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Contributors Notes

Dorothea Walker, who has been an HG contributing editor for forty-five years, searches for the imaginative and original in San Francisco-area interior design. One of her greatest finds was decorator Michael Taylor, the subject of her article in this month's issue, "I first met Michael when he was in his early twenties. Whenever he'd come to my house, he'd always tell me what he thought was wrong with it. Despite his brashness, it was clear he had an extraordinary talent."

Tim Street-Porter left his native London for California twelve years ago and has since focused his camera on his surroundings. "The whole of L.A. is like one large outdoor studio that has excellent light, climate, and architecture." Street-Porter helped bring the California issue to life by capturing Esprit creative director Susie Tompkins at work and play and by presenting some of L.A.'s hottest decorators at home. He is working on two photography books: a compilation of L.A. residences and a history of eyeglasses.

Dania Martinez Davey sees her role as HG's new art director as a chance to sharpen her eye for the telling detail. "When laying out a story, I first approach the images as a journalist trying to tell an engaging story. Then I go back and act as a designer, mixing in pictures that highlight a single detail or motif that will catch the reader's attention because it's wild or intriguing." In her layouts for the California issue she zeroes in on the quintessential West Coast style—"designs that leave little distance between indoors and out."
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Jillian Burt checks into the Chateau Marmont, the legendary Sunset Strip hotel, for HG's "Travel" column. From her home base at the Hotel Maison de Ville in New Orleans, Burt contributes to Blueprint magazine and directs a cutting edge publishing company that produces architectural books on computer disks. A transplanted Aussie, Burt says she prefers living in hotels: "I have fewer worldly possessions than the Dalai Lama, and I like the fact that I can throw everything I own into two bags and go."

Cindy Ehrlich writes about the San Francisco apartment of designers Brett Landenberger and Scott Waterman in the "Great Rooms" column. "The two have left their imprint on virtually every object in the place. There's a real sense of devotion and love and humor that has gone into the making of their rooms." A novelist and freelance writer, Ehrlich won a 1989 National Magazine Award citation for her investigative report on the sleeping pill Halcion.
The art of writing.
HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY

Movie producer
Kathryn Ireland (far left), who with television actress Amanda Pays (left) opened a decorative accessories shop in Santa Monica last spring, says, "As transplanted Brits, we discovered it was hard to find nicely designed finishing touches in L.A." Time between takes is limited for both women, but, says Ireland, "Whenever we go to England, we find ourselves lugging back more linen and lamps." (Ireland Pays, 2428 Main St., Santa Monica, CA; 213-396-5035)
Esprit de Corps: a common spirit of camaraderie, enthusiasm and devotion to a cause among the members of a group.

Esprit, 939 Minnesota Street, San Francisco, CA 94107
Harlequin Romance
A Harlequin chair, painted by Miriam Slater, and a Burton sofa (left), both by Jarrett Hedborg for Nancy Corzine, are from Nancy Corzine, for showrooms (213) 652-4859. The Sarouk is from Stark Carpet.

Leading Light
Hand-carved lamps with brocade shades (right) are available to the trade from La Bella Copia, for showrooms (415) 255-0452.

Cheers, Frank
Frank Gehry designed a limited-edition fishy goblet in full-lead crystal (right) for Swid Powell’s Architects Collection. Call (212) 753-0606.

Wings of Desire
Roy McMakin’s friendly version of the wingback chair and ottoman (above), $2,150 and $450, in gros point wool, is at Domestic Furniture Co., 7385 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles (213) 936-8206.

Spoils of War
“Degenerate Art: The Fate of the Avant-Garde in Nazi Germany” (above and left) is at LACMA Feb. 17-May 12. Call (213) 857-6111.

Heavy Reading
San Francisco design team Levitt/Weaver’s Book desk and bronze moderne lamp (above) are to the trade at Randolph & Hem, for showrooms (415) 864-3371.
Baby Sitter
Inspired by a lifeguard chair, Caleb Kercheval’s lacquered poplar Hampton highchair (left), $250, is available through Kercheval Workshop, for stores (415) 921-8858.

Native Grace
Edward Curtis’s American Indian portraits (right) and other vintage and contemporary photographs are at the G. Ray Hawkins Gallery, 910 Colorado Ave., Santa Monica (213) 394-5558.

Hollywood Bolts
California’s hit fabrics include (clockwise from top left) De’Medici from Charles Barone, Mocha Leo from Barbara Beckmann Design, Olympia from Nancy Corzine, Siamese Box from Jim Thompson, Thai Silk, Archive’s Giverny from Randolph & Hein, Temple Strip from Jim Thompson. All to the trade.

Branching Out
Erika Brunson’s gilded twig console (below) comes in a variety of finishes, to the trade at Randolph & Hein showrooms and Hargett, Dallas.

Special Screening
Ron Mann sculpts screens (below) in hot-rolled steel with a rust finish. Available in custom sizes through Ron Mann Designs, (415) 864-4911 by appointment.

Wall Flowers
Botanicals (left) by trompe l’oeil artist Robert Jackson are at Hollyhock, Feb. 4–16, 214 North Larchmont Blvd., Los Angeles (213) 931-3400.
The well-appointed gym has universal appeal

BY BRUCE HANDY

O f course we take it to extremes,” says movie producer Jerry Bruckheimer of his and girlfriend Linda Balahoutis’s six-day-a-week workout regimen. “That’s the kind of people we are. No one who is familiar with the lavish and loud Bruckheimer oeuvre— which includes such films as Top Gun and Days of Thunder—would disagree with that self-assessment. Nor would anyone who has visited the couple’s private gym at their L.A. house.

Elaborate personal gyms are rare in southern California. Still, one doesn’t find many Angelenos “making as big a deal out of gyms as Jerry and Linda did with theirs,” says Don Umemoto, the architect who designed it for them. Built during a mid-1980s renovation of the master bedroom suite (which included new his and hers bathrooms that echo the his and his arrangement at the office Bruckheimer shares with his partner, Don Simpson), the gym was inspired by the stark interiors of New York’s U.N. Plaza—Park Hyatt Hotel. It is an environment Umemoto variously describes as “corporate,” “extremely clinical,” and “anal.” Prominent features are a bleached maple floor, brushed stainless-steel baseboards, unforgiving fluorescent lights, and a hanging Proton television. “It’s a beautiful torture chamber,” says Balahoutis, who notes that most of the design input was Bruckheimer’s. “Jerry has a very German mentality,” adds Umemoto. “He likes straight lines.”

And yet, despite its Bauhaus rigor, the gym is, in Bruckheimer’s words, “a real California space”—meaning lots of glass, big sliding doors, and a koi pool trickling nearby. Thus one can pass the time of a monotonous Exercisecycle workout by reflecting on the strange beauty of overgrown Japanese goldfish. Or one can simply turn on MTV, as Bruckheimer himself prefers.

The aerobic and bodybuilding equipment was custom-made by Bruckheimer’s personal trainer, Johan Heiberg. A longtime runner, Bruckheimer began weight training as well after seeing what it did for Tom Cruise in just three weeks of preproduction for Top Gun. Bruckheimer says his own remuscling took longer but was well worth it: “Looking in the mirror, you can see the results.” Perhaps inadvertently, Bruckheimer has pointed to the subtext of Umemoto’s design, with its wealth of mirrors. “The room is virtually colorless so that the only color is you,” says the architect. “It’s like a museum backdrop.” Or, to use a slightly different metaphor, if a man’s body is a temple, why not his gym as well?
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The renovation of a landmark hotel leaves its funky comforts intact

By Jillian Burt

The Chateau Marmont, top left, and, inset above, on a 1975 postcard, has sheltered stars from every segment of the Hollywood timeline. Recent regulars, far left from top, Helmut Newton, Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard, Faye Dunaway, and John Belushi. Top right: A newly renovated room. Left: The lobby.

The original owner, a lawyer named Fred Horowitz, had a vision that movie people would be flocking to Hollywood looking for a home away from home, and so in 1927, on what was then desert wasteland, he erected a copy of a Loire Valley chateau that had once mesmerized him. The Chateau Marmont is dense with Hollywood scandals and intrigues and famous guests, from Greta Garbo to John Belushi. Oliver Stone recently filmed Val Kilmer as Jim Morrison leaping out of a sixth-floor penthouse. Helmut Newton has a house in L.A. but prefers to stay at the hotel. Stillness and seclusion are its key ingredients. People check in and settle in. Children and dogs are brought along, and the lobby often becomes a languid still life of actors awaiting casting calls.

In recent years, however, cozy familiarity had given way to a few too many frayed edges. When New York designer and entrepreneur André Balazs acquired the hotel last May, the suites, with their prewar apartment-style amenities (including full kitchens), were in dire need of some reviving. Concerned not to tamper with what he calls “the spirit and soul of the Chateau,” Balazs assembled a sympathetic group of contributors to assist with his meticulous yet gentle restoration plans, which will take place gradually with the hotel in full operation. The group includes New York architect Alison Spear and fashion designer Stephen Sprouse, who is bringing his trademark sixties sensibility to a hillside bungalow. Sheila Metzner will curate a collection of her own and other people’s photographs to hang in the rooms. Notes Balazs: “My approach to renovating the Chateau is like moviemaking. There’s a vision, a strong script, and I’m the director.” (Chateau Marmont, 8221 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90046; 800-242-8328.)

SUNSET STRIP IS A weird neighborhood. It runs along a ledge with spectacular views of Hollywood and has glamorous restaurants, boutiques, and a seriously literary bookshop that stand alongside rock and roll clubs, a tattoo parlor, and a store selling Rocky and Bullwinkle merchandise. At one end, the Chateau Marmont rises out of the smog like a European castle in the mist.
REALITY IS THE BEST FANTASY OF ALL.

Liz Claiborne
REALITIES
A FRAGRANCE FROM
Liz Claiborne
C

alifornia has long been in the business of manufacturing dreams for the rest of the country. And although some part of this dream making is at the heart of an enormous and fairly cynical industry, much of the appeal of California is that it believes in, and lives in, the fantasies it creates. In the constant stage-set sunlight, an antebellum southern mansion complete with technicolor azaleas and Spanish moss is no more unlikely than a half-timbered Tudor manor or an Elizabethan cottage blown up to the size of a Gothic cathedral. The fact that all are on the same block adds to both the charm and the property values.

Some California fantasies are less innocuous than others. The belief that all women are blond, twenty-five years old, and built like Barbie dolls may finally be losing its hold, but it has been pervasive for decades. And Californians still cherish the notion that their state is a Garden of Eden where fruits and flowers flourish year-round and the ground is carpeted with a lush expanse of green grass. There is no arguing with the fruits and flowers—they do flourish year-round, if not naturally then with professional coaxing, and they are an inescapable part of this state's economic life, which despite the pockets of glitter is thoroughly agricultural. But the green-grass fantasy—the lawn plus the whole water-hungry complex of trees and shrubs it accompanies and represents—is just that, pure fantasy, an idea borrowed from the great English estates and brought to the East Coast by gardeners and architects of the golden age, then transplanted once again when Hollywood began convincing money and talent to head west. There were some early California gardens that followed Italian models, a style perfectly suited to the climate and geography and one that could utilize thrifty native and Mediterranean plants while still providing the requisite Hollywood splash. Other early California gardens made use of the broad range of exotics that would thrive here, resulting in collections of cactus and succulents which rivaled the Jardin Exotique in Monaco. But the majority clung to visions of East coast grandeur, the sweeping lawns of Newport and the dense border plantings of Long Island. There was no question that these gardens could be duplicated in California's amazing climate; all you needed was money. And water. And surely, by whatever means, California had plenty of both.

Fifty years later, and four years into a devastating drought, it is becoming evident, finally, to everyone in California that those green fantasies of Hollywood have to go the way of the Barbie-doll starlet. Money may still, even in a recession, be a renewable resource, but water is not. This is not just drought hysteria. Although the drought has aggravated water shortages, no amount of immediate rainfall will remedy the fact that California is a desert state with slender natural water resources; the current population levels would be taxing those resources even without a drought. The drought has shouted what environmentalists have been murmuring for the

Light Drinkers

Drought-resistant gardens offer a succulent alternative to cactus and rocks

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past thirty years: there isn’t enough water to go around.

With as much as fifty percent of the water used in a metropolitan area expended outdoors, it is clear that a great deal of water management can be achieved by changing the way we see the landscape and the way we use it. Quite a few landscape and plant people figured this out long before today’s drought, and their uphill battle to convert the masses is slowly gaining momentum. Although sphaeralcea and sipalcea are not yet household words, they are among the lovely natives which, along with innumerable species of salvias, lupines, penstemons, phacelias, and diplacuses, are available to convince California gardeners that a low-water landscape needn’t look low-rent. There are now many nurseries specializing in both native and exotic drought-tolerant plants; some are small and local, but even large chains such as Green Thumb offer an assortment that is as thrilling as it is unpronounceable.

Water-saving technology is also now in place: point-specific or drip irrigation can be used alone or in combination with conventional watering systems to deliver precisely measured amounts of water only where water is needed. There is hardly a landscape architect or planner working west of the Mississippi who doesn’t know the seven-step program of the National Xeriscape Council in Austin, Texas. It is no longer a question of what to do, but of making people yearn to do it.

We need a new landscape fantasy to replace the tired turf cliché, not just in California but in all dry parts of the West. But it will take the touch of Hollywood glamour to make a new landscape into a dream for the rest of the world. The latest hairstyles, food fads, shoe trends, and exercise vogues—all the other winds of change sweep through these canyons as often as the Santa Anas and then go on to touch the rest of the country. But the landscape remains locked in a look that is derivative, boring, as ideologically outdated as last year’s fur coat because no one has come up with an alternative that is new enough, wacky enough, elegant or wild enough for the dream makers to buy it. And since dream makers are also the money and power in the state, political or community pressure will not be brought to bear on this point until lawn lovers are convinced that a low-water landscape is not necessarily brown and dusty and strewn with rocks.

Riviera gardens flourishing with drought-tolerant, California-loving Mediterranean plants offer abundant and extravagant old-world models for West Coast life. The singular beauty of the natural California landscape areas is another rich source of inspiration. Santa Barbara landscape architect Isabelle Greene has been using elements of these possibilities combined in original and intriguing ways, replacing the monochrome rug of turf with a variety of textured surfaces, substituting the lushness of color for the lushness of grass, adventuring with the elegance of silver. Greene is only the most visible of a growing number of visionaries whose new landscapes are not only ecologically more responsible but also infinitely more interesting than any expanse of bluegrass.

It took only a matter of weeks for Hollywood to convince us that four days’ growth of beard and a ponytail signified a new species of masculine charm. It was in California that black pasta and raspberry vinaigrette were discovered to be indispensable to the American diet. If the right set of trendsetters decided that chaparral was sexy, we could start turning off the sprinklers tomorrow.

The need for a new landscape is essential, but all the logical and ecological arguments and all the half-hearted attempts at water regulation cannot in themselves transform an obligation into an outdoor adventure. This is the time and the place to discover a garden vision we can pursue into the next century. All California needs is a dream. (For a list of drought-resistant plant suppliers see Resources)
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Lee Jofa/Groundworks/Chestnut Field Showrooms:
Celebrity house spotting has long been a favorite pastime in Beverly Hills. Before the current obsession with elaborate security devices took hold, Hollywood’s elite were always concerned that the places they lived in could shape their public image as much as their latest movies. Seven-year-old Shirley Temple opted for a mock Norman farmhouse and King Vidor built an Alpine chalet, but many stars wanted something more sophisticated that would allow the glamorous fantasy lives they led inside the studio to continue at home. These people turned to the architect John Woolf.

Born in Atlanta in 1908, Woolf graduated from the Georgia School of Technology just as the Depression hit—not the best timing for a man whose tastes ran more toward mansions than public housing. Several years later he moved to Los Angeles in hopes that his southern background would help land him a role in Gone with the Wind. Though the part did not materialize, the appeal of the Hollywood way of life kept Woolf in town and led him to establish what became one of the most successful architectural practices in southern California, with clients such as Fanny Brice, George Cukor, Vincente Minnelli and Judy Garland, Ira Gershwin, Mervyn LeRoy, and Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton.

During the thirties, streamlined moderne design had come to epitomize the popular vision of Los Angeles. But Hollywood’s most influential tastemakers preferred a sleek updated classicism—loosely known as Regency—that combined various revival styles. Woolf soon proved himself a master at adapting historical allusions to movie stars’ offscreen surroundings. A quick learner, he had some of the leading decorators of the time as friends and mentors. Actor-turned-decora-
PREVÉNANCE BY STENDHAL. ONE STEP AHEAD OF TIME.

