HG

HOUSE & GARDEN

FEBRUARY 1989
$4.00

new country spirit

ART OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

Seating by Henredon. Fashion or furniture.

When upholstered furniture is this elegant. And comfortable. And self-assured. When it's crafted by expert hands and offers you such a wide range of style, fabric and custom options . . . then it's hard to tell where fashion ends and function begins. Fortunately it doesn't matter, for with Henredon you get it all. We invite you to see our quality and our artistry firsthand at an authorized dealer. You may also send $4.00 for the upholstered furniture brochure. Henredon, Dept. A29, Morganton, NC 28655.

Henredon

For those who value excellence

© 1988 CHANEL, INC. CHANEL®, ®

CHA

CHANEL BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, CHICAGO,

NEL

DALLAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU, SAN FRANCISCO

"WHEN IT'S TIME TO STEP OUT,

And make a sweeping statement with a flow of airy chiffon.

After all the frills and bows, I decided that soft seduction was more my style. And Saks has a style that sums it all up...the best of the best designer collections, edited with a focus that zeroes right in on the one true me. Leaving me plenty of time to make my own statements.

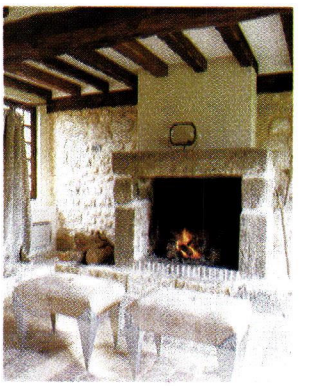
Saks Fifth Avenue

The navy and white strapless chiffon dress by Julie Duroché for After Five (96-001), $650. SFA's exclusive navy and white silk chiffon scarf. (96-002), $85. To receive our February Fashion Folio, please call 1-800-322-7257. For further information, please call 1-800-345-3454. We accept American Express, Diners Club, MasterCard and Visa.

I GO WITH THE FLOW."

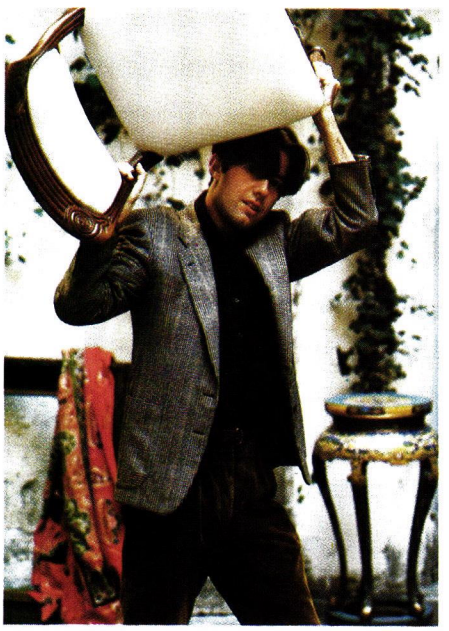
HG

HOUSE & GARDEN
FEBRUARY 1989
Volume 161, Number 2



COVER
French decorators Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray exhibit their signature taste at their weekend retreat in Normandy. Page 96. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.

Contributors Notes 14
Notes 20
HG People *by Pilar Viladas* **26**
Art *by Glenn O'Brien* **32**
Dealer's Eye *by Ben Lifson* **40**
Travel *by Rhoda Koenig* **46**
Food *by Jeffrey Steingarten* **50**
Antiques *by Margot Guralnick* **58**
Interior Motives *by Joseph Giovannini* **62**
Taste *by Martin Filler* **68**
Design *by Joan Paulson Gage* **72**
Editor's Page *by Nancy Novogrod* **75**
Sources *by Dana Cowin* **154**
Real Estate *by Diane Lilly di Costanzo* **156**
Collecting *by Margot Guralnick* **158**
Resources *Where to Find It* **165**
Gardening *by Ellen Williams* **166**



Michel Galabert, considered one of the hottest antiques dealers in Paris. Page 26. Photograph by Neil Kirk.

Fast Forward Sandy and Bob Pittman—high-powered and high-spirited—in the city and on the farm. By Dodie Kazanjian **76**

The Flowering of Fort Worth Anne Bass invited the great English gardener Russell Page to civilize eight acres of Texas. By Carter Burden **84**

North of the Border A decorator's Spanish Colonial interiors glitter with exotica. By Deborah Michel **92**

At his palacio west of Madrid, Duarte Pinto-Coelho's playful collection of hats and fans. Page 142. Photograph by Jacques Dirand.

Escape to Normandy Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray are two of the brightest stars in the Paris design firmament. Their seventeenth-century weekend retreat reveals why. By Charles Gandee **96**

The Dark Side of Goya John Richardson explains why the artist's savage Black Paintings will always have the shock of the new **106**

Easton Meets Midwest Decorator David Easton sheds new light on a venerable North Shore estate, according to Jeffrey Edelstein and Lee Wren **112**

He's the Tops Kenneth, the original celebrity hairstylist, asked Dodie Kazanjian up to his East Side penthouse **120**

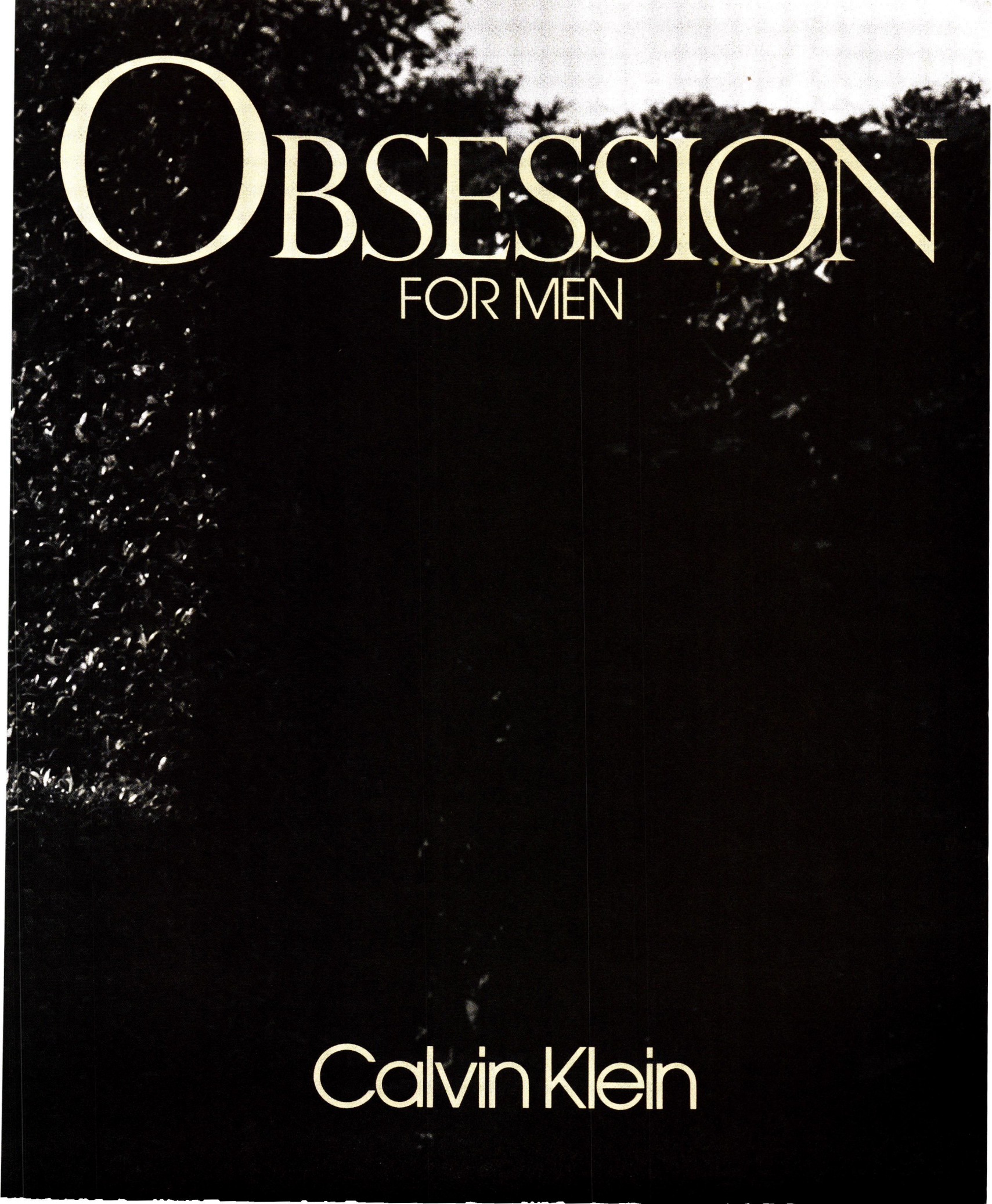
The Barn Collectors A Connecticut couple trundled in buildings from three states to construct their country house. By Mary Cantwell **126**

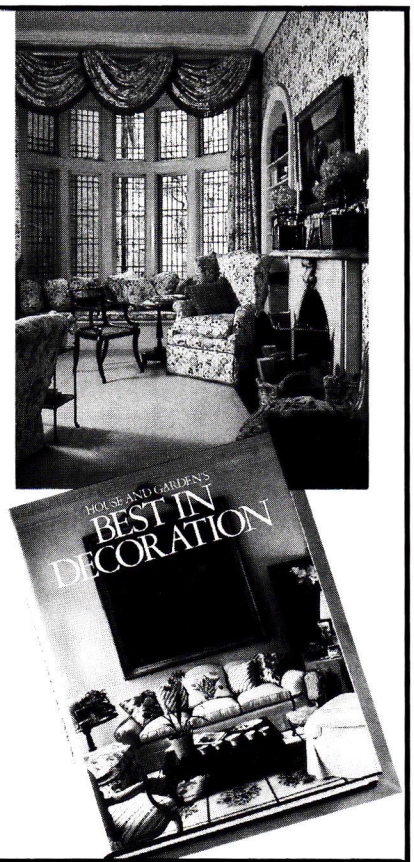
Tropical Scotland In the Gulf Stream–washed Highlands, Charles Maclean discovers a wee bit of Burma—palm trees and all **136**

Iberian Weekends Rhoda Koenig visits the palacio of Duarte Pinto-Coelho, the famous Spanish decorator known for his friends, his fetes, and his flair **142**

©1988 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.
CLINIQUE

Calvin Klein Cosmetics Corp. and
Klein Industries Inc., Obsession®


OBSESSION
FOR MEN
Calvin Klein



HOUSE & GARDEN'S

BEST IN DECORATION

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...

Here at last are House & Garden's own choices of the most stunning interiors created by such top designers as Mario Buatta, Mark Hampton, and Sister Parish for some of their most illustrious clients--- and for themselves.

More than 250 full-color photographs of the rooms, gardens, furnishings, art and antiques—with detailed text and captions to enlighten and inspire you—make this one of the most exciting, essential decorating books ever published.

9" x 12", 304 pages in full color, luxuriously printed and hardbound.

To order your First Edition copy for only $35.00, plus $3 shipping and handling,* send check or credit card information to: CONDÉ NAST COLLECTION
P.O. Box 10850
Des Moines, IA 50336, or
CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-922-4400

*Residents of NY, CA, GA, IL, MA, CO, IA, MI, please add applicable sales tax. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

HG

Nancy Novogrod
Editor in Chief

Executive Editors **Martin Filler, Charles Gandee, Amy Gross** Design Director **Ruth Ansel**
Creative Director **Paul Sinclaire**
Managing Editor **Ellen Cannon Peck** Associate Managing Editor **Duncan Maginnis**
Senior Editors **Babs Simpson; Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron** architecture;
Jacqueline Gonnet, Carolyn Sollis, decorating; **Senga Mortimer** gardening
Editors **Heather Smith MacIsaac** design; **Amicia de Moubray** decorating; **Margot Guralnick; Joyce MacRae** West Coast; **Pilar Viladas** Los Angeles; **Deborah Webster** Europe
Art Director **Angelo Savaides**
Copy Editor **Reginald Gay** Picture Editor **Susan B. Goldberger**
Associate Editors **Dana Cowin, Sarah Kaltman, Ellen Williams, Gabrielle Winkel**
Assistant Editors **Kathleen Vuillet Augustine, Eric A. Berthold**
Copy Researchers **Sarah Fletcher, Shirley Towasser**
Senior Designer **Skip Bolen** Designer **Andrzej Janerka**
Editorial Production: Manager **Kay Susmann;** Associate **Lee Ruelle;** Assistant **Jennifer L. Mines**
Color Production **Philip Morrongiello** Editorial Coordinator **Lorna Damarell Caine**
Assistant to the Editor in Chief **Cynthia Knight** Reader Information **Margaret Morse**
Editorial Assistants **Amy Abrams, Diane Carpentieri, Anne Foxley, Sean Ginty**
Glenn Harrell, Kathy Larson, Robin Lill, Katherine van den Blink
Sarah Van Sicklen, Beth Wightman

Editors at Large **Rosamond Bernier, John Richardson**
Consulting Editors **Eleanore Phillips Colt, Beatrice Monti della Corte, Ingrid Sischy**
Contributing Editors **Marella Agnelli, Judy Brittain, Michael Chow**
Jacques Dehornois, Oscar de la Renta, Mary Emmerling, Dodie Kazanjian
Kelly Klein, Rhoda Koenig, Emma Marrian, Catherine Marron, Denise Otis
Christopher Petkanas, Marie-Pierre Toll, Dorothea Walker
Editorial Business Manager **William P. Rayner**

J. Kevin Madden
Publisher

Advertising Director **Martha Mosko D'Adamo**
Sales Development Director **Robert Newkirchen**
Design Resource Manager **Albert J. Blois** Jewelry and Watch Manager **Wallace B. Greene**
Travel Manager **Judith A. Lamort** Beauty Manager **Cynthia R. Lewis**
Art and Antiques Manager **Karen Niedzielski** Fashion Manager **Susan Rerat**
Home Furnishings Manager **Kevin T. Walsh**

Promotion Creative Director **Deborah Patton**
Promotion Art Director **Lori Edwards Glavin** Promotion Manager **Taylor Ingraham**
Special Events Manager **Annette Martell Schmidt** Merchandising Coordinator **Elizabeth Burns**

New England **Richard Balzarini** Hingham Executive Center, 175 Derby St., Hingham MA 02043
South **Dennis W. Dougherty** 115 Perimeter Center Place, Suite 1035, Atlanta GA 30346
Midwest **Pamela Dolby** 875 North Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611
Detroit **John F. McClure** 3250 West Big Beaver Rd., Suite 233, Troy MI 48084
West Coast **Trish Birch** 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212
Anne Sortwell 50 Francisco St., San Francisco CA 94133
Florida **David Rubin** 454 Alamanda Dr., Hallandale FL 33009
England/France **John H. Liesveld Jr.** 284 blvd. Saint-Germain, Paris 75007
Italy **Marva Griffin** viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

Corporate Marketing Director **Eckart L. Güthe**

British **House & Garden** Vogue House, Hanover Sq., London W1R 0AD
French **Maison & Jardin** 8–10, blvd. du Montparnasse, Paris 75724/Cedex 15
Italian **Casa Vogue** piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
Brazilian **Casa Vogue Brasil** Av. Brasil 1456, C.E.P. 01430–Jardim America, São Paulo
Australian **Vogue Living** 170 Pacific Hwy., Greenwich, N.S.W. 2065

House & Garden is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017
Chairman **S. I. Newhouse Jr.** Deputy Chairman **Daniel Salem**
President **Bernard H. Leser**
Executive Vice President **John B. Brunelle**
Executive Vice President **Joseph L. Fuchs**
Vice President–Corporate Resources **Fred C. Thormann**
Vice President **Verne Westerberg**
Vice President–Treasurer **Eric C. Anderson**
Vice President–Secretary **Pamela M. van Zandt**
Vice President–Circulation **Peter Armour**
Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution **Irving Herschbein**
Vice President–Condé Nast Package **Neil J. Jacobs**
Editorial Adviser **Leo Lerman**
Associate Editorial Director **Rochelle Udell**

Alexander Liberman
Editorial Director

McGUIRE®

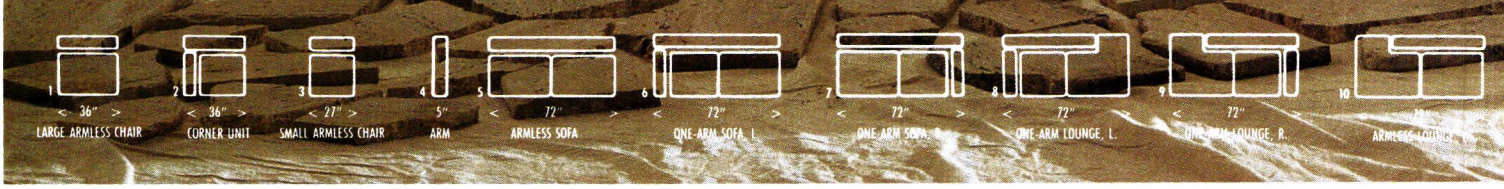
PHOTO: PAUL MARGOLIES U.S. PAT. D-236,

For large 68 page book with 87 color pictures send $5.00 to: McGuire, HG2-89, 151 Vermont Street at 15th, San Francisco, California 94103. Ask your interior designer, furniture dealer or architect about the seven unique McGuire Collections. See them in the nearest McGuire showroom. Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C., Toronto, Vancouver, B.C., London, Milan, Paris, Tokyo, West Germany.

Designer Hans Hopfer on *Entracte*:
"I always strive to see furniture in a new way. With my *Entracte* seats, the motionless becomes mobile. After me, it is the user who becomes the creator."
Entracte 's back cushions are feather-filled. Choose from a wide selection of exclusive fabrics. For our extra-large catalog, please send a $10 check or money order to Roche-Bobois (Dept. EN5), 183 Madison Avenue. New York, NY 10016.

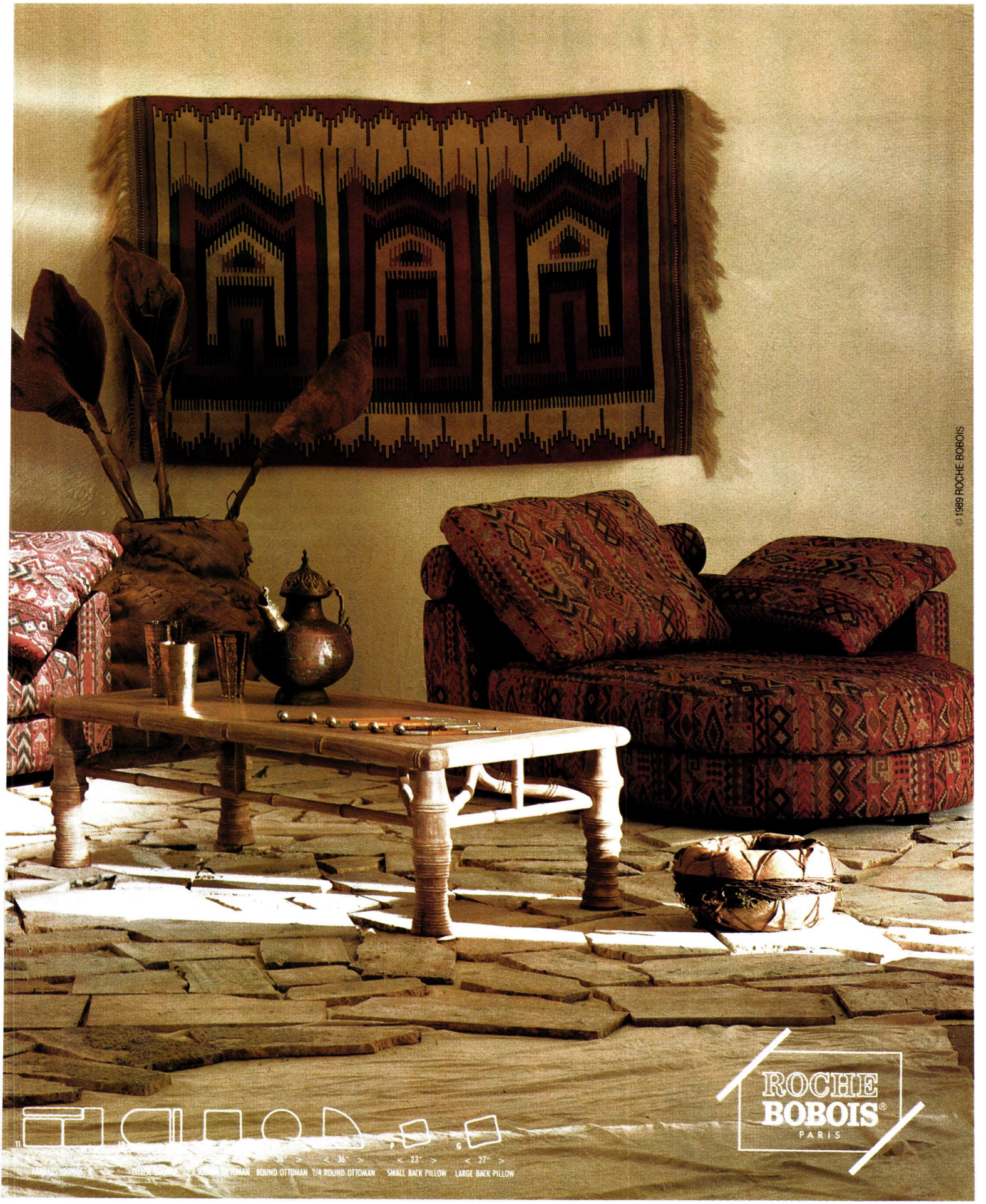
ROCHE-BOBOIS. A VERY PERSONAL SENSE OF STYLE.
PARIS • LONDON • BRUSSELS • GENEVA • MADRID • BARCELONA • TOKYO.

A MOVABLE FEAST.
ROCHE-BOBOIS BREAKS NEW GROUND.



THROUGH OUR EXCLUSIVE STORES AND THROUGH THE TRADE IN THE USA AND CANADA.

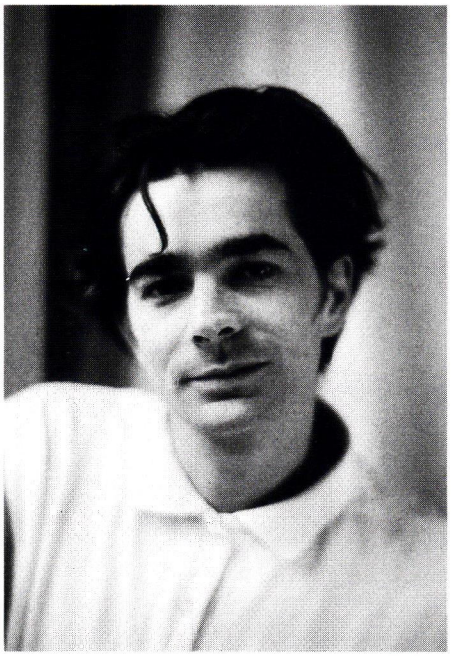
NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BEVERLY HILLS • BIRMINGHAM, MI • BOSTON • CHICAGO • COLUMBUS, OH • DENVER • HARTFORD/CANTON • HOUSTON • LA JOLLA • MIAMI • MINNEAPOLIS • MONTREAL • PALM BEACH •



© 1989 ROCHE-BOBOIS

PARAMUS • PHILADELPHIA • PHOENIX • QUEBEC • ROSLYN HEIGHTS, NY • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • SEATTLE • SOUTHPORT, CT • TORONTO • VANCOUVER BC • WASHINGTON DC • WINNETKA, IL •

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



FRANÇOIS HALARD

THIBAULT JEANSON
For photographer Thibault Jeanson, the inside of the Mathieu-Ray house "was like a Minimalist painting—so empty yet magical." Another residence he would really love to focus his camera on: the private apartments of engineer Gustave Eiffel in the Paris tower that bears his name. Jeanson photographs interiors and people for a roster of international publications, including *Vogue, Vogue Décoration,* and *L'Objet d'Art.*

MAUDE CLAY

LANGDON CLAY
"The challenge in photographing a garden is to take three-dimensional nature and then reduce it to a two-dimensional image while maintaining some of the mood of being there," says Langdon Clay, who photographed Anne Bass's garden. Clay's work may be seen in a variety of magazines and books, including *American Country South* to be published by Clarkson N. Potter this fall.

KAREN RADKAI
"Sure I'm a workaholic, but most people are who really enjoy their work," confesses the versatile photographer Karen Radkai, whose career began at *Harper's Bazaar* in the late 1940s. She has worked on countless assignments for *Vogue* and *House and Garden* since then. This month for HG she shot the art-filled house done by David Easton on Chicago's North Shore. "When you take pictures for a living, you are never bored. No job is ever the same."

WILLIAM WALDRON

CARTER BURDEN
Carter Burden enjoyed writing about the Bass garden, but "unfortunately it gave my wife a lot of ideas for our garden which we can't afford." After ten years in politics and then in publishing, Burden is now chairman of CRB Broadcasting. He also has an extensive collection of modern American books and watches over thousands more as a trustee of the New York Public Library.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

CHARLES MACLEAN
Writer Charles Maclean is very particular about Scottish gardens. For this month's HG he found three exotic examples—tucked away in strange corners of Scotland—that vividly reflect the taste of their owners. Though not a gardener himself, Maclean may soon have an opportunity to till some soil of his own. He's refurbishing a three-hundred-year-old stone farmhouse near Loch Fyne in Argyll.

© 1988 Yves Saint Laurent Parfums Corp.

YVES SAINT LAURENT

MACY'S • BULLOCK'S

b e c a u s e i t ' s a l l m i l m ö

allmilmö®

THE FANTASTIC KITCHEN AND BATH

Contact the allmilmö Consulting and Service Center for your nearest allmilmö design studio, or send $10. for a comprehensive brochure and information package.

allmilmö corporation Department HG 70 Clinton Road Fairfield, NJ 07006 201 227-2502
Available in Canada

They're Back!

'57 CORVETTE

'59 CADILLAC

'56 THUNDERBIRD

The Classic Cars of the Fifties

The *Eldorado* and the *'Vette.* The *T-Bird* and the *Woodies.* Unforgettable dream machines, to take us on a trip back through time.

They're all here! The Classic Cars of the Fifties. Twelve authentically detailed replicas, in the prized 1:43 scale. Each *loaded* with special features usually reserved for one-of-a-kind models costing hundreds of dollars or more.

Hinged doors and hoods that open. Bucket seats. Sculptured engines and undercarriages. Painted, hand-polished metal exteriors. All in the cars' original colors. As many as *fifty separate components* hand-assembled to form a single car.

There's never been anything like it in the hundred-year history of model car collecting. Imagine! Classics of this size and detail at just $55 each.

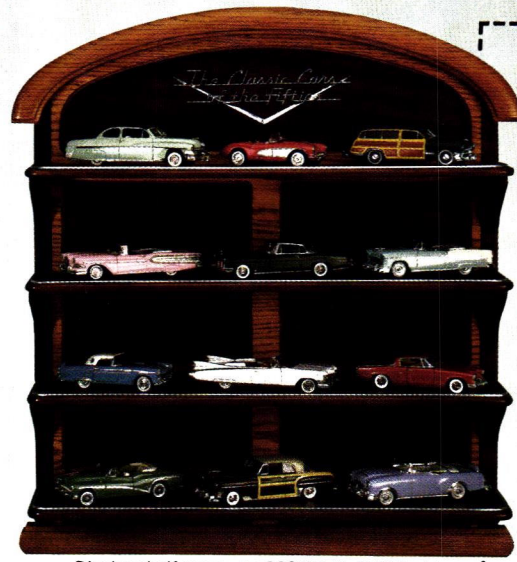
And the wall display crafted of hardwood and veneer—is yours at no additional charge.

It's the definitive collection. With every car chosen by the connoisseur's magazine *Automobile Quarterly.* And each one precisely crafted, to exacting new standards of excellence.

Outstanding value. From Franklin Mint Precision Models, of course.

The most exciting cars of our lifetime. In the most dazzling collection of die-cast models ever!

Cars shown approximately actual size.
Corvette 3⅞"L Thunderbird 4¼"L Cadillac 5¼"L.



Display shelf measures 20¾" tall, 18¾" wide.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Please mail by February 28, 1989.

Franklin Mint Precision Models
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for *The Classic Cars of the Fifties,* consisting of 12 imported die-cast models in the prized 1:43 scale.

I need send no money now. I will receive a new replica every other month and will be billed for each one in *two equal monthly installments* of $27.50* each, beginning prior to shipment. The '50s-styled imported display, and a customized reference binder, will be sent to me at no additional charge.

**Plus my state sales tax.*

Signature_____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address_____

City_____

State, Zip_____

11527-925

© 1989 FMPM

100 years ago William Morris designed for the way we live today.

Simplicity. Comfort. Honesty. The same qualities that describe the designs of William Morris also describe American style at its best. It's no wonder, then, that the room above looks so livable. So right. Sanderson is pleased to offer these and other wallcoverings and fabrics from the archives of William Morris & Co. Although their origin, like ours, is English, they're sure to be at home on these shores.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HM QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF WALLPAPERS PRINTS & FABRICS
ARTHUR SANDERSON AND SONS LTD LONDON

Sanderson

Arthur Sanderson & Sons, D&D Building, 979 Third Ave., New York City Designers Walk, 320 Davenport Road, Toronto
Through Interior Designers and Architects.

Atlanta/High Point/Washington, D.C.: Marion Kent • **Boston:** Walls Unlimited • **Chicago/Minneapolis:** Holly Hunt
Dallas/Houston: Gerald Hargett • **Dania:** Bill Nessen, Inc. • **Los Angeles/Laguna Niguel:** J. Robert Scott • **Portland:** Anderson/Douglas
San Francisco/Denver: Shears & Window • **Seattle:** Collins & Draheim

charitable church-going soul. Andy got exactly what he wanted. To do it all. To be it all.

That's why there's no such thing as too many Warhol books. Each testament is different. Andy reflected your image: he was what you saw. "Just tell me the words you want me to say and I'll say them," he told a journalist.

Warhol's extraordinary transfiguration of commercial art is the subject of a show and catalogue at the Grey Art Gallery, "Success Is a Job in New York" (March 14–April 29), which documents the pre-Pop roots of what he later proclaimed as the successor to Pop art: business art. His early commercial work is extravagantly displayed in *Pre-Pop Warhol* by Jesse Kornbluth (Panache Press, $29.95). This book shows him as the consummate Pop artist who treated every assignment as if it were the opportunity to create a masterpiece.

Warhol always considered going to parties work, and he worked very hard at it. *Andy Warhol's Party Book* by Warhol and Pat Hackett (Crown, $19.95) had just been completed when Andy died. It's an amusing volume of upwardly and downwardly mobile party pictures and anecdotal party philosophy. People said that he'd go to the opening of a door, but Andy's energy to see and be seen was awesome, like a force of nature, and this book reflects his philosophical commitment to socializing: "You have to be willing to get happy about nothing" or "A great party person is someone who's looking for a new place *to be* fun, not just *have* fun." It is dedicated "to anyone who ever invited us anywhere or didn't kick us out when we crashed."

The Warhol Diaries edited by Pat Hackett (Warner Books, $29.95) will be out soon. I was working for Andy when Pat started taking down the diaries. They were Andy's accountant's idea, prepared as much for the IRS as for posterity. Every morning Andy would call the Factory when he got up and tell Pat everything he did the previous afternoon and evening. Stringing together the tabs, cab fares, and tips were wonderful stories of whom he saw where, how they looked, and what they said. No peeks have been allowed, but I'm sure there's amazing stranger-than-fiction stuff, even when facts have been retouched to protect the now innocent. Let's hope the diaries come in volumes.

What Andy Warhol was really like is the subject of *Warhol* by Christopher Makos (NAL, $22.95), a photographer who spent a lot of time hanging around with Andy. His book is not only a casual family album of Andy posing at the Great Wall of China or with Salvador Dali and everything and everyone in between, it's also an insightful memoir of one of the great characters of our age. I found this book, which would seem to be one of the most superficial books about Andy, to be one of the most right-on in depicting his quirks, peeves, and obsessions. For example, Makos reveals him as a litterbug: "Andy used to drop litter, something that seemed quite incongruous with everything else he believed in. . . . Maybe he did it to give people jobs." Andy's character had more facets than Liz Taylor's diamonds.

Andy was the biggest joker in the biggest joke of all: modern art

Heartstopping: Sixteen Jackies, 1964 (detail)

His serious facets will be grandly displayed at MOMA's "Andy Warhol: A Retrospective" (February 6–May 2) and in the accompanying catalogue, which we may expect to provide Andy with the full art deification he lived for. Those interested in the terminally serious will find *Andy Warhol: Death and Disasters* (Houston Fine Art Press, $25.00) indispensable. Here are Warhol's most grim and severe images, transformed through his deadpan technique and hypnotized gaze into images of cool immortality. There's the newspaper headlines of JFK SHOT covered with silk-screened white flowers, a shocking-pink mobster funeral, the startlingly decorative electric chairs.

For those who loved the Hollywood side of Andy there's the memoir of one of his sixties superstars, Ultra Violet's *Famous for Fifteen Minutes: My Years with Andy Warhol* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $18.95). Actually Ultra was famous for at least half an hour and deserving of every minute of it, which you'll learn from this Hollywood-style book of kiss-and-tell hearsay. Andy is quoted, perhaps too elaborately, on the details of his alleged sex life with Truman Capote and others. Ultra recalls telling Andy that Capote is French for condom. Ultra has a suspiciously total recall of times she and Andy spent together, and her book reads like a hot novel, but better. You *know* some of it might be true.

Everything about Andy was the essence of And, the conjunctive article that joins things together everywhere. In the equation "Beauty And the Beast," Andy is the And. Andy was And-y. He connected people with images, he connected people with people, he connected people with themselves. He knew that Christ, Buddha, Bette Davis, and Jackson Pollock were all mirrors of people's beliefs. And he recognized in himself the ability to reflect not only people's beliefs but also their ways of seeing—all the while displaying the most detached manner. Perhaps that's the art of the great connector, always being in the right place at the right time.

These shows and books are just the tip of the Warhol iceberg. A Movado watch design by Andy has recently been produced, and a line of clothing may be next. We can expect *A*, his novel, to be reissued. There will be his home videos of *Sleep, Eat,* and *Chelsea Girls*. There will be the inevitable miniseries. Harry Hamlin as Gerard Malanga, Michael J. Fox as Paul Morrissey, Christopher Lambert as Fred Hughes, Molly Ringwald as Edie, Shelley Long as Viva, and Kirstie Alley as Ultra Violet.. Who'll get Andy? Newhart? John Malkovich? John Hurt? Don Johnson? Linda Hunt? Whoever it is will bring Andy into every home in America, which is where he always felt he belonged.

Christopher Makos recalls Andy calling his wig his hat. Any place Andy hung his hat was his home. ◆

COLLECTION MR. AND MRS. DAVID PINCUS

There's a place where you can sink into a soft chair, turn on the answering machine and the rest of the world doesn't have to exist.

From the Heritage Upholstery collection.
For the authorized dealer nearest you, call toll free 800-447-4700.

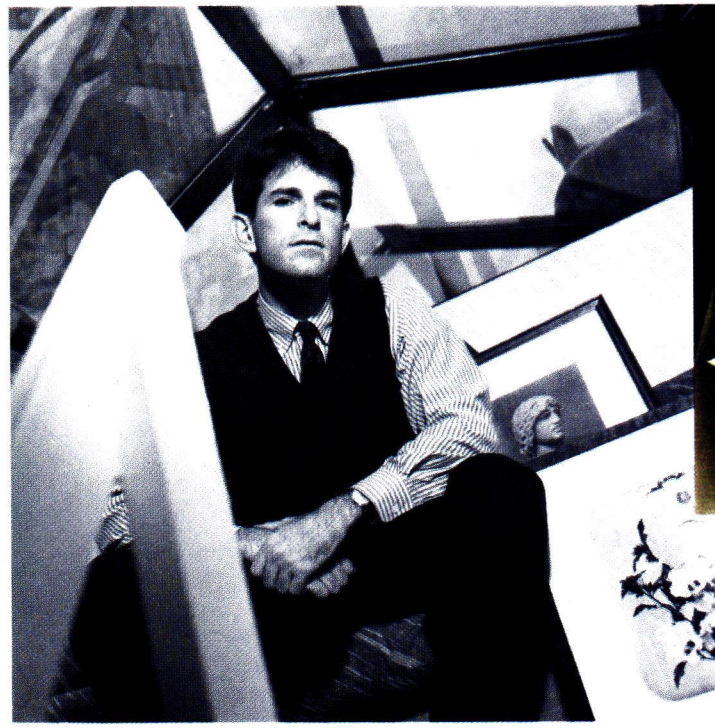
DREXEL HERITAGE

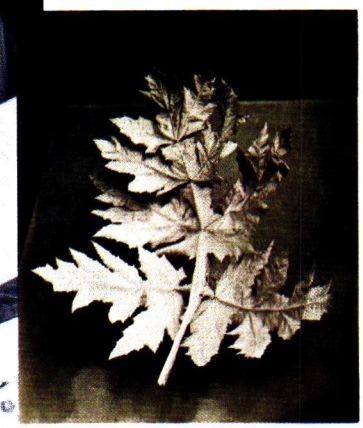
Because it's home.

© 1988 Drexel Heritage Furnishings Inc.

Perfect Exposure

Jeffrey Fraenkel focuses on undiscovered masters. By Ben Lifson





Jeffrey Fraenkel, president of San Francisco's Fraenkel Gallery, who likes to look at one photograph at a time, slowly, and in good light, has one of the best eyes in the field of American photography. Fraenkel also has a constitutional inability not to reopen the question "Why is this good?" about every photograph that passes through his hands, no matter how often he has seen it.

Considering a Walker Evans photograph of a chair, for example, he starts with what he knows: how it dawned on him that Evans "was very smart. *Very* smart. After a while you realize that the picture is not just about the chair and the beautiful way the grass comes through the openings." He points at the open metalwork. "This is a vineyard, a vineyard in the metalwork. Grapes and grape leaves. It's about a worker who made something—a vineyard in iron in the United States—and all the things that led up to that. It's beautiful, the way Evans was looking."

Fraenkel Gallery, two sparsely decorated, small, well-lit, quiet rooms, is very successful. "I know I must be aware of the market because our business is OK." But Fraenkel hopes neither to be swayed by current taste nor to pander to it. With few exceptions the pictures that he shows aren't hot, a word he doesn't like to use about work he exhibits even if it is hot—like Robert Mapplethorpe, William Wegman, and Joel-Peter Witkin. The works he exhibits "don't have Scotch tape on them"—a reference to current stars the Starn Twins, whose very large pictures often do—"and they're not huge, and they are not in color." He doesn't show Cindy Sherman or Richard Prince or Barbara Kruger or Sherrie Levine. Although he respects some of them, he calls their work "things that grab your attention forcefully. You walk into a room and they hit you over the head. Their work is dealing with thinner subjects: consumerism, pop culture. They don't deal with the big issues."

Jeffrey Fraenkel, above center, makes connections between photography's past and present. A few of his favorites: Garry Winogrand's El Morocco Club, c. 1955, top left; Charles Aubry's Study of a Leaf, 1864, inset right; and O. Winston Link's The Popes and the Last Steam Passenger Train, 1957, left.

Who does? The nineteenth-century California photographer Carleton Watkins, for one, whose landscapes and cityscapes are rich in finely observed detail and whose compositions inspire philosophical speculation. "Watkins's great message," Fraenkel says, "is that underneath this world that seems chaotic there is this harmony, an underlying sense of order. A sort of—and I am certainly not going to get too California—spiritual quality, a spiritual peace, that certainly doesn't match up with the circumstances of Carleton Watkins's life. And deep understanding of the land, of the earth, of the world."

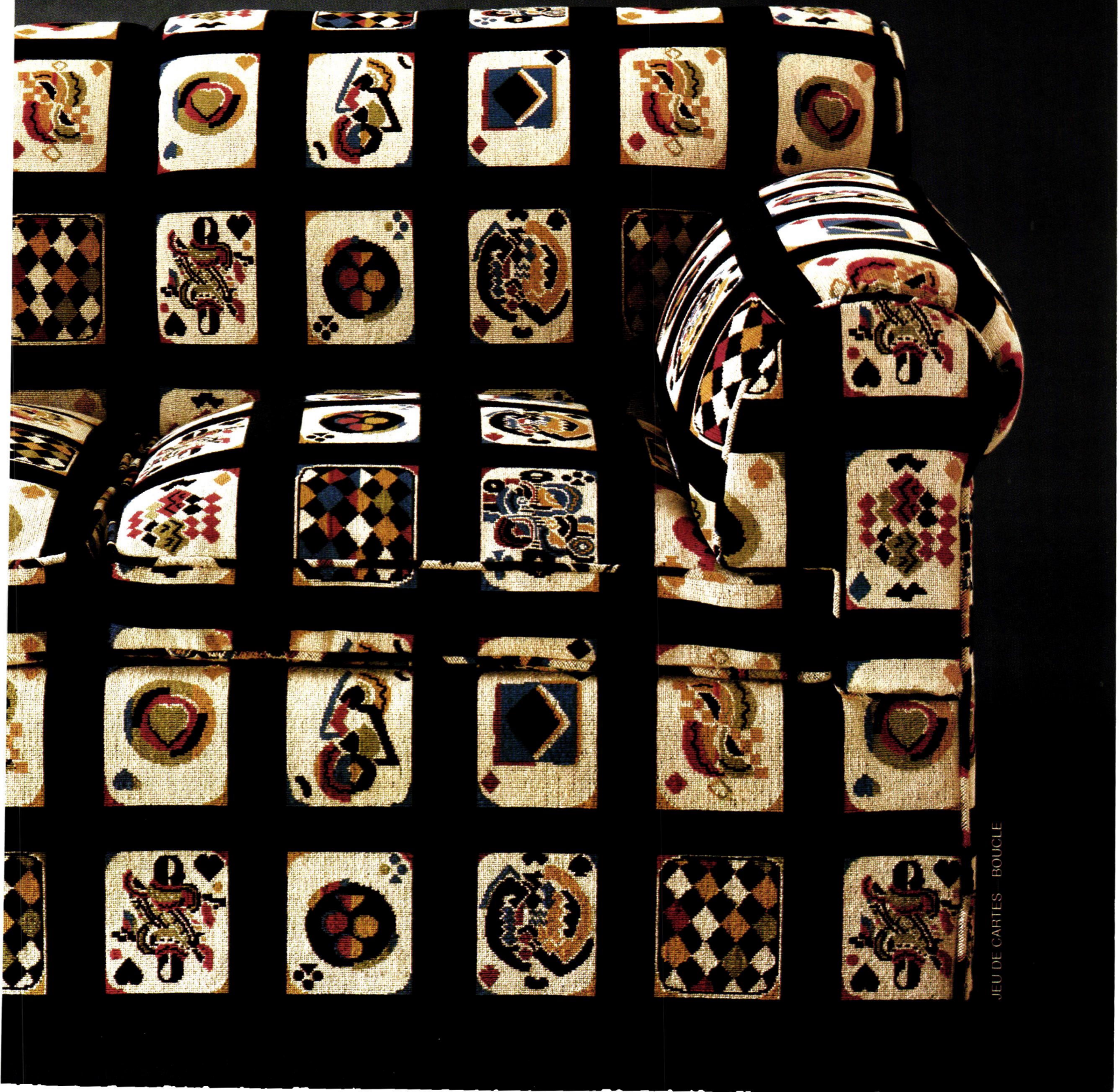
With one picture sixteen years ago Watkins inspired Fraenkel's passion for photography and formed his taste. As an art student at Antioch College, Fraenkel saw Watkins's *Arbutus Menziesii Pursh* reproduced in John Szarkowski's *Looking at Photographs*—a picture of a madrona tree which Szarkowski calls "as simple as a Japanese flag, and as rich as a dictionary."

Two other critical experiences come to

FRAENKEL PORTRAIT: ERIC FEINBLATT (PHOTOGRAPHED AT FOTOMANN, NYC)

clarence house

211 EAST 58 STREET NEW YORK THROUGH DECORATORS AND FINE STORES



JEU DE CARTES - BOUCLE

Fraenkel's mind: his coming to terms with John Szarkowski's taste in *Looking at Photographs* and his learning to understand the work of Walker Evans. Looking at paintings in Europe during college further educated his eye, and from working in an art gallery in London he learned that he liked to talk to people about art.

Four years later Watkins's work launched Fraenkel's career. In 1979 Fraenkel learned that two Watkins albums were to be auctioned in New York. He took a leave from his job in a San Francisco photo gallery, borrowed money, bought one album, and opened his own gallery that same year.

"These photographers teach us that there is great pleasure physically in seeing"

Fraenkel's wide-ranging taste in the nineteenth century lets him appreciate pictures more playful than Watkins's, such as a still life of a leaf on a table by the little-known Frenchman Charles Aubry. Fraenkel admires it for its restraint and simplicity. But he points out that the picture is deceptive. At first glance, the leaf appears to sit on the table. "You look at it and I dare you to tell me where the leaf is, where the table is, and where the camera is. The leaf is not actually sitting on the table. Are we looking down at the table or across the top of it? And we have no idea how large the leaf is." The great surprise and intellectual delight—the "intense mystery" of seeing a fact that is not a fact—is at first concealed by the technical virtuosity of Aubry's print.

Then quickly, lest one think that he admires technical bravura for its own sake, Fraenkel mentions the "rawest pictures" of Diane Arbus, whose technical roughness he admires for its expressivity, as he loves, he adds, the technically flawed singing of Fred Astaire. Hearing an absurdity in something he has just said, he repeats it: "Look at the way he sang." He laughs at himself and changes the subject.

Nineteenth-century photographs—expensive and in demand—bring in a large portion of the gallery's income. This lets Fraenkel deal in work by neglected mid twentieth century photographers, like the undeniably great Helen Levitt, and support the work of many contemporary photographers; Lee Friedlander and the late Garry Winogrand, for instance, had no West Coast representation before the Fraenkel Gallery opened. Fraenkel also shows current photographers who are out of step with the times: Robert Adams, for example, whose recent landscapes describe a perfection and an almost Edenic simplicity similar to Watkins's.

Hearing Fraenkel describe the development of his taste, you feel that it was formed by an enormous receptivity: to pictures, to ideas, and in fact to all that is visual and from which we can learn, derive pleasure, and receive solace. He is receptive, too, to the reactions of others. He thinks sometimes that he can see through their eyes, project himself into their sensibilities. This he calls a "strange thing—using the way you connect with the other person."

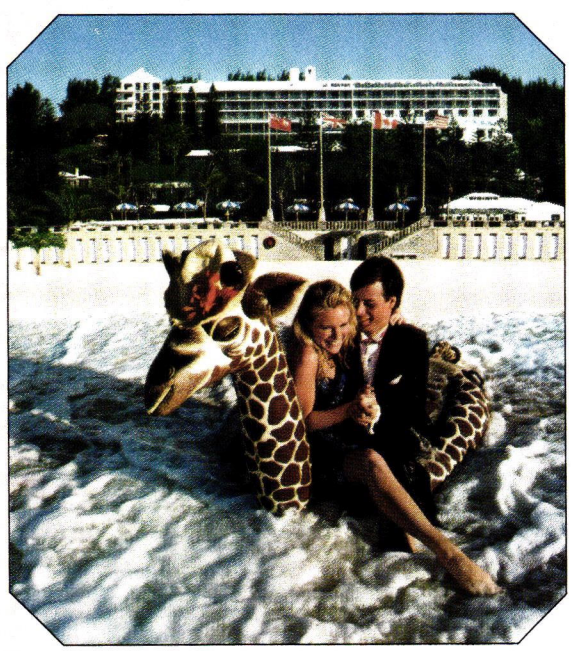
The epigraph to E. M. Forster's novel *Howard's End*—"only connect"—is "ringing through my ears in terms of everything," Fraenkel says. The gallery connects his evolving taste to a large public. And his exhibition history suggests that there are connections to be drawn between NASA pictures from the surface of the moon, Timothy O'Sullivan's 1871–74 pictures of Colorado and New Mexico, and Friedlander's explorations of suburbia; between nineteenth-century photographs of decorative art and the pictures of the underrated contemporary American Bill Dane. It allows us to consider both Winogrand and the nineteenth-century Englishman Roger Fenton as visual historians and to see in the exaggerated commercial style of the American O. Winston Link the elements of a surrealistic art with visionary overtones. These connections grow in number and complexity as Fraenkel's eye evolves.

Some contemporaries Fraenkel shows are united by what he can only call a common pace: "A different pace of looking. A slower pace—slow yourself down. Open yourself up more to contemplate the picture." If we do we can learn "not just how to see but, by extension, how to live."

Hearing himself imply that art can be didactic or edifying or can promote change—although he believes this—he becomes self-conscious: "I don't mean that art can teach exactly. These photographers are teaching us not only how to see but that there's great pleasure physically in simply seeing. I would love to do an exhibition that deals with just that subject one day." ▲

Do The Elbow Beach

(It's the style that made Bermuda famous.)



At Elbow Beach you'll find the most mercurial blend of casualness and formality that is the hallmark of Bermuda's lifestyle. This 34-acre tropical estate is the only complete resort with its own real ocean beach—a splash of pink sand a smile wide and a dance deep. There are three glorious restaurants and an up-to-the-minute health club. Elbow Beach has it all. It's everything you expect of Bermuda. Just ask your travel agent.

THE ELBOW BEACH HOTEL BERMUDA

Call Toll Free, Direct to Bermuda, 800-223-7434.

Elbow Beach Hotel, Paget, Bermuda. John R. Jefferis, Vice President and General Manager, (809) 236-3535. Fax 236-8043.

The BBC Language Course for Children

Only Seven Years Old*... and She's Already Speaking French!

Give Your Child That Critical Early Advantage!

It's a scientific fact...and one of Nature's marvels. During the early years of childhood, the human mind is best programmed for learning a language — any language.

That's why children learn so much more easily than adults, even *before* being able to read. They learn the same way they learned English — naturally — by listening, seeing, and imitating. In the international world our children will compete in — where so many Europeans and Asians start a foreign language early — a second language will be essential. Vital for competing with polished and accomplished peers.

Sample ages for beginning a second language**			
Japan	Age 8	France	Pre-School
Sweden	Age 7	Spain	Pre-School
Austria	Age 8	Canada	Pre-School

** Ages represent top schools and programs; compulsory language education usually begins several years later

From the BBC, World Leaders in Language Education.

For the first time ever in the U.S.A., your child can learn French or Spanish using the most successful Language Course for Children ever created!

Muzzy, a unique video learning program, is produced by the BBC — the world's foremost teachers of language. Specifically designed for children (pre-school through age 12), *Muzzy* uses color animation, enchanting songs, and charming, involving characters (including Muzzy himself), and teaches children to absorb a new language the same way they learned English.

It's so easy and so much fun. In fact, most kids love to watch or listen over and over again, just like their favorite TV shows!

Complete Language Learning Course!

Everything needed for a child to master beginning French or Spanish is included. Four video cassettes. Two audio cassettes. An activity book and an excellent parent's instruction guide plus answer book. All in attractive, durable storage cases.

Through *listen-and-learn* and *see-and-learn*, your child will begin speaking a foreign language from the very first day! He or she can learn alone, or you can help and learn the language, too!

No Risk Guarantee!

Here is perhaps the greatest gift you will ever give your child...a second language. And at an astonishingly affordable price of just $145†, payable in four credit card installments. And there's no risk! If you and your child are not absolutely delighted, you may return the course within 30 days for a full refund. Order today from Early Advantage, 47 Richards Avenue, Norwalk, Conn. 06857.

† Plus $4.75 shipping/handling per course.

By exclusive arrangement with the British Broadcasting Co. A program proven with thousands of European youngsters. And the whole family can learn the language, too!

* Proven results for pre-school through age 12.

© 1988 MBI

The BBC Language Course for Children

Early Advantage
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

For Fastest Service – Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534
In CT, AK, HI Call 1-203-855-8717

Yes! Please send me *The BBC Language Course(s) for Children* I have indicated. I understand only VHS format is available.

(Please check appropriate items.) Language: ☐ FRENCH ☐ SPANISH

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____
(All orders subject to acceptance.)

Charge each of four equal monthly $37.44* installments to my credit card:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ I prefer not to use my credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit of $50* for each course. I will pay the balance of $99.75* as billed in three equal monthly installments.

*Includes one-time shipping/handling charge of $4.75. Connecticut residents add 7½% sales tax.

Allow 6 to 10 weeks for shipment.

8436

You may find your first visit to Mill House of Woodbury a dizzying experience.

But we'll never let you fall.

First-time visitors often tell us they're carried away by the sheer abundance they find here. With thousands of pieces of fine antique furniture filling 17 showrooms, we can well understand why. But never fear—our salespeople will ask your needs, learn your preferences, guide your footsteps, and make you comfortable in our world.

Mill House Antiques

Route 6, Woodbury, Connecticut 06798 Telephone (203) 263-3446

We're closed Tuesday but open every other day of the week, including Saturday and Sunday.

JD
JACQUES DEY
New York Office:
129 East 94th Street
Tel: 212 207 9849
Headquarters:
1, rue de Furstenberg, Paris
Tel: (1) 43 26 40 55
Hugh Cochran Associates
Miami-Dania
Travis-Irvin
Atlanta
Designers Choice
Chicago
JEH/Denver
Denver
John Edward Hughes
Dallas-Houston
Sloan Miyasato
San Francisco
The Kipp Collection
Los Angeles
Les Tulipes

Gardens of Delight

For horticultural novice Rhoda Koenig, a tour of Rome's leafier Edens offers a chance to cultivate the soul

Thursday. Twenty-three gardening maniacs and one reporter, whose first and last brush with the plant world was sticking some toothpicks in an avocado a long time ago, assemble at London's Heathrow for the Roman Palaces and Gardens tour. Organized by Fine Arts Courses, the tour is led by Sir Roy Strong, who recently ended fourteen eventful years as director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Sir Roy, a diminutive and dandyish figure who resembles the man in the Thurber cartoons as dressed by Cecil Beaton, says he is now "solidly into gardening"—which, considering he is writing a gardening book, editing a gardening anthology, and doing a gardening book-review column, seems a fair enough description.

At the Rome airport we share taxis to the hotel. The weather is rather cold and gray—too much, sighs one lady, like what we left behind in England. "Ah, but you wouldn't see *that* in England," I say brightly, pointing to some enormous palm trees. "Why, yes, you would," she says and goes into a disquisition on where in England and Scotland it is possible to see palm trees, so I decide to keep my bright thoughts to myself. On arrival at the hotel we have a cocktail party where I meet the rest of the group—mainly middle-aged and elderly English ladies and gentlemen plus a learned professor and wife and a couple of sporty types. Over dinner one couple reveals that they have an Italian garden of their own. "*Do* you? In *Knutsford*? I say, I *am* impressed." For a while the talk gets very green, and I wonder if I am going to spend the next four days being known as "that nice deaf-mute girl," but then the conversation turns to Chuck Berry, pornographic videos, and shoes, so I am able to participate.

Friday. Our first stop is the Villa Medici, where, in front of an amazing façade, all over reliefs and swags and grinning masks and busts in laurel-wreathed niches, Sir Roy delivers a talk on the history of villas, explaining that they were places of repose—Cosimo de' Medici, for instance, saying, "I came to the villa to cultivate my soul." Sir Roy puts a lot of vim into his presentation. When he says that a Palladian villa had wings on each side, he looks as if he is about to lift off, and when he talks about a villa on a hill, he crouches down and stands up, joining his fingertips over his head. Afterward, we admire the Medici summerhouse and a wall where, in proto–Julian Schnabel fashion, they slapped on bits of broken statuary. I ask a highly competent looking lady what sort of trees are around. "That is an ilex," she says briskly. "Those are stone pines, those are cypress, and those are bamboo."

"And what's this one?"

"Another ilex."

I do not feel I am making a good showing.

The next stop is the Palazzo Doria Pamphilj, erected by a nephew of Innocent X who had a taste for heavy gilding, silk brocade–covered walls, and immense Murano chandeliers. There are rows of family portraits, paintings by Bronzino and Caravaggio, and a chapel containing a skeleton in a fancy dress and with a bit of net over the skull. Sir Roy finds the palace rather unpleasant, "like the setting for a Visconti film," and sniffs at a "rather indifferent Titian," but he is madly enthusiastic about the Velázquez portrait of a cruel and secretive Pope Innocent: "This is one of the ten best portraits in the world. It's in *marvelous* condition—no one's got at it with a Brillo pad. Look at all that marvelous crumbly impasto!"

After lunch we hit the Palazzo Farnese, where the centerpiece is a splendid 1600 Carracci ceiling in a huge gallery bordered with statues of Hermes and Bacchus. "It's quite naughty, some of it," comments tour organizer Lord Charles FitzRoy. "That Apollo and Marsyas is rather saucy," he says, pointing to a god fondling a girl's thigh.

MARINA SCHINZ

The ivy league: in the Villa Medici garden, replicas of the Niobides group in the Uffizi

CLASSIC CUISINE,
EXCEPTIONAL
SERVICE,
STRONG
INTERNATIONAL
FOLLOWING.
RESERVATIONS
SUGGESTED.

Savor the gracious service and refined atmosphere; sophisticated amenities and unexpected courtesies—now being served in 164 cities and on more than 600 British Airways flights every day. For reservations call 1-800-AIRWAYS.

BRITISH AIRWAYS
The world's favourite airline.®

Last on the program is the Palazzo Spada, the mid sixteenth century residence of Cardinal Capo di Ferro. Inspired by Fontainebleau, the palace has several amusing rooms of statues emerging from the walls to hold up pictures or to crouch behind them, but the high spot is the *galleria prospettica*. This is a row of columns, designed by Borromini, that get smaller as they go farther back, so an object at the end of what is a very short row looks enormously far away. Everyone rushes to be photographed in false perspective. "They would have had dwarfs to stand in the background," sighs Sir Roy, "but unfortunately we have only the members of this group."

Saturday. Strikingly attired in a coral, turquoise, and purple sweater, turquoise loafers, and straw hat, Sir Roy sets out with us for the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, an hour's coach ride away. On the bus he speaks about myth and symbolism in the Renaissance garden, with an admiring word for Medici topiary: "They were jolly clever to do all that, because I can't do it in my garden."

The villa, based on a former fortress, was built in the mid sixteenth century by the grandson of Paul III. It is covered with frescoes picturing swans, satyrs, putti, tritons, and unicorns, much of it flaking away. One corridor is painted with trees on either side for a summer-all-year-round effect. "Why, they're pleached!" exclaims a lady behind me. A furious discussion of pleaching follows. The garden is rather raggedy, but the grotto, a vast cave of tufa stone with satyrs' faces leering out of the corners, impresses everyone. The man from Knutsford, who is building a grotto of his own, is somewhat cast down.

After lunch we go to the Villa Lante at Bagnaia, a palace Montaigne visited which has a beautiful water parterre in the center of which four huge Moors hold aloft what one lady is certain is a jelly mold but which Sir Roy identifies as the device of Cardinal Montalto. The villa is one of those places that display the rather primitive Italian sense of humor—staircases squirt water at unsuspecting visitors, and the dignified-sounding pavilions of the muses have hidden jets to douse passersby. The water motif turns out to be an unfavorable omen, as the rain pours down forcing us to plaster ourselves against the villa under the cornice. One lady takes shelter in a hollow tree. "Ah," says the professor, "the old Charles II bit."

We press on to the Orsini garden at Bomarzo, famous for its grotesque and monstrous statuary. Here Sir Roy is in his element, expatiating on the allegorical meaning of the garden, which is based on Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* and represents a journey "through the wrong sort of love, gradually ascending to the right sort." It really is a very nutty garden, beginning with a huge statue of a giant splitting apart an unfortunate person he is holding upside down and proceeding to a leaning tower from which you view a recumbent temptress ("She's up to no good, you can be sure"). "Did these people know what they were doing?" asks a lady who cannot encompass the sixteenth-century mind. "Of course, they did," Sir Roy answers impatiently. "When you make a cup of tea, you know what you're doing." "But," points out the lady, "I'm not making a *statue* of a cup of tea." Sir Roy does not have an answer for this.

At the Villa Lante gardens a catena d'acqua (water staircase) lends perspective to the view of the fountain and village.

Sunday. Everyone is delighted with Ninfa, a vast wilderness garden in the English style, and rushes about exclaiming over Burmese roses and 'Albéric Barbier' and 'Maréchal Niel'. The picturesque aspect is enhanced by fragments of medieval ruins, including a bit of the twelfth-century church where Pope Alexander III was crowned. Sir Roy is very gratified by the gentle Impressionist palette: "There was nothing vulgar about that garden." "Have you seen many vulgar gardens?" Sir Roy gives a pronounced shudder. "Thousands!"

After lunch in an old mill near a medieval synagogue, we traipse through the abandoned Caetani Castle in Sermoneta. Everybody's favorite thing is a room of frescoes by someone who apparently knew somebody who had a cousin who had heard about a picture by Botticelli. The murals of graceless graces and crabby lute players fall hilariously between proto-Cubism and total ineptitude. Sir Roy loves them, rhapsodizing, "How deliciously awful!"

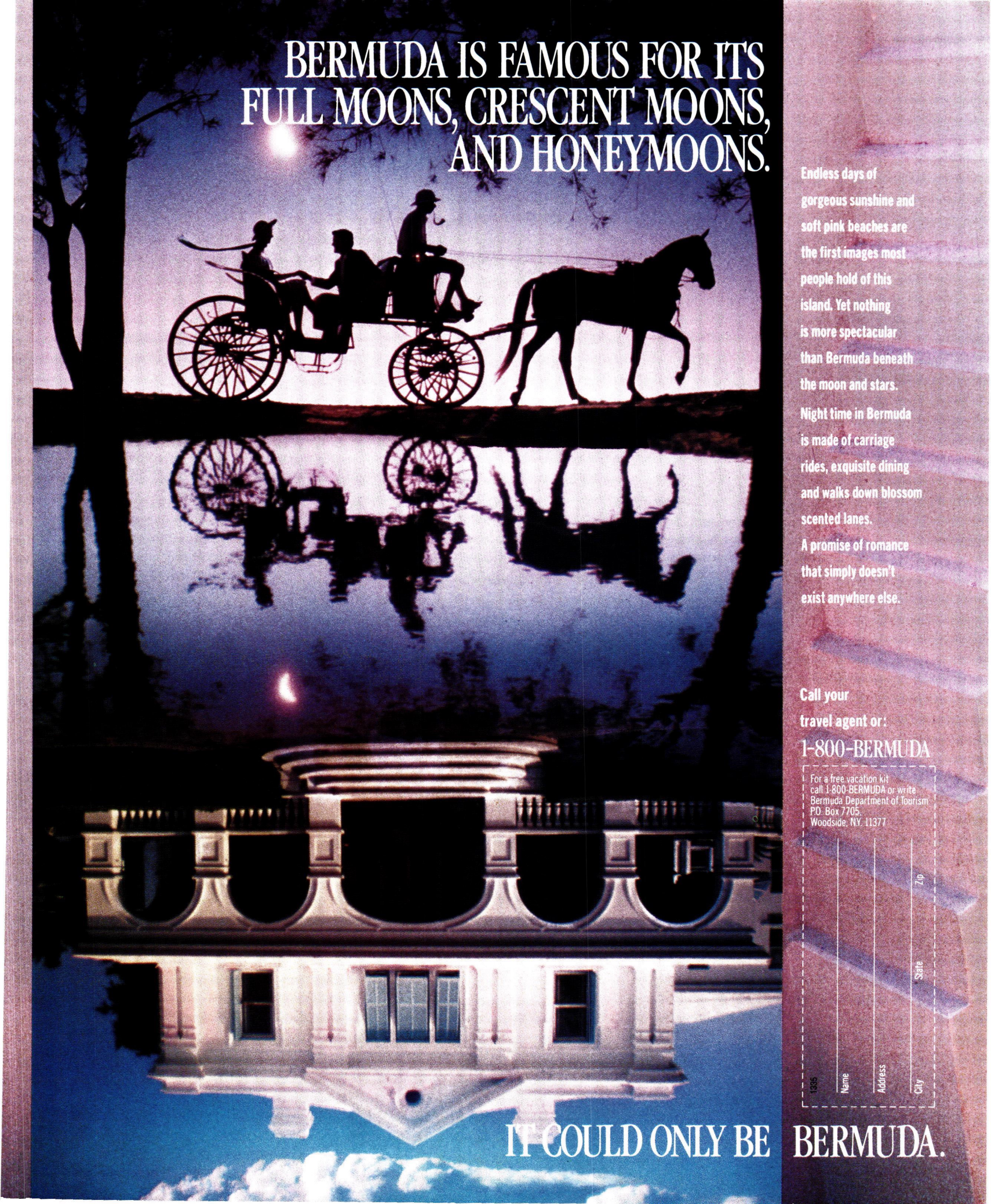
Monday. Our last day, in Rome, begins with the Villa Farnesina, the palace of Agostino Chigi, "a kind of Getty figure of the fifteenth century," as Sir Roy explains. Everyone cranes and beams at the glorious ceiling painted to represent a canopy of vines, entwined with very realistic vegetables, against a summer sky. Inside, we view Raphael's *Triumph of Galatea,* "which I do think is the *most* wonderful thing," says Sir Roy. The professor's wife examines it with interest. "They say that Michelangelo used male models for his nudes," she says, "and put incongruous breasts on them. But look at her. She's got quite decent deltoids."

Next on the agenda is the church, priory, and garden of the Knights of Malta, on the Aventine hill. Our guide is Prince Cyril Toumanoff, an Edwardian dandy with the manner and idiom of Max Beerbohm. Describing the Egyptian and Etruscan motifs on the eighteenth-century church, he tells us, "It's like a fake genealogy, don't y'know?" Then, leading us to the stairs of the villa, he bows and twinkles, "Now you must prepare yourself for a bit of alpinism." I get the impression that Sir Roy is slightly jealous.

After lunch we move on to the Sistine Chapel, where Fabrizio Mancinelli, who is in charge of restoring the frescoes, leads us on a tour of the chapel and the Raphael *stanze*. "Some of you probably know the Vatican better than I do," he suavely begins, "but for the rest of you . . ." Two and a half hours of *stanze* and chapel follow, during which I begin to feel the effects of the past several days. As I sit under the brilliantly glowing frescoes—"absolutely *miraculous,*" pronounces Sir Roy—I succumb and, a few moments later, realize to my horror that I have dozed off in the Sistine Chapel. The gardeners are all striding about, peering and stretching with enormous energy; those who are well advanced in years are the spriest of all. There is evidently something to this gardening business, which I intend to look into when I get home. Aerobics just isn't in the same class at all. ♠

(For tours of European country houses and gardens see Resources.)

MARINA SCHINZ


BERMUDA IS FAMOUS FOR ITS
FULL MOONS, CRESCENT MOONS,
AND HONEYMOONS.
Endless days of
gorgeous sunshine and
soft pink beaches are
the first images most
people hold of this
island. Yet nothing
is more spectacular
than Bermuda beneath
the moon and stars.
Night time in Bermuda
is made of carriage
rides, exquisite dining
and walks down blossom
scented lanes.
A promise of romance
that simply doesn't
exist anywhere else.
Call your
travel agent or:
1-800-BERMUDA
For a free vacation kit
call 1-800-BERMUDA or write
Bermuda Department of Tourism
P.O. Box 7705,
Woodside, N.Y. 11377
1335
Name
Address
City
State
Zip
IT COULD ONLY BE BERMUDA.

Into the Woods

Jeffrey Steingarten sniffs his way through the forests of Alba in search of the great white truffle

Somewhere in Albaretto della Torre. Today, in the Langhe hills south of Alba in the Piedmont region of northwest Italy, I am a *trifulau*, a hunter of white truffles. Yesterday I was an eater of white truffles, and I will eat them again tomorrow, at lunch and at dinner and perhaps in the late afternoon. But today I am a *trifulau*. My feet are very cold.

Our host in Albaretto della Torre, population 60, is Cesare Giaccone, the greatest chef in town and some say the greatest chef in all of Italy. He has persuaded his friend Bernardo, a retired farmer and a *trifulau* since age ten, to take us along on this evening's truffle hunt. Both men are small and rugged with thinning hair, bright gray eyes, ample noses, and weathered complexions. At 42, Cesare is 25 years younger than Bernardo, and he wears a bushy brown mustache.

Late on this chilly November afternoon Cesare brings us a large flat package wrapped in butcher's paper and an excellent bottle of Italian champagne. "For the *trifulau*," he laughs as he unwraps the package, disclosing a platter of warm crostini—crisp slices of grilled bread brushed with butter and showered with thin slices of white truffle. Their musky pungent perfume fills the room. Then their musky pungent taste fills our mouths. Rossini called them the Mozart of fungi.

Cesare speaks in a mixture of Italian and the Langhe dialect, closer to Provencal than to Italian. There are only 21 letters in the Italian alphabet, yet I am proficient in no more than half of them. But as luck would have it, my wife and I have met up with Eugenio Pozzolini, a native Tuscan who manages the importing arm of Dean & DeLuca in New York. Eugenio is traveling through the Piedmont in pursuit of new treats for the people of America to enjoy. He is a fine and selfless translator.

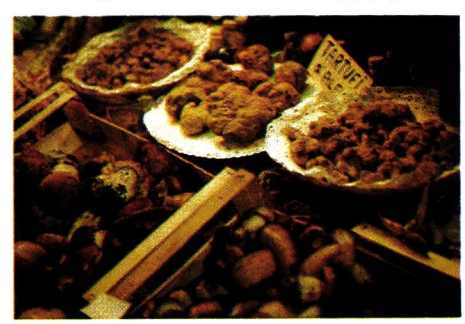
We find Bernardo and his dog, Lola, on a dirt road outside town, and they lead us down the slope of a hill and into a hazelnut orchard. From October through January the best white truffles in the world grow under this earth, in the Langhe hills to the south of Alba and the Roero hills just to the north, on the subterranean roots of oak, linden, willow, and hazelnut trees. The pattern and color on the inside of the truffle tells you which kind of tree was its "mother." (Pink streaks indicate the root of an oak.) On the outside most *tartufi bianchi d'Alba* are smooth and light tan and strongly perfumed. Farther north in the Piedmont, in the area around Asti, truffles develop gnarled and pitted because the earth there is densely packed and the truffles must struggle for room to grow. "Those truffles grow up angry," Bernardo explains. What does he think about truffles from Tuscany and Umbria? "They are one step up from potatoes."

We walk slowly from tree to tree. The twilight sky is a luminous blue, and tiny lights appear in the houses and churches on the far hills around us. Bernardo talks softly to Lola, like the gentlest father trying to instill discipline and concentration. She is just eleven months old, playful and impulsive, and lacks the dedication of her mother, whom Bernardo has left behind. This is Lola's first truffle season, but at only three months she could recognize their scent. When Lola is experienced and adept, she will be worth $4,000. But Bernardo would never sell her.

Bernardo directs her toward particular trees, urges her to pause before moving on to the next, and calls her back when she bounds away from us into the middle of the orchard.

Lola begins to dig at the base of a hazelnut tree, and Bernardo hurries over. He gently pulls Lola back from the shallow hole she has dug, brushes away some dirt with his hands, finds nothing, and lets Lola go at it again for a few seconds. Then he scratches the earth with the small metal *sapin* he carries on his belt, brushes it away with his hands, and discovers the top of a white truffle. Very carefully he reaches around

At the crack of dawn, truffle hunters, above, pockets bulging with their perfumed booty, descend upon the market near Alba. Below: Alba's truffles rank as the "Mozart of fungi."



JEFFREY STEINGARTEN

"Style. One either has it, or goes out and gets it."
MELLOWED IN AGED OAK
ORIGINAL
EXTRA SMOOTH
E&J
BRANDY
Make a statement with E&J.

it and pulls it out. My pulse rate soars.

Our first truffle is small, about an inch across, but smooth and well formed, and its perfume fills the air. Bernardo gives Lola a biscuit and replaces the earth, smooths the surface, and scatters some dry leaves over it. If the tree's roots are protected and the earth is cared for, a truffle will mature in this same spot exactly one year from now by the lunar calendar, Bernardo tells us.

We pass the truffle from nose to nose. Instantly the truffle feasts of recent days pass before our eyes: white truffles on green noodles moistened with fonduta; a mousse of white truffles and guinea hen liver; cold loin of rabbit sprinkled with white truffles; white truffles shaved over agnolotti with a sauce of butter and sage; an asparagus flan in a pool of truffled cream; polenta layered with white truffles, raw egg yolk, and the local *rubbiolo di murazzano* cheese; pumpkin ravioli in a white truffle sauce; risotto of nettles and strawberries with slivers of white truffle; hare pâté studded with chunks of white truffle; baked potatoes drenched with grappa and paved with white truffle; pheasant with a sauce of walnut oil, pistachio, and white truffle; a salad of fresh porcini, artichokes, and a tiny lettuce the size of clover, all hidden under a thick blanket of white truffles; and hand-rolled, hand-cut taglierini (*tajarin* in the Langhe dialect) made only of egg yolks and flour, tossed in melted butter, flavored with fresh sage, and covered with paper-thin slices of white truffles. This last is the simplest and incontrovertibly the best way to enjoy white truffles, and it is served in virtually every restaurant in the Piedmont, from the humblest to the most ambitious. My version, which appears later, is nearly half as delicious as the genuine article and twice as good as any pasta I have made before.

Bernardo gave up truffle hunting because he had become possessed by it. He had become a truffle junkie

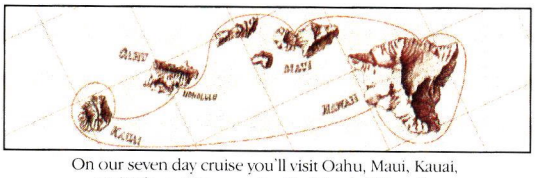
Lola is digging at the roots of another tree now. When the hole is almost a foot deep, Bernardo decides that she has made a mistake. Another *trifulau* probably discovered a truffle here two or three days ago, and Lola has been misled by the traces of its perfume. Lola's mother never makes such errors.

"Lola, slowly. More slowly, Lola," Bernardo coaxes. Like most truffle dogs, Lola is of indeterminate breed, female, and white. *Trifulau* work mostly after dark, and it is easier to see a white dog in the late autumn moonlight than a black one. When you harvest truffles in the daytime, the other *trifulau* will discover your secret places. "I do my best work between two and six in the morning, several kilometers' walk from here," Bernardo says. "But I would never take anyone with me."

We find two more small truffles in the hazelnut orchard and then descend into a muddy gorge and the woods beyond it. The sky is dark now, and when the autumn mists float over the moon, the only light comes from Bernardo's flashlight. Lola discovers three more truffles in the woods, small and smooth.

As we head back to Bernardo's house, he reminisces about his largest truffle, eighteen ounces in weight, the size of a grapefruit, and worth over $1,000 at today's prices. Ten years ago, Bernardo gave up truffle hunting because he had become possessed by it. He

Hawaii means different things to different people. Which is why we, at American Hawaii, offer a variety of ways to enjoy the islands. Whether it's at sea or on land.



On our seven day cruise you'll visit Oahu, Maui, Kauai, and Hilo and Kona on the Big Island of Hawaii.

AMERICAN HAWAII CRUISES®

Sail with us and we'll take you to five ports on four islands: Oahu, Maui, Kauai and Hawaii.

Book now and you can receive up to six nights in a Waikiki hotel. Free.*

Or, you can select a complete three day vacation in a luxury resort on Maui. Including rental car and inter-island air fare. Free.*

Our three and four day cruises let you spend three or four days cruising with the remainder of the week in a luxury

would leave home in the late afternoon, and after a day and a half in the cold damp woods and two packs of cigarettes, he would return home sick and exhausted. He had become a truffle junkie—and one day he simply gave it up. Now he supplements his tiny government pension with moderate and controlled truffle hunting. "My dream," Bernardo tells us, "is to see, together in one place, all the truffles I have found in my lifetime."

Cesare takes us out for an evening of eating and drinking with his friends. He introduces us to Matteo, a retired *trifulau* who was famous for finding more white truffles than his dog. "You can see them," he tells us. "In open ground they push up the earth above them, and when the sun is warm, the earth will crack. At night you can feel the bump with the soles of your feet if you wear thin slippers. The grass above a truffle will turn limp and brown when the truffle disturbs its roots. And if you strike the ground with the end of a stick, you can hear the hollow sound of a truffle underneath, but you must be able to distinguish that sound from the sound of a rock or the thick root of a tree."

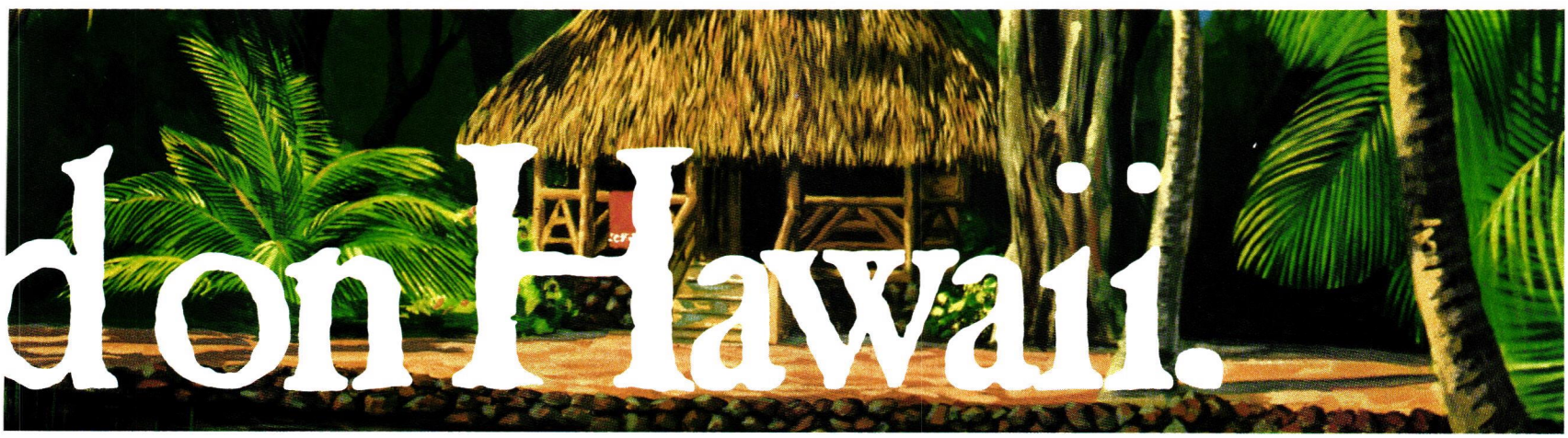
Matteo's best dog walks into the room and smiles as Matteo continues. "A white truffle takes between 44 and 88 days to grow, after which it ripens in the space of four hours. If not discovered, it will continue to live for only 12 days when the earth is very wet or up to 35 days when the earth is dry. Then it becomes waterlogged and spongy and loses its appeal. If you pick it before it matures, it will never develop its full perfume and you will have destroyed the root, the mother, and no truffle will grow there next year.

"During the four hours of ripening a truffle gives off three distinct aromas—the first is sour and musty like the bottom of a barrel, then a fungus smell like fresh porcini, and finally the stupendous perfume of the white truffle. If you pick a truffle at any time in these four hours, it will continue to ripen because it is a living thing. But if you wait until the third perfume, another *trifulau* may discover it first. Many dogs can detect the last perfume, but only one dog in a thousand can smell the first aroma."

We show him our six tiny truffles. "My beautiful dog would never have bothered with those," Matteo laughs. The heaviest truffle Matteo ever found weighed 23 ounces. "It was so large that it pushed its way up through the earth," Matteo says, "and I tripped over it."

Cesare tells us that at five-thirty the next morning he will take us to the truffle market in Ceva, a half hour's drive south. Evening stretches into early morning with the aid of many bottles of Barolo and Barbaresco (these noblest of Italian red wines are from grapes grown on the Langhe and Roero hillsides), glasses of grappa distilled from the pomace of these grapes, and a deep draft from a roadside spring possessing diuretic properties. Cesare's friends sing ballads about the young women of the Langhe and tease us when we seem anxious to get a few hours' sleep before the truffle market. "Where is America?" Cesare calls to his friends, and they all laugh. In this context America means a place of freedom, abundance, and ease. "America is no longer in America," they answer. "It is in Albaretto della Torre."

A few hours later we have become truffle traders. We arrive at Ceva just past six and park in a large paved market area, deserted except for fifteen *trifulau*, who stand in groups of two or three in the cold dawn. Somewhere on each of them you can detect the bulge of truffles, in the pockets of their



hotel. So see your travel agent or call us at 800-227-3666, ask for Operator #16.

INTRODUCING AMERICAN HAWAII VACATIONS® ON LAND.

Don't feel like a cruise? No problem. We can also design an island vacation especially for you. Your one-call booking includes airfare, resort, inter-island air transfers and car rental.* We feature a wide variety of locations and prices to choose from. After all, Hawaii is our home. Just call your travel agent to book your American Hawaii Vacation.

AMERICAN HAWAII CRUISES & VACATIONS

American

The principal carrier for American Hawaii Cruises is American Airlines.

By land or by sea, American Hawaii is the first place to look for the last word on Hawaii.

DON'T MISS A THING.

*Certain restrictions apply. Based on double occupancy. ©1988 American Hawaii Cruises

tweed jackets or tucked under their heavy sweaters.

Cesare needs five kilograms of truffles for his restaurant in the coming week, and he carries seven or eight million lire in cash, about $5,000 or $6,000. Other towns have more famous markets, like the one in Alba, but they attract tourists who pay too much and unscrupulous sellers who bring in truffles from Umbria and Tuscany or even Bulgaria and Rumania and perfume each batch with one genuine *tartufo bianco d'Alba*. The market in Alba is fine for setting the price of local white truffles, but the market in Ceva is Cesare's favorite for stocking up.

As we walk toward one group of *trifulau*, they scatter to the farthest corners of the market thinking that Cesare has brought revenue agents with him. When Cesare reassures them that we are just Americans, they open their brown-paper packages and hold them up for sniffing. Cesare pays 420,000 lire for a 400-gram batch, or $23 an ounce, a very good price. Restaurants in the Piedmont typically add $16 to your bill for each dish containing truffles. One restaurant puts a small table by the entrance to the dining room with a scale, a pile of ten large white truffles displayed under a glass dome—perhaps $2,000 worth—and a carefully lettered sign: TARTUFI BIANCHI. 3200 LIRE PER GRAMMA. Every party is assigned its very own truffle, which is weighed before and after the meal, and the bill is adjusted accordingly, at $70 an ounce. The truffle wholesalers in Alba charge between $40 and $50 an ounce for respectable specimens. Beware of stores in the U.S. that charge less than $60 an ounce for fresh white truffles. If these were genuine *tartufi bianchi d'Alba,* the shop would lose money on every one it sells.

We show Matteo our six tiny truffles. "My dog wouldn't have bothered with those," he laughs

For the next hour Cesare frantically jogs around the parking lot, pulling each *trifulau* off into a corner and collecting as many white truffles as he can before the commercial buyers arrive. His clothes and his van are permeated with the scent of truffles. At seven o'clock the sun is just visible through the mists, and the shops around the market begin to open. We stop in a bar for thirty seconds of coffee and warmth and rush out again to buy more truffles. The rest of the Ceva market slowly comes alive with stalls for game and mushrooms, produce and dry goods, and Cesare finally turns his attention to huge sacks of walnuts and hazelnuts and flat wooden crates of fresh porcini.

When we return to Albaretto della Torre for breakfast, Cesare cleans and weighs his purchases. He has bought 4.6 kilograms of white truffles, about ten percent of them too small to use in anything but pâtés and sauces, for six million lire or $32 an ounce. In the past four hours Cesare has worked as feverishly as any commodities trader on the floor of the Chicago exchange. He looks a wreck.

"Where is America now?" we ask him.

Cesare smiles broadly and throws up his hands.

TAJARIN AL BURRO E SALVIA CON TARTUFI BIANCHI

White truffles are available between November and late January. Squeeze and smell your truffle before you buy it. Fresh truffles are *very firm* and aromatic. Spongy truffles are old and tired. Many fans consider large specimens to have a more stupendous taste than little ones. Strong aroma is no guarantee of flavor, but if you know of a fancy food store that lets you taste your *tartufi* before paying for it, please let me know.

Tajarin is Piedmontese dialect for taglierini noodles. They are made with only egg yolks and flour (though some cooks mix yolks and whole eggs) and are best consumed *after* your routine cholesterol test, not before. In Alba they are rolled with a wooden dowel and hand-cut an eighth-inch wide. I have found nothing like them, fresh or dried, in any pasta store I know. The Piedmontese refer to the red of an egg, not the yellow, because their egg yolks are orange red and their *tajarin* are a deep golden color. Yours will be paler.

Hand-rolled noodles are generally made with unbleached white flour rather than semolina because its high gluten content makes semolina hard to work by hand. The method given here uses a pasta rolling machine for thinning the dough and a knife for cutting it into noodles. If you are good at hand-rolling pasta, which I am not, by all means do so; the results will be lighter and more tender. But remember that hand-rolling is not like making pie pastry. The dough must be stretched, not compressed, into a thin sheet. If your hand-rolling technique merely compresses the dough, you may as well use a machine. Those expensive square white electric pasta extruders with the plastic templates are completely out of bounds.

1 pound unbleached white flour
20 yolks from extra large eggs
12 large sage leaves
10 tablespoons sweet butter
Salt
Freshly ground white pepper
2 ounces white truffles

Place all but one cup of the flour into a wide bowl, sprinkle with a half-tablespoon of salt, make a depression in the center, and pour in the egg yolks. Stir the yolks with a fork, gradually incorporating all the flour that surrounds them, until you have a sticky mass of dough. With the reserved cup, heavily flour your hands and work surface and knead the dough, adding flour as necessary, until you have a smooth, soft ball that no longer sticks to your fingers. Cover it with a towel and let it relax for a half hour.

Divide the dough into six roughly equal pieces and roll each one eight or nine times through a pasta machine with the rollers at the widest setting, folding the dough and turning it after each pass. Thin each piece of dough at increasingly narrow settings until you have sheets a bit thicker than ordinary pasta (usually setting #5), and about twenty inches long. Place the sheets flat on a very lightly floured surface, dust with a little flour, and let them dry until their surface begins to resemble leather but before they become brittle. Turn them over to dry the other side. Total drying time will be fifteen minutes to a half hour.

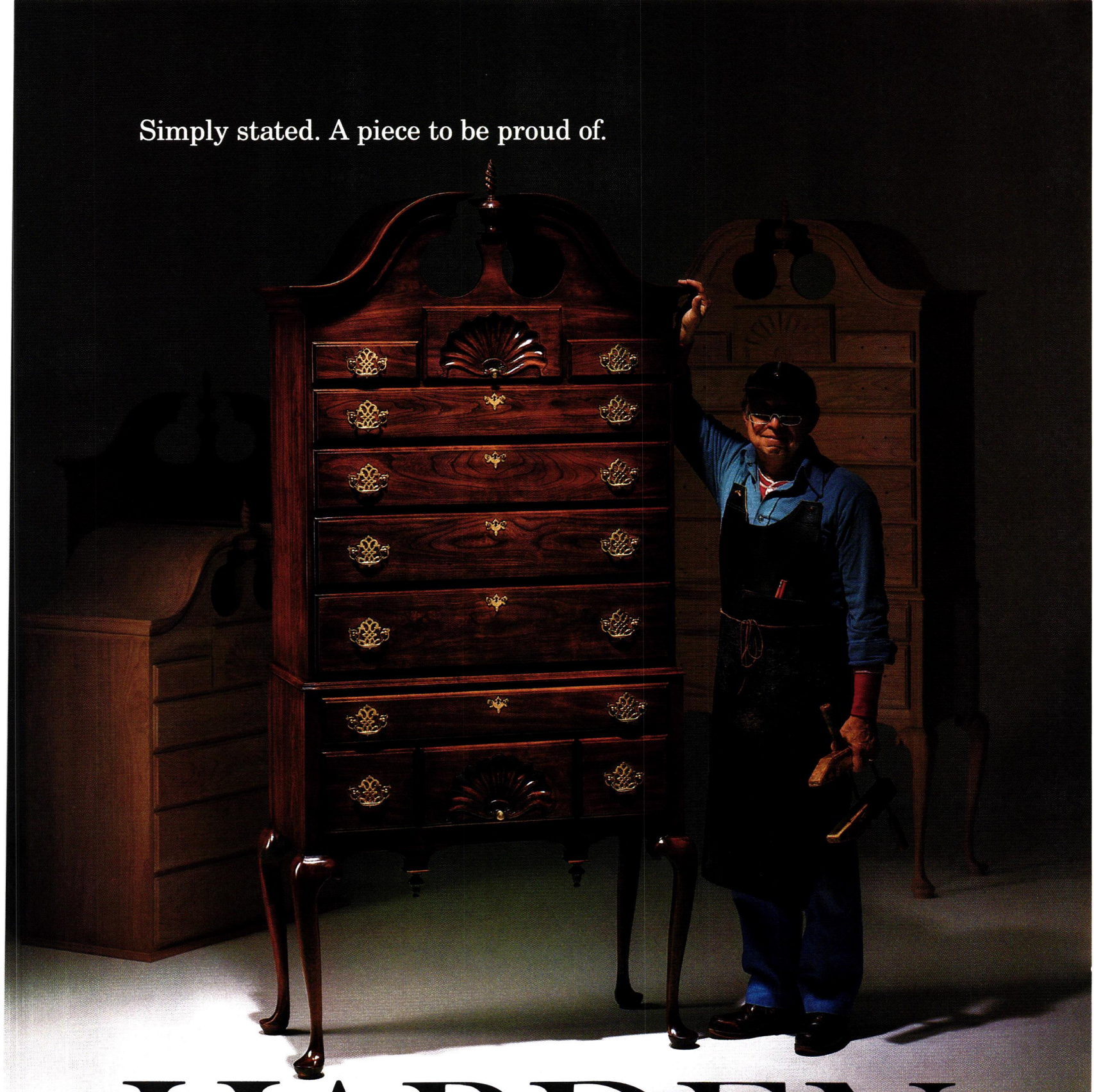
Meanwhile, put six quarts of cold water in a large covered pot over a high flame. Chop the sage leaves coarsely. Melt the butter in a skillet over medium heat and, when it stops sizzling, turn the flame to low and add the sage. Let it infuse for twenty minutes without browning, strain, add a teaspoon of salt and two or three grindings of white pepper, and keep warm. Warm a large heat-proof bowl and your pasta plates in a warm oven.

Working with the sheets of dough one at a time, fold top to bottom several times into a compact shape three inches long; trim the sides with a flat-bladed knife and cut into eighth-inch strips. Unfold the noodles and let them dry as you work on the other sheets.

When the water comes to a boil, add four tablespoons of salt, let the water boil again, and add all the noodles at once, stirring until the water returns to a boil. Cook the noodles at a full boil until they lose their rubbery texture but are still resistant to the bite, as long as five minutes. After two minutes, test them every thirty seconds by fishing out a noodle and eating it.

Drain the pasta very well, put it into the large warm bowl, and toss with the sage-flavored butter. Divide the pasta among six to eight warm plates, and quickly shave the truffle over each plate in paper-thin slices using either a truffle grater or the wide blade on your four-sided vegetable grater. Serves six to eight. ♠

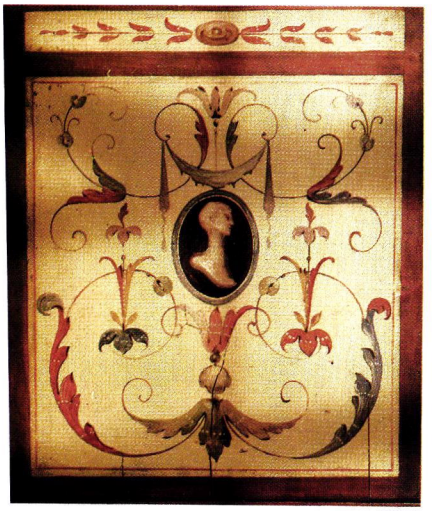
Simply stated. A piece to be proud of.



HARDEN

The Queen Anne, Full Bonnet Highboy. Crafted in cherry by the hands of Harden. Send $3 for Bedroom Catalog or $12 for Complete Portfolio to Harden Furniture, McConnellsville, N.Y. 13401. *Harden*™

Favorite among interior designers and architects. Showrooms in Chicago, Dallas, High Point, McConnellsville, Miami, New York City, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.



ANTIQUES

Local Color

The passion for painted furniture started in 18th-century Venice, says Margot Guralnick

Tourists who meandered through the piazzas and alleyways of Venice in the eighteenth century witnessed a city of unrivaled opulence but shockingly depleted resources. Once the supreme naval power of the West, Venice was now whirling toward bankruptcy, its Eastern trade monopoly long since crushed and its independence about to be snatched away by Napoleon. Occupants of this muddy lagoon in the middle of the Adriatic carried on in high style nevertheless, frittering away their every last ducat on sumptuous living. Upper-crust men dressed entirely in silk and kept cool with jeweled fans while their wives, their hair bleached an arresting shade of blond, hobbled on twenty-inch heels that gave new meaning to the height of fashion. Even nuns decked themselves in pearls, and courtesans—who outnumbered patrician women by a ratio of approximately four to one—rode about in gondolas painted a lurid shade of red.

When it came to decorating the stately town houses lining the Grand Canal, Venetians opted for furniture that, like their clothing, cut a *bella figura*—made a good show—regardless of comfort. Abandoning the clunky Spanish-inspired forms that filled every palazzo in Italy, Venetians took their cue from Louis XV's France and adopted the frivolous Rococo style, best suited for the new, intimately proportioned salons and boudoirs. Unfortunately Venice lacked many of the amenities crucial to fine French design. Splintery pine and poplar had to substitute for richly grained mahogany. And local cabinetmakers, more concerned with their carnival costumes than their dovetails and ormolu mounts, stood in for Paris's painstaking ébénistes. Like inspired set decorators, however, the craftsmen of Venice masked their second-rate materials and workmanship with enticing layers of paint.

Chairs with backs curved like figure eights were festooned with a pastel array of garlands, winged insects,

Italian 18th-century painted furniture. Clockwise from top left: Detail of a desk from Florence de Dampierre; marbleized bookcase with doors made from bookbindings from Richard Yeakel; chair and bench, with inset detail of a howling satyr, from Florence de Dampierre; shield-backed console from Philippe Farley.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ANDREW GARN; TOM BONNER; ANDREW GARN (3)

Final exams at Le Cordon Bleu.

Honors awarded in St. Louis.

"...and then he said my terrine aux foies de volaille was superb."

"What's that?"

"What's that? How can my own little sister be such a philistine?"

"Is it like chopped liver?"

"Yes. The way chocolate mousse is like mud pie."

"Have you finally learned how to make a good mud pie?"

Just because your sister's in France doesn't mean you can't give her a taste of home. With AT&T, it costs a lot less than you'd think. So go ahead. **Reach out and touch someone.®**

AT&T
The right choice.

©1988 AT&T

and swooning cherubs. Dark green and gold Chinese landscapes populated by tiny braided men covered the drawers of buxom bombé commodes with marbleized tops. Pale blue console tables edged in gold were teasingly painted to appear mirrored—an inside joke since until 1700 Venetians were the only Europeans adept at the art of mirror making.

A bird palazzo from L'Antiquaire. Fabric from Cora Ginsburg, NYC.

The painting, of course, didn't stop there. Walls, ceilings, and even draperies were equally strewn with bouquets, grimacing satyrs, and trompe l'oeil frescoes à la Tiepolo and Canaletto. And, as the demand for intricately embellished furnishings spread, artisans started turning out pieces at a breakneck pace thanks to a new technique known as *lacca contrafatta,* or counterfeit lacquer. A precursor of Victorian decoupage, this process replaced hand-painted details with paper cutouts that were applied to a solid-colored background with fish glue and varnish.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, when Venice was truly in dire straits, lighthearted designs gave way to straight-lined Neoclassicism. Keeping up with the trend, workshops in Venice and also in Florence, Rome, and the northwest Piedmont region began applying architectural motifs and Pompeian grotesques to the forms Piranesi had popularized. Today, as sponged, stippled, and faux finishes creep across every imaginable surface, the passion for these vintage painted pieces is at an all-time high. A pair of 1750s armchairs covered with scrolling vines commands $25,000–$30,000 if in pristine, unaltered condition. And a delicate side table that can be traced to the inventory of a Venetian noble runs in excess of $100,000. According to specialist Florence de Dampierre, dwindling supplies and tricky export laws have made it difficult to find bargains in Italy. Treasures do turn up, however, in the attics and spare rooms of great British estates where decades ago families stashed the souvenirs of their grand tours in favor of familiar brocade-covered easy chairs and overstuffed couches.

Editor: Sarah Kaltman

Italian Painted Furniture

L'Antiquaire and the Connoisseur
36 East 73 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 517-9176

Florence de Dampierre
16 East 78 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 734-6764

Philippe Farley
157 East 64 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 472-1622

Olivieri
306 East 61 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-7281

Florian Papp
962 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 288-6770

Frederick Victoria & Son
154 East 55 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 755-2549

Quatria
700 North LaCienega Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 652-0243

Richard Yeakel
1099 South Coast Hwy.
Laguna Beach, CA 92651
(714) 494-5526

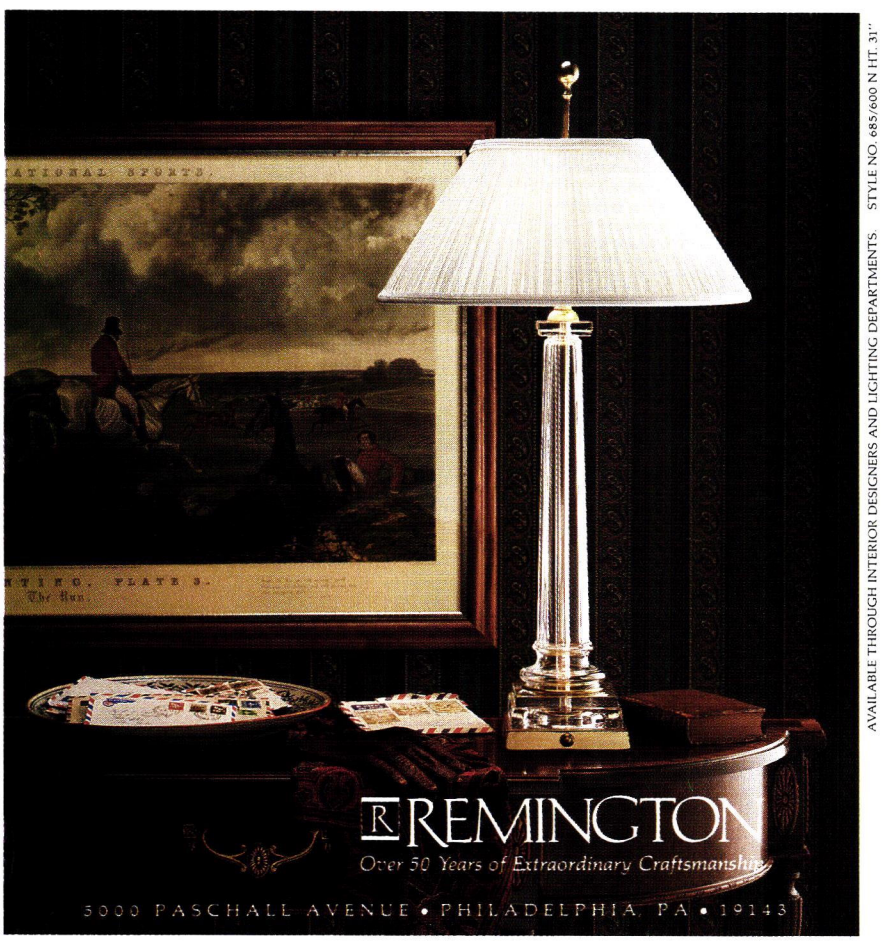
Robert Domergue & Co.
560 Jackson St.
San Francisco, CA 94133
(415) 781-4034

Richard Himmel Antique & Decorative Furniture
1729 Merchandise Mart Plaza
Chicago, IL 60654
(312) 527-5700

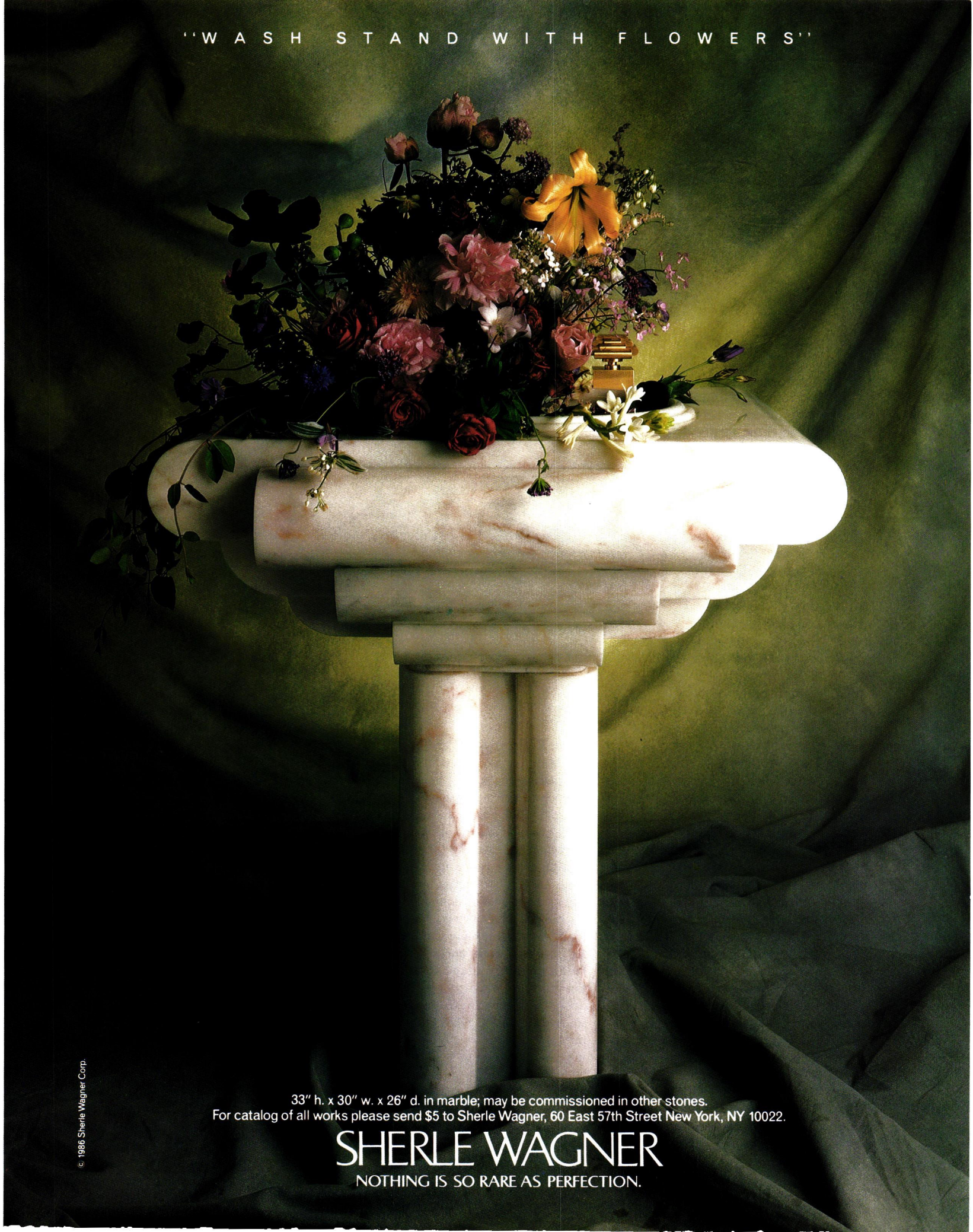
George Rettig
715 North Franklin St., Chicago,
IL 60610 (312) 642-9180

Seidner Gallery
1333 New Hampshire Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20036
(202) 775-8212

Francesca Possati Venetian Headboards
Palazzo Mocenigo, San Marco 3362
30124, Venice, Italy
U.S. contact (212) 758-3569



ANDREW GARN



© 1986 Sherle Wagner Corp.

33″ h. x 30″ w. x 26″ d. in marble; may be commissioned in other stones.
For catalog of all works please send $5 to Sherle Wagner, 60 East 57th Street New York, NY 10022.

SHERLE WAGNER

NOTHING IS SO RARE AS PERFECTION.

The Geometry of Conversation

The right table serves up the best talk, says Joseph Giovannini

There is a geometry to conversation, a geometry of rooms and tables that encourages tonic chat—configurations where the room is a small theater, the table is a small stage, and the scene prompts unscripted dialogue. If the Round Table at the Algonquin became legendary for its wit, it was more than simply a coincidence: the Round Table was, first of all, a table, not a buffet, and it was round. Dorothy Parker and Alexander Woollcott did not walk around balancing a plate and a glass of wine while trying to cut the chicken. They sparkled sitting down, committed to seats at the table that positioned them to hear and be heard.

The apparent decline of the art of conversation since World War II, though often blamed on television, might also be attributed to the L-shaped living/dining area and to houses where the open plan with flowing space, plate-glass windows, and patios bleeds attention away from the dining table to the lawn, the view, and the strong silent outdoors. These are Modernist houses that encourage buffet dining and lax, bromidic conversation, gatherings where guests sample conversations as they sample food: they pick among the offerings and move on, meandering and grazing, excusing themselves from travel tales and movie talk for another go at the zucchini. At buffets, laughter is often sporadic because wit thrives on a captive, sit-down audience.

One of the great contributions of Postmodernism to American conversation is the restoration of the dining room to the floor plan. A room with four walls, perhaps even a chandelier, frames the table, contains conversation, and focuses dining—a ripple effect in reverse. Even Frank Lloyd Wright, who early this century broke the architectural box with his interlocking spaces, understood the need to enclose the dining table. For the Robie house of 1908 he designed high-back chairs that, grouped around the table, belted the conversation. Locking the chairs into position placed everyone in a small chamber, ready for the first course, the first comment, and the conversational tumble.

Often a dining table is chosen to match the room, and for a rectangular room a rectangular table may seem appropriate. But it may be an ungainly shape for conversation. For example, when people group spontaneously on a street or in a yard, they don't square off in rectangular formation. The natural configuration is circular, as in gatherings around a bonfire or the classic football huddle.

All else being equal, brilliance at a dining table depends most on the ricochet factor—remarks that glance off the table's sides and stay in play. At rectangular tables, even for as few as six, hosts often don't speak to each other because of the distance between the ends—heads of the table belong to the guests on their right and left; conversation tends to converge at the corners. At longer rectangular tables, especially refectory tables, anyone on the sides is landlocked, unable to leapfrog over a neighbor to the adjacent conversation. These are chilling Siberias—anyone sitting between dullards is exiled.

Circular, octagonal, oval, and even square dining tables have a geometry that, for eight or less, bounces conversation; remarks are never swallowed up in a corner or lost beyond someone's head. The acoustical term "bright," used for halls with a short reverberation time, could be applied to certain tables, especially those with circular geometries.

Circular table types differ in their circularity (the square, from the point of view of conversation, is really a squared circle). While all place guests in a "huddle" formation, a pure circle seats odd numbers, and, with five or seven at table, there is a teasing instability, a quick turn. Still, around a pure circle, those 180 degrees opposite are distant, and in the every-which-way conversation that roundness breeds there is often a vexing cross fire. Octagonal and hexagonal tables limit dinner to an even number of guests, as does the square. A fat oval lets everyone see and hear and be seen and heard; a long narrow oval, however, distances those at the ends.

All circular tables, including the egalitarian square, give guests a sense of being part of a magic circle—it is an Arthurian geometry of cohesiveness and camaraderie. Remarks

ROLLIN MCGRAIL

Chevy S-10 Blazer

Chevy S-10 Blazer, now with new 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty. See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this new limited warranty.

It's logical that Chevy S-10 Blazer's the most popular vehicle of its kind. It's perfect for shopping, passengers, cargo and towing. The 4.3L Vortec V6 is the biggest available engine in Blazer's class. (And now Preferred Equipment Groups can save you up to $1,800* too.) Even on the street it looks like you just got back from far Patagonia. Because Blazers have explored roads, trails and dreams from the equator to the pole. When you have an S-10 Blazer in your driveway, every day's an adventure.

Logic & laughter

THE Heartbeat OF AMERICA

TODAY'S CHEVY TRUCK™

*Based on M.S.R.P. for option packages versus options purchased separately.

Chevrolet, Chevy, the Chevrolet emblem, S-10 and Blazer are registered trademarks of GM Corp.
© 1988 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved.

Let's get it together...buckle up.

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW

January 21–29, 1989

SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY

Park Avenue at 67th Street, New York City
Daily: 11 a.m.–9 p.m. Sundays 1–6 p.m.
Admission $10.00

GARDEN DISPLAY

Chikurin tei (Bamboo grove pavilion)
Commissioned by the Japan Society

ED HARDY
SAN FRANCISCO

750 Post Street

San Francisco, California 94109

(415) 771-6644

•

A Fine Pair of Venetian Silver-Leafed and Polychromed Wooden Blackamoors
Early 18th Century Height 4' 11" Width 27½"

GARRICK C. STEPHENSON

50 East 57th Street

New York, New York 10022

(212) 753-2570

•

A Huang Hua-Li Seal Chest, Chinese, Late Ming Dynasty

DORIS LESLIE BLAU

15 East 57th Street

New York, New York 10022

(212) 759-3715

•

A 19th Century English Petit-Point rug, measuring 4.2 x 3.1

FREDERICK P. VICTORIA & SON, INC.

154 East 55th Street

New York, New York 10021

(212) 755-2549

•

A Louis XVI Period Bronze Mounted Green Glass Hall Lantern. Sweden. Circa 1790.

VILLAGE GREEN ANTIQUES

8023 Church Street

P.O. Box 159

Richland, Michigan 49083

(616) 629-4268

•

SISSY, o/c, c. 1840 by a New England Itinerant Artist

For information or tickets: EAST SIDE HOUSE SETTLEMENT • WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW
Benefit Office, 337 Alexander Ave., Bronx, NY 10454 *(212) 665-5250*

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW

SPECIAL EVENTS

TALK

Monday, January 23 at 2:30 p.m.

Tom Wolfe, Author, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*

"The Religion of Art"

ILLUSTRATED DISCUSSIONS

Tuesday, January 24 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Blair House • The President's Guest House

Mario Buatta

Clement E. Conger, Curator, Blair House

and Mark Hampton

Each event ticket includes admission & catalog

$30 per person

DEANNE LEVISON
AMERICAN ANTIQUES

2995 Lookout Place

Atlanta, Georgia 30305

(404) 264-0106

•

Dutch Delft Bowl, c. 1750

BLUMKA GALLERY

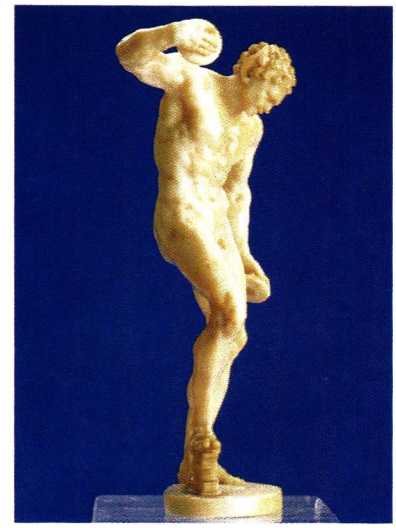
101 East 81st Street

New York, New York 10028

(212) 734-3222

•

By Appointment



ROBERT E. KINNAMAN &
BRIAN A. RAMAEKERS

P.O. Box 1014

Wainscott, New York 11975

(516) 537-0779

•

A Painted Tall-Case Clock with Works by Riley Whiting, Winchester, Connecticut, circa 1820-30.

DILDARIAN, INC.

595 Madison Avenue

New York, New York 10022

(212) 288-4948

•

English Axminster. Late 18th Century.
9'1" x 8'2"

RAYMOND B. KNIGHT

121 Birch Hill Road

Locust Valley, New York 11560

(516) 671-7046

•

A Fine 19th Century Walnut Center Table

For information or tickets: EAST SIDE HOUSE SETTLEMENT • WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW
Benefit Office, 337 Alexander Ave., Bronx, NY 10454 *(212) 665-5250*

Maintenance-Free Protection

- **Maintenance-Free:** Since this fence is constructed entirely of aluminum, it can never rust. And there is no need to paint because the baked enamel finish will not chip, peel, or crack.
- **Elegance:** The beauty you want in a fence is combined with the security you need. The fence shown is just one example of the many styles and colors available from Jerith in maintenance-free aluminum.
- **Guaranteed:** This is the only fence backed by a full 15-Year Guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials. It's quality like this that has made Jerith a leader in fencing for over 35 years.

Send in the coupon now and you will receive details of a $50 rebate offer.

Jerith The Signature of Fine Fencing.
Jerith Manufacturing Co., Inc.
2716-38 Salmon Street, (Dept. HG29)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19134

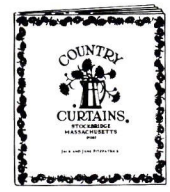
YES! *Send me a FREE catalogue on beautiful, maintenance-free Jerith fencing.*

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

COUNTRY CURTAINS®

Country Curtains . . . Over thirty years of old-fashioned quality and conscientious service. A delightful selection of curtains trimmed with ruffles, fringe and lace. Also tab, tailored and ruffled styles in warm colors and cheerful prints, some insulated, balloon curtains, lots of lace, bed ensembles and more! **Please call 413-243-1300, 24 hours a day.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Visit our retail shops.

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE COLOR CATALOG



Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Country Curtains
At The Red Lion Inn
Dept. 1629
Stockbridge, Mass.
01262

INTERIOR MOTIVES

from anyone in the circle have equal geometric weight because there is no privileged position, no authority figure at the head. It is a family circle—at a round Chinese table, for example, organized around a lazy susan, family members can always scoot over to make room for another. The gentle, embracing geometry of a round table also encourages the shy. Sit the jocular Ismail Merchant at a rectangular table and he will flourish, but please place his reticent partners, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and James Ivory, at a circular or oval one.

Besides shape, there is the question of dimension. Bryan Miller, restaurant critic of *The New York Times* and a veteran of thousands of dinners, says the quality of conversation is inversely proportional to the table's width. There is an optimal range for eye and voice contact—say, two and a half to three and a half feet. A table that keeps people too far apart, whether circular or rectangular, can balkanize the conversation.

Different geometries work for different numbers. For eight, an oval or round table

> *A table that keeps people too far apart can balkanize the conversation*

encourages full-court conversation better than a rectangular one, but beyond eight the circle no longer works—the diameter is too wide. The larger dinner almost demands a rectangle or an oval, though both should be narrow enough so that people on opposite sides can hear above the din.

Ideally, tables should be able to adapt to different numbers, and adapting the table can help animate the dinner. Who can forget the times parents brought out one, two, or three leaves to extend the dining table for Thanksgiving or birthday dinners? A circular table can be pulled apart on its rails, the leaves fitted, and turned into a rectangle with circular ends. The transformation itself implies a special occasion.

The art of conversation is fragile; it needs encouragement and protection. A sit-down dinner should never be stiff in its formality: the tables form should simply intensify dining and help release the drollery and wit. Just as the shape of a champagne glass can induce a continuous stream of bubbles from the bottom, the right table in the right room can effervesce. ▲

Lenox.

The very first rose sculpture from Lenox

© Lenox, Inc. 1989

Shown actual size

Tea Rose

Handcrafted of fine bisque porcelain and painted by hand in nature's delicate hues

The tea rose. Unrivaled queen of the flower garden. Now an *extraordinary* sculpture, exclusively from Lenox.

Handcrafted in the finest porcelain, *Tea Rose* displays all the glory of a living blossom. Each delicate, textured petal reaches upward, its fluted edges curling under, giving the sculpture rare depth and dimension.

The hand painting is just as exquisite. The petals are touched with a creamy tint, blending with a tender blush pink along each feathery edge. And at the heart, the furled center is solid pink.

As the first Lenox rose sculpture, *Tea Rose* is certain to be prized by collectors. The price of this fine imported sculpture, bearing the renowned Lenox® trademark, is $39.

To acquire *Tea Rose*, mail your order by February 28, 1989. On credit card orders call **TOLL FREE,** 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, **1-800-537-1600 ext. 900.**

56308

Tea Rose **Please mail by February 28, 1989.**

Please accept my order for the *Tea Rose* by Lenox. I need send no money now. I will be billed in three monthly installments of $13* each, as follows (check one):

☐ BILL my first installment before shipment.

☐ CHARGE each monthly installment to my credit card, after shipment.
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
☐ American Express

Acct. No. _____

Exp. _____

Signature _____

*Plus $3.25 per sculpture for shipping and handling. Sales tax will be billed if applicable.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

56308

Mail to: Lenox Collections
P.O. Box 3020, Langhorne, PA 19047-0620

LENOX. SINCE 1889.

Bring Me No Flowers

But you'd better not forget to say thanks after the party's over, warns Martin Filler

"But what do you *bring*?" asked my mother when I told her that my wife and I had been invited to dinner by one of the richest men in America. My reply, which deeply shocked her, was, "Nothing." It would be as unthinkable for my parents to arrive at a friend's house without something in hand as it would be for us to bring a bottle of wine or a box of candy to someone in the upper ionosphere of the *Forbes* Four Hundred. Yet when I am on my way to a family reunion, I will suddenly become obsessed with the necessity of stopping en route—anywhere—to buy something—anything—to avoid the ultimate gaffe of showing up empty-handed. It can be the most wilted mums from a roadside stand, the most repellent processed party cheese spread from the Snack Hut, the stalest Whitman's Sampler from the dingiest 7 Eleven known to man. Any offering would be preferable to nothing at all, which would be noticed in silence and later commented upon in the most withering terms. In my family it is the form, not the content, that matters.

These divergent responses are not based on economics. In terms of essential needs, my relatives are no more deprived than our tycoon friend. Neither is it true that someone who can afford everything is indifferent to receiving presents. No matter how exalted the recipient, there are occasions when a gift is mandatory. A present must be brought to a birthday party, a house gift taken to or sent after a stay at someone's country place, flowers delivered after a dinner in one's honor. But practices vary significantly from subgroup to subgroup, especially in big cities where the socially mobile will have to vary their policy with each invitation accepted.

This is not easily determined by conventional indicators of class or income alone. By far the most generous guest we know is the charming German-born widow of an eminent Art Deco architect. She is famous among her wide circle of friends for her *Mitbringen* (German for bring-alongs). At one of our dinner parties she came bearing an original watercolor of Manhattan skyscrapers by her late husband, some toys for our son, and handmade chocolates from the legendary Elk Candy Co. Needless to say, at her own soirees the hall table of her Park Avenue apartment is piled high with reciprocal offerings.

Among our younger friends, most of whom we have known since college, it is likewise the rule to come with something consumable. Almost always it is a bottle of wine, although one close friend invariably offers to bring food just in case we find ourselves short at the last minute. In this context the gesture is most correctly interpreted as a vestige of sixties sharing. In those days one brought jug wine or brownies—or some other mood-enhancing substance—to a get-together on the correct expectation that the host wasn't able to foot the bill alone.

One well-known "don't" for dinner parties is bringing cut flowers. The reason is quite practical. About the last thing a busy hostess needs is to be arranging a vase of flowers just as the veal roast is on the verge of going from pink and juicy to gray and dry. Furthermore, it should be assumed that the evening's floral decorations have already been attended to. Except when our country friends come into the city; they customarily bring some long-forgotten seasonal rarities from their garden—bleeding heart, bridal wreath, weigela, or bouncing bet—unobtainable from commercial florists and a greater treat than some chic cymbidium. Our friends' homegrown lilacs, small and intensely purple, are far more redolent than any available in the flower district, their last autumnal roses far more sumptuous and poignant than any that Marlo ever sold.

Another friend, who not long ago gave up the New York rat race to buy a farm in Maine, came to dinner with a basket of her first spring asparagus picked that morning. To the obvious disappointment of our other guests, these tender shoots were whisked away and sequestered, to be consumed by us alone the next day in greedy privacy. These are gifts that no one in his right mind would disdain.

Children allow a surrogate form of gift giving when it is forbidden to their parents. Books are generally foolproof, but for the preliterate they present a problem at parties because parents (or guests too polite to re-

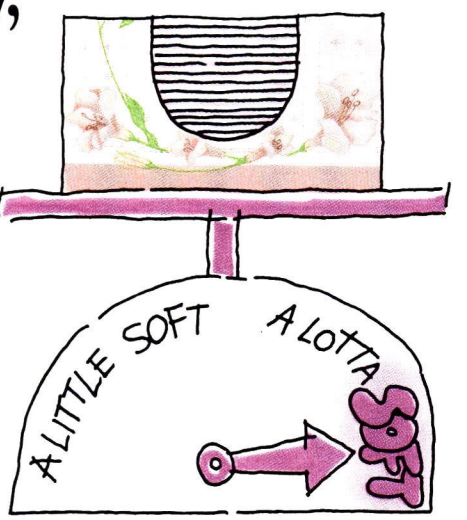
ANDERS WENNGREN

Meet new Softique®

Kleenex® BRAND

It's the softest scented tissue ever.
Why? 'Cause of The Soft.

See, Softique® stuffs The Soft into every box. Really loads it in. And The Soft feels incredibly, well...soft. It's soothing and gentle. It caresses and embraces. It feels just wonderful next to your skin. Soft enough for you? We think so.



Feel Softique®. Feel The Soft.

© 1989 Kimberly-Clark Corp.

Our new Sporting Collection

Stroheim & Romann offers you a new world of borders, wallpapers and upholstery fabrics with timeless sporting motifs including loons, pheasants, horses, hounds, sailing ships and complementary plaids and details.

Ask a fine interior designer about our collections. And remember: he or she offers you a world of experience for less than you may think.

STROHEIM & ROMANN

Showrooms: 155 East 56 Street NYC • Atlanta • Boston • Chicago • Dallas • Dania • Denver • Houston • Laguna Niguel • Los Angeles • Philadelphia • San Francisco • Seattle • Troy • Washington, D.C.

fuse) will have to stop everything and do the reading. Drums, horns, and harmonicas are demonstrably disastrous. Puzzles and any other time-consuming quiet-time activities not requiring adult supervision or advice can be a great boon while mommy and daddy play with their friends. But by far the most effective new form of kiddie distraction during a dinner party is a mesmeric videotape—the newly available *Cinderella* and *E.T.* are among this season's favorites—which if brought by a guest can provide more pleasure for parents than a case of '61 Lafite.

Thanking styles are as varied as bringing styles and are no less subject to specific standards in various circles. One grande dame of San Francisco society lately expressed surprise at what she sees as the extremes of gratitude people go to these days. "When we were young," she recalls, "we wouldn't have dreamed it necessary to write a thank-you note after a dinner party in someone's house. You thanked your hostess at the door as you left and that was that." This is not unlike the attitude in upper-class English houses where food is prepared by servants and therefore undue comment is neither expected nor particularly to the point.

Still, most English are aghast when it is suggested that notes of acknowledgment are passé. As one recent arrival from London incredulously put it, "Do you mean to say there are actually people in America who don't write to thank?" Well, there are. Many, in fact most, of our group simply call the next day. Others write, often on the museum postcards (frequently with a food theme, like Manet's *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe* or Cézanne's apples) that have become more fashionable than the engraved informal notes my mother sends. In these days of host-cooked meals, which can cost a high-powered professional couple an entire weekend of their precious time, appropriate thankfulness is not only appreciated but can sometimes cause the most implacable resentment if omitted.

In contrast to the usual English practice, the host at a very grand London dinner party last summer couldn't have been happier when the Stilton he had bought at Paxton & Whitfield in Jermyn Street that afternoon was lauded. Even in New York, when one heads to SoHo on a Saturday to visit Dean & DeLuca rather than the Leo Castelli Gallery and spends Sunday hand-washing the Waterford instead of watching the Jets game, a few well-chosen words of thanks, spoken or written, are the most satisfying leftovers after the leaves are gone from the dining table. ▲

Water-Lilies in your garden

Lilypons catalogue features everything needed for your garden pool, including the pool.

Lilypons Water Gardens

Please rush my colorful new Lilypons catalogue; $5.00 enclosed.
California (30¢), Maryland (25¢) and Texas (35¢) residents please add tax.

102 Hougar Road
P.O. Box 10
Lilypons, MD 21717
(301) 874-5133

102 Lilypons Road
P.O. Box188
Brookshire, TX 77423
(713) 934-8525

102 Lilypons Way
P.O. Box 1130
Thermal, CA 92274

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Train At Home For A Career as An Interior Decorator.

You can get started in this challenging field at home in your spare time

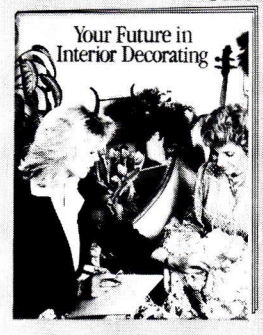
If you would enjoy working with colors and fabrics... choosing beautiful furniture and accessories... planning dramatic window treatments... and putting it all together in rooms that win applause - then you may have a good future as a professional interior decorator.

You'll earn money, of course - spare-time or full time. But you'll also be rewarded in other ways - working in fashionable places, meeting fascinating people - and, best of all, finding a profitable outlet for your creativity.

Let the Sheffield School of Interior Design help you get started. Unique 'listen-and-learn' program guides you - step by step - with the voice of your instructor on cassette.

You will be surprised at the low cost. Mail the coupon now for the school's illustrated catalog. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Sheffield School of Interior Design



FOR BEAUTIFUL FREE CATALOG, CALL (800) 526-5000 OR MAIL COUPON,

Sheffield School of Interior Design
Dep't. HG29, 211 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send me your CAREER GUIDE & CATALOG without charge and obligation. No salesman will call.
☐ Under 18, check here for special information.

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Greek Visions

An ancient culture inspires a distinctive new collection. By Joan Paulson Gage

In her journal of pictures and words about Greece, Corinne Samios copied some lines from C.P. Cavafy's poem "Ithaca" about the journey of Odysseus:

As you set off for Ithaca
Pray that your road will be a long one,
Full of adventures and discoveries.

Samios's journals—seven in all—recording her own adventures and discoveries have evolved into unique sourcebooks for Brunschwig & Fils' collections of fabric and wallcoverings. Visiting museums from England to Turkey, Samios fills her pages with evocative descriptions and *croquis* (miniature sketches), which Brunschwig then translates into commercial designs. Samios's latest journal, based on the Benaki Museum in Athens, is replete with elaborate images: cats skulking in the shadows of the royal gardens, a line of women in white above Byron's lines, "...strung together like a row of pearls,/linked hand in hand, and dancing."

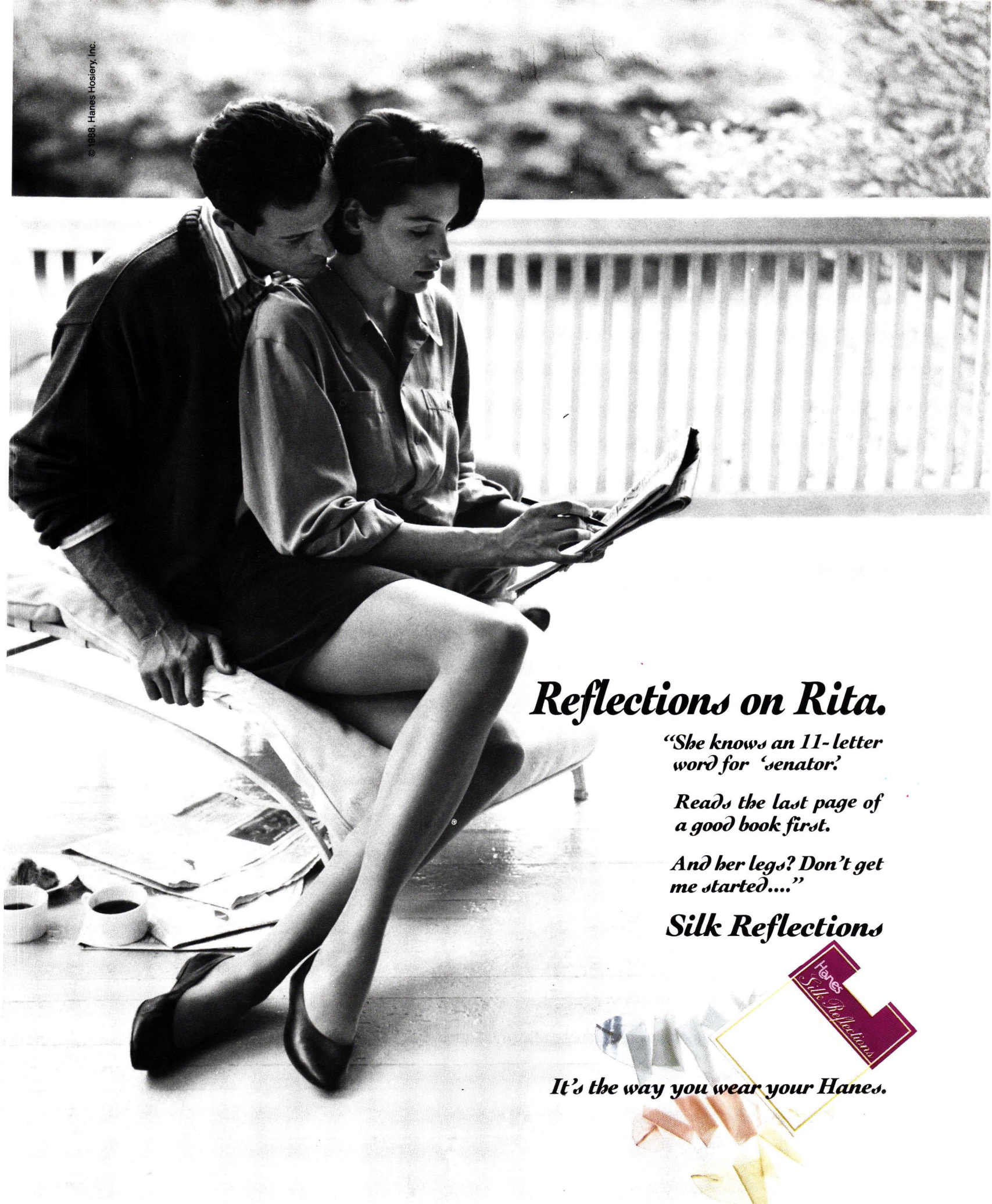
The Benaki Museum, a previously untapped source of design ideas, contains the private collection of Anthony Benaki, a Greek cotton merchant. Among the museum's treasures are Hellenic pottery and ornaments, richly embroidered textiles, and religious paintings, including two early El Grecos, circa 1560. The variety and richness of the collection is a revelation to anyone who thinks of Greek style solely in terms of white marble columns against blue sky and sea and red terra-cotta figures on black Classical vases.

A Greek metamorphosis: Corinne Samios first saw the 16th-century Ottoman plate, above, in Athens's Benaki Museum. Right: The plate as it appears in Samios's Benaki journal. The grape motif became the basis for the Brunschwig & Fils Ariadne wallpaper border, above right, and for its cotton-and-linen Dionysos print, left.

One of the most striking images in the Benaki journal is of a seventeenth-century icon depicting a haloed head of Jesus on a background of striped cloth. Samios did several studies of the delicately gathered fabric, and the result—in Brunschwig's new fifteen-pattern Greek collection—is Despina, a trompe l'oeil wallpaper border that looks as serenely undulant as a valance. From Samios's depiction of blue-and-white-flowered tiles with fish swimming in the borders came another ingenious design—Brunschwig's Delphi, a profusion of blooms and tendrils against a barely perceptible grid.

Samios feels a particular affinity for Greek style: "Greeks are involved with the intrinsic value of a mundane object and see its beauty. Greek style celebrates life." ◆

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON; COURTESY BENAKI MUSEUM. MONICA STEVENSON (2)


© 1988, Hanes Hosiery, Inc.
Reflections on Rita.
"She knows an 11-letter word for 'senator.'
Reads the last page of a good book first.
And her legs? Don't get me started...."
Silk Reflections
Hanes Silk Reflections
It's the way you wear your Hanes.

Crystal shown: Aria.

THE CRYSTALS OF LENOX

An important collection of fine lead crystal. Each piece a classic example
of the masterful crafting that is the tradition of Lenox.

Lenox China and Crystal
Send $2.00 for color brochure. Lenox, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648
© Lenox 1987

EDITOR'S PAGE

FEBRUARY 1989

A friend of mine with a taste for the gilded and grand was commenting on the houses in HG. "You don't really like all those places, do you?" she asked. My answer was, "Yes, I do." There's room in HG for lots of different styles—though room in HG does not necessarily mean room in my living room. This issue embraces the avant-garde adventure of Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray's half-timbered farmhouse in Normandy, the glamour of a Spanish Colonial interior in L.A., the grandeur that decorator David Easton brought to a Chicago North Shore estate, and the richly personal style of society hairdresser Kenneth Battelle's penthouse on the East Side of Manhattan. All these examples have design merit, even if they do not exactly represent my own taste. The issue of taste—whether personal or cultural—is a complicated one, particularly at a time when there seem to be so many options yet so much value is placed on making the *right* choice. (If in the sixties you were what you ate, in the eighties you are what you have.) Taste is so complicated, in fact, and fascinating that we will be examining it each month from the perspective of a different writer. This month, editor Martin Filler comments on etiquette and concludes that what's correct is, after all, a matter of taste. It depends on the customs of the country, one's class, even one's age. Take, for example, a six-year-old girl in Manhattan who in frustration says, "That's not manners, Mommy," when she's finally sent to bed.

In the Normandy farmhouse of decorators Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray, a stool covered with an antique silk train suggests Ray's interest in Paris couture. *Page 96.*

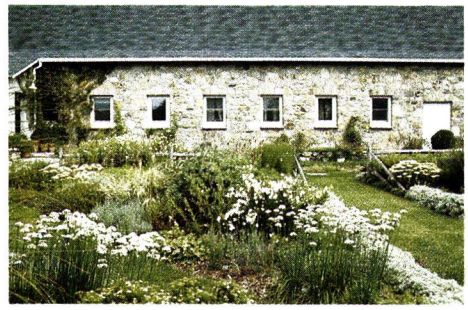
THIBAULT JEANSON

Nancy Novogrod

Editor in Chief

FAST FORWARD

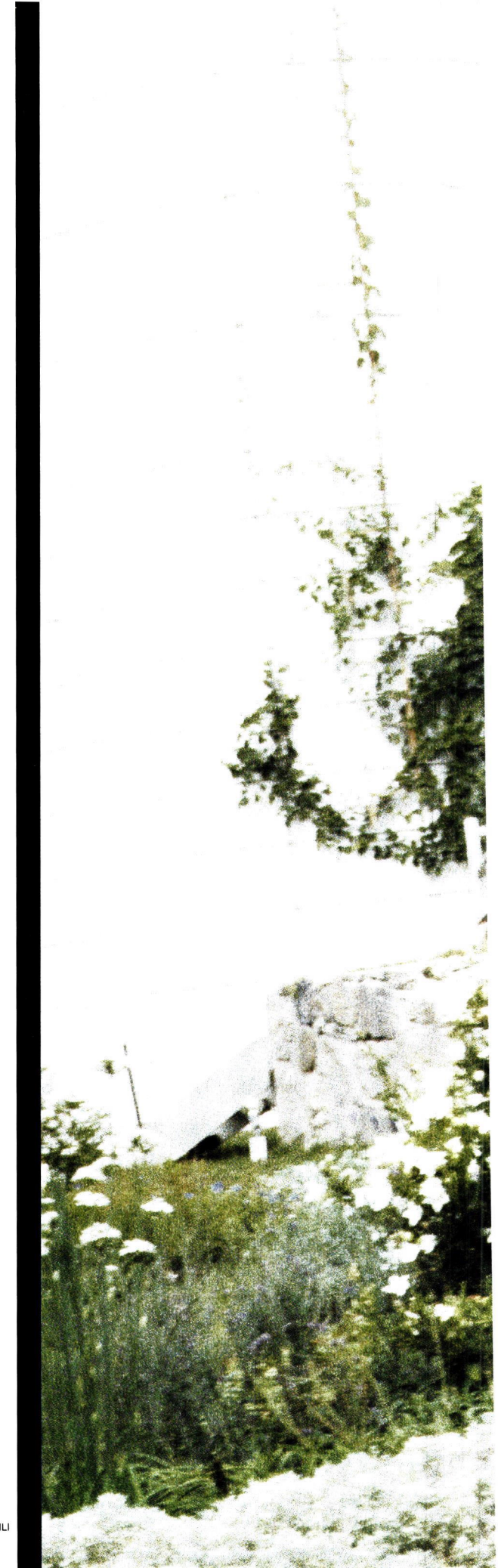
Sandy and Bob Pittman—
high-powered and high-spirited—
in the city and on the farm
By Dodie Kazanjian



"Aiyi yi. My secretary has been faxing me," says Sandy Pittman as we walk into her bedroom and find rolls of paper accumulating beneath the fax machine. The unsightly pileup that has occurred during the hour we spent talking in her Central Park West living room demands her instant attention.

Sandy Pittman is a California-bred beauty, 33-year-old mother, former magazine editor and TV producer, and outdoor-adventure addict. She is married to Bob Pittman, the man who invented MTV and whose current brainchild is this year's TV phenomenon, *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*. "She makes sure our lives don't spin out of control," Bob says. "When I lose control," she says, "is when I fall apart. I really love organization."

She runs their New York City apartment and their Connecticut country house (it, too, has a fax—she insists she'd "sooner do without a phone than a fax") the way an admiral runs his flagship. To her, their two-bedroom apartment is no more than a pied-à-terre and requires rigorous organization. "Nothing superfluous" is her motto in the city. "What we've



Sandy Pittman, right, a self-taught gardener, gathering the fruits of her labors. Next project: sheep raising. Above: Putting down roots—Birthday Hill Farm, a converted dairy barn.

OBERTO GILI

HAIR BY KEVIN MANCUSO FOR ORIBE AT PARACHUTE; MAKEUP BY TIM METZ

A wide-open easy feeling. The vast living room, far left, with rustic and horn furniture from Newel Art Galleries, blankets from Kelter-Malce. Above: Always moving, Bob Pittman on the paddle-tennis court. Left: Sandy Pittman sharing the outdoor life with son, Bo. Details see Resources.

OBERTO GILI

done in this apartment is edit everything we have. What's here is simply what we need now. I'm fanatic about these details."

Since she can only seat eight for dinner she keeps only eight dinner plates and eight salad plates in the kitchen cupboard. If one breaks, she orders another from Tiffany's. Clothes are color-coded according to the seasons. She actually has a thread sewn into the side seam—green for summer, red for fall, blue for winter, and yellow for spring. "All the things that have a certain color thread in them go to Connecticut at a certain time of year. Then I can say send everything with a green thread in it to New York. It's easy." She's also edited her wardrobe by wearing "only Chanel, L. L. Bean, and Nike, with a little Ralph Lauren thrown in for good measure." Since we're in the city, she's wearing Chanel. Bob wears Giorgio Armani in the city.

Even their music collection has been fastidiously tailored. Bob started out as a disc jockey, so they've got thousands of records in the country but only fifty CDs in New York. Their books are in Connecticut, too, "except for the ones we're reading."

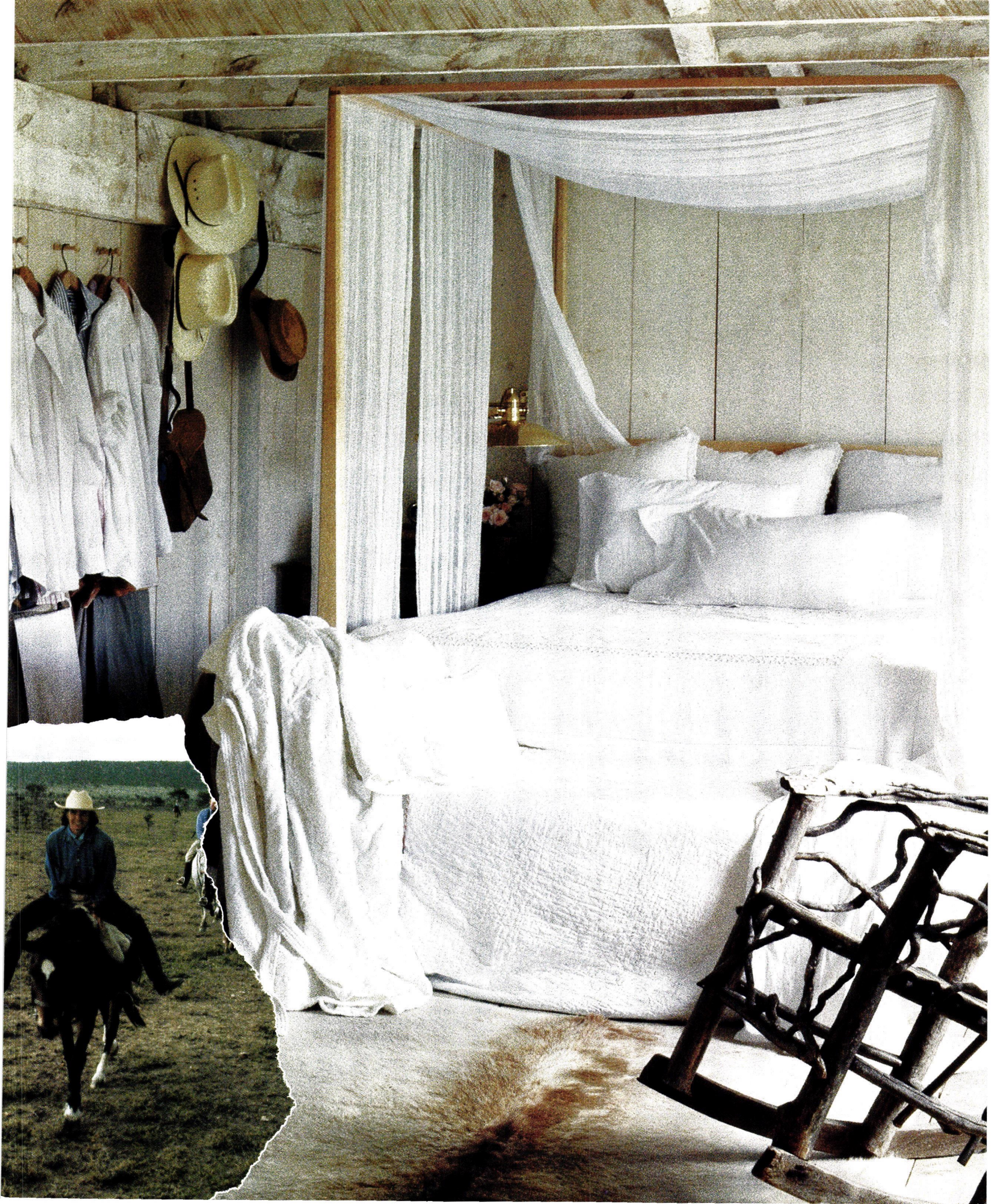
Most of the time her husband appreciates her organization, but not always. "I've had days when I've come home and said, 'Is there any mail?' and she's said, 'I've already packed it up and sent it to you at the office.' So I've had to wait until the next day to get my mail."

Bob and Sandy Pittman are also organized about the way they buy contemporary art. "We research everything," says Sandy. "We tear out articles and file them away. We strategize, and twice a year we do the galleries." These forays have bagged works by Richard Tuttle, David Deutsch, Mark Innerst, the Starn Twins, Miguel Barcelò, and a huge April Gornik landscape that balances the real landscape out their sitting-room window, the Central Park reservoir.

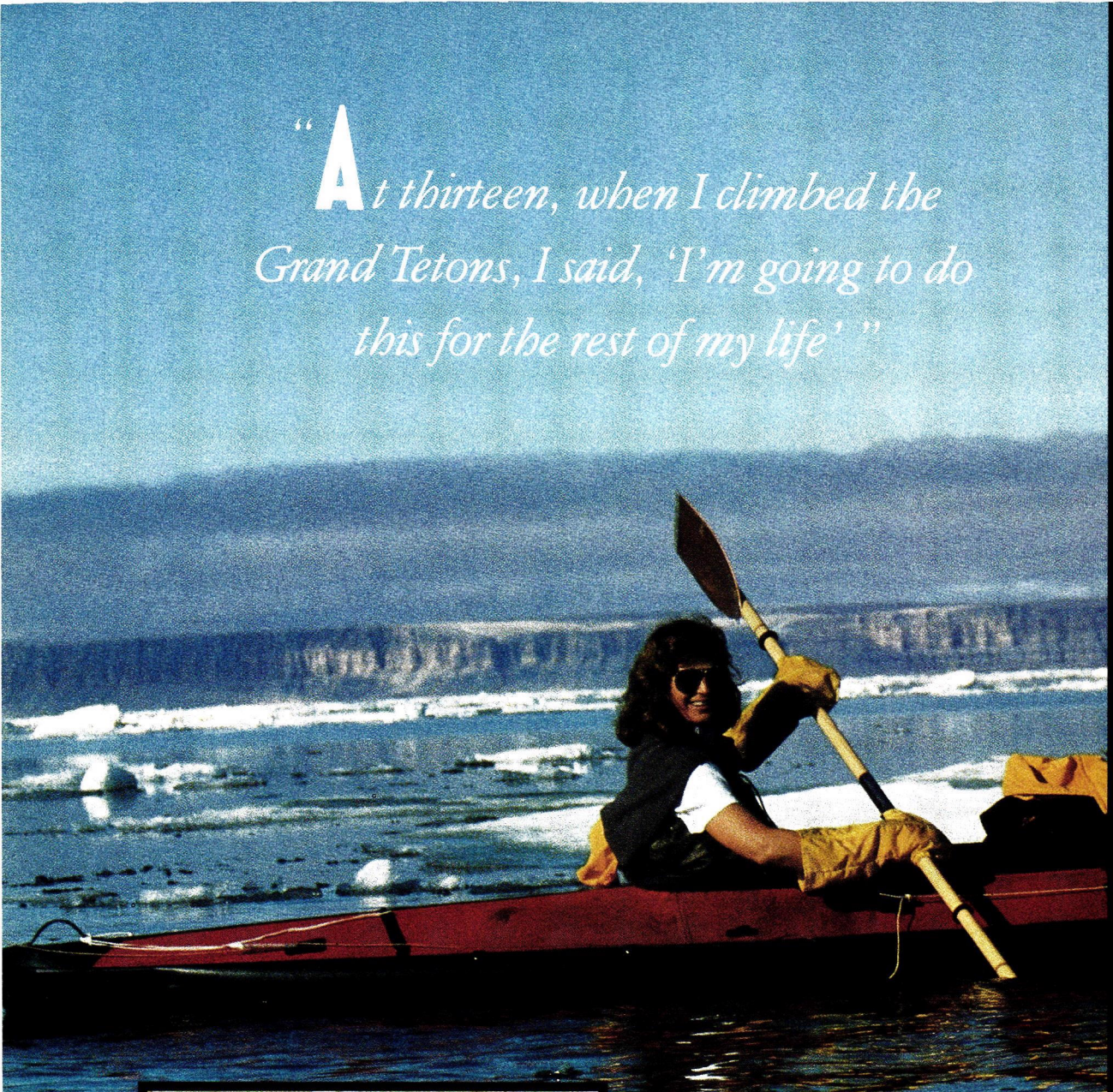
Their real life, however, goes on in the country, in a nine-thousand-square- *(Text continued on page 160)*

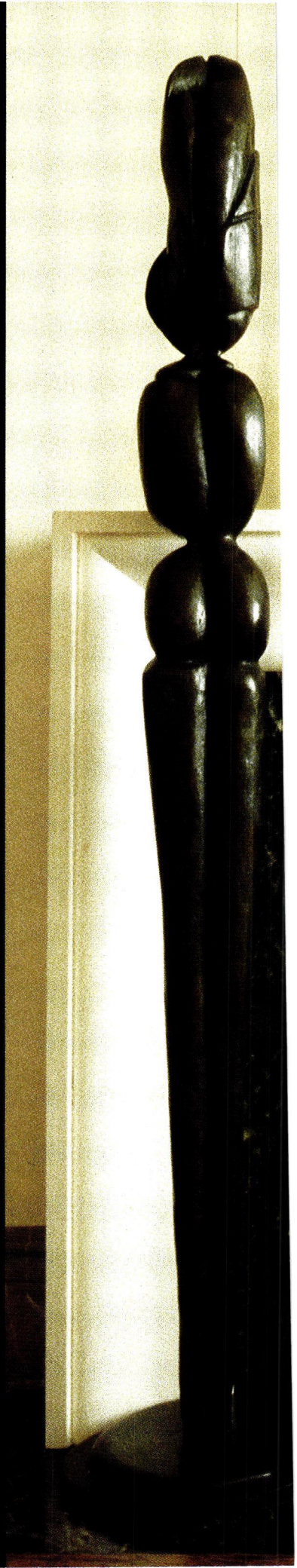
The serene master bedroom, far right, filled with Victorian linens and country clothes, exemplifies Sandy Pittman's sense of order. Right: Mugheni carries Sandy Pittman across Kenya on a camping expedition. Left: Victorian mahogany chair with lion's head carvings is a family heirloom.

OBERTO GILI



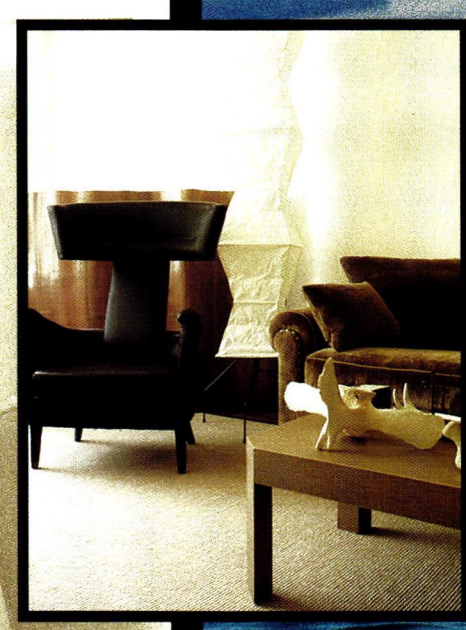
"At thirteen, when I climbed the Grand Tetons, I said, 'I'm going to do this for the rest of my life' "





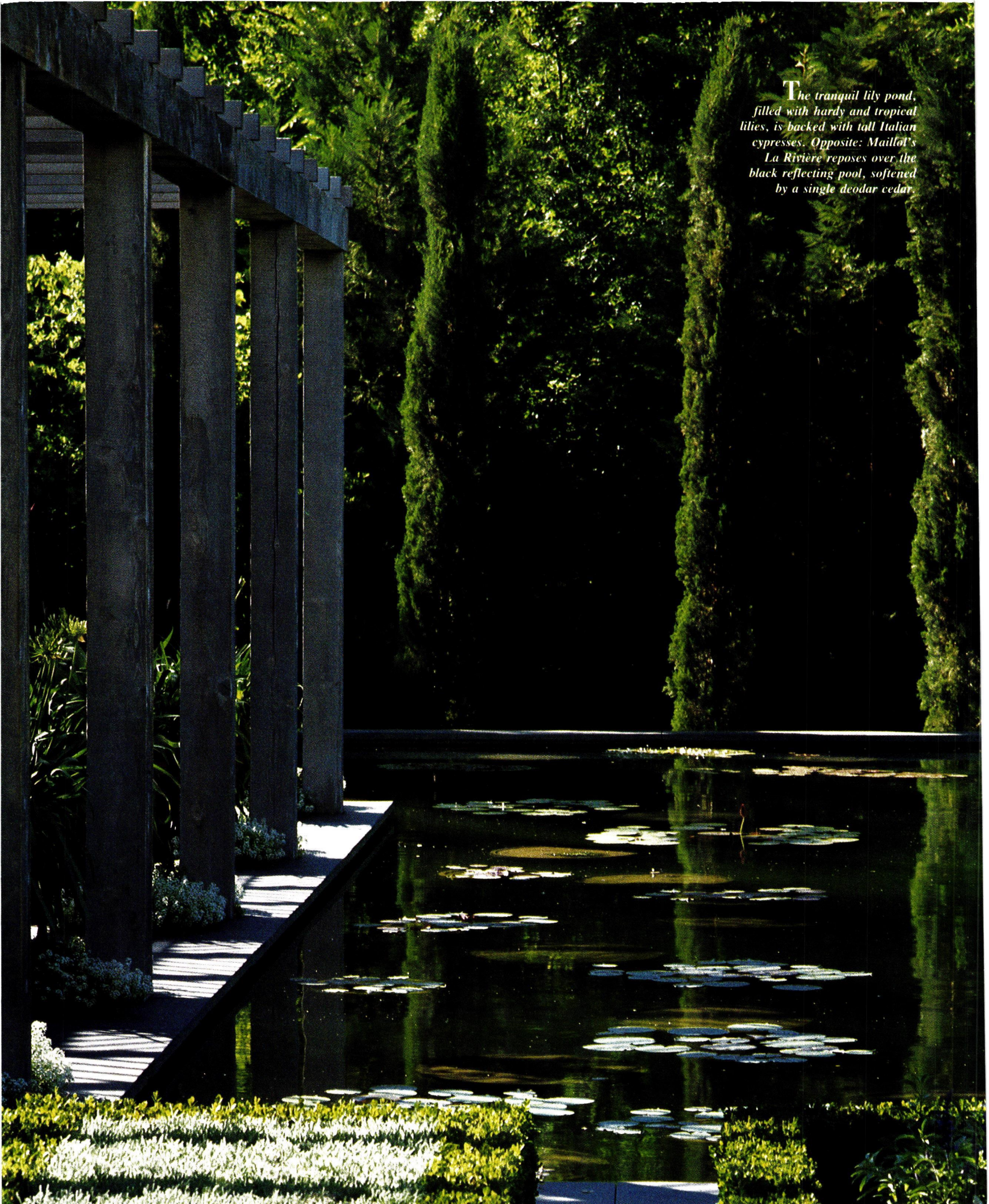
OBERTO GILI

Sandy Pittman, opposite, kayaking in the Arctic Circle. Opposite inset: The front hall coatracks stocked for any adventure. Left: Rustic details give way to city sophistication in the Pittmans' New York apartment.

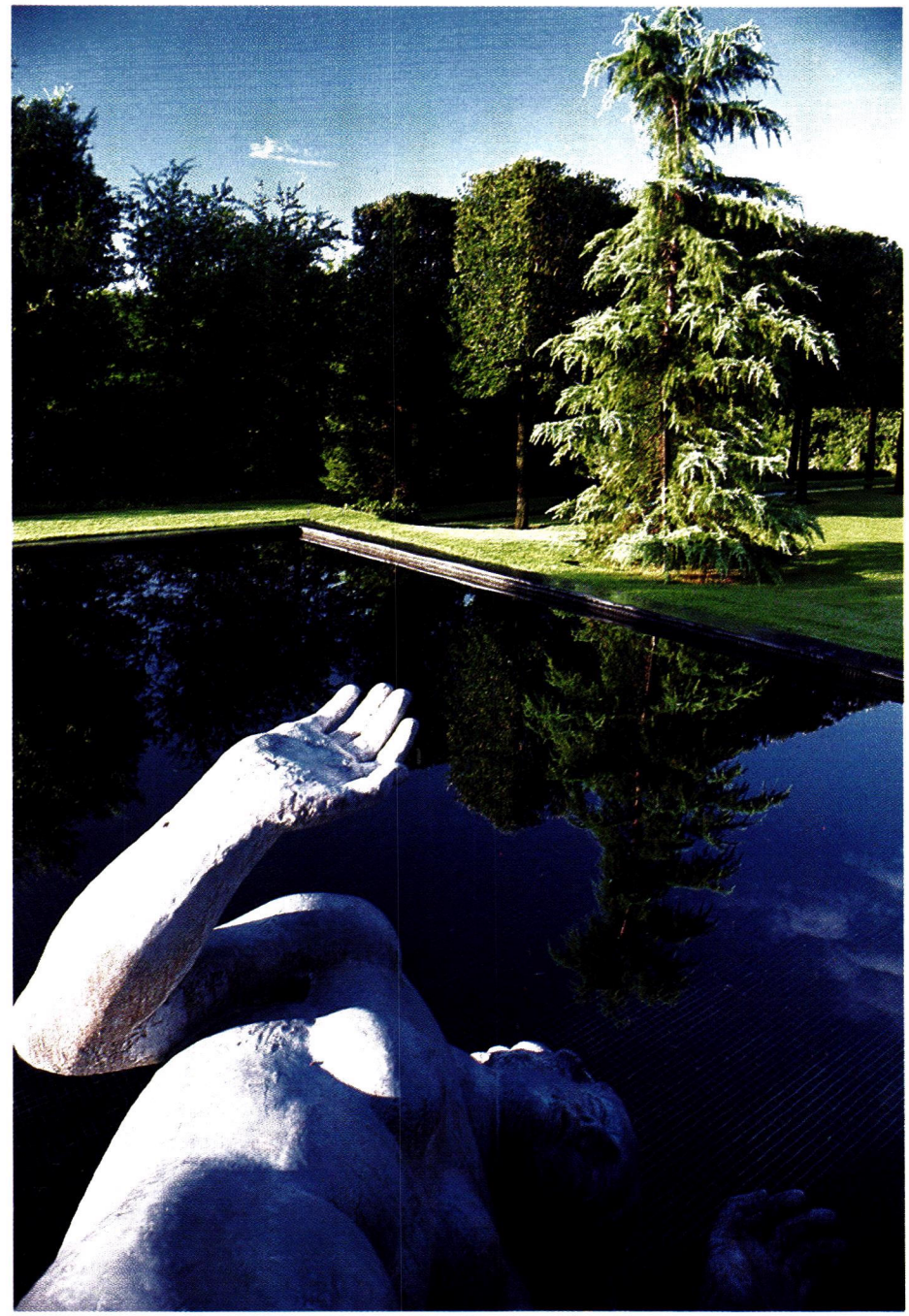


Louise Bourgeois's Spring and a Spanish Colonial Saint Sebastian in front of the fireplace. On the mantel, a Loetz silver-mounted vase and Joan Nelson landscape flank a gilded mirror. Inset: Noguchi lamp and fifties wing chair.

OBERTO GILI



The tranquil lily pond, filled with hardy and tropical lilies, is backed with tall Italian cypresses. Opposite: Maillol's La Rivière reposes over the black reflecting pool, softened by a single deodar cedar.



THE FLOWERING OF FORT WORTH

Anne Bass invited the great English gardener Russell Page to civilize eight acres of Texas

BY CARTER BURDEN

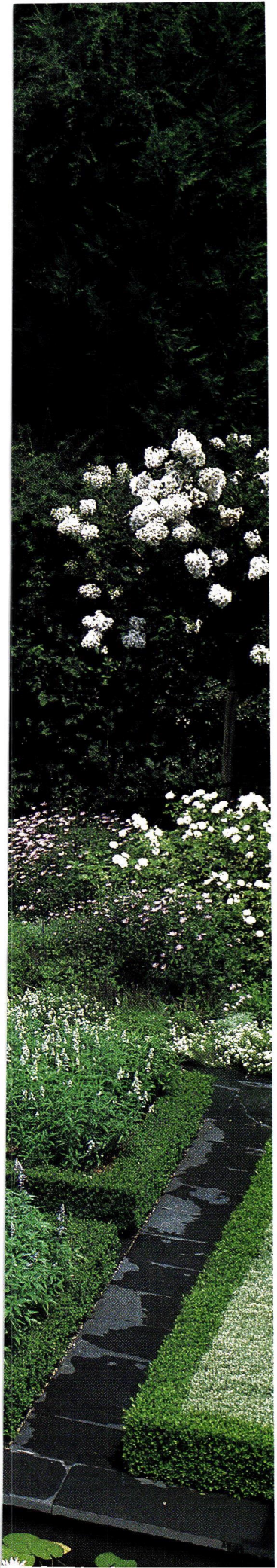
It is said that American women only "discover" gardening in their mid thirties, but in Anne Bass's case, the taste was acquired much earlier, at her father's knee. Back home in Indiana, Dr. John Wesley Hendricks, otherwise known as Old Clip and Chip, nurtured an abiding passion for fruit trees and flowers—particularly roses, lilacs, and peonies—a passion his nature-loving eldest daughter gratefully inherited. In other respects, however, she is self-taught—beginning with how-to gardening books by Gertrude Jekyll and Graham Stuart Thomas. Mrs. Bass studied orchids and cultivated geraniums and impatiens for years, but it was Russell Page, the redoubtable British landscape architect, who inspired and goaded her into becoming a seriously obsessed full-time gardener. It was Page who first introduced her to those magical gardens that are now her favorites: Hidcote, Villa Gamberaia, the Dower House at Badminton, and Sissinghurst, where she returns to study every year.

Early in 1981 when Anne Bass first approached Page, who himself preferred the more modest title of gardener, the commission she had in mind was a simple easy-to-maintain rose garden for her eight-acre estate in the Westover Hills section of Fort Worth. Page, who believed he knew everything about a person from "looking at their ashtrays," considered Texas a vast wasteland and was equally unenthusiastic about the Basses' pristine modern house, designed by the illustrious American architect Paul Rudolph. "I'm going to get some

LANGDON CLAY

Russell Page's steps, embraced by fairy roses, descend to a landing flanked by Italian pots filled with helichrysum. Flourishing below is a rose garden of a soft muted palette. Opposite: Anne Bass, in her garden.

RICHARD DUNKLEY



charm into this place if it kills me,'' wrote Page in a letter to Mrs. Bass. But, she remembers, ''by his third or fourth visit, Russell said he really liked what I was doing to the house—there were so many more pictures and books now, he thought; it felt much cozier. Well, I hadn't done a thing—he had just begun to feel more comfortable about working with contemporary architecture.''

The selection of Page to do the rose garden was endorsed not only by Paul Rudolph, who admired Page's jewellike formal garden for the Frick museum in New York, but also by Robert Zion, the landscape architect who had designed the peripheral areas for the Westover Hills estate. ''Flowers are not my thing,'' Zion graciously conceded to Mrs. Bass. ''My only caveat was, please don't pretty up the rest of the property, which needs the tranquillity of an all-green base.''

Mrs. Bass knows exactly what she wants—perfection. And more often than not, in the imperfect and humbling world of gardening, she gets it

Zion's green base and the emphatic views of Mrs. Bass and her architect were only a few of the established elements Page had to grapple with when he finally set to work. Rudolph's imposing asymmetrical white enamel and steel residence, the dramatic two-story orchid house—also designed by Rudolph—the somewhat hilly suburban topography, the unforgiving climate, hard water, and alkaline soil indigenous to Texas were all ''problems to be solved,'' in Page's opinion. And as was often the case with his best work over the years, the solutions he arrived at were deceptively simple and understated.

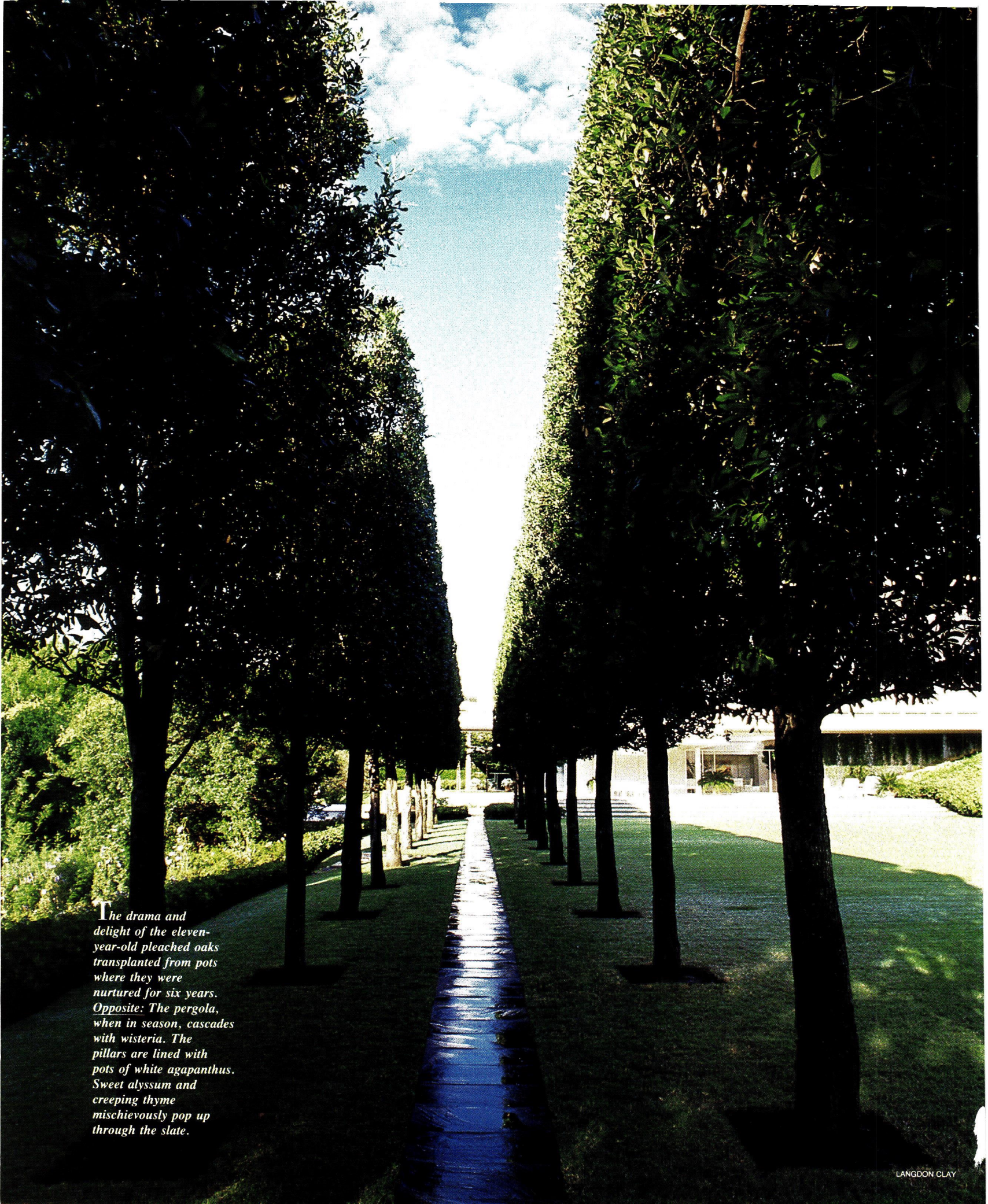
All the hallmarks of a classic Page design became evident in Westover Hills: strong ''bones,'' the liberal use of water and defining vertical elements, a sophisticated but restrained sense of color and texture, and a profound understanding of spatial relationships and plant materials. According to Rudolph, who reputedly fought with Page for three years about the location of the steps leading down to the new garden, ''with Russell it was not a matter of drawing at all, it was a matter of imagining. His strength was that he could imagine it all the way through, from the largest thing to the smallest detail.''

The garden Page imagined for Anne Bass subtly extends and echoes the interior spaces of Rudolph's original creation. Grass-covered steps, anchoring the house to the site, descend to a broad flat lawn that ends in a stunning black-tiled reflecting pool—approved but never seen by Page, who died in 1985—and Maillol's voluptuous statue *La Rivière*. On one perimeter of the lawn Page planted an allée of pleached oaks which stands at the top of a steep bank that descends to a stone retaining wall and herbaceous border, forming one side of the rectangular lower garden. To Rudolph's orchid house, which frames another side, Page attached a rustic wisteria-covered pergola, decorated with fat pots of white agapanthus. Beside a large slightly elevated lily pond are asymmetrical parterres of roses trimmed with box hedge and intersected by Mrs. Bass's favorites—'Souvenir de la Malmaison', 'Rosamunde', 'Reine des Violettes', 'Mme. Alfred Carrière'.

The palette of the lower garden is subtle, predominantly lavender, mauve, pink, white, and silver set against different tones and textures of green—Mrs. Bass's initial preference for all-white flowers was rejected by Page as ''too boring.'' The effect is one of harmonious profusion and richness contained *(Text continued on page 164)*

Box-edged borders spilling forth with blue and white salvia, asters, artemesia, and catnip. Accenting the background are enchanting white standard crape myrtle.

LANGDON CLAY



The drama and delight of the eleven-year-old pleached oaks transplanted from pots where they were nurtured for six years. Opposite: The pergola, when in season, cascades with wisteria. The pillars are lined with pots of white agapanthus. Sweet alyssum and creeping thyme mischievously pop up through the slate.

LANGDON CLAY

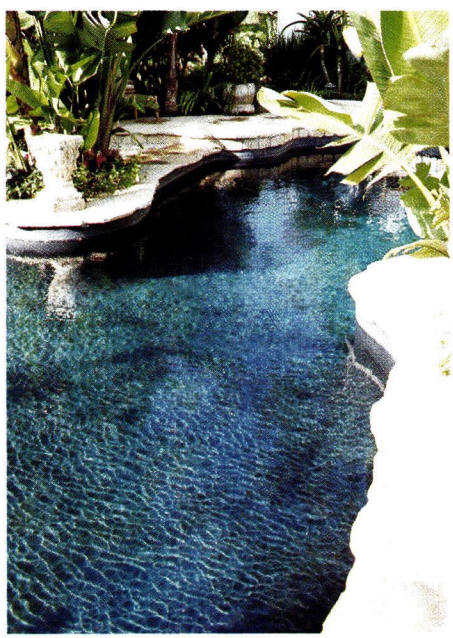
Exotica in the living room, above, includes African statuettes, an Indian wedding chest, two Josef Breitenbach photographs, a Mexican Colonial mirror, and two crystal lamps Kathleen Spiegelman designed herself. Opposite: In the entry hall, a wall sculpture by Renée Petropoulos echoes the wrought-iron railings of the turquoise-tiled stairs. Details see Resources.

OBERTO GILI

NORTH OF THE BORDER

A decorator's Spanish Colonial interiors glitter with exotica

BY DEBORAH MICHEL



The house was returned to its former glory: Monterey Revival

OBERTO GILI

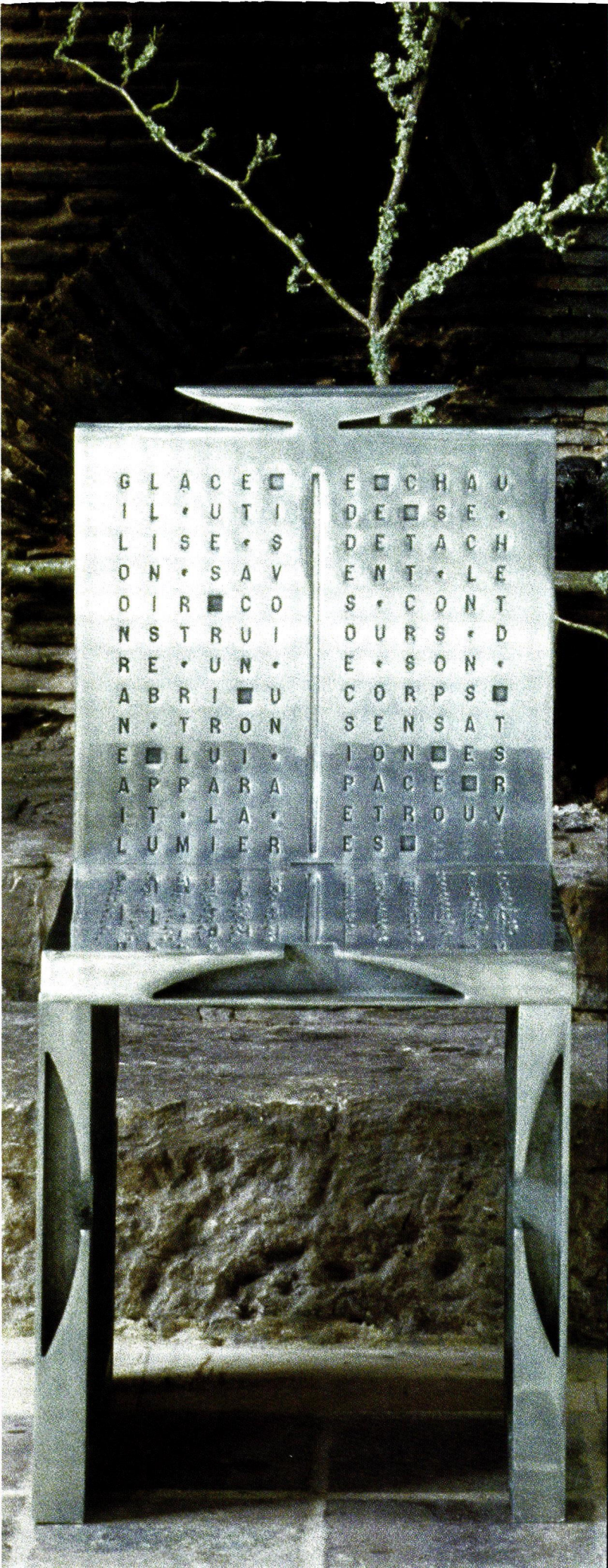
outside, Spanish Colonial inside

Kathleen Spiegelman can't imagine life in a Tudor or a white clapboard house, and the second she saw the house by architect Roland E. Coate Sr. in Bel-Air she knew she had to have it. Built in the late 1920s, the house remained unscathed by tremors of the southern California variety but was less fortunate with owners. "It was a disaster," groans Spiegelman. But she returned the house to its former glory: Monterey Revival outside, a version of Spanish Colonial inside. It's a style that comes naturally to this native Texan. "It's indigenous to the state where I grew up and perfect for southern California," she explains. A decorator who originally wanted to be a concert pianist, her most recent venture is her own showroom dedicated to the Spanish Colonial style. "I'd been collecting for so long," she says, "I thought I might as well have a showroom." Not surprisingly, it bears a distinct resemblance to her house.

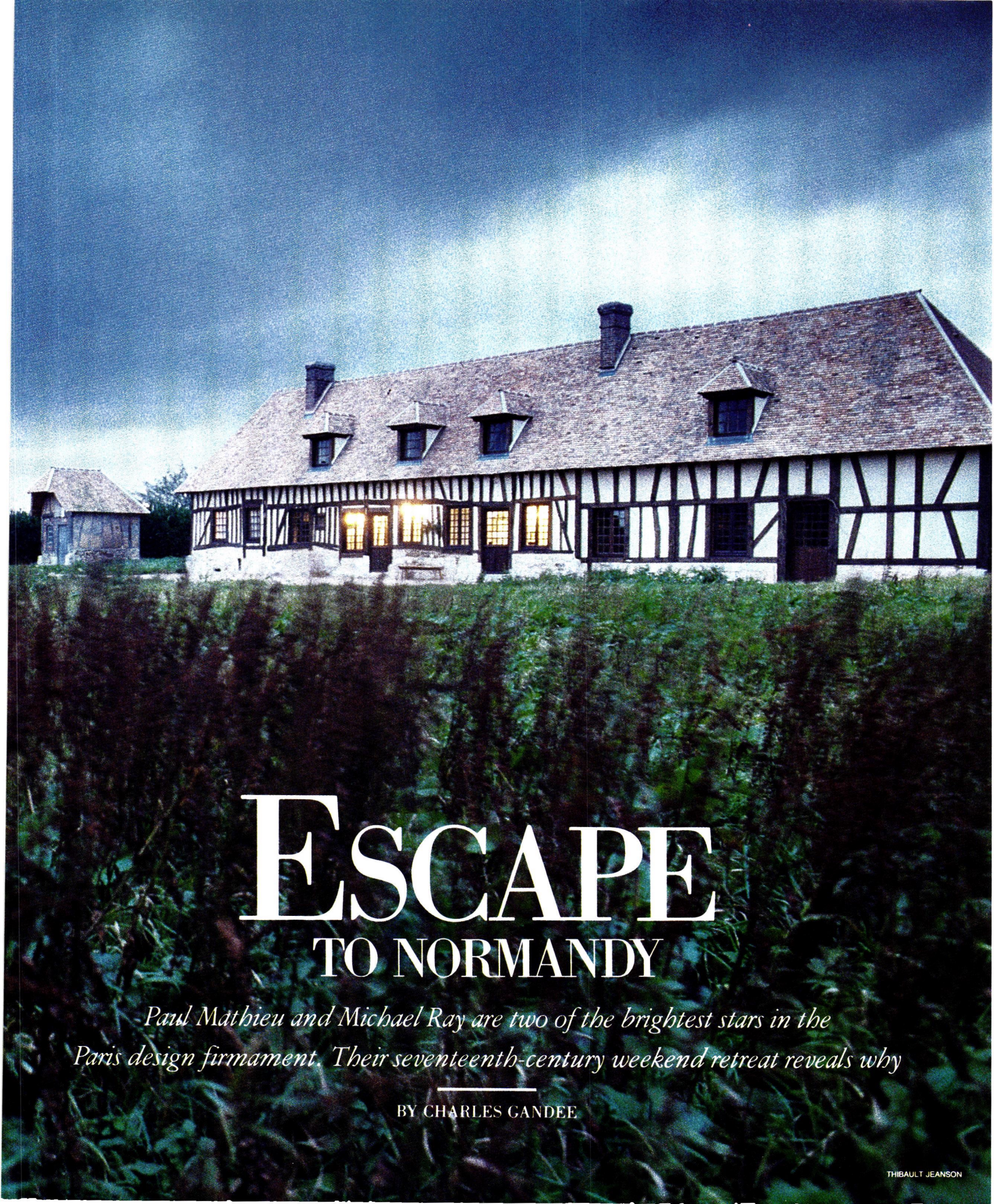
Spiegelman is quick to point out differences from the ubiquitous Santa Fe style: "That's more of a Western look. I prefer simple as opposed to crude." She stripped wood beams to their hand-hewn state and designed a stencil which picks up colors in the original Spanish tiles. Rooms glow with hand-sponged pastel walls, and cloudlike trompe l'oeil ceilings give a softer look than is usually associated with the Spanish Colonial style. Cool tile floors are strewn with Turkish kilims; Mexican, French, and English antiques balance the clean lines of modern sofas; and contemporary art shares wall space with African masks and deerhorn trophies. In Los Angeles, she notes, people seem to shy away from hanging game birds and buffalo heads on their walls. "I finally had to take some of them down from the showroom walls," she says, shrugging philosophically. "Nobody was buying." ♠

Editor: Jacques Dehornois

***A** chandelier of antlers, opposite above, hangs above a 17th-century French refectory table in the dining room. Opposite below left: The pool was reshaped to look like a lagoon, befitting the junglelike lushness of the backyard. Opposite below right: Dried yucca poles sprout from behind a 1920s bentwood-cane and cypress settee on the upstairs landing. Left: In the music room a trompe l'oeil window is flanked by a large Aloe bainesii and an old English clay chimney pot that serves as a sculpture stand.*



On Thursday afternoons Paris-based decorators Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray escape the City of Light for a classic half-timbered farmhouse in the country which they have filled with such remarkable furniture as the polished-aluminum chair they call Ice, left, inscribed with a free verse poem by Mathieu: "Ice/he uses his knowledge/built a shelter/a throne/the light appeared/ warm/the light traces out the shape of his body/sensation/ space/found again." Details see Resources.

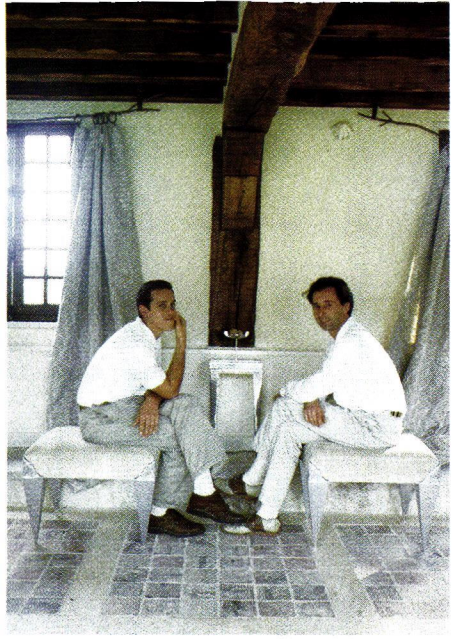


ESCAPE TO NORMANDY

Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray are two of the brightest stars in the Paris design firmament. Their seventeenth-century weekend retreat reveals why

BY CHARLES GANDEE

THIBAULT JEANSON



Michael Ray grew up in Fresno, California, the seventh of twelve children. At fifteen he left high school and home, just to see what was out there. Paul Mathieu followed a more conventional path, at least for a while. He grew up in Lyons, France, finished at the local lycée, and even tried his hand at an art school or two before succumbing to the bright lights of the big city of Los Angeles, where he thought life would be just like a David Hockney painting.

They met in San Francisco in 1984. They had drifted into town at the same time and found work at the same house in Pacific Heights. Mathieu, appropriately enough, was painting a French landscape on the dining room wall; Ray was pruning topiary in the garden. "Before I met Michael," recalls Paul, "I thought I was the only person in the world who had taste."

After a brief stint in L.A., they moved to Paris, where they now live in a small Les Halles apartment with a large drafting table and not much else. It is their home and office four days a week. But when Thursday rolls around, the partners strap themselves into a black BMW, which Mathieu likes to drive very fast, and escape the narrow confines of the city for a rural retreat in Normandy.

In the au courant country style of Mathieu and Ray, above, luxurious cascades of fabric, right, hang from gnarled tree branches, empty frames sprout horns, and stools pirouette on spiky aluminum legs. A vintage television magnifier serves as an unlikely crown for the mantel.

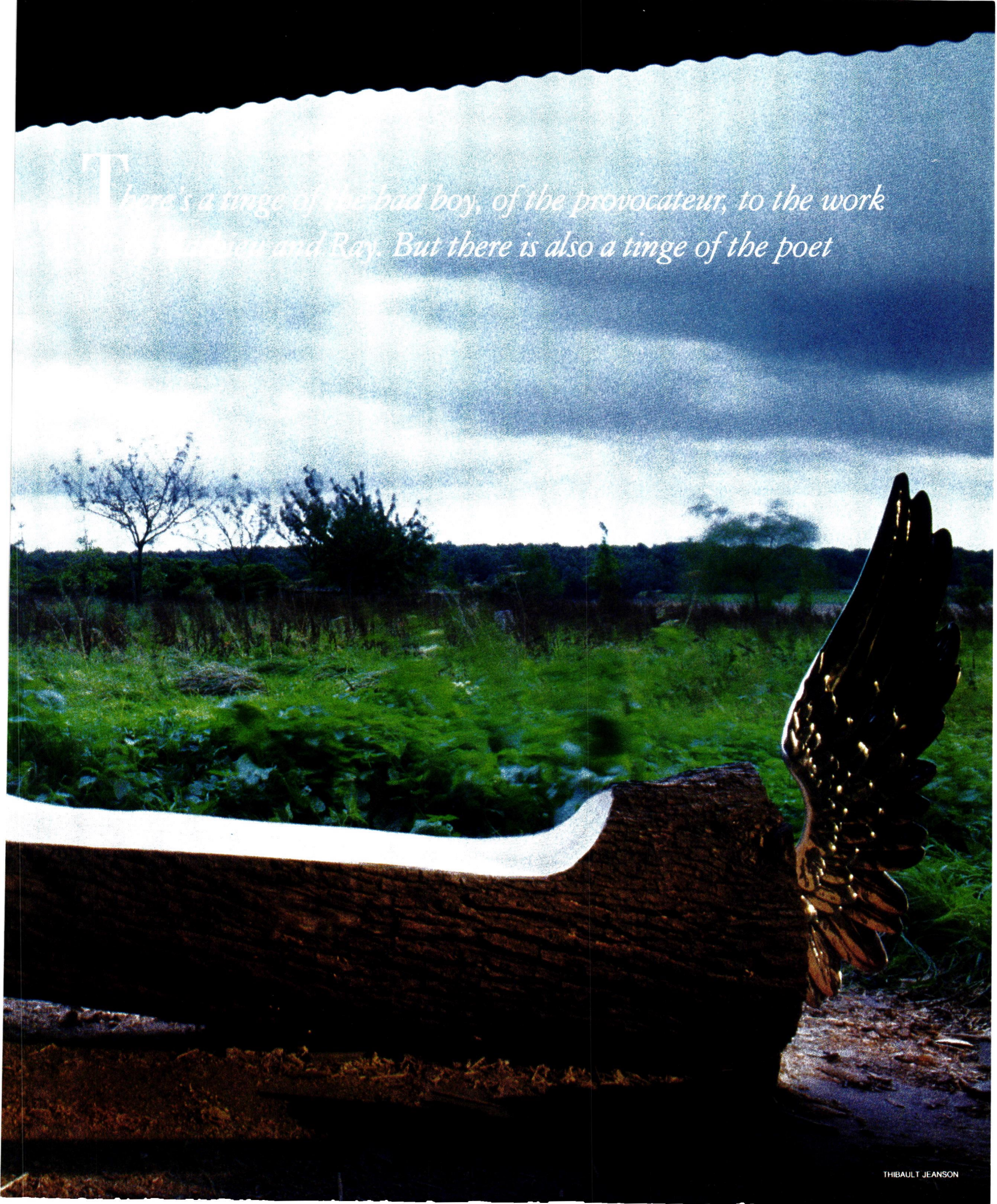
In an outbuilding once devoted to bread baking, left, Mathieu and Ray create a studied arrangement that might be dubbed Ode to the Agrarian. Below: Back in the dressing room of the main house, a 19th-century plaster angel gestures toward a parchment-covered fifties dressing table and a Ruhlmann stool upholstered in linen.

The rugged stucco-and-timber farmhouse at the end of the road sits alone in a vast windswept landscape. From the outside, it is a picturesque example of classic Norman architecture. Inside, however, the situation is decidedly different. Inside, Mathieu and Ray exhibit the signature taste that drew them together five years ago and, more recently, catapulted them, at the tender ages of 29 and 27, into the pantheon of contemporary French designers, alongside such high-profile established talents as Andrée Putman, Philippe Starck, Patrick Naggar, and Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste.

Though Mathieu and Ray insist on being referred to as decorators, not designers, they also enjoy thinking of themselves as "writers of stories that our clients then live out." As their projects in Paris, New York, and Los Angeles reveal, the stories the partners write tend to be evocative tales filled with idiosyncratic details, such as custom-designed doorknobs that take the shape of leaves, standing lamps that sprout antlers, and moody hand-painted murals that tend to depict other times and other places. For the drama of their own domestic life, however, Mathieu and Ray opted for a more austere, more improvisational tack. Perhaps because their retreat is rented. Perhaps not.

Rather than take aesthetic possession of the once *(Text continued on page 161)*

Long intrigued with the story of Icarus, Mathieu and Ray attached cast-aluminum wings to a slice of a felled tree they stumbled across one day in the forest. The partners use the log bench as a perch from which to ponder the moody landscape of Normandy.


There's a tinge of the bad boy, of the provocateur, to the work
of Andrew and Ray. But there is also a tinge of the poet
THIBAULT JEANSON

Mathieu and Ray may subscribe to a minimalist school of decorating; nonetheless, their country house contains an abundance of visual delights. Left: A plaster mold for a leaf door handle rests on a leather-bound volume of Virgil surrounded by Fornasetti buttons. Above: A curious quartet of bronze-and-oak floor lamps with aluminum antlers guard the door of the farmhouse living room. Right: As a stool with an extravagant antique silk train suggests, Michael Ray is fascinated with the Paris couture. Opposite: In the master bedroom the partners opted for a somewhat simpler aesthetic.

ART RESOURCE

John Richardson

explains why

the artist's savage

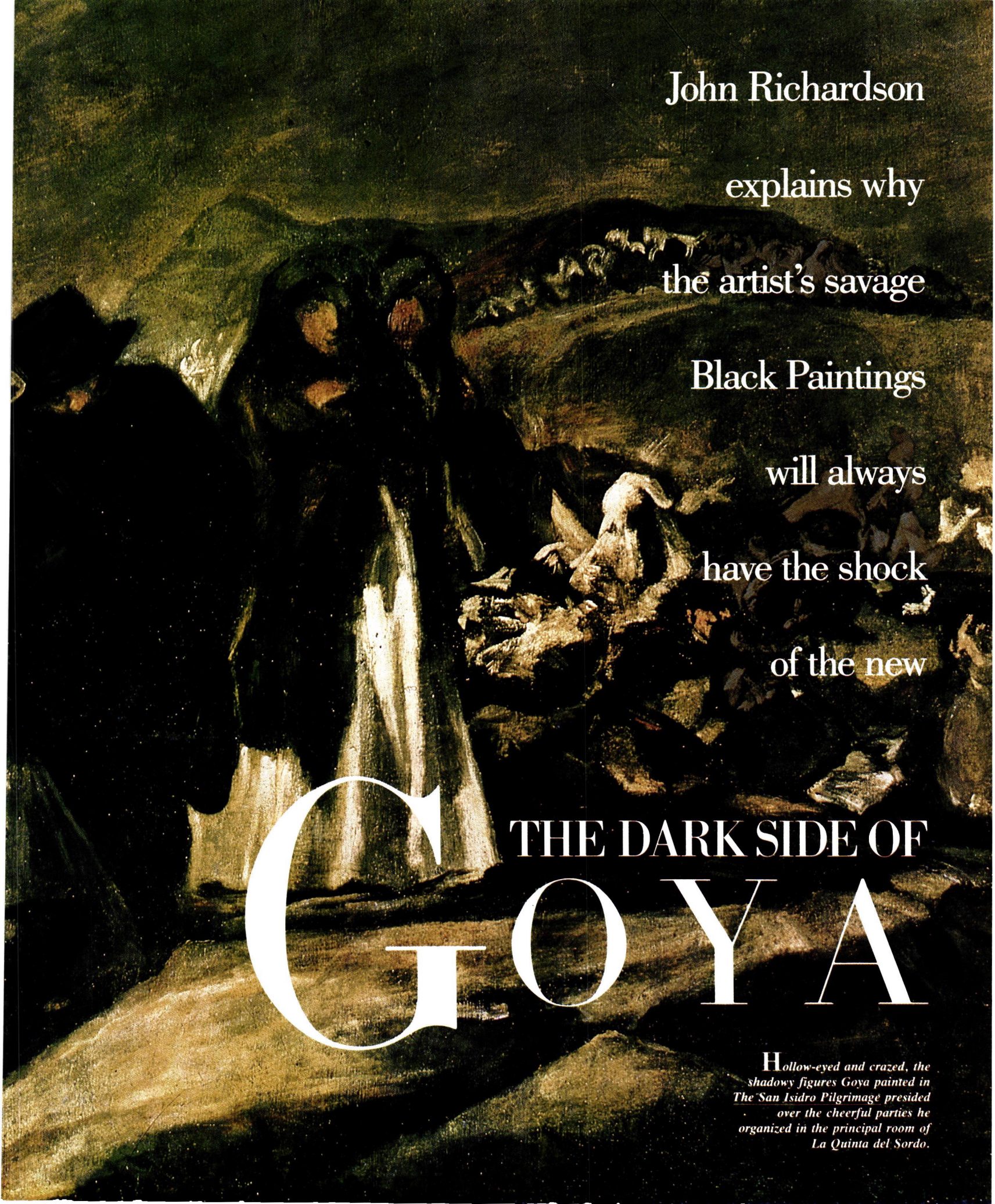
Black Paintings

will always

have the shock

of the new

THE DARK SIDE OF GOYA



Hollow-eyed and crazed, the shadowy figures Goya painted in The San Isidro Pilgrimage presided over the cheerful parties he organized in the principal room of La Quinta del Sordo.

La Quinta del Sordo—the House of the Deaf Man—was an estate of some twenty acres on the outskirts of Madrid which Goya bought in 1819 as a haven for his old age. Made of adobe and consisting of six rooms on two floors, the place was little more than a summer pleasance, but the surrounding park abounded with game, and the scenery was magnificent. Goya could look across the River Manzanares, its nearest bank draped for miles with laundry, to the Baroque bulk of the royal palace he had frequented so assiduously in his youth. He had always enjoyed this view; it was virtually the same as the one in his famous *Meadow of San Isidro,* painted forty years earlier.

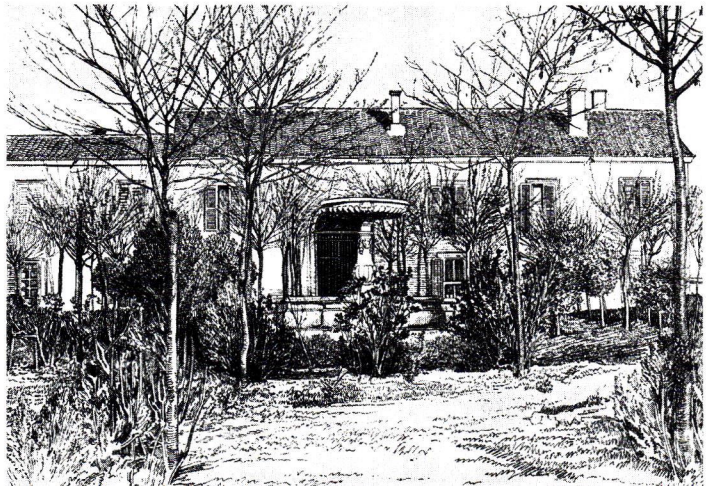
Goya was 73 years old when he settled in the quinta and began to cover its walls with the so-called Black Paintings—fearsome visions that have come to be acclaimed in Spain as the equivalent of the Sistine frescoes. These paintings do not so much look back to the art of the past as forward to the art of the future, anticipating the late work of Van Gogh, the only other artist to generate this degree of demonic energy; the flames and tears of *Guernica;* and the Sturm und Drang of Anselm Kiefer. Of all Goya's work the Black Paintings seem the most relevant and vital to our own age. All the more sad that they are too fragile to travel and will be absent from the great Goya exhibition, on view January 18–March 26 at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York May 6–July 16. This promises to be the blockbuster of 1989.

When Goya embarked on the Black Paintings, his health and morale were low. He had been completely deaf for 26 years (even longer than his contemporary Beethoven), and he was about to suffer from a life-threatening illness. Fortunately he recovered; so did poor sick Spain recover from the horrors of Bourbon despotism and Napoleonic destruction. Democracy, however, was short-lived. After General Riego, the liberator, was handed over to the king and hanged in 1823, tyranny returned with a vengeance, just as the bleak images on Goya's walls predicted.

A striking 32-year-old maja, Leocadia Weiss, presided over the quinta in painted effigy as well as in person. Besides being unconventional, Leocadia was spirited and so outspoken that she nearly got herself and Goya into trouble with the reactionary authorities. For the sake of respectability, she was described as a housekeeper, but she was, in fact, the artist's mistress. Leocadia had met Goya when she was seventeen at the wedding of his son to her cousin. It is unclear when the affair started, but she did not allow marriage to the rich German merchant Isidoro Weiss to come between her and the artist. Scandal ensued. Citing "infidelity, illicit relations, and misconduct," Weiss broke with Leocadia in 1811. A year later Goya's shadowy spouse, Josefa, obligingly died. Thenceforth Leocadia would be everything but a wife to the artist. Goya almost certainly fathered her daughter, María del Rosario, the girl he subsequently taught to draw. Much to the confusion of art historians, she copied a number of his works.

On one wall of the ground-floor salon where guests were entertained, Goya portrayed Leocadia as an allegory of melancholy, veiled and robed in mournful black, leaning against

In dramatic contrast to the image on the previous page, Goya's view of the festival of San Isidro, above, painted four decades earlier, is a lighthearted landscape of cavorting picnickers. Below: An etching of Goya's quinta, outside Madrid, which housed the Black Paintings.

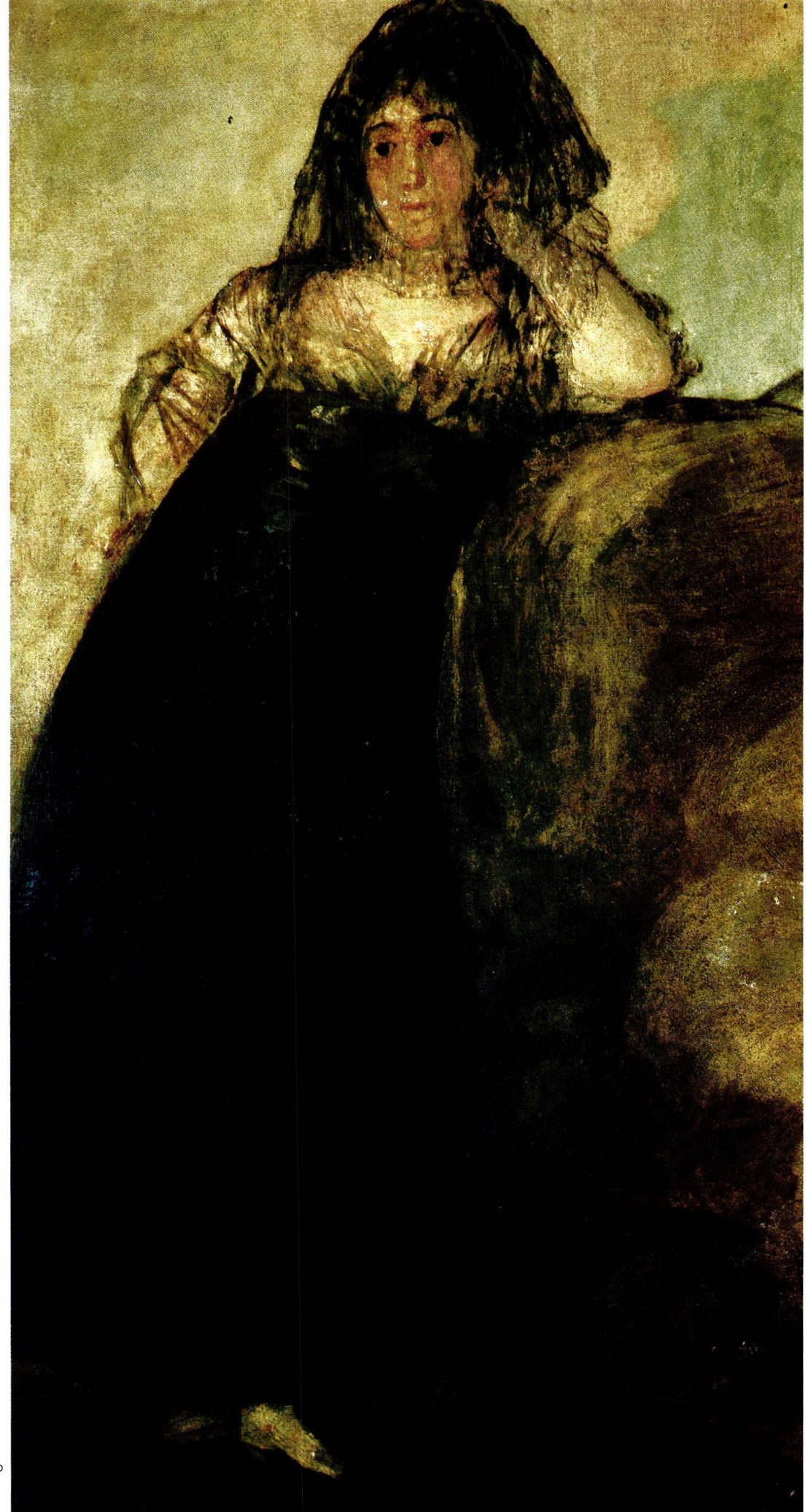


TOP: COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON; BOTTOM, MIRIAM AND IRA D. WALLACH DIVISION OF ART, PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATION

a railed-in grave that anticipates his own demise. Her image introduces the visions that Goya had brought back from the shadow of death.

Since these frescoes were removed in the 1870s and the quinta demolished around 1912, the disposition of the Black Paintings and their relationship to one another has given rise to much conjecture. But thanks to recent research by two experts in the field, Priscilla E. Muller, curator of the Museum of the Hispanic Society of America, and British art historian Nigel Glendinning, and the discovery of some glass negatives of the frescoes in situ, we now have a reasonably accurate idea of the macabre sequence that Goya envisaged.

No story links these fourteen paintings any more than a story links the satirical prints—the *Caprichos* or the later *Disparates* (Absurdities)—that foreshadow them. The black images issue from the black recesses of Goya's black Spanish psyche. Apart from their unifying demonic gloom, the theme, insofar as there is one, has to do with Enlightenment menaced by Chaos. Goya is out to warn us that when Reason sleeps, the world is at risk, and evil will not fail to manifest itself in all its hideousness. We only have to compare the panoramic *San Isidro Pilgrimage*—one of the first panels to confront the visitor to the quinta—with Goya's earlier view of the fiesta in honor of this saint *(The Meadow of San Isidro)* to appreciate what an enormous distance, stylistically as well as metaphysically, he covered in the course of his career. In the earlier painting the pilgrims are lighthearted and relaxed holiday-makers; in the late one they are Ku Klux Klan–like cretins, led by a crazed holy man, a deranged monk, and a Holy Roller guitarist. Opposite the *Pilgrimage* would have hung a no less disturbing, no less large panel (almost fifteen feet long) known as *The Witches' Sabbath;* this is presided over by a *gran cabron,* a devil in goat's form, who is all the nastier for seeming not so much sinister as crass—crass as the village idiots who revere him. Far more fearsome is the figure of Saturn devouring his children, his wild gray locks symbolic of the Inquisition at its last gasp. In the upstairs room the visitor would have found



Visitors to the quinta were greeted by Goya's portrait of his young mistress, Leocadia Weiss, veiled in black and mournfully leaning against a grave.

COURTESY MUSEO DEL PRADO

COURTESY MUSEO DEL PRADO

The Black Paintings sprang from Goya's shamanistic belief that evil could counteract evil

eight more panels, among them *The Holy Office,* in which the Inquisition again gets its comeuppance, and *The Great Asmodeus* composition, which hints that the spirits of fury and war are in flight and that there is hope for a peaceful life on earth.

These visions of Armageddon speak for themselves. All we need remember is that they were painted for Goya's enlightened contemporaries. These *illuminados* were inured to the horrors of war and social injustice and had been reared in the shadow of Torquemada (the vengeful Grand Inquisitor) on blood-and-thunder Gothic novels that were the precursors of today's horror films. Make allowances too for duende, the spirit of Spanish darkness that sets the psyche aching with a kind of ecstatic angst—a spirit embodied for García Lorca by the torn voice of La Niña de los Peines, the great flamenco singer of the thirties. And lastly, bear in mind Goya's shamanistic belief—a belief he bequeathed to Picasso—that evil could counteract evil. You could ward off whatever it was you feared by making an effigy of it.

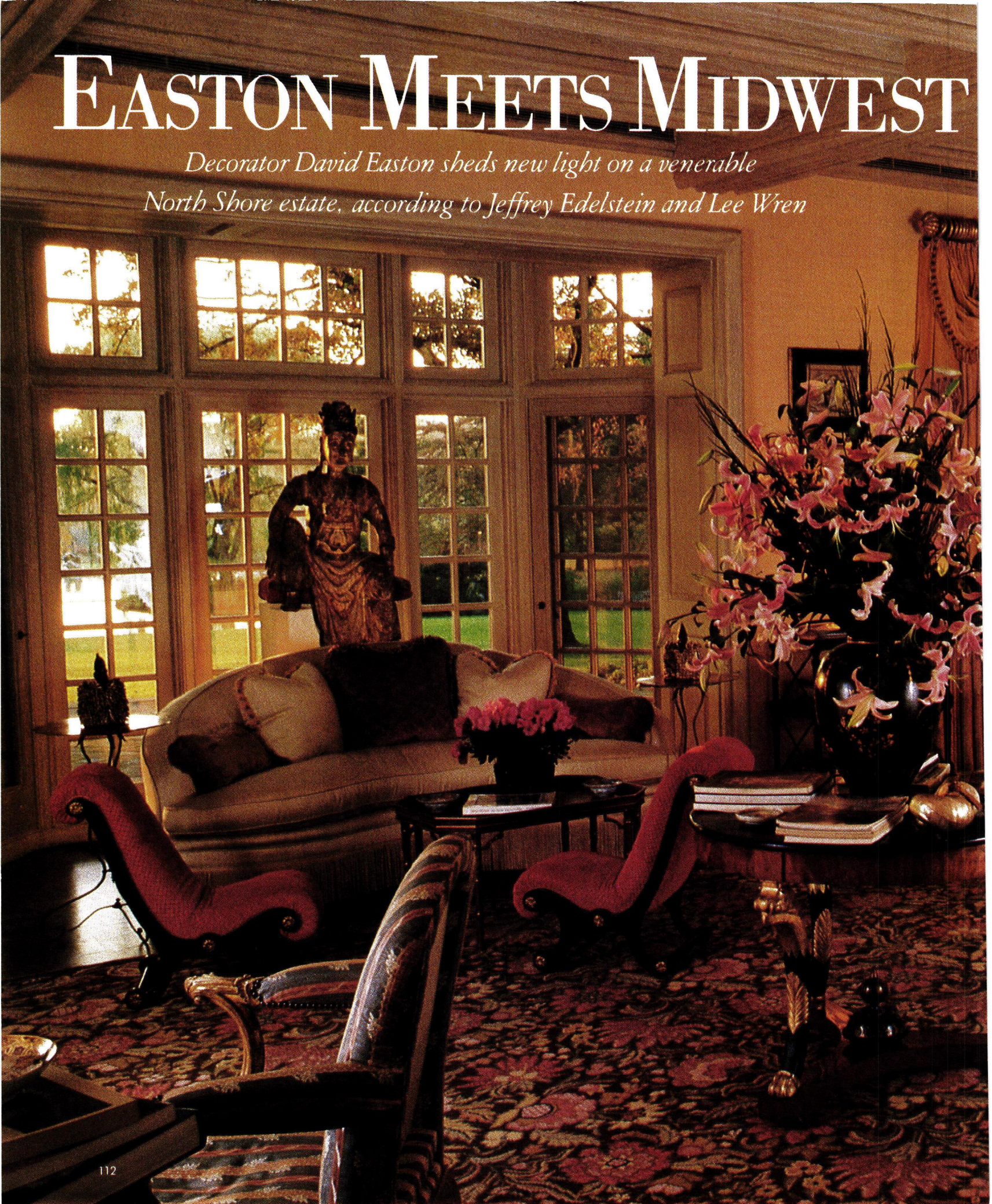
Priscilla Muller emphasizes the element of black theater in the Black Goyas. She reminds us that the ingenious phantasmagorist Etienne Gaspard Robertson was taking Madrid by storm while Goya was at work on them. Robertson's spectacles (happenings might be a better word) exploited all manner of theatrical tricks and optical illusions, or what we now call special effects, to evoke *(Text continued on page 164)*

A self-portrait of the artist, left, with Dr. Arrieta, who had cured him in 1819 of the near-fatal illness that inspired his demonic visions. Opposite: The Dog is the one ray of light in the ensemble of the Black Paintings.

MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS, ETHEL MORRISON VAN DERLIP FUND/COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

EASTON MEETS MIDWEST

Decorator David Easton sheds new light on a venerable North Shore estate, according to Jeffrey Edelstein and Lee Wren



An untitled 1968 Cy Twombly and a 12th-century Chinese Guanyin figure dominate the living room with its Portuguese needlepoint rug. The eclectic array of 19th-century furniture includes Regency gout stools in red gauffrage velvet from Brunschwig & Fils and a Directoire table supported by gilded eagles. Details see Resources.

KAREN RADKAI

A passion for twentieth-century art and a grand Tudor-style house may seem an awkward combination. But the success of decorator David Easton with precisely these realities proves that such a clash need not be fatal to either comfortable living or to the art itself. Vast white walls, intrusive track lighting, and spartan furnishings have been the usual backdrop for modern and contemporary art. David Easton came up with a different solution.

This house on Chicago's North Shore was begun in the twenties by architect David Adler and completed in the early thirties. Ribbed with oppressively dark oak timbers punctuated by expanses of mahogany paneling and small leaded-glass windows, the house was too gloomy for the new owners' energetic sensibilities. Yet neither Easton nor his clients wanted the kind of hybrid too often carved out of distinguished period houses—the historically authentic exterior as a mere skin over a contemporary white-box interior.

First Easton consulted his Batty Langley architectural sourcebooks for ideas on how to open the house to its lovely wooded grounds. The solution, discovered with the help of Easton's associate, architect Eric Smith, was to add a number of bay windows and French doors opening onto terraces. The paneling was replaced with subtly glazed plaster. The oak timbers were limed to a bright textured white. Two years of construction resulted in a lighter, more livable house still true to its Tudor roots, a house not so much restored as revitalized.

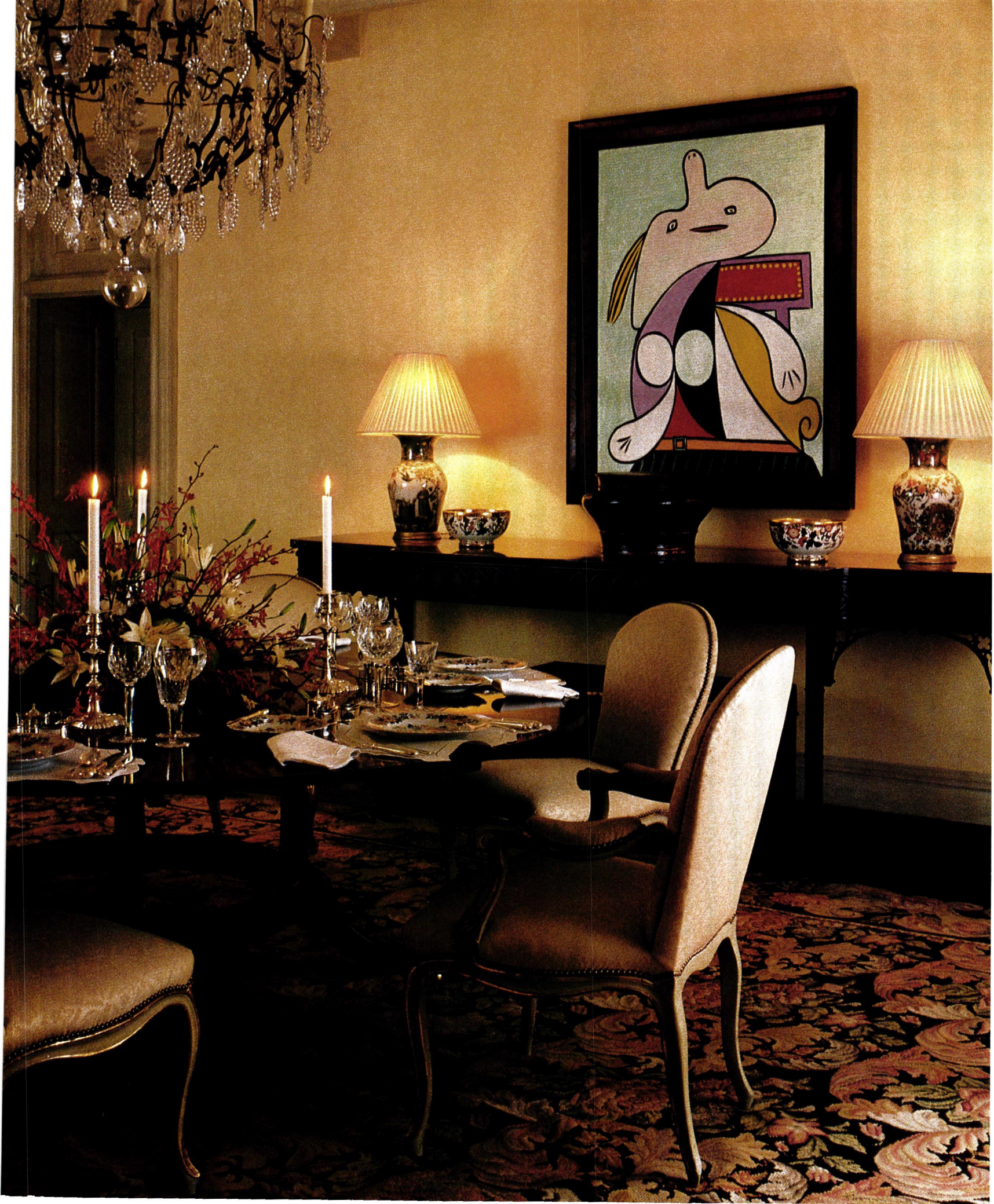
Furnishing the 17,000-square-foot two-story house was equally challenging. Easton and his clients gathered pieces dating from the 1760s to the 1960s on shopping trips to Paris, London, and New York. In the chestnut-glazed library, European antiques, Precolumbian artifacts, Japanese decorative arts, and an African ancestral figure combine to create a look that, strangely, is far from hodgepodge. And although the owners furnished virtually from scratch, there is a feeling of things acquired over a lifetime.

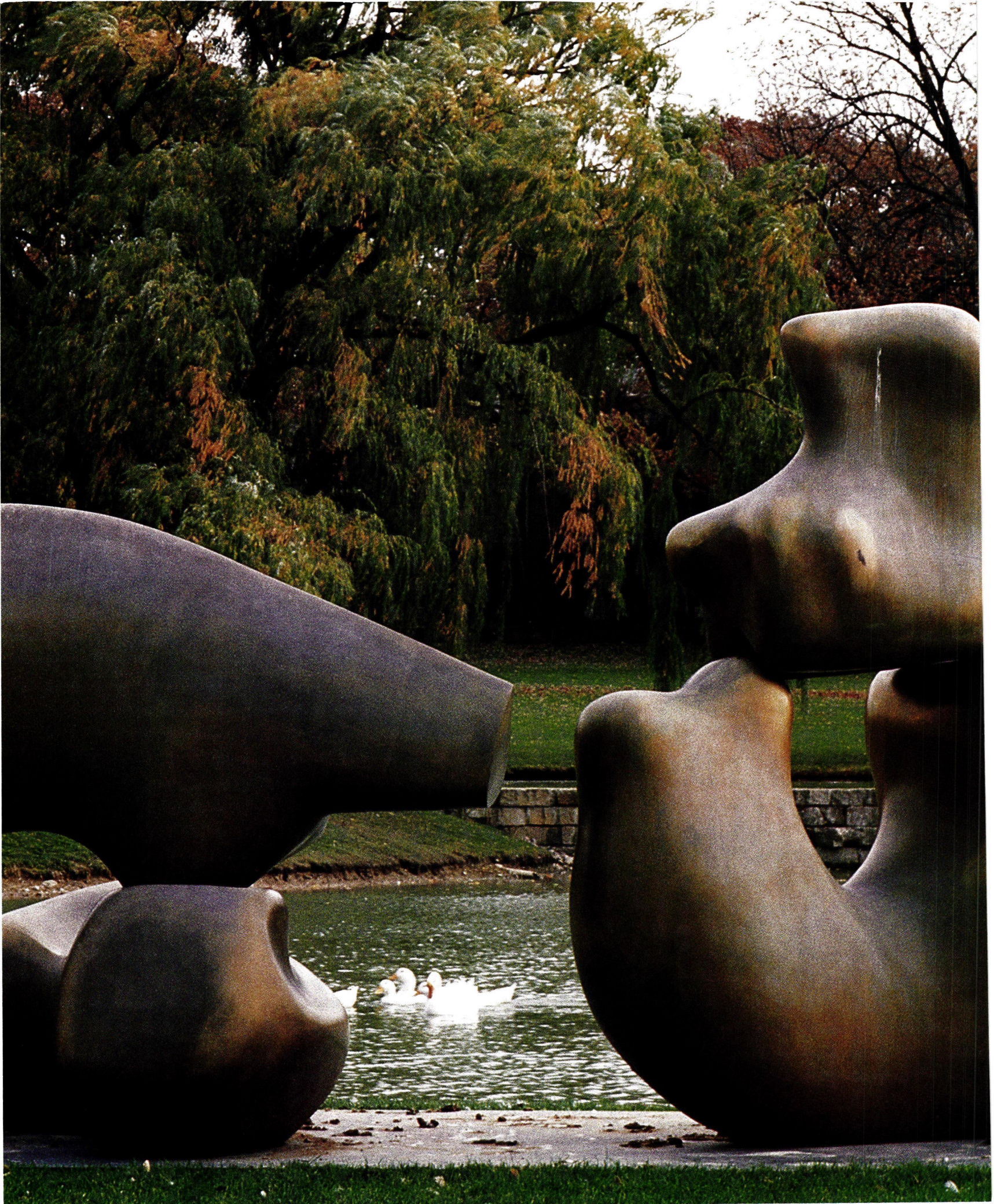
The art collection, as is often the case, was begun with prints, many of which are still displayed among drawings and oils. In the living room some of Picasso's *Vollard Suite* etchings, a Picasso gouache, and a Léger ink and gouache hang in concert with an eighteenth-century lacquer-and-gilt Dresden cabinet. On an adjoining wall a Cy Twombly hangs above gilt Gainsborough chairs and a Louis XV tea table. The love of twentieth-century masters sits well with David Easton's philosophy that good art will work in any decor—a fact that is evident in this vibrant, extraordinary house. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Light floods the hall, left, where Willem de Kooning's 1957 Ruth's Zowie hangs above an 18th-century Irish mahogany table and Imari vases. The chandelier, c. 1740, is English, and the chairs are George III style based on models from Arundel Castle in Sussex. Opposite: In the dining room Picasso's La Ceinture jaune, 1932, is over an English sideboard, c. 1765. Hepplewhite chairs surround the 19th-century Georgian table.

KAREN RADKAI



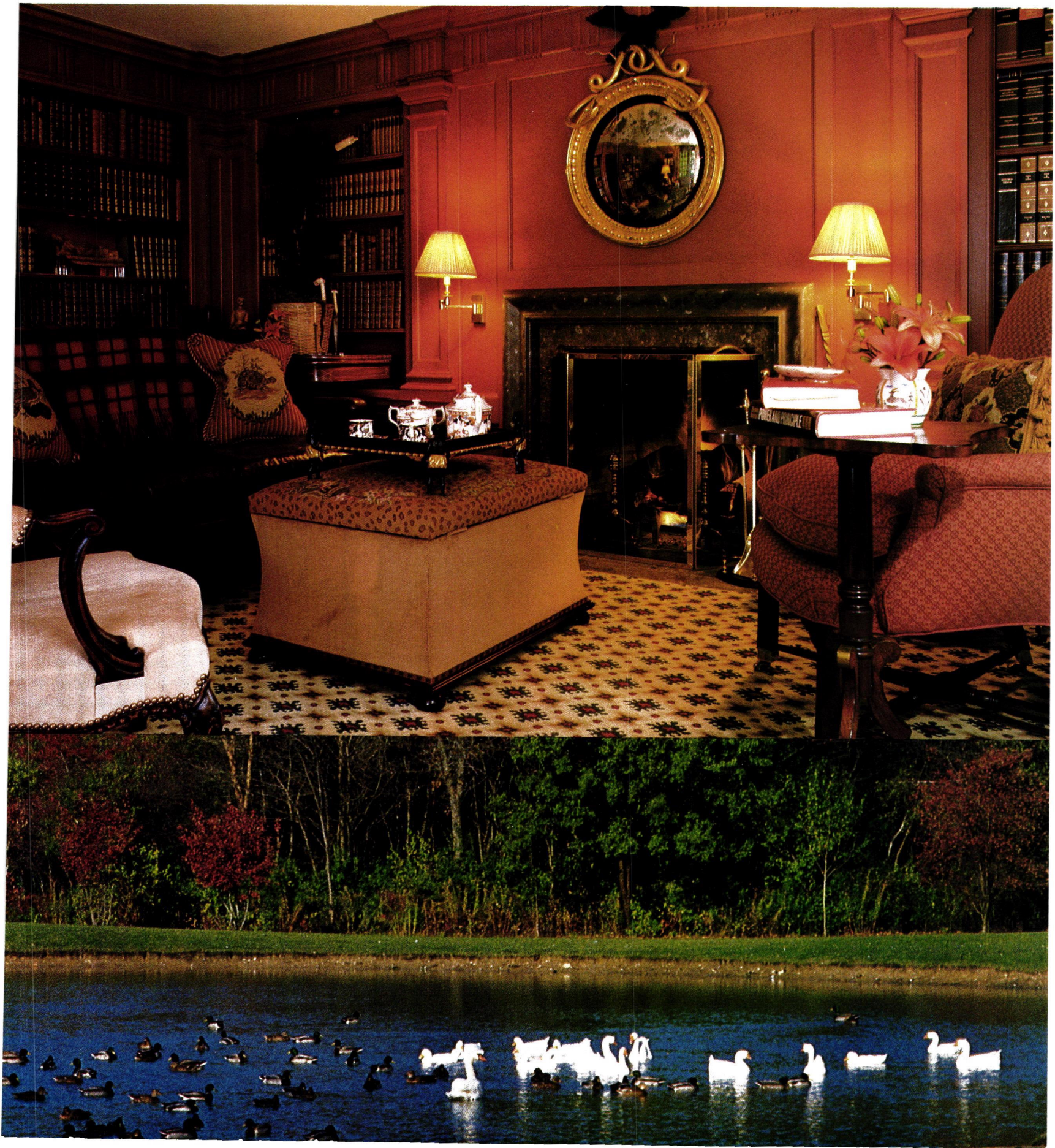


In the living room, Picasso etchings from his Vollard Suite, 1930–37, and a Picasso gouache, 1920, flank a green-lacquer cabinet, c. 1720, from Dresden. Left: Henry Moore's 1977 Four-Piece Reclining Figure is one of a number of major sculptures that enhance the wooded grounds.

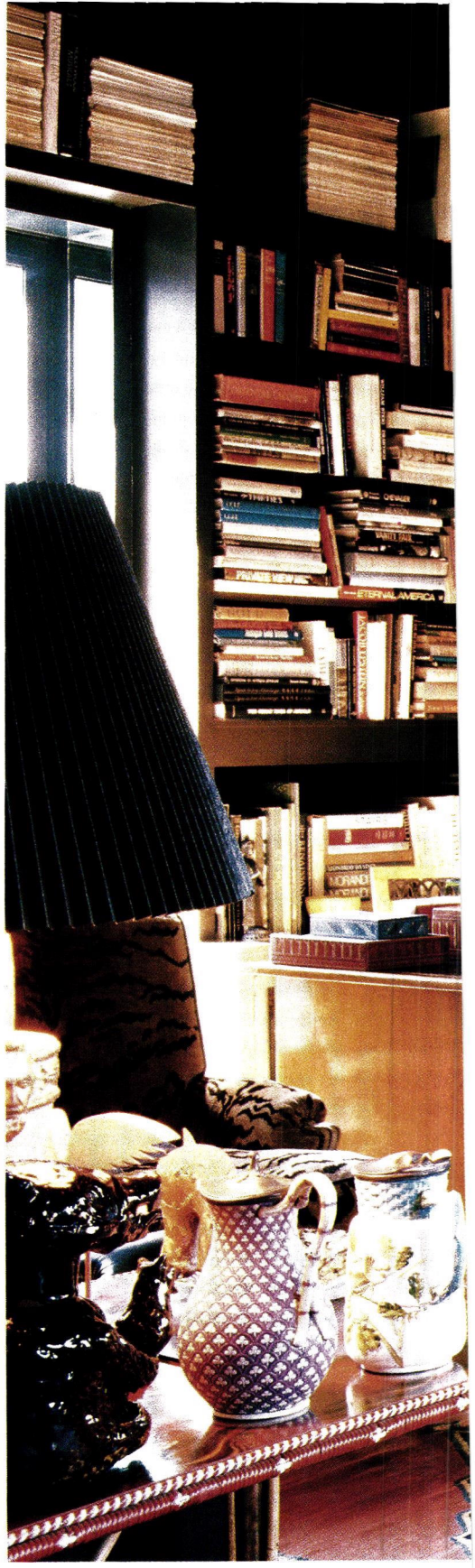
KAREN RADKAI

The sunny master bedroom, below, features a sapphire glass–bordered Queen Anne mirror, an 18th-century French red-lacquer table, and a late 19th century Bessarabian carpet. Chintz from Cowtan & Tout adorns the love seat and windows. Opposite: A convex Regency mirror, c. 1810, hangs on the chestnut-glazed walls of the library. The Portuguese needlepoint ottoman becomes a table for an 18th-century lacquer tray mounted on an ormolu base. Bottom: A duck pond designed by Boston-based English landscape architect Peter Cummin provides a dramatic setting for Henry Moore's sculpture.

KAREN RADKAI



In season, Kenneth enjoys his morning coffee on the terrace surrounded by his garden.
Right: Around the windows, mirror reveals act as prisms in the dark-brown sitting room where there are plenty of comfortable places to sit or nap. The painting is by Boston artist Robert Moore.
Details see Resources.

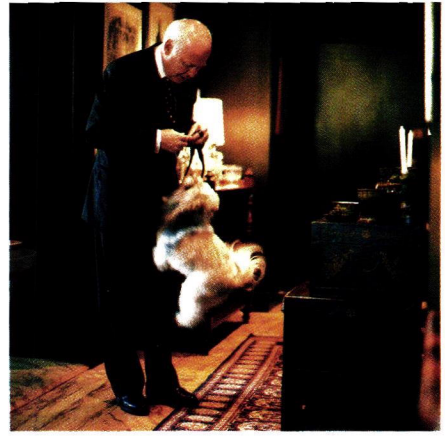


HE'S

ERIC BOMAN

THE TOPS

Kenneth, the original celebrity hairstylist, asked Dodie Kazanjian up to his East Side penthouse



Kenneth (as in Kenneth-the-famous-hairdresser) Battelle doesn't believe in any hard-and-fast rules for decorating, just as he doesn't believe in any for hairdressing. But he does have some basics.

"The most important rooms in the house for me are the kitchen and the bathroom," he says. A tall, highly cultured man, he favors conservative British-cut suits—from Barneys New York, not from London, he makes clear, refusing the pretension of Savile Row shopping as he refuses to drop the names of his illustrious clients. "I think that you spend more time in the kitchen or bathroom than you do anywhere else in your house. And if they have luxury, if they have comfort, and if they have beauty, the rest of the house can be a little poorer and it doesn't matter—as long as there's a comfortable place to sleep. If I were on a budget, the very next thing I would do, after I had my kitchen and bathroom, would be to buy a wonderful bed. A living room is nothing more than a stage. It really has nothing to do with everyday living at all. Everyday living is bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom."

Kenneth's kitchen and bathrooms in his East Side penthouse amply meet his standards of luxury, comfort, and beauty. Walking into his kitchen is like entering a hall of mirrors. The cabinet doors and walls are mirrored, and so is the ceiling, which has track lighting. "It's the easiest kitchen to keep clean," says Kenneth, an accomplished and inventive cook. "You can see every spot and just wipe it up with paper towels and Windex. If it were wood, it would absorb all the grease." The insides of the cabinets are black Formica, and the floor and counters, which are 32 inches high, are black granite. "My length is all in my legs, so I had these counters made higher because it's more comfortable."

"He's got the most vicious sense of humor," says Joan Rivers. "I love him"

The two bathrooms, both well stocked with Kenneth Salon hair products, are made of brown marble and have leopard bath mats. But there are no shower curtains, just glass tub surrounds. "I hate shower curtains. They get moldy and mildewy and smell funny."

He was *(Text continued on page 160)*

Kenneth in his mirrored kitchen, above left, and in the foyer, top right, with Tiger, his Shih Tzu. Above: The city view beyond his garden terrace. Left: His bag full of rollers and brushes for travels with clients. Opposite: A Frank Gehry cardboard chair next to a Victorian console that Kenneth lacquered red.

ERIC BOMAN

In Kenneth's bedroom, opposite and this page, "sundry and various" boxes—just a sampling of his hundreds—meticulously smother both tables in his dark-brown bedroom. The iron four-poster, made for him by a Virginia craftsman, has a navy blue polished chintz canopy. Chintz on the sofa and tableskirts is by Brunschwig.

ERIC BOMAN

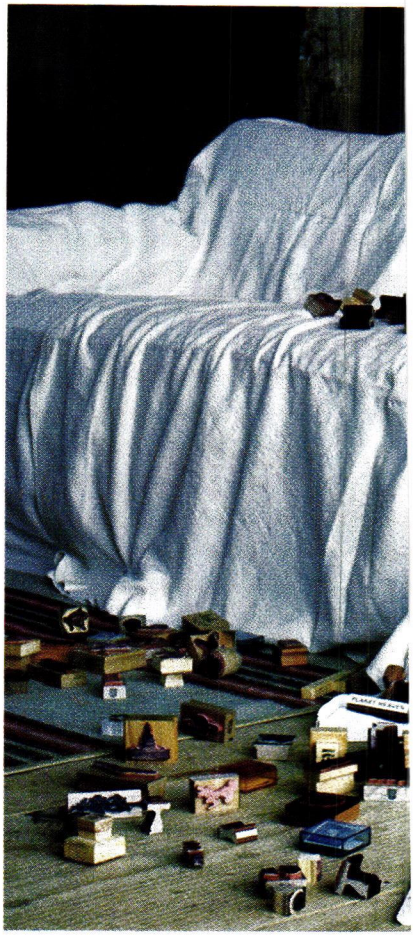
Across 1930s Navajo rugs, an easy passage from the little-house bedroom to the Massachusetts-barn living room. In the bedroom, a corner cupboard capped with a papered dome-top trunk and, above the doorway, stencils adapted by Sally Spillane and Rosalind Leech, Robin's sister, from Las Golondrinas, La Cienega, New Mexico. Opposite above: At the front door—one of Sally's rarer finds—a late 19th century painted obelisk. The living room has a Count Rumford fireplace with an arched-brick lintel. Opposite below: Connecticut-native Robin Leech watering the garden in front of the little house.

THE BARN COLLECTORS

A Connecticut couple trundled in buildings from three states to construct their country house

BY MARY CANTWELL

DUANE MICHALS



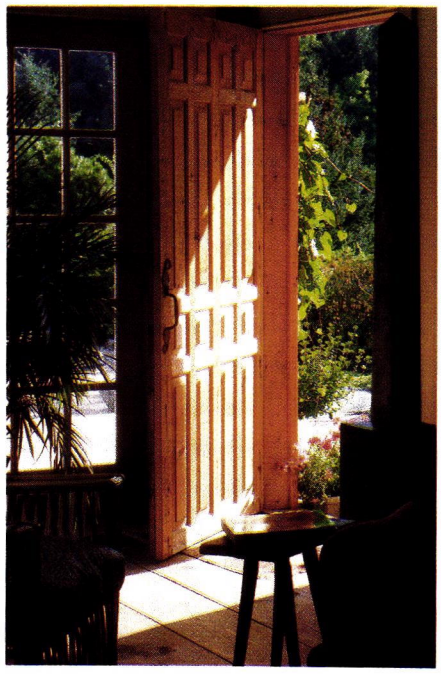
In the living room on a Chinese Art Deco rug, left, a mirror-and-frame table crawling with New Mexican artist Jimbo Davila's wooden snakes; an early 19th century rolled-arm settee; and a cupboard in "as found" condition (somebody started scraping—and stopped) with a rising-sun pediment. Above: Sally Spillane on the floor of the New York barn with her rubber stamps.

DUANE MICHALS

There can be few shoppers, however dedicated, who have paid only three dollars for Famille Rose plates or have spotted a silver lusterware sugar bowl at a tag sale. But Sally Spillane does that kind of thing all the time. "I love stuff," she crows, "and stuff loves me." For her, life is one long scavenger hunt through antiques shows, yard sales, and dumps, and the house in the northwest corner of Connecticut she shares with local real estate broker Robin Leech is her greatest find. She picked up a little house here, a barn there, another barn someplace else, and—with the help of architect Frank Garretson, a carpenter named Joe Brennan ("a genius—a self-taught purist"), the perfect plumber, a patient mason, and several cheerful workmen for whom she kept forgetting to fix lunch—put them together into a place that can hold three hundred for margaritas. And has.

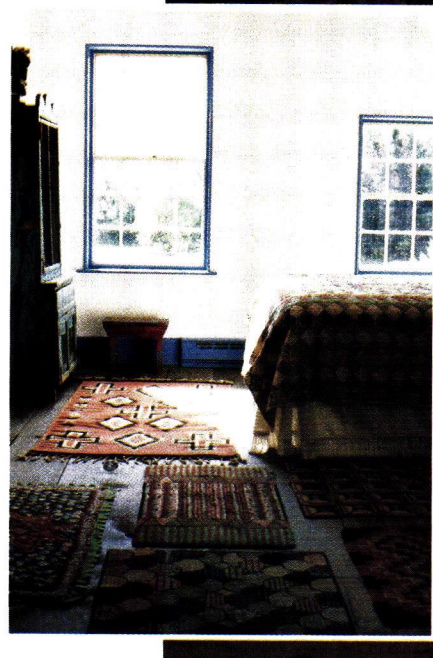
A native Californian, Sally moved to Santa Fe—what she calls her hippie period—when she was 26. There she worked

Across the garden, the two barns and the little house, which is linked to the Massachusetts barn by a stair hall. Below: A Connecticut River valley corner cupboard, c. 1760, housing everything from Chinese export porcelain to an iron boot scraper and a madonna by Luis Perea, a New Mexican artist.



as a potter and a country-western dancer, tended shop for a friend who sold quilts and paid her in merchandise, and met everyone in town a dozen times. At 32, worried that she was having too much fun, she moved to New England, where she found a job in a store selling place settings, an apartment over a factory, and, eventually, Robin Leech. Soon after moving into Robin's suburbanish ranch house she talked him into tearing it down.

The replacement, on four or so grassy acres watched over by the Berkshire hills, is made of a reassembled Connecticut house linked by a stair hall to the "transmigrated soul" of a late eighteenth century Massachusetts barn, which is linked in turn to a reassembled New York barn of the same vintage. That the Massachusetts barn is more spirit than substance is due to its having burned down



The sixteen-panel front door, above, was made by Joe Brennan, the house's carpenter. Inset: In an upstairs bedroom, hooked rugs, a Mexican cupboard, a Jamaican bench. Right: In the New York barn, painted cupboards under a crescent of architectural stars, fleur de lis, and eel spears. Opposite: The master bedroom, its windows curtained with morning glories, has a Rio Grande Spanish antique blanket on the bed.

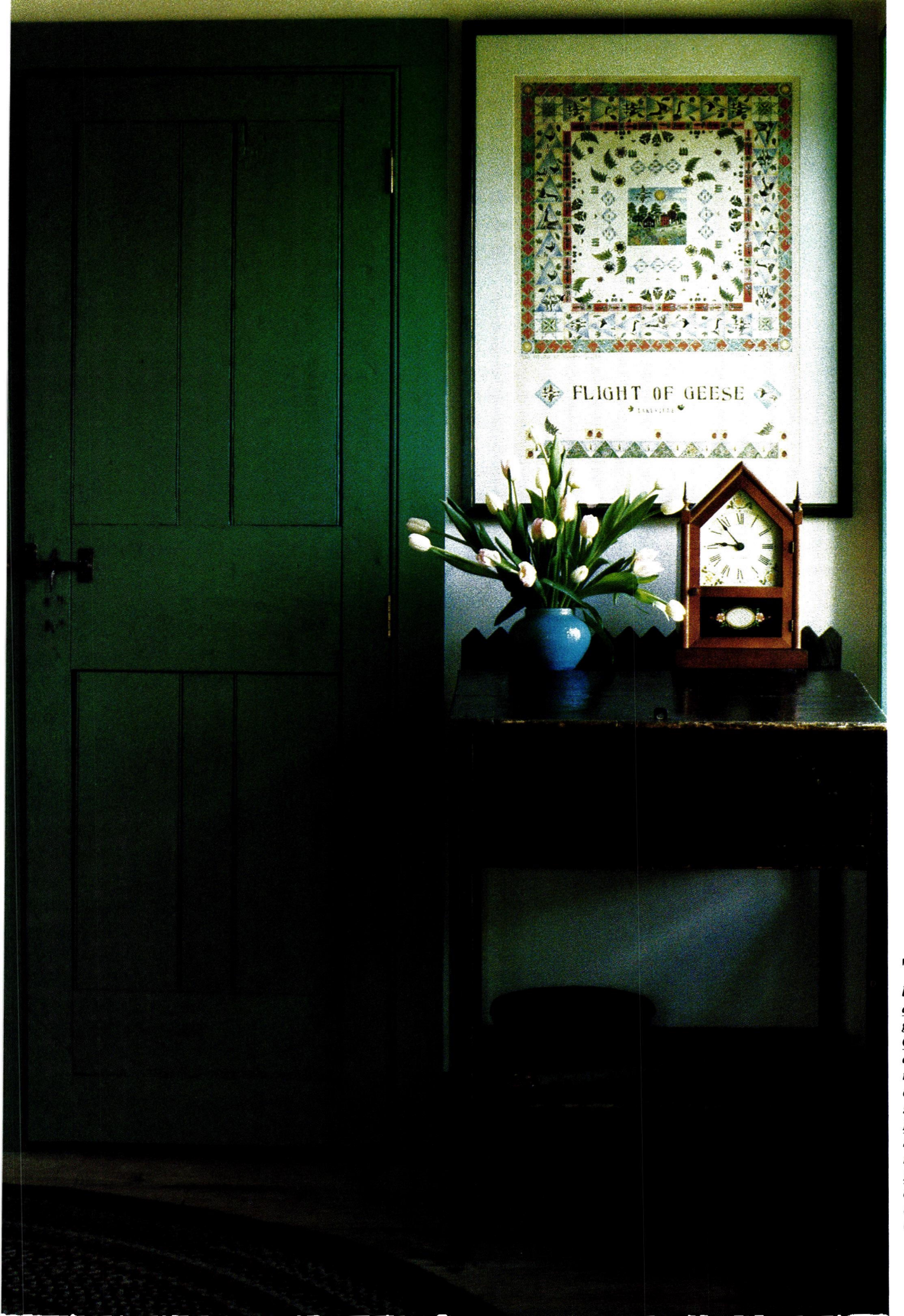
DUANE MICHALS

before Sally could salvage it—but not before she'd taken its measurements.

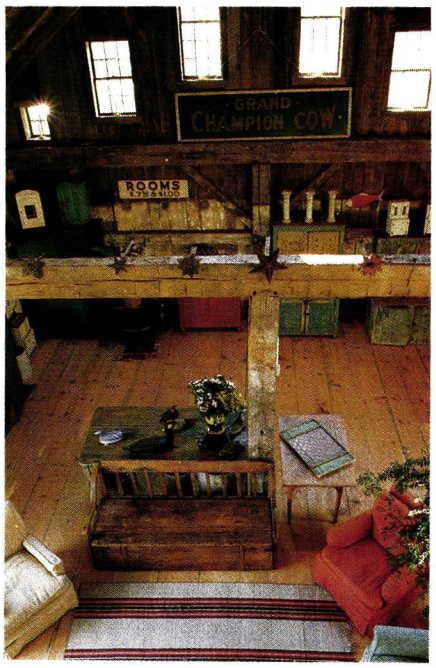
The little house, also built in the late eighteenth century, was bought first and contains the master bedroom and bath and, upstairs, her studio. The stair hall links it to the Massachusetts facsimile, which has a kitchen/living room downstairs and guest rooms and a sitting room above it. The New York barn is one enormous room with a balcony and fireplace at its east end.

If there's no longer a nineteenth-century primitive cupboard to be found in the Northeast, it's because Sally has nabbed all of them. She's cornered the market on painted farm benches, too, and funny old tables and chairs. "Stuff," she says, "just seems to jump into my truck."

Each of her found objects has what she calls the "sign of life." One can see where



The entrance to the little house, opposite above, with bull's-eye glass in the transom. Opposite below: In an upstairs sitting room, a quilt collection, two cut-tin star lightning rods. Left: An example of Sally Spillane's rubber-stamp art, Flight of Geese, above a Seth Thomas clock and a small Canadian desk.



the carver changed his mind, where the colonial householder sank his ax, where a previous owner cut a notch in the top of a tiny cupboard in order to squeeze in something that was too tall for the door. And what she buys she reads up on. At the moment it's gravestone carvings, and books about them are stacked in the small added-on library at the rear of the house.

What with all the building and salvaging, it's been two years since she has worked on her rubber-stamp pictures—Sally's solution to not being able to draw. But then, she figures she's as much in love with tools and technique as she is with the product. The Prismacolor pencils she's using for a depiction of Mexico's Day of the Dead, for instance, delight her almost as much as the Shaker stove in her studio. No sooner did she dream of owning one than it manifested itself in an advertisement in the *Maine Antique Digest*. She is, as she says, lucky.

She's also very busy. Time has to be found to apprentice at a printshop, so she'll be able to run the press she found for her studio. Books have to be read. Projects have to be finished. "Life is long," Sally Spillane says cheerily. "Life is long."

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

The view from the balcony, above, of the New York barn. Right: Inside the barn, a profusion of plants, signs, decoys, and other found objects. At rear, a grouping of painted cupboards and, in the foreground, an 18th-century Canadian settee.

DUANE MICHALS

Jane Nelson, opposite, and her late husband, Ernest, cleared the view of Loch Etive from the family estate of Achnacloich, above. Scots pine and larch frame the sloping grounds dotted with narcissus and daffodil.

TROPICAL SCOTLAND

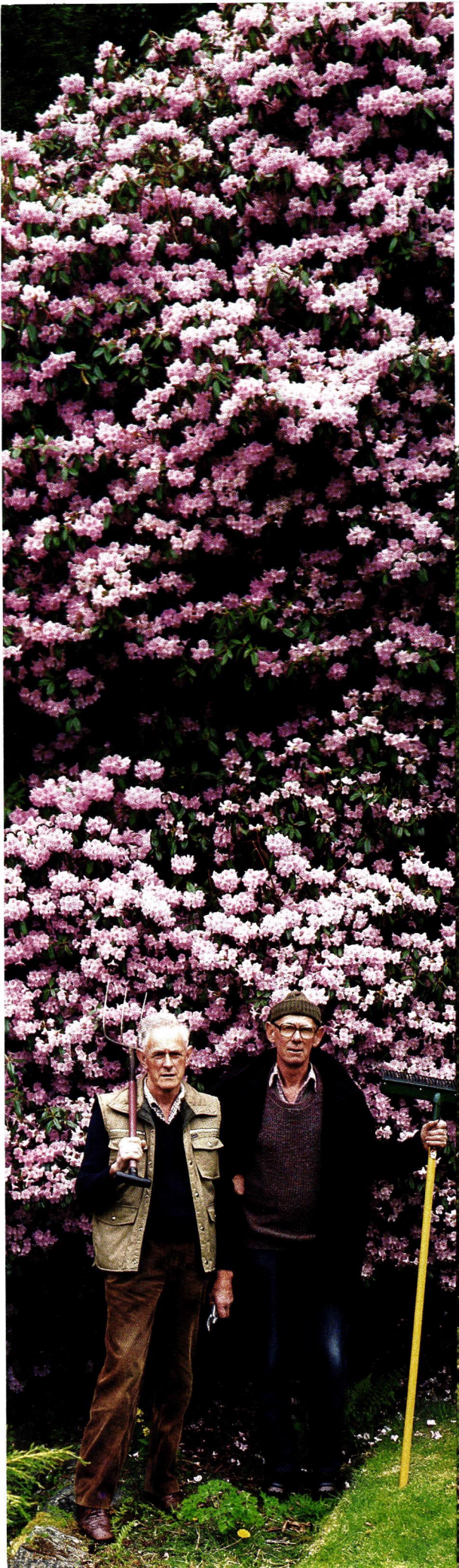
In the Gulf Stream–washed Highlands, Charles Maclean discovers a wee bit of Burma—palm trees and all

A measure of any garden's charm is its capacity to surprise the visitor. Finding Arduaine, a woodland garden on a remote promontory that looks out over the Sound of Jura to a wild prospect of western isles, is like stumbling on a lost world. A path along the shore shaded by cherry trees runs out to the cape beside a bank of primroses and wild orchids, giving little indication of what lies ahead. On the other side of the garden gate, as if the climate itself had suddenly changed, one enters a subtropical haven of lush lawns, rare trees, and enormous flowering shrubs that fill the warm salt air with their scent.

The hidden-away-ness of Arduaine and other large coastal gardens in Argyll can be explained by the imperative need of tender plants for shelter. The shock of discovering a corner of Burma, palm trees and all, in the Scottish Highlands adds to the

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

Horticulturists Edmund and Harry Wright, left, dwarfed by Rhododendron rubiginosum in bloom. The brothers have spent eighteen years restoring the Kilmelford garden of Arduaine. Below: A bank of rare trees and shrubs, including eucryphia and Chilean holly, rises from the well-tended glade at the heart of the garden.



© CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

There are surprises at every turn—a magnolia glowing like a tree of light bulbs, a carpet of wild violets

explorer's delight in these little-known retreats that for a hundred years or so have been home to some remarkable collections of exotic flora.

A bleak terrain, the scarcity of level ground, and the somewhat overpowering scenery in Scotland discouraged the kind of formal landscaping developed by Capability Brown and others south of the border. But in the west, mild winters, due to the benign influence of the Gulf Stream, acid soil, and plentiful rain, provided ideal conditions for making woodland gardens.

At the end of the nineteenth century Scots who had been abroad in the service of the British Empire became interested in bringing back local flora from its far-flung corners. A consortium of lairds paid for several expeditions of plant-hunting botanists to recover species from China, the Himalayas, Upper Burma, and New Zealand. The plants thrived in Scotland, regenerating as easily as they did in their original habitats. It was the very effect that the Edwardians, reacting against the artificiality of high Victorian taste in gardens, wanted to achieve: plants that looked as if they were growing naturally in a natural setting.

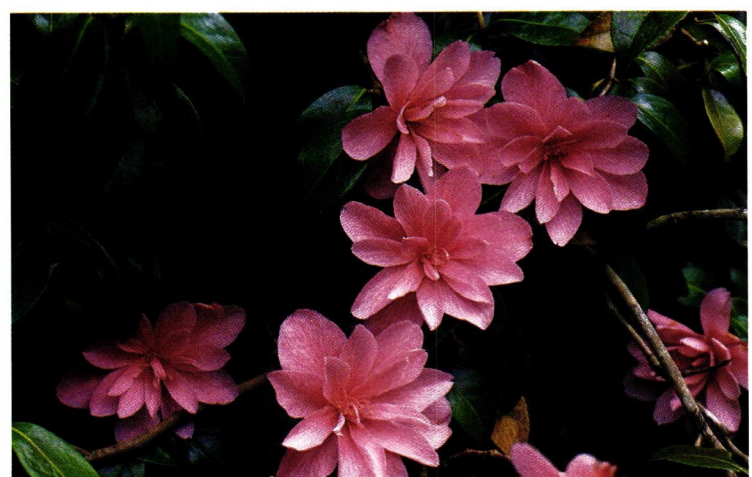
The most romantic of Argyll's gardens, Arduaine at Kilmelford, was begun in 1898 by James Arthur Campbell, a Ceylon tea planter. With seed shipped back to him from the East in two chests, he had some notable successes, including the first flowering in the Western Hemisphere of *Rhododendron giganteum*. Arduaine remained in Campbell hands through three generations, but as the family's fortunes declined, so did the garden. Finally, it was cared for by a Miss Yule, who'd stayed on at Arduaine after being nanny to Arthur Campbell's grandson. Her no-nonsense approach to raising its tender plants could not hold back a steady deterioration.

When the estate was broken up in 1971, the garden was sold separately from the house, which had been built to one side of the promontory so that no tree would obstruct the view. Bought by Edmund and Harry Wright, commercial horticulturists from the south of England, the 22-acre garden had by then reverted to what the two brothers describe as a "bit of a jungle."

It was a daunting commitment for men no longer in their first youth—Ed Wright is now 61, his brother ten years older—but the garden couldn't have fallen into better hands. Working steadily from season to season without extra help, the Wright brothers have more than restored Arduaine to its former glory. It is considered one of the best-kept private gardens of its size anywhere.

The brothers live in a green cottage, like something out of a Grimm fairy tale, in a secluded glade at the heart of the garden. A path runs past the cottage and winds behind a steep wooded bank of rare rhododendrons from central Ceylon, a species with huge trusses of scarlet flowers, before coming out onto a breathtaking view of the lower water gardens and Asknish Bay. With so much natural beauty all around, one can understand *(Text continued on page 162)*

The Highland glen garden of Crarae, above, with its carefully orchestrated mix of plant, tree, and shrub, flourished under the care of the late Sir George Campbell and continues to thrive under his son, Sir Ilay, right.



Varieties of rhododendrons line a twisting burn at Crarae, opposite, testaments to the unending war between Scottish gardeners and these prolific plants. Left: Sir George's garden is a canvas of vibrant colors; he was a "painter in plants."

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

The patio surrounding the central courtyard provides an airy setting for Duarte's Spanish country antiques, including a rare collection of mortars and other wooden objects made by shepherds. Inset: A 17th-century religious ornament set high up on the patio wall.

Rhoda Koenig visits the palacio of Duarte Pinto-Coelho, the famous Spanish decorator known for his friends, his fetes, and his flair

IBERIAN WEEKENDS

JACQUES DIRAND

On a Saturday night in Casa Lucio, Madrid's version of Mortimer's, Duarte Pinto-Coelho is having trouble finishing his sardines. As each local celebrity enters the rough-hewn restaurant—where, it is said, the king goes when he wants to have a good time—he or she beams or shrieks at seeing the decorator at a table near the door. The repeated handshakes, embraces, and exchanges have Duarte bobbing up and down like a buoy, imparting IDs as he sits for a minute. "He is one of our most famous actors. She is a very well known dancer. He is a very famous sculptor—bad, but famous."

Knowing everybody and knowing bad from good is what Duarte's millions of friends and acquaintances expect of Spain's foremost decorator and one of its leading social lights. "He is an enchanting

Duarte, above, relishes serving dinner outside. "At the last moment I come and say which plates they have to use"—in this case 19th-century Leeds. Right: His study, with a collection, foreground, of boxes and other straw objects. Tradition has it that they were made by prisoners during the Napoleonic Wars.

JACQUES DIRAND

In the small dining room, left, a still life by the 17th-century painter Josefa de Ayala. On the wall, plates from the town of Puente del Arzobispo. The table's centerpiece is a 19th-century Portuguese majolica cabbage. Above right: Portraits of Spanish monarchs survey the main sitting room. The tapestry is 17th-century French. Right: Around the patio, with its English canary cage, are religious paintings—this one an 18th-century Virgin. Far right: Atop the cupboard, where Duarte keeps his vases and garden tools, an antique Talavera vase and two modern plates.

JACQUES DIRAND

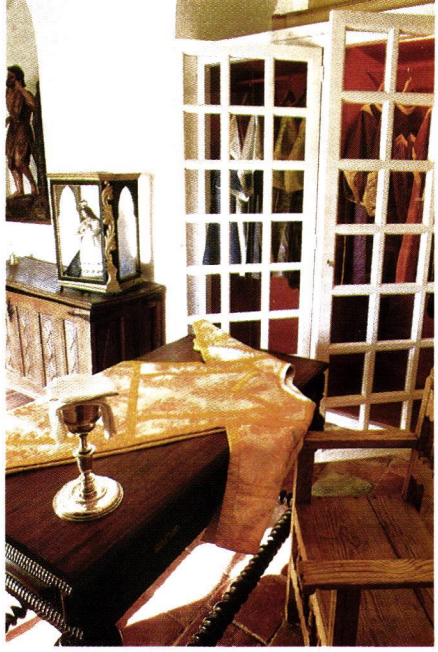
fellow,'' says Oscar de la Renta of Duarte, best known in this country for the influential Spanish Pavilion at the 1964 World's Fair. ''He has extraordinary joie de vivre. Everyone in Spain adores him, from the king down.''

In Madrid, Duarte entertains in his house, part of a seventeenth-century palace, with drawing rooms that seem immense enough to hold most everyone in Spain. The walls are covered with damask, the floors with eighteenth-century rugs from a monastery, the piano top and occasional tables with vermeil seashells, Chinese vases, and French bronzes. (''I love tacky things,'' he says, and one looks around in vain for a couple of objective correlatives.) There is also a long dining room lit by crystal chandeliers that depend, improbably, from trompe l'oeil ropes and canvas, and a seventeenth-century organ for which a little dome had to be created in

Duarte's playful-serious nature takes wing: on the walls of this anteroom, his collection of hats and fans acquired on travels around the world. Hanging from the lantern, the Holy Spirit, as wooden dove, made in the 17th century. The massive doors lead into the game rooms. A white metal lamb reposes on a cabinet.

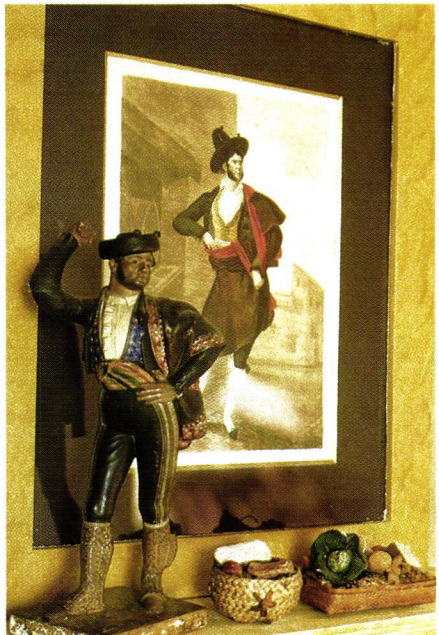
JACQUES DIRAND

The comforts of home. Clockwise from right: Duarte in the breakfast room with his 19th-century portraits and Louis Philippe chairs. About a fireplace he designed, a collection of terra-cotta figurines, Rossi watercolors. A 19th-century Spanish cabinet/writing table housing black Wedgwood and white Leeds. Duarte's bathroom, with its Spanish tiles and medallions. A view of the front entrance to his country palace. A collection of shoes in a guest room.

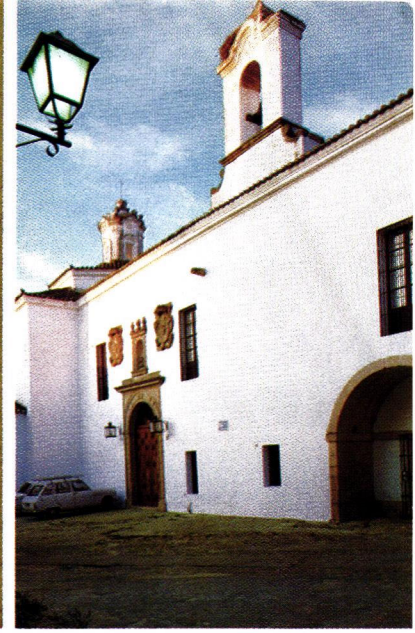


the fifteen-foot ceiling. "I'm terribly bohemian, but I'm a perfectionist," says Duarte, as a servant enters to bring sherry and straighten a slightly oblique flower arrangement. "I was *furious* with that rose."

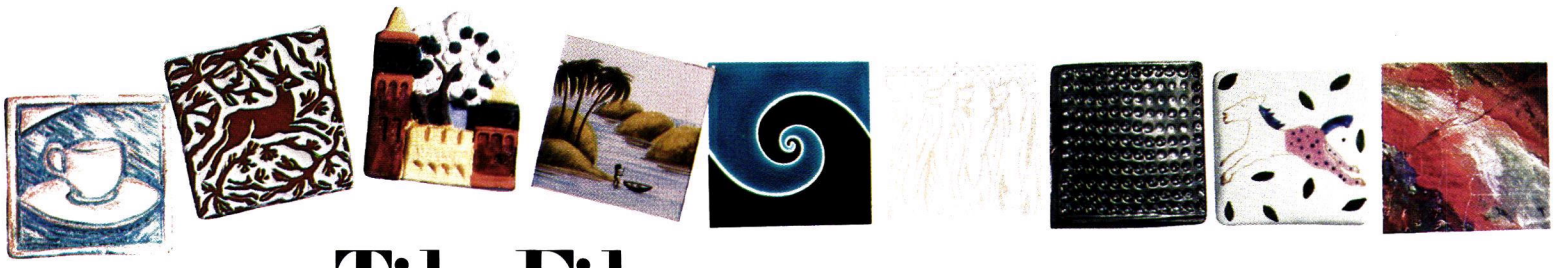
When Duarte goes in for serious entertaining, however, he retreats from his town palace to his country palace. The Palacio de los Chaves Mendoza in Trujillo, about three hours to the west in Extremadura, has seventeen bedrooms, which Duarte at first found adequate. Then he bought a small building nearby with three more; this seems to be enough. The palace and Trujillo have seen a lot of bustle since before Duarte's advent, not least with the house's previous owners, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. When Marylou Whitney happened along more than twenty years ago, the palace—along with much of Trujillo—had slipped into grayness and disrepair. Once the proud home of conquistadores *(Text continued on page 162)*



In the sacristy, top left, Duarte's collection of vestments and a chalice for Sunday mass in the chapel. Top center: Old Portuguese embroidery, a delft plate, and a Louis XV Spanish country chair. Top right: Above the house's only remaining original staircase, 18th-century Portuguese tilework. Center: The pantry, where Duarte stores his dinner service and silver. Far left: A Rossi watercolor, a terra-cotta figure done in Málaga. Left: In his bedroom, Spanish chairs covered in 17th-century point d'Hongrie. On the walls, a collection of Neapolitan gouaches.

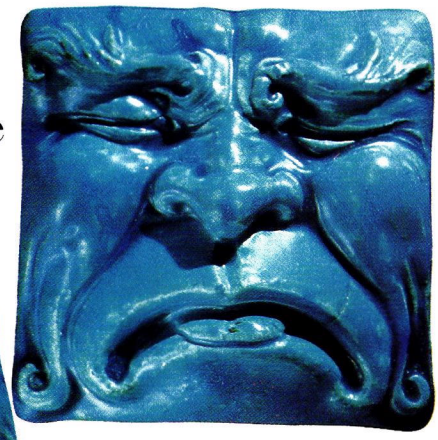


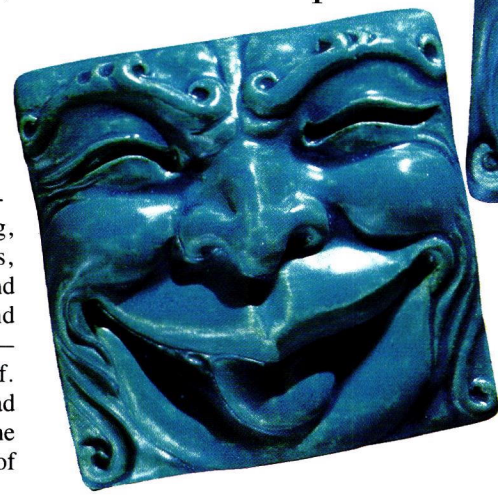
Every bedroom has a name and a thematic collection of pictures. Henri, left, boasts watercolors of interiors. The painted cupboard is Portuguese, the bed 18th-century Spanish. Top: The house's front entrance. Storks nest here every year, Duarte says. Above: A guest room—named Cornelia, after its Whitney occupant—has petit point rugs found in Córdoba as well as dog pictures all around.



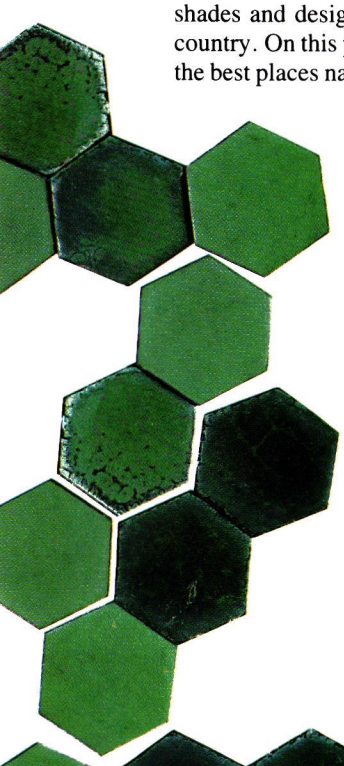
Tile File

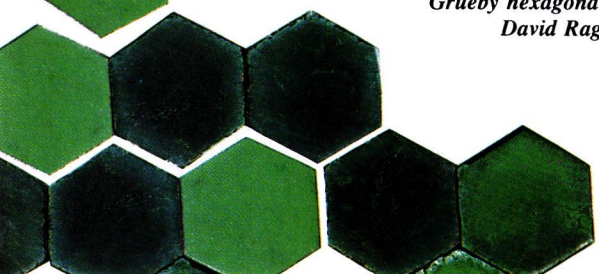
The new breed of ceramics are small-scale artworks for the house, Dana Cowin reports

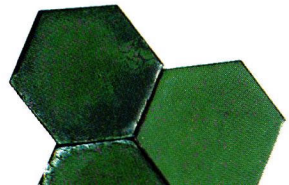




Long assigned to border patrol in kitchens and bathrooms, tiles are finally moving into the rest of the house. A legion of innovative artists are painting, stenciling, and sculpting tiles. Designers, excited by the immense variety of colors and styles, are framing doors, fireplaces, and windows, even covering entire rooms—floors, walls, *and* ceilings—with the stuff. And for the first time since the 1920s, myriad shades and designs are available across the country. On this page, a selection of some of the best places nationwide.



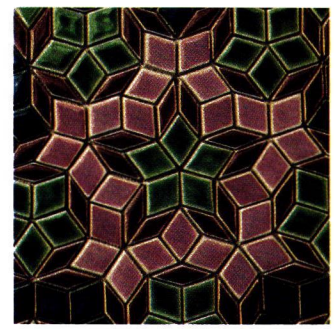




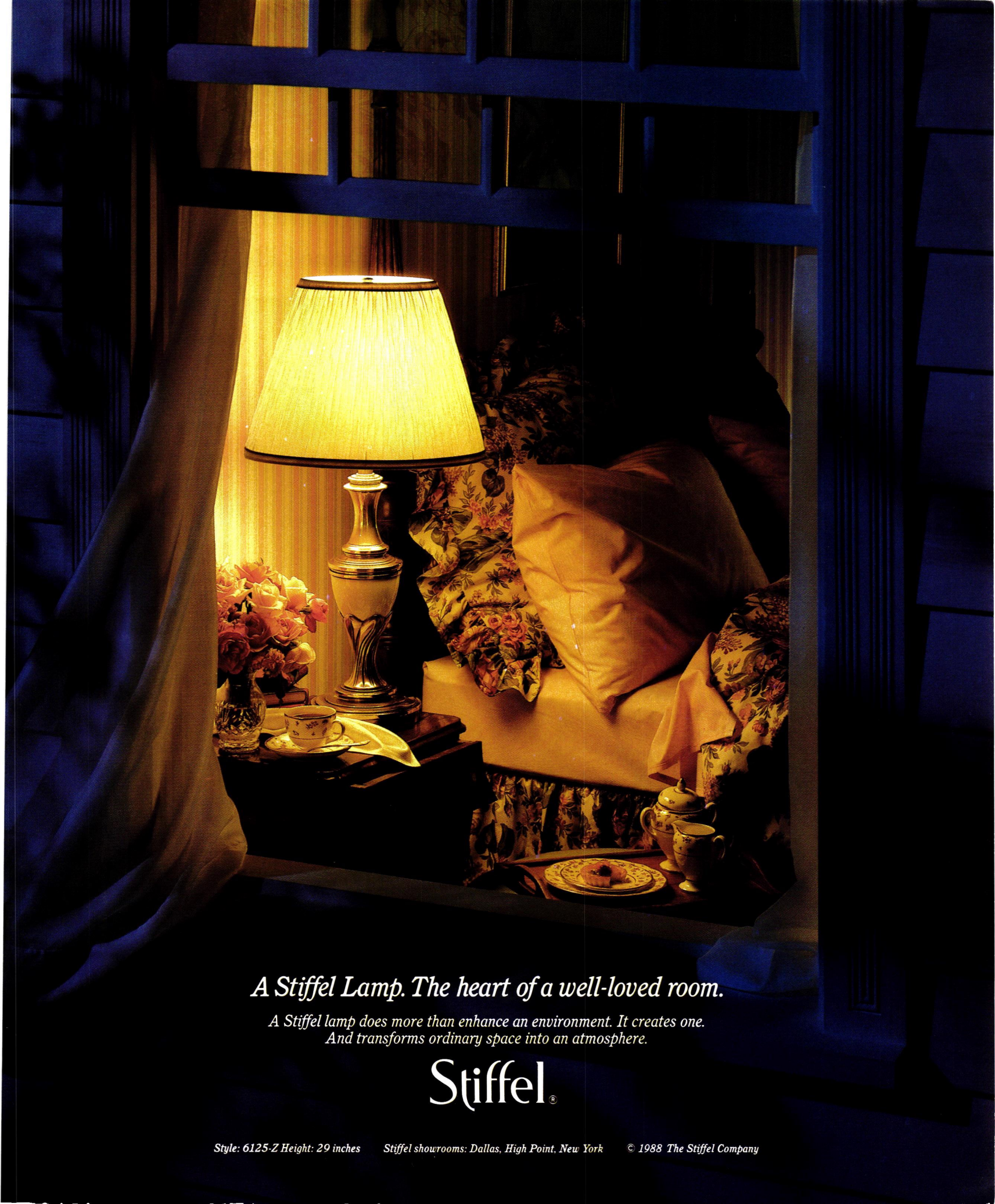
Top, left to right: Solo cup, Ceramic Stiles; terra-cotta deer by Moore-Merkowitz, Country Floors; a minitown, Moravian Pottery & Tile Works; tropical relief, Elon; new wave, Brian C. Flynn; stenciled Marrakesh rug tassel, Walker Zanger; impressive pewter and, by Chicago artist Julie Whitehead, puffy pillow tile, both from Tiles—A Refined Selection; rich vein of faux marble, Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection. Center: Comedy designed by Eero Saarinen, Tragedy made later to match, Pewabic Pottery. Right: Parallelogram, Saxe Patterson. Left: Original Grueby hexagonals, David Rago.

Ceramic Stiles
51 West 19 St., New York, NY 10011
(212) 633-2525
Country Floors
15 East 16 St., New York, NY 10003
(212) 627-8300
Elon
642 Saw Mill River Rd., Ardsley, NY 10502; (914) 693-8000
Brian C. Flynn Associates
8687 Melrose Ave., Suite M70, West Hollywood, CA 90069; (213) 659-2614
French Brown
7007 Greenville Ave., Dallas, TX 75231
(214) 363-4341
Fulper Tile
Box 373, Yardley, PA 19067
(215) 736-8512
Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection
130 Commercial St., Freeport, NY 11520
(516) 379-3500
Keniston's
269 Commercial St., Portland, ME 04101
(207) 775-2278
Sunny McLean
3800 Northeast 2 Ave., Miami, FL 33137
(305) 573-5943
Moravian Pottery & Tile Works
130 Swamp Rd., Doylestown, PA 18901
(215) 345-6722
Pewabic Pottery
10125 East Jefferson, Detroit, MI 48214
(313) 822-0954
Porcelanosa
1732 Stumpf Blvd., Gretna, LA 70056
(504) 361-7758
David Rago
Box 3592, Station E, Trenton, NJ 08629
(609) 585-2546
Ann Sacks Tileworks
115 Stewart St., Seattle, WA 98101
(206) 441-8917
Saxe Patterson
Box 15, Taos, NM 87571; (505) 758-9513
Tiles—A Refined Selection
42 West 15 St., New York, NY 10011
(212) 255-4450
Walker Zanger
8750 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood CA 90069; (213) 278-8664

An invaluable source of information is the Tile Heritage Foundation, Box 1850, Healdsburg, CA 95448; (707) 431-8453.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: MARK JENKINSON (9); BALTHAZAR KORAB (2); PAUL DEMBSKI; MARK JENKINSON



A Stiffel Lamp. The heart of a well-loved room.

A Stiffel lamp does more than enhance an environment. It creates one.
And transforms ordinary space into an atmosphere.

Stiffel®

Style: 6125-Z Height: 29 inches *Stiffel showrooms: Dallas, High Point, New York*

© 1988 The Stiffel Company

The Concierge Concept

They'll fetch limos, hire baby-sitters, and charter yachts—they're the new wave in luxury services. By Diane Lilly di Costanzo

It's news to no one that the service industry has become one of the healthiest sectors of our economy, and in recent years the demand for service has also left its mark on the real estate market. Increasingly, newly minted full-service buildings are coming equipped with a concierge who is a mere phone call away and who can, at least in theory, do anything. He (it is usually a he) will make everything troublesome and untidy disappear: spirit shoes in want of new heels to the repair shop, Orientals to the carpet cleaner, cranky children to the baby-sitter's. And he'll make all things bright and beautiful appear: a houseful of flowers, a table laid for eight, Cornish game hens tucked into the oven. He'll even take care of odd requests. A New York concierge recently received one from an English lady who required someone to switch on the telly and sit with her cat while it watched MTV.

The business of marketing luxury real estate is dicey all over, and for that reason, the concierge concept is taking root from coast to coast. In Chicago there's a concierge at a luxury rental building called the New York, located on Lake Shore Drive. The apartments, which rent for upwards of $780 for a one-bedroom, are mostly inhabited by well-heeled bachelors: management reports that 56 percent of the tenants are male with an average age of thirty-one and an average salary of $56,000. The services are managed by head concierge Divna Vuksanovic, who promises that she can, for example, book you on a flight to Cancún, water your ficus while you're gone, and stock your fridge with groceries on the eve of your return.

Manhattan's renovated Beaux-Arts Police Building—all the amenities

Boston also has condominiums that offer hotel-type services, partly because the buildings are annexed to luxury hotels like the Ritz and the Four Seasons. Recently opened is the Heritage on the Garden, a condominium development that extends to its residents the services of a majordomo. He, they explain, is director of residential services, which means he can fetch, among other things, limousines and cords of firewood.

In San Francisco, the Opera Plaza is pitched squarely at busy young professionals: the concierge there can arrange for telephone answering service, maid service, floral delivery, and dog walker. If famished after an evening aerobics class at the on-site fitness center, the resident can have dinner delivered by Max's Opera Café. Other full-service buildings include the 333 Bush building where the concierge Gail Graham says she has arranged for everything from a baby-sitter to a berth on a sailboat.

The concept has so pervaded the Manhattan real estate market that in certain neighborhoods it's harder to find the new luxury building that *doesn't* claim to be fully staffed. East 72nd Street, for example, fairly bustles with concierges: their services are advertised at 350 (Le Chambord), 515 (Riverterrace), 524 (Belaire), and 525 (One East River Place). Ric Katz, a sales and marketing agent, offers an explanation: "The full-service apartment building helps solve the day-in-and-day-out crisis of modern America: there's not enough time to work, enjoy your leisure time, and get your shirts to the laundry. The concierge, at the very least, can insure that you have a clean shirt to wear everyday." A bit of investigation reveals a second, even more compelling reason than a desire for clean laundry. "Competition to fill luxury apartment buildings is fierce," says Katz. "Offering on-site services is a way to distinguish a new property." No mean feat in a city like New York where the Real Estate Board reports an estimated 525 condomini-

JEFF PERKELL

um buildings (or some 35,000 units) now in existence or planned for development in 1988–89. That's up from 199 buildings (or 9,764 units) in 1985.

As would be expected, what qualifies as full service varies widely across the country—indeed, across the street. Often the roster of services is tailored to the kind of resident the building attracts. Buildings in New York, for example, that are named after South American cities (Rio) or a trendy Milanese design style (Memphis) are developed to appeal to a certain kind of buyer. Often what those buyers desire most in this world is a prestigious-sounding address and a place to swim. If they are willing to forgo the best neighborhoods, their desires will be met at a price below the Manhattan average of $436 a square foot for new construction.

"At the very least, the concierge can insure that you have a clean shirt to wear everyday"

Ironically the uptown notion of the full-service building is fast spreading over lower Manhattan as well. "When someone purchases a million-dollar loft, it's unlikely that they won't require amenities like a doorman and maid service," says Jonathan Berg, a broker at Ambrose–Mar Elia who specializes in downtown properties. "Serviced buildings make sense in emerging downtown neighborhoods that don't have a dry cleaner and grocery store on every block." He cites the American Thread Company Building in Tribeca as one that attracts pampered pioneers (current residents include Isabella Rossellini, Cyndi Lauper, and Betsey Johnson). A former industrial space turned condo eight years ago, it was until recently the only building in its neighborhood with a doorman. At the edge of what was once called Needle Park at Avenue B in the East Village, the Christodora House condominium provides its residents with a 24-hour doorman. In a neighborhood so uncharted that it doesn't even have a name is the Police Building (on Centre Street near Chinatown), whose well-appointed cooperative units include a domed penthouse with a 360-degree view over the city. Newly renovated, the building was the former headquarters for the city's police department. It now has a 24-hour doorman and a concierge who mans the palatial lobby sixteen hours a day.

Because the concierge concept has spread so wide so quickly, a few properties have simply jumped on the bandwagon. Some so-called full service buildings are staffed, as Jackie Schwimmer, a realtor with S. W. Bird & Co. in Manhattan, cautions, by "a doorman who dons a pair of 35-cent white gloves, stands behind a desk, and calls himself a concierge." In contrast, Schwimmer points to Rolf Schuster, concierge at Galleria, as one of the best in town. Rolf refuses to limit his services by committing them to a list. "We'll do everything from delivering babies to chartering a yacht to arranging for a delivery of escargots," he says. In Rolf's opinion most Americans aren't accustomed to real service and thus won't take full advantage of a concierge. "The well-traveled South American," Rolf says, "he's the guy who demands service."

How are these demands met? How is a mere human supposed to access everything from baby-sitters to gourmet groceries? In most buildings the concierge is a liaison between the resident and an outside service vendor. In Manhattan that vendor might very well be a discreet business called Swiss Hotel Service. Mel Koenig, president of the firm, is reluctant to discuss its operation ("You might be a spy," he says). What he will reveal is that prices, which vary according to the building's neighborhood, are reasonable: a gentleman's suit is dry-cleaned for $7; weekly maid service is supplied for $240 a month; a bartender can be hired for $10 an hour. Residents are billed once a month; tips are not discouraged.

Similarly, the developers of the 57-story Corinthian on East 38th Street in New York City awarded their service contract to a fledgling business run by Lisa and Kevin Shields who rent the valet space on the ground floor. "We have established a network of service vendors who are among the best in the city," says Lisa. "We are able to offer competitively priced services with the added benefit to the client of having all the coordination and arrangements handled by the Corinthian valet." Managers oversee the execution of the services, which include (in a litany that will by this time sound familiar) window cleaning, maid service, party planning, and floral delivery.

Indeed it's necessary to go to Los Angeles to find services that deviate from the norm; there, the full-service building is a different animal altogether. A decidedly West Coast list of amenities might include a slip for the family schooner, Olympic-size pools, miles of tennis courts, as well as on-site wellness centers. All of which makes the notion of a kindly gentleman in the lobby who is eager to provide the odd bouquet of gladiolus a quaint one after all.

Full-Service Buildings

NEW YORK CITY

American Thread Company Building
260 West Broadway
Battery Pointe
300 Rector Place
Christodora House
143–147 Avenue B
Corinthian
330 East 38th Street
Cityspire
150 West 56th Street
Dalton on Greenwich
303 Greenwich Street
Galleria
117 East 57th Street
Liberty Court
200 Rector Place
Museum Tower
15 West 53rd Street
Olympic Tower
641 Fifth Avenue
Police Building
240 Centre Street
Rio
304 East 65th Street
St. James's Tower
415 East 54th Street
Symphony House
235 West 56th Street
Trump Parc
106 Central Park South

BOSTON

Carlton House of Boston
2 Commonwealth Avenue
Four Seasons Place
220 Boylston Street
Heritage on the Garden
300 Boylston Street
Prince on Newbury Street
201 Newbury Street
Rowes Wharf
50 Rowes Wharf

FLORIDA

Trump Plaza of the Palm Beaches
525 South Flagler Drive, West Palm Beach

CHICAGO

New York
3660 North Lake Shore Drive

SAN FRANCISCO

Opera Plaza
601 Van Ness Avenue
333 Bush
333 Bush Street

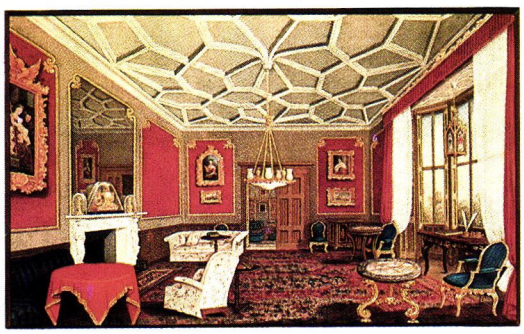
The Art of the Interior

Savvy collectors are lining their walls with richly detailed renderings of rooms

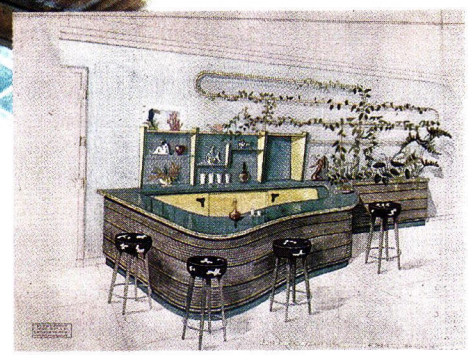
People love to peep into each other's lives,'' says art dealer Stephanie Hoppen, whose galleries in London and New York have collectors lining up to purchase vintage views of interiors. As decorative as they are voyeuristic, these century-old renderings range from designers' meticulous room schemes to artists' intimate depictions of their studios. Nearly doomed by the invention of the camera, the practice of capturing interiors with paint and pencils is again on the upswing. New York architect Peter Marino presents his clients with exquisitely detailed room maquettes. And artists James Steinmeyer and Tim Lovejoy, among others, have been jetting around the world, commissioned by proud homeowners to paint portraits of bedrooms, living rooms, even the insides of garages. **Margot Guralnick**

(For artists and dealers see Resources.)

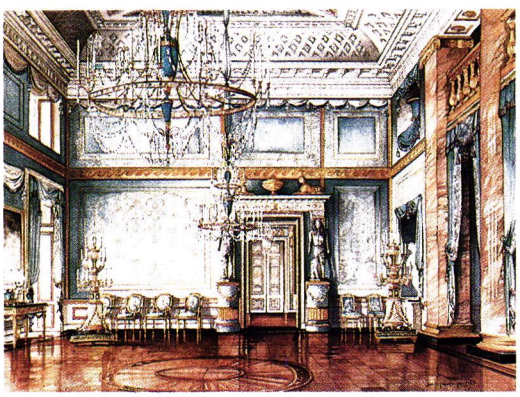
As a house gift Tim Lovejoy painted this watercolor of his friend's kitchen on the Greek island of Siphnos.



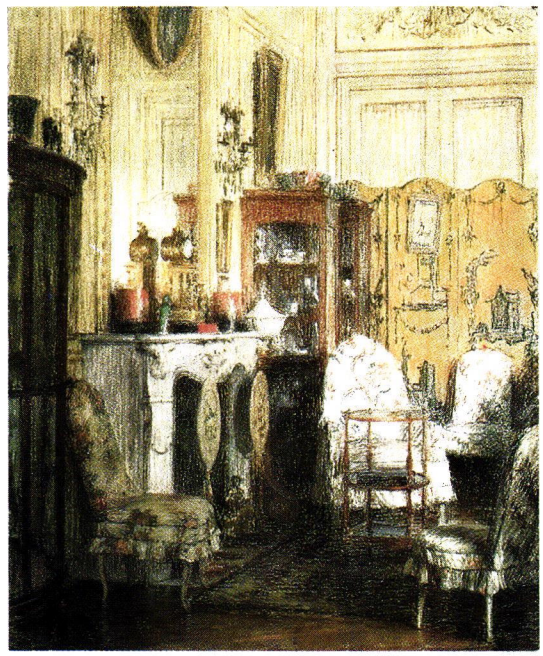
A Victorian parlor with Gothic Revival touches, from Stephanie Hoppen.



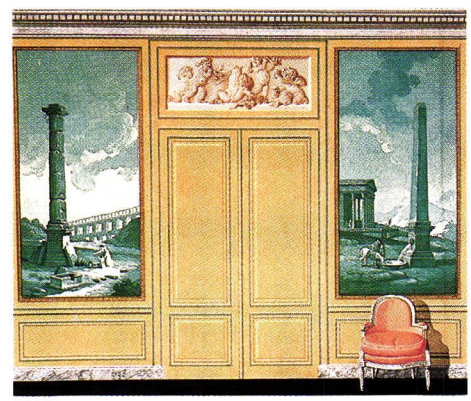
A Cuban decorator dreamed up this bar in the 1950s, from Stubbs Books & Prints.



James Steinmeyer's gouache of the Blue Hall at Ostankino Palace near Moscow.



A 19th-century pastel of a chair-filled corner, from Stephanie Hoppen.



Parisian decorator Claude Boussin's entry design, c. 1910, from Stephanie Hoppen.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: TIM LOVEJOY; MONICA STEVENSON, NC (2); JAMES STEINMEYER, NC

brown sitting room with the fire blazing in the brass-surrounded fireplace. It's an intimate room, a nighttime room. "I felt that having the walls dark and the insides of the window frames mirrored gave this room a wonderful atmosphere—like what I saw when I went to the movies in the 1930s," he says. "You know, the Cole Porter New York apartment." The ceilings are painted the same brown black as the walls, except that the ceiling has a flat finish and the walls are enamel. Every room but the kitchen and bathrooms is painted the same color, and all the floors, which he waxes with liquid bowling-alley wax, have been painted faux marble by trompe l'oeil artist Malcolm Robeson. "I wanted a flow to the apartment," Kenneth says. "I didn't want a blue room and a red room and a brown room. I wasn't trying to make a little this and a little that. I've got too much else that's a little this and a little that."

An outdoor terrace wraps the sitting room on three sides. There are no curtains on any of the windows or French doors, just mirrors lining the deep-set window frames, acting as prisms. "If you stand here, you can see the Chrysler Building reflected," says Kenneth. You can also see the evidence of his passion for gardening. Topiary lavender and myrtle here, and topiary santolina and rosemary there.

Center stage is his Steinway baby grand, which he plays for his amusement. "It's a wonderfully relaxing thing to do. It takes a lot of uptightness out of you." At the moment he's trying to learn *The Phantom of the Opera*. There are three sofas and an extra-deep chair covered with tiger-striped velvet in the room. "I think you have to have a comfortable place to sit at home. You have to have a comfortable place to lie down and take a nap. You don't always want to go and tear up your bed to take a nap."

Even though most tabletops are meticulously smothered with Battersea, lacquer, tortoiseshell boxes, and oodles of cobalt glass and despite the fact that the walls are crowded with contemporary paintings and that he just can't stop buying antique plates, Kenneth does not consider himself a collector. "I don't even think about collecting," he says. "It's just that you like things. You think it's a nice color or it's a nice shape."

Little boxes for example. "I like the idea of opening one and wondering, 'Is there something in it?' or 'Who did it belong to?'

"I would say to somebody who is just starting to collect, always start out with something basic and build from there. Don't be impulsive. When you're older, you can afford your impulses. When you're younger, you should be building a very good base. I didn't do that when I was young. I wish I had—this place looks like a shop."

The kind of a shop that makes you feel right at home. ♠ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

Escape to Normandy

(Continued from page 101) humble seventeenth-century farmhouse by relying on costly and irretrievable modifications, Mathieu and Ray relied on the odd assortment of furniture, fabrics, and objects they have either designed, collected, or found over the years. They adopted the role of domestic stylists, artfully creating dreamy vignettes that attest to an extraordinary visual flair, and often include theatrical hand-painted backdrops such as the billowing trompe l'oeil curtains over the dining room mantel and the blazing faux fire that consumes an upstairs hall.

Mathieu and Ray seem to relish nothing so much as mixing the stylistic signals they send out. They share an overriding fascination with juxtaposing the rugged and the refined, the primitive and the polished. Consider, for example, the lavish drape of antique silk suspended from the broken tree branch that serves as a curtain rod in the living room or the peculiar placement of a flat metal plate at one corner of a handwoven carpet in the downstairs entry. According to the two young decorators, such strange stylistic bedfellows as these heighten our visual awareness: "They make you think." On a more personal note, Mathieu reports that he enjoys reading leather-bound volumes of Virgil while Ray prefers his well-worn paperback copy of *Valley of the Dolls*. It is a small detail that both partners find significant.

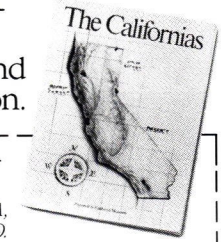
There's a tinge of the bad boy, of the I'll-make-my-own-rules to the work of Mathieu and Ray. They have clearly cast themselves in the role of provocateur. But there is also a tinge of the poet to their work, most evident in the extraordinary limited-edition furniture pieces they design and distribute through the Neotu gallery in Paris. A rough-hewn log bench with polished aluminum wings, a rigid thronelike chair with a poem etched into its back, and a tiny table with a secret compartment for hiding away some treasured souvenir are but three telling examples that signal the duo's unique sensibility.

"They say we have Cocteau's style," offers Ray with unmistakable pleasure. "This is nice," adds Mathieu. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

Sam Spade, China jade, French bakers, Mythmakers, Ghirardelli, Vermicelli, Bocci ball. Come to The City, See it all.

Want to read up on all the places you can leave your heart in San Francisco? That's easy, in the 1989 Discover The Californias Travel Guide. To get your free copy, call 1-800-TO-CALIF, ext. 5597A. Or send us this coupon.



California Office of Tourism, P.O. Box 9278, Dept. T55-97A, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

Name

Address

City *State* *Zip*

The Californias®

© 1989 Calif. Dept. of Commerce. All rights reserved.

Iberian Weekends

(Continued from page 151) who built themselves splendid mansions with the plunder of the New World (Pizarro was born in the town, and a statue of him surveys its square), Trujillo's medieval and Renaissance buildings had suffered the cannonades of the Napoleonic Wars and centuries of neglect. But in 1962 the Count and Countess of Romanones (she better known as the spy who wore red) spurred a revival of the town near the estate his family had owned since the early part of the thirteenth century.

Along with Fleur Cowles and Carmen de Salas, whose husband was director of the Prado, Mrs. Whitney was inspired to make Trujillo her part-time home. She lit upon the Palacio de los Chaves Mendoza—a sixteenth-century mansion that had been extensively redone in the eighteenth century. It was then being run by the Catholic church as a nursing home. Although the Whitneys provided funds for another nursing home nearby, the stubborn nuns in situ would not alter their ways to suit the refurbishment plans. The architect was not allowed to view the premises until they left, Mrs. Whitney says, "because no man had ever walked through their cloister before." For the renovation and decoration, she relied on Duarte, who had done her house in Majorca.

The Whitneys occupied the palace until 1979, enjoying the local rituals, especially those of Easter. "During Holy Week," says Mrs. Whitney, "I would follow the procession all the way to the church and get very teary-eyed. Then we would all wear native costumes and dance in the streets. There would be thousands of people singing, the band playing—you would dance with anyone." When their children left school in Switzerland, however, the house was no longer a convenient base, and they had the burden of several other addresses as well. "They say that you can only have one house for every day of the week—more than that is bad luck." She sold it, contents and all, to Duarte, who added his own bits and pieces. But Mrs. Whitney's presence is still palpable—her clothes hang in the closets, and a large portrait adorns the red-and-green sitting room. Every Easter she returns, and has the pleasure of relaxing as a guest in the house where she once had the nervous responsibility of a host.

From the outside the Palacio de los Chaves Mendoza, its façade severely plain except for a few small reliefs, gives no hint of what awaits the visitor walking in from the narrow dun-colored street. One enters to find an inner courtyard, vibrant with greenery, and a series of rooms in the hollow square around it dancing with the colors of a southern garden and a northern imagination—old rose, crimson, delphinium, mint.

The palace's drawing room is indisputably grand with its fifteen-foot fireplace, Spanish tortoiseshell cabinets, and seventeenth-century portraits of brooding grandees. ("I got those from a gypsy," Duarte says.) So is the large dining room, which still displays the Whitney monogram above the doors and on the curtain rails, where hatbox-size sconces hold fat candles alongside paintings of Roman emperors.

For the most part, however, the house is very much a cozy country palace, displaying the cheerful whimsy of the "silly antiques" Duarte enjoys buying in Camden Passage in London and the abundant evidence of his passion for collecting. Headgear from places he has hung his hat dots the walls of an anteroom. Tables are paved with rock-crystal birds, ceramic bunnies, and straw boxes made by prisoners of the Napoleonic Wars. A striking group of seventeenth-century reliquaries, sculpted wooden forearms in gilded sleeves, stands on two hall tables. "Two or three," he says, "have bones in them." One cabinet holds dozens of curious little ivory doodads—kohl pots and brushes that Duarte picked up in Jodhpur.

The house is also full of Duarte's familiars. A bronze lion with a Bert Lahr–type expression that resembles Duarte's own reclines with his paw on a red hat—perhaps all that remains of a recent feast. In the small dining room, ceramic lions, clutching candlesticks, march around the table, and a posse of china dogs hold picnic baskets in their teeth.

In the cloister where no architect was permitted to walk, each pair of nuns' cells was made into a bedroom and bath. The tile-framed lintels bear the names of Mrs. Whitney's children—Marion, Henry, Hobbs, Heather, and Cornelia, whose pretty bedroom used to belong to the mother superior. There, a lace-draped four-poster is topped with a gilt crown, and on the chair covers two apprehensive cats look up at a wall of embroidered fluffy dogs. Two Staffordshire Lady Godivas survey the menagerie with the cool glances befitting those riding a lion and a leopard sidesaddle.

After making the circuit of charming little rooms with whitewashed walls and terra-cotta floors, one opens an unobtrusive door near the entrance and steps into a chamber larger than many village churches. It is the private chapel of the palace, where some fifty people attend mass every Sunday the house is occupied. A prominent feature is the early eighteenth century altarpiece with its painted saint—"San Isidro, it might be"—under a gilded baldachin on which two rather sour-faced putti seem very tired from holding up the sun and moon. Other statues depict the Virgin, archangels Michael and Gabriel and San Caetano, patron of material things. "I know very well," says Duarte, smiling, "the litany of San Caetano." ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

Tropical Scotland

(Continued from page 141) Ed Wright's dryly insisting that they only decided to buy Arduaine because its freshwater springs made a "halfway decent cup of tea."

They have put their lives into the garden, sharing the physical labor of planting, fencing out vermin, making paths and ponds, and removing everything that doesn't belong, from weeds to windblown trees. Of the two, Ed is the more experienced plantsman, though both have a good idea of the possibilities and limitations of Arduaine, acknowledging that "when you take on something like this, you have to form your own garden around someone else's plants."

They understand each other well enough by now not to have to discuss what must be done from day to day. Unless one of them needs help, they rarely work together. "We set off in the morning from the cottage. I don't know what he's doing during the day, and he doesn't know what I'm doing. Because it's a big garden, you do tend to get lost."

A ruddy clear-eyed countryman with a laureate shock of gray hair, Ed Wright is cheerfully matter-of-fact about the obsessive pursuit he and his brother are engaged in. "You would call us eccentrics, I suppose. We spend all our time here, and a lot of people would be appalled at the idea of having to live their lives gardening. The trouble is you can never finish. Nature's always trying to beat you."

In Argyll a neglected garden will return to wilderness more rapidly than in drier climates as its owner grows old, loses interest, or can no longer afford its upkeep. Crarae, one of the great gardens of Scotland, has been fortunate in having a family succession of keen gardeners. The current owner's fa-

ther, Sir George Campbell, started to develop the main glen garden at Crarae in 1925. For the last ten years of his life, he was helped by his son, Ilay, who before joining Christie's had studied plant propagation at Windsor. Aware of the financial responsibilities in taking on ninety acres of rare and exotic flora, Sir Ilay allows with characteristic understatement that "it seemed quite an important thing to keep going."

A wild Highland glen on the shores of Loch Fyne, Crarae could easily be mistaken for a ravine in the foothills of the Himalayas. The steep climb up the side of a rushing burn is rewarded by dramatic views of loch and hill and the advantage of being able to see plants from above and below as one walks. There are surprises at every turn—a Himalayan magnolia glowing like a tree of light bulbs through a clearing, a carpet of wild violets and bluebells in a grove of Tasmanian snow gums, bloodred species of Chinese rhododendron growing beside cherry trees from Pennsylvania.

Sir George always disclaimed artistic gifts, insisting that he never landscaped or designed the garden at Crarae, just let it happen. But the subtle orchestration of leaf, flower, and form on such a grand scale could hardly have been accidental. Sir Ilay, who has his father's flair for choosing the right plant for the right spot, describes him as a "painter in plants who used as his canvas the dramatic Highland landscape to which he had fallen heir."

The danger in Argyll, where the common *R. ponticum* grows like a takeover bid from a hostile planet, is that gardens tend to become collections of rhododendron species. At Crarae the Campbells were determined not to let rhododendrons swamp other less showy shrubs and trees—species of embothrium, magnolia, malus, eucryphia, clethra, pittosporum, and styrax, to name a few—that interest them more.

"A rhododendron in a small suburban garden can be a loathsome thing," observes Sir Ilay, a diffident self-contained man who wears his considerable botanical knowledge lightly. "Here, as long as they are kept under control—I'm not very fond of massed color—they don't look too alien. I had an expert tell me once that the trouble with Crarae is that everything is hybrid, including the dog. I'm less concerned about what something is than what it looks like. The effect of a garden is what really matters."

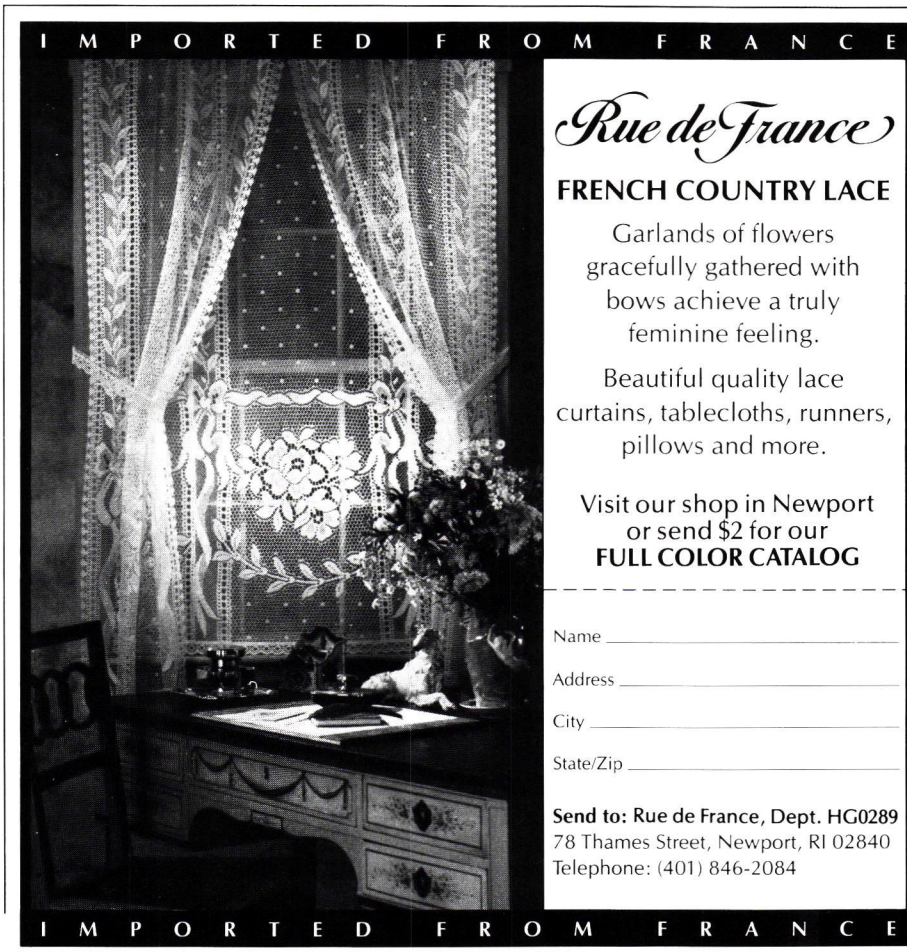
On a cliff above Loch Etive the woodland garden at Achnacloich starts close to the house. Protected by a fringe of tall Scots pine and larch, it slopes southward between two natural ridges in a series of hillocks and dells crossed by paths and, where water flows, wooden bridges. Arresting views of Mull and Ben Cruachan from scattered lookout points give the policies an unusual feeling of openness. Yet it remains an intimate garden, full of private corners, where one can enjoy a haunting fragrance, a particularly beautiful tree, or the drowsy hum of a half-wild peaceful place.

"I like a garden with nothing much in it," Jane Nelson, chatelaine of Achnacloich, suggests hesitantly, embarrassed by her reputation for being the most poetic gardener in the west. "I don't like to feel smothered in plants. It's nice to be able to see out to the hills in the distance. So many big gardens are just stuffed with things. It can be very exhausting."

Achnacloich has been in the Nelson family for a hundred years. Established before 1860, the garden, as it is today, was mostly laid out by Jane and her late husband, Ernest, who'd been inspired as a boy by his uncle, the celebrated plantsman F. R. S. Balfour of Dawyck. Other influences include the French painter Paul Maze, who was responsible for cutting down trees around the house to make more views. Before the Nelsons the estate belonged to kinsmen of Robert Louis Stevenson, though it's not known whether the great man himself ever stayed there. A frequent literary visitor in this century was John Buchan, who may well have found inspiration for *The Thirty-nine Steps* gazing out at Ben Cruachan from a secluded bench in the garden.

Achnacloich seems reasonably assured of future generations of green-thumbed Nelsons, but keeping up the great woodland gardens of Argyll is a continuous struggle for many owners. A garden inevitably loses its character when looked after by a committee; Sir Ilay Campbell nonetheless had to form a charitable trust to try to secure the future of Crarae. At Arduaine, the Wright brothers are trying to find someone suitable to take on their garden, on condition they be allowed to "keep an eye on things" for the rest of their gardening days.

Reflections of whoever own them, gardens, like houses, are never static. As they change and mature over the years, some continue to prosper, others slip back, or, abandoned altogether, revert to scrub. Fortunately for the Scottish west coast's heritage and those of us happy few who love to wander through these magical out-of-the-way places, there are rare people like Ed and Harry Wright who still want to adopt old gardens and make them their own. ♠



Goya

(Continued from page 111) terror. An apprehensive audience (no pregnant women permitted) would be locked in a dimly lit room and subjected to apparitions of the scariest kind—disembodied heads, phosphorescent demons, winged skulls—to an accompaniment of sepulchral groans, tolling bells, and a rattling as of skeletons. Goya apparently met Robertson and attended one of his phantasmagorias, hence the theatricality inherent in these paintings.

The forces of darkness that Goya denounced on his walls manifested themselves all too soon and all too palpably in his life. The bigots who returned to power did not take kindly to the subversive ideas that Goya expressed so graphically and Leocadia so outspokenly. It was once again time for caution. Less than five years after buying the quinta, Goya turned it over to his beloved grandson, Mariano, to stave off the threat of confiscation.

In the fall of 1824, Spain's greatest artist went into voluntary exile, first to Paris, then Bordeaux—a terrible wrench for a 78-year-old man in poor health who loved his country. He returned for a couple of brief visits to Spain, because he was still officially a court painter and depended for his livelihood on the king's bounty. However, he never lived at the quinta again. Goya's physical powers may have waned, but his imagination continued to soar. Witness the portraits, miniatures, and bullfight lithographs done in Bordeaux in the last five years before he died in April 1828.

While he lived at the quinta, Goya built on some rooms and decorated the place in style with elaborate wallpapers and moldings around the scary frescoes, which were in such contrast to the cheerful soirees he and Leocadia liked to organize. After his death, his heirs added fancy French fireplaces, a grand staircase, and a whole new wing, but they do not seem to have set much store by the unsalable Black Paintings. These were allowed to deteriorate. Financial problems eventually obliged the family to rent the property and, in 1859, to sell it. A developer bought it and turned it over four years later to yet another developer.

In 1873 a cunning Balzacian banker, Baron Frédéric Émil d'Erlanger, arrived in Madrid to snap up all available property to the west of the city. He had a theory, which is said to have netted him a vast fortune, that all the great European metropolises developed westward. And so the baron bought La Quinta del Sordo, not for the view or the frescoes—these were a mere bonus—but for the coincidence of its orientation. Nevertheless, he had all fourteen paintings removed from the walls and mounted on canvas; he then arranged for them to be exhibited first in Madrid, later at the Paris Exposition of 1878. The French public showed little interest. Critics were mostly uncomprehending; even the more progressive artists were not as mesmerized as they should have been. Judging these masterpieces of little value, the baron donated them to the Prado, to the great regret of his descendants.

Its walls agape with holes, the quinta was ripe for demolition. After the baron's death in 1911, this duly took place, and the property was sold off in lots. The area is now covered with hideous blocks of workers' dwellings erected by the trade unions in the early sixties. Meanwhile the Black Goyas are safe, if not exactly sound, in the Prado, where they have recently been reinstalled against unsuitably pale beige velvet. A pity no attempt was made to simulate the dark patterned wallpaper revealed by the newly discovered photographs to have been the artist's choice of background. This would have been aesthetically appropriate as well as historically accurate. All the same, visitors to the current exhibition are urged to round off their experience of Goya by making a pilgrimage to the Prado to see how the walls of the deaf man's house have fared. ♠

Bass

(Continued from page 89) within precisely defined parameters—a man-made garden that seems to have been there forever.

However natural the garden appears, it is not self-maintaining. "I knew I wanted it to be laid out correctly—to look attractive—but I didn't know it would end up requiring so much attention. I didn't plan on its taking over my life," says Mrs. Bass.

It takes a full-time staff of five, whose rigorous organization includes daily worksheets and biweekly photographic and audio records of every tree, shrub, and plant on the estate. The head gardeners, a highly trained, personable husband-and-wife team, Susan Urshel and Paul Schmidt, are, if possible, as passionate about the garden as their employer is. Of course, they have their own repertoire of stories about Russell Page, whom they loved and feared in equal measure. According to Urshel, "with Mr. Page, you had to throw out everything you learned in school. It seemed as though he tossed plants together at random, but there was always a pattern in his mind, and if you moved something, he'd always catch it. He would point in the general direction of this plant or that and bark instructions using Latin names, and we were never quite sure what he was pointing at until we finally got him a stick."

Predictably, Page had little tolerance for the peculiarities of the local garden suppliers. He demanded twine, not string; secateurs, not shears; proper pine stakes from North Carolina rather than the bamboo sticks available in Texas. Based on his extensive experience with hot arid climates, he was determined to use plant material in the Bass garden that would flourish in Fort Worth. He succeeded with some that had rarely been seen in the area, including buddleia, false indigo, and evergreen clematis, among other hardy varieties. For Susan Urshel and Paul Schmidt, tending the garden four years after its designer's death is not merely a matter of hard work but of "keeping the spirit of Mr. Page alive."

Anne Bass approaches her garden with the same rigorous attention to detail she brings to other aspects of her complicated life, including ballet and literature. "Mrs. Bass knows exactly what she wants—perfection," notes Susan Urshel, and more often than not in the imperfect and humbling world of gardening, she gets it.

Like any true gardener, Mrs. Bass also dreams of beginning all over again, of making gardens in other places—in Italy, perhaps, or in Provence with its forgiving climate and hospitable soil—a garden fragrant with jasmine, lavender, gardenia, thumbergia, and her beloved old-fashioned roses, a garden with water to soothe the ear and "bring the sky to the earth," silky grass, olive trees, or maybe the all-white flower garden she's always wanted, filled with lily of the valley, hydrangeas, lacecap, and oakleaf, which will look its most beautiful in the moonlight. Her only regret is that Russell Page will not be there to advise and encourage her. In the end he was much more than just her landscape architect. He was her teacher, her mentor, and her friend. He helped her daughters with their homework and shared her fondness for scented geraniums, high fashion, and afternoon tea. Judging from the garden that they created together in the "wasteland" of Westover Hills, they were a championship team. ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

Resources

TRAVEL

Pages 46, 48 For customized tours of European country houses and gardens: **British Isles** Abercrombie & Kent, 1420 Kensington Rd., Oak Brook, IL 60521, (800) 323-7308, in Illinois (312) 954-2944 (England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales); Country Homes & Castles, 4092 North Ivy Rd. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30342, (404) 231-5837 (England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales); Country House Tours, 71 Waterloo Rd., Dublin 4, Ireland, 1-686-463 (Ireland); Heritage Circle, Rowallan Castle, Kilmarnock, Aryshire KA3-2LP, Scotland, 563-38254 (Great Britain, Ireland); Irish Georgian Society, Leixlip Castle, Leixlip, Co. Kildare, Ireland, 1-244211 (Ireland); Missenden Tours, Oak Tree House, Stoke Mandeville, Aylesbury, Bucks HP22 5UX, England, 29661-3027 (England, Scotland, Wales); Royal Oak Foundation, 285 West Broadway, New York, NY 10013, (212) 966-6565 (England, Wales, Northern Ireland); Sotheby's, 30 Oxford St., London W1R 1RE, England, 1-408-1100 (England and Scotland). **France** B & D de Vogüé, 1830 South Mooney Blvd., Box 1998, Visalia, CA 93279, (800) 727-4748; Friends of Vieilles Maisons Françaises, 180 Maiden Lane, New York, NY 10038, (212) 734-1651. **Italy** Venezia Privata, San Marco 2906, 30124 Venice, 41-522-8321. **Portugal** Promoções e Ideias Turisticas, Alto da Pampilheira Torre D-2, 8-A, 2750 Cascais, 286-79-58; Turismo de Habitação, Turihab, Praca da Repùblica, 4990 Ponte de Lima, 58-942335.

FAST FORWARD

Page 78 Beacon cotton blankets, c. 1935, and Pendleton wool blankets, 1900–1930, $95–$650 ea, at Kelter-Malcé, NYC (212) 989-6760. Pair of Art Deco leather club chairs, $8,500 ea, American steer-horn armchair, $2,750, antler console table with carving, $6,000, rustic twig armchairs with bamboo slat seats, $1,500 ea, all at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Pre-1900 Navajo rugs (Transitional blankets), $3,000–$7,000 ea, at Streets of Taos, Santa Fe (505) 983-8268. **79** 1920s Adirondack chaise with rattan seat, $1,650, twig and bentwood armchair with inlaid seat, $1,800, both at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. **81** Adirondack rocking chair, early 1900s, $1,295, at Kelter-Malcé, NYC (212) 989-6760. **82** Louise Bourgeois's *Spring*, at Robert Miller Gallery, NYC (212) 980-5454. **83** Loetz silver-mounted vase, $2,700, at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950.

NORTH OF THE BORDER

Page 92 Indian wedding chest, $8,000, similar ones at K. Spiegelman Interiors, West Hollywood (213) 273-2255. Rolled-arm sofa designed by Sally Sirkin Lewis, to the trade at J. Robert Scott, Los Angeles; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, San Francisco; **94** Reproduction wrought-iron chairs, $485 ea, and yucca poles, $49 ea, both at K. Spiegelman Interiors (see above). **95** Reproduction French campaign table, $830, *Aloe gainesii*, $1,750, both at K. Spiegelman Interiors (see above). Antique kilims, $1,200–$6,000, at K. Spiegelman Interiors (see above).

ESCAPE TO NORMANDY

Page 96 Cast-aluminum Ice chair with poem, designed by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray for Neotu, Paris. Limited edition available by special order through Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. **98–99** Tiffany damask, 51" wide, $202.50 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Hinson, Los Angeles; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Rist, Washington, D.C. Cast-aluminum frame with horns, cast-aluminum Memory side table, both designed by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray for Neotu, Paris. Limited edition available by special order through Furniture of the Twentieth Century (212) 929-6023. Cast-aluminum stools, available by special order through Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray (see Address Book below). **102–103** Log bench with cast-aluminum wings, available by special order through Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray (see Address Book below). **104** Bronze-and-oak floor lamps with aluminum antlers, sold as a set of four, available by special order through Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray (see Address Book below). Fornasetti buttons, $150, the set of 6 at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. **105** Handpainted bedcover designed by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray and available by special order through them (see Address Book below).

EASTON MEETS MIDWEST

Page 112 Red custom gauffrage velvet on stools to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **113** Curtains of Faille du Barry and patterned chair fronts in Vaison Brocaded Stripe, both to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Chair backs in Zerlina Check, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Sofa in Veronese Antique custom gauffrage velvet, plain armchairs in San Marco Cannetille custom silk, and bench in Dangeau velvet—all to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). **114** Chairs in Calais French fabric, 50" wide, $96 yd, to the trade at Fonthill, Marion-Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania, Los Angeles; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. **118** Love seat and curtains in Maintenon, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy, Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. Bed in Medici velvet, 51" wide, $104.25 yd, to the trade at Bergamo, Ernest Gaspard, Atlanta; Fortune, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; J.E.H./Denver; Keith H. McCoy, Los Angeles; Delk-Morrison, New Orleans; Ian Wall, NYC; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Regency House, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle; Marion-Kent, Washington, D.C. **119** Czardis Square carpet in Wilton weave, to the trade at Stark, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Laguna Niguel, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Nina Fawn fabric on chair at right, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above).

HE'S THE TOPS

Page 121 Ferrara woven stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see listing for page 112). **125** Les Faisans Glazed Chintz and Albi Plain Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils.

COLLECTING

Page 158 Interior views available from: **Artists** M. Leliwa Fenwick c/o Philippe Farley, 157 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 472-1622; Jeremiah Goodman, 300 East 59 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 750-9097; Ralph Harvard at R. Brooke, 138½ East 80 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 628-3255; James Hewson, 21 Hillsboro Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5R 1S6, (416) 921-8059; Eric Ismay, 580 McAllister St., #408, San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 552-9638; Craig Johnston, 411 Orchard St., Cranford, NJ 07016, (201) 276-4503; Johnny Karwan, 1430 Waller St., San Francisco, CA 94117, (415) 552-3299; Todd Lovett, 616 Diamond St., San Francisco, CA 94114, (415) 647-5547; Richard Neas, 157 East 71 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-1878; David Redmond, 1094 Union St., San Francisco, CA 94133, (415) 776-8336; James Steinmeyer, 323 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 752-1114. **Dealers** W. Graham Arader III, 29 East 72 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 628-3668; 560 Sutter St., San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 788-5115; 620 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 337-6033; 1308 Walnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19107, (215) 735-8811; Branca, 112 West Illinois St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 822-0751; Florence de Dampierre, 16 East 78 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 734-6764; Golden Calf, 5881 Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15232, (412) 441-1188; Stephanie Hoppen, 305 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 753-0175; 17 Walton St., London SW3 2HX, 1-589-3678; 9 Sultan St., Toronto, Ontario M5S 1L6, (416) 925-7459; Michael Parkin Fine Art Gallery, 11 Motcomb St., London SW1X 8LB, 1-235-8144; Philadelphia Print Shop, 8441 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19118, (215) 242-4750; Shepherd Gallery, 21 East 84 St., New York, NY 10028, (212) 861-4050; Stubbs Books & Prints, 835 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-3120; Ursus Books & Prints, 981 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-8787.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

ADDRESS BOOK

The decorators, architects, and landscape architects whose work is featured in this issue:

Bilhuber
Jeff Bilhuber, Tom Scheerer, 19 East 65 St. New York, NY 10021; (212) 517-7673

Cummin Associates
1105 Massachusetts Ave., Suite 2E, Cambridge MA 02138; (617) 868-0422

David Anthony Easton
323 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022
(212) 486-6704

Frank Garretson
Robin Hill Lane, Lakeville, CT 06039
(203) 435-0013

Paul Mathieu & Michael Ray Decorateurs
92, rue Quincampoix, 75003 Paris, France
42-77-17-66

Duarte Pinto-Coelho
Plaza de la Paja 10, Madrid 28005, Spain
1-26-57-61-4

K. Spiegelman Interiors
623 North Almont Dr., West Hollywood, CA 90069; (213) 273-2255

House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9016. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada, $38 for one year, $74 for two years. Elsewhere, $43 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4, Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1989 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322 or call (800) 525-0643.** Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to House & Garden Magazine, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017.

Miss Jekyll's Garden

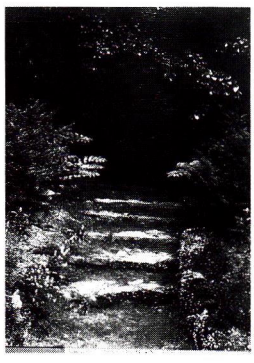
The private photo albums of the legendary horticulturist—rediscovered

Despite her rise in recent years to cult status as a horticulturist, Gertrude Jekyll's role as a designer of English gardens has long been underestimated. It has been commonly, but falsely, believed that it was the architect Edwin Lutyens, her partner, who actually landscaped the gardens of their many collaborative projects. And her own garden, Munstead Wood in West Surrey, the proof of her genius, deteriorated shortly after her death in 1932 and today has all but disappeared.

Now, a traveling exhibition of 101 newly printed photographs, taken between 1888 and 1914, from her extensively illustrated diary-notebooks—"Gertrude Jekyll: A Vision of Garden and Wood," February 16–May 5 at the PaineWebber gallery in New York City—and a book by the show's curators, Michael Van Valkenburg and Judith Tankard Sagapress/Abrams, $35), will quickly correct the misconception.

Jekyll's unmistakable style—influenced by the aesthetics of the Arts and Crafts movement, the color theories of the Impressionist painters, and the enframement techniques of the antique patchwork quilts she collected—is marked by an extensive palette of flowers ingeniously arranged within green herbaceous borders.

For Gertrude Jekyll, whom Lutyens affectionately dubbed Aunt Bumps, Mother of All Bulbs, the spiritual rewards of a garden were as much in the nurturing it demanded as in the enjoyment of it at the peak of its beauty and, as she once noted, "the nearest thing we can know to the mighty force of creation." **Ellen Williams**



The vanished world of Munstead Wood. Clockwise from top: Jekyll's gardener dressed as a monk beside a stand of Cardiocrinum giganteum; the Spring Garden, carefully graded from pale to deep colors; the house, designed by Edwin Lutyens in the early 1890s; steps from the Hidden Garden; borders of pale yellow and pink flowers leading to a gate of pleached laburnum trees.

COLLEGE OF ENVIRONMENTAL DESIGN, DOCUMENTS COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY