It Took A Month Of Saturday But Only One To Finish
She enjoyed the hunt as much as anything else. But when she saw that chair, peeking out from under a pile of red velvet curtains, she knew it was over.

As for her husband, he'd already done his part: hooked them up with a fabulous new range and refrigerator. Wasn't his fault it only took one day. But since Jenn-Air's known for making top quality appliances, there wasn't much point looking anywhere else. Even she could see that.

Next Saturday, she'd begin her search for the perfect armoire. But thanks to some quick if not inspired thinking on his part, they had their perfect kitchen today.
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Threshold
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- HENRY DAVID THOREAU
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WELCOME

Water People

Sometimes it just Isn't about decorating. Sometimes it's about a perfect moment, like the one pictured on our cover. The way the sun slants in the window toward the end of the day and falls across a pillow. The way a ruffle around the legs of a chaise looks generous and familiar and comforting. The way the chaise simply turns its back to the room because all you really want to do there is sink into its cushions, feel the warmth of that sun across your face, gaze over the dunes and out to the ocean, then drift away.

Some people prefer mountains, some the desert; some are water people. I am, by nature and by upbringing, a water person. I'm convinced there's a gene for seaside dwellers—my mother and her mother grew up on the coast of north Africa. When the family left in the '50s, my grandmother refused to join them in Paris. She stopped in Nice. "I must look at the sea," she said, "even if it has to be from the wrong side." I can't think of a time when I didn't live with water nearby—a stream, a lake, an ocean, a fountain, or just an enormous tub. (Every mother of young children has to love the book Five Minutes' Peace, by Jill Murphy, in which the harried Mrs. Large—whose day begins, "The children were having breakfast. This was not a pleasant sight"—tries with thwarted success to find a moment of respite in her bath.) Water lifts my spirits. It's a necessary part of decorating for many of us.

Even in some of the furniture showrooms of High Point, North Carolina, during the recent trade fair—a landlocked affair that takes place in buildings designed to exclude nature—the appeal of water was irresistible to some manufacturers. A fountain at the entrance to Henredon and the sound of water trickling over stones in its Moroccan room made this visitor slow down and appreciate the clean, sturdy lines of the bamboo furniture. At Mitchell Gold, another fountain bubbled and splashed in the middle of a display. The sound was happy and insistent and stopped our entire party in its tracks; we melted gratefully into deep, comfortable, cotton floral armchairs and let the enchantment wash over us.

In this issue, we feature some of the different responses people have had to living on the water: Judith Krantz's homey joy and easy comfort in a southern California seaside retreat; a northern Californian's bold surrender to the majestic grandeur of the Big Sur coastline; cool refinement in a Long Island country house; the rough-hewn elegance of a house emerging from a cliffside on a Greek island; the brightly genteeled beds of a small garden in Maine designed by Beatrix Farrand in 1930. Each of these places has its voice, its own way of retreating by the sea.

What is it about the lure of the water? Within an hour of arriving at the ocean, I feel a tranquility that I get nowhere else. The lull of the tides, the sparkle of the sun, the slick, oozy, slimy, gelatinous sea creatures, the long view, the play of the wind, even the subtle threat of the inky depths. To make a home or plant a garden near the water is to choose to live constantly in the presence of a force greater, more mysterious, more beautiful, and more alive than any one of us can ever be—it puts us in our places. How wonderful, then, when we turn our places into a celebration of such brute force. We nestle seaside and are reminded of something important.

I watched a young child at the beach many summers ago, there for his first visit. He was at that age—whatever it is, I can no longer recall—of wanting everything repeated six thousand times, every toss of a ball, every story, every tickle. He ran to the water's edge, planted himself squarely in front of the ocean, folded his arms, and watched a big wave roll in, right to his feet. "Again!" he commanded. And watched with delight at the waves' obedience. Again, again, again. So it went all morning. I guess that's it. The ocean water doesn't stop. It doesn't disappoint. And when we make our homes and plant our gardens, we do it in defiance of endings, with a hopefulness about the future. Arent we all looking for something that doesn't end?

Dominique Browning, Editor
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CONDE NAST HOUSE & GARDEN, Alan Wanzenberg Architects and Housing Works applaud the generosity of the companies that donated their time, energy, products, and services to build a model AIDS residence and day treatment center in New York City.

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you want to make your friends' jaws drop, pick up The Other White Meat® for dinner. Then wait and see who's keeping up with whom on helpings. For recipes, and a self-addressed, stamped, business-size envelope to: Recipes Ad, Box 1383, Des Moines, IA 50306. Or visit our Web site at http://www.nppc.org/

Next time you have them over, **MAKE** the Joneses drool.

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3-4 lb. boneless pork loin roast

2 t. olive oil
1 T. black pepper
1 t. nutmeg
1 t. cinnamon

Blend oil, pepper, nutmeg and cinnamon in small bowl. Rub mixture onto pork; cover completely. Place pork in shallow pan; roast in 350°F oven for 1-1 ½ hours or until internal temperature is 155°F. Remove pork from oven; let stand 10 minutes before slicing. Serves 10-12.

TASTE WHAT'S NEXT

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A new **Ice Age** is upon us, and there's no longer any excuse for serving second-rate ice cubes. While making **cubes** with Evian isn't absolutely necessary, it's something to consider, along with adding fruits and **flowers**. Also this month, we deconstruct the **status** medicine chest, debate the merits of black-bottomed swimming **pools**, scope out over-the-top home hair salons in **Houston**, and reconsider weedy flowers and garden thugs with **The 20-Minute Gardener**.
Pity the People with Baccarat goblets, Scalambred drapes, Porthault sheets, and Steuben vases who settle for run-of-the-mill refrigerator ice. Though we are increasingly obsessed with the quality of our beverages—bottled waters, single-malt scotches, flavored coffees, herbal iced teas—we’re surprisingly lackadaisical about the quality of our ice, which can, of course, make or break a drink. While there are now hundreds of brands of bottled water, there are no national brands of ice, according to the Packaged Ice Association.

For those who demand high-quality ice at home, the Scotsman Compact Ice Machine is a must-have appliance. “We call it a gourmet cube,” says Larry Lozar, director of sales and marketing for the consumer products division of Scotsman, an Illinois-based company that has been making ice machines for hotels and restaurants for forty-eight years. “The consumer who wants commercial-quality stoves and refrigerators is now discovering commercial-quality ice. Last year, our sales grew in double digits.”

Scotsman’s fifteen-inch-wide, under-the-counter ice machine (about $1,000) produces clear, elegant 1 ¾”-high by 1 ¾”-diameter tapered cylinders, which the company

COOL CONNOISSEURSHIP

Many of the twentieth century’s best designers have produced ice buckets. Some are destined for the history books and can now be found in the permanent collections of major museums—or on the shelves of their stores.

One of Terence Conran’s 70s Plastic Ice Buckets is in London’s Victoria & Albert Museum, but is no longer sold in any stores.

A cone-shaped Dansk Teak ice bucket, a 70s classic, is in the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum; Sarah Latham Keams, a New York antiques dealer, sells used Dansk buckets for $150 to $295.

Arne Jacobsen’s 1965 Stainless-Steel Ice Bucket is $295 at the MoMA Design Store.

The MoMA Design Store carries Goran Hongell’s 1940 Crystal Ice Bowl (and tongs) for $99.

The Bibulo Ice Bucket, designed by Angelo Mangiarotti ca. 1966, is in the collection of the Denver Art Museum. It is still manufactured by Colle Cristalleria and costs $235.

Early Frost

Every summer, newspaper food sections run the obligatory recipes for ice. Nearly all food editors in America advocate making cubes from iced tea, iced coffee, or lemonade to use in the corresponding drinks. Last year, The San Diego Union-Tribune suggested making ice with distilled water (instead of the local tap water, which is high in minerals and produces cloudy cubes). The Seattle Times has recommended putting two fresh raspberries in each cube to serve with raspberry iced tea. The Dallas Morning News proposed studding cubes with thyme, oregano, mint, rosemary, lemon verbena, or violets.

We were a bit skeptical about fruitied-and-flowered ice cubes, but food stylist Mariann Sauvion proved us wrong. For our photographs, above, she filled the trays one-third-full with water, froze them, then added herbs, fruit, and more water, and froze them again, so that the mix-ins ended up in the middle of the cubes. To enjoy these frosty beauties, you must, alas, watch them disappear.

Sources, see back of book.

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promises won't stick together and will melt slowly. Scotsman's main competition—Whirlpool-made makers that are sold under labels ranging from Sub-Zero and Marvel to KitchenAid and Viking—is three inches wider, and popular because it fits into the standard under-the-counter space for ice makers. Certainly, the 3/4" cubes that the Whirlpool-made machines produce are preferable to the crescent shapes turned out by the ice makers inside refrigerator/freezers. "Most people would prefer an alternative to crescents," says Steve Anderson, manager of survey research for Maytag Appliances.

But for cube connoisseurs, the Scotsman is in a class by itself. "I have one in my own house, and it's fabulous," says Eileen Goldman, vice president of marketing for Goldman Associates, a distributor of high-end, built-in kitchen appliances including Dynasty, Sub-Zero, Thermador, Gaggenau, and Scotsman. "It's the top-of-the-line ice machine. The beauty of the cubes is that they're always clear and odorless."

"The consumer who wants commercial-quality stoves and refrigerators is now discovering commercial-quality ice"

—Larry Lozar, Scotsman

ICE PRINCESS Cellarettes, lead-lined wooden chests for chilling wines, were a fixture in fashionable dining rooms in England in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. The circa 1800 English Regency cellarette, above, which costs $67,500, is from New York's Kentshire Galleries. Cellarettes may be making a comeback. In his fall '97 furniture collection, Ralph Lauren introduced the mahogany-with-gold-leaf Aldenham Wine Cooler ($3,583), which has pewter feet and a brass liner. He made it look exceedingly hip in his New York showroom by filling it with imported beer and placing it atop a billiard table groaning with food in the fantasy manor of a hedonistic rock star.

The Iceman Cometh

Ice sculptures are suddenly fashionable. In the April Vogue, photographer Herb Ritts and designer Gianni Versace collaborated on an eight-page Absolut Vodka campaign that featured models Kate Moss and Naomi Campbell posing with ice sculptures at the Ice Hotel in Jukkasjärvi, Sweden. After Joe O'Donoghue, a Brooklyn ice sculptor who created the gazebo, above, for H&G, was profiled in The New York Times Magazine in March, he started working with Robert Isabell and Glorious Food, New York's leading party designer and caterer. "I haven't gotten much sleep since the article," O'Donoghue says. "Now all the top caterers call me."
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HOUSE RULES

A Dream Come True

NAME: Matthew White
RESUME: Interior designer who owns an antiques shop in Pasadena, California.
PRIMARY RESIDENCE: A 1920s Italian villa in San Marino, California.
THE FIRST THING I DO WHEN I WAKE UP: Sit up in bed, take a big drink of water, and through bleary eyes look at my garden. When there is morning mist, it is the most beautiful sight in the world.
I CAN'T SLEEP WITHOUT: Kissing our basset hound, Phoebe. Let's face it, it's her house.
I SLEEP ONLY ON: The second floor. It's odd, but for my entire adult life, my bedroom has been on the second floor. Somehow, I think I would be uncomfortable sleeping in a bedroom on the ground floor.
THE BEST VIEW IN MY HOUSE IS: There are too many good views to choose from. The bedroom and landing balconies have incredible views of the garden, which is quite formal. More intimate and equally great is the tiled courtyard outside of the library.
MY FAVORITE PLACE TO READ IS: The library—particularly at night, with the fire reflected on the old tile floor.
I WATCH TELEVISION: When I should be doing other things.
MY LIVING ROOM IS VACUUMED BY: Gloria, our housekeeper. She used to be a roller-derby queen. Honest!
THE MOST USED ROOM IN MY HOUSE IS: My office. Thankfully, it, too, has a wonderful garden view.
THE LAST PIECE OF FURNITURE I BOUGHT FOR MYSELF: A mid-eighteenth-century Venetian armchair. It is so wonderfully comfortable.
THE WORK OF ART I'D MOST LIKE TO OWN: I would have to say the Roman marble torso from Nureyev's apartment in the Dakota. Tomorrow...?
THE COLOR THAT MAKES ME MOST HAPPY IS: I can't think of a color that doesn't.
THE COLOR I TRY TO AVOID IS: There are a lot of things in life to avoid—color isn't one of them.
MY NEXT DECORATING PROJECT FOR MYSELF: An apartment in New York—why not?
MY DREAM HOUSE IS: This one, no question.
A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME UNLESS: The rooms are alive with people (and basset hounds) you love.

DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM

WHAT The dark-bottomed swimming pool that looks like a pond.
DARK VICTORY Like tinted contact lenses for the suburbs, colored pool bottoms—which range from earthy brown to ebony—are changing the look of backyards. Of the 6,500 pool interiors Pebble Tec installed in the greater Phoenix area in 1996, fewer than 10 percent were white, which makes water appear a Caribbean turquoise.
BLACK MAGIC "There is an allure to dark water. Black-bottomed pools are very attractive and mysterious," says Jack Cergol of the National Spa and Pool Institute. "We have developed a kind of mystique about what water wants to be," explains Cleo Baldon, coauthor of Reflections on the Pool: California Design for Swimming. "Right now the idea is that water wants to be a lake."
WARMING TRENDS Dark-bottomed pools are hot—literally. Because they absorb the sun's rays, their water is as much as five degrees warmer than water in white-lined pools. "A dark pool feels good, cozy, and lovely," sighs Baldon.
TECHNICOLOUR TIDES Some states, including California, require public pools to have white bottoms. Even without regulations, many prefer David Hockney hues. "I wanted a light-bottomed pool," says artist Ross Bleckner. "It reminds me of beach clubs I went to as a kid—all that chlorine and aqua. But my architect put in a dark pool for a natural look."
POND SCUM "I abhor dark-bottom pools," says New-York based decorator Michael Formica. "It's like swimming in the black lagoon—uncomfortable and disconcerting."

