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WHAT'S NEW

The editorial policy of Connoisseur magazine is simplicity itself. We seek the best. We ignore what is phony, trendy, chic, mediocre, slick, hyped, and rinky-dink, although we do occasionally venture into those categories to lambaste that which tries to palm itself off as having enduring value. Our goal is to communicate to our readers what we are convinced is genuine, exciting, and creative in all the areas of connoisseurship—from the fine arts to the performing arts, from haute cuisine to haute couture. We consider ourselves arbiters of taste, a guide to what is finest in the world of culture. And we're proud that we do all this in a way that no one else does.

Starting with this issue and appearing every other month are two new columns that will dramatically expand our ability to guide you to what is truly worthwhile around the globe. One is Traveline, composed of crisp, informative, and timely excerpts from Passport, the best monthly travel newsletter we've encountered. In Traveline we offer specific and useful information—where to stay, where to dine, how to get around, what to avoid—and thus complement some of our feature articles. A worldwide network of discriminating scouts have collected, checked out, and double-checked these data with great care.

The second new column is called Avant-Garde and will be a guide to the newest, bravest, most experimental, and most imaginative creative activities in all the arts. The author of Avant-Garde is Douglas Davis, the respected architecture critic of Newsweek and an avant-garde artist in his own right. Davis says, "It's the right time to investigate the new," and his reports will be straight from the front.

Although most of Connoisseur's coverage of the arts deals with what has withstood the hard tests of time, we feel we have an obligation to report regularly on that fascinating and often virtually inexplicable subject—the avant-garde. You may not like or even understand some of it, but you simply have to know about it.

What is the avant-garde, anyway? To me, there have been thousands of shocking examples throughout history. There was an avant-garde happening nearly thirty thousand years ago when some benighted genius descended into the caves near Lascaux, marveled at the contours of the ceilings, and began to paint—at first with a blackened stick, then with a palette of blazing colors—the grand and awesome animals he had just seen in the day's hunt: mammoths, bisons, antelopes. Another avant-garde movement took place in Egypt five thousand years ago at Saqqara, when the physician Imhotep invented architecture, transforming the pliable reed buildings of the Nile into stone edifices that would last forever. And again in Greece, in the sixth century B.C., when the sculpted human figure broke free of its spatial vise—its rigid postures and stiff, formal gestures—and began to stretch and turn. Or long before the Renaissance, in Padua, when the young Giotto painted a human being with a sense of space, time, and depth. Or when Beethoven broke all the rules, transforming composition from a craft into an art. And when Pablo Picasso displayed to his puzzled friends his explosive Demoiselles d'Avignon. An unending series of controversial shockers that eventually came to be recognized as the moment when another classic style was born. Some say that in these fractious artistic times, the avant-garde is dying of overexposure. Really! Read on!
D. H. LAWRENCE’S “FORBIDDEN ART”

Lady Chatterley’s Lover, that “landmark in evil,” according to the London press of 1929, was not the only work by D. H. Lawrence to be banned as obscene. The one and only English exhibition of his paintings, at London’s Warren Gallery, also in ’29, stirred a similar scandal with a similar outcome—the paintings were excoriated, impounded, and then banished from Britain. There is one major difference: Lawrence’s output on paper is art; his efforts on canvas, more like a passionate hobby.

Still, this year—the hundredth since Lawrence’s birth—is sure to provide ample opportunities for a revival of all sorts of old queries and debates, including one about the paintings. It seems that the canvases taken from the Warren Gallery exhibition were given back to Lawrence only on the condition that he would never show the offending images in England again. Whether that ruling will stand in the way of the centenary celebrations in England is a minor, but fascinating, question of the new year. At present, the D. H. Lawrence Committee, in the artist’s hometown, Nottingham, is planning a commemorative event that ideally would include showing Lawrence’s paintings for the first time in England since 1929. At this writing the Home Office, a sober agency, has yet to announce whether the ban will officially be lifted.

Certainly, D. H. Lawrence’s intent in his paintings was not pornographic. He did not even consider painting from live models and based his works on postcards and photographs instead. His work displays an almost primitive innocence. The artist’s utter lack of professional training and his scant knowledge of human anatomy is obvious at a glance; those hefty bodies gleaming with lurid, lurid color seem to be made only of flesh—they lack bones. Then again, the body for him represented the mystery of our existence, never to be deeply analyzed or scientifically dissected.

Lawrence began to paint even before he took to writing, and, from time to time for the rest of his life, he would return to it. “I have gone back to paint for real pleasure,” he wrote in his essay “Making Pictures,” “and by paint I mean copying.”

At age forty, Lawrence turned to painting more seriously. “What am I doing?” he exclaimed, “bursting into paint. I am a writer, I should stick to ink.” It all began with Maria Huxley, Aldous’s wife, brought Lawrence some large, nearly blank canvases that had been abandoned at her house. Lawrence happened to have some old house paints around: “I sat on the floor with the canvas propped against a chair—and with my house-paint brushes and colours in little cassetoles, I disappeared into that canvas. It is to me the most exciting moment—when you have the blank canvas and a big brush full of wet colour, and you plunge.”

One plunge led to another (and another), and in time Lawrence had twenty-five canvases of naked nymphs and fauns ready for exhibition. The reception to his work was more heated than he anticipated, and within five weeks of the opening, Scotland Yard’s Detective Inspector Gordon Hester and six police officers had seized thirteen of Lawrence’s canvases. Lawrence was in Italy at the time, taking a cure, and wrote to the gallery owner, Dorothy Warren, “What to do? prove that the pictures are not obscene? but they are not, so how prove it? I want to get my pictures back. If you have to promise never to show them again in England, I do not care.” And that’s exactly what she did.

The unsold paintings were returned to Lawrence in Venice, the small town in southern France where the writer spent the last few years until he died, at age forty-four in 1930. After that they traveled with his wife, Frieda, to Taos, New Mexico, where they were sold in 1937 to Saki Karavan, an art collector and the proprietor of Hotel La Fonda de Taos.

Today, for one dollar, visitors can go to the hotel and see Lawrence’s paintings on the walls. Mr. Karavan is reported to be ready to sell them. While he waits, he says he would be happy to lend them to the D. H. Lawrence Committee or any interested party in England—provided the bans are raised on Lawrence’s “forbidden art.”

—Marianne Tuteur

HAIL TO HIEROGLYPHICS

Jean François Champollion was thirty-two when he cracked the code of the Rosetta Stone. Ten years later, in 1832, he died, burnt out by a life of obsession. He bequeathed his manuscripts explaining how he deciphered hieroglyphics to his older brother, with the words “This is my visiting card for posterity.”

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to publish the manuscript in book form as the 640-page General Principles of Sacred Egyptian Writing, which finally came out in 1841. The book gathered dust and went out of print, while the original manuscripts vanished in the bottomless cellars of the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris.

Now an astonishingly authentic looking reprint is being published by Michel Sidhom, a thirty-two-year-old Egyptian who strongly identifies with Champollion. "I am a Copt with a French culture: we are the Christian minority that descends from the pharaohs," says Sidhom. "Champollion was a Frenchman with a Coptic culture."

Sidhom's book began when he decided to find Champollion's original manuscript. "It became an obsession," he admits. "I had always been curious about Champollion. To me his quest was mystic, a symbol of the discovery of writing. I had to have the original." He finally unearthed it (a moldering pile over a foot high, and weighing almost seven pounds), with the help of the Bibliothèque Nationale staff, and used it as a guide to make a faithful reproduction, mixing old techniques with the most contemporary ones. "I wanted to create the perfect forgery," he says. "It took one year and about $100,000."

The result is a five-thousand-copy limited edition of unique beauty, for about seventy-two dollars. Throughout its 640 pages, glyphs appear in black and red ink, and a fifteen-page insert—six pages are hand-painted—reproduces the manuscript exactly as Champollion wrote it. Sidhom carefully selected these fifteen as the most exquisite, submitting them to special treatment, printing by phototype, and hand painting on pure rag that called for twenty tons of cotton and one thousand tubes of watercolors.

The hand coloring of the hieroglyphics was the work of André Jacomet, who has a cottage industry outside Paris. Jacomet cut stencils in zinc and painted with a pure silk brush. "I drove myself—and the others—crazy, looking for the same six colors Champollion used. Unaltered watercolor, mostly from England, is what we ended up with; every shade is respected, each skin tone preserved."

The crowning touch is that each copy of the facsimile is dedicated in hieroglyphics. This is the work of a computer that has stored the ancient language in its memory. "The computer works phonetically, just as if you were dictating to a scribe," Sidhom explains with satisfaction. "Champollion would have loved it." —Joan Dupont

STUMBLIES, FUMBLES, AND FAKEs

This year, Sotheby's auction house celebrates its one-hundredth—sort of—birthday in New York. Actually, it's been only twenty-one years since Sotheby acquired Parke Bernet, but the latter was a splinter group of the American Art Association, which goes back to 1855, when their first public auction sale was held. Longevity implies success—no one can doubt that the firm's history is mostly illustrious. But where would Sotheby's be without its failures? Over the years, those failures, however embarrassing, have been almost as instrumental as the successes in making the house known to the public.

Consider the saga of the peach-bloom vase. In 1886, both the eight-inch-high, peach-tinted Chinese porcelain and the auction house became the object of considerable ridicule after the auctioneer Thomas Kirby let on that Mary Jane Morgan, the deceased owner of the vase, had reportedly paid him $15,000 for it some years before—worth every cent, he declared, as he prepared to put it on the block again.

The New York Times howled that the
CONNOISSEUR’S WORLD

diminutive vase, whose authenticity the paper’s own expert questioned, could not possibly be worth “the price of a New York house.” Even so, the vase sold to Henry Walters, an avid collector, for $18,000, only to fuel more rumors, including ninety-cent reproductions and a thirty-two-stanza satirical poem about the pot’s shady past. The result—far from disgrace—was a publicity boon for the fledgling firm, and steadily increasing sales.

A somewhat more embarrassing story was played out at New York’s Plaza Hotel in 1916. On the block this time were eighty-seven “old masters” collected in Europe by a prominent art dealer named John Anderson. With disarming ingenuity, Anderson proposed that signatures did not matter, in fact, he maintained, “undiscovered” old masters often did not even look like old masters. The bidders apparently agreed, for various “Rembrandts” and “Raphael’s” fetched as much as $80 or $90 each, but the day’s top price was $510, for a watercolor signed “J.W. Turner.” Seldom had so many obvious fakes been sold with such fanfare.

In 1949, Parke-Bernet moved to more spacious quarters, on Seventy-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. The building, a sandstone box that looked like a warehouse, did have a claim to artfulness. Over the front door were two huge statues: one depicting Venus in undress, holding a torch; the other, reclining below her, a youth contemplating Venus’s spectacular chest.

The statue was supposed to represent the awakening of young Manhattan to the charms of high culture, but the message was lost to much of the art world. One prominent art critic wondered whether Venus was carrying the torch of art or an overflowing ice-cream cone. To add injury to insult, the city made the firm pay extra real-estate taxes each year because the statues projected beyond the legal building line—a levy that became known in company offices as the “bust tax.” What was paid out for a lack of modesty was made up, once more, in free publicity.

In 1971, the current president and chief auctioneer of Sotheby’s, John Marion, had a bad moment while selling off the Col. George G. Green collection of American Indian artifacts. The prize piece was an eagle-feather headdress worn by Chief Sitting Bull. Just before the sale, U.S. mar-

shals informed Marion that the headress could not be auctioned because of a federal regulation that prohibited trafficking in the feathers of the national bird. Their differences appeared to be irreconcilable, and, ultimately, gun-toting agents marched up the aisle and confiscated the headress from Marion right in front of the gaping audience. Again the seizure spurred welcome headlines.

In these cases, the auction house got itself into trouble and promptly turned the problem to its advantage. Good fortune does not always take care of even good auction houses, however, as Sotheby’s discovered in April 1983. In the midst of a pre-auction exhibition, a 9.58-carat pink diamond worth about $600,000 vanished from a locked glass case. That hurt, and this time the firm’s public-relations department could not make a bonanza out of the lapse, especially since the diamond had been surrounded by armed guards and monitored with video cameras. In its place the thief or thieves left an inferior stone painted with pink nail polish. To this day, no one has figured out how the switch was made, or where the real diamond went.

Not so the peach-bloom vase. It resurfaced in 1934 at the Walters Art Gallery, in Baltimore, as number 49,155 among some 4,000 other lovely pieces of Chinese porcelain (see Connoisseur, November 1984). What once caused a scandal is now just one of the great works in a great collection that, like countless others, has been nourished by Sotheby’s New York over the past century.

—Kevin Krajick

Seldom had so many obvious fakes been sold with such fanfare.

A LA CART

In Palermo, Sicily, eating is perhaps the most important business of the day; and many Palermans are accustomed to abandoning office and factory at prescribed hours to get down to this serious work. They head for the many roadside food stalls where homemade delicacies found only in Palermo are served informally, sometimes right off the backs of motorcycles.

The first time of the day when all Palermo’s stomachs start to growl is around 10:30 in the morning; and panele and currilli are what the citizens look for. Panele are thin, rectangular fritters made out of chick-pea dough, deep-fried in a large black frying pan brimming with olive oil. People eat them alone or make sandwiches

A fine Art Deco, diamond and enamel pendant watch. Signed La Cloche Paris. $10,500

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using una Pagnotta, a typical Palermitan bread; a dash of salt and a few drops of lemon do the rest. Cazzilli, a mixture of mashed potatoes, fresh parsley, and a bit of flour deep-fried in the same manner are another must. Food stalls reeking of panele and cazzilli are most often stationed near a school or office. The most typical, but fast-disappearing, stalls are built onto Vespa motorcycles, with their spacious trunks ideal as mobile kitchens, where all the necessary culinary tools and basic ingredients can be stowed. Of course, in the old part of town, everyone in the know simply beelines for one of the panellerie. No one seems to mind the greasy look of these places; on the contrary, it is a common belief that the grimmer the look, the better the panele and cazzilli are going to taste.

Later in the day, appetites gear up again and long lines form for the heady delights of 'a pane ca' meusa. Meusa is Sicilian for spleen. The skillful focaccerio (the man who prepares it) slices big chunks of cow's spleen on a worn wooden cutting block. The spleen is then immersed in a concoction of animal fat and olive oil and left there to simmer for a while. The spleen and some of the greasy oil are then slipped into a guastella, soft and round sesame
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bread. Fresh ricotta cheese, a touch of salt and pepper or some lemon juice, and tiny bits of cacioricotta top off this pungent snack. The cost: about $1.25.

"U polipari, the octopus seller, has another food stall, crowded with aficionados at every hour. Boiled tentacles of octopus are sold by the piece, then served on brightly colored and hand-painted terra-cotta dishes. For connoisseurs, the head of the octopus is the ultimate delicacy. The classic stance for eating the octopi, as the dish is passed round robin from friend to friend, is with left hand on hip, right hand reserved for a steady rhythm to tentacle tidbits from plate to mouth. What the consumers are doing goes beyond simply satisfying their palates; it's an ancient ritual—eating as an artful form of street entertainment.

ZURICH WITH PALM TREES

"Welcome to Grand Cav-Mahn," intones the customs officer at modest Owen Roberts International Airport, his straight-backed British cordiality a mild contrast to the swaying palms and tropical heat. Milling around the baggage counter are scuba divers awaiting their tanks and fins as well as businessmen in linen suits and Panama hats. The divers flock to this tiny British crown colony, 190 miles northwest of Jamaica, to view forests of rare black coral and encrusted sponges the size of compact cars; they wonder aloud if they've brought enough Cheez Whiz, a favorite foodstuff of coral-reef schoolfish. The businessmen talk quietly among themselves of "Swiss leveraged no-load tax-free mutual bonds"; they know the Cayman Islands as one of the world's most prominent offshore banking centers and tax havens.

The Caymans have always attracted wealth. Following their accidental discovery by Columbus, in 1503, Sir Henry Morgan, Blackbeard, and other pirates watered their ships and buried their treasure on this trio of coral-reek islands. Nowadays, the capital city of George Town, on Grand Cayman, the main island, is Zurich with palm trees: its ivory-white and smoked-glass buildings house some 452 banks, more than 17,000 offshore corporations, and dozens of captive insurance companies. Curiously, cash does not repose in Cavanaman banks: the largest number of Telex machines per capita in the world deploy the money electronically to landlocked equity markets around the globe.

Land vistas on Grand Cayman, unlike those on Caribbean islands of volcanic origin, are decidedly unspectacular. All the beauty lies below the surface. Novices in exploring the sensate world of the coral reef can take a short "resort" course in a swimming pool to familiarize themselves with the basic scuba procedures before facing the deeks.

Most authority figures don't wear a large Mexican hat with little red balls dangling from the brim during their presentations, but that's exactly what a former dive master at the Cayman Kai resort, on Grand Cayman's north coast, wore to dispel fears and put his class at ease. "The most important rule in scuba diving is 'Breathe all the time, never hold your breath,'" he says. "Deep inhales and long exhalations are what you want. Also, when you're down there, look for the little creatures of the reef. Forget about swimming all over the place..."
looking for giant whales and killer hammerheads. The key to seeing things underwater is to move a little and look a lot.”

Scuba diving, it turns out, is especially welcome to those undecided between a gold/cash fiduciary savings account and an issue of tax-free bonds. —Brian McCullen

THE CULTURE
PALACE

What is the grandest building in Atlanta, Georgia? Some people might choose the brand-new High Museum; others, the dazzling Hyatt Regency Hotel; but the winner in any popular vote would probably be the Fox Theatre. It is a building that looks like a mosque, of sorts, and functions as a Taj Mahal of entertainment, featuring everything from movies and musicals to dance and drama. Even more important, the Fox is one of the most successful theaters in the country. Among the attractions this month: the Alvin Ailey Dance Company (January 7–9), the Atlanta Ballet (January 24–26), and the road show of La Cage aux Folles (January 29–February 3).

In 1916, when the building was originally dreamed up, it was to be the headquarters of the local chapter of the Shriners, a philanthropic order of American businessmen founded in 1872. Steeped in Middle Eastern lore, the Shriners felt that a mosque would be just the right setting for their meetings. The architect, Oliver J. Vinour, exceeded their most ornamental dreams. Almost every inch of the building is detailed with motifs culled miscellaneous from Arabia, Nubia, Jerusalem, and ancient Egypt. Outside, the structure looks like a fortified palace, complete with towering minarets and glistening domes. Inside, rooms are resplendent with gilt doorways and colored tiles. Even the furniture is in keeping: mahogany polychrome chairs adorned with winged scarabs, sungod symbols, and images of King Tut. The building’s centerpiece is a 4,000-seat auditorium in the form of an Arabian courtyard with castellated walls, parapets, and turrets. The ceiling simulates the desert sky; it can twinkle (electrically) with stars or glow with the imminence of dawn.

By 1927, spiraling building costs forced the Shriners to lease the auditorium to William Fox, the mogul who knew full well the possibilities for profit in movie theaters. Two years later, the cinematic palace opened. Alas, the Depression soon
some midseason musings and a brief reprise. The major houses, especially in New York, are going strong. No doubt the powerful lure of the U.S. dollar is enticing European sellers to put their wares on the market here; and first-rate properties are consistently fetching better than expected prices. "Hot" artists from otherwise very private collections have surfaced, especially twentieth-century material, again particularly in New York. A bonanza of the highest-grade twentieth-century stuff warmed the chill soul of November in New York. Martha Baer's contemporary art sale on November 1 and 2, 1984, at Christie's set the pace with de Kooning's Two Women, one of the last from his 1950s series on women in private hands. Works by Sam Francis, Adolph Gottlieb, Mark Rothko, and George Segal also did exceptionally well. The November 13 Impressionist and modern paintings and sculpture sale, something of a debut for Michael Findlay, the new vice-president in charge of Impressionist and modern painting, was rife with early Picasso, Monet, Cézanne, Pissarro, Léger, and Modigliani. The Sotheby's November 14 Impressionists sale featured six outstanding works from the Bakalar collection, including Corot's pivotal La Femme à la Grande Toque et à la Mandoline, which David Nash, director of fine arts at Sotheby's, called the most important Corot at auction in twenty-five years.

The old-master drawings sale on December 13 at Christie's London had some exceptional eighteenth-century French drawings (Boucher, Fragonard, Hubert Robert, Lancret) from the American Stralem collection. This material could hardly hope to compete in our imaginations with the epochal drama of the July dispersal by Christie's of a selection from the duke of Devonshire's Chatsworth collection. That sale quite simply rewrote the record books, although the prices realized here certainly benefited from the new standard.

New York—William Doyle Galleries, January 9, 1985. Nineteenth-century furniture, decoration, and paintings. January is slow to lumber to its feet after the thwarted Fox's dream, and a succession of hopeful new owners vainly tried to make a go of the place. Finally, in 1974, Southern Bell Telephone announced plans to build its new headquarters on the site.

That meant leveling the mosque—and by then Atlantans would not permit such an outrage. They raised over $2 million in no time at all, paid off the theater's mortgage, and restored the crumbling interior. Then came the key decision: to use the theater for all types of entertainment. The Rolling Stones sang there; the Chicago Symphony Orchestra played in it; the Martha Graham troupe danced in its grand, festive spaces. Every blockbuster picture opens in the Fox these days, although there will always be a special place for old favorites. The feature movie at last summer's Annual Film Festival was entirely appropriate to its setting: Cleopatra, starring Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor.

—Michael Kimmelman
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holidays, but the last few weeks of the month are packed with good sales. Doyle gets a jump on the Americana test that traditionally occurs in late January—early February (more on this next month). The stars will be a group of American rococo parlor furniture (récamiers, settees, chairs) from the New York workshop of John Henry Belter, in an ornate style that has become enormously popular—meaning expensive.

New York—Sotheby’s, January 28–29, 1985. Audubon’s Birds of America, Havell edition. We’re on the eve of the National Audubon Society’s centennial anniversary, to be celebrated with an exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in April. This sale, made possible by an English private collector, reminds us of the particular grace and popular appeal of the famous ornithophile.

Elegance of a different sort will be conspicuous at the two-session dispersal at Sotheby’s on January 30, 1985, of some 400 lots from the Mottahedeh collection of Chinese export porcelain. Gathered over a period of more than forty years and covering most of the history of the field, from the early sixteenth century onward, the collection is encyclopedic in scope, unparalleled in quality, and likely to provoke some spirited bidding.

New York—Christie’s, January 29, 1985. Collection of the late Angus Percival. Angus was a gentle, dear, and unassuming soul whose premature demise left Stair & Company (of which he was president) and all who knew him much poorer. This sale and its catalogue are an eloquent memorial to his unerring instincts in English furniture and silver, in rugs and tapestries, and in fine Chinese export porcelain, which seems to be becoming one of the hottest fields of the year.

—James R. Lyons

**MS. MEAD’S HALL**

Though she was a polymath, equally at home in any branch of the social sciences, the late Margaret Mead always had a special love for anthropology. She not only tried to make sense of other, less technological cultures but also wanted to share her clear vision with a broad public. To that end, in 1971...
In every life there should be a place where time is nonexistent. Where the simplest of pleasures are reality and no longer the elusive dream. Where peace, privacy and the restoration of mind and body are king.

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

Mead set up the "Peoples of the Pacific" hall at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. "I had decided," she wrote, "that the hall in every detail of its construction must reflect the islands: the blues of the sea, the bright sky, the far vistas and sunlit shores, relieved only... by the jungle darkness of the larger islands, and the pale desert colors of Australia." The concept was elegant, but the result was disappointing—a huge (154 feet by 60 feet) space that looked at once inchoate and cluttered, yet was filled with bizarre objects radiating their own, mysterious spell.

Now, the natural-history museum has tried again. After eight years of renovation, the newly christened, and now on the fourth floor, Margaret Mead Hall looks very much as it did. The exhibit designer, Eugene Bergmann, who consulted with Dr. Mead on major changes, has introduced color-coded carpeting to distinguish better the six major cultural areas—Australia, Indonesia, the Philippines, Melanesia, Micronesia, and Polynesia—of the hall; and a sea of blue terrazzo tiles conjures up the expanses of the Pacific just as Margaret Mead envisioned it. Still, Mead Hall simply cannot compare, as an installation, with the sophistication of the Michael C. Rockefeller Wing at the Metropolitan Museum, also in New York. What it does offer—as before, but now in even stronger doses—is charm. The magic of the Maori and all the other Pacific peoples must have rubbed off on the gallery.

That has a lot to do with Margaret Mead herself, who collected many of the artifacts personally during her fifty-two-year association with the museum and whose career is reverently chronicled in the entrance hall. A huge Easter Island head—actually a fiberglass cast; the original stone was too heavy for the fourth floor to bear—dominates the Main Hall. It evokes the mystery of Polynesia and can be seen the entire length of the hall.

Glass cases, in six-to-twenty-foot sections, snake around the hall through the various island displays. Among the nearly 1,500 artifacts are an elaborately carved Maori storehouse, or paataka, from New Zealand; Javanese and Balinese puppets and carvings; and dramatic dance masks.
PAINTING Late Eighteenth Century Chinese reverse glass portrait of a lady, circa 1790 - 20" x 28".

SMALL FIGURE Regency painted wooden nodding Mandarin, circa 1810.

SILVER TABLE Superb Chinese Chippendale mahogany silver table, circa 1760 - H. 31½" W. 35¾" D. 23½".

LARGE FIGURE Eighteenth Century nodding Mandarin with arte povera decoration, on a faux marble base, circa 1730.

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mam. "Perhaps it has no limits, like Margaret Mead herself." —Delta Willis

WHAT DO THE BRITISH ROYALTY READ?

While simple folk may wonder what the king is reading tonight, the National Book League of the United Kingdom does not leave chance to conjecture. In what appears to be the making of a new tradition, the league in 1983 presented the royal family with a hand-picked package of choice books for summer reading to stave off the doldrums at Balmoral Castle, way up in 'bon' Scotland.

Last summer, a panel of booksellers, publishers, and the director of the league selected twenty-eight new titles for the royal edification. Aware that you can lead a crowned head to a book but you can't make him read, the panel tried to pick just the right carrot for everyone. Beatrix Potter's Complete Adventures of Peter Rabbit and Quentin Blake's Nursery Rhyme Book were sent to establish a sturdy foundation for the fledgling crown kindergarten library, while concerned parents could bone up on juvenilia with The Oxford Companion to Children's Literature.

The league perhaps had pop-loving Princess Di in mind for appreciating The Sound of the City, a history of rock 'n' roll by Charlie Gillett. Presumably the whole clan indulged their flights of fancy with Tunncliffe's Birds. If Shame, a political satire about Pakistan by Salman Rushdie, proved too weighty, the brilliance of Milan Kundera's The Unbearable Lightness of Being was most likely bearable.

Leaving little to choice by committee, the queen asked for novels. The league duly produced the most popular, including a trilogy by the Nobel Prize winner William Golding; the latest in medieval thrillers, The Name of the Rose, by Umberto Eco; and Malcolm Bradbury's melancholy comedy Rates of Exchange. Just in case there was—or, perhaps, in the hope of stimulating—a closet economist in the crown entourage, John Maynard Keynes, Volume I, 1883-1920: Hopes Betrayed, by Robert Skidelsky, was carefully packed in.

As expected, most of the books were by British Commonwealth authors; however, there was one book by an American: The Gurkhas, by Byron Farwell. A history of the Nepalese mercenaries who served in the British and Indian armies, it must have had obvious appeal for Prince Charles, colonel-in-chief of the 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkhas Rifles. Most certainly, a capital selection for the royal book list.

—Byron Farwell

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THE MODIGLIANI AFFAIR

Long before he became a Postimpressionist superstar, Amedeo Modigliani was down and out in Paris. He was a sculptor then working with Brancusi, but business was so bad that he decided to take a quick trip home to Livorno. Legend has it that, hanging out one day at the Caffè Bardini, he asked friends for suggestions on what to do with his works. Their good-natured advice was that he throw them into the Fosso Canal. He promptly obliged.

Is this story true? Vera Durbé, the sixty-year-old curator of Livorno's Museo Progressivo d'Arte Contemporanea, has always staunchly maintained that Modigliani's sculptures were still there for the finding. This summer, to celebrate the centennial of the artist's birth, the municipal government coughed up over $200,000 for a show of his sculptures and for two weeks' dredging of the Fosso. After several fruitless attempts, a rough-hewn granite block was pulled from the murky depths on the morning of July 24; hours later, a second head was found. "I wept," Durbé admitted. "They are so beautiful. I'm sure they are Modl's." On August 9, yet another sculpture surfaced.
A Very Fine and Unique Regency Rosewood Parcel Gilt Writing Table with brass “feather” inlays, Circa 1810.
Width 45 ¼”  Depth 28”  Height 29”
Soon, the press was happily bubbling away about the "treasures," the "magical faces," the "splendid primitive heads," estimated to be worth at least two billion lire (about one million dollars). Critics hailed the master's "presence" in the pieces; the heads had "a soul," an "inner light"; they were, in short, "historically and phenomenologically significant," "fundamental for Modigliani and all of modern sculpture." They conveyed no less than "a sense of resurrection."

Not everybody joined in the jubilation. Mario Spagnol, publisher and connoisseur, sardonically commented, "It seems pranksters prove that they were capable of producing an authentic Modigliani head. And so they did—live, on national TV, in under three hours.

Vera Durbé suffered a collapse, understandably, and was rushed to a hospital—just in time to be protected from more surprises. A twenty-year-old docker, one Angelo Froghia, whose checkered career included stints at the Florence Academy of Fine Arts and in prison, came forward and claimed paternity of the two remaining heads, Modi One and Three. A self-described exponent of "citational mannerism," Froghia revealed that he had to me very much like a provincial version of so many artists' pranks." Other authorities noted that the heads were not only crude; they were irredeemably ugly. Still, they were immediately added to Livorno's centennial exhibition, and a handsome catalogue was printed in record time.

On September 2, the newsw阅历c Panorama published a scoop, complete with photos and interviews. One of the heads, now known as Modi Two, was an outrageous hoax. Michele Ghelarducci, enrolled in business school, Pietro Lundia, aspiring engineer, and Francesco Ferrucci, medical student, later joined by their fellow prankster Michele Genovesi, confessed to having made the statue in two afternoons. Armed with two hammers, two chisels, a screwdriver, and a Black & Decker power drill, they opened up the Modigliani catalogue to page 79 and were inspired by the photograph of a 1911-12 sculpted head. "Madonna! Ours was so hideous we'd have to throw it away in any case," said one of the jokers.

The critics who had attested to the authenticity of the heads insisted that the merely intended to stage a happening. Challenged to prove authorship, he produced a videotape entitled Cherchez Modi, featuring himself at work on the stones.

None of the pranksters has so far been charged with any crime. After all, they are quick to point out, they neither signed Modigliani's name nor even said the heads were his; the critics and the specialists did that.

In the aftermath of l'affaire Modi, bakers with artistic inclinations have been producing large loaves of bread shaped like the infamous heads. A distiller has reportedly attempted to market an Elixir Modigliani (against gallstones, perhaps?). J. Walter Thompson, the ad agency, came out with a full-page newspaper ad for Black & Decker, consisting only of a large drawing of a head and the understatement of the year: "It's easy to be talented with Black & Decker." On Livorno's waterfront, a local wit erected a danger sign by the Fosso Canal warning passersby against caduta massi, falling rocks. As for the exhibition catalogue featuring the heads, it's now a collector's item.—Patricia Colbert

CONNOISSEUR’S WORLD

MME. GRES FOR THE PEOPLE

For forty-four years Mme. Grès has been a bastion of French haute couture. A legendary figure who seldom speaks to the media (one exception: an interview in the August 1982 issue of Connoisseur), she alone has ruled the Maison Grès, at 1 Rue de la Paix. Only she, with scissors in hand and pins in her belt, has dreamt up and executed the classically draped gowns that are her signature.

Now Grès’s long solitude has ended. Admitting that her manner of doing business is ruinous in an age when costs can run higher than 50,000 francs a dress—about $5,300—Alix Grès has finally taken a partner. Her choice is a thirty-nine-year-old named Bernard Tapie, who is renowned in France for saving shaky companies. His record is impressive indeed. Since 1977, Tapie has revived the fortunes of approximately eighty businesses. This year, his industrial team will reap profits of an estimated $477 million, compared to $114 million in 1983.

The wedding of the Maison Grès and the Tapie powerhouse is in some respects a union consecrating one of the last temples of French high fashion. It also has implications in cold cash. Tapie acquired 66 percent of the Maison Grès (Mme. Grès retains the rest), and two entirely new, wholly owned subsidiary companies were created. Grès S.A. is to be concerned with ready-to-wear; Grès Creations, with perfumes, scarves, ties, and Cartier jewels.

In terms of haute couture, the most dramatic change is the plan to contract a designer to work with Mme. Grès on an extensive ready-to-wear collection to be unveiled later this year for mass marketing. Until now, Mme. Grès has designed only a small line of ready-to-wear, distributed in Japan. Even more stunning is Mme. Grès’s decision to collaborate. Since her debut, in 1942, she has worked alone on her creations. Though she admits to needing help, the issue remains a delicate one; and, at this writing, a designer has not been chosen. The delay is understandable; Mme. Grès has been caught up designing her haute couture collection for spring-summer, to be premiered this month.

Along with a select group of couturiers—Lagerfeld, Dior, Givenchy, Ungaro—she is also participating in the exhibition “A Supper for a Dress,” hosted by Puiforcat, the makers of fine French silverware. Her task: to create a draped gown to enhance a neoclassical dinner setting by Jean Puiforcat. In other words, Mme. Grès is as busy and creative as ever. The only change ahead for her is the one that lies in the capable hands of M. Tapie—soaring profits.

—Meg Sernfeld

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A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE

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Exhibiting at the
Winter Antiques Show,
New York City
Horacio Gutiérrez, the thirty-six-year-old Cuban-American pianist, spins tales as easily as he spins out the musical phrases of a Beethoven concerto. There is the story of a noise-despising Los Angeles neighbor who said he was going to shoot off the pianist's fingers to stop his practicing. And the one about his radical New York landlord, who while making bombs on the apartment-house roof set one off. Or how about the fanatic evangelist who clung to the thirteen-year-old émigré ("In 1962 a Cuban was still a novelty in L.A."). insisting that he accompany her every Saturday and Sunday for eight months while she played a violin that sounded as if it were suffering a toothache! "It's the Lord's will," she would say. 'You don't want the Lord to take away your talent.' So I know all the hymns—'What a Friend We Have in Jesus,' 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'The Old Rugged Cross.' She was playing for the Lord. I was playing for the hamburgers she bought me. Oh, I would kill for a hamburger then," recalls the musician, who is massive in size as well as spirit.

The public, however, knows little of Gutiérrez the raconteur. Usually his name is associated with electrifying music making. "When you mention Horacio, people say, 'Oh, those terrific double octaves,'" remarks André Previn, a conductor who has followed Gutiérrez's career since he was a medalist in the Tchaikovsky Competition fourteen years ago. "Of course, he is a great technician. But he's also a phenomenal musician." Lorin Maazel agrees. "I don't see anyone who plays the piano better, and [there are] few who play as well," says the conductor, who has led Gutiérrez in concerts with the Cleveland Orchestra and the Berlin Philharmonic. "Yet he's an artist who may be misunderstood." The subtlety of some of the shaded, refined playing of Gutiérrez may elude those who are accustomed to hearing practitioners of the "hot and cold shower" school of music, Maazel explains.

"Style is so very important," Gutiérrez says. "You can't come to a ball and a barbecue in the same suit. Not everything is in the grand manner, like the Emperor [Beethoven's Piano Concerto no. 5], and that's what gets people confused. If they hear me play Prokofiev or Rachmaninoff, they're surprised at how different I sound in Beethoven or Chopin. They may feel if I'm doing something different, I'm doing something less."

One virtuosic gift apparent in all of Gutiérrez's playing is his ability to make the wooden, hammer-struck, steel-strung modern grand sing—and cry, buzz, glitter, hum, as well as produce a dozen other effects of keyboard articulation. This singing sound—known as legato, or perfectly connected tones touched so that they bend, or "breathe," a phrase—is achieved by a combination of the proper arm weight and a sensitive inner ear. "Tamowsky

All smiles and hands: Gutiérrez in his work clothes at New York's Avery Fisher Hall.
Gutiérrez, born in Havana, responded to piano sounds at as early as eighteen months of age, when his mother, a music teacher, played pitches for him to identify. By the age of four, he was studying seriously; at eleven, he made his debut with the Havana Symphony. This was 1959, the year of Fidel Castro's revolution. In June 1961, the Gutiérrez family fled Cuba, eventually ending up in Miami, Florida, as political refugees.

"You don't want the Lord to take away your talent," she would say.

An acquaintance took them to R.E.L. Chumbley, a highly regarded teacher whose schedule was so crowded that he could only fit Gutiérrez in to other pupils' cancellations. "He had no music," Chumbley recalls. "I remember a half volume of Beethoven sonatas torn to the Pathétique." Cuban authorities allowed exiles to take so little luggage out of the country that most of Gutiérrez's music had to be abandoned at the airport.

When a friend found Gutiérrez's father, a land surveyor, a job in Los Angeles, Chumbley helped to arrange for the boy to study with the eminent Russian musician Sergei Tarnowsky, then in his eighties. "I was so fortunate. I always studied with distinguished adults who had faith in me," reflects Gutiérrez. "My memory of the Chumbles is the most wonderful kind of love. He never charged me a penny and neither did Tarnowsky. And with Tarnowsky, who taught Horowitz, if he thought I was good, I listened!"

Tarnowsky did think Gutiérrez was good. In fact, he arranged for his student to play for Horowitz in New York. Later, in 1967, when Gutiérrez came to New York on a Juilliard scholarship to work with Adele Marcus, the brilliant Horowitz offered to teach the nineteen-year-old pianist. To everyone's amazement, Gutiérrez diplomatically declined.

"I had thought about just such a possibility for a long time, so I had my answer ready: Horowitz was such a tremendous influence on me already, through his recordings and through Tarnowsky, that I knew being his student would be overwhelming. I would lose my individuality. I couldn't be a second Horowitz; an imitation is never any good. Besides, it would have been a slap in the face to Marcus, who had made all the arrangements to enroll me."

As it was, adolescence, New York City, and the fiercely competitive music school proved to be sufficiently challenging. Anxiety and nerves led to procrastination and escape through the watching of television. "I was so anxious I didn't start to prepare for the May [1970] Tchaikovsky Competition until the preceding February. I should have begun in September," admits Gutiérrez. "I know I could have done better if I had."

Small matter, of course, since his second-place prize launched Gutiérrez's career, while the first-place prizewinners—there were two gold medalists that year—remained largely unknown. Or, as Previn joked, "And who was the winner?" (They were John Lill, of Great Britain, and Vladimir Krainev, of the Soviet Union.)

If there is any blemish on Gutiérrez's honor roll of extraordinary reviews and professional achievements, surely it is his name's infrequent appearances in the records catalogues. In the mid-1970s, he recorded on Angel's EMI label the Tchaikovsky Concerto no. 1 and the Liszt Concerto no. 1 with André Previn and the London Symphony, as well as the Grieg and Schumann piano concertos with Klaus Tennstedt and the London Philharmonic. Later came an all-Liszt solo album, including the B Minor Sonata. But the pianist was dropped when he and the firm disagreed over "salable" repertoire. "There was nothing wrong with their suggestions, really: lots of 'name' pieces they thought would sell," explains Gutiérrez, who is making an album of Schumann and Ravel music to be issued late in 1985 by Vox Cum Laude. "But I felt I should offer works I had lived with a long time instead of yet another Appassionata."

As is true of all great performers, the man is inseparable from his art. Some months ago, Gutiérrez was attending a memorial service for a beloved young cousin. "Passages from Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto kept going through my head," he remembers, "and I felt so lucky to be a musician. Because if there is anything that can console you and give you a glimmer of happiness at such a moment, it is something that is associated with feeling and beauty. You know what's a pity? That we have to worry that so-and-so didn't like a performance—the career things—because music, of itself, is pure, unadulterated joy."

Lesley Valdes, a graduate of the Peabody Conservatory, is the music critic for Women's Wear Daily.
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DIAMONDS

They are proving to be false friends.

By Robin Duthy

Goodness, as Mae West was quick to point out, had nothing to do with her diamonds.

When Anita Loos coined the phrase "Diamonds are a girl's best friend," she did more for the diamond industry than for girls. Whether it flatters the female intelligence or not, her line certainly gives credit to the seductive power of diamonds. Indeed, they have always been credited with prodigious powers: in the Middle Ages they were thought to cure lunatics and diseases, win lawsuits, and tame wild animals, though when powdered diamonds were prescribed for the ailing Pope Clement VII in 1534, he did not survive the fourteenth spoonful.

With the discovery in the seventeenth century of the brilliant cut, with its fifty-eight facets, the extraordinary sparkle and fire of diamonds were at last revealed, and by the early eighteenth century, when fashion began to display women's necks and shoulders, they delighted in wearing diamond necklaces and earrings, seen at their best in candlelight.

A recent advertising campaign sought to interest men, too, in wearing diamonds, but its success was limited. Few were willing to join the Liberace league, and the day when diamonds will also be a man's best friend is not at hand.

Diamonds are loved for more than their looks; they provide a woman with a comforting aura of wealth and security that men, too, may bask in vicariously by decorating their wives and girlfriends with expensive jewelry. But fortunately for jewelers, people who buy diamonds usually know little about them. They realize they are expensive, which is true. They think they are rare, which they are not. And they expect them to do well as investments, which is unlikely.

As investments, diamonds have earned themselves a bad name. Prices rocketed from 1978 until the spring of 1980 but have been dropping like stones of the ordinary variety ever since, all the way from $64,000, for a top-grade one-carat stone, to $12,000 today. Investment counselors and bankers have made soothing statements about stabilized prices. But since diamonds began their free fall some five years ago, nobody in the trade has found the rip cord to open the chute and arrest the descent. If some long-threatened bankruptcies in Antwerp, the center of the world diamond trade, come to pass, things may get worse still.

Diamonds share with gold the problem of confidence. Once the reputation for stability takes a beating, it is hard to reestablish it. About 80 percent of all diamonds mined are now used for cutting, drilling, and other industrial purposes. The remaining 20 percent are pure enough in color and clarity to be used in jewelry. These are graded into hundreds of categories: the rarest are those most nearly colorless and with the fewest internal flaws, known as inclusions. Naturally, these top-quality stones have always been in demand for jewelry, and since prices over the long term tended to rise, investors took to buying them unmounted. But when dealers began to offer loose stones at prices ranging from $1,000 to $20,000 per carat (0.2 gram), buyers were puzzled, because to naked eyes the stones looked pretty much the same. Without the loupe—a 10x magnifying eyeglass used throughout the trade—it wasn't easy to see the tiny inclusions that accounted for the great difference in value or to distinguish the various...
Selling the Brooklyn Bridge back to the builder would be easier than selling a diamond back to a dealer.

shades of color that are just as important in determining prices. It was all very well taking a dealer’s word for it, but what if another dealer, to whom you might later wish to sell, claimed your stone was of poorer quality than you had been led to believe? The answer seemed to lie in an accepted grading system, backed up by certificates issued by independent laboratories, that would record the precise characteristics of the stone.

That reassured investors up to a point, but what if they were sold an inferior stone whose quality was “guaranteed” by a certificate originally issued for a better stone? No problem, said some smart dealers; we’ll sell you the stone sealed in a transparent plastic case along with a microfilm of the certificate. That way no switching will be possible.

A further problem emerged. Though most laboratories used the same terminol-

ogy in grading, some applied more rigorous standards than others. The result was, and still is, that a one-carat stone graded D Flawless (meaning it is of the purest color and without inclusions) by a laboratory of the highest standing may be worth $12,000, while another given the same grade by a less respected laboratory will be worth only $8,000 in the marketplace. Only one laboratory enjoys the confidence of the whole diamond investment community—the Gemological Institute of America—even though it has been known to slip up.

In light of these problems, is investment in diamonds simply a sucker’s game? The answer for anyone without long experience and training must be yes. When prices were rising fast in 1979, it was briefly possible for a nimble investor to make a profit. But in the normal course of events, the investor finds himself swimming against the tide, for the diamond trade is designed to flow in one direction only: from mine to cutter to polisher to wholesaler to retailer to investor. Many an investor has run into trouble trying to sell back along this channel. Selling the Brooklyn Bridge back to the people who built it would be an easier task than selling diamonds back to a dealer.

The collapse in price during 1980-81 did serious damage to confidence, but the subsequent failure of some well-known investment companies made matters worse. Even though these companies’ claims to be able to resell stones on behalf of investors may not have amounted to much in practice, investors could reasonably hope, while they were still trading, to turn their stones back into cash one day.

For all the adverse comment in the trade and general press on the diamond market, one might think that now only the Jivaro Indians and some African Bushmen were unaware of the dangers. Yet quite a few investors are still coming forward, eager to get into the market. This is where diamonds, like gold, have taken a psycholog-

ical hold over the man in the street. They are the commonest of all precious stones, but the image they persistently enjoy is one of great rarity and value.

So far, none of the major auction houses has begun selling investment diamonds of the sealed-in-a-pack kind, though Christie’s and Sotheby’s have recognized the new sophistication of jewelry buyers by including the laboratory grading of important stones in their catalogues. This top slice of the market, catering to oil sheiks, film stars, and the private-jet set, is less sensitive to revelations about the diamond market. But it does respond to movements in world stock markets. A man with a ten-million-dollar portfolio hardly thinks about the investment performance of a $50,000 diamond necklace. He is buying it for his wife or mistress because, according to De Beers, “diamonds are forever,” or for the simple pleasure of giving, not because he thinks the market is about to pick up. Similarly, buyers like the Arab who ordered five identical diamond bracelets from Harry Winston and bought thirty pieces—no doubt as a Ramadan bonus for the harem—are not going to be affected by a hiccup in the market.