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Neiman Marcus
tor William Haines worked with him on at least one pro-
ject. Gladys Belzer, a society favorite and the mother of
subsequent Woolf clients Loretta Young and Georgianna (Mrs. Ricardo) Montalban, was a frequent collaborator, as was Elsie de Wolfe, then Lady Mendl, who
came a client while living in Beverly Hills during the
war. De Wolfe’s passion for eighteenth-century French
pavillons was duly impressed upon the young man, as was
the need for “simplicity, suitability, and proportion,” her
cardinal principles. It was James Pendleton, a New York
decorator, however, who in 1940 commissioned Woolf
to build the Los Angeles pied-a-terre that would solidify
his reputation as court architect of Beverly Hills.

For Pendleton and his wife, Woolf created his own ver-
sion of a classic pavillon (the mansard-roofed house is
now the residence of producer Robert Evans). All the de-
tails of Elsie de Wolfe’s beloved Trianons and follies were
stylized and applied to a symmetrical arrangement of
perfectly proportioned luxuriously high-ceilinged
rooms laid out for modern living, turning the residents
into contemporary aristocrats in the middle of Beverly
Hills. The elegantly blank entrance façade, with its shut-
tered windows, oval niches, and double doors flanked by
exterior curtains, discreetly announced the old-world
cultivation of the residents, while the contrastingly open
garden façade offered a warm California welcome and a
view across sparkling water to the trellised pool house, a
folly behind a folly.

After World War II, Woolf’s work grew more whimsi-
cal and less restrained, his classicism more idiosyncratic—especially when freed from the constraints of
designing fully enclosed structures. In a small house for
Congressman Alphonzo Bell, whose father developed
Bel-Air, a colonnaded egg-shaped atrium rings an egg-
shaped pool. Doric columns meet louvered French doors
and a Bermuda roof in an assemblage that looks like
nothing so much as a playhouse for adults. A fanciful
pool pavilion for producer Frank Ross and his wife, ac-
tress Joan Caulfield, is a metal-roofed “tent” in front of
curved walls that recall the wings of a baroque stage set.

Today, eleven years after John Woolf’s death, his of-
ten amusing historical allusions can be seen as a prelude
to postmodernism. A number of his best houses remain
in perfect condition and as livable as ever, but many are
also vulnerable to the ever-present threat of the Beverly
Hills tear-down. The Errol Flynn house, among others,
has already vanished to make way for overscaled new-
comers. These are sad losses, because Woolf’s theatrical
architecture is as eloquent a reminder of Hollywood’s
glamorous past as the movies themselves.

Woolf’s classical pavilions and follies can be seen as a
prelude to postmodernism.

French monarchs made sweeping changes in
court fashions during the 17th and 18th Centuries,
creating an elaborate Parisian style which was not
always appreciated in the provinces. While provin-
cial cabinetmakers did adapt the graceful curves of
the Louis XV style, they turned to their natural
surroundings for decorative motifs. Leaves, fruits
and flowers, all hand-painted, were substituted for
the exotic inlays and gold finishes of the palace.
Hand-carved native woods replaced costly veneers.
The furniture thus created was fancifully painted
and colored to achieve its decorative purpose.

In the new Alexandrine Collection, La Barge
captures the fresh individuality and comfortable
charm of provincial France. You’ll discover excel-
lent examples of hand-painted armoires, secretaries,
mirrors, chests, and chairs offered in an authentic
palette of five natural color schemes ideal for today’s
decor. Verdigris, pewter, and aged iron finishes lend
rustic charm to an unusual selection of hand-forged
tables, consoles and pedestals. A hand-carved
mantle in pickled pine, glazed ceramic tables, even a
Bavarian stove, are among the distinctive accent
furnishings also available.

Our young story teller and friends are
enjoying but a few of the Alexandrine furnishings
available through select showrooms. For your
Alexandrine catalog send $6.00 to La Barge, Dept.
C90, P.O. Box 1769, Holland, Michigan 49422.
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Today, water conservation is a necessity — for our environment and for the future of our children. That's why Eljer has spent the past five years developing our line of low-water consumption toilets. These beautiful, stylish toilets use as little as 1.4 gallons of water per flush, while a typical toilet uses 3.5 to 7 gallons.

Each Eljer low-water consumption toilet is equipped with a flush-valve reservoir, which puts more force behind each flush. This technology ensures you'll receive the same performance as you would with a standard toilet — without the water waste. Available in 14 colors and a variety of fashionable styles, Eljer's low-water consumption toilets do more than protect the environment. They beautify your home environment. It's beauty you can feel good about. From Eljer.

901 10th Street, Plano, Texas 75086, for more information call: 1-800-PL-ELJER
Low-Water Consumption Toilets From Eljer

Capture the Elegance

Shown from left to right, top to bottom: The Terrace Ultra-One/G elongated-front in Zinfandel; The Contoura elongated-front in Blue Ice; The Preserver two-piece, elongated-front in Platinum; The Ultra-One/G round-front in Dusty Rose; The Triangle Ultra-One/G elongated-front in Peach Bisque; The Preserver one-piece, elongated-front in Ruby; and the Ultra-One/G elongated-front in Glacier Blue.

AN ELJER INDUSTRIES COMPANY
HG'S GUIDE TO DECORATING SOURCES

Up and down the coast, California is a mother lode of design resources.

ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT

Architectural Heritage
7291 A Melrose Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046
(213) 935-3111
Centrally located in the heart of Hollywood, this shop is a prime source for recycled Los Angeles building parts: old mantels, columns, doors, stained glass, lighting fixtures, and one-of-a-kind 1920s art deco and art moderne pieces.

Beronio Lumber Co.
2525 Marin St.
San Francisco, CA 94124
(415) 824-1300
With a mill on site and a vast stock of ornaments, Beronio is a favorite of contractors.

Designer Resource
5160 Melrose Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90038
(213) 465-9235
Owner-designer Kerry Joyce offers an enormous variety of architectural elements such as columns, moldings, mantels, and medallions.

Haas Wood & Ivory Works
64 Clementina St.
San Francisco, CA 94105
(415) 421-8273
This fourth-generation family operation has a diverse wood-turning business, ranging from tiny drawer pulls to twelve-foot porch columns, all housed in a walk-to-wall wood shop full of machinery and sawdust.

San Francisco Victoriana
2070 Newcomb Ave.
San Francisco, CA 94124
(415) 688-0177
With the largest selection of ornaments in northern California, this company specializes in manufacturing decorative moldings for older buildings (1840–1940) such as ornamental plaster and wood, rosette ceilings, brackets, cornices, and medallions.

Scavenger’s Paradise
1300 L’Enjuneau Ave.
North Hollywood, CA 91604
(213) 877-7945 by apt.
TOILETS TO TIFFANY’S reads a sign on the building, and this is truly a haven for seekers of obscure architectural ornaments of any kind, from columns, grilles, and gates to antique hardware and vintage doorknobs.

Von Hausen Studio
1517 South Alameda St.
Compton, CA 90220
(213) 609-1277
For more than sixty-five years this Rolls-Royce of precast stone and plaster has designed and cast classic architectural elements for both historic properties and modern environments throughout southern California.

J. P. Weaver
2301 West Victory Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91506
(818) 841-5700
Borrowing from sixteenth-century Italian methods, this showroom-workroom uses clay-based materials to replicate wood carv-
Graying a strong oriental influence, Sella Müller-Behrendt's formal and bold floral creations contrast harmoniously with the strong architectural shape of Mario Bellini's dinnerware defining the classic table setting.

FILIGRAN
Dutch artist and professor of Ceramic Design, Johan van Loon reveals the delicate translucence of fine porcelain in his vases. Velvet to the touch, each is decorated with fine lacy incisions. Each is an Original of Our Time.
ing for installations all over the world. More than 8,000 finely detailed architectural elements are available.

CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY

Monte Allen Interiors
2008 Cottier Ave.
West Los Angeles, CA 90025
(213) 312-8406
 Finnish brothers Timo and Esa Yla learned the technique of upholstering from veteran artisan Monte Allen. They also make slipcovers, curtains, and bedding, all at very reasonable prices.

Finlay's Slipcovers
8731 West Third St.
Los Angeles, CA 90048
(213) 274-0493 to the trade only
A forty-year-old workshop that does custom slipcovers, pillows, and bedcoverings as well as padding for patio furniture, sofas, and chairs.

J. F. Fitzgerald Co.
2750 19th St.
San Francisco, CA 94110
(415) 648-6161 to the trade only
Located in a 15,000-square-foot old stone building in SoMa, this third-generation family company designs and manufactures custom-upholstered furniture.

Hilde-Brand
2300 18th St.
San Francisco, CA 94110
(415) 255-9270 to the trade only
The reputation of one of San Francisco's most venerable customized upholstery companies continues under the ownership of José Gonzalez.

Dennice Lancer
3532 Ashwood Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90066
(213) 202-6440 by appt.
Lancer applies her experience as a Hollywood set designer to conceiving, fabricating, and installing custom curtains from dramatic asymmetrical concepts to more conventional designs.

Susan Lind Chastain
Fine Custom Sewing
2101 Bryant St.
San Francisco, CA 94110
(415) 641-1888 by appt.
Overseeing the job from measuring to installing, former gown designer Lind Chastain does custom window treatments, draped beds, pillows, and table skirts.

Recover Me
586 Utah St.
San Francisco, CA 94110
(415) 864-2725 by appt.
Kathryn Pellessier and her team of six slipcover all kinds of furniture and make custom down comforters, throw pillows, and bedding accessories such as dust ruffles and pillow shams.

Shabby Chic
1013 Montana Ave.
Santa Monica, CA 90403
(213) 394-1975
This charming West Side shop, best known for its custom slipcovers, sells a variety of overstuffed cushions, old fabrics and linens, and other antique accessories.

Sophia Drapery Workroom
1001 Tennessee St.
San Francisco, CA 94107
(415) 285-2344 to the trade only
Sophia d'Marshimmon is known for elaborate desgins that often look more like ball gowns than curtains. Clients include Tony Hail, Mark Hampton, and Mario Buatta.

DECORATIVE PAINTING

David Anthony Studio
3060 West Pico Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90019
(213) 734-6833 by appt.
In addition to collaborating on decorative projects from screens to gilding, David Weyrauch and Anthony Spompano produce a line of Pompeian and European frescoes.

Evans & Brown
3450 Third St.
San Francisco, CA 94124
(415) 648-9430 by appt.
Steeped in classical technique, artists Mark Evans and Charley Brown operate out of a modern-day atelier designing and painting murals, wallcoverings, trompe l'oeil, and a vast array of other special effects.

Elloree Findley
5132 Greencrest Rd.
La Canada-Flintridge, CA 91011
(818) 590-2641 by appt.
Findley, who studied decorative painting in England and Ireland, applies her training to faux finishes, wall glazing, stenciling, stone finishes, gilding, and woodgraining.

Robert Knisel
268 Wigmore Dr.
Pasadena, CA 91105
(818) 441-8182 by appt.
Knisel specializes in glazing and gilding for fine furniture and architectural elements.

Carole Lansdown & Family
2200 23rd St.
San Francisco, CA 94110
(415) 824-9553 by appt.
Lansdown, a self-taught artist, has been in the business for thirty years, mainly restoring painted antiques. She and her daughter now maintain a studio where they do wall glazing, murals, gilding, chinoiserie, faux finishes, and marbleizing.

Naiva
9023 Phyllis Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 278-8829 by appt.
Joan Spreckels and Gwen Lewis use art deco and oriental techniques and are experts in a variety of faux finishes, pinstriping, gold leafing, and eggshell inlay.

Pinson & Ware
145 North Mayflower Ave.
Monrovia, CA 91016
(818) 359-6113 by appt.
Painted ornament, architectural art, historic restoration, and new design, particularly stenciling, trompe l'oeil, and furniture decoration.

Carol Thosath
1175 Folsom St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 864-8737 by appt.
Trompe l'oeil and chinoiserie are Thosath's specialties, but she also does faux finishes, frescoes, and gilding on lamps, jewelry, opera costumes, furniture, and walls.

FABRICS

Britex Fabrics
146 Geary St.
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 392-2910
In business for thirty-eight years, this San Francisco landmark offers four floors of fabrics and notions, one of the largest selections on the West Coast.
ENCORE
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MACY'S • DILLARD'S • I. MAGNIN
NORDSTROM • NEIMAN MARCUS • ROBINSON'S
FILENE'S • LORD & TAYLOR • EATON'S
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33" h. x 30" w. x 26" d. in marble; may be commissioned in other stones.
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NOTHING IS SO RARE AS PERFECTION.
Cutting Corners
7638 Clairemont Mesa Blvd.
San Diego, CA 92111
(619) 569-5831
The store has a huge selection of curtain and upholstery fabric, both domestic and from Italy, England, and Belgium. Some interesting tapestries are also available.

Diamond Foam & Fabrics
611 South La Brea Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90036
(213) 931-8118
Owner Jason Asch refers to his business as the “Loehmann’s of the fabric world.” He has a dazzling range of quality domestic and imported fabrics at competitive prices.

Golyester
7957 Melrose Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046
(213) 655-3393
A treasure trove of vintage fabrics and linens, particularly 1930s and ’40s floral curtains, cretonne, damask, velvet, chintz, brocade, and lace, in very good condition.

Lotus Collection
500 Pacific St.
San Francisco, CA 94133
(415) 398-8115
An excellent source for antique fabrics, with an emphasis on tapestries, pillows, and rare textiles that can be used as wallhangings.

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Hardwood
Berkeley Architectural Salvage
2741 Tenth St.
Berkeley, CA 94710
(415) 849-2025
A unique inventory of genuine old hinges, locks, light switch plates, doorknobs, and door knockers. Berkeley also stocks new hardware from companies like Baldwin or Ivy at below-retail prices.

Details
8025 1/2 Melrose Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 659-1550
This streamlined showroom displays an abundance of contemporary cabinet hardware—toilet bars, dishes, and flatware—much of it imported.

Gerber Hinge Co.
651 North Fairfax Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90036
(213) 654-0976
A hole-in-the-wall hardware outlet offering an excellent selection of French hardware, locks for French doors, doorknobs, hinges, backplates, and locks for cabinetry.

Hundley Hardware
617 Bryant St.
San Francisco, CA 94107
(415) 777-5050
The widest cabinet hardware selection in San Francisco. Baldwin solid brass bathroom fixtures and other upscale brands of architectural brass are Hundley’s specialty.

Vintage Plumbing
9645 Sylvia Ave.
Northridge, CA 91324
(818) 772-1721 by appt.
Architectural antiques salvager Donald Hooper has a great collection of claw-footed bathtubs and pedestal lavatories.

Lighting and Lampshades
Bay Commercial Lighting Supply
1140 Folsom St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 552-4110
Contemporary Italian to industrial to crystal chandeliers, many designs attractively displayed in discrete lighting laboratories and “vignettes.”

Paul Ferrante
8401 Melrose Pl.
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 653-4142
Offering fine accessories, chandeliers (old and new), and porcelain, Ferrante also designs custom shades and wires and refreshes lighting fixtures.

Highlights
2447 Main St.
Santa Monica, CA 90405
(213) 556-0886
Partners Lori Tomson and Ron Rezek, who is a lighting designer, offer a tasteful and varied collection of contemporary designs, ranging from a multicolored Venetian glass chandelier to a halogen sconce that deflects soft rainbow light.

The Lamp Shop
2101 Bryant St.
San Francisco, CA 94110
(415) 647-5267 to the trade only
The primary lampshade source in San Francisco, the Lamp Shop imports antique Chinese porcelain and specializes in laminated, shredded, and stretched silk shades. Mounting and wiring services.

Mario’s Lamps & Chandeliers
655 North Fairfax Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90036
(213) 658-8833 to the trade only
Known for his technology rather than his showroom, Mario magically transforms vases into lamps and can rewire anything.

Victor Lamps & Parts
840 Folsom St.
San Francisco, CA 94107
(415) 986-4110
Established forty-four years ago, this outlet has all the old parts you need to make antique lamps function like new, including replacement glass for chandeliers, and they will rewire anything from chandeliers to ginger jars.

Linens
Claire’s Antique Linens and Gifts
3313 Sacramento St.
San Francisco, CA 94118
(415) 931-3192
This small retail store always has on hand a wide selection of antique linens, cutwork, shams, lace pillows, bedcovers, and tablecloths with matching napkins.
Claudia
PO Box 60695
Pasadena, CA 91116
(818) 577-4766 by appt.
A family business carrying fine Victorian and Edwardian table linens and complete sets of large new damask napkins. Party rentals are also available.

Sue Fisher King
3067 Sacramento St.
San Francisco, CA 94115
(415) 922-7276
The eclectic assortment of home furnishings here includes an exceptional array of fine bed, bath, and table linens from France and Italy.

Manderley
1101 East Francisco Blvd.
San Rafael, CA 94901
(415) 457-4606
A range of beautiful collections, including floral and fruit motifs from the 1950s, pillows from antiques to rare homespun checks and ticking stripes, and original 1930s and '40s tropical fabrics.

Phyllis
8105 West Third St.
Los Angeles, CA 90048
(213) 852-0425
This two-shop house exquisite antique linens, lace curtains, tablecloths, bedcovers, pillow shams, and runners—mostly Edwardian and early twentieth century.

Nancy Carol Stanley
950 North Kings Rd., Suite 120
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 654-3875 by appt.
Exquisite presentation and attention to detail characterize Stanley's custom decorative pillows, bedding, and coverings for headboards, dressing tables, window seats, and tablecloths.

Wild Goose Chase
Sweet William
3840, 3850 South Plaza Dr.
Santa Ana, CA 92704
(714) 966-2722
Judith and William Heidemann's neighboring shops in South Coast Plaza Village complement each other. Wild Goose Chase has a large selection of old bed and table linens as well as nineteenth-century American homespun textiles. Sweet William is filled with antique hooked rugs, linens from the 1930s and '40s, and pillows, valances, and pillowcases from the same era.

METALWORK

Vivian Dunn Designer
1822 Grand Ave.
La Canada-Flintridge, CA 91011
(818) 790-3534 by appt.
Designer Dunn and her husband, metal forger Ted Greene, will do any custom metalwork, particularly light fixtures, and they use a finish that makes the newest wrought-iron look aged and interesting.

Monte Haberman
1202 East Pine St.
Placentia, CA 92670
(714) 993-4766 by appt.
A true blacksmith, Haberman works with forge and anvil, pins and rivets. Whether it's a wrought-iron entry gate or a decorative lamp fixture, his impeccable work is devoid of welding marks.

Mildred
4036 Moore St.
Los Angeles, CA 90066
(213) 305-1218 by appt.
One-of-a-kind custom jobs by Kelly Sena include medieval-looking window treatments, large candleabras and light fixtures, and garden trellises.

Renaissance Forge
47 Juniper St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 864-6033 by appt.
Originally from Sicily, Angelo Garro has been working as an "iron-artist smith" for fifteen years, offering a spectrum of metalwork from ornate cathedral gates to intricate metal curtain rods with grape or olive branches.

Tasteful contemporary lighting designs at Highlights.

PLANTS AND LANDSCAPING

Greenlee Nursery
301 East Franklin Ave.
Pomona, CA 91766
(714) 629-9045
The largest source for ornamental grass west of the Mississippi, providing more than five hundred varieties to clients that include landscape architects Tophor Delaney and Tito Patri.

Judy's Perennials
366 Buena Creek Rd.
San Marcos, CA 92069
(619) 744-3333 by appt.
Specializing in the unusual, with rare types of such perennials as alstroemeria Meye hybrids, penstemon, salvias, callicarpa, and Cassia bicapsularis 'California Gold' as well as a variety of mixed plantings arranged in an appealing garden-like setting.

Limberlost Roses
7304 Forbes Ave.
Van Nuys, CA 91406
(818) 901-7798 by appt.
Bob and Kathy Edberg offer over 265 varieties of roses, from antique to modern showcasing David Austin's English roses. Bob's private collection, which consists of 850 varieties, can be seen on weekends.

Living Green
3 Henry Adams St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 864-2251
Located in the San Francisco design center, this store has a prime selection of specimen plants, especially Hawaiian-grown interior plants, and an interesting assortment of antique and contemporary containers.

Nursery at Garden Valley Ranch
498 Pepper Rd.
Petaluma, CA 94952
(707) 795-5266
Owner Ray Reddell's gardens are so lovely that they are frequently rented out for weddings. He primarily sells fragrant roses, including old garden varieties, and some perennials.
Nothing so soft was ever so exciting.

The subtle new sensation from Giorgio Beverly Hills.

Available at our Beverly Hills and New York Boutiques and select stores. To order, call 1-800-GIORGIO anytime.
Theodore Payne Foundation
10450 Tuxford St.
Sun Valley, CA 91352
(818) 768-1802
This worthwhile foundation for wildflow-ers and native plants has a twenty-one-acre nursery with more than six hundred species. They also carry an extensive selection of horticulture books.

Bruce Rogers Orchids
225 Velasco St.
San Francisco, CA 94134
(415) 467-4114
In the orchid business for thirteen years, Rogers sells and rents to top stores and private clients like Dianne Feinstein and Charlotte Swig, in addition to boarding orchids and providing consultations on building and maintaining an orchid collection.

Taylor’s Herb Garden
1735 Lone Oak Rd.
Vista, CA 92084
(619) 727-3185
The Taylors live and work on this twenty-five-acre property, with a two-acre demonstration garden and ivy house. They stock 130 varieties of herbs, ranging from peppermint geraniums to coconut thyme.

Claremont Rug Co.
6087 Claremont Ave.
Oakland, CA 94618
(800) 441-1332
In a three-room show gallery, a major West Coast source for old and antique oriental rugs (including a large selection of oversized rugs) and modern Persian rugs.

Blanche Moss
1250 South Beverly Glen Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90024
(213) 271-4042 by appt.
Moss started out as a collector of folk art and now has a gallery from which she sells early American hooked rugs (mostly nineteenth century) as well as quilts, colonial portraits, and weather vanes.

Soraya Rugs
Showplace Design Center
2 Henry Adams St., Suite 233
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 626-5757 to the trade only
Soraya offers antique Chinese and Persian rugs, European rugs from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, kilims from Russia, and contemporary rugs from remote villages in Turkey, Pakistan, India, Nepal, and Kumara.

The lineup at Venetian Natural Marble.

Y & B Bolour
929 North La Cienega Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 659-1888
This gallery has an extensive range of antique rugs and unusual tapestries from Aubusson and Savonnerie to oriental rugs and kilims to art deco and arts and crafts. They also restore and repair antique rugs.

Venetian Natural Marble Co.
991 Harrison St.
San Francisco, CA 94107
(415) 392-6376
With over sixty-four varieties of marble, granite, travertine, and limestone, Venetian Natural designs tabletops, fireplaces, bathrooms, and floors.

Editors: Joyce MacRae and Sharon Wick
GOOD NEWS

History Repeats Itself!

FIREMAN'S FUND HELPS RESTORE VINTAGE HOME.

When fire swept through Lucianna Ross' showplace Portland Place home, what would have been a heartbreaking loss became instead a scrupulously faithful restoration.

Mrs. Ross had the foresight to protect her home with Prestige Plus from Fireman's Fund. Standard homeowners insurance would have replaced the house with another structure. But the higher limits and broader coverages of Prestige Plus guaranteed replacement of the architectural detail that made the original unique.

It wasn't easy. The supervising contractor had to embark on a nationwide search for craftsmen with the necessary skills. After eight months of work, the house was returned to its original grandeur.

Since 1863, Fireman's Fund has given people like Mrs. Ross the confidence to own homes and operate businesses of all kinds. We've done it by devoting our skills to property and casualty insurance, and by working with the finest independent agents and brokers.

For the name of an independent agent or broker representing Fireman's Fund, call 1-800-736-9741, ext. 18.

We may have good news for you.

Craftsmen complete repairs on fire-damaged doorways of Ross home in St. Louis.

Fireman's Fund. We Insure Good News.
Day Dreams.

Dreams don’t just happen under cover of night. Not when you’re indulging in the sunlit pleasures of voluptuous shapes and antique-inspired wrought-iron elegance.

We design and manufacture Kreiss Collection furnishings not so much to suit your home, but your life.

Available through your designer.
SHARE THE MOMENT
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Farmers’ markets are springing up everywhere in California, and everywhere Californians are flocking to them. Although you would expect a state that is one-third farm and ranch land and that grows fifty percent of the nation’s fruits and vegetables to have prime produce readily at hand (or at least as close as the nearest supermarket), the big grocery chains buy unripe here just as they do in the East. If you want truly fresh food, you have to go to the farmers’ market.

Californians are not only attending markets in droves, they are also persistently questioning growers about such health-related matters as how the soil was fertilized and whether or not crops were fumigated. There is a vociferous consumer demand for safer food as more and more people are taking charge of what they put into their bodies. In a trickle-down effect, customers are also seeking out restaurants that serve organic produce, motivating chefs to search out the best possible sources. In many of California’s restaurants, as in an increasing number of eating places all over the country, chefs have realized they can’t just order wholesale and accept produce picked long ago and far away. Instead, they rely on the bounty of fruits and vegetables found at the farmers’ market, keeping specific suppliers in mind when preparing certain recipes. Another alternative is to order what they need from individual “subscription” or “boutique” farmers, who provide that morning’s crop for that evening’s meal. Either way, there is a noticeable difference in the finished dishes. Colors are brighter, textures are crisper. Salads taste of sun and fresh air. Health-conscious diners can only benefit from this tightening link between farmer and cook.

Chef-owner Bradley Ogden of the handsome Lark Creek Inn has shopped Marin County Farmers Market in San Rafael for the past seven years. He often experiences a “creative high” in the market, where inspiring new ingredients and color combinations appear regularly: “The sight of fuchsia cranberry beans next to peach tomatoes or the smell of a perfumed melon might influence the entire menu for an evening. My customers have come to expect this kind of daily experimentation.” For the main ingredient of his roasted winter squash soup, Ogden prefers two farms in particular at the Marin market, Me Gusta and Frog Pond Farms. Neither place uses cold storage, so not long after the squash is picked it’s in the kitchen ready to be cooked. Ogden’s main criterion in selecting squash is weight: “I choose the heavier ones
"After 18 holes and a set of tennis, she wanted to go work-out. I told her I had a more pressing engagement."

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Bradley Ogden often experiences a "creative high" at the farmers' market because they've been given more time to grow. I stay away from the very large ones, though, because they tend to lose their flavor."

Michael Chiarello, from Tuscan-tinted Tra Vigne in Saint Helena, has the greens for his quail with menisha (a regional Italian vegetable soup) delivered to him from Forni-Brown Gardens, a boutique in Calistoga. "When you simplify your cooking, as I've done, there's nothing to hide behind in the dish, so I really have to pay attention to how the greens are grown," Chiarello explains. "With chicory, the more sun it gets, the more bitter it is. If I want a sweeter leaf, I can tell Forni-Brown to use more shade cloth or to pick it earlier in the day." Susan Feniger and Mary Sue Milliken, owners of City Restaurant and Border Grill, both in Los Angeles, employ a more directly hands-on approach when looking for apples at the Santa Monica Certified Farmers' Market to put in their Mexican fried apple tart. Sifting through the Granny Smiths grown by the Sherrill Apple Orchard, the chefs scour bushels for the fattest specimens, feeling for soft spots and baring into one here and there to test for crunchiness. "Basically," says Milliken, "we look for apples that have been on the tree the longest."

With its interest in safe nutritious food and its forward-looking, demanding young chefs, bellwether California gives exciting indications of a powerful movement toward healthier—not to mention tastier—eating that will most certainly spread nationwide in this new decade of environmental awareness.

## Bradley Ogden's Roasted Winter Squash Soup

2½ pounds acorn, hubbard, or delicata squash 2 tablespoons unsalted butter 1 heaping cup coarsely chopped yellow onion 1 tablespoon minced fresh sage or 1 teaspoon dried Large pinch allspice 1 tart apple, peeled, cored, and diced 4 cups chicken stock 1-2 tablespoons lemon juice Salt ¼ teaspoon cracked black peppercorns ¼ cup chopped toasted walnuts

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Quarter and seed squash. Roast in baking pan 1 hour or until very soft. While squash roasts, make soup base. In sauté pan melt butter. Add onions, sage, and allspice. Cover and cook onions 10 minutes or until tender. Add apple and chicken stock, bring to a simmer, and cook 15 minutes. Scoop pulp from squash and add to soup stock, simmering 5 minutes. Puree in a blender, then strain through a fine-meshed sieve. Add lemon juice, salt to taste, and pepper. Ladle into hot soup bowls and garnish with walnuts. Serves 4-6.

## Michael Chiarello's Quail with Menisha

8 quails 2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar ¼ cup olive oil 1 teaspoon fresh thyme Menisha 1 large fennel bulb 1 bunch chard (about 12 stalks) 1 bunch chicity, well washed ¼ cup olive oil 1 large yellow onion, minced 4 cups chicken stock 1 ham bone or 1 thick slice prosciutto 8 small red potatoes 1 tablespoon fennel seeds 4 bay leaves Salt and freshly ground pepper

Prepare quail by cutting the first joint off the wings. Combine balsamic vinegar, ¼ cup olive oil, and thyme, rub into quail, and set aside. Menisha. Trim leafy greens off fennel and mince. Cut fennel bulb into ½-inch dice. Bring a pot of salted water to boil. Cut chard and chicory into small strips and blanch in boiling water 1 minute to remove bitterness. Drain and refresh under cold water. Squeeze greens dry. Heat ¼ cup olive oil in a large pot. Add minced onions and diced fennel and sauté 5 minutes, but do not allow to brown. Add stock, ham bone, fennel seeds, and bay leaves. Cover and simmer 45 minutes. Skim well. Add potatoes and cook until tender. Stir in blanched greens and minced fennel greens and cook 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Turn off burner and let covered menisha steep while quail is cooking.

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Salt and pepper quails and roast 12 minutes. Ladle thick menisha onto plates and top with 2 quails per person. Serves 4.
Fire up the skillet and man the steak knives. I’ve traveled down route 258 to Surprise, Indiana, and what did I find? A major surprise. Never have the facts proved so delicious; never have figures looked so good. Surprise: lean, trimmed beef has no more cholesterol than chicken without the skin. And only 1.5 grams more saturated fat—
or about 14 calories.**

No wonder those Hoosiers are happy. They’ve also discovered the Skinniest Six, the leanest cuts of beef. So need I say the magic words “marinated sirloin”? Unwrap the steak, toss the salad and call in the army of friends. People in Indiana are already celebrating with—you guessed it—a Surprise party.

See you in the next town.

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*Source: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev. Figures are for a cooked and trimmed 3 oz. serving. 4 oz. uncooked yield 3 oz. cooked

**Here are the respective averages for saturated fat, fat and cholesterol in a 3 oz. serving. Lean beef: 3.2 gms, 8.4 gms, 73 mgs. Skinniest Six Cuts: 2.3 gms, 3.2 gms, 69 mgs. Skinless chicken: 1.7 gms, 0.3 gms, 70 mgs. ©1991 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.
His & Her Arts & Crafts

San Franciscans Arthur and Lucia Mathews mastered many media

BY JEROME TARSHIS

The arts and crafts movement, originating in England and taking its ethical fervor from such writers as John Ruskin and William Morris, was transformed when it reached northern California, where hedonism and the enjoyment of landscape played a larger part in the local character than love of intellect or good works. Some of those cultural differences are exemplified in the work of two outstanding San Francisco artists, Arthur F. Mathews and his wife, Lucia Kleinhans Mathews. Like William Morris, the couple produced a variety of handsome objects, including paintings, furniture, and printed books. Unlike Morris or Ruskin, the Mathewses were not concerned with building socialism or reviving the medieval past. They stood for a Californian ideal of the good life. Ancient Greece and the Far East provided them with inspiration, and the resulting stylistic synthesis was as much pagan as Christian.

In 1875, at the age of fifteen, Arthur Mathews began his artistic career as a draftsman for his father, an architect in Oakland, California. After working as an illustrator and graphics designer for a San Francisco engraving firm, he went to Paris in 1885 to study painting. Four years later he returned to San Francisco and began teaching at the California School of Design, where he was director from 1890 to 1906. Between his position at the school, his success as a practicing artist, and his forceful personality, Mathews was for many years the most eminent figure in San Francisco's art community. Lucia Kleinhans entered the school in 1893. Mathews recognized her ability at once and married her the following year. Although he dominated the resulting partnership, he was given to saying that she might well be the better artist of the two, which shows a generosity of spirit hardly universal among male artists, then or now.

The San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906 offered Arthur and Lucia Mathews a splendid opportunity. Damaged buildings were refurbished and many new buildings went up; the result was an enormous demand for interior decoration. With financial backing from a local businessman, John Zeile, the Mathewses responded by opening the Furniture Shop. The shop sold individual objects but specialized in creating whole interiors. It supplied its clients with murals and easel paintings, custom frames, furniture, wood paneling, and other decorative accessories. The Mathewses worked on public buildings as well as private houses. Their largest single...
We had just finished dinner so I poured a BIG CUP and let the steam warm my face as I sipped my first sip and slipped slowly away from him and the little kitchen table into a lush forest wood, because I was a gypsy and I was queen of a band of wild forest gypsies with whom I ate blackberries that lingered in the corner of my smile as I sank into an orange peel sunset that melted into a blackberry night and then, one of the many wild forest gypsies said, "HONEY, isn't it your turn to do dishes?"
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project, in 1913, was the decoration of a Masonic temple in San Francisco. In peak periods the shop employed as many as fifty craftsmen, but its designs were always closely supervised by the Mathewses.

