FAMILY SIZE

corating on a large scale

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GARDEN TOOLS
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and clipping
Style

CHANEL
Threshold

Contents for August

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A deeper yellow on the corn”

-EMILY HENRIETTA HICKEY
BELOVED, IT IS MORNING

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THE NINE PRINCIPAL POSTURES FOR ACHIEVING GREATER RELAXATION AND SELF-DISCOVERY.

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JERRY SEINFELD
{ Comedian, Author, Cereal Lover }

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Pour something priceless.

The Bombay Sapphire Martini. As sculpted by Robert Lee Morris.

WELCOME

New Growth

The impulse to gather family and friends together is strongest as summer inexorably winds down. In the easy-does-it days before we return to our harried cool-weather lives, informality is the only rule. This month, we celebrate the art of family living, from Carl D'Aquino's mammoth retreat for a couple in rural New Jersey and their large brood to a fifteenth-century Venetian palazzo where a mother and her daughter-in-law have carved out two very personal spaces under one roof. And here, we joyfully introduce six of the talented new members of our own growing House & Garden community.

"I want the magazine to be inviting," says House & Garden's Art Director, Diana LaGuardia. "We're concentrating on bigger pictures and bolder colors in order to draw the viewer in." The former design director of Esquire and Condé Nast Traveler, LaGuardia says her favorite photographs, like "Cabana Be Cabana Bop" (page 96), evoke a specific mood. "The picture is a fantasy. It's late afternoon, the sky is turning purple, and there is nobody around for miles. The story lets you imagine that you could be there. It gives you that moment alone."

"My job is to tell a story with the best products on the market," explains Style Editor Newell Turner. "I look for objects—from a luxurious fabric to a sleek stainless-steel washing machine—where style, quality, and design converge." For "Object Lesson" on terrazzo (page 49), the former senior editor at Metropolitan Home tracked down craftsmen, scouted locations, and set up shots. "I wanted to make sure that we showed the whole range of the product, from how it's made to how it's used."

William Norwich joins House & Garden as an editor at large after eight years at Vogue. He believes the move was a logical one. "The lines between fashion, design, and decorating have all been blurred, in the best sense, under the umbrella called style," he explains. "Whether it's a fabulous new actress who possesses one good dress or the Princess of Siam, I want to bring people with spirited pursuits to the magazine." Norwich also writes the "Style Diary" for The New York Observer. His novel Learning to Drive is out in paperback this fall.

A seven-year veteran of Condé Nast Traveler, Photo Editor Dana Nelson believes one of her biggest challenges is to shoot and edit houses and gardens so the owners' personalities show through. "For 'One Size Fits All' (page 57), we knew that we wanted the pictures to have the sense of a big family coming together," she says. "We wanted to emphasize the lifestyle of the home as much as the decor. Lizzie Himmel photographs houses, and she also works with a lot of children. She brought the right combination of enthusiasm to the story."

Brooke Stoddard, Senior Editor (Style), thinks the pages of "Hunting & Gathering" should reflect more than the latest trends. "When I work on shopping stories, I try not only to create a gallery of beautiful objects but to offer ideas for how to use them," says the former associate design editor of Harper's Bazaar. "In 'Sheer and Now' (page 35), I wanted to put these fabrics in several contexts. We swagged a bed, made up pillowcases, and covered a chair to suggest how to live with things we love."

Features Editor Ingrid Abramovitch likes to get to the bottom of things. "I'm interested in stories that demystify style and architecture," she says. "I like giving people information so that they can decide for themselves whether something is right for them." This month, Abramovitch, a former senior editor at Martha Stewart Living, takes the floor on terrazzo. "I've probably walked miles of my life on it and never realized it was such an ancient material. The idea that you can customize something so durable is amazing."
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THE BUSINESS OF BLISS

The Sage of SoHo

NAME: Murray Moss
RESUME: Former actor and fashion executive who now owns Moss (146 Greene Street; 212-226-2190), a two-and-a-half-year-old New York shop that carries housewares and decorative objects by this century's leading designers, including Philippe Starck, Aldo Rossi, Achille Castiglione, Tom Dixon, Arne Jacobsen, and Anna Castelli Ferrieri.

travel, the more Internet access they have, the more they know—then they will start demanding more.

HOW ARE YOU EDUCATING YOUR CUSTOMERS?
By showing how things can be relevant to one's life in the same way food and clothes are. Coffee has become more than just a cup of java. It used to be just black coffee or coffee with milk. You can now use your choice of coffee—cappuccino, espresso, latte—to express who you are! America used to be a nation of tap-water drinkers. We go to a restaurant and a waiter brings us a bowl of olive oil and we don't blink! We dip our bread in it. When did this change happen? And clothes!

RESIDENCE: Loft in midtown Manhattan.

HOW DID YOU GET INTERESTED IN DESIGN?
I lived for ten years in Europe, where people talked about objects in a way I'd never heard before. I met a lot of intelligent industrial designers—of coffeepots, flatware, fruit bowls—who were writing books about what they were doing and relating it to culture. The cultural implication of a coffeepot is a common topic of conversation among Italian manufacturers. I saw things from design collections and the Museum of Modern Art being used and made relevant to everyday life.

WHY ARE MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY DESIGNS SUCH A TOUGH SELL IN THE UNITED STATES?
We are denied access. People are much better than what's being offered. The more people

"Since you have to buy a fork anyway, why not get a little design for your money?"

—MURRAY MOSS

Murray Moss, above, in his store. Like his loft, shown in other photos, it is virtually a museum of modern design.
Anyone can talk about fashion for at least five minutes now. **SO ARE WE ABOUT TO BECOME A NATION OBSESSED WITH STATUS FLATWARE AND DESIGNER GOBLETs?** We've become so accustomed to the language of design as meaningful for food and fashion that I think it's a natural progression. And when we look at all the other stuff in our lives, it's like having an unbalanced table. You think, What's going on here? Why do I live in surroundings that don't look the way I look? There must be something more in keeping with what I know and who I am. You put a fork in your mouth for God's sake! A fork is like underwear—it's so intimate. It has taste. It's sensual. Since you have to buy a fork anyway, why not get a little design for your money? **WHO'S RESPONDING TO YOUR MESSAGE?** The customers range from students to very uptown people. For example, the Lauders registered their daughter for her wedding. They looked at Sambonet cooking things and Aldo Rossi aluminum-gauge pots. And at the same time, I have students looking at a $22 melamine ashtray that they don't know is a 1977 Isao Hosoe.

**WHY IS NEARLY EVERYTHING IN YOUR STORE BEHIND GLASS?**
I decided to do a store that reads as though you'd expect it to be part of the Museum of Modern Art. In the museum, things are behind glass and the message is: These are valuable. **WILL YOU EVER SELL FURNITURE?** I'm sneaking it in so that it doesn't look like furniture. Too vision. So I wouldn't know how to show furniture except in a glass case. If I'm doing my job properly, the store is not about "I don't need any fruit bowls today"; it's about "What can I see today?" And people do come in every week, which is a very high rate for what could be characterized as a gift store. My job is to show people something that maybe they didn't know they needed. But it's not a hoax. Frankly, how are you supposed to know? Why should I expect you to have any connection or
There is an old Yankee in Marty's hometown who is the 20-minute gardener's shopping guru. For fifty years this man has run a nursery that is the community's premier rendezvous. One Saturday last April, Marty was there, fighting the crowds and making the scene, when the owner wised him up.

"Go home," he told Marty.

Marty was hurt, but then the nurseryman explained that his advice was meant kindly. He makes the bulk of his yearly sales in the first two weeks of April, which means that if you drop by the nursery at that time, you'll find plants that have been picked over, a harried sales staff, and an ambience about as pastoral as a rush-hour ride on a New York subway. Recovery from this commercial catharsis takes weeks. So if you are smart, the nurseryman said, you'll postpone your garden shopping until fall.

Why fall? To begin with, that's when Nature wants you to plant. No matter how carefully you treat them, moving plants from nursery to garden damages their roots, leaving the new arrivals vulnerable to drought until the roots regrow. The cool, moist weather that comes with fall throughout most of the United States minimizes this stress. Spring offers similar conditions, of course, but it is followed by summer, the season of maximum stress.

Fall, in contrast, is followed by winter, a season of respite. Although the upper half of the plant may go dormant in winter, the roots continue to grow, as long as the soil is not frozen. Fall plantings have nine months to get ready for summer's stress; spring plantings have only three.

This is why, in the northern half of the country, September is the best time to plant hardy evergreens, and late fall—October and November—the best time to plant deciduous trees and shrubs. In the South and on the Pacific Coast—wherever winters are mild and moist—a late fall or even an early winter planting is ideal for virtually all kinds of garden plants, except heat-loving summer annuals. Fall is also an excellent season for planting most kinds of perennial flowers.

For the 20-minute gardener, economics is another reason fall is the preferred shopping season. Stop by a nursery after Labor Day and you will be virtually alone, except for the plants, and there should be a fair selection left over from the spring feeding frenzy. And the nurserymen will be anxious to sell—storing the plants until next spring is expensive. That's why prices are regularly marked down by 50 percent in fall.

One word of warning: On autumnal visits to the nursery, avoid the bargain bins of leftover bulbs. The prices may be seductive, but bulbs deteriorate quickly if improperly stored. The cheap bulbs may look fine, but chances are they won't flower well next spring. For some commodities, even 20-minute gardeners have to pay full price.

Stop by a nursery after Labor Day and you will be virtually alone, except for the plants.
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“We use sheers quite a lot,” reports Geoffrey De Sousa, design director for San Francisco’s Agnes Bourne, Inc. “Some clients think of them as creamy and feminine, but colored sheers can be masculine and very dramatic—especially if they are used in one long swoop.” Pattern, whether subtly woven as
In window, Fiori sheer, and on the table, Fenice, both from Sahco Hesslein at Bergamo. Clarence House's Premiere Vision on chair.

SEE HERE Use sheers to add color and light: cover a small lampshade or layer a pair over a clear shower curtain, pin a panel to a wall, use several to divide a room, or tack swoops across a ceiling for the airiest of canopies.