Even if newcomers, who find it absurd that a $50,000 diamond should look the same to the naked eye as one priced at

A gemologist examines a diamond through a loupe for flaws invisible to the naked eye.
They are the commonest of precious stones, but the image they enjoy is one of great rarity and value.

ly, however, the lower its color ranks on the scale from pure white to muddy brown, the less valuable the diamond. There is, of course, an instant profit to be made if the color of a stone can be improved; bombarding the surface of the stone with neutrons or electrons will do it. Opinions vary on how widespread this practice is.

All this interfering with the color and clarity of diamonds means that many more “high quality” stones are coming onto the market—at a time when rising production of large stones from the Soviet Union and Botswana is already proving hard to absorb. In the past, a key selling point for stones of one carat and over was the argument that as mines were worked out, fewer large stones remained to be discovered. While this is still true, the overall production figure for larger stones is undoubtedly rising, though they are generally stock-piled rather than put on the market at once. Precise figures are impossible to come by, because De Beers, which controls 80 percent of the world’s diamond production, won’t release them. Yet there is no question that when the Argyle mine in western Australia (not owned by De Beers) reaches full production of 25 million carats a year in 1986 (two million of which will be gem quality), there will be even more large stones around. The proportion of gem-quality stones at Argyle is known to be small, but it may have been massaged down by those who want to maintain “confidence” in the market. Whatever the true figure, it cannot be good news for investors.

The general rule is that those brave enough to buy when a market is scraping along the bottom end up with the biggest profits. Now that the price of a one-carat D Flawless stone is back from $64,000 in March 1980 to perhaps $12,000 today, some speculators are tempted to get into the market. Still, the case for a recovery, even taking a five-year view, just cannot be made. The market is suffering from a massive credibility gap; even if the fundamentals of supply and demand looked right—and they do not—it would be unwise to buy. At the very zenith of the market, prices for stones of more than five carats and of very pure or fancy color may do better, but keeping even that market firm will take continued strength on Wall Street.

TEN-CARAT OPTIMISM

William Goldberg, past president of the Diamond Dealers’ Club in New York, believes that the market is recovering. “There will be no meteoric rise,” he warns, “but we should see a slow, steady climb in prices. Our industry, after all, has a beautiful product to sell, and demand for the larger, better-quality stones will never dry up.”

Of the investment fiasco of recent years, Goldberg says, “It was always the innocent, poorer people who got taken by those fly-by-night dealers for a few thousand dollars. That was horrible. Thank heavens that’s all finished now. I don’t think we shall be seeing those dealers again.”

Of irradiated stones, he says, “I think they are a thing of the past. Fancy-colored stones may be all the rage, but buyers want natural stones. Pink is still the favorite color, followed by blue, then canary and honey-brown.” Here Goldberg is at variance with Bert Krashes, vice-president in charge of grading at the Gemological Institute of America, who believes that off-color stones are still being irradiated to improve their color and that the public is now more willing to accept them.

As for the growing supply of rough diamonds reaching the market from the massive Argyle mine, “They are very low grade,” Goldberg maintains. “When you get them on the wheel, it’s like trying to polish a rock. My friends in Australia tell me they’re the drags. You may be sure that prices for high-grade stones will not be affected.”
In her book on needlework, written in 1886, Lady Marian Alford asserted that needlepoint carpets "look best when the patterns are geometrical," and that "natural objects, such as rabbits and roses . . . are unpleasant to tread upon." Today, hand-embroidered needlepoint rugs with precisely the exuberant flora and fauna that Lady Alford deplored have been rediscovered—part of a renewed interest in more romantic, traditional interiors. "I like the 'botanicals' with flowers or tigers and leopards the best," says the Scottish-born decorator Georgina Fairholme. "They go with the English taste." The Philadelphia-based designer Bennett Weinstock links their increased popularity to the current passion for Victoriana and the English country look. "There's a heavy use of pattern right now," he explains, "with the emphasis on floral designs and chintzes. Needlepoint rugs fit in beautifully with that approach." And Doris Leslie Blau, a New York dealer in antique European and Oriental carpets, enthu-

Barbara Jepson writes frequently about the arts. Her article "A Whirl of Talents" appeared in the December 1984 issue of Connoisseur.

A stunning nineteenth-century English needlepoint rug of wool and silk, embroidered in the Berlin, or wrapped, stitch.
IT'S LIKE
BRINGING THE OUTDOORS
INDOORS.

Above: The bold exuberance of flowers and foliage in a classic much-copied late-nineteenth-century English needlepoint rug. Left: A stylized and unusual dog stands at the center of this charming rug of the same period, also from England.

tically attributes their appeal to the "perpetual freshness" they impart to a room. "It's like bringing the outdoors indoors."

Whatever the reasons for their revival, floral needlepoint rugs are owned by individuals whose tastes might at first seem as disparate as their professions. The clothing designer Cathy Hardwick set the stage of her Manhattan living room with an antique English needlework rug. Donald Gaston, the part owner of the Boston Celtics, recently acquired three small antique English needlepoints through the New York designer Gary Crain, who is decorating the Gaston duplex in Manhattan. And Barbara Bush, the wife of the vice-president, embroidered her own—an eight-
Right: Enclosing a potpourri of flowers in a grid was a popular English conceit. Lower right: The informality of this floral design is unusual in nineteenth-century French needlework, which often mirrored the graceful arabesques of Savonnerie and Aubusson carpets.

by-twelve-foot woodlands scene with a bird’s nest in each corner. The carpet, which was designed by the needlepoint artist Eileen Crawford, took eight years to complete. “I tackled it in eight-foot strips and carted it with me to over thirty-five countries,” she says, “and stitched in symbols of our family history, such as the initials of our four grandchildren, who were born between January 1975 and Palm Sunday 1983.”

In embroidering her own needlepoint carpet, Mrs. Bush was also continuing a centuries-old tradition. Unlike Oriental pile carpets and dhurries, which were woven by men or children, needlepoint rugs were made primarily by upper-class European women. (Few homes in colonial America contained rugs of any kind before 1800; after that date, Orientals, painted floor cloths, and hooked rugs were more popular than needlepoints.) Working in wool on a canvas background, the most skillful artisans executed thousands of tiny, uniform stitches, each no bigger than a pinhead. “Some needlepoint carpets were dowry pieces or symbols of social accomplishment,” observes Doris Leslie Blau, “but they also were an expression of beauty. After all, needlework was one of the few creative outlets open to women in the past.”

Needlework—the generic term for all hand embroidery—is used to describe antique carpets made with a variety of stitches, including petit point and its larger cousin, gros point. Dealers in the United States usually obtain their wares from estate sales or wholesalers in Europe. Occasionally, they find their own treasures. Doris Leslie Blau once boned up on Bordeaux in order to ingratiate herself with a family of French wine exporters who owned “two fabulous antique needlework carpets.” After five convivial visits, the family asked Mrs. Blau if she would be interested in importing their Bordeaux. “Actually,” she confessed, “it’s your carpets I’m interested in.” Three days later, the sale was arranged.

The most valuable antiques on the market today come from England and France. English needlework carpets typically contain a profusion of naturalistic flowers with intricate foliage on backgrounds of black, drab olive green, or dark brown. Those with “cabbage leaf” roses are particularly popular. French needlepoints tend to be more formal, with geometric motifs, flowers, and graceful scrolls frequently derived from tapestry-woven Aubusson or Savonnerie rugs. They may also exhibit another singular feature. “Whenever I see candle wax on an old French needlepoint carpet,” says Vahe Boghossian, president of the antique rug dealer Dildarian Inc., “I know that it came out of a Catholic church. Fortunately, the wax can be removed.”

Because they are less durable than Oriental pile carpets, only a comparatively small number of antique needlepoint rugs survive in good condition. “Orientals develop an acceptable patina with age,” notes Bennett Weinstock. “Needlepoints just get old.” Indeed, eighteenth-century examples of the genre are more likely to be encountered at museums or historic settlements such as Colonial Williamsburg than at leading showrooms, where nineteenth-century needlework prevails. Still, the latter display a

TENDER LOVING CARE

1. Both antique and modern needlepoints should be placed on rubber padding to reduce wear. Antique needlepoints should also be backed in linen or burlap.
2. Some dealers prefer cleaning with a carpet sweeper to using a vacuum cleaner with a nonrotating head. Regardless, antiques should not be vacuumed more than once a week.
3. Needlepoint carpets should not be put in dining rooms, where friction from moving chairs can cause uneven wear.
4. You can easily remove some spills—coffee is an exception—by immediately placing absorbent paper towels under the rug, sprinkling the stain with a solvent, mild detergent, or club soda, and blotting it with a dry towel. If the stain has already dried, take the rug to your dealer for professional cleaning.
5. Small needlepoints may be washed in mild neutral detergent; larger carpets and valuable antiques of all sizes are best entrusted to a dealer.
This delicately linear modern Portuguese carpet, worked in the gros point stitch, recalls antique English needlework patterns.

Vibrant spontaneity often lacking in their modern, stock-pattern counterparts, and many of them have been restored to a nearly pristine state. A good antique needlepoint should also have a pleasing design, an unripped surface, and vivid or evenly faded colors. Repairs should have been done skillfully, and light-colored areas should show no evidence of bleeding from adjacent darker hues.

The combination of short supply and recent demand makes antique needlepoints costly. Prices start at $3,800 for small rugs or fragments and range from $15,000 to $50,000 for room-size carpets. Scarcity affects their resale value as well. Although prices of $4,000 to $15,000 are most commonly encountered at auction houses, rare or exceptional examples command substantially higher sums. For instance, an early-nineteenth-century European floral needlework carpet brought $36,300 at Sotheby's in 1983. But in general the resale market is limited; fewer than twenty needlepoints sold at Sotheby's last year, and Christie's handled fewer still.

Needlepoint rugs are still embroidered in small quantities in England and France, but labor costs make them prohibitively expensive. About 90 percent of hand-stitched carpets available today come from Portugal; the remainder are exported from India and—most recently—Brazil. Portuguese needlepoints are called Arraiolos carpets, after the little town sixty miles southeast of Lisbon that was once famous throughout Europe for their production. Such rugs were introduced to Portugal by the Moors sometime during the sixteenth century, and traditional Portuguese patterns used today still depict the bold geometrics of blue and white Moorish tiles. Other rugs reproduce Oriental designs, although into them whimsical folk touches, such as stylized pheasants and dogs, have frequently been introduced.

In this contemporary carpet, designed by Reeves van Hettinga and worked by Henri Veit, cabbages and bok choy replace traditional roses in a border around a field of disappearing cubes.

**THEY ARE THE HALLMARK OF THE ROMANTIC INTERIOR.**
WHERE TO FIND THEM

Antique Needlework Carpets
• Doris Leslie Blau, 15 East 57th St., New York, NY 10022.
• Dildarian Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.
• Stark Carpet Corporation, 979 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. To the trade only.

Modern Portuguese Needlepoints
(through designers only)
• A. Morjikian Co., 150 East 58th St., New York, NY 10155. Representatives in Chicago (Watson Smith), Dallas and Houston (E. C. Dicken), and San Francisco (Galleria Floors). Prices range from $2,800 (coarse stitch) to $4,500–$5,000 (fine stitch) for a nine-by-twelve-foot carpet.
• Patterson, Flynn & Martin, 950 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. Additional showrooms in Chicago and representative in Houston (Denton Jones). A nine-by-twelve-foot carpet runs $6,200 (coarse stitch) to $7,500 (fine stitch).
• Schumacher, 939 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. Fourteen additional showrooms in major cities including Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, and Washington, D.C. A nine-by-twelve-foot carpet runs $3,800 in the coarse stitch, $5,600 in the fine stitch, and $4,405 in a line of Brazilian needlepoint rugs, made with a slightly different fine stitch, that the company introduced recently.
• Stark Carpet Corporation, 979 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. Additional showrooms in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, and Troy, Michigan. List of national representatives available through the New York headquarters. Prices start at $3,500 (coarse stitch); $4,800–$7,500 for fine stitch.

Note: Custom designs are more costly than stock patterns and usually exceed the standard four-to-six-month delivery time.

Portuguese Sources
The leading retail sources for Arraiolos carpets are Casa Quintao, the largest exporter and one of Stark's suppliers (Rua Ivens 30, Lisbon), and Trevo, a manufacturer with an attractive small store (Avenida O.M. Torres, 33-A, Lisbon). Visitors typically save 20 to 30 percent on stock patterns. Six months for delivery.

A Regency design was the inspiration for this boldly patterned modern Portuguese rug. The symmetrical floral and architectural motifs are reminiscent of a French formal garden.
Glorious Pot-au-feu
Since the dawn of civilization, most civilized nations, and a few uncivilized ones, have had their dinners of meat and vegetables boiled in a single pot. The French call it *pot-au-feu*: succulent pieces of beef cooked with a variety of vegetables in a golden broth. For the Italians it is *bollito misto*, served with a pungent mustard-fruit relish and *salsa verde*; *Tafelspitz* is the Austro-Hungarian version—boiled beef with *Apfelkraut* (apple-and-horseradish sauce). But like most peasant dishes, *pot-au-feu* has little written history.

Such as it is, it begins around 7000 B.C. with the invention of vessels that were proof against heat and water. After that, in almost every region of the Western world, meat, vegetables, and water, put in a pot and slowly cooked, became the basis of most meals. It made sense. The dish needed only one pot; during the slow simmering the vegetables absorbed the flavor of the meat and the meat that of the vegetables, all blended in one delicious amalgam. Besides, the large pot kept the kitchen warm, making it the physical and emotional center of existence. The French anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss went so far as to describe meat boiled in water as "a fitting symbol of cosmic totality," relating the Ojibwa Indians' fondness for their own version of *bollito* to their "highly successful relation to the order of the universe."

My Hungarian childhood comes back to me with the arresting aroma of a pot-au-feu that lingers in my memory like a sparkling ribbon amid the thousands of smells I have collected since. This rite of passage happened on a Sunday in August. Since my mother was away visiting her parents, my father took me to a restaurant and there initiated me into the joys of *Húseves főtt marhahússal*—the Hungarian pot-au-feu.

After the ceremony of ordering the meal, my father unfolded his enormous starched napkin and tied it around his neck. When he had set the salt and paprika cellars and the mustard pot within reaching distance, the waiter brought out a large tureen full of fragrant broth. My father took over—winking at me with a smile—and ladled into his soup plate enough broth to reach the line running around the top—though he failed to respect this line when the soup lived up to its promise of greatness. Then he stirred it carefully. The first spoonful came from the edge of the plate, chasing back little pieces of vegetables and meandering noodles. The second spoonful arrived at his mustachioed mouth laden with noodles; with the third, he set to work.

Next came a large platter filled with steamy marrow bones, surrounded by sliced, toasted rolls. My father took a bone in his left hand and, making a fist with the right, hit his left wrist deftly. The hot marrow fell neatly into his plate. He spread it on a piece of toast, sprinkling it with salt and paprika.

Now the waiter's assistant brought a carafe of local white wine and poured it into thick little tumblers. When we had our fill of marrow toast and a little wine—mine watered—a steaming mountain of boiled beef appeared, each cut reining lazily on the
Tellerfleisch

In a never-never land called Wien stood the famous restaurant Meissl und Schudn, which, according to the late Joseph Wechsberg, had twenty-four varieties of boiled beef on the menu until its demise, after World War II. The diners knew the characteristics of the various cuts; each favored a special cut or subcut and would take nothing else. Lunch was a ritual, even in the placement of vegetables on the plate. Even today, Tellerfleisch (meat on the plate), with the fine-grained and lean Tafelspitz and Kuttlerspitz as its most desirable versions, is a serious concern in Vienna and a subject of argument accompanying the daily ritual at noon sharp.

Zürcher Ratsherrentopf

Another version of pot-au-feu is the Zürcher Ratsherrentopf. It is made with boneless veal shoulder and pork shoulder cut into small cubes and layered with shredded cabbage, sliced bacon, sliced white turnip, cubes of potato, and chopped onion. It is sprinkled with coarse salt and black pepper and cooked in a heavy Dutch oven on top of the stove or in the oven with chicken broth until all is tender.

New England Boiled Dinner

This selective list of national dishes must include New England boiled dinner, a kind of pot-au-feu with corned beef, salt pork, and vegetables, including beets, as its main ingredients. It dates back to the eighteenth century, when food was cooked in a cast-iron kettle hanging from a small crane over an open fire. The way the dish is served is both attractive and cunning: soft butter is spread on the bottom of a large heated platter and vegetables are distributed on top in neat piles around the meat. The beets are served separately so that they won't discolor the rest.
Olla Podrida

The many Spanish varieties of cocido probably predate French pot-au-feu. According to Penelope Casas, in *The Foods and Wines of Spain* (Knopf, 1982), the Sephardic Jews introduced cocido (boiled) to Spain many centuries ago, in the form of olla podrida. This was a preparation that allowed the meal to continue cooking in its heat-retaining pot on the Sabbath without the application of fire or human hands. When the Jews were expelled from Spain in 1492, they brought along olla podrida to France. The many versions include the famous Catalán soup/stew with sausages, chick peas, chicken, mutton, pork, and pelota (large meatballs); the Andalussian cocido, featuring the many vegetables of southern Spain; the Mexican version, generally made with beef shanks, fresh corn, and vegetables and served with hot tortillas; the Brazilian cocido, in which chicken or beef, after a night in a coriander marinade, are browned and then cooked in a large pot with tomatoes, onions, and local root vegetables, including cassava, yams, sweet potatoes, and pumpkin. Some of the cooked pumpkin is mashed together with the broth and poured over the platter. A pirao sauce and a hot pepper sauce are served.

grated horseradish, though Montagné, a wise nineteenth-century chef, says you should simply serve whatever goes well with it. The following sauces are especially pleasing with pot-au-feu. Serve as many as possible. Warm sauces include tomato sauce (France and Austria); tarragon sauce (dragonesello, Italy); sauce supreme, horseradish sauce, and dill sauce (Austria-Hungary); fresh-currant and sour-cream sauce (Hungary); cream of knob celery sauce (Hungary), sweet and sour dill sauce (Central Europe). Among the cold sauces are Alsacienne—a mayonnaise incorporating hard-boiled eggs, capers, broth, and herbs (Lower Saxony); walnut oil vinaigrette with chervil (à la Bocuse); Apfelkren—apple-and-horseradish sauce (Austria); Oberskren—horseradish in whipped cream (Austria); and salsa verde—green herb sauce (Italy).

Condiments to be placed on the table include grated Gruyère or Parmesan cheese (France and Italy); several types of mustard (France); pickled onions (France); jalapeño sauce (Mexico); garlic mayonnaise (Provence and Spain); boiled white onions, sliced hard-boiled eggs, sliced dill pickles, and mayonnaise mixed with capers and anchovy paste (northern Germany).

Above: George Lang gives a pot-au-feu party. Below: Preparing the noble dish (bollito misto) in an eighteenth-century Italian inn.

Bollito Misto

Using the best Florentine beef or the beef of Piedmont, the Italians were eating *manteo bollito*—perfect boiled beef, thinly sliced and scented with fresh rosemary—while the rest of us ancestors were still cooking by dropping hot stones into the caldron.

Then came the bollito misto, a noble mixture of meats, Modenese sausages (cotechino or zampon), chicken, and vegetables. The melange is cooked just like pot-au-feu. Grand hostesses and restaurateurs translated it into the gran bollito misto, served in a spectacular compartmentalized heated carrello (wagon). This creation contains everything from chicken stuffed with its liver, calf's tongue, cheek, and foot, a hen, veal filet, and sausages and is enlivened in the eating by salsa verde, mostarda di frutta, and other sauces.

Borscht

Ukrainkii, Waterzooi, Gekochtes Rindfleisch...

Then there is the great Russian borsch ukraintkii, the Belgian waterzooi, the Polish boiled beef with horseradish, the German gekochtes Rindfleisch, the Scotch broth of Scotland, and English concoctions like that described in John Note's recipe for "meat soup," dating from 1723. It begins: 'Boil all these to Rags in water, season'd with Salt, whole Pepper and an Onion. When the goodness is all boil'd out of the Meat, strain the liquor . . .'
Other accompaniments are toasted bread for marrow (France, Austria-Hungary); a dish of boiled new potatoes sprinkled with chopped fresh chervil or parsley (France); mostarda di frutta—a candied-fruit mustard from Cremona (Italy); and roasted pepperoni (Italy). Last, keep in mind a key point, illustrated by the story of Prince Conde’s visit to the bishop of Passau. The bishop assured his guest that his chefs took the greatest care in preparing soup, aware that the French were a nation of soup lovers. The prince replied, “True, sire, but please remind them that the French not only love soup but love it steaming hot.”

Opposite: George Lang pours the stock into a vast cooking pot. Below: A bevy of mustards with which to anoint a well-filled plate.

George Lang’s Classic Pot-au-Feu

Place short ribs, brisket, and veal shank in deep soup pot; cover with cold water; add salt; bring to a simmer. Skim off foam as necessary.

Add onion halves, black peppercorns, and bouquet garni. Simmer uncovered for two hours.

Add marrow bones and fowl. Simmer for another hour. Skim occasionally.

Add vegetables. Simmer 45 minutes more, removing each vegetable as it becomes tender.

Remove string from vegetables and keep warm off fire in a small pot with hot cooking stock.

Remove meat from pot and keep warm, same as vegetables.

Strain stock through moistened cheesecloth into another soup pot. Bring to a simmer. Skim off fat and season with coarse salt and freshly ground white pepper.

Discard bouquet garni. Remove cheesecloth from marrow bones. Save chicken for another use (chicken salad).

Place short ribs and veal shank on a large, hot platter. Surround with vegetables. Arrange marrow bones on top. Moisten with simmering bouillon.

(1) Serve bouillon in cups.
(2) Pass hot toast and marrow bones.
(3) Serve sliced brisket of beef with carrots and parsley.
(4) Serve short ribs of beef shank with remaining vegetables. Pass condiments—coarse salt, cornichons, a light mustard such as Dijon, a dark mustard such as Bavarian, and fresh creamed horseradish sauce.

Fresh Creamed Horseradish Sauce

6 tablespoons freshly grated horseradish
1 1/2 cups heavy cream
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
Salt

Combine all ingredients in a mixing bowl and blend well. Adjust seasoning to taste with mustard or salt. Serve at room temperature.
HEX STONE

OPALS HAVE A SHIMMERING BEAUTY—
AND POSSESS, 
SOME SAY, OMINOUS POWERS

Take misfortune with a grain of salt, or defy it. What fiend would not flee the sight of this cross set with emeralds, diamonds, and an Australian black opal? Fred Leighton Ltd.

Witches’ familiar or cozy companion? It depends on where she finds him. Of her necklace there’s no doubt. Made by Tiffany, 1902–15, it contains a thirty-two-carat black opal, sapphires, garnets, and other black opals.
Mark Antony gave one to Cleopatra. The Roman senator Nonius went into exile rather than part with his. Queen Victoria insisted they be used to embellish the British crown jewels. My grandmother passed hers on to me when I was sixteen. "It’s a fortunate thing for you that it’s your birthstone," she said. "Otherwise they’re terribly unlucky."

Opals. Perhaps no other gem is so prized for its mysterious beauty, a radiance that changes hue with the flick of a finger or a simple turn of the head. Worn in rings, earrings, brooches, and necklaces, opals shimmer with an interior life of their own and dazzle the viewer with an iridescent "play of color."

On the other hand — no other gem in history has had such a bad reputation. True, supernatural powers have often been associated with gemstones, but they have usually been benign. It was once believed that amethysts would protect the wearer from intoxication. Emeralds were considered good for the eyes (Nero, it is rumored, owned a pair of emerald eyeglasses), and rubies were occasionally crushed and ingested to heal a variety of ailments. Even the opal was said during the Middle Ages to be a powerful cure-all and was used in medicinal rites.

The feeling that opals bring bad luck seems to have originated long ago with the Teutons, but it was Sir Walter Scott who truly put the hex on the gem. In 1829 he wrote a novel entitled Anne of Geierstein, whose central character wore an opal that responded hour by hour to her mercurial personality. When she was happy, the opal flickered gayly. When she was furious, it turned an angry red. At last, the moody noblewoman mysteriously died, whereupon her body, with the opal on her finger, turned to ashes.

After the book was published, opals were felt to be malevolent. Queen Victoria tried her best to restore them to favor by presenting each of her daughters with a set of the precious gems, but her efforts were only partly successful, and today opals are still considered carriers of bad fortune — except in the Orient, where they are highly prized as "anchors of hope." In the West, only jet, used as mourning jewelry, is thought to be spooky as the opal.

Most precious gems come into existence through the process of crystallization. Not the opal, which is simply a solidified silica gel that is flecked with impurities. The spheres of silica act like a prism, refracting light into the colors of the spectrum, thereby producing the gem’s shifting colors — a phenomenon that has been likened to the play of sunlight on soap bubbles. Because the silica particles that cause the colors are random in size, each opal is unique.

The way to judge opal is by play of color, says Peter Schneirla, a gemologist and the manager of the estate department at Tiffany. "The more red flashes, the more valuable it is. You pay more for opal with red in it than for any other color. You want even patches of color that extend throughout the surface of the stone." Of the four main species of precious opal — white, black, fire, and water — white opal is the least expensive, costing up to $400 per carat, depending on the size and quality of the stone, while black opal can cost upwards of $5,000 per carat.

Still, opals are not as valuable as some other gems, primarily because they contain as much as 21 percent water and therefore are subject to dehydration. When this occurs, opals will crack, or "craze," producing hundreds of tiny, fine lines. The opals found in certain moist-clay deposits in Nevada are often crazed even before they are brought to the surface, and some jewelers believe that it is just a matter of time before any unstable opal (one with a high water content) will craze — which may be one reason for the opal’s bad reputation. In ascertaining the moisture content of the gem and its mining history, one must depend upon the integrity of the dealer. Relatively stable opals do exist, including some that have been retrieved from antiquity and found to be in excellent condition.

"Exercise care with opals," says Schneirla. "Avoid excessive heat." Some gemologists do not recommend opals for rings, since it is so easy to knock the stone against a hard surface and crack it. Others suggest immersing one’s opal in water from time to time, or encasing it, for protection, between a backing of onyx or ironstone and a covering of rock-crystal quartz; jewelers call this arrangement a triplet.

Because of the opal’s tendency to crack during the high heat of grinding, it is entrusted to only the most skilled cutters, who usually cut it en cabochon — into a smooth, rounded dome, which shows the color of the stone to better advantage than does a traditional faceted cut. Opal as a birthstone is much in demand in smaller sizes, and it works well that way because its optical properties, in thin seams, are what Schneirla calls "very resolute. Other stones need depth to bring out their properties. Opals don’t." For large rings and ornate brooches, opals of up to 200 carats in size are frequently asked for.

One of the most spectacular uses of opal can be seen in the work of the fashion-jewelry designer Angela Cummings, who currently has a boutique at Bergdorf Goodman in Manhattan and five more in Marshall Field stores in Chicago, Dallas, and Houston. Cummings works with rough-cut hunks of "boulder" opal — a variety lacking the brilliant color spectrum of black opal but possessing a rare beauty reminiscent of Caribbean waters. One of her most dazzling creations is her "snakeskin" necklace, of boulder-opal inlays on white gold. The inlays are arranged in a snakeskin pattern, and the effect is of shimmering aquamarine creature, almost alive. Boulder opal is considered less valuable than black opal, but the "snakeskin" necklace costs $42,000.

Cummings feels happiest working with the small pieces of opal
the inlays, rather than with museum-quality large stones. "When an opal gets very, very expensive, I worry. It's too vulnerable a stone," she says. "I'm always holding my breath when it's in my possession. I'm immensely relieved when we've finished setting an opal for someone and can give it back." She tells her customers never to drop an opal on the street, display it in a sunlit window, or sit out all day in the sun with an opal bracelet.

Cummings travels twice a year to Hong Kong to oversee the cutting of her boulders, which are about the size of the average telephone. Their country of origin, though, is Australia, the world's chief source of opals; the town of Coober Pedy, in the Australian outback, produces more than 80 percent of the total opal mined today.

Opal mining in Coober Pedy is a rough business. In the dry, deserted outback, an opal gouger digs a 15- to 120-foot shaft, looking for an opal seam, which is usually only a few centimeters in thickness. He is lucky if he finds such a seam, unlucky if he unwittingly destroys a fortune by shattering the precious stone that has formed in a cavity. In Coober Pedy, prospectors build their homes right into the ground next to rich veins and hope to pay for a fridge or a vacation by chiseling opal from crannies in their walls. Housewives, high on opal fever, spend their after-

It's nice that she's come in out of the rain, but why doesn't she shut her umbrella and get into something dry, besides her carved opal lion bracelet of eighteen-karat gold and platinum, with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires? David Webb.
WHEN SHE WAS HAPPY, THE OPAL FLICKERED GAILY. WHEN SHE WAS FURIOUS, IT TURNED AN ANGRY RED.

noons "noodling"—sifting through abandoned mine dumps for opal chips. Some opals can fetch as much as $300,000, so a major find may allow a prospector to retire for life.

The best opals continue to grow in value, and if bought at the right time and at the right price are as good an investment as any other gem of high quality. It is wise, however, say jewelers, to investigate the provenance of any investment-grade opal to determine whether it has been out of the ground long enough to have stabilized without crazing. Hong Kong is the major cutting and buying center for opals, doubtless because of the popularity of the stone in the East, particularly in Japan.

But it is as adornment, not investment, that these imprisoned rainbows are most loved. They exude a feeling of life and warmth. "Opals catch and reflect the color of the eyes," says Angela Cummings. "They light up a woman's face."

Are opals unlucky? A few years ago, a friend of mine was given an opal engagement ring and began to suffer, she says, pangs of foreboding. Worse, she inadvertently scheduled her wedding for a Friday the thirteenth. Sure enough, the couple broke up, and the wedding was canceled. Bad luck!

Or was it? Now happily married to someone else, my friend has heard numerous stories over the intervening years concerning the turbulent romantic career of her ex-fiancé. Today she says, "That wasn't bad luck; it was good luck." She still has the ring.

Opposite: When yawning, cover your mouth to keep out evil spirits and show off your Australian boulder-opal ring set with pavé diamonds.
James Robinson Inc. Above: Need thirteen be unlucky? Surely not thirteen bewitching opals—Hungarian whites, Australian blacks, an African green, a Mexican fire. From Manning Opal Co. and a private collection.
A VERY CURIOUS MAN

Once Hôtel Drouot's leading auctioneer, he is still France's greatest tastemaker

By G.Y. Dryansky Photographs by Eric Feinblatt

Maurice Rheims is a member of the Académie Française, the author of twenty-three books on art and objects, a celebrated one-time auctioneer, and a collector of some note. If now, at age seventy-four, he were to start accumulating new things, they would be, he says, airport souvenirs.

He would collect the ceramics depicting modern life—a visit to the dentist, a night in a bar—that you find in some Italian airports; the platters with fishermen in relief that are sold at Bastia, Corsica; the sculpted animals available at the Nairobi airport, which "mark a new way of looking at animals." All these, and the lace fans at every airport in Spain, Rheims calls "stupefyingly telling." For him, they are objects that talk about their place and time; and as a curiosity lover more than a true collector, he loves, first of all, the articulate in things.

Eskimos have several words for snow. The French, who are passionately and delicately materialistic, put lovers of fine things into three categories: collectors, amateurs, and the curious. In his latest book, Pour l'Amour de l'Art . . . . Maurice Rheims points out that the curious does not ask his objects to be beautiful or even of great quality, so long as they have something interesting to say. While the collector, according to him, loves the act of accumulating, favoring "families," the curious loves "the orphans, the glorious remnants of disasters." To Louis XV's beautiful hunting dagger, dear to the heart of a collector or an amateur, Rheims's curious would no doubt prefer the pocket-knife of his would-be assassin, Damiens.

The amateur, for Rheims, is too obsessed with harmony and rareness. His love of quality makes him an enemy of adventure. He is too distingué.

Rheims expounds on his love of "undistinguished" souvenirs while leaning back on an ivory-encrusted couch, a Mogul throne that belonged to his friend the diplomat and writer Paul Morand. Nearby on his fireplace, a stone, 2,200-year-old Olmec figure, a were-jaguar, part human, part animal, which Malraux liked to talk to, sits between a seventeenth-century Dutch ivory equestrian figure and a thirteenth-century Siamese ivory Madonna that was part of the great collection of Baron von Hirsch. All this, below a spectacular Klimt portrait of a woman and above a little Sudanese leopard, andiron high, that was a chieftain's throne and at a later time the property of the legendary curiosity lover Martine de Béhague, owner of the famous Hôtel de Sully in Paris.

An inventory of his salon might also list

G. Y. Dryansky wrote about the Leningrad fur auction in Connoisseur last November.

In his Paris apartment, Rheims takes his ease on a seventeenth-century Mogul throne.
his very good 1937 Picasso portrait of a woman, his signed Louis XVI furniture, and more; but what Rheims has put together for his family is nothing compared to what he has seen. Until he retired his gavel in 1974, Maitre Rheims had cried, by his own count, about a million lots in thirty-five years.

With the late Peter Wilson, the great auctioneer and chairman of Sotheby’s, he shared the task of disposing of King Farouk’s estate, poring through heaps of porn to unearth Marie-Antoinette’s incense burner and through closets of silk shirts to find a dazzling piece of jewelry from the tomb of Tutankhamen. He sold Ali Khan’s Renoirs, Dufts, and Utrillos; and, with the Margaret Biddle auction of 1957, he boosted the bull art market, knocking down a painting of four apples by Gauguin to Basil Goulandris for 104 million francs (about $110,000 at the time) over the bid of the shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos. He was the official appraiser of the estate of Calouste Gulbenkian, who raised the talented young Rheims from obscurity. He has also evaluated the estates, in fine art, of numerous Rothschilds and, as the designated appraiser of the legacies of Bonnard and Picasso, has waded through piles of pictures for months on end, making and revising estimates.

Rheims is the man credited with redeeming art nouveau from neglect, a rehabilitation he spurred with two books and that he inspired in 1949 when he advised Viscount Charles de Noailles to buy the entrance of a Hector Guimard metro station for his garden in Grasse, thus saving it from the junk heap.

Bernard Berenson, ever the galant, once took Rheims’s wife aside in a garden and pressed her to believe that her husband was “just an average sensuous Frenchman.” He is in fact a witty, wiry gentleman with the Anglophile clothes (gray flannel, red suspenders) and twangy accent of Paris’s sixteenth arrondissement, where he was born the son of a dedicated, barely post-Dreyfus Jewish general.

He likes to toss off irreverences about collecting. They seem to fit his sort of bonhomie, a courtly evasion of self-importance. So he will tell you, “If you have too many Vermeers, now’s the time to get rid of them” with the same straight face he uses to become enthusiastic about duty-free airport-shop lace fans.

Rheims disparages “antique mania,” loves the skylines of New York and Chicago, and confesses that most contemporary painting leaves him cold: “I’m incapable of judging most of it. It bores me, and what bores me doesn’t interest me. I won’t say I don’t understand it. There’s nothing to understand in art. Why do I like a picture or an object? Because it—there’s a horrible expression in French, I do hope it’s not used in English: ça me fait bander [it gives me an erection].”

“Yes,” he continues, “there’s something like that involved. For an object that pleases me, I’m capable of killing. Why not? It wouldn’t bother me at all.”

Rheims singles out Andy Warhol as a painter for whose work he would never kill. “Already when I see him, he’s so sinister. I can’t see his pictures without seeing him. Why do I need Marilyn Monroe by Andy Warhol? I’d rather see her done by Ingres. Or Balthus.” Balthus—“he’s in the direct line of Velázquez”—and Francis Ba-
“a descendant of Goya”—are two contemporaries Rheims predicts will survive what he sees as a coming crash in the value of contemporary painters. “There’s going to be a big correction,” he warns, “but the works of two or three people will be infinitely more expensive in thirty years.”

Paul Morand once asked his friend Rheims, “When you look at something, do you always think of what it’s worth?”

“Yes,” Rheims confessed, “but others do the same thing with people.”

Characteristically, Rheims is the first to warn you not to take his appraisals for gospel. Predicting and estimating the value of art objects must take account of fashion, and fashion is a mystery “whose motives are incapable of being formulated.”

“I’ve often asked couturiers why they invest millions in what they think will be fashion. They can’t explain it. Fashion is founded on nothing,” Rheims contends. You can predict that what has reached a great height of fashion will fall from fashion, but what will replace it cannot be predicted. Fashions do not always succumb to their opposites.

What will gain in value is what a few people of influence have begun to redeem from obscurity but most people still dislike. Even so, Rheims believes, almost no treasure lies neglected nowadays, “because of a lot of very nice young people from well-off families who, not having anything else to do, go into dealing in objects.”

These young, well-educated dealers have a passion for scholarship as well as for art. Scholarship, Rheims points out, gives the pedigree to a style that creates value. Rheims attributes the bull market in nineteenth-century pommi painting to the interest taken by this new breed of dealers. Consider, for example, the case of a melodramatic portrait of a violinist by van Wele. In 1906, says Rheims, it was worth twenty times more than a Blue Period Picasso. In 1965, it was knocked down at $50 in Paris’s Salles Drouot. Rheims thinks it is worth $40,000 now.

Auctions, though, are full of uncertainty, he cautions. A picture resold because of

André Malraux used to confide in this ambiguous Olmec creature, part beast, part man.
an irregularity in bidding might draw a radically different price minutes after it was first sold. When Rheims was charged with evaluating the Bonnard legacy, he walked three times through the painter's crowded atelier (untouched since Bonnard had left there his last cup of coffee, half-drunk). Rheims made three stenched estimates a month apart from each other, and the differences in his own figures were as much as 30 percent. A simultaneous auction, if it were possible, of identical pictures in Paris, Tokyo, Bern, London, and New York could produce greater disparities, he insists. The point is, says Rheims, art has no "quotation"—no fixed price—because no work of art is identical to another. His own guide, he confesses, is intuition.

Using the cost of labor as a standard, Rheims has calculated "real prices" paid for masterpieces even centuries ago. His calculations reveal that many works of art were hardly bargains. The 75,000 livres that Louis XV paid for his desk at Versailles, executed partly by Riesener, Rheims figures, was the equivalent of more than $3 million today. He wonders if it would make such a sum at auction and points out that sometimes "low" sums paid long ago for art would have amounted to more than current prices if conservatively invested elsewhere.

Like all art experts, Rheims can speak of the things that influence the price of art—harmony, strength of individual style, quality of execution, subject matter, age, rarity of materials, pedigree, and sometimes magical associations. But his advice to buyers boils down to a few basic precepts:

"Don't confuse what is amusing with what is unique, or the amiable with the sublime."

"Sell what you don't like when it goes up in price; be patient sometimes for what you like; but always pay a high price for what you'll never see again."

"In art, listen to your sensibility. If you have none, speculate elsewhere."

Listening to his sensibility was how Rheims became a pioneer of the revival of art nouveau, a style to which he was drawn as early as the late 1930s—partly because of nostalgia over his "very 1900 parents and their very 1900 apartment," and partly because he found the style full of "grace, charm, disturbance, sexuality, and harmony." Partly, too, because it was what he could afford.

In 1947, when Rheims advised Charles de Noailles to buy Giumard's metro entrance, Rheims himself already had a goodly collection of Gallé vases, which he had bought for about $3 each. He gave one as a wedding present to a soldier who had served in his regiment. (Rheims was an officer among Free French parachutists.) The soldier was not impressed, but in the late seventies he went back to see Rheims to ask if he would be offended if he sold the vase to help pay the cost of his daughter's wedding. The vase fetched $60,000 at auction.

Rheims's career made its first thrust forward when he was twenty-seven. Calouste Gulbenkian wanted someone unknown in the art market to negotiate the purchase of an El Greco without revealing that an important buyer wanted it. Rheims came recommended by his former professor at the École du Louvre for his knowledge of El Greco; on the strength of that, Gulbenkian sent him on his first trip to Rome. There, the gentleman who owned the picture greeted him with "How is Mr. Gulbenkian?" and offered his young visitor a quarter of the ten million francs he wanted for the picture if he approved the sale. But Rheims took his sleeping car back to Paris without having bought the painting. He was convinced that the El Greco had been painted by the son of the master and not by Domenikos himself. By then, so was Gulbenkian. He had sent photographs of the painting to Georges Wildenstein while his envoy was away and received the same opinion. From then on, Rheims was to have Gulbenkian's confidence for numerous transactions.

As Rheims's reputation began to grow—bolstered by the writing of such books as La Vie Etrange des Objets—he fed it with skillful public relations. He gave the press the lore it needed to put "human interest" background into auction reports. He produced detailed descriptive catalogues for curiosities that other French auctioneers considered unworthy of cataloguing. He was the first Frenchauctioneer to print a catalogue with a color photograph on the cover. Rheims became the star of the period when Paris was the auction center of the world, an epoch he places between 1944 and 1960. In 1958, Rheims almost bought Parke-Bernet, in New York, with the backing of the Lazard banking group, but he and his fellow French were reluctant to spend the time outside France necessary to making the venture a success. Sotheby's stepped in, and, since then, Sotheby's and Christie's have set themselves up all over the world, eclipsing Hôtel Drouot. "We French just aren't seafarers," Rheims concludes, resignedly.

"Maurice Rheims," says the Sotheby's Paris director, Marc Blondeau, "could have made a success of Parke-Bernet as the master thinker, if he had surrounded himself with Englishmen. Sotheby's success with the house was largely due to the English skill at creating specialized sales." Blondeau, once a protégé of Rheims, adds that he "could have been an even greater auctioneer if he hadn't been hobbled by various restraints built into the French system. As he is, he's a good amateur d'art, a man who is a precursor of events, moved by his taste."

Rheims confesses that judging authenticity is as imperfect an art as estimating value. Looking back, he is rather sure that some Louis XVI furniture he auctioned could well have been brilliant imitations by workmen in the reign of Napoleon III. As for eighteenth-century bronzes, he estimates that 80 percent of them are casts no more than fifty years old, just about impossible to tell from originals.

Rheims ends his most recent book with an anecdote about a silver death's head and a gold monstrosity. The death's head was a gift to Rheims from one of the ingenious restorers who still make Paris a center of talented handwork. An American curator fell in love with it and insisted on exchanging it for the fifteenth-century monstrosity. Rheims explained that the death's head was recently made, not at all the Venetian Renaissance treasure the curator took it for, but the American, whom Rheims will not name, insisted that Rheims was joking.

"With good conscience," Maitre Rheims accepted the exchange. Then Rheims took his acquisition to another renowned restorer to have a bit of soldering done.

"No problem," she replied, "I know the piece well. The center was completely designed and executed by one of my best workmen."

The last line of the story and the book is "You're an expert, Maurice Rheims!"

More inventory: Picasso's Portrait of a Woman (1937); bronze lamp by Edgar-William Brandt; among sculptures on table, a dancer by Pablo Gargallo.
From the street, Hôtel Drouot seems an impregnable mighty fortress. In fact, the venerable auction house, the very nerve center of the French antiques trade, is eroding from within. Drouot's troubles are not of the kind the French have been beefing about lately—the Socialist government, the foundering franc—but have to do with the antediluvian French regulations governing the auction business.

A mere twenty-five years ago, when Maurice Rheims was in his heyday there (see "A Very Curious Man," page 68), Drouot was the equal of Sotheby's or Christie's. Over the last two decades, those auction houses have burgeoned, chalkling up new record sales every season, often even every month. Drouot has gone nowhere. Prestige sales in Paris are few—much to the dismay of the chauvinistic French, the great paintings by Degas, Renoir, et al. tend to be sold elsewhere—and some gloomy forecasters are predicting that Drouot could itself be on the block before the end of the decade.

It is not exactly that business is bad. In 1983, the house registered a record year, with total sales cracking one billion francs (then $125 million) for the first time. Nor has the market for quality objects dried up. Almost any day of the week will find Drouot bustling with auctions large and small. Between six thousand and eight thousand customers pass through daily, spending hundreds of thousands of francs on such varied wares as paintings, drawings, antiques, furniture, tapestries, clocks, ceramics, crystal, silver, rugs, books, coins, dolls, weapons, clothing, wine, and even pipes and humidors.

Drouot sounds like a bazaar, and it feels like a bazaar (see box), but when insiders speak of the French auction system as Byzantine, that’s not what they have in mind. Unlike his counterparts at Sotheby's and Christie's, or auctioneers in the United States and Great Britain, a French auctioneer is not a businessman but an appointee of the Ministry of Justice, technically, a commissaire-priseur. He holds a concession, known as an étude. The title of office traditionally passes down from father to son, though it may be bought from a retiring auctioneer. There are 84 commis-

A storeroom for sold merchandise: is Hôtel Drouot only a glorified flea market?
TREASURE HUNTING AT DROUOT

A knowledgeable buyer will often find great bargains in the Drouot bazaar.

Do you want to buy an early-nineteenth-century oak armoire for $2,500? Or how about a case of 1969 Château d'Yquem Sauternes at about $9 a bottle? Or an elegant Napoleon III table clock, with a marble-inlaid frame, for $70? These are the kinds of bargains a patient and knowledgeable buyer can find at Hôtel Drouot virtually every day.

The dollar buys twice as many francs as it did four years ago, so it's no wonder that Americans are getting into the Drouot game for fun and profit. All it takes is a little savvy, some rudimentary French, and a few dollars to spend. Prices at Drouot can be a fraction of what you would pay at that fashionable antique's. No wonder. You'll be shopping where the dealers do but you'll be saving yourself their profit and overhead.

Drouot's system of doing business may be outmoded, the big sales may have moved to New York or London, but for its captive French clientele, it remains indispensable. "We buy almost exclusively at Drouot," says Rodolphe Perpich, an antiques dealer who specializes in art deco and art nouveau. "Few of the sellers deal with individual antiques dealers anymore. They put everything up for sale at public auction, and that means Drouot."

