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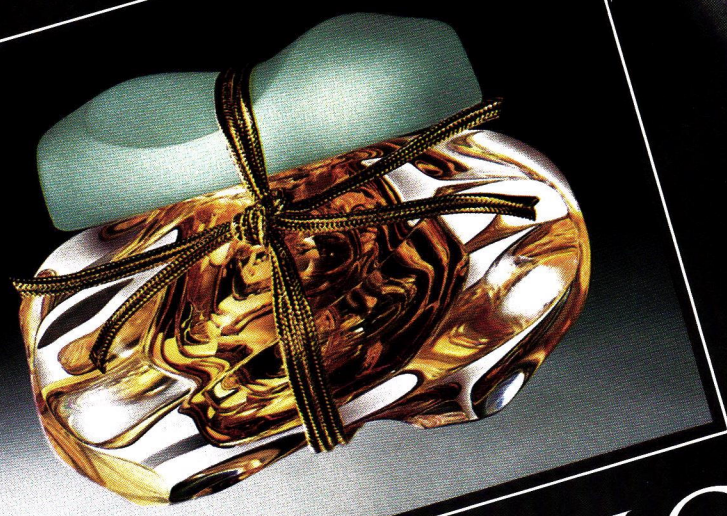

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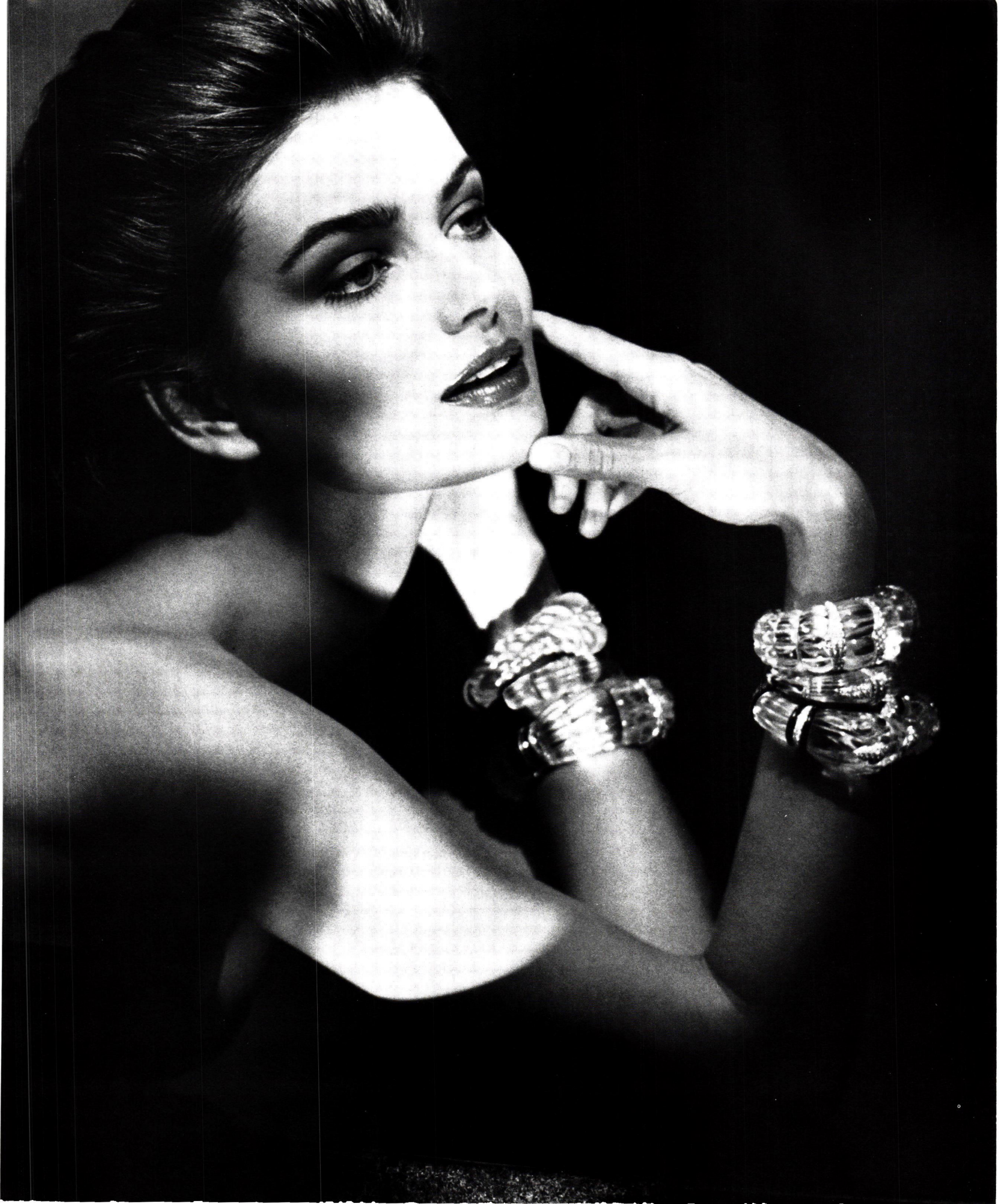

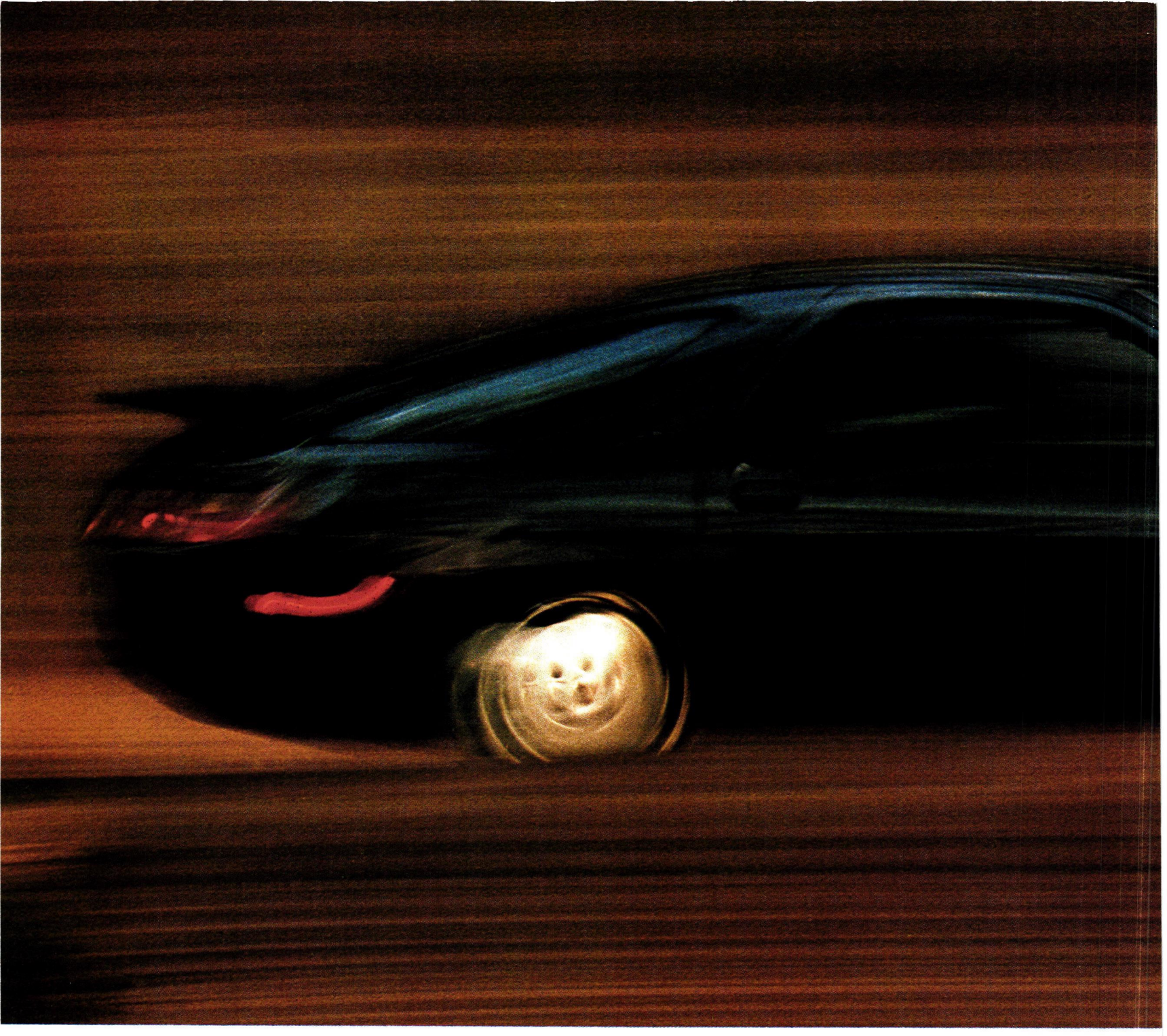

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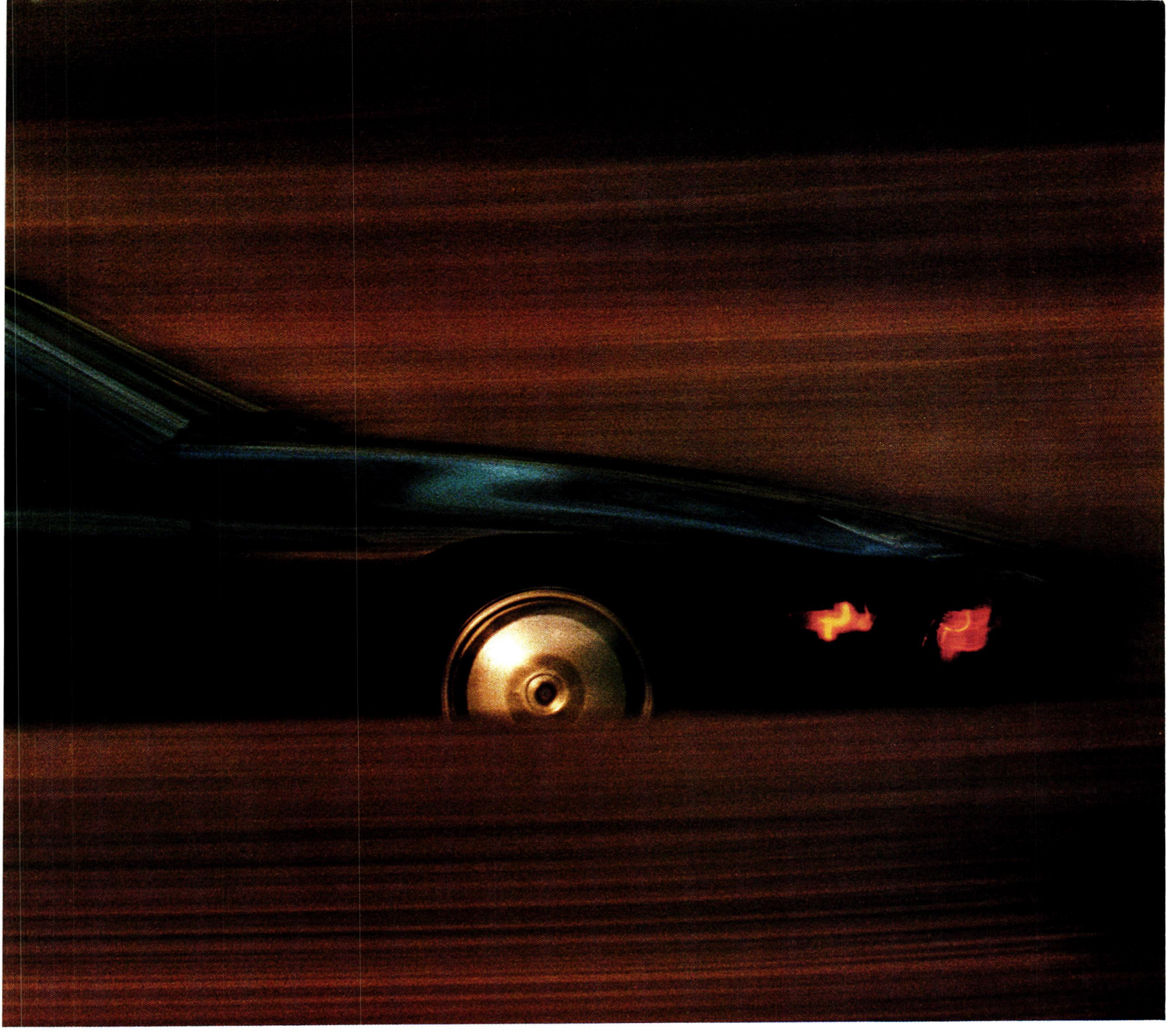

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DECEMBER 1988
Volume 160, Number 12

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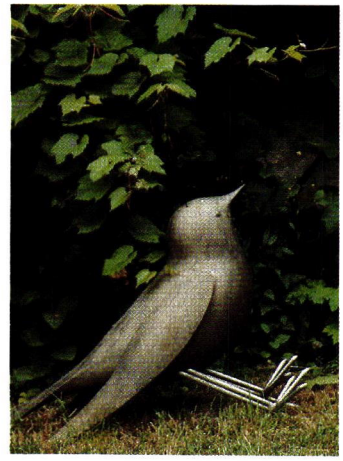
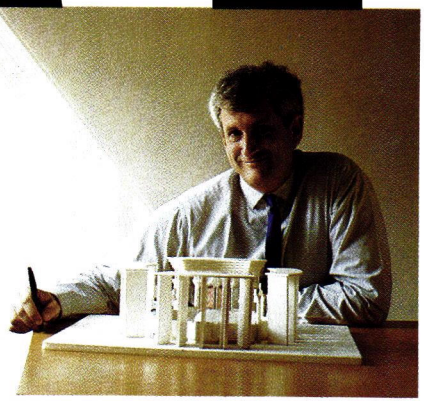


COVER
A bronze bird, a work in progress, in the magical garden of Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne near Fontainebleau. Page 104. Photograph by Alexandre Bailhache.



Edwin Schlossberg with a model of the Robot Cocktail Party, one of his many games. Page 150. Photograph by George Lange.

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The guesthouse of Christineholm where an American antiques dealer and her family summers in Sweden. Page 122. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.

The Lalannes' Enchanted Garden By Mac Griswold **104**

The New Victorians John Duka looks behind the privet of Nuno and Melissa Brandolini's Southampton retreat **114**

Northern Light An American in Sweden coaxes a Rococo country house into the prime of its life. By Christopher Petkanas **122**

Bio-Rhythms Biomorphic design has boomeranged back into fashion. Pilar Viladas looks around the corner and sees wild curves ahead **132**

The Pleasures of Sanssouci The summer palace of Frederick the Great glitters once again. By Martin Filler **136**

Norma Kamali Comes Home Charles Gandee follows the fashion designer from the fitting room to the drawing room as she unveils her premier furniture collection **142**

The Wiz Who is Edwin Schlossberg? Charles Gandee tracks down the elusive artist, writer, inventor, and gamesman **150**

In Pursuit of Perfection Bob and Cheska Vallois share a passion for the golden age of Modern design **154**

A Barbarian in Paris Christina de Liagre stalks designer Mattia Bonetti in his two-room Montparnasse lair **162**

The Big Splash Christopher Petkanas hits the number one hot spot on the Seine **168**

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Bagatelle in Bloom In a corner of Paris, Mac Griswold finds an exuberant rose garden where frivolity is taken quite seriously **174**

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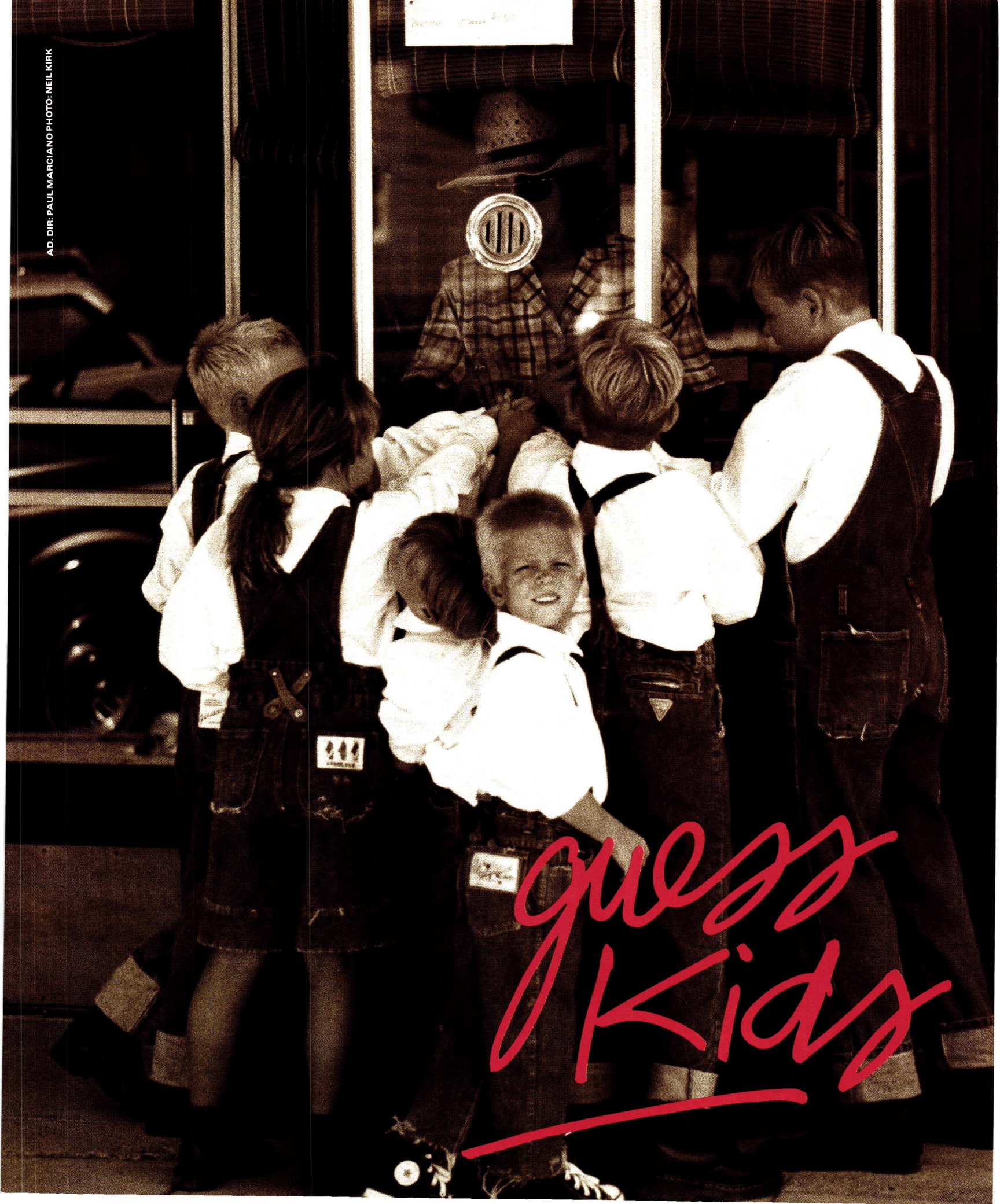

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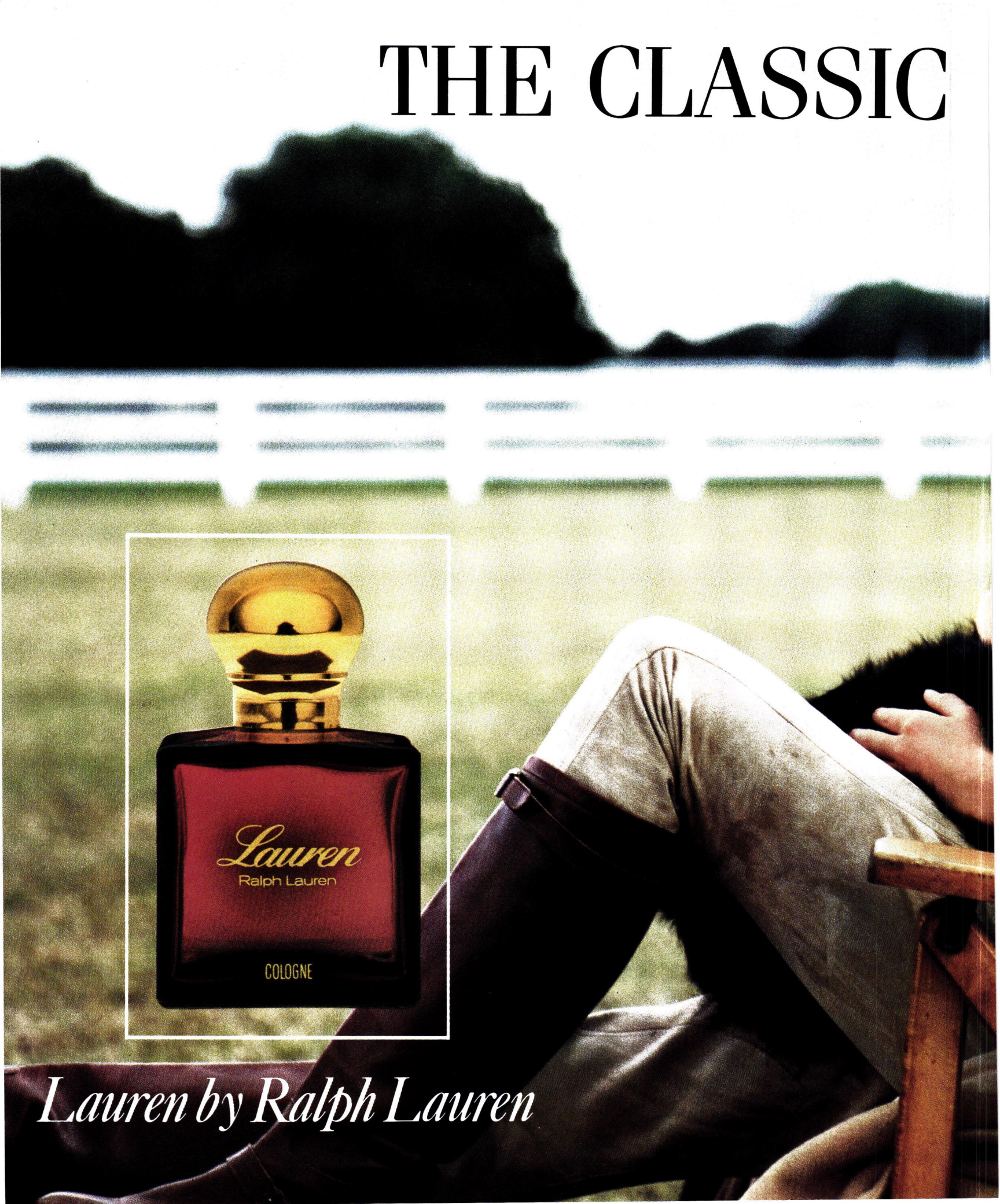

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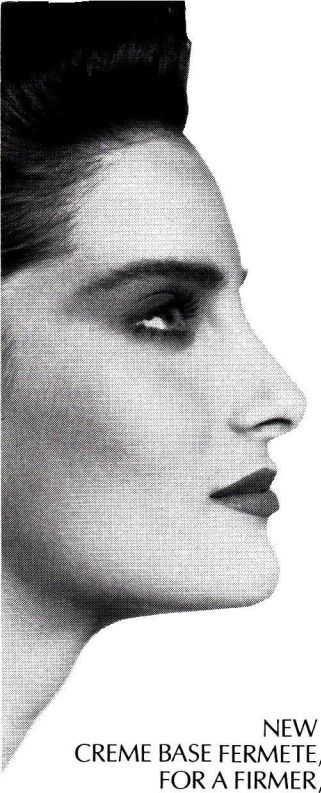

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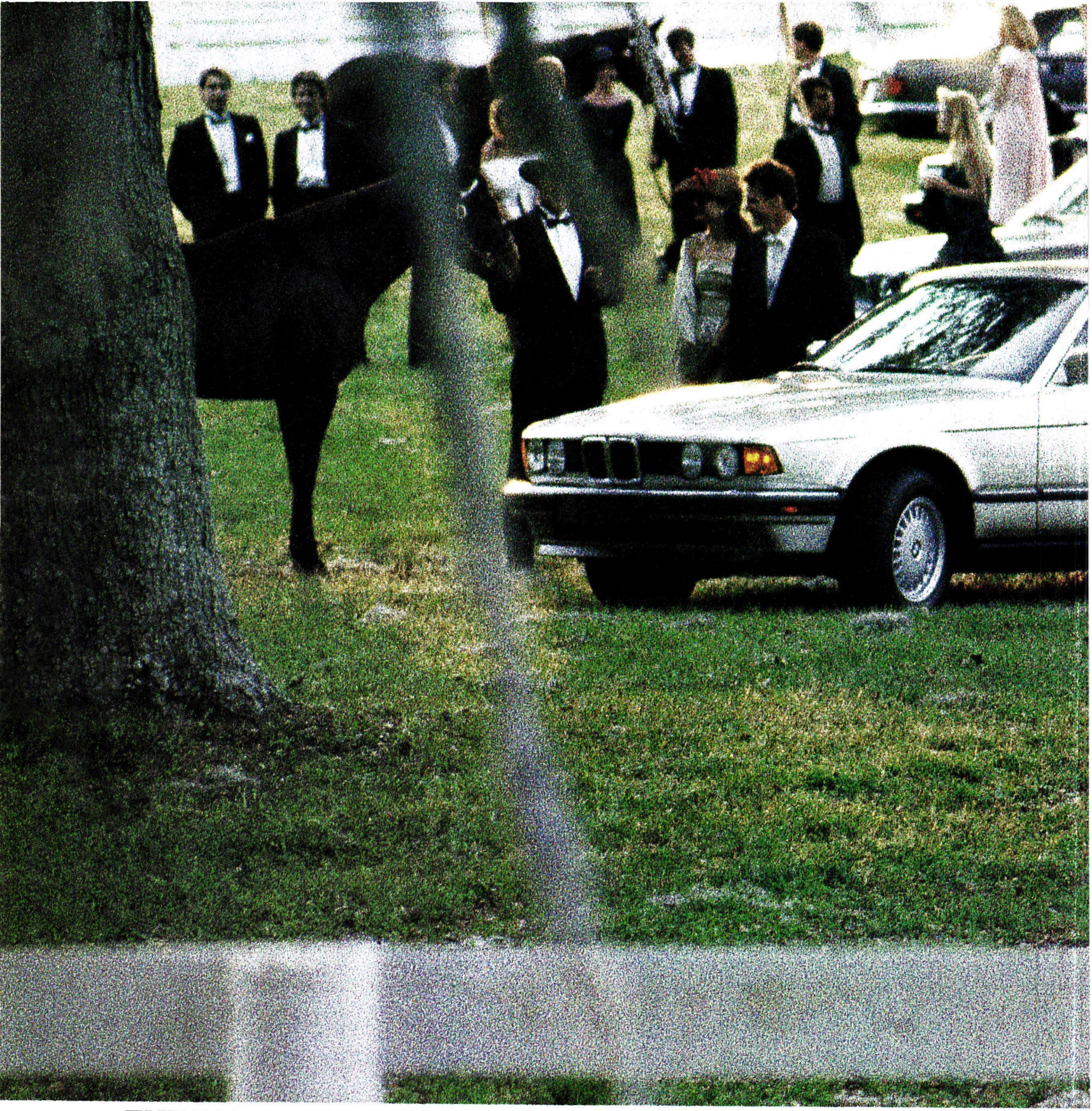

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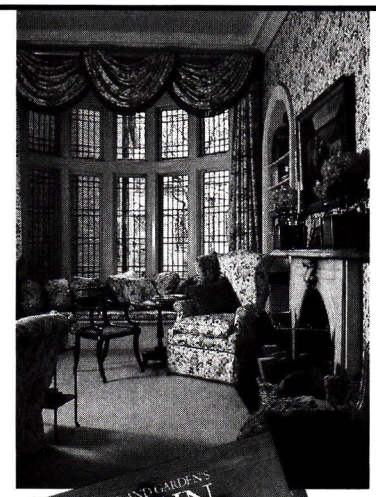
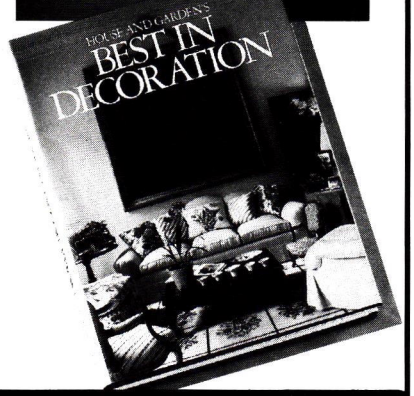

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Geoffrey Bennison's sumptuous New York "château" for the Rothschilds...Renzo Mongiardino's Roman "patchwork of antiquity" for Elsa Peretti...John Mauer's own cozy New England cottage...Jacques Grange's romantic Parisian townhouse...

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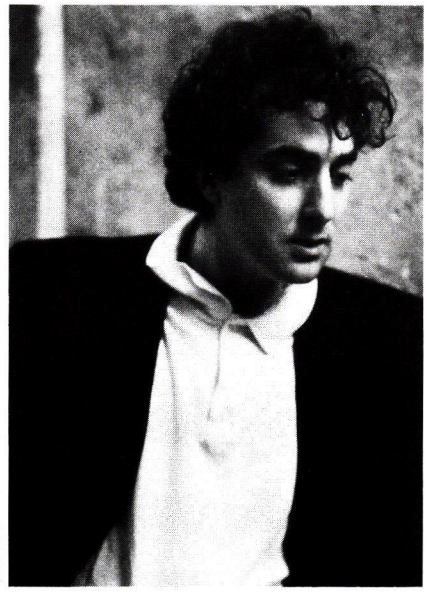


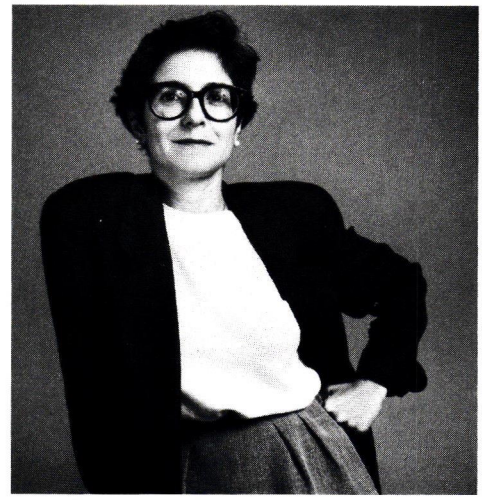
SHEILA METZNER

PAUL SINCLAIRE

"If I can do one thing for HG, it's to bring a certain ease, a certain style—quick thoughts, quick people," says Paul Sinclaire, the new creative director of HG. "Style isn't just about hemlines any longer," continues the former *Vogue* editor. "It's about modern living, quality of life, and, most of all, it's about interesting ideas, places, and people." In this issue it's pieces on biomorphic design, Les Bains Deligny, the Vallois house, the Brandolinis. "I look for a certain level of attractiveness—these are attractive people living an attractive life. You are taken in by it."

PILAR VILADAS

"When I write I like to explore a certain subject (for HG it was biomorphism) and take it across many fields—art, fashion, design," says Pilar Viladas, a senior editor at *Progressive Architecture*. "What I didn't realize, but soon found out, was that many designers are working with biomorphic forms today. We think biomorphism reached a high point in the fifties, but it has been around at least since the twenties," she adds. Viladas writes frequently on design topics for magazines both here and abroad.



RUEDI HOFMANN

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

JACQUES DIRAND

Photographing a story for HG is a little like being a houseguest for a few days—you really get to see how another life is lived. Photographer Jacques Dirand does quite a bit of this visiting for HG. In this issue, it was the design work of Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste and a look at Bonetti's Paris apartment. "I am sensitive to their creativity," says Dirand. He is at work on two books; his *French Style* (Clarkson N. Potter), coauthored by Suzanne Slesin and Stafford Cliff, is already a classic.

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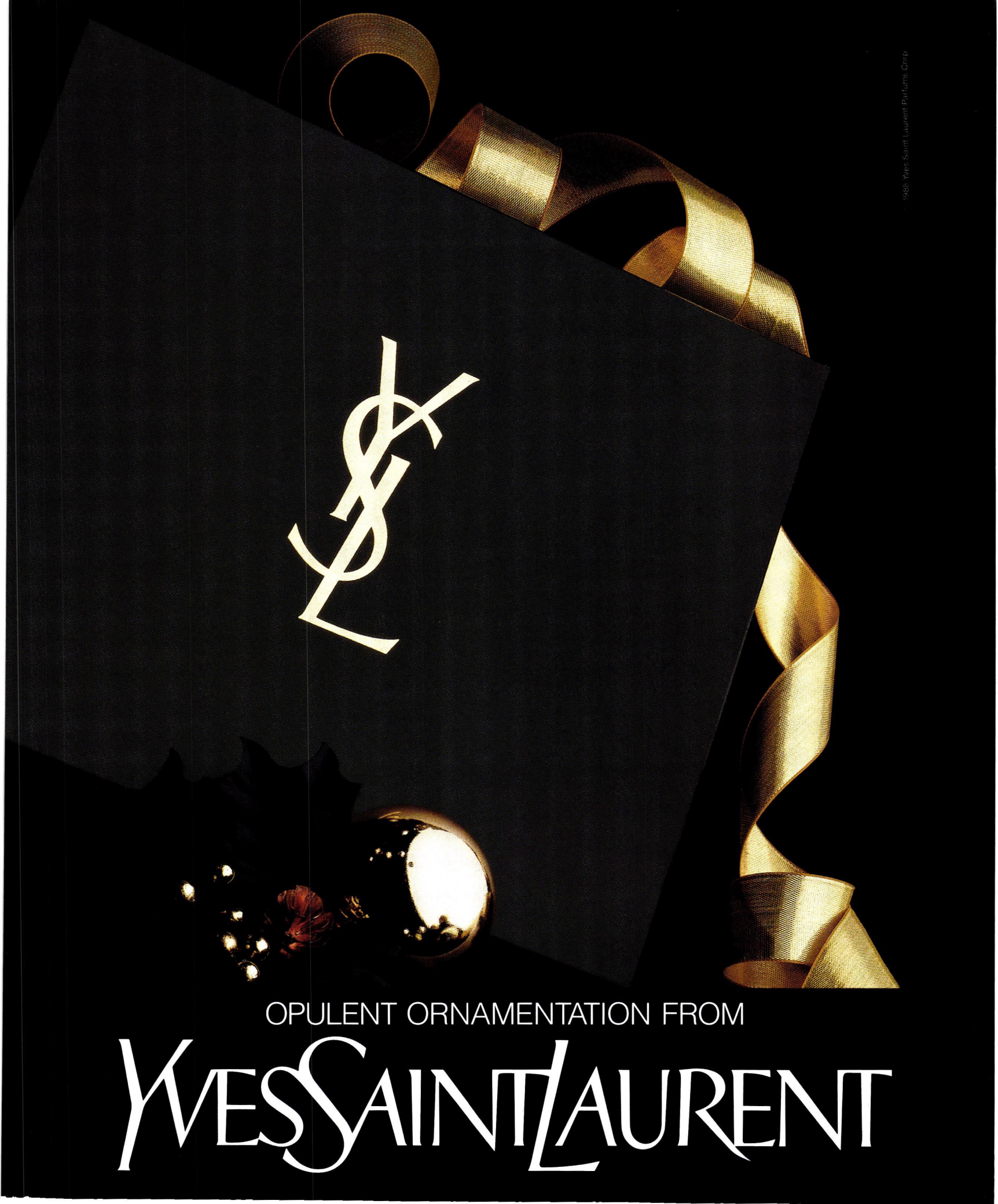
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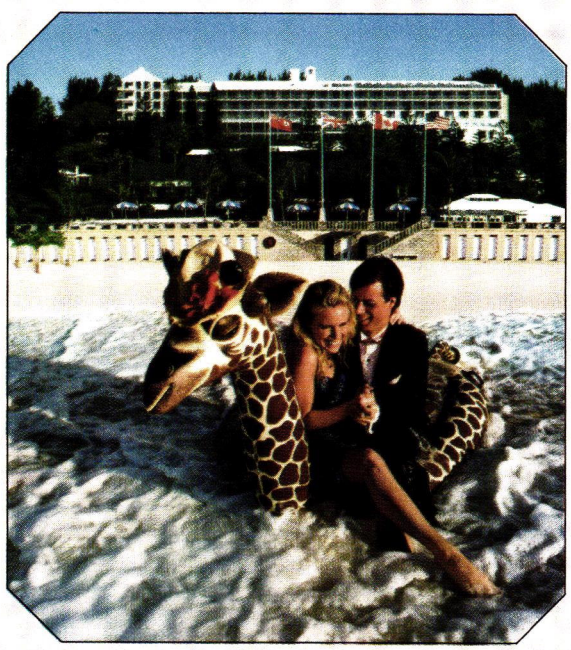

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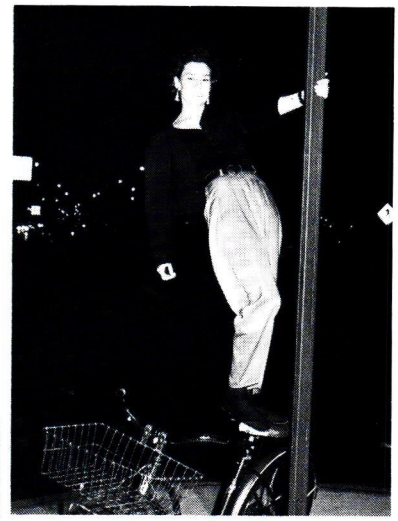
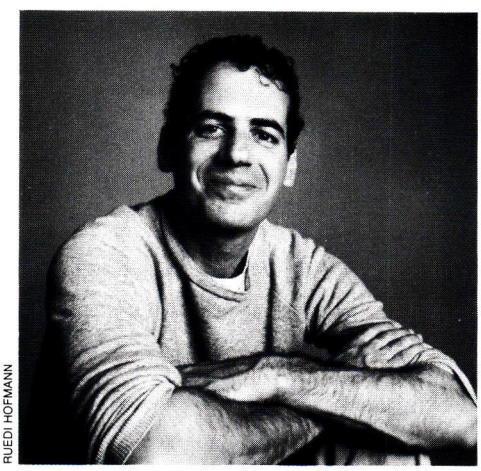


MICHAEL MUNDY

MARGOT GURALNICK
"Quirky and unexpected" is how HG editor Margot Guralnick describes her interests, from design trends to antiques. This month it's Russian chandeliers: "I picture Catherine the Great swinging from one." Guralnick loves "tracking down passionate collectors." And she is the one to find them: she collects Masonic artifacts, gathers clues about sunken pirate ships, and travels around New York on a red Schwinn Hollywood.



RUEDI HOFMANN

HERBERT MUSCHAMP
"Man Ray's work is about internal authority—that thing that breaks rules and recoils from dogmas—the kind of art and architecture I write about," says Herbert Muschamp, whose musings on the artist appear in HG Art. Muschamp, a columnist for *The New Republic* and *Artforum*, also directs the graduate program in architecture and design criticism at Parsons School of Design.

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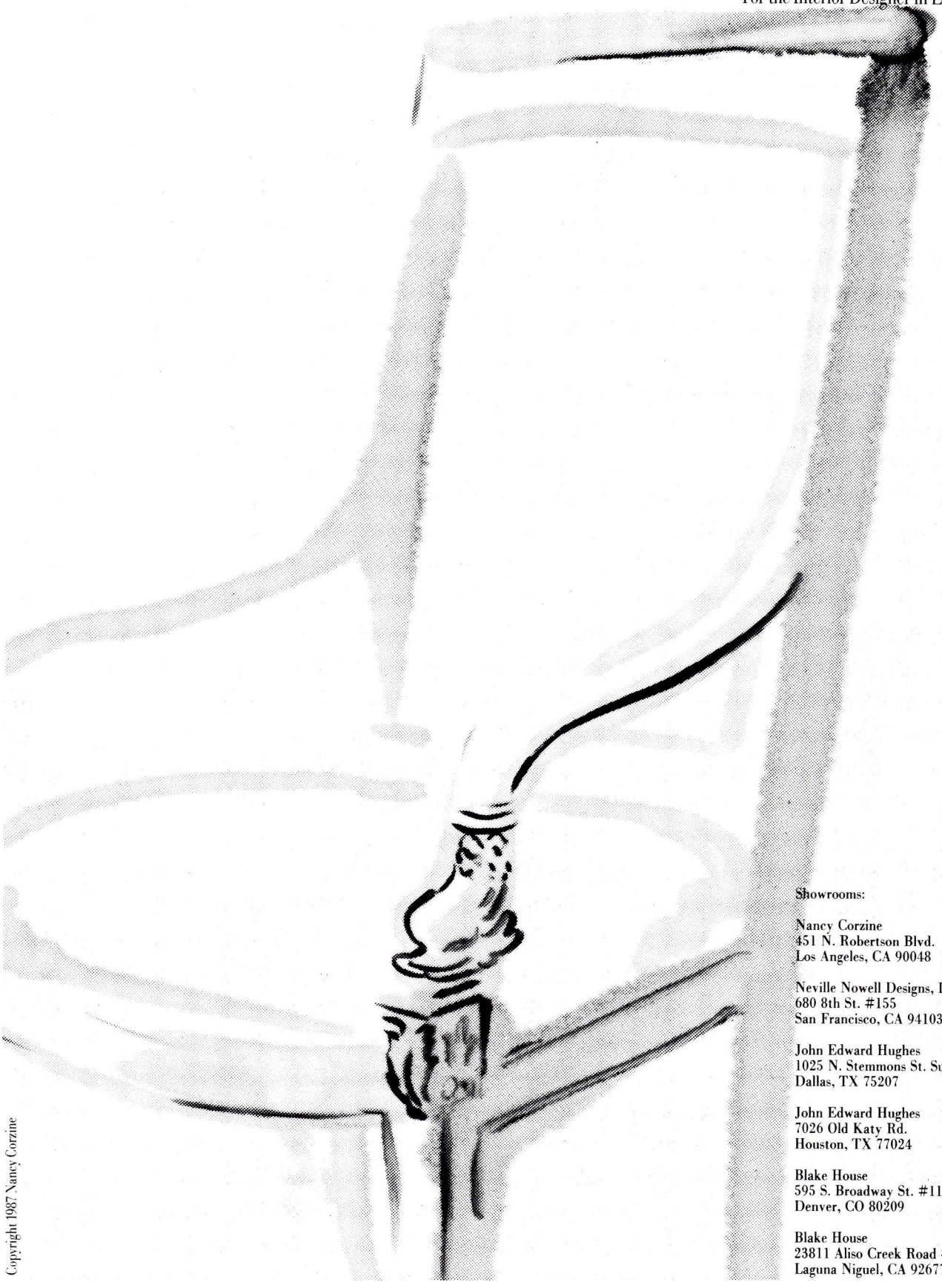

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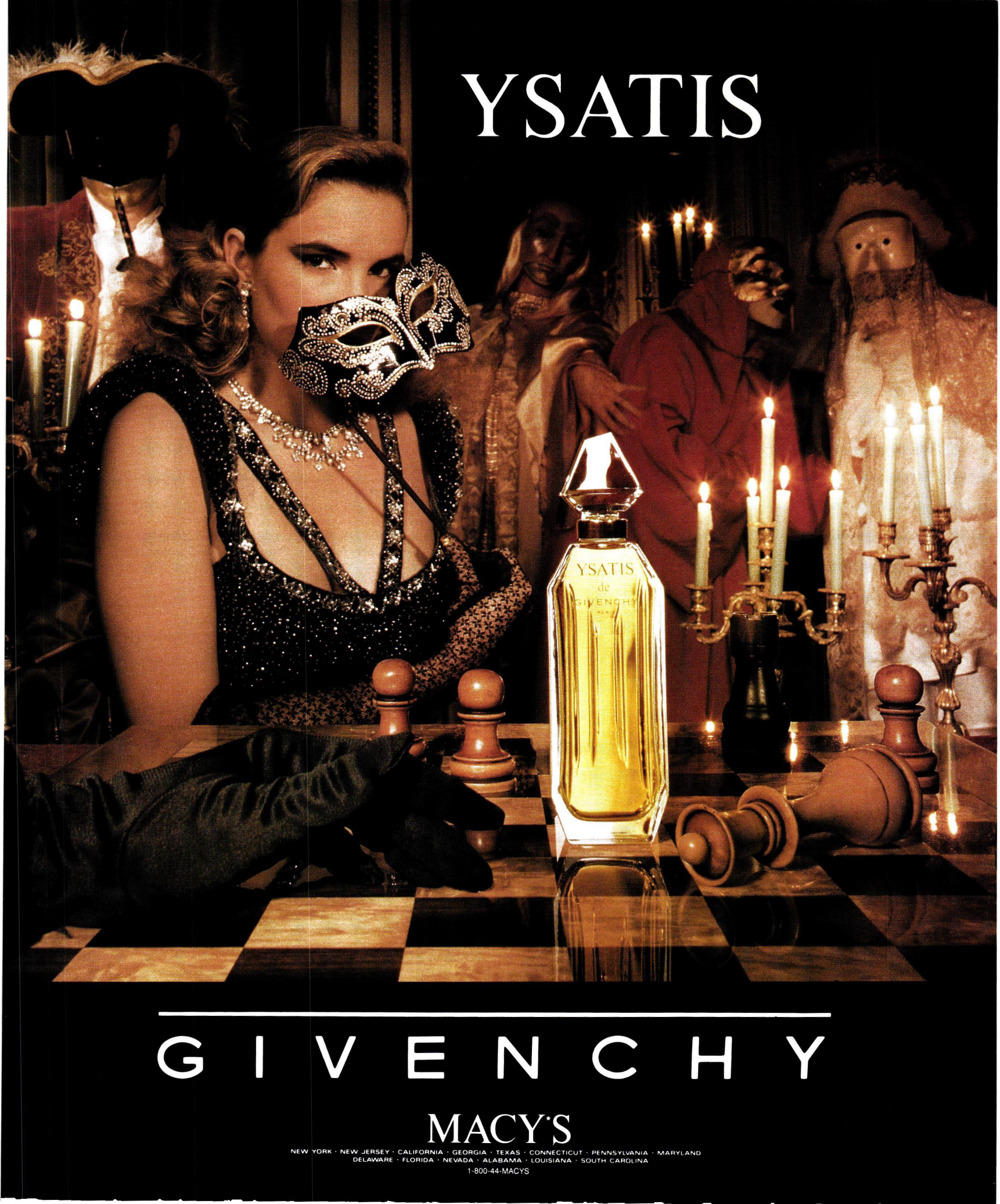

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GALLERIES NEW YORK

Salvatore Ala	560 Broadway	941-1990	**Doriana Chiarini: Sculpture November 12** **Jeffrey Dennis: Paintings December 10**
Brooke Alexander	59 Wooster Street	925-4338	**John Ahearn, Sculpture November 9–December 3; Richard Haas, Maquettes and drawings for architectural projects January 5–February 4**
Pamela Auchincloss Gallery	558 Broadway	966-7753	**Richard Diebenkorn Monotypes printed at the Garner Tullis workshop November 22–December 23**
BlumHelman Warehouse	80 Greene Street	226-8770	**Richard Tuttle—There's no reason a good man is hard to find—November 5–December 3**
Leo Castelli	420 West Broadway	431-5160	**Jasper Johns, Bruce Nauman, David Salle October 22–November 12. Robert Therrien November 19–December 17** *Benefit for the Foundation for Contemporary Performance Arts Inc. December 8–17*
Castelli Graphics	578 Broadway Third Floor	941-9855	**Ellsworth Kelly: New Prints; Eve Arnold: Photographs; Hans Namuth: Photographs through December 23, 1988. Gallery closed 12/24/88 through 1/2/89**
Charles Cowles Gallery	420 West Broadway	925-3500	**David Bates: November** **Dall Chihuly: December**
Crown Point Press	568 Broadway at Prince	226-5476	**Pat Steir-Monoprints November 18, 1988–January 14, 1989**
E.M. Donahue Gallery	560 Broadway Suite 304	226-1111	**Gary Petri: New paintings November 2–26. Hedy Klineman: Fashion Portraits—Michael Jackson, Andy Warhol, Kenny Scharf, Debbie Harry/Stephen Sprouse Dec. 2–24, 1988**
Exit Art **Transculture/Parallel History**	578 Broadway 8th floor	966-7745	**Martin Wong: Paintings November 5–December 23** **Catalog available, essay by John Yau**
49th Parallel **Centre for Contemporary Canadian Art**	420 West Broadway	925-8349	**Gallery Invitational November—Mira Godard Gallery, Toronto** **December—Michel Tétreault Art Contemporain, Montréal**
Foster Goldstrom	560 Broadway	941-9175	**Recent acquisitions: Paintings and sculpture—Wayne Thiebaud, George Rickey, Richard Estes, Nathan Oliveira, Sam Francis**
Greenberg Wilson	560 Broadway Third Floor	966-2024	**Andres Serrano, November 22–December 22; Walter Darby Bannard, January 5–28** **Also featuring works by American modern masters**
Scott Hanson Gallery	415 West Broadway	334-0041	**Deborah Kass, through November 16; Vera Lehndorff & Holger Trulzsch November 19–December 24; David Carrino November 19–December 24**
Penine Hart Gallery	568 Broadway	334-3522	**Michael Chandler, Cora Cohen, Denise Gale, Michael Goldberg, H. James Merrell, Dan Wofford: Nov. 16–Dec. 17. Elodie Lauten: December 20–January 7**
Gallery Henoch	80 Wooster Street	966-6360	**Catherine Means: "Recent Watercolors" November 12–December 4** **Holiday Group Show: December 10–December 31**
Nancy Hoffman Gallery	429 West Broadway	966-6676	**Frank Owen: November 12–December 14** **Drawings: December 14–January 18**
Lang & O'Hara	568 Broadway Room 1007	226-2121	**Emily Cheng: November 3–December 3** **Selected works by contemporary artists: December**
Elizabeth McDonald Gallery	560 Broadway Second floor	966-1001	**Freya Hansell: Recent Paintings** **November 10–December 10 Group Exhibition: December 17–January**
Petersburg Press	380 Lafayette Street	420-0890	**Works by Contemporary Masters: Clemente, Dine, Hockney, Johns, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Rosenquist, Stella & others**
Jack Shainman Gallery	560 Broadway Second floor	966-3866	**Marc Maet—recent paintings-thru November 19th. James Hansen—recent work—main gallery; Lyne Lapointe & Martha Fleming—collaborative work Nov. 22–Dec. 23**
Twining Gallery	568 Broadway	431-1830	**Peter Voulkos: Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper through November** **December: Adolf Benca, Geoffrey James and Italian 18th Century drawings**
The Witkin Gallery, Inc.	415 West Broadway	925-5510	**George Tice: "Hometowns" photographs thru November 26 Walter Ballhause:** **A premier exhibition "The photograph as social history" 1930–1933 Nov. 29–Jan. 7, 1989**

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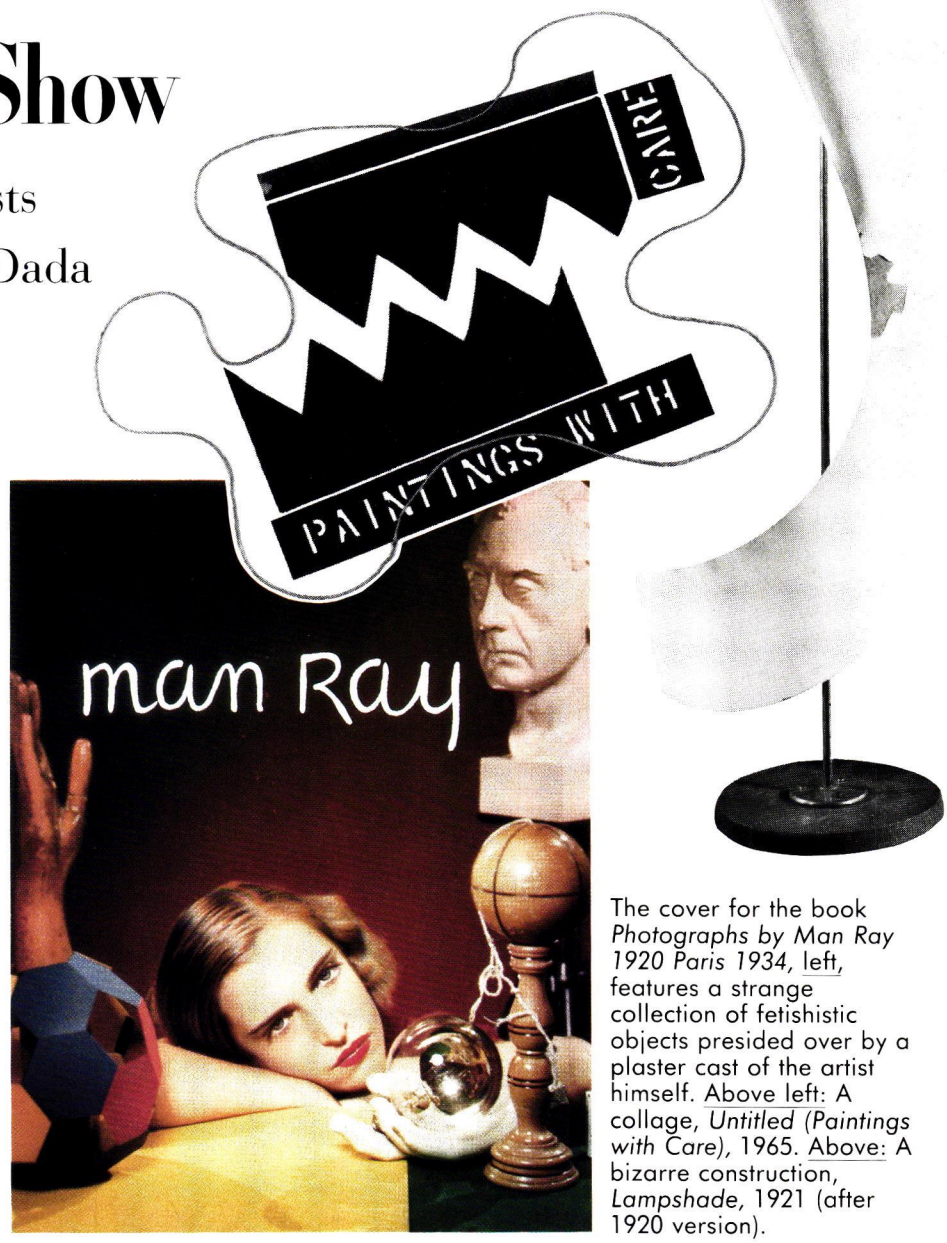
HG

One Man Show

A new generation of artists makes room for Dada

I think Man Ray would be delighted that a trendy New York restaurant has been christened in his name. For one thing, to see MAN RAY blazing in red neon into the night might mollify the artist's frequent complaint that his hometown never granted him his due. More to the point, Man Ray's was a café kind of art. Which is not to say that it was slight. Rather it was populous: the Dada-Surrealist artist named Man Ray was host to a crowd of high-spirited selves—painter, sculptor, photographer, writer, filmmaker, designer, fashion stylist—each of them carrying on like the guest of honor at his own postopening supper. And now these selves have been reassembled in a splendid new biography by Neil Baldwin; in a major retrospective opening this month at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American Art; and in a new illustrated edition of the artist's own 1963 memoirs, *Self Portrait*.

The café metaphor was one Man Ray himself once used to present his work. For the opening of a 1948 one-man show in Los Angeles, he remade the Copley Gallery into the Café Man Ray, serving "French cuisine, American cocktails."



The cover for the book *Photographs by Man Ray 1920 Paris 1934*, left, features a strange collection of fetishistic objects presided over by a plaster cast of the artist himself. Above left: A collage, *Untitled (Paintings with Care)*, 1965. Above: A bizarre construction, *Lampshade*, 1921 (after 1920 version).

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF ART, MURIEL BULTMAN FRANCIS COLLECTION · MAN RAY TRUST ADAGP-PARIS, ARS-USA. YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, GIFT FROM ESTATE OF KATHERINE S. DRIER · MAN RAY TRUST ADAGP-PARIS, ARS-USA. COLLECTION MAN RAY TRUST · MAN RAY TRUST ADAGP-PARIS, ARS-USA

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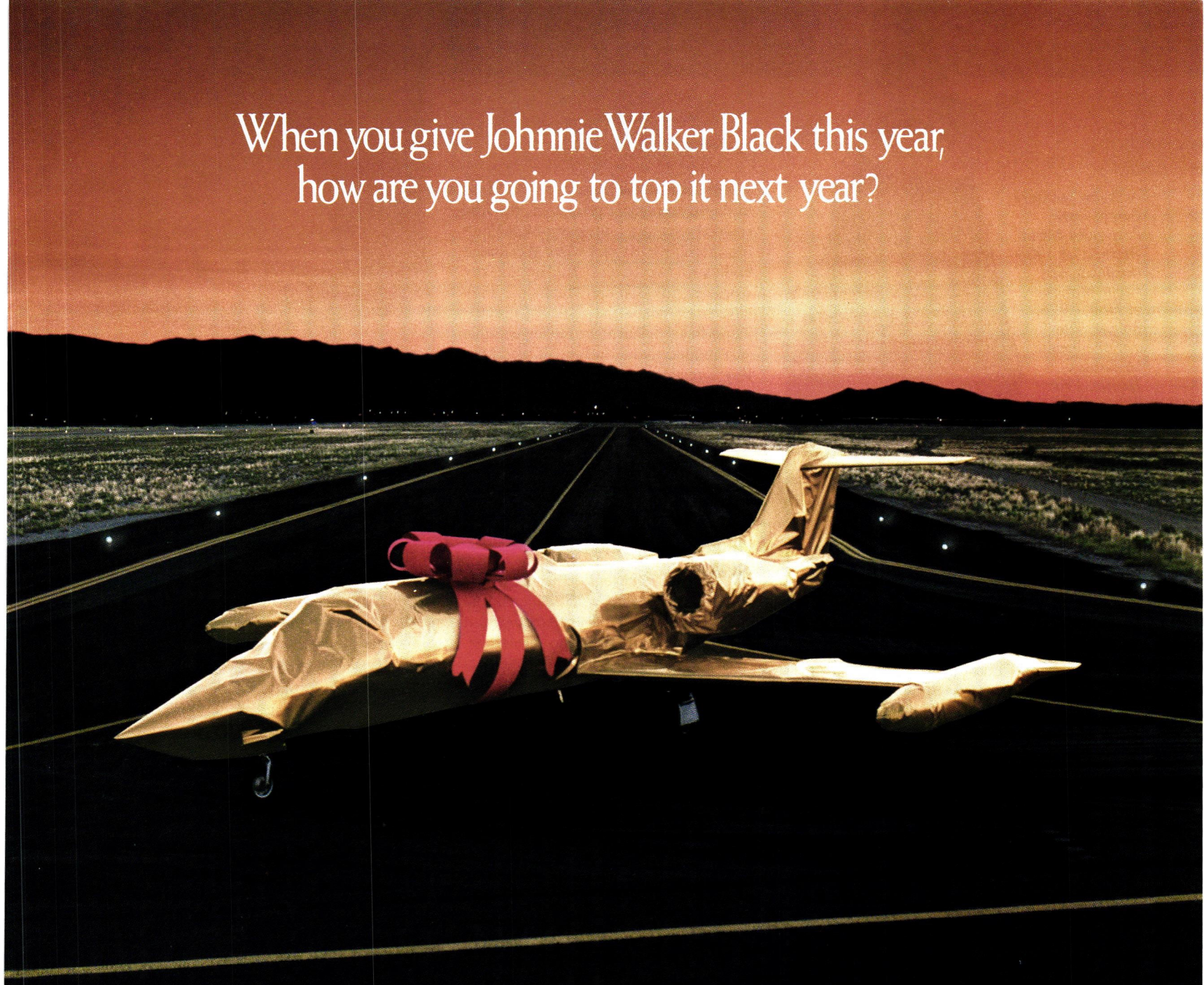

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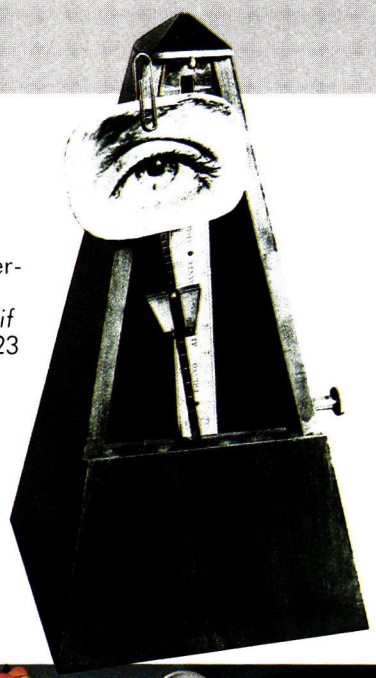


A Dada masterpiece, right, *Perpetual Motif* (replica of 1923 original). Far right: *Blanche et Noir*, 1926. Below: The symbol-laden *Le Beau Temps*, 1939. Below right: *Puericulture*, 1920/1964.

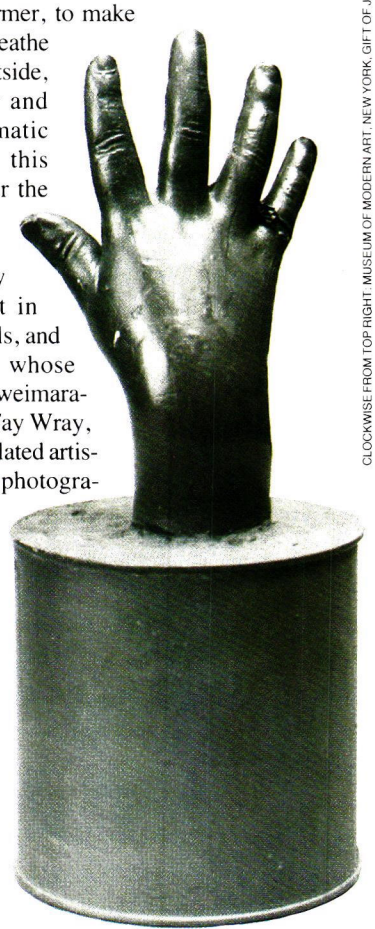
startle through that haze: the eye clipped to the metronome's pendulum, the iron studded with tacks, the pair of lips floating through Paris skies like the joined bodies of two lovers. But unlike key works by Picasso and Duchamp, they have not attained the status of masterpieces independent of the movements that surrounded them. In fact, it was Man Ray's restless vacillation between the poles to which Picasso and Duchamp are often assigned—the poles of pictorial and conceptual art—that has made it hard to estimate his achievement.

But it is precisely this tracking motion that makes Man Ray a timely figure for reappraisal, for many artists today are tapping the energy in the tension between these two poles. The hyperinflation of the contemporary art market has once again confined art's energies to a safe, comfortable place—usually a foot or so above the sofa of the rich collector—with a force that has altered the making of art itself. "Consumerist" art, by Jeff Koons, Frank Majore, and Haim Steinbach is designed to acknowledge that art operates within a market system. These artists are conscious of their inherited responsibility to embody an ideal of freedom, and they are also acutely aware of the degree to which their own industry has commercialized and trivialized that ideal. They have watched artists veer away from commerce toward the immaculate austerity of Conceptualism, then leap back again into the opulent indulgence of Neo-Expressionism, and they don't want to be trapped at either extreme. They need visual art objects to pin down their corner of the world, but the objects they make reflect the anxiety of being cornered. Thus, Kim MacConnell does a flip on the art over the sofa by painting chairs and tables to go beneath the art.

For Man Ray, paradoxically, commerce represented a path to artistic freedom. He photographed the Paris collections for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, and though he often downplayed this work, it was important to him conceptually since it helped to demonstrate that (as he titled a 1937 book) "la photographie n'est pas l'art." It was this very freedom from high-art connotations that enabled him to pursue in photography innovations as pioneering as any in modern art: the solarized portraits, the rayographs, the nude studies of the women in his life in which he explored the camera's metaphysical merging of fact and fantasy, private gaze and public exhibition.

The vital thing about photography for Man Ray was that anyone could do it because freedom was not the privilege of the artist; it was the response he sought to provoke in the mind of the viewer. The point of his plotless 1926 film *Emak Bakia*, Man Ray told an interviewer, was to force the viewer to exchange the role of spectator for that of performer, to make him "rush out and breathe the pure air of the outside, be a leading actor and solve his own dramatic problems." Today this impulse to empower the viewer operates in the photographs of artists like Cindy Sherman, self-cast in imaginary movie stills, and William Wegman, whose pictures of his pet weimaraners, Man Ray and Fay Wray, nip at the pants of inflated artistic heroism. These photographers transpose the instructions with which Kodak launched its first camera exactly one hundred years ago. They say: we push the button, you do the rest.

Herbert Muschamp



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK, GIFT OF JAMES THRALL SOBY; COLLECTION MAN RAY TRUST; MAN RAY TRUST/ADAGP, PARIS; ARS, USA (3)

The occasion spoke of the artist's nostalgia for his adopted city, the Paris to which he had dispatched himself in 1921 at age thirty as America's one-man delegation to the European avant-garde. But the café also rang with the echoes of the avant-garde's ideological aims, of the Dada campaign against the safe containment of art's anarchic energies behind the walls of art galleries and museums.

Of course, the Dada-Surrealist party broke up decades ago, and there are those who find looking back at its artifacts as dispiriting as the look of a café when the chairs are stacked on the tables and the air is stale with smoke. Man Ray left behind a number of objects and images that still

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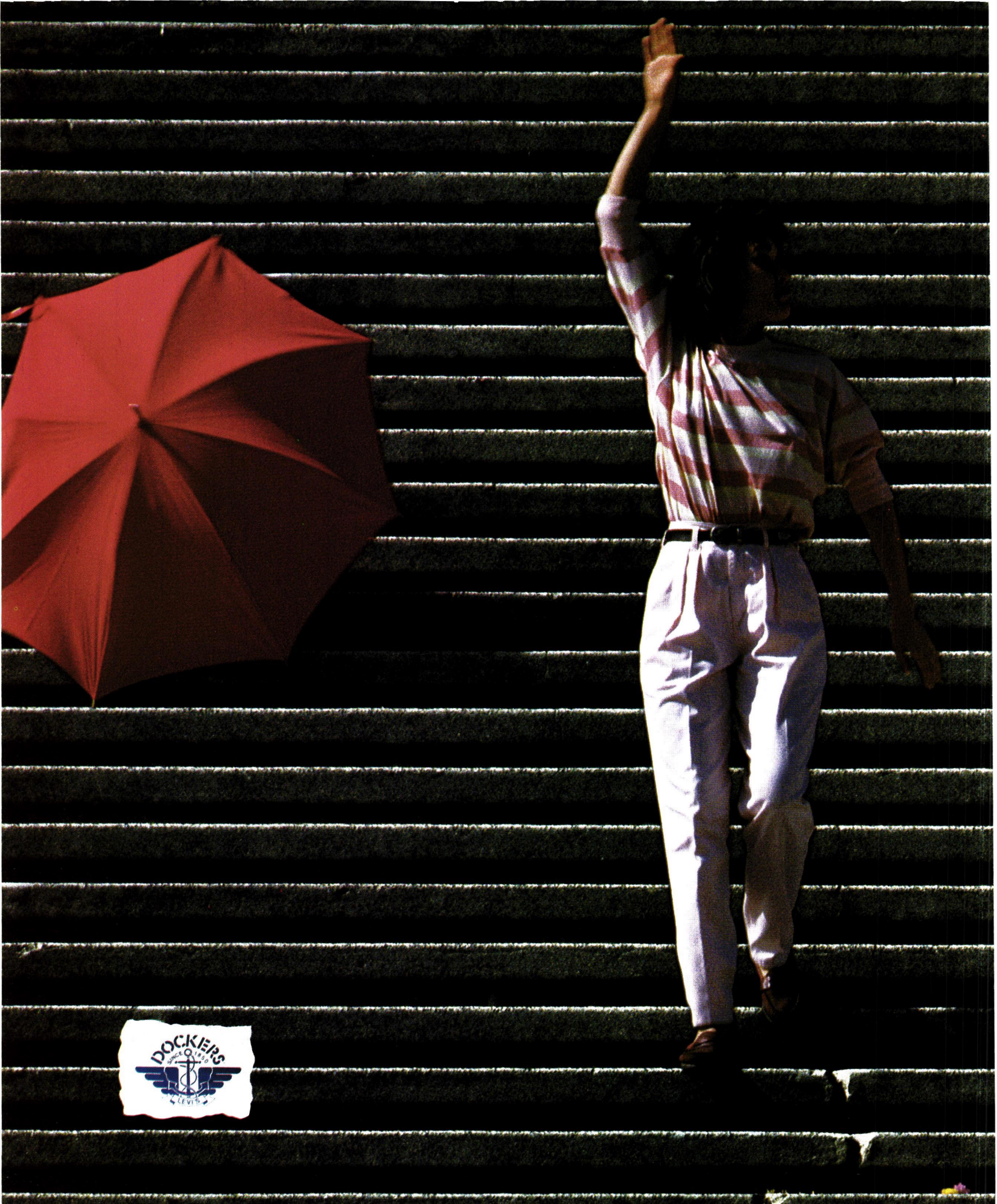
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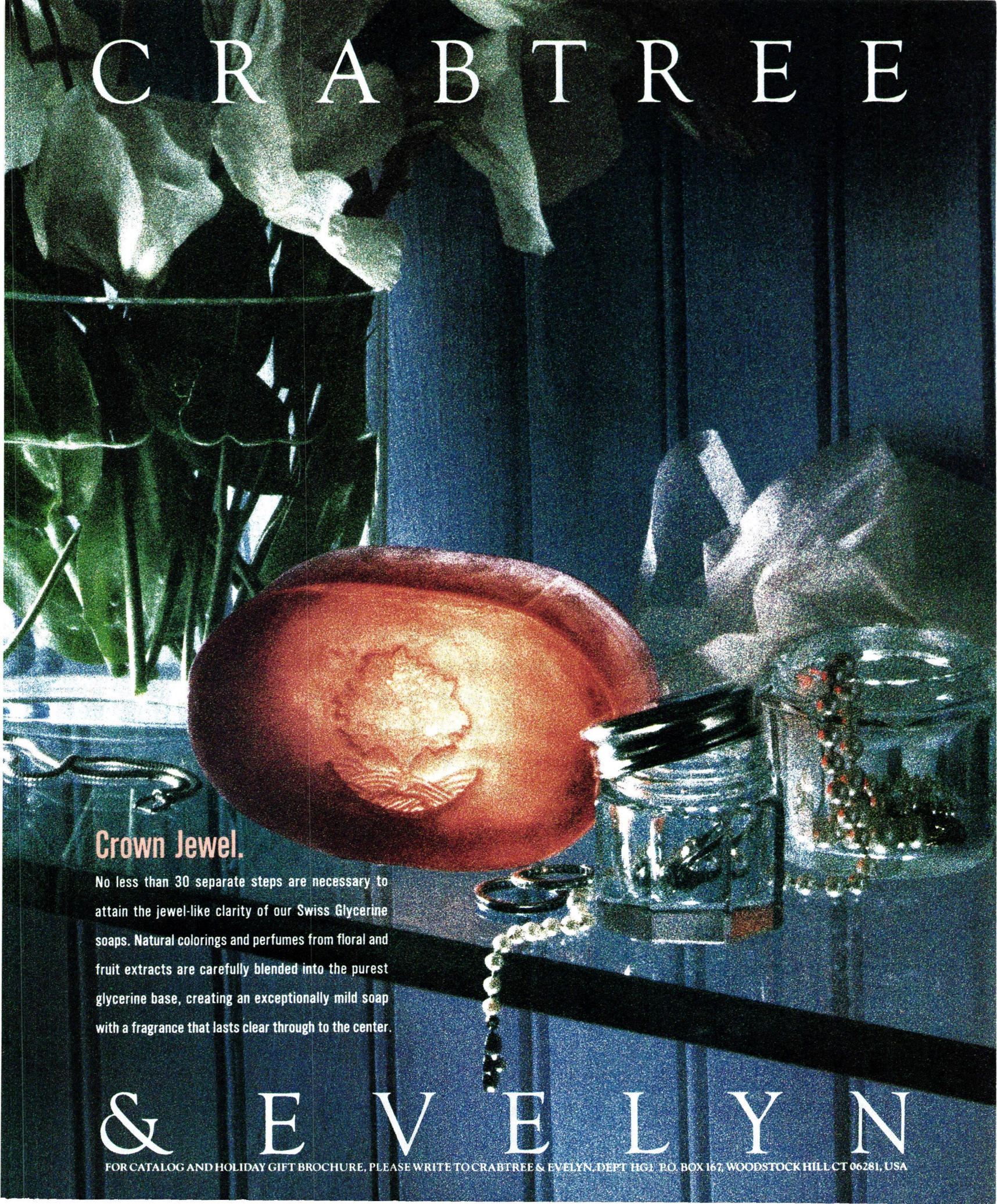
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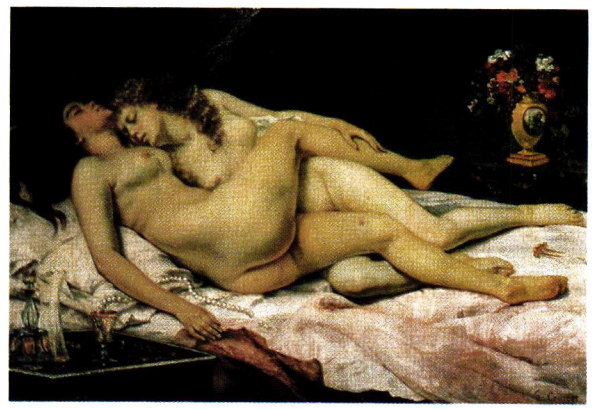
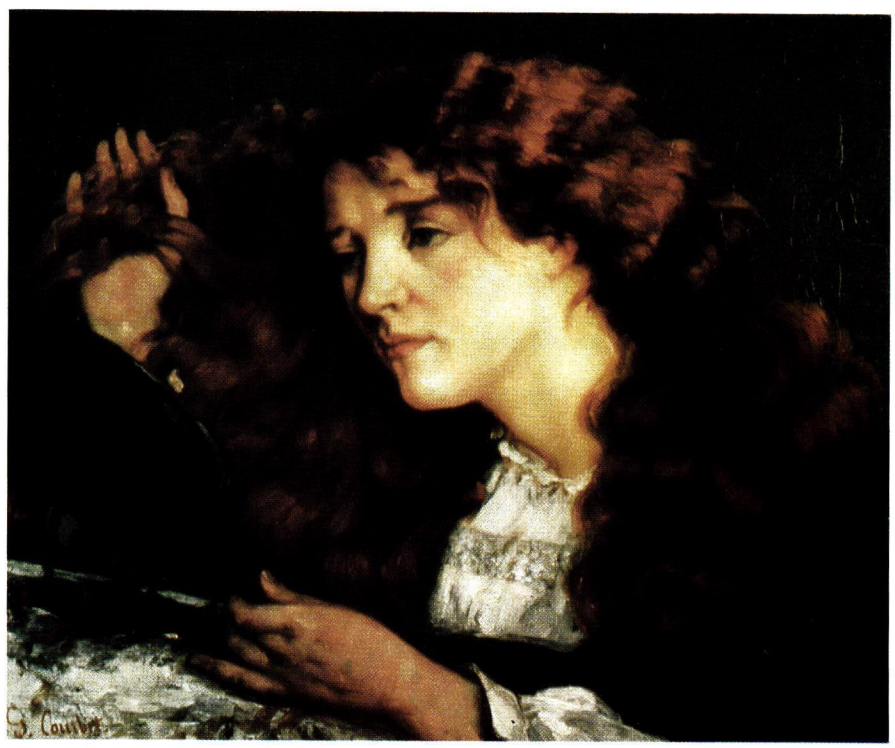
Truth and Beauty

Courbet's off-limit art shocked Paris and paved the way for Impressionism



Courbet puts eroticism on a grand scale in *The Sleepers*, 1866.

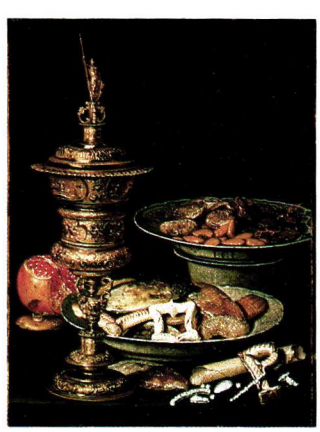
From empire to republic and back again, the nineteenth century in France was an age of radicalism and reaction. Gustave Courbet (1819–1877), as a typical arriviste in Paris from the provinces with his plebeian manners and pride, embodied this unrest to the aristocratic patrons of the conservative Academy. Using subjects they considered off-limits for high art, Courbet bombasted social and artistic propriety with his rough palette knife and set the stage for Impressionism.



Portrait of Jo, the Beautiful Irish Girl, one of four versions Courbet painted in 1865, reveals a sensuous reveling in the model's cascading red hair.

Unlike the Romantics of his generation, who idealized the primitive elements in exotic cultures and history, Courbet and his fellow Realists recorded the primitive in contemporary France. His monumental canvases (traditionally reserved for *peintures d'histoire*) exalted scenes of provincial rituals from his native Ornans and of peasants engaged in back-breaking labor. The most tantalizing (and transgressive) of subjects, however, is that of the woman—idling or asleep, often nude. Courbet's fascination with the formal properties of paint is clear in these works. Tossing aside centuries of stylistic tradition, he celebrates sheer material beauty: the copper-colored tresses of Whistler's mistress (one of Courbet's favored models), the flushed flesh of two female lovers, and the wanton poses of Parisian demoiselles set against an abundance of foliage.

"Courbet Reconsidered," at the Brooklyn Museum through January 16, features one hundred paintings and drawings of this influential artist in the first American retrospective in nearly three decades. **Glenn Harrell**



Feast for the Eyes

Allegorical references abound in "A Prosperous Past: The Sumptuous Still Life in the Netherlands, 1600–1700." The tension between extravagant consumption and Calvinist morality in the Dutch Golden Age is naturalistically recorded in dramatic arrangements (nature morte, left, by Clara Peeters, 1612) of exotic flowers, overripe half-eaten fruits, gilded goblets, Ming porcelain, and sensuously rendered oysters. At Harvard's Fogg Art Museum through November 27, then at Fort Worth's Kimbell Art Museum, December 10–January 29. **G.H.**

FROM TOP: MUSÉE DU PETIT PALAIS, PARIS/COURTESY BROOKLYN MUSEUM; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF MRS. H. O. HAVEMEYER, 1929, H. O. HAVEMEYER COLLECTION; PRIVATE COLLECTION

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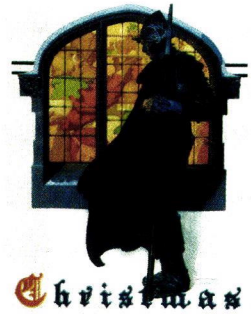

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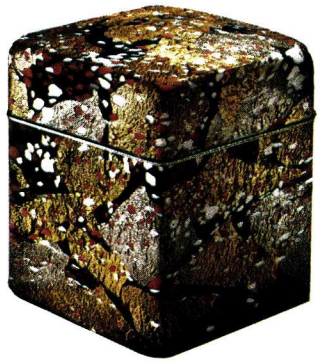

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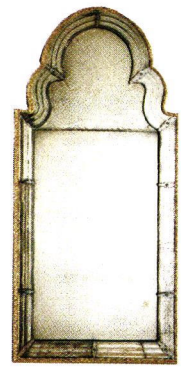

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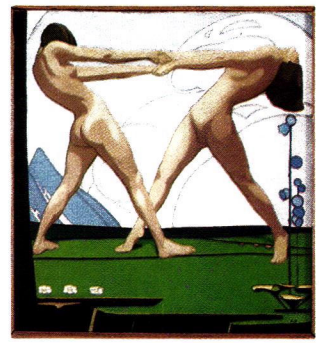

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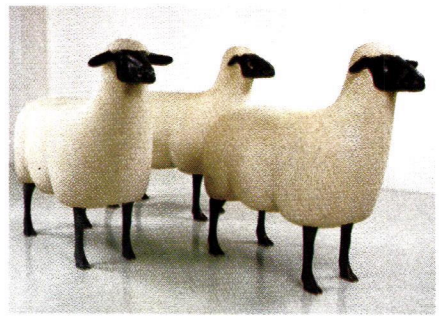

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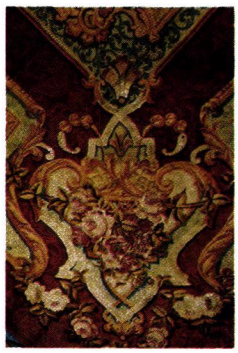

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Savonnerie carpet (detail). Second half of the 19th century, France. Measures 30′ x 20′.

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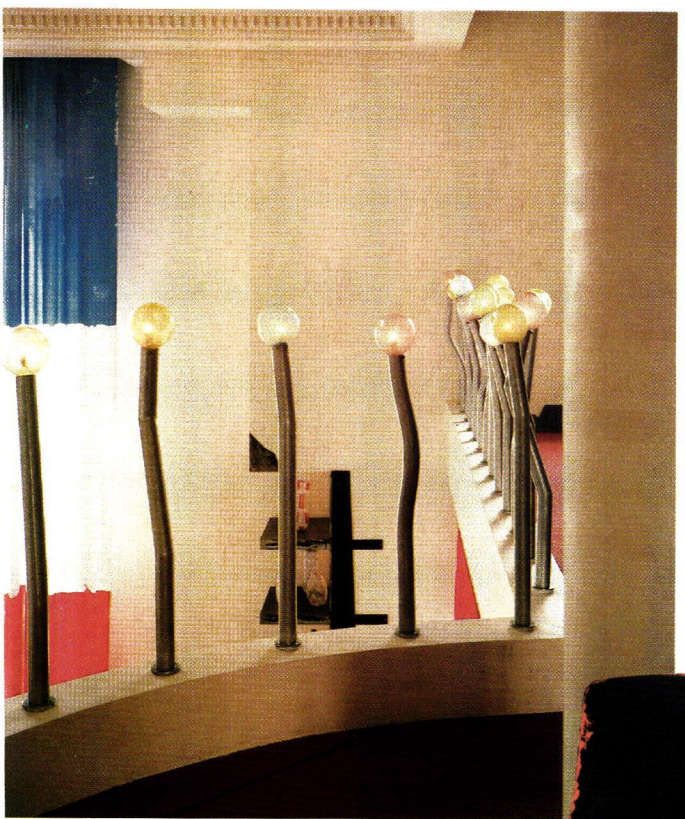
Child of the Times

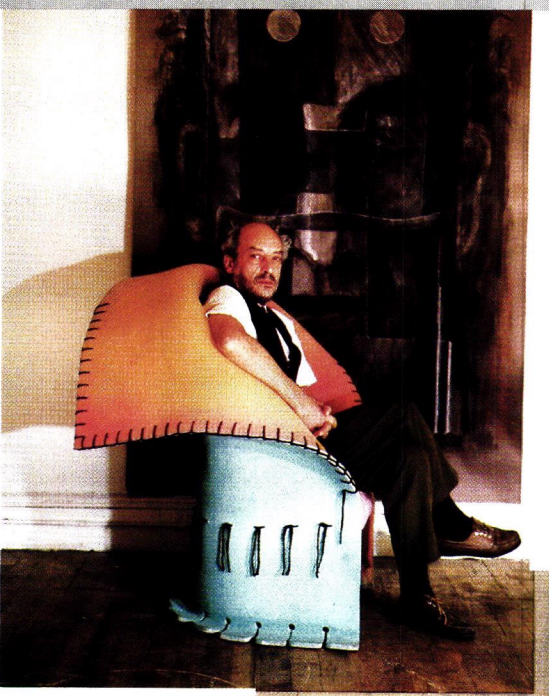
Gaetano Pesce puts a human face on modern design

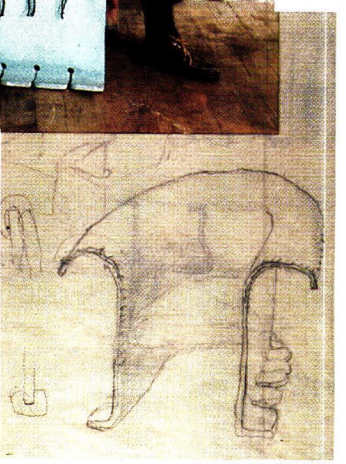
In Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* the tramp plays an exemplary victim of industrialization. Forced onto the assembly line, he's transformed into a machine literally embodying our worst fear of cohabiting with technology. The design world participates in this infectious syndrome. Objects of industrial design too often seek expression by assuming crudely mechanical characteristics: hard, shiny, uniform, and precise. This vulgar appliance culture seems inescapable for most practitioners. Most, but not all.

Gaetano Pesce—the peripatetic Paris/New York/Venice–based architect—offers rich proof that modern design can have a human face. New Yorkers will have an opportunity to see his work in the flesh thanks to two long-overdue shows: one at the Max Protetch Gallery, November 9–January 7, the other, aptly titled "Modern Times Again," at the Steelcase Design Partnership, November 9–December 8.



Gaetano Pesce's lights, top, line the balustrade of a Parisian flat. Above: His Cannaregio chairs linked together to form a sofa. Right: Animated Sansone Due table. Details see Sources.





Gaetano Pesce, above, seated in his revolutionary felt design, which he describes as "something between a chair and a coat." Right: The Feltri evolves on paper.

Last year Pesce introduced a series of chairs called Feltri—felt-made and remarkably comfortable. Lacking stiffness, felt may seem an unlikely material for chairs, but Pesce transcends the difficulty characteristically. Forming a graceful shell from a single thick piece, he selectively impregnates it with resin. The supporting base of the chair is stiff, as is its back and a small second piece that spans the seat. As the shell rises, however, it softens until, at about seated shoulder height, it resumes its "natural" density. The material continues upward, more than high enough to enfold the sitter like a giant overcoat.

The chair is an apt symbol of Pesce's remarkable career, now spanning more than 25 years. It succinctly embodies both his penetrating, almost alchemical sense of materiality and his amazing knack for the new. Pesce makes felt newly useful by, in effect, continuing the process of densification that created the stuff in the first place. It's the chemical equivalent of Method acting, a getting into the soul of the material and then extending it. Pesce's forms always seem to register and retain

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: THIBAULT JEANSON; BELLA E RUGGERI/COURTESY CASSINA, MEDA, ITALY; THIBAULT JEANSON; BELLA E RUGGERI/COURTESY CASSINA; JOHN HALL

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the memory of their processes of coming into being. This is one of the centers of Pesce's brilliance: although his sensibility is everywhere one of craft, his methods and materials are full of modernist love for industry and technology.

His latest table, Sansone Due, is made by pouring different colored resins onto a supporting metal armature. It's a process that is certainly susceptible to exacting industrial control. But Pesce chooses to cast away from type: the workers at the factory are charged with making each table unique. Pesce has seen to this by designing a technique of manufacture which allows for easy varying of both shape and color. Industrial technology is used not to assure invariable replication but to liberate variety, restoring to the maker the individual possibilities of craft.

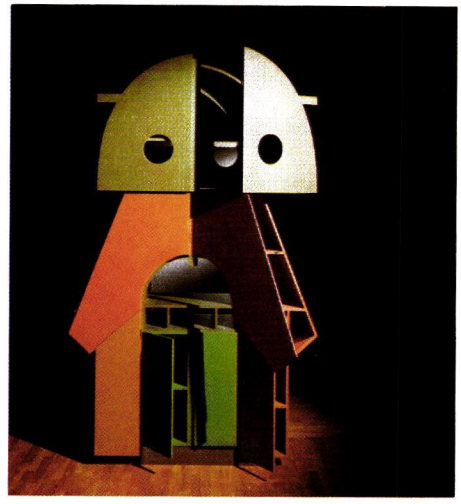
Like Method acting, Pesce gets into the soul of material and then extends it

Like Feltri, Sansone Due embodies a process that makes something hard out of something soft, another abiding theme of Pesce's. In 1984 he executed the Pratt series, nine chairs of cast urethane in which the formula for the material was varied from chair to chair. The first, so limp that it can't even support itself, lies in a heap on the floor. Gradually, incorporating differing degrees of coloration and translucency, the chairs stiffen, culminating in the ninth, the first of the series rigid enough to support a sitter. The chairs etch the borderline between art and industrial design, commemorating the moment when a form becomes solid enough to attain "usefulness." There's an obvious affinity here with some of the work of Claes Oldenburg, with his series of sculptures of household objects made of soft materials.

The wellspring of Pesce's form-making is the body, and a sometimes subtle, sometimes direct biomorphism pervades his work. It's visible in the sensuous Dalila chairs of 1980, varied as individuals, yet dancing just beyond the edge of literalism, recognizing that supporting the body is also an act of depicting it. The biomorphic presence stays just as strong in Pesce's architecture. An apartment in Paris holds a balustrade of illuminated protoplasmic tentacles and a fireplace in the form of a gape-mouthed face, like one of those grotesque sixteenth-century follies at Bomarzo. A project for a museum near Basel makes a gestural portrait—a face in the landscape—out of a series of small pavilions, lending discrete objects an accessible clarity of relationship.

In 1985 Pesce designed a play pavilion for kids at the Parc de la Villette in Paris. For a plan form he chose the image of a running child, a figure that will best be visible in aerial view. Pesce analogizes this with a history of ancient depictions on the landscape such as the Celtic figures carved into the chalk of English hillsides. But the graphic form is only a beginning.

Describing the project Pesce speaks of using new techniques to accommodate the newest generation, and the full lexicon of his technical inventiveness is here: a tower constructed of Styrofoam blocks; a rubber building that wiggles and deforms with use; and a transparent resin bridge over a running stream. There's something more, however, in this zone of union between technology and youth. Pesce seeks to humanize a technology received as unbendingly hard. His predilection for soft beginnings is exactly analogous to the tender tissue of childhood. He's a life-breather, an animator, creating forms that don't simply accommodate use but celebrate the user. Child of the times, Pesce sees a beautiful future. **Michael Sorkin**



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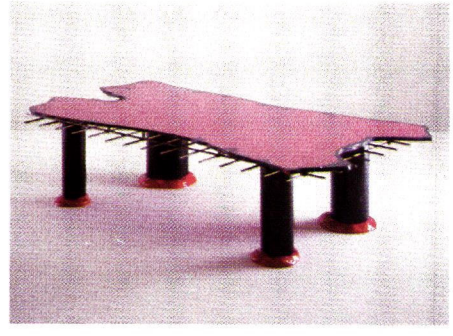

Clockwise from top left: Gaetano Pesce's giant package, actually a twine-and-rubber bedspread; Pesce's robotic beechwood cabinet, Les Ateliers, inspired by his childhood jelly cupboard; Sansone Due table; terra-cotta figural fireplace.

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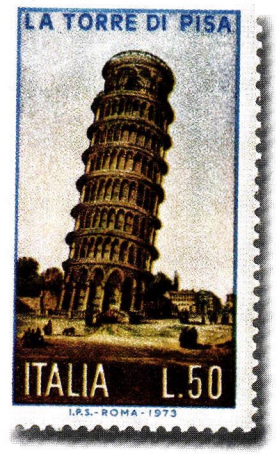

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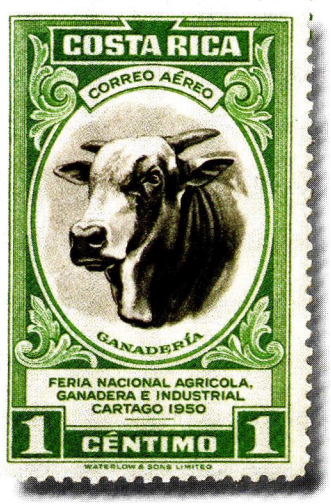

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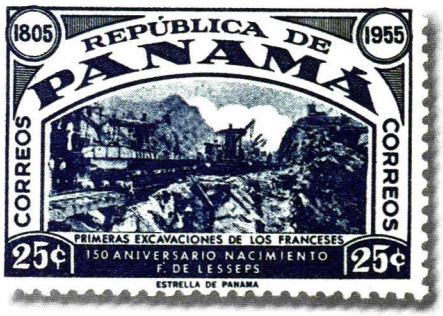

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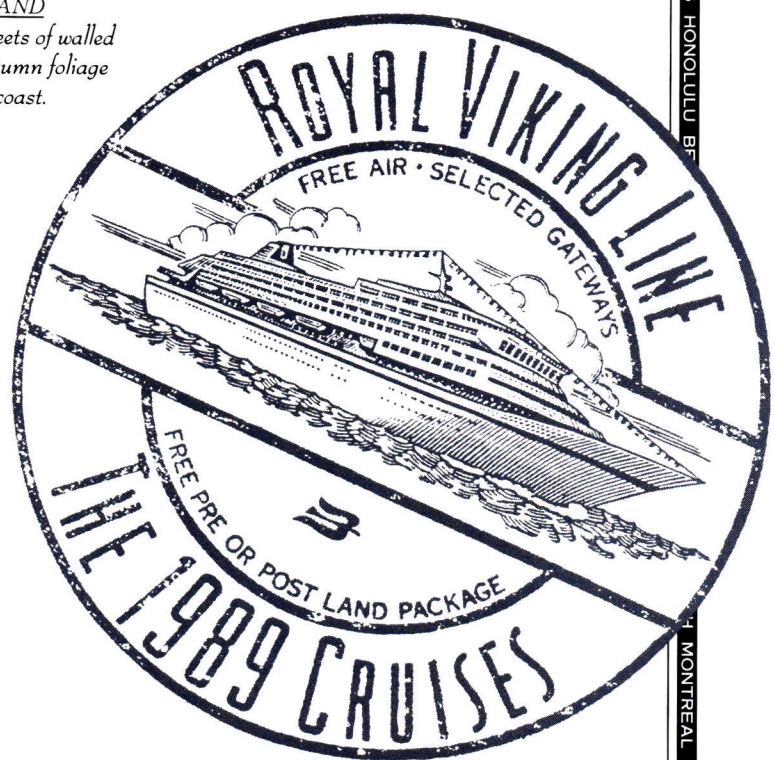

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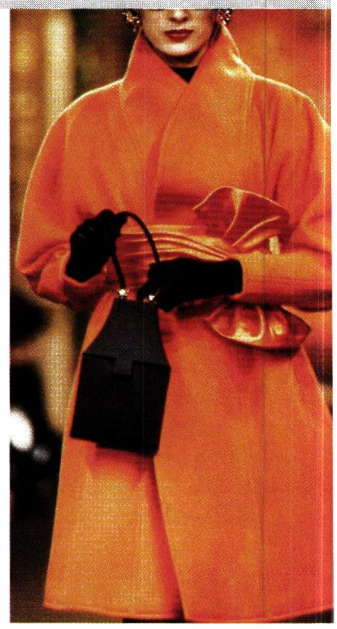
Chinois Chic

The legendary opulence of the East spices up Western design



At Christian Lacroix this fall, the pagoda replaced the pouf. Lacroix is only the most visible among dozens of designers and artists to draw once again on the exotic imagery of China. His temple-shaped evening bag joins a veritable menagerie of fantastical beasts—fire-breathing dragons, ho ho birds, and Fu dogs, the ancient guardians of temple gates—inspiring fanciful home furnishings and fashion accessories. Hermès has emblazoned a new scarf with jewel-like Chinese scent bottles. Michael Tree's whimsical garden light reinterprets the classic Chinese lantern. And the pagoda-strewn print that once covered the walls of Lord Byron's London bedroom has been reissued in a chintz by Clarence House. Ever since the intricate brocades and embroideries first reached Europe via the silk route in the fourteenth century, the extraordinary decorative elements of China have periodically revitalized Western design. Now that China has reopened its interior, we can expect a chinoiserie revival to explode yet again.

Amicia de Moubray

Oriental themes get carried away on Christian Lacroix's pagoda-shaped satin purse, top, and Judith Leiber's Fu dog evening bag, above.

Michael Tree's garden light, top, one of a limited edition of 200, lends new status to the classic Chinese lantern. Left: Pagodas in Clarence House's Lord Byron's Chintz. Above: Chinoiserie runs rampant in a 1771 room at Claydon House in Buckinghamshire.

Chinese enamel and cameo glass snuff bottles, right, circulate on a silk scarf from Hermès. Details see Sources.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT MICHEL ARNAUD; TOM MCWILLIAM; COURTESY HERMÈS; NATIONAL TRUST, LONDON; MONICA STEVENSON

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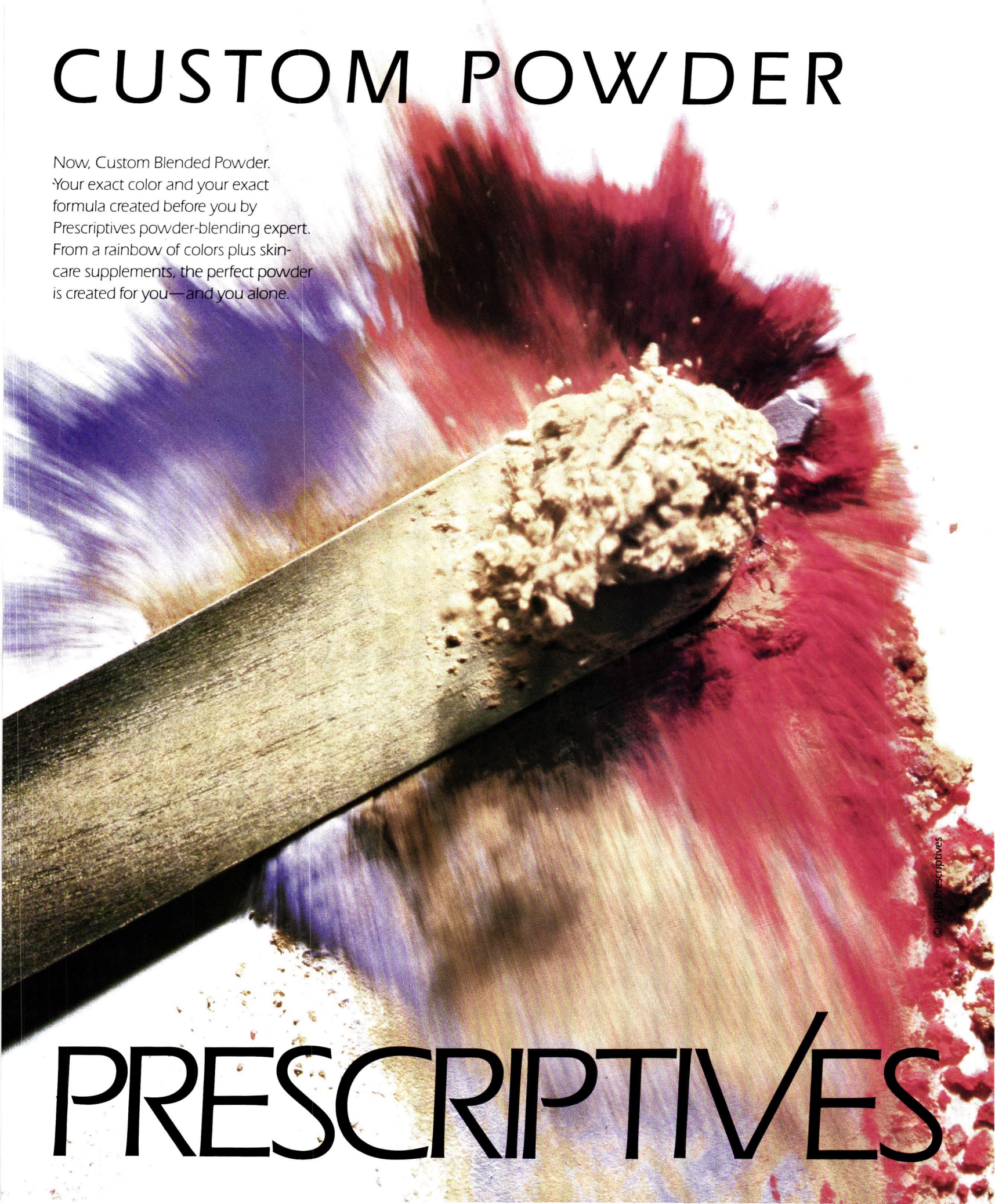

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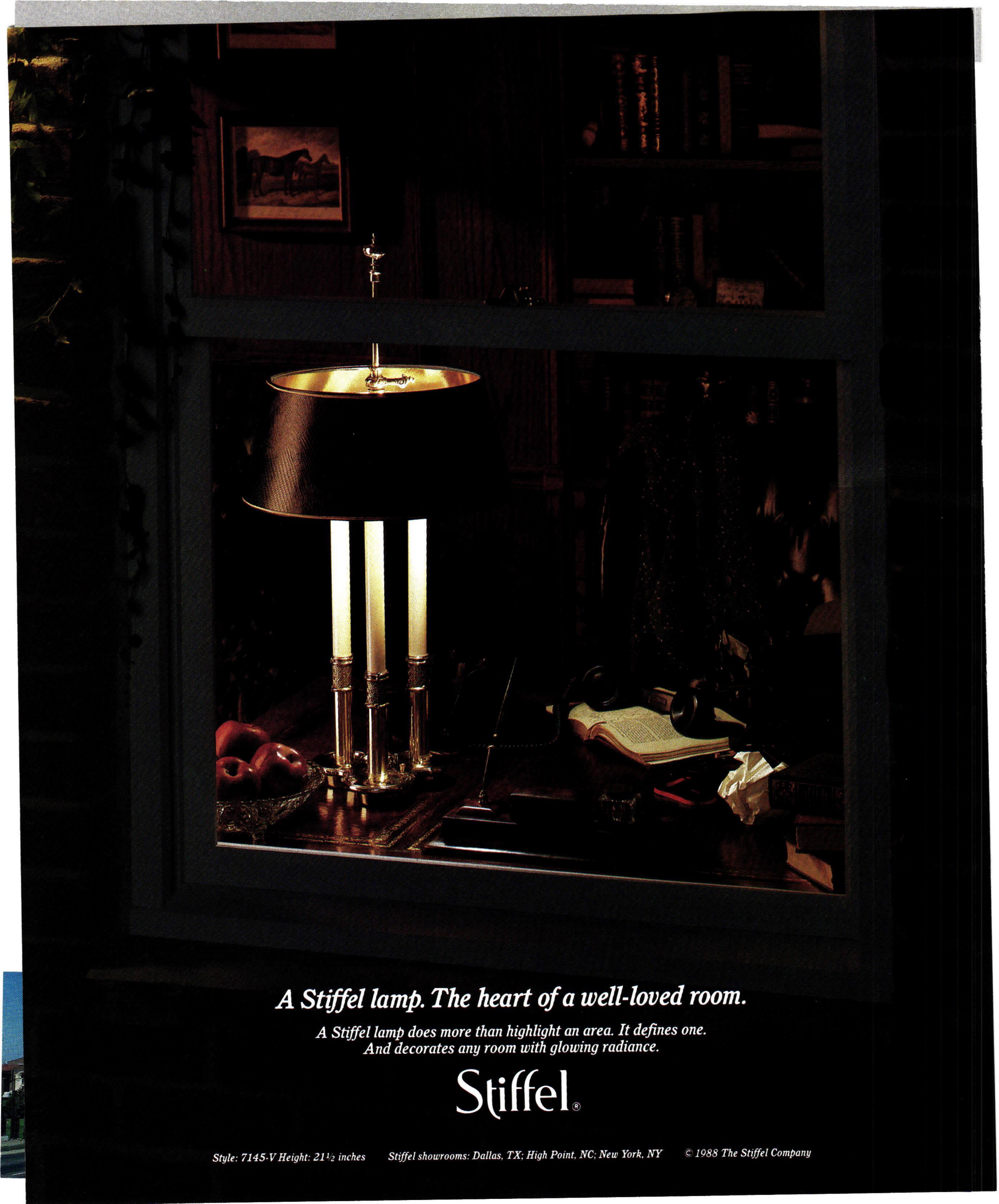

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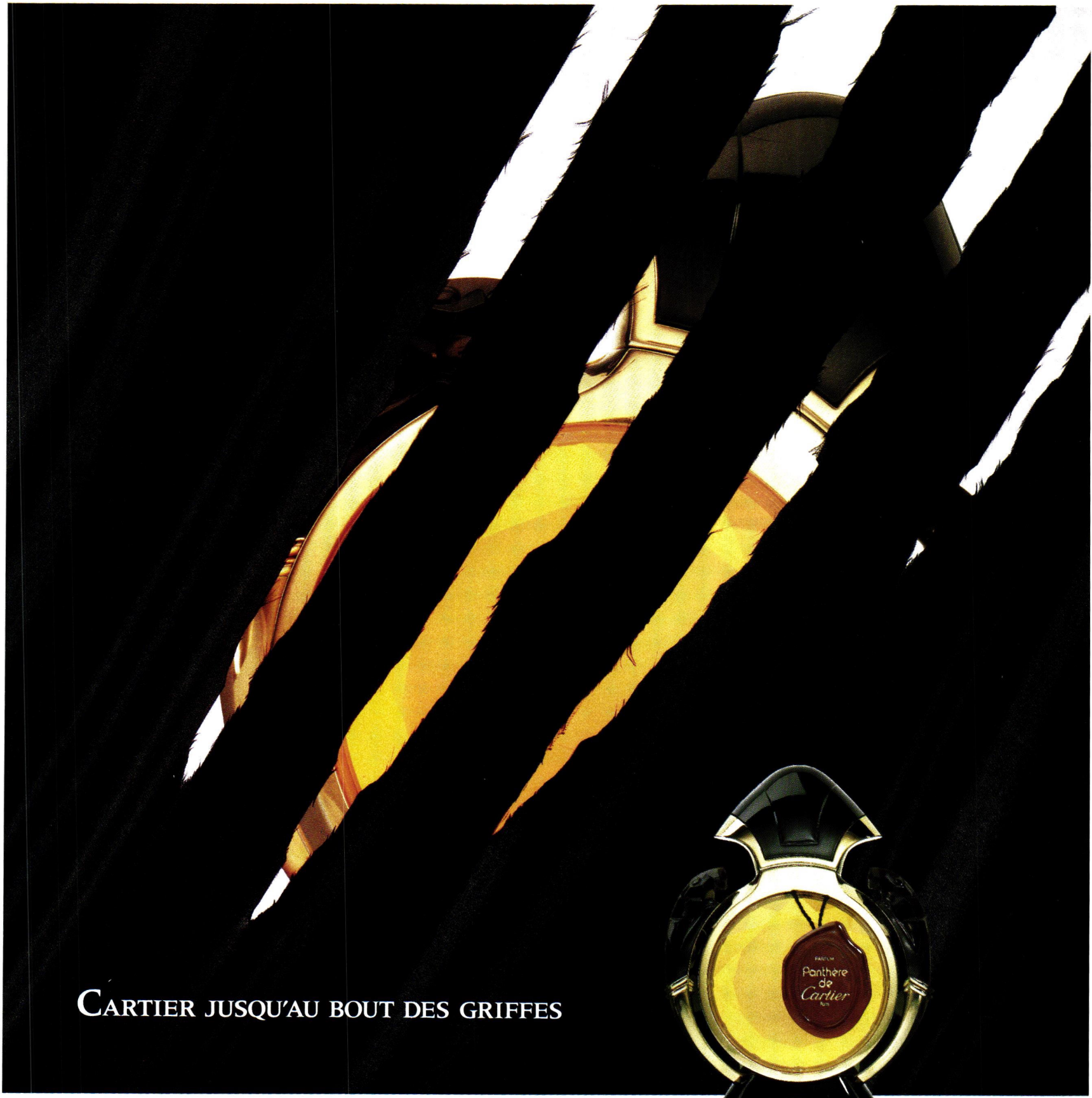

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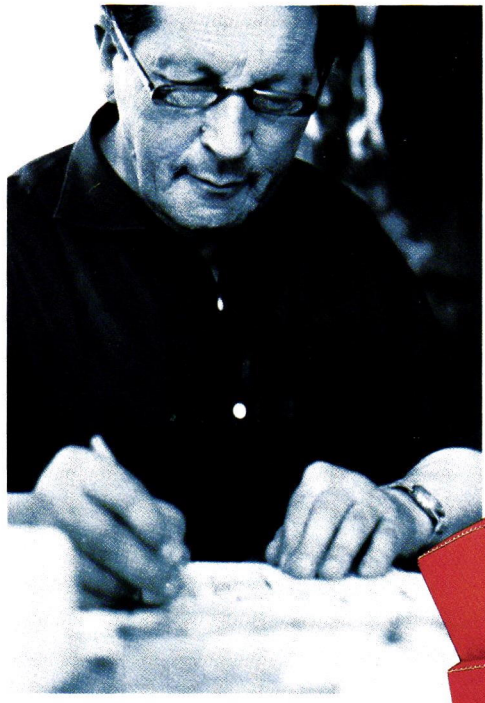
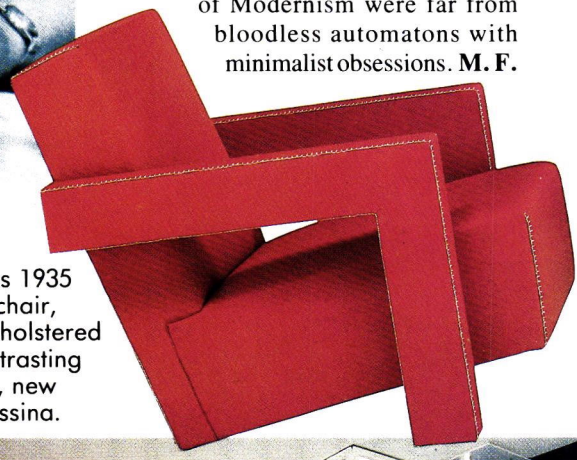
Paris

Forever Modern

Rietveld's revolutionary house and furniture remain startling even on his centennial

Rare is the artist whose works look as fresh and surprising on his centennial as they did when first created. But that is the happy result of the test of time in the case of Gerrit Rietveld, the Dutch architect and furniture maker who was born in Utrecht one hundred years ago and died there in 1964. Rietveld's standing as one of the leaders of the Modern movement rests on a tiny number of executed architectural schemes, but his achievement is far beyond the measure of mere quantity. Rietveld's helpmeet in his most significant project was Truus Schröder-Schräder, for and with whom he designed the famous 1924 residence she lived in until her death three years ago at age 95. That exhilarating composition of horizontals and verticals that seem to glide by one another in defiance of gravity belies its solid practicality. Mrs. Schröder-Schräder, who became her architect's lifelong inamorata, played a pivotal role in the development of the interiors, which are brilliantly adaptable to various configurations and uses. Restored and at last open to the public, the Schröder house is fully documented in a welcome new monograph (MIT Press, $25). Unfortunately, the before-and-after photos show how the rooms have lost their touching humanity in the process of "perfecting" them. No historic house can fully preserve the vivid presence of inhabitation, but the charming and unrestricted way Mrs. Schröder-Schräder dwelt there is now gone. Her pots of begonias, piles of books, blue enamel coffeepot, and snapshot of Rietveld taped to a wall were proof that these great pioneers of Modernism were far from bloodless automatons with minimalist obsessions. **M. F.**





Rietveld's 1935 Utrecht chair, right, upholstered with contrasting stitching, new from Cassina.

The Schröder house of 1924 in Utrecht, the Netherlands, top, by Gerrit Rietveld, above right, is an essential landmark of the Modern movement.

The interiors of the Schröder house, above and right, are a habitable sculpture of flexible planes and voids in the primary colors typical of the de Stijl group. Left: Rietveld's last design, an oak chair of 1963, is from a show at Barry Friedman Ltd., NYC.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FRANK DEN OUDSTEN; HAN SCHRÖDER, COURTESY CASSINA, MEDA, ITALY; FRANK DEN OUDSTEN (2); COURTESY BARRY FRIEDMAN LTD.

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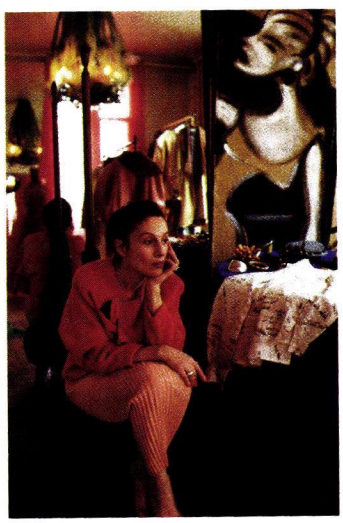
Modern Archaeology

Marie Beltrami's eccentric imagination invests a Directoire interior with charm, wit, and a touch of romance

In the Paris fashion museum Palais Galliéra can be found a wedding gown woven of coconut fibers and a Spanish dance dress covered in Ping-Pong balls. These are the fanciful concoctions of designer and stylist Marie Beltrami. Half-Italian, half-Breton, Beltrami feels that one side gives her a lusty theatricality, the other a complementary restraint and a fondness for clear simple shapes. What she produces always has an air of experimentation and wit.

In her apartment in a late-seventeenth-century house near the Palais-Royal, Beltrami discovered Directoire frescoes lurking beneath layers of wallpaper; she decided to leave the timeworn classical images as they were and then enhanced them by blowtorching the wainscoting and moldings, rubbing a touch of gilt paste and walnut stain into the burns. Irregularities of surface, interplays of textures, and uneven color make the walls appear as large romantic abstractions.



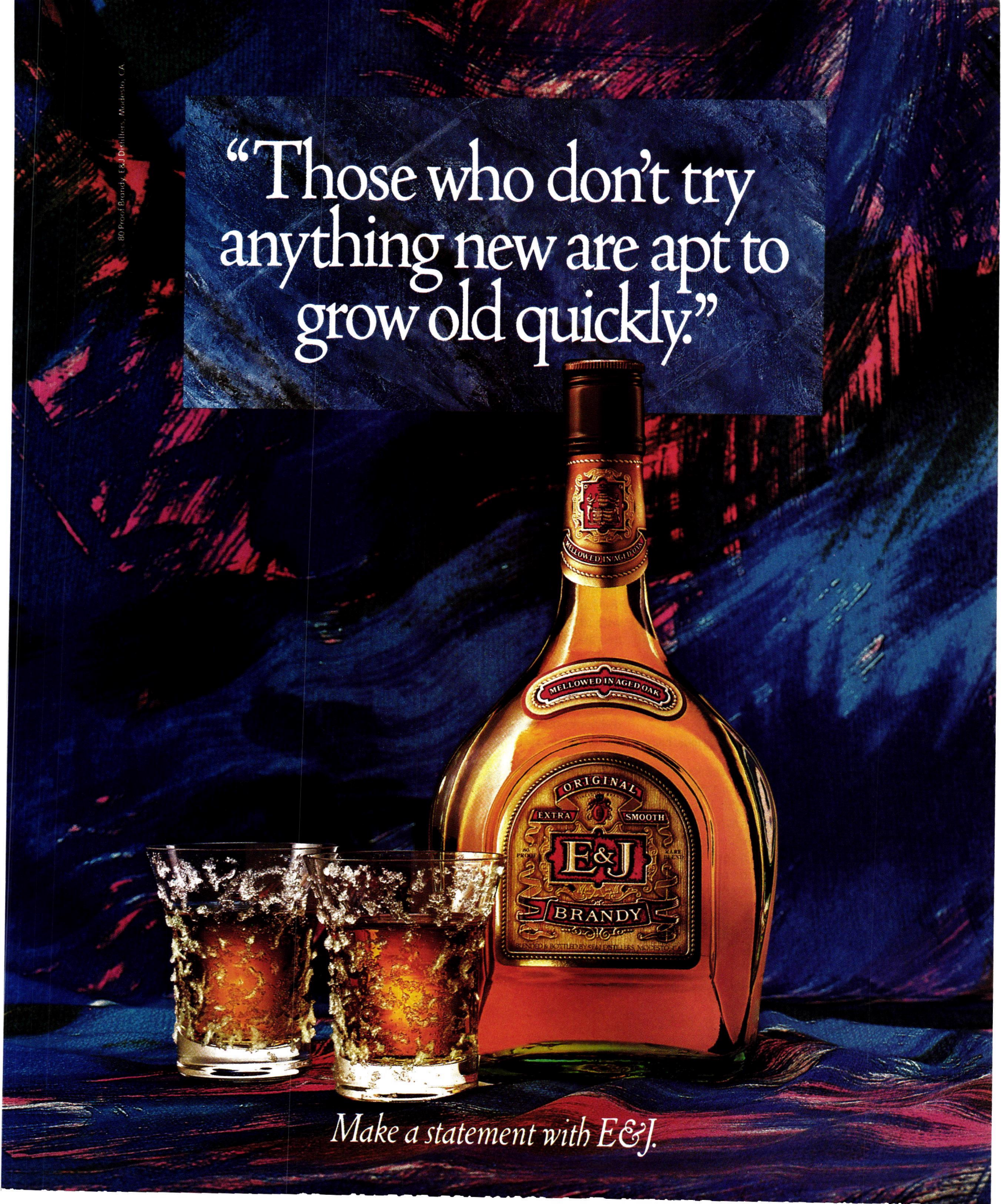
An energetic charm pervades Beltrami's quirky assortment of furnishings. An unadorned bed frame topped by a large round mirror, a fat green chair with a spiral for a back, and a hammered-metal dressing table were compiled on treks through *marchés aux puces* and various Parisian galleries. Beltrami's color combinations and choice of materials echo those she uses in her fashion designs—silk, satin, velvet in close contact with tulle, cotton, and synthetics. She is concerned with intensity, transparency, *tombé*—the feeling of falling water. The curtains in the boudoir and bedroom are bright lengths of silk fringed with raffia and flipped over wooden rods.

The Directoire style puts up very well with the designer's eccentricities. Altogether, this apartment suggests an occupant who prefers a personally ordered world far away from the beaten tracks of classic good taste.

Phuong Pfeufer and Nathalie Tiné

Marie Beltrami in her Paris showroom, above right, near a Charles Serruyat screen. Right: In the entry and elsewhere in her fantastical apartment, the designer found 18th-century frescoes. Silk curtains in boudoir, top, and bedroom, above, are fringed with raffia.

JACQUES PRIMOIS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Primitive Passions

Otherworldly civilizations fascinate designer Christian Astuguevielle

The chic "barbarian" jewelry designs of Christian Astuguevielle—commissioned by such fashion stars as Claude Montana, Thierry Mugler, Jean-Paul Gaultier, and Missoni—reflect a spontaneous interest in just about everything he runs into as well as a studious fascination with design traditions of other cultures. Unsurprisingly, the impressions that feed Astuguevielle's work also guide the fixing up of his Paris quarters near the Madeleine, where purposely spare interiors express a poetic sense of history combined with the free-wheeling aesthetics of our times.

Astuguevielle, whose multifarious background includes law and sociology studies, puppetry, perfumery, and teaching at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs and the Centre Pompidou, finds sources of inspiration in African art and Japanese traditional arts, particularly furoshiki—a piece of cloth that is tied with two knots. The designer travels once a month to Japan, vacations in Indonesia, and savors encounters with craftsmen of every stripe; his jewelry tells about "civilizations of the seas."

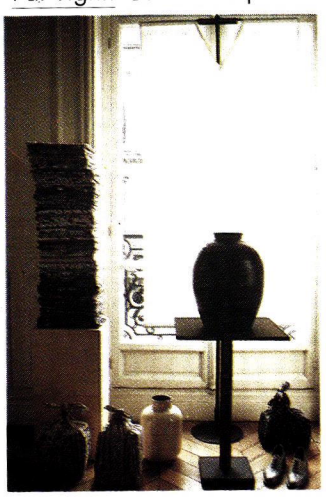
His rooms tell about visits to those civilizations, both as they are and as he imagines them. African, Japanese, Indonesian, and Astuguevielliian meld here—a Yoruba mask overlooks books wrapped in batiks; the cord the designer uses in his jewelry also winds around candlesticks, goblets and ritual objects "for an imaginary warrior"; furoshikis are applied to Astuguevielle's own creations of wicker as well as books, kitchen utensils and even furniture—most of it swathed in white linen. Oddities on the walls include an insect collection behind glass and an empty picture frame setting off a small area of the kitchen's painted "antique" walls.

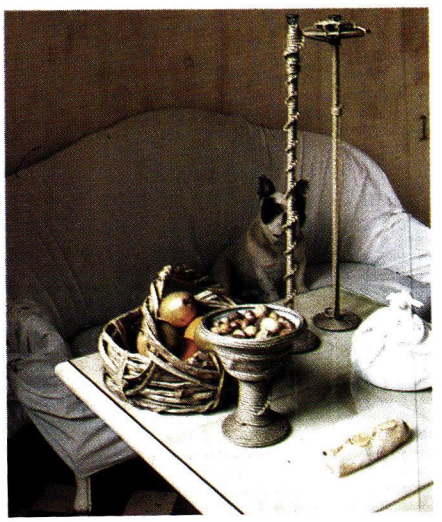
Astuguevielle delighted in what he learned from teaching a children's workshop at Centre Pompidou exhorting his students to shape their imaginations however they liked with the materials he still uses in his own work—papier-mâché, feathers, leather, fabric, and metal. At his original shop, too, Astuguevielle inspired others by selling materials to people to make their own jewelry. At his present shop, his sculptural jewelry and objects should be inspiration enough.

Phuong Pfeufer and Nathalie Tiné

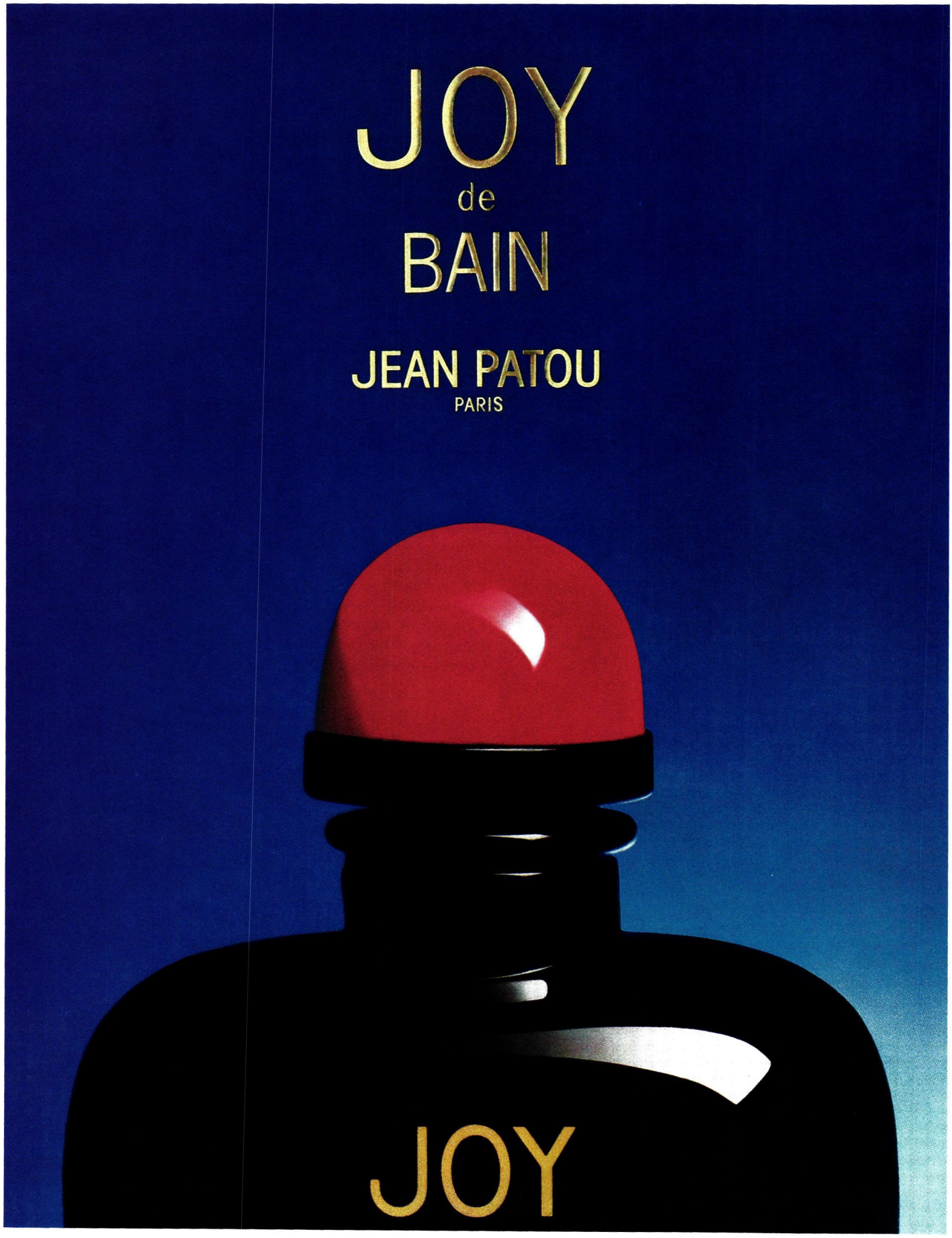
Astuguevielle, above. Top left and top right: Primitive sculpture and an insect collection complement his corded, wrapped, and wicker objects.

Old batiks and framed linen, below, filter light. Right: In bedroom, linen "neutralizes" shapes. Below right: Kitchen walls "aged" by Jean Oddes. Far right: Corded objects.





JACQUES PRIMOIS



BLOOMINGDALE'S

Paladino's Palette

The artist's summer house, like his works, makes light of convention

Mimmo Paladino is a rather gentle man to be at the front line of avenging contemporary art. In the late 1970s he confronted the sterile aspects of safe Modernism as a member of the Transavanguardia, the nonaligned quintet of Italian painters (Paladino, Chia, Clemente, Cucchi, de Maria) who desired to restore art to its magical function. Paladino's spiritual figures, roughly hewn and molded into a painted landscape, have since been shown in one-man exhibitions in Naples, London, and New York, and in museums in Basel, Munich, and the United States.

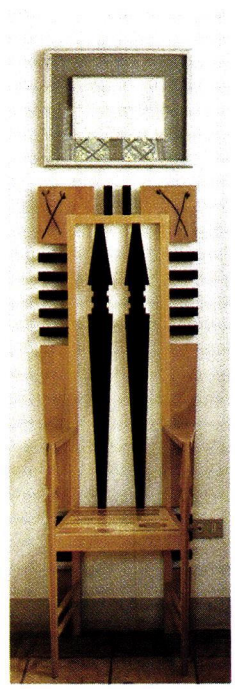
Four years ago, Mimmo Paladino decided to build a studio and summer house for himself, his wife, Imma, and his teenage daughter Ginestra in Paduli, the sunbaked hilltop town near Benevento, where he was born. Each window in the house captures a specific landscape. Not surprisingly, the design of the house is his own. "My home is not a constant thing. It is being continually constructed and changed, like a painting or a sculpture. Most of all I play with perspective. The house is full of games based on the passage from inside to outside. The walls are shot through with windows that, throughout the day, let in different riddles of light."

Guardian angels attach themselves to Paladino's house. Rural gargoyles roost at the corners of the eaves. Above the lookout Paladino has made a wind vane from galvanized guttering and a bent watering can. With the spout as its inquisitive nose, the wind vane surveys the landscape, twisting its head first to a sculpture making an offering to the trees and then to Paladino's bronze fountain of phantoms and decapitated heads.

The garden is a primeval maze in which you stumble across a circle of stones gathered under a wizened olive tree and toppled heads staring past fat cacti. In the air is an intoxicating perfume of rosemary, overblown roses, and "the *ginestra gialla,* an overwhelming flower—for which my daughter was named."

Paladino's art has a bewitching potency. "Some paintings are born solely from instincts, others grow from a lucid coherence. It is not a coincidence that you find these same qualities in the furniture I choose. Anonymous furniture," he says, "can have a poetic value and a capacity of magical memory. On the other hand, designs such as the French metal lamp from the 1920s or the Castiglioni desk, are the result of cultural and intellectual precision. I like both. The cool eye of history and the warm art of sentiment."

Paladino, above, with his white figures created for the Venice Biennale. Below: Beneath Paladino's triptych, an antique vase, Thonet chairs.



A Paladino chair, above. Top: A Beuys watercolor and a view of the small sitting room.

Paladino's living room is an embodiment of these concepts. On the walls are small sketches and etchings, mostly in black and white. It is a "collection of sense," works by those twentieth-century artists Paladino considers to be fundamental—Matisse, Picasso, Munch, Schwitters, Twombly, Beuys. A cupboard displays the smash and grab objects of coincidence that ornament Paladino's life: his own ceramics, shards of local craft, found relics, talismans, Etruscan vases, and Greek fragments.

"I have just finished a cycle of works, and once the ring is closed, it is a signal for me to begin another onslaught. As a ritual, I whitewash the studio so I can start from zero on a fresh series." Paladino's manner of painting creates "a rhythm that grows on the studio walls. It is like being surrounded by a traveling military barracks."

The heavy stillness of early summer seeps in through the windows in Paladino's study. "Let's go outside," he says. Crunching his way down the gravel path, he squints into the glare with satisfaction. "Paduli has the violent, intense, dry, cutting light that I seek." Then he stops, turns, and looks back at his house. It is an orderly labyrinth of angles, white stone steps, gentle walls and terraces—a new yellow building with the patina of ages: "I like the feeling of surprise and the hint of hidden corners. I like the affectionate atmosphere." **Jonathan Turner**

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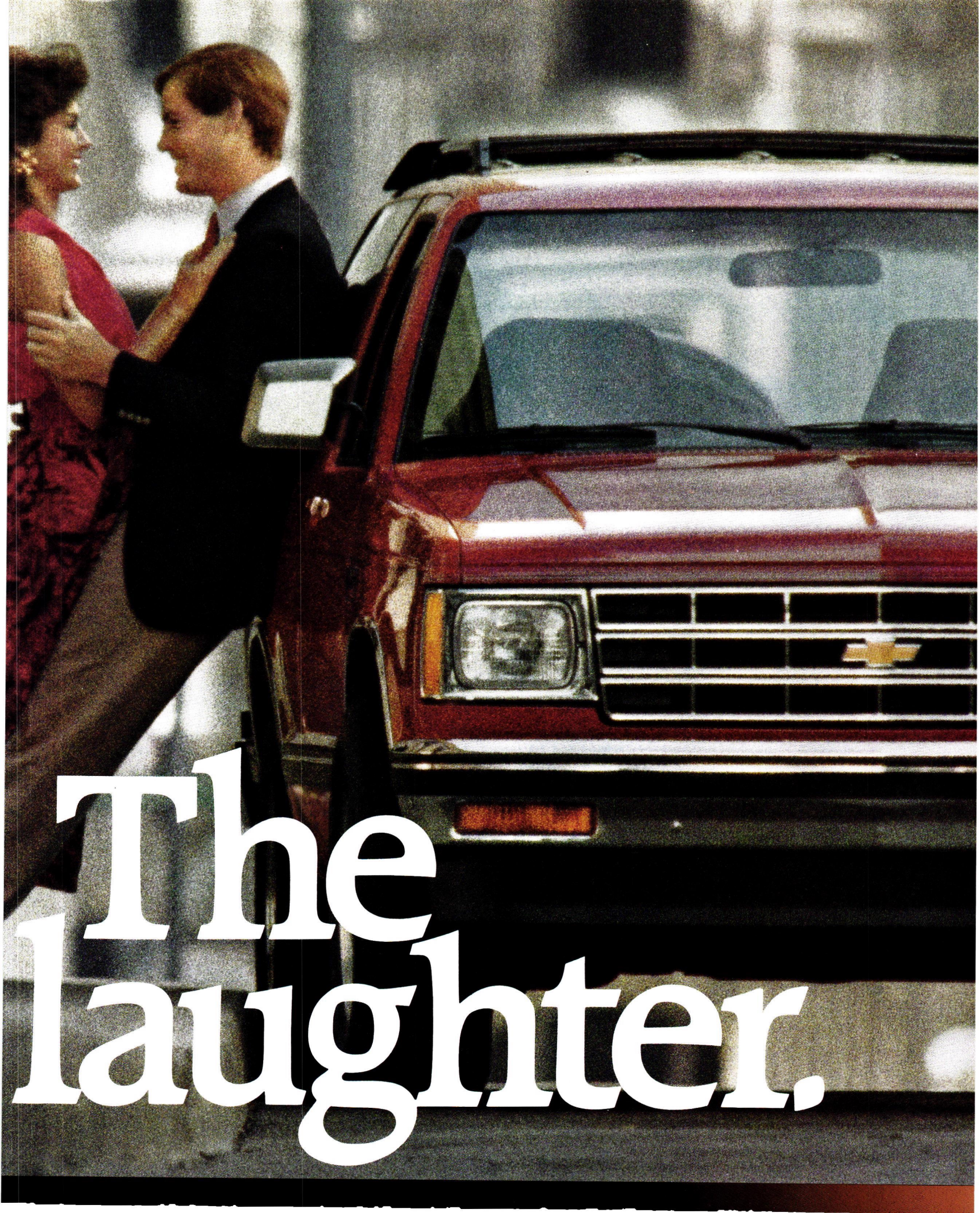

The laughter.

Couture Colors

The best walls in town sport Donald Kaufman's designer paints. By **Glenn Harrell**

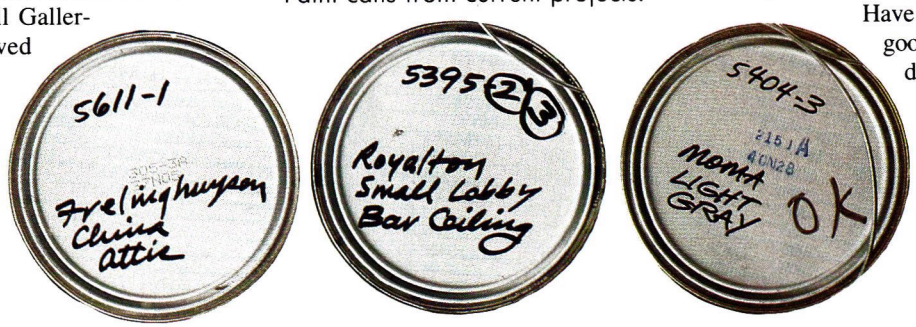
Donald Kaufman is serious about color. Back in the late sixties and early seventies when he was a bicoastal artist he painted smooth, cool Color Field canvases. During the last eleven years Kaufman and his partner (and wife), Taffy Dahl, have turned his fascination with color into a booming business, producing the richest, most reflective paints available. As interior designer Mariette Gomez effusively describes: "Donald's colors are extraordinary—they have more depth, magnitude, and subtlety than regular paints. What a luxury!"

Mixing up to twelve different pigments in a translucent base (commercial paints usually contain two or three at most), Kaufman works like a mad scientist, adding one sixty-fourth of an ounce of pigment from a revolving dispenser that resembles an old-fashioned malt-shop machine. But through all the electric stirring and whirring, each minuscule portion retains its microscopic identity. The result is a spectral subtlety, for instance, blues and purples peeking out of a red. "The effect is of luminosity in a color—light coming from within. The paint becomes a much more efficient reflecting vehicle for the light that's in the space already," declares Kaufman.

With their infinite gradations and nuances, Kaufman's complex colors have caught the sophisticated eyes of such design stars as Arata Isozaki, Philip Johnson, I. M. Pei, Charles Gwathmey, and Andrée Putman. Kaufman and Dahl work frequently with gallery owners and museum curators formulating colors that show off art. The staid Frick Collection has recently been revamped with the help of Kaufman Color, and its new neighbor, the Berry-Hill Galleries, has smartly followed suit. Summoned by fashion oracle Diana Vreeland to do the walls for the "Costumes of Royal India" exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in 1986, Kaufman and Dahl were dazzled by her keen visual sense. Recalls Dahl: "She wanted a pink to match the silk lining of a thirty-year-old Schiaparelli dressing gown and an ivory that was close to butterscotch, not cream, because that's what her old ivory bracelets look like."

Donald Kaufman, in his workroom, above, pours a gallon of paint freshly mixed from one of his favorite recipes for red.

An exotic palette, above, spices up Alexander Julian's apartment. Below: Paint cans from current projects.



Kaufman and Dahl often choose muted colors. Their small brownstone apartment is washed with a rose-flushed gray that bounces off floor-to-ceiling glass doors, a wall of exposed brick, and Kaufman's paintings. Similarly, the two-story living room of Whitney Houston's house in New Jersey hums with a multitude of buffed beiges. Different in feeling are the ultramarine hallways of Manhattan's Royalton Hotel, designed by Philippe Starck and the latest venture of entertainment impresarios Ian Schrager and Steve Rubell (for whom Kaufman colorized the Palladium in 1985). The New York apartment of fashion designer Alexander Julian was painted using a wild polychromatic palette almost as playful as the one Kaufman has devised for a Brooklyn nursery school.

Selecting a palette in consultation with color-conscious clients is essential: "All architects and designers have their own personality in the way they use color, and our job is to interpret that personality and make it work in terms of the job." Fieldwork includes evaluating light conditions and examining floor coverings, fabrics, and furniture. Dahl then works up a preliminary scheme using the 30,000 color recipes on file in the Greenwich Village office they share with florist and friend Robert Isabell. Kaufman takes this palette as the starting point for mixing new site-specific colors.

Have Kaufman and Dahl ever goofed? "We've never had a disastrous failure, but," admits Kaufman conspiratorially, "we've had a few expensive experiments." ▲

FROM TOP: GEORGE LANGE; MICHAEL MUNDY; GEORGE LANGE

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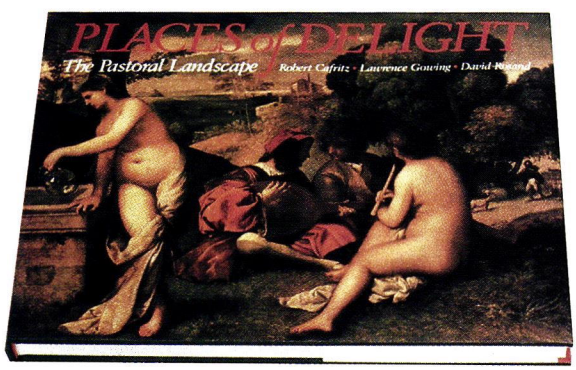
Bound for Glory

Ellen Williams picks the winners in the battle of the heavyweight art books

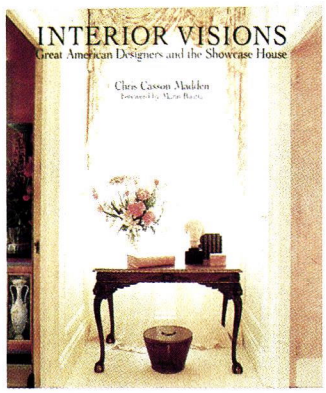
If you apply the trickle-down theory to the art market, it's no surprise, given what's happened in the auction houses, that art book prices are soaring. Though you can find some modestly priced editions that are handsome and well worth reading, many must be considered expensive art objects themselves. Here, a year-end wrap-up of the best of tomes.

Fernand Léger: The Later Years edited by Nicholas Serota (Prestel/te Neues, $40). The bold assured creations of the older artist. Joyous scenes of construction workers, picnickers, and circus life rendered in vibrant primary colors.

Illuminations of Heaven and Earth by Raymond Cazelles and Johannes Rathofer (Abrams, $95). The story of the jewel-like fifteenth-century manuscript, the *Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*. Or, for $12,405 more, you can have a complete facsimile edition (also Abrams).

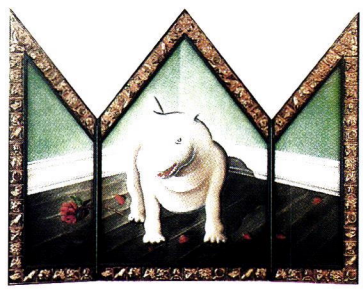


Places of Delight: The Pastoral Landscape by Robert C. Cafritz, Lawrence Gowing, David Rosand (Potter, $45). Idyllic natural worlds—lands of milk and honey—peopled by shepherds, nymphs, and satyrs from the Venetians to today with texts by distinguished art historians.



Interior Visions by Chris Casson Madden (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $45). Unfettered by client whims and budgetary restraints, the country's top designers enjoy complete freedom at work in limited-run showcase houses.

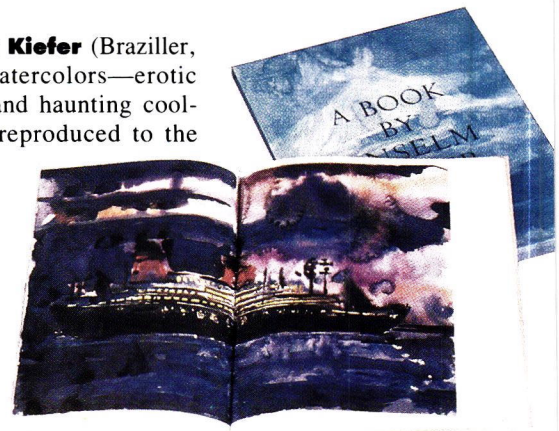
The Dog in Art from Rococo to Postmodernism by Robert Rosenblum (Abrams, $27.50). Although the cat has taken over as America's pet of choice, it is the image of the dog—in works by Manet, Giacometti, Wegman, and others—that illustrates the major social and artistic trends of the modern age (Romantic sentimentality, Marxist class conflict, Freudian symbolism) in this unusual but informative history of art.



Piero della Francesca: Poet of Form by Jacqueline and Maurice Guillaud (Potter, $100). The Arezzo frescoes depicting *The True Legend of the Cross* by a fifteenth-century painter whose noble figures have influenced such moderns as Seurat and Balthus. Striking details are reproduced on delicate onionskin paper that simulates the look and feel of plaster.

Verve: The Ultimate Review of Art and Literature, 1937–1960 by Michel Anthonioz (Abrams, $95). Reprints from the seminal French journal by the usual suspects (Sartre, Joyce, Camus, Picasso, Braque, and Miró).

A Book by Anselm Kiefer (Braziller, $60). A series of watercolors—erotic warm-toned nudes and haunting cool-toned landscapes—reproduced to the exacting standards of this modern-day German romantic.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: COURTESY STEWART, TABORI & CHANG; COLLECTION DAVID AND PENNY MCCALL, NEW YORK; JOANNA RYSNIK (4); COURTESY SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY

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BOOKS

Monet Water Lilies by Charles F. Stuckey (Hugh Lauter Levin, $75). Panoramic fold-out reproductions of the magnificent *Nymphéas* series painted at Giverny. The shimmering blues, greens, and lavenders are guaranteed to lower the blood pressure.

The Phoenicians edited by Sabatino Moscati (Abbeville, $75). The catalogue of the recent exhibition at the Palazzo Grassi in Venice. Over 700 pages, it's a daunting study of this great distant civilization—"the 'others' of ancient history, the vanquished rather than the victors."

Art Deco Tableware by Judy Spours (Rizzoli, $35). Charming industrially produced potteries made in Britain between the wars will arouse the collector in anyone. Sleek geometrics, stylized florals, fruit and animal shapes, and a racing-car teapot whose license plate reads OKT42.

William Morris by Himself edited by Gillian Naylor (New York Graphic Society, $50). The letters, essays, and poetry of the pre-Raphaelite who had a romantic preoccupation with the past and lofty ambitions for reforming the world through art and design.

Joseph Beuys: Ölfarben/Oilcolors 1936–1965 by Franz Joseph van der Grinten and Hans van der Grinten (Prestel/te Neues, $225). Forceful, evocative works from Beuys's early career, chosen with the artist before his death in 1986. A collector's item, some signed copies are still available from the publisher ($270).

Queen Mary's Dolls' House by Mary Stewart-Wilson (Abbeville, $35). A detailed tour of the opulent miniature home (five feet high, forty rooms) presented to the British royals in gratitude for their leadership during World War I. Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the mansion features a metal, rubber, and green velvet garden by Gertrude Jekyll and a bathroom tiled in mother-of-pearl.

Vermeer by Gilles Aillaud, Albert Blankert, and John Michael Montias (Rizzoli, $85). The glowing tranquil interiors belie the controversy that has surrounded the reputation of this Dutch master—the victim of forgers and ever-changing tastes—who left so few paintings behind.

Marc Chagall Arabian Nights (Prestel/te Neues, $75). Sheherazade's tales, illustrated in lithographs, are reproduced with extreme subtlety on beautiful, specially made paper and published for the first time. **Chagall Discovered** (Hugh Lauter Levin, $50). In the spirit of glasnost, dozens of previously unseen works by the Russian artist from Soviet collections.

Vuillard by Belinda Thomson (Abbeville, $45). Long known as an Intimist because of his harmoniously colored domestic interiors and portraits of sitters in their most private moments, this first monograph in years reveals Vuillard's neglected achievements as a landscape painter and interior decorator.

Marsden Hartley by Gail R. Scott (Abbeville, $55). The intensely spiritual yet thoroughly modern works—abstract and figurative—of the shy, often poverty-stricken painter, poet, and essayist.

Ukiyo-e Masterpieces in European Collections Volume 1: British Museum 1 (Kodansha, $300). The first of a twelve-part series on the delightfully lowbrow Japanese paintings and wood-block prints of the early seventeenth century which depict popular and erotic themes.

The Bakelite Jewelry Book by Corinne Davidov and Ginny Redington Dawes (Abbeville, $35). Like Fiesta ware for the body, this plastic jewelry produced cheaply during the Depression has come back, giving new meaning to the word "kitsch."

The Painted House by Graham Rust (Knopf, $60). An imaginary house—painted top to bottom by the British muralist with trompe l'oeil, faux marbre, flora, and fauna—serves as a how-to book, providing inspiration and technical advice.

Images of Fin-de-siècle Architecture and Interior Decoration by Keiichi Tahara (Kodansha, $95). A mammoth study—broad as well as deep—of the exuberant design styles of this century's birth in Europe, East and West, and in the United States. For a narrower focus: **Art Nouveau Munich** by Kathryn Bloom Hiesinger (Prestel/te Neues, $45) explores Jugendstil, the German incarnation of the aesthetic; **Hector Guimard** by Maurice Rheims (Abrams, $49.50), on the architect best known for his fanciful Paris Métro entrances; **Russian Art Nouveau** by Elena A. Borisova and Grigory Sternin (Rizzoli, $95), the first Western book devoted entirely to this opulent style in prerevolutionary interiors and exteriors. ▲

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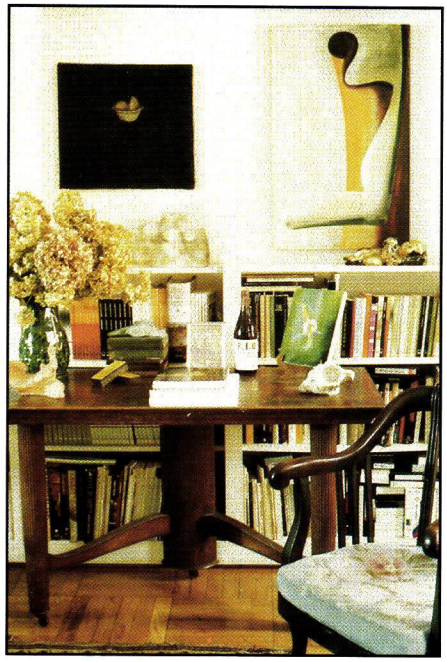

COLLECTING

Talent Scouts

Collins and Milazzo have the premier collection of post-1985 art, claims **Dodie Kazanjian**

Art world insiders know Collins and Milazzo as independent curators and critics. Tricia Collins and Richard Milazzo sprang out of nowhere in the early 1980s in much the same way the East Village art scene did. In no time they were organizing group exhibitions, making connections between artists and dealers, and issuing their pronouncements on recent art. Not many people know, however, that they are also obsessive collectors of the new art they write about.

Their collection now numbers nearly a thousand paintings, sculptures, and indeterminate objects, the majority of them by the very latest generation of artists. This may well be the world's most comprehensive collection of post-1985 art, a highly cerebral mixture informed by ideas so fresh that they're scarcely dry. For Collins and Milazzo, this is an ideal situation because it means they themselves can be engaged in the continuing evolution of this new work.

In their modestly scaled apartment, a third-floor walk-up in the East Village, the profusion of artwork is subject to rigorous curatorial standards. Works by Saint Clair Cemin, Haim Steinbach, the Starn Twins, Peter Halley, John Armleder, Peter Nagy, Nancy Shaver, and others are set in context with works by artists whom Collins and Milazzo refer to as the "young old masters"—such as Ross Bleckner, Robert Longo, and Richard Prince.

"Everybody has been talking about this new work as conceptual," says Milazzo. "But the conceptual art of the mid to late eighties is certainly not the conceptual art of the seventies. A lot of the work we're interested in is involved with concepts, but it's not visually uninteresting. We look for work that has thought behind it, and we like to explain what it means and enjoy it also."

For instance, take Peter Halley's five-by-four-foot painting in their art-clogged study, *Black Cell with Conduit*. It's an abstract painting with a representational element, a conduit which is a sign for a transmission of any kind. There is also the huge *Dalton Sled* by Salvatore Scarpitta hanging in the hall; it signifies not only physical transportation but spiritual or metaphysical as well.

Collins and Milazzo, whose conversational energy is so intense that they keep interrupting each other, scorn the blanket term Neo Geo in discussing the new art.

"The Neo Geo thing really applies to one person—Peter Halley," Milazzo says. "It's very much a term that got out of . . ."

"It doesn't exist," says Collins. "This is a rich and noncategorical time."

A hand-painted table with three carved columnar legs, above, is lined with works by Saint Clair Cemin, Joseph Beuys, and Ross Bleckner. Hanging are Kevin Larmon's *Blue Table* (at left) and Gary Stephan's *No Title*. Right: Tricia Collins and Richard Milazzo with Not Vital's *Paw* sculpture.

Stacked books on Victorian piano stool, left, sit in front of Robert Longo lithograph. Right: Antiques in the living room get a jolt from Joel Fisher's sculpture on a pedestal, John Armleder's yellow *Progressive Dorian* (above door), Joel Otterson's standing sculpture, and Richard Prince photograph on wall.

OBERTO GILI

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by

emanuel ungaro

parfums ungaro
paris · new york

"It is absolutely one of the best times in the twentieth century," adds Milazzo. "It's not pluralism. It's an intense hybridization where artists are influencing one another. This period has been very selective and distinguished by thoughtfulness. It's not afraid of beauty. It doesn't see beauty as being bourgeois or decorative. We're talking about a difficult beauty—the beauty of pleasure derived from understanding."

"We spent our honeymoon going to museums"

Some people think Collins and Milazzo are talking through their hats, but others are impressed and intrigued. Yale has appointed them senior critics and asked them to give a seminar this semester at its school of art. The title is Hyperframes: A Post-Appropriation Discourse. As Paula Cooper, one of the most respected SoHo dealers, says, "They're trying to do something different. I think the group shows they've put on make you want to see more work by those artists—they've opened up new avenues of thought."

These talent scouts for the newest art did not set out to be tastemakers. Tricia Collins, age 38, comes from Tallahassee. Her father had political ambitions, and she spent part of her youth as a page in the Florida legislature; she moved to New York in 1979. Richard Milazzo, age 39, the son of a barber in Astoria, Queens, has a master's degree in literature from City College. They met in 1982 and started a magazine together: *Effects: Magazine for New Art Theory*. By the time they got married later that year, they were both obsessed with art. "We spent our honeymoon going to museums in New York City."

In addition to putting out *Effects* (which only lasted through three issues) they wrote for art journals, met a lot of young artists, and plugged into the rapidly developing East Village art scene. Their living room became a meeting place for Halley, Koons, Bleckner, and many other artists, some of whom were also running small East Village galleries. Collins and Milazzo began organizing group shows for these galleries in 1984.

"We knew two generations by then," says Collins. "The older folks, such as Ross Bleckner and Richard Prince, and the younger folks, such as Peter Nagy, and they hadn't cross-fertilized yet."

Collins and Milazzo firmly believe that a lot of the cross-fertilization came about through their efforts. They introduced artists to galleries (for instance, Saint Clair Cemin to Massimo Audiello), and they worked to develop a context in which the work of Ross Bleckner, for example, could exert its powerful influence on the work of younger artists. In the process they acquired four Bleckners, twelve Cemins, and a host of works by other artists who were also their friends. Many more works of art than they could fit covered the walls and floor spaces of their apartment. Their bedroom became a storage room; they sleep in an alcove. Continuing purchases have required the rental of outside storage space. Their long-range plan is to have their own museum, a sort of institute for critical studies. Collins and Milazzo think that writing about the work and showing the work are sometimes not enough—it's necessary to own it.

"You get to know a work of art in the most intimate and the clearest possible way if you're looking at it all the time, and you also experience it in relationship to other pieces in the collection," says Milazzo.

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COLLECTING

"We have two Jasper Johns prints," Collins remarks, "but his work doesn't mean the same thing to me. It may in a distant and historical way, but most of what we collect has very much to do with our lives."

David Salle was already too expensive when they began collecting. "David Salle is a very important artist," Collins says. "We'd love to have one."

What about Anselm Kiefer, who is currently being billed as the artist of the century?

Milazzo: "That's wrong. That's wrong. We beg to differ."

Collins: "Ross Bleckner and Peter Halley hold a more important place. I think that Ross is the answer to Jasper Johns."

Milazzo: "Anselm Kiefer has painted the paintings that Joseph Beuys refused to paint—that is, painting was just too bourgeois for him."

The late Joseph Beuys is the only artist in their collection whom they did not know personally. But he is a powerful presence nonetheless in their living room. The latest Beuys is *Capri-Batterie,* a light bulb plugged into a lemon—the lemon has to be changed every one thousand hours. Collins and Milazzo are currently in pursuit of multiples by Beuys. They're also very high on Salvatore Scarpitta, a sculptor who has shown at the Castelli Gallery for thirty years without achieving much recognition. Scarpitta's best-known works are futuristic racing cars and primitive-looking sleds made of chair parts, broomsticks, obstetrical gowns, and leather and wood resin.

"This period isn't afraid of beauty. It doesn't see beauty as being bourgeois or decorative"

The "difficult beauty" of the art that Collins and Milazzo admire is matched by their own impenetrable prose style. Do they care that, for many people, their criticism is difficult to understand?

Collins and Milazzo (simultaneously): "No!"

Collins: "The writing is written to avoid . . ."

Milazzo: ". . . discardability. It's not meant to be read once and then discarded. It's meant to be read more than once."

Collins: "We don't want the writing understood . . . . It's funny, the writing makes people extremely angry, but it represents important things for us. A reservoir of thoughtfulness, of really wrestling with philosophical and cultural issues."

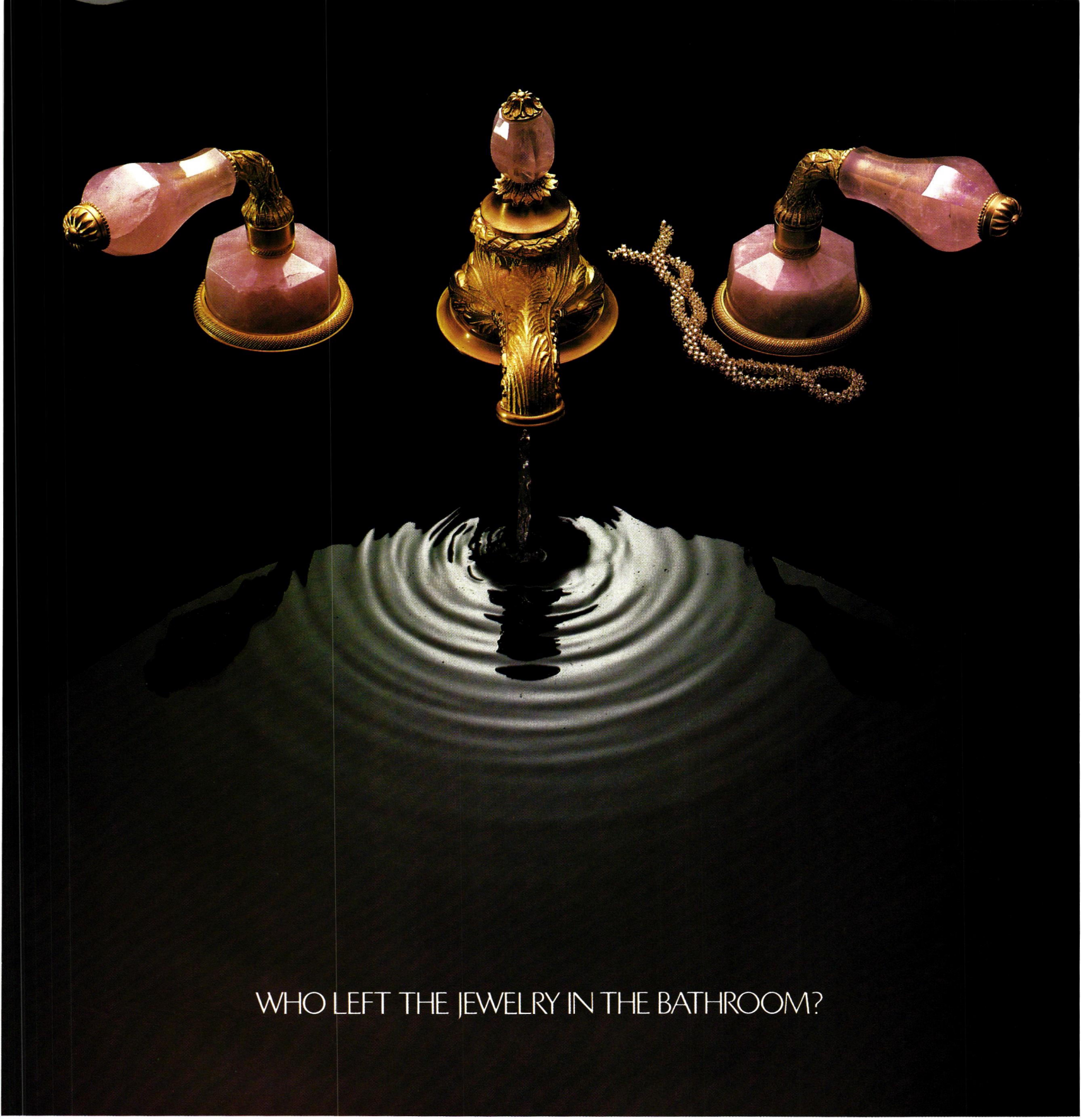
Milazzo: "We don't want to say anything about a work of art that stops that work of art . . ."

Collins: ". . . that sums it up. Because then it can be cast away."

Milazzo: "In the writing and in the shows we try to reconstruct a sense of the way in which the meaning of a work of art is inexhaustible."

In talking with these two inexhaustible and by no means bashful critics, it becomes very clear that they see themselves as much more than observers.

"It may be the case," says Milazzo, "that institutions or individuals who, supposedly, are not creative, actually do create something . . . . The combination, the context, the bringing together of relationships is the essence of our work. That's our cultural contribution." ▲



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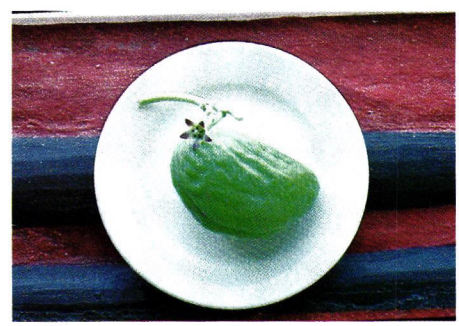
SHERLE WAGNER
NOTHING IS SO RARE AS PERFECTION.

Paradise by the Week

Christopher Petkanas discovers the perfect hideaway in Saint Barts



Clockwise from top: Caribbean style; Feric children Rebecca, Richard; vegetal still life, for looking only; a room of the villa, part of a projected community.

This month Saint Barts bolts into the high season, that mercenary time of year which keeps the island flush and vacationers on line for a seat at the bar. But although no one celebrates the cosmic prices, the high cost of holidaying there has kept it relatively rural (wild dunebacked beaches, roller coaster country roads) and exclusive (Harrison Ford, Princess Caroline of Monaco). Saint Barts is also tiny—eight square miles—and a monster to get to. With no direct flights from the states, travelers are forced to take a chilling ten-minute connecting hop in a propeller plane from Saint Martin. All of which conspires to keep the riffraff away. Now if only all those French building entrepreneurs would back off.

Stylish and rather superior, Saint Barts has another seductive attraction in its exquisitely simple, typically West Indian villas, like the one lived in year-round by ex-Parisians Catherine and Pero Feric, who run the Hermès shop on the island. The couple also owns a second property, available for rent, that surpasses the luxurious privacy, relaxed charm, and friendly Caribbean exoticism of their own. The Ferics calculated that visitors to Saint Barthélemy, as the French island is formally known, would want to stay in houses that are stylistically faithful to the island vernacular. After cocktails and lunch at the Pointe-Milou rental on the Côte au Vent, there's ritual stewing in the whirlpool tub sunk into a terrace cantilevered over a steep drop that vanishes into the sea. And from the tub it's only a few paces into a mahogany four-poster for a siesta under an eyelet coverlet and a cool veil of mosquito netting.

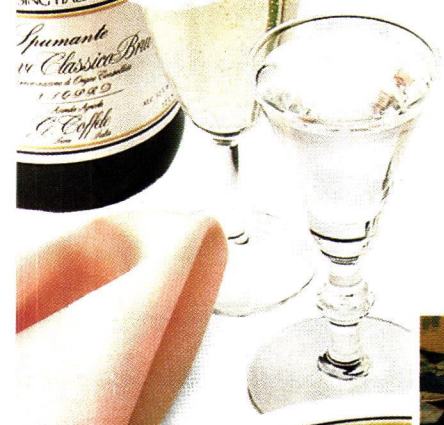
"Americans adore Saint Barts because they rediscover the flavor of France," reasons Catherine Feric, "yet since nearly everyone is bilingual, you're not obliged to speak French. And the beaches—you could be in Normandy, Brittany, even Ireland. Life is lived outdoors on Saint Barts. We have lunch when the sun is high and dinner by moonlight. We have electricity, but our greatest pleasure is to use hurricane lamps, and we all sleep with our doors open."

Like their own home, the Ferics' Côte au Vent property, wedged into a cliff with a heart-catching water view, is built in the severe, stolid style of native fishermen's shelters of the last century. Breton settlers, Catherine says, would have lived in just such a *case* (Creole for house), designed with a pitched roof and thick walls to resist the wind and offer refuge from the punishing heat. Four thousand dollars a week rents the Ferics' six-room villa.

The person responsible for finding suitable tenants is Brook Lacour of Sibarth, Saint Barts's top real estate agency. Write to Sibarth at Boîte Postal 55, Gustavia, Saint Barthélemy 97133, French West Indies (phone 590-27-62-38; fax 590-27-70-52).

During the low season (April 16–December 14) the population on the island shrinks from 5,000 to 3,800. And the Ferics get right in the shrinking mode, cutting their prices by 25 percent—a bargain for those who believe that in the tarnished tiara of the Caribbean Saint Barts is the last jewel with any sparkle. ▲

ALAN GINSBURG



At first she thought it was the Golden Alaska Caviar, or the chilled vodka. But when his face took on that ear to ear grin, the one she hadn't seen for a while, she knew it was more.

"Let's get married," he said.

"We're already married," she said.

"Again," he said.

And over Pink Lobster Bisque and Peppered Canneloni they laughed and planned a shipboard wedding.

And when the last morsel of Royal Pheasant was gone, when the Gateau Napoleon had been reduced to crumbs, it was written in stone.

Wednesday morning, on the ssCostaRiviera, somewhere between Grand Cayman and Cozumel, Lido Deck aft, David and Jennie Curland got married again. A waiter, Giovanni D'Angelo, stood up for David. The Chief Purser, Lorenzo Dasso, gave the bride away. And Captain Elio Mandrilli pronounced them man and wife.

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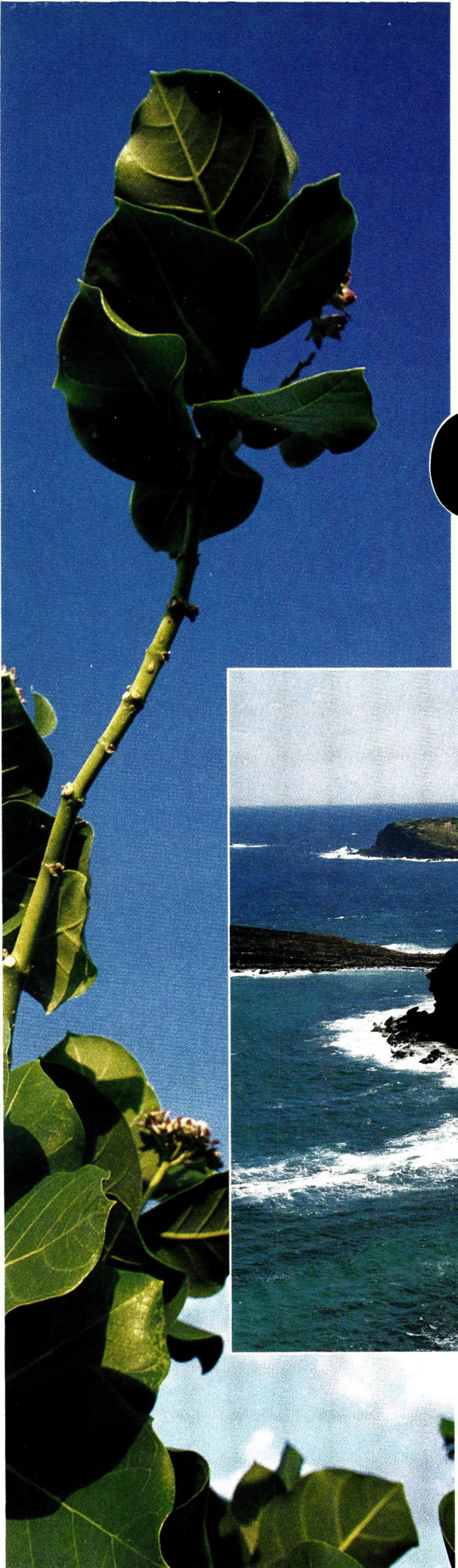
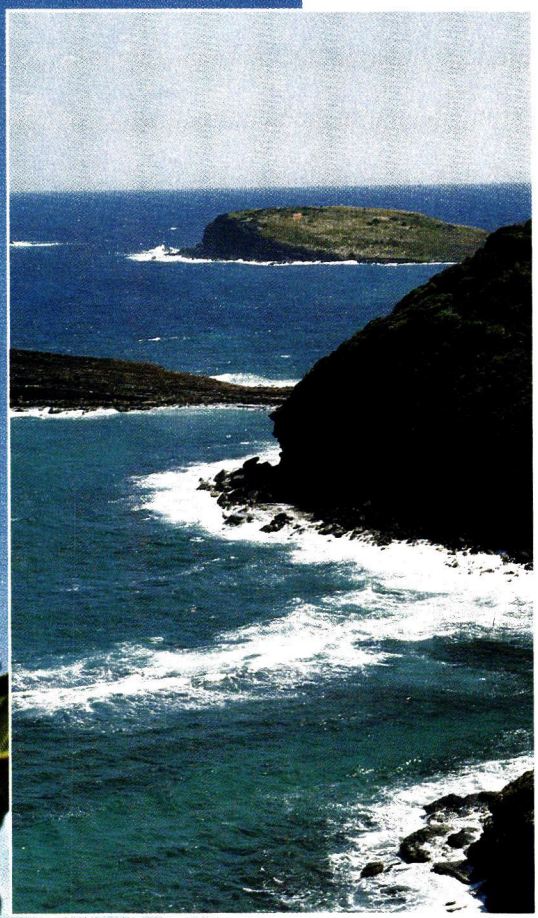
Paradise for Rent

Diane Lilly di Costanzo cruises the Caribbean for the best villas under the sun

Although few would deny that travel is an edifying and worthy pursuit, it's not always relaxing. The honest among us will admit to bouts of travel-induced tedium *en voyage*, but although enthusiasm wanes in the face of the ninth Grecian ruin, the tenth Napa Valley vineyard, we troop around to see them anyway while harboring a secret desire to settle into a low-slung beach chair, toes in the sand, indulging in some blissful hard-won idleness.





Sea grapes, left, abound on the rocky cliffs of Saint Barts, above.

Sand, warm seas, and sunny days aside, the best thing about the Caribbean is that there's precious little sightseeing required: blissful idleness, none of it hard-won, is the order of the day, every day. And as a perfect, *private* tonic against world-weariness, more and more travelers are renting private villas. By the week or for the season, the private villa has clear advantages over other island shelters: none of the chilly impersonality of a hotel; none of the obligations of being a houseguest; none of the mortgage payments of your own vacation home. At the island airport, as others wedge themselves onboard buses bound for sprawling hotels, you simply jump in a jeep that's come to collect you and, as you pass through the villa gates, yank them closed behind you.

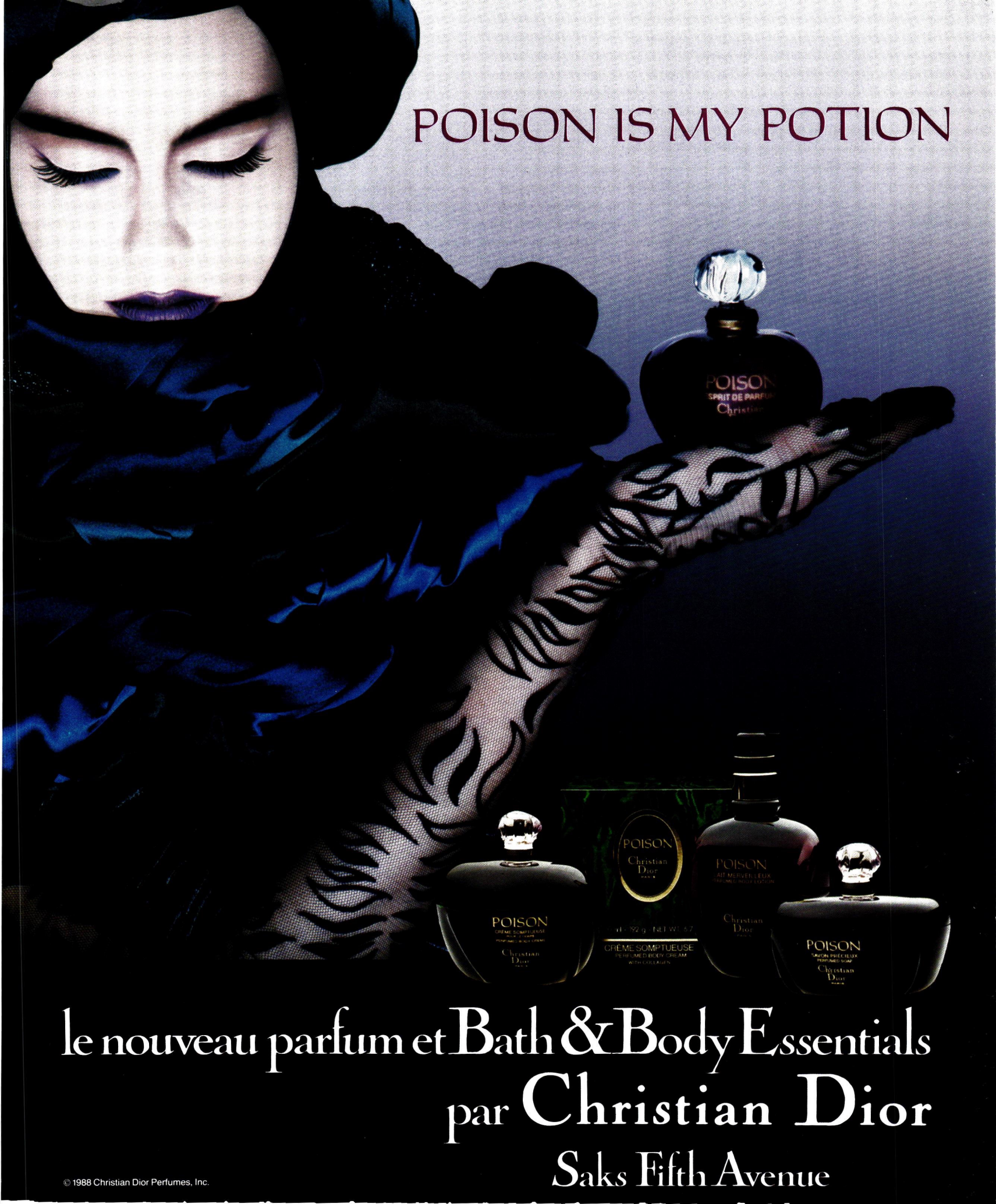
If there's a hitch to hiring paradise, it needn't be the price. Properties such as the pleasant two-bedroom Banana House on Saint Lucia rent for $260 a day for four people (prices quoted throughout are in-season, generally mid December through April). Built of weathered wood with a stone terrace, it comes complete with a maid, a pretty swimming pool, and a balcony overlooking the sea.

The only catch to these great rentals is that decidedly American condition best expressed by the French as an *embarras de richesse*. There are sugar plantations, gingerbread cottages, and palatial Moorish follies. There's Blue Harbour, Noël Coward's former Jamaican estate. Backed by a thick grove of coconut palms overlooking the sea, with a private beach and pool, Blue Harbour rents for about $4,000 a week and accommodates up to twenty people in three villas. Or there's Les Jolies Eaux on Mustique, Princess Margaret's stucco getaway, all mint and peach on the interior, that she visits infrequently and rents for about $6,000 a week. Or the lovely Ridge Estate on Jamaica, perched 800 feet above Discovery Bay and surrounded by 1,000 acres of land, which sleeps eight and rents for $2,620 a week including a maid, cook, and gardener.

Fortunately, agencies representing hundreds of rental properties help prospective travelers whittle away the bounty. Typically, once you've established your requirements, the agency sends along information, including prices and pictures on a dozen or so options. When you reply with your choices, they'll contact the villa owner for availability. To confirm the reservation, send a deposit within a week or so. Sometimes a nonrefundable payment of half the rental fee is requested before you take possession, as well as a refundable security deposit.

Before you commit, the best agents will prompt you to arrange through them any additional amenities. Will you need a jeep? A

ALAN GINSBURG



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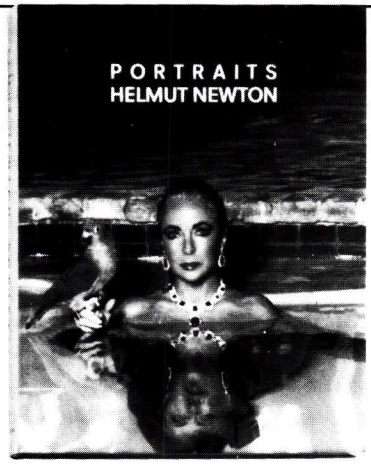

Margaux Hemingway bared. Paloma Picasso bored. Helmut Berger frontal. Grace Jones rear. Julian Schnabel starry-eyed. Raquel Welch attacked. David Lee Roth in chains. Sigourney Weaver in drag.

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stroller? A Windsurfer? Ultimately, though, it's up to the renter to confirm conditions not spelled out. Is there air conditioning, a telephone, a TV, a VCR? The housekeeping fee is usually included in the price, but how much should you expect to pay for daily laundry service, meals, a nanny?

The better agents know the properties and can cut through the purple prose of the travel brochures. Claire Packman, for instance, president of At Home Abroad, is refreshingly plainspoken. She or her general manager has visited almost all of the hundreds of Caribbean properties they represent. "It's not my inclination to overembellish them to clients," she says. "People frequently tell me, 'It was so much better than you described.' " One of Packman's favorite villas is Mullin's Mill on Barbados. Built on the foundations of a sugar plantation, the mill's stone tower is now a bedroom. The great house and guest cottages sleep twelve in all and rent for about $1,375 a night.

Caribbean Home Rentals is another agency that knows its properties. Timothy Roney, the agency's enthusiastic manager, can speak endlessly on the villas and the Caribbean in general. "We're prepared to be quite specific," he reports. "If Mrs. So-and-So asks how many sinks there are in the downstairs powder room, we can answer that."

CHR's master list of one thousand properties on thirty islands in the Caribbean gives Roney ample fodder. The offerings run the gamut in architectural style. Freed from the proprieties of the motherland—or perhaps, simply addled by the heat—colonial architects seemed to have let their hair down there. On Barbados alone you'll find the massive Heron Bay, a coral-stone Palladian-style estate; the odd Cyclades-inspired whitewashed villa or two; a snug half-timber mock-Tudor mansion.

Mustique, too, has its share of architectural wonders available through the islands' Mustique Company. Lord Glenconner, who was one of the first to develop the island, rents his scaled-down version of the Taj Mahal. The six-bedroom estate, with a great house and outlying cottages, goes for $9,000 a week. Down the coastline is Fort Shandy, a four-bedroom stone affair built on the ramparts of an eighteenth-century fort that commands impressive views and $5,200 a week.

Sifting through brochures for island forts and castles is not a bad way to pass a wretched February evening, but eventually you might wish to forgo the rental agency and contact a villa owner directly. In exchange for choice you'll get an expedient agency-less transaction and sometimes a better price.

"Agencies charge up to thirty percent more than what the owner requests," says Richard Leslie, who rents Aurora, his three-bedroom villa on Saint John in the Virgin Islands for about $2,850 a week for six people. To connect with a villa owner, be alert to the ads in the travel section of *The New York Times*, city magazines, and alumni magazines that list an owner as a contact.

If your needs run to an entire village, there's a secluded cluster of beachfront cottages, called Le Village de Lorient on Saint Barthélemy, that are built in the style of the original Norman villages on the island. The price fluctuates according to the number of guests. Up to fifteen can be accommodated.

And finally, if you want to rent an entire island, David Kendall of Villas International can recommend Necker Island, owned and operated by Richard Branson, founder of Virgin Records and Virgin Atlantic Airways. Branson has built a sprawling estate that sits atop the island, accommodates twenty, and rents for $7,500 a day. Necker is difficult to find, but according to Kendall's map, it's near Beef and Scrub Islands—if that helps. Island broker Bob Douglas explains its appeal: "You can buy a 600,000-acre Texas ranch and ride for days on horseback, but eventually you'll come to a piece of barbed wire," he says. "When you buy an island, you own a kingdom from shore to shore."

Villa Rentals

Agencies or owners to contact for villa rentals in the Caribbean.

At Home Abroad
Sutton Town House, 405 East 56 St., Suite 6H, New York, NY 10022; (212) 421-9165

Aurora
Contact Richard Leslie (212) 874-2942

Blue Harbour
Box 770, Questa, NM 87556
(505) 586-1244

Caribbean Home Rentals
Box 710, Palm Beach, FL 33480
(407) 833-4454

Island Villas
14A Caravelle Arcade, Christiansted
Saint Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands 00820
(809) 773-8821

Mustique Company
c/o Resorts Management, Carriage House
201½ East 29 St., New York, NY 10016
(212) 696-4566

Le Village de Lorient
Contact Barbara Baumann (212) 724-9855

Villas International
71 West 23 St., New York, NY 10010
(212) 929-7585

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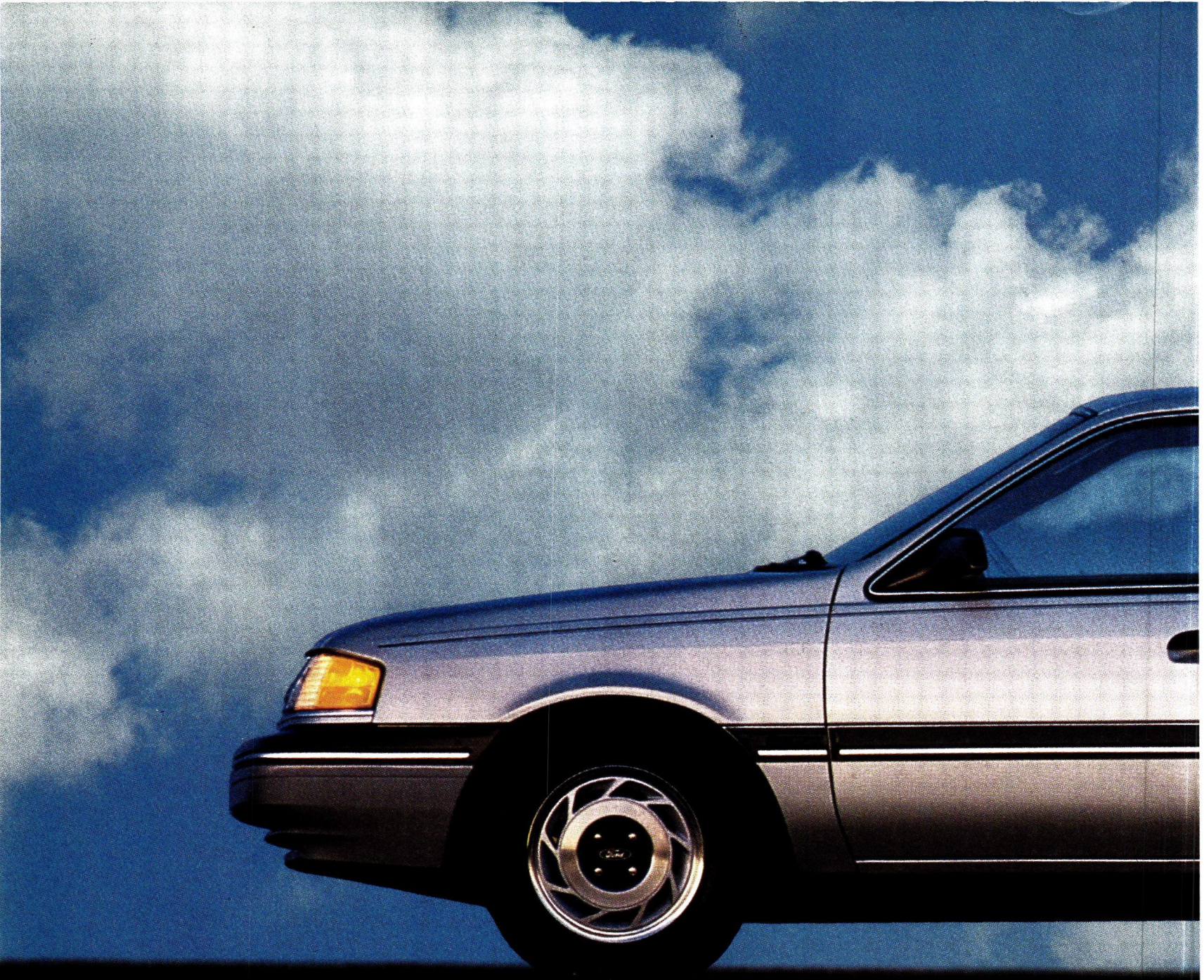

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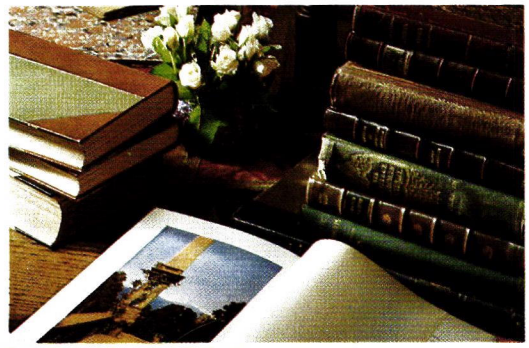
William Bryant Logan unearths the best sources for books, pamphlets, and assorted arcana

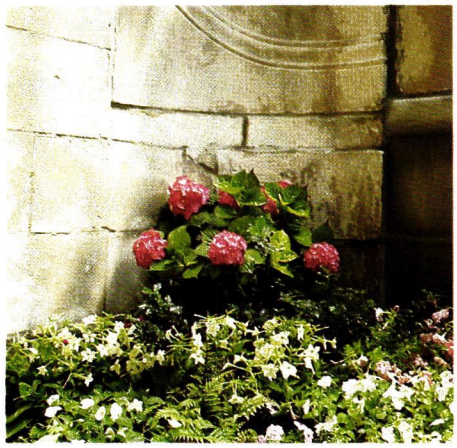


At this time of year, wrote Karel Čapek in *The Gardener's Year* (1929), the flowers that bloom are the ice flowers on the windowpane. So, too, do the flowers in books.

We are habituated to new books and new catalogues, but in the last decade quite a number of gardeners have discovered a passion for old garden books, ruralia, botanical volumes, and even seed catalogues, beginning perhaps with a modest hankering for first editions by Gertrude Jekyll and William Robinson, then venturing into an area of arcana that can lead to a search for, say, that peculiar little 1840s pamphlet on hermetic beekeeping. Now, thinks the collector, what was its title?

For more than four decades people with such burning questions have been talking to Elisabeth Woodburn of Hopewell, New Jersey. "I am known as the doyenne of garden booksellers," she says, "so you can tell how many gray hairs I've got." She lives in a converted barn with her husband, children's book author Keith Robertson, her old dog, Wisk, and about 14,000 books. "I know most people move to a smaller house when they retire," she laughs. "But we moved to a larger one." Her husband has taken up collecting books about poker, "in self-defense."

Jane Stubbs and pugs, left, in her new Madison Avenue shop. Above: The view of the top shelf of Stubbs Books & Prints.



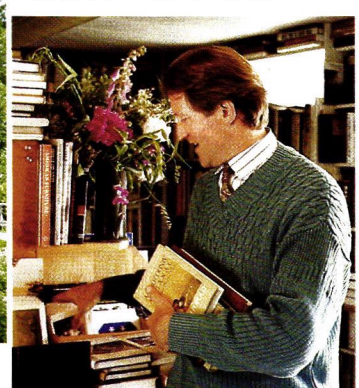
Above: Hydrangeas flank the entrance of V. L. Green's East 76th Street shop.

Woodburn's vast stock includes eighteenth-century French books with engraved views of landscape gardens, English herbals, accounts by plant hunters, and monographs. Her own passion, however, is the history of the American garden.

She speaks warmly and with pleasure about the books she loves even if she can't find them. For more than forty years she has pursued traces of Martha Logan's *A Gardener's Kalendar* (c. 1756), a pamphlet that is referred to in advertising of the period but which has never surfaced. If it did, it would be the oldest American gardening book extant. Sometimes, on the other hand, a book pops to hand when least expected, as back in the middle 1950s when Woodburn was browsing the third subbasement of a London bookseller ("that's where they always keep garden books") and discovered among a whole row of tomes by an English garden writer named Bradley a single shining misfiled American volume: J. B. Bordley's *Essays and Notes on Husbandry and Rural Affairs* (1799), a lovely rare farm book.

The major specialists usually cover a broad spectrum of the gardening and landscape fields, but each has a weakness for certain topics. Jane Stubbs loves the 21 different cahiers of landscape-garden views published by Le Rouge in 1776–89, particularly the rare number 13, devoted to the Désert de Retz. She is also fond of illustrated Victorian books on floral home decoration. James Hinck of Anchor & Dolphin admires German garden design, in particular *Kleine und Grosse Gärten* by Harry Maasz, with illustrations in a style at once precise and poetic. His wife, Ann Marie Wall, favors books on Italian gardens, such as Forbes's *Architectural Gardens of Italy* (1902), with many photographs of gardens that have since de-

Nancy McCabe landscaped the entrance, left, to her husband's shop in Connecticut. Below: Mike McCabe at Lion's Head.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: MICHAEL MUNDY (3); PETER MARGONELLI; PETER C. JONES

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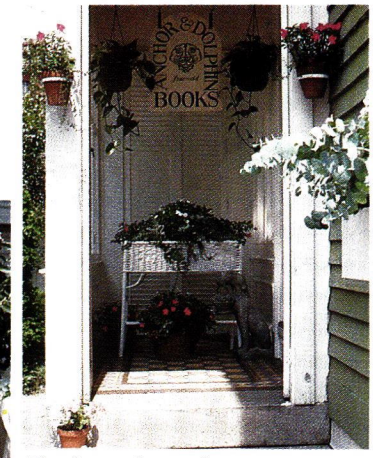
GARDENING

clined or disappeared. Joan Gers of V. L. Green has an eclectic sensibility that embraces H. Inigo Triggs's *The Art of Garden Design in Italy* (1906) and a 1920s American greenhouse catalogue.

While some collectors look purely for the finest color plates or engravings, and certain older European books command absurd four-figure prices, most garden book collectors are unusual in that they seek treasures for their utility as much as their beauty. Often a practical need or established interest leads the way, as in the case of Jerry Wilson. Trained as a forester, Wilson counts Lambert's *The Genus Pinus* in his collection, one of the finest nineteenth-century English botanic books, illustrated by Sowerby and the great Baueur brothers. For his garden design business he acquires editions of Jekyll and Robinson; and for his work as a nurseryman, seeking out older flowers such as auriculas to bring back into popular cultivation, he has bought Morin's *Les Fleurs* (1671) and a complete run of the early nineteenth-century magazine *Herbier de l'Amateur de Fleurs*, with illustrations by Redouté's pupil Bessa.



The front door of Anchor & Dolphin, above, in Newport. Left: Outside the shop.

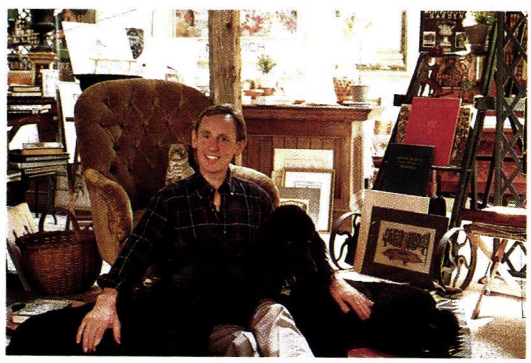
Sometimes, a collecting interest opens for the collector a whole forgotten chapter of garden design. B. June Hutchinson's love of Victorian literature embraces work from Andrew Jackson Downing's *Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening* (1841) forward from the nineteenth century. The emphasis on integration of house and garden and the exuberant play between nature and culture has influenced her own way of gardening. It is also her delight to find books written clearly and elegantly such as Frank Jessup Scott's *The Art of Beautifying Suburban Home Grounds* and Susan Fenimore Cooper's *Rural Hours*.

Garden pleasures need not pass with the last leaves of autumn

The ranks of committed collectors have swelled over the past decade, and so has the number of booksellers who specialize in assisting them. Catalogues from important sellers, such as Anchor & Dolphin, Stubbs Books & Prints, V. L. Green Booksellers, Landscape Books, American Botanist, Pomona Book Exchange, England's Daniel Lloyd, and, of course, Elisabeth Woodburn, are the first things that the collector snatches from any pile of fresh mail. In Anchor & Dolphin's experience a good proportion of the stock listed in a new catalogue may be gone after a few days and eighty percent in weeks. Should a catalogue appear while a collector is on vacation he must bemoan fate, and even if he is quick he may miss by an hour.

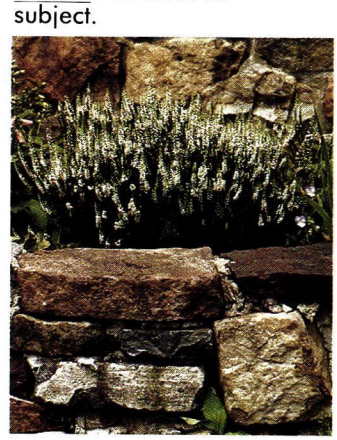
Some booksellers rely more on their stores than on catalogues. In New Preston, Connecticut, Timothy Mawson has a shop that is as much like a garden as a bookstore. His taste includes the Victorian and the English, and his shop is a welter of aesthetically pleasing books, topiary, botanical prints, potpourri, vintage watering cans, and beautiful nineteenth-century estate pots that he has had reproduced for sale.

Mike McCabe, at Lion's Head Books in Salisbury, Connecticut, started with a general interest book shop only to find that within a couple of years his garden designer wife,



Englishman Timothy Mawson, above, moved to Connecticut to open his shop, right. Below: Outside his shop.

Elisabeth Woodburn, right, in the garden surrounding her shop. Below: Her favorite subject.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY (2); RICHARD DUNKLEY (2); MICHAEL MUNDY (3)

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Nancy McCabe, and his customers' tastes led him to a very sizable garden collection focusing on twentieth-century new and used books.

Rising interest in the field brings more and more books to light and makes them more readily available, from that almost priceless original Humphry Repton volume to the USDA's 1904 pamphlet, *The Usefulness of the American Toad*. Garden pleasures need not pass with the last leaves of autumn since the leaves do not fall from books.

Garden Books

American Botanist
D. Keith Crotz
1103 West Truitt Ave.
Chillicothe, IL 61523
(309) 274-5254

Anchor & Dolphin Books
James A. Hinck, Ann Marie Wall
30 Franklin St., Box 823
Newport, RI 02840
(401) 846-6890

V. L. Green Booksellers
Virginia Green, Joan Gers
19 East 76 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 439-9194

Hurley Books
Henry Hurley
RR1, Box 160, Rte. 12
Westmoreland, NH 03467
(603) 399-4342

Landscape Books
Jane Robie
Box 483
Exeter, NH 03833
(603) 964-9333

Lion's Head Books
Mike McCabe
Academy St.
Salisbury, CT 06068
(203) 435-9328

Lloyds of Kew
Daniel Lloyd
9 Mortlake Terrace
Kew, Surrey TW9 3DT
940-2512

Timothy Mawson Books & Prints
New Preston, CT 06777
(203) 868-0732

Pomona Book Exchange
H. Frederick Janson
Hwy. 52
Rockton, Ontario L0R 1X0
(519) 621-8897

Quest Rare Books
Gretl Meier
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(415) 324-3119

Redwood City Seed Company
Craig Dremann
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Redwood City, CA 94064
(415) 325-7333

Savoy Books
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Box 271, Bailey Rd.
Lanesborough, MA 01237
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Second Life Books
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Lanesborough, MA 01237
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Wilkerson Books
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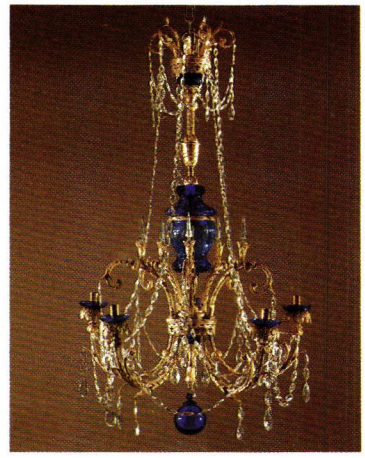
Light Fantastic

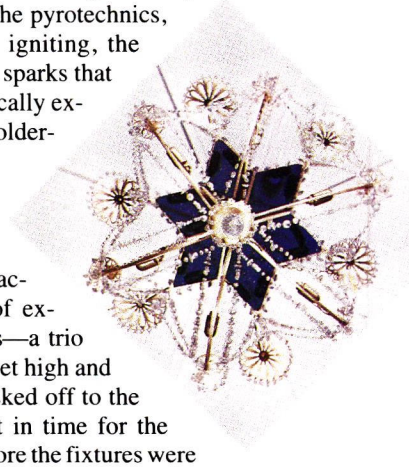
Nothing holds a candle to 18th-century Russia's glorious chandeliers, says **Margot Guralnick**



Suspended from thirty-foot-high ceilings, their gilded bronze arms quivering with crystals, chandeliers shed light—and molten wax—on eighteenth-century spectacles of the most aristocratic sort. A descendant of the medieval iron hoop with spikes for candles, the chandelier came into its own, appropriately enough, during the Enlightenment, when tallow and beeswax were still precious commodities, albeit not very efficient or pleasant smelling. Candles guttered, smoked, and spewed so much grime that the French used the analogy "like a wooden chandelier" to refer to someone or something utterly filthy. In the 1850s, plaited wicks and paraffin remedied the situation, but until then, ample light remained such a luxury throughout Europe that shrewd ladies-in-waiting supported themselves on the sale of half-used wax tapers salvaged from royal dumpsters.

Candle technology may have lagged, but chandelier design sped ahead in the sixteenth century when Italian craftsmen hit upon the idea of covering bare-bones ceiling fixtures in frilly coats of Venetian glass. Though briefly overshadowed, the French followed suit with their own extraordinary gilded- and chased-bronze contraptions, which evolved, during Louis XV's era, into fantastic upside-down wedding-cake shapes crowded with rock-crystal pendants.

Though ostensibly less fond of flash than their overseas neighbors, the English and Irish produced scene-stealing multiarmed chandeliers of clear glass and silvered brass. Seizing an opportunity to outshine his predecessors, George III insisted that 3,000 candles be lit within half a minute at the start of his coronation in 1761. To heighten the drama, guests were forced to grope their way into a dark hall, and as the royal party approached, a gunpowder-laced fuse magnificently torched dozens of chandeliers. The pyrotechnics, however, didn't stop there. On igniting, the fuse emitted such a downpour of sparks that the king arrived to a crowd frantically extinguishing flaming wigs and smoldering silk gowns.



Nineteenth-century maharajas, with limitless purses and a love for the overly ornamental, inspired British lighting manufacturers to achieve new heights of excess. Their most massive efforts—a trio of crystal chandeliers, each 42 feet high and bearing 248 candles—were whisked off to the Jai Vilas palace in Gwalior just in time for the Prince of Wales's 1874 visit. Before the fixtures were strung into place, three elephants were hoisted onto the palace roof and left standing there for several days to test whether the structure could withstand such tonnage.

Surprisingly, with all this opulence vying for the limelight, it was the late-eighteenth-century Russians, famous for mimicking everything French, who nonetheless produced some of the most stunningly original chandeliers of all time. Inspired by the superb craftsmanship and pristine formality of the fixtures that dangled throughout Versailles, Saint Petersburg's imperial gilders and glassmakers took off on their own

Clockwise from top right: Fountain form, c. 1830, from Marvin Alexander; emerald glass 1790 classic from Matthew Schutz; star-shaped base, c. 1790, from Didier Aaron; Empire bronze from Neslé; Gilt-bronze dish, c. 1810, from Therian & Co.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: NC; CARLOS NÚÑEZ (3); JAMIE TANAKA

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flights of fancy, devising chandeliers of unrivaled lightness and whimsy. Much of the credit for this surge of style goes to the German-born Francophile czarina Catherine II, better known as Catherine the Great, who was appalled by a court "so lacking in furniture that the same mirrors, beds, chairs, tables, and chests of drawers that we had been using at the Winter Palace were transported with us to the Summer Palace, from there to Peterhof, and even accompanied us back to Moscow." After seizing the throne from her despised husband, Peter III, in 1762, Catherine imported a team of European architects, cabinetmakers, and metalsmiths to enlighten Russia's own pool of talent with their sophisticated Neoclassical designs.

Chandeliers served as the perfect antidote to the darkness of Baltic winters

Chandeliers served as the perfect antidote to the prolonged darkness of Baltic winters and the perfect complement to the dazzling gem-encrusted outfits worn by well-to-do Russian men and women alike. Appropriately, it was the Russians' spirited display of emerald, ruby, and cobalt blue glass—snubbed as garish by the French and English—that instantly distinguished their lighting designs, just as semiprecious stone veneers became a trademark of Russian furniture. Gilded-bronze frames elegantly draped with swags, fringes, and feathers of tiny crystals set Russian chandeliers even further apart, lending them the playful appearance of spitting and cascading fountains.

Suspended by chains of flat incised links, these pendant fixtures found their way into all of Russia's well-appointed interiors, from the expansive gilt-lined game rooms where nobles were known to stake five hundred serfs in an evening of cards to the more intimate libraries and boudoirs favored by Catherine II for afternoon trysts. Pavlovsk Palace, the imperial families' country retreat, designed in 1780 by Scottish classicist Charles Cameron, retains the most dazzling collection. In typical Russian style these lights drop from ceilings encrusted with gilded Greek key patterns and vie for attention with doors framed in lapis lazuli and tables made of Tula steel.

Although Russian chandeliers rarely left the country, the nearby Swedes, who often supplied Saint Petersburg factories with glass and craftsmen, began producing markedly similar fixtures, differentiated only by their more conventional silhouettes and sense of rustic restraint. In the early nineteenth century, as Napoleon's severe Empire style stormed its way across Europe, bowl-shaped bronze chandeliers patterned with mythological figures and acorn finials illuminated Russia's—and much of the rest of Europe's—gilt- and marble-filled interiors.

The majority of these fixtures, too fragile and unwieldy to transport, stayed put until after the Russian Revolution. Starved for cash, the Soviet government during the late 1920s and early 1930s staged a series of auctions in Berlin. Included among the piles of Louis XV commodes and Karelian birch chairs were grab bags of dismantled chandeliers which dealers and decorators snapped up at bargain prices. Other lights made their way to America in the trunks of diplomats and foreign-service employees. Cereal and coffee millionairess Marjorie Merriweather Post accompanied her third husband, Joseph E. Davies, to Moscow in 1937. While he served as

the American ambassador she shopped the government-run secondhand stores where families desperate for bread pawned their heirloom icons, samovars, and crystal lights. Returning to America, Post moved on to her fourth husband but continued gathering imperial artifacts for her Washington, D.C., mansion, Hillwood, now open as a museum.

These days, architect Peter Marino and fashion designers Oscar de la Renta and Valentino can be found among the crowds bidding for Russian furniture and fixtures. Thanks to the publication of several new books, including Antoine Chenevière's *The Golden Age of Russian Furniture, 1780–1850,* historical information is now more available, but the actual pieces are increasingly scarce. Less imposing but far more magical than other vintage chandeliers, Russian examples command top dollar; depending on size, quality of design, provenance, and condition (replaced crystals are inevitable, and many palace-scaled designs have been cut down to fit contemporary interiors), pieces with true imperial pretensions run $50,000–$200,000. Their less stately compatriots can be had for $20,000–$30,000, and Empire-style bronze dish-form chandeliers run a comparatively reasonable $10,000–$35,000. Reproduction Russian chandeliers covered with clear evenly cut crystals—eighteenth-century crystal is grayer and far more irregular looking—are manufactured in New York by Neslé and Charles Winston, among others, priced $3,000–$16,000. And since it's now chic not to use electric lights, perhaps sputtering and smoking candles are next in line for a comeback.

Russian Chandeliers

Didier Aaron
32 East 67 St.
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(212) 988-2320
A la Vielle Russie
781 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 752-1727
Marvin Alexander
315 East 62 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-2320
Richard Himmel Galleries
1729 Merchandise Mart
Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 527-5700
Neslé
151 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 755-0515
Florian Papp
962 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 288-6770
Arne V. Schlesch & José Juárez Garza
158 East 64 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-3923
Matthew Schutz
1025 Park Ave.
New York, NY 10028
(212) 876-4195
Bernard Steinitz et Fils
Place des Antiquares
125 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 832-3711
Therien & Co.
411 Vermont St.
San Francisco, CA 94107
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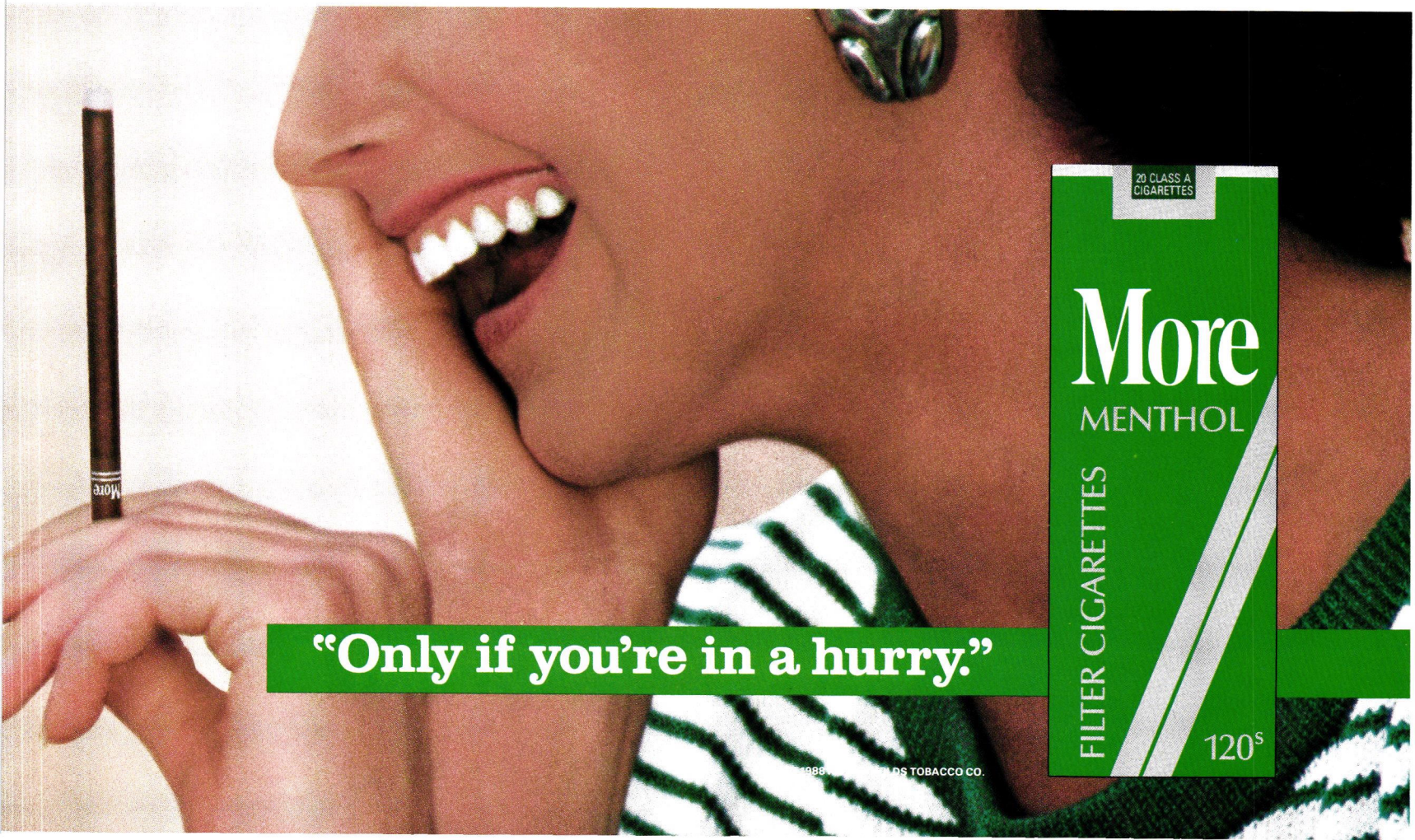

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EDITOR'S PAGE

DECEMBER 1988

"I want the biggest kind of entertainment a man can get. People, places, art, nature, everything! I want to see the tallest mountains, and the bluest lakes, and the finest pictures, and the handsomest churches, and the most celebrated men, and the most beautiful women." Christopher Newman, the hero of Henry James's *The American,* was about to embark on his grand tour of Europe. Here we embark on our own grand tour of superlative pleasures. To be sure, the voyage is of the armchair variety. But how else to visit in such short order an enchanting country house in Sweden, an extravagantly gilded and mirrored Manhattan triplex, and an updated Victorian retreat in Southampton? This month HG lingers in Paris, stepping out to a hot new club on the Seine, going mad for the roses in the eighteenth-century Bagatelle gardens, and dropping in on a neo-Barbarian designer. We travel through time as well, from the Rococo fantasy of Frederick the Great to the 21st-century wizardry of Edwin Schlossberg. The joy is in the mix.

Happiest Holidays!

Nancy Novogrod

Editor in Chief

Swedish country buffet, with apples from the orchard, against painted faux tapestry.

THIBAULT JEANSON

Talking to nature under the grapevines, sculptor François-Xavier Lalanne's work in progress, a huge bronze bird, sits back for a better view. Details see Sources.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

THE LALANNES' ENCHANTED GARDEN

Alchemy, curiosity, artistry, white magic, black forests. It is entirely right that sculptor and jeweler Claude Lalanne should live near Fontainebleau, home since the time of Francis I to artificers, fountaineers, goldsmiths: those who play seriously at changing nature from one state to another. She and her husband, François-Xavier, also a sculptor, live and work on a nineteenth-century dairy farm at the edge of the ancient royal forest.

Uprooted from their studios by the gentrification of Montparnasse, they left Paris twenty years ago. Each of them creates animalistic, Surrealist-flavored sculpture, mostly in metal. His is Cartesian, hers resembles the fairy tales of Perrault—but Perrault, be warned, by way of Robert Wilson, the performance artist. Both the Lalannes are definitely in the magic business. François's exactly rendered and robust donkeys become desks; his gorillas' bellies swing wide to reveal safes; larger more-than-ostrich-size eggs crack open into bars full of bottles. They are three-dimensional surprises as precisely stated and as satisfying as equations. Her richly textured sculpture, furniture, and objects are more ruminative. They seem to be part of those strange moments when a long stare slides one thing into another—when the crack in the wall becomes a rabbit or the apple tree is transmuted into an old woman.

It's an art whose first question is always "What if?" A

BY MAC GRISWOLD

François-Xavier's bronze-and-epoxy stone sheep grazes under the eye of Flora, a garden goddess carved by Coustou. *Magnolia grandiflora* and giant cow parsnip make a jungle in the back courtyard. Opposite: Foot-long cow parsnip leaves shade a detail of the Coustou statue.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

In the abundant walled garden, flowering leeks and feathery cabbage gone to seed peer up at sculptor and jeweler Claude Lalanne's high-roofed studio. The artist couple's 19th-century dairy farm near Fontainebleau is wrapped in mysterious fog from the forest.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

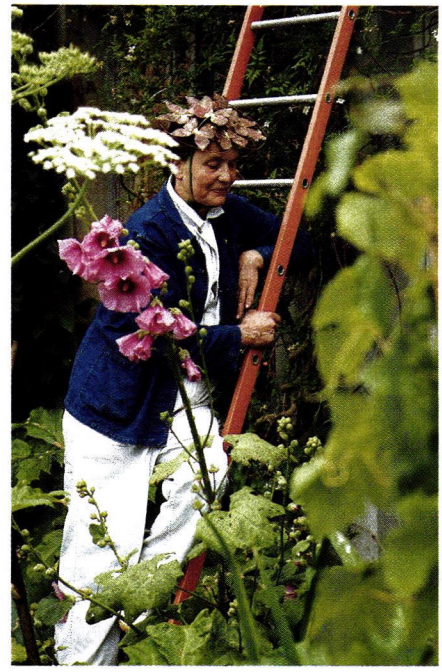
Pink rambling roses, green apples, and François-Xavier's blue hippo, who has a bathtub in his stomach and a basin in his mouth. Opposite: Straplike leaves of yellow flag iris, which grows wild in both Europe and America, form the back of Claude's gilded-bronze garden chair, commissioned for the Lila Acheson Wallace garden in Williamsburg.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

fennel knob extends fingers; an apple has kissable lips, a cabbage is halfway to being a chicken—or is it all hauntingly the other way around? Whatever way her transformations are going, she is celebrating metamorphosis in the act. The laborious molding technique she uses is galvanoplasticism, employed in the nineteenth century by the Parisian gold and silversmith Christofle to reproduce ancient and fragile objects.

Some of her works are witty transpositions—a beautiful gilded copper cast of a naked waist, bellybutton and all, becomes a belt. Others, especially her jewelry and small objects made for personal or daily use, belong to the long decorative tradition of borrowing from nature: gilded fish open into pocketbooks and flowers entwine to make a necklace. But everything takes a wayward turn. Claude's forks and spoons willfully sprout leaves right out of the bases of their well-turned tines and bowls. Nonetheless, they perform just as well as all her other beautifully crafted objects.

The notion of the useful—art in the service of life—comes up often in connection with Claude Lalanne's work, but without any trace of Arts and Crafts reverence. William Morris would have been slow to catch on to her wit, playfulness, and sexiness. Since both she and François are craftsmen as well as artists, they do feel reverence for the natural integrity of materials—and it doesn't stop with their art. What in other equally sophisticated people might sound like a faux bourgeois rhapsody on finding a good chicken to cook for lunch, in the Lalannes is a passionate regard for the nature of things.



Animal, mineral, vegetable—Claude's copper-and-bronze alligator armchair, opposite, is at home among the cow parsnip. Above: Hiding in the hollyhocks, Claude gravely sports her summer hat of pink-patinated bronze butterflies similar to her designs for Yves Saint Laurent and Christophe de Menil.

Their work is internationally known, and in many museums. It is especially treasured by a certain fast-moving mix of fashion and society—one might call it the contemporary arts upper crust—that values the unpredictable, the decorative, the finely made. Like Benvenuto Cellini, like Louis Comfort Tiffany, the Lalannes belong to the elite they create for, though their gravity of observation, their sweetness, and their apparent simplicity set them apart.

"What the Lalannes make is bespoke art," wrote John Russell in 1975, "if it is sometimes what Baudelaire called 'a complementary art'—an art that is meant to marry with architecture, or with a given terrain—the relationship in question is not that of master and servant. It is the relationship of one poet with another."

"...an art that is meant to marry with...a given terrain." Artists often make better gardens with less trouble than other people make them. It's not just that they excel in what one would expect: color, space, placement, proportion, and so forth. The Lalannes also know when to leave well enough alone, and they have a disregard for conventional tidiness. They seem to take less pride than the rest of us in growing difficult but not really beautiful plants—and they see the beauty of weeds.

So when the barnlike door of the farm courtyard swings open, what is really so surprising about seeing purple touch-me-not (*Impatiens glandulifera*), that ramping American weed growing luxuriantly around the front of the house? Its shocking pink and white pealike flowers glow like tiny orchids. Its unseemly spreading habit is contained by the courtyard cobblestones, which are laid in a giant spiral (the oil tank lies below) that gives motion to the entire space.

The land around the house, which is less than an acre, seems much larger because it is divided in three by the old farm walls. Dogs, cats, and apprentices, carrying Claude's patinated bronze branches or armatures for François's work in progress, scurry from one enclosure to another. Each of the Lalannes' studios has a courtyard to itself; the garden and greenhouse are in the third.

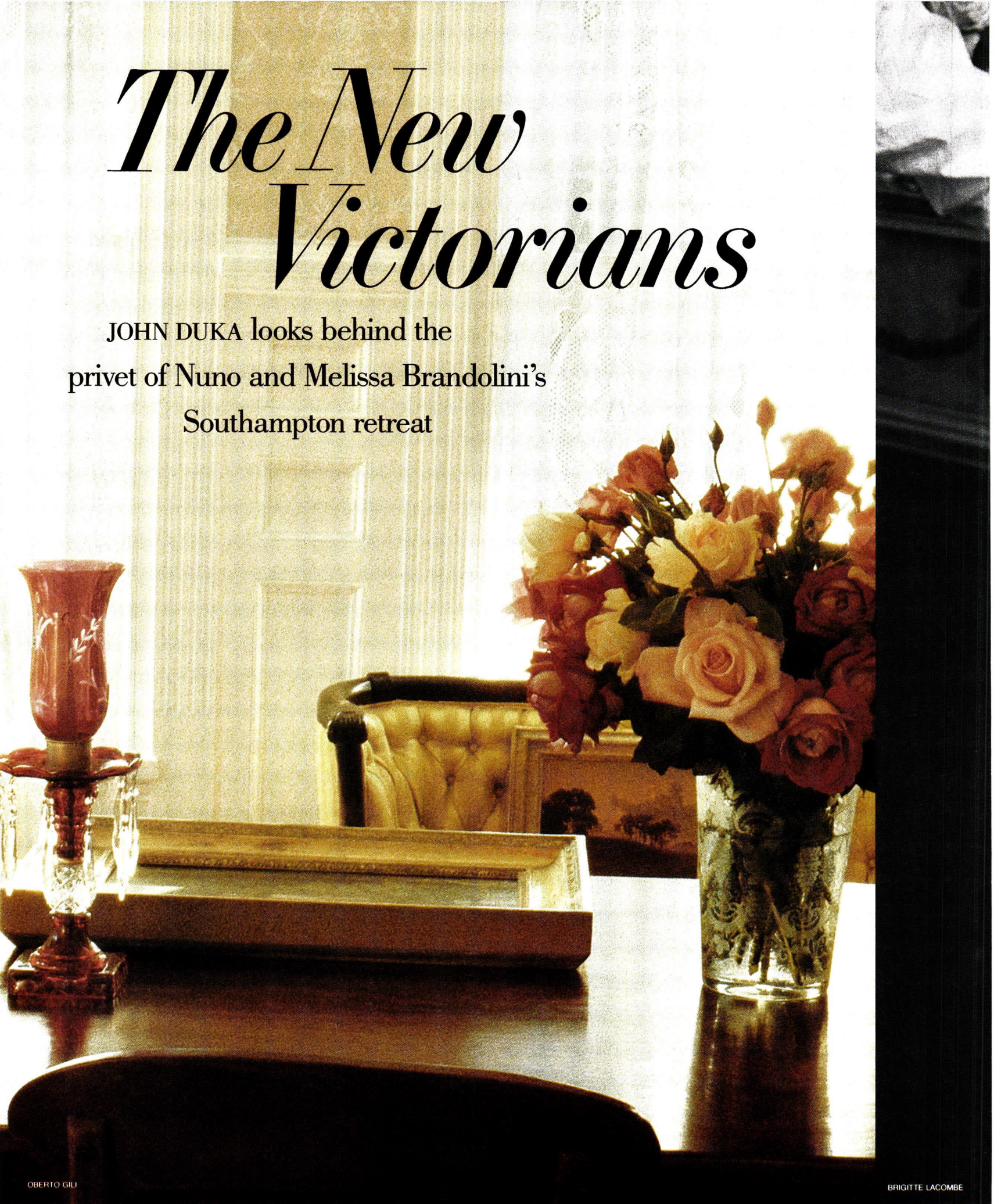
A careful and curious choice of plants, a democratic but severe eye—and the sense to recognize serendipity—have made each enclosure a garden. Ten-foot-tall cow parsnips (*Heracleum maximum*) become a forest; the foot-wide clawlike leaves shade a honey-colored Flora carved by one of the Coustou brothers, eighteenth-century sculptors who worked at Versailles. A tunnel of hop leaves and grapevines is really only a doorway from courtyard to courtyard. A lawn is a prairie where François's famous sheep sculptures graze.

For work she wears an old white overall and a worn denim jacket. How strange that this should be just the right thing with one of her hats, a constellation of bronze butterflies. In her pocket is a black chiffon handkerchief, faintly polka-dotted, and in her blue eyes one makes out a faint yellow ring striping the iris. There is a nicety and a queerness about her that is altogether satisfying. ◆

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

The New Victorians

JOHN DUKA looks behind the privet of Nuno and Melissa Brandolini's Southampton retreat



OBERTO GILI

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Melissa Brandolini sits beside the fireplace in the library. Opposite: In the dining room a 19th-century landscape painting rests on a Victorian love seat, a family heirloom. A cranberry glass candelabra sits on the Anglo-Raj table from Sri Lanka. Details see Sources.

In the library an American candelabra in the form of a woman and silver candlesticks light a side table. The ebony octagonal table by the window is early-19th-century Anglo-Raj. Opposite: On the desk in the upstairs study, a 17th-century painting, Nuno's favorite, and a 19th-century brass inkwell.

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

OBERTO GILI

Calm as sunrise, Melissa Huffine Brandolini is standing just inside the white gate that breaks the front privet of her Victorian Southampton house, the late summer quiet, the stillness of the Russian olive trees broken only by a torrent of Welsh corgis surging past the willows. In the back, by a pool surrounded with more privet, Nuno Brandolini, merchant banker, Venetian, and scion of one of the oldest and most powerful families in Italy, is playing cards with two male friends and a woman wearing the smallest piece of black stretch fabric on Long Island.

It's almost time for dinner, but there is no hurry, no pressure to move, no one delegating responsibilities, no fretting over the pasta that will be served that night. That's the way the Brandolinis live. Though they shuttle back and forth between the city and the Hamptons, like many New Yorkers, they are determined not to be a part of the Manhattan treadmill or, for that matter, any treadmill. Until two years ago Melissa Brandolini codirected the Calvin Klein design studio. Nuno's Venetian family is connected to everything from the Common Market to the world of fashion, his sister-in-law a pivotal player in the empire of Valentino. Both Brandolinis, however, have opted for the less than hectic.

When it came to buying a country house, Nuno wanted something "cozy, comfortable, and relaxed—three words," he says, "that mean the same thing." He wanted it to be a weekend house that could be used all year. He wanted it to be able to accommodate their steady stream of friends and relatives. And he wanted it to be ready, restored, and renovated in time for his marriage to Melissa. He just didn't know where to look.

Melissa did. With her brother Peter Huffine she found a late Victorian, eleven-room, foursquare house (four rooms per floor).

"The tendency with Victorian houses," says Melissa, "is to restore both the inside and out to its original rigor. We did that primarily with the exterior. Purists would

Peter Huffine relaxes against a white linen damask sofa. A cheetah print carpets a room filled with Victoriana, a Biedermeier table, and French architectural drawings—"Purists," says Melissa, "would consider us sacrilegious."

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

consider us sacrilegious. But we didn't want the rooms to look decorated. We wanted a place to live in, not just look at."

Melissa and Peter relocated the overgrown trees and perennials that suffocated the house, cleaned the façade, and restored the border of red brick encircling the house. They strategically planted arborvitae and restored the railings on the house's widow's walk. The result is almost a storybook realization of what a Victorian house should look like.

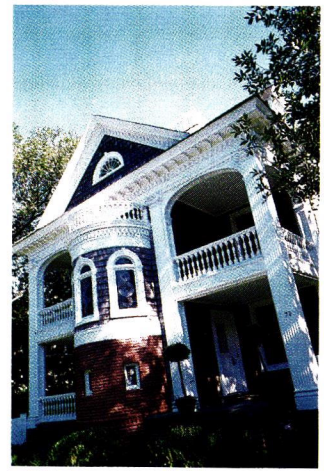
Inside, however, the rooms are disarmingly casual, a melding of the modern, the Victorian, and the unusual, combined with an attention to contrasting scale. A working fireplace with a wooden mantel was added to the library, its small stature cleverly making the room look bigger. In the dining room a diminutive Victorian love seat covered in gold stripe rests near a massive table and chairs, darkly glimmering mahogany antiques from Sri Lanka in the style commonly thought of as Anglo-Raj. There are lace curtains and a vase of roses long faded.

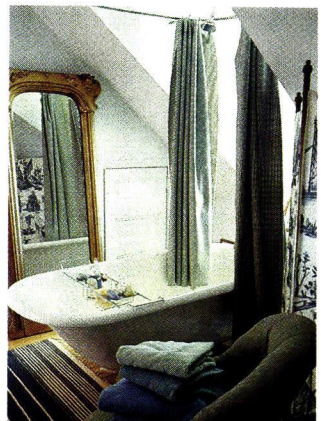
On the second floor Melissa and Peter restored the foursquare layout of the rooms and, in some cases, the period feeling of the house. A hallway that had been turned into closets was opened up. Clawfoot bathtubs replaced modern tubs. "We didn't try to make the rest of the house look old," says Melissa, "but the modern baths had to go."

The master bath, filled with family pictures, was opened to the balcony that stretches the width of the house. In the master bedroom Russian icons hang next to the nineteenth-century canopy bed. And the attic floor was turned into a TV room and sparely furnished guest rooms for Brandolini friends, who tend to come by unexpectedly.

It took Melissa Brandolini and her brother six months to complete the house—just in time, as it turned out, for her wedding reception to be held in the backyard. In time as well for the Brandolini brothers—Ruy, Leonello, and Brandino—to move in for a little *vacanze*. ▲

Editor: Paul Sinclaire





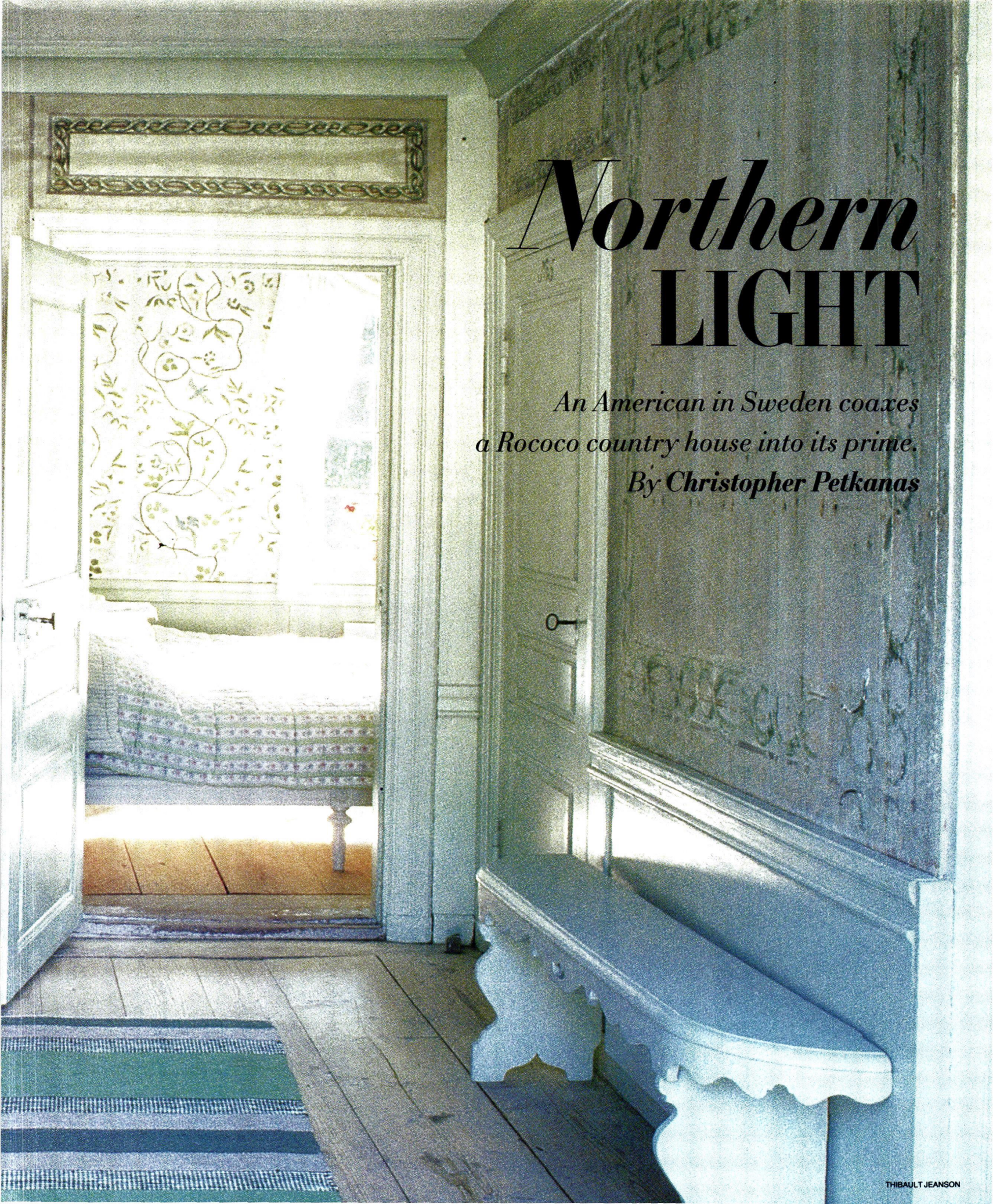
Sister and brother on the back porch, opposite, with one of the Welsh corgis. Clockwise from top left: A corner of the living room filled with family pictures; Nuno on the beach with another corgi; linens from Porthault on the 19th-century canopy bed; white paint highlights Victorian detailing; the third-floor bathroom; Melissa in the dining room with an Anglo-Raj chair and a print of an angel; Thomas Moran's *Summer Afternoon* hangs in the library.

HAIR BY ERIC GABRIEL FOR ORIBE AT PARACHUTE; MAKEUP BY TIM METZ

LEFT TOP AND CENTER: BRIGITTE LACOMBE; OTHERS: OBERTO GILI

OBERTO GILI

Christineholm's sweetly invitational guest rooms, sequestered away in a building of their own on the 6,000-acre lakeside estate north of Stockholm. An American ex-decorator refurbished Christineholm, rents it from Baron Carl Beck-Friis, and occupies it just one month a year.



Northern LIGHT

An American in Sweden coaxes a Rococo country house into its prime.

By ***Christopher Petkanas***

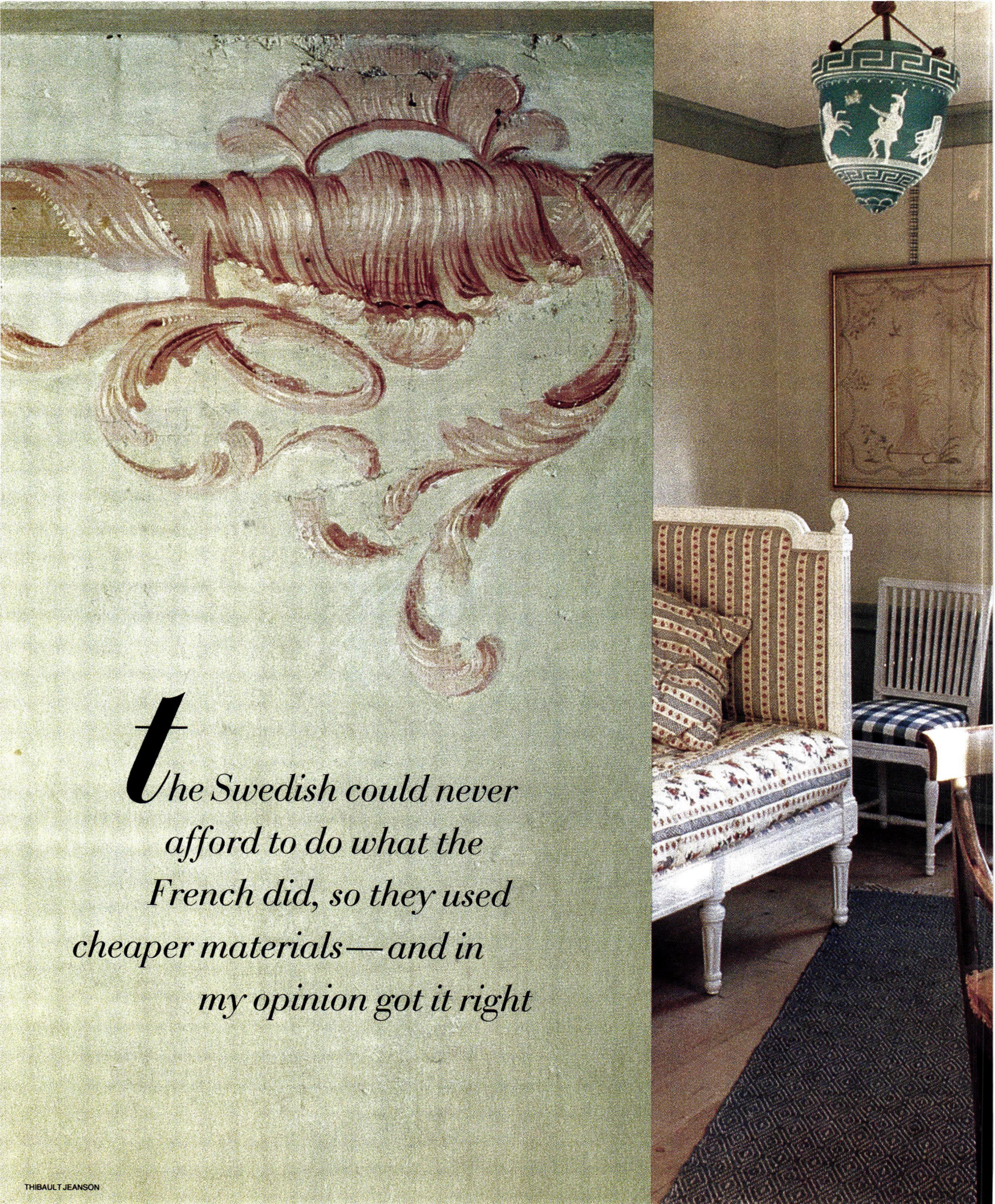
THIBAULT JEANSON

THIBAULT JEANSON

Swearing off the swatch book was going to be easy for one New York decorator—until she laid eyes on Christineholm. Set on 6,000 intensely green, gently rolling acres of working farmland fifty minutes north of Stockholm, this largely untouched Swedish Rococo country house, built around 1750, nudged her out of decorating retirement. With the permission of the baron from whom she came to lease Christineholm, furniture was merrily "pilfered" from various barns on the estate, then repainted and recovered. Whatever the barn warehouses didn't yield was ordered from a cabinetmaker specializing in perfectly respectable reproductions nearby. The rats were chased out of the guesthouse, bright cotton rag rugs were tossed over polished pine floorboards, and bathrooms were installed so that friends like Mark Hampton wouldn't gnash their teeth and wonder how they ever got talked into journeying all the way from New York to sit on the lip of a lake called Erken.

Christineholm had been napping, uninhabited, for twenty years, and since it was prodded awake no one has come close to making an unkind comment about "that American in Sweden." The country's leading antiques dealers and others whose assessments matter agree that without ever having owned a house here and with no se-

A three-part country house, left, built around 1750, Christineholm is attributed to Carl Hårleman. The main house forms the base of a U, with the building containing the kitchen and dining room in the foreground, facing the guesthouse across an open courtyard. Above: Christineholm's mistress and three of her brood: Sophie, Cristina, and Max.



The Swedish could never afford to do what the French did, so they used cheaper materials—and in my opinion got it right

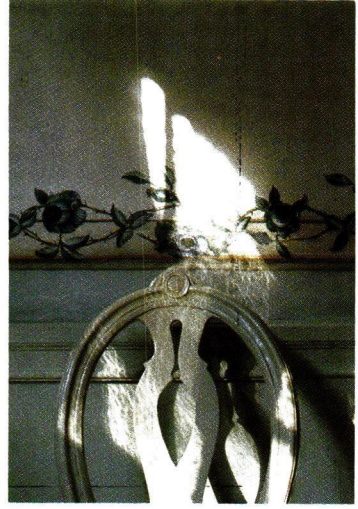
THIBAULT JEANSON

Just before the current occupants moved in five years ago, Christineholm's original wallcoverings, far left, were taken down, restored, and tacked back up. Left: In the guesthouse salon a canapé bed is placed opposite a leather-topped desk, reclaimed from one of the property's many barns. Above: Just-picked local apples set out on the buffet.

The entrance hall of the main house, littered with the boots and bobs of a young family's frenetic August day. A mini-kitchen for making coffee only and the living room are seen in procession beyond the hall. Opposite: Sophie and tack in one of Christineholm's many barns.

THIBAULT JEANSON

THIBAULT JEANSON



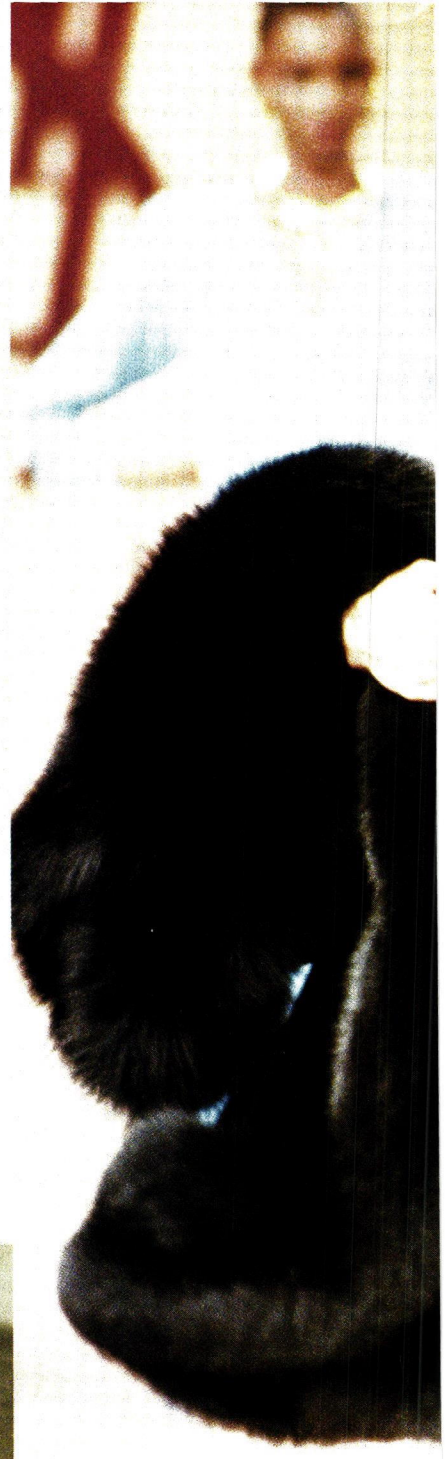
rious scholarly research she has managed to get it all just right. Her success may be explained partly by her great feeling for classic Swedish design elements such as fat upholstery checks and carved beds and chairs painted gray white and finished with ornamental finials. And restraint has had as much a role as respect. Where things might have gotten sugary and storybook (window treatments, furniture coverings), they instead stopped at sensible and sophisticated. And having a Swedish husband wasn't a bad idea. "I can't qualify him as an antique," the American says mischievously, "but I did marry him thirteen years ago, before Sweden was in."

That the one-time decorator clinched such a distinguished home in Sweden is due to her powerfully well connected husband, whose hulking, gingery good looks and roving business interests suggest a modern-day Viking. The couple's lessor, Baron Carl Beck-Friis, who also owns Harg Castle, would never have agreed to the arrangement if their families weren't intimately acquainted. Traditionally, Christineholm is where the chatelaine of Harg repairs to on the death of her husband or where the chatelain's son waits for the old man to move on. The baron, who has just one young child and is described as a retired playboy who spent the *(Text continued on page 193)*

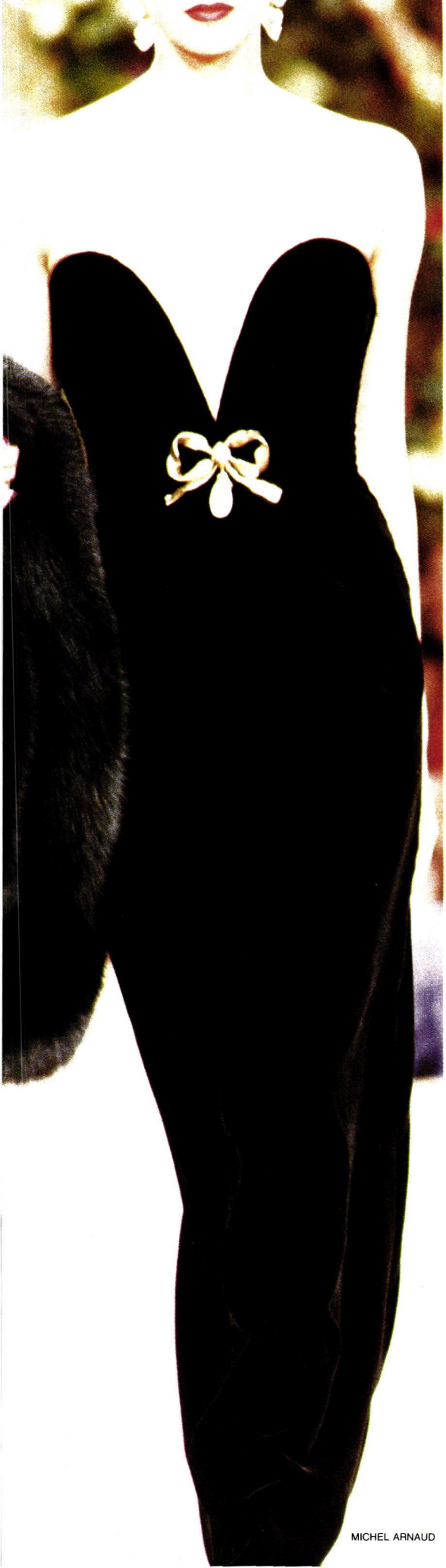
In the music room, left, a copy of the Gripsholm armchair, made and painted in Uppland, was used to "fill in" when the antiques ran out. Above: Detail of Christineholm's original hand-painted canvas wallcovering.

The bold silhouette of biomorphic design on a 1950s Italian bent-iron and leather chair.

SHEILA METZNER



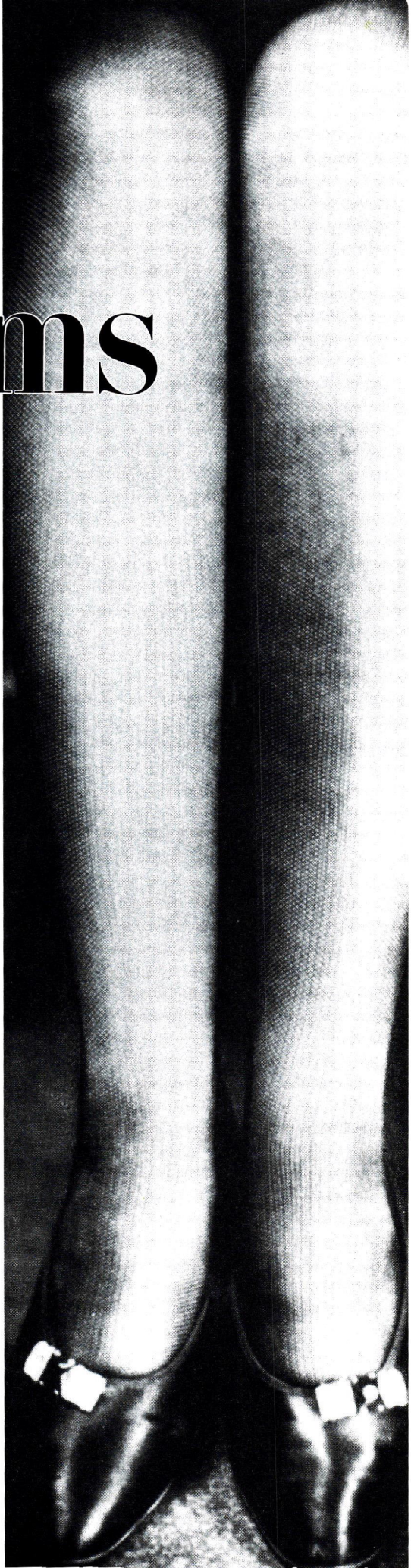
Yves Saint Laurent makes waves with a sinuous black velvet gown in his fall/winter 1988 couture collection.



MICHEL ARNAUD

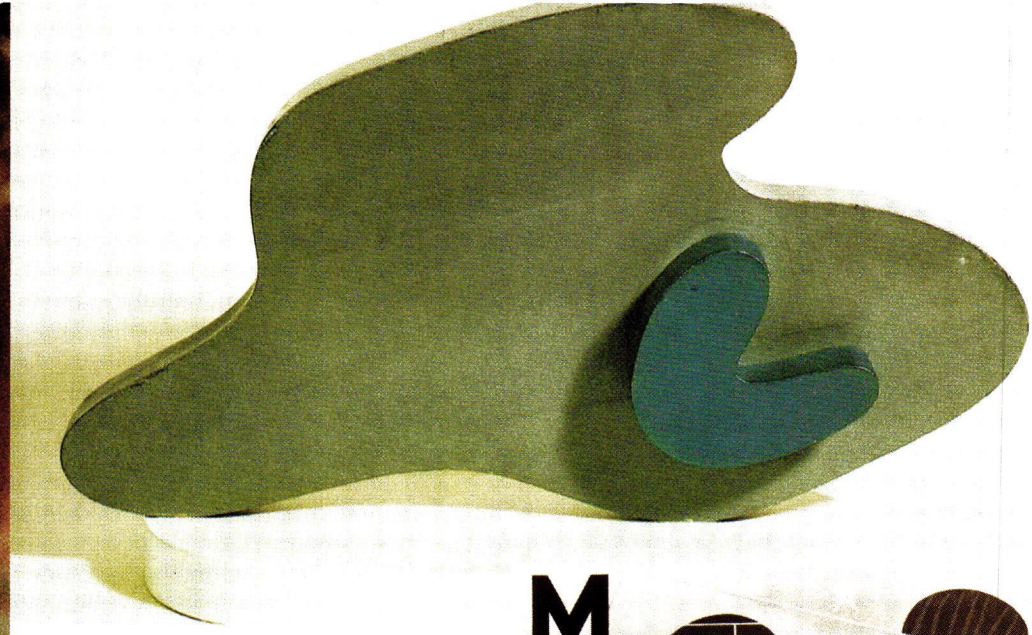
Bio Rhythms

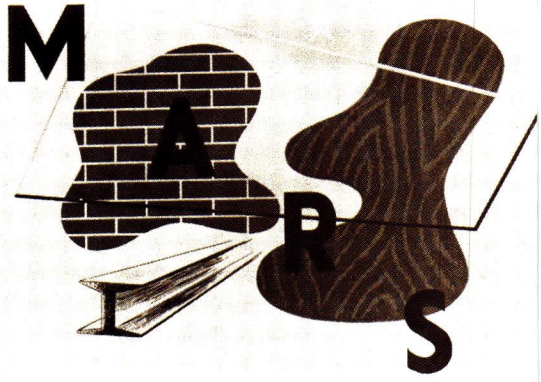
From the runways of Paris to the galleries and showrooms of New York, biomorphic design has boomeranged back into fashion. PILAR VILADAS looks around the corner and sees some wild curves ahead



The body is back—whether abstracted on canvases or kidney-shaped coffee tables. Here, German fashion photographer Yva's 1929 study of legs anticipates the future.

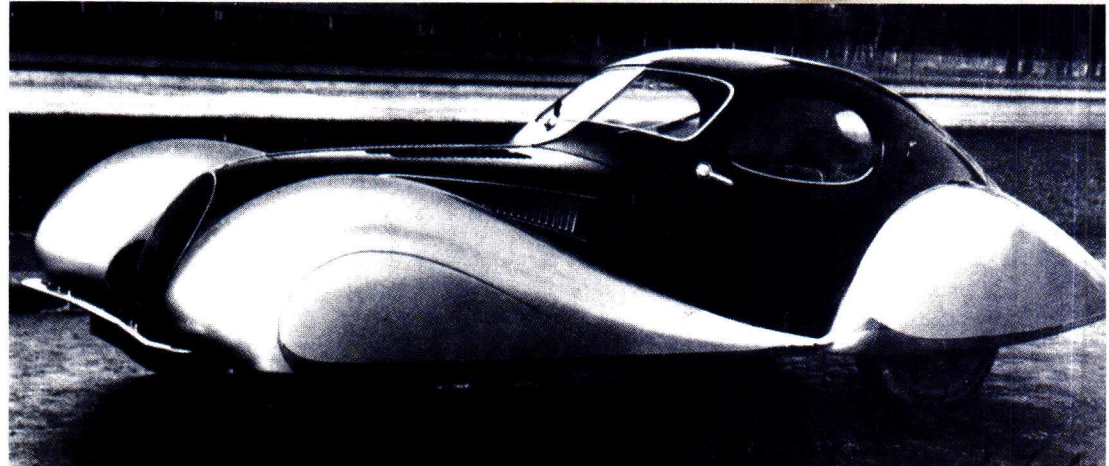
MICHEL ARNAUD





Is it fashion, art, or science fiction? Or is it a well-timed return to the world according to Arp?

Givenchy's dramatically contoured black velvet and satin dress, left, echoes the undulating forms of French sculptor and painter Jean Arp. Biomorphism's high-art pedigree: Arp's *Hand Fruit*, top, 1927–28; Edward McKnight Kauffer's poster, above right, for a 1938 exhibition of the British group MARS (Modern Architectural Research); Elizabeth Murray's *Chaotic Lip*, right, 1986; Figoni & Falaschi's 1936 French auto, below, puts biomorphism into high gear.

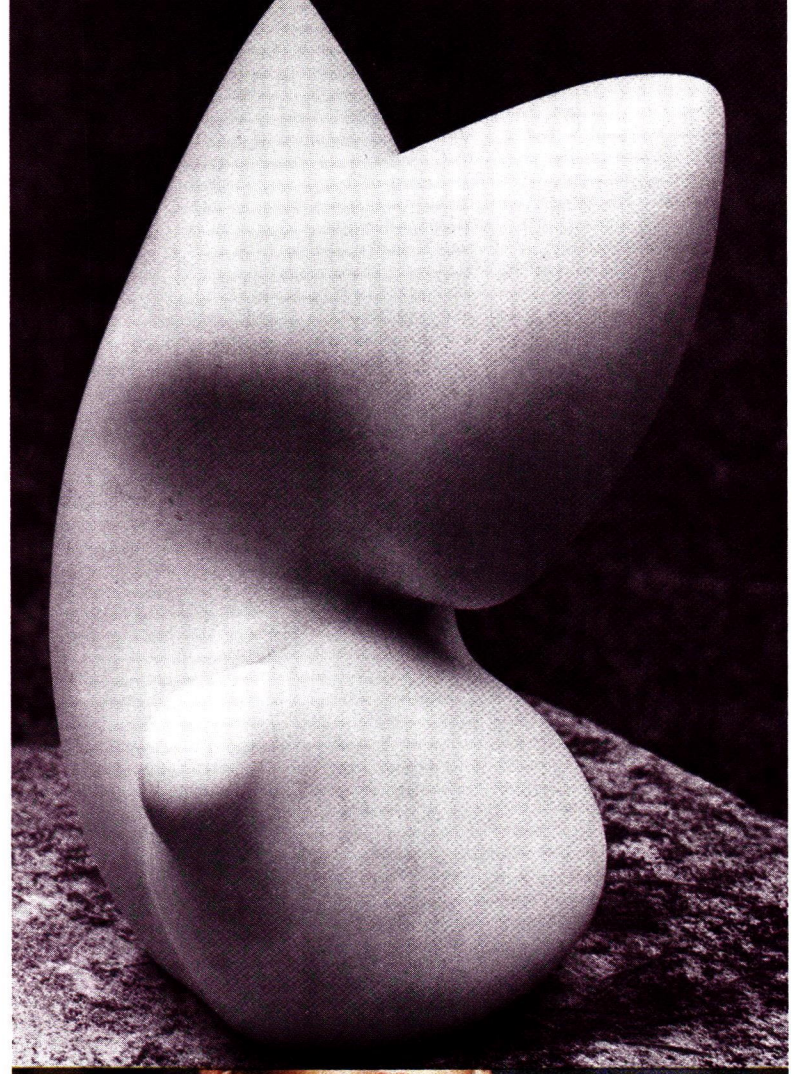


At the last Paris couture collections the most dangerous curves weren't on the models. The clothes themselves sported boldly scaled, sinuously contoured motifs that looked more like abstract art than fashion. A playfully outlined black velvet panel adorning the front of a black satin Givenchy dress hinted at the suggestively organic forms that populate the paintings of Surrealist artists such as Joan Miró, Max Ernst, and Yves Tanguy. The wildly asymmetrical pink satin bodice on an Ungaro cocktail dress brought to mind Jean Arp's sensuous sculptures with their curves and hollows.

Is it fashion, modern art, or science fiction? Or is it the return of biomorphic design? This movement, which in fact originated with the Surrealists, appropriated forms from nature and, particularly, from the human body. In this country, however, biomorphic design is popularly associated with the 1950s. Remember the kidney-shaped coffee table? Remember *The Blob,* the 1958 film that made Steve McQueen a star? It featured a gigantic oozing mass of protoplasm that greedily glommed any human unlucky enough to cross its path.

Indications of biomorphism's return are cropping up with increasing frequency. New York's Furniture of the Twentieth Century recently introduced a sofa, by Patty Palumbo and Debbie Gambino, whose swerving lines are inspired by earlier models by Isamu Noguchi and Vladimir Kagan. According to company owner Michael Steinberg, the sofa looks like "a great Hollywood swimming pool or a dog bone or an element from a Tanguy painting, depending on your point of view."

Noguchi's own curvaceous coffee table with a sculptural wood base, produced by Herman Miller in the mid forties, was reissued a few years ago by popular demand. And Mark McDonald of the Fifty-50 Gallery in New York reports that the original Noguchi tables are going for anywhere from $3,500 to $5,000 (the reissue sells for close to $1,300). "It sells better than anything in the gallery," says McDonald, who believes that more people are "opening up to the idea of things that aren't so strict," in a reaction to the hard edges of Constructivism and Art Deco. And earlier this year Formica revived what may be its best-loved plastic *(Text continued on page 192)*



Fascinating rhythms then and now: Arp's enigmatically titled *Pre-Adamic Fruit,* 1938, above, and Ungaro's asymmetrical pink satin bodice over black lace, left.

MICHEL ARNAUD

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THE PLEASURES OF SANS SOUCI

The summer palace of Frederick the Great glitters once again.

By ***Martin Filler***

CATHAY SOCIETY
At the teahouse of Sanssouci, opposite, in Potsdam, East Germany, life-size gilded chinoiserie figures surround palm tree columns. Above: The features of this "Chinese" lady are closer to those of a German Gothic madonna.

ERICH LESSING

The terms "Germanic," "Teutonic," and "Prussian" are commonly used in the decorative arts to signify a deadly heaviness, but at least one small masterpiece challenges that pejorative reputation. It is Sanssouci, the summer palace that Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, created for himself at Potsdam in what is today East Germany. Built between 1745 and 1747, this jewel of Enlightenment architecture has been restored to a dazzling state by the communist East Germans, who, ironically, like their comrades in the Soviet Union, spare no expense to preserve the monuments of the ancien régime. As the name of this building—French for "without care"—and the architecture itself indicate, its owner was an avid Francophile. Indeed, the format of Sanssouci is that of a classic French *maison de plaisance:* a one-story country house with glass doors opening from each room directly onto a garden. Frederick the Great was far from the only eighteenth-century monarch with a French obsession. Most European potentates struggled to live up to the stupendous standard set by Louis XIV at Versailles, but very few could afford it. Frederick preferred to spend the lesser income from his smaller realm on military matters rather than on sumptuary display. Thus he took his architectural cues not from the main château of the Sun King but from his nearby garden retreat, the Grand Trianon.

Like many rulers plagued by protocol, Frederick decreed a country palace of reduced scale, which would leave no room for all the retainers and hangers-on who complicated the merest daily tasks and made royal etiquette a constant trial. The permanent palace of the kings of Prussia was in central Berlin, a relatively provincial city by 1750. Charlottenburg Palace, in the suburbs of the capital, was meant to fulfill the same role as Versailles. But when life there also became too elaborate, Frederick pushed still farther west and established his residence in Potsdam on the banks of the Havel River. There the king had a palace in town and made plans for a handsome estate on the outskirts, the ideal setting for the secluded existence he wished to pursue when the obligations of state would permit. But for an ambitious and self-conscious ruler such as Frederick the Great, even the simple life required a certain degree of architectural grandeur.

In 1745 Frederick decided to build his Rococo dream house atop the south-facing *(Text continued on page 198)*

A Shrine to Shine
In the library of Sanssouci a Roman marble bust of Apollo stands on a Rococo bracket beneath a dazzling gilded-bronze relief also depicting the god of the arts. The circular domed room is ringed with glass-paneled built-in bookcases.

ERICH LESSING

PRINCELY PLAYFULNESS Atop the teahouse, a parasol-toting mandarin surveys the park around the palace. Opposite: In Voltaire's Room, where the French philosopher lived, a carved and painted monkey is part of a boiserie bestiary.

ERICH LESSING

NORMA KAMALI COMES HOME

***Charles Gandee** follows fashion designer Norma Kamali from the fitting room to the drawing room as she unveils her premier furniture collection in a Manhattan triplex*

Echoes of other eras more glamorous than our own resonate through everything Norma Kamali designs. In her eveningwear, daywear, and sportswear, in her shoes, hats, and even in her perfume there's a hint of Harlow, a glimpse of Grable, a touch of Tierney. Kamali doesn't so much dress clients in her Manhattan emporium as drape, swathe, and wrap them in evocative costumes that recall the time when women were called dames, when legs were called gams, when snoods were all the rage, when veils were a serious option.

Curiously enough, the 43-year-old fashion designer owes her aesthetic vision, and perhaps her two Coty awards, to a misspent youth. As a child growing up in New

Kamali displays her wink-and-a-smile-style glamour in the boudoir of a Manhattan triplex. The Art Deco triple vanity is adorned with a small Venetian mirror, a pair of 19th-century crystal lamps, and two bouquets of ostrich plumes. Nearby an antique wedding dress stands at the ready just in case the single lady of the house should change her mind.

ERIC BOMAN

York City during the late fifties, Kamali wiled away her formative years riveted to a television set watching old Hollywood movies—especially the ones with the sultry sirens dressed to the nines in ensembles by Edith Head and Adrian. Though Carole Lombard was a particular favorite, Kamali's ideal woman was not the silver-screen blonde, but a prime-time redhead. It seems that, like the rest of the country, Norma loved Lucy: "She was a beautiful woman with great style and most importantly a wonderful sense of humor."

If Hollywood taught her about a certain kind of romantic glamour and Lucy taught her about a certain kind of unconventional charm, it was London that taught Norma Kamali to indulge her off-center instincts. During the anything-goes sixties, she used to head off each Thursday night with a $29 round-trip ticket marked Kennedy/Heathrow/Kennedy courtesy of her employer, Northwest Orient Airlines. (No, she wasn't a stewardess, she was a booking agent.) On Sundays Kamali would trudge back across the Atlantic carrying suitcases full of $12 dresses from a hip boutique called Biba's. At first she gave her racy imports to friends. Later she sold them to customers from her first shop, a $285 a month basement on East 53rd Street decorated with snakeskin-print wallpaper and Salvation Army furniture. When London's wave crested and Kamali needed inventory, she began to design. Success came quickly thanks to Kamali's talent for capturing the moment with such must-have fashions as hot pants, cut-up-to-there bathing suits, and sweatshirts with Joan Crawford shoulder pads.

Considering the particularity of her sensibility, perhaps it was inevitable that Norma Kamali, like Ralph Lauren before her, would yearn to see her sartorial splendors ensconced in a sympathetic context—in a context, in other words, composed of elements of her own design. And perhaps it was also inevitable that she would grow

With its golden walls and white marble stair, the foyer, right, serves as a dramatic overture to Kamali's exotic sensibility. The eclectic mix includes a 17th-century gilt mirror, an 18th-century chair upholstered in a leopard print, and a 19th-century boulle cabinet. Left: Upstairs in the salon a pair of torchères frame a mantelpiece crowned with an extraordinary crystal basket that was originally a chandelier.

ERIC BOMAN

restless with the limited scope of fashion and seek other means of creative expression. As she says, "Clothes are so ephemeral."

On October 31, Kamali opened the doors to a new shop on Spring Street in Manhattan which does for the home what her 56th Street shop does for the body. Appropriately enough, the shop is called OMO Home. (The acronym, which stands for On My Own, has been a Kamali trademark since she and her husband parted in 1977.) The fashion designer has turned to furniture, lighting, and accessory design, and the transition appears to have been not only a natural but also an effortless extension of her talents.

There's nothing tentative about Kamali's first OMO Home portfolio. It is as extensive as it is self-confident. Her Shape and Silhouette series of upholstered seating pieces, for example, includes sofas, chairs, chaise longues, and ottomans that are to furniture what the basic black dress is to fashion. (Perhaps not so coincidentally, they are all upholstered in black velvet.) As Kamali will be the first to say, "These are not brilliant new designs." Nor were they intended as such: "I didn't want them to be radical, I wanted them to be familiar and comfortable."

Also familiar, at least to some, is the series of classic furniture pieces that Kamali has put back into production—in some instances after making minor aesthetic "refinements." One particularly welcome reedition is a burnished-steel café table and chair set that employs an ornamental wheat motif. (For what it's worth, Coco Chanel had a low version of the same table in her legendary rue Cambon apartment.) New from Kamali is the hard-edged series of ebonized-wood pieces—from tables and consoles to chaise longues and beds, each adorned with shimmering panels of mirror. These more severe geometric designs act as powerful anchors in a room, but to soften the hard (*Text continued on page 199*)

A 19th-century portrait of a bare-breasted huntress looks out on the cooly elegant salon furnished with a Chesterfield-like sofa, two Snail chairs, and an ottoman. Kamali designed all of the upholstered pieces as part of her Shape and Silhouette furniture collection. The burnished-steel Wheat table and chairs are classics that the fashion-turned-furniture designer has put back into production.

ERIC BOMAN

Kamali designed the ebonized-wood dining table with mirror inlays as part of her first OMO Home furniture collection. On the table, a shimmering assortment of silver pieces dating from the 17th to the 20th centuries.

ERIC BOMAN

Who is Edwin Schlossberg? And what does he do? ***Charles Gandee*** *tracks down the elusive artist, writer, museum specialist, inventor, fashion designer, and gamesman*

the WIZ

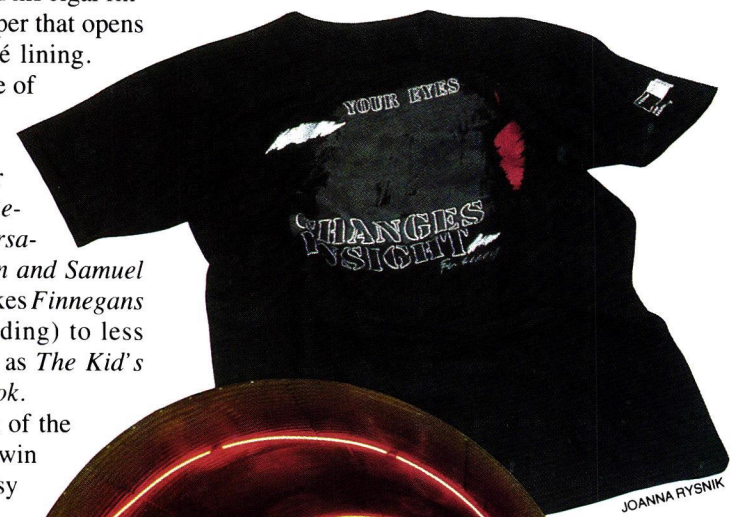
Edwin Schlossberg looking a bit like Dr. Strangelove thanks to the otherworldly lighting of the computer-based game center for grown-ups that the 43-year-old designer masterminded and plans to unveil in Manhattan next year.

GEORGE LANGE

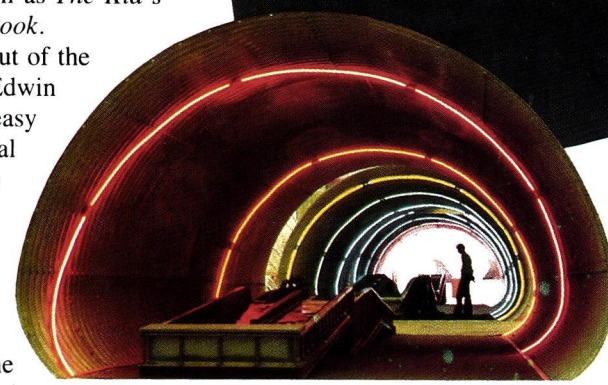
lion-dollar mixed-use complex. For example, if you're hungry for a cheeseburger or looking for a place to get your eyeglasses repaired, simply let one of the seventeen kiosks know, and, voilà, a video screen presents you with the available options, and a printout provides you with detailed directions on how to get there.

Upstairs there's an area devoted to the forthcoming Fernbank Museum of Natural History in Atlanta. As a dollhouse-scale model makes clear, instead of a passive approach to exhibition design—such as assembling dusty brontosaurus bones for schoolchildren to file silently past—Schlossberg has made certain that Fernbank will offer a decidedly more adventurous museum experience. In the Fantasy Forest, to name but one of the $10-million installation's many interactive exhibits, young museumgoers are sent scrambling across a series of textured terrains wearing animal costumes and shoes in the form of claws or webbed feet so that they might better understand how animals survive in their natural habitats.

Though there are four other intriguing vignettes deployed throughout Schlossberg's office, each attesting to another work in progress, there are also telltale clues here and there attesting to his diverse extraprofessional interests. The walls, for example, are covered with enigmatic haiku-like arrangements of words that Schlossberg silk-screens onto poster-size panels and exhibits at Ronald Feldman Fine Arts in SoHo. Written with liquid crystals, the word paintings change color when touched. Casually tossed across a corner drawing table is the new necktie Schlossberg designed for WilliWear: Sigmund Freud would have surely swallowed his cigar fingering the tie's operable zipper that opens onto a sensuous silver lamé lining. And over in the corner a pile of books stands as a reminder of Schlossberg's prolific writing career. Titles veer from such esoterica as *The Record of an Imaginary Conversation Between Albert Einstein and Samuel Beckett* (a little tome that makes *Finnegans Wake* seem like beach reading) to less highbrow literary fare such as *The Kid's Pocket Calculator Game Book*.



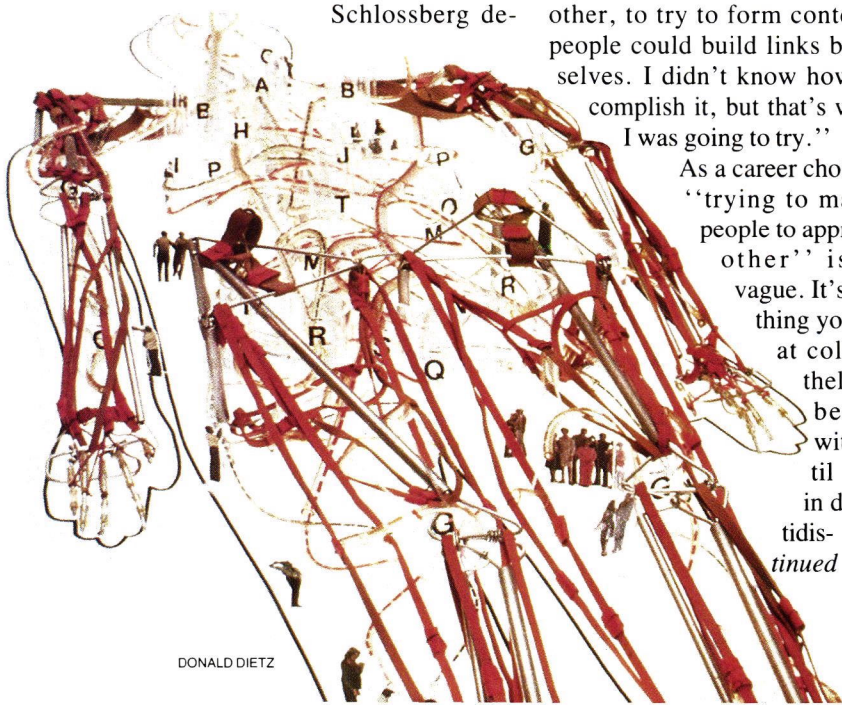
JOANNA RYSNIK

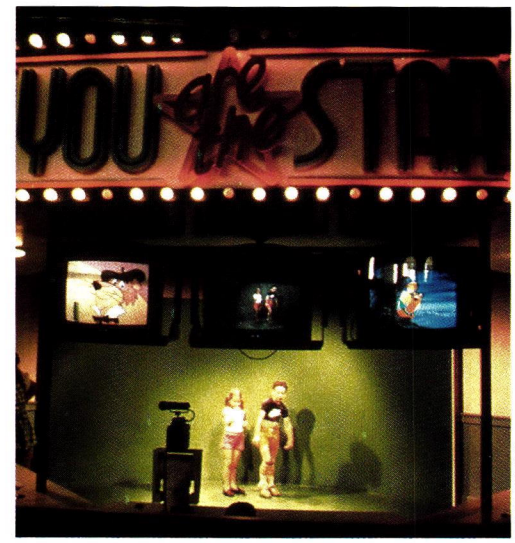

NORMAN MCGRATH

Trying to make sense out of the visual cacophony that is Edwin Schlossberg's office is no easy matter. No neat professional niche exists to describe what goes on here. So I asked the mastermind of all I had seen to help me out, and he told me a story that told me a lot.

It seems that back in the mid 1960s when Edwin Schlossberg was just another poetic young man in search of something to do with his life, his hero-mentor-guru, the original mad scientist, Buckminster Fuller, explained to him about how in India there was a real value placed on the pleasure of being in crowds. Though ostensibly harmless, Fuller's tale appears to have acted as a sort of primal moment, professionally speaking, for Schlossberg. "The thing I learned from Bucky that really appealed to me was that it could be worthwhile to try to make ways for people to appreciate one another, to try to form contexts in which people could build links between themselves. I didn't know how I would accomplish it, but that's what I decided I was going to try."

As a career choice, of course, "trying to make ways for people to appreciate one another" is somewhat vague. It's not the sort of thing you can major in at college. Nevertheless, Schlossberg persisted with the idea until he succeeded in defining a multidis- *(Text continued on page 196)*


DONALD DIETZ

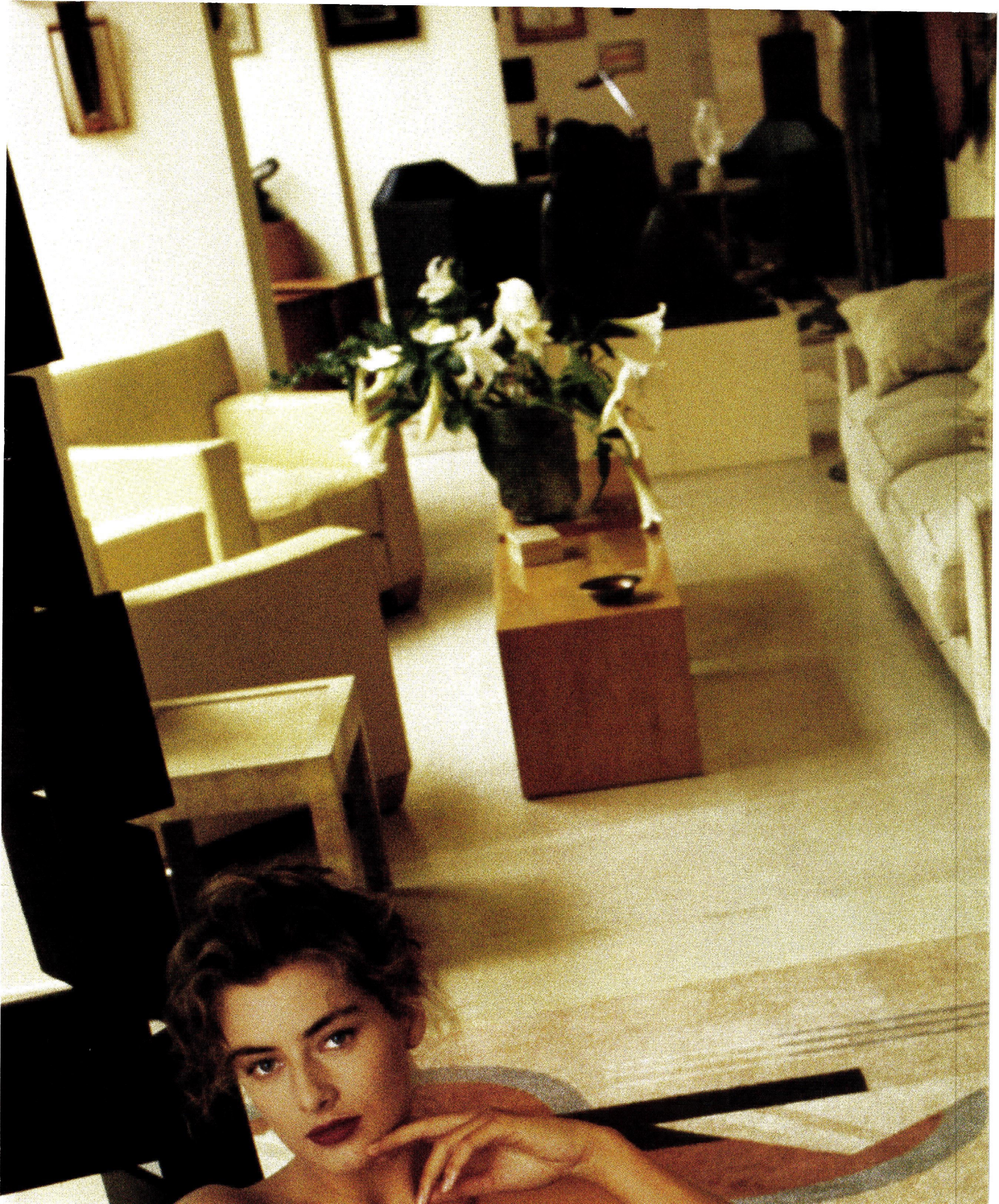


DONALD DIETZ

The Body Game, left, dates from 1971, but Schlossberg has yet to find a sponsor for the complex pinball-like pursuit that teaches the basics of anatomy and physiology. Other ideas not so slow in coming include a T-shirt for WilliWear, top, and Brooklyn Children's Museum Learning Environment, above center. Schlossberg's 1984 You Are the Star installation at Hanna-Barbera Land, in Houston, above, invited children to join Yogi Bear and Boo Boo on television.

In Pursuit of Perfection

A Photographic Essay
by Sheila Metzner



Everything in this house seems tinged with gold, even the air. In fact, however, the rooms are monochromatic—their palette of creams and beiges accented by the blacks of lacquer and leather, their luster brightened by the rich deep brown of exotic wood. The golden haze is simply the patina that exquisite things acquire with age. Here the exquisite things in question are Art Deco furnishings by Jean-Michel Frank, Eileen Gray, Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, and Pierre Chareau, with a careful scattering of precious *objets*—a silver cup, a lacquered bowl, a sharkskin-covered box—only serving to heighten the effect.

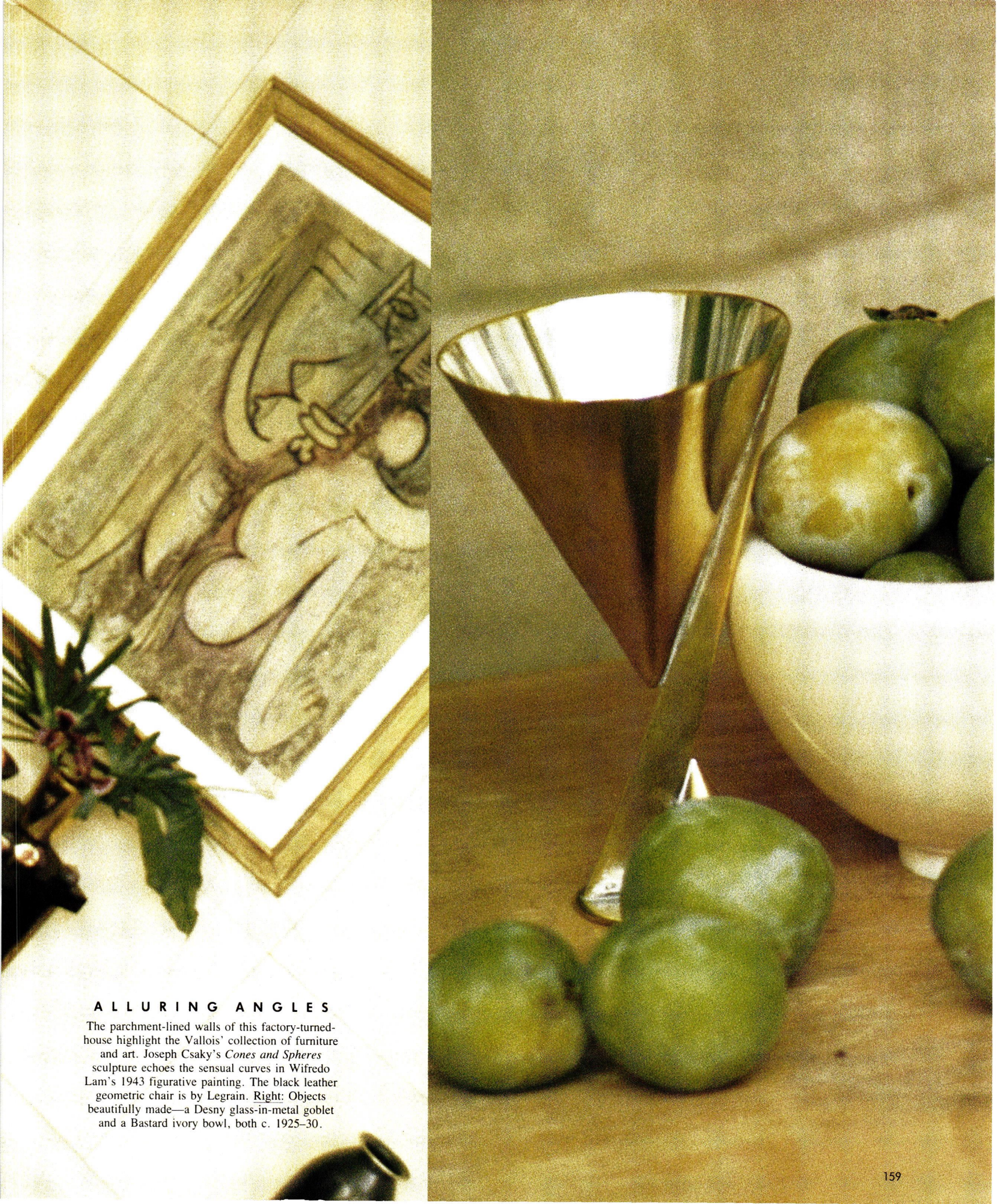
The resulting allure suggests a brilliantly designed movie set—as if, say, *The Conformist* or *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* had taken place in Paris instead of Italy. But this house is far from a lifeless period piece of the sort an archivist might single-mindedly assemble. Instead, it resonates with the energy of its owners' obvious passion, not simply for the products of the Deco period but for the era itself.

So it isn't particularly surprising when you learn that the owners of the house are Bob and Cheska Vallois, perhaps Paris's top dealers in Deco furnishings. The couple's Galerie Vallois, at 41 rue de Seine, is filled with the best of, as their letterhead says, ''meubles—objets d'art—1920–1930'' as well as twentieth-century sculpture. And as with so many whose profession is also their pleasure, Monsieur and Madame Vallois live with their work—in the most literal way.

After spending the day in their elegant parchment-lined gallery, they retreat to their elegant parchment-lined home—which happens to be a renovated factory tucked into the courtyard of an eighteenth-century building across the street from the gallery. There, with the help of architect Simon Taieb, the two-story building was trans-

LIVED-IN LUXE

In the Paris apartment of Bob and Cheska Vallois, Eileen Gray's black wooden Paravent Briques screen, far left, creates a striking counterpoint to Jean-Michel Frank classic sofa and chairs.



ALLURING ANGLES

The parchment-lined walls of this factory-turned-house highlight the Vallois' collection of furniture and art. Joseph Csaky's *Cones and Spheres* sculpture echoes the sensual curves in Wifredo Lam's 1943 figurative painting. The black leather geometric chair is by Legrain. Right: Objects beautifully made—a Desny glass-in-metal goblet and a Bastard ivory bowl, both c. 1925–30.

formed into a contemporary tribute to another, less hurried age.

A creamy stone from Burgundy lines the floors, and the walls glow with the aforementioned parchment covering. On the ground floor a wall of windows overlooks a garden. A striking stair, rather like a Minimalist sculpture, leads to the bedroom.

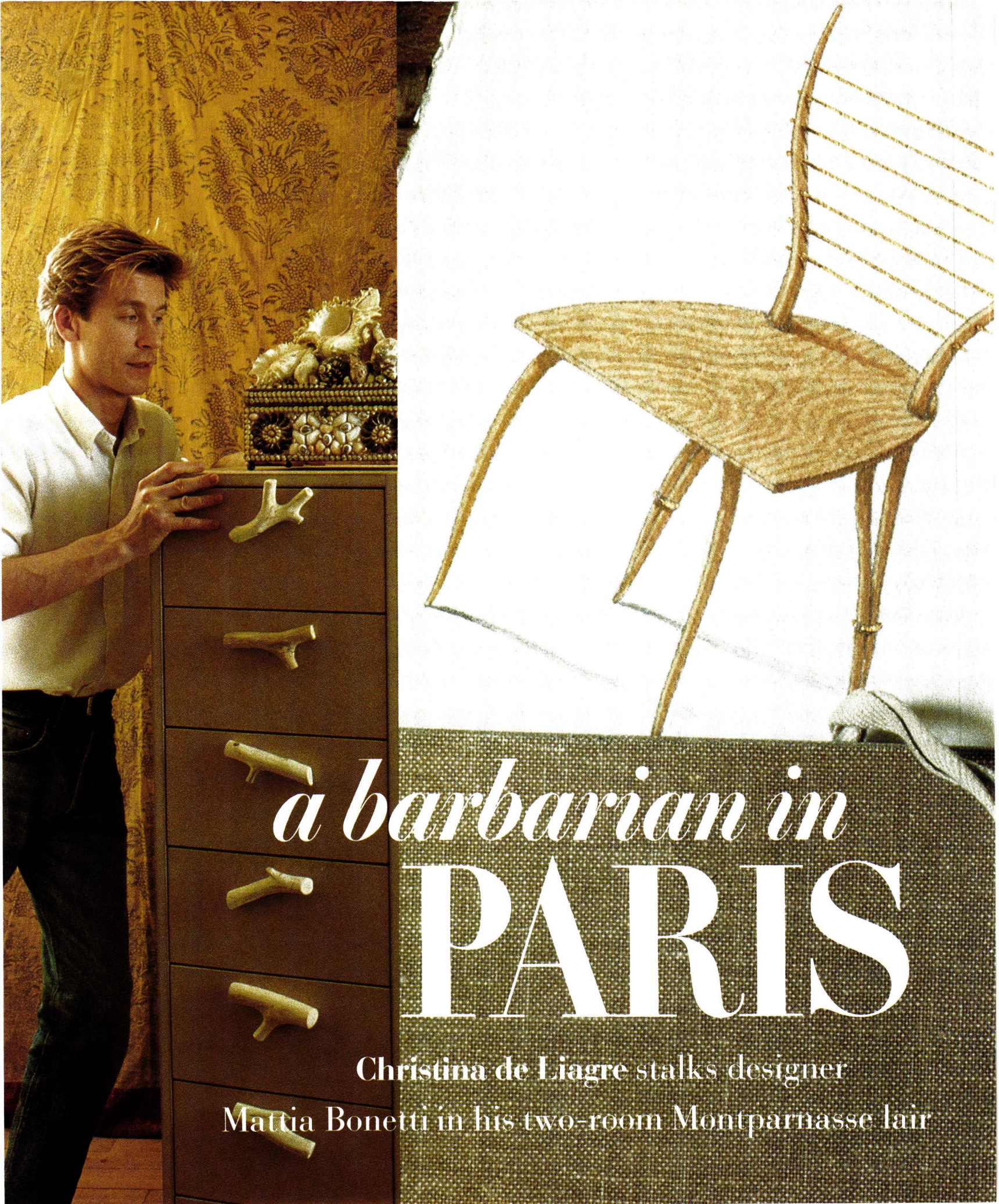
The Vallois' passion for Deco began in the late 1960s when they dealt in antiques of all periods. In 1971, in Les Halles, they opened a gallery that specialized in Deco; in 1981 they moved to their present location, where four years later they opened yet another gallery, this one devoted to sculpture. The reasons the pair admire a given designer are individual to the talent: Chareau, because he was "avant-garde," Ruhlmann because he was "a genius," Frank because he was "very modern." What they admire most about these designers, however, is their fanatical attention to perfection. "It's the last great quality period," laments Bob Vallois, "the last period in which art had the same quality as in the eighteenth century. Everything was made of precious materials—sharkskin, macassar ebony—but after 1935 or '38 it was finished."

Theirs, however, is not a slavish devotion—period furnishings coexist peacefully with sculpture and paintings by contemporary artists such as Arman, Sol LeWitt, and Wifredo Lam. "We didn't want to do a strict reconstruction," Monsieur Vallois explains. "It's better to have a piece of this, a piece of that." The apparent ease with which he and Madame Vallois—who favors the contemporary simplicity of clothing by Alaïa and Armani—have created this atmosphere of casual perfection suggests that although they appreciate the past, they live entirely in the present. ▲

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

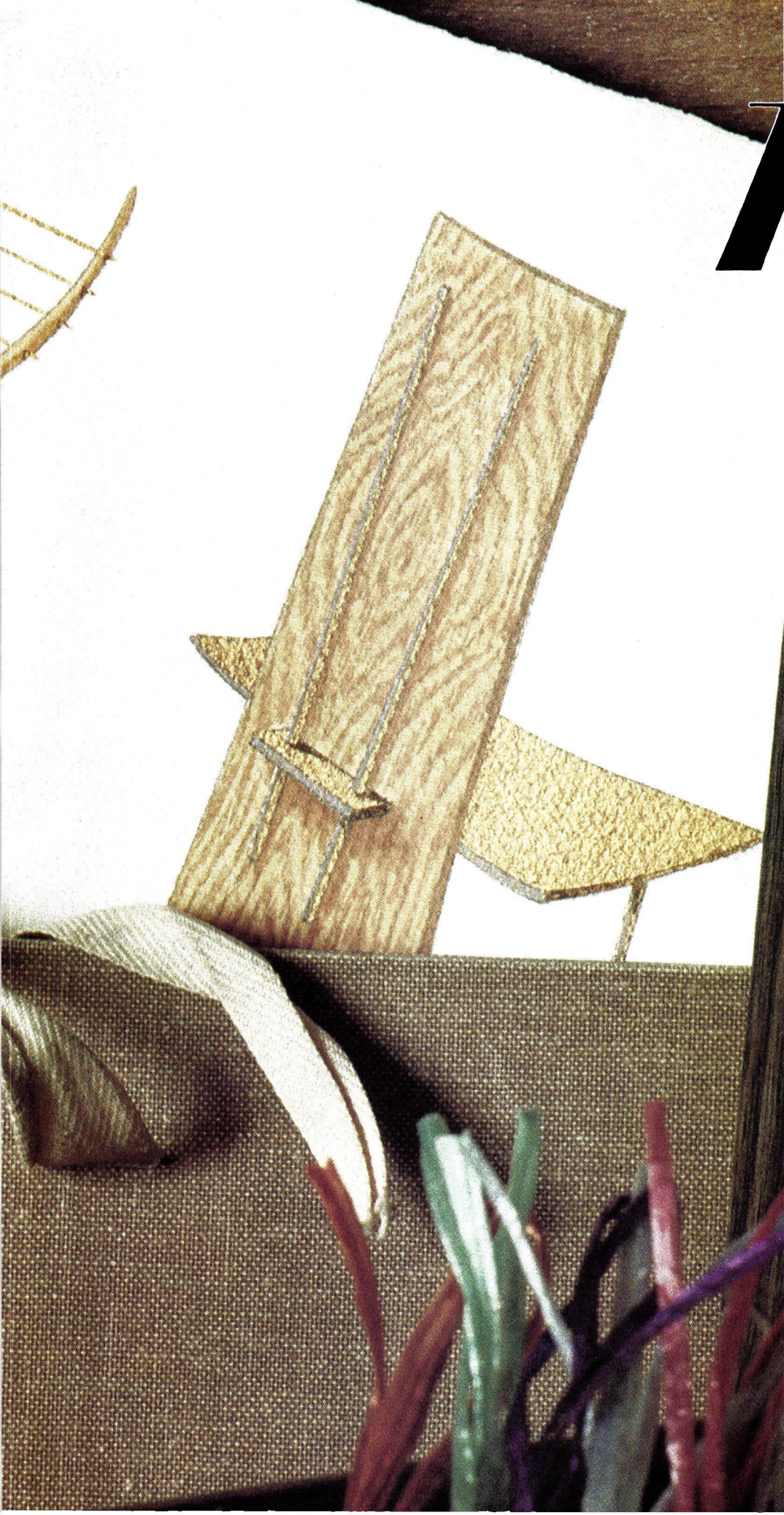
STYLIZED SERENITY

The Vallois living room is filled with objects from a less hurried age. An Émile Chambon painting hangs above the Frank sofa; a bird-shaped silver teapot perches on the bar at far right.



a barbarian in PARIS

Christina de Liagre stalks designer Mattia Bonetti in his two-room Montparnasse lair



Mattia Bonetti quotes the proverb "Shoemakers' children never have shoes" as he shuffles an unfinished cabinet out of his hallway and into his living room. "I had great plans for this," he says. "It was to be painted white with gilded branches on every drawer, but who has time to do it?" Choices of where to relocate his collected works are also limited: the 36-year-old designer, celebrated for his lofty expressive spaces, lives in two rooms—small ones at that—in the Montparnasse quarter of Paris.

What's more, the living room doubles as a work studio, as bulging sketchbooks and portfolios attest. It is here that Bonetti and his partner of nine years, Elizabeth Garouste, stamp their joint initials BG on designs for furniture, objects, and interiors that range from the wacky to the downright down-to-earth. In the early eighties at the peak of high tech, while everybody else was bent on the "less is more" and "ornament is crime" ethos, the duo brazenly went back to nature, skirting tables with grass fringe, building lamps out of boulders, and earning themselves the label New Barbarians for their neo-primitive style. "We were fed up with functionalism, Le Corbusier, and the simplification of the Bauhaus," Bonetti says over coffee in unaccented English, a dead giveaway that he's Swiss and not French. "Looking to the prehistoric was for us like shedding our clothes, taking a bath, and finally feeling clean and naked."

Having hacked the way back to lost horizons for a whole generation of designers, BG has now become the stuff of museums. London's Victoria and Albert is currently paying homage with their exhibition "Avant Première: The Most Contemporary French Furniture," through January 8. Referred to in the same breath, like famous teams such as Rodgers and Hammer-

Hands-on approach: Mattia Bonetti, far left, with the twig-handled cabinet he and partner Elizabeth Garouste designed. Left: A portfolio drawing by Bonetti of the Lyre and Hirohito chairs and samples of raffia to be used for carpets. Details see Sources.

JACQUES DIRAND

The living room, which doubles as a work studio, populated by chairs slipcovered in ecru poplin, a sofa spruced up with lilac linen, and Bonetti and Garouste's towering wicker Tam-Tam lamp. Bonetti's frieze of figures in flagrante is "reminiscent of Greek vase designs."

JACQUES DIRAND

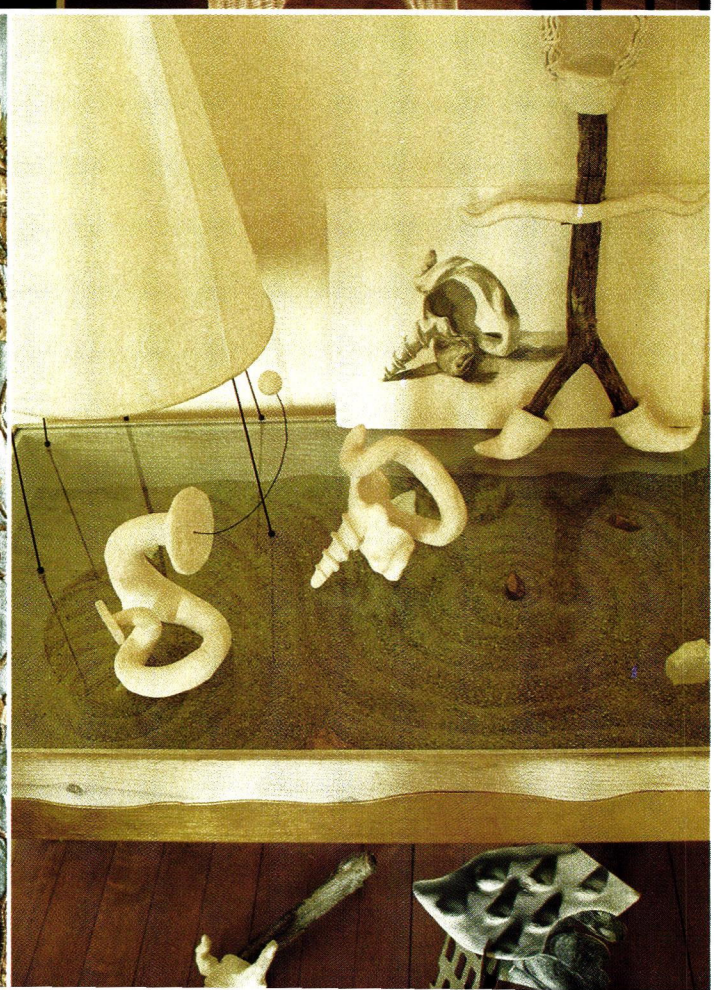
stein, the well-matched pair are considered masters at achieving perfect opposites. "Their work is primitive and luxurious, joyous and pompous, flamboyant and austere, simple and twisted," sums up Christian Lacroix, whose technicolored haute couture showroom on the rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré established the BG signature in interior design last year. Since then the duo has taken on the Lacroix Luxe and prêt-à-porter boutiques, on the ground floor of the sizzling fashion house, and is currently working at expanding them. Even the Lacroix stationery—a gold-and-white CL logo on rough recycled beige paper—is their creation.

Though the BG style seems to be evolving in the direction of the neo-Baroque, nature is still very much at the root of things. "Man may make neon and go to the moon, but he is a creature of nature and his condition is that of dying, returning to the earth," says Bonetti. "It's important to remember nature is all around us. It's the one truth." Appropriately, in his bedroom a folding screen resembles a garden gate more than anything else. And Bonetti is forever bringing the outside in—even quite literally so—as evidenced by the branch handles on his cabinet. "Elizabeth and I cut them down in the forest around her house in Normandy (where she lives with her husband, the painter Gérard Garouste, and their two children). We like getting our hands dirty."