Anna French's Diamond Madras or printed on the exuberant scale of Bergamo's Fiori, provides the drama. "If a room doesn't have

a great view, a sheer on a rod pulled flat across the window creates one—it filters light and gives a pattern," says José Solis Betancourt, an interior designer in Washington, D.C. "I also use them as slipcovers over tables and chairs to reveal their lines and architecture." Let there be light.
IT'S VERY CLEAR, OUR LOVE—uh, Lucite—is here to stay. The transparent marvel, born in the Depression and made famous by the Rat Pack (imagine Frank and Sammy lounging in see-through chairs) is hotter than ever. So are other acrylic resins: Plexiglas and Astrolite. Vintage Lucite is collectible now but many classic items are still being manufactured. Use them sparingly, like gold leaf— one piece can give spark to any room.
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House & Garden - August 199
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What's News

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1. FACE FORWARD Embossed brass mirror, $4,988, La Barge Inc. 800-692-2112.


3. POT OF GOLD Rainbow Mozart cup/saucer in mocha, $110; dessert plate in empire green, $65; and Rainbow dinner plate, $65; all Limoges porcelain, from Robert Haviland & C. Parlon. 800-993-2580.


5. CARRIED AWAY Waterproof polypropylene Jumbo bag by Toshin Co., $23, Hida Tool and Hardware, Inc. 800-443-5512.

6. DRY CHIC Executive Cheque and Executive Pin-stripe towels in dark chocolate, $9.99 each, from the Executive Suite Collection by Martex. 800-533-8229.

7. SITTING PRETTY Glencoe slipper chair in Glorious Garden, $725, and custom pillow covered with Pastoral Plaid in sunshine, $28/yard; both from Waverly Home. 800-988-7775.
Since ancient times, craftsmen have mixed bits of marble and stone to create a luminous surface called terrazzo. Virtually indestructible and so timelessly chic that it has been used by everyone from Michelangelo to Morris Lapidus, terrazzo is an enduring investment. And while it used to come mainly in off-whites and beiges, this handmade material now comes in shades from lime to lavender.
**Object Lesson**

**TERRAZZO TIME**
For a while, Dominick, Michael, John, and Paul Magnan, the brothers who run D. Magnan & Co., a terrazzo company in Mount Vernon, New York, worried that their ancient trade was dying out. In the 1970s, after twenty years in business, they discovered that terrazzo was losing ground to materials such as marble tile. But in the last year, the Magnans have placed gleaming terrazzo floors in living rooms and patios across the country as well as in high-profile public spaces like New York's Niketown and the fashionable restaurant Jean Georges. The craftsmen at D. Magnan (914-664-0700) mix pieces of marble and glass into molten bases of colored cement or epoxy resin. This is poured and ground into a smooth surface with a thousand flecks of color.

**COOL AND MODERN**
In Los Angeles, the glass-and-glitter capital of the West Coast, the terrazzo installers are also busy. Terrazzo is back, especially among the design cognoscenti. “It has an elegance that's in vogue now,” says fashion photographer Dewey Nicks, who is putting terrazzo floors in his Bel Air home after noticing them in Gucci ad campaigns. “It's virtually a custom floor,” says Sallee Humphrey, an interior designer with Boora Architects of Portland, Oregon, who helped design the terrazzo floor at Niketown in New York. The intricate Niketown pattern incorporates words like “teamwork” with images of basketballs and the New York Marathon route. The scheme uses sixteen colors of terrazzo embedded with glass, stone, and mother-of-pearl.

Terrazzo may be trendy now, but it was popular among the ancient Egyptians, who developed it as a stronger and smoother substitute for mosaic tile. It was also favored by Renaissance architect Michelangelo, who used it in St. Peter’s Cathedral. More recently, in the 1950s and 1960s, terrazzo was the ubiquitous flooring in houses in Florida and California, where it was sturdy enough to endure bright sunlight and occasional hose-downs. Even Modernist masters like Richard Neutra and Craig Ellwood loved terrazzo for its spare, reflective surfaces.

“It’s modern, it’s cool, it’s indestructible,” says Michael S. Smith, a Los Angeles–based designer. He uses terrazzo for floors, kitchen counters, and tabletops—the last inspired by Jean Prouvé, who put pink

---

**LOW MAINTENANCE**
Terrazzo is easy to maintain and does not require waxing. All that's needed to clean a terrazzo floor at home is damp mopping once a week with a neutral cleanser like Ivory liquid or Murphy's Oil Soap. The floor's sealer should be stripped and replaced every three years by a professional.

---

**RETRO COOL** The terrazzo floor at NYC's Jean Georges restaurant, designed by Adam D. Tihany, has large marble chunks set in geometric rows.

**“TERRAZZO BOUNCES LIGHT IN AN ATTRACTIVE WAY AND GIVES A REAL SPARKLE TO A ROOM”**

Jarrett Hedborg
INTERIOR DESIGNER, LOS ANGELES
and yellow terrazzo tops on painted metal legs in the 1950s.

Jarrett Hedborg, another Los Angeles designer, thinks terrazzo’s resurgent popularity can be traced both to the current revival of Modernism and to new advances in this age-old craft. Terrazzo was traditionally made with a cement base that came in a limited palette, but epoxy resin bases have been developed that can match any color. For the floor of John Barrett’s hair salon at New York’s Bergdorf Goodman, for example, the Magnans came up with a vivid lavender inspired by the store’s classic shopping bag.

**NEW FORMULAS**

In addition to being more colorful, the epoxy terrazzo is easier to install. Cement terrazzo requires a two-and-a-half-inch mortar bed and generally needs to be placed during the construction phase. But epoxy terrazzo is just three eighths of an inch thick and does not need a base, enabling it to be poured over existing floors.

Epoxy-based terrazzo can be molded into shapes such as counters, sinks, and fireplaces. It also does away with the metal divider strips needed to prevent cement from cracking (although many designers still use the zinc or copper dividers because they like the patterns dividers make).

Terrazzo is an investment that can often cost more than marble or granite. The Magnans charge $25 to $35 a square foot for flooring and $80 to $100 a square foot for tables and countertops, which must be hand-formed.

But then, what other material evokes both Italian palazzos and Florida’s Fontainebleau Hotel while improving in appearance the more it is walked on? And what other flooring can be customized with pieces of marble, stone, colored glass, and seashells?

Terrazzo designs have become so flexible that there is almost nothing that Dominick Magnan hasn’t tried adding, from broken Coca-Cola bottles to fragments of broken sunglasses for a Serengeti eyeglass brochure. But he has his limits. “One of my customers wanted to throw her ex-husband’s ring into the mix,” he says, “but I talked her out of it.”

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**I WANTED AN EXPANSE OF WHITE TERRAZZO WITH FIVE PERCENT BLACK AND MOTHER-OF-PEARL, LIKE PEGGY GUGGENHEIM’S HOUSE IN VENICE**

DEWEY NICKS
FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER

**POURING A FLOOR**

Installing terrazzo is a messy procedure requiring skilled labor and as many as ten days. Here is how the process works:

Before the craftsmen arrive, the client chooses a color of cement or epoxy as well as the elements to be mixed in, called aggregates. The percentage for each ingredient must be specified: 20 percent yellow marble chips from Verona, Italy, for instance, or 50 percent blue glass. A terrazzo “mechanic” arrives on site with a mixer, blends the ingredients, and pours the mixture in batches onto the floor using five-gallon pails. The mixture is then leveled with a trowel and allowed to cure for two days. After the terrazzo has cured, it must be sanded with a series of abrasive stones—from roughest to smoothest—attached to a grinding machine. This sanding reveals the embedded chips and creates a polished surface.

**CUSTOM-MADE** The ingredients mixed into terrazzo are called aggregates, top left; clients can choose bits of colored glass, stone, and marble, in any proportion, and have them added to a base of their choice. Terrazzo is poured into wooden molds, top, to make steps. After being poured, a tabletop is ground to a polish with abrasive stones, above. Terrazzo also comes in tile form, such as these Logos tiles, below, available in 30 colors, from Bisazza, in Miami (305-597-4099).
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On a small and sunny spot on Cape Cod, Stanley Kunitz cultivates a garden about the art of living

By Molly Peacock

Let's take a walk. And let's learn the secret of life on our way. If we're looking for revelations, there's no better place than a garden and no better person to ask than one who is both old and wise. Let's ask Stanley Kunitz to be our guide. He's the wiry, spary type deadheading the campanula beyond this iron gate. But don't ask him directly if this is his garden! He might tell us what he mutters to tourists who walk down his Provincetown street and stick their elbows through his Boston ivy: "I just work here."

He's working all right, on every level. Because he is ninety-one years old, the celebrated Pulitzer prize-winning poet turns with the force of a whole century behind him, as energized as his poetry. His face glows like an icon—he really is our Virgil. His garden is famous among book people. When critics talk about his poems—even when they don't know an astilbe from an aster—the subject of horticulture rises like an astrological sign.

Seeing Double Kunitz, above, likes to repeat colors and plants in his garden. A crushed-clamshell path that is as direct as his poetry leads to his studio.

"Welcome to my late garden," he says with mischievous symbolism. He's planned it to wake up in late June, just when he and his wife, painter Elise Asher, lock their Greenwich Village apartment and come here, to their house on Cape Cod.

The challenge of this garden began in 1963, after the poet bought a house with a front yard that was essentially a sand dune. Instead of leveling the dune, he used it as a native language, letting its naturally sharp angle shape the tiers of beds—the way language molds thought. The unyielding slant underpins every
invention in his garden, just as the fact of his birth (mere weeks after his father's suicide) has determined the acute angle of what he writes. "Like the verses of a poem," he says of the five tiers he dug into the slope, reinforced and nourished with compost and seaweed.

"You must have repetition in the beds," he admonishes as we pace the paths that frame the tiers. "You must repeat colors and plant material as you repeat words and themes." At the top of a shady path a blue rose of Sharon echoes another elsewhere. This symmetry grew out of disaster: when a hurricane took a small tree down, Kunitz seized the chance to create a refrain.