Historically, since the time of Henri II, the French auction system has been an instrumentality for disposing of estates and property confiscated in bankruptcy proceedings. Naturally, the crown, and later the republic, took its cut on every sale. The high price the state still exacts—far above the sales taxes in neighboring countries—is one good reason why a seller will sell abroad if he can. Another reason is the French contempt for smart marketing à la Sotheby's and Christie's. Drouot does not hold major pieces in the interest of organizing major thematic sales. Exhibits are jumbled affairs, a mere day or at most two days long. Catalogues come out a matter of days before a sale (when they are issued at all)—far too late for them to be of use internationally.

The big winners are the buyers who are on hand to spot the real finds. House experts identify each piece that comes through, but the sheer volume of material prohibits in-depth investigations, and they can be wrong.

André Pezoli, who operates as Jacques Tajan's floor manager and expert (in France, a formal title describing a profession), also buys occasionally on behalf of Maitre Tajan's clients and knows the system inside and out. "The game is expertise. Foreigners, with a little knowledge, often do better here than they do in London or New York. Here, only three or four people make the market."

The rules of the Drouot game are simple: what's on display late this afternoon will be on the block tomorrow. So, browse the day before you buy. Drouot, at 9 Rue Drouot, on the Right Bank, east of the Opéra (metro: Richelieu-Drouot), is a labyrinth, with eighteen showrooms on three floors, all of them crammed with curiosities.

Ask a hostess for directions to the department that interests you. Discuss the qualities and probable market value of the merchandise with the experts in each showroom. If a sale merits a catalogue (available on the ground floor), study it, set bidding limits, and stick to them. The bidding can get fast and furious and occasionally sweeps an object way beyond its fair market value.

The next morning, at eleven, when the halls open, be there to verify your first impressions. At this point, you may inspect, handle, fondle any object you like. Get a feel for the day's crowd. Then take a leisurely lunch at one of the good local bistro, such as Le Petit Riche or Drouant. The sale period starts at two or three and runs until about six. When the season is in full swing, in November and December, as many as six or eight or even ten auctions may be in progress at a time.

All purchases must be paid for in cash or by (French) check. Traveler's checks can be cashed at the bank on the premises, on the ground floor. Up to a value of 6,000 francs, buyers pay a premium of 17.674 percent. The premium is 12.337 percent on objects costing between 6,001 francs and 20,000 francs, and 10.558 percent on prices over 20,000 francs.

The commissaires-priseurs offer, as they must by French law, a thirty-year buyer's guarantee on the authenticity of all items sold. But sales without catalogues render later verification complicated, and the Barker often makes an 'as is' disclaimer that covers any cracks, chips, or similar imperfections. So, the guarantee is not much to bank on.

Customs clearance is an annoyance but straightforward. If an art object is less than twenty years old or was created by a living artist, customs will be satisfied by a formal declaration to that effect from the Professional Committee of Art Galleries, which you usually obtain from the auctioneer in charge of the sale. The situation is more complicated if the object is over one hundred years old, has a value of over ten thousand francs, or was created by an artist who has been dead for over twenty years. Such an object may be considered part of the French national patrimony, and a buyer bound for the United States would need to obtain a formal export license, issued upon inspection of photos and receipts by the Professional Committee or the Direction Générale des Douanes et Droits Indirects.

Anyone buying modestly priced items not covered by the customs regulations need not worry about formalities at all. Just buy what you like and take it home.

Every day is viewing day at Drouot. Browsers may inspect and handle their finds at will.
Commissaires-priseurs in Paris and 228 elsewhere in France. Their territories are circumscribed by law, which gives them an effective monopoly on local auctions, but they may not operate at large.

In Paris, every auctioneer must join the collective known as the Compagnie des Commissaires-Priseurs de Paris. An unwieldy profit-sharing cartel, the Compagnie guarantees even the most inactive of the brotherhood's members a comfortable annual subvention—in 1984, it was 250,000 francs (about $27,000). The effect is to discourage initiative among the Compagnie's more dynamic members.

Some people are trying to make inroads. Jacques Tajan, a partner in one of Drouot's most powerful and profitable antiques études, has after long hassles organized major sales in Monaco and a sale in Japan. Since his operation in effect underwrites the multitude of études that are less successful, Maitre Tajan wants to see a lot of changes. Given his way, he would diminish the auctioneers' tax burden and charges, allow them to practice anywhere in France, and permit the establishment of more aggressive and up-to-date business operations. He wants to see the market opened up to true competition. "I want to see Sotheby's across the street," he declares. "As it is, they are too close for comfort. We Frenchmen don't have a monopoly, just the illusion of a monopoly."

When the French talk reform, one favorite theme is inevitably decentralization. Break the monopoly of Paris, rationalize the marketplace, share the wealth! Some modest progress has been made on this front. With the approval of both the Ministry of Justice and the Parisian Compagnie, a Parisian auctioneer by the name of Michel Siboni transformed an old vegetable market in the suburb of Sceaux into a new auction hall. He counts on building a new clientele from scratch. Siboni, unlike most of his colleagues, wasn't born into the business, and being an outsider may, paradoxically, prove the strongest card in his hand. "The system is a comfortable excuse for mediocrity," the young rebel rails, as he strives for change. In the likely event that the revolution does not come, Drouot may merely continue on its present path and become little more than a glorified flea market. That would be a blow to the French pride, but thousands of shoppers who know how to spot a deal probably would not mind at all.

From top: A bayer studies up amid the antique jumble; lighting fixtures dominate the odds and ends of a liquidation sale; Maitre Tajan wields his hammer.

JANUARY 1985
Can photography be seen as art? Photographers strongly disagree, though most of them are a little uncomfortable about all the machinery involved that makes the process so easy and quick compared to painting and sculpture. The specter of the great painters seems to haunt photography. The question “But is it art?” has become a cliché—even a joke—and yet the consensus in photographic circles is that if it is indeed art, then the person who created it must be an artist.

The more important and interesting question is, where does the true artist find his inspiration? No art just happens. Every artist owes a debt to some person or picture or idea—everything he has looked at leaves some mark on his way of seeing; and every photographer who can be called an artist has been subject to influences—whether advice, criticism, or some key photograph or painting. For confirmation of this we asked eight prominent photographers to describe the shaping of their own work.

Erla Zwingle is the former managing editor of American Photographer.

We are all products of multiple influences, starting from childhood—images in books, magazines, billboards, museums. Anybody who says he’s not influenced is just not thinking. I wanted to be a painter; it was economics that made me a photographer. I had to quit art school and get a job in Philadelphia making forty-nine-cent portrait photographs. There I met an exciting and talented group of people just out of the Philadelphia School of Industrial Arts. Ideas about modern art, the Bauhaus, design, and new photography were a big part of our bull sessions, much of it sparked by their usual teacher, Alexey Brodovitch. His influence is still felt. I once went out with a group of the boys for an all-night session of photography at a farmers’ market, and my fascination with the camera became permanent. About then, someone pointed out a photo from Walker Evans’s new book—this was 1938—and said, “Look at the way the shadows are lined up. He must have waited for that to happen.” It hit me, a moment I still remember: Evans’s photographs were not accidents, they were carefully planned, and in a way they explained a good deal about photography to me.

HIRO

Since his days as an assistant to Richard Avedon, Hiro has become one of his generation's foremost fashion and advertising photographers and an outstanding portraitist. His passion for perfection in every aspect of his life and work and his ability to generate new ideas are legend.

In Japan after the war, during the Allied occupation, I somehow came across a photograph by Richard Avedon and one by Irving Penn. I was as naive as anything—just considering going into photography. But I was almost unconsciously pulled to the work of these two people out of the many, many photographers I'd seen. I was fortunately able to come to New York to study under Alexey Brodovitch and was deciding, who do I want to work for as an assistant? I felt closer to Penn's photographs, while Avedon's were more curious for me, so that's why I wanted to go to him. I was very fortunate to get the opportunity.

It's those two people who really influenced me from the beginning, and still do. I watch their careers carefully, and I feel a wonderful warmth and respect toward them and their photographs—and they haven't let me down. What fascinates me is them, creating behind the work, the quality and the energy and consistency and the personal point of view. I think that was my talent—to pick the two best photographers in modern times.

Probably my first influence was Roy Stryker, who hired me for the FSA project. He showed me the need for knowing and understanding your subject so as to get the best possible photograph. He was a great believer in the power of pictures to inform and influence people, and in the importance of honesty. It has been said I posed the dust-storm picture, but of course that’s ridiculous, because it’s the kind of photograph that couldn’t possibly be posed. It was taken at the end of the day as I was saying good-bye to the farmer and his two boys. I was about to get in my car—I had one frame left on my roll of film. I turned to wave good-bye and saw this. I realized it was a great shot and made the picture.

Lewis Hine made me aware that it was possible to correct social injustices through a photograph. They are great works of art, but they weren’t taken for art’s sake. I believe the best kind of photograph—and all great art—is functional. The subject matter and the interpretation of it is what has made the photographs that stand the test of time great.

Paul Strand made me aware of the importance of craftsmanship as well as truth, and Walker Evans of style—direct, straight, very calm. The subject is the picture; no gimmicks. And there was Dorothea Lange, a wonderful, compassionate person. She taught me how to sympathize and empathize with people at all levels.

A commercial photographer with one foot in the art world, Michals has made his reputation on surreal narrative sequences. He plans his photographs to tell a story that conveys both ideas and feelings. Death and sexuality, referred to with a wry sense of humor, are recurring themes.

I've always liked Balthus. There's a sense of drama in his paintings, something unresolved, and a tension that is terrific. I think that's what most photos lack, because they spill the beans. They tell you more than you want to know. But I love photographs with a great deal of unresolved tension that makes demands on the viewer. Balthus has been a wonderful source for me—his whole body of work, his attitude, the questions in the work. But where I as a photographer have it all over him is that people believe photographs. You know it's a real room, those are real people, so just what is going on? I love having the advantage of reality, and photographers rarely use that advantage. One of the things I have against photography is that it relies on chance for its validity and eliminates the painter's process of invention.

NORMAN PARKINSON

Parkinson's fashion work appeared in Vogue for more than thirty years. More recently, he has traveled the world for Town and Country, photographing the nobility and the very wealthy in glamorous but unconventional settings. He credits many painters and photographers for their contribution to his portrayals of beautiful women—he has made even Princess Anne a sophisticated beauty.

Of course I've admired dozens of photographers, but when I'm working I'm never conscious of their existence. I have a school of favorites—the great English portraitists, like Gainsborough and Reynolds, who set out to make women desirable, historic, and grand. My camera really can't say anything unpleasant about anyone. I don't know why it can't, but it just won't. This may be my Achilles' heel. My camera wants to make them look as beautiful as they believe they are. It also likes to record the private look a woman gives her mirror. This is the look I'm after. But it's much easier with a camera than with painting, because it's much quicker.

I don't think a photographer can hold a candle to an artist. We all attempt to be craftsmen—the best of us might be Chippendale—but not one of us is an artist. You see, we have this thing called a camera which really does most of the work, and so quickly. We can take five hundred pictures while the artist is drawing an eye.

There were great photographers, though, the ones who really made women look beautiful and luxurious and scent laden—Steichen, Baron de Meyer, André Durst, and Hoyningen-Huene—but I never knew women like that. My girls were always driving with me in hairy motor cars with a couple of dogs in the back and we sat in fields and had picnics. I just got out a camera and said, "These are the women I know and want to photograph."

The other painter I really admire is Gustave Doré. If you went out today taking nothing but your Gainsboroughs you'd bore people to death. You have to have the other side that says, "Let's be creative with the magic. Let's send for Gustave Doré."

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

Best known for his years of work on Life and his many books, Eisenstaedt pioneered the reportage of current events. Like Salomon, he worked with the new small camera, producing the spontaneous, "candid" portraits of politicians and personalities that have since become the norm.

In 1927, I was not a photographer, I was an amateur. I offered one of my pictures to a Berlin paper, and the editor gave me twelve marks for it—about three dollars. And he said he wanted more pictures like it. Finally he told me, "If you want to become a photographer, you should do what Dr. Erich Salomon does." Salomon was like God, the outstanding photographer of political conferences, and he had an Ermanox camera. So I bought an Ermanox and became a free-lance photographer for A.P. I worked side by side with Dr. Salomon many times and came to know him. He always used a tripod; it's a myth that he didn't. There are no candid photographs; everybody knew we were taking pictures. Photography was so young. The type of thing Salomon and I were doing didn't exist before, really. I don't even know what we were looking for. At that time everybody asked for great personalities. But we wanted only to make good pictures. I was a virgin. I had to experiment.

HELMUT NEWTON

Newton has been a major force in creating a style of fashion photography fraught with sexuality and menace. Overtones of sadism and perversion, and a solid grounding in photographic surrealism with an odd air of factual reportage, make even a harmless fashion spread in Vogue strangely unforgettable.

I started taking pictures at the age of twelve. I don’t think it was any specific photograph that decided me to take up the camera, just some kind of romantic notion in which I saw myself as a foreign correspondent, just some kind of romantic notion in which I saw myself as a foreign correspondent in a raincoat with a camera slung around my shoulders. I greatly admired the reportages of Martin Munkacsi in the Berlin illustrated papers, and I sometimes saw him getting out of a great white open touring car, taking lots of equipment out of the back, and I think he had a limp.

In my late teens, there were three photographers I worshiped: Dr. Salomon, Brassai, and my boss, Yva. She was a handsome woman and a great photographer, and I was secretly in love with her. I was the youngest apprentice, who every Monday morning had to prepare gallons of negative developer out of evil-smelling, enormous heavy bags of chemicals, sweep the floor, help prepare the sittings, and when everything was ready, run down the long corridor and knock on her office door to announce that all was ready for her perusal. Those were exciting days. But it was the other two who really excited me: Brassai’s night photographs of Paris cityscapes and the low life of the cafés and brothels, and Dr. Salomon’s reportages of glittering embassy parties and of diplomats in salons with great chandeliers. These two fascinated me, and I think the fascination has lasted through my life as a photographer.
Kertész, who is now ninety, has become widely recognized in this country only during the past decade. He was one of the first to explore the creative possibilities of the small camera and had great influence on the later work of Cartier-Bresson and Brassai. His photographs appear spontaneous, almost like snapshots, but have a keenness of design and a tender insight into the dignity of seemingly trivial human events.

It was the things that happened to me that influenced me, not any pictures. The so-called modern element you find in my early work has abstraction, distortion, and I did everything without knowing about anyone else. But poetry influenced a young boy growing up who had many things happening in his life. And very naturally, without knowing, you use these happenings in your work. What I saw around me was salon photography, and I felt the photograph should not be an imitation of another art. The photo should be photo, not painting. Two years before I left for Paris there was an amateur photo exhibit in Budapest. I decided to send in four of my pictures. To my surprise, the jury said, “We like what you did, please come over, we want to talk with you.” They asked me to use bromoil on my pictures. I said, “No, I’m terribly sorry, what you have in your hand is the pure photograph.” So they said, if I would, they would give me the silver medal. I said, “Thank you very much, but I stay with my print this way.” I completely separated myself. Then I left for Paris. I was absolutely not influenced by anybody.

Left: Carrefour, Blois, 1930, by Kertész
During much of the year, the days in the Valtellina are clear, bright, and dry, but when rain and fog come to this northernmost of Italy's wine regions, fog sidles down through crevices in the steep alpine slopes that surround it on the north and south. Even after the sun comes out, the ethereal ribbons of fog often linger, dividing the mountain's forbidding, snow-capped peaks (the highest, to the north, over 13,000 feet) from the craggy ledges below them. Along these ledges stand stone churches, the ruins of a Gothic castle, tiny villages with a rosy patchwork of tile roofs, and, clinging to small plots of rocky soil along the precipitous northern mountain rim, the vineyards of the Valtellina.

Excellent wine has been made in these austere foothills of the Alps in northern Lombardy since at least as long as Roman times. But grapes grow here only because men have reshaped nature. They have broken the rocks, built retaining walls and terraces, and carried earth on their backs up the steep slopes, spread it among the rocks, and tucked it around the vines. At harvest time, they carry the grapes, again on their backs, down the shanks of the mountain to the valley.

About six miles from the Swiss border, the Valtellina is a narrow valley that runs twenty-five miles between alpine ranges, from Tirano, on the east, to Ardenno, on the west, close to the northern tip of Lake Como. The main town of Sondrio (also the name of this part of Lombardy) lies about halfway between Ardenno and Tirano in a flat, luminous green valley washed by the Adda River, on its way to Lake Como. Bordering the valley on the south are the Orobie Alps, heavily forested on their lower slopes with chestnuts and oaks that higher up give way to evergreens. On the north are the Rhaetian Alps, whose first slopes are clothed with apple orchards. About 1,000 feet up, where the slopes become arduous, the vineyards begin, planted up the mountain to nearly 2,500 feet and facing south to catch every ray of sunshine. From these heroic vineyards come approximately five million gallons of wine each year that comprise an interesting array of reds, a regional white, and some sparkling wines.

The grapes grown are primarily the Nebbiolo, a red that in Piedmont, west of Valtellina, produces an intense, full-bodied, strapping, tannic wine. Here in the lofty heights of Valtellina, where 85 percent of the land is more than 3,000 feet above sea level and the growing season begins later and ends later than in any other wine region of Italy, the Nebbiolo makes wine of a different character. While the Valtellina's wines range from light-bodied and fruity to warm and robust, the best of them generally share a firm structure, good acidity, fine depth of flavor, and clean, lively finish. They marry well with foods of the Valtellina, which—inspired by both its Italian and its Swiss heritage—are sturdy, full-flavored, and nourishing, like beef, venison, buckwheat noodles, local cheeses, and rich cakes.

At least half of the Valtellina's production qualifies for DOC, or Denominazione di Origine Controllata, the body of Italian wine laws that control every aspect of a wine's production, from the place it is grown to the variety of grape, its cultivation, the yield per acre, wine-making procedures, and aging. The DOC laws were passed in 1963, and since then over 200 wine areas have been delimited. DOC status is not conferred lightly; the wines granted it within these areas account for only about 12 percent of Italy's total production. The Valtellina was granted its denomination in 1968. About half its wines are allowed the right to carry Denominazione di Origine Controllata on their labels under one of two designations: Valtellina or Valtellina Superiore.

The Valtellina DOC wines are made of 70 percent Nebbiolo (known locally as Chiavennasca) grapes; the remaining 30 percent may come from some or all of the area's other red grape varieties: Pinot Nero, Merlot, Rossola, Pignola Valtellinese, and Brugnola. (The Valtellina grows no white grapes.) The wine must be aged at least one year in wood cask and have a minimum alcohol content of 11 percent. Valtellina DOC is usually a rather light, fruity wine that is best drunk when relatively young.

Eunice Fried, a wine and food writer, is a frequent contributor to Connoisseur.
In the Valtellina, where old ways persist, a grape press is run by hand. Right: Narrow terraced vineyards scramble up the slopes.

Valtellina Superiore, the other DOC, includes the Valtellina's four most noted wines. Made of 95 percent Nebbiolo, with only 5 percent coming from one or more of the area's other grape varieties, Valtellina Superiore DOC wines are aged a minimum of two years, one of them in wood, although it is common among the better producers to give them longer wood aging. Here the character of the Nebbiolo shines, giving to a wine that has a tannic harshness when young a velvety roundness and harmony when it matures. Although both Valtellina and Superiore have a "Riserva" designation, the one you are more likely to find in the United States is the Valtellina Superiore Riserva, a wine that must be aged for at least four years—though you won’t necessarily find the word "Riserva" on the label.

Of the four Valtellina Superiores, the lightest and most delicate is Valgella—gently tannic in its youth, soft and smooth after a couple of years in the bottle. Another, Grumello, tends in youth to be fruity with an aroma reminiscent of cherries and develops a warmth and mild complexity with two or three years' aging. Inferno, the smallest of the four Superiore zones, produces the fullest, deepest-color, and most robust wine. Noticeably tannic when young, it requires more aging than Grumello and Valgella (generally three and a half to four years) before it evolves into a full, round wine with a deep bouquet replete with hazelnuts and berries. Last, there is Sassella, often called the king of the Valtellina's wines. Like Inferno, it is a wine of longevity; but unlike Inferno, it tends to
be well balanced and harmonious even in its youth. As it matures, Sassella becomes full and rich, with a deliciously complex bouquet. If you taste only one wine from the Valtellina, let it be Sassella.

Another Valtellina wine to be sought out is Sfursat, which is made of dried berries. As the grapes approach maturity, the vintner looks for the healthiest clusters with the highest sugar count. Two or three days before the regular harvest begins, these clusters are picked and spread on mats in a drafty building, where they are left to dry until mid-January. By the time they are ready to be made into wine, the grapes have lost 40 to 45 percent of their moisture. The result is a full-bodied, rich wine with a highly concentrated bouquet, intense flavor, and high alcohol content—at least 14.5 percent.

Sfursat is a wine that needs long aging, enjoys a very long life, and benefits from hours of airing before it is drunk. In the Valtellina it is the custom on a cold winter’s night to open the bottle of Sfursat early, set it near the fire, and then, late in the evening, after it has warmed and all its complex nuances have unfolded, to drink it at its full power—deep, vinous, opulent. But it is not every day that the people of the Valtellina get to enjoy a Sfursat. Production is limited, and more than 80 percent is exported. Seventy percent of the grapes from which Sfursat is made can come from any of the Valtellina Superiore vineyards, but its DOC is Valtellina, not Superiore.

Although the Valtellina grows no white
GOOD WINES TO LOOK FOR

At the Aldo Rainoldi winery, which has been making wine for nearly eighty years, I tasted an excellent white, Bianco Tzapel, sold in the United States under the name Bianco Rainoldi (imported by C. Daniele & Co., of New York City). A nonvintage, pale, straw-colored wine with a clean, fruity aroma, an assertive character, and good balance, though by no means complex, it is one of Italy's more pleasing whites.

Other interesting wines I tasted at Rainoldi are Valtellina DOC 1978, clean, round, with an aroma of ripe cherries (while the DOC's legal aging minimum is one year, Rainoldi ages his Valtellina for two); Valgella 1978, a pretty wine with a rosy hue, fuller-bodied than the Valtellina DOC and more polished and elegant; Sassella 1978, a beautiful, garnet-color wine with a subtle nose of berries, a round, medium-full body, and a finesse that explains why it has been called the king of Valtellina wines; and Sfursat 1977, which Rainoldi gave nearly five years of wood aging, rather than the three with which some vintners are content. It is a rosy red wine, generous and mellow, with wonderfully concentrated berry flavors.

Rainoldi also produces two sparkling wines: Brut Nature and Brut Rosé, both made by the méthode champenoise from Nebbiolo grapes planted at the highest altitudes.

At the Enologica Valtellinese, a 110-year-old winery that produces highly commendable wines, I was especially impressed by those from the Inferno zone. The very young Inferno 1980 had a deep, bright color, a nose still muted but evolving, and a flavorful taste—a promising wine (imported by A. L. Romano Wine Co., in San Francisco). Inferno Riserva 1975 was brilliantly clear, with a hint of age beginning to show in the color around the edge, and a nose that had the fascinating depth that comes with rounded maturity—a mouth-filling wine with a long, assertive finish. The most striking wine I tasted at the Enologica was a Paradiso Riserva 1976. Paradiso is a special vineyard in the Inferno zone, and since Enologica owns 95 percent of it, it is the only firm to make a Paradiso wine. The 1976 Riserva I tasted was healthy, clean, and bright, aging gracefully while gaining in complexity, with a sturdy spine, good balance, and an intense, lingering finish.

Nino Negri, an old firm in the Valtellina, was begun in the last century by the Negri family and bought in 1970 by Winefood, a large company with interests in several Italian wineries. With the death of the senior Signor Negri in 1977, the family's involvement has ended. Negri is a well-known producer whose wines generally mature sooner than those of Rainoldi and the Enologica. Particularly noteworthy during a recent tasting was a Nino Negri Valtellina Superiore 1971, a blend of wines from all four Superiore zones made only in special years. It had nice maturity and complexity, with smoothness and good balance. Like all the Nino Negri wines, it is imported by Dreyfus, Ashby & Co., in New York City.

Negri also makes a special wine called Fracia, a vineyard within the Valgella zone owned by the firm. Its 1979 was remarkably smooth for its age and showed good fruit.

Other commendable producers in the Valtellina include Polatti, whose wines are rich and well structured; Bettini, whose wines generally mature earlier than those of Polatti and Rainoldi; and Pelizzatti, which is considered a lower label of Negri.

Perhaps because they are not so well known as other Italian wines, the wines of the Valtellina are very well priced, which makes them—particularly Sassella and Inferno—some of the best values available in Nebbiolo-based wines. Ironically, one of the finest producers, Rainoldi, sells its wines at the lowest prices, with its 1979s averaging four dollars each, 1978s ranging from $4 to $4.50, those 1976s still avail-

able selling for about $5, and Sfursat 1974 priced at only $7.50.

The Enologica Valtellinese offers its 1978s and 1979s for $7 to $7.25; Paradiso 1976 for $7.25; Paradiso 1974 for $8; and Inferno Riserva 1975 for $9.75.

Nino Negri's 1978 and 1979 Valtellina Superiore wines run from $6.50 to $7.30, while its Sfursat 1978 is $10. The only Fracia that I know to be available now is a 1975 selling for $6.70 in New York.

And what years are the best vintages in the Valtellina? According to the vintners themselves, 1982, 1980, and 1978 are excellent; 1979, 1970, and 1969 are very good; 1975 is considered a good, 1976 a mediocre, and 1977 a poor year.

The wines of 1983, which have just been judged, are said to compare with the excellent 1982s. The major problem in 1983 was not the quality of the wines but landslides that destroyed some prized vineyards.

—E.F.
A few miles from the Swiss border, the Valtellina is a narrow strip of land running twenty-five miles between alpine ranges on whose arduous slopes its vineyards are planted as far up as 2,500 feet.

grapes, it nevertheless produces some white wine, made by pressing Nebbiolo and other red grapes and removing the juice from the skins as quickly as possible. In a cool climate like that of the Valtellina, there is less likelihood than in a warmer region of the skin’s staining the juice during pressing. The best of its white wines tend to be crisp, well balanced, with an assertive flavor.

The rugged terrain of the Valtellina assures its people that the pattern of their lives is unlikely to change soon, although the fact that the grape pickers who swarm among the vines at harvest time generally average fifty to sixty years of age suggests trouble to come. “The young people don’t want to spend their lives in these vineyards,” a vintner of the Valtellina said as we stood at the edge of a Nebbiolo plot watching workers toil up the slopes. “If things go on this way, I don’t know what may happen...” And indeed, in the last ten years about 500 acres of vineyards, mostly at lower altitudes, have been lost to apple orchards, leaving about 4,000 acres of vines in the Valtellina. But much continues unchanged. In spring, when wisteria blooms on every wall, young cyclists whiz down mountain roads; when snow covers the valley, skiers pass by on their way to the Selvino Pass and St. Moritz; and always, older men stand around outdoor cafés discussing harvests past and to come.

To visit vineyards in most wine regions of the world is to be engulfed in an ocean of vines. To visit the Valtellina is to stand at the rim of a small plot and look up to the next ledge and the next small plot—brave little patches that have clung to unforgiving slopes for so many centuries that finally it becomes unclear where vineyard ends and mountain rock begins. Despite the punishing difficulties that these winegrowers must overcome year after year, their wines seem meant to endure as long as the mountain does.

Most of the people who harvest the grapes are past fifty. The young aren’t interested.
Lynn Nesbit, the literary megagent, spends most of her working day on the telephone. At one moment she might be talking animatedly to Tom Wolfe; the next, chatting with John Barth; then a call might come in from Ann Beattie; then she might hear from Michael Crichton; then from William Gass. Robert Caro might be next in line, or Toni Morrison, or John Hawkes, or even Hunter Thompson, or, more likely, some oddball who has to get in touch with Hunter Thompson and has been told that she might be his ticket. These people, the oddball excluded, are all among Nesbit's clientele. For two decades, she has been diligently and capably peddling the literary properties of many of the world's foremost authors.

Her trim figure owes something to her fanaticism for health foods and a fondness for exercise, but surely also to a harried schedule. She wastes no time. In her mid-forties, she knows her mind and speaks with point-blank directness. She does not fit the stereotype of the hard-driving agent who stomps into a publisher's office, slams his fist on the desk, and growls, "Give us the mill, or we take your kids." Nevertheless, her track record in the business is legendary. She once obtained, on the basis of a several-page outline, a smart $2 million advance for a book about jealousy by Nancy Friday, no doubt making other agents a little jealous.

Her projects are wildly diverse. Three years ago, she negotiated for Jimmy Carter when he decided he would write his memoirs. Then she sold Rosalynn Carter's memoirs. Two years ago, she sold the autobiography of the jet test pilot Chuck Yeager, as well as the autobiography of Helen Caldicott, the Australian physician and antinuclear crusader. She placed Alfred Kazin's forthcoming book on William James. No one else would do when it came to peddling the U.S. first serial rights to part of the purported Hitler diaries, which later proved to be fakes. The stormy debates about the agent's responsibility to certify authenticity have long since subsided, but for the future, Nesbit says, she might launch her own investigations of suspect works or else just steer clear of them. There is plenty else to do—such as closing a deal with ABC for a miniseries based on Michael Korda's Queenie, or selling rights to Many Happy Returns, the latest volume in Shirley MacLaine's autobiography.

Many of Nesbit's phone companions...
are, of course, editors. Robert Gottlieb, the editor in chief at Alfred A. Knopf, has been cheerfully buying books from her for twenty years. "She's absolutely at the top," he says, "as I think everyone would agree. There's nobody with better clients. Some people are best at the deal. Some people are best at nurturing a writer. Some people are good at obtaining for a writer what he really needs, whether it's money or attention or a good editor. Lynn is very good at everything."

She lives in a spacious, prettily appointed Upper West Side apartment. One morning, with the maid tidying up in the living room and the thrum of the vacuum cleaner filling the air, Nesbit sits in the dining room, sips from a lavender mug of coffee, and talks about being an agent. "A lot of this business is instinct and intuition," she remarks. "It's very important to know the editors—their interests, what kind of prose they like and don't like, what kind of books they've done before—to be in tune with them. Every manuscript has to be dealt with differently. There's no magic formula."

Nesbit can get a delicious thrill out of a whopper of a deal, but she is not all that smitten by bonanzas. She pooh-poohs all the hype that permeates the publishing world. "There's too much emphasis put in publishing on the deal. And they've often been aggrandized beyond what they are. We've all had big deals for books that didn't work. Then the publisher pulls back. It's a myth that if a publisher pays a big advance for a book, that guarantees they'll do everything for it—advertising and so forth. On the other hand, it's exhilarating to have a book that had a relatively modest contract which, when it's completed, proves to have more potential than we first thought. It doesn't take a genius to work out a deal for James Michener or Robert Ludlum."

The deal, as they call the actual contract, is all that. The advance and the royalty payout. All that is just the beginning. Nesbit's real work comes in the multitude of details of editing, merchandising, and marketing of rights to paperback houses and movie and television production companies. "It's easy to get bogged down in the minutiae of this business," she says. "But you can't lose sight of the overview. Where is this going? That's what you need to know."

The business isn't as much fun as it used to be. Many editors are about as interested in taking a gamble on a new voice as they are on betting their salary on wheat futures. "It doesn't seem that there's the level of intensity and commitment among

To authors such as Ann Beattie, Nesbit can be priest, shrink, midwife, sounding board.
miniscript and told to write a reader's report. Only Nesbit and one other of the sixty students found it publishable. It was The L-Shaped Room, by Lynn Reid Banks, which Simon & Schuster did in fact publish, with considerable success. Guest lecturers, among them Bennet Cerf, the head of Random House, addressed the class on the sundry components of publishing. It was when Sterling Lord (himself the agent for such clients as F. Lee Bailey and Joe McGinniss) appeared to speak about his work that something clicked for Nesbit.

She hated her first job, as an editorial apprentice at the Ladies' Home Journal, where she hung around for just three months. When Sterling Lord, with whom she had kept in touch and for whom she read French manuscripts on a free-lance basis, asked her to come work for him as a receptionist, she took a ten-dollar-a-week pay cut and picked up a grab bag of chores she loved. "I was his willing slave. I was his receptionist, his typist, his file clerk, and his mail boy." After six months, Lord's male assistant left. Nesbit got his job and began to learn the craft of agenting, patching together a first client list of her own.

One day Lord journeyed to the Staten Island Writers Conference and returned with a fat bundle of manuscripts and dumped it on Nesbit's desk. Rummaging through, she turned up a short story entitled "Big Broadcast 1938." Enchanted, she dashed off a glowing note to the author. It was Donald Barthelme, the short-story writer and novelist whose name has since become a household word to any reader of the New Yorker. He was one of her earliest clients. Other early members of her flock were Tom Wolfe, Leonard Michaels, the author of The Men's Club, and Victor Navasky, the political analyst and editor of the Nation.

After she had spent six years with Lord, Marvin Josephson, the owner of a small theatrical agency, asked Nesbit to start up a literary department for him at double her salary. "It was the chance to do my own thing. I also had the impulse even at that time that it was good to be in an agency that could offer other services, that had a West Coast office, so every client could be represented in TV and movies." One day, Ralph Mann (now the vice-chairman of the agency) asked her to talk to "this young writer who's written a thriller." Into her office walked a man who stood six foot nine and was in medical school. Nesbit remembers him as "incredibly bright" and teeming with ideas. She wanted to take him on. His father-in-law was an ex-agent, so the thriller-writing medical student was being interviewed by all the top agents. But he soon came back to Nesbit, saying something she remembers to this day: "Well, I'd like to go with you, and let's go up in the business together." The writer was Michael Crichton.

SOME PEOPLE FIND NESBIT BRUSQUE. HER AUTHORS KNOW OTHERWISE

Marvin Josephson Associates was engaged in an aggressive corporate-acquisition plan, taking over talent agencies that handled concert artists, variety, television, and all manner of entertainment properties. The result was International Creative Management, headquartered in an office tower at 40 West Fifty-seventh Street, with offices in Los Angeles, London, Nashville, and Paris. Nesbit occupies an orderly sanctum on the sixth floor, brightly furnished with an orange-topped desk, white chairs, and a blue carpet that inconspicuously crawls up one of the walls. She is a senior vice-president of the firm, in charge of the literary department, superintending six other agents. (She draws a salary she acknowledges is "generous," takes her 10 percent cut of her authors' earnings, and receives frequent bonuses in the form of ICM stock.) The diversity within the firm works to the clients' advantage. If, for instance, Nesbit has a book she thinks Laurence Olivier might like to take a peek at, she picks up the phone and calls his agent, who works for ICM in London. It's all in the family.

Nesbit is an early riser. "As a working mother, I always felt it was important to give my daughters breakfast and see them off to school. [Currently separated from her husband, she has two daughters, twelve and thirteen.] Sometimes I'll have a breakfast date. Then I'll get to the office. I'll try to get the Times read, and Publishers Weekly; do some manuscript reading. Every Tuesday morning I go to a television meeting, which I find is helpful in getting information. For instance, with the success of Winds of War and Lace, it's easier to sell miniseries. We don't have lots of meetings, unlike publishing houses. Then my day is filled with the telephone. It just doesn't stop."

She usually has a lunch of fruit and yogurt at her desk and frequently goes to the gym for a quick workout. After lunch, it's the telephone again. At the end of the day, she sometimes meets somebody for a drink. If she gets home early, say, by 6:30, she continues to get or return business calls. By ten o'clock, she starts reading manuscripts for a couple of hours. "I try to delegate Saturdays and Sundays to reading during the day. It's not really fair to read at night after a full day."

In a negotiation, Nesbit gets right to business. Time is precious. Robert Gottlieb guesses that his average negotiation with her takes about ten seconds. "I'm very direct," she explains. "I don't mince words. Publishers and I have a healthy respect for each other's role. I never go in thinking a publisher is my adversary. You have to think beyond the contract."

Says Gottlieb, "She's totally professional and literate and of course very nice. Her ego does not get in the way. She does not need to make the most fabulous deal in order to set records. Some people are scared of her. They find her brusque." Her authors know otherwise. Robert Caro, for instance, who signed on with her a few years after quitting Newsday in 1967 to write his monumental study of Robert Moses, remembers long stretches when he would run low on money: "Nesbit kept digging up ways to keep him going. "In a moment of crisis," he says, "she comes as close as possible to being the perfect person to have on your side. I'm full of Texas expressions from working on my Lyndon Johnson book, and there's an expression, 'a good man to go to the well with.' It comes from when settlers were holed up in a log cabin surrounded by Indians. If you had to get water you needed someone to go to the well with who you could really trust. I would say Lynn is a good woman to go to the well with."

Nesbit, with intuitive leaps, is always unearthing new markets to sell books to. Writers of hers have written computer games, so she taught herself how to bargain with such new trading partners as Spinnaker, and set up a new satellite, ICM Technology Talent, in Boston, to represent software programmers. "An agent today has to be more sophisticated in terms of selling to the new technologies," she remarks. "An agent in a way has to be sort of a protean personality. But let me quickly add, as exciting as it is to work in these new areas, I still love books best."

Miss Nesbit rests her chin in her hands. "One thing Ezra Pound said about literature is 'Make it new.' That's what I have to do with my job—make it new. Each day I must reinvent the process."
High on the Upper West Side: the agent at home among her books and her children, Claire, twelve (left), and Priscilla, thirteen.
BONNET HOUSE

A private world on the Fort Lauderdale beach; a stunning testament to another time—and to a witty, idiosyncratic vision

BY CARL J. WEINHARDT, JR. PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY GROSKINSKY

Flanked by the glass and steel structures of Florida's Gold Coast, the extraordinary house (left) is hidden behind a stand of pines. At top: The owner, Mrs. Frederic C. Bartlett, standing in Bonnet House's east loggia.
The magnificent painting studio that Frederic Bartlett built for himself in 1920.

It is a magical and most unlikely place. The winter home of Evelyn Fortune Bartlett, the widow of the painter Frederic Clay Bartlett (1874-1954), Bonnet House reflects the immensely imaginative people who created it. Individual, original, eccentric, it is an artist’s house—a far cry from the great houses of Palm Beach where the rich could parade their wealth at a comfortable distance from its mundane sources: the grain mills, steel factories, or Wall Street. Virtually interchangeable, those mansions expressed the character and taste not of their owners but of fashionable architects and interior decorators instead. Bonnet House, rather than exemplifying a particular style or period, celebrates a way of life through a unique aesthetic that can combine gilded baroque doors and a ceiling of boards cut from a mahogany log found on the beach, with unsentimental charm.

Indirectly, Bonnet House traces its origins to that notable late-nineteenth-century extravaganza the World’s Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago in 1893. Hugh Taylor Birch, a young, socially prominent Chicagoan, was upset by the event’s encroachment on his life. It annoyed him, for instance, when his pet cow was ejected from the stable to make room for another horse, needed to pull coaches used to take the family’s many out-of-town houseguests to visit the fair. His response: to flee the scene. A nature lover, Birch headed for the Florida frontier, where he began buying up much of what is now Fort Lauderdale beach, including the site of Bonnet House.

At the same time, another Chicagoan, Frederic Clay Bartlett, nineteen, responded very differently to the fair. He found the exposition a scene of glamour and delight. Night after night Bartlett absorbed the excitement and wonders of the “White City,” glowing with tens of thousands of the still-new electric lights. But it was the “miles and miles of pictures,” he wrote in a memoir some years later, that caused “a never-ending wild excitement... to
think that man could conceive such things, and actually bring them into being on a flat bare canvas." Bartlett, too, decided to leave Chicago, but he chose to go to Europe in order to study painting.

Some twenty-five years later, when he had become an established artist in America, Bartlett, now a widower, married Helen Louise Birch, the daughter of the Florida pioneer. As a wedding present, Hugh Birch gave the newlyweds a "house lot" in Fort Lauderdale for a winter home. Asked about the dimensions of a "house lot," Birch rephed, "Oh, about as far as you can swing a cat." Apparently, Bartlett had a good swing; the site of the future Bonnet House comprised some seven hundred feet of ocean beach front extending back over thirty or so acres.

Soon after their marriage, the Bartletts began to assemble what would be one of America's most selective and distinguished collections of Postimpressionist paintings. The towering masterpiece among their holdings was Seurat's Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte. But there were also superb works by van Gogh, Rousseau, Matisse, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Cézanne.

To escape the harsh northern winters, in 1920-21 Bartlett designed and built Bonnet House on the Fort Lauderdale property. The first structure to be completed was a splendid painting studio with a great north window. Like the rest of the house, the studio is constructed of simple concrete blocks, which were designed and made on the spot. Blending classical elements with native materials, in the interior Bartlett set an elaborate white-marble Victorian fireplace against the block wall. He stood his large artist's easel in front of the north window and hung his palettes along the walls. Much of the studio remains today as it was when its original creator was working there. A number of his paintings are on the walls, as well as a large nineteenth-century "Persian dynasty" canvas that he hung over the fireplace. Rare "souvenirs" of the Bartletts' world travels fill the cabinets.

The unusual roof illustrates the designer's architectural imagination and ingenuity. The columns that support the balcony likely came from a neoclassical building in New England, and the trompe l'oeil painted balustrade is a typical example of the fun he had in creating his home.

An observation tower, with one of Bartlett's tropical ceiling murals on the lower level, had an unparalleled view during the early years of Bonnet House—it was the tallest structure on this stretch of coast. Until the 1940s, it was also used for sun-bathing; then low-flying aircraft made that activity impractical.

In 1925 Helen Birch Bartlett died, and as a memorial, her bereaved husband gave their extensive collection of Postimpressionist paintings to the Art Institute of Chicago. Frederic Bartlett and his father-in-law continued living at Bonnet House during the winters. Five years later, he married Evelyn Fortune, the daughter of a civic leader and innovator from Indianapolis, Indiana. With the arrival of Frederic's third wife, Bonnet House came under a determined but sensitive mistress who was to control and shape its destiny.

During their early years together, Frederic suffered cataracts and underwent a series of operations. At this time, with Frederic's blessing, Evelyn took up painting. Her style was distinctive, her success immediate. An innate sensitivity to color and design, which had been manifest in her gardening, needlework, and flower arranging, served her new interest well. While Frederic always encouraged her, he never tried to instruct her, and she quickly evolved a very personal style.

Evelyn concentrated on flower painting, still lifes, and portraits, with a consistent preference for brilliant, glowing colors. Within a few years she had a one-woman show at New York's Wildenstein gallery, exhibiting over fifty paintings, which received a highly favorable press. For Evelyn, Frederic decided to create a complex of three small and totally different rooms. They are still a focal point of life in Bonnet House today. The first of these, the octagonal "shell museum," is at once rich, witty, and gay. Built-in cabinets hold superb shells, gathered from around the world and for the most part in matched pairs. The central sofa is crowned by a striking single spire of coral.

Beyond the shell room, the orchid house holds a dazzling display of exotic forms and exquisite colors. In recent decades the evening ritual has been to visit the orchid room before dinner and admire the most beautiful blossoms of the day. Evelyn Bartlett's lifelong passion for orchid growing has gained her a knowledge of the species and their cultivation that is entirely professional.

The display in Evelyn's orchid house, center, changes weekly. Bottom: A marble "morning bust" dominates the music room.
A
ter enjoying the orchids, guests
generally retire to the amusing
little bamboo bar, evoking in
mood the art deco period during
which it was built. In this inti-
mate gathering area, Evelyn
Bartlett, ninety-seven, serves her famous
Rangpur cocktail, a rum-and-lime con-
coction. A leisurely dinner follows, in the
dining room or, if the weather is mild, on
one of the verandas overlooking the court-
yard. Servants' houses and a variety of
small service buildings and garages lie
beyond this pavilion, to the north.

The master bedroom, an elaborate room
on the second floor of the house, is sur-
rounded by cool-breeze-catching verandas
in the classic plantation-house tradition.
To reach it, Mrs. Bartlett climbs one of
two out-of-doors stairways (the house has
no enclosed stair). On this floor the guest
and servants' rooms, with painted wooden
walls, are furnished simply but with fine
period pieces here and there.

The central feature of Mrs. Bartlett's
bedroom, an elaborate Victorian bedroom
set, was constructed originally of dark
woods that gave it a monumental charac-
ter. Now painted white and gold, it has a
carefree manner perfectly suited to the
relaxed tropical setting. Eighteenth-cen-
tury etchings and engravings of orchids
and monkeys, of which Mrs. Bartlett is
particularly fond, cover the walls.

The dining room, very much a man's
room, has dark cypress walls that make a
dramatic background for Frederic Bart-
lett's collection of mounted fish. The
preparation of the dining table each eve-
ning is in itself a creative act. Rarely are
two settings alike. The hostess devises
inventive, sometimes playful, but invari-
able harmonious combinations—they al-
most evoke applause from dinner guests.

Bonnet House abounds with its creator's
drolleries. Fanciful murals by Frederic dec-
orate many ceilings or hide in corners,
creeping up the walls like tropical vines.
Faux marble floors and balustrades and
shell-encrusted window frames figure in
the decor, and a menagerie of wooden
carousel animals inhabits the arcades of
the great central courtyard. The ubiq-
tuous monkey appears in eighteenth-cen-
tury singeric prints in the guest rooms, in
carved sculptures in shell-lined niches in
the loggia, and in live form, by the dozens,
in the magnificent ficus trees that sur-
round the house.

One would hardly expect a convention-
al drawing room at Bonnet House, where
the precepts of formality have been wittily
redefined. With walls of exposed, painted
concrete blocks and a Victorian mantel-
piece, the Bartletts' drawing room happily
combines the native Florida vernacular
with rich elements of America's European
heritage. Extraordinary baroque doorways
at the north and south ends of the room are
characteristic Bartlett flourishes. Finding

Individual, original,
eccentric, it is
an artist's house.

a pair of twisted baroque columns, the cou-
ples hit on the idea of splitting them in half
to frame two doors. Then they invented
the elaborate ornamental surrounds, which
Frederic painted, and added the eighteenth-century painted cartouche
panels. Lacking ostentatiousness, this
room is not meant to impress the visitor.
Its furnishings are straightforward, func-
tional. Because the drawing room has nev-
er been "finished," it continues to grow,
change, and evolve with its owner's ever-
widening interests. Planned for comfort,
quiet reflection, and reading, it also serves
as the backdrop of small parties and an-
imated discussions studded with painted
opinions.

