lighting as the evening progresses: the people and array of flowers and plants (Ming aralia and fishtail palm among them) become vibrant completing elements in the visual design.

Built-ins are the backbone of the design scheme—from television and video equipment to bookshelves to banquets

(Text continued on page 197)
The ancient impulse to leave land to one's descendants is no longer an easy matter for today's Romans

BY LUIGI BARZINI      PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI
I live in a small country house I built in 1948 on the Via Cassia, or anglice, the Cassian Way, the ancient Roman consular road which led to Siena and Florence. It still does, except that trucks and cars fortunately now travel on the new autostrada, and so the venerable highway on which all northern travelers reached the Eternal City for more than two thousand years is used mostly by local traffic. My neighborhood is known as "La Tomba di Nerone," Nero’s Tomb, which, of course, is an erroneous popular appellation, as Nero was notoriously buried in Piazza del Popolo on the spot where the church of Santa Maria del Popolo was later built to exorcise his ghost. The sarcophagus not far from my house really belongs to an obscure and assuredly virtuous Roman bourgeois couple, a certain Publius Vibius Maximus and his wife. “La Tomba” is by no means a suburban location. It is only seven or eight miles from the heart of Rome, the Campidoglio, an insignificant distance in any of the other great cities of the world.

For a number of reasons I designed my small villa with the professional help of a recalcitrant young architect in the style of a Campagna farmhouse, that is, a real farmhouse and not a chic, coquettish parody of one. Local farmhouses are practical and attractive. They are irregular, asymmetrical, and casual, with outdoor covered stairways, built to accommodate what is inside without a thought for decorum or prestige. They age well. I got the interior plan from an old American book called One Hundred Small Budget Homes, which I found on a push-cart in the flea market, and combined it with the exterior plan for an L-shaped building on three levels, open to the south. Then I asked the architect to enclose the whole thing in the proper peasant style. He was very unhappy about the project. He dreamed of building a striking Bauhaus or Frank Lloyd Wright chef-d’oeuvre, more glass than masonry, possibly painted with one of the brilliant hues of Italian gelati: pistachio, strawberry, or peach. He wanted his work above all to provoke the admiration and envy of his colleagues and be published in some glossy specialized magazine.

My choice was dictated by experiences, memories, and scruples. I remembered what had happened to a friend of mine, Gottfredo Parisi, a well-known novelist, who had given carte blanche to an architect he trusted and ended as the owner of a house he described as “the wreck of a plane which had struck the hillside.” I was born and brought up in a very up-to-date (at the time) Art Nouveau house in Milan. By the time I was twelve or thirteen I had grown to loathe the bowellike decorations: the nereids’ heads with seaweed coiffures, and the tulips engraved on the elevator’s glass panes. In my new house I did not want anything connected to contemporary tastes and fashions, in order to prevent my children from experiencing the same feeling of disgust and repulsion as they grew up.

I wanted my house to have an ageless style, a comfortable and possibly elegant interior, but to be, if not invisible, at least inconspicuous outside, to look as if it had always been there. I built it with thick tufa stone walls (the most common local material), traditional small windows (to keep it cool in summer and warm in winter), painted it the sepia color of Rome, and covered it with antique handmade tiles from demolitions. Nobody wanted such tiles at the time and they could be had for practically nothing, little more than the cost of trucking them away. Now, of course, they are fashionable and very expensive, since people have learned that with them and a few transplanted adult trees they can transform any brash new villa into an instant century-old family seat.

What also inspired me, I think, was the desire to show my awe and respect for the holy ground on which I was building. I found out later I was the only one to be troubled by such scruples. The new apartment buildings, which in the following years surrounded me (I do not see them through the many trees and thick bushes I planted in time for my defense), all have a blatant, shrill, South American, or Levantine (prewar Beirut) look. Evidently they are meant to prove how utterly modern and cosmo-
where I could finally deposit all the books I owned which had been stored here and there for years—a children’s nursery, adequate storage space for bric-a-brac, a garage, and possibly even a box stall for a saddle horse.

I moved to the country, therefore, was not a radical one at all. One night, after a trattoria dinner with a friend who knew all about such things, I reached the decision to buy a piece of countryside large enough both to be isolated and on which to build. I was then looking desperately for an apartment. I had visited many. Most were luxurious dwellings for courtesans, movie stars, corrupt politicians, and foreign millionaires, far too expensive for my modest means. The cheaper ones were too hopelessly squalid, lackluster, and depressing, too small for my needs but still too dear for me. I was almost resigned to give up my search. The friend reassured me. He showed me on a paper napkin that, as building costs were very low and land in the country still dirt-cheap, with the same amount of money I could buy a piece of farm land and build the house I needed. I could have all the rooms necessary for family and servants, a large study and capacious library—where I could finally deposit all the books I owned which had been stored here and there for years—a children’s nursery, adequate storage space for bric-a-brac, a garage, and possibly even a box stall for a saddle horse.

I pointed out I could enjoy silence, fresh air, a restful panorama of rolling hills, and, with some luck, a view of Rome and its many church domes. The city was not surrounded (as other cities were) by industrial suburbs, not yet and not in all directions, anyway. There were few villas since most Italians as a rule do not like greenery—peasants love to cut down all the trees they can—and prefer to be surrounded by noise, crowds, and solid masonry. The last city houses gave way almost immediately to vegetable gardens, small woods of ilex and cork oaks, vineyards, olive groves, brooks, and pasture land dotted with grazing sheep. The decision to move to the country, therefore, was not a radical one at the time. One could always drive to the center of town in a few minutes on empty roads.

I looked for a suitable spot and found it after a search of only a few weeks. It was a pleasant hillock of about seven acres, half of which was covered with an ancient evergreen wood. The view was splendid. I could see rolling country that was green in winter, and on one side, in the distance, the roofs of Rome. The hillock overlooked a little valley at the bottom of which, among the many trees, ran a stream whose water was as cool and clean as if it came from the mountains. The opposite side of the valley had been owned forever by the Ospedale di Santo Spirito, and I knew it could not be sold. I thought that was a good thing, as I would not be faced one day with the sight of vast concrete and glass constructions, the screaming of their tenants, the weeping of children, and the blaring of radios.

On the ridge opposite the property, trains ran at regular intervals, towed by the last steam locomotives in Italy, which blew puffs of white cotton wool. It was, and it still is, the line going from St. Peter’s to Viterbo. Its station at Ottavia can be seen in all Italian movies set at the beginning of the century, since it is the only one left without dangling electric wires. I timed the minutes it took me to reach the place from Piazza Colonna by car: ten or fifteen. The silence on the spot was absolute. The only living beings I could see on the road were a few wayfarers, an occasional herd of sheep, and caravans of mules loaded with charcoal. The charcoal was still used for cooking, before the development of bottled liquid gas, by the poorer Romans who liked the taste it gave their food. I decided the place was made for me.

Luckily about that time the Berlin Airlift had been started, a constant day-and-night drone of freight planes flying over to supply the German city with all it needed. Everybody, or almost everybody, in Europe feared the outbreak of the Third World War, and, in Italy, a Communist takeover too. The Italian Communist Party was then still totalitarian, disciplined, ruthless, strictly Stalinist, a docile instrument of Soviet policy. Its program was apparently not the abolition of concentration camps but only the change of the guards’ uniforms. It still possessed secret stores of the weapons it had received from the Allies a few years before to fight the Germans. And it maintained in readiness

(Text continued on page 203)
A Florida couple found a perfect place for an impressive collection of large-scale masterpieces

BY MARJORIE WELISH

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY MARY E. NICHOLS

The capacious living room readily absorbs Lichtenstein's vast Studio Interiors with Dancer of 1974, Jean Dubuffet's Ligne de Coincidences of 1975, Willem de Kooning's Figure of 1969; two David Smiths—his Head of 1959 and Yellow Vertical of 1955—and Calder's Fitch Mobile of 1972. Gray walls and accented moldings provide a strong graphic wrapper unifying these independent visions.
In semitropical Florida, there is a Deco-Moorish-Florentine villa that a flourishing collection of contemporary art has happily overgrown. Yet this collection might not have been cultivated if it weren't for the humid climate and the airy architectural idiom the weather once inspired. In the days before air conditioning, when breezeways were necessary to allay the heat and courtyards a way to create spacious, private insulation between house and busy street, this thirties dwelling made keeping cool and safe synonymous with gracious living. For its current owners, only one update was essential: glassing in the columned arcade surrounding the courtyard to create a vast gallery illuminated by abundant natural light. Now they could begin to realize their most tenacious fantasy.

Six years later, the couple's gathering of contemporary painting and sculpture, mostly American, totals a hundred pieces. As numerous as they are, the paintings, including those by Willem de Kooning, Richard Diebenkorn, Helen Frankenthaler, Roy Lichtenstein, and Joan Miró, and the sculpture, with strong holdings in works by Alexander Calder, David Smith, and George Segal, all find their place in the redolent light and space of their surroundings, creating a festive wilderness of art.

Like a wilderness, this collection is always growing, and if a conflict arises between art and furniture, it is the art that wins. In the living room, for example, a carpet and two tables were removed so that Lichtenstein, Dubuffet, de Kooning, Giacometti, Segal, Calder, and five David Smiths could jostle (Text continued on page 182)

Natural light from the courtyard throws patterns of shadowy foliage over Smith's Personage Seeking Australia of 1952 and Portrait of a Young Girl of 1954; Frank Stella's Great Jones Street, painted in 1958 during his last year at Princeton; and Segal's Girl on Chaise Lounge of 1968. The Calder mobile, one of the earliest the artist made, probably dates from 1938.
These black silhouettes of the *Critter* group slice through the sunlit courtyard to create dramatic cutouts of the environment. A mobile, *Bourges*, 1969, spans the space. Asked why they are so drawn to Calder, the collectors said, "Aside from the color and balance, which everyone will say, we like the quality of joyfulness. It's serious art without hidden messages."
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(Continued from page 178: each other profoundly. How do they all manage to coexist? From several vantages, Smith's open welded sculptures enter into a Lichtenstein or Dubuffet, at once disappearing into and enriching the canvas. From other angles, the red blades of a Calder mobile seem to extend from the undulating, fleshly paint of de Kooning, and graze the powerful scarlet nude and door of Segal's assemblage. With such formal links among the art, this collecting couple does not worry about stylistic consistency among their Pop, Realist, Constructivist, and Abstract Expressionist holdings. They are confident that any new acquisition will find a companionable context in which to shine. Consequently, their collection does not look bought to fulfill a streamlined decorative image, nor acquired from an image of themselves they want their art to shore up. Rather, the cheerful informality of this house may be traced to a process of collecting that is intuitive, relaxed, and ever maturing.

The man of the house has installed each work in the couple's collection, and his adept placement of art sometimes involves taking cues from the art itself, sometimes from nature, which is never very far away as one circles the courtyard. Against the windows, Segal's Girl on Chaise Lounge has managed to find her perfect habitat in the netherworld between indoors and outdoors. The sculpture's reflection, with the imprint of Calder and the vegetal world of the courtyard, exudes a ghostliness that brings out the vulnerability of the heavy plaster sculpture itself.

Calder's float throughout the house, but they have totally populated the courtyard. Four stabile-mobiles, called Crags because of their mountainous bases sprouting colorful mobile elements, are near the gallery to encourage visual frolicking with indoor installations. First spotted in France the Grand Critter: Bleu, Rouge, Noir was captured and brought home to live in the courtyard "alone for about a year until we bought her family—the other Critters, now grouped almost exactly as Calder himself had placed them." Playful, but with a menacing edge, these metal cutouts (inspired by Matisse's cutouts in paper) endow color and shape with the human features and vital force of primitive art. Presiding over all these Critters and Crags is the expansive canopy of a mobile, Bourges numbering the last of the thirteen Calders that vivify the courtyard.

The liveliness that characterizes this collection as a whole is born of the direct, eager attitude these collectors have toward art. Responding to visual excitement, they are intimidated neither by size, subject matter, aggressive tone, nor by the big ideas the art espouse. Theirs is a feeling of affection not awe. Both collectors have said "People often tell us before we make purchase, 'Oh, you wouldn't want that piece, this piece is difficult to live with.' But how can art that is exciting enough for us to buy be difficult to live with?"

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

One of several Calder Crags from 1974
George Segal's Girl on Chaise Lounge
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Elvis Presley the performer always seemed like the apotheosis of the hoody-high-school hotshot: handsome, cool, self-assured, even arrogant, mooned over by the girls, grudgingly envied by the guys. In his own years at Humes High School in Memphis, though, he was anything but that. One must strain to find the awkward loner in the back row of the photo of the Library Club, the kind of picture we have come to expect in an article on an assassin. But young Elvis had discovered a talent much prized in his part of America—singing to his guitar—and with it he won the school talent show in his senior year.

The rest of his story is the stuff of show-biz legend. How in the fall of 1953, a few months after graduation, he auditions for Sun Records in Memphis. How he fits the bill for "a white boy who can sing like a Negro" and is called back to record an old country ballad, "I Love You Because." How he also records another number, "That's All Right Mama," first straight, and then again in a much looser, mocking, rocking manner that Sun owner Sam Phillips immediately recognizes as no less than sensational. How Elvis begins working local joints, county fairs, finally becoming a regular on the Shreveport radio show Louisiana Hayride. How he acquires a Svengali-like manager, Col. Tom Parker, how his recording contract is bought out by RCA, and how he is then launched to fame.

All Right Mama," first straight, and then again in a much looser, mocking, rocking manner that Sun owner Sam Phillips immediately recognizes as no less than sensational. How Elvis begins working local joints, county fairs, finally becoming a regular on the Shreveport radio show Louisiana Hayride. How he acquires a Svengali-like manager, Col. Tom Parker, how his recording contract is bought out by RCA, and how he is then launched to fame.

Characteristically, Elvis thought of two things to buy when he began to strike it rich: a new car and a new house. Predictably, the car was a Cadillac, a pink 1953 Fleetwood Series 60 Special Sedan (which he bought for his mother and which remains parked behind Graceland). The first house he bought was a little brick bungalow, soon followed by a larger brick ranch house in a nicer part of town. It was home not just for Elvis, but for his parents as well. As Albert Goldman writes in his candid but essentially contemptuous biography, Elvis, "Most young boys fresh out of the slums would have behaved exactly as did Elvis Presley in buying a flashy car. How many, one wonders, would have taken their first real money and put it into a house? Here we see the other side of Elvis, the side that always contrasted so strongly with the flamboyant clothes and the punk attitude: the profound attachment to the notion of home and the longing to have a home of which he could be proud."

As Presley's popularity grew; his house on Audubon Drive became ceaselessly besieged by adoring teen-age girls who roamed the property at will and felt nothing about peering in the windows and snapping pictures of their idol. Another move was clearly in order, and this time it would be for keeps.

In her remarkable little memoir entitled Exactly As It Happened: How Elvis Bought Graceland, Memphis real-estate agent Virginia Grant recalls showing what she thought was a suitable house to the singer's mother in March 1957. "Mrs. Presley informs me that if they should buy this property, they would have to build a large Colonial home, as that is the type of home Elvis wants. The ranch-style home of more than 3,500 square feet, which heretofore had looked fine to me, would be used as a stable for their horses..." Clearly Virginia Grant had been on the wrong track, but suddenly she thought of something far grander. As Mrs. Grant remembers, "Without hesitation, and as if God himself put the thought in my mind and the words on my tongue, I immediately picked Graceland as the home for them, though I had never been in the house myself.... This proves to me all the more, that God can do big things for us in our business, if we only trust Him, and try to do right by our fellow-men."

Her revelation turned out to be inspired. Located several miles south of downtown Memphis in the Shelby County township of Whitehaven, Graceland was an eighteen-room house set on 460 acres of gently rolling land. It had been built by a Dr. Thomas Moore, who named it in honor of his wife Ruth's aunt, Grace Toof. Faced with pink Tennessee fieldstone, the house boasted that sine qua non symbol of the gracious Southern mansion—the Classical white-columned pedimented portico, here with the interest and unusual variant of Egyptian capitals, perhaps a reference to the Nilotic origins of this Tennessee city's name. More significant, however, is the house's date: it was built in 1939 the year of the release of that quintessential film epic of the Old South—Gone With the Wind. Graceland was Elvis's Tara, where he returned time and again to "think about it tomorrow, with the craving for the serenity and strength that Katie Scarlett O'Hara derived from her fictional home."

Elvis went to see the mansion (which then housed the Graceland Christian Church) and decided on the spot to buy it. The price—which also includes 13.8 acres of the surrounding land—was $102,500. Within the first six months of his occupancy, however, it new owner was to spend five times that amount. (Continued on page 186)
Above all, the lowest.
The highly gregarious Elvis stuck to his roots, and dwelt with his extended family all his life.

(Welcomed into the Presley family circle at the tender age of fourteen was Priscilla Ann Beaulieu, the stepdaughter of a U.S. Air Force officer stationed in West Germany, where Elvis met her in 1959 during his highly publicized army hitch. Enraptured by the girl eleven years his junior, Presley persuaded her parents to allow her to return to America to live with him in 1962. She was installed at Graceland, enrolled in a Memphis Catholic school, and five years later at last became Mrs. Elvis Presley. The marriage was shorter than the courtship: after six years the couple divorced. Their only child, Lisa Marie, now sixteen, is the sole heir of her father's estate and will inherit Graceland when she turns 25.

Then there were Elvis's buddies, the bodyguards, advance men, and go-ters known variously as the Guys or the Memphis Mafia, who catered to his iron whims and gave Graceland the air of a high-flown frat house. With its considerable staff of servants, including day and night cooks at the ready to feed the small army of retainers, Graceland was a kind of mini-Versailles, where every activity revolved around the wishes of the king.

The interior design of Graceland might best be described as American Roadside Regal. To the right of the foyer are the living room and the music room; to the left, the dining room. All are decorated in the showy-genteel manner that predominates throughout the parlor rooms at Graceland: gilt furniture, silky fabrics, elaborately draped curtains and portieres, crystal chandeliers, pale wall-to-wall carpeting, marble and mirror paneling, and on almost every wall a gold-framed family portrait, often a photograph painted over in oils. Though much has been made by Albert Goldman of the tackiness of these rooms, in truth they are not much different iron those of many other Tennessee tyro tycoons circa 1957.

Much less typical are the rooms of the house designed for Elvis's own amusement rather than for receiving relatives and friends in the time-honored Southern tradition. Here we see his imagination run wild. As at Versailles, the nerve center at Graceland was the bedroom of the King. The bed chamber, which is not open to the public and which the Presley family has declined to have photographed, is decorated in high swinging-bachelor style. The room is centered by Elvis's nine-by-nine-foot bed with its black vinyl headboard, aloft on a sea of rose wall-to-wall carpeting. The walls are covered in fake black suede, which also screens the windows to create the coonlike atmosphere that Presley craved. The bed is flanked by easel bearing portraits of two of the most important people in Elvis Presley's life: his mother and Jesus Christ.

Then there is the TV Room in the basement, with its mirrored ceiling, wrap-around mirrored soda fountain, its supergraphic mural with Elvis's trademark lightning-bolt logo, an acre patchwork-printed sofa, three television sets in a row (an idea got from LBJ, who liked to keep an eye on all three networks at once). Across the hall is the pool room, tented with some 750 yards of patchwork-printed fabric, with a stained-glass lamp hanging over the table where he played his preferred billiard game, eightball.

But the most jaw-dropping of all the Graceland Rooms, Elvis's favorite room at Graceland. Decorated in a style that might be termed Early Goon-Goon or perhaps Tahitian Provincial, the forty-foot-long den is fitted out with staggering suite of massive piece from Donald's Furniture in Memphis that combine ferociously carved animal forms with fake-fur upholstery. Here the star of Blue Hawaii would ensconce himself with the good old boys of his enormous entourage and watch Kung-Fu films on the projection-TV screen, which was set up in front of the built-in waterfall wall.

(Continued from page 184)
Wallpaper Butterflies with correlated white on white sheers. "Butterfly McQueen" and "Fleur de France."

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building that Elvis had built directly
with racquetball courts, sauna, and
continued night owl, would often play
with his pals until sunup. Another fa-
vorite diversion was his slot-car race
track, which was kept for many years in
the one-story structure erected just to
the south of the main house in 1965. In
time, however, Elvis's vast collection of
memorabilia had expanded to such
an extent that the large shed was con-
verted into the Trophy Room, the most
compelling part of Graceland.

There is something at once poignant
and repellant about the Trophy Room
(which is actually a series of gallerylike
spaces), and it is here that the myth of
Elvis Presley seems most convincing
and most real. Elvis was a compulsive
keeper of the bits and pieces of his life;
significant and trivial, worthless and
rare, hucksterish and human, they are
juxtaposed in this place with irresisti-
ble effect. Here is his mama and dad-
dy's marriage certificate; his sev-
enth-grade achievement test (80 in
phys. ed., 79 in dictation, 61 in litera-
ture—no testing in music); the por-
traits of the artist as a young Adonis.
Then one passes through the Hall of
Gold, an astounding corridor lined
with the singer's 163 Gold and Plati-
um records and albums, including his
very first, for "Don't Be Cruel."

Finally one comes to the largest
room, which holds the oddest of the ar-
tifacts: headless effigies wearing the
black brocade tuxedo and the white
wedding dress in which Elvis and Pris-
cilla were married; an array of the fake-
 jewel-encrusted jumpsuits he was
given to performing in late in his ca-
career; a wall full of his favorite firearms
and the narcotics-agent badges that the
drug-dependent Presley obsessively
collected; his motorcycle and a num-
ber of guitars; his suitcases, still
packed, from the concert tour he was
to have begun the day after he died; his
favorite books—on the Kennedy assas-
sination and the occult; his eleven-car-
at diamond ring and his heavy gold pen-
dant with the Hebrew word for "life."

After a half-hour of rapt voyeurism
in this gallery, one is relieved to step
outside and survey the grounds of
Graceland, which conform to the
American suburban type as much as
the house itself does. The large "front
yard" is handsomely landscaped but,
of course, is never used, while the
much smaller backyard seems
cramped and cluttered; the contrast
between the two makes the porticoed
exterior seem much like a Hollywood
false-front. But before the visitor de-
parts, there is still what for most people
is the emotional high point of the pil-
gramage to Graceland: Meditation
Garden, the final resting place of the
departed King.

Two days after his death Elvis was
buried in nearby Forest Hill Cemetery,
but within six weeks the combination
of staggering crowds and a corpse-kid-
nap threat led to the decision to reinter
Presley (and his beloved mother) in the
more secure setting of Graceland.

Now, like Richard Wagner and An-
drew Jackson, he lies in death just a few
feet from the house in which he lived.
The name "Meditation Garden" sug-
gests a tranquil retreat but in fact is
more like Forest Lawn than the con-
templative spaces of Japan. Just past
the kidney-shaped swimming pool is a
brick and white-columned peristyle,
inset with four stained-glass windows.

A circular fountain is at the center, and
directly before it is an unlit eternal
flame, at the head of the bronze marker
bearing the name ELVIS AARON
PRESELY. On any given day it is sur-
rrounded by floral offerings, though
their quantity predictably swells
around the anniversaries of his birth
and death. Several forms are recurring
favorites—guitars, hound dogs, and
that Southern classic, the broken
bleeding heart.

Yet it is the words, not the flowers,
that stick in the mind. Cast in bronze
on the tombstone is Vernon Presley's
lengthy but touching epitaph to his
son, and around it are the handwritten
tributes left by fans, which are soon
made illegible by the rain. They speak
of Elvis as the most devoted see him
not as a mere popular personality, but
as divus loci—the god of the place.
Pinned to a little wooden cross not
long ago were these lines: "From the
womb of your loving mother/ To the
hearts of your loving fans/ To the arm
of our Saviour Jesus/ With whom you
now stand."

It is difficult to leave this unlikely
holy precinct without the feeling that
Elvis Presley is a modern hero of myth-
ic proportions. What makes Elvis such
a potent legend is the way in which his
saga conmingles so much of the schiz-
oid American experience: ambition
and luck, materialism and piety, gener-
osity and greed, humility and hubri-
s are all present in larger-than-life pro-
portions. And so is a key element in
myth: immortality. Elvis Presley's cha-
risma has survived his physical demise
and he remains for his millions of fol-
lowers a veritable living presence. His
continuing immediacy ultimately
stems from his most pronounced tra-
in the years before Hollywood and Co-
Parker got him: his defiant rebellious-
ness and refusal to accept the con-
straints of society. If he could get away
with it even for a while, then so might
we, too. And as his posthumous pow-
proves, that would seem to include es-
caping even the oblivion of death.
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against the bourgeois concern for making things grand. We've always had a taste for simple things, things that are actually commonplace today thanks to Terence Conran who makes copies available to everyone. Wonderful really, but quite annoying to lose your individuality."

In the other whitewashed bedrooms (their son's and daughter's—down a narrow hallway painted pink) there are curtains made of French provincial fabric, "not the pretty-pretty material you see so much of today, but reprints of something that was quite ordinary." Rag rugs from Portugal and India ("very cheap, you know") lie about casually upstairs on worn hexagonal tiles, the traditional rust-colored "to-mettes." "We don't like things to match too closely, to look too finished, too rich." Margaret François does all the sewing herself with a particular penchant for patchwork: a banquette framing the fireplace. More cushions in the living room evoke the blue-and-white delft tiles drawn into a world of trompe l'oeil."