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Building a Better Medicine Chest

MEDICINE CABINETS ARE rarely sublime. "They're the last thing you would show off in your house, after the hot-water heater," says Howard Katz, who designs medicine cabinets for a living. But Katz, who trained as an architect, is being humble. The ones he's engineered for Robern, a Pennsylvania manufacturer now owned by Kohler, are sexy showstoppers. They have standard features like double mirrored doors with swing-out magnifying mirrors inside; they can be outfitted with such options as safety lockboxes (to keep drugs away from children and baby-sitters), door defoggers (so you can see yourself after a steamy shower), and electrical outlet shelves (for storing and plugging in hair dryers and electric razors).

"Our cabinets are really more like appliances," Katz says. "The world has changed a lot since medicine chests were invented at the turn of the century."

Like the statuesque Sub-Zero refrigerator, which is usually camouflaged to match a kitchen's cabinetry, Robern's top-of-the-line cabinets (which begin at $424) are "design neutral"—building blocks that can be stacked horizontally or vertically, allowing designers and architects to create custom looks. "What's important is what you put around the mirrors," says Katz, whose innovations include detailed wood surrounds that can make a medicine cabinet look like a handsome framed mirror. The company also makes cabinets with colorful anodized-aluminum frames that can be outfitted with clear or frosted glass (instead of mirrors) and lit from inside. Robern's cabinets are available with six- and eight-inch-deep shelves (as well as the traditional four-inch), making them a godsend for owners of pedestal sinks, who have nowhere to store extra rolls of toilet paper and other bulky items.

"No question about it, they make a unique product," says Joe Passero, chairman of Klaff's, a Connecticut home-design store that sells hundreds of Robern cabinets every year. "Nobody else makes a medicine cabinet with the same design and quality."

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Peter Greenaway's turn-of-the-millennium movie drama, The Pillow Book, has no prerequisite natural disasters or doomsday naysayers. Nagiko, a Japanese supermodel who's the movie's protagonist, inhabits an austere, minimalist Hong Kong apartment designed by French interior designer Andrée Putman. Her cinematic client "is cultured, raciсing, and a millionaire," says Putman, whose commissions include Air France's Concorde and Morgans Hotel in Manhattan. The Pillow Book apartment is pure Putman: it has a bamboo-and-steel interior that combines hints of the past with modern sensibilities, the exotic with urban cool. —JOYCE BAUTISTA

NO WORRIES & NO CARNATIONS

In 1987, Napa Valley resident Barbara Brooks wanted to send flowers to a hospitalized friend in Cleveland. Since Brooks is a horticulturist, she didn't want to be lied down any primrose paths bordered with the dyed carnations and baby's breath that make up the standard bouquets ordered through long-distance suppliers. Brooks eventually found D. K. Vanderbrook, a Cleveland florist who did the roses for Charles and Di's first American visit. His roses didn't save the royal marriage, but they made Brooks's friend happy and led Brooks to launch 888-FINE FLOWERS. Call that number and a representative will arrange for a bouquet from one of the 154 Fine Flowers By Phone (FFBP) florists or, for cut flowers, directly from a grower via FedEx. If you prefer to make arrangements directly, you can buy Brooks's book Fine Flowers By Phone ($19.95), which lists some 240 florists worldwide whom she and her staff have screened. The group includes well-known florists in New York and Paris along with ones in places like Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and Lewisville, Texas. Each entry describes a florist's style and palette and lists minimum order, if any. And what young business could blossom without a Web site? Check out www.fineflowers.com, which is scheduled to sprout this month. —JULIE GRAY
Why do cowboys love Mitchell Gold...

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LETTER FROM HOUSTON

Shampoo and Set Chez Moi

In this city of big houses, big jewels, and big personalities, humidity is a big problem. A painstakingly styled coiffure can be ruined by extended exposure to the steamy air, which is why many of Houston's best-dressed women have hairdressers who make house calls. For an especially pampered circle, home hair salons have become a status symbol. They have everything from professional shampoo bowls, manicure tables, and pedicure chairs to state-of-the-art systems that cast soothing light for massages and bright theatrical lighting for makeup applications.

"I'm a very practical person," says Joan Schnitzer Levy, who is known for her great parties and blonde hair. Her at-home salon is decorated with the same eighteenth-century English porcelain plates that adorn her adjacent bedroom. "If I had to get my hair done at a salon in the afternoon, it would never, with this humidity, stay looking good by nighttime. My hairdresser comes over right before I'm ready to walk out the door to a party. Because I have a shampoo bowl, I can be all made up and all dressed and still get my hair washed comfortably without having to worry."

Elyse Lanier, the wife of Houston mayor Bob Lanier, doesn't fret anymore, either. "Now that I have a shampoo bowl, I don't have to worry about getting all soaked when the hairdresser comes by every morning to do Bob's and my hair," says Elyse, who built a mirrored salon in their penthouse. "Bob gets his hair fluffed and done every day, too. He just can't style it well himself. We love the idea that we'll never have to go into a barbershop or beauty shop again."

Houston's First Lady doesn't miss the socializing that many women feel is the fringe benefit of a manicure and blow-dry. "I want to go to a salon to relax," she says, "but people bombard me with all their suggestions and complaints about the city. With one beautician working on my hair, another on my feet, and another on my hands, there's no way I can politely get up and walk away."

Mary Kickerillo has two chairs in her home salon, which she shares with her sixteen-year-old daughter, Kelli, and her husband, Vincent, a builder and real-estate developer. "It's a great place for us to spend family time together every day," says Mary. "While Vince may be in one chair getting his nails done, I may be getting a facial, and Kelli might be having a haircut. We alternate getting different things done on different days."

Since the Kickerillos live on a sprawling estate on the outskirts of the city, their home hair haven is especially convenient. "It would take too long for us to drive all the way in to a good salon every few days," Mary says. "Besides, having my own salon means I don't have to worry about security and beauty-salon robberies." She hasn't even sacrificed hearing all the gossip that goes on in a big salon. "My stylist brings it all out here to me."

-FRENCHY FALIK

For the last few years, nickel-finished faucets and fittings have been the chic alternative to brass and chrome hardware for stylish bathrooms. But at the sixteenth annual Kitchen/Bath Industry Show in Chicago in April, many manufacturers—Jado, St. Thomas Creations, Omnia, Kallista—were touting copper bathroom fixtures. Shown in both polished and antiqued finishes, the penny-colored faucets and showerheads could give nickel a run for its money.

Finders Keepers

In the summer, Senga Mortimer won't leave home without one. House & Garden's garden editor swears by the solar-powered Anti-Mosquito Guard ($5.95, or two for $10, plus $1.50 for shipping; to order, call 214-596-0299). The matchbox-sized device can be attached to a belt loop and emits a high-frequency sound that repels most mosquitoes. Says Mortimer: "Every gardener should have one."
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I like the Baccarat bedside carafe because the glass sits right side up on the decanter. On most others, the glass is upside down. When you're half asleep at 3 a.m., it's that much easier to pour yourself a glass of water.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

"Never use an old rag," says Bruce Newman, president of Newel Art Galleries in New York. "It might have some sediment that doesn't agree with the wood." Serious cleaning and polishing, he says, should be done only once or twice a year. "Never buy those pre-wax supermarket gimmicks," he says. "Buy Johnson's Paste Wax, and buff with a clean, soft rag."

Richard Wright, who runs the modern design department for John Toomey Gallery in Chicago, actually likes Lemon Pledge—but only for cleaning fiberglass Charles Eames shell chairs. "It leaves a beautiful sheen," he says.

For the polishing of his wood inventory, Adam Blackman, co-owner of the Blackman-Cruz gallery in Los Angeles, uses Kiwi Bois. "It gives a nice luster," he says. He suggests Mirror Glaze by Meguiar's, Inc. and Brilliantize by Chemical Products for Lucite and warns against ever using name-brand glass cleaners with ammonia. "They contain harsh chemicals that can eat away at plastic."

All recommend the same safe tool for day-to-day cleaning: an old-fashioned feather duster.

—JOYCE BAUTISTA

Working Under Pressure

A popular wedding gift of the '40s and '50s is reappearing in kitchens across the nation. The pressure cooker, once feared for its potentially explosive top, has been remodeled to ensure foolproof cooking. But not having to worry about scraping pea soup, applesauce, or stew from the ceiling is only one reason people are turning back to the pressure cooker. What is also appealing to foodies in the time-deprived '90s is the speed with which the p.c. can produce a full-flavored dish. Even gourmet food arrives on the table in a third the usual time. Cooking is believing: risotto in seven minutes.

While the method of pressure-cooking hasn't changed, the madness has. Manufacturers such as Kuhn Rikon, Magefesa, Presto, and T-Fal have new models that make the most fainthearted cooks fearless. Kuhn Rikon's Swiss-made, stainless-steel Duromatic, for instance, has an integrated safety-lid locking system. T-Fal's, above, comes with a p.c. first: a window. And one size no longer fits all: most companies now make pressure cookers of many capacities. Duromatic has a four-liter model (there are nine others) especially for cooking risotto and features ergonomic side-grip handles for easier stove-top-to-table mobility.

Early models of the pressure cooker used aluminum in their construction, though experts now recommend a heavy-bottomed pot of stainless steel. Most new pressure cookers are made from combined layers of heavy-gauge stainless steel and thermal aluminum.

Lorna Sass, author of Cooking Under Pressure and Great Vegetarian Cooking Under Pressure, describes this revived cooking technique—which reduces fat and enhances flavor—as having "redefined fast food at its wholesome best." Families are cheering, dinner guests applauding, and a new and improved (if still humble) pressure cooker is taking all the credit.

—HOPE MEYERS
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The 20-Minute Gardener

WONDERFUL WEEDS

By Tom Christopher and Marty Asher

There’s a point, early in July, when most gardeners feel that they’re losing the fight with nature—that, in spite of their best efforts, the weeds are still going to take over the garden. If you employ a 20-minute gardening strategy, though, next July Fourth can be your Independence Day from weeds.

Rather than confronting the weeds with poison gun in hand—a horticultural high noon—the 20-minute gardener does something less dramatic but more effective: he puts them to work.

The inspiration was Marty’s. As an editor, he originally suggested simply penciling out the weeds. His dictionary defined a weed as “an undesirable plant growing wild”; Marty announced that he fervently desired all the plants growing in his yard. That was when Tom proposed a compromise. Instead of universal love for all weeds (a 20-minute project for the next millennium), he recommended they limit their approval to those plants commonly known as garden thugs.

These are the attractive but “weedy” flowers that conventional gardening books prohibit as too aggressive. Jerusalem artichoke is one example. Actually a perennial sunflower, this bears masses of yellow blossoms on head-high stems. But its edible roots do indeed choke all neighboring plants unless the neighbors are equally weedy.

The tiger lilies (Lilium Lancifolium) that had overrun a friend’s garden were logical bedfellows, as were the six-foot-tall plume poppies (Macleaya Cordata) another friend had banished from her Brooklyn backyard.

There were the red-flowered oriental poppies Tom’s mother-in-law couldn’t exterminate, even with the help of a pet goat, and the Chinese silver grass (Miscanthus floridus) Marty got cheap—other shoppers seemed intimidated by its eight-foot height. From a prairie-plants nursery (hadn’t the prairie been one vast weed patch?), Tom ordered lavender-flowered wild bergamot (Monarda fistulosa), big bluestem grass (Andropogon gerardii), and stiff goldenrod (Solidago rigida).

Tom and Marty planted the thug garden early in the spring. They prepared the soil without digging: Instead, they spread newspaper several sheets thick over a sunny patch of lawn (a weedy flower bed would have done as well), and buried this under four inches of compost and shredded leaves. Three weeks later, they planted the thugs right through the journalistic mulch with a sharp spade. Then they watered and waited.

They didn’t wait long. Within a month, the thugs were up and engaged in Darwinian garden design. The fittest survived, turning the garden into something like a meadow on steroids. It reaches a peak of color in July, when the lilies, monarda, and sunflowers all explode into flower.

Aside from weekly watering during the first summer, the only care the thugs get is a scattering of 5-10-5 fertilizer in early spring, and a new coat of shredded leaves every fall. Otherwise the thugs are on their own and none the worse for it. Lord help any weed that wanders uninvited into this garden.
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PEOPLE IN MOTION
“Ah, the sheer beauty of it all.”

