Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

Every person who maliciously
cuts, defaces, breaks or injures
any book, map, chart, picture,
engraving, statue, coin, model,
apparatus, or other work of lit-
erature, art, mechanics or ob-
ject of curiosity, deposited in
any public library, gallery,
museum or collection is guilty
of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California,
1915, Section 623.

http://archive.org/details/connoisseurillus217maylon
THE GETTY CANDALS

GOLF: THE TEETH OF THE GALE

MAN INVENTED FASHION, A.D.
Every year the Getty Museum, in Malibu, California, has to spend at least $140 million. That is enough money not only to acquire great masterpieces but also to attract great con men and counterfeiters.

Inside is the story so far....
control system. It provides separate thermostat controls for left- and right-side passengers, and the Death Valley proven air conditioning is the world's "strongest and most automated" (Auto Motor und Sport).

No other car combines the 735i's unique door and window seals, rigid construction, and lithe aerodynamics to effectively silence wind and road noise.

And not even cars whose reputations are founded on safety have the array of safety features und on the new BMW 735i. They range from ellipsoid halogen lights that cast broader, more even white light, to a most advanced steering-wheel air bag. Seat belts whose sliding anchors adjust invitingly to your height. An immensely strong body that exceeds U.S. crash-worthiness standards by at least 15%. Finally, physical objects, let alone cars, are as good as the care that goes into the new BMW 735i.

The mechanical systems are fitted to within the maker's tolerances. The body undergoes a 37-step rustproofing and painting regimen. The rich wood trim of the cockpit is hand-finished, the supple leather seating hand-crafted by artisans who have practiced their skill on cloth upholstery for ten years first.

Even the inside of the trunk lid, you will note, is meticulously carpeted.

Now, the new BMW 735i is available in America. Your nearest authorized BMW dealer will be happy to arrange your test drive of a car which promises exquisite satisfaction to driving enthusiasts. But exquisite frustration to other car makers. THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.
Fine inlaid harewood console table, attributed to Linnell.
Circa 1780.
Twice a day.

As routine as brushing your teeth, the use of these three products twice a day improves the appearance, comfort and future of any man's skin. Photographed for Clinique by Irving Penn. ©1985 Clinique Labs., Inc.
YOUR TIE LINE TO QUALITY: ROLEX

With rugged strength and classic design, Rolex defines timekeeping style, setting its own standard. The Datejust® and companion Lady Datejust chronometers are self-winding and pressure-proof to 330 feet within their seamless Oyster® cases. Handcrafted in 18 karat gold and stainless steel with matching Jubilee bracelets, these superb timepieces provide unequalled performance on land or at sea.

Only at your Official Rolex Jeweler.

MAYOR'S FINE JEWELERS SINCE 1910.
COVER Photograph by Andrew Unangst

23 CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD  A symbol in the Eternal City; da Vinci in Montreal; Haberle's A Japanese Corner; in New York, Gotham now means food; blasts from an émigré Soviet director in Washington

62 AUCTIONS McElhenny's triumphs

70 THE LIVELY ARTS  A little street music

87 SOCIETY ON ICE  The late, great portrait painter Bernard Boutet de Monvel is going to make a comeback, by Charles Bricker

92 NINE PITILESS LINKS Begorra, and playing golf in Ireland is grand fun!, by Peter Andrews

98 THE GETTY SCANDALS  How did a major institution get into such a mess?, by Geraldine Norman and Thomas Hoving

110 LIVING FOR FASHION  With quiet dedication, Geoffrey Beene has become No.1 in American fashion, by Gay Bryant

120 OUT OF THIS WORLD  The thrill of sailing on the good ship Shenandoah

122 THE PROFESSOR  Émile Peynaud has reinvented wine making, by Frank Ward

128 COOL COMFORT  Tom Penn's wonderful wrought-steel furniture

130 THE PERSONAL TOUCH  To András Schiff, the piano is not a percussion instrument, by Charles Michener

134 BACK TO MODERNISM  A glass pavilion in Virginia, by Nancy Hoving

138 PURE SOUTHERN STYLE  The cook Edna Lewis performs her magic at Middleton Place, by Patricia Lynden

142 RECAPTURING THE PAST  A three-hundred-year-old plantation lives again, by Eve Auchincloss

146 INVESTOR'S FILE  Five artists whose work has appreciated enormously

156 WINE  The Australian wineries that rank with California's best

164 UP & COMING  A watering hole; a polymath; an architect of lights; Paris's king of the bow monde
Salvatore Ferragamo, the “Shoemaker of Dreams”, un doubtfully one of the most innovative designers in the history of shoes. This self-made man created shoes for the world’s most famous feet. Today, Ferragamo continues in the spirit of its founder, capturing both classical and contemporary style.

Symbol of this timeless elegance, Varo created in 1978 with its distinguished grosgrain bow and golden buckle. Calfskin and patent leather versions in fashionable new colors for every season.

Saks Fifth Avenue and Salvatore Ferragamo - a celebration of 50 beautiful years.

NEW YORK: 717 FIFTH AVENUE 212/759-3822
PALM BEACH: 200 WORTH AVENUE 305/659-0602
“Every woman may be shod like a princess.”
Salvatore Ferragamo Autobiography
The Metropolitan Museum of Art acquired this Rembrandt masterpiece...

and now you can acquire a masterpiece just a block away.

If you’re looking for walls for your own works of art, nothing surpasses 80th at Madison. This new residence, a few paces from the Metropolitan Museum and Central Park, is sure to be coveted by the world’s most discerning people. A citadel of sophistication and a 20th Century landmark in one of the most liveable neighborhoods on earth.

And yet only a select few will be able to call 80th at Madison home. Every unit created in this luxurious 27-story condominium is noteworthy for its spaciousness. Touches of elegance abound, from Brazilian cherry parquet flooring to brass hardware and plumbing fixtures, to custom European-style vanities and kitchen cabinets. Security is strictly state-of-the-art, with an individually coded system in each unit, and both audio and visual communication between apartment and concierge.

80th at Madison. A masterpiece in granite and limestone. Not to be admired from afar but to be lived in, surrounding yourself with a rare degree of graciousness.

The opportunities for ownership of a one-bedroom, two-bedroom, three-bedroom or duplex apartment in 80th at Madison are limited.

80th at Madison

SHOWN BY APPOINTMENT ONLY. FOR INFORMATION CALL (212) 628-3600.
Sponsor: ADCO—Madison Associates, 645 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022
The complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from sponsor. CD 86,389

Reference to the Metropolitan Museum of Art is for geographical purposes only. The Metropolitan is not associated with 80th at Madison.
THE ART OF BEING UNIQUE

AUSTIN • BAL HARBOR • BEVERLY HILLS • CHEVY CHASE • CHICAGO • DALLAS • FORT LAUDERDALE • HONOLULU • HOUSTON • LAS VEGAS • LOS ANGELES • NEW YORK • PALM BEACH • SAN FRANCISCO • SAN JUAN • SOUTH COAST PLAZA • ST THOMAS • TORONTO • VAIL • VANCOUVER • WASHINGTON, D C

Cartier
JOAILLIERS
Introducing the most beautiful vehicle in the world.

How can we call that mud splattered vehicle beautiful? Quite easily, actually.

The Range Rover was not only exhibited at the Louvre, it’s also a favourite of fashionable drivers from St. Moritz to Milan.

And with its Land Rover pedigree, it’s a favourite on the Serengeti and in the Outback, as well.

In addition to its 4-wheel drive, its Differential Lock provides grip enough for a blizzard or bog.

It can also see you readily across terrain roughly as rough as this.

And with its fuel injected V-8 engine, the Range Rover even excels on the surface that most challenges most rugged 4x4s: A paved road.

What’s more, its standard equipment includes all the luxury features you’d expect in a vehicle priced just north of $30,000.

So why not call 1-800-FINE-4WD for a dealer convenient to you?

After all, the uglier driving gets, the more beautiful a Range Rover becomes.
"Stool and Chair," oil on canvas
54" x 60," 1987

CAROL FREMLIN

Recent Paintings: May 5 through 30, 1987

GUMP'S
SINCE 1861

250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO • (415)982-1616
Galerie H. Odermatt - Ph. Cazeau
85 bis, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré 75008 Paris - Téléphone : (1) 42 66 92 58

CAMILLE PISSARRO. "Kensington Gardens, Londres". Huile sur toile, datée 1890. Dimensions : 54 x 73 cm.

MAITRES DES XIXᵉ ET XXᵉ SIECLES

29 AVRIL - 30 JUIN
Champagne Breakfast at Gump's: BACCARAT Malmaison and Festivite by CERELENE
Photographed on M.S. Caribe, Commodore Cruise Line, Limited.

Classic, Facets, Velur, and Stripes in 100% combed cotton towels. Luxurious rugs, robes and wraps to coordi
first class look that begins and ends with spectacular colors by Royal Velvet.
From our private studio: Ring and earrings of South Sea pearls in 18k gold, handcrafted to echo their natural shapes. Shown actual size.

Extravagance is its own reward.

BORIS B&B leBEAU

21 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10021 (212) 752-4186
150 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, FL 33480 (305) 655-3702

SCHUMACHER
FABRICS
WALLCOVERINGS
CARPETS

CONNOISSEUR

Founded in 1901, CONNOISSEUR was acquired by William Randolph Hearst in 1927. It is published monthly in the U.S.A. and Great Britain by Hearst Magazines Division and National Magazine Company Limited.

Editor-in-Chief
Thomas Hoving

Executive Editor
Philip Herrera

Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush

Senior Editors
Eve Aunchinloss
Matthew Gunewich

Associate Editors
Kathleen B. Hearst
Melik Kaylan
Robert Knafo
Cope Editor
Judith Sonntag
Alain Skastrom (assistant)

Researchers
Anne Phelon
Jane Pomerantz

Editorial Assistants
Mary Ann Flynn
Desde Stein
Mary Vanda Verre
Amanda Walker

Contributing Editors
Patricia Corbett (Europe)
Frederic V. Grunfeld
Nancy Hoving
Walter McCuade
Manus Warmer

Acting Art Director
Stephanie E. Phelan

Picture Editor
Phyllis Levine

Associate Picture Editors
Pamela Hassell-Marcusson
Lisa Limer

Picture Researchers
Agnaiel Asher

Assistant Art Director
Jeffrey Keyton

Art Assistant
Stephen Wilcox

Art Production
Doreen Maddox

Editorial Production Manager
Lynn Buckner

Published by
The Hearst Corporation
President
Frank A. Bennack, Jr.

Chairman
Randolph A. Hearst

President, Magazines Division
Gilbert C. Maurer

Managing Director, National
Magazine Company Limited,
United Kingdom
Terry Mansfield

Publisher
David A. McCann

Advertising Director
Charlotte Fors¶nsen

Director, Art and Antiquities
Janet Lorraine Brinkos

European Representative
Daniele Garret

Production Manager
Cynthia Alley

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE CONNOISSEUR accepts all orders, upon receipt of your order, for a complete new or renewal subscription order, undertake to provide the first copy, delivered within 4 to 12 weeks. If for some reason this cannot be done, you will be promptly notified of the new date that will begin your subscription, with the request for any further instructions you may have concerning your order. Please address all subscriptions and renewal orders for CONNOISSEUR to: P.O. Box 3727, Des Moines, Iowa 50302, or call toll-free 1-800-825-9470, Iowa residents, call 1-800-825-1272. To assure quickest service, please enclose your mailing label when sending renewals or renewing your subscription. Renewal orders must be received at least 8 weeks prior to expiration to assure continued service.

For subscription orders, and inquiries from U.S.A. or Canada, please send to CONNOISSEUR, P.O. Box 15753, Des Moines, Iowa 50302, From Great Britain and other European countries, please send to CONNOISSEUR, National Magazine Company Limited, England, National Magazine House, 72 Broadwick Street, London W1V 3BF.
JEWELS AS WORKS OF ART
COPYRIGHTED SIGNED AND CATALOGUED

Earpendsnts "Shrine 1"

NEW YORK
809 MADISON AVENUE
AT 68th STREET
TEL. 212 288 9708

GENÈVE
9, PLACE DU MOLARD
1er ETAGE
TEL. 21 53 53

MONACO
24, BD PRINCESSE-
CHARLOTTE
TEL. 93 25 79 59
OUT OF BOUNDS.

Parfum d'Hermès


Available only at Hermès Boutiques. To purchase, call 1-800-441-4488 Ext. 204 or visit the Hermès Boutique closest to you.
la passione di Roma

FENDI

EXCLUSIVELY AT
BLOOMINGDALE'S
Order by phone toll-free 1-800-526-5368. N.J. Residents 1-201-342-6707
MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

IN THE ETERNAL CITY

At a time when the dollar was weakening, I was tracking a story about fraud in high museum places. The task took me to Europe. It was not something I was looking forward to. I had memories of Chernobyl and terrorism. And to top it all off, I was going in the middle of that terrible cold wave last winter that sent temperatures plunging below zero. The Riviera was engulfed in snow. Most of the airline terminals were open, but only sporadically. My first stop was to be Rome. I packed as if for a Himalayan adventure: long underwear, woollen boots, mittens, three sweaters, and a mountaineering down parka. At the last second I threw in a pair of battery-heated socks.

Well. Rome was sixty-five degrees and serene. A light typical to springtime, not January, bathed the Eternal City in a pelucid glow. Reacting to my disbelief, my taxi driver said, "Sure! The sirocco. When it gets cold up there in the north, we always get the air moving up from Africa. Nice, eh?" A bloody nuisance, I thought, steaming in my winter gear. I was gasping by the time evening conjured up a breeze. In order to sleep I had to fling open the hotel windows. That night I could hear thunderstorms in the distance. Summer seemed to be fast approaching.

On the advice of one of the most accomplished connoisseurs of Rome, Dan Berger, of the Metropolitan Museum, I sought out the newest restaurant of renown. It is Bolognese, near the Piazza del Popolo on the Via Angelo Brunetti, and called Al 59 da Giuseppe. The meal was delicious: homemade lasagna with white truffles followed by a bolito misto, a mixture of boiled meats and fowl and vegetables in the most succulently broth.

Later that night, as I strolled through deserted streets back up to the Piazza Trinità dei Monti and the Hotel Hassler, I happened to glance up and saw, embedded in a modest building on a narrow vicolo, a three-feet-high relief of a young woman, clothed in the most luxuriant drapery and bending over to fasten her sandal. Was it really classical? Couldn't be. But then, I was in Rome, where antiquities are sprinkled about like stars in the heavens.

With not too much exertion, I could climb up some rusticated masonry, grab hold of an iron grate over a window, and hoist myself up to study the sculpture closely. I was dressed like Sir Edmund Hillary going up Mount Everest, so why not? When I got up there I saw, to my intense pleasure, that she was absolutely not some reproduction. She was ancient, about second century A.D., I guessed. I must have clung there for five minutes raptly looking at her, caressing her weather-worn surfaces. As I jumped back onto the sidewalk, the most curious thought flashed into my head. That nonchalantly located sculpture—far from a masterwork, but a pleasantly modest artistic endeavor nonetheless—seemed to be a symbol. Of what? Of Rome, of perseverance, of hope.

After all, what had Rome, founded in 753 B.C. (the legendary date, which I believe), not experienced? Wars, riots, pestilence, corruption, turmoil, strikes, famines, dictatorships, intolerance, stupidity, laziness, ineptitude, pollution, overcrowding, abandonment, fires, festivals, and flames. Hypocrisy, ignorance, wild swings from zeniths of optimism to deepest disillusionment. For Pete's sake, lions used to roam the streets—at least according to Will Shakespeare. Temples and churches had been sacked a dozen times and rebuilt. Barbarians had torched the place at least twice. What Vesuvius did not wreck, the Vespa has all but done in. Back in Caesar's day the din of the traffic crunching through at night made insomniacs out of a good two-thirds of the population. Over the centuries there had been slave revolts, Christian martyrdoms, Renaissance intrigues, and the pomp of Benito Mussolini.

Rome's streets, piazas, thoroughfares, and buildings had been punctiliously planned, down to the last centimeter, and ripped apart to get building materials for hovels and palaces. The greatest art of history had been created there, and some of it had been callously melted down for its lime or metal. But the city had endured through everything that nature and man could throw at it; and the indelible proof of that seemed to me to be the beautiful girl in her flowing gown, bending down so lithely to fasten her sandal.

Of course, the wine, the dinner, and the weather had something to do with making a revelation of that humble statue. All I know is that I was so filled with celebration that I almost levitated.

As I walked away I corked off a salute to "my girl." You made it for nearly two thousand years. Does that mean we will make it, too? No fire? No ice? No rumbling atomic holocaust? Two thousand years from now, I have the feeling, some character on the way home from a divine repast will look up and see her and be delighted, too, with her casual nature, which links all truly fine works of art. She might even then seem a symbol of endurance and beauty. What she says to me she may say in the year 4000: "We're going to make it, after all!"
THE MERCEDES-BENZ 190 CLASS: THE SUBTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MASTERING THE ROAD AND MERELY COPING WITH IT.

The road passes beneath you as always, but the sensations are markedly different. So is your state of mind. This is your first experience with a 190 Class sedan, but already you are driving with calm confidence. The car has earned your trust.

It feels resolutely stable, going precisely where you steer it, refusing to waver off course or wallow over potholes. Even the severest bumps seem only a minor disturbance as the suspension gently quells the violence underneath. Negotiating a run of switchback turns seems more routine business than high drama as the car shifts direction nimbly in response to your steering commands. Sports sedans might occasionally handle this adroitly, but they seldom feel this composed.

Suddenly the pavement deteriorates into washboard gravel, but the car tracks steadfastly ahead, curiously unfazed by the change in terrain. It occurs to you that you have yet to hear a squeak or rattle. The engine remains almost subliminally quiet, wind noise a faint whisper when you hear it at all. You normally feel an urge to stretch your legs after sitting for so long, but now you feel the urge to keep driving.

Even if you chose the automatic transmission, you still find it easy to shift manual-style when the mood strikes, locating each gear by feel without glancing downward. Your driving has become pleasurably instinctive, as driving at its best should be.

This ostensibly mystical exaltation of the driving experience springs from such technological advances as “the most sophisticated steel suspension ever put into volume production” (Britain’s Car Magazine). And the simple fact that a 190 Class sedan is built like every Mercedes-Benz—not one ergonomic or safety principle sacrificed for the sake of cosmetic luxury or digital showmanship. Every detail of construction and assembly meeting universally envied standards.

The result is a sedan that does not “challenge” you in the macho sports-sedan tradition, but rather serves as a congenial and supremely capable ally—at once exciting and obedient, responsive and considerate. The road provides challenge enough.

Engineered like no other car in the world
TECHNICALLY A GENIUS

Leonardo, who sat an intellectual appetite for everything from science to aesthetics, is generally regarded as the very embodiment of the Renaissance. Yet he is perhaps most commonly identified by his genius as a painter (of, for example, the Mona Lisa and The Last Supper). "Leonardo da Vinci: Engineer and Architect," at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts (May 22—November 8, 1987)—it does not travel—should serve as a corrective reminder to some and as a revelation to others that Leonardo was also—and not just incidentally—one of the founding fathers of modern engineering and architecture, to which he devoted most of his time and which provided him his livelihood.

While this aspect of his career, along with his closely related architectural work, has by no means gone overlooked, it has never before been presented in such an extensive exhibition. Not since Leonardo's death (in 1519) has so much work by his hand (and derived from his drawings) been assembled. Among the approximately 250 objects on view are full-scale models of his machines, fourteen of which were constructed from original drawings specifically for the show: the renowned flying machine, a couple of cranes; a screw jack (ancestor of today's automobile jack); and smaller machine components: ball bearings, a three-speed gear system, pulleys, bolts, screws. Similarly, two large architectural maquettes—one, a twelve-foot-high model of a central-plan church—present rare, 3-D evidence of Leonardo's architectural ideas, none of which were translated into built structures (although elements were occasionally incorporated into the projects of others).

The exhibition will change subtly, as pages of the twelve Leonardo notebooks (called codices) that will be on view are turned from time to time. These reveal, among other things, that even Leonardo's most technical drawings are works of extraordinary beauty. Some of the more spectacular examples appear in what is known as Manuscript B, from the Bibliothèque de l'Institut de France. A small, formal 168-page codex of drawings and writings pertaining to architecture, bridges, boats, war engines, flying machines, and scientific instruments, this book has not been publicly displayed since Napoleon brought it to France as booty, in 1796. The unprecedentedly generous loan of fifteen drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor features several topographical maps—one of them a plan for rerouting the river Arno—to which Leonardo added unusual touches of color. Also in the show are the celebrated Madrid Codex, rediscovered twenty years ago in the National Library of Spain, in Madrid, where it had gone unnoticed for four centuries, and the Hammer Codex, acquired with much fanfare by Armand Hammer at auction in London in 1980.

The exhibition is accompanied by a 400-page illustrated catalogue with essays by ten of the world's leading Leonardo scholars.

—Sarah McFadden

TURNER'S DUE

On April 1 in London, Her Majesty the queen of England officially opened the home of the world's greatest collection of paintings by Turner, the Clor Gallery. She was 136 years late.

Joseph Mallord William Turner died in 1851, leaving behind an outstandingly generous will. He donated the contents of his studio to the British nation on the condition that a special museum be opened to house them. The British nation took one look at the 30,000 sketches, 300 major oil paintings, the mountain of prints, paper, prints, paint pots, illustrated books and maps, the accumulated scraps of sixty years of feverish productivity, and began a marathon process of preraration, which has only now ended.

The first cataloguer of the Turner bequest, John Ruskin, was authoritatively rumored to have removed and burned several folios of erotic drawings from the cache. In 1928, flooding of the Tate Gallery's basement, where the collection was stored, led to its being split up. The watercolors and drawings were removed for safekeeping to the British Museum. The century of the artist's death came and went, and still there was no museum.

The long years of neglect have had at least one beneficial effect. Although many of the oil paintings are familiar to London gallery visitors, the bulk of the bequest has never been on full public view. Mistreated, ignored, passed from home to home, the Turner bequest is one of the great national mysteries. Even scholars who have devoted a lifetime's study to the master have been surprised by what keeps popping up. The unveling is in every sense a revelation.

Andrew Wilton, the curator of the Turner collection, is determined to set the record straight on the painter. "Turner was a reactionary," he insists. "Here you have a man who's constantly held up as a forerunner of abstraction who spent his whole life imitating Claude."

The famous late-Turner fogs that inspired Rothko and others, the atmospheric skies, painted as if the painter had been squatting into the sun, were, Wilton stresses, incomplete grounds waiting to be worked up. "The painter would have been appalled to see them on public display."

To underline the difference between finished Turners and Turner sketches, one of the nine elegant new galleries in the museum is devoted to an investigation of Turner's working methods. Another joins all his views of Venice into a gorgeous panorama, which begins with predominantly blue paintings and ends with pre-
COCO

INTRODUCING LES PLAISIRS DU CORPS.
THE ULTIMATE IN BATHING LUXURY.
CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

When Correggio painted the frescoes inside the dome of the Parma Cathedral, or Tiepolo those for the archbishop's palace in Würzburg, it was atop towering scaffolds that they labored. The daily climb and the precariousness must have been somehow made more tolerable by the honor of adorning such lofty spaces.

Miquel Barceló, thirty, one of Spain's most gifted young painters, who recently signed on with the Leo Castelli Gallery, in New York, has radically altered the centuries-old method of painting at such vertiginous heights. When the city of Barcelona asked Barceló to paint the cupola in the entrance rotunda of the Mercat de les Flors, a former flower market that has been transformed into a new theater, he had only one condition: to paint the cupola on firm ground. "I could not work from a scaffold," insists Barceló. "I wanted to be able to move freely, without restrictions and without feeling confined."

With the help of local architects and engineers, Barceló undertook to build what would be a shell of the cupola, measuring twelve meters in diameter and four meters in depth and made of fiberglass, for its light weight and malleability. But the false cupola was simply too big to make in one piece and too cumbersome to lift thirty meters above the ground and then install. The cupola was thus fashioned in pieces, like a puzzle, and fitted together in an inverted position on the floor of the theater. It would later be taken apart and finally put together in the theater's dome.

For four months, Barceló worked within the elliptical hollow, painting the nearly three hundred square meters of concave surface. He chose to depict a violent sea in which the pages of a book have been torn from their binding and cast about the turbulent waves. The black ink from the pages is seen dissolving in the water and fusing with the blue, green, and gray tones of the ocean torrent. Rising (or perhaps sinking) amid the waves is a massive crayon of violent orange. "What interested me was the idea of depicting a center of energy, a whirlwind," he explains. "It would have been impossible to approach such a scene with a preconceived diagram. The images evolved as the work progressed, the same way I approach a canvas. The tempestuous seascape draws the attention of all who enter the theater, while a more passive composition might well have gone unobserved.

"I have since been asked to paint similar architectural spaces," says Barceló, "but thus far I have refused. Painting on such a grand scale is an enormous and satisfying challenge, but I do not want to become known exclusively for such work. "Even if Barceló never paints another cupola, he will have left behind a striking example of the genre—and a novel approach to painting elevated spaces."

—Nicholas Shady

Left: Inside the new Clore Gallery. Below and right: Miquel Barceló, painting the sea with his feet on the ground.
The most polished silver collection in the world

A shining example of our determination to offer you only the best, only perfection.

Exquisite classic designs, which promise to endure for generations to come.

Elegantly marrying form to function where it is necessary, purely pleasing the eye where it is not.

No wonder people speak of Garrard in glowing terms.

GARRARD
The Crown Jewellers
Saint Louis Crystal.
At fine castles everywhere for over 200 years.

CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD
SHOT IN QUAYVISION

In a decaying theater a lantern-bearing old caretaker, while peering into a kinetoscope, lets fall a gob of spit into the archaic viewing machine. On that note, the new animated film by the Brothers Quay springs to uneasy life. Activated by the saliva is a marionette netherworld, crisscrossed by creaky backstage wires and pulleys, haunted by malevolent apparitions and paranoiac gloom. As the camera lingers upon the grime-encrusted skylights and sooty floorboards, and dissonant violin music hangs dolorously over the scene (this is very much the Central European Old World), a gaunt marionette becomes the uncomprehending protagonist—but of what, exactly, neither he nor we are meant to know. Every sight and action he encounters is unsettling: screws pull themselves out of the dust-caked floor as if triggered by poltergeists, and dandelion heads fall from above like finely barbed snowflakes. A pocket watch pops open to reveal a face of pulsing, spleenlike tissue. Disturbingly vacant, hollow-headed boy dolls trap the helpless hero in their workshop and matter-of-factly claim his body, to fashion from it one of their own kind.

We are headlong into Street of Crocodiles, a surrealist meditation on the modern urban nightmare, with a distinct family resemblance to Kafka and made all the more graphic by the metaphor of invisible power and manipulation embedded in the technique of animated puppetry. The Brothers Quay (as they like to refer to themselves) are American forty-year-old identical twins who live and make films in London. A genealogy of their work might include (in addition to Kafka) Piranesi and the Surrealists, as well as a Central European postwar tradition of experimental, non-narrative animated film, to which the
To send a gift of Chivas Regal, dial 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.

12 YEARS OLD WORLD-OLD - BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - HIGH PROOF - B. 1801 SPIRITS COMPANY NEW YORK, N.Y.

You can delight them.  
Or flabbergast them.


Quays are especially indebted. Based on a short story by the little-known Polish satirical writer Bruno Schulz, who was shot by the Gestapo in 1942, the twenty-minute, 35-mm color film is the most ambitiously wrought and powerful of several animated short films made by the Quays over an eight-year career in film animation. The Film Forum, in New York, will present it and three others (Leos Janacek: Intimate Excursions, The Cabinet of Jan Svankmayer, and The Epic of Gilgamesh) in a rare American retrospective of their remarkable work (until May 5).

—R.K.

LYUBIMOV IN EXILE

The outcast Soviet director Yuri Lyubimov is a master of bold theatrical metaphors that resonate with political irony. In his staging of Mikhail Bulgakov's The Master and Margarita, the devil swings on a giant pendulum that swoops above the heads of the audience. With Satan's eyes peering at them from every conceivable angle, the public is scrutinized by an ambiguous power over which they have no control. Moscow audiences had no difficulty interpreting the allegorical reference to Stalin.

“Certain traits that one would attribute to the devil were very much present in Stalin's character,” notes Lyubimov as he prepares to restage his 1977 adaptation of the Russian satirical novel for its U.S. premiere, at Harvard's American Repertory Theater, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on May 15. Bulgakov's relationship to the state fluctuated unpredictably under the reign of Stalin. His plays and novels were popular in the 1920s, but by 1930 all of his writing was taken out of circulation, and none of his original work was ever staged or published again during his lifetime. When he died, in 1940, he was still working on revisions of The Master and Margarita. It was not published until Bulgakov's official rehabilitation, in 1966. “The persona of the devil, as portrayed in the character of Woland, reflects the relationship between Bulgakov and Stalin, a relationship that was as difficult as the one I have with the former minister of culture, an important member of the Soviet government who hates me with every fiber of his soul.”

In 1983 Lyubimov's outspoken resistance to artistic censorship provoked So-
POISON IS MY POTION

le nouveau parfum par Christian Dior
viet authorities to strip him of his post as director of Moscow's prestigious Taganka theater. Since then, the sixty-nine-year-old émigré has staged a series of critically acclaimed plays and operas in Europe and the United States. The Arena Stage, in Washington, D.C., recently hosted his adaptation of Dostoyevski's Crime and Punishment. The presence of the Soviet ambassador's wife at the opening-night party fueled rumors that Lyubimov had been invited back to the USSR under Gorbachev's much-publicized policy of cultural amnesty. Lyubimov thinks his old enemies are working to thwart the plans of those who want him to come home: "In spite of all the thaws, I have received no official invitation."

When asked what it is like to work in a country where theater is free from government interference, the silver-haired director made a shrewd observation: "Having noticed with how much trepidation actors await press response [by theater critics] to productions here and seen how much importance directors attribute to these reviews, I was reminded very clearly of Soviet censorship."

Lyubimov is puzzled by the American public's blind faith in the opinion of the critics. "In Russia, the phenomenon is reversed," he says. "The Soviet public feels that if the press is against it, something interesting must be happening in the production, something that is living as opposed to something that is officially sanctioned. When my theater was insulted in the press, you'd have to call the police to stop people from breaking down the doors to get in."

—Ron Jenkins

Lyubimov restages a parable of Stalin, at Harvard's American Repertory Theater.
The Colors of Klimt

Portraits of Eugenie Primavesi by Gustav Klimt took four years to complete. Madame Primavesi was the wife of Otto Primavesi, one of the most important patrons of the Wiener Werkstätte. Painted in 1913-14, the portrait is still in its original silver-metal frame, designed and executed by the artist's brother Georg. Klimt also painted a portrait of the Primavesis' daughter, Mada, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Klimt's master work will be included in an auction of Impressionist and Modern Paintings and Sculpture on the evening of May 11.

For more information or our illustrated auction calendar, call (212) 606-7186. Or write Sotheby's Publications, Department GK, 1334 York Avenue, New York, New York 10021.
If you can't get to you can always get
Relax in your favorite easy chair. Then tune your radio in to AT&T Presents Carnegie Hall Tonight, hosted by John Rubinstein.

For an hour every week, you can sit back and enjoy the classical music and unique acoustics of the newly re-opened Carnegie Hall.

Listen to world-renowned orchestras, pianists, flutists, violinists, vocalists. Marvel at the insights and interviews of John Rubinstein.

This ongoing series reflects AT&T's commitment to excellence. In the enrichment of life. In the quality of our products and services.

For the finest in musical performance and commentary, tune in to the sounds of Carnegie Hall at home. It's the next best thing to being there.

© 1987 AT&T

AT&T
The right choice.

Carnegie Hall, to your living room.
ART STORMS THE BASTILLE

Within an eight-block area around the spot where the French Revolution and bourgeois France had their stormy inception, one can now find some twenty-five of Paris's most talked-about art galleries—ten of which have sprung up in the past year alone. To locate them, however, one must still wind one's way down narrow cobblestone alleys and around delivery trucks, for the Bastille, traditionally one of the city's gritty proletarian quarters, remains the center of Parisian furniture manufacture, with the occasional cobbler sandwiched between the sweatshops.

Although prospecting gentrified started to claim the quarter ten years ago, as the perennial housing crunch in Paris worsened, the Bastille's fate was sealed in 1983, when it was named the site for the city's new, Fr 2.17 billion opera house. The area's cultural stock soared. Like a magnet, the quarter attracted purveyors of every imaginable service industry, including those most speculative of cultural entrepreneurs—art dealers—from all over Paris and beyond.

The dealers are both newcomers and longtime owners. Among the latter is Jean-Pierre Lavignes, who also runs a gallery on the Ile Saint-Louis. He says he came for the lower rents, greater space, and increased visibility of the Bastille, all advantages over the trendy, gallery-saturated Left Bank or the stuffy Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. Many Parisian artists have been drawn here for the same reasons, and a rash of workshops and studios has broken out in the vicinity.

But let's not be too quick to tag the Bastille as a brash alternative to the mainstream Paris art scene. Although many of these large, vaguely industrial spaces accommodate an occasional avant-garde performance, ad hoc literary soirée, or the works of a little-known artist, most of them are as far from raw as Fauchon is from the corner charcuterie. If one neologism —SPRINGFIELD'S HABERLE

A Japanese Corner (1898), by John Haberle, a major nineteenth-century American trompe l'oeil painting, has recently surfaced in a Massachusetts basement after having dropped from sight for almost a century. The large canvas, measuring three feet by six feet, represents in exact scale an assortment of Japanese furniture and bibelots, which were all the rage as exotic embellishments to Victorian parlors. The late-nineteenth-century fashion for things Japanese began in Paris, strongly influenced the Impressionists and Postimpressionists, and then spread to America. A Japanese Corner was recently installed at the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, in Massachusetts, as a major addition to their fine collection of nineteenth-century American still-life paintings.

Haberle (1856–1933), a lifelong resident of New Haven, appeared like a comet on the American art scene in the 1880s with his brilliant fool-the-eye paintings and disappeared just as quickly at the turn of the century. His best-known work is Bachelor's Drawer (1890–94), at the Metropolitan Museum. It shows a miscellaneous assortment of ticket stubs, receipts, letters, photographs, and currency, emptied from a bachelor's pocket and magically affixed to the front of a bureau drawer.

Trained as a lithographer and engraver, largely self-taught as a painter, Haberle}
“...people are moving away from the mundane towards products that exemplify superior quality.”

—Yankelovich Study

What Rolls-Royce owners have known very well over the past 85 years, the rest of the population is now coming around to discover: Superior quality and ultimate handcraftsmanship are, to put it plainly, the name of the game. Your first move away from the mundane is to contact the national Rolls-Royce office at 1-800-851-8576 or see your local authorized dealer.

The name "Rolls-Royce" and the mascot, badge, and radiator grille are registered trademarks. © Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Inc., 1987.
In A Japanese Corner, they are both obvious and obscure. Haberle delighted in tantalizing his viewers with the verisimilitude of his work: every thread can be discerned in the lavish gold embroidery and stubbed and cerned. His still-life paintings of ordinary objects—smoking materials, curling paper, playing cards—reveal the influence of William Harnett, his better-known contemporary; but the sly, witty, slightly mad details are uniquely Haberle's.


everybody...pronounced by many to be the artist's masterpiece...A lady while looking at the painting remarked, 'Well, I think he might have placed a more presentable notice on the picture.' "

Once again, Haberle had the last laugh.

—Gertrude Grace Sil

**WINDOW ON FLORENCE**

A room with a view is forever a story, in Florence. Some of the best-located, post-Forster camera in town are now available in the Loggiate dei Serviti, a former monastery located on Santissima Annunziata, the first Renaissance piazza and, since its opening last July, probably the city's most sublime hotel.

Without budging from his window onto the piazza, the traveler can take in the earliest Renaissance building, Brunelleschi's Foundling Hospital (Spedale degli Innocenti), begun in 1419. To the left is the old church of Santissima Annunziata, revamped by Alberti from 1430 to 1445. To the right is Bartolommeo Ammannati's Palazzo Grifoni (1570), one of the first formal buildings since antiquity to be revetted with exposed terra-cotta brick.

The Loggiato itself was built in 1577 by Antonio Sangallo the Elder, together with Baccio d'Agnolo, as a home for the Serviti fathers, who were dedicated to the service of the Virgin Mary. The floral S in the spandrels of the Loggiate are repeated on the doors of the church.

The Loggiate is supposed to be a copy of Brunelleschi's revolutionary porticoed hospital. But look closely, says the Florentine architect Roberto Budini-Gattai, forty, and you will see that it's not really a copy. He points out, for instance, that there are double the number of doors on the Loggiate, reflecting its function as the home of the numerous fathers of the order. "Nor is the piazza really symmetrical," he adds. "It would be too boring that way, like modern prefabricated buildings."

Budini-Gattai should know. His distinguished family is part owner of the Loggia-to and has lived in the Loggiato in the adjacent Palazzo Grifoni for over a century. He supervised the two-year restoration of the Loggiate, previously a locanda, or boarding house, that had been run by the granddaughter of the family housekeeper, who married the chauffeur in the 1920s.

"With twelve brothers and sisters in the family, we needed to find work for everybody. So we opened this hotel," explains Roberto, joking only a bit. His brothers Rodolfo and Ferdinando are fellow managers of the Loggiate. His sister Nicoletta can usually be found behind the wooden, semicircular reception desk, designed by Roberto, the only modern touch in the hotel, apart from the bathrooms.

Iron beds, maple armoires, lacy etchings, and other antique furniture grace the nineteen rooms, newly restored to their original size and height. The vaulted reaches of the first-floor rooms counterpoint the round arches of Brunelleschi's and Sangallo's porticoes. On the second and third floors, the ceilings are coffered and painted. The celestial glow throughout emanates from the creamy intonaco, or marbled plaster, of the walls.

But back to the views from the windows. From some, you can gaze onto the large equestrian bronze statue of Grand Duke Ferdinando I de' Medici. From others, you can see the two delightfully grotesque fountains by Pietro Tacca; made in 1629 for the port of Livorno, they were
Liz Claiborne fragrance. A great mood to be in.
Gotham was nearly dead until Alfred Portale nursed it back to life with raspberry granita.

In the spring of 1985, in desperation, they took a chance on Alfred Portale, an unknown young American chef in his late twenties. He accepted the job reluctantly. "No one wanted to work at the Gotham," he says. "Whenever I mentioned the place, my friends would fall silent." But at that time he was sous-chef at a failing French restaurant and needed a job.

Fourteen days later, Portale had "thrown Gotham's menu in the garbage" and started afresh. He changed the china, the service, the wine, the cooks, and even the general manager. Soon, he had turned a disaster into one of the best restaurants in the city and was anointed with three stars by the New York Times.

Which doesn't mean that the Gotham is just another temple of rarefied haute cuisine. Unlike at most other establishments of the same rank, the food is served fast and the prices are, if not low, at least lower than in midtown. An average lunch costs $25; dinner, $60. The restaurant, a former carpet warehouse, is large and beautiful, with high ceilings hung with filmy clouds of cream-colored material that look like

**THREE STARS OVER GOOTHAM**

Once a restaurant in New York City gets off to a bad start, it is usually doomed. When the Gotham Bar & Grill opened, three years ago, at 12 East Twelfth Street, in Greenwich Village, not even the spectacular postmodern decor could make up for the disappointing food. It was severely panned by the critics, and in short order the owners found themselves stuck with an expensive white elephant.

Three months later, the piazza a Fernando H. Such bright and the remaining fat help make the Loggiato worth the price—75,000 lire ($58) for a single and 115,000 ($89) for a double room, with breakfast. As a bonus, take in a mass at the Santissima Annunziata church (regularly at 7, 8, 9, and 10 A.M., 12 noon, and 6 P.M.). The service is the most elaborate in Florence, and the church has some of the finest art of the high Florentine Renaissance, in particular the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto, restored for this, the five hundredth year of his birth. It adds another dimension to a stay at the Loggiato.

—Susan Lumsden
MIRROR: Regency convex mirror formed by a pair of intertwined serpents, circa 1820.

CONSOLE: Swedish demi-lune gilt console with a marble top, circa 1800.

CHAIRS: Pair of Regency painted and gilded Klismos armchairs, circa 1810.
The Regent. Synonymous with the best Sydney has to offer.

Service polished to perfection. A style that could only be Regent. Inspirational views from a hotel that is itself an inspiration.

The Regent
A Regent International Hotel

Auckland, Bangkok, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dusseldorf, Fiji, Hong Kong, Kuala Lumpur, Melbourne, New York, Okinawa, Sydney

800-545-4000

The Connoisseur
Renowned pieces of Chinese jade.

The Diamantis collection salutes the eternal search for perfection as depicted in this classic jade Ch'ien Lung mountain scene carved in a wondrous lavender and apple green.

H 12" x W 8"

437 Madison Avenue (on 50th Street) New York, NY 10022 (212) 593-4880

Connoisseur's World

inverted parachutes. The space is broken up by vast columns; and the tables, set with white cloths and sporting smart green chairs, are placed at various levels separated by balustrades. It all looks like a post-modern version of a turn-of-the-century Viennese park.

Portale comes from an Italian family and was raised in Buffalo. He was a jewelry designer until a friend introduced him to a volume of the Larousse Gastronomique. He then spent two years at the Culinary Institute of America before apprenticing with such chefs as Jacques Maximin and the Troisgros brothers.

Don't expect puff pastry or subtle sauces at the Gotham, or the more fanciful juxtapositions of new American cuisine. Portale's food is earthy and vibrant, highly seasoned, and intensely flavored. "It is not supersophisticated," he says. "I don't go in for insane combinations, and I'm not much of a fan of butter and cream."

The menu is divided into first and second courses, all interesting and freshly observed. You might start with penne in a spicy tomato sauce with mussels and chunks of bacon; or quail salad, a burnished bird on a bed of shiitake mushrooms and red potatoes tossed in walnut oil. A mellow confit of duck leg arrives on frisé's greens in a cool, lemony mustard vinaigrette. Squab is served with spaetzle, wild mushrooms, and braised Swiss chard. Venison comes in claret-red slices with an unorthodox garnish of sautéed tart green apples and onion marmalade.

Portale has developed a coterie of fans, among them the rich (Malcolm Forbes), the talented (Harvey Lichtenstein, impresario extraordinaire), and the famous (Mikhail Baryshnikov). The chef has become noted especially for his desserts, the most popular of which is a version of crème brûlée that he calls raspberry gratin. The raspberries are concealed in smooth, creamy custard under a thin glaze of brown sugar. When a newspaper editor who eats here frequently was questioned about her high lunch bills, she explained that she was unable to stop herself or her guest from ordering several raspberry gratins at one sitting. Her boss, also a Gotham fan, sighed and approved her expense account without another word.

—I'M NOT MUCH OF A FAN OF BUTTER AND CREAM."

—Moira Hodgson

Edited by Robert Knofo
Some of us have more finely developed nesting instincts than others.

INVEST IN
THE FINEST
RUGS AND CARPETS
YOU CAN OWN

Karastan
Hunterdon County, New Jersey
STONE ROWS FARM. One of the most celebrated farms in Delaware Township, 210-acre beef cattle operation including a 1740s stone Colonial residence, historic tenant's house, antique barn, silos, pool. 1 hour to major airports. $1,630,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: BL RGDORFF REALTORS
201 732-3628

Marblehead Neck, Massachusetts
HARBORSIDE: 2 lots totaling 34,879 sq. ft. with water frontage and private part on Marblehead Harbor. 12-room residence has fireplaces, water views from most rooms and 2 decks. Garage. $2,500,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: CARLSON REAL ESTATE
917 599-3170

Lloyd Neck, Long Island, New York
WATERFRONT CONTEMPORARY: The new Seacrest enclave in Lloyd Harbor is home to this stately residence on Long Island Sound, 2 acres with 193' of private beach, dock, 5 bedrooms, custom oak woodwork, marble fireplaces, cathedral ceilings. $2,500,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: DANIEL GALE AGENCY
516 427-6600

Essex/Deep River, Connecticut
WINDSWAY: 3 - private acres with deep-water frontage and beach on the Connecticut River. 1915 residence successfully combines traditional with contemporary detailing. Exceptional interiors, views from 3 sides. Guest apartment, barn. $1,800,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: DUNHAM Ltd., REALTORS
203 694-9100

Pound Ridge, New York
TWIN PONDS: Bright award-winning 12-room Contemporary with 5 bedrooms and 5 baths, 2-story living room and vast expanses of glass. Idyllic views of its own stream, waterfall and pond on over 3 acres. Mansions decks, pool. $1,800,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: BIXLER REAL ESTATE CORP.
914 234-3647

Somerset County, New Jersey
NORMANDY: Located in Bernards Township, Normandy-style residence with superb appointments, situated on 10½ acres. Equestrian facilities, stocked pond, pool, tennis court, barn and guest house. 35 miles from Manhattan. $2,300,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: TURPIN REAL ESTATE, INC.
201 766-6500

Lloyd Harbor, Huntington, New York
CHARMING CARRIAGE HOUSE. This restored 18-room frame-and-stucco carriage house with 3 bedrooms and 3 ½ baths retains many original features and boasts water views from most rooms. Set on 2 ½ acres. Pool with patio. Walk to beach. $1,295,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: DANIEL GALE AGENCY
516 692-6770

Darien, Connecticut
SHOREFIELDS CONTEMPORARY: More than 1 acre of fields, meadows and seasonal water views surround this soaring tri-level cedar Contemporary with decks and floor-to-ceiling windows. 4 bedrooms plus treetop-level master suite. Within 1 hour of Manhattan. $975,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: SCOTT ASSOCIATES, INC.
203 655-1423

Huntington Bay, Long Island, New York
BAY WINDS: 5-bedroom turn-of-the-century residence, renovated in 1986, with panoramic views of Huntington Bay and 225' of beach. Lavish formal rooms, bayview solarium, indoor pool, high-tech master suite, 3-car garage with apt. $2,800,000
Exclusive Local Affiliate: DANIEL GALE AGENCY
516 427-6600

1334 York Avenue, New York, NY 10021. 212/606-7070
Manhattan • Washington, DC • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Houston • Palm Beach
Boston • Atlanta • Newport Beach • Greenwich • Chicago • Madrid • Marbella
Auction: Wednesday, May 20 at 10 a.m.
Important 17th & 18th Century
English & Continental Furniture and Decorations
including Old Master Paintings, Georgian Silver, Tapestries and Rugs
Sale may be previewed Saturday–Tuesday prior to auction date

Pair Louis Philippe gilt brass twin light candelabra, first half 19th century

Pair of Regency black painted and decorated open arm chairs, first quarter 19th century

Attributed to JEAN-BAPTISTE MONNOYER
"Flowers in a Straw Basket"
29 x 47 inches

George III silver and crystal boat form cruets stand by William Adby, 1809-1810

For further information please contact
Nesya Furey or Brian Smith (Furniture & Decorations)
Elaine Banks (Old Master Paintings).

William Doyle GALLERIES
175 East 87th Street • New York, New York 10128 • Telephone (212) 427-2730
Music is not as simple as printed notes on a page, it's the thought behind them. The composer's intention cannot be realized without a conductor and musicians to interpret, instruments to play and an audience to listen.

The Gold MasterCard is not simply a card I carry in my wallet. It's an instrument of credit that speaks a universal language understood everywhere in the world. It gives me both the possibilities and the substantial credit line my busy life requires.

Whether I'm in Europe conducting or composing at home, the Gold MasterCard is an instrument of possibilities.
London in June
The perfect climate for collectors
London in June

The 28th London Antiquarian Book Fair at the Park Lane Hotel 23 - 25 June.
Organised by: The Antiquarian Booksellers' Association, Suite 2, 26 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0DG.
Telephone: (011 441) 379 3041.
Admission price: £4 inclusive of catalogue.
Admission times: Tuesday 23 June and Wednesday 24 June 11 am - 8 pm. Thursday 25 June 11 am - 6 pm.

A note for your diary

The Burlington House Fair (The Antique Dealers' Fair) at the Royal Academy 9 - 20 September.
Telephone: (011 441) 430 0481 and during the fair (011 441) 734 9052.

All the fairs are supported by the major British Trade organisations.

The British Antique Dealers' Association
Founded in 1918, The British Antique Dealers' Association represents 400 of the leading antique dealers in the UK. Their membership is your guarantee. For more information contact Caroline Cartrae, Secretary General, 26 Rutland Gate, London SW7 1BD. Telephone (011 441) 589 4128.

The London and Provincial Antique Dealers' Association

Tel: (011 441) 584 7911.

International Ceramics Fair and Seminar at the Dorchester 12 - 15 June.
Organised by: Brian & Anna Haughton, 3B Burlington Gardens, Old Bond Street, London WIX 1LE.
Telephone: (011 441) 734 5491 & (011 441) 437 0232.
During the fair: (011 441) 629 8888.
Admission price: £4.
Hardback catalogue: £4.
Admission times: II am - 8 pm each day.
Lectures: £6 each.

The Fine Art & Antiques Fair at Olympia 5 - 14 June (Closed 5 June).
Organised by: Philbeach Events Ltd., Earl's Court Exhibition Centre, Warwick Road, London SW5 9TA.
Information: Caroline Cartrae or Catherine Ford (011 441) 385 1200.
During the fair: (011 441) 603 5654.
Admission times & prices: II June 2 pm - 8 pm, £2. Weekends II.30 am - 6 pm, £3.50. Weekdays II.30 am - 8 pm, £3.50.
Catalogues: £1.

The World's finest international antique fairs

June is the month when London is at its most attractive. So it's perhaps no coincidence that London's four major antique fairs should also take place at this time.

At these fairs, dealers from Britain and overseas gather to display their finest objects to an international audience. Here, collectors and connoisseurs have an unparalleled opportunity to assess what is available on the market and to add to their collections.

The dates of these selling fairs in 1987 are:

The Grosvenor House Antiques Fair 10 - 20 June.
Organised by: Evan Steadman & Partners Ltd., The Hub, Emson Close, Saffron Walden, Essex CB10 1HL.
Oh to be in London, now that June is here  

by Miriam Kramer

Every part of the world has a time of year when it is at its most attractive. There’s summer in New England in spring in Paris, and for June it is London.

In Europe, the month was known as June, the “turn,” as the time when the days are longest, the capital is at its most beautiful, and the country is at its most attractive. The time of year when the capital’s amusement area, the “Rouge,” is at its best, and appears to be quite happy; whether one at that time, is quite a wonderful sight.

The events of the past are the next date on the calendar for the next events. The events are at their best.

A Royal Academy in London is an event as an exciting one, particularly for those who live in London. It is at its best, and appears to be quite happy; whether one at that time, is quite a wonderful sight.

The Penn Purse: An embroidered purse, mid-17th century, belonged to the Penn family, founders of Pennsylvania.
Who on Earth would Guarantee the Authenticity of a Pair of 300 year old Chairs?

A member of
THE BRITISH ANTIQUE DEALER'S ASSOCIATION

Established 1923

8-10 HANS ROAD, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON SW3
(former west side Harrods)
Telephone: 01-589 5266

Apply today for the 1987 Handbook to Sally Tunley, BADA, 20 Rutland Gate, London SW7 1BD. Telephone 01-589 4128

EARLE D. VANDEKAR of KNIGHTSBRIDGE
15 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10022
(212) 308 2022

Exhibiting at the ICES at The Dorchester, stand no. 17
and the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, stand no. 25.
Magnificent French Furniture

Auction to be held on Wednesday, 17 June 1987.
Inquiries: Hugh Roberts and Charles Cator
Christie's London 01/839 9060
Peter Krueger at Christie's New York 212/546 1150.

King Street, St. James's, London SW1Y 6QT.
Tel: (441) 839 9060. Telex: 916429.

Louis XVI porcelain-mounted commode by G. Dester (Maitre 1774)
9½ in. (103.5 cm.) wide, 20½ in. (52.3 cm.) deep, 34½ in. (88.5 cm.) high.
Exhibiting at The Grosvenor House Antiques Fair,
Park Lane, London W1
Stand no. 81

One of a pair of extremely fine Regence
Fauteuils with period Aubusson Tapestry.
circa 1735

Chinese Export I
Exhibiting at the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair,
Park Lane, London W1
Stand no. 25

George II silver, pierced, basket.
Edward Wakelin,
London, 1756

The Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, Stand No. 46
IMPRESSIONIST & MODERN PAINTINGS, WATERCOLOURS, DRAWINGS & SCULPTURE

Monday 29 June at 11 am

Marie Laurencin, "Girls at Play"

Enquiries: Joachim Pissarro or Arda Kassabian, ext. 365 or 247.
From our extensive collection of 'Designer' silver, including examples by L.C. Tiffany, Tiffany & Co., Gilbert Marks, Liberty, Puiforcat and Dresser. Other designers in stock include Omar Ramsden, P. Cooper, Charles Boyton, Guild of Handicraft, A.E. Jones and most major American art silversmiths.

A selection of signed pieces by Giuliano, Castellani, W. John Brogden and other great makers.

LUCY B. CAMPBELL • GEORGINA FINE ARTS

17th – 19th CENTURY DECORATIVE PRINTS

1 HANS PLACE,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
LONDON SW1X 0EU

TELEPHONE:
01-589 4295 OR 01-584 7990

PRÉVOST, JEAN LOUIS
Published PARIS 1805
Very rare original hand coloured stipple engraving.
A Unique Gallery
with a Unique Selection of Unique Pieces

selection of important 20th century jewels, including
examples by Boucheron, Mellerio, Maubossin and
other important designers.

Three fine clocks from our collection of Art Deco
Objets
A and B: Fully signed Cartier Paris and numbered;
both examples are gold mounted and gem set.
C: Signed Lacloche Frères, an exceptional
element of the chinoiserie influence in Art Deco.
Gold, enamel and jade mounted.

JAMES HOPE FINE ART
LONDON, ENGLAND
(01) 267 6994
BY APPOINTMENT

Fine 19th and 20th century
English and European Paintings

When in London, view in a relaxed
environment near Regents Park.

For further information on the picture
illustrated, or examples of our current
collection, please telephone or write to:
31 REGENTS PARK RD. PRIMROSE HILL, LONDON NW1 7TH

Sir Frank Dicksee P.R.A. (1853-1928). Oil on canvas,
c.1880. Signed. Canvas size 30 x 25 ins. 76.5 x 63.5 cms.
A fine and rare long-case clock veneered with well-figured oak, crossbandings and inlay. Superb colour and patina. The face depicting the days of the week with decorative figures. Works by Samuel Young. English. Circa 1750. Size: 95" high.

120 MOUNT STREET. LONDON W1Y 5HB
Telephone: 01-499 1784

EXHIBITING AT THE GROSVENOR HOUSE FAIR
STAND No. 67

Now in magnificent new galleries in New York

A pair of extremely rare porcelain figures of boys. Each figure is supported on an ormolu base. Japanese, Arita, late 17th century. Height: 34.5cms.

Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, Stands 3 & 4.


One of four Louis XVI silver plates, two by Edmé Pierre Balzac, Paris, 1770, and two by Claude Pierre Delville, Paris, 1771
Diameter: 10 inches, weight: 87 ounces
These plates were part of the service ordered by Catherine the Great for Count Gregory Orlov

Exhibiting at the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, 10th-20th June, 1987, stand no. 15

139 New Bond Street, London, W1A 3DL
Valuations for Probate, Insurance and Division
Telephone: 01-629 6261  Telegraphic Address "Euclase London W.1"
English Silver

Auction in London: Thursday, June 18 at 10:30am
Exhibition: Opens Sunday, June 14

To order illustrated catalogue with credit card, call 1-800-255-9898. (In Mass., call 1-617-229-2282.)

Inquiries: In London, Peter Waldron, 44(1)-493 8080.
Sotheby's, 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA.
In New York, Kevin Tierney, (212) 606-7160.
Sotheby's 1334 York Avenue at 72nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

A Charles II cup and cover, English, c.1670, height 8¼ inches.
Auction estimate: £15,000-20,000 (US$20,000-30,000).

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744
In the South Pacific, some 600 miles off a group of islands called Tuamotu Archipelago exists a very unique oyster with an unusual name, *The Pinctada Margaritifera*. This oyster is unique because only it can create a perfectly natural black cultured pearl.

You may have seen black cultured pearls before, but most of those have been white cultured pearls drilled, then chemically treated black. The necklace displayed here has not been drilled, to prove that they are in deed naturally cultured black.

It took many years to collect and match these large round, lustrous, black cultured pearls to create this elegant necklace.

A pearl cultured from the *Pinctada Margaritifera* oyster has a special iridescent quality,

—A quality that only nature can create.

37 Pcs. 14.25mm x 11mm,
Clasp: Pavé diamonds set in 18kt gold.

*Mastoloni Cultured Pearls*
Two major and very different private collections are the headliners this month, and Christie's has them both. The first is the collection of Baron Léon Lambert, until recently on display in the Banque Lambert's modern offices in Brussels. It will actually be dispersed in a series of sales over eight weeks—May, June, and July, in three different venues—Amsterdam, London, and New York. This is appropriate to the international character of a collection of the collecting interests of the Lambert clan over two generations.

The other biggie is the sale in New York, on behalf of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, of items received from the estate of Henry P. McIlhenny. This story we detail below, but first a brief review of some other signal events this month.

The second carousel-art auction at Phillips New York, on May 2, will have a tough time topping last year's record-setting dispersal of the marvelous Ringling Museum collection. Nonetheless, the specialist Eric Albert (with the aid of the well-known consultant Charlotte Dinger) has herded up a delightful menagerie of standing, prancing, and jumping beasties.

The following week, on May 6, Sotheby's New York features photographs by Ansel Adams, Olivia Parker, Jerry Uelsmann, and Brett and Edward Weston, donated by the Friends of Photography to raise funds for an Ansel Adams center in San Francisco. The following day, William Doyle Galleries has modern and European paintings and sculpture by the likes of Campigli, the bizarre Mikhail Chemiakin (who's starting to draw big bucks), Daumier, and the ubiquitous Marie Laurencin (does her market appeal confound anyone but me?).

On May 12, 13, and 14 in Toronto, Sotheby's presents two evening sessions of Canadian art and one of fine jewelry. Canadian interest in Canadian art has never been stronger (in November, Sotheby's got $493,000 for Lawren Harris's Mountains in the Snow), and in this sale good nineteenth-century and contemporary artists are represented. Among the former are works by Carr, Krieghoff, Robinson, and Walkin; among the latter, Jacques de Tonnancour and Harold Town lead the field. Notwithstanding the easy temptation to dismiss their works as too "Canadian," (read "provincial"), they hold their own on any terms.

Back in New York, on May 13, Sotheby's holds a major sale of fine printed and manuscript Americana, which includes a number of items of particular interest now, as preparations gather momentum for the 1989 bicentennial celebration of the Constitution. Highlights include the first printing of the full text of the American Constitution, which appeared as an extra in the Pennsylvania Packet & Daily Advertiser on September 19, 1787. The last copy of it to appear at auction brought a mere $26,400, in 1983.

The following week's action begins on May 21, in Amsterdam, with the Christie's sale of twentieth-century art, a major section being devoted to the De Stijl...
That year Fumio Sasa, design leader of Hoya, created a new vintage, drinking crystal of such proportion and clarity, connoisseurs toasted it as a new classic. Aurora' began with stemware that brilliantly illuminates the fluid within. Its impeccably cut and finished design is artfully placed, to provide an unfolding base of light. Aurora evolved. Barware and related pieces were added, each eloquent in its simplicity. The Aurora drinkware collection, $20-$265. Send $6 for the Hoya Catalog Set. Please call 212/223-6335 or 800/645-0016.

THE HOYA CRYSTAL GALLERY/450 PARK AVENUE AT 57TH STREET/NEW YORK, NY 10022
Perhaps the world's most revered fine French porcelain pattern.

Now available in a very special limited edition.

In the genre of fine porcelain, the famed ROSALINDE pattern by Haviland unquestionably defines the word 'classic.' First introduced in 1865, Rosalinde has attained an unparalleled level of continued popularity for over a century. In fact, after 121 years, the one millionth piece of Rosalinde was crafted at Limoges. and thus, the idea for a special commemorative edition was born.

The Special Rosalinde Commemorative Service consists of forty-two pieces: eight 5-piece place settings, one oval vegetable server, and one medium size platter. More importantly, to commemorate this one million milestone, the platter of each service has been personally signed by Frederick Haviland, great-grandson of the founder, and will be included as a gift free of charge.

Only one hundred fifty services were produced worldwide, so we urge you to act quickly to take advantage of this limited offering of our few remaining services.

In the interest of fairness, this offer is being made on a first-come, first-serve basis. We recommend that serious interest not be hampered by delay. Order by telephone, 201-227-1511, from Jeanette LeClerc, who will personally supervise your order. The price is sixteen hundred dollars, payable in U.S. Funds. The use of a MasterCard or Visa credit card will expedite your order.

The platter of each service bears the signature of Frederick Haviland

Haviland
LIMOGES - FRANCE
21 Spielman Road, Fairfield, NJ 07006-3409

Thanks to the Library, American dance has taken great leaps forward.

American dance is more popular than ever, and one of the reasons is The New York Public Library’s Dance Collection. Choreographer Eliot Feld says the Library at Lincoln Center is "as vital a workroom as my studio." Agnes de Mille says, "the revival of any work is dependent on access to the Library's Dance Collection." And they're not the only ones. For dancers and choreographers everywhere, over 37,000 volumes, 250,000 photographs, and an enormous film archive have been essential elements in the renaissance of American dance. That's just one way The New York Public Library's resources serve us. The Library offers plays and puppet shows for children, programs for the elderly and disabled, extensive foreign language and ethnic collections, and scientific journals vital to the business community. Again and again, the Library enriches our lives.

The New York Public Library WHERE THE FUTURE IS AN OPEN BOOK

AUCTIONS

movement and two of its leading lights: Bart van der Leck and Gerrit Rietveld. The sale features nine important items from Rietveld's estate, including an oak cabinet he made in 1911 as a wedding present for himself; prototypes of his "Zig-Zag" and "Berlin" chairs; and an early, unpainted version of the famous "Red-Blue" chair, another copy of which Christie's sold last November for $79,316.

New York—Christie's. May 20-21: Property from the collection of H. P. McIlhenny. May 28: American decorative arts. The subtitle of these two brilliant sales could be "The Philadelphia Story." All the chauvinistic cant about New York's, Washington's, or, now, L.A.'s claims to be the cultural flash point of the nation obscures Philadelphia's extraordinary and enduring role as the producer and repository of much of the brightest and best art this country has ever seen. This point is vividly dramatized by these sales. At the dawn of the American insurrection, Philadelphia was the dominant American city and the second-largest city in the British empire. Its coming-of-age, in the mid-eighteenth century, coincided with the zenith of the English rococo—a style of flamboyant expressionism that the somberer, Quaker spirit of Mr. Penn's colony adopted with a vengeance. In part

On May 28, best of American furniture.
Important Modern Paintings
and Sculpture from
The Lambert Collection

Auction: Tuesday, May 12, 1987 at 7 p.m.
502 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
For further information, please contact
Michael Findlay at 212/546-1170.
Reservations are required, please call
212/546-1128.

The World’s Most Selective Collectors

Discriminating eyes are richly rewarded at the Manhattan Art & Antiques Center. Here one may view an unparalleled collection of art and antiques for sale, unmatched in size or depth anywhere else in the United States.

One Midtown location on a charming, tree-lined avenue block with 104 of the finest antiques galleries in the world. Convenient to all methods of transportation with nearby indoor parking available. Reward yourself soon with a visit.

Call or write today for your free color guide to the galleries.

• Jewelry • Porcelains • Tapestries • European, Oriental and American Art Objects
• Sculpture • Rugs • Deco Objects • Period Furniture
• Paintings • Clocks • Fine European Furniture

MANHATTAN ART & ANTIQUES CENTER

"The Nation's Largest and Finest Antiques Center"
1050 Second Ave. (55-56St), NY, NY 10022 • 212 355-4400
Mon.-Sat. 10:30-6:30, Sun. 12-6 • Free Admission • Parking

Auctions

because of its fashionableness, in part because of the isolation caused by the colonial rebellion, the ornate Chippendale style became a Philadelphia trademark for half a century. The Philadelphia style has always enjoyed extraordinary success at auction, a point dramatically underscored by the colossal $2.75 million brought by a single Philadelphia wing armchair at Sotheby's in January. On May 28, Christie's will offer something that is to my mind even more marvelous: a high chest of drawers, a dressing table, and a pair of side chairs made in 1770 by Thomas Tufft for the Edwards family of New Jersey and descended intact from the original owners. Since every major dealer or collector has to look seriously at these, the $1 million to $2 million presale guesstimate should go right out the window.

Of equal though different import is the McIlhenny dispersal, on May 20 and 21, to benefit the Philadelphia Museum of Art. This two-day, four-session sale of some one thousand lots will remind us of the extraordinary role in the cultural life of two countries played over half a century by this extraordinarily lucky, sensitive, and generous individual. McIlhenny's luck was to have inherited a substantial fortune (his grandfather invented the standard gas meter), allowing him to indulge a large and discriminating appetite for art, especially for nineteenth-century French art. His collection of paintings, furniture, and decorative art, amassed in his landmark Rittenhouse Square town houses, was unrivaled in this country. His generosity and true sense of noblesse oblige were manifested in his service to the museum, as a one-dollar-a-year decorative-arts curator, from 1935 to 1963, and then as trustee and ultimately chairman of the board. During his lifetime he donated to the museum first-rate works by such artists as Cézanne, Chardin, David, Delacroix, Ingres, Matisse, Renoir, Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, and van Gogh. Less well known is the smaller but no less exquisite estate and collection, featuring Victorian pictures and Georgian silver and furniture, that he also maintained in Donegal from 1937 to 1983, before donating them in part to the Irish government as a nature preserve.

The sale items largely replicate the museum's own holdings, yet one also finds paintings by the likes of Sir Edwin Landseer, Bernardino Nocchi, Hubert Robert, and Rouault; a number of pieces of très chic Charles X bois clair furniture, as well as classic Louis XVI and Georgian items; and good Irish silver.

—James R. Lyons
Chances are, even if you have one of the so-called “replacement value policies”, you may not be properly covered. Most “replacement insurance” depreciates the value of your antique or rare furnishings. Which means you may end up with a fraction of what they cost to replace.

A Chubb replacement policy is different. It covers your fine furnishings for their full insured value, without depreciation.

The more you have to insure, the more you need Chubb. For full information call 800-922-0533.

The Chubb Group of Insurance Companies is proud to participate in “American Playhouse.” Watch for it on PBS.
FIDDLER’S COVE WATERFRONT & DOCK
"Liteship" Dramatic architect designed waterfront residence including 4 bedrooms with lovely views of the harbor & Buzzards Bay beyond. Plus your own private deepwater dock & steps to association sandy beach & tennis courts. $1.6M

THE BLUE DORY INN
Currently a Bed & Breakfast with 13 rooms & 13 baths, stores & 2 cottages just steps from Crescent Beach. Water views. Excellent reputation & loyal clientele & a proven cash flow. Recently renovated & attractively furnished & equipped. $1.7M

ANTIQUE FARMHOUSE ON 13.5 ACRES
Charming meticulously restored farmhouse set amidst a cedar studded meadow. Includes 5 bedrooms, large fireplace and doors, woods, old stone walls & more. Wonderfully private abutting extensive conservation land. $1.2M

HISTORIC HOTEL—"THE OVERLOOK"
Operating since 1882 with 24 rooms, beautiful gardens, restaurant & great harbor views. A 2 minute walk to town center yet located in quiet, non-commercial Historic District. Excellent reputation & loyal clientele. An important part of the history of this unique Island. $2.5M

CASTLES POINT WATERFRONT
Dramatic 9,000 sq. ft. Bayfront contemporary including 6 bedrooms, 5½ baths, an 1,800 sq. ft. master suite & over 7,000 sq. ft. of decks & spectacular views. Relaxed living & dramatic entertaining with an oversized heated pool, tennis court & 420' of waterfront with bulkhead. $3.5M

OCEANFRONT ESTATE ON 8 AC. PENINSULA
"Seal Point" on Seal Harbor...magnificent year-round estate meticulously renovated in choice location including main residence with beautiful furnishings, guesthouse, heated pool, formal gardens, dock, boathouse & private sandy beach. Spectacular ocean views. Minutes to golf, tennis & yacht club. A rare & excellent investment opportunity. $1.8M

EDGARTOWN HARBORFRONT ESTATE
"Green Pastures" on the Island of Chappaquiddick on 4½ acres including 8½’ of harbor front & a 150’ pier. A magnificent 1895 Stanford White 4,000 sq. ft. home designed for gracious living with southerly exposure on an irreplaceable site overlooking Kamaray Bay & Edgartown’s famous South Beach beyond. A grand front porch, commanding water views, tennis court & more. $2.25M

GREENAWAY ISLAND — WALLACKS POINT MAGNIFICENT 4 ACRE L.I. SOUND ESTATE Just 30 miles from N.Y.C., an extraordinary island connected to the mainland by a private causeway. Magnificent 12 bedroom, 8 bath main residence with terraces, balconies, bays & vine laced walls. The property includes a six room guest cottage, 2 garages plus an apartment, greenhouse, a swimming pool built into the sea with its sheltered sandy beach, a deepwater dock, tennis rights & more. $6M

"BAR HARBOR INN" - 1.020 OCEANFRONT
This fabulous 71 room Inn in absolutely pristine condition throughout is located on 1.020' ocean frontage, a crashing surf, large dock with deepwater anchorage & a white sandy beach. Wonderful porches, patios, formal gardens & spectacular ocean views. Excellent reputation & a loyal clientele. Minutes to shops & boutiques. Excellent investment opportunity. $6.75M

Ten Post Office Square, Boston, Massachusetts 02109; Telephone (617) 723-1800
505 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022; Telephone (212) 832-9800
William Doyle
GALLERIES

175 East 87th Street • New York 10128
Telephone (212) 742-2730

Auction
Wednesday, June 10 at 10 a.m.

Belle Epoque
including Fine 19th Century Furniture,
Paintings and Decorations,
Art Nouveau and Art Deco
Sale may be previewed
Saturday-Tuesday prior to
auction date.

For further information
please contact
Michael D. Meek
(Furniture & Decorations);
Elaine Banks (Paintings)

Important Pair of
Wrought Iron Gates,
designed by Edgar Brandt,
(6'8" x 3'5" each).

Diana and the Deer
was selected for exhibition
in Ruhlmann's
Hôtel du Collectionneur;
centerpiece of the
Paris 1925
Exposition Internationale.
The two men step back and forth across the hard linoleum floors of the tiny college choral hall where they will give a show in less than two hours. It is easily one of the smallest venues they have recently played; there are only 150 hard, wooden seats and no proper stage. Tonight, armed with their usual artillery of flutes, recorders, accordion notes, and jokes, the Cambridge Buskers will be holding forth in what can only be described as a classroom.

Michael Copley, tall and thin, with the nervous energy of a hummingbird, sizes up the place and finally decides to lay out his twenty or so instruments on the top of the piano they do not need. His accordion-playing partner, Dag (short for David Adam Gillespie) Ingram, realizes that in such a small hall he will use the microphone only once: when he simulates the cannon blasts at the climax of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture. He decides to move it over by the door for the time being. Copley pretends to fret over what to use for the sound of the hardware in Verdi's "Anvil Chorus." He first suggests tapping a toothbrush against a teacup; then he considers just smashing the cup with a hammer. A tougher problem is how to hide the Viking hat, complete with horns and "Broom Hilda" hair, for "Ride of the Valkyries." "When you do Wagner," explains Copley, "you've got to have a prop."

The Cambridge Buskers play the most classical of classical music on instruments totally unintended for use—at least as the Buskers use them—anywhere within a hundred miles of the pieces they perform. Copley, thirty-one, plays the perfectly legitimate recorder and flute, but also any other instrument that has holes in it and that you can blow on. Ingram, also thirty-one, focuses his talents on the accordion. Their name tells their story. They met thirteen years ago as first-year students at Churchill College (part of Cambridge University), and they cut their musical teeth as street musicians—"buskers," in British slang—on the streets of Cambridge and those of the cities of the Continent.

These days, with five albums under their belt, the Buskers are on the road for a brutal nine months a year. Their time off comes in snippets of days. They are in America at least four of those months, traveling on a serpentine route that makes little geographic sense. Reading their itineraries can give one whiplash. Wherever they go, they get glowing reviews from critics sufficiently on the ball to show up. Jonathan Saville, of the San Diego Reader, wrote last year, "[Copley] is far and away the most brilliant recorder player I have ever heard." An Australian reviewer raved, "They are virtuoso musicians and yet simultaneously the Laurel and Hardy of classical music." On the 1987 tour they will be playing dates as varied as Wickenburg, Arizona, and Weill Recital Hall (formerly Carnegie Recital Hall), in New York City, winning over anyone who likes the classics but holds nothing sacred.

Copley and Ingram first got together as buskers out of necessity—they needed to...
More Than A Tradition

Classic elegance with a clean, contemporary look.
Breathtaking creations of baguette and round diamonds.
Necklace, rings and earrings... the artistry of innovation... all set in 18 kt. gold.

SHREVE & CO.
JEWELERS SINCE 1852
SAN FRANCISCO

J.B. HUDSON, Minneapolis, St. Paul — CHARLES W. WARREN, Detroit — JESSOPS, San Diego

MEMBERS OF THE HENRY BIRKS AND SONS COMPANY OF FINE JEWELERS
**Tribal Art**

This Stone royal stool (height 22 inches) will be included in an auction of Tribal Art from Africa and Oceania on Wednesday, May 20 at 10:15 am and 2 pm in New York. This auction will include property from the collection of Marcia and Irwin Hersey and various owners.

Fine American Indian Art will be sold on Wednesday, May 27 at 10:15 am and 2 pm.

For catalogues and more information, please contact Ellen Napiura at (212) 606-7325. Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

---

**SOTHEBY'S**

**FOUNDED 1744**

---

**Why did a Bolivian billionaire choose to build his ‘dream world’ in Manzanillo, Mexico?**

One visit to this magical setting will tell why. For this is an unequaled sun paradise—a place where each moment is a feast for the eye, soul and body. It is where lush palm covered hills slope gently to sandy beaches and calm bay waters. Where the air carries the scent of bougainvilleas and where time literally loses its meaning.

The late Bolivian tin magnate, Antenor Patiño was a man of uncompromising tastes. He envisioned his ‘dream world’ as a private hideaway for himself and his many friends. Las Hadas was created with unprecedented attention to detail, and in 1974 a ‘Gala in White’ was attended by hundreds of guests from all over the world. In 1975 a plan was unfolded to meet the demands of discriminating global guests. Recreational amenities were expanded and construction began on a complete, master-planned resort community that would preserve the natural beauty.

Today, in addition to Hotel Las Hadas, there are villas and condominiums with golf, tennis and marina privileges included—available at far less than a kings ransom. For your incomparable vacation, call toll free 1-800-231-2633 in U.S. & Hawaii, in Texas (713) 626-3904 or write for reservations and information:

**LAS HADAS RESORT**

3/D International Tower
1900 West Loop South, Suite 1670
Houston, TX 77027

---

**The Lively Arts**

An accordion plus anything you can blow on.

raise the train fare one day for the ride back to Cambridge from London. They busked often after that. “We never had to do it for a living,” recalls Copley, a music major who played the flute and the recorder. “We sort of drifted into it.” His partner remembers those days with a smile. “We'd say, 'Cambridge is boring; let's go to Cologne,'” says Ingram. “We just took the ferry and the train, and we'd start playing at nine o'clock in the morning in Cologne. By ten o'clock we'd have made a hundred marks, which at that time was about twenty-five pounds or fifty dollars. It was great for students to be making so much cash and enjoying themselves and going to people's houses, trying every restaurant in town. It's an incredible life.”

When they graduated from college, in 1977, the Cambridge Buskers found immediate employment as stage performers in Germany. They toured the country as the backup for a popular comedian and generally lived the high and heady life of twenty-year-olds able to make a living doing what they like to do. Soon they tapped into an old Cambridge connection then working at the prestigious record company Deutsche Grammophon, in Hamburg, who cleared the way for a record contract. They cut their first album, A Little Street Music, in four late-night hours. Deutsche Grammophon released it as a pop record in Germany in 1977, only to have it languish in obscurity—until the American office secured its re-release as a classical album in 1981. Still, that first record quickly led to an agent, who in 1978 set up the group's first, rudimentary tours of concert halls. The next three or
"The Empress Sailing"
Beauvais Tapestry
Late XVIIth—Early XVIIIth Century
Pre-Columbian Art

This pair of Mayan vessels with water fowl ornamented lids, from the northern Peten region, Late Classic, circa A.D. 550-950 (heights 10 1/4 and 10 3/4 inches) is among the objects included in an auction of Pre-Columbian Art on Tuesday, May 19 in New York.

For catalogues and further information, please contact Farida Turkman-Wille at (212) 606-7330, Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744

THE LIVELY ARTS

four years saw the Buskers doing less and less busking and more and more stage shows, television appearances in England and on the mainland, and jaunts to Japan and Australia. "We sort of survived," remembers Copley. "We lived on our wits and didn't do too badly on it."

WHAT TO USE AS AN ANVIL IN THE "ANVIL CHORUS"?
WHY NOT A CUP AND HAMMER?

On this night in the small North Carolina town of Wilson, Ingram and Copley happen not to be performing in their "hot clothes"—white tuxedos with tails over T-shirts—but they are clearly going to give the show their best effort. Beforehand, in their "dressing room" (a professor's office), they are thinking not so much of the music as of how they are going to introduce "Wand'in Star," a tune from the Western musical Paint Your Wagon. Ingram suggests that they say, "This is the only known work for a chamber orchestra by the modern composer Lee Marvin."

The act is a mixture of offhand humor and clockwork timing. "That used to be Schubert's Trout," Ingram announces after the first number. Copley blows a long, sexy note on his recorder in Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" and then looks with mock concern at the prop music stand—beret of music, of course—to see where that came from. The boys provide "the best bits" of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, revising the last selection as Bach might have written it after a "naughty weekend in Paris." Ingram deadpans, "We've often been criticized for not playing enough Stravinsky. So here they are, the catchiest tunes from The Rite of Spring." With his voice rather than an instrument, he squawks Odette's death in Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake—one quick burst of Donald Duck on laughing gas. No doubt the biggest crowd-pleaser on this occasion is the Buskers' rendition of the "Hallelujah" chorus from Handel's Messiah. Ingram handles the orchestra sound, as usual, as Copley pulls out his snorkel-shaped krummhorn and proceeds to lay waste to the vocal parts with each kazoolike squeal. The listeners double over in laughter.

The crowd thinks the joke is intended when Ingram tries to blow his cannon sound into the microphone in the 1812 Overture finale and finds it is turned off. It wasn't planned at all, but such glitches roll off the backs of former buskers a little more easily than off other professional musicians. "For our show it really doesn't mat-
Corum created the Golden Bridge. Remarkable. Then Baccarat Crystal made it extraordinary.

The Golden Bridge Clock—all of its intricate artistry and ornate 18 Karat gold beauty preserved forever within the finest Baccarat. The master craftsmen of time in concert with the master artisans of crystal have created a timepiece worthy of kings.

The fascinating detail of the Golden Bridge's straight-line quartz movement represents a breakthrough in clock design...unique, ingenious, and utterly elegant.

Adding to the exclusivity of this timepiece, each Golden Bridge Clock is a numbered, limited edition. Let the concept of a golden line of time hold you in its spell, as it itself is captured in the icy beauty of its crystal case.

The Golden Bridge Clock—for the discerning eye of the collector. From Corum.

CORUM.
Corum, 650 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.
THE LIVELY ARTS

ter if the mistakes creep in," says Copley, who often plays two recorders at the same time. "Most of the time we keep the audience guessing. We'll sort of mess around for a long time and then play a piece absolutely straight, as beautifully as we can." He pauses and flashes his impish, intelligent eyes from behind his thick glasses. "It has quite a good effect, that."

The Cambridge Buskers have not thought of themselves as street musicians for quite some time. Apart from a few promotional appearances in connection with concerts, they play on the street only a couple of times a year. They last attempted it in Strasbourg last fall and the feeling was not right: a loud South American band nearby drowned out their more subtle sounds. It was cold, and people did not stop to listen. "If we want to be brutally honest," says Copley, "we didn't really enjoy it." Ingram, soft-spoken and with a quick and brilliant smile, is less harsh. "There's far more of an encounter in the street," he says. "It's a situation suddenly, spontaneous." He believes that the one-to-one communication survives in their present concert work. Copley agrees with that but is happy to have moved up from the street level. "It's much more of a challenge to play an indoor concert. Our standard is much higher. The audience's standard is much higher."

The Buskers agree that they play better before better crowds. "You get stimulated by an audience," says Copley. A "better" crowd is one that gets their jokes and knows classical music. "What we like is having an audience that understands our show on every level," says Ingram. "We can play Mozart's Fortieth Symphony to some audiences and they'll sort of recognize it. Some other audiences will think, 'Ah, they're playing Mozart's Fortieth Symphony; how will they make it entertaining?'" Folks in America seem to take kindly to the Buskers' good-natured musical mutations, such as the insertion of the theme from "Dallas" into Copland's Rodeo, and Ingram's falsetto accompaniment to "Ride of the Valkyries." In other countries audiences are sometimes offended. "The people in Europe are probably a little more snobby about the classics than they are in the States," Ingram notes.

Leaving their wives alone back in Europe for months at a time, the Buskers tour...
The Caribbean's most spectacular settings.

For the Caribbean's most spectacular settings, come visit Little Switzerland. We're renowned for carrying the world's finest china and crystal at extraordinary duty-free savings. You'll also find us the best place to shop for the world's finest watches plus a complete line of exquisite jewelry. At prices that really sparkle.

Little Switzerland
St. Thomas • St. Croix • St. Martin • St. Barth • Puerto Rico

Send $5.00 for our color catalog before you visit us. Call toll-free 1-800-524-2010 for more information.
IMPORTANT AUCTIONS
June 9 through June 11

English, American and Continental Furniture and Works of Art
Oriental Works of Art • Antique and Fine Jewelry
American and European Paintings • Oriental Rugs and Carpets

THE LIVELY ARTS

the world, a wide swath of happy people in their wake. Ingram and Copley good-naturedly face their Byzantine itinerary and its unlikely stops, not questioning their life-style. (Copley remarks that "a successful musician, if he doesn't spend a lot of time away from home, is not a successful musician.") The payoff is the performance; it's as simple as that. In the tiny college choral hall they go ahead and use their planned "Wand'r'in Star" introduction, except that for subtlety's sake they credit the piece only to a certain "Marvin." As Copley drones on through the cowboy tune with his startlingly flatulent instrument of the moment—called a "rackett"—his eyes scan the crowd. Halfway through the number a woman loudly exclaims, "Oh! Lee Marvin!" and starts to giggle along with her three friends. No one else seems to catch on. But Copley's eyes smile, and Ingram grins widely and mischievously, and the Cambridge Buskers know they could go one-on-one even in the toughest of rooms.

A WALK WITH THE BUSKERS

Four albums of the Cambridge Buskers, all on Deutsche Grammophon, have been recompiled on two extended-play cassettes in the Walkman Classics line. The Cambridge Buskers: Classic Busking includes, among other favorites, the Quartet from Verdi's Rigoletto, the celestial "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from Gluck's Orpheus and Eurydice, and Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer." Classic Street Music features Beethoven's Symphonies 1–9 (tossed off in three minutes and nineteen seconds) and the William Tell Overture of Rossini. Wagner's ever-popular "Ride of the Valkyries" appears on both.

Copley (left) tackles rackett. Ingram beams.
Expressions of enchanting elegance.

"Lady with Shawl", a delicately handmade porcelain, recaptures the turn of the century charm of a Sunday promenade. Its handpainted elegance will gently lure you back to another time, another place. From the master craftsmen of Lladró.

LLADRÓ

Authenticity guaranteed by the distinctive Lladró trademark on the base.
For information about the Lladró Collectors Society, write to: Lladró, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010

Lady with Shawl" (L4914 16½") © 1987 Weil Ceramics and Glass, Inc.
From a selective group, created in .925 Sterling Silver Handmade, Hallmarked... Precious and Enduring.
FINE ART ACQUISITIONS LTD. IS PROUD TO BE THE PRIMARY SUPPORTER OF THE EXHIBITION

AMERICAN ART DECO

AT THE RENWICK GALLERY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, APRIL 17 THRU JULY 26, 1987

Carl Paul Jennewein "Greek Dance"
Lent by Mr. & Mrs. James J. Jennewein, Courtesy The Tampa Museum

FINE ART ACQUISITIONS LTD.
11 EAST 57 STREET  NEW YORK, NY 10022 • 212-489-7830 • 800-847-4234
New York  •  New Orleans  •  San Francisco  •  Beverly Hills  •  Miami  •  Boston  •  Atlantic City
ATLANTA - For the sophisticated buyer who wants glamour as well as the prestige location, this new Art-Deco mansion is a walled private estate. Marble floors, antique chandeliers and a highly stylized design make this a remarkable residence. Within there are about 6,000 sq. ft., 5 bedrooms, 6½ baths, top of the line systems, a St. Charles kitchen, and full security. Outside, there will be many parties along the 50 ft. long heated pool. Now - $1,195,000.

METRO ATLANTA - Just 30 minutes north of Atlanta, in historic Marietta, this jewel-like remnant of the past has a 4 ½ acre private park like setting. It is a residential “compound” with 2 homes, one an exquisite historic home with 5 bedrooms, 4 baths and 6 fireplaces, and the other, a 4 year old traditional, 2 bedroom, 2 bath, guest house. Separating the 2 houses is a 20’ X 50’ pool with a cabana house that has a full kitchen. A luxurious property. $750,000.

ATLANTA - For the sophisticated buyer who wants glamour as well as the prestige location, this new Art-Deco mansion is a walled private estate. Marble floors, antique chandeliers and a highly stylized design make this a remarkable residence. Within there are about 6,000 sq. ft., 5 bedrooms, 6½ baths, top of the line systems, a St. Charles kitchen, and full security. Outside, there will be many parties along the 50 ft. long heated pool. Now - $1,195,000.

METRO ATLANTA - Truly magnificent, this river front home has over 8,000 sq. ft. of luxurious living area. High beveled glass windows, 11 ft. high doorways, ceilings from 10 to 20 ft. high embellished with intricate crown moldings, 4 fireplaces, 6 bedrooms and 6½ baths are some of its features. The architectural design is open and spacious and one passes through oversized doorways and arches from one impressive room to another. An important property! $1,250,000.

METRO ATLANTA - With over a acre and a big heated pool, this masterful contemporary features strong design with a 2-story great room, tower and atrium. The main level master bedroom suite has a sumptuous bath with a steam shower and Jacuzzi spa tub set beneath huge curved glass windows. Upstairs are 4 bedrooms, sitting and play areas. At pool level, the terra cotta floors of the family and recreation rooms and 2nd kitchen are perfect for entertaining. $795,000.

METRO ATLANTA - You can come home and step out the back door and go fishing, water skiing or boating at Lake Spivey and yet be only 35 minutes from downtown Atlanta. In this marvelous home every room has a lake view. There are over 5,500 sq. ft., 5 bedrooms, 3 full and 3 half baths, high ceilings and lavish millwork. It is set in the trees on 2½ acres, with flagstone walks and terraces and has 2 boat decks with boat lifts. $895,000.

METRO ATLANTA - On 14½ acres, this exquisite 2 year old home is a reproduction of an historic home and has many of the striking design features of the original including, sweeping circular staircase, wide center hall and high ceilings. There are 5 bedrooms, 5⅛ baths, large formal rooms, a wonderful kitchen with custom Cherry wood cabinets and terra cotta tile floors, and a big den and glassed-in solarium that opens to a deck overlooking a private 22 acre lake. Only 30 minutes from downtown Atlanta. $745,000.
Dyansen Galleries is proud to present the most recent sculpture created by Angelo Basso, the world famous Italian sculptor.

This important new creation captures the dynamic yet surprisingly graceful elegance of woman. The lustrous patination of this sculpture is complemented by highly polished bronze and strikingly beautiful accents of color.

The flowing and subtle movement of form created in “Over The Wave” is also embodied in other magnificent sculptures from Angelo Basso’s new collection.

For more detailed information visit our galleries or call: (800) 348-2787 or in New York (212) 226-3384.

Dyansen Gallery

122 Spring Street
New York, N.Y. 10012
212 226-3384 800 348-2787

NEW YORK
NEW ORLEANS
SAN FRANCISCO
BEVERLY HILLS
MAUI
BOSTON
CARMEL

FREE
COLOR BROCHURE
AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST

"Dance Step," limited edition bronze sculpture, height 20½"
Hotel Gardena

Original serigraph by Marco Sassone printed by hand in 126 colors at Moross Studio, Los Angeles, on 100% rag paper, numbered and signed in pencil. This international edition includes 250 impressions plus 35 artist's proofs and 90 impressions numbered in Roman numerals.
Image size: 36 x 45 inches (cm. 91.4 x 113.7).

Sassone

Sassone serigraphs published and distributed exclusively by
SEGAL FINE ART
5567 Reseda Boulevard, Suite 104, Tarzana, California 91356 U.S.A. (818) 705-1543
French Renaissance

Certified Yew wood through Lab. Analysis ◇ Family Heirloom ◇ Private Sale

Contact Galerie Convergence ◇ 1283, rue de la Visitation, Montréal, Québec, Canada, H2L 3B6 ◇ (514) 522-7992
Property from the Collection of
Henry P. McIlhenny
Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia

This sale includes paintings, furniture, silver and objects of art. Auction to be held on Wednesday, May 20 and Thursday, May 21, 1987 at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. each day at Christie’s, 502 Park Avenue in New York. Viewing begins May 15. For further information, please call Jane deLisser at 212/702-2689 or Paul Ingersoll at 215/525-5493. Catalogues are available for $25. $30 by mail. To order, contact Christie’s Subscriptions Dept., 21-24 44th Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101. Tel.: 718/784-1480. For information about the sale of the residence at 1914 Rittenhouse Square, please contact Barbara L. Greenfield, Helmsley-Greenfield, Inc., 1500 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. Tel.: 215/569-8200.
Every evening in the early 1930s, during his annual winter visits to Manhattan, the French portrait painter Bernard Boutet de Monvel would leave the studio he lived in on East Seventy-fourth Street and stop in on his friend the painter Georges Lepape, who lived downstairs. "He would turn up at eight-thirty or nine, wearing his dinner jacket," recalls Lepape's son, "and after chatting awhile he would say, 'Je vais à mon bureau!'—'I'm off to the office now!'" Clearly, he regarded dinner tables as reserves of potential sitters. Barbara Wendell Kerr, who sat to him as a schoolgirl of fifteen, thinks that for Bernard Boutet de Monvel finding sitters in America must have been like "shooting fish in a barrel." He aimed well, bagging Whitneys, Vanderbilts, Armours, Astors, and Du Ponts.

The most recent look New Yorkers have had at a Boutet de Monvel painting came last year at Diana Vreeland's "Costumes of Royal India" exhibition, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its dramatic high point was a large, white-on-white portrait of Yeswant Rao Holkar Bahadur, maharaja of Indore. Typically, Charles Bricker wrote about the House of Dior and the New Look for the April issue of Connoisseur.
Bernard Boutet de Monvel, master of frosty, hard-edged elegance, died in 1946 at the age of sixty-five. He had spent every winter since 1926, except for the war years, painting America's upper crust. In 1951, Yvon Bizet summed up Boutet de Monvel's approach in the catalogue issued for a posthumous retrospective at the Musée Galliera: "The constraints to which he submitted are those which have weighed on the portrait since Clouet. And if I cite Clouet, it is because Bernard de Monvel remained within the strict tradition of French portrait painting, presided over by the most perfect restraint.... He did not break through the wall of private life." This aloofness is part of what makes him so fascinating as a painter and so perfect a match for his beau monde sitters.

A scaled-down replica of the Indore portrait exists in Boutet de Monvel's Paris studio (where, according to family tradition, Ingres too once worked). The studio is as Bernard left it, at the top of his house at the leafy heart of the old Faubourg Saint-Germain. His daughter, Sylvie Boutet de Monvel, lives there amid a profusion of sunlight, flowers, books, and Biedermeier. A ground-floor wing, added when Bernard bought the house, in the mid-1920s, contains a mirrored art deco dining room (designed by Bernard as an octagon, a configuration he repeated twenty years later when he built his Palm Beach house, "La Folie Monvel"). And there is a salon agleam with Second Empire mother-of-pearl inlay and luscious silk.

In the stairwell hang family portraits by Bernard's father, Louis-Maurice, the meticulous illustrator of picture books familiar to generations of French children: Jeanne d'Arc, Chansons de France, Anatole France's Nos Enfants, La Fontaine's fables. Bernard derived his penchant for graphic clarity and glowing but muted color from his father, as well as a delight in portraying children. Ultimately, though, it was his peers he saw clearest, surveying them from the corners of his slightly hooded eyes, recording perhaps a little more than they realized they were exhibiting.

Boutet de Monvel's contemporaries are gone now, but younger acquaintances and sitters remember him vividly. The adjectives they use—elegant, charming, amusing—are confirmed by his self-portraits, which betray his passionate interest in clothes and the easy grace with which he wore them. He was no less fascinated by what his sitters wore.

Fashion looms as large in his work as it does in Clouet, Holbein, Van Dyck, and Ingres; indeed, he also turned out scores of fashion illustrations. In his day, more than now, fashion emerged from the world of aristocrats and sportsmen he knew so well, and he was himself a perfect clothes horse, tall and solidly put together. For most of his life he retained the figure a contemporary described as that of "a disco-bolus who might have rowed at Oxford."

In 1912, with a group of debonair artist friends, among them Georges Lepape, men-about-town who styled themselves "Beau Brummells," he was recruited to illustrate Lucien Vogel's new Gazette du Bon Ton. For the Gazette, Bernard carefully delineated the latest riding clothes or Redfern dinner dresses, the smartest walking sticks and cravats. Later, for Vogue and Harper's Bazaar, he captured the glamour of Vionnet evening capes and Lanvin beach pajamas—never condescendingly, always with the unerring line Rosenblum calls "pure Ingres."

He was forty-two when he began coming regularly to the States, but he had been exhibiting portraits and other work in Paris at various Salons since he was nineteen. In France, however, the great age of society portraits was over by 1926. For one thing, Sargent was gone; Boldini was elderly, Jacques-Emile Blanche in late middle age. For another, moneyed sitters were now to be found not in France but in the New World.

A show at the Anderson Galleries in 1926 introduced New York society to a group of Boutet de Monvel portraits of members of the European grateau with a judicious smattering of princes and counts. A further introduction was provided by the cosmopolitan Mary Rogers, wife of a Standard Oil heir. "He'd decorated her house in Paris," the portrait painter Charles Baskerville recalls. "She was his great patron." Mrs. Rogers remained his patron, and an intimate friend, through-
Mrs. Payne Whitney, one of the well-heeled Americans who paid between $3,000 and $10,000 during the 1930s and 1940s to be painted by Bernard Boutet de Monvel.
out his life, and somewhere along the line, says her grandson Peter Salm (whose mother was Millicent Rogers), Boutet de Monvel taught her how to paint.

Did he regard America mainly as a money pot? In spite of French Anglomania, he seems never to have been tempted to live in England, between the wars, sitters who could afford him were scarce there. What he really thought about his work in the United States it is early to say: the revival of interest in Boutet de Monvel is too recent to have allowed the scholarly ransacking of his papers that might illuminate the matter.

We do know that his Continental glamour won him a secure place on the social scene: many remarked the fine figure he cut everywhere—including costume balls, which he usually attended as Louis XV. But Barbara Kerr, sitting to him under parental duress in Chicago during his first or second season in America, cast a cold eye: "As a teenager, I did think he was very sophisticated, though to me he was an old man in his forties. But I could tell he was conducting a heavy flirtation. I had to sit there in a fury for twenty minutes at a time while he chatted in French to Mrs. Howard Linn over the telephone."

A member of old Chicago society, Mrs. Linn was from Bernard's point of view "really the most plausible lady in Chicago." He painted her and went on to spend the next thirteen years painting other American socialites. The results were often featured in Town and Country, culminating in a December 1939 article entitled, "Who Will Paint Your Portrait?" His depiction of Mrs. Laurence H. Armour, another Chica
goan, illustrated the magazine's approbation of the "quiet chic about Bernard Boutet de Monvel's interpretations." Musing on him today, Dolly Hoffman, widow of the architect E. Burrell Hoffman, says, "Yes, he was a Frenchman who came over here and mowed them all down—that he did."

The man who "rediscovered" Bernard Boutet de Monvel in the 1970s was the Paris gallery owner Alain Blondel, who became fascinated by the painter's virtually forgotten œuvre. In 1975, he persuaded his daughter to allow him to assemble a retrospective largely based on the riches stored in her father's studio. From this and other sources Blondel rounded up an extraordinary collection of portraits, as well as a group of Moroccan studies and some surprising views of New York skyscrapers in the precisionist vein of Charles Sheeler.

Though there is no evidence that Boutet de Monvel ever met Sheeler, a sartorial connection surfaces. Sheeler's fashion photographs appeared in some of the same glosses that published Boutet de Monvel's drawings. Fashion links extended in other directions too. In 1947, he painted Mrs. Rogers's daughter, Millicent, in a Charles James dress. The couturier came from the same international milieu as the Rogerses and Boutet de Monvel; Millicent had long been his foremost patron and client. In Bernard's portrait, her burnished blond beauty, the gleaming satin folds of James's dress, the massive gold chunks of the necklace she herself may have designed, all reflect Boutet de Monvel's own visual and social preoccupations.

The James link has persisted. Elizabeth de Cuevas, the sculptor, recalls that it was the New York Times fashion photographer Bill Cunningham, whom she'd met through her "great friend Charlie James," who discovered a portrait of the ballet impresario the marquis de Cuevas in the Blondel show. She told her about it and she bought it at once; she had not known of its existence: "It goes to the depths of my father's soul."

Whether Bernard met his wife, Delphina Edwards-Bello, through George de Cuevas or met Cuevas through his wife isn't clear, but Delphina and George were childhood friends in their native Chile. Bernard married Delphina in 1921; she and their daughter, Sylvie, are the subjects of some of his most engaging portraits.

Today, Sylvie says that when her father died he was planning to make the 1949-50 season his last in the United States. (Others indicate that he intended to join Mrs. Rogers in Virginia.) Though death came opportunistically, Bernard died with the panache with which he had lived, contriving to be aboard the Air France plane that crashed into a mountain peak in the Azores on October 28, 1949, taking with it not only himself but the famous boxer Marcel Cerdan and other celebrities. Boutet de Monvel had been bumped from the previous day's flight to make way for Françoise Rosay and her film star's retinue and luggage. Furious, and with all the haughty urgency at his command, he demanded and secured a seat on the next plane out.
Nine Pitiiless Links

BY

PETER ANDREWS

Playing golf in Ireland is like playing poker with nothing wild. It's the real thing. If your idea of golf is to be petted and cosseted and protected from unruly winds while you feather sweet little shots that always find their way to perpetual fairway, then stay in Palm Springs. Irish golf is not for you. Irish golf is for pulling on your woollies and feeling the salt spray in your face and boring irons through winds that in the United States would keep the Coast Guard in port. When you finish your round in Ireland, you've earned your drink. And make that a neat whiskey, please. I want to get my blood circulating.

Golf may have been invented in Scotland, but it is in Ireland that this noble game has flowered most brilliantly. The Republic has more than two hundred courses, and Northern Ireland, another forty or so, giving the island more golf courses per capita than any other country in the world.

I am not here to claim the superiority of Irish golf to that of anywhere else. You can blaze a relatively short Scottish trail that will take you to St. Andrews, Carnoustie, Royal Dornoch, Muirfield, and Turnberry. And a bit of the California coastline offers Pebble Beach, Cypress Point, and Spyglass Hill, where you will get a decent test. But I submit that from Dublin to the mouth of the Shannon River in southern Ireland, there is strung a necklace of golf courses as varied, as demanding, as beautiful as any comparable stretch of sod on the globe, and more just plain fun.

Of the thirty-nine golf courses within easy access of the city of Dublin, the best introduction to Irish golf is at the Royal Dublin Golf Club, only three miles from the O'Connell Street Bridge. Established in 1885 and one of the oldest golf clubs in the Republic, Royal Dublin harks back to the days when you didn't build a golf course so much as find one. There are no bulldozer scars at Royal Dublin, only natural undulations that can suddenly turn vicious when the breeze spring up off Dublin Bay and start dashing across the unprotected fairways.

Although far from being a killer, Royal Dublin will provide you with a nice test. As Cecil Bancroft, club captain in 1901, noted, "accurate hitting is demanded. . . . Those who like the ball to sit up and smile at them will not enjoy Royal Dublin. Its appeal is to the golfer who prefers lies from which it is always possible to play the shot required, provided the player possesses considerable golfing skill."

There is the challenge of Irish golf in a nutshell. If you possess "considerable golfing skill" you are in for the time of your life. If you do not, you are in for some very long afternoons. Distances, particularly with so few trees, are hard to estimate. And when the wind blows, yardage doesn't mean much, anyway. The shot that was a comfortable six iron one day is unreachable with any wood in your bag the next. Irish golf is pitiless golf, and it exposes a mediocre swing for the poor thing that it is.

The first time I played Royal Dublin I was surprised to find a small abandoned cottage near the third fairway. It seemed to me an odd obstruction for a golf course until my Irish playing partner explained that it was the place where Michael Moran, the father of modern Irish golf, was born and that it is kept as a shrine to his memory. The champion of Ireland, Moran played his last competition with Harry Vardon in the 1914 British Open at Prestwick, wearing hobnailed boots and using borrowed clubs, before going off to die in World War I.

If you start a golfing tour of Ireland at Royal Dublin, play carefully and well. You

Opposite and right: Ballybunion doesn't look terrifying at first, but the cliffside eleventh hole is truly fearsome.

Peter Andrews is a contributing editor of American Heritage and has played golf on every continent but Antarctica.
Almost surrounded by water, the course at Tralee offers peerless views and a twelfth that is one of the world’s great par-3s.

will not again have the chance to record such low numbers, for you are heading into some extremely difficult golfing country.

Only a few miles away is Portmarnock, the first of the truly great Irish courses on our tour. I am not sure but what it may be the finest of them all. Located within a grand stretch of coastline curving to the end of Howth Hill, the northern guardian of Dublin Bay, Portmarnock is bounded on three sides by the Irish Sea and Dublin Bay. It is the kind of course you don’t really see at first. There are no blind shots, no violent doglegs, no sharp changes of contours. But Portmarnock has been a championship course ever since John Ball, Jr., won the first Irish Open there, in 1899.

It is difficult when you look today at Portmarnock, not much changed for almost a century, to understand that it once represented a revolutionary innovation. In the nineteenth century, links courses were laid out with the front nine playing straight out into the wind and the back nine returning with the wind favoring. The founders of Portmarnock decided more test should be put into the game. The holes box the compass, and players are forced to contend with every conceivable wind shot on both nines. The course record is 66, jointly held by Christy O’Connor and Gary Player, but old-timers will tell you the best round ever played there was a 74 posted by George Duncan on the last day of the 1927 Irish Open. Wrapped in butcher’s paper to shield himself from a howling wind, Duncan was the only man to break 80 and won the tournament by picking up seventeen strokes on the field.

Most golfing experts agree that the fourteenth is the best hole on the course. It requires a nifty second shot, one hit high enough to carry over the huge bunkers guarding the plateau green and with enough bite not to bounce into the surrounding dunes. Arnold Palmer, however, claims that the 187-yard fifteenth is not only the best hole on the course but also the finest par-3 in the world. That may be because the first time he played it in competition, Palmer ripped a three iron through a swirling crosswind and laid it three feet from the hole.

For me, the best hole at Portmarnock is the nineteenth, in the spacious old clubhouse. The first time I played there I met the club secretary, Conn Donovan, a master raconteur in the Irish bardic tradition, who kept my glass filled with pink gin until well after dark while spinning out stories of high adventure. Once, it seems, two members got into a stormy argument over their respective golfing abilities. At dawn they set off in the mist full of whiskey and trim purpose to settle the matter and were never seen again.

After Portmarnock, the Killarney Golf and Fishing Club, on the Ring of Kerry, is both a delight and a disappointment. For the simple beauty of its natural setting, Killarney may be the pick of the lot. Sit amid purplish hills known, improbably, as Macgillicuddy’s Reeks, Killarney is contoured by a crystal lake and dappled with gorse shining a brilliant gold in the reflected sunlight. As an Irish wag once noted, “See what the Almighty can do when He is in a good mood.”

In the old days, Killarney, for all its charm, could be deadly, but to accommodate more play the club has divided and expanded its original eighteen holes into two separate courses. As a result, the quality of the golf has diminished, and, let’s face it, that is all golfers really care about. They wouldn’t look twice at the Taj Mahal.
unless you told them it was being converted into a clubhouse. Going to Killarney is like visiting Angkor Wat: it gives ample evidence of what glories were once there. And the beauty remains. The eighteenth at Mahony's Point has not changed since the English golf commentator Henry Longhurst looked at it and sighed, "What a lovely place to die."

Our next stop is the Waterville Golf Club, on the southern coast. The course was founded in 1972 by John Mulcahy, who emigrated from Ireland as a young man to make his fortune in America. Not content with his own salmon run, he wanted to build his own golf course. The result was Waterville, wandering alongside the tumultuous Irish Sea. Although many Irish golfers are less than enchanted with the course, because it strikes them as too American, it is an exciting layout.

I confess to a particular fondness for Waterville. It was there that I hooked up with an Irish golfer named Owen, a meat salesman from Dingle Bay, who taught me something of the true spirit of Irish golf. The Irish spirit is not the spirit of the Scot. The Scot plays with restraint, and his hero is Mac Smith, who played in more than sixty tournaments without ever raising a divot. He gently swept the ball off the grass, according to his great contemporary Tommy Armour, "as if he were a priest taking away an altar cloth."

As Owen showed me, the Irish golfing spirit is "crank up and hit the bugger." With a swing that resembled the motion of a cranky threshing machine, Owen showed me an array of wind-cheater shots that do not exist anywhere else in the world; shoulder-high irons, slap shots, bumps and runs, and long putts from the fringe with plenty of hip turn. The lesson cost me a mere six pounds and two Irish whiskeys, cheap at twice the price.

Coming around the coast, we arrive at the Tralee Golf Club, at West Barrow. Although scarcely known outside of Ireland, Tralee is a course "destined," as they say, "for greatness." Tralee has been completed only a few years and is still growing into its surroundings, but it clearly has the potential to take its place among the best courses in the world. Almost entirely surrounded by salt and fresh water, Tralee sits out on a tip of land with an enormous beach that offers views of the ocean as well as of the Dingle Peninsula and the mountain of Brandon. It is a setting to match the matchless Pebble Beach.

Then there is the golf. Tralee opens with a medium opening hole ambling down toward the sea; then, a demanding par-5 along the coast. My first time at Tra-

**Off the Course in Par**

No trip in the world is easier to organize than a golfing tour of Ireland. No matter where you are, it is all but mathematically impossible to be more than a twenty-minute drive from a good course somewhere. Organized tours exist in plenitude, but I have always preferred to go with a few friends and make our own matches as we go. If you want to take the southern route described here, simply fly to Dublin, rent a car—try to arrive on Sunday and give yourself a day to get used to driving on the wrong side of the road in relative privacy—and come out by way of Shannon. Many golfers like to reverse the order, but we started this way many years ago, and like most golfers, we don't like anything that puts us off our routine.

Greens fees are staggeringly modest, and even at the giants, such as Portmarnock and Ballybunion, among the most expensive in Ireland, they are only twenty Irish pounds ($30). Tralee is ten Irish pounds ($15), but then, it's a young course. Even a private club such as Portmarnock is available for tourist play, though it is a good idea to book tee times in advance to avoid competitions or outings that might block them out. If you are planning a golfing trip, have your travel agent get you a copy of "Irish Golf Courses," produced by the Irish Tourist Board. Good caddies, except at Portmarnock, are hard to find, and although trolleys (pull carts) are generally available, the safest thing is to bring along a light "Sunday bag" and be prepared to tote your own.

There was a time when looking for a good restaurant or overnight accommodation in Ireland was like looking for a good tailor in Albania—not worth the effort. This is no longer the case. Amenities are not high on the golfer's list—a ham-and-cheese sandwich and a pink gin to keep out the chill are all we require. Still, on my last trip, I came upon several places I could recommend to persons who would no more set foot on a golf course than they would go to a cockfight. The Shelbourne is the grand hotel in Dublin, but I have always been supremely comfortable in Buswell's, a few blocks away. There is a gentle sweetness about Buswell's that is frequently served up with an Irish wit. The lady at the desk once told me, "We like to be quaint here so people like you can come and look at people like us."

From Gregans Castle Hotel, in County Clare, it is a slightly longer drive to Lahinch than from the local city hotels, but make the trip anyway. It has a charming bar with a bartender who has heard every golf story known to man but will listen politely to yours. The kitchen rivals the best in London.

One of the best generally undiscovered hotels in Europe is the Parknasilla, overlooking Kenmare Bay, on the southern coast. Formerly a bishop's residence, the Parknasilla is perched on more than 300 acres of forest parkland and combines the best qualities of a formal hotel and a casual weekend house party.

You should go to at least one golfer's salon, and the bar at the Ambassador Hotel in Ballybunion is one of the best. Only a mile or two from the great course, it is a place where golf is held sacred and there is talk of little else—except, of course, when Benny Hill is on television. It is an unspoken house rule that you do not order a drink except during commercials.
In 1896, is an acknowledged giant. The second, which, like Tralee, is still establishing itself, is more controversial. In old Ballybunion, we meet the true royalty of seaside golf links. Tom Watson played Ballybunion for the first time on an unusually balmy morning, then came back in the afternoon to play it alone until darkness drove him off the course.

In common with many great seaside links courses, old Ballybunion doesn’t look terrifying at first. It lulls you with a bit of understated Irish charm in the form of rolling countryside, piled-up dunes, and endless seascape vistas and then slaps you in the face with a midiron. The par-3 eighth, not a particularly storied hole as Ballybunion goes, is a minor classic. It is only 134 yards to a green below and straight in front of you; the easiest shot in golf, except you have to land in a twelve-yard area. If you miss it, you’re looking at a 5, assuming you can find your ball. Watson says it was one of the most demanding shots he has ever had to hit.

Ballybunion seems to be in continuous motion. The contours of the fairway blend subtly into the contours of the greens. The cliffside eleventh is Ballybunion at its most fearsome. It is a 449-yard par-4 from the championship tees that insinuates itself down through a narrow landing area to a raised green with impenetrable dunes on the left and the ocean on the right. It offers the supreme test. As one veteran said, “For a golfer to come to Ireland and not play Ballybunion is like going to the Sistine Chapel to study floor tiles.”
gent people are working on the new course, and it may yet grow in stature—the old course did not achieve its final greatness until the 1970s, when a new clubhouse was built and a hole was reshuffled—but much work remains to be done.

Finally we come to Lahinch's championship course, just north of the Shannon. Another seaside course, Lahinch was originally a recreation area for the Black Watch regiment stationed there in the late nineteenth century. You know you're in for a fight yourself when you enter the clubhouse. There is a barometer with no hands on the wall and a note saying, "See goats." The idea is, when the weather is going to turn surly, the goats head for shelter. They are not always reliable. According to one Lahinch legend, a golfer seeing the goats in place went off on his round and ran into a fierce squall. When he asked what had happened, the bartender told him, reasonably, "New goats."

Lahinch's famous sixth hole is the par-3 "Dell Hole," which consists of a tee and a tiny green completely hidden by a hill with only a small whitewashed stone for guidance. This kind of golf architecture is now considered as cornball as an elephant's-hoof umbrella stand, but it was the height of golfing fashion when old Tom Morris first laid out the course, in 1893. For added sport, the fifth hole also crosses the hitting lanes of the eighteenth. When I first played Lahinch, I thought it was full of Gaelic charm, but as I get older and more crotchety, I am beginning to think it's just a little squirrely.

But pay no attention to my carping Lahinch should be loved as the ancient dowager she is. And the views of the nearby Cliffs of Moher are worth any number of golfing idiosyncrasies. Golf is a passion that has never made a whole lot of sense. In Ireland, it is completely mad.
The Getty Scandals

By Geraldine Normann and Thomas Hoving
HOW THE QUESTIONABLE
ACTIVITIES OF ONE CURATOR
CAST A SHADOW OVER AN
ENTIRE MUSEUM

Let me put it in the simplest way I know: the J. Paul Getty Museum is immensely rich. The value of its endowment today stands at above $3 billion; under the legal terms of its charter, the museum must spend 4.25 percent of that amount annually—upward of $140 million. By comparison, the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, has to limp along on less than $2 million a year, and the National Gallery, in Washington, D.C., gets by on $2 million to $3 million. With the Getty’s enviable wealth comes the unenviable problem of protecting the money. That means, in our art-struck times, making sure that the money is spent prudently—on works of art, say, that are neither mediocre nor fake. It means building an institution in which, from top to bottom, integrity is the watchword. It means dealing honestly and openly with the public and with the government as the people’s representatives. Is all this too much for an organization? Maybe. It seems at times to have been too much for the Getty.

What follows is a story of chicanery and greed, played out by some of the most powerful figures in the art world today—dealers, curators, appraisers, and benefactors among them. The central character is Jiří Frel, former curator of antiquities at the Getty Museum and an elusive man of noted charm and scholarly accomplishment. At the Getty he falsified records and purchased what many scholars consider to be some of the most conspicuous fakes ever to go on display in a museum. In at least one case, his name is linked with a commission on a major purchase. His boss, Harold M. Williams, knew that Frel was overevaluating donations but allowed them to continue. Several dealers made large profits from the sums Frel spent on suspected fakes. Many donors were able to take huge tax deductions because Frel overestimated the worth of the objects they gave to the Getty.

It is quite possible that these misdeeds point toward something else, something bigger, that endangers the Getty. Why else would the museum and its friend the wealthy industrialist Norton Simon be so wary of an investigation into Frel’s activities? Is there something in the records that scares the Getty? I don’t know. I do know that the Getty is a paranoid institution. Perhaps that’s the price it pays for being so rich. It routinely puts off embarrassing questions (as it has put off inquiries into several suspected fakes that have found their way into the museum’s galleries), and it has been known to manipulate scholarly opinion to its advantage. It’s worth knowing that if the Getty fails to live up to its charter, the vast sums that support it could be withdrawn and given to another institution. Whatever, the Getty is afraid of the Frel affair.

Rather than linger on theories now, I invite you to read the documentation of the discoveries that Geraldine Norman, the saleroom correspondent for the Times of London, and I have made, up to press time. You will be reading a sort of detective story, one with a lot of bumbling. And you will encounter many an unexpected twist, as if we were on the verge of something bigger. You should know, too, that we are still on the case. —Thomas Hoving

GERALDINE NORMAN
It all started with the Bouts—a Flemish painting of the Annunciation dated to around 1450 and attributed to Dieric Bouts. In 1984, Eugene V. Thaw, soft-spoken and retiring but America’s top dealer in old masters, sold the picture to Ronald Lauder, son of Estée Lauder, of cosmetics fame, and at that time a Defense Department official. Lauder was reported to have paid $6 million for the painting.

However, a banana skin interrupted the deal. Lauder asked another dealer he trusted, Alain Tarica, of Paris and New York, to take a look at the painting. Whereupon Tarica denounced it as a fake and Lauder handed it back to Thaw. Few people believed Tarica, and the painting popped up at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, hanging there on loan.

We had a picture that was thought to be
Roman copy of Greek poet KLEANTHES.
Sold Christie's, London for £892.
Given to Getty by M. Gottlieb in Nov 79.
Evaluating 45,000 £.
a companion piece to Lauder's "fake" Bouts at the National Gallery in London (unequivalently old, though not necessar- ity a Bouts), and Norton Simon, the American industrialist, had bought another supposedly of the series, a Resurrection, for some $4 million, at auction in 1980. Big reputations and big money were involved. On January 22, 1985, I received a momentous memo: "The J. Paul Getty Museum confirmed today that it has acquired an Annunciation by the fifteenth (about 1425-1475) century Flemish painter Deiric[sic]Bouts. . . ." A few days later, Tarica rang and invited me to Paris to hear why he thought the painting was a fake. I thought he would turn out to be a nut—there are plenty of them in the art market—but the story might be intriguing. Several hours of conversation later, I decided that Tarica was probably right. We began in earnest to track down the authenticity of the Bouts.

After a year's struggle, Tarica and I concluded that it was an old picture that had been reworked and recently smuggled out of Italy. Virtually the entire surface had been overpainted, we thought. The figures were most likely the work of a famous nine-teenth-century restorer and picture faker, Luigi Cavenaghi, while the rest of the picture had been reworked by a later, more clumsy hand. The Getty's resistance to our investigation, which included a trip to the museum—where Tarica was literally thrown out of the conservation laboratory when he scoffed at what he considered to be the incriminatingly modern brush-stroke technique of the Bouts forgery—began to suggest a cover-up to us. The museum refused to invite the accepted experts to Malibu to study the picture. One scholar returned from California saying that she had promised not to talk about the Bouts. There were many other strange instances of information sup- pressed and misinformation promoted. In the past few weeks, Hans van Miergrot, a Belgian art historian who is compiling a volume on Flemish painting in California, has been denied the pigment samples, cross sections, and neutron-analysis tests he asked for in order to establish the date of the painting's surface. It would not take more than a week to resolve the issue de- finitively, yet the Getty will not do it.

I couldn't understand what was brewing beneath the surface of the Getty. Why wouldn't the museum allow experts to examine the Bouts?

There had to be something behind the museum's stonewalling, and I decided to find out what was up. An art-dealer friend had suggested that I forget about the Bouts and begin looking into another suspicious Getty acquisition—a Greek kouros, or statue of a male, that the museum bought for a reputed $7 million.

This is the outline of the background on the kouros as it reached me:

A life-size marble statue of a naked youth, or kouros, dated to around 530 B.C. and with a price tag of $12 million, had been proposed for acquisition at a board meeting of the Getty Trust late in 1983. Federico Zeri, the brilliant Italian scholar who advised J. Paul Getty, had denounced the kouros as a fake and held up its acquisition for a year while the Getty sought the opinion of other scholars. Opinions were contradictory, but the Getty agreed to pur- chase the kouros in December 1984. Two things had happened in the meantime. Zeri had retired to the status of trustee emeritus and was not around to complain, and the curator who had originally pro- posed the kouros for purchase had left the country.

This curator was Jifi Frel. According to accounts that reached me, he had been asked to leave the Getty after it was discov- ered that he was involved in unethical activities. I was told that Harold Williams, president of the Getty Trust, informed the board in April 1984 that Frel had solicited donations to the museum at grossly inflated valuations, thereby enabling donators to make large claims for tax exemption. Williams claimed that an IRS investiga- tion had brought the affair to light.

I doubted that I could substantiate the charges against Frel, but with some experience in fakes hunting I thought I might be able to tie down the kouros. I was two or three weeks down the road in my investi- gations when an American scholar men- tioned to me that Thomas Hoving, former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and now editor of Connoisseur, was making similar inquiries. I was delighted to learn that Hoving had his own doubts about Frel and the kouros.

We decided to coordinate our efforts. This time I wouldn't be taking on the Get- ty by myself, and what's more, Hoving had already done half the work.

THOMAS HOVING

I stumbled into the kouros story, and eventually the Getty scandal, quite by accident in February 1985. I had assigned one of our most alert writers, Ann Headington, to write a profile of some of the grand con- noisseurs in the commercial art world. One of our subjects was Professor Giuseppe ("Pico") Cellini of Rome, a famous forger- buster and paintings conservator. After Headington's first interview with Cellini, she called me with some surprising news: he considered the Getty's kouros to be a fake. "Simply revolting," he had said. "Una schifezza! Half man, half woman, and clumsily broken to boot."

I was able to see the kouros for myself when I went to the Getty, several months later, to report another story. With some reluctance, a staff member led me into a restoration studio. The kouros was laugh- able—stiff; awkward; mechanical in plac- es, sinuous and sophisticated in others. Its surface was extraordinarily well preserved for a piece of that age.

I was also interested in talking with the director, John Walsh, who had worked under my administration at the Metropoli- tan, about what had happened to Jifi Frel, the Getty's curator of antiques. I had heard rumors that Frel had been involved in some scandal, a possible fraud, and had been asked to leave. Walsh, who has the reputation of being an administrative straight arrow and honest to a fault, denied the rumors. "Jifi? Fired? Absolutely not. He's now our most valued senior research curator, working for us in Europe."

I was especially interested because I had hired Frel at the Metropolitan in 1971. A citizen of Czechoslovakia, Frel in 1970 had been on a fellowship at Princeton and had come with tears in his eyes to the museum's renowned curator of Greek and Roman art, Dietrich von Bothmer, beg- ging for a job. He had decided to remain in America, sending his wife back to Prague.

Von Bothmer says that deep within Jifi Frel, whom he describes as his "dear friend and colleague," is the "Czech reaction against authority. It's what I'd call the 'outlaw psychosis.' " Von Bothmer says that in America Frel was unable "to adjust to Anglo-Saxon ways and was arrogant toward those he deems to be lesser in intel- lectual gifts."

According to von Bothmer, Frel was born in a village near Prague in 1922 and won a fellowship to study in Paris in 1947: "The stipend changed his life. He fell in love with Paris." Frel went back to Prague only because his family had forced him to marry a beautiful ballet dancer to ensure his return. Soon Frel became a full profes- sor in classical antiquities but continued to haunt Paris. Even after he divorced his first wife and married a woman well con- nected with the highest circles of the Communist Party, he kept returning to
Paris, where he worked with Jean Charbonneaux, of the Louvre, at that time J. Paul Getty's adviser on antiquities.

At the Metropolitan, Frel was considered to be a brilliant scholar. His fondness for women was legendary. He would seek out pretty girls in the galleries and tell them how similar they were to the Greek nudes. There had been the whiff of a scandal, too. The wife of a professor left her husband for Frel when she found she was having Frel's child. They later married.

A year after Frel came to the Met, he announced that his doctor (who happened to be his new father-in-law) had recommended that he move to California because of his ulcers. J. Paul Getty had also just asked Frel to be his curator of antiquities. Though vexed, von Bothmer decided not to hold Frel to his contract.

In Malibu, von Bothmer says, Frel left his New York wife and married again, this time a young student who was an expert in amber. At least some of the donations Frel brought into the Getty were apparently given to his wife for research. Frel lived like an impoverished student in Malibu, according to von Bothmer. "It was only his Czech hubris that got him into making deals. He moved into the land of Disneyland, into the atmosphere of deals, hating the wheeler-dealers at the same time. He would go out of his way to bad-mouth the powerful... In my view, he developed a profound contempt for all things, legal or illegal." Sadly so, it turned out.

I began to investigate in earnest the reports that the kouroi was a fraud soon after I returned to New York from Malibu. Many of the scholars I contacted (among them, Evelyn Harrison, New York's Institute of Fine Arts, and Iris Love, director of excavations in Kinos, Turkey) expressed doubts about its authenticity. Meanwhile, Norman was finding that European experts were doubtful, too.

Geraldine Norman
All of the dealers I contacted in Europe thought the authenticity of the kouroi was dubious. I also learned that Gianfranco Becchina, a dealer in Basel, had sold the kouroi to the Getty and that it had been at the museum since September 1983. The case against the kouroi did not prove to be difficult to formulate, though scholars still argue fiercely over its authenticity.

Evidence of a donations scandal began to materialize, too. I noticed in the Getty's 1984 Journal that the acquisitions of the antiquities department far outstripped those of other departments, and most of them were donations. That looked suspicious. I suggested that having take a look.

Thomas Hoving
The lavish Getty Museum Journal for 1984 lists an impressive number of Frel acquisitions: 164 items, most of them donations—vases and sherds, bronzes, gold jewelry, Greek and Roman sculptures. How unusual for the richest museum on earth, with some $100 million to $140 million a year to spend, to have such a vigorous program of hustling gifts? It was also interesting that the antiquities department appeared to be the only one at the Getty that encouraged gifts.

Geraldine Norman
Luck is the name of the game. An old friend turned up in London with one of New York's top criminal lawyers. Over dinner I got his legal opinion of where the Getty stood if Frel had been up to fraud. "To conceal and fail to report a felony can be a felony," he told me. "The whole board could be indicted."

"I've got to prove it first," I laughed. "How am I to find the evidence?" Then he told me something important. Private tax-exempt foundations are watched very closely, he said, particularly in California. "There should be detailed documentation of their activities on file for public scrutiny," I called Hoving and told him to get looking, and we ran the IRS 990-PF (for Private Foundations) forms to the ground at the Foundation Center, in New York.

Thomas Hoving
By law, the Getty is required in its tax forms to reveal to the government in a special rider the name and address of everyone who donates a work of art, a description of each object worth more than $5,000, and the fair market value.

With the help of a researcher and my London colleague, I obtained the tax accounts the Getty filed for the fiscal years 1973 through 1985. Looking over them, I saw at once that Jiffi Frel was not only zealous; he had to be putting something over on the museum's board of trustees. The donations were in massive blocks, usually recorded every two months from February through December, obviously the dates of board meetings. The donations were staggering. In ten years Jiffi Frel acquired 938 lots of antiquities, amounting to 6,453 works of art and evaluated by Frel at $14,441,228. That amount included $1.7 million worth of potsherds, items that, as one scholar remarked, "are almost as cheap as shells on the beach." (To give an indication of Frel's accomplishments, in my ten years at the Metropolitan Museum, some eighty curators of twenty-two departments personally gathered in something short of $6 million worth of individual donations, exclusive of such massive offerings as the Lehman package.)

There was also a startling number of dealers who donated works to Frel's department, among them Heinz Herzer, the Munich dealer who sold the Getty its famous Hellenistic bronze, and Gianfranco Becchina, who sold the Getty the infamous kouroi.

As I had agreed with Norman, I began in late October 1986 to telephone the donors, telling them that I was preparing a story on Jiffi Frel and how he had assembled a record number of donations for the richest museum in the nation.

I learned that Frel was a "lover of antiquities," "an infectious salesman," "an extraordinary man—energetic, bohemian, and knowledgeable." Most of the donors said he was interested only in getting study materials that the board considered to be beneath the Getty's usual standards. Apparently, Frel was allowed to buy only distinguished items, although bits and fragments were more important for his research. The board placed no restrictions on the objects Frel received as gifts.

As my probe went on, I began to receive mixed signals. One prominent antiquities collector told me darkly, "The guy wanted donations of things he couldn't get approved by the board of trustees—things that were too scholarly, too expensive, or too hot. I mean things recently excavated in Italy and smuggled out to Switzerland." Frel would encourage donors to give works and find appraisers to give the highest possible value for tax deductions. "Excessive, I've heard," the collector said.

Then, to my amazement, I found out that Frel and members of his staff had themselves made appraisals—a practice that is in direct violation of codified American museum practices and ethics.

There was more. Several collectors told me that the IRS had objected to the evaluations and had lowered the estimated value of their objects considerably. Alan Salke, a Virginia shoe manufacturer, said Frel had persuaded him to give the museum a red-figure cup by the fifth-century B.C. painter Phintias and had backed up an appraisal of $300,000. "It cost me a bloody fortune," Salke complained. "The IRS allowed only $80,000 or $90,000. I ended up with a total tax benefit of $30,000."
John Walsh: Getty Museum director

Harold Williams: Getty Trust president

J. Paul Getty: founded the museum in 1953

Michael Milken: financier, Getty donor

Dietrich von Bothmer: Frel's ex-boss

Norton Simon: industrialist, art collector

Jiri Frel now lives in an apartment in this house, outside of Paris.
I ordered every publication the Getty had ever printed and within several weeks was able to identify the donors and the likely fair market value of some two hundred antiquities. I was also able to establish the fact that Frel had neglected to list in the IRS reports several dozen works that the Getty claimed had been donated—an apparent violation of the IRS regulation for private foundations.

The extent of Frel's activities was becoming clear. I showed the Getty material to an appraiser, who told me that, in general, the prices seemed to be from three to five times above normal market value. In London, Geraldine Norman established with two experts that the range was from two to three times higher, sometimes more. A handful of prices were right on the mark. (In every case, these prices were for items for which donors had been prudent enough to get appraisals from two experts or on which the donors had chosen not to take a tax deduction.)

Norman and I found a number of good measuring rods, pieces that had been on public auction not long before they were donated to the Getty:

- A portrait head of a late Ptolemy, sold at Sotheby's London in late 1979 for $6,000; given to the Getty in 1983 by Stefan Hornek; listed by Frel at $17,000.
- Two broken, ugly, insignificant ends of a Roman sarcophagus, sold at Sotheby's in 1978 for $4,371; given to the Getty in 1978 anonymously by Marshall Goldberg; listed by Frel at $40,000.
- A badly eroded Roman copy of a Greek original depicting the poet Kleanthes, sold at Christie's London in June 1978 for $892; given to the Getty in 1979 anonymously by Milton Gottlieb; listed by Frel at a staggering $45,000.

As I was mulling over this incontrovertible evidence of irregularities at the Getty, I received a call from yet another player in this plot: Norton Simon, the immensely wealthy California industrialist and close friend of the Getty's president, Harold Williams. (At one time, Williams was CEO at Norton Simon, Inc.) He asked me if I was committed to being the editor of Connoisseur. Yes, I said. Then he told me he would like to buy the magazine and asked if I would have any trouble with that. I told him that the owners, the Hearst Corporation, might and to contact them. What that was all about I had no idea but would learn later.

By early February 1987, Norman and I were almost prepared to demand an explanation from Getty Museum officials. Before we did that, however, we wanted to pay a visit to Jiri Frel. Norman had traced him to an apartment in an eighteenth-century house in Le Pecq, near Paris.

I was to wait until one of our contacts in Paris had reached Frel by phone on Saturday, February 7. Then I would fly on the Concorde to Paris, and Norman and I would drive out and try to interview Frel.

We planned to fly then from Paris to Los Angeles and, in a final sweep, interview Bruce McNall, the flamboyant owner of the Summa art gallery, in Beverly Hills, where many donors said they had bought their antiquities; Jerome Eisenberg, owner of the Royal Athena Galleries, of New York and Beverly Hills, who many donors said had appraised their works; the Getty's director, John Walsh; and, of course, the president, Harold Williams.

On Thursday, February 5, I received a phone call from a trusted acquaintance who told me that, according to a reliable source at the Getty, "they were panicking" because they knew that Norman and I were getting closer to the truth every day. They had even sent a staff member to New York to find out whom I had talked to and why. My acquaintance joked that the Getty might even try to persuade me to slow down on the story—and that is exactly what happened.

Norton Simon's phone call was the next to come into my office. He asked me if I ever came out to California. I told him I would be there the next week. "Fine," he said. "I want two good hours with you for a thoughtful discussion. It's partly about what I talked to you about before...you know, the buying of Connoisseur. I want several hours to have a mutually constructive talk with a common end in mind for a joint enterprise, one that will be highly productive for both our objectives."

I called Simon back the next day, and we agreed to meet at his house on February 9 at 4:00 p.m.

GERALDINE NORMAN

Tom flew into Paris on Saturday, February 7. We knew that contacting Frel was going to be difficult. He was clearly trying to avoid his former acquaintances, most of whom had told me that he dropped out of their lives in 1984.

On February 8, Tom and I turned up in front of Frel's flat in a borrowed car and rang his number from the car telephone. A man told us Frel was away but was expected back that afternoon or evening. A new Saab Turbo Commander, with Swiss plates, was in the drive. (We learned later that the car was owned by a Swiss firm, the principals of which were friends of Gianfranco Becchina, the purveyor of the controversial kouros.) Several letters addressed to one Brigitte Ruelle were on the dashboard.

Frel's name did not appear on the doorbell, but he was listed on a plaque in the hallway as the tenant of flat 2G. A neighbor had provided his phone number. The landlord had said that the flat was rented to a woman named Brigitte Ruelle. We rang the bell, and Ruelle, in old slacks and a jumper, answered the door. Frel was away, she said, but we could speak to his son, Sacha. We declined but left a letter for Frel, asking him to contact us.

We called again later in the day, hoping he'd be back. This time Miss Ruelle was less forthcoming. She said that Frel had rung up and gotten our message but wasn't there. We urged on her that we believed he was back, but she hotly denied it. We gave her another letter and left.

There was nothing to do but move on to Los Angeles, hoping—but not expecting—that Frel would try to ring us, as we had urged him to do in the two letters. He never has telephoned, although Brigitte Ruelle, who we learned works in the library at the Louvre, has assured us that he received them.

THOMAS Hoving

I called Norton Simon as soon as we arrived at our hotel in Los Angeles. We had agreed to meet that afternoon. He told me he was trying to "work a deal" between the Getty and me.

T.H.: Is this about Connoisseur?
N.S.: The possibility of buying Connoisseur. And you'd be the head guy. . . . We'd make a commitment on ads. We'd be finding a way to support the magazine. . . . And editorial changes, too. If I go to Harold [Williams] and say so, he'll support it. . . . Harold can't run the whole Getty without delegation. The pay would not be money. That comes in other, positive means. We've talked about how southern California can become the world mecca for art. That's it. Head guy. The Getty has a few billion now. And may never get old masters except through us. A positive series of things. Getting our minds together.

T.H.: Does Williams know anything about this?
N.S. (suddenly sounding suspicious): I haven't talked to him fully yet. I always tend to think in terms of a fantasy, Tom.
4. Rothe says the varnish is nineteenth-century. In that case the picture should have darkened.
5. The Museum says that the ultraviolet fluorescence shows that the curtain was painted after the bench, baldachin and pillow. This contradicts Rothe's statement that the surface fluoresces uniformly under ultraviolet light.
6. Alterations to the ceiling running under the baldachin show in the X-ray. Rothe has no explanation.

**Route Chronology**

Summer 1961, Ronald Lauder is shown the picture by Eugène Thaw and decides to purchase it.

September 1964, Tarice goes to look at the picture at Thaw’s in Lauder’s request. He declares it a fake.


Lauder returns ownership of the painting to Thaw.

December 1964, the picture is not returned to the Getty Museum in Malibu.


Article in the London Times announcing the purchase.

February 1965, Article in The Times explaining why Tarice considered it a fake.

May 1965, Article in The Times traces the provenance.

**Notes**

December 1963, Tarice and Yohn visit the Getty.

March 1966, Article in The Times illustrating the Getty’s scientific tests and presenting the evidence of later repaint.

December 1966 and January 1967, New tests at the Getty requested by van Vucht. Getty refuses to take samples, investigating the paint is an expensive structure to make tests taking the pigment.
I told Simon I couldn’t meet with him, because I was abstinent about being compromised, and I told him bluntly why Geraldine Norman and I had come to California—to break the Frel scandals. I asked Simon if he would help arrange an interview with Harold Williams for us.

“Okay,” he said. “I can’t call him at the trust. I know how they work over there. I can’t call him on their line. I’ll wait until he gets home. Call me later.”

I did, and Simon told me crisply that Williams was “very tied up” and probably couldn’t see us. He never did.

I was highly amused to read later, in February, that Simon had decided to give his art collection—one of the best in the nation—to UCLA. Recalling that in our phone conversation Simon had told me he planned to sell the collection to the Getty, I wonder if my threat to expose the Frel business pushed him to his act of altruism.

The next morning a Getty messenger picked up our thirty-eight questions about the nature of the donations business, the timing of its discovery, the people involved, and the trust’s reaction. Among the questions:

- What kind of an investigation into Frel’s activities did the Getty conduct?
- What did the investigation reveal about possible criminal actions involving Frel and the IRS?
- What did the investigation reveal about the nature and extent of the inflated evaluations of the donated works?
- Was the IRS informed of Frel’s activities? If not, why?
- How does the museum account for the fact that some fifty antiquities given to the museum between 1975 and 1983 were not listed in the 990-PF tax filings?

We waited forty-eight hours for a reply. In the meantime, we met with Bruce McNall, the antiquities dealer, and Jerome Eisenberg, the appraiser.

GERALDINE NORMAN

Bruce McNall breezed into our hotel suite. He was businesslike, candor, and full of new insights. Clearly, he perceived it was in his best interests to tell us what he knew of Frel and to demonstrate how little he was involved in the scandal.

McNall admitted that he had cultivated a friendship with Frel in the hope of doing business with the museum. But the business had not materialized.

Frel was hungry for introductions. He met many of McNall’s clients at the Summa gallery, some of whom became donors to the museum. They rarely bought the material they were donating from McNall, though. Frel provided them with most of the material himself. “In trade terms, he was stealing my clients,” McNall said.

Many of the antiquities that were donated to the Getty came in crates from Swiss­erland, McNall said. At first Frel had the crates shipped to the Summa gallery, but after a year or two McNall became fed up and asked Frel to have them shipped elsewhere. After that, the crates went directly to the Getty, McNall thinks.

McNall didn’t know which dealer in Switzerland sent the material to Frel. We asked him about the donations listed in his name and that of his wife, the classicist Jane Cody. “We never took tax deductions,” he said. Seeing our looks of disbelief, McNall explained that antiquities were a sideline for him. He worked in the movies and owned racehorses, which provided him with plenty of losses to offset taxes.

A few days later he came up with an insight that was even more surprising. At our request, he looked over the listing of donations in his name and his wife’s name that the museum had submitted to the IRS. He said he recognized only one or two items and had never seen or heard of most of the items to which their names had been attached. It is likely that so many objects were flooding into the museum that, unable to find donors immediately, Frel simply assigned pieces to past donors, often losing track of what he was doing.

A number of other donors we talked to later revealed that Frel never asked them to pay for the material he provided them to give to the museum. According to our sources, some donors who insisted on paying something to someone made cash payments to a dealer in Europe. Some of the donors had taken tax deductions, and others had not.

Jerome Eisenberg was much more tense than McNall. He agreed that he had made many appraisals for Frel and that some of them had been challenged by the IRS. He had been able to defend them, though, he said. In some cases the IRS ended up accepting his figures, in other cases made only modest cuts.

Then came another eye-opener. We had heard from several sources that Frel had signed Eisenberg’s name on appraisal forms, and we asked if he had any evidence that this was the case. He explained carefully what had happened, as far as he knew. Sometimes when Frel was in a hurry to get an appraisal, Eisenberg would provide it by phone and give him the permission to sign his name. Eisenberg did this only for pieces he had seen or for which he had photographs. “I trusted him completely,” Eisenberg said of Frel. But now he was beginning to wonder if Frel hadn’t taken advantage of the arrangement.

THOMAS HOVING

Two days after we sent the letter, Williams dispatched an answer. Frel had been relieved of his post in April 1984 for “serious violations of the museum’s policy and rules regarding donations to the antiquities collection,” Williams said. According to the letter, in August 1983 Arthur Houghton, Frel’s associate curator, had raised with the incoming director, John Walsh, “concerns regarding donation practices in the department,” and Walsh had urged Houghton “to obtain further information and report back.”

Williams wrote that five months later, in December 1983, “the requested information was provided and was sufficient to warrant an extensive investigation which involved outside counsel.” Williams praised Frel as a “distinguished scholar” and said, “There was no evidence of personal financial gain on his part.” Williams closed by saying the inquiry into the Frel affair and the resulting action was “appropriate, responsible, and timely,” reflecting a “respect for the due process” and an “understanding of the obligations of management to its employees.”

We finally reached Arthur Houghton, no longer at the Getty, a week after receiving Williams’s letter. We were in for another shock. Houghton declined to give us detailed information, but he did tell us that in a lengthy meeting with Director John Walsh on August 2, 1983, he expressed his concerns about Frel’s operations that were many, detailed, and specific. “Even then the facts were so clear, the problems so extensive, the matter of such urgency, that I knew John [Walsh] would want to discuss it at the trustee level at the earliest possible moment.”

Despite the urgency of the problem, as expressed by Houghton, and contrary to the “timely” action Williams mentioned in his letter, Walsh had either avoided the issue or not been candid with Williams. In any case, the Frel investigation appears to have simmered on a back burner at the Getty through the late summer and fall of 1983 into the spring of 1984. Frel’s activities seem to have continued unabated.

At a December 13 board meeting, Frel
JIŘÍ FREL AT THE GETTY

1973: Frel is named curator of antiquities at the Getty. Over the next twelve years, an astonishing $14 million worth of donated antiquities pours into Frel's department.

Aug. 2, '83: Arthur Houghton, associate curator, informs the director designate John Walsh that Frel has been inflating the values of donations.

Aug. 9, '83: An unknown source within the Getty informs President Harold Williams of some of Frel's activities.

Dec. '83: After learning of the full extent of Frel's activities, Harold Williams seeks outside counsel and institutes an internal investigation.

Dec. 13, '83: Although Frel is under investigation, the board approves Frel-generated donations of antiquities worth $237,000.

Jan. 6, '84: After months of infighting among stockholders—and five months into the Frel investigation—Getty Oil is sold to Texaco for $10.2 billion.

Feb. 22, '83: The board approves $61,000 worth of Frel-sponsored donations.

April 16, '84: Frel goes on a leave of absence.

Sept. 30, '84: Frel is put on sabbatical.

Dec. '84: The board approves the purchase of a Greek kouros, of suspect authenticity but supported by Frel, from the Basel art dealer Gianfranco Becchina for $7 million.

July '85: The Getty appoints Frel living in Paris, senior research curator for antiquities.

Dec. '86: Frel resigns from the Getty.
1. Williams. **Will he admit it? Yes!**
3. John Walsh 459-5956. When did he tell Williams? Critical to know this.
5. Bruce McNall/Jan Cody?? Jerome Eisenberg of Royal Athena Gallery?
   What about the alleged forged signatures? Can't believe it.
   Englishman: They raise art to $500,000,000. Trustees: particularly Dr. Frank Murphy. Things fell.
   What are they afraid of??
ty of customers important enough to
They appreciate the discretion that
omers (though he will let drop the
ral White House residents).
profile. Beene is not very social,
television, and has made no effort to
ke very seriously the many he has
ump, southern, and short, it was
al dub him the Truman Capote of
shapeless cardigan, he looks more
estates, or Oscar de la Renta, who
bothers little about the tokens of suc
to a small number of charity func
t modestly. Though he is no recluse,
world designed solely to enhance h
arring notes, no discords, no publi
ionist, not only fine-tuning his surro
people around him conform to his
any years Geoffrey Beene’s favorit
Half-Italian, half-American, she has

LIVING FOR
FASHION

NO WONDER GEOFFREY BEEENE IS NUMBER ONE

BY GAY BRYANT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANTE D’ORAZIO

ne wall of an elegant gray anteroom in the building that
houses the best designers on Seventh Avenue is covered
with newspaper clippings. A single color photograph taken
two years ago stands out from the black-and-white montage.
In it, President and Mrs. Reagan are standing with the prince
and princess of Wales. The young princess looks lovely, but she is
wearing a red suit that is a little too old for her, too fussy, and it
doesn’t fit very well. Curiously, it is Mrs. Reagan who looks every
inch the lady. Her dress is similar in style to Diana’s, but its cut
and fit are perfect. America’s first lady is not in the Fashion Hall
of Fame for nothing.

The beige dress that stole the show for Nancy Reagan was made
by Geoffrey Beene, the Louisiana-born designer who has quietly
clothed America’s prepotent women for years. He did Lynda Bird
Johnson’s wedding dress in 1967 and her bridesmaids’ gowns,

Mrs. Richard Nixon often wears his dresses, and so does Jackie
Onassis. Then there are Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper, Patricia Nix-
on Cox, and Helene von Damm Guertler, who was the U.S.
ambassador to Austria. It is women like these, famous or not, who
wear Beene’s clothes because of his unique, American ability to
make comfort elegant, even in evening clothes. The garments are
so wearable and well made that some customers keep them for
twenty years.

Beene, fifty-nine years old, is a small, round-faced man with
button eyes that always seem preoccupied, and no wonder, for he
produces two major collections of about 170 garments each year.
At prices starting around $900 and going up to $15,000, the
clothes sell (very well) in such top stores as Saks Fifth Avenue.

Gay Bryant is an editor and writer who lives in New York City.

Opposite: Geoffrey Beene and one of the dresses from his fall 1987 collection, worn by Sara Kapp. Above: From his spring 1987 collection,
a coat with appliquéd white slashes, worn by Sara Kapp; a black skirt with printed coat and peplum top, worn by Marie-Sophie.

MAY 1987
besides which there are plenty of customers important enough to be treated as private clients. They appreciate the discretion that forbids him to name his customers (though he will let drop the fact that he has dressed several White House residents).

For himself, he keeps a low profile. Beene is not very social, appears only occasionally on television, and has made no effort to pursue awards, much less take very seriously the many he has received. Since he is pale, plump, southern, and short, it was inevitable that someone would dub him the Truman Capote of couture, but actually, in his shapeless cardigan, he looks more like the country doctor he first trained to become.

Looks are deceptive, however. Behind Geoffrey Beene's pleasant, courteous front is an aloof and private person interested not so much in protecting his clients as in insulating and incubating his own creative force. Wrapped in a cocoon of southern comfort and fashion-world life-style, Beene nevertheless has made a reputation in the fashion press for taking risks and constantly moving his work forward. "Beene is an individualist. His creative talent, his insistence on modernity, have combined to rank him as an international star," says Grace Mirabella, the editor in chief of Vogue—this of a man who has been making exceptional garments for nearly thirty years in a business that has a high burnout rate for talent. How does he keep on doing it?

Apparel is a $65 billion industry, the sixth-largest manufacturing employer in America, but it is still mostly made up of small operations with fewer than a hundred employees, a confused patchwork of talents and deal makers, centered on New York's Seventh Avenue. To reach the elegant salons of the top designers, everyone—model or millionaire—has to struggle through the garment center's thick soup of people. Porters pushing racks, jobbers delivering work, salesmen, wheeler-dealers, reporters, buyers, cutters, and seamstresses, all milling around, can make even a brief visit to Seventh Avenue a jarring experience. Geoffrey Beene works at the heart of it, designing, making and selling his ideas year after year, yet somehow he rises above the chaos and goes on creating.

For one thing, his feet seldom have to touch the ground. He is cushioned by a staff that treats him with awe. The hushed atmosphere in the decorous gray front offices is that of a sanctuary. A chauffeur-driven Mercedes station wagon waits to take him home and to bed by 10:30 P.M., while his well-polished stock of anecdotes keeps interviewers at a distance. Beene is there, and yet he seems vaguely detached. Unlike Ralph Lauren, who spends his money on living out his elitist fantasies on four antiques-glutted estates, or Oscar de la Renta, who entertains lavishly, Beene bothers little about the tokens of success. His social life is limited to a small number of charity functions, and he entertains only modestly. Though he is no recluse, Beene has woken himself a world designed solely to enhance his work—there must be no jarring notes, no discords, no public intrusions. He is a perfectionist, not only line-tuning his surroundings but demanding that people around him conform to his work-centered vision. For many years Geoffrey Beene's favorite model was Barbara Stile. Half-Italian, half-American, she has the idea of the perfect aristocratic profile, but coming as she did from Brooklyn, her accent jarred. Forthright and unabashed when it comes to his aesthetic vision, Beene ordered her to keep her mouth shut when she worked for him. Eventually they parted. Even today, a Beene fitting is conducted in respectful silence.

Though designing and licensing may not have made Beene quite so rich as the household names of fashion (Women's Wear Daily estimates that Ralph Lauren, the richest designer, had income last year of between $15 million and $20 million after taxes on a net worth of $300 million; they put Calvin Klein's net worth at $100 million), Beene is estimated to be in the same league as Bill Blass and Oscar de la Renta—$30 million to $40 million. He has an art deco apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side, a formal estate in Oyster Bay, on Long Island, which is chiefly old money, as well as the studio and workrooms on the fourth floor of 550 Seventh Avenue. He travels in Europe regularly. His house in Palm Beach he sold after he realized he had spent only five weekends there in two years: "When I bought it, somehow I thought I'd be working less, and of course I'm actually working more now." If he has a passion for anything besides work, it is for flowers, but probably even when he is tending the 2,000 orchids in the greenhouses in his eight acres of gardens in Oyster Bay, his mind is busy with new directions and ventures, for Beene is not just the designing talent in the company; he is also businessman and boss.

Right now he thinks he would like to move his studio uptown from Seventh Avenue ("to a nice brownstone where Nancy Reagan could come more easily") and maybe open a boutique ("nothing like Ralph's, of course"). He is working on a line of career clothes for women executives for fall of 1988, he is casting around for a way back into the European market; he is working with a new shoe licensee, Rossetti, who can turn his fantasies into shoes in a week instead of a month. It must be all that is going on inside his head that makes Geoffrey Beene seem somewhat remote.

Whether at home in his garden, or in Vienna, his current favorite among cities, or poking in a box of plastics on Canal

In the 1960s his clothes took a kickier turn, and, says the leather designer Horst, "he made the kind of clothes Edie Sedgwick wore." Beene was also successful with a younger, less expensive sportswear line called Beenebag.

"Beene's clothes cost a fortune and they look it," says the Washington Post fashion writer Nina Hyde, who admires his masterly use of luscious, often reversible fabrics. Beene finds or commissions his materials everywhere he goes, but particularly in Europe, where he orders up wonderful silks, cashmeres, and velvets, as well as unusual buttons, ribbons, and trims. His treasures are shipped to New York and pile up in his workroom, where he draws on them as he creates a collection. Just to make the samples for his fall '86 collection Beene spent almost $400,000 on fabrics costing up to $325 a yard. Many of his staff of sixty-five have been with him for a decade; Beene explains this with the answer a cutter gave him when he was asked why he stayed: "Where would we go? The best materials are here."

The man who now has more Coty awards in women's fashion than anyone else was born in the Deep South—Haynesville, Louisiana, population 3,055—in August 1927. His father, Albert, was a car salesman. His mother, who still attends some of his charity shows, is the daughter of a wealthy doctor and cotton planter and wanted her son to be a doctor too. Graduating from high school at sixteen, Geoffrey enrolled at Tulane University as a premed student: "The first two years weren't too bad, because it was classroom work, but the third year we got into vivisection, cadavers, and all the horrendous stuff. And every disease we studied I got."

Convinced he could never be a good doctor, he dropped out of Tulane before graduation. His disappointed parents sent him west to come to his senses.

In California, already interested in women's clothes (he had been caught in class sketching Adrian's dresses for Lucille Ball in his copy of Gray's Anatomy), he was captivated by the I. Magnin window displays on Wilshire Boulevard and at twenty-one got a job in the display department there. Christian Dior's New Look gave him an idea of where he wanted to go, and when a store executive recognized his flair for design and advised him to study in Paris, he was sure of it. This, however, was not what his parents had in mind, and he had to work two years in California to earn enough to get to New York, study at the Traphagen School of Fashion, and then move on to Paris.

Paris provided the most important part of Beene's education. He did two years' intensive training in sketching and designing, studying during the day at L'Ecole de la Chambre Syndicale, and at night apprenticed to learn cutting with a French tailor who had once worked for the great Irish couturier Captain Edward Molynex. Forty years ago the French didn't want their fashion skills exported, so Beene had to work illicitly, receiving no pay. "But I
would have paid to be there, I learned so much," he declares.

Back in New York in 1949, he was quickly hired for his Parisian know-how—and frequently tired when he tried to design from his own ideas rather than the French imitations his employers, Traina and others, wanted. He went out on his own in the early 1960s. "It was probably my southern naiveté. I wasn't aware that you didn't just go out on your own." He began in partnership with Leo Orlandi, who had been the production expert at Traina; they stayed together until Beene bought him out over a decade later.

Today Beene heads his own, twenty-four-year-old company, which in 1984 grossed $185 million. After he brought out Orlandi, in 1981, he ran the business himself. In 1983, he brought in another southerner, Stanley Tucker, who had considerable experience in retail merchandising, to handle the business end and in particular to attend to the very profitable licensing side.

Although Tucker says the bloom has faded for licensing in the fashion world, Beene still has agreements with sixteen companies in the United States, in twenty-seven categories of product. Such licensing arrangements—and there have been many over the years—are profitable sidelines about which he is ambivalent. "The trouble with licensees," he says, "is that they take licenses." Some relationships have been less than perfect.

Overseas there are eight licensees in Japan, covering twenty product categories, plus thirteen ladies' boutiques and thirteen men's in branches of Takashimaya, the big department-store chain. At present, the chic shop Browns of London is the only transatlantic source of Beenes, but the designer would very much like to expand in Europe. A Milan-based operation in the mid-1970s that eventually folded put Geoffrey Beene on the international fashion map, and he is still virtually the only American designer respected and desired by Europeans.

Though at times it has been larger, Geoffrey Beene's company has never been so successful or creative as it is today. One secret of his success is that he has delegated certain responsibilities—trunk shows, for example. Personal appearances are an important part of the business, but most designers say they hate to go to the department-store events that help sell their clothes to special customers. Beene hates it, too, and doesn't go. Instead he is represented by Denise Haas, the head of his showroom and a former model, who has been with him for twenty years. When she isn't selling clothes to store buyers who come to the showroom, she and John Lindsey, another salesman, take turns traveling the country with the current Beene line packed in four trunks. They stop three or four days at a major store in each big city, stage a full fashion show, and take orders. Often the schedule is so tight that when the car service in New York picks up John, just off one plane, it drops him at home but holds the trunks and picks up Denise, to put her on a plane for the next Beene trunk show.

The creating of the clothing, however, can't be delegated, and Beene focuses all his energies on this. It is during such proceedings as the workroom fitting that he actually builds the clothes he has in mind, on Liz Lee, his current model. Fittings are serious moments. Joyce Hindlin, the receptionist who conducts office traffic, holds all calls, and no one except Charlie Pipia, the head sample maker, and his design assistants, Jesper Nyboe and Gene Meyer, is allowed in. Even Joyce has not watched a fitting.

Beene works on half-made garments, drawing on the palette of fabrics he has selected, with the buttons and bows stacked nearby in wicker trays. He decides fast, saying little except to give orders to the respectful assistants. The final touches are added through what Beene with his self-deprecating humor calls trial and error, but the process frequently looks more like inspiration, as when he calls for a heavy modern industrial zipper to go into a high-collared evening jacket made of delicate ribbon-rossetted lace. Later he works with an astonishing fabric he has commissioned, a silk satin on a stretch base stitched in a Persian-lamb pattern and elasticized. In search of a cossack effect, he tries the material as cummerbund, vest, and then collar on a group of six black garments—including the black jumpsuit that he promises "will replace the little black dress as the all-time versatile garment from now until the end of the century."

Fourteen weeks elapse between the conception and the sample garment the model shows on the runway or in the showroom, and Beene and his hard-pressed workers have to go through this every season. While reputation and personal relations count, it is the garments created in the fitting room that bring in the orders from store buyers. These sales in turn affect the business done by the licensing arm. Beene dollars do not go into TV campaigns or personal promotion. He does not even have a press agent, but he does lavish money on the clothes he creates. For example, the twenty-five-minute extravaganza to launch his fall '86 collection at the Pierre hotel reportedly cost a million dollars, what with fabrics for the eighty garments, the accessories, the twenty skinny models, the superstar hair and makeup stylists, the music, and the rest of the production costs. The show's finale, a stars-and-stripes light show, was a triumph, and as it ended, the enigmatic Mr. Beene actually came out from behind the scenes. He walked down the runway with his models and quietly, without showing a trace of the enormous effort that had gone into this day's work, accepted his applause.

Opposite: A buoyant suit with a camisole top from the spring 1987 collection stops short of Suzanne Lanza's (invisible) knees. Above: Sara Kapp seems thoughtful in a fall 1983 wool jersey dress with a jacket sporting bull's-eye satin quilting and tassels.
OUT OF THIS WORLD

SAILING ON THE SHENANDOAH IS A TASTE OF THE OLD DAYS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NANCY SAFFORD
ing technique hasn't been changed since the 1850s."

Passengers on Douglas's weekly charters may have a few pangs of anxiety about getting back to home port on time. Once the sails are set, there are few reminders on board of the twentieth century—no engine, no loran. "That's all excess baggage," says Douglas. Everything is done by hand power—"Norwegian steam"—and the stalwart young crew never complain. The kids are fully aware that they are getting a unique education from Douglas.

The Shenandoah's only auxiliary power is a diesel-engine sixteen-foot yawl to push her in and out of small New England ports. Otherwise, her destination depends on the prevailing winds and the competence of her captain. "It usually takes passengers a couple of days to realize that it's the wind that controls us out here," says Douglas, who by September grows a little weary of requests to hop up to Newport for a shopping spree. "They keep asking me, 'Where are we going!' and think I'm just giving them another Disney hype when I say, 'I don't know.'" In the days of sail, of course, ships had destinations and generally achieved them. The Shenandoah, however, is more interested in optimal sailing conditions than in where she's headed. It's the interplay of boat and elements, he says, that makes for the excitement.

There are some concessions to twentieth-century passenger comfort—a small generator and two heads. The eleven cabins are comfortably if minimally equipped with bunks to sleep twenty-nine passengers, all of whom are expected to help hoist the 7,000 square feet of canvas each morning. This is more than just a gimmick. Without at least twenty people aboard, Douglas says, he "can't sail this thing." However, it is usually the crew who climb the rigging to handle the square sails.

In the dining saloon, fitted out with brass ship's clock and parlor organ, complete with hymnal, the hungry passengers eat well. A young cook prepares delightfully inventive sea fare with his week's supply of fresh vegetables, swordfish, salmon, poultry, butter, cream, and homemade bread and pies. No alcohol is served, but passengers may bring their own to store in one of the two bins on deck. The other is packed with fresh fruit.

Addicts of amenities should steer clear of the Shenandoah. Aside from a washbasin and towel, two hand pumps on deck tapped into 2,300 gallons of fresh water, and the ocean itself, there are no bathing facilities. Most ports have public showers for two or three dollars, and a member of the crew will shuttle passengers to them on the hour until midnight—if and when you get to port.

Captain Douglas makes no stops as long as the wind blows and conditions are right, sometimes until past midnight. If you relish the idea of old-fashioned adventure at sea, sign up on the Shenandoah. It may not be luxurious, but at the end of a long and exhilarating day on the water, your little bunk will be the most inviting bed you've ever slept in.

—Joyce Pendola

The Shenandoah sails from mid-June through mid-September. The fee for a six-night trip is $500. Contact Coastwise Packet Co., Box 429, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568; (617) 693-1699.
A few decades ago, wine making was still a hit-and-miss affair. Good wine often turned sour or fizzy without anybody's knowing why. Professor Emile Peynaud, of Bordeaux, seventy-five and still going strong, not only helped find a cure to these complaints but at the same time turned wine making into an exact science, without any loss of art. He, more than anybody else, has codified, clarified, and simplified the whole process. Because of him, sherry and champagne are purer, claret better-balanced, chianti more vinous, Chilean reds and New York State chardonnays more characterful.

Though he retired officially in 1977, he goes on helping a dozen or more châteaux every year. His workplace is his study in a small villa in Talence, just south of Bordeaux. It is a simply furnished room, with a leather-topped desk, a marble floor, and glass-fronted bookcases. The professor wears a brown business suit and looks like a humane headmaster.

He is as much liked as he is respected. One château owner after another confesses that he owes "everything" to Professor Peynaud; they praise him for his kindness, sense of humor, thoughtfulness, lack of conceit, fantastic memory. Charging modest consultation fees for his services, he has transformed viticulture and viticulture in North and South America, revamped ancient wine-making techniques, created entirely new vineyards. A few years ago he was simultaneously aiding three of the largest wine groups in the world, Sunory, Seagram, and Domecq. Of the crus classés of the Médoc, forty-five use or have used his services, as have eleven of the thirteen crus classés of the Graves and hundreds of châteaux in Pomerol, Saint-Émilion, Sauternes, and the lesser districts of Bordeaux. Before he came on the scene, many top châteaux made good wines only sporadically. With his help, their wine is now consistently great. He has performed miracles at the châteaux Lafite, Margaux, Cheval-Blanc, Léoville-

Opposite: Professor Emile Peynaud, of Bordeaux, puts a glass of Margaux to the test.


His effectiveness owes much to his breadth of vision and the catholicity of his taste. "I taste an enormous amount of wine," says Peynaud, "and I'm very difficult, never satisfied. I can appreciate minor châteaux or the very great wines. What I look for is cleanliness, purity of odors and savors, and a certain personality." Of his life's work he comments, "I have been able to show producers that enology has its uses, that it can solve their problems and make their wines better— even the very finest. It's a revolution that's taken thirty years, the result of countless tests and experiments, of arduous work in the laboratory. I suppose I'm a unique case, because the circumstances that formed me will never be repeated. Besides, there's less to change today; techniques are very advanced and standards higher."

Emile Peynaud was born in Bordeaux in 1912. His father died when he was fifteen, and he left school to support his mother and sister. By a happy chance he was taken on at the laboratory at Calvet, then Bordeaux's leading wine shippers. While other bright boys were preparing for their degrees, starting with theory and graduating to practice, Emile Peynaud did the opposite. Luckily, Calvet let him study in the office of a professor of biochemistry: "The things I learned at Calvet could never have been picked up at a university."

By a stroke of good fortune, his immediate chief at Calvet was Jean Ribereau-Gayon, a brilliant chemical engineer only twenty-two years old, grandson of Ulysse Gayon, a pupil of Pasteur's who founded the famous Station Oenologique of Bordeaux University. These two young geniuses were to change the world of wine drastically, working together in close and fruitful harmony for half a century. They studied the testing, analysis, stabilization,
and clarification of wine and were soon finding cures for its various maladies. By 1936, Calvet asked Peynaud to supervise the vinification of a minor château in the Médoc—his first go at a skill that was to become one of his specialties.

He had no overall strategy at that stage. "You find yourself solving one problem after another, making what seem to be minor discoveries. It's only afterwards you realize that some were really important. Discovery rarely comes as a great revelation. It's making many small breakthroughs one by one."

During World War II, he spent five years as a prisoner of war in Germany before being reunited with Ribereau-Gayon, in 1948. The older man was appointed head of the Station Oenologique in 1949, and Peynaud joined him there with the proviso that he would be free to act as an outside consultant. At the same time he went ahead with his doctorate.

Hitherto they had concentrated on technical problems faced by a shipper. Now they turned to the crucial wine-making itself, as well as such related questions as pique (sourness) and malo-lactic fermentation. Meantime, Peynaud was getting to know some château owners. "Bit by bit I began to penetrate a very closed society. I made friends with some of them and, even more important, with their cellar masters. They didn't like me much to begin with," he chuckles wryly, "but they came round when they started to see that I could explain things they hadn't been able to understand. They also saw that I knew their métier better than they did, because of my practical experience at Calvet."

By 1949, Émile Peynaud was helping a number of prestigious châteaux, while also assisting forty-five small proprietors in the humble Premiers Côtes de Bordeaux. Michel Delon, of Château Léoville-Las-Cases, deuxième cru of Saint-Julien, met Peynaud that year. Beset with vinification problems, he had gone along to the Station Oenologique to get help, where he bumped into the professor. On hearing that fermentation at Las Cases kept "sticking" (leaving the process incomplete), Peynaud pointed out that high temperature was at the root of the problem and that the must had to be cooled down. In those days equipment for this did not exist, so he suggested a rough-and-ready solution. "He told me to take a thermometer off the wall," says Delon. "Attach it to a stick, and push it through the 'cap' of grape skins floating on top into the must. If the temperature got too high, I was to siphon the wine from the vat into small barrels and leave it to cool overnight. In this way, Las Cases was the first château to cool down must scientifically." Peynaud's solution saved the wine.

The professor feels that his greatest single achievement is the series of discoveries he made in association with Ribereau-Gayon about malo-lactic fermentation. The process, quite distinct from alcoholic fermentation, consists in the transforming of the powerful malic acid in new wine into mild lactic acid. Most wines benefit greatly from this big drop in acidity.

Peynaud's ideas were scorned at first.

At Château Margaux, having sniffed and approved the bouquet, Professor Peynaud examines the color of the 1986 vintage.
Everyone insisted there was only one fermentation, the alcoholic, and that the "malos" (as they now call them) were a sickness that robbed the wine of the high acidity then thought essential for longevity. When, as often happened, wine fermented in bottle, microbes were blamed. Peynaud tried to explain that the wine must go through the "malos" if it were to become stable and balanced and age steadily and serenely. "To suggest that a second fermentation existed at all was a revolution against an article of faith. Going against the stream took a long time, and I had to win over the châteaux one by one with detailed explanations."

The professor began holding free enology classes every Monday and kept them up for over twenty years. One of his students in the early 1970s was Steven Spurrier, wine writer, leading wine merchant, and founder of the Académie du Vin in Paris. "The professor could make highly technical things seem simple, walking about the room like an actor, getting people's brains working. He had a striking way of putting things and they suddenly became plain. He had great knowledge and enthusiasm, reducing wine to simple terms."

He helped more and more proprietors, often waiving a fee, leading a team of eight researchers at the Station Oenologique and writing books, bulletins, and articles. With Ribereau-Gayon he wrote the major textbook Traité d'Oenologie and has since written Knowing and Making Wine (available in English) and Le Goût du Vin, a modern counterpart to Brillat-Savarin's classic The Physiology of Taste.

Michel Delon celebrated the tenth anniversary of his first meeting with the professor by calling him in at Las Cases. For some years the wine had lacked color, depth, and body, largely because of a vatting time (for the fermentation and maceration of the crushed grapes) of only ten days. Peynaud upped this to three weeks and suggested other changes. The 1959 wine, the first made with his help, turned out splendidly. Today, twenty-eight years later, it is concentrated and vigorous, with balance and power to ensure at least fifteen years of further improvement.

In the late 1950s he helped the Champagne house of Mercier with various technical problems. This assignment was an eye-opener. The slow, clean, very cool fermentation practiced in making Champagne conserved the wine's subtlest and most delicate aromas and savors and would therefore be perfect, he saw in a flash, for all kinds of dry white wines. He introduced it in Bordeaux, and it was a huge success. Today it is used all over the world.

His next client was Nicolas, the giant Paris wine merchants. First he helped them improve stabilization and bottling techniques for their one-liter bottles of cheap Midi reds; then he somehow prevailed upon the peasant growers to allow their thin, acidic wine to undergo the malo-lactic fermentation and become rounder, fuller, and fresher.

The professor began to feel a need for broader horizons and new perspectives. "If you stay on home ground you never learn anything new. I came to see that if I wanted a better understanding of wine making in Bordeaux I needed to know about vinification in other regions."

So began many years of foreign travel that took him to North and South America, Greece, Spain, Italy, and elsewhere. In Spain, he became a consultant to several leading Rioja firms. "Spanish wines are of very high quality and cost only a third as much as French. Spain could produce great wine, but first she must modify her viticulture. The trade is dominated by shippers, who blend or make the wine from too many disparate elements."

In Italy he helped Gancia with sparkling wines and Antinori to develop Tignanello, in which traditional chianti grapes receive extra finosity and complexity through the addition of the cabernet sauvignon grape. In Greece he supervised the creation of Château Carras, a Balkan "Médoc" made from a mix of native Greek and noble French varieties.

Below: In accord with Peynaud's advice, harvests are late. Bottom: Peynaud records his observations of the results.
Although his influence on wine making in the Médoc goes back to the late 1930s, with his explanation of malo-lactic fermentation, the real breakthrough came in the 1960s, when a growing number of château owners adopted his methods. It was the first of many breakthroughs. His next step was to get château owners to harvest much later than usual, giving the grapes time to ripen fully, then picking rapidly while they were still fresh and healthy. Under his influence, Bordeaux now harvests eight to ten days later than before the war, and picking is completed in ten to fourteen days instead of three weeks. The result is astonishing. Clarets made from wholly mature grapes has a deeper and more lustrous color, richer scent, more concentrated flavor, more roundness, and better balance. The tannins in fully ripe fruits are softer and the wines can be drunk younger, though they still age extremely well: "The wines we make today will outlive the corks."

The date of the harvest is fixed scientifically, and the grapes are selected with unprecedented care. Quality control starts in the vineyards, where underripe or rotten bunches are left on the vines. "Grapes not ripe enough to eat aren't fit for wine making," says Peynaud. At properties where his advice is punctiliously followed, like Château Margaux, the grapes are sorted yet again inside the winery.

Selection has only begun. Most fine vineyards comprise parcels of land, each with its unique geology and exposure, each giving noticeably different wine. The professor sees to it that grapes from each parcel are vinified separately. Different grape varieties are kept separate, too, as are grapes from old and young vines.

Every single vat is vinified individually, depending on its contents. "At Margaux, I taste every vat several times a week. I might say, 'This one isn't bad but isn't tannic enough yet. Let's leave it a day or two. But this one has enough tannin. It's time to run it off.'" In effect, grape skins are infused in grape juice like tea leaves in hot water. The longer the vatting, the more color, flavor, and tannin will leach out from the skins.

This gives the wine maker the freedom to make the style of wine he wants. In general, the professor vats a classified Médoc longer than a petit château, and a powerful premier cru longer than a light quatrième. Better a wine too fruity than too hard, for if it lacks backbone, the professor advises adding extra tannin and "extract" with vin de presse, bitter essence obtained by a last pressing of the skins.

The final quality control occurs when the vats are tasted in the spring. Only the very best is blended to make the grand vin sold under the château label; the rest is either released as generic wine or marketed as the château's second wine. At Margaux between 20 and 40 percent of all wine legally entitled to carry the name is used instead to make a second wine, Pavillon Rouge. The result is a grand vin much finer than it would otherwise be, and a second wine, excellent and inexpensive.

Some critics suggest that wine made in the Peynaud style is stereotyped. True, all have excellent color, optimal concentration, great vinosity, superb balance, and pronounced varietal character—traits without which no wine can be great. "The wines of yesterday were more stereotyped than today's," says Peynaud. "They were all similar because they shared the same defect. They were oxidized."
ber three.” He can tell the Margaux team what to do, but he can’t be around to see they do it. Yet such is his authority and tact that they do as he says. His great value is shown by the wine we make today.”

The last time I saw the professor was in the Médoc when we were both lunch guests of Michel Delon at Léoville-Las-Cases. We began most auspiciously with a tasting of ten consecutive vintages of Las Cases, from 1984 back to 1975. All had been made with the professor’s help. Frowning, he sniffed at his glass. “The ’83 is still a bit rough; it hasn’t started developing bouquet yet. We ought perhaps to bottle it in May. The ’82 is already very amable, with the same power as the ’83 but more amplitude. Quel joli quatre-vingt! Not quite ready to drink yet, though.”

After lunch, in a private room at a nearby bistro, the professor was induced to talk about his favorite Médocs, some of which, he said, refuse to conform to their reputed styles. “The soil transcends the appellation,” he said in his gravelly voice. “La Lagune is in the Médoc but has the character of a Graves. Lafite, a Pauillac, is more like a Saint-Julien. Las Cases, here in Saint-Julien, is really a Pauillac, a kind of light Latour; and Beychevelle, nearby, is light and supple, very different…” He smiled, enjoying these vinous paradoxes.

Finally, relaxed and expansive, among friends, he talked freely on many subjects. He does not worry that no one will continue his work; he has trained some 1,500 enologists. Nor has he ever wished for his own vineyard. “I have the pleasure and the privilege of making such wines as Margaux, Las Cases, and Lafite—what property could I ever own where I could make such wines as these?” On the other hand, he would dearly love to make a “super Médoc” from the very choicest vats of Châteaux Latour, Mouton-Rothschild, Lafite, and Margaux. “I could make a wine that would be superior to and more complete than all the premiers crus.”

Michel Delon stared at him. “A super Médoc? What would you call it?”

The professor chuckled. “Philippe de Rothschild and Robert Mondavi called their Napa Valley cabernet sauvignon ‘Opus One.’ Why not ‘Opus Two’?”

Fancy or not, it would be fitting if this man, who has transformed the wine drunk by millions all over the world, had the chance to choose a cask each of the 1987 premiers crus of the Médoc and see what he could come up with. It could well be the greatest wine ever made.

——

Frank Ward wrote about the restaurant Taillevent for Connoisseur in October 1986.
Why Tom Penn is Designing Furniture

Cool Comfort

By Julie V. Iovine

Fashion spreads, doorknobs, chairs, television commercials—Tom Penn designs it all, but call him a jack-of-all-trades and he's likely to come out swinging. "People have a hard time accepting it," says the thirty-four-year-old Penn of his versatile career in design. "But, I say, the excitement of life is trying everything." Indeed, creative vigor seems to run in the family: his father is the photographer Irving Penn; his mother, Lisa Fonssagrives Penn, an accomplished sculptor; and his uncle Arthur Penn, the movie director. About growing up in the shadow of giants, Penn concedes, "It was something I could either collapse under or deal with."

Deal he did, starting with a photography résumé service for models that brought him some six figures within a year. Penn then moved on to advertising, where he designed ads for Tahari fashions that literally turned pages on their sides in an unprecedented campaign. Advertising didn't sap half of Penn's energies. Spurred on by a "tremendous detest of contemporary furniture," with its trendy, architectural look, and exasperated by the short shelf life of his ads, Penn turned to welding furniture. In that pursuit he discovered the pleasure of working in materials more permanent than paper: steel, marble, granite, and suede.

The pieces he creates (by commission) sometimes connote an expressive simplicity and animal warmth; at other times, they suggest some mysterious glyph that exists in no known language. Penn strives to make the inanimate responsive. The bronze handles he makes for his cabinets, for example are indented to fit the thumb. And he likes to mix signals. The steel legs of a granite coffee table might evoke a corporate logo; the back of a dining chair seems to be almost legible. In another chair, the tensile strength and angularity of iron joints is contradicted by the sudden slings of strapped-on suede. There's always an element of surprise in his creations, even if the shocker is as tame as a candle stuck into a lump of fieldstone. For his clients ("people receptive to outside visions and not willing to settle for what they find in stores"), the biggest surprise is usually to learn that his chairs are so comfortable.

Penn stores volumes of unrealized designs in bank vaults. He sounds like an inspired inventor—or an extraordinarily eccentric one—when he leans forward and hints at the contents of those vaults: an interesting tear on a scrap of paper that once caught his eye, notes for housing made of plankton. Chances are, Penn's fascination with design won't end with furniture.
Every great pianist has a way of setting the stage. When Andras Schiff comes out, he is quietly aglow. A figure of modest size, immaculate in white tie and tails, he has a look of wonder in his shining eyes, a mysterious little smile on his choirboyish face. He bows briefly before sitting down at the keyboard. He waits for the silence to settle in. Then, closing his eyes, he begins to play. Asked why he plays so much of the time with his eyes closed, he says, “I’ve no idea whether they’re open or not.” He seems rapt in a world of his own, oblivious to the presence of listeners. Yet it is one of the paradoxes of his artistry that an experience so self-contained is at the same time completely open—utterly translucent.

Schiff, thirty-three, is in the forefront of a revolution among concert pianists, a revolution against making noise. He and his soulmates—Murray Perahia, Peter Serkin, Radu Lupu, Mitsuko Uchida, and others—qualify as virtuosos as far as technical prowess goes, but they stand resolutely against the virtuoso tradition that has been dominant since the heyday, in the last century, of music’s first superstar, Franz Liszt. “Noise,” to them, means the hype that surrounds a figure like Horowitz and fills vast halls to overflowing. They would rather play in intimate venues like New York’s Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, the Metropolitan Museum, or London’s Wigmore Hall. “Noise” means the interpretive willfulness of a young would-be superstar like Ivo Pogorelich. Schiff and friends, while highly individual, strive to express a composer’s intentions as far as they can be ascertained—and, more than that, his spirit. And “noise” means an emphasis on the big, Romantic crowd-pleasers by Liszt, Tchaikovsky, and Rachmaninoff. The quiet revolutions are deeply rooted in the Central European repertoire, with special affection for Mozart and Schubert—and chamber music.

Schiff has been outspoken about his antipathy to Liszt—especially surprising in light of his alma mater, the Franz Liszt Academy, in his native Budapest. “I like music where every single note counts,” he says. “I don’t like all that material.”

Schiff has been dubbed a “pianist’s pianist,” an accolade usually given to brightening obscurity. He needs no such kindness. Since leaving Hungary in 1979 he has built a major international career, averaging a hundred concerts a year and recording prolifically. Significantly, Schiff was launched by his boldness in asking a question that had not been posed with such conviction by a young pianist since the advent, a generation earlier, of another revolutionary, Glenn Gould: “Who’s afraid of Johann Sebastian Bach?”

Gould’s heretical proposition—that Bach’s keyboard masterpieces sounded better on the modern piano than on the instruments for which they were written, the harpsichord and clavichord—never really caught on despite the tremendous success of his recordings of the Goldberg Variations. But Schiff, as a teenager in Budapest, had heard the Canadian pianist’s unbuttoned playing of Bach on records and was “crazy about it,” crazy about “its fantastic clarity . . . its rhythmic vitality.” At the Leeds Competition, in England in 1975, Schiff’s unorthodox playing of Bach won him only third prize, but concert managers beckoned. Since then, he has made Bach the cornerstone of a wide-ranging repertoire and created box-office events with the Goldbergs and his playing, from memory, of “the forty-eight”—the preludes and fugues of the monumental Well-Tempered Clavier.

Schiff’s Bach recordings triumphantly justify the grand piano. This is Bach with all the juices flowing. It is baroque woken up—with its crystalline but not brittle clarity, the pulsing independence of its contrapuntal voices, its delicate, sometimes audaciously improvised detailing, its rigorous sense of overall design. And there is something more mysterious as well. While utterly fresh, Schiff’s Bach, unlike Gould’s, is tinged with a plaintive longing for the past, a postmodern sense of lost elegance. Writing in Keynote magazine a few years ago, he hinted at this seeming paradox: blasting the purists for their obsession with “authenticity,” he argued that “we cannot reconstruct bygone ages because too much has happened to, and around, us. We hear Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven through the echoes of the Romantic era, twentieth-century music, and jazz.” Yet a few paragraphs later, citing some of his heroes of a bygone age, he wrote, “It is possible that [the cellist Pablo] Casals, [the violinist Adolf] Busch, [the pianist Edwin] Fischer, et al. had not read many texts, but they were the true authentic instrumentalists because they presented us Bach’s spirit in suitably grand performances.”

I recently caught up with Schiff in London, one of two cities he now calls home (the other is New York), and he wasted no time telling me about his latest efforts to sort out the past in the present. He was
about to embark on a tour of West Germany, beginning with two milestones: his first performance of Arnold Schoenberg's terrifyingly atonal works for the piano, followed by his first public assault on the Everest of the classical repertoire, Beethoven's Sonata Opus 106, the Hammerklavier. He had begun the day in his little mews house near Paddington Station as he always does, playing Bach preludes and fugues on his Bosendorfer piano "to clear the air." But now he was in a "total panic." "I have worked on this Schoenberg fellow nonstop and it still doesn't stick," he said in his barely accented English. "I had this time off, the first in a long time, and I thought, let's settle this bill with Schoenberg. I had to learn why I didn't like his music. My system just doesn't take it in. I have an excellent memory, but when I finish playing these pieces I can't remember a note. I should be playing more contemporary music, but I'm stuck in the past. I look at new works constantly, but I usually end up thinking, is it worth the trouble?"

He learns a new piece of music, he said, by first "studying the score away from the instrument": "When you read the score, you hear it inside. I look for form, structure, harmonic relationships. Then I read about the composer to understand the kind of man he was." Schiff's heroes, all of the past, were musicians of the broadest cultural learning—pianists like Edwin Fischer and Alfred Cortot, the violinist Joseph Szigeti—and he is an avid self-educator in great art, great literature. Significantly, he prefers Tolstoy to the more anguished Dostoyevski, and he could be describing the aims of his own style when he says of one of his favorite books, War and Peace, "I love Tolstoy's polyphony, his simultaneous lines of narrative and the fact that his writing is epic but warm and lyrical at the same time, with so many little personal touches." Schiff believes that speaking a given composer's language is important to understanding his music; in addition to Hungarian and English, he speaks German, Russian, and, after a recent intensive course, Italian. Rather than listening to other pianists' recordings, he prefers to look "elsewhere" for clues to interpretations: "In Mozart, I find answers in the operas. When I play Schubert, I read German Romantic poetry. Of course, when you perform, all that must disappear. You must let the music carry you. You must never think backward, never think about the nice girl in the second row. If you do that, the invisible line between you and the composer is lost."

Hungary is much on his mind. Several weeks from our conversation, he will be returning to Budapest for the first time in seven years to give several concerts. Will there be envy over his success in the West? "Huge. One of the reasons I left was all the hatred and intrigue. So many great musicians are Hungarians, but Hungary is not a good place to make music. Everyone is cooking in the same pot. If one person sticks his head out a little bit, the others try to pull him back down."

Schiff is Jewish, and I ask whether antisemitism was a problem. "Not officially," he says, "but it's in the air. Half the music world in Hungary is Jewish, but they don't admit it. My parents couldn't admit it after the war."

The war. He mentions it without apparent heat, but as he talks about its devastation of his family, it is impossible not to think about how it shaped his relationship to the past and present, his commitment to music. He was born in 1953 to parents whose previous lives it had shattered. Thirty of his relatives, including his father's first wife and son and his mother's first husband, died in Nazi concentration camps. His mother and grandmother survived by chance when the train taking them to a death camp was accidentally diverted to a labor camp. Because his father was a doctor, Andras, an only child, grew up in comfortable circumstances. Both his parents were musical—his father was an amateur violinist; his mother had had ambitions to be a concert pianist. "At the age of four," Schiff says, "I went to the piano by myself."

"At first, I just fooled around. My parents didn't push me. But I was a very naughty child, and they sent me to an excellent piano teacher when I was five, hoping it would discipline me. Even then, nobody said I had to practice. My father was much older than my mother, and he died when I was five. He had cancer, and I was terriified to make noise around him. I would hear something on the radio and go to the piano to improvise it. Anyone else would have been delighted. Not him."

Until adolescence, Andras had a "nor-

"I should be playing more contemporary music... but is it worth the trouble?"
mal childhood—normal school, normal tricks. "When he was twelve, he was sent during the summer to visit relatives in London, where he was introduced to the legendary teacher Ilona Kabos. "She was very encouraging, but she told me I must have greater challenges, so I went home and began playing things like Beethoven sonatas. About that time I met George Malcolm [the English conductor and keyboard artist]. His approach to Bach was very important to me. It was not at all academic—it bubbled. He thinks very vocally, and he taught me the importance of 'breathing' in music. And to be very careful with the pedal. Most pianists just tap on that gas pedal from beginning to end. It's a crime, because you don't hear the textures clearly. You must control the polyphony with your hands, not your feet." At fourteen, Schiff won a national competition on Hungarian television, became a national celebrity, and was sent to the Franz Liszt Academy, where the ghosts included the great Hungarian composers Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály and the conductors Fritz Reiner, Antal Dorati, and Georg Solti. It was not a happy place. "I don't think I behaved like a star," he says with a thoughtful smile, "but there was this hostility because of my big success on television, this feeling that I was stupid, a little toy kid. I'm still very bitter about it." Schiff was part of "an explosion" of exceptional young Hungarian pianists—among them, Zoltan Kocsis and Dezso Ránki—and, he recalls, they "played all night for each other, which was very good." From the pianists Pál Kadosa and Ferenc Rados and the composer György Kurtág, whose piano works he plays and greatly admires, he got invaluable grounding in theory, chamber music, and technique. But, he says, "the atmosphere wasn't good for your self-confidence. Rados, who was brilliant but tortured, worked my guts out. I never heard a positive word. I would leave a lesson almost crying."

When he was eighteen, he started playing concerts, mostly at home, and the next year entered the Leeds Competition. He was dropped after the first round. "Murray Perahia won, and hearing him gave me great encouragement. His playing was so incredibly honest, pianistically impeccable, but the accent was not on the pianist. And he had this fire inside. He played the way I felt I wanted to play but wasn't allowed to in Hungary." In 1974, he won fourth prize in the Tchaikovsky Competition, in Moscow—"a real victory, since the only ones ahead of me were Russians, and no Hungarian had ever got past the first round before." Back home, he was given the status of "state soloist," and for the next few years he toured Eastern Europe. "I played in the most most amazing circumstances, sometimes for empty halls, sometimes on upright pianos propped up with bricks because a leg was missing. It was very good experience." In 1975, his performance of Bach in his second Leeds Competition was televised—"and that's how I broke through." Schiff returned to Budapest, where he was appointed professor of chamber music at the Liszt Academy. "But the hostility was still there," he says. "I was closing up. The leaving came in 1979. I felt, Look, you are very comfortable, but do you want to live like this the rest of your life? I had been spending more time abroad than in Hungary, and had been very well received in the United States. But my career was not my first priority. Music is basically a matter of love, and I wanted to show it. Playing positively was not possible in Hungary. I couldn't even tell my mother about my plans—that's the kind of country it is. I was playing in England when it happened, and through my English manager I announced that I wanted to stay. The Hungarians called and said, 'No hard feelings.' They didn't want me to 'defect.' I feel no guilt about Hungary. When my family was taken by the Germans to the gas chambers they went out to applause from the Hungarians. An old Hungarian friend in London said, 'A country that didn't kill me because I didn't give it the opportunity to is not my home.'"

But what about playing in Germany? "I feel bad there," he says. "The atmosphere you can cut. But I go because of my love of German music, literature, and art. And there's a whole new generation who shouldn't be punished for the past."

A few weeks later I followed him to West Germany, Kassel, West Germany. High seriousness is stamped all over the Brahms/Schoenberg festival in the charming Stadthalle in this war-ravaged city, and especially in Schiff's recital program: Brahms's late piano miniatures from the 1890s, Op. 116-119, broadly tuneful valedictories to nineteenth-century Romanticism, with uneasy, dissonant rumbles; and Schoenberg's all but anarchic attempts in his early-twentieth-century piano pieces (Opp. 11, 19, 23, 25) to tear up tradition by the roots. In most hands, it would be a worthy but grueling experience; in Schiff's, it is exhilarating. With his Bach-heighened sensitivity to pulse and clarity, he allows Brahms to float like a wise, slightly troubled god above the feverishly searching Schoenberg, whose quest for new forms is reinforced by the unusual sight of Schiff's playing from the music—an intrepid explorer in a brave new world. During sharply rhythmic passages his whole body rocks like the most uninhibited jazzman's. He had said to me in London, "I play best when I perform—I need the audience," and the line between him and us is as taut as it is between him and composer; it relaxes only during the single, limpid encore, a Bach sarabande—the explorer returned home.

Badenweiler, a few days later. The salon in the grand hotel Romerbad in this spa in the Black Forest is all nineteenth-century gilt and mirrors, the patrons for a small, exclusive music festival are richly dressed. But there is nothing of the "salon" in Schiff's program, which builds to the mighty Hammerklavier, a work whose depths would take more than one pianist's lifetime to plumb. This late sonata is perhaps Beethoven's most powerful expression of his struggle with music itself, and Schiff's big-hearted, clean-fingered playing is a revelation; it conveys the sense of a titanic engagement without seeming to be wrestling with the notes as such. Listening to this still-young, unself-conscious master of the keyboard, I recall what Alfred Brendel wrote about the late Edwin Fischer, his beloved teacher and the pianist whom Schiff perhaps admires most: "What is piano playing of genius? Playing which is at once correct and bold. Its correctness tells us that it is how it has to be. Its boldness presents us with a surprising and overwhelming realization: what we had thought impossible becomes true."

Speaking of Fischer afterwards, Schiff, who also possesses the gift of making the impossible become true, says, "He is my idol above all. He really believed he could make people better through music. That is the credo I would like to have."
ANDRAS SCHIFF ON DISC

BACH: Schiff’s Goldbergs are less blazing but nonetheless warmer than Glenn Gould’s, with all the repeats and imaginatively decorous embellishments. The Partitas for Keyboard display great spontaneity, variety of phrasing, and a wonderful lightness of touch. An air of thoughtful, sometimes dreamlike elegance pervades his perusal of The Well-Tempered Clavier.

CHOPIN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2. SCHUMANN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. With the Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Antal Dorati. Schiff’s feathery refinement makes for an unusually fluent Chopin; his Schumann ripples beautifully but perhaps doesn’t surge enough.

MENDELSSOHN: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1 and No. 2. With the Bavarian Radio Symphony, conducted by Charles Dutoit. A whirlwind of fun.


MOZART: Piano Sonatas, complete (also available in separate albums). Schiff’s Mozart is poised right where it ought to be—between the baroque and the Romantic.

SCHUBERT: Quintet for Piano and Strings (Trout). With the Hagen Quartet and Alois Posch. An unusually genial excursion through this joyous work.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 1, in B-flat Minor.

DOHNANYI: Variations on a Nursery Song, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Georg Solti. Schiff’s attempt to scale down Tchaikovsky’s blockbuster is fascinating but not in the end successful. One feels a tug of war between him and the Chicago’s mighty sound machine. In the Dohnanyi such contrast is the point of the piece.

The recordings listed above are all on the London label, and most are available on compact disc and cassette as well as on LPs. Among Schiff’s other recordings are Bach’s Concertos for Keyboard and Orchestra, with the English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by George Malcolm; Bartók’s Dance Suite, Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs, Romanian Folk Dances, and Three Rondos on Folk Tunes; Haydn’s Sonatas for Piano, Hob. XVI, Nos. 20, 48, 50; and Schumann’s Arabeske, Humoreske, and Papillons (all on Denon). A gem: Scarlatti sonatas on the Fidelio label.

Charles Michener, formerly culture editor of Newsweek, is at work on his first novel.
At first glance, the small conservatory looks as if it has always belonged in its genteel setting, in central Virginia. It exudes a sense of solidity and permanence that has a lot to do with the use of molded local brick, which one has come to expect in traditional eighteenth-century Virginia architecture. Then there is the evident symmetry of the main façade, a symmetry that hints at Palladio and at the neoclassical values of balance and harmony. But this structure clearly could have been created only today. For starters, its handling of materials—brick, glass, steel, and aluminum, in addition to concrete—expresses up-to-date technology. As for the design, it is obviously modern—new modern, not postmodern.

All this may seem like praise too heavy for such a tiny building, but the conservatory plays a major role on the 6,000-acre property of which it is a part. The owners, John and Patricia Kluge, wanted their estate in Albemarle County, Virginia, to resemble an eighteenth-century British county seat, a utopian place of reason and sensibility. They chose as architect for the main, or manor, house David Easton, recognized as today’s master of eighteenth-century architecture. For the conservatory they shrewdly turned to a brand-new team, the Tamarkin Teichler Group, from Boston, fresh out of Harvard Design School and Virginia Polytechnic Institute. The Kluges knew that by far the best buy in architecture is young talent: no one has more ideas; no one will work harder. And the Kluges had a grand scheme in mind.

Right: The Palm House on John and Patricia Kluge’s estate in Albemarle County, Virginia, with two greenhouses joined by a garden workroom flanking it on the left and, on the right, a tennis-court enclosure to balance them. There are hints, in this symmetrical glass pavilion with its cupola, of the Temperate House at Kew and of Monticello’s serpentine brick walls, in the boxwood hedge bordering the path.
With its distinctly Japanese atmosphere, the garden workroom departs from the general Anglophilia that informs the Palm House complex. The lamps, with their organic, seaweedy shapes, and the workables, with slatted doors half-concealing storage space, are, like all the fittings and furnishings in the project, the design of the architects Cary Tamarkin and Timothy Techner.

According to their master plan, the central part of the estate was divided into a residential and a farm zone. The former consists primarily of Easton’s formal Georgian mansion, set on a rise looking over a vista of gently rolling hills and across the sweep of a man-made lake. So that the owners could get the view, bulldozers reshaped some of the very contours of the land as well as the undulations of a nine-hole golf course. The farm sector, where the conservatory is located, lies some distance away, maybe twenty minutes’ brisk ride by dirt road in the Kluges’ horse and carriage. The zone was to have a dual purpose. It had to support an ambitious gardening program—one that will eventually make the farm self-sufficient in food. (They raise some vegetables and fruits now and expect the farm to grow in the future.) At the same time, the area had to serve as a place of entertainment and relaxation for the owners and their guests. With their strong ties to New York and the entertainment industry, the Kluges planned to receive business associates often on the estate. The conservatory would be a place to which to bring guests where they could relax informally and where Patricia Kluge could whip up a casual meal. A tennis court was included nearby so that guests might gather in an attractive setting over an impromptu match, in the tradition of great English country weekends.

As the center of both entertainment and gardening functions, the conservatory was from the outset meant to be “architecturally important,” Mrs. Kluge later explained. “After all, why can’t functional things look good?”

Enter Cary Tamarkin and Timothy Techner. They had met at the University of Florida and then worked together for a major architecture firm in Boston. They shared such a keen sense of the design process and enjoyed so much the “push and pull” of their separate approaches that, in 1985, they decided to go out on their own. Tamarkin and Techner designed such things as furniture, clocks, and lamps, and when the Kluges’ first landscape architect, Morgan Wheelock, asked them, in the fall of 1984, to rough out some preliminary studies of what a conservatory might look like on a huge Virginia estate, they seized the opportunity. What they brought to the project was enthusiasm, originality, and a boundless appetite for challenge. They steeped themselves in the traditions of colonial Virginia—the craftsmanship and the ingenuity that showed up, notably, at Jefferson’s nearby Monticello and the University of Virginia. Not too surprisingly, they obtained the commission.

They chose a formal plan with an eighteenth-century feel. One major element is an axis leading up to and through the conservatory’s front door and out the other side to a not-yet-built reflecting pool and sculpture. Along this axis are the places, both indoors and out, where guests can congregate. A second, subtler axis runs from a large outdoor garden, through a building wing consisting of two large greenhouses connected by a garden workroom—and out, wittily, to the tennis court. (In earlier times, this axis would have had two rather more formal ends, actual buildings, instead of the abstract outdoor spaces.) At the center, where the axes cross, is the Palm House, the jewel of the composition, filled with a lush forest of green and the faint perfume of delicate flowering plants.

It is a formal space, measuring forty feet by forty feet, with the ceiling only thirty feet above the floor. No one feels cramped, though, because the roof is of glass and surmounted by a small glass cupola. On a clear night, you can see the Milky Way. Everywhere is evidence of eighteenth-century harmony. The glass roof is supported by four columns, each bound together by four steel tubes, at four equidistant corners—as near a geometric design as anything Robert Adam ever drew. Similarly, the two greenhouses, from the outside, are perfectly balanced on either side of the garden workroom, a place where plants are repotted and flowers arranged. The greenhouses are made of framed glass, of course—almost unsatisfactory elements, echoed and balanced by the lattice fencing around the tennis court.

The architects achieved more, too: they created a sense of monumentality for their little building. On the inside, they made the most of a feeling of lightness, one that derives not only from the glass and the light that pours through it but also from the use of the slimmest, most exquisite structural frames. On the outside, the conservatory has the weight and density that come only from a lot of thoughtful designing.

"I suppose we’re ‘postmodern’ in the sense that we’re designing today after the modern tradition,” says Cary Tamarkin. “But we’re consciously not being trendy.” Ornamentation is integral to design, not a decoration added for its own sake. There is no painting of façades. Instead, says Tamarkin, “everything is built up and exposed, which is the look that works in the country.” So it does. In fact, the conservatory also takes the Kluges’ elegant vision of the eighteenth century and grounds it in the realities of the modern world.
Looking across the formal garden, designed with neat parterres in the style that was swept away in the eighteenth century by "Capability" Brown, one can see the two greenhouses, linked by the garden workroom, with the cupola of the Palm House rising just above them. The mixture of colonial garden design and nineteenth-century glass architecture achieves a happy harmony on these rolling green acres.

Within the Palm House the environment is subtropical, although indigenous trees and flowers grow there as well, and the Kluges can relish the atmosphere of high summer on wintry days. One quadrant of the building is visible here, with architect-designed seating at the center, a herringbone-patterned brick paving, and one of the four supporting columns, each airily composed of four slender pipes. Through the glass wall on the right the tennis court can be glimpsed.
S
ome things taste better steamed,” Edna Lewis was saying. “Like chicken, vegetables, fish...” That reminds this regal-looking black woman, one of America’s great cooks, of something else. “Did you ever notice that you don’t see black men in supermarkets, but on weekends in the fish markets it’s all black men! I wonder why.” After a short pause, she speculates, “I have a friend in Ghana whose grandfather died, and the man who got his fishing nets was rich—I mean nets as big as this restaurant—so I think it’s in our background. Now, what were we... Oh, steaming.

That’s how it always is with Edna Lewis—slow and easy, seemingly unfocused, an interesting meander among topics that captivate her, inevitably returning to two that are passions: food and black culture, which in her case interconnect. But her shyness and those old-fashioned manners mask an intensity and drive that have made this extraordinary woman a peerless practitioner of southern cooking.

The author of three cookbooks—the much-acclaimed Taste of Country Cooking (Knopf), a paean to the world of her childhood; an earlier one, The Edna Lewis Cookbook (Ecco); and, most recently, In Pursuit of Flavor (to be published by Knopf in 1987)—Edna Lewis is, in the words of the New York Times’s Craig Claiborne, another southerner and the dean of American food critics, “top-ranking in her field, a phenomenal cook.”

Suzanne Hamlin, of the New York Daily News, describes Edna’s cooking as “the real thing—truly southern. When the rest of the world is doing pasta salad, Edna is still doing cornbread. She knows what she does is good, and she has great confidence in it. It is very elegant. She seems to bring food to its purest state.”

As her friends and admirers will tell you, she is not so famous as she should be. Edna loves independence and abhors self-promotion. She is so self-effacing, indeed, that Matt Lewis, a pleasant young woman who was general manager of Dean & DeLuca, New York’s toniest food store, when it carried cooked edibles by Edna, says, “I had to work with her because she didn’t charge enough for her things.”

What things? “Oh,” Matt Lewis croons, “she produced the most exquisite, heart-rending little cookies for us—cats’ tongues, hazelnut cookies, brown-rimmed sugar cookies, little black-walnut cookies. And, what was unusual, her lovely poached pears in custard sauce. Customers would come in and buy the whole batch, bowl and all.”

Edna’s tradition is the humble and unsung one of the farm housewife. The cooking on America’s farms and plantations, particularly in Virginia, before processed and packaged foods took over, was often as fine as could be found anywhere. Just look at a menu from Edna’s childhood in The Taste of Country Cooking that she calls “A Hunting Season Dinner.” It consists of quail in casserole, purée of green black-eyed peas, the edible weed lamb’s-quarters, biscuits, green-tomato chutney, and hazelnut pudding with custard sauce. It is what Edna calls “good cookin’,” but it was often artful and inspired—great cooking.

“I don’t like extreme ideas,” says Edna. “I want things to be as simple as possible.” Of course, Edna’s is the kind of cooking that only looks and tastes easy—as her late friend Truman Capote’s prose looks easy. In fact, it is the most demanding cooking of all, for every ingredient must be of the finest quality and must stand on its own in perfect harmony with every other ingredient. There are no sauces to smother mistakes or additions of faddish or far-out flavors to numb the palate and distract the sensibility of the diner.

A couple of years ago, Edna was chef at Fearrington House, a restaurant just outside Chapel Hill, North Carolina, but the arrangement ended after a year. Edna was not happy when such fashionable but unsouthern foods as kiwi fruit arrived for the compote, or when pasta crept into the menu to accompany Virginia ham, without her permission.

Now she is the consulting chef at the Middleton Place Restaurant, outside Charleston, South Carolina, a beautiful old rice plantation dating from the seventeenth century and famous for its gardens. Here, Edna gets what she wants, starting with changes in the kitchen. Out went the microwaves, food processors, freezers (except one that holds Edna’s sherbets and ice creams), blenders, Teflon cookware, and the very expensive convection oven that she says cooks too fast and makes a hard crust on roasted meats. She got more space for air-drying delicate lettuce leaves and for the storage of special coffees and rice. Edna orders her ingredients from all over, as long as they are faithful to what was
found in South Carolina low-country kitchens in the early days of the Republic: ham and veal come from Virginia; fresh herbs, from the Bronx; wild strawberries and little, organically raised hybrid chickens, called Poussins, from California. Edna cultivates local fishermen, farmers, and dairymen who can supply her with the naturally grown, high-quality foods she demands. Nothing appears on the menu that doesn't please her.

Edna is working to create meals like those the Middleton family would have had in antebellum days. Recent menus included a sweet-tart, basil-flavored, chilled tomato soup topped with whipped cream and served with Edna's warm, delicate cheese sticks; country ham with corn pudding; fresh pan-broiled flounder with a dollop of black-olive-flavored mayonnaise; pan-cooked quail with a julienne of country ham and spoon bread; and a special side dish, a steamed Vidalia onion, so sweet you could eat it raw like an apple, filled with fresh peas in cream sauce. Desserts one weekend ranged from freshly made peach ice cream and lime sherbet served with her golden cats' tongues to a tart summer pudding made of currants and raspberries, so beautiful that one diner exclaimed, "It looks like liquid rubies!" And, of course, there is always Edna's chocolate souffle.

It's a brilliant concoction, one she created during her first cooking job, between 1949 and 1954 at the famous Café Nicholson, on Manhattan's East Fifty-eighth Street. It is made of bitter chocolate that is almost sweet—or is it sweet chocolate that is almost bitter? In any case, with a spoon you make a well in the center, pour in a very thin, bittersweet chocolate sauce, and top it off with a huge spoonful of sweetened whipped cream. It is elegant, sophisticated, and absolutely delicious, and it doesn't collapse.

Edna cannot recall how or when she created the dish; she just began experimenting with soufflés—strawberry, raspberry, and then chocolate. Her technique is based on what she has learned on her own, for she has no formal training and never consults cookbooks, though she exchanges ideas with other chefs.

For a long time she couldn't understand why her chocolate soufflés didn't fall, but one night a soufflé left in the oven too long caved in, whereupon Edna realized that "as long as they are in the process of becoming they won't collapse. It is only after they are fully cooked that they fall."

Edna arrives at the kitchen at around seven A.M. to put in ten-hour days overseeing the young cooks and helpers. She works slowly and with little apparent effort, though in her quiet way she is as temperamental and perfectionistic as a great chef is supposed to be. It is nothing special for her to make, in the course of one afternoon, four lemon meringue pies, a batch of chunky, creamy celery soup, dozens of flaky cats' tongues, each shaped by a spoon rather than squeezed from a pastry tube; dozens of tender, light biscuits and several loaves of chewy bread; finally, for someone's anniversary, a cake covered with finely grated fresh coconut.

As she works she talks of this and that: food processors ("I don't like 'em"), vinegars ("Heinz's apple cider vinegar is the best"), Crisco, which she uses in her first book ("I guess I was accommodating some of my private clients who keep kosher kitchens, but it doesn't keep pies crisp for more than a day and it is overprocessed"); gives her recipe for the "best ever" chicken soup, based on one from Ghana ("You cook the chicken over very low heat—kinda sweet it"); describes how she once watched Alain Chapel go too far with a duck soup ("He just ruined the delicate flavor when he put in a cup of cream"); and vents her anger at the use of chemicals in agriculture, a theme she often returns to.

"I think food tastes better when it is grown organically," she told a visitor one day as they walked along a garden path. "When we grew things in our garden in Virginia we used no fertilizers, only compost, and things grew on their own steam. Fertilizer boosts their growth, but they come out tasting watery." Edna's next book shows, through her recipes and cooking techniques, how to return to foods flavor that has been destroyed by chemicals and hybridization. She continued in her soft, girlish voice, "I once weighed some potatoes that had been organically grown, and they were much heavier than the other kind. At our house we never sprayed and we never had bugs. I guess that's because our soil was healthy."

Her childhood years in Virginia, spent amid a large and loving family who cooked everything the seasons gave them, were happy ones. Her grandparents, freed slaves, owned good farmland in a place they named Freetown. "We were always cooking," Edna remembers. "You'd come home after a rain and there'd be a big turtle washed out of the stream, and the next day you'd have a turtle stew. The day after, it would be a rabbit or a squirrel. I remember when I was ten or eleven I watched them make a white icing for a cake, and I said to myself, 'That's what I'm going to do.'"

An aunt named Ginny Hailstark taught her the most about cooking. "My aunt Ginny couldn't read or write," says Edna, "but she always had a nickel and a dime on the table to measure her baking powder and cream of tartar; you just heaped it up on the coin, and whatever the coin held..."
Edna does not like to discuss personal matters, but one who knows her says, "I think Edna bears the burden of her race in a very significant way," and another points out the sadness in her striking face. It goes unnoticed at first because you are fascinated, unable to decide—as it is hard to decide whether her soul is sweet or bitter—whether she is beautiful or homely. Then she lights up the room with her smile, and you see her as utterly charming.

Edna left Virginia for New York City during the Depression, when she was nineteen. There she made friends with a crowd of young artists and bohemians, black and white. On weekends they gathered together for potluck dinners, and Edna's contributions attracted attention. "After I left home I discovered that cooking is very scientific and exacting," she says. "In New York I would cook things in stages. If I liked the color of a jelly at a certain stage, I'd stop, and if I liked the taste at a certain point, I'd stop. So that's how I developed my own method of cooking."

During the thirties Edna became politically active, particularly in the cause of blacks. She joined demonstrations to allow blacks to drive buses and have selling jobs in department stores; she circulated petitions to get Jackie Robinson into big-league baseball.

In the late forties Edna married and started cooking professionally at the café she opened with her friend Johny Nicholson. The Café Nicholson was a favorite spot for displaced southern writers like Carson McCullers, Truman Capote, William Faulkner, and Tennessee Williams. Williams, who lived across the street, often wandered over in the mornings, and they talked as Edna worked and he nursed his hangovers with strong coffee. She says it was the generous appreciation of the Nicholson patrons on whom she tested her cooking that helped her find her way.

During the fifties and sixties, Edna cooked dinner parties for private clients, marched in picket lines, and sat in for civil rights. For six years in the seventies she lectured on African culture at the American Museum of Natural History and began to help African students in this country. In 1974 Edna's husband died; the marriage had been childless, she says with a trace of self-mockery, "because there were so many important things to do, like ending discrimination." Perhaps that is why, a few years ago, she adopted a young Ethiopian man, now thirty-three and a doctoral candidate in political science, whose parents were killed in the violent aftermath of Haile Selassie's overthrow.

The people who run the Middleton Place Restaurant would like to make Edna a star. That is something she has always shunned, though part of her seems to want it. The food world, of course, honors her, and along with a handful of other acclaimed American chefs Edna has many invitations to cook at prestigious and gala dinners, but she has been reluctant to sacrifice her cherished independence for the demands that come with stardom. She has until now been unwilling to make the long-term commitment to a restaurant that she must make if she is to build the kind of kitchen that will give her cooking a showcase. Edna is past seventy. She seems at last to have found a place that knows her value and will give her everything she wants. Maybe this time she'll go for it.

Patricia Lyden is a New York writer.

Left: Edna Lewis prepares bread dough.
Right: A dinner of panried quail with juliened country ham, spoon bread, spinach.

MAY 1987
RECAPTURING THE PAST

The Ashley and Cooper rivers, flowing through the South Carolina low country, meet at Charleston, so they say, to form the Atlantic Ocean. By the middle of the eighteenth century, great brick plantation houses had been built along their shores, surrounded by miles of rice fields, whose owners traveled to and from Charleston on canopied barges carried by the tides, a trip of under an hour that would have taken half a day by road. Hundreds of slaves tended the rice and the indigo and cotton on which their fortunes rested. The guns of Fort Sumter were fired scarcely out of their hearing in 1861, and four years later Union soldiers swarmed up the Ashley River Road, setting the torch to all but one of the plantation houses in their path. (Drayton Hall survived because they were persuaded it was a smallpox hospital.)

The greatest of these plantations was Middleton Place. Its garden, with formal parterres and stepped terraces carved from the slope running down from the bluff on which the house stood to twinned ponds, shaped like a butterfly's wings, was the first great landscape garden in the colonies. The tall brick house that gazed down the terraces to a bend in the river, with its library, conservatory, and fine furnishings, was burned, leaving only precarious hollow shells. Except for one wing of the house, the walls were toppled by an earthquake in 1886. The Middletons, whose numbers had included a delegate to the first Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a governor of South Carolina and minister to Russia, and finally—fatally—a signer of the declaration of secession, considered the ruin of their fortunes and thought of a “return” to England after two centuries. Instead, a wing of the gutted house was reconstructed (with tactful Dutch gables to replace the hipped roof that had been burned) and a crippled life resumed, with phosphate instead of rice as the cash crop. The garden began to smother under wild growth: the system of ponds, both decorative and functional, that flooded and drained the rice fields and turned the wheel of the old rice mill was choked; the butterfly ponds were broached and drained by the earthquake.

In the early 1920s, however, Middleton Place and its 6,500 acres began to feel the touch of life. Its owners set about returning the gardens to their original, disciplined order. A guest house and stable yard with buildings on their former site were designed by an astute architect, following Barbadian models closer to the eighteenth-century reality than to the Georgian clichés of the day. Thousands of azaleas were planted on the banks of the ponds and along the woodland paths. In 1969, the property came into the hands of their grandson, Charles Duell, a tenth-generation descendant of the original owner. He forswore the lure to “develop” it, tackling instead the battling problem of how to bring it back to something like its early glory while making it pay for itself, without compromising its patrician grace and dignity. More than that, enough capital had to be generated to pay off the inheritance taxes that must eventually be paid. In seventeen years, Duell has achieved part of this goal.

He has restored the gardens to very nearly what they were in the eighteenth century, with their allées of camellias, their parterres edged with box, their secret gardens where bowls were once played, their long reflecting pond on which swans drift. Nineteenth-century introductions, like azaleas, have been banished to the

In spite of war, earthquake, and developers, Middleton Place thrives

by Eve Auchincloss
woods, but the camellias planted in the eighteenth century bloom from November until March; old-fashioned roses, until Christmas. Avenues of glistening magnolias are covered with waxy blossom in May; wisteria trails panicles of lavender flowers, and crepe myrtle trees and tea olives exude a delicious fragrance. Huge live oaks hung with Spanish moss spread improbably cantilevered limbs over the lawns and ponds. Most were mere acorns when the first Middletons promenaded in their tamed wilderness, though one vast wrinkled survivor stood when Indians still hunted the swamps. One pretty marble statue is all that remains of a host that populated the garden before the devastation of 1865. On the far side of the reflecting pond, a path leads to a woodland pond in whose black waters cypress grow. In spring it reflects a conflagration of azaleas. Beyond this lie the wild woods. Now 100,000 visitors a year visit Middleton Place, hardly aware of one another in the garden's sixty-five acres of mazy walks.

On the greensward behind the house, from which Duell has banished the cars that parked there once, Jersey cows and sheep graze, while a mule-drawn wagon, loaded with visiting children, circles the immense sweep of drive. In the stable yard alongside it, the trades are once again practiced that made such plantations self-sufficient: blacksmith, potter, carpenter, weaver, all do their thing, while hens lay eggs, hogs wallow, and ducks and geese, guinea and peafowl parade the yard. The guest house has become a choice restaurant; and a ten-minute-walk distant, down the stepped terraces, across a strip of lawn dividing the two wings of the butterfly pond, past the brick rice mill, up freshly swept paths through thickets of azalea and mountain laurel, stands the new Middleton Inn among the trees above the river.

Charles Duell chose to renounce brick and the eighteenth century: the four separate buildings it comprises, designed by W. G. Clark of Charleston and built of glass, wood painted the darkest of greens, and concrete over which ivy has already begun to creep, seem instead to be an evocation of the surrounding woods and water. The fifty-five rooms are both luxurious and austere: no carpets or curtains (rag rugs and louvered shutters instead), but a huge bathroom paved with marble and a tub large enough to swim laps in. This hotel and these conference rooms are helping Middleton Place begin to do more than break even.

The surviving house, once a gentleman’s guest wing, with one ruinous brick wall of the lost mansion standing close by as a memento mori, is in effect a museum
Now, though its toped-off rooms seem to have been left only moments ago by one of the Middletons depicted in three Benjamin West paintings that hang in the center hall. On a tester bed whose posts are carved with rice plants lies the very suit of golden silk worn by Henry Middleton in his portrait downstairs. Another bedroom is dressed for the sweltering Carolina summer. Straw matting has replaced the carpet; windows and bed have exchanged their toile hangings for white muslin; the bed, its headboard removed, has been moved to the middle of the room to catch vagrant breezes. These rooms, with their superb furniture and silver, their paintings, clocks, books, and documents—all of them Middleton family possessions—were achieved not by the waving of a wand but by patient inquiry, search, and persuasion. In 1983, Charles Duell deeded the house and garden, 110 acres in all, to the nonprofit Middleton Place Foundation, which has succeeded in tracking down the family possessions that now furnish the house, either as gifts or as loans, for though the original house was destroyed, many of its furnishings had been distributed among other, neighboring Middleton houses in the years before the fire—houses that were happily spared destruction. A pair of English side chairs, for example, lent by two of the 400-odd widely dispersed Middleton descendants, are reunited for the first time in generations. Much remains to be discovered. Duell wonders whether a part of the burned library's contents may not now be in Harvard's Widener Library.

The aristocratic confidence with which the swampy Carolina low country was transformed into a controlled Elysium, directly inspired by Le Nôtre, might seem to have abolished the wilderness. But not quite. Gnarled alligators haunt these ponds and bask on their banks. The swans cannot defend their nests: eggs and cygnets disappear in the night. If you walk down along the river, past the inn, you will see snowy egrets watching for fish in the shallows of the old rice-mill pond; herons pumping leisurely above the treetops; a bald eagle, if you are lucky, circling above his high nest; and in the water, turtles gaping on old logs, and a log that on second glance proves to have an unblinking yellow eye—an eight-foot alligator with all the time in the world. It is too late to look for the bright Carolina parakeet flashing among the palmettos and pines—he was hunted to extinction years ago.

If you look down at the path as you walk, you will begin to see shards of pottery, china, and glass—smashed fragments of household objects a century or two old—and among these fragments a reminder of the world that was here long before Middleton Place existed: the jagged, polished gray teeth of the great white sharks that swam here when the low country was part of the Atlantic Ocean.

Middleton Place, a National Historic Landmark, is fourteen miles northwest of Charleston, twenty minutes distant from Charleston International Airport. House and grounds are open daily year round; admission fee, $7 to $9.

Middleton Inn, Ashley River Road, Charleston, SC 29407; phone: (803) 556-0500. Open all year, it offers Continental breakfast, heated swimming pool, clay tennis courts, riding, nearby golf privileges, nature walks. Meeting facilities for up to forty-five people are available.

Eve Auchmellor, an editor of Connoisseur, wrote about the Windsor jewels last month.
Scintillating.
The diamonds, the classic designs and the woman who wears them.

These classically simple, eternally elegant designs were created to showcase diamonds with the extra fire, sparkle, scintillation that only quality diamonds possess.

Even among fine diamonds, four characteristics set an exquisite few apart forever. The 4C's:

- Cut
- Color
- Clarity
- Carat-Weight

What makes these designs extraordinary is that the combination of superb design—plus quality diamonds—equals more than the sum of their parts. It equals diamond jewelry of such simple elegance that it deserves to be worn every hour of the day.

The creations featured are available at fine stores. For the one nearest you, contact Jose Hess Inc.

Jose Hess Inc.
501 Madison Avenue
New York City, NY 10022
212-753-5880

A diamond is forever.
The art that people buy often provides an insight into their personalities. It follows that an analysis of the market’s high fliers—that is, the artists for whom competition is heating up—should tell us something about the way taste is moving and perhaps about future price movements. The five artists discussed here—Bouguereau, Tissot, Caillebotte, Chase, and Lavery—all have a staggering growth rate, averaging 1,100 percent since 1975, equivalent to over 25 percent a year.

Bouguereau's Love Disarmed—barely disguised erotic fantasy. $126,000 in 1985.

All were painting between the 1870s and the 1890s, but the significant common factor is that despite very different styles their work is immensely decorative, profoundly undisturbing, and, like it or not, beguiling.

No one can expect to pick high fliers consistently, either on Wall Street or in the art market. Still, where would you stand today if you had picked none but winners a dozen years ago? If you had put $100,000 into these five painters, the investment would now be worth $1,243,000. The same sum invested in the Dow Jones Index in 1975 would have grown to a mere $275,000. Although such momentum is probably unsustainable, we should ask why prices shot up so fast, for in time other artists with similar characteristics may take their place.

Bad art, oddly enough, can increase in value faster than good art. But who decides which art is good and which bad? That decision is not so high-handed as it might seem if you accept the premise that art is concerned with truth. It has nothing to do with accurate representation of the visible world, but it does have to do with seeing the world as it really is or at least representing a personal vision of that reality, not some idealized, distorted form of it.

That is why Bouguereau is one of the great charlatans of his time. Here was an artist of immense technical skill who had won France’s most prestigious art prize, the Grand Prix de Rome, in 1850. Inspired during his sojourn in Italy by the frescoes of Pompeii, he returned to Paris to paint countless scenes derived from pseudo-classical mythology, which come across as barely disguised erotic fantasies. He was not short of admirers. In 1886, while the Impressionists were still struggling to survive, one Bouguereau painting was bought for the equivalent of $275,000. The most eager buyers in those days were newly rich industrialists, quick to recognize his outstanding craftsmanship though quite at sea when it came to understanding true art.

Robin Duthy's new book is The Successful Investor.
“You mean you’re buying the business, and you still don’t have a Personal Banker?”

An Irving Trust Personal Banker can arrange for almost any kind of financing and credit you need. To help you buy out a partnership. Leverage an attractive stock option. Or get cash for tuition payments, a retirement investment, or a great buy on a co-op, condo or new home.

An Irving Trust Personal Banker understands your needs and offers the fast service and personal attention that you deserve.

Isn’t it time you talked business with your own Irving Trust Personal Banker? Phone now for an appointment. 212/635-6311.

Irving Trust
Irmoil

CONNOISSEUR

1

* remembered studying

simulated the

Vuillard lvier

adored the

American

in the nineteenth-century

floor

1881

Bonnard

having

in 1960s.

surprising

nat.

Ben-

and
descendant

never

price

1,000

At this price, they felt like they were getting a bargain. As they savored their champage, they couldn’t help but feel a sense of nostalgia for the past. It was as if they were transported back in time to where it all began. The elegant setting and the ambient noise of the conversation made it an unforgettable experience.

TISSOT SERVED ICED CHAMPAGNE IN THE ANTEROOM OF HIS STUDIO.

Here, then, is another competent but

trivial artist whose work has shot up in value by nearly 1,600 percent since 1975, to a

midmarket price of just $15,000. A painting such as The Artist’s Distraction may tell

us something about Lavery’s feelings toward art. An artist has set up his easel on a

stone bridge overlooking a river, while, a few yards along, two pretty girls have

arrived to look over the parapet or perhaps, as the title suggests, to distract the

artist. It seems churlish to find fault with so pretty and harmless a composition, yet the

cloyly folksy conception is one that no serious artist could possibly entertain.


One of Tissot’s stunners: The Rubens Hat. $462,000 in 1986—a record price.

The third high flier is the French artist

James-Jacques-Joseph Tissot, whose long

stay in London produced a flow of luxuriant paintings. A high-strung, nervous

man, Tissot had a sharp business sense all the same. Sargent called him a dealer of
genius, and he would no doubt have been pleased that his work has risen by 900 per-
cent in ten years to a midmarket price of $110,000. The Goncourt brothers wap-

ishly noted that he was the only artist they

knew who had iced champagne on hand in the anteroom to his studio and a foot-

man in silk stockings polishing the leaves of his shrubs.

Tissot’s life-style did not interfere with a

tapuous reception for his art. In the large, soulful eyes of his models there was

invariably a look of romantic yearning. His beautiful Irish mistress, Kathleen

Newton—who was to die of consumption at the age of twenty-seven—was painted in

many guises. In common with Tissot’s other models, her eyes plead that she be

rescued from it all and swept off to some unspecified but more noble existence.

Women apart, Tissot’s work is appealing for two reasons. First, he portrayed a

world that seemed unshakably secure, with stunning clothes, lustrings of food and

drink, and servants galore. If there were any reds under the bed, they were no more

than visionary cranks who posed no threat to this immutable prosperity.

Second, Tissot was technically superb. His unrigorous naturalism gave his work a

net’s Un Bar aux Folies-Bergere. Lavery was

not impressed by the Impressionists, though his nervous, flickering brushwork

may have been an unconscious tribute to them. Back in Britain, he soon boarded

the art/society bandwagon and, like Sargent, painted highly proficient portraits

and lyrical, pretty landscapes, many of them in North Africa. His later work,

which included tennis and bathing-party scenes, is generally ranked by art histori-

ans as having at best a certain period charm.
Important Paintings by Old Masters

Auction to be held on Wednesday, June 3, 1987 in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Inquiries may be directed to Ian Kennedy, Rachel Kaminsky or Alexander Parish at 212/546-1177. For catalogues telephone 718/784-1480.

(Detail illustrated) JEAN FRANÇOIS DE TROY: Fête Aux Porcherons, oil on canvas, 35½ x 46 in.
MONTBLANC
THE ART OF WRITING

NOBLESSE

The jewel of the Montblanc collection. Gold or silver plated surfaces with a diamond pin-stripe cut. Or Montblanc high-gloss lacquer in jet black, Bordeaux red or midnight blue. Classic nib of 18-carat gold with ornamental engraving. Noblesse — the return of style and elegance. Montblanc — the art of writing.
A moment to treasure.
A precious moment captured forever in .999 fine silver.

Eternal love.
The eternal love between mother and child is eloquently portrayed in this pure silver sculpture by internationally known sculptor Ramon Parmenter.

A wonderful moment.
A “Mother’s Song” cast in pure silver, measures approximately 17 × 16 × 12 inches and is offered in a limited edition of 100.

Send for our brochures.
Call or write for our color brochures on these and other pure silver sculptures priced from $3,000 to $40,000.

Visit these fine dealers:
While visiting Hawaii, see our entire line of pure silver sculptures exclusively at Lahaina Galleries, Maui, and Connoisseur’s Gallery, Mauna Lani Bay Hotel, Hawaii.

Shreve & Company, San Francisco
Blantree, Trump Tower, New York City
Brielle Galleries, Brielle, New Jersey

The finest Mother’s Day gift of all.

Silver Editions
100 Larkspur Landing Circle
Larkspur, California 94939
1-800-654-1287
© 1987 Silver Editions Limited, Inc.
We're celebrating our Fifteenth Anniversary with a very special show, Miniatures and Masterworks, from May 23 to June 12, 1987. The offerings will include major works by many of America’s finest artists encompassing subject areas as diverse as Americana, Aviation, Fantasy, Marine, Western, Wildlife art and more. May we send you an invitation to our show? Please call or write for information.

GWS Galleries
26390 Carmel Rancho Lane • Carmel, CA 93923 • (408) 625-2288
(800) 255-6677 (in CA) • (800) 843-6467 (outside CA)
GWS Galleries also located in Southport, CT

**YOUR HUSBAND’S PORTRAIT**
**SHOULDN’T LOOK LIKE IT CAME OFF HIS DRIVER’S LICENSE.**

While a photo can capture a person, a painting can capture his personality. And because we represent nearly 100 artists, we can help you select one to match your style and budget.

So just send us this coupon, along with $5 for a brochure of artists samples. Because the true love of your life can’t be captured at shutter speed.

Portraits South

---

**INVESTOR’S FILE**


That Caillebotte’s midmarket price now stands well ahead of Pissarro’s and is catching up with that of Renoir.

Caillebotte’s work adds up to a glorious celebration of the good things life offers—as with most of the Impressionists—though it is executed with restraint and understatement. Obsessed with the thought of dying young, he made a will at the age of twenty-seven, leaving his collection of sixty-five paintings by his Impressionist friends to the state. When he died, in 1894 at the age of forty-six, Renoir, who had been appointed executor, found himself dealing with a reluctant beneficiary. Not for the first time, the French museum authorities showed a stupendous lack of judgment, eventually rejecting three Cézannes, eleven Pissarros, and eight Monets.

The few lines written in the press at the time of Caillebotte’s death suggested that he had ceased to paint when the Impressionist group exhibitions ended, in 1886. He was remembered mainly for his friendship and financial support of the “professional” artists in the circle. The definitive listing of his work published in 1978, which sets prices on their upward spiral, revealed that he had done glorious paintings to the very end of his life, most of which he had given away to friends. Following the big hike in prices, these are trickling onto the market, and museums are competing for the best of them.

William Merritt Chase is the only American artist in the group and, apart
Sculptured 14kt gold. Glistening emeralds. And a brilliant diamond. The ultimate rose.


An original design by The House of Fratelli Coppini. Master jewelers who have crafted exquisite works of art for Europe's titled and elite for more than two centuries.

Indulge yourself in jewelry so exclusive you won't find it in the finest Fifth Avenue shops... or even in the world-famous Coppini studio. It's available only from The Franklin Mint. The Coppini Rose Ring. Elegant. Fabulously rich.

COMMISSION AUTHORIZATION

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

I wish to commission The Coppini Rose Ring, to be crafted of solid 14 karat gold and set with four faceted emeralds and a full-cut diamond.

I need send no payment now. I will be billed shortly before shipment for a deposit of $150.* and, after shipment, in 4 equal monthly installments of $150.**

*Plus my state sales tax.

**Plus my state sales tax.

Indicate ring size

If no size is specified, you will receive a ring sizer to enable you to determine the correct size with your first invoice. Correct fit is guaranteed. If the ring does not fit when you receive it, you may return it for adjustment at our cost.

NAME __________________________
ADDRESS _________________________
CITY STATE ZIP ____________________

THE COPPINI ROSE RING • EXCLUSIVELY FROM THE FRANKLIN MINT
INVESTOR’S FILE

from Caillebotte, the only one whose work is likely to stand the test of time. It has increased in value by 770 percent since 1975, and the midmarket price is now $44,000. A major figure in the American Impressionist movement, he trained in Munich in the early 1870s before returning to the United States in 1877 to begin a long, illustrious teaching career. He did much to organize, in 1883, the first exhibition in the United States of French Impressionists, including Caillebotte.

BAD ART, ODDLY ENOUGH, CAN INCREASE IN VALUE FASTER THAN GOOD ART.

With his move to eastern Long Island in the 1890s, his palette lightened and he began to produce the sort of work that now sells for up to $200,000. He has been accused of lacking psychological depth; though there may be something in the charge, Chase’s charm lies in a contagious affection for the world about him—a world he painted with none of the self-consciousness of Lavery and Tissot. His later landscapes painted around Shinnecock show how a true artist’s eye can transform scrubland into a thing of value.

Regardless of the artistic value placed on an artist’s work, prices are affected by the amount he produced. The correlation between rarity and performance is loose, though it is noticeable that, apart from Lavery, only about ten works by each artist in this group appear at auction each year, which represents 2 to 4 percent of total output—the norm for a well-known artist, excepting old masters. Thus of Caillebotte’s entire oeuvre of 477 canvases, some 10 now appear in the salerooms each year, while of Renoir’s 3,000 about 100 show up.

If an artist was prolific, the investment performance of his work may be poor, however greatly he is admired. Maurice de Vlaminck is one example; over a hundred of his paintings are offered at auction every year, yet his prices have climbed only 60 percent since 1975. Picasso is in the same boat: over a hundred paintings auctioned every year, prices up 6 percent.

In the long run, it is subject, style, and mood that establish a painting’s value. Much of the new money going into art is chasing after decorative and fantasist work. It is no longer just good art that will perform well. Money is the name of the game, and it the collectors with the cash want escapist bad art, then prices for that too will climb.
Pianos and other Keyboard Instruments

This important sale covers a broad spectrum of pianos, harpsichords, clavichords and other keyboard instruments spanning three centuries. Examples from the world's foremost makers: Steinway, Bechstein, Bosendorfer and Mason-Hamlin are to be sold.

Auction:
Thurs., May 14, 1987 at 7 pm.
Sale may be previewed May 6 through May 13

Location:
Classical Keyboards
423 East 91 Street
New York, NY

For further information please contact:
Allan Buchman or
Mary Hansen (212) 570-4830
Catalogue: $8 ($10 by mail)

Phillips
Auctioning & Appraising Since 1796
406 East 79th Street • New York 10021

BECOME A CONNOISSEUR OF CONNOISSEURS

As a reader of CONNOISSEUR we know you find articles about the best of everything that you would like to be able to save and refer to. But loose magazines are messy and untidy and can make locating a particular article or feature very frustrating. Now we bring you the easy-access magazine file case designed to keep your copies of CONNOISSEUR in order. It's done in elegant black leatherette over fiberboard, with gold-toned lettering; and it comes with a strip of gold foil that lets you insert the correct year on the spine of each case. Handsome on your bookcase in den or office, the magazine file is notched and open in back so that you easily can see and withdraw the issue you want when you want it! Each file holds 12 issues. Ours alone, just for you, at $7.95 each, plus $1.75 for shipping and handling; or save by ordering 3 file cases for $21.95 plus $3.50 for shipping and handling.

HOW TO ORDER: Send a check or money order (no cash, please) payable to CONNOISSEUR. Include with that a note telling us how many magazine files you want. Please PRINT the name and address, including ZIP code, that you want the file(s) sent to. Be sure to include the department code shown below. Send your payment and your order information to:
CONNOISSEUR, Dept. CNMF 057;
P.O. Box 2318, FDR Station;
New York, NY 10150

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible. Overseas orders will take up to six weeks by Parcel Post.

The Hearst Corporation
250 W. 55 St., NY, NY 10019
AUSTRALIA BEGINS TO COME INTO ITS OWN

BY ROBERT M. PARKER, JR.

I see three wine-producing countries emerging into stardom over the next decade: Spain, Chile, and Australia. They have always had enormous potential, but the introduction of more-modern technology, the explosion of interest in fine-wine values, and the mounting prices of France’s glamour wines have tended to draw new attention to them. Spain’s and Chile’s strong points are their red wines; Australia does everything well.

Traditionally it has been red-wine country, but the new wave of Aussie chardonnays is remarkably impressive. In addition, some of the late-harvest, decadently sweet dessert wines and tawny vintage-port taste-alikes are strikingly beautiful wines. High quality, easier availability, and modest—even shockingly—low prices should propel Australian wines into international prominence over the next several years.

Another plus for these wines is that Australia is one of the few wine-producing countries to have a currency weak in relation to the dollar. Whereas the U.S. dollar has dropped in value by almost 40 percent against the French franc, the Italian lira, and the German mark, it has maintained its strength against the Australian dollar, making wines from down under much cheaper to buy. A rundown of some of the best wines available in America follows.

Krondorf
Almost all the Krondorf wines sell for under $8 a bottle and offer sound, straightforward, pleasant drinking. Every once in a while, however, there is something that is much better. I highly recommend the 1982 cabernet sauvignon, which has plenty of black-currant fruit, a soft texture, and lush finish. It sells for $7 a bottle. The 1985 Riesling is made in a true German Kabinett style and is filled with lots of applelike fruit.

Peter Lehmann
Peter Lehmann offers remarkable values.

Robert Parker is the author of Bordeaux and editor of the Wine Advocate.

This winery also does a very nice job with dry sémillon, which can be found on the market for under $6. The 1983 cabernet sauvignon has a California style: minty, black-currant bouquet, a very good ripeness, and a stylish finish. A real powerhouse is the 1982 shiraz, which has peppery, blackberry fruit, good depth, and at least four to five years of further aging potential. Neither costs more than $8.
A Book for all Seasons

This 200 page fine art book on the work of Michel Delacroix includes 160 pages in color with an introduction by Max Fourny.

A Deluxe signed edition with a triptych of original lithographs in portfolio is available.

Michel Delacroix is pleased to attend these fine galleries to sign copies of the new book:

Newbury Fine Arts
133 Newbury St
Boston, MA (617) 536-0210
Saturday, April 25

Art Gallery-Studio 53
424 Park Ave
New York, NY (212) 755-6650
Tuesday, April 28

P & C Art, Inc
212 King St
Alexandria, VA (703) 549-2525
Saturday, May 2

Southwest Gallery
737 Preston Forest Shopping Center
Dallas, TX (214) 696-0182
Tuesday, May 5

Atelier Galerie
P.O. Box 7358
Dolores and 6th Ave
Carmel, CA (408) 624-1900
Saturday, May 9

Bloch Gallery
26 Atlantic Ave
Marblehead, MA (617) 631-7477
Saturday, April 25

Fine Arts Gallery Inc
2 East Lancaster Ave
Ardmore, PA (215) 896-8161
Thursday, April 30

Austin Galleries
677 N. Michigan Ave
Chicago, IL (312) 943-3730
Sunday, May 3

Kenneth Behm Galleries, Ltd
109 Bellevue Square
Bellevue, WA (206) 454-0222
Wednesday, May 6

Upstairs Gallery
Southcoast Plaza
3333 Bristol St
Costa Mesa, CA (714) 549-9191
Sunday, May 10

J. Todd Galleries
572 Washington St
Wellesley, MA (617) 237-3434
Sunday, April 26

Meridian House International
Washington, DC
Friday, May 1

Patrician Galleries Inc
1649 A Sands Place
Marietta, GA (404) 955-2637
Monday, May 4

Austin Galleries
781 Beach St
San Francisco, CA (415) 775-7444
Thursday, May 7

Upstairs Gallery
275 South La Cienega Blvd
Beverly Hills, CA (213) 278-8334
Monday, May 11
Lindemans

Lindemans is one of Australia's largest wineries, producing more than 650,000 cases a year. The rapport between quality and price here is about as satisfactory as can be. My enthusiasm for its 1986 and 1985 chardonnays, particularly those called Bin 65 and Padthaway, is unabashed. Both sell for an unbelievable $6 to $9, are filled with tropical-fruit scents, and offer rich, buttery, yet refreshing flavors on the palate. The Padthaway, with an oakier style, is the larger and spicier of the two. It either were mistaken for a $25 bottle of French white Burgundy I would not be surprised. They are stunning values. Lindemans also offers a pungently herbaceous and aggressive sauvignon blanc; a good, light pinot noir; and several cabernets, one of which, the cabernet sauvignon from the St. George Vineyard, at $13 a bottle competes with wines costing two or three times as much. It has the classic, ripe black-currant bouquet, very good body, and good depth. Only the price is hard to believe.

Another top wine from Lindemans is the cabernet sauvignon and shiraz blend from the Limestone Ridge Vineyard, in one of Australia's best viticultural regions, the Coonawarra district. This is an even bigger, richer, more complex wine, with a fabulous bouquet of sweet, cedar, berry fruit, soft, lush flavors, and wonderful length. The amazing Lindemans wines are well worth seeking out in the marketplace.

Montrose

The Montrose Winery, in Mudgee, seems consistently to produce very fine chardonnays selling for $7 to $13 a bottle. Both the 1984s and 1985s are excellent, and if you want a little bit more oak in your wine, ask for the Montrose chardonnay with the words "Show Reserve" on the label.

It makes a little sweet wine that it calls Sauternes, which I find slightly bizarre, but both its cabernet sauvignon and its shiraz are excellent values and very fine wines. The 1982 cabernet sauvignon has a classic bouquet of black currant, cedar, and spice; and after a fairly disappointing 1983, the 1984 is just as good. The 1982 shiraz has a ripe, earthy, berry-scented bouquet and rather deep, rich, long flavors.

Penfolds

Penfolds produces Australia's greatest red wine. Indeed, the legendary Grange Heritage is, in my opinion, one of the four or five greatest red wines made in the world. I am not the only one who thinks so: Hugh Johnson has called it the one true first growth of the Southern Hemisphere, and it has been extolled by the head of the

AUSTRALIAN WINES ARE AVAILABLE, OF HIGH QUALITY, AND CHEAP.

Christie's wine department, Michael Broadbent. The vintages now on the market are the 1978 and 1979, and considering its quality, Penfolds is not going to give it away. It sells for $30 to $35 a bottle, but it is an awesome wine. Judging from its celestial bouquet of black currants and cedar, its flavors would seem to come from very old vines, and its incredible opulence and depth are of epic proportions.

This is not the only great red wine from Penfolds. Its cabernet sauvignon called Bin 707 behaves and tastes like some of the greatest Napa Valley cabernets. The 1982 has been winning blind wine tastings against both California and Bordeaux competitors for the last several years. It is simply loaded with black-currant flavors and has full body and a deceptively lush, silky texture but plenty of tannin in the finish. The Penfolds white wines are not up to the level of its reds, but its cabernet sauvignon and shiraz are worth a special effort to find and taste.

Petaluma

This luxury winery, in the viticultural area of Australia called Adelaide, is producing extremely high-quality wines, which connoisseurs the world over are taking very seriously. Its chardonnays are intensely flavored and full-bodied, reminiscent of the rich, dramatic wines produced by such California wineries as Mt. Eden and Chalone. Both the 1981 and the 1983 show intense, buttery fruit, good acidity, a plump, toasty richness, and excellent finishes. It also makes a fabulously rich, decadently sweet riesling having the sweetness of a Beerenauslese from Germany. With its low alcohol and intense richness and viscosity, it is a wine that can be either drunk young or aged for fifteen to twenty years. The best wine from Petaluma, in my opinion, is Coonawarra, a blend of cabernet sauvignon and shiraz selling at $13 a bottle, which has always reminded me of a very rich Pomerol, though there is no merlot in the blend. The 1979 and 1980 have wonderfully ripe, rich, sweet, oaky smells and impressive richness on the palate.

Rosemount Estate

Many Rosemount Estate wines are of high quality, but they can also be rather expensive. The best have been the boldly flavored, extroverted chardonnays. Its well-balanced 1984 and 1985 Show Reserve chardonnays, oozing with buttery, toasty fruit, make a considerable impression on the palate. They sell for $15 a bottle and, given their quality, are excellent values.

If you want something even more opulent and intense, try the Rosemount chardonnay called Roxburgh, which sells for up to a bold $35. It is a huge, oaky, toasty,
EPISODE

In the abstract art of Lau Chun, color and space create a certain universe of their own. Illusions engage the eye, inviting an ever inward search for shapes and forms of reality. Yet the landscape seen by the viewer is the viewer himself. In a kind of mosaic mirror we are faced with the feelings and images we allow.

With bold strokes of emotion, Lau Chun has mastered the essence of balance. In this dramatic work, his powerful planes of color are cast against an atmosphere of calmness and harmonized with soothing, sensuous curves. Even in its pure abstraction, it reveals the world of man as a world of symbols. What is real, it seems to suggest, is the episode that occurs within.

To purchase this fabulous painting or find out more about the artist and his other available works, please call toll-free: 800-367-8047 ext. 108. In Canada: 800-423-8733 ext. 108.

Lahaina Galleries

On Maui: Lahaina Gallery, Kapalua Gallery, Gallery Kaanapali, Casay Gallery, Lahaina Gallery Front Street
On Hawaii: Connoisseur’s Gallery at the Mauna Lani Bay Resort
Offices: 845 Wainee Street, Suite 213, Lahaina, Maui, HI 96761 (808) 667-7795

“Episode” by Lau Chun. Oil on canvas. 46 x 58 inches. Availability subject to prior sale. Price on request. © Lahaina Galleries, Inc. 1987
staggeringly rich wine that overpowers most food, but it makes a remarkable impression.

To date, the Rosemount red wines have lagged behind the excellent whites, but the newly released 1982 Show Reserve cabernet sauvignon is a rich, deep, harmonious wine that for $15 a bottle offers at least ten years of cellaring potential. In style, it resembles the great Beaulieu Private Reserve, of Napa Valley.

Seppelt

Seppelt, one of Australia’s largest wineries, offers several exceptional bargains. Its 1986 Reserve Bin chardonnay, at $7 a bottle, has dramatic tropical fruit and toasty oak aromas that seem to leap from the glass. A very fine 1984 cabernet sauvignon, at $8, designated by a black label, could easily be confused with a Médoc from a top vintage in Bordeaux. Seppelt has stocks of old port going back a century. Its nonvintage Para port, at $25, offers spectacularly rich, unctuous, smoky, hazelnut flavors and such richness and intensity that one bottle could easily serve a dinner party of twenty-four people. The wine is of such high quality that it deserves better than its ugly, squat bottle.

Mark Swann

This winery has a reputation for amazingly good wines at extremely fair prices. Again, its red wines seem to lag behind the whites in quality; the top successes are the chardonnays. The cutey named 1985 Koala Ridge chardonnay is made in a buttery, oaky style with plenty of ripe fruit and a fleshy, lush texture. If you prefer some-
Wine

thing less dramatic and more tart and citrusy, then look for either the 1985 or the 1986 chardonnay called Coonawarra. For an intense, oaky, buttery, creamy style of wine, Swann offers a chardonnay called Vintner's Select. The vintages to look for are either the 1984 or the 1985. Prices for all these wines are under $10 except for the Vintner's Select chardonnay, which sells for just over $10.

Tyrell's

Tyrell's is one of Australia's oldest and most famous wineries, known for producing probably the best wine value in the country, a blend of shiraz and cabernet sauvignon called Long Flat Red. Considering that an immense quantity of this wine is made, its consistency is amazing. The current vintage, the 1982—one of the best the winery has released in the last few years—sells for an amazing $4 to $5 a bottle. It has an intense bouquet of raspberry fruit and surprisingly rich, deep, but supple flavors. Stock up on it if you can; it will be enjoyable for the next three to four years, and values like this do not come around very often. Tyrell's also makes a smoky, oaky, buttery chardonnay, of which the 1984 Vat 47 is one of the better efforts.

Wolf Blass

The distinctive label has a forbidding, Teutonic appearance, but beyond the labels are wines of obvious quality. The 1982 cabernet-and-shiraz blend has a moderately intense cedar, spicy, blackberry bouquet and rich, full-bodied flavors; it will age for at least another five or six years. The 1981 cabernet sauvignon, with a black label, is at $13.50 a bottle twice the price of the 1982 but has a very opaque color, full intensity, voluptuous, cedar, sweet bouquet, and very ripe, deep, long flavors.

There are, of course, many more Australian wineries worth watching out for. One that makes amazingly good values in chardonnay and cabernet sauvignon is the Wyndham Estate, whose wines can often be found on the market for under $6 a bottle. For serious cabernet sauvignon, look for the wines from St. Huberts, which are of very high quality, though they are by no means bargains. Brokenwood and the famous Brown Brothers also make fine cabernet sauvignons. For sparkling wines, no one does better in Australia than Yellowglen, whose wines usually sell for under $10 a bottle and offer far more interesting flavors and character than most of the bland stuff from California.

Introducing

THE WORLD'S FINEST MUSEUM REPLICA... CREATED BY POLAROID

Now Own Flawless Reproductions of the World's Great Paintings!

Breakthrough Replica Process of Astonishing Quality!

Each An Original...Created Directly From a Masterwork!

Now you can own the finest MUSEUM REPLICA in the world!

BREAKTHROUGH...is the only word that truly describes the MUSEUM REPLICA COLLECTION! Polaroid has created a marriage of art and technology so astonishing...that every texture...every brush-stroke...every crack and paint chip in the original work is flawlessly reproduced!

PLUS...each MUSEUM REPLICA is truly an original...created directly from a masterwork...using a specially developed camera...and a remarkable ultra large format Polaroid film!

THE RESULT...replicas so beautiful...so authentic in every detail...so unlike any other reproductions you have ever seen...that you may not believe your eyes!

Send today for FREE details!

The MUSEUM REPLICA COLLECTION

20 Garley Avenue Troy, New York 12182

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

City _______ State ___ Zip _______

☐ Yes! Please send me FREE Details today!
THE MOST GRAPHIC WEEKEND
IN AUCTION HISTORY!

FABULOUS COLLECTIONS OF OVER 2,000 FILM, CIRCUS,
THEATRICAL, WILD WEST AND MINSTREL POSTERS TO BE SOLD.
ANIMATION AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATION ALSO FEATURED.

MAY 29•30•31
THE ARMORY, PARK AVENUE AND 66TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

An extraordinary array of important posters, animation and original illustrations will be auctioned at the Park Avenue Armory in what will be one of New York City’s major spring events.

CIRCUS, THEATRE, MINSTREL & WILD WEST
Guernsey’s is honored to offer 600 extremely rare and beautiful turn-of-the-century posters from the unequalled collection of Circus World Museum (owned by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin). Of particular note will be 400 circus and 200 theatrical, minstrel and outstanding Buffalo Bill Wild West posters produced in limited numbers by the Strobridge Lithograph Company. These works, designed by leading artists using the finest printing technology then available, represent the height of graphic art, and many are among the only known copies to exist. A dazzling selection of multi-sheet posters includes several large, overwhelmingly exceptional Buffalo Bill images. Circus World Museum works will be auctioned without reserves.

CINEMA
The history of cinema will be screened in over 1,000 posters of such favorites as King Kong, Casablanca, Gone With the Wind, The Mark of Zorro, The Day the Earth Stood Still, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, Wings, Roaring 20s and images from the world-renowned Walt Disney Productions. Charlie Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino, Fatty Arbuckle, Marlene Dietrich, Garbo and Bogart are among the well-known idols whose films still capture the hearts and minds of Americans. These posters represent a truly outstanding cross-section of the genre, eclipsing, in its unprecedented quality, Guernsey’s own previous sale of such material. Lobby cards (including Dracula) and cinematic artifacts will be added attractions.

ANIMATION & ILLUSTRATION
The event commences Friday evening with the 250-lot auction of illustration and animation art. Significant collections of John Held, Jr. and Harrison Cady will be joined by major works of J.C. Leyendecker, Flagg, Christy, Dunn, Bells, Koerner, Tepper, Nast, Cornwell and A.W. Brown. Approximately 100 lots of Disney animation, including, among others, important cels from Snow White, Bambi, Fantasia, Pinocchio, Peter Pan and Alice in Wonderland are featured items. The first public showing ever of the very fine work created by the Alexander Film Studio will cap the evening. Spanning the decades 1920-1950, these exceptional pieces will include important early black and white animation.

THE EVENT:
Thursday, May 28 Noon-9 PM Preview
Friday, May 29 10 AM-9 PM Preview
7 PM Auction Sale. Animation and Illustration
Saturday, May 30 10 AM
*Auction Sale. Movie Posters
Sunday, May 31, 10 AM
*Auction Sale: Circus, Theatrical, Minstrel and Wild West Posters

*Please note: It is anticipated that the sale will last well into the evening Saturday and Sunday.

THE LOCATION: The event will be held at the 7th Regiment Armory, Park Avenue at 66th Street, New York City.

THE CATALOGUES: Two handsome, well-photographed catalogues are available for $12 each ($20 the pair) by mail from Guernsey’s, 136 East 73rd Street, NYC, NY 10021. Please order as follows: Catalogue I Movie Posters, Animation, Illustration. Catalogue II: Circus, Theatrical, Minstrel, Wild West Posters. (Please indicate preference when ordering)

THE DETAILS: Cash, certified checks or traveler’s checks preferred unless other payment arrangements have been made in advance with Guernsey’s. If you wish to pay with a personal check for an amount over $500, it must be accompanied by a letter of guarantee from your bank or items will be held until check clears. 10% Buyer’s Premium and telephone bids accepted. Admission to all activities by catalogue (admits two) or $5/person. For additional information, call Guernsey’s at 212-794-2280.

Auction Lic. #795-147.

GUERNSEY’S
136 EAST 73RD STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10021
TO THE LIGHTHOUSE

"The lights in a room must be no less important than the walls or the floor." This pithy dictum keeps James Evanson busy—busy making lights, that is. As he sees it, lights are indispensable devices that go far beyond merely illuminating a space. They are themselves, so to speak, architectonic.

Evanson is the inventor and manufacturer of what he calls "lighthouses," lamps that allude to urban buildings or elevated futuristic homes. Among the cognoscenti, they are coveted. Don Johnson has one in his "Miami Vice" apartment, and Edward (Tiny Alice) Albee has one in New York.

Despite their sobriquet, Evanson's lighthouses look much more likely to suffuse warm moods through a room than to guide ships safely to port. Whether they are standing upright or sitting on a table, facets of colored light seam through the grid openings, casting soft, obtuse rectangles and sharp-edged squares onto surrounding walls, floors, or people. They can be found in Italian museums and in such Manhattan shops as Gallery 91, Art & Industry, and Clodagh, Ross & Williams. You might also look around at Architectonica, in Coral Gables; Grace Designs, in Dallas; and Cyra, in Chicago.

Born in Montana in 1946, Evanson ran off at age twenty-five to Los Angeles to attend the Art Center of Design. There, in addition to learning art and crafts skills, he began cultivating his interest in wood, leather, metal, and light—what he calls "natural materials." The skills came in handy when he confronted the problem of making a living while pursuing a career in art. Evanson founded, in 1974, the Blue-line & Construction Company, a business in which he infused geometric design and manufacturing with an artistic sensibility. Its principal "products" are architecture, interior design, lighting, and furniture. After Blue-line's initial success, the logical step was to set up shop in New York.

Evanson counts among his influences constructivism and contemporary functional art. He also has paid much attention to the modernist chairs of Charles Rennie Mackintosh, the ornate conceptualism of Frank Lloyd Wright, and the intricate geometries of Josef Hoffman. His first pieces of furniture were unusual, to put it mildly. There were the "Primazoid" chair and a drawer unit, trapezoidal in form and leaning to one side, for example, plus a few chairs of Latis (a material), recalling the Bauhaus era, and matching "Hedron" tables, silkscreened with detail.

No sooner did Evanson get these pieces into Art & Industry than a series of his drawings of wall-construction pieces were put on exhibition at the feisty OK Harris gallery, in Manhattan. Thus established, he decided to earn a degree in architecture. All this led to Evanson's return, three years ago, to the world of light. "Light must become an extension of the living environment," he states, with the evangelistic conviction of one who feels that most homes are, probably, still somewhere in the dark.

—Paul Bob

KING OF THE BOW MONDE

When fashion buyers saw Patrick Kelly's 1987 summer collection at Paris's Grand Hotel, they giggled nervously. Polyester python-skin evening gowns! Chanel-like
An exhibition of recent works by Alvar, comprising important paintings, limited-edition bronze sculptures, ceramic bas-reliefs and original lithographs will be presented from April 25 to May 31, 1987. The artist will be present at the gallery on April 25 and 26.

Austin Galleries
781 Beach Street, San Francisco, California 94109

For information concerning the Alvar exhibition please telephone Mr. Fred Laidlaw, Vice President: 415-775 7444
Old-masterism as religious iconography: Dan Witz’s Jessica, 1986, above, and below, from left to right, Frank, Howie, and Marcela, all 1983.

Looking Backward
Dan Witz, twenty-nine, is an anomaly: he paints like an old master. A denizen of the ultra-progressive downtown Manhattan art scene, he wears leather jackets and jeans, but his work is rivetingly traditional. In fact, so mysteriously unexpected is his talent that one critic was reduced to blustering that the paintings are “provocatively straitlaced, progressive because reactionary.”

Witz’s secret is that he uses an ingeniously combination of techniques involving the application of many layers of glazes. The end product is gratifyingly reminiscent of the work of such old masters as Rembrandt and Velázquez, whom he regards, modestly, as his inspiration. His highly realistic studies of body parts, set in a dark—almost religiously dark—background have created quite a stir. Surprisingly for an artist so young, Witz has already had five one-man shows, and his talent has been recognized by collectors (the paintings go for around $5,000) as well as by critics.

Born in Chicago, the son of a businessman, Witz became interested in art at an early age. He studied formally at the prestigious Cooper Union School of Art and Architecture. Temporarily disillusioned with the art world, he turned his creative talents to music, touring as a keyboard player with the well-known experimental musician Glenn Branca. After a visit to the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, Witz was reconverted to art. It was time, he says, to attempt “a viable modern art using traditional techniques.”

One of the artist’s earliest projects was to paint tiny, realistically rendered hummingbirds on over forty walls in Lower Manhattan. A book documenting the project was funded by the National Endowment for the Arts. “Afterward,” says Witz, “I spent years trying to paint like Giotto.” Now that he has mastered traditional techniques, the only question is what subjects he will choose. To check for yourself, stop in at the Semaphore Gallery, in SoHo, Manhattan. —Deborah Steadman

Theatrical Polymath
Get ready to add Simon Callow to the long list of British actors who change the course of their profession. Currently, Callow is best-known in the United States for his droll performance as the portly Reverend Beebe in the much-ballyhooed movie of A Room with a View. The genial, freethinking chaplain figure, you might recall, features rather prominently in the nude-bathing scene. Callow’s handling of
For the Corporate Collection and the Discriminating Collector


Sculpture by:
Dini, Herb Mignery, Chester Armstrong, E. MacQueen,

Complimentary color brochures
Full Color Catalogue $15.00 (64 pages, 48 Artists Featured)

Carmel • La Jolla
Specializing in corporate art and featuring an extensive collection of more than 90 artists: Impressionists, Realists, Classical Masters and Neo-Impressionists.
Monthly one-man and group shows in Carmel and La Jolla. Invitations available upon request. Call for details.

CALIFORNIA 1-800-221-2517
NATIONAL 1-800-821-5387
The actor outside his spiritual home, Britain's National Theatre.

Simon Callow in his celebrated role as Reverend Beebe in A Room with a View.

The actor outside his spiritual home, Britain's National Theatre.

The actor outside his spiritual home, Britain's National Theatre.

The actor outside his spiritual home, Britain's National Theatre.

MEET ME AT THE H2O BAR

When the Ionian philosopher-scientist Thales of Miletus boldly substituted natural elements for the gods, he made water the principal component in his cosmology, believing it to be the primal and most powerful substance. This, of course, was during the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., a time when water was appreciated as the essential vivifying force.

These days a glass of tap water is as likely to mummify the body as to vivify the spirit. Contemporary epicureans prefer to reach for the bottled variety—and what a mindboggling array confronts them! California, predictably, has dreamed up the most up-to-date solution. It comes in the form of a bar devoted to the imbibing of nothing but bottled water.

Located on the corner of Rodeo Drive and “little” Santa Monica Boulevard, this high-tech oasis is neatly tucked inside the clothing establishment named [ixi:z]. Once seated, you can either consult the menu, which lists over seventy-two bottled waters from twenty-five countries, or simply choose from the multiteried display by label design alone. The name of each brand is accompanied by a listing of its carbonation level (sparkling versus still), its mineral content (i.e., calcium, sodium, potassium, magnesium), and its mythical properties. For example, this reporter tried a bottle of Borjomi, from Russia ($2), which is said to be the water for a hangover. It was very high in minerals, was moderately carbonated, and did seem rather hearty as compared to a Sariza from Greece ($2), which was low in minerals and almost flat.

The [H2O — | water bar] is graciously hosted and operated by the well-named August Suellows, who encourages us to consider seriously the selection of our daily intake. (That is, we should keep in mind the healing properties of trace minerals as opposed to the many contaminants found in most tap water.) No wonder that in France alone over twelve hundred bottled waters exist to choose among.

On any given day the water bar offers an invigorating alternative to the afternoon booze-up. Most waters flow for under $2 per liter, a sum that entitles you to vicarious entry to China, Yugoslavia, Belgium, Hawaii, Transylvania (Rumania), and even Lebanon. You can also order gift boxes of select brands, or you can simply take water out to enjoy in the privacy of your own home.

—P.B.

Edited by Melik Kaylan
CLUSIVE:
THE FINEST
LACE
ROME

MING:
BOLSHOI'S
V STAR

COVERY:
AY'S BEST
GER
The La Barge Collection of fine mirrors, tables, chairs, and screens is available through select showrooms. Ask your designer, or write for our free brochure.

La Barge, Dept. 638, P.O. Box 1769, Holland, Michigan 49422.
Fine Group of Blue and White Porcelain
Of the Kangxi (K'ang Hsi) Period, A.D. 1662–1722
WHITE LINEN
Rolex Crown Collection

For her, the ultimate expression of the watchmaker's art. Emeralds, rubies and sapphires. Each complemented by a sparkling array of diamonds. Only at your Official Rolex Jeweler.

Watch and matching ring available only as a set.

92 A GREAT BLOODLINE  For generations, the Head family has dominated horse racing in France, by G. Y. Dryansky

98 FAKE! A brilliant forger of pre-Colombian statues tells all, by Mimi Crossley and E. Logan Wagner

104 BACK IN BLOOM  Bloomsbury's favorite garden, by Margaret Parke

108 ALL IN THE FAMILY  A visit to Rome's finest palazzo, by Patricia Corbett

118 TOP OF THE HEAP  Why an English editor got the best job in American book publishing, by Jo Durden-Smith

122 THE NEXT APÉRITIF  In praise of Monbazillac, by John Winthrop Haeger

126 THE SECRET OF CALVIN AND HOBBES  At last, a comic strip with imagination

128 AALTO'S CONCERN  He was architecture's humanist, by Walter McQuade

134 PLACE OF HONOR  Do not miss this stand at London's Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, by Judy Spours

138 CHEEFFACTORY  The old Gordon Bleu school is alive and well in Sussex, England, by Corby Kummer

144 INVESTOR'S FILE  Flower paintings

150 UP & COMING  An avant-garde filmmaker; a chef; a jewelry designer

158 TRAVELINE  Island escapes
INSTRUMENTS OF PLEASURE

The handiwork of master craftsmen is unmistakable. It has a certain look, a certain feel, a certain sound. Such works, and the pleasure they bring to those who can truly appreciate them, are timeless.

So it is with the Aston Martin Lagonda. A handcrafted work which takes four months of individual hand sculpting, backed by seventy years of tradition. Which accounts for the fact that only twenty five new Lagondas will be available in the entire United States this year.

And why it is simply the finest automobile that can be bought today.

The Aston Martin Lagonda.
An exclusive example of modern genius.

We invite you to write for our brochure: Aston Martin Lagonda, 180 Harvard Avenue, Stamford CT 06902. (203) 359-2259.
Designed by Tiffany. Made by Tiffany. Available only at Tiffany.
Necklace of rubies and diamonds set in platinum and eighteen karat gold with diamond earclips.

TIFFANY & CO.
To Grand Expectations.

Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof. For gift delivery anywhere call 1-800-CHEER-UP (except where prohibited by law). ©1985 Carilton Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.
BIRD ROBINSON

Recent Paintings: July 8 through 31, 1987

GUMP'S
SINCE 1861

250 POST STREET  ·  SAN FRANCISCO  ·  (415) 982-1616
Spirit
$33,000

Genta—by the master, for the select

gérald genta
Genève

Gerald Genta—North America, Inc., Trump Tower, 725 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022 • 212/759-3340
The art of travel.

Discover the art of travel at the Louis Vuitton stores in North America.

New York, 57th Street and 5th Avenue • Macy's Herald Square • Manhasset, The Americana Shopping Center • New Jersey, The Mall at Short Hills and Riverside Square, Hackensack • Boston, Copley Place • Washington D.C., 1028 Connecticut Avenue NW • Atlanta, Lenox Square

Palm Beach, Worth Avenue • Bal Harbour Shops • Town Center at Boca Raton • Houston, Galleria II • Dallas, Galleria

Chicago, Water Tower Place and at Marshall Field's State Street • Minneapolis, at Dayton's 70th on the Mall

Beverly Hills, Rodeo Collection • Palm Springs, The Court Yard • Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • San Francisco, Sutter Street

St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands • Honolulu, Ala Moana Center and Royal Hawaiian Center • Canada, Toronto, 110 Bloor Street W.
Some people have a talent for travel. They look upon travelling as a fine art.

These true connoisseurs require the best; it is for them that the Louis Vuitton craftsmen create luggage and perpetuate the tradition of custom-made pieces.

The Louis Vuitton craftsmen possess the secret of constantly renewing tradition, while maintaining all of its qualities. Using innovative and traditional materials, discovering new textures and vibrant colours, they create new forms for new destinations.

Custom-made, for the more discerning.

The Louis Vuitton initials are the stamp of authenticity of this unique concept. It has been maintained since 1854.
Around the world,

the radiance of Steuben glass

has illuminated the halls of

St. James's Palace,

the Vatican,

the White House

and

the library of

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lawrence

who, on October 1, 1986,
brought it home to their ranch

in Scottsdale, Arizona
to celebrate their
two hundred fortieth
(and final)
mortgage payment.
A selection of jewels in 18kt gold

20 ALBEMARLE STREET
(OFF BOND STREET)
LONDON W1
01-499 2879
Conceived and Commissioned by America’s Luxury Car Leader—Cadillac.

Designed and Handcrafted by Europe’s Renowned Design Leader—Pininfarina, SpA, of Turin, Italy.
It is an ultra-luxury roadster unlike any that has come before it. Allante creates a new class of performance that merges European road manners with Cadillac comfort and convenience. Cadillac specified that Allante coachwork be designed and handcrafted by Pininfarina, SpA, of Turin, Italy—designer of Ferrari Testarossa and Rolls-Royce Camargue. The sculptured bodies are flown from Europe via 747s to the U.S. for final assembly.

A high-performance V8 roadster that delivers the comfort and convenience you expect from a Cadillac. From ten-way Recaro seats handfitted with Italian leather to proper ergonomic placement of power assists and feature adjustments, Allante is designed for your total comfort and control. Handling is precise, but never harsh. And Allante has the new Bosch III Anti-Lock Braking System.

An uncommon automobile should come with an uncommon warranty. This one does. The Allante Assurance Plan safeguards your Cadillac for an unprecedented 6 years/75,000 miles. It provides coverage on items often overlooked by other new car limited warranties. In some cases, there is a deductible. In addition, this unique plan is transferable; however, certain restrictions apply. See dealer for details.
It turns the wind into a whisper.

Because the advanced aerodynamics of Allanté actually enhance driving comfort, at 55 miles per hour with the top removed, you and your passenger can hold a normal conversation. Put the hardtop on (no tools required) and Allanté exhibits the serene quiet of an international-class closed coupe. And the special folding convertible top has three glass windows.

Its only option affords you an additional office, as well as added security and convenience.

Allanté is so complete, the only extra-cost option we offer is a cellular telephone. Otherwise, every conceivable convenience comes with every Allanté. You will, however, have to choose among maroon, silver or gold metallic finishes. A pearl white tri-coat finish is also available.

When you have an Allanté, you certainly won’t see everyone else driving your car.

Because of the unique way Allanté is crafted on two continents, its production will be strictly limited.

Your Cadillac dealer invites you to inspect the ultra-luxury roadster unlike any that has come before it. Allanté, the new spirit of Cadillac.

LET'S GET IT TOGETHER...Buckle Up.
# Allanté Specifications

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Front-Wheel-Drive, 2-Place Roadster</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wheelbase/Curb Weight</td>
<td>99.4&quot;/3494 lbs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engine</td>
<td>High Output, 4.1-Liter Transverse-Mounted V8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Induction System</td>
<td>Sequential Port Fuel Injection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horsepower (bhp)</td>
<td>170 (@ 4300)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Torque (lb.-ft.)</td>
<td>235 (@ 3200)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compression Ratio</td>
<td>8.5:1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transmission</td>
<td>Four-Speed Automatic w/ Overdrive and Viscous Converter Clutch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suspension</td>
<td>Fully Independent/Deflected-Disc MacPherson F/R Struts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brakes</td>
<td>Bosch III Anti-Lock Braking System/Four-Wheel Discs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheels/Tires</td>
<td>15&quot; x 7&quot; Aluminum Alloy/Goodyear P225/60VR15 Radial</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fuel Economy</td>
<td>EPA estimated 22.5 mpg combined, 16 mpg city, 24 mpg highway Not Subject to Federal Gas Guzzler Tax</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touring Range*</td>
<td>528 mi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manufacturer’s Suggested Retail Price</td>
<td>$54,700**</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Range based on EPA est 24 mpg highway multiplied by gas tank capacity of 22 gallons.

**Including dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charge and other optional equipment additional.

---

The New Spirit of Cadillac.
June Diamonds

This magnificent diamond necklace and these cluster earclips, all by Harry Winston, will be included in our auction of Important Jewelry this June.

For catalogues, more information or our brochure on Buying and Selling Jewelry at Auction, please call (212) 606-7392. Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

Auction estimates: Necklace, $500,000-$600,000; Earclips, $100,000-$125,000.

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744
Plants on East and West Coasts
NEW YORK: D&D Building, 979 Third Avenue, N.Y. 10022
LOS ANGELES: Pacific Design Center, Melrose Avenue, CA 90069
Kaplan & Fox Inc., Boston Design Center, Boston, MA 617-482-6600
Karl Mann Chicago, 1611 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 312-670-3640
Peter Mandel, Inc., 4100 N.E. Second Avenue, Miami, FL 305-573-0600
Boyd-Levinson & Co., 1400 Hilite Drive, Dallas, TX 214-698-0226
The R&B Corporation, 300 D. Street, S.W. Washington D.C. 202-646-1540
J.M. Associates 680 Eighth Street, San Francisco, CA 415-621-4474

Design: IDC Interior Design Associates, Inc. • Thru your interior designer or architect

A selection of Georgian and Victorian period jewelry

J. MAVEC & COMPANY, LTD.
Antique Silver and Jewelry
52 East 76th Street, Third Floor, New York 10021
Telephone (212) 517-8822
AT THE SERVICE OF MONARCHS, LUMINARIES, STATESMEN AND MERE PERFECTIONISTS SINCE 1764

Saks Fifth Avenue  Frederick & Nelson  Ivey's
Fashioned of old, but never old fashioned

The sands of time do not only create diamonds. They also produce fashions.

But rest assured, the intrinsic beauty of your Garrard jewels will endure far beyond any modish whim.

In fact, never has the kind of antique jewellery for which Garrard is so revered been more appropriate for The Connoisseur.

After all, the finest stones, in settings born of the most precious metals, never go out of style.

GARRARD
The Crown Jewellers
The American Standard Whirlpool
You may think of an American Standard whirlpool as a luxurious indulgence. We see it as a technological masterpiece.

For example, our Sensorium™ with Ambiance™. It not only gives you a sensuous bathing experience, it also turns on the stereo, dims the lights and even answers the doorbell.

None of which could have been achieved without the latest advances in electronics, structural engineering and computer science.

Further, our whirlpools are virtually maintenance free.

A spectacular indulgence with no problems attached. That’s what luxury is about. And what technology is for.

For our Luxury Products Brochures, write to American Standard, Department HBT, P.O. Box 6820, Piscataway, N.J. 08855-6820.

Or call 1-800-821-7700 (ext. 4023) for your nearest showroom.

To see the Sensorium and our complete line of whirlpools, visit our Showplaces: Chicago (Ill. Crossroads of Commerce, Suite 100, Rolling Meadows); Dallas (12344 Inwood Rd.); Los Angeles (116 N. Robertson Blvd.); New York (40 W. 40th St.); Pittsburgh (100 Ross St.).
EBEL
The Architects of Time

JULES R. SCHUBOT
Jewellers — gemologists
3001 West Big Beaver Road, Suite 112, Troy, Michigan 48084, (313) 649-3122
Registered Jeweler American Gem Society
JUNE 1987

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

THE ART AGE

ours is an art-struck age. Our civilization equates art with immortality. I got to thinking about this after a Vincent van Gogh painting, Sunflowers, fetched $39.9 million at auction. The work went to a Japanese insurer, Yasuda, a company founded in 1888, the year before van Gogh painted the picture. Yasuda apparently also intended to replace another van Gogh Sunflowers, which was destroyed during the bombing of Yokohama in World War II. Can you top that?

I can. One of this nation’s most distinguished collectors, Ambassador Walter Annenberg, wanted the painting too—and dropped out of the bidding only after it passed the $20 million mark. He already owns the glorious van Gogh La Berceuse, the original one, and has never forgotten Vincent’s letters to his brother Theo expressing the plaintive wish that La Berceuse might someday hang in a museum flanked by a pair of Sunflowers. The ambassador hoped to lend the paintings to the Philadelphia Museum of Art—damn the cost! Too bad. It would have been poetic.

Such anecdotes lead me to wonder whether there has been any other time when people have been more passionate about the fine arts—or claimed they were. I suppose there were moments in ancient Rome and in Victorian England when whole sections of the populace went nuts about the arts. But then the devotion was strictly limited to the highly educated or the privileged—for whom there was but one acceptable style of art. Today our passion seems to engage all age groups and economic levels, and artistic styles are virtually limitless. Anything goes.

The dimensions of this phenomenon are mind-boggling. Every week, a museum somewhere is either rehabilitated or created. Special exhibitions are flourishing, from the “blockbuster” to the avant-garde. Moreover, from the jungles of Cambodia to the jumbles of our inner cities, patrons and donors as disparate as UNESCO and local savings banks are bending to the job of bringing splendid pieces of architecture and sculpture back to life. I know of no other field—except, possibly, medical science or theoretical physics—where an equal feeling of cooperation exists.

That’s not to say there isn’t controversy. Take, for example, the arguments swirling in the air over the restoration of the Sistine ceiling. Is it being destroyed, as some heatedly maintain, or revived? (To me it’s the latter.) But look at the benefit: there’s nothing like continuing publicity to keep conservators on their toes and accountable. In the past, “restorers” have quietly wrecked more monuments than Genghis Khan did.

Along with all the benefits of our art-struck times, some ridiculous things are going on, too. I’m not referring to the wild excesses of contemporary painting and sculpture, which have gone way, way beyond public comprehension. Living art has to be excessive; if it isn’t, it has let us all down. Still, every one of us fascinated with art has a gripe or two about the subject. Here are mine.

I resent the way some art museums have become fortresses of silence and snobbery, almost wholly uninterested in teaching and guiding their publics. Do they think it a mistake to be informative? All too many museums couldn’t care less that the works displayed in some of their most exalted chambers are not what their labels say they are. It’s also gotten so that every painting and every piece of furniture looks as if it had just emerged from the studio. The labels should tell us that a certain painting or a piece of furniture has been damaged or restored. We can take the truth.

There are too many fakes on exhibition. But far worse than getting fooled is trying to fool the public by a cover-up. A number of eminent art museums are still trying to hide the minor embarrassment of having acquired a fake or two. The professional reaction is to come out and admit it—just as the Dallas Museum, the St. Louis Art Museum, and New York’s Metropolitan did recently, when one of our writers revealed the identity of the great forger Brigido Lara, who in the decades leading up to 1974 created thousands of spectacular and unique pre-Columbian “masterpieces” (see page 98).

Finally, there is a dangerous fashion afoot: that of talking about art always in terms of money. The growing tendency to measure the quality of an artist’s work only by a dollar amount is nauseating. I suppose from now on one painting by van Gogh will no longer be more sensitive or radiant or poetic or disturbed than another. One will be “forty million”; another, “five and a quarter”; a small (and not so good) one, “only one and a half.” How many times, in wandering through a gallery, I’ve overheard the remark “That’s nice. That might fetch a couple million.” I feel like shouting, “That’s not the point!” But this particular barbarism hardly undermines the benefits of our art-struck age.
roaming among the full-blown versions of the architectural images that had so impressed him in the library. He was "violently smitten," he wrote, watching the construction of the dome of the Hôtel de Salm. In 1789, burning with new schemes, he returned to Monticello; in 1796 he tore down half of what he had left behind and redesigned the eight-room manse into a thirty-five-room rustic palace with a dome—the first in America. On an early visit, the marquis de Chastellux noted with dry approval, "Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the Fine Arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."

Jefferson plunged ahead with plans for more refinements. Each room bore a decorative motif based on a different classical order. The frieze in his bedroom suite (where he installed a skylight and, in the closet, ventilating portholes as well) was borrowed from the Ionic Temple of Fortuna Virilis (Manly Fortune), in Rome. Jefferson was all the while engaged in perfecting such useful inventions as a revolving serving door, a candle stand with a reflector, and a polygraph (a duplicating writing device). When in Paris, he had been so thoroughly impressed at the Café Mécanique by the bottles of wine pulleved up through the hollow legs of the tables that he installed a similar system in his own dining room.

The show reveals throughout Jefferson's addiction to gadgets and accounts-keeping. There is a list of the sculptures he would have loved to have copies of for his own—the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Medici, and a reposing gladiator, among quite a few others—as well as a list of his monthly correspondence, running to some 1,200 letters a year. The section describing daily routines stagers with its evidence of Jefferson's unflagging resourcefulness and energy. In addition to various cottage industries for making nails, bricks, and fabrics, he personally oversaw the regular crops and a wide range of exotic plantings and vegetables brought in for experimentation from Europe and the American frontier. And he still had time to relax, observes Lucia Stanton, research director for the show, pointing to a display containing Jefferson's bottle-green round sunglasses and a linen riding jacket. "We call this part," she says, "'TJ at the beach.'"

—Julie V. Iovine

Acconci's Home Works

A thematic survey spanning Vito Acconci's remarkable artistic career opens at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art on June 5. A New Yorker since his birth (in 1940), Acconci sidestepped from poetry to visual art in the sixties, a move that foreshadowed the artist's free-ranging use of various media, often to convey quite literary messages. The exhibition, entitled "Vito Acconci: Domestic Trappings," presents a historical cross section of work: approximately thirty-five pieces in which Acconci variously calls into play architecture, the notion of home, and domestic relationships. Poetry, drawings, documentation of performances, video, installations (one, a 1974 piece never before shown in the United States; another, an outdoor work created specially for La Jolla), and recent interactive objects and
When car makers speak of vision, it's usually to discuss the rake of a windshield. When BMW employs the term, it's to expound a philosophy. One of unremitting zeal for performance, for which there is no greater thesis than the new BMW 735i.

A car which emerged after 7 years, 3 million test miles and over 400 prototypes as not just a new luxury car. But a new conception of the luxury car.

**LUXURY RETHOUGHT, FROM MACROCOSM TO MICROCOSM.**

That the BMW 735i heralds a new vision of the luxury car is proclaimed in every feature, from its largest component to its minutest detail.

From a torque-rich new 208-horsepower engine whose catalytic converter paradoxically enhances both fuel economy and performance;* to electronic variable assist power steering that provides something rarely experienced in ultra luxury cars: a tactile feel of the road.

From a veritable brain trust of leading technology that optimizes driver, engine and brake performance (the Active Check Control alone monitors 26 of the car's functions through a single digital readout), to 9-mph bumpers at a time when the industry standard has been lowered to 2.5 mph.

From computer-perfected front and rear crush zones, to a seat belt that ad-
It itself automatically to the driver.

From an elegantly sensuous interior thend in supple, hand-crafted leather, to a fer between suspension and chassis banishes road noise from an already se- interior.

From a Death Valley-proven air-condi-

ing system considered the world's longest and most automated” (Auto Motor

d Sport), to an electronic automatic trans-

sion that lets you choose sport, economy manual shifting modes.

And, finally, from a wider, longer, lower, pre feline and aerodynamic body, to seats it “remember” positions for three different vers, including outside mirror settings.

A 3,800-POUND WATCH.

To manufacture such a total rethink of the luxury car mandates a rethink of the whole assembly process.

Engine tolerances one-fifth the thick-

ness of a human hair.

A demanding 37-step rustproofing and painting regimen.

Inquisition-like inspections, demand-

ing not 100 or even 1,000 steps, but a tortur-

ous 7,000. With a daily average of one quality control inspector for every finished car.

The result is the new BMW 735i. A lux-

ury sedan more akin to a 3,800-lb. Swiss watch than an ordinary automobile.

A creation which could only be the handiwork of visionaries. A group of whom invite you to relish the product of their vision at your nearest authorized BMW dealer.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.
Building metaphors: Vito Acconci’s recent People’s Wall, above, and Houses up the Wall (for M.-W.H.), both made in 1985.

hints at the implications of the work. Entrapment has been a major theme in Acconci’s art from the start: entrapment of the self in the body; of the body in restrictive, metaphorically charged spaces; of the viewer or other performer as unwitting collaborator in the artist’s exploitative projects.

Some of Acconci’s early works (such as Seedbed, 1972, in which the artist, hidden beneath a false floor in an art gallery, masturbated while fantasizing aloud about his audience) earned him widespread notoriety for their provocative amorality. These partially gave way in the midseventies to room and house constructions from which Acconci himself was absent (except, occasionally, for his recorded voice). Machine-like, these viewer-activated works are inviting rather than ensnaring, appealing, as they do, to a sense of play—to the instinctive child trapped in all of us. The most recent work, more expansive still, has moved into the public realm. It turns architectural motifs (and functions) into forms that serve as analogues for the human body as well as paradigms of the objects they represent.

Thus, the show plots one of Acconci’s abiding concerns—the universal duality of the self and (its) others: mind/body, adult/child, subject/object, controlling/controlled, powerful/weak, public/private, and so on. The argument it makes for Acconci’s work is, however, also mildly revisionist. “Domestic Trappings” reveals that Acconci’s more recent work is every bit as emotionally compelling as the earlier—a consistency that critics have generally been unwilling to recognize. Perhaps equally important, the early work can now be considered from a historical perspective, which reveals it to have been not just daringly experimental but among the most influential art produced in the past two decades.

After closing at La Jolla August 2, the show travels to the Neuberger Museum, Purchase, New York (September 27–January 17, 1988), and the Laumeier Sculpture Garden, St. Louis. —Sarah McFadden

**THE BERLIN SCREEN**

The divided city of Berlin, with its infamous wall, at once artificial and all too real, has come to symbolize postwar Europe. Less well known is its history as a center of avant-garde film culture, which was inaugurated long before the city became an East–West pawn and continues to this day. Berlin is the place where Hans Richter and Viking Eggeling created some of the first abstract film experiments of the 1920s.

Independent cinema in West Germany has thrived in the last two decades (with much institutional help), and Berlin has attracted more than its share of filmmakers who see their work as a challenge to the conventional film industry. In celebration of the city’s 750th anniversary, Lawrence Kasdich, film curator at New York’s Museum of Modern Art, has organized a summer-long series of twenty films made in and about Berlin, a selection of avant-garde and unconventional works that richly express the city’s central role in shaping these film artists’ sensibilities (June 11–September 5). It will be well worth attending.

Made over the last fifteen years, the films in the program include a two-day focus on super-8-mm works, pieces by the...
Earning it has never been easy.

Applying is. Call 1-800-648-AMEX.
Connoisseur's World

Berlin underground notables Lothar Lamberti and Rosa von Praunheim and the American filmmakers Ernie Gehr and Yvonne Rainer. The latter two began their projects as German-government-grant recipients in the seventies.

The works of Berlin's women directors figure most prominently in the MOMA program, a reflection of the city's recent history as a center of European feminist culture. Since the early seventies, Berlin has been the base for the European feminist film community and the home of its most influential journal, Frauen und Film, edited by the writer-director Helke Sander. Her 1977 feature Redupers: The All-

Kontrahent Berlin: Ulrike Ottinger's Portrait of a Woman Drinker/Ticket of No Return.

Round Reduced Personality, is about a woman and a city divided by the realities of political power and urban existence. Shot in deadpan style in black and white, the film traces seventy-two hours in the life of a single mother whose work as a photographer doesn't pay enough for her to survive on and doesn't allow her time for her child or her personal need for reflection. Her participation in a women's group billboard exhibition brings her into conflict with sponsors who seek to promote tourism at the expense of artistic concerns.

Ulrike Ottinger's woman in Portrait of a Woman Drinker/Ticket of No Return (1979) also functions as an overloaded metaphor, but the director's style is far more rarefied, relying on exaggerated color and gesture. Singularly focused on drinking herself to a plausible death, the woman arrives at Reality airport and proceeds from one chic nightspot to another, changing her exotic costumes with perplexing frequency, while being followed by a trio of modestly attired muses named Social Question, Exact Statistics, and Common Sense. Ottinger aims away from moral judgment, but her film inadvertently comments on West Berlin's peculiarly unreal quality as a window on the West, a place without sub-

Give your home the time it deserves.

The magnificent Christian Eby Clock

This museum-quality long-case clock is a faithful reproduction of one built in 1790 by master clockmaker Christian Eby in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania—a seat of early American clockmaking. Handcrafted in the original manner by Hamilton, the Christian Eby is authentic in every detail—its dramatic 941/2-inch height, exquisite cherry wood case, handpainted dial and moon wheel. Even the solid brass movement with its resonant bell-strike chime replicates the original. A clock such as this does more than announce the time of day. It enhances your home and enriches your life.

Only 350 Christian Eby Clocks will be crafted. A brass plate inside the case will bear your name and edition number. An authorized Hamilton agent will personally supervise delivery and perform the balancing and setup of your clock. This special service plus shipping and insurance are included in the $5995 price.

Free Color Brochure

To reserve your purchase or to obtain a fact-filled, full-color Christian Eby brochure, simply call us toll-free at 1-800-233-0281. In Pennsylvania call 717-394-7161, Extension 2175.

Hamilton

An American Tradition Since 1892
P.O. Box 7343, Lancaster, PA 17604
Extravagance is its own reward.

Ring and earrings of South Sea pearls and diamonds, handcrafted in platinum or 18k gold from our private studio. Shown actual size.

BORIS & B LE BEAU

721 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10021
(212) 752-4186
150 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, FL 33480
(305) 655-3702
Design.
Sculpture

"Contemplation"
Lifesize in Bronze,
Edition of nine,
Sculptor: David Backhouse.

Please send $6 for catalogue to
Cornelia Crowther.
Crowther of Syon Lodge,
London Road, Isleworth,
Middlesex TW7 5BH England
Tel: 01 1441 560 7978 Telex 8951308
Syon Lodge is open Monday to Friday 9 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday 11 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.

The Crowther
Of Syon Lodge
Gallery

Situated near the centre of London
en route to Heathrow Airport
CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

Sybilla's Magic Needle

At a time when the international fashion trend is toward the snug, structured, and safe, the phantasmic designs of a twenty-three-year-old Spanish woman simply named Sybilla are claiming a growing following in Europe and the United States.

Although her designs have been called Pre-Raphaelite and surrealistic, they finally beggar those terms. A Sybilla garment will often seem to have the old-world aura of a wondrous find in an antique-clothing shop, in part because Sybilla insists on hand finishing. Her collections are huge, "overflowing," as she says, the last one comprising some 300 pieces in natural fabrics and her own dyes, in woody shades of ochre, rust, teal, pine, cream, maroon, brown, yellow-green, and gray. The shapes and silhouettes of her garments resist generalization. They may be amusing and idiosyncratic but are never gimmicky: the same idea is rarely used twice in the same way.

In her "profile" jacket, for example, each of the front panels of the garment is a simplified profile, with the button as the eye and the pocket the eyebrow. The tailored clothes are often wired and padded in places for comfort and off-the-body volume. In her fall collection, huge polka dots, abstract shapes, and, on some garments, even a doll are raised and quilted for texture. Vaguely primitive or cabalistic embroideries, usually in black, also appear. The overall sensibility is soft and mysterious, graceful and vaguely disturbing. There is no harsh angle in sight.

Born in New York to an Argentinian father and a Polish-countess mother, Sybilla moved to Spain when she was six. In Madrid, when she was fifteen years old, she was present at the birth of the "Movida," the burst of political and cultural fresh air that followed the death of Franco. Two years later she went to Paris to serve an apprenticeship with Yves Saint Laurent. At her atelier she learned sewing and the intricacies of couture finishing; she also recognized the kind of designing she didn't want to do.

Back home in Madrid, Sybilla began to design first footwear and then clothing. Her work caught on almost immediately, but her insistence on handwork made it enormously expensive. Even so, Spanish industries were inclined to back promising young designers, and a Madrid manufacturer soon had Sybilla signed to a seven-year contract. The designer resolved to have her designs industrially produced but hand-finished, appliqued, and embroidered, thereby preserving their almost touchingly homemade look.

Sybilla has already won Munich's young-designer award and has been hailed by the European press as the sensation of Spanish fashion. More of Sybilla is certain to come: a shop will open soon in Paris, and the designer has plans to turn her rare talent to lingerie and more children's wear.

—Regan Charles
The Artistry of Van Cleef & Arpels

Van Cleef & Arpels
The signature of great jewelry.

New York 744 Fifth Avenue 10019 (212) 644-9500
Beverly Hills 300 North Rodeo Drive 90210 (213) 276-1161 Palm Beach 249 Worth Avenue 33480 (305) 655-6767
Paris Cannes Monte Carlo Geneva Tokyo Osaka Hong Kong London

Design © 1987 Van Cleef & Arpels
ROME'S SUBWAY ARCHAEOLOGY

The threading of a subway through the greatest archaeological site of the Western world is not your straightforward civic-improvement project. Sporadically built over nearly a half century now, Rome's Metropolitana now roughly crosses the city from Ottaviano to Anagnina, along Linea A, and from the Termini (the train station) to Laurentina, along Linea B. The extension of Linea B eastward to the fabled gardens of Tivoli will soon be completed, and two new lines and ten new stations are in the planning stage. In contrast to the grim functionality of most of the world's subway systems, the plan for La Metropolitana promises displays of excavated archaeological findings in situ, inside the subway tunnels, with the riders playing the role of a mobile audience paraded before a theater of ruins.

This represents a vast change of attitude from the days when the first Rome subway, Linea A, was started, under Mussolini in 1938. Then, there was no thought to saving the archaeology, says Emanuele Gatti, the man responsible for preserving the city's historic center, at the Soprintendenza Archeologica di Roma. "The damage was enormous, even worse than the paving over of the fori imperiali," he says, referring to the avenue built on top of the imperial forums by Mussolini so that he could enjoy the view of the Colosseum from his window in the Piazza Venezia. "However, the earlier archaeological destruction is virtually unknown," says the courteous Dr. Gatti, "because the discoveries are still unpublished."

Of the many ancient structures encountered and objects recovered, at least ten, in Gatti's estimation, can be considered masterpieces. The most important, he says, is a white marble statue of Jupiter, the supreme Roman deity. The exquisite, life-size (177 cm) figure, made of Greek parian marble, was found during the construction of the newer Linea A, which was inaugurated in 1980. Such pieces usually surface headless or in pieces, but this Jupiter was rather miraculously found upright between huge cement columns being hammered into the ground only meters apart. It still bore traces of gold leaf on its face.

The site was in an area that used to be a first-century Roman suburb, roughly what Greenwich, Connecticut, today is to New York City. The statue is now housed in the Museo Nazionale Romano along with other subway finds, just a stone's throw from the former elegant residential area. Other subway-dig finds have also been placed in the offices of the Soprintendenza.

One of the architects undertaking the construction of the ten new subway stations is Evaristo Nicolao, from the Transist Design Firm. He recalls being mildly amused a few years ago when Paris inaugurated its Louvre subway station. The idea of the art displays was originally developed in Rome, he says, though realized first in Paris. However, at the Louvre station the artworks are reproductions. The new Rome subway is supposed to stick to the real things, deployed inside and outside the mouths of the stations. (At the moment, the only such example is the headless statue of a Roman emperor in the old Stazione Colosseo.)

Renovation will begin on the sixteen old stations of La Metropolitana simultaneously with the new ones. An aesthetic and spatial accommodation of the old with the new is essential, maintains Nicolao. In the poorer suburbs, jury-built in haste during the fifties and sixties, the new subway stations are projected as the missing piazzas, or civic meeting places, with grass, benches, and, whenever available, an archaeological remnant of the past.

Far more than executing an ingenious plan to salvage and display buried antiquities, La Metropolitana could have an important, salutary effect on above-ground ancient Rome. Automobile pollution is now so intense that many exposed marble monuments have been flaking away. To the extent that La Metropolitana encourages mass transportation and reduces vehicular traffic, the subway may turn out to be a Roman monument's best friend.

—Susan Lusden

ALOHA OY VAY!

After Tiffany's John Loring worked so diligently to find the only portraits of the royal Hawaiians King Kamehameha II and his wife Kamamulu, painted from life by John Hayter (Connoisseur, April 1987, page 36), we fell victim to an already 162-year-old case of mistaken identity. Above: The real Hayters, as the couple appeared to the artist shortly before their deaths, in 1824.

À LA RUSSÉ

One of the much-neglected paradoxes of recent U.S.—Soviet relations is that probably the most diverse—and certainly one of the finest—Russian cuisine in the world is now being served in restaurants in New York. The old Russian customs of prodigious consumption, vainglorious toasting, and riotous Gypsy music were perpetuated in Paris establishments well before the Revolution and sustained by a vigorous White Russian community for some time thereafter. You could always find a hint of this culinary theater, if not quite its substance, in Manhattan's Russian Tea Room. (If you go at the right time, and in
HE ART OF MARTEX.

PURE COTTON

LUXOR PIMA

ATLIER MARTEX ENSEMBLE "BEAU RIVAGE" PERCALE SHEETS OF NO IRON 100% COMBED COTTON, 200 THREADS PER SQUARE INCH. MARTEX LUXOR PIMA TOWELS IN 26 COLORS MADE WITH COMBED PIMA MATCHING RUGS AVAILABLE. WESTPOINT PEPPERELL, 1721 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NY, NY 10023, (212) 982-5185.
These classically simple, eternally elegant designs were created to showcase diamonds with the extra fire, sparkle, scintillation that only quality diamonds possess. Even among fine diamonds, four characteristics set an exquisite few apart forever. The 4Cs: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-Weight. What makes these designs extraordinary is that the combination of superb design—plus quality
and the woman who wears them.

diamonds—equals more than the sum of their parts. It equals diamond jewelry of such simple elegance that it deserves to be worn every hour of the day.

The creations featured are available at fine stores. For the one nearest you, contact Jose Hess Inc.

The copyrighted Jose Hess designs shown are priced from $6,000 to $40,000. Jewelry enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever.
Recently, a number of new Russian restaurants have made their appearance, and they show every sign of making a difference on the gastronomic map.

St. Petersbourg, at 160 East Sixty-fourth Street, offers the ultimate in Russian-flavored champagne-and-tiara dining. Guests are luxuriously closeted in a red, velvet-lined chamber that achieves a good deal of that burnished fin de siècle ambience that one somehow expects of any place bearing a czarist name. If the imagination is still in doubt, then it may be set right by a few samples from the extensive vodka list (gold-leaf, lemon, coffee, and hot-pepper flavorings are offered) or by the improvisational vitality of the first-class musicians who grant your meal a compelling counterpoint, by turns classical or Gypsy, serenading or upbeat, comic or lachrymose. And the chamber becomes a cabaret when the Russian owner, the Sinatra of St. Petersbourg, takes over the spotlight. The St. Petersbourg culinary style might be called a Franco-Russian accord. Juxtaposed on the menu are glistening beluga caviar and purple borscht next to foie gras and salmon and lobster galantine; a traditional French duck with prunes and Armagnac against chicken Kiev innovatively served with beurre blanc and accompanied by a pastry basket filled with peas and a colorful selection of vegetables; and kissel Nevsky (a splendidly tart compote made of blackberry, cranberry, or raspberry) with a luxurious marquise au chocolat.

More traditionally Russian is the Russian Samovar, located in the theater district (256 West Fifty-second Street). Start off with the house selections of fish and meat zakuski (appetizers), followed by some finely sauced pelmeni (Siberian...
THE ART OF BEING UNIQUE

Cartier
Joailliers
POLO, AS DEFINED BY PIMM'S.

CHUKKER. Always preceded by Pimm's, i.e., Pimm's Chukker. A refreshing beverage served at polo matches and other smart places.

REGULATION GEAR. The Pimm's Cup. A cylindrical container open at one end with a capacity of 8 fluid ounces. Restricted to the sidelines.


GOAL. To make it to the Pimm's tent and back before the next chukker begins.

SAFETY. What you've reached when you make it back without spilling a precious drop.

FIELD. Anywhere. Anytime. Nowhere is out of bounds for a Pimm's Chukker.

TIME-OUT. What you should call if you run out of Pimm's Chukker.

HOOK. What we're offering to entice you into trying Pimm's. A set of 4 unbreakable Chukker cups. Write to: Pimm's "Cups" Offer, P.O. Box 3399, Young America, MN 55394. Send $1.50 check or money order. Void where prohibited.

THE LIGHT REFRESHER FROM ENGLAND, ONLY WINNING TASTES AS GOOD.

Connoisseur's World

dumplings), poijarski kidlet (minced chicken and veal with mushroom sauce, fêted by Pushkin and others), or the crêpe-like blini. The chef, Boris Blekh, who used to work at the Arbat, one of Moscow's prized restaurants, is a great favorite among the émigré community.

One can certainly sit for a meal at A la Russe (315 West Fifty-fourth Street), but at a makeshift lunch counter only; the place is first and foremost a delicatessen, indeed the best delicatessen and caterer in New York City, featuring old Russian specialties. (This tiny place also attracts one of the densest concentrations of celebrities in New York.)

On the other side of the Russian-restaurant coin in Manhattan are more-modest purveyors of Soviet regional cuisines. Georgian is becoming the most popular regional style in New York, as it has been for generations in Moscow. Recently opened and up-and-coming is Fils (6 West Twenty-fourth Street), which also has good entertainment. At Kavkazian (361 East Forty-ninth Street) the aromatic Georgian specialties—satsivi (chicken in a spicy walnut sauce), chakhokbili (a Caucasian casserole), or the delightful khachapuri (fluffy pastry filled with Georgian cheese)—are outstanding, and the Saturday-night atmosphere has a kind of dignified raucousness that only the Georgians can achieve. Here a shashlik is not a few pebbles of lamb threaded on a large toothpick but great fists of meat on skewers as long as yardsticks. —John Welchman

The Boats of Bodrum

Bodrum, an idyllic Aegean port on the west coast of Turkey, is rapidly becoming the yachting capital of the Mediterranean. A wealth of historical sites as well as a pristine coastline seem to hold a special allure for Englishmen and northern Europeans seeking destinations unsullied by hordes of sun worshipers, and bookings for boats for high season (July–August) must now be made at least three months ahead of time. While would-be yachtsmen will find a wide variety of boats available through international brokers, the local boatyards provide an opportunity for the truly adventurous.

Known in classical times as Halicarnassus, Bodrum today is a town of white stucco façades, trendy boutiques, superb restaurants, and a bustling marina dominated by an incongruous castle built by the Cru-
THE MOST FAMOUS GUERLAIN INTRODUCES ITS PARFUM DE TOILETTE.
The most commonly seen pleasure craft is the Turkish gulet, a broad-beamed but elegant motor sailer clearly designed for comfort rather than speed. Originally intended for commercial use, the roomy gulet is ideal for the casual holiday sailor, and all manner of modifications and personal touches are possible.

For example, Ahmet Ertegun, chairman of Atlantic Records, in New York, is currently having a hundred-foot yacht built according to an English design and using imported teak and mahogany. Mr. Ertegun is already the owner of a sixty-foot vessel built in Bodrum. "I have them built here because the boats are very beautiful," he says. "They build by eye rather than measurement."

Anyone following his example is strongly advised to make a thorough tour of Bodrum's twenty-seven boatyards. The purpose is to learn individual specialties as well as to study craftsmanship. After selecting a boatyard, the buyer must decide upon a design as well as choose materials. Any deviation from the traditional gulet design should be specified, and the buyer would do well to remember that Bodrum rigging is not the same as European. However, an outside professional designer is not necessarily a prerequisite. These Bodrum-designed boats are intended not for the high seas but for coastal waters.

The price? A basic fifty-foot-long gulet currently costs about $20,000, with an additional $5,000 required to make the boat seaworthy in international waters.

For further information, contact Kamil Muren, Director of the Turkish Culture and Information Office, 821 UN Plaza, New York, NY 10017; (212) 687-2194.

—Theodore Folke

Edited by Robert Knafo
MY SHALIMAR NOW COMES IN PARFUM DE TOILETTE.”

GABRIELLE LAZURE
DYANSEN GALLERY presents the highly acclaimed sculpture collection “Compositions in Bronze” by award winning sculptor Paul Wegner.

Wegner’s sculpture embodies a true spirit of Jazz by capturing a deep warmth and enriching tempo inherent in the music.

Recently given the W.C. Handy “Keep the Blues Alive in Art” Award, Wegner has become the foremost sculptor of Jazz in the country.

His genius is evident in “Close Enough for Jazz” a 34” high bronze sculpture which is characteristic of the extraordinary works in “Compositions in Bronze”. For complete information visit our galleries or call: (504)523-2902 (600) 572-2444 In New York (212)489-7830

Color Brochure available $10.00

“Close Enough for Jazz”, width 26", height 34", weight 82 lbs.
Sitting here makes me feel like Jane Austen. Even when I'm just paying the gas bill. How did they know?

Spiegel

Call 1-800-345-4500 and ask for Catalog 283 ($3.00).
If you have any ideas about personally surveying the action this June, you had better pack your sensible shoes. There is a lot of varied ground to cover.

In New York on the fourth and fifth, respectively, Sotheby's and Christie's go head to head in their annual sporting-pictures stakes. This genre's extraordinary recent performance sent the scholars and curators back to their books and bins to see what the fuss was all about and, lo! now we're told it's okay to take some of these painters of horseflesh seriously. The most conspicuous beneficiary of this attention has been the masterly George Stubbs. Doubtless it will also benefit Sotheby's, which has three astonishingly vital paintings by Stubbs on offer. Christie's two-sessional version, the next day, features solid British works by Ferneley, Herring père, and Wooton—no small talents—as well as American field and stream subjects.

Ceramics collectors also have much to look forward to. On June 4, Christie's New York has some terrific Chinese ceramics, most notably a Tang sancai glazed-pottery Bactrian camel, which should top $250,000. If you are passionate about your pottery, you will not miss this month's overlapping fairs at Grosvenor House (June 10-20) and the Dorchester (June 13-15). Sotheby's has sessions of Continental ceramics (June 16) and British ceramics (June 23), including a group of Minton majolica, which continues to be all the rage.

Fifties chic: dressing table and chair by Wharton Esherick, at Phillips on June 27.

Late nouveau: wrought-iron gate of Diana and the Deer (1924-25), by Edgar Brandt, one of a pair at William Doyle on June 10.

Since your bags are already packed, pop over to Monaco between ceramics sessions for the Sotheby's dispersal on June 20 of the Michel Gaud collection of fourteenth-to-seventeenth-century Italian old-master drawings. Many of the 120 drawings, which may fetch more than $1 million, are the only extant preparatory studies for major works. From the sixteenth century alone there are a female head that ultimately found its way into Carpaccio's Saint Ursula cycle; a study of "Jealousy" for Bronzino's allegory in the London National Gallery; and several studies by the likes of Federico and Taddeo Zuccaro and Jacopo Bertoja for the decoration of the extraordinary Palazzo Farnese, in Rome, and for the Farnese Villa at Caprarola. At least two and maybe even three stars here!

But don't dally too long or you'll miss the Bonhams veteran, vintage, and classic vehicles sale, on Wednesday, June 24, at Syon Park, Brentford, Middlesex. Bonhams is holding four such sales this year (the remaining two are in September and December) in conjunction with the British Motor Industry Heritage Trust, and they all are fun.

Other sales back in New York likewise deserve a nod. On June 23, Phillips has watches and other small timepieces, the theme here being affordability (admittedly a relative term). Earlier in the month Phillips and Doyle offer an interesting pair of sales: Phillips, Victorian furniture, on June 6; and Doyle, Belle Époque, on the tenth. Between them you will see the entire gamut of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century style, from the ponderous post-Regency—William IV period to art nouveau and art deco.

If 1987 goes down as an extraordinary year for collectors of literary material, it will be in part because this month Sotheby's New York is auctioning extremely important modernist manuscripts from the archives of the avant-garde magazine The Dial (more about that below). Even more significant is the announcement that, beginning in October, and then in eight sessions over the next two years, Christie's will disperse the Doheny collection of some 15,000 rare books, manuscripts, and autographs. The collection will be sold by

High horse: Lord Herbert's Hunters (1816), by Ferneley, at Christie's.
Kohler captures the essence of tide and sand dunes in bisque porcelain. This is Serpentine™ an Artist Editions™ original design by noted porcelain artist Jan Axel. Pedestal lavatory and matching toilet. Shown with Bravura™ faucet and Crescent™ spout in polished gold. See the Yellow Pages for a Kohler Registered Showroom or send $3 for a catalog to Kohler Co., Department BZ6, Kohler, Wisconsin 53044.
For those who understand intrinsic value.

Now an exceptional Swiss banking tradition has arrived in the United States. Credit Suisse Calibre Private Banking.

Designed specifically for those whose considerable wealth or income deserves exclusive attention:

- The Finest Precious Metals
- Direct from the Source
- Securities Brokerage Services at Lower Cost*
- US and Foreign Investments
- Global Investment Management*
- Creative Lending
- Worldwide Network

For details, call (212) 612-8543 or write to us.

---

AUCTIONS

the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Los Angeles, to which it was bequeathed between 1939 and 1958.

New York—Christie's, June 6. Fine clocks, watches, wristwatches, and musical automata. A splendid assemblage of remarkable diversity. The oldest piece is a rare seventeenth-century 'Puritan' watch (so called because of its oval, severely plain silver case) with a movement by Edward East of London, contemporary and equal of the likes of Tompion, Quare, et al. The real stars are the early- and late-nineteenth-century material: decorative enamel watches, chatelaines, exotic-form watches, fascinating technical watches, and several superb Swiss gold and enamel automata. Last May in Geneva Christie's got a colossal, world-record $1.04 million for a watch (an extraordinarily elegant French mid-seventeenth-century gold, enamel, and diamond specimen) and, in the same sale, $158,889 for a 1955 Patek Philippe perpetual calendar wristwatch (a record for the genre).

New York—Sotheby's, June 17. Fine books and manuscripts. There are things as wonderful as two original Twain manuscripts as well as an illustrated biography by Edward Lear and Bartholdi's own set of Eiffel's blueprints. The real story here is what didn't happen: the dispersal of the Dial material from the estate of Scofield Thayer, which for the last forty years

and several superb Swiss gold and enamel automata. Last May in Geneva Christie's got a colossal, world-record $1.04 million for a watch (an extraordinarily elegant French mid-seventeenth-century gold, enamel, and diamond specimen) and, in the same sale, $158,889 for a 1955 Patek Philippe perpetual calendar wristwatch (a record for the genre).

New York—Phillips, June 27. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative arts from the collection of Robert Edwards. A veritable Who's Who of American craft and design done from 1859 to the present by J. S. Bradstreet, W. H. Diegel-ter, Charles Eames, Wharton Esherick, E. W. Godwin, William Jervis, David Kendall, Charles Limbert, George Maher, Otto and Gertrude Natzler, Isamu Noguchi, Henry Varnum Poor, Charles Rohlfis, Rudolph Staffel, and Gustav Stickley has been on loan at Yale—where an increasingly vociferous scholarly community wanted to keep it. An incredible trove of research material on virtually everyone who mattered in modernist literature, it consists of original manuscripts, type-scripts, letters, and other papers from, to, by, or about such luminaries as Cummings, Eliot, Freud, Joyce, Lawrence, Mann, Mencken, Moore, Pound, Proust, Russell, Stein, and Yeats. The material belonged to Scofield Thayer, patron and editor of The Dial during its heyday, 1919–25 (his successor was Marianne Moore). Sadly, he became mentally incapacitated; and although his will was cast in 1925, he hung on until 1982, outliving all his named heirs. Ownership passed to four first cousins, who, unable to agree on how to settle the estate, sought to bring it to auction. However, good sense and goodwill prevailed, the collection being pur-
It gives new meaning to the term upward mobility.

While many cars indicate that you're on your way to the top, a Range Rover does something rather more helpful. It takes you there.

With a mule-like ability to make its way up slopes of up to 45 degrees. And what's all the more impressive is that a Range Rover turns in an equally impressive performance at ground level. On the road, it handles with the responsiveness of a road car. On the test track, it charges along at roughly 100 mph.

And on the whole, it surrounds you with the sort of luxury you'd rightly expect in a vehicle priced at somewhat above $30,000.

So why not dial 1-800-FINE 4WD for the name of a Range Rover dealer convenient to you?

After all, no matter what kind of car you're driving now, a Range Rover would certainly allow you to move up.
THE MOST DREAMED-OF SPOT ON EARTH ACTUALLY EXISTS

In this secluded beachfront hideaway one encounters no clocks, for the most dreamed-of spot is timeless.

No telephones ring, there is neither television nor traffic. The necessities of ordinary existence simply do not apply, for Kona Village is a fantasy... one of the ten greatest resorts in the world.

Half our guests have been here time and again; the other half dreams of returning soon. Call your travel agent and make this private little Eden your own.

Kona Village
A CLARION RESORT
at Kailua-Kona, P.O. Box 1299, Dept. C
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745
Phone: 800-367-5290

Auctions

chased jointly by the Beinecke Foundation and Yale, where it most probably will have returned by the time you read this. Like a magician pulling rabbits from a hat, presto! Sotheby's fills the void with the recently announced dispersal of the complete manuscripts, some 1,000 in all, of Kafka's love letters to his longtime mistress and quondam fiancée, Felice Bauer (estimate, $300,000-$400,000).

London—Sotheby's, June 29. The British Rail Pension Fund old-master prints. A bit of background. Under the rotten economic climate of the early seventies, the fund's trustees decided to test the premise that art provides an effective hedge against inflation. Of a total portfolio exceeding £5.5 billion, the trustees allotted £40 million to art investments, for which they got some 2,000 old-master paintings, drawings, and prints, Impressionist paintings, and Chinese ceramics.

In accord with their original policy, no less than 90 percent of the works must be on public display at any time. Since the collection of some 100 old-master prints cannot be placed on long-term display, the decision has been made to sell. A Sotheby's dispersal is particularly apt, since the folks at New Bond Street have since 1974 acted as the fund's adviser, making and assessing the fund's acquisitions recommendations. Now comes the test of their wisdom—and the wisdom of this particular financial strategy: does the art market indeed offer opportunities for programmed investments that yield long-term capital gains while also functioning as hedges against inflation?

There certainly is every reason to reckon that the sale of this old-master prints collection will prove positive. The offering provokes superlatives on every front. There are, to start with, eighteen extremely rare Rembrandt prints (including the most valuable print in the collection, The Three Crosses, which is estimated at up to £300,000); an important group of Durer prints, one of the finest groups of Goya prints ever to appear at market; and first-rate works by Callot, Canaletto, Goltzius, Piranesi, Schongauer, Tiepolo, and Van Dyck. If Michelin were ever to do an auction guide, it would rate this worth a reservation well in advance.

—James R. Lyons
Meet an An
The story of The Joffrey Ballet reads like one of those inspiring “rags-to-riches” tales of American folklore. Starting homeless and unknown, they have risen to international acclaim and acquired two homes—one in New York City, the other in Los Angeles, the better to dominate the world of dance across the continent.

From the beginning, it has been their faith that the classic ideas of ballet needed only a fresh infusion of an unabashedly American spirit to make them universally appealing. Over the years, they’ve turned that faith into a self-fulfilling prophecy. They do it with a wide-ranging repertory (from the lyrically lovely to the high-kicking hoedown) and with dancers who communicate a joyousness that captivates and compels. In the process, their faith in the magical mix of classic ideas and American zest has been richly rewarded: They have become an American classic themselves.

That’s one reason we sponsor them and why we hope you will go out of your way to see them perform. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that there is still plenty of room for fresh American classics, and that all we need to create them is to start with the best—in people and ideas—and then follow that irresistible American urge to keep on making them better. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of such things is not patronage. It’s a business and human necessity.
You can visit, browse and shop through the pages of a unique magazine.

**THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR**

invites you to take twelve monthly visits to Britain, homeland of antiques...without ever stepping out of doors!

Best of all, this trip will not put a dent in your budget. The cost? A little more than 8¢ a day:

One year (12 issues) of **THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR** for only **$29.95**

Rare Watches
Victorian Jewelry
Antique Kitchenware
Dining Tables
French Carriage Clocks
Irish Silver
Oriental Rugs

Chinese Porcelain
Feather Fans
Stained Glass
Royal Worcester
Islamic Art
1930's Motor Cars
Silver Candelsticks

And much, much more - a typical issue gives you unique information on furniture, porcelain, paintings, silver and a host of collectable antiques.

Experts share their knowledge, showing you the secrets of the fine collections and helping you to recognise quality and value for yourself. We even tell you the current prices of selected antiques, explain the special characteristics that give them interest and value, and tell you the name, address and telephone number of the dealer, in case you wish to make further enquiries or purchase directly. No other antique magazine published today offers you such service.

Act now and save $18.05 from the newsstand cost. Just fill in the order form and mail it today.

Your first copy will be on its way to you in six to twelve weeks. Watch for it!

Mail to:
The Antique Collector,
Room 1117, 250 West 55th Street.
New York, NY 10019.

Yes!
☐ Please send me one year of THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR for only $29.95

☐ cheque enclosed
OR
☐ Please debit my Mastercard/American Express/Visa/Diners Club (delete as applicable)

Name (please print)__________________________

Address__________________________

Zip code_________ Daytime telephone__________
Teatro alla Scala(293,500),(633,540)

PURE DRAMA.
Every month many of the world's most distinguished and influential trend-setters share with you their latest discoveries and impressions...which you can use to enhance the quality of your own life. Explore with them picture-perfect vacation hideaways and villas of incredible beauty...posh town-houses and country mansions considered to be among today's showcases of interior design...the finest in gourmet dining spots (along with recipes for some of their house specialties)...exquisite antiques and priceless art treasures...exciting sporting events, glittering galas...designer fashion creations, and so much more.

If living life at its very best is important to you, and you'd welcome some bright, new ideas for achieving it, then Town & Country is for you! Town & Country can be found at selected newsstands, or subscribe at 1 year for just $24. Write to: Town & Country, P.O. Box 10792, Dept. WMCN, Des Moines, Iowa 50350.

Please make checks payable to Town & Country. (Your first copy will be on its way to you in 6 to 12 weeks. Watch for it.)
Jean-François Millet
*The Seamstresses*,
signed, oil on canvas laid down on panel,
13 x 9½ inches
(33 x 25 cm).
Auction estimate:
£350,000-450,000
($525,000-675,000).

Victorian and 19th Century European Paintings,
Drawings and Sculpture

**Auctions in London:** Tuesday, June 23 through Thursday, June 25.
To order illustrated catalogues with credit card,
call 1-800-752-5686. (In New York, call 1-212-628-4604/4616.)
Sotheby’s, 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA. In New York,
Nancy Harrison, (212) 606-7110. Sotheby’s, 1334 York Avenue
at 72nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

**SOtheBY’S**
FOUNDED 1744
A masterpiece in granite and limestone.

80th at Madison, a few paces from the Metropolitan Museum and Central Park and in one of the most liveable neighborhoods on earth, is sure to be coveted by the world's most discerning people.

And yet only a select few will be able to call 80th at Madison home.

Every unit in this 27 story condominium is noteworthy for its spaciousness. Touches of elegance abound, from Brazilian cherry parquet flooring to brass hardware and plumbing fixtures, to custom European-style vanities and kitchen cabinets. Security is strictly state of the art, with an individually coded system in each unit, and both audio and visual communication between apartment and concierge.

80th at Madison. Not to be admired from afar but to be lived in, surrounding yourself with graciousness.

The opportunities for ownership of a one-bedroom, two-bedroom, three-bedroom or duplex apartment are limited.

80th at Madison

SHOWN BY APPOINTMENT ONLY. For information, call (212) 628-3600. Sponsor: ADCO Madison Associates, 645 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022

The complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from sponsor. CD 86389 This advertisement is not an offering to New Jersey residents.
Important French Furniture and Clocks

**Auction in London:** Friday, June 26 at 11 am.

To order illustrated catalogue with credit card, call 1-800-752-5686. (In New York, call 1-212-628-4604/4616.)


A highly important Louis XV carved gilt-wood torchère after a design by François Roumier and probably made for the Château de Versailles, early 1740’s. Auction estimate: £25,000-35,000 ($37,500-52,500).

**SOTHEBY’S**

**FOUNDED 1744**
Jim Stearns hadn’t much wanted to spend a week of vacation this way. True, he had sung with enjoyment in college and suburban choruses, but the Berkshire Choral Festival threatened to be hard work. He and 199 other amateurs had six days to rehearse and sing. The music was not some war-horse like the B Minor Mass of Bach, challenging as that can be, but three chunks of grand opera under the direction of David Stivender, the Metropolitan Opera’s chorus master. Stearns wondered why he had let his wife, Maggie, who could really read music, talk him into this.

That was on a Sunday afternoon last summer at the Berkshire School, in Sheffield, Massachusetts, the prep school the Choral Institute rents in July. Strolling into the main building, Stearns was appalled by a sight that would surely please Maestro Stivender: two early arrivals, seated on a sofa, humming through their vocal parts. Stearns, a private-school headmaster not usually intimidated by scholarship, was ready to go home to Connecticut. With or without him—why not without?—a show would go on on Saturday evening in a hockey rink converted to an open music shell before perhaps 1,000 people. Fortunately, Maggie blocked the exit, and a week of heavy musical work and hard play was under way.

Stearns had yet to discover that his fellow choristers included not only seasoned, sight-reading, pitch-perfect semiprofessionals but also a fair share of music lovers closer to his own level. It was soon clear that the chorus members were not competing with one another, that the strong musicians would cheerfully help the weak. Even some who knew the landscape—roughly half the chorus always consists of repeaters from previous seasons—shared initial nervousness. Sensing this, Stivender gave them all a Sunday-evening pep talk. He spoke of his love for opera and pledged that, starting Monday morning, there would be sustained rehearsing and extremely hard work. The chorus would find it “better than making love.” Many of us (for I was a chorister, too) were stimulated by this but not entirely reassured.

The Berkshire Choral Institute recruits five groups of singers, each for one week, from chorals groups across the country, accepting applicants without audition on a first-come, first-served basis. For vocal balance, and because in the chorus world women outnumber men, there is a quota that excludes many highly qualified women, especially altos, while males, especially tenors, tend to sail right in. That discrimination operates in many American choral societies and allows people like me and perhaps Jim Stearns to win a place while a better-qualified female is left out. Apart from that, the admission policy is casual, vindicated by its result: a self-selected bunch of reasonably competent enthusiasts who wouldn’t waste vacation time if we lacked the vocal equipment and musical sense to enjoy our singing.

Some singers come to hone their vocal skills, some to meet other music lovers, some to take their musical exercise in an athletic environment—and the majority for some combination of these and other, private reasons. We learned of one woman who explained, after the previous week’s performance of Bach’s St. Matthew Pas-
More Than A Tradition
The Bayadère Collection. A new collection...exclusively ours.
Exhibiting the fine artistry of handcrafted 18kt. gold and pavé diamonds.
Available in any gold and diamond size and configuration.

SHREVE & CO.
JEWELERS SINCE 1852
SAN FRANCISCO

J.B. HUDSON, Minneapolis, St. Paul — CHARLES W. WARREN, Detroit — JESSOPS, San Diego

MEMBERS OF THE HENRY BIRKS AND SONS COMPANY OF FINE JEWELERS
sion, that she intended to enter a cloistered order on the following Monday. She had scheduled the choral singing for her final week “in the world.”

The institute is the creation of John Hoyt Stookey, the New York corporate executive and musical amateur who chairs its board. More than a decade ago Stookey began asking why choral singers had to stop singing after their big spring numbers. Wouldn’t they relish the chance to sing in the summer, out in the country? Instead of toiling at weekly rehearsals strung throughout a season, couldn’t they perform as well or better under a tight, one-week-preparation regime?

Stookey, chairman of National Distillers and Chemical Corporation, is an imaginative businessman who has ways of translating notions into action. He enlisted as executive director Mary H. Smith, former registrar of the Juilliard School of Music and former assistant manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of which Stookey is a trustee. For his dean of music, he chose Charles Dodsley Walker, organist and choirmaster of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in New York, and conductor of the Canterbury Choral Society, in which Stookey sings second tenor. The three then recruited the guest conductors—choral masters like Robert Page, of the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, Richard Westenburg, of New York’s Musica Sacra, and Joseph Flummerfelt, principal conductor of Westminster Choir College. They also engaged the Springfield Symphony Orchestra and through the conductors’ musical networks found talented young soloists.

As visitors, we pay $420 for double rooms in the school’s dormitories, with discounts for those of us who are choral conductors in real life. Nonsinging spouses and friends also pay less, and choristers in one special category get tuition free: couples who met at the institute and got married. In the camp’s five seasons, three couples so far have enjoyed honeymoon rates. Tuition includes tennis, swimming, and other sports, an array of optional music classes, and a Friday-night junket to the nearby Tanglewood Music Festival.

In a season that included performances of Bach’s St. Matthew Passion, Fauré’s Requiem, and Haydn’s Lord Nelson Mass, those who chose to sing opera opted for drama in more than one sense. We played
Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth

Auction to be held on Monday, July 6, 1987 at 7 p.m. at Christie's, 8 King Street, St. James's, London SW1Y 6QT England. For further information contact Noël Annesley, Francis Russell or Hugo Chapman at Christie's London 01/839-9060 or Rachel Kaminsky at Christie's New York 212/546-1177.

The sale of sixteen drawings includes masterpieces by Bandinelli, Barocci, Correggio, Pordenone, Raphael and Veronese, Rembrandt and Van Dyck.

Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn: A Farm with a Dovecote (Benesch 1233), pen and brown ink and wash. 5¼ x 7¾ in. Drawn circa 1650.
THE LIVELY ARTS

Some of us choristers, including many who have renounced solo ambitions, become so good at blending that we forget we are on display and can’t hide in a mob scene. For the solo parts, Stivender had engaged professional soloists and chorus members from the Met, but we were no backdrop. Collectively we were to become stars, subject to the same discipline as the prima donna. “Prepare your notes and voices,” Stivender enjoined us. “The unconsidered sound is not worth making!”

Like all choruses, we worked endlessly on attacks, those musical entrances that amateurs so often handle raggedly, muffling words, notes, and rhythm. We found attacks even more critical in the operatic context. Only a crisp, all-together entrance can convey the crowd’s excitement at the appearance of Carmen and the other bel canto girls. The silence before the entrance has an emphatic though unuttered value as well. As we repeatedly botched the snappy line “Les voici!” Stivender just as repeatedly drilled home his point. “It goes, ‘UGH! Les voici!’ I want to be able to call you up at four A.M. and hear ‘UGH! Les voici!’”

Insistent as he was, Stivender was patient, too. He drove us and himself but never showed anger. As the week wore on, we could sense that he had qualms as real as ours. He was, after all, accustomed to professional singers. Could he make musical theater out of this motley? What amazed Dorothy Carpenter, a veteran of several New York choruses, was Stivender’s respect for the people in the chorus. “In most productions the chorus is the lowest on the totem pole—after the soloists and the instrumentalists. He made us feel important. He thought of us as actors. We could feel it and we reacted.”

When, as beggars in Forza, we begged our bread too decorously, he sniffed, “I wouldn’t give you any.” When the sultry Claudia Catania tempted us with Casta

Christine Flasch, of the Met chorus, solo.

Come to The Royal Hawaiian. Come to Sheraton.

The legendary Pink Palace of the Pacific beckons with its classic allure. Gracious memories of gentler times linger; yet now melded with a new touch of elegance...

Come to The Royal Hawaiian.

The legendary Pink Palace of the Pacific beckons with its classic allure. Gracious memories of gentler times linger; yet now melded with a new touch of elegance...

Come to The Royal Hawaiian.

The legendary Pink Palace of the Pacific beckons with its classic allure. Gracious memories of gentler times linger; yet now melded with a new touch of elegance...

Come to The Royal Hawaiian.

The legendary Pink Palace of the Pacific beckons with its classic allure. Gracious memories of gentler times linger; yet now melded with a new touch of elegance...

Come to The Royal Hawaiian.

The legendary Pink Palace of the Pacific beckons with its classic allure. Gracious memories of gentler times linger; yet now melded with a new touch of elegance...

Come to The Royal Hawaiian.

The legendary Pink Palace of the Pacific beckons with its classic allure. Gracious memories of gentler times linger; yet now melded with a new touch of elegance...

Come to The Royal Hawaiian.
I'm giving you this gold pin because of the way you make me feel. No — too serious. Because every moment I spend with you is golden. Nah, too corny. Something — silly. Because you always smell so good. Yes ... that's it. Mmmm — now when are you going to come out of that shower!

REAL GOLD FOR EVERYTHING YOU ARE.
men’s Habanera, and we came back lukewarm, Stivender roared at us like a tiger, “Respond to that!”

He was not above manipulation. Early in the week he held out the prospect of preparing as an encore the glorious chorus “Va, pensiero” from Verdi’s Nabucco. He schooled us in its dramatic setting, evoking the plight of the Hebrew captives under the yoke of Babylon. He told us of the music’s historic importance for Italy, oppressed by Austria, and of the way the tune at once became the unofficial national anthem. We learned of Verdi’s personal tragedies—the death of his wife and children—and his recovery through his work on the opera. But Stivender withheld the whole chorus from rehearsals for the first three days, citing the need to master the large slices of the main operas. “Va, pensiero” became the week’s dessert, something we could sing if we earned it. When he finally let us at it and the first run-throughs were ragged, Stivender raised the possibility that we would not perform it unless we got it together—by practice outside of rehearsals and by deep concentration during them. We did the homework and strove to please the maestro.

Stivender tiptoed between rehearsals as well. He made himself available for talks that more deeply explored the music and even put on a show for his choruses, playing master of ceremonies for a recital by his soloists, themselves soloists or chorus members of the Met.

Jim Stearns, the self-doubting educator, meanwhile found himself neither the swiftest nor the dullest in the chorus. He placed himself strategically between two stronger singers, a move that was especially helpful in the early process of learning the music. Some picked up the notes faster, but there were others who had more trouble with the Italian of the Mozart and Verdi or the French of Carmen. Each vocal section had a professional leader who gave help outside rehearsals and led optional classes in such things as voice production.

BECOME A CONNOISSEUR OF CONNOISSEURS

As a reader of CONNOISSEUR we know you find articles about the best of everything that you would like to be able to save and refer to. But loose magazines are messy and untidy and can make locating a particular article or feature very frustrating. Now we bring you the easy-access magazine file case designed to keep your copies of CONNOISSEUR in order. It’s done in elegant black leatherette over fiberboard, with gold-toned lettering; and it comes with a strip of gold foil that lets you insert the correct year on the spine of each case. Handsome on your bookcase in den or office, the magazine file is notched and open in back so that you easily can see and withdraw the issue you want when you want it! Each file holds 12 issues. Ours alone, just for you, at $7.95 each, plus $1.75 for shipping and handling; or save by ordering 3 file cases for $21.95 plus $3.50 for shipping and handling.

HOW TO ORDER: Send a check or money order (no cash, please) payable to CONNOISSEUR. Include with that a note telling us how many magazine files you want. Please PRINT the name and address, including ZIP code, that you want the file(s) sent to. Be sure to include the department code shown below. Send your payment and order information to:

CONNOISSEUR, Dept. CNMF 067; P.O. Box 2318, FDR Station; New York, NY 10150

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible. Overseas orders will take up to six weeks by Parcel Post.

The Hearst Corporation 250 W. 55 St., NY, NY 10019
WINTER '88, SUN ON 5 CONTINENTS WITH 5-PLUS-STAR SAGAFJORD OR QE2.

VACATIONS OF 2 WEEKS TO 3 MONTHS, SPECIALLY PRICED CONCORDE FLIGHTS!

Only two ships rated Five-Plus-Stars by Fielding's Worldwide Cruises will sail the world this winter—QE2 and Sagafjord. In January, 1988, take either of these warm-weather voyages in its entirety or in vacations as short as two weeks. Embark or disembark in convenient ports of call around the world, including New York, Fort Lauderdale and Los Angeles.

'Voyage of the Southern Crown' in superliner luxury on the 'new' QE2.

Newly transformed at the cost of $130 million, QE2 boasts such amenities as an all-new Sports Center to complement her famed "Golden Door Spa at Sea," a promenade of international luxury boutiques, four newly designed restaurants and a state-of-the-art Grande Lounge.
Roam the Pacific, Australia, the Indian Ocean, East Africa, Southeast Asia, China and Japan—all in all, 27 incomparable ports of call, nine of them stays of one night or more.

'Treasures of South America, the Pacific and the Orient' in classic luxury on Sagafjord.
Offering the classic cruise experience at its best—highly personalized service, unhurried dining at a single sitting and free access to the famed "Golden Door Spa at Sea"—Sagafjord sets forth on an intriguing coastal exploration of South America and the Strait of Magellan, roaming the South Pacific to Australia and touring Southeast Asia, China and Japan. All told, 25 fascinating ports of call, nine of them stays of one or more nights.

Fly free or at low cost—or fly Concorde!
All Sagafjord vacations include free airfare. QE2 vacations include free or low-cost airfare—or the option of specially priced British Airways' Concorde flights to or from selected ports. For details, consult your travel agent or Cunard.

Cunard. Box 999, Farmingdale, NY 11737. Rush me, free, your World Cruise and Winter Vacations brochure:

Sagafjord (Q978)  QE2 (Q976)

Send me the following color videotape(s); delivery, 4 to 6 weeks. I enclose a check for $5.95 each, payable to "Vacations on Video" (Arizona residents, add 6.5% sales tax):

Sagafjord  QE2 (available in fall)
VHS version  BETA version

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE  ZIP

MY TRAVEL AGENT

K35152

6.1880 CUNARD
sight-reading, and even yoga.

At Saturday morning's final rehearsal with orchestra, we choristers began to develop both a sense of the program's coherence and a heady state of anticipation, approaching stage fright. "Not bad!" our satisfied conductor said after some passages—and he is a hard man to please. Elsewhere he scowled that we weren't getting his signals, though the chorus from Nabucco was improving. By now we were singing for the joy of it, but one measure of our achievement would be commercial. On any summer Saturday night in the Berkshires, there are two dozen musical events of quality. Our audience, summer and year-round residents of the towns that provide Tanglewood's huge crowds, would tell instantly whether we were competitive in that setting. Stookey's entire nonprofit enterprise was nearing break-even, balancing tuition, ticket sales, and fund-raising against ever-rising costs of musical produc-

REHEARSING IS VERY HARD WORK—"BETTER THAN MAKING LOVE."

tion. We wanted this thing to work, and for that we would have to find audiences willing to pay up to $12 a ticket and make them glad they came.

They did come, despite heavy rain. Before offering the Nabucco encore, Stivender regaled the audience, as at rehearsal he had regaled his chorus, with the biblical story of the opera and its significance and his love for it all. It went well.

After the performance, singers and conductor exchanged congratulations, popped some corks, and prepared to make way in the morning for the following week's chorus. Stivender was toasted and responded that the week had been special for him as well. (He has agreed to return for a week in the 1988 season.) "I know that fears were abroad at the beginning and there were more than a few who thought just maybe we'd never get the show together," he said. "But I can assure you that I was never in doubt." His parting words were, "Stay healthy and keep the spirit of the masters alive in you—they never fail us!"

One woman wasn't ready to go. "He took me up to heaven," she said, "and the day after tomorrow is Monday." □

For a brochure about the 1987 season, beginning July 5, write the Berkshire Choral Institute, Sheffield, MA 01257. The institute's telephone number is (413) 229-8526.

---

Treasures of Imperial Russia

This silver-gilt and shaded enamel standing cup by Fyodor Rückert, circa 1900, will be included in an auction of Fabergé and Russian Works of Art on June 24.

For catalogues and more information, please call Gerard Hill at (212) 606-7150. Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744

---

For Sale

BY OWNER

HOMES, FINE ART, HORSES
AUTOS, BOATS,
AIRPLANES, BUSINESSES
72,000 INDIVIDUAL LISTINGS

NO BROKERAGE COMMISSION

COMPUTER LISTINGS UPDATED DAILY

Nationwide 800-327-9630
In Florida 800-533-4663
Fort Lauderdale 305-462-2524

ADAMS

Publishers of "For Sale by Owner" Data Bases
THE ORIGINAL Oldest & Largest Listing Service in the World

---

For a brochure about the 1987 season, beginning July 5, write the Berkshire Choral Institute, Sheffield, MA 01257. The institute’s telephone number is (413) 229-8526.

---

Benjamin McCready
"Regarded as one of the top portrait artists in the country."

The Times

Over 200 commissioned works during the past five years, including Presidential portraits for Gerald R. Ford Library, James E. Carter Library, Ronald W. Reagan Library (1987). For brochure and color print of portrait painted for Robert Redford

Benjamin McCready
1755 Miller Court
Lake Geneva, WI 53147
(414) 248-1728

CONNOISSEUR
SOTHEBY'S
INTERNATIONAL REALTY

Gloucester, County, Virginia

EAGLE POINT PLANTATION: Historic plantation with equestrian complex, dairy farm, cropland, on 200+ acres with 5 miles of river shoreline. 1797 Neo-classical residence with 7 bedrooms, 2-story columned entrance hall, porches. Guest and tenant houses. Pool. $1,600,000

Brochure #C2-87
Exclusive Local Affiliate
JIM & PAT CARTER, INC., 804/693-4541

Eagle River, Wisconsin

EAGLE POINT PLANTATION: The only residence designed by renowned architect Helmut Jahn, this dramatic tetractes nestles on 3% acres in serene North Woods. Called "The Cube" and featured in Architectural Digest, with 3 bedrooms, guest house, marina. $550,000

Brochure #C1-06
All inquiries should be directed to Sotheby's Local Affiliate
WATKINS • GLAZER REAL ESTATE 715/479-6606

Marketing Services Provided by
SOTHEBY'S INTERNATIONAL REALTY 312/642-6668

Brookville, Lattingtown, New York

RYFIELD MANOR: 19-room Georgian mansion in the heart of the Gold Coast. 5 bedrooms, 5 1/2 baths. Baromed 3-story great hall, stained glass skylights, 4 fireplaces. Guest house, pool. $2,000,000

Brochure #C1-227
Exclusive Local Affiliate
DANIEL GALE ASSOCIATES, INC. 516/922-9155

Millbrook, Dutchess County, New York

HYDE COUNTRY ESTATE: 19th century Colonial with 12 rooms, set on 210+ acres including woods and meadows with a 2-acre pond, on the heart of equestrian country. Guest and caretaker's quarters, 3 garages. $2,350,000

Brochure #C1-223
Exclusive Local Affiliate
HEATHER GONER REAL ESTATE INC. 914/677-9822

Madison, Wisconsin

A FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT RESIDENCE: This "solar hemicycle" built in 1948, nestled into an earth berm, with 18' of curving window walls, is one of Wright's finest residences, with open living, dining and kitchen areas, reflecting pools, wood and stone interior, 3 bedrooms. $540,000

Brochure #C42-01
All inquiries should be directed to Sotheby's Local Affiliate
WEBER REALITY 608/274-7500

Marketing Services Provided by
SOTHEBY'S INTERNATIONAL REALTY 312/642-6668

Dover, Massachusetts

COUNTRY ESTATE: This handsome 2-story Georgian-style brick residence is set on 5 acres of impeccably maintained lawns and gardens. 15 miles west of Boston: 4 bedrooms, 3 staff bedrooms, greenhouse, 2 equipment sheds. $1,500,000

Brochure #C1-221
Exclusive Local Affiliate
LYMAN, LEWIS & BOND REAL ESTATE 617/555-4807

Oak Brook, Illinois

SOUTHERN COLONIAL STYLE: Gracious brick residence with 7,000 sq. ft. of living space, 5 bedrooms, in exclusive private "Midwest Club" with clubhouse, pool, tennis. Gourmet kitchen, 4 fireplaces, oak detailing, bay windows, brick patios. Apartment, guarded gate. $1,275,000

Brochure #C1-01
All inquiries should be directed to Sotheby's Local Affiliate
ADAMS & MYERS REALTORS 312/887-1490

Marketing Services provided by
SOTHEBY'S INTERNATIONAL REALTY 312/642-6668

1334 York Avenue, New York, NY 10021. 212/606-7070

Manhattan • Washington, DC • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Houston • Palm Beach • Boston • Atlanta • Newport Beach • Greenwich • Chicago • Madrid • Marbella
WILLIAM KEITH (AMERICAN, 1838-1911)

DONNER PASS   SIGNED AT LOWER RIGHT   OIL ON CANVAS   40 × 60 INCHES
The XIVe Biennale Internationale des Antiquaires at the Grand Palais in Paris is already in preparation.

Collectors, amateurs and dealers will be interested to know that it will be held in 1988 from September 22nd to October 10th.

The catalogue of the XIII Biennale is still available.

These two emblems offer security. Their holders provide collectors with all desirable guarantees for purchases as well as sales, valuations and divisions. Each subject sold by them is guaranteed in writing to be from the period it is represented to be.
The Holy Family with St. John Baptist, St. Elisabeth and St. Zacharias
By Ludovico MAZZOLINO (1450-1527)
Oil on panel, 29.6 x 38.7 cm, dated 1527
Ferrarese period of the Master
Sitting Divinity  | Maya, 300-600 AC  | Height: 156.5 cm

GALERIE MERMOZ
ART PRECOLOMBIEN
6, RUE JEAN-MERMOZ - 75008 PARIS - FRANCE - TEL. (1) 43.59.82.44
Porte-plantes en bronze patine verte, or et argent par E. SANDOZ.
Base en fer forgé de BRANDT
L. 1,10 m - H. 1,20 m
“ANTIQUAIRES A PARIS”

DIDIER AARON & CIE
118, fg Saint-Honoré - Paris 8e - Tél. : (1) 47.27.17.79

AVELINE & CIE
20, rue du Cirque - Paris 8e - Tél. : (1) 42.66.60.29

MICHEL MEYER
24, av. Matignon - Paris 8e - Tél. : (1) 42.66.62.95

PERRIN
3, quai Voltaire - Paris 7e - Tél. : (1) 42.60.27.20
98, fg Saint-Honoré - Paris 8e - Tél. : (1) 42.65.01.38

MAURICE SEGOURA
20, fg Saint-Honoré - Paris 8e - Tél. : (1) 42.65.11.03

BERNARD STEINITZ
4, rue Drouot - Paris 9e - Tél. : (1) 42.46.98.98

Réunion de six antiquaires de renom qui sont les meilleurs spécialistes en Meubles, Objets d’Art et Tableaux de Maîtres des XVIIe et XVIIIe siècles français. Leurs compétences et leur sérieux professionnel assurent aux collectionneurs QUALITÉ et AUTHENTICITÉ.
ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE SEINE FACING THE LOUVRE

GALERIE CAMOIN
9, QUAI VOLTAIRE 75007 PARIS Tél. (1) 42.61.82.06

Agostino ZOPPO called ZOTTO
Bronze. Padua, 16th century.
Model for the tomb of A. Contarini,
Il Santo. Padua.
Height: 57 cm.

14, rue de Marignan,
75008 Paris France.
Tél. (1) 43.59.58.21

23, rue de Beaune,
75007 Paris France.
Tél. (1) 42.61.09.57

Console side-table in amboina burl
attributed to Adam Weisweiler, master in 1778.
Wide rectangular dark blue Wedgwood plate decorated with white biscuit,
marked with the monogram I. moulded after a drawing by Lady Templeton.
H.96cm-37"3/4 - W.1.65m-65" - D.52cm-20"1/2
YVES MIKAELOFF
Meubles, Tapis et Tapisseries de Rois

10 et 14 rue Royale 75008 Paris
Tel (1) 42.01.04.42
.exceptionnelle sculpture en marbre blanc début 17e siècle représentant JASON et MÉDÉE Provenance : HÔTEL MONTHIERS rue du Fbg Saint-Honoré CHÂTEAU DE LABRICHE à LANGEAIS Hauteur : 2,60 mètres
AN ENCORE FOR VERDURA

Flexible gold, platinum, and diamond bracelet inspired by Diane de Poitiers.

Jewelry designed by Duke Fulco di Verdura (Connoisseur, March 1983) was prized during the forties and fifties by a clientele that loved its romantic beauty, its playful wit, and its impeccable finish. It is now fifteen years since Verdura sold his business to his associate Joseph Alfano and retired. Six years later he was buried among his ancestors in Palermo, leaving behind—like the Cheshire cat’s smile—the legend of his dry humor and lavish gifts.

Alfano, who had thus become custodian of an incomparable collection of jewelry designs painted with exquisite artistry on scraps of vellum, continued to produce pieces based on these designs for Fulco’s loyal clientele. But it was a quiet business, discreetly conducted, much of it devoted to buying back Verdura pieces from estates. The truth is that the splendid swagger of Verdura

By Eve Auchincloss
Photographs by James Wojcik
dura's great, turban-shaped rings was no longer quite the fashion; nor were his brooches—enamede unicorns and swans with bodies of baroque pearls, constellations of diamond stars, life-size bouquets of amethyst violets, golden cornucopias spilling pink topazes and diamonds. Yet more important, the ideas of this man of protean imagination had been taken over by people who neglected to acknowledge their source. "I've been an admirer of yours for years," said David Webb when he first met Verdura. "So I've noticed," was the reply. Even today, few people realize that Webb's famous shell earrings are outright copies of Verdura's.

Now Fulco di Verdura's designs are being produced ambitiously for a generation of people to whom a scallop shell studded with turquoises and rimmed with diamonds, a pomegranate of pendulums splitting to reveal ruby seeds, or big mabe-pearl cuff links studded with tiny diamonds come as revelations. In 1985, Joseph Alfano sold Verdura, Inc.—the name, the scrapbooks of designs (thousands of them), the account books, and the list of clients (over 600). With these went the encyclopedia of knots, birds, insects, flowers, trees, and shells, the books of Japanese family crests, orders of architecture, mythological beasts, alphabets, and Renaissance motifs, and all the other published sources that fired Fulco's powers of invention.

The new owner, Edward Landrigan, is carrying on the Verdura tradition with the same craftsmen who have painstakingly executed the jewelry since Fulco's day. Some of them are in New York; others, who worked for Verdura years ago, are in Paris, where the incomparable enamel work is done. To the Verdura headquarters on Fifth Avenue the old customers have come to have a look around, to have pearls restrung or a clasp mended, and often as not to buy. "They are almost like a club," says Ward Landrigan about the clients from the past, "a Who's Who of the Western world from 1939 to 1970, Hollywood to royalty." Their daughters, who were babies during Verdura's prime, are entranced by these jewels, in which inexhaustible design is always paramount over the display of stones.

Ward Landrigan got into the jewelry business by chance, though in his New Jersey youth he had been a rock hound and worked in a jewelry store during his high-school and college years. Later he studied art history at the Courtauld Institute, in London, but when he joined Sotheby's in New York, in 1964, he was assigned not to paintings but to his old hobby, jewelry. There, the next year, he saw his first piece by Verdura, though the name meant little to him then. It was part of the Lily Pons estate, which he was appraising: a shooting star set with pavé diamonds. Like most of Verdura's clients, women who could afford big stones but

Bowknot earclips of gold and platinum, mounted with 110 diamonds and two smashing emeralds of 25.63 carats, should help the wearer light up the night.
preferred the insouciant charm of his fanciful designs, the singer bought more than one of them. Another prize in her collection was an articulated diamond feather to be worn as a necklace.

In 1967, one of the greatest Verdura collections came to Sotheby's: Cole Porter's boxes, most of them cigarette cases given the composer by his wife to celebrate such events as the openings of his shows. Handling and appraising them, Landrigan began to feel the weight of the Verdura legend. At every auction, he now looked for Verduaras, but little came on the market.

Nine years at Sotheby's had taught him to "speak jewelry," as he puts it. In 1973, he went out on his own, buying and selling estate jewelry. The fact that he shared premises with John Stair (Connoisseur, January 1987), who was then selling antique furniture, led to a lingering confusion—people still ask Landrigan for his opinion on an old chair or bureau. In 1978, to get out from under furniture, he moved by himself to Fifth Avenue. For some years he had known Joseph Alfano and had cooperated with him in ways helpful to each. By the time Alfano was ready to retire, in 1985, there was no question whom he wanted Verdura, Inc., to go to, nor did Landrigan doubt that he wanted it to be his.

However, what he knew was gemology, and while he recog-

Two knockout rings: one of pink kunzite and diamonds; another with a cushion-cut amethyst and diamonds.
rom the first time," Altanu generously
...ernia, one of the very few left. Someone may have a
There will be a solution in
Verdura scrapbooks. ("Nothing, in fact, pleased Fulco more
work his magic with a poor piece, a defunct one," says
landrigan, "turning it into somethiug marvelous." Thus, ugly
diamond clips could bome a dazzling bracelet: a huge tourma-
line that had been a gawky ring would be turned into an exquisite
box top.) As one leafs through the precious Verdura designs, a
thousand possibilities present themselvg. Would one prefer a
knot of gold and diamonds, or sapphires instead, or simply two
shades of gold? A strawberry brooch of coral or rubies?

At the same time, Landrigan is busy having pieces made on
spec. "How do you decide what to make?" he asks. "It's like being
akid in a candy store." In the scrapbooks, each overflowing with
hundreds of inventions, every design the eye lights on seems more
seductive and delicious than the one before it. About 90 percent
of Verdura's designs are viable today (though it seems unlikely
that there will ever be demand for a Saint Sebastian bound in gold
wire and bleeding rubies). "Being a classicist," says Landrigan,
held he could extrapolate what was timeless from the sources he used.
That was his knack. The result is something beyond fashion.

But fashion has its demands. Earrings sell like hotcakes, while
suddenly, after decades of neglect, brooches and pins have reappear-
ed. Landrigan can hardly keep up with the demand. He is
beginning to make the tiny animals Verdura delighted in, too,
some to be worn as brooches, some made simply to sit on a table-
and amuse the owner: a wee elephant with a ruby howdah and
diamond tusks, a cat on its back playing with a pearl.

In the beginning, Verdura's beautiful little paintings were
Scotch-taped into the account books and later put into scrap-
books. They have managed to survive these forty years or so, and
now the Morgan Library has come to the rescue. Under its
instruction and with special conservation equipment, Maria Kel-
leher, Landrigan's partner, is removing the tape and its sticky
residue with a scalpel and mounting the designs on acid-free paper
in leather-bound albums. With thousands to be treated, the job
will take years. An art dealer has offered to buy them for the kind
of money one doesn't refuse lightly, but for Landrigan they are
alive with Fulco's lurking spirit, and he cannot part with them.
"I'm part archivist, part librarian these days," he says. "It has
changed my life—much for the better. I love it."

Nineteen eighty-nine will be the fiftieth anniversary of Verdu-
ra's opening his New York shop, just as World War II began.
Landrigan hopes to arrange a show in a New York museum. Most
of Verdura's old clients have gladly promised to lend pieces, and
the designs will be shown beside them. Another show is closer at
hand. In London, the Obsidian gallery, on Duke Street, will be
showing about seventy-five pieces from June 8 to June 15.

A name that was a byword for the jewelry worn by women in
the know may acquire a wider currency. "Beauty is the key to it,"
says Ward Landrigan. "Price had nothing to do with it." □

Eve Auchincloss wrote about the sale of the Windsor jewels for the
April issue of Connoisseur.
Twenty strands of peridot beads with a gold and platinum tassel clasp set with 212 round diamonds makes a big impression at less than crippling cost.
Make Way for
MUKHAMEDOV

Very occasionally, a grand new talent turns up to lead the Bolshoi Ballet
By Terry Trucco

The Golden Age is coming, and it lives up to its name. When the Bolshoi Ballet danced an extended run in London last summer, the management waited a week to unveil this newest of their full-length ballets, with good reason. Soviet novelties are viewed a bit warily in the West, which probably explains the few stray tickets still to be had the day before The Golden Age's premiere. It did not take the first-night audience long, however, to recognize that here was the surprise they had been waiting for. The sets were bold, geometric backdrops with a fey, constructivist touch, perfect for a ballet celebrating Russia in the relatively freewheeling 1920s. The music, which, sadly, had been long suppressed, was as fresh and infectious as when Dmitry Shostakovich composed it, at the age of twenty-four, and the reedlike, boy-gets-cabaret-girl plot, which masks some bigger ideological issues no one need worry about, seldom obstructed the lively, fast-paced dancing.

The second-act opening scene was a showstopper. Jeweled and feathered to the hilt, the company's longest and leggiest dancers covered the stage in a luscious tango set to the familiar strains of "Tea for Two," the popular Vincent Youmans song, which Shostakovich orchestrated and renamed "Tahiti Trot."

What made the evening most extraordinary—one of those happy sightings of the Bolshoi at its best—was the dark, wild-haired hero. As Boris the fisherman, Irek Mukhamedov was a bold, fiery fellow with a charm so virtuous that he really deserved to be costumed in white. Mukhamedov managed to make him likable and give him real dimension, particularly in a shimmering pas de deux with Natalya Bessmertnova, as the cabaret girl. His finest moment came near the end of the third act. As the music revved up, Mukhamedov leaped. With one leg extended and the other bent at the knee, he propelled himself into the air and turned—a single time, but he was airborne for what seemed minutes. Then he came down neatly and repeated the whole thing two more times.

The next night, Andris Liepa, another bright Bolshoi hope, danced Boris. He was graceful and sure-footed, but he didn't go near the Mukhamedov maneuver. In fact, other Boris's come and go, and no one except Mukhamedov has even attempted it. That turn, he later explains, was invented for him while he was preparing for the role. "It doesn't have a name," he adds with a modest shrug.

Irek Mukhamedov does a lot of steps that don't have names, and the familiar ones, too, seem new-minted. Of Tartar lineage, muscular and strong, he seems born for the swashbuckling technique long associated with the Bolshoi male. Yet at twenty-seven, he is a thoroughly contemporary daredevil, whose clean, streamlined steps are infused with a style all his own. His leaps and turns, expertly formed, display an underlying control and strength that can leave the viewer breathless. Mukhamedov rarely seems out of breath, even after the most gravity-defying feats.

He buttresses his technique with an equal measure of emotional honesty. Whether as Spartacus, the rebel slave who takes on a Roman army, or as straight-arrow Boris, Mukhamedov lights up his characters with a sincerity, purity, and, odd in this day, nobility. The Bolshoi's veteran artistic director Yuri Grigorovich has choreographed these roles for maximum technical and emotional impact, never shying away from unabashed histrionics to put his points across. Mukhamedov finds integrity even in the most overblown moments. He virtually never takes a false step.

All this has made Mukhamedov the Bolshoi's man of the moment, the undisputed star in a company that has long been a showcase for male dancers. Despite his
dance world in the 1950s with their athleticism and strength. Others contended the company was the leanest and sharpest it has been in years. Few critics cared for the choreography. “The productions . . . rarely rose above the level of comic strip,” snorted one, and his view was widely shared. Occasionally, someone would interject a note of reality. “If Yuri didn’t write ballets like these,” said the Financial Times critic Clement Crisp, “they would never be allowed onstage. Yuri has to make ballets like these.”

Praise for Mukhamedov, though, was unanimous and generous. In the Times of London, John Percival, one of the first biographers of Rudolf Nureyev, found him “an extraordinary dancer” with “stupendous capacity for launching himself into great whirling leaps.” Crisp termed him the “new ideal” of the Bolshoi male and added the ultimate tribute: “He is very, very much an artist, not an athlete, with a wonderful humility and charm.”

When Mukhamedov was scheduled to dance at Covent Garden, fans arrived at dawn laden with newspapers, thermos bottles, and umbrellas, to queue for the sixty or so amphitheater tickets sold the day of the performance. “This is extraordinary behavior for London,” exclaimed a seasoned balletomane who joined the line with her knitting and a folding chair.

American audiences will get their first glimpse of Mukhamedov when the Bolshoi arrives in New York, on June 30, to start a
never seemed to tire or hold back.

Change the subject from dancing, and Mukhamedov is just not interested. His days are filled with classes and rehearsals, and that suits him fine. In his spare time he does like attending theater productions in Moscow, but for a dramatic dancer, that is a busman's holiday. He enjoys running but admits he rarely indulges in the additional exercise. A music lover, he loathes hard rock and likes best the scores he dances. Not surprisingly, his wife, Lyudmila Kudryavtseva, is a member of the Bolshoi corps de ballet.

Mukhamedov does not much resemble the Russian stars who have deserted to the West, beginning with that other charismatic Tartar Rudolf Nureyev, not to mention that more recent media kitten Mikhail Baryshnikov, both of whom revel in the trappings of fame and fortune. It is almost impossible to imagine Mukhamedov signing on for the fray those other two must by now think of as routine. Crisp, who as librarian of the Royal Academy of Dancing has seen and known everyone who is anyone in ballet for three decades, says flatly of Mukhamedov, "He's incorruptible, onstage and off."

Irek Dzhavadovich Mukhamedov can hardly recall a time when he did not dance—or want to. Born in 1960 in Kazan, in the Tartar republic, he started ballet lessons at age five. No one in his family had ever danced, but his instructors quickly spotted his talent. Young Irek was enrolled in the Moscow Choreographic Institute, the elite school that has groomed many Bolshoi dancers. Upon graduation, he entered the Moscow Classical Company, where he performed concert pieces from well-known ballets and toured, visiting Turkey, Germany, and Italy. "The Bolshoi was always my dream," he says.

His invitation to join followed a scintillating performance in the Fourth International Ballet Competition, in Moscow in 1981, where he won the gold medal dancing two bravura showpieces: the pas de

---

Irek Mukhamedov, in white, in The Golden Age: no classic beauty, but when he is onstage, it is hard to recall a time when he did not dance—or want to. Born in 1960 in Kazan, in the Tartar republic, he started ballet lessons at age five. No one in his family had ever danced, but his instructors quickly spotted his talent. Young Irek was enrolled in the Moscow Choreographic Institute, the elite school that has groomed many Bolshoi dancers. Upon graduation, he entered the Moscow Classical Company, where he performed concert pieces from well-known ballets and toured, visiting Turkey, Germany, and Italy. "The Bolshoi was always my dream," he says.

His invitation to join followed a scintillating performance in the Fourth International Ballet Competition, in Moscow in 1981, where he won the gold medal dancing two bravura showpieces: the pas de
Mukhamedov's repertoire now includes the leading roles in Swan Lake, Romeo and Juliet, Don Quixote, Raymonda, Spartacus, and, of course, The Golden Age, which Grigorovich choreographed for him in 1982. His favorite, though, is Grigorovich's Ivan the Terrible, choreographed in 1975, which tells the story of the sixteenth-century Russian, loathed by his subjects, who strengthened and united the nation. He is a tough character to make likable. "I'm always competing with myself in this part, trying to reach something within me and put across the ideas," Mukhamedov says. "I can dance Spartacus two nights in a row, but not Ivan. In Ivan there is a tremendous emotional demand in addition to the technique. This, of course, is always true. If you just leap, it is not interesting. If you put your acting into it, that's when you get joy from it. But in Ivan the emotion is especially strong."

In many ways, Irek Mukhamedov represents the current style of the Bolshoi Ballet at its best. The troupe that is visiting the United States is younger than it has been in years. The average age is twenty-seven; a decade ago it was thirty-four. Gone are the muscle-bound machos. The new dancers are leaner, faster, and more sophisticated. As Moscow's official company, the Bolshoi has its pick of the nation's dancers, drawing from its own school as well as cannibalizing the ranks of other leading companies. Grigorovich's long tenure has also given him the chance to refine and cultivate a distinctive silhouette, much as George Balanchine did in America with the New York City Ballet. The result could be the product of an intense breeding experiment: the women willowy and feminine, the men sculpted and rugged. The Bolshoi is the least-androgynous-looking troupe on earth.

Even so, Mukhamedov looks different from the rest. His dark Tartar hair, thick brows, and high cheekbones make a welcome contrast against the fair-haired, long-faced White Russian men who dominate the stage. His body is sturdy and strong, with powerful thighs and ample hindquarters, the basic equipment for those prodigious jumps and leaps. Well proportioned, with a slightly large head, he is no classic beauty, but when he is onstage it is hard to look at anyone else.

Grigorovich has made the most of Mukhamedov's gifts and will no doubt show him off prominently in the two ballets he hopes to tackle next, The Bolt and The Bright Spring, which, together with The Golden Age, will form a trilogy of ballets set to Shostakovich scores. "As a rule, I always fall in love a little with the artists I work with, and I like moving on to the next production with an artist," Grigorovich has said. "If you can work with someone who can fulfill exactly what you want, it is a great stroke of luck."

Mukhamedov for his part seems perfectly happy to work with just one choreographer, unlike some increasingly vocal members of the Bolshoi. In a recent interview, Vladimir Vasiliev, now in his late forties, observed, "The Bolshoi should be like a library with a great variety of books. They may not all be your favorite, but you can't read only Tolstoy, Chekov, and Dostoyevski." For his part, Mukhamedov, who affects little interest in Bolshoi politics, seems equally indifferent to other companies, choreographers, and productions, ballet and modern alike. "For me, Grigorovich is czar and God," he says. "He brought me onto the stage, and I try to do everything he asks, not just from the heart but from the soul."
FOR FOUR GENERATIONS, THE HEAD FAMILY HAS DOMINATED THE RACING SCENE IN FRANCE
In 1890, William Head won the Grande Course de Hurdle at Auteuil on the day his son Willie was born. Willie Head won that same great French steeple race in 1924, and Willie’s son Alec won it again in 1943. This victory, repeated over three generations, represents just a fraction of the Head presence in the annals of thoroughbred racing. Riders, trainers, breeders, persistent winners, they are, on the human side of thoroughbred racing, the world's most fascinating bloodline.

Their presence on the French racing scene goes back seven decades. Willie Head gave up steeplechase riding after 107 victories and moved from England to France after World War I to become a trainer at Chantilly, and for a half-century he ranked among the leading trainers there. Willie had a family reputation to live up to: his wife’s father, Henry Jennings, had trained Gladiateur, the horse whose bronze efigy stands in the promenade of the Longchamp racetrack, outside Paris. With Gladiateur, Jennings took French horse racing out of its infancy into world-class competition. Gladiateur won the famous English Triple Crown in 1865, among many other races.

In 1966, when he was seventy-five, Willie Head gave his nineteen-year-old grandson, Freddy, a chance to run in France’s greatest race, the Prix de l’Arc de Triomphe. Freddy won the Arc on a horse called Bon Mot and has won more than 2,000 races since.

Alec Head, Willie’s son and Freddy’s father, was ranked six times the top trainer in France. He has technically retired from training by ceding his license to his daughter, Criquette, but remains a prominent breeder. Freddy Head has been six times France’s top jockey and shares with Cash Asmussen the record for the greatest number of victories in one day—five. Three years into her post as head of the Head training stables, Criquette is among France’s top three trainers.

Patriarch of the clan since Willie’s death, three years ago at the age of ninety-four, Alec Head is a simple-spoken, mod-
est man whose English—his second language—is burled with Gallic twists and bits of the cockney accent his father brought over from the English racing world. He shrugs at such superlatives as one coming from the great American horsewoman Peggy Vandervoort: “Alec Head is the greatest living horseman.”

On an early morning at Chantilly, with the sun burning off the mist, Alec Head resembles an English countryman—battered tweed hat, green canvas jacket, corduroys. Normally he is on horseback like the lads and apprentice jockeys who move their mounts from place to place in the forest, with its seventy-nine miles of alleys covered with soft Loire River sand and its 257 acres of velvety turf. Accompanying a visitor, he treks through the dew on foot.

What is a horseman, in his view? “A bit of an artist,” he replies, not as an introduction but as a way of settling the question. “It’s a bit of a gift, working with horses.”

Is it genetically transmitted? “That might be going too far. If you had family in it you may have a little more of a chance. I was born in a horse box, so to speak. Horses were a natural thing for me.”

Watching Alec and Criquette work, you realize that if there is a Head secret, it is probably a matter of doing the natural thing. “I didn’t make Bering. Bering is making me,” Criquette insists about
France's star horse of recent seasons, bred by Alec. "A family horse," Alec calls him, because Alec also bred Bering's mother and grandmother at the Head stud farm in Normandy.

"A good horse makes a good trainer," Criquette declares. Such modesty doesn't take into account the fact that Criquette is up at five-thirty and out with the lads and apprentices day after day. "Go with him!" Criquette shouts to a lad holding back a horse for the sake of being master of the moment. "Go with him!" and "Let him!" and "Gently!" are the imperatives heard repeatedly when the Heads have their horses out at Chantilly. "We look at our horses with love," Criquette points out, but that doesn't keep the Heads from quickly picking out the horses who love to run. Those who do not are sold off without delay. Managing the ones who love running is largely a matter of keeping them healthy and happy, the way the Heads tell it. Chantilly is an ideal place for that, as close as you can get to horse heaven.

Near their homes in Chantilly, the Heads keep 150-odd horses in training—their own and those of such racing people as the Wertheimer family, owners of Chanel, for whom Alec Head has trained uninterruptedly for thirty-five years. Each morning the horses go out grouped in "strings," to trot and walk and gallop singly or together on the long, rolling alleys in the forest. Horses scheduled to race in the next few days are run on the lawns, and once a week the Heads time their horses on the lush track opposite the splendid stables built by the prince de Condé, who thought he would be living there in his next life as a horse.

The Head training routine is much like that of the other 100 or so trainers who work in the 17,600-acre Chantilly forest and on the 594 adjacent acres bought up by the French thoroughbred racing association, the Société d'Encouragement. It was founded by Lord Henry Seymour, who started French thoroughbred racing in the 1830s on a clearing in the Chantilly domain of his friend the duke of Orléans. Many of the Chantilly people are descendants of the trainers and jockeys who crossed the Channel at Lord Henry's behest.

If anything sets the Heads apart at Chantilly, it may be their mercurial attention to a horse's fitness. A Head-trained horse is not lean and keyed-up; he tends rather to be muscular and self-confident. "We muscle them up, get their wind clear, and get their morale in good shape," says Alec. A string of horses walks in a circle around him, and he interrupts the point he's making to point out a tiny cyst near an ankle of one of them. "Got to see to that," he tells the lad. "With the vet." Head meticulousness is evident again as he stoops to pick a tiny piece of glass off the turf. He continues, "I suppose the horse looks a bit the way he's trained. I like my horses to carry a little conditioning on them—a little more weight—and to look in good shape and happy."

Where the grounds of the Head stables adjoin the forest are two big circles of sand. After their morning exercises, the horses are turned loose in the sandpile. They roll around on their backs and kick their feet in the air. The sandpile, Alec explains, is a "head abut. My father always used it. It's a little recreation for the horse. Training is not always just work."

Criquette contends that "horses talk," communicating in their demeanor when something bothers them. Alec Head knows when a horse looks happy or not, but he doesn't like the expression "horses talk." He believes they are essentially stupid. "The main thing a horse has is his memory. He has so little intelligence that he'll run into a fence and kill himself." All the same, Head insists, you can and must build a horse's morale. "A horse who wins all the time knows he'll win. He's like a boxer. A boxer who gets beaten all the time has a psychological disadvantage."

Training therefore involves a careful choice of races. As a horse develops, Head tries it in increasingly difficult races, but he is particularly cautious about running it in competition over its head. When Alec and Criquette finish a morning of training they usually spend the afternoon at the track—Longchamp, Chantilly, or even Compiegne—where their job is as much learning what all the other horses around are like as it is testing their own.

At Compiegne, another beautiful track surrounded by forest, Criquette is running a number of young horses who have never won a race and testing some young jockeys at the same time. This day will decide whether some of the fillies are to stay with the Heads or be sold for breeding. Turnover has become important. There is less and less time and money available these days to bring up a slow horse slowly.

A jockey comes back to the paddock after riding a favored Head horse to defeat. "Arms! Arms!" Criquette had shouted from the rail. He has an alibi: "I couldn't get free." Criquette listens sympathetic but, later she notes to the jockey's apprentice, "Did you see the way your jockey rode, way up in the stirrups? And no arms. You have to ride that horse with your arms. If you whip him he's all over the place."

The jockey, she confides later, lacks spirit. "But that apprentice is going to ride soon. He's a fighter. To be a horseman, it's like anything else. Fighting spirit. Even a secretary has to be a fighter if she wants to get ahead."

Getting ahead for Criquette was not such a fight as might be supposed. There are myriads more women secretaries than there are female horse trainers—there is only one other important woman trainer at Chantilly—but Criquette got plenty of encouragement from her tradition-minded father. Like Alec, who was a jockey at fifteen, Criquette entered the horse world as a rider, but unlike her brother Freddy, she is rather big, and so after seventeen races as a "gentleman rider," she devoted herself to training, a job that makes her feel, as she says, "like I'm on vacation all the time."

Getting up before dawn to be out "on vacation" hasn't kept Criquette from raising her daughter—sixteen-year-old Patricia wants to be a trainer too. Her husband, René Romanet, is a banker, whose brother, like his father before him, is director of the Société d'Encouragement. René Romanet keeps a few horses—mainly in the hands of another trainer. "Better for the marriage," Criquette explains.

At Compiegne's "downcountry" track, Freddy Head is also at work, riding in seven of the eight races one afternoon. Freddy doesn't save himself for the star racing weekends. He is a diligent as well as inspired rider who is constantly studying what horses are around and how they like to run. Freddy has an even lower opinion of horse intelligence than his father. "A horse loves to run," Freddy explains. "It's in the blood. But I don't believe a horse likes to win or even knows when he has won. Riding a racehorse is in my opinion not much different from riding a
Freddy rides each race in his mind well before he gets into the saddle. He knows from experience and from his briefing with the trainer whether he'll be riding a horse who gives most at the starting gate, midway, or near the finish line, and whether it's a horse who likes to ride covered in a pack or alone with his nose in the wind. Freddy knows he can't change a horse's nature, but he is noted for getting the best out of it by having an unusual memory about the competing horses and by placing and pacing the mount he pilots accordingly. Freddy also has the kind of legs that can squeeze extra forward motion from a horse and arms that can push him to a winning finish harder than another jockey's can.

"Freddy is very strong in a finish," notes Criquette. "He'll carry his horse to the winning post."

In the fall of 1985 Stavros Niarchos made Freddy an offer he couldn't refuse, and since then he has been riding for Niarchos's trainer Francois Boutin instead of for the family. The change puts a damper on the sort of celebration the Heads had when Freddy won the Arc in 1976 on Three Troikas, a horse trained by his sister and owned by his mother (whose family, the van de Poeles, are also noted trainers).

"Papa was very sad," notes Criquelle, recalling Freddy's departure from the family stables, but Freddy left without hard feelings, and although they compete all season at the track, the Heads spend a lot of time together. The professional separation tells less about the family than about the hard-nosed nature of today's thoroughbred racing business—one that was far less a business when Alec Head began his career.

"Before, people went out of their way to spend money on horses," recalls Alec, sitting before a pile of bills in his office at the stables. "Now they're trying to make money." Gone are the days when gentlemen owners would compliment a trainer if his horse ran a good race against the competition, even though it finished seventh. Racing today is dominated by syndicates and international nabobs who buy and sell yearlings, mares, and studs at astronomical prices. Turnover is what counts.

"Long-distance races are dying out. People are not interested in breeding horses that stay forever. They're interested in speed. Speed means precocity. People are in a hurry to see their horse become worth a lot more money. They don't want to wait three to four years to race a horse. The interest is in two-year-olds."

The trend Head describes has come from American racing. Traditionally, French tracks, with their greater distances and irregular terrain, run either left or right or sometimes straightaway, offer variety and sheer beauty that isn't found in the United States. On such tracks, strong, long-staying horses revel. Chantilly, with its undulating sand, its various conditions, is the ideal place to build a staying horse. A sign of changing times is the dirt track the Wildenstein's have recently created there, so that they can train under conditions resembling those at American tracks.

Alec Head, owner as well as trainer, and the first Head to have a stud farm, makes no bones about the fact that he too is "in business." He happens to have a horse of his own in training with Woody Stevens, the American trainer, whom he greatly admires. He himself would never think of training in the States. "It's too boring."

Out beside the rolling straightaway again, Alec Head explains the American alternative as a string of horses thuds by. "You go to the racetrack and wait your turn, and the horses all go round in the same direction, always left, and you just stand there with a stopwatch."

To survive as a businessman like horseman in a world where money has taken over, Head formed a company, Société Aland, several years ago in partnership with Roland de Chambure, of Lazard Frères. Chambure, who has been around horses since his childhood on a stud farm in Normandy, describes himself as "so silent a partner that I'm a sleeping partner." He explains, "We each had separate stud farms. We each had a few mares and we started fooling around. And when prices went up we got together, to halve our risks." Chambure and Head still keep separate stud farms, but they share mares, sell the colts, and keep the fillies to be trained by Head. Head and his wife also race horses of their own, like Bering.

By breeding their own mounts, Head and Chambure are able to keep their stable going without being forced to the auctions for yearlings that draw dollar prices in the seven-figure range. Can their home-bred horses still compete?

"Two and two don't make four in this business," says Alec Head. "If it were that way, only the rich people would win all the races. Look at the Arabs: they've been spending the most on horses, but they haven't won all that much. Maybe in a while they will. If you have a lot of money,
it helps, but you're not sure to succeed. Seattle Slew was bought for $17,500, I think, as a colt. And that other good horse who won the Derby—he was bought out on sale for about $15,000—Spend a Buck, that was his name. He didn't cost many bucks. You need money, but a lot of work too, and a lot of luck in this business. I bought Lyphard for $45,000 and sold him to Gainesway for a lot more. I don't remember how much. But I'd say he's worth $25 million as a stud. How did I pick him? Well, he looked a nice horse.

A few weeks later, Bering, the product of three generations of Head breeding, placed second in the Arc to Dancing Brave, the star British horse belonging to the Saudi prince Khalid Abdullah. The Heads were disappointed, but less so than the Aga Khan, who ran four horses in the race, none of which even showed. Bering, syndicated as a stud for $7 million, went off a little later to mount mares at Walmac Farm, in Kentucky, which bought half of the forty shares from the Heads.

How does Alec Head engineer his breeding? "You can't go against nature. You know that some bloodlines cross well, and you try to cross physiques, but there are elements in nature you can't control. You can breed the best stud with the best mare and get a horse that is perfectly useless. There's no reason a horse shouldn't run, but some of them just don't. You have to keep trying, because you're working with nature, and it's the strongest."  

G. Y. Dryansky wrote about Alsace for the March 1987 issue of Connoisseur.
Mexico’s masterly looter.

Brigido Lara

IS IT A FAKE?

By Mimi Crossley and E. Logan Wagner

Brigido Lara, a quiet, unassuming forty-five-year-old Mexican, has just attained a special place in the history of art. He is a self-proclaimed master forger. The past century, of course, has seen its share of skillful art forgers. Giovanni Bastianini is one of them; Hans Van Meegeren is another. Their copies, respectively, of fifteenth-century Florentine sculptors and the seventeenth-century Dutch painter Vermeer fooled the experts for years. Brigido Lara, however, may be the best forger of recent history. While Bastianini and Van Meegeren were eventually found out, Lara is so adept that his interpretations (as he calls them) of pre-Columbian art probably would never have been discovered had he himself not stepped forward to identify them as his creations.

Brigido Lara has recently come out of relative obscurity to reveal that during the course of two decades he manufactured hundreds, even thousands of handsome works, all of them made out of clay. Over the years many of the figures that Lara is now claiming are his own creations have found their way into some of the world’s most esteemed private collections (including that of the film director John Huston) and into the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the prestigious Morton May Collection, at the St. Louis Art Museum, the Dallas Museum of Art, and other museums as well. His pieces are to be found as far afield as Belgium and Australia. As Lara’s story unfolds, these collectors and institutions are taking some of their prize pre-Columbian artifacts off display until they can determine whether or not Lara did indeed make them.

Lara would probably still be working in obscurity, turning out his masterly interpretations, had he not been arrested—not as a forger, but as a looter. Mexican authorities picked him up near Veracruz in 1974 for possession of what they thought to be a priceless artifact looted from a tomb. Even an archaeologist testified that the statue with which Lara had been apprehended was authentic pre-Columbian. Convicted and sent to prison, Lara continued to protest that he was a forger, an excellent one, not a looter. Finally, he persuaded prison officials to allow his attorney to bring clay and tools to his cell, and before their eyes he made an exact duplicate of the piece with which he had been arrested. He was released.

Even after Lara’s arrest, though, his story probably would not have gone much beyond Veracruz had it not been for another twist of fate. When Lara was released...
from prison he went to work for the Mexican government as a restorer and replica maker. ("Our policy is, when you can't beat them, hire them," says Fernando Winheld, director of the Jalapa Archaeological Museum, in Veracruz, cracking a wry joke with many grains of truth in it.) Lara was still working for the state in the early 1980s when the governor of Veracruz at the time, Agustin Acosta Lagunes, began bringing pre-Columbian artifacts back to Mexico from abroad for the Jalapa museum, his pet project. Among the governor's special prizes were several pieces that he had bought at auction at Sotheby's in New York City.

When the crates from America arrived and were being opened, Lara stepped forward with some bad news. He said he had made that "Classic" Veracruz figure with the fantastic bird-wing headdress. More of the governor's Sotheby's purchases turned out to be Lara's creations, too. One of them, a clay "male dancer" with the slanted, almond-shaped eyes typical of Mesoamerican art, his body adorned with terra-cotta beads and bells, had once been in the noted collection of Mr. and Mrs. Millard Sheets, of California. It had also been one of the featured works in the highly touted "Ancient Art of Veracruz" exhibition at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History in 1971. Lara now claims that of the 150 works on display in that exhibition, a dozen were his. (According to the terms of sale at Sotheby's, the governor, who paid $13,000 for the "male dancer," has up to five years from time of purchase to receive a full refund on grounds of inauthenticity.)

According to Lara, who is now making replicas for sale at the shop of the Jalapa museum—he likes to tell tourists that some of his best works can be seen in America's finest museums and grandest homes—during his unofficial career as an "adapter" of pre-Columbian art he made hundreds of fake Olmec pots and Mayan polychrome vessels. (Real Mayan vessels date back as far as A.D. 400, and an especially exquisite example can fetch up to $30,000 at auction.) His specialty, though, was Veracruz antiquities dating from the period before the arrival of the Spanish in 1519—especially the figures of life-size gods that have been found in the burial mounds around El Zapotal, not far from where Lara was born. These Classic Veracruz figures, which date from around A.D. 600 to 900—then faces are often covered by masks or colored with tar from the Mexican Gulf Coast and their heads adorned with headdresses of writhing serpents—were much sought after when a few looted pieces began appearing on the art market in the United States in the 1960s and 1970s. The Gulf Coast of central Mexico is rich in these ancient treasures, and hundreds of burial mounds and other sites have yet to be excavated.

Even as a child, growing up in this artifact-laden area, Lara was known for his skill at making clay figures. Looters used to bring him artifacts to repair and restore, and eventually he began to make his own pre-Columbian look-alikes. He still characterizes his pieces as originals, not copies, and says that he creates "interpretations" of pre-Columbian art for private collectors.

"Whenever there was a new find, I would go to that area and get a look at the figures," he says. "Then I would get clay from that region, the same clay the archaeological figures were made from." In his workshop he kept scores of different types of clays and thirty-two grades of cinnabar, the red-colored powdered mercury that the ancient Olmec Indians used to make their figures. He collected materials for dozens of different types of patinas, so that he could match exactly the patina used by whatever ancient culture he was copying. He also invented his own wooden tools, after studying authentic ones and deducing how the ancient Indians had constructed them.

Originally, Lara sold his pieces to runners, who would make the rounds of the small Veracruz villages looking for artifacts to sell to collectors. He never sold a work to anyone who didn't know that it was his own creation, he says. Of course, what happened to a piece once it left his hands was someone else's business. Lara eventu-
Unlike most other forgers, Lara has never left his initials or other distinctive marks on his works. All the same, to those who know the works well, Lara's creations are distinctly his. "Brigido's pieces have drama and life to them," says Fernando Winfield, the Jalapa museum director. "They have a little more motion than most pieces. The hands of his figures are on the knees, or grasping something, or making a gesture." Lara also went in for flamboyant headdresses on his statues, lavishing care on snakes and birds especially. One of his more inventive clay statues dons a headdress resembling a chair. When he was shown slides of works that are now in prominent pre-Columbian collections in the United States but that may actually be his, Lara asked, "Has a piece with a large iguana wrapped around the body shown up anywhere?"

Lara's inventiveness may be the reason that his work has gone undetected by dealers and curators. Another factor is the lack of archaeology that pertains to pre-Columbian art. Since relatively few pre-Columbian sites have been excavated (especially when compared to classical Greek and Roman sites), scholars still have much to learn about the iconography of the ancient Americas. So sparse is the knowledge of the arts of the ancient Americas, in fact, that in many cases it will be necessary for Lara to explain exactly why it is that a piece is not authentic pre-Columbian. Such considerations raise the intriguing question "What would have happened if Lara had never exposed his adaptations?"

The answer is that the statues probably would have gone undetected unless future
scholarship yielded enough information about the iconography of the pre-Columbian peoples to reveal Lara's works as being inauthentic.

A case in point is the three-foot-tall hollow clay bust of the central Mexican wind god, Ehecatl, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York. When he was shown a photograph of the curl-snouted statue ( pictured at left ), Lara said, "This one I invented completely. A piece like this never has been excavated, and all those in existence are mine." Even so, scholars of pre-Columbian art have been studying and writing about the Metropolitan's wind god for years.

The late Nelson Rockefeller bought the bust of Ehecatl from a dealer in the United States in 1957. It had been smashed into bits and pieces, as are many of the antiquities coming out of Mexico. (Since it is illegal to remove ancient art from Mexico, smugglers routinely break clay artifacts so that they look like uninteresting potsherds, in order to get them past customs officials. The smugglers then reconstruct the pieces after they have crossed the border to the United States, where it is legal to trade ancient artifacts.)

The wind god had been restored and relined with plaster before Rockefeller bought it. He placed it in his Museum of Primitive Art, in New York, where it was restored again several years later. The statue has since been transferred, with several thousand other works of primitive art, to the Michael C. Rockefeller Wing of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. The museum, which routinely circulates objects in its galleries, took the statue off display several months ago and has been testing for its authenticity since Connoisseur notified curators that Lara claims to have made the figure. However, now, thirty years after Lara would have made the statue, any remnant of his patina will have hardened beyond recognition. Lara's iconographical eccentricities may be the only indication that the piece is not authentic pre-Columbian. "We are pursuing all of the tests available to us," says Julie Jones, the Metropolitan's curator of primitive art.

The St. Louis Art Museum owns three pre-Columbian pieces that Lara claims are actually his. The late Morton May, the department-store magnate and philanthropist, purchased the figures—two females, one with two pairs of serpents emerging from the sides of her head, and a large, standing male—and later donated them to the museum. All three pieces were broken when May bought them and have since been extensively restored, making it difficult to identify them definitively as being Lara's creations. Even so, the museum has taken the figures off view until their authenticity can be verified.

Lara also claims to have made Three Seated Figures, at the Dallas Museum of Art (see photograph on page 102). The figures, which were prominently displayed in the galleries, appear to be posing their heads in intimate conversation. They are among the most popular works in the museum. The terra-cotta figures were once in the hands of the late John Wise, of New York (an eminent dealer in pre-Columbian antiquities), and were also owned at one time by the film director John Huston, an avid collector.

Harry Parker, the director of the Dallas Museum, traveled to Jalapa recently to talk with Lara. When he returned to Dallas he took the three figures out of the galleries and is submitting them to fluoroluminescence and other testing that will help curators determine whether they are authentic or were made by Brigido Lara.

Obviously, Lara's revelations have serious repercussions for collectors of pre-Columbian antiquities. Not only are his works in prominent collections all over the world, but, because of the inventiveness with which he executed his figures, it is possible that Lara has singlehandedly skewed our perceptions of a prominent period and style of pre-Columbian art. In other words, this one man has managed to invent much of what up to now scholars have considered to be the Classic Veracruz style.

A major issue arises from Brigido Lara's revelations. The chemical and physical detection of forgeries is difficult. Even when experts can detect a forger's meth-
Until the emergence of Lara there have been only a few other well-known forgers of pre-Columbian artifacts, and they have been shadowy figures. One is a German émigré who, operating around the city of Oaxaca at the beginning of this century, manufactured Zapotecan antiquities. The other is an elusive faker of Mayan art who appears to have been working as recently as the late 1970s and is known simply as the "Fat Tabascan."

The extent of Lara's impact on the market for pre-Columbian art is, not surprisingly, a matter of debate. "There are no more forgeries in pre-Columbian art than in any other kind of art," says Edward Merrin, a New York antiquities dealer. Even his colleagues at the Jalapa museum knew then that this quiet man had left his indelible mark on some of the world's most prized collections of pre-Columbian art and in the annals of forgery as well. That, however, will soon change, as curators and collectors now begin to take a close look at their pre-Columbian treasures.

In 1971, the Mexican archaeologist Manuel Torres Guzmán began to follow a looter's trench at the site of a strange mound on the Gulf coast of the Mexican state of Veracruz. After relatively little digging he came upon what seemed to be a statue. He dug the dirt away from the figure, only to discover another one behind it. Eventually, in front of Guzmán there stood an astonishing sight: a procession of twenty-two life-size clay statues of women, with fantastic snakes, bats, and crocodiles wrapped around their waists and heads, was lined up in single file.

Thinking he was near an underground sanctuary, Guzmán continued to dig in an easterly direction and came upon nine descending stairs, which, as Guzmán knew, in the mythology of pre-Columbian Indians correspond to the nine levels of the underworld. After seasons of painstaking excavation, Guzmán found what he had been looking for: at the bottom of the staircase was a room lined with painted murals and occupied by the clay skeleton of a grinning death god, the presence of which indicates awesome funerary rituals.

Guzmán later found skeletons to confirm the thesis. These burials, the archaeologist determined, took place sometime between A.D. 600 and 900.

News of the excavations, completed in 1976, leaked out in scholarly papers, and photographs of the statues occasionally appeared as they were being restored. But the public did not see the figures until the new, $6 million Jalapa Archaeological Museum opened, last November. The sculptures, called "El Zapotal" after the site from which they were excavated, continue to create a sensation.

Unlike most other pre-Columbian figures, the statues are tall. Standing figures range in height from five feet to six feet, and seated figures are about two and a half feet tall. Their faces bear...
delicate expressions, and their skirts and shawls are draped about their bodies with sensuous fluidity. Many of the statues were found near the remains of some 400 women who apparently died in childbirth, whom the pre-Columbian Indians considered to be heroines and called Cihuatohtls, after the goddess who watched over the souls of women who died in childbirth. The El Zapotal statues placed near their remains are also called Cihuatohtls. Other figures from the site have the goggle eyes of Tlahoci, the rain god, and still others wear ropes of penitential sacrifice around their necks.

Many scholars consider the discovery of the El Zapotal statues to be as major to the study of ancient civilizations as that of the now-famous life-size terracotta tomb figures unearthed in 1974 in Sian, China. This rugged standing army, dating from the second century B.C. and found guarding an emperor’s tomb, is considered unique among world artifacts, a manifestation of a major art tradition. The Veracruz figures are as important as the Chinese find, scholars say, and present growing evidence that the ancient culture of the Americas was as advanced aesthetically and technologically as that of the East. S. Jeffrey K. Wilkerson, director of the Institute for Cultural Ecology of the Tropics, in Veracruz, puts it this way: “The technical skill required for . . . the construction of the Veracruz statues ranks them among the highest achievements of any of the art traditions of the world.”

The El Zapotal statues come from the Mixtequilla, an archaeologically rich area near the Gulf of Mexico in central Veracruz State. Archaeologists have excavated relatively few of the 100 huge burial mounds in the region, although looters have broken into some of the mounds—stolen figures from Mixtequilla have made their way into American and European markets—and forgers have done a brisk business with their “interpretations.”

The best place to see the authentic artifacts is the admirable Jalapa Archaeological Museum, part of a university complex just outside of the city on Avenida Jalapa, the road to Mexico City. The museum is open from 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., Monday through Saturday. As the museum closes frequently for holidays and other occasions, it is best to telephone in advance (phone, 281-5-0920). In the galleries and open-air courtyards are antiquities from throughout Veracruz, including the El Zapotal statues. Among the other treasures in the Jalapa Museum are nine giant basalt heads of ancient Olmec rulers, dating from the period 1200–900 B.C., from the site of San Lorenzo Tenochtitlán, and monolithic carved stone reliefs from El Tajín, a site that is famous for its pre-Columbian pyramid, ball courts, and sweat houses.

Jalapa, the capital of Veracruz State, is a bustling city (population, 250,000) that spills down verdant hillsides beneath volcanic peaks. The bus ride or drive from Veracruz, the large seaport some seventy miles distant, on the Gulf of Mexico, takes a little less than two hours. (Veracruz is twelve hours by train from Mexico City—two run daily, including an overnight sleeper—and an hour on frequent Mexicana Airlines flights.)

Among Jalapa’s ample accommodations is the old Hotel México (Dr. Lucio 4; phone, 281-7-5030), just across the street from the cathedral. There, $5 or so gets you a large double room and bath facing a central courtyard. The restaurant downstairs is good and just as economical. Jalapa’s higher-priced (relatively so) and more luxurious hotels include the Hotel María Victoria, near the Palacio de Gobierno, or Governor’s Palace (Calle Zaragoza 6; phone, 281-7-5600), where double rooms cost about $16 a night, and the new Hotel Xalapa (Victoria Esquina Bustamante, on the corner of Victoria and Bustamante; phone, 281-822-22). A double room there costs about $22 a night.

One of Jalapa’s most popular restaurants is Cafetería Terraza Jardín, near by on Enriquez, the street that runs in front of the cathedral. A six-course dinner at this lively place comes to about $2. Casa de Mama (Avila Camacho 113; phone, 281-7-3144) is also popular. It specializes in the seafood and rich sauces that are the staples of the Gulf coast of Mexico. —M.C. and E.L.W.
Back in Bloom

The Garden Bloomsbury Made Famous

Restorations have a way of stilling time and shaping the past. Musing on an upended millstone in the reconstructed garden at Charleston in Sussex, one can almost hear the voices of the famous Bloomsbury artists and writers who wandered in and out of this house in curious couplings: Virginia Woolf, urging her sister Vanessa Bell in 1916 to rent Charleston Farmhouse, with its overgrown garden, fruit trees, and pond, near the Woolfs' own country place at Asheham; Vanessa presiding goddess-like over a ménage of children, rabbits, ducks, governesses, gardeners, writers, and intellectuals—painting all the while.

"The company in this house is its sempiternal self," wrote Lytton Strachey to his brother James in 1920 of those early years at Charleston. "Duncan [Grant] and Vanessa painting all day in each other's arms. Pozzo [Maynard Keynes, the economist] writing on Probability and editing the Economic Journal . . . Clive [Vanessa's husband, the art critic] pretending to read Stendhal . . . The children screaming and falling into the pond."

The writer David Garnett and the artist and art impresario Roger Fry rounded out this small circle of Bloomsbury folk who were either residents or regular guests at Charleston from World War I on. The eighteenth-century farmhouse, a solid, unadorned building of stuccoed brick, sits under Firle Beacon, the highest point in the South Downs, about sixty miles from London. The house and garden have been restored—the garden, with funds provided by the late Lila Acheson Wallace, of the Reader's Digest—and were opened to the public last June.

From the start, the garden at Charleston figured in the domestic routine and the idiosyncratic creativity that gave its character to the place. Roger Fry, who earlier in the century had spent several years as curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum, helped Vanessa rebuild the neglected garden. At the same time, she and Grant were producing designs for furniture, ceramics, and fabrics for Fry's Omega Workshop, which represented a contemporary marriage of the Arts and Crafts movement and modernism in England. As he flitted back and forth from London overseeing his enterprise, Fry carried the Italian pots, plants, and seeds that Vanessa requested: "Pinks, irises, and anything you have to spare. Also if you can we should be very glad of thyme and sage. I want to make the new paths and beds you suggested so there will be lots of room for all kinds of things."

Soon the garden was providing flowers to paint and food for the table, even honey from beehives Garnett kept in the garden during the war. Vanessa delighted in the rich sensuousness of her garden, often painting all day at her easel, set up amid the teeming flower beds in the walled enclosure adjoining the north side of the house. "She particularly liked to paint the big, colorful red-hot pokers and dahlias," her daughter, the artist and writer Angelica Garnett, recalled recently. "But she liked the small, simple flowers too—sweet Williams and pinks."

While Vanessa painted in the garden, Grant preferred to station himself by the horse pond (he once talked of raising flamingoes in it), where he would paint the house or the landscape surrounding it. Beyond lay a wilder, wooded area with a decaying orchard and an overgrown tennis lawn, a survival from the turn of the century, when Charleston served as a guesthouse: the porcelain room numbers are still nailed to the doors.

Charleston had been rented by the Bells since 1916 from the Gage family, which owns the 10,000-acre estate in which it lies, but in 1980 the house was put on the market. It caught the attention of Deborah Gage, an antiques dealer and a distant relative of the owners. She visited the house and was astonished by its artistic contents and embellishments, though they were deteriorating badly. Determined that the house should be restored and preserved for its historic role in twentieth-century British art, she set about forming the Charleston Trust to accomplish this, first enlisting the help of Vanessa's two surviving children, Quentin Bell and Angelica Garnett. (Her son Julian was killed during the Spanish civil war.) Charleston is now a homelike museum, housing a unique deposit of art and decorative art objects whose purpose was to enhance the humble rituals of daily life.

Every available surface is adorned with luminous colors, swirling images, and inventive calligraphy, which the two artists evolved over the course of fifty years, before Vanessa's death there, in 1961 at the age of eighty-one. Grant stayed, on and off until he died, aged ninety-three, in 1978. They daubed their
Quentin Bell at a reflecting pool whose tiles he painted after his mother's original design. Behind him grow dahlias, santolima, and box.
scarlet runner beans consort with gooseberries, parsley, and other edibles in a small vegetable patch.

Several of her son Quentin Bell's statues populate the walled garden and the grounds by the pond. Outside the garden wall, a zany "Pomona" balances a basket of fruit on her head. A mysterious figure, known locally as "The Spink," sits ominously under a tree on the edge of the pond. Bell, who lives nearby, has taught art history at Sussex University and at seventy-six still "puts to keep sane." He has ornamented the piazza with a pool spouting water from a fantasy head. A more difficult task was to reproduce the tiles in the reflecting pool, originally decorated by his mother, matching the blue-and-green colors and "getting the glaze just right." "We'll have to see whether they bust up in the winter," he says, "but I think not." He is pleased that globe artichokes are again growing in the garden. They were relished at dinner and as still lifes for the "very good baroque effect" given by their dramatic, thistlelike leaves and globular flowers.

Near the house is a small terrace where the painters drank tea on fine afternoons, while on summer evenings tobacco smoke mingled with the fragrance of nicotinas and night-scented stocks. The garden was also used for special celebrations, when a play by Angelica might be acted in front of the pool and applauded by her famous aunt Mrs. Woolf.

In her memoir Deceived with Kindness, Angelica Garnett recalls that when she was very small her mother would let her sniff a Pre-Raphaelite rose, hanging over the garden wall, that smelt of cold cream. The old, creamy white rose, Félicité and Perpétua, still climbs the beautiful flint- and-brick garden wall, which has been renovated by skilled Sussex stonemasons.

Such recollections as Angelica Garnett's, as well as mentions of the garden in letters and diaries, helped the landscape architect Sir Peter Shepheard in restoring it: "It was a painters' garden bursting with flowers, and we've tried to re-create it as it looked about 1930." Planted in the style of an English cottage garden, it has a simple layout, he says, but has been elaborated by sophisticated people. The garden ornaments fit perfectly into the casual ambience at Charleston. "The sculptures were never meant to be grand," says Sir Peter. "They are here to be eye-catchers, something interesting or pretty placed at the end of paths to lead you on."

Sir Peter, who was dean of the School of Fine Arts at the University of Pennsylvania, where he is a professor of landscape architecture, shunts between his offices in London and the United States on a regular basis. He designed the Lila Acheson Wallace Garden at Colonial Williamsburg, it opened last October.

Before sitting down to the drawing board, he studied photographs of the garden at Charleston, many taken by Vanessa, and paintings of it by her and Grant. One of the first tasks was to hand-weed the garden, which had been long neglected, in order to save such peonies and red-hot pokers as were not beyond sal-

Pinks, irises, anything you have to spare. Also we should be very glad of thyme and sage. I want... all kinds of things."

Homely flowers fill the garden; Bell sculpted the fountainhead.

paints not only on canvases but over tabletops, chairbacks, fireplaces, walls, bathtubs, and ceilings. A bowl of fruit sits on the dining table as if waiting to be painted. Curtains blow in the breeze at an open window, their fabric originally designed by Vanessa and Duncan. Fabrics beyond restoration were reproduced by Laura Ashley. Fresh flowers echo the bouquets painted on cupboards and doors. From a window in the hallway, one can see the house-leeks long ago planted by Julian on the tile roof of a coal shed.

What is unexpected is to find this exuberance and warmth spilling out into a remarkably lovely enclosed garden of about a quarter of an acre, which can be entered from the sitting room, from the large studio where Grant painted, or from Vanessa's bedroom. Although the major planting of the flower beds was done last spring, by late summer they were blooming with a richness usually seen only after several growing seasons. Many of the old fruit trees, particularly apples, which give the garden its "agedness," still survive, arching over tousled flower beds and colorful borders that surround a tiny emerald lawn. There are a reflecting pool and lichen-splotched statues beckoning at the ends of walks. There is even a "piazza" with a mosaic surface encrusted with bits of broken kitchen pottery used as tesserae. Abutting the piazza,
Next to a Sussex wall of brick and flint stands a copy of a sculpture by Giovanni da Bologna, at whose feet a visitor sketches.

vations. Then tons of manure were brought in to improve the chalky soil. The wall, pools, and statues were repaired, and old paths were located and relaid with gravel. The east side of the garden again holds Vanessa's four large flower beds, intersected by crosswalks. On the west, a rectangular lawn with a small reflecting pool is surrounded by flower borders. The kitchen garden and the piazza with its benches are secluded behind a box hedge. A mixed border of climbing plants—jasmine, roses, hydrangea—espaliered fig, pear, and apple trees, as well as shrubs, perennials, and annuals follows the foot of the encircling wall.

Nurseries throughout England were combed for old-fashioned varieties—foxgloves, single hollyhocks, cumbines, delphiniums, roses, Michaelmas daisies, asters—that were the mainstay of gardens early in this century. Hundreds of the dianthus Mrs. Sinkins, the blowzy white-flowered fragrant garden pink, beloved by all, were found to edge the beds and borders. The old double-form achillea The Pearl again produces masses of white, button-like flowers from summer through fall. Vanessa and Grant claimed that England was too overrun with “ubiquitous green,” so drifts of silvery-gray stachys, catmint, senecio, sedum, and dianthus alternately soften and enliven the scene.

Anne Olivier Bell, married to Quentin Bell, coauthor with him of Virginia Woolf: A Biography and editor of The Diaries of Virginia Woolf, remembers that in earlier years there were more trees. Majestic old elms grew just outside the garden wall on the north and west, where there is now a visitors' parking lot, but Dutch elm disease has finished them off. Sir Peter hopes that the seventeen gray poplars he has planted in their place will someday re-create the old feeling of seclusion. Meantime, he confers with the gardener, Mark Divall, about plans for the garden. They include plantings at the entrance to the house, a small courtyard garden embraced by the house, and a long walk flanked by borders leading along the pond to the old orchard. The garden restoration has just been completed.

As for his work on the garden thus far, Sir Peter is enormously pleased with it. “Everything conspired to do it right—the lovely site, the contractor, our gardener—even the English weather!” With a bit more of that kind of luck, and an additional $1,100,000 for upkeep of house and garden, Charleston will become a National Trust Property. If this happens, the Charleston experience will be maintained in perpetuity for admirers of the inexhaustibly fascinating Bloomsbury group. □

Margaret Parke wrote about the New York Flower Show last March.
An exclusive look at the magnificent Palazzo Rospigliosi Pallavicini

All In The Family

Ensconced in her small crimson sitting room, at the end of a long suite of halls, Principessa Elvina Pallavicini (Donna Elvina) talks effortlessly over the faint chatter of the changing of the guard at the presidential palace, across the street. The principessa, seventy-two, is a delicate woman, with the crisp composure of an eighteenth-century miniature and an intense gaze, which do not betray her protracted battle with chronic illness.

"By the time I came to the palazzo as a young bride, its original luster had dimmed woefully," Donna Elvina begins in her sharp, stylish manner. The palace was not unlike a rather tatty turn-of-the-century grand hotel, decorated as it was with potted palms and armchairs bedecked with antimacassars. Even so, behind its forbidding façade, on the Via XXIV Maggio, the Palazzo Rospigliosi Pallavicini housed one of the world's great private art collections. When the principessa married the late Marquis Guglielmo de Pierre de Bernis de Courtavel (heir of Prince Giulio Pallavicini), who died in 1941, she married into fifteen generations of avid collectors.

"Our pinacoteca was created by two men in gowns and a woman," the principessa explains. It was Cardinal Lazzaro Pallavicini, who, having been made a prince of the church in 1669, turned his attention to consolidating the family's power in Rome and especially at the papal court. The cardinal's most lofty ambitions centered around his favorite niece, Maria Camilla, for whom he arranged a highly advantageous marriage with Prince Giovanni Battista Rospigliosi, nephew of Pope Clement IX. Cardinal Lazzaro endowed his niece with the nucleus of an outstanding art collection, with canvases by Rubens, Carracci, and Caravaggio, to which the pope later contributed works by Bernini, Maratta, and Poussin.

With uncanny foresight, Cardinal Lazzaro made a unique arrangement to guarantee the survival of the Pallavicini name. In the event of an only son, the heir was to take both the Pallavicini and the Rospigliosi titles. If there were two male offspring, the firstborn was to take the Rospigliosi name, the second-born the Pallavicini name. In the event of a sole daughter, the names, titles, and possessions of both families were to be conferred upon.

By Patricia Corbett
Photographs by Evelyn Hofer
her spouse. So, while many Renaissance European families have
long since died out, their holdings dispersed, the Pallavicini-
Rospigliosi clan has survived because of this arrangement, and its
collection has continued to grow over the past three centuries,
with only one major setback. In the 1920s, the Rospigliosi
branch, in dire financial straits, was forced to sell off a sizable
chunk of its inheritance. "It is my eternal dream to recover the
missing pieces," Donna Elvina sighs.

The family acquired the palazzo in 1704. It had been built in
1611 for Cardinal Scipione Borghese, a luxury-loving prelate,
toasted as the "delight of Rome," who adorned his residence with
such treasures as Guido Reni's celebrated Aurora fresco. The pal-
ace eventually passed into the ownership of Cardinal Jules
Mazarin, the Italian-born adviser to King Louis XIV of France.
Many foreign notables were among early guests at the palazzo.
Queen Christina of Sweden stayed there for a time, although
Donna Elvina has found no trace of the trapdoors through which
the amorous queen is said to have dispatched her lovers. "I believe
that Christina, undoubtedly a most agreeable woman, has been a
victim of bad press," she concludes.

Encouraged by her husband to restore the palazzo, Donna Elvi-
na lost no time in assessing the full extent of the Pallavicini assets.
She set a firm cutoff date for all paintings, furniture, and objets: 1750, the outer limit of the Roman baroque style. With a con-
noisseur's zeal she began to weed out the undesirables. A playing
table was the first to go (she converted the game room to the Hall
of Ancestors), followed by Empire consoles, Victorian watercol-
ors, and neoclassical statuary.

"All attics great and small harbor a secret, and those of the
palazzo were no disappointment," the princissa recalls, pointing
to a vibrant oil sketch, The Brand, attributed to Velázquez. In
the same room, the Turquoise Salon, hangs a portrait that the
household affectionately calls Madame Rubens. It is a delightfully
informal study of the buxom, blond Hélène Fourment, who was
the artist's second wife and his model.

"I keep my favorite jewels within sight," says Donna Elvina,
jesturing to the walls of the Red Salon and the adjacent library,
hung with Italian gold-ground primitive and early Renaissance
paintings: a Botticelli triptych of the Transfiguration; Lorenzo
Monaco's Burial of Saint Francis; and the princessa's most beloved
work of all those in her collection, the enigmatic Dercéutta. At-
tributed first to Filippino Lippi, then to Botticelli, the poignant
figure is best described by the painting's title, which translates as
"the desolate one."
The Pallavicini are one of only five Roman families to possess a papal canopy, where visiting popes may be received. The floor of the grand hall is modeled after that of the Campidoglio.

I collect with zeal.

"The Derelitta is the very soul of this house," the principessa says, "and I love her for her melancholy as much as for her awesome spirituality." Donna Elvina shudders as she recalls that once, almost fifty years ago, they "came perilously close to losing her." Her father-in-law had received an offer from an American buyer to purchase the painting for what was then a colossal figure, $5 million, the market price for a Botticelli drawing today. "I still have the telegram," she says. "I went to him weeping and begged him to reconsider. He did." For many years the panel hung over the principessa's canopied bed, but "guests were always asking to see it." So she put a Barocci Madonna in her room and gave the Derelitta a more accessible place of honor, in the library.

The principessa has also endowed the palazzo with her own family heirlooms. The massive Defendente Ferrari altarpiece in her sitting room as well as the hand-painted chinoiserie wallpaper in the dining room come from her childhood home, the Villa Medici del Vascello, in Genoa.

Collecting is a hereditary trait in the Pallavicini-Rospigliosi family. Marchese Nicolò, whose portrait by Van Dyck hangs outside the principessa's chambers, ordered from Rubens the thirteen canvases of Christ and the Apostles that are now in the Gold Salon. Pope Clement IX Rospigliosi kept topflight artists on the Vatican payroll, including Poussin, Lorrain, and especially Bernini, author of the silver crucifix on the palazzo altar and of the bust presiding over the ballroom. Bernini offered his patron the sketches for the angels on the Castel Sant' Angelo bridge as a keepsake. (These days, they are tucked out of sight on a bedroom wall.) Don Giuseppe Rospigliosi Pallavicini, who purchased the Derelitta at the start of the nineteenth century, collected with exceptional flair. "When minor masters were in vogue," Donna Elvina explains, "he had the sense to buy rare panel paintings."
The passion for collecting does not spare the Pallavicini spouses. Donna Elvina admits, with the hunter’s pleasure in the chase, “There is hardly a day when I don’t discover and bring home some new treasure.” A respected figure in the major European showrooms, the principessa also combs flea markets and has been handsomely rewarded for her pains. Sidewalk stalls have yielded up to her discerning gaze such treasures as seventeenth-century Dutch silverware and a rare fifteenth-century gilt silver chalice from England. Some local peddlers have a special arrangement with the principessa. “They’ll shout, ‘Lady, what are you looking for?’ I tell them, ‘Fine pewter,’ whatever, and they say, ‘Come back Sunday next.’”

The principessa suffers no restraint in “pillaging” the residences of her peers, a trait she has in common with one of her favorite Pallavicini ancestors, Maria Camilla, who in the seventeenth century relieved the bankrupt Roman merchant Giogalli of two superb compositions by Luca Giordano, the Death of Julian.
"Derelitta is my favorite."

Chalked X's on mantels to mark the proper spot for each bibelot, and even on occasion glued them in place. Donna Elvina knows the exact setting of each objet by heart and expects the nine members of her staff to do the same. "Her Excellency doesn't miss a thing," says the butler, as he shifts a porcelain shepherdess one-fourth of an inch to the left.

During the principessa's more-public soirées—her invitations are the most coveted in Rome—plainclothesmen circulate among the guests, keeping a discreet eye on pieces that would be easy to pocket and guarding against sloshed drinks and dropped cigarettes. Donna Elvina's protective instincts were best put to the test during World War II, when, with the help of a few servants, she walled up her paintings and jewels in the remote recesses of the Baths of Constantine, beneath the foundations of the palace. When the SS arrived, all they found was a spinet that had been prized by Pope Clement IX. "That very night I made it disappear," says the principessa. "Then I, too, had to vanish—out the upstairs window, down the drain spout, over the roofs to relative safety in a nearby theater, and finally to secure refuge in the Vatican." Disregarding the fact that the Nazis put a price on her head, the principessa arranged shelter for Allied soldiers and led a group of women in clandestine paramilitary operations. "It was the most thrilling time of my existence," she says, "a period of great faith and powerful emotions."

An emotionally charged atmosphere still permeates her home, which, tellingly, the principessa refers to by the understated "casa" rather than the formal "palazzo." "It's different from the other palaces in Rome," she says, with an eloquent glance around her small sitting room, "because here we have life, warmth and love, the search for beauty, and the joy of creation." Although her palace and her collection are notified by the Italian state—meaning that nothing can be restored, moved, or sold without government approval—the principessa says, "That's fine with me," suggesting that she is working less for the here and now than for posterity. Her dearest wish is that her daughter, whom she has named Maria Camilla after the first Rospigliosi-Pallavicini princess, carry on her task of collecting, with the same pleasure, dedication, and enthusiasm that have motivated her.

The garden pavilion of Palazzo Pallavicini, decorated with Guido Reni's Aurora fresco, is open to the public on the first day of every month from 10:00 A.M. to noon and 3:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. The palace is located at Via XXIV Maggio 43, Rome.

Patricia Corbett is a Europe-based editor of this magazine.
TOP OF THE HEAP

An English paperback editor takes over America's number-one hardcover house

By Jo Durden-Smith

In January of this year, in London, a forty-four-year-old Indian publisher named Sonny Mehta held a party for the publication of a book: Salman Rushdie's The Jaguar Smile, the account of a three-week journey to Nicaragua. It was Rushdie's first nonfiction book; his novel Midnight's Children won the most important British literary award, the Booker Prize, in 1981. Mehta's ground-floor flat was filled with writers and celebrities and people from the overlapping villages of television and the arts. Mehta himself, as usual, remained curiously detached throughout the proceedings. He stood in one spot, looking out with what one friend has called "a benevolent and faintly amused gaze, as if nothing that happened could ever surprise him." Only once, in fact, during the course of what must have been an emotional evening—his wife, Gita, was in the hospital, and he was beginning the process of saying good-bye to London—did the mask of his grave courtesy slip. That was when Kazuo Ishiguro, the author of An Artist of the Floating World— the winner of last year's Whitbread Prize, for the best book published in Britain—said to him, "Sonny, you're not my publisher, but I want you to know that it's because of what you've done in publishing that people like me can get into print."

Three thousand miles away in New York that evening, the American writer Jodie Klavans was working on her second novel. Three years earlier, she had accepted a job at a New York publisher solely because she wanted to meet Mehta. Her first novel, called God, He Was Good, had up to that time been rejected by every American hardback house that she had sent it to, but Mehta, the publishing direc-

Photographs by David Gamble

A

jài Singh Mehta was born in New Delhi in 1942. His father was a diplomat: an ambassador in Austria and the Middle East; now secretary-general of a UN committee. He went to school in India, Switzerland, and England and traveled for vacations to New York, Rumania, Lebanon—wherever his father was posted. Books were an early constant in his life. By the time he got to Cambridge University he knew more about literature, good and bad, than almost any of his contemporaries. "He'd simply read more British and American fiction than anyone I'd ever met," says Richard Eyre, a fellow Cambridge undergraduate, now associate director of Britain's National Theatre.

After leaving Cambridge, where he seemed to do no work at all, according to his fellows, he married Gita Patnaik, whose father was minister of steel in the Janata government. He applied for jobs while working at a Franciscan monastery in London's East End. Then, after eight months of waiting, a friend of his from Cambridge was being interviewed for a post at Granada Publishing, when he suddenly said, "Look, I'd love this job, but there's a mate of mine called Sonny Mehta, and what he doesn't know about this sort of fiction isn't worth knowing."

"The sort of fiction was science fiction," says Reg Davies-Poynter, then managing director of Granada. "We wanted to beef up the sci-fi list and we needed an assistant. So I saw Sonny. I was immediately struck by his knowledge and by his air of quiet confidence, so we gave him the job. Then, two years later, I put him together with a man called Tony Richardson on a new paperback imprint, designed to reflect some of the turbulence that was going on in the late sixties."

Granada's new imprint went by the name of Paladin; and though Tony Richardson died before the first books came out, it became clear, as Paladin's list grew, that he and Mehta—his successor as editor—had between them created something new in British publishing. The list contained both reprints and originals: of Hunter Thompson and Timothy Leary; books on rock and roll and drugs and the Russian Revolution; and books that they simply thought should reach a wider audience, books like Johann Huizinga's classic Homo Ludens and Norman Cohn's Pursuit of the Millennium. The mix caught on—especially after the publication of a book Mehta commissioned from an old friend from Cambridge days, Germaine Greer's pathfinding The Female Eunuch.

"The thing about Sonny," says Abner Stein, an American agent working in London, "is his sheer instinct for what will work. He has this ability to anticipate what is going to be of concern to the society—Germaine's book is a terrific example. At the same time, he's extremely good at seeing everything through, from the original idea of the book to the party that launches it." The party for Greer's book was held in the basement flat he and Gita still have, where, friends swear, their son Aditya was raised in a drawer in a cupboard. There were 350 people and three television crews in attendance.

"Paladin was the most extraordinary fun," says Mehta. "And it was a great thing, you know, to be involved in things that were a kind of benchmark, the state of the art. I remember people saying—and meaning it, in those days—that Paladins
were the only books they ever read."

In 1972 Mehta left Granada and moved as editorial director to Pan Books, the second-largest paperback house in Britain but at the time almost entirely a reprint house. Mehta brought with him when he arrived the idea for a new book, called Rock Dreams, a celebration of popular music, with paintings by Guy Pellaert and a text by Nik Cohn. When it was published—as only the second large-format original Pan had ever done—it became one of the hottest books in Britain. The Rolling Stones bought a Pellaert painting, and so did David Bowie. One—California Girls—still hangs in the bathroom of the Mehtas' upstairs London flat.

Throughout the seventies Mehta demonstrated that he had a special commercial flair. He put into Pan—Pan Books' main imprint—a collection of the bold, stylish calendars produced yearly by the Pirelli company, with an introduction by David Niven. He made mass-market stars of such Pan writers as Jack Higgins, Jackie Collins, and Tom Sharpe.

It was at another Pan Books imprint, Picador, that he was to build his most important monument. Picador, which had been started a year before his arrival, published fiction. Under Mehta, it began to put out challenging books from across the world and from the past: by Italo Calvino and Mario Vargas Llosa, as well as Elias Canetti, Dashiell Hammett, and Samuel Beckett. For a while the list languished. Then a novel little-known in England, Ken Kesey's One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, was made into a film and proceeded to sell a million copies. That gave Mehta—and his colleague Simon Master, now managing director of Pan Books—new confidence. They moved Picador into nonfiction and, the following year, 1978, into its first original British publication: Michael Herr's extraordinary book about the Vietnam War, Dispatches.

"Dispatches was so different, so good," says Mehta, "and though it had problems for a British audience—it was an American book, it was about the war in Vietnam—I wanted to do it very badly. I kept throwing up reasons why I shouldn't—there'd be a hardback with a modest run and then the paperback edition would have to have another shot at it. But it suddenly occurred to me that this was actually a very good reason for doing it straight into paperback. Well, people thought I was loony—one editor bet me at a party that we wouldn't get any media attention at all. But we did it very carefully, and in the end the book sold 120,000 copies in the first year. It was one of the most reviewed books we've ever done."

Pan Books then ceased to be merely a reprint house. Pan published hardbacks for the first time (by Jackie Collins and Douglas Adams), and Picador moved through paperback originals (by Salman Rushdie, Tama Janowitz, Frances Fitzgerald) to first-publication hardbacks (Vladimir Nabokov's The Enchanted, Germaine Greer's The Madwoman's Underclothes). Although it is rare for an editor of paperbacks to work on hardback originals, Mehta did. Soon critics began to review books and the public began to buy them simply because they carried the Picador imprint. "Picador is quite simply, because of Sonny, by far the most exciting literary imprint anywhere," says Tom Maschler, chairman of the publishing house of Jonathan Cape, in London. "It's the first really classy literary imprint to reach a wide audience."

From the mid-1960s until recently, writers and actors and people from television have happily hobnobbed with maharajas and statesmen in the Mehtas' apartment without any group's really knowing who any other was. These gatherings give a first reason why Sonny Mehta is so highly regarded as a publisher: in a profession that remains curiously provincial by and large, he is a true internationalist. He is hugely interested in and geared into the society in which he finds himself. At the same time, he is, in his fellow publisher Reg Davis-Poynter's words, "the only really cosmopolitan person I've ever met."

When you walk into Mehta's basement apartment all you really notice is books: books shelved, books piled, books bleeding onto the floor; a whole history, a whole world of books—Raymond Chandler next to Bertrand Russell, Mayakovsky cheek by jowl with Louis l'Amour. This is the second reason why Sonny Mehta has been chosen to fill the most important job in American publishing. "He's had, right from the beginning, the most amazing range as a publisher," says Carmen Callil, the founder of Virago Press. "And that, I think, is because he's an outsider. He's had to approach British and American literature as an alien culture that speaks his language. So he's had the advantage of being able to look at it as a whole, as a means of communication, not as something divided into what's acceptable and what's not."

Ed Victor, an American literary agent, adds, "He's a lover of literature, all literature. He sees the point of both Jackie Collins and Italo Calvino. The truth is that he's not an English publisher at all. He's an English-language publisher. And English is now a world language."

There are other things you need as an editor and publisher: intelligence, the ability quickly to spot the potential of a book, skill as a wordsmith. Mehta has all of these, say the writers and agents and publishers who have worked with him. There is one thing more, perhaps, that a great editor needs: the ability to transmute these things into legend. Sonny Mehta came to represent, as Kazuo Ishiguro knew, the very best of British publishing. As the head of Knopf, in New York, he now offers to American publishing precisely what it seems most to need: inspiration.

*Jo Durden-Smith, a London-based writer, is a frequent contributor to this magazine.*
The garden at the Château de Languis was tufted. His out-of-season visitor was expected, but not to arrive at ten minutes to twelve. A tour of the Renaissance château could scarcely be contemplated before two o’clock. Perhaps Monsieur would join him for lunch? At least, then, for a glass of wine. Chairs were rearranged, his wife’s lunch preparations arrested, and a dusty bottle produced. Golden wine splashed into unmatched tumblers. One sniff, sip, and swallow was sufficient to demonstrate that the wine was out of its element. I suspected an old Sauternes. The old man wiped the label: a Château Péröuder 1964 from Monbazillac, about twenty miles downriver.

Monbazillac! Many otherwise encyclopedic oenophiles have never tasted it. Only a trickle is exported to North America. Even close to home, it makes just token appearances in restaurants and among curistes. Yet Monbazillac is not scarce, like Château Grillet, or costly, like Chambertin. More Monbazillac is made each year than Saint-Éstèphe, and a very fine bottle of recent vintage can be had, directly from the vintner’s own cellars, for the equivalent of about five dollars.

This is a bargain that cannot last. Monbazillac is of the same race as Sauternes and German Beerenauslese: the greatest sweet wines in the world. All are treacherous to produce and rarely profitable. Their high sugar content results from late picking, long after sensible wine makers have retreated to the safety of their chais. The unharvested grapes are exposed to the dangers of storms and freezing as winter approaches. Compounding this risk, growers encourage a microscopic fungus called Botrytis cinerea, the agent for a mold known as noble rot, which imparts a magnificent and distinctive flavor, but the environment in which botrytis grows best is hospitable to various ignoble molds as well. The mold and the surmaturation (over-ripeness) shrivel the grape, but this reduces yield to a fraction of its dry-style potential. Finally, in late October and November, the grapes are picked, bunch by bunch, over many weeks. Labor costs are crippling. In 1956, the sale price of one barrel of Monbazillac would pay five workers’ wages for a month; by 1983, it took two barrels to pay for one man-month.

Monbazillac’s eleven square miles are set on the slopes of a great limestone plateau overlooking the Dordogne River, about seventy miles east of Bordeaux. Neat rows of vines march down the gentle hillsides. Viticulturally, it is completely surrounded by the appellation of Bergerac. Its châteaux, scattered along the narrow roads that link the tiny villages of Colombier, Rouffignac, Pomport, and Saint-Laurent-des-Vignes, are often no grander than farmhouses, and the owners are typically working proprietors. The vast majority sell to the Cave Cooperative, which owns the district’s only “real” château, the sixteenth-century fortress whose silhouette dominates the hilltop. The Cave is a model operation of its kind but, inevitably, a homogenizer. A small coterie of dogged folk, however, persist in making truly extraor-

Opposite: In late October and early November the grapes are picked, bunch by bunch. Above: The grapes affected by the botrytis fungus hold the sweet secret of Monbazillac.
After phylloxera ravaged European vineyards at the end of the nineteenth century, the characteristic, sweet, white Monbazillac made from sémillon, sauvignon, and muscadelle grapes almost disappeared. Growers rushed to replant their properties to cabernet and merlot. "I'm not sure why," the president of the Syndicat des Vins de Monbazillac, Armand Vidal, told me one bright Sunday morning in October. "Perhaps because we were so strongly oriented toward Bordeaux. World War I seemed to tip the balance back, probably because people craved sugar. Monbazillac was replanted once again to muscadelle, sémillon, and sauvignon. During World War II, a bottle of red wine at dinner might go untouched, while we could barely finish making the whites. Sometimes the German army requisitioned it before it was racked. If you put up a sign offering sweet white wine for sale, people would queue up. Now sugar is out and dry is in. Taste is a cyclical thing."

Vidal, who also owns two properties, Château Treuil de Naillac, which produces traditional Monbazillac, and Château La Borderie, where he bottles Bergerac rouge, blanc, and rosé, is critical of the vogue for dry white wines, which he blames for much of Monbazillac's misfortune. "It is a great mistake," he told me earnestly, "to drink a very dry wine before meals. It spoils the palate." He recalled Canon Felix Kir, the resistance leader in Lyons, who cut the tartness of lesser white Burgundies with a dram of cassis. "People cheat themselves with the canon's kir. It is as sweet as a Monbazillac and wildly popular. But who dares serve Monbazillac as an aperitif?" Jean-Jacques Dailliat, who owns Château Les Olivoux, near Pomport, cites the inroads of aromatic aperitifs like Ricard, Dubonnet, and Byrrh and hard liquor as well. "Even here at the vineyard," he says, "if I did not know you and your taste, I would offer you a Ricard or a scotch before lunch."

A generation ago, vins liquoreux were drunk with meals and widely enjoyed as aperitifs. Great mischief has been wrought since by the relocating of these graceful wines at the end of dinner, and extraordinary rubbish has been written about what a vin liquoreux should and should not accompany. In fact, they are generally bad partners for dessert, and the phrase "dessert
wine” should be struck from our lexicon. Their greatness is obscured or compromised by the attempted marriage with food. The Germans prefer to taste their precious Beerenbsele without any food at all. Now, however, with munusas and wine coolers on the march, **un liqueur** may well come back as aperandals. They are full and rich enough by themselves to herald a great meal. Though they complement a wide range of hors d’oeuvres, their layers of flavor make these almost superfluous. Older wines will oxidize slightly, cutting their initial sweetness.

The vogue for dry white wine is not the only threat to continuing production of fine Monbazillac. So is the overall decline in French wine consumption. “In 1939, the average Frenchman consumed 300 liters of wine,” Vidal observed. “Last year he drank only about 110 liters.” Population growth notwithstanding, France now consumes less wine than it did fifty years ago. We imported wine then, from Algeria and Italy; now we must export to survive.” In some areas of the Midi, he told me, the government pays growers to pull up their vines. Vidal predicts that France’s new vin de table will be the least expensive of the wines now produced in the “controlled appellations” (AOC). Wines like Monbazillac will need a strong export market to survive. Vidal and others are already working to recapture Monbazillac’s historic markets in Benelux and Scandinavia, a heritage of the seventeenth-century flight of French Protestants, many of them from Bergerac, to havens in northern Europe. He would also like to establish a small groupement interéconome—“five or six of us, all friends,” he says—to crack stubborn but attractive markets like the United States. He is not unaware that half of all Château d’Yquem is sold in California!

In the first half of the eighteenth century, the vintners of Monbazillac were the acknowledged masters in the Aquitaine of sweet botrytised wine. Their best ones sold for two or three times the price of a good Sauternes, Barsac, or Sainte-Foy. Monbazillac is supposed to have been Frederick the Great’s favorite wine. Talleyrand served it to his fellow diplomats at the Congress of Vienna. But when the wines of the Gironde were officially classified, in 1855, the reputations of Yquem, Guiraud, Suduiraut, and their neighbors were certified, and Monbazillac was excluded. Nor is its sale buttressed today by the prodigious marketing apparatus of the negociants in Bordeaux. Its properties cannot be operated, like some in Sauternes, as hobbies by people who can afford to run at a loss. Monbazillac hovers in the shadows of the wine world. Maurice Casanova, the denizen restaurateur who owns Le Fouquet’s, on Paris’s Champs-Elysées, makes an apt distinction: Monbazillac is not, he says, “little known.” It is “underappreciated.”

Very little estate-bottled Monbazillac finds its way to North America. The Canadian provincial liquor control boards occasionally offer some estate-bottled Monbazillac. A small amount of Treuil de Nailhac can often be found at Mayflower Wines and Spirits, in Washington, D.C.; (202) 463-7950.

A fine Monbazillac is a treasure worth hunting. It is usually distinguished from a Sauternes by a nose that some people call “roasted,” and it may develop more aggressive aromas than Sauternes because muscadel usually makes up a larger proportion of the blend. Château Treuil de Nailhac, Château Les Olivoux, and Clos La Sabatière are among the best. The role of a young Monbazillac is tinted with strong hues of straw and yellow, and the color deepens toward gold as the wine ages. Gault-Millau calls the wine produced in Monbazillac in good years “astonishing,” although vintages are decidedly uneven. Those Bordeaux-oriented oenophiles who still dismiss Monbazillac as “a poor man’s Sauternes” cheat only themselves and the sheep who listen.

**Clos La Sabatière 1984**: Light gold; a nose of honey and lime blossoms; a taste of green apples. A possible winner in time.

**Château Treuil de Nailhac 1983**: Clear yellow; a complex, reticent nose. Good botrytis, well balanced.

**Château Treuil de Nailhac 1981**: Clean, fragrant; a nose of apricots and tropical fruit. Very full-bodied; hints of mint and resin. An excellent wine.

**Château Treuil de Nailhac 1977**: A beautiful gold; redolent of figs, candied fruit, honey, beeswax; mouth-filling, beauti-

**TASTING NOTES**

fully balanced, extra-long finish. An outstanding wine.

**Château Les Olivoux 1975**: Medium gold, laced with flavors of fruit pits and green apples. Very fine.

**Château Les Olivoux 1974**: A deep gold, very botrytised and alcoholic, rich with glycerine; flavors of ripe fruit and orange peel; earthy, Monbazillac at its finest.

**Château Bellevue 1972**: Deep golden amber; dense nose of very ripe fruit, but fat and rich to excess. A very good wine, but too low in acid to last long.

Monsieur Armand Vidal, president of the Syndicat des Vins de Monbazillac.

Monbazillac wine makers like Dailliat and Vidal place great stock in the true connoisseur. They accept invitations wherever they can from the clubs du vin, which are proliferating in France as they are in the United States. “Sugar hides a lot,” Vidal admits, “and only the tiniest minority will learn to appreciate real quality in sweet wines.” Given the soaring prices for Sauternes, some of this appreciation could well land on the best of Monbazillac. □

John Haeger wrote about châteaux of the Dordogne for the August 1985 Connoisseur.
Many great men—Wordsworth, Conrad, and T. S. Eliot, among them—have thought long and hard about the connection between art and imagination; many and ponderous are the conclusions they have drawn. The French pundit Max Jacob, for example, noted in an essay on cubism that art largely depends on “the doubt between reality and imagination.” Now the issue has been joined, sort of, in the comics. As the illustrations on these pages indicate, the leitmotiv of Calvin and Hobbes is imagination.

The strip is relatively new—it started in November 1985—and has won millions of readers; it appears, seven days a week, in some 250 newspapers. Calvin is a six-year-old boy. Hobbes is his stuffed tiger, who is also, given the alchemy of Calvin’s imagination, alive. Their creator is Bill Watterson, a twenty-eight-year-old resident of the rural town of Hudson, Ohio. If his drawings owe much to Pogo and Peanuts, no matter; his storyline is far better. Nearly all of the scrapes he dreams up involve either Calvin’s or the reader’s imagination. Often both.

Calvin is an up-to-date Walter Mitty. He escapes boredom by zooming into the outer galaxy as Spaceman Spiff. He deals with authority by turning teachers into monsters, parents into gorillas. He discovers a shark in the bathtub. He shrinks to the size of an ant. He flies. It is all done so gracefully that the reader gladly accepts the fantasy—until the final panel. Then, as Max Jacob would say, the doubt between reality and imagination lifts. Unless it falls. This is not to argue that Watterson is a Conrad or a T. S. Eliot. But he is much funnier.

—Philip Herrera
WITH PROPORTIONAL INSECT STRENGTH, HE PLACES A GIANT PEA ON THE EDGE OF A SPOON.

He then climbs to the top of the other end...

...and with a tiny jump... Calvin, stop that!

CLEAN YOUR ROOM.
When Alvar Aalto, the late Finnish architect, was engaged to design a crematorium in Denmark some years ago, he refused to go along with the usual procedure for sending the body down to the oven, on an automatic platform that would descend silently at the conclusion of the service. No machines, he said: it is the living who should carry away the dead.

Aalto himself died eleven years ago, but his reputation and his influence upon architects today are in rebirth. Some of his designs are just getting built—for example, his opera house for the city of Essen, in West Germany. Like so many other Aalto buildings, this one expresses itself in odd, seemingly arbitrary shapes yet is planned, down to the last door pull, to work well and to please. His enduring work possesses that mysterious, sensate vitality that cannot be thoroughly apprehended or explained: the voltage of a potent individual talent.

Aalto’s training was tame enough; he was taught the prevailing local style of the early 1920s, the somewhat muted Nordic neoclassical, and he became adept at it. But he soon showed signs of restlessness. Perhaps he was influenced by his time and place—his country had only recently gained independence after centuries of domination by Swedish kings and Russian czars. Certainly he himself was audaciously independent, a determined bohemian on his way to becoming, in the opinion of some, an artistic anarchist. Another popular style in Finland then was the Germanic version of art nouveau, the Jugendstil, which still graces some streets of Helsinki with its airy charms, and which was espoused for a time by such highly skilled architects as Eliel Saarinen. Always irreverent, Aalto showed scornfully what he thought of Jugendstil and its practitioners by naming his daughter’s kitten Eliel.

In the 1920s, Aalto became aware of the siren song from Central Europe of Le Corbusier, Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, and the other pioneering mentors of the International style, of lucidity in structure unadorned. Already he had designed a newspaper building in Turku that predicted his own evolution.

Above: The architect in 1975, still imperious. Left: He gave the town hall in Semajoka a tile coat and an odd, evocative form.

He became a close friend of László Moholy-Nagy, the burning genius of the Bauhaus; and in 1928, from a catalogue, he ordered for his living room the epitome of the Bauhaus spirit: a pair of Marcel Breuer’s Wassily chairs. The following year he designed an apartment house in Turku that employed all the techniques of the geometric rationalists.

The results surprised and disappointed him. In Finland, the steel and taut leather of a Wassily chair seemed to him strangely cold, both to the touch and to the mind. So did the limiting philosophy of the architectural machine ethic. “Architecture is not a science,” Aalto protested. “It is still the same great process of synthesis . . . . Its task is one of bringing the world of material into harmony with human life. How can we protect tiny man in our modern mechanized world?”

He began to try to do that. In 1929 he won a formal competition to design a sizable tuberculosis sanatorium in Paavimo, in southwestern Finland, a work that brought him his first taste of international recognition. The resulting building was “functional,” certainly: unadorned, crisp of detail, and expressive of how it was put together structurally. More important, it was humane, especially in the furniture designed for it by Aalto and his first wife, Aino, also an architect. These chairs, tables, and cabinets were constructed totally of curved plywood, with no chrome or stainless steel in sight. They were delicate but stable, easy to maintain, warm to the touch and the eye. Like the building they inhabited, they functioned for ordinary human beings, not just as design philosophy.

They also charted a direction, for Aalto’s architecture as well as for his furniture. During the next half century he produced scores of buildings and became not only the dominant architect of his country but internationally respected as one of the few personal stylists practicing architecture in the modern movement. The International style kept narrowing, increasingly dominated by the machine. But Aalto’s design continued to broaden. Some of his work had a northern Italian medieval feeling. “Nothing old is ever reborn,” he said, “but it never completely disappears either.” At the same time he found ways of working up essentially institutional buildings—museums, libraries, town halls—into unexpected shapes, some of them as mysterious in mood as Druidic ruins. His was the irregular curve, not the hard straight line.

Yet his structures were not merely sculptural. He did not forget that easy-to-overpower man. The Paavimo sanatorium was designed to look best to a person lying down, the patient. His civic buildings are characterized by virtuoso passages of ceiling.

Walter McQuade, an architect and writer in New York, is a contributing editor of this magazine.

JUNE 1987
Strong architectural shapes themselves, these skylights seem to strive to bring natural light to users of the Pensions Bank, in Helsinki. Below, left: Aalto experimented, at his summer house in Muuratsalo, with materials and with various patterns of brick. Below, right: Inside the House of Culture, in Helsinki, an auditorium with good sight lines and superb acoustics.
changes in level, windows placed high to let a shaft of sunlight wander the room, and other uninstitutional surprises. All of his buildings give the feeling, in the words of the architect Aarno Ruusuvuo, of Helsinki, that "things are lovely to touch—door handles, window frames."

Aalto's friend and biographer the eminent Finnish writer Goran Schöld generates the mystery of Aalto's spell by likening his work to a forest rather than to the conventional modern architects' tidily cultivated fields. Schöld writes, "[T]he forest calls for another kind of adaptation; it is not irrational, but a much more complicated biological unit. . . . [T]he forest is not hostile to man; quite the reverse, it centers on man all that he needs for a biologically sound life, but it is independent from man, and it can manage without him if necessary."

With the passage of years Aalto became outspoken in his contempt for conventional modernism. As the glass-box style boomed after World War II, he decried "parallelpipeds of expanses of glass and artificial metals—the inhuman dandified purism of our big cities. . . . These grown-up children play with . . . tensions which they are unable to control. And ever everything hovers a Hollywood-tinged way of thinking." Even the great lyricists of the International style left him cold. During a visit to Chicago in the 1950s, he was taken to see a recently erected skyscraper by Mies van der Rohe. After he had walked around the building's exterior for several minutes, staring up at its glass façades set in black steel grids, his guide asked him if he would like to go inside. "No, it isn't necessary," Alvar Aalto replied.

Early in his career Aalto moonlighted as a cartoonist, as an importer of Russian movies, and as a newspaper art and design critic (sometimes criticizing his own work). Throughout his life he also worked as an easel painter, influenced in both his buildings and his paintings by Cézanne, as well as by the Cubists. He said, "All architecture evolved from painting," and when he set about to design a building his approach was painterly. As he explained: "I proceed as follows, though not intentionally. I forget the entire mass of problems for a while, after the atmosphere of the job and the innumerable requirements have sunk into my subconscious. I then move on to a level of working which is very much like abstract art. I just draw by instinct, not architectural synthesis, but what are sometimes childlike compositions, and in this way, on this abstract basis, the main idea gradually takes shape, a kind of universal substance."

Compact in person, with intensely blue eyes, Aalto had an engaging wit, salty but rarely corrosive. He wanted you to like him. At the same time he was uncomfortably direct and could be abrupt; he had a beguiling egotism. Once, at the opening of a museum he had designed, he was overheard mumbling and was asked, "What did you say?" "I said this is the second-best museum in the world."

"What's the best?" "I haven't designed it yet."

Aalto was deliberately unbusinesslike, guarding his creative isolation. He neither answered letters nor returned phone calls, and when the pressure got heavy he would sometimes take off on a fishing trip to Lapland. As early as 1935 this created problems for his furniture manufacturers, besieged by retailers for more of the best-selling Aalto chairs. Finally, a friend got the bright idea of enlisting the wealth of a Finnish art-collecting family, the Harry Gullichsens, to set up a combination art gallery and furniture showroom that could take on the business of distributing Aalto's furniture. Aalto was brought together with Maire Gullichsen. She later remembered she felt shy and uncertain at her first meeting with the great architect—but he looked at my legs, found them pretty, and said okay." The result was the Artek Company, whose international success in selling Aalto furniture supported the architect for the rest of his life. Aalto designed his most famous house, Villa Mairea, for the Gullichsens in 1938.

Building, not just furniture, was what he most wanted to do, however, and he pursued commissions for such plums as civic and cultural centers by entering competitions. After his first wife died, in 1949, he married another architect, who survives him, Elissa Aalto. He did scant work abroad—some in Scandinavia, some in Germany, very little in the United States. But over his lifetime Aalto created a veritable Valhalla of architecture for his five million countrymen, and as he did so he gradually emerged as a Finnish cultural figure to stand beside Sibelius.

He still is. Within Finland his ubiquitous works are not only revered but kept very much as the architect designed them, in contrast with practice in the United States, where the caretakers of masterpieces such as Wright's Guggenheim Museum, and semi-masterpieces such as Breuer's Whitney, strive to adulterate them with slick or faddish additions. As an example, following Aalto's death it was decided to change the carpeting in the Finnish National Pensions Institute. This could not be done without a prior consultation with Mrs. Aalto. She declined permission, except in a few of the individual offices. The manager of Helsinki's best restaurant, the Savoy, says it would be unthinkable to alter Aalto's 1937 interior: "Our clients wouldn't let us do it."

With a colleague, I visited Aalto in 1975 in his studio-office in Helsinki—the last, I'm told, of the rare interviews he granted. At seventy-eight, he was small and frail, bundled up against the chill of old age. He remained impish, however, deriding his high position in the arts, and there was no weakening of his preoccupation with the tiny man. As he talked, his pencil hand moved lightly across the drawing board, sketching allusive scrawls of wood.
Aalto’s finery and its suburbs contain the broadest collection of Aalto’s works, from the imposing Pensions Institute and Otaniemi University to his own graceful studio to Finlandia Hall, done in the baroque modern of his last period, when he became preoccupied with white marble. Also in Helsinki is the House of Culture, located in a working-class neighborhood, hence somewhat off the beaten track but a major building from Aalto’s postwar red-brick period. This was a time, says Juhani Pallasmaa, a Helsinki architect and specialist on Aalto, when some of the early classics of modern architecture had begun to wear badly and Aalto had lost his idealism regarding the new technology. He began using brick, along with copper and natural woods, and over the next decade and a half turned out what many critics feel were his most interesting buildings. The House of Culture, commissioned by the Finnish Communist party in 1958, consists of two connected units, rather small, with a courtyard in between: on the right a three-story office building sheathed in copper, on the left an irregularly curved brick structure, windowless. The resulting façade has an unmistakable emotional charge. And inside, behind the brick wall, Aalto designed one of his very finest auditoriums. When the Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra plays a radio concert, it prescribes it here, because the resonances are so rich.

The House of Culture does not derive its power from any political bias of its architect, a stubborn advocate not only of his own individualism but of democracy—although it may have occurred to him that there are tiny Communists too. The building was constructed with 150,000 hours of volunteer labor from the Finnish party faithful, but the architect was paid his customary fee. He delivered.

To complete even a condensed Aalto retrospective, the visitor should also travel to Jyväskylä, a fifty-minute plane ride from Helsinki. Dotting this small city and its environs are twenty of Aalto’s buildings, from a beautiful little neoclassical church, designed early in his career, to a late university. Near a lake in outlying Muuratsalo is his own summer house, where, in the course of construction, he tried out different arrangements of brick and tile—experiments that remain standing, forming a kind of abstract mural on one wall of the partially enclosed terrace. Several hundred feet away and down a wooded path is his sauna, at first glance a typical piece of Finnish rustic woodwork. But look again. Aalto slightly skewed the building’s shape, from a rectangle to a trapezoid in plan, in order to fit it more snugly into its site, on a huge rock by the lake.

An admittedly less successful Aalto work was his motorboat, designed to transport himself and his family across the lake to their then-remote hideaway. Even while the boat was under construction he kept getting new ideas and making changes—an unwise practice with boats, perhaps. In any case, the finished product navigated clumsily. Sighing, Aalto named it Nemo Propheta in Patria—No One Is a Prophet in His Own Land. In transit he liked to lie on the deck and gaze up at the sky.

A few miles from Jyväskylä is the village of Säynätsalo, which in 1950 commissioned Aalto to design a town hall, with offices for the mayor, a public meeting room, and some rental space for shops. Säynätsalo has a population of only 3,000, but Aalto took the job very seriously and came up with possibly the most memorable example of his personal creativity as an architect. Built on the side of a hill, the hall has three sides embracing a small sculpture court, with a pool. Once again the medium is red brick. The mayor’s office, on the main floor, looks uphill through a grove of birches and pines and is furnished with big, black, dignified leather-and-birch chairs, designed by Aalto. The heart of the building and its point, though, is the public meeting room for the town council, which Aalto placed at the top of the brick stairway, in a slant-roofed, windowless tower that rises upward into the trees from the rest of the building. The space inside is tall, solemn, brick-lined, and dominated by a timber butterfly truss on its slanted ceiling, now a worldwide symbol for Aalto’s spectacular virtuosity.

The retail section, on the building’s lower hillside level, is now occupied mainly by a public library. Not long after the center opened, however, a bank started a branch in one of the corner shops, and to advertise its presence erected a lurid neon sign on the building: SÄYNÄTSALON OSUUPANKKI. One night, soon after the garish lettering was switched on, Aalto and a friend motored across the lake in his boat, landed, and stoned the sign. They had to pay a token fine for the damage they had done, levied by the town-council meeting upstairs, but the sign was never restored. Despite the name he had given his boat, Aalto could be confident that the Finns appreciated what they had in him, and still have—a hero architect who would not go along. The work of most artists, with the passage of years, gradually recedes into oblivion, the smaller talents falling through that sieve known as time. Some seemingly larger ones crumble and fall through too, until suddenly only a few are left, standing by themselves, unceroued by their lesser contemporaries: the real thing. One such is Aalto.
For the lover of fine antiques, June in London is synonymous with the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair. The British Antique Dealers' Association considers the fair its flagship event. Every one of the members is determined that each object or painting on each stand shall be what it purports to be, the vetting committee sees to that. But there is also a degree of excellence beyond mere authenticity. To illustrate that category, the association annually invites a number of its members to exhibit on BADA's own stand. No dealer may select more than a handful of truly exceptional objects.

This year's prizes—illustrated in these pages—span the range of art and antiques on offer in the fair as a whole, from furniture, ceramics, jewelry, and clocks to paintings and innumerable other objects. A Bobinet proudly presents this four-dial German table clock, ca. 1570. Maurice Asprey's curiosities include perhaps the finest mourning ring ever, ca. 1795. A walk around the BADA stand, with its rare antiques of distinguished provenance, will in itself be a virtual tour through almost three centuries of British history.

Maurice Asprey (41 Duke Street, St. James's, SW1; not to be confused with Asprey of Bond Street) is offering what to the unknowing eye may look like an unprepossessing silver drawer pull. It is in fact a well-worn seal, with a coat of arms impressed at one end and an eagle crest at the other. It belonged to Sir Thomas Garrgrave (1495–1579), M.P., Speaker of the House of Commons in 1558 and trusted adviser to Queen Elizabeth I. Asprey is uncertain how to price this handful of history, "but I think," he says, "I might sell it for about £3,500."

The same dealer will also have an elaborate mourning ring, made in 1794–95 and commemorating the deceased Mary and John Hibberd (whose dates are engraved on the back of the ring). Though the Hibberds are not of great interest, the ring is. Asprey calls the piece the best of its kind he has ever seen. The rectangular grisaille painting depicts a woman grieving beside an urn inscribed with the words "Affection Weeps, Heaven rejoices." Set in gold, with pearls and blue enamel, it is priced at £1,250 and is one for the cabinet rather than for the hand.

Judy Spours's book on British art deco tableware will be out next year.
the firm of Whitestone (96–98 Corn Street, W1), are proud to be presenting a George III mahogany marquetry clock from about 1750. It is now to be viewed on a central pedestal with dials each based on a different hour system on all four sides.

"I don't think I'll ever find another clock of this date in such fine condition," he says. "It was made about a hundred years before clocks became domestic commonplaces." (The pendulum was not invented until 1657.) Only Europe's most privileged elite owned clocks at this time, and this beautiful example, in its engraved gilt-metal case, would have dazzled guests at the German castle that probably housed it originally. "People were not then used to things having a working life of their own," explains Whitestone. "It would have been very exciting to see, for at that time people believed that mechanics were the key to understanding the universe." The piece is undoubtedly of museum quality, and is being offered for £50,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarrett, of Witney Antiques (96–98 Corn Street, Witney, in Oxfordshire), were so keen to make a spectacular showing on the BADA stand that they decided to sell a unique cabinet they had held on to for about fifteen years. It dates from about 1647, in the reign of Charles I, and, says Stephen Jarrett, "It is a remarkable piece of furniture, the earliest I know that reflects the Inigo Jones style in this country."

Made in oak, of architectural construction, the piece has decorative veneers of snakewood and brown ebony inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Although bun feet have been added and other very minor alterations made, the cabinet has come across the centuries in superb condition, attracting in its time such illustrious buyers as the duchess of Marlborough.

The English eighteenth century, too, is well represented. Pearl Manheim (69 Upper Berkeley Street, W1), who, with her late husband, has exhibited at the fair since its inception, in 1934, has singled out for the honor of display on the BADA stand a little salt-glazed stoneware cream jug and cover made in Staffordshire about 1760. The jug's off-white background glaze is decorated in muted blues and pinks. The front is filled with a large and irregular heart outline, framing a woman seated by a picturesque ruin, oblivious of Cupid's arrow flying at her heart. Mrs. Manheim will also display a fine pair of Bow figures. The lady and her admirer, very galant in spirit, are elaborately and brightly colored but not overripe. Dating to about 1765, they come complete with rare anchor and dagger marks.

Steppes Hill Farm Antiques' splendidious snuffbox.

From Woodburn: a Vuillamy clock with customized lion's-paw feet (detachable).
he quasi-room sets of the BADA stand would not be complete without English landscape painting. Crawley & Asquith (formerly Elmerside; 16 Savile Row, W1) will have a little Gainsborough that rather touchingly fills the bill. Lady Annunziata Asquith describes it as "a very good and lucky buy at a London auction last year." Well known and with a sound provenance, the painting dates from 1750-53, when the artist was in his twenties. The expert John Hayes has called it "one of Gainsborough's most generalized compositions of this period" and notes further that "the peasant mounted on a horse drinking at the pool is out of scale with the figures and donkeys on the left." (Even Gainsborough had to learn perspective.) The price is £250,000.

Anthony Woodburn, of Orchard House (High Street, Leigh, Kent), will be offering a long-case clock made by the royal clockmaker Benjamin Louis Villiaym in about 1820. The clock (series number 441) has an eight-day movement and the distinction of having been made specially for Thomas Hope, the influential furniture designer and proponent of neoclassical taste. "The design of the mahogany case is typical of Villiaym," Woodburn points out, "but the applications of bronze decorations are totally characteristic of Hope." So, too, are the lion's-paw feet, which would not be there at all if Hope had not demanded them. His designs are not necessarily suitable for clocks, and from a clock man's point of view, the feet detract. Happily, they are also detachable.

Billy Buck, of Steppes Hill Farm Antiques (Stockbury, Sittingbourne, Kent), will have an energetic week, pacing Park Lane between Grosvenor House and the concurrent Dorchester Ceramics Fair, where he is a major exhibitor. On the BADA stand he will have a superb gold-and-mosaic snuffbox, made in Paris around 1810. The eighteen-karat-gold case is elaborately engraved, and the central, very fine mosaic—of a cat and a dog behaving just as you would expect a cat and a dog to behave—was probably imported from Italy. "This comes from a well-known collection which was sold under a pseudonym," says Buck mysteriously, "There were over a hundred boxes in the sale, but this one was the best." Price: £9,000.

Elsewhere on the BADA stand, Ronald A. Lee (1-9 Bruton Place, W1) will have a Chippendale commode—by Chippendale, not just in the Chippendale style. Delmosne & Son (4 Campden Hill Road, W8) are offering an eighteenth-century lantern and candelabrum; Henry Phillips (2 Campden Street, W8), a superb George I gilt gesso mirror, priced at £14,000. Think of these treasures multiplied by thousands, and you will have a good picture of the splendor that awaits at Grosvenor House. The fair promises to be both an education and quite a party for the London art world and its guests. And for the quality-conscious collector, a trip there will be like visiting a museum where all the masterpieces are for sale. □

The opening hours for the fair, at the Grosvenor House Hotel, on Park Lane, are from 5:00 to 8:00 P.M. on June 10, and thereafter until June 20 from 11:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. on weekdays and 11:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. on weekends. The entrance fee of £8 includes a copy of the handbook.
Some houses cast a spell so strong that to see them is to want to stay indefinitely. Clapham House, in the English village of Litlington, Sussex, is one. It isn't that the eighteenth-century stone manor house is so distinguished architecturally, although its solid squareness and mansard roof are pleasing, or that the neighborhood's green, rolling hills and small Tudor villages, with their half-timber façades and thatched roofs, are so beautiful, although they are. It is that the flagstone floors and pine doorframes give off a happiness that informs everything above and below them.

The spirit of Clapham House was irresistible to two French visitors who came for the weekend a decade ago and haven't been able to stay away for long ever since. Patrick Brassart, an oil executive who lives in Paris during the week, and his wife, Sabine Petit de Mirbeck, who lives at Clapham House full-time, are passionate restorers and gardeners with a wonderful sense of style. Brassart tends toward hand-tailored tweed suits with plus fours and argyle socks and appears after dinner in a bottle-green quilted smoking jacket and black velvet slippers. Sabine's idea of something simple to wear around the house involves an Hermès scarf, Chanel jewelry, and perfect black flannel trousers. The couple
once spent weekends adding to their superb collection of furniture—Patrick, an expert in many periods, has an extraordinary collection of campaign desks and traveling kits—but now they see to the workings of "L'École de Cuisine Française, S. de Mirbeck," the cooking school that occupies half of Clapham House and nearly all of de Mirbeck's life.

L'École de Cuisine Française is familial—as it could hardly help being, given de Mirbeck's five children and Brassart's tour, and given that Patrick's mother was the legendary patronne of the Cordon Bleu, in Paris. (From 1945 to Madame Brassart's retirement, in 1985, her scowl was linked with the Cordon Bleu for generations of apprentices.) Patrick's twenty-eight-year-old son, Bertrand, lives in the stables, converted to a pretty house. He teaches a wine course and helps de Mirbeck with practical matters. His wife, Nathalie, a graduate of the Lausanne Hotel School, teaches restaurant management. The head chef is Christophe Buey, the son of an old friend and another graduate of Lausanne. Buey and de Mirbeck have become an inseparable team, working together so smoothly that, according to both, they have never had an argument.

These days, a typical afternoon at Clapham House finds Buey, a trim and energetic man of thirty-one, doing a demonstration in the kitchen. The menus he chooses illustrate classic French and nouvelle cuisine, and students are allowed to make only those dishes they've seen him demonstrate. True to the classic methods Buey instills, he rarely uses machines when hands will do. In the course of one demonstration he whips three meringues and rescues a butter cream on the verge of separating by beating it into a new bowl by spoonsfuls, sweat dripping from his chin (but not into the sauce). Although he is only ten years older than most of his students, Buey maintains a Gallic distance.

The school's other teachers are more familiar with the students. ("I know you'll want more salt in this," they're likely to say, or "Try not to be as fast as usual.") As they cook, students talk about how little there is to do in Littlington, what they hear from their families, and what they'll do when they're rich and famous, which usually means running their own restaurants. All have come to the school, mainly from other parts of Great Britain and from the United States, intending to be professionals. Even if they are as rambunctious as other students their age, they are serious about cooking and pay as much as $7,000 to earn a diploma from de Mirbeck and Buey.

During the thirty weeks that the thirty-five or so students spend together they

Christophe Buey (center), the head chef at L'École, trains his students to make recipes from memory.
come to know one another very well and learn the vital lesson of how to overcome personality differences in order to keep a kitchen running. Often they share bedrooms in one of the manor cottages—either near the main house or in the village, a short walk away—which Brassart has refurbished simply but hospitably and planted, as is his wont, with rose arbor. The local villages offer few distractions, so students are left with nothing to do but go to the pub and talk about their love lives and the school, and study. This suits the owners, who are not interested in running a finishing school.

De Mirbeck says the students are terrified of her. She takes pleasure in telling how she recently encouraged her charges to pick up after themselves: she put into a bag everything they had left lying around and told them that in order to retrieve their possessions, they had to come to her and put a coin in a charity box. "They were so afraid to ask me that I had to give the bag to another teacher," she says. Yet by the end of a term she knows the family problems and financial woes of many of her students.

Twice a year, during semester breaks, Buey leads week-long trips to the Loire Valley, where students stay in a four-star hotel and learn how it feels to be served twelve-course dinners with twelve wines. The trips are the reverse of what the students will experience during their six-month-long stages, when they apprentice themselves in the kitchens of French restaurants, most in France but some in England and America. Buey and de Mirbeck do their best to match students with chefs, taking into account the students' grasp of French (although courses are in English, all students are required to take French during their time at Clapham House) and the thickness of their skins—professional kitchens are rough places, where pressure is assumed and humor is scarce. The time may be difficult, but it is required for the school's grand diplôme; only afterward, according to de Mirbeck and Buey, is a student fully prepared for a job.

In fact, chefs tell de Mirbeck and Buey that the students arrive for their stages better-prepared than French students. "They see that our students know how to turn vegetables," de Mirbeck says. "Little things prove they really know the fundamentals." Most of L'École's students are immediately given the rank of commis, the equivalent of three years of French training. Raymond Blanc, the top French chef in England, has a standing order for apprentices from the school, and the demand for graduates of L'École de Cuisine Française now outruns the supply.

While teaching the earnest young would-be cooks is the business of Brassart and de Mirbeck, Clapham House remains their amour fou. Their involvement with the house goes back a decade. The two had each recently been divorced and were negotiating to buy a grand house in Fontainebleau when they went to Sussex on a February weekend in 1976. Their host, a surgeon, told them that if he were a bit younger he would snap up the house in which a patient of his had just died after living there for eighty of his ninety years. Would Patrick and Sabine like to visit it?

Brassart and de Mirbeck had seen enough of the local sights—the opera at Glyndebourne, the Royal Pavillion at Brighton, the gardens at Sissinghurst—to have fallen in love with the area, and as soon as they saw the house they knew they must have it. The smell of the garden reminded Brassart of the family château where he had grown up. Besides, Brassart is an unapologetic Angliphile. His mother was raised in England and hired English nannies for her two children, and Brassart counts among his happiest memories the liberation of France by the English.

The Fontainebleau house could be declined with regrets, but a significant obstacle remained. The French government requires that money taken out of the country be invested in a tax-paying French corporation. However, there was a solution at hand: by 1976 Patrick's mother was nearly eighty and in bad health, and Patrick, a strong believer in changing careers as a way of avoiding midlife crisis, assumed that running the Cordon Bleu would be his next challenge. At Clapham House he would build a teaching kitchen and train teachers to set up Cordon Bleu worldwide.

To help get things started, Brassart invited Christophe Buey to come

From the kitchen of L'École: (left) gâteau Mascotte, a cake layered with butter cream; (right) soufflé au bleu, with blue cheese; (bottom) poulet farci farci au four, chicken stuffed with cheese and herbs.
An old herb garden produces many of the fresh ingredients for cuisine santé, lightened traditional cuisine.

Brassart never imagined he wouldn't inherit the Cordon Bleu. De Mirbeck never dreamed she would spend her days overseeing the hundreds of details a school entails, let alone being surrogate mother to a new crop of late adolescents every six months. Buey never thought he would like teaching classes every day and constantly devising new menus ("I did not spend four years at Lausanne to be a chef," he said at first). The three have never been happier in their lives.

Even the students can't stay away from Clapham House for long. Brassart is proud of his wife's charisma and does not hesitate to call Buey "the best teacher of French cuisine in the world today," but he still wonders at the number of young cooks on budgets who find their way back.

Some students can't bring themselves to leave at all. Last spring, students spent three days preparing a dazzling banquet for 200 guests. The occasion? Two graduates, who had been working for the renowned chef Raymond Blanc, had left their jobs to teach at L'École. They had just fallen in love with the place.

Corby Kummer, an editor at the Atlantic, often writes about food.
Engraved with the Methuen Arms, made for John Methuen (1650-1706), Envoy to Portugal, 1691, Ambassador to Portugal, 1702-3, concluded the Methuen Treaty, 1703. Formerly in the collection of William Randolph Hearst.

Exhibiting at the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, 10th-20th June, 1987, Stand No 15.

139 New Bond Street, London, W1A 3DL
Valuations for Probate, Insurance and Division
Telephone: 01-629 6261  Telegraphic Address "Euclase London W.1"
FIFTY YEARS AGO, flower paintings were selling at less than one percent of today’s prices. The massive revaluation since then is hard to explain, for flowers have been a central feature of our lives since prehistory. Yet flower paintings have traditionally been undervalued. In the eighteenth century, the French Academy decreed that the sublimest form of expression was history painting. This usually meant a vast canvas depicting a mythological, religious, or historical scene. Next came portraits, followed by genre or narrative painting, and finally the humble still life.

Perhaps it was felt that imitation was so uniquely the aim of flower painting that the scope for artistic expression was limited. Nobody wanted an artist to muck about with the color of a rose or the shape of a tulip, so beautiful by nature that fidelity was surely all that mattered.

Another view developed, however. Precision may have been essential for the botanist, but there was room for a looser, more creative treatment. Both styles of painting are much in demand today, and this is not surprising, since, in spite of television, people spend more time gardening than in any other leisure activity. Prices for flower paintings of all schools and periods have been rising fast. As a group, the Dutch and Flemish painters of the seventeenth century have never been surpassed. The great roll of honor begins with Jan (“Velvet”) Brueghel, Ambrosius Bosschaert, Balthasar van der Ast, and Osias Beert. Thereafter come hundreds of fine painters whose excellence was underwritten by the guild system then operating in the Low Countries.

Whatever its status, a still life was painstaking work—van Aelst said it took four days to paint a carnation—and inevitably these artists produced fewer paintings (though Jan Brueghel was so prolific that people wonder how he did it). The comparative shortage of flower paintings in the saleroom makes trends hard to monitor, though the market is clearly up by no less than 300 percent since 1975, compared to 110 percent for Dutch and Flemish seventeenth-century paintings overall.

The status of still lifes is rising at last among collectors, perhaps even among art historians. London’s National Gallery has been given a handful of flower paintings over the years but has yet to buy one, though in a recent change of heart it acquired a still life of oranges by the eighteenth-century Spanish artist Meléndez. Meanwhile, at the Getty Museum, in Malibu, the top-selling postcards at the desk are of two spectacular flower paintings by Jan van Huysum, generally thought the greatest practitioner of this art.

Prices for his work were high even during his lifetime, and he counted several...
At least once, this should be your view of Hong Kong.

The terrace suites, reserved for the privileged few.

Fine French and Continental Furniture, Objects of Art, Clocks, Tapestries and Sculpture

Auction to be held on Saturday, June 13, 1987 at 10 a.m. in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Viewing begins June 6. For further information contact Peter Krueger (French Furniture) 212/546-1151 or Alice Duncan and Jody Wilkie (Sculpture) 212/546-1148.

A Neo-Classic ormolu and patinated bronze-mounted mahogany bed. Early 19th Century, German or Austrian. To be sold by the Hillwood Museum, Washington D.C.
Van Huysum probably worked only from living flowers, which would explain why his canvases sometimes bear two dates: if he missed, say, the hollyhocks one summer, he would not complete the painting until he had them in hand the next. Other painters often worked from careful sketch notes made at the moment a flower blossomed, so they created superb but impossible assemblies of spring, summer, and autumn flowers, all in perfect bloom. It remains a mystery how these Dutch artists managed to represent light so accurately, with every shadow and reflection where it belongs, as if the work had been done in an immortal instant.

With the exception of van Huysum, flower painters were held in small regard until the middle of this century. When in 1805 James Hewlett, a fine English flower painter, charged a client £500 for a canvas, the portrait painter Hoppner was scandalized: “Hewlett ought to be smothered!” We can laugh at this now. Broadly speaking, prices now stand at 100 to 200 times the figures of fifty years ago. What have people discovered in these paintings to justify a revaluation on that scale?

Much depends on the way the flowers in a painting are arranged. A Renaissance altarpiece by Hugo van der Goes in the Uffizi, in Florence, includes a vase holding a few irises and lilies and a glass of columbines and carnations, with some violets strewn about. Though just a detail in a large composition, the little group ranks as one of the greatest of flower paintings. The flowers are done with the utmost sensitivity, but what also makes the image attractive is the simplicity of the arrangement. This is very different from the showy and contrived arrangements often painted since the seventeenth century. The finest flower paintings can be seen as threefold works of art. First, the flowers have their inherent beauty; then there are the artistry of their arrangement and, last, the skill of the artist in representing them.

In Dutch painting, a heavy-handed symbolism can be read into the nonfloral elements. Though much Dutch art seems to celebrate the good things in life, the genre scenes were intended to double as cautionary tales against debauchery or lechery. The Netherlanders had not traded Catholicism for Calvinism without a price: even their flower paintings are laden with references to sin and death. The ear of wheat was a symbol of resurrection; dewdrops stood for transience; the caterpillar, for man in his earthly state; the but-
FRANK GALLO

"Innocence" Edition/200 Unframed (24" x 34" x 2") Framed in clear plexi box (293/4" x 393/4" x 4")

Original cast paper sculpture.

published by:

Rosenbaum FINE ART
5171 Northeast 12th Avenue • Fort Lauderdale, FL 33334 • 305-772-1386

CALL TODAY 1-800-344-ARTS TO ORDER
© Rosenbaum Fine Art Corporation 1987
once ranked even lower than other flower painters; both categories now seem to be equally valued.

Prices for Henri Fantin-Latour, the great Impressionist flower painter, have risen by 720 percent since 1975—450 percent of that rise having taken place in the last two years, after the major exhibition of his paintings in Paris, San Francisco, and Ottawa in 1982-83. Fantin-Latour was more interested in capturing the nature of a flower than in its details and succeeded in conveying as much of its character as any artist of the tight-brush school. It was the belated recognition of this achievement that sent prices soaring.

Of all twentieth-century flower paintings, the most arresting are those of Georgia O'Keeffe, who died last year at ninety-eight. She managed to combine precision with a disturbing sensuality. Though deriving something from the soft, lush, and exotic flowers of the Brazilian jungle as painted by Martin Johnson Heade, her vision of a flower was strikingly original. Her images may be plainly recognizable as flowers, yet they are halfway to abstraction. The overlapping contours of her flower heads are magnified and convey a sense of each as something intensely sexual—as indeed flowers are. A mere dozen paintings by O'Keeffe have been sold at auction in the last five years, at an average price of $225,000, and since her death prices have climbed steadily.

Paintings by all the big names in this field are now rare and expensive. Yet the nineteenth and twentieth centuries produced any number of fine flower painters whose work is still reasonably priced and hard to imagine will ever be downgraded. Flowers may have a transient beauty, but our appreciation of them is unlikely to fade.

---

**PROMISING INVESTMENTS AMONG NINETEENTH- AND TWENTIETH-CENTURY FLOWER PAINTERS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Price Range</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Bail, 1862–1921, French</td>
<td>$2,000–$4,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georges Jeannin, 1841–1925, French</td>
<td>$1,000–$3,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johan-Laurens Jensen, 1800–1856, Danish</td>
<td>$500–$45,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel John Peploe, 1871–1935, Scottish</td>
<td>$4,000–$55,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eugène Fétit, 1839–1886, French</td>
<td>$500–$4,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germain-Theodore Ribot, ca. 1845–1893, French</td>
<td>$600–$3,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothea Sharp, 1874–1955, English</td>
<td>$1,000–$64,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emily Stannard, 1803–1885, English</td>
<td>$600–$12,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antoine Vollon, 1833–1900, French</td>
<td>$1,000–$13,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Wainwright, active 1859–1869, English</td>
<td>$1,000–$12,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Eva Makk

DUFFER, 30" x 24" original oil by Eva Makk.

Free-flowing in technique and rich in sun-drenched color, this impressionistic piece conveys the magical relationships of children with their adoring pet.

Lahaina Galleries
848 Wainee Street, Suite 213, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii 96761

ROCKS OF AGES
Names like Bette Midler, Boy George, and Liza Minnelli fatten her Rolodex. Elton John turns to her for gem-speckled sunglasses, while Miles Davis and Michael Jackson have medieval- and African-looking brooches, respectively. Yes, indeed, Hilary Beane is famous for one-of-a-kind jewelry. Who else could have supplied Madonna with her metal-mesh wedding veil?

Beane blazed onto the L.A. scene in 1983. Back in those days, her designs incorporated skulls, vessels, crosses, and crests, many of which suggested pre-Columbian, African, and Oceanic motifs. Each piece was painstakingly formed by an assemblage and layering process, using such materials as vintage crystals combined with hematite beads and metal shot. Beane has also made earrings, necklaces, and bracelets, in a variety of styles. Every piece flaunts a sense of drama that has become a kind of signature.

Now she is trying something new. Instead of custom jewelry, Beane has produced multiple editions. Her aim is to create a more subtle play of materials, in effect letting stones speak for themselves. Her new collection (which retails at Bonwit Teller in New York, Harari in Beverly Hills, and Maxfield's in Los Angeles) features silver- and gold-plated cast brooches, earrings, and belt buckles set with exotic semiprecious stones like chrysoprase, chrysocolla, Mary Ellen jasper, and "Picasso stone," so called because of its abstract pattern. Beane selects the gems personally. "I want these stones to shine," she explains.

They do, but at reasonable prices. Beane's earrings will generally range from around $75 to $125, while brooches go for from $150 up to $300. Meanwhile, she continues to accept individual commissions from those who want the Beane touch at its most personal. —Paul Bob

VIDEO VANGUARDIAN
Seeing a visitor, Zbigniew Rybczynski pulls himself away from his flatbed editing table. Glowing on the monitor is a freeze frame from the climactic "Odessa Steps" scene of Eisenstein's Potemkin: it shows a proletarian demonstrator, a woman, freshly killed by the czar's troops. The thirty-eight-year-old Rybczynski (pronounced Rib-CHIN-ski), a Pole who settled in New York in 1983, is working on his latest project, to be aired on PBS stations in September as part of the "Alive from Off Center" series. In Steps, tourists get off a tour bus and "visit" one of the most famous scenes in European cinema, braving the odd bullets to take snapshots of the exciting revolutionary spectacle. In his well-improved English, Rybczynski explains this video is "like going to Disneyland."

Behind him in the downtown New York triplex that houses Zbig Vision are various exotic image- and sound-generating machines. This is the workshop of a video maker and "animator," although, in the presence of the man's technology and ambitions, that last term has a distinctly archaic ring. In only three years, Zbig, as he likes to be called, has forged a reputation as an innovative maker of music videos and a guru of new, moving-image technology.

In his work, the impact of the small screen is powerfully intensified by implausible juxtapositions and relentless multiplications of images—nonnarrative tech-
Why we call ourselves Lands' End, Direct Merchants.

These days, on top of everything else, you don't need the added frustrations you often face when you go shopping. Threading your way through traffic into parking lots, in distant suburbs. Shouldering your way through crowded malls into stores well-stocked with goods, but staffed too sparingly to serve you well. Lacking clerks who know the stock, you paw over counters, and shuttle hangers back and forth on racks.

Finally, when you've found what you want, there's that added wait while a cashier communes with her computer, recording everything about the item sold except that you've been standing in line waiting to pay for it.

**There has to be a better way. And there is.**

Shop with Lands' End. Direct Merchants.

We call ourselves direct merchants because we provide a straight line service, from us to you, with **no** middle men (or middle-persons, if you prefer.) Our way lets you shop at leisure in your home. From a colorful catalog, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. By mail if you like. But, better still, by phone.

You pay no toll. No parking fees. You burn no gas. You lose no patience. And you have direct access to an astonishing array of quality products, about which we give you no-nonsense information, and which we offer at no-nonsense prices.

We didn't originate this method of shopping. But not a day goes by but what we at Lands' End ponder ways to re-invent the system, simplify it, refine it, or add to it when appropriate.

**We roam the world in your behalf.**

The search for quality is endless at Lands' End. And we go to the four corners of the earth in quest of it. In so doing, we practice a tough philosophy. Simply stated, it goes like this: First, **quality.** Then, **price.** And always, always **service.**

Once an item seems right for our customers, as direct merchants we seek out the prime quality source; the one not only best suited to manufacture it, but the one that can make it most efficiently as well.

When we're sure we can offer you Lands' End quality at a Lands' End price, we pass the word on to you promptly in our catalogs. If we can't price a quality item so it's to your advantage to buy it from us, we don't offer it. But we continue to search for a new prime source of that item. And occasionally—as with our soft luggage lines—we undertake to make the items ourselves.

**Millions use us. Millions more could.**

We have served and satisfied millions of customers, but there remain millions more of you who have never experienced our direct service.

If you're among the latter group, why not try us now? Let us prove to you that you can trust us, too.

Ask us to send you a catalog by return mail. Better still, call us right now on our toll-free number (800-356-4444). We have over 100 friendly, well-informed operators waiting to answer your call personally, 24 hours a day. They're trained to serve you.

and serve you they do. With answers to questions on sizes, styles, shipments and prices. On colors, on care, on delivery. Should an item be temporarily out of stock, they'll tell you and suggest an alternative. (Including, if need be, referring you to a respected competitor.)

**What can you lose?**

Understand, we're not all things to all shoppers. We don't initiate or pursue fads. We don't start or ride trends. We deal in clothing and accessories that know no time or season.

And every item we sell is GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

If you are not completely satisfied with any item you buy from us, at any time during your use of it, return it and we will refund your full purchase price.

Call us right now, and let us begin to serve you. From our brand-new Catalog, featuring pages of solid values we can ship to you within 24 hours, or we'll know the reason why, and so will you.

Lands' End, Direct Merchants. The exciting new way to shop in today's world.

---

**Please send free catalog.**
Lands' End Dept. ZX-09
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name ____________________________________________
Address __________________________________________
City _____________________________________________
State ___________ Zip ______

Or call Toll-free: 800-356-4444
niques particularly well suited to music. The imprimatur of “video artist” was conferred on Zbig by the video department of the Museum of Modern Art last winter when it put on a program of his works. He is now developing the use of video in the making of feature films.

Rybczynski landed in the United States with a splash—two, in fact. He is surely the only person ever to win an Academy Award and be thrown in jail in the same night. You might remember him from the 1983 Oscars ceremony: he was the long-haired young man who came up to claim his statuette for Best Animated Short and had barely uttered thank you and a word of support for Solidarity before America’s heartthrob of the moment, Matt Dillon, hustled him off the podium.

Rybczynski’s Oscar was for Tango, a short animated film made while he was still in Poland. In it, thirty-six actors perform and repeat various mundane activities, seemingly unconscious of one another but nonetheless cramming and criss-crossing the same room. Making ingenious use of animation techniques to dramatic ends, the film constructs a touching paradox of physical overcrowding and psychological solitude. Coming back from a post-acceptance smoke outside the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Rybczynski was refused readmission, got into a scuffle with a security guard, was arrested, and spent the night in the L.A. county jail. He shortly thereafter moved to New York, where the music-video industry gave him a much warmer welcome.

His breakthrough video clip was done for the group Art of Noise’s “Close (to the Edit).” To the sound of a rousing piece of electronic rock, a puckishly demonic little girl dressed in punk wear ruthlessly orchestrates the destruction of several classical instruments. More recently, for a bit of disco fluff called “Why Should I Cry,” Rybczynski transformed the main room of Grand Central Station into an exotic-fish aquarium. And to evoke John Lennon’s bittersweet song “Imagine,” he created a kissing cousin of Tango, a single, brilliant, uninterrupted tracking shot of men, women, and children acting out a panorama of everyday events along a lengthy chain of linked rooms.

These last two works are also remarkable for their use of high-definition video, a technology recently developed in Japan. HDTV, as it is called, yields an image that has much more plasticity and definition of form than has up until now been possible in video.

With HDTV in hand, Rybczynski is developing video cinema; one of his major works in progress is an HDTV feature that he describes as “Son of Citizen Kane, about the biggest fashion designer of the twentieth century.” HDTV does not guarantee Zbig or anyone else creative genius, but it does hold the promise of image-making processes and economies of production that may eventually revolutionize what is now called feature “film.” When that revolution comes, you will probably find Zbig new Rybczynski braving the bullets on the front steps.

—Robert Knafo

**LEAVE IT TO WEAVER**

The hottest new name in the American culinary world is that of Susan Weaver, twenty-seven years old and a sous-chef at the Ritz-Carlton Café, in Chicago. She has just returned from representing America in the newest and most prestigious competition for the best young chefs in the world. She came in seventh, beating out contestants from Japan, Italy, Luxembourg, and Malaysia, among other places—a stunning achievement for an American woman in a male-dominated competition where simply finishing in the top ten is “winning.” In consequence, a good deal of the attention the media devoted to the event was focused on her from the start.

The first of what will be a biannual event and may become the foremost of its kind in the world, the contest is the brain-child of the three-star French chef Paul Bocuse and bears his name. The finals of the Bocuse d’Or took place on January 26–27 in Lyons, France. Twenty young chefs competed in a large convention hall where a rather grandiose European food show was being held at the same time. Susan Weaver, who was wearing a tall pleated chef’s hat on top of her straight brown ponytail, was the only woman to take part in the competition.

Susan Weaver’s path to this Olympiad of chefhood was circuitous. Born and...

*Hot hand: Susan Weaver earned her toque in the toughest cookout around.*
His work can be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. And in major art collections around the world. His marine impressions are akin to the visual dramas of Andrew Wyeth. And yet there is no one like him. Only one artist has given us the sea as it is above and below. Only one has celebrated the whale in scenes of inspiring wonder. He is America’s premier marine artist.

Robert Lyn Nelson

Come with artist Nelson to the crescent-shaped islet of Molokini, off the coast of Hawaii’s magnificent Maui. Dive into one of the ocean’s most colorful playgrounds, where splendid humpback whales spend their winters and give birth to their calves. In this beautiful new mixed media graphic, MOLOKINI FIRST BREATH, Nelson explores a glorious undersea paradise. Its mood and its majesty are simply irresistible. Created in a limited edition of 450. Handsigned and numbered by the artist. Dimensions: 18 × 24 inches. To order this exquisite Nelson graphic – please call toll-free:

In the USA: 1-800-367-8047 ext. 108
In Canada: 1-800-423-8733 ext. 108

Lahaina Galleries

845 Wainee St., Suite 213, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii 96761
raised in Boston, she learned how to cook purely by accident. At nineteen she took a precollege trip to Europe, ending up on the island of Corsica, in love with a native named Marcel Flori (now her husband and number three in another world competition, that one for best sommelier). There she began cooking and displayed such aptitude, that, on her return to this country, she was taken under the wing of the French chef Fernand Gutierrez, head of the Ritz-Carlton kitchen. She started as a vegetable peeler and briskly rose to the position of sous-chef, which qualified her for nomination for the Bocuse d'Or.

Having made it as one of the ten finalists, Weaver and the other nine chefs (Swiss, French, Belgian, Japanese, Malaysian, Luxembourg, Danish, German, and Italian), with twenty-six television crews in tow, explored Lyons's wholesale market for the ingredients necessary for the cook-off.

The American had made it to the semi-finals on the merits of a sauté de saumon aux écrevisses, a salmon mousse ringed with turnip timbales stuffed with spinach and wild-mushroom mousse and small whole crayfish and mussels. Now Weaver searched for the plumpest poirelle de Bresse (France's best famous chicken) and for broccoli and fresh basil. She had brought tiny fresh baby corn from California, one of the earmarks of her cuisine. Within four hours, she had to create her masterpiece, a sauterne sauce to poirelle de Bresse à la mousse de pois gras. The first prize went to the French, but Weaver stole the attention of the media. Cameras followed her everywhere she went. When she accepted her award, her proud smile appeared on television screens across Europe. Her next step? “My very own restaurant, with my husband. Marcel, as sommelier.” Where? “Anywhere in the U.S. or A.”

—Colette Rossant

HIGH STYLE

The newest landmark in New York's SoHo district is a combination hangar, clothes store, and museum of flight paraphernalia. It is called The Cockpit and features in its lofty space a genuine AT-6 attack aircraft and a DC-3 cockpit—props that help to sell fantasy to the armchair pilots of the Challenger-Voyager-Top Gun generation.

The high-altitude styles on display run the gamut of aeronautical tradition, and most of it is the real thing. Avirex Ltd., the current supplier to the U.S. Air Force and Navy, provides The Cockpit with aviation clothing based on original 1930 designs and materials as well as updated variations. Anyone who wants a United
EYVIND EARLE

This rare sculpture by the renowned painter will be part of Eyvind Earle’s most comprehensive exhibition of recent works including original oils and serigraphs. Reception for the artist Friday, May 29th 1987 6-9PM

36 page full color catalog available

8025 Melrose Avenue Los Angeles, California 90046 213.651.1400 800.325.2765 Tuesday–Sunday 11–6

The exhibition is in collaboration with Robert Bane Editions
WHAT A SHINE!

Protect your investment in fine furniture with Antiquax, the outstanding, unequalled furniture wax polish. Shortly after the turn of the century, the owner of an exclusive London antique gallery developed Antiquax for use solely by his aristocratic clients. They needed a paste wax polish that would protect, feed and enhance the irreplaceable antiques they purchased at his establishment. Now this same secret formula of carefully blended fine waxes is available to everyone! Easy to apply, Antiquax gives wood a soft, mellow long-lasting shine that repels dust and will not fingerprint. Join the world's leading galleries and museums as well as the statefhest of homes by using Antiquax to achieve the finest shine available for your furniture. Our generous 7.05 oz. tin will last a long, long time and it's just $8.95 plus $2.00 for shipping, handling and insurance (total, $10.95 each).

HOW TO ORDER: Send a check or money order (no cash, please) payable to H.M. SPECIALTIES for $10.95 for each tin of Antiquax you want ($8.95 + $2.00 for shipping, handling and insurance). On a separate piece of paper, PRINT the name and address, including the ZIP code, that you want the tins of Antiquax sent to. Please be sure to include the department code shown below. Send your payment and your order information to:

H.M. SPECIALTIES, Dept. CNWX 967;
P.O. Box 2318, FDR Station; New York, NY 10150

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible. Overseas orders will take up to six weeks by Parcel Post.
The Hearst Corporation 250 W. 55 St., N.Y. 10019

UP & COMING

States Air Force aviator jacket can get the latest model—one made of Nomex, a fire-resistant synthetic. Then there's the Shuttle chase-team flight suit, at $79, which, according to the sales crew, excites a good deal of attention among visiting children but does not keep the cash register ringing. What does is The Cockpit's complete line of army-air force leather and sheepskin jackets, including an A-2 version with a silk lining on which an escape map out of Germany into France is printed ($300). As for miscellaneous items, the acquisitive aviator can find caps, helmets, goggles, military insignia patches, sweaters, boots, books, and video strategy games.

The founding genius of The Cockpit is Jeff Clyman, a forty-one-year-old enthusiast who began his career as a lawyer in 1972. "I had to give up my law practice," reasons Clyman; "my love for aviation and its history was just too all-consuming." He collected flight gear for years (in 1976 he gave some of it to the Smithsonian Institution) and currently owns a World War II bomber, which he flies with an exhibition team. He started selling his own aviation apparel in 1975, set up Avirex U.S.A. to help meet demand in 1977, and finally opened The Cockpit last November.

Clyman's passion for his new occupation has been infectious. Cher, Robert Duvall, David Hartman, and Chuck Yeager are some of the better-known clients among the commercial and amateur pilots, war veterans, and buffs who flock to his store-museum. Many come to reminisce or to learn about aeronautical history. "I try to be a salesman and an educator at the same time," says Clyman.

The Cockpit's catalogue performs both services, too, often providing little-known information. For instance, the wristwatch was invented because combat pilots had a hard time digging out their pocket watches from their cumbersome flight suits. The silk scarf, associated with World War I aces like von Richthofen, was originally used not only to prevent the aviator's neck from being chafed by the wind but also to protect his face from drops of engine oil, as the pilot in an open cockpit was sure to be splattered. For Clyman, the myths that adhere to the clothes are as much a part of their appeal as the way they look. He is, in the end, a purveyor of dreams.

—Deidre Stein
Simic Galleries Present Four Fine Art Exhibits In June Featuring Nationally And Internationally Renowned Artists

Robert Legrand
"Les Bords de la Marne" 18" x 24"

In La Jolla

GROUP IMPRESSIONIST SHOW
Featuring more than 20 top American and European Impressionists

Greg Harris
"The Flower Vendor" 36" x 48"

In Carmel

GREG HARRIS—ONE MAN SHOW
The Golden Age of Victorian Tradition Reborn

William DeShazo
"Golden Fantasy" 30" x 40"

In La Jolla

WILLIAM DE SHAZO—ONE MAN SHOW
Guided Rays, Azure Seas and Crashing Surf...The Ocean’s Beauty Revealed...

Anthony Casay
"Forest Path" 16" x 20"

In Carmel

ANTHONY CASAY—ONE MAN SHOW
Step Into Classical Garden Scenes of Exotic Beauty and Luxuriant Taste...


Call for your Personal Invitation
Complimentary color brochures available upon request

Full Color Catalogue $15.00 (64 pages, 48 Artists Featured)

CALIFORNIA 1-800-221-2517
NATIONAL 1-800-821-5387

Simic Galleries INC.
For The Ultimate Experience In Fine Art
West Coast’s largest — representing over 90 renowned artists

CARMEL — in 3 locations, corner of San Carlos and Sixth, P.O. Box 5687, Carmel-by-the-Sea, CA 93921
(408) 624-7522, CA only 1-800-221-2517, National 1-800-821-5387
LA JOLLA — 7925 Girard Ave., La Jolla, CA 92037, 619-454-0225, CA only 1-800-637-7332, National 1-800-558-4477
Inside Passage to Alaska. Combine the sybaritic pleasures of cruising aboard the small luxury ship Sea Goddess I with the adventure of discovering a wild world of mountains, glaciers, and frontier towns, with whales, sea lions, and eagles to keep you company. Passengers go ashore from time to time during the seven-day voyage to explore the majestic wilderness. Back aboard, snug in an outside cabin, treat yourself to unlimited champagne and beluga malossol caviar. Single occupancy per suite, $7,000 for seven days; doubles, $4,000 per person. All prices exclude air fare to Anchorage and Vancouver but include almost everything else, even French table wines. Remarkable vintage extra. Booking: (800) 458-9000.

Undoubtedly the most luxurious and romantic of the larger cruise ships operating in the U.S., Sven Lindblad’s Special Expeditions ply the Inside Passage in twelve-to-thirteen-day trips. You can go ashore to explore with shipboard naturalists. $2,610-$3,990 per person, double occupancy—all outside cabins. Booking: (800) 762-0003; in New York, (212) 765-7740. Take binoculars and telephoto lens.

Unspoiled island. People fed up with the crush of the Hamptons are discovering Block Island, northeast of Montauk. No velvety lawns, neat hedges, or nightlife here, but miles of quiet country roads to bicycle on. Hotel Manisses, a refurbished Victorian inn, opened for the summer season last month. Its seventeen guest rooms are named for famous local shipwrecks. Ask for Palatine, a spacious room overlooking fields where donkeys, sheep, and horses graze, or for Princess Augusta, with its Jacuzzi. Room reservations: (401) 466-2421; dinner reservations: (401) 466-2836. Ferries from Point Judith, R.I., (401) 783-4613. Flights from Westerly (R.I.) State Airport by New England Airlines, (800) 243-2460.

Bored in Eden? Visitors to the beautiful and remote northwest coast of the Big Island of Hawaii might yearn for a little culture. It’s available—at the Parker Ranch, one of the biggest family-owned cattle spreads in the United States (225,000 acres). The owner is the onetime Broadway actor and singing star Richard (“Dick”) Smart, who has filled the ranch house, Puuopelu, with his collections of European antiques, Chinese ceramics, yellow Beijing glass, and French Impressionist paintings. Clearly, Smart has a good eye. Open 10–3, Monday, Friday, and Saturday. Admission, $3; (808) 885-7655.

Bateaux-mouches, Manhattan style. World Yacht’s fleet of five sleek ships makes lunch, brunch, and dinner sails around the island. Views are magical, the commentary unintrusive, food pretty good; and the smart young staff gives attentive, civilized service. Music and dancing on all cruises. Sunday brunch is served 12:30–2:30 ($35); lunch, 12–2 ($22); dinner, 7–10 ($45–$50, with tie recommended for men). Boarding about an hour before meals. Pier 62, at West Twenty-third Street on the Hudson River, New York, NY 10011; (212) 929-7090.

Your own island. Just off Tortola, in the Caribbean, lies Necker, a mini-paradise created by the dashing British entrepreneur Richard Branson, who owns Virgin Records and Virgin Atlantic Airways. On his virgin island he has built an airy, ten-bedroom, Balinese-style villa. It can accommodate twenty and is for rent, complete with staff (a husband-and-wife cook-manager team, maids, boatmen), all meals (including wine and liquor), pool, Jacuzzis, gym, library, lighted tennis court, two white-sand beaches, and sailboats and surfboards. A natural for family reunions, house parties, or small business conferences (it has the latest in audiovisual facilities). $5,500 per day. Resorts Management, (800) 225-4255; in New York, (212) 696-4566.

Living like a lord. Horse Place, erstwhile residence of Prince Philip’s treasurer, the late Lord Rupert Nevill, is the latest great country house to become an inn. Fourteen elegant suites (and three deluxe singles) offer royal accommodation, with croquet in the garden, a glass-enclosed pool, tennis on a lighted all-weather court, and guest privileges in nearby clubs for golf, sailing, hunting, and shooting. In the heart of East Sussex, it is only four miles from Glyndebourne, about an hour from London by limousine and considerably less by helicopter. Reservations: 011-44-82-575581.

Ice Age art. Spain’s famous Altamira Cave, with its vivid and majestic bison painted around 15,000 B.C. by Paleolithic artists, has been reopened to up to forty visitors (over twelve years old) a day, in groups of five or fewer. A detailed request in writing should be sent three months in advance to Director, Centro de Investigación y Museo de Altamira, Santillana del Mar, Santander, Spain.

By Geri Trotta, a professional traveler and a contributing editor of Gourmet.
You’re invited to join a select circle of explorers.

The adventure that lured Magellan. The quest that stirred Marco Polo. The vast beauty that inspired Captain Cook. These dreams can be yours if you follow the footsteps of great explorers on the cruise of 1988, Royal Viking’s Grand Circle Pacific.

When you circle the world’s largest ocean with us, you become part of a select circle of ancient explorers and a discerning circle of modern-day explorers as well. Members of the World Ocean & Cruise Line Society voted our Royal Viking Sky the “ship of the year.” And our unexcelled personal service prompted Travel Holiday Magazine readers to name Royal Viking the Number One cruise line.

So you’ll find you’re in the best of company when you sail the Pacific discoverers’ routes and uncover a treasure-trove of exotic cities and rarely visited islands.

Come, set your compass for one hundred days of romance and discovery. Depart round trip from California (or Florida) with free first class air fare, January 19. Or take part of the dream:

- **Journey to Paradise**, San Francisco to Papeete, Tahiti. Jan. 19, 27 days. (Galapagos, Machu Picchu, Easter Island, Pitcairn)
- **Dateline New Zealand**, Papeete to Sydney, Feb. 16, 16 days. (Bora Bora, Tonga, Auckland, Wellington)
- **Bicentennial G’Day**, Sydney to Hong Kong, Mar 5, 22 days. (Tasmania, Perth, Bali, Singapore)
- **China/Orient Odyssey**, Hong Kong to Tokyo, Mar 28, 15 days. (Shanghai, Beijing, Japan)
- **Pacific Passage**, Tokyo to San Francisco, April 13, 16 days. (Midway Islands, Hawaii)

Free air/land on segments

See your travel agent. Or call 800-862-1133. (Georgia: 404-237-3526)

**Book by June 30 and save 5%!**

Royal Viking

The best of all worlds all over the world.
ERICA'S EAT AT TO AT TO AR
TDOORS CIGHING IT
STC IN TREES
Folio 16 represents a successful blend of East and West — ancient Oriental forms adapted for modern living. Taken from the Ming and early Ch'ing dynasties, the collection exhibits authentic Chinese joinery, infinitely touchable finishes and special features designed to put convenience at your command. To explore this exotic world, we invite you to visit an authorized Henredon dealer. For a Folio 16 brochure of living, dining and bedroom furniture, send $3.00 to Henredon, Dept. Q77, Morganton, NC 28655.

For those who value excellence

Henredon.
STAIR & COMPANY
NEW YORK
CELEBRATING OUR 75TH ANNIVERSARY

A superb pair of Regency carved and giltwood convex mirrors with candlearms. Circa 1820.

STAIR & CO., 942 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021 • (212) 517-4400
OXFORD ANTIQUE RESTORERS LTD. • (212) 517-4400
LONDON, 120 MOUNT STREET, LONDON W1Y 5HB • 01 499 1784

We are always interested in acquiring 18th and 19th century English furniture of comparable quality.
From the Estée Lauder laboratories comes the new technology to rebuild your skin's appearance from the inside out.

Introducing

Eyzone Repair Gel

Before you notice one more little wrinkle, try Eyzone. Its never-before opalescent formula contains Tissue Matrix Fluid to help restructurize the deepest epidermal layers of the vulnerable skin around your eyes. So of course, Eyzone is ophthalmologist tested and fragrance-free. And it has a unique time-released delivery system. Use Eyzone regularly and dramatically diminish the visible signs of aging around your eyes. Suddenly, the aging effects of time seem to be reversed. And your skin looks and feels younger—from the inside out.
GOLD'S FINEST HOURS
THE BENVENUTO CELLINI COLLECTION BY ROLEX

Nobility of design merits a noble metal, Gold.
The choice of Renaissance master Benvenuto Cellini for his most accomplished art.
Our choice for a collection of timepieces sculpted to
the exacting standards of the genius they honor.
Cellini by Rolex in 18 KT white or yellow gold
as befits the legacy they preserve.
Only at your Official Rolex Jewelers.

COVER  Photograph by Jan Groover

13 CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD  A true artist; a shaggy-dog story; a view of Bermuda; Japan's favorite painter; Portugal's best porcelain maker; plutocracy in San Diego

30 AUCTIONS  The action is in London

34 CONVERSATION PIECE  1930s: Circle

41 AT HOME ON THE RANGE  A New Yorker finds real happiness on a Wyoming ranch, by Ann Birstein

46 PICK A CARD!  Meet the magician's magician, by Daniel Stashower

52 TONE WOOD  Which trees make great violins?, by Jeremiah Kaplan

56 A FRAGILE ART  Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime exhibition of Roman glass, at the Corning Museum

58 UPCOUNTRY CLOTHES  Why Patagonia gear appeals to the risk-taking sportsperson, by Stephan Wilkinson

66 WHO STOLE THE LYDIAN HOARD?  A case history involving the hottest issue before American museums today, by Melik Kaylan

74 YOU BELONG IN THE ZOO  In the wonderful San Diego Zoo, that is, by Leon Harris

80 BREAKTHROUGH  How H. H. Richardson changed the direction of American domestic architecture, by Phil Patton

86 STRANGE NEW FARE  Americans are now eating fish they used to spurn in horror, by Elizabeth Sahajian

94 ROUND IS BEAUTIFUL  A stunning barn almost too good for cows

96 THE LAST GIANTS  Only these saxophonists retain the sound of the golden era of jazz, by George W. Goodman

102 ONE MAN'S EDEN  A famous designer weaves a garden, by Walter McQuade

108 INVESTOR'S FILE  Combat aircraft

114 WINE  For the dream feast

118 UP & COMING  Get ready for the fall fashions; Paris is the cinematheque's heaven
is pleased to announce

The unveiling of his newest edition, in homage to the talents of Bernard Fuchs.
Also featuring a comprehensive collection of original paintings, mixed-medias, maquettes, drawings and serigraphs.

Ballerina

8025 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90046
213.651.1400  800.325.2765
Tuesday–Sunday 11–6

A catalog of recent works is available.
WINTER '88, SUN ON 5 CONTINENTS WITH 5-PLUS-STAR SAGAFJORD OR QE2.

VACATIONS OF 2 WEEKS TO 3 MONTHS; SPECIALLY PRICED CONCORDE FLIGHTS!

Only two ships rated Five-Plus-Stars by Fielding's Worldwide Cruises will sail the world this winter—QE2 and Sagafjord. In January, 1988, take either of these warm-weather voyages in its entirety or in vacations as short as two weeks. Embark or disembark in convenient ports of call around the world, including New York, Fort Lauderdale and Los Angeles.

'Voyage of the Southern Crown' in superliner luxury on the 'new' QE2.

Newly transformed at the cost of $130 million, QE2 boasts such amenities as an all-new Sports Center to complement her famed "Golden Door Spa at Sea," a promenade of international luxury boutiques, four newly designed restaurants and a state-of-the-art Grande Lounge. Roam the Pacific, Australia, the Indian Ocean, East Africa, Southeast Asia, China and Japan—all in all, 27 incomparable ports of call, nine of them stays of one night or more.

'Treasures of South America, the Pacific and the Orient' in classic luxury on Sagafjord.

Offering the classic cruise experience at its best—highly personalized service, unhurried dining at a single sitting and free access to the famed "Golden Door Spa at Sea"—Sagafjord sets forth on an intriguing coastal exploration of South America and the Strait of Magellan, roaming the South Pacific to Australia and touring Southeast Asia, China and Japan. All told, 25 fascinating ports of call, nine of them stays of one or more nights.

Fly free or at low cost—or fly Concorde!

All Sagafjord vacations include free airfare. QE2 vacations include free or low-cost airfare—or the option of specially priced British Airways' Concorde flights to or from selected ports. For details, consult your travel agent or Cunard.

Cunard, Box 999, Farmingdale, NY 11737.

Rush me, free, your World Cruise and Winter Vacations brochure:
- Sagafjord (Q976)
- QE2 (Q976)

Send me the following color videotape(s), delivery 4 to 6 weeks. Tendee a check for $2.95 each payable to "Vacations on Video." (Arizona residents, add 6.5% sales tax)
- Sagafjord
- QE2 (available in fall)
- VHS version
- Beta version

NAME
ADDRESS

CITY
STATE
ZIP

My TRAVEL AGENT

CUNARD

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 • SAGAFJORD • VISTAJOH • SEA GODDESS I • SEA GODDESS II
Val Saint Lambert
Our name isn't as common as others. Then again, neither is our crystal.

Val Saint Lambert
The finest Belgian crystal since 1826.

Over 300 Examples of Fine Traditional Seating from the "Golden Age of Furniture Design"... 1780 to 1840.

Essential to the selection of fine traditional seating for the executive office, boardroom, club, restaurant, hotel or home.

For your copy of "The Chair Collection," please send $20. All sales through interior designers, architects or fine stores.

Smith & Watson
Decorative Arts Center
305 East 63rd Street
New York, NY 10021
(212) 355-5656

Subscriptions Service: CONNOISSEUR magazine will, upon receipt from an order of a complete set or renewal subscription order, undertake fulfillment of that order as to provide the first copy delivery within 12 weeks of date of order. Receipts are promptly mailed at the date that will bring your subscription within 12 weeks of your order date. To assure prompt shipment of your subscription, include your new address with your subscription order. New subscriptions are mailed to CONNOISSEUR, P.O. Box 10173, Des Moines, Iowa 50340. Should you have any problems with your subscription, please write to our Customer Service, P.O. Box 50340, Des Moines, Iowa 50340. Subscription rates: $24.00 in U.S., $27.00 in Canada and Mexico. To assure prompt shipment of your subscription, include your new address with your subscription order. New subscriptions are mailed to CONNOISSEUR, P.O. Box 10173, Des Moines, Iowa 50340. Subscriptions are for personal use only. Copies for commercial use may be ordered at a substantially higher rate. Please call to order. Subscriptions outside the United States may be purchased through press agents. For press kits or requests for back copies, please write to CONNOISSEUR, P.O. Box 10173, Des Moines, Iowa 50340.
Darren, Fairfield County, Connecticut
A LTHA MANOR: Built in 1904, this Old World fieldstone Manor on 2 + acres of lawns, gardens, and woodland, features 6 family and 4 staff bedrooms, living room with 8 French doors. Heated pool, Near hunt and country clubs. $2,100,000
Brochure #C1-167
Exclusive Local Affiliate
SCOTT ASSOCIATES 203-655-1423

Southampton, Long Island, New York
GRAND OCEANFRONT 6 COLONIAL: 19 room mansion on 9½ + acres with private beach, rose gardens, with dune and ocean views. 9 bedrooms, marble and panelled fireplaces, French doors, moldings, solariums, terraces, 30' pool, 2 cabanas, ocean house, barn. $10,250,000
Brochure #C1-235
Exclusive Local Affiliate
ALLAN M. SCHNEIDER & ASSOCIATES, INC. 516-283-7000

Sands Point, New York
ENGLISH REGENCY ELOQUENCE: 1928 mansion with stunning 1986 renovations, on 10 + acres with subdivision potential. Stately 10,000 sq. ft. interior with 9 fireplaces. French murals, leaded glass windows, marble fittings, new systems. $6,100,000
Brochure #C1-236
Exclusive Local Affiliate
TOWN & COUNTRY REALTY, INC. 516-883-5200

Ridgefield, Connecticut
PINECREST MANOR: On 4 + pine-studded acres, minutes from historic Main Street. Château-style residence with 5 bedrooms, 7 baths, fireplaces and French windows. Pool house, carriage house, pool and tennis court. $1,260,000
Brochure #C1-151
Exclusive Local Affiliate
FITZGERALD & HASTINGS, INC. 203-438-9501

Mendham, New Jersey
PRE-REVOLUTIONARY ESTATE: 18th century fieldstone Georgian Colonial with 6 bedrooms, 5 original fireplaces and period details, on 10 wooded acres with pond, pool, studio. $1,500,000
Brochure #C8-59
Exclusive Local Affiliate
TURPIN REAL ESTATE, INC. 201-543-7400

Black Rock Harbor, Connecticut
THE CHIMNEYS: 15-room, 12,000 square foot Georgian Colonial amid handsome gardens, terraces, tennis court, reflecting pool and swimming pool. 3-room guest apt. $3,500,000
Brochure #C4-174
Exclusive Local Affiliate
JENSEN-PHILLIPS & ASSOCIATES 203-255-1001

Carmel/Kent, New York
GAINES FARM: 36 acres of pasture, lawns, gardens and forest with hiking and bridle paths, 1,600' of lake frontage. 15-room, 7,500 sq. ft. Contemporary main residence. Full horse barn complex, boat house, heated pool. $1,500,000
Brochure #C1-106
Exclusive Local Affiliate
HARVEST COUNTRY PROPERTIES, INC. 914-279-0191

Tuxedo Park, New York
LAKEFRONT ENGLISH MANOR: Lakefront Manor on 5 + acres with teahouse and all original 1910 details. Corinthian columns, Chippendale doors. Bog oak and mahogany paneling, elliptical staircase, 9 fireplaces. 10 miles to Manhattan. $2,100,000
Brochure #C1-239
Exclusive Local Affiliate
COUNTRY LIVING IN TUXEDO PARK, LTD. 914-351-5118

Locust Valley, Long Island, New York
NORTHWAY: Renovated Colonial mansion on 5±± landscaped acres with pool, 9 bedrooms, 6 baths, marble fireplaces and floors. Horse barn, 2 greenhouses. Subject to final subdivision approval. $2,100,000
Brochure #C1-224
Exclusive Local Affiliate
DANIEL GALE ASSOCIATES, INC. 516-922-9155

1334 York Avenue, New York, NY 10021. 212/606-7070
Manhattan • Washington, DC • San Francisco • Houston • Palm Beach • Boston
Atlanta • Newport Beach • Beverly Hills • Greenwich • Chicago • Madrid • Marbella
David,
A little light reading for the train. I wouldn't want you to fall asleep and miss your stop!
Love, S.

Dazzling diamond jewelry from $1900 to $3500 from Krementz.

Somewhere there's someone who deserves diamond jewelry this special, this beautiful.
Isn't that someone worth it?
What makes this jewelry extraordinary is the combination of superb design and quality diamonds. Diamonds that have been judged by the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat Weight.

Jewelry enlarged for detail.

For the jeweler nearest you, write Krementz & Co., 27 Chestnut Street, Newark, New Jersey 07101.

Krementz®
A diamond is forever.
While never willing to see fine things picked apart, I'll forgive those who want to cut pages 86-93 out of this issue of Connoisseur, frame them, and hang them on their walls. And I'm convinced that quite a few of our readers will at least be tempted to form an instant gallery of these splendid works of art. The photographs accompanying Elizabeth Sahajian's story on the strange, new varieties of fish we have all started to enjoy are by the American artist Jan Groover, who gives every indication that she is maturing into one of the world's most sensitive and captivating photographers.

Groover, now forty-three, has just closed a highly touted and popular one-person exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, a show characterized neatly by the New York Times reviewer Andy Grundberg as "thick with intelligence.

What I find especially compelling about Jan Groover's work is its unique combination of formalism, penetrating observation, and mysteriousness. There is throughout a pleasing point-counterpoint of similar and dissimilar shapes and objects, ranging from those of bottles to classical columns, leaves, flowers, and bits and pieces of Nevelson-like fragments. The placement of these oddments in her still lifes is so perfect and evocative that one feels the things have existed together in just that way forever—like the slabs at Stonehenge.

Don't be fooled into assuming that formal values are all that Groover is good at. She's also a consummate, if sneaky, colorist. When you first look at one of the works published herein you may fail to perceive the satisfying power and almost bewildering delicacy of her handling of tonal juxtapositions. Just take a long look at that squid on page 86. What has given birth to what? Do hints of orange in the tomatoes lead to the orange-yellow at the bottom of the glass, or the other way around? Did the fish become white because of the proximity of the egg, or the reverse? And try to count the shades of gray and silver in the still life with the sea urchins!

Groover started her artistic career as a painter making minimalist abstractions. Her paintings were for the most part large, multpaneled compositions in which squares, rectangles, and bands of color were meticulously balanced. In the early 1970s she began to create photographs—primarily, triptychs depicting highways with stop-action truck traffic and slices of suburban houses. Why did she turn to photography? "I didn't have to make things up; everything was already there," was her response. Groover's early work is represented in the exhibition at MOMA; it is provocative and poetic. The images have proved to be lasting. In 1978 she caused a sensation when she exhibited a series of still lifes of various objects stacked in her kitchen sink. The forms were monumental; the colors, majestic.

Then Groover changed direction, breaking away from her highly successful work. She grew introspective and searching. She embarked upon a series of experiments reexamining the roots of modernism. She tried landscapes, pictures of knees and elbows that are curiously appealing, and portraits of great sensitivity such as the one of her husband, the painter Bruce Boice, reproduced on this page. And, of course, still lifes. In the past few years Groover has concentrated on these moody, perfectionist works; one graces this month's cover.

Although the show at MOMA is now over, the exhibition will have an important second chapter, starting in the fall, and is scheduled to go to the following places: the Gibbes Art Gallery, Charleston, South Carolina (November 3-December 31, 1987); the Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati (January 15-February 27, 1988); and the Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Massachusetts (May-July 1988). If you cannot make the show, get the superb catalogue, Jan Groover, by Susan Kismaric, at MOMA's bookshop. Or luxuriate in our magazine.
MANY AUTOMOBILE MAKERS ITCH TO BUILD THE PERFECT CAR.
THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS IS PROOF THAT SOME SIMPLY ITCH MORE THAN OTHERS.

It is a curious fact that not everyone who seeks the very best in a large sedan is fully aware of just how much sedan this entitles today’s buyer to demand.

Some still opt for the overbearing “luxury” sedan in all its bulk and ostentation, unaware that big today can also mean fast, agile and responsive. Somewhat better off are those who have moved up to vivid big-sedan performance—but then go no further.

Then there are those who choose the sedans of the S-Class. The Mercedes-Benz overview is their overview: a large sedan—sufficiently well engineered—can balance triple-digit performance with hushed driving ease. Agile handling with an unruffled ride. The fragrance of leather upholstery and the richness of handworked woods with the tactile pleasures and keen precision of a true driver’s car.

And the rewards that follow are theirs to enjoy every mile: swift and sure-footed automotive travel on vast highways and unpaved byways alike. Experienced amid sumptuously comfortable surroundings. And in a blissful state of near silence.

The rewards continue—because the S-Class is, after all, built by Mercedes-Benz. And thus is welded, brazed, filed, sanded, polished and nit-picked to completion along an assembly route lined with enough inspections (and inspectors) to make this the most demanding trip of its life, if not any car’s life. The S-Class aims not only for the glamour of high technology but also the reassurance of high technological reliability. And reflects almost fifty years of basic Mercedes-Benz safety research and engineering.

You can choose from three S-Class sedans—the 560 SEL and 420 SEL V-8s, and the stunning six-cylinder 300 SDL Turbo. Their character subtly differs from one to another: their blend of high performance and high driving civilization differs from all other large sedans in the world.


PHILADELPHIA STORY

Brace yourselves. Bicentennial fever is still with us. First came the two hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Now comes the same birthday for the Constitution of these United States. The party is taking place in Philadelphia, where the historic document was drafted and signed in September 1787. Since December 1985, the city has been geared up for a year-long, citywide celebration, called "We the People 200." It intersperses fireworks, crafts fairs, concerts, and parades with historical reenactments.

The Philadelphia Art Museum's contribution to the event is an evocative exhibition, "Federal Philadelphia, 1785-1825: The Athens of the Western World," on view from July 5 through September 20 (it does not travel). Organized by the museum's curator of American decorative arts, Beatrice B. Garvan, the exhibition undertakes to convey, through approximately 250 works, the flavor of life in Philadelphia during the Federal period.

The show traces, chiefly through a history of artifacts, the evolution of Philadelphia from a Quaker city with strong German ties into a cosmopolitan capital indebted to the French, who were then producing neo-Greek, -Roman, -Etruscan, and -Egyptian styles. Two Philadelphia Federal rooms are to be reconstructed in the museum: one in Federal neoclassical, the other in Etruscan style. There will be tours of the historic Federal houses in the surrounding Fairmount Park. (The story goes that delegates to the Constitutional Convention refreshed themselves in these structures.)

The exhibition furnishes memorable examples of style as an indicator of socio-economic conditions. During the Federal period, for instance, three palatial commercial banks made of marble were erected, in conspicuous contrast to their brick-built surroundings. The status of women was improving somewhat, if the paintings of the period may be believed. The society matrons portrayed by Gilbert Stuart and Thomas Sully were depicted for their individual characters and accomplishments. An illuminating sideline is the first nude painting ever shown publicly in the United States, Danae and the Shower of Gold, by Adolph-Ulrich Wermüller. It passed virtually unnoticed at the time and will hardly attract more attention at this monumental celebration. —Sarah McFadden

WHY YOKOO PAINTS

As Japan's leading graphic artist in the 1960s and 70s, Tadanori Yokoo (pronounced YoKO) was a bohemian media celebrity, an emblem of Japan's underground and its emerging design community. Since then, he has been a novelist and essayist, with five books to his credit, and a video artist who has shot, among other things, a tape about the American bodybuilder Lisa Lyon. Today, the multitalented Yokoo is a household word in Japan, and whatever the medium, the public has remained hungry for his work. Since 1981, Yokoo has been painting.

During his one-man show last winter at the sleek Seibu Museum, in Tokyo, the painter consented to an interview. "I used to work for clients," he said. "Graphic design was my job. Painting is not a job." Nearby, murmuring crowds eyed over 100 of Yokoo's works and jostled for position at the book counter to buy his various catalogues, coffee-table retrospectives, and the brand-new paperback Yokoo Tadanori: Diary of an Artist, 1980-87.

That Yokoo has speedily found success as a regenerated painter is unusual in Japan. The art community here is small and embattled. Japanese artists typically rent gallery space to exhibit their work, and collectors and museums prefer to import canvases from Europe and the United States. Yokoo practices what the Japanese call yohga, or Western-style oil painting by Japanese artists. The Japanese generally do not favor yohga; it treads on their own, rich traditions in the arts and irritates the popular Japanese sense of cultural exclusivity. But Yokoo is another matter. He pleases the public where others fail.

The Seibu Museum show demonstrated that he can deploy a range of noncompatible painting styles and offer this accomplishment as a mark of individuality. In Lisa in Melancholia, Oaxaca (1984), a painting wherein ghostlike figures float

Through your Interior Designer

Boussac of France, Inc., Decorating and Design Building, 979 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 421-0534


High Point, Curran Textile Showrooms Houston, Decorators Walk. Los Angeles, Alain et Cie, Miami, Todd Wiggins & Assoc. New Orleans, Dale & Morrison, Inc.

The painter says, "If you stay in one style, it means death—for me, at any rate," the painter says, "so I change a lot." Yokoo's use of a wide painting vocabulary has quickly propelled him to the top of the yohga market in Japan; his paintings fetch over $15,000 at home. But he is only now beginning to establish for himself a profile abroad. Having already merited a one-man show of his graphic design at the Museum of Modern Art in New York ("In 1972 or 1973—I forget," says the painter), Yokoo contributed seven works to a traveling exhibition in America called "Tokyo: Form and Spirit," organized by the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Lately he has begun to sell at the Roy Boyd Gallery, in Los Angeles, and at the Roberta English Gallery, in San Francisco.

Even so, contemporary Japanese art remains little known in the United States, a fact that frustrates Yokoo and his peers. He remarks, "When Japan sends art overseas for exhibitions, it is always traditional Japanese art. Now the West wants Japanese-style paintings, but once again in the old traditions. Painters in Japan don't obey those traditions." —Ed Ball

Plaza Power
Visitors to the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics were dazzled by the festive towers, turrets, gateways, and banners that greeted them at each of the sports venues, which stretched 200 miles down the southern California coast. This unique, all-of-a-piece environment was created for just a fortnight from a concatenation of steel scaffolding, cylinders, and fabric by the Jon Jerde Partnership, of Los Angeles.

Jerde's Horton Plaza, in downtown San Diego, now gives us a more permanent example of his eclectic and playful architecture. Covering six and a half blocks of a previously decaying neighborhood, Horton Plaza takes its name from a small restored nineteenth-century square in the area, graced by a covered fountain and slender palms. By contrast with the waterfront renovations of New York, Baltimore, and Boston, which were essentially restorations, Jerde's concept involves a bold redesign and building of an area. The project has been financed by the Hahn Company to the tune of $140 million so far—with expansion on all the backers' minds.

On the periphery of the shopping center, several large historic buildings provide store and office space and a performing arts center. Inside, the real fun begins. Here, on five levels, in ten different "neighborhoods," we find a riotous medley of architectural whimsy that contains nearly two hundred shops and restaurants, all of different sizes and shapes.

Personalized façades adorn each shop (chosen from a Jerde-approved palette of forty-nine colors), expressing something of the character of the merchandise inside. See's Candies presents a pristine white-tile front, while Banana Republic displays a polychromed hand-painted jungle mural and papier-mâché banana palms, with the hood of an old Jeep protruding from the painting.

Larger architectural gestures bow to Palladian basilicas, Venetian arcades, Bolognese arcades, Spanish domes, and English crescents. Not surprisingly, Jerde is a longtime aficionado of Italian hill towns and European street markets.

Jerde strives, through landscape, buildings, and people, to recapture the interactive possibilities—and the fun—of city life. The spaces at Horton Plaza are on a human scale. The curves and corners give us new vistas every few feet. Arches, bridges, and angles alter the open-air space dramatically. Strolling mimes, clowns, and singers entertain visitors, who buy food from pushcarts and sit at tables in a central plaza to savor the activity swirling around them. Village life in southern California? Horton Plaza is one man's vision of such a possibility. —Gretchen Woelfle

American Prospects
Picture this: a man jumps out of his Volkswagen camper, carrying a large view camera, the kind usually used for studio work or perhaps landscapes. He quickly sets the
Insurance companies frequently use general rules of thumb to arrive at replacement values of the homes they insure. However, unlike those who merely count windows, doors and square feet, Chubb's staff of professional appraisers thoroughly analyses the interior and exterior construction of most of the homes we insure.

By noting special design features and architectural details, our appraisal more accurately reflects replacement value and provides a record to assist in settling claims.

For more information call 800-922-0533.

The Chubb Group of Insurance Companies is proud to participate in "American Playhouse." Watch for it on PBS.
If music didn't exist, joy of tapping our feet.
Music not only brings us together, but uplifts us in the process. An example of music that exalts is the Great Performers Series at Lincoln Center, sponsored by AT&T. With living legends like Philip Glass, Kiri Te Kanawa, and Placido Domingo.

Equally inspiring is the new musical series, AT&T American Encore. Through live performances by the Los Angeles Philharmonic and The Philadelphia Orchestra, musical treasures of gifted American composers get the attention they deserve.

And AT&T’s Distinguished Artists performances with the Dallas Symphony present some of the world’s leading classical musicians.

For those times when you can’t get out to enjoy classical music, there’s AT&T Presents Carnegie Hall Tonight, hosted by John Rubinstein. In the comfort of your home, you can tune your radio in to the exquisite sounds of Carnegie Hall.

Our association with the arts is just another way of bringing you excellence. In music. And in our products and services. If it’s outstanding performance you want, AT&T will see that you get it.

© 1987 AT&T

AT&T
The right choice.

we’d never know the
In his apparatus on a tripod, foci

融ges on a seemingly dull scene near the road, and—click! The eventual result is, in effect, a candid, snapshot-like image presented in large format (eight by ten inches) with the precise detail of commercial and still-life work. It is also as mordant as any painted canvas.

The photographer is Joel Sternfeld, forty-three. Starting in 1978, he has taken time off to zigzag across the continental United States, recording glimpses of its culture. The choicest fruits of his travels now have been culled, in a lavishly produced book of fifty-four color images entitled American Prospects: Photographs by Joel Sternfeld (New York Times Books, in association with the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston; $40). This handsome volume also serves as the catalogue to Sternfeld's traveling exhibition of the same title, now at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts, where it was organized; Anne W. Tucker, curator of works on paper, was its curator. It will next be seen at the Detroit Institute of Arts, in February, and then will move to the Baltimore Museum of Arts.

Sternfeld's photographs are technically straightforward if formally complex, offering images that are at once accessible and rich in meaning. And they are absolutely, if not foremost, visually seductive. Indeed, this photographer's vision of America is generous and open-ended. One picture shows a fireman selecting pumpkins from a farm stand while, nearby, his colleagues battle a blazing house; a middle-aged couple in gardening clothes and surgical masks stand behind a lawn mower on what appears to carefully cultivated property.

The caption of the latter reads, "After an Eruption of Mount St. Helens, Vancouver, Washington, June 1980."

The images are not presented in strictly chronological, seasonal, or geographical order. Instead, they evoke the feeling of dislocation that is often induced by travel, especially in places that have lost their distinctiveness because of cultivation or modernization (desert transformed into farmland, for example, or plains into subdivisions). According to Sternfeld, the book represents a "credibly fantasy journey" beginning in California, "the Eden of America," where the sublime, the ridiculous, and the banal converge—just as they do, we are quickly led to observe, throughout the rest of the country. —S. M.

A BASTION OF PORCELAIN

The Chinese discovered it in the eighth century. The French and Germans rediscovered it in the eighteenth century. The Portuguese didn't get around to it—the fine art of porcelain making, that is—until the nineteenth century. But when, eventually, they did—at Vista Alegre, in northwestern Portugal—they made up for lost time by producing china whose beauty and craftsmanship rivaled that of the work of the Sung, Tang, and Ming dynasties.

The genius behind Portugal's porcelain industry was José Ferreira Pinto Basto, an enterprising merchant who had made a fortune importing Oriental china and other merchandise. In 1824, armed with the royal seal of approval, he bought a property on the banks of the Vouga River, outside the ceramics capital of Aveiro, and made fine glassware until seventeen years later, when the gamble finally paid off. A potter's apprentice had stumbled upon nearby deposits of kaolin, the essential white powder, or china clay, from which porcelain is made. Pinto Basto pushed on, sending his son to learn firing techniques in France and hiring experienced painters and sculptors from abroad. By the 1860s Vista Alegre was producing works that compared in beauty and design to those of other earlier European factories like Sevres, in France, and Meissen, in Germany.

Out of this prolific period came a series of unusual and amusing night lamps, or lamparinas. The transparent lamps, made of biscuit (porcelain that has undergone one firing and has not been glazed), served as both lamp and tea warmer. The flame from a candle or oil source inside the lantern illuminated the scenes depicted in low relief on its sides, while the heat traveling upward warmed the porcelain teapot atop the lamparina. Today's lamparinas are powered by electricity.

Just as European designs and styles flourished at Vista Alegre, so did the Oriental repertoire, which was nurtured by Portugal's historic ties with the Far East and its continued presence there, in Macao. The Portuguese had, after all, introduced Chinese porcelain to Europe, in the fifteenth century. About half of the over 900 shapes and styles produced at Vista Alegre today are of Oriental extraction. Elegant floral Cheng-tu vases, refined blue Canton plates, and exotic tobacco-leaf figures are but a few of the items in the vast Vista Alegre gallery. Most of these pieces are commissioned by the American firm Mottahedeh (Connoisseur, April 1986), which markets them in the United States through top department and specialty stores. Visitors to Portugal can buy directly from the factory or in Lisbon shops for some 25 percent less than in America.

Most palaces and presidential resi-
orward the end of a titan’s reign, people start to wonder what will come next. Herbert von Karajan, now seventy-nine, has been the head of the mighty Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra for thirty-three years. He has the position for life, but two years ago an interviewer was rude enough to ask him who might succeed him. The maestro suggested the names of two: Carlo Maria Giulini—an unlikely candidate, only six years Karajan’s junior—and Semjon Bychkov.

Semjon who? By that time he was a known and welcome presence as a guest on the stages of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, of Amsterdam, the Royal Philharmonic, of London, not to mention the Berlin Philharmonic. And if you ask today in Buffalo, New York, almost anyone can tell you who he is. The youthful maestro, now thirty-four, has turned the Buffalo Philharmonic around in just two seasons.

The Buffalo Philharmonic is an orchestra a half-century old, with some illustrious chapters in its history, but like the city it serves, it fell on hard times in the last re-
cession. Under Bychkov’s charismatic leadership, it has lately been selling out sixteen pairs of subscription concerts at Elie and Eero Saarinen’s Kleinhans Music Hall (capacity, 2,839) and capturing rar-
utous notices at venues figuratively as far from home as Carnegie Hall.

Bychkov, a stocky podium romantic, is a jet-age maestro on old-world lines. His powerful, sweeping gestures and moody face conjure up the music’s inner story; they inspire in his musicians both dramatic vitality and a broad, lyric grandeur. Yet for all his fire, Bychkov retains decorum. Unlike the effusive Leonard Bernstein, say, Bychkov never crosses into the grotesque. His feet stay on the floor.

“Conducting is a visual art,” Bychkov says in fluent English still thick with Slavic resonance. “It is not enough to get an orchestra to play together. It is not enough to be ‘a great musician.’ A conductor’s means of expression must be as rich and as vivid to look at as the music sounds.

“Conducting,” he continues, “is the youngest of the performing professions, born only in the late nineteenth century. It is the least understood, the least thought about. And there is a great misconception that it cannot be taught or learned.”

Bychkov, a Russian Jew, had the good fortune to learn his craft in his hometown, Leningrad, under the legendary Ilya Musin. He was and remains a quick study. “I read a score as I read a book,” he says. “I play it on the piano, I read it on a plane, I sleep with it. Technically, you can learn a big score in a day. But to make music—you never know how long that will take.”

At school, at any rate, Bychkov learned his lessons so quickly and so well that he was invited, while still a student, to lead not only the student orchestra but the Leningrad Philharmonic itself. No such invitation had ever been issued before—nor did the concert take place. The Politburo thought it over and decided that Bychkov, who spoke his mind on unpopular issues, was unworthy of such an honor.

Recognizing that he could have no future as an artist in the Soviet Union, he applied with his wife for an emigration visa. Their application was approved in a matter of four weeks—so fast, it might have seemed like a slap in the face, had the Bychkovs not been so happy to set out to find a new world elsewhere.

Bychkov quickly finished his studies with distinction in New York, at the Mannes College of Music, and proceeded to take over as music director of the Grand Rapids Symphony Orchestra. On July 4, 1963, before an audience of a quarter of a million, he and his wife became American citizens. The president sent a telegram; the young maestro read a prepared statement—the first statement,” he says, “I ever prepared in my life”—and turned around to lead “The Star-Spangled Banner” and (what else?) the 1812 Overture.

Since then, Bychkov has guest-conducted the Berlin Philharmonic on tour—the first maestro to be granted that distinction since World War II—and established himself ever more decisively as one of the most exciting new masters before the public. He also recently signed an exclusive
Dennis Conner. Cardmember since 1983.

Don't leave home without it.
Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.
recording contract with Philips. His first release is now in the stores; it is Shostakovich’s Symphony No. 5, with the Berlin Philharmonic, which still awaits the appointment of Karajan’s successor. “There is no basis for speculation about who it will be,” says an orchestra official. “The subject is absolutely taboo.”

—Matthew Gurewitsch

WILL THE NEXT THOMAS MORAN PLEASE STAND UP?

When Thomas Moran was painting his wonderful landscapes, a century ago, he was also providing viewers with a first glimpse of beautiful, unknown areas of western America. The effect was amazing. Moran’s monumental canvases of the Yellowstone area of Wyoming and the Grand Tetons are credited with inspiring Congress to create the National Parks System. Many of those extraordinary paintings can now be seen in the Capitol rotunda.

The lesson has not been forgotten. The National Park Academy of the Arts, working in conjunction with the National Park Foundation, intends to renew the same tradition in American painting and to celebrate the national parks. It is inviting artists, professional and nonprofessional alike, to enter the first annual Arts for the Parks competition. Their task is to capture

“the diversity and the essence of the grandeur and beauty of the landscapes, wildlife, or history represented within our National Parks System.”

One hundred finalists will be selected, on a regional basis. These will be winnowed down to four submissions. Top prize is $100,000, and the three runners-up will receive $3,000 each. The judging will take place in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, on August 14–16, 1987. For further information and entry forms, call (307) 733-2787 (ARTS), or write to Arts for the Parks, P.O. Box 1, 290 East Broadway, Suite 920, Jackson Hole, WY 83001. The deadline for entries is July 31, 1987.

—Nancy Hoving

THE WELCOMING ARMS OF BERMUDA

You probably think that the slender, subtropical island of Bermuda is all beaches and nothing else except, perhaps, for a few hotels, golf courses, restaurants, and other accessories of the good life. Well, there’s another Bermuda, inland, off the beaches, and all but ignored by visitors.

This is architectural Bermuda, the Bermuda of fine, fascinating buildings. Starting with the use of the only raw materials at hand, indigenous wood and limestone, a remarkable native “cottage architecture” developed in the early years of the seventeenth century. The pitted, textured Aeolian limestone was formed from the remorseless action of wind on the exposed coral core of the island, and the wood came from the Bermuda cedar tree.

Bermuda cottages are often quaintly irregular in plan and topped by attractive but rather improvised, almost offbeat, combinations of hip and gable-end roots. They were usually sunk into a hillside—a result being what is called a story-and-a-half frontage—and often unostentatously decorated with an arched “eyebrow” above the simple windows. Another local feature is the “welcoming arms” exterior stairway, whose solid, “bannister” walls can sometimes be flared at the bottom to more than twice the width of the top stair. These characteristics effect a somewhat sensational approach to these modest buildings while artfully concealing the half-story slave quarters below.

Many beautiful examples of the Bermuda cottage are scattered throughout the island’s nine parishes; they are frequently accompanied by a diminutive outbuilding (the “buttery”), with a steep, isosceles roof, for cold storage. Outstanding are the Carter house (ca. 1640), at the U.S. Naval Air Station, and the Old Rectory, in St. George’s. St. George’s is the most interesting town for architecture, boasting

Don’t leave home without it.
Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.
The 1640 Carter house: a quaint classic.

the oldest building on Bermuda, the Italianate State House (1620); the old Globe Hotel, now the small Confederate Museum (ca. 1698); and St. Peter's Church (rebuilt in 1713), among others. Elsewhere, the vigorous Bermuda National Trust has taken over several key properties. The most important is Vermond, which, to quote the trust, was built in a "rare transitional style, retaining some of the medieval aspects of the seventeenth century, while anticipating the classicism of the Georgian mansions of the eighteenth." There are other fine houses and mansions of dates from the Georgian period to the twentieth century, including the unique Commissioner's House, located at the far tip of Bermuda, near the Maritime Museum and the Bermuda Arts Centre. Now under restoration, it is one of the first domestic buildings in the world to have employed cast- and wrought-iron structural members.

As for modern times, anyone of the seven hotels in the recently formed Bermuda Collection, a resort complex, offers an interesting architectural encounter. Cambridge Beaches, for example, combines some thirty-five different buildings, some of them notable in their own right, in a well-planned "cottage colony." Newstead occupies a striking, colonial-style building. The Reefs features a string of pink lanai (porches) atop a coral ridge. The collection's carousel dining system also provides a good incentive both for moving around the island and for sampling the full range of excellent local specialties, prepared with game fish and fruits. To top off your architectural tour, go to Romano's restaurant, in Hamilton, the capital. The building's design is merely pleasant, but the food could easily be the best on the island.

—John Welchman

**DOG OF THE ALPS**

Dog lovers, take note: the clergy of Grand St. Bernard, breeders of the much-loved chien de sauvetage, now ship worldwide. The prior of the Augustinian community, a charming canon named Jean-Michel Gerard, strongly encourages a trip to the source, a Swiss alpine hospice (with beds for 160 visitors) perched 8,100 feet above sea level. Minimally protected by Mont Blanc, La Chenaletta, and Mont Mort, the church complex is a summer stomping ground for God's coolest canines. It features a thirteenth-century crypt, an overly restored baroque church, and a small ecclesiastical museum, which will open next month. The real attraction for visitors, though, is the dogs. About fifteen full-grown St. Bernards and two or three litters spend the summer months at the hospice. When the snow begins to fall, the caretaker Francesco Gerard takes the dogs to the town of Martigny, in a nearby valley. There, each dog is housed in a separate room, kept in Swiss cleanliness.

First mentioned by name in 1709, the St. Bernard dog has been linked to lifesaving since the first decade of the nineteenth century, when Barry the First was credited with rescuing more than forty travelers who had lost their way. (He now stands, bay-stuffed and arsenic-coated, in Bern.) The hospice sells the pups when they are at least three months old, soon after the delicate period of feeding and early rearing. "We sell only about fifteen dogs a year," says Gerard, "so we tend to choose the customers as carefully as the customers choose the dog." Each St. Bernard costs 1,400 Swiss francs, or about $1,000. The price includes vaccination certificates from the Valais canton authorities and the pedigree papers from the local kennel club. Shipping, which is extra, can double the price.

Between June and October the complex can be reached easily by a paved road and cable car that begin next to the Swiss entrance of the St. Bernard Tunnel, which connects Switzerland to Italy by road. It's worth the trip. The hospice and grounds are certainly attractive, and in the 900 years since Saint Bernard of Montjoux, a comforter of sick and weary travelers, established the house, the canons have had time to perfect their commitment to hospitality. They quickly offer steaming bowls of tea and carafes of Reserve de l'Hospice, a wine that they buy and bottle. The food is hearty and inexpensive, the conversation myth destroying. For starters, Saint Bernard himself never had dogs. They appeared in the eighteenth century as avalanche dogs. One also learns that the proverbial keg strapped under the dog's neck has never been a part of his gear. Nor are the dogs used anymore for rescue missions. When someone is lost in the isolated mountain area, would-be saviors conduct their search from helicopters. In avalanches, beepers, not dogs, locate the victims.

—Allen K. T. Zuehl

Edited by Melik Kaylan

The big dogs relax with canons near the Grand St. Bernard hospice: "We sell only about fifteen a year."
ABSOLUT

Country of Sweden

VODKA®

This superb vodka was distilled from grain grown in the rich fields of southern Sweden. It has been produced at the famous old distilleries near Åhus in accordance with more than 400 years of Swedish tradition and sold under the name Absolut since 1879.

80 PROOF

BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1 LITRE (33.8 FL OZ.)

IMPORTED

IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN) © 1986 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

ABSOLUT ATTRACTION.
Activity at the major American houses virtually grinds to a halt this month, but the heat is on in London, which has fielded some extraordinary July sales in the last several years. This month will be no exception to that rule.

New York is not a complete wasteland, however. Since probably everyone else in New York had major Victorian and nineteenth-century sales last month, the contrarians at William Doyle Galleries have their Victorianana sale on July 1. The best bets are likely to be the Renaissance-revival items from the now-demolished Wilcox mansion of Meriden, Connecticut. (The house's parlor, attributed to John Jelfflit, is in the Metropolitan Museum's American Wing, where it serves as an example of a "Renaissance Revival Parlor.") Then, on July 15, Phillips New York pairs one of its periodic majolica sales (mostly Wedgwood, Minton), with Victorian wicker furniture, a colorful and certainly topical combo, where you will find something wonderful or whimsical for city or suburb, in a pinch.

During the second week of July there will be important old-master offerings in London. The biggest will be this year's Chatsworth dispersal at Christie's on the sixth (more below), but don't miss the Sotheby's old-master drawings sale the same day. It includes six rare, unpublished Piranesi, which may fetch £50,000 to £70,000 each, as well as works from Boucher, Annibale Carracci, di Giorgio, Fragonard, Guercino, Claude, Tiepolo, Van Goyen, et al. Two days later, on July 8, Sotheby's follows with old-master paintings, featuring an elegant Raphael portrait (property of the late Lord Clark's son), a splendid Guido Reni, and a particularly fine portrait of a young man (possibly a scholar) against a remarkably rendered, if somewhat bizarre, landscape by Aspertini. Last in order but not in import is the Bonhams old master paintings and watercolors sale on Thursday, July 9, which features one of those colossally ambitious "figures among ruins" that are so alien to our modern tastes. However, the painting in question may be Giovanni Panini's last work, unfinished because of his sudden death, in 1765; this gives it a certain biographical interest to complement its considerable aesthetic appeal.

And speaking of aesthetics, if you're in London anyway, check out the Christie's antiquities sale on July 10. It includes fourteen classical Roman sculptures dated to the first and second centuries A.D., from the important collection formed at Marbury Hall, in Cheshire, during the ultra-classicist antiquarian-archaeology rage of the second half of the eighteenth century.

In Los Angeles, those looking for respite from July's hot, hazy humdrum will want to cruise over to the "Jewelry West" sale. Sotheby's is holding it—the third of these immensely successful glitteramas that Sotheby's has brought to the hinterlands in less than a year—at the Century Plaza Tower, in Century City, on Monday the thirteenth. It features hundreds of antique, period, and contemporary bijoux. including pieces by Buccellati, Bulgari, Cartier, Laloumis, Shreve, Crump & Lowe, and Tiffany. (Good for stargazing, also!)

The action decidedly is back across the Big Pond for the balance of the month, and mostly, it seems, at Sotheby's. On July 14 Sotheby's London has its third naive and provincial art sale, and the hallowed halls of New Bond Street will be home to the usual run of porcine and bovine paintings, which seem to enjoy special success in these sales. The sale includes seventeenth- and eighteen-century textiles and embroidery, provincial furniture, metalwork,
As if in a reverie of childhood, Lau Chun has created a work that plays upon the heart like a sentimental journey into the past. "Song of Summer" is a masterpiece of atmosphere and allure, an image that draws us into its warmth and quiet with a storybook kind of magic. Dapples and splashes of exuberant color fill its wonderful canvas like an uninhibited dance of celebration.

**Song Of Summer**

There can be no doubt that Lau Chun is one of the world's finest impressionist painters. His bold, energetic brushwork is superbly balanced with sensitive, subtle values that gently strum our emotions. With a deep, intuitive feeling for nature's wealth, he captures in his art a quality of mood that romances and inspires.

To purchase this beautiful painting or find out more about Lau Chun and his other available works, please call toll-free: 1-800-367-8047 ext. 108. In Canada: 1-800-423-8733 ext. 108.

**Lahaina Galleries**

845 Wainee Street, Suite 213, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii 96761

"Song of Summer" by Lau Chun. Oil on canvas. 24 x 30 inches. Availability subject to prior sale.

Price on request.
FOOT FAULTER. Always preceded by Pimm’s, i.e., Pimm’s Foot Failer. An unmistakably good serve.

FIRST SERVICE. Toss 2 oz. Pimm’s over ice. Lob in a wedge of orange. Follow through with club soda.

WIDE, LONG, DEEP. This describes the optimum container from which to sip a Pimm’s Foot Failer. (See GRAND SLAM)

SERVICE LINE. The queue at the bar for Pimm’s.

LINESMAN. The bartender.

LOVE. Isn’t it obvious? Your deepest, innermost feelings for Pimm’s.

BACKHAND. What you should give the next person who tries to take away your Pimm’s before you’re through.

RACQUET. What you should make if your host runs out of Pimm’s.

GRAND SLAM. Those 4 cups every Pimm’s lover should own. For a set of unbreakable Pimm’s cups, write to: Pimm’s “Cups” Offer, P.O. Box 3399, Young America, MN 55394. Send $1.50 check or money order. Void where prohibited.

The Light Refresher from England. Only winning tastes as good.

Auctions

BONHAMS WILL FEATURE
WHAT MAY BE GIOVANNI PANINI’S LAST WORK.

London—Christie’s, July 6. Sixteen old-master drawings from Chatsworth. It would be nigh-impossible to distill and convey the richness of the collections housed at the duke of Devonshire’s family seat into the scant space of this column. Suffice it to say, for over three centuries the title-bearer in almost every generation added the best he could obtain to extend a glorious tradition. This trove is so marvelous, so worthy of preservation, it is saddening that the only way it can be supported is by letting its edges be periodically nibbled away at. Yet, what a nibble it’s been: since 1984 some 253 works have been sold, including a Raphael drawing that set the world-record price for a drawing ($4.8 million), and a Rembrandt print that also set a record, at $831,168. The sixteen drawings on the block this time have never been on public view at Chatsworth, although some have been lent out occasionally for special exhibitions. There are four Rembrandts, two Raphaels, and individual entries from Van Dyck, Barocci, Veronese, Bandinelli, Campagnola, Pordenone, Correggio, di Credi, and da Rimini. The presale estimate is pegged at $8 million, though in the two previous sales the totals went two or three times over the mark. If we follow suit here, this sale could be another mega-event in a season that is rewriting the record books almost daily.

—James R. Lyons
Simic Galleries Present Two Important Art Exhibits in July

This Month in Carmel

ONE MAN SHOW
EUGENE GARIN
Master of the Sea

Featured in:
- Who's Who In Carmel
- Who's Who In The West
- American Art Analog

In the permanent collection of:
- Presidential Palace in Panama
- Russian Consulate in San Francisco
- William-Dimond Co. in Tokyo
- National Assn. of Life Underwriters, Washington, D.C.

This Month in La Jolla

ONE MAN SHOW
ANDRÉ BALLYON

"Timbered slopes, tangled brushland, grassy meadows, secluded thickets and winter lakes are but a few of the enchanting landscape scenes painted by Dutch Master André Baylon..."

In the collection of:
- Dutch Prime Minister Ruud Lubbers
- His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands
- Her Majesty Queen Beatrix and Prince Claus of the Netherlands
- Vice President George Bush

Call for your personal invitations


Color brochures available upon request

Full Color Catalogue (64 pages, 48 artists featured) $15.00

Eugene Garin
"Neptune's Rage" 30" x 40" Oil

André Balyon
"Approaching Snow Storm" 24" x 30" Oil

Simic Galleries
For The Ultimate Experience In Fine Art
West Coast's largest – representing over 90 renowned artists

CARMEL — in 8 locations, corner of San Carlos and Sixth, P.O. Box 5687, Carmel-by-the-Sea, CA 93921
(408) 624-7522, CA only 1-800-221-2517, National 1-800-821-5387

LA JOLLA — 7925 Girard Ave., La Jolla, CA 92037, 619-454-0225, CA only 1-800-637-7232, National 1-800-558-4477
Elisabeth Welch sits at the bench in front of her grand piano. She gesticulates with long, elegant fingers, the nails lacquered a coral pink, gold rings glinting in the soft, rosy-shaded light of her Belgravia drawing room. Her speaking voice hardly betrays her American birth now; the rich mezzo-soprano tone is overlaid with a nearly Mayfair drawl. Only when she says “coffee” or “vaudeville” is one aware that she grew up on Sixty-third Street, Manhattan—“Right opposite the theater where Mae West was appearing in Sex,” she recalls. “That’s what the play was called. We used to see the cops come and raid the theater regularly.”

It is nearly six decades since Elisabeth Welch set sail for Europe. She first appeared in Paris, at the Moulin Rouge, in 1929. At that time, the critic of Paris Midil noted that she sang with “the tenderest tones in the world.” Those words still hold true—as anyone knows who heard her award-winning one-woman show, which also happened to be her solo debut in New York, at the Lucille Lortel Theatre, last spring. Her three latest albums have appeared within the last nine months. Appropriately, one of them, taped in New York at that time, has for its title Where Have You Been? The answer is, in London, where hardly a year has gone by since 1933 when she has not appeared in cabaret (“That’s my business”), theater, film, or, more recently, television and radio.

Miss Welch’s newest recording is devoted to songs by Irving Berlin, who, at ninety-nine, admits to being quite a lot older than she is. It was Berlin who was instrumental, oddly, in getting her into Cole Porter’s The New Yorkers. “I know Berlin,” she says, “not as a close friend, but he’s part of my life. So when John Yap in London said he wanted to record me, I said, ‘If you let me do a Berlin album.’”

When the show first hit Broadway, one number was considered in dubious taste. Later, Cole Porter claimed it as his favorite song: “Love for Sale.” At the opening it was sung by Kathryn Crawford (“Very blond and young—what we would call a Lolita type,” comments Elisabeth Welch). The song was later banned from radio, so the producer, Ray Goetz, was a trifle concerned. Elisabeth was singing in a nightclub—“It was a speakeasy but smart”—and Goetz came in with Monty Woolley and Irving Berlin. “The manager of the club knew who they were—I didn’t—so his ears were flapping. Either Ray Goetz or Monty Woolley said, ‘But she’s colored.’ Which was natural—we’re talking about 1930. It wasn’t a vicious thing, just ‘How do we set her?’ Berlin said, ‘You’ve heard her singing, she looks good, and if you want her in the show it’s up to you as the producer to find the spot.’ And what did they do? It was a night scene, and they changed ‘Madison Avenue’ to ‘Lenox Avenue’ and ‘Reuben’s Club’ to ‘The Cotton Club,’ and that’s all they did. There it was. And I fussed about my own clothes.”

So, as the street girl, Miss Welch sang, Who’s prepared to pay the price For a trip to paradise? Love for sale. . . . Who will buy? Fussing about clothes was a more adventurous game in Paris, where Miss Welch returned the following year, to sing at Le Bœuf sur le Toit and Chez Florence.
THE DYANSEN LIFESTYLE
IS THE FINE ART OF LIVING

The memorable bronze Sculpture Collections by Erte, the grand master of Art Deco... the highly acclaimed paintings by world renowned artists such as Sahali and Kravjansky... the vibrant Jazz sculptures by award-winning artist, Paul Wegner... all carefully assembled to create an ambiance, a mood, a lifestyle all its own... The Dyansen Lifestyle is truly worth living!

122 Spring Street, New York, N.Y. 10012
For complete information visit our galleries or call: (800) 348-2787 or in New York (212) 226-3384
where she followed Mabel Mercer (who had moved to Bricktop's). "In those days everybody was aching to have couture dresses copied. There was a little woman on the outskirts of Paris and she had contacts with girls at one or two of the great houses. They would sneak one of the paper patterns out to her for a night, and she would trace it. Then, she would put, for instance, a Patou top with a Lelong skirt, and that way it wasn't entirely a steal.

"I had a Patou top, I remember, in orange silk, and it had a sort of diamondshape cutout in the middle. One night I was singing at Chez Florence and Patou came in. After the show, he invited me over and said, 'Look, I don't care if you wear copies of my designs, even if they are with someone else's skirt, but try and find out when I'm coming in and don't wear them for me to see!' Later I would go to him each spring and autumn, and he let me choose one dress from each collection. He told me I should wear only navy blue or white, so, as I don't care for navy blue, then, I always wore white.'"

On top of the piano is a slightly eccentric-looking doll, a turbaned Eastern potentate, sitting cross-legged. Solomon

"Gertie gave it to me, Christmas of '33." Gertie is Gertrude Lawrence, leading lady in Cole Porter's Nymph Errant, which brought Miss Welch to London and gave her a famous song:

*Solomon had a thousand wives
And being mighty good he, he wanted all
o' them
To lead contented lives.
"Cole, you know, was a very wealthy man, aside from his writings, and he loved to travel. And being who he was, ambassadors and diplomats all over the world naturally knew him. And a coffee in a harem was arranged for him with one of the sultans. He and his party—he was always with his wife, and two or three young men; they were very social people. He wasn't a Berlin; he was of the upper strata, adorable man. And he heard this noise in the background, Ah aaah, ah aaah [Miss Welch here imitates the wailing sound that is the theme of the song], and he kept it in his head. When he got out, he wrote it down, tucked it in a little pigeonhole. He came to see me, you know, 'the girl who took over,' and said he had an idea for me. Well, he mentioned Gertrude Lawrence. And Charles B. Cochran. And James Laver. Laver wrote the original novel, and in that the girl, the Nymph Errant, had affairs in every country. On the stage she couldn't, she always got away. You couldn't put that on the stage then, you see."

Elisabeth Welch still sings "Love for Sale" and "Solomon" in her one-woman show. The qualities, the tender tones, that made her a star ("I wasn't a star, I was a 'name,'" she says, self-deprecatingly) are all intact. There are two outstanding features—the clarity of her diction, and the precise musicality of her phrasing—that put her streets ahead of most singers in the Broadway-West End–Paris repertoire she sings. Bobby Short admires above all "the
William Weston Gallery

Offered for Sale from a Private Collection

George Townley Stubbs

Volunteer
Watercolour 1794 7½ x 10 200 x 255mm

Original labels verso.
Provenance:
Thomas Miller Whitehead, Duke St., St. James
John Dunn Gardner, purchased 1870
Algernon Dunn Gardner, and family by descent
Arthur Ackermann, London.

In the 1790's George Stubbs entrusted his son G. T. Stubbs with the task of engraving sixteen plates for the Turf Gallery after his major equestrian paintings. Of the sixteen outstanding small scale watercolours which G. T. Stubbs drew after the paintings only three others are now known besides the two above (Mellon Collection – 'Sharke' and 'Anvil', Ambrose Clark Coll.)

Dungannon
Watercolour 1794 7¼ x 10 200 x 255mm

William Weston Gallery 7 Royal Arcade Albemarle Street London W1X 3HD
Telephone: 01-493 0722

TOWN & COUNTRY
...today's leading magazine of elegant living:

Every month many of the world's most distinguished and influential trendsetters share with you their latest discoveries and impressions... which you can use to enhance the quality of your own life. Explore with them picture-perfect vacation hideaways and villas of incredible beauty... posh townhouses and country mansions considered to be among today's showcases of interior design... the finest in gourmet dining spots (along with recipes for some of their house specialties)... exquisite antiques and priceless art treasures... exciting sporting events, glittering galas... designer fashion creations, and so much more. If living life at its very best is important to you, and you'd welcome some bright, new ideas for achieving it, then Town & Country is for you!

Town & Country can be found at selected newsstands, or subscribe at 1 year for just $24. Write to Town & Country, P.O. Box 16792, Dept. WM6X, Des Moines, Iowa 50326. Please make checks payable to Town & Country. (Your first copy will be on its way to you in 6 to 12 weeks. Watch for it!)

Town & Country, A Publication of Hearst Magazines, A Division of The Hearst Corporation.
CONVERSATION PIECE

Miss Welch is an original. She says that this is partly why she never worked with one monstre sacré: Noël Coward. Once Coward had sung one of his own compositions—as he usually did—he wanted everyone to do it his way. "Well, no artist who's an artist can do an imitation," says Miss Welch. "I couldn't imitate his sort of word sections or the inflections not only of the music but of the lyric. I have to read my story and sing it my way. I'm not talking only about me. All artists, if they've got any sense, do that. Noel said to me once, 'Lis, you've never worked for me, have you?' And I said, 'No. That's probably why we're still friends.' I'd seldom seen Noel taken aback before—but not with dislike. He was surprised, because everybody worshiped him. I worshiped him, too. I'd known him since Paris, when he was a pompous so-and-so. I have no fear of anybody. Especially if I can answer back."

One celebrated sparring partner was Paul Robeson, with whom she made two films (Song of Freedom and Big Fella). "He used to preach at me and say, 'Why don't you do something for your people?' I asked him, 'Which ones?'" Miss Welch has Scottish, Afro-American, and Native American ancestors. "I loved being with him, though. His wife was jealous of me. I adored him, but she always thought that adoration goes with bed. She even got a part in the second film, so she could be there.

"He did everything with joy and love and smiles. Later he became disillusioned, but he was brave. I admired the man, though I didn't admire all of his views.

"I always say, you can't go preaching. How can you belong to the public, and ask them to come and pay to hear you do what you're supposed to do—sing—and yet you declaim all these anti things. You belong to the public."

And how does Miss Welch react to that public? Does she still feel stage fright? Does she agree with many performers, who say that you can't perform without it?

"I think you've got to go on with a bit of a light in you. I have been lucky in this new revival thing, because the audiences have come to see me; therefore the warmth is there as soon as I walk on. They're friends. Some people say it's like being in a room; that's how it should be. I can only go into theaters up to about 600—Lortel is only 299. I made my name, more or less, in cabaret in New York and Paris, learning how to be onstage and do my own thing. I won't let anybody write scripts for me, even if they've tried. They make me say things that I wouldn't say. I'm not pompous; it's just that it wouldn't be me."

Although she thinks artists should keep their opinions off the stage, her philosophy is summed up in the title of one of her favorite books—Stefan Zweig's Beware of Pity—and in her other Cole Porter song from Nymph Errant: "Experiment." She often chooses it to close a show.

The apple on the top of the tree
Is never too high to achieve,
So take an example from Eve,
experiment.

When we had finished our conversation, I congratulated Miss Welch on her phenomenal memory.

"It's because of the songs, you see. I know where and when I first sang them. That way you recall the other things; then you remember."
The authorized die-cast model of the most famous Rolls-Royce ever. Plated with sterling silver to match the original.

The 1907 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. It advances a revolutionary concept in the fascinating and popular field of model car collecting. Perfection.

A scale re-creation with such convincing standards of detail, quality and precision that Rolls-Royce Motors has recognized it as the authorized die-cast model of the Silver Ghost.

And so scrupulously accurate that company officials have verified the model for authenticity.

Named for its silver-plated trim, metallic-silver paintwork and extraordinary silence, the Silver Ghost offered luxury and performance previously unknown. And the prototype for this die-cast model is based directly on first-hand studies of the original.

Steel dies taken from the prototype are used to cast the more than 12" components needed to build a single model.

The elegant Roi des Belges coachwork is painted with metallic-silver automotive lacquer. And the exterior trim is plated with sterling silver—protectively coated—matching the original exactly.

There are soft tufted seats, doors that open and close, fully operable steering, complete instrumentation—and engine detailing that shows the two sparkplugs on each of six cylinders.

What price perfection? A custom model of this quality would cost hundreds or even thousands of dollars. But the Silver Ghost is just $120, and payable in four installments of $30 each.

Crafted and imported exclusively by Franklin Mint Precision Models, it's available by direct application only. So be sure to order by August 31, 1987.

All trademarks identifying the ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER GHOST are registered and are used by The Franklin Mint under license. The name Roi des Belges appears on the tires by permission of SP Tires 1 K Limited.

A new standard of excellence from Franklin Mint Precision Models.

**ORDER FORM**

| Franklin Mint Precision Models |
| Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091 |

I wish to order "The Silver Ghost," precision-crafted in die-cast metal, with sterling silver plated trim with protective coating. It is to be sent to me fully assembled and ready for display, together with its Certificate of Authenticity.

I need send no money now. I will be billed in four monthly installments of $30 each, with the first payment due when my model is ready.

*Plus my state sales tax

Signature

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss

Address

City, State, Zip

Please mail by August 31, 1987

**All orders are subject to acceptance.**

*Please print clearly*
The Barakat Gallery

The latest Barakat Gallery Catalogues—Volume II: Pre-Columbian Art in the Barakat Collection and The Barakat Collection of Jewelry—are now available.

Pre-Columbian Art offers a rare glimpse into the exotic, forgotten world of Ancient America. It features over 300 superb artifacts ranging in culture from Olmec to Aztec, fashioned from stone, terracotta and gold, and each one revealing fascinating clues about the civilization that created it. A delightful, imaginative adventure for those who love Pre-Columbian Art and for those who want to know more about it. The hardcover, 124-page full colour Catalogue is available for $30, applicable toward purchase.

The Barakat Collection of Jewelry presents wearable history in the form of unique works of art crafted from precious materials, and featuring beautiful and authentic echoes from Antiquity—coins, gems and amulets—as their central focus. Over 600 magnificent jewelry items for both men and women are illustrated, each one accompanied by a description that beautifully bridges past and present. This Catalogue is a must for people who admire the bold and the unique, and for those who want to own or give the unusual. The price for this handsome, 80-page full-color volume is $10, applicable toward purchase.

Copies of the rare and hard-to-find Volume One: Catalogue of the Barakat Collection are being offered at $300. This legendary, out-of-print book has become a collector’s item in itself. Published in a limited edition, it is 320 hardbound pages, with over 320 full-color plates covering the broad range of Antiquity, including treasures from the Egyptian, Biblical, Classical and Pre-Columbian Cultures, as well as spectacular sections devoted to Ancient Glass and Coins.

The above Catalogues can be ordered directly from our Beverly Hills Gallery. We specialize in ancient masterpieces from both the Old and New Worlds, and we also invite anyone with a love of Antiquity to join our mailing list. Just drop us a few lines indicating your specific collecting interests.
Central Wyoming: one of the most spectacular
of landscapes.

Is life on a
Wyoming ranch
all it is cracked
up to be?

Photographs by Geoffrey Biddle
Until the day I arrived at the Cross Mill Iron Ranch, in Crowheart, Wyoming, I had been on a horse only once in my life, years before, in France, where I realized too late that French horses don’t understand English and went careening about crying, “Whoa, s’il vous plaît!” Being French, my horse also loved to eat, which was another matter. But this is not the story, alas, of how after ten days on the ranch I became an expert rider—I still wonder what the wranglers did for amusement before I came along, and I think they do, too. No, it’s only about how I, the born-and-bred New Yorker whose friends tell down laughing when they found out where I was going, came to take as commonplace waking to find three or four horses on my porch, looking amiably through my window, and daily meandered on horseback through vast meadows, indifferent to the curious stares of kneeling cattle.

Friends notwithstanding, I had been out West before and loved it, loved it the way I love the ocean. It was wide open and it made me feel free. It was also mysterious. If I felt that I instinctively understood the land, I also felt that I knew next to nothing about its inhabitants, not only Indians but, even more so, cowboys. Did cowboys really exist outside of the movies and Marlboro commercials? I kept wondering what went on behind those lonely ranch posts that stood at the entrance to dusty roads going nowhere. The Cross Mill Iron Ranch, judging from its simple brochure, seemed a good place to find out. It is a real working ranch, with about 300 head of cattle, 200 horses, and about 7,000 acres for them to roam. In the summer, as a kind of sideline, it also accommodates about fifteen guests in plain but comfortable little log cabins, gives them three big meals a day in the lodge, which is a bigger log cabin, and otherwise more or less turns them loose to ride or do whatever they want.

Naturally, even this laissez-faire system has its limits, and as I sauntered down to the corral my first afternoon—an actual corral!—it was clear that there was already much consternation among the wranglers about which horse to put me on. Or, as they put it, how to “saddle up this gal.” And indeed the saddle came first. They put one on a wooden block and sat me down on it for size. It was a good fit, or, at least, I straddled it.

Next, the wranglers put the saddle on a horse and placed me on it once again, or tried to. My left foot wouldn’t reach the stirrup. I explained that even in ballet class, though otherwise limber, I lacked elevation. No one listened. Finally, Connie Miller, who with her husband, Larry, owns the ranch, and who has evidently developed strength as well as cunning over the years, hoisted me by the pants and threw me up and over. I landed successfully, put my feet in the stirrups, and felt like the monarch of all I surveyed, which at the moment was the backsides of a lot of other horses waiting to be mounted. Never mind; it was a real ranch, all right—stony, dusty, strewn with dung—and the wranglers certainly looked and acted real too, in their neckerchiefs and old felt hats.

I wriggled my toes proudly in their new, pointed-toed brown cowboy boots, which by some miracle didn’t pinch. I had bought
the boots that morning in Welty's General Store, in the nearby—by western standards—town of Dubois, from an elderly lady who hadn't really wanted to go poking around for them, because her back hurt, and who said when I told her I couldn't get my feet in, "They're loose. We don't fit them on dudes the way cowboys like them." She called me a dude as she might have called me a female. Dude no longer, I sat tall in the saddle. The palomino, obedient to my will, didn't budge.

"What is the name of this animal?" I asked, expecting something along the lines of Pale Fury or Cyclone. The horse's name was Joker, and the reason he hadn't budged was that he didn't like to move at all. We finally got him started with a tiny little kick from me and a huge slap from one of the wranglers, and a line of us walked off, Joker reluctantly bringing up the rear, up a stony road, past the little log cabins and an abandoned chuck wagon, across a huge meadow dotted with beautiful yellow flowers and populated by cows, on to a big wooden arena where the weekly rodeo took place.

Down below, the narrow Wind River rushed by. It was hot but dry, the light so incredibly even that we could see for miles and miles, across the range to the Wind River Mountains, backward toward the reddish-buff cliffs of the Badlands, which loomed up behind the corral.

I felt better when I learned, during the afternoon, that the other horses' names were no more poetic than Ginger, Bones, and Schnoz—"Black Beauty" was for easterners, the wrangler told me. And I felt a lot worse during dinner in the lodge, when I looked through the window and saw Joker, revealed without his saddle as spavined and skeletal, his tongue hanging out in the heat, being ridden bareback by two Miller grandchildren, both under six. The stars that night consoled me. One step outside my door was a great black dome studded with them, constellations descending to the very edge of the horizon, the moon so bright it hurt my eyes.

That bright moon, those stars, that even sunlight shine down on what is surely one of the most spectacularly beautiful landscapes in this country, central Wyoming. It is a land of infinite vistas; a big, low sky; tall timber; endlessly echoing jagged mountains striated in red, pink, and purple; startling patches of green; and lakes so cold and clear and bright blue that it is hard to believe anyone has ever laid eyes on them.

Towns are few and far between. Riverston, population about 11,000, is the big apple, sixty miles southeast of the ranch and the place you fly into from Denver. Heading northwest up and down mountains, in practically the only car on the highway, you pass such places as Morton, population 5, and Crowheart, which is a post office and general store combined. Eleven miles farther on is the Cross Mill Iron Ranch, which used to be in Burris until the population of Burris dwindled to 2 and the post office crossed it off the map. Twenty miles beyond that is the small, utterly western town of Dubois—accent on the first syllable—which has one long main street, wooden sidewalks, some stores, a school, a cold-storage and taxi-dermy company, and three saloons. All in all a lovely place, made even more so by that blue western sky and the magnificent mountains.

The geography is so dramatic that it was some time before I got around to thinking about the people I had met. When I listed
them they seemed like the cast of a play; and, in fact, the people at the ranch, myself included, moved about en masse, from trails to lodge, to rodeo, to saloon, the same characters in different scenes, with an occasional walk-on part thrown in. We even had a hero, Larry Miller, the owner of the Cross Mill Iron, a big, soft-spoken man with a battered tan hat and eyes that squinted as if he were about to smile, the kind of man one would instinctively turn to in a national emergency.

Like a true western hero, Larry is also sweet. He was sweet when he explained that the glorious yellow flowers in the meadow are called tarweeds and exude a sticky sap that mucks everything up. He was sweet when I asked him if horses sleep standing up. (Not always.) He was sweet when he remarked that certain things are harder to learn when you get older—he didn’t even specifically mention riding, yet he managed to suggest that it was Joker he was talking about, not me. He was sweet when I got out of his pickup truck to get my first look at a prairie dog and fell into its hole.

Larry’s father came to Wyoming from North Carolina, looking for an uncle who had vanished into the West. The elder Mr. Miller liked it so much he stayed, and Larry was born and brought up on the ranch and, except for his years at Colorado State University and a stint in the army during World War II, has lived there all his life. His wife, Connie, who was also brought up in the region, is very pretty and fluttery and worries when things go wrong. I was relieved that, ranch wife and all, she wore makeup. The wranglers, too, were what I would have expected but never hoped to find. They are real cowboys, who drive the cattle up to the high pasture in the spring and round them up in the fall, who rope, brand, break horses. Rough and ready, they are also very courteous to the ladies. (Greg, a young Californian, told me, when I asked after a sick horse—the vet had worn a surgical glove up to his arm pit—that the horse still couldn’t “go to the bathroom.”) One of the wranglers, Dick Parker, a blue-eyed, handsome man with rugged features and a broken nose, is actually related to Butch Cassidy.

The ranch is in Butch Cassidy country, in fact. Larry remembers seeing Butch when he stayed overnight in a cabin on the ranch, this at a time when Butch was supposed to have been gunned down in Bolivia. And Connie’s great-uncle by marriage, Hank Boedeker, a hunting guide and lawman, who had a butte named after him, was one of the men who escorted Butch to jail in Fort Laramie. His son, Uncle Harold Boedeker, showed me the picture of Hank that was used one year on the Winchester rifle calendar. Afterward, by way of a bit more local color, Connie took me to meet her Shoshone friend Mrs. Cady, who took out of her trunks things I had never seen outside of a museum, such as a beaded ceremonial buffalo robe and her grandfather’s feather headdress.

I had hoped for a big Saturday night, and I wasn’t disappointed. There was a party at the Red Rock Lodge, down the road apiece, for Naomi—pronounced Namy—one of the girls in the kitchen, who was going off to college. It was a good
reason to celebrate, though I had a feeling that any excuse for a party might do. There we were, all together, Larry, the hands, the guests—several came from other parts of the West—laughing and drinking and telling tall tales on one another. (The local penchant for hyperbole is called “stretching the truth a little.”)

I had what I had always wanted to do and had seen only in the movies, which was to order drinks for everyone in the house, though I managed to keep myself from asking what the boys in the back room wanted. When I asked Glenna Johnson, the ranch cook and the mother of one of the hands, whether ordering the drinks had been okay, Glenna said, “You can’t do anything wrong in Wyoming.” I believed her. I certainly had been made to feel that way. Nearby, Glenna’s husband was remarking of a skinny lady at the bar that if she stood sideways and stuck her tongue out she would look like a zipper. And then we all went on to spend the rest of our big Saturday night in Dubois, dancing like a bunch of fools to country music at the Outlaw Saloon.

The next afternoon was the rodeo, our rodeo, with cowboys coming from miles around to participate, and there was everyone all over again—guests, kitchen help, the wranglers I had danced with the night before: Howard announcing events through a hoarse microphone; Bruce and Dick by the bucking horses; Greg bending over the chutes to release the cows to be roped; young Boone, Glenna’s son, standing in the middle of the arena, ready to lower a red flag when the time ran out; and Larry Miller, at the end of the proceedings, doling out the prize money in cash.

A few days later, I finally made the trip to the Tetons that had been the reason for my wanting to come back to the West in the first place. The Tetons were very beautiful, just as beautiful as I had remembered them, the mountains elegant and majestic, the valley floor beneath them green and velvety. Still, I felt like a tourist. I took a short float trip down the Snake River. A couple on the raft were saying that they came from New York, but I hardly listened. I was looking for moose or elk onshore and trying to work up some excitement when we drifted into a bit of churning current. Then the man remarked that he was staying at a ranch in the Wind River area, near Dubois, and I looked up and said, “I come from there too.”

It was a difficult drive back to the ranch in the dusk, on a winding mountain road hemmed in by black, primeval trees, nothing and no one in sight. I was in Indian territory, maybe hostile territory. And then, down below, was the welcome sight of little Dubois, at the end of the trail, its geographical situation making perfect sense. I passed through town and about fifteen miles on pulled in at the Red Rock Lodge. Boone was there with some of the other locals, and as soon as he saw me he started to tell some whoppers about my riding. He said he had never seen a horn come off a saddle before. I hit him in the ribs with my elbow, which was all right because Boone was always humping me too, or at least trying to. But I was thinking about what I had said to the man on the float trip: “I come from there too.” Funny that I wasn’t talking about New York, not at that moment, anyway. I was talking about the Cross Mill Iron Ranch and the Wind River valley.

Ann Birstein’s latest novel is The Last of the True Believers.
PICK A CARD!

Meet Michael Skinner, the magician's magician

By Daniel Stashower
Photographs by Max Aguilera-Hellweg

There is nothing up his sleeve. To prove it, the magician pushes back the cuffs of his tuxedo jacket as he strides through the main dining room of the Lillie Langtry restaurant, scanning the tables for his first private audience of the evening. It seems a curious setting for magic: a neo-Victorian showplace in downtown Las Vegas, complete with gas lamps and hand-carved woodwork and specializing in Cantonese cuisine. Few of the patrons take much notice of this marriage of contrasts. They have come to see Michael Skinner, the man widely acknowledged as the world's finest close-up magician.

"Good evening, folks," says Skinner, introducing himself at a table where a young couple have just finished their tea and fortune cookies. "Mind if I join you for a few minutes?"

Taking a seat, Skinner brushes a few grains of pork-fried rice from his work surface. The couple, he soon establishes, are New York lawyers in town for a convention. "Ever been to Las Vegas before?" Skinner asks, breaking the seal on a new pack of cards. "No? Well, since you're from New York, you may be interested in this." With a barely perceptible pulse of his hands, Skinner fans the pack into a perfect 180° arc—a flourish known as the "spring fan and snap back." The two lawyers are transfixed.

What follows is Michael Skinner's version of three-card monte, a classic follow-the-ace betting scam more often staged on city street corners. But when performed by Skinner—his pale, graceful hands moving as if possessed by the spirit of George Balanchine—the street hustle is raised to the realm of art.

Skinner draws three aces from the pack, creases them lengthwise to make the faces concave, and arranges the cards facedown on the table. A black ace is in the center, flanked by the two reds. "What I'm going to do," says Skinner, lightly gripping the cards by their edges, two in his right hand, one in his left, "is show you the faces and then toss the cards back down on the table." He repeats the motion several times, scrambling the cards in a figure-eight pattern. "What you want to do, folks," he continues, holding up the ace of spades, "is keep your eye on this card."

When executed on an overturned cardboard box at, say, Broadway and Forty-third, three-card monte depends on speed and intimidation. Skinner goes through the moves as if he had all the time in the world. His manner is encouraging; he seems genuinely to want the couple across from him to spot the black ace—and yet, strangely enough, each time they point to a card it comes up red.

By now, diners all over the room have paused to watch. "It's in

Daniel Stashower, a member of the Society of American Magicians, is the author of the mystery The Adventure of the Ectoplasmic Man.
the middle!” shouts a man from another table. Smiling, Skinner lifts the center card high over his head. Ace of diamonds.

Then, astonishingly, something goes wrong. A crimp has formed on one corner of the black ace, making it easy to spot, even when facedown. Skinner, who seems never to look at his hands, apparently has not seen the bent corner. The lawyers from New York exchange glances. Now they will catch him out.

"It’s the one on the right!” blurts out a small boy at the next table. "It’s bended!” Disconcerted, Skinner looks down. "Gee,” he says, hesitation creeping into his voice, “that wasn’t . . .” He pushes the bent card forward and turns over the other two—the heart and the diamond—before setting them facedown again, near his elbow. "I guess you got me this time,” he concedes, fingering the bent-cornered card. "This one has to be—” Loud groans fill the air as Skinner flips the card up. Bent corner or no, it is the ace of diamonds. The black card is at his elbow.

Skinner rises from the table to a loud ovation, leaving the deck behind as a souvenir. "Nothing to it,” he says softly, already
scouting the room for his next table; "it's all done with Christian Science and rubber bands."

Michael Skinner is a quiet, unassuming man. He lives alone, collects jazz records, enjoys early-morning hikes in the desert, and has lately developed a passion for Charles Dickens. He does not court the limelight. He has garnered his reputation as one of the century's finest magicians almost in spite of himself. The forty-six-year-old performer, who freely admits that he cannot fry an egg or run a power mower, has cultivated a degree of manual dexterity that would bring honor to a surgeon or a concert violinist. What began as a hobby to help a gawky, lop-eared teenager overcome shyness has become a life's work.

Twenty years ago, Skinner walked off his assembly-line job at a Xerox plant in Rochester, New York, threw a suitcase and five packs of playing cards into his car, and headed for California. "I had no job waiting, no prospects, nothing," he recalls. "But I knew what I wanted—I wanted to do magic."

And not just any kind of magic. From the beginning, Skinner has devoted himself to close-up work—the smaller-scale, manipulation-oriented branch of magic—as opposed to platform or stage magic. You will never see him saw an assistant in half, for example, or disappear in a puff of smoke. For Skinner, the only true magic is done with paper clips, playing cards, coins, and lengths of string—ordinary objects that he practices upon to extraordinary effect. "I never wanted to depend on bulky apparatus," Skinner says. "For me, that takes the freshness out of it. I like to be able to pick up a set of car keys or a book of matches and do a trick. Not many people are left who can do that."

Skinner's first stop in California was at the legendary Magic Castle, the lavish nineteenth-century mansion set in the hills of Hollywood that is both showcase and proving ground for the world's best conjurers. There Skinner apprenticed himself to Dai Vernon, the modern master respectfully known as "The Professor." Vernon, now ninety-three and still an active performer, instilled in his protégé a respect for the craft of magic that underlies every level of Skinner's work.

The Professor taught me to focus on the classics of magic," Skinner says, alluding to the centerpiece of his act, a routine involving the dizzying manipulation of three shiny silver cups and three small sponge balls. Literally the oldest trick in the book, the cups-and-balls effect is represented in hieroglyphics on the walls of an Egyptian burial chamber dating to about 2500 B.C. Though the trick has been seriously overexposed in children's magic sets and cereal-box giveaways, Skinner performs it without fear of anyone's discerning his method. His presentation—in which the sponge balls seem to dart across the table and penetrate the silver cups—is so stark and clean that the effect startles even those who think they know the secret. "That trick passes what I call my 'damp palm' test," Skinner says. "Before performing the cups and balls, I shake hands with the audience. At the end of the effect, I shake hands again. Usually, the people have grown so engrossed that their palms are actually moist— from excitement, tension, or plain shock."

Skinner's ability shocks not only the uninitiated but other magicians as well. In 1969, two years after he arrived in California, Skinner undertook one of the most talked-about feats in modern magic. While performing four twenty-minute sets a night in the Magic Castle's close-up parlor, Skinner decided to see how long he could go without repeating an effect. While it is possible
Watch the queen of hearts closely

In three-card monte, the magician invites the spectator to watch a single card—in this case, the queen. Somewhere in the sequence, the magician pulls the trick the profession knows simply as "the switch." Skinner demonstrates but does not explain. Logic says that at the key point, two cards are picked up and then laid down in reverse order—but when? And how? (And where do the crimps come from?)
to build a career on twenty or thirty tricks, Skinner demonstrated that his repertoire runs to the thousands, each buffed to what he calls "the necessary degree of perfection." After seven nights of his marathon run, Skinner broke off—at the request of the management. The small parlor had become clogged with professional magicians scrambling to see Skinner's work, and none of them would leave to make way for the "civilians." "That was more than fifteen years ago," Skinner laughs. "I can't begin to estimate how many effects I've developed since then."

With a trace of regret, the magician admits that he seldom performs at the Magic Castle anymore—not since Steve Wynn, the chairman of the board of the Golden Nugget hotels, caught Skinner's act and promptly offered him "magician-in-residence" status at Lillie Langtry's, the restaurant at the Las Vegas Golden Nugget. The magician still finds time for periodic stints in Atlantic City, as well as the occasional private lesson and lecture tour. He remains ambivalent about fame and money but not about the move, which brought the security of a regular booking. "I don't have to waste my time scrounging up work anymore," he says.

Though Las Vegas is not a town known for understatement, Michael Skinner has managed to preserve something of the quiet personal life he prefers. His small condominium, on the outskirts of town, reflects his arcane tastes, resembling nothing so much as a theater museum. Antique magic posters and publicity stills cover the walls, along with framed reproductions of Hieronymus Bosch's The Conjurer and William V. Birney's Sleight of Hand. A green felt table—the ideal working surface for card sleights—stands in one corner, near an ornate chessboard where a game by mail is in progress. A tape recorder, which Skinner is using to dictate Ten for Ten ("ten of the best card and coin tricks ten dollars can buy"), his second book on magic, sits atop a solid oak desk amid the clutter of magic-related papers, correspondence, and books such as Ruse and Subterfuge at the Card Table and An Encyclopedia of Sleighting. Dusty and dog-eared magic texts fill the bookcases, interspersed with the occasional volume on dieting or overcoming shyness. Two cats prowl the grounds. Faro, named for a favorite sleight of hand, and Stanley Collins, after an accomplished British conjurer. Conspicuously absent from view are Skinner's three Close-up Magician of the Year awards and the numerous other citations he has received from magicians' organizations in such places as Paris, Hawaii, and Bombay.

Sure, I'm proud of the awards," he says, "and I'll probably get around to framing them one of these days, but there are other things that mean more to me." He opens a utility closet stuffed with brightly colored magic pamphlets. After a moment's rummaging, he finds an envelope filled with children's drawings, most depicting a tall stick figure holding a wand or a piece of rope. "When I do a show in a classroom or a school assembly, I ask the kids to draw me a picture of the trick they liked best. I take the drawings instead of payment." In a particular favorite, the artist has labored to create the effect of hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades swirling about the head of a magician. The crayoned caption reads, "Thank you thank you thank you. Your friend, Eric C."

Skinner has brought unexpected magic to youngsters all over the world. In Acapulco some years ago, upset by the sight of ragged children begging, Skinner filled his pockets with coins and
went ambling down the streets. When the first small boy approached him with an outstretched palm, the magician pretended to have no money. Then he picked a pebble from the street and pressed it into the boy's hand, snapped his fingers, and transformed the stone into a shiny peso. Within moments, Skinner was besieged by a mob of thirty or forty children, all bearing stones. "Some of the older ones dragged over a huge boulder," he recalls, "hoping I'd change it into some really big money."

The stories go on, but Skinner has no children of his own. "I've never been married," he says, lighting a cigarette. "I've had lots of serious girlfriends and been engaged a couple of times, but something always happens." Slowly he curls his fingers around the lit cigarette, then snaps his hand open. The cigarette has vanished without a trace. "Unfiltered Camels are the best cigarette for a magician to use," he notes in a typical digression. "The tobacco is tightly packed and the paper is sturdy enough that they don't fall apart during cigarette manipulation. I had a Marlboro come apart on me just the other day.

"Between performances, lecture tours, out-of-town trips, and the lessons I give, I'm hardly ever home," Skinner resumes. "And when I am, I practice my sleights and develop new material for six or seven hours every day. No woman I've met wants to put up with that obsession."

"Obsession" is a word that invariably comes up when people discuss Michael Skinner. "It's a happy obsession, but an obsession all the same," says Dan O'Donohugh, a rising young Irish magician who supports himself as a waiter while studying under Skinner. "Michael is already the world's best close-up artist—and he has that massive bag of tricks—yet he still dedicates himself to improvement. He could easily coast along on his present status, but as far as I know it's never occurred to him. I know plenty of magicians who are great self-promoters; Michael is a self-improver. He's constantly seeking out the new move, the new angle."

Skinner himself sees his obsession differently. "It's simple," he says. "I love to perform. The fact that I make a living at it is almost beside the point. In fact, I have to be careful not to make a pest of myself. I never leave my house unless I'm 'loaded' with a pocketful of tricks. I don't even need the pocket, really. I can perform at the beach, in nothing but my swimming trunks. You'd be amazed at how many ways you can vanish and reproduce a handful of sand."

He simply never stops practicing. A recent weekday found him giving magic lessons in the afternoon, performing his show at the Golden Nugget in the evening, and then hooking up with a visiting stage magician for a brainstorming session that lasted until eight o'clock the next morning. He admits that he once went fifty-two hours in a stretch: "I overdid it a little that time."

On a recent night, Skinner was seated before a cup of Irish mocha and a small, rapt audience in one of his favorite haunts—a sedate coffeehouse and magazine shop that offers a welcome respite from the hot lights and glitz of Las Vegas. He is working miracles with a set of silver dollars—on his own time—and knowing that a professional magician is watching.

"My hard work pays off when I perform in front of other magicians," Skinner has said. "They see what everybody else isn't supposed to see—the artistry of the sleight. A lay audience will appreciate a card vanish, but only a magician is aware what moves are involved and how many variations there are."

Thus, the magician watching Skinner at the coffeehouse draws some odd looks by applauding at the wrong moments, before the effects are actually complete. He is not applauding the tricks themselves; he is acknowledging a particularly skillful "French drop," an especially deft "flick-vanish" or "finger-palm"—fundamental sleights that Skinner has refined and made his own.

It is growing late. As Skinner launches into an involved coin-through-table routine, taking care at critical moments to expose his empty palm for the benefit of the admiring magician, he pauses to push back his sleeves and order a second cup of coffee. It is going to be a long night. □

Awaiting the arrival of another roomful of guests, the magician-in-residence of Lillie Langtry's composes himself with a spell of meditation on the floor.
The Siskiyou Mountains form a bridge between the Coast Range and the Cascades in southern Oregon. Oregon 62 winds down from the north, from the spine of the range, to Medford, in the Rogue River valley. Towns along Route 62 are not much more than a few houses, a motel for summer tourists and fall hunters, a grocery store, a restaurant or two, and a loggers bar. The great old-growth forests steadily are taken to the mills in the valley.

Shady Cove is a town much like the others, but for one thing: Ed and John Tepper live there. They cut trees, but they are not loggers. For them half a dozen trees a year is a lot, because they devote much more time to discovering the precisely correct trees than to bringing them out of the forest. The Teppers are in the tone-wood business, supplying the raw materials for fine handmade stringed instruments.

Lots of two-by-fours have come out of this part of the world, but so has the wood for violins played in the symphony orchestras of Pittsburgh, Chicago, and New York. So did the wood for a cello played by the late Leonard Rose, and so did the wood for the viola on which Yehudi Menuhin recorded the Brahms Viola Sonatas.

Recently, it has been harder and harder for violin makers to find Norway spruce from the southern Alps, the traditional wood used for the finest violins. Ancient

In the forests of southwestern Oregon, the makings of great violins grow

By Jeremiah Kaplan
Photographs by Nick Nichols
Caches of tone wood were destroyed in World War II by Allied soldiers, who ignorantly used stacks of carefully aged spruce for firewood. Norway spruce still growing in Europe are jeopardized by acid rain and air pollution. In Bavaria, it has been one of the hardest-hit species.

Some violin makers are paying exorbitant prices for the choice European wood. One Chicago violin maker recently returned from a buying trip, having spent $5,000, with little more than a large suitcase full. No wonder alternative sources of fine tone wood are in demand.

William Henley's encyclopedic Universal Dictionary of Violin and Bow Makers lists fifty-seven different tree species from which violins have been made. Though he stays away from the debate over what is the best wood, he has caveats. Balsa, for instance, is very light and resilient but also, unfortunately, absorbs water. And the tone of instruments made from New Zealand red pine "cannot be classified as preeminently satisfactory."

According to Henley, many European makers assert that American pine and spruce are too soft and resinous to make satisfactory instruments, yet as far back as 1885 German violin makers imported enough American wood to elicit a complaint from European wood dealers. In 1987, Ed and John Tepper are demonstrating that tone wood as fine as any can be found in the forests of southwestern Oregon.

It is not easy to determine how good the wood inside a standing tree will be, after harvesting and cutting and aging. John Tepper, who has taken over his father's business in recent years, explains: "A good tree has to be clear of limbs, open-faced, a clear trunk. Ninety-nine percent of spruce trees are limby. It has to be straight-grained. You can tell that only by years and years of studying."

Moreover, it must have the elusive quality of tone. It has to ring. And it is impossible to tell if it has tone before it has dried and aged for several years. "How to recognize a good tree is one of the questions we just grin and smile at—let the other guys figure it out."

Ed Tepper spent some eighteen years figuring out the tone-wood business. At seventy-six, he doesn't get around as well as he used to. But until age and arthritis began to slow him down, he could outwalk his son, now thirty-six, with an avid enthusiasm for the out-of-doors that few people feel.

He sits in an easy chair by the picture window in his house, looking up the Rogue River. Wearing faded denim and red suspenders, with white hair and bright, clear blue eyes, he has a look of the old trickster coyote of Native American myth. And he knows the forest the way a squirrel knows nuts. Literally.

For twenty years, Ed Tepper was in the tree-seed business, supplying seed to the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management. He collected it in the forests, largely from squirrel caches, and became one of the most successful suppliers in the region, achieving yields of viable seed close to 100 percent when the standard yields were down around 40 percent. He was good at it for two reasons: his knowledge of the woods that came from his unflagging urge to roam around in them, and his natural curiosity.

Ed Tepper is a man who is always asking why. Why is that dog black? Why do conifer cones in one area mature two weeks ahead of those in another area? Why do the squirrels suddenly stop eating the seed out of the cones and begin stashing them? And, more recently, why do some spruce trees have tone while others don't?

He got out of the tree-seed business when the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management began to try to breed genetically superior trees. They no longer wanted cones from squirrel caches, because you couldn't positively identify the parent tree. But Tepper is not the sort of person to retire in front of the TV and watch football, as his son says. A local violin maker told him about the "curly," or "flamed," maple that is used for the back and sides of a violin, the same beautiful wood that is sometimes used for gunstocks on fine handmade guns. This violin maker had been looking for curly maple for years without success. Tepper remembered some groves where he thought he might find it. On his second day out, he did.

He realized that tone wood might provide a way to keep himself where he wanted to be, in the woods, facing a challenge, perhaps even making some money. He applied his natural curiosity to it. As he would say, he got "deep into it."
Ed Tepper demonstrates how spruce wood, cut into billets, is tested for the elusive quality of tone. It has to ring.
“How to recognize a good tree is a question we just grin and smile at—let them figure it out.”

Ed Tepper never got past the eighth grade, but he reads everything he can get his hands on, and he speaks eloquently, in a backwoods way. He is as eager as his son about how to recognize a tree with tone, but he explains one reason why he thinks some trees have it.

He reaches down next to his chair and picks up a paperback history of World War II. “Now, as I bend this,” he says, pointing out the pattern that the pages make as the book is bent, “assume you’re looking at a tree trunk. I’ve laid hours watching a tree in the wind. Always carry a tape with me. Always. I love to measure things. And by holding the tape upright in your hand, you can easily make a vertical sight. And if you work in degrees as much as I do [cutting the exactly perpendicular grained radial sections that violin makers require], you learn to estimate degrees pretty well. So you see the wind coming from this direction, the tree will go over some twenty degrees, and back about twelve. Over twenty, back twelve. Over twenty, back twelve.”

If the pages of the book are wood fibers inside a tree, he explains, as the tree bends, either the outer fibers have to stretch or the inner ones compress, or a combination of stretching and compression. Wood does not stretch, he tells me. When a tree bends, it is all compression of the fibers on the inside of the bend. And all day long in the fall there are strong easterly winds. Every fall for three hundred years a tree bends back and forth.

“We’ve had a force exerted, haven’t we,” he says, “so wouldn’t that tree be different from one that was secluded down in the hole? Wouldn’t it? I think I am right. There is a force that gave something resilience. That’s the only word I can think of. And somebody like David Wiebe, his ears and fingers tell him about that wood.”

David Wiebe is a violin maker from Nebraska who has worked with the Teppers since 1973. He is known as one of the top violin makers in North America, and he uses exclusively wood from southwestern Oregon supplied to him by John Tepper. He built Yehudi Menuhin’s favorite viola, and his instruments have introduced the Teppers’ wood into major orchestras. “I’m maybe more willing than some violin makers to try wood that others might stay away from to stay on a ‘safe’ path,” he says.

“Wiebe probably has done more for my wood than any other single maker,” says John Tepper. “He’s unique. He went to school in Mittenwald in Bavaria; a premier violin-making school. Then he decided he wasn’t learning a whole lot. He corresponded with my father. Dad sent him a couple of samples. He got back to the States and made a couple of violas. He had a job application in to be an asphalt worker. A friend talked him into entering a viola-making competition in Michigan. He won.

“I’m continually looking for other ways where I can tell more about what’s a good tree. I’ve got lots of ideas in my head I can’t disclose. You can never be satisfied. I use David Wiebe as my judge. He gives me reports on my wood. I can bypass years of work by his say-so.”

Having known the violin-making world of Bavaria firsthand, Wiebe is particularly impressed by what the Teppers have accomplished in two decades. “Ed Tepper really is incredible,” says Wiebe, “and he blasted the trail for his son to keep going. I have always marveled at the fact that this centuries-old, tradition-oriented business could have started up in such a short amount of time in such an isolated place.”

“The best tree, I haven’t cut yet,” says John. “It’s just around the corner.”

John Tepper is most at home in the backcountry. He drives an old, dented pickup truck, bouncing over rutted logging roads. He parks at the end of a road and sets out through the forest, walking quickly. He is a large, solid man in a plaid flannel shirt and blue jeans, with an old pair of work boots on his feet. His strong stride is relaxed, and the notion of getting lost never seems to occur to him.

“Most of the wood we take is from Forest Service land, some from private. You got to continually keep up with the roads. You go and find some trees and then they go in and log and you don’t get ‘em. I try to keep on top of it.”

At a recent clear-cut, he takes out his binoculars and scans the perimeter. “There were good trees in there. They didn’t leave me any.” At another site, the border between two clear-cuts is one of his spruce stands. A few of the trees are marked with a T inscribed in the trunk. I can imagine two dett hatchet strokes by Ed Tepper years ago. “See how I got them loggers trained?” quips John.

Back in the pickup, we backtrack and then bounce along to the end of another logging road. “Most of the miles on this pickup is dinn just this, hotrodin’ through the back roads.”

He parks the truck and we walk for half a mile or so through an old, reforesting clear-cut. There are lots of Douglas fir sprouts, most of them about shoulder height. Then we go in among the old growth. Tepper walks in a direct line, knowing exactly where he is going. Shafts of sunlight alternate with deep shadow. The forest floor is a sea of illuminated green ferns. The ground is moist. The air is cool and humid. Soon we are among an ancient grove of grandfather spruce.

“These just kill me that I can’t take them out. They extended the Crater Lake National Park boundary.” He slaps a tree with the thick heel of his hand. Listen. It seems to ring, a subtle note somewhere between those of a bass drum and a string quartet. “Carnegie Hall,” says John Tepper, and he laughs.

Jeremiah Kaplan is a free-lance writer and violin student in Boulder, Colorado.
The vessels on these pages document one of those miraculous transformations like the sudden evolution of classic Greek sculpture or the achievement in painting of the van Eycks. This was the simple discovery, made in Roman Syria in the first century B.C., that a lump of hot glass could be inflated on a blowpipe, then shaped either freely or by being blown into a mold. Glass was thus changed, from a material that for 1,500 years had been formed around a sand core or cut from a solid block to make vessels only the rich could buy—perfume containers decorated with ribbons of colored glass, millefiori cups formed of fused slices of colored glass canes, cameo glass cut from different-colored layers—into one that not only could be blown to airy thinness but lent itself to mass production. Suddenly there were bottles and beakers, glasses and cups to be purchased for a mere copper coin. Thousands of these humble domestic utensils survive, whole or in fragments.

But quantity was not the only achievement of the eastern Mediterranean glassblowers, who soon migrated to Italy: when they worked for the luxury market, the glass they learned to handle so expertly in only a quarter century matches or surpasses in its technical accomplishment and its dazzling artistry the finest work ever done since. They painted and gilded it; they cut it on wheels to produce grooves, faceting, pictorial designs, and inscriptions; they abraded it to make patterns of dull and brilliant surfaces; they sandwiched gold leaf between fused layers of glass; they cut open-work patterns on a solid piece of glass to create a vessel enclosed in an ornamental cage attached to the body by struts. One slip of the hand, and the work of many weeks could be shattered.

It is not stretching it to say that the ravishing pieces of Roman glass assembled for the exhibition “Glass of the Caesars,” now at the Corning Museum of Glass, comprise the greatest show of any art form during this half century. Of the 150-odd pieces displayed, most come from three great sources: the British Museum, the Romisch-Germanisches Museum, in Cologne, and the Corning Museum. The treasures of these three, with important loans from elsewhere, offer a stunning introduction to an art that achieved the highest technical and aesthetic standards in its early days. —Eve Auchincloss

Base disc of the Portland vase, a first-century masterpiece of cameo glass, now in the British Museum—too fragile to travel, but represented in the show by a hologram.

A cage cup, fourth century a.d. Cast and wheel cut, it was excavated from a grave near Cologne, which has been a rich source of Roman glass.

The Lycurgus cup, fourth century a.d. Opaque green, it becomes translucent red in transmitted light. Cut, ground, and fire-polished.
Upcountry Clothes

Why anyone who likes mountain climbing or other risky sports will be wearing Patagonia gear

By Stephan Wilkinson  Photographs by Chris Callis

I think the boss is surfing," the delicately beautiful blonde apologizes. "I can't find him anywhere." The boss happens to be Yvon Chouinard, an inveterate outdoorsman who also runs a pair of companies that produce equipment for people like him. Their success—which is considerable—owes everything to his impatient, challenge-seeking character.

Born forty-eight years ago in Maine, of French Canadian parents, he began, innocently enough, as a rock-climber. His own experience made him decide that the climbing equipment of the day could be much improved. Rather than wait for someone else to make the changes, he became a blacksmith and stood fourteen hours a day over a hot forge, hammering out tools for climbing. The products were so good that Chouinard almost reluctantly found himself with a small, successful company on his hands. He would have preferred to be outdoors.

Duly, perhaps inevitably, he decided that the clothing made for the serious outdoorsperson was not up to his standards, either, so he tackled that problem with exactly the same dedication he had put into forging tools. The result is Patagonia, a $37-million-a-year company in Ventura, California. Its chief product is a vibrantly colorful line of outdoor clothing that combines an almost scientific functionality with a sleek, very unstuffy aesthetic.

He is small, wiry—as taut as tensile steel—and shy with strangers. His intelligence shines in the clarity of his words as well as in his quick, efficient movements. He took to the outdoors when his parents moved to California and his new classmates mocked his country accent. In due course, he became almost legendary among climbers: not because he goes Himalaya high (which he occasionally does) or scores mountains nobody has bothered to climb before, but because he has been the first to make seemingly impossible, gravity-defying ascents. In 1964, for example, he and three friends subdued the vertical face of El Capitan, in Yosemite—an epic journey, literally straight up at an average speed of about twelve feet per hour for ten days, including nine nights in "hanging bivys." (One accomplishes a hanging bivouac by pounding a few pegs into a sheer face and suspending a hammock from them.) Chouinard also has made a name for himself as a trekkker, white-water kayaker, skier, surfer, and devoted fly fisherman.

One reason Patagonia clothes are considered by many to be the best multipurpose outdoor garments available is that Yvon Chouinard creates out of personal experience. He is not a designer who dabbles in sports for the sake of his image; rather, he knows good gear when he wears it. His peers recognize the fact. "You could hardly do better than Patagonia," says the writer, adventurer, and climber Craig Vetter, a contributing editor of Outside magazine. "Chouinard is first and foremost an outdoorsman, and he wouldn't sell his friends something that wasn't the best. These people do serious things, and they go places where if you have the wrong gear, you lose fingers and toes."

You choose the stuff because your life depends on it," says the professional mountain-climber and guide Doug Robinson. "You can't look stylish when you're dead." To be sure, Patagonia clothes are not perfect. Users have been known to complain about the lack of zippered pockets on some of the women's clothes; the need to seam-seal some "waterproof" garments; the weak sewing of some seams and buttons. For the most part, though, they are ecstatic about the functionality of the gear and the way it looks.

As Chouinard himself puts it, "Fashion starts with fabric—whatever's new, what's available that year. The designer takes that fabric and dresses it on a mannequin and comes up with a new fashion. We don't start with the fabric. We start with a need, a function. We say, 'We gotta build a white-water-kayaking jacket,' and once we decide what we want, then we look for the fabric and materials. And if they don't exist, we develop them."

Stephan Wilkinson wrote about the architect George White for our April 1986 issue.
The stuntman Jeff Gibson tumbling in a super white-water jacket (keeps you dry even upside down), paddling pants, and midweight mountaineering socks.
"Everybody makes pile jackets now," says Bruce Klepinger, the senior guide of the innovative trekking firm Mountain Travel, "and I suspect they're as good as Chouinard's, but he did it first. He's also introduced a lot of new underwear. Years ago, we counted on woolen underwear, then switched to the Norwegian fishnet; then Chouinard found polypropylene. People complained that polypropylene would eventually smell, so now he has developed Capilene. It's softer, warmer, and doesn't smell bad when you get sweaty. I wouldn't say he's the only person out there, but he is in the forefront. He makes the best stuff first, and then all the imitators come along. It's not cheap, but it's very well made."

The company's rainwear and foul-weather gear, for example, have never employed Gore-Tex, the widely admired synthetic fabric-and-coating combination that is said to offer excellent water resistance and breathability. Chouinard insists that no fabric can at the same time be waterproof and air permeable, so Patagonia wet-weather gear keeps water totally out and admittedly breathes not a bit. Comfort is achieved through lightweight and mechanical means such as apertures, flaps, and moisture-venting design. The point is perhaps moot, for few of us will ever sleep in a puddle, stand watch on a North Sea fishing boat, or camp in a monsoon, but Patagonia customers take pleasure in knowing that Chouinard's clothes are ready to do so even if they aren't.

Besides being functional, Patagonia clothing has gained a cult following among outdoorspeople, because it is designed not for the dilettante but for the full-tilt outdoor rover ("Though a lot of traditionalists still look at our cobalts and magentas and think, 'Oh, that can't possibly be functional; it's not khaki or tan,' " Chouinard admits). Much to company officials' chagrin, the gear is also becoming fashionable. In the determinedly trendy town of Jackson Hole, Wyoming, it is said, Patagonia has become so commonplace that the hard core cut its distinctive label—it shows a mountain range in southern Patagonia against a spectral sky—off their favorite jackets, shirts, and pants. "I do it myself," mutters Chouinard. "I don't like logos either. We question our dealers about whether we should leave them off, and the reaction is always overwhelmingly in favor of keeping them. But I'm not trying to make fashionable stuff for yuppies."
The diver Ken Vigiletti free-falling in Patagonia's foul-weather gear: bibs and thirty-one-ounce jacket. Tested at America’s Cup trials (aboard USA) and other big ocean races, it kept the water out.
Much of what Patagonia today creates is "technical clothing"—duds designed not for lookin' good or doing a Marlboro Man imitation but solely for keeping their wearers warm, dry, alive, and otherwise well. Some of it is inevitably limited in appeal, such as tight-hooped white-water-kayaking jackets that would dehydrate an duck. Other gear sounds specific but adapts as well to suburbia as it does to Chamonix. According to the Patagonia catalogue, a complex alpine guide jacket, for instance, is made to "long, European length, so it completely covers your hinkquarters when you have to get into a cold car or helicopter. . . . For lift operators, back-country guides and people who have to drive to school plays in the dead of winter."

Chouinard founded the back-country sports line on two items he thought ideal for rock-climbers. One was his own design for mountaineering shorts, made from canvas normally used for deck chairs—"stand-up shorts," they came to be called, since that's what they'd do in your closet. The other was a tough British rugby shirt with rubber buttons and a collar thick enough to protect climbers from the chafe of equipment slings.

Not untypically, Patagonia set off the demand for rugby shirts as colorful casual wear (way back in 1970) but eventually walked away from the business, as mass merchandisers moved in with copies and cheaper shirts from New Zealand. "We also dropped two of our best products—polypropylene long underwear and bunting outerwear—right at the peak of their sales, in 1985," says the company's chief executive officer, Kristine McDivitt, a tousled sportswoman emblematic of the fact that Chouinard hires largely women, who he feels communicate far better than do ambition-fettered males. "An M.B.A. would tell you never to drop a product that's making money, but we found there was something better." (Chouinard had discovered Capilene polyester for subzero underwear and a velvety pile fabric called Synchilla, which he uses for jackets, sweaters, and pants.)

Patagonia clothes are becoming increasingly popular in Europe, especially in West Germany, and have a strong following in Japan, where Chouinard's reputation as a climber is honored. "The Europeans like the more radical colors, perhaps because they're so unusual over there," says the licensing manager, Tom Lowe. "Europeans also appreciate the simplicity of the products, since we avoid novelty for the sake of novelty, and there's a good feeling about American products tied to the sporting image we've tried to create. Here's a product from America that's in no way associated with the perceived evils of our society."

Chouinard and his crew have little respect for sports that require machinery, whether chair lifts, ski boats, or off-road vehicles. "I hate machines," he says, "particularly anything electronic. I can barely run the radio in my car." (It's not incompetence that creates the loathing. Chouinard is no techno-illiterate: he spent his high-school years rebuilding cars, was trained by the army to be a guided-missle mechanic, and made his reputation in the climbing-equipment trade by radically reengineering traditional tools.)

Patagonia gives another thumbs-down to backpacking. "I do it as a means of getting somewhere," Chouinard admits, "but as an end in itself, that's sheer drudgery. Not the image we want." Worst of all is dispassionate risk avoidance. "Sports have changed a lot since the sixties, when people were doing more risk-type sports," Chouinard says. "They had a lot of free time to devote to them; gas was thirty cents a gallon; they could commit themselves to a sport a lot more. Now it's completely different. People do zealot sports, like marathoning, rather than passionate sports." (Perhaps it's also that some of those very sports of the sixties have themselves been defanged. White-water rapids have become tour-boat traffic jams, and Nepal may soon have to erect "Don't be a litterbug" signs.)

"The sports that people are doing now are a sign of the times. They're very ... Republican sports, very socially oriented; risk is a big no-no. The people who are doing them are the kids of the drugged-out hippies of the sixties, and they're very conservative. The only camping you see now is 'family camping,' right by the side of the road—very timid. The only people you
The stuntwoman-actress Dina Micalizio floats in Patagonia's Synchilla tricolor snap T-neck in magenta, emerald, and gold ("Care must be taken that you don't end up on the shy side of tasteful," the catalogue warns).
see in the woods these days are redneck survivalists in their camouflage suits.

"But I see another turnabout. It's a political thing. The juniors and seniors in colleges right now are very conservative, but the freshmen coming in are radically liberal. We've seen the political tide turn with the last election, and we certainly won't have a Republican president in two years, so the sports of the sixties may be coming back. When the country is in a liberal mode, people are less concerned with making money, going to law school, buying another BMW. These sports take tremendous commitment. You don't go to work for the phone company all week and then casually go out and put your neck on the line on the weekend."

Chouinard's talents include divining such trends. As he puts it, "My job is figuring out the future, and you can't do anything creative sitting here. The success of Patagonia is based on coming up with new products. We seem to compete with other clothing companies, but we don't really. We're the guerrillas. We don't go head-on with anybody. At the point when a product's price, advertising, distribution, and marketing begin to matter as much as the clothing itself, we're outa there, so the thing we have to do is stay ahead of everybody else with unique products."

Chouinard and his people come up with those products by indulging in the sports and activities for which they are suppliers. "We're going to make things for fly fishermen," Chouinard announced to his staff when they were planning their current line. "We're going to make a vest that's different from any other vest—really sturdy, light, made out of mesh. You can use it backpacking, told it up really small, use it for traveling. Our customer doesn't just go fly fishing down the street or across the woods; he goes to Patagonia or Bhutan."

Chouinard knows his customer because he knows himself. He is quick to flee the office, ostensibly to "test clothing." Actually, he hates office work. He jokes that he has an M.B.A.—a degree in "management by absence"—and mostly lets others run the booming operation.

Make no mistake. Chouinard is the soul of Patagonia. He may answer a stylist who asks his opinion of a new shirt-pocket pattern she's wearing, "Aw, I don't know much about the women's stuff," but it's obvious he doesn't much like the design, for it has a little sub-pocket, the purpose of which the stylist cannot quite explain. When asked what is responsible for the inimitable style of Patagonia's clothes, Chouinard does not even try to respond. He leafs through a battered accounts book—containing a collection of thoughts and quotations he has amassed over the years—until he finds a paragraph from Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's Wind, Sand and Stars. It ends, "In anything at all, perfection is finally attained not when there is no longer anything to add, but when there is no longer anything to take away, when a body has been stripped down to its nakedness." 

---

**THE PATAGONIA CATALOGUE**

In '81, Patagonia came out with a mail-order catalogue that broke the mold. Instead of presenting endless fashion photographs of perfect models in perfect clothes doing perfectly wonderful things, it focused on real people doing real things outdoors. One measure of Patagonia's success is now easily apparent. Purveyors such as Ralph Lauren, Esprit, and a variety of other sportswear manufacturers are using the same theme in their promotions.

The Patagonia catalogue is a large-format (Life magazine size) compendium of literate writing, charming humor, useful information, and stunning photography that is awaited by the faithful in much the way a fine magazine is anticipated by subscribers. It has established for the company a priceless image. "We are fun-hogs," the catalogue says. "Patagonians, not Patagucists."

"People who aren't serious outdoor enthusiasts see the people we show in the catalogue and they think, 'If it works for them, it'll work for me,' " says Karen Frishman, of Patagonia.

"Maybe it works too well," muses Yvon Chouinard. "You not only get people wearing it who need to but ones who want to look like they need to."

"You sell more clothes if you photograph them on people," Chouinard admits, "but to put our clothes on models just wasn't honest. Every time a photographer puts a model in a mountain-climbing pose, it looks dorky. . . . So we decided to do still lifes of the clothes and accompany them with photographs of real people wearing them."

Real? Certainly. A bearded mechanic wearing a grease-pulled Patagonia jacket under a truck. Then, another well-used jacket on a fisherman shoveling bait into a locker; yet another on an Afghan rebel perched with his mares on a captured Soviet armored scout car. Readers turn the pages avidly. Isn't that Robert Redford? And there's Chouinard and a buddy, drunk and foolish as they share a liter of Robert Mondavi as if it were a pint of Thunderbird.

"We're loyal to an isolated market," says Kristine McDivitt, the CEO of Patagonia. "Whoever decides to join up along the way, so be it." To enlist, write to Patagonia Mail Order, at P.O. Box 86, Ventura, CA 93002, but be aware that Patagonia is an elite outfit. Only a limited number of catalogues is printed.

—S.W.
Ken Vigiletti leaps backward in Patagonia's water-resistant featherweight shell pants with a cotton tank top. Around his waist, a Patagonia gear sling.
Osman the blacksmith descended into the chamber. It was unexpectedly cold inside, pitch-dark, and utterly silent. It seemed as if no living thing had been in that place for millennia. Nothing stirred, not an insect or a grain of dust.

The first swing of Osman's lantern revealed a body-length white-marble bier on which, at one end, lay a head of hair and a kind of powder where the bones must have been. Another swing, and the tomb glowed with reflected light. Scores of silver and gold artifacts lay glittering about him. He went quickly to work. "One silver jug," Osman shouted as he passed an object to friends through the hole above. "Two gold bracelets . . . three silver incense burners . . . one bronze jug with top," and so on. To this day, he is able to recall much of the treasure and, more queasily—for grave robbing is a disquieting business—the time of entry into the tomb. It was the sixth hour of the sixth day of the sixth month of 1966.

In 1986, Osman described to a reporter some of the pieces he had removed from the tomb near his village, in west central Turkey, an area known in classical antiquity as Lydia, then and now celebrated for the legendary wealth of its sixth-century B.C. monarch Croesus. Just one of the items, Osman recalled, was "a small silver bowl, with eighteen bearded heads around it, each about the size of my thumb." In 1984, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, as part of a new permanent exhibition, put on display just such a bowl—two, in fact, their date of acquisition 1966, their provenance "East Greek," and how they got there a mystery.

The story behind this mystery is the story of the East Greek Treasure, otherwise known as the Lydian Hoard, an approximately 255-piece collection of mostly silver and gold objects dating back some 2,600 years. One of the greatest archaeological finds of recent times, the treasure is priceless. The Turkish government wants it back, claiming that it is part of Turkey's patrimony and that it was smuggled illegally out of the country twenty years ago. Where the hoard originated, how the Met acquired it, to whom it morally belongs, and who will legally get to keep it involve a controversy of proportions that are practically unprecedented in the art world, one that approaches in scope the battle over the Elgin Marbles. It has nearly precipitated a confrontation between state and federal governments and a diplomatic cri-

Who Stole the Lydian Hoard?
A Case History Involving the Hottest Issue Confronting American Museums Today
By Melik Kaylan

Melik Kaylan is an associate editor of this magazine.
sis between two friendly NATO allies.

Nor are the troubles over. If anything, temperatures are on the rise: Turkey is threatening a halt to American-sponsored archaeological digs and has retained a top-drawer New York law firm in readiness for a court battle with the Met. The museum and its lawyers are said to be busy lobbying the State Department, in Washington, in case of a legal and diplomatic showdown.

The crucial question in a lawsuit over the affair will be where the artifacts originated. Quite simply, the Turkish government will try to prove that the Met's East Greek Treasure was illegally excavated in Turkey and smuggled out of the country and that Turkey therefore is legally entitled to have it all back. The Turkish case will rest on precedents set by a series of legal decisions over the past decade in which U.S. courts have ordered repatriation of a variety of cultural artifacts to the places from which they came. Most worrisome for the Met, the decisions have recognized foreign cultural-patrimony laws as binding in the United States, even if the objects are located decades after the original theft. (One pivotal decision, handed down by a federal court in 1981, involved two Dürer etchings that an American serviceman had purchased in 1941. They had been removed from a museum in anticipation of Allied bombings. Subsequently stolen and sold, they surfaced forty years later, whereupon an East German museum, as a representative of the German people, sued for their return and won.)

The consequences of a lawsuit between the Metropolitan and Turkey could be very serious indeed. Three great treasures from Turkey, besides the Lydian Hoard, have found their way to the United States since the late fifties: the Byzantine Sion Treasure, at Dumbarton Oaks, in Washington, D.C.; a miraculous collection of full-size imperial Roman bronzes, which has now been sold off piecemeal to museums and private collectors; and the more than 135-piece Bronze Age collection at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, said to be the "Dorak" Treasure. If the Lydian Hoard goes back, the pressure on other museums to return not just Turkish artifacts but those of other countries as well will be overwhelming. A decision against the Met could also have a powerful effect on the antiquities trade, for if such collections have to be returned even after many years, what profit will there be in buying or selling smuggled artifacts? The flow of illegal antiquities will be severely curtailed.

Wondrous though the treasure may be,
it is not by itself quite worth an international incident for either party. In the mid-sixties, the Metropolitan paid out, according to various reports, between $1.17 million and $1.7 million for the treasure—not a prince’s ransom by today’s standards. Why, then, so much ante-upping and loin-girding on both sides? To explain what is really at stake for both parties, how far they are willing to go and why, one must trace the near-labyrinthine history of the treasure from the day of its discovery.

To begin with, Osman’s caper was just one of four illegal excavations at about the same time in the same area. The total yield from all four incidents constitutes the so-called Lydian Hoard. In uncovering and dispersing their haul, the locals followed customary procedures. So replete is Turkish soil with ancient artifacts that otherwise unsophisticated villagers have long since become experts in the antiquities trade. In the Sardis area, ancient Lydia’s capital, the tomb makers of old layered the mounds with soot, to absorb damp, and covered them with imported stones, both substances easily detected after an earthquake or a storm betraying their presence. Villagers then go to work with long steel poles, skewering the rubble in search of enclosed rooms or empty spaces within. (In Osman’s case, a blacksmith was needed because the tomb had impenetrable marble doors.) The excavation completed, the villagers simply put out word on the grapevine, and dealers from around the country come to view the merchandise.

There were a couple of minor hitches in the Lydian Hoard caper. An early casualty was a dealer who offered too little for the goods. As a punishment for his greed, hot-pepper dust was thrown in his eyes and he is blind to this day. Of the grave robbers, only the crew from Osman’s dig were caught. During the excavation a witness from a different village went to the police, some miles away. By the time they arrived, it was dark and half the treasure had disappeared. The remaining half was still at the house of Durmush, a wall builder and the ringleader. Arriving chez Durmush, the police shouted a warning. They were met by a volley of shots. In the ensuing confusion, the ringleader and his relatives got away, only to be caught later and tried with the others. All were sentenced to three months in prison. Bitterness still exists among the conspirators because the lost half of the treasure was in fact in the possession of the ringleader’s wife. Durmush sold it and shared the money with his
son-in-law, leaving the others, including Osman, out of the deal. Hence the willingness of the others to talk ever since.

They have, in some ways, received satisfaction by way of what some locals view as the proverbial curse of the tomb. Durmush suffered a stroke and has been paralyzed for years. His son was murdered in a knife fight. His son-in-law died under the tractor he bought with his ill-gotten proceeds. (Meantime, the robbers of the three other Lydian sites were never brought to justice. They were identified only last year, and, though they were interrogated, the statute of limitations on their crime had run out.)

According to the Turks, the Lydian Hoard was bought up by a dealer from Izmir named Ali Bayirlar, also known as Ali Baba. Turkish officials claim that Ali Baba, having rounded up most of the treasure, sold it to the international antiques dealer John Klejman, a regular vendor to the Met, and that Klejman sold the collection to the museum in the late 1960s.

Klejman, now dead, had considerable experience in cloak-and-dagger undertakings. He was reputed to be the storied "Colonel Wolf" of World War II fame, who was hotly pursued by the Nazis for organizing armed Jewish resistance in the Warsaw ghetto. He was interred in a concentration camp in the last months of the war, evaded recognition long enough to survive, and established a flourishing antiquities business in New York and Switzerland. (Switzerland is the global capital of art smuggling and laundering, because of its lax customs laws.) Klejman claimed in various newspaper interviews down the years that he had bought the treasure, its place of origin unknown, from ignorant traders in Europe in 1966, selling it to the Met in three parts, the last in 1968.

The Turkish authorities dispute that story. They claim to be able to track that part of the treasure that came from Osman's dig and one other to Ali Bayirlar to Klejman to the Metropolitan, and their evidence is very strong indeed. First, there is the testimony of the grave robbers. They can identify pieces in the Met's possession. Then, there are the chunks of the treasure left behind in the tomb and those confiscated at the ringleader's house. Many of the items match those in the museum. Then again, there is a little-known trip that Andrew Oliver, then a Met curator, made in 1969 to the tomb that Osman looted. There, he saw a stone sphinx of which there is an exact counterpart in the museum's possession.

Much evidence can also be found to document a connection between Ali Baba and Klejman. When the redoubtable Turkish journalist Ozen Acar, who wrote the definitive reports on the Lydian Hoard controversy in Turkish newspapers last summer, first questioned Ali Baba about his role in the events of twenty years ago, Ali Baba denied having any memory of them. When Acar approached him again some weeks later on the basis of newfound documentary evidence, Ali Baba threatened his life for dredging up the past. The threat did not make the documents any less damning. Turkish-government memoranda had been unearthed that, astonishingly, stated that a Turkish archaeologist visiting the Met in 1973 had received information from a curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art named Dietrich von Bothmer that Klejman had bought the artifacts from a dealer named Ali Bayirlar. (Supposedly, von Bothmer had unexpectedly been cornered by the Turkish archaeologist, whom he had originally refused to see, at an international symposium of curators. He later denied his story.)

For its part, the Metropolitan now does not recognize the existence of a "Lydian Hoard" as such, although in the past the museum has reportedly referred to a single treasure. As for the items the Met bought from Klejman, it labels the ones on display "East Greek," meaning they could have come from Greece or Turkey, rather than

ONE DEALER WHO OFFERED TOO LITTLE WAS BLINDED FOR GOOD.
from the specific area in Turkey called Lydia. The decision is a crucial one and is consistent with the Met's new contention that there is not a single, cohesive treasure. In legal terms, the museum throws the burden on the Turks, who, unable to speak of a single treasure, must identify each object separately and prove its provenance. Small wonder, then, that the museum has displayed only a small part of the hoard, keeping the rest secreted in vaults. Any object that Turkey cannot ask for specifically, and then prove was illegally excavated, the museum will keep.

Behind the Met's acquisition of the Lydian Hoard and its twenty years of obfuscation in the matter looms the Teutonic figure Dietrich von Bothmer, now dean of curators and chairman of the Department of Greek and Roman Art. One of the world's top experts on Greek vases, immensely wealthy, and married to an oil heiress, von Bothmer is a "grand acquisitor" of the old school, with a forbidding reputation.

According to confidential museum documents, von Bothmer was deeply involved in the acquisition of the Lydian Hoard, going so far as to pay for some of it himself. (The amounts cited are in the tens of thousands of dollars.) When questioned by Connoisseur, he refused to acknowledge the existence of the Lydian Hoard as an identifiable entity: "There are many possible objects [the Turks] could be referring to, from many collections; which ones are they talking about?" (Presumably, they are talking about the same collection that Metropolitan Museum officials alluded to in a 1974 New York Times article, in which they were quoted as saying, "If [the Turks] could prove it was taken from one of their places illegally, we would be happy to discuss restitution with them.")

However, when asked about the antipathy of archaeologists toward him (according to one Met curator, von Bothmer is "often criticized by archaeologists because he is more interested in buying objects than in asking where they came from"), von Bothmer responded by saying that, at "great financial sacrifice," he helped keep intact a collection that otherwise would have been sold off piecemeal by buying it for the Met in 1967. Which collection could he possibly have meant? The Lydian Hoard could well qualify.

In addition to legal questions, the controversy over who should keep the treasure, and why, raises many other important issues. Museums are loath to hand back material for which they paid good money, and plaintiff countries are not offering compensation. Furthermore, it is often true that a monied museum can better maintain, house, and repair ancient artifacts than can the countries in which they were found.

The Turks are understandably tired of having their cultural patrimony emptied into the vaults of Western museums and collectors. They object to coping with all the security problems that the attendant smuggling entails. According to Turkish authorities, more people have died as a result of skirmishes over illegal antiquities than at the height of the heroin trade in the 1960s. Illegal excavations have by no means ceased. Last summer a new group of would-be tomb robbers was arrested while dragging the soil in the Lydian zone.

Then there are the archaeological consequences of the smuggling trade. As with Osman's tomb, most illegally excavated sites are trampled and demolished. Any historical information about the civilization inhabiting the site—its customs, clothing, diet, and creative output—is lost. The case of the East Greek Treasure is a particularly egregious one. Lydia's is not a culture about which we have much information. Because it lay between Greek and Persian cultures, its artifacts often betray their influence. Had the tomb been properly excavated and inspected, archaeologists might have learned more about what is specifically Lydian.

At the Metropolitan, the treasure is displayed in an exhibition that is entirely perplexing as to the origins and nature of the objects. There is no way of knowing who owned them or what cultural habits they served and of which civilization. As a result, neither the public nor archaeology is particularly well served. Dietrich von Bothmer has selected a handful of choice Greek-looking objects from the find and included them alongside East Greek items bought at other times from other places, thus confusing their context altogether.

**THE BILL WOULD HAVE MADE NEW YORK A HAVEN FOR STOLEN ART.**
Von Bothmer's explanation to Connoisseur was that, in the classical world, styles do not fall so neatly into contexts: "You will find Greek material quite far east and Persian quite far west." But what about keeping the Lydian Hoard together in order to clarify exactly how much interpenetration has occurred? His answer, as ever: "Which collection is that? There were many."

Given several events of the past two decades, the climate of opinion in the international community sides with the Turks in issues of patrimony. So does scholarly opinion, even in the United States. Witness, for example, the declaration by the University Museum at the University of Pennsylvania, a hotbed of archaeologists, in 1970. When Boston's Museum of Fine Arts acquired a Bronze Age treasure in the mid-sixties, sometimes called "Dorak" after a Turkish town near the Sea of Marmora (whence it allegedly derived), there was talk of selling it off piecemeal because the objects were from different civilizations. Turkey objected on the grounds that, their variety notwithstanding, the objects had been found in one place. To reinforce their point, Turkish authorities threatened to impose a moratorium on archaeological digs. The declaration, a code of ethical conduct concerning acquisitions and excavations, followed soon afterward. That, in turn, was followed by the UNESCO Convention, regulating commerce in stolen artifacts, ratified by the United States in 1972 and passed into law by Congress in 1982.

Unfortunately, all too often a gulf can open between declarations of sympathy and sympathetic practice. Most archaeologists consider the U.S. law implementing the UNESCO Convention to be toothless. It was fought by dealers and their sponsors for years and was eventually diluted into its present form. As things stand, under the law, countries must prove that a particular kind of artifact is endangered, as particular species of animals might be. In addition, they must prove that steps have been taken at home to prevent further illegal commerce in that antiquity. Finally, they must apply specifically to the president of the United States to enforce the prohibition. In practice, the procedures are unwieldy and ineffectual.

No doubt concerned about moves to protect patrimonies, the Met's legal brass sponsored a controversial bill, which, in 1985 and again in 1986, they successfully steered through the New York State legislature, only to have it vetoed both times by
Governor Mario Cuomo. The governor was quoted in the papers as saying that the bill would have "turned New York into a haven for cultural property stolen abroad." Since the legislation protected only nonprofit institutions—e.g., museums—no doubt there would have been an "unforeseen" windfall for the Met. Private owners, unable to sell objects of dubious provenance for fear of being dispossessed, could, instead, have donated them to the Met, receiving a nice, fat tax deduction.

During the bill's second time around, in midsession, it disappeared suddenly in both House and Senate simultaneously, only to be resurrected on the last business day under a new and untraceable bill number. Passed without the usual attendant debate and publicity, the bill could easily have been signed unnoticed. In the event, word got out, and federal agencies lodged objections with the governor. They were worried about the diplomatic repercussions. Countries likely to take offense, such as Turkey and Mexico, are allies of the United States in the fight against international drug smuggling. To ask their cooperation against one kind of trafficking, while withholding U.S. cooperation against the other kind, would be hypocritical indeed. The bill impinged on federal interests and would have stirred up a hornet's nest of jurisdictional questions.

However, the Met hasn't given up on the bill. Lawyers are still working with the State Department to iron out "technical difficulties," for a possible third go-round. "We are simply trying to prevent the floodgates from opening; there's no limit to the potential claims going back thirty, forty, fifty years," is how Ashton Hawkins, a vice-president of the Metropolitan and its chief legal counsel, smoothly explains the museum's determination to see the bill passed. Hawkins is, perhaps, overdramatizing. Since many Third World countries did not exist until well after World War II, and most did not pass proper patrimony laws until even later, their claims would be limited to events in recent years. (This obviously does not apply to Turkey, and a question persists as to why it took so long for the Turks to act decisively in the matter. Their answer—a cogent one—is that Turkey has undergone two military takeovers and a constitutional crisis in the intervening years.)

Means other than a bitter court battle do exist to settle the issue of who rightfully owns the Lydian Hoard. The collection of early Byzantine silver pieces known as the Sion Treasure, now at the Dumbarton

THE SION TREASURE

Above: The Saint Nicholas monastery in old Myra, Turkey, from which thieves stole a collection of silver artifacts in A.D. 1000. They were rediscovered in the 1960s and a few were impounded. The rest disappeared—only to pop up at Dumbarton Oaks, in Washington, D.C.

Above: Circular polycandelon and paten with chrismon, in mint condition, part of the Sion Treasure in Washington. Below: Objects from the same trove in the Antalya Museum, Turkey.
The Oaks Museum, in Washington, D.C., a scholarly institution owned and run by Harvard University, offers a case in point. It is a superb collection, whose quality and craftsmanship are not those of a rude provincial silversmith. The works are comparable to Byzantine silver of the highest standards. Thieves stole the treasure from the monastery of Saint Nicholas of Myra (the of Christmas fame) around the first millennium A.D. They bent a number of large silver trays in half, putting other valuables into the folds, and ran off with the loot. For some reason, they burned a good deal of it nearby.

In the early 1960s, a Turkish shepherdess, sauntering by with her herd, noticed her animals tripping over a shiny object in the earth. Digging around, she found another. Eventually, her fellow villagers joined in the search, dug up what they could, and sold all of their finds to dealers. The police, getting wind of events, raided the village and confiscated the few pieces not spirited away to dealers. George Zacos, a Greek national living in Turkey and an international antiquities dealer of great notoriety, bought up the collection piece by piece on the black market and smuggled it out of the country. The scandal was so great that he left Turkey, settling first in Athens, then in Switzerland, to continue his activities. (Zacos, now dead, was a major figure in the smuggling field, and it is said that Kleiman was a protégé of his. Zacos was instrumental in illegally taking a unique group of life-size Roman bronze statues out of Turkey, and his name appears in connection with one batch of the Lydian Hoard sale.)

The Byzantine relics eventually ended up at the Dumbarton Oaks Museum. Because it is a scholarly institution, and because Harvard is involved in archaeological research all around the world, the museum was inclined to compromise when Turkey demanded that the treasure be returned. Under its director at the time, Giles Constable, Dumbarton Oaks in 1979 drafted an agreement with the Turks to share the treasure and to hand back a goodly number of objects, at the same time working with them to restore some of the more damaged items. The agreement went back and forth, between both sides, until a final draft was agreed upon.

However, the agreement was never carried out, though the two sides have, in recent months, resumed talks. There is some dispute as to whether Turkey or Harvard reneged over the details, but it is clear the Turks were not happy that the museum had wobbled over ceding legal title to the collection. Nevertheless, the agreement is there as a model. It points the way for the future, establishing a principle whereby countries of origin can keep, and other countries can see. Ancient sites are better protected, and lives saved, once the need for black-market smuggling is obviated.

The other route is a rough one—years of embarrassing legal skirmishes, outright litigation, mutual suspicion, embargoes on excavation, and an end to the exchange of great exhibitions. Of course, the Met and other museums that still harbor illicitly acquired goods already know that. Certainly, they must also know that, for their own interests and those of the public they serve, the only logical route is the one of honesty, openness, and cooperation.

Trouble on the Home Front

Illicit digging continues in Lydia. In 1986, these suspects were arrested near the ancient capital of Sardis, while searching for new tombs to plunder.
YOU BELONG IN THE

ZOO

In San Diego, you'll find your place in the animal kingdom

By Leon Harris
Photographs by Philip-Lorca DiCorcia

The West Berlin Zoo has more birds, mammals, and reptiles than any other zoo in the world, 4,550 of them. The Bronx Zoo, in New York, has 3,800 such animals, more than any other zoo in the United States, as well as the brand-new, $9.5-million indoor Jungle World, with a forty-foot-high waterfall and steaming rain forest. The National Zoo, in Washington, D.C., is the only zoo in America that has a permanent exhibition of pandas. Cincinnati has an insectarium that is incomparable.

Wonderful as all these superlative zoos are, the greatest zoo of them all is, well, two zoos. One is the 100-acre San Diego Zoo, in downtown Balboa Park, with more than 3 million visitors a year, 3,200 animals of 800 species, a staff of 800, and an annual budget of $48 million. The other is a part of the first, but thirty miles north of Balboa Park: the 1,800-acre Wild Animal Park, with 2,300 more animals and an annual attendance of just over 1.5 million. Contributing to the San Diego Zoo's supremacy are its 7,000 species of plants, some 1,500 of which are endangered. Then, too, there's the fact that San Diego's climate and average temperature of 69 degrees are better for plants and animals than those of most cities.

A zoo, however, is a matter not of numbers but of beauty. During a visit to the San Diego Zoo, in Balboa Park—where an explosion of sunset pink flamingos welcomes you—it soon becomes apparent that although man's cerebral equipment is unmatched in his fellow animals, compared with them he is a poor thing to look at. We all tend to know—and take for granted—the nobility of elephants, the power of tigers, the grace of

Among the 250 species of animals at the San Diego Wild Animal Park is a herd of Uganda giraffes. The 1,800-acre refuge was established in 1972 on scrubby chaparral thirty miles north of downtown San Diego.
The San Diego Zoo is home to many endangered animals, including the world's last two species of giant tortoise—this one from the Galápagos Islands (above), and another from the island of Aldabra, in the Indian Ocean. Both live a century and weigh 500 pounds.

The reptile house, where you can see the New Guinea tree monitor lizard, a six-foot-long creature that is so rare that it is seldom seen in the wild (or in other zoos), and such killer snakes as the rhinoceros viper and death adder.

Out at the Wild Animal Park, on a fifty-minute expedition by monorail, you cannot fail to notice that the people are caged and the animals aren’t—a happy contrast to the old days, when young and old alike were depressed by zoos’ cramped, cruel cages. Here, gorillas and gnus, ostriches, cheetahs, and what appears to be the rest of the alphabet of creation, from addax to zebra, roam freely, separated from one another by concealed meat lines and cement barriers.

In both zoos, you can arrange private, behind-the-scenes tours, including photo safaris, which will make you think you are a character in Ernest Hemingway’s The Snows of Kilimanjaro. At $50 to $75 a person, though, these safaris are considerably less costly than a trip to Kenya. When you photograph a rhino from up close, it is easy to see why more than a pair of them are called a “crash” of rhinos.

Despite its profusion of four-legged creatures, many competing zoos believe that San Diego’s most important animal is a beautiful bipedal Homo sapiens named Joan Embry, who has appeared frequently with the zoo’s animals on “The Tonight Show,” “Good Morning America,” and “Merv Griffin.” In fact, the zoo spends almost $3.5 million a year, 7 percent of its annual budget, on advertising and promotion.

This is money well spent, insists Jack Hanna, director of the zoo in Columbus, Ohio. He recently braved a major snowstorm to reach New York in time to appear with his animals on “Late Night with David Letterman.” “A national show gets you some out-of-town visitors, but the chief benefit is the pride it creates in local citizens about their zoo,” he says. Such pride is crucial, since the San Diego Zoo must compete for people’s free time against beaches, Disneyland, and Sea World, to name only the most obvious.

For all its international fame, the San Diego Zoo is a local institution. When an unidentified woman called to report a sick hummingbird in her backyard, the zoo offered to try to save the bird and turned it over to Ruth Wootten. Scarcely anyone would recognize this petite ten-year veteran of the bird department as a member of Teamsters Local 481, which represents two-thirds of the equal number of men and women who work at the zoo. Wootten usually has a dozen or so sick birds at home to nurse back to health.

When the woman telephoned again the next day and was told that the hummingbird was on the mend, she identified herself as Joan B. (Mrs. Ray) Kroc, and soon thereafter she gave the zoo...

You will notice that the people are caged, not the animals.
three and one-third of her McDonald's hamburger millions for the building of an Asian rain forest.

No less riveting than the zoo's animals is the research it conducts. Animal research is far more advanced today than it was at the beginning of this century, when a horse named Clever Hans became world famous for his ability to count. (It was eventually revealed that the horse was merely responding to the head movements of his trainer.) Now, for example, the zoo studies how best to exhibit animals so that the setting makes each creature's life and behavior as natural as possible. Though the natural vegetation in the San Diego area is chaparral, countless types of flora appear in the landscapes of the zoo. Beyond that is the scientific effort to preserve and propagate species from all over the world that would otherwise become extinct.

In charge of San Diego's research program since last year has been Dr. Werner Heuschele, born in Ludwigsburg, in West Germany. He has a hard act to follow, that of his fellow German Dr. Kurt Benirschke, a former professor at the medical schools of Dartmouth and Harvard. He ran the zoo's research program for eleven years and remains on the zoo's board. A man deserving to be known as a twentieth-century Noah, Benirschke turned his nonpareil knowledge of human reproduction to animal studies. Some 80 percent of Benirschke's efforts were so practical that Heuschele fully intends to continue them. In what Benirschke calls his "frozen zoo," a cell bank for endangered species, sperm and ova are conserved. A computer keeps track of donors and receivers to prevent such relentless inbreeding as would result in the creation of Jukes and Kallikaks in the animal world.

Heuschele is continuing his predecessor's emphasis on pure research, seeking to accumulate knowledge for its own sake, whether or not it has any immediate practical application. He has been investigating the spread of the herpes virus among wildebeests, for example, knowing that it has been afflicting cattle in...
The zoo has saved the Arabian oryx and Przewalski’s horse.

East Africa but not knowing, quite yet, what to do about it.
Like Benirschke, he gears most of his work to saving species from extinction. They have had some heartening successes. Since 1967, Przewalski’s horse (pronounced Perz-WALTZ-ski) has been extinct in the wild, but Benirschke and other scientists have raised the world herd from a total of fewer than twenty to about five hundred. The Arabian oryx was down to thirteen and extinct in its native Oman, Jordan, and Israel, but San Diego and other zoos have successfully raised so many (165 of them) that now they’re sending some back to the Middle East. “The lowland gorilla could be extinct in the wild by 1990, and the pygmy chimpanzee, after man the most intelligent primate, must also be saved,” Benirschke warns. “So must the white rhino.”

Zoos, too, will become endangered species unless administrators continue to work hard for attendance and earn sufficient popularity with voters to share the municipal trough with sewers, schools, and the symphony. There are, of course, valleys as well as peaks. The scandalous Atlanta Zoo was so shabbily run and so cruel to its animals that it was suspended from the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums, but it is now purportedly pulling up its socks. The Houston Zoo’s stubbornly motionless coral snake was recently exposed as a rubber fake.

However, you may be certain that zoos are indeed popular, even chic, when End A. Haupt donates $4 million to the spectacular Jungle World, at the Bronx Zoo, and serves on its board of trustees with Henry Clay Frick II, Robert G. Goelert, and Brooke Astor. When Harvard University offers its alumni a cruise around Madagascar and charges up to $6,670 for a single cabin, zoolatry among the swells is obviously on the rise. (These luminaries notwithstanding, zoos’ boards of trustees still tend not to rank as high in the social pecking order as a museum’s, a symphony’s, or a ballet’s.)

In the end, what brings 112 million Americans to zoos, animal parks, and aquariums each year—more than to all football, baseball, and hockey games combined—is not status. It is, for one thing, the staggering beauty of the creatures. More than that, those hairy and often scary creatures reveal the breadth and exoticism of nature. They remind us of our origins and let us know we are still members of the animal kingdom. In San Diego, our wild kin are on view every day of the year, at $7.50 for adults, $2.50 for young ones. For the truly alert, they may even suggest the interdependence of all living creatures with one another and with plants.

Leon Harris is a frequent contributor to this magazine.
BREAKTHROUGH

By Phil Patton

Y ears after Henry Hobson Richardson's death, in 1886, his friend Henry Adams would recall an exclamation characteristic of the architect. "There," Richardson would say, finishing a plan, "now they will feel it."

It could have been the motto of his art. It applied to the house he created for Adams in Washington—the great arch of its entrance, a dramatic interior stair, and tactile brick and carved-stone details. "Feeling it" was in that house, as in all the best of Richardson's houses, which are some of the best in America.

Many of these houses were urban mansions, incorporating the Romanesque elements Richardson favored in his public buildings, like the so-called Syrian arch, a great pagan yoke of stone, curving dramatically from ground to ground, which became his trademark, and the eyelid dormer, a curved window pecking through a tile roof. The most interesting Richardson houses are those that translate the monumental, Romanesque elements into American materials: rough stone and cedar shingles. They are grouped in towns on the coast and in the suburbs around Richardson's office in Brookline, Massachusetts.

In their day, these projects were regarded almost as throwaways, incidental works by an architect who could rarely bring himself to refuse even the smallest commission. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Richardson's first biographer, dismissed them briefly, and it was not until the architecture writers Lewis Mumford, Henry-Russell Hitchcock, and, later, Vincent Scully revived Richardson's reputation that they became known as one of the most important groups of houses in American architecture. Their accommodation to their sites was happy; their exteriors, dramatic; and their interiors, flowing and open. They are as exemplary, in their own way, as Frank Lloyd Wright's Prairie houses or Richard Neutra's modernist ones in Los Angeles.

Richardson designed these houses for a close-knit circle of people, most of them his personal friends. They were people full of the sense of the age, of the conviction of progress and the energy of industry. Their houses—mostly second homes—were to become models for the houses of the rising middle class. They employed simple materials that were almost flamboyantly rough and American. Their exteriors were shaped by the layouts of their interiors; they used little ornamentation.

Left: Entrance arch of the Ames gate lodge lends a note of power to the exuberant structure (above).

Richardson moved easily among this new group of wealthy clients. He was a portly man, fond of good food and wine, whose middle, sheathed in the yellow waistcoats he favored, bulged like one of his Romanesque bays or towers: a man who, all agreed, looked like his work. He could have been one of Henry James's quintessentially American characters. He was rough around the edges and did not attempt to hide a slight speech impediment. Entering a room, he made his presence immediately felt. He enjoyed parties and conversation. One of his most famous houses, the Glessner mansion, in Chicago, was sketched out as he ate a second helping of cherry pie at a dinner party.

Richardson shared the ambivalent attitude toward Europe of a James hero. His fame came from his translations of Romanesque architecture to America; to his contemporaries he transplanted a tradition. The cathedral at Salamanca, Spain, served as a model for Boston's Trinity Church, his first masterpiece, and Henry Adams recorded that it was Richardson who first set him on the course of appreciation of Romanesque architecture that led him to Mont-Saint-Michel.

To modernists, however, what Richardson was after was not an archaeological copy of the Romanesque but the language

How H.H. Richardson changed the direction of American domestic architecture

Photographs by Paul Warchol
He enjoyed parties, loved food and wine, and bulged with genius.

At age forty-four, H. H. Richardson donned monk's robes for this mock-Romanesque portrait.

They look as much piled as laid—"cyclopean rubble," in Vincent Scully's phrase.

Richardson first used glacial boulders in an early design for Grace Church, West Medford, Massachusetts, in 1867—one of the leading churchwomen had a barn of the stones and was attached to their appearance. After their use in the Ames gate lodge, they became a regular element in Richardson's work and that of his many imitators. They reflected an ambition to go back to the very basics of architecture, to regain the feeling of the most fundamental facts of building.

While the Ames gate lodge marked Richardson's mastery in using such boulders, the Dr. John Bryant house, in Cohasset, Massachusetts (1880), is his first complete essay in the use of shingle. The house sits on a promontory by a little seaside town. It has been radically changed since Richardson's day, having passed through the hands of several owners and suffered fire, alteration, and addition. What has survived is the power of its stone entrance and the graceful way the shingles sweep up from the stone foundations to cover the walls and the columns that swell at their tops into impromptu capitals. Early photographs show a lively, leisurely building, with striped awnings and balconies and porches oriented toward the ocean.

The Rev. Percy Browne house, in Marion, Massachusetts (1881–82), rides the ups and downs of its hillside like the boats riding the swells in the harbor below. Marion is a quiet little town on the Massachusetts coast south of Boston, the very picture of the New England coastal village.

Separated from its shingle-style neighbors by a hedge and evergreens grown tall and sheltering, the Browne house is now a private enclave in the midst of the town. Few residents even know it as a Richardson house; the present owner, in fact, bought the house without knowing the name of the architect. And yet Mumford and Hitchcock rate the Browne house as one of the great monuments of American architecture. "It establishes Richardson's right to consideration as the great American architect," Hitchcock argues, "far be-
The Paine house in Waltham still has its famous staircase (above) and wears its shingles and boulders majestically.

The house was built in 1881 by the Reverend Percy Browne, a liberal Massachusetts cleric, for only $2,500, a tiny sum even for the time, but it is surprisingly large. Things have been reduced to essentials; there are no bulging bays here, no eyelid dormers. The eight fireplaces are economically set into the corners of rooms, to share chimneys. The house is topped by an assemblage of different-shaped gables. It is, in effect, an echo of a complete early New England farmstead, with all the buildings—house, barn, and outstructures—joined by walls or passages against the hostile winters. The windows are placed just eccentrically enough to break the rigidity of the plan and to reflect the careful tucking of rooms inside, and the shingle-sheathed columns of the inset porch blend into the wall above in a happy harmony of support and surface.

In his house for Mrs. M. F. Stoughton, in Cambridge (1882-83), Richardson adapted his version of the shingle style to suburban construction. Set near the Harvard campus, the Stoughton house centers around a circular tower containing the staircase. A building clearly longer than it is tall, the house shows Richardson shifting from the house with a vertical thrust to one with horizontal feeling. This was a turning point for domestic architecture, and it was even more visible in another of Richardson’s shingle-style houses, the now-destroyed Potter mansion, in St. Louis, a long, low building that may have inspired Frank Lloyd Wright.

In the Robert Treat Paine house (1884-86), in Waltham, Massachusetts, Richardson combined stone and shingle in what is perhaps his most mature residential composition. His client, Robert Treat Paine, was the grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who had revived the family fortunes through railway and mining investments. He hired Richardson to build an addition to an old house of the 1860s, with a Queen Anne mansard roof—almost a Charles Addams structure. A few years earlier, Richardson had himself been designing houses not so very different from this one. The old house seems, to the contemporary eye, younger than the house Richardson added, perhaps because he was again aiming at a sense of almost primitive construction.

Two cylindrical towers of boulders are joined by a porch, now closed by the addition of two discordant bay windows. The house seems to have been built—almost to have assembled itself—from the materials on the site. Besides the local boulders, Richardson used fir shingles and surrounded the house with evergreens. The shingles provide a treble to the bass of the stone, curling playfully over an entrance and a dormer window. There is a little Palladian window and an almost Spanish second-story gallery, whose melodies figure merrily into the whole composition.

The house is carefully attuned to its site.

84
Low, curving walls of the same stone used in the house extend out into the lawn—rough and unkempt now—curling protectively around flower beds and anchoring the mass of the house to the ground. The grounds were the work of Frederick Law Olmsted, the great landscape architect and Richardson's frequent collaborator.

The interior, which will soon be restored by the city of Waltham, is one of Richardson's best, characterized by a central staircase. In a photograph by Berenice Abbott, the light from high windows flashes over these stairs, past a landing where the stairs turn, through screens of thin balusters, off paneled walls, to the floor of the main hall. These stairs, as Hitchcock puts it, "pour down into the room like a mountain cataract."

The stairs descend to a hall with a majestic onyx fireplace. When several sets of sliding doors are open, the space of the hall flows out into the adjoining parlors, all the way to the outer walls. It is a majestic and dramatic space.

Richardson died before the Paine house was completed, and its success makes one wonder what else he might have accomplished had he lived longer. The house is a monument to a tradition in American architecture that could be called the ideal of "one big room." This peculiarly American idea of unity and simplicity, with roots in the romanticized pioneer cottage or cabin, looked forward to the future and the open, flowing spaces of Frank Lloyd Wright. In the unornamented walls and tower, the beams and panels, the fireplace and stairs of the Paine house, Richardson also realizes his own great ambition that anyone entering the house should immediately "feel it."
Americans are eating fish they had never heard of until lately.

A generation ago, the few Americans who ate fish regularly preferred it mild of taste and innocuous in appearance—cod, flounder, or haddock, formed into clean, rectangular fillets retaining no suggestion of fin or gill. "We call it the white, boneless, skinless syndrome," says David Ptak, of the venerable Chesapeake Fish Co., in San Diego.

Things are very different today. Walk past Rosedale, the preeminent Manhattan fish market; there in the showcase window you'll see thick slices of monkfish on display. A few years ago, fishermen were throwing this fin-headed monster overboard because no one would buy it. Today monkfish is selling briskly at Rosedale for six dollars a pound, along with items like hog snapper, wolffish, and mahimahi. As for squid—"We run out of that as soon as we get it in," says the manager, Alan Newman. People, in short, are not only eating more seafood than they used to; they are eating it in startling diversity.

Partly, they do so out of concern for health and "fitness." Fish provides high levels of protein, is relatively low in calories, and contains low levels of saturated fats. Fattier, dark-fleshed species such as tuna and mackerel are good sources of the polyunsaturated fatty acid called omega-3, which appears to help prevent coronary disease. But as Joyce Nettleton, a nutrition consultant and lecturer at Tufts University, points out, cooks often prepare fish in such a way that the benefits cease to exist: "When you deep-fry seafood or use rich creams and sauces, you'll add saturated fats. You have to cook fish correctly for it to be healthful. This means steam-

By Elizabeth Sahatjian
Photographs by Jan Groover
A full plate: sea urchin, on pasta dyed with squid ink, and a John Dory.

**SCROD MEANS SMALL COD**

ing, broiling, poaching, or stir-frying.”

Regardless of how it is prepared, fish is popularly thought to be good for you. At restaurants in this country, according to a Gallup survey in January 1985, seafood was the class of entree ordered by more people than any other—and since by now one out of three Americans eats out at least once a day, it is no wonder that the seafood revolution has swept the restaurant industry. Away from home, Americans have learned to savor such formerly “ethnic” delights as conch, octopus, fresh sardines, mussels, and sea urchins—not to mention fresh tuna, whose delicate flavor, quite unlike that of canned tuna, became familiar in this country only with the introduction of Japanese sushi and sashimi. Its new popularity has made tuna the most valuable fish in American waters, with a skyrocketing price that amazes even fishermen. A giant bluefin tuna, weighing an average of 500 pounds, can bring in the extraordinary sum of $5,000 in today’s market—not a bad haul for a single fish.

The nation’s most celebrated chefs first began moving away from meat in favor of fish because they were attracted by seafood’s potential for culinary experimentation, and the shift has been abetted by growing access to previously unavailable ingredients. New advances in shipping and preservation are bringing to market such international species as green-lipped mussels, orange roughy, and John Dory, from New Zealand, and opakapaka and costly opah, or moonfish, from Hawaii. These fascinating strangers are scooped from their remote ocean lairs and laded into Boeing wide-bellied jets for rapid transport to American shores. New to the scene, too, is a crop of innovative seafood products resulting from recent experiments in aquaculture, a technique introduced in China in the fourth century B.C. Today, fish farms from Mississippi to California, already doing a big business in catfish, crawfish, and rainbow trout, are beginning to produce cultivated sturgeon, triploid oysters that “r” tasty year-round, and the tropical species tilapia.

In some cases a chef’s creative efforts have had nationwide consequences. Consider, for example, Paul Prudhomme, in New Orleans. In 1980 he sliced a fillet from a local fish called red drum, much pursued by sports fishermen along the Gulf of Mexico. He peppered the flesh with hot spices, seared it to the color of coal tar, and placed this first, historic serving of blackened redfish on a plate. His creation immediately attracted the attention of fans of down-home American cooking; soon blackened redfish was fashionable countrywide.

As a result of the success of this fabled plat du jour, the red drum, previously a fish of local recreational interest, has become an extremely desirable national commodity: between 1980 and mid-1986 the amount sold leaped from 2.7 million to a record 8.3 million pounds in the first half of the year. The federal government has been forced to issue a ban on all commercial harvests of red drum in federal waters in 1987, and researchers are studying the implications for 1988. Prudhomme is unfazed; he’s using fresh tuna instead.

Notable chefs from coast to coast continue to explore seafood in all its extraordinary variety. A new interpretation of haute American cuisine is emerging, based on prime-quality fresh fish, often served rare to preserve its subtleties of flavor and texture. These audacious, always expensive seafood creations have become magnetic attractions in first-rate restaurants.

Perhaps nowhere is the mutiny against the meat-and-potatoes tradition more brilliantly executed than in the kitchen of a young man from Brittany, Gilbert Le
Opakapaka, or Hawaiian pink snapper, in common company. It is gorgeously colored, expensive, and absolutely superb eating.
Coze. In January 1986 he and his sister, Maguy, opened Le Bernardin in New York, the first prominent haute cuisine restaurant in this country to serve nothing but seafood. And what seafood!—fish just caught in American waters, selected by Le Coze before dawn at the Fulton Fish Market.

"When they come here for the first time, I tell them, 'Taste it—I'll pay for it if you don't like it,'" says Le Coze. "I try to give people my passion."

So far, his passion has won many converts. Since its opening, Le Bernardin has beguiled an international following of diners who willingly wait a month for a prized table in a room whose sky-blue walls are adorned with nineteenth-century paint-

ings of fishermen. Seated at last, they are rewarded with an array of specialties that range from slivers of raw pink salmon napped with tomato sauce to lightly poached skate wing to monkfish with morsels of savory cabbage and sea-urchin roe baked in its own shell.

Elsewhere the scenario is similar. "We had to take steak off the menu because no one wanted it. Now it is by request only," says Jean-Georges Vongerichten, chef of the Restaurant Lafayette, in New York's Drake Hotel. Instead, his cosmopolitan clientele is ordering a $50-to-$60-per-person five-course tasting menu, featuring a soup of Long Island monkfish and sea robin, followed by John Dory briefly cooked in butter and French vin de paille. Across the country, at Fullers, in the Seattle Sheraton, the talented Kathy Casey offers such Pacific Coast specialties as thrasher shark and singing scallops (when alive they rustle softly as they move in their shells). In Los Angeles, the trendsetter Wolfgang Puck, of Spago, delights his clientele with choice surprises like grilled Hawaiian bluefin tuna.

The influence of such top-ranking chefs is filtering down to the moderately priced and fast-food eateries. In 1985 the eight largest of these chains sold a combined total of $800 million in seafood products. McDonald's is already the largest single seafood buyer in the United States.

While an expensive dining salon will stress the exotic and rare qualities of the seafood, with a princely price tag to match, restaurants that cater to middle-income diners may serve the same item at one-fourth the price. Red Lobster is the nation's largest seafood "dinner house" chain, with 390 branches in thirty-five states. This mainstream-America eatery offers monkfish for $5.95 a plate at lunch, as well as cusk, catfish, and shark.

What you won't find at Red Lobster, or at most other family-style restaurants, for that matter, is seafood with an ugly name. Lemon sole and Boston scrod are long-standing euphemisms for the humbler realities of winter flounder and small cod. Sea robin sounds more attractive by its French name, grondin; tilefish acquires an inviting glow as golden sea bass; and dolphin (the fish, not the mammal) will distress no one so long as it appears as mahimahi.

Although some consumers are still reluctant to sample anything from the new bouillabaisse, increasing numbers of Americans at all income levels are beginning to reach for their first taste. Take an ornery, mud brown critter like ocean pout,
Another somber still life: part of an opah, a rare and costly Pacific fish weighing about 300 pounds, at rest on a pair of John Dorys.
SAVED BY THE SQUID

for instance. When properly prepared, this tough-skinned bottom fish has a sweet flavor like that of veal. "That means you have to pound and tenderize it first," explains Helen Van Dereck, the owner-chef of Napi's, a casual eatery in Provincetown, Massachusetts, popular for its simple, well-prepared food. As Helen speaks, she works deftly, dipping mounds of the flattened fillets in flour and sesame seeds and then sautéing them quickly in butter for her specialty, ocean pout Taratour. It is just one of several dishes made with little-used species that are on the menu for the eighth annual Trash Fish Banquet.

In 1979 the center held the first "trash" banquet, at the Church of Saint Mary of the Harbor, in Provincetown; its purpose was to promote the use of lesser-known and undervalued fish by means of an ichthyological potluck supper open to the community. From the start the banquet has been a sellout, and this year ticket holders paid their $25 apiece months in advance of the September event.

Different local restaurants play host, and chefs from all over Cape Cod contribute original dishes they have made with trash fish. Tonight's banquet is held at the Lobster Pot, a tourist boîte ordinarily, which is undergoing a sea change for the evening. Waiters rearrange tables buffet style, as covered dishes and heavy wrapped platters continue to arrive. In the kitchen, the host chef Tim McNulty bends over a caldron stirring something he calls trashfish soup, a bubbling concoction of squid, monkfish, sturgeon, and aromatic saffron; its rich, earthy aroma drifts through the plain New England kitchen.

A few hundred yards away from the Lobster Pot, the salt-rutted planks of Provincetown's fish pier dip under the weight of the afternoon catch from the Gale, an eastern rig. Crewed by a captain and one mate, the ship and its daily haul provide the sole livelihood for two families.

John Vasques, captain of the Gale, has a face tanned the color of dark amber. He and his mate have just returned from their third trip of the day—their landing is upwards of 20,000 pounds of spiny dogfish, a small shark. Most of this catch will sell for five cents a pound and be shipped to England for use in fish and chips; although the United States now imports 30 percent of its seafood in order to meet consumer demand, these fishermen still must traffic in the lower prices of the export trade, for there are few local buyers. Vasques shrugs: "If they changed the name to black salmon, people would buy it."

Apparently, there are a few brave souls who would, if given the chance. When the Lobster Pot opens its doors a few hours later, the 150 banquet guests wait eagerly to sample not only the dogfish but an array of other unlovely creatures as well: blackened monkfish tossed with pasta, marinated rockfish, pizza topped with squid.

As for the diners' opinion of what they ate, it varied—from that of the burly driver of a semirigger who stared long and hard and then decided to pass on the oceanpout lasagna, to that of the fragile-looking octogenarian lady who polished off a mound of fried sand dabs and then returned to the serving line for more. Spotting a friend nearby, she advised her encouragingly, "It's like listening to music. You just have to get used to it."
ROUND IS BEAUTIFUL
Shaker is chic. The furniture and decorative objects that these nonconformist folk produced in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries have been sensational scorers in salesrooms and dealers' shops, and even the American Wing at New York's Metropolitan Museum not long ago installed a Shaker interior. Shaker architecture, which is considered not so fine, has drawn less attention—except for one building at the Shaker village in Hancock, Massachusetts.

This is the round cow barn, which has been described as one of the best vernacular farm buildings in America. Built in 1826, an architectural masterpiece without an architect, it originally had a cone-shaped roof, but after a fire in 1864 it was jauntily bonneted with a white wooden lantern and a twelve-sided clerestory.

Most Shaker architecture is wood frame, boxy, severely angular, and mud-fence plain. Totally outside this tradition in every way save that of utility, the barn is a cylindrical structure, made of slender gray stones. It emerges politely and comfortably from the limestone underpinnings of the fertile farmland. Upset but not ruined by a later, unfortunate addition, the door and windows seem unbalanced and randomly placed, bringing to mind, without too far a stretch, the lagoon-side asymmetrical window placement of the Doges' Palace, in Venice.

Cherished picnic site of Herman Melville and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the barn dominates the entire settlement, not by its commanding height but by its appropriation of ground space. Two hundred seventy feet in circumference, with wall widths of up to forty-two inches, the building could hold fifty-two cows all facing the center section, an enormous haymow that was their communal feeding place. Hay wagons coming from the fields went up a ramp to the top of the center feed core, where their loads were emptied and packed down. The interior support system, of chestnut posts, flowers at the clerestory with fan-vaulting patterns of strength, originality, and functional handsomeness.

Subsequently neglected by the few Shakers remaining in the area, the barn and surrounding village were taken over in 1960 by a local group of Shaker buffs. The buildings have been refitted, the furniture brought back, the gardens reconstructed, and the great barn impeccably restored. The entire Shaker area, which is on Route 20 between Albany, New York, and Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is open to the public from Memorial Day to October—a special pleasure in the otherwise often-overpraised Berkshire County.

JAMES DEELY has written a number of articles for this magazine.

This might well be the best-designed barn in the United States

By James Deely
THE LAST GIANTS

By George W. Goodman

For the ingenious invention of the saxophone—the instrument whose song is most like the human voice—a jury at the Belgium Industrial Exhibition of 1841 voted to award Antoine Joseph (Adolphe) Sax with a gold medal. But for some mysterious reason, the panel was overruled by a higher authority and Sax was given a lesser ribbon, of vermeil. Such treatment led the inventor to leave his country to live in Paris—only to encounter opposition there, too, from established instrument makers who feared him as a rival. What is more, the main centers of music, including the Paris Conservatory and the Opera, also refused to endorse the saxophone.

The new horn was thus born under a cloud of misgiving, but its sound was too mesmerizing not to find its place. The composer Paul Hindemith noted that the saxophone showed "a balance of unhindered technique, expressive range, and directness of speech that has its equal only in the modern flute." A host of other composers—among them Bartók, Debussy, Mussorgsky, Copland, and Villa-Lobos—showed their agreement by including saxophone parts in their works. Gioacchino Rossini might have been speaking for a whole host of musicians who came later when he said, "This is the most beautiful kind of sound that I have ever heard."

Beautiful, yes, but its potential seemed unrealized in classical music. Not until the early 1900s in America, with the first stirrings of a new music sprung from blues and ragtime, did we hear the passion and exuberance of the saxophone's voice. Black people from Africa took the serpent-shaped cone with beating reed and used it to make what the sixty-four-year-old Illinois Battiste Jacquet, one of the few remaining giants of the tenor saxophone, calls "sweet and soulful sounds." From this beginning, as a means of expressing feeling, the saxophone was given a role in jazz. "It was the ideal invention for jazz," adds André Hodeir, the French composer, music critic, and authority on jazz. "The trumpet does not have the saxophone's facility for speed, while black American jazz musicians were the first to utilize."

Sam Butrey, a clarinetist in the New Orleans-based Tulane Orchestra, may have been the first black musician to perform publically on the saxophone, but the instrument's golden age did not dawn until after 1917, when the great Sidney Bechet laid aside the "licorice stick" to conjure magic on the soprano sax. His haunting, melancholic intonations inspired a cadre of black musicians to found an American tradition of jazz saxophone and, in doing so, claimed the instrument as their own.

"After Bechet, you had the Big Five: Leon ('Chu') Berry, Carlos Wesley ('Don') Byas, Coleman ('Hawk') Hawkins, Ben ('Sweetpea') Francis Webster, and, of course, Lester ('Prez') Young," went the list of Eddie ('Lockjaw') Davis, the sixty-five-year-old tenorist known to his fans as "Jaws," whom the author interviewed before his death, last year. "As for anybody matching their contribution, you can forget it. They were masters who played everything that's ever been played on the horn."

Each one had his special sound. Take Ben Webster, for instance, that decorated veteran of the Ellington orchestra. He could start by playing a breathy whisper that would swell in warmth and dimension to heartbreaking proportions: you can hear it happen in the recording of Billy Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge." On the album Ben Webster Plays Ballads (Verve Records), Webster's performance will to this day make your spine tingle. Live, that kind of virtuosity must have been even more affecting.

Just as the storytellers of West Africa handed down their history by word of mouth, so did the big five pass along a mnemonic tradition of saxophone mastery, varied in style, rich in content, and as dense in complexity as any literature of music. There is no better way to hear their sweet and soulful sound than from the lips of the disciples who learned from the five masters. Foremost among them are the tenor men Arnett Cleophas Cobb and Illinois Jacquet and the altoist Bennett Lester Carter; until his death, last winter, the list would have included another tenor saxophonist, Eddie ('Jaws') Davis. Though the others are not so well known as Charlie Parker, the enfant terrible of the alto sax, or Dexter Gordon, son of "Prez," whose unique mystique was displayed in Bertrand Ta-

George W. Goodman, a writer in Santa Monica, occasionally plays the saxophone and flute.
First of the geniuses was Sidney Bechet, who performed mainly in Paris on the soprano saxophone. The next generation of masters included Lester ("Prez") Young (inset and below, left) and the iconoclastic Charlie ("Yardbird") Parker, who went his own, independent way.
Illinois Jacquet (left) and Dexter Gordon. Lionel Hampton’s band, 1941.

vernier’s film Round Midnight, Cobb, Jacquet, and Bennett form the last links to the founding fathers of jazz saxophone, black musicians whose sounds are echoes of a golden age.

For me, the ideal setting in which to see them is a smallish jazz room: the world-famous Village Vanguard and the Blue Note, in New York City’s Greenwich Village; Concerts by the Sea and the Vine Street Bar and Grill, in Los Angeles. Though the sound of each musician has been recorded, the mysterious element that inspires their music is best experienced in the heat of creation, when tempos are fast and hard-driving or slow and full of feeling. Then their voices meld in a swirling crosscurrent of rhythms that call to mind the sounds of earlier times, the restless movement of the city before the age of urban terror, the offbeat meters of trains clattering on the rails; sounds that reverberate with the walk and talk of the musicians themselves, their wit, their mood, the savory flavor and gusto of life inside their milieu. Their music has authority, braggadocio, and something blacks in other spheres of American life have found more difficult to express—a collective identity that entitles them to call jazz “our thing.”

As with the Big Five, the disciples discovered how the saxophone’s range of sonorities could be shaped to make a signature as personal as the human voice. The single note, extracted from the torrent and sustained long enough for a stretching into shapes so vivid as to become nearly visible, bears the unmistakable mark of Eddie Davis, once a star in the Count Basie orchestra and until recently a coleader of groups with the trumpeter Harry (“Sweets”) Edison or the saxophonist Johnny Griffin.

Unlike most of his mentors, who were products of the Southwest, Davis was a New Yorker and largely self-taught.

His career began auspiciously with an invitation from Charles (“Cootie”) Williams, the renowned ex-Ellington trumpeter, whom he joined at Clarke Monroe’s Uptown House, in Harlem, only eight months after first picking up the horn—his second choice of instrument.

“The time was the early 1940s; I was a teenager,” Jaws Davis told this interviewer. “Clyde, my oldest brother, was... Eddie (“Lockjaw”) Davis, taking a break in Paris, 1982.
the bartender at the Club Savoy. I used to go there to see the bands of Chick Webb, Willie Bryant, Erskin Hawkins, and 'Doc' Wheeler with the Sunset Royals. There was Andy Kirk and Lucky Millinder and a dance floor filled with lovely women. But whenever the saxophone and drum solos began, all the women crowded around the bandstand. I didn't want to be packing drums up after the hall emptied, so the saxophone was for me.

"I was not original. I borrowed from others the same way all saxophonists did, including Charlie Parker, who was a genius." Through borrowing, the music was handed down from master to novice at the playing session, the crucible where all jazzmen submitted equally to the merciless ordeal of trial by fire, where, as Jaws put it, "if you didn't have your stuff together, you'd be shouted down or laughed out of town."

"You learned what to do on
the bandstand when you weren't blowing: how to stand, how to hold the horn—\(^{1}\) with authority, not like a basket of eggs. That's at least 25 percent of what it takes to play," explained Davis, who played with each of the early masters except Leon ("Chu") Berry, who died young in a car crash.

Don Byas. Now, there was a difficult character," he said of the Oklahoma-born tenor man, who was once featured with the singer-actress Ethel Waters. "Don was the only musician I ever knew who could brag. 'Any tune, any tempo, any key,' " in ritual combat called "cutting heads," —encounters reminiscent of frontier duels—Davis remembered Byas as winning. "Always on the lookout for a victim, he would distribute his card to bartenders, who were instructed to call whenever a talented newcomer arrived on the New York scene. He would do anything just to get you on the bandstand. Sometimes he complained of an upset stomach and would ask you to stand in for him. Then, before you played a note, he'd suddenly appear beside you, playing through your song, in all the keys, turning you every way but loose. I was cocky at first, but Byas and the others gave me such a dressing, beating on me, I had to admit I was just not in their league. But instead of turning aggressive, I was humbled. With their encouragement I began to learn."

Arnett Cleophus Cobb, now sixty-eight, portrayed by the New York Post writer Richard Sudhalter as "one of the guttiest, hottest, and most durable of the blues-drenched, heavy-breathing tenor men to come out of Texas before World War II," has a gentler view of his two illustrious mentors. "When I got to New York, I lived in the Woodside Hotel, in Harlem [immortalized in the Count Basie recording "Jumpin' at the Woodside"] Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins were my idols, and they would play, like I'm talking to people, keeping it simple with feeling and soul. We black Americans lived some hard times, and the saxophonist is telling you what he's been through."

A bare of a man and a formidable balladeer, Cobb is most praised for his renditions of the standards, such as the imperishable "Sweet Georgia Brown." He gives such songs a gently rocking treatment to showcase best his relaxed, loose-jointed playing style and a voice he can texture at will to make it harsh and gruff or gentle and softly tinged with vibrato. Cobb remembers that his first run-in with Ben Webster occurred in 1940, when, working for the Milt Larkin band, he traveled to Los Angeles. "After a night of performing we would meet members of Duke's band, in which Ben was a star, at the Casa Mañana, an after-hours spot in central Los Angeles, the black part of town. We would play from two A.M.
daybreak. It was at one of those sessions Ben told me I was nervous to come up against him. I was nervous but, lucky for me, the tune he called was ‘Blue Lu,’ one of my favorites. I played well, and he liked me. We were dear friends after that until the day he died. We had little money but lots of time to play music.

Now living in Houston, his birthplace, Cobb still works with Larkin and sometimes leads his own group, appearing in the United States and abroad, usually at summer jazz festivals.

Jacquet also plays at festivals and works year-round, mostly in New York City, frequently at the West End Cafe, on the Upper West Side. Before he was replaced by Cobb as tenor soloist in the steamrolling big band of Lionel Hampton in 1942, Jacquet drew wide attention for hard-blowing solos, glibly rendered in a rollicking mood. He remembers playing at a dance concert where spirits were high and “blowing his top”—a sequence of high-pitched squeals that embellished a feverish version of “Flying Home.” A gaggle of less gifted imitators followed fast, and a cliché was born that riddled rhythm-and-blues and rock-and-roll shows of the 1950s, turning up in bands as diverse as those of “Bullmoose” Jackson and Bill Haley and the Comets.

Born into a family of vaudevillians in Broussard, Louisiana, Jacquet might have been a dancer had he not started playing soprano saxophone while still a teenager enrolled at Phillips Wheatley High School. “I was a youngster in Houston, striving for the Texas sound of men like Herschel Evans, who played with Troy Floyd and Arnett Cobb. Buddy Tate is another voice from that school. In the days when there were no microphones, they had to blow powerfully to cut through the brass horns in the band. They had to be shouting, hitting high G’s. Blowing high notes on the sax was so easy when compared to the trumpet, so, like all young saxophone players, I was tricked into thinking it wouldn’t take much to master. Ten years later I understand what kind of challenge I had gotten into, just trying to control my tone, but then it was too late.”

Benny Carter, a New Yorker, studied theology at Wilberforce University, in Ohio, before becoming a professional musician. He found playing the saxophone easier than his initial experiments with trumpet. A man of exacting taste whose bookings keep him circling the globe, Carter was praised by the critic Leonard Feather for his “superb tone and flawless technique.” His career began in the early 1920s, just as the sax masters were defining their styles. Interestingly, he borrowed less from them than his peers did, choosing instead to play with a sweet, glibly timbre that is closer to the “legitimate” classical approach.

“Coleman Hawkins came from St. Joseph, Missouri,” he recalls. “And after him, there was the generation of Texans—Arnett, Illinois, and Buddy Tate, all widely imitated for their romping styles. Everybody showed the influence of black singers, whose melodramatic side can’t be duplicated as well on other instruments—the piano, for instance. Blacks were the trailblazers, but I grew up listening more to Frankie Trumbauer, a white player who was not a jazz musician. Trumbauer was also cited as an influence by Lester Young. But it’s true that blacks were the trailblazers of the saxophone.

“Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, and most of the other white players came to Harlem, where there was always jazz. They came to listen and to sit in because we could not go downtown to play with them.” By the late 1930s, Carter, who intermittently led his own bands, was working as staff arranger for the BBC dance radio orchestra, in London, and occasionally appearing with interracial groups throughout Europe and Scandinavia. After 1942, he settled in Los Angeles, where he wrote for movies and television, “including lots of saxophone parts you always expect to accompanying that shifty blonde.”

“Maybe I should be concerned that our tradition is passing. Maybe I am and don’t want to admit it. I think about what the bassist George David, an old-timer and one of my best friends, told me just before he died. ‘Benny,’ he said, ‘the music is still out there, but all the voices are gone.’ Young magicians of today seem more intrigued with guitar. With it you can learn three chords and become an overnight sensation, maybe even a millionaire.”

Anyone who wants to hear the voice of the saxophone at its finest should watch the papers to see if Jacquet, Cobb, or Carter is coming to town. There is not much time left. Carter is seventy-nine; the other two, in their sixties. They still perform regularly. They share an elan and something more than the language of jazz, whose bent notes and portamenti defy traditional notation or scoring. Catch these giants if you can.
ONE MAN'S EDEN
Jack Lenor Larsen slowly weaves a magic garden

By Walter McQuade
Photographs by Len Jenshel

In the lobby of New York's Avery Fisher Hall, where a concert played by the New York Philharmonic orchestra had just ended, a formal reception was in full swing. Through the crowd, in black tie, drifted America's most renowned textile designer, greeting acquaintances. He is a firmly built man of sixty, with a Scandinavian cast to his strong features, an animated air, and a cigarette usually in his hand. He gleams with good nature, although the eyes, beneath expressive brows, remain searching.

As he moved through the crowd he felt a hand on his arm. "You're Jack Lenor Larsen, aren't you?" asked a well-dressed woman. "I've sat on you, draped with you, worn you, and slept on you. And here you are!"

Larsen laughed, for the woman was barely exaggerating. In his thirty-seven years designing fabrics, Jack Larsen has achieved professional fame and fortune. "My boyhood fantasy was never to work, and it came true. I've only been playing very hard. I was not such a happy child, but I'm a very happy adult."

He is at his happiest, however, not at receptions or openings of museum retrospectives of his work, or even contemplating the financial success of his company, which in a very competitive business grossed $20 million last year and is geared up to top $40 million within the next five. Jack Larsen likes nothing in the world better than those hours when, in old clothes, he is clearing brush and telling trees to extend the garden he has been creating for these past twenty years or more at his country place in East Hampton, Long Island. "This garden is my chief art form, and I plan to leave it to the town of East Hampton as a public garden," he says. "I must admit, it sometimes bothers me that I think of it more than of my weaving."

The work from Larsen's looms is famous for its textures: nubby, random-weave upholstery fabrics, bold and grainy batiks, springy mohairs, rugs of tufted leather, sensuous velours and velvets, airy cotton hangings that never go limp, the finest and most fervent of printed Thai silks.

In his country garden, Larsen has widened his range to work with nature's textiles. "Most of my fabric clients spend most of their lives in cities," he says, "in rooms that are still. But in the outdoors there is movement; leaves stir; the light changes."
Beneath the fern-leaved beech, with its brilliant golden foliage, are buried the ashes of Jack Lenor Larsen's father.

Born in Seattle, Jack Lenor Larsen studied architecture at the University of Washington and then got a master of fine arts degree at Cranbrook Academy of Art, in Michigan. Larsen's tools were a loom and his phenomenal creative and commercial energy. He moved to New York in 1951 with thirty-nine crates of equipment and started his company, backed by friends with small investments. "They figured Jack needs the money more than the Red Cross does." He smiles.

Success came quickly in the postwar boom. In 1953, he bought a hand-weaving plant in Manhattan and over the ensuing years searched out craft subcontractors as far away as Kenya and South Korea, Haiti, Mexico, Colombia, and Morocco, both to keep up with orders and to produce new textiles for the American market. His distribution network also grew. By the late 1960s there were fifteen showrooms in the United States. Larsen became a constant traveler, patrolling outposts, a master of jet lag.

Jack Larsen began his garden in 1962 by buying eleven and a half acres of second-growth woodland two miles from the sea. "The fact that the landscape there isn't spectacular," he says, "was part of its appeal: the flatness and drabness. A spectacular landscape you just want to protect. You don't want to change it." So, the garden was conceived as a secluded, inward-looking bower.

He already knew what kind of living quarters he wanted. A journey through Africa to look at architecture had introduced him to the kraals of the Transvaal, compounds consisting of round houses with conical roofs, stuccoed with mud. With the help of the architect Robert Rosenberg and, later, Charles Forberg, he built his own kraal: three round buildings, all topped with wood-shingled cones. The largest was the residence, forty feet in diameter; the others were a guesthouse and a studio. With floors of bluestone, slate, and terra-cotta, stuccoed walls, and six wood-burning stoves, they constituted the most luxurious of kraals. He hung no paintings on the walls, decorating his homes with rare and

"It bothers me that I think of the garden more than of my weaving."
beautiful objects that he accumulated during his travels.

His next step was the sort of thing Larsen relishes. What he likes best about working the land, he says, is "pruning, clearing, making enormous brush piles, raking. You see the effects quickly. It is like being a sculptor." He cut down trees and broke up dense tangles of catbrier, poison ivy, and wild grapevines, opening passageways to new prospects. He also did his share of what he considers less entertaining work, since the results are not immediate: seeding, bulb planting, introducing exotic plantings. Slowly a garden began to emerge around his kraal. Today it is still emerging, although a casual visitor, lulled by the tranquil perfection, might not guess it.

Larsen's garden is approached by a white-gravel driveway winding through the woods. Near the house, the road enters a bamboo thicket. Here the visitor leaves his car and heads for the main building, along a narrow path through a sea of glossy ivy. Plantings are pruned beautifully—dogwood, viburnum, pollarded sycamores, ginkgos.

After passing through the iconoclastic house, one emerges on a terrace facing a croquet lawn. Beyond it lies a lotus pond with a tall water jet. To the left, a path runs past the pond to an old-fashioned folly, a circle of columns without a roof. Here Larsen and his guests drink their after-dinner coffee around a wood fire. Deeper in the woods, he has created a dozen outdoor eating places. "Being outdoors here every minute possible is very important to me," he says. "Guests who like sitting indoors don't get invited back. It's immoral. They're the same people who like to just sit and kill time." He laughs. "That's even more immoral."

Back on the lawn, set with big English croquet wickets, grows one of his rarest and most precious trees, a fern-leaved beech, standing alone. Beneath it are buried the ashes of Larsen's father. Beyond the lawn are a round swimming pool and a dining terrace. In the years Larsen has been grooming the woods surrounding his
kraal, a few trees—a beech here, a pine there—have been left growing in the cleared spaces, free to spread and grow tall.

Larsen came across some of the plants growing in his garden during his travels—the bamboo, for instance. Most bamboo cannot endure the cold Long Island winters, but Larsen planted a subarctic Korean variety, available through a number of nurseries in the United States, that does. Also from Korea come dogwoods that are unaffected by the disease that is destroying most of the native American varieties—though so far his own native dogwoods are holding their own.

Flowering plants grow in profusion. Although Larsen has only one full-time gardener, he has managed to put in more than 40,000 narcissus bulbs. Channels of water run from another pond toward the central house; the glistening and sound of water are never far away.

Both the garden and the house constantly evolve and change. The main building has been enlarged by the addition of a conservatory. Ten years ago, at the suggestion of his friend the landscape architect Robert Zion, Larsen cleared a vista through the woods to a meadow. “We took out a hundred trees,” Larsen says, “and marked another hundred fifty to cut down later.” The hurricane Gloria toppled one hundred fifty trees in 1985, but only four of them were among the ones Larsen had marked.

The next development in Larsen’s garden will add scale to it. He has been studying the works of Lancelot (“Capability”) Brown, who in the eighteenth century designed sweeping landscapes for English country houses, apparently natural but in reality the result of drastic intervention with nature, creating hills, lakes, and woods where none had existed. Brown earned his nickname by his frequent observation that a landscape had a “capability” for improvement. Larsen has expanded his acreage to practice this heroic art form. He is planning to build a new house on sixteen of these acres—“neomodernist” and 150 feet long.

In his occasional pensive moments, Larsen sometimes speculates as to what all this gardening really signifies. “It may have something to do with my never having had children,” he says, “or even many pets. I’m always bringing presents back for the garden, as if it were a child. Children are always doing unexplainable
things. You can't guess what they're going to do next. Like gardens. It's the challenge of the unpredictable and the growth exponent." He pauses. "Probably the real reason I created my business was to have a family centered on me. I guess you could call it the Little King Syndrome."

Besides seeing to his business and his garden and maintaining hundreds of friendships, Larsen has just published his seventh book about textiles, Interlacing: The Elemental Fabric (Kodansha). He is president of the American Craft Council, virtually a full-time job, continues a long commitment to the Haystack School, in Maine, and is working with several museums on major displays. He lectures and teaches as well.

Not on weekends, however. They almost always take him to East Hampton, winter or summer. "I travel a lot," he admits, "but coming home is the best part. I will fly from all over the world to get there by Friday night."

Last fall, Larsen was having lunch with two friends on one of his terraces in East Hampton. Ever the urbane bohemian, he was wearing a richly woven sweater, a sleek silk ascot, and beret. Summer was fading gently into autumn. A light breeze from the north stirred the foliage; the pods of wisteria swung slightly on their vines. One of the friends asked, "Isn't there something almost religious about the intent of this lovely place?"

Larsen first answered, "No, it is simply my diversion." But then he went on, "In Brideshead Revisited, Simon, at forty-five, much to his surprise, found he was doing everything he did in his youth, but without the sense of languor. I'm more and more aware of time. Perhaps it is part of the religion of living well, of making the most of the days we have."

Then he changed the subject. "How about a game of croquet?" They played twice and Jack Larsen won both times handily.

"Being out-of-doors every possible minute is to me important."

Walter McQuade is a contributing editor of this magazine.
Now you can visit, browse and shop Britain's fabled antique stores and auction rooms through the pages of a unique magazine.

THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR

invites you to take twelve monthly visits to Britain, homeland of antiques...without ever stepping out of doors!

Best of all, this trip will not put a dent in your budget. The cost? A little more than 8¢ a day:

One year (12 issues) of THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR for only $29.95

Rare Watches
Victorian Jewelry
Antique Kitchenware
Dining Tables
French Carriage Clocks
Irish Silver
Oriental Rugs

Chinese Porcelain
Feather Fans
Stained Glass
Royal Worcester
Islamic Art
1930s Motor Cars
Silver Candlesticks

And much, much more - a typical issue gives you unique information on furniture, porcelain, paintings, silver and a host of collectable antiques.

Experts share their knowledge, showing you the secrets of the fine collections and helping you to recognise quality and value for yourself. We even tell you the current prices of selected antiques, explain the special characteristics that give them interest and value, and tell you the name, address and telephone number of the dealer, in case you wish to make further enquiries or purchase directly. No other antique magazine published today offers you such service.

Act now and save $18.05 from the newsstand cost. Just fill in the order form and mail it today.

Your first copy will be on its way to you in six to twelve weeks. Watch for it!

Mail to:
The Antique Collector,
Room 1117, 250 West 55th Street,
New York, NY 10019.

Yes!
☐ Please send me one year of THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR for only $29.95
☐ cheque enclosed
OR
☐ Please debit my Mastercard/American Express/Visa/Diners Club (delete as applicable)

Name (please print).

Address

Zip code. Daytime telephone

CONT 2
Collectors of vintage aircraft may be few in number, but the strength of their feeling for these historic machines is immense. Since 1975, the market has shot up by at least 500 percent, though prices for the more glamorous planes may soon level off. Spitfires and Mustang P-51s in operational condition sell for between $300,000 and $600,000, and even the great World War II bombers, such as the Flying Fortress and the Lancaster, would fetch $600,000. The recent surge of interest was long overdue. As recently as in 1980, planes like the Grumman Hellcat and the Curtiss P-40 could be had for $100,000. The proper value of these pieces of history was sure to be recognized before long.

For centuries, men dreamed of flying, and then suddenly it happened. Wilbur and Orville Wright made the first sustained and controlled flights in an airplane on December 17, 1903. Five years later, Wilbur had covered forty-one miles, and by 1927, Lindbergh had notched up 3,609 miles across the Atlantic. Since then, aviation science and prices have both accelerated fast; few amateur pilots have been able to afford to fly the most exciting planes of their day. Thousands now enjoy the great thrill of flying by settling for a small Cessna or some other sardine can. Meanwhile, many serious air butts goes for the planes that are milestones in aviation history, especially the combat planes that became famous in both world wars.

Of all twentieth-century acts of war, one that retained some sense of fair play was the aerial dogfight between air force pilots in both wars. In the early days of World War I, German and Allied pilots waved to one another when they met on reconnaissance flights. Their planes were capable of around eighty mph and the engines susceptible to cutting out without warning. United by a common sense of danger, they grew to feel a mutual respect that carried on long after the waving stopped.

The military value of an airplane was at first confined to the spotting of troop concentrations for reconnaissance purposes. But after experiments in the United States showed that small bombs and grenades could be dropped from planes, the Italians used this tactic with some success in their war against Libya in 1911-12.

It was not long before Allied and German pilots took pistols and rifles on their missions. Machine guns and shell guns quickly followed, and the cult of the ace fighter pilot was born. In both world wars, supremacy in the air went to the side with the best aircraft, but the advantage shifted continually and the extraordinary flying skills the pilots developed often made up for inferior machines.

A Sopwith Camel—Britain's finest World War I fighter plane—can now be bought for $250,000. It was a quirky biplane of legendary maneuverability, but it had faults that pilots learned to live with. To make a right turn, for instance, it was quicker, thanks to the plane's torque reaction, to make a left through 270° than the simple 90° to the right. Its 130 hp Clerget rotary engine was an unforgiving brute, liable to stall at the critical phase of takeoff and to flood soon afterward if the switch to a leaner fuel mix was not made immediately. Still, its two Vickers machine guns, synchronized to fire between the twin blades of the propeller, downed well over a thousand enemy aircraft.

All World War I planes are important in aviation history, some having a special nostalgic value. In monetary terms, however, they are cheap compared to later combat aircraft, mainly because they lack the power and excitement of the next generation. Most rotary-engined World War I
Cocaine lies.

After nearly a decade of being America's glamour drug, researchers are starting to uncover the truth about cocaine. It's emerging as a very dangerous substance. No one thinks the things described here will ever happen to them. But you can never be certain. Whenever and however you use cocaine, you're playing Russian roulette.

You can't get addicted to cocaine.

Cocaine was once thought to be non-addictive, because users don't have the severe physical withdrawal symptoms of heroin—delirium, muscle-cramps, and convulsions. However, cocaine is intensely addicting psychologically.

In animal studies, monkeys with unlimited access to cocaine self-administer until they die. One monkey pressed a bar 12,800 times to obtain a single dose of cocaine. Rhesus monkeys won't smoke tobacco or marijuana, but 100% will smoke cocaine, preferring it to sex and to food—even when starving. Like monkey, like man.

If you take cocaine, you run a 10% chance of addiction. The risk is higher the younger you are, and may be as high as 50% for those who smoke cocaine. (Some crack users say they felt addicted from the first time they smoked.)

When you're addicted, all you think about is getting and using cocaine. Family, friends, job, home, possessions, and health become unimportant. Because cocaine is expensive, you end up doing what all addicts do. You steal, cheat, lie, deal, sell anything and everything, including yourself. All the while you risk imprisonment. Because, never forget, cocaine is illegal.

There's no way to tell who'll become addicted. But one thing is certain. No one who is an addict, set out to become one.

C'mon, just once can't hurt you.

Cocaine hits your heart before it hits your head. Your pulse rate rockets and your blood pressure soars. Even if you're only 15, you become a prime candidate for a heart attack, a stroke, or an epileptic-type fit.

In the brain, cocaine mainly affects a primitive part where the emotions are seated. Unfortunately, this part of the brain also controls your heart and lungs. A big hit or a cumulative overdose may interrupt the electrical signal to your heart and lungs. They simply stop.

That's how basketball player Len Bias died.

If you're unlucky the first time you do coke, your body will lack a chemical that breaks down the drug. In which case, you'll be a first time O.D. Two lines will kill you.

Sex with coke is amazing.

Cocaine's powers as a sexual stimulant have never been proved or disproved. However, the evidence seems to suggest that the drug's reputation alone serves to heighten sexual feelings. (The same thing happens in Africa, where natives swear by powdered rhinoceros horn as an aphrodisiac.)

What is certain is that continued use of cocaine leads to impotence and finally complete loss of interest in sex.

It'll make you feel great.

Cocaine makes you feel like a new man, the joke goes. The only trouble is, the first thing the new man wants is more cocaine.

It's true. After the high wears off, you may feel a little anxious, irritable, or depressed. You've got the coke blues. But fortunately, they're easy to fix, with a few more lines or another hit on the pipe.

Of course, sooner or later you have to stop. Then—for days at a time—you may feel lethargic, depressed, even suicidal.

Says Dr. Arnold Washton, one of the country's leading cocaine experts: "It's impossible for the nonuser to imagine the deep, vicious depression that a cocaine addict suffers from."

Partnership for a Drug-Free America
Among the successful pilots, it was the Sopwith Camel, a single-seat fighter-strafing machine, which the British ace Edward Mannock scored most of his seventy-three victories.

The air-speed record rose quickly between the wars. Two hundred mph was achieved in 1920; by 1939 the record, held by a Messerschmitt, was just under 470 mph. The race to re-arm also gathered pace in the 1930s, and prototypes of the Spitfire, Messerschmitt, and Focke-Wulf were in the air. The first Spitfire was flying in 1936; 350 were in service by 1940 and the Battle of Britain. World War II demonstrated that although fighting planes could not win a war, they could lose one. Had the German Luftwaffe not been repulsed in 1940, the course of history would certainly have been changed. German mastery of the air over Britain would have been assured, and a successful invasion must surely have followed.

When new, in 1940, a Spitfire cost $10,000; today, a Mk. I in good condition, with a documented Battle of Britain record, could fetch $1 million. Of the 20,000 Spitfires made, 75 are believed to be flying still; others are being built from scratch out of newly made parts.

The pleasure air buffs get from these machines is beyond price. Robert Brooks, the aviation expert at Christie's London, finds the deep rumble of the Spitfire's Rolls-Royce Merlin engine a far sweeter sound than anything Tchaikovsky wrote.

In Britain, a political row in Germany delayed the fitting of the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine. Had the plane been flying in 1940, the Battle of Britain would very likely have ended in a German victory. A good Focke-Wulf is worth over half a million dollars today.

As the Smithsonian Institution's Silver Hill airfield, a German delegation was recently shown a Focke-Wulf 190 restored down to the last rivet. Among the visitors was a wartime pilot whose eyes filled with tears as he sat in the cockpit. Other remarkable restoration projects are under way at Silver Hill, where the national collection attracts 50,000 visitors a year, under a reservations-only system.

Equally important is the Experimental Aircraft Association, whose collection of 200 vintage aircraft can be seen at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Founded thirty-four years ago by Paul Poberezny, a wartime USAF pilot, the association runs an annual convention, which last year attracted over a million visitors from sixty-six countries to see 20,000 planes.

At the Confederate Air Force base at Harlingen, Texas, 90 of its 145 vintage planes are flying, and the curator John Alger plans to have the rest up there in time. CAF takes planes to air shows all over the United States, and their flying
This beautiful furniture can be used practically anywhere! The two 33” h. × 20½” dia. chairs and 17” h. × 20½” dia. table are perfect for patio, breakfast area, bedroom or anyplace a casual furniture grouping is called for. Constructed of heavy-duty molded plastic, this Indoor/Outdoor Furniture Set has the look of natural wicker. It's rugged, durable and easily cleaned, yet very attractive. The off-white coloring and elegant styling complement just about any decor. The chairs come with comfortable yellow and white striped seat cushions and the table has a tempered glass top. The whole set is weather resistant, so it's ideal for outdoor use for part or all of the year. Easily assembled, this multi-purpose furniture comes complete with hardware and instructions. And best of all, the Indoor/Outdoor Furniture Set is just $119.95 plus $10.00 for shipping, handling and insurance (total, $129.95 each set).
A catalogue so exclusive even Bloomingdale's doesn't carry it.

It has all the high-impact fashion we're famous for but you won't find this catalogue in Bloomingdale's.

To get a full year of fashion catalogues just mail this coupon with $3 to:

Bloomingdale's By Mail
1150 3rd Avenue, New York City 69
P.O. Box 448, Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746

Mail this coupon with $3 to:

Bloomingdale's By Mail, Dept 69
P.O. Box 448, Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746

name ____________
address ____________

A Messerschmitt: by 1939, it held the record for speed, at just under 470 mph.

Displays are seen by millions of people.

With this ground swell of interest, it is hardly surprising that prices are on the move. Ten years ago, the parts for that great USAF classic the Mustang P-51 could be bought for $10,000; today they are $100,000, while an operational machine can cost upwards of $200,000. From purchased for the same sum of money.

Today's buyers are mostly men who were involved in wartime flying or had a father or a close relative who was. Maybe their fathers were on a Catch-22-type bombing mission from Pianola to the Italian mainland, or maybe they took off from a British airfield in a P-51 that escorted the squadrons of Flying Fortresses on their bombing missions deep inside German territory. It is an irony that those engines of death remain romantically present in people's minds as something desirable. Just as a cavalry charge, whatever its consequences, had the power to move and excite our forebears, so a squadron of Flying Fortresses in World War II on a mission that might hasten the end of that war was an awesome sight.

Even though prices may be up 500 per-

THE RUMBLE OF A SPITFIRE'S ENGINE EVO kes NOSTALGIA.

1942, the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine was made under license by Packard in the United States and fitted into the Mustang.

A succession of models using different engines was made right into the 1970s. Until recently, some were used as frontline defense by certain Central American governments. Because more Mustangs than Spitfires remain in circulation, they are some 50 percent cheaper.

Today's collectors of vintage airplanes are not conscious or deliberate investors. Kermit Weeks, a thirty-two-year-old Texas oil tycoon, is a keen pilot and puts most of his planes through their paces every month. Charles Church, a British property developer, on the other hand, is more active as a buyer than as a flyer. He recently bought a Lancaster bomber for $600,000 to add to a collection that already includes seven Spitfires. In 1975, the Lancaster would probably have cost him $20,000, and most of the Spitfires could have been

One-A Focke-Wulf: the plane that might have changed the course of a war.
cent or more since 1975, most of the gains buyers have made on paper have been eaten up by running costs. It is unlikely that running a private plane will ever be cheap, or that operating a vintage airplane will be anything but expensive. Taking into account fuel, servicing, insurance, engine rebuilds, and such, a Spitfire or Mustang costs around $1,500 an hour to fly.

**ENGINES MUST BE REBUILT EVERY 1,000 HOURS.**

A Lancaster or Flying Fortress needs a minimum crew of three, with running costs estimated at $6,000 an hour. In theory, you can buy even-more-modern fighters, but running costs escalate alarmingly. A Hawker Hunter, for example, requires in addition to the crew a full-time air-frame engineer. And there can be no skimping on maintenance. Whereas an automobile may legally be run with a worn engine, planes may not be flown without a permit to fly that must be renewed every year. This is no mere formality. Most aircraft engines have to be rebuilt about every thousand hours, to protect both the pilot and the public. The chances that these "old crates" (as many people regard them) seen flying at air shows will complete the trip in one piece are not even but as good as if they were brand-new, for the pilot may well be flying an engine in better shape than that in a gleaming modern plane.

The market spotlight is so firmly focused on Fockes, Heinkels, Mustangs, and other star planes of World War II that bargains are available among prewar aircraft. Market men consider that best value today lies in the trainers and fighter-trainers of the 1930s. The names to go for include Stampe, Bücker Jungmann, Waco, Travel-Air, and Harvard. At around $50,000, these provide power and speed up to 250 mph and are capable of aerobatics.

Any number of films have set out to glamorize both world wars. Broadly speaking, the nearer they get to the truth, the less alluring war seems. The *Blue Max* was a romantic film that told of the German ace Baron Manfred von Richthofen's eighty victories in World War I, but it was not all that far from reality. The war planes the Allied and German rivals flew in that war were the first among those classics whose historical and nostalgic appeal grows stronger with time. \[\]

Christie's will hold an auction of vintage airplanes on July 20 at Bournemouth, England.

---

**SOOTHEBY'S INTERNATIONAL REALTY**

**THE MOUNT JULIET ESTATE**

Co. Kilkenny, Ireland

One of the most beautiful estates and stud farms in Europe with over 1,400 acres. Home of the noted Balhinch Stud; outstanding fishing and shooting. Approximately 85 miles from Dublin and Cork. For sale as a whole or in 3 lots, closing date for bids 28th August 1987. Color brochure available.

Exclusive Affiliate

CHRISTOPHER STEPHENSON INTERNATIONAL LTD.

in association with Knight Frank & Rutley

Telephone: (011) 44 839 654 Telex: 58649 CSI G

1334 York Avenue, New York, NY 10021. 212/606-7070

---

**OWN A PIECE OF HISTORY**

U.S. Army appointment
signed by LINCOLN

Shhh...

Jack Lemore Larsen's
Round House
(on 10 acres of
magnificent landscaping
with 2 ponds
in East Hampton, NY)

is for sale

($2,500,000)

Talk to

Tina

Tina S. Frederick, Realty

516 424-4418

We deal in historic letters and documents signed by the most famous and influential people who ever lived. World Leaders, Scientists, Artists, Musicians, and many other categories are represented in our latest offering. Hang an original piece of history on your wall.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE TODAY

Please include phone number and individuals or areas of interest.

American Historical Guild

130 Circle Drive, Suite 200
Roslyn Heights, N.Y. 11577

(516) 621-3051
The new BMW L6 luxury sports coupe is designed to induce a most pleasing form of selective amnesia in anyone who enters it. It enables you to temporarily forget that this is less than a perfect world.

Because in a perfect world, for example, attention to detail and reverence for craftsmanship are paramount virtues. And in the L6, it takes 100 artisans over 150 hours just to hand-sew the supple, all-leather interior.

In a perfect world, intelligent, functional design is the norm. And in the L6, the driver sits behind a curved, biomechanically-engineered instrument panel, with all vital controls and gauges within easy reach and view.

In fact, the L6 is a refinement of a car that Road & Track likened to "stepping into the next century. Everything is high-tech, ergonomic, reflecting, purposeful. And ready to be turned loose."
BUZZ OVER INEY
MANTIC AFRICA
AND AT LAST!
ART DECO
MASTERPIECE
GETTY'S
BACK SHEEP
WORLD'S OLDEST
PESTRY
COLLECTOR'S EDITION – 19TH CENTURY BY BAKER. This collection offers furniture design which has its roots deeply embedded in the history of heroic civilizations. Based upon 19th Century styles from the continent and England, designs for living and dining are classic in form and materials. Embellishments of gilded carvings, brass animal forms and rare woods characterize this furniture and demonstrate the skill of Baker's American craftsmen.

Baker's "Collector's Edition — 19th Century Furniture" is available through many fine furniture and department stores. You are invited to write for their names and you may send $7.50 for a catalogue to Baker Furniture, Dept. 488, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Showrooms in: Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy and Washington D.C.
Fine Famille Verte Porcelain Ginger Jar
with original cover.
Of the Kangxi (K'ang Hsi) Period, A.D. 1662–1722
Height: 9 3/4 inches

Fine Pair of Famille Verte Porcelain Plates,
Of the Kangxi (K'ang Hsi) Period, A.D. 1662–1722
Diameters: 8 1/2 inches

Ralph M. Chait Galleries
ESTABLISHED 1910
WORKS OF ART • CHINESE ART
12 East 56th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • Tel: 212-758-0937 • Cables: 'RALIMA' New York
MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ANTIQUE AND ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.
WHITE LINEN
THE ROLEX TRIDOR

Presenting two exquisite chronometers in the Rolex Crown Collection, the men’s and ladies’ Rolex Tridor. Both feature the new Rolex Tridor bracelet, a fusion of white, pink and yellow 18 karat gold, the perfect complement to an 18 karat white gold case. The Lady Datejust® on left is set with 36 sparkling brilliants, while the man’s Day Date® features the Pleiade dial with brilliant markers and an 18 karat gold fluted bezel. Each beautifully exemplifies the essence of the watchmaker’s art.

Only at your Official Rolex Jeweler.
COVER  Photograph by Grant Peterson

15  CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD  The truth vs. the image makers; is photography an art?; two hot stage directors; pride of Houston

30  AUCTIONS  Our annual awards

34  THE LIVELY ARTS  One virtuoso's experience with the two great violinists

41  SWEET ON HONEY  No wonder it has captivated the world, by Alan Davidson

46  A SENSUALIST AT HEART  The photographer Josef Breitenbach's surprising legacy, by Vicki Goldberg

52  SWAN'S WAY  Nobody makes sailboats like Nautor, by Walter McQuade

58  THE "OASIS" SCREEN  Long thought lost, a masterpiece of art deco comes to light, by Alastair Duncan

62  THE ROMANTIC HOTELS OF AFRICA  Five extraordinary and diverse places where you will feel an atavistic tingle, by John Heminway

70  PIECES OF THE MYSTERY  The tapestry was clearly ancient. What did it mean?

72  "IT WAS BIGGER THAN THEY THOUGHT"  At first, the Getty Museum's ousted curator refused to talk, by Thomas Hoving and Geraldine Norman

82  OF VENICE AND VELVET  The secrets behind a line of richly glimmering textiles, by Charles Bricker

88  BLANK BEAUTY  An understated, but lavish, vacation house, by Philip Herrera

94  KINGS OF THE VALLEY  To the Jaboulet family, which has so greatly improved Rhône wines—sante!, by Frank Ward

98  OUTDOOR CLASSICS  Furniture in a fine Yankee tradition

100  UPSTAGING BROADWAY  How the La Jolla Playhouse does it, by Don Shewey

106  INVESTOR'S FILE  The Futurists

116  UP & COMING  An undersea hotel; a Russian prodigy; a turkey "yelper"

120  TRAVELINE  If it's small, new, and intimate, it's "in"
We could fill this space with an embellished description of our Sung Jade Rhyton. The fact that it's now a part of the Ashkenazie Collection prequalifies it as a rare Oriental masterpiece. To discuss the subject further seems unnecessary. Ashkenazie & Co., San Francisco.
Why quibble over raising the national speed limit 10 or 15 mph? When, for the sheer joy of driving, the new BMW M6 provides every rational for abolishing it completely.

It is an argument as meticulously crafted as it is compelling.

At the heart of the M6 is the 3.5-liter, six-cylinder, 24-valve engine that powered BMW’s M1 race car. Resulting in a 256-horsepower coupe that not only manages 0 to 60 mph in a scant 6.8 seconds, but “makes the magic 150 mph in remarkably short order, and sits there with rock-like stability” (Motor Week).*

Such virtuosity, of course, is not merely restricted to traveling at nearly three miles a minute. The M6 performs no less convincingly at law abiding levels: “with sabre-edge throttle response and a complete lack of temperament in traffic” (Motor Magazine).

*BMW does not endorse exceeding posted speed limits. © 1987 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.
atent, fully independent suspension, newly engineered with gas-

And all the more responsible by a computerized ABS braking sys-
ten whose electronic sensors pump the brakes up to five times faster
m than even the most seasoned race driver, helping to prevent wheel seizure
n and bring the M6 to a safe, non-skidding halt without loss of steering,

Further contributing to the BMW M6's performance, while equally
n enhancing its classic coupe styling, are BBS-style alloy wheels, wider high-

As you would expect, an automobile of such rare qualities is avail-

A limited number, however, await your discovery at your nearest authorized BMW dealer. Where you are invited to sample the maximum driving pleasure currently permitted by law, at your earliest convenience.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.
ESCADA... a new way of dressing.

Comfortable luxury... subtle sophistication.

It's style that sings, not shouts:
blossoms, not pops.

Fine fabrics that hold their shape...
feel good on.

Colors and patterns that are pleasing to the eye
interchangeable for an individualized
look or a special mood.

ESCADA... for the life you lead.

ESCADA (USA) INC. • 1466 Broadway • New York, N.Y. 10036 • Phone: (212) 869-8424
B. FORMAN
ROCHESTER, NY
DAVID MURRAY
WICHITA FALLS, TX
UST LOOKING BOUTIQUE
LAGUNA BEACH, CA

Pure new wool
EXPERIENCE VERSAILLES

Exquisite luxury and magnificent detailing synonymous with the legendary “Palace of Versailles” is translated into sheets, pillowcases, comforters, shams, duvet covers, bedskirts, decorative pillows, blankets, and towels.

The Versailles Collection in collaboration with the Versailles Foundation and Gerald Van der Kemp.

Bed fashions in 250 thread count, 60% combed pima cotton blend, 40% polyester.

Shown above: Pompadour Lace

COURT OF VERSAILLES

For stores nearest you call 1-800-237-3209
MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

STEAMED UP

The year-long rites to select a couple of presidential candidates has begun, and with it opens the season for full-blown, "impact" image making. I can't stand it! Image making is at the same time one of the things America does best and one of the traits most damaging to our long-term equilibrium—especially in the public arena. Today, no politician has an iota of credibility. He or she is a high-priced paste-up: the candidate plus a trio of speechwriters, a brace of publicists, six flacks, a couple of TV consultants or coaches, an ad agency or two, and a bunch of fixers to explain after the fact what the candidate really meant to say or really said, despite what you'd heard.

I'm not naive enough to think that politics will ever get together for long with either honesty, candor, forthrightness, courage, or truthfulness. That's impossible. What angers me is that year by year in this nation there's a perceptible escalation of phony-baloney image making and hype and an equal disinclination to spill out the truth—without full immunity, anyway. When was the last time you believed what a politician said, from any side of the political spectrum? Why has it become almost a crime for someone in public life to speak his or her mind?

What especially aggravates me is that this wholesale marketing of "the" image is casting deep shadows on truth in almost all areas of American society. Somehow, we all eventually succumb and on some level believe the image even when we know it to be bunkum—for it comes at us, from all sides, superbly packaged, marvelously paced, seductively presented. You know what I mean. It's those phony TV ads with "real" people in "real life" situations, all of whom are well-trained actors being paid to smile when they do housework. It's those gee-whiz tobacco ads with everybody hugging, laughing, jumping, running, loving—and still healthy and alive. It's those beautifully crafted airline ads with a chorus of fifty voices singing a hymn of praise to "bountiful skies" when we know that the only bountiful things these days about most air carriers is the extent of their ragged service: their lateness, overbooking, lack of courtesy, ability to lose your luggage and not pay for it, and persuasiveness in assuring you none of this is happening.

Now, I understand and appreciate sound marketing. I don't cavil at a best-foot-forward attitude or an accentuate-the-positive presentation. Cheerleading is okay by me. I easily tolerate people who can find a silver lining in an approaching thunderstorm or who say that a cloudy day is "partly sunny." What I do resent—and I fear for the well-being of this country—is the burgeoning, wholesale, damnably clever, costly, pernicious, and thoroughly professional campaign to muzzle our brains by totally irresponsible image making. It has become just another way to cheat and deceive. Are we going to continue to allow these fakers to fake us out? Hell, no! □
CLICK! SPLAT!
"Fine art photography." We've heard the term often enough, but it's always seemed much too glib and indiscriminate to explain much—is landscape photography "art"? When? What's been lacking is serious study of such issues, which is one reason why this ambitious survey of the interaction between photography and art is long overdue. Taking as its starting point the year of the deaths of Alfred Stieglitz and László Moholy-Nagy, the two giants of modernist photography, "Photography and Art: Interactions since 1946," at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, presents over 300 works by more than 100 American and European photographers and artists. It offers a surprising view of the relationship of art and photography over the past forty years.

From its struggle for acceptance as a legitimate art form to its nearly simultaneous flaunting of modernist tenets, photography is shown here as having evolved in close association with the other increasingly hybridized visual arts, rather than, as is usually thought, as a medium apart. The stylistic evidence offered in the exhibition is compelling. We see photographic images infiltrate painting in the midfifties. By the sixties, photographers were no longer necessarily using cameras but were availing themselves of copiers, teleprinters, and the like. At the same time, conceptual artists began to embody their ideas in photographs that showed little regard for the medium's formal conventions.

From Ansel Adams to Andy Warhol, with due space given to the current crop of postmodernist work, the show makes a strong case for the interdependence of photography and other art mediums. As the first major exhibition to address this subject, "Photography and Art" lays important critical groundwork. Organized by Andy Grundberg, a photography critic for the New York Times, and Kathleen Gauss, photography curator at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the show is on view in Los Angeles through August 30. It travels to the Fort Lauderdale Museum of Art (October 5, 1987, to January 24, 1988); the Queens Museum, Corona Park, New York (February 13 to April 3, 1988); and the Des Moines Art Center (May 6 to June 26, 1988). The exhibition catalogue (Abbeville Press, 272 pages, 200 illustrations, $45) contains lengthy, informative essays by the organizers, who deftly encapsulate the big picture and individual contributions to it. —Sarah McFadden

RIPE D'AMATO HITS MUSEUM

Whoever thought it couldn't get more complicated was wrong. More question marks have materialized over the fate of the Museum of the American Indian, in New York City, the most comprehensive assemblage of Native American artifacts in the world and more than ever the object of political wrangling over its eventual location (Connoisseur, May 1986).

Last we heard, Attorney General Robert Abrams, of New York, was in court trying to prevent the MAI from accepting a $70 million proposal from the Texas rich
INTRODUCING THE NEW MERKUR SCORPIO FROM GERMANY

RECEIVE A COMPLIMENTARY SCORPIO PREVIEW COLLECTION.
It's a streak in the night set to capture your imagination. Its name is Scorpio. And it projects a boldness seldom exhibited by the European establishment.

**STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT.** Scorpio designers were given the freedom to create a new, dramatic shape that is both aerodynamic and space efficient. It is powered by a smooth 2.9 liter, fuel injected V-6 developed for the unlimited speed autobahns of Germany. The suspension is fully independent to provide excellent handling and a smooth ride while its brakes employ the world's most advanced system: ABS with discs at all four wheels.

**THE MOST HONORED.** Scorpio won more awards than any other new car when introduced in Europe. Eighteen in a
Along them the German Road Safety Award and Europe’s Roted Car of the Year title for 86. In a vote by 56 journalists representing 17 countries throughout Europe, Scorpio finished first ahead of the lab 9000 and the Mercedes-Benz 200 and 300E models.

PERSONAL ATTENTION.
The Scorpio experience includes a special level of personal attention that continues well after you’ve made the purchase. Like a free loaner car, at participating dealers, whenever you bring your Scorpio in for service.

Scorpio RoadCare is also provided. It’s all part of Lincoln-Mercury-Merkur’s dedication to customer satisfaction.

MERKUR
Advancing the art of driving.

Buckle up—together we can save lives.
It's a streak in the night called Scorpio, and you can have an insider's view, even before the American debut, by ordering a complimentary Scorpio Preview Collection. The Collection describes Scorpio's advanced components and uses extensive photography to show how Scorpio gives you the handling of a German touring sedan and uncompromising comfort. It will introduce you to an exceptional automobile through these publications: A 38-page full-color catalog with complete details on this unique touring sedan. Engineering Notes to show design criteria that shaped Scorpio. The Merkur Story detailing the German heritage of Scorpio.

Also, when Scorpio reaches your Merkur dealership, you'll receive a Driving Review that can familiarize you with Scorpio's controls prior to your road test.

SCORPIO WAS THE MOST HONORED EUROPEAN CAR. FIND OUT WHY.

To receive your complimentary Scorpio Preview Collection...
FREE MERKUR SCORPIO PREVIEW COLLECTION

Please Send Me More Information About Scorpio

Name (Please print)

Address

City State ZIP

( )

Area Code Phone Number

Please tell us...

...when you plan to purchase your next new automobile:

1-2 yrs.

No plans within 2 yrs.

...what you are currently driving:

Year Make Model

Like Scorpio, the Preview Collection will be available in limited numbers, so request yours today.

MERKUR
Advancing the art of driving.
The Scorpio Review Collection

MERKUR

ADVANCING THE ART OF DRIVING

SCORPIO EXPANDS THE MERKUR BRAND INTRODUCED BY XR4Ti

XR4Ti, the first Merkur, offers a special kind of performance and handling that challenges the established European sports coupes in America. Now, it is joined by Scorpio, and Merkur answers the need for a fine German touring sedan offering uncompromising comfort to its passengers. Whenever your choice, Merkur automobiles remain for the discriminating driver who will not settle for less.

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 288 LINCOLN PARK, MI
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Lincoln Park, MI 48146 9990
P.O. Box 7014

UNITED STATES POSTAGE IN THE MAIL IS NOT NECESSARY
NORTHERN LIGHT
19th Century Danish Paintings
"A Midsummer Night’s Dream"

P. S. Kroyer: The artist’s wife Marie 1899. 94 × 66 cm

P. S. Kroyer: Selfportrait, 1899. 94×63 cm

Auction in Copenhagen August 19

Artists that made Scandinavian art Famous

Anna & Michael Ancher – Vilh. Hammershøi – Paul Fischer
P. S. Krøyer – Peder Monsted – L. A. Ring – Carl Holsøe
Peter Ilsted – C. A. Jensen – J. Th. Lundbye

Exhibition: 14 through 18 August
Illustrated catalogue $20 by airmail

ARNE BRUUN RASMUSSEN
Auctioneers of Fine Art
man H. Ross Perot that would have moved the museum to Dallas. The only other choices at that time were either that it be swallowed up by the American Museum of Natural History—a move that the present MAI board continues to oppose—or to wait and see if Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, might manage to get a bill passed through Congress granting the museum occupation rights to a grand old building in lower Manhattan, the federally owned U.S. Custom House.

For a brief while, that seemed a bright enough prospect that Perot bowed out and added his support for the idea. Then, with cries of forfeited tax dollars and lost jobs, New York's Republican senator Alfonse D'Amato threw himself across the tracks of the Custom House scheme. The MAI would be quite well served as a part of the American Museum of Natural History, Senator D'Amato insisted. Roland Force, the MAI's director for ten years, has asked how he can be so sure, since the senator has yet to pay a formal visit to the museum and has never met Force to discuss its needs. In any case, a standstill ensued.

Enter the latest protagonist, Daniel K. Inouye, senator from Hawaii and chairman of the Indian Affairs Committee. Last April, Inouye stepped forward with a proposal that made the others all seem rather modest. The MAI, under the aegis of the Smithsonian Institution, would move to Washington and into a new building on the Mall across from the National Gallery, thereby becoming the national repository of Native American culture. During a break from the Iran-contra hearings, Senator Inouye visited the collection and was so impressed that he immediately declared his confidence in persuading Congress to allot $100 million for the new building and storage facility, as well as approval for an annex in New York City.

Not one to let an interesting idea go unchallenged, Senator D'Amato naysaid again, this time from the steps of the MAI, demanding for good measure the resignation of Director Force and the board's acceptance of the 250,000-square-foot winglet at the American Museum of Natural History. The MAI board members reposted with a press conference of their own, at which they reaffirmed their faith in Force, reminded New York that they had never received a penny of official support, and voiced interest in Senator Inouye's proposal. Which is where, at press time, the MAI stood: waiting for the next twist in its tortuous path "home."

—Julie V. Iovine

SHAKESPEARE
SERVED HOT
Who is the greatest living English dramatist? Ask the London-based director Michael Bogdanov and he would answer,
Shakespeare. So confident is he in his opinion that he has formed (with the actor Michael Pennington) a brand-new company devoted to the Bard’s works. And this in the face of firmly entrenched competition from two state-subsidized monoliths, the RSC (Royal Shakespeare Company) and the National Theatre, not to mention a smattering of independent productions up and down the country. Nor has his new English Shakespeare Company tiptoed shyly into the spotlight. Its very first production was a mammoth, twelve-hour staging (with coffee, lunch, and dinner breaks) of the entire “Henry” trilogy: Henry IV, Parts 1 and 2, and Henry V. It opened in Plymouth last November and was received with forgivably flurried rapture by both critics and public.

Bogdanov—who meanwhile remains an associate director of the National Theatre—is a disciple of the “relevant” school of stage directors. He works hard at taking Shakespeare to the people. In fact, the ESC, as it is already called by acronym-loving fans, sees itself principally as a touring company (both in the provinces and overseas), for which London is simply one stop on the itinerary.

Bogdanov’s populist approach is, above all, reflected in his breezy, anti-scriptural attitude to Shakespeare. The “Henrys” — unfiltered in a bewildering time- and space-warp of centuries, styles, and iconography. Pennington’s Prince Hal takes to the field in the regulation beige-and-green fatigues of a Falklands task-force officer. His crony Pistol is a swastika-tattooed Hell’s (or Hal’s) Angel. Crude broad-swords jostle Exocet missiles, and frock-coated monarchs mingle imperterfully with the courtiers in doublets and hose.

As you might expect, there is a scatter-shot, somewhat hit-and-miss aspect to Bogdanov’s irreverence. His recent Royal Shakespeare Company production of Romeo and Juliet (or “Alfa-Romeo and Juliet”—his version was set in a Mafia-Verona of shiny sports cars and Vespas) was decidedly one of the misses. His defense is simple: “The theater I try to create through Shakespeare is of an accessible kind, one that doesn’t take anything for granted,” he declares, aiming his productions at young people who would not attend more-traditional interpretations. “You must start from the standpoint that nobody’s seen or read the plays before—Shakespeare takes that standpoint a lot of the time because he often tells you the story over and over again.”

Bogdanov clearly does not mind controversy. Ever since his startlingly unprudish production of Howard Brenton’s The Romans in Britain had him in court answering an indecency charge, he has had something of a bad-boy image in England. He expected trouble when he and Pennington proposed the ESC to the usually penny-

am. Panama Canal by Big Band. 

Put on your dancing shoes. Pack your golf clubs. Royal Viking’s South America and Panama Canal cruises are the hottest choices going! Take to the tropics for two weeks or less. We make it much more stylish! After all, we’re the world’s quality cruise line.

Enjoy free air fare or low air add-on. Plus 2 free nights in Rio!

Or a deluxe land package in your choice of 6 exciting ports where you begin or end your cruise. (Air or land credits available.) Participate in Travel with Goren Bridge tournaments. Golf with top pros on famous courses. Or dance to popular Big Bands.

RIO SAMBA! (Spring & Fall). West Indies & Brazil. $3,526 — $11,650.
RIO/MAGELLAN (Spring & Fall). The Strait & Cape Horn.
$3,649 — $13,272.
PANAMA CANAL (Year ’round). The Caribbean & Mexico.
$2,467 — $11,912.

ROYAL VIKING LINE 800-862-1333 (Georgia: 404-237-3526).

Contact your travel agent today! Call for a brochure. Or write Royal Viking Line, 750 Battery St., San Francisco, CA 94111.

Royal Viking

The best of all worlds all over the world.
pinching British Arts Council—and was astonished when it actually proposed that their modest project be expanded with a substantial grant. With additional backing from the Canadian impresario Ed Mirvish, proprietor of the Old Vic Theatre, the ESC's current London home, the project became still more ambitious, until it evolved into the triumphant reality of the “Henrys.”

—Gilbert Adair

**ELYSIAN PLUMBING**

Nicolas Bébouftoff, owner of the Paris antique plumbing store Salle de Bains “Retro,” has done more than most to dispel the prejudice that the French don’t take hygiene seriously. In the realm of bathrooms, Bébouftoff is the prince of porcelain. Working out of a damask-draped establishment at 29-31 Rue des Dames, the bearded descendant of Russian nobility has made quite a success of purveying toilet bric-a-brac. It is worth noting just what he sells: scalloped sinks of marble, faience toilet bowls, walnut water closets, mahogany-rimmed tubs, washbasins in assorted metals, pan closets, hydropathic showers, and such other attendant antique curiosities as swan-head spigots, pull chains with porcelain handles, towel racks with crystal rods, and hundred-year-old perfume bottles.

Though Bébouftoff traces the legacy of the bath back to the Minoans—the Knossos excavation revealed terra-cotta tubs and a fine system of hydraulic engineer-

ing—he apologizes that “the store’s stock reaches back only to the seventeenth century.” Considering the nature of his wares, that is probably plenty far enough.

Relying on a team of free-lance experts, the shop can rework and repair copper, marble, iron, faience, porcelain, brass, and lead. Bébouftoff recently figured out a way to renickel a copper tub destined for a château outside Paris and is currently installing a pair of dolphin-head faucets in a Rive Gauche apartment.

“The dolphin heads are a good example of the beauty of nineteenth-century plumbing. La Belle Époque,” he says, “was belle for plumbing, too.” That period gave us Jenning’s masterpiece, the pedestal vase (a Victorian euphemism for toilet bowl). The London Health Exhibition of 1884 awarded the gold medal to the vase after it completely cleared, in a two-gallon flush, ten apples of varying size, a flat sponge, four sheets of paper, and a heavy coating of “plumber’s smudge.”

**“I WON’T SELL FAUCETS TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO MAKE A LAMP.”**

Bébouftoff knows about “plumber’s smudge.” He started his career twenty-five years ago as a seventeen-year-old assistant in that noisome profession, moving through the dank netherworld of septic apparatus. In 1980, distressed by the diminishing quality of the objects he was called on to install and repair, he turned his attentions to l’art de la plomberie. He hasn’t fixed a Sani-Flush since.

He started by plunging into the history of his craft, purchasing turn-of-the-century catalogues, teaching himself the basics of restoring old tubs. All his items come with two guarantees: that they work and that they are authentic.

“I am a purist,” he says, “I will not use new materials in restoration. And I won’t sell faucets to people who want to make a lamp or a paperweight.” In short, he refuses to allow new materials to come into direct contact with his antique objects. He adds testily, “Would you put a stainless steel frame around an Impressionist painting?”

—Allen Kerzweil

**DERRIDA DECONSTRUED**

The French writer Jacques Derrida is what you might call the Mick Jagger of contemporary philosophy. For twenty years, Derrida has been the celebrity ringleader of deconstruction theory, the defiant and somewhat glamorous philosophy-cum-linguistics he invented with the publication of his 1967 book Of Grammatology. Since then, Derrida has been lionized by humanities scholars and reviled by traditional philosophers; he has found groupies among literature students, been translated into a dozen languages, and, finally, been canonized—that is, made required reading in university courses from Shakespeare to film studies.

Now, just as his stock among intellectuals is peaking, Derrida may be teaching a new readership, with a coffee-table-format translation of one of his most difficult volumes, Glas. At $50 and ten inches square in hardback, the oversized Glas is a peculiar item on Derrida’s list of published works. Here is philosophy that has crossed over into the art-book market, philosophy that now looks nice beside the couch.

First published in French in 1974, Glas presents the English reader with an inherent paradox: the new edition is a pleasing object as a clothbound volume; but the text of Glas, its philosophical matter, so to speak, attacks the very notion of what constitutes a book. Glas (which translates as “knell,” as in the tolling of a bell, or a salvo of funeral guns) is no ordinary volume of philosophy but instead represents an experiment in pastiche or collage writing. Derrida’s book incorporates not one but three separate texts, printed in different typefaces and arranged in configurations that change from one page to the next.

Glas is philosophy made through a chorus of incompatible voices. Its principal subjects are two very opposed writers: Jean Genet, the modern and derelict French novelist, and Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, the nineteenth-century philoso-
Paradise found.

For gift delivery anywhere call 1-800-CHEER UP (except where prohibited by law).

Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 80 proof. ©1993 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.
A TOUCH OF SCHMALTZ

Jerry Zaks is onto a biggie this time. He is mounting a major New York revival—the first in twenty-five years—of the 1934 Cole Porter musical Anything Goes. Performances will begin the first week in September at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, where Zaks is resident director. He is hugely excited by the prospect, as well he might be. The show introduced such delicious tunes as "You're the Top," "Anything Goes," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and "All through the Night." "Anything Goes is unbelievably sexy," Zaks bubbles. "It's like Jimmy Stewart and Donna Reed on the telephone in It's a Wonderful Life. One moment, they're sharing the phone receiver listening to a friend, and all of a sudden, you become aware of how much they want each other. It's thrilling!"

The son of concentration-camp survivors, forty-year-old Zaks, with his square build and square jaw, used to be just another okay actor earning a modest living on the stage. He supplemented his income with the occasional commercial. One of his last acting jobs, in fact, was playing the "director" who was coaching Cicely Tyson in a ludicrous spot promoting the benefits of coffee consumption.

That was four years ago. Today, Zaks is one of New York's hottest directors, whose services are much in demand. His reputation has been built on his ability to mine the humanity in characters and his debt hand for choreographing comedy. Zaks, who describes himself as a "schmaltzy kind of guy," might also be one of the more unpretentious if not the sweetest of individuals now working in the theater. In 1985, Zaks won an Obie award for his production, at the New York Shakespeare Festival, of The Marriage of Bette and Boo, the fifth Christopher Durang script he has put on. Last year, he won the Tony Award for best director for his staging of John Guare's The House of Blue Leaves. His production of Larry Shue's The Foreigner ran for eighteen months Off-Broadway, and more recently, Lincoln Center audiences howled at his fast-paced, disturbing version of The Front Page.

Zaks isn't reviving Anything Goes so much as mounting a new version of an old show. The book, while following the existing, predictable plot outline—kid from the wrong side of the tracks falls in love with debutante—is being made more relevant by John Weidman, author of Pacific Overtures, and Timothy Crouse, son of Russel Crouse, one of the original creators of Anything Goes.

"We're trying to maximize the surprises in the plot," explains Zaks, "but this is not a life-changing story. It's really a lot of high jinks aboard ship. We're talking about a man pursuing a woman. That's a universal plot element." To accentuate the musical's undercurrent of sexual longing, Zaks will interpolate snatches of other Porter songs into the material. "I want the sailors to sing à la the Whiffenpoofs," says Zaks. "There's nothing sexier than male, four-part harmony a capella."

There's one other change. The original production of Anything Goes was a vehicle designed to showcase the talents of its stars, Ethel Merman and the vaudevillian duo Victor Moore and William Gaxton. Zaks's approach, however, will draw on the talents of the cast as a whole. Ensemble acting, it's called, and it will not be the first time Jerry Zaks has extracted the maximum from play and players alike.

—William Harris

THIS BUILDING IS A PIANO

Postmodernism is no longer the label of choice in architecture. As critics cast about for new isms to describe what's going on, architects are busy making their job a good deal harder. Take Renzo Piano, whose new Menil Collection museum opened this summer in Houston, Texas. His most famous previous building (designed with Richard Rogers) is the Pompidou Center, in Paris. Its "Erector set" look and great "tech tubes" caused squalls of controversy. Now Piano has made sure that the Menil Collection museum will never be so glibly labeled.

The Menil Collection itself, which the building houses, also defies easy descrip-
Fortunoff introduces the Charles Krypell Collection.
Elegant Diamond Jewelry for under $20,000.

Somewhere there’s someone who deserves diamond jewelry this special, this beautiful.
Isn’t that someone worth it?
What makes this jewelry extraordinary is the combination of superb design and quality diamonds.

Jewelry enlarged for detail.

Diamonds that have been judged by the 4Cs: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat Weight.
You’ll want to see the entire Charles Krypell Collection at Fortunoff—ring $6,000; earrings $9,750; pin $2,350, and bracelet $19,500—all in 18 karat gold.

Fortunoff, the source.

FIFTH AVE. AT 54th ST. N.Y.C., WESTBURY, N.Y., WAYNE, N.J. AND PARAMUS, N.J.
Outside N.Y. State (800) 223-2326; Wayne N.Y. State (800) 344-3449; (212) 671-9300 or (516) 294-3300.

A diamond is forever.
Architecture sans ism: a mix of clever technology and just-folks aesthetics for Houston’s de Menil museum.

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

Travelers to England often head straight for London and up into the country’s domesticated rolling hillsides. But off in the southwest corner is Cornwall, a craggy isosceles triangle jutting west into the Atlantic Ocean, filled with wild moors, old smugglers’ coves, storybook coastal villages, and Cornishmen who still say, when they cross their eastern boundary, they’re “going up to England.”

Settled by Celts who, like the dauntless King Arthur, resisted Anglo and Saxon influences, it has remained wonderfully insular. Westerly gale-force winds pounding “inhospitable” harbors often make it impossible to arrive by sea. Town names still bear Celtic roots; the countryside retains a pre-Chaucerian, Druidical ruggedness and mysteriousness. And except for the British, who explore Cornwall with the fervor of building an empire, it remains, owing to its distance from the main cities, largely undiscovered by outsiders.

Cornwall, where one can re-imagine the smuggling of Daphne du Maurier’s Jamaica Inn and the lyrical schemes of Gilbert and Sullivan’s Pirates of Penzance, is filled with ancient cliffs, steep bluffs, and narrows, sudden outcroppings of rock—in short, it is a splendid place to conduct a coastal tour. There is no better way to discover Cornwall’s littoral than via a walking tour of its old cliff-top tin mines, which

From steel girders and angled to bounce in natural light while a special glass in skylights filters out damaging ultraviolet rays. The “leaves” make it look like a modern vegetable dicer on a chopping block.

Still, the museum, as Piano puts it, “is antique because it goes back to the basic concept of a conservation space, as in an old Florentine palace where all the artworks are safely kept and displayed.” On the ground floor, amid tropical plants, you can visit special changing shows from the collection. Upstairs, in a kind of storage salon reminiscent of crowded nineteenth-century galleries, you can study the rest of it. All in all, the arrangement offers one of the most generous and sympathetic exhibition spaces to be designed during the museum boom of recent years.

Critics agree that the de Menil museum is striking out in some new direction, though none has yet dared to assign it a label. It’s not easy to coin a new name for good, sensitive architecture.

—Julie V. Lovine
Every insurance policy promises to replace your home. But with what?

Regrettably, most insurance policies fail to take into account the fine architectural details and unique construction materials that make a fine home fine. But a Chubb replacement cost policy is different. With Chubb, you'll never be forced to replace your home with anything less than your home.

The more you have to insure, the more you need Chubb. For full information call 800-922-0533.

The Chubb Group of Insurance Companies is proud to participate in "American Playhouse." Watch for it on PBS.
POLO AS DEFINED BY PIMM'S.

CHUKKER. Always preceded by Pimm's, i.e., Pimm's Chukker. A refreshing beverage served at polo matches and other smart places.

REGULATION GEAR. The Pimm's Cup. A cylindrical container open at one end with a capacity of 8 fluid ounces. Restricted to the sidelines.


GOAL. To make it to the Pimm's tent and back before the next chukker begins.

SAFETY. What you've reached when you make it back without spilling a precious drop.

FIELD. Anywhere. Anytime. Nowhere is out of bounds for a Pimm's Chukker.

TIME-OUT. What you should call if you run out of Pimm's Chukker.

HOOK. What we're offering to entice you into trying Pimm's. A set of 4 unbreakable Chukker cups. Write to: Pimm's "Cups" Offer, P.O. Box 3399, Young America, MN 55394. Send $1.50 check or money order. Void where prohibited.

THE LIGHT REFRESHER FROM ENGLAND. ONLY WINNING TASTES AS GOOD.

GRÜSS GOTT UND WILKOMMEN

Amid the rugged Allegheny Mountains in West Virginia life would appear to be as austere as ever. Clapboard hovels are strewn all along the roadside, and the most lucrative use for a barn is often as a billboard advertising chewing tobacco. Few places have changed so little as Helvetia, a diminutive town about three and a half hours from Charleston that clings unwaveringly to its nineteenth-century Swiss heritage. Helvetia is not an artificially restored or commercially redeveloped town. It has simply stayed the same, and there is no better time to visit than during its traditional fall community fair or during any of its six fêtes.

Helvetia's community fair, first held in 1917 and one of the state's oldest, is a two-day event that falls annually on the second weekend of September. Its central feature is Helvetia's semisoft cheese—if there is any left over, that is. These days the younger people tend to travel miles to construction and teaching jobs, and milk is no longer in abundance. The cheese—its flavor depending on whose basement it was cured in and in which pasture the cows grazed—is produced by local families for home consumption first, and what is left over is sold. Guaranteed at the fair are traditional Swiss dancing in the meadow, crafts displays—quilts and Swiss peasant chairs carved in walnut and cherry—a homespun parade, and a Saturday-night public dance with waltzes, polkas, and square dancing.

Settled in 1869 by a group of spirited Swiss immigrants, who set off attract 100 acres for the town center, Helvetia swelled to nearly 600 during the 1870s as enthusiastic advertisements attracted ninety Swiss and German families from as far as Iowa and Canada. While Helvetia has declined in population (today there are about 160 people of Swiss descent in the immediate area), its remaining inhabitants persist with unusual fortitude in the demanding Alleghenies.
Now you can visit, browse and shop Britain’s fabled antique stores and auction rooms through the pages of a unique magazine.

**THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR**

invites you to take twelve monthly visits to Britain, homeland of antiques...without ever stepping out of doors!

Best of all, this trip will not put a dent in your budget.
The cost? A little more than $ a day:

**One year (12 issues) of THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR for only $29.95**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rare Watches</th>
<th>Victorian Jewelry</th>
<th>Antique Kitchenware</th>
<th>Dining Tables</th>
<th>French Carriage Clocks</th>
<th>Irish Silver</th>
<th>Oriental Rugs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Capitola Pottery</td>
<td>Feather Fans</td>
<td>Samual Glass</td>
<td>Royal Wrenches</td>
<td>Islamic Art</td>
<td>1938th Motor Car</td>
<td>Silver Candelabras</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And much, much more - a typical issue gives you unique information on furniture, porcelain, paintings, silver and a host of collectable antiques.

Experts share their knowledge, showing you the secrets of the fine collections and helping you to recognise quality and value for yourself. We even tell you the current prices of selected antiques, explain the special characteristics that give them interest and value, and tell you the name, address and telephone number of the dealer, in case you wish to make further enquiries or purchase directly. No other antique magazine published today offers you such service.

Act now and save $18.05 from the newsstand cost. Just fill in the order form and mail it today.

Your first copy will be on its way to you in six to twelve weeks. Watch for it!

---

Mail to:  
The Antique Collector,  
Room 1117, 250 West 55th Street,  
New York, NY 10019.

**Yes!**

☐ Please send me one year of THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR for only $29.95  
☐ cheque enclosed

OR  
☐ Please debit my Mastercard | American Express | Visa | Diners Club (delete as applicable)

Name (please print) __________________________
Address ___________________________________

Zip code __________ Daytime telephone ________
When there is no festival in town, life is simple and stunningly quiet. Helvetia's green meadows and the purling Buckhannon River are idyllic. The cabin of an early settler, housing the town's original Swiss flag and other artifacts of the first settlers, is opened by request. Visitors do not come to shop. Trout fishing, deer and turkey hunting, and cross-country skiing are possible in season, though the town does little more to facilitate these activities than to point out the nearest path; the river is right here. Walking on the quiet country roads is perhaps the best way to experience Helvetia's basic qualities.

Hospitality and hearty cooking are as natural to Helvetia as snow is to the Alleghenies. Eleanor Fahner Mailloux, whose grandfather was one of the original settlers, is the proprietor of the town's commodious inn and restaurant. Across the river, Mrs. Mailloux prepares meals seven days a week in the Hutte Restaurant—the food here is alone worth the visit. Folks gather from around the country—that is, Charleston, Clarksburg, Morgantown, even Pittsburgh—each week for the Swiss Bernenplate, a country-style Sunday brunch. The buffet includes homemade sausage, sauerbraten and bratwurst, onion pie, chicken, applesauce, sauerkraut, buttered green beans and carrots, parsley potatoes, curried pineapple, pickled beets, and peach cobbler for dessert. The brunch is $12 a person, $6 for children six to twelve, and free for those under six. Reservations are recommended—(304) 924-6435—but Mrs. Mailloux will likely find you a seat regardless. Double rooms at the Beekeeper Inn are $40-$50 (singles, $35-$40) a night, including breakfast. Near the Monongahela National Forest, Helvetia is thirty-five miles from Elkins on West Virginia 250. Do not take the High Germany Road, down which are found only the recent ruins of a clan of superstitious Scotch-Irish mountaineers. —Dean King

Edited by Robert Knafo
Come celebrate Erte's 95th birthday.

Erte. The Grand Master of Art Deco. Erte. A name synonymous with elegance and sophistication. Erte. At the age of 95, he continues to create timeless works of art, with ageless, youthful spirit.

Dyansen Galleries, in honor of Erte's 95th birthday, will host major retrospective exhibitions of his work. Discerning collectors and first-time buyers alike can choose from magnificent bronze sculpture, crystal luminieres, graphics, objets d'art, tapestries, and gouaches. Dyansen will also have available a limited number of copies of The Erte Sculpture Book signed by the artist.

Don't miss this opportunity to share in the art of Erte. Come to the 95th Year Erte Retrospective Exhibitions.

DYANSEN

For your personal invitation, call the Dyansen Gallery nearest you.

Soho-New York (212) 226-3384 Beverly Hills (213) 275-0165 San Francisco (415) 928-0596
Eclipse-New York (212) 925-6203 Boston (617) 262-4800 New Orleans (504) 523-2902
57th Street-New York (212) 489-7830 Carmel (408) 625-6903 Maui (808) 667-2002

Our Erte color catalog is $5. Please call 1-800-348-2787 to order one.
By tradition, our agenda this month is to present the Miscellany of the Meritorious, our annual roundup of the strange and the silly that makes the world of art and auctions so much fun.

This was the season of the big—big exhibitions, big crowds, BIG prices. In accordance, we proudly bestow the Royal Order of Brobdingnag on Christie’s London for the colossal paintings record of $39.9 million gotten for van Gogh’s Sunflowers (1889), and on Sotheby’s New York for the staggering furniture record of $2.75 million, for the Affleck Chipendale armchair. Sotheby’s London garners an Honorable Mention in this category for the widest painting ever sold at auction: Carl Larsson’s Midwinterblot (1911-15), two horizontally joined canvases each measuring slightly more than forty-four feet in length. However, if only to prove we are not total art snobs, we should confer at least brevet honors on Phillips Edinburgh’s biggie: the sale of an almost new, self-propelled, semi-submersible drilling rig, which brought $22 million—a nice send-off for the delightful David Borthwick, who retired following the sale as director of Phillips Scotland.

I am eager to award our Adam Smith Invisible Hand Trophy to either Phillips or Christie’s, if only I could unravel a singular episode that occurred last fall. A brief flurry of trading activity in Christie’s shares on the London exchange led the Daily Telegraph to speculate that Mighty Mouse Phillips might be taking a run at much larger Christie’s. The paper went on to quote Phillips’s ever-acquisitive chairman, Christopher Weston, as saying that he, for one, could see the logic of a cooperation...
SLEEK AND SENSUOUS, IT MOVES WITH A SILENT RUSH OF V-12 POWER. THIS IS THE STUFF OF LEGENDS.

THE 1988 JAGUAR XJ-S

The S-type Jaguar. Even at rest, its poise and bearing bespeak the performance and grace of a thoroughbred. A true Grand Touring car, it is powered by one of the world's most advanced and potent passenger car engines—Jaguar's overhead cam, fuel-injected V-12. Proven by victory in international endurance racing and through millions of highway miles, Jaguar's V-12 is inherently ideal for generating power with less vibration than the best V-8. Thus, the Jaguar develops a prodigious, yet very civilized, 262 horsepower. While advanced V-12 power provides the heart and soul of XJ-S performance, handcrafted elegance and a wealth of thoughtful amenities maintain Jaguar's highest standards of luxury. Front and rear seats are covered with supple top grain leather. The orthopedically contoured front seats incorporate power-variable lumbar support and built-in electric heating elements. The dashboard, console and door panels are inset with rich, polished burl walnut.

On the road, the XJ-S rides and handles with the graceful agility of a race-bred and road-refined fully independent suspension. It turns with the precision of rack and pinion steering and stops with the certainty of four-wheel power disc brakes.

The 1988 V-12 Jaguar XJ-S is truly the stuff of legends. It is covered by an extensive three year/36,000 mile warranty and Jaguar's new Service-On-Site™ Roadside Assistance Plan. For details on this uniquely comprehensive plan and Jaguar's limited warranty, applicable in the USA and Canada, see your dealer. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call toll free: 1-800-4-JAGUAR.

JAGUAR CARS INC., LEONIA, NJ 07605

ENJOY TOMORROW. BUCKLE UP TODAY.

JAGUAR XJ-S
Internationally acknowledged to be the finest cigarette in the world

Dunhill
London-Paris-New York

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED TOBACCO HOUSE IN THE WORLD

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

15 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine avg./per cigarette by FTC meth

Della Roberts
Exhibition of New Paintings
MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

May we send you a brochure?

CONACHER GALLERIES
134 Maiden Lane, San Francisco, CA 94108 • (415) 392-5447

Spring Table – Oil
30 x 36
between the two organizations. Christie's shares promptly jumped some fifty pence —hardly a flattering appraisal of King Street's management. That led the un¬
mused Christie's chairman, John Floyd, to say, "I see no commercial or strategic logic in any link between the two companies," thereby quashing the rumor in midbuzz. The real mystery remains: who was buying Christie's shares? And why?

This year we present our St. John Chrysostom Felicitous Phraseology Award to Time magazine's art critic Robert Hughes for the following thought: "Why such a price for Sunflowers? It is one of the larger van Goghs, if not necessarily the best. Thanks to mass reproduction, it is exceptionally popular and famous. Its clones have hung on so many suburban walls over the decades that it has become the Mona Lisa of the vegetable world. After the sale, Christie's brought out a savory cake in the form of Sunflowers, the frame made of flaky pastry, the colors rendered impasto furioso in various hues of saffron-tinted cream cheese, the green bits done in spinach, and detail added with stubbings of seeds. It was cut up and eaten by the worshipers. No doubt when and if a major van Gogh self-portrait comes on the block, there will be a distribution of marzipan ears."

The U2 Award for Uncut Utterances (a new honor this year) goes to the usually sage New York Times chief art critic, John Russell. In a conspicuously unworthy piece about the recent surge in auction prices, Mr. Russell summed up his thoughts by saying, "It is fundamental to a healthy society that good art of one kind or another should be within the reach of those who crave it." Okay, John, I've got only $500 to spare, but can I come over to your place to see if I crave anything hanging on your walls?

The Grand Whoops Award simply must go to Christie's New York. In January, the house announced it had reached a not inconsiderable out-of-court settlement of the wrangle resulting from an isolated act of disingenuousness regarding a sale result back in 1981. This tactic was likely adopted on the advice of a lawyer, who was quoted as saying that the legal issues of the case were so "hypertechnical" that such a settlement became "very attractive." Indeed! The very same article went on to observe that "the six jurors left no doubt that had the trial ended yesterday, they would have found in favor of Christie's."

For the next award a bit of explanation is required, because what our winner, Christie's New York (they're on a roll here!), gets is not an actual award but my idea of an appropriate award (perhaps the Emperor's New Clothes Cup). You see, in an art-world first, on May 5, Christie's offered some forty-seven lots of minimal and conceptual art and, in the case of certain items of conceptual art, what you got for your money was a certificate of authenticity signed by the artist that gives you legal title to the artist's idea about the work of art. For example, the David McKee Gallery, in New York, paid $26,400 for Sol LeWitt's Ten Thousand Lines Ten Inches (25 cm.) Long, Covering the Wall Evenly (1971), which is precisely that: the right—if you are willing to fork out $150 per day plus travel and living expenses—to have someone from LeWitt's studio come around with pencil and ruler in hand to make 10,000 ten-inch lines within an eight-foot square on a wall of your choosing. If you subsequently decide to sell your "art," when you pass along the certificate you have to paint over your installation so that only one genuine version will be in existence at any one time. LeWitt admits he doesn't necessarily draw an original version himself: "They're designed to be drawn by people who have no art training." —James R. Lyons

This is a pencil mark, exactly what's missing in LeWitt's Ten Thousand Lines Ten Inches (25 cm.) Long, Covering the Wall Evenly (1971). You want the marks? Cost you extra. How much? If you have to ask, you can afford only the concept.
Young Uck Kim gently pulled away the red silk scarf concealing the charms of his celebrated Stradivarius violin. With radiant pleasure he pointed out the plum and yellow coloring, the flat belly, the graceful purfling, and the perfectly carved F-holes. "You can almost see its heart beat," he said. "You feel it's alive. It just radiates, even without playing. I have never seen anything so beautiful in my life."

To a violinist, not much on this earth could measure up to Kim's "Cessol" Strad. Named after a nineteenth-century owner, Count Eugène de Cessole, of Nice, the violin is one of fifteen crafted by Antonio Stradivari in 1716, when he was at the peak of his powers. Jacques Français, the internationally known violin dealer in New York, rates the Cessol among the ten greatest of the seven hundred or so Strads that have survived generations of playing, punishment, "repair," and collection. If auctioned today, Français judges, it would fetch at least $1 million.

Kim first played the Cessol in concert in 1983 after nearly two decades with a violin made by Giuseppe Guarneri del Gesù (the only craftsman to rival Stradivari). To have switched from a Guarnerius to a Strad may not seem like much to the average concertgoer, but for Kim it has meant the remaking—indeed the fundamental rethinking—of his career as a violin soloist and chamber player. The Cessol seems to have turned an unhappy musician into a contented, jet-setting star.

It is not much of an exaggeration to say that the world of solo violinists is divided into Guarnerius players and Strad players. The Guarnerius is the more powerful instrument; the Strad, the more subtle. René A. Morel, a skilled violin restorer who works with Français, says, "There is almost no bottom to the body of sound a virtuoso can produce" with a Guarnerius. It is a fiddle for a young fire-eater. In the right hands it will ride over an orchestra to fill the deepest reaches of a concert hall. A Guarnerius packs the wallop of a Châteauneuf-du-Pape, the biggest of the French red wines. A Strad's sound is more like the

David M. Rubin is codirector of the Center for War, Peace and the News Media, at New York University. His special interest in music has been reflected in Connoisseur's story on the Juilliard Quartet (January 1986).
This is as close as we can come to showing you Lands' End Quality in black and white. In our free catalog—and please send for one—living color does it more justice.

Finally, though, you'll need to feel the fabric itself in this Pinpoint Oxford shirt to understand the outer limits of Quality we insist on in Lands' End products, and why we're capitalizing the word in this advertisement.

In this shirt, Lands' End Quality is revealed in the material itself, in the construction of the shirt, and in the generous proportions of the finished garment.

The material is woven in Japan of the exceptionally fine cotton yarn it is possible to spin there. As to the make of the shirt, it is characterized by the fact that all seams are fully single-needle stitched, the collar and cuffs are double-track stitched as they should be, and the collar is non-fused, the only way to give it the natural roll that makes buttondowns what they are.

Finally, we grace the shirt with a box pleat and locker loop, extra long tails, a 7-button placket, gauntlet buttons, even an English-style split back yoke. State-of-the-art tailoring.

All this Quality with a capital Q and our Lands' End Pinpoint is yours for just $29.50, whereas $45 might not buy a comparable shirt in your favorite men's shop.

We're obsessed with Quality at Lands' End. It's one of our guiding principles. To wit:

We do everything we can to make our products better. We improve material, and add back features and construction details that others have taken out over the years. We never reduce the quality of a product to make it cheaper.

Clip the coupon, won't you? Better still, give us a call (1-800-356-4444) any hour of the next 24. Ask for a free catalog and get to know Quality in our definition of the word in everything we make or offer. All of it GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End Dept. 2X-30
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ______ Zip ______

Or call Toll-free:
1-800-356-4444
taste of a fine Bordeaux—layered, complex, mysterious.

"When I was younger my instinct was to use heavy bows to play the hell out of an instrument," Kim admitted, inevitably making a Guarnerius his violin of choice. He was not alone in this preference. François says that the first question he gets from young virtuosos is "Do you have a Guarnerius for sale?"

Part of this is hero worship. Fritz Kreisler and Jascha Heifetz, the idols of the first half of our century, played Guarneriuses, as do Isaac Stern and Pinchas Zukerman today. The public's love of such great romantic concertos as the Brahms and the Tchaikovsky, projected at top volume in concert halls seating 3,000, also favors the more immediately accessible Guarnerius sound.

Strad players are known less for the size of their sound than for distinctive tone quality and refinement in projection. A brief listing of some patrician Strad players makes the contrast sharp: Nathan Milstein and Zino Francescatti of the last generation, Gidon Kremer and Anne-Sophie Mutter among the youngsters.

After playing the Mendelssohn concerto on his Guarnerius in Rotterdam in 1982, a performance he admits was "not great," Kim wondered. "Is there really such a thing as the Guarnerius player or the Stradivarius player? If so, what am I?"

So, he tried an experiment. He had with him in Rotterdam a recently purchased Strad (not the Cessol). Without telling anyone, he substituted the Strad for his Guarnerius in a repeat performance of the Mendelssohn. "After the concert," he says, "half the string section of the orchestra came up to me and said I looked more comfortable, that I seemed to be doing more things with the piece than on the day before."

He knew, however, that there were better Strads than his, and he determined to get one. Not long afterward, at a lunch in London, Kim overheard, in a conversation between two dealers, that the Cessol, then owned by a collector in Beverly Hills, was for sale. "I had heard of this violin since I was sixteen. I knew it had the best of all the Strad qualities. But I put the conversation out of my mind. I didn't think I had a chance at it, what with the collectors being interested. Later, however, I thought, This is stupid of me. I should at least look at it. I might never get a chance to see it again."

Upon returning to the United States, Kim called the Los Angeles dealer who looked after the instruments belonging to the collector who owned the Cessol. He learned that in four days the violin would be going to London for examination and possible purchase. He would have to move quickly. "I'll be in L.A. tomorrow," he announced.

"When I first played the violin at the collector's home, it did not sound as it does now, but the beauty was there already. I knew what the potential could be," Kim asked if he could borrow the Cessol for an hour. He then called his friend Ernest Fleischmann, executive director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and asked for permission to try out the instrument in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the orchestra's home. The Cessol projected so well that Kim asked for a month's trial out, with shipment to London delayed. The request was granted. He left behind his Guarnerius as security.

A second test, in Carnegie Hall, with his friend René Morel on hand to offer advice, convinced him he should make an offer. "I think the owner wanted to sell it to a performer," Kim says. "He certainly knew he could get his price from a collector at any time." Kim paid in excess of a half million dollars for it, financing the purchase by selling two other violins whose value had appreciated significantly in the overheated market for collectibles in the 1970s.

The purchase of the Cessol was not just a good investment but a new beginning. "I committed to changing my voice as a violinist," Kim says. That he was willing to assume this risk after twenty years of professional playing on another instrument shows how difficult the path to a major career as a soloist has been for him.

Born in Seoul, in 1947, and trained at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia, by the late Ivan Galamian, Kim seemed at the outset of his career to be heading for a bright future. His problems began when his first manager, the legendary Arthur Judson, retired at precisely the moment when he most needed firm professional guidance. He was taken on by Columbia Artists Management, the biggest of the musical warehouses, where he became just another violinist, vying for attention with the firm's superstar Kyung Wha Chung, not to mention such outside competition as Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman.
The master's greatest work incomparably recaptured in hand-painted porcelain sculpture.

RAPHAEL was called the "Prince of Painters." A genius. A giant of the High Renaissance. One of the greatest artists who ever lived.

His favorite theme was the Madonna. And, of the more than fifty paintings on this theme he created, his most famous was the Sistine Madonna. Indeed, it is recognized as the most beautiful Madonna of all time. Now the master sculptors of The Franklin Mint have interpreted this immortal masterpiece in the full dimension of fine bisque porcelain. And every detail is captured with warmth, sensitivity and deep emotion. Then every feature is painted by hand in the rich tones of Raphael's palette. To acquire this imported sculpture at $120, enter your commission by October 31, 1987.

Actual size of 9" high. Sculptured wood base included.

COMMISSION FORM

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19019

I wish to commission the sculpture of Raphael's Sistine Madonna, to be crafted for me in hand-painted bisque porcelain.

I need send no payment now. Please bill me $24.* when my sculpture is ready to be sent to me, and the balance in four monthly installments of $24.* each, after shipment.

SIGNATURE

MR. MRS., MISS

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE, ZIP

*Plus my state sales tax.

Limit of one sculpture per person.

Kim's first recording experience—three discs for Deutsche Grammophon—left him deeply discouraged. He was given no say in the repertoire. He had not played the pieces for a live audience. And he did not even meet the conductor or the pianist (for a recital disc) until the taping sessions. The discs have long been out of print in the United States, which is just as well with Kim. By his midtwenties, he was seriously considering abandoning music to follow his brothers' example and pursue a career in law or medicine.

The process of rekindling his love for music and rebuilding his confidence began when Kim visited the Marlboro music camp, in Vermont, where he inhaled the wisdom of the resident Yodas Rudolf Serkin and Mieczyslaw Horszowski. Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma, with whom he played

WITH THE CESSOL, KIM'S PLAYING HAS MORE COLOR, MORE ADVENTURE.

chamber music, provided Kim with successful role models his own age. (The Ax-Kim-Ma Trio is still going strong. On August 20, they will play at Lincoln Center's popular Mostly Mozart Festival, and they will soon be recording Dvořák's Dumky Trio for CBS.)

Marlboro also introduced him to his future wife, Catherine Gevers. She works with the manager David Foster at Columbia Artists, in whose hands Kim has placed his career. From Foster he is now receiving the sort of attentive management, with strategic advice on repertoire and bookings, that is necessary to building a major career. His switching from the Guarnerius to the Cessol was the last, and certainly the most dramatic, act in Kim's artistic transformation.

After three years of struggle, Kim and the Cessol are finally adjusting to each other. "It's like getting to know a person," he says. "A year ago I was forcing too much—mainly a question of bow pressure. Playing a Guarnerius you do that. But the Strad is so beautifully balanced, you must let the instrument speak for itself. I realized I was choking it. Now I am not so tense or conscious about drawing out the sound, and I think I'm making better music."

The Mozart violin concertos and sonatas—a bit off the side from the usual superstar repertoire—seem particularly suited to the strengths of the Cessol. "Playing Mozart you have to be precise," he says. "Every attack means something. There are split-second changes of character. With an instrument like this, if that's not happening, then it's my fault." He needn't worry. Some of his greatest critical and popular successes in the last two years have come in Mozart, particularly in conjunction with the Cleveland Orchestra and the pianist Peter Serkin.

Even without a recording contract—the last piece of the career puzzle yet to be fit into place—Kim is playing between sixty and seventy major dates a season in the United States, Canada, and Europe. In 1987-88 he will perform the Stravinsky violin concerto in Cleveland, St. Louis, and Vancouver; the Berg with the New York Philharmonic; and the Beethoven in Pittsburgh. Beethoven's violin sonatas also loom large, as he and Peter Serkin are scheduled to barnstorm across America with portions of the complete cycle. The whole cycle will be offered to New York audiences in the fall of 1989.

Looking forward to his fortieth birthday, next month, Kim radiates contentment. "I can't even look at another instrument while playing the Cessol. This is a love affair that's going to last."
This Month In Carmel

ONE-MAN SHOW
ROBERTO LUPETTI

A Renaissance man and a Renaissance artist, he paints a romantic and elegant world with all the confidence and skill of the Great Masters.

- Studied at Brerar Liceo Artistico, Milan
- Graduated with honors from the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Rome
- Professorships in Art, Art History, Painting, Drawing and Sculpture
- Restoration of the Sistine Chapel
- Collected internationally and regarded by many critics as America's leading Still Life Painter.

This Month In La Jolla

ONE-MAN SHOW
MAURICE MEYER

“The sea dances at the tip of his brush and opulent garden scenes gleam upon his canvases, Land or sea, dawn or sunset, the command of his palette is unparalleled.”

- Memphis Art Academy
- Starred as the police sketch artist on the television program The FBI.
- Collected by Bob Hope, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., the Governor of Guam, Transworld Insurance Co., President Richard Nixon.

This Month In Carmel

ONE-MAN SHOW
WILLIAM SLAUGHTER

... To look at a William Slaughter painting is to enjoy the radiant beauty of blanketed fields of bluebonnets, oak-lined horizons and panoramic views of the Texas countryside...

In the collection of:
- Dr. Pepper Company
- Murray Savings Association
- Baylor Medical Center
- Texas Commerce Bank
- University of Texas


Call for your Personal Invitation
Complimentary color brochures available upon request
Full Color Catalogue $15.00 (64 pages, 48 Artists Featured)

Simic Galleries
For The Ultimate Experience In Fine Art

INC.

West Coast's largest - representing over 90 renowned artists

CARMEL - in 3 locations, corner of San Carlos and Sixth, P.O. Box 5687, Carmel-by-the-Sea, CA 93921
(408) 624-7522, CA only 1-800-221-2517, National 1-800-821-5387

LA JOLLA - 7925 Girard Ave., La Jolla, CA 92037, 619-454-0225, CA only 1-800-637-7232, National 1-800-558-4477
Where do we get the nerve to call this a luxury car?

What you're looking at is a case of automotive schizophrenia.

On the one hand, a Range Rover is everything one would expect a rugged and virtually undauntable vehicle to be: Namely, rugged and virtually undauntable.

On the other hand, a Range Rover is also everything one would hardly imagine a vehicle of this type could be: polished, padded, and extravagantly appointed.

With all the refinement of an elegant British sedan, and all the lavish amenities you'd expect in any car priced at some-what above $30,000,
Including walnut trim; headlamp washers; puddle lamps; and electrically adjusted seats, windows, door locks, and side mirrors.

Not to mention, a rather sensational 4-speaker, theft-resistant stereo system.
A Range Rover even provides you with the comfort of a ride as comfortable as a passenger car's.

So why not call 1-800-FINE-JWD for the name of a dealer convenient to you?

While you might initially wonder how we can call a Range Rover luxurious, there may well come a moment—gliding along a motorway—when you'll wonder where we got the nerve to call a Range Rover rugged.
SWEET ON honey

In the earliest love poem I know, written in Sumeria thousands of years ago, the author addresses his beloved as "honesweet"—a note echoed ever since by poets, lovers, and those who have tasted the delectable product that bees make of flower nectar.

Almost everyone in the world has savored it. Honeybees, Apis mellifera and relations, belong to the Old World, including the Orient and North Africa, but early colonists took them to the New World, where they quickly settled down. Indeed, in North America they took off across the continent by themselves and were viewed by the Indians, who called them "white man's flies," as a warning that European settlers were not far behind. They penetrated as far south as Brazil and Chile and in the nineteenth century were brought to Australia and New Zealand—both now important honey-producing countries—thus completing their occupation of five continents.

There are infinite numbers of different honeys, including a few that are downright harmful and others that have a disagreeable taste or texture. These variations have many causes, most notably the nature of the flowers that produce the nectar the bees make into honey.

What is this nectar? It is a watery solution of sugars, with traces of other substances; and the nectaries containing it act like sugar valves. By attracting bees, who collect pollen as well as nectar and who often fly away with a cargo of it stuck to their legs, the nectaries ensure the plant's pollination.

In the spring

BY ALAN DAVIDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY GRANT PETERSON

Raspberry blossom honey has an amber glow, a pleasant aroma, and a hint of fruit in the taste.
through the autumn, when nectar stores are most available, bees do their foraging. In most regions, spring honey is held to be the best and may be identified as such by small producers, but the labels on commercial honeys don't say. Indeed, they don't say much except to name the country or countries of origin, sometimes a locality, and often a flower. They are silent on the nature and extent of processing—matters of concern to the connoisseur of honey.

Many such connoisseurs would cast their vote for unprocessed honey—still sealed in the wax comb in which the bees have encased it. Honey in the comb, however, has become a rarity in the shops, where honey in jars has been processed. At the least, it must have been extracted, usually by centrifuge, from the wax combs in which the bees deposited it. This exposes it to air, which results in a slight loss of flavor. Worse may follow. To move the honey along the pipes from the centrifuge to the pots, one must heat it. Mild heat causes no problems, but honey that has been "overheated" will be less good.

Heat is also used to keep honey liquid. Flash heating dissolves any crystals and is followed by rigorous filtering, which removes virtually all solid particles—including the pollen grains, by which scientists determine the honey's plant origins. The establishing of the plant from which a honey is made can be important, since the nature of the nectar is the most influential determinant of its quality.

Soon of studying pollen traces under a microscope, how can one tell what flowers the bees have visited? Sometimes one can't. The governor of the Bank of England keeps a hive in the middle of London, and his bees make their choices from the hundreds of different flower species in city gardens. One beekeeper, with a hive on his London rooftop, believes that this "polyfloral" honey is as good as any of the single-flower kind.

Most apparent, though, are situated in places where one flower is likely to be the dominant kind in the area where the bees collect (usually not much more than a mile in radius, although sometimes greater). If bees can consistently collect nectar from one kind of flower, they will do so.

Clover, rape, heather—the "big names" are numerous. In Australia, most honey is eucalyptus based. However, there are many situations, not only urban ones, in which the bees gather from a variety of flowers. In the south of France, there are honeys described as "of the maquis," they are based on nectar from a range of plants that bloom in the scrub along the Mediterranean coast. These honeys of mixed origin are often extremely good.

There are also "blended" honeys—blended by man, that is, not bees. They need be none the worse for that, but I have never been convinced. The labels rarely, if ever, match the language used for blended teas, by saying, for example, "a rich blend of rape honeys from Canada with a touch of coffee honey from Mexico." They say simply "a mixed blend," or "the produce of several countries."

Honeys vary in appearance. The color may be anything from whitish to nearly black, with such surprising hues as red (well, reddish—this from kiwi flowers) and green in between; but as the term "honey colored" suggests, the usual color is amber or light brown. Darker honeys tend to have a stronger flavor.

Differences in consistency are just as striking. A liquid honey looks very different from one that has crystallized, whether to the consistency of butter or hard enough to bend a teaspoon. Indeed, any liquid honey will eventually crystallize or "granulate," if left to itself. The speed at which this happens depends on the ratio of glucose to fructose; if the glucose is high, the honey granulates easily. One category of honeys is neither liquid nor granular but a gel. The best-known is ling heather honey, from the flowers of Calluna vulgaris, but honeys from the flowers of carvi in India and manuka in New Zealand also have this characteristic.

The pleasure of eating honey is not diminished by the thought that it is better for you than other sweeteners. But is it? Analysis of any honey will show that it is largely composed of sugars; that there is some water; and that other elements, such as minerals and amino acids, are present in quantities so small as to be of no nutritional significance. It offers a health-food enthusiast a meal consisting of two large piles of sugar, three thimblefuls of water;
ter, and a pill containing microscopical amounts of minerals and amino acids, would he start back in dismay. Yet, presented with a helping of honey, he will consume it eagerly.

One attractive explanation of this paradox is that honey contains something analysts have not yet identified, a sort of super-vitamin. I half believe this myself, having read a Russian book that reveals the extraordinary longevity of beekeepers (not just in Russia—the same phenomenon has been noticed in many other countries). But what can the mystery substance be, and how can it have escaped notice?

Perhaps the explanation is simpler. The sugars in honey, unlike the sugar we usually eat, can be absorbed by the human system instantly and easily. Someone I know in a small English village (population 26), where traditions date back unimaginably far, told me that she was fed spoonfuls of honey while giving birth to her daughter. It filled her need for extra energy at a moment’s notice.

There was a time when honey was cheaper than sugar. In Europe this was the case up to about 1800. Sugar, originally more highly regarded as a medicinal than as a culinary item, was believed to have special, mysterious properties. This belief has evaporated since sugar has become much cheaper than honey and will doubtless remain so. The maintenance of apiaries is a costly business and by its nature not susceptible to the economies of mass production—although “mass” production is surely the right phrase for work involving billions and billions of workers!

Still, one wonders. It was only just over a century ago, in the 1850s, that the introduction of the “Langstroth” movable-frame hive increased productivity by allowing the beekeeper full control of the bees. And one factor remains to be greatly improved: the bee itself.

The leading light in bee genetics—one of the great beekeepers of all time—is the octogenarian Brother Adam of Buckfast Abbey, in Devon, England. The abbey is famous for its honey, and for sixty years he has been in charge of the bees and an elaborate research program. As he explains in his chronicle of long journeys to inspect bees in various parts of the world, places as remote as a Saharan oasis, there are many races of honeybee, each with its advantages and disadvantages. Thus, the Anatolian is very productive but tends to swarm. The Syrian is bad-tempered. The Italian has many good qualities but lacks stamina. The obvious solution is to produce crosses that will combine the good qualities and shed the bad ones. If this leads to a race of superbees, the effects will be as far-reaching as those of the introduction of the modern hive.

And yet, Brother Adam explained to me, while the economics of honey production will be affected by hybrid bees, the taste of the honey will not. That will still depend mainly on the source chosen by the bees or presented to them. Brother Adam reminisced about the kinds of honey that have pleased him most in his travels. "Possibly the loveliest honey in the world," he says, "is that from the Alpenrose, a species of dwarf rhododendron that thrives only at high altitudes in noncalcareous regions of the Alps." He also singles out for its “supreme” quality honey produced from rosemary on islands off the Dalmatian coast.

I suggested that the Buckfast heather honey has no equal. He acknowledged the compliment, while observing that the flavor of heather honey is too strong for some people. For those capable of appreciating it, he added, Buckfast is indeed best, being from 95 percent ling heather, whereas in other areas the bees gather a significant proportion of nectar from bell heather.

There is a final twist to the search for the best honey. One of the Devon beekeepers explained that he and his wife always reserve for their own use what they count the very best. Their bees forage from bluebell, sycamore, clover, and bramble—sometimes, in a good season, hawthorn too. But whatever the source of the nectar, the choicest honey is the small amount that adheres to the capping of the comb cells. This capping is sliced off before the comb is centrifuged to release its honey. If the cut-off cappings are drained, they will yield honey containing—this is the secret—some pollen that bees have deposited there in case they need a snack. You will never find this honey marketed, but if you know any beekeepers and they don’t want it all themselves . . .

Alan Davidson is writing The Oxford Companion to Food.
The perfect start of day: toast smothered under luscious creamed clover honey. For seconds, try the honey from the comb, but don’t eat the wax.
A SENSUALIST AT HEART

JOSEF BREITENBACH FINALLY GETS HIS DUE

BY VICKI GOLDBERG

Josef Breitenbach had to die to be discovered.

He had predicted that. Bitter that the world did not recognize his worth, Breitenbach used to speak now and again about his neglect. A good artist, he would say, is never appreciated while he is alive. Think of van Gogh, Gauguin, Cézanne. Then he would add that after Joe Breitenbach was gone, people were going to understand at last how good a photographer he was. Artists frequently talk like that; if fame is avoiding them now, they can always hope that she will come courting in the hereafter. Breitenbach, as it happens, was probably right, but not for the usual reasons. He had carefully hidden his own best work from view. Only when he was no longer around to conceal it would it be brought back to light, by an astonished appraiser.

Breitenbach had a one-man show in New York in 1954. The next came thirty-three years later (last spring, at the Pace/MacGill Gallery)—by which time he had already been dead for three years. Another one-man show will open at the Edwynn Houk Gallery, in Chicago, this October.

Born in Munich in 1896, Breitenbach was the son of a wine merchant who had destined his boy for the family business. After World War I, he worked for his father and then began to photograph on the side, in 1924. Apparently, the young Breitenbach had no formal art education, but his eye was eager and there was certainly art to spare in Munich. His early photographs both cling to an old style and try out a new. He took soft-focus landscapes with a pictorial cast and romantic spirit that were no longer up-to-date but would recur in his work for years.

At the same time, he could work in a most modern vein. A new vision in photography sprang up in Germany after the First World War. The machine that took pictures formed what seemed to be a natural alliance with technology, staring compulsively at the products of engineering and industry. Movies like Metropolis and such photographic shows as "Das Lichtbild," in Munich in 1930—where Breitenbach could have seen the work of August Sander, Lotte Jacobi, and other prominent German photographers—spread the aesthetic of the machine age and the cold, hard state of Germany's New Objectivity. In Paris, Breitenbach climbed a platform on the Eiffel Tower and looked down on a tangle of girders and the tiny, imprecise figures of pedestrians casting shadows greater than themselves; he pressed his lens close to the geometrical patterns of the tower's trusses, cast like a mechanical net over the Seine. He was not himself an innovator, but he knew the new vocabulary and made it his own.

He tried out photojournalism as well, photographing in the street. Fast shutters and fast film came on the market in the mid-twenties, and German newspapers and magazines shaped the new picture journalism, which soon swept the world.

In 1931, Breitenbach quit the wine business and opened a pho-

Vicki Goldberg, author of Margaret Bourke-White: A Biography (Harper & Row, 1986), is now preparing a Bourke-White retrospective, to open in March 1988 at the International Center of Photography, in New York.
Breitenbach's boldest photographic experiments involved partly colored prints, like this one, shot at the Académie de Sculpture, Paris, circa 1935.
ography studio in Munich, sharing space with a painter. He had married young, had a son, divorced. He was never again to have more than a nickel in his pocket. History, photography, and perhaps his own personality conspired to keep him from walking a straight and easy road. Complex, passionate, opinionated, belligerent, Breitenbach had no neutral responses to present to a life full of pressures. His good friend Karl Schrag, a German-born artist, says he had "tremendous warmth and involvement in people and things" but was also so sensitive that people easily rubbed him the wrong way, and he always let them know.

Another good friend of his, Zeb Schachtel, says he was "an extremely earthy man, passionate, lusty," yet childlike, often referring to himself as "Little Joe." Usually broke, frequently depressed, frustrated by the world's indifference, he was nonetheless so enthusiastic that, as his widow puts it, when he was around "the whole room would be electrified." Schrag says that Breitenbach "saw in life itself the consolation. There is a German song that goes, 'Enjoy life as long as the little flame is glowing.' He often said, 'As long as the little flame is glowing...''"

In Munich, Breitenbach took portraits. His pictures were vivid and full of conviction, and he won a number of film and theater assignments, taking pictures of actors for exhibition in theater foyers. He also took female nudes, as he was to relish doing all his life. Once he and a friend, deciding it would be a lark to photograph a nude woman and a fully clothed man, approached an attractive woman on the street and outlined their plan. The result: a memorable photograph of Breitenbach's nattily dressed friend holding a top hat and earnestly contemplating a woman wearing nothing but black leather pumps.

Breitenbach's portraits of the thirties are unmistakably of their time. They are close up, immensely serious, confrontational. The portraits insist that the camera's mission is not flattery; every mark that time and unkind nature have made is clearly visible, every hair and lash, every drop of water on a swimmer's face. Sometimes for drama Breitenbach played with heavy shadow or odd vantage points, hazy backgrounds, or the assertive cropping characteristic of the period, the face so close that the frame barely contains it. Many of his subjects, well-known actors of the time, already had intensity to spare; their faces alone said who they were. But in one portrait, Breitenbach captured his subject, a wandering poet, standing by a road and a telephone pole, as if to say that homelessness was his station in life.

In the fall of 1933, a Nazi storm trooper came by to ask ques-

![Nude with Cigarette, Munich, 1933. He was a sensualist who loved food, wine, cigars, but women most of all.](image)

tions. He did not mention Breitenbach's Jewish heritage, being more interested in his socialist activism shortly after the war. The photographer showed him a portrait he had recently taken of Franz von Papen, then vice-chancellor of Germany, adding some story about his being a family friend. It worked—but one such visit was all anyone could afford. Breitenbach borrowed a friend's passport and decamped overnight to Paris.

In France he was a refugee with no money and no clients. Hans Breitenbach, his son, remembers that sometimes in that capital of culture they did not have enough to eat, but they never lacked for art. The photographer went out one day to buy furniture for their empty apartment and used up his money on a carpet and a reproduction of a Memling, leaving nothing for beds or a dining table.

Now he toyed with the surprises of surrealism, printing two photographs together to make one unlikely montage, or placing a black-and-white nude before a vast landscape and painting her drapery red. His love of darkroom experiments deepened; a single negative could be printed dark or darker, or underexposed and printed as pale as smoke. He played with various processes, such as carbon printing on tissue, which produced a study as delicate as a red-ink drawing of the Renaissance.

His boldest experiments were with partly colored prints. In a black-and-white photograph of a sculpture academy, the nude model is a fleshy orange color and the background turns sepia; in another version, also with a sepia background, she has a faint green cast. Hans Breitenbach says that his father discovered this technique on his own. He would mask part of the picture, develop the rest to the shade he wanted, fix that portion, unmask the rest, and develop it again with a chemical that would turn it another color. This technique has made something of a comeback recently; it was exceedingly rare in the thirties, which makes these photographs all the more compelling. Josef Breitenbach considered himself an artist, a man whose imaginative interpretations could enhance the possibilities of his lens.

He sold a few photojournalistic images to European magazines, but portraits remained his profession and his strongest suit. His powerful images of watchful glances and moody faces as Europe braced for war do make the kind of claim on our attention the photographer always said they would. Thinking Breitenbach too German a name for comfort in the thirties, he hung a sign outside his studio that said NADAR, after the great nineteenth-century French photographer of Dumas, Manet, and Baudelaire. Breitenbach had his own roster of distinguished sitters: Kandinsky, James
Breitenbach’s portraits from Paris in the late thirties are unmistakably of their time: close up, serious, confrontational. Flattering the subject is not their purpose, even when that subject was as eminent as Bertolt Brecht (top) or James Joyce.

In Munich in the early thirties, Breitenbach shot ordinary citizens in ways that made them almost symbolic. On the open road, Fred Endricat (above), a poet and lecturer, embodies uprootedness; the glistening lifeguard, sheer physicality.
A Magritte in the darkroom? For Ever and Ever, Paris, 1936. The coloring techniques Breitenbach developed, though familiar now, were pioneering in his time.
Joyce; Max Ernst; Bertolt Brecht, whose melancholy face floats out of the darkness like an apparition.

The mood in these portraits is solemn, the subjects often marked by a burden of knowledge, sorrow, or suspicion. In Paris, Breitenbach also shot deserted gardens with ancient statues, surrealist images of nudes with clocks on their hair, men wearing gas masks; an insider’s vision of Europe between the wars.

The war caught up with him in 1939, when he was interned by the French in a camp for foreign nationals. Conditions were extremely difficult. In 1941, Breitenbach managed to borrow enough money for a bribe (a debt he could not cover for some years), escaped, and made his way to New York.

He was starting over again. Fortune gave him a couple of assignments; his story on steel was a series of industrial abstractions in black, white, and tones of rust. He went on in the style he had brought with him from Europe: surrealism, montage, the close-in and sharply cropped portrait. Karl Schrag recalls the shock when he went to look at proofs of Breitenbach’s portrait of him: “It was so exciting and so unusual I burst out laughing. It was like seeing yourself for the first time.” But America did not really want to see itself new in Breitenbach’s lens. He was so poor that once he had to pawn his cameras. He complained that he was given no chance to bring out the true person, which took time—and Americans never had much of that. He said his new countrymen (he became a citizen in 1946) demanded flatly and depended on discreet retouching; that wasn’t his kind of work.

Perhaps, having honed his style in another time, another place, Josef Breitenbach was an anachronism here. History had exiled him twice, which could not fail to affect his outlook and his vision. Now he transformed himself into Josef Breitenbach, a highly competent photographer, first-rate printer, and dedicated teacher who would never again be quite so good as he once had been.

Teaching became his major source of income, first at Cooper Union, from 1946 to 1966, and then at the New School, from 1949 to 1975. Students piled in by the hundreds to hear the little photographer tell them, in his heavily accented English, that eyes trained by the camera would see more of the world than they would ever have thought was there. He begged them not to feel bad if he was harsh (which he never was), for he swore he was “far away from all these critics who . . . the more they put a student down the more they feel they are big. I never feel big and I feel not big towards you either. But . . . the idea why we are together is that you get better.”

By 1946 he had begun to photograph in nudist camps. By all accounts, Breitenbach was a sensualist who delighted in rich food, fine wine, big cigars, and beautiful children but loved women most of all. (He did not wed again until he was in his eighties, when he married Yayé Togasaki, who had been a close friend for thirty years.) His many photographs of the female nude were lovely enough, and a couple of times he struck a chord with a long echo, but few of these pictures are truly memorable. Some were more explicit than was thought proper at the time; Breitenbach once sued to reclaim his prints from Kodak, which refused to return anything considered indecent. Friends say he thought his nudes his finest accomplishment — the first hint that he was a bad judge of his own work.

In 1951 he was appointed chief photographer to the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Program. Asia rolled over him like a revelation; he felt himself rejuvenated. Each summer when school was over, he would race to the other side of the world to photograph for corporations with business in Asia. Schrag says the man so loved to travel that he set forth on every trip “like a child going into a fairy-tale life.”

Breitenbach hungered for recognition and nearly starved. He exhibited when he could. The Limelight Gallery opened in 1954 with a show of his Korean pictures — because Robert Frank, whose rough-and-ready brand of social criticism would soon revolutionize American photography, had said no, he couldn’t get his work together in time. Women of Asia came out in 1965 and, in 1976, a portfolio of portraits that did not sell. In 1965, Munich gave Breitenbach a retrospective; here in America, he still pursued dealers without showing them the strongest work of his early decades. For more than thirty years, while interest in the twenties and thirties began to mount, his dramatic portraits and print experiments stayed safely hidden from the eyes of a world he yearned to impress.

Perhaps he had willed himself to look not to the past but to the future. Zeb Schachtel says that when Breitenbach spoke of internment in France it was clear he had survived by clinging stubbornly to both his belief in himself and his strong sense of injustice, and she thought he lived his entire life that way. She adds that “he had a tremendous capacity for renewal, a sense of life, of hope.” Having discovered a new world in Asia when he was already in his fifties, Breitenbach may have thought he had started over again and surpassed his own earlier work with a fresh and greater burst of talent. Certainly he believed he had improved.

So he put his first photographs away, and he traveled, photographed, collected. He invented a process for photographing odors, which even he knew was not scientific. He collected old photographs when they could be bought for a dollar or two from the drawers full of odds and ends in the local cigar shop. Eventually he gave the Fotomuseum in Munich part of his collection of Talbot, Nadar, Arget, Stieglitz, Weston and sold them the rest. His apartment was crammed with his treasures: costume jewelry, photographic buttons, old cameras, Japanese scrolls and erotic drawings, recent Oriental jades, paper dolls. And, of course, his own photographs, including a cache of early pictures that no one in America had ever seen. Peter C. Jones, hired by the estate to appraise Breitenbach’s work and organize a memorial exhibition, wiped away what looked like a lifetime’s accumulation of dust, opened a battered suitcase and some cabinets piled high with boxes, and found the makings of a reputation.

When he died, Breitenbach had $2.78 in the bank. To the end, he also had the luxurious and proper conviction that the world would finally recognize him one of these days.
One morning last June a California businessman, accompanied by his wife and adult daughter, boarded Finnair's flight 302 out of Helsinki, headed northwest for the little town of Pietarsaari. He was full of anticipation. Six months earlier he had placed an order with the Nautor Company, makers of the extraordinary Swan sailing yachts. Now his boat was ready, and he had come to take delivery.

At the airport our hero was met by Nautor management, who took him back to the plant for a cafeteria lunch and then drove him down to the harbor to confront what they had wrought for him: a sleek and brawny sloop, fifty-nine feet in length. Among a jumble of first impressions, his eye took in the boat's ample girth amidships, allowing for roomy cabins below deck; the sweeping deck space; the rearward-splayed stern, lengthening the waterline for greater racing speed; the narrowed foredeck, leading to a bladelike prow. It was going to be fast, very fast, under sail; he knew that already. No mere auxiliary craft, it would have a lust for heavy weather, slicing high on the wind into an ocean wave, or straining downwind behind a billowing spinnaker. It was called then—and continues to be called—a Swan; what it resembled more closely, however, was a big jubilant porpoise.

In the following few days the Californian took advantage of Pietarsaari's lengthy daylight, and of the Nautor experts at hand, to learn the techniques of operating his new craft in all her complicated entirety, from her rigging to her below-deck air-conditioning system. Then he wrote a rather large check, said good-bye, and sailed off down the Gulf of Bothnia. After a cruise through the beautiful Finnish archipelago, he and his family would spend the rest of the summer roaming the Mediterranean, taking in the Swan World Cup Regatta, off the Costa Smeralda, in August, and moving on to the Azores in the early fall. Once the hurricane season was over they would follow the trade winds across the Atlantic, pass through the Panama Canal, and sail up the coast of Mexico, arriving back in California about the first of the year: a long and blissful voyage home.

The ultimate meld of primordial passion and stainless-steel functionalism, the sport of yachting by sail has seduced many thousands of otherwise normal people for whom the Swan has become a cult boat, first in Europe but more recently in America too. Out of 1,300 boats produced by Nautor in its twenty years of existence, 350 now reside in U.S. waters.

Swans come in seven sizes, from a compact thirty-nine-foot-long model up to the currently ultimate Swan, at sixty-five feet (sleeps a dozen; has three heads, or bathrooms; deck space enough for a garden party). Of large, man-made, handmade objects in the world today, these boats are among the most exquisite.

Not surprisingly, they are also expensive. The sixty-five-footer bears a list price of $1.25 million inmarks, about $1,250,000—but that is stripped, unlaunched, FOB Pietarsaari. Additional costs—such as for the beautifully milled teak deck ($40,000), the necessary sails ($50,000 or more), customs duty (1.9 percent), delivery by merchant ship ($35,000), and the loran, satellite navigation, radar, and other cruising gear offered as options—bring the big Swan to about $1.5 million ready to go in the United States. The best-selling Swan, the mid-sized forty-six-footer, comes to about $550,000, and it's worth it. You can sail comfortably around the world in that one too, and rapidly.

Swans, indeed, have always been fast, starting with the first one ever produced. Designed for Nautor in 1966 by the U.S. naval architects Sparkman & Stephens, Case Tetta II in its first season crossed the English Channel to Cowes, the soul of English yacht racing, and proceeded to win all seven races in its class, day after day.

Six years later Sayula II, a stock sixty-five-footer also designed by Sparkman & Stephens, placed first in the initial Whitbread Round-the-World race, a staggeringly demanding marathon sponsored by a British brewery that sends sailing yachts out of...
At a time when fiberglass boats tend to be made badly, Swan fitters excel inside Nautor’s production headquarters, in Pietarsaari, Finland.

Lars Ström, Nautor’s engineering manager, works with famous, independent naval architects. Right: A worker applies blue resin to a rudder.

Portsmouth, England, 27,000 nautical miles around the globe, through storms and calm, ice floes and equatorial heat, and back to Portsmouth again nine or so months later. Swans have always done well in the Whitbread; in the 1981-82 race, one designed by the eminent Argentinean German Frers broke the previous record by fourteen days. Swans have also won the Bermuda race, the Capetown-to-Rio race, and many, many shorter yacht-club cruise competitions.

Nautor goes wherever it has to for the best designers; these currently include Ron Holland, a New Zealander now based in Ireland. But the secret ingredient in any Swan is the sheer quality of its workmanship. Nautor employs 370 Pietarsaarians who work year-round against a backlog of orders. Many of them live in yellow board-and-batten houses with elaborately framed windows, going back to the days when Finland was a Russian grand duchy, and before that, when it belonged to Sweden.

Most of Nautor’s employees are of Swedish descent and still speak Swedish as their primary language. Olle Emes, Nautor’s general manager, says, “The short, intense summers and long, hard winters produce a unique temperament among the people, and they’ve been expressing it in building ships for more than 350 years. Sweden’s navies were built here.”

Most of a Swan’s visible wood surfaces are of teak, from the meticulously joined decks to the hand-rubbed paneling of the cabins, and Emes periodically sends a representative to the Far East to select the very best Burmese teakwood; the company makes all its own teak plywood. The Swan is often called the Rolls-Royce of yachts; even the fine Rolls-Royce car is a machine product, however, except for its hand-braced grilles, and every year Rolls makes 2,500 of them. Nautor may produce sixty boats a year, each handcrafted.

People who own Swans often begin to yealm, after a year or two, for a larger one. Two yachtspeople still in their thirties, David and Jean Solomon, of Solomon Equities, Inc., in New York, have already owned four, beginning in 1979 with a thirty-seven-footer and progressing to their current, “real” Swan, of sixty-five feet. Solomon says flippantly, “It is the finest production boat made.” They sail their Swan, Zoom, in Europe in summers and in the Caribbean during the wintertime. At the World Cup Regatta, off Sardinia, last summer, Zoom was given the Prix d’Elegance for being the best-turned-out of all the Swans among the seventy-two competitors. As time goes on, serial ownership increases. The cardiologist Susan A. Kline, of Connecticut, has owned three, and so has the real-estate developer David Weaver, of Florida. That San Diegan who picked up his fifty-nine-footer in Pietarsaari last summer had been convinced by a smaller Swan he owned.
Trading up is facilitated by the statistic that Swans hold value well, so that when an older one is sold, the resulting cash may be used to make a substantial payment for a new one. Many Swans actually increase in value if they are kept well (as almost all of them are) and if they were purchased at times when the finmark was low. Ingmar Granholm, Nautor's marketing manager, keeps a close eye on Swan transactions all over the world; he says that one of the early Sparkman & Stephens Swans is now a collector's item. It is worth, in dollars, about five times what it cost when new.

Cacher and speed aside, the real joy of being a Swan owner is that of the pure, unobstructed sailing, of relaxing with friends on board and poking into any waters to anchor (the Scheel shallow-draft keel is available). One wife of a Swan owner, whose husband ordered it on her birthday, confides, "I never liked sailing really, but I love the Swan. It's a wonderful way to be with people, so much better than a cocktail party." She also sometimes crews in races. The stress of racing affects her kidneys, however, that is why she insisted that they buy the forty-six-foot model, which has two heads. Now she is glad for other reasons as well: "The forty-six-footer is the Swan; you can't hold it back."

And racing is a very good excuse for the Swan cult to congregate. One such occasion is the biennial Atlantic Regatta, in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1986 sponsored by Rolex, a company that recognizes a class act when it comes along. Fifty-three Swans attended last year, with crews from up and down the coast, as well as a few from California, Canada, and Europe, for five days of uninhibited competing by day and high festivities in the evenings. One day's race consisted of a twenty-three-mile thrash around Conanicut Island, followed in the evening by a party in Newport's immense old Rosecliff mansion, a neoclassic "cottage" designed at the turn of the century by Stanford White. In the huge ballroom was a dance orchestra playing mostly foxtrots from the 1950s and earlier, yachting blazers and dressy short gowns predominated. When prize-giving time came, the winners were presented with Oyster Perpetual Submariner watches; the first prize went to the crew of Indulgence, owned and skippered by the ebullient John Greenhalgh, of a Boston suburb. Greenhalgh put the names of his fourteen amateur crew members into a hat; the one whose name was drawn got the $1,100 watch. "I think it's time for me to order a bigger Swan," Greenhalgh, glowing, confided to a friend.

Runner-up to Indulgence was the U.S. Naval Academy's Constellation, sailed by a crew of midshipmen, who turned out for the Rosecliff party in whites. The racing at Newport was heartfel and hard-pressed, if not at the anguished pitch of such semi-professional series as the America's Cup.
Each day at race's end the Swans, by ones and twos, motored back into Newport harbor, until all fifty-three of them had found their way into mooring places along the docks. It was a scene worthy of Brueghel—and a little reminiscent, too, of one of those inevitably Waspish Ralph Lauren magazine ads. Decks swarmed with sun-browned crew members in shorts, many wearing the distinctive polo shirts of their individual Swans, as, beer cans in hand, they hosed down decks, tumbled sails, and happily went through the other satisfactions of keeping ship. Most of them were husky men in their twenties and thirties, but there was a sprinkling of handsome women, too, some with tiny earrings in their ears, sun block their only cosmetic, their hair tousled by the wind. The owners, usually older and often a little eccent-rically arrayed, were obviously a cherished part of the intimate camaraderie.

Next morning the mood on the wharf was even more relaxed. Breakfast had been huge—there would be no time for lunch once the race was under way—and now crew members lounged around on deck in the sun, sleepily reading newspapers. One crewman, in red shorts, was hoisted on a bosun's chair to the top of a mast to adjust the telltale. Cases of Heineken were carried aboard on shoulders. A visitor noticed some of the names lettered on the sterns: Full Cry, Sista, Cygnet, Aliberto, Luna de Peponi, Perseverance, Faster Access, Ariel, Vizcaya, Rising Star, Jalpari, Tula, Wassaal, Loon's Lure. All nice, but the most appropriate is that of John Greenhalgh's Indulgence, which went on to win the week's top prize, a $3,000 gold-and-steel Rolex, presented at a final party on the waterfront. Captain Greenhalgh kept that one for himself.

Swans come in so many different sizes, and with such a variety of optional arrangements, that they can be made to accommodate the individual needs of almost any customer. Nautor will be glad to install a pipe rack on the stem of your compass or build you a sauna below deck—a fine place to warm up after a blustery afternoon on the water, and not all that uncommon on European Swans. Cabin arrangements can be altered too, as they were for one Hollywood producer who likes to take his two children, plus their tutor, on lengthy cruises; for himself he ordered a Xerox room.

Every now and then someone tries to...
By Alastair Duncan

For years it was assumed that the "Oasis" screen, one of the supreme masterpieces of the art deco period, had been destroyed during the German occupation of Paris during World War II. Presented at the 1925 Exposition des Arts Décoratifs by the ironworker Edgar Brandt and his collaborator the architect-designer Henri Favier, it was admired and photographed more than any other single object in the show. Since then, the only record of its existence has been black-and-white illustrations in contemporary art reviews and the documentation of its appearance six months earlier at the Salon d'Autome, a sort of preview to the exposition in Paris.

The first suggestion that the screen might have survived came in 1980 with the consignment to auction in New York of a massive vase and chandelier from a house in South America. Both pieces appeared in the photographs of the Brandt salon at the exposition. Hopes that the Brandt interior had been bought en suite for shipment to South America faded when nothing else in those early illustrations could be traced.

Last November, however, Robert Zehl, owner of the Robert Zehl gallery, in Beverly Hills, had a startling communication from his South American agent. A large black metal screen had been discovered in the basement of a client's house. Sixty years of grime concealed its surface sheen, but to those who had been searching for it all these years its form was unique and unmistakable.

The first supposition proved correct: a wealthy South American immigrant had indeed purchased the entire Brandt en-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LEATART
Lost and found: the “Oasis” screen, by the ironworker Edgar Brandt, a masterpiece of the art deco period.
Edgar Brandt (1880–1960) was at the fore of the early-twentieth-century French revolution in ironsmithing that made the forge and anvil obsolete. Scientific advances generated a faster, more precise technology: they included the pneumatic hammer, the press, the mechanical milling machine, and, most important, the autogenous soldering gun. Brandt changed the very nature of wrought iron, which had been superseded eighty years earlier by cast iron for architectural ornament and by bronze for decorative interior accents. He tamed the metal with apparent ease, transforming an innately inmalleable material into the damniest and most ephemeral-seeming summer bloom. Powerful yetpliant, massive yet weightless, serious yet playful, ferronnerie achieved the charm of the jeweler’s art.

The imagery of the screen’s palm fronds and tiered fountain was adapted in a host of buildings that sprang up across the United States after 1925. Panels of terra-cotta and bronze, cast locally, to enhance skyscrapers’ setbacks and movie-palace marquees, bear witness to Brandt’s influence on the modernist movement.

The screen is a technical tour de force of rivets, channeling, and clips, which secure its overlapping pieces, each duplicated on the reverse to provide a double image. Made of high-quality Swedish pig iron, the world’s finest, its leaves are encrusted with brass chevron panels. Thanks to sixty years of patination, the brass, applied paper-thin by electrolysis, has a rich but mellow glow.

The screen’s influence spread to textile design. A Manhattan silk manufacturer, Cheney Brothers, introduced a line called “Iron Transformed into Silk” and commissioned a pair of monumental gates for its new emporium on the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Fashioned as a modified version of the “Oasis” screen, with the fountain pushed upward to form the lintel, they are still in place, though the firm closed long ago. To meet international demand, Brandt opened showrooms in London and in New York, where the screen would have cost the equivalent of $3,400—the price of a modest house on Manhattan’s East Side, or ten Model T Fords. As for today? Mr. Zehil’s answer: “Two million.”

Alistair Duncan is a Christie’s consultant.
Powerful yet pliant, massive yet weightless, serious yet playful, immalleable iron achieved in Edgar Brandt's hands the charm of the jeweler's art.
When I travel, often I pack a copy of Other Men's Flowers, an anthology of poetry compiled in 1944 by Field Marshal Earl Wavell. In his introduction, which I have read in places like a Holiday Inn in Des Moines, he writes, "The aim of the lyrical poet, as of the stage manager, is to create glamour and illusion that will take our minds from the common circumstances of everyday life and fix them on the world as it ought to be."

There are hotels that can do that, too. The one at the top of my list is now closed and gone. Owned by Toni Nutti, an Italian frontierswoman, it could accommodate fewer than ten guests at a time. This remote lodge was her home, suffocating under bougainvillea, surrounded by the rapids of the Kagera River, with views of the plains of Tanzania on one side and a Uganda escarpment on the other. Mrs. Nutti was supposed to pay taxes to Uganda, but she had little time for authority, rarely answered her mail, and saw off anyone wearing a uniform. Her link with the outside world was a manual cable car, cranked by a seven-foot-tall Watusi warrior. Though she sometimes tuned in to the BBC, on most evenings she and her guests preferred listening to the grunts of her pet hippos, in the river pools outside the drawing room, and watching through the porch screens the silhouettes of butterflies, many of them still unrecorded by lepidopterists. Toni had once loved a distinguished British game warden, and often in the early dark of Africa, with the yip of hyenas emerging as melody to the chorus of waters, she would speak of him as though neither one had belonged to the world. Indeed, this island was a no-man's-land, and since it was ruled with such reverence for nature, one easily forgot the time, the passport; one even forgot all thoughts of home.

Toni Nutti's river island was what the world ought to be. It was not so much a means of escape as a contact with romance—the interplay of nature and the human spirit. Time spent there was an antidote to what I despairingly call the "real world." Just as Lord Wavell recited his beloved poems to forget the dreariness of war, so too have I exploited my brief memory of a Xanadu.
Ever since Toni Nutti died, in the Ugandan revolution, I have tried to find her island's equal in Africa, for me the most romantic of earth's surfaces. My search has acquainted me with wonderful hotels and lodges, some of them far more luxurious than hotels in Europe or America. But chocolates on the bed pillows at night do not make for romance. So I looked beyond frills for incorruptible qualities—for locations that aroused an atavistic chill, for spots that remind me that, here, man was born; here, I am watching that greatest of wonders: life in rehearsal.

THE VICTORIA FALLS HOTEL
Returning after a long absence, I was, at first glance, appalled. Recently painted an excruciating lime green, the hotel appears to be making fun of its own colonial past.

I had known this Zimbabwe landmark twenty years before, when the country went by the almost forgotten name Southern Rhodesia and any color other than white would have been unthinkable. I remembered heavy deck chairs where district officers luxuriated, enjoying their first leave in years, occasionally

Built overlooking one of Africa's greatest natural wonders, the Victoria Falls Hotel, in Zimbabwe, also offers Edwardian grace. A doorman, one of a staff of 250, proudly sports a collection of souvenir buttons donated by guests. Mango trees shade a courtyard.
pulling a meerschaum pipe out from their white knee socks and talking "elephant control" with sad wives, who wore fashions a decade out of date. The writer Alan Moorehead loved this hotel too. I can remember, in No Room in the Ark, his delightful account of waking late at night and seeing beyond the mosquito netting the shadow of a baboon, peering at him through the window.

Built in 1904, the hotel was sited so that visitors had a view of not the falls but another marvel—a metal suspension bridge, spanning the gorge and representing a cog in the Cape-to-Cairo railroad, dreamed of by the diamond financier and imperialist Cecil Rhodes. During the intervening years the hotel has been touched very considerably by the African railroad system, and even now when a lonely whistle blows, it means the overnight from Bulawayo has just arrived beyond the gate of the hotel.

Independence and revolution, rifle fire across the gorge, an unfortunate kidnapping of tourists by rebels—all these have affected the seasonal fortunes of this once-grand hotel; but today, with Prime Minister Mugabe now the peacemaker, overseas visitors have begun to return to Zimbabwe. "I have just let 139 of my 137 rooms!" Mark Jones, the manager, told me proudly at the time of my last visit.

No student of the colonial past, Mr. Jones is delighted with his color sense and believes that it has greatly contributed to the hotel's success. Besides creating the electric exterior, he has transformed the dining room into a pink wedding cake; the hallways he has shrouded in varying shades of Wedgwood green. In the evenings, on the terrace where once, an era ago, the orchestra played the "Merry Widow Waltz," today an African marimba band entertains buxom Shona ladies under a string of light bulbs, each one a different color.

Still, there is an allure here that no color will ever change. One glimpses it in the inner courtyard, shaded by mango trees, in the reflecting pools, filled with bream and goldfish; at the "swimming bath"; on the tennis courts. False mahogany trees on the terrace present a canopy to chairs laid out as meticulously as if they were on the promenade deck of the Queen Mary. And the staff of 250, some still dressed in sashes, honor the hush of long corridors, decorated with Thomas Baines prints, now faded.

The falls are the source of the hotel's romance. For most of its 1,500 miles the Zambezi appears a tired, mature river given to still pools and muddy banks, but here it suffers momentary insanity. Breaking over a bedrock chasm, it dumps 115 million gallons of water a minute into boiling pools 350 feet below. The spray leaps 1,500 feet into the air. Most katima—the smoke that thunders—local tribes called it when David Livingstone claimed the falls, in 1855, for Britain. He thought he was doing the falls a favor by rechristening them after a monarch who was never to set foot in Africa. Today Queen Victoria is remembered in another way: in the hotel bar a cocktail—consisting of dark rum, Marnique liqueur, lemon juice, and a dash of cream—has been created in her honor.

The best time to see the falls is at dawn, when no one is about but the baboons and bushbuck. The roar of water, the rising mist, this vertiginous landscape—they all prepare one for a philosophical breakfast at the hotel. Delay it ten minutes, return via the railroad station, and meet the morning train, still pulled by a coal-fired steam engine. Here, watch the cool greetings and farewells of this fiery continent and see the faces of a new Africa, peering out of bundles on their mothers' backs.

**THE CHOBE GAME LODGE**

Fifty miles into Botswana from the falls, this hotel is my choice for one of Africa's most romantic not merely because Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor were remarried here. There is a better reason: the Chobe River, aortic, sensual, seminal. A storm is mounting from across the frontier in the Caprivi Strip. The wind blows against the river's current, chuffing the trees. Clouds, once mere brushstrokes, bundle, whirl, and circle our patch of riverbank. The fish eagle falls silent. The Chobe rises in Angola and flows sometimes east, sometimes west in quest of the Indian Ocean. It reminds one of words Joseph Conrad wrote about another such artery: "What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! ... The dreams of men... the germs of empires."

Besides, the lodge is in the Chobe Game Reserve, itself a brilliantly kept secret. It possesses many of the highly touted attributes of more-famous parks but lacks their crowds. As one travels south from the river, the vegetation thins, tall canopies of Acacia nigresens by the river giving way to the shadeless mopani trees that are harbingers of the Kalahari Desert. Elephants, leaving wasted trees in their path, commune, like suburbanites, between the river and this bushland. In the dry season, the game—sabé, puku, lechwe, wildbeese, and zebra—is within a few feet of the hotel. Hardly a night passes without baboons making a nuisance of themselves on the terrace. And in the river, at cocktail hour, battle-scarred hippos lounge and yawn, preparing for nighttime forays on the hotel lawn.

Half-adobe, half-Moorish, the lodge ought to be a non sequitur in the middle of Africa, but it is, for me, just right. There are few walls in the public rooms, so the wind is at liberty to come visiting the bar and the dining room, rattling fine African masks, set in alcoves, and billowing the doilies that cover the midday smorgasbord. In the bedrooms, the ceilings are vaulted and the lamps made of tooled calabashes. There are four suites, each with its private swimming pool, overlooking (as does every room at Chobe) the great river.

The days here are timed to animals—dawn awakenings to watch mongooses from a Land Rover, after-breakfast trolling for tiger fish, evening cocktails on the river launch, observed by crocodiles and sacred ibis. Wildlife becomes an obsession, and only the street-hardened can resist a temptation to bring field glasses to lunch on the veranda, just in case a coucal calls.

**XAXABA CAMP**

From the plane on the flight south, the view at first conjures up desolation, not romance. "Here in Botswana," says Paul Rawson, pilot and co-owner of Xaxaba Camp, our destination, "we are great believers in the Flat Earth Society." I can see why. Beneath us there is not so much as a ripple to suggest a hill, not a single thread of road. Gray here, khaki there. A lone tree is a celebration.

Suddenly, beneath us appears a sharp demarcation: the waters of the Okavango Delta have begun. Now we might as well be flying over a golf course with occasional sand traps, lots of water hazards, and very slim fairways (which on closer investiga-
Bright, airy rooms highlight the Chobe Game Lodge, beautifully located in a Botswana game park. Breezes cool the semi-open dining room, baboons play on the terrace, and boys serve exotic refreshments beside the sun-dappled swimming pool.
tion prove to be stands of papyrus). In all the 5,800 square miles of land-locked delta, there are but three minute hills to serve as landmarks for a pilot. Turning the Cessna in a full circle, Paul Rawson points out features of the landscape a visitor, unaccustomed to the subtleties, would never notice. He tells of the recently rediscovered tribe of river Bushmen who once inhabited these waterways. Today only one, Xaxamam (the xes are pronounced—most Westerners never get the hang of it—as clicks), survives, on an island with one stump called Xigere. Paul mentions the rain tree, beneath us—a tree that, thanks to the sputtle bug, whose larvae secrete a froth, can create a mucky shower for those camped in its shade. He speaks of islands in the delta, seen by man only from the air. “Sea of land, land of water,” he quotes, shaking his head in wonder at the great natural phenomenon that has been his home for the last five years.

The Okavango River never reaches the sea. Instead, it evaporates across this mantle of sand, the southernmost extension of Africa’s Great Rift. Every year the waters rise in the delta, paradoxically during the dry season, six months after the Angolan floods. Every year, too, islands are formed in the Okavango, mostly by termites and birds. The termites create mounds, and the birds deposit seeds in the mounds. As a result almost every tree in the Okavango bears either fruit or nuts. This swamp, not Babylon, is my choice for the site of the Garden of Eden.

Penny and Paul Rawson have bet their life savings that others will find this aquatic cornucopia no less bewitching than they do themselves. Access is exclusively by light aircraft, and only eighteen guests can share their island with them at any one time. Accommodations are huts of split papyrus and thatch, each with attached dressing room and bath. The Rawsons are very sensible people, as in the line of duty all pilots must be, but occasionally they give in to whimsy, as when they installed the huge mirror behind the bar, which lets them catch a glimpse of their beloved delta backwards.

Like the owners, the visitor quickly falls under the spell of this watery world. At sunset each day one must be on the water, preferably in a makoro canoe, poled by Fish, the chief-designate of the Batawana tribe. In these enchanted hours, the sky becomes a sea of different ideas—spun cotton to the west, a cork of rain to the north, dark jade to the south. A collared dove sounds his six notes. A squacco heron leaves a trail of muddled water before reaching flight speed. A pied kingfisher, with full flaps, circles a dream of dinner. A lily-trotter coasts through the reeds. Spur-winged geese. Pygmy geese. Snake eagles. They compose a wondrous symphony of sounds and shades. Around Xaxabwa are some 308 different species of birds, living on 1,000 different plants, off 200 species of tree. And while you observe, Fish silently propels you against the mysterious currents of indefinable channels.

The romance of the delta lies in its quirky abundance. The desert, a half-hour flight away, is still inhabited by desert Bushmen who will spend the day stockpiling enough water to fill one ostrich egg. Why is it that here the water laps at one’s feet, threatening to put out the evening campfire?

**KICHWA TEMBO**

Two thousand miles to the north, across the Kenyan border from the Serengeti Plain, lies the inspirational Masai Mara Game Reserve, one of the last great homes of African wildlife. There are several tented camps here. My choice is Kichwa Tembo.

Canvas was made for Africa. It allows the sleeper to be awakened by noises too subtle to be heard in a permanent structure. It trembles to a lion’s roar, and sometimes, if one is very lucky, as I have been, it may nearly collapse when a hippo comes grazing between the guy ropes. At times, all I ever thought a foreigner could sensibly own in Africa was just that—a tent. Pitch your home by this water hole, and you own the water hole—until an elephant takes it over, or the rains fall, or your food supply dwindles. Then you simply move on.
For many years only the Ernest Hemingways and Robert Ruarks—the hunters—understood this truth. But beginning in 1965 came a boom in permanent installations of lighter construction, more open to the enchantments of the land. Kichwa Tembo was erected about ten years later, with greater luxuries than most of the others had. Basically, this is a hotel: the tents are numbered, the bathrooms attached, the showers dependable. The dining room used to be a tent. Now it is a permanent structure, though in the kitchen one reminder of the old camping days survives: the cook still does his baking in a tin trunk set in coals, just like Kipkoski, Ruark's cook of several decades past.

The romance of this country derives from grass. Driving through the windblown savannah at dusk, one can spot nearly every link in a food chain. European storks, just arrived from the chimney pots of Istanbul, are feasting on soldier ants, which emerge out of the ground between grass stems. A martial eagle annihilates one such stork, too distracted by the feast, while a herd of elephants grace a few feet away, encouraging more soldier ants to take wing. Exactly one hundred yards away a cheetah sits on an anthill and waits for a topi, sampling new grass, to make one false move. A little over two miles beyond, an old lion tries not to notice that his nine cubs are alternately pulling his tail, trying to nurse, and tugging his mane. Just occasionally, perhaps recalling that he is king of the jungle, he curls his lips, still bloodstained from a young gazelle who this morning was too intent on a tuft of new grass to look up in time to escape.

By day one is comforted by such neat connections. But with the fading light, mystery descends. Why is it that the bushbaby cries out from the river? Can that be a leopard coughing? I wonder, are the Masai tribesmen, armed with only spears, scared of the dark? And what is the lion saying?

The fire offers some reassurance. Its blaze transforms this vast land into a circle of fluttering amber, forty feet round. Bet then, just as one has settled comfortably with a canvas chair and a Tusk-
IF YOU WANT TO GO

The one carrier that connects all five romantic hotels with North America and Europe is British Airways. To reach Victoria Falls, fly first to Harare, Zimbabwe, and onward via Zimbabwe Air. For reservations, write Victoria Falls Hotel, P.O. Box 10, Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe; phone: 203 4 5; telex: 3324 ZW. Rates: $220 Zimbabwe dollars ($155) for bed and breakfast. Ask for the Lobengula suite if you wish to face the courtyard, or the Batsonka suite, for the best view of the gorge. Best time: Year-round.

Transport is available in Victoria Falls for the short drive to Chobe. Reservations: Chobe Game Lodge, c/oSun International, P.O. Box 784487, Sandton 2146, South Africa; phone: 78 38750; telex: 4-27427 SA. Rates for a suite with private swimming pool: $260 Botswana pula ($157) per person per night. Suite 210 (the site of the Burton honeymoon) is my favorite. Rooms numbered under 100 tend to be noisy. Best time for game viewing is June through October, although in October the weather often gets steamy. While the rains in December, and the game may be slightly dispersed, there is probably no more beautiful time.

The Rawsons will fly you from Chobe to Xaxabat at a cost of about $300 for two people. Reservations: Xaxaba Camp, P.O. Box 147, Maun, Botswana; tel. in Johannesburg, 421884 SA. Rates: 165 Botswana pula ($100) per person, inclusive. I liked all nine huts.

The journey onward to Kenya can be negotiated via Johannesburg or Harare. On British Airways the flight will last about four hours. To reach Kichwa Tembo from Nairobi, take the daily Sunbird DC-3 flight. Reservations: Signet Hotels, P.O. Box 59749, Nairobi, Kenya; phone: 33900; telex: 22066. Rates: About 2,400 Kenya shillings ($150) a day per person, inclusive. Best time: Any month, with the exception of April, May, and the first half of June—the time of the long rains. I recommend tent numbers 16 and 17, the honeymoon suite, "VK," and 21 through 25. As an alternative—even more sumptuous, of similar appeal—try Governor's Camp, c/o Box 48217, Nairobi, Kenya; phone: (254) 2 31817; telex: Signet Hotels, 22853, Nairobi. Rates: 2,575 Kenya shillings ($160).

To travel to the Peponi Hotel you must first return to Nairobi. Kenya Airways flies daily to Malindi, where you can catch a twice-daily and quite reliable flight to Manda. The hotel's kerosene-powered launch takes you from there to your destination in about half an hour. Reservations: Peponi Hotel, P.O. Box 24, Lamu, Kenya; phone: 29; telegraph: Peponi Lamu. Cost: 1,130 Kenya shillings ($70.65) per person, all-inclusive. The hotel is closed in May and June. The best months for visiting are August through March. Christmas and New Year's reservations, as well as all the other romantic hotels, are usually booked a year in advance and are not recommended, because of the crowds. As for rooms with privacy and the best views, I recommend 16, 16A, 18 through 20, and what Wera calls the "top room." You may also wish to try the Blue Safari Club, on the island of Manda, an extravagantly luxurious alternative in the same geography. Address: Box 144, Lamu, Kenya; phone: 205, telegraph the Blue Safari Club. Rates: 4,330 Kenya shillings ($30.00) per night.

Several agencies offer the convenience of arranging all the above with one phone call. Among the best: Abercrombie & Kent International., 1420 Kensington Road, Oak Brook, Illinois 60521-2106; phone: 312 954-2944 or (800) 323-7308. On the West Coast, Brian International Travel, Inc., 421 Powell Street, Suite 210, San Francisco, CA 94102-1594; phone: (415) 986-0967. In the South, Osborne Travel Service, Inc., 3537 Peach Tree Road, N.E., Atlanta, GA 30324; phone: (404) 261-1600. In the East: Continental American Travel, Inc., 770 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10021; phone: (212) 759-8320.

Peponi Hotel

Only 500 miles away, this haven might as well be on another continent. Located near Shela, a village on an island just off the Kenya coast, it is the resolution of a safari. To the southwest, just out of sight, lies an eight-mile stretch of soft sand beach that locals will call crowded if ten people, in all its length, are visible. To the northwest towers the great sand dune where the bleached bones of the dead of a battle 175 years ago still surface when a brisk wind blows. Two miles due north lies Lamu, a small Arab town still ignorant of cars. The streets, just wide enough for two fully laden donkeys to pass, are enclosed by town houses of coral.

A man's wives, dressed in black babus, their hands painted with henna, their mouths purple from chewing betel nuts, sometimes can be heard singing behind shuttered windows. In the evenings old sea captains converge on the wide plaza by the harbor, sit on the cannons facing the sea, and talk of storms.

Peering through one teakwood door here at the Peponi, one faces this Swahili world. Opening the other, one hears the tide bursting on a coral reef and feels the first flush of the Kazi kazi, the northeast trades. The Peponi commands a headland between the world of traditional peoples and the lonely sea.

Wera Korschzen, a Danish widow who has run the Peponi ever since her husband sold his upcountry farm, pretends that she would have one believe her hotel is no different from any other.

But there is a twinkle in Wera's eyes as she dismisses the little niceties, those casual details that make so much difference and can hardly be accidental—the rooms, designed to amplify the call of the muezzin urging the faithful to prayer; the black floors that gleam at all hours; the freshly squeezed lime juice always on the bar; the jasmine petals scattered on the bed pillows at night; the private verandas from which one may observe the great oceangoing dhows, beating into the harbor in the last hours of their two thousand years of history.

And on an evening of the full moon Wera will invite you on board her jibati, an open dhow, for a sail into the harbor of Lamu and beyond. Fresh mangrove oysters will be served in their shells, lobsters will be roasted over a brazier off the stern, and the sea will cast the moon's gleam back as if each wave were the scale of a fish, while you head toward Africa and home.

On a night such as this, one may think of the question Isak Dinesen, author of that brilliant Out of Africa, once asked. "If I know a song of Africa . . . of the Giraffe, and the African new moon lying on her back . . . does Africa know a song of me? Would the air over the plain quiver with a colour that I had had on, or the children invent a game in which my name was, or the full moon throw a shadow over the gravel of the drive that was like me, or would the eagles of Ngong look out for me?" Perhaps it is because we know the contemptuous answer to her question that we return to Africa time and again.

John Hemingway, whose latest book on Africa is No Man's Land, wrote about the grizzly bear for the July 1986 Connoisseur.
From the open veranda at the Peponi Hotel, located on an island off Kenya, guests may view jihazis, or dhows, heading out of the nearby harbor of Lamu. Another attraction: the fruits of the sea, which local cooks prepare magnificently for tired travelers.
Piecs of the mystery

Seven hundred years before the Bayeux Tapestry was embroidered, late in the eleventh century, the noble wall hanging shown on these pages was worked somewhere in the Graeco-Roman world, probably in the fourth century A.D. No other examples of Roman tapestry of this size and complexity survive, and it is only by a near miracle that this Dionysus tapestry has come down through the ages so nearly intact.

It had been used as a shroud in which human ashes were wrapped and entombed, probably in Egypt—where the equable, dry climate has perfectly preserved fragile tomb furnishings for millennia—though so splendid a work of art was certainly not made in Egypt, which had become by then a provincial backwater. Touched by neither light nor air, the tapestry was damaged only by chemicals in the ashes it wrapped and by such oxygen as reached its outer layers over the centuries.

Still, when it was offered to the Abegg Foundation, in Riggisberg, Switzerland, it was far from being the rich and harmonious work of art it is today. Tattered fragments had to be related to one another with few technical or iconographic clues. Mechtilde Flury-Lemberg, head of Abegg's famous textile workshop, was seduced but nearly overwhelmed by the puzzle that faced her. There appeared to be six figures. A few months later, two more turned up, much better-preserved though obviously part of the same original whole; they hinted at the puzzle's solution.

After months of work, on May 10, the reconstructed tapestry—its original bits and pieces now mounted in a meaningful...
The restoration of an ancient tapestry as only the Abegg Foundation could do it

a maenad, the god Pan, Ariadne, the divine Dionysus, a satyr, and another maenad. Two more figures probably stood on the right.

composition on a length of white linen seven and a half meters long and over two meters high—went on permanent display in the museum of the Abegg Foundation.

It is a literally incomparable example of an ancient art. Framed by an arcade of columns and arches decorated with stylized garlands and leaves, a retinue of eight figures appears—though there were probably two more on the right. At what would have been the center stand Dionysus, the Greek god of wine, crowned with the vine, pouring a libation over a spotted cat at his feet, and, to his right, his wife, Ariadne, adorned with jewels, holding a pomegranate. On either side of the divine couple stretches a procession of his followers: at far left, a mysterious pair, somewhat aloof from the others—a bearded old man in jerkin and leggings carrying a flail, and a richly dressed woman (they could perhaps represent the bucolic life and abundance); next to them, a maenad; then Pan, half man, half goat, playing his pipes, with a wicked glint in his eye. On the far right appear a satyr, with shepherd’s crook, and another maenad, fragmented but expressive.

Even the place where the tapestry was found is unknown, and where it was made can only be guessed, though Alain GruBer, the head of the Abegg Foundation, believes that one possibility is the weaving workshops of the imperial court of Constantinople. Mysterious in its origins, the Dionysus tapestry is precious as witness to a sophisticated art that has, to our knowledge, no other such survivors and as a seductive glimpse of the pagan world that had nearly run its course.

—Eve Auchincloss
"IT WAS BIGGER THAN THEY KNOW"
What are American art museums if not the new temples of learning and excellence? What are they if not the bastions of scholarly ethics? To support them in their mission of giving all people access to artistic masterpieces, the government lends them indispensable support. What happens if the public cannot trust what they say about their treasures? Then they threaten not only themselves but the whole, fragile system that keeps them alive. And one—the country’s richest and most powerful—is setting a most unfortunate example. That one is the J. Paul Getty Museum.

Last May, Geraldine Norman, saleroom correspondent for the Times of London, and I revealed that a top curator at the J. Paul Getty Museum, in Malibu, California, had, between 1973 and 1984, generated the largest tax-fraud scheme in the history of American museums. Jifi Frel, the Getty’s charming and ebullient Czechoslovakian-born curator of antiquities, encouraged nearly $15 million worth of tax-deductible donations to the museum—involving at least 100 donors and 6,000 works of art—many of them booked at values inflated as much as five times their fair market value.

We also reported that Frel had recommended the purchase of millions of dollars’ worth of antiquities that have turned out to be either fakes or suspected fakes. When confronted with our discoveries, Harold M. Williams, the president of the Getty, reluctantly admitted that, after “an investigation which involved outside counsel,” Frel had been found responsible for “serious violations” of the museum’s policy on donations. Frel was removed from his post of curator over three years ago, and banished—with full pay—to France, where he was awarded the title “senior research curator.” Norman and I have also learned that the “outside counsel,” to which Williams refers is the firm of Musick, Peeler & Garrett. At the time, two members of that firm sat on the Getty board.

The victim rewards the perpetrator. Why? Well, the Getty appears to have assumed that Frel had the museum’s best interests at heart. After all, he was merely building up the Getty’s collection of antiquities. And he had never profited from his deeds. Or so the museum says.

Once alerted, the museum’s top management neglected for months to investigate the nature or extent of Frel’s violations. When the affair became public, they refused to call them more than violations of museum policy. That, in journalistic terms, is a cover-up.

We have looked further into Jifi Frel’s doings. We have inspected a number of surprising—even astonishing—documents. Most important, we tracked Frel down and heard what he had to say for himself. Here is our latest bulletin.

IT’S “UNBELIEVABLE”

One work of art, more than any other, has come to symbolize the controversies and shadows of half-truths that the antiquities department under Jifi Frel lived and breathed: the “Getty” kouros. The six-foot-nine-inch naked youth, said to date to around 530 B.C. and acquired in 1984, is the most expensive of all Frel’s purchases for the museum.

Frel first proposed that the Getty board purchase the kouros, at a price of $12 million, late in 1983. The art scholar Federico Zeri, a Getty board member, called the statue a fake and stalled its acquisition for almost a year while the board sought the opinions of other scholars. In the end, the museum did buy the statue, for between $7 million and $9.9 million.

John Walsh, the director of the Getty, had told us that the museum had run extensive scientific tests, proving that the marble could not be modern. According to Walsh, for fifty years the kouros was in a private collection in Switzerland that he could not reveal. He refused to name the art dealer involved in the sale and wouldn’t talk about the price. I had been told that the dealer was Gianfranco Becchina, of Basel; but when questioned, Becchina denied ever having handled the kouros.

Geraldine Norman and I have recently obtained highly confidential documents that Walsh prepared for the Getty board of trustees in June 1984. They reveal that Becchina was, indeed, the vendor of the kouros and that the Getty proposed buying it, for the price of $9.9 million, payable in three installments spaced over two years. The draft contract protects the museum against any claim brought against Becchina for spurious title or for illegal exportation. It further seems to guarantee—for a limited period—full restitution to the museum if any of the documents provided by the dealer to support his claim of ownership and provenance are not “correct.”

The packet includes a cover memo from Walsh recording the opinions of nine specialists who studied the kouros. It also...
AGREEMENT FOR SALE OF WORK OF ART

THIS AGREEMENT is made and entered into as of this day of ____________, 1984, by and between THE J. PAUL GETTY MUSEUM, a California charitable trust (hereinafter referred to as the "Getty Museum"), and GIANTPAO BEOJHONI of Basel, Switzerland (hereinafter referred to as "Owner").

Recitals

A. Owner desires to sell a certain Greek Neoclassical statue (approximately six feet, eight inches tall) of youth (known as a "Kouros" statue type) Ca. 535 B.C., referred to as the "Statue"). A photograph of the statue is Exhibit A.

Agreement

NOW, THEREFORE, the parties hereto agree

1. PURCHASE PRICE AND PAYMENT: Owner and the Getty Museum agrees to purchase the Statue at the purchase price of U.S. $9,900,000 (Nine Million Nine Hundred Thousand United States Dollars) payable in U.S. $4,900,000 shall be provided, and the promissory note for a promissory note.
November, 1987

Although, mentions that all the scientists who examined the marble by means of ultraviolet light, X-ray fluorescence, stable isotope analysis, and the close study of acetic peels felt confident that the sculpture was genuine and could not have been artificially aged. However, one of them, an employee of the Getty, was let go for incompetence short after Freil's departure. The board also got copies of ten glowing letters (many on the museum's own stationery) from scholars called in by the museum to study the piece. "I am still dizzy from having spent so much time on my knees... examining the unbelievable work of art..."

Walsh's memo takes note of only two dissenting voices. Dietrich von Bothmer, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, "expressed puzzlement at a number of the kouroi's anomalies." Prof. Brunilde Ridgway, of Bryn Mawr College, "saw a number of stylistic anachronisms... particularly in the feet, which seemed to be different from the torso in style, although she subsequently voiced support for the statue. Apart from these two, three other experts were skeptical about its authenticity. Walsh's memo does not record their views. Cornelius Vermeule, of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, dismissed the kouroi as questionable after seeing a set of photographs. Iris Love, the archaeologist, was troubled by the presence of so many styles in one sculpture. Giuseppe ("Pico") Cellini, of Rome, had voiced severe doubts, as had Professor Zeri.

The most fascinating series of papers in the Getty report to the board, though, are the documents that attempt to prove that the sculpture had been since the 1950s in the collection of a Geneva physician, the late Dr. Jean Lauffenburger. —T.H.

THE UNSEEN STATUE

On the surface, the Lauffenburger file seems impeccable. There is a letter from Lauffenburger to Becchina, dated May 10, 1983, explaining the background of the kouros: "My father, bought it in 1930 or 1931 from a certain Roussos, a Greek dealer who let others call him 'Professor' and who claimed to have sold Greek monuments to museums in Boston, New York, and Paris and other places as well. Almost no one has seen this statue, because my father told me to protect it as a treasure whose value would increase with time."

Roussos, a Greek dealer who lived in Paris in the 1920s and 1930s, acted as the chief conduit of smuggled antiquities from Greece. In 1937, he wangled his way out of an eight-year prison sentence and a large fine for smuggling by sending a life-size kouros, said to have been found in Anavyssos and now in the National Museum in Athens, back to Greece from Paris. Of the handful of life-size kouroi extant, the Anavyssos example bears the closest resemblance to the Getty's.

After a succession of phone calls, I have become convinced that the Lauffenburger provenance is a fabrication. The doctor's brother, Pierre André Lauffenburger, a Protestant pastor at Nyon, said that his father had never to his knowledge owned a kouros, nor had he ever said of it in his brother's collection, which he knew well and admired.

Jean Lauffenburger was an avid collector of Greek and Roman antiquities, particularly Greek vases. The scholar who knew the collection most intimately was Prof. José Dorig, of Geneva, whom Lauffenburger asked to publish a full catalogue of his antiquities. He withdrew this request shortly before his death, when he apparently sold his collection to Gianfranco Becchina. Professor Dorig states flatly that there was never a kouros in Lauffenburger's possession—unless it was kept hidden from him.

Another local scholar, however, vouched for the Lauffenburger provenance. He is Jacques Chamay, who wrote to the Getty that he had seen it in a Swiss collection. Chamay is currently the classical curator at the Musée d'Art et d'Histoire, in Geneva. He confirmed to me that he had seen the kouros in Lauffenburger's collection. When I pointed out that it was most unlikely, he did not waver.

Jean Lauffenburger was married three times. His first wife, astonished to be contacted, said that she had never known there was a life-size statue in her husband's or her father-in-law's collection. The second wife has died; and the third, Lauffenburger's widow, advised me to contact the executor of her late husband's estate: "It is hard enough to lose a husband without being pestered with questions on the telephone." I received the same crisp referral from one of Lauffenburger's daughters. Another said she did not remember a life-size statue, but she had never been interested in her father's antiquities. Why didn't I contact his former curator, Madame Cotier?

Madame Cotier was not prepared to say anything about the kouros, but she referred me to her husband, who, it turned out, was the executor of Lauffenburger's estate. Monsieur Cotier said that he had received many strange phone calls, and how was he to know that I was who I said I was? I suggested that he ring me back on my office switchboard, but he declined. He said, mysteriously, that something that had happened at a certain period of Lauffenburger's life would cause reverberations if it came out, and he added, "What he did during his lifetime was his own affair."

I also spoke to two close friends of Lauffenburger's, one who lived in the same building and one who was his professional partner. Neither had ever seen or heard of the kouros. To my mind the testimony of these friends and relations proves conclusively that the Lauffenburger provenance is a phony.

The Getty's file on the kouros contains six letters referring to Lauffenburger's ownership besides his own that he wrote to Becchina, but virtually all of them are suspect (see box)—and all but two of the writers are dead. The Getty lawyers, Musick, Peeler & Garrett, used the Geneva law firm of Magnin to check the authenticity of the letters, which, according to the draft contract with Becchina, must be "correct" for the agreement to be binding. Magnin's initial inquiry appears to have been made in the spring of 1984, but since, they have recently been making additional, careful inquiries. To my knowledge, they have been in touch with Lauffenburger's brother and former associates of the people whose signatures appear on the letters. But if I could discover that the Lauffenburger provenance did not stand up, why didn't they? Or did they? —G.N.

FIRST, GET A CAST

As my colleague cut holes in the Geneva provenance, I heard two other fanciful tales of where it came from. One was that it had been unearthed in an expansion in 1982 of a resort on a Greek island owned by Valtur, Inc. Before the Greek authorities could snatch it, it was smuggled through Yugoslavia to Basel. Valtur stated that no expansion had been made. Greek authorities scoff at the fantasy. Another tale had it that the monumental sculpture came from the island of Mozia, off Sicily's west coast—a rumor possibly invented by Gianfranco Becchina comes from Sicily. Mozia was a Carthaginian redoubt, no place of origin for a Greek athlete.

Prof. "Pico" Cellini, who first alerted me to the likelihood that the "Getty" kouros was a modern fake, advised us to look to Paris and a ring of fakers associated with Rodin's studio who were linked to people like Ignaz Virzi, a Sicilian dealer, Jacob Hirsch, an archaeologist and art dealer, Édouard Larande, another art dealer, and Joseph Brunner (the great American art dealer), who in youth had been one of Rodin's pupils and had fallen passionately
in love with Greek art, especially that of the sixth century. If one were lucky, Cellini added, one might even find the one ingredient all forgers must have for the best deception: a cast of an authentic kouros, for the three-dimensional “look” and “feel.”

As I looked into the kouroi and two other questionable Greek sixth-century sculptures that Frel had bought or tried to buy, worried by their perfect surfaces and lack of history, an outlandish thought kept creeping into my head. Somewhere in Paris, Frel might have come across the pieces and had later shepherded them into the museum via a few favorite dealers. What we found out, with the help of Alain Tari, an art dealer based in Paris and New York who has been the most indefatigable investigator into the Getty affair, is to date admittedly purely circumstantial.

1. In 1902, Rodin had a superb cast made of the Thera kourois in the National Archaeological Museum of Athens. There is an old photograph of it in the Rodin Studio. And the cast itself exists: Tari found it hanging on the studio wall in the Bourdelle museum, in Paris. Antoine Bourdelle, for whom the museum is named, was a student of Rodin’s. Although the Thera piece is earlier than the kouroi type the Getty statue fits into, there are some strikingly similar details—especially the wide, curling hair and the way one shoulder is markedly larger than the other.

2. The Anavysos kouroi, now also in Athens and the other piece closest to the Getty’s, was in Paris in the early 1930s, smuggled in by Roussos. The Louvre thought it a fake; it was sent back to Greece.

3. Joseph Brummer, who worked at the Rodin workshop, once had a kouroi similar to the Getty’s in the cellar of his shop in New York, according to the architect and classicist Julian Whitley, who has made a special study of kouroi and saw it there in 1934. (In Brummer’s punctilious records no mention of any kouroi exists. Maybe he knew it was a fake.)

4. The Rodin archives tell of large numbers of battered Greek sculptures and ancient Greek marble shipped to the studio as materials.

5. In 1919 there was a sensational court case in Paris over the mass production of fake Rodins by his former assistants.


Is it smoke or fire? One may never know for sure. At any rate, perhaps now is the time for the Getty museum to exercise its rights as spelled out in the sale contract and demand its money back. The issue could well be the one of how “correct” the Lauffenburger documents are. The museum has until the end of 1988 to act. Even for the wealthy Getty, $9.9 million or even $7 million is worth thinking about.

Through knowledgeable sources, more of Frel’s bizarre wheelings and dealings have come to light in recent months. A few days after our article appeared, an old acquaintance telephoned. “I have something to contribute about Frel,” he said, “that fits into your story.”

In early 1984, my acquaintance had decided to sell his collection of antiquities, which were worth approximately half a million dollars. His agent suggested that he contact the Getty, because he had an “in” there. My acquaintance was appalled when the agent matter-of-factly told him that for 10 percent of the sale price, his “in” would try to push the deal through. The deal never came off, because my acquaintance refused to become involved in such chicanery.

The kouroi is not Frel’s only fishy acquisition for the Getty in sixth-century B.C. Greek sculpture. Another—a relief showing one warrior bandaging the head of a second, who appears to be dead or dying—is one of the most expensive archaic Greek works ever to come onto the market. It is carved “in finest Parian marble,” according to Prof. Cornelius Vermeule, the country’s leading expert in ancient Greek art. Vermeule included it in his catalogue of Greek sculpture in America.

Frel, who dubbed the relief Death of a Hero, personally brought it into the country in 1979. The vendor of the relief, priced at $3 million, was allegedly the reputable Basel antiquities dealer Nicolas Koutoulakis, though he denies it. Frel presented the relief for acquisition to the Getty board in the name of a fictitious vendor in case the real owner might be embarrassed by a rejection. The board purchased the Hero.

After Frel’s departure from the Getty, scholars began to doubt the authenticity of the sculpture. Vermeule admitted he had been wrong in believing it genuine, saying, “I can no longer believe it. Those terrible lips! Those eyes! If there’s ever another edition of my book, the Hero shall not be included.” Marion True, the Getty’s current curator of antiquities, is said to doubt the relief, despite a battery of scientific tests the museum made in around 1980. It is said that only the back of the marble fragment was analyzed, and the museum apparently just began to make additional tests on the sculpted surface. If the Hero is revealed as a fake, as expected, it may be somewhat difficult for the Getty

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THESE LETTERS? The Getty kouroi arrived before the museum’s board with an impressive sheaf of letters supporting its provenance. He was supposed to have belonged to one Jean Lauffenburger, M.D., of Geneva. Portions of the letters (originals and translations) appear on the facing page. Only one letter (not shown), from Jacques Chaymay, is from a correspondent still living who claims to have seen the kouroi with his own eyes. All are suspect.

1. Ernst Langlotz, an eminent German scholar who worked in Athens and Bonn and maintained close relations with dealers and collectors, died in 1978. This letter purports to show that he saw the kouroi in 1952. For a scholar’s comments, these are incongruously unspecific.

2. Herman Rosenberg, a German dealer specializing in ancient coins and antiquities, died in the 1960s. He opened a branch of the Frankfurt firm of numismatics dealers and auctioneers Adolph Hess in Lucerne in 1931 and started an antiquities firm called Ars Antiqua. Adolph Hess is still in operation, but no one there has knowledge of the Rosenberg letter.

3. A. E. Begenwald has been dead for about three years. The letter with his signature would seem to imply that Lauffenburger had asked his advice as a restaurer. Curious that the letter writer does not know that the legs would have had to be fitted to the statue’s feet.

4. Mario J. Roberti is still alive and works as a lawyer in Basel. Franz Huber, however, on whose behalf he signed this letter, is dead. The letter implies that Lauffenburger was trying to raise a loan against the kourois from the Robinson bank. The bank is now in liquidation, and the executive, M. Blanc, went to prison for fraud. There is no record among Huber’s papers that Lauffenburger, the Robinson bank, or Blanc ever numbered among his clients.

5. Herman Rosenbaum died in November 1984. The Galleria Casa Serodine, which he ran, dealt primarily in antiquities at moderate prices. His former assistant Fritz Hugelman, now the owner, reports that a Geneva lawyer came recently to ask Hugelman about this letter. Hugelman had no knowledge of it, having been on holiday with his wife on the date shown. He took the lawyer to the home of Rosenbaum’s widow and established that this was typed on Rosenbaum’s old typewriter, which was still there. Curiously, however, the notepaper is old, with a telephone number that had been changed ten years earlier.

—G.N.
Liebe Frau Dr. Lauffenburger!

Ich bin Ihnen sehr dankbar, dass Sie mir die Gelegenheit gesehen haben, Ihren Nachrichtenzettel zu lesen.

Ich habe erreicht durch meine ursprüngliche Anfrage bereits den Kontakt eingehalten und finde die umfangreichen Informationen sehr interessant.

Ich habe Ihnen von meinem Besuch in Basel berichtet und hoffe, dass unsere Unterhaltung in der Zukunft wieder aufgenommen werden kann.

Ich freue mich auf Ihre baldige Rückmeldung.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen

Dr. Franz Huber
WHY COOK UP A PROVENANCE?
Two reasons. One: to disguise that the piece came from an illicit dig and was exported illegally from the country of origin.
Two: to legitimize a forgery.

No one in Greece has ever heard of the "Getty" kouros. The museum itself, worried that the Greeks might claim that this kouros was found in the same place as that from Anavysos in the Athens museum, went to the trouble to write the Greek authorities. They drew a blank.

All Italian authorities and our contacts among the clandestine diggers stated that they knew of no kouros. Since no one has any inkling of the recent discovery of something as massive and impressive as the "Getty" kouros, one is left with the suspicion that the inept Lauffenburger provenance was concocted to mask a fake. There is as yet no hard proof that the kouros is not authentic, but slowly the theory is gaining credence. A kouros like this had to come from somewhere. This one didn't.

—T.H.

to retrieve its money, since the vendor of record is fictitious.

Another case history of Frel's questionable acquisition policies involves a large marble head of a warrior, supposedly by Skopas, the legendary Greek sculptor of the fourth century B.C. It cost the Getty a reputed $2.5 million. —T.H.

WHO WAS TO GAIN?
On behalf of the Getty, Frel bought the marble head in 1979 from Michel de Bry, a Parisian dealer-collector. The export license from France described the piece as a Roman copy of a Greek sculpture and valued it at 60,000 francs, or $14,000.

Michel de Bry bought the head to Los Angeles himself, keeping it with him as hand luggage and forgetting to declare it to the customs officials. The next day, the museum rang them to apologize and brought the sculpture back to check it in to the United States properly.

De Bry told me that he found the piece in the collection of an industrialist named Bessoneau, who owned a château near Angers. (I could find no trace of Bessoneau or this château.)

It has subsequently emerged that he bought it from a Paris dealer for 15,000 francs on the understanding that it was a Roman copy. The dealer had bought it at an auction in Angers in 1974. A distinguished French archaeologist, François Chamoux, was the first to attribute the head to Skopas while it was in de Bry's possession. He presented a paper with that attribution to the French society of antiquaries at the Louvre in April 1978. The Louvre curators were all there, according to Chamoux, but did not appear to be convinced. Still, the head was launched, and de Bry started trying to sell it. There were several parties to the final deal with the Getty, and letters were drafted setting out the allocation of profits among the participants. Frel's name appears in the letter as one of them.

The final round of persuading the Getty trustees that the head was worth buying has all the marks of an elaborate setup.

The art critic of the Los Angeles Times, William Wilson, described by Frel as a man "who had for years followed the development of our collection of antiquities with understanding and a helpful spirit," was apparently encouraged by Frel to attend a second Chamoux lecture, at the Sorbonne on January 8, 1979. Wilson's glowing article of January 15 ended with these words: "Is the shade of J. Paul Getty at this moment whispering into the ears of the museum trustees, 'Grab it, fellows!?!'"

De Bry flew to Los Angeles with the head within days of the Sorbonne lecture. All that remained for Frel to do was get the local expert on Skopas, Andrew Stewart, of the University of California at Berkeley, to support the Skopas attribution. He did, and he published a booklet, Skopas in Malibu, in which he claimed that the head's "quality and power suffice to place it at the forefront of all surviving architectural marbles of the late classic period."

The attribution to Skopas was soon challenged. In 1985 a German specialist, Prof. German Hafner, of Mainz University, published an ingenious article in which he demonstrated that the de Bry head is probably a fabrication dating from around 1900. He argues that it is based on a plaster cast of a highly damaged warrior's head found at Tegea, in Greece, around 1880, which is probably from the workshop of Skopas. Hafner points out that missing features of the damaged head were added back in plaster by a nineteenth-century restorer who misunderstood the shape of the helmet. The error was echoed by the plaster cast and is faithfully repeated in the Getty head.

The Skopas made us suspect that Frel was fixing prices for his own gain. But at first we could find nothing else that directly suggested that he had done so—until we discovered the case of the damaged lid of a Roman sarcophagus that he presented to the board in early 1982. He told the trustees that the carved marble fragment was a rare representation of the fabled lighthouse of Alexandria in Egypt.

The sarcophagus lid was offered to Frel by a London dealer for around £2,000 and turned down. Shortly afterward the dealer sold it to a Swiss dealer closely connected with Frel for a reported £1,800.

A few months later, Frel presented the piece to the trustees as a desirable purchase with a valuation of $200,000, a price a mere fifty times higher than that at which it was originally offered to him in London.
Sources close to the board say that the piece was never purchased, on account of an intervention by the expert Federico Zen, who lives in Rome and knows his antiquities. He is said to have pointed out that the carving depicted the lighthouse at Ostia, near Rome, not the one at Alexandria. It had been offered to him personally for less than $1,000 only a short time before. At that, the trustees turned the purchase down.

Yet, as of this past February, Harold Williams was still contending that "there was no evidence of personal financial gain" on Frel's part. It would be interesting to know whether Williams is aware of the incident of the lighthouse relief. It would be interesting to know whether he asked the counsel who investigated the matter of the inflated appraisals on donations to look into the pricing of the lighthouse relief—and if not, why not.

One of the frustrations of our investigation has been the Getty's refusal to answer questions. Almost equally frustrating was our inability to find Frel or to get him to respond to messages and phone calls.

But in late March there came a breakthrough. I heard from a friend in Rome that Frel was about to fly in to finalize an apartment purchase there over the first weekend of April. He would be staying at an address close to the Pantheon. I made up my mind to fly over from London and spend the weekend standing in front of the door—in the hope that Frel would walk out. By chance, Tom Howing was traveling in Italy at the time, and he joined me in Rome in anticipation of a meeting with Jiří Frel.

The flat where Frel was supposed to be staying appeared in the phone book under the name of Fiammetta Moroni-Raffaelli and was inconveniently placed in a narrow yet busy cobbled street. Opposite the building was the side door of a church. There was no comfortable café where you could sit and watch the door.

Three of us—Tom had brought along Commissaire's European correspondent—took turns watching the door. By Sunday night, when Frel still hadn't shown up, we had come to believe, that, sadly, the tip was inaccurate. But on the way back from dinner we looked up and saw to our delight that the lights were on.

—G.N.

WAITING FOR FREL
Too late to drop in. So, before seven A.M. next day, I positioned myself on the trunk of a car parked at the far end of the street, with the telephoto lens of my camera focused on the entrance to Frel's apartment house. By 11:30, I was convinced we
had lost him. Then, by some chance I looked up and saw the window had just been opened. A breeze was ruffling the light curtains. Now we knew that someone was there, after all. Geraldine and I moved closer. Abruptly, just after 11:45, the door opened.

—T.H.

ON THE RUN

A white-haired old man with a plastic bag in his hand came shuffling out of the door. Tom dug me in the ribs, muttering, “It’s him.” I had imagined Frel bouncing, garrulous, full of energy, prepared to take on anyone or anything. “Excuse me,” I asked, “are you Dr. Frel?” He agreed that he was. I introduced myself and said I would like to talk to him.

He still played the old man, looking muddled and uncertain. “I'd be happy to talk to you later,” he said, “if you could just wait a moment.” At that he turned and began to run away from me down the street.

—G.N.

THE HUMBLE SCHOLAR

Luckily, I already had my pictures. When Frel started to scuttle away, I sprinted after him. “Hi, Jiff!” I called out. “How’re you doing?” He looked up and returned the greeting genially enough. “We've got to talk to you, Jiff,” I urged. He nodded and started to walk along with us. Then he turned to my colleague and growled, “You are a rude and nasty person. You are disgusting in having revealed things about my private life!” but he seemed resigned to our being there.

“We know that you're in town to purchase an apartment for $340,000. We also know where it is, across the street from the Albergo Bologna. We visited it yesterday. We also know approximately how much you paid for the place in France, more than $220,000.”

That gave him pause. I suggested we take it easy and sit down at a café and have a cup of coffee. To my surprise he agreed.

When we were seated, Frel said defiantly, “I have only one statement to make: I will make no statement!” He then ordered Geraldine to get up and leave. He didn't want a “terrible gossip monger to listen.”

He rambled on that he was but a humble scholar who had done his duty at the Getty and had left of his own accord to pursue private scholarship. After a while Geraldine was allowed to return, and Frel turned to her as a sympathetic listener. For my part, I started to badger him with questions. Who had made most of the appraisals? Had he forges an appraiser's name on museum evaluations forms? Had he taken commissions? I got stony silence at each question. What about the apartment in Paris? Where had he gotten the money for that? His fancy cars? For the first time he spoke. They were “on loan.” And the proposed apartment in Rome? It was “other people's money.”

It was like wrestling with a pillow. Finally I questioned him about the kouroi. Did he still believe in it? “Absolutely!” he replied. He had spent time the past year, he said, visiting villages in Greece, talking to peasants, trying to learn where it was found and when. He would reveal “significant things” about the sculpture in a year. Would CONNOISSEUR be interested in publishing his findings? I told him yes.

While Geraldine attempted to flatter him with questions about his abilities as a scholar, I was able to take a photograph as he sat in the sun. Quickly he got up and placed his hand over the lens. “No more photographs!” he cried out in anger. Then, with a bewildering change of demeanor, he agreed to join us for lunch at the very attractive restaurant Archimede.

—T.H.

“OILMEN AND LAWYERS”

I wonder why Frel accepted. I think it was probably out of curiosity. “You are trying to charm me, lady!” he accused me across the lunch table. I agreed.

Frel had ordered a fritto di cervello e zucchini, but he hardly touched it. He lit one cigarette after another, complaining that he had not smoked for twenty years until our revelations. He spoke incessantly, in broken English.

He seemed to be acting for us, trying to demonstrate how he despised sensational journalism and those who tried to link artistic values with money. The merit of a museum was not how much money it paid for acquisitions but the aesthetic importance of its collection and the opportunities it offered for study, he kept saying.

Once he began down this path, it also emerged how much he despised the people he worked with at the Getty Museum, both the trustees and the staff. According to Frel, he got away with his schemes at the museum for so long because “the trustees were just oilmen or lawyers; they understood nothing about art.” Why was he not sacked when, at last, it all came out? “It was bigger than they knew,” he explained. Repeatedly, he assured us that no one at the museum was aware of his doings (or working with him).

Lunch together was followed by dinner. We dropped by his flat at 8:00 P.M., and he invited us up. It was a one-room apartment with a kitchenette. There was a fancy word processor on the only table. (He

NO STEAL, NO DEAL

Was Frel deliberately trying to fob off fake Greek sculptures on the Getty? Can his eye be so faulty in Greek sculpture, his field of expertise? Sources close to the museum told us the board of trustee rejected the Greek stela shown below, supposedly of the late sixth century B.C. Frel was so sure the trustees would buy whatever he proposed that he had it mounted at the museum on permanent brackets. Even so, the board turned it down. The price, over $2 million, was thought excessive; the authenticity, according to one adviser, "highly suspect." —T.H.
owned the flat. The computer was "on loan." His first request to me was that he be allowed one hour alone with me.

"Whoops," I thought. "The charm must be working." It turned out, however, that he wanted me to read a short story that he had written, a romantic vignette based on his youth in Nazi-controlled Czechoslovakia. Frel says he wrote it to explain the ethos of the period to his fifteen-year-old son, Sasha. He wanted to know if I thought it publishable.

—G.N.

"MISCHIES" IN MALIBU

At dinner, I kept boring deeper and deeper into Frel's activities, my queries getting increasingly detailed. I named donor after donor, asking about specific appraisals, probing him as to what his colleague Arthur Houghton, at the Getty Museum, had found out about him. He angrily confirmed that he had made many mistakes and had been lucky in having gotten off so easily. He said once again, this time sadly, "They don't realize the half of what I did." I suggested that it was likely they didn't want to know. Frel agreed but repeated yet again that no one else at the museum was involved in his series of "mischies."

He had been drinking heavily. When I told him what I had heard about the purchase of the Skopas head, he leaped up from the table, picked up a large empty mineral-water bottle, and beat me hard a dozen times on the left shoulder. By now, it was long after midnight and the string had run out. I told Frel what I thought of his professional betrayal of those "stupid" oilmen and lawyers who trusted him. Then I left.

—J.H.

THE MANIPULATIVE SPIRIT.

Tom didn't come back. I thought he must be waiting for us outside. No one else was left in the restaurant.

On the street, there was no sign of him. I decided that he must have left us together on purpose so that I could soften Frel up to let out a little more information.

Frel was quite drunk. He took my arm, and he really needed it. He stumbled and weaved. I held on tight, pointing him toward home.

He wanted to know what I thought of him. I explained that I did not believe a word of what he had told us. I brought up the kouroi and pointed out that we really believed from our researches that the Lauf- enburger provenance for the kouroi was a phony. If he went on telling us that it was true, how could I believe anything else?

We stumbled our way to his front door. "You are coming up," he told me. I demurred. "You are trying to charm me, but I am not trying to charm you," he pointed out. "We must go on talking."

He opened the door and I started down the hall with him. Then my instinct for self-preservation came to my rescue. "I haven't the courage," I said and fled.

Who knows if Frel would have revealed any more if I had stayed around? I doubt it. It looks to me as if the affair is, indeed, a lot "bigger than we know."

Frel's devotion to scholarship is clearly genuine, but the way he uses it is original. Maybe his Czechoslovakian upbringing is the key. In order to survive under first the Nazi occupation and then the Communist regime, everyone had to learn to manipulate the system. Frel seems to have taken on capitalist California in the same spirit.

Perhaps it's time the Getty took stock—real stock—of its antiquities collections. If the Greek and Roman artifacts the Getty's black sheep gathered in are, as published, going to remain at the villa in Malibu when the rest of the Getty's holdings are removed to a new museum, it is now is the time for a reassessment of the heritage of Jiri Frel. —G.N. □
OF VENICE AND VELVET
Picking up where Fortuny left off

By Charles Bricker

The churches and palaces of Venice, richly tapestried and carpeted with marbles looted from Byzantium, have lately found an echo in the lustrous velvets handprinted by the owners of Norelene, a gleaming grotto of a shop tucked into a corner of the Campo San Maurizio. It is possible to imagine the empress Theodora mingling with Norelene’s customers as they sort through the shop’s store of shimmering fabric to the taped sound of music written for the court of Louis XIV. Not only Byzantium is reflected in these marvelous stuffs but Versailles and even—if a cassette of Mahler were substituted for the baroque music that Hélène Kuhn Ferruzzi loves—the Venice of Fortuny and the Vienna of the Secession.

Hélène, who is French, has joined her own name and that of her stepdaughter and collaborator, Nora, to make Norelene. Their silent partner is Hélène’s husband and Nora’s father, the Venetian painter Roberto Ferruzzi. Like Ruskin, the Ferruzis are in love with the stones of Venice—the imperial porphyries, the briny serpentines and silvery Carraras that he celebrated in his eloquent books and lectures. The beauty of certain twelfth-century church pavements signaled for him the “beginning of that mighty spirit of Venetian color, which was to be consummated in Titian.” That spirit came, of course, from the East, not only with the marbles looted from Constantinople but in a constant stream of silks and brocades.

Long after Titian, another painter, the Spaniard Martino Fortuny, settled in Venice and gave himself up to the city’s obsession with richness of color and to its fascination with trompe l’oeil. By 1906, when he was thirty-five, he had begun to experiment with textiles, turning out glowing printed counterfeits of glamorous worn brocades, tarnished lamés, ancient velvets. Their luxurious textures were embodied in motifs borrowed chiefly from the exotic plants and animals that proliferated on the antique stuffs Fortuny collected.

Roberto Ferruzzi’s father, a collector of textiles and an antiques dealer, knew Fortuny well, and Roberto can remember the man striding the Zattere in boots, cape, and broad-brimmed hat. Today Norelene echoes Fortuny’s passion for fabric, especially for the silkiness of velvet as a support for printed designs. But unlike Fortuny, the Fer-
Huizinga shuns organic motifs in favor of geometric intricacies that fascinated Ruskin and all the architects of Venice, from the builders of San Marco to Palladio.

Hélène Ferruzzi says, "We stick to abstract shapes because what really excites us is experimenting with color. We don't want patterns that overwhelm it, which is what happens if you resort to fruit or flowers, or birds and beasts. And just as the pavement in San Marco is endlessly variegated, so we like to break up the geometry of our designs."

One Norelene piece is frankly titled "Pavimento," in San Marco's vestibule you can buy a postcard of the section of paving that inspired it. Like other Norelene textiles, like San Marco's floor and Fortuny's ingenious pastiches, it looks patinated and worn, thanks to irregularly applied color, to the use of more than one tone on the same printing block, and to fugitive metallic glints. The translucency of white marble is imparted in rectangles of the iridescent panne velvet ground on which "Pavimento" and many other Norelene textiles are printed.

Other names invoke other inspirations. "Teodora" (homage to the Byzantine empress whose mosaic portrait is one of the glories of San Vitale, in Ravenna) is an assemblage of Byzantine tesserae shapes on a red ground. This the Musée de l'Impression sur Étoffes (Museum of Printed Textiles), at Mulhouse, in Alsace, has acquired for its permanent collections. "Punta di Diamante" is a shimmering optical illusion adapted from a medieval mirror, "Acciaio" (steel), a metallic patchwork of silvers, grays, mauves, and blues. "Fiammato" is a zigzag variant on the classic Florentine flame motif; "Falso," a blazoning of assertive reds, blues, and yellows inspired by the emblems carried during Siena's annual festival; "Pavoni," a peacock-tail-fish-scale motif evoking Japanese textiles, San Marco's doors, or early Christian symbols.

What matters more than the allusions is the interplay of color and shading. With such subtleties, Norelene textiles avoid both the retro cynicism and the loving-hands-at-home naïveté that make side-shows of many Venetian crafts. Discriminating foreigners compose the clientele for the simple scarves, jackets, and kimonos that wraps Norelene makes of some of its velvets and plain-weave cottons. One such garment, a wrap in silvery chevrons on a midnight blue ground, called "Desdemona," has entered the collection of the Musée de la Mode et du Costume, Paris.

Norelene sells plenty of unmade-up lengths to be transformed into dresses and even—instructions phoned by one Englishman to his London tailor are anything to go by—dinner jackets. Others, backed with cotton or silk, are really intended to be hung. "We feel that what we do is essentially closer to painting than to fashion or decoration," Hélène says.
houses have sought Norelone out to commission designs for dress or decorating fabrics, the Ferruzzis decline such overtures. "We're flattered, but the problem is that your designs aren't credited to you in such cases, and we certainly don't want to remain anonymous."

The Norelone signature is important to the Ferruzzis, so, late in 1985, almost as an afterthought, they launched their own machine-printed cottons and velvets in collaboration with a small textile manufacturer in Normandy. "We chose France because the French do these things well, and because the Italians are far too clever at copying!"

The collection is signed, "Creation Hélène & Nora Ferruzzi." Norelone ("Hand Made in Veneti") continues to identify their hand-printed production.

When machine printed, Ferruzzi designs take on a strong Japanese flavor: definition is sharper, colors flatter, repeats more regular. Yet they remain recognizably Ferruzzi. This kinship to Japanese textile printing is apparent in hand-printed Norelone fabrics, too, and is probably one of the qualities that caught the eye of the Miyake Design Studio head who wandered into the shop in the Campo San Maurizio one day while Nora was tending store. "It's only when he dragged his colleagues in a week later and they signed our visitors' book that I realized who they were."

Closer to home geographically and chronologically, graphic elements in the work of artists like Gustav Klimt, Paul Klee, and Sonia Delaunay obviously interest them. Surprisingly, perhaps, Italian textiles offer very little precedent for what the Ferruzzis do. "Geometric motifs are rare," Roberto notes. "We've found only one example, woven into cloth used to upholster a fifteenth-century Italian chair." He and Hélène discovered it while burrowing through the archives at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London.

In a sense, Norelone was itself discovered by museum curators. In the spring of 1984, before Nora and Hélène had a shop—they had experimented for two or three years—Jacqueline Jaquè, curator of the printed-textiles museum at Mulhouse, caught sight of a banner outside the Palaz-
Grassi that led her to a showroom where a series of extraordinary prints were displayed anonymously. “All they would tell me was that they were made by a Frenchwoman married to a Venetian painter,” says Jacqué. “My Venetian friends began telephoning Venetian painters married to Frenchwomen, and we finally ran the Feruzzis to earth. I told Helene immediately that they had to let us exhibit Norelene at Mulhouse.” In time for Christmas, Madame Jacqué organized an exhibition, which coincided with a winter show across the Atlantic in New York City’s Trompe l’Oeil Gallery.

Two months after Norelene’s tiny shop opened, in September 1984, Doris U. Kuyken-Schneider, keeper of decorative arts and design at the Museum Boymans-van Beuningen, in Rotterdam, ran across it. She bought pieces for herself and her museum and converted a colleague at the Kunstin-dustriemuseum, in Copenhagen, to the cause. The Boymans plans an exhibition of Norelene textiles for March 1988.

Roberto has experimented with textiles off and on for years, and he continues to supply criticism and advice that Helene and Nora find indispensable. “Norelene is the three of us,” they insist in chorus. Roberto’s work can be found on walls from Oslo to Santiago. Even his tapi, a little square-sterned skiff moored at the end of the campiello where he and Helene live, is covered with a mosaic-like spatter of pink and blue, and gliding in it through the canals, you become conscious of how insistently Venetian façades alternate and repeat elements that recur in Norelene’s fabrics and Roberto’s cityscapes.

Along one side of the campiello stretches a mural showing the Giudecca as seen from the Zattere, whose quays are just around the corner. Roberto painted it nine years ago in the same tints that have washed the walls of Venice and the nearby island towns for centuries—“until acrylics came along, anyway,” he grumbles. And under Roberto’s sympathetic supervision Helene and Nora pursue their experiments out-of-doors every summer, in the garden of a simple village house in the Dolomites foothills. “We do some of our best work here.
in glorious natural light and undisturbed by visitors."

Nora, the youngest, started out drawing under the influence and tutelage of her father. "But after Roberto began encouraging Hélène and me to experiment with textiles five years ago, I gradually came to feel that they're as 'respectable' a support for art as drawing paper or canvas. They're all I want to work with now."

Something the Ferruzzis found in New York illustrates the Norelene aesthetic. It consists of three Afghan chadri, long,

pleated-silk, cloaklike veils that drop over the wearers' heads, leaving a mesh opening through which they can look at the world. The Ferruzzis are convinced that these traditional coverings are the source of Fortuny's famous Delphos pleats (the Fortuny shop is only two doors away from Norelene), but it is the colors that enchant Nora, Hélène, and Roberto: a silver gray, a golden yellow, a faded indigo.

"We'd never try to reproduce Fortuny pleating, nor do we work—so far—with many of the fabrics he used. But we're beginners." Hélène smiles her brilliant smile. "We can leave the pleats and the pastiche to others, developing our own way with color, and trying out our printing techniques on fine cashemeres, wild silks, suède, all sorts of things.

"The results will continue to be one of a kind, which is more fun. We've tried turning out thirty meters of something somebody's ordered specially, but you can imagine the boredom! We want Norelene to remain an adventure."

Norelene is at San Marco 2606, Campo San Maurizio; phone: (52) 37605. Clothes made up from Norelene fabrics cost anywhere from about $120, for a scarf, to $800, for a long velvet evening dress. A silk-lined blazer of cotton or velvet dyed to match it would be some $680. Wall hangings are priced from about $200, for a small panel, to as much as $2,000 or more. In New York, Norelene fabrics are available at Christian Schubmberger, 1270 Third Avenue. Here, hand-printed wall hangings range from $600 to $3,000. Machine-printed fabrics cost about $84 a yard in cotton, $106 in velvet. No clothes are on sale, but eighteen-inch-square cushions, machine printed and down filled, cost about $200.

Charles Bricker wrote about Bernard Boutet de Monvel for the May Connoisseur.
Over the past fifteen or twenty years, architects have been having a field day with vacation houses. Some have tried to express in wood, glass, and concrete the concept of having fun. These houses are exuberant, to put it kindly, as if exhibitionism were the point of a vacation. Meantime, other architects, the postmodernists, have courted nostalgia, desperately evoking whatever architectural forms existed before the vacationers arrived. A new house on the New England shore may take its inspiration from a fishing shack, for example, and have the stairway to the second floor tucked neatly into a closet—just as in the quaint, old days. Nowhere are these tendencies more apparent than in the fashionable Hamptons, on the Atlantic coast of eastern Long Island, about 100 miles from New York City. There, on what was until recently flat, fertile farmland or unspoiled dunes, hundreds of vacation houses have sprouted, each asserting its architectural outlook and each affording a fine view of its neighbors.

The house shown on these pages was designed according to an older philosophy. Though built in East Hampton and during the boom in vacation houses, it strives for privacy, anonymity, and restraint; it respects its setting. Not that it is in any way modest. To the contrary: it is monumental in looks and theatrical in feeling. Every detail speaks of a large budget; when the house was completed, in 1970, it was reported to be one of the most expensive in the United States.

"I was not sure what I wanted," recalls Hale Allen, a stockbroker-investor and the building's owner, "but I knew what I didn't want." He had bought the land—an eleven-and-a-half-acre property (eight acres inland, the rest on the dunes)—in the early 1960s and soon thereafter rejected an architect's sketches for a house: "an uninspired, shingled, rambling affair with a bay window." His first wife, now deceased, had more positive ideas. She grew up in Mexico and admired the work of Luis Barragán, the Mexican architect known for his austere but lyrical designs. Barragán, alas, was too busy but could recommend just the man for the job: his friend Ward Bennett.

Bennett remembers his client's requirements as "a master bedroom, rooms for three daughters, a nanny's room, and maybe a studio." In other words, the program had latitude within the Barragán aesthetic, and Bennett knew how to use it. A compact man with a merry, impish face, he had already earned fame as a designer of furniture, lamps, and cutlery; though besieged with requests to design houses, he accepted few commissions, maybe two a year. Actually, Bennett began his career as a sculptor, studying under Brancusi. "Brancusi insisted that everything be very pure, very correct," he recalls, "and I still think of everything in sculptural terms." Predictably, he was attracted to the buildings of Le Corbusier and Louis I. Kahn, with their powerful forms. Barragán appealed on different grounds: "I studied Zen Buddhism, and I liked Barragán's sense of isolation, his integrity, his quiet."

Bennett started by going carefully over the site—"a beautiful landscape," he says, "a flat field that extended to the dunes. It had great feeling." He knew that Hale Allen was a dedicated conservationist and would tolerate no building of any kind on the dunes,
M ost visitors approach from the other side, driving off the public road, through a gate, by a stable—Hale Allen and his wife, a talented photographer, are serious riders—and down a gravel driveway alongside a large, green pasture for the horses. The house is mostly screened from view by the careful planting of privets and viburnum bushes, cherry trees, locusts, and willows. Landscaping, it turns out, is another of the versatile Ward Bennett’s skills.

One then sweeps around the trees and confronts the house’s great, sculptural, blank walls. Barragan used such stark exterior walls for poetic purposes; in his hands, they hint at the interior life of the house, the private bustle of family and servants. Bennett is more interested in enhancing privacy—neighbors have nick-named the place “Fort Allen”—and making a ceremony of entry. The guest climbs a grand, curving flight of stairs to the front door, all views but those onto the driveway blocked by the massive walls. Inside, the visitor finds himself on the second floor, walking along what is in effect an open hallway. Although the house receives abundant natural light, there are still no long views outdoors. Those come in an explosion of light and volume when one enters a truly spectacular room. It is forty feet long, twenty feet wide, and twelve feet high—so big that a pool table at one end looks like an incidental piece of furniture.

Our one wall of windows is a vista over the wind-whipped dunes, with their sparse cover of hardy grasses and bushes, to the beach and, finally, the restless ocean. On the opposite side, the view is over a round swimming pool in a lush lawn, to a vegetable and cutting garden and the pasture. The drama of nature in the wild is set in deliberate contrast to the domesticated scene, and the room is charged with the resulting tension.

The Allens use this room to receive friends and listen to music, but the main part of the house is downstairs. The lower floor con-
contains a more intimate living room, a study, and the dining room. Each of these spaces flows into the next, each has proportions that Luis Barragán would be proud of, and each neither overwhelms nor is overwhelmed by the Allens' art collection. Large works—paintings by Vasarely, a sixteenth-century Japanese screen, African figures, and contemporary sculptures—look especially well in the ample rooms. So does the main, Barragán-inspired staircase, itself a sort of sculpture with its stark, elemental form.

"It's a wonderful house to entertain in," says Hale Allen. The rooms can easily accommodate scores of guests, and it is easy to imagine them moving from the upstairs room, onto the flat roofs, and downstairs. Every place has its own feeling, its powerful view. On the inland side of the house, there is a large, open courtyard—a room without walls that Barragán would have called a "patio"—in which the Allens sometimes hold square dances.

"It's a wonderful house to be invited to," adds a frequent weekend guest. "There is so much privacy." Bennett placed the bedrooms in a separate wing. As might be expected, the master bedroom is big and comfortable. Surprisingly, it feels smaller than it is, mainly because its biggest window faces not the ocean (a smaller window does) but a private courtyard. The Allens look at a peaceful, almost Oriental view: wind-ruffled hydrangea climbing a blank wall. All the other bedrooms have the same feeling of intimacy. The studio, which is now used as a bedroom, is the exception, with its glorious, perhaps inspirational, high space.

Perhaps the most impressive single aspect of this dramatic house is its integrity. Bennett lavished care on every detail. He extended the tile floors into the courtyard (a nice, Mexican touch) in order to ease the transition between indoors and outdoors. That might sound simple to do, but most tile cannot withstand the severe Long Island winters.

Top: Most of the furniture in the immense room upstairs is by Ward Bennett. Below: The cozy, tiled, open courtyard on the inland side of house.
Bennett had to discover one that did (it comes from Wales). He used teak to frame windows not only because it is a handsome wood but also because it is extremely durable. "After all," says the architect, "it's used on boats." To cool the grand room upstairs, he designed louvered vents that provide cross ventilation. For the kitchen, he devised a table that raises and lowers, depending on whether the surface is used for work or for dining.

Ward is very talented," says Hale Allen, "a guy who pushes himself. I wanted to show movies in the big room upstairs but felt that the projector made too much noise, so Ward found a piece of naval hardware that he mounted in the door. It serves as a doorknob but can be removed, too, to make a hole big enough for the front lens of the projector. The noisy part of the machine stays outside the room, in the hall. Oh, he's a smart man."

If Allen were to build the house again, what would he do differently? He smiles: "I bet you think that I would change those huge stucco walls. They require maintenance, but I'd keep them. There's tremendous beauty in starkness, in the unadorned look. I love the way shadows fall on the walls. And then again, the walls are themselves sculpture. No, what I'd change is the servants' room off the kitchen. It seems an afterthought."

What would the architect change? "There's always something," says Bennett. "But I like this house very much. I gave it everything I had. Did you notice the tiny courtyard off the dining room? I got the idea from Le Corbusier's chapel at Ronchamp, the way he funnels light down behind the altar. The two towers at the entrance of the Allen house funnel light to the dining room, so it is lit softly and naturally."

The same sort of grace notes can be found on other parts of the property. To allow the Allens to ride their horses to the beach without spoiling the innermost dune, Bennett borrowed an idea from a Barragan project in Mexico and built a handsome tunnel through the dune. Even wittier, the stable turns out to be, on inspection, a miniature of the main house. "And it can be easily converted to a guest cottage," adds Bennett. "All the electrical connections are already installed."

Today, this vacation house stands as a rarity. The architecture serves the owner rather than the other way around; the details are magnificent; yet the house is also, as Brancusi used to insist about his sculpture, "very pure, very correct." Put in the less poetic language of homeowners, they just don't build them this way anymore. Unfortunately...
Two generations of Jaboulets—Philippe, Jean, Louis, Michel, and Gérard—oversee their terraced vineyard, which towers above the city of Tain.

Kings of the Valley

The Jaboulets have lifted Rhône wines to the summit

By Frank Ward

The wine region of the Rhône Valley, running from Lyons to Avignon, produces some of France's finest reds and whites and its very best rosés. The northern half of the valley, called Septentrionales, is hilly, with terraced vineyards. Only one red grape is allowed, the noble syrah, and three white varieties: yields are low. The southern half, Méridionales, has many large, flat vineyards, notably that of Châteauneuf-du-Pape. Among the eighteen varieties permitted, the dominant grape is the red grenache. The qualities of Rhône wines have led people to describe them as "manly," though the best have delicacy and finesse too.

The choicest growths in the valley, Côte Rôtie and Hermitage, once commanded the same high prices as Château Lafite and Château Latour. Hermitage, indeed, was the favorite wine of the czar of Russia. But the ravages of phylloxera in the late nineteenth century dealt the region a blow from which it has hardly yet recovered. Too many of its wines, even the most prestigious, are still rustic and unbalanced. Large volumes, kept too long in cask, become flat and oxidized.

Against this background, it is hard to exaggerate the importance of the wine house of Paul Jaboulet Aîné, of Tain-l'Hermitage, near Valence, in the Septentrionales. It towers above most of its competitors as the great Hermitage vineyard, of which it owns a large part, looms on its hill above the lesser growths of the plains. The Jaboulets are leading proprietors in Crozes-Hermitage as well as Hermitage, making outstanding reds and whites. Their estate-bottled red Crozes-Hermitage, Jaboulets de Thalabert is often of Bordeaux cru classé quality; their Hermitage La Chapelle is recognized as one of the greatest wines in the world, the peer of premier cru Bordeaux and grand cru Burgundy. The £1,600 paid for a case of the 1961 at auction in 1985 merely showed that its status had at last begun to equal its merit.

The firm was founded in 1834, and its winery is still in Tain, a few hundred paces from the foot of the terraced slopes of Hermitage. Its head is Gérard Jaboulet, a young man of charm, sagacity, vision, and determination. As the firm's overseas ambassador, he often visits the fifty countries that import Jaboulet wines. His father, Louis, though officially retired, is still on hand. It is he who perfected the Jaboulet style long ago, revolutionizing the vinification. Louis's other son, Jacques, is in

Frank Ward wrote about the enologist Émile Peynaud for the May 1987 Connoisseur.

Photographs by Martine Franck
charge of wine making; Jacques's cousins Philippe and Michel look after the vineyards and the French market respectively.

These two branches of the family, with widely differing but complementary skills, make up a formidable team. They have a global view of wine, delighting in any good bottle, whatever its source. Because they know how great wines should taste, they can make the most of the innate qualities of their own.

They operate along the same lines as a Bordeaux château or a Burgundy domaine, tending and harvesting their own grapes, vinifying the wine, and bottling it under their own name as proprietors. Some other wines, notably Côtes-Rôties, are made from fresh grapes bought from trusted growers. When they work as shippers, they buy finished wine in cask.

But the wine is "finished" only in the sense that it is fully vinified, for the Jaboulets' work has just begun. While many shippers buy whatever they can get their hands on, "chopping off the peaks to fill the valleys," the Jaboulets buy the choicest casks of the three or four finest varieties. They make the final "assembly" in Tain, blending pure varietals to make copybook versions of the various growths, wines that usually equal and sometimes surpass the domaine-bottled wines of the best local producers. These wines are remarkable not only for balance, depth, and longevity but also for consistency.


Great wine makers are often technical innovators. This is true of Louis Jaboulet, who decades ago transformed the way the family made its Crozes and Hermitage wines. "I started working with my father in 1935," he remembers, "a very bad vintage! We were much smaller then and had much less vineyard. The wines were very different too, especially the whites." A lifted eyebrow shows that they were not wholly to his taste. In those days the wines were made in open vats, which led to big losses through evaporation and attracted fruit flies. Protracted storage in cask followed, with the wines steadily losing freshness, fruit, and delicacy. Louis decided it was time for a change.

He carried through his red revolution in 1947, introducing closed vats, reducing evaporation, keeping out fruit flies, and making sure the temperature did not go above thirty-four degrees Celsius. Afterward, the wine was put into small, almost new oak casks instead of large old ones, and bottling was carried out after eighteen to twenty months instead of several years. The wine's freshness and fruit were thus trapped in the bottle, "which is where they belong," says Louis dryly. The one thing he did not change was the long fermentation, which allows the wine to leach optimal color, tannin, and flavor from the skins.

In 1964, he made an even more drastic change for the whites. Until then, they had been vinified at high temperature and afterward stored in cask for years—a process that aggravated their low acidity and tendency to oxidize. Louis started to vinify at low temperature ("We use the cold spring water from the mountains to cool down the vats") in order to conserve the wine's most delicate aromas and flavors, and deliberately stopped the malo-lactic fermentation from taking place.

The "malos," caused by a benevolent bacterium, turn the strong malic acid in new wine into mild lactic acid, leading to a big drop in overall acidity. This is good for all reds and most whites, but not the whites of the Rhône, which need all the acidity they can get. Louis's blocking the malos left the wines with a bracing freshness that counterbalances the strong, fruity flavor of the Marsanne and Roussanne grapes. The bottling was done in March following the harvest. Louis's changes made both reds and whites fresher, purer, and more vibrant, without any loss of body or longevity.

Gérard Jaboulet's office is only a few doors away from Louis's in the firm's new office and storage complex, a few miles south of Tain. Bronzed and bright-eyed, he has that glow and vivacity of the southern French. After a brief tour d'horizon of the wine world, he discusses the grapes of the Rhône. "In our region, we have only two great red grapes, the syrah and the grenache. The grenache gives lots of red berries and high alcohol, and its wines have a lot of character—sometimes too much! But it lacks color and tannin and can rarely make good wine on its own. It needs the help of other grapes. The best support grape in the south is the syrah, which gives solidity, tannin, and color. You can make great syrah wine in Méthionales, as in Septirionales, but then you lose the unique regional character. The grenache is the key to regional character in the south, where it really comes into its own. It must always be allowed to dominate there." This respect for authenticity, for the uniqueness of each Rhône growth, is one of the Jaboulets' special strengths.

Gérard now talks about the firm's new strategy for the future. Many other producers sell off their new wines as soon as possible, even if this means most will be consumed long before maturity. The Jaboulets want no part of this. "We're going to make more and more wines for aging, aging, aging," Gérard says emphatically. "Underneath here are really big cellars. In one year we'll have a million bottles there, and in four or five, two million. Come down and have a look."
Harvesters of Tain-l'Hermitage collect, with powerful grace, the material for what will be gorgeous red wine.

As we descend, he goes on, "It costs a lot of money to hold back so much wine, but it can be done if you arrange your finances properly. And we don't have to hold back everything. We do sell some of our best wines en primeur, while still in the barrel. Then, too, some other wines develop quickly, like Saint-Joseph and Côte-du-Rhône. Meanwhile, stocks of maturing wine will soon build up." As these fully matured parcels are released one day, free of aggressive tannins, tripled in scent and savor, people will come to appreciate how superb Rhône wines can be.

As we climb back to the office, a party of French Canadians arrives to taste wines I am invited to join them. An '84 white Hermitage is broached first, no more than pleasant—the vintage was poor for whites. The full and fruity '82 that follows, a wine of almost Burgundian opulence, shows what heights white Hermitage can reach in a good year. Then comes the astounding range of '83 reds, each seeming to surpass the preceding one.

We come to the pure syrah wines from the north, all with an amazing black-scarlet color and a huge scent of black currants and raspberries. The Saint-Joseph is splendid, the best ever, says Gérard, but it can never be great. "Everything is the same as at Hermitage, except the exposure. Saint-Joseph faces east, not south like Hermitage. More sun makes the difference."

All are agreed that the '83s are magnificent, and comparisons are made with '61, even '29. Most staggering of all is the 1983 La Chapelle, nearly opaque yet lustrous, with a vast, concentrated scent and many layers of flavor, needing twenty to thirty years to peak. It strikingly resembles the '82 Château Pétrus. Older vintages are brought out, including the majestic '78 and the elegant '69, subtle and aromatic, needing another decade. We have a rare chance to taste a fully mature, pure grenache wine: a 1967 Vacqueyras. Even Gérard is impressed. The scent is soft, aromatic, with hints of box leaves and prunes; the flavor suggests dates, prunes, crushed cloves.

The texture is fat as olive oil, the aftertaste enticingly spicy, even opulent. Gérard considers Vacqueyras "the cousin of Châteauneuf."

A lady wine merchant from London turns up, an hour late for her appointment with Gérard, who meanwhile has gotten to talking about white Rhônes. "Our whites are never in wood, only in stainless steel. We always want the grapes intact when they come in, and we crush them immediately. We chill them down to five or six degrees, remove all sediment, and let the must rest at fourteen or fifteen degrees. Sometimes fermentation doesn't start for weeks. The Marsanne gives body and fatness, the Roussanne, acidity and bouquet."

He cannot resist giving everyone a taste of an older white, a '73 Hermitage. It is a lustrous green-gold and smells like apricots and butterscotch. The texture is fat and buttery, the aftertaste clean and delicate. "White Hermitage is a very special wine," Gérard is telling the lady merchant as I leave. "Bad vintages are very rare."

It is harvest time, and at the Tain winery men labor with the urgency of a gun crew in action. Jacques Jaboulet, clothes
stained with grape juice, is staring intently at a flood of yellow liquid that smells of raisins. "That will be clear as crystal tomorrow," he roars. Outside, in bright sunshine, he screws up his face at the sun. "Hot this September, hotter than July and August. We'll make only half the usual amount of whites this year. It usually takes four days to pick the white grapes; this year it took only two. But the red harvest should be about normal. How do we always manage to make such good wines? Well, we aim to make wines that last. Want to know the secret of success in the south?" A conspiratorial wink. "Never use more than 25 to 30 percent syrah or you lose regional character. The secret for Châteauneuf is 65 percent grenache, 5 percent mourvèdre, and 25 percent syrah."

When buying wine in cask in the south he always tastes on the spot first and later retastes the best wines in Tain. Only then will he decide. Every variety is tasted separately, cask by cask. Only the best are purchased: even in the great '83 vintage, Jacques Jaboulet rejected all but two of one grower's thirteen casks. "It was my father who taught me to taste. He taught me everything I know—a marvelous man!"

Jacques looks for firm wines, wines with grip—not easy to find. It is also hard to find wines that taste good both now and in the future. "When I blend, I look for a powerful wine to balance a delicate one, one with high alcohol but maybe poor color to go with one with great color but less alcohol. Soil and vinification are both important. If you have good grapes but vinify them badly, it's like ruining a good car because you can't drive it properly."

The best Rhône wines are, first, Hermitage, then Cornas, and Côte Rôtie when it is great. "Red Hermitage is a really great wine, for long keeping. It's often drunk too soon, in its infancy. It isn't really ready for drinking until it's fifteen if it's from a good vintage. Hermitage has a concentration of aromas. It's tannic, complex, well balanced, its flavor suggests currants or raspberries. Great white Hermitage is full of subtlety and finesse, a wine to drink with fish in sauce or very good cheeses. It also makes a wonderful aperitif."

"Our whites should either be drunk very young or kept an age. Take our '83 white Hermitage; it was perfect six months ago; now it's terrible! It should be forgotten for years." On an impulse he leads me off to the cellars to broach a magnum of 1964 white Hermitage, Chevalier de Stérimberg. It is bright yellow-gold, redolent of almonds and apricots, with a mouth-filling flavor suggesting peaches, white truffles, even figs. The aftertaste is surprisingly delicate for so "big" a wine, acquiring fresh nuances every few minutes. "This was the first white wine I ever made," says Jacques with a wink. "Funny, it smells of oak but has never seen oak."

The cork goes back into the bottle, and Jacques into the winery, where the infant white Hermitage awaits him.

Philippe Jaboulet, a graduate of Beaune and Dijon, takes me on a bumpy ride around the family vineyards. Out in all weathers, brown as a berry, he is friendly and relaxed. We compare Roussanne and Marsanne vines on the six-hectare parcel of vines that gives Jaboulet's Mule Blanche white Crozes-Hermitage. "We're the only ones to have so much Roussanne; it was we who reintroduced it. It's fragile and needs a lot of careful tending. It's susceptible to rot and oidium, the bunches are very small; the yield is low. But it gives finesse and some useful acidity. The Marsanne is more productive. It gives big, round grapes, large bunches, and lots of alcohol. But on its own it doesn't give typical white Hermitage." I taste a grape from both plants. The Marsanne tastes much the sweeter. The Roussanne is less appealing, sharper, more acid.

The Crozes terrain resembles the flat, pebbly vineyards of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, scores of miles to the south. It is alpine in origin, Philippe explains, the pebbles having been carried here by glaciers. As at Châteauneuf, the pebbles are beneficial, storing up heat during the day and radiating it at night. Jaboulet's estate-bottled red Crozes, Thalabert, comes from syrah vines, some very old, producing grapes hardly larger than a pea, but with a concentrated flavor.

The Hermitage hill looms. According to legend, this great vineyard was first planted by the Crusader Gaspard de Stérimberg, who built a retreat on the hill's summit and lived there as a hermit. A tiny chapel now occupies the site. The hill is shaped rather like a crouching lion, with the same, tawny color. Its terraced slopes are both geometric and organic in form, a symbol of man's collaboration with nature.

The Jaboultes own about a fifth of this great vineyard, four of their twenty-odd hectares being planted with white grapes for Stérimberg. Hermitage is divided into quite a few plots, each with its own, special exposure and geology, each giving a subtly distinct version of Hermitage wine. The Jaboultes own parts of several. "A great Hermitage can never be made from just one of these parcels," says Philippe. "We vinify each separately and select carefully before we blend them to make La Chapelle."

The slopes of the vineyard are precipitous, but I feel exhilarated at the top, close to the natural phenomena that conspire to make La Chapelle possible. In Tain, though farther from the vine, one can uncork a fine vintage of La Chapelle and savor its perfume of black currants and raspberries, a whiff of truffles, a flavor dry yet fruity, dense and concentrated, full of subtlety and nuances, with an inspiring aftertaste that perfumes the mouth. Is La Chapelle a monument to the hill of Hermitage, or the hill a monument to La Chapelle? I raise my glass and salute both. 

Jean, like the other Jaboultes, has his specialty; he supervises the wide-ranging field activities.
OUTDOOR CLASSICS

"The chairs and swings and benches made sense. They were nice objects because they portrayed an elegance—a way of life—without people having to be there."

Bill Fisher, the thirty-year-old founder of the firm that builds the estate furniture seen on these pages, was speaking about the furniture that first inspired him. As an art student at Colby College, in his native Maine, Fisher was on a photography assignment when he was smitten by an old set of garden furniture at the Rockport estate named Weatherend. It had been designed eighty years earlier by the Norwegian landscape architect Hans Heistad, who sailed into New York in 1905 and eventually wound up in Rockport, where he built the Weatherend pieces.

With nothing in hand but his photographs of the Heistad originals, Fisher embarked on a national advertising campaign for a luxurious new outdoor line called Weatherend Estate Furniture. In this endeavor he got small blessing from his father (then a major manufacturer of snowplows) and ran a negative gross profit for the first year, but orders started pouring in.

The furniture Weatherend sells today is built in, and by, a community of shipwrights. The curved sections—which along with the slatted backs are the line's most distinctive feature—are made of thin wood laminates glued together with epoxy resin. Unlike steam-bent wood, the laminates will not warp with the passage of time. Weatherend makes things to last. No one ever looks at the leg bottoms, but being at the grained end of the wood, they are an easy target for rot, so here they are sealed with epoxy. The carpenters join the elements as tightly as they would the pieces of a boat. Then, they meticulously prime each bench or chair against moisture, sand it by hand, and finish it with multiple applications of quality paint.

A small portion of the line is made in teak and left bare to weather out to a silver-gray. Most is in mahogany and painted with Awlgrip (usually white, though other colors are available), a high-tech finish more commonly found on the hulls of twelve-meter boats, capable of withstanding the elements and even spray-paint vandalism. The prices, accordingly, are high—from $1,400, for a Dark Harbor rocking chair, to $5,500, for an oval settee, to $10,000, for a five-foot Islesboro set including table, two chairs, and two love-seats—all in mahogany, painted white. As Fisher once put it, "I always want to max out on quality."

Last June, after being interviewed for this article, Bill Fisher died in a boating accident. By that time, he had complemented Heistad's original designs in a full line of outdoor furniture that runs to over
FURNITURE WITH A YANKEE PEDIGREE

BY DAVID E. OUTERBRIDGE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BARNES

forty pieces. Not all of them are entirely successful. Some smaller ones do not carry the massive construction well. Fisher admitted that one chair is "clunky." Still, the firm is running two shifts to meet demand from a growing clientele, which includes the National Parks Service (it installed Weatherend benches at the base of the Statue of Liberty) and such architects as Skidmore, Owings & Merrill.

Fisher was that rarest of combinations, a dreamer who actually gets things done. Not content to rest on his furniture, he wanted his company to develop into a one-stop landscaping-supply resource. His last scheme was to quarry and mill granite for rock-walled rooms, malls, patios, plazas, and office courts. His company also had begun working on lines of fabric to fit in with the stone and wood, as well as railings and brass fixtures. "We design things," Fisher explained to a visitor. "Furniture just happened to come first."

In his will, Fisher made provisions for the continuation of his dream. The company is solid, and although the driving imagination is gone, the products will keep on coming from Rockport. Whether another, equivalent leader will emerge remains to be seen. But why not? Fisher's legacy is contagious, and Weatherend is now bombarded with business. The founder (shown at right) subscribed to the old saying "Make no little plans." His own plans included this inspirational scheme: "I would like to load a Maine lobster boat with granite and take it to New York. On board would be a crew from Maine. We would arrive and say, 'We've come to do the job. We speak English.'"

David Outerbridge, a frequent contributor to Connoisseur, publishes the Republican Journal in Belfast, Maine.
UPSTAGING
BROADWAY

BY DON SHEWEY

The message on the far wall of the theater's scene shop, partly obstructed by a prop from a post show, reads "MONEY CREATES TASTE." That's not true here.

The La Jolla Playhouse, in San Diego, is in danger of becoming the hottest new theater in the country. Less than five years after the artistic director, Des McAnuff, took a long-dormant operation far from Times Square and made it into a showcase for the top theater talents in America, the playhouse has already sent a Tony Award-winning musical to Broadway and racked up more than eighty awards from critics in southern California. Nor is this a case of polite accolades for the only game in town. Right in San Diego, the La Jolla Playhouse faces an established rival in the Old Globe Theatre, and the attractions of the acclaimed Mark Taper Forum, of Los Angeles, are only ninety miles away.

Any success coming as fast as and as big as the La Jolla Playhouse's is undeniably exciting. The danger arises when "hot" gets cold, and "new" gets old, and the big river of hype leaves you high and dry. But judging from its short history, McAnuff's operation is solidly built to buck the winds of fashion. Its five seasons to date have been characterized by a heady mixture of quality and unpredictability. Avoiding the coddle-the-subscribers mentality fostered by marketing-research firms, it practices the artists-first policy that countless theaters pay lip service to and very few achieve. Rather than announce a "balanced," marketable season and book talent later, McAnuff approaches artists he wants to work with and lets their creative urges define the season. In this way, the La Jolla Playhouse has quickly risen as a leading force in the American theater.

What is most refreshing is that the playhouse is run with a sense of irony to match its sense of manifest destiny. In the spring of 1985, not two months after sweeping the Tony Awards with its first Broadway hit—William Hauptman and Roger Miller's Big River—the theater had the cheek to open its third season with a musical that had flopped on Broadway. Stephen Sondheim and George Furth's Merrily We Roll Along is as cold and clear-eyed a cautionary tale as has ever been written about the corrupting influence of fame and fortune. Still, the show's rousing finale ("Our Time") gave the playhouse a chance to blow its own horn:

We're the movers and we're the shapers,
We're the names in tomorrow's papers.
Up to us now to show 'em!

Founded in 1947 by Gregory Peck, Mel Ferrer, and Dorothy McGuire, the La Jolla Playhouse began as a summer-stock outlet for studio-era Hollywood. Here, Groucho Marx frolicked in Time for Elizabeth and Desi Arnez first spied Vivian Vance doing The Voice of the Turtle. Originally housed in a high-school auditorium, the play-
HOW THE LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE DOES IT

The artists' own creative urges define the season.

McAnuff soon woke things up. To inaugurate the new playhouse's first season, he wanted to do a Hollywood play from the forties. His first choice was *Born Yesterday*, which he considered a subtly subversive play by that persecuted leftist Garson Kanin. The rights proved unavailable, so he proposed Brecht's *Galileo* to the director Peter Sellars, who in his usual, iconoclastic fashion came back with the same playwright's *The Visions of Simone Machard*. Completed in Hollywood after Brecht's narrow escape from Nazi Germany, *Simone* tells the story of a very young girl who reads a book about Joan of Arc and is so moved that she tries to fight the German occupation of France. Most scholars dismiss the play as unfinished or uncharacteristically jingoistic. At the playhouse, it stood revealed as a work of tremendous power.

Sellars's typically spectacular production spilled out of the stage into the orchestra, onto the tension-grid catwalk over the audience's heads, and back into the scene shop. On the face of it, the casting of Priscilla Smith and Ben Halley, Jr., in the leading roles seemed preposterous—a fortyish actress playing an eleven-year-old; an enormous black man playing an angelic incarnation of her teenage brother—yet the chemistry Sellars created between them brought the show to its most stunning moment. At the end of the first act, slowly climbing down a long step-ladder from the catwalk, Smith called out for her angel in a desperate, soul-wrenching vocalise. Halley emerged from the depths of the stage, and the two came to rest in a quiet spotlight front and center, facing out, he behind her, stroking her hair.

"Should we go on fighting if the enemy has already won?" she asked simply.

"Is the night wind blowing?" he answered. "Isn't there a tree in the yard? Do its leaves rustle when the wind blows?"

The production baffled many who saw it. At the matinee I attended, during the scene on the catwalk directly overhead, a man down the row from me burst out, "Now I've seen everything!" But the play would not leave him alone. At intermission, he kept asking his companion, "What's it about? What's it about?"

What is it like to go to the La Jolla Playhouse? The days are balmy: with a year-round average temperature of seventy degrees and nonstop sunshine, San Diego likes to boast that it has "perfect weather," and no frequent visitor would disagree. As you turn onto the impeccably tended grounds of UCSD, a blue-and-gold banner emblazoned with a pelican—the La Jolla Playhouse logo—beckons from the Mandell Weiss Center for the Performing Arts. The theater attracts a vibrant mix of well-heeled natives (La Jolla has its share of millionaires and Nobel Prize-winning scientists), day-trippers from Los Angeles in their shades and stripes-with-stripes fashions, and just-folks from San Diego.

It is always fun, if tricky, to try to discern what makes a community hospitable to theater. La Jolla doesn't have the kind of academic community that supports the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, nor does it cater to a business crowd, like the one in Minneapolis, whose members get nervous when a show at the Guthrie Theater runs over two hours. (They all have to get up at 5:00 A.M. to go...
The cast and crew members from the La Jolla Playhouse tend to hang out at Friday's or the Elephant Bar, a couple of rowdy pubs within walking distance of the theater, in the La Jolla Village Mall, but Des McAnuff is more likely to spend his Broadway royalties on Taittinger and California nouvelle at Gustaf Anders. Expensive; about $120-$150 for dinner for two. Two blocks from the beach, on Avenida de la Playa, the restaurant bar also serves a late-night menu (about $25 for two).

The La Valencia Hotel is a sort of Algonquin near the beach—small (100 rooms) and elegant, with an old-fashioned sit-in lobby and three restaurants as well as a gorgeous poolside deck overlooking Cove beach ($108-$135 for a double room). Less luxurious but comfortable: the Summer House Inn (within walking distance of the La Jolla Shores district; $98-$118).

La Jolla offers more art than you might expect. The collection of the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art (700 Prospect Street) is rather tiny, but the changing exhibitions range widely. Recent offerings: installations by the Spanish-born political artist Francesc Torres, a retrospective of Nicolas Roeg films, and an exhaustive survey of postmodern architecture from Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown.

The area also has some noteworthy architecture. The Louis Kahn–designed Salk Institute (10010 North Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla) is a modernist masterpiece with a dizzying Greek-theater courtyard. The Hotel del Coronado, the outlandish resort palazzo featured in Some Like It Hot, is a short drive away, on Coronado Island. The trip over may haunt your dreams—the toll bridge is ominously festooned with suicide hot-line numbers.

La Jolla's Cove beach is right in the heart of town, so parking is tricky, but the beach offers splendid snorkeling. (You can rent the necessary equipment at La Jolla Surf Systems, 2132 Avenida de la Playa.) At Black's Beach, possibly the best on the West Coast, clothing is "optional." Beneath the Glider Port, on Torrey Pines Road, this haven is tough to get to. Once you are there, it is bliss. Sprawled on the sand between the surf and the cliffs, with hang gliders hovering like silent angels against the sky-blue sky, you will feel very, very far away from home.

La Jolla doesn't get the matter-of-fact working-class audience that sustains Off-Loop theaters in Chicago. It is spared the philistine professionals of Washington, whose indifference finally drove Peter Sellars to abandon the bold experiment of the American National Theatre, at the Kennedy Center, after just two years. San Diego is not a metropolitan center like New York or Los Angeles, but then it's not intimidated by the cultural competition of Manhattan or the looming presence of Hollywood. Since the Old Globe Theatre has been feeding local audiences middle-of-the-road (read: stodgy) productions of Shakespeare and recent hits for fifty years, only occasionally venturing into the production of new plays, the La Jolla Playhouse feels no obligation to touch all bases. Under other circumstances, the blissful weather and proximity to great beaches might discourage people from the heady challenges of adventurous theater, but in La Jolla material comfort has not lulled the audience into complacency. It has made them intellectually curious. They seek hardheaded realities as a complement to the easygoing life and want theater to be not just a flattering mirror but a window on the world.

At least, the La Jolla Playhouse proceeds on that assumption, and so far its audience has come along for the ride. As you pass through the two-story lobby into the plush, 500-seat Mandell Weiss theater, you leave behind the placid surfaces of southern California and delve into the turbulence of world theater. Last summer you might have seen Shout Up a Morning, the world premiere of a jazz musical by the late "Can-nonball" Adderley. Based on the legend of John Henry, who comes down from heaven to race against the steam drill and to wing passage for his people to the Promised Land, Shout made telling, yet subtle, links between the struggle of black Americans for dignity and freedom and recent events in South Africa. Or you might have seen Figaro Gets a Divorce, the Austrian playwright Odón von Horváth's imaginative sequel to Mozart's Italian-language operas (in turn based on the revolutionary French plays of Beaumarchais), directed by Robert Woodruff. Using a contemporary American translation by Roger Downey, featuring leading actors of Polish, Japanese, Cuban, and Mexican origin, and making pointed references to recent political upheavals in Haiti and the Philippines, Woodruff's multinational produc-
tion brought striking immediacy to Horqvist's poignant, nonpartisan study of a postrevolutionary society. You could also have caught Peter Sellars's production of Ajax, Sophocles' tragedy about military hubris, which was set in front of the Pentagon and featured a cast made up of blacks and Asians—except for Howie Seago, formerly a leading actor with the National Theatre of the Deaf, who played Ajax.

Scanning the playhouse's classy red-and-gold season brochure in advance, you would not have guessed that there could be much in these plays to connect them. And in fact, each project took shape separately and converged according to the availability and interests of the artists involved. Still, multi-ethnic casting became a running theme of the season. Des McAnuff recalls being asked a couple of years ago at a conference held by Theatre Communications Group, on whose board of directors he served, "What are you doing about the Third World?" His response was a season centered on issues of race, revolutions, and military intervention in Central America. It is developments like these that mark the La Jolla Playhouse as the most alive theater in the country.

McAnuff cannot have been the most obvious candidate to take over the La Jolla Playhouse. A skinny lad with the cheekbones and favorite-leather-jacket aura of a rock star, he doesn't look much like an artistic director. And he's not the most likely Californian; he still doesn't have a driver's license. But it's no surprise that a board of directors looking for fresh blood would grab him. At thirty-five, McAnuff is one of the young Turks assuming the leadership of the American theater. Like Peter Sellars, Harvard's enfant terrible who at twenty-six took on the ill-fated task of reviving the American National Theater at the Kennedy Center in 1984, and Gregory Mosher, the thirty-eight-year-old director plucked from Chicago's Goodman Theatre to resurrect the Vivian Beaumont, at Lincoln Center, McAnuff is both a product of and a spokesman for the regional-theater movement, which over the last quarter century has forged an alternative to ever-moribund Broadway.

Born in the U.S.A., raised fifty miles from Stratford, Ontario—no wonder his most frequent cultural references are Springsteen and Shakespeare. A teenage theater prodigy in Toronto, McAnuff moved to New York in 1977, where he cofounded the four-member Dodger Theatre Company, in 1978. His staging of Barrie Keene's Gimme Shelter caught the eye of Joe Papp, who produced two of his plays (Leave It to Beaver Is Dead and The Death of von Richthofen as Witnessed from Earth) and gave him his first job directing Shakespeare. McAnuff stood apart from his avant-garde contemporaries, whom he suspected of fuzzy thinking and stylish superficiality. His own productions—whether of Henry IV, Part 1, in Central Park or a Juilliard class project based on readings about German terrorism—combined classical lucidity, humor, political analysis, and rock-concert immediacy.

The question is, why would McAnuff, moving up steadily in the ranks of directors-for-hire, choose La Jolla? "I wanted to get out of New York for a while because it's a cliché phrase—I got tired of the dialogue with the converted." In southern California, he found the challenge he wanted. "California pitches the life-style a lot, and that also reinforces its isolation and the alienation of its sensibility. There's a hunger for culture that most Californians won't admit." He rejects easy New York putdowns, though. "California is not a cultural wasteland. The culture just hasn't caught up to the population. People flock here from science, from the arts. They take pride in doing something
progressive. There's a pioneer spirit still."

One major lure of an artistic directorship is that it gives a director a steady place to work. And the La Jolla Playhouse has been the dream setting for McAnuff to try his hand at directing Chekhov (The Seagull) and to nurture ongoing relationships with the scenic designer John Arnone and the playwright William Hauptman. But that is not the whole story. "For me," McAnuff says, "the appeal doesn't just have to do with my own work. I never had trouble directing the plays I wanted to direct or working with many of the people that I wanted to work with. However, I rarely knew what was happening elsewhere in the institution, and I became aware that everything—marketing, development, the price of a ticket, the logo for the theater, the poster—all that has a profound effect on the work you're doing. Running a theater means I have a say in all that."

Besides, McAnuff was dazzled by the physical beauty and comfort of La Jolla—a retreat from the blustery winters back East and the densely populated squalor of St. Mark's Place, where he and his wife, Susan Berman, still rent an apartment. And he relished the thought of being able to share the gorgeous San Diego climate with friends and colleagues in the theater, much the same way that Nikos Psacharopoulos's Willmstown Theater Festival provides a New England summer camp for a family of actors such as Blythe Danner, Edward Herrmann, and Richard Thomas.

In just five years, the friends of Des McAnuff have turned into an impressive roster of artists who have worked at the La Jolla Playhouse: such famous composers as Roger Miller, Randy Newman, and Stephen Sondheim and such promising up-and-comers as Doug Wieselman, Paul Dresher, and Michael S. Roth; accomplished directors like James Lapine and Peter Sellars as well as the fledgling masters James Simpson and Timothy Near; the playwrights Barrie Keefe, Michael Weller, and William Hauptman; actors like Amanda Plummer, John Rubinstein, Deborah Rush, John Vickery, Phoebe Cates, and Charlaite Woodard.

The current season is surprisingly dominated by classics. It began with Linda Hunt wrestling the role of Dolly Levi from the memory of Carol Channing in McAnuff's production of Thornton Wilder's The Matchmaker, and it continued with Hedda Gabler, The School for Wives, and The Tempest as staged by three of the American resident theater's most intelligent young directors: Emily Mann, Mark Lamos, and La Jolla's own Robert Woodruff. (The one new play, running through August 15, is Lee Blessing's A Walk in the Woods, a pertinently political drama about an American and a Soviet arms negotiator in Geneva.) If McAnuff's dreams come true, next summer La Jolla will play host to the inspired clown Bill Irwin, in Samuel Beckett's Waiting for Godot, and a new production of Around the World in 80 Days, starring Kevin Kline, Angela Lansbury, and Bob Hoskins, with a new pop score by Ray Davies, of the Kinks.

If not, he'll dream up something else. "The best thing about running a theater," says McAnuff, "is having the chance to get people together whose work interests me. Frequently, they're nothing like me. My idea is to celebrate eclecticism. I'm trying to unite all the explorations in theater from the last twenty years."

Don Sheuey is the author of, most recently, Sam Shepard: A Biography and Caught in the Act, a collection of profiles of actors.
Give Your Furniture The Ultimate Shine!

Protect your investment in fine furniture with Antiquax, the outstanding, unequalled furniture wax polish. Shortly after the turn of the century the owner of an exclusive London antique gallery developed Antiquax for use solely by his aristocratic clients. They needed a paste wax polish that would protect, feed and enhance the irreplaceable antiques they purchased at his establishment. Now this same secret formula of carefully blended fine waxes is available to everyone! Easy to apply, Antiquax gives wood a soft, mellow long-lasting shine that repels dust and will not fingermark. Join the world’s leading galleries and museums as well as the stateliest of homes by using Antiquax to achieve the finest shine available for your furniture. Our generous 7.05 oz. tin will last a long, long time and it's just $8.95 plus $2.00 for shipping, handling and insurance (total, $10.95 each).

H.M. SPECIALTIES, Dept. CNWX 087; P.O. Box 2318, FDR Station; New York, NY 10150

Enclosed is my check or money order (no cash, please) payable to H.M. SPECIALTIES for $_________. Please send me ______ tin(s) of Antiquax (at $10.95 ($8.95 plus $2.00 for shipping, handling and insurance each).

SHIP TO (please print) ____________________________________________

STREET ____________________________________________ APT. #

CITY________________________ STATE________ ZIP________

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible. Overseas orders may take up to six weeks by Parcel Post.

H.M. SPECIALTIES

250 W. 55 St., New York, NY 10019
Before getting halfway into Marinetti's Futurist Manifesto of 1909, almost any reader will begin to wonder, What was this man on? Described in his day as "the caffeine of Europe," his program for a revolution in Italian literature, painting, music, and just about everything else was wild, extravagant, and provocative. The first of some fifty manifestos published between 1909 and 1918 gives the impression of a mind fired up by a crazy, almost suicidal vision of the future. It was a vision that, for all its gross content, had a seductive quality that later married all too easily with the Fascism of Benito Mussolini and brought the movement lasting disrepute.

The Futurists began by scorning Mussolini for having, like other Socialists, opposed the Italian war against Libya of 1911-12. But Mussolini changed. He and Marinetti were soon united in their excitement over the opportunities afforded by World War I. They had in common intense patriotism, violence of language, and a love of brawls and public agitation. In 1919, Marinetti was elected to the central committee of the Fascist party. The two men were to remain lifelong friends.

When the art world was struck by Marinetti's first bombshell, in 1909, it was still reeling from the combination punch thrown by the Fauves and the Expressionists. The Manifesto appeared dramatically on the front page of Le Figaro on February 20. Among the astonishing ideas in the 2,000-word call to arms was this: "We will glorify war—the only true hygiene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of the anarchist . . . and the scorn of woman." Equally shattering was his proposal to "destroy museums [and] libraries and fight against moralism and feminism." The program included "a welcome [for] the kindly incendiaries with their carbon fingers. Set fire to the bookshelves, flood the vaults of museums. Seize pickaxes and hammer . . . "

Readers were apparently being incited to an orgy of destruction, and in place of Italy's decayed culture would arise a new creed that exalted speed, youth, action, and a passionate love for the beauties of the new industrial age.

Marinetti the poet had conceived of Futurism as a literary movement, though one that could be applied to all human endeavor. He was keen to recruit nonliterary people to his cause, and by March of 1910 a group of five artists—Boccioni, Severini, Balla, Carrà, and Russolo—had signed the Manifesto of Futurist Painters. The belligerent tone of the first manifesto was sustained. There were digs at critics who had reduced Italian art to the ignominy of prostitution, and emphasis was laid on originality at all costs, "even if reckless, even if extremely violent."

Five weeks later, the Painters' Techni-
Red Baron's Architectural Antique Auction

Sept. 19 & 20
Stained Glass Mantles
Carved Paneling
Fine Chandeliers
Bronzes Collectibles

Over 1200 outstanding pieces at no minimum

Stained & Beveled Glass Window appx. 5½' x 8'

The World's Most Exciting & Unusual Antique Auction For 12 Years!

Call or write for Color Brochure
Red Baron's, 6320 Roswell Rd., Atlanta, GA 30328
404/252-3770

Telex 750689

Set of 4 Marble Columns 12½' high.

TOWN & COUNTRY

...today's leading magazine of elegant living...

Every month many of the world's most distinguished and influential trendsetters share with you their latest discoveries and impressions...which you can use to enhance the quality of your own life. Explore with them picture-perfect vacation hideaways and villas of incredible beauty...posh townhouses and country mansions considered to be among today's showcases of interior design...the finest in gourmet dining spots (along with recipes for some of their house specialties)...exquisite antiques and priceless art treasures...exciting sporting events, glittering galas...designer fashion creations, and so much more. If living life at its very best is important to you, and you'd welcome some bright, new ideas for achieving it, then Town & Country is for you!

Town & Country can be found at selected newsstands, or subscribe at 1 year for just $24. Write to: Town & Country, P.O. Box 10792, Dept. WMCN, Des Moines, Iowa 50390. Please make checks payable to Town & Country. (Your first copy will be on its way to you in 6 to 12 weeks. Watch for it!)

Town & Country, A Publication of Hearst Magazines, A Division of The Hearst Corporation.
INVESTOR'S FILE

Inventor's Manifesto, probably written by Boccioni, was published as a clarification. A week before it appeared, an exhibition in Milan had shown Futurist paintings that seemed so tame in light of the earlier manifesto that people wondered if indeed Futurist art had anything new to offer. As if in reply, the Technical Manifesto proclaimed, "Our longing for truth can no longer be satisfied by traditional Form and Color!" and went on to elaborate on the Futurist concept of dynamism.

The paintings produced between 1909 and 1914 by the five signatories constitute the important body of Futurist work. They show the artists searching for ways to transform ideas into a painted image. Major works of this key period have not been sold at auction for years. Of the entire group, Boccioni was considered to be the most talented. He died in 1916 after a fall from a horse, and his work is extremely scarce. A major Boccioni of 1911 would today fetch several million dollars outside Italy, though perhaps as little as a third that amount if sold in its home market.

Rigorous export restrictions—Italian style, that is—apply to any object of cultural value, so museums and collectors in the outside world are effectively barred from buying. In practice plenty gets out, but no important Futurist work, or any other painting, could ever be sold at public auction without a major scandal.

Many of Boccioni's works were entitled States of Mind, setting out to achieve the dynamic quality he described as "an acute synthesis of all the senses in a unique uni-
ANDRÉ ANDREOLI

The Director of Sotheby's International, Amsterdam, Europe's foremost art expert and critic, recently stated:

"I am, I must confess, quite impressed by the great technical ability with which Andréoli paints his Dutch romantic scenes and I would not know of any Dutch painter who could compare with his skill. Andréoli may very well be the only artist of quality today, who truly paints in the very best tradition of the 19th century masters like W. Kockcoek and J. Eversen."

Andréoli’s paintings are a superb investment in life for today's discriminating connoisseur.

One man show opens November 21st. Please call or write for brochure.

GALLERY AMERICANA

carmel-by-the-sea
The agitated Dancer in Blue (1912), by Severini.

versal sense.” This Futurist ideal was perhaps an unachievable goal, for it seems impossible to entertain all at once feelings of hatred, love, hope, fear, and so on. To represent this minestrone of emotions on canvas was a very tall order indeed. It is one thing for an artist to have specific feel-
ings as he paints; it is quite another for the viewer to experience them on seeing the finished work.

Carlo Carrà was one who had that difficulty. Boccioni heard a man loudly criticizing his work at a Milan exhibition in 1908 and decided to introduce himself. The man was Carrà, and after some argument the two became friends. Their styles were superficially similar, though Carrà’s work was more firmly rooted in tradition than Boccioni’s, and eventually the relationship broke down. Again, since practically no major work from the great Futurists years changes hands today, those Carrà that do get sold date from the 1920s and later. They are fetching 30 percent less than they were in 1975. This performance is surprising, for Carrà’s sensitive, painterly qualities are not in doubt. Of his work that reaches the salerooms, over half is sold in Italy. The fact that chances of an export license are nil depresses its value.

All the Futurists had problems conveying the aims asserted in the manifestos. Their early work was attacked by the writer and painter Ardengo Soffici for being inept, provincial, and banal. For this offense, the artists proceeded gloriously, as they no doubt saw it, to beat up Soffici as he sat in a café. A more positive result was the suggestion from Severini that the others should visit Paris, where he was then living, “to see for themselves where things stood in the art world.”

Severini, who had joined the Cubist circle, was afraid that his compatriots would look dated and clumsy at the Futurist exhibition to be held in Paris in 1912. The visit accordingly took place, paid for by Marinetti and commemorated in a photograph showing five surprisingly unradical figures

BOCCIONI STROVE TO REPRESENT A MINESTRONE OF ALL HUMAN EMOTIONS.

in stiff collars, bowler hats, and sober suits. There was no sign here of the Futurist clothing advocated by Balla— phosphorescent, nondurable, and asymmetrical.

To their great chagrin, the Italian artists had to acknowledge, at least privately, that Braque, Picasso, and the other Cubists had gotten further than they had in dispensing with traditional perspective. The Futurists went on to borrow the Cubist idea of the fusion and interpenetration of an object with its surroundings, attempting to put it to work conveying the idea of
In the art of H. Leung, heaven is always at hand. His palette gives us colors as lovely and inspired as the notes of a Haydn suite. Weathered peasant villages become dreamy castles, awash in pastel mists and mountain splendor. Mythical and mystic, they reach inside us to touch the soul.

More than a virtuoso of oils and brush, H. Leung is a master of subtle suggestion. His images, so exquisite and ethereal, involve us as active participants in their meaning. We experience Leung's art from within its moods and majesties. His compositions absorb us like wonderlands of gentle, rejuvenating wilderness.

Acclaimed as one of the world's most pleasing artists, Leung is now in his fourth decade of creating magnificent canvases for his thousands of enchanted collectors. To acquire this beautiful painting—or to find out more about H. Leung and his other available works—please call toll-free: 1-800-367-8047 ext. 108. In Canada: 1-800-423-8733 ext. 108. In Hawaii: (808) 667-7795.

Lahaina Galleries
845 Wainee Street, Suite 213, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii 96761

"Morning Mist" by H. Leung. Oil on canvas, 36 " x 48". Availability subject to prior sale. Orders are also now being taken for lithographic prints of this beautiful image, available soon in a special limited edition.

© Lahaina Galleries, Inc. 1987
motion. The concept of dynamism was central to the Painters' Manifesto, but it was so hard to get across that it was sometimes rendered rather unsatisfactorily as motion. In Balla's *Dynamism of a Dog on a Leash*, at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, in Buffalo, for instance, the dog's legs are shown in several different positions, looking more like those of a scurrying centipede than those of a moving dog. 

Works by Balla have also fallen in value by 30 percent since 1975, thanks again to the lower level of interest in his later works and the effective ban on buying by non-Italians. Once more, this performance is surprising, for his work has strength and originality and at the same time reflects the character of a gentle, reticent man.

Severini alone of the Futurists produced work that has climbed steadily in value—170 percent since 1975. He is the least intense of the group, and his paintings retain the sense of delight they had before he became a Futurist. In 1914 he painted *The Spherical Expansion of Light*, which featured abstract images of universal dynamism and included nothing recognizable from the real world. This was the culmination of Severini's Futurist work; soon afterward he turned to Cubism. Not only did he feel that Futurism was incapable of further development, but he repudiated the movement and distanced himself from his own Futurist work on the grounds that it might weaken his contact with reality.

By 1915, the movement's first and only...
Cocaine lies.

After nearly a decade of being America’s glamour drug, researchers are starting to uncover the truth about cocaine. It’s emerging as a very dangerous substance.

No one thinks the things described here will ever happen to them. But you can never be certain. Whenever and however you use cocaine, you’re playing Russian roulette.

You can’t get addicted to cocaine.

Cocaine was once thought to be non-addictive, because users don’t have the severe physical withdrawal symptoms of heroin—delirium, muscle-cramps, and convulsions.

However, cocaine is intensely addicting psychologically.

In animal studies, monkeys with unlimited access to cocaine self-administer until they die. One monkey pressed a bar 12,800 times to obtain a single dose of cocaine. Rhesus monkeys won’t smoke tobacco or marijuana, but 100% will smoke cocaine, preferring it to sex and to food—even when starving.

Like monkey, like man.

If you take cocaine, you run a 10% chance of addiction. The risk is higher the younger you are, and may be as high as 50% for those who smoke cocaine. (Some crack users say they felt addicted from the first time they smoked.)

When you’re addicted, all you think about is getting and using cocaine. Family, friends, job, home, possessions, and health become unimportant.

Because cocaine is expensive, you end up doing what all addicts do. You steal, cheat, lie, deal, sell anything and everything, including yourself. All the while you risk imprisonment. Because, never forget, cocaine is illegal.

There’s no way to tell who’ll become addicted. But one thing is certain.

No one who is an addict, set out to become one.

C’mon, just once can’t hurt you.

Cocaine hits your heart before it hits your head. Your pulse rate rockets and your blood pressure soars. Even if you’re only 15, you become a prime candidate for a heart attack, a stroke, or an epileptic-type fit.

In the brain, cocaine mainly affects a primitive part where the emotions are seated. Unfortunately, this part of the brain also controls your heart and lungs.

A big hit or a cumulative overdose may interrupt the electrical signal to your heart and lungs. They simply stop.

That’s how basketball player Len Bias died.

If you’re unlucky the first time you do coke, your body will lack a chemical that breaks down the drug. In which case, you’ll be a first time O.D. Two lines will kill you.

Sex with coke is amazing.

Cocaine’s powers as a sexual stimulant have never been proved or disproved. However, the evidence seems to suggest that the drug’s reputation alone serves to heighten sexual feelings. (The same thing happens in Africa, where natives swear by powdered rhinoceros horn as an aphrodisiac.)

What is certain is that continued use of cocaine leads to impotence and finally complete loss of interest in sex.

It’ll make you feel great.

Cocaine makes you feel like a new man, the joke goes. The only trouble is, the first thing the new man wants is more cocaine.

It’s true. After the high wears off, you may feel a little anxious, irritable, or depressed. You’ve got the coke blues. But fortunately, they’re easy to fix, with a few more lines or another hit on the pipe.

Of course, sooner or later you have to stop. Then—for days at a time—you may feel lethargic, depressed, even suicidal.

Says Dr. Arnold Washton, one of the country’s leading cocaine experts: “It’s impossible for the nonuser to imagine the deep, vicious depression that a cocaine addict suffers from.”

Partnership for a Drug-Free America
BECOME A CONNOISSEUR OF CONNOISSEURS!

As a reader of CONNOISSEUR we know you find articles about the best of everything that you would like to be able to save and refer to. But loose magazines are messy and untidy and can make locating a particular article or feature very frustrating. Now we bring you the easy-access magazine file case designed to keep your copies of CONNOISSEUR in order. It’s done in elegant black leatherette over fiberboard, with gold-toned lettering; and it comes with a strip of gold foil that lets you insert the correct year on the spine of each case. Handsome on your bookcase in den or office, the magazine file is notched and open in back so that you easily can see and withdraw the issue you want when you want it! Each file hold 12 issues. Ours alone, just for you, at $7.95 each, plus $1.75 for shipping and handling; or save by ordering 3 file cases for $21.95 plus $3.50 for shipping and handling.

CONNOISSEUR, Dept. CNMF 087;
P.O. Box 2318, FDR Station; NY, NY 10150

Enclosed is my check or money order (no cash, please) payable to CONNOISSEUR for $ Please send me the file case(s) I have indicated below.

1 file case @ $9.70
3 file cases @ $25.45

SHIP TO
(APT. #
STREET
CITY
STATE ZIP

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible. Overseas orders may take up to six weeks by Parcel Post.

The Hearst Corporation

250 W. 56 St., NY, NY 10019

INVESTOR'S FILE

important phase was over. It had been a succès de scandale, attracting widespread support, but a rift had developed between the Florentine and the Milanese elements—a conflict between Futurism as a philosophical system and what its adherents increasingly saw as an erratic and violent version of that system: Marinettism.

Marinetti’s brand of Futurism contained preposterous contradictions and “ideals” deeply offensive to any person of feeling. His position on women was particularly hard to stomach. Though superficially in favor of equality of the sexes, Futurism remained a male-dominated club with an aggressively virile posture. The Manifesto on Women had urged them, “Return to your sublime instinct of violence and cruelty,” but Marinetti, presumably in a moment of weakness, lent Severini the money to get married. At the party celebrating the young couple’s return to Milan, however, he denounced the institution of marriage violently enough to reduce the sixteen-year-old bride to tears.

Marinetti liked violence for both its own sake and its publicity value. Many a Futurist meeting ended with premeditated brawls, arrests by the police, and some members spending well-reported nights in

SEVERINI ALONE OF THE FUTURISTS PRODUCED WORK THAT HAS CLIMBED IN VALUE.

the cells. His determination to take advantage of “the immense artistic novelties” presented by the Great War seems particularly egregious. There was a basic nonsense in the Futurist position on war. Liberty, according to Soffici—who was to finish up as enthusiastic a Fascist as Marinetti—should be placed before all else: “Let us adore it as the only divinity worthy of being adored in art and life. Liberty—the beginning of all greatness and happiness.” But what value was to be

Balla’s amusing Dynamism of a Dog on a Leash.
FUTURISM AS AN ARTISTIC CREEED THRIVED ON THE ITALIAN SENSE OF INFERIORITY.

Italy's three testing sores, where the art establishment was content to guard the cultural past and ignore the present. Meanwhile, new ideas were fermenting in France, Germany, and Russia. Few, if any, of Futurism's salient ideals were original. The emphasis on the role of youth in carrying forward the hopes of the world was hardly new; the obsession with modernity could have come from Baudelaire's appeal to the artist to concern himself with "the heroism of modern life." The call to demolish museums had been made in France fifty years earlier; many writers, including Zola and Whitman, had seen the artistic potential of the machine long before Marinetti. The glorification of violence came straight from Nietzsche, and much of the aesthetic theory from Bergson and Croce.

No matter, Marinetti was a leader of rare charisma who had a style well suited to inflammatory manifestos as well as a gift for generating publicity and getting people to take his crazy notions seriously. The tragic Fascist chapter in Italian history owes much to Futurism. From it, Mussolini learned the value of invective, publicity, and agitation, but whereas Fascism took terrorism literally as a political weapon, Marinetti, however mad, intended it as a metaphor.

In Futurism's second phase, beginning in 1919, many artists, including Prampolini, Rosai, and Sironi, were for a time linked with Fascism. Though they contributed nothing essentially new, prices for their work have been edging up. As with the original Futurists, the outlook for important works is good; the market for the rest may stay flat.

Robin Duby's latest book is The Successful Investor.
THE SCUBA-DUBA HOTEL

One step from a diving platform into the gurgling waters above Jules's Undersea Lodge begins an overnight experience duplicated nowhere else. Because this hotel is at the bottom of a thirty-foot-deep lagoon, things are done differently here. No luggage is allowed — personal belongings are delivered to the hotel in airtight suitcases. There is no dressing for dinner, and room service is spotty at best. The lodge does, however, provide a unique view, absolute isolation, and round-the-clock oxygen.

Jules's used to be the world's largest underwater marine lab and was originally submerged off Puerto Rico. Last December it became the first and only underwater hotel, though the owners plan more around the world. (The next one, into which $1.5 million will be sunk, is scheduled to open...)

Top: Room with a view, one atmosphere down, where the only way to make tea is with a microwave (left) and the outside is always wet.
KIMONO


ORIZABA

P.O. Box 22983
Dept. CR
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822
(808) 5371826 CABLE: ZABAHNL
TLX: 4953178 CTHI UI

Please call or write for an informative kimono/obi catalogue—$1.00

Antique obi (runner) on table from Orizaba’s collection
UP & COMING

Early in 1989 at another, considerably larger, site in the Florida Keys.

Operations Manager Chris Olstad, in his early thirties, accompanies guests—the lodge's capacity is three couples—on their initial descent to Jule's. A graduate of the Florida Institute of Technology with a degree in biology and with over ten years of diving experience, he has an easy confidence underwater that is some comfort to less-experienced divers. "People may really have their stuff together on the surface, but down here," says a staff member, "they know they've got to follow the leader."

Before they enter "inner space," Olstad conducts a tour of the hotel grounds, swimming past the hundreds of marine creatures and the small, worn-eaten boat wrecks inhabiting the bottom of Key Largo Lagoon. Already very much a part of its environment, the experimental hotel is covered with small soft coral, tube worms, barnacles, and sponges.

A dive beneath the lodge and up through an entrance, or "noon," pool to the wet-room chamber reveals an environment surprisingly suited to human life. Guests sit at the edge of the pool to acclimate themselves. As they drop their compressed-air regulators and remove their masks and fins, they take in their first breaths of the air pumped down from the surface.

After a shower in the wet room to remove seawater residues, Olstad takes his guests on a tour of their subaquatic accommodations. The place, altogether only 600 square feet, is composed of three equal sections: the central wet-room chamber, a common area to the south, and two bedroom suites to the north. The twenty-foot-long suites are equipped with cold-water sinks and audio and video systems (available movies include Cocoon, Splash, and 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea). The more compelling view, however, is out the forty-two-inch round picture windows, through the haze of the lagoon floor, to the occasional hypnotically undulating parrot fish, snapper, or lobster.

The common area at Jule's has a window seat, another large audio-video array, a telephone, and a galley. The lodge staff stock the refrigerator to your specifications and leave the microwaving to you. (Any open flame would be highly dangerous.) Entrees are usually steak, lobster, chicken, or fish. Guests have been known to scoop up shrimp from the entry pool and turn them into a late-night snack.

During their stay, guests are encouraged to take advantage of the dive time the lodge's tethered air supply allows. It you are not a certified diver, as Jule's requires you to be, the staff will, for a fee, arrange the necessary instruction. Accommodations are $295 per night, single occupancy, and the whole place can be had for $1,500 a night. For more information call (305) 451-2353. -Rob Broffman

Mark Saltman Wushu-ing with a pair of double-hook swords.

FOREIGN DEVIL COMES HOME

When you are in New York, check to see if Mark Saltman is performing his Wushu, the dance-like Chinese martial art. An imaginary opponent always in mind, he parries and thrusts with grace, fluidity, and precision, like, he says, "a dragon twisting through clouds." His hour-long solo shows, at either New York's China Institute or the Asia Society, are always a hot ticket. Book early.

In China, Wushu is considered one of five traditional national treasures (along with painting, calligraphy, medicine, and poetry). Chinese connoisseurs consider Saltman an expert, a distinction attained by few Westerners. As if that weren't enough for a young man of twenty-seven, he is also the author of the highly ac-

claimed Iron and Silk, an account of his experiences in China, told in first-person vignettes, which is in its seventh printing since its publication, by Random House, in January 1987. Jason Epstein, the publishing house's editorial director, describes it as "one of the best books by a traveler in a foreign country ever written."

Saltman took up Wushu when he was a shy and skinny twelve-year-old in order to overcome bullying and humiliation, emulating the heroes of the Kung Fu movies he used to watch on TV. His high-school years, in Ridgefield, Connecticut, he spent happily honing mind and body.

Yale, recognizing a true individualist, snapped him up; he graduated in 1982 with a degree in Chinese literature. Next, he spent two years in China teaching English at a medical college and perfecting his art under the tutelage of Pan Qingfu, one of China's foremost masters of Wushu. Just being accepted by Pan was a great honor—dubly so for a foreigner. With Pan, Saltman gained the expertise that allows him to choreograph his own routines. "Chinese art is about a conflict between tradition and innovation," he says. "Only once you have mastered classical technique may you express yourself. So, while my routines are my own, they probably resemble those of the sixth century, when Wushu was just in its early stages." His relationship with Pan is at the center of the series of stories that is Iron and Silk, though the book touches on all aspects of his sojourn in China.

Saltman returned to China in the fall of 1985 to perform Wushu at the National Wushu Competition, along with the first-place winners—the only foreigner invited to participate. From November 1986 to January 1987, he joined the author Stewart Stevens in traveling the Silk Route, across the Gobi Desert to southwestern China, retracing part of the journey recounted in Peter Fleming's classic book of the 1930s News from Tartary.

Now Saltman is at work on the screenplay for the film version of Iron and Silk, in which he will star. Above all, he continues to practice Wushu as often as ever: "I do it for the same reason a musician plays music. Ninety-five percent is just plain
hard work, but that 5 percent of the time when it all comes together, when my body just seems to move by itself, I lose myself in it. I guess that's what they call pure artistic expression."

— Margot Herrera

PRODIGY IN MUSCOVY

There is a new first-class musical prodigy in the world, the Russians have him, and they're not telling anyone about him. Currently a pupil at the Gnessin Pedagogical Institute of Music, in Moscow, under the well-respected teacher Anna Kantor, Evgeni Kissin has a reputation in the Soviet Union that has grown to almost legendary proportions. When the young pianist played at the opening ceremonies of the prestigious Tchaikovsky competition last year, it is said, he intimidated many of the older competitors. Audiences, especially in the Bolshoi Zal (Grand Hall) of the Moscow Conservatory, have apparently taken the sixteen-year-old to their hearts with a rapport not seen since the salad days of Richter and Gilels. The word is that many of the intensely partisan Russian concertgoers, who treat their classical soloists with something of the enthusiasm reserved in the West for rock stars, have already made Kissin their golden calf.

Why, then, have we in the West heard so little of him? It seems that the young star is being deliberately protected, some would say cloistered, from too much international exposure, by his teachers and mentors. Perhaps they have noted the troubled progress of other prodigies. The Greek-born Dimitri Siganos and the Japanese Midori Goto, for example, have been caught up in the merciless round of making ever more demanding performances and meeting progressively tougher expectations. Young virtuosos often burn out with this treatment. Americans can hear Kissin only on recordings. He plays Chopin's two piano concertos on one disc and Prokofiev's third concerto and some inventions of Kissin's own composition on another. Both records bear the Melodia label, and both were recorded live with the Moscow Philharmonic. On them, the young pianist reveals a combination of outstanding technical ability and prescient musical interpretation. Those who want to hear Kissin in person must wait and wonder whether he is as good as the Soviets say he is.

— John Welchman

MANY ARE CALLED...

The turkey hunter's most important skill, besides a true aim, is his call. The birds are astonishingly-some people say devilishly—wary. Because live decoys and recorded gobbling are not considered sporting, turkey cocks can be lured only by the yelps of turkey hens, or a very close approximation thereof. Enter, now, a North Carolina lawyer and a Georgia business consultant. Parker Whedon and Larry Hearn have developed a state-of-the-art turkey yelper just in time for next spring's turkey season. It is to previous calls as an oboe is to a pennywhistle. In the earliest days of turkey hunting, American Indians sawed off the knobs of a turkey's radius and ulna bones and joined them with beeswax to form a hollow tube. Hands were cupped around the larger opening of this tube to modulate the notes while the hunter sucked and smacked with his mouth at the other end to simulate the yelp. This primitive caller was eventually replaced by a reamed wooden tube with a fixed mouthpiece. It remains popular and is, indeed, the principal competition for Whedon and Hearn's "Crown" call.

According to Whedon, the Crown call's adjustable trumpet length—similar to that of the slide trombone—allows the hunter to fine-tune his yelps and clucks to match those of real hens. An easily changeable mouthpiece gives the hunter both thin and reedy calls and deep ones. The instrument's versatility is important. Even veteran turkey hunters know the frustration of losing a bird by making the wrong call. Not that the Crown call will guarantee the turkey's approach, but it gives the virtuoso user new options. For information, contact Old Masters Wild Turkey Specialties, Inc., Route 2, Box 217, Medon, TN 38356.

— Dean King
FRANCE by helicopter. Newest way to tour France—and certainly from a unique vantage—is by chopper. Looking like a giant dragonfly, a sleek blue machine gives you an intimate, eagle's-eye view of Paris and its environs, zips you stylishly to starred restaurants, lets you hover above vineyards, and touches down on the lawns of historic châteaux, such as La Commerdie, for cozy dinner and an overnight stay with titled proprietors.

Seven different itineraries through France range from one to ten days with a maximum of four passengers to the UP helicopter. Cost is from $750 per person, for the one-day tour, up to $15,000, for ten. A one-day tour, for example, flies up to the ninth-century Abbey de Hautvillers—now owned and operated by Moët & Chandon—for an instructive hour and a Dom Pérignon tasting. Then away to Reims to land on the lawn of three-star Château des Crayères. There, enjoy a superb lunch prepared by the chef Gerard Boyer—for some, the best dining experience in France. In the afternoon, a tour of Reims Cathedral and the 2,000-year-old caves at Dom Ruinart Champagne. Hemphill Harris Travel, (800) 421-0454; in California, (800) 252-2103.

Your very own New England isle. The ultimate privacy is renting eighty-five-acre Hope Island, just off Portland, Maine, for the weekend, week, or month, now through October.

This pristine enclave of towering pine is crowned by a spacious country house—designed in 1914 as a Philadelphia industrialist's retreat—with thirteen bedrooms that command sweeping sea views. A staff of six cook, clean, and serve while you read, swim, scuba dive with a private instructor, or fish for swordfish or lobster. A thirty-seven-foot cruiser is at the ready to take you wherever.

Hope Island's fee is $1,250 per day, all meals and services, for a recommended group of ten persons. The fee for fewer—or more—guests is negotiable. Resorts Man-

agement, (800) 225-4255; in New York, (212) 696-4566.

London's elegant newcomer. Two magnificent Victorian stucco mansions restored to the splendor of Belle Époque architecture have just been combined for the Halcyon, a super chic but discreet pale pink hotel in prestigious Holland Park, out near Kensington Palace. Its fine Kingfisher restaurant, overlooking the hotel's own pretty garden, and forty-four open suites (No. 34 has a private conservatory) and rooms were designed by Washington, D.C.'smaximum decorator Barbara Thornhill, who understands our American obsession with convenience and comfort. 81 Holland Park, London W11 3RZ. (800) 237-1236.

Jogja: quintessential Indonesia. To the outside world, idyllic Bali epitomizes Indonesia. Most Americans favor calm Sanur beach, on the east coast just outside its capital, Denpasar, and often put up seaside at the admirable, low-rise Bali Hyatt, or at tiny Tanjung Sari, a patrician house-turned-inn. Its proprietor is considered the best cook in Bali. Sporting Australians flock instead to the frenetic west-coast Kuta beach, a great broad crescent of sand, famed for its high surf and fast living, where East meets West with a mutual loss of innocence. (Bali Oberoi Hotel Cottages form an inviting oasis of tranquility.)

But to Indonesians, oft-overlooked Jogjakarta (Jogja for short), in central Java, is the heart of the country's religion, culture, and patriotic fervor. This ancient former capital, albeit a bit raggle-taggle, exudes the charm of a once-mighty agricultural empire, and it has a magnificent kraton (palace) and nearby monumental ruins to prove it, all worth several days of serious exploration though it means putting up at the unexceptional Ambarrukmo Palace Hotel, in the sultan's former garden.

Now the sights. Imposing Jogja Kraton—open mornings only, because it's still a royal residence—and its museum poetically bridge past and present. Also in town, the ruins of Taman Sari, once a white stone Eurasian pleasure palace, or folly, bustle with artists, ateliers, bohemian shops, curio vendors. Best buy: second-hand, silk-soft old cotton batiks. A steep staircase descends directly to a market of gem-bright birds.

Just east of Jogja, a vast tenth-century complex of small Hindu mausoleum-temples is scattered over the Prambanan plains amid rice paddies and bamboo groves like strange stone flowers, enigmatic and neglected but not quite forgotten. The towering (over fifty meters) principal Prambanan temple becomes the spotlighted backdrop for the traditional Ramayana dance-drama, performed on the four consecutive nights of the full or nearly full moon, from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m., during the dry season, May through October.

Beyond doubt, a visit to Borobudur, the world's largest Buddhist monument, is the climax of any trip to Jogja. Just twenty-five miles northwest of it, this ninth-century superscale structure, two million cubic feet of sculptured stone, is neither temple nor mausoleum but a gigantic Tantric mandala, predating Cambodia's Angkor Wat by some three centuries. Rising majestically from the plains, it dominates the pastoral landscape with its grandeur, as it will the memory of its viewers.

By Geri Trotta, a contributing editor of Gourmet, who has just won her fourth Pacific Asia Travel Association gold award.