More of the furniture was found over the years in flea markets, local antiques shops, and village auctions. "We didn't decorate," the two hasten to explain, "it was simply a question of something taking your fancy—ringing a bell. Suddenly you see it there where it should be."

In blocking out the space in the house, there was one basic credo: "We don't like things to be dedicated to one purpose only, that's why we dine in part of the living room—a reaction, no doubt, against the middle-class house, where everything is set for a certain activity."

"I like the idea of moving from one place to another," Marguerite François continues. "The doors must be open at all times—perhaps that comes from my father being in India; in hot countries you always left the doors open to get the breeze."

Not only are the doors kept open in this household—the cupboards and windows are left ajar as well. But so it seems until one realizes one has been drawn into a world of trompe l'oeil. The Francoises' determination to use space differently includes optical illusion at every conceivable turn.

Rather than defining the limits of a space, the walls in this basically confined dwelling offer up new perspectives and endless vistas. This is on a house in which it is not dark at the top of the stairs because the stairs go on and on thanks to the magical sweep of the paintbrush. Instead of being a dead end, the wall ahead beckons one on to even greater heights.

"I want to open up the walls," André François says, as we stand in a small spare room just big enough for a child's bed, a tiny room left over after construction of the bathroom. Through trompe l'oeil one is transported to the harbor of Marseilles in the distance. Down at the baseboard a mouse nibbles on a lump of sugar: the trompe l'oeil is never without the clin d'œil that is the André François trademark.

In the living room what used to be oak-stained plywood paneling is now a delirious play of fantasy and reality. Adjoining a wall of actual bookshelves laden with his wife's collection of toys, François has painted ongoing books with titles on the order of La Ecole de Grisy (The Grisy School of Painting) by... (Continued on page 19).
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(Continued from page 190) André François. Also depicted are old telephone books, a 1905 telephone, an open packet of Gauloises. Painted labelots and objects pick up on actual family possessions that sit on the neighboring "real" shelf: "those were my wife’s great-grandmother’s teacups."

Across the room, above the old table where they dine, François has painted a cupboard with duplicates of local "Beauvais" pottery. "Everything which is painted," Margaret enthuisasticly points out, "including those blue-and-white coffee cups inside the cupboard is china we actually own."

Wheels within wheels. A family fresco that tells its own tale: their dog surveys the scene, peering out from under a desk while the old tomcat is seen slipping behind a living-room door only to appear next at the top of the trompe l’oeil staircase. There’s more that meets the eye in this confusing hieroglyphic decor and it is André François who has the last laugh.

"Ideas sprout like flowers from André’s head," his friend Ronald Searle once said, and the walls of Gris are certainly an example of that imagination in full bloom. "Early on in life was thrilled by cityscapes, all those buildings, the textures, the incredible intensity. But all of that is much less subtle than a country landscape. There’s an intensity here that you have to discover—it’s another register, once you’re attuned to it nothing wi
Andre Francois's keen eye and sharp pencil became even more attuned at once to the world around him and to the quiet reveries inspired by his pastoral setting. Grisy-les-Bois offered the right perspective on the world that makes for great satire. Grisy also provided the escape that would eventually touch a different chord in Andre Francois the artist. "There comes a moment in the life of every artist when he no longer feels the urge to jump through hoops. A commercial artist is constantly reacting to every impulse from without, be it a telephone call, a contract from advertisers. There comes a time when the inner impulse is the only one you want to listen to. The artist develops his own rules and he wants to jump through his own hoops."

Andre Francois has been jumping through hoops over the past two decades, giving his painting priority while passing up key commitments—such as covers for The New Yorker. "They left me total freedom. There are no assignments, no themes, you just do a certain number per year and they will publish anywhere between two months and four years after I send it in. It's always a complete surprise when I find the magazine at my door." Most of his time these days is spent painting, work that often starts out with an objet trouvé, something found in his house—a butterfly, a lizard, an old country pitcher, a farm chair. Francois will then paint a nude woman actually sitting on that chair, which he has nailed up and stuck on the canvas. Or he might slice a real pitcher in half and apply it onto a still life. "I like to graft fantasy onto a piece of reality, as you see in my trompe l'oeil."

Forty years ago when Andre Francois and his wife bicycled into the Ponce Valley there was no telling what was to be found: a roof over their heads? A house? A home? A creative lair? "Better to travel with joy than arrive with certitude," says Andre Francois. As it turns out, he has managed both.
The gang's all here—the Art Deco arcs, the Great Pyramid, the painterly brushstroke, the ornate picture frame, the mottled composition book, the Swiss cheese, the folding chair, the Picassoid "femme"—the familiar signs and symbols of a distinguished career assembled in Roy Lichtenstein's monumental Greene Street Mural. Painted directly onto one wall of the Leo Castelli Gallery at 142 Greene Street in New York, this immense magna-cum-collage work—more than 95 feet long and 18 feet high—was conceived as ephemeral and was eventually removed, but not from the memories of those who saw it. Recommended reading: critic Lawrence Alloway's new monograph Roy Lichtenstein (Abbeville Press Modern Masters Series, $29.95 cloth, $16.95 paper), a superbly insightful, eminently readable study of the meanings behind the deceptively simple surfaces of his art. Martin Filler


The Belgian Symbolist painter Fernand Khnopff (1858–1921) specialized in images like this one, left, of brooding women imbued with a vaguely unsettling eroticism. The surprise is that pictures fraught with such dark emotions can be so delicate and visually pleasing. Ann Priester
Events of exceptional interest in the arts, design, entertainment, and living

GAUDY FANFARES FOR THE COMMON MAN

They were the Tiffany and Fabergé of the American masses in the golden age of the big bands—the gorgeously colored, flamboyantly styled jukeboxes that were the throbbing heart of malt shops, dance halls, and dives across the country. Now they come alive again in Kazuhiro Tsuruta’s vivid photos in Jukebox: The Golden Age by Vincent Lynch and Bill Henkin (Perigee Books, $7.95). Above, left to right: A 1948 Rock-Ola; a 1946 AMI in “mother of plastic”; a 1942 glass Rock-Ola; and a 1941 Wurlitzer with prismatic light effects. No wonder they put a whole generation in the mood. M.F.

A MOST ELEGANT EYE


Few artists have captured the spirit of an era more brilliantly than photographer George Hoyningen-Huene. The son of a Baltic baron, Hoyningen-Huene brought his innate sense of elegance to the task of recording the sparkling world of high fashion and high society during a period more often remembered for its political and economic upheavals. One of a small group of fashion and portrait photographers who dominated the pages of Vogue, Vanity Fair, and Harper’s Bazaar in the thirties, Hoyningen-Huene is among those responsible for turning the fashion photograph into high art, as his unforgettable image, The Divers, right, attests. Photographed in the studio, mirabile dictu, it combines bold formal simplicity with a poetry of mood that goes far beyond what is required to sell clothes.

With equal ease Hoyningen-Huene’s camera took in the sophisticated moods of the decade’s most glamorous personalities, leaving behind a legacy of work that embodies, in the words of his friend and fellow photographer Horst (from whose definitive collection the show is assembled), “the quint-essence of elegance.” A.P.

The Divers, 1930. The model at left is Horst.

Katharine Hepburn, ca. 1940
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(Continued from page 128) openings framing lovely river views. The architects explain that in South Carolina, the cooling benefits of these openings outweigh the winter heat loss. That the solar design works has been demonstrated by utility bills far lower than those of neighbors in conventional houses of comparable and even smaller size.

Tilly and Buchsbaum were excited about framing a house in steel, something few people can afford unless, like this client, they are in the business. They saw two major advantages to steel framing over wood: the capacity to span larger spaces, making possible the vast, two-story loftlike living area; and greater column strength, permitting the placement of the building on stilts right beside a river that sometimes floods.

Stephen Tilly adds, “The access to steel also gave us a rare chance to use a new industrial vocabulary: not just the metal columns, beams, and diagonal braces, but stairs, open-web joists, and steel gratings.” As ad hoc as the passive solar system is the marriage of steel framing and wood outer walls. Wood siding was a practical choice because no local contractor was experienced in metal-wall construction (steel-frame professionals had erected the skeleton and because wood is a better thermal insulator, but the owner is most pleased to have such a material connection with his woodland property.

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbyeff Byrds
The black-gray-and-white drama is heightened by the daring way Patino/Wolf reshaped the space. For mornings when the couple wants to sleep late, they can close a blackout curtain behind the wooden shutters. When the sheet patterns are switched from red to gray, the chintz comforter is reversed accordingly, and, conveniently, the bed can be rolled out on casters. The designers inventoried the clients’ wardrobes, then planned closets to fit, with sweater trays, shoe cubbyholes, and even extra space to accommodate a preference for hanging slacks over rods rather than from the cuff.

Good looks are only half the success of the design scheme of the apartment. For all its pared-down lines, its minimalism is not empty. When Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf liken the apartment to “a good black dress,” they pay homage to the mutual elegance of form and function. — Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet
Henri Samuel's sense of what is suitable prevents his being swept away by fashion.

The success of this wide-ranging eclecticism results from Samuel's sense of what is suitable for each room. Empire furniture, because it is formal, works well in a room that is both entry hall and library. The dark green which sets it off is a color Empire furniture flourishes against. That it also is a rich dark color in a space receiving little daylight is a result of Samuel's instinct that dark rooms are better off made rich and cozy than painted a white or beige which will look dingy in insufficient sunlight. All of Samuel's modern and contemporary paintings go in the big drawing room rather than being scattered throughout the house. Chinese paintings that look well with the shiny black of Regency furniture in his bedroom are joined by comfortable tufted Napoleon III chairs. Patterned walls occur only in these small intimate rooms. Samuel's sense of when to use pattern and when not to, when upholstered furniture will add the right note, is a tribute to his deep familiarity with Empire style in the first place he finds little excuse to do a totally Napoleon III setting. A few Napoleon III chairs in a bedroom where their eccentricity and comfort is appealing, but not poufs and balloon-backed chairs all over the house. And he resists the tendency to affect a high-Victorian clutter just for the sake of living surrounded by a trendy accumulation of things.

What is original about his use of nineteenth-century elements is that he combines them with things of other periods. The early Neoclassical part of the nineteenth century he mates with any furniture based on classical antecedents—Louis XIII, Louis XIV, and Louis XVI—in fact with anything but the asymmetrical, unclassical, rococo period of Louis XV or rococo-inspired moments in the Victorian era. English Regency, Napoleon III, and Victorian furniture he uses together because they have a flamboyant mood, are often painted black, and in each case appeared hand-in-glove with revivals of fashionable interest in Oriental things.

Henri Samuel's continued association with the installation of new decorative-arts galleries at the Metropolitan is a tribute to his deep familiarity with period furniture. Olga Raggio, the Chairman of the Department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts, has worked with him for months on the Jack and Belle Linsky Galleries, which will open in June. Also in the works is a Louis XIV gallery that Samuel has begun for Mrs. Wrightsman with the collaboration of James Parker, the Met's curator of European furniture. Never perhaps in his long career has Samuel's treatment of the past—even in museum circles—been so widely appreciated and sought out. Perhaps it's because of his recognition that "real" period rooms are at best only contemporary fantasies. But that's no disappointment. What's "real" to most people is the mood. And such finely tuned evocations of the past are now the cutting edge.

Continued from page 196

The cast of Regency and Napoleon III chairs, Directoire tables, nineteenth-century red pottery made in England, Chinese paintings on mirrored glass, and a set of French 1830 gouaches of Paris, Saint-Cloud, and Versailles. A round three-tiered table displays a collection of ivory, silver, and crystal objects. Large round-topped windows look into the garden and the main house.

The walls occur only in these small intimate rooms. Fine furniture, why seventeenth-century and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms full of modernity and comfort in rooms 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SENSUOUS MODERN MOVEMENT

(Continued from page 112) the rigid and clarity of Mies's modern architecture in favor of illusion.
Here are the materials of the building's gridded screen wall—glass, steel, and anodized aluminum—brought inside to assume the irregular shapes of the tabletops and shelves, the bolts to-the-floor legs of the table base and the wavy forms of the stainless steel ledge and the glass-block wall opposite it.

Though grounded in tough materials, the apartment is airborne by lustrous colors.

Here are the details rendered precisely and then reemphasized. The splines of the table bases are embellished by red paint and pulled out from the supports for the tabletops and for the shelves running along the screens. Exposed bolts of the furniture and screens punctuate the joining metal members.
Where Krueck & Olsen definitive bid adieu to Mies is in their lavish use of color. Though grounded in tough materials, the apartment is airborne by lustrous hues—iridescent automoblie colors sprayed onto a wall of close and the pocket doors separating the bedrooms from the living area; ribbons and dots of color applied to the floor and ceiling to pick up the moire and extend and then erode the path of movement of the screens. Over all is high gloss that reflects every ray of light, just as the lake beyond the windows bounces the sun into the space.
As the morning light flushes the apartment, striking in beams along the straight walls and diffusing into a soft glow around the screens, a rainbow gulf the room. Prism life for someone gets used to. Once, when Mr. Marriott's daughter brought a friend home from college, she warned: "This wasn't like this when I lived here. Mies would no doubt smile discreetly at that observation and respond with admiration: "No apartment has ever been like this before."
HOME AGAIN

(Continued from page 134) Visited visitors with large parties, but he sometimes housed them, along with an encourage. For this part of his life, he added a rear wing to his house, bringing the number of rooms up to eighteen.

When a particularly important personal was expected two years ago, a second decorator, Darrell Schmitt of New Orleans, was brought in. He recalls, 'I had thirty days' notice to touch up the downstairs and completely do over all the bedrooms. I also gutted and rebuilt three baths. It was a month if full-scale emergency conditions. I scoured auctions in New York. For the past two years, his real-estate business and his interest in art have merged as he has seen seeking works of quite another art in London: Georgian furniture and paintings by Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough. With his father and brothers, the lawyer from Audubon Place has built the city's new Windsor Court Hotel and furnished it with the London acquisitions—an Art Deco's haven ready in time for the opening of the Louisiana World Exposition.

By Elaine Greene. Editor: Babs Harper.

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The interiors of the Capistrano Library were intended by their designer to be inviting and humane, and they do indeed succeed in creating an atmosphere of quiet, internal focus. But they also point up another of Graves's predominant tendencies: the emphasis of circulation routes at the expense of space. One is reminded of Mary Pickford's exasperated comment while working with the great film director Ernst Lubitsch, whose obsession with portals led her to exclaim, "Doors! He's a director of doors! Nothing interests him but doors!" To a certain extent, Michael Graves isn't an architect of rooms, he's an architect of corridors. Often in a Graves interior, more than half the fun is getting there. Certainly, there are some very thoughtfully conceived spaces in the Capistrano library, such as the tiny reading nooks in the buttresslike towers on the east façade of the building; but while some people will find those hideaways intimate, others might consider them claustrophobic.

Graves has gone to great lengths to bring natural light into interiors where illumination obviously must play a crucial role, but overall the atmosphere is more absorptive than reflective of light, as might be expected from the architect's extensive use of his characteristically dusky mauves and muted blues.

Fortunately, the library is plunged in the crepuscular gloom of Graves's Sunar showroom in Los Angeles, but its interiors and its sense of connection with the outdoors—sotirical of California architecture old and new—are engaged in a Mexican standoff. On one hand, all the areas joining the central atrium open onto and there are three open garden reading rooms that face west, into the afternoon sun. On the other hand, most of the library's windows are unusually small, the ground plan (like those of the old missions) is inward-turning and it is the massive walls, and not openings in them, that provide the classic character of the place. But that, of course, is what the traditional architecture of the Mediterranean is all about; especially when it is used as a source of inspiration by an architect who has immersed himself in the true character of the original (as few developer-architects ever bother to do).

Thus Michael Graves continues his determined way toward evolving what he hopes will be a more satisfying way of making buildings than has been the standard, in his opinion, since modern architecture took commis some fifty years ago. He has not made his case completely or convincingly, but his intentions remain admirable. The San Juan Capistrano Regional Library is at the very least an architecture that its community could grow fond of, and the place that it creates itself in the lives and hearts of its users will be the surest indication of whether or not its mission is accomplishe.

*By Martin Filler. Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*
Continued from page 172] shadow military formations with their cadres, which could be mobilized within days. Owners of unmovable property like real estate, large marble statues, or passive antique furniture were trying to sell as much of it at almost any price in order to buy gold sovereigns in the black market. The coins, as everybody had learned in the previous years, were extremely handy. They took little room, could be hidden, buried, or transported easily, taken abroad to Corsica on a small boat or to Switzerland over mountain paths known to smugglers. They could also be used to bribe a policeman, a jailer, a political commissary, or a border guard. As a result, there were many sellers in Rome and no buyers. My bank assured me there were no quotable prices whatever for land.

For these reasons I managed to buy a hillock for a ridiculously small sum, much smaller than I would have paid only one or two months before. I seized the deal in a hurry, against the price of prudent friends, on the basis of several considerations. The low price, first of all. I felt that, if the war did not break out, the purchase would turn out to be the best investment of my life. But would there be a war? It was my guess that there would be no such thing. My journalist's intuition was comforted by reading George Kennan's famous article in Foreign Affairs signed "X," which practically excluded the possibility of an imminent deflagration. I also thought that, if it came, having or not having bought a hill with a view in the outskirts of Rome would not have made a great difference in the universal catastrophe. Finally I was attracted by other, non-commercial advantages. The ancient pond, the clear brook, and the little toy book train (the last of its kind that would still be called choo-choo) would warm my children and enrich their childhood memories all their lives. They would certainly meet Little Red Riding Hood in the wood and, later, boys and Indians. They could swim and splash each other in the little stream in the heat of summer. I even hoped the (Continued on page 204)
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employer, for infringing the immigration law. The clean brook is now a open stinking sewer, frothing with detergents, as all the apartment houses recently built upstream on the Cassand emptied their waste waters into it. The neighborhood woods, but not my own, are strewn with garbage, broken water bowls and bidets, empty bottles, plastic containers, gutted mattresses, rusted cans, throwaway syringes, and parapedic condos.

This, of course, is happening all over Italy and could have been foreseen. The most unsettling disadvantage of something else. The investment which aroused the envy of all my friends which could have theoretically provided, if I ever sold my land, a life of affluence or deplorable idleness to me an affable affluence to my descendant has turned out to be a mirage or Fal Morsa. My property is worth practically nothing. Nobody in his right mind would want to buy it. I don't even know if I am still its owner.

Recent laws and zoning regulation have determined that almost half an acre could one day be turned into public park wherever the regional authorities find enough money and time from abstract problems and secure plots to expropriate me; another part is destined to be forever what is called Zona Verde, or green zone, which I am forbidden to cut down the very trees I planted and to build anything, and the rest could only be sold to a junkman, old-car wrecker, or a deal in bricks, tiles, and other building materials because, for a series of complicated legal reasons, it is forbidden to construct houses on it. As a result, any land within the city limits, no longer sold or bought, but only sold in cubic meters of a municipal building permit, which I cannot obtain. Furthermore, no buyer wants ground around the house he will build as it would entail enormous problems and expenses: the difficulty of finding a gardener, the mowing of lawns, and the planting of waterlilies of flowers.

All this is, to be sure, purely theoretical as I have no intention of selling my life in the monotonous summer, some tax-shelter Caribbean island in tax-exempt Monte Carlo, since I don't want to live forever on a luxurious
m-conditioned yacht surrounded by beautiful and dissolute women, the possibly unconstitutional abolition of my rights as a landowner has a purely pecuniary significance. It is the end of the dream, the end of otioue conversations over drinks with friends. I even find in it some sort of consolation. If my property is worth practically nothing, it is to be presumed that my heirs will have to pay practically nothing for inheritance tax. This, of course, is by no means certain, governments being what they are, greedy and miserly.

I confess I am happy as I am, the ducious owner of my hilllock. I turned it into a miniature estate. I still have servants of sorts and old men working in the garden for fabulous wages. I created a tiny vineyard which provides acceptable ordinary table wine for the household. I had found about seventy olive trees when I bought the property and have since planted many more, more than enough to supply my needs for each year. The oil is unusually light, delicate, tasteful—as good as Tuscan oil—and I have enough in good years to give bottles to friends, to my grown-up children and their families. Last year I also planted two very young trees, which by 1997 will produce the first olives, the size of pigeon eggs, to put in brine. I have many orange, tangerine, grapefruit, and lemon trees, as well as prune, pear, apple, peach, and apricot trees, which provide enough fruit for the house in the summer and to put in glass jars for the winter. I have a flourishing vegetable garden and a small poultry yard which provides me with fresh eggs. I also raise rabbits and pigeons for the table.

I may delude myself but I find the taste of my produce infinitely better than anything shops sell. My bottled tomato juice made only with the first tomatoes not yet touched by the irrigation, which dilutes the flavor, my one-hour-old eggs, my salads, and my field peas are recognized by my friends as having tastes contemporary has forgotten. I have roses galore in the summer and flowers of all kinds around. I suspect at times all this costs me more than if I lived in a pension the royal suite at the Grand Hotel (I don't know for sure, as I never made a comparison), and that I am an irresponsible, stubborn, and spendthrift fool to live as I do. Or maybe the silence, the fresh air, all my books around me, the good steady work I am doing, the pleasure I see on the faces of my grown-up children and my small grandchildren who visit me often and stay in their old house, the country walks with my dogs, and the peace of mind might allow me to taste my first pigeon-egg olives in brine from the tiny trees I planted last year. And even if I don't reach that year and do not eat the olives at the age of 89, I had a pleasant time trying. What disturbs me is why I am being severely punished for having conceived my life along such strictly Italian lines: a house in the country, in my name and not a corporation's, designed in a respectful, ancient peasant style, to be left to my descendants. I made the choice not to invest the money in gold, diamonds, stamps, or shares, all things which would not serve to perpetuate the family sense of solidarity for generations to come. Am I the only Italian left?

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At the Tuileries Bernard Palissy made for Catherine de Médicis a grotto with walls and ceilings of translucent glass; fish, reptiles, coral, algae, pebbles, and moss in the same kind of ceramic for which he is famous.

ple beeches, and a pond we call "The Tomb of Holderlein" surrounded by a garden of weeping trees. Inside the château, rooms devoted to the history of gardening also contain among other things collections of Japanese bonsai and faience decorated with gardening themes.

STRANGE FRUIT
Formerly all the greenhouses of châteaux and great bourgeois mansions grew fruit trees grafted on weak stock, partly so they would remain dwarf but above all so that they would fruit very quickly. Grafts that bore fruit in striking colors were particularly sought after, and trees laden with fruit in two different colors—red and white cherries, red and yellow apples, green and russet pears—or of two different kinds—pears and apples—were brought into the drawing rooms at Christmas to astonish guests. Up until about 1900 specialists in these trees existed all around Paris, the specialists potting cherry trees being found in Rueil Malmaison.

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FRANCE
Château de La Ballue: 25 km from Mont St. Michel. Gardens and garden museum open every day 11 to 12 and 2:30 to 7. July 1 to Oct. 31. Château takes paying guests, June 15 to Sept. 15. For information, write Madame Claude Arthaud, 100, rue de Grenelle, 75007 Paris, France.

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CHARLES WEBSTER'S
PEACEABLE KINGDOM

Musings on the “lifetime temporary occupancy” of a wildlife refuge

By Stanley Mieses

Leading toward the Great South Bay in Islip, Long Island, is a suburban side street like many others where lawn after lawn is mowed to pile-carpet perfection and hedges have been subjected to military haircuts. Then there is a place beyond the end of this road called Twyford, where deer sup unfettered on wildflowers and tall grass in direct view of a visitor; where an assortment of small and large waterfowl—ducks and geese and swans—glide calmly across a comfortable pond and chat together along its tree-shaded shoreline like old neighbors; and where a collection of trees and flowers and plants form a harmonious, democratic gathering. This is Charles Webster’s front lawn.

A few steps up from a pebbled driveway, I am greeted at the door of a muted yellow farmhouse by the 78-year-old chairman of The Horticultural Society of New York, a vivid and healthy-looking gentleman who is dressed in a sport jacket, shirt, and tie composed in Milton Avery colors that draw out his Gulf-green eyes. Fastened to the buttonhole of his jacket is a homemade boutonniere made from sprigs of rosemary, gray santolina, scilla, and thyme; as with the natural surroundings, the full effect is far more subtle than the description of its parts. Mr. Webster gives the impression that he wears not the emblem of a boulevardier but rather a particular crest, and when he steps onto the landing in front of his house, he appears to preside over his own peaceable kingdom.

Twyford is the proper name of this estate, but there is no heraldic sign anywhere. Long gone are the days when the late Mrs. Webster’s family occupied the land along the Great South Bay along with the Vanderbilts, the Havemeyers, the Bournes, and the Cuttings. Twyford and the estates that were not parceled out after the Second World War have been donated in part to support federal and university-sponsored nature conservation projects. The one hundred-and-fifty acres of swamp, upland, and waterfront, including the farmhouse which Mr. Webster has expanded since he took up residence at Twyford some 45 years ago, is now a jewel in a necklace of refuges for nesting fowl and wildlife, and as an “advisor in residence” to both the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Cornell University, the jeweler has been granted a “lifetime temporary occupancy.”