"These Alberta spruces are the four anchors of the original plan," Kunitz announces, rising on his toes and pointing a steady arm. There are the underpinning compass points of spruces, like the four corners of a page. By now we're up to the crest, facing an ingenious wall made of Euonymus japonicus. It's the perfect spot for a bench—but there isn't one. And the absence of a bench reveals the secret of life, according to Stanley Kunitz.

"There isn't room to sit down!" he exclaims. But metaphor is always lurking. Not to sit down means Keep moving, an idea that turns the old slogan Use it or lose it into the practice of the toughest art, the art of living. I remember that the title of Kunitz's last book of poems is Passing Through. "There's no one vantage point from which to see the whole layout," he remarks. "You have to walk the garden to really see it. That's why it's nearly unphotographable." Kunitz's demesne insists on unfolding in time, and photographs, of course, stop that motion he has always equated with life.

We're at the wrought-iron fence, which you can barely see from inside the garden because it, too, is shielded by a wall of euonymus. How did he feel making a garden in his front yard, where everyone could see him? Kunitz laughs, "Well, very exposed!"

As we take in the second tier, "blue" rhymes with "blue"—'Butterfly Blue' scabiosa, 'Blue Charm' veronica, and perennial geranium—until a drift of Japanese anemones ('Grape leaf' and 'Queen Charlotte') explodes among Russian sage like the shock of a new image. "There's an Indigofera from the Himalayas," Kunitz whispers. "It's very far from home." But Asian principles operate comfortably here. Enamored of the spare schematics of Japanese poetry and gardens, Kunitz mixes Eastern and Western plant material and philosophy. "Not seeing the garden ever whole—that's a Japanese concept," he says, "and that's what I was thinking of in 1963, when I began this garden."

Because his poetry often employs short lines and tight, clear images, it's a straight shot to his targets, just as now the bottom path of crushed clamsheII makes a direct route to his studio. As the light of the day ends, the work of the
word begins. But the poet never wishes to view his garden when the business of writing is at hand. His studio window does not face his flowers. Instead, as he says in his poem “The Round,” he sits “hunched over my desk / with nothing for a view / to tempt me / but a bloated compost heap.”

Since the house is embedded in a slope, the studio is actually part of the basement, forming “cosmic roots,” as the French philosopher Bachelard would say, where “secrets are pondered” and “projects are prepared.” Through the basement and protruding into the light is Elise Asher’s studio. Though the garden is the exclusive province of her husband, she has drawn whimsical personal botanicals of many of the species and has painted works on canvas inspired by imagery in her husband’s poems. “Darling,” Kunitz writes in his poem “Touch Me,” “do you remember / the man you married? Touch me / remind me who I am.” Together since the 1950s (both artists were married previously, with children), they orbit each other in their household like planets drawn by rotational pull.

Kunitz writes only in the wee hours. It’s a boyhood habit, formed from keeping monsters away by reading with a flashlight under the covers. It was also a way of keeping alive at night; disconnecting sleep from death was essential for the son whose father died so young. “How have I lived so long? Always on the edge of death, with the knowledge of death alive at my side,” he says.

Gardeners must equip themselves with a zest for disaster. After all, if the storms don’t get you, your own hubris will. That awareness of death emboldens Stanley Kunitz to take chances with all he does. Back on the path, he gestures, “This tree is Stewartia, a pseudo-camellia, not adapted to this climate.” Doesn’t he obey the zone charts, those equivalents of the Book of Genesis for gardeners? “Well, if I fail,” he says matter-of-factly, “I’ll try something else.” He arms himself with a nearly gleeful sense of possibility. “I can scarcely wait till tomorrow,” states the last quatrain of his poem “The Round,” “when a new life begins for me, / as it does each day, / as it does each day.” And so our amble ends. “We enter through the gate, with a walk around that returns to the beginning, so it’s a circular poem,” he says.

So, you can stop bothering with that bench you’re always intending to build, but never do. The proper vantage point, according to Kunitz wisdom, is from whatever place you’re in. The absence of a bench is the presence of a seeking point of view. Keep looking. That’s the secret of life on a walk.

Molly Peacock is a contributing editor to this magazine and the author of four books of poems.
Vegetable Love

The use of heirloom varieties enhances the long, happy marriage of tomatoes and corn

This is what an American summer tastes like: the cool, tart-sweet squish of tomato; the gently nutty crunch of corn so young its sugars haven’t even thought about converting to starch. Surely the kitchen gods intended that these ancient New World flavors be combined. Alone, they embody the season; together, they intensify its sunny abundance. Now that heirloom varieties are available again, corn and tomatoes can take you back to another, more expansively flavored age.

**CORN-AND-TOMATO RISOTTO WITH TOMATO CONCASSÉ AND FINES HERBES**

Serves 6

**TOMATO CONCASSÉ**

- 2 shallots, finely diced
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and chopped
- 2 Tbsp olive oil
- 2 pounds ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and diced
- 1/2 cup dry white wine

In a large sauté pan, sauté the shallots and garlic in the olive oil for several minutes until opaque. Add tomatoes and wine. Continue cooking at a high simmer, stirring occasionally, until the mixture is reduced by half, about 15 minutes. Remove from heat and reserve.

**RISOTTO**

- 5 to 6 cups chicken stock
- 1/4 cup chopped shallots
- 3 Tbsp olive oil
- 1 1/2 cups Arborio rice
- Kernels from 3 ears of fresh corn
- 1/4 cup heavy cream
- Salt and pepper
OLD-FASHIONED FLAVOR. The salad and risotto both benefit from the distinctive taste of newly available heirloom varieties of corn and tomatoes.

FINES HERBES
1/2 cup minced leaves of the following fresh herbs: parsley, sage, oregano, and thyme

In a large saucepan, bring the chicken stock to a simmer and keep it simmering. In a 3-quart sauté pan over a medium-high heat, sauté the shallots in the olive oil until opaque. Add the rice and stir until opaque. Add 1 cup of the simmering chicken stock to the rice mixture and continue stirring over medium heat until almost all the liquid is absorbed. Continue adding chicken stock one cup at a time, letting it cook down until the rice is tender, approximately 20 to 25 minutes. Be sure to keep the risotto at a simmer during this process. Reduce the heat and stir in 1/2 cup of the tomato concassé, corn kernels, heavy cream, and 1/4 cup of the fines herbes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Reheat the other 1/2 cup of concassé.

To serve the risotto, spoon some of the concassé onto the center of a plate. Spoon a serving of risotto over it and sprinkle with remaining fines herbes.

HEIRLOOM-TOMATO-AND-CORN SALAD WITH RICOTTA SALATA
Serves 6
(See Sources, back of book, for tomatoes)

Kernels from 4 ears of fresh corn
1 Tbsp olive oil
1 Tbsp champagne vinegar
2 pounds heirloom tomatoes
1 cup grated ricotta salata
1/4 cup fresh marjoram, chopped

VINAIGRETTE
2 shallots, very finely diced
1/4 cup sherry vinegar
1/2 cup extra-virgin olive oil
Salt and pepper

Over medium-high heat, sauté the corn in the olive oil for 2 minutes. Add the champagne vinegar. Turn off the heat and let cool.

To make the vinaigrette, combine the shallots and sherry vinegar in a mixing bowl. Slowly whisk in the olive oil until it is well combined with shallot mixture. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Wash the tomatoes and cut into 1/4-inch slices. Arrange on a platter and sprinkle the corn over the tomatoes. Pour the vinaigrette and top with the ricotta salata and fresh marjoram.
Reconsider Riesling

The most versatile of German wines is not, repeat not, sticky sweet

By Jay McInerney

Growing up in Germany's Black Forest region, Eberhard Müller was not terribly impressed with the wines of his homeland. Training under chef Alain Senderens at L'Archestrée in Paris, Müller developed a Francophile's sense of classic food-and-wine marriages that has served him well since taking over the kitchen at Lutèce, André Soltner's classic New York restaurant. But somewhere along the way he rediscovered German Riesling.

Most Americans tend to think of German wine as being sticky sweet and indifferently vinified. And indeed, an ocean of imported liebfraumilch has confirmed the impression. Blue Nun, anyone? But German wine making has improved dramatically in the past decade, as has American distribution, and the current fashion for dry white wine has been duly noted. Meantime, Americans are just starting to notice how badly Chardonnay sometimes behaves with food—rather like an obstreperously drunken guest who shouts down the rest of the table. If Chardonnay is the king of white grapes, it can be a tyrant. Riesling, by contrast, is an elegant and accommodating queen. And nowhere is Riesling's quicksilver character so variously expressed as on the steep, terraced river valleys of Germany's wine country. Müller recently invited a group of top German wine makers to show their stuff at Lutèce, that shrine of classical French cuisine. More than one skeptic was staggered by the quality of the wines, which ranged from light, superdry, aperitif-style Rieslings to aged Trockenbeerenauslesen with the texture and sweetness of honey. "I don't think there is a grape variety in the world," says Müller, "that produces so many different styles of wine." Indeed, Riesling is a Laurence Olivier of a grape, capable of playing everything from farce to Othello. But for the moment—high summer—it makes sense to focus on the young dry and medium-dry wines that would feel right at home in a picnic basket.

Even when they have residual sugar, German Rieslings have an acidity—partly inherent in the grape and partly a function of cool weather—that counteracts the perception of sweetness. (Think of
A splash of Bertolli transforms everyday foods into elegant meals. And extravagant fare into truly inspirational dishes.

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Zuppa Fresca dell'Orto

1 cup diced pink skinned potatoes, unpeeled
1/2 cup diagonally sliced celery
1/2 cup diagonally sliced carrot
2 garlic cloves, minced
1/4 cup Bertolli Extra Virgin Olive Oil
8 cups chicken stock, fat skimmed from surface
1/4 tsp. saffron
1 cup diagonally cut French green beans (sliced)
1/2 cup baby lima beans, fresh or thawed frozen

3 Tbsp. orzo (rice shaped pasta)
1 cup coarsely chopped hearts of escarole
1 cup zucchini and/or yellow squash, quartered lengthwise and cut diagonally
1/2 cup diagonally sliced asparagus spears
1/2 cup diagonally sliced scallions
1/2 cup tiny peas, fresh or thawed frozen
1/3 cup diced plum tomatoes, peeled and seeded, fresh or canned (optional)
Salt, pepper and Parmesan cheese, to taste

1. Combine potato, celery, carrot, garlic and olive oil in large broad saucepan. Cover; cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until vegetables are tender, but not browned, about 10 min.
2. Add broth and saffron. Heat to boiling. Stir in green beans, lima beans, orzo. Cook, stirring, until tender, about 8 min. Add escarole; simmer 5 min.
3. Stir in zucchini and/or yellow squash, asparagus, scallions, green peas. Simmer just until tender and heated through, about 5 min. Add tomatoes, if using. Salt and pepper, to taste. Ladle into bowls. Serve sprinkled with slivers of Parmesan cheese. Serves 6-8.

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lemonade: it takes a lot of sugar to tame a handful of lemons.) The high acidity and relatively low alcohol are what make them so refreshing as an aperitif and so food-friendly. Müller proposes this experiment: Grill a piece of fish; try it plain, then dribble some lemon juice on it. The lemon inevitably enhances and highlights the flavor of the fish. And the same is true with wine. The high-acid Riesling makes a much better accompaniment to most fish dishes than the riper (and often heavily oaked) Chardonnay and has the edge to cut through pork dishes and cream sauces. One of the most amazing food/wine combinations I have tasted was Müller's signature oysters with caviar-and-cream sauce, paired with a flinty Mosel Riesling Spätlese from Dr. Ernst Loosen. If only the terminology on the label went down as easily as the wine.

Unfortunately, German wine labels make burgundy look easy. In addition to listing the region, the village, the vineyard, the producer, and the grape, German labels almost always carry a designation indicating the level of ripeness at which the grapes were harvested. Often the same vineyard is harvested several times, the early harvested grapes providing insurance against bad weather while the later crop provides a richer, riper wine. In ascending order of ripeness, the dryish, export-quality wines are Qualitätswein, Kabinett, Spätlese, and Auslese. Qualitätswein grapes require the addition of sugar to balance their ferocious acidity; from the best makers they produce dry and racy aperitifs, which is also true of the riper Kabinett, to which no sugar is added. Auslese is nearly a dessert wine, while the slightly less ripe Spätlese is perhaps the golden mean of German Rieslings. Unfortunately, it can be either dry or semidry—or even semi-sweet—depending on whether the wine maker decides to stop fermentation before all the sugar has converted into alcohol. Sometimes the label will tell you the style: the word trocken on a label indicates the wine is dry; halbtrocken is semi-dry with a touch of residual sugar. Which won't necessarily make it seem sweeter than the average Napa Chardonnay. Sometimes the label is silent on this issue; you can get a clue by looking at the alcohol level. A low alcohol level of 8 or 9 percent indicates residual sugar; 10½ or 11 means the wine is dry, the sugar turned to alcohol.

Five regions account for the best Rieslings: the Mosel-Saar-Ruwer, Nahe, Rheingau, Rheinhessen, and the Pfalz. Each has its own character: the wines of the Mosel region often have a stony element, while those of the Pfalz and Rheingau tend to be a little fatter and fruitier. Across the board, however, they tend to show some combination of tart green apple, lemon, and grapefruit flavors in the drier wines, and pineapple and apricot in the riper ones. While vintages are widely variable in this most northerly of great wine-producing nations, recent vintages, from 1993 to the currently available 1995, have been good to excellent. Ultimately it is the producer that counts for quality. Among my favorites, in no particular order, are Geltz Zilliken; Adolph Weingart; George Breuer; Toni Jost; Lingenfelder; Maximin Grünerhauser; Dr. Loosen; J.u H.A. Strub; and Schlossgut Diehl.

One way to circumvent the almost absurd specificity of German wine labels is to look for the importers’ labels: In this country, Terry Theise and Rudolf Weist represent many of Germany’s best estates. Their own labels appear separately on the tall, thin bottles, which seem to mimic the sleek, racy charms of a good German Riesling.

Jay McInerney’s wine column is a regular feature of the magazine.
February 1962

In its issue on new ideas, the magazine suggested building a patio circle and introducing teens to folk dancing

BY VÉRONIQUE VIENNE

Among the intriguing things about this photograph is the strong sense that something or someone is missing. The emptiness of the house in the background, the orderliness of the buffet table on the terrace, and, most significant, the stagy body language of the dancing teens seem to suggest that the people in charge have stepped out of the frame to watch a scene they have set in motion.

And indeed, the party was organized by grown-ups—the editors of House & Garden. Perhaps it is not so surprising that just as one of the most tumultuous decades in American history was taking shape, the magazine should have wished to turn the clock back to a time when parents had charge of their teens’ social lives. And no wonder that rock and roll, the music that threatened to divide the generations, has no place here. Instead, the editors recommended folk music from Greece, Czechoslovakia, and Israel—countries where parental authority was still very much intact!

And so, in the waning days of Pat Boone’s reign, when rhythm and blues was still considered ghetto music, and Elvis, back from the Army, was making sappy movies, readers were urged to set out the lemonade, plug the phonograph into a weatherproof outlet on the patio, and give young people an evening of supervised fun.
Dear Mrs. Responsible:

You never missed a school play.
You remember everyone’s birthday, including your father-in-law’s.
You never went on a golf weekend.
With all due respect, Ma’am, you’re due. This is the Buick Riviera.
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Elizabeth Arden

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FIRST PRINCIPLE  The problem of never having enough living space seems nearly universal. But not in Joan and Edward Klein’s case. They enjoy making the families of their eight grown children welcome when they visit. “A very social house was what we had in mind,” says Joan Klein. Carl D’Aquino, the New York interior designer, tamed the scale of the enormous rooms by filling them with suitably large furniture. But it’s his trump card—a knock-your-socks-off use of bold color—that sets the tone of the inviting place, where four generations of a family are happy to gather.
Like the 15-foot-long kitchen bench, various parts almost everything in the house (except the grandchildren) is oversized. In the foyer, opposite page, a seven-foot-wide chandelier hangs above an equally wide table. A low sofa chair and George Smith sofa are covered in a Brunschwig & Fils cotton. Both the checked floor and striped walls were hand-painted.

One Size Fits All

Carl D’Aquino makes a big family’s huge house coz...
EVEN CARL D’AQUINO, the interior designer, was floored. “Humongous” was the only word he could come up with when he first saw Joan and Edward Klein’s new seventy-five-foot-long, ten-thousand-square-foot house, which sits on three wooded acres in rural New Jersey. “I panicked,” recalls D’Aquino. “I asked myself, ‘How can I possibly do something with these rooms so they can be at a scale to be enjoyed?’ I thought the children were all gone.” Well, they are and they aren’t, Joan Klein explains. “With eight children getting out of college and getting married, and a grandmother who lives with us, our basic family doubled. We simply couldn’t fit into the house the children had grown up in.”

Many couples of their age decide to downscale their lives, think about retiring, or at least taking off for the nearest golf course. Instead, the Kleins, like a surprising number of empty nesters around the country, have moved into bigger houses. And in the Kleins’ case, this means a banquet-sized dining room that can seat two dozen people comfortably, a huge formal living room where their clan can sit by the fire and open Christmas presents, a two-story library, an enormous center hall and wide stairways, perfect for a bridal party. And even though a huge extended family doesn’t strictly require it, the Kleins indulged themselves by constructing a luxurious master bath to escape to, equipped with a steam shower for him, a Jacuzzi for her, a double tub for them. And, they built enough extra bedrooms to accommodate visiting children, their spouses, and their children. “We wanted a very social house, where we could have great parties,” says Joan. “Even before we had any furniture we already had a wedding here.”

“I like challenges,” says D’Aquino, whose job was to “transform the huge spaces into approachable, friendly, warm rooms.” The decorator was willing to accommodate Joan’s near obsession with blue; her dislike of rugs and carpets; and the couple’s desire to start a collection of high-quality American
In this case, adds a PERIOD NOTE” — Carl D’Aquino
Antique furniture helps tame the scale in the dining room; a blue-green and red color scheme gives it vibrancy. The George III mahogany table, which seats 24, originally came from Winterthur. The restored side chairs are upholstered in a Rose Cumming cotton blend and the wing chairs in a Cowtan & Tout check. The curtain panels are of a Font Hill Ltd. cotton print; the balloon shades are of Savon solid from Old World Weavers. Two chandeliers of gilt metal and rock crystal are from Christie's.
here we could have GREAT parties”
—Joan Klein
The pale-hued living room provides a soft contrast to the strong colors of the other rooms. The George Smith sofa is upholstered in a Quadrille cotton. The chair to the right of it is upholstered in a Manuel Canovas toile; the four side chairs are upholstered in a Manuel Canovas cotton. The drapes are made of a Clarence House damask and a Bailey & Griffin cotton. An antique Aubusson rug from Symourgh International provides an old-world look. The Kleins bought antique dinnerware, including the English china, opposite page, especially for the new house.

Oversized pieces bring the room
antiques. So D'Aquino and his clients attended auctions up and down the East Coast, looking for antique furniture to tame the scale of the house. "We all loved the adventure and the search," he says. Not surprisingly, they found themselves bidding on what the decorator describes as "rather large pieces." The dining table, for example, which seats twenty-four, was in a sale of de-acquisitioned pieces from Winterthur. "We really lucked out," says D'Aquino, who let the other bidders at the sale vie for the Chippendale chairs ("We didn't have the budget for them anyway," he says), while they "walked away" with the table, a George III beauty that once belonged to Henry Du Pont. While its baronial size and only fair condition were deterrents to others, it ended up costing less than a good reproduction, even after the necessary restoration. The side chairs, which have no provenance, were relatively inexpensive to restore and reupholster.

Other overscaled pieces—the ornate seventeenth-century Dutch cabinet in the foyer, the 60-inch-high English Hunt mirror in the living room, the pair of Louis XIV-style gilt metal and rock crystal chandeliers, the piles of nineteenth-century
Adams creamware and Staffordshire china—not only bring the scale of the rooms into manageable proportions but add a layer of authenticity to the decor. “We wanted to build a collection in keeping with what they could afford,” says D'Aquino, who filled in with reproduction pieces when real antiques proved too costly. “My office does a lot of period work,” adds the designer, “but we try not to do museum settings.” Just as well, since making three generations of adults as well as the grandchildren—there are already ten of them, and counting—feel comfortable in the house was very important. It was Joan Klein’s idea to put at least one child-sized chair in every room. “Now as soon as the kids go in, they know ‘Of course this is for me,’ ” she says.

JOAN KLEIN’S PASSION FOR BLUE—a color she can’t get enough of—directed D'Aquino toward what he calls the “modulation of color,” picking shades that ranged from light to dark and from soft to vibrant. “Color was one way to defeat the newness of the house, because it sets a mood, a tone, and, in this case, adds a period note,” says D’Aquino. Now, moving from one room to another, from the boldly hand-painted royal-and-light-blue-striped foyer to the deep-blue library to the Mount Vernon-inspired blue-green-hued dining room with pale pink ceilings and fuchsia balloon shades, is exhilarating. So are the charming murals of harbor scenes by Marguerite MacFarlane and Peter Cozzolino that turn the wide stairs into works of art and are in keeping with the Kleins' fantasy that the just-built house once belonged to a ship captain, who brought things back home from all over the world.

The painted stairs are also a recognition of Joan Klein’s dislike of rugs in general and, in particular, of putting runners on stairs. So the decorator had to work backward. “Usually I like to buy the carpets first and bring the color of the rooms out of them,” says D’Aquino. “Joan wanted me to do the draperies and choose the colors with no idea of what the rugs would be. And if you think it’s easy to find a rug to go with the blue-green colors of the walls and fuchsia draperies of the dining room, you are crazy.”

It took a while, but D’Aquino did. Remember what he said about challenges?
The kitchen, opposite page, top, expands the concept of a family room: central worktable has two counter heights to accommodate adults and children. The bedroom, below, is part of a ground-floor master suite. Its d-and-neutral-palette unifies the salamandre wallpaper, Brunschwig Fils velvet headboard, and Manuel Canovas and Quadrille toile canopy.

And children soap up in tubs by mico, this page, foreground, and Kohler. All fixtures are by Kohler.
TRADE SECRETS

Think Big!

It's not exactly Barnum & Bailey, but the bold colors, splashes of whimsy, and oversized furniture coupled with child-sized chairs provide all the variety and excitement you find under the big top. Directed by ringmaster Joan Klein, designer Carl D'Aquino soothed the heroic size of the Kleins' New Jersey house with an aggressively clever approach to color and scale.

X-LARGE FURNITURE

V SIZABLE SOLUTIONS

A six-foot-high, 17th-century Dutch cabinet from New York dealer Steven H. Bluttal anchors the 750-square-foot foyer. A stone bust, right, fills the niche of one of the five-foot-high library windows.

V BENCHMARK

The 15-foot-long, custom-made bench by Gregory Vasileff in Hampton, Connecticut, can accommodate the Kleins' 10 grandchildren. The murals are by Marguerite MacFarlane and Peter Cozzolino from The Studio in Englewood, New Jersey.

BOLD COLORS

A HUES NEWS

Vibrant blues are the theme of the library and foyer (but don't faze a grandchild, far right). The blue-green color (#665), above left, on the walls in the dining room was inspired by a room at Mount Vernon. "In the 18th century, they would have used milk paint," D'Aquino says. The designer opted for Benjamin Moore latex paints instead.

BIG PATTERNS

A FE-FI-FO-FUM FABRICS

D'Aquino tamed the immensity of the rooms by using fabrics with large repeats and bold patterns. Reds and neutrals complement different blues of the walls. Clockwise from top: Old World Weavers' rayon solid; Fonthill's cotton Maximilian; Cowtan & Tout's viscose and linen check; Manuel Canovas's Mandarin toile; Quadrille's La Tour cotton blend; Bailey & Griffin's Logan cotton taffeta; and Clarence House's cotton damask.
GREAT DETAILS

> STAIRWAY TO PARADISE

MacFarlane and Cozzolino used household latex paints and acrylics to transform the staircase, above, into works of art in the style of Rufus Porter, a 19th-century itinerant painter (sketch is shown at right). It was Joan Klein who suggested the Porter style, which helps give the newly built house some historic character. The painting is also a charming alternative to a stair runner.

< SEEING DOUBLE

Back-to-back draperies of Brunschwig & Fils's blue damask and Clarence House's red damask separate the living room from the foyer. The painted stairs and painted checked floor can be glimpsed in the hall.

Sources, see back of book.
The historic Brandolini palazzo, shown here in an old photograph found in an antiques shop, has room for many treasures, including the contemporary works in glass by Marie Brandolini, and the trompe l’œil murals painted by Lila de Nobili in the 1950s, opposite page.
MARIE BRANDOLINI AND HER mother-in-law, Contessa Cristiana Brandolini, pursue complementary styles under one palatial Venetian roof.
“What fascinated me in the technique was the mix of...
"VENICE," MARIE BRANDOLINI SAYS OF HER ADOPTIVE city, "is like a beautiful but spoiled and arrogant woman. She sits there doing nothing and expects everyone to admire her!" Despite her impatience with Venice, the French-born Brandolini has reason to be spoiled herself. She is rich, intelligent, and aristocratic. Like the city she sometimes scorns, she is also beautiful. But unlike Venice, she has forsaken the idle life for the craft of glassblowing.

Her newly redecorated apartment, which she shares with her husband, Brandino, and two young sons on the top floor of the palazzo Brandolini, allows us to glimpse a life of creative contradictions.

"I am definitely not a great decorator," Brandolini says, "for the simple reason that it took me nearly six years to choose the fabric for a sofa." In spite of her indecision, she has managed to create a light and breezy modernity in these rooms that sets them apart from the hushed grandeur of the palace's lower levels.

The living room, with its strong, bright fabrics, successfully combines late-eighteenth-century antiques and contemporary art. A Diego Giacometti bronze tree, for instance, stands near an eighteen-century gilded chair, while two delightful eighteenth-century stools are covered in a tiger-patterned fabric from the 1920s.

By practicing her craft, Marie Brandolini, above, has made her peace with Venice. Her apartment reveals a similar rapprochement: eighteenth-century Venetian pieces such as the chests of drawers welcome twentieth-century vases and ashtrays.
Contradiction is followed by surprise on the top floor, where an alcove is covered in trompe l’oeil murals painted by Lila de Nobili at the behest of Italy’s master interior designer, Renzo Mongiardino. A wooden partition, designed to evoke a church confessional, divides the space, with a small dining room on one side and a guest bedroom on the other.

These interiors succeed by taking elements from the past—the family antiques—and transforming them through a bold choice of color and fabric into something contemporary.

Oddly enough, the same can be said of the technique Brandolini uses to make her glassware. “What really set me off,” she explains, “was finding a collection of ancient goti,” the Venetian term for the glasses that glassmakers used to make out of leftover bits of glass. “What fascinated me about this technique,” she explains, “was the mixture of chance and will, so I decided to learn it.” She did so by going to the island of Murano, near Venice. The result is a unique collection of handmade vases and drinking glasses.

What began as an attempt to escape life in a palace has become a thriving business. “My life is changed,” Brandolini admits. So has her relationship to Venice. “I love it now. I have even managed to change the curtains in our apartment. Venice has finally become home.”

The private and public faces of the palazzo are reflected in its enclosed garden, opposite page, and its terrace overlooking the canal, right. As in the living room, the bedroom’s bold new fabrics, above, give the antique furniture a modern air.
Although she finds herself here in the dining room of the palazzo’s piano nobile, Contessa Cristiana Brandolini, above, prefers the warmth of her refuge in the upper reaches of the palazzo, right, with its cheerful fabrics and intimate scale.
In a very grand house everything has to be perfect”
“With this place, if you put two flowers out, it looks...”
perfect. With this place, if you put two flowers out, it looks very pretty."

Brandolini, who is a sister of industrialist Gianni Agnelli, discovered Mongiardino decades ago at the outset of his career. The two have collaborated on every one of her houses since then and become great friends in the process. "It started out when we asked him to do one room. We thought [the result] was charming, so then we asked him to do some things in the country. Afterward, it became like a game. Every time we had something to do, we asked him to come."

"He has great talent," she comments. "Thirty years ago, he invented a style that involved combining a number of styles. He'll also put something very pretty with something very hideous; something very important—a great painting—with some little photo. He knows how to mélanger things. Now, everybody does that. But at that moment, nobody dared. It was quite new."

Now, as then, however, Mongiardino's rooms are delights to live in. "He makes it all quite cozy, very raffiné. He uses the best materials and furniture, but he makes it a little bit casual."

For Brandolini, the passage of years has also brought a more relaxed approach to decorating. "When you are young, you feel decorating is very important. Now, I feel different. It's more about how you feel, not what others think. You can't believe what others tell you. Everybody might say it's hideous. I say, 'Well, I like it.' And afterward, they like it, too. You have to be sure of yourself."

Marella Caracciolo is a contributing editor of the magazine James Reginato is an editor at W magazine.

The bedrooms are good illustrations of what Contessa Cristiana Brandolini admires about the work of Renzo Mongiardino: his gift for employing the finest fabrics and antiques and giving them a setting that radiates warmth.
Every village has its secrets. Even this well-heeled resort on the east end of Long Island, where New York City's exhausted elite takes refuge every summer, and where hardly an oyster evades a gossipy local press, still has its private delights. In a bay-side hamlet sheltered by old trees and suffused with sunlight (the "wettest light in the world," as Robert Dash once called it) is a small gray-brown farmhouse built in the 1700s, when the village was still a farming and fishing community. The house belongs to Ruth Nivola, now an eighty-year-old widow, who came here half a century ago with her husband, Italian-born sculptor Costantino Nivola, as part of an earlier wave of refugees fleeing postwar urban malaise. The area was already a mecca for artists—Breton and Ernst had roamed its beaches during the war—so it was natural for others to make their way here. Jackson Pollock and Lee Krasner had come in the '40s; Robert Motherwell, who owned four acres, was already making a house out of a Quonset hut. The Nivolas bought the farmhouse as a summer place, and eventually stayed year-round. They lived simply and casually, as Ruth does now. When Costantino (known as Tino), a prolific and successful
sculptor, wasn’t executing commissions, he sculpted and worked around the house—building a little furniture, gardening, painting the floors a vivid yellow, the ceilings a splendid ultramarine he remembered from his hometown in Sardinia.

In 1946, Tino and Le Corbusier were introduced by architect José Luis Sert and quickly became friends. Le Corbusier, who was staying at a hotel while working on his designs for the United Nations, made a habit of coming by the Nivolas’ city apartment and painting in Tino’s studio. Le Corbusier loved the farmhouse, Ruth remembers. "He said to us, ‘Très belle maison, mais a besoin d’une murale.’ In other words, it’s a very beautiful house but it needs a mural. So we immediately asked him to go get paints, and he started to work.”

Le Corbusier’s mural, said to be the only one he ever did in
The artist's eye and hand are evident everywhere. Sardinian baskets, above, hang over a bench that Tino designed. The Renaissance desk, left, belonged to Ruth's father. It sits on a carpet, handwoven in Sardinia, that was based on a drawing by Tino. He designed the sofa and coffee table, below, and carved the sculpture that is on the table. The rug is Guatemalan; the chairs are Scandinavian.
Ruth, whose face is as radiant now as it must have been then, delights in tales of artists at play in the United States, covers adjoining walls in the Nivolas' living room. After two days, the walls were virtually dancing with color and abstract form that perfectly illustrate the painter’s preoccupation with “modular man”—the relationship between human and architectural proportions. Le Corbusier must have responded to the small-scale beauties of the Nivolas’ house: its low, stuccoed ceilings and steep, narrow stairwells; its windows, with their old, wavy glass, set close to the floor; the light that skitters from room to room; and the thick, sheltering walls. What emerges in the mural is pure joy: a bright, playful, and serene response from the dour master of Modernism as he breathed the salt air.

Ruth Nivola doesn’t struggle to remember that weekend or any other during the years when Tino and she lived here—the house remembers it for her. In the upstairs hallway is the collage that a close friend made of the Nivolas’ dog, the adored Woody (“the most intelligent dog I can imagine”) after he died. Outside the bedroom window there’s a giant tree—“That’s the willow the artist Saul Steinberg gave us when we moved into the house,” she says. People were always dropping by: Marino Marini and Henri Cartier-Bresson, and neighborhood friends like Pollock, Krasner, and the de Koonings.

“We used to see each other in a very informal way. We would drop in on each other’s houses and provide the dinner, or whatever. None of these formalities, who invites whom. And no reporters. There was something very beautiful about that, that we lost later. We became more… bourgeois.”

There were picnics in the garden. Tino built an oven and baked bread and pizza in it. Pollock and Krasner munched meat cooked on skewers in the Sardinian way. Le Corbusier rolled up his pants and lazed in the grass.

Ruth, whose face is as radiant now as it must have been then, delights in tales of artists at play. "I'll tell you a funny story about Jackson and Pietro, my son. He wanted a bicycle very much. He didn't get it. One Christmas morning we woke up. There was snow all over. We opened the door, we wanted to go out in the snow, and there was a bicycle, all newly painted, with a note from Jackson. He had found this old bicycle in his barn or something, and painted it, and given it to Pietro. It was just like that. It was the same with the mural, or with the portrait of the dog. It was different from what goes on today.”

The signs of Tino are everywhere: an exuberant image of New York City that he painted after he fled his country’s Fascist government, and another, darker one that he made decades later. A photograph of his mother; his bronze sculpture of Ruth, pregnant with Pietro; his painting of her nursing the baby. The Sardinian baskets on (continued on page 120)
Ruth, opposite page, rocks in a chair that was in the house when the Nivolas moved in but which they painted red. Tino, above right, and Le Corbusier work outside casting a sand sculpture. The finished bas-relief, left, now hangs in the house. Tino constructed cinder-block walls in the garden, below, and painted murals on them. Over time, the murals would fade, and Tino would paint new ones.
In August, a late afternoon by the ocean can feel like a bebop tune: pink light jamming with the rippling water, violet shadows swinging low like bass lines on the sand. To these notes, we added our own improvisations, refitting sling chairs from Crate & Barrel with fabrics in bright cabana stripes. From left: Donghia Textiles's Hamaca Rojo; Schumacher's Callaway Stripe, one in green, the next in primary; Hinson's Sarasota Stripe in faded pastels; Schumacher's Belvedere Stripe; the cotton canvas that comes with the Crate & Barrel chair; Giati Designs's Westport; and Waverly's Picket Stripe. The colors, reminiscent of old Havana, seem even lusher in the setting sun, while a sea breeze blows the fabric on each chair as full as Dizzy Gillespie's cheeks. Sources, see back of book.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS SANDERS
PRODUCED BY BROOKE STODDARD
On the fall runways for home design: Ralph Lauren in the vigorous world of New Zealand’s back country; Calvin Klein in the spirit of the Far East

WRITTEN BY SUZANNE SLESIN  PRODUCED BY PAUL FORTUNE  PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL ABRANOWICZ
These days changing the bed entails more than pulling out new sheets. It can mean adopting a whole different state of mind and bringing home new china, pillows, and furniture. Here, Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein give us a special advance look at their fall home collections. Both explore new frontiers: Lauren ventures into the New Zealand back country, while Klein looks to the East, celebrating its gentleness and simplicity. Lauren's furniture includes tactile details like shearling welting and rivet-edged antelope hide. Klein has taken a gilded route—china circled with bands of gold, candlesticks in burnished bronze. Lauren's is a fresh-air fantasy, as he says, of "wool blankets that look like your favorite sweater layered with shearling blankets, all set in a modern home of stone, glass, and steel." With new signature colors, cinnabar, bittersweet, and claret, Klein's world is an adventure in subtlety. Breakfast in bed may never be the same.
Textured fabrics such as Colton sateen, and brushed bouclé wool. Prices range from $85 for a set of pillowcases to $425 for a queen-sized duvet cover. Next to the custom-made bed by Reed Halstead are a chair and woven leather rug from Troy. The lamp is from Salgado-Saucier Design. Klein is also adding new colors to his towel collection, including tea, seen at left in center stack, garnet, and camel. Bath towel, $25. Hardware by Chicago Faucets; Chiaro glass tiles from Ann Sacks Tile & Stone.

A porcelain bisque bowl, left, $40, was inspired by Asian pottery. It is set in a Luna dinnerware bowl. Ellipse flatware, $105 a setting and wine-glasses, $45 each. Below: Luna dinnerware, $95 a setting, and Mercer hammered stainless flatware, $60 a setting.

Calvin Klein's fall home collection includes browns and rich reds with names like cinnabar and bitter-sweet, below, as well as textured fabrics such as silk shantung, cotton sateen, and brushed bouclé wool. Prices range from $85 for a set of pillowcases to $425 for a queen-sized duvet cover. Next to the custom-made bed by Reed Halstead are a chair and woven leather rug from Troy. The lamp is from Salgado-Saucier Design. Klein is also adding new colors to his towel collection, including tea, seen at left in center stack, garnet, and camel. Bath towel, $25. Hardware by Chicago Faucets; Chiaro glass tiles from Ann Sacks Tile & Stone.
“Layering one color over another adds **interest** and **dimension**,” says Calvin Klein. “Overall, the bed has a Far Eastern influence in terms of design and **simplicity**.”
"This place is remote," says Ralph Lauren, referring to his notion of a luxurious cabin deep in the back country that inspired the New Zealand Collection. In a montage in his showroom, complete with canoe and Labrador retriever, Lauren gives us a sneak look at his suede Godley sofa, $7,185; Fox Peak throw pillows, $215 each; Fox Peak throw blanket, $575; Loft cocktail table, $2,475; and Atkinson chair in shearling upholstery, $9,735.
"The dream of the place," says Ralph Lauren, "is as important to me as the furniture design."

(Wool throw pillows, above left, and North Cape blankets, above right, are from the New Zealand Collection. Below pillows, cotton bath towels, $20 each, in patterns with names like Auckland and North Island. Right: antelope hide Greytown chair, $3,885, and Cooke cocktail table, $2,475.

Sources, see back of book.)

After a long day herding sheep, the New Zealand type can catch up on paperwork at the category Banks Desk, while seated in a Loft dining chair covered in sheepskin.
a refined madness

The late Pietro Porcinai was the wild card of European landscape design. His transformation of a classic Italian garden brims with characteristic wit.
Porcinai made this Renaissance garden, opposite page, a tropical shrine by enclosing it in a thick bamboo hedge and adding exotic plants such as the lotus, right. But it is the four-poster bed he designed and placed near the pool that gives the place its insouciant grace note.

Gardens can make you happy, peaceful, melancholy, or thoughtful. But can a garden actually make you laugh? Until recently I thought not. But that was before I came across the gardens of Pietro Porcinai, one of Italy's most gifted and eccentric landscape architects. Porcinai, who died eleven years ago, at the age of seventy-six, was something of a wild card in the field of European landscape architecture. His work, which took him all around the world, included projects as diverse as children's fairy-tale gardens, the grounds of major corporations, and the gardens of King Zog of Albania. He also designed planters, vases, and garden furniture. And when he was young, a clever toilet-paper holder and in the late forties, a prototype for disposable diapers. "In my life," he once said, "I have done everything short of becoming a fire-eater." Porcinai's garden for a Renaissance villa near his native Florence is a testament not only to his elegant architectural vision but to his joyful irreverence about a very serious subject: the classic Italian garden.

In the small garden of the guesthouse of Villa Palmieri, Porcinai has tipped the notion
The austerity of the Tuscan guesthouse, above left, is relieved by Porcinai’s ebullient additions: his graceful iron chair, top left, the artificial hill covered in bamboo, top right, and a topiary gazebo that also serves as a changing room, above right.

...of the classical Italian garden on its head with his sense of irony and flair for the exotic. Once the site of a *hortus conclusus*, an enclosed garden, this small patch of land has been transformed into a tropical shrine. Old walls were replaced with thick hedges of bamboo, while traditional Tuscan plants gave way to exotic ones—palm trees, papyrus, and lotus, among others. But there are reminders of the traditional Italian garden here, too: The classic garden folly is echoed in the two bird-shaped topiary gazebos, which double as changing rooms for the pool, and the symmetry important to Renaissance gardens appears in the pool’s simple rectangular shape.

The greatest influence at Villa Palmieri, however, is Eastern. The use of stone as a decorative element, the minimalist layout and the bonsai trees all evoke the spirit of Japanese gardens. The dwarf trees are also an ironic comment on the former grandiosity of the site, and, like the four-poster bed designed by Porcini and placed next to the pool, they reinforce the deliberate sens of artifice that pervades the garden and most of his work.
“In my life I have done everything short of becoming a fire-eater.”
—PIETRO PORCINAI

The garden’s imaginative design is nicely balanced by its comforts: the vine-covered allée shades a dining area where all the furniture has been designed by Porcinai. The geometric paving throughout is made of large slabs of local stone bordered in pebbles.

The vitality and exuberance of Villa Palmieri are present in many of the hundreds of gardens Porcinai created, which, as he himself once said, extend all the way from the Arctic Circle to the equator. Sadly, however, one of his most treasured dreams, to transform his own beloved Florentine villa into a center for landscape architecture, was not realized during his lifetime. What he had envisioned was the creation of “center for artists, a place where they could exchange ideas, experiences, opinions, similar to what used to go on in the gardens of the Renaissance.” Now, at last, his dream is about to be realized, through the work of his heirs and a few devoted followers. The Pietro Porcinai Foundation, which will be based in Florence, will include his library and archives. Its aim is to pass on to younger generations the master’s passion for and knowledge about gardens. And one hopes that his sense of humor will be passed on, too.

Marella Caracciolo is a contributing editor of the magazine.
The living room’s creamy palette, this page, coordinates with the pastel-hued foyer, opposite page. A Robert Mapplethorpe photograph hangs above the sofa upholstered in a Clarence House damask. Vicente Wolf designed the low table—with its distinctive X-shaped legs—that doubles as an ottoman.
LESSONS FROM A MASTER:

Tricks Up His Sleeve

Designer Vicente Wolf shows how to give an old apartment a modern air
Old and dull may have been New York interior designer Vicente Wolf and his longtime clients' first impression of this Fifth Avenue apartment. But the graciously proportioned rooms, old-world architectural detailing, and compelling treetop views of New York's Central Park were inspirational. "We wanted to be able to have the kids come home with their friends and not be afraid," says the client. "But it had to be sophisticated, too."

Wolf agreed. "When we began working together thirteen years ago, it was all much more modern," says the interior designer, who is known for his sleek minimal schemes. In their previous apartment, the clients say, "everything was very square; it was tough to change that look. A lot of the architectural qualities here were new to us, but that's what we were looking for."

The clients' desire to have a "young" apartment that they could "enjoy using as well as looking at" jibed with Wolf's evolution: his use of furnishings from different periods and his deferential approach to the existing moldings and paneling. "I wanted to achieve a blending of elements without being caught in any one place in time," says Wolf, who designed new pieces to mix comfortably with antiques.

The dining room is a Wolf tour de force. The large circular table is surrounded with mismatched chairs—four

**MIXING IT UP**

Vicente Wolf designed most of the furniture in the living room, combining it with antiques and a Persian Tabriz from Doris Leslie Blau.

1. New mirrors Wolf designed the mirrors that frame the entrance to the dining room. They reflect the park view and make the room feel larger. 2. Antique console One from H. M. Luther, far left, is an eye-catcher. 3. Upholstery New but with an old-world look, in elegant fabrics from Clarence House, J. Robert Scott, and Manuel Canovas. 4. Lighting Montano sand-dollar ceiling fixture from Paris; Hinson's space-saving swing-arm lamp, far left, above sofa.
"I wanted to achieve a blending of elements without being caught in any one place in time" - VICENTE WOLF
Though completely modernized, the black-and-white room was meant to convey an old-fashioned feeling.

Vicente Wolf designed thewebbed chairs for Dermaier and the worktable; he added stools. A space-saving quette is elegant covered in black vinyl. Work surfaces are Corian; the worktable, marble. An antique garden gate lends a decorative note.

The dining room, which was designed to seat as many as twelve people comfortably, is elegant yet informal.

1. Chairs Mismatched tufted ones, Italian neoclassical ones, and a doorstop-shaped pair by Vicente Wolf surround a George III-style table from Therien & Co. 2. Windows Wolf used simple shades and curtains of celadon silk from Zimmer & Rohde Silk. 3. Lighting A clean-lined English lantern replaces a crystal chandelier.
Italian neoclassical designs, six by Wolf, and two of the clients' armchairs that have been reupholstered. In the living room, quiet upholstered pieces are set off against a gilt console. "It's dramatic and a little over the edge," says Wolf. "There's nothing as voluptuous as that."

Both Wolf and his clients are pleased with the feeling they achieved. "Once, I would have wanted to eliminate the original moldings," says Wolf. "Now I understand how to use many of those elements in a contemporary way. A place does not have to be slick to be modern."

**ATMOSPHERE**

The bedroom was meant to have a more romantic feeling than the rest of the rooms in the apartment. "I wanted my clients to feel they were in a dream boat," says Vicente Wolf.

1. **Color** A seafoam hue was chosen, says Wolf, "to give a freshness and to contrast with the white moldings and linens." 2. **The bed** Upholstered in a Manuel Canovas viscose-and-cotton, the shape reminds Wolf, who designed it, of a Venetian gondola, in which one can "lie and drift away." A desk doubles as a roomy night table. 3. **Cozy corner** A chaise, in a Manuel Canovas fabric, takes advantage of the view. The 1940s table is from Reymer-Jourdan Antiques, the sisal from Stark Carpet, and the silk draperies from Randolph & Hein. Sources, see back of book.
Between a Hard Place

By Tom Christopher Photographed by Christopher Baker

When he wanted a garden on the inhospitable island of great Wass, Charles Richards had to begin by importing everything, including the soil.
The perennial bed surrounding the guest cottage gives no hint of its effortful creation.
It Was Plants that kept Charles Richards from gardening. A professor of botany at the University of Maine at Orono, he was too busy with teaching and research to get his hands into the soil in any serious way—at least until his retirement, fifteen years ago. But since then he has worked a startling transformation at his weekend cottage on Maine’s Great Wass Island. For in the island’s austere granite face, Richards saw the promise of a softer beauty.

He began with a challenge few gardeners would accept. His ocean-side acres offered magnificent views but virtually no soil. In between the boulders, boggy handfuls of peat had settled. From these sprouted a tangle of wild sheep laurel.

In true scientific fashion, Richards plunged into research. He stripped the site to its skeleton, rooting out the sheep laurel and digging out the peat to expose the rocky foundation. Once he had identified promising pockets, he began importing soil.

This came in truckloads from the mainland, and the quality was uneven. Some of the best came from fish factories and abandoned blueberry farms. The next task was to tame the wind. The climate of Great Wass is relatively mild, considering that the Canadian border is an easy day’s sail down east. The United States Department of Agriculture climate-zones map identifies this bit of Maine coast as belonging to zone 5, which means that on average winter days, temperatures drop only to -10 or -20 degrees Fahrenheit. But “it’s an iffy zone five,” according to Richards. That’s because the island is open to winter gales. These sweep away the insulating snow, exposing the plants and dehydrating them.

Actually, Great Wass’s granite boulders provide effective protection for low-growing plants, and Richards has made good use of rock-garden standbys such as heathers and Iceland poppies. But for more luxuriant flora, better protection was needed.

Richards had visited Inverewe, a famous garden on Scotland’s northwest coast. Inverewe had also been a patchwork of peat and stone until a Victorian laird ringed it with evergreens. Now, thanks to the influence of the Gulf
Cosmos, salvia, daylilies, and astilbes, left, have adapted well. Native white spruces, right, allow newcomers such as the deciduous *Rhododendron schippenbachii* to shine. Native mosses set off the paler reindeer moss brought to the island.
Stream, Inverewe’s gardeners cultivate palm trees outdoors, even though the garden lies as far north as Labrador.

Richards began adding to the native fir and spruce that already dotted his property. Gradually he enclosed an area behind his beachfront cottage, placing the trees so as to filter the off-ocean wind while still leaving vistas.

What would grow in his new compound? Richards tried the native plants he had taken students to see in field botany courses and found that bunchberry and the ferns—Christmas, interrupted, and cinnamon fern—flourished. He also experimented with perennial flowers, especially the reliable old-fashioned types. So, modern hybrid daylilies were not a success. But the older hybrid ‘Hyperion,’ the lemon lily, and some unidentified but time-tested daylilies have performed well.

Bearded irises do not thrive on Great Wass, but the Siberian irises do. Hostas would grow well if it weren’t for the slugs, but the hybrids of Hosta sieboldii have proven relatively slug-proof.

Astilbes are Richards’s greatest success. They are slug-proof, rabbit-proof, and winter-hardy. By late July they fill his woodland with clouds of rose, white, and red. In addition to the common Astilbe chinensis and taqueti cultivars to prolong his display.

Maintenance is simple and betrays a Yankee horror of waste. Debris from the garden goes into the compost and is later used to mulch around the flowers. In late fall, Richards picks up fir-bough trimmings from a wreath factory and spreads these over the perennials to help insulate them from winter thaws and to ward off the wind. In spring, summer, and fall, he fertilizes, and for this he favors a controlled-release fertilizer, a balanced combination of nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium in pellets of resin.

Richards dismisses his gardening as “good exercise.” So it is. A good exercise of the imagination, combined with an unusual sensitivity to the potential of a place that is this botanist’s horticultural style.

Tom Christopher is a writer and horticulturist whose most recent book, with Marty Asber, is The 20-Minute Gardener.
In the island’s austere granite face, Charles Richards saw the promise of a softer beauty.
The Pleasures of Adversity

GARDENING ON AN EXPOSED SITE REQUIRES PRACTICAL STEPS FOR IMAGINATIVE RESULTS.