The two artists were markedly different as painters. Typically the paintings of Lucia Mathews were far smaller, more intimate in feeling, and more emotionally accessible than those of her husband. Although he was a muralist and executed many public commissions, his paintings tended to be subdued and self-contained rather than declamatory; they did not directly engage the viewer. As a man of the nineteenth century, Mathews seemed to believe that everything refined must necessarily go on in twilight. He found the impressionists too free in their use of color: true art called for something more harmonious and restrained.

Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, Arthur Mathews advocated idealization rather than the realistic imitation of nature. The Monterey cypress and other local vegetation were represented in his paintings as well as the Furniture Shop's decorative objects, but Mathews took the appearance of nature primarily as a source of design for stylized pictorial elements. His use of flattened perspective and simplified form owed much to the linear style of Greek vase painting as well as to the work of such nineteenth-century artists as Whistler and Pusis de Chavannes.

Arthur Mathews filled his furniture with classical columns, pediments, caryatids, and similar architectural motifs. Lucia's speciality was the use of floral and other botanical forms. The California poppy became almost a signature for the couple, as the butterfly was for Whistler, and their furniture was also adorned with representations of pine trees and cypresses, grapes and oranges, magnolia leaves and peonies. Both in painting and in the design of decorative objects, the Mathewses reflected the values of a culture devoted to outdoor living.

Another Mathews enterprise occasioned by the earthquake was an illustrated monthly magazine, Philadepolis, published from 1906 to 1918. At the beginning it was devoted almost entirely to Arthur Mathew's views on how San Francisco ought to be rebuilt; in later years Philadepolis became a genteel literary magazine. During the same period the Mathewses published limited-edition books designed by themselves and also did job printing for other small publishers.

Like the British originators of the arts and crafts movement, Arthur and Lucia Mathews brought together the fine and applied arts, which were commonly practiced by different people, often separated by a wall of class distinction. But in England and in those parts of America that looked to England for a model of upper-class living, the arts and crafts movement was a secular form of missionary endeavor, concerned with high-mindedness as much as with beauty. By contrast, the Mathewses were unabashedly producing luxury goods. They used expensive materials, adhered to high standards of finish, and were largely untouched by the austerity that characterized so many other crafts workers.

For the first two decades of the twentieth century the Mathewses were at the center of San Francisco's cultural community. After World War I, however, taste went in new directions, influenced by a more cosmopolitan modernism imported from Europe. Younger artists and patrons reacted against the long and often autocratic dominance of Arthur Mathews.

In 1920 the Furniture Shop closed. The Mathewses continued to work but gradually fell into obscurity. Arthur died in 1945, Lucia ten years later. As the modern art that displaced them has itself come to seem historical, there has been a growing interest in such turn-of-the-century figures. In their own time and place Arthur and Lucia Mathews were important artists, and the vision of California life they articulated remains attractive today.
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Varoom with a View

Mitsubishi puts a new spin on sports car comfort

BY MARGY ROCHLIN

When driving the Mitsubishi 3000 GT VR-4, one popular assumption about southern California's automobile culture—that owning a conspicuously flashy car is about advertising one's financial ranking—stops making sense. You might instead buy this grand touring car because it opens up the world. When you're in the Mitsubishi, people are perpetually approaching you—at stoplights, in parking lots, by the gas pump—and conversing in tones so familiar that you're sure you've spoken to them before, you've just forgotten where. A simple visit to a coffee shop can mean exiting to find a group of grown men in conservative suits—total strangers themselves—huddled around the car, wondering out loud to each other about this sleek mutant automobile. In my experience, only puppies and infants are as effective at melting social barriers.

The exhaust pipe sounds like Louis Armstrong

Created to compete with the Nissan 300 ZX and the Toyota Supra Turbo, the Mitsubishi 3000 GT VR-4 is one of those hybrid vehicles that look as if several cars have been grafted together. From one angle, the smooth fiberglass prow reminds you of a Corvette, only shrunken slightly. When the Active Aero system—an airdam and a pop-up spoiler that allow for more road-gripping control at higher speeds—automatically deploys at 50 mph, the car has been mistaken for a Porsche. The fish gill-like raking on the sides is what prompted a long-haired blue-eyed Scotsman on a Harley-Davidson to stick his head inside my window. "I thought it was a Ferrari," he informed me in a thick burr, then flashed such a genuinely friendly smile that I blushed.

The current obsession among the manufacturers of affordable sports cars is making speedy automobiles that are comfortable enough for everyday use. So it is that the Mitsubishi handles well—with four-wheel steering, four-wheel drive, and electronically controlled suspension—and also has the kind of pickup that responds to the daintiest foot tap. There are two sets of radio controls, one right above the stick shift and another on the steering wheel, and many other such felicities. The small screen in the center of the dashboard, the one that looks like the world's least complicated Nintendo game, is actually a liquid crystal climate control display: red, blue, and amber arrows indicate in which direction the air is traveling and its exact temperature. There are even two rear seats, although the likelihood of talking a pair of your friends into this abbreviated cubbyhole is remote; it's better to collapse the seats entirely and use the space for cargo.

But certainly the most unique invention is the Active Exhaust system, something that allows you to choose for your muffler one of two aural personalities. There is the kitty-purr of "tour" and the "sport" setting which makes the Mitsubishi 3000 GT VR-4 sound as if Louis Armstrong had taken up residence in the exhaust pipe every time you gun the engine. The dual-mode exhaust serves a mechanical purpose—by opening up the muffler you get eighteen more horsepower—but this is beside the point. For the most part, Active Exhaust appeals to the same sensibilities that made you clip playing cards to your wheel spokes: it sounds great. And if all it takes is varoom noises to make someone happier, it seems a shame that no one thought of it sooner.
Mark Hampton designs for Hickory Chair combine the classical forms of the 18th Century and Regency eras, with the whimsical, eccentric furniture of the early Victorian period, and the soft comfortable upholstery of the early 20th Century.

According to Mark, “My Collection includes a variety of designs for people whose ideas about decorating span many different styles and periods. Quaint, cozy interiors evoke a gentle past that can be felt throughout the Collection. I am that type person and want that kind of comfort in my own home.”

“Our Southampton dining room combines painted chairs derived from a provincial Hepplewhite original.”

“My wife and I wanted a canopy bed for our home in Southampton. The Duchess of Marlborough found the original of this late Georgian bed for us.”

“My favorite place to paint in the country is facing the garden, at this table with legs carved to resemble bamboo.”

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style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

From coast to coast, designers are making a splash with water

In the swim. Clockwise from left: Gottex's watery maillot and tunic; trompe l'oeil swimming pool canvas by Evans & Brown; seaweed-colored cotton from Osborne & Little; Seguso's rippling Venetian glass vase for Tiffany & Co.; Morning Tide glass plates by Izabel Lam; Christine Van der Hurd's underwater rug; foamlike cuff by Jessica Rose at Artwear. Details see Resources.
JUDITH JAMISON
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THE LADY PREFERS

© 1990, HANES HOSIERY, INC.
COMING OF AGE in the sixties, I danced to the Beach Boys and the Mamas & the Papas (particularly "California Dreamin'"). I wondered at Mario Savio and the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, and laughed at the very bad but very funny Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon movie Beach Blanket Bingo. So you could say I've had my contact with the California myth. That the richness and diversity of life there are as real as they seemed has been borne out in my current life as editor of HG and frequent traveler. On my first California trip for the magazine, I was startled by the lengths people went to in search of the unique piece of craftsman-designed furniture, the appropriately re-created bronze-cast hardware. And while the history of the state is shorter than the history of its eastern counterparts, there has always been an impressive degree of respect for its moments and artifacts, however recent they are. In this issue devoted to California, we highlight such appreciation for the past with HG creative director Charles Gandee's story on the restoration of Richard Neutra's 1959 Loring house in the Hollywood Hills. There is also features editor Peter Taldeman's journal on his hometown, Santa Barbara, whose legacy of grandeur and ease is attracting a new generation of residents, and longtime contributing editor Dorothea Walker's personal account of the late decorator Michael Taylor, whose contribution to design transcends time and geography. We tip our hats to the premiums placed on both quality design and the great outdoors with articles on a Tuscan villa in the northern California countryside designed by Ned Forrest and decorated by Mark Hampton and the subtly elegant Malibu house of architect Buzz Yudell and his wife Tina Beebe. And we pay homage to the film industry in pieces on the houses of "super hot" director Adrian Lyne and his wife, Samantha, and Farrah Fawcett and Ryan O'Neal; decorators to the stars are given top billing in Brad Gooch's roundup. I now have many friends in California, and my husband's sister and her family moved out two years ago. Their house in a canyon overlooks the Pacific—on a clear day you can see the California myth become reality.

Nancy Novogrod
EDITOR IN CHIEF
Malibu on Their Minds

A couple find California’s golden past on a coastal hillside

By Joseph Giovannini

Photographs by Timothy Hursley
Stucco walls, in warm hues mixed on-site by Tina Reche, glow against the mountains. Porches facing the Pacific open off the ground-floor living room and the master bedroom above. At the top of the tower is Buzz Yudell's study.
THERE WAS A TIME, ALMOST a century ago, when visitors wintered in southern California for the healthy climate symbolized by vast tracts of orange groves planted up to the frost line of its majestic ranges. Many visitors stayed on, in houses modest and grand, surrounded by fruit trees and small vegetable gardens. The houses in this landscape provided a cultivated answer to the unhealthy industrialized cities back East.

Glitz, smog, and Hollywood may now define the image of Los Angeles for many people. But there are southland architects who, through their interest in historic buildings, have rediscovered that the house was once not so much the final stop for the car as it was a vehicle into the landscape—not so much a picturesque image with a tacked-on garage on a tight suburban lot as an arrangement of sleeping porches, terraces, and courts negotiating man's steps and thoughts into nature.

Perhaps Tina Beebe and Buzz Yudell did not initially come to Los An-
This house is the strong, silent type, a building that yields to the land as it commands it.
court just beyond, bounded uphill by a guesthouse and workshop. Because of the high wall along the driveway, visitors have glimpsed little of what awaits them on their downhill stroll. From this point, the house unfolds without effort through a succession of courts and terraces stepping down. Gravity is on the side of the design.

Neither Buzz nor Tina recalls any conjugal design disagreements: he did the site planning and architecture; she, the landscaping and colors. They concurred on materials and interiors and in their desire, she says, "to think of the landscape as agricultural." The result is one of the most complete residential design efforts in recent years, what art historians might call a California Gesamtkunstwerk, encompassing nearly everything from the roomy furniture to the Vicenza limestone floors inside and out, from the olive grove at the bottom of the site to the citrus grove at the top. House and garden seem more farmhouse and grove: the designers have escaped the suburban look that is the unintentional norm even in Malibu.

In his design, Buzz did not fight the obvious north-south axis but capitalized on it. He designed two "streets" that follow the axis, one just outside the house and one inside, with terraces and rooms adjoining both. The (Text continued on page 172)
ucture and planting to borrow the view
Farrah Fawcett, opposite, with her son, Redmond.

Above: A hand-carved wooden wall serves as a backdrop for a dancing putto, a Chinese Foo dog, and a watercolor by Farrah who studied painting and sculpture in college. Details see Resources.
Farrah Fawcett
Close-up

Off the set, the actress reveals a passion for unpretentious living in the house she shares with Ryan O'Neal. By Carol Muske Dukes
Photographs by Oberto Gill
Familiar objects mix with the relics of fame.
THERE'S A RUCKUS OUTSIDE in the hall. A worried little boy with platinum hair and zebra-striped pants hurries into the living room, gesturing and murmuring to himself like the White Rabbit. He's lost his wand, he tells the room at large, then throws himself disconsolately into his mother's lap. She whispers in his ear, he nods and trots off happy—she turns back to me, magically transformed from Mom to Farrah Fawcett.

The house, which Farrah shares with actor Ryan O'Neal and their five-year-old son, Redmond, appears to be the product of a wand with an enlightened personal touch. Outside, it is a deceptively conventional California ranch-style spread, circa 1950. Inside, it's another matter entirely. From its hilltop vantage, the house commands panoramic views of the San Fernando Valley and the city of Los Angeles on either side and has, apart from these dramatic bids for attention, an interior that could have gone in almost any decorating direction. Its meandering series of rooms includes a library, a racquetball court where Ryan and Farrah have daily matches, a formal dining room, a built-on recreation room, and a delicate boudoir overlooking a rose garden. Some of the spaces feel cozy and small, others larger than life. In them, familiar objects mix with the relics of fame filtered through Farrah's strong politics (there is a poster of her controversial TV movie *The Burning Bed*, a spectacular photo of her in another TV movie as the photojournalist Margaret Bourke-White, and a still from *Extremities*, the powerful feminist play adapted into a movie).

In the living room a big Warhol hangs over the fireplace—all blond flying hair and cheekbones. The Warhol is hard to ignore, but then so is Farrah, even dressed for what looks like a big night at home playing Nintendo with Redmond, who returns from his bedroom triumphant, wand in hand. The results of her domestic magic make Farrah smile, and her sweat suit, black flats, and red barrettes don't diminish the kliegish radiance of her looks: the famous angles and planes of her face and the familiar tumble of Burne-Jones hair.

She shares an ivory sofa with her decorator, Sylvia Longoria Dorsey, as we chat about my husband, whom she recently worked with on a film, and our kids. Her decorator is an old friend from her University of Texas days and Farrah trusts her implicitly. (“I considered a few others who will be nameless.”) The room we're sitting in, done in alternating shades of creamy white, sandy brown, and darker earth tones (except for the jewel box Warhol), reflects Farrah's love of eloquent restraint: clean lines, simple statements. A delicately curving Japanese roof tile reclines on a shelf like a maverick haiku; there is a Byzantine crucifix on a table, an El Grecoesque bust by the fire.

Farrah thinks of the house, which she purchased in 1976, as a work in progress. Its structural eccentricities seemed to require a slow approach, which suited Farrah fine because she admits to having an aversion to shopping for furniture and art. “I get impatient and hungry. Once in a gallery I felt so frantically ravenous I dipped into a bowl of biscuits sitting on a counter. The owner looked at me strangely and I asked him if it was all right if I ate one. ‘Sure,’ he said, ‘if you like dog biscuits.’” Her leisurely
approach has given rise to a homely ongoing eclecticism, nurtured by Dorsey, a fearless shopper who picks out things she thinks Farrah will like and brings them to her for approval. The system works smoothly because, as Dorsey says, she’s become completely attuned to her friend’s visual sense, which is indeed acute. A little-known fact: Farrah Fawcett is an artist, and a skilled one at that.

She studied painting and sculpture at the University of Texas with Charles Umlauf, whose influence is still pronounced in her work (hence her preference for painting “nudes and religious subjects, rarely anything in between”). The El Greco-esque bust, which looks like bronze, turns out to be an example of her metallic-glazed ceramic sculpture. It is a head of Jesus—an arrogant grand-decadent Jesus—thrusting out his beard. Propped against a living room table leg is a deftly executed painting of a nude torso, also by Farrah. She shows me a pastel drawing—two heads sharing a face, a little cubist cameo—which she did “in a matter of hours” on a movie set. Other examples of art Farrah holds in high esteem are scattered throughout the house. There’s an Umlauf Madonna and child in the skylighted entryway, a cluster of primitive santo-like crucifixes in the master bedroom, a partially restored eighteenth-century canvas of a bacchante by the English painter John Opie in the dining room, and, on an end table in the living room, a mystery drawing of a sleepwalking man (possibly an unsigned Chagall) that “Ryan and I picked up on a side street in Rome.” This is not high-powered museum-quality art. There are no Dubuffets or Calders on the lawn near the Zen-like rose garden, no Schnabels in the study. Instead this is a collection of lovingly chosen devotional objects—art as amulet. This house, too, is a refuge, a sanctuary for a woman weary of cliché and the camera’s reductive eye.

Farrah and Ryan are currently facing the cameras together, shooting a new television show, Good Sports, which airs this season. Farrah describes it as a comedy, but the move to make the series reaffirms their serious commitment to their home base in Los Angeles—and to Redmond. “He’s traveled all over the world,” says Farrah. “But now he’s in school and needs a regular routine. The time has come for all of us to settle down.”