The music room is small, but its unusual
height—fourteen feet—helps to give it
extraordinary presence and dignity. The
Victorian furniture, tall mirrors, and
white-marble fireplace seem to have
adapted to the tropical surroundings. The
veil-covered bust of a woman on the man-
telpiece is a tour de force of the Victorian
sculptor's art. An eye-fooling painted mar-
ble floor is another example of Frederic's
practical use and lighthearted enjoyment
of his artistic talents.

Returning to the central courtyard, one
is struck by the two large, fanciful cast-
concealed fish, designed by Frederic Bart-
lett, which surmount the main entrance
gates to Bonnet House. The upper, open-
work brick portion of the encircling wall
acts as a windscreen, protecting the more
delicate botanical species from the prevail-
ing winds. Frederic also designed and built
the brightly painted wooden aviary. In the

The octagonal "shell museum," above left, serves as a foyer to the orchid house (beyond the door at left) and the bamboo bar, above right, an intimate space where up to a dozen guests may enjoy a quiet prelude of cocktails and conversation before dinner.
Bonnet House is symbolic of an ephemeral way of life and a spirit that may not be easy to preserve or communicate to future generations. Williamsburg, Newport, and the rest of the special enclaves are simpler to explain. There is no yardstick by which to measure it, no parallels, no immediate precedents, and certainly no contemporary copies or descendants. Though it stands alone, the humanity, the sensibility, the tongue-in-cheek humor of Bonnet House always will speak to the perceptive visitor.

That this large slice of Eden has survived intact is a monument to the will and determination of Evelyn Bartlett. For the three decades since her husband’s death she has quietly ignored “economic realities” and pressure from would-be developers. In recent years Mrs. Bartlett and her close friends Mr. and Mrs. S. Dillon Ripley (he is the secretary emeritus of the Smithsonian Institution), along with numerous officers and members of the national and Florida trusts for historic preservation and other local community leaders, have developed a plan that will preserve the estate. As a result, it will someday be open to the public, so that many people may experience firsthand the ambience and pleasures of a perfect small gem of America’s social and architectural history. 

Carl J. Weinhardt, Jr., is the newly appointed director of Bonnet House.
BACH'S OTHER CHILDREN

The choir for which Bach wrote his cantatas still sings its faith in godless Leipzig

By Uwe Siemon-Netto

The parishioners of an old, gray church in East Germany are probably the most musically privileged Christians on earth. Every Friday and Saturday they are treated to motet and cantata services sung by the pure, bell-like voices of a boys choir whose history goes back over 750 years. Most Sunday mornings in Leipzig's late-Gothic Thomaskirche, some of the same voices lead the congregation into the sumptuous high Lutheran liturgy: Kyrie eleison, Lord, have mercy.

These children, dressed in sailor blouses or, after their voices have broken, dark-blue suits, are known to every Bach enthusiast in Europe. They are the legendary Thomanerchor. No choirboys have been more carefully chosen for their musical talent, have been more diligently trained, or have spent more time singing: almost two hours a day, more than 600 hours a year, including rehearsals, liturgical performances, and concerts.

In their unpretentious, merry, dynamic way, these boys are

*The Thomanerchor boys and their cantor, Hans-Joachim Rotzsch, before a monument to the greatest cantor of them all, J. S. Bach.*
perhaps the best interpreters in existence of Johann Sebastian Bach's choral works. It is hardly surprising, since from 1723 until his death, in 1750, Bach was the cantor, or music director, of this choir and wrote most of his 290 or so cantatas for it.

As in Bach's day, the singers remain in the church gallery during the Sunday liturgy until immediately after the Credo, which they intone with the other faithful. Then, before a pastor in a black gown with a huge white ruff begins his sermon, they slip into a side chapel for their own service. This irritates the choir's present owners, for the Thomanerchor is not legally part of the church in which it does most of its singing and in which Bach lies buried before the altar. Since the Reformation, it has been a municipal institution operated by the Leipzig city government, which today is Communist-run. While this has hampered some of the boys' traditional religious practices, it has not altered the quality of their music making.

In fact, connoisseurs of oratorio feel that the choir is probably better today than at any other time since the death, in 1956, of the Thomaskantor Gunther Ramin. A brilliant organ virtuoso, he was one of the giants of Bach interpretation in this century. The choir's renewed excellence is due to the present cantor, Hans-Joachim Rotzsch, who is a singer rather than an instrumentalist. A renowned tenor, he is the fifteenth cantor in the line of succession since Bach. Rotzsch is a jolly, even-tempered man of fifty-one who has an extraordinarily gentle and humorous way with children. "No child is born with an unhealthy voice," he once told me, "It's just that his voice gets ruined before he has a chance to grow up. It's my job as cantor to liberate his larynx and vocal cords from the unnatural pressures of guttural speech and song and bring the voice forward into the boy's mouth." He and his assistants spend hours at this task, making sure that the boys shed their broad Saxon accent. This is not easy, but the children don't seem to mind, partly because they are well aware that they belong to a tiny elite and partly because their cantor jolts them along.

One day I sat under the portraits of former cantors in the bright rehearsal room of the choir's home, on Hillerstrasse. Rotzsch was at the keyboard of a grand piano accompanying the boys as they sang the opening chorus of the Saint Matthew Passion: "Come, ye daughters, share my mourning. See him! Who? The bridegroom Christ." Suddenly he stopped: "Aber meine Herren, meine Herren! Do you really think the daughters will come if you call them in that ridiculous accent? No, they'll stay where they are and laugh at themselves silly." The ones who now laughed themselves silly were ninety-three boys—the Thomaner—but at a performance months later, at Easter, they had it right.

Those who have made it to that rehearsal room are a chosen few. In some years, up to 15,000 boys between nine and ten apply for the fifteen freshman positions in the choir and its boarding school. Only about one hundred are considered good enough even to be tested. Most have been sent by their music teachers because they are indeed exceptional, but only those with truly extraordinary musical talents need have applied. They must be able to read a score, sing from it, know some musical theory, and play at least one musical instrument. Those who pass are still not sure of admission. They are sent to a special music school for training and some months later take another test; if they pass this one, they may call themselves Thomancer.

Once they are Thomancer, their childhood and youth will be utterly different from that of all other East German boys—except their archrivals, the Kreuzchor in Dresden, whose traditions are linked to Heinrich Schütz, one of Bach's fore-runners. They must never come down with a cold (which rules out many sports and games); they are on the road at home and abroad for several months of the year and must catch up with schooling after their return. Christmas Eve, the day most German children receive their presents, they never spend with their parents, for that evening they sing carols in the Thomaskirche, and the next morning a cantata. Only then may they go home for Christmas.

These efforts to obtain perfection in the most beautiful way of praising God are being made by an institution owned and operated by Communist authorities. The irony is less curious when one recognizes that the state, officially godless, derives a handsome annual income in desperately needed hard currency from the Thomanerchor's singing abroad.

Yet if children praising God are a major asset to this state, it spares no effort to persuade them that the God they sing to in the cantatas, motets, passions, and hymns does not really exist. No pious words are allowed at school outside the rehearsal room. The ancient custom of standing behind one's seat before each meal, while singing a hymn and saying a prayer, was stopped by the city fathers in 1972. All Christian symbols were removed from the stark dormitories and replaced by portraits of East Germany's Communist leaders. The choir's chaplain may no longer visit the children in their quarters, where three avowedly Marxist teachers supervise them.

When the boys are old enough to be confirmed, the ruling "Socialist Unity Party" sends professional agitators to their parents' homes. "Sometimes these emissaries of atheism turn up three or four times, prodding our parents to stop us from going through with the ceremony," a fourteen-year-old Thomancer told me. "They tell them that if we were confirmed we might find it hard to get into a university after we leave here." But in spite of these pressures, and many others, an overwhelming majority of the singers are committed Christians. They may not oppose Marxist
Professor Rotzsch, a renowned tenor and the choir's chief voice instructor before 1972, when he became its fifteenth cantor, plays with a bit of his huge train collection. The boys are welcome to join in. Below, they head for church to sing, dressed in the sailor suits they wear until their voices break, after which they change to sober dark-blue suits, befitting their new dignity.

rule openly, but they show a remarkable courage in making their beliefs known. Since they are not allowed to pray and sing hymns before meals, they now stand silently behind their chairs. Since their pastor is forbidden to visit them, they visit him in a nearby parish hall for scripture lessons.

One day I discussed this with one of the prefects. "Sometimes we receive freshmen from atheistic families," he said, "boys who don’t even know the meaning of the cross. I’ve seen them enter the Thomaskirche for the first time and yell cheerfully at the sight of the crucifix above the altar: ‘Look at the gymnast hanging there!’ But it doesn’t take us long to make them understand that we believe in what we sing and that the cross is the center of our faith. Soon they join the scripture lessons. Anyway, I have yet to see a Thomamer graduate from here a Communist."

Virtually no alumnus ever becomes a teacher, an army officer, a policeman, or a party functionary. About 20 percent opt for artistic careers; others become doctors, following an ancient alumni tradition; many study for the clergy. Their school is the only one left in East Germany that teaches classical Greek, which is compulsory for Lutheran theology students. Many of the choir-boys come from clerical backgrounds. One is the son of Johannes Hempel, the Lutheran bishop of Saxony, and most of the other boys hail from what is left of East Germany's old bourgeoisie.

"It’s strange," one of the older boys told me, "but the state has failed miserably to make proletarians of us. Not that there were deliberate efforts to keep out working-class children, but the entrance requirements are stringent, and where do you find workers’ families who train little children to be musicians?" There is some irony in the absence of working-class children in an institution that the "workers’ and peasants’ state" has honored with the "Grand Order of Merit of the Fatherland."

The Thomarnerchor has been a bourgeois institution since 1212, when Augustine prebendaries founded the Schola Thomana to teach a dozen paupers’ children enough monk’s Latin and prayers to prepare them to study for the priesthood. Psalms and melodies were taught as well, so that the boys could sing the vigils—something the monks were too lazy to do. But the Schola Thomana did not long remain a school for paupers. Since there was no other school in town, the wealthy merchants of Leipzig sent their children to the Augustine monks. Throughout the Middle Ages, bourgeois children in shabby black cloaks walked the streets of Leipzig singing for alms; this the Thomarnerchor continued to do until the early nineteenth century.

While the boys today may not like the state’s interference in their religious practices, their predecessors were treated with little consideration by their Christian masters. Since the children knew how to read and write, they had to accompany the illiterate town messenger to collect debts and taxes; they were hired out as well for marriages and funerals. Their performances at the graveside were sometimes hazardous. Every time the plague struck Leipzig, the choir was almost annihilated. Another distasteful duty was singing at executions, provided the condemned person

Below: Leipzig’s Thomaskirche as seen in a woodcut of 1735. Right: A page from the Saint Thomas Graduale, chief source of our knowledge of the musical culture at the Thomaskirche in the Middle Ages.
had confessed and received the last rites before being hanged, beheaded, broken on the wheel, or burned at the stake.

Yet for all the unpleasant tasks, there were compensations. The Thomanerchor sang at every important event in the town's history. In 1409, it sang for the inauguration of Leipzig's university. It sang in 1519 at the memorable disputation between Martin Luther and his papist opponent Johann Eck, a debate that became one of the cornerstones of the Reformation. The Thomaskantor of the day even wrote a cantata for the occasion. It sang to give thanks for the end of every war that ever plagued Leipzig—the Thirty Years War, the Battle of Leipzig, where Napoleon was finally defeated, and World War II, during which entire classes of Thomaner vanished into the Wehrmacht and the school was bombed out during the fiery night of December 4, 1943.

The high point in the Thomanerchor's history was its twenty-seven years under Johann Sebastian Bach, though to accompany the choir when it sang his cantatas he had only three pipers and four fiddlers—the forerunners of the magnificent Gewandhaus Orchestra. Having few instrumentalists in Bach's day, the boys accompanied themselves. This led to the tradition that every boy must play at least one instrument.

Bach, however, was soon effaced from memory. His immediate successors refused to let the choir perform the great Saint Matthew Passion; it was not sung again in Leipzig until Felix Mendelssohn resuscitated it in 1841. To this day, long-forgotten J. S. Bach manuscripts keep surfacing, to be sung by the Thomanerchor. When I visited the school a few years ago, the boys were rehearsing a cantata on the Twenty-fifth Psalm: "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift my soul." The manuscript, in Bach's handwriting (though it may have been composed by his son Friedemann), was found in a blocked-off chapel of the Merseburg Cathedral, near Leipzig. One of the boys later told me that it was "as if the old man had sent us a message at a time when we felt a particularly strong pressure from the Communists."

One Saturday afternoon as I sat in the Thomaskirche, where the choir still sings at certain services, I suddenly heard the boys say the Lord's Prayer, loudly and in unison. When I asked about this afterward, they said, "Look, you cannot really sing Bach without faith. Bach still works as a missionary among us." —

Uwe Siemens-Netto, a free-lance journalist, was born in Leipzig.

It was as if Bach had sent us a message when we felt most pressed by the Communists.
Syracuse, the greatest city of Magna Graecia, was made up of four separate towns, and the most ancient of these, into whose confines Syracuse shrank in its less splendid days, is Ortygia. An island joined to the mainland by an isthmus, it curves down to form the western arm of the magnificent harbor, the source of Syracuse's prosperity and strength.

Pindar was so impressed by Ortygia that he called it "the sister of Delos, the couch of Artemis." Cicero evoked with admiration the Arethusa, a spring of fresh water called after the nymph, and in his peroration against Verres, the Sicilian governor who plundered the country, he went on to describe fervently the temple "rich in treasures" that stood on Ortygia and was dedicated to Athena.

Ortygia is still the most beautiful quarter of what is today a lively fishing town, and the temple remains, one of the few holy places where worship has probably gone on uninterrupted while civilizations and their pantheons have been swept away. Now the cathedral of Syracuse, it is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Her statue, feet lightly poised on the heads of smiling cherubs, rises up on the façade toward the point where a great statue of Athena once watched over the harbor, holding a polished shield that, flashing in the sunlight, guided sailors to the shore.

Santa Maria delle Colonne, as the Duomo has been called, no longer commands an eminence and no longer dominates the waterfront. The narrow streets and baroque buildings of Ortygia, with their pretty balconies like maître d'hôtel frills cut from metal, have crowded up around the piazza and obstructed the view. The ground has risen to the temple's level, while the ruins of Ortygia's other Greek temple now lie twenty feet underground.

Instead of the awesome severity of an acropolis, to be approached humbly from below, the Duomo now has the charm of an unassuming, marginal building: an afterthought, not a pronouncement. It stands off-center in a piazza that is informal, almost random, in form, with magnificent baroque palazzi all around and oleander trees pruned like standard roses in the gardens of medieval illuminations.

On the north side of the Duomo, dominating the Via Minerva, the huge Doric columns of the temple can be seen, half-buried in the roughly dressed stone wall, the capitals and plinths emerging haphazardly from the masonry as if from a cracked tombstone. This flanking wall bears Norman crenellations above the Greek metopes and triglyphs and does not flow seamlessly into the façade or the apse of the church, but meets both with improvised joins. The contrast between this rugged flanking wall, with its impression of girth and power, and the façade could not be more violent. The façade, in Anthony Blunt's opinion, "as an example of the

Above: In the belfry, the Virgin Mary, her feet poised on cherub heads. Opposite: On the baroque façade, leafy Corinthian capitals.

THE DUOMO IN SYRACUSE IS
A MIRACLE OF GREEK PURITY AND BAROQUE DRAMA

BY MARINA WARNER PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERORELLI
It is probably the fourth face the building has been given, and certainly the least severe. The Byzantine narthex replacing the temple was destroyed by the Normans, but their church front came tumbling down in the great earthquake of 1693. In 1728, the architect Andrea Palma drew up designs to give the cathedral a wholly new look. He added wings to the stone, raising arch above arch, column above column, pediment above pediment, alcove above alcove in a restless but harmonious flight skyward, alliter with Corinthian details, acanthus scrolls, paired volutes, airborne cherubs, and saints swathed in drapery, creating extraordinary illusions of thrust and depths. The effect is operatic: Mary in the belfry looks as if she could easily burst into bel canto.

Nothing in the building’s exterior, the Mediterranean-light-filled charm of its approaches, or the drama of its façade prepares the eye for the experience waiting within. This church’s interior, where temple and cathedral are clasped together in stone, has numinous potency. Lawrence Durrell wrote about it: “You would think that this simple but daring idea would result in a dreadful fiasco. But you are astonished to find the result deeply harmonious and congruent; it has a peaceful feeling of inevitability, as if it had been achieved during sleep, unerringly.”

The church feels as if it had been hollowed out of rock; it shares the chthonic atmosphere of Byzantine shrines of the same date in the Holy Land, where rock is always present—bare, and the more mysterious for that—and the subterranean is more hallowed than the ethereal. The interior of the Duomo is not somber or gloomy. But its light, the almost saffron warmth of tone reflected off the Greek columns, belongs to the earth, not the sky, and that is a surprise in a Catholic church dedicated to Mary, the sky queen, the blue mother. The Greeks did not appreciate the perversity of disowning stone’s weight and mass, making it appear airborne. The thick Doric columns look like tensed giants, as indeed they proved themselves to be during the earthquake of 1693, when they held up the main body of the building. The earth pulled the columns of the north wall out of kilter and set askew some of the drums but did not topple them.

The temple was built by Gelon, the tyrant of Syracuse who led the Greeks to victory over the Carthaginians at Himera in 480 B.C. A small shrine already stood on the site, but Gelon raised a magnificent edifice of the Doric order, fourteen columns long and six across (by comparison, the Parthenon is seventeen by eight columns). The treasures for which Cicero grieved included doors of carved ivory with massive golden knobs. There was also “a lovely Gorgon’s face encircled with serpents.” No doors, he wrote, “more exquisitely wrought . . . have ever existed in any temple at all.” The interior was painted with scenes from the life and victories of Agathocles, another ruler of Syracuse, and was hung with twenty-seven other beautiful pictures (Cicero liked to interrupt his rhetorical flights with precise data), including portraits of the kings and tyrants of Sicily. All this was stripped by the plundering governor Verres.

When the reconsecration to Christianity took place is not exactly known, but the dedication—to Maria Theotokos—suggests that it could have been in the fifth century, when the Virgin was given that title—“Mother of God”—at the Council of Ephesus, in 431. In 640, Bishop Zosimus moved the bishop’s cathedral to the Virgin’s new church; he is said to be responsible for the building’s alteration.

The outside columns were filled in to create the cathedral’s outer walls, and then the sheer rampart of the Greek cella walls were cut out to make eight tall, narrow, round arches in the Byzantine style on either side of the nave. Just as a child building a sand castle scoops away the sand to leave a bridge, so the builders’ arches left square pilasters, and these were chamfered at the corners for elegance. The
masons converting the temple seem to have proceeded without plans, for the alignment of outer Greek columns to the inner Byzantine pilasters begins to break down halfway up the nave. Then the roof was raised, and light let in through recessed arched windows; three apses with half domes closed the east end. Only the northern chapel remains, now the shrine of a gentle Virgin and Child by the Sicilian sculptor Antonello Gagini.

But the most beautiful part of the cathedral lies in the south aisle, where the gaps between the Greek columns have been opened into side chapels and hung with wrought-iron gates. The shadows of their intricate designs, with corn ears, tronds, feathers, grapes, ribands, and star-burst haloes, fall across the severe fluting of the ancient columns, setting baroque frivolity against Doric simplicity with rhythm and grace; within, the varied marbles and fruity, voluptuous painted ceilings of the chapel of the Holy Sacrament suddenly introduce color into the earthen precincts of the temple, and the incongruity works dramatically, even though the trompe l'oeil scenes from the Old Testament are by no means masterpieces. Next door, in another side chapel, stands the silver and gold reliquary of Saint Lucy, the patron saint of Syracuse. Her relics were stolen away, first to Byzantium and thence, in 1204, by the Crusaders, to Venice. Saint Lucy is the protector of eyesight: when a pagan youth told her he burned with love of her beautiful eyes, she plucked them out and sent them to him, saying she had no use for them, for her beloved was in heaven.

The Duomo in Syracuse collapses time's normal unrelenting continuum, placing the texture of the past within our reach. In Rome, San Clemente, Santa Maria in Cosmedin, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and the small round temple of Santa Maria Egiziaca are built on the foundations or into the fabric of former pagan temples. In Assisi, the church in the main square also preserves the front peristyle of the temple to Minerva. Sicily is rich in these time layers. Its mythological map has not been obscured by later settlement. At Erice—Monte San Giuliano—the shrine of Venus Eryx flourishes as another church dedicated to Mary, Scylla and Charybdis still foam and seethe in the straits of Messina; the wind blows from Aeolus's stronghold among the islands, the giant Enceladus, imprisoned under Etna, still rebels and hurls rocks into the air, while Hephaestus works fiercely in his forge there in the crater; and, near Syracuse, the waters still bubble up in a grove of eucalyptus and papyrus—undisturbed by modern development or any but a few farmhands escaping the heat of the day—where Demeter, searching for her lost daughter, found the girdle Persephone had dropped as she fled from Hades, ruler of the underworld.

Gibbon expressed the sensation of time collapsing in on itself and the pleasure and thoughtfulness of that experience in his famous opening words: "It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefoot friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." In the Duomo at Syracuse no barefoot friars sing. Instead, in the sacristy, a man in a T-shirt with a bunch of keys slams down the telephone receiver and nods the faithful into the confessional box with a distinctly secular jerk of his unstonused head.

But although aggiornamento has reduced the picturesqueness of Catholic ritual, it has not destroyed its substance, and the cathedral at Syracuse is still a bustling church, marrying and shriving, reciting mass and giving communion regardless of the crowds who, in swim trunks and patchouli, come to feel that special sense of time collapsing and Athena living again in Mary. Catholicism's syncretism seems to have no limits. At one wedding the guests were marching in to the "Marseillaise" played on the organ, and Saint Lucy's cult is still so popular that her votive candles have been brought up to date. If you want to light a candle to her now, you push a button, and a flame-shaped bulb on the end of a taper-shaped plastic tube pops into life.

For more information on Sicily, see Traveline, page 128.

Marna Warner is a contributing editor to Connoisseur.
INSIDE "EASTSIDE"

New York's Winter Antiques Show—the best in this country—could be even better.

By Barrymore Laurence Scherer

In this country, antiquarians think a great deal about the annual New York Winter Antiques Show. "I'd love to exhibit there," explains one who is not among the elect. "Any serious dealer would, because it's the most prestigious one in our profession." Beyond that, Hervé Aaron of Didier Aaron, Inc., one of the truly elect, says, "The Chicago and San Francisco shows may have a more pleasant ambience—the dealers are more cooperative toward one another and the public is frequently better-informed—but New York is the buying show, and that's why every dealer worth his salt wants to be in it."

Is all this good enough? Alistair Stair, another luminary of the antiques world, whose firm has exhibited there since the beginning, does not think so—quite. "The Winter Antiques Show is the best in America," he says, "but it should be the best in the world."

It may have a way to go before it can ever be that, but the Winter Antiques Show is a vital part of our cultural fabric, a tantalizing El Dorado whose brilliance shatters the post-Yuletide doldrums experienced by fashionable New Yorkers during the cold and anticlimactic month of January. Each year roughly seventy dealers in opulence and rarity who have been invited to do so convene at the Seventh Regiment Armory, on Park Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, where, amidst botanical exuberances created by the Horticultural Society of New York and the floral designer J. Barry Ferguson, the chosen unveil their choicest and (they hope) most exciting wares. Lured by this assemblage of gilt-edged merchanty, a vast horde makes its annual pilgrimage, and for nine days—January 26 through February 3—an average daily crowd of 11,000 revisits Babylon within the armory's castellated brick walls.

"People come from all over America," observes the Chicago dealer Paul Franklin of Malcolm Franklin, Inc., a longtime exhibitor at the show. "We have a Texas contingent, a California contingent, contingents from Boston, Detroit, Philadelphia. In fact, just about every major city in the U.S. is represented by a group of people coming to view and perhaps to purchase at Eastside. I have even sold good pieces of furniture in New York to my own Chicago clients, who always laugh and say, 'Paul, I know you will deliver free.'"

"Eastside," the name by which many out-of-town dealers refer to the New York Winter Antiques Show, refers in turn to the East Side House Settlement, a privately funded day-care and old-age center now located in the South Bronx, which receives the net proceeds from general admissions (six dollars per ticket), catalogue sales, and the two preview parties, held on opening night, January 25. In fact, according to the show's manager, Russell Carrell, the Winter Antiques Show began as a fund-raiser for the settlement, over thirty years ago. In those days the East Side House Settlement, codirected by Mr. and Mrs. Carleton R. Lindquist, operated a thrift shop, which used to take a booth at the old Madison Square Garden Antiques Show. One year a dealer from Chicago who took the booth next to East Side's told Mrs. Lindquist about a Chicago settlement house that ran a very successful antiques show to raise money. After visiting the Chicago show herself, Mrs. Lindquist returned to New York with plans of her own. She spoke to one of her East Side House board members, Mrs. John Brown, who was a close friend of Mrs. Douglas MacArthur. Mrs. MacArthur was able to secure the Seventh Regiment Armory—a plum difficult to pick at the time—and Mrs. Brown agreed to underwrite the show should it lose money. The stage thus set, New York's first Winter Antiques Show made its bow in January 1954 and has been going under full steam ever since.

"Frankly, the show has done a...

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great deal to help the antiques business in America and raise its standards," Carrell observes. He also notes that "in the face of serious funding cuts, the proceeds from the show have enabled the settlement to maintain numerous important programs that would have languished otherwise."

A specialist himself, in American country antiques, Carrell runs twenty-two other shows across the country, including important ones in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Lake Forest, and San Francisco. "The duties are similar for each," he says. "Arrangements have to be ironed out with construction firms, designers, unions, and state legal and revenue agencies, not to mention the various exhibiting dealers themselves. There are sundry headaches, minor and major, depending upon the state and city ordinances. For example, the problem of theft is so bad in the city of Los Angeles that now everyone who enters the exhibition hall—even the dealers—must by law be fingerprinted.

Working closely with Carrell is the winter show's chairman, Mario Buatta, one of the country's leading interior designers, whose job is, in his words, "mainly to see that the show has an attractive look." A man with a reputation for charm and diplomacy, he admits that "it isn't always easy to deal with such a wide array of egos and personalities, some of which can be as fragile as the objects on display." It would seem, however, that all ran smoothly enough last year, for the 1985 roster of dealers at the show remains little changed from that of 1984.

One issue that does prompt considerable discussion among the show's participants is critical: how to raise its standards. "The Biennale in Paris shows us where we should go—if that were feasible," remarks Anthony G. Victoria of Frederick P. Victoria and Son. "It's a pity that we don't have a crystal palace devoted to functions of this nature. At the armory, the show is battered about to some extent by administrators who have other matters to deal with."

While Victoria, a specialist in eighteenth-century French furnishings, may have little hope that New York can soon come up with the sort of magnificent exhibition space that Paris's Grand Palais gives to the Biennale, he agrees with other dealers that the way to start upgrading the show is to upgrade the merchandise. The veteran Orientalist Gene Tyson remarks that "a growing number of collectors today are looking for top quality, unique and unusual things, and they'll settle for nothing less." Alastair Stair, the patrician head of Stair and Company, is even more explicit. "You need more silver dealers, more fine American dealers like Ginsburg and Israel Sack [who doesn't bother to exhibit at Eastside], more French furniture, more fine paintings. Folk art belongs in the show, but there are too many dealers selling weathervanes and rush-seated chairs."

The Oriental and French eighteenth-century furniture specialist Garrick C. Stephenson takes a slightly different approach. "The show must give people an idea of what is available in every genre—folk art included. While the uneducated eye may not respond at first to Chipendale, Bouille, or Ming, it might be caught by a piece of Shaker or a handmade quilt. Interest will be created, and a potential collector may develop on the spot. That's what we dealers want."

Some friction has also been generated over a related point: whether to upgrade by inviting European dealers. "The art market is international, yet New York still has no big international exhibition," explains Hervé Aaron, "and for the city that today is the center of Western culture, it seems a bit stupid to hold only an American show." Robert Schonfeld of Hirschl & Adler Galleries feels that "as long as the standards of the New York show are observed and the spirit maintained, I would welcome European dealers."

Opposite the expansionist camp stand the isolationists. To Manager Carrell, "Ours is very much a show for dealers in business in America, and there are enough first-rate dealers in America to fill the armory without inviting Europeans." A more fundamental concern is expressed by one prominent dealer who wishes to remain anonymous: "Europe is my source. I buy there because the goods are fresh; they've never been seen. When I purchase a piece from Monsieur X, I have to mark it up substantially to cover my shipping costs.

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BRIEFING PAPER

costs, to give the New York decorator his discount, and to make my profit. Now, if Monsieur X had a booth next to mine at the armory, his piece would be $10,000 while mine would have to be $15,000. I might as well close up shop."

It has been noted as well that in Europe the purchasers themselves tend to do the shopping, while in New York, where there is considerable "new money," things are rather different. "Some people haven't the knowledge to buy for themselves; others haven't the time. Still others haven't the requisite taste or even the courage to make their own decisions," remarks one dealer, "so decorators are a necessity."

Mario Buatta acknowledges that this is another important consideration among the organizers of the winter show. "We try to do an all-around show that appeals to decorators and their clients as well as to collectors. If we aimed at only the collectors, we would turn away much of the traffic that is profitable to the dealers. This is not to say a decorator doesn't buy serious furniture that his client wouldn't ordinarily buy. But he would buy more purely decorative objects rather than a preponderance of serious collector's pieces." Buatta also notes that, unlike London's Grosvenor House Show, which is almost exclusively for English dealers of English wares, the Winter Antiques Show achieves "a balance of English, French, American, Oriental, folk art, and so forth."

Still, though paintings and country antiques tend to venture well into the nineteenth century, there is a lingering prejudice against Victorian period pieces. Says Hervé Aaron, "Many look down at Victorian and Second Empire furniture. I look up. I'm not crazy about Belter, but Herter Brothers, Hunzinger, Pottier and Stymus—they are true American creations."

Richard McGeehan, a specialist in American high-style mid- and late-nineteenth-century furniture and silver, who has not yet been invited to show at Eastside, pointedly asks, "If we can consider weather vanes masterpieces, then why not a really spectacular rosewood center table?" He mentions the fact that one arrives at the armory with a pretty good idea of what's inside. "Having a few pieces of Renaissance revival or neo-Grec would stop people in their tracks. It could be an
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enlightening aesthetic experience."
Aside from who or what is in or out, the touchiest question among the show's exhibitors and organizers concerns vetting, the British and French custom of submitting every piece intended for display to an elected committee of experts for their approval. "It's done at Burlington House," says Gerald Bland, president of Stair and Company, "and no American dealer should be unwilling to adopt the procedure here." Mario Buatta, however, is skeptical: "Who is this wonderful person who would give an absolutely unbiased opinion about every piece in the show?"
Whatever the differences and complaints, everyone agrees that the Winter Antiques Show adds splendor to an otherwise lackluster time of year. Prices may not appear to be within everybody's grasp, yet not all tags at the armory are encrusted with zeros. As Russell Carrell points out, "People don't seem to believe it, but many things are available for a hundred dollars. Hunt for them." They are worth finding; the show itself is an unfailing entertainment and an invaluable education. □
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up at the tea table hoping for a crumb from Quappi’s chocolate cookie.

The masterly Falling Man (1950) dominates the room, just as Beckmann’s memory dominates Quappi’s conversation. She illustrates with outstretched hands his precision in rendering his subject’s panicked gestures. The dark semicircle in the left foreground, she adds, is not a gigantic wheel of fortune, as some have thought, but the balustrade of a balcony seen from the viewpoint of the falling man.

She proceeds to the room that houses her husband’s last triptych, the gigantic Argonauts (1950—originally called The Artists), the summation of his art and finished the night before his fatal heart attack. His earlier triptych, The Departure (1932–33), hangs at the head of an escalator at the Museum of Modern Art, supremely rhetorical, supremely public. How strange to see such grandiloquence here! In the shallow space, the visitor feels all but engulfed by The Argonauts’ odd throng: a grim painter, his model, the band of lady musicians, the pair of staring youths . . . “One night,” says Quappi, speaking of events thirty-five years ago as if they had happened last week, “my husband came out of his studio, threw down his brush like this”—her hand slaps the air—and said, “This is the last I’ll ever do on The Argonauts.” The next morning he went for his walk in Central Park. He told me to have lunch ready at twelve-thirty, which I did. He never returned. And that was the end.”

**THE SUARES SYSTEM**

The designer, artist, and writer J.-C. Suarès came back from the movies the other day steamed about the present rating system. “G and PG are barely adequate for separating movies with no sex and violence from movies with a little smooching and crunching. And what’s the difference between R and X? People seem to do the same things in both. I want to know at a glance what kind of a film I’m in for.”

By the next day, inspired by the Guide Michelin, he had solved his own problem by inventing shorthand symbols for the basic movie ingredients. Here they are:

- **Romance**
- **Adventure**
- **Comedy**
- **Drama**
- **Suspense**
- **Song and dance**
- **Sex**
- **Violence**
- **Science fiction**
- **Kilings**

If a category doesn’t apply, its symbol doesn’t appear (no bed for Gremlins). If the category applies, the symbol may be used up to three times. Thus, one heart means a little romance (Ghostbusters); two hearts mean quite a bit (Superman); and three hearts mean lots and lots (Lolita). When the category applies but the treatment offends, you put a slash through the symbol. Thus, three men in short hats with slashes through them mean that a film has lots and lots of songs and dances, and they all stink (All That Jazz).

Slashes are ruled out for the categories of violence and killings. But skulls, broken bones, and slashes are counted up to generate a final category. Four of these black marks, and you get a trash can. Two more, and you get a second trash can. One more, and you get a third trash can. Three trash cans, and you’re out.

Does the system work? You decide. Here is the Suarès rating for that sturdy old classic The African Queen.

**PRINCE OF PLAYERS**

In Williamsburg, Virginia, not long ago, an avid drama lover of our acquaintance lucked into the kind of performance you remember for a lifetime. The show was the Virginia Shakespeare Festival’s Hamlet. The production struck exactly the right
note, our friend says, from the first edgy "Who's there?" But the real surprise came with the entrance of a twenty-year-old drama student, now a senior at William and Mary College, in the title role. His name is Don Reilly.

"Imagine," our friend writes, "Hamlet young! Most actors take so long to develop the stamina and emotional range for the part that we're forever having to settle for aging heavies apparently in the throes of midlife crisis. Reilly is the youngest Shakespeare meant Hamlet to be: brimming with vitality, romance, intelligence, and humor sharp with wicked ironies, brought smack against the conundrums of the world for the first time. Technically, too, Reilly has it all: a wonderfully expressive face, physical agility, a pleasing voice with flawless diction."

Right now, young Reilly is working on a one-man show—half-contemporary, half-Shakespeare ("my most ambitious and lunatic project yet")—for the American College Theatre Festival. He hopes the program will get to the finals, which are slated for April at Washington's Kennedy Center. Chances are he will make it. Two years ago, as a sophomore, Reilly walked away from the same festival with television offers (he declined) and a $2,500 scholarship that usually goes to a well-seasoned graduate student. The contemporary half of this year's bill has been pretested in England, where it garnered him the Drama Critics' Award of the Sunday Times National Student Drama Festival. Don Reilly is going places.

BEST OF BEERS
Brassin de Garde de Saint Léonard—the name has all the pomp one might associate with a grand cru. And the bottle brings to mind champagne, the mushroom-shaped cork, the wine—all that's missing is the gift box. Actually, the stuff is beer, and one worth going out of your way for. Brewed in the village of Saint Léonard according to eighteenth-century methods, it boasts a hue of deep golden amber and a rich hops flavor. It is best served in a generous wineglass and sipped slowly so that its fine bouquet can be duly savored. And watch out. It packs a wallop.

Brassin de Garde de Saint Léonard was developed by one Edouard Facon, whose brewery supplied British troops stationed on the French side of the English Channel during World War I. Since supplies were short, consumption was strictly rationed. Facon had the bright idea of brewing a beer of high alcohol content (above 6 percent, as against the more common 4%) so that the soldiers wouldn't have to drink too many bottles to get a buzz.

A family named Carpenter bought Facon's concern in 1938. Today, production is a mere one million bottles annually, of which only 43,200—that's 1,800 cases—are imported to the United States. In Manhattan, you will find Brassin de Garde de Saint Léonard at Dean and Deluca, 121 Prince Street. For information on other East Coast retail outlets, contact De Garde Import Co., Harrison, New York. Almadén Vineyards, San Jose, supplies the West Coast.

FOR GOURMETS ONLY
To Parisians, the name Petrossian conjures up a rather shabby little store that purveys luxurious foods, particularly fine caviar. (See Connoisseur's profile, November 1983.) Its popularity is especially in evidence at Christmastime, when gift shoppers form long lines along the sidewalks of the Boulevard Lautour-Maubourg to buy the glorious stuff. Now, New Yorkers, too, have their Petrossian, at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street. It's a glittering lilac-and-charcoal post-art deco modern restaurant that seems like something out of a 1930s movie—anything but down at heel. They serve a nice three-course dinner there for as little as $42, but the plump tournedos and stuffed snapper are surely not what you came for. As in Paris, you go for the ultimate in luxury fare—silky Norwegian smoked salmon, lush pâté de foie gras, and, above all, the best caviars anywhere. In fact, the "Royal
PRIVATE LINE

Gourmet Presentation" gives you three nice helpings, one each of the light, gravy beluga, nubily sevruga, and tangy ossetra caviar—each type of sturgeon roe subtly and exquisitely different from the rest. 

Lit by a delicately oceanic chandelier (first owned by Lanvin, see our picture) and with glass panels after Erte, the dining area seats sixty-nine, at the bar and at the Christofle-laid tables. Convenient to Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall, it has become as polished a spot for a post concert supper as the Big Apple affords. But bring money. Even if you stick to an unpretentious champagne, you will be lucky to get out at $100 a person.

Choosing some delicacies to take home may put you in a quandary. And there is every temptation. Sharing the premises is the Petrossian specialty shop. A fine fellow named Reed presides over the counter in a spotless apron, and if you show curiosity and are pleasant, you can have a taste of almost anything you fancy.

FELLINI'S FIRST

Last fall, Italians switched on their TV sets and saw an arresting scenario. Two passengers are riding on a train in a deluxe private compartment. Outside, fantastic landscapes pass by: a miniature Tower of Pisa, a petrified forest, a desert with glass pyramids scattered about, a bleak polar ice pack. The passengers gaze out, gnawed by a vague longing. At last, the steward arrives, bearing Campari. Life is worth living after all.

Except for the commercial angle, it looks like pure Fellini. In fact, it is pure Fellini: the foxy fantasist has been hired, for the first time and one hopes only temporarily, to the lucrative world of the commercial. As usual, he did all his own casting. For the male lead, the choice was Victor Polletti (our photo), the swart, porky tenor of And the Ship Sails On. His leading lady is the willowy Silvia Dionisio.

Fellini can't have worked cheap. Word on the piazza puts the price tag for Campari's tiny reel (it exists in a thirty-, a forty-five-, and a sixty-second cut) at 500 million lire. That converts to a cool $280,000. Try that with a twist.

OTTAWA BLUES

What's going on at the National Gallery of Canada? In a matter of three months, the biggest art museum in Ottawa, the nation's capital, has lost two principal curators. Douglas Druck, who oversaw American and European prints, is now heading up the prints and drawings department at the Art Institute of Chicago. And Myron Laskin, formerly in charge of Ottawa's European art, was wooed away to Malibu and the J. Paul Getty Museum.

The National Gallery has been an institution on hold for quite some time. The approval for a desperately needed new building took years. Construction, begun last year, is not expected to be completed until 1987. Meanwhile, hardly any of the permanent collection can be shown.

"It makes us feel good that Dr. Druck and Dr. Laskin both got such fine offers," says the diplomatic Kathleen Harleman, assistant to Joseph Martin, the National Gallery's director. "This comes at a time when the gallery will be winding down for a while. We are holding back our resources until the new building opens."

It is too bad that Druck (with ten years of service at the gallery) and Laskin (with seventeen) did not wait for the new museum, which promises to be important, what with its design by the renowned architect Moshe Safdie, working under the watchful eye of the eminent art historian Jean Sutherland Boggs. It should do much to turn around Ottawa's woeful art scene. The city is not rich in serious collectors, and the press on fine art is notoriously indifferent. The defections have just accentuated the negative.

BRASSAI'S SUNNY SIDE

Had he lived, Brassai, the great photographer of Paris by night, would have turned eighty-five last September. His dealers, the big, cool Marlborough Gallery, had long planned to observe the birthday with a grand retrospective in New York. When Brassai died, in July, Marlborough went ahead with its plan, hanging his familiar pictures of insolent hookers, hoodlums, drag queens, and bums in memoriam.

Meantime, the photographer's old friend Virginia Zabriskie, the discriminating owner of the small but excellent Zabriskie Gallery, around the corner from Marlborough in Manhattan, wanted to honor him, too. She soon coaxed his widow to send along two dozen of his prints. Result: two days after the Marlborough opening, the Zabriskie Gallery joyously opened its own show. Called "Celebrations," it was filled with images of carnivals, parades, balloon vendors, sunbathers, and other exuberant street life.

According to the conventional wisdom, Brassai was not much interested in the odd, spontaneous daylight incidents that caught the eyes of such photographers as Andre Kertesz or Robert Doisneau. Bruce Cratsley, of Marlborough, volunteered that he had never before seen any of the shots on Zabriskie's walls. Mme. Brassai provided the answer: "Brassai and I would argue all the time about what pictures to release. He had two big boxes of photos for shows, and whenever a gallery wanted to present his work, he always reached for the box with the photographs everyone knew about and expected. He didn't want to be bothered with explaining the other ones to critics who wouldn't know what to write. Everyone thanks Brassai could do only one or two things. Now I want to show people that he was much more versatile than he thought." It looks like Mme. Brassai gets the last word.
Planning ahead? Don’t even dream of being in London at Easter (April 7). You’ll regret it. Everything—restaurants, museums, shops—starts closing on the Thursday before and doesn’t open again until the Tuesday after. People who have been there then say, “Never again. Died of boredom.”

Sicily. It may interest you to know that you’ll find more Greek ruins in Sicily than in Greece. You’ll also find fascinating Norman-Sicilian architecture and countless mosaics.

Biggest shock. Sicilians are the world’s worst litterbugs—junk and trash everywhere. Biggest surprise: Sicilian wines are delightful. Best way to see it? Rent a car at Catania (the usual starting point) and drive a circle tour of the island. The autostradas are now complete and very good.

Syracuse is one of Sicily’s high points. Don’t look for luxury hotels here, but the old favorite Grand Hotel Villa Politi has recently been renovated, and the Jolly Hotel is also acceptable. Whatever you do, don’t miss the Duomo (see “Civilizations’ Temple,” p. 108).

Incidentally, about five miles from Syracuse is the Castello Ursalfo, a fascinating military fortification built by Dionysius the Elder. The French came to study it before building the Maginot Line. Unfortunately, the Germans did too.

French canal barge. We like La Tor Pete. Many satisfied guests. Address: Gametrails Limited, P.O. Box 1466, Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA 01944. Attn.: Thomas J.G. Spang. Phone: (617) 526-1716.

Barbados. Always a popular island for the English looking for sun in the winter. It is also a former British colony. The English don’t mind huddling together on its skimpy beaches. Americans like more elbow room.

Its fashionable villa colony adds a special cachet. The late Ronald Tree, the late Anthony Eden, and, currently, Claudette Colbert are three of its best-known residents. Only recently, the international diplomat Averell Harriman bought one of the island’s most beautiful villas, Mango Bay.

One of the nicest vacation spots on the island is the understated and homelike Coral Reef Club. Guests are 75 percent English. Details: (212) 535-2445.

One of the newest and most attractive resorts is Glitter Bay, about a quarter of a mile from the Coral Reef, in the fashionable St. James area of the west coast. Gleaming white, four-story condominium housekeeping-apartment complexes surrounded by lots of open spaces and well-kept lawns. Owners and guests are mainly young families with children. It’s quite a departure from the typical stodgy, tradition-bound Barbados resort. Details: (212) 832-2277, or (800) 223-6510.

Elegant bookplates. In Paris there’s an unusual little shop called Agry that’s world famous for its bookplates and stationery dies made to your specifications. Everything they do is a work of art. Many fifth-generation customers from all over the world. They also produce personalized blazer buttons. Some items will run as high as $10,000. Agry, 1 Rue de Castiglione, 75001 Paris. Phone: (331) 260-6510.

Dublin. One of the best hotels now is the Berkeley Court. Somewhat out of the center of the city, in the Ballsbridge district. Good restaurant and grill. Pleasant rooms. Deluxe suites. Berkeley Court Hotel, Lansdowne Road, Dublin 4, Ireland. Phone: (553-1) 60-1711.

Rio favorite. Discerning travelers still stay at the little, Swiss-owned Ouro Verde Hotel. Features a well-run international restaurant. Avenida Atlantica 1456. Phone: (5521) 342-1887.

Many Rio visitors are surprised that the French have such a stronghold on the restaurant world. Longtime favorites of the Rio smart set are Paul Bocuse’s Saint Honore, in the French-owned Meridien Hotel, and Gaston Lenotre’s L’Escalier, in the Rio Palace Hotel.

Bath. You should know about an attractive and comfortable country-house hotel just outside of Bath called Homewood Park. It’s not as super-elegant as Bath’s neighboring Hunstrete House, but it offers very good value. The Rosess, who own it, were trained at Bath’s famous Hole in the Wall restaurant and the equally popular Popoy’s. They know good food and wine. Get directions before setting out. Homewood Park Hotel, Hinton Charterhouse, Bath, Avon, England BA3 6BB. Phone: (44-221) 22-2643.

San Miguel de Allende. Casa de Sierra Nevada has become a popular stopping place. Bought in 1981 by Peter Wirth, whose family owns the Hassler in Rome. He trained at Claridge’s in London. Only fourteen suites, and four very small rooms for your pilot or chauffeur. Good restaurant. A member of the prestigious Relais et Chateaux group. Address: Hospicio 35, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. Phone: (52465) 20415, or (212) 696-1323.

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Guillaume Apollinaire asked pity for the avant-garde in a famous poem written in 1905:

We are not your enemy
Who want to present you strange mighty lands
Where flowering mystery surrenders itself to the takers
Where new fires are and colors unseen...

Pity our errors, pity our sins.

By Douglas Davis

The first in a series of articles.

Guillaume Apollinaire asked pity for the avant-garde in a famous poem written in 1905:

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But Apollinaire, the poet and critic who defended cubism, protested in vain. The enemies of the self-proclaimed "new" have lashed out with cutting epithets. "M. Courbet is a mannerist of ugliness," said Théophile Gautier. Louis Etienne took a hard look at Manet's Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe and wrote, "This is a young man's practical joke, a shameful open sore." "Licensed jesters and tenured revolutionaries," scoffed Hilton Kramer in 1980, referring to despised young dabbles in conceptual, video, performance, and "earth reclamation" art. Even now, at a moment when we feign the same weary sophistication that beset Paul Mantz as he surveyed the Salon des Refusés long ago ("the time of adventure," he lamented in 1872, "has passed"), the familiar anti-avant-garde rhetoric is thriving.

It is not only the critics who rise in lecture after lecture, review after review, to bury again the corpse of avant-garde. Now it is the painters, architects, and photographers themselves who denounce revolution. The Neo-Expressionists (ignoring their obvious dependence on TV imagery) proclaim fealty to the twenties, not the eighties; "postmodern" architects like Robert A.M. Stern and Michael Graves hunch the past, not the future.

Why, then, launch a contrarian column devoted to the "strange and mighty lands" in a retroactive, retrospective, retrofitted decade?

Because there is no better time. History teaches that the moment when the makers and arbiters of taste converge on a single standard is the moment when explosions are set off. To begin with, we must recognize that the term avant-garde does not denote a single style. Nor is there any certifiably "new" manner of making any form of art, no matter how novel it may look. Just think of the number of times within the past forty years that painterly excess has been the rallying cry of young artists. No, we must think of the avant-garde as a kind of shadow, slipping along behind the society that leads it, rising and falling with the garb of its master.

The society that leads it. It is impossible to separate the very idea of an avant-garde from three historical events: the Renaissance (when the idea first appeared that a "new" thought might be better than an old one); the Industrial Revolution (which led to the mass production and distribution of new ideas and images); and the rise of the middle class. Most of all, the last. Marx despised the bourgeoisie. "All fixed, fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions," Marx argued, "are swept away; all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify." If this was true in 1848 (the date when these words appeared), think how much more so it is now, in an age when telecommunications whisk entire bodies of imagery from one end of the earth to the other in a split second, when the "bourgeois" class that threatened both the nobility and the workers has evolved further than Marx dreamed.

For the first time in history, millions upon millions of people have been trained in the nuances of art history and criticism; hundreds of millions of visits are paid to art galleries and museums. Save in a context of totalitarian repression, neither left nor right can thwart the modern instinct to keep moving on in pursuit of a finer and better way to paint, fix an image, rhyme two lines, design a chair, heal a disease, chart an economy. And yes, to upset the established order.

Think for just a moment about photography. How recently we were told this medium would never find a market, condemned by its fecundity (any single print could be produced to infinity), by its lack of the personal "hand," by its weak, imprecise historicity. Yet each of these "flaws" is now totally accepted by a wide and growing circle of enthusiasts.

Yes, we are condemned to the excitement—no matter how transitory—of one new revelation after another. We no longer fear innovation as shock; we welcome it as a cleansing, refreshing agent. Time and again in an intricate, cerebral postindustrial society, ideas forge themselves into instantaneous chains; painting is charged, emotional expression, the critics claim; architecture is a decorated, nonfunctional shed; photography is split-second drama. But time and again, each of these chains is broken, precisely because we sense that there is more to be done, seen, thought.

"I desire to press in my arms," said James Joyce, "the loneliness which has not yet come into the world." This bimonthly column will be devoted to that ideal. And it asks neither pity nor forgiveness.

Douglas Davis, an artist and teacher, is the architecture and design critic of Newsweek.
This lovely and delicate figure study against a vibrant natural background is an example of the best work of the English Newlyn School that was centered at Newlyn, Penzance, and St. Ives, Cornwall, during the 1880s and 1890s.

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The 380SE is a performance machine—as only a 3.8-liter Mercedes-Benz V-8 can be a performance machine. Its test track maximum nudges two miles per minute. Its highway passing thrust is thrilling. Yet that C.I.S. fuel-injected aluminum alloy V-8 engine "...hums quietly, like a turbine," reports the German journal, Auto, Motor und Sport.

Driving controls are too precise and perhaps simply too pleasurable to be emulated by a conventional luxury sedan. Example: power steering crisp and accurate enough to make a power steering enthusiast of a sports car purist.

Example: the four-speed automatic gearbox, its tunnel-mounted lever and shift gate so ingeniously well designed that you may be unable to resist shifting manually.

The 380SE rests on a suspension system whose high sophistication few luxury sedans even attempt to match.

The ultimate object of the fully independent system, with diagonal-pivot rear axle, is more than high-speed handling heroics. It is to help the 380SE convey its driver and passengers without drama between Point A and Point B—whatever may lie between.

This is one substantial five passenger sedan that doesn't flinch but seems to flourish when the going gets rough underfoot.

The absence of pitching and rolling in this solid 3,740-lb. machine marks another sharp contrast with soft-sprung luxury sedans. (Note that sturdy anti-sway bars are fitted fore and aft.) Yet the ride is never harsh. "The contours of the road's surface simply become a secondary matter," comments one automotive journalist.

In brief, the 380SE reconciles high standards of performance and high standards of riding comfort in the same chassis design. One result is a sense of motoring security that the word "comfort" can barely begin to describe.

The 380SE yields nothing
luxury sedans in its provenance for creature comfort in transit. You will find a full complement of electronic, electric and other power-assisted entities.

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The 380SE Sedan is priced at $42,730. Perspective may be added by noting that year after year after year, not certain isolated models but Mercedes-Benz automobiles as a line have been shown to retain a higher percentage of their original retail value than any luxury car sold in America.

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

DIogenes—Come Lately

Remind Diogenes, the Athenian who constantly carried around his lantern searching for an honest man? Well, as editor of Connoisseur (and backed up by the consummate gall that is part of my persona), I consider myself a kind of latter-day Diogenes on the constant lookout for enduring quality.

My interests encompass virtually everything—from the macrocosmic to the micro, as long as it's tops. Above all, I am my lights at those small, individual nuggets of quality and grace that make life glorious. For the past couple of weeks, I have been crisscrossing the country, from New York to Monterey, San Antonio, Austin, and back. Wherever I traveled, I tried to locate that network of quality that I'm convinced is out there somewhere beneath all the PR, hype, and hot air. To my delight, I found it in places both likely and unlikely, along with—not to my surprise—a few absolute clunkers.

At the Coe Kerr Gallery, in New York (49 East Eighty-second Street), I saw a superb retrospective exhibition of the works of Grainger McKoy, the incomparable wood-carver from South Carolina. I never fully realized how wondrously energetic and naturalistic his painted sculptures of birds are. They are far removed from the merely surrealistic and reminded me of the painted saints and flowers of Tilman Riemenschneider and Viet Stoss. Like those grand masters of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth century, McKoy enshrines a sense of the permanent with a fine, feathery touch.

Did anyone else find the "Primitivism and Twentieth-Century Art" show at MoMA pretentious and a little boring? The first gallery made the point that so-called primitive art exerted sporadic influences on some, but not all, twentieth-century painters and sculptors. After that, the scholarly message became self-indulgent. For a demur—one offering an element of surprise and humor—the museum might have at least commissioned a sculptor from Dahomey to carve a statue based upon a Picasso version of a Dahomey carving.

If you are by chance interested in the most beautiful sheets—yes, sheets—that have come on the market in years, have a look at Cannon Mills' new "Court of Versailles" collection, especially the royal-crest Dauphin and du Barry patterns. The former curator of Versailles, the resourceful connoisseur Gerald van der Kemp, helped the Cannon designers recreate a feel of unparalleled luxury in cotton and, yes, polyester. The result: just the right touch of the eighteenth century—not too ornate, not too stuffy.

Imagine the hazards and hardships in transforming a dilapidated old brewery into an art museum! A few years ago the young-blood architectural firm known as Cambridge Seven Associates transformed the wreck of the Lone Star Brewery in San Antonio into the San Antonio Museum of Art, a crisp and attractive repository of paintings, Chinese porcelains, and sculpture. You shouldn't miss a marvelous painting by Wayne Thiebaud, surely one of the top three living painters in this country today. It's called Potrero Hill (1975), and it depicts in dynamic perspectives and juicy, thick colors a slew of highways twisting around San Francisco.

Avoid the new Monterey Sheraton—that is, unless you cherish Normandy Beach bunker-style architecture, painted an oppressive pink. For shame!

Flying me back in from Fort Worth, Pan American was serving Domaine Chandon, Moet-Hennessy's California sparkling wine, which the French company refuses to call champagne even though it could. I had forgotten how marvelous Domaine Chandon is—perfectly balanced, with a fresh, enduring finish. ☽
THE INVISIBLE MUSEUM

A hundred years' worth of Belgian art has come out of hiding. That is what visitors discovered at the opening, last fall, of the Brussels Museum of Modern Art. The facility, which took twenty-five years to plan and six years to build, has ended up in an over-thirty-million-dollar hole in the ground. Compared with the latest achievements in contemporary museum architecture—Richard Meier's High Museum, in Atlanta; James Stirling's Neue Staatsgalerie, in Stuttgart—the Brussels museum may well seem to be a design setback. But as a complex project within a dense and historic urban setting, the new museum is an exemplary victory.

The original scheme for the site, proposed by the Belgian architect Roger Bastin, called for featureless concrete blocks amid eighteenth- and nineteenth-century buildings and the demolition of a row of historic houses. Not surprisingly, the project touched off a storm of criticism. Bastin finally suggested that the new museum have its entrance and temporary exhibition halls in the eighteenth-century Hotel Altenloh and put the rest underground. The old urban fabric was thus saved, and, since there is no need to depend on natural light inside this (or any) museum, the paintings are well exhibited by artificial light on white and gray stone walls. Floors are carpeted; and, in the spirit of modernism, the rooms offer no ornamental distractions.

For art lovers, the real proof is in the contents, and the museum collection has some 4,000 paintings and sculptures that deserve close attention. Expressionist, Fauvist, Constructivist—these styles as well as most of the others of the past century have clearly had accomplished Belgian practitioners.

Belgian art has never circulated much outside the country. Since 1959, when the building that housed Brussels's modern-art collection was demolished to make way for the new royal library, very little has been seen at all. Those who associate Belgian modern art with René Magritte, Paul Delvaux (each with a room of his own in the new museum), and maybe Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Deldeigne will be pleased to discover Constant Permeke (1886-1952), the Expressionist landscape painter; Paul Maas (1890-1962), whose graffiti brushwork in the thirties anticipates the dash of some of Julian Schnabel's work; Jean Brusselsmans (1884-1953), a match for the Neue Sachlichkeit Germans; Rik Wouters; and many more minor masters.

"The constant presence in Belgian art is quality," says Philippe Roberts-Jones, the chief curator of the Royal Museums, overseeing the affairs of Brussels's major fine-arts institutions. "There is no other country in the world that I know of where the quality of painting has maintained such a high level, from the fifteenth through the twentieth century."

As for foreign presence, Roberts-Jones admits to obvious "gaps." There are no Picassos, no Braques, no Mirós, and almost no American art. The big task for Roberts-Jones and the new curator, Phil Mertens, will be to acquire them. And with an annual acquisitions budget from the state of only three million Belgian francs (about $50,000), they will have to rely heavily on private support. Count Boël, president of the Friends of the Royal Museums, is unfazed. "I expect private contributions will increase, now that donors know their works are not going into a storage cellar." Underground, yes, but out of sight, never again.

—Claes Reade

PROTEAN TALENT

Kimberly McSparran has no time for the ultracontemporary, or what she calls "the jellybeans and triangles," school of new-wave and punk design. The former model, based in New York, is much too busy designing flatware for Yamazaki; crystal for Mikasa; porcelain dolls for Silvestri; and illustrated books for "Sesame Street." At twenty-nine and only eight years out of Syracuse University, she is already being mentioned in the trade along with the likes of Ralph Lauren, Marimekko, and Katja—a protean talent. "I've always loved anything that embodies the creative arts, whatever form it takes," says Kimberly. "If I'm limited to one medium or dimension in my

McSparran's champagne flute for Mikasa.
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Discriminating people who appreciate quality look for it in everything they acquire. The thought of purchasing a home, an automobile, or even a bottle of fine wine that is anything short of what they really want would be unheard of. The same holds true with diamonds, the hardest natural gemstone known to man. Diamonds of all sizes whose superb quality and unique magic will enhance your jewelry, no matter what the design.

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Finally there is carat-weight, probably the most visible factor in determining the value of a diamond.

The supply of larger, finer quality diamonds is not limitless. Their production comes mainly from the old established mines whose output is less than it was in the past and is continuing to decline. Such diamonds, therefore, can only become rarer.

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4C Your guide to diamond value.

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work, I reach saturation and have to try something new."

If McSparran's output seems diverse, so has her experience been. Born in Germany of American parents and raised in eastern Pennsylvania, she tried out metal-smithing and theater before settling out for St. Martin's School of Art, in London, to study illustration. "It was London," she says, "that taught me who I was as an artist." But it was Yamazaki who gave her her first big break.

Like so many of life's turning points, it was unexpected: an art director she'd met on a modeling assignment admired her "Mucha-ish" drawings and recommended her to Yamazaki. The tableware-design firm just happened to be looking for some fresh new talent and invited McSparran, along with four other artists from different backgrounds, to inject a new look into their flatware. McSparran came up with the revolutionary "Adena" pattern, combining gold and stainless steel in an asymmetrical, art nouveau floral swirl (see "Wonderful and Accessible," Connoisseur, October 1984). "Adena" became a top seller for Yamazaki, and McSparran was on her way.

As she sees it, collecting laurels implies specialization and, potentially, leads to stagnation. Instead, McSparran looks forward to the next advance. "My talent is in innovating but being forever classic—providing a new dimension, without becoming a fad." Mikasa, dealers in fine china and porcelains, would agree. The international tabletop company is trying to keep a tight lid on McSparran's latest dinnerware, "Homage to van Gogh," to make the most of it this spring. By that time, though, McSparran will surely be on to some other, completely different project; and their hardest task is going to be keeping up with the talent they have helped to unleash.

—William Raynor

You ♥ Valentines?

What does trick or treat have to do with dead souls? Or storks with childbirth, or chocolate Easter bunnies with the resurrection? Anyone who has tried to explain the connections understands the power of pagan lore. The fact is that, when it comes to religious festivals, neither Christians nor Jews nor Hare Krishnas can hold a Roman candle to the heathens.

Take the fourteenth of this month—Valentine's Day. Valentine was an obscure saint about whom little is known. It does not matter that he may have been a misogynist or a misogynist; he somehow became our god of love by popular acclaim sometime around A.D. 350.

Long before that, an equivalent of Valentine's Day, known as the Lupercalia, was celebrated in ancient Rome. It was a more veasty festival. Goats and a dog were sacrificed. Young men dressed in goat skins, smeared their foreheads with the animals' blood, and ran around brandishing goat thongs. As they raced around the Palatine, childless women and virgins put themselves in the runners' path to get a nip or two from the thongs. It was believed to be a glorious aid to conception.

Despite its popularity—or, more likely, because of it—the Lupercalia was eliminated by Pope Gelasius in A.D. 494. Still, good pagan customs are hard to root out and often merely change form. Who knows how many sweet valentines have had the same ultimate effect as the goat thongs of old?

—Byron Farwell

COLORS OF ROME

New York is glass and chrome, London is white, Paris is the city of rosy light—but what are the true colors of Rome? Tints of rusty ochre shading off to a dull brown come readily to mind; but according to scholars and conservationists, the ochers and burnt siennas traditionally associated with Italian architecture create a false impression. The evidence suggests that there's another Rome beneath all those layers of plaster.

If the work of the eighteenth-century view painters—Vanvitelli, Pannini, and Pinelli—can be believed, Rome boasted a shimmering pastel palette. Indeed, light blue, pale yellow, pistachio, cream, and gray are the delicate hues that appear most frequently in scenes of Rome from the
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(Detail) John William Waterhouse, Danaïdes, signed and dated 1904, oil on canvas, 60½ x 43½ in.
Beneath a hundred years of umbertine ocher (left), there's a Rome of pastel hues, as shown in Pannini's Piazza del Quirinale (detail, right).

Renaissance through the eighteenth century. In 1748, one Roman nobleman gave precise instructions to his painters: "The façade of this house shall be painted the color of air, from top to bottom; the cornices, however, shall be tinted the shade of travertine marble." Even in the quilted seicento and settecento, Roman architects favored coating the brick- and stone-built palazzi they designed with tinted stucco set off with a different color of trim.

With the unification of Italy, in 1871, King Umberto I ushered in the age of bureaucracy and central planning. Rome was reorganized and organized: sensible grids were established, avenues properly widened. It seemed only natural to standardize the look of buildings by painting them uniformly, "umbertine ocher" (so called after the king).

Over the past two years, the Italian Ministry of Culture, together with the Central Institute for Restoration and the municipality of Rome, has undertaken the Augean task of restoring Rome. The problem is, which one? For many, Rome's very identity is inextricably connected with images of flaking red stucco. But at a recent seminar, held at the International Center for the Study of the Preservation and Conservation of Cultural Properties in Rome, architects and art historians argued the merits of a lighter, paler Rome.

Already in the Tordi Nona and the Bor- go Pio, the quarter near the Vatican, historic rust-colored buildings, undergoing fresh paint jobs, are turning pale hues of blue, peach, and gray. But do not expect a sudden transformation; things take time in the Eternal City. To research and restore a building—through the laboratory analysis of flaking pigments and the scrutiny of old masterworks—to its original color scheme costs no less than $70,000, so some years will pass before photographers will be able to shoot the many-colored hills of Rome. Still, a start is being made—and it looks wonderful.

—Patricia Corbett

**The Glittering Art**

Dark glasses are needed at the Dorchester hotel, in London, between February 1 and 4 to counter the dazzle of multitudinous gemstones and silver at the new International Silver and Jewellery Fair and Seminar. Its organizers, Brian and Anna Haughton, dreamt up the idea after four successful years of running the International Ceramics Fair every June. Museum curators, academics, and dealers (mostly British, plus some French, Dutch, German, and Belgian) are expected to come in droves, though the top target is the world of collectors.

The silver and jewelry on display promise to be spectacular. Half of the fair is devoted to gems, the other half to silver and objets de vertu. Most are antiques; all are to be strictly vetted by a panel of academics and dealers. A select number of modern pieces will be admitted only if they are of exceptional quality.

The star of the show is surely Jacques Kugel, from Paris, and his finest offering is one of the most important existing silver-gilt toilet sets by Robert-Joseph Auguste: fifteen pieces fashioned in Paris in 1777. Wartski boasts a Japanese-style chrysanthemum bloom of Mississippi pearls and diamonds, made into a brooch by Tiffany,
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A SECRET LIFE

One of the great graphic artists of the twentieth century, Kathe Kollwitz is best known for her expressionistic treatment of the urban poor, her self-portraits, and her antiwar posters, including No More War. Few people know that during the love affair of Kollwitz with her man, she was also drawn into erotica.

The two drawings above are from Secret, a series Kollwitz would not allow shown in her own lifetime. After her death, in 1945, most of them were destroyed while in the family's possession. But seven drawings resurfaced in the definitive catalogue of her 1,317 drawings. These two, which are making their first printed appearance here before an English-speaking public, are rich in eroticism and sublime sensuality. As commanding expressions from a woman's perspective, they testify eloquently to the artist's belief that sexuality can make one "almost suffocate for the joy it brings." —Martha Kears

CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

ca. 1900-1920. A set of six Fabergé hammer-silver tulip champagne beakers (ca. 1900) are "years ahead of their time, almost Scandinavian," according to Geoffrey Munn, a director at Wartski. Other attractions include an elaborate corsage ornament from Hanscocks, made by La Cloche ca. 1900, and featuring five ruby, emerald, diamond, and turquoise butterflies, four of which double as hair ornaments. Ivor Masure has an unusual four-foot gold and enamel chain, ca. 1800-1820, whose links are stamped with cherubs, each holding a different musical instrument.

Visitors can rest eyes, feet, and checkbooks at any of eleven lectures that run throughout the fair. These include Hugh Tait of the British Museum talking about Continental goldsmiths in Tudor and Stuart England; Yvonne Hackenbroch, formerly of the Metropolitan Museum, discussing Medici treasures, and the Victoria and Albert Museum's Shirley Bury on neoclassical jewelry.

"People who go to specialist fairs are there for a reason—to see and to buy," says Brian Haughton, who expects the fair to be a hit. "But some come every day just to attend the lectures and meet fellow enthusiasts; and February is the time when a lot of foreign dealers come to London to re-stock and prepare for their own major fairs." He has seen that all their needs will be provided for, so the new International Silver and Jewellery Fair promises to be a brilliant, and permanent, event on the London fair calendar. —Judy Spours
FROM THE STACKS

Most curators would rather suffer from an embarrassment of riches than anything else. Donald Anderle, the associate director for Special Collections at the New York Public Library, faced an extreme case not long ago. He had to winnow down 26 million contenders to a mere 250—the contents of the show called "Treasures from the New York Public Library" (February 15–May 24). "I wanted the show to be elegant," says Anderle, explaining the number of items, "and that's the maximum I could fit comfortably in Gottesman Hall." The exhibition hall, incidentally, has recently been restored to imposing grandeur (see "The Gregorian Age," Connoisseur, February 1984).

Anderle made his selection with an eye to combining the obvious treasures ("Of course, you want to show your Gutenberg Bible, if you've got one") with the more "visually exciting objects possessing an extra resonance." The Hunt-Lenox Globe, only five inches high, certainly qualifies: it is the earliest globe (ca. 1510) to include the Americas (i.e., South America, Haiti, and Cuba). It found its way to New York when the Lenox Library's architect, Richard Morris Hunt, discovered his young son playing ball with it in a Paris thrift shop. Then there's the only known copy of Columbus's letter for King Ferdinand reporting that he thinks he's discovered something; the watch-socket that John Wilkes Booth's brother wore the night Lincoln was killed; and the only portrait Benjamin Franklin is known to have posed for.

The first thing you see on passing through the bronze doors into the new hall are the library's most eye-catching illuminated manuscripts, all entwined with calligraphy and gilded imagery. The collection of Bibles runs the gamut from the

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t^CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

all. That didn't stop Alain-Dominique Perrin, the man who made the "Musts" in Cartier matter, from going ahead and creating, last fall, the Foundation for Contemporary Art.

Perrin has been chairman of Cartier's international operations for only two years, but already he has transformed the prestigious jewelry firm by popularizing the product just enough to attract the upwardly mobile middle class. The idea behind the foundation is equally marketable, but it varies significantly from an American interpretation of the word as a charitable or philanthropic institution. The founda-

Antiquities at Sotheby's

This Roman bronze figure of Hermes, 1st century A.D., is included in an auction of Important Egyptian, Classical, and Near Eastern Antiquities and Islamic Works of Art on Friday, February 8 at 10:15 am and 2 pm and Saturday, February 9 at 10:15 am.

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Perrin: promoter or exploiter?
To launch the foundation, Perrin hired Marie-Claude Beaud, the dynamic curator of the Musée de Toulon (see Connoisseur, Focus, August 1983). The first artists to move in, last October, were the well-known French sculptors Arman and César, who were as much on display as their work. César was even inspired to make a gilt collage of Cartier labels.

Perrin has no doubts that Cartier will get its share, plus interest, on his investment in artists. "You should see my press book!" he raves. But clips and collages are not the only things he wants. Perrin hopes to attract 150,000 visitors to Jouy-en-Josas a year—at fifteen francs admission per head. Other features: video and film collections, group seminars in the château, a country-style café. There seem to be no end of possibilities to make the foundation profitable.

"We are the first to try this out," announces Perrin proudly, "and I hope we'll be copied. Our competitors have counterfeited everything else we've done. The day the foundation is counterfeited, we'll know it's a hit." —Joan Dupont

BESPOKE ARMOR

The last knights in shining armor left the battlefields by the end of the seventeenth century, as guns and cannons helped make heavy bodily protection obsolete. But the facts of history do not daunt Heinz Schneider, a former Wurzburg salesman, who is a master among the half dozen couturiers of ironware still in the trade today. The basic ingredients of his craft: scrapped cars, the rustier the better. His clients are museums, collectors, owners of castles, and, above all, theaters and movie studios. For one film alone, Wallenstein (about the Thirty Years' War), he produced one hundred complete suits of armor.

Schneider's suits are no fantasy amalgams of tin but are precisely made replicas of museum originals based on research. True to form in every way, the metal plates can be as much as one and a quarter millimeters thick, with a total weight of about fifty-five pounds.

Schneider hacked into this unusual profession about twenty years ago. An incorrigible fan of medieval life-styles, he was looking for a suit of armor to decorate the hallway of his home in Wurzburg. Unable to find one for sale in the surrounding state of Franconia, he decided to make his own. He boned up on armory lore and taught himself the intricacies of metalsmithing.
Your French Luggage will have quietly announced you.

Even the most casual observer will recognize the craftsmanship of each piece. Who could help but admire the exquisite fabrics and beautiful leathers so carefully selected for their quality as much as for their appearance.

Some might say our approach to luggage making is too demanding, that we are out of step with an era that places expediency above perfection. Frankly, we suspect they might be right. But going along with the crowd has never been our style.

And neither, we imagine, has it been yours.

**CONNOISSEUR’S WORLD**

and welding, then scavenged a junk car for his materials. The resulting prototype attracted so much admiration from so many different types of people that he decided to go into business.

The helmets, says Schneider, are the most complicated to make. Most are fashioned from the headlight receptacles of Volkswagen beetles. Alas, the famous Bug is made only in Mexico and Brazil these days, and Schneider's supply of raw materials is thus rapidly running out—an odd case of a modern anachronism affecting a medieval one.

The average price of a modern suit of armor is under $1,000 (to order, call 011-49-931-705387), for which Schneider puts in between forty and fifty hours of labor, plus research. On the other hand, the suits last and last. —John Domburg

**Cointreau's Salesman**

The special ingredients that give the French liqueur Cointreau its distinctive flavor are three varieties of orange peel—some 1,000 tons of it a year—plus a secret blend of eau de vie and sugar, but what has made the public take note of Cointreau is no secret. It has been the art—and artifice—of advertising.

The family firm was founded by the brothers Edouard and Adolphe Cointreau in 1849. Working quietly in Angers, in the Loire valley, the liqueur makers sold only to their neighbors. Then came Edouard fils. A born publicist, he went

**The French Company**

For a formal introduction to French Luggage, please send $3.00 for our beautiful color brochure and we will send you a handsome leather name tag with our compliments.
An important pair of Chippendale mahogany library open arm chairs upholstered in 18th century petit and gros point needlework. Circa 1760.
Edouard as Pierrot in an infamous ad.

Abroad in 1875 to seek new world markets and demonstrate the power of creative salesmanship.

First, Edouard introduced the square bottle in a world of round ones. Then, he hired the fashionable artist Tamagno to design a brilliant orange poster featuring a jolly, bespectacled Pierrot posing with an outsize bottle of liqueur. The clown’s antics were meant to express the spirit of fun a snifter of orange liqueur is likely to foster. Happily, Tamagno knew a fine model for the clown’s rollicking pince-nez—Edouard himself. Soon, Pierrot was cropping up everywhere in France: on the very first billboards ever set up along French country lanes, on the backs of playing cards, in the bottoms of ashtrays.

Pierrot was the instantly recognizable symbol of Cointreau for six decades, and he still capers on posters that fill the walls of the Cointreau distillery, along with other vintage advertisements touting the family’s products. In one, an eerie wraith by Jossot seems lifted from a work by Edvard Munch; in another, a comely woman at her mirror finds the secrets of eternal youth in the familiar square decanter. Who knows, maybe the film classic Morocco was inspired by the Cointreau ad with a dashing legionnaire (emboldened by a certain cordial) carrying off a blond Venus.

Nowadays, the firm is run by a trio of Cointreau men—the brothers Robert and Max and the cousin Pierre—who have kept it a dominant presence in Europe. The next target for their formidable marketing skills is the United States, which they regard as barely tapped. The latest advertising campaign features photographs of a glamorous couple dallying over a bottle of the liquid orange. The ad is arguably risqué and has raised some eyebrows. Nothing new for Cointreau, whose original Pierrot was banned in Britain as too licentious. —Diane Rames Ward

CHOICE AUCTIONS

After all the heady blockbusters of the fall season and before we get carried away by spring buying fever, we should take a closer look at what the so-called off-season has to offer. Times like these expose the auction world for what it really is—a realm of incredible diversity, some modicum of which we present in this month’s column.

Two small but quite marvelous sales. In the morning, the Sarah Hanley collection of Louis Comfort Tiffany. Sarah Hanley was Tiffany’s nurse and companion throughout his lengthy final years. Hence, the collection is more personal than precious—a smattering of paintings, glass, and objets—but still fascinating as a summary of what someone in her unique position considered truly important.

That afternoon, American books, prints, maps, and drawings is a must for the Americanaholics who flock to New York at this time of year. Among the excellent items featured is an enviable consignment from Williamsburg, including eighteenth-century Revolutionary political cartoons and some exceptional British and Dutch colonial maps of North America, and a group of nineteenth-century political and theatrical broadsides from the American Antiquarian Society.

New York—Sotheby’s, February 2, 1985. Important printed books and manuscripts. Among the stars of the show is a small section of science and economics books by Ricardo and Malthus. Through maps, atlases, natural histories, and color-plate books relating to travel and navigational history from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, your imagination can wander among geographical wonders as recorded by Columbus, Vespucci, and Cortés. But fantasy doesn’t come cheap—the brilliantly colored bookplate pictured, from the three-volume Astronomicum Caesareum (1540), is estimated at $100,000 to $150,000.

New York—Sotheby’s, February 2, 1985. The late Berry Tracy collection. Berry B. Tracy was once curator of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Mu-
THE FUTURE OF YOUR SKIN HAS JUST CHANGED. Millenium accelerates the skin's cell renewal process to a younger rate. Reawakens its youthful ability to care for itself. Suddenly, skin is more supple. Resilient. Radiant. Millenium makes your skin look, feel and function younger. Tests prove it.

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New York—Christie’s East, February 5, 1985. Property from the estate of George and Marianne Khuner. It is high time to offer well-deserved and long-overdue praise to the remarkable record achieved over the past two years by Brian Cole and his staff at Christie’s East, the firm’s New York annex for lower-priced and specialty items, such as Claudia Groppe’s increasingly popular photography sales. I suspect, it truth were known, that Christie’s East would rank as the third-largest auction house in sales volume in the Western Hemisphere, so singular has been its success. This smallish estate is just the kind of event I am especially drawn to. Apparently, Mr. Khuner claimed the dubious distinction of having introduced margarine to the German public. He sold the patent to Lever Brothers, thus enabling the Khuners to spend years pursuing their interest in fine European decorative objects and textiles. The seventeenth-century Italian velvet and metal-thread curtains pictured, which once hung in the Khuners’ Beverly Hills home, are still in excellent condition and rather affordable at an estimated $1,200—$1,800.

A final word of advice. You might as well start now getting worked up about the epochal sale of 200 stunning, and mostly Impressionist, paintings of the late Florence J. Gould. The announcement, last November, that Sotheby’s would handle the sale surprised no one except, perhaps, Christie’s. Much more on the Gould estate to come.

—James R. Lyons

scum, in New York, and the sale of his American Federal furniture is the blockbuster sale at Sotheby’s this month. Tracy assembled this absolutely breathtaking group in a splendidly restored 1750 farmhouse in Goshen, New York. Sotheby’s Realty is peddling the property, too, in one of those total packages that make their corporate mouths water. From a dozen pieces attributed to Duncan Phyfe, the top prize is likely to be the sofa commissioned by the New York governor Dewitt Clinton (estimated at $70,000-$100,000). The two lots pictured here (below and on the right) allow more interesting windows onto the master’s work: for better, the marble-topped mahogany pier table (estimated at $15,000-$20,000), which portrays an inefatable loveliness, or, for worse, the van Rensselaer armchairs, with their chunky armrests, which are more historically significant but somewhat graceless (estimated at $50,000-$75,000).

The Tracy collection, at Sotheby’s, runs the gamut from this exquisitely delicate mahogany table to the chunkier charms of a van Rensselaer armchair (below).
apparent every day of the year. Thirty-one miles west of London (about an hour by train), on a particularly lovely curve of the river, this is a town of pleasant tile-roofed, brick buildings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a scattering of earlier examples and a few unobjectionable interlopers from the present day. Take, for example, the richly textured St. Peter’s Street. It is a cul-de-sac, just off Station Road near High Street, that holds a fourteenth-century parsonage, Georgian cottages that once formed a needlework school, a hospitable little pub, and a rambling, white-walled former sea captain’s home, whose terraces dip down to the water.

From the filigree suspension bridge that has spanned the Thames since 1831, you can look down upon a handsome old hotel dozing in the sun on the far bank. More than three centuries ago, Isaac Walton stayed here to write about fishing, and later it was named after his magnum opus: the Compleat Angler Hotel. In those days it was a tiny inn owned by a brewery. Today, much expanded under the recent ownership of the hotel chain of Trusthouse Forte, it is a luxurious setting for a country escape. A favorite stop for Londoners in pursuit of a perfect cup of tea or Sunday brunch, the Compleat Angler is the only hotel in town.

Sightseeing is a leisurely affair in Marlow, and points of interest are mild tremors on the Richter scale of tourism. There are the cottage Percy Bysshe Shelley occupied on West Street, and several good restaurants, pubs, and fine shops humming with an air of prosperous bustle. But to get to the heart of the matter, it is necessary to
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London 1725 by James Fraillon  •  Weight: 108 ozs.  •  Diameter: 12"
Your kingdom stretches far and wide—from Land of the Midnight Sun to old world Russia.
Your lineage traces back to ancient Viking rule of Nordic seas.
And your every wish is our command.

Royalty?

Summer, when the sun never closes its eyes, cruise home with Royal Viking Line for 12 days and let our royal residence become yours.

Our North Cape cruises in June and July show off the natural beauty and majestic fjords of Norway, visiting Tromso, Geiranger, Oslo and Bergen.

Or come with us from May through August as we call on our neighbors of Northern Europe and Russia. The enchanting capitals of Amsterdam, Stockholm, Helsinki greet you. Leningrad awaits your two-day visit.

Become part of our Royal Family this summer.
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Royal Viking's Voyage Home '85
The octagonal medieval baptistery opposite the cathedral in Florence boasts three magnificent doors. One from the fourteenth century, the work of Andrea Pisano, and shows, in twenty-eight compartments, scenes from the life of John the Baptist. A second, also divided into twenty-eight compartments, depicts scenes from the New Testament. This one is by the fifteenth-century sculptor and goldsmith Lorenzo Ghiberti, who received the commission for it after having beaten out Brunelleschi and Jacopo della Quercia, among others, in a competition sponsored by the powerful guild of cloth merchants.

But the most glorious of the doors is the third and latest, also by Ghiberti. Probably the most famous door in the world, it faces the cathedral and is known as the Porta del Paradiso, or Gates of Paradise. The name is said to go back to Michelangelo, who was enchanted by its bronze panels of scenes from the Old Testament.

The massive door, finished in 1452 after twenty-seven years of labor, measures fifteen feet in height by eight feet three inches in width. The door's ten story panels are complex and fascinating, unlike anything ever seen before. Each one incorporates several Biblical scenes (for a total of forty), beginning with the Creation, progressing through Exodus, and concluding with the meeting of Solomon and the queen of Sheba. Surrounding the panels are twenty niches showing standing figures from sacred history, and twenty-four roundels out of which gaze the heads of prophets and sibyls. Ghiberti and his son Vittorio "signed" the door, as it were, proudly placing their own portraits in central roundels at the viewer's eye level.

Lorenzo Ghiberti's gradations of relief make for a sense of great depth. The foreground figures are almost fully in the round. Those in the background are flattened and in some cases reduced to little more than engraved lines. Especially in the story of Abraham, Ghiberti even managed an effect previously achieved only in painting: that of solid form melting into air.

The artist's ambition was to present Scripture with great realism and immediacy. The Florentine populace knew the stories well, so Ghiberti could work with the utmost compression, in the manner of the great muralists of the day. In the foreground of the top right panel, for instance, Cain is shown twice: plowing with his oxen and bearing the curse of the Lord. In the near distance, where the figures are flatter, he is seen slaying his brother; Abel, who also appears sitting on a small rise tending his flock. In the far distance, in low relief, the brothers make sacrifice on a mountaintop and play, as babies, at their parents' knees before a little hut.

Ghiberti was seventy-four, rich and respected, when he finished the Gates of Paradise. His workshop, which employed dozens of craftsmen (among them his two sons), worked on numerous projects at the same time, and it is some kind of miracle that the great project was finished at all. The master designed the panels for the baptistery himself. The finest figures—such as Eve rising toward the Lord, and the four women in the panel of Isaac—he modeled in wax with his own hand. Ghiberti's skill as a goldsmith is evident from the finish on his work and would have been even more evident in 1452. As workmen in our century discovered when they were trying to remove the greenish patina on the bronze, the doors were once gilded. The difficult process involved applying gold dust and mercury and heating the bronze to 450 degrees Fahrenheit, at which temperature the mercury evaporated, leaving the smooth gold clinging to the surface.

The door was nearly destroyed on the morning of November 4, 1966, when the Arno overflowed its banks, flooding the Piazza del Duomo and all of central Florence with a black, oily torrent that tore through at speeds up to forty miles per hour. Five of the door's panels were ripped loose. Fortunately, the locked gate in front of the baptistery kept them from being swept away. While the floods destroyed many Florentine treasures beyond hope of repair (notably the celestial Cimabue Crucifixion at the Museum of Santa Croce), the sculptures of the Gates of Paradise were damaged on only three panels: those

Alan N. Owen is a lecturer and educator in England.
showing the Creation, Cain and Abel, and Jacob and Esau. Restoration efforts were wholly successful, and the door now stands at the center of the city, as it did through all the centuries when Michelangelo, Leonardo, Raphael, and countless less exalted viewers marveled at it.

2 The Gates of Hell occupied their creator for an even longer time than the twenty-seven years Ghiberti spent with the Gates of Paradise. Auguste Rodin first showed the magnum opus at his one-man exhibition in the Place de l’Alma, in Paris, in 1900. At the time, it had a barren, unfinished appearance and made little impact. Indeed, for many years the Gates of Hell were ignored. Rodin returned to work on them some time after 1908. When he died, in 1917, the doors were still unfinished, after thirty-seven years of labor, though he had had them reconstructed shortly before. It was not until seven years after his death that the first bronze casts were made, thanks to the generosity of Jules Mastbaum, a wealthy American admirer. The first cast now adorns the front of the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia. The second is in Paris, very fittingly at the Musée Rodin.

The influence of Ghiberti’s Gates of Paradise is plain from Rodin’s preliminary sketches, which follow Ghiberti’s paneled layout. There the resemblance ends. Once completed, Rodin’s Gates no longer had an orderly pattern, but a freer form that epitomizes the chaos and despair that are their subject. Nothing like them has been seen in sculpture before or since.

Rodin’s original plaster doors are to be found today in the Musée Rodin, in Paris, the city of his birth. Besides the first two casts, there are bronze copies before the Kunsthau in Zurich and at the National Museum of Western Art, in Tokyo. The doors are massive: twenty-one feet high by thirteen feet wide. And they are densely peopled, with approximately 190 agonized figures ranging in size from six inches to two feet. Contorted with pain or frenzied passion, they thrust forth from the lavalike ground in every conceivable posture, climbing, falling, crawling, and twisting in internal confusion.

The Gates of Hell was commissioned in 1880 by the minister of fine arts in Paris. The artist’s brief was to design functional doors “in bas relief to represent the Divine Comedy of Dante” for the planned Museum of Decorative Arts. Whether these doors would be used for the interior or the exterior was never specified. A few years later, the plans for the museum were dropped, so the doors were no longer needed. Nevertheless, Rodin continued with the project. Since practical concerns were no longer a factor, he could now allow his imagination a free rein. It was no longer necessary to work exclusively in bas relief, as the original commission specified, and Rodin worked many of his figures (as Ghiberti did) in the round. He experimented continually, directly on the doors, adding and discarding. He modeled scores of figures in clay and then cast them in plaster. Some of the earliest of them survive in the doors as we know them, but since the project was never completed the design was continually in flux.

Fascinated as Rodin was with Dante’s descent into the bowels of the earth in search of heaven, he did not limit himself to Dante’s cast of souls in torment. He added a profusion of Biblical figures as well as a host of anonymous sufferers, many inspired by Baudelaire’s poems in Les Fleurs du Mal, each, in the words of one viewer, “alone, without comfort, alienated from the others.” Above the tympanum stand three grieving nudes called “The Shades,” who point prophetically to the desolation below. Although they have no clear parallel in Dante, it has been supposed that they were inspired by the bleak inscription on the gates of hell in his epic poem: “Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch’entrate”—“Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.” As one admirer of Rodin once wrote, in the Gates of Hell, the laws of composition are “transcended by the genius of disorder, which sweeps form into a maelstrom of untamed passion.” But to many of Rodin’s contemporaries, the lack of clear patterns was unacceptable.

Rodin used several images from the doors for full-scale sculptures that have acquired an independent world fame, among them Fugue Amor, Eternal Springtime, and The Prodigal Son, “his cries lost in heaven,” to cite the artist. The Thinker appears in a seat of judgment, brooding on the tympanum, perhaps representing Dante composing the Inferno, perhaps Rodin himself surveying his grim creation. One celebrated image first conceived for the doors, however, exists now only as a separate sculpture: inspired, some say, by Dante’s Paolo and Francesca, it is known simply as The Kiss.

None of the casts of the Gates of Hell has ever been used as a real door. With minor alterations, they could probably be hung to open and close. But where is the building they would not overwhelm? 

Rodin’s hell: after Dante and Baudelaire.
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. 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!)
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1926 Addison Mizner created the ultimate playground for the prominent and powerful. The Boca Raton Hotel and Club is even more fabulous today.

1894 The Faberge' Eggs were originally designed for the amusement of the Romanov dynasty. Ironically, the two principal collectors of these treasures today are a millionaire capitalist and the communist party!

1869 Mad King Ludwig II of Bavaria spent millions to build this storybook castle. It has become a worldwide fantasy symbol.


Each era has its symbol of the ultimate that wealth can acquire. For ours, it is The Addison. A standard of living well, reserved for the few to whom price is a decidedly secondary consideration. On the last great stretch of beach in Boca Raton, The Addison is a colony of residences priced from $332,000 to over one million dollars. Each offers a spectacular view of the Atlantic and the city. Plus concierge service, valet parking, advanced security, as well as eligibility to apply for membership in The Boca Raton Hotel and Club. The original tower will be ready for occupancy in the summer of 1985, and construction continues on the second and final tower. For the particulars, including a colorful brochure, return the coupon or call our information center at (305) 368-3994. The Addison. Because in every era, wealth must have its rewards.

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*Renowned Egg courtesy of The FORBES Magazine Collection.
We seven Americans sat at a long table in a suitably inexpensive restaurant in the walled city of Angoulême, France, and looked each other over. "On the application for this trip, where it asks about sense of humor, I'll bet all of you told them you had a good one," Jan Hart said, provoking dinner's first laugh. This was the second Earthwatch expedition for Jan and her husband, Dave; two years ago they had spent three weeks in Ireland asking the countryfolk about the legends surrounding their holy wells.

"On my application I said I was very serious," Mary Ann Steeple said. Her husband, Lee, smiled at her and shoveled another mouthful of bistek. The rest of us—Bette Bench, a nervous widow; Marilyn Schmitt, the "principal investigator," currently the program officer at the J. Paul Getty Trust; and I—did not know each other well enough to say anything more.

In another day we would go out into the field for two weeks to help Marilyn Schmitt photograph, measure, and document the Romanesque relics of western France, along with the architecture and accompanying sculpture. Each volunteer here had paid $1,570 to Earthwatch, not including airfare, for the privilege of working on this team project in French art history, yet at the table little interest was expressed in history, art, French, or the others. Perhaps the weather was the problem: it was raining and cold.

We were the third of four Earthwatch teams Marilyn Schmitt would be leading this autumn, and no one could blame her if her enthusiasm was no longer absolutely fresh. In fact, the word that first came to mind to describe her, with her cool, green eyes and cheerful chatter, was calm. Calm is what you would have to keep yourself if you were to meet, every two weeks, a new group of six people you would have to live with, train, and take care of whether or not you liked them personally, to get them to do some work for you. Marilyn Schmitt has a mountain of work to get done. There are, she says, some 2,000 relics on the walls and façades of some 300 Romanesque churches in France and northern Spain, and her ambition is eventually to describe and catalogue them all, put them on a computer, and then use them to explore the medieval popular imagination.

Earthwatch was created in 1971, to serve explorer-scholars like Marilyn Schmitt. Such scholars, in need of funds, can get volunteers through Earthwatch who will not only work on their research expeditions but will pay the expedition costs as well. For my part, I first heard about Earthwatch from an archaeologist at a Manhattan cocktail party. He talked about how exciting the atmosphere was on a dig, as everyone worked toward the same goal, he said; they became as close as a family, or the cast of a play in rehearsal. Some unpaid workers on digs tell so in love with the life they just worked on dig after dig—"dig bums." If you had no working experience, you could pay to go on a dig through Earthwatch.

Essentially, Earthwatch is a clearing house. For a $25-a-year fee, members receive quarterly bulletins describing the exotic expeditions available for participation. If you didn't want to pay to go on a dig, you might want to pay to teach dolphins to talk, or to record the traditional dances on the Ryukyu Islands. On an Earthwatch team, your contribution—ranging from $400 to $2,000—is tax deductible. Volunteering appeals to people who think doing someone else's work is a kind of vacation.

Marilyn Schmitt's expedition wasn't a
dig, exactly, but I was drawn to it by her talk about uncovering the medieval popular imagination. At first, the sculptures we saw, on country churches in the Charente basin, near Angoulême and inland from Bordeaux, seemed as mysterious as the products of an alien civilization. The reliefs that dotted the church walls and often clustered around a portal, and the carved capitals at the tops of towering columns, represented animals that were monsters; humans who had wings, haloes, or horns; and scenes that celebrated acts or rituals I didn't understand. Unlike Gothic sculptures, whose sinuous and tortured forms reflected ideas I shared about the horror of suffering, these reliefs were at once brutal and matter-of-fact.

Historically, the Romanesque is mysterious. The churches, with their round arches and vaulted ceilings, seem to have sprung up all over western Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, "like mushrooms," as Marilyn Schmitt puts it. Though it has antecedents in classical architecture and presumably has indigenous roots, there are no documents to account for the origins and development of the style. Few sculptors are known by name; a few others can be traced through their work. Marilyn Schmitt is proud to have discovered, in the course of her Ph.D. thesis, three "hands"—they may have been workshops or individuals—who worked on sculptures at Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire and Selles-sur-Cher. "I did it on the basis of how leaves were carved. The stone was speaking to me," she told me.

The research we were helping her do holds out the possibility of more such discoveries. However, in crouching to measure the base of a column or straining to make out the sculptural details on a capital in a dark corner, it was all too easy for one to lose sight of this goal.

Our first day in the field probably set our attitudes toward our work. Everyone agreed that the rain was unfortunate. Jan and Dave Hart and I were let out of Marilyn's rented white Peugeot station wagon in front of the Église de Saint-Pierre, close by the tractor repair shop in the small square of the tiny town of Cellefrouin. I thought of us as the journalists team: I write for a living, and Dave had recently sold his family business, a small-town Colorado daily, where Jan worked as a reporter. The civil servants—the Steeples work for the Food and Drug Administration, and Bette Bench, for the IRS in Denver—went with Marilyn to Ventouse, not far away.

Saint-Pierre de Cellefrouin, built of heavy pale stone and roofed in red tile like most of the buildings in this part of France, is squat and homely on the outside, and in the rain it looked like an abandoned place. Inside, the wooden benches in its nave were a bad fit; its window gave such poor light that Jan, whose job it was to photo-

Rain barely slows Marilyn Schmitt's work.
the Steeples and the Harts traveled every year and were veterans of mass vacations at Club Med resorts. Bette Bench had been on a tour to India. Only Marilyn Schmitt and I had spent any time in France before; none of the others spoke French.

On our first night in the field Mary Ann Steeple ordered a cognac before dinner. "Mais Madame," the waiter told her. "C'est un digestif." Mary Ann, who was simply cold, didn't see what difference that made. Marilyn explained that the French served a meal in a particular way, but the Americans had come from a free country and they didn't care. Bette Bench was suspicious of the French menu; she would have Marilyn tell her about every dish, and then make a meal of a vegetable appetizer. She drank café au lait whenever she could get a French waiter to serve it, and she liked bread with her dessert.

We were in the car for an hour or more every day. About half the time we were lost. Marilyn, who usually drove, had only a fair sense of direction; to compensate, she was wonderfully cheerful. Through rain and mist she showed us acres of artificially landscaped French farmland. As we whirled by, going from church to church and town to town, grapes grew, cows grazed, and corn died on the stalk in pale fields separated by even stands of poplars.

"Where's the trash?" Bette Bench asked on the first day, as we drove along.

"The French don't have much trash," Marilyn told her.

"Where are the horses?" Bette asked on the second day, as we drove along.

Measuring an archivolt at Plassac.

A find in Châteauneuf: perhaps part of a water trough, it is certainly Romanesque.

"I guess they use tractors," Lee Steeple said.

"It's all farms," Bette said, sighing, after three days of it. "This is just like Ohio."

"This vacation is so removed from my real life—it's the best I've had."

It rained every day while we were at Les Trois Saules. It rained on the willows and the apple trees, on the nicely pruned locusts, the pampas plumes, and the clotheslines weighed down with what was probably the change of linens for our hotel beds.

On our third day in the field, Marilyn gathered all of us at Céletrouin for a lesson in writing sculpture description that could be entered into a computer. You had to be as concise as if you were composing a telegram, and avoid assumptions about the sculptor's intentions. For an example, the doglike creature contorted nine feet up on the north-transsept wall so that its head and tail both rigidly faced the viewer became "tailed, seated, upright quadruped; protruding frontal posterior, arms raised, frontal head." This was not a skill that anyone on the team was likely to need in America.

Whenever I entered a Romanesque church I sat down and tried to imagine I was a twelfth-century worshipper there. Of all the many things that prevented me from accomplishing this feat, none was more frustrating than to know that the pale stone I was looking at had once been painted stone. On Saturday, our "free day," I persuaded the Steeples and Bette Bench to drive with me to Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe, a few hours away, where the inside of the Romanesque church was said to be painted just as it had been in the Middle Ages.

Given the nature of Romanesque sculptures, I expected to see bright, angry colors. Instead, the Église de Saint-Savin was sublime. I sat on a wooden chair in the nave, a lively fresco above me, tall, pale columns of swirling pastel patterns on either side; and I felt happy and peaceful. For the medieval Christians, with their hard, gray lives, church must have been the equivalent of a Technicolor movie. I could see majestic processions floating through here, as the faithful looked up and imagined a heaven full of soft clouds.

When I think about Les Ombrages, near Vibraz, where we moved after our free day, I remember the rose chenille bedspreads, the faulty phone service, the negligent waiter, and the rain. The rain the first week had been a challenge to our ingenuity: how do you use the odd minutes of clear weather to photograph, measure, and describe the outsides of your churches efficiently? The second week's rain was oppressive. Every morning when I opened my shutters for a view of the fields behind the hotel, there was rain making dimples on the surface of the turquoise swimming pool.

"In Surinam it rained a lot," Jan Hart
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Carleton Varney
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The weather was clear. Saint-Hilaire is a pretty church in a pretty town. Two lions with roses in their teeth flank the portal on the west façade; the benches in the nave are of rich, dark wood; the pulpit and confessionals are nicely carved. Old women flurried in and out while we worked, and left fresh flowers on the altar. The capitals in the nave had been carved by an artist of distinction. They were elegantly designed, imaginative, and witty, and it was a joy to describe them.

But even these capitals couldn’t compare to the sculpture I described as “frontal animal head shows teeth” in the north chapel. It was the only Romanesque relief I’d seen that was close enough to touch. It was pale ochre, only three feet from the ground and about nine inches high, forming the front of a basin attached to a niche. It had small ears, its face was geometrically lined, and its teeth were a zigzag. It seemed neither friendly nor threatening. I had no idea what the artist had in mind when he’d carved it, but I knew he hadn’t wasted any motion. The sculpture was as stirring as anything created out of deep conviction. At last I was satisfied with what I had seen.

I told Lee Steele, who was taking pictures, “There’s a great relief in the north chapel.”

“When you get to Paris,” he said, “that’s a relief.”

The next day we were at the Angouleme train station. “Thanks for everything,” Jan Hart said to Marilyn. “We couldn’t have done it without you. You sure have a great sense of humor.”

The Harts were on their way to London, for three days at Claridge’s; the Steeplees were driving south; Bette was going back to Denver. Marilyn would have two days to recuperate before she met her next team in Bordeaux. I was going to Paris for relief. There I could tell all my friends I’d been on a trip for a connoisseur of trips.

*All the volunteers’ surnames have been disguised.

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BACKSTAIRS AT THE RICHEMOND

THE ARMLEDERS OF GENEVA: THE WORLD'S FINEST HOTELIERS

BY J.-C. SUARES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENIS WAUGH

Around eleven one morning a black car pulls up to the Hôtel Richemond, in Geneva, and a bony David Bowie, wearing an old suit with a narrow black tie and displaying the early signs of a new yellow mustache, comes gliding out in all his magnificence. “Is he a guest here?” I ask the concierge, a pleasant-looking, bespectacled man of sixty who has been known simply as Maurice for so long that hardly anyone remembers he has a surname (it is Tassera). “No. But it doesn’t matter. People come here all the time, day and night, to have drinks, eat meals, make long-distance calls, cash checks, or just wait around for somebody else.”

The Richemond is that increasingly rare sort of place—a grand hotel that feels like a home. It is well located, overlooking Lake Geneva, which lies beyond the Brunswick Gardens, in front of the hotel, and is just ten minutes from some of the best stores in Geneva. An imposing, seven-story building—its frilly wrough-iron terraces and rooftop flags do little to relieve its look of stern propriety—the hotel has 120 bedrooms (cost per night: up to $350) and two fine restaurants, one with nightly entertainment. What separates it from all other great hotels is the quality of service. The Richemond is, quite simply, the best-run hotel in the world, mainly because the Armleder family still oversees all operations. As Jean Armleder, the present owner, puts it, “You have to know how to lure an employee for his lifetime. You have to deal from the heart. There has to be one goal between the employee and you—to have a great hotel where nothing stops short of serving the clientele.”

Maurice Tassera was born in Italy and apprenticed as a concierge before World War II in the Regina hotel, in Stresa, the Principe di Piemonte, in Turin, and the Savoy, in London. He worked in the Grand Hôtel et des Îles Borromées, in Stresa, during the war, even after it was requisitioned by the Fascist high command to be used as a convalescent home for officers. When Gen. Mark Clark’s victorious Fifth Army took over the hospital, Maurice Tassera, the concierge at the Hôtel Richemond: urbane, discreet, he recalls the Aga Khan’s stay, but not the anecdote about it.
toward the end of the war, Tassera kept his post as a clerk. In
1947, he came to the Richemond and immediately knew he
would never look for another job.

"This hotel is like home to many people," he says. "I’ve seen
two, three generations of the same family come here over the
years. I’ve seen kids grow up and get married and have kids of
their own, and watched them get married and have kids."

Maurice recognizes a dark, portly man who has approached
the desk, and automatically reaches for a key among the 120
keys behind him. "And don’t get the idea that we don’t treat new
clients as well as the regulars. We make people feel welcome
from the minute they come out of the taxi. First, we try to remember
if they’ve been here before so that we can call them by their name;
Americans especially like this. We keep a card file full of names
and descriptions. If we haven’t seen them before, we try to guess
their nationality. For instance, the South Americans have a won-
derful body scent, the Lebanese are very refined and speak Arabic
and French, and the Italians are the most elegantly dressed."

Since I’ve got him talking, I decide to use the opportunity
to clear up a rumor, namely, that the Aga Khan was once
refused a footbath in the lobby and left, never to come
back. "Do you remember the Aga Khan?" Maurice sud-
denly stiffens. "Yes, he was a guest here once. That’s all I can say.
We must keep certain things in confidence."

André Lang, the former manager of the hotel and a present
member of the board of directors, was actually born upstairs in the
Richemond seventy years ago. He remembers the day in 1927
when the old man Adolphe-Rodolphe Armleder, the founder
of the hotel, came down the stairs to announce that his forty-four-
year-old son Victor had died of leukemia. And the day in Septem-
ber 1939 when the Second World War began—"Most of the
guests packed their bags and disappeared."

He remembers Sacha Guitry, the actor-director; Colette, the
writer; Antoine de St.-Exupéry, the pilot and author; and the
Russian delegations of the thirties and the Chinese delegations of
the fifties. "Ambassador Litvinov was always surrounded by
NKVD agents," says Lang. "He ate boiled beef every day except
for Sunday. Chou En-lai brought his own rice alcohol in 1954. He
was very quiet and ate very simple meals."

Okay, but I am still interested in the Aga Khan. I take an indi-
rect approach. "You must get some very rich guests here."

"Oh, yes. Before, it was German counts and French barons;
than, American industrialists; and now, Arab princes. But we
treat everybody the same way." And what kind of person was the
Aga Khan? I catch myself asking. "He got mad at Monsieur Arm-
leder one day about thirty-five years ago. He walked barefoot in
the lobby of the Richemond after they had played a game of golf
together, sat down, and asked for a footbath, but Monsieur Arm-
leder refused to permit it in the lobby, so the Aga Khan got very
annoyed. That’s all I can tell you."

So much for gossip. I come to the Richemond because I’m
fascinated by great hotels. André Jammet, co-owner of La Cara-
velle restaurant, in New York, whose family owned the legendary
Bristol hotel in Paris for over half a century, told me about the
Armleders. "They know better than anyone else about the business.
If you want to know what makes a great hotel, just ask Jean
Armleder and his son Victor."

Even before talking to them I could see the proof. The Rich-
emond is a home, a luxury liner, a great restaurant, and a wild
nightclub all in one. It is a place where you can feel catered to
from the time you arrive (Pietro Zannon, the doorman since 1952:
"The most important thing is to greet everyone with enthus-
iasm") to when your clothes are unpacked for you (Mme. Marie-
Louise Martinini, the housekeeper since 1963: "You can’t just
hang clothes any old way; you have to show you care by folding
things properly, and you must arrange ties by color").

Adolphe-Rodolphe Armleder, the founding father, came from
Württemberg, a small town in the Black Forest, in south Ger-
many, to seek his fortune in the hotel business in Geneva in the
1870s. Tourism was becoming fashionable; and Switzerland, with
its lakes, mountains, and mild summers and reasonable prices,
was a favorite stopping place for German and Russian families and
later for the English and the Americans. Armleder purchased the
Riche-Mont, a twenty-five-room pension, and soon renamed it
the Richemond Family Hotel, a name he hoped would sound
inviting to the growing Anglo-Saxon clientele.

There was no running water or electricity in the rooms. Cen-
entral heating was also unknown, so every room had a fireplace. Armleder installed a large, dedicated staff and offered lodging and three excellent meals for the bargain price of 2.75 francs per day. He soon added another twenty-five rooms and expanded the kitchen and its menu—mainly of fish from the lake and meats and fowl from the surrounding forests and farms. In 1900 he introduced a free thé complet every afternoon, and the Richemond has been a favorite hangout for Genevans and visitors ever since. Armleder, before relinquishing control of the hotel to his son Victor in 1906, created the famous hotel-management school in Lausanne and founded the Geneva Hotel Association.

The hotel has not changed very much since 1900, and very little since 1950, when it reached its present 200-bed capacity. Adolphe-Rodolphe’s grandson Jean and great-grandson Victor II are now in charge. Victor II’s own teenage boys are being groomed to take over someday.

Jean and Victor II look somewhat alike, slim and thin-boned, with expressive blue eyes. Both are dressed in tweeds today. It is nearly noon; our lunch will be served in the Jardin, the most popular restaurant in Geneva. Jean has received a questionnaire from a German magazine asking him to pick the best ten hotels from a list of one hundred (including the Richemond) from every continent. The three of us have been to nearly all of them. What is it that makes a great hotel?

Some Armleders: left to right, Genevieve (wife of Victor II, missing from photograph) and sons Sébastien and Cyril; Stéphane (Jean’s son), Ivane (Jean’s wife), Jean, and Julia (Jean’s aunt).
“It’s the little details that make a great hotel,” says Victor. “There is no magic formula, monsieur. The staff should wear classic uniforms and not look like they just escaped from an operetta. The furniture and the paintings should be picked by a single person so that there is no mishmash of tastes.”

Jean adds, “I’ll give you some more little details of the hotel business: the Americans like it if you remember their names, and did you know that the Arabs are superstitious about having engravings of birds in their rooms?”

“If you want to judge a hotel,” says Victor, “look for pure cotton sheets and a good bar where people spend more time drinking than sleeping. And hope that there is no snack bar or coffee shop and no shoe shine machines, unless they’re for the staff.”

You must sense that you have the same privileges as everyone else,” says Jean. “The worst thing for management is to discriminate among clients. One of the great Saint-Moritz winter resorts has built a reputation for this kind of snobbery, but I bet that it could backfire someday. The ‘Good morning’ from the staff must be sincere. And you must never be interrupted in the middle of a meal by someone who wants to tell you everything is all right.”

“Ashtrays should always be clean,” says Victor, who admits that they are an obsession. “I’m so anxious about dirty ashtrays that I often catch myself asking the waiter in a restaurant other than mine to empty the ashtray at the next table.”

Lunch consists of a mussels salad with saffron, and marinated river salmon with red pepper, with a Pinot Gris de Dardagny, a light Swiss white wine from the Geneva region. We are soon joined by André Pont, the maître d’hotel. He is a stocky man with thinning hair and a permanent smile. He joined the staff in 1948 at the age of twenty-two and is now in charge of both restaurants, the Jardin and Le Gentilhomme, room service (which goes on all night), and the various catered affairs the hotel takes on.

What strikes him as most significant in the past thirty years at the hotel? “The changes in eating habits. In 1948, Americans would order steak, French fries, and chocolate milk, but now they’ve discovered leaner cuisine and the pleasures of wine. The French order Swiss wines because they are curious about them. The Japanese order twelve dishes for six people in order to taste them all, and they take pictures of the food before they eat it.”

The question of the ten best hotels comes up again, and the conversation is filled with names like the Paris Plaza-Athénée and the Madrid Ritz and the Carlyle, in New York. “Just when I think that I’ve found a great hotel,” says Jean, “a major flaw develops. The Crillon’s new lobby in Paris, designed by Sonia Rykiel, feels like the bottom of a swimming pool—it’s not a place where you want to spend hours chatting. The Crillon is also too expensive; the prices go up every time the franc loses strength. I used to love the Carlyle until I realized that I never had a good meal there. The same holds true for the Madrid Ritz. These hotels are too big, or perhaps they are run by managers who don’t expect to stay there all their lives.”

Victor digresses to the subject of people who run hotel chains. “They are determined to make a profit. For them, a hotel cannot be a home; it has to be a factory. They believe in having many rooms to begin with and having them all look the same. They don’t mind a tremendous turnover in help. They don’t even mind a constant turnover in clientele. They just want to keep things moving, and when they discover that they’ve made a profit, they add more rooms.”

Although the Armleder family has had a lot to do with founding and supporting the hotel-management school in Lausanne, no Armleder has ever attended it. “They teach you all the things...”
you need to know and they teach them well. But you don't really need the school if you were born in a hotel," offers Victor, in the way of apology. Jean disagrees. "They don't teach you about dealing with banks and they don't teach you about getting your staff to be loyal to you. Ensemble, on en leur décrocher la lune," Jean sighs, his eyes following the steamy dish of lamb and rice on a silver platter carried by a waiter in a white tunic.

Victor Amrhelder is lending his expertise to new hotels and buildings in Greenwich, Connecticut, in Monte Carlo, and in San Miguel in the Azores. "The hotel in Greenwich will have only a hundred fifty rooms, the one in Monte Carlo only a hundred eighty, and the two hotels in San Miguel only one hundred rooms each. You can't have a great hotel with many more rooms than that."

All the new hotels will follow another Richemond edict: the restaurants will be a large part of the operation, and room service will always be available twenty-four hours a day. In fact, the hotel in Greenwich, which will be named Le Richemond, will practically emulate the Geneva menu item for item. "Good food is what made us famous in the first place. We have a higher percentage of business from food than any other hotel in Europe of this size," says Victor.

By the end of the afternoon, a mob has come and gone, and so have several bottles of good Swiss wine. It suddenly seems a good time to ask about the Aga Khan again. Is it true that he was refused a footbath and never came back? Jean bursts out laughing. "Actually, he came back a few years later because he found out that his favorite receptionist from his rival hotel had come to work here. He sent a wire saying, 'Please book apartment on first floor—Aga Khan,' which I at first thought was a joke."

I later go to the other restaurant, Le Gentilhomme. The menu includes two prix fixe seven-course meals (one for $35, the other for $50), both of which are excellent. The wine list features some very rare and old vintages—not surprisingly, since the Richemond has 80,000 bottles in its cellar. The restaurant looks a little like Maxim's, with its red seats and huge chandelier, but the nineteenth-century paintings on the wall recall a less flamboyant era, before the Belle Epoque.

There is also a dance floor. There is a second one in the bar area, and there are pianos in both rooms. To me, that is important. Geneva looks like a ghost town by 10:00 P.M., because most of its 150,000 residents have a reputation for going to sleep on the same day they get up.

"Don't believe everything you've heard about this town," says Adolfo Lopez, one of the five Paraguayan musicians who play every night here. "This place gets as crazy as Monte Carlo and Rio. Even crazier, because it goes on all year." I seem to recall someone's mentioning a marvelous violinist named Ionesco. "What happened to Ionesco?" I ask Jean Amrhelder quite innocently. "He quit," says Jean abruptly.

The Paraguays are in a festive mood, and they play everything from flamenco to reggae. Couples come and go all night. By 4:30 A.M. there are hardly any people around who haven't taken their shoes off, and it looks as if the dancing will go on till dawn. Victor Amrhelder has been drinking Campari and tonic all night. It's not a strong drink, but he sits glassy-eyed on a couch trying to maintain his dignity.

I ask about Ionesco. "The violinist?" says Victor. "He quit! "He quit, just like that?"

Victor gives me a curious look, as if he knows he should be keeping the information to himself, like a good Swiss, but the story is too tempting. "A young couple were celebrating their first wedding anniversary about two years ago. They looked happy as hell, drinking champagne and smooching with Ionesco, playing gypsy love songs. Well, apparently, Ionesco leaned over at a certain point and asked the woman to meet him at the train station the next day at eight A.M. He just leaned over and asked her to go away with him, just like that. And you know what, she showed up at the train station, and they went to Spain together. From what I hear, they had a blissful time for two months, and when they had had enough, they returned to Geneva. By then the husband had already filed for divorce, of course, and we had hired a new violinist."

At dawn, as the sun throws its first splashes of pink on the lake, the Paraguays inform us that they are going home to cook spaghetti. "You are all invited," they announce. But I decide to go to bed. I am tired, and the room's lavender wallpaper and the warm yellow curtains seem to invite sleep. But I need to check one last thing before closing my eyes. I walk to the closet, open the door, and there they are: Madame Martini is not kidding: the light-blue tie is next to the striped blue one, next to the red and blue one, next to the red one, next to the red and black one. My God, I think to myself, they care more about my ties than I do. ☞
In the artist's lifetime, it is true, these paintings stirred up a great deal of often bitter controversy because to many their commonplace realism seemed sacrilegious. More than one painting, indeed, was refused upon its completion by the church that had commissioned it. But Caravaggio's art always had powerful advocates. When his Death of the Virgin was rejected by the fathers of Santa Maria della Scala in Rome, who were outraged by Mary's bare legs and feet and her swollen body—and possibly, too, by the thought that she had been modeled on Caravaggio's mistress, known to be a common whore—Rubens persuaded his master, the duke of Mantua, to buy the painting. Thus in the spring of 1607 it was sent north to join the illustrious Gonzaga collection.

For the greater part of the seventeenth century, Caravaggio was at least taken seriously. In the age that followed, he mostly was not. Nicolas Poussin, that paragon of classical decorum among the artists of his time, disliked Caravaggio's work intensely but did not underestimate his gifts. Poussin believed that Caravaggio had come upon the earth expressly in order to destroy the art of painting through an excess of realism.

What offended the classicists of the age was Caravaggio's insistence upon transfiguring even the most exalted scenes into the terms of everyday experience: weary pilgrims who kneel before a vision of the Virgin showing their muddy feet and torn clothing; Saint Matthew depicted as an illiterate old man being helped in the writing of his gospel by an angel, who guides his hand and traces the letters for him; Saint Thomas poking his finger deep into the wound in Christ's side; Judith slicing through the neck of Holofernes, who writhes in agony as the blood spurts violently out of his severed arteries.

The reputation of El Greco, who began to attract new attention in the nineteenth century and whose deliberate distortions of the average human body made him seem, to the adherents of Postimpressionism, a precursor of modernism, was rehabilitated long before World War I. Caravaggio, however, had to wait until after World War II before enjoying the same sort of rise in critical estimation. It was only after 1951, with the opening in Milan of the first comprehensive exhibition of the painter's work ever assembled, that the majority of art historians began to acknowledge Caravaggio's status.

Caravaggio has yet to achieve the recognition he deserves from the world at large, especially in the United States, where few of his works can be seen. In the whole of North America, in fact, there are only a handful of paintings accepted by most Caravaggio experts as genuine, the most notable being the Metropolitan Museum's intriguing but immature Musicians; the more interesting but still somewhat callow Ecstasy of St. Francis, in Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum; the contemplative John the Baptist, in Kansas City's Nelson Gallery; and, finest of all, the astonishingly vivid, intensely moving Martyrdom of St. Andrew, at the Cleveland Museum of Art.

For this reason alone, the Met exhibition, with its forty-one works by or attributed to Caravaggio—as well as a further sixty by his precursors and contemporaries—should establish the artist once and for all in the public's mind as an utterly distinctive personality. As events during the past few years have demonstrated, whenever a major Caravaggio is shown in one of our leading museums, the response is overwhelming. Such was the case two years ago during the exhibition of Neapolitan painting of the seventeenth century at the National Gallery, in Washington, when a group of works by Caravaggio—especially The Seven Works of Mercy, The Flagellation of Christ, The Martyrdom of St. Andrew, and The Martyrdom of St. Ursula—drew the largest and most admiring crowds. So it was again during the American tour of the Vatican treasures, when a single Caravaggio, The Deposition, attracted as much attention as anything in the entire show.

It is not easy to pass by a Caravaggio: many of the works are designed to capture the viewer's attention with as much force as possible. In his early paintings, the figures emerge brilliantly illuminated, as if by spotlight from an enveloping gloom that serves to render their flesh almost palpable—a feature emphasized by the way that they are pushed close to the spectator and fill the entire space of the canvas.

In these works, moreover, the figures often look out provocatively—or, at least, ambiguously—at the spectator. In one, a street urchin with half-open mouth presses a basket of fruit to his chest in an almost sensual manner; in another, a waxen-skinned boy with plucked and painted eyebrows with one hand proffers a glass of wine to the viewer while with the other he begins to undo his clothing; and in a third, the martyred St. Catherine of Alexandria, wearing a richly embroidered dress and draped in blue and gold brocade, kneels on a cushion made of crimson damask.

**Portrayed with startling realism, two disciples recognize the resurrected Christ in Supper at Emmaus.**

The perversity of such images has not been lessened by the passage of time; they contradict conventions. Saint Catherine, for example, stares out of the canvas while leaning casually against the spiked wheel on which she was condemned to be broken but that, instead, has miraculously shattered. Before her lies a dried palm frond, the traditional emblem of martyrdom, but here merely a decorative adjunct to what is clearly the portrait of a lively young woman personally known to Caravaggio. Though the elegant rapier with which she toys negligently seems intended to represent the sword that was used to cut off her head, such a weapon could never, in fact, be employed for so heavy a task.

Evidence in these works, all probably painted before the end of the sixteenth century, and thus before Caravaggio's thirtieth birthday, is an unashamed, even arrogant, duplicity. In Amor Vincit Omnia, we are confronted not by the familiar god of love but by another of Caravaggio's street urchins—this time a frontal nude with black wings and an almost insolent air of bravado on his smiling face. In John the Baptist, in Rome's Capitoline Museum, we are shown not the saint of tradition but an undressed youth, whom wantonly solicits our attention.

Figures like these are plainly play actors, whose features and bodies are clearly derived from living people rather than from drawings made from plaster casts of antique statuary, as was the common practice of the time. In them we see Caravaggio's contemporaries, his models, friends, and lovers—of both sexes, it would appear—whom he transferred directly to his canvases.

In an age when artists were supposed to be guided solely by the standards of an ideal beauty learned from great masters like Raphael and the Hellenistic sculpture that inspired them, Caravaggio dared to set down what he saw before his own eyes, both the ugly and the beautiful. As a result, when it came to the portrayal of sacred subjects, he was found by many to be unpersuasive. One seventeenth-century commentator wrote that "he had no knowledge of things supernatural, but remained too close to nature."

Such views of Caravaggio, conditioned by the classicist belief that the task of the artist is to depict solemn or important events in terms of ideal beauty, no longer seem relevant. Today it is clear that Caravaggio possessed an extraordinarily deep knowledge of supernatural truths; that in the final years of the sixteenth century, by an astonishing leap in his powers of awareness, he became one of the most profoundly spiritual artists of the age.
CARAVAGGIO BECAME ONE OF THE MOST SPIRITUAL ARTISTS OF HIS AGE.

The more blinkered of his contemporaries saw only the flouting of conventions, not the attempt to restate old truths in newly vivid ways. Above all, they were disconcerted by his treatment of sacred subjects, depicted in terms of real life rather than as remote iconic formulas. In Caravaggio, religious history has nothing to do with fiction and still less with fantasy. It is the record of the divine will made manifest on earth, among ordinary people, whom we instantly recognize as our fellow creatures and are forced to acknowledge as our brethren.

In The Supper at Emmaus, from London's National Gallery, painted around 1600, the two disciples, suddenly transfixed as they recognize the resurrected Christ at the moment when he blesses the bread, are humble men. The younger one, whose face is turned away from us, has a
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f the roughly one hundred paintings by Caravaggio, sixty will not be seen in New York— in most instances because the owners are unwilling to subject them to the risk of damage. Of the missing Caravaggios, at least five rank among the masterpieces of post-Renaissance art.

The Calling of Saint Matthew (1599-1600; San Luigi dei Francesi, Rome)

Though widely disliked at the time, this picture made the artist's name. In it, the tax collector Matthew is seen at the moment when Christ turns to him, with a gesture derived from Michelangelo, and utters the words "Follow me," Matthew, caught in a mysterious beam of light while counting money at a table, points to his breast as if questioning the command that will lead to the martyrdom shown on the church's opposite wall.

Death of the Virgin (ca. 1605-6; Louvre)

Emphasizing the swollen body and bare legs and feet of the dead Virgin, who lies on a bed wearing a scarlet dress, Caravaggio creates an intensely moving scene bespeaking emotional pain rather than spiritual exaltation. Surrounded by the grieving apostles, this Mary depicts the loss and bereavement experienced by all human beings.

The Annunciation (ca. 1609; Musée, Nancy)

This strangely moving picture has been heavily, though brilliantly, restored. The brightly illuminated angel who floats on a cloud above the kneeling Mary is unforgettable vivid. The viewer, on the same level, becomes almost an accompanying angel above the young woman. Humble, reverent, and withdrawn, Mary holds her hand to her breast as if physically trying to absorb the extraordinary news.

The Beheading of John the Baptist (1608; Cathedral of St. John, Valletta, Malta)

Caravaggio's largest painting and the only one signed—in the painted blood of the saint. In it, the executioner seizes John's hair, about to cut off his head. A maid servant bends forward, holding a silver charger, while the jailer directs the gruesome deed and an old woman holds her head in horror. This picture alone is worth the trip to Malta.

In The Martyrdom of Saint Andrew, a crown with a goitrous throat looks wonderfully up at the old man who has preached to multitudes while suffering for two days on the cross and who now prays to be allowed to die a martyr's death. In The Flagellation, three thugs, each individualized but, taken together, the instruments of a universal savagery, prepare to go about their dreadful business of beating an innocent victim. In The Martyrdom of Saint Ursula, one of the very last pictures to be painted by Caravaggio, the saint, accepting the destiny she has been accorded, looks down in sorrow and resignation at the arrow that has pierced her breast, while the brutalized executioner seems to have rushed forward, with his bow still vibrating, to see whether he has hit his mark. Behind Saint Ursula, Caravaggio himself raises his hand in a vain protest.
CARAVAGGIO TURNS A BRILLIANT SPOTLIGHT ON HIS FIGURES, RENDERING THEIR FLESH ALMOST PALPABLE.

Caravaggio, who also appears among the onlookers in his Martyrdom of Saint Matthew and The Raising of Lazarus, also depicted himself as a victim—most significantly, as Goliath, in the Galleria Borghese's David with the Head of Goliath. In this work, probably painted near the end of Caravaggio's life, Goliath's severed head, streaming with blood, is held at arm's length by a youthful David, who, though a victor, looks down with a mixture of sorrow and disgust at the results of his necessary deed.


The distance between the confidence expressed by Caravaggio's early homoerotic paintings—some of which are thought to be self-portraits—and the pessimism of his later religious works suggests how great a toll was taken on him by a life of vagrancy and brutality. His end was shocking. Hoping for a papal pardon for his murder, he set sail from Naples in July 1610, landing secretly at Port'Ercole, north of Rome, where he was mistaken for another criminal, arrested, and imprisoned. Once released, he discovered that the ship on which he had arrived, and that contained all his possessions, had sailed. Trying to catch sight of her, he ran wildly along the shore until he collapsed with a raging fever. A few days later, he died, apparently alone. A little over a week afterward, his pardon was made public.

"The Age of Caravaggio" is on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, from February 9 to April 14, before it travels to Naples, Italy. The catalogue, written by twenty-four world-renowned specialists in seventeenth-century art, is available through the museum in hardcover and paperback.

Dale Harris, a contributing editor of Connoisseur, will deliver six lectures at the Metropolitan Museum in March and April on The Age of Caravaggio.
In a small off-Broadway theater, it is the final run-through before previews of Samuel Beckett’s Endgame, directed by and starring Alvin Epstein. The play begins in darkness; as the lights slowly come up, two tiny windows glow eerily. The director asks that this effect be more protracted. Jennifer Tipton arranges it. During the final blackout, he wants the costume of the character named Clov to be slightly highlighted in the darkness. This is more complex: Tipton will have to organize it later. Right now she is advising on makeup, pointing out problems with costume, checking with an actor to see whether what she is attempting will inhibit his performance. She tests, she tries, she negotiates. In her own kingdom—the kingdom of the visual—she is, for the moment, the director of the play.

Jennifer Tipton was once a dancer. Before that, she was an astrophysics student at Cornell. Today, she is the most talked about—and she has also been called the most respected—lighting designer of dance and theater in the country. Even such longtime associates as the brilliant choreographer Twyla Tharp have to book her months in advance. Tipton is more than just steadily employed; she works only with those artists whom she finds stimulating, creative, and important.

One does not speak of a Jennifer Tipton “imprint” on a show. Rather, directors
praise her tact in collaborating and her extraordinary ability to help them realize their own ideas. Says Andrei Serban, who is currently directing two Carlo Gozzi plays at the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, "She is most sensitive to the cause of the play, what it is about, what the needs and necessities are of that particular group of actors working in that specific surrounding with a specific director. She does her lights not according to an artificial 'look.' She always comes from the inside."

Tipton is not flashy. Unlike Hal Prince's favorite designer, Ken Billington (Sweeney Todd), who makes a specialty of theatrical effects, she makes her fellow spots unnoticeable. Tom Skelton, her mentor, who designed the ballets Astarte (Robert Joffrey) and Dances at a Gathering (Jerome Robbins), is known for his bold use of color. Tipton's color, however, is not highly saturated: it "kisses" the sets and background cycloramas. And, although she can produce virtuoso effects when called upon—as in her battery of hanging bulbs that created an opaque curtain of light for Tharp's explosive ballet Fiat Accompli—her aesthetic is just the opposite. "When you can enrich the other artist's intention, that's when you feel triumphant and that's when lighting is at its best and most anonymous," she says. As Tharp has observed, "Jenny has the capacity to do what really good artists do, which is to make themselves subservient to what the work needs."

Her technical excellence is unquestioned. Gregory Mosher, artistic director of the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago, speaks of her with a kind of relish: "There's the shape of light, and its intensity, and the angle and the color, and she's great with these things. But others are, too. With her, however, light simply always seems to have a texture as well. I think of light as being rich in texture when it's Jenny's light."

It is this idea of light as a physical entity that allows Tipton, as she puts it, "to truly carve the space—the air—away from solid things, leaving only the dancers or actors." Then she further separates the principal dancers from the group, or the actor carrying the emotional content of the moment from those around him—for one

In Nine Sinatra Songs, above, a revolving mirrored ball refracted lights of changing colors; for Endgame, center, a bleak, gray light enveloped the set. Sophisticated Ladies, right, a big Broadway musical, had a bold and dramatic look.
of the functions of light is to direct the spectator’s attention to where it already is or should be; to heighten reality in the way of a painter, illuminating and enhancing his main subject. When it succeeds, Tipton’s art is barely perceptible.

In the theater, lighting quickens the action and creates mood. Much of the mysterious, psychologically laden atmosphere of Mikhail Baryshnikov’s The Nutcracker was a result of Tipton’s magic. In David Rabe’s hit play Hurlyburly, directed by Mike Nichols, it proved to be even more powerful. Tipton explains, “Although Mike wanted all the elements to be almost hyperrealistic, he also wanted something going on underneath. At first, the men in the play—displaced and bitter Hollywood types—are seen together in a house surrounded by a sort of jungle, which is created with the help of rather bright green and blue lights. This image was carefully chosen by Mike to underline the animal qualities in human beings. [The audience is barely aware of it.] In the second-act interior, during a drunken, drugged-out, violent evening, green and blue spots are used again, suggesting that the jungle is inside. Light can create subliminal effects, help audiences make imaginative leaps they wouldn’t make in a totally realistic medium like film.”

When Tipton, in headset and work smock, directed the lighting for the Endgame rehearsals, it was a Friday afternoon in the middle of June. The week before, she had been in Holland, working with the Czech choreographer Jiří Kylián, the week before that, she had applied the finishing lighting touches to a full-company work for the New York City Ballet, Brahms-Handel, choreographed jointly by two of the most accomplished dance makers of this and many seasons, Twyla Tharp and Jerome Robbins.

Other months might include work for the dance companies of Robert Joffrey, Paul Taylor, or the American Ballet Theatre; for the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, the Manhattan Theatre Club, Chicago’s Goodman Theatre; or for Broadway shows. For years, Tipton has also been involved with the Public Theatre and the New York Shakespeare Festival, produced by Joe Papp, who refers to her as “one of the great ladies of the lamp” and classes her with a legendary pioneer of artistic stage lighting, Jean Rosenthal. Tipton’s work at the Public was awarded an Obie in 1979. Two years earlier, under Papp’s auspices, she won a Drama Desk Award for Ntozake Shange’s For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf and a Tony for Chekhov’s The Cherry Orchard at Lincoln Center. Two Broadway shows with her designs, The Pirates of Penzance and Sophisticated Ladies, ran for two years apiece. And then she was given a Brandeis Creative Arts Award in dance.

Lighting, like other arts, combines technical wizardry with a virtuoso imagination. Technically, Tipton’s facilities range from “light bulbs and tin cans” on Forty-second Street’s “theater row” to the 200 dimmers with which the Vivian Beaumont Theater, at Lincoln Center, is equipped. Lights, dimmers, gels, shutters, templates, and light boards (some are computerized and others are not) are her tools. These she manipulates to gain a multitude of lighting variations. But there are no rules. Mostly, Jennifer Tipton lights the stage with her mind and her eye.

After accepting a drama assignment—weeks before a light is focused—Tipton reads the play, then talks with the director; she works very little with the author or the actors. Lighting for dance is different; it is rare to be able to see a finished dance weeks, or even days, before its public presentation. The world premiere is often the first time the lights, costumes, music, and complete choreography, danced “full out,” appear together.

Following the director’s conference or her viewing of a dance work in progress, Tipton goes home to her large and functional loft-apartment in lower Manhattan. It is here, as she designs the lighting plot on her drafting board, and not in the theater, that she confronts her most challenging problems. “I decide what kind of light to put where, what color to make it, and what lights should be used together on dimmers,” she says. “Working mostly from drawings, I have to visualize what the stage and set will be in real space. About now, I start cursing the set designer: ‘It’s just impossible to get any light in here!’ But during the day to three days it takes to produce a plot, gradually I make my ideas about lights fit into the space I’ve been given, and out of this comes something particular to that space. It’s in the limitations that I find stimulation. By then I have a feeling about colors, about tonality, but choosing the actual color is probably the last thing I’ll do.”

At the theater, usually weeks later, electricians hang lights according to her plot. Then follows the arduous job of focusing: beams are first directed, then regulated by size and type—wide or narrow, soft or sharp edge—then locked in place. Tipton’s nervousness is most acute
during this setting-up period: by the time opening night arrives, her work is done and Tipton can relax or even go home, if she wants to. But now she stands in the beam of every light (there may be hundreds), “It’s terribly critical and I hate doing it, but because you’re there, you see where every light goes. When you go out front, you’ll never see that again, so later, if there’s a black hole somewhere, you won’t know how to fix it.” The next step is to set cues, the light changes. Each light and each cue has a number that is programmed into a computer, and when the proper combination is called up, light changes all over the stage will occur simultaneously. After initial apprehension, Tipton embraced modern technology. “It’s all part of how you get there,” she admits, but warns that “lighting is not in those numbers.”

Tipton collaborates a lot with old friends. She met Twyla Tharp in 1964 when both were with the Paul Taylor dance company. Tipton, phasing out her own dancing, worked mainly as stage manager, reproducing the lighting designs of Thomas Skelton—she was learning by doing. A year later, Tharp started her own company, and since then, Tipton has lighted all her productions. She has influenced the look of Tharp’s company beyond lighting. Tipton says, “In Nine Sinatra Songs, for instance, I told Twyla that the beautiful de la Renta ball gowns should not be seen on an empty stage, so the work was presented with a giant rotating mirrored ball, and it had a sequin backdrop by Santo Loquasto.”

For all her rewarding experiences, Tipton is not “comfortable” about the state of the theater. “Most directors concentrate on actors, but there’s so much more to it than that; there’s the whole visual image. The theater is everyman, and every way of life. Visually, it should be much richer than it is. It shouldn’t be ‘theater as usual,’ and it shouldn’t repeat television and the movies; it has to be local and immediate. There aren’t many directors who understand that.” One who does understand is Serban. “Andrei works in images. The scene in his production of Cherry Orchard that changed my life was the sunset. Andrei kept saying, ‘Darker, darker, darker.’ He taught me that darkness onstage is possible. Using light as a visual element other than just to reveal—this made all the difference to me.”

It has made a difference to countless audiences as well.

"I tried to make a beautiful dance look beautiful." Tipton, on lighting Fait Accompli, above.
MAGNOLIA PLANTATION HAS BEEN GETTING MORE BEAUTIFUL DURING THE PAST 350 YEARS

BY HENRY MITCHELL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEREK FELL

Though we cherish fine old houses, we suppose that gardens will look after themselves. But they live out their centuries at tremendous risk, and uncared for will vanish like a dream, leaving nothing but an avenue of oaks and a few tough, gnarled roses. So it is through better luck than we deserve that there are glorious gardens at Charleston, South Carolina, that have survived and grown even more spectacular through the years without much help from anybody but their owners. One of them is Magnolia Plantation, firmly believed by many who have seen it to be the most beautiful garden not just in Charleston or the U.S.A., but in the world. It is now owned by John Drayton Hastic, whose grandfather nine generations back was the first of the family to live there, and it has been open to the public since 1870. Baedeker listed Magnolia as one of the three important things to see in America, along with the Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls. That was in 1900, when judgments were sound.

Though the garden still retains some traces of its original formal layout, now overhung with great oaks, it is not for such traces that it is world famous, but for the Romantic lavishness it acquired in the nineteenth century. It has greeted the mild Carolina March for nearly a century and a half with an explosion of cerise and rose. No wonder people suppose it cannot be matched for beauty—though rivals are not far distant: Middleton Place and Cypress Gardens, to say nothing of the small gardens in the town, bursting at the seams with pittosporums and cycads and similar objects of desire coveted by arctic gardeners who live in, say, Richmond, Washington, Memphis, and Atlanta. For, though this comes as a surprise to most people, the South is not nearly so mild in the winter as the western coast of Scotland or even Norway. It is only in the coastal country of the Deep South that the climate approximates what the average American thinks ideal—that is, before the steaming summer sets in, about May.

Flowers grow here year round that turn the average gardener green with envy, but Magnolia Plantation has been celebrated for...
its birds, too, ever since Drayton Hastie became the most ardent of conservationists. "I guess I have shot more things than anybody else in the Carolinas," he said recently, in the tone of one who has seen the light and done penance. As he showed me around, Drayton pushed aside some of the subtropical jungle growth in part of the plantation's 500 acres—all that remains of a much larger spread—to reveal a bayou of black, sparkling water. "Be quiet," he said, and within a minute an anhinga, like some antediluvian cormorant, glided from a tupelo tree and dived below the water for a fish. It then swam with only head and part of the neck above the surface—you can see why its common name is snakebird—and flew to a dead log to dry off. "It's the garden that interests you, I know," he said, "but I wanted you to see this. There wasn't one left on this plantation when I was a young man."

But what raises the visitor's blood pressure is the azaleas, camellias, zephyranthes, evergreen daphnes, Carolina jasmine, Lady Banks roses, and magnolias too, for that matter (the place was named for them long before the azaleas and camellias were planted). Nowhere else on earth are they more spectacular than here, and nowhere else is the setting so magical. The source of the magic is easy to trace, for Magnolia is a garden in a swamp, and it is the aura of the swamp that produces its haunting spell.

As you enter, a large lagoon lies to your left. It was once a reservoir used for flooding rice fields; later it was dammed up to form an ornamental water with towering bald cypress trees wading in it (they are among the few trees that will grow in water). The tannic acid in their fallen leaves turns the water of the lagoon black. A dazzling white latticed bridge, built about 150 years ago, crosses the water. Massed on the banks and glimpsed through the great tree trunks are azaleas the size of army tanks and substantially more enchanting. They are reflected in the black mirror, touched with the piercing green of the new growth of the cypress.

After you cross the ornamental bridge, the perspective changes and new combinations of color are seen. From this point, the walks through the garden are tremendously varied, sometimes wide and monumental with huge azaleas and camellias; sometimes woodland paths, again with startling richness of camellias in hundreds of varieties. Turn a corner and you may meet a grand
specimen of the fan palm from Korea, or again there may be palmettos. After the spring glory of March and April, there are roses; it is surprising how vigorously tree roses grow here. Near the house you may suddenly encounter a number of bushes of the modern floribunda Betty Prior—only its bushes are eight feet high instead of four, blooming with a freedom uncommon even to this treeflowering variety. There are callas growing in almost full shade. There are amaryllis, gardenias, and ginger lilies, sweet olives and michelias, dozens of garden genera along with the extreme richness of the native flora. Burnished black water and light turn the whole garden unworldly.

I first visited Magnolia almost half a century ago at the height of its untailing spring glory, and more recently walked on the same festive bridge across the same dark water when the strength of summer had set in. The quiet beauty, with less flamboyant color, was as impressive as the spring bonfires. "Too late for the Lady Banks roses," I said, as the early summer heat rose around us.

"Look up," said Drayton Hastie, a tall, lithe man in his mid-sixties, and high in an old pine were some strands of the yellow rose blooming unaccountably past its season. The white Lady Banks rose is more tender to cold than the yellow, and it is the glory of this garden in March. But you have the feeling that here almost anything may bloom at almost any time. Even in late fall, cherries, hydrangeas, camellias, crocuses, and azaleas bloom; the roses go on until hard freezes stop them late in December. The place seems meant for wonders and magic, and you can hardly be surprised at yellow roses blooming far past their time. In its prodigal style, the entire garden, though only in its prime horticulturally, is past its prime, for it dates from the distant days when magnificence was thought both desirable and necessary.

Its silence is broken occasionally by the screams of peacocks and at dawn by the sounds of a wild multitude of jungle fowl (fairly gorgeous small bantams). In the Pacific, during World War II, Drayton Hastie was awakened, both literally and emotionally, by the exotic birds. Something possessed him to acquire a few and, like everything else in the garden, they flourished and multiplied, and now roam at large, greeting the dawn triumphantly without fail. One of the severest flaws in the American condition is the general banishment of roosters from the cities, a defect amply atoned for at Magnolia.

In the midst of this prolific life stands the family tomb, with its marble cherubs holding an oval cartouche cracked by the earthquake of 1886 that almost destroyed Charleston. The tomb, however, is not to house the present owner. He pointed to a particularly magnificent oak with a small bronze box maybe twenty-five feet above the ground set in its trunk like a little safe. "That's where I'm going," he said. And he won't come down until the tree does, which in the case of a live oak may be Judgment Day.

It was Drayton Hastie's great-grandfather the Reverend John Grimke Drayton who had the greatest influence on Magnolia's present character. He took the already beautiful and well-known garden and directed it toward its present woodland character, though remains of the geometrical eighteenth-century parterre with box edges may still be seen. Since the 1840s, it has been a super-Romantic garden of woodland glade. It would have been glorious enough had it been left as a wholly wild garden of great oaks and cypresses (the bald cypress of the South, not the Italian cypress), hung with Spanish moss (a bromeliad related to the pineapple, not a parasite as you might think), and the native lilacs of jasmine (not the classical jasmine but the one native to the Carolina woods and swamps that is said to make bees drunk, sometimes fatally so, when they sample its nectar). It breathes forth an unforgettable perfume of vanilla and perhaps bourbon, or perhaps something more lofty; in any case, it is one of those scents that can drive a man, as well as a bee, fairly mad with longing.

John Grimke Drayton, however, did not leave Magnolia as nature intended it to be but, in the way of gardeners, improved it considerably. Since he was so passionate a gardener, it was wonder he did not light on alpines, for gardeners usually set their hearts on plants from utterly different climates and pin their fondest hopes on flowers that cannot possibly succeed. Instead he followed good advice.

It was he who planted the azaleas for which the garden is world famous. These are not the excellent crimson-magenta Kurume azaleas of the North, but big Indicas, as Indian azaleas are commonly called (though they are actually hybrids developed in Bel-
Until 1848, camellias too were unknown at Magnolia. They had come to England from Asia in the late eighteenth century; the first American import arrived at Hoboken in 1798. Then as now, they were grown in northern greenhouses but were never thought of as a garden shrub. Drayton, however, having been told that camellias liked acid soil, chilly but not cold winters, a good bit of shade, and ample rainfall, ordered some. They succeeded better than even he, a gardener, could have dreamed.

The long growing season and the somewhat Turkish-bath nature of the Carolina woodlands soon resulted in seedling camellias springing up everywhere, even in the crotches of old oaks. Among the seedlings, or sports, named by John Grimke Drayton were many varieties well known even today, among them The Rev. John Bennett and The Rev. John Drayton. These two varieties were to lead to some later confusion.

The Reverend John Bennett was the son of Adam Bennett, Magnolia's slave foreman. Adam knew the garden intimately and at the end of the Civil War tracked down his former master in the retreat to which he had withdrawn after his parishioners in the Low Country had fled. He brought news that the great house had been burned to the ground, but the garden survived and the former Drayton slaves were caring for it. About forty of their descendants are still doing so.

Drayton later named the semidouble pink, which had come from a seed found sprouting in the trunk of an old live oak, The Rev. John Bennett, for Adam's son. Many a southern camellia grower, knowing this lovely flower was named for a black minister, has managed to get it confused with the other pink, named for Drayton after his death, winding up with the notion that the Draytons are an important black family. Such is the force of confused nomenclature over fact.

The Reverend John Grimke Drayton's great-grandson Drayton Hastie lives with his wife, Fernanda, in a modern house near the old plantation house, which has a history far more picturesque than its appearance would suggest. The first house at Magnolia was built in the 1680s. It had eighteen-foot ceilings, and by 1717 its gardens covered ten acres. Early in the nineteenth century, however, it burned and a new mansion was built, of old brick and cypress. It in turn was burned during Sherman's march to the sea, and after the war a more modest, pre-Revolutionary house a few miles distant was dismantled, floated down on barges, and set up on the old foundations, with later additions giving it the appearance of a Victorian rural retreat. It is not the only southern house far grander in its echoes than in its present facade.

In their nearby house, the Hasties often look out from a large garden room, lotty and mostly glass, onto the watery countryside—for the plantation is on the banks of the Ashley River, which, as everybody knows, meets the Cooper River at Charleston to form the Atlantic Ocean. They are, of course, fully modern, though some of their seven dogs are possibly original inhabitants, ranging from Boxer Dog to poodle, and despite the full complement of dog sizes and colors, they are all expert at wandering in and out of the dwelling through a dog door.

Not much is said in travelers' literature about the alligators of Magnolia, partly because some visitors are rather afraid of them. But they rise up in the lagoons and occasionally eat a dog—not the numerous house dogs, who stay out of the water, but some other dog. Drayton, however, is not one for killing alligators.

He deserves credit not only for the tranquility of the local wildlife but also for the fact that the garden still exists. After struggling along for a quarter century after the place was left to him and his brother, Drayton bought out his brother's share in 1975 and resigned as president of the Reeves Telecom Corporation, freeing his considerable energies to keep Magnolia going. "That decision came within an ace of breaking me," he says, for the next year the Arab oil embargo dried up the flow of tourists, cutting receipts to a tenth of what was needed to break even. At this point he either had to sell off to developers or go broke. He chose the latter, and the venture has paid off, though not without effort. The garden's character has been slightly altered to keep visitors coming the year round instead of at its zenith only. Now there is bloom even in winter. He picks the brams of horticulturally minded visitors and can act on advice with speed. The Bamboo Lake, with its Moon Bridge and pergola, appeared within months of the day the writer-photographer Derek Fell suggested them.

The future of a great garden invariably worries anybody who has ever had the responsibility for one. A century ago, Magnolia was saved by revenue from phosphate mining on the plantation, at the cost of ruining a great deal of land for good. Now there is the revenue from 150,000 visitors a year. Drayton has put up a wildlife observation tower and built a small compound where children can wander about with dwarf horses, rabbits, goats, sheep, and peacocks; and, his views on dogs being what they are, you can bring your dog to see the garden with you. He is expected to behave like a gentleman, stay on his lead, and not agitate the alligators. Drayton says some people disapprove of these goats and things, just as some disapprove of the new Biblical garden of plants mentioned in Scripture, but if so they can pass by, there being no requirement to put a rabbit or meditate on the lilies of the field.

"This property has been in my family 350 years now, and I'd like it to last another century or so," Drayton says. "I've turned it over to a private trust. It's nonprofit so far as I'm concerned. It pays me nothing, and the revenue goes right back into the garden. As the years pass there could be disputes or lawsuits, and the property fragmented or sold, as so often has happened in the past with plantations. So the trust is designed to prevent that and preserve the garden for the future."

John Grimke Drayton, who made Magnolia what it is, was an Episcopal priest with maybe special pipelines, but even so, it is miraculous to see the creation of a gardener content to discover what grows superlatively well and then grow plenty of it. The glossy black waters, the acid-green cypress with snowy egrets perched in them, are bonuses. So are the alligators, even, if you have a taste for conservation. □

Magnolia Gardens are open from 8:00 to 5:00 every day, year round.

Henry Mitchell is a columnist for the Washington Post and author of The Essential Earthman.

THE ADMIRABLE MR. ZENKE

A transplanted New Yorker gave the new South a classic style

BY JO DURDEN-SMITH AND DIANE DESIMONE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERRY HAYES

"Otto Zenke," says Janie Price, sitting on the edge of the sofa in the expansive living room of her Georgian residence in Greensboro, North Carolina, "was the most complete decorator in the United States." Outside, among the cape myrtles, poplars, and maples, it is blackberry winter, the last cold snap before the swelter of summer. A hard light, from the direction of the country club, slants across the room, over silk and satinwood and woven rug. "He was an utter perfectionist. He had an unerring eye for scale and proportion. He was, I used to say, one of the great minds of the eighteenth century." She laughs. Her voice has an interrogative tilt, a modified form of the permanent corkscrew questioning of the South. "You know, I ran into the owner of an antique shop here in town the other day. And she said, 'You tell them, I credit my being in business to Mr. Zenke's influence and effect on the people of this area. His taste and his standards have indelibly marked the South.' I think that's right. Otto Zenke has left behind him a tradition that wasn't here when he came. He's left behind him dealers and craftsmen and clients all over America. He's left behind him knowledge. He's left behind him appreciation." She pauses. And then she gestures outward. It is a gesture that takes in egg-and-dart molding, Sheraton secretary, Georgian mantel, chintz, mahogany, and Chippendale—all the elegant conspiracy of detail in the room that Otto Zenke designed and made for what is inevitably called "the Price house." "He's left behind him," she says with a little flourish, a pointed exclamation of hands, "this."

Otto Zenke, decorator and designer, died last year with the blooming of the dogwoods. He was seventy-nine. He wasn't a famous man, a public man, a celebrity. He appeared in no books and few magazines. The minister who delivered the eulogy at his memorial service called him "shy" and "self-effacing." All the same, he left a considerable legacy. For forty-seven years he was the confidant and adviser to the families of merchant princes that rose in the South in the thirties and forties and came into their own after the Second World War. In the Carolinas, in Texas and Florida, Indiana and Virginia and Ohio, he organized their public and their private spaces. He did their houses in Ireland and their apartments in New York. And for five decades he gave them a style, a standard of living to aspire to. The Zenke style was, in the words of the millwright who made his cornices and chairs and cabinets, "elaborate but comfortable." It was his contemporary version of the graceful classicism of English manors and small country houses in the late eighteenth century. It fit the South—its times, its manners, its modes—like a glove.

Zenke was born in Brooklyn in 1904. His father was an engineer and inventor; a favorite uncle, an engraver. One grandfather painted frescoes all over the United States, from California to the Vanderbilt houses in New York and Newport. One grandmother, it is said, taught needlework to the last czarina of Russia during her childhood outside Darmstadt.

The young Zenke always knew what he

Otto Zenke rarely sat for the camera. Here he is at age forty or so, characteristically quizzical and guarded.
wanted to do. He started collecting books on art and architecture at the age of fourteen. He studied interior design at the Parsons School of Design and the Pratt Institute, in New York. He practiced his trade for ten years at B. Altman, a department store that has always prided itself on its quality furniture. And then, in 1937, he was invited to Greensboro, to become chief decorator and designer for the large home-furnishings store Morrison-Neese. Thirteen years later, he went into business for himself. He had showrooms in Greensboro and shops in London and Palm Beach. He was courtly, they say; affable, amicable; a scholar and artisan of the first rank. He brought eminence to his adopted city of Greensboro. Elegance and beauty were his trademarks.

The few photographs that remain of Otto Zenke are unrevealing. They show a boy with a violin, formally posed, his locks sentimentally curled; a man in his forties, with a fleshy neck, deep-set eyes, and a quizzical, guarded look; and an older, slightly stouter man with thinning gray hair sitting at a desk and gazing blankly at the camera with a composed impersonality, an Oriental calm.

A walk through his gallery in downtown Greensboro—which was also his home—reveals little further, for the private rooms are no different from the public ones. In the showrooms there is a painted bedroom with a four-poster bed. There is a dining room, with napery and cutlery laid for guests. And in Zenke's own bedroom, the only remotely personal touch is the pair of painted harbor-front shadowboxes tucked into shelves full of books in Moroccan leather. There are here none of the biographies and detective stories Zenke is said to have loved; no trace of the wit he is said to have had. Indeed, there is almost nothing personal in the gallery at all, except for a few scattered pieces that Zenke seems to have had a special fondness for: a drum table at which he sometimes ate breakfast.

Zenke's interiors, such as his own living room in Greensboro, reflect his affinity for eighteenth-century British...
a small genre painting by Sir David Wilkie, a carved-wood swag by Grinling Gibbons; some Meissen. "Do not sell," they are each marked in a spidery hand. Zenke is not to be found, then, in the place where he lived and worked. It is only in the houses and voices of others that he begins to come alive.

Greensboro in the thirties was a long, long way from the New York where Zenke was raised. "It was a strange place in those days," says Joseph R. Morton, a retired chemicals manufacturer, standing stiffly in his drawing room in Hamilton Lakes, in western Greensboro. "Greensboro had a population of about fifty thousand. There was a good deal of industry—Burlington Mills, Blue Bell, Cone Mills. There were streetcars, a radio station. There were shops, a busy downtown, and two fine hotels—the O. Henry and the King Cotton. There was a good deal of money in the area. At the same time it was a parochial town, courteous and intimate and slow. The women carried parasols and wore long white gloves. Everybody who was anybody knew everybody else. They were in and out of each other's houses. They married into each other's families. They met at club meetings and picnics and dinners at the hotels."

"That, I think, was what drew Otto to Greensboro," says May Belle Jones, the former chairman and chief executive officer of Mark Cross in New York, and a close friend of Zenke's for forty-five years. "Greensboro was smallish and friendly and formal and, like the rest of the South, half in love with the past. And that suited Otto. He'd been something of a star in New York at Altman's. He'd made a group of miniature rooms—they were something of a craze at the time—which had been seen all over America. But he'd only made them because they represented the sort of

In the thirties, when Dee Price Boquist was a young girl, she went to Morrison-Neese, Greensboro's leading home-furnishings store, to see such marvels in miniature as Colleen Moore's fairy castle and courtyard and the famous model European and American interiors of Mrs. James Ward Thorne. But what Boquist remembers most clearly are the eight Otto Zenke rooms that came there on exhibit around the same time. She says they changed her life. She attended the Parsons School of Design, as Zenke had, and became a miniaturist and collector.

About fifty years later, Otto Zenke and his miniature rooms are back in Boquist's life again. The Zenke estate has asked her to supervise the restoration of those very rooms, plus six others executed at Morrison-Neese later in the decade. Some of them have been shown recently, as touched up by Zenke's staff. Boquist's efforts, scheduled for completion in January 1983, are intended for permanence. Their home is expected to be in Market Square, the new exhibition center for the American furniture industry in High Point, North Carolina. He deserves the tribute. The Thorne rooms, built as touring department-store attractions, now grace such museums as the Art Institute of Chicago, the Phoenix Art Museum, and the Duhm Gallery of Art, in Knoxville. Zenke's small-scale masterpieces deserve no less a showcase.

Miniatures offered Zenke a way to spin out his ideas. There were no budgetary constraints, no architectural impediments. The series shown in the thirties took three years to complete. The furniture was handmade, primarily of fine-grained woods, varnished to look like the furniture of the piece's period, or else painted. The chandeliers were assembled from hundreds of crystal beads, the largest bead three-eighths of an inch long. Zenke made sconces, put in moldings, built columns, mirrored screens, and louvered doors with brass hardware. He lighted with pinhead electric lights. In April 1936, the writer for the magazine Architecture described Zenke's miniatures in detail as if they were human-scale. He walked his reader through the Regency dining room, with its blue-gray walls, white leather chairs, and princely sideboard and breakfast set up with china and silver. He lingered in the living room, with its shining black floor, oval rug, Louis XVI writing desk, Regency commode, and full-length portrait framed in gold. He admired the taffeta drapes in swags of green and white, and the formal garden beyond the bay windows. Not until the end of the article did he spring the surprise that the living room, with its black lacquered floor and dove-gray walls, was two by two and a half feet, the Regency commode was a foot and a half inches high, the full-length portrait a mere eight inches.

The conventional scale for miniatures was and remains one inch per foot. Zenke, for reasons unknown, chose to work on a scale of an inch and half to the foot. Says Boquist, "The extra half inch makes a setting so much more vivid and effective. And you can really see on this scale the sense of detail and proportion he had, the feel he had for accessories, and how, as he mixed earlier styles with more contemporary ones, he achieved a look that is absolutely timeless."
work that he wasn't being allowed to do in New York. They were traditionally based, with dazzling contemporary touches; very beautifully made, very meticulous, very Otto. Anyway, when Old Man Morrison invited Otto down to inspect Morrison-Neese, he saw it as a real opportunity to make his mark. The store would have antiques. He would have the whole of the fifth floor. And he'd be virtually the only designer-decorator between Washington, D.C., and Atlanta.

Through the late thirties and the forties, from his base at Morrison-Neese, Zenke designed and decorated rooms and houses for the leading textile, tobacco, insurance, and furniture families of the increasingly industrialized and prosperous South.

From his first days at Morrison-Neese, on South Greene Street, says Margaret Thompson, who worked with him for all his forty-seven years in Greensboro, "he was tactful and diplomatic. But he was very definite about his ideas; he knew exactly what he wanted to do." He had brought down with him from New York, according to his niece Julie Bedell, "a disdain for the Victorian era he'd grown up with." He disliked the Victorian era's Utrecht velvet and Nottingham lace; its ponderous chandeliers and wedding-cake fibrous-plaster ornamentation; its coarsely carved wardrobes and dressing tables en suite; its dismal, stiff-necked, well-bred sentimentality. At the same time, he had no taste for modern materials, the slabby, people's chic of steel and plastic and ferociously bright color that was beginning to emerge as the dominant style of the mid-twentieth century. What he did love was the interiors of the English late eighteenth century, the vigorous simplicities of a time in which ornate paneling had given way to painted wallpaper and low wainscoting, and silk damask and satin embroidered with silver had been democratized to chintz and calico and cotton. Zenke used the decorative vocabulary of this period in virtually everything he did as a designer in the South. His rooms were almost always framed and made formal by moldings and chair rails and ornamental trim. They were full of architectural detail—pilasters and recesses and shaped columns—and of echoes, between the shapes of valances, the patterns in fabrics, and the hang and fall of draperies and decorative festoons. Zenke's art, as it developed, was very careful, very planned, and very theatrical, but it made for rooms that were intimate as well as formal, and often unexpectedly modern in the boldness of the accents and the brightness of the colors. They were both old and new, antique and absolutely up-to-date. And they suited the dynasties of the new South well, for they were comfortable, they were elegant, and they were redolent of the past. They re-created for the South the style that had died out with the old plantation houses.

"It wasn't only what he did, it was how he did it," says Polly O'Connell, who speaks on this subject with particular authority, Zenke did houses for her in New York, Ireland, Connecticut, and the Carolinas. "What he did was capable of great variety. None of the places he did for me looked the same. How he did them, though, was invariably. Everything he did had to be perfect, meticulously finished.

For S. Davis Phillips, in High Point, Zenke lent country grandeur to the "Trophy Room" of the previous owner, who was an avid hunter.
That's seamstresses, designers, craftsmen; Zenke's at work, but to do something more—to make them. That's why so many of his clients went back to him again and again. That's why so many of their children used him. He set a standard.

Upstairs in the Zenke Gallery's drafting rooms and downstairs in the workshops, Zenke's work still goes on. Elizabeth Freeman, whom Zenke trained as a designer at Morrison-Neese and brought with him into his business, has long been serving clients of her own. Besides, jobs that have lasted a man's lifetime don't just stop. The seamstresses are interlining curtains; the upholsterers are busy with a sofa frame; Bobby Wilkins, who has worked for Otto Zenke Inc. for twenty-five years, is in the cabinet shop lacquering a table. For all of them, though, there is a sense of an ending. The formal garden seems suddenly an anomaly; the Regency building Otto Zenke designed and defended, an anomaly amid all the tall, sharp, Snopesian ugliness of downtown. The past, it seems, is merely history.

In the drafting room upstairs, Glenn Hodgin, who was Zenke's draftsman and right hand for more than thirty years, looks out of the window as he fingers a thick roll of his large-scale drawings—for houses in such far-flung places as Sedgefield, Litchfield, and Key Biscayne. "You know," he says, "it makes you hurt to have known how it was. But it was a privilege to work for Mr. Zenke. He was sometimes difficult, always exacting; he wanted everything his way. But there wasn't a thought of boast in him. When people wrote letters after his death—people he'd helped in the furniture industry, people whose antique collections he'd helped build, dealers he'd encouraged—the one thing they all said, the one thing they kept repeating, was that he was a gentleman."

Otto Zenke was a gentleman who was able to play out over a broader and broader arena—as the South opened and expanded and became conscious of itself—the role of one of the gentlemen-craftsmen of the eighteenth century whom he revered and emulated. A time and a man and a geography met and fit. Now that time is over. Geographies have become foreshortened; corporate taste rules. But the man's influence remains, scattered across the South. It remains in rooms and collections and reproductions. It remains in a certain aspiration, a certain style, a certain drive toward excellence.

Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone are frequent contributors to Connoisseur.
THE MASTER OF MONTRACHET

MEET PIERRE RAMONET,
THE BEST WHITE-WINE MAKER IN BURGUNDY

BY FRANK WARD  PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEBASTIAO SALGADO
Pierre Ramonet of Burgundy, just short of eighty and still one of the greatest wine makers in France, has dreamed all his life of owning a parcel of a small plot of land south of Beaune that happens to give the best dry white wine in the world. It is a grand cru vineyard called Montrachet.

Ramonet has long owned parts of the adjoining vineyards Bâtard-Montrachet and Bienvenues-Bâtard-Montrachet, both grand cru vineyards too and able to yield great wines, so it cannot be said that he has ever played second fiddle. But when at long last, in his seventy-third year, he obtained a tiny segment of Montrachet in 1978, it was as if a virtuoso violinist had come into possession of a Stradivarius.

Many of the world’s choicest wines are grown on the “golden slope” of Burgundy, notably its thirty-one grands crus. Of the six white wines, five are grown in or around the villages of Chassagne-Montrachet and Puligny-Montrachet. In accord with the custom of the region, the villages have added to their own names that of the great vineyard of which each straddles a part.

Made purely from the Chardonnay grape, the top whites that Ramonet and his confrères produce are full and scented, dry yet succulent, and can match with authority such comestibles as sole, turbot, lobster, Bresse chicken, and foie gras. Behind their opulent bouquet, which may suggest peaches, apples, cinnamon, apple blossoms, greengages, nuts, and yellow roses, lies a solidly classic structure. Their intensely fruity flavor, balanced by fresh acidity, can linger a long time.

Nearly two hundred growers and shippers, many of them highly respected, are based in the two villages, but “Père” Ramonet is almost legendary—one of the greatest and best-known vigneron in France, supplier of white Burgundy to presidents and kings.

Born in Chassagne-Montrachet on March 1, 1906, in the same house he lives in now, Ramonet has more zest for life than most striplings. He still works day in, day out, to make wines as perfect.
as nature will allow, bringing to his métier the perfectionism of a great artist. He rises before dawn and is out in the vineyard alone until late in the evening, with only a brief pause for lunch. His fourteen hectares of vineyard (another three lie fallow, making over forty acres in all) are planted with some 140,000 vines, which he himself tends. During the few hours a week when he is not in the fields, he is at work in the cellars or the winery, attending to one or another of the vignerons’ countless tasks.

His contemporary the abbé Colin, former manager of the marquis de Laguiche’s wine estate (which includes a two-hectare portion of Montrachet), says of his lifelong friend, “In my opinion, Ramonet is the best wine maker in Chassagne. Montrachet is a passion with him. He is an extraordinary man. I’ve never seen such love and respect for the vine, for the wine. He just works, works, and works. Every day. He sleeps only four hours a night, and at harvest time I’m not sure he sleeps at all!”

The English wine merchant Anthony Goldthorp, of O. W. Loeb, says, “Ramonet is a marvelous man and absolutely the greatest producer of white wines in Burgundy. In poor years he’s always the exception, the one who manages to make good wine when the others fail, and his wines are always different. He’s a great character, too, quite unique. He’s totally dedicated, out in the vineyards all the time. The only time you get to see him is when it’s raining.”

Unlike most top Burgundy wine makers, Ramonet was not born into a family of vignerons. His farmer father came to Chassagne in the late 1890s from the plains of Saône et Loire, settled down in the village, married a local girl, and began buying plots of vineyard yielding ordinary wines. Pierre Ramonet began working in the wines when he was a small boy and bought his first parcel of vineyard—a segment of the premier cru Grands Ruchottes—in 1938. Since then, slowly but surely, he has built up his domaine to its present size. He has no permanent employees, and the only assistance he receives, save at harvest time, is from his son, André, and a grandson who is a trainee enologist.

It is almost impossible to contemplate the size of Ramonet’s self-appointed task. Every one of his 140,000 odd vines needs careful tending, which includes the delicate task of grafting every new young vine onto phylloxera-resistant roots. In addition, there is pruning, replacing eroded soil, weeding, and fighting insects, rot, and virus infections—among them the dreaded court nœue, which withers and kills the entire vine. Moreover, every vine must be pruned, a crucial task that Ramonet will not entrust to others. In their classic work The Wines of Burgundy, Pierre Poupon and Pierre Forgett write, “Left entirely to nature the vine becomes tangled up with useless branches which quickly exhaust it and hinder regular fruiting. One must, therefore, domesticate the vine like an animal.” They add, “Only the vine grower who has several times a year and over a number of years in front of each of his vines can, if he loves his craft, acquire sufficient experience to enable him to guide the vine to perfection.” Ramonet is such a vine grower. But even this is not all. There is the harvest itself, which involves picking hundreds of thousands of bunches of grapes, and then the crucial fermentation. One false step can result in spoiled wine.

Pierre Ramonet owns parcels of several premier cru wines—Grandes Ruchottes, Cailleret, Clos de la Boudriotte (red only), Morgeot (red and white), and Clos St. Jean—as well as several hectares of ordinary reds and whites that are entitled to be named only for the village. Of grand cru vineyards he owns 0.8 hectares (nearly two acres) each of Bâtard-Montrachet and Bienvenues-Bâtard-Montrachet and a mere twenty-five acres (0.25 hectare and less than an acre) of Montrachet itself. This is the wine that, in the British expert Hugh Johnson’s words, earns its fame by “an almost unbelievable concentration of the qualities of white burgundy. It has more scent, a brighter gold, a longer flavor, more succulence, and yet more definition.” Alexandre Dumas made the celebrated comment that it should be drunk kneeling, with head bared.

Montrachet is surely one of the most euphoniously named of wines, though the origin of the name is not very poetic. According to André Simon, “Rachet, in Burgundian parlance, means bald, and Mon-Rachet, which was the original spelling, still to be seen on old labels, meant the hill without a tree.” The vineyard covers just 7.48 hectares, and the average yearly yield is in the region of just over 30,000 bottles, 1,200 to 1,500 of these bottles coming from Ramonet’s part of it. Almost all of Montrachet used to belong to the marquis de Laguiche, who, with two hectares, remains the biggest single proprietor. Others include Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, Bouchard Père et Fils, Comtes Lafon, and the Duc de Magenta.

Ramonet is so great a wine maker that he has often made a Bâtard-Montrachet equal to other producers’ Montrachet. But because Montrachet is without question the greatest vineyard, Ramonet long ago decided that he must secure a part of it. It is fitting that 1978, his first Montrachet vintage, should be one of the greatest in living memory for white Burgundy. It also says something about Ramonet that, though in his seventies, he strove body and soul to make a wine that he could not live to enjoy at its best, a wine using the full potential of the vintage that would endure for thirty years or more.

“Montrachet,” he says, in a voice as firm and crisp as his wines, “is the greatest dry white wine in the world. It is unique, a wine that has everything—the power and body of Bâtard-Montrachet and also the delicacy and bouquet of Chevalier-Montrachet. It is all about finesse. If I were to open a bottle of Montrachet now”—he waves toward various bottles of his Bâtard-Montrachet, majestic wines by any standard—“these wines would just disappear. You can serve foie gras, langoustine, and crayfish with Bâtard, and sole with Chevalier, but Montrachet should be drunk on its own, in solitary splendor. Le vin pour le vin—for its own sake.”

Pierre Ramonet’s holdings in premier cru and grand cru vineyards are beyond price, but money means little to him save as

Frank Ward often writes about wines for Connoisseur.
In his cellar, Ramonet tastes a glass of his 1982 Grandes Ruchottes—powerful, its subtlety still masked.
THE PICK OF THE CROP

According to Ramonet, the best years for white Burgundy are 1961—"still good"—1964, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1976, 1978, 1979, 1981, and 1982. "Both 1981 and 1982 were better here, in the Côte de Beaune, than in the Côte de Nuits," he says, "but it was the other way round in 1980. I didn't bottle any '80s at all. I sold the lot in bulk to the négociants. Which wines are ready to drink now? A lot of the '79s are ready, and some of the '70s. The '76 Bienvenues is more or less on top now, but the Bâtard still needs three or four years."

arms in all the greatest restaurants of France, and his wines are drunk with gratitude and humility by connoisseurs the world over. They are sold out long before they are bottled.

His face is deeply lined, but his blue eyes sparkle with life, glittering and shining with curiosity, enthusiasm, and excitement. He talks at a tremendous pace. The subject veers from the weather to wine, and from the wines of Chassagne to those of Corton, Chambertin, Musigny, and Richebourg. He seems to know about everything that's happening throughout the golden slope and can tell you which producers are really good, which have compromised their standards, which are no good at all. He knows that so-and-so in a certain village in the Côte de Nuits has made an advantageous marriage that will allow him to buy more vineyards, that another farther south has turned into a commercial shipper, and that another, in Santenay, tends his vines and wines with particular skill.

Like all truly creative people, Ramonet is full of praise for colleagues who have worked hard and well to achieve excellence. "Tollot-Beaut in Chorey are very good, très sérieux. When I drink their wine, I always choose a Beaune Clos du Roi, because the wines are very old. Romanée-Conti are among the best—have you ever tasted their Montrachet?—and Hudelot-Noellat, in Chambolle-Musigny, make good wines; also Roumier. But not X—that is not a good house. My favorite red from the Côte de Nuits is Musigny from Comte Georges de Vogue's estate. . . ." and he goes on to single out a dozen other fine producers throughout the region.

He leaves the room and comes back a few moments later with a bottle of wine. Out comes the cork, and he pours its golden contents into the glasses standing ready. "This is a Grandes Ruchottes. Look at that color." It is so bright and youthful-looking that I guess it is a 1981. "It's a 1974," he says, "and it hasn't budged. Most white '74s are finished now, madères and brown, but this still has lots of life. It's not a great year, '74, but it's a good wine, isn't it? How long can you keep white Burgundy? That depends. I recently tasted my own 1959 Clos St. Jean and it was sensational, one of the best wines I ever made. And my 1978 Montrachet, and the Bâtard too, will easily last thirty years."

All the time he talks he gestures with his hands, his eyes glinting, smiling briefly as he recalls something amusing or odd. His arms are corded with veins, and his gnarled but deft hands have
evolved over the years into agricultural instruments: knotted and strong, as sinewy as vine stocks. His fingers are shaped like chisels, the nails permanently ingrained with the soil of his vineyards. He stoops slightly and his shoulders curve forward, as if he were reaching to pick a bunch of grapes. "I like work. I have always been healthy. I've had good luck. My wife has also helped me a great deal. I have no hobbies—I haven't the time! I have a serious clientele and that's good. They come every day—all the Belgian restaurateurs and the French too: Vrinat from Taillevent, Alain Chapel, Troisgros, Pic, Lameloise. Also many small clients. To tell the truth, I have too many clients, and I often have to limit the quantity."

I tell Ramonet how Madame Bize-Leroy of Romanée-Conti once told me that while she could explain how to make a great red wine, she could not explain how to make a great white. He agrees. "The Chardonnay is a fine grape, small, but it develops a lot of sugar. This is why it's possible to make good white wine nearly every year. But whites are certainly harder to make than reds—they're more delicate.

"I don't drink Burgundies only," he adds, to explain the presence of empty bottles of Haut-Brion and Mouton-Rothschild outside the door. "I like some Bordeaux. Pétus is my favorite, but I also appreciate Mouton, Lafite, and Cheval-Blanc. Rhône wines, too, especially from Jaboulet, Chave, Vernay, are good. But I don't like all wines—Château Chalon, for instance. I don't like the oxidized smell. Nor am I keen on Muscadelle."

Again he leaves the room, to return with a 1976 Bâtard-Montrachet. It has a splendid green-gold color, with glycerine-thick tears. The scent is strong, the flavor rich and weighty. It persists in the mouth, the main theme soon developing subsidiary flavors—a great, opulent scent still several years from its peak.

Pierre Ramonet's tasting room is small and bare. The walls are painted a sulphurous yellow; the floor is covered with mottled tiles; light is supplied by fluorescent strips in the ceiling. On the refrigerator stands a large blue jug bearing a coat of arms and the name Ramonet. The table is covered with a plastic cloth.

"I like good food. Last year I ate at a great restaurant nearly every Sunday. My favorites are Georges Blanc in Vonnas—I think he must have the best facilities of all. Also Lameloise, l'Oasis—the best, I think, on the Côte d'Azur—and Roger Vergé, Rostang's Bonne Auberge at Antibes, Orsi and La Tour Rose in Lyons, Bocuse, and Alain Chapel. And Taillevent in Paris—the best cellar of them all." He sighs with remembered pleasure: "C'est bon, hein?"

The time arrives to descend to the cellars to see how the young wines are developing in cask. "I do not use one hundred percent new oak casks for the new wine," Ramonet says. "I feel they give it too much tannin, and a woody flavor too. Between one-third and one-half is about optimum, with the rest made up of casks from a previous vintage or two." He gets up to draw off a glass of the first wine, using a glass pipette.

A 1982 Grandes Ruchottes has a bright, light-gold color and a ripe, grapey scent with hints of honey. The flavor is full and assertive, but most of the wine's subtlety is still masked by the raw young acids and tannic astringency. A 1981 Bâtard-Montrachet is still more powerful, with lots of body and persistence. An extra year of maturing reveals much more of its complex structure. But the 1981 Montrachet that follows confirms everything that Ramonet has said about the wine's overall supremacy: a luminescent green-gold color that seems almost to glow in the semidarkness, like radium; a big perfume with the immense, opulent scent of the Chardonnay; and an almost intimidatingly strong flavor. One feels one is tasting the essences of precious minerals. Seeming to open up all manner of sensory possibilities, it is a strong, many-faceted wine sure to outlive the splendid Bâtard by a good decade. It is a wine that I would like to taste again in ten years—with Ramonet, I hope.
Granulation, a jeweler's technique lost for 2,500 years, is enjoying a spirited revival.

In an elegant Madison Avenue shop-window that generally glows with the finest of antique gems and settings—Fred Leighton's—something new is creating a stir: necklaces and earrings of brilliant yellow gold that evoke the treasure of King Tut's tomb; richly embel-lished ivory pomanders and scent bottles worthy of the dressing table of a Second Empire duchess. Each of these pieces is encrusted with delicate patterns of tiny gold beads, work of such skill that the observer might swear it showed the hand of an ancient craftsman. In fact, the gold-en array is the work of a thirty-seven-year-old romantic who goes by the nom de bijoux of Delphin Broussailles.

Not long ago in a nearby Fifth Avenue art gallery, where only rare antiquities are displayed—the Merrin Galleries—another trove of yellow gold gleamed in glass cases: Maya and Olmec jades hung on intricate, hand-branded chains; acorns of blue topaz and garnet nesting in gold caps; pre-Columbian emeralds set in gold rings. Like the jewels at Fred Leighton, most of these pieces shimmer with the tiny beaded patterns known as granulation. The workmanship is no less fine, though the spirit informing the pieces, while respectful of the cultures of the past, is utterly contemporary. They are the work of two women who came to goldsmithing from diverse backgrounds. Jean Stark was a painter; Noma Copley, a patron of the great Surrealist painters, later a metalsmith, jeweler, and porcelain designer, following Surrealist inspiration (examples of this work are now in the design collection of the Museum of Modern Art). Later work in archaeology turned her toward goldsmithing. Stark and Copley now work in collaboration, making jewelry based in the past but timeless in spirit.

Broussailles, Stark, and Copley are among the very few goldsmiths who practice the ancient art of granulation: the process of affixing minuscule gold spheres in patterns on a metal surface without additional brazing material. It is painstaking and tedious work requiring infinite patience and skill, sharp eyes, and a steady hand. It is done today much as it was done 2,500 years ago, when this exacting art form was at its peak.

The skill and sensitivity of these modern artisans is so remarkable that dealers hitherto committed to antiques and antiq-
uties have broken policy to carry their work. As Fred Leighton's Murray Mondschein says of the work of Delphin Broussailles, "We're so committed to exquisite workmanship, we couldn't resist."

Broussailles, a former professor of art history and philosophy at Georgetown University, is one of the most prolific of today's granulators. A painter, he became enamored of goldsmithing as a young student in Cleveland. "There's so much romance. The nobility, the alchemists, the goldsmiths who died with their secrets," he muses. "Gold just has a mystique." Eventually, "my eccentricities got the better of me." He gave up teaching and began working as a goldsmith—with a new name. "I visited every museum in the world, read every manuscript ever written. I wanted to know everything that was possible to know on this subject." The tradition Broussailles follows dates at least as far back as the Minoans of 3000 B.C. Granulation was used by almost every ancient culture—Egypt, Syria, Crete, Persia, Greece, and Rome—but none brought it to higher perfection than the Etruscans in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. With the invention of the file, they were able to achieve the finest of particles—dust granulation—sometimes less than .014 millimeters in circumference. Indeed, there is an Etruscan pot less than seven inches high to whose surface 137,000 granules have been attached.

Though the fashion for granulated gold died out during the Roman empire, craftsmen who had seen the marvels of Etruscan and Greek goldsmithing tried repeatedly to discover its lost secret. The great Renaissance goldsmith Benvenuto Cellini was beside himself when he saw the treasures from Etruscan tombs.

The revival of classicism in the eighteenth century fostered renewed interest in granulation, and in the midnineteenth century the Italian Pio Fortunato Castellani, who worked in the classical tradition, spent years trying to unravel the Etruscan secret. Like previous attempts, his failed. Not until 1913, in Germany, was the ancient colloid, or nonmetallic, soldering process rediscovered, by Hans Joachim Wagner. He was followed by many others. The metallurgist Elizabeth Trefousse and
Hans Michael Wilm, in Germany, and H.A.P. Littledale, in England, independently devised methods resulting in granulation that at last approached the level of Etruscan skill. Littledale patented his process. In America, John Paul Miller made his own rediscovery, as did Jean Stark, Robert Kulicke, and Noma Copley, working together.

Each artisan uses a slightly different process, and there is no way of knowing whether any of them replicates the Etruscan method. In the Stark-Copley-Kulicke process, for example, copper-plated gold granules are applied to the gold surface of the piece, each separately, with a small brush dipped in a glue solution. The piece is then fired with a torch, a matter of split-second timing. The heated copper and gold form a eutectic, which has a melting point below that of the surface alloy. It therefore flows first, creating a join between the two gold surfaces almost invisible to the naked eye. This technique firmly bonds the granules to the surfaces, although they appear to be ready to roll off at the slightest movement.

Today, granulation is taught in almost every serious jewelry school, though it is regularly practiced by only a small group of contemporary goldsmiths. The most notable among them, besides Broussailles, Stark, and Copley, are Cornelia Roethel and John Paul Miller, who teach at the Cleveland Institute of Art and is universally acknowledged as America's pioneer in granulation. They are simultaneously scholars, designers, and craftsmen, as well versed in the history of goldsmithing as they are in the technicalities of metallurgy. In various ways, each has contributed to the collective knowledge and understanding of granulation.

Probably the single most important development in the twentieth-century revival of granulation was the accidental discovery, less than ten years ago, of a commercial source for granules. Noma Copley, who has been working in the medium since 1969, found that manufacturers of tiny silver beads for the electronics industry could produce the same product in gold, albeit at double the cost of the metal. While most contemporary granulators have at one time or another made their own granules, all agree that the process is extremely time-consuming and the results inconsistent. "The problem is sizing them and getting them spherical," says Broussailles, in New York, which researches and teaches classical jewelry-making methods. "By contrast, the Etruscans could get a perfect surface maybe ten percent of the time."

In their designs, Jean Stark and Noma Copley employ what Copley describes as "ancient techniques to make contemporary jewelry." Enjoying twentieth-century sensibilities, the two women use granulation in a way it has never been used before. "We apply contemporary aesthetics, like geometric shapes, lack of symmetry, and surprising elements," says Jean Stark. Though she is devoted to classical jewelry forms, she is firmly committed to using any twentieth-century technology available, as she does in her ongoing experiments in granulating with mixed metals. "If we can do it faster and easier with a greater percentage of success, I'm for it," she says.

Delphin Broussailles, who studied at Kulicke-Stark as well as with John Paul Miller in his quest to become "an enlightened, well-informed artist," approaches granulation from the opposite end of the philosophical spectrum. His idea of technology is a gas torch. "I'm more sophisticated than the Etruscans," he says. "They had only charcoal and blow pipes."

For Broussailles, the process is what counts. He is unconcerned with expediency and once spent three and a half years on a single piece of jewelry. His ivory jars and bottles are turned on a 150-year-old Rube Goldberg machine he calls a "Holtzapffel" ornamental turning lathe. His threads are cut by hand. His designs sometimes come to him in dreams. And when he starts a piece, he is never sure what it will look like when it's finished.

Unlike Stark and Copley, Broussailles describes his own sensibility as being rather more nineteenth than twentieth century. He will create an ornate fibula that might catch the eye of a Roman senator, amphora-shaped earrings and large signet rings suitable for a Mesopotamian princess, and turned ivory and gold bibelots with no conceivable twentieth-century use except, of course, to look lovely. Virtually everyone who sees his work is genuinely moved by the workmanship. "It's
nothing short of impressive. It represents an immense amount of work, research, and talent," says André Chervin, the well-known jewelry manufacturer who creates pieces for nearly every major house.

Many people in the field nevertheless wonder whether there is a significant market for Broussailles's elaborate work in the late twentieth century. While demand for his pieces is limited, Broussailles's jewelry has had considerable success with Fred Leighton's sophisticated and well-heeled clientele. "Yellow gold is sought after for day wear, and our customers respond to good work. They really want top quality, and they can afford to indulge," says Mondschein, who filled the windows of his shop in the Trump Tower with Broussailles's twenty-two-karat fantasies.

Even if granulation is unlikely to become quite the rage it was with the Etruscans, there is growing interest in classical gold jewelry at every level of the jewelry industry. The designer Ilias Lalaounis sells modern granulated twenty-two-karat earrings and necklaces copied from ancient pieces. Made by Greek craftsmen in the traditional way, these range from large round granulated earrings adapted from a pattern found in Troy to copies of an ancient Greek necklace with dangling acorns and animal heads.

The designer Helen Woodhull and others make jewelry that is cast to create a granulated effect. In one of his recent costume-jewelry collections, Yves St. Laurent used this motif in many of his earrings and pins. While these are attractive accessories that give the public some idea of the classical look in jewelry, cast granulated pieces are something like candy bars in a world of hand-dipped chocolates.

It is not the market or current fashion that motivates these dedicated artist-craftsmen, but rather a tradition of exquisite beauty and awe-inspiring workmanship that goes back nearly 5,000 years. Delphin Broussailles probably expresses some of the sentiments of his fellow jewelers when he says, "I don't want to just make jewelry. I want to make people gasp at the thought that someone is creating such things today."
Opening night of the twelfth Biennale des Antiquaires, in Paris's Grand Palais, is what opening night at the Metropolitan Opera used to be but is no more—a mandatory event for those who think that being seen is a matter of importance. "Le tout Paris can show off only at public galas like this, so they all come," explains Olivier Aaron, whose father and business partner, Didier Aaron, is a top Paris dealer, "especially since the Socialist government came to power here and rich people no longer dare to give big private parties."

Even in the days before the Socialists, few indeed were the private persons who could manage anything comparable to this brilliant, three-week bash, held every two years from mid-September through early October. For 1984's extravaganza, La Haute Joaillerie de France and their co-sponsor, the Syndicat National des Antiquaires, spent $1.5 million, transforming the vast interior of the exhibition hall into a lavish backdrop for the most beautiful trade show in the world. Miles of yellow fabric draped the walls and ceiling. On view in displays, some too elaborate to be called booths, were the exquisite eighteenth-century French furniture, precious bibelots, and Oriental porcelains of 130 elite shops and galleries. Forests of tall trees lined broad aisles that radiated from a mirrored garden of blooming flowers at the center of the bazaar, and delighted visitors who were accustomed to the cool, impersonal atmosphere of the automobile or boat show and found the Biennale warm, even intimate, by contrast.