“After my wife died, I didn’t want the land to lie fallow,” Mr. Webster said, leading the way around to the back of the house. Quite the contrary, the vista here includes fenced-in waterways and roomy cages that contain his collection of more exotic waterfowl; his own private greenhouses, which hold the rare, the experimental, the offbeat, and the sublime among plants and flowers; pines and raffish hedges that provide a windshield for the birds; a rock garden and a soft meadow intertwined by walkways; a long and reedy marsh at the edge of which stand tall black locust trees and poles near the trees planted (Continued on page 210)
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Mr. Webster didn't embark on a horticultural career upon graduation from Dartmouth, even though, as he says, he was "born out of doors" in a fertile portion of southwestern Iowa and always had a love of nature. As a high-school student he worked in nurseries, and later at Dartmouth he was the president of the Outing Club. With a liberal arts degree, he took a job in Detroit and then later went to New York, where he worked for a manufacturer of industrial gases that specialized in the liquefaction of air into oxygen and nitrogen. "When I married a gal who was keen on gardening, I had the opportunity to become involved as a gardener myself," he said. He and Mrs. Webster would exhibit their joint interests in flower shows (Mrs. Webster belonged to a number of garden clubs, and was for a term president of the Garden Club of America). So when Mr. Webster was invited to join The Horticultural Society of New York in the fifties, he already was a modest collector of unusual plants, and by 1957 he was elected president of the society, where he grafted his executive and administrative skills onto a position that had hitherto been mostly ceremonial.

When Mr. Webster assumed his role with the Horticultural Society, it was, in his words, "a self-serving society." Members shared an interest primarily concerned with the maintenance of gardens on old-money properties. Economic conditions shifted, and under Mr. Webster's guidance, so did the focus of the society.

"We were being called on for source information from community groups, ethnic groups, senior citizens, block associations; people who wanted to grow houseplants and rooftop gardens would call us. I felt that if the existing society wanted to go ahead with the exclusive society concept, then they'd need more members, but that if we were asked by community groups as members of the community, we should respond and become activists and help in the general problem of improving

the environment. I felt that anyone who had an interest in horticulture should be encouraged—it's in our charter," he went on. "The society could still remain exclusive—exclusively horticultural."

In the time Charles Webster has directed the operations of the HSNY over five hundred community gardens have been established with the society's assistance; HSNY has helped restore the gardens of The Coope Hewitt Museum; aided in the funding of independent projects, like the recently refurbished gardens of medieval plants and herbs at The Cloister; launched Food For Life, a program to teach people how to grow their own vegetables; and it has reached out to the general public with courses, lectures, publications, and field trips.

"We are involved in environmental causes, and see the environmental aspects to, say, political negotiations—after all, the tenacity of people living on the land is an environmental thing—but we don't explore weighty social issues," he said. "We agree with René Dubos: 'Think globally, act locally.' Microcosms do exist, the basic problems in creating harmony are there. Finally, it is harmony that speaks to me," he continued. "I don't have the expertise to be a plant specialist, but I do have a curiosity about plants, and I do know how to grow them, though perhaps not with the skill of a true gardener. I consider myself an amateur aviculturist, too, but I don't believe that I'm a dilettante heart. I simply prefer to deal with the full palette. I enjoy having some part of it, and I'm just lucky to be in a position where I can carry my awareness along with it. I guess one has to recognize the value of certain things over others never collected for profit, that is to say, my taste in things has given those things a greater value, and I'm glad they have a value, but for me all I know is that I had an eye for it and it's given me pleasure. That's it, isn't it?"
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Come discover the many elements that fuse to create an individual expression of the way you live. This month, for the first time ever, Robinson's presents Home Design Expo '84, an unprecedented event in the fields of decorating and entertaining. From April 12 to 15, six special Robinson's stores will be hosts to experts from every facet of home life—lifestyle designers, renowned chefs, famed decorators, colorists, china and crystal representatives, and acclaimed magazine editors, including Joyce MacRae from House & Garden. You'll learn the latest solutions to every home decorating problem from space utilization to lighting to interaction of color and accessories. With additional instruction on creative tabletop decor and distinctive cuisine. The trends, the tips, the advice are yours for your own personal interpretation. Join us Thursday, April 12 at BEVERLY HILLS and WOODLAND HILLS; Friday, April 13 at NEWPORT; Saturday, April 14 at DEL AMO and FASHION VALLEY; Sunday, April 15 at SANTA BARBARA.
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Le Style Rothschild. Patrons of the arts and trendsetters in the world of decoration, the Rothschilds and their houses, châteaux, hunting lodges, and villas have come to signify everything that is most precious and fastidious in art and decoration, as John Richardson writes in his text, "Le Style Rothschild," page 106. The accompanying portfolio of photographs by Jacques Dirand of the Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild's New York apartment illustrates how the Rothschild style manages at once to be splendid and luxurious, cozy and welcoming. The Rothschild rooms also provide us a look at the work of the decorator Geoffrey Bennison, originally trained as a stage designer, who learned in that work his sure use of color and textures, sense of scale, and understanding of how important is the role of the person who will play on that stage.

When "Design in America: The Cranbrook Vision, 1925–1950" opens at The Metropolitan Museum of Art this month, it will be the first American twentieth-century design show in the Academy of Art (see Tastemakers, page 88), will be at the Metropolitan from April 18 to June 17. It then will travel to Finland, a natural next stop for a show paying tribute to an institution whose architect and first president was the Finnish genius Eliel Saarinen. London's Victoria & Albert Museum will get the show in the spring of 1985, another fitting visit since the Arts and Crafts movement, at the root of Cranbrook's vision, began in England. Given architecture and design's renewed interest in craftsmanship and more individualistic artistic expression, the show couldn't be more timely.

According to the architect Luis Barragán, for a house to be successful it must be atemporal; it should not fall into any specific fashion or period. On pages 124–131, a house designed by Barragán thirty years ago demonstrates the truth of those words and the success of his timeless architecture. The Barragán magic is all there: the sense of silence and mystery; the screens designed to break a perspective and add surprise; the textures and colors of pink, orange, and white walls. Marie-Pierre Texier's text and Allen Carter's photographs help communicate the mystery, the intimacy and timelessness of a Barragán house.

We publish examples of one of the world's best art collections in this issue, "Art at Its Best," page 146. It is the collection of Emily and Burton Tremaine, and in the accompanying text, MaryAnn Tighe quotes art dealer Leo Castelli as saying, "Like great painters and writers, great collectors are a rare species." What makes the Tremaine collection great: "They made the perfect choices. They never made the mistake of choosing something secondary." It appears that the collectors' predilection for only the first-rate is consistent. As you will see, the country house where part of the collection is hung includes a glass room that was part of an addition designed by Philip Johnson in 1955—the same year the Barragán house in this issue was being built in Mexico City.

And I wager that in another thirty, or even three-hundred years, both will look as modern as they do today.
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Larry Hawkins
Cave-tech? More than ever, the past is present in a line of "prehistoric" furniture designed by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste, a Paris-based design team currently breaking into the American market. New York's Furniture of the Twentieth Century, launching pad for Europe's design elite, has taken on this new collection, which is a theatrical mix of the primitive and the sophisticated.

"Although we started out being interested in the Baroque, we shed layer upon layer, century upon century and found inspiration in prehistoric and primitive art. Swiss-born Bonetti, 31, and Garouste, 37, appeared on the Paris scene in the mid-seventies doing sets for plays. It was a theatrical collaboration that culminated in the creation of the "baroquissme" decor—pillars, illuminated masks, drapes—for what became the Paris night club, Privilege. (Elizabeth Garouste's husband, Gérard, the painter, did the accompanying frescoes.)

Taking time off from a totally absorbing design schedule, Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste settle into the living room of Garouste's sprawling suburban home twenty minutes south of Paris to talk about their artistic evolution. To this day, the Garouste garage remains their atelier while the house itself is a flea-market catch-all-cum-showroom of certain cornerstones of their work. In the living room the pony skin on their Barbarian chair has been saber-slashed by Garouste's young sons. "They put the finishing touches on our designs," she says, amused.

Petite, dark-haired, and a true Parisian for all her understated sophistication and soft-spoken charm, Elizabeth Garouste explains the theater was their first inspiration: "We wanted to see how illusion could be translated into furniture. So we stuck to the basic principle of theater, which is making something more real that real by using something which is fake." In their first collection three years ago they played on that theme of "real and fake." Techniques of theatrical illusion and set design were used to make pieces look like what they were not: heavy when they were light, old when new. Papier-mâché and pressed paper were made to resemble chiseled stone; iron patinaed to look like antique bronze. A massive stone slab papier-presse screen (that looks deceptively immovable) was one of those first pieces. It seems to be a kind of "primal screen," standing on the one hand for the play of illusion and on the other for the departure back in time to art's most basic form. (Continued on page 18)
There's a special feel in the new 1984 Toronado Caliente. It's a feeling of pride that you've never experienced before.

The comfort legendary to Toronado with leather in the seating areas, even the option of soft lambswool shearling. And an electronic instrument panel. Even the choice of an electronic synthesized voice information system or a group of reminder indicator lights. Just look at Caliente's unique elegance from the special landau roof to its distinctive exterior appliques.

The new 1984 Toronado Caliente, Oldsmobile's latest and most sophisticated statement of personal luxury.
was not to reaffirm the existence of force in Bonetti and Garouste’s work: those same things once again, but to the primitive with the modern is the on a series resembling what one usually sees in decoration... leather sofas — forms out of the classical repertoire. Disarmingly sincere and eager about his pursuits, Bonetti is always ready to go one step further: “Like taking your clothes off in a striptease and finally ending up naked, we ended up with earth, rocks... And since we worked in theater we decided to re-create those effects artificially.” The two speak of undergoing a crisis of conscience. “When we decided to make furniture we started work on a series resembling what one usually sees in decoration...” says Bonetti. “That kind of clash, something very solid alongside something fragile and wanting to bathe—to become pure,” Bonetti continues. So “pure” is his Paris apartment, in fact, that there is hardly any furniture at all in the one big room, only a bed with pony-skin pillows and a small kitchen table. Four chairs—straight-back in wood (“imitation nineteenth-century with fake-leather seats—there when I arrived”) are slip-covered to the floor in ecru poplin, as are two matching armchairs. Candles in primitive white terra-cotta holders provide most of the light aside from two sculpted masks used as appliqués on either side of the bed. What more perfect surroundings for the son of antiques dealers!

The tension created by juxtaposing the primitive with the modern is the force in Bonetti and Garouste’s work: tables and benches combine sleek geometric glass (or painted metal) surfaces and huge rough-cut rocks. (Papier-mâché stone look-alikes gave way to the real thing in the last collection: a clever “keep-you-guessing” move against what could have become deadly predictable trompe-l’oeil illusion.)

“That kind of clash, something very solid alongside something fragile and transparent, papier-mâché and iron (our paneled screen), or soft animal hide against a metal frame (our Barbarian chair) is what makes things interesting,” says Bonetti. “That’s what worked with our Paris show at Jansen, on the rue Royale. Our ‘barbarian’ furniture was presented in Jansen’s eighteenth-century grand salon amid gold moldings and antique wood panelings....” Adds Bonetti “Saint Laurent has collected various things we’ve designed, and there again you have the contrast with the rest of his decor.”

While Bonetti and Garouste may refer to the beginning of the world (“we went back to nature, geology, zoology”), their work also has an eerie end-of-the-world feeling to it, evoking post-nuclear disaster. (“In the year 1000 people lived in terror than the world was coming to an end—we’re at the same point today.”) The seemingly spontaneous storybook vision of barbarian times (Garouste used to write children’s books) exists in counterpoint to what is also a highly studied, terribly French intellectual approach: “We wanted to produce furniture in the way a fashion collection is designed, as an idea, as desire. To treat furniture as ornament. Others in the design field,” Garouste sums up, “cling to the idea of progress. We’re more skeptical. We think things repeat themselves. The table we made for our first showing at Jansen (eleven spindly iron legs under a thick opaque glass top) is no ‘better’ than a kitchen table. A René Herbst chair (of nickel-plated metal and brightly colored tension straps) is no more inventive, no more ‘new’ than an Egyptian chair. All one can do really is try to propose a different world.”

Not surprising that Garouste and Bonetti find soul mates in l’art brut. “Take the Palais Ideal du Facteur Cheval in the Drôme region of France: an entire ‘palace’ built out of stones and pebbles that a local postman hauled home on foot in his empty mailbag after distributing letters on his route! When we run into people like that who created an entire universe for themselves, it makes us want to move others in that way, to inspire them to express their own creative possibilities. After all, we used only three rocks and everybody has access to that!” Bonetti quips.
While on a 1908 museum tour with her husband, Mrs. Celestia Kohl forgot herself and lit up a cigarette.

She quickly found herself all wrapped up in Egyptian history.

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PARMA'S SECRETS REVEALED
Unknown treasures of the city famous for its ham, cheese, and violets
By Olivier Bernier

Napoleon’s empress and some of the best food in Italy, the murdered son of a pope and Stendhal’s greatest novel: this disparate if glamorous medley all centers around the former Duchy of Parma. Of course, Marie Louise of Austria and Pier Luigi Farnese, Pope Paul III’s illegitimate son, were real people, while Fabrice del Dongo and the Duchesse Sanseverina are fictional characters, but they all have something to tell us about an exceptionally charming little city.

From the lush countryside around Parma come the famous hams and the cheese for which the region is justly famous, as well as a variety of produce, and all are used to their best advantage in the city’s renowned restaurants. In between those wonderful meals, we could do much worse than to follow the many people, Parmesans and foreigners alike, who thought that the duchy’s capital was the fairest in Northern Italy. We might, for instance, remember Monsignor del Dongo’s impassioned sermons in the cathedral as we enter the quiet piazza flanked by those two complementary Romanesque masterpieces, the Baptistry and the Duomo.

With its octagonal shape, pink and white marble walls, and airy openings, the Baptistry seems to float above the ground, an architectural fantasy rather than a real building. Above the tall arched doorway and its carved lintel rise four floors faced with colonnades and bound by striped piers at every corner: the walls themselves vanish behind the openings so that the structure seems (Continued on page 22)
wall just behind the arcade—which sus-
tains a balustrade adorned, at each an-
gle, with a pointy-roofed little open pavilion; it is all like the wildest of il-

terface is continued in the grand inte-

tancce. Frescoed between 1527 and 1534 by Correggio, it shows us the Assump-
tion of the Virgin taking place in a glow of golden light. Here, indeed, is)

fascinates while Correggio’s own par-
ticularly attractive brand of Man-
erism, far from keeping us firmly out-
side the crowded scene as is usually the case with contemporary works, draws us in and makes us feel that, like the Virgin, we are about to lift off.

Another great lady, but one who cared deeply about the pleasures of the flesh, reigns over the other end of
town. Marie Louise has not only left us a palace, built largely in the eighteenth century but preserved by her, and an enchanting garden; she is also fully de-
picted in the Museo Glauco Lombardi, the legacy of a turn-of-the-century pro-


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(Continued from page 22) with platinum thread which, unlike gold and silver, does not tarnish, it looks as fresh, as grand, as imposing as it did when it was first worn some 150 years ago and tells us something about the weakness of the former empress: the waist is anything but waistslike. Then, along with innumerable portraits, some porcelain, some furniture, and several intricately designed *nécessaires de toilette*, there are souvenirs of those short years in Paris when a very young Marie Louise reigned over half of Europe—everything from Napoleon's letters to the marriage cofret that awaited her in Paris, an extravagant creation raised on two kneeling bronze figures blowing their trumpets, with side handles held in eagles' beaks and a curved cover crowned with a bronze bow and arrow, a tactful reminder of Cupid's power over even the most arranged of marriages. And in case we wonder what the bride looked like there is a portrait of Marie Louise, covered with diamonds and looking properly grand in embroidered white satin. Amid all this splendor, we then come across a series of competently painted, highly appealing romantic landscapes. It pays to look at their label: the artist is none other than the duchess herself.

That visit to the Museo Glauco Lombardi should make us feel that Marie Louise is practically an old friend, so it only makes sense to cross the River Parma and go for a stroll in the palace gardens. The building itself, a mixture of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, with its ocher facade and green shutters, looks more like a large villa than a palace proper, but the park, though not very large, leaves nothing to be desired. There are a few wide, shaded alleys, but also twisting lanes, flowers, ponds, sculpture, flowering bushes: this perfect romantic garden instantly evokes the 1830s, Marie Louise's little court and her easy sentimentality; and just as today young couples sit, kissing, on half-hidden benches, so, no doubt, the duchess sometimes left her ladies-in-waiting behind and strolled away with the handsome Count Neipperg.

Still, there is more to Parma than just the memory of "the heifer sacrificed to appease the Minotaur," to quote Metternich's cynical description. Right behind the Duomo, for instance, a short walk will take us to the San Giovanni Evangelista complex. Its first building, which belongs to the Benedictine convent, is the sixteenth-century pharmacy. Its four wood-paneled rooms, one of which looks out onto a peaceful cloister, are lined with shelves and cupboards where all the artifacts of medieval medicine are still displayed. The blue-and-white ceramic pots, the mortars, scales, and retorts, all highly picturesque, speak more highly of the monks' charity than of their skills.

A few more steps take us into a quiet, beautiful piazza. Bordered on one side by the Romanesque episcopal palace, its main attraction is the Church of Saint John the Evangelist, not perhaps very distinguished as Baroque façades go: although it is almost a textbook example of graceful movement, it lacks the strength of its important Roman counterparts; but the interior is a handsome Renaissance volume, and the dome offers another of Correggio's soaring compositions. This time, we are invited to share a highly mystical moment, Saint John's vision of Patmos. As Christ rises in the central glory, a crowd of cheerful angels surrounds the apostles while, a little below the heavenly host, Saint John, rising his hands in ecstasy, stares intently at his Redeemer. While it is somewhat quieter and more restrained than the Ascension of the Virgin, this composition is no less attractive and, perhaps, even more moving. Then, in the left transept, Correggio painted the saint writing the Apocalypse. The play of light and shade, the intense expression of the figure strike a note of seriousness not often to be found in the artist's work. Finally, in the first, second, and fourth chapels on the left side of the nave, there are frescoes in which Parmigianino indulged in all the elegant distortion, all the evocative elongation, coolness, and complexity of Mannerism at its best.

After all this religious painting, the so-called Camera del Correggio provides a lighter note. Although its frescoes were done at the behest of Abbess Giovanna Piancenza, they are typical of the stoutly secular ornaments with which Renaissance clerics cheered up their lives. Here again, the windows look out on a wonderfully harmonious sixteenth-century cloister, a pleasant enough sight (Continued on page 26)
PERRY ELLIS MARTEX 1984
THE ART OF MAKING A BED.
The vault, which is divided by white ribs into sixteen triangles, is made to look like the most luxurious of summerhouses. Against a trellis ground ribbon bows, at the very top, seem to be holding the wooden elements together; below them come festoons of fruit; then oval openings through which a variety of putti, seen against an ideally blue sky, appear to be flying into our space. At the bottom, supported by trompe-l'oeil goats' heads, we see a series of grisailles depicting Roman gods and demigods. The illusion is perfect. We hardly know whether we are indoors or out, in ancient Rome or sixteenth-century Parma.

It is one of the city's many charms that it always seems to offer some unexpected delight. The Madonna dell' Steccata is one such surprise. This small, perfect church, designed by a father-and-son team, the Zaccagni, is shaped like a Greek cross: all four arms are of equal length. Here, all the liveliness of the Renaissance animates the design as its various elements, columns, pilasters, and pediments, having achieved a powerful sense of balance lead the eye up to the huge dome. Inside, the Parmigianino frescoes add exactly the right note of graceful elegance to the colored marbles while the handsome seventeenth-century organ and the complex Baroque altar screen add their glitter to the lush setting. There can be no hesitation about the Steccata: it is the most inviting, the most cheerful of churches; but it takes something close to courage to make one's way into the Palazzo della Pilotta, just down the street. This huge, unfinished, and singularly bleak building, its brick stained dark brown by centuries of aging, was once the palace of the Farnese begun by the widow of Pier Luigi Farnese—the first ruler of the newly independent duchy was assassinated by rebellious nobles—looks today like the least inviting of ruins. Still it is well worth it to brave its appearance. Inside, a variety of delights awaits us, ranging all the way from prehistorical artifacts to eighteenth-century paintings.

The palace houses several museums.

(Continued from page 24)
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THE ORACLE SPEAKS

The undisputed doyenne of fashion sums up a lifetime of living with immutable style in excerpts from her forthcoming autobiography, DV

By Diana Vreeland

On bad taste

Vulgarity is a very important ingredient in life. I'm a great believer in vulgarity—if it's got vitality. A little bad taste is like a nice splash of paprika. We all need a splash of bad taste—it's hearty, it's healthy, it's physical. I think we could use more of it. What's called "good taste" is a drug on the market. No taste is what I'm against.

On Coco Chanel

Where she came from in France is anyone's guess. She said one thing one day and another thing the next. She was a peasant—and a genius. Peasants and geniuses are the only people who count, and she was both. . . . Coco was never a kind woman. . . . she was a monstre sacré. But she was the most interesting person I've met.

On the Edwardian Age

The Edwardian influence in England lasted long after Edward's death and blossomed like a cherry orchard in the best sun. Each period casts a long, long shadow. That's my period, if you really want to know. You might think it was my mother's period, but it's mine. One's period is when one is very young.

(Continued on page 40)
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Nothing comes from the island that you can sustain a civilization on. All God gave the Japanese was a sense of style. . . .

On her last name
"Vreeland—with a V!" I say whenever I have to give my name over the telephone. "V as in ‘victory!’ V as in ‘violent!’"

But I can remember a telephone operator saying to me when I was living in England, "No, madame—V . . .as in ‘violet.’"

I loved the putting-down. She put me right back where I belonged. "Yes," I said, "you’ve got a point."

On fashion
Lettuces are divine, although I’m not sure it’s really food.

On lying
Now I exaggerate—always. And, of course, I’m terrible on facts. But a good story . . . some of the details . . . are in the imagination. I don’t call this lying.

I think there’s nothing more unattractive than a true liar. I am a maniac about anyone who tells a lie. These people wither for me. I’m perfectly polite to them, shake their hands, smile at them . . . but to hell with ‘em! They can disappear into the ground for all I care. Something dies inside of me. And I can spot ‘em like that! Of course, in business, this can be a rather handy instinct.

On madness
"There is a pleasure in being mad that none but madmen know." It’s a beautiful statement, but I’m afraid I may have made it up.

On men’s hats
I remember the last person who tipped his hat to me; it was so elegant and attractive. I was walking down Fifth and Ronnie Tree stepped out to the curb. He had on a bowler. If you remember his hair, it was that marvelous stiff hair that brushed up around the ears. You know how chic that is. Marvelous, with a hat. Takes a special head; it has to be very stiff hair. He did it, tipped his hat, and it was so attractive. So beautiful.

But then it all stopped, didn’t it?

On newspapers
The only newspaper I’ve ever really approved of is The Times of London when they had canaries for sale on the front page. (Continued on page 44)
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Impressions

(Continued from page 40)

On the past
I don’t believe in anything before penicillin.

On rain
Have I told you that I think water is God’s tranquilizer? Being born Scottish, I think to walk in the rain is just divine. I don’t mean to walk around in a heavy downpour—to enjoy a fire doesn’t mean the whole room has to be in flames—but to be in water, to feel it around you, to wake up in the morning to know that the skies and the whole world is in this lovely fresh clean condition... always a mania with me. One thing I hold against Americans is that they have no flair for the rain. They seem unsettled by it; it’s against them: they take it as an assault, an inconvenience.

I don’t believe in anything before penicillin

On Millicent Rogers
Millicent, I remember, started out the evening wearing a dress by Paquin—black silk with a bustle here and a train. When dessert was served, she spilled some ice cream and left the room to change into another dress. When the coffee was served, she spilled some of that and went off to change into another dress. Have you ever heard of such chic?

On Russia
We’re all exiles from something, but never to be able to go back to our country is something we don’t know. When I’d been in Russia for only 48 hours, I thought to myself: “Of all the countries I’ve known, if it were my country, not to be able to come back to this one would be the most terrible.”

On her school days
I was sent to the Brearley School. It’s one time in my life I’ve always regretted—fighting my way through the place... and those goddam gongs.

On time
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LIVE FROG AND TURTLE PIE

Ingredients:
Prepare the largest pie shell and top lid which your pastry pans and oven will accommodate
A “spring-mold pan” or one allowing easy removal of the pie crust is best to use
Butter for greasing baking pan
2 or more cups of dried beans or such a “heavy” cereal as Grape Nuts
Live tethered birds or frogs or turtles or wind-up animals
2 egg yolks
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Method:
1. Preheat oven to 425°.
2. Very lightly grease the large pie pan, then dust with flour.
3. Reserving sufficient dough for a top crust, press in a reasonably thick bottom pie crust.
4. Fill the pie shell with dried beans, or other reusable filler, to weight down the crust as it bakes to avoid bubbling. Apply and carefully seal the upper crust to the lower.
5. Glaze with egg yolk mixed with cinnamon.
6. Bake 40 minutes at 425° or until golden brown.