Editors: Wendy Goodman and Joyce MacRae
This house is a sanctuary for a woman weary of cliché and the camera's reductive eye.
Long rows of wisteria have been trained to suggest curtains spread across a north-facing hillside above Napa Valley.
Newton's Laws

At his winery overlooking the Napa Valley, a vintner bends the rules of garden design

By Peter Newton

Photographs by Michael Landis
I grew up in a world of gardens. My mother, who came out of the mainstream of English amateur gardeners, tended her plants like children and saw to it that her sons acquired a thorough, practical understanding of gardening—we did a lot of the work. If the gifted amateur enjoys higher esteem than the professional in many aspects of English life, the great gardens scattered across the countryside of England help to explain why. Many display their owners’ originality; collectively, they are a treasure trove of ideas.

In my life as an entrepreneur and as a garden maker, I have found that the greatest pleasure lies in conceptualizing and creating. Since 1964, the Napa Valley has been the scene for some of this creative effort, for I have built two wineries here, both extensively landscaped: Sterling Vineyards, which I sold in 1977, and Newton Vineyard, which I began in 1978 when I bought 560 acres of hilly woodland on Spring Mountain. Because no part of the land was remotely level enough for a large garden, we knew we must terrace imaginatively and boldly. The raw five acres carved out with a bulldozer somehow had to be integrated with the landscape. We were left with no vegetation and no topsoil, but we did have one great plus—a surround of contour-terraced vineyards that convey the sense of an extended garden.

In 1982 I prepared a bare-bones master plan for terraces and the theme of each of the eleven gardens to be designed over time as separate spaces. Gardens have to be enclosed to gain intimacy, and a series of gardens has to be seen as connecting rooms. The next garden should be visible only as if glimpsed through a door ajar. Our panoramic view was a distraction that had to be contained—even if it was the whole Napa Valley.

The need for irrigation was paramount because there is virtually no rainfall between May and October. Drainage was just as vital because our forty-plus inches of annual rainfall comes mostly from storm fronts that deposit several inches at a time. With no vegetation left we were especially vulnerable to erosion. Our first step was to establish ground cover on the bulldozed slopes. On the north face, some two hundred yards long at thirty feet high, three rows of wisteria were trained to echo the vineyard terraces below. A prostrate clove ‘Kentish Wild White’, covers the whole bank. On the less visible south face, a more conventional Californian approach was adopted, a solid covering of native baccharis. We planted the eastern slope in dwarf crape myrtle, underplanted with drifts of thyme and white vinca.

The approach to the gardens follows a road that winds through the vineyard. On the lowest terrace, entered unobtrusively through a Chinese gate off one side of the drive, the English Garden full of perennials in the English tradition. Almost immediately, one finds that garden essential, a surprise—a Thai spirit house nearly enclosed by thujas (a memento of a long business association with Thailand). Top-grafted cotoneasters and gardenia-covered banks are other unusual features.

The distracting view had to be contained—even if it was the whole Napa Valley.
lower turns the visitor through a right angle to enter the main axis, along which are arranged the three ascending terraces beyond.

First is the Weeping Garden, so-called because it is flanked by weeping cherry trees and a wall of weeping blue Atlas cedars, grafted together where they meet. The garden is a parterre with low hedges of English box and beds carpeted with violet salvia. Sheared box is used as a ground cover to form a crenellated perimeter. Steps lead up to the third terrace, the Rose Garden laid out along well-established lines: geometric beds and grass paths. But among the four hundred roses, none is pink or red, a starting point in the search for harmony. Every flower is white, yellow, or apricot. Raised banks and white tree roses ward off that splendid but distracting view.

Continuing up the steps to the fourth terrace, one passes under a Chinese arch and the Western world is left behind. In a Chinese-inspired Zen garden, amid half an acre of finely crushed granite raked in ever-varying patterns, are groupings of rocks found in the course of all that bulldozing. This Courtyard Garden and another one with tropical bamboos have a vital credential in common—a Chinese designer, my wife, Su Hua. She also designed the house, which is Chinese in concept, but that is another story.

North of the house, a collection of evergreen azaleas lies alongside a dichondra lawn and groups of quaking aspen and birch. The Croquet Lawn to the west of the house is banked on three sides and drops away sharply on the fourth—only distant tree-clad hills remain in sight. Along two sides are deep perennial borders against a backdrop of ‘Swane’s Golden’ cypress. The Water Garden, to the south, includes a disguised swimming pool with cascades flowing down stone steps and a lotus pool fed by a hillside stream.

Rising in four tiers are the Rose Arbors with some two hundred climbers. White heather covers the banks, and chamomile underfoot adds its fragrance. Leaving the upper arbor, one finds the Woodland Garden of Japanese maples, deciduous magnolias, alpine plants, ferns, and tree peonies. A path climbs past dawn redwoods to the garden’s highest point, and a commanding view over the landscape below. No matter where you look, that huge panorama of the valley is there, and this time I am happy to let it dominate.

I perceive all garden design as eclectic in nature. One borrows ideas from all over. Sometimes I get useful suggestions from gifted visitors, who come by appointment to what is, of course, a private garden. The bones of the landscape are now in place, but many of the plants are still in their infancy. In years ahead their growth will occasion much pleasure and a few surprises—and reveal some mistakes. Many trees, for example, have been planted closer than they should be, to give immediate effect. But I have not set out to plant for posterity. To be able to enjoy this established look so soon after a bare-ground start could happen in few other regions. An English garden set in California does seem to combine the best of both worlds. ▲
 Beds of Salvia × superba 'East Friesland', above, in the Weeping Garden, Grapevines twine across a distant hillsides. Opposite: Gray green santolina, purple germander, and miniature white roses fill a framework of box above Chardonnay cellars.
I have planted for immediate effect, not for posterity
John and Dodie Rosekrans's richly textured San Francisco smoking room was decorated by Taylor, opposite left, in 1984. Opposite right: Gil Garfield's elegant Beverly Hills living room was done in 1983.
Taylor-Made

The late decorator Michael Taylor defined a modern West Coast style

By Dorothea Walker

When my husband and I were in England some years ago, Cecil Beaton invited us for drinks. As we were walking through his garden, Beaton suddenly exclaimed, "How is the best decorator in the United States doing?"

"Sister Parish?" I ventured. "Billy Baldwin?"

"No, no," he answered. "Michael Taylor. He's the innovative one. An original."

As a decorator, Michael Taylor was a revolutionary—and his influence shaped a new generation of designers, most notably the late Kalef Alaton. He brought natural materials like concrete, wicker, and timber in from the...
Early Taylor. Clockwise from top: His shop, dressed for a fashion show; the showcase room that launched his career; Maryon Davies Lewis’s game room; her canopy bed in the master bedroom; the Warren Clarks’ Victorian living room. Above: Taylor's Twist table is available from Michael Taylor Designs, San Francisco. Details see Resources.

outdoors. His overscaled furniture designs became virtually synonymous with the California lifestyle. And I did more for the white room than any designer since E. J. de Wolfe or Syrie Maugham. As a man, he was charming, impractical, and sometimes difficult. But, as Stephen Sondheim wrote, “Art isn’t easy.”

Michael was born in 1927 in Modesto, California. His family wanted him to study medicine, but instead he took courses at the Rudolf Schaeffer School of Interior Design in San Francisco. He had a number of jobs, including one with the noted designer Archibald Taylor before going into partnership with Francis Mihailoff in 1952. Four years later he went into business for himself. Even then, his talent for innovation was apparent. In the late 1950s I invited Michael to work with me on a display for a decorators’ showcase that was to be held at the San Francisco Museum of Art, where I was on the women’s board. Michael, delighted to be asked, created an outdoor scene with Philippine leather furniture, a mirror framed in shell and lots of treillage—all painted white. The scene reminded me of the Costa Brava and I joked that all we needed was some sand. Michael said, “You’re right. Go down to Leslie Safran, and get three bags of salt.” With the “white sand” floor, his little cubic shone like the crown jewels next to the other traditional antiques-filled displays. It got a full page in House & Garden, and Michael began to attract clients from Houston to Hollywood Hillsborough.

Many people now associate Michael with the contemporary vocabulary of white rooms and oversize concrete and upholstered furniture—which still available through Michael Taylor Designs, the firm he founded in 1981 with Paul Weaver, who is now its president. But Michael worked throughout his career in a variety of styles, and like Frances Elkins, who was an important influence, he had the ability to make them successfully. He would place an eighteenth-century French chair, for instance, by a table he’d made from Roman capital or a stone mill wheel. In 1960, Michael decided that he wanted to have a shop so that he could display his furniture designs—the first one was a big oak table painted white with concrete top—and convinced three clients (Albert Schlesinger, Maryon Davies Lewis, and Pinky Hartman) to lend him enough money to open
ace on Sutter Street. Painted all white and installed with a huge oak tree, which became quite a conversation piece, the top was frequently used for setups and once draped in red velvet for a charity fashion show.

Maryon Davies Lewis was a notable client from this period. Michael liked to take risks and so did she. For her San Francisco house, he designed a game room with black and white checkerboard floors and fabric in shades of parrot green, azalea pink, and yellow swagged across the lyre backs of white Venetian-style chairs. The effect was utterly romantic yet totally contemporary: thirty years later, the house is exactly as it was, and just as impressive. Another important project from this time was the house that he designed for Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts in Woodside, California. Michael orchestrated combinations of texture and pattern to reflect his clients' love of international travel: against living room walls of rough-hewn stone and plaster, a sofa and chairs were covered in ribbed velvet sat on a very modern-looking Greek goat fur rug while a crudely carved Spanish bench stood between a pair of good antique French chairs covered in zebra cloth.

More than two decades later Michael was still working traditional styles as well as his own—and often combining the two with refreshing results, as in the house he decorated for Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wilsey in San Francisco. At her first meeting with Michael, Dede Wilsey told him, “I want to work with you, but I don’t want a typical Michael Taylor house.” Michael’s face immediately went up. “And what exactly,” he demanded, “is a typical Michael Taylor house?” “Oh, you know,” explained Dede Taylor’s later work featured simple, elemental forms and materials, as in the raw-look coffee table at Gorham and Diana Snowles’s Lake Tahoe house, right, his stone bill wheel, available from Michael Taylor Designs, top left, and the alder log bed in his guest room, top right. But he could also work in a more opulent mode. Center right: Impetuous curtains of Scalamandre tafteta frame a view of the garden room in Alfred and Dede Wilsey’s San Francisco house.
One of Taylor's last projects was the Stanley Dollars' San Francisco house, completed after his death by Suzanne McMicking and Timothy Marks. In the living room, between a 19th-century eight-panel Coromandel screen and an 18th-century black lacquer Chinese altar table-top, a sofa Taylor copied from a Syrie Maugham design is covered in yellow Thai silk.
The Dollars' garden room, above, contains pieces from Elsie de Wolfe's ballroom, including a cast-iron banquette with tree-trunk legs and 19th-century wrought-iron trees. Right: Period Régence and Louis XVI-style armchairs preside over the living room. Opposite: A rare 18th-century crystal chandelier hangs in the dining room above a Directoire table and 18th-century French Provincial chairs.
Wilsey. “White on white, wicker everywhere, huge over-stuffed chairs. My feet wouldn't touch the floor. I'd feel like a pygmy.” Fortunately, Michael thought that was very funny, and he and his client became great friends. And he gave her beautiful rooms, all in Dede Wilsey’s favorite colors. He was disconcerted to hear that she wanted a pink living room, but he followed her lead, draping the room’s three sets of French doors and two windows in striped pink taffeta. To keep it from looking too sweet, he added two stone cocktail tables shaped like elephants. A sofa from a Syrie Maugham design was covered in green hand-cut velvet.

At a party in the Wilseys’ garden room, which Michael had decorated in his characteristic palette of whites, another of his clients spotted a terrazzo table and rushed up to him, almost weeping. “That’s my table,” she said. “Exactly the same as mine. How could you do this to me?” Michael always laughed when he told this story. “These ladies think nothing of wearing the same dress to a party, and they have their pictures taken in it for Women’s Wear Daily. The dress looks different on each of them. Why wouldn’t this table look different in different rooms?”

Michael could be quite impractical. He once left his Rolls-Royce parked with the engine running when he came to visit, and, when he went back outside, the car was gone. Fortunately, the thief was only a student from the art school nearby who wanted to take the car out for a spin around the block. As was so often the case, Michael landed on his feet. He could also be generous and maddening, frequently at the same time. A compulsive decorator on and off the job, Michael once sold me a set of taffeta curtains that a client didn’t want. He insisted that they would give my living room “a cozy, sort of Renoir look,” and indeed they did. A number of years later, Michael was sitting in my living room and out of the blue he said, “Why don’t you get rid of those Sally Stanford curtains?” Sally Stanford, for those unfamiliar with San Francisco lore, was known to run the best little whorehouse in the Bay Area.

Late in his life Michael made several trips to the Far East and, fascinated by the way the Japanese used nat-

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A Place in the Sun

Meticulously restored, Richard Neutra’s 1959 Loring house is once again a powerful symbol of southern California.

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Timothy Hurst
From the west, the house appears to be little more than a window to the view. In the foreground, a Pierre Jeanneret side chair upholstered in Clarence House fabric stands next to the bed. Details see Resources.
I am ambivalent about Los Angeles. Torn. Undecided. Of two minds. Which is not one bit surprising, considering that I live in New York City. Like the dead-bolt lock on my apartment door, like the stack of black turtlenecks I keep in the drawer, these feelings go with the zip code.

On the one hand there is conspicuous contempt. Of course. The peremptory sneering, the requisite rolling of the eyes at the prospect of a place where shedding your clothes and diving into a cauldron of boiling water with a few friends is regarded as a pleasurable, not to mention legitimate, activity. Yikes! West Coasters.

On the other hand there’s closet envy. The East Coaster’s dirty little secret. That creeping, unsettling sense that shedding your clothes—literally and figuratively—is not necessarily a bad thing. That there is a world with which you might be in sympathy.

In terms of the closet envy, I have chosen to ground my fantasy in two material possibilities. The first is a Porsche 911 Carrera 2 convertible. Metallic black. Lose the spoiler. The second is a small sliver of a house laid out across one of the Hollywood Hills.

I never met Richard Neutra, the Vienna-born architect of my little house on the hill. Nonetheless, the simple facts of his life suggest that he too indulged in notions of reinvention in the West. That he too fell prey to the allure of a sybaritic land with a benign climate where the tried and true holds less appeal than the new where the possibilities, like the horizon, appear limitless.

In 1923, at the age of thirty-one Neutra emigrated from Europe to the U.S. He came, leaving his pregnant wife behind, because he was infatuated with the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, after whom he named his first son. Although it took Neutra six months to meet the man responsible for his move across the world, he finally succeeded—at Louis Sullivan’s funeral in Chicago, where he witnessed not only an introduction but also an invitation to visit Taliesin, Wright’s compound in Spring Green, Wisconsin. A brief stint as one of Wright’s devoted apprentices naturally followed. After which Neutra headed west, with wife, Dione, and baby, Frank, in tow, to southern California, to make his own name. And before the decade was out he had succeeded, with a remarkable house for Philip Lovell, a naturopath physician who believed in the restor-
five powers of sunlight, exercise, and abstinence.

To many, the Health House, as it was dubbed, looked like a Swiss sanatorium designed at the Bauhaus. To others, this country’s first documented steel-frame residence, perched on a cliff between the Golden State and the Hollywood freeways, was “epichal”—an instant icon of the modern movement, a brave new architecture for a brave new world.

Although Neutra built my little liver of a fantasy, the Loring house, late in his professional life—1959—and although the modest structure is but a footnote to a brilliant body of work, it possesses the same qualities as the grander, more heroic early houses, stridently argues for the same sun-kissed life in which the division between outside and inside is as close to nonexistent as the rain permits. With its flat roof, glass walls, and open plan, the house is an impassioned plea for taut, disciplined restraint. In architecture. And in the unencumbered life architecture is meant to contain. It is an unforgiving house—inhospitable to memorabilia, to nostalgia, to the slightest trace of sentimentality. The accommodation the house provides is for the dream of a present unfettered by the past. A dream which, as I understand it, is endemic to California.

Perched atop a knoll overlooking Nichols Canyon, the glass and steel structure is a voyeur’s delight—at least on the west, which is all glass. Clearly, privacy was not an important part of choreographer-dancer Eugene Loring’s minimal bachelor requirements. Although there is evidence that Loring had second thoughts—vintage photographs show floor-to-ceiling curtains—the art dealer-collector who bought the house in 1986 was committed to returning Neutra’s legacy to its ideal state. The curtains, like the period shag carpeting and dangling light fixtures, went.

Privacy was clearly not part of Loring’s minimal requirements.

For Donna Robertson and Robert McAnulty, the New York–based architects charged with restoring the house, the commission posed a curious challenge. Success would be measured by the degree to which it appeared they had done nothing.

