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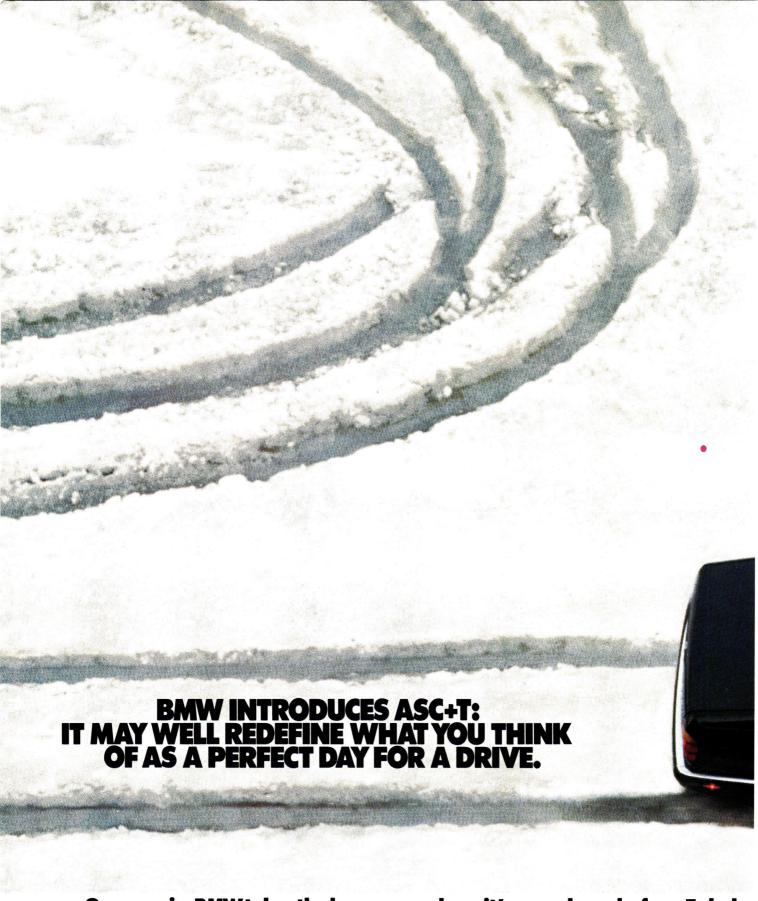
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COVER Audrey
Hepburn, wearing
Ralph Lauren, at
Hidcote Manor
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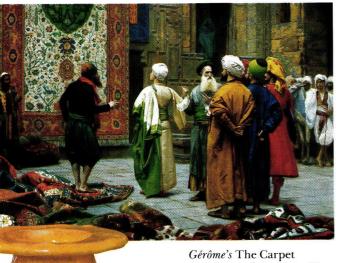
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JANUARY



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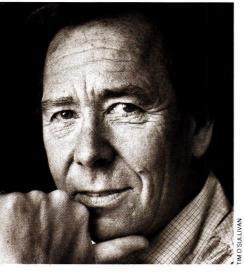


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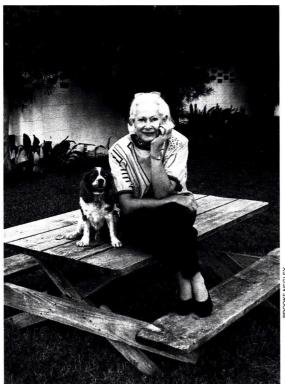
Snowdon enjoyed a double treat on his latest assignment for HG-he not only captured the beauty of the Hidcote Manor Garden but photographed Audrey Hepburn as well. Snowdon, who took up photography after failing his architecture exams at Cambridge—"I spent too much time on the river with the rowing crew"-was enchanted by the actress. "I've admired her in films like Funny Face and Roman Holiday longer than anyone I know. I was thrilled, and very much in awe, to work with her.'





Rhoda Koenig, New York magazine's book reviewer and Punch's theater critic, ventures to Italy to examine the world of landscape architect Paolo Peyrone. A New York native, Koenig has little opportunity to garden in the London flat she shares with conservatory designer Peter Marston and Montgomery, her Welsh terrier, but doesn't regret having moved there. "I lived half my life in New York, one of the two greatest cities in the world, so I decided to spend the second half of my life in the other."

Nancy Holmes, whose latest novel Nobody's Fault appears in paperback this month, writes about the San Miguel de Allende hacienda of her friends and fellow Texans Elton and Martha Hyder. "The place is a houseguest's utopia. Every room is filled with extraordinary artifacts, from Mexico, Turkey, India, from everywhere." The peripatetic Holmes lives in New York City and San Antonio and is at work on a new novel to be published next year.



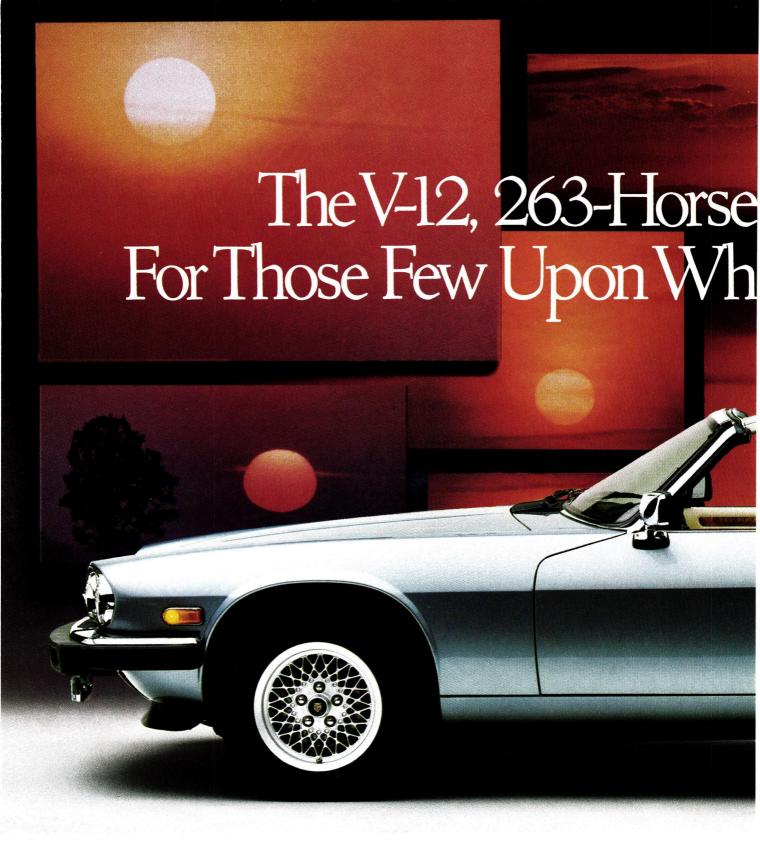
Barbara Hanson Pierce says she found a "real soul mate" when writing about decorator Bunny Williams: "We have so much in common. We're about the same age, both live in federal-style houses, and both love dogs and chintz." Pierce is a freelance writer who divides her time between Manhattan and Millbrook, New York, with her husband, Charles Pierce, director of the Pierpont Morgan Library.





Susanna Moore, who received a PEN Ernest Hemingway citation for her first novel, My Old Sweetheart, explores the extensive art and furniture collections of Tiffany's design director John Loring. "He's chosen his pieces with care-rummaging through flea markets and buying directly from artists—and it shows. It's an idiosyncratic assemblage that blends in remarkably well with his apartment." When not teaching her fictionwriting seminar at Yale or writing, Moore collects oriental art.





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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



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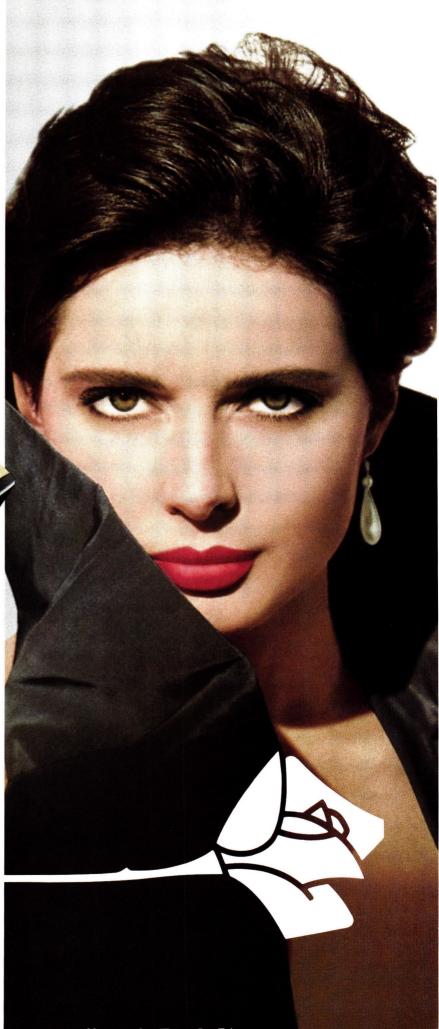
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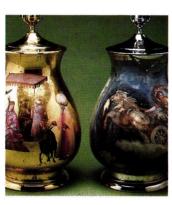
LANCÔME PARIS







Island Reverie Jean Louis Ménard and Daniel Rozensztroch's Ilios collection bed (above) is from Portico, NYC (212) 941-7800.



Bright Ideas Italian reversepainted glass lamps (left) are imported by Reymer-Jourdan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-4470.

Mixed Doubles A new collection of fabrics and wallcoverings, including Tennis Afternoon (below), is available to the trade at Lynn Starling, NYC (212) 371-0103.





AUCTIONS & SHOWS

Seventh Regiment Armory, NYC: "Winter Antiques Show," Jan. 26-Feb. 3. Furniture of the 20th Century, NYC: "Something for Everyone," Jan. 28. Christie's, NYC: the Marcos

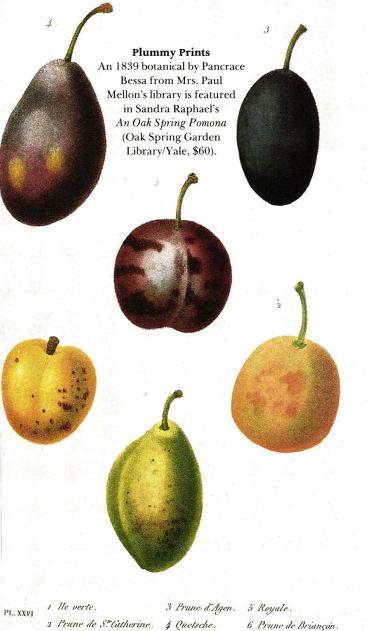
silver collection, Jan. 10. Grogan & Co., Boston: American and European fine art, Jan. 31. Skinner's, Bolton, Mass.: Americana, Jan. 12; art glass, Jan. 18; arts and crafts furniture and decoration, Jan. 26. Sotheby's, NYC: English furniture and decoration, Jan. 26; Americana, Jan. 31-Feb. 2. Weschler's, Washington, D.C.: American furniture and decoration, Jan. 12.



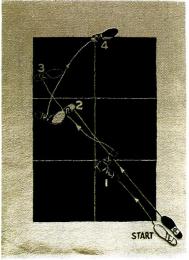
SHOWHOUSES

The Entertaining People Benefit Committee, with honorary chairman Barbara Bush, hosts its ninth annual designers' showcase, Feb. 13-17, in Washington, D.C. HG's

Nancy Novogrod will speak Feb. 13. For information call (202) 332-7469.



Rose Sips Christian Tortu's teapot and cup (above) were made for Bouquets Insolites (E.P.A., Paris, \$75). Call (1) 49-11-177.



Watch Your Steps Stepping Out— Male (above) and other new hand-tufted rugs are at Groundplans/J. Harrow Design, NYC (212) 888-9366 by appt.



Mini-Wheats A Nebraska harvest (above), \$178, comes from Cris Anne's in Lincoln. Call (800) 334-3810.

Sterling Opportunity James Brown's silver vases with coral handles (*below*) are available in pairs through the Société des Amis du Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris (1) 42-78-22-66.



Side by Side A reproduction cast-iron tête-à-tête (above), \$890, is a Spanish import at Victor Antiques, NYC (212) 941-9193.



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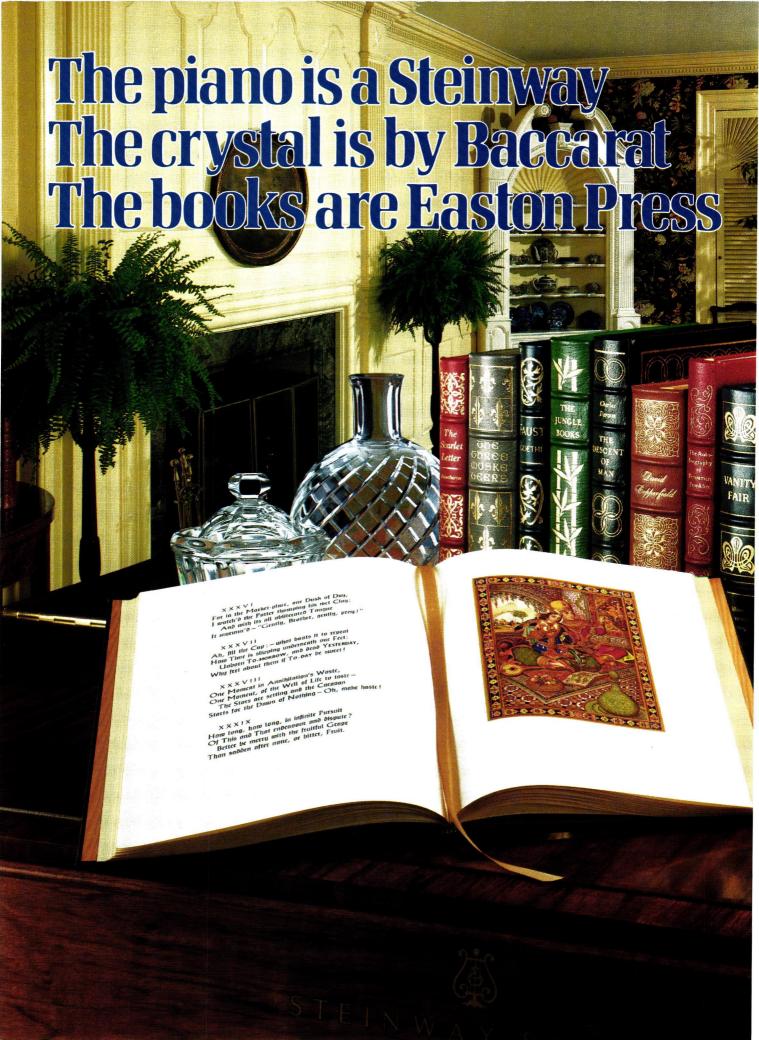
If your tastes are somewhat special, take a good look at the new built-in kitchen appliances from Gaggenau. You'll find that each of them features an unequalled combination of functionality, high quality materials, superior workmanship, and the sheer beauty of clean design. This is in fact why Gaggenau's built-in kitchen equipment has merited the Good Design Award so frequently.

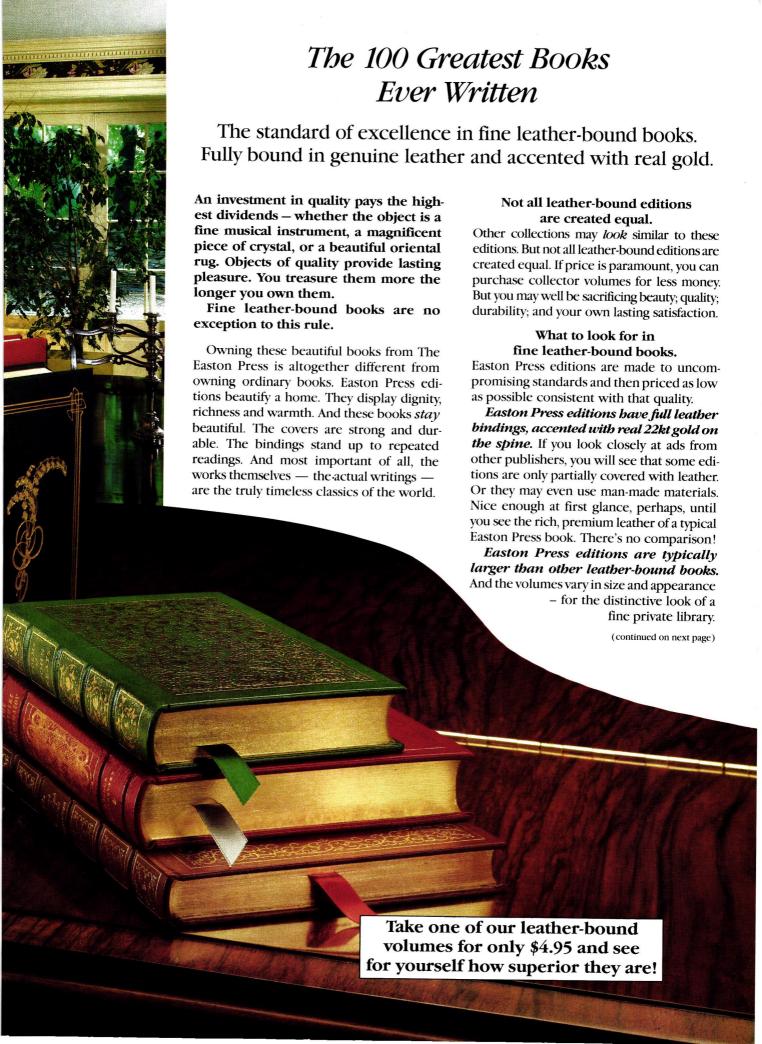
The new line from Gaggenau is uniquely geared toward cooking with a difference. The built-in oven, the built-in gas hob, the glass ceramic hob, the electric barbecue grill, the electric deep fryer, the hob ventilator, the exhaust hood, and the automatic dishwasher – all of these units are patently different from your common, every day appliances. They are unmistakably Gaggenau – and they are made in Germany.

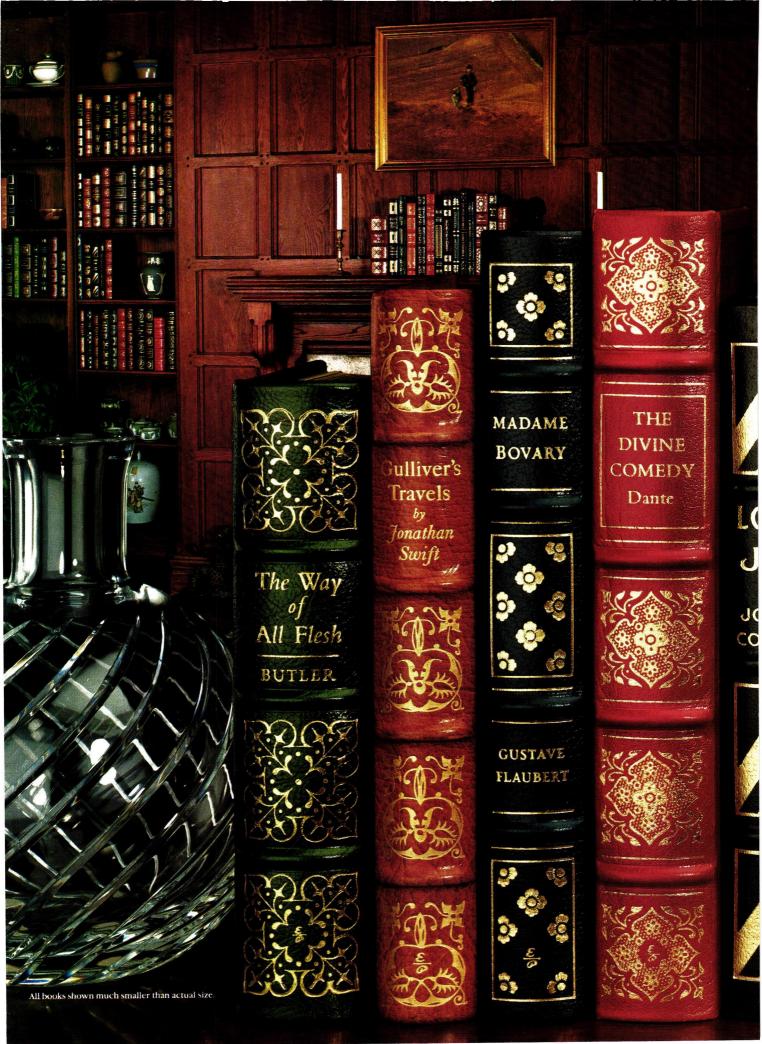
Would you like to learn more about Gaggenau? If so the new comprehensive brochure is yours by sending \$5 to Gaggenau USA Corporation, Dept. C-2, 425 University Avenue, Norwood, Massachusetts 02062.

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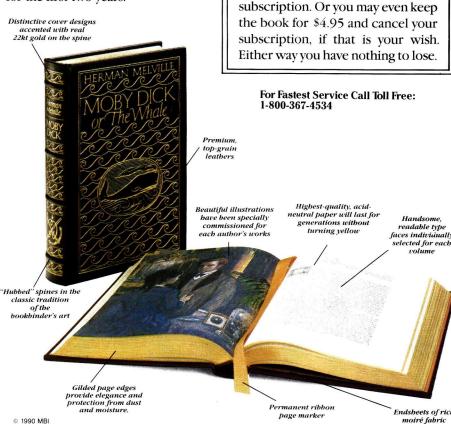
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Going Dutch

Furniture by two
designers from
Holland arrives in
New York via Paris
By Heather Smith
Macisaac

It is a good thing that Arnold Van Geuns and Clemens Rameckers decided long ago to be identified simply as Ravage (a reduction of their surnames), because their Dutch monikers are difficult to pronounce—especially in Paris, their adopted hometown—and their work is difficult to label. Fashion has been their mainstay for two decades, but two years ago the partners added furniture to their repertoire. "What bothered us," explains Van Geuns,

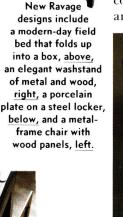
"was that something had to sell in two months or it was out of fashion. We wanted to make things that last."

Ravage's first collection of furniture was certainly built to last. Says Van Geuns, "It was concerned with allegory and spirituality and was

physically heavy—too heavy." Their second domestic environment, which debuts this month at Neotu in New York, is, by contrast, all about portability. Taking their cue from campaign furniture, the partners have used shades of gray, or "noncolors," and graphic images inspired by heraldry, weaponry, and the vanity of warriors for made-to-travel pieces. A metal bed, with its striped mattress, folds up into a box; a locker with fabric sides attached by snaps looks like a safe and acts like a bedside table; a washstand ornamented with silhouettes of sheep and exploding grenades collapses for transport. Folding screens, a table for "strategizing battle," mirrors, chairs, rugs, blankets, pillows, and plates round out the collection.

"For us a story cannot be told with one chair," says Van Geuns. In shaping their narratives, the designers concentrate on balance—between the plain and the decorated, black

and white, historical and modern. Self-described "history freaks," they tap periods in a playful way—the clock on the mantel in their apartment is made of cardboard because no antique clock would have been right. "We are not so much interested in reality," sums up Van Geuns, "as in creating an atmosphere." (Neotu, 133 Greene St., New York, NY 10012; 212-982-0210) •



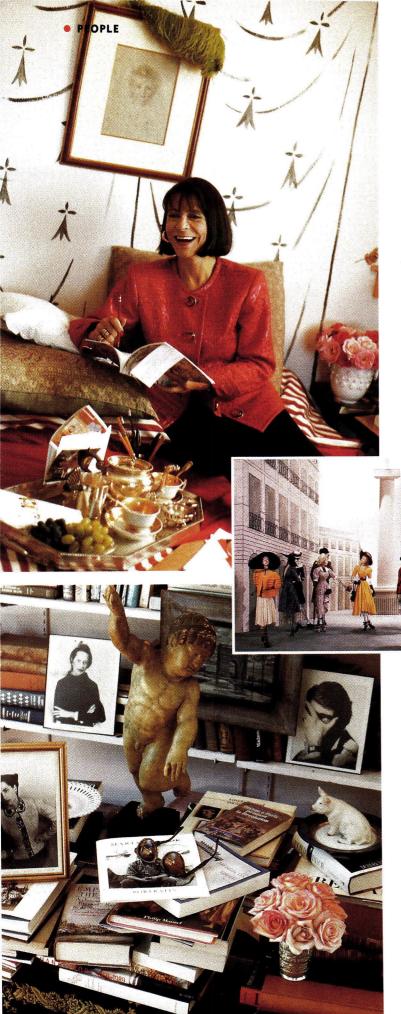


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Fashioning a Style

Costume curator Katell le Bourhis is a connoisseur of chic, past and present

BY ANDREW SOLOMON

atell le Bourhis, associate curator for special projects at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, lives in the world between. She brings cerebral focus to glamour, and she brings elegance to the most desiccated of intellectual arguments. She gives the foil of substance to what is light and amusing, and she finds the comedy in what is dreadful and incomprehensible. Katell lives at the elusive point where what is different about things is subsumed by what is the same about them, and it is this energetically universal vision that makes you feel, when you are with her, that anything is possible, that anything, indeed, is likely.

Her apartment in New York is also a matter of between: full of beautiful things but also a bit dilapidated, rather comfortable but also rather formal, carefully planned but also quite casual. I remember Katell saying, perhaps ten years ago, "There is no such thing as comfortable clothing. A woman

should be comfortable knowing that her clothes make her look great." So too her apartment: you are overwhelmed by a sense of the elegant appropriateness of everything in it. The view across Central Park and the reservoir is the focus. Katell, who grew up by the water in Brittany, says, "I couldn't live in New York if I weren't surrounded by water and light." The pale pink walls in her living room have a tiny black motif of the Brittany em-

blem hand-painted by her friend Paulin Paris, and there are some bamboo trees and a leopard-print rug. The bedroom is carpeted in red—"terrible carpeting, synthetic, but in that perfect seventeenth-century red. If only they had a real Poussin blue as well!"

Dolls model 1940s

above, in the Met's

Paris fashions,

"Théâtre de la Mode," staged by

Katell le Bourhis,

above left. Left:

photographs of

Books, figures, and

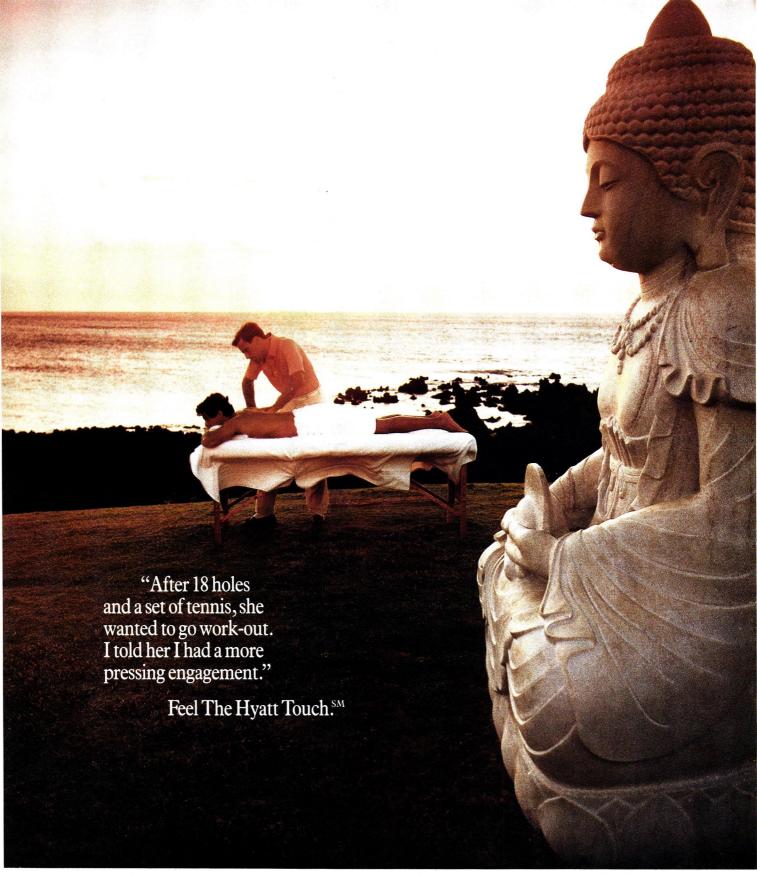
Yves Saint Laurent and Diana Vreeland

fill a corner of le

Bourhis's living room. Details see

Resources.

The sofas are covered with shawls, which change and move depending on Katell's mood, the season of the year, what she chooses to wear. "This one is Chinese," she



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For Katell, dress is as rich in meaning as art



says, "from the late eighteenth century, and belonged to my grandmother. This one was a gift from Yves Saint Laurent. This one is Valentino, copied from a Savonnerie carpet." The objects on end tables also change: "Variety is luxury. I keep things out for a little while, and when I am tired of them, I put them away. Then when I find I miss them, I take them out again and put away some other things." So the gold and pearl knife she uses

to open letters may be cached in favor of a silver candlestick or a book. "They are my only important things, my books. We all learn to read at school, and then we never need to be alone again. Books are

the great equalizer; they are for us all."

Katell le Bourhis was educated in France and in the United States. In 1980, Diana Vreeland, whom she knew socially, asked her to help research her costume exhibition "The Eighteenth Century Woman" at the Metropolitan. "I never meant to stay," Katell says. "But I was honored that Mrs. Vreeland, whom I esteemed so much, trusted me entirely, and I felt that her trust was an extraordinary event in my life, something on which I could not turn my back." As time went on and Vreeland's eyesight began to fail, Katell was like an undimmed set of eyes for her, describing the world in the terms in which she would have seen it had her vision remained perfect. Since Vreeland's death, Katell has conceived "The Age of Napoleon" and "Théâtre de la Mode," which runs through April 14 and which re-creates

a 1946 traveling exhibition of Paris fashions on dolls with sets by painters and designers of the time.

I have seen Katell emerge from the Met at eleven at night flushed with excitement because she had won the battle for a pair of gloves or a fan or a petticoat which she knew would make her exhibition perfect. I have seen Katell with people who had refused loans to her exhibitions, talking about the importance of what she does, and I have seen those people capitulate, overwhelmed half by the lucidity of her arguments and half by the sheer delight of being with her. For Katell, costume is as rich in meaning as painting. "You must ask why," she says. "Why did they wear it?" Katell's exhibitions are not anecdotal; they are about people's biases and values.

The world of between is the world of humanity. It is difficult to champion a high morality when you are stag-

Painters and designers created the "Théâtre" sets, above. Left: Couture jewelry and hair bows are displayed on le Bourhis's dressing table. Below: The living room is both formal and comfortable.

ing exhibitions of old dresses, but Katell does so with equanimity. She is one of those rare people who not only charm you but also find your own hidden charms. That is the nature of her generosity. A car accident in 1985 almost killed her, and she has recovered slowly. In the face of such trauma, she has shown herself to be not only clever and stylish but also deeply courageous. "After much waiting, I think I have found some peace," says Katell. She has also brought some peace to the people around her. In the exotically eclectic circles she inhabits, the grandest and the most modest alike find a repose from the pettiness of ordinary people, ordinary lives.



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The Roses of Winter

Through snow and sleet the hellebore blooms on By Ann Lovejoy





not especially apt, for although the plant may well boast a blossom or two by late December, it is seldom in full flower for another month or so, even where winters are gentle. January brings out the rosy buds of H. orientalis, the Lenten rose, a better named relative that blooms continuously through late winter into spring. Both species of hellebore are delightful adjuncts to the winter garden, where their leathery, lustrous leaves of richest green contrast attractively with feathery blue juniper, sprawling rosemary, tidy sweet box (sarcococca), and bushy gray lavender.

white Christmas rose. The name is



the toughest of their clan, respectively hardy to USDA zones 3 and 5. It is a universally handsome family, filled with garden-worthy species, most of which will thrive cheerfully in zones 6-8. Perhaps the least rare of these is the European native, H. foetidus, or stinking hellebore. It deserves a nicer name, for stink it does not, unless mishandled, and few plants have a finer presence. Its dark, elegantly tapered leaves and frothy ice-green new growth set off festoons of jadegreen flowers rimmed in plum, which linger for months. This husky species can hold its own in any company, the great spoked wheels of its leaves providing attractive textural contrast when grouped among small rhododendrons and daphnes. H. lividus corsicus (also known as H. argutifolius) holds similar bunches of cool green flowers above mottled leaves

The relative rarity of hellebores is curious, for most are easily grown and remarkably long-lived when

that seem cut from green-veined

marble or frosted sea glass.

In winter, the garden is cold and quiet. Most plants are sleeping peacefully, but in a sheltered corner out of the reach of scouring winds, a cluster of brave blossoms emerges through the snow. Tucked away between protective shrubs, the roses of winter bloom and unfurl their plump, tightly wrapped buds amid a ruff of evergreen leaves, toothed and glossy. Nodding at first, then lifting soft shining faces to the sky, the earliest winter roses are large and pale, their five ivory petals brushed with green or faded purple,

a gilded spray of stamens glittering at the heart. As winter drags on, pinker cousins arrive, tinted in old rose, mauve, and muted burgundy. Not true roses, these are hellebores, the sturdy perennials commonly called Christmas and Lenten roses. Once held to cure madness, these medicinal plants of antiquity are now much sought after for the subtle color and classic form that can indeed soothe winter-crazed gardeners.

November sees the first heavy buds rising from beneath the long divided leaflets of *Helleborus niger*, the

HG JANUARY 1991

their moderate needs are met. They thrive in heavy humus-rich soils, which are damp in winter and dry in summer, preferring a neutral or slightly alkaline environment to an acid one. When planted in good soil, their needs are modest to an extreme; an annual autumnal feeding mulch of aged manure and compost will maintain their health indefinitely. A light trim to remove aging foliage is sufficient to keep hellebores tidy throughout the year. (Caution: the entire plant is poisonous.) Grooming will also help prevent leaf spot diseases (a problem far less common here than in England). In a larg-

er setting, older leaves and the depredations of slugs do not detract from the charms of a sweep of full-blown hellebores, but you may want to use slug bait around plants given prominent positions in a small garden. Set it out early to reduce un-

sightly damage, for slugs gnaw the buds of leaf and flower alike.

Although hellebores will tolerate a good deal of winter sun, they bloom best when given year-round dappled shade. This predilection makes them ideal companions for dwarf conifers and rhododendrons, visually as well as culturally, since masses of hellebores soften and unite groupings of stolid evergreens. Shallow bays between the shrubs give hellebores a firm winter setting and shelter the blossoms from wind and frost.

Striking in every season, showy bloomers at a time when flowers are scarce, bothered by few pests, largely undemanding—why aren't such plants as common as peonies? In fact, hellebores were well known to our ancestors, but perhaps because they do not transplant readily and resent frequent division, they did not follow the Oregon Trail with the rose, the lilac, the peony, and the iris. While it is true that hellebores recover slowly from division and transplanting, the stress can be minimized by improving their future soil with

compost and aged manure. Plants grown in pots transplant readily, but they too will do better if given the benefit of soil amendments.

Hellebores make exceptional cut flowers in winter, for their dewy freshness has none of the artificiality associated with unseasonal blooms. There are many tricks for preserving their good looks for extended periods, but success seems idiosyncratic, so experiment freely to find what works under your garden conditions. *H. niger* is perhaps the most reliable cut flower, staying fresh for upwards of a week without special preparation. Older cut flowers,

which have parchmenttextured petals, will also keep their beauty in water without unusual treatment.

Other hellebores are quirky, responding now to one technique, now to another. The best results are gained by cutting flowers early

in the day and plunging them into hot water at once-you must lug a jar or bucket into the garden. Immerse each flower up to its neck, but don't get the blossoms wet. Once in the house, you may slice the bottom couple of inches of each stem into five or six strips, or slit each stalk up one side with a sharp knife clear to the first set of leaves. Sticking the stems into boiling water for a minute or two will often do the trick, as will searing the cut ends briefly with a candle flame. Each of these techniques would seem to contradict the others, yet all are often successful and none is foolproof. Perhaps the most reliable way to enjoy hellebore blossoms is to float each in a small bowl, to be appreciated at close hand.

There are diminutive hellebores to grace the smallest gardens, and statuesque ones fit for the grandest estate borders. With encouragement and time, a few plants will build into a colony, but even a singleton can brighten the bleakest months for many years to come.

(For hellebore suppliers see Resources.)

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Bathroom Baroque

A writer finds incomparable opulence between his mother's tub and basin

BY STUART GREENSPAN

Por years I have been making fun of my mother's taste, or what I believed was her lack of it. In particular, what she has done with the bathroom at the head of the stairs, the one that can't help hitting you in the eye as you ascend. Just thinking about the visual cacophony, the mess of objects, useful and otherwise,

would make me gag. On a recent visit home, however, I began to reconsider my position.

Where Venice collides with the New Jersey suburbs is where the bathroom lies. In terms of decoration she and I have always been light-years apart. My own taste is simple to the point of being devoid of personality. Hers, on the other hand, is ripe to overripe with her special character, which is, after all, the hallmark of any successful decoration, whether one says it is in good taste, bad taste, or lacking in taste altogether.

The house my parents built thirty-five years ago was a standard split-level—an architectural abomination of the fifties if ever there was one. The bathroom was originally quite typical, of moderate size with all the necessary amenities; tiled in beige and brown, it had accent touches of aqua and gold and matching towels and a shower curtain monogrammed with initials that I could never figure out. But little by little things changed. What had been a basic dull utilitarian affair gave way to flash and style and, yes, excess.

The transformation began a generation ago when Mother papered over the walls and ceiling

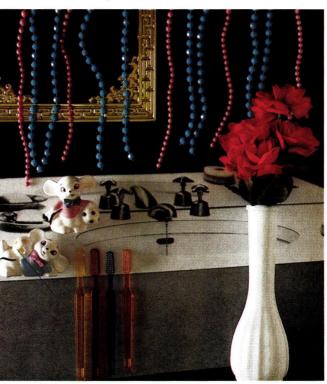
in a baroque print. It is a foil paper with glimmers of gold and silver peeking through lavish swirls in a brooding rainbow of

colors ranging from rose to blue to brown. (The fact that she was helped in selecting the paper by my then mother-in-law and that my marriage fell apart shortly afterward partly explains my antipathy toward it.) The paper's effect is so rich, like a stained-glass window gone bad, that I could hardly believe Mother would bring in another thing to stand up to it. But in this I was wrong. Mother made the effort to embellish the ensemble, and she succeeded heroically.

To begin with, she discovered some cheap (I hope!) blue and pink plastic beads that she draped over the win-

dow shades and flung, for good measure, over a couple of the several towel racks. Where some people would be satisfied with a single rack, she has at least seven, and more if you count the purely decorative ones of heavy brass supporting the heaps of guest hand towels that no one ever uses. Most people too, I think, would be satisfied with a single tissue-holder. Not surprisingly, she is not. In addition to the original chevron-patterned metal holder, there's a blue wicker model that matches two wicker wastebaskets. Another box sits on top of the toilet, of which there is only one, thank goodness, and no coordinated bidet. Decorative soaps, in addition to those taken from hotels, are everywhere—in the shapes of leaves, shells, and roses (Mother's favorite flower), all scattered with stylish abandon.

For the three people who normally use this room for their daily ablutions, there is a lot to choose from (the occasional guests, who take their lives in their hands, are



What had been a basic dull utilitarian affair gave way to flash and style and, yes, excess

also welcome to Mother's largesse). Eight toothbrushes, about twenty tubes of toothpaste, and a few Water Piks cluster around the sink. There is also an assortment of combs as well as hair and digestive preparations, all of which are far more appealing than the liquid and powder cleansers that sit on the floor and everywhere else. Though mostly unused, they guarantee Mother will never run short. She feels that if something is not within easy reach and abundant, she is letting someone down.

I have not mentioned Mrs. Greenspan's Bathroom Art Collection, the star of which is a nasty litho of a grinning little boy with his pants pulled down, peeing into the toilet and missing it. This is the low point, and some things do get better. There's a charming set of framed antique trade cards, which I covet and which in fact once hung in my bedroom (most things do eventually gravitate to the bathroom given enough time; one day I expect to find the living room sofa there). Two vitrines house a collection of glass, ceramic, and plastic miniatures of animals (I have already claimed the two piglets for myself), figurines of Alpine mountain climbers and yodelers, family photographs, and an ample array of free samples of cologne. It is an interesting mix of the useful, the precious, and the merely eccentric.

With so much debris abounding (hung from the ceiling are foil flower holders and plastic baskets which contain either dead and dying plants or the inevitable plastic flowers), the room could easily be described as a living accident. Fortunately the extremely low light levels make it impossible to see exactly what one is about to trip over.

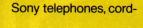
This story, however, is not just about Mother's bathroom but about the evolution of taste, hers and mine. and how it has grown and been informed by years of what I had always believed was a joke. It is not a joke. It is witty-not always wittingly-but also fresh and highly personal. As she has done throughout the house, Mother has taken a boring and ordinary room and made much more of it; it is a place for dreaming. I now see that the experience of growing up in that bathroom has enriched my own view of life-how one can do so much with so little or, in Mother's case, with so much. She has, in fact, been far ahead of me and most other smug aesthetes in this regard, and I am at last aware of her achievements. Syrie Maugham, Elsie de Wolfe, Dorothy Draper, Sister Parish, and all the rest of the decorating hit parade, make way for Raye Greenspan, who is finally being appreciated for what she truly is, the most original one of the bunch.

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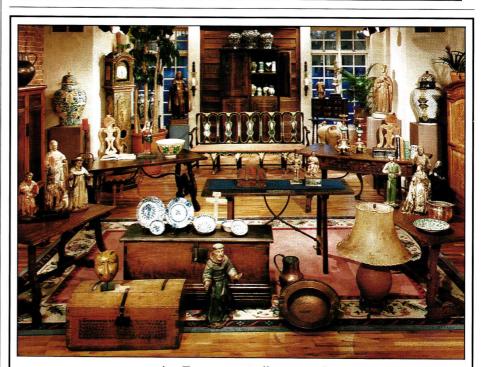
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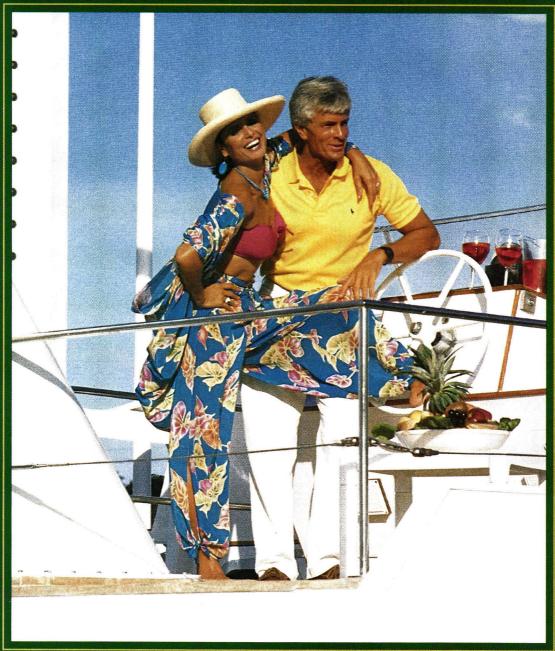
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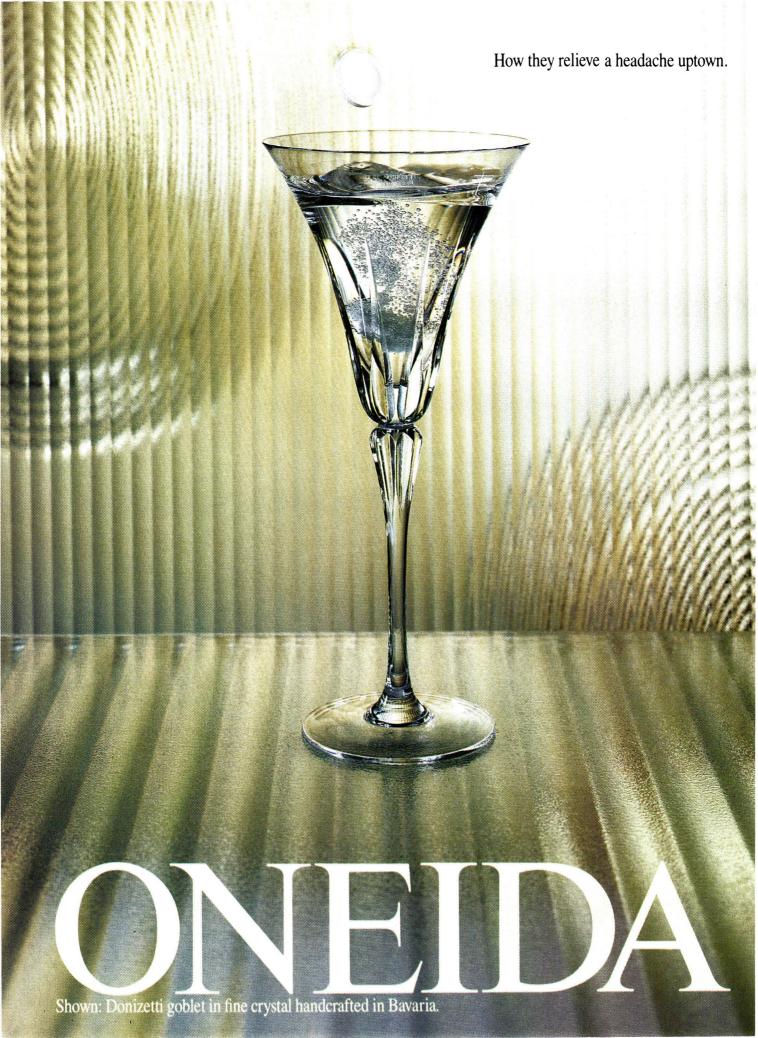
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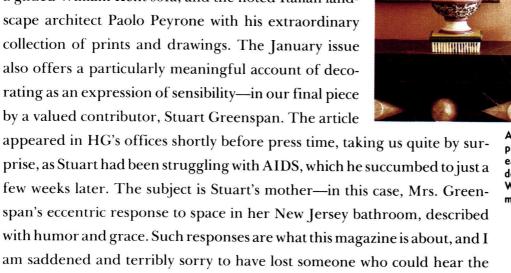


January

YEARS AGO there was a book with a memorable title, What Do You Say to a Naked Room? It contained a diagram and templates for furniture—the concept being that each of us makes a unique response when confronted with space for decoration. Floors, walls, mantels, and tabletops are the sur-

faces on which we issue statements. In the January issue of HG, there are messages as diverse as decorator Bunny Williams's pleasingly feminine arrangement of alternating yellow tulipières and yellow tole planters on a faux marble mantel, and the noted French photographer François Halard's manteltop still life of prints and drawings, photographs, candlesticks, and a lamp. This month, too, we see the points of view of two sophisticated collectors—John Loring, design director of Tiffany & Co., with ceramics ranging from a Frank Lloyd Wright vase to North African pottery on a shelf behind a gilded William Kent sofa, and the noted Italian landscape architect Paolo Peyrone with his extraordinary collection of prints and drawings. The January issue also offers a particularly meaningful account of decorating as an expression of sensibility—in our final piece by a valued contributor, Stuart Greenspan. The article

special rhythms of what people say to a naked room.





A tulipière and a planter strike an easy elegance on decorator Bunny Williams's faux marble mantel.

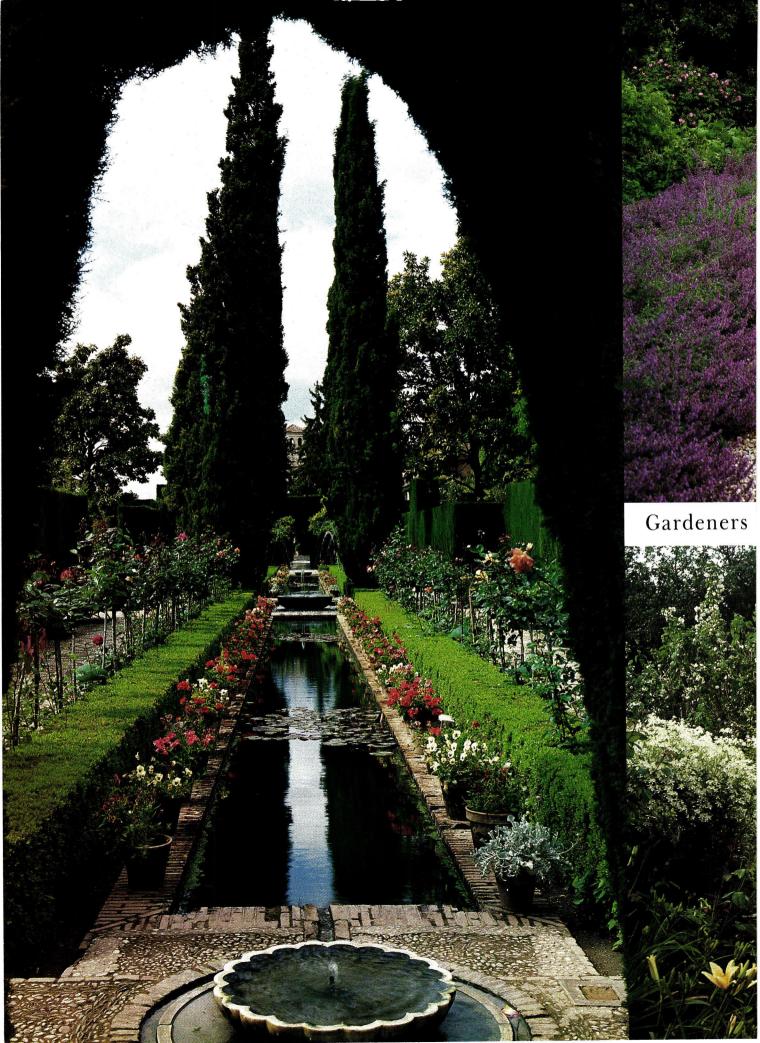
Many Vorograd

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Audrey Hepburn
visits gardens
around the world
for a PBS series
By Katherine Whiteside

Garden Ilour





can be as partisan as beauty contest judges



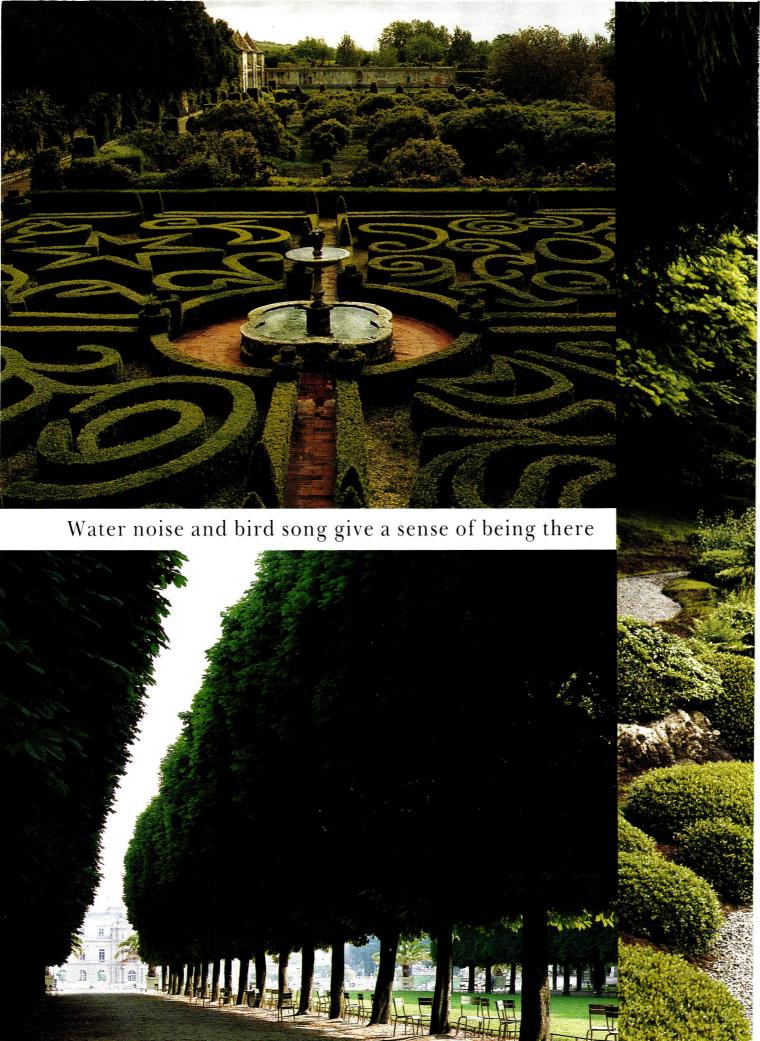
URING THE THREE-MONTH filming of Gardens of the World, a series that PBS plans to air this spring, Audrey Hepburn traveled from the sun and heat of the tropics to the rain and chill of northern Europe, from the luxuriant cypresses and fountains of the Villa Gamberaia in Tuscany to the bare rocks and gravel of Saiho-ji in Kyoto. Whether on-camera as host and narrator or off-camera as horticultural enthusiast, Hepburn retained her imperturbable serenity—despite a daunting itinerary and imminent calamities behind the scenes. The afternoon before she was to be photographed at Mount Vernon, there was torrential rain and a severe hailstorm was forecast: the rest of the day was spent making sure that many flowers in George Washington's bricklined beds were individually staked. A month later at Giverny, an impatient gardener became increasingly annoyed that his insecticide spraying was being delayed by the need for quiet on the set. Immediately after the director's final cut, this outraged guardian of Monet's floral legacy switched on his noisy sprinkler, dousing the entire crew along with two Sunday painters at their easels.

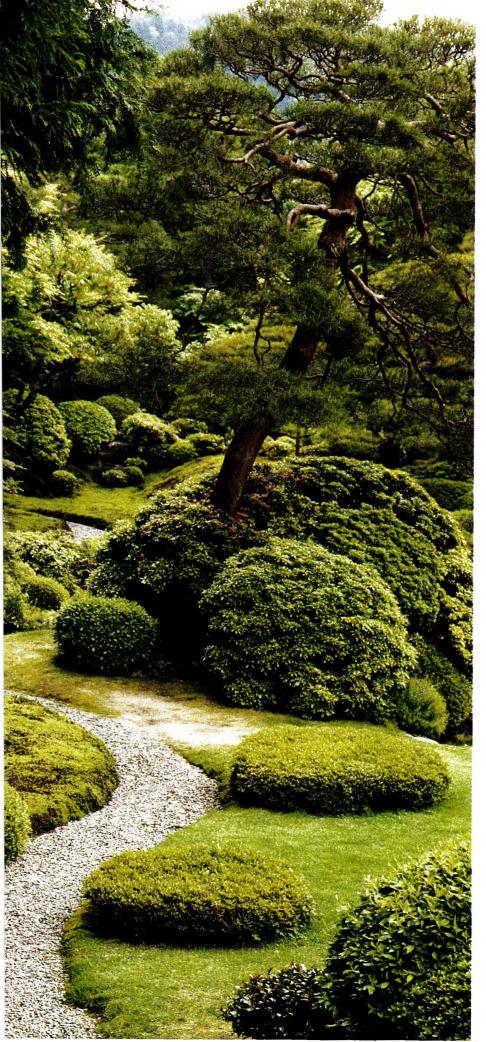
Behind Audrey Hepburn's whirlwind tour lay two years of exhaustive research and development by executive producer Janis Blackschleger and her associates. (Production funding came from Jackson & Perkins and Polaroid.) Blackschleger and producer Stuart Crowner orchestrated the participation of a farflung international team of garden advisers, photographers, and writers. An early decision that at least ten outstanding sites would need to be filmed for each thirty-minute episode posed formidable logistical challenges. Synchronizing flight

Hepburn joins British garden expert and writer Penelope Hobhouse, *left*, at Tintinhull House in Somerset. Hobhouse was a consultant for the television series and a coauthor of the companion book. *Above left*: The catmint walk at Tintinhull. *Opposite*: An episode on formal gardens includes the Generalife in Granada, Spain.









schedules to the exact moment before a prize tulip goes from peak bloom to overblown or judging the best time to send cameramen to Bali triggered a barrage of faxes and intercontinental telephone calls. Scouts were dispatched throughout Europe and Japan in search of lesser-known wonders, and a frenetic around-the-world-in-ten-days expedition sought out undocumented tropical gardens everywhere from Singapore to Venezuela.

No issue was debated more passionately than the choice of locations: eminent horticultural advisers can be as partisan as hometown beauty contest judges when arguing the merits of their favorite landscapes. But passion has always been essential to Blackschleger's vision of the television series—and of the companion book, Gardens of the World, on which eight garden writers and four photographers collaborated (this volume, to be published by Macmillan, will also include gardens not in the TV series). "Beginning with our primary consultants, Penelope Hobhouse in England and Elvin McDonald in the United States, everyone involved has made sure that we have deep and firm academic roots," says Blackschleger, "but this is not a garden history documentary. This is about being there, about visiting gardens, responding to them, and then figuring out how they were accomplished and why."

The producers turned to Hepburn because of her devotion to gardening and her personal experience of many cultures. The actress's restored farmhouse outside Geneva, where she retreats between frequent ambassadorial missions for UNI-CEF, is surrounded by flowerbeds as well as a vineyard, orchard, and kitchen garden. Wherever she was

The series devotes an entire episode to Japanese gardens, such as Shin'shin-an, left, a private domain in Kyoto. Opposite above: Beside the 15th-century house at Bacalhoa in Portugal, an elaborate green geometry bridges the gap between Moorish tradition and Renaissance fantasy. Opposite below: A classical allée at the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris.

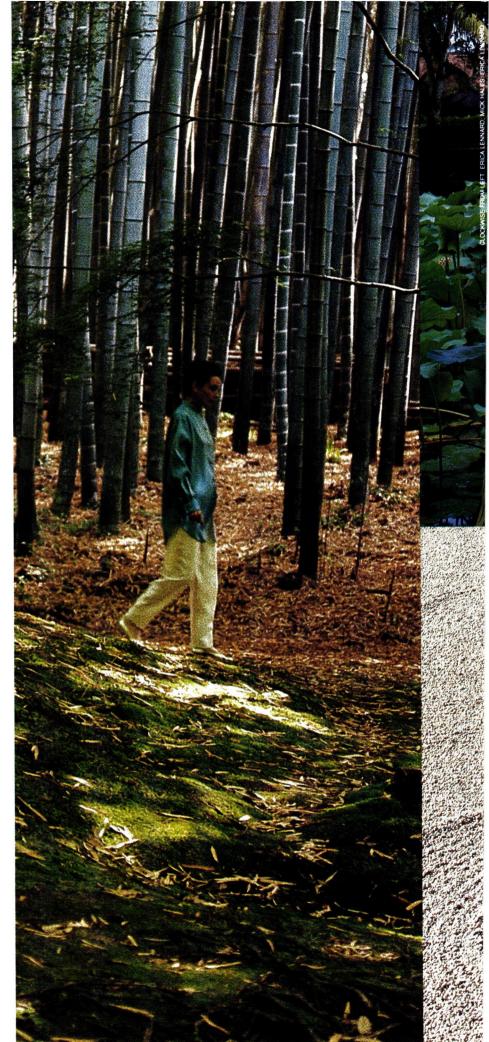
TV scouts sought out exotic locations everywhere from Bali to Venezuela

on location for the series, Hepburn's favorite scenes were those she shared with fellow gardeners. She joined the distinguished British horticulturist Graham Stuart Thomas in the walled garden at Mottisfont Abbey for a ramble through his legendary collection of old roses—Rosa gallica, damask, Bourbon, musk, China, and other treasures. Gustavo Tavares led her among the six-foot-tall vanda orchids he tends in the exquisite "jungle" his family began cultivating sixty years ago at Villa Pancha in the Dominican Republic.

Hepburn also cherished meditative moments alone, such as strolls through a Japanese bamboo grove designed by a Zen Buddhist priest and a woodland carpeted with flowering bulbs in Holland, the country where she spent much of her childhood. While filming an episode devoted to tulips and other bulbs, shot in the Netherlands, Hepburn went (off-camera) to her grandmother's house for the official christening of the white 'Audrey Hepburn' tulip.

To enhance the viewer's sense of being in the gardens as a silent companion, director Bruce Franchini included a "lot of 'wild sound'—the bird song, insect buzz, and water noise that naturally occurred in the gardens—instead of overlaying too much dramatic music." He also tried to move his camera as unobtrusively as possible. "We wanted to avoid the 'speeding (*Text continued on page 123*)

In Kyoto, right, Hepburn explores the bamboo-enclosed seclusion of Saiho-ji, a contemplative garden created in 1339 by a Zen Buddhist priest. Opposite below: A 15th-century dry landscape at Ryoan-ji, also in Kyoto. Opposite above: The Lotus Café garden in Ubud, Bali, was filmed for an episode on tropical gardens.









Interior Landscape

Italy's foremost
Iandscape architect,
Paolo Peyrone,
cultivates his own
style at home
By Rhoda Koenig

THE WINTER WEATHER IN TURIN IS delightfully mild, but Paolo Peyrone will not hear any compliments about it. "Too dry," he says. "It is not good for the garden." As Italy's foremost landscape architect, Peyrone eats, sleeps, and breathes gardens.

While he has been tilling the same soil for fifteen years, in the past several an efflorescence of interest in domestic greenery has pushed Peyrone to his present eminence. He has recently completed or begun commissions from Valentino's partner Giancarlo Giammetti, Marella Agnelli, Olivetti chairman Carlo De Benedetti, Duke Bosio Sforza Cesarini, the Aga Khan, and a number of members of the Italian wine nobility. A bottle of wine produced by Rossi di Montelera (as in Martini &) even pictures Peyrone's work on the label—the gardens around the family house and vineyard. There are gardens with sentimental associations as well-the springs of Clitunno, owned by Count Bernardino Campello, whose great-grand-

Dramatic scale and simple lines typify the interior of Paolo Peyrone's house in the Turin hills. Pyramidal bookshelves between chintz curtains were designed by Peyrone and his friend Diana Vijlitti.



Like his gardens, Peyrone's furnishings echo the style of the house

mother was Maria Bonaparte, incorporates a willow descended from one she planted at Napoleon's original tomb on Saint Helena.

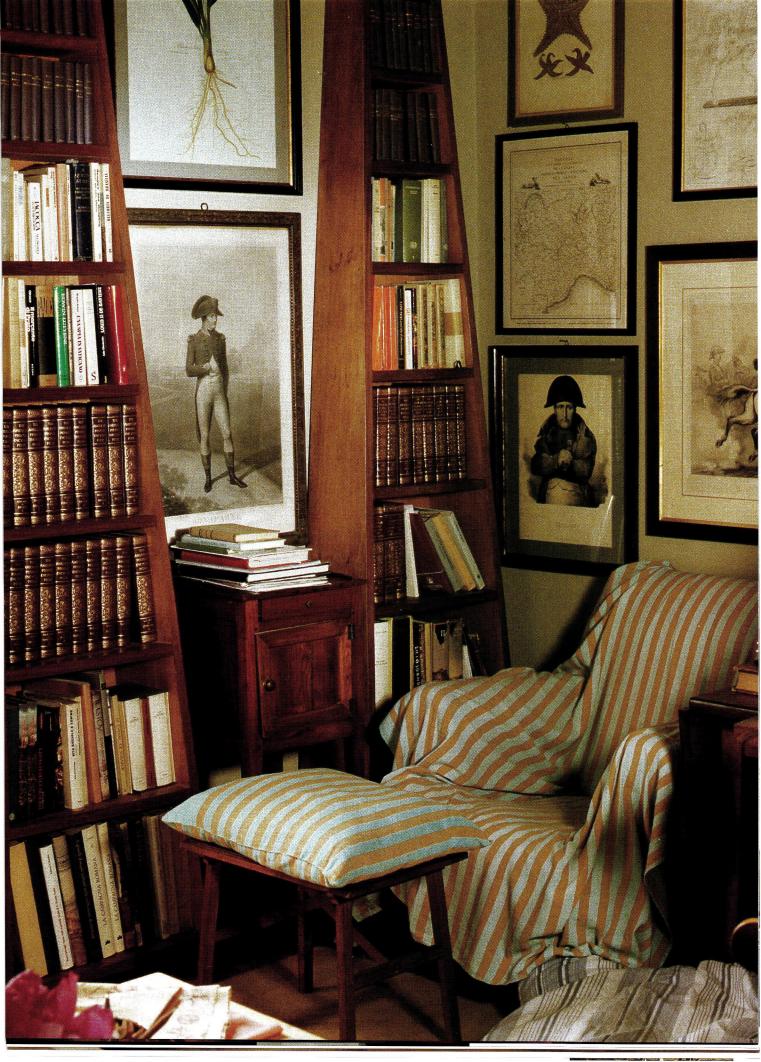
Peyrone sums up the life he leads as a result of all this popularity as follows: "I work and I work and I work and I work." When he isn't flying to Corsica or Rome or Gstaad, or having a busman's holiday with the International Dendrology Society in Jamaica or New Zealand, Peyrone works in the Casa Poma, a compact but comfortable house built by his great-grandfather in the hills overlooking Turin. "He began by being very rich and finished by being very poor," says Peyrone. "That is why the floor in the dining room"-an intricate parquet—"is better than the rest." The rest of the early nineteenth century house is not at all bad, though, with its sixteen-foot painted

ceilings and its dramatic site.

It is not far from the Villa Simondetti, where Peyrone grew up and which is pictured in a series of oil paintings in his sitting room. "My father and grandfather were doctors, but the money was from my mother's family, who were in the textile business." Peyrone points to a sketch of the tennis court. "There I was, playing tennis, but I preferred to go and prune. I passed all my young time in the garden with the gardeners."

Although Peyrone studied architecture in college, he never put up a building. He had been promised a

Peyrone, *left*, with Tabui, lined his walls with antique prints. Architectural and botanical drawings from the 19th century frame a pair of faux bois commodes in the hallway, *above*, while portraits of Napoleon appear along with maps and other drawings in the bedroom, *opposite*.







side and out.*"The paint was peeling and the grass hadn't been mowed in years," notes

> Williams. "The rooms were straight out of Grey Gardens. But I thought, this is it—I've found my house."

> Today her country retreat, with its stately salmon-colored front entry, well-stocked library, and wicker-furnished porch, is proof positive of her vision. Elegant, serene, and eminently livable, it serves as an evolving showcase for the Williams way of doing things. "Her style is like she isrelaxed and without pretense," notes Mario Buatta. "Everything looks as if it's always been there."

> For twenty-one years Bunny Williams worked for the renowned New York decorating firm of Parish-Hadley. When she left in 1988 to start her own business, she had enough of a

following to warrant an office staff of four, since expanded to ten. She also had one slight problem: what to call her new firm. Her given name is Bruce, which was her mother's, too. ("In Virginia they have first names like that.") She couldn't call the business Bruce Williams Incorporated because everyone would have thought she was a man, but when she decided to go with Bunny, the nickname her father had given her at birth, she worried it would sound too silly. "After all," she points out, "Bunny is one of the top names in The Preppy Handbook."

Though the name might give pause, her stylishly impeccable office is enough to win over any client with cold feet. Situated on the second floor of a town house just off Fifth Avenue, the space includes a conference room where color schemes and floor plans get discussed around a table in front of a magnificent faux marble mantel copied from a Directoire example Williams spotted fifteen years ago in Paris. Files are tucked away in Biedermeier-style bureaus, the light overhead is cast by a French tole chandelier, and a riot of hydrangeas graces the windowsill. Beyond the conference room, Williams's office looks more like a living room in a grand apartment than a workplace, but closer inspection reveals a computer atop her inlaid Biedermeier desk. Behind it, propped on a Regency bookcase, are two bits of whimsy: a giant pair of sunglasses ("My staff gave them to me for my big ego") and a framed certificate, presented to Williams by an architect with whom she worked, licensing her to decorate "any structure on the planet Earth (and vicinity)."

Williams clearly takes this decorative carte blanche seriously. When her driver, Dave, shuttled us across town in her majestic gray Lexus sedan—"a Japanese Mercedes for half the price"—I looked at my feet and noticed the floor mats: gray and tan herringbone sisal. "Oh, so you like them?" she asked, clearly pleased I had noticed. "I had Rosecore make them up for me. They thought they

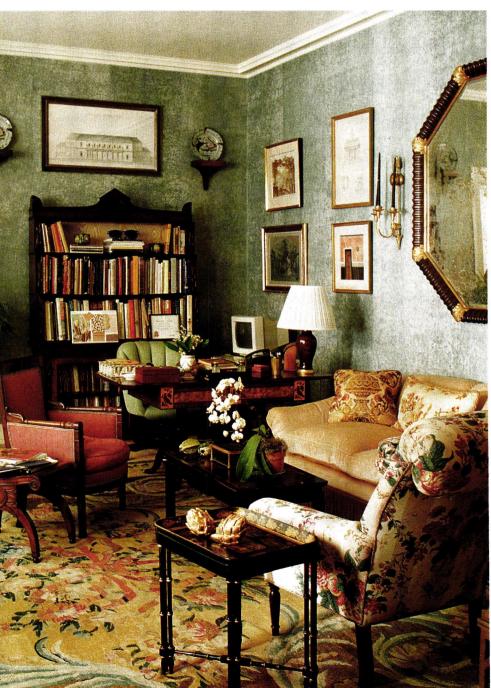


Williams's conference room, above, has English chairs, c. 1880, a felt-covered table, and a faux marble mantel. Opposite above: For her husband, Randy, she designed a library in their city apartment with green glazed walls and shelves edged in tooled leather. The curtain fabric is a Boussac printed damask. Opposite below: When she gives dinner parties, Williams replaces the library furniture with Regency chairs and tables cloaked in plaid silk.









were such a good idea they might sell them in the showroom."

Bunny Williams, in fact, is bursting with good ideas, and she has a host of top-notch craftsmen at the ready to execute them. Whether it's a dining room embellished with trompe l'oeil plates on the walls, a "book table" made to accommodate her husband's extensive library, or cornice-shaped wooden pelmets for her living room curtains in the country, she sees a space, gets out her sketchpad, and innovates. For inspiration she travels widely (she especially loves Portugal) and pores over design books, combing the past for ideas ripe for resurrecting.

Raised near Charlottesville, Williams attributes much of her design sensibility to the South, where she was exposed to the "finest architecture America has ever produced." A junior college dropout—"I got bored"-she began her career as a gofer at Stair & Co., the venerable English antiques firm. From there she was hired as a secretary at Parish-Hadley and quickly rose through the ranks. "Bunny became one of the family," says Albert Hadley. "She's a romantic and has always been attracted to the warmth and coziness of Mrs. Parish's style. Her philosophy, like ours, is to make each job personal."

With six major projects in progress and a client list that reads like the bold type in the society pages, it's hard to fathom that Williams has been running her firm for only two and a half years. She says her decision to work independently came after her father died in 1987. "Maybe it was middle age, but something told me to get on with it. My husband, Randy, and I said to each other, 'Let's spend the rest of our lives doing what we really want to do.' " As a result, they made several major decisions. First, they moved from their cramped quarters on the West Side to a much more spacious apartment on Park Avenue. Second, Randy, who had majored in English at Harvard, gave up his twenty-year career as a computer systems designer to become a (Text continued on page 128)



Slipcovered furniture on a Rosecore seagrass carpet surrounds the fireplace in the Williams's Connecticut library, above. Right: Their Connecticut porch is a haven of old wicker. Opposite above: "Rooms should never be boring, but nothing should hit you over the head," says Williams, who created a muted backdrop for a client's art and antiques collection. Opposite below: Williams's office is furnished with her signature mix of tailored antiques and upholstered furniture. The wallpaper is from Norton Blumenthal. The carpet is a Louis XVI Aubusson from Dildarian, NYC.



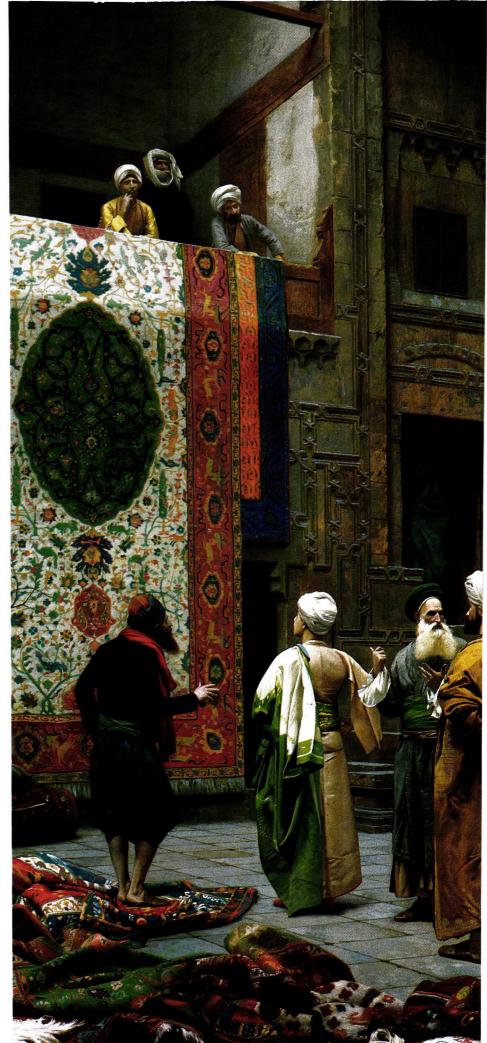
RIENTALISM IS AN invention of the Western mind that has little or nothing to do with the Middle East—that, in fact, prefers to draw a veil over anything so substantial as a particular time or place. In art and literature, as in everyday life, when Westerners have invoked that elusive realm, it's usually been to serve their own purposes.

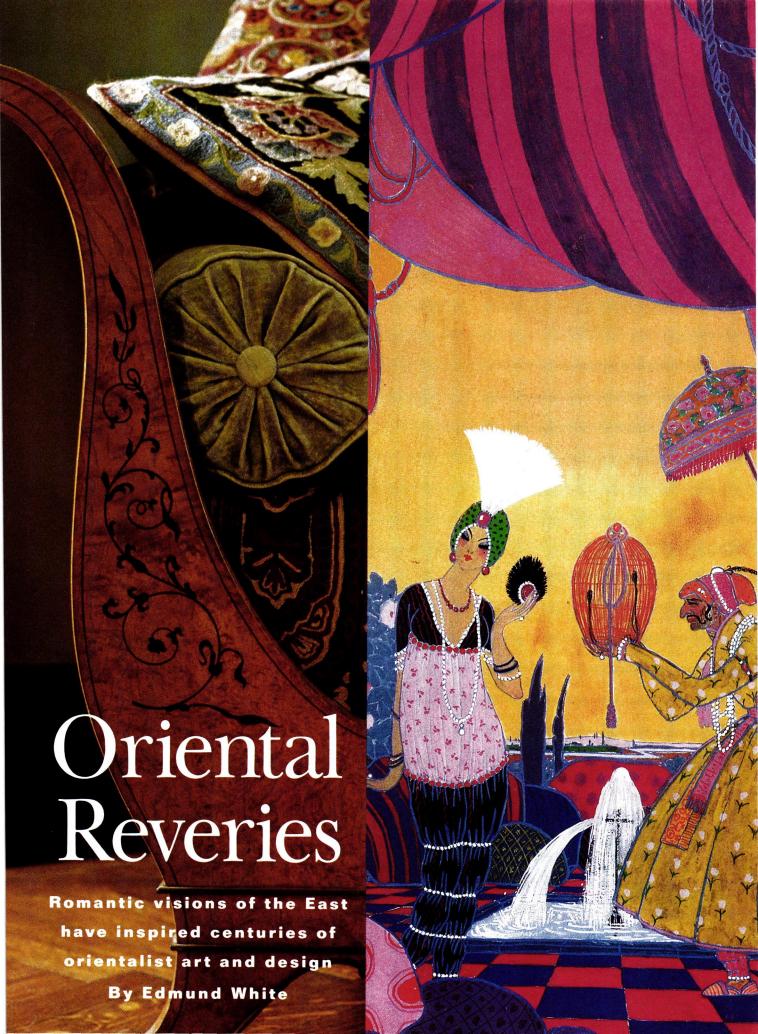
For Colette's decadent young hero Chéri, the spoiled darling hopelessly in love with a grande cocotte his mother's age, the Orient is a dusty Turkish corner in a Paris apartment where he can smoke opium and daydream over sepia photos of his beloved in her heyday. It's of little or no importance to him whether the corner is Turkish or Moroccan; what the cushions, the suspended lamp of colored glass, and the hookah represent are fantasy, escape, and melancholy.

Or orientalism is what's captured in Eugène Delacroix's 1827 painting The Death of Sardanapalus: in a vertigo of jewels, brocades, and flesh (black, brown, and white), a bearded despot, reclining lazily, looks on as one of his men stabs to death a deliciously ripe slave girl. Orientalism allows the spectator to indulge in sadistic, orgiastic fantasies and to revel in fabled luxury while pretending to disapprove of what those people do. An ethnographic excuse to savor softcore porn, orientalist painting brings sex and sunlight to Europeans starved for both.

Because orientalism collapses national and historical distinctions and conveniently attributes naive virtues and sophisticated vices to the East, it can be a form of racism. The very term "orientalism," which lumps together a large part of the world, from the Strait of Gibraltar to the borders

Jean Léon Gérôme's The Carpet Merchant, c. 1887, right. Opposite left: Oriental-inspired pillows on a Charles X daybed in the New York apartment of Sotheby's vice president Phillips Hathaway. Opposite right: A Persian fantasy by fashion illustrator Georges Lepape, 1912.







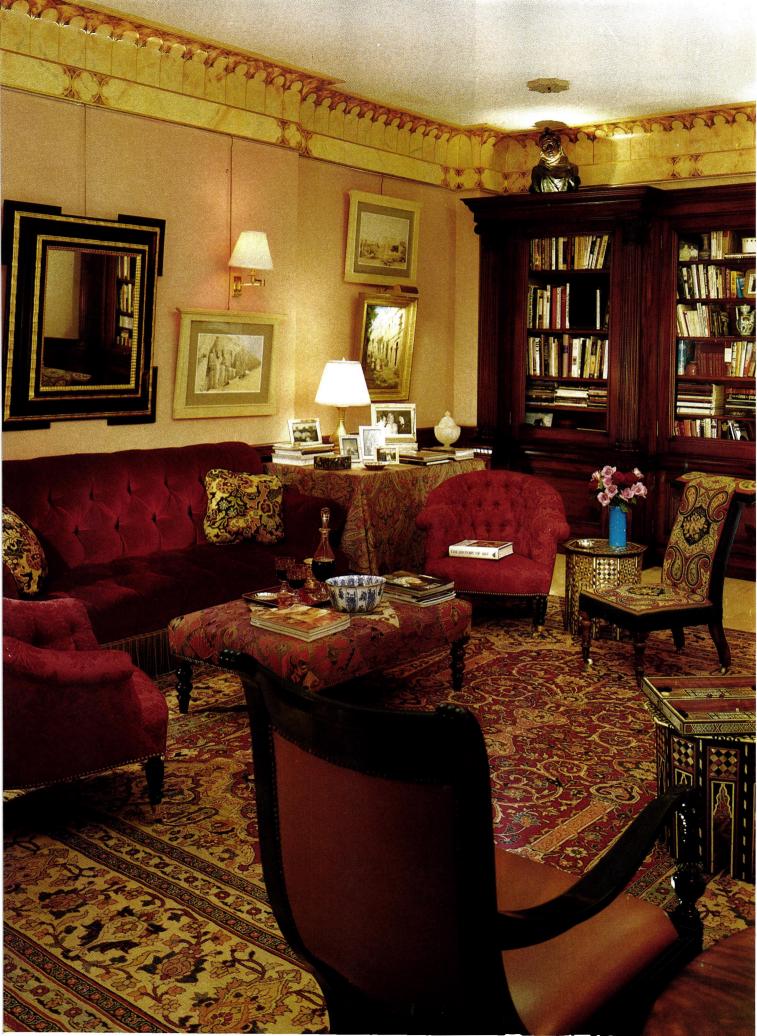
of India, is as outrageous as it is insulting. But if orientalism as politics is stupid, as design it's often been brilliant. European and American architects, decorators, and artisans have cleverly absorbed and transformed complex influences from the East.

The English architect Owen Jones, for instance, promoted the Moorish style by publishing an elaborate study of the Alhambra, between 1836 and 1845, and later by designing the Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace. Soon Victorian drawing rooms, smoking rooms, and even the Alhambra music hall were recycling these exotic themes. London may have been cold and foggy, a grim place of suffering and overcrowding, but behind certain façades Victorian moguls daydreamed beside their tinkling tiled fountains, mother-of-pearl inlaid tables, turnedwood screens, and potted palms.

Nineteenth-century orientalism was an invitation to indolence and sensuality in a culture that hated idleness almost as much as pleasure. In the twentieth century this spirit of lazy lasciviousness has best been

A mosque on an 1811 Sèvres plate, above. Right: Egyptian-revival ornament, 1881, adorns the First Presbyterian Church in Nashville, Tennessee. Far right: Orientalist opulence by Giorgio Armani. Opposite: Eastern motifs in the New York living room of decorator Leon Amar. Bench from George Smith Furniture, NYC. Details see Resources.

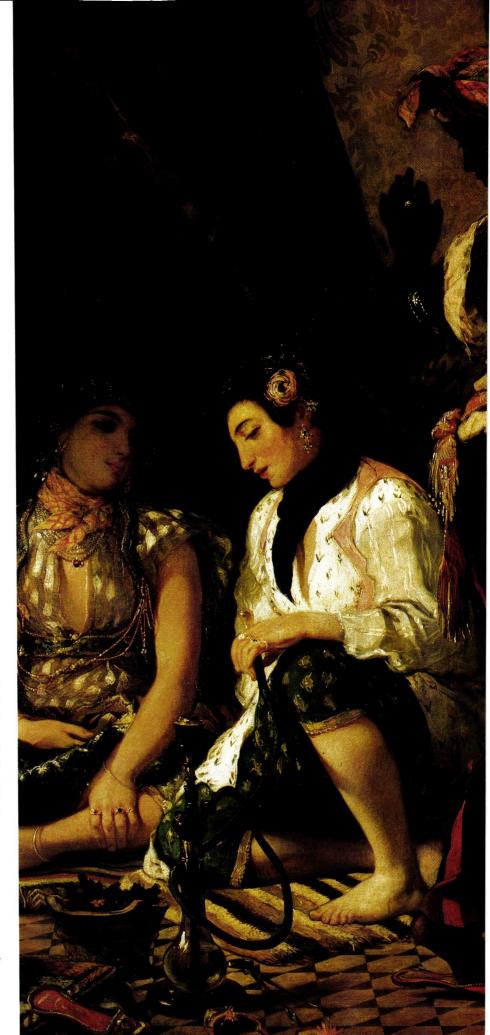




symbolized by the exotic dancerand her many representations in films, cabaret acts, objets d'art, and "feelthy pictures." As early as 1889 the American dancer Loie Fuller invented the serpentine whirlwind of veils that won her international fame at the Folies-Bergère. It is said that after the young Colette left her husband and became a cabaret artist, she danced for money before her former friends at private parties. A 1908 photo shows her half-naked, with kohled eyes and scanty beaded panels around her waist-an oriental fantasy to excite any jaded gentleman. Theda Bara, the Hollywood vamp, revealed the provocative swell of a breast and a well-rounded calf as she danced in the 1918 film Salome. The couturier Paul Poiret did costumes for a Belle Époque "Persian ballet." Between the wars, the sculptor Demeter Chiparus designed bronze and ivory figurines of gyrating temptresses. The odalisque in repose, a recurrent theme in nineteenthcentury painting, reappeared in the work of Matisse and Picasso. And the secret luxuries of the harem continue to influence fashion designers as different as Yves Saint Laurent and Giorgio Armani.

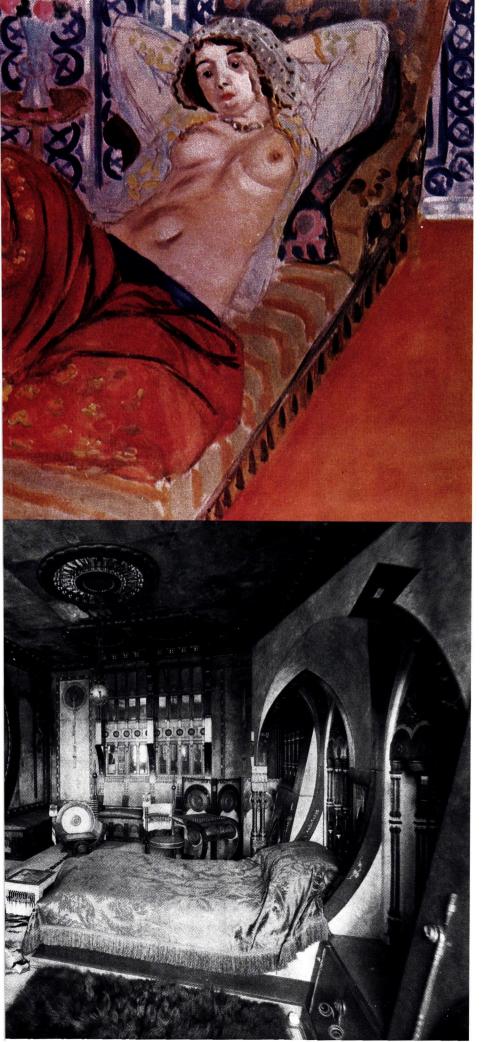
Sensuality was only one of the many sins covered by orientalism. Another was colonialism. Every time the French or British crushed one more land, they would commission a painter to celebrate the victory in a large official canvas. Typically, the French king Louis Philippe, when he conquered Algeria, sent several painters to document all the heroic episodes. Forty years later Pierre Loti, novelist, member of the Académie Française, and sailor, compiled more personal souvenirs. Loti trav-

Eugène Delacroix's Women of Algiers, 1834, right, captures the sequestered languor of the harem. Opposite top:
Age-old visions of the mysterious East are conjured in The Sheltering Sky, a new Bertolucci film based on a novel by Paul Bowles. Opposite center: M Group's design for Phillips Hathaway's living room uses a classic somber-but-rich orientalist palette. Opposite below: Colette as a sultry music-hall houri, c. 1908.







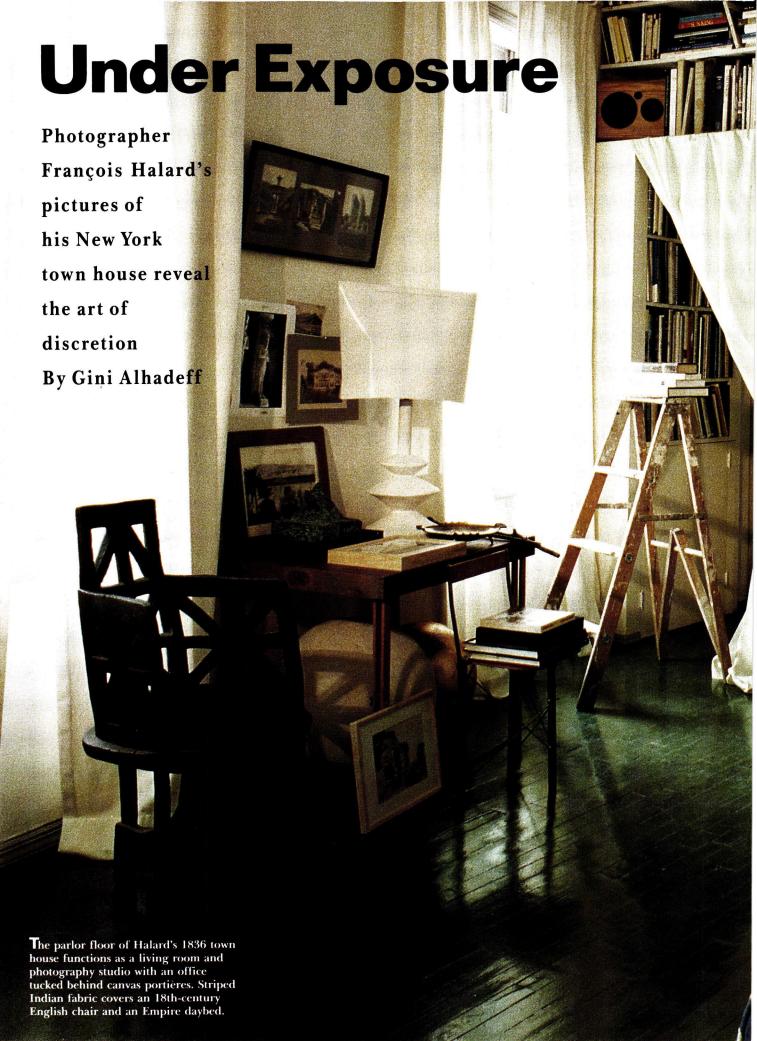




eled around the world and from many ports wrote piquant tales that combined barbaric splendor and a broken, melancholy verbal music. From Istanbul he wrote *The Disenchanted*, about women longing to emerge from the suffocating gloom of the harem. On a French mission to Morocco he reported on the soulstirring cries of horsemen at full gallop in robes worthy of Delacroix. Loti himself donned such robes in Fez and slipped into a mosque forbidden to Christians.

When he came back to his native town of Rochefort in France, he turned the family house into a museum of his travels. He decorated his study as a "chamber of mummies" and outfitted another room nearby as a Turkish salon. Across the hall, in a sort of bedouin tent, Loti slept. He even re-created a mosque where Korans were open on lecterns, oil lamps were aflame, prayer rugs were in place—nothing was lacking except a genuine Muslim, a lacuna Loti tried to fill. He adored fancy dress and got himself up in bedouin robes or as a desert (Text continued on page 124)

Memories of *The Arabian Nights* pervade a bedroom, *opposite*, in Yves Saint Laurent's Marrakesh retreat. *Above left: Odalisque in Red Pantaloons*, 1922, by Henri Matisse. *Left:* A turn-of-thecentury London bedroom worthy of a sultan, designed by Carlo Bugatti for Lord Battersea. *Above:* The novelist Pierre Loti wearing his customary Muslim robes at home in France, 1897.









HE FRENCH LIKE TO rule over a closed universe. They seem to bring that universe with them wherever they go, to whatever place they inhabit. François Halard, subcutaneous photographer of interiors, of gardens, and of fashion, is by no means a typical Frenchman, but when it comes to closed universes, he is no exception. Like a man laying a picnic in the middle of a field, one imagines him arriving in a space and depositing his sack of heritage, private histories, and idiosyncrasies: the corners of the cloth are dropped to the ground and one by one the pieces are lifted out and put in their proper place.

His most recent "picnic" is to be found in a town house in New York's Greenwich Village. No corner of this "maison Américaine fédérale," it seems, has been overlooked by a vision as meticulously encompassing as the eye of the camera. There is a certain manner of having a space look freshly abandoned—invisible nervous fingers straightening out a fold here, ruffling up papers there—but in the end an effect of nonchalance, of randomness, almost. It is the tic of all those who understand the deadliness of static neatness yet exert a no less totalitarian control over appearances. They want to be discovered, but only by chance: theirs is a narcissism tempered by the modesty of good manners.

Halard was given his first camera at the age of fourteen by his parents and spent all his summer holidays working for free as a photographer's assistant. He feels lucky never to have worked for anyone who had too much of a vision, as this left him free to develop his own and, as he says, "to learn what I didn't want to do." One can imagine him quietly setting up lights and all the while making mental notes, then experimenting on his own. His first pictures were already

obsessive about details and the life of inanimate objects—"a rag on a wire in the middle of a field," "a portrait of feet in a room."

This is as amusingly skewed as his house: there is not a right angle in the whole place. Each room, and there are three (one per floor), starts off at the width of a doorway, then opens out on both sides to form a triangle. The house was built in 1836 and was at first a butcher's shop. It is as though someone had tilted it before the foundations had quite set, or as though the best wedge had been sliced off from the rest. This twisted quality appeals to Halard, who has photographed many eighteenthand nineteenth-century follies. It took him just over two years, in between trips to Europe, to redo the

bathrooms and repaint the walls and the floors. But now it looks like the work of decades: the way houses once became when they were allowed to become, when people were less nomadic.

Halard has given his rooms instantaneous layers, as if they were film sets. This elegant dishevelment, which is normally the result of a space being used, can be found again and again in his photographs of interiors. And so in his own house, piles of books are rested on chairs instead of bookshelves; a photograph and a thumbnail sketch are slipped into the frame of a mirror in the bedroom instead of

being framed; a navy and vanilla polka-dot tie graces the frame of another mirror; a paint-splattered stepladder set at the end of one room seems to await changes; a series of prints and gouaches in the study are not hung but propped on long narrow ledges built into the wall. Every one of these "misplacements" is eloquent: everywhere the eye falls there is a perfect still life. Every object is



Every object is pressed into the secret service of betraying its owner's identity and tastes



The kitchen, *above*, painted a crisp white with gray trim and a deep green floor, provides a serene setting for neoclassical antiques, including an American Empire table, a Biedermeier desk, and a pair of fluted columns. Halard found the architectural drawing in a Paris flea market. *Top left:* One of a pair of moon-faced American folk art andirons from Susan Parrish, NYC. *Top right:* An Empire teacup of roses on the kitchen mantel. *Opposite above:* On the bedroom mantel, one of Halard's signature multilayered still lifes. The plaster lamp is by Diego Giacometti. *Opposite below:* A Halard self-portrait taken in his studio mirror. Details see Resources.

pressed into the service of betraying its owner's identity and tastes. But after patiently following the clues, one by one, you discover that you know only what you are allowed to know plus one relevant fact: the man is very secretive. ("In Paris I share an apartment with..." he mumbles. "Please don't mention her name," he adds unnecessarily, "I'm very European that way.")

The earliest recollection of his friend and mentor Marie-Paule Pellé is of Halard as a child sitting mutely on the steps of his parents' house, looking at everything and at everyone, "an absolute spectator in their

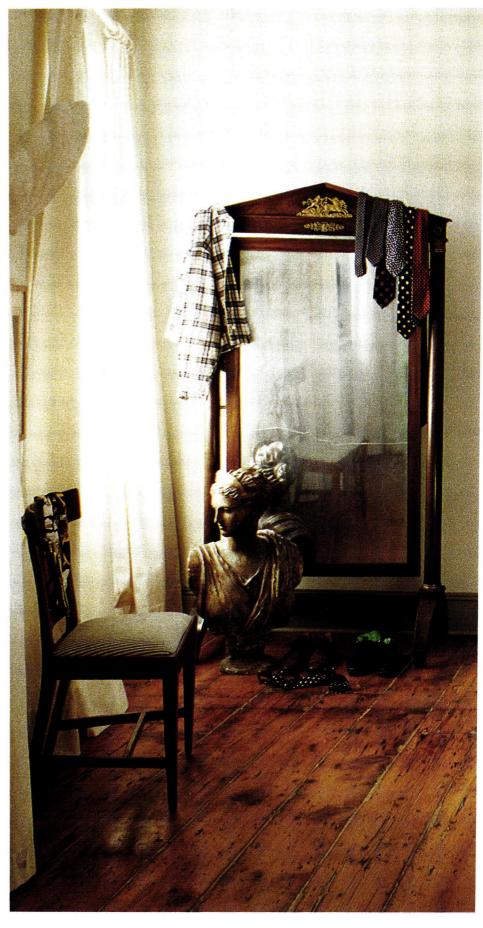


life of endless dinners and people." He stammered then, and, by his own admission, it might have been this that made him turn to observing, first, and later to recording what he saw. "There are good and bad ways of docu-

menting houses," says Pellé, with whom Halard worked for many years at the then-memorable publication *Décoration Internationale*, which she had started. "François Halard has a good way because he looks at houses as one who is in love with them. His grandfather was a celebrated fabric manufacturer and his mother is an interior designer."

Halard's latest folly is a twenty-three-room house in Provence. "It is not reasonable, *voyons*," he says with quiet pride. No hot water, no light, no toilets. A real picnic. ▲

A plaster bust of Venus turns her back on an Empire mirror in the bedroom, *right*, where the canopy bed is a steel and brass Empire reproduction covered with a classic toile de Jouy. *Above:* A Diego Giacometti bust catches the sunlight on a white tiled bathroom counter.

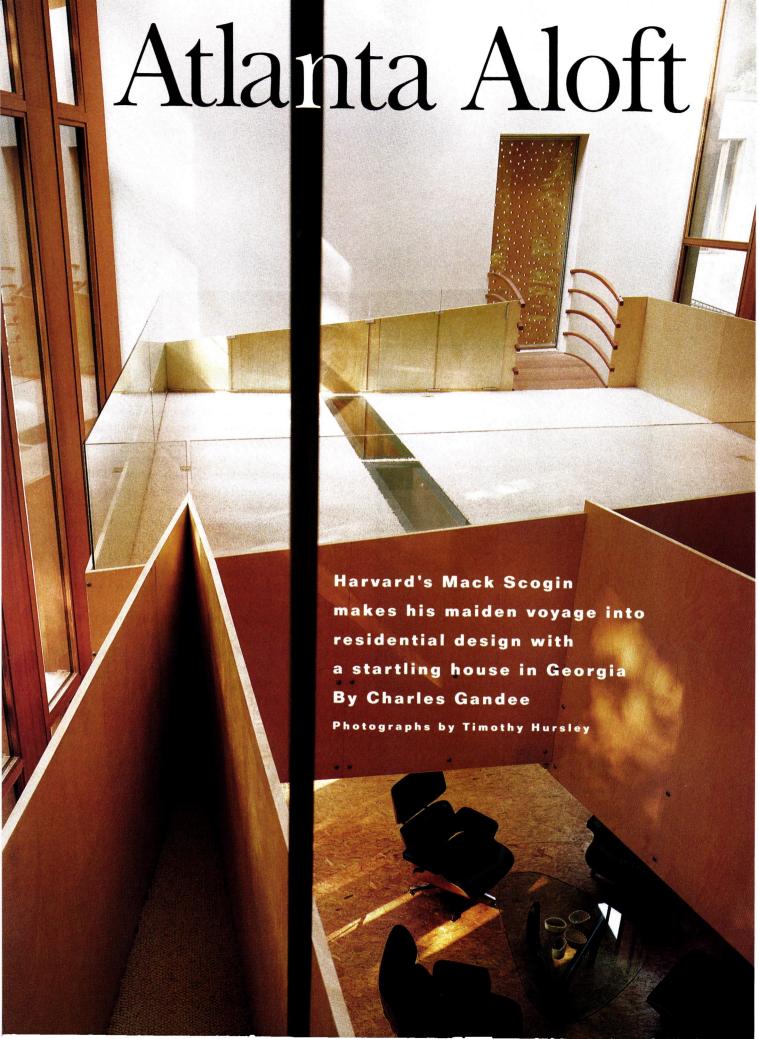


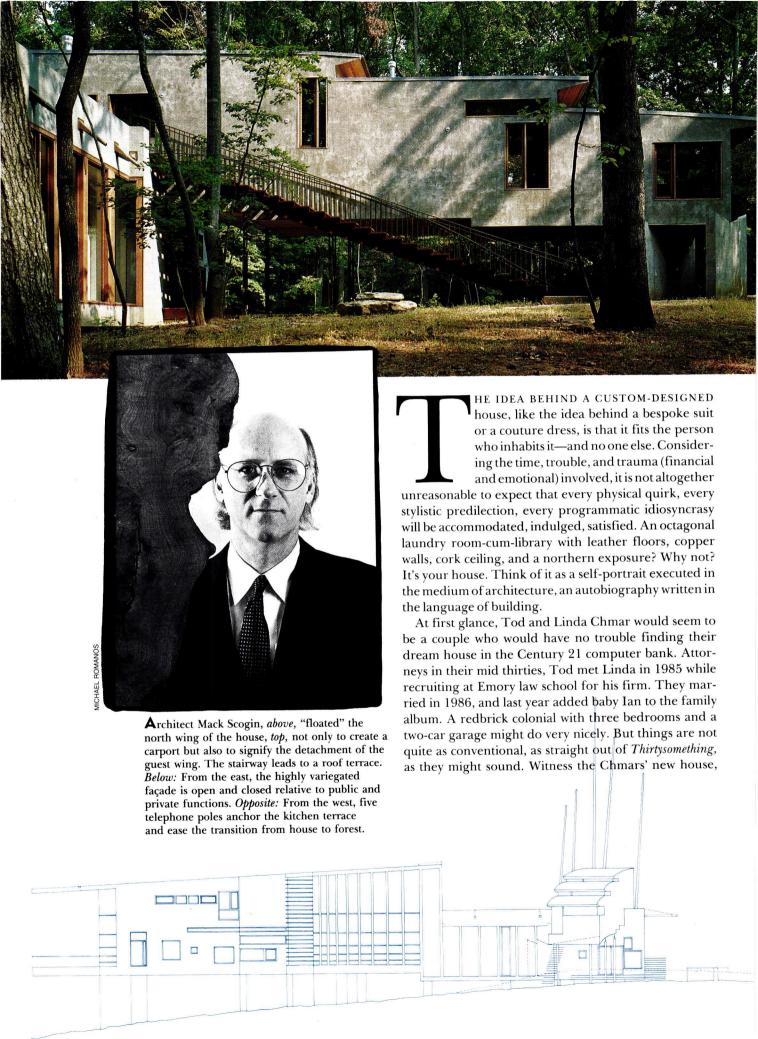
Invisible fingers straighten out a fold here,



ruffle up some papers there, but the effect is one of nonchalance









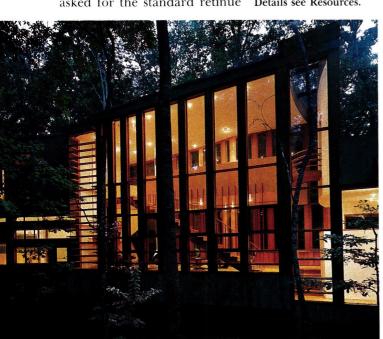
emphatic testimony to the couple's unique set of psychological, environmental, and spiritual priorities as well as to the prowess of architect Mack Scogin, whose task it was to transform his clients' complex program into wood, stucco, steel, concrete, and glass.

Until last year the Chmars lived in a per-

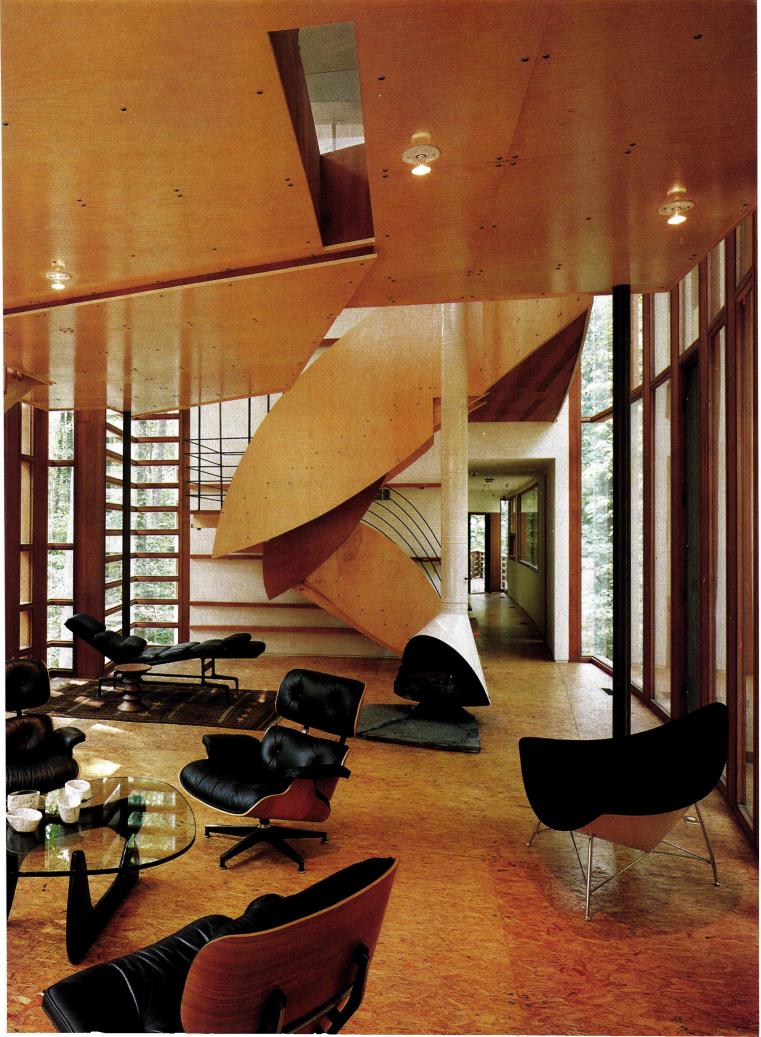
fectly pleasant 1920s Tudor-style house. According to Scogin, they decided to move because the original builder had "stabbed" the house into the ground. Their new house would be designed with greater consideration for the heavily wooded three-acre site they had purchased three miles from downtown Atlanta in Druid Hills, the genteel neighborhood where *Driving Miss Daisy* was filmed. Their goal was to achieve a certain equilibrium between man (or at least the man-made object) and nature. Nothing less. No trees would be felled. No earth would be moved. The terrain would not be violated. The new house would coexist peacefully with the land.

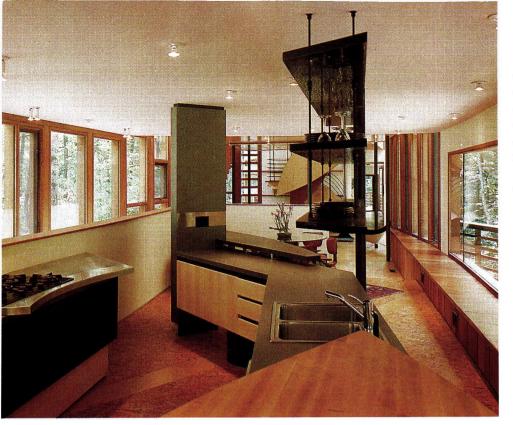
In terms of style, the Chmars expressed a preference for natural materials and a modern aesthetic, by which they meant flowing spaces and abundant light, an open-plan living-dining-kitchen arrangement, and a clear acknowledgment of the fact that busy people like to keep the walk from the car to the front door short. As for the couple's program, there was nothing especially unusual about the Chmars' practical needs. They asked for the standard retinue

Tod and Linda Chmar with son, Ian, above, in the Goshinden room, the spiritual and physical heart of the house. Right: The meditation area is suspended above the living room, where four Charles Eames lounge chairs surround a Noguchi coffee table on a flakeboard floor intended to recall the forest floor in autumn. Below: At dusk the living room takes on the quality of a Japanese lantern. Details see Resources.

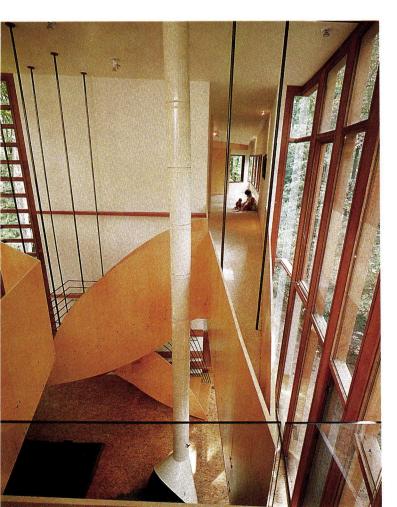








"I'm always surprised by some people's reaction to our work," says architect Scogin. "I don't think of it as radical or risky"



of rooms, the standard division of public and private spaces. They did, however, also require a Goshinden room to accommodate an altar and the ritual "giving and receiving light" practiced by followers of Mahikari, a Japanese spiritual discipline to which the Chmars religiously adhere.

Although such a disparate assortment of expectations might seem difficult to satisfy—no preconceived notions about residential design apply—the Chmars had complete confidence in Scogin's ability to do so. They felt, in other words, that he would design a house for them-not him. And rightly so. Scogin likes to think of himself as a responsive designer who, rather than peddling a single autocratic aesthetic from one client and site to another, responds to individual problems with individual solutions. "I don't have a style," he notes. "I have an attitude, which is to let the architecture evolve out of the situation—the client, the context, the place." This attitude, according to Scogin, explains why his firm's Emory University chapel

looks nothing like the Buckhead branch library, why the Atlanta showroom for contract furniture manufacturer Herman Miller looks nothing like the downtown outpost for the High Museum, and why the Chmar house looks nothing like anything you've ever seen. This attitude also explains why in five years Mack Scogin has catapulted Atlanta-based Scogin Elam and Bray Architects' regional practice to national significance and himself to the chairmanship of the Department of Architecture at Harvard's Graduate School of Design.

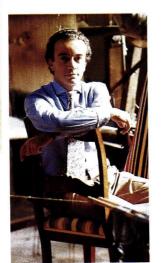
First impressions are telling, and the first impression of the house Scogin and his colleague Susan Desko designed for the Chmars speaks volumes, including a whole chapter on why, as the "always surprised" architect puts it, "some people think of our work as radical and risky." From a tortuous path winding around the trees you glimpse, through a veil of foliage, what might have happened had H. G. Wells collaborated with Frank Lloyd Wright, had Russian constructivist theory incorporated an American (Text continued on page 123)

Architect Scogin emphasized the length of the house by creating seductive perspectives that draw the eye through the various rooms—and beyond. From the zigzagging kitchen, top, the view encompasses the dining and living areas as well as a corridor to the master bedroom suite that ends in a prow-like redwood terrace, opposite. Left: Upstairs, the view looking toward ten-month-old Ian's suite is no less compelling.





Colors



Two generations of Puccis stage their own renaissance in the family's Florentine palazzo By Wendy Goodman Photographs by Oberto Gili















OLLECTING IS A WAY OF DIScovering the past and the world, literally. Collectors are people whose experience has taught them that a city, or an epoch, may be captured forever in an object fortuitously found. As with the passionate reader of books who is led through his reading from book to book in one long slow river of delight, so too does collecting lead from one object to the next. The true collector can remember how the light fell across the roofs, the smell of dust or seawater, with whom he was in love, and how he lived just by looking at a piece in his collection. The collector is given depth by his collection.

"I wanted to surround myself with things of fine design because they make such good companions," says John Loring with a smile.

Loring, senior vice president and design director of Tiffany & Co., has been a designer, a writer, an art crit-

ic, a muralist, a printmaker, and a painter. He was born in Chicago, the great-grandson of Burr Robbins, the owner of the first American three-ring circus. His grandfather invented the billboard. "As a child, I used to

A ceramic vase designed by Peter Schlesinger, left, punctuates framed art. Above: A c. 1912 Josef Hoffmann dressing table supports dishes and vases. Opposite above: Aluminum chairs and an André Groult table from the 1920s sit on an Afghan dhurrie. Opposite below: Ceramics by Sandoz fill a tea tray.







read the catalogues of General Outdoor Advertising," he says. "The books from our own company were like bibles to me. They were a strong graphic influence." Loring's aesthetic education continued in Cave Creek, Arizona, where he was raised on a ranch; at Yale, where he studied art history and English; in Paris, where he spent four years painting and printmaking at the École des Beaux-Arts and lived in the house of the urbanist architect Émile Aillaud; on the Greek island of Santorini, where he used to visit his brother and roam the small villages in search of the unexpected, unpretentious treasure; and in Venice, where in the sixties he ran the Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutique and became a friend of Peggy Guggenheim's.

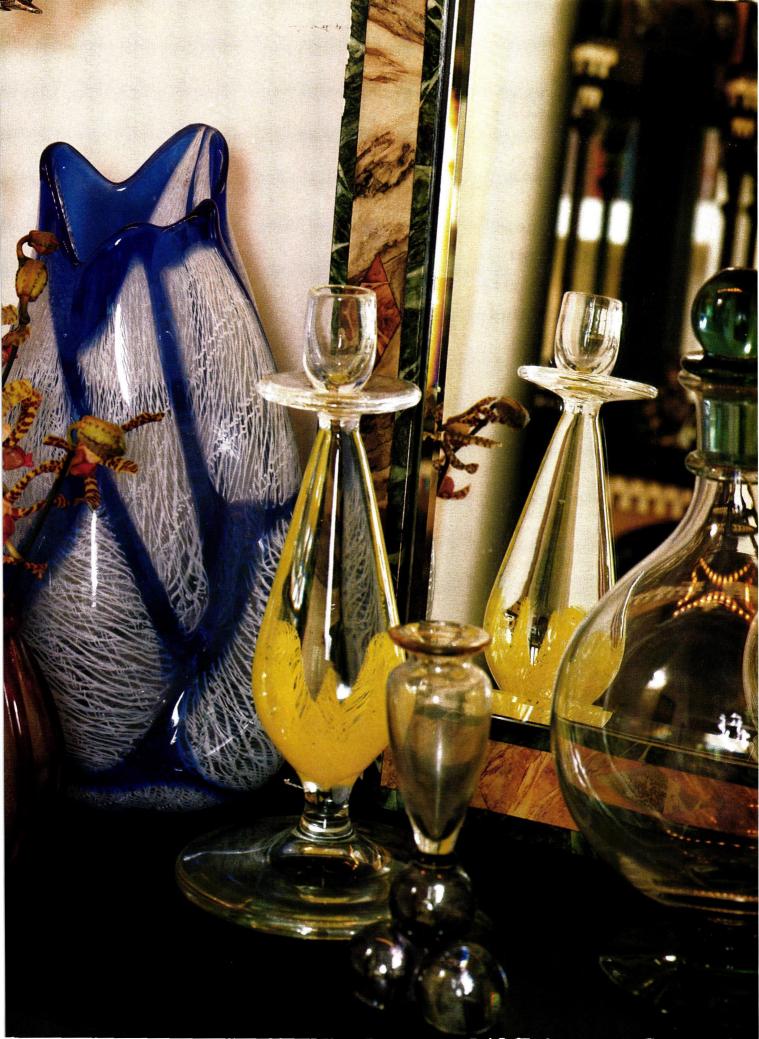
Since 1971, John Loring has lived in New York, for the past ten years in a small Fifth Avenue apartment; he recently acquired the apartment across the hall, which used to belong to his mother. The contents of the two apartments are in the main representative of this century. "I had to be very inventive in the early days," says Loring, "and I still am-I don't just go around buying a lot of things. In Paris I quickly understood that I was not about to acquire the furniture of the great ébénistes of the eighteenth century and started investigating the twentieth." Even so, Loring's furnishings are bound more

by high and uplifting design-a unanimity of flair, innovation, and beautiful execution—than by time.

The childlike yet highly sophisticated Sandoz bronze (Text continued on page 124) Colored glass vases, right, include two designed by Archimede Seguso for Tiffany's. Left: A print Loring made hangs in front of a Russel Wright desk. Above left: A Sandoz monkey contemplates his reflection.







Palladian Heights

Michael La Rocca
brings classical
comfort to a high rise
By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by Michael Mundy

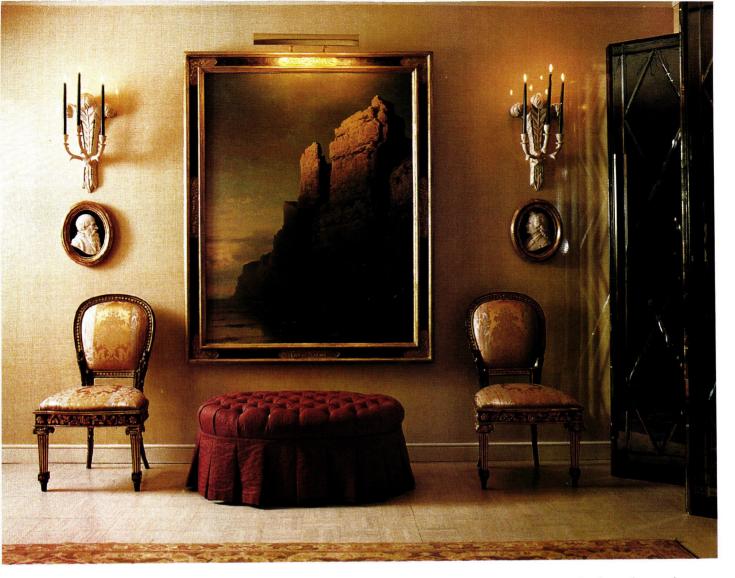
FOR HIS FIRST PROJECT AS AN INTErior design student at Pratt Institute in the early sixties Michael La Rocca built a completely symmetrical structure. The teacher ridiculed it and gave him an F, but La Rocca quickly recovered from this humiliation when he found precedents for his orderly tastes in Palladio and the Adam brothers, still his heroes. Today, La Rocca's reverence for symmetry hardly seems eccentric-not when he's juggling thirteen different projects on two continents. But La Rocca is more versatile than his neoclassicist reputation would suggest. During his thirty years as a professional designer and almost as many years heading his own firm, he has decorated everything from an airplane and matching helicopter in green, gold, and white (a client's racing colors) to a fifty-two-room Gothic revival mansion on the Hudson.

For his own apartment nothing stood in the way of his passion for antique revival. Yet, surprisingly, he resides not in some Adamesque sanctuary but in a spanking-new

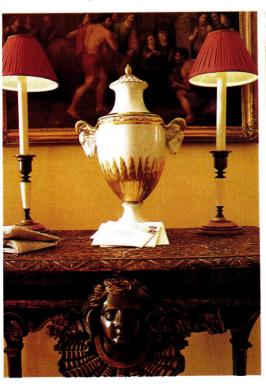
Lofty views of uptown Manhattan provide an unexpected backdrop for Michael La Rocca's historicist aesthetic. His living room is furnished with an armchair in Clarence House striped velvet, a sofa in a jacquard from Cowtan & Tout, and a glass and bronze coffee table of his own design. Details see Resources.

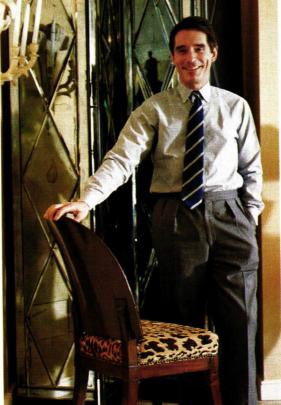






Spare and mellow walls showcase the rich shapes of the furniture





La Rocca's motto, "symmetry is serenity," is put into practice at one end of the living room, above, where an 1881 Brittany seascape is flanked by Sicilian side chairs, 1930s sconces, and English cameo plaques. Far left: Russian candlesticks, c. 1790, flank a German urn on an Irish table in the front hall. Left: La Rocca with a streamlined Russian desk chair, c. 1810, and a French mirrored screen. Opposite: A 1930s bronze presides over a dolphin-armed Sicilian chair, an ensemble of 18th-century Swedish chairs, and an Italian grotto table in the dining room.



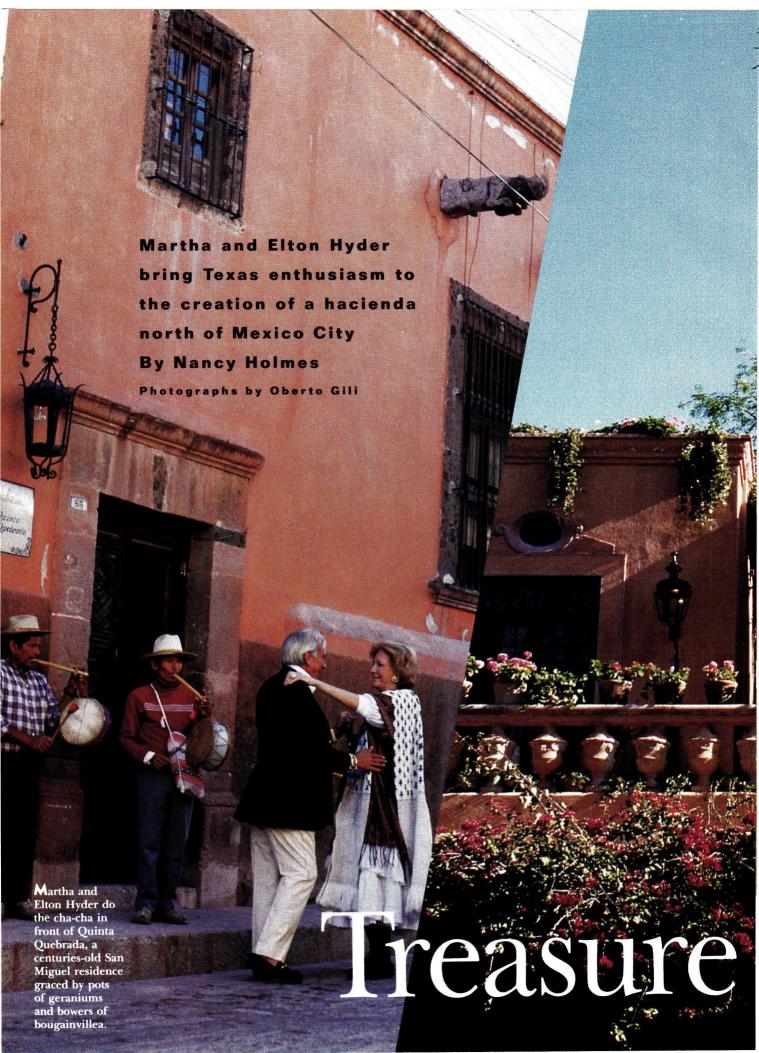
high rise with floor-to-ceiling wraparound East River views. In 1987, after years of living in nineteenthcentury town houses, La Rocca, a native New Yorker, felt ready for a "clean space with security and light." Granted, he did not leave this modest-size white box in as-found condition: to the apartment's bare bones he added baseboards, crown molding, new ceilings, and ocher walls glazed in a crisscross pattern. With the background in place he then installed a carefully edited but quirky group of extraordinary neoclassical objects-symmetrically arranged, of course. From the upholstered furniture clustered around a dramatic 1881 rocky seascape to the velvet sofa pillows and the painted Swedish dining chairs, everything is grouped in precise pairs or quartets. "Subliminally," he says, "even numbers create a comforting sense of tranquillity and equilibrium."

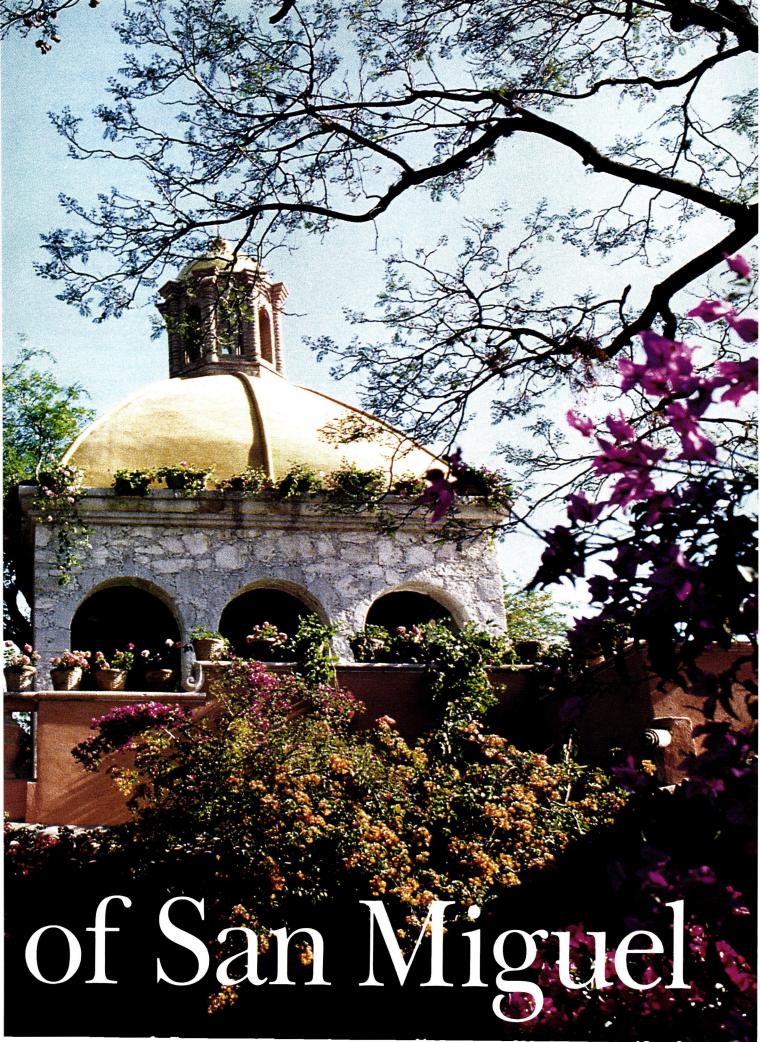
The decorator's most dramatically

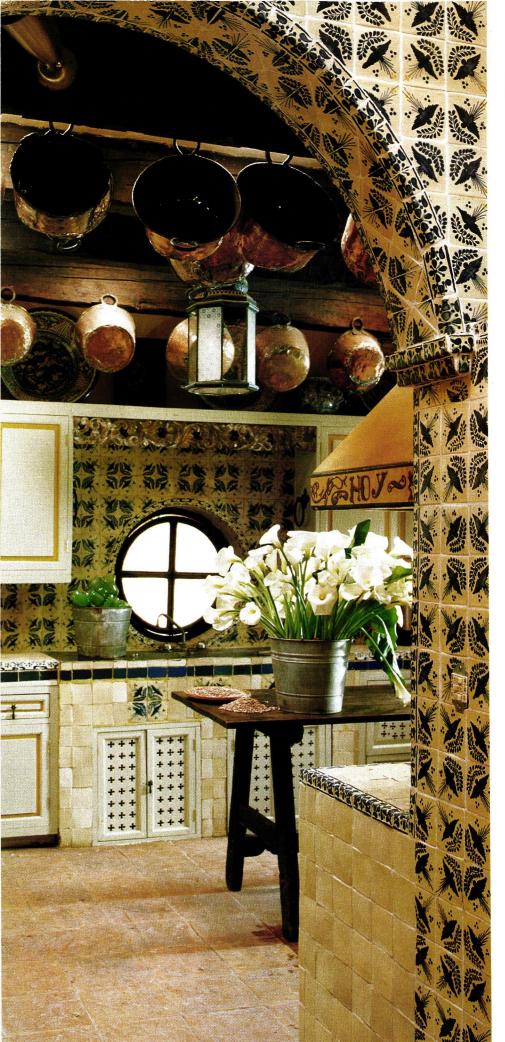
scaled pieces take command in the entrance hall, the smallest room in the apartment. Opposite the front door, an Irish baroque console table—fallout from a client's divorce features legs topped by shrieking Indian heads and sunflowers. A colossal bust of the Apollo Belvedere, theatrically exhibited against a tieback curtain, ushers the way into the opulently serene living room. Among the most memorable furnishings here are two gilded Sicilian late eighteenth century armchairs adorned with laurel-leaf backs (painted to simulate tortoise) with front legs in the form of Ionic columns, scaly dolphin armrests, and an oak-leaf frieze. Despite this madcap mix of motifs—it's as if the craftsman wanted to show off everything in his repertoire—the chairs maintain a vigorous unity. "For six months I thought about purchasing them," the scholarly looking La Rocca recounts. "The antiques dealer told me

every decorator was crazy about them, but nobody could ever convince their clients to buy them." Chairs are La Rocca's favorite furniture form. "At their best," he says, "they are self-contained masterpieces of design with features that relate to the human body—just like wristwatches, which I also collect."

La Rocca left the walls and floors of his apartment "spare and mellow" to showcase the rich shapes of the furniture. Beneath a pair of neoclassical Italian end tables, strange serpentine pedestals coil in a muscular double helix, yet their gilt tops and feet are incongruously delicate. The Brescia marble dining table sits on a crusty base composed of piled shells and semiprecious stones. Suitable for an Atlantean feast, this marine fantasy was probably designed for a grotto room. "All my furniture is very sculptural," says La Rocca, stroking the sleek back of an early nineteenth-century Russian desk







HIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO, on a pleasure trip to Mexico, Martha and Elton Hyder Jr. bought a hacienda in San Miguel de Allende, a pretty hill town that lies some three hours by car north of Mexico City. Both Hyders are history buffs with a passion for detail and accuracy, and they spent the greater part of the following year restoring and rebuilding the near wreck of a house they'd acquired. They called it Quinta Quebrada, taking the name from the street it was on-"quebrada" means broken in Spanish, and the street was indeed broken. Not too long after the Hyders bought the house, a bridge was finally built and the street was broken no more.

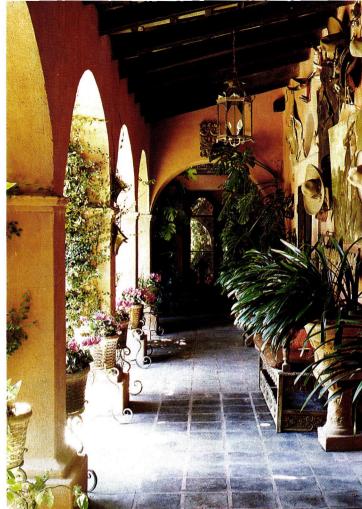
"When we first came here, the living room was a machine shop and there were pigs and donkeys out there," Martha Hyder says, waving an airy hand in the direction of one of the paradisiacal gardens that are part and parcel of Quinta Quebrada today. "The house was built around 1800, although some of it is much older." "So old," Elton Hyder adds, putting in his historical contribution, "that there was once a watchman's tower where the library is now. In those days, they rode their horses right in through the gates and quartered them back there." It is his turn to wave his hand toward the place where the pigs once played and where now a perfect oblong swimming pool is benignly guarded by recumbent stone creatures who do nothing more than jet lazy streams of water into the turquoise depths.

Elton Hyder loves land. And Martha Hyder loves "things," as anyone who has seen her Fort Worth home can attest. In the years after the renovation—when much of the old house

Hand-painted tiles and pottery in the recently expanded kitchen, *left*, come from the nearby town of Dolores Hidalgo. The old copper pots are from local markets. *Opposite:* The living room is festooned with Indian textiles, Moroccan lanterns, and Mexican ex-votos.







Quinta Quebrada has tripled in size. "It makes San Simeon seem

was rebuilt by Dottie and Pepe Vidargas, and a roofed loggia and two bedrooms were added with the help of architect J. B. Johnson and decorator Norman Alfe—Elton acquired bits and pieces of adjoining land as it became available, and Martha roamed Mexico and the rest of the world in search of authentic colonial pieces and anything that would suit Quinta Quebrada. Turkish rugs, lanterns from Morocco, furniture and paintings from Spain and Italy, mirrors from everywhere, Persian tiles, and Indian fabrics as well as Mexican retablos, ex-votos, and silver and old doors and columns from the demolition sites of the mansions and palaces of Mexico City-all filled the rooms to overflowing.

"I'd been collecting for this house for thirty years," explains Martha. "Storing things away, waiting for the day when I could put it all together the way I had envisioned it. After all, Elton had gotten the land little by little, and it didn't make much sense to leave it sitting when I needed more room and a much larger kitchen."

Patsy Bubela, a devoted friend of Martha's who has designed and built a number of houses in San Miguel, picks up the story: "Four years ago Martha and Elton got to a Mexican standoff. Elton wanted to tear down the wall by the swimming pool on one side of the house while Martha needed to double the size of her kitchen on the other side, and additional rooms had become imperative."

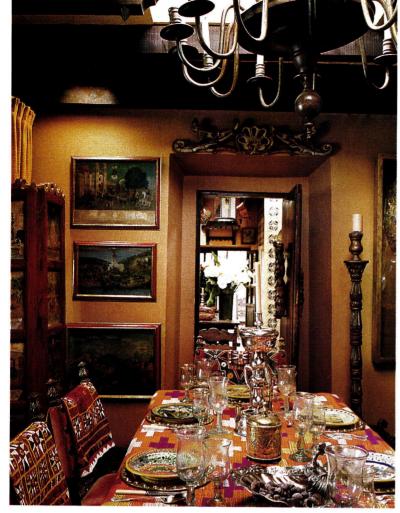
The Hyders both won, as is their wont, but, in Elton Hyder's words, "the net result makes San Simeon seem like a simple little place."

Quinta Quebrada has tripled in size, with four floors on six levels covering two acres overall. There are new guest quarters, several new gardens, another huge loggia on the side of the pool where the wall came down, an autonomous two-story casita designed by Bubela, a small cha-

pel, a tiny charming knot garden, a green tile Jacuzzi with a shell fountain in it, and a fantasy street that runs the full length of the property line—the convent and armory on one side of the street are actually an architectural mural, façades only. And yes, there is a new kitchen, double its former size.

Quinta Quebrada is a world of its own, an interior village of Martha Hyder's making. "We had fifty-two masons here at one point," she says. "And that didn't include carpenters, electricians, or plumbers. Workmen are craftsmen, and they built furniture for me, gilded, added stone carvings to incomplete fireplaces, copied braziers and sconces and chandeliers. In Mexico anything can be done." "There were workmen coming out of my ears," says Elton. "Martha learned a lot about construction. She could build the Empire State Building now."

She had abundant and talented

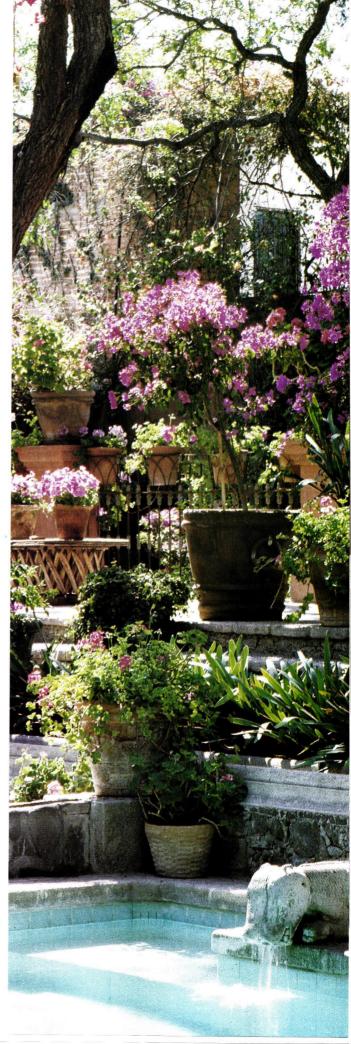


like a simple little place," says Elton

help along the way. Christopher C. Hill, a young San Antonio architect, arrived to put the finishing touches on the construction. "San Miguel is three and a half hours by car, four and a half by bus, and five and a half by train from Mexico City," he says. "I know. I've done them all, seventeen times in the past year." Marcia Bland Brown, a young Austin designer, was prevailed upon to come and help arrange the multifarious possessions. "Martha asked me to come for a week to help her, but she told me to bring a good book as there wasn't that much to do," says Brown. "I've been here for two years."

The locals had learned years before to stop by the villagelike Quinta Quebrada with their wares. There was always someone outside, bringing everything from chickens to cheeses, lace-edged cotton umbrellas, or great bouquets of calla lilies. Even the garden came to the ancient wooden front door. "One day I

Azaleas, geraniums, petunias, and bougainvillea surround the pool, right. Above: A 17th-century silver candlestick from Guatemala has pride of place in the dining room. The screen is a Mexican triptych, and the paintings are battle scene ex-votos. Opposite left: Precolumbian artifacts frame a window of the library. Opposite right: Elton had charro hats, bridles, and stirrups put up on a wall of the colonnade.







Many designers celebrated travel

tacks on the English look, but one unifying theme was travel, of both the time-related and the geographic sort.

In a regal lady's dressing room trompe l'oeil master Michael Tyson Murphy paid homage to Robert Adam. Helen Cooper took inspiration from an Elizabethan mansion in Somerset and created a cream-colored bedroom furnished with a witty four-poster made of copper piping. Linear wall paneling, which had been installed by Philip Johnson in the thirties, provided the springboard for Peter Pennoyer's ship's cabin—like bed-

room, complete with a tidy single bed and a model sloop. Painted Decoration Studio took the adventure theme a step further with a bathroom-cum-office for a travel writer. They stenciled the walls to resemble peeling William Morris wallpaper, painted a map on the ceiling, and designed an over-the-bathtub table for a typewriter and lamp—a room with ideas worth soaking up.

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

PETER PENNOYER played up the nautical overtones of a bedroom with walnut paneling, left, designed by Philip Johnson in the 1930s. Pennoyer lined two walls with cerulean blue paper, carpeted the floor in Berber Stria from Stark, and slipcovered a bedside armchair in toweling. "The terry cloth counteracts the sober atmosphere imposed by the paneling," explained Pennoyer. "I love its furry effect."



of both the time-related and the geographic sort



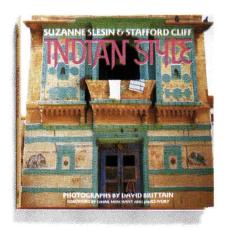
MICHAEL TYSON MURPHY applied painterly finesse to an 18th-century-style lady's dressing room. Left: The walls bear Adamesque arched niches, moldings, and Wedgwood medallions—all trompe l'oeil. The keystones, pilasters, and dado are stucco. Above: Murphy's silk swagged dressing table supports a Meissen figurine and a painted candlestick.



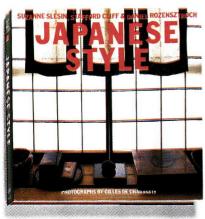




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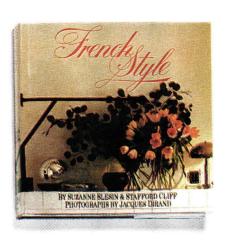


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Grand Garden Tour

(Continued from page 44) path effect' that is so disconcerting in many garden documentaries," he explains. "At Giverny, for example, we deliver an overview, like one of Monet's panoramas, then gradually concentrate on smaller areas and groupings of the plants he loved, before moving back again to the larger view for reference."

As a counterpoint to episodes focusing on individual flowers—predictably, the eight-part series opens with a segment on the rose, the world's most popular flower and the showpiece of the most romantic gardens—some segments take on larger principles of garden design. Yet even when reflecting on what Hobhouse speaks of as the "grammar of formality" and a television crew member calls the "religion of

space," Hepburn relates abstract ideas to intensely personal landscapes. For the finale of the episode on formal gardens her location is not Versailles or its Dutch counterpart, Het Loo, but Hidcote Manor Garden in Gloucestershire, an intimate country garden created in the twentieth century by one devoted plantsman, the American expatriate Lawrence Johnston.

The crew behind the camera was amused when John Brookes, one of the coauthors of the companion book, was filmed at Hidcote village and talked about explaining the origins of the cottage garden "for our Americans." The importance of reaching beyond familiar cultural terrain into foreign ground preoccupied everyone connected with the series. Hepburn initially planned not to go to Japan, owing to other commitments. She changed her mind, however, when she saw a location list

for Kyoto that included a fourteenthcentury monastery garden now planted with hundreds of different mosses and a contemporary stroll garden massed with sculptural evergreens.

The series ends with a tribute to public gardens and trees. "This is a very important piece," says Blackschleger. "It's about the days when children dressed up to go to the park." Her comment simultaneously conjures up the garden etiquette of the past and the altogether different concerns of the present. Hepburn emphasizes the timeliness of Gardens of the World and its relevance to her work with UNICEF: "Everyone's concerned with the environment, but of course environment includes flowers and trees as well as children. One cannot survive without the others. Today more than ever, gardens remind us of the beauty we are in danger of losing."

Atlanta Aloft

(Continued from page 88) warmth-ofwood sensibility. By some herculean feat of engineering, a 130-foot-long arm appears to be cantilevered off a small knoll. The structure rises 32 feet in the air and seems undecided whether it's a wall or a window. On closer inspection it turns out that the house was merely hinged to the knoll, then hoisted up by a graduated series of concrete walls as the land drops off. The siting traces the spot where an ancient tree had fallen and inadvertently cleared the way for the Chmars. A second structure, perpendicular to the first and shorter by 50 feet, reaches out like some sort of cubist waterfall spilling down to greet visitors, who are asked to park under the elevated guest wing. To amplify the passage from outside to in, the front door opens onto a small vestibule where guests remove their shoes. A bench and sandals accommodate the ceremonial change of footwear.

Although the rooms Scogin carved out of his transparent monolith are as notable for volumetric interest as they are for material richness—flakeboard floors allude to the forest floor in autumn—it is the quality of light that most distinguishes the interiors. The slightest shift of the sun, the sudden appearance of a cloud floating by and dappling the leaves, is amplified rather than obscured. You are constantly reminded that although you are inside the house, you are also inside a larger

context, the natural one. Nowhere is this sensation more intense than in the Goshinden room, a luminous loftlike space hovering above the living room with windows looking out in all directions-including through the floor. If the goal was to create the impression of floating on a cloud, it was achieved. A special stair allows access to the aerial meditation room, which Scogin planned as the central focus of the house. Although he is the first to admit that he neither understands nor shares his clients' Eastern slant on the world—"I'm a Georgia boy, born and raised in the southern Baptist church" —Scogin nonetheless understands the significance it plays in their lives. Which is precisely what he needed to understand.

Interior Landscape

(Continued from page 50) Biedermeier secretary, which, being over ten feet high and broad in the beam, is big enough for much of the paperwork on his projects. The overflow goes into a stack of interlocking baskets he made with one of his favorite woods, cherry. Each room is decorated in variations of burgundy and pale gray. ("That peach and blue," says Peyrone, "ugh. It is fin-

ished.") He shares the house with Tabui, a mongrel whose egregiously affectionate nature Peyrone attributes to a Montessori education.

The pebbled driveway, patterned in stars and fleurs-de-lis, is certainly elegant, but Russell Page might look askance at the rather casual conglomeration of trees surrounding the house. Peyrone saves his more ambitious designs for his commissioned projects; the most ambitious of all involves an entire village—Bicocca, on

the outskirts of Milan, which is being built by the Pirelli company. Peyrone will create parks, avenues, squares, and, of course, a hill of cherry trees.

He also has aspirations in the way of clients, having made the acquaintance of the Queen Mother. She has not yet asked his advice, but he is hopeful. "I am waiting for the boy, for Charles. He has been asking three clients about me, so in a year or two..." Paolo Peyrone smiles, cultivating his garden.

Editor: Deborah Webster

Oriental Reveries

(Continued from page 75) sheikh (he also disguised himself as the god Osiris). The patronizing colonialist mentality was perfectly in evidence in Loti's remark that the Near East was "a happy world that has remained almost in the golden age—because it has always known how to moderate its desires, fear change, and keep the faith."

But if orientalism is an invitation to decadence or a poetic alibi for ruthless colonialism, it's also a dandy's way of creating an artificial paradise in which to live a controlled life of elegant solitude. The classic book of decadence A Rebours (Against the Grain) by Joris-Karl Huysmans pictures its hero, the effete Jean Floressas des Esseintes, as living in a Kubla Khan pleasure dome of his own devising, in opposition to the rhythms and processes of nature. He holds a solitary dinner in honor of his lost virility in which all the ingredients are black. On the shell of his big pet tortoise he has an oriental design picked out in jewels. Unfortunately, the decoration stifles the animal, but des Esseintes leaves its bejeweled corpse to rot in his study. On his wall hangs Gustave Moreau's painting of Salome dancing before Herod.

This dandy strain of orientalism is what survives today. For example, Leon Amar, the New York decorator, may live just a block from Carnegie Hall in an apartment that is neither vast nor sunny, but he has turned it into an exquisitely luminous retreat from the buzz and blur of Manhattan. The bedroom walls are lined with white wood moucharabiehs, those openwork wood screens through which harem women could see without being seen. Amar has backed them with lights on dimmers—the ultimate in controlled intimacy. The atmosphere recalls the afternoon swoons and drugged sherbets in Paul Bowles's novel The Sheltering Sky, which updates that favorite European theme, the rapacious sheikh and the comely white slave (the new film based on Bowles's book is directed by Bernardo Bertolucci). In the dining room where Amar (who is Moroccan) offers his friends couscous dinners, he has had gilt inscriptions from the Koran painted on the ceiling cove. Paintings of Morocco by nineteenth-century American artists hang in the living room.

American artists and designers have often sought this gilt, perfumed refuge from a busy mercantile (and philistine) world. The jeweler Kenneth Jay Lane and the couturier Oscar de la Renta are

both, after their fashion, modern orientalists-in their work as in the art they live with. Their precursor in the United States, in the decades following the Civil War, was the Hudson River School painter Frederic Church, who built his own Victorian mecca, Olana, with arabesque woodwork inside and Persian brickwork outside. Olana (Arabic for "our castle on high") was completed in 1891. A century later, orientalism is, for Americans, the return of repressed somber passions tricked out in gaudy colors. It's also a promise of paradise, a foreglimpse of peaceful opulence where a weary potentate can be served by attentive curvaceous houris. This vision is all the more seductive in an age when sexual dalliance has again become linked with menace, and male fantasies of dominance are dubious at best. Half dream, half daydream, orientalism is wholly a creation of the dazzled imagination.

Photo credits for Oriental Reveries

Page 68—Minneapolis Institute of Arts, William Hood Dunwoody Fund. Page 69—From left: Michael Mundy; Private Collection/by arrangement with ARS, New York/SPADEM. Page 70—From left: Victoria and Albert Museum; Harold Allen; Aldo Fallai for the Giorgio Armani Fall/Winter 1990 ad campaign. Page 71—Peter Vitale. Page 72—Musée du Louvre/photo Scala/Art Resource. Page 73—From top: Courtesy Warner Brothers; Michael Mundy; Roger-Viollet. Page 74—75—Clockwise from left: Horst; Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris/by arrangement with ARS, New York/photo Art Resource; Culver Pictures; courtesy Christopher Wood Gallery, London.

Collector's Items

(Continued from page 100) animals that he bought in Paris, for instance, are "forward looking and thus carry you forward with them. They were made ten years before the famous 1925 art deco exposition but are often mistaken for the work of a later time." A Bugatti cupboard on the wall—a pastiche of Islamic design and pattern—"has nothing to do with Victorian historicism," says Loring. "The historicism is so quirky that the piece is taken into another realm. Bugatti broke away from his inspiration, and as a result the work is so conceptually preposterous that it becomes very satisfying."

In 1979, Van Day Truex, Loring's predecessor as design director at Tiffany's, took him to Murano to meet Tiffany's premier glassmaker, Archimede Seguso. Truex had no difficulty

convincing Loring to work with Seguso—the beginning of a long collaboration. "I would suggest a design to Mr. Seguso, and he would pull the pencil out of my hand and work on it a little more. It was an extraordinary privilege from the start to work with the greatest living genius of glassmaking." Little by little, piece by piece, Loring has put together his own extraordinary collection of Seguso glass.

He also has a startlingly beautiful Audubon pattern silver pitcher that he likes to fill with flowers, and cupboards full of Tiffany's table furnishings. But Loring has not filled his apartment with his own designs; the books that he has written on Tiffany's style and history are in bookcases, not displayed on tables. "I live in my house at 57th Street and Fifth for nine hours a day during the week, but when I leave that house and walk up Fifth Avenue to my apartment, I enter a different world. I don't

want my designs around."

Instead, there is a particularly lovely watercolor by Gert Cramer, from whom Loring bought the painting when he was a student in Paris, and there are photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe and a fine assemblage of Josef Hoffmann chairs.

On a lacquer tray sits a row of little ironstone pots that look like Japanese ceramics of the most subtle design and workmanship. During a visit to Bermuda, an island not known for its art and antiques, Loring wandered the back streets of Hamilton until he found in an unprepossessing shop something remarkable: eighteenth-century inkwells that had been salvaged from shipwrecks. "You see," he says, slowly turning one of the elegant pots in his hand, "it is all in the gift of being able to recognize where there is, and where there is not, magic."

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

HG JANUARY 1991



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True to Their Colors

(Continued from page 92) cushions and a patchwork quilt stitched together with precious scraps from the Setificio.

Laudomia Pucci has her own apartment in what used to be the nursery she and Alessandro shared on the palazzo's top floor. Her workplace is only a few flights downstairs; she is responsible for the Pucci fashion collections and accessories, a role she took on after a year with Givenchy in Paris. Emilio Pucci's most cherished principles are echoed by his daughter. "The modern thing about Pucci has always been the absence of intricate cut," she says. "What accessorizes this pure cut is the color, the print, and the quality of the fabric. Pucci is sleek and simple, but the colors make it joyful."

All the same, when Laudomia retreats to her grown-up nursery, she seeks a foil to the kaleidoscope on display downstairs: "I need to be surrounded by the calm and openness of white after working all day with so many colors and patterns. I really love clean bare rooms." This taste for the refreshment of minimalism has not dulled the vibrant Pucci sense of style. When the spirit moves her to vary her pristine surroundings, Laudomia likes to throw colorful silk squares over the white linen pillows on her sofa, and, of course, one of her father's vintage scarves is proudly hung on the wall like a family coat of arms.

New Traditionalist

(Continued from page 66) rare-books dealer; today he works from home and his business card reads simply, "Randolph Leigh Williams, Bookman." Third, Bunny founded her firm. And, fourth, they got Brewster, a Norfolk terrier with an overbite, who is now joined by a puppy named Carson. "Be sure to say how much I love my dogs," entreats Williams, who has gone so far

as to slipcover their beds. "Of course, they're allowed on the furniture. They like my red velvet sofa as much as I do."

Of late Williams has been breaking away from her traditionalist mold and expanding her repertory. For the 1990 Kips Bay Decorator Show House she made a list of classic elements she wanted to avoid—curtains with fringe, chintz, oriental rugs—and went to work creating a fanciful lavender and green delft-filled sitting room inspired by pictures of a Russian palace. She

also recently finished a Spanish-style villa in Palm Beach and is currently creating a Scandinavian look for a ski house in Aspen. Even though her vision has broadened, Williams is still most sought after for her remarkable command of the basics. As decorator David Anthony Easton, a former Parish-Hadley colleague, puts it, "Bunny is someone who understands a screened porch. There aren't many of those people left."

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

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Page 6 Mid 19th century French decorated opaline bowl with bronze doré mount, similar at Objets Plus, NYC (212) 832-3386.

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GARDENING

Pages 28–29 Suppliers for hellebores: Carroll Gardens, 444 East Main St., P.O. Box 310, Westminster, MD 21157; (800) 638-6334 catalogue \$2. Forestfarm, 990 Tetherow Rd., Williams, OR 97544; (503) 846-6963 catalogue \$3. Montrose Nursery, P.O. Box 957, Hillsborough, NC 27278; (919) 732-7787 catalogue \$2.

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HG JANUARY 1991

Gandee AT LARGE

Frances Beinecke's concerns are global

"When did you graduate from college?" I asked Frances Beinecke. To which she replied, without a trace of a smile, "If you

want to know how old I am, why don't you just ask?"

No-nonsense and no-makeup, Frances Beinecke, who is forty-one (Yale '71), is like that. Direct. To the point. Confrontational. For the past seventeen years she has been involved, in one way or another, with the National Resources Defense Council, a not-for-profit environmental organization with 170,000 members, an annual operating budget of \$1.5 million, and a full-time staff of 150, including thirty scientists and thirty-five lawyers. The NRDC's agenda, bluntly stated, is to save the world.

Which may explain why deputy director Frances Beinecke is the let's-get-on-with-it sort of woman she is.

"When the NRDC started in 1970, it was seen as some sort of left-wing Commie group," recalled Beinecke, seated in her corner office in the NRDC's state-of-the-art energy-efficient Manhattan headquarters. But that was then, when L.A. schoolchildren were not kept off the playground ninety "smog days" per year. And this is now.

From garbage and pesticides to nuclear weapons facilities and tropical rain forests, the list of woes, dangers, and concerns is daunting. Although Beinecke is ardent about each of the entries on the NRDC checklist, "right now," she admits, "the most important work we're doing focuses on global warming. Twenty years ago we learned

about acid rain and we thought, 'Boy, that's about as bad as it can get—power plants in Ohio dumping acid rain in the Adirondacks.' Then, in the early eighties, the ozone hole over Antarctica was discovered. And that seemed incredibly frightening. Now this information on global warming comes in..." Beinecke trails off at the thought. The controversial scenario goes like this: increasing amounts of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere are heating up the earth's envelope. Consequences include a shifting breadbasket—"We're talking about America's farm belt moving from the Midwest to Saskatchewan"— and a rising sea level—"Bangladesh would be underwater." I asked what the doomsday schedule looked like. "Major effects in the first half of the next century."

Such an apocalyptic prospect seems not to demoralize Beinecke. On the contrary. She appears to be convinced that for every problem there is a solution. Global warming? "We must reduce the amounts of fossil fuels being burned and protect tropical forests and plant more trees." Simple. Straight. Good-bye gas guzzler.

Although Beinecke acknowledges that the requisite shift from consumer-society mind-set to conserving-society mind-set is slow, "everybody can do something," she declares, then ticks off a list of precisely what, ranging from water-conserving shower heads and energy-efficient appliances to home insulation and recycling. Garbage is a particularly sensitive subject. "Packaging is the scourge of garbage," she notes with unbridled contempt. "Why does everything have to be wrapped in eight layers of plastic?" And while she's on the subject she zeroes in on one especially offensive package—the juice box. "There are billions out there. And they're not recyclable because they're cardboard and aluminum and

plastic. They've been banned in Maine." Solution? "Why not pour that same juice into a thermos? You can use the thermos for years." Diapers, Beinecke confesses, pose a more complicated problem. "Disposable diapers generate enormous solid waste problems, and though cloth diapers don't, they require a tremendous amount of water and detergent and energy." Beinecke has used both kinds: cloth when she had her first child in 1980, disposable when she had twins in 1983.

Since giving up your juice box is one thing and giving up your Corvette quite another, I asked Beinecke if she some-



Diapers, she confesses, pose a complicated problem

times feels as if she is fighting a hopeless battle. "I don't," she said. "When information came out about the ozone, people stopped buying aerosols. When we discovered the harmful effects of Alar, people stopped buying apples. The consumer is powerful." Although the NRDC lobbyists also succeeded in getting a new Clean Air Act passed, Beinecke believes that "our job is not just telling Congress how to change the law, it's telling the public how to change their ways." Toward that end the NRDC distributes a small library of publications—*Fifty Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth* makes for especially illuminating reading. To get a copy, write the NRDC at 40 West 20 St., New York, NY 10011. It costs \$5, the price of twelve juice boxes.

Charles Gandee