7. When cool, carefully gain access to the bottom crust and cut a large hole—three-to-four-inch diameter—through which remove all bean or cereal filler, reserving the piece of cut crust.
8. Into the well-cooled shell, insert the live or wind-up animals immediately before serving. If possible, replace the pastry cut so as to “close the hole.” (I have not been able to do so; but the medieval cooks apparently could.)
9. Scrupulously carefully, cut around the circumference of the crust at time of serving, about one-quarter way around the pie. Equally gently, cut toward the center, taking extreme care not to touch the animals (or mechanical toys). Lift out upper crust portion.
10. The birds or frogs will happily “liberate” themselves on the table in order to amaze and amuse the feasters.
11. This pie makes a dramatic finale to a formal feast.

— from Fabulous Feasts: Medieval Cookery and Ceremony by Madeleine Pelner Cosman

One evening some years ago, I sat in the dining room of a talkative French woman living in New York and shook my head for perhaps the twentieth time that night to remain awake during her unceasing flow of talk. Hailed by her friends as a gifted cook, she had on this occasion apparently decided to provide me with an account of her latest enthusiasm, the Crusades, instead of dinner; it was past midnight, and, unlike her, I was nearly insensible from the macroalcoholic diet we had observed for the past four hours. Finally I broke into her description of the hardships undergone on the Children’s Crusades and croaked a remark I was to regret bitterly, something like, “Gee, I wonder what the food those kids had at home must have tasted like.” Although my weakness allowed me to say it only in a whisper, the remark had a dynamic effect on Juliette Mensonge. Sitting bolt upright and widening her eyes, she said that curiously enough, she too had been absorbed in the very same question since she was a young girl. Moreover, she knew others—many others—who would like to see it (or rather taste it) answered. Among these, she said, were her friends Dr. Reiman, a lapsed Jungian analyst who had managed to confine (Continued on page 50)
Buick's leather-bound classic.

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The love lives on.

Goebel
Bringing life to life since 1871

(Continued from page 48) his practical to the exorcism of demons in reflecting show-business folk, and his wife, another certain Professor Badolini, an Italian medievalist engaged in research at a city college. These people could gather together with ease. Why not form a little club, as it were, of medieval food tasters? Why not create a fresh music and tastes and smells of a medieval feast? Why not meet weekly? Why not let her arrange the entire business? Why not consider generosity I nodded agreement and ran gasping into the street in search of open pizza parlor.

On an evening some weeks later, was greeted at Juliette's door by Dr Reiman, a large, jovial man who good naturedly pooh-poohed my surprise on finding him wearing a brocade cap and pointed slippers, dress that some what clashed with the cigarillo dangling from his mouth. His wife similarly attired, was a handsome woman who was seated beneath an elaborate baldachin (ingeniously made out of grocery boxes stapled to the wall). Juliette, she said, had been working on tonight's meal for days and had been worried that the unusual orders she had placed with the butchers, fish vendors, and apothecaries would be delayed. She was interrupted by the sound of raised voices in the kitchen exchanging maledictions in Italian, followed by the abrupt entrance of Professor Badolini, an energetic little man carrying some aluminum plates and goblets to the table. After greeting me he rolled his eyes and looked at the kitchen; he had just been in there with Juliette, he whispered in imperfect English, and she had disputed his program for the presentation of the courses. But who was the medievalist, he or she? Was it not he who had designed the costumes that he and the others were wearing? And why, he said, pointing a crooked finger at me, had I not worn mine?

The professor's Talmudic disputation fortunately soon gave way to the commencement of the feast ceremony. Although musicians were not available, someone had brought a record of medieval and Renaissance music, and to a great flourish of drums and trumpets, the kitchen door opened and Juliette entered carrying a large tureen. She had
Scalamandre
Borders
whose reminiscences of hydrotherapy and Esalin, which he of us to despair. By the eighth course, we had fallen into a pro-

punctuated with a particular hee-haw laugh, reduced the res*^.

Some of us, I am afraid, felt that we had already played one medieval game of chance too many and were engaged in devis-

Though we did not talk much, there was an unspoken op-

We had tried to please our hostess by eating the food on our plates and hailing each new course with cheers of praise. Our cries were so boisterous and insincere, however, that they produced the unintended effect of releasing a strain of sa-

diery, and would stand over each of

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Since its first flowering several dozen centuries ago, the Greek style has been making successful comebacks in almost every era from the Romans on. The latest "return performance," after a disappearance of some decades, is going on right now. Hardly a "new" room can be seen without a column or two standing around.

One of the surprising things about the perennial Greek revivals is the chameleon-like adaptability of the style to all sorts of often widely divergent national sensibilities. All those columns and capitals and caryatids, those processions of Greek keys and scrolls, easily become French, English, German, Russian and American details. And, mysteriously, these details are recognized forever after as being distinctively characteristic of each "national" style. You can't envision Napoleon without his Empire trappings; nor England without its brothers Adam; nor ever imagine Scarlett O'Hara without her Tara.

Today's neo-classicism however seems to be an international phenomenon, sprouting and flourishing independently all over the globe. Some say that designers all over the world are simply reacting against the spare and minimal fashion that's been another international phenomenon in recent years. Many of the definitions and uses of classicism currently popular seem to provide just the warmth, wit and links with traditionalism that acute modernism is accused of being short on.

Probably even more of a surprise than the Greek style's ubiquitous adaptability is the lively and exhilarating color palette that characterizes the present revival. Past revivalists, no matter what their national hue, seemed to take their color inspirations from the pallid bones—all those romantic ruins—of the art they sought to revive. They ignored the evidence of the dramatic and exuberant colors that sheathed those classic columns in their prime. When Elsie de Wolfe first saw the Parthenon she is said to have exclaimed, "Why, it's beige! My color!" But when Aristotle and friends looked at their Parthenon they saw it ablaze with real color—sea-blues and orange-reds, sun-yellows and leaf-greens, all spiked with gold and brass. The Greeks, as writers have been pointing out for centuries (and which may account for the Hellenic hold on healthy imaginations through the ages), were very interested in life and its many colors; they had little interest in bones.

In the grand living room of the nineteenth century Tribeca penthouse shown here, designer Jeffrey Weiss has taken his Greek cue from the architectural detailing of the fireplace wall. You can see the Greek style's adaptability in the comfortable mixing of Empire, Biedermeier and over-stuffed modern furnishings. And you can see what can be done with all these neo-classic elements when the palette is true Greek rather than some revivalist's latter-day romantic interpretation. The sunny, rainbow-hued selection of fabrics, papers and carpet would surely have been right up Aristotle's alley. And they certainly fit in with
today's more informal traditionalism.
The fabrics used include a lacquer-red cotton sateen print with embroidery motifs on the daybed. There's a surprising melange of colors, patterns and textures, on the cushions. A slubbed stripe on the settee. Seen in the mirror, a wallpapered wall provides a calming and very modern background in a close-up of the chalk-dabbed paper pattern and the red-navy-yellow Greek key border can be picked out in the swatches shown at the top of the page. The draperies of rosy-sand and sky-blue taffeta make a serene yet also colorful backdrop for the room's many color splashes.

The modern temperament is also reflected in the durability of the azure 100% Dupont Dacron polyester that covers the tufted chair and on which the sandaled foot is perched in the inset picture on the left-hand page. Its qualities would more than likely also have intrigued the luxury-loving yet logical Greeks.

Since the 1890's when columns and their progeny were in one of their many heydays, E. Schumacher and Company has continued to be a primary mainstay of decorators and designers with a mission to achieve interiors of distinction and harmony, whether classically new or classically traditional. Schumacher's unequalled library of fabrics includes prints and wovens of every conceivable school of design and an exhaustive color palette to please even the most innovative colorist. In addition, Schumacher offers a wide range of unique wall-coverings and a representative hand-picked selection of the fine rugs of the world. Finally, Schumacher's own mill can turn out specially commissioned fabrics to fulfill unique design requirements. (You want Napoleonic bees on purple silk? A reproduction of a rare eighteenth century damask in the original colors? Talk to Schumacher.) Undoubtedly when the next emanation of classicism takes the world by storm a decade or so from now, you'll hear designers and decorators continuing to say, "...surely, Schumacher."
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(Continued from page 52) not snitch on him. But later his condition, exacerbated by Juliette’s constant force-feeding, worsened. He seemed to withdraw from our company entirely, and his face froze into the awful smile worn by the subjects of wind-tunnel experiments. We had been given to understand that his scholarly specialty was the study of drainage systems in medieval cities, and it is just possible that he was speculating on the irony that he had had to travel to a center of late capitalism like New York City in order to get a taste of what he had been investigating for many years through second-hand sources. However this may be, his silence so alarmed us that when Juliette was out of the room I encouraged the Reimans to loosen his tie and to throw his uneaten food out the window. Unfortunately, the windows had been screwed shut, possibly in anticipation of this jacquerie. If I had not been able to dispose of a great deal of the uneaten food (and much of my own) by feeding it to Juliette’s terrier puppy, something dreadful might have occurred.

This makeshift proved impossible to employ in the case of the dessert, advertised by Juliette as the apple doucettes or tarts favored by generations of English kings, for the puppy had been taken by its mistress into the kitchen, from which we heard a strange mixture of low-pitched snarls, cooings, and harsh imprecations. The tarts, it seemed, had been baked for hundreds of years to acquire the consistency of trilobites, so that they were at once too hard to be chewed and too large to be swallowed whole. In the end we were forced to simulate an accident by up-setting with our feet the tray on which they were served, and then sitting back in silence as we watched them hit the floor and turn in numerous revolutions until they clattered to a rest. Fortunately, Juliette was feverishly at work during this mutiny on the final and most ambitious course of the evening, so that the matter was never discussed.

On the other hand, I understand that the colossal pastry structure she rolled out on a sideboard a half-hour later was subsequently the topic of wide discussion in “food circles” for years: a four-foot-tall “subtlety,” or edible sculpture, it was a remarkably lifelike pastry model of a large dog, with twinkling cherry eyes, hazelnut nails, and exquisitely delicate pastry paws, hocks, and withers. At a loss for the usual servile compliments and inarticulate with feelings we could not express, we stood around it in silence for many minutes. What followed this exhibition, however, is somewhat indistinct in my memory. I think that the job of cutting the pie fell to the professor, but in any case before he had a chance to do so, we heard a faint scratching sound, and then, with a tremendous centrifugal force, the entire affair exploded and the puppy that had been inserted in it was not only “liberated,” but had sunk its fangs into the professor’s hand. As a shrill pipe tune wailed in the background, the pup trampled the subtlety to dust, and then flew up and down the table, upsetting goblets and overturning oil and spice vessels. Soon, he was so thoroughly soaked in oil that he was as difficult to hold down as a live water snake. The firmest impression I have of the cataclysm is of Juliette, her conical hat askew, appealing for assistance to Mrs. Reiman, who sat giggling over an upset tankard of pomegranate wine. I would have liked to have participated in the melee in one fashion or another, but as I shouted to my hostess above the din, it was nearly midnight and I was late for an eye examination. I later heard that the destruction lasted deep into the night and was as extensive as that of the Battle of Crécy.

Despite this setback, Juliette’s reputation as a medieval cook grew, at least to the extent that free-lance ambulance drivers were said to park in front of her apartment house to pick up the emergency cases they expected would sooner or later be carried from her dinner parties. The original members of the medieval feast club, it seems, were never asked again; obviously we knew too much. But now, thanks to Mrs. Cosman’s recipe, I know even more. Juliette’s “live dog” pie failed because she had not been able (any more than Mrs. Cosman had) to “close the holes” of the pastry and thus allowed the dog to “liberate” itself prematurely. If there’s any lesson to be drawn from all of this, I suppose it is that those who wish to recapture the culinary past and who venture beyond grilled bear or sweet-and-sour seal stew aren’t really playing with a full deck.
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Before they learned the secret of the Orient, Europeans mounted porcelains like precious jewels

By Sir Francis Watson

Around the eleventh century when the first pieces of porcelain reached Europe by the slow three-thousand-mile caravan route across Asia they were regarded as something almost miraculous. They were so highly prized that the earliest examples were mounted in rich gold often inset with jewels and presented to the treasuries of the great cathedrals where they were used as chalices and patens for ecclesiastical purposes.

When a few centuries later the trickle of porcelain reaching Europe became a little greater, a great noble would occasionally acquire a piece to display among his gold and silver vessels when he entertained. Thus as early as 1410 the schismatic Pope John XXIII is recorded as possessing a bottle of white Yuan ware which he mounted in silver gilt and enamel to serve as an ewer. Sometimes porcelain was even more richly mounted; Piero dei Medici, for instance, had a small Chinese cup mounted in solid gold.

Even after the opening up of the sea route to China by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century had made porcelain more readily available, the practice of mounting continued. In France in particular such things continued to be greatly prized, and Louis XIV was accustomed to taking his morning cup of bouillon from a Chinese porcelain bowl with handles of gold in the form of entwined snakes.

But the event which raised the taste for Chinese things from a mere fashion to a craze was the arrival of a Siamese mission at the Court of Versailles in 1684. The sight of the ambassadors in their strange conical hats prostrating themselves in a kowtow at the foot of the French throne in homage to the king (who was himself wearing two hundred pounds of diamonds to impress these strangers and had to be helped to get up the steps of the dais) created a sensation. Nothing in the least like it had ever been seen in France before.

The ambassadors brought the king, his family, and the leading members of the court lavish presents of Chinese silks, lacquers and porcelains, and other exotic objects. Within a matter of weeks things Chinese were all the rage. All society began to have dresses made of Chinese silks, walls hung with tapestries depicting Chinese scenes, and the smartest gave fancy-dress balls where Chinese costume was de rigueur. Above all everybody wanted to fill their houses with the fascinating blue-and-white porcelain which the ambassadors had brought in such quantity.

At first this porcelain was generally mounted in silver, probably a reflection of the fashion for silver furniture which was so extensively used at Versailles and by the wealthiest noblemen in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

With the opening of the eighteenth century, however, taste changed and Oriental porcelains were most frequently given settings of gilt bronze. Louis XIV's vainglorious wars had ruined France so doubtless economy played some part in this change of taste. But more important was the rise of a new style of interior decoration, the rococo style, the earliest manifestations of which can be traced back to the very last years of the seventeenth century. The paneled walls of rooms decorated in the rococo style were decorated with elaborate moldings of curving, spiraling.
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The shapes and colors of the gilt-bronze mounts took up these decorative motifs and helped to accommodate the unfamiliar shapes of Chinese and Japanese porcelains to the demands of European taste. Oriental objects were given Western forms by the addition of these gilt-bronze mounts. A tall porcelain vase would be given a lip and handle of gilt bronze thereby converting it into a ewer, or two bowls would be mounted rim to rim with an intervening band of pierced gilt bronze to form a potpourri holder. A particularly happy example of this type of Europeanization is in the Getty Museum—a cricket cage of porcelain and a flower-covered rockwork stand with the figure of a Chinese boy also of porcelain. They are combined so that the boy seems to be looking at a traveling peep show, a familiar sight in eighteenth-century France. Such things were designed to decorate a table or a chimneypiece.

The men who designed and sold these decorative and ingenious toys were known as marchands-mercier, an untranslatable word for a group of dealers who combined the roles of the modern interior decorator, furniture designer, art dealer, auctioneer, and purveyor of the latest fashion, the new and the chic. They were not themselves craftsmen but employed craftsmen to carry out their ingenious designs. Diderot described them as “makers of nothing, vendors of everything.”

By a fortunate chance the sales book of one of the most famous of these marchands-mercier, Lazare Duvaux, has survived and covers just those years when the fashion for mounted Oriental porcelain was at its height. To his shop Au Chagrin de Turquie, in the fashionable Saint-Honoré district of Paris, came all the most fashionable member of French society from the king downwards. Madame de Pompadour, Louis XV’s mistress, was a regular patron. There were few weeks when she did not buy some piece of mounted porcelain of which she was a great collector. Thus on August 25, 1753, she purchased: “two fish, of clear blue porcelain mounted in gilt bronze...10 livres.” Two years earlier, on December 6, 1751, she had bought a much more expensive pair of ewers from the same dealer, as part of a large purchase, perhaps of Christmas presents: “two (other tall vases of antique celadon set in chased and gilded bronze to adapt them as ewers...60 livres.” The great ewer from the Getty Museum is of just this type.

Not all the porcelain mounted for Lazare Duvaux was celadon ware like the example quoted, though celadon was particularly popular in eighteenth-century Paris. On July 21, 1749, just about the date when a potpourri vase now at the Toledo Museum was made, he sold to M. de Case, a wealthy tax collector: “two vases made into potpourris of deep blue porcelain decorated with scrolled handles and an elaborately shaped base of gilt bronze...216 livres.” And the wine cooler cut from the lower half of a tall vase and fitted with mounts is of richly polychromed porcelain in bright reds, greens and blues.

When the sensational excavations at Pompeii and Herculanum revealed to an astonished Europe the world of antiquity in the second half of the eighteenth century, it brought about a new change of taste. (Continued on page 64.)
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(Continued from page 62) Lines became straight once more and the curv and curlicues of the rococo beg to look old-fashioned. This brought about a decline of interest in mount Oriental porcelain. Now too the French had learned to make porcelain of their own, and there was official pressure to persuade collectors to buy and mount homemade porcelains rather than the products of China and Japan. The French Revolution, too, brought a reaction against anything tainted by association with pre-revolutionary society.

After about 1860, however, the taste for eighteenth-century works of art began to revive and by 1870 collectors were paying high prices for mounted porcelain once again. But renewed popularity and high prices inevitably attracted the faker. Successful reproductions began to be made in Paris and sometimes deceived even perspicacious collectors. In 1882 a piece of mounted celadon porcelain fetched over £2.200 ($12,000) at auction, a world record at that time. It was only after it passed into a world-famous museum that it was revealed that it was in fact just such a modern reproduction. Today’s collectors can still be fooled.
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In the euphoric years that followed the Russian Revolution, fervent young idealists created a brave new world of art. By Rosemarie Haag Bletter

In the wake of recent major exhibitions in Paris, Los Angeles, and New York on Russian avant-garde art of the early twentieth century, the informed public is by now well aware that Russia was one of the most productive centers of experimentation during the teens and twenties. But getting at the information has not always been easy. After Social Realism became the official artistic style of the Soviet Union in the thirties, the wild, tumultuous years just after the Russian Revolution came to be seen as embarrassingly subversive. The wintry silence that settled over the art of the revolutionary period proved to be quite enduring. Even contemporary Soviet historians who write about it risk not having their work published in their own country. And when the Pompidou Center in Paris organized its collosal Paris-Moscow show in 1979, the Soviet Union would consent to a large loan of avant-garde works only if Social Realist paintings were included as well. As a result of this interference, some subsequent exhibitions have been organized exclusively around holdings from Western collections. Together with these restrictions, the most obvious factor that has limited our perception of Russian art of all periods is the strong language barrier. The two richly illustrated new books by John Milner and Christina Lodder help to bridge our linguistic gap.

The early twentieth century produced a great efflorescence of often contradictory movements from Suprematism to Constructivism, as well as great artists such as Kasimir Malevich, the founder of Suprematism, and the architect El Lissitzky, who moved freely back and forth between several of the groups. Russian artists contacts with the French Cubists and Italian Futurists before World War I had provided the initial stimulus toward modernity and abstraction. During the war and particularly after the October Revolution of 1917, isolated from the larger European context, they led courageous forays into uncharted, experimental fields. The revolution catalyzed even formerly apolitical artists into eager participation: it produced a state of euphoric expectations. In Russia, where much of the rural population was still illiterate, images were used to disseminate political information: posters, painted trains, ships, and kiosks became means of revolutionary sloganeering. One artist, Gustav Klutsis, designed a series of "radio-tribunes" and "cinema-photostands," kiosks that incorporated several easy-to-understand media. The poet Vladimir (Continued on page 68)

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
A grand synthesis of the arts was sought, and the division between art and everyday life was to be annihilated.

(Continued from page 66) Mayakovsky wrote in 1918: "The streets are our brushes! The squares—our palettes!"

Street theater, some of it of monumental proportions, was also part of the post-revolutionary propaganda program. One such mass festival, Struggle and Victory, directed by Vsevolod Meyerhold in 1919–20 with sets designed by the architect Alexander Vesnin and the artist Lyubov Popova, was to depict the death of the "Fortress of Capitalism" and the birth of the "City of the Future." This political morality play called not only for military bands, but also for two hundred cavalry riders, several thousand foot soldiers, armored trains, guns, and motorcycles (for the destruction of the fortress portion), while gymnasts were to enact discus-throwing and sheaf-gathering citizens of the future. The whole event was to be capped with fireworks, searchlights, airplanes, orchestras, and choral groups. It waslogistically too ambitious and was therefore never performed.

Struggle and Victory, with its aura of gigantic participatory theater, pinpoints the fervent attempt of Russian artists to escape the confines of conventional art forms. A grand synthesis of the arts was sought, if not always achieved. The even stronger division between art and everyday life was also to be annihilated. Under the influence of Marxism, art for art's sake came to be seen as thoroughly bourgeois. Therefore the practical usefulness of art needed to be justified. Or, as the writer Osip Brik stated, "The bootmaker makes boots; the table-maker makes tables. But what does the artist make? He does not make anything; he creates in a way that is obscure and shady."

In response to such criticism, many artists, including Vasily Kandinsky, tried to turn art into a more scientific enterprise. He proposed to find the "general law" for all the arts. Yet others wanted to establish a direct link between art and the factory. And artists such as

(Continued on page 70)
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Vladimir Tatlin, Popova, and Varvara Stepanova did indeed make designs for factory production. Briik, one of the most radical theorists, went so far as to suggest that artists actually become factory workers.

One of the central figures in the change from Western-oriented art to an independent Russian expression was Tatlin. Milner’s book on this crucial figure unfortunately falls short of expectations. Vladimir Tatlin and the Russian Avant-Garde is filled with out-of-date information presented with numbing relentlessness. The author is totally unaware of new private archival material discovered by Vassar art historian Gail Harrison Roman and discussed in her 1980 dissertation on Tatlin. Even within the range of published sources he is hardly thorough. For example, talking about Tatlin’s visit to Picasso’s studio in Paris in 1913, Milner simply repeats what Halla Gray wrote in her then-path-breaking The Russian Experiment in Art (1962). In her version the two got on famously using only gestures to communicate. But according to later Russian publications, Tatlin became highly agitated with excitement on seeing Picasso’s sculptural reliefs of musical instruments. Picasso, not understanding Russian, must have thought he was being confronted by a madman,

(Continued on page 72)
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(Continued from page 70) for he threw Tatlin out of his studio.

As a young man Tatlin had worked as a sailor and more briefly as a clown, wrestler, and a restorer of icon paintings. All of his jobs undoubtedly contributed to his later career as a mock of conventions and as someone who simultaneously struggled with assumed artistic roles. Here Milner makes a risky imaginative leap. He suggests a connection between Tatlin’s work on ships—the canvas of sails flapping in the wind—and his later manipulation of the painter’s canvas into sculptural forms. It should be pointed out, nevertheless, that Tatlin in all likelihood worked on a steamship.

Tatlin is best known for his famous unexecuted project for a tower to commemorate the Third International (the world Communist convention) in 1920. It consisted of an open iron frame in the form of an ascending double spiral with a forceful, diagonally inclined axis. Inside, a large glazed cubic form was to be used as a meeting hall was suspended at the lowest level; it was to revolve on its axis once a year. Above this was a pyramidal form intended for administrative functions; it was to turn once a month. This was followed by a cylindrical space, a propaganda center with its own radio tower; it was to turn once a day. At the very top, a small hemispherical shape with filmed projections was conceived as an extension of the propaganda center below; it, of course, was to turn once an hour.

Although (Continued on page 75)

Fabric design sketch by the artist Lyubov Popova, c. 1924.
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A diamond is forever.
The Constructivists saw theirs as the only proper Communist art, but the reactionaries gained the upper hand and have maintained it ever since.

(Continued from page 72) today we are all too familiar with rotating restaurants. This scheme must have seemed like pure science fiction in the Russia of 1920. Whether or not it could actually have been carried out is almost beside the point. It was a fantastic, futuristic machine—perhaps suggestive of the energetic forces of the revolution—that was expected to advertise the underdeveloped country's technological up-to-dateness. Mayakovsky called the tower "the first monument without a beard."

For Tatlin the design was also an allusion to the Tower of Babel. But this tower, unlike its biblical prototype, would unite all people, not divide them. Milner has extensive suppositions on the meaning of the tower, some good, some weak. But because he is not familiar with all the documentary evidence, he is unable to offer more than speculations. Most of Milner's chronology of the Russian avant-garde is a strung-together list of exhibitions and their participants. Some of his sentences are like cats chasing their own tails. Talking about Russian artists, he announces superfluously, "Their investigative approach to creative activity was committed to exploration and discovery."