Save for adding a laundry room on the spot originally designated for a second bedroom, the husband and wife duo set their sights on adhering to Neutra’s vision, which they regarded as sacrosanct. Though not a surface was left untouched, Robertson and McAnulty created the opposite impression, letting their talent show in subtle nuances, such as aluminum pigment rubbed into new oak cabinetwork in the kitchen, study, bedroom, and bathroom—“Neutra thought aluminum paint had a dematerializing effect”—such as carpeting that bears an uncanny resemblance to concrete, to blur even further the distinction between inside and out.

Perhaps the only flaw in the close-your-eyes-and-think-of-California picture Robertson and McAnulty have realized is in the carport. The current owner drives a gray Saab. Not a black Porsche. Maybe he’s modest. Or maybe he’s practical. Or maybe, just maybe, he didn’t want to make it too hard on the rest of us.
It is an unforgiving house—inhospitable to memorabilia, to nostalgia.
Looking across Eames's “surfboard” coffee table, left, a Gerhard Richter canvas hangs above a slate and oak shelf. The stool is a fifties classic by Vladimir Kagan. Above: In the living room, furniture was kept to a neutral minimum. Below: The master bath boasts a spectacular view, which some might regard as a dubious amenity.
California Tuscan

Architect Ned Forrest and decorator Mark Hampton look to the Old World for fresh inspiration. By Ethan Watters

Photographs by Michael Mundy
Sunlight through French doors illuminates tile floors and chamois-colored walls in the great room. Opposite: Clematis climbs over a secluded poolside alcove in the garden. Details see Resources.
The young couple and two of their friends from college had been traveling around Tuscany for over a month, touring villas at the breakneck pace of three a day. With a notebook and tape measure always handy, they kept careful records of the height of railings, the size of windows, and the dimensions of the rooms they felt at home in. The specifics were crucial, for it was the couple's intention to create a Tuscan villa of their own in northern California when they returned home. The group found themselves most interested in the simple classical proportions of villas from the early fifteenth century. One night near the end of the tour, relaxing after dinner with a bottle of Chianti, they sketched some floor plans. When they hit on one featuring a great room at the center with small intimate rooms branching off it and a ring of bedrooms on the second floor, the couple realized that they had their blueprint.

That was eight years ago. Now, under the great room's coved ceiling, comfortable in overstuffed furniture, the husband and wife and their architect, Ned Forrest, one of the friends from the trip (the other is architectural consultant Rory McCarthy), can calmly tell the story of the house they gave almost a decade of their lives to build. While they stuck to the basic plan—a simple but elegant design with formal Palladian lines—the details were several more years in the planning. The villa is uncompromisingly authentic: there are no architectural amenities, such as skylights or even very many windows, that would date the structure. This has made for a relatively dark interior—something of a rarity in this part of the world. ("It's almost illegal in California for a house to have so little window space per cubic foot," says the husband, "but we liked the moody quality.") It has also made for the feeling of an earlier time, when houses enveloped and protected their occupants. And lighthearted design
Ned Forrest designed the south façade of the house, above, to reflect Palladian lines. Right: Terra-cotta dining room walls pay homage to Mediterranean hues. Louis XVI-style chairs are slipcovered in a Henry Calvin cotton stripe. The curtain fabric is from Lee Jofa.

touches were used throughout to ensure that the whole thing was not too foreboding: mechanical vents on the roof, for instance, resemble large chess pieces; a pool house is a tongue-in-cheek cappella.

“The house is as much about artisanship as it is about design or architecture,” says Forrest. The husband took charge as the project’s general contractor and hired the finest craftsmen; a workshop was set up on the property to make some of the furniture and woodwork; and only time-tested materials were used. “Many of the masons and carpenters we hired started in their specialties hoping that they would be doing this sort of traditional quality work but found it was no longer asked of them,” says the wife. “They really had their hearts in their work here.” The quality and the passion are evident in everything from the walls (color-integrated plaster layered on with a trowel so that the tool markings are still visible) to the floors (of Florentine tile, finished only with wax and linseed oil to allow it to weather).

With this kind of attention to detail, it’s hardly surprising that the couple turned to Mark Hampton for help with the interiors. Hampton arrived just as construction was finally beginning, and his fresh eye was particularly helpful. “It was important that Mark hadn’t been laboring on this project like we had,” says Forrest. “He gave us courage when we got nervous about how things would turn out.” As for the decoration, “Mark knew that we
Mark Hampton. "They are rooms for living"
An antique needlepoint rug in a sophisticated little girl’s room, above, anchors a daybed and a screen in Brunschwig fabric. Top: A stout 19th-century American porcelain bathtub offsets the delicate lines of an Italian console and a French slipper chair. Opposite: Iron pineapple-leaf finials punctuate the four-poster in the master bedroom, which overlooks the countryside. The bedspread is a damask from Scalamandre.

were not the kind of people who would bar children from certain rooms in the house,” says the wife. The great room has a classic but casual atmosphere, with chamois-colored walls, simple damask curtains on wrought-iron hardware at the windows, a sisal area rug to relieve the hard tile, and an inviting overstuffed sofa offset by two stately seventeenth-century Italian wood and leather chairs.

The dining room is elegant but not the sort of dining room a family wouldn’t feel perfectly comfortable using every evening. Warm tones on the walls throughout and an unstudied mix of American, English, French, and Italian antiques contribute to a sense of easy but dignified comfort. “These are not rooms for black ties,” says Hampton. “They are rooms for living. It’s a house where people do a lot out of doors, and when they come inside, they want to get away from the outside.”

Not that the villa is opposed to the land in any way. Protected from not-so-distant coastal winds by hills to the west and north and banked on each side by gardens, it has already settled into the landscape. In the front the natural grassland comes right up to the foundation. “From now on,” says Hampton, “for hundreds of years, people will drive up to this house and wonder how it got here.”

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet
Star Properties

Hollywood's decorators are sorcerers' apprentices. The sorcerers are the movie stars, directors, studio bosses, and agents who hire them to realize their fantasy blueprints. These clients, after all, can afford boffo budgets thanks to their own track records creating dreams for other people. Decorators to the stars turn the stuff of such dreams—often expressed in a client's chance phrase or a photo ripped from a magazine—into just the right celadon screening room or long red swimming pool or hillside of cactus and pepper trees. More akin in spirit to movie set designers than to Park Avenue's chintz- and-chinoiserie crowd, Hollywood's most successful decorators are a checkered and eclectic group.

The best-known member of the group is Waldo Fernandez, a team player who is a co-owner of Trumps, a fashionable power restaurant, as well as the driving force behind Waldo's Designs, where he sells his soi-disant "California look" furniture. Forty-three-year-old Fernandez is a recognizable figure, tooling around town in his black Bentley Turbo R wearing an Armani suit or, more often, jeans and T-shirt, smiling through his silvery black mustache, and greeting friends in a warm rolling accent that unearths his Cuban roots. In recent years Fernandez has grown away from the "Waldo look" (not unlike the Michael Taylor look) that made his interiors so recognizable from his first job for director John Schlesinger, in the early seventies, on through the houses of bankable Angelenos like Elizabeth Taylor. "I could do it with my eyes closed," Fernandez now says of the oversize white-on-white or beige-on-beige sofas and modular tables awash in natural light that made him famous.

Having started out as a Twentieth Century Fox set designer for Doctor Dolittle, Planet of the Apes, and Hello, Dolly!, Fernandez is experimenting these days with a few cinematic interiors. He is at work on a hairdressing

By Brad Gooch  Produced by Charles Gandee
Photographs by Tim Street-Porter

No stranger to the good life, Waldo Fernandez displays the overstuffed and overscaled flair that made him rich and famous at his house in Beverly Hills.
WALDO FERNANDEZ

“There are more people in L.A. with bad taste than with good. Let’s hope I keep getting the people with good taste”
LINDA MARDER

"I've been lucky to have such creative clients—and I work very hard to make it look as if there isn't a lot of me in the houses I do"
luctant to discuss clients. Her business number is unlisted. She claims that her goal in designing interiors is that they be untraceable: "I hope that my jobs are different from each other. And there's no signature. I hope that you can't identify my work as something I did, because that's not what's interesting to me." Sitting on a mission-style sofa in her woodsly Laurel Canyon house in a black T-shirt, brown pants, and socks with yellow smile faces, Marder deftly brushes aside a question about how she decorated her living room. The mission furniture, she allows, "goes against my rule of doing something that's popular." The Warhol Mao Tse-tung on the wall was a gift from a client. She does take credit, though, for a vast collection of royal commemorative cups, which she picks up at flea markets.

Marder's hankering for anonymous versatility is definitely panning out. Her most extensive work has been on Die Hard producer Joel Silver's 1923 Frank Lloyd Wright house in the Hollywood Hills as well as his 1939 Wright plantation in South Carolina, which Silver is currently restoring. This project involves painstaking recon-

Linda Marder covers the stylistic waterfront from cool to cozy. *Opposite and center left:* At home in Laurel Canyon, she opts for mission furniture, vintage fabrics, American art pottery, and tramp art. *Top left and top right:* In Malibu, hip and slick—and concrete-encased TVs—filled the bill for CAA superagent Ron Meyer. *Left:* In the Hollywood Hills the Wright stuff worked for producer Joel Silver, a Frank Lloyd Wright devotee. Details see Resources.
THOMAS CALLAWAY “Decorating is similar to acting. When people like something you do, they can’t imagine you doing anything else”
Jarrett Hedborg "I have trouble with things that are tasteful. Maybe it's sort of Peter Pan—bad boy syndrome." admits. "So the part was like a total harsis. I was mesmerized by every minute of putting on the stuff and walking through the dust." Callaway has collected American Indian artists since high school, and his Mexi-tiled house is filled with kachina dolls, Navajo blankets, and santos. Needless to say, Callaway has a look for California ranchos, a look accomplished for Thirtysomething's Peter Horton, and is reinterpreting the period adobe house of Horton's ex-wife, Michelle Pfeiffer. Former Lakers coach Pat Riley's stucco house in Brentwood, Callaway added in the opposite direction: contemporary California country. For the past year, he and his partner, in Word, have been designing and manufacturing furniture inspired by French originals of the 1920s and 30s. "Decorating is very similar to acting," Callaway says. "When people like something you do, they can't imagine you doing anything else. If you don't want to be limited by one style or one acting role. You don't want to just play the bad guy." Playing the southern California ranch boy to Callaway's western gunfighter is Jarrett Hedborg. When his golden retriever races him to the porch of his Sherman Oaks ranch house, atop a windy canyon with a sinking view of the city, forty-year-old Hedborg announces, "Honey and her picture in Vogue. And she's in more famous actors' pools than probably anyone we know." "I'll with long dark blond hair and green eyes, dressed in a soft green shirt, khakis, and lacquered-looking slippers, Hedborg gives a tour of his house. Blue hibiscus-pattern curtains, lauhala mats, stuffed sailfish played over a fireplace, a fake barometer bought at an MGM auction, tinted kelp-design walls, all display that he self-deprecatingly calls his "from Here to Eternity" school of design. "Ukulele music playing like a B-soundtrack on the tape deck, Hedborg, who drives a '55 Chrysler convertible, blames his aesthetic on growing up in fifties Los Angeles: "I think Steve Martin said, 'If you grew up within twenty miles of Disneyland, you gotta be weird.' Well, I did." Hedborg's first major client was Jack Nicholson, with whom he connected because of a shared love of painting—Hedborg earned a master's degree in painting at Cal State Fullerton. Nicholson's "glorified tract house" up the hill from Hedborg revolves around his art collection, including a bathroom wall devoted to drawings of women, "from Rossetti to Matisse and everything in between." Nicholson led Hedborg to Anjelica Huston, for whom he created an England-in-the- Fearless of color and pattern, Jarrett Hedborg has a passion for things Hawaiian. In the Sherman Oaks house Hedborg, above, shares with Honey, he shows some of the varied stuff of which his decorative dreams are made. Right: For Honolulu-born diva Bette Midler, a slightly softer chord was struck.
DAVID JAMES
“"I like to mix things up. I don’t go into a house and have it, you know, ‘done.’ I hate that”

The tropics effect that combines sea grass matting on the floor with antique furniture from her father’s Irish country house. For David Kirkpatrick’s office at Disney (Kirkpatrick was then president of production) Hedborg took inspiration from a cartoon interior. The decorator’s new office for Kirkpatrick at Paramount (where he is now president of the Motion Picture Group) will be an homage to Irving Thalberg.

Hedborg’s snappiest client is Honolulu-born Bette Midler, the source of his fascination with the islands’ preplane “boat days.” Once, when Midler was leaving on a trip just her dining room floor was about to be painted by Nancy Kintisch, the decorative painter for all Hedborg’s houses, the star theatrically handed her a rose and said, “This is your inspiration for the walls. I’m out here.” Hedborg observes: “The love to use you as a straight man.”

Nobody can typecast decorator David James. Ensconced in Four Gables, a twenties movie set of a fan rooming house in West Hollywood built by Charlie Chaplin for visiting...
 CLIENTS

BRUCE BERMAN
MICHAEL BLACK
TIM BURTON
MARK CANTON
DENISE DI NOVI
ROB LOWE
JOEL SCHUMACHER
NED TANEN

From fun-fur theatrics for Michael Jack, Fred Astaire’s agent, right, home on the Hollywood range director Joel Schumacher, now, decorator David James’s aesthetic gamut is wide. Opposite above: In his own West Hollywood duplex, James likes to keep his stylistic options open.

actors, James’s apartment possesses all the hip cool bop of an East Village pad passed through a postmodernist security check by a Mexican Indian shaman. “I like to mix things up,” says forty-three-year-old James, a bit on the quiet side.

Dressed down in a turquoise Hawaiian wave-motif T-shirt, white cords, and black Reeboks, his brown bowl haircut and beard streaked with white hairs, his face blushed with the crimson light illuminating a shelfful of Jesus candles and crucifixes, he sits back in an upholstered Thonet chair next to a vintage George Nelson coffee table. Glances around James’s apartment change the imagery as cleanly and quickly as a slide projector: up at the crossed wire lighting, which he says “reminded me of the Sydney Opera House”; across at original plaster gargoyles leaning down; over at framed drawings by Ellsworth Kelly and David Salle and a bust of Napoleon; out a window at the sun-drenched hills of southern California.

James jump-cuts his projects, too. One of his first big clients was ICM agent Michael Black, who represented Fred Astaire for years. “I wanted to do something very clean, like those Fred Astaire movies that were all very deco,” says James of the snazzy finished product with its circular dining table banquette. “The night Michael came into the apartment for the first time I had Astaire on the sound system singing, ‘I’m puttin’ on my top hat . . .’ He just loved it.” For Mark Canton, an executive vice president of Warner Brothers, Inc., James’s remake of part of Jack Warner’s old office suite took its cue from the office in The Last Tycoon. Joel Schumacher, the director of Flatliners, wanted to live in Rudolph Valentino’s Falcon Lair stables, but transported back to their twenties California feel and overgrown with lush indigenous vegetation.

Most recently, James has completed Rob Lowe’s fifties house, creating a sort of Miami Vice mood with a turquoise-painted lava-rock fireplace curving out into the living room, pale green doors, and lots of white wall space for Lowe’s collection of rare Georgia O’Keeffe drawings. “Rob’s very cool and very hip,” offers James. “This is very much a young kid’s house but very mature, very well put together. It’s got a movie star attitude about it without being garish or pretentious.”

James opens his shiny portfolio and points at a picture of a banquette: “I designed this one night watching a movie on TV.” Speaking the fluent cineaste-ese characteristic of all these Hollywood decorators, he adds, “It was in a B Shelley Winters movie, like a really bad Shelley Winters movie.”

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Copper pots and pans dangle from the kitchen ceiling of Sandy Slepak's cottage. Opposite: A bench under a magnolia provides a spot to unwind. Details see Resources.
Cottage Comforts

In the Hollywood Hills, a costume designer fashions a cozy hideaway. By Margy Rochlin

Photographs by Karen Radke
Gazing thoughtfully at his own image, Sandy Slepak is demonstrating the multiple uses of his Amana 20 refrigerator, which he has paneled with a full-length mirror. "See? If you don't like the way your hair looks," he explains quietly, "you can just do this . . ." Then Slepak opens the top freezer compartment, leaving only the reflection of his headless body.

Such meticulous invention is submerged throughout Slepak's Hollywood Hills cottage, where most traces of modern technology—television sets, kitchen appliances—are stowed away behind eighteenth-century Dutch silver-tooled leather screens or heavy oak church doors. Slepak, a costumer on CBS's _Murphy Brown_, regards even bathroom fixtures as worthy of dramatic disguise: his copper bathtub has been transformed into a steamy cubbyhole with its own Greek trompe l'oeil proscenium.