The achievement of Charles Richards's garden on Great Wass Island illustrates a seldom-recognized truth: commonly, it is a challenging site that inspires the most dramatic results. A barren surround emphasizes the lushness of any plantings that the gardener manages to impose, and environmental difficulties encourage one's innovation. Where conventional plantings are impossible, there is no alternative but to develop original solutions. But if the results are original, their foundation is not. Success on an exposed site comes only if the gardener takes certain measures.

> BE SPECIFIC WHEN BUYING SOIL. Legally, topsoil is just that—soil gathered from the surface of the ground—and may be of good or poor quality. Tell the supplier that you want a good fertile loam and request a sample. Have the loam tested at a soil laboratory (your local Cooperative Extension office can provide information). A complete test, one that includes information about soil texture and organic content as well as fertility, may cost you as much as $40. But it will help ensure that the soil you buy will be of high quality.
These are the spots within the garden where some natural feature modifies the surrounding environmental conditions. As Richards discovered, a pocket among boulders can provide a haven for plants that would not flourish locally in the open. Since cold air, like water, flows downhill, it’s important to realize that plants near the top of a slope will suffer less from frost than those toward the bottom. Similarly, a north-facing slope will be colder than the surrounding landscape, while a south-facing one will be significantly warmer.

In planting, taking your cue from the native flora can be one shortcut to success. A local prevalence of conifers and ferns, for example, is a clue that the soil in the area is acidic. On the other hand, an expanse of grassland is an indication of dry soil. But keep in mind that the exotic plants (C and D) you import from other geographical regions with similar habitats are likely to outperform the natives (A and B). This is because in making the move from one region to another, these plants leave behind the pests and diseases adapted to prey on them.

An irregular belt of mixed evergreen and deciduous shrubs and trees provides the most effective windbreak. A planting of this sort, including cedars, white spruce, and jack pines, filters the wind and reduces its velocity, whereas a solid evergreen hedge or fence merely deflects it and so actually increases turbulence downwind. For maximum protection, plant two such belts, leaving an interval of several feet in between.

< MAKE USE OF MICROCLIMATES

< USE NATIVE FLORA

< MOST EFFECTIVE WINDBREAK

CHARLES RICHARDS’S GARDEN

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Closed Night
House & Garden
The Issue Is Luxury

This September 1997, Conde Nast House & Garden invites you to join us as we celebrate our first anniversary with a special issue devoted entirely to exploring luxury in the nineties.

Look for it on newsstands this mid-August or pick-up a complimentary issue when you stay at one of these luxurious hotels between August 12th and September 16th.

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The Mark Hotel
New York, New York

The Park Hyatt
San Francisco, California

while supplies last

Open House

House & Garden

ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE

(continued from page 91) the kitchen wall, the painting wall of his town, Orani, done entirely from memory; the coffee table he slapped together ("We did things with nothing. Just a piece of plywood with some linoleum pasted on it"); the lamp he made from Pietro's Tinkertoy. Everything that happened gave the artist ideas and his restless energy made them real. Watching Pietro and their daughter Claire, play on the beach, he thought of a way to amuse them by casting sand sculpture. "My husband used to wet the sand and then carve it in while the sand was wet. He would take either plaster or, later, cement, and throw it over the sand."

When Le Corbusier came, "he got all excited and thought the technique had great possibilities for murals. He wanted to try it out, so they went to the beach. They did this" (she points to a bas-relief casting with brightly painted fish on the wall), "and another one, which deteriorated; we don't have it anymore. And the some little ones we had cast in bronze.

Tino refined the technique, using it in his bas-relief mural for the Olivetti showroom in New York City and elsewhere. But the inspiration was always here.

In the garden, Tino constructed low cinder-block walls and painted murals. When they faded, he painted new ones. He built a fountain of copper shingled metal rods. The fountain has long been dry, though Ruth has plans to fix it. "The water would start up here"—Ruth gestures as if she sees it now—"and the come down and make a beautiful music. Tino trucked in good sand, with no salt so his castings would be stronger. He built a studio and worked there. Rut goes in now and points to a design for monument, never realized. "He got the idea once, when he was on the jury for the Roosevelt memorial. In his last couple of years, he remembered it and wanted to have a model of it." Seen from above, the monument is really a flat, with columns for stars and wavy walls for stripes. Figures appear between them. "What's so beautiful," says Ruth, "is that when you move around, these little statues appear and disappear. He used to say America had its presidents and great men, but also great ordinary men."
Leaving the studio, Ruth rearranges some stray objects and locks the door. He is used to giving tours to friends who admire Tino's work. She also works actively with the Nivola museum, in a building redesigned by Peter Chermayeff, of Cambridge Seven Associates, and Umberto Floris, in Italy, that opened in 1995 in Orani. Proudly, quietly, efficiently, lovingly, Ruth Nivola shares her husband's treasures with the world.

She has her own treasures, too, but they are less closely watched. After being asked twice, she pulls out a box of jewelry, which she calls "wearable art": necklaces, pins, and belts woven with metallic thread. "It's really an ordinary technique," she says, "like doing a sweater."

But at this moment the jewelry hangs on its black velvet backings like the trappings of an Egyptian queen: the most exotic shapes imaginable, each with a name that Tino gave it—Siren's Anchor, the Icon, Gabriel's Scale, Joyful Tears, Reflections in a Temple, Festival of the Queen Bees. Ruth showed her work years ago, at Zabriskie Gallery; she once had a one-woman show at the American Craft Museum and last summer showed at Jack Lenor Larsen's LongHouse. After Tino died, in 1988, she stopped making jewelry. She was too busy, she says. But also, "I have a feeling that I would have a hard time doing it now because he's not here. It has nothing to do with the actual shapes. It has to do with the presence of the person, which inspires you."

She lives quietly, if that is an accurate description of a life so filled with brilliant episodes. She believes strongly that houses evolve; that they gain character and resonance over the years. Objects that have been loved take on lives of their own. And they also respond to their owners, even to one another—there is some give-back, an intimate exchange. In this house, where nothing is really still and nothing is dead, you can almost feel the air move with love. No wonder great artists took deep breaths here, and had the time of their lives.

Cathleen Medwick is a contributing editor for this magazine.
THRESHOLD Page 7

DOMESTIC BLISS Pages 15-28

HUNTING & GATHERING Pages 33-42

OBJECT LESSON Pages 45-47
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IN SEASON Pages 54-55
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ONE SIZE FITS ALL Pages 63-73

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SOURCES Where to Buy It
MULTI-STYLE REGISTRY


TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVES


AUGUST 1997

REQUIREMENTS FOR THE AMERICAN HOME

pages 94-99

page 94, Ralph Lauren Home Collection, NYC 212-642-8000. Top shelf of armoire, left from top: North Island pillow, $90; Erewhon lace pillow, $200; large North Island pillow, $400; right: Fox Peak pillow, $215; North Cape blanket, $235. Middle shelf, left from top: Edmund Stripe sheet, $75; Auckland sheet, $43; Auckland, Nazomi Peak, North Island Dobby, and North Island towels, all $20 ea.; right: Mount Egmont blanket, $125; Auckland blanket, $200. Bottom shelf, left from top: Erewhon Lace sham, $125; right: Chocolate Velvet pillow, $110; North Cape Berber pillow, $115; Edmund Stripe pillowcase, $75/set. Lindsay ottoman, upholstered in Mount Egmont, $1,035. On ottoman: Auckland knit pillow, $485; North Island throw, $350. Kemp wing chair, $3,075. On chair, North Island pillow: page 95, Gilt linentaire in taupe: sugar bowl with lid, and creamer, $160; teacup nd saucer, $32; salad plate, $28; soup bowl, $48, and place mat, $35; ll from Calvin Klein Home, 212-204-9787. Vase, $45, Aero Ltd., NYC, 212-66-1500. Curtains, Forty One, NYC, 212-343-0935. pages 96-97, Top shelf: towels $25-$25, hemp shower curtain, $250; mirror, $75; tissue ox, $100; toothbrush holder, $40, and oap dish, $45; all from Calvin Klein lome. Chicago faucets, 800-313-5060. Ann acks Tile & Stone, NYC, 212-461-8400. ́ases in window, tall, $200, and short, 70, Aero Ltd. Vases in shower: yellow, $80; stone-ware, $175; striped, $275, all 70 Wymoth, NYC, 212-923-5728. Bathroom esigned by William Sofield, Studio Sofield inc., NYC, 212-243-1300. Middle: soup owls in manilla, $18 ea.; dinner plate in cean, $35, and salad plate, $19, all Luna innerware; gold/brown bronze bowl, $200; can- lesticks, 10 1/2”, $80 and 3 1/2", $60; ecanter, $80; place mats, $55 ea.; all from Calvin Klein. Walnut table, 4” 4”, 4th. Bottom: Luna in mahogany, bronze hanger, $180; tray, $80; candles, available at 1997; all Calvin Klein Home. Bud vase, 2 3/4", $10.00.

TOP FROM LEFT: OBJECT LESSON

DRESSING FOR THE AMERICAN HOME

pages 45-47

ABOVE: HUNTING & GATHERING

pages 33-42


& ANOTHER THING

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PHOTO CREDITS


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 does not guar- antise information received from sources. All information should be verified before ordering any item. Antiques, one-of-a-kind pieces, discontinued items, and per- sonal 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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POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO CONDE NAST HOUSE & GARDEN, PO BOX 8643, BOULDER, COLORADO 80301-8643.
another thing...

Hang It Up
Put your jewelry to work around the house.

Glass-charm necklaces from Baccarat catch the morning sun; let a cloud of butterflies drift off the curtain rod.

Pin glittery bugs to a lampshade or tablecloth, in the fold of a curtain, or up the back of a chair. Costume works perfectly, but if you're lucky enough to have a Buccellati dragonfly zip into your life, why keep it trapped in a jewel box?

Beribbon that ruby-and amethyst-encrusted starfish brooch by René Boivin. Hang it in the window and be dazzled.

Extra-large cotton napkins—the chicest kind for summer—need big rings. Use those Elsa Peretti cuffs on the table, but keep your elbows off.

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The decision to remodel my home wasn't easy. But the planned chaos will soon pass and I will enjoy the light. The moon. The stars. And the beauty of my new windows. On this I am adamant. On this I won't compromise. On this I am sure.

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