Mark Pollack
One Word: Plastics

We just want to say one word to you: plastics. It’s time you graduated from the old-fashioned clear variety to translucents—bowls, plates, coffeepots, wastebaskets, even cheese graters—as vivid as sunset or as subtly colored as sea glass. While you’re at it, help yourself to a gorgeous tray table, the kind that will give TV dinners a good name. And after dinner, check out what else is news in home design.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STEELE PRODUCED BY BROOKE STODDARD AND AMY CRAIN
Remember when you, like Dustin Hoffman, froze at the mere mention of plastics? "It was supposed to be a cheap-looking material," explains Hans Maier-Aichen of Authentics. Now, thanks to Maier-Aichen and other imaginative designers who are working in rich, translucent plastic, you'll melt over it. Carsten Jørgensen, whose pieces for Bodum include a bread basket and a coffeemaker, calls translucency "truly a breakthrough for plastic." Though portability, easy care, low cost, and minimalist lines make the plastics appealing, color may be the biggest draw. When Heller added color to its line of mixing bowls, sales exploded. "People are attracted to the product for
its looks,” says Alan Heller, “and then find out it’s usable.” Translucent plastic is great for the obvious, such as picnic tableware. But it’s surprisingly perfect for other things, too—an expandable coatrack, for instance, that can jazz up a summerhouse hall. Bonus: you can use these items with a good conscience. Many are made of recycled material, or can be recycled should you—in a moment of madness brought on by too much sun—throw them away. Sources, see back of book.

**PLASTIC TIPS**

You can put most of these plastics in the dishwasher with abandon—just don’t place them too close to the heating element (or stove top), unless you’re interested in free-form goo. Don’t use an abrasive cleaner or steel wool. Virtually nothing will stain or discolor the plastics, but Heller says tomatoes and berries might be a problem in the company’s mixing bowls.
Tray Chic

With the craze for clever, adaptable furniture, tray tables are suddenly very of the moment. Some have removable tops, or legs that can be folded and stored. Très magnifique—and definitely not for TV dinners anymore.

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What's News

Pale fire—that's the palette, all green and lilac, that we found for July, from fabrics to tables and countertops.

1. FABRIC FINDS From top: Oola from Designers Guild; May in cotton and a velvet-and-bouclé-stripe Guerande in Iris, both from Manuel Canovas; and Schumacher's Ruban Treillage. Colorful countertops: Corian's Lilac and Kiwi from Design Portfolio, 800-4CORIAN

2. WRIGHT STUFF Black-cherry-and-nickel Wright Twin-Pull desk lamp from Stiffel, $299. 888-91-LIGHT

3. GARDEN BEAUTY Crabtree & Evelyn has products to keep your thumbs from turning green. 800-CRABTREE

4. WATCH FOR CURVES A Michael Weiss sofa from Drexel Heritage in a new fabric from its collection, $4,992. 800-916-1986

5. TOP TABLE Troy table, painted apple green and white, from Julia, $900. 212-223-4454

6. SILVER SPICES Hand-crafted sterling Nardo salt and pepper shakers at Febres, NYC, $420/set. 888-980-5505

7. MORE THAN SILK Maple children's furniture, ceramics, glassware, and fabric from En Soie's New York store. 212-717-7958
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Once the gurgling toys of child science nerds, aquariums are now the playthings of elite designers and stylish homeowners. “Fish technology has expanded,” says Peter Marino, architect to the super-rich. “You can do amazing coral worlds.” Where he might once have hung a Lichtenstein, Marino now installs a twenty-five-foot tank swimming with moray eels, fluorescent blue tangs, and menacing-looking leopard sharks. If that sounds fishy, read on.
Object Lesson

Coral Gables

Inspired by the aquariums at Barneys, financier Steven Greenberg had one installed in his Manhattan office, right. The coral tank, by James Kastner for Beital's Exotic Aquariums, was built into a wall under a lacquer screen with a fish motif by the late Swiss artist Jean Dunand, who also did the lacquerwork on the piano and the vase.

Below: A saltwater tank filled with live coral reef, by Beital's Exotic Aquariums.

Go Fish

The family room in Tenafly, New Jersey, was California-contemporary—light walls, lots of earth tones, a fireplace. But the space cried out for something special. “I thought of displaying artwork or putting up some shelves, but everything seemed so ordinary,” says the homeowner. “Then my decorator came up with the idea of an aquarium.”

So in went a custom-made, five-hundred-gallon saltwater tank encased in a cabinet with a luxurious anegre veneer. No filter or pump in sight: these fixtures are hidden behind the tank in a small room designed for the maintenance of the aquarium. “We’ve got nurse sharks, purple tangs, a lion-fish, and six squirrelfish,” the owner says of her elaborate tank. “It certainly is the focal point of the room.”

Once a standard item of 1970s suburbia, today’s aquariums have less hokum and more chic. No more sunken treasure chests concealing the filter; these tanks often contain living reefs. “It’s gotten way beyond the 1970s thing,” says Peter Marino, who has designed aquariums for private homes and for Barneys department stores in New York and Los Angeles, where fish swim behind the jewelry cases. “People are using them as room dividers or in place of a work of art,” he says. “They’re not just accessories.”

Custom Tanks

Craig Beital, owner of Beital's Exotic Aquariums in Pearl River, New York (800-627-6624), who recently rented a pulley to hoist the glass for a five-hundred-and-fifty-gallon aquarium through the window of a Manhattan apartment, says custom-made tanks can cost more than $20,000.
For that price, you get a deluxe version, with chunks of living coral reef, purple barnacles, sea slugs, and cleaner shrimp. "One shrimp can cost twenty-four dollars," Beital says, "and you need a lot of shrimp to make the tank look like something."

Of course, as John Maillard, an editor of Tropical Fish Hobbyist in Neptune City, New Jersey, points out, anyone who wants to keep fish can get started with a forty-dollar tank and some goldfish. But in the last decades, aquarium science has gone twenty thousand leagues beyond such simple setups, with new silent-pump technology, hidden air tubes, and filters that help keep exotic fish healthy: Marino rebuilt a red lacquer Art Deco tank and used it as a room divider in a home in Larchmont, New York. "I buried all the filters and pipes seven feet below the floor in the basement," he says.

**BEYOND GUPPIES**

With all this gear, the urge to upgrade is hard to resist. "People are getting tired of the guppies and mollies," Maillard says. "They want ecosystems in their homes: anemones, reef lobsters, corals, and crabs. It's like diving in the Florida Keys."

There are two basic aquarium setups: freshwater and saltwater. Freshwater tanks—home to goldfish and African cichlids—are the cheaper and simpler route. Beital says a top-of-the-line freshwater aquarium starts at $500, compared with $1,200 for saltwater. Freshwater tanks are also easier to maintain.

But while freshwater fish have a following, the most eye-popping varieties reside in saltwater. "Ninety percent of our clients now get saltwater tanks," says Ron Rheingold, owner of Aquatic Design in

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**KOI COLLECTING**

It's hard to believe anyone would spend thousands of dollars on a goldfish, but koi—the goldfish's larger, more colorful, and cherubic-looking cousins—are rumored to have sold for up to a million dollars in Japan. Now koi culture has come to America, where koi ponds, complete with water lilies and irises, are springing up both indoors and outdoors. "They are the friendliest fish," says Ron Rheingold of Aquatic Design. "You can literally pet them."

While a prize koi can easily sell for $3,000, "you can get some very nice koi for twenty to thirty dollars," he says. "And they live a hundred years." What's more, they hibernate at the bottom of the pond in winter, so you don't have to bring them indoors.

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**LIFE IN A FISHBOWL**

Not all aquariums need be elaborate. Life goes swimmingly for some freshwater red parrot cichlids in a vase, right, $490, by Lee Mittier for Zinc Details, San Francisco. The bed and side table are by Christian Liaigre, from Holly Hunt New York.
**FLYING FISH?** Aquariums can be installed almost anywhere—even in the unlikely setting of an antique birdcage, above. The cage with freshwater-fish tank is from Intérieurs, NYC, as are the painted wood table lamp, $310, and screen, $750.


Los Angeles (310-588-4846).

His star-studded clientele includes former O. J. Simpson attorney Robert Shapiro, who recently ordered a saltwater aquarium and an outdoor koi pond (see previous page). Rheingold, whose tanks cost $5,000 to $20,000, also placed an eighty-foot-long aquarium in the floor of Crustacean, a

**STAR FISH**

While beauty is fin-deep, certain fish stand out in a tank. Some currently trendy aquarium favorites:

- **AFRICAN CICHLID** Freshwater fish that comes in Jean Prouvé colors like blue, red, and orange. Some cichlids are barracudas at heart: avoid mixing them with other fish.
- **LEOPARD SHARK** A genuine shark that cuts through the tank like a silver knife with black splottes.
- **TANG** Disc-shaped fish that resides in salt water and comes in high-wattage hues like blue, yellow, and purple.
- **LION-FISH** This king of the tank looks more like a porcupine than a lion. Extremely venomous.
- **CLOWN TRIGGERFISH** Bozo had nothing on this fish, with its spots, yellow crest, and puckered orange lips.
- **MORAY EEL** Toothy creature that wraps itself around coral and hangs out. While technically not a fish, “it’s fabulous,” says Marino.

**CICHLID**

Eurasian eatery in Beverly Hills.

Most saltwater fish are caught in the sea near places like Indonesia and Africa. Environmentalists advise buying live fish and coral from reputable dealers who import supplies from accredited divers in countries that regulate the live-fish trade.

While you don’t have to walk a fish, aquariums do need to be cleaned regularly—once a month for most, and every two weeks for a living-coral-reef tank. The task takes about two hours, and you can do it yourself. Or hire a maintenance service like the one operated by Beital. He’ll dispatch an employee to clean your tank for about eighty-five dollars a throw, leaving you free to do nothing but feed the fish.
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Gem of the Ocean
Transforming the interior of an Italian yacht, designers Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste redefine "shipshape"

By Isabelle Forestier

In the dining area, the designers' sycamore furnishings with gilded details are accentuated by reds in the carpet and lampshades.

Her sleek, strong hull and powerful, state-of-the-art engines are built for ocean crossings. But the Carmen, a 105-foot yacht constructed at the San Lorenzo shipyards in Viareggio, Italy, rarely strays far from her home port of Hong Kong. In any direction—out on the South China Sea or on the home waters of the People's Republic of China—pirates lie in wait for such luxury vessels. Keeping near land, though, hardly bothers the Carmen's owners, lawyer P.S. Woo and his wife, Helen, who have residences in Hong Kong and London. "The Woos are not sailors," confides designer Mattia Bonetti, who, with Elizabeth Garouste, his partner in their Paris-based firm, created the interiors for the yacht. "They use their boat for weekends; they stay overnight. They don't take lengthy trips."

Bonetti and Garouste, on the other hand, are quite comfortable away from shore on the seas of creativity. In the 1980s, the pair established themselves as one of France's most daring and imaginative design firms through commissions such as the Paris showroom of couturier Christian Lacroix and product designs for firms ranging from the cosmetics and fragrance division of Nina Ricci to Habitat home stores. This summer, in fact, Bonetti and Garouste are being honored with an exhibition of their designs at Paris's Centre Pompidou.

The Carmen should only buoy their reputation for ingenuity. Bonetti explains that the team's primary inspirations...
came from “the sea, the coral reefs, and the sun”—themes most fully explored in the yacht’s living room, in the maritime blues, fiery yellows, and coral-stalk patterns in the custom-made rug and the mosaic-topped table. The coral motif is repeated in the legs of the table and of several upholstered chairs, as well as in a branching bronze wall lamp.

And yet these oceanic elements also seem to reflect the Woos’ taste for staying close to shore. All have an earthy feel. The furniture legs are as reminiscent of twigs as of coral; a sculpture Bonetti created for the boat’s dining room is actually made of a tree branch attached to white terra-cotta forms that could just as well be bones as ocean-worn shells.

Such signs of Bonetti’s and Garouste’s inventive imaginations are salted throughout the Carmen. To counter the naturally confining feel of a boat below-decks, for example, the two kept the walls of the Carmen’s living room and dining area a pale color, and made furniture and flooring from light-colored sycamore. The designers took an opposite tack to make the yacht’s master cabins cozier—paneling the guest berth, for example, in a rich, dark mahogany that could comfort any nervous voyager on the high seas.

Despite such successes as the Carmen, Bonetti admits that he and Garouste are happiest away from the shoals of commissioned interior design and in their Paris atelier, sketching out concepts for industrial products and furnishings. “When we’re working on a new collection, there aren’t the constraints of client needs,” he says. “It’s more like a laboratory. We are free.”

Isabelle Forestier lives in Paris and writes frequently about design for the magazine Maison Française.
The Kindest Cuts

It's summer, and there's a basketful of books to help you prune your garden (or your life)

BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK

MRS. EMILY WHALEY, the eighty-six-year-old coauthor (with William Baldwin) of a peachy garden memoir, Mrs. Whaley and Her Charleston Garden (Algonquin), declares: "There are two kinds of people in the world. One kind loves to prune and the other kind doesn't." True enough: Pruning is horticultural predestination, a way for gardeners to direct and strengthen their work, infusing it with grace. What works for plants works just as well for buildings and other constructs. Here are some of this season's choice cuts, inside the garden and out.

FRESH CUTS Arrangements with Flowers, Leaves, Buds & Branches, by Edwina von Gal, with photographs by John M. Hall (Artisan). "I love pruning," writes the delightfully literate garden designer. "My daughter says it is all about my need to control." Von Gal finds pruning somewhat easier than parenting, as plants are "more easily controlled than children and can be ruled by logic." That's one reason for cutting; another is to bring the familiar into focus, as John Hall does in his crisply detailed photos. It is hard to imagine ever seeing lamb's ears (Stachys byzantina) again without thinking, as von Gal does, of Marilyn Monroe, who was perhaps so appealing because she was "covered with a quantity of short, fine, blond hair . . . or fuzz . . . or fur?"