The treatment of the Soviet Union's early unruly history, its politics, art theory: the formation of the Vkhutemas (similar in scope to the Bauhaus), and just about everything else is unquestionably superior in Lodder's Russian Constructivism. She uses the term "Constructivism" to describe a phenomenon larger than the movement actually was. In her text she details the infighting and backbiting engaged in by the myriad groups and organizations vying for official recognition. To be labeled a "romantic" or "utopian" by a rival group during these heady years might be equated with being accused of un-American activities in the U.S. during the McCarthy era. Nevertheless, Lodder makes it clear that conservative artists remained active throughout the post-revolutionary period. And though the Constructivists saw their own work as the only proper Communist art, in the end the reactionaries, whose style was castigated as bourgeois by the avant-garde, gained the upper hand and have maintained it ever since.

Lodder's book is a most welcome contribution for those of us without access to the original Russian texts. There is, however, one theme on which she might have elaborated: the unusually high proportion of women in Soviet revolutionary art. This has considerable political importance. Equality of the sexes is officially sanctioned in Marxist ideology: to help women achieve full-time careers of their own and to win independence from child-rearing and household tasks, nursery schools and communal kitchens were decreed during the twenties. But backsliding occurred almost immediately, and has only intensified since then. Today women in the Soviet Union have the right to full-time work but are also expected to cook and clean. Some traditions die hard, even among revolutionaries.
For sixteen years now, the fanciest antiques shop in Dallas’s Decorative Center has belonged to a couple of very friendly, eminently stageworthy Texas gentlemen, Loyd Ray Taylor and Charles Paxton Gremillion. Owners of Loyd-Paxton, they are renowned in international antiques circles as dealers of “very high style” things. High style only begins to describe their collection. In each of the several rooms of the shop are elaborate, mostly eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and Oriental furniture and objects, with a smattering from other countries and periods. If one of these pieces is not heavily gilded, it is heavily inlaid; if not inlaid, encrusted with jewels or minerals; if not encrusted with jewels or minerals, carved to within an inch of its life; if not that, then otherwise exotic. In a state that favors Chippendale and Queen Anne, Loyd-Paxton sticks out like an azalea among bluebonnets. This has been to their advantage, but not always.

Even in the early days, when the two young men couldn’t afford to deal in expensive merchandise, Loyd-Paxton was different. Their first shop was on Sale Street, Dallas’s antiques row, formerly two residential blocks. “We have always wanted high-style things, and we do love the exotic,” says Loyd, who is tall and dark and grew up in Bonham, Texas. “But our style evolved into the big look we now have.” Paxton, who is from Texas City, has neatly coifed silver hair and is usually smoking a skinny cigarette. He continues: “At first we had some wonderful Dutch country painted furniture, some Spanish Colonial, French Provincial, early Italian. We also brought African primitives to Dallas. The other antiques shops were basically English. (“If you did something French it was considered flashy or outlandish,” Loyd puts in.) They looked on us as if we had arrived from Mars.”

Though the going was slow in the first few years, the Martians prevailed. There were several mentors in those days, including Mr. and Mrs. Elton Hyder, prominent Fort Worth citizens. “Another person who recognized our talents and became a patron of ours in the early days was the absolute number-one designer—John Astin Perkins,” says Paxton. “He had wonderful taste and a sophisticated eye. Slowly, more designers came to the shop, and word got out.” Loyd takes up the story: “As our style evolved into a very big look, very decorative, we had a good following on Sale Street. But we were in a small house. As more and more of our clientele appeared to be the decorator/trade people, we decided to orient ourselves in that direction,” which is when they moved to the Decorative Center, in 1968. “We had to sell our things through somebody else’s taste because we were just kids,” Loyd continues, and Paxton adds, “It took designers to understand the placement of the object.”

Loyd and Paxton also had ideas about placement, which they contend is not every dealer’s concern or talent. One of their most spectacular interior design projects (they now take on only one or two a year) was their own apartment in a North Dallas high-rise apartment building, where they moved in 1976. The apartment, staffed by two of Loyd-Paxton’s thirteen full-time employees, is essentially an extension of the shop since they entertain many of their clients there. Aptly, it has been called “a galactic retreat”; though it is filled with the most ornate and valuable French furniture and objects, it is as far from Versailles in style as Texas is in miles.

(Continued on page 78)
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(Continued from page 76) The floors are black marble, uninterrupted by rugs, the ceiling is black lacquer, and the interiors are mirrored and hung only with clocks and other mirrors. One entire wall is glass; the lights of Dallas and its suburbs stretching miles to the north are as integral to Loyd and Paxton’s design as the glittering ormolu mounts on their most-prized commode, which was made for Marie Antoinette. In the other interiors they have done (one of which is a penthouse whose domed bedroom skylight had to be put in place with a helicopter), the design is just as strictly integrated as in their own apartment. “You can’t change our work,” observes Paxton. “You have to bomb it.”

There is a sense of integration in the shop, too, not only because of the degree of ornamentation, but also because Loyd and Paxton, says Loyd, “impart an element of our personality into our things.” Chandeliers are one of their specialties; most of the crystals are entirely rehung according to their design, and sometimes they have to contract an entire vein of rose quartz in Brazil, where their carving is done.

One piece of furniture they have embellished themselves is a secretary after a design by Thomas Chippendale but not made until the nineteenth century. The mirrors on the doors of the secretary “were just plain mirrors,” says Paxton. “One of the things so popular during Chippendale’s period was the glasswork from the Orient, which had paintings on the reverse side of the glass. So I accumulated some Chinese paintings on silk and had them cut and decoupaged to the back of the glass in the eighteenth-century manner and then faced with white gold leaf. I just felt that the secretary needed it. With certain things, one can take certain liberties. Of course, when you’re dealing with things of extraordinary merit and value, terribly important things, then that is a different story. But, you see, you have to remember that these things basically are decoration—at the time they were finished they were made to look as beautiful as they could. So we wash our gilded bronze, polish our woods, and we clean things that are painted. I don’t think that there are many dealers who devote as much time and care and expense to restoration on such a refined level. We make every possible effort.”

During our interview, a tall, smiling, casually dressed man walks into the shop. Paxton makes the introductions. “This is one of our two top craftsmen, and he happens to be my brother,” he beams. “He was a rancher cowboy, and five years ago he changed his whole life and became a craftsman. He is responsible for the complete restoration of that clock, which was in process for a year.” That clock is an Austrian tall-case clock of hand-forged and polished steel, lavishly ornamented with ormolu decorations. It is inscribed (in translation) by “Albert Milde, Art Metalsmith by Appointment to the Royal and Imperial House of Hapsburg” and was probably part of the redecorations done during the later years of Emperor Franz Josef’s reign. “We agonized over that clock for about twelve years,” says Paxton. “We knew it was very costly and that the cleaning and the restoration would be an incredible process. The inside is amazing—it’s like computerized machinery. All the clocks in the rest of the house were set by it. It disassembles into literally thousands and thousands of pieces. Fine steel was considered much more of a rarity than we think of it now. Therefore you see it combined with gilt bronze. But (Continued on page 82)
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(Continued from page 78) eventually, exposed steel will rust. The entire thing was rusted when we got it, and all of it had to be hand polished. Now it is returned to the glory that its creator intended. It just came a week ago and we had a party—all the staff came. It was an important occasion."

There have been more than one such important occasion at Loyd-Paxton. "This sounds rather metaphysical, but when a desire is projected, things gravitate to you," says Paxton. ("You never know when or where something will turn up, and that's exciting," adds Loyd, "The old Maltese Falcon syndrome is part of this business.""

"There's a set of four armchairs that were made by Louis-Charles Carpentier for Madame Pompadour's brother's Paris house," Paxton goes on. "They are a very important set because they are indicative of a transition—like an early Picasso. They're always pictured in the books on early Neoclassicism. In any event, we acquired two of them about twelve years ago as very cherished things. And then five years ago, out of the blue, we received a letter from a woman who had seen our work in magazines and said that she had inherited several things and was moving to smaller quarters. She had a few pictures in the envelope, and one was a picture of these chairs. Well! I mean that couldn’t have ever happened to you again. It rejoined them. I'm sure they're just terribly happy about it! I know they are! They just stand up and dance... they're so loved!"

In the last several years, a remarkable new kind of client for furniture masterpieces has been showing up with regularity. (Continued on page 84)
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"Businessmen—very successful businessmen," says Paxton. "That kind of mind usually comes on to this after they've done a lot of extraordinary things. They've built successful companies, they are highly organized and have brilliant minds, and they perceive quality in all their endeavors. Then, when they are finally confronted with quality in furniture and decorations it opens up a whole new vista that they never dreamed about. And then they become your passionate ones." "They're the J. Paul Gettys, the Morgans, etcetera," explains Loyd. "Some of the men come from old ranching families. They want their apartments in the city to have an urban feeling. It used to be a much more casual culture here, but now it's becoming more urban-oriented."

"Very, very interesting," Paxton says. "Home is supposed to be the woman's domain. But the decision to purchase a lot of our most fabulous things is either made jointly or at the instigation of the man." Isn't that kind of man uniquely Texan, someone wonders? "Of course!" Paxton answers. "Isn't that what's so divine about this part of the country, that there is so much that is happening new, for the first time? I can't tell you what a turn-on it is to have someone walk in and all of a sudden you see it right in front of you. He looks and wants to know what it is, why does it sparkle? And whether or not he buys anything from Loyd-Paxton you've won over another aficionado. Generally," he continues, "we find so often that the kind of person who is self-made and so-called nouveau riche is not afraid to make decisions pertaining to the dispersement of his wealth. A lot of people who have inherited, who have had wealth for a long time, are more blase and certainly not as desirous of the wonderment of it all. And so thank God for the continual recycling of wealth or I don't think the antiques business would survive."

Loyd-Paxton, it should be clear by now, is bound and determined to survive. Style in Dallas is catching up with them, but they are still one step ahead. "I think that I can say that we're pretty close to our original goal," says Paxton. "And that was to have things that were exceptional and extraordinary. The shop is in a constant creative state. We are always..."
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THE DEALER'S EYE

(Continued from page 84) Analyzing and heading in other directions. Our current goal is to bring the shop to more of a gallery environment, where things are seen as sculpture. That means continuous editing, and that's what we've been doing over the past three years. And now, with the last series of major dispersements, the shop is where we want it." At least in style.

"Approximately a year from now we will be in our new gallery. Two years ago we bought a wonderful little Italianate building built in 1946. Soon it's going to be surrounded by a jungle of glass and steel, which is going to make it ever more wonderful. We are doing major renovations and adding a second story, which we'll relocate our residence to. The most difficult decision to make was giving up our apartment."

He pauses. "But it's a beautiful building, and it will be exactly as we want it to be." In another part of the shop someone has mentioned a rare Chinese rug, saying she's never seen anything remotely like it. "Well," Loyd replies smiling, "That's what we like to hear."
Fresh-cut flowers, a piano, and a classic settee contribute a look of elegance. But it's Burlington's Seville drapery that pulls the look together.

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For every twenty cultivated, non-designer Americans who know about the Bauhaus, perhaps one knows about Cranbrook. Yet the two institutions have much in common as influential schools of architecture, art, crafts, and technology—unusual schools in which these individual areas are completely integrated. Unlike the Bauhaus, whose members were forced by Nazism to scatter in 1933, Cranbrook still flourishes in its original setting—in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan—and is now optimistically entering its second half-century.

With the arrival of the large and beautiful exhibition "Design in America: The Cranbrook Vision 1925–1950"—which opened at the Detroit Institute of Arts late in 1983, moves next to The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York starting April 18, then goes across the Atlantic to Helsinki and London—Hans Wingler's ubiquitous white Bauhaus book may have to move over and share coffee-table space with the 352-page Harry N. Abrams volume that serves as the catalogue for the Cranbrook show.

Cranbrook began in the early twenties in the imagination of George G. Booth, a wealthy, civic-minded Midwestern newspaper publisher who descended from generations of British craftsmen. He envisioned an institution that would be at once a school, an atelier, and an art colony; that would train artists, produce works of art and handcraft, and serve as an exemplary community of people dedicated to art. He knew that this complex and harmonious population would require a complex and harmonious setting.

In 1923, the Finnish architect Eliel Saarinen appeared at the University of Michigan and was introduced to George Booth by the publisher's architecture-student son. It was a match made in design heaven. Saarinen's personal and national backgrounds suited him ideally to the task of realizing Booth's vision of an institution that would be functional, beautiful, and humane. Within months of the meeting, Saarinen began planning the school. The Academy of Art, focus of the current museum exhibition, was built to his designs, as was a secondary school for boys, another for girls, and an institute for science. The land they occupy was a farm in what has become a Detroit suburb.

The Cranbrook campus is a living demonstration of the interdependence of the arts and crafts that form the academy's curriculum: architecture, landscape architecture, sculpture, painting, metalwork, ceramics, textiles, glassmaking, and wood carving. Every element in the environment, from a chimney cap to a modulation of paving (Continued on page 92)
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—Doug Turshen, magazine art director who was at Cranbrook in 1977

Doug Turshen, a magazine art director who was at Cranbrook 1977, recalls the "ceremonial feeling" in moving through Cranbrook. "Every passage you make seems so significant. You live in a simple monk’s cell and work in a glorious studio; you work very well there." Turshen had taught editorial design before he went to Cranbrook and says he has taught differently ever since, with far more awareness of the roots of present-day design.

The Academy of Art, a two-year graduate school that grants a Master of Fine Arts degree, opened in 1932. A year before, Eliel Saarinen, who became its president and the director of the Department of Architecture and Design, described his goals. "Cranbrook Academy of Art…is to afford talented and highly trained students the opportunity of pursuing their studies in a favorable environment and under the leadership of artists of the highest standing…"

"[It] is not an art school in the ordinary sense. It is a working place for creative art…"

"Creative art cannot be taught by others. Each one has to be his own teacher. But [contact] with other artists and discussions with them provide sources for inspiration."

Commenting on Saarinen’s goals, today’s president, Roy Slade, says these words are his bible. "I quote and requote them; we live by this philosophy." Cranbrook, although sensitive to currents of change in design, has not altered its system of education. There are no courses, no classes, just individual student work in individual student studios. Slade says, "The pressure toward excellence comes not from examinations and grades but from critiques by the artists-in-residence (we don’t use the word faculty), visiting professionals, and fellow students. Throughout the history of art, the creative person’s problem has always been self-motivation, and this is what we work on. The talent is already there."

"I learned how to work at Cranbrook" was a statement made by almost every graduate we interviewed—from the early days to the eighties. David Sterling, class of 1978, runs the design firm Doublespace with classmate Jane Kosstrin. He says, "When I left my academy studio to set up my New York studio, I was already experienced in performing professionally. It was easy to make the transition. I had been in and out of the McCays’ own working studio—they were my department heads—and they were in and out of ours. Sometimes real projects were given to us as ‘course’ work. Cranbrook is no ivory tower. It is the art and design working world." Sterling also praised the diversity of his training. "I would be asked to design a page of type, then next a lamp, and after that a museum exhibition.”

Sterling and Kosstrin are currently preparing a slide lecture on the history of symbolism in the graphic arts, which they expect to deliver at various university design departments. Gerhardt Knodel, fiber artist-in-residence, has observed that many of the students teach. "They (Continued on page 96)
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(Continued from page 92) want to spread the viewpoint of Cranbrook,' he feels. In his department, which many consider one of the school's strongest at present, there is a special excitement. Fiber art, until recently closely connected with architecture and interior design, has taken on the independent expressive dimension of works on canvas or paper.

Kay Eddy, director of the art gallery Elements at 90 Hudson Street in New York City, which specializes in works of art in craft media, has been showing fiber art for nearly two years. Only when she was recently preparing a slide show of such works did she realize that three out of four artists she had exhibited were Cranbrook-trained. She says, "The Cranbrook fiber artists' work is consistent in its vitality, expressive in content, and innovative in quality." So much so, that she invited Gerhardt Knodel to serve as curator for a Cranbrook alumni textile exhibition which took place this past winter. (Knodel's work alone will be shown at Elements from April 14 to May 5.)

The Cranbrook retrospective making the museum rounds concentrates on the period of Eliel Saarinen's years there, a tidy quarter-century of time. The 240-odd pieces in the exhibition are convincing evidence of the school's role from the beginning. Names still sounding through the design world—in architecture, art, interior design, industry—are Cranbrook names.

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(Continued from page 96) worked on all the textile and carpet designs for Cranbrook 1929-31, she was the first weaving teacher at the academy and founded a large and important textile studio on the premises. Their daughter Pipsan studied ceramics and metalwork as well as textiles, taught costume and batik design at the academy, established an interior-design department at the school with the help of her architect husband, J. Robert F. Swanson, and had a long career designing in many materials. Eliel and Loja’s son Eero became one of our country’s greatest architects, beginning his career in his father’s office in 1936.

Other stars represented in the museum exhibition include furniture designers Benjamin Baldwin; fabric designers Marianne Strengell and Jack Lenor Larsen; Charles and Ray Eames, architects and designers of furniture and interiors; Florence Schust Knoll, architect and designer of furniture and interiors; sculptor and furniture designer Harry Bertoia; and architects Harry Weese and Ralph Rapson.

A remarkable group of architects practicing today passed through Eero Saarinen’s office in their formative years, including Warren Platner, Gunnar Birkerts, Robert Venturi, Balthazar Korab, Cesar Pelli, and Kevin Roche. These men, no matter how great or small their formal connection with Cranbrook Academy of Art, came under its influence through proximity to the campus.

One of these office “graduates,” Gunnar Birkerts, says that the Cranbrook contribution is not a strict set of forms to emulate, which was the Bauhaus way, but is a humane spirit or attitude toward art and architecture, a benevolence that allows individual talent to work in its own way, cooperatively with other talents.

The Latvian-born Birkerts, whose distinguished buildings begin in his office in Birmingham, Michigan, came to Michigan as a young adult, and says, “I feel I have spent half my life around Cranbrook. When I was in Eero’s office, I used to walk around the grounds every Sunday. It’s a subconscious way to acquire taste and form, to assimilate the soft, eclectic, ornamental style. But it is a very effective dose.”
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LE STYLE
ROTHSCHILD
Beginning a new life in America, the Baron and
Baronne Guy de Rothschild bring Parisian splendor to New York

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND

As patrons of the decorative arts, the Rothschilds took over where royalty left off. For over a century their town houses, châteaux, hunting lodges, stud farms, and villas were the envy of western Eu-

ropé; and to this day, “le style Rothschild” signifies everything that is most precious and fastidious in art and decoration. True, the Nazis pillaged many of the family’s properties and collections, and in recent years taxation (and, some might add, Mitterand) has been almost as punitive. However, the Rothschilds—the French branch in particular—have not faltered in their patronage of the arts; and if their name still connotes a combination of taste and faste, this is largely thanks to Marie-Hélène de Rothschild, the charismatic and infinitely discriminating wife of the Baron Guy.

Over the last twenty years Marie-Hélène has presided over the beautification of one great house after another. Soon after she was married she did up a sixteenth-century house, Le Manoir de Meautry, outside of Deauville as a weekend retreat. With the help of Victor Grandpierre, she redecorated her husband’s ancestral château, Ferrières, with consummate tact and style. And when Ferrières was deeded to the Université de Paris, she and François Catroux masterminded the building and decoration of a small (by Rothschild standards) modern house romantically situated by a lake in the park. Back in Paris, she called in Henri Samuel to do over an hôtel particulier on the rue de Courcelles. A few years later she set about remodeling the interior of what is probably the finest seventeenth-century house in Paris—Le Vau’s Hôtel Lambert, the pride and, thanks to its situation, the prow of the Île Saint-

SHADES OF FERRIÈRES

Opposite: In the salon, busts of Roman emperors on their original ebony stands from the Great Hall at Ferrières. Between them a seventeenth-century Italian cabinet of ebony and pietra dura recently found in the garde meuble at Ferrières. Overleaf: Voluptuously upholstered furniture evokes a Second Empire mood. Above the door, a portrait of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, grandfather of Guy, by Aimé Morot.
Louis—which the Rothschilds had acquired in 1975. This time Marie-Hélène entrusted the execution of her plans to Renzo Mongiardino; and between them they proved that lilies can take any amount of gilding, if taste, imagination, and craftsmanship, not to speak of great furniture and works of art, are in abundant supply.

On the score of sheer sumptuousness the Hôtel Lambert would appear to be an impossible act to follow, let alone equal. But trust Marie-Hélène to bring off the impossible. She conjured up a Xanadu—an Orientalist folly of incomparable magic—in an oasis outside Marrakesh. And her most recent project—the decoration of an offbeat apartment on New York’s Upper East Side—is also a triumph, albeit of a very different order. Not only has Marie-Hélène succeeded against all the odds in transplanting her own inimitable Parisian style and atmosphere to Manhattan, but in so doing she has, quite unwittingly, beaten décor-obsessed New Yorkers at their favorite game of one-upmanship. For this, the first manifestation of “le style Rothschild” (or should we say “le style Marie-Hélène”?) on our side of the Atlantic, we have to thank the French government, whose Draconian decision to nationalize the Banque Rothschild has obliged Baron Guy to reestablish himself and his family business over here.

When the Rothschilds set about house-hunting in New York, friends automatically assumed that Marie-Hélène would settle for a conventional Park Avenue or Fifth Avenue apartment. Not on your life. Everything she was shown she found “banal, characterless, or low-ceilinged.” Finally she was offered an unconventional duplex in an unconventional landmark building (architect: Charles Adams Platt). “A modest front door opening off a modest hallway hardly prepared me for the great space within,” she says. “The living room had a twenty-foot ceiling and as much light as an artist’s studio. C’était le coup de foudre. What a relief to find something with character and scale. At last I had the feeling of being in a house instead of an apartment. My New York friends said I was crazy to buy it.”
Above: A sofa, leather armchairs from Ferrières, and a late-eighteenth-century English writing table add to the coziness of the room. A Mahal rug was put on top of a faded Ziegler, which is used wall-to-wall. Ziegler was a German Swiss whose Manchester-based firm had particularly large rugs with big designs woven in the late nineteenth century in the Mahal and Feraghan areas of Iran especially for the English market.

Right: A view from the library to the salon. The doors and walls in the salon are trompe-l’oeil marquetry stenciled in imitation of various woods after the marquetry room at Hever Castle. The small brass gueridon was one of a series made by the contemporary French bronze worker Carcassonne.
The friends have had to eat their words. For with the help of Geoffrey Bennison—canniest of decorators when it comes to reading a client's mind—Marie-Hélène has succeeded in creating what those who have seen it feel is the most spectacular apartment of its kind in New York today, a landmark in modern decorating to the extent that it is the quintessence of contemporary “High Style.” Intentionally or not, she makes us forget that we are in America and transports us in imagination to a comfortable chateau somewhere in the Île de France, one that has remained unchanged since the turn of the century. Not that there has been a self-conscious attempt to re-create Ferrières, its style or period. However, the prodigious chateau that Paxton built for the Baron James is inevitably evoked by the idiosyncratic mixture of a nineteenth-century Renaissance look with furniture and objects of the haute-époque and that blend—peculiar to the Rothschilds—of splendor and luxury tempered with coziness. For confirmation of these parallels we need look no further than Mario Praz’s History of Decoration, which reproduces Eugène Lami’s watercolors of Ferrières as it was at the height of the Second Empire.

Marie-Hélène knows just how to set the stage for herself. Her subtle sense of drama is exemplified by the way she has played down the entrance hall (intricate arrangements of eighteenth-century engravings are the only concession to decoration), the better to stun you with your first glimpse of the spectacular salon that opens off it. Despite its vast height and grandiose contents (not least the palatial busts from Ferrières), despite the flamboyant “paneling” that Bennison has painted in imitation of the marquetry room at Hever Castle, the salon turns out to be warm and wonderfully welcoming.

The same is true of the library, which one is lured into by a glow of light emanating from behind heavy portières in the salon. This is not the sort of bookless TV den that has brought the noble word into disrepute in this country, but a library that lives up to its name: burnished rows of calf-bound books and a desk complete with inkstand, pens and nibs, and sealing wax. The walls are painted a wonderful reddish color—“don’t you dare call it cantaloupe,” Bennison says, “it’s more like sanguine crayon”—and are covered with drawings, among them a family portrait by Ingres.

Off the library opens a dining room lined with antique panels of Indian crewelwork hung like wallpaper and held in place by a wide galon studded with lozenges of bronze. So eye-catching is the effect that one almost overlooks the marvelous pair of unsigned Louis XV consoles.

Elsewhere on the ground floor is a separate guest suite: a smallish bedroom and an (Text continued on page 225)
THE BARON'S BEDROOM

Against one of Geoffrey Bennison's printed linens is a collection of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century English prints. Family photos and memorabilia hang on the mahoganized closet doors. Sofa is covered in Turkey carpet and a mid-nineteenth-century English patchwork quilt is on the bed. In the upper left-hand corner, a German sixteenth-century clock from Ferrières over a Louis XVI secrétaire.

THE BARONESS'S BEDROOM

Overleaf: Walls and curtains of a floral linen Bennison copied from a nineteenth-century document. Floral needlework panels cover the sofa, and the gilt bed is Second Empire in the Rococo style.
A timeless house
by architect Luis Barragán
in Mexico City

BY MARIE-PIERRE TOLL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLEN CARTER

A special music, born of walls and water, flows through the rooms and spaces of an early Barragán creation in the southern reaches of Mexico City. The Chimalistac home of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Galvez and their seven children was built in 1955, immediately after Barragán completed remodeling the Tlalpan chapel, which influenced the silence and filtered light of the corridors and the mood of certain second-floor rooms. The Galvez residence is the fourth house the architect built after finishing his own, and some window treatments, for example, reflect similar details of Barragán’s own house in Tacubaya.

Businessman Galvez met Barragán coincidentally when a mutual friend took him to the architect’s house. While they waited for Barragán to appear, Galvez absorbed the silence and the poetic, mysteri—
Above: No windows open to the street from the whitewashed façade of the Galvez House. A pink-painted wall and canopy shade the front door five steps up from the Taxco red-stone sidewalk.

Right: Just inside, a long covered pink passage leads to a small entrance hall, with a narrow wooden bench set against wooden walls adding a different texture. The jars, for fermenting pulque, are from Michoacán.

ous qualities of the place. Though he had already made final plans for the land he had just bought, he invited Barragán to visit it. When Barragán saw the eucalyptus and ash trees, he took them as his motif and point of departure for his design.

“When you live in a Barragán house, your whole life revolves around it,” Emilia Galvez explains. “For example, the glass you choose, or the napkins . . . it can be difficult at times, but finally it is a real pleasure. I had Boulle furniture and Persian rugs in my old house, but I left it all.” She only kept Nieves, a magnificent Diego Rivera nude, which hangs in the study. The Galvezes were conscious that living in such a rich architectural environment would develop their children’s sensibilities. Today, each of them is involved in some form of creative exploration.

Barragán was free to do what he wanted. The owners didn’t interfere, though at times they would ask
Above: Light pours into the main sitting room from a glass wall and door to the terrace. In contrast to this exuberance of light and color—ocher ceiling, an unseen bright pink wall, the immense Pedro Coronel painting—the furniture is monastic in its simplicity: two sofas in handwoven cotton, a long lattice cabinet for music equipment, bleached wood tables, Mexican leather-and-wood chairs. The fireplace is in one corner—Barragán dislikes symmetry—and grand piano in another. Floors throughout the house are varnished pine boards with woven straw petates, or mats, piled one on top of the other. Below: The enclosed reflecting pool and fountain form one wall of the small sitting room and fill it with the sound of running water. The painting is again by Pedro Coronel. Opposite above: Barragán works within the same palette outdoors and in. The patio’s volcanic stone paving is dampened to a gloss. Opposite below: Sun pours from the fountain enclosure into the passage between the entrance hall and the small sitting room.
"Architecture, besides being spatial, is also musical. That music is played with water. The importance of walls is that they isolate one from the street's exterior space. The street is aggressive, even hostile: walls create silence. From that silence you can play with water as music. Afterwards, that music surrounds us." —LUIS BARRAGÁN
A 1960 Coronel painting, above, hangs over the pale pink dining room's narrow console. Barragán designed the table; the chairs are traditional to Taxco. Right: A deeper pink wall bounds the garden side of the house. Children play in the boarded space beside the ash tree.
The tranquil but visually rich living room extends across the full width of the bay-viewing rear of the McGuire’s house. Walls of a color that decorator Andrew Delfino likens to “buildings in Rome faded by the sun”—especially warming on foggy evenings—lend a glow to natural silk sofas, black marble chimney piece, various woods and ceramics, a rare and very early Chinese rug.
As New York City sometimes seems to be the western edge of Europe, so San Francisco might be the eastern edge of Asia. "We face the Orient," says John McGuire. "We are deeply influenced by the Far East—we San Franciscans, we McGuire. My wife, Elinor, and I often cross the Pacific for pleasure, for study, for shopping, and for our work." The couple’s connection with the Orient is reflected in many aspects of their small, perfect house: in its serenity, its color palette, its art objects, and much of its furniture—Oriental antiques and new rattan, bamboo, cane, and wood designs by the McGuire, who own and run The McGuire Company, makers of furniture.

A well-known California architect, the late Gardner Dailey, designed the house in 1940. On a lot merely thirty feet wide, Dailey created rooms of simple grandeur, carefully proportioned and meticulously detailed. When the McGuire bought the house in 1965, it was to them the last of many, "and the last in our lives," they say with obvious delight.

The McGuire called in architect Joseph Esherick, a man whose first professional assignment had been to supervise the construction of this very building, to accomplish some minor updating and a major reorganization of the entrance, which yielded space for a solarium off the dining room. The illustrious Thomas Church was commissioned to design a fourth garden for the McGuire, this one not for living in but for looking into from narrow balconies at the rear of the house. The third expert to help the McGuire with their forever-after house was Andrew Delfino, the interior designer who has decorated nine other McGuire houses. When this design couple forms an aesthetic judgment, they stay with it, refining as their ever-mellowing taste dictates. And ultimately every decorating detail and overall effect succeeds, glows, resonates. □ Editor: Marilyn Schafer
The hall table on the main floor left is a white lacquer Ming-dynasty antique. It is flanked by a pair of X-chairs in oak with brass fittings, designed by Elinor McGuire. An eight-panel Japanese painted screen shows herons on a weeping-willow limb. Echoing the tree form is a branch of blooming Oriental magnolia in a Korean box of black bamboo. All flowers by Donald Ohlen. This page. Rare Han-dynasty horse has lost his wooden legs, leather ears, and sisal tail, but retains a regal beauty.
The interior building is illuminated by the soft, especially warming on foggy, evenings lend a glow to the natural silk sofas, black marble chimneys, piece, various woods and ceramics, a rare and very early Chinese rug.
"Like great painters and writers, great collectors are a rare species," reflects the distinguished art dealer Leo Castelli. "What makes Emily and Burton Tremaine's collection great is that it is so cohesive. But, more to the point, they made the perfect choices. They never made the mistake of choosing something secondary. They have incredible examples of every important painter from Cubism through the mid-sixties. No collection has those standards and that range except The Museum of Modern Art!"

The reputation of the Tremaine collection would seem to be adequate preparation for visits to their city apartment and Connecticut estate. Since the sixties, when they first entered the art world's consciousness as major collectors of Pop Art—in 1961 alone they bought four Oldenburgs, three Rosenquists, and three Wesselmans—the Tremaines have become celebrated for buying the best and for buying it early, before critical appraisal...
i: tiu- in'tcant's living room. Piet Mondrian's Untitled Boogie-Woogie, inscribed in 1943 and unfinished when Mondrian died in 1944, is balanced, on the left, by Robert Delaunay's 1912 Dancer I, a touchstone of early Modernism.
In a vignette from the apartment's bedroom, *opposite*, a 1914 Mondrian hangs alongside Bruce Robbins's painted ladder, the side Emily Tremaine prefers facing the camera. *This page:* Inside the Connecticut barn, a horizontal wood piece by Raoul Hague floats beneath paintings by Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, and Dine.
the first room after the entrance, their dining area, one sees that the reality is literally breath-taking. A fresh and vivid Jacksorn Pollock, one of Barnett Newman’s earliest “zip” paintings Picasso’s 1944-45, 18 South Fair, and then, near the Pollock and the Newman, leaping several generations, a small maroon-painted sculpture made in 1979, of the moment but at ease in such grand company, the work of a young artist named Bruce Robbins. This is the experience of seeing raised to its highest level.

The dining room flows directly into a large, simple living space created in a 1955 renovation. Friend and architect Philip Johnson thoughtfully suggested eliminating moldings, mantels, and several doors, details that might distract from the Tremaines’ art. Here, too, it requires a deliberate effort to keep from staring. “I’m so glad the Mondrian is back,” Emily Tremaine remarks, as she gestures toward the historic Victory Boogie-Woogie of 1943-44. “The entire time it was on display at the Modern, we left the space empty—in my mind nothing else is so companionable with the Delaunay.” Her reference is to another landmark of twentieth-century art, Robert Delaunay’s 1912 Premier Discours, balancing the Mondrian on the far side of the fireplace. In between are two African figures, a Senufo female form next to an antelope head from Upper Volta, and—always the contemporary touch—a recent purchase, one of Brice Marden’s painted marble series from 1981. The rest (Text continued on page 204)

Philip Johnson transformed the old Connecticut barn into a music room and art gallery by giving it glass walls. The space has wonderful acoustics, the sound from the powerful stereo system reverberating off the glass and old timbers. “It’s like being inside a Stradivarius,” says Mrs. Tremaine. A Franz Kline, a Matta, and the kachina-doll collection are just a few of the treasures within.
At the entrance to their country house, the Tremitans have placed one of Robert’s oil paintings, which in Emily’s opinion "dazzles you to see beyond the minute detail." Next to it is a small Jesus painted by a mother and a drawing by Walker Krumholz, permitting the artist to use the. In the rear of the main hall...
THE CLASSICAL GARDEN GOES WEST

Created in 1916 near San Francisco, Filoli fuses the traditions of Mediterranean garden design with the vitality of early-twentieth-century California

BY SUSAN S.H. LITTLEFIELD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL MACMASTERS

In fall finery, a Camperdown elm marks the end of the Bowling Green, flanked by a row of Irish yews and a line of pleached and pollarded London planes.
One might say that Filoli is a garden built on California gold. In 1850, William B. Bourn, already a successful merchant, left Boston for San Francisco and invested his East Coast fortune wisely—in the Empire Gold Mine, which proved to be one of the state's largest. His son, William B. Bourn II, took full advantage of his family's position, studying at Cambridge and traveling extensively in England and Ireland before returning to settle in San Francisco. Like his father, Bourn seems to have had keen foresight: in 1888 he built a winery in the Napa Valley, joining other entrepreneurial Californians in planting the great grape varieties that had been ravaged by phylloxera in European vineyards.

Later Bourn became president of the Spring Valley Water Company, which supplied San Francisco. On the peninsula south of the city, near one of his reservoirs, Bourn found a piece of land that reminded him of the estate in Ireland where his family had spent summers, and he decided to build a country house. He named the place Filoli, after a favorite credo: "Fight for a just cause. Love your fellow man, and Live a good life."

In 1915 Bourn chose the site and hired Willis Polk as his architect. Twenty years earlier, Polk had belonged to a group of artists known as Les Jeunes, who advocated the development of a Californian style that would take inspiration from the beauties of the Pacific Coast environment while remaining firmly rooted in the artistic traditions of European civilizations. Bourn hired Bruce Porter, also a former member of Les Jeunes, to design Filoli's sixteen-acre garden—at Polk's suggestion, presumably. Porter was a painter who dabbled in various decorative arts, from flower arranging to bookbinding; and by 1915 he was actively involved in garden design. He came to Filoli in 1916 and worked for seven years, consulting with Isabella Worn for horticultural advice. Miss Worn, a successful designer and consultant to San Francisco society on everything from flower arrangements and party...

(Text continued on page 220)
Above: In a less cultivated part of the garden, a stand of native coast live oaks offset by the dark, delicate limbs of a Japanese maple ablaze in fall foliage. These evergreen oaks reminded some Californians of a Mediterranean cousin; along with other similarities in vegetation, topography, and climate, such parallels inspired many villas and gardens in the Mediterranean style. At Filoli, designer Bruce Porter applied principles of classical gardens—Italian in particular—to order California's exuberant horticultural palette.
Above: clockwise from top left: Three fat topiary boxwoods and drums of clipped bay surround a central sundial; flamboyant ginkgos relieve the geometry of the parterres, dropping a carpet of yellow leaves on the path below; a parterre inspired by a window at Chartres, with lines of box articulating panes of pink petunias and standard roses; box hedge with columbines, cherry trees beyond.

Overleaf: A knot woven in santolina, dwarf lavender, hyssop, and a red-leaved barberry that echoes the color of the copper beech hedge beyond.
A LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

Patrician bohemians Barbara and Stanley Mortimer look back on a charmed circle of family and friends

BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD
Barbara and Stanley. Stanley and Barbara—they are a plural being. They met half a century ago on the high seas, on the *Ile de France* in the first-class lounge, and ever since, they have been each other’s luck. He, of venerable age but quite undated: a gentle institution—his bearing, his stature, his unassertive security of place, his casual, perfect manners; with his immense height, a leaning post for *her*. She, a light, free spirit, with a sprightly youthfulness persisted in. He was born into one of New York’s oldest families; she hails from the plains of North Dakota. Both of them are working artists, both exist in perfect harmony with their surroundings. Together they have made a place for themselves in the best part of the lives of their many friends.

“Joy is a choice,” says the Duchess of Bedford, “and in Barbara and Stanley Mortimer’s house it is everywhere.” The Duke adds: “The Mortimers’ is always a place I long to get back to. One knows one is going to be able to completely relax, that no one’s going to bug you to meet the neighbors.”

“It’s just one of the nicest places to be,” Kenneth Jay Lane affirms. “Fried bacon, wonderful barns. It’s cozy, deliciously cozy—you know, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford in the kitchen.”

In the hills behind Litchfield, an eighteenth-century Connecticut village that has kept its quiddity, Barbara and Stanley Mortimer have ingeniously pared away all the complications of ordinary human existence. It may be a simple idea, but it’s one that hasn’t been arrived at without a great deal of elemental complexity: to live totally in today’s world, with all the charm of the Old World. “We’ve had Filipino chefs, German cooks, English butlers, and Japanese gardeners,” Barbara laughs—she has a nice laugh and she laughs a lot. “And when we were first married, Stanley had a valet, Claud.” Today the Mortimers have servants come only when they need them; they don’t “retain” anybody.

Picture Barbara, then, in her “chestnut Romney loveliness” walking with her corgi in the orchard; picture Stanley, sweet-tempered and stubborn-hearted, clambering about in the old Gothic sheep barn. But were they always the Arcadian figures of our imagining?

“Litchfield was not a ‘safe harbor’ for the international set, and Barbara and Stanley came upon the town almost by accident in the late thirties,” recalls their friend and weekend neighbor S. Dillon Ripley II, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

“We looked everywhere,” Barbara confirms, taking the opportunity to tell just how she and Stanley happened to make their lucky strike in the Litchfield hills. “We were driving by and saw red turrets on a big house way in the distance. We asked the real-estate person we were with what it was, and he said that the house, a late-Victorian house, was
"My father had a polo pony called ‘Rondo.’ It was the fastest polo pony in America—never beaten in a race. My father was so crazy about him he called me after him."

Litchfield had a smattering of summer people in those days,” Dillon Ripley continues, “but most of them came from no farther away than New York, or nearer spots of urbanism such as New Haven or Waterbury. There was a thin veneer of traveled or internationals—the Mortimer Singers, who lived in Biarritz, and nearby the Zalesskys—but really Litchfield was a conventional summer town. Barbara and Stanley proceeded to find all sorts of delightful new and old friends from the surrounding hedgerows, much to everyone’s surprise. While Stanley continued his painting, learned in France over the years after World War I, Barbara made their house the setting for lively parties, weekends of New Yorkers, and suddenly we all found ourselves bathed in the warm glow of their eclectic circles from near and far, lending a flavor of Majorca, Brioni, or St. Tropez to the sylvan landscape. Everything seemed to fit together: art, furniture, food, and a fascinating mixed salad of guests. Their parties became legend, and we all reveled in their warmth and spontaneity. Really, 45 years seems but a moment in time, thinking of the fun and pleasure of having the Mortimers in our town.”

A fascinating mixed salad of guests, indeed: Florence Eldridge and Frederic March (“He was an absolute dream,” Barbara says. “Fun and warm. He’d talk about the films he’d made, and tell marvelous off-color jokes. Florence was more the actress than Freddy was the actor. Sometimes she’d dance for us, always with scarves—beautiful classical dancing.”); art dealer Betty Parsons; collectors Burton and Emily Tremaine; Feliks Topolski, brought by Robin Hambro; Calder; Stokowski (“He was quite silent.”); Mary-Lou and “Sonny” Whitney; Mary McFadden (“She was tennis champion of Long Island.”); Maxine de la Falaise once dressed up as a lotus—she had a stem and petals. And we would make home movies out of the pool.”

The pool in question, fringed by arborvitae and set in a knob overlooking the meadow where guests’ helicopters used to land, was the first salt-water pool in Litchfield County. “I had heard that the Aga Khan had one in Cannes,” says

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Above: Stanley with his father, Stanley Sr., on “Rondo” around 1899 in Roslyn, Long Island. Opposite, top row: William Duttenher’s Barriers in upstairs hall; eighteenth-century English gilt and red-lacquer secretary in living room; in Barbara Mortimer’s bedroom, her own painting of canvas bolted with steel strips and a bronze sculpture by Alexander Liberman. Center row: Photographs of friends in the powder room; a Venetian chair sits in front of a Coromandel screen in front hall; in Stanley Mortimer’s office a tapestry of a Flemish landscape hangs behind Louis XV—style desk and a tapestry-covered chair. Bottom row: In the hall a sixteenth-century Crucifixion in tempera and gold on parchment hangs over a marbled urn on one of a pair of Italian black-lacquer and gilt console tables; a bell-like instrument sits on the mantel in the dining room under a painting by Barbara Mortimer; Barbara Mortimer’s painted wood sculpture of 1975 is behind English-style oak table in the dining room.
Stanley, "so I thought I'd like to have one, too." Nearby, embedded in myrtle, is a steel-and-bolt sculpture of Barbara's that gives off light in three dimensions. The powder room off the entrance hall at Normandy Farms bears playful witness to these poolside romps. Photographs of guests, down all the long years of the house's life, cover every inch of wall. Two successive dukes of Alba and Stavros Niarchos—friends from the Mortimers' St. Moritz life (in 1932 Stanley was a founder of the Corviglia Ski Club there)—gaze with forbearance on the likes of Warhol drag queen Candy Darling, whose photograph is inscribed, "To Barbara and Stanley—until we meet again, a thousand blood-red roses from Candy." "I like to see them all," Barbara explains. "I like to go in there and say hello."

The prize photograph of the powder-room collection is that of a bull by the name of Barbette. "We went to an auction in New Milford, and this great big thing stared at me from the ring, and I just couldn't resist him—I jumped right up and bid on him. He was a half-brother to the famous one, Colonel Harry. We built him an eight-foot-high pen outside the barn, and every day I'd go down there and rub his head and give him fresh grass to eat. He was a great huge pet—he easily weighed a couple of tons—a beautiful animal, beautifully made. One time I took ten people down to see him and he was so excited he jumped the fence. Some of our guests ran behind trees and some ran ap trees but most of them ran in the manure pit—several of them had new suede shoes on, too, I remember. Yep," Barbara laughs, ignited by her own story, "a lot of suede shoes were ruined that day.

"We had seventy Brown Swiss cattle on the place in those days—beautiful big fawn-colored things. And after we sold the cattle, the sheep came in, Corriedale sheep, from New Zealand—big white sturdy purebreds. Stanley looks after them with our shepherd, 'Rabbit.' When he came to work for us, we asked him what his name was. He said, 'Call me 'Rabbit'—everybody else does.' We never knew why.

"When we first moved to Litchfield we gave a series of charity balls in the old granite barn, with the money going to the local horse show. We came to call it the horse-show barn because we always had a ball after the horse show in the barn. One year when we were planning a carnival ball, I was in New York and saw some big papier-mâché horses in the window of Bonwit's. I went in and said please tell me who did the windows, and they gave me the address of these two window dressers, who were Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns—they had a studio together then, down on Pearl Street, and I had them make me a big papier-mâché clown. Years later I asked Jasper if he'd sign it and he said no way,
hat it was just for a party. He was yellow and red clown-color, eight feet high, polka-dotted and holding a little bunch of violets—with a pink hat and great big shoes. He was divine. I don't know where to put him now. I like him but he should go somewhere where there are other clowns."

Barbara applies this same kind of inspired common sense to her table. The cooking at Normandy Farms is not done from effete recipe books but from experience and instinct. There are always compotes made of the plums, peaches, blueberries, raspberries, and cherries that Barbara cans in the summer. ("I start canning as soon as the fruit is at its peak—it has to be very very sweet and very very good and I just buy it up by the crate.") The greens come from her own vegetable garden. Meals are served at Spanish hours: two-thirty for lunch outside in summer or in the dining room in winter as the sun slants over the silvery Litchfield hills. Sunday lunch particularly never disappoints: chicken broiled in a tarragon sauce, topped with greaseless maple bacon ("done with a bacon maker to make it nice and crisp") and served with parsleyed potatoes.

The French have a saying: Les gens heureux n'ont pas d'histoires—happy people don't have any stories. Well, these two do. Stanley Mortimer (not to be confused with his cousin, Stanley G. Mortimer of Tuxedo Park and New York) was born in 1897 into a family already well-charted in American society. His great-grandfather had made his fortune in New York real estate. Stanley's father, Stanley Mortimer Sr., was a portrait painter who exhibited in Paris, where he maintained a studio; he was also a well-known horseman and introduced fox hunting on Long Island.

He nicknamed Stanley "Rondo." "My father had a polo pony called 'Rondo,' " Stanley explains. "It was the fastest polo pony in America—never beaten in a race. My father was so crazy about him he called me after him. When the animal died he had one of his hoofs mounted in brass on a horseshoe and made into an ashtray. It says in gold plaque: 'Rondo—the best ever.' I keep it on my desk."

Stanley's mother was Elizabeth Livingston Hall, a direct descendant of Chancellor Livingston, and the sister of Eleanor Roosevelt's mother, who had died young. As surrogate mother to her famous niece, she would know fame herself as Eleanor's "Aunt Tissie."

"Eleanor often came to Litchfield to stay with us," Barbara recalls. "She spoke at our Women's Forum; she was a very liberated woman, you know—full of charm and full of U.N. She liked everything and everyone, except—I remember—I had a marvelous German maid I had to get rid of because Eleanor thought she..." (Text continued on page 230)
ATYPICAL TROPICAL

Caracas architects Diquez, González and Rivas design a bold contemporary house, decorated by Parish-Hadley

BY MARGARET MORSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

The house is called "La Cañada," for the brook that runs through the property. The splash of its small rapids and the tropical chorus of tree frogs and birds infuse the rooms with such peace it is hard to believe that the apartment towers of downtown Caracas are just a block away. Gustavo and Patty Cisneros asked the local architectural firm of Diquez, González and Rivas to design a very contemporary house—bold, sleek, devoid of any interior ornamentation that would compete with the views of the lush tropical landscaping by Fernando Tábara of Tábara and Stodard. Once the plans were done, they asked interior designers Albert Hadley and Mrs. Randolph Williams of Parish-Hadley Associates in New York, who had done other family houses, to turn the bright, airy shell into a comfortable, inviting milieu for living and entertaining.

It is a house that fulfills many wishes. Mr. Cisneros wanted a shower tank with an hour's worth of water; Mrs. Cisneros, a romantic canopy bed curtained in shell pink. The children wanted lots of room to ride their bikes—so the driveway is a concrete mosaic of smooth small beach pebbles.

Left: The library overlooks majestic hills and, through an interior window, the living room one story below. Regency easel holds a Vasarely. Above: In the dining room nineteenth-century ebony-and-ivory chairs from Goa and a garden background for modern ceramics, antique mercury glass, a Buddha from a forebear who lived in China.
The museum-white walls of the rooms called for furniture with strong sculptural shapes—an eighteenth-century Irish pine table in the foyer, a Japanese lacquer trunk, a Biedermeier vitrine with sunburst fretwork, and Art Deco tier table—all with sufficient character to hold their own alongside a distinguished collection of contemporary paintings and sculpture. In the living room, vitality also emanates from richly patterned Oriental rugs and the antique ikat and toile fabrics that cover the sofa pillows and ottoman.

Patty Cisneros takes pride in seeing to the flower arrangements, the meticulous housekeeping, in collecting various china patterns for the table. Rustic surprises add warmth to the polished presentation: a handmade necklace from a trip to the Amazon is displayed on top of a polychrome chest. Wooden hibachis lined with metal are pressed into service as planters; and, by the steps to the terrace, an Indian stone mortar and pestle is now a birdbath.

As is the South American custom, Mr. Cisneros often comes home for lunch. He frequently holds business meetings at home as well—sometimes as many as three at once, in different rooms. Entertaining is a daily event. In a typical week Mrs. Cisneros will organize three or four breakfasts, three luncheons, and two dinners. And when Venezuelan specialties are on the menu, an exemplary dinner might be potatolike apio soup, pabellón (shredded meat with rice, black beans, and plantains), arepas (cornmeal patties), local cheeses, and sugared guavas.

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray
Cascading ferns screen the terrace, as light-filtering grillework bordering the caoba-wood ceiling gives the hanging baskets a convenient perch. A long made-to-measure table holds a Thai altar step in the shape of a goat, and heirloom rattan furniture set around a bleached teak table provides an island of calm. A witness to the family's devotion to Venezuelan art is the bronze nude by Cornelius Zitman.
His House Was His Story

Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin was more than a place to hang his famous hat: it was the embodiment of his eventful life and indomitable creative spirit.

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS

Early on the morning of April 9, 1959, a 91-year-old patient at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix suffered a sudden coronary thrombosis. Though he had been recovering nicely from abdominal surgery a few days earlier, in the words of his nurse he "just sighed and died." Thus quietly ended the tumultuous life of Frank Lloyd Wright. Within a few hours, members of his Taliesin Fellowship in nearby Scottsdale had placed the architect's body in the back of a panel truck, and then, driving in nonstop relays, made the two-thousand-mile journey north and east to Taliesin, Wright's home in Spring Green, Wisconsin.

Though Wright had made Taliesin West in Arizona his winter headquarters for the last two decades of his life, he continued to live at the original Taliesin for the rest of the year; there was never any question that his final resting place would be in the verdant farming valley that had given him spiritual sustenance as no other place ever had. When he was buried at sunset on the following Sunday in the graveyard of Unity Chapel—which he had helped build when he was only nineteen—Frank Lloyd Wright returned forever to his roots: not just to his numerous Lloyd Jones kin buried in that place, but also to the very

IN HIS OWN IMAGE

Opposite: Pedro E. Guerrero's 1953 portrait of Frank Lloyd Wright at an exhibition of his work held in a temporary pavilion on the future site of his Guggenheim Museum in New York. He contemplates photos of his Larkin Building of 1904 in Buffalo. Above left: A ceramic tile signed with his initials by Wright and set into a wall at Taliesin, his home in Spring Green, Wisconsin. Overleaf: The view southeast from the living room at Taliesin. Stained glass is from his Heath house of 1905 in Buffalo.
STRUTS AND FRETS

This page: Dramatic wood trusses support the ceiling of the drafting room at Taliesin. Opposite: One of the oak dining chairs designed by Wright in 1937 (see following pages).
High among those principles was Wright’s belief that a building must be an inseparable part of its setting. In his autobiography Wright decreed, “No house should ever be on a hill or on anything. It should be of the hill. Belonging to it. Hill and house should live together each the happier for the other.” That is the essence of Taliesin. With the possible exception of his famous Fallingwater in Pennsylvania, Wright never devised a more skillful integration of architecture and landscape than he did at Spring Green. He achieved it not by dominating the hill as a European architect would have but by deferring to it as would the Japanese, thinking of his house not as a crown, but “as the brow of that hill.” Thence also came its name, from that of the legendary druidic bard, Taliesin, meaning “shining brow” in Welsh, the language of Wright’s forebears.

But in the 25 years since Wright’s death Taliesin has become mechanically outmoded and is now in urgent need of conservation. To help raise capital for the extensive project, the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation last year authorized the sale of a hundred drawings of Wright projects—some by the master himself, most of them by his workshop—through the Max Protetch Gallery in New York. Though the unprecedented move raised an outcry from some members of the architectural community who feared the scattering of Wright’s remarkably complete archives, the keepers of Wright’s flame (including his octogenarian widow, Olgivanna) feel there was no other possible choice, averring it to be “a sacrifice that we . . . are willing to make in order that this unique monument in architecture may be preserved forever . . .”

One can readily appreciate their sense of priorities. Though relatively few buildings by Wright have been destroyed, among those that have been torn down are several works of surpassing importance, such as his Larkin Building of 1904 in Buffalo and Midway Gardens of 1913–14 in Chicago. Yet not even those lost landmarks approach the significance that Taliesin commands in any thorough understanding of Frank Lloyd Wright as architect and man. Taliesin is nothing less than the central chapter of his built autobiography. It is the material evidence of his phoenixlike spirit, which like the great house itself rose triumphanty from the cinders of seeming extinction not once but several times during his long life and epochal career.

By the end of 1910, the 43-year-old Frank Lloyd Wright seemed a burnt-out case; it

(Text continued on page 208)
A POCKET OF CALM

Charles Swerz and Jerry Van Deelen designed a deceptively simple apartment for busy fashion designer Jeffrey Banks

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI
Preceding pages, In the living room, Banks’s collection of black-and-white photographs complements the colorless urban view through undressed windows. Opposite: The carefully lit column in the hallway is reflected in a mirror that is the back of Banks’s walk-in closet. Above: The left wall in the dining room was originally a window, now hides the air-conditioning unit. Table designed by Swerz and Van Deelen; chairs designed by John Dickinson for Randolph & Hein, Inc. Below: Jeffrey Banks framed in his kitchen.
When you deal with color, fabrics, and swatches all day, you really want something peaceful to come home to," says Coty Award-winning men's fashion designer Jeffrey Banks. It's a point well taken. No one wants the office to come home with him—at least not physically.

New York designers Charles Swerz and Jerry Van Deelen began their work on Banks's five-room Manhattan apartment by adding simple elements of "grandeur"—classically inspired detailing, molding, new doors and windows. "You cannot dress a room unless you have a room to dress," says Van Deelen. Mr. Banks's requests were simple: high-gloss white lacquer walls (the painting of which took over a month) and lots of natural pine. Swerz and Van Deelen hunted for antiques, but the scale of the apartment necessitated much larger furniture, so they also designed their own pieces, including a 42-inch-square pine coffee table and an eight-foot-long sofa. With Banks's wardrobe in mind (he was recently named to the best-dressed list), the designers converted the two bedrooms and small closets into one bedroom, a study, and a large walk-in closet.

Clothes are not the only thing Banks collects. Photographs are his "narcotic," and until now he has "never had the kind of place scalewise" to exhibit his collection of over fifty black-and-white photographs, including works by Hoyningen-Huene, Avedon, Horst, Penn, and Bruce Weber.

By day, the apartment is pure white. At night, however, when the rheostat lighting is in use, each room acquires a subtle touch of color. Van Deelen, who designed the system, says, "A cubic white room is almost like a piece of sculpture you can light in different ways." Colored fluorescent lights add pink to the bedroom. A warmer incandescent light around the top of one of the columns creates, as Swerz says, "a floating capital."

Banks is a self-proclaimed perfectionist in clothing design and decorating. The brass doorknobs, the quilts, and the rocking horse he "had always wanted as a child" were carefully chosen. How do his fashions compare with his furnishings? Both have classic ideas "with a move into the future." □ Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet
ISLAND COMPOUND

Linda Garland and husband Amir Rabik transform a neglected Bali house into a year-round tropical enchantment

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER
A way from the southern coast of Bali the winding road ascends between terraced rice paddies, waterfalls, occasional forests, and ancient Hindu Dharma temples to the cool hills of Ubud. Renowned as the center of the island’s vivid art, Ubud led the revival of primitive Balinese painting in the thirties, attracting a number of European and American painters who now reside there permanently. But despite the foreign influences brought by the peaceful invasion, the cheerful pace of life in Ubud and the ancient Balinese traditions, rooted in magic and mystery, have remained unchanged.

Here, perched on the edge of a deep ravine still quarried for volcanic *paras* stone, is the compound of Irish designer Linda Garland and her Indonesian husband, Amir Rabik. The gateway rises from the grassy rice fields, a pair of richly carved pillars flanking the entrance to the profusely tropical garden and buildings below. Linda and Amir had found the house while out walking one day; built in the early seventies but deserted for nearly a decade, it had fallen into great disrepair. In the moist Bali climate, the aging process is accelerated, and the simple...
traditional buildings are soon plagued by termites and damp rot. Linda and Amir saw great potential in the compound, however, and they set out to save it.

One of the first tasks was to take out the plaster ceiling, exposing the beautiful traditional Balinese bamboo and thatch hidden underneath. Then Linda and Amir felled walls to enlarge the space and reveal its inherent Balinese architectural qualities. Built from local red bricks, carved parar stone from the nearby quarry (greatly favored for its manipulable yet firm qualities), and thatched roofs, the compound of buildings takes on the colonial Indonesian style. The main building, which houses the living room and master bedroom, is solidly constructed and surrounded by wide, clay-tiled verandas supported by columns of coconut palms on stone bases carved into fantastical animals from Balinese mythology. The kitchen, guest quarters, and open-sided “baley” pavilion are separate units, typical of the regional architectural tradition of using separate buildings for sleeping, eating, cooking, bathing, and living. The wide-open spaces provide a perfect background for Balinese and Indonesian native art and furniture collected (Text continued on page 202)
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(Continued from page 200) from all over Bali and the surrounding islands.

Linda, who had worked as a designer in London and Japan before coming to Bali, has always had an affinity for fine crafts, and the Balinese people are artistic by nature, their skilled handcrafts the work of clever, sensitive fingers. Both Linda and Amir work together with craftsmen and women from all over Bali refining ancient crafts and techniques to produce furniture and accessories for export worldwide. Using rare hardwoods and materials from all over Asia, the Rabiks like to concentrate on decorative items that “breathe life” into a room, such as their massive carved fruit bowl in the shape of a giant clamshell (used as the base for a coffee table in the Rabiks’ “baley”). Linda’s special love is the rich antique Indonesian fabrics, which she quilts onto backing, giving them extra life and adding strength to the fine handweaving.

In the Balinese language, there are no words for “art” and “artist” because almost everyone on the island makes the former and therefore answers to the description of the latter, to these people, art is a part of everyday life, a duty to the gods and to themselves to weave a constantly changing fabric of beauty. Working so closely with the Balinese artists, Linda and Amir are acutely sensitive to their character and traditions, and the byproduct of such respect for the island they live upon is two off-islanders’ daily exposure to a life of enchantment.
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talked it over, and we decided to meet a chateau in France. Burton and I remembers. "Valentine didn't want to until it appreciated enough to buy him sell it. He said he was holding onto it drian's studio, where he'd left it, unfin-
ished, when he died," Mrs. Tremaine said, "Would you like to own it?" But of course! 'Well, I would like it to be with the Mondrian,' she said. 'I feel that Robert started it and Mondrian took it as far as it would go with the Victory, even to leaving the piece unfinished, the final enigma.... Always keep the two together.' And Burton and I promised that we'd try—and we have."

When they were married, in 1945, it was Emily who introduced Burton to contemporary art collecting. Raised in Europe in a cultured milieu that included frequent museumgoing, Emily regards her purchase of a 1927 Braque as her debut as a serious collector of contemporary art. Today that painting hangs in a small room in their apartment, a handsome piece but not so pre- scient a selection as later purchases they made together. (Emily notes, however, "That was 1936 and I was living in California, so that made Braque seem pretty avant-garde.")

In the duo, the elegant Mrs. Tremaine is the more academically orient-
ed. She was also the scout, visiting museums, galleries, and studios during the week, setting aside things for her husband to see on weekends. As friend and fellow collector Agnes Saalfield describes her, "Emily was always out looking for those who were going to be true leaders, making a serious attempt to find the next wave. She put in time, energy, effort, and, in the beginning, not a great deal of money. Emily had a good eye to start with but she put time into learning, a lot of reading, listening, and looking. She talked not just to the big dealers, but to curators, gallery staff, other collectors, even asking the artist who else to see. And, of course, Emily and Burton learned about art from living with it.... The nice thing is that they both love it. They couldn't have made such a good collection if they both hadn't had the desire."

A perfect complement to his wife's more scholarly approach, the courtly Burton Tremaine responds to painting and sculpture with instinct and a natural intelligence. He was an amateur painter, and his feel for art is grounded in his emotional and visual reaction to a work. He freely admits, "I'm still confused about which period comes before the other," and when asked to identify the artist of a particular piece, he shrugs it off with, "Oh, I don't know." Yet it was Burton who spotted Barnett Newman's _Euclidian Abyss_ at an exhibit in Chicago and purchased it in 1948, (Continued on page 206)
Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

Picasso's *Femme au Chapeau*, dated the day the Germans marched on Paris.

Robbins sculpture. But Burton is convinced the side with the black paint should face out, that it serves the Mondrian better and vice versa. Emily, however, says, "Nonsense. It's just the opposite." And so the Robbins ladder is occasionally in motion, turned to one side or the other, depending on which spouse last placed the piece.

When the Tremaines are not in the city they are often at their place in the Connecticut countryside. That house, too, is a haven for their collection. Through a long corridor on the way to the large glass sitting room, one's peripheral vision picks up glimpses of major pieces, one after another, appearing and receding from view on the left and right. A great Jasper Johns target. An early Claes Oldenburg paper-maché of a strong man's arm. Warhol's *S & H Trading Stamps*. A Stuart Davis from the thirties. A Roy Lichtenstein send-up of postcard art, plugged into an electrical socket and undulating. (Mrs. Tremaine describes it as the "campiest picture ever made"). A gentle Kuniyoshi.

Once one enters the modestly furnished glass room, the shape of the property reveals itself. The house occupies one end of a corridor of spaces and renovated buildings designed by Philip Johnson. Sited amid the outdoor spaces between these structures there is sculpture. This time Burton Tremaine is the tour guide. "Stand back while I walk up to this so you can see the scale," he suggests when encountering an outdoor metal piece. However, he leavens the absorption with aesthetic concerns with glimpses at other aspects of their life. "Let me divert you from art to show you the Jacuzzi," he suggests at one point. Some how the ease with which he can go from presenting a New Hebrides totem, their first primitive acquisition, to a description of a skiing trip or talk of sailing or only heightens the awareness of how inseparable from regular existence this remarkable assembly of objects is to the Tremaines.

Despite the differences in their approach to art, and, in some senses because of those differences, they have enjoyed an absolute meeting of the minds about the selection of their pieces. Together they tell a story that illustrates the point. "There was a show at the Modern that we both wanted to see, but we couldn't manage to get together," Emily explains. "So we each got a catalogue and made notes." At this point, Burton picks up the tale. "When we got home and compared our comments, our top four pictures were the same, and Em's number one was my number two and vice versa."

Perhaps it is the strength and support that comes from this fusion of sensibilities that has enabled the Tremaines over and over again to leap into the unknown, to buy before artists were recognized and to choose examples of such consistently high caliber. Robert Irwin, an artist admired by the Tremaines for his difficult, minimal constructions as well as for his aesthetic and philosophical concerns, remembers their purchase of a large white disk painting that now hangs ("floats is really more accurate) in the entrance room of the Connecticut house. "They bought the disk painting about twenty years ago, the last of their non-site works. No one wanted to buy them. I guess they were too theatrical not Greenbergian enough. The New York criticism was very negative. But they didn't wait for a ground swell or to become part of a position. Like all the greatest collectors, they were willing to..."
They bought early, in the beginning, on faith. “It is important to realize that this pioneering spirit also involved mistakes and some deliberate decisions to exclude certain artists and types of work from their collection. “Oh, we made a few errors,” Burton remembers. “We skied a lot in those days, and sometimes I recall a few things we ought and I think maybe we stayed on the mountain too long.”

When questioned about the absence of color field painters like Jules Olitski or Helen Frankenthaler in the collection, Emily is quite specific. “I find it terribly boring, verging on the decorative. Really I feel it’s just more of the same, not saying anything new.” And a passion for what is new is the cornerstone of the Tremaine collection. To Emily’s words, “been digested... it would only just be aesthetics and perhaps a little nostalgia that makes me want to own it.”

One of their most famous acquisitions, Jasper Johns’s Three Flags, was purchased right out of his studio at the time of the young artist’s first show in 1958, for $900. In 1980 it was sold to the Whitney Museum for one million dollars, then one of the highest prices ever paid for the work of a living American artist. Whitney curator Patterson Sims defends this controversial acquisition by citing director Tom Armstrong’s and the museum board’s commitment to acquiring the masterpieces of American art. If it hadn’t come to the Whitney, it would have gone to Japan or England, and a picture of that kind of iconic power belongs in this country.”

The Tremaines’ reason behind the sale was to raise additional monies for the various charities they support. As Emily regards the transaction, “The Whitney got the painting—and by their paying a million dollars for it we felt sure they’d keep it on permanent exhibition and not in the basement, so the public will get to see it—Planned Parenthood got a good deal of help, and, as far as I can tell, I’m the only loser.”

For the Tremaines, their collection is a living thing. They have no plans to keep it together, because they can’t bear the idea of it being shut up in some museum storage area. What has it been like, being surrounded every day by paintings and sculpture as superb and intense as these objects? Each answers characteristically. For Burton, “It just seems normal, like the woods.” And for Emily, “It is like living with books. I never sit in front of art that I don’t get ideas. It’s a catalyst, I guess.”

Together their very different viewpoints combine to form a fairly complete sense of what it means to appreciate art. As with their collection, the whole is greater because of the sum of the two parts. -Editors: Babs Simpson and Carolyn Solits

WHY WAIT FOR HIS BIRTHDAY?
WHY WAIT FOR SATURDAY NIGHT?
WHY WAIT FOR YOUR PROMOTION?
WHY WAIT FOR YOUR NEW APARTMENT?
WHY WAIT FOR THE HOLIDAYS?
WHY WAIT FOR TOMORROW?

DRAMBUIE OVER ICE TONIGHT.
Wright had spent the preceding year in Europe supervising the preparation of the famous Wasmuth portfolios of his work to date, and the richness of their contents was as impressive as his prospects seemed bleak. Despite the pretext of the publication project, Wright had actually fled to Europe as a refugee from the domestic debacle that had caused serious repercussions in his practice of architecture.

In 1909 Wright had left his wife Catherine and their six children to take up with Mamah Borthwick Cheney, a neighbor and the wife of Edwin Cheney, for whom he had built a house in Oak Park, Illinois, in 1904. Though the clients who had commissioned the houses of Wright’s Prairie School period were highly enlightened aesthetically, they were still for the most part resolutely middle-class in their social attitudes. In cutting his ties with his family, Wright was simultaneously severing his life line to future work in his home community.

Not that the break was clean. Though one cannot doubt the sincerity of Wright’s love for Mamah Cheney, he seems to have vacillated more than once in making the decision to abandon his family. During their sojourn in Italy, the wayward couple had contemplated settling in Fiesole, with Wright going so far as to make a design for a house and studio there. But in the summer of 1910, Wright reported to his friend the English architect C.R. Ashbee, “I am going back to Oak Park to pick up the thread of my work and in some degree of my life...” Mrs. Cheney returned to Oak Park, too, but joined neither husband nor lover: Edwin Cheney had moved out of their Frank Lloyd Wright house, and Frank Lloyd Wright moved back into his.

Whatever the intention of Wright’s reconciliation with his wife, he soon began making arrangements for a permanent split. Apparently at his behest, his mother, Anna Lloyd Jones Wright, gave some two hundred acres of land (which she had most probably inherited) to Wright at Spring Green, twenty miles southeast of his birthplace at Richland Center and adjacent to farms settled by her family more than half a century before. For Wright himself, the hillside property was “one of my favorite places...as a boy...” With disarming simplicity and characteristic self-centeredness, he later recalled his decision to build a new home on that land in terms devoid of the turmoil of the actual events: “When family life in Oak Park...conspired against the freedom to which I had come to feel every soul was entitled, I had no choice, would I keep my self-respect, but to go out a voluntary exile into the uncharted and unknown...I meant to live if I could an unconventional life. I turned to this hill in the Valley as my Grandfather before me had turned to America—as a hope and haven.”

In fact, there was a good deal of secrecy about the exact nature of the construction that began in May 1911 on the hill overlooking the Helena Valley. According to the local newspaper, Anna Wright was building a new house for herself; not a word about her son the architect and certainly nothing about what was known in those days as a “love nest.” The 730 townspeople of Spring Green were no more tolerant than the citizens of Oak Park, and many were Wright’s relatives, who were typically outspoken. His uncle Jenkin Lloyd Jones raged on about “that blinded egotist in the ‘Haven of Pleasure’” and the “‘Palace of Folly.’”

Three months after Taliesin began to rise majestically, Edwin Cheney received a divorce from his errant wife (and custody of their children). With stunning architectural symbolism, Wright erected a brick wall between his Oak Park house and its interconnecting office-studio, consigning his family to the former and himself to the latter. (The long-suffering Catherine Wright, who vainly believed he would someday return to her, was reduced to taking in boarders.)

By the first days of winter Taliesin was habitable, and only then was any pretense of conventional propriety finally dropped. With his genius for self-dramatizing (and often self-destructive) publicity, Wright chose Christmas, of all days, to call a press conference at Spring Green at which he announced (Continued on page 212)
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(Continued from page 208) His intention of living openly with a woman he could not make his wife.

Wright’s withdrawal from his secure but ultimately stifling suburban existence was in part a result of his dwindling artistic inspiration. He had played out his hand with his famous Prairie houses several years earlier; after he completed his superb but atypical Coonley house of 1907-09 in Riverside, Illinois, Wright’s domestic designs were pretty much a law of diminishing returns. Whether or not his radical resolution of his personal problems was the major factor behind Wright’s new creative impetus, his scheme for Taliesin took the master back to the very top of his form. It was but the first of the vigorous comebacks in which Wright was deluged with fresh inspiration after a daunting artistic drought.

In contrast to the upheaval that prompted the construction of Taliesin, the finished house itself was all repose, the calm and comforting place its maker dreamt it would be. “Truth against the world” was the old family motto that Wright resurrected for his own use; Taliesin was his secure retreat from an outside world that he felt was inimical to truth as he saw it.

Architecturally, Taliesin was a further development of the concept that Wright had first employed in the Coonley house: “zoning,” or separating by function the various parts of a building into discrete but connected pavilions, as opposed to the more solid masses of the early Prairie houses. Also like the Coonley design was the way in which Taliesin was arranged around a series of courtyards and pools, integral parts of the overall scheme that stemmed from Wright’s intimate knowledge of Japanese architecture.

Deriving from that tradition just as directly were the roofs of Taliesin, which attained an importance presaged by Wright’s earlier house designs, many of which had strongly horizontal roof lines. Here Wright went all the way in exploiting the deep-seated imagery of protection inherent in the overhanging roof. To be sure, American houses in the Shingle Style and English houses of the Arts and Crafts Movement had roofs unusually expressive of shelter, but Wright took that motif farther than it had ever gone before. His emphasis of the roofs at Taliesin was so strong that the walls beneath their deep eaves appear to be mere supports for the massive forms above them. As one looks down on the roofs of Taliesin from the crest of the hill behind the house, they seem remarkably like those of a Japanese village, juxtaposed in a manner that (like the most sophisticated Oriental art) seems at once absolutely spontaneous and totally controlled.

For years before he designed Taliesin, Wright had been obsessed with making architecture “break out of the box,” his bid to end the orthogonal rule that had dominated Western architecture since the Renaissance. He had already demonstrated his ability to create highly inventive interior spaces in such works as his Martin house of 1904 in Buffalo, and equally exciting plays of external form in his Robie house of 1906 in Chicago. But if the Robie house showed Wright at his most sculpturally dynamic, then Taliesin saw him at his most sensitively unassertive. Wright’s careful siting of the structure was not lost on even the unsophisticated eye. After the obstreperous critic Alexander Woollcott visited Taliesin in 1925, he quite charmingly noted, “Why, if a lovely tree was in the way of that house, the house just doffed its cap respectfully and went around it.”

It has been frequently said that Taliesin seems almost to melt into its surrounding setting, making it difficult to determine where the house ends and the landscape begins. What impressed Woollcott was “above all how plantly the unpretentious home would meet halfway the participation of the countryside.” This Wright accomplished in several ways. The principal cladding material was a rich yellow sand-lime stone, quarried on another hill about a mile away. With the instinctive ecological wisdom that was one of his greatest gifts, Wright knew that the native stone, much more than brick (which he had used brilliantly elsewhere), would make Taliesin seem to be an emanation of its place. Then there was the sympathetic embracing of Taliesin by terraces, low walls, planters, and embankments in the same tawny stone as the walls, all lovingly crafted by masons whom Wright described “as interested as sculptors fashioning a statue.” The finishing touches were provided by nature, and the passage of time and the growth of trees and shrubs have only added to the illusion that this house grew out of the earth itself.

When Taliesin was completed, there could be no argument with C.R. Ashbee, who found it “altogether a rather splendid establishment, quite unconventional, and very beautiful in its bohemian and original way.” Frank Lloyd Wright and Mamah Borthwick (who had resumed her maiden name) settled into a quiet domestic routine. From the outset, Wright intended this to be a private universe with a life all its own, self-supporting if not totally self-sufficient. In Wright’s vision, “Taliesin was to be a complete living unit genuine in point of comfort and beauty, yes, from pig to proprietor,” including everything from his architectural studio to (in a Wright phrase at once biblical and Rabelaisian) “grunting sows to turn all waste to solid gold.”

Getting gold of a more negotiable sort continued to be a problem for Wright, however. His number of new jobs had not returned to the level of his Oak Park heyday, but fortunately he began to receive offers for buildings on a scale much larger than that of the suburban house. In January 1913, Wright and Mamah Borthwick traveled to Japan at the invitation of the new emperor, (Continued on page 216)
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Taliesin III, the one we know today. Each time the house had burnt, parts of the surviving structure were incorporated into the new one, but Wright never lost an opportunity to improve upon the old. He movingly described how “I saved many stones not destroyed thus, dyed by fire; built them together with the fragments of great sculpture I had raked from the ashes, into the new walls adding a storied richness to them unknown before.”

In the fall of 1932, as America edged toward the nadir of the Great Depression, Wright founded the Taliesin Fellowship, a kind of personal Bauhaus in which he would systematically teach the principles of his “Organic Architecture.” By his own admission, Wright was no teacher, and his strong personality was more likely to condone imitation than it was to inspire original departures. But his impulse was more than didactic: he was desperately hard up, and the prospect of the $1,100 which students would pay for tuition (and the pool of free domestic labor they would provide) was a strong inducement. Wright's “School of the Allied Arts” was set up in the Hillside Home School (which he had built for his Lloyd Jones aunts in 1901 and later inherited from them) on land next to Taliesin.

Thus stood Wright's estate two decades after he first began to raise the walls of Taliesin. Over the years it had more and more come to resemble not so much an artist’s hideaway as a feudal demesne: the manor house and its dependencies, the foundation for schooling the monkish brotherhood, the chapel and its burial ground, and even the windmill which Wright had built in 1897 all served to claim this fiefdom for its owner. It is ironic that America's two greatest architects, Thomas Jefferson and Frank Lloyd Wright, espoused the most egalitarian of philosophies and yet lived in the lordliest of manners. But seigneurial splendor is not the predominant feeling that Taliesin ultimately conveys. In his autobiography, Wright summed up the essential quality that this house still radiates when he wrote, “It was intensely human, I believe.”

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

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April 1984

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CLASSICAL GARDEN GOES WEST

The sunken garden, with pots of Japanese iris, blocks of clipped teucrium, and in the distance, the dusty gray heads of pruned olive trees.

(Continued from page 158) decorations to garden planting, had no formal training but was the daughter and granddaughter of horticulturists. She would continue to advise successive owners of Filoli until her death in 1950.

Porter was a native Californian, but he had studied in Italy and seems to have been steeped in the contemporary notion of California as-Mediterranean, for his garden is clearly classical in inspiration. Perhaps he had read Captain John Charles Fremont's popular Geographical Memoirs Upon Upper California, written in 1848, which described California in terms of Italy—comparing everything from the size and shape of the state to the configurations of its hills and bays. Even the plants were strikingly similar: the oak and the bay, pines, cypresses, oranges and lemons, olives and almonds all had their Italian counterparts. The many journalists, travel writers, and artists who latched onto the Mediterranean analogy after Frémont (including author Mary Austin and the inimitable Isadora Duncan) could hardly have escaped Porter's attention.

In terms of garden design, Porter particularly appreciated the Latin legacy of the Californian missions, with their formality and agricultural order; and he admired classical gardens for their well-organized structure. He dismissed the natural style of the English Landscape School, pointing to "a certain dowdiness in the idea that art has to simulate nature in her least artful moods." Although he appreciated nature and embraced the beauty of the Pacific Coast, he found the lushness of the Californian environment a bit overwhelming.

Gardens of quality, Porter suggested, depended on ordered schemes that carried the design of the house into the garden, creating outdoor spaces scaled for people to live in comfortably. "The tendency of great places," he complained, "is constantly to increase, rather than wisely to limit, the area of cultivation; lawns encroach upon woodland; flowers incongruously appear where they do not belong; the place gets out of hand and one finally can't administer an intimate affection over half a county."

At Filoli, establishing scale and order presented a challenge, for the gardens were set to one side of the house on land that sloped uphill as it receded from the building. To shape an organized plan, Porter used walls of brick and boxwood, a tea house and a carriage house, three hundred Irish yews grown from cuttings collected at the Bourn family's summer place near the Killarney lakes, and stone pines from seed gathered along the Appian Way.

Yew allées articulate the garden's main axes, with the longest running uphill, parallel to the back of the house. Glossy hedges of box and ilex define separate gardens, with topiaries, standard roses, and espaliered trees as accents. The framework of the garden is evergreen and dark, creating a handsome foil for the many silver- and gray-leaved plants that are so well-adapted to California's Mediterranean climate.

Porter's geometry is relieved by choice deciduous trees that mark transitions and terminate the evergreen axes. There are dawn redwoods, copper beeches, magnolias, a sunburst locust, hawthorns, olives, and Camperdown elms and native oaks. From every path and along every axis, views are channeled out to the hills that rise around the garden's perimeters, creating enclosure and fostering the sense of intimacy that Porter felt was essential to a successful garden.

As Porter saw it—and as his efforts at Filoli reflect—his responsibility as a designer was to establish an impeccably ordered plan, leaving room for the natural environment to speak for itself. "Nature finally has her way," he acknowledged, "but I think she plays the more beautifully when man has set his early thought and art upon the boundaries within which she shall play...." Speaking not specifically of Filoli, but of the many great estates being built in California during the early years of the 1900s, Porter added: "And so, these gardens wait the consummation of their beauty and mystery, conferred by Nature herself wherever gardens are permitted to grow old."

Fortunately, the gardens at Filoli have been (Continued on page 222)
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CLASSICAL GARDEN GOES WEST

(Continued from page 220) permitted by the 1981 revision they are right on the San Andreas fault—and because of the interest and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Roth, who purchased the property from the Bourn estate in the thirties. The Roths lived at Filoli, and Mrs. Roth particularly loved the gardens. She nurtured them and added to them a bit—introduc- ing camellias, rhododendrons, roses, and magnolias, for the most part—but she was always respectful of Porter’s original scheme. In 1975, Mrs. Roth donated the central portion of Filoli to the National Trust. Today, both the house and garden are open to the public from mid February through mid-November. □

Editor: Marilyn Schafer

LABYRINTH OF LIGHT AND COLOR

(Continued from page 130) mystery, both inside and out. Mystery provokes intimacy, which in this house is joyful and sensual, thanks to the use of textures and colors: pink, ochre, and white, the colors of Mexican candies and tissue papers. They are enhanced by black volcanic stone floors in the patios, corridors, and terraces, which are swept clean and often watered so they gleam—another Barragán signature.

Looking out a window or standing on the volcanic-stone terrace, the eye is stopped beyond the lawn by a screen of clinging yellow jasmine. One walks beyond it to find yet another screen, of purple bougainvillea and clumps of banana trees, punctuated by the eucalyptus so dear to Barragán. Behind the bougainvillea, one discovers a brick terrace resembling a theater stage, a heavenly labyrinth for seven children.

The element of surprise is always present: a shocking pink wall runs all along the southern end of the property.

The land is 2,640 square yards (just over ½ acre), the house covers half that area. A whitewashed, sixty-foot-long wall separates the street from the privacy of the yellow patio and the family life within. The façade of a Barragán house never gives an indication of that world. No windows open onto the street. The few windows there are look inward to the patio or the garden. The street is paved with cobblestones. The sidewalk, however, is already part of Barragán’s world. Made of red stone, it required special artisans from the mining town of Taxco and took months to complete.

The white wooden entrance door opens onto a covered, shocking-pink passage leading to the small entrance hall. A wooden bench, twenty feet long against a wood wall, offers another texture and extends the colored area, preparing one to enter the house: an initiation, a timeless moment to shed the aggression and noise of the city and to come into a peaceful harmony.

Eleven fermentation jars from Michoacán (objects always present in Barragán houses) link the entrance with the yellow patio. Walls are white and tall: the floor is the same Taxco red stone. An ochre low square wall frames a planting of yucca and fig trees. An ochre bench continues the line. The smell of eucalyptus is everywhere. Behind the tall wall, there is the mystery of a reflecting pool and running water, also ever-present in Barragán’s work. Captured between two pink walls, the water is heard and seen mostly from the small sitting room to the right of the entrance hall. It is also the first thing the Galvezes see in the morning when they come down from their living quarters on the second floor.

“A fountain brings us peace, joy, and restful sensuality and reaches the epitome of its essence when it is able to transport us into other realms” said Barragán. Barragán likes “packed” fountains and “packed” architectural spaces. No elements are left floating or unattached. He unites one element with another. A natural canvas screen shelters the relatively small, high-ceil- inged sitting room, which opens onto a larger sitting room in the shape of an “L.” The smaller part is used as a study, where the Diego Rivera nude hangs.

Barragán believes that one should not discover all areas at once: the mystery continues and a tall, shocking-pink screen (Continued on page 224)
A forgotten porcelain art form is reborn . . .

The Celestial Rose
SCULPTURED VASE
by Rosanne Sanders

Adorned with the sculptured blooms of a classic rose, each individually hand-shaped and hand-applied, and rich with delicate hand-painting.

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(Continued from page 222) brings privacy to the study and creates intimacy and comfort. A high and thin window running along one wall just below the ceiling lets in light and the view of eucalyptus in the yellow patio. A wall six feet high, added at a later date, is followed by a white screen and leads to the main sitting area. Doors are eliminated whenever possible.

The walls and ceilings of the dining room are pale pink, with a slightly stronger tone for shelves holding white ceramic plates from Puebla and sugar animals from Toluca. There is a classic Barragan rectangular table. The windows run from wall to wall with unlined white cotton curtains filtering out the sun. Adjoining is a long and narrow breakfast room accentuated by a long and narrow table. The window and the consoles run from wall to wall. The room faces east and receives the early morning sun; here the family meets for the traditional Mexican breakfast. Emilia Galvez does special fruit and vegetable arrangements: she lines carved wooden bowls with bright tissue papers and piles them full of artichokes, eggplants, and mangoes.

Upstairs, there are three bedrooms and a library made into another bedroom when the youngest son was born. The bathrooms are small by modern standards and plain, simple with their white tile walls. Texture, proportion, circulation, materials: in Barragan’s work their relationship is always a whole, not to be seen as individual elements. Barragan limits himself to a strict language: he works with stucco, wood, glass, and iron, rectangular or quadrangular, even triangular spaces, and a palette of colors, which he also limits.

Luis Barragan believes that spaces should give the impression of dreams, environments with Chirico-like perspectives and empty squares. To be successful, a house must be atemporal; it should not fall into any specific fashion or period. Its harmony and simplicity of lines will render it timeless. If it is new, it should look as though it has always been there, and it will still look modern in two hundred years. In this timeless conception, this house joins the poetic with the mysterious, for as one Mexican architect Max Cetto has said, “It is poetry sung out loud.”
The enchanting sitting room whose walls Bennison has covered in sepia striped velvet, "gauffré on linen, not silk," he says, "so as to look matte and unnew." The furniture is upholstered in Turkey carpet and string-colored fringe—"very Pierre Loti"—and opposite the window hangs a group of fanciful watercolors by that rarest of naturalists, Aloys Zotl. These recherché works are a source of special pride to Marie-Hélène because they are not, like so much else, Rothschild heirlooms. The discovery, in her early twenties, of this cache is a measure of Marie-Hélène's connoisseurship.

Upstairs are the chambres de maître. One of Bennison's floral linens covers every surface except the floor of the Baroness's characteristically cossu bedroom, not least her extravagant Second Empire bed which looks like a Rothschild heirloom but turns out to have an American provenance. Thanks to mahoganized paneling cluttered with memorabilia, the Baron's room is as masculine as his wife's is feminine, but both rooms look as if they had been brought over lock, stock, and barrel from one of the family's French houses. Between them, Marie-Hélène and Bennison are past masters at endowing a room with instant patina, instant nostalgia. Easy enough, you might say, for a Rothschild to come up with a magnificent apartment. Has not Marie-Hélène the advantage of an ancestral garde meuble whose contents are on par with the Musée des Arts Décoratifs? Can she not take her pick of signed commodes, Renaissance bronzes, some of the finest lace in private hands, and much more besides? True, most of the objets de vertu have the rarity and richness we expect from the Rothschilds. But anyone who studies the contents of this apartment will find that family treasures are the exception rather than the rule. Marie-Hélène has a prodigiously sharp and acquisitive eye, and many of the things that look like heirlooms—for instance, the beautiful Flemish chest ornamented with jewel-colored flowers—turn out to have been acquired specifically for this apartment. The same goes for most of the carpets.

And then take the voluptuously upholstered furniture—half the battle when it comes to evoking the atmosphere of the Second Empire. Some of the pieces, it is true, were made for Ferrières in the nineteenth century, but a lot has been executed to Marie-Hélène's or Bennison's specifications by Hervé de Larue, the tapissier she brought over from Paris. Likewise most of the antique textiles and the ubiquitous Victorian needlework actually comes from Bennison's unique stock. In the absence of anything suitable in his London emporium, the decorator adapted stuffs from old documents: for example, the faded-looking floral linen in the bedroom, which looks as if it had been there forever, was inspired by a fragment discovered in a noble nursery.

Bennison and the Baroness are at pains to give one another credit for the beauty of this apartment. Rightly so. Theirs is an exceptionally close and creative collaboration, based as it is on mutual understanding and affection. "Marie- (Continued on page 226)
Marie-Hélène is a joy to work for because, unlike so many women, she knows exactly how to achieve it.” As for Marie-Hélène, she allows that she derives the greatest satisfaction from working with Bennison: "Sometimes we fight like cat and dog, but we always end up seeing eye to eye—the best of friends.” And unwittingly she echoes Bennison: “You see, he knows exactly what I want . . .

It is no coincidence that Marie-Hélène has a preference for decorators she admires, for all its grandeur, is the height of fashion; impossible to accomplish that look welcoming and lived-in, " says Bennison, “never intimidating, showy, or cold. You can be as grand as you like provided you know when to play things down.”

The only problem, according to an American admirer of the apartment, is that you need a lot of style to live up to these rooms. There is some truth to this observation, and it explains why the Rothschild apartment is such a tempting and impossible model to follow. Tempting, because it represents the quintessence of a look that is currently the height of fashion; impossible because it sets standards of quality and craftsmanship that in this day and age and country designs of France and offers lace curtains, tablecloths and bed linens or lace by the yard. Catalog and lace samples, $2.00.

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Philip Johnson, that indelible sorcerer of architecture, has pulled yet another trick out of his ample sleeve. While many of his younger colleagues struggle to create architecture that draws upon the historical past in meaningful new ways, Johnson has craftily eliminated the middleman and gone directly to the source: in this case Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, the revolutionary eighteenth-century French architect whose strikingly simplified Classical forms have had a notable influence on such contemporary architects as Michael Graves and Arata Isozaki.

For their design for the $18-million College of Architecture Building at the University of Houston, John Ledoux's House of Education, Chaux, 1773-79.

Burgee Architects with Philip Johnson (as their office is now called)—working in collaboration with the Houston firm of Morris Aubry Architects—harked back to Ledoux's unexecuted scheme for the House of Education, but closer inspection reveals important differences in scale and proportion that are no improvement. These small but significant departures could well be used to teach the school's students the meaning of details. Even more telling, though, is what such wholesale appropriation says about the state of contemporary architecture. Now that the role of history in building design is honored once again, a special responsibility rests with those who would have us learn from the past. Ledoux's strength was his vision of a new order, not the attempted re-creation of an old one. On a clear day, he could see forever, both backward and ahead. So might we, if we view history as a lens, not a mirror.

Martin Filler

THE NEW FEDERALISM

The Governor's Room of New York's City Hall, above, built in 1811 by Joseph Mangin and John McComb Jr., has been brought back to its Federal Era grandeur by the city's Art Commission and a long roster of donors (including Scalamandre, who gave the curtains and fabrics): a splendid civics lesson.
Events of exceptional interest in the arts, design, entertainment, and living

ITALY’S IMPASSIONED IMPRESSIONISTS


Our habit of looking at the history of art as a smoothly unfolding sequence of stylistic peaks all too often leads us to overlook the quieter achievements of artists who do not fit neatly into the conventional canon. A case in point is nineteenth-century Italy’s Macchiaioli school, long eclipsed by its French contemporaries, the Impressionists. Taking their name from the macchie, or flat patches of color that characterized their style, the Macchiaioli were spurred by the earlier experiments of the Barbizon School as well as by the nationalistic fervor of the Risorgimento to capture the brilliant sunlight and vibrant colors of their native Tuscany. The revelation of this exhibit, which includes works by such artists as Giovanni Fattori, Telemaco Signorini, and Giuseppe de Nittis (Passeggiata a Portici, left, c. 1864), is the surprising strength and originality of a movement that has been all but ignored in this country. Ann Priester

SUNNY BOY


It’s come a long way from King Louis, but New Orleans still owes its biggest cultural debt to France. Fitting it is, then, that a glittering show on Le Grand Monarque coincides with the opening of the Louisiana World Exposition. More than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and decorative objects on loan from the French national collections remind us of the very personal stamp Le Roi Soleil put on the arts of his time, which he viewed not just as pleasures, but as instruments of power. He might well have said, L’art, c’est moi.

RAJ REVISITED

The India (that’s In-dya) of a hundred years ago has always been a romantic subject for storytellers, a fascinating mix of poverty and grandeur, Hindu customs and British bureaucracy. M.M. Kaye’s novel The Far Pavilions has become a good mini-series. With its breath-taking locations, glittering costumes, and well-orchestrated, massive cast, the series is visually rich. And the plot has all the basics—frustrated love and power struggles, intrigue and war. The more intimately human element is found in the complicated persona of its hero, Ashton Pelham-Martyn (Ben Cross). Raised by an Indian, Ash has an affection for and unprejudiced view of the Indian people. But as he is English by blood, his return to India after a British education finds him caught in social restrictions and unable to follow the desire of his heart—the Princess Anjuli (Amy Irving, above). On HBO in three episodes in April. Gabrielle Winkel
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Top: Clipped yews frame a view of the house from the pool. Above: Looking out from the garden toward the rolling hills of Litchfield.
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A LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from page 20) for life. He and his wife Caressse gave marvelous weekend parties at their old mill just outside of Paris, where one could meet all the celebrities of the day in art and literature. He was impulsive and romantic, and I guess he just got caught up in the idea of dying young. Maybe he wanted to go out at his peak. He certainly went out in a blaze of publicity."

It is in Harry Crosby's published diaries, Shadows of the Sun, that one catches a glimpse here and there of the young Stanley Mortimer spreading his wings wide in the great world: "Preparations for the Quatz Arts... and costumes are being prepared... many people undressing and painting for the ball. Ellen B in her garters, C in her chemise, Raymond in a peignoir while Lord Lymington and Vicomte du Vignaux and Groucher and a Foreign Legion man and two or three students and Mortimer and myself all naked rubbing red ochre all over ourselves. ... At cocktail hour Mortimer appears with a Lady from Dalmatia known as Ginetta by Gin out of Miss Etta and there was a drinking of absinthe and gin and we all went to the Bal Negre... and afterwards a mad party (censored) on the Barge. ... Then a fast drive to Chantilly, Mortimer leading the convoy in his Chrysler and drinks at the Manor House and Ukrania wins the Prix de Diane. ... So back to Paris in Mortimer's car... and between Evreux and Nonancourt on that straight straight road we did 88 miles an hour for a short stretch, which was the fastest that anyone of us had ever been in a car.... The usual riotous dinner with a magnificent brandy punch manufactured by Mortimer in the most enormous bowl. ..." And, perhaps most incantatory of all, Crosby's entry for June 21, 1926: "Gray morning and Normandy farms. (My soul is like a farm in Normandy.)"

Today, more than half a century later, at his own Normandy Farms, Stanley Mortimer makes not a magnificent brandy punch but, rather, a deliciously aggressive Bloody Mary. The house's center of gravity, he can still be found from time to time sitting at his father's gold easel, rendering in sure brush strokes—his gift having suddenly flowered again—impressions of a field in bloom. Later he may put his brushes away and go to tend the Corriedale sheep with Rabbit.

Barbara may be busy cutting steel, which she will then subdue until it takes the shape of one of her imposing outdoor sculptures. She has transformed the basement garage into a workshop/studio, and it is here also that she does her figurative pen-and-ink drawings of women running, jumping, dancing, absorbing and reflecting light.

Everywhere one looks at Normandy Farms the eye finds pleasure. "Where else," asks Catherine Milinaire, "can you observe a whole tribe of raccoons, some sixty-strong, feasting for hours every night by the back door—so tame you can go right up to them while they munch? Walking farther afield at night you encounter deer that, like the chipmunks, the stray cats, the skunks, and the sheep in the barn, feel they are not going to get hassled at Normandy Farms."

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In the eighteenth century, Ipswich was a small sleepy English market town attached to a decaying port, occasionally ships went off to fish the Greenland waters but the river had become silted and narrow and never went each year. But its sleepiness and air of decay deceived. The town江西:d a lively newspaper, The Telegraph, and had a flourishing passion for flowers. On one night, a thief slipped into the garden of Samuel Sicklemere and ransacked it until he found what he wanted—a tulip called ‘Georgie’. He must have known exactly where it was planted, for the tulip cannot have been in bloom at that time of the year. The bulb vanished. Ipswich was outraged. The Society of Florists met and decided to offer a reward of three guineas (about $500 today) for anyone giving evidence that would lead to the capture and conviction of the thief. Alas ‘Georgie’ was never found. In the eighteenth century, bulb thieves were not uncommon—not only of tulips but also of hyacinths; and later in the century prize melons or gooseberries or even leeks could be the target not only of thieves but of jealous competitors who saw themselves outclassed by their neigh-

(Continued on page 236)
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(Continued from page 234) bors’ plants and fruit. In nineteenth-century England the garden became increasingly a competitive battlefield where struggles as intense as those that take place on twentieth-century tennis courts were savagely fought.

Tulipmania had, of course, swept Holland in the seventeenth century, ruining even rich men in their pursuit of the rarest bulbs. Like a fever the mania passed, but it proved not to be all disaster and folly. The love of tulips remained, as did the delight in hybridization, and the flat, silted lands about Haarlem developed a flourishing commercial bulb trade with European sales stretching from Scotland to Russia. Tulips began to appear as decoration on English delft ware by the middle of the seventeenth century. There is no doubt that the succession to the British throne in 1689 of Dutch William and his English wife Mary gave a fillip to the widening interest in tulips. Each year the queen mounted a magnificent display at Hampton Court in specially designed, very large, pyramidalike vases. The passion for tulips and their infinite variety spread: gardeners dedicated themselves to breeding a sport with new colors, new stripes, prettier edges. Up in Lancashire Nicolas Blundell, as passionate a gardener as he was a Catholic, tirelessly and, alas, vainly pursued the black tulip, painting his bulbs with ever deeper potions of black ink or fruitlessly searching the nursery gardens of the Netherlands when he took his daughters off to their convent in Bruges.

There was also great interest in hyacinths. One passionate breeder, Sir James Justice, Bt., in 1755 grew 86 varieties in his Scottish garden. He was one of the earliest experimenters with microclimates, essential in the harsh conditions of the East of Scotland.

Further south, Philip Miller, the greatest horticulturist of his day, boasted of growing over two thousand varieties, and certainly Voorheims of Haarlem produced a wealth of varieties for sale, far beyond that of most bulb nurserymen of today either in Holland or America. By the 1730s the passion for hybridizing bulbs was merely a small part of the huge explosion of flower breeding and collecting which had swept England. It became a two-fold preoccupation of horticultur-
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(Continued from page 237) in wood, gilded on looking-glasses, embroidered on tapestry, rioting on dresses and waistcoats, and even milkmaids and girls of the town had them printed on their dresses and wore them in their hair. City gentlemen were told how to grow them in window boxes, and societies were started to encourage the poor to rear them in their gardens along with the potato. The passion was not confined to Britain—one has only to contemplate Madame de Pompadour’s portraits, which show her drenched in flowers; and the prudent Dutch were developing the first industrialized exploitation of plants the world had ever known.

But perhaps the most remarkable and, in the end, the most influential feature of the Age of the Rococo’s passion for flowers and plants was the way it gripped in England, first, the imagination and competitive spirit of the middle class and, then, that of the working class. By 1750 there was not a market town of any size which did not have its Society of Florists, sometimes called the Sons of Flora. Atherstone, a tiny market town of less than one thousand people on the great Roman road, Watling Street, which ran like an arrow from London to Chester, had a flourishing society which drew competitors for its twice-yearly competitions from all over the Midlands—Leicester, Derby, Warwick, Northampton. In the spring a competition would be held for the best varieties of auricula; nor were the prizes modest at these shows—at Newport Pagnell, a little town in Buckinghamshire, the prize was forty shillings (in modern purchasing power about $350); at times pieces of silver went to the winner—milk jugs and snuff boxes suitably engraved. The competitors might be gardeners employed by the local gentry, but in the larger towns, like Ipswich, they were craftsmen—wheelwrights, cloggers—or shopkeepers.

Toward the end of the century specialized societies arose such as the Tulip Society of Wakefield, which is probably the oldest still existing. But there were many more and also an increasing number devoted to fruit and vegetables. Melons, for example, were the object of furious competition in Dundee in 1810; cucumbers were another great passion and the glass manufacturers produced long glasses like trumpets to make them grow straight and long. As the nineteenth century progressed the working man developed his own competitive spirit—in 1852 there were over 160 gooseberry shows at which 185 different varieties of gooseberries were displayed. They had names rather like rock groups—Hot Gossip, Early Green Hairy, Slaughterman, Hue and Cry, Bang Euro-

e, Green Snake... The gooseberry growers published their own annual and they closed their meetings with the rousing "Gooseberry Growers’ Anthem."

Northeastern England was swept by a similar passion for the leek, which was grown to monstrous sizes. Not that they neglected flowers: the sweet pea became one of their favorites along with, by then, the much-loved carnation and the primrose. And like Mr. Sicklemere they were robbed and their potential winners destroyed so that as exhibits were set up, the growers took to sleeping by them to ward off predators.

There is no other country that I know where the passion for flowers, for small gardens, for competitive growing has gone as deep as in England. The rage for flowers and then vegetables swept early-eighteenth-century Britain with an intensity that grew decade after decade for at least two centuries; indeed today that passion is as strong, as competitive as ever.

It is responsible for the great sprawl of London and the Midland towns, for any Englishman must have a patch of garden for his roses, daffodils, tulips, carnations—for his prize leeks or gooseberries. Hence the hatred in Britain of high-rise public housing; many, little more than ten years old, empty and vandalized, are being blown up.
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