These precision flourishes somehow seem part of the tradition of Slepak's home, where successive residents have exuberantly displayed their disparate decorating styles. As Slepak tells it, the original owner, a British actor, built the place in the 1920s as a woodsy hideaway for his mistress, a woman with a somewhat blinkered conception of the color wheel. ("Everything in the entire house was green; it must have looked like Oz here.") And when he purchased the one-bedroom house in 1972, Slepak wasn't prepared for the previous occupants' desultory attempts at time-waste management. They hadn't bothered to move the furniture when issuing a dark layer of moss-colored paint over their pale blue walls; Slepak's newly emptied house was filled with the ghostly outlines of someone else's headboard, dressers, and end tables. "My husband and I were against him buying it," recalls his mother, Bernice Slepak, who lives in Brentwood. "But Sandy saw something else—he knew what he could do with it."

Slepak's first official act was "to buy a sledgehammer, tear down walls, open up the ceilings, and push out in every direction." An architect friend, Spencer Davies, drew up blueprints specifying the addition of a bath and a library/guest room. But Slepak's exhausted budget and one "nightmare contractor" required initiating a lengthy three-stage expansion plan. Though he concedes that it was "difficult having walls of plastic flapping in the breeze," Slepak now says he appreciates those months of dormancy. "I
"...a compulsive magazine clipper, Slepak accumulated files of details that could transform his gutted rooms, learned to dislike the word decorat ing ("I prefer to call it 'placing furniture'")..."

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"...A compulsive magazine clipper, Slepak accumulated files of details that could transform his gutted rooms, learned to dislike the word decorating ("I prefer to call it 'placing furniture'")..."

"...although he is a perpetual rearranger, each acquisition seems positioned with extreme care. "He's a perfectionist," says Bernice Slepak. "Like me."..."

"...Slepak absorbed his hands-on, multifunctional approach to antiques. The console in the foyer is actually a nineteenth-century cow bedder that Slepak upholstered in beige and green linen. He enthusiastically points out that the English medieval stone carving on the hand-painted lacquer tea table serves as an excellent receptacle for hot desserts. Wool paisley Kashmir shawls are casually flung on beds and sofas throughout the house. "I like to think of my furniture as old things," says Slepak, "but not rare antiques with an invisible rope across the seat. I want people to touch them."..."

"...the charmingly flowery garden, landscaped by James J. Yoch, evolved by trial and error, with Slepak putting in long hours to create a dreamlike approximation of his Chicago boyhood. Hummingbirds hover over the bright orange blossoms of cape honeysuckle, while delphiniums and wisteria vines curl round sparsely constructed trellises. It seems that at least one of the trees is always weighty with fruit. And though the scarcity of sunlight might have kept some from growing roses, Slepak simply potted them and pushed them into locations with maximum exposure..."

"...When Slepak mentions that his garden maintenance revolves around an erratic work schedule, he means that he'll often find himself standing alone in the chilly darkness, watering plants at midnight. This after-hours vigil occasionally suits a double purpose. The raccoons that stray onto the premises might add that backwoods touch, but they also devour the koi in his fishpond. He's had less success adapting to the hilltop homeowners who like to hurl old tires and gallon jugs of Gallo wine—once Slepak found an entire car engine—down his rear embankment. "Everything I've planted here was with the thought of camouflaging some terrible eyesore," he says confidentially. "I'm an island in a sea of neglect."..."
Slepak is a perpetual rearranger.
"He's a perfectionist," says his mother, "like me"
Slepak acquired his hands-on approach to antiques from G. R. Durenberger, who helped furnish the bedroom. An 18th-century American oak desk happily coexists with an Edwardian bamboo and rattan armoire and a Regency bed with a faux bois finish.
Santa Barbara past and present. On the Cox polo field in the 1920s, Elmer Boeseke Jr. takes aim. Opposite: Swans grace one of the fountains in Lockwood de Forest's formal gardens at Constantia.
When I went home last winter, I kept a Santa Barbara notebook, a record of things seen and heard and read: "Between the gardenias and the eucalyptus trees, among the profusion of plant genres and the monotony of the human species, lies the tragedy of a utopian dream made reality" (fashionable French theorist Jean Baudrillard). Another entry: "I'll tell you a story. Six months ago, I sold a drop-dead house—stone, fifteen acres—for $4.8 million. The people never moved in. They thought, What can you do with a thick-walled stone house? They put it back on the market for $6 million. A couple of television producers came right away, bought it for six. They started looking at it and said, What are we going to do with it? It just closed escrow for $8 million" (Montecito real estate agent Bill Gardner).

I heard this story several times last winter, with slight variations, and I heard others like it. I heard them from real estate agents and also from neighbors and decorators and friends and my parents, who live in a part of town where horses are usually the main topic of conversation.

In the apricot-hued coffered-ceilinged living room of El Eliseo, a Mediterranean villa built in 1920 and occupied by two generations of Virginia Castagnola-Hunter's family, Virginia Castagnola-Hunter took a sip of chilled apricot juice, waved her hand toward the oak grove on the other side of an arched and mulioned window, mentioned the upkeep, and confided that she had recently decided to put the house on the market, for $5 million.

Under an old black cypress tree on the edge of Edgecliffe, the beachfront estate Lester A. Berman has been remodeling in a style he calls Berman Revival, a style that runs to such touches as an outdoor Jacuzzi engraved with the signs of the zodiac, Les Berman directed my attention with the antenna of his cordless phone to some adjacent woodlands which he said had remained woodlands because they abutted Indian burial grounds and which were about to be developed in million-dollar lots a fraction of the size of Les Berman's own lot, so I could imagine what Edgecliffe was worth.

In fact, I could not, but I was beginning to get an idea.

At Park Lane, the decorator Robert Woolf's show-chipped standard poodle and I panted from the climb to a Palladian teahouse, from which height we could see the majority of seven acres of formal gardens and Robert Woolf's former guesthouse, a Spanish colonial structure he had recently sold to Alex Van Halen, the heavy metal rock musician; now, said Robert Woolf, who is the son of Beverly Hills architect John Woolf, he was going to sell the rest of Park Lane. He was asking $15 million.

By a crackling fire in the dark-beamed living room of Casa del Greco, Mrs. James Black spread out her clippings on George Washington Smith, the famous Santa Barbara architect who had designed many of the city's Spanish houses, including Casa del Greco, where the Black had lived for the past twenty years. Mrs. Black picked some invisible links off her plaid skirt and asked if I had heard about Piranhurst, the old Bothin estate that had sold in 1973 to an Oregon lawyer for $310,000 and in 1980 to Gene Hackman for $3.5 million and in 1986 to Harold Simmons, a corporate raider from Dallas, for $5.5 million.

I had. A lot of people were talking about Harold Simmons last winter. Harold Simmons had turned his avocado grove into a lawn. Harold Simmons had used so much water to irrigate the lawn that the city had threatened to put him in jail and had fined him $25,000. Harold Simmons was installing a well on his property to avoid any future fines.

There may have been nothing remarkable about all of these figures as such. What did seem remarkable was the incongruity between these figures and the statistics, repeated with the same frequency, pertaining
When Alfred Dieterich and his wife, Ethel, left, commissioned Addison Mizner to build Casa Bienvenida, he gave them baroque water stairs, above, and twenty-foot coffered ceilings, far left.

to the water situation. In 1989 Santa Barbara received seven inches of rain; normal annual precipitation is eighteen inches. One of Santa Barbara’s two reservoirs, the city’s chief water source, was empty; the other was 75 percent empty. For three years California had suffered the worst drought in sixty years; Santa Barbara was the driest county in the state. One reason the mayor was now vowing to bathe no more than twice a week until it rained was that Santa Barbara, unlike Los Angeles, say, or San Diego, has always discouraged growth, and it has done so by deliberately limiting its water supply—refusing, for example, access to state water. That is why the statistics concerning Harold Simmons seemed especially remarkable.

Unlike many of its neighbors, Piranhurst is not shielded from uninvited inspection by stone walls or acres of sycamore trees, and Harold Simmons’s vast slope of front lawn rises from the street rather grandly, glistening with sprinkler dew, to a pedestal of gardens beneath a Venetian villa. Piranhurst is visible, and last winter it was audible too. The source of the noise, a steady thrum, could be located several hundred yards behind the house, where inside a tall derrick a drill jabbed at the dry earth.
A LITTLE OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS ago Don Carlos de Dominguez gave his fiancée, Maria Marcelina Feliz, a grape cutting before going off to find his fortune in a silver mine. Marcelina Feliz planted the vine next to a creek in the foothills of the Santa Ynez mountain range above Pueblo de la Laguna—a mission, a presidio, and a few adobes in the small valley between the ocean and the mountains. In 1850, when California attained statehood and the pueblo had been rechristened after the patron saint of artillery soldiers and architects, Marcelina Feliz’s grapevine spanned 5,000 square feet and had become something of a tourist attraction. Another draw was the hot springs in the Santa Ynez foothills, which were supposed to have curative properties and which by 1887, the year the Southern Pacific Railroad laid tracks in Santa Barbara, were luring health seekers from across the country.

They wintered at the Arlington, the first of the great West Coast resort hotels, and if they were rich they came back to build their own houses nestled in the amphitheater of hills overlooking the Pacific. They were meat tycoons from the Midwest and industrialists from the North and black-sheep heirs and heiresses from the East. The earliest and wealthiest arrivals claimed entire hilltops for themselves. On the summit of Piranhurst, not far from where Harold Simmons was looking for water, an arched stone façade survives from the estate’s formal tea garden: Henry Bothin and his wife, whose father is credited with bringing water to Oakland, employed thirty-five gardeners to maintain two miles of man-made waterfalls, reflecting pools, and Grecian columns topped with huge shells spilling water one to the next, all leading up to a terrace of statuary, planting beds, and the (Text continued on page 174)
Piranhurst's old tea garden on a summit in the Santa Ynez mountains.

From adobe to ranch, from Moorish to Dutch to Spanish to French, romantic styles proliferate. Whatever the setting, one is never far from a courtyard and a fountain, a mountain and an ocean view.
The Simple Life in Beverly Hills

Hollywood glitz has no place at Adrian and Samantha Lyne's outpost in L.A. By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Langdon Clay
A luminous atrium stands at the heart of Bella Vista, the Mediterranean-style house ventriloquist Edgar Bergen once shared with his family. Bella Vista family portraits, now and then: Film director Adrian Lyne, opposite above, with wife Samantha and daughter Amy, and, opposite below, Bergen, wife Frances, and daughter Candice. Details see Resources.
Director Adrian Lyne may be a bona fide Hollywood hotshot, based on Flashdance, 9½ Weeks, Fatal Attraction, and Jacob's Ladder, but he refuses to play the part. His Mercedes is twenty-four years old. His Rolex is steel, not gold. His sartorial flair is limited to white T-shirts, baggy chinos, and Converse high-tops. His idea of a good time is a glass of white wine and a game of boules with a couple of buddies in the backyard.

And then there's the matter of Lyne's house—yet another example of the English-born director's utter disregard for Tinseltown tradition.

There's not so much as a trace of the venerable Triple-M school of

The Lynes' house in Provence inspired their kitchen in Beverly Hills. Above: The quasi-rustic aesthetic continues with a rough-hewn table under an arbor off the kitchen. Opposite: In the living room, slipcovers made from Bennison Fabrics tea-stained linen are one size too large for the overscale sofa and chairs.
Lyne's house is yet another example of the English-born director's utter disregard for Tinseltown tradition.
Plaster walls and a terra-cotta floor provide texture for the master bedroom, opposite and above. The overstuffed sofa and iron bed are from Indigo Seas, L.A. Right: The theme of chic understatement extends to Adrian Lyne’s shoe closet. Top: The view from the bedroom terrace is of Century City. Below: From the pool, the five-bedroom house looks more like a modest bungalow.

 decorating—mirrors, marble, and MONEY (say it loud)—long favored by movie industry heavies in the plaster and tile pile Lyne shares with his wife, Samantha, daughter Amy, and Babu and Poppie, the family dogs. No shiny chrome. No black leather. No state-of-the-art screening room. There are none of these clichés because Adrian and Samantha Lyne define luxury somewhat differently.

To them, the good life is enough property to forgo curtains, enough windows to forgo air conditioning, enough echoes of their stone farmhouse in the south of France to all but forget that the hurly-burly of Sunset Boulevard.

“There’s great energy in L.A.,” says Adrian, “but there’s very little that’s pleasing to the eye or to the hand.” “To be honest, we’d rather be in France.” adds Samantha with a sigh. But, of course, they don’t make movies in Simiane-la-Ronde, the tiny village where the Lynes retreat between films. So Adrian and Samantha continue to tough it out in southern California, as they have for ten years. Which isn’t so bad, especially now that they’ve moved from their three-bedroom bungalow in the Hollywood Hills into the rambling Mediterranean-style house in Beverly Hills which ventriloquist Edgar Bergen once shared with his family and Charlie McCarthy.

Although the Lynes bought the three-acre property three years ago, they only recently moved in. It took time to replace the somewhat shabby Santa Fe aesthetic of a previous post-Bergen owner with the Lynes’ preferred aesthetic, le style provençal. One factor behind the protracted timetable was the couple’s aversion to professional assistance. “I hate decorators,” says Samantha, by which she means—to put a charitable spin on the statement—that the idea of someone else fiddling with her family’s house does not appeal to her. “It’s more of a nightmare, but it’s also more fun to do it yourself,” adds Adrian, noting that, in his opinion, professionally decorated houses “all look the same.”

Although the Lynes are a busy couple with a house in France, a loft in Manhattan, a booming career with attendant social obligations, and a fifteen-year-old daughter with a serious boyfriend, the prospect of renovating and decorating another house was not particularly unwelcome. The Lynes, after all, are different. “We didn’t have the time to do it ourselves. We made the time, because it’s important to us—this is where we live,” explains Samantha. Just how different they are is revealed when they talk about their new house. Hectic lives notwithstanding, their knowledge of the building trades is matched only by their knowledge of the decorating trades. (Text continued on page 172)
Luxury, according to Adrian and Samantha Lyne, is having enough property to forgo curtains, enough windows to forgo air conditioning
Susie Tompkins, opposite, and Esprit's new image. Above: Susie's San Francisco apartment, chairs by Jean Prouvé and a Serge Mouille lamp from Delorenzo frame a bay view. Details see Resources.
High Spirits

Atop a hill, Esprit's Susie Tompkins surveys new worlds. By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Tim Street-Porter
Susie Tompkins has a thing about green. She has green clothes, green shoes, and a Kelly bag that lives up to its name. Bowls of green apples sit on her office desk and kitchen counter. Even her new mountain bike that she rides over her beloved property on the northern California coast is green. "Green," to Susie, is about nature, about growth, about never going in or out of style, about simplicity. "It's the simple pleasures that matter now," she declares, seated on a dark green vintage Alvar Aalto love seat in her San Francisco dining room before a picture window that frames a postcard view of the Transamerica Building. "I don't like things to get too precious."

That would explain why her sunny spacious apartment is filled not only with museum-quality photographs and elegant furniture by twentieth-century masters, such as Aalto, Charlotte Perriand, and Jean Prouvé, but also with folk art and flea market finds—not to mention flashes of green. It would explain why her order from the local flower markets includes shaggy sunflowers as well as perfect orchids. And it would certainly explain why the woman who runs Esprit, one of the best-known makers of what Seventh Avenue calls "better junior" sportswear, is wearing mismatched shoelaces.

Susie (no one calls her Mrs. Tompkins, save a few diehard doormen in her building) is wearing vintage brown French shoes with leaf-green whipstitching. One shoe is missing its original green leather lace, so Susie has had to make do with a length of brown Hermès gift-wrap ribbon. This unpretentious mixture of the funky and the fancy is just Susie's style.

And it's going to be Esprit's style. The forty-eight-year-old mother of two returned to the company last June after a two-year absence during which she and her former husband and Esprit cofounder, Doug Tompkins, wrangled over control of the firm's domestic sales. 

In the living room, opposite, brown leather chairs, Jean-Michel Frank designs by Écart International, sit behind a Prouvé steel and terrazzo table. The dining room above, is filled with original Alvar Aalto seating, Imogen Cunningham's 1929 photograph Two Callas, and a floor lamp by Jean Royère, who also designed the wrought-iron wall lamp in the entry, right.
Susie’s new life fell into place with almost supernatural ease.

operations. (Susie and an investor group bought Doug out.) Since then, as co-owner and creative director, she has juggled the tasks of making Esprit’s fashions more vibrant while making the one-big-happy-family company more socially aware—she wants substance behind the style.

“The collections don’t look coordinated anymore,” she says of Esprit’s spring lines, which reflect what she sees as the “mismatched” spirit of the nineties. “The whole sixties look is coming back—more craft-oriented, with a human touch, and more thoughtful.”

Thoughtful is what the 550 employees at Esprit’s San Francisco headquarters are expected to be these days. To promote voluntarism at work, people will be allowed to donate their efforts to a worthy cause on company time. Of course, many perks of the employee-friendly company are still there, including subsidized (healthy and delicious) meals in the office café, kayaking and mountain-climbing trips.

A French screen in the dining room, opposite, flanks a Prouvé cabinet. The ceiling lamp is another Mouille design. Around the granite table designed by Gregory Turpan are Mario Bellini’s Cab chairs for Cassina. Above: In the bedroom, photographs sit on a Bertoia bench from KnollStudio. The sisal is from Larsen Carpet. Left: The kitchen is stocked with vintage objects, such as green Harlequin pottery from Buddy’s, L.A.
The "mismatch"
An aikido class at Esprit's gym, opposite. Below: Inside Susie's country cottage. Bottom: Susie at work with designers Carol Antone and Linus Mendenhall.
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Great Rooms

With burlap, paper, paint, and finesse two designers transform a San Francisco duplex  BY CINDY EHRLICH
Stepping into Brett Landenberger and Scott Waterman's apartment is a little like visiting some wacky chapel on a sun-drenched Aegean island. The feeling derives only in part from the decor, which includes neo-Gothic niches and wooden draperies salvaged from a burned-out church. What also contributes to the impression of winking sanctuary is the palpable sense of love and humor that has gone into the making of their combination house and studio.

The two moved to San Francisco from Atlanta, where Waterman, a decorative painter fond of “deteriorated things,” began his career working on trompe l’oeil murals and the restoration of historic buildings. Landenberger’s specialty is decorative paper designs, which translate into fabrics, wallpapers, and prints.

The quality of light was one reason they chose San Francisco. It also influenced their decision to rent a featureless 1945 duplex because its five rooms are dazzlingly bright. The designers let the light shine: they reflect it with white paint, propel it through dark hallways with mirrors, and barely filter it with curtains made of cheesecloth, canvas drop cloths, and paper. Citron-colored beads sparkle in the kitchen dining way. “We want it to look like a Mexican restaurant,” explains Waterman. “The palette in the rest of the apartment is more neutral because that’s where we work.” For his hand-painted papers Landenberger currently favors golds, browns, and grays—colors that reappear on the furniture, fabrics, and sculptural objects that are everywhere.

Waterman and Landenberger let necessity and spontaneity dictate room use. The designated dining room serves as Landenberger’s studio. Waterman’s studio contains the library; he works on larger projects in what was originally the living room. Their art provides much of the visual splendor that surrounds them. Landenberger wraps his papers around picture frames, boxes, and obelisks; Waterman paints lampshades, pedestals, screens—anything that doesn’t move. They continually arrange and rearrange and simplify.

Both designers arrived at their occupations by way of studying architecture and art, pursuits that continually resurface in their work. They have re-created furniture spotted in Renaissance paintings, replaced ceiling lights with Louis XIV–style suns, and adorned walls with burlap bearing Hispano-Moresque tapestry designs. In the hallway, Landenberger assembled a frieze out of architectural fragments they bought “by the pile” from a salvage shop in Atlanta. “These things serve as inspiration, which is another kind of utility,” says Landenberger. “That’s what we look for in everything—for the spirit it imparts.”

Editor: Sharon Wick

Great Rooms
The apartment is a living collage

Fooden draperies from a 19th-century church hang above a mantel, previous page and top, in Brett Landenberger and Scott Waterman's living room/studio. Waterman's screen design is casso-inspired. Above: Hispano-Moresque tapestry motifs printed on burlap line the bedroom, which features two neo-Gothic church niches and 1950s rugs hooked by Landenberger's grandmother. Right from top: Waterman, at left, Landenberger, and their cat, Minnie, surrounded by their designs. Waterman's studio shelves display his boxed collages. Indian umbrella borders jut above the kitchen windows. Opposite: A studio lectern modeled after an example in a Renaissance painting. The wall is patterned with urn cutouts made from a 1950s theater magazine. The angel is part of the designers' collection of architectural fragments. Details see Resources.
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**Malibu**

(Continued from page 92) Interior street, or gallery, steps down the slope while the ceiling stays at the same height. The rooms grow as visitors walk down past the kitchen and dining area to the living room at the lowest level. The outside street passes trellises, pergolas, patios, and a rose court on the way to a lap pool on the lowest level—a blue last step to the ocean beyond. The couple has used the structure and the planting to edit the landscape so that the surrounding hills and the Pacific itself seem part of the property. They have borrowed the view.

Buzz calls the interior gallery the “zipper” between outside and inside, and with the French doors open, the zones blur: one walks as much across the house, from room to terrace, as down its streets. Despite the clear organization and the economical regular geometry of the structure, there is great informality in these sunny and sensuous spaces that give onto the outdoor living rooms. Openings are large enough to allow diagonal views and shortcuts. The soft warm colors, mixed by Tina directly into the wet plaster as it was troweled, seem to vibrate with the setting sun. A fragile tangle of mostly blue flowers cascades down the western side to a ravine left in Malibu’s native chaparral.

Tina may be one of the design world’s great cooks, and her primary beneficiary, Buzz (who Slims down regularly in the lap pool), has created a dozen places for dining idylls throughout the house, where dishes are served with fraises des bois from the patio, rosemary and sage from the herb garden, guavas from a grove along the parking court, or grapes from the arbor. Besides a dining area in front of the fireplace in the open country-style kitchen and another in the living room, Buzz’s study, up a flight of stairs, is a veritable oasis for reading and for a carpet of Islamic carpeting. Tina’s double-height studio enjoys the direct light of a northern exposure and seems the more open and active space. Buzz’s study, up a flight of stairs in a tower, is the smaller, more meditative aerie. From his desk the architect commands a view of the sea and the roofs, as though the house and landscape were simply a very large model still being contemplated on his drafting table and in his mind.

**Taylor-Made**

(Continued from page 113) With materials, he began to change his thinking about design. He admonished clients to eliminate unnecessary bibelots. He started using large slabs of concrete, river rocks, twig sculptures, and slate floors. Gorham and Diana Knowles’s house at Lake Tahoe is a perfect example of this phase of Michael’s career. In the living room, the coffee table is a piece of raw rock that weighs 2,800 pounds. It was a housewarming present from Michael to Diana Knowles, who was so frightened by it that she fled to Tahoe City until the rock was safely installed.

Michael’s own house, which he bought in 1970 after he closed the shop, was a repository for editions of the beautiful objects he bought for his clients. “This house is the best way I know to live above the store,” he once said. Michael also said, “When in doubt, throw it out,” but he never threw anything away; his house was crammed with everything from African art to a German baroque chest and it had a wonderful mystique.

Michael’s belongings were auctioned at Butterfield & Butterfield in San Francisco in 1987, a year after he died of AIDS at the age of 59. It was quite an event; all his clients were there. Michael was always terrible with money, but he had died over $3 million in debt. But the auction brought $3.4 million, so once again Michael Taylor landed on his feet.

**Life in Beverly Hills**

(Continued from page 154) Every doorknob, hinge, grille, cabinet, mantelpiece, chair, and slipcover has a story. Chez Lyne, and Adrian and Samantha Lyne can each tell it. They know where to find an upholsterer in greater Los Angeles, where to find antique terra-cotta tile in France (and how to export it), where to find amoirs in New York, where to find a man to nickel-plat a brass latch. Names of fabricators, artisans, craftsmen, and construction workers roll off their tongues. They have a Rolodex, in other words, that could put them in business, as well as a resident-jack-of-all-trades named George, who has devoted the last two years of his life to the Lynes.

They also have opinions about how things should look—very precise opinions. They know, for example, just how thick a wall should be, just how highly textured hand-troweled plaster should be, just how dark or light gray the mortar should be on the old Spanish tile roof they installed. “We fight about every decision, get divorced over every piece,” quips Samantha. The couple’s seventeen-year marriage suggests otherwise, though it would be fair to say that Adrian and Samantha Lyne are two strong-willed people with very definite aesthetic ideas—and not one bit shy about expressing them.

The reward for the Lyne’s time and trouble is a kick-off-your-espadrilles-style house that succeeds in being warm, inviting, cozy, comfortable, charming, and, perhaps most important, evocative. “It’s a magical place,” says Adrian. “I can almost pretend we’re in France.” Almost because the view of L.A.—shimmering in the distance in the smog—serves as a spectacular reminder that, one, they’re in southern California and, two, southern California isn’t so bad.

Editor: Elizabeth Marchant

Editor: Pilar Vilada

Editor: Pilar Vilada

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property while Berkeley architects Richard Fernan and Laura Hartman design a new larger house. It will look, explains Susie, “unpretentious and evolved, as if it’s been there forever.” She looks forward to the time when the house will be filled with friends and grandchildren, and it will be her turn to ring that dinner bell.

But while her new life has fallen into place with almost supernatural ease, Susie takes nothing for granted. “The time is right,” she says. “The things that have been influencing me for twenty years can finally be used. Esprit is now twenty-one years old.” Speaking of the changes afoot at Esprit, and a shifting cultural climate everywhere, she adds, “Getting through these times will require a lot of strength.”

Susie seems to be up to the task. “I want to inspire good values. That’s what the nineties have to be about. The eighties were a very self-serving time. People were into bodybuilding. Now they’re soul-searching.”

-- Teresa, T., Newport News, VA

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Santa Barbara

(Continued from page 148) stone arches, which framed an ocean view. Here guests enjoyed picnics and the vista—glimpsing, perhaps, with a good set of binoculars, the tan and green cabanas and palm-roofed dressing rooms of Edgecliff, which before Lester Berman's time and between occupancy by the Doultons (of the china) and the Kelloggs (of the ships) operated as a beach club offering the usual waterfront activities as well as tea dances, mah-jongg by the shore, and Greek plays staged by the children.

Enamored of the city's romantic Hispanic history, the new residents employed local or imported architects to create houses and gardens in the mission, Mediterranean, and, above all, Spanish colonial styles. Virginia Castagnola-Hunter's El Eliseo was designed by the Los Angeles architect Reginald Johnson, who later built the Santa Barbara Biltmore, after a villa that his clients had seen in the Dolomites. Park Lane, Robert Woolf's place, was conceived as Casa Bienvenida by Addison Mizner, whose Spanish designs had changed the face of Palm Beach. Mizner gave the son of a founder of Union Carbide 20-foot coffered ceilings and a 1,400-square-foot living room, and yet Casa Bienvenida avoids the bombast of San Simeon, to which it has been compared, mainly because the visitor never feels very far from a courtyard with a tiled fountain or a parterre of gravel and roses.

Almost all of the flora came from elsewhere—El Pueblo de la Laguna was singularly lacking in trees and plants. Even so, by the early 1900s Santa Barbara had a reputation both for the variety of its horticulture and for its elaborate gardens. One of the more exotic of these belonged to the opera singer Ganna Walska, who hired the landscape architects Lockwood de Forest and Ralph Stevens to transform George Washington Smith's traditionally shady Cuesta Linda into Lotusland, thirty-seven acres of lily ponds and fern, cypress, and succulent gardens. But most of her neighbors, meaning to replicate the formal gardens of Italy and Spain, asked for and received fountains, pergolas, court-yards, and garden houses defined by clipped hedges and the trees—eucalyptus, palm, express, and olive—that inevitably elicit favorable comparison to those of the Mediterranean coast from which they derive. It was to none other than Cuesta Linda, not Lotusland, that ninety-nine ladies from the Garden Club of America left the East Coast for the first time in 1926.

Easterners brought polo to Santa Barbara, which by the twenties had three major playing fields—Bartlett Cox, and Fleischmann—and polo brought celebrities, particularly celebrities to the south, day-trippers who came up in their Packards to mingle in the grandstands with disaffected East Coast aristocrats and industry moguls like Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck. In 1935 Ronald Colman, the silent movie idol, bought the San Ysidro Ranch, a romantic arrangement of citrus groves and turn-of-the-century cottages, where, attended by Katharine Hepburn and Garson Kanin, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh were married five years later.

IN MY SANTA BARBARA NOTEBOOK the list of celebrity residents continues—Jane Russell, Judith Anderson, But Ives, Jane Fonda, Mike Nichols, Michael Douglas, Sylvester Stallone, Kevin Costner, Jon Peters. The list stops at Jon Peters, because no one knew how seriously to take the studio head's efforts to buy the San Ysidro Ranch for $23 million—he'd pulled out of escrow several times before—the source of as much feverish speculation as Harold Simmons's lawn. I suppose what I was getting at was a certain decline between the eras of Ronald Colman and that of Jon Peters. Except for a rash of subdividing in the fifties, the intervening decades saw little growth. Now Santa Barbara was attracting television producers who didn't know what to do with their stone houses.

But the Peters deal fell through, for one thing. For another, the real estate market went soft. (Virginia Castagnola-Hunter has decided to keep El Eliseo: Robert Woolf has knocked $3 million off his asking price; I don't have to imagine what Edgecliff is worth anymore, since Lester Berman has elected to offer it for $22 million—but he says he's in no hurry to sell.) And
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THE LEGEND LIVES ON...

A Collection From The Winterthur Museum & Gardens Archives.

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Bijan balks at anything less than the best

Despite the slight chill in the Bel-Air air, the French doors separating Bijan's pool from Bijan's living room were wide open. Which should have made the room too cool for comfort. But didn't. Great gusts of warm wind cascaded out of a knee-high register next to the one of the two ivory sofas that did not have the king-size mink blanket draped across it.

I had arrived at Bijan's house by way of Bijan's boutique, an unabashedly opulent—and aromatic—emporium in Beverly Hills where an electronic atomizer sprays $400-per-ounce Bijan perfume onto Rodeo Drive every thirty seconds or so. Although I had offered to drive myself to the house, I was told that it would be best if I drove myself to the boutique, where I would be picked up by Bijan's chauffeur. "The house is very difficult to find," explained Bijan's associate, who made it clear that Bijan wouldn't like it if I got lost—and arrived late.

"Sit wherever you'd like," said the white-gloved driver with slicked-back hair—after I had instinctively, but clearly inappropriate, installed myself in the front seat of Bijan's Bentley. And then we set out, somewhat uncomfortably after my breach of decorum, on the journey from Beverly Hills to Bel-Air. "That's Tom Jones's house," said the driver along the way, directing my attention to a walled compound not far from the massive iron gates that swung open after we cleared security at our final destination.

Bijan made his entrance wearing a pinstriped gray-flannel suit with a black and purple patterned silk necktie and a matching handkerchief, which shared space in the breast pocket with a monocle on a thick gold chain. Glissement black crocodile shoes and a matte gold Audemars Piguet watch completed the ensemble.

"My name is Bijan," said Bijan, by way of introduction. And then he handed me two sheets of paper with "bijan" written across the top in large letters, the largest being "I." I measured seven and a half inches from dot to bottom. Neatly typed on one sheet was "The world said/conform/The world said/settle for less/The world said/compromise/and no one will know/So I made my own world." It was signed Bijan. Neatly typed on the other was, "A color/A stitch/A fabric/A texture/A fit/A feel/A pleat/A thread/A button/Some people hate details/I live for them." It too was signed Bijan.

Since the elitist creeds and sartorial swank seemed better suited to Paris, London, or Milan than sunny southern California, I asked Bijan if he felt altogether at home in the City of Angels—and if he always dressed with such elegant panache. In terms of his sartorial splendor, Bijan proudly noted that he had a six o'clock appointment with Semra Ozal, wife of Turkish President Turgut Ozal, who wanted to discuss her husband's summer wardrobe. And in terms of southern California? "California has been good to me," said Bijan, who has had an outpost in Los Angeles for sixteen years. "I am very satisfied to be here for business because I am doing very well." The figure $100 million per year was duly noted. Nonetheless, added Bijan, when it comes to fashion, California is "bad news." He was referring to the attitude of anything-goes informalism that pervades the state, an attitude for which he has considerable contempt. "Tennis shoes and a T-shirt? You call that casual? I call that a slob."

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Things haven't been the same since the sixties, continued Bijan, since the trend for quantity at the expense of quality first reared its mediocre head. "Do you know why I am successful?" he asked. "Because nobody else can do what I do." What Bijan does, in addition to selling millions of bottles of his signature fragrance, is dress "sixteen presidents" and "five or six kings"—among 22,000 others. To better serve such a clientele, Bijan keeps a Gulfstream, emblazoned with his name, in the air. "If the mountain won't come to Muhammad," he said, "Muhammad must go to the mountain."