On this particular opening night, of the several "stations of the cross" where the chic folk must pay their respects, Didier Aaron's stand is de rigueur. A reporter who parks himself at this spot surveys the complete panoply of big cheeses, or, as the French say, gros légumes.

For openers, a brace of Rothschilds: David and his wife, Olympia, and, a few minutes later, Béatrice, daughter of the late Alain de Rothschild, and her husband, Pierre Rosenberg, the powerful cu
rator of paintings at the Louvre. Marshaling regiments of Rothschilds seems to be a Didier Aaron practice. Tomorrow morning, Mlle. Cécile de Rothschild, with the presence (and the profile) of a Roman emperor, will inspect Aaron's stand and offer comments in her basso profundo.

"That's the Princesse de Beauvau Craon," Olivier Aaron whispers, "and that's Mrs. Heinz, of the Pittsburgh pickle Heinzes."

An impeccably dressed black gentleman enters the stand and is immediately embraced by Didier Aaron with, if possible, even more enthusiasm than were the relays of Rothschilds. When the gentleman departs, Aaron explains, "He is the ambassador of President Houphouët-Boigny, of the Ivory Coast, whose private houses in Abidjan and in Paris we decorated with Versailles-quality pieces. When his guards in Africa ignored the carefully calculated air conditioning and humidity controls and kept all the windows wide open, the marquetry and tortoiseshell began popping off the furniture, so we had to send a team of artisans from our own shop to live there for a year to repair the damage."

Until midnight the proud parade of notables continues: Hubert de Givenchy ("My biggest client, with the best taste in Europe"); Mrs. John Gutfreund ("Her husband is chairman of Salomon Brothers, in New York"); Princess Niloifar Pahlavi ("The late shah's niece"); Claude Pompidou ("The president's widow"); Robert Bordaz, president of the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs.

A stout Connecticut dowager, wearing an emerald the size of a Holiday Inn, snaps, "I never go to the armory anymore, not only because of the grim gridlock but because it's so relentlessly boring. Here there's everything: French furniture, Dutch painting, Egyptian antiquities, but at the armory there's only that damn primitive American folk art. If I see one more weather vane or whirligig, I'll throw up."

Aaron smiles and says nothing.

The next day, Thursday, although expected by late morning, Didier Aaron does not appear. Hervé, his thirty-four-year-old son, who is the president of his New York establishment, is in charge.

Two American women of unidentifiable age and Deep South accent tour the stand and then return to study a six-foot-tall Hubert Robert landscape. They inspect the identifying label, which gives the years of Robert's birth and death (1733–1808). "Of course, it's a mighty big picture, sister," observes one, "but he took a mighty long time to paint it."

Hervé smiles and, after the women have left, recalls, "At the last Biennale, we had..."
a large terra-cotta bust of Louis XIV, as always in an enormous wig. Pointing at it, an Indian gentleman asked my father, "Who is that ugly old woman?" We usually have that sort of experience on Saturdays and Sundays, when the only burning question—which will be repeated hundreds of times—is "Where are the toilets?"

At 3:10 in the afternoon, the almost always affable Aaron père finally arrives. Frowning, gray with exhaustion, he slumps into a handsome bergere and telephones another dealer, who, the conversation reveals, is an unnamed partner. "I've just come from two and a half impossible hours with the American about the things he selected last night, including our commode. He squeezed me, squeezed me, mercilessly, there was no end to it. After he had squeezed me down to half a million dollars for our commode, he wanted us to pay the packing and delivery to America. When I finally gave in and agreed to that, he announced he wanted to make the equal payments over four years. I'm sorry, dear friend, but I agreed in order to end it. Still, for half a

He orders his gallery to send over a $150,000 commode to replace the one he was squeezed out of for a mere half million.

ers. At this Biennale, I have things I own half of in the stands of Jean-Marie Ross [the tall, much-admired boss of Aveline], Segoura, Jean Gismont [an Antibes dealer], Alain Demachy [Camoin], Jean-Claude Hureau [Galerie des Liques], and also with Steinitz, just as Hervé is sometimes partners in New York with Tony Victoria.

"When we dealers buy something together, whether at auction or from private sellers, there are three reasons for it: to prevent its becoming more expensive in a bidding war, to save half our capital to buy other things, and to double our chances of selling."

Back at his stand, Aaron calls his gallery, at 32 Avenue Raymond-Poincaré, and orders it to send over a $150,000 Riesener marquetry tulipwood, rosewood, and lemonwood commode to replace the one he was squeezed out of for a mere half million. "And be sure to have it here early so that it can be vetted and up here for sale when the doors open," he insists.

On Friday, the third day of the show, Philippe Brame, the presi-
dent of the Biennale and of the Syndicat National des Antiquaires, stops at Aaron's stand. Brame's probity and patience, rare characteristics in themselves, are even more unusual found in tandem. He has come to thank Aaron for serving on the vetting committee of experts who inspect every item before it can be exhibited at the Biennale and who refuse anything that they have doubts about. "You were a strict group this year," declares Brame. "One hundred sixty-seven pieces refused in the first two days."

This seems to be the morning for architects and decorators. The designer Kafel Alaton has come from Los Angeles to discuss with Aaron a new hotel he is decorating in Dallas for the billionaire Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf. Next come two well-known decorators—François Catroux and Alain De-machy—followed by Jacques Grange, who designed Yves St. Laurent's three houses, as well as the soon-to-open Musée des Arts de la Mode, in the Palais du Louvre. Aaron often sells to each of the three men.

After a weekend of boa hunt-

ing, Aaron arrives at his stand early Monday morning, this time in his usual good humor. The dapper sixty-one-year-old seems even smaller than his five feet eight inches and 175 pounds.

"Come," he orders the reporter, "and let me show you why this is the greatest antiques show in the world." But their progress around the Grand Palais is at a snail's pace because Aaron is forcibly seized every few steps by clients, other dealers, and decorators—men and women who are obviously delighted to see him and whom he is clearly happy to see.

One such is Jean-Paul Fabre, who is, along with Kraemer & Cie, one of the two oldest and best antiques dealers in Paris. Neither of them is an exhibitor at the Biennale. "I always exhibited here with The Seven," of which I was a founder," explains the lean, azure-eyed Fabre, forty-six, whose clients include the wealthy private collector from New York Jane Engel-hard, the Met, the Getty, and the White House, "but I left the group when they let in Bernard Steinitz, with whom I do not care to be associated, even remotely. Now I show at the Biennale only occasionally, and on my own."

Even among the dealers who do show at the Biennale, many secretly confess that they do not exhibit their greatest and most expensive pieces there. "The buyer of a million-dollar painting or meuble would never buy it at the Grand Palais," explains one of the best exhibitors as Aaron nods his agreement. "Such a buyer wants to believe that the dealer bought the piece especially for him, that it is being shown first to him, and although he

would happily, indeed ravenously, buy it in the secrecy and glamour of my gallery, if he saw the very same piece here, he would think it as shopworn as a girl working the Pigalle sidewalks and would disdain it.

"This sort of egoism and snobbery is even more evident in museum directors and curators than in private collectors. A significant part of their effort is directed at impressing their board of trustees. They therefore want to be able to say 'I discovered this great work' and 'The dealer kept it hidden until I arrived to give my opinion.' It's all part of the charade of life, part of what Balzac called la comédie humaine."

There are, however, important exceptions to this rule, as becomes evident on the tour with Aaron. These may be new dealers who want to build a reputation quickly and widely, or an old house that wants to refresh its image. Therefore, in order to épater the Biennale's tens of thousands of visitors and, even more important, the world press that comes to the Biennale, the dealer shows the very finest, most extraordinary, most expensive merchandise he or she has. No expense is spared to create a setting that is not only much larger than the minimum three-by-eight-meter stand but also much more remarkable than competitors' displays. This year there are two such splendors.

The most fabulous is an exact replication of an eighteenth-century folly, the Chinese pagoda of the Desert of Retz, built in 1776 in the English-Chinese gardens of Monsieur de Monville. This serves as the stand of the furniture dealer Jean Lupu, who has filled it with an equally astounding group of giant Berlin faience red lacquered vases.

The other most-impressive stand is that of Axel Vervoordt of Antwerp, some 200 square meters dominated by a mountainously high display of hundreds of blue and white Ming porcelains, recently raised in the South China Sea from a seventeenth-century shipwreck. "Eight of the most important pieces were bought on the opening night by the Aga Khan," confesses Mr. Vervoordt. His English is as smooth as his head, which is shaved in the manner of Yul Brynner as the king of Siam.

"The Biennale is no ego trip for me," insists Vervoordt. "It is profitable, or I wouldn't keep coming. And I am certain I could also make a profit at the armory in New York and at the Grosvenor, in London, if the local dealers weren't too terrified of foreign competition to let us in."

The next day, before returning to Aaron's stand, the reporter does an early-morning tour of some of the Biennale's most specialized dealers.

There is something inexplicably thrilling about holding history in your own hand at the stand of the Librairie de l'Abbaye: a letter written by Marie Antoinette after the beginning of the French Revolution to her beloved Swedish friend Count Axel de Fersen; or Napoleon's editorial corrections of the Mémoires of Marshal Bertrand; or, from the library of Madame Victoire, the second daughter of Louis XV, a six-volume, gloriously bound example of Josephus's History of the Jews. This last is in pristine condition, suggesting a subject removed from its owner's interests and thus that occasionally there were in the libraries of eighteenth-century French princesses, as on the coffee tables of to-
day’s American hostesses, books that have not been read.

Similarly mysterious is the sensation of holding, at Emile Bourgey’s stand, a silver coin with the imperious and petulant profile of Tiberius—a coin that is almost certainly identical to those thirty paid by Pontius Pilate to Judas Iscariot in A.D. 33.

At the stand of Brandicourt, there is a handsome nineteenth-century English hobbyhorse whose curved rockers rise high and are topped with seats so that it also serves as a seesaw. “Isn’t it joyful!” the vendeuse asks the reporter, who dares not answer. Like old photographs and ancient ball gowns, old toys may evoke a profoundly sad rather than happy nostalgia: the former young and presumably happy owners are now, like Yorick’s skull, long in the ground.

The reporter is no sooner back at Aaron’s stand than in strides the ebullient former inspector general of French monuments, Jean Feray, who, to the silent horror of Aaron’s équipe, casually leans his considerable frame against a half-million-dollar chinoiserie commode. Explaining why such period French furniture is so much more sought after and, therefore, so much more expensive than comparable English pieces, Feray laughs: “The English language is now international, but their style is not, whereas the French language is no longer international, but French style is. It fits everywhere—in English houses, New York apartments, Texas ranches, modern Arab palaces.

“It is really a question of proportion. French furniture should always be placed in rooms comparable to those of the eighteenth century, with all the correct architectural details, high ceilings, tall outside windows, appropriate doors. But even when it is placed in a far less than ideal architectural ambience, such as the Wrightsman Rooms at the Met, or in the Getty Museum, somehow it holds its own.”

Isn’t that, the reporter wonders, another reason why the Biennale is so successful? Yes, the setting is glorious, the individual displays marvelous. But a key ingredient at the Biennale des Antiquaires is surely that it has the right proportions, the human scale. There are benches for the weary, and a bank on the premises that gives the best rate of exchange (as opposed to the scandalously low rates offered by luxury hotels), and pleasant ladies in charge of the toilets (as opposed to the all too familiar scowling harridans). From such tiny details to the two most important elements—the selection and the guaranteeing of the merchandise—the Paris show (unlike New York’s) is professional, run by dealers (not distributors). In the end, it is sheer relentless professionalism that makes the Biennale the best antiquities show in the world.  

FEBRUARY 1985
HALLELUJAH FOR

HANDEL!

At three hundred,
the composer is staging a dramatic recovery

BY MATTHEW GUREWITSCH
George Frideric Handel was a sharp businessman as well as a genius. He wrote for audiences able to support him in luxury. After his first few theatrical successes on the Continent, and even in Venice, where the audiences were very picky, he was invited to London. Opera there had virtually begun and ended with Henry Purcell's delicate Dido and Aeneas (ca. 1689), and the coming craze for the Italian variety was, for the moment, hardly more than an impresario's dream. Handel's first operatic venture in England, the chivalric tale Rinaldo (1711), took the city by storm. For the thirty years that its vogue in London lasted, the German-born Handel was the undisputed master of Italian opera.

Ironically, as Handel's art grew less formulaic and more original Italian opera started falling at the box office. The late mock-heroic masterpiece Serse (or Xerxes, 1738) closed after a single performance. Samuel Johnson, for one, could not have been sorry to see it go. He dismissed the Italian opera as "an exotic and irrational entertainment," and not without some reason. The shows were by and large bewildering tales of love and arms, generously laced with sorcery, and peopled by tempestuous prima donnas of all sexes (male, female, and castrato), extravagantly plumed, warbling outlandishly in their foreign tongue.

Handel's own love for the dramatic never died; however, so when opera fell into disfavor, he invented a new form that was cheaper to present: the English oratorio, drama in concert dress. Here he enjoyed far greater freedom as a storyteller than he had in the theater—with the result that his late oratorios often strike contemporary audiences as more dramatic than the operas.

(Several, Samson among them, have been successfully staged.) Among Handel's score of oratorios— including Judas Macabees, Hercules, Samson, and, of course, Messiah—there was a flop or two, but on balance, they were a winning proposition. If they had not been, Handel—composer, businessman, and by now his own impresario—would have turned to more lucrative pursuits.

Today, even a Handel loyalist can recognize that putting his dramatic works across presents something of a problem. The works for the theater especially s
For Handel's London audiences, the Italian opera was like Star Wars filtered through the Grand Kabuki.

fer from the antiquated, frankly artificial form of the eighteenth century's so-called opera seria, or "serious opera." Its most common musical feature is the symmetrical da capo aria, which consists of two sections, in contrasting keys and often in contrasting moods, followed by a reprise of the first. Ending where it began, the form is intrinsically undramatic, and musical etiquette made it more so as a point of honor, performers embellished the vocal line, especially in the reprise, with interpolated runs, trills, grace notes, high notes, and other musical frills of their own devising.

Eventually, the opera seria died of its own artificiality. After Mozart's revolutionary comedy Le Nozze di Figaro (1786), the old relic was hardly more than an academic fossil. Not until the great Handel excavations two centuries later was it seriously considered again. Then specialists took a fresh look. Handel, they claimed, filled the rigid forms with passion, intensity, and immediacy—so much so that his best operas and dramatic oratorios rank with the masterpieces not only of music but of world drama from Sophocles to Shakespeare. And performers aplenty have been stepping forward offering to prove it.

There is no consensus about the right way to present Handel on the contemporary stage. In one camp are what we might call the pure purists. To them, authenticity means using period instruments, singers trained in baroque style, and stage design and movement that approximate, as closely as scholarship can establish, what a spectator would have seen in eighteenth-century London. Then there are the impure purists, who follow the scores the way a pure purist would but take wild liberties with the scenario, blithely transposing the action of the opera Orlando, say, from a storybook Levant to Florida in the space age and Mars. The point of the exercise, they say, is to fuse the familiar and the novel in such a way as to reinvigorate the sensation of the original performances. There is much to be said for the approach. To Londoners in the 1700s, the Italian opera was something like Star Wars filtered through the Grand Kabuki: fabulous escapism dressed up with dazzling theatricality.

Most directors and conductors, however, go at Handel without any big theory. They want to put on a show, and they have practical problems to solve. Taking Handel's operas on their own terms requires a radical imaginative adjustment. By our standards, they are not "plays set to music" at all. Characters do not develop in any naturalistic sense. They are cartoon figures in thin, labyrinthine plots—until they erupt in grief, joy, despair, or rage. Then, in a flash, their pure, towering passions make them grander and larger than life. It is the display of intense feeling, reflected in gorgeous melody, that is the heart of Handel's magic. The time scheme, consequently, is peculiarly elastic. The story races along in between the arias, in the patter of sketchily accompanied, conversational singing called recitative. Rare moments of supreme drama (perhaps three in an evening), such as the scene in Orlando where the hero goes mad, are heightened by declamation with orchestra known as recitativo accompagnato. The aria is a resting place for lyric reflection, commentary, or moralizing. What modern listeners miss is the full-blown action ensemble (duet, trio, quartet, or larger)—the device that lets the composer capture more than one character in action at a single moment. To us, it seems the very mainspring of drama in opera; Handel never used it at all. Mozart had not yet invented it. Measured unsympathetically, by the clock, Handel's operas seem to consist of one part (incredible) incident swamped in ninety-nine parts (stock) reaction.

The New York City Opera's glittering Giulio Cesare of 1966, with its historic performance by Beverly Sills as Cleopatra, made the kind of concessions to practical necessity that have become the norm in Handel on the large modern stage. The score would

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On February 23, Handel's three-hundredth birthday, the place to be in is New York, at Carnegie Hall, for the sumptuous secular oratorio Samson. The radiant Karleen Battle (see "Diva," page 105), who appears as the pampered Theban princess beloved of Jupiter, says the role is "the greatest challenge" of her career. As its valentine to George Frideric, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play Acis and Galatea on February 14, 15, and 16. Raymond Leppard will conduct a fine cast, headed by Margaret Marshall. On February 20, London's Covent Garden unveils a new staging of the oratorio Semele, starring the tenor Jon Vickers and specially adapted to his broadly heroic style. In New York on March 30 and 31, the Sine Nomine Singers unfurl the choral magnificence of the oratorio Israel in Egypt, with its vivid pictorial evocations of the locusts, the hail, the frogs ... Nicholas McGegan and the baroque specialists of the Boston Early Music Festival will offer a fully staged account of the magic opera Teseo, in Boston from May 30 to June 3. In September, Marilyn Horne takes the field as the hero in the San Francisco Opera's likely-to-be-lavish Orlando. The most curious observance of the tercentennial will take place this month in West Berlin, where the avant-garde painter and stage director Achim Freyer, famed for his monumental effects of mass and light, will premiere a dramatized Messiah.
take about five hours to play, so it was heavily cut and rearranged. A bit of material was spliced in from another work. Parts written in inconveniently high ranges were transposed an octave down; Caesar, meant for a male alto, was sung by a bass. (Today, approved practice is to cast male castrato parts with women singing contralto—for which there is plentiful precedent in Handel's own time—or with men singing countertenor.) The orchestra was made up of modern instruments. Audiences loved it.

Scholars frowned, but as they must have known better than anyone, Handel himself set bad examples. As a man of the theater, he often recycled old operas for new casts. The results were not always happy. Maybe, having gotten things right the first time, Handel couldn't see much percentage in rescuing the storyline. His audiences really paid attention only when their favorite singers were stopping the show with their florid, highly competitive star turns. The rest of the evening would be whiled away with gossip, picnics, and general socializing.

There is, therefore, something curiously "authentic" in the self-serving practice of Marilyn Horne, who has emerged as the most powerful force in the revival of Handel the dramatist. Her vocal brilliance has opened the doors of the world's top opera houses to Handel, even New York's reluctant Metropolitan, a company that flourished ninety-nine years without him. Last year, for the centennial season, the management consented to borrow Rinaldo's sets and costumes for her from Ottawa. (They came as a gift from the National Arts Centre of Canada.) But Horne is far from fussy about the integrity of Handel's scores. As any fancy castrato might have done, she has had producers cut, shuffle, and paste the pages with cavalier disdain for the storyline, even dropping aria from one opera into another. All the music may be Handel's, but the shape of events and sequence of moods are who knows whose. The Met Rinaldo, which should have marked a conquest for the composer, in fact amounted to a circus for the star.

In the best of all worlds, an evening of Handel opera would signal great singing, great theater, and an exuberant performance of the full score. For the time being, such a combination may still be a lot to hope for; as a rule of thumb, the splashier the spectacle, the less pristine the musical edition. But the composer's flag is advancing; by now, we have had, though separately, all the parts, Lo and behold, even in patchwork versions, Handel's dramatic genius flashes forth. His puritans have plenty to celebrate in this banner year. And for newcomers, there are splendid surprises.

Matthew Gurewitsch is an associate editor at Connoisseur.

**HANDEL AT HOME**

About twenty of Handel's dramatic works are available on disc. Some of the best:

- **Semee (Erato)**, Acis and Galatea (Archiv), and Hercules (Archiv), all three featuring John Eliot Gardiner with the English Baroque Soloists, playing on period instruments. In Semee, Della Jones is especially wonderful as the goddess Juno, remorseless and jubilant. Norma Burrowes makes too chaste a Semee, but as the nymph Galatea, she is heavenly. In Hercules, the Monteverdi Choir casts a spine-tingling spell in the ode to jealousy.

- **Rinaldo** and Xerxes (CBS Masterworks), with the baroque hard-liners of La Grande Ecurie and la Chambre du Roi led by Jean-Claude Malgoire. In both the early, brisk Rinaldo and the late, flowing Xerxes, the contralto Carolyn Watkinson is a winning hero, secure in technique with plenty of panache.

- **Ariodante** (Philips), with the conventionally equipped English Chamber Orchestra led in lush, masterly fashion by Raymond Leppard, starring Janet Baker, who brings the high-minded hero nobly to life.

There are many recital discs of merit. Handel and Opus (Erato) gives a fine sampling of Marilyn Horne's unmentioned explosive efficiency. It is positively staggering, especially when she goes head to head with L'Solisti Venezia's gay trumpets.

**FEBRUARY 1985**
THE ESCOFFIER OF MEXICO

DIANA KENNEDY IS SAVING THE GREAT CUISINES OF MEXICO FROM EXTINCTION

BY DAVID WILLIS McCULLOUGH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LEATART

The food being passed off as authentically Mexican," Diana Kennedy declares, "is disgraceful." Her last name and unmistakably British accent notwithstanding, the lady is the world's foremost authority on the subject, with the Order of the Aztec Eagle from the Mexican government to show for her efforts at preserving the traditional cuisine. For the past five years she has spent much of her time living, teaching, and writing in a modern adobe house she had built on five acres of remote, rocky Mexican farmland in the village of San Francisco Coatepec de Morelos, which the locals simply call San Pancho.

The setting suggests what northern California might have been without the discovery of gold and the silicon chip. From the nearby city of Zitacuaro, looking out across a broad Mexican valley flanked by the Sierra Madre to one side and the mountain of El Cacique to the other, all one can see of San Pancho are its trees, the salmon-colored tower of its sixteenth-century church, and, just to the right of the tower, an object that appears to be a strange little silver airplane hanging as stationary in the air as a hummingbird. Actually, the "airplane" is the windmill at Diana Kennedy's "ecological house." (Her bright-yellow pickup truck is emblazoned casa ecológica.)

Being an authority on Mexican food, Diana spends a good deal of time explaining what Mexican food isn't. First of all, it is not Tex-Mex or Cal-Mex or New Mexican. "Throwing in Monterey jack cheese and black olives doesn't make it Mexican," Kennedy says, "and neither do a lot of soggy tortilla chips dipped in red gorp.

"What's happened," she continues, "is that border-country desert food, which didn't have a tradition of rich variety to begin with, has been adapted and packaged for northerners. It is simple cooking from an area too dry to grow and use flavorful herbs. Drowned in canned tomato sauce and chili powder, it loses whatever nuances it might originally have had of fresh, local food. The result is a mess that's frankly too often indigestible."

The real thing, she says, is "a cuisine full
of surprises, full of different tastes and textures, a peasant food with pre-Columbian roots that became transformed after the arrival of the Spaniards.” To the Indians’ basic ingredients of corn, chilies, and beans, the Spanish colonists added cream, cheese, olive oil, and such Arabian touches as raisins and almonds left over from the Moorish occupation. And the regional differences are tremendous.

“Mexican cuisine is not one cuisine at all. What you eat here in the state of Michoacán is different from what you would find a hundred miles away in Mexico City or off in Oaxaca or the Yucatán. The secret of serious Mexican food is the freshness of its ingredients. That’s one reason when picking a Mexican restaurant you should be suspicious of places that keep the same menu year round no matter what the season.”

Mexico City specialties include squash-blossom soup and quesadillas (tortilla turnovers) stuffed with wild mushrooms, or, in the rainy season, corn fungus (which sounds a good deal more appetizing under its Nahuatl Indian name, huitlacoche). In rural Michoacán there are blancos (white fish from a local lake) and uchepos (ground corn steamed in its husks). The old colonial city of Oaxaca has developed several

THE MIRACULOUS TORTILLA

A tortilla is never thrown away. While still fresh and pliable it is eaten as bread in other cuisines; it actually becomes an edible spoon accompanying practically all Mexican dishes. Wrapped around small pieces of meat, vegetables, and cheese and seasoned with any one of a hundred picante sauces, it becomes a taco in its simplest form. Slightly stale, cut into triangles, and fried crisp, it becomes a scoop—totopo or totadita—for guacamole or fried beans. In crisp little squares it makes croutons for soup. Again, stale and dried, cut into pieces, and slightly fried, it can be tossed into a sauce, cooked briefly and garnished lavishly to become chiapalotes—an entrancing name meaning, literally, "pieces of broken-up old sombrero." Or the same might be used like pasta in a casserole to form the layers between meat, vegetables, cheese, and


unique moles (elaborate, multispiced stews), and on the Yucatan peninsula there are cochinita pibil (pork barbecued in banana leaves) and papa-dezes (tortillas in pumpkin-seed sauce). But no matter what the region, no Mexican meal is complete without tortillas. "The background to all Mexican cooking," Kennedy says, "is the tortilla, with its wonderful corn taste. It's earthy and intrinsic," and that pretty much sums up the way she feels about Mexican food in general.

Señora Diana, as her San Pancho neighbors call her, grew up in London and spent World War II as a member of the government's Forestry Corps. With the coming of peacetime she headed for the New World, where she later met and married Paul Kennedy, the chief Central American correspondent for the New York Times. At their apartment in Mexico City the Kennedys maintained what sounds like perpetual open house. Diana found herself having to be ready to prepare anything from cocktail snacks to feasts on a moment's notice. Her first lessons in what was to become her specialty were from cooking with her maid. Later she began collecting a library of rare nineteenth-century Mexican cookbooks and studied with great home cooks. In time, she was a master herself.

The Kennedys returned to New York in the late 1960s. When Paul died, of cancer, Diana turned to cooking as something more than a hobby. On the advice of Craig Claiborne, the Times's food critic, who had been a frequent visitor in Mexico City, she started giving Mexican-cooking lessons in the cramped kitchen of her apartment on Riverside Drive. Before long, food buffs, restaurant owners, society women (some of whom brought their cooks), and the simply curious were putting their names on waiting lists for the chance to sit on high bar stools around a tiny counter and hear the mysteries of sopita de flor de calabaza (pumpkin-blossom soup) and muk-bil pollo (chicken-and-pork tamale pie) expounded in the cultured British accent they might have expected to hear in a lecture-demonstration on scones and crumpets and the mysteries of the high tea. One editor speculates that her upper-crust speech may have been one of the secrets of Diana's early success. People accustomed to what passes for haute cuisine need an excuse to take cheap food from poor countries seriously. Says Diana—whose high forehead, strong nose, and piercing eyes conjure up a lady from the Tudor court as sketched by Holbein—"Mexico has a richer civilization than America will ever know."

While Mexican cuisine has begun to come into vogue in the United States, it has, curiously enough, been falling out of favor at home. "It's getting harder all the time to find authentic Mexican cooking in urban Mexico," Diana says. "Preparing it is simply too much trouble for most people, and frankly it's not all that fashionable. You'll find it in families that employ cooks with ties to the old traditions or have grandmothers with good memories. We are dealing with a cuisine that is largely unwritten. Mexico never had an Escoffier. Young people interested in serious cooking buy French cookbooks. The exception, and this may be the start of something, is the affluent homosexual community in Mexico City, where serving Mexican dishes properly has become rather chic." But she finds her greatest hope in the culinary curiosity of Americans.

Fresh squash blossoms, chilies, and the prickly chayote add a Mexican zest.

Note: Cast-iron Mexican tortilla griddles ($12.00) and presses ($15.00) are available from Williams-Sonoma, P. O. Box 7456, San Francisco, CA 94120-7456.
if they mash the avocado by sticking it into a blender and reducing it to pulp rather than crushing it by hand, it means they lack an appreciation for that all-important quality—texture. "If the guacamole appetizers are no good," Diana counsels, "I'd say get out while you can."

The corn tortillas are another index. They should be opaque, yellow, and not too thin. If they are thin, white, and almost transparent, wheat has been added, and they will not have the authentic taste that is fundamental to Mexican cooking.

The first step in Diana's effort to make a permanent record of the country's endangered culinary heritage was her basic cookbook The Cuisines of Mexico, which has sold nearly 100,000 copies since it was published, in 1972. Craig Claiborne, in a foreword, wrote, "I know of no one with her dedication to the pursuit of great Mexican cooking. (If her enthusiasm were not beautiful, it would border on mania.)"

More specialized cookbooks (Mexican Regional Cooking, recently reissued in paperback) and an informal little guide called The Tortilla Book followed. (The only relevant recipe the latter seems not to include is the hearty mixture of stale tortillas and meat broth that her Shetland-pony-size watchdog flourishes on.) The success of her books and classes has allowed Diana to realize her great dream of building an ecologically self-contained household in rural Mexico. She planned a house whose water would be heated by the sun, whose electricity would be provided by the wind, and whose kitchen fires would be fueled by methane gas distilled from her cows' manure pile. As things turned out, the solar panels were improperly positioned, so they heat little more than the water in the guest bathroom. The windmill stands on a particularly windless spot. As for the methane, the cows do their part, but the chemistry has yet to work and Diana has had to resort to bottled-gas tanks.

Diana's glass-walled study, facing El Cacique, is where she recently completed Nothing Fancy, a new cookbook and culinary memoir that chronicles the evolution of what she calls her "personal soul food": Mexican dishes, elements of a proper English afternoon tea, and favorite things to eat from all over the world.

Her gardens flourish with an almost jungle-like growth of avocados, bananas, figs, grapes, strawberries, and passion fruit. A variety of citrus trees provide blossoms for ten hives of honey bees. There are coffee plants and wild tobacco (its juice is a powerful insecticide), pecans, guavas, pomegranates, and corn, planted not in rows but Indian-style—wherever there is room. Besides the cows (whose milk goes into homemade cheese), there are chickens and turkeys. And just for the color they add, there are poinsettias, jacarandas, wild orchids, and frangipani. What Diana does not grow at home, she fetches on her daily runs to the Zitácuaro market, where purchases of even the simplest items at a butcher's stand or a tortilla maker's involves a time-consuming, courtly, and vaguely flirtatious ritual of greetings, smiles, frowns, moody silences, and finally exuberant handshakes and a polite volley of "Con permisos."

The rancho, as Diana likes to call the place, has been the site of several week-long cooking courses. But more and more it is the former Forestry Corps recruit rather than the gourmet chef who holds sway in her adopted village. "It's disgraceful," she declares—as if she often does—at the sight of a burn scar on El Cacique, caused by a hiker's runaway fire. It's disgraceful that someone is cutting down the ancient jacarandas in front of the salmon-colored church. It's disgraceful that the highway department wants to cover over the old cobblestones with asphalt, and disgraceful that the women of the village have too many children.

Diana, her white sombrero tilted over her forehead, strides through San Pancho with the zeal of a British missionary in India at the height of the raj, setting things straight. To the consternation of the local priest, she passes out birth-control advice but makes it up to him by joining his effort against the collecting of wild-birds' eggs. She gets him to write a pastoral letter against cutting down live trees. She launches a successful campaign for recobbling the streets rather than repaving.

Nor is she above putting her cookery into the service of her many causes. On one not atypical occasion, she entertained a high Michoacán state official at lunch at the rancho. ("Most large Mexican meals," Diana observes, "must be eaten in the middle of the day.") Enlisting the assistance of the daughter of her hired man and a second girl from the neighborhood, she started the preparations three days in advance, grinding all the herbs and spices by hand, stirring fruit-and-sugar pastes as long as an hour and a half per batch, cooking medleys of individual ingredients briefly before combining them.

Following her own cookbooks (with their copious hand-penciled marginalia) and putting to use her vast array of ollas and cazuelas (earthenware pots), molcajetes

"THROWING IN MONTEREY JACK AND BLACK OLIVES DOESN'T MAKE IT MEXICAN."
The guest of honor, his bodyguard, and a forestry expert turned up promptly for lunch, took the grand tour, and heard their hostess out on all the matters that were causing her concern. The politician took seconds of everything and offered to help clear the table. "He was not," says Diana, "your average Mexican politician." A few days later she received a notice from the state capital, in Morelia, that Michoacán was giving her a first-class pregnant cow to add to her stable.

Could Diana live as she does if she were a single Mexican woman and not a rather exotic foreigner? She thinks so; others doubt it. "You must earn your respect," she says. "What I say I'll do, I do, and I pay my bills on time. The man at the hardware store calls me La Consentida, the spoiled one, but he says it with a laugh. If people see that you believe in what you are doing, they allow you to do it. And when I want to I can be a hard-hitting old dame."

She glances out toward mountains that look like a child's drawing of volcanoes. "Sometimes when I look at those hills in the late afternoon I can't believe I'm home. I keep expecting deep down to hear a voice telling me it's time to go back to conservative old England."
ENGLISH SPORTING ARTISTS

The art of the horse and the hunt is yielding handsome profits.

By Robin Duthy

Buyers will soon be flocking to the fifth annual auction of British and American sporting art at Christie's. Scheduled this year for June 7, the day before the Belmont Stakes, the sale should establish prices another 10 percent or so up over last year. That reflects the popularity of horse racing and hunting across the United States, for the market as a whole is supported by the sportsman-collector, though museums still compete for exceptional paintings.

English pictures in this field outnumber American by five to one, the highest-rated among them being by George Stubbs, Ben Marshall, John Wootton, John Ferneley, Sr., and John Frederick Herring, Sr. All have performed well as investments, though subject matter has wielded an important influence on price. Whereas in 1960 a Herring fox-hunting scene and a racing scene were each worth $5,000, the race will now fetch $100,000 to $200,000, twice as much as the hunt, which will run from $50,000 to $100,000.

Any shift in public opinion against a particular sport will therefore affect demand. There has never been any serious
objection to horse racing, of course, even if the gambling associated with it and the dirty tricks (Dick Francis's stock in trade) are none too savory. Feelings run higher on the subject of blood sports. Shooting for the cooking pot is one thing; killing animals for pleasure is another—an act that now calls for an explanation. In decades past, however, most people would have thought anyone who cared about the fate of a fox or a bear quite deranged.

Yet fox hunting has more enthusiastic followers today than ever, a fact that bodes well for the demand for sporting pictures. The enthusiasts, now as before, are seduced by the excitement of the meet, where horses snort into the freezing air. The sun bores through the mist onto white breeches and red coats, making the horses gleam like corks. The clear horn sounds as the pack moves off to draw the first cover. Such scenes deserve to be painted.

Apart from the keen pleasures of hunting and racing, the cult of the horse was once based on solid commercial considerations. All the time and money lavished on breeding and training was to ensure that the aristocracy should have the gratification of riding or driving—and being seen to do so—the equivalent of today's Rolls or Ferrarri.

Breeding began in earnest when the Oriental stallion the Byerly Turk was captured from the Turks at Budapest and brought back to England by Captain Byerly, in 1687. The stallions imported to England at this time were probably all Arabian, though some were known as Barb or Turk, from their port of embarkation. The Darley Arabian brought from Aleppo at the turn of the seventeenth century stood fifteen hands high, though John Wootton's portrait of him suggests a bigger animal. Most Arabs stood about fourteen

Fifty guineas for painting a horse; ten guineas too much for painting a wife.

hand, little larger than a pony, but their proud owners did not mind if artists chose to add a few inches. The Darley Arabian, whose blood runs through 80 percent of horses racing today, is the true ancestor of the modern Thoroughbred.

Organized horse races were first run during the reign of James I, and the later gatherings at Newmarket are represented by Wootton and Seymour as elegant affairs; the racing scene immediately attracted the industry of scores of painters of varying talent. But soon historic wagers of a thousand guineas and more were being struck between rival owners, and before long, betting turned the racecourse into the spiritual home of the raffish Tregonwell Frampton, who was appointed Master of the King's Running Horses in 1695 and came to be regarded as the father of the English turf, looks the true scoundrel in Wootton's portrait of him.

By the late eighteenth century, when George Morland, an accomplished jockey as well as an artist, was riding, horse racing had become a dangerous business. Morland was fortunate to win a race at Margate but let his horse exhaust itself too early and, coming in last, was set upon with whips by a mob of enraged race fans. Soon afterward, he won a race he was expected to lose and was again attacked, narrowly escaping with his life.

But artists were usually busy painting, not risking life and limb. Owners felt passionately about their horses, and the competition among them was intense. Prime Minister Walpole, who cared deeply about sport, was said to open mail from his huntsman or gamekeeper before any official business papers received his attention. Sporting artists were therefore well paid, and Ben Marshall was not the only one who found he could make more money painting horses than painting people. Explaining to a friend why he had moved to Newmarket, he said, "I discover many a man who will pay me fifty guineas for painting his horse who thinks ten guineas too much for painting his wife."

Foreign blood accounted for the excellence of much English sporting art as well as English horses. The tradition goes back to Dutch and Flemish hunting scenes and was largely established in England by foreigners. Peter Tillemans was a Fleming; the Sartorius family came from Bavaria, the Alkens from Denmark, the Herrings from Holland via America. But in spite of the high prices now paid for Ferneleys, Herrings, Pollards, and others, nobody would claim that their work is great art.

George Stubbs, on the other hand, is widely considered to be "more than a sporting artist," and any of his important paintings would surely fetch over a million

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**TOP CONTENDERS: FACTS AND FIGURES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Usual Price Range</th>
<th>Auction Record</th>
<th>1975–1984 Increase</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Henry Alken, Sr.</td>
<td>$3,000–$10,000</td>
<td>1978: $100,700</td>
<td>40%</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1785–1851)</td>
<td>(set of four)</td>
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<td>John Ferneley, Sr.</td>
<td>$15,000–$50,000</td>
<td>1984: $263,800</td>
<td>95%</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1781–1860)</td>
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<td>John F. Herring, Sr.</td>
<td>$10,000–$50,000</td>
<td>1984: $422,000</td>
<td>190%</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1795–1865)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ben Marshall</td>
<td>$40,000–$100,000</td>
<td>1983: $230,000</td>
<td>55%</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1767–1835)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>George Morland</td>
<td>$2,000–$10,000</td>
<td>1973: $150,000</td>
<td>65%</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1763–1804)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>Alfred Munnings</td>
<td>$10,000–$100,000</td>
<td>1982: $325,000</td>
<td>85%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1878–1959)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>George Stubbs</td>
<td>$50,000–$100,000</td>
<td>1980: $670,000</td>
<td>70%</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1724–1806)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>John Wootton</td>
<td>$20,000–$50,000</td>
<td>1978: $119,000</td>
<td>205%</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1686–1765)</td>
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*Shooting scene by Herring, Sr.: sold last summer for $185,000*
The Doncaster Gold Cup of 1835, by Herring. Sr.: sold for $132,000 last July.

Even Stubbs painted a galloping horse in the rocking-horse position.

In nearly all his equestrian portraits, the horses steal the show, yet the grooms, trainers, jockeys, and their aristocratic employers are painted with great feeling. Stubbs's easygoing affection for all his subjects shines through his work, making it accessible as well as magnificent.

However scientifically Stubbs set about his work, he made the same mistake as his fellow artists: he represented a galloping horse in the rocking-horse position, its legs splayed out front and back. We have known since Muybridge photographed horses in motion in the 1870s that a horse does not move through such a position. At that time, it was assumed that artists got it wrong because a galloping horse moved so quickly that the actual position of its legs could not be seen. Yet Muybridge's camera also showed that "freezing" the motion of a galloping horse not only failed to give a
INVESTOR’S FILE

It may well be that if artists before Muybridge had known the rocking horse position was wrong, they would still have used it to get a better illusion of speed. Stubbs probably recognized the problem, for he rarely painted a galloping horse. Today, few sporting artists attempt the side view, even Alfred Munnings, the most accomplished horse painter of this century, tried to avoid it.

Realistic interpretation is important to sporting collectors. They know how animals should look and they set exacting standards. The whole market for sporting art is in the ascendant, and the Stubbs exhibition at the Yale Center will give it a further boost. The rates at which prices grow will reflect popular feeling about individual sports, but an average growth of 10 percent is certainly to be expected.

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DIVA

At first glimpse, Kathleen Battle's music career seems straight out of a children's storybook.

By Caroline Seebohm

A young woman walks onto the stage of Alice Tully Hall, in New York, wearing a buckless scarlet dress that clings to her sinuous body. She smiles to her accompanist, the cellist Lynn Harrell, and begins to sing. As her voice pours out, like Devonshire cream from a pitcher, some of the most haunting music ever written for a singer, Villa-Lobos's Bachianas Brasileiras no. 5, is transformed into an ecstatic hymn to art.

The popular perception of the female opera singer as an amply proportioned, pasta-loving, birdbrained Amazon with gusty lungs has been taking a beating of late. Singers like Kiri Te Kanawa, Frederica von Stade, and Teresa Stratas have all been redefining the image of the diva, but perhaps the most striking of all the new stars is an ex-public-school teacher from Portsmouth, Ohio, named Kathleen Battle. A late starter, she has forged herself a career that so far reads like a children's storybook, for reasons that transcend talent or luck. This beautiful-looking, beautifully-sounding singer is possessed of a sense of proportion and control that may be the greatest blessing of all to those who love her voice.

Let us examine the luck first. This may sound unlikely, but living in Cincinnati turned out to be a stroke of good fortune. While working as a music teacher and performing in church oratories there, she auditioned for the late Thomas Schippers, who was then conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony. Schippers liked Battle so much that he took her to Spoleto to sing in Brahms's German Requiem. At that same time, the conductor James Levine was director of the Cincinnati May Festival. Schippers introduced Battle to Levine, who saw her startling potential and rapidly took charge of the young singer's future. She went back to school, not to continue teaching her students but to become a student herself, of the voice, of opera, of acting. She was already on the course that would lead her to the Metropolitan Opera house. In 1978 she made her Met debut, under Levine's baton, as the Shepherd in Tannhäuser. Many people noticed with pleasure the sweetness of that Shepherd's singing, and maybe some guessed at the singer's future triumphs.

Nobody questioned the talent. She had a light, lyrical coloratura sound that seemed to emerge effortlessly from her slim throat. Daniel Ferro, the distinguished voice teacher at the Juilliard School who became her private teacher after her move to New York, declares, "Without a doubt, she is one of the most musical people I have ever worked with. From the start she could do things right. She has extraordinary instincts, and she is so musical that the body and mind grew naturally with the voice." Ferro wisely resisted the course, taken by many ambitious teachers and managers, of pushing the voice into a heavier, fuller range. "Let it grow natural-

What happened was that as Kathleen Battle took on the lyric coloratura roles—of Donizetti's Adina (L'Elisir d'Amore), Mozart's Despina and Zerlina (Cosi Fan Tutte and Don Giovanni), and Rossini's Rosina (Il Barbiere di Siviglia)—her voice grew and expanded, while retaining that "special silvery purity," as Ferro describes it, unique to this artist. Today, critics are unanimous in their delight at Battle's artistry and technique. As one artists' manager somewhat enviously put it, "She is the one singer about whom everybody in the music business agrees totally." Perhaps Andrew Porter, a music critic for the New Yorker magazine who is not known for excesses of enthusiasm, describes her as well as anybody the effect of a Battle performance, on this occasion her appearance in Handel's Solomon with the Musica Sacra under Richard Westenburg at Avery Fisher Hall last March:

"To put it simply: I thought her account of the Queen of Sheba's 'Will the sun forget to streak Eastern skies with amber ray' the most ravishing performance of a Handel air I have ever heard. Throughout the evening, her timbre was clear, pure, and lovely. She felt the words, and she felt the phrases; her inflections were subtle and charming; there was wit in her delivery, piquancy in her well-chosen variations. She held one intent on each turn of each line . . . [Kathleen Battle] has matured into not just one of our better singers, but one of the very best: a soprano whose sweet, sure voice—now smooth, now sparkling—and whose feeling for line, words, and musical character set one reaching back toward comparisons with Alma Gluck and Elisabeth Schumann."

For most artists, such praise would add inches to the cerebellum. Battle seems remarkably immune to the puffery of the performing marketplace and told one interviewer, in Ovation magazine, "Even in my short career I've seen singers burst into fame and be in serious trouble five years later—ready to be discarded. I don't want that for me. I'm not thinking about new roles. I'm thinking about song recitals, about Handel." Battle prefers to work again and again at the roles she knows, "adding new layers and new musical ideas each time. I have a strong sense of what I feel I can do." This strong sense is what is signally lacking in some operatic careers. One thinks of Renata Scotto, originally a lyric soprano specializing in the bel canto repertoire, now—well, now a controversial singer in almost any role. As that wise and wonderful artist the mezzo-soprano Christa Ludwig once said, "You must be careful with your voice. It's like a raw egg—once it's kaputt, it's kaputt."

Kathleen Battle's unusual control over her career, and her fierce concentration on the roles she knows, have generated both admiration and resentment. Stories of her difficult behavior backstage have proliferated during the few years of her stardom. Conflicts with Kiri Te Kanawa during the Metropolitan Opera's run of Richard Strauss's Arabella last year were heard about on both sides of the footlights. Battle's professionalism frequently contrasts with her colleagues' laissez-faire approach; the exacting standards she brings to performances sometimes arouse hostility rather than respect. Artists who perform with her describe how specific she is about music—"This is too fast; this is too loud!"—or how she demonstrates such a finely tuned sense of all the details of music making that it may be interpreted as arrogance. Accusations of egomania, of prima donna tendencies, fly about her head more frequently these days. "In the arts, ego must play a part," she declares. "I defy any performers