GARDENING WITH FOLIAGE PLANTS Leaf, Bark and Berry, by Ethne Clarke, with photographs by Clive Nichols (Abbeville), is a site-specific guide to structuring a garden with layer upon layer of foliage plants. Clarke has a painterly eye, and she likes to rough in the essential forms (screens and hedges) before sketching pertinent details like color (berries) and texture (cactus leaves). The asides—an
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encomium on tassels, for example—give this handsome book its charm. HERBS A Garden Project Workbook, by George Carter (Stewart, Tabori & Chang). Here, in a clever and compact volume (part of STC’s Essential Garden Library), is a guide not only to cultivating herbs but to building their ideal environments. Behind each full-page photo is a peckaboo instruction sheet (how to build a rustic herb-drying rack, say, or a checkerboard parterre). Some ideas seem uninspired, but the instructions are clear and simple. Good news for the best and worst of thymes. . . THE BULLETINS OF REEF POINT GARDENS by Beatrix Farrand (Sagapress). Some garden legends, like Gertrude Jekyll, speak their minds in print; others, like Beatrix Farrand, tend to say it in flowers. So it is a rare treat to lay hands on the essays Farrand wrote from 1946 to 1956 for the bulletins of the Reef Point Gardens of Bar Harbor, Maine. The prominent landscape gardener founded the gardens’ corporation to preserve the horticultural treasures at her family’s summer residence. Sadly, the corporation lacked resources, and the aging Farrand, a salty realist, systematically disassembled the gardens. This book, from an imaginative young publisher, is an unburied treasure. LUIS BARRAGAN Mexico’s Modern Master, 1902-1988, by Antonio Riggen Martínez (Monacelli). The garden was where the architect Luis Barragán found what he called Ociosidad, an inspired idleness that informed his most disciplined and dynamic work. The spirit of the enclosed or inner garden permeates projects such as the Convent of Tlalpan, with its divine geometry; as well as the architect’s own homes. Barragán created a mystical theology out of lines and planes, moving water, brilliant color, and refracted light—inspiration indeed. THE UNREAL AMERICA Architecture and Illusion, by Ada Louise Huxtable (The New Press). The redoubtable former New York Times critic lambastes the “appalling good taste” of historic preservation that create a fantasy past; the “faux populism” that masquerades as high art, especially when it is modeled after Disney theme parks, and towns, like Disney’s Celebration, that are theme parks in disguise. Huxtable concedes that brilliant architects create buildings for these sham environments, but, she asks, “Can the architect draw his motifs and messages from a contaminated culture without danger?” Can a mouse fly? This is an angry and welcome book.

SINGULAR VOICES Conversations With Americans Who Make a Difference, by Barbaralee Diamonstein (Abrams). Architect Robert Venturi was reluctant to be interviewed without his wife and partner, Denise Scott Brown, so the interviewer (a contributing editor to this magazine) called him on it. Fair enough: and from her just-brash-enough question and his (that is, their) artfully engineered response comes a discussion that roams from the pitfalls of marriage to a star to Beethoven’s lack of vocation as an architect. Good reading, as is astronaut Ellen Baker’s riff on housekeeping aboard the space shuttle.

HORTA Art Nouveau to Modernism, edited by Françoise Aubry and Jos Vandenbreekens (Abrams). Even if the groping tendrils of Art Nouveau aren’t your particular vegetable love, you may enjoy this volume on the work of turn-of-the-century Belgian architect Victor Horta. In a sense, Modernism begins here, with a passion for ironwork and transparent glass. The essays (especially Lieven de Caubert’s, on Walter Benjamin and bourgeois interiors) are illuminating, as are the color plates.

Cathleen Medwick is a contributing editor of this magazine.
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Invisible Hours

Cartier mystery clocks can't stop time, but their works have kept owners as diverse as J. P. Morgan and Joseph Stalin in suspense

BY WENDY MOONAN

TIME BECOMING THEATER is how Cartier chairman Ralph Destino characterizes the Cartier mystery clocks. These ornate timepieces, festooned with precious stones, elaborate goldsmithing, and carved decoration, all share one characteristic: the hands, which appear to be suspended in the clock's crystal face, move, even though they are not visibly attached to any mechanism, raising the question, How do they work?

Ever since 1913, when Cartier devised its first mystery clock and J. P. Morgan bought it, these jeweled clocks have attracted a diverse group of owners, from Queen Mary to Joseph Stalin to King Farouk. "It's the mystique," says mystery-clock collector Ralph Esmerian, a New York dealer in precious stones. "You are staring at a piece of rock, yet it's got two hands moving inside it."

Cartier made about a hundred of the clocks between 1913 and 1930, and when they occasionally come up for auction at Sotheby's or Christie's, the vintage versions command prices in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. (A famous Art Deco model from 1924, the rose-quartz Chinese temple gate clock called Portico No. 3, went for $699,000 at Sotheby's Geneva in 1993.)

They wear their value proudly. The faces are made of materials such as rock crystal, citrine, amethyst, and aquamarine. The hands are gold, the numerals and borders are inlaid with precious stones or enamel. The movements are hidden in fanciful forms: Chinese dragons, chimeras, Buddhist lions.

Three of these clocks currently star in "Cartier: 1900-1939" at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. They are Art Deco in style, and are decorated with diamonds, onyx, and rock crystal. Visitors to the exhibition circle the cases putting their hands behind the clock faces, riveted by the invisibility of the mechanism.

In 1977 Cartier resumed making mystery clocks. It takes up to eighteen months to complete the new versions, and they cost between $320,000 and $2.5 million. "Unlike a piece of jewelry made by one artisan, the mystery clock involves a team of experts," says Cartier's Destino. "We design it. Then the lapidary team cuts the stones. Horologists make the movement. Jewelers set the precious stones, and the goldsmiths put the whole thing together."

Part of the attraction of the mystery clock is no mystery at all. It appreciates at a rate much faster than that of many stocks—and they are much nicer to have around the house.

Wendy Moonan is an editor at large of this magazine.
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NEVER HAVE I FELT quite so worldly as I did on my very first real date, when, after considered perusal of the wine list, I masterfully commanded the waiter at the Log Cabin restaurant in Lenox, Massachusetts, to fetch me a bottle of Mateus Rosé. In its distinctive Buddha-shaped bottle, with its slight spritz, it represented a step up from the pink Almaden that my friends and I sucked down in order to get into the proper Dionysian frame of mind for the summer rock concerts at Tanglewood. (And which seemed a classic accompaniment—rather like Chablis and oysters—to the cheap Mexican pot we were smoking at the time.) Later, of course, as I discovered the joys of dry reds and whites, I learned to sneer at pink wine; it seemed—as Winston Churchill once remarked regarding the moniker of an acquaintance named Bosom—that it was neither one thing nor the other. A few summers ago a bottle of Domaines Ott rosé in conjunction with a leg of marinated grilled lamb cured me of this particular prejudice; I thought I'd died and gone to Provence, though in fact I was at my friend Steve's birthday party in the Hamptons.

“Rosé” denotes neither a region nor a grape but a color; it is wine made from almost any variety of red grapes from which the skins are removed after brief flirtation with the clear, fermenting juice. The shade of the wine is a function of the length of contact between

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At one time, some of the "red" wines of Burgundy were actually pink, prized for their delicate veil-de-perdrix ("partridge’s eye") color. The color of a rosé wine varies from faint copper to raspberry. And the color of these wines is half of their charm. Emile Peynaud, in his classic The Taste of Wine, identifies such rose hues as gray, peony rose, cherry rose, raspberry rose, carmine rose, russet, apricot, onion skin, orange-hued, and salmon. Appreciation of such a palette requires the brilliant sunlight of a summer day.

This past summer, on a stifling July afternoon in Tennessee, my wife and I hosted a garden party to celebrate the christening of our twins. Refusing to settle for beer and Bloody Marys, I decided to offer my guests their choice of Perrier-Jouët champagne or Domaine Tempier rosé. The Tempier was really the perfect choice for the weather and the food—grilled chicken, vegetables, and lamb. Yet I noticed that nobody was drinking the rosé; moreover I was getting some strange, pitying looks, which at first I attributed to the fact that I had inelegantly sweated right through my linen suit. Finally, standing at the bar, I heard the bartender offer a guest her choice of champagne or white zinfandel. Stifling my first impulse, which was to cuff him sharply about the face and neck, I took the man aside and offered a few trenchant observations, as follows: So-called white zinfandel, with its pinkish or copper tint, is technically a rosé, but generally speaking these California blush wines have every reason to be embarrassed, dim and cloying as they are. At least one hundred makers, led by the prodigious Sutter Home, crank out ten million cases of the stuff.

The quality may evolve in time, but for now the makers of California’s more interesting pink wines tend to use the word "rosé" for wines that are more flush than blush. The bartender, on being apprised of these facts, agreed to start offering rosé to my guests (who remained unimpressed), and I agreed to try not to be a neurotic geek. Rosés, after all, are not supposed to require a lot of fuss.

Anyone who starts analyzing the taste of a rosé in public should be thrown into the pool immediately. Since I am safe in a locked...
office at this moment, though, let me propose a few guidelines. A good rosé should be drier than Kool-Aid and sweeter than Amstel Light. It should be enlivened by a thin wire of acidity, to zap the taste buds, and it should have a middle core of fruit that is just pronounced enough to suggest the grape varietal (or varietals) from which it was made. Pinot Noir, being delicate to begin with, tends to make elegant rosés. Cabernet, with its astringency, does not. Some pleasingly hearty pink wines are made from the red grapes indigenous to the Rhône and southern France, such as Grenache, Mourvèdre, and Cinsaut. Regardless of the varietal, rosé is best drunk within a couple of years of vintage.

Among rosé’s greatest virtues is its cunning ability to complement any number of foods, particularly those that we tend to associate with summer—not only grilled fish but grilled meat; spicy food such as Mexican and Thai; and fried seafood dishes. Try a bottle of Bandol with a plate of fried calamari and you’ll be converted. I seem to have some primordial memory of a plate of grilled sardines and a bottle of rosé at an outdoor café overlooking the Mediterranean. Alas, I have never tasted Tempier or Domaines Ott in situ, though I still associate rosé with Provence. Tavel, from the Rhône Valley (try Vidal-Fleury), and Rosé d’Anjou, from the Loire Valley (such as Charles Joguet’s Chinon Rosé), can be nearly as delicious as the southerly juice.

Hemingway, always reliable on the subject of country wines, was a big fan of Spanish *rosado*, and good ones are still made in Navarra (Juliañ Chivite, Gran Feudo Rosado), and Rioja. And yes, Virginia, Portugal still makes the spritzy, semisweet Lancers and Mateus, which no doubt our children will soon rediscover and abuse.

Back in the summer of 1973, I probably derived just as much pleasure from that first bottle of Mateus as I have from any number of first-growth clarets since. Maybe more. I had just acquired my driver’s license, I was in the company of my first love; the night and, beyond it, the entire summer stretched out ahead of me like a river full of fat, fleshy fish. And that was what the wine tasted like. It tasted like summer.

Jay McInerney’s wine column is a regular feature of the magazine.
June 1964
The democratic pastime of tailgating gets dressed up for a chukker of polo

by Véronique Vienné

America is the land of compatible extremes. And one of the great high-low rituals unique to our culture is the tailgate party, a festive occasion that combines the comforts of home with the inconvenience of bivouacking. Whoever styled this déjeuner sur station wagon was well versed in the rules of high 'n' low. The baby-blue, twenty-cup enamel pot—undoubtedly filled with potato salad—establishes the all-important low note of populist relaxation. From the pot the eye moves up to the requisite high note, the fancy canopy with its striped top and white wood finials. The shooting stick in the foreground reinforces the message that aristocracy has, for a moment at least, come down from its high horse.

Every month “Past Perfect” examines a photo from the magazine’s archives.
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FIRST PRINCIPLE  It's a no-brainer, the essence of simplicity, the route to perfect summer living: a house that invites relaxation whether one is alone or entertaining unannounced guests. There are places for reading or thinking undisturbed, plenty of seating for lolling around, a bed that faces the rising sun, and a deck chair from which to enjoy the sun's going down. A house nestled against the rocks in Greece is a dream. But its easy-living decor—including wash-and-wear furnishings, low-maintenance floors of tile and slate, and a classic blue-and-white palette—can bring the look home to us.
A Greek island retreat is a model for the perfect summerhouse

BY SUZANNE SLESIN  PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

In Manolis Pantelidakis's multilevel summerhouse on Sírífos, the compatibility of a traditional aesthetic with contemporary ease is apparent on the terrace.
The basic elements of a perfect summer are ripe for the picking: the panoramic views of a deep blue sea and cloudless sky; the rugged simplicity of a house nestled into a rocky hillside; the tonic feeling of cool stone floors and whitewashed walls; the generously scaled furnishings that invite relaxation. No wonder Manolis Pantelidakis, a Greek theatrical designer, feels all's right with the world when he's at home on the island of Sérifos.

It was nearly twenty years ago that he and a friend, architect Yorgos Zaphiriou, two young Athenians looking for quiet and serenity, discovered the small, remote island. With the help of the few local artisans, Pantelidakis and Zaphiriou were able to rebuild two cube-shaped houses that had been abandoned after the island's main resource, an iron mine, closed in the 1960s. Zaphiriou, who had studied classical architecture, came to admire what he calls the "anonymous architecture" of the houses, "done not by an architect in his office, but by those who actually lived in the houses." There were important lessons here: "The people who built these modest houses," Zaphiriou says, "knew the weather, the wind, and the sun perfectly. They also knew exactly how to control the light, how to cool the place in the summer and keep it warm in the winter."