Huge rocks dominated their early cavetech pieces; in recent years these tree branches *(Text continued on page 198)*

Another view of the living room, left, focuses on Bonetti and Garouste's wrought-iron Râ table and wool-and-raffia Pisa carpet with Gothic motifs. Bonetti's terra-cotta masks hang as illuminated sconces. Opposite top: In the bedroom a 1940s French iron folding screen lines the wall next to an Italian iron bed, c. 1890, and Bonetti's wall lights of rosy bouquets. Right: A Bonetti sculpture strides across Bonetti and Garouste's wicker-and-iron Dogon chair. Far right: The duo's wood and gilded-metal Zen table with a still life of Bonetti sculptures and a Noguchi lamp.

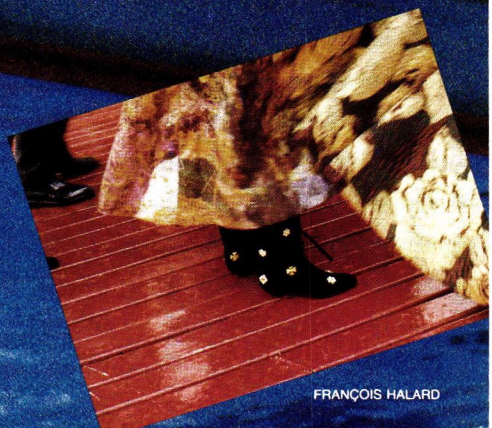
JACQUES DIRAND



DRESSED TO SPILL
Lacroix-clad patrons on the upper deck of Les Bains Deligny, the most fashionable night spot for those who love Paris when it sizzles. The oldest swimming hole in Paris, this multilevel barge offers dining at the top, dancing on the deck, and swimming where the water is.

THE BIG SPLASH

Christopher Petkanas hits the number one hot spot on the Seine



FRANÇOIS HALARD

After testing the waters—transforming a public bathhouse into what is currently Paris's most fashionable boîte, Les Bains—Hubert Boukobza and Claude Challe have taken another plunge. With Eric Vannier, the third partner in this terrifyingly *branché* troika, they have tossed a life preserver to the Piscine Deligny, the landmark 50-meter pool forming the central basin of a massive barge anchored on the Seine just below the Pont de la Concorde. Les Bains Deligny, as it has been renamed so as to make clear the connection with its sister haunt, was treated by decorator Jonathan Amar to a few hundred gallons of cheery yellow, turquoise, and red paint before reopening its 450 cabanas, solarium, Ping-Pong tables, and bodybuilding facility last May. A 100-seat restaurant, open for lunch and dinner, was launched at the same time, clinching a bobbing quayside success for the three night birds who also own the venerable Palace. For those in the swim there was barely time to run out and buy a fresh tube of Clarins and a new maillot. The blinking Wurlitzer jukebox that helps provide the sound track for these giddy shenanigans won't be spinning out "Chanson d'Amour" again until spring. Except for special events, Deligny is closed due to the October-to-March chill factor (the pool itself is open to the weather). One such exceptional event, however, Atmosphère d'Été, recently presented the spring/summer collection of a number of first-rung, vaguely fringe, so-called young fashion designers—people like Hervé Léger, John Galliano, and Nathalie Garçon. As it has managed to do since its opening, Les Bains Deligny is attracting the right sort of people. ▲

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

SEINE-SATIONAL
Anchored just below the Pont de la Concorde, this boîte, opposite, makes ingenious use of its open-to-the-elements structure for those too fashionably appointed to care about the weather. Above: The all-but-requisite pair of nightclub sunglasses have never been more appropriate than at this spot so clearly given over to both night and day.

FRANÇOIS HALARD

BREAD *and Sneakers*

Jeffrey Steingarten test-drives the latest kitchen aids and finds some of them almost useful

Some of my warmest relationships have involved machines. They never challenge my self-esteem or question my motives, and they never spend too much on clothes. My favorite mechanical friends live in the kitchen. In height order, they are: an instant meat thermometer, a mortar and pestle, a pastry bag with assorted nozzles, a mandoline, a large KitchenAid mixer with dough hook, an ice-cream maker with self-contained refrigeration, and a salamander broiler.

To become my chum, a kitchen appliance need do nothing more than deliver larger quantities of more delicious food faster and with less work than before. You can imagine my excitement on learning that an entirely new breed of kitchen machine had come upon the scene: the fully automatic home breadmaker. As I have never been able to locate the HG test kitchens, I erected a temporary testing laboratory at home by laying an old door on four milk cartons and plugging in a half-dozen extension cords. The door was large enough for four automatic breadmakers and sixty pounds of flour with several feet to spare, so I scoured the catalogues and kitchenware shops for additional state-of-the-art appliances to test. I settled on an electric oyster knife, a deep-fat fryer, and an automatic fruit peeler. The question was, would they feed me more and better?

For 25 cents U.S., she sold peeled oranges and apples. For an extra 25 cents U.S., she let me play with her peeler

COUTEAU À HUITRES ELECTRIQUE As soon as the Electric Oyster/Clam Knife arrived from Hammacher Schlemmer, I ordered four-dozen assorted oysters—Belon, Chincoteague, and Wellfleet—and invited a friend to join my wife and me for dinner. All I could think of was Brillat-Savarin's recollection that "in the old days any banquet of importance began with oysters, and there were always a good number of guests who did not hesitate to down *one gross* apiece [twelve dozen, a hundred and forty-four]."

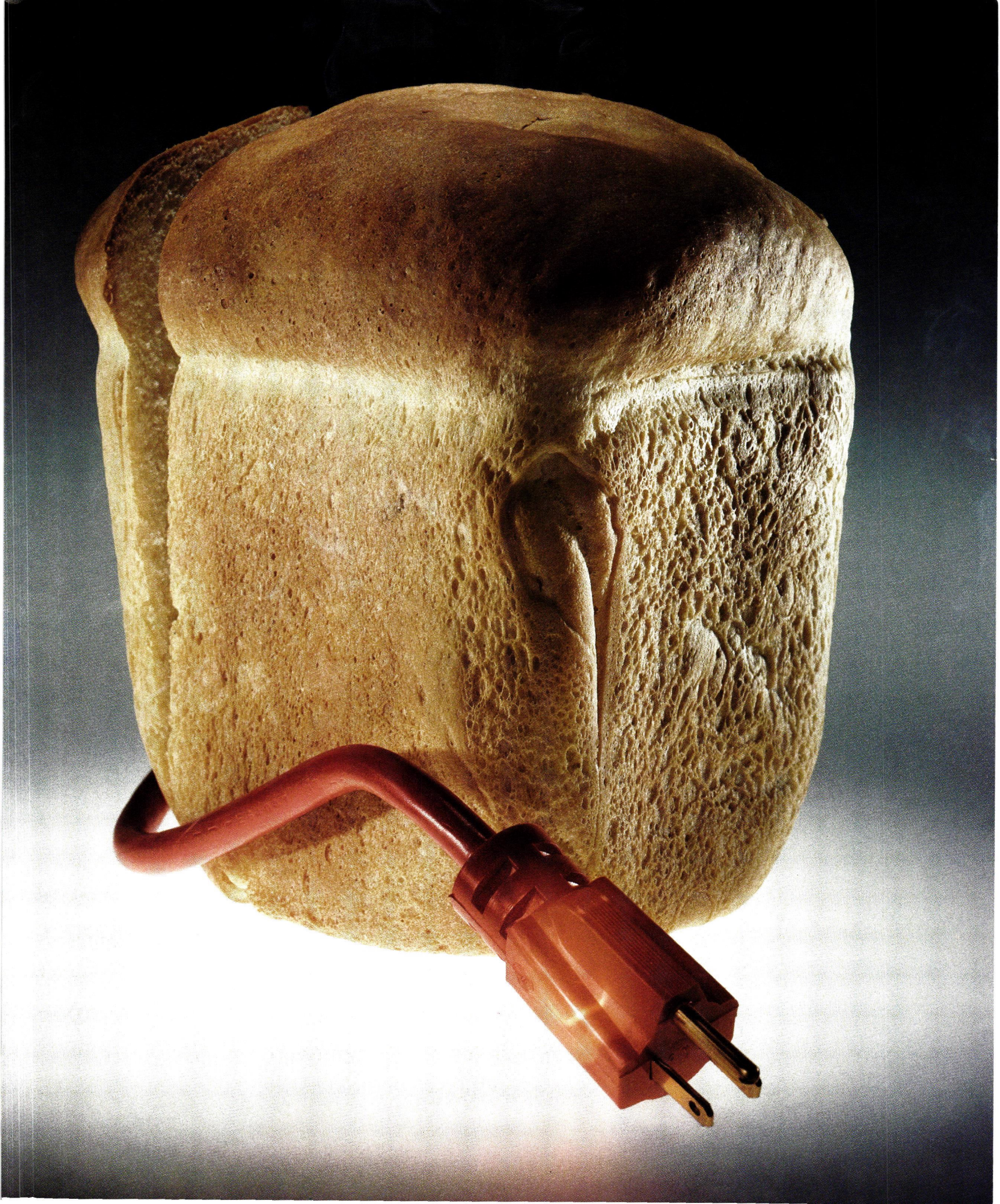
The Couteau à Huitres Electrique is a beautifully high-tech instrument—a shiny fierce-looking triangular blade mounted on a bright green collar set in a matte-black plastic handle. The blade vibrates at 3,000 times a minute ("similar to models used by commercial oyster farms"), and the mainly French instructions sort of show you how to insert the blade effortlessly into the side edge of the oyster, rotate it toward the oyster's hinge, and voilà!

As we sat down to dinner, I plugged in the Couteau à Huitres. Its loud buzzing put an end to conversation. The first oyster was a failure because the knife would not penetrate between the shells. The second oyster opened reluctantly, but the meat was mangled when I used the Couteau à Huitres to dislodge it from the shell. The third oyster would not open, no matter how much brute force I applied. The fourth shell crumbled. The fifth was perfect. The sixth would not open. And so it went. My performance was as pitiful as when I wield a three-dollar manual oyster knife. Dinner that evening featured the complex carbohydrate food group in the form of assorted breads from my automatic breadmakers and leftover shoestring potatoes from my deep-fat fryer (see below).

DAZEY STRIPPER It was in 1972 near the Cenote de los Sacrificios at the ruins of Chichén Itzá in the Yucatán—a sacred well where vestal virgins were sacrificed to the Mayan gods—that I first encountered the automatic fruit and vegetable peeler. After a long trudge under the merciless sun and a cursory glance at the bottomless Cenote in which not even one vestal virgin could be glimpsed, I saw an old woman sitting nearby on a folding chair behind a shiny steel hand-cranked peeler mounted on a tall wooden stand. For 25 cents U.S., she sold peeled oranges and apples to the thirsty tourists. For an extra 25 cents U.S., she let me play with her peeler.

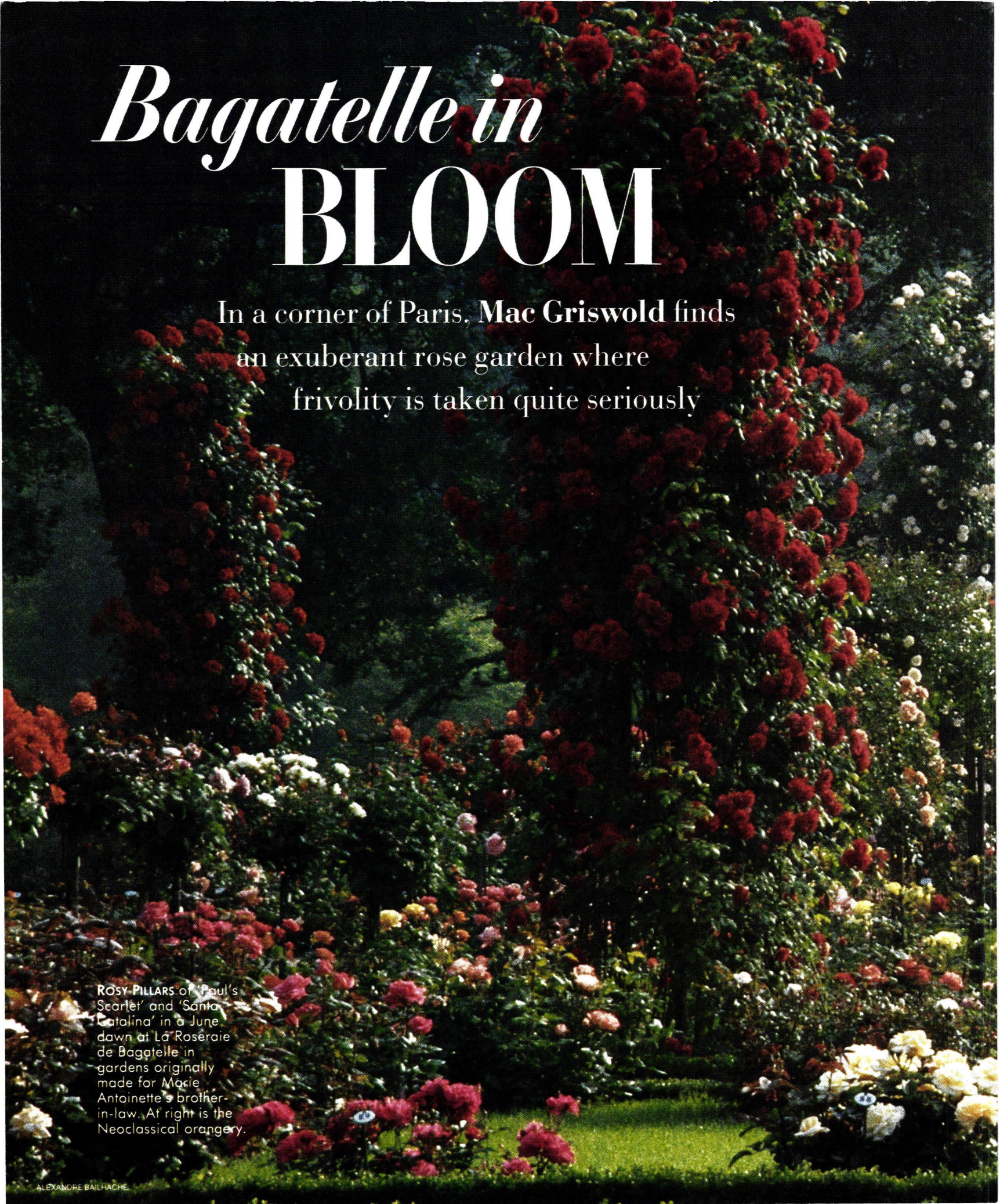
Years later at a dinner party I discovered the Dazey Stripper in my hostess's kitchen while she was busy serving drinks in the living room. I inserted a nearby apple, stood back, and watched in wonder as the Dazey Stripper rapidly removed the peel in one continuous band. The Dazey Stripper automatically peels *firm* fruits and *(Text continued on page 194)*

HIRO



Bagatelle in BLOOM

In a corner of Paris, **Mac Griswold** finds an exuberant rose garden where frivolity is taken quite seriously



ROSY PILLARS of 'Paul's Scarlet' and 'Santa Catalina' in a June dawn at La Roseraie de Bagatelle in gardens originally made for Marie Antoinette's brother-in-law. At right is the Neoclassical orangery.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

Bagatelle, built on a bet just before the French Revolution, happily still seems like an expensive trinket. The sixty acres of garden and a pink-and-white playhouse of a château sit by the Seine in the Bois de Boulogne.

Thirty-three gardeners, most of whom are young and blond with matelot muscles and disdainful Marlon Brando profiles, give it a musical-comedy air. They bend over those arrangements of petunias and geraniums which at Bagatelle are so successful and which elsewhere only look municipal. They murmur heatedly over the white cosmos, the pale lantanas, the perfect standard fuchsias, actually saying things such as, "Il faut de la légèreté avant tout."

At the same time, the gardens of Bagatelle are cozy in a way possible only in France. Baby carriages creak around the serpentine paths of the park. Pairs of well made up elderly ladies in print dresses walk arm-in-arm talking about their digestion. But Bagatelle's history has not always been so domestic.

The comte d'Artois, youngest brother of Louis XVI, was a member of Marie Antoinette's tiny circle of intimates. He was only nineteen in 1777 when he bought his run-down hunting box, which already had a reputation as a discreet rendezvous just far enough away from other royal châteaus for romantic assignations.

Marie Antoinette took one look at her brother-in-law's shabby acquisition and bet him a breathtaking 100,000 livres he could not build a new house in sixty days. François Joseph Bélanger, last of the great ancien régime architects, was engaged. Nine hundred men worked 24 hours a day. Artois won his bet, but the château and its garden were not really complete until 1786. The comte spent 2,000,000 livres before he was finished.

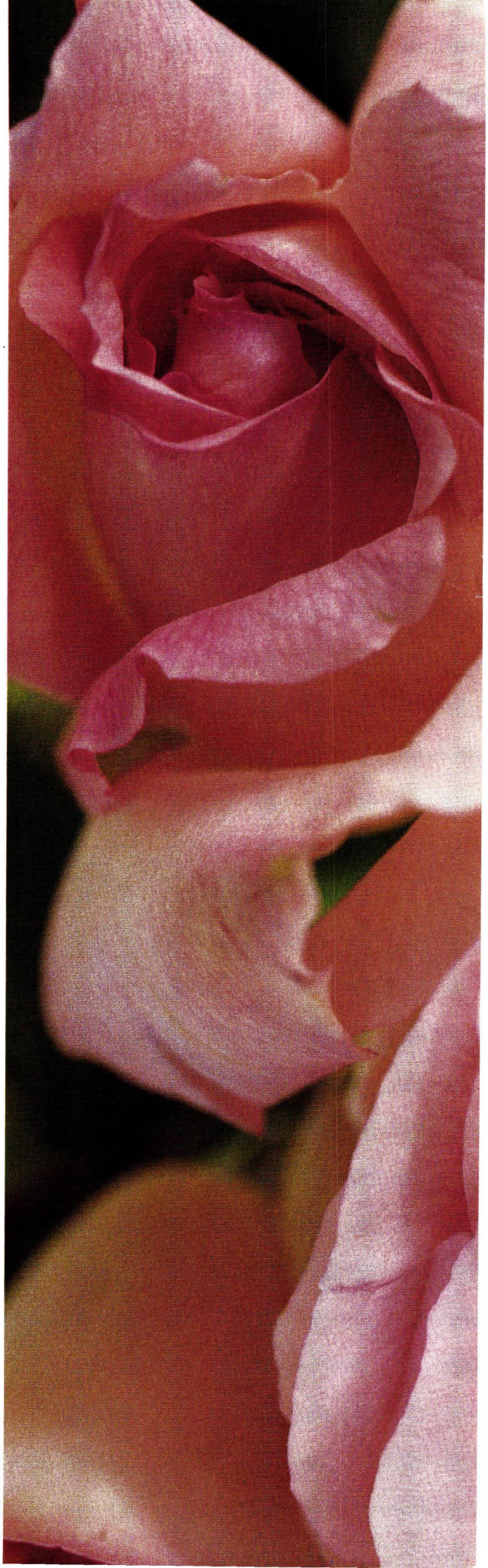
From 1779 onward till the revolution, the garden was in the care of Thomas Blaikie, Scottish garden guru to the French aristocracy in its last hectic and free-spending decade. A Blaikie garden, like a Russell Page garden today, was *the* thing to have. Blaikie was not at all sure his patron cared what he got. In his diary, he glumly notes that "frequently M. de St. Foix [Artois's superintendent of works] said it was folly as the Ct. d'Artois would not take any notice of what we had done and tooke more pleasure in a girl than a garden."

Bagatelle, comparatively unscathed by the Revolution, was cosseted by two incredibly rich nineteenth-century Francophile Englishmen. Lord Seymour-Conway, Marquess of Hertford, who formed the bulk of the Wallace Collection, now in London, added a story to the château, built the orangery, and left Bagatelle to his adopted son, Richard Wallace, who is thought to have been either Hertford's illegitimate son or half brother.

Bagatelle's ownership continued to have its own intense romantic flavor: when Wallace died in 1890, he left Bagatelle to his widow, who left it to her secretary (and lover), the immensely fat and charming Sir John Murray Scott. Scott's great love was Vita Sackville-West's flamboyant mother, Lady Sackville. In *Pepita,* Vita recalls her childhood Bagatelle days running barefoot on the grass and hanging garlands on the stone nymphs in the grottoes.

The rose garden was added in 1905, when the city of Paris bought Bagatelle from Scott. J. C. N. Forestier, director of the Bois de Boulogne and friend of Monet, was responsible for the design with its straight lines and geometric yews to balance the exuberance of the flowers. It is one of two gardens near Paris that presents the history of the rose. The old roses are at L'Haÿ-les-Roses; Bagatelle mainly grows those from 1920 onward. Modern roses are not fashionable at the moment; *le tout Paris,* like le tout everywhere else, prefers old roses. The current line is that modern roses don't smell, grow on stubby little bushes, come in horrible loud colors, and have ugly pointed petals.

All this is true, but at Bagatelle there are the great new exceptions, such as 'Yves Piaget', introduced in 1983 and as fat and pink and dizzyingly sweet as any Bourbon flower. It is also disease- and mildew-resistant and *(Text continued on page 196)*



TAILORED YEWS and tiny boxwood edging, opposite, make a firm French frame for the central parterre with its brilliant grass carpet. Right: The hybrid tea 'Grand Siècle', 1988 winner of the new Prix de la Rose Manuel Canovas.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

GARLANDS OF FLOWERS frame a mysterious path; conical yews stand guard. 'American Pillar' covers the pergola arch. 'Elizabeth of Glamis' paves the foreground bed in creamy pink—Bagatelle is a treasury of roses hybridized since 1920.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

The last ten years have seen a quiet revolution in English taste. No longer awash in chintz, Britons are abandoning sub-Victorian gentility and returning to grander, more classical principles. **Malise Ruthven** reports on five London dealer/designers at the forefront of this trend

PAUL JONES

European Ethnic

Luxurious French silk lampas curtains, c. 1850, drape the walls and desk of Paul Jones's office, left; 18th-century wool-and-silk needlepoint pillows are on a French bench. The floor was painted by Tom Hammond. Below: Pillows made from antique tapestry with 18th-century gilded scrolls and cherubs.

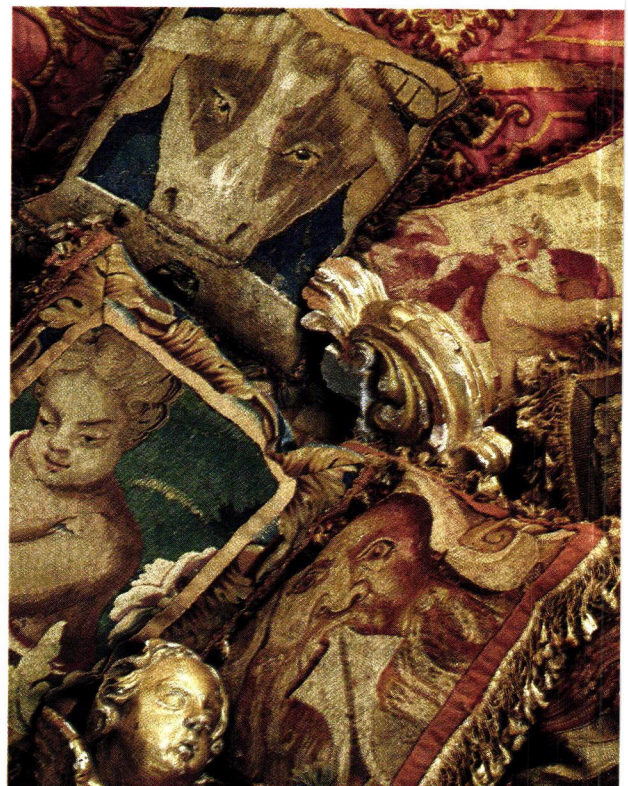
JAMES MORTIMER

Seven years ago Paul Jones, just nineteen and fresh out of school, spent his unemployment check on a bunch of pretty fabrics that he sold at a stall in Camden Market. Today, at 26, he is the uncrowned king of the period textile business, with a turnover of £3 million a year and a shop in the King's Road where nothing remains—he boasts—for more than three weeks. This almost literal rags-to-riches story is not just the result of luck or accident: despite his punk appearance, Jones acquired a scholarly mastery of his field before cashing in on his knowledge.

His first love was for Paisley in his native Scotland—center of the famous shawl industry. Recognizing their decorative potential, Jones began selling them on his stall; as they became popular the prices began to rocket, and Jones, who practically cornered the market, has not looked back. He soon began branching out into other European antique textiles, focusing on French classics such as Gobelins and Aubusson.

Jones was one of the first people to recognize the way textiles have been relatively undervalued. He explains that when the original inventories of great country houses were made, textiles took second place—after the livestock, ahead of silver and other valuables. Yet furniture dealers, he maintains, are still snubbing textiles. ''Isn't it wonderful?'' he says. ''Here in the King's Road you will still find dealers selling a Louis XIV chair for £7,000 upholstered in Peter Jones damask at £8 per yard!''

As well as dealing in antique textiles, Jones acts as a fabric consultant to many leading designers, including David Mlinaric, advising them on matters such as the exact colors and the precise shapes of the tiebacks they need when restoring old houses. Jones calls his preferred style ''European ethnic''—implying a rediscovery of roots in reaction to the Orientalist adventures of the sixties, when kilims and Afghan covers were the rage. His shop is exquisitely arranged with old books, antique metalwork, and tactile objects such as Roman heating marbles displayed to offset the textures of his fabrics. No slouch when it comes to marketing either himself or his products, Paul Jones is definitely a man to watch. (Paul Jones at Chenil Galleries, 183 King's Rd., SW3, 351-2005)



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RITZ

A celebration of style and taste by

YVES SAINT LAURENT

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CHRISTOPHER HODSOLL

Neo-Rothschild Style

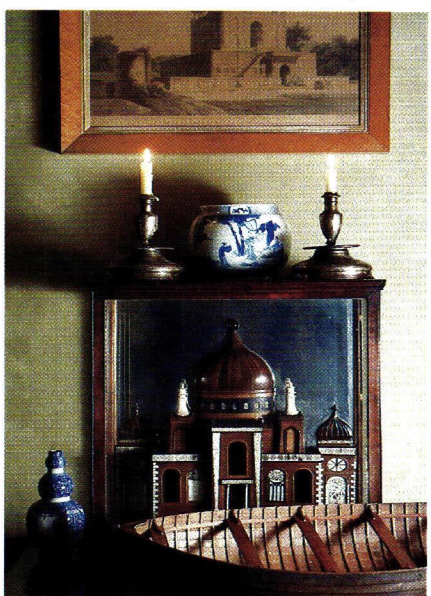
After working as his assistant for several years, Christopher Hodsoll inherited the Pimlico shop of the late Geoffrey Bennison, a legendary figure whom many regard as a genius. Bennison pioneered the style that has been termed Modern Grand, Neo-Rothschild, or just plain Bennison. Its hallmark: unusual, difficult-to-achieve combinations of comfort and grandeur with a special gift for recognizing the architectural qualities of furniture that makes new acquisitions look as if they had been in situ forever.

Though slightly less florid than Bennison, Hodsoll sticks to the same philosophy. Its essence is that furniture should speak for itself—without interference from the noisy chintzes or florals favored by many English decorators and County Ladies. Hodsoll's fabrics are low-key and masculine with a preference for quiet colors that blend with the tones of polished woods and marbles. The pieces he favors—large architectonic desks or bookcases in the style of the great British Neoclassicist Sir John Soane, Empire cabinets, Victorian office cabinets, Gothic Revival tables in walnut or burr oak, fine gilt mirrors, or even what Hodsoll's partner, Alex McKenzie, calls "Scottish hotel furniture"—were mostly built for large patrician mansions in the early nineteenth century before Victorian opulence degenerated into tasteless clutter. There's no reason, says Hodsoll, why someone with a modern apartment or studio should not make such an item *the* feature of his room.

McKenzie despises most Continental furniture. "If you paid under £1,000 for a piece of Biedermeier, it would fall to pieces in your hands. English furniture at the same price and period is of much better quality, and it stands up to central heating much better."

Hodsoll admits that change in taste has been determined partly by availability. Eighteenth-century furniture has priced itself out of the market. "Ten years ago no one would have dreamt of putting a Victorian table in a Christie's main sale," he says. "I myself used to hate them. Now, the more I see of them, the more I like them." (Hodsoll McKenzie, 50 Pimlico Rd., SW1, 730-9835; Bennison, 89–91 Pimlico Rd., 730-3370; MRH Cloth, 52 Pimlico Rd., 730-2877)

Hodsoll's drawing room, above, has all the hallmarks of a Grand Tourist: Classical busts, natural history specimens, and masculine furniture. Below: An Eastern vignette includes a 19th-century model of an Indian palace.



Antique carved fruitwood figures, above, probably from India. Below: Hodsoll in a mid-18th-century Rococo mirror from Alnwick Castle.

JAMES MORTIMER

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LONDON

Christophe Gollut is a highly versatile dealer whose bread and butter comes from the more conventional role of designer. A native of the Valais (in the French-speaking part of Switzerland), he combines a European eye with a passion for the English country house style. After studying law in Switzerland he trained at the Inchbald School of Design, then worked at Alistair Colvin, whose shop he now runs and owns. His style is less grand than Hodsoll's, contriving to be both more intimate and more exotic. "My fellow Europeans think of it as English," he says, "the English as European. If you can't decide, you can always call it Russian," he adds with a laugh. Much of his work has a light Regencyish feel. He chooses fabrics and paints with subtle, unusual colors. His private office is lined with a corrugated blue chintz he invented. It creates a sense of elegance without being pretentious or grand. As a European he equates Englishness with comfort and informality. "The English country house style is quite impossible to reproduce anywhere else," he insists, "though people keep on trying. It is a unique mixture of comfort and lack of tidiness. No French château is comfortable: you can never find a chair you actually want to sit on. Nor do châteaus gain in elegance what they lack in comfort. Have you ever gone down on your knees in a French drawing room? You'll die laughing—120 legs and nothing else. Call that elegance?"

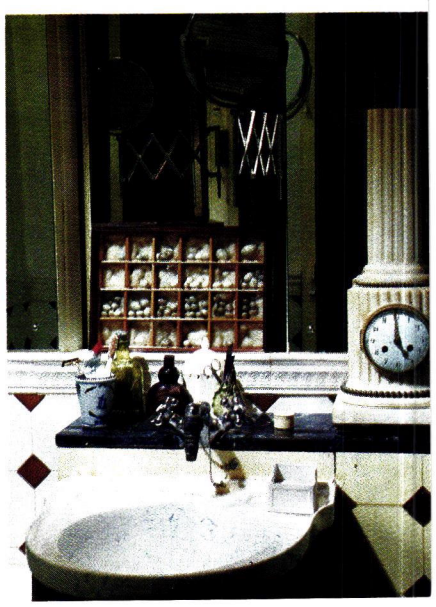
Pair of French 19th-century brass tiebacks on an early-19th-century Swedish chair, left, in front of a cupboard piled with contemporary needlepoint Greek rugs. Bottom left: Christophe Gollut reflected in mirrored windows, c. 1930. Below: A French clock, c. 1820, and a collection of eggs boxed c. 1860 grace his bathroom.

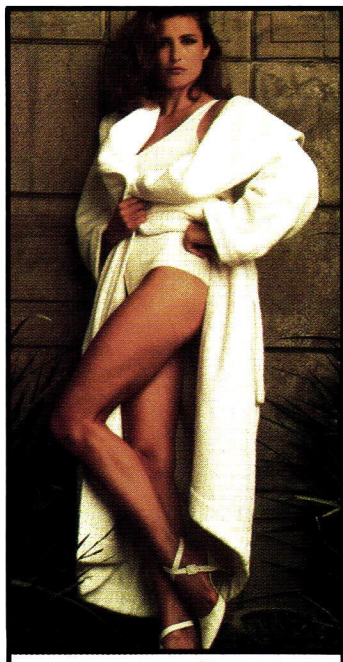
CHRISTOPHE GOLLUT

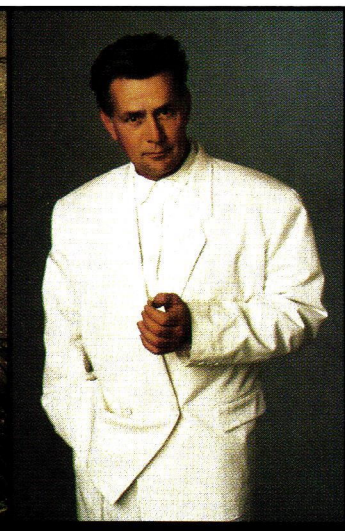
The Regency Revival

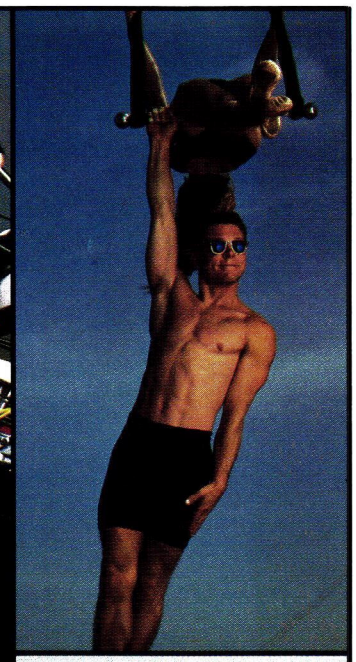
Gollut's clients include many private people—most of them personal friends—as well as corporations such as the Abbey National Building Society, whose boardroom and executive offices he recently redesigned in quiet, humanizing colors with a touch of Japanese formality. He domesticated the chairman's office at Sotheby's and is working on a new dining room for a place he cannot yet name but refers to as "one of Britain's most prestigious institutions." His versatility is evident from the fact that he is able to please many different masters, interpreting their wishes rather than imposing ideas of his own. Apart from his own flat in London, his personal style is best demonstrated by the beautiful house he owns on Gran Canaria where he retreats seven or eight times a year. Each room is done in a different style with English, Spanish, Moroccan, French, Indian, and Gothic all scattered among Gollut's trademark subtle colors. Everything is carefully differentiated, yet the spacing and tones are unmistakably Gollut. "It helps to have been born in the middle of Europe," he says. "When you are Swiss you can allow yourself to be influenced by surroundings as different as Italy, Germany, and France." (116 Fulham Rd., SW3, 370-4101)

JAMES MORTIMER









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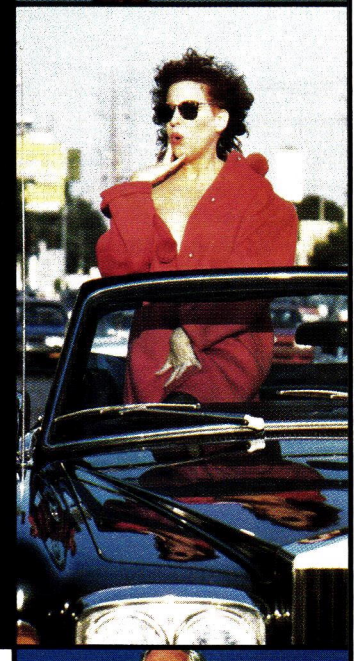

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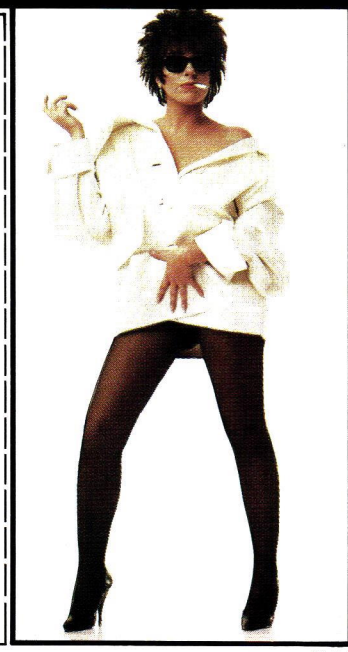
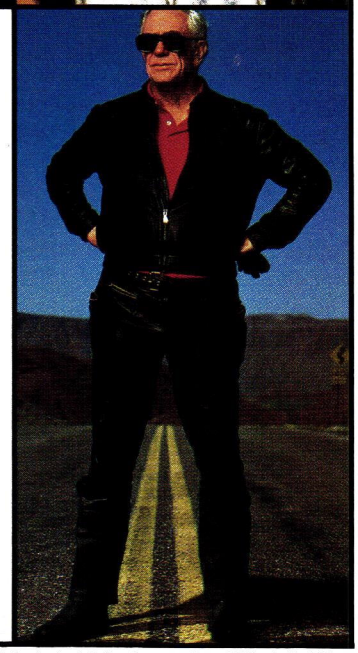
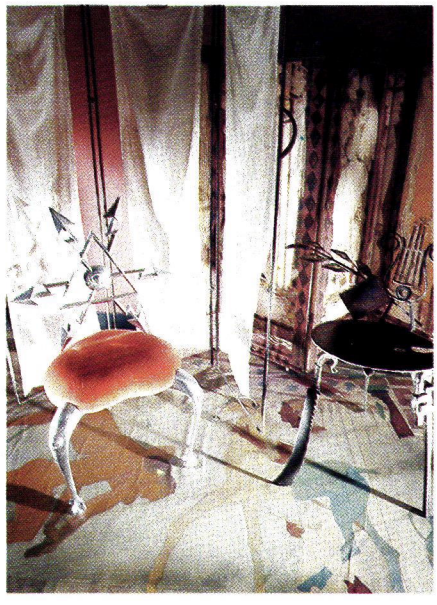




All photos by Annie Leibovitz except Bette Midler by Herb Ritts.

Nevile, far left, in a planter's chair. Left: Chairs and tables by Cebuan de la Rochette de Beaucastel. Center below: Screen by Carolyn Quartermaine, chairs by Mark Brazier-Jones, floorcloth by Billy Quinn.



Fire surround by Nevile, candlesticks by Robin Williams, chair, Mark Brazier-Jones, French 19th-century clock and barometer.

CHRISTOPHER NEVILE

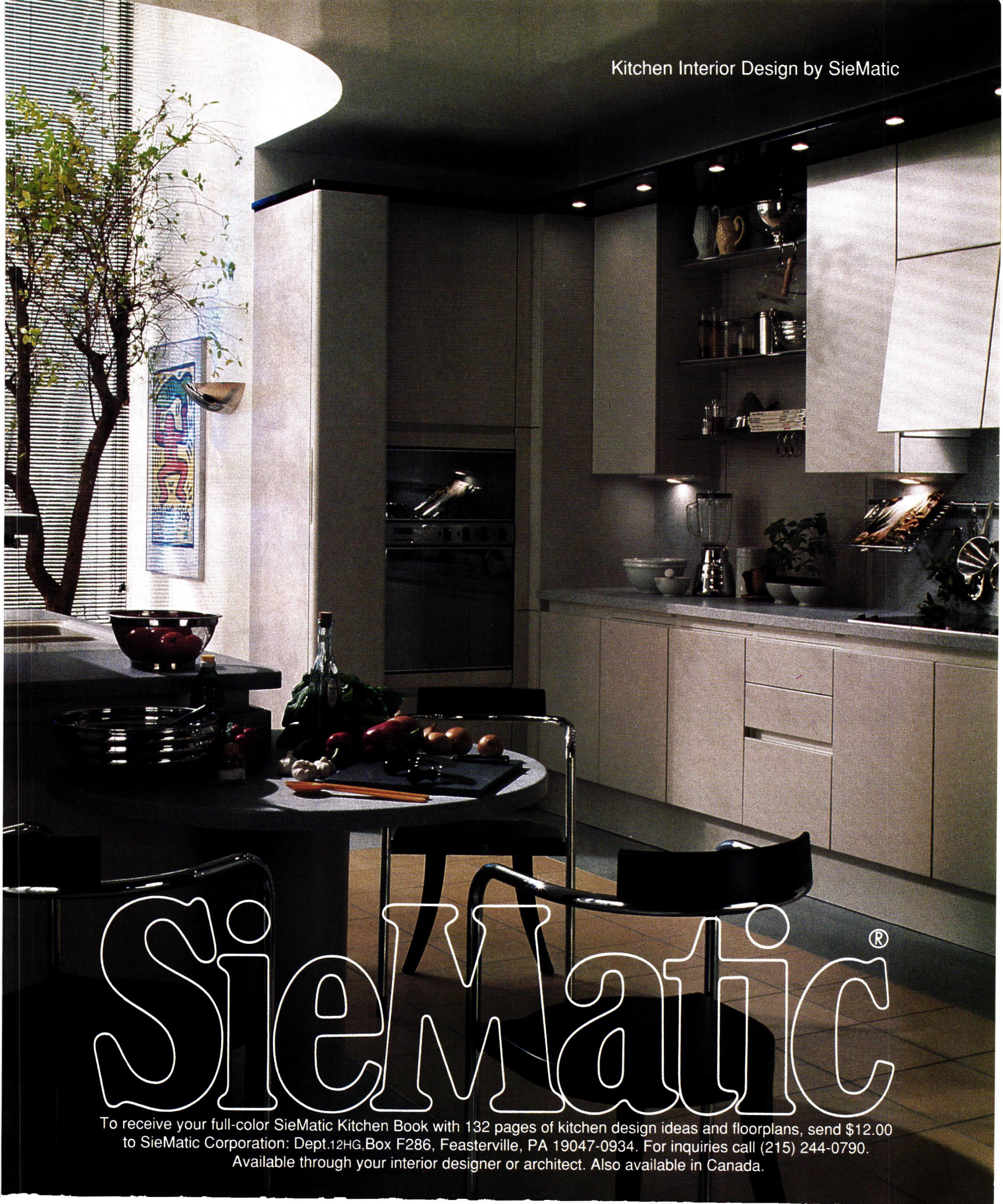
Bastardized Classicism

As a self-taught craftsman, Christopher Nevile mastered the arts of stippling, scumbling, distressed gilding, and other difficult techniques. Appreciative clients began to ask his advice on curtains and trimmings—followed by questions about everything else. Soon he was running a three-tiered business comprising painting (with partner Saul Greenberg) and decorating, interior design, and the Study, a small shop in an eighteenth-century house in Covent Garden. The Study is really a showroom where he can exhibit his style and ideas and display the work of the young artists and craftspersons he recommends to his clients.

Nevile describes his style, self-effacingly, as "bastardized Neoclassicism." His debt to Soane is evident from the classic design of the shelving in the shop with its clever cornicing and mirror inlays that reflect attractive patterns on the ceiling. His use of materials, however, would probably cause Sir John to turn in his grave: cheap blockboard painted and grained to look like wood, plastic-backed chrome strip, simple stock moldings, and bronzed roundels made from industrial washers and upholstery tacks. The whole thing—he claims—cost less than £1,000. His skill with ordinary materials puts him within the reach of people with modest budgets. Many of his clients are media people from the small production companies that cluster round Covent Garden. Like them, Nevile is at home with state-of-the-art technology such as advanced lighting systems and laser cutting techniques.

The objects in Nevile's shop reflect his theatrical leanings—a Malaysian planter's chair rubs backs with a palm leaf wrought-iron throne created by Colin Chetwood, one of Nevile's protégés ("He really does want to be under the spreading chestnut tree," says Nevile), and the entrance hall is dominated by a Paolozzi-esque table created by Mark Brazier-Jones from an ordinary road drill. The secret to exhibiting this and other Post-modernist bricolage is the cunning use of modern lighting. Pillars and cornices conceal neon strips, defining squares and spaces, and spotlights beam or bounce from ceilings, enlivening the familiar and taming the bizarre. The result is an unusual but satisfying blend of classical and modern, tradition and innovation. (The Study, 55 Endell St., Covent Garden, WC2, 240-5844)

JAMES MORTIMER



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Piers von Westenholz, top, among busts of Roman emperors, two originally from the Albacini collection. Above: Pair of Arts and Crafts andirons in front of a 17th-century Dutch painting of fish, pair of cast-iron dogs, Scottish, c. 1850.

Chair, above, from a set of six, c. 1845, with its original striped upholstery. Left: Gothic Revival bronze lamp, c. 1840, and a maquette of sculpture of George Canning by Francis Chantrey stand on an oak library table, 1840, flanked by a pair of Gothic chairs in the baron's country home.

PIERS VON WESTENHOLZ

The Antidecoration League

Baron Piers von Westenholz's shop faces Hodsoll's on the opposite side of Pimlico Road. Formerly a partner of Britain's best-known decorator, David Mlinaric, he returned to his first love, dealing, after a period of living quietly in the country and still commutes to London from rural Hertfordshire. Unlike his house, where large beautiful objects create an admirable sense of space, his shop is cluttered and confused with things piled up randomly without any sense of display. "I hate sitting in my shop," says Westenholz.

The baron is happiest driving round the country attending local sales or calling on his private network of local dealers. "There are only about ten worth visiting anymore," he says, lamenting the diminishing supply of good antiques. "I've just driven a thousand miles, and all I found was a reformed Gothic bookcase, some chairs, quite a few lamps, and a cushion—barely a dozen things. Twenty years ago I'd have found at least fifty things worth buying."

The baron's taste is similar to Bennison's but subtler and wider in range. He is renowned for his immaculate eye. He loves the solidity and craftsmanship of Victorian country house outfitters such as Holland and Gillows. He deplores the way people commission expensive joinery when they can have solid mahogany wardrobes or bookcases for the same price or less.

Westenholz buys what he likes, regardless of period or provenance. He is as happy with a well-made piece of Edwardian servants' furniture as with a Chippendale commode. Along with Hodsoll, he believes that a room is made by the objects in it, not by its decoration. "I'm completely antidecoration," he insists. "Rooms should be completely neutral. You shouldn't notice the color of the walls at all or the curtains. I can't stand the Colefax & Fowler look-alikes where the whole effect is ruined by some dreadful patterned carpet or some ghastly color that's been dragged all over the place!" (68 Pimlico Rd., SW1, 730-2151) ▲

Decorating Editor: Amicia de Moubray

JAMES MORTIMER

SUCCESS / SLAD

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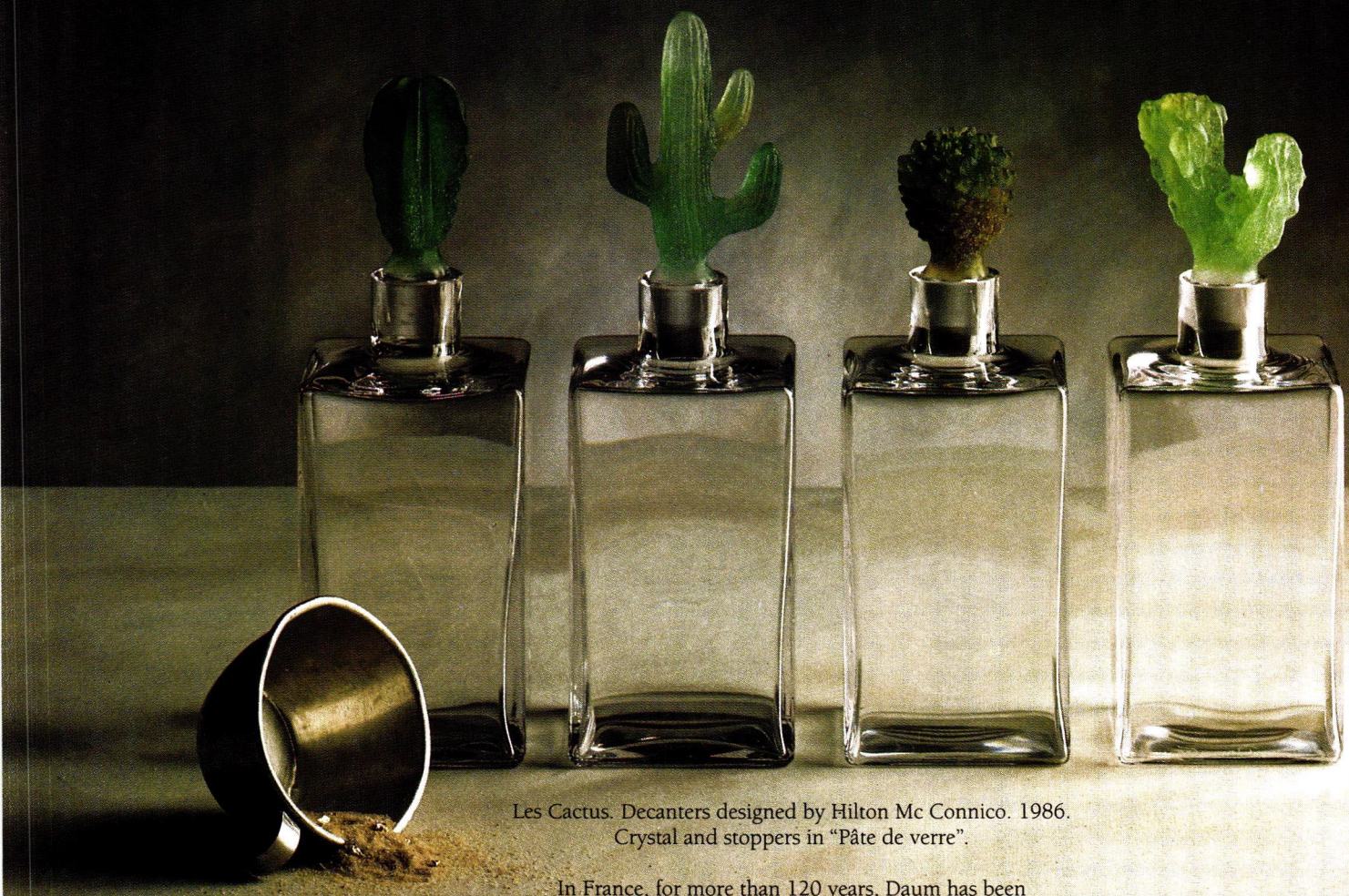

Les Cactus. Decanters designed by Hilton Mc Connico. 1986.
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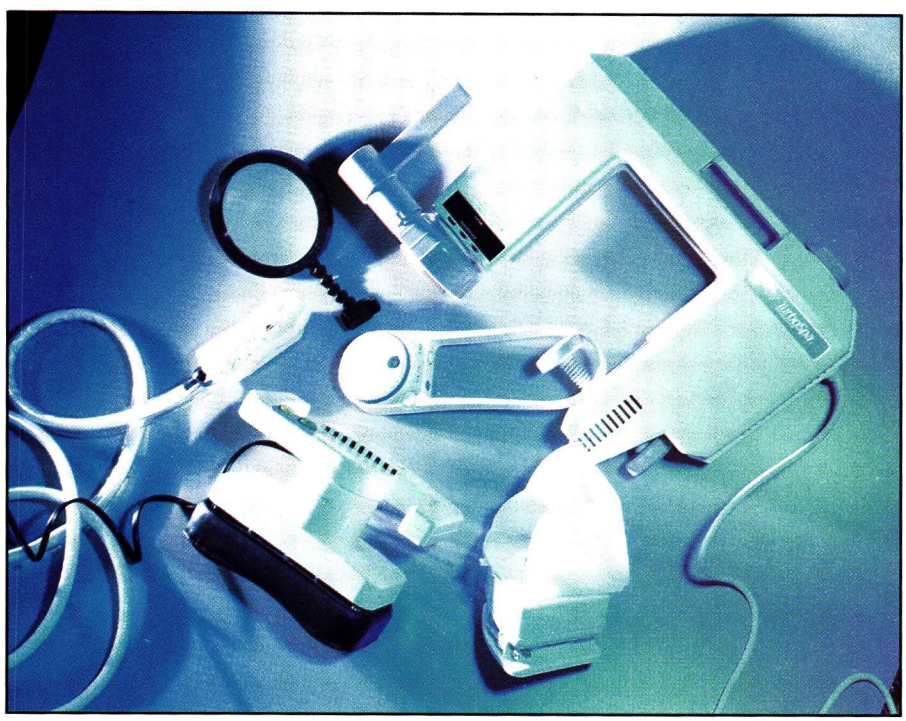
At-home facials have been upgraded from the face and towel over a pot of boiling water to the EpiSauna, a compact steamer with spa-quality results. And dentists, no doubt, are all smiles about the electric Interplak toothbrush that replaces up and down hand brushing with rotating tufts of bristles that literally speed-clean teeth.

Music to accompany all of these rituals is provided by Sony's AM/FM Shower Radio. Known for its stellar sound quality, Bose has come out with a compact and colorful pair of speakers ideal for smaller rooms but best kept away from faucets and showers. And telephone addicts will be happy to hear that the Sony Sports cordless phone is so water-resistant it's bathtub worthy.

For the nearsighted or the weight-conscious who can't bear to read a scale, there's the Technasonic Weight Talker-II, complete with memory and voice. It announces personalized up-to-the-minute gains or losses and then kindly—or callously—says, "Have a nice day." **Gabrielle Winkel**



Bose 101 Music Monitor system, top left, only six inches high with great sound, also available in white, black, green, and blue, $239 a pair. Above: Water-resistant Sony Sports cordless telephone has last-number redial and two-way intercom that allows conversation between the handset and the base unit (not shown), $189. Below: Chatty Technasonic Weight Talker-II tracks the weights of five people, $129.

Interplak toothbrush, left, comes with two interchangeable heads, in gray or white, from Sharper Image, $89. Above, clockwise from center: Sony AM/FM Shower Radio, $34.95. TurboSpa 6200 from Dazey turns any size tub into a whirlpool, operates by six-function infrared wireless remote control, about $249. Compact EpiSauna for at-home facials, $40. Acu-Vibe Rubdown Machine provides two speeds of body massage, from Sharper Image, $129. Bath Massage shower attachment generates a range of pulsating sprays, $19.99. ShowerTek Mirror, in black or white, hooks onto a shower head and never fogs up, from Sharper Image, $39.

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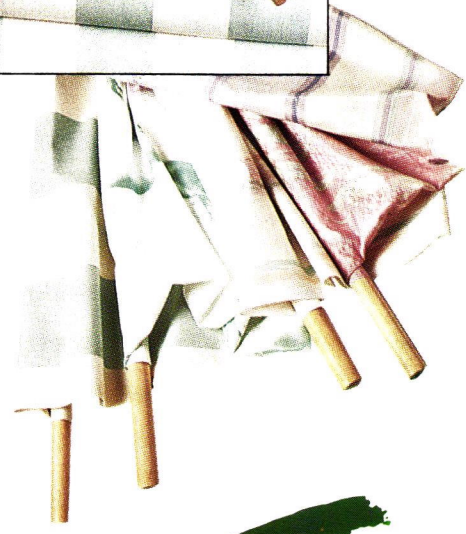

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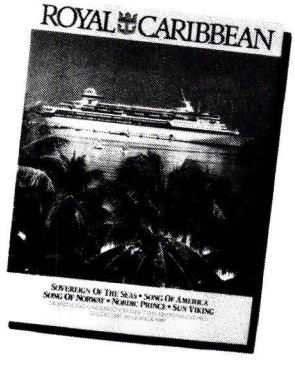

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Bio-Rhythms

(Continued from page 135) laminate, designed by Raymond Loewy and originally called Skylark but now officially rechristened by its more popular moniker, Boomerang.

Biomorphic forms seem to be making a comeback, but it may be that they never really disappeared. Their roots run deep in the art and design history of this century—back to the 1920s. The Surrealists embraced biomorphic forms as an antidote to the rational rectilinear rigors of Cubism. For the Surrealists, who were more interested in dreams and the subconscious, these organic forms offered the perfect formal vocabulary to express psychological and often sexual themes. In addition to Arp, Miró, Ernst, and Tanguy, biomorphic forms appear in the paintings of Salvador Dali and those of Arshile Gorky and in the abstract sculptures of Constantin Brancusi, Alexander Calder, and Noguchi. The early paintings of Abstract Expressionists such as Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, and William Baziotes reveal the clear influence of Surrealist biomorphomania.

The design world soon followed the artist's cue; as early as the mid 1930s, designers were creating furniture and decorative objects with biomorphic shapes. Alvar Aalto's sketches for his famous Savoy vase of 1937 depicted amoebalike forms remarkably akin to those found in Arp's constructions of the 1920s. Austrian-born architect and stage designer Frederick Kiesler, whose work will be the subject of a Whitney Museum retrospective opening in January, also heralded the biomorphic trend with his 1938 aluminum nesting tables. And Russel Wright's tableware and furniture designs, with their softly curved forms contoured to the human hand and body, popularized the move away from the strict angularity and highly machined look of the International Style.

On the other hand, these designers certainly didn't advocate a return to an Arts and Crafts approach. The years immediately after World War II saw a boom in industrial design, both here and abroad, resulting in a successful mingling of organic forms with the latest in new materials and technologies discovered during the war.

Charles Eames and Eero Saarinen's experiments in molded plywood furniture won them a joint prize in the Museum of Modern Art's 1940 Organic Design in Home Furnishings competition. Eames went on to create innovative designs in molded plywood and fiberglass for Herman Miller, while Saarinen's upholstered molded plastic and foam rubber Womb chair for Knoll became a twentieth-century classic. (After racking his brain for more marketable names for the chair, Saarinen admitted that his mind kept "turning to those that are more biological rather than less. . . .")

Danish architect Arne Jacobsen's Egg and Swan chairs of the 1950s, produced by Fritz Hansen, are icons of biomorphism. Jacobsen's molded plywood stacking chairs, also designed in the 1950s, are still doing brisk business. And the Hardoy chair, designed in 1938 by Argentine Jorge Ferrari Hardoy, popularized in the 1950s, and better known as the Butterfly chair, has been copied in countless versions.

In classic full-circle fashion, evidence of biomorphism's renewed appeal for artists was presented earlier this year in the Whitney Museum's exhibition, "Vital Signs: Organic Abstraction from the Permanent Collection." The show traced the occurrence of abstract organic forms in paintings and sculpture from the first decades of the century to the present, where they have surfaced in the work of younger artists such as painters Elizabeth Murray and Terry Winters and sculptor Robert Therrien to name but a few.

Back in the design world, the late architect Alan Buchsbaum's renovation of the lobby of the Nevele Hotel in the Catskills made liberal use of biomorphic forms in architecture and furnishings to restore a sense of 1950s Morris Lapidus–style extravagance. (Lapidus's "woggle" forms popularized biomorphic shapes in architecture.) For the last fifteen years New Yorker Michael Russo has been transforming his Greenwich Village house into a monument to latter-day organic design in everything from woodwork to furnishings, which he calls "Furnique," and which he also sells at his storefront workshop called, appropriately enough, Gallery Furnique. "These things have feelings," he says of his designs. "They're sensual and lifelike. People are tired of straight lines."

Even office furniture, which is usually slow to reflect design trends, is about to feel the biomorphic ooze: Japanese manufacturer Itoki has introduced the Bio-Table system of desks and conference tables with you-know-what–shaped tops. Their designer, Isao Hosoe, feels that the turbulent forms of the tables will foster better interaction among workers.

And for the truly skeptical, perhaps Hollywood, the ultimate trend-spotting industry, will offer proof positive. Among last summer's movie releases was—what else?—a remake of *The Blob*. ♠

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

Northern Light

(Continued from page 131) naughtiest years of his life hosting shooting parties at the house, figured he might as well let it as not. At Christineholm, naive scenes of Harg hung above the doorways draw the connection between the two places.

Although there is no documentation to prove it, the architect of Christineholm was supposedly Carl Hårleman, who with Carl Johan Cronstedt and Jean Erik Rehn propelled the Rococo movement in Sweden. Hårleman studied in Italy and France, copying the plans of new buildings and drawing Classical monuments. Using the French model but adding what was to become a signature window above a niche in the façade, he brought the Rococo manor house to Sweden. It was considered the ideal building of the country's so-called Period of Liberty, and Hårleman was its greatest architect. He was honored with the task of following through the plans of Nicodemus Tessin the Younger for the Stockholm Royal Palace and contributing a number of interiors of his own.

Compared with the sprawling royal residence, Christineholm must have been small-fry to Hårleman, who built the house for a member of the noble Oxenstierna family (Count Axel, regent in the first half of the seventeenth century) and his wife, née Beck-Friis. Three ocher-colored stucco buildings with thick white trim, deep green shutters, and dull copper roofs form a horseshoe around an open courtyard strewn with gravel and planted with a small island of grass and a few humble roses circling a sundial. The former decorator, her husband, and their four children ("terrorists," she calls them) are obliged at mealtime to walk from the central house, which contains the bedrooms and living and music rooms, to the detached wing that contains the kitchen and dining room. The other wing is the guesthouse.

Trailing guests, the family comes over from Long Island, only for the month of August, a time when the Swedish air is practically twitching with the piquant nose-tickling smell of cows and freshly cut grass to be dried for hay. The weather in summer is like September in New York. For the children, at least, the best part of any summer is catching crayfish in the lake Erken, a ritual Baron Beck-Friis authorizes only once a season. Seventy-five traps are put into the lake at six in the evening and pulled up at five the next morning—any later and the crayfish can see their way out of the traps.

Thanks to her proprietor's largess, Christineholm's tenant has good food and pretty furniture—the chairs rescued from all those barns she simply covered in printed cottons (based on eighteenth-century documents) that are sold at the National Museum and the Royal Palace museum in Stockholm. "But these delicate, viny, extremely muted florals on off-white backgrounds would be considered too boring in America," she reasons. "If I saw them at Clarence House in New York I'd think, 'Where could you ever use that? They're so dull, pretty but dull.' But in Sweden they're just right. Still, I've never seen them in another house here—too authentic, I guess, for the Swedes."

In coaxing Christineholm into shape there was no hesitation about going outside Sweden, to Braquenié in France, for French versions of traditional Swedish fabrics. All of the textiles were chosen to flatter the wallpaper. Original to the house, the canvas panels are blank except for hand-painted garland borders of leafy vines or fanciful flowers combined with interlacing "ropes." Similar patterns are found on some of the glazed tile stoves that are also native to Christineholm.

Baron Beck-Friis's country depots supported only so much looting, and the manor was "filled in" with copies of the Gripsholm chair, a Swedish classic that started out at Gripsholm Castle. A kind of bergère, it has open arms, an upholstered seat, and a slatted back with a loose cushion. "I haven't thought this out exactly," reflects the ex-decorator, "but in a funny way it's all a simpler, painted, poor man's version of French furniture. There's no ormolu, really, no marquetry. French furniture I find quite scary. Everything looks like it took five years to make. Swedish Empire—Carl Johan–style—furniture used better woods, but earlier, in the eighteenth century, Sweden was a much poorer country than France and could never have afforded to do what the French did. So they used cheaper materials—pine, some birch—and in my opinion got it right. In Sweden today that's all you still see, birch and pine, birch and pine."

In 1984, a year after the retired decorator took over Christineholm, she was back in business, this time as the owner (with two partners) of a shop in Locust Valley, near Glen Head, called Valley House Antiques. Last year the stock was seventy percent English and thirty percent Swedish. This year it's the other way around. With an apartment on Park Avenue stuffed with thrilling Swedish Empire, the next move, she says, may be to "Swedify" the farmhouse on the North Shore. Now *that* should be interesting—the Swedification of Long Island. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

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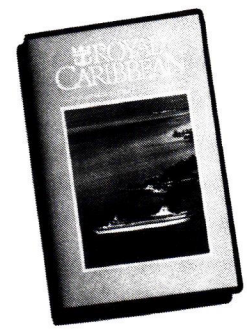

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Bread and Sneakers

(Continued from page 172) vegetables. You place a fruit or vegetable between two spiked plastic holders, raise the cutting blade to the top of the shaft, and let it go. Automatically, the fruit whirls around as a spring presses the blade against it, paring an even spiral of skin as it descends. When the blade reaches the bottom, the whirling automatically stops. It works almost every time, even when the fruit is, like a pear, irregular. As I have also learned, the Dazey Stripper automatically splatters ripe tomatoes and peaches in all directions. Watching the Dazey Stripper zest a lemon or an orange, peel a potato, or get an apple ready for the pie has become a source of endless fun and amazement in my household, no matter how many times we use it.

A good friend of mine who owns one of New York's better restaurants was having trouble with his lemon sorbet. Either in tribute to my prowess at the ice-cream freezer or in desperation, he turned to me for help, and I offered to make five different lemon ices and let him choose. The best lemon ices are flavored with the zest—the yellow layer of peel but not the white part, or pith, which is quite bitter. I dreaded the prospect of zesting fifteen lemons with a traditional tool—a vegetable peeler, a zester, or an ordinary grater—because I typically wind up on the verge of exhaustion, my knuckles raw. The Dazey Stripper was a godsend. The winning recipe:

DAZEY LEMON ICE

1¼ cups water
1¾ cups sugar
6–7 lemons
1 orange, juiced

Combine the sugar and water in a 2-quart saucepan. Stir with a wooden spoon over high heat until the mixture comes to a full boil. Pour into a bowl and let cool. Dazey-strip the zest from 3 lemons, chop roughly, and infuse in the cool sugar syrup for 2 hours. Squeeze 1¼ cups of lemon juice (6–7 lemons) and mix into the sugar syrup with the juice of one orange. Strain into your ice-cream maker and freeze.

BOSCH MODEL TFB 6000 DEEP-FAT FRYER A day without fried starch is like a day without chocolate. If my kitchen were only twenty cubic feet larger, I would buy a commercial fryolator with large rectangular baskets and have a batch of potatoes, squid, or zucchini blossoms bubbling away throughout the day.

The best pot for nonautomated deep-fat frying is the wok, which distributes heat evenly and presents a wide surface area compared to the amount of oil you use. But regulating the temperature of the oil in any manual fryer is a constant headache, even when I use one of my many thermometers. If the oil is sufficiently hot, it will seal in the moisture and seal out the oil by surprising the food, as the French put it. If not, the results will be soggy with fat. Most things should be fried at about 375 degrees Fahrenheit, large solid pieces of food at 340 degrees. French fries should be double fried, first at the lower temperature until they are limp and then at the higher temperature to crisp them up. The problem is, when food goes into the fryer, the oil can cool down to 250 degrees and only slowly rise to the optimal temperature again, if it ever gets there.

Dealing with this problem should be child's play for an automatic electric deep-fat fryer. Five or six are on the market, and most have filtered lids that keep your house from smelling like a truck stop, two temperature settings, an elevator mechanism to lower the frying basket into the hot oil, and a little window for viewing the food. Of those I have tested, the new Bosch Model TFB 6000 is clearly the best. It recovers the proper temperature much faster than the others (my old Salton returns to 375 degrees only after the frying is finished), holds ten cups of oil (the Tefal holds eight), has the largest viewing window, and is relatively easy to clean (none of them is a breeze) because the lid assembly and basket go into the dishwasher and the inside of the fryer has a nonstick coating. The instruction booklet is pitiful. It does not even tell you what temperatures the different settings are meant to attain. But mere minutes after I unpacked the Bosch, a bowl of perfect shoestring potatoes sat on my laboratory table, and when they were gone, sixteen raised doughnuts had taken their place.

MICROWAVE DRYER Just because you have finally admitted that your microwave oven is useful mainly for popcorn and reheating leftovers, this is no reason to throw it away. Think up new uses for it. When I read recently that a large appliance manufacturer is developing a microwave clothes dryer and the next day tripped into a puddle in front of my house, I decided to experiment.

DRY SNEAKERS

1 wet athletic shoe, about 20 ounces, Nike or similar brand
1 full-size microwave oven

Place your shoe on the oven floor, sole up. Set the power level to about one third for five minutes. Repeat, checking each time for hot spots on the shoe. Remove if you find any or when the shoe is almost dry. If you try to get it bone dry, the rubber parts will bubble up and the instep will smoke and smolder.

ASSORTED AUTOMATIC HOME BREADMAKERS An American living in Japan tells me that the latest feature of Western culture to be feverishly embraced by the Japanese is the English breakfast—tea with milk, jams and preserves, and hot soft fluffy tasteless bread. All the automatic breadmakers I tested produce this style of bread flawlessly if you stick to the formulas in the colorful recipe booklets that come with the machines.

Six of them are available at your local department store: Panasonic, National, Regal, Hitachi, Welbilt, and Sanyo. All are Japanese-made. I baked sixty loaves of bread in ten days with the Panasonic (which is the same as the National), the Welbilt, the Regal, and the Hitachi. I could not get hold of a Sanyo. The Regal and the Hitachi appear to be identical, except that the Hitachi has a pink start button instead of a red one, and the handy instructions printed on the side of the machine are in Japanese.

All of them are white plastic and occupy a foot or two of counter space. In about four hours they turn two cups of flour into a rect-

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(Signed) J. Kevin Madden, Publisher

Bread and Sneakers

angular loaf about five inches across and seven inches high, except for the Welbilt, which turns three cups of flour into a giant cylindrical loaf. You simply measure the ingredients, dump them (usually in no particular order) into the nonstick metal bread pan, insert the pan into the machine, and press START. Generally the breadmaker mixes the ingredients, rests awhile, kneads in earnest for twenty minutes, warms the dough for an hour's rise, deflates it and makes it rise again, bakes the loaf for 45 minutes, and then, except for the Panasonic, cools it off. The final result falls somewhere between Wonder Bread and Pepperidge Farm.

The Panasonic was introduced over a year ago, and the others have only recently followed. It is in several respects the most primitive. Its display is dim and difficult to read, and it has no window to let you watch what's happening inside. Because there is no cooling fan, your loaf will grow soggy in its own steam unless you are right there when the final buzzer sounds. The Panasonic has a dispenser for the yeast, which it mixes into the dough fifty minutes after you start the machine; the newer breadmakers do not have this feature. Yet for some reason the loaves I baked in the Panasonic were at least as satisfying as any of the others, a bit denser and chewier with a crisper crust. But only a bit.

Most of the breadmakers have a raisin bread alarm that beeps five minutes before the final kneading is over; if you hear the beep, you can add raisins, nuts, and the like. The Welbilt has a French bread cycle, but I could not see how this differed from the regular setting, and the Welbilt booklet does not share such secrets. All of the breadmakers have a separate cycle that processes the dough through the first rise only, letting you shape the loaf yourself and bake it in a conventional oven. I used this cycle to make doughnuts for my Bosch deep-fat fryer. All let you set a timer at bedtime and wake up to a hot loaf of bread in the morning.

Most of the authorized recipes, even some for French bread, include milk or milk powder, sugar, and shortening; these produce a soft bread and a brown crust, but they do not make for the chewy, yeasty loaf and crackling crust that most of us who bother to bake bread at home are after. The manufacturers discourage you from experimenting, which I simply took as an invitation. The main obstacle to creating your own recipes is that none of the breadmakers lets you alter the programmed cycles or even tells you what the rising and baking temperatures and times are, and you never come into contact with any of the ingredients. After replicating twenty of the manufacturers' recipes just for practice, I created my own variations on rye bread, whole wheat, sourdough white, pumpernickel, *pain de mie*, brioche, and sourdough rye. The last two were nearly acceptable, and for those of you already in possession of an automatic home breadmaker I have given the recipes below, each tested four times.

PAIN BRIOCHÉ
CHEZ REGAL/HITACHI

This rich bread has a deep golden color. The recipe is adapted from Marion Cunningham's *Fannie Farmer Baking Book*. Unlike hers, it is a bit greasy because the heated kneading, rising, and resting periods melt the butter.

9 ounces all-purpose flour
1 package dry active yeast
3 extra-large eggs at refrigerator temperature
12 tablespoons butter at refrigerator temperature
1 tablespoon sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons cold water

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Bread and Sneakers

After attaching the dough blade and hook to the bread pan, add the ingredients in any order, insert the pan into the machine, set it to the bread cycle, and then press START. Come back in four or five hours.

SOURDOUGH RYE MÉTHODE PANASONIC

This recipe deftly tricks the otherwise inflexible breadmaker into producing a sourdough starter. After a one-to-three day fermentation period, the other ingredients are added, and the result is a tasty, almost chewy loaf with a reasonable crust.

12 ounces white bread flour
4 ounces rye flour
1 teaspoon active dry yeast
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ cups warm water

Attach the dough blade to the bread pan, add the bread flour and one cup of warm water, and insert it into the machine. Put half the yeast into the dispenser. Set the indicator to the dough cycle and start. When the dough has risen, start the machine again to deflate the dough for two minutes, press STOP, and let the dough ferment in the machine for 24 to 72 hours, turning the breadmaker on and off whenever the pan threatens to overflow. Add the rye flour, the salt, and half a cup of warm water to the bread pan. Put the remaining half teaspoon of yeast in the dispenser, set the machine to the bread cycle, and start.

For those of you who have not yet invested several hundred dollars in an automatic home breadmaker, why not bake some real bread in your old-fashioned oven instead? Read the terrific section on bread in the new *Chez Panisse Cooking* by Paul Bertolli with Alice Waters (Random House), and try their Spontaneously Leavened Sourdough Bread, which ferments without commercial yeast for five days and rises for six hours. I took the first loaves out of the oven an hour ago, and they are wonderful.

INVENTO SONIC 2000 RODENT ELIMINATOR After I had baked forty loaves of bread and fried twenty pounds of potatoes and other starches, my makeshift laboratory and the floor around it—in fact every horizontal surface in the kitchen—had fallen below my usual hospital-level standards of hygiene, and a rodent problem cropped up. More precisely, three rodent problems cropped up. I stopped everything, taxied up to Hammacher Schlemmer, and purchased the Sonic 2000, a little wood-grained box that broadcasts 100 decibels of 22,000-cycle sound over a 2,000-square-foot area, or so it says. Rodents find this repelling. Two days later the furry gray intruders had retreated to someone else's apartment. And once again my kitchen hummed with the bright voices of machines at play. ♠

Bagatelle in Bloom

(*Continued from page 177*) blooms its head off all summer long. There are also "new roses" that have become old standbys, such as 'Paul's Scarlet Climber' (1916) and 'Mermaid' (1918). Older roses planted in the Belle Époque now have stems as thick as cordoned pear trees.

In 1907, J. C. N. Forestier helped organize the Concours International de Roses Nouvelles, the rigorous annual trials of new roses. The final judges of course include not only rose specialists and nurserymen but also painters, poets, and a perfumer. This year another prize was added: Prix de la Rose Manuel Canovas, a rose to be chosen from all the roses at Bagatelle, not just the newest hybrids. It is a sort of grand lottery of the rose—the best rose blooming on a single day. A 1976 Concours gold medalist, 'Grand Siècle', a hybrid tea whose pink petals are flushed with apricot, was chosen by Canovas himself, Bernard Mando, the head gardener of Bagatelle, and a jury picked by Canovas.

Headquarters for the French textile designer's international empire, a business that equates *l'art de vivre* with *l'art de la maison*, is an eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier* in one of the most aristocratic and beautiful quarters of Paris. Canovas, whose iron-gray hair matches his suit, leads the way upstairs out of the curving two-story entrance hall paneled in marble, also iron gray. A little gilt enlivens the window paneling.

In his creamily chaste office he breaks out his designs of roses, including an unfinished sketch for a new one, 'Vive Alma'. At the moment, Canovas is obsessed by roses. Last May he spent the month drawing at Bagatelle, a place he has often visited for inspiration. One of his beautiful, finely shaded pencil sketches of a centifolia rose is tight, tense, almost microscopically observed, as if he were looking for something. A perfectionist, he admits he's not happy so far with his rose designs. "They are always a flop," he says quite easily, as if he knows he'll succeed in pleasing himself someday.

"Bagatelle is to enjoy, not to study," or, as Canovas, the man who depends so much on his eyes, puts it, "Bagatelle est à voir, non pas à regarder." This is a garden that hints at how to take frivolity seriously, how to take pleasure lightly, how to skate on the thin ice of fashion, of love, of the changing seasons.

Canovas knows just what to do at Bagatelle: take a June afternoon to gather roses, choose the most beautiful one, give it a little prize, add some ceremony and some champagne, and a few titles. No exhaustive trials of vigor or quality, no deep analysis of rose shape, scent, or color—all this should be done, of course, but not today. It is, after all, only a matter of luck. Surely a rose good enough for such a day is good forever. ♠

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

The Wiz

(*Continued from page 153*) ciplinary branch of design all his own. "The role of architects and designers has too often been that of the sophisticated brat getting away with things—making projects conform to their aesthetic rather than trying to learn what the operational issues are. But what interests me is creating things that draw attention to people rather than to the things themselves. What's essential for a designer is to think past the moment when it's all assembled to the time when people are using an environment—that's the part of the design process that is so often neglected."

I asked Schlossberg if he could be a bit more specific, if he could explain precisely how the various entries in his portfolio accomplish the goal. "The events I design put a boundary around a group of people and say, 'You're all in this together and you're going to have fun and pick up some skills and then you're going to have something to talk about. And hopefully the act of participating in the experience will enhance you because it lets you see yourself in a new way and it allows other people to see you in that new way'—which is not a common experience in contemporary life.

"I became a designer out of my concern to make things, physical environments in which people can communicate with one another—physical environments that are, in a sense, biologically, not mechanically, driv-

The Wiz

en. The goal of the experiences I help create isn't necessarily to reach a conclusion, the goal is to make a connection."

Armed with an idea and a Ph.D. in science and literature from Columbia University, Schlossberg embarked on his loosely defined career path in 1971. After a series of teaching stints in New York, California, Massachusetts, and Illinois, he opened his Manhattan office in 1978 "with $5,000 I earned writing the three pocket calculator game books." The first project that Schlossberg completed was the Learning Environment at the Brooklyn Children's Museum. His unique interactive approach to exhibition design caught the eye of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Schlossberg received the commission to design the educational park Macomber Farm. The now-disassembled experiment sensitized humans to their brethren in the animal kingdom by devising ingenious tools that enabled visitors to see like a cow, work like a horse, and walk like a goat. Other no less engaging ideas followed for educational centers in two Texas amusement parks.

Throughout his career Schlossberg has kept something of a low professional profile, perhaps in reaction to his former mentor, Buckminster Fuller, who loved the limelight. "A lot of the things Bucky did were about bringing attention to himself—I don't think he was as interested in creating the experiences as he was in telling about them," notes Schlossberg disapprovingly. Considering the criticism, it is ironic that Schlossberg now finds himself the object of so much attention, so squarely in the limelight, owing to his 1986 marriage to Caroline Kennedy.

Being Jacqueline Onassis's son-in-law is a very touchy issue with Schlossberg, and one that he has not succeeded in fully resolving. On the one hand he makes it absolutely clear that personal questions are unwelcome; on the other hand he includes as the first piece in the official Edwin Schlossberg Incorporated press kit an article that begins with the line, "On the night of Edwin Schlossberg's wedding to Caroline Kennedy. . . ."

Schlossberg has chosen to deal with the somewhat awkward position he finds himself in by becoming almost inaccessible. According to an article in *The New York Times*, "Mr. Schlossberg does not give interviews. Nor will Mr. Schlossberg's friends and family speak about him for publication." It's almost true, and it's too bad because Edwin Schlossberg has something to say. ♠

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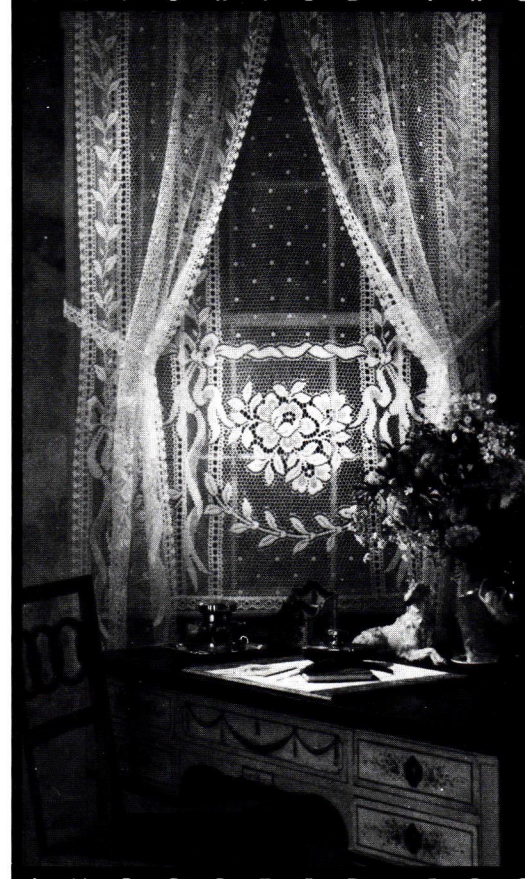

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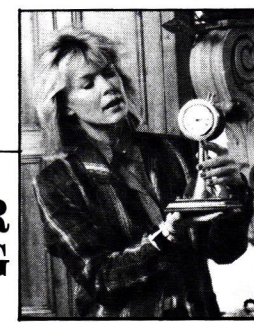

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Sanssouci

(Continued from page 138) six-tiered vineyard he had constructed the year before in a vain attempt to introduce winemaking to this northern German region. One of the great military minds of his time, Frederick felt most comfortable in the company of other soldiers, so it is no surprise that the architect he chose to design his new summer palace was a former officer, Georg Wenzeslaus von Knobelsdorff. He devised a skillful scheme but had a falling out with the king before he could complete it; Frederick is thought to have devised much of the design himself. In the final version Sanssouci looked far more modest on the exterior than it was inside. Though hardly an example of inconspicuous consumption, it nonetheless announced that things would be much less formal here than was customary at court.

Aside from the maturity of the English-style gardens and their towering shade trees, arriving at Sanssouci today is very much like what it must have been almost 250 years ago. Although the most well known façade is the south bowfront with its low copper cupola overlooking the Weinberg, or vineyard, visitors approach through a semicircular colonnaded courtyard on the north side of the palace. To further impress guests, Frederick indulged in one of the most characteristic fads of the eighteenth century: atop the Ruinenberg, the hillside facing the entry court, he built a sham ruin based on surviving fragments of the Roman Forum, in the Romantic manner of the English aristocracy of the day.

Far less advanced was the layout of the rooms at Sanssouci, which some of its more sophisticated and well-traveled sojourners likened to an elegant barrack. The dozen major chambers, with the exception of the vestibule, are ranged in a single enfilade from east to west, windows facing south. As intelligent a strategy as this was to maximize the sunlight in the often cloudy climate of Prussia, it was an inconvenient and unprivate floor plan, considered démodé in France by the middle of the century. The *petits appartements* of Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour at Versailles, with their multiple entrances, exits, and circulation patterns, were considered much more modern and discreet than this Baroque shotgun flat.

Nevertheless, Sanssouci more than made up in stylishness and charm for what it lacked in innovation. Frederick the Great was a man of cultivation, irony, and wit, and the decoration of Sanssouci reflects this quite clearly. From the lifelike birds and beasts swarming over the carved and painted boiserie of the guest room occupied for three years by Voltaire—the king's most important French acquisition—to the crazy chinoiserie excesses of the teahouse in the garden, this was perhaps Europe's most personal expression of exotic taste until England's prince regent went wild at the Royal Pavilion in Brighton over half a century later.

But also at hand were so many symbols of regal power that no statesman who came to call could forget that Frederick the Great took his growing role as a leader in the new political order of Europe very seriously. At the center of Sanssouci is the majestic Marble Hall, an imposing oval reception room encircled at the cornice line with allegorical figure groups representing architecture, astronomy, music, painting, and sculpture. With its multicolored inlaid marble floor and gleaming white columns and pilasters surmounted by gold-leafed Corinthian capitals, this is a royal chamber in which any Louis would have been proud to receive his subjects.

Aside from the daily attendance of the greatest contemporary man of letters—Voltaire came to Sanssouci at the king's request in 1750—Frederick's Francophilia was manifest in many other ways. His extraordinary collection of paintings by Watteau (and his imitators Lancret, Pater, and Pesne), his prominently displayed portrait of one of Louis XV's mistresses, his customary use of *la belle langue* instead of his own nation's tongue, and even his exceptional number of French courtiers all contributed to an atmosphere in homage to the greatest design director of the Age of Absolutism, Louis XIV.

Voltaire, for one, was to discover that for all the high-style splendor of his surroundings, Frederick the Great was at heart a man of simple preferences. As did the king of France, the king of Prussia had a magnificent state bed, surrounded by a balustrade in which to make his official *lever* each morning. Everyone knew that the monarch actually slept elsewhere in a less exalted manner, but even Voltaire—the relentless deflator of the artificial social order that attracted him nonetheless—was shocked one day when he peeked behind a screen in a corner of Frederick the Great's bedroom at Sanssouci and saw how his host actually spent the night: on a narrow camp bed beneath a ceiling painted with the signs of the zodiac. ▲

A Barbarian in Paris

(Continued from page 166) have taken over as the prominent element in their work. Inspired by his twig-filled salon, Lacroix made a series of satin evening bags with faux wood gold handles. This spring, in a new twist, the latest BG sticks won't be trimmed from Normandy woods but molded by Daum, the classic French glasshouse that is producing a BG branch-shaped crystal doorknob "perfect," Bonetti quips, "for a very stark cave.

"We first used branches for a collection of furniture we called Prince Impérial in reference to the son of Napoleon III who was killed by Zulus during a military campaign. The pieces are a cross between Napoleon III and African—what we envisioned the crown prince had with him at the time. Our imaginary history is always very arbitrary!"

A brief inventory of designs that fill his tiny apartment signals the presence of a true explorer who doesn't have to leave home to travel: Dogon and Hirohito chairs, Râ and Zen tables, a Pisa carpet, and a primitive Tam-Tam lamp are an around-the-world tour of centuries and styles.

"The value of something to me is what it can evoke," says Bonetti. "I try to infuse my work with the feeling of an entire culture, and I love seeing how things are transmitted over time: my Victorian box covered with shells calls up images of Renaissance decoration, grottoes in Italy, and Marie Antoinette's coquillage cottage in Rambouillet."

Contrary to the high-color interiors that carry the BG imprint, such as the gold and purple–bedecked château of Picasso's grandson Bernard, Bonetti's palette on his home turf is very toned down. "There is an absence of color because I work here. The colors are in my paint box." The approach to his own decoration, he claims, was more a matter of practicality than high design: "I had to figure out how not to see what was ugly—how not to see the chairs that were here when I came. Since I needed chairs, I camouflaged them with floor-length slipcovers." Eliminating all but the necessary, Bonetti tried to keep his two rooms prehistorically sparse.

Since Bonetti is also a sculptor, painter, photographer, and textile designer, things from his work inevitably began to accumulate, whether terra-cotta masks used as sconces or cardboard cutouts assembled like friezes over the doors. "All of these elements from my life have come together to form what the French so aptly call *mon intérieur*. That's just what it is. My apartment doesn't represent my style. It represents me." ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

Norma Kamali

(Continued from page 147) edges, Kamali offers a range of luxe domestic accoutrements, including gilt-and-crystal chandeliers, etched-glass hand mirrors, leopard-print screens, and silk Charmeuse sheets.

If OMO Home contains the individual elements of residential style à la Kamali, the palatial Manhattan triplex the designer recently decorated for a woman who prefers anonymity to celebrity offers an eye-opening picture of those elements in situ. Though some long-forgotten architectural talent must be given credit for the grandeur of the beautifully proportioned turn-of-the-century rooms, Kamali received the legacy with more than appreciative hands.

To step into the grand foyer is to leave New York City and the twentieth century outside in the street. An atmosphere of unabashed opulence permeates the glistening gold-walled room with its Versailles-size mirrors, marble-topped console, and zebra-skin rug. Upstairs, Kamali has devised a dining room that Cocteau might have filmed in, a living room that Proust might have left his cork-lined chamber for, and a boudoir that Colette might have envisioned as the perfect setting for Léonie Vallon's amorous evenings with Chéri. "It's a fantasy," explains Kamali, who mixed her own furniture pieces with the owner's extraordinary collection of antiques to conjure a mood of otherworldly splendor.

After completing the grand tour, I found my way back to the great iron front doors. I looked back to say good-bye to my guide, who remained standing at the top of the white marble stair with three miniature dachshunds at her feet. She was wearing a cream-colored satin blouse with voluminous sleeves and a pair of flowing black crepe trousers cinched at the waist. Her hair was arranged in an extravagant pompadour. Her intoxicating perfume filled the air. Since images such as this are rare, at least in my life, I asked if I could take a picture. "Please," said Norma Kamali. "No photographs." ▲

Design Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Sources

HG NOTES/DESIGN
Pages 42–44 Feltri chair, Cannaregio chair, Sansone Due table, designed by Gaetano Pesce and available to the trade at Atelier International, Long Island City, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C.

HG NOTES/STYLE
Page 48 Lord Byron's Chintz, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Lancaster lantern by Michael Tree, limited edition $600, at Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 671-2847. Flacons silk scarf, 36" sq, $175, at Hermès, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Palm Beach, San Francisco. Fu dog evening bag by Judith Leiber, $2,600, at Bloomingdale's, NYC, Chicago.

THE LALANNES' ENCHANTED GARDEN
Pages 104–13 François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne designs are available through the Marisa del Re Gallery, NYC (212) 688-1843.

THE NEW VICTORIANS
Page 114 Claude Félix Théodore Caruelle d'Aligny painting *Paysage avec une Rivière*, from Wheelock Whitney, NYC (212) 688-4474. **115** Calvin Klein black wool dress (style #1710X), $885, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills and selected branches; Calvin Klein Boutique, Dallas. **116** Sheffield-plate telescopic candlestick, 1810, $1,750 a pair, shorter Sheffield-plate candlestick, 1790, $1,450 a pair, both at James Robinson, NYC (212) 752-6166. **118–19** Cheetah-print wool rug by Couristan, $46 sq yd, to the trade at Misha Carpet Corp., NYC (212) 688-5912. White linen and cotton damask (style #4753) on sofa, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, San Francisco and NYC; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; Devon Services, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Jim Barrett Assocs., Dallas; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Black single-breasted shawl collar tuxedo jacket, $790 (sold as a suit), white tuxedo shirt, $96.50, purple wool vest with a shawl collar, $135, black bow tie, $22.50, all Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC and (for the tuxedo jacket only) Chicago. Red orange with green dots silk pull-on pajama pant, $305 (sold as a set with matching top), at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. Aubusson floral pillow with blue border and fringe, $3,900, at R. Brooke, NYC (212) 535-0707. Gold-and-red needlepoint pillow, $875, at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 737-0909. Aubusson peach-and-salmon floral pillow with salmon tassels, $850, at R. Brooke, NYC (212) 628-3255. Beadwork gray-leaf pillow with ribbon edge, $750, at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 737-0909. Aubusson rose and tassel pillow, $1,400, at R. Brooke, NYC (212) 535-0707. **120** Single heart hand-screened cotton sheets and boudoir pillowcase (print #5255), $551 queen-size top sheet, $68 pillowcase, from D. Porthault & Co., NYC (212) 688-1660. Mahogany dining chair, c. 1850, from Sri Lanka, $250, at Ian and Charsi Harrington Antiques, NYC (212) 794-1076. Gray floor-length wool cape, $1,190, ivory button-down silk shirt, $695, black wool trousers, $590, by Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC (212) 988-3821. Sterling-silver candlesticks by John Carter, $17,500 a pair, at James Robinson, NYC (212) 752-6166. **121** Gray cashmere turtleneck, $350, Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC (212) 606-2100. Handsewn moccasin by Ralph Lauren Footwear.

NORMA KAMALI COMES HOME
All Norma Kamali designs, to order at OMO Home, NYC (212) 334-9696. **142–43** Crystal lamps, similar ones available. **145** Leopard-skin fabric, reproduction of antique armchair, black tufted chaise, metal clothing dresser, zebra-skin rug, oversize golden vases. **146–47** Sofa bed, Snail chairs, large round ottoman, reproductions of Wheat table and chairs and of period silk-and-cotton curtain fabric. **148–49** Dining table, console.

THE WIZ
Pages 152–53 Zipper tie, $32, and liquid crystal T-shirt, $35, by Edwin Schlossberg for WilliWear and at WilliWear Shop, NYC (212) 353-3980.

A BARBARIAN IN PARIS
Pages 162–67 Bonetti and Garouste designs are available through Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023.

BREAD AND SNEAKERS
Pages 172, 194–96 Electric oyster and clam knife, $139.50 ppd, at Hammacher Schlemmer (800) 543-3366. Dazey Stripper, $19.19, at participating True Value hardware stores. Bosch model TFB 6000 deep-fat fryer, $166.75 ppd, at Hammacher Schlemmer (800) 543-3366. Panasonic household automatic breadmaker, stock #9719, $299 plus shipping, from The Chef's Catalog (800) 338-3232. The Bread Machine by Welbilt, item #WL256, $299 plus shipping, from Fortune's Almanac (800) 331-2300. Regal automatic breadmaker, call (414) 626-2121, ext. 361. Hitachi household breadmaker, $279.97 plus shipping, at all 320 Service Merchandise Co. stores (800) 251-1212. Sonic 2000 rodent repeller, $139.95 ppd, at Hammacher Schlemmer (800) 543-3366.

HOMEFRONT/ELECTRONICS
Page 190 Interplak toothbrush, $89, Acu-Vibe Rubdown Machine Spa Model, $129, ShowerTek Mirror, $39, from the Sharper Image (800) 344-4444. Turbo Spa 6200 by Dazey Corp., $119.97 plus shipping, at Service Merchandise Co. stores (800) 251-1212. EpiSauna by EpiLady, $40 (through Dec. 25), at all Bloomingdale's stores and all Bullock's stores. Bath Massage by Houseworks from International Consumer Brands, $19.99, at selected department and discount stores. Sony AM/FM shower radio, $34.95, at selected department and discount stores. Bose 101 Music Monitor System, $239, at hi-fi and audiovisual stores. Sony cordless sports telephone, $189, at selected department and discount stores. Technasonic WeightTalker II bathroom scale, $99, from the Sharper Image (800) 344-4444.
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GANDEE AT LARGE

Now that Ivana Trump is at the helm, are the glory days behind or ahead for the Plaza Hotel?

The taxi stalled in midtown Manhattan traffic, so I jumped out and ran. It was 10:28, and my appointment with Ivana Trump was at 10:30. Although Mrs. Trump and I had never met, something told me that it would be wise to arrive on time. Some little voice inside my ear whispered, "Ivana Trump is not a woman who likes to be kept waiting."

I was led down a winding corridor lined with stern-faced security men in blue blazers and red ties who formed an intimidating gauntlet to the suite of rooms that Mrs. Trump calls her office. She greeted me wearing a big smile and a gray dress with matching shoes. In her left hand she held a poster-size color photograph of herself aboard the *Trump Princess,* the 282-foot yacht that her husband, Donald, bought last March from the sultan of Brunei for $30 million. Society photographer Norman Parkinson had taken the picture, which Mrs. Trump unfurled proudly. She was standing at the helm—a woman not simply at the controls, but in control.

Mrs. Trump then got right down to business. At two o'clock I was to introduce her to eight hundred design professionals who would gather in the atrium of the International Design Center of New York across the Queensboro Bridge in Long Island City to hear her discuss her plans for the Plaza Hotel—another recent acquisition of Donald's. And she was concerned that everything should go like clockwork. After we had confirmed the logistics of the afternoon's presentation, I remarked that we were all eager to hear what Mrs. Trump was planning on doing to the Plaza. "*With* the Plaza," corrected an aide, faster than fast.

The presentation went off without a hitch, which is the way Mrs. Trump likes things to go. Perhaps because of her Czechoslovakian accent, she provided only spare commentary, relying instead on 130 vintage slides to sketch the Plaza's history from construction to deterioration. She lingered on archival images of famous hotel guests—from Wallis Simpson, Maria Callas, Jacqueline Kennedy, and Elizabeth Taylor to the king of Morocco, Richard Nixon, Frank Lloyd Wright, and the Beatles—and she said the "best parties in New York have always been at the Plaza." She illustrated this point with 21 slides, beginning with a fete for the lord bishop of London and ending with Truman Capote's famous Black and White Ball.

Of her own plans for the Plaza, Mrs. Trump spoke almost entirely of sorely needed restoration work: "We are now studying every scrap of paper in the Plaza library for clues about the original building—design, details, material, finishes." She said she wanted to "recapture the Plaza's original elegance" and had enlisted two architectural firms for the task: Lee Harris Pomeroy Associates and Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates.

"The staff used to crawl, now they walk, next week they'll be running"

As Mrs. Trump's presentation acknowledged, the Plaza isn't so much a hotel as it is an almost sacred New York City institution. It is as powerful and recognizable a symbol of Manhattan as the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, or Rockefeller Center. But even more than these towering citadels of commerce, the Plaza stands as a monument to sophisticated luxury, to old-world elegance, to a certain urbane but genteel glamour. It is the enchanted castle where Eloise lived a charmed life; it is New York City's answer to the White House; it is social history. Even for those who have never passed through its whirling revolving doors, the Plaza's legendary public rooms—the Palm Court, the Edwardian Room, the Oak Bar—conjure up romantic images of a bygone splendor.

It is this that Donald Trump purchased last July for $390 million, and it is this that Ivana Trump now presides over. Which is a source of some concern to those acquainted with Mrs. Trump's accomplishments as guiding aesthetic light behind such high-profile Trump ventures as the Grand Hyatt Hotel, Trump Tower, Trump Plaza, Trump Plaza Casino Hotel, and Trump's Castle Hotel & Casino. Her enthusiasm for a school of interior design that might best be termed obvious opulence is unabashed. "Everyone should just calm down," said Mrs. Trump earlier in the day. "We're moving very slowly."

After her presentation, Mrs. Trump obliged photographers and reporters with a press conference. While her retinue of bodyguards stood by, she answered every question without hesitating, allowed every photograph without flinching. Not even the blinding lights of the television crew made her blink. She was as cool, as they used to say, as a cucumber.

Mrs. Trump said that service is key to a five-star hotel and that toward that end the Plaza staff was being trained and retrained: "They used to crawl, now they walk, next week they'll be running." She confessed that in order to achieve her goal of breaking even in 1990 the costs of such planned amenities as Frette sheets and Chanel toiletries would be passed along to guests. "Nobody gets anything for free in this world," said Mrs. Trump with a warm smile.

Charles Gandee

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