These lessons became especially useful recently, when Zaphiriou designed a larger, more ambitious house for Pantelidakis. While the construction of the 2,500-square-foot house, situated at the pinnacle of a hilltop village, borrows from the traditional methods of building on the island, it also answers to a more modern sensibility. Years ago,
Years ago, Yorgos Zapirriou fell under the spell of “the beauty of ruins.” He has now combined this aesthetic with a more contemporary feeling.
The kitchen is simple and rustic, equipped only with a small refrigerator and gas rings, the bare necessities for making breakfast or preparing hors d'oeuvres for guests. A fisherman's lamp that has been electrified hangs above the marble sink, opposite page. Exterior shutters protect the interior from the midday sun and from the *meltémi*, strong summer winds. Manolis Pantelidakis repainted the geometric motifs on the vintage cement tiles. An old marble sink found in one of the abandoned houses on the island provides extra counter space. Greek plates and bowls are stored in an American folk-art cabinet, above right. Cactus fruit and figs that grow wild on the island sit in a shallow pottery dish from Afghanistan, below.

Zaphiriou had fallen under the spell of what he calls “the beauty of ruins.” He has now combined this aesthetic with a more contemporary feeling. The result is a house that is both authentically Greek in its purity and universally appealing as a model of simple and sophisticated summer living.

Zaphiriou replaced the layer of earth customarily used to insulate the reed-lined ceilings with cement, allowing ceilings to become terraces; he used long banquettes that hug the natural rock walls as bases for comfortable mattresses, and he made two stairways from large stones found on the site to offer alternate ways to go from one level to another. A large living room and adjoining terraces, a bedroom angled toward the rising sun, and a large studio where the windows can be shuttered against the midday sun complete the plan.

Building the house with the local masons was literally a hands-on operation. “We had plans,” says Zaphiriou, “but the final house is not exactly the same.” It is, the architect adds, “more like sculpture than architecture.” The thick stone walls, slate floors, and walls roughly whitewashed to repel mildew give the house its spare yet satisfyingly rough-hewn quality. “Here, all begins and ends
In the evening, candlelight gives the main living space, which is bounded by a wall of natural rock, a softer, more romantic feeling. The living room's metal table is surrounded by vintage school chairs that have been refinished in a pale wash. Pillows and old-fashioned mattresses covered in traditional Greek cotton fabrics provide comfortable seating on the built-in stone-and-cement banquettes.
“The house is more like sculpture than architecture”

YORGOS ZAPHIRIOU
Cotton-gauze mosquito netting hangs from the ceiling in the bedroom that reminds its occupant of a monk’s cell. The bedroom is connected to the living room by a staircase carved out of rock. Pantelidakis gave the ornate, turn-of-the-century mirror a coat of blue paint. He retrieved the small table and chair from one of his theatrical productions, in which they had served as props. A cement extension of the natural rock formation was used to make a headboard and an ad hoc night table.

The serene and spacious studio, above and left, situated above the main living space, has a floor of wide wood planks that have been tinted blue. The metal-and-wood desk is by Manolis Pantelidakis. The rock and the walls around the alcove have been covered with whitewash.
with the rock,” says Pantelidakis.

The master bedroom has a bed oriented toward the rising sun and a window that frames a picture-postcard view of the dome of the neighboring chapel. “Being surrounded by the bedroom’s windows makes it feel like you’re sleeping outside,” says Pantelidakis. “And it’s a bit like being in a monk’s cell,” he adds. The sparsely furnished kitchen is an extension of the living room and has an intentionally handmade look and minimal equipment. It’s just big enough for making breakfast in the morning and for preparing drinks and hors d’oeuvres when guests drop by. A Greek fisherman’s lamp hangs over the shallow antique marble sink, the centerpiece of the kitchen. Simple and solid, it epitomizes the feeling of the house itself. “After breakfast, you can go to work or back to bed or just pick up your towel and head for the beach,” says Pantelidakis.

It’s a vacation house, after all.
summer made simple

Pulling together a summerhouse can take a little work and organization, but you will reap rewards in the form of a relaxed, low-maintenance season. Inspired by the back-to-basics feeling of an island house in Greece, we've culled our favorite finds—from hand-carved worry beads, left, to an authentic fisherman's lamp, far right—to send you off on your own decorating odyssey.

**YARD GOODS**

**KEEP ON TICKING**
Clockwise from top right: Kravet's stripe #11431 (800-648-5728); Waverly's Classic Ticking (800-423-5881); Ralph Lauren Home Collection's Luke stripe, and Ticking (212-642-8700).

**BOLD BOLTS**
Vintage ticking, $195 to $495, East Meets West Antiques, CA (213-461-1389).

**OVER THE WALL**
Livoo's Albion Whitewash, $7 a box, will brighten dingy walls. From Terra Verde, NYC (212-925-4533).

**SHEER DELIGHT**
Fonthill Ltd.'s new Oslo Sheer is 51 inches wide (212-735-6700).

**SUMMER WHITES**

**BLUES AND WHITES**
Cap-Ferrat fabrics from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, $45 to $100 a yard (212-642-8700).

**STARTING POINTS**

**TABLE SERVICE**

**WHITE JEANS**
Mitchell Gold's Natalie white denim sofa, $1,500, is 100 inches long and separates into two sections (800-789-5401).

**VINTAGE VESSELS**
The large standing Cretan vessel, $2,100, and the vessel on its side, $1,200, are from Treillage, NYC (212-537-2288). The small Turkish urn is $285 at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212-473-3000).
BEDTIME

COZY UP

AT YOUR SERVICE
The traditional Byzantine handcrafted olive pitcher is $60. The traditional coffee-serving tray, used by waiters at cafés, is $75. The brass-and-porcelain Greek espresso cups are $25 each, and the brass Greek coffeemaker is $30. All are from Access to Tradition (800-286-5280).

WIRE ACT
Candle cloches: $16 for two large ones; $20 for four small. Smith & Hawken (800-776-3336).

BRIGHT LIGHT
Greek fisherman's traditional lamp, 16 inches wide, similar to the one on page 72, is $348 from Global Lighting, NY (914-591-4095).

WINDPROOF
Simon Pearce hand-blown hurricane lamps for indoors and out: $185 and $325 (800-774-5277).

EARTHY GLOW
Smith & Hawken's terra-cotta sconces are $16 each (800-776-3336).

FOOT WARMER
A fluffy flokati carpet from Einstein Moomjy, NY $400, helps dress bare wood floors (212-758-0900).

EASY
COVER UP
Rug, on top, from Woodard & Greenstein is $13.75 a square foot (800-332-7847). Underneath it, Crate & Barrel's $150 wool-and-cotton rugs (888-249-4155).

FLOORS
Waterworks's slate tiles are $6.05 a square foot. Cement Carocim tiles in Bleu Clair, $7 each, and Game border, $10 each, are from Clair Soleil (954-929-0181) and Waterworks (800-927-2120).

CLEAN SWEEP
Waterworks's slate tiles are $6.05 a square foot. Cement Carocim tiles in Bleu Clair, $7 each, and Game border, $10 each, are from Clair Soleil (954-929-0181) and Waterworks (800-927-2120). Sources, see back of book.
"I was aiming for great coziness," says Judith Krantz of the living room in her beach house. She achieved it with an intimate arrangement of soft furniture by A. Rudin around a wicker-and-glass coffee table by Richard Mulligan. Krantz found fabrics suited to the warm tone of her maple floor—Brunschwig & Fils's Myrtil, in melon, for both the sofa's upholstery and drapes, and Francesca from Manuel Canovas on the high-backed chair and the cushions of the McGuire dining chairs.
My husband and I have wrapped a beach house around a dance floor. That hadn’t been our intention when we drove down for lunch to a small town south of Los Angeles, but things have a way of getting out of hand in California.

Years ago, we reluctantly accepted the fact that we’d never find a weekend place on the ocean. Off and on for some twenty years, we’d looked all the way up the coast—from Santa Barbara to Big Sur and even Mendocino—but nothing had been quite right. Admitting defeat, we did some redecorating in our Bel Air house and took several three-week cruises every year to satisfy our yearning for the ocean. Then came a lunch invitation from delightful new friends who had a beach house in Orange County, an area we had never explored. It was the Memorial Day weekend of 1995.

“Why don’t we go look at the two new houses down the street?” my hostess, Janet, suggested after lunch. “They’re the first spec houses ever built on this beach.”

The men weren’t interested, but Janet and I managed to squeeze through the wire fences and past the No Trespassing signs, balancing our way across planks into rooms without doors. We wandered through two depressing shells of mere shelter, so new that the gray stucco still seemed
damp. There was almost no light because the windows were covered with opaque plastic sheets. To get any idea of the view, we had to go outside. Finally, our husbands arrived to see what we were up to and looked around themselves.

The houses as houses weren’t interesting, but the rooms were big and the beach was perfect: deep, clean, with gentle dunes halfway between the house and the surf. It is as private a beach as can exist in California (where almost all of the coastline belongs to the public), since there is no boardwalk, no parking lot within a mile, and no facilities for anyone but the residents. One of the houses appealed to me more than the other because of its beautifully curved staircase.

On the way home I said to my husband, Steve, “We should buy that house.”

“But it would change our lives,” he protested.

“People should shake up their lives every now and then,” I replied. “And if not now, when?”

He thought it over for a philosophic minute, and four days later we opened escrow.

In the course of forty-three years of marriage we’ve owned or rented thirteen places in Manhattan, Connecticut, Toronto, Paris, and Los Angeles. Two of the rentals, mercifully short term, I left alone, but I decorated all of the others, occasionally with the help of a decorator, far more often on my own. Now, faced with a stark, modern house on the sand, I set out to transform it into my vision of a cozy East Coast summer place hovering between rustic and luxurious.

The most important thing was the dance floor. Steve and I love to dance, and I worked out a floor plan so that I could arrange the furniture on the huge ground floor into areas for sitting, eating, and fireplace-gazing, and still leave large expanses of wood entirely bare for a full-bodied waltz or tango.

Then I attacked the problem of coziness. There wasn’t a cozy or comfy inch to the house. The entire front was floor-to-ceiling glass. The stucco inner walls all needed to be softened. (I don’t feel happy with contemporary, and this was, ever so briefly, my first contemporary house.) Downstairs, I covered the stucco with rough-hewn, whitewashed wood. I used white brick for the fireplace and had cabinets, bookshelves, shutters, and window seats built in everywhere. Upstairs, I used Colefax and Fowler wallpaper, old American hooked rugs, and densely flowered Lee Jofa linen on the beds and

Krantz’s living room encompasses the entire first floor of the beach house. She left part of the room bare so that she and her husband, Steve, would have plenty of space for late-afternoon waltzes, above. The vast room also has several comfortable nooks, including a seating area by the fireplace, top. The white wood-framed mirror is by Richard Mulligan.
Krantz put up a wall in her bedroom to create a separate sitting room. As in the rest of the house, she used generous amounts of pattern and fabric to give the modern space a romantic air. The wallpaper is Colefax and Fowler's Torsade; the drapery fabric is by Kravet. The sofa was made for her in Paris and covered in a washed brocade. The coffee table, built of reclaimed wood from Rajasthan, is from Indigo of Corona Del Mar, CA.
Almost every room in the house has a picture window. To take advantage of the view in the bedroom, Krantz placed a chaise longue by A. Rudin next to the window. The chaise is covered in Kravet cotton ticking. The antique Provençal quilt is from Indigo Seas, the rugs from Pacific Oriental Rugs.

windows for a patchwork-quilt feeling. Pattern, not Trouble, is my middle name.

The color scheme came logically. I didn't want an array of white on whites, or conventional blues and beiges: there is plenty of that outside in the sea and sand. I craved colors that would be gay and bright and sheltering in all seasons of the year. Downstairs, my palette ranged from the warm caramel of the dance floor through apricot and cream. Upstairs, I used greens, pinks, and yellows.

On the top floor, where the unnecessarily enormous bedroom stretched the length of the house, we built a wall to create a bookcase-lined sitting and television room. The two guest rooms were made into offices for my husband and me, as we both need to do some work when we are here on the weekends.

In the time I could snatch from finishing my last book, I searched Los Angeles and nearby Newport Beach for antiques with much success. But since only time and luck could unearth some of the "old" country, painted pieces I was looking for, there was only one way to go: straight to Richard Mulligan. He is a genius who can make a brand-new table look as if it has been rescued from the Great Fire of London, with as much or as little damage as you fancy. I ordered slipcovers from local upholsterers for chairs, sofas, and three chaise longues.

We moved in by the end of October 1995. Since then we've only missed a few weekends. We escape here for two weeks at a time whenever we can, as well as for most of the summer.

There is no way to describe the fascination of our stretch of the Pacific during the course of a single day. I can read only if I turn my back to the view. On winter evenings, after our walk on the beach, we sit, well wrapped, on our upstairs patio, with vodka at hand, as if we were in a box at the opera. First, the sun falls behind Catalina and the green light begins to flash at the end of the breakwater that leads to Newport Harbor.

In the extraordinary pastel depths of twilight, the night fishing fleet heads out to sea while shadowy sailboats come home. Seabirds pass in formation, the surf booms, our neighbor's palm fronds move with a dry, tropical rustle, and the stars start to appear, stars we never see in Bel Air. In season we see dolphins, even whales. We could be outside Alexandria or Havana or Rio. There is great romance in Orange County. You just have to receive that first invitation to lunch.

Judith Krantz, author of nine best-selling novels, divides time between her homes in Bel Air and Newport Beach, California.
In her bedroom, Krantz distracts attention from electrical switches by surrounding them with pictures and an antique painted sign from a cafe. She needed good reading light and chose this Hinson brass lamp with a swing arm that pivots over her bed. Her love of pattern shows itself in the bedspread, Hollyhock from Lee Jofa floral linen, and in the pillows covered in Secret Garden by Osborne & Little. Sources, see back of book.
SUN SPOTS

WRITTEN BY MIMI READ  PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN COOLIDGE
In the living room, this page, custom-designed doors with roll-up screens hidden in the jambs open the interior to light and landscape. Furnishings project the intrigue of twins in a mirror: one-armed, steel-wheeled white chairs by Flexform are bilaterally symmetrical and can be moved capriciously. A table made of two tree trunks grown together is from Wyeth, New York. Sinuous beds of roses, foxglove, lavender, and other airy perennials, opposite page, were planted by landscape designer Kristin E. Horne. A weathered pergola is blanketed with roses and wisteria.
IT FEELS LIKE A TRICK. With doors and windows propped open to clean summer breezes, the house seems to turn itself inside out, like a T-shirt peeled off in a hurry.

Light and air spill through spare, polished rooms. A garden crowded with ethereal, beachy flowers is so close to the library window that you inhale the fragrance while reading in an armchair. In an upstairs bedroom, glimpses of an inlet tremble in a mirror.

Early in the afternoon, the young husband and wife who live here carry trays through the French doors of the kitchen to a garden table under a white umbrella. He is wearing old cotton shorts in the lowest key possible, and she is a platinum-haired Garbo in a minimalist lavender dress. With easy grace, they set the luncheon table and unload the trays together: lobster rolls, salad flecked with nasturtium blossoms, and huge, purple-skinned plums on a yellow plate.

This sensuous translucence is exactly the feeling that Troy and Patricia Halterman envisioned three years ago, when the young Manhattan pair bought their first house together: a dark, shingled 1950s ranch located on the fringes of the estate section in a venerable Long Island village. They were dating at the time. Some people might see it as an insane courtship ritual, but renovating and furnishing a weekend house proved to be the couple’s crucible. It was a far enough trial for strongly visual people with high aesthetic standards.

“It was a culmination point in our relationship,” says thirty-three-year-old Troy Halterman, owner of Troy, a furniture and accessories store in Manhattan’s SoHo—a marvelously distinctive emporium that emphasizes the human hand in twentieth-century designs and antiques. As the gregarious half of the couple, he chats equably while his beautiful wife keeps a discreet distance from human society, gravitating instead to her rose beds and her gleaming, antique campaign desk.

“Making a house involves your dreams of another person,” Halterman goes on. “There was a lot of dialogue between us. What kind of garden? Will there be children? Do we heat the house, so it will be cozy in the wintertime? The house helped us to make some long-term plans to stay together.”

To help translate their ideas and goals, the couple hired Shelton, Mindel & Associates, a Manhattan-based architecture firm known for clean, timeless designs that collage and refine modern and traditional elements. For Lee Mindel and Peter Shelton, the chief task was to transform a plain ranch that virtually ignored its waterfront site into a beautifully proportioned house that is seamlessly integrated with the outdoors.

Maverick and engaging, Mindel strenuously resists al
Reflective surfaces transport the shimmer of sun and water indoors. In the dining room, a Sicilian chandelier reflects light by day and provides candlelight by night. A maple-and-steel table was designed for the room by Shelton, Mindel & Associates. Green antique wicker chairs contrast with off-white walls. Ricky Clifton’s woodblock print Cherry Blossoms was inspired by Kabuki ceiling curtains.
In the master bedroom, tea for two is a cinch in the down-filled chair-and-a-half made by Jonas Upholstery, NYC. The Lucite table was a gift from Shelton and Mindel, who chose it because "you can see right through it, like water," Mindel says. The cashmere blanket at the end of the wicker bed is from Loro Piana, NYC.

HALTERMAN'S TENDENCY IS TO ARRANGE THINGS SPARSELY, WITH LOTS OF AIR AROUND EACH PIECE
In a library, left, conceived for breathing easy, George Smith armchairs are covered in custom-made silk chenille by James Gould. The round rattan table is from Habitat in London. Beyond, in the entrance hall, an 18th-century American table that's both rustic and elegant came from Troy, NYC. Troy Halterman, above, relaxes on a sweet old iron bed from Bountiful in Venice, California. This house encourages surges of romanticism: an antique French chandelier on pulleys, below left, is suspended over a bed in a downstairs room. The fixture can be lowered, its candles lit; then it can be hoisted back up.

questions about his own taste or the particular architectural style he and his partner achieve. “I think ‘taste’ is a superficial word,” says Mindel, who indisputably has a lot of it. “What we try to do is make things that function. Clean problem-solving is the real thing, and solutions are not arbitrary.”

When designing homes in the Hamptons, Mindel says, people generally pursue luxury, and think that spending large sums on rich materials and lavish furnishings will capture it. But to Shelton and Mindel—and, as they were relieved to discover, to the Haltermans—luxury is a flintier, more integral attribute. “Discipline is luxury,” Mindel says. “It’s such a privilege to have rooms that work, places to store things, all that. Then if you have a nice sensibility, taste is not just a topical anesthesia but the vocabulary of the problem-solving.”

To make this house function, the architects left the front unassuming and cottagelike, but gave the back a new, resort-like prominence. They sheared off the rear facade, then lifted and redesigned the roofline, adding a balcony on the second floor and a glassed-in kitchen on the ground. In the bargain, most downstairs rooms got higher ceilings, more refined proportions, more nakedly expressive structural details, and vaster views. The rooms on the loftier second floor now overlook the ocean and the majestic sweep of lawn sloping down to the water.

“The whole project deals with water, bringing it in,” Mindel
The clients wished for an elegant version of a short-order-diner-style kitchen, above. Architects also gave them a pearwood island for counter and sink space. A pantry and a washer and dryer are concealed behind a beadboard wall. Kevi architectural drafting chairs by Jørgen Rasmussen are available at Scandinavian Design, NYC. Smooth as pool-table felt, the lawn rolls down to the bay and to the pool, right. The house’s new rear facade features a balcony attached to the master bedroom.

Poised against this pure container, pieces of furniture can be savored as art objects. Halterman’s tendency is to arrange things sparsely, with lots of air around each piece, so that a chair in the house reads much the way a chair in a museum does, with heightened legibility. In the downstairs bedroom, for example, an antique English pine bed with fanciful carving was painted vanilla to give it a fresh spin and to ease it into the overall pale scheme. The painted bed now has the light-hearted, confectionary look of marzipan—a bit of whimsy that is welcome rather than cloying, because there are so few competing forms or colors surrounding it.

In every room, comfort and livability are rendered in the fresh, edgy style the couple favors—a style that freely mixes old with new, Italian with Sri Lankan, the precious with the cast-off. It also blends the serenely serious with the wackily tongue-in-cheek. Consider the small sitting area in the guest house, where a gigantic metal lobster, red as sunburn, clings to the wall above a pair of 1965 chairs by Kazuhide Takahama and a 1966 steel-and-glass cocktail table by Warren Platner.

The lobster came from a flea market by way of an East Coast shore restaurant, Halterman says. “Just a touch of the white-trash thing, which is my true personality,” he smiles.

Naturally, the project had a beautiful ending. “After the house had been framed up and closed in,” Halterman says “I made a sort of candlelight dinner and set it up in the upstairs bedroom and proposed to Patsy. We spent the next year living in the house and planning our wedding, which took place last July. We set up a 120-foot-long table for 100 people along the water, at the edge of the property. The table was encased in a white canvas tent lined in chiffon with chiffon draperies. And it was the most perfect, magic night of the whole summer.”

A year later, the finished house remains, seeming almost a weightless and ephemeral as that vanished wedding tent. With its lambent perfections, it expresses well the owners’ charmed lives. To paraphrase an old admonishment, wha God has joined—a house, two people, a garden—let no one triflingly redecorate.

Mimi Read is a contributing editor to this magazine.
Wisteria dangles over a covered walkway in front of the house, where a cottage garden composed by Kristin E. Horne contains about a hundred different plants. They bloom in unstructured, meadowlike profusion, and the ground they occupy is crisscrossed with walks; paths running in one direction are made of bluestone, others of sand-colored pea gravel.

Sources: see back of book.
Architect Paola Navone lights an incense cone at a party in the courtyard of Driade, one of Milan's most trendsetting companies. Navone designed the extravagant and stylish fête that kicked off the weeklong furniture fair.
This year at the Salone Internazionale del Mobile, the annual spring furniture fair in Milan, Italy, the avant-garde entered the mainstream. Designers used the sprawling fairgrounds, in-town showrooms, and deconsecrated churches as runways to show off their latest creations. The global, East-meets-West theme was established at Driade's opening-night party, where dozens of Thai incense cones perfumed an eighteenth-century courtyard decorated with columns wrapped in Day-Glo organza. The designers and architects showing in Milan—whether they came from England, France, Finland, or Hong Kong—looked to the sixties (without becoming nostalgic) while leapfrogging to the next century with optimism. Their visions of 2001 included multifunctional cabinetry, hologram chandeliers, inflatable vases, recycled-paper ottomans, and space-age seating that made the future look magnifico.

Jacopo Foggini's lamps make plastic tubing look like Venetian glass, above. Zanotta's versatile sofa/bed, below, captures the modern spirit.
Now You See It

The Pando cupboard, left, by the English team of Platt and Young for the Sawaya & Moroni company, is made up of twelve cubes that swivel on a system of hinges until their contents are magically revealed.

Primo Chairs

Ron Arad's FPE Chair (which stands for Fantastic Plastic Elastic), right, first designed for the French Adidas Sport Cafés, was featured in a video at Kartell. Paola Navone's walnut-and-rawhide Otto chair, below right, for Gervasoni, melds East and West.

Flexibility was the season's leitmotif.

The armrests on the Moove sofa fold down.

Ron Arad's FPE Chair is stackable.

2001

Pascal Mourgue's Moove chaise for Cassina, above, has a space-age look. At left, Ilkka Suppanen of Snowcrash, a Finnish design collective, shows off his Airbag easy chair at Galleria Facsimile.
In Milan, designers such as Michael Young and Ross Lovegrove have cult followings, like rock stars.

**Nuovo Moda**

Ross Lovegrove, above, with his Apollo chair for Driade. Michael Young, left, on his Fly Sofa. The Isotrope cabinets, below, by Carl Pickering and Claudio Lazzarini, can be combined in various formations.

**The Maestro**

At Driade, Philippe Starck, left, demonstrated the versatility of his long-legged dining table on wheels, suitable for both sit-down dinners and standing snacks grabbed on the run.

"The table is un rien, mais bien fait: a nothing, but well done" —Philippe Starck

**Material Culture**

The Apta drawer chest, below left, an ode to Florence Knoll by Antonio Citterio for Maxalto, is made of exotic wenge wood. At Cappellini, the Knotted Chair, below right, by Marcel Wanders of Droog Design, is a paean to macramé.
The modern meets the ancient in Tony Staude’s living room, where pre-Columbian statuary from Oaxaca, Mexico, far right, shares space with paired Barcelona chairs, a 1940s custom-made glass-topped dining table, this page, and a fireplace designed for the house by George Brook.
cliff dwelling

A sixties jewel on the northern California coast invites the Pacific indoors.

Written by James Reginato
Photographed by Todd Eberle
Produced and styled by Paul Fortune
You CAREER DOWN Highway 1 through Big Sur, the tumultuous stretch of northern California coast between Carmel and San Simeon, and you could easily miss the most pronounced mark humankind has made on the area—a post office, general store, and parking lot. The roadway itself hardly dispels the primitival ruggedness of the sheer, densely forested walls of the Santa Lucia mountains as they plunge into the sea.

It seems altogether too ravishing a place for domestic life. But a few hardy—and lucky—people have managed to carve out niches for themselves in these cliffs—literally, in some cases. For more than thirty years, Tony Staude has occupied one of Big Sur’s most magnificent sites: Anderson Canyon, a deep gorge abundant with redwoods and waterfalls.

Staude, the retired chairman of Bergen Brunswig, a national wholesale drug firm, bought the property as soon as he learned it was available, in 1965. He had heard descriptions of it before: his wife, Marguerite, a sculptor, had spent the night there years earlier, in an artist’s cabin. “The little cabin was right over a stream,” Staude recalls. “And she heard music. She never forgot it.”

The earlier history of the property is even more colorful. The prisoners from the California penal system who built the rawness and color of Big Sur are echoed in a locally made redwood-trunk table, a custom carpet by Edward Fields Inc., a glass bowl and ashtray, opposite page, from L.A.’s Retro Gallery, and, below, a caned Dan Johnson chairs from the 1950s.
house in harmony with big sur’s rough landscape of redwoods and coastal crags
For Staude, living on the Big Sur coast is a "privilege." The teak deck chair is from Summit Furniture. The ceramic fountain to the chair's right and the steel lighting fixture to its left are both by area artists.
we wanted the house to be inconspicuous, something not intrusive
Highway 1, which was completed in 1937, were housed in a camp on the land. "When we acquired it, [the canyon] was a morass of abandoned cars, weeds, poison oak," Staude recalls. "The workers had lived in tents, but various structures remained, including an infirmary."

Over the next few years, as the land was cleared, the Staudes—Marguerite died in 1988—pondered what sort of house to build. "We didn't want to impose on this beautiful area. We wanted the house to be as inconspicuous as possible, something not intrusive," explains Staude.

Everything became clear when they saw another house recently completed in the area by George Brook-Kothlow, an architect based in Carmel. The house was constructed entirely of redwood timbers that once had been part of a bridge on the coastal highway. The timber became available thanks to the road's popularity: all the well-worn wooden overpasses were being replaced with concrete structures.

Thrilled with Brook-Kothlow's design, the Staudes gave him their own commission, after buying the timbers from another dismantled bridge for all of $1,500. Construction began in 1969 and took two years. The timbers were hauled into Monterey, graded, cut and numbered, and, finally, brought to Anderson Canyon for assembly. At Staude's insistence, all the original markings, bolts, and paint were left on the planks. The project was fortunate to have a superintendent of construction whose father had built the bridge. "He was extremely inspired," says Staude.

Both the architect and his clients sought to create a seamlessness between the house and its surroundings. "We wanted to feel that nature would come indoors," says Staude. To that end a floor-to-ceiling wall of glass is the only thing separating the living room from the spectacular Pacific. "It's a very transparent house," says Brook-Kothlow, who still practices in Carmel. Granite boulders sprout from the floor of sandblasted aggregate (concrete embedded with pebbles), which Brook-Kothlow uses both inside the house and in its outdoor terraces.

While the Staudes labored intensively in their garden, they sought to work in harmony with Big Sur's rough landscape of redwoods, cypresses, pines, and more than a hundred types of wildflowers. "We didn't want anything too formal," Staude says. "That wouldn't have been appropriate."

After all, as Staude knows, he lives on the cliffs of Big Sur under a sort of truce with the elements. "Nature is overpowering here," he says. "We have tremendous storms in winter. Inside the house, you're aware of them, but you always feel safe. It's a great privilege to live here."

James Reginato is an editor at large of this magazine.
“nature is overpowering here.
but inside the house, you feel safe.”
The items pictured in the shadow boxes are about one third their actual size.
1. Letter knife, $2,800, Verdura, NYC
2. Porcelain shell dish, $275, Troy, NYC
3. Porcelain shell dishes, $75 each, Troy
4. Shell dish, ca. 1900, $275, Troy
5. Crystal nautilus shell, $265, Lalique
6. Wedgwood scallop shell, $95, Vito Giallo, NYC
7. French porcelain dish, ca. 1880, $1,650/for 4, James II Galleries, Ltd., NYC
8. Bone China Shell, by Sybil Connolly, $90, Tiffany & Co.
9. Wedgwood dish, $650, Troy
10. Wedgwood clam dishes, ca. 1830, $125/each, Vito Giallo
11. Tiffany Weave box with painted shell, by Sybil Connolly, $95, Tiffany & Co.
When you take off your rings, pile them next to the sink in a Wedgwood scallop shell.

Photographed by Ilan Rubin
Produced by Jeffrey W. Miller
For *summertime* dinner parties, use clamsheils from Verdura in place of your usual saltcellars.
YOU CAN HOLD infinity in the palm of your hand: it happens each time that you pick up a shell. Surely nature conspired to bring together these forms, the human and the aquatic. A palm is the perfect cradle for a concave clam; fingers curl to match the spiral of a conch. Artists find inspiration in sea creatures’ containers, recreating shells in precious metal and porcelain. Let a line of silver mussels snake across your dining-room table. Give a hand-carved cowrie as a house present. And bring paradise to your own staircase: put a different shell on each step, nestled between the spindles.
Put a crystal nautilus or a silver mussel on a windowsill to refract or reflect the sunlight.
1. Shell box/clock, by Marguerite Stix, $3,800, Primavera Gallery, NYC
2. Shell necklace, $400, Troy, NYC
3. Caviar dish, $450, and silver-handled spoon, $38, from Bergdorf Goodman
4. Gold-mounted box with seed pearls, $2,850, J. Mavec & Co., Ltd., NYC
5. Silver/vermeil saltcellar, $400, Verdura
6. Netsuke steel abalone, $375, William Lipton Ltd., NYC
7. Abalone shell, $900/stack of 9, DimsonHomma, NYC
8. Silver-and-gold pillbox, $600, Verdura
9. Van Cleef and Arpel pillbox, ca. 1950, $1,800, Primavera Gallery
10. Silver mussel pillbox, $100, Verdura
11. Silver/vermeil saltcellar, $200, Verdura
13. Silver pillbox, $250, William Lipton Ltd.
14. Silver-plated sea urchin, $100, Verdura
15. Silver-plated shell, $150, Verdura
16. Crystal nautilus, $260, Baccarat
17. Red jasper snail, $2,000, Verdura
18. Bronze dish, $400, Ted Muehling
19. Cowrie snuffbox, ca. 1860, $330, Troy
20. 19th-century, hand-carved cowrie with Lord’s Prayer, $500, DimsonHomma
21. 19th-century helmet shell carved with cameo, $500, DimsonHomma
22. Platinum-lined porcelain clamshell, $390/pair, William Lipton Ltd.
23. Russian porcelain trompe l’oeil dessert plate, ca. 1820, $6,000/set of 6, Bardith, NYC
When Beatrix Farrand designed this treasure for her cousins on the coast of Maine, she was the most eminent woman garden designer in the country.

As with her grander schemes, she left her mark here with a plan so charming it was bound to endure

Hugging the Shore

BY PAULA DEITZ AND SENGA MORTIMER PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANGDON CLAY
Almost sixty years have passed since the distinguished landscape gardener Beatrix Farrand drove across Mount Desert Island to call on her Rawle cousins at their new house in Northeast Harbor, Maine. Time appears to have advanced slowly along the inlets of Somes Sound, where the cottage garden Farrand designed for the Rawles' small brick Georgian house hugs the shore. For though the plantings have been renewed and embellished by generations of the Dickey family, who have lived there since 1950, Mrs. Farrand would still recognize her charming concept of a white-picket-fenced enclosure, a quiet respite on the rugged coast. And the apple trees she found by the water, now grown tall, have provided leafy shelter all these years for summer teas.

Beatrix Farrand's mother's family, the Rawles, were among the Philadelphians who made Bar Harbor a fashionable summer community in the 1870s. Her father, Frederic Rhinelander Jones, Edith Wharton's brother, purchased property in Bar Harbor on Frenchman's Bay; Reef Point, as their place was called, was Beatrix's home until the last few years of her life. From the moment of her arrival in Bar Harbor, at the age of seven, to her death there, in 1959, gardening and Maine would be her two abiding loves.

By mid-century, Farrand was the country's best known
Both the 'Betty Corning' clematis and the arbor it clings to were later additions made by Catherine Dickey to Farrand's plan.
and most accomplished woman landscape designer, with a reputation for devising innovative planting schemes that softened the rigid geometry of formal gardens. Her designs for the East Garden at the White House during Woodrow Wilson's administration and her reconciliation of formal and romantic styles on the grounds of Dumbarton Oaks, also in Washington, D.C., are perpetual reminders of her talent. Although her fame came in the wake of these and other highly visible projects including the grounds of Princeton and Yale, she spent a major part of her life creating gardens along the rugged coast of Maine. Of the nearly two hundred commissions she completed, fifty were on Mount Desert Island.

Growing a garden near the Maine coast always presents special problems. The soil is thin, rocky, and usually acid. The growing season barely exceeds three months. Mists roll in every morning and often do not burn off until midday. Winds are constant and unpredictable, to say nothing of the harsh winters. These are the conditions that faced Farrand, particularly at the site of Captain Henry Rawle's house overlooking the entrance to Somes Sound.

Captain Rawle's son, David, remembers Mrs. Farrand well. "When I was on my honeymoon in 1945, we visited her at Reef Point, and she showed us around the garden, a tall figure dressed completely in black," he recalls. Her husband, Max Farrand, a distinguished author and professor of constitutional history, had recently died, and she was in mourning.

David Rawle also remembers his family's garden as being almost exactly as it is today. As if carving a bit of cultivated land out of the surrounding wilderness, Farrand enclosed an ample garden a short walk to the right of the house and at the edge of a wood. The picket fence with flower borders against the green lawns forms an image of summer that is residential and formal rather than rural. "We entered through one gate and exited through another on the far side, where a rustic bridge crossed a small pool that ran into a

Beyond the border of pink snapdragons and yellow marigolds, apple trees and rugosa roses line the shore of Somes Sound.
Viewing the garden and the sailboats beyond it from the

Farrand's fence is finished off with a characteristic touch, the ball finial. The coral hollyhocks are a recent, colorful addition.
brook that went tumbling down over rocks onto the beach" is how Rawle describes the plan.

In 1949, the Rawles sold the property to Charles and Catharine Dickey, of Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, where Mrs. Dickey, coeditor of The Garden Club of America Bulletin, had already established her reputation with an extensive boxwood garden that enclosed flower beds and apple trees. At some point, though no one remembers when, an arch was added to the entrance gate of the Maine garden, as well as a latticed arbor that supports a particularly hardy 'Betty Corning' clematis. "At the foot of this arbor," reminisces Mrs. Dickey's daughter, Mary Lindsay, "Mother grew the biggest pansies I ever saw, and there were beds of meadow rue and heliotrope in front of the entrance gate, and roses trailing over the fence." The meadow by the house was filled with yellow daylilies and blue forget-me-nots. Viewing the garden and the sailboats beyond it from the protection of a simple, vine-covered arbor is one of the great pleasures of garden architecture. Eventually, the garden passed on to the Dickeys' son Charles and his wife, Rogie, who began creating their own layer of the garden's history in 1982. Although they have enlarged the house, the plan is essentially the same, with new plantings in a cascade of rich color. The 'Betty Corning' clematis still climbs the trellised arbor, but the Dickeys have installed bright coral hollyhocks, deep-blue delphinium, yellow yarrow, sedum, and, waving above them all, gooseneck loosestrife and a spindly meadow rue that thrives on the coast. Along the shore, a bank of rugosa roses helps inhibit erosion.

All that remains of the garden in Beatrix Farrand's own files is a letter she wrote to the Rawles with instructions for planting another apple tree. No descriptive language, just measurements from the corner of the house. Still, she got it right, and this is the tree that has given all the families so much pleasure over the years. It recalls the old apple trees in another Maine garden, the one Sarah Orne Jewett wrote about in "Martha's Lady," where she describes how "the sun was low behind the great apple-trees at the garden's end [and] threw their shadows over the short turf of the beaching-green."

*Paula Deitz has just written the introduction to the facsimile publication of The Bulletins of Reef Point Gardens, by Beatrix Farrand (Saga Press).*
Living beyond the supermarket:
For members of Quail Hill Farm, an early morning stint in the fields offers the sublime experience of light, air, smells, and sounds—plus the freshest produce.
Quail Hill Harvest

A NEW YORK COOPERATIVE FARM INSPIRES PASSION, POACHERS—AND A PICNIC

WRITTEN BY ALISON COOK    PRODUCED BY LORA ZARUBIN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTOPHER BAKER    STYLED BY ANITA CALERO
Dozens of families get a taste of vegetables vérité, and the rich, sensuous context that comes from harvesting them.
To watch someone dig for potatoes is to know her. This truth revealed itself to me at Quail Hill Farm, an idyllic patch of ground on the far tip of Long Island, as I witnessed a friend grubbing through the dirt with animal ferocity. On hands and knees, she stalked the rows, stabbing the earth with a small digging fork and muttering to herself, lost to some ancient hunting-and-gathering imperative. "Gold mine!" she barked suddenly, hoisting rosy-skinned fingerling potatoes into the sunlight of a summer afternoon. "Look how beautiful," she cooed, her face transfixed by maternal pride and raw triumph.

At that moment the $475 a year she and each of the 150 other subscribers pay to harvest twice a week here seemed the best of bargains. Quail Hill and its members stand at the intersection of two significant American trends. One is the community farming movement, as a part of which members trade labor or buck for produce—and, less tangibly, thereby reconnect with the food chain, which has become so shrink-wrapped as to seem abstract. The second is the push to preserve America's dwindling agricultural and wilderness areas through conservation easements. In these arrangements, property owners wishing to protect a beloved parcel of land from development agree to permanently restrict or limit the use of the property through a land trust—a nonprofit conservation group—and often receive tax breaks in return. This allows land such as Quail Hill's twenty acres to hang on as a working farm when many of its neighboring tracts have been turned into vacation properties for the likes of Steven Spielberg.

Even if Quail Hill's subscribers are an upscale group themselves—most have their second homes in the area, and the farm's parking lot is dotted with Range Rovers—their object is an earthly and a worthy one. Not only does new-breed organic farmer Scott Chaskey support his family on the Quail Hill acreage but dozens of other families get a taste of vegetables, vérité, and the rich, sensuous context that comes with them. Kids wander off to tangle with raspberry bushes, while their parents uproot infant turnips no bigger than golf balls, or long, tubular beets with...
the sorts of shaggy beards never seen in a supermarket. Meadowlarks burst from the cornflowers with a swoomp of wings. Bees buzz. Farmer Scott chugs by on a proud little red tractor. Tomato plants and bean vines climb tall tepees near sunflowers that bow their heads like drowsy border guards. It all looks too tempting to a passing driver, who stops his aquamarine Continental at the roadside near the fields, jumps out and poaches a few fistfuls of herbs, and roars off down the road.

HIS IS A WORLD THAT inspires a proprietary swagger—and the occasional picnic—among subscribers, who are welcome to set up tables under the old pol-larded apple trees in Quail Hill's orchard. One group that meets annually for an outdoor feast spread blankets in the dappled shade not long ago, outfitting the site with foraged armloads of pink cosmos and aromatic herbs. To a sound track of bonking apples and querulous crows, they laid out the sort of meal best suited to the immediacy of just-picked produce, food prepared with a minimum of adornment so the flavors—clear, full, and subtle—can speak for themselves.

Which they did, as eloquently as Quail Hill's cobs of yellow-and-white corn, so startlingly sweet that you can eat them standing right there in the rows. The scallions that release such a sharp green fragrance when you pull them from the soil were curlicued across baguette slices with sweet butter and insistent thyme, absolutely simple and anything but plain. Some sopressata luxuriously marbled with fat; a glass of herbaceous Lillet on the rocks with a slice of orange; and the world softened, as it tends to do at Quail Hill, into a more generous
They laid out a meal best suited to the immediacy of just-picked produce: food prepared with a minimum of adornment.
place. Some subscribers grow addicted to the treasure hunt. Tasting the Quail Hill fingerling potatoes, parboiled and then grilled with olive oil and fresh sage, you could understand the food-loving fever the farm inspires. Waxy and meaty, their jackets thin as paper, they strutted their own potathood. A faintly sweet jam simmered down from the farm's tomatoes bound up cubes of smoky grilled eggplant, the flavors unmuddled, by virtue of separate cooking. People went back for seconds of beet salad: "There's almost nothing in it," its author claimed. Almost true: walnut oil, orange rind, a suspicion of fresh basil, and an invigorating rush of beetiness was all there was to it.

There was meat, and it stood up to the vegetables rather than the other way around. A butterflied leg of lamb from Bellwether Farms in Sonoma County was steeped in yogurt, garlic, and lavender before going onto the fire. It was different enough, lamby enough, to be provocative, but the fruits of Quail Hill were the stars. As always, they tasted even sweeter to the people who had picked them; it is easy to feel a certain solicitude for one's own particular, mishapen carrot, which may look grotesque while possessing a delicacy unknown to the ancient storage specimens in the megamarts. "That's how we get James to eat his dinner," laughed one mother of her three-year-old, who prowled the rows omnivorously, eating a lettuce leaf here and a wormy apple there. "We say, 'Here are the potatoes we picked; here are the carrots.'"

Dragging long sticks, James and a friend set off to joust near a haystack. The grown-ups lingered, basking in the cool dusk, drinking zinfandel, picking at wine-poached pears and cheeses made on American farms in the Quail Hill spirit. Bees filed home to their twin hives. The sky pinkened and faded. The party unraveled; people needed their sleep. Tomorrow was another harvest day. They would be back early, hunting and gathering.

Alison Cook, a winner of the James Beard Foundation's M.F.K. Fisher award, is a contributing editor of this magazine.

**PICTURE**

**PICNIC CENTERPIECE** Lamb, butterflied, marinated, and grilled medium rare.

**RECIPES**

**MARINATED AND GRILLED LEG OF LAMB**
Serves 8

**MARINADE (ALLOW 6 HOURS)**

- 3 large white onions, peeled and quartered
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 5 cloves garlic, peeled and thinly sliced
- Fresh ground white pepper to taste
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 cups plain yogurt
- 1 cup fresh lavender, roughly chopped (fresh rosemary may be substituted)
- 4 1/2 to 5 lb. leg of lamb, butterflied

Lavender branches for garnish

Purée the onions in a food processor. Strain onion purée through a sieve over a large bowl to yield 1 cup of onion juice. Reserve the juice and discard the pulp. Add remaining ingredients to the onion juice and mix until well blended. Add the lamb to the marinade and rub the marinade into the lamb.

Place the lamb in a deep, nonreactive bowl and place in the refrigerator over it. Cover and leave in the refrigerator for at least 5 hours. Turn the lamb after 3 hours. Remove from the refrigerator 1 hour before you are ready to grill it.

Prepare a gas or charcoal grill.

Grill the whole leg of lamb 8 to 10 minutes on each side for medium rare, turning every 2 or 3 minutes, or as necessary, to prevent burning. When the lamb is finished, place on a platter and let rest, uncovered, for 10 minutes before slicing.

To serve, slice the lamb diagonally into 2-inch-wide pieces. Put the sliced lamb on a platter and garnish it with lavender branches.

**GRILLED-EGGPLANT-AND-TOMATO JAM**

* Requires advance preparation
Makes 4 cups

- 2 large eggplants
- 2 red onions
- 2 Tbsp. olive oil
- 4 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 1 3" piece of fresh ginger, peeled and grated
- 1/2 cup apple-cider vinegar
- 4 fresh tomatoes (1 lb.), peeled, seeded, and roughly chopped
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper
- Salt and pepper to taste

Prepare the grill.

When the grill is ready, place whole eggplants and onions on the rack above the coals. Turn frequently until all sides are scorched and blackened, approximately 10 minutes for the eggplants and 12 to 15 minutes for the onions. (The outer layers of the onions will blacken and start to flake off within a couple of minutes, but keep grilling until the centers of the onions start to bubble and hiss.) Remove from the grill and place on a platter until cool enough to handle. Remove the skin of the eggplants and cut them into 1-inch cubes. Peel the skin off the onions and chop them roughly. Reserve.
In a heavy sauté pan, heat olive oil, then add garlic and ginger. Sauté for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add the cider vinegar and continue cooking at a medium-high simmer until reduced by half, then add the tomatoes, sugar, and cayenne pepper. Continue simmering for 8 minutes, or until most of the liquid has evaporated. Stir in the eggplant and onions and continue cooking for 25 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve at room temperature with the grilled lamb.

**Pickled Red Onions with Thyme**

* Requires 24 hours advance preparation
* Makes 4 cups

3 large red onions, peeled and sliced into thin wedges
3/4 cup red-wine vinegar
3/4 cup balsamic vinegar
1 cup granulated sugar
2 bay leaves
2 Tbsp. fresh thyme leaves

Bring a large pot of water to a boil.

In a nonreactive saucepan, add the red-wine vinegar, balsamic vinegar, sugar, and bay leaves and bring to a boil. Simmer for 2 to 3 minutes, or until the sugar has dissolved.

Add the sliced onions to the boiling water and cook for 1 minute. Drain the onions in a colander and place in a large bowl. Add the vinegar mixture to the onions. When the onions are at room temperature, mix in the thyme. Refrigerate for 24 hours. Serve at room temperature. Pickled onions can be stored in the refrigerator for up to 2 weeks.

**Grilled Fingerling Potatoes with Sage Leaves and Olive Oil**

2 lbs. fingerling potatoes (small Yukon gold potatoes may be substituted)
1/4 cup olive oil
1/2 cup sage leaves, roughly chopped
1 Tbsp. coarse sea salt

Bring a pot of water to a boil.

Wash the fingerling potatoes. Add them to the boiling water, cover, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium boil and cook for 15 minutes. Drain the potatoes. When they are cool enough to handle, slice in half lengthwise. Place in a large bowl. Toss with olive oil, sage, and sea salt until potatoes are well coated.

Prepare the grill.

Place the fingerling potatoes, cut side down, on rack. Grill for 2 to 3 minutes on each side, or until the potatoes are golden-brown. Remove and place on a serving tray.

When the beets are cool enough to handle, peel off the outer skins and slice into thin wedges.

To make the vinaigrette, mix together the orange rind and red-wine vinegar in a large bowl. Whisk in the olive oil. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add the beets, julienned basil leaves, and walnuts. Toss and garnish with basil leaves.

**Pears Poached in Zinfandel**

1 bottle zinfandel
1 cup water
1/4 cup granulated sugar
1 vanilla bean, cut in half lengthwise
4 bay leaves
6-8 ripe but firm bosc pears
Juice from 2 fresh lemons (1/4 cup)

In a 4-quart stockpot, bring the zinfandel, water, sugar, vanilla bean halves, juice from 2 fresh lemons (1/4 cup), and bay leaves to a boil.

Peel the pears, leaving the stem. Place them in a bowl and pour in the lemon juice. Coat the pears well.

Add pears to the wine mixture. Reduce heat and simmer for 15 minutes, or until tender. Remove pears with a slotted spoon and place in a ceramic or glass serving bowl. Continue simmering the sauce for another 15 minutes. Remove from the heat. Remove the vanilla bean and bay leaves. When the sauce has cooled somewhat, pour over the pears. Serve with a farmstead cheese such as Egg Farm Dairy's Muscoot, Amram, or Amelia.

**Beet-and-Walnut Salad**

Serves 8

1 cup walnut halves
6 medium beets (approximately 2 1/2 lbs.)
3 Tbsp. olive oil
1/2 cup basil leaves, julienned

Dressing

1 Tbsp. walnut oil
Grated rind from 1 orange
2 Tbsp. red-wine vinegar
1/4 cup extra-virgin olive oil
Salt and pepper to taste

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees.

Spread the walnut halves on a baking sheet. Bake for 5 minutes. Remove from the oven and cool. Chop the walnuts coarsely and reserve.

Wash the beets, trim their ends, and place them in a bowl with the olive oil. Coat the beets with the olive oil and place on a baking dish. Cover with aluminum foil and bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes. If a sharp knife pierces the beets easily, they are done. Remove from the oven and cool.

**Enfin! Poached pears and cheese.**

Servs plate, $20, Pamela Winterfield.

Souces, see back of book.
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DOMESTIC BLISS Pages 19-32

HUNTING & GATHERING Pages 37-42

HUNTING & GATHERING Pages 37-42

OBJECT LESSON Pages 45-48

SKETCHES Pages 52-53

UNCORKED Pages 60-62

TRADE SECRETS Pages 78-79
Hand-carved worry beads, $25. Ralph Lauren Home Collection, 867 Madison Ave., NYC 10021. Cap-Ferrat fabrics from top to bottom: Antibes Ikat, 100% cotton, $45 yard; Arles Floral Blue, 52% cotton and 48% linen, $100 yard; Gallaghe Linen French Blue, 100% linen, $100 yard; and Augustine Floral Blue, 57% linen and 43% cotton, $80 yard. East Meets West Antiques, 658 N. Larchmont Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90046. Blue powdered pigment, $16/package, Terra

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SOURCES
Where to Buy It
BEACH HOUSE Pages 80-85
All fabrics and wallpaper available through architects and designers. All brass lighting by Hinson & Co., 310-659-1400. All majolica, from Richard Godd Antiques Ltd., 808 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, CA 90069. 310-657-9416; and Indigo Seas, 123 N. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90048. 310-560-8768. Pages 80-81, Sofa and over-stuffed armchairs, A. Badin, 8667 Melrose Ave, Hollywood, CA 90069. 310-699-9238. Available through architects and designers.
Fabric on armchairs, Eugenie Matelasse, 52% cotton and 48% rayon; and fabric on dining table, Trinidad Cotton Stripe, 100% cotton, anti-mildew and water-repellent; both are from Brunswick & Fils, 212-838-7878. High-backed chair by Richard Mulligan — Sunset Cottage, 817 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90066. 213-630-8660. Available through architects and designers.
Fabric on armchair to left, Francesca, and fabric on chaise longue to right, Corne d’Abondance, both by Manuel Canovas.

SUN SPOTS Pages 86-93

SATURDAY, JULY 12 - SUNDAY, JULY 13
The Second Annual Newport Flower Show 10:00 am - 6:00 pm
"Marble House: East Meets West" Belleuve Avenue Newport, Rhode Island FRIDAY, JULY 11 Preview Cocktail Party 6:00 pm SATURDAY, JULY 12
Lecture and demonstration by Tom Christopher and Marty Asher, authors of "The Twenty-Minute Gardeners" 11:00 am

Five renowned interior designers pair with prominent Newport residents to create room vignettes on the terrace of the great estate. Anthony Browne, Albert Hadley, Nicole Limboker, Richard Nelson, and Bunny Williams will use furnishings from their partners’ personal collections.

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All proceeds from the Newport Flower Show help support the efforts of The Preservation Society of Newport County to restore and revitalize the garden of all their properties. For more information, call 401.847.1000, ext. 120.
Michael Pollan

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—Janet Malcolm


MILAN '97 Pages 94–97


CLIFF DWELLING Pages 98–105


SHE SELLS SEASHELLS Pages 106–111


QUAIL HILL HARVEST Pages 118–125


OBJECT LESSON Pages 45–48

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PHOTO CREDITS


CORRECTION

On page 60 of the May 1997 issue, the correct phone number for Seibert & Rice is 203-467-8166. Addition: On page 64 of the May 1997 issue, Casablanca's Malibu Star ceiling fan is also available through Lighting by Gregory, NYC, 800-811-FANS.

The preceding is a list of some of the products, manufacturers, distributors, retailers, and approximate list prices in this issue of House & Garden. While extreme care is taken to provide correct information, House & Garden cannot guarantee information received from sources. All information should be verified before ordering any item. Antiques, one-of-a-kind pieces, discontinued items, and personal collections may not be priced, and some prices have been excluded at the request of the homeowners.

—PRODUCED BY GOLI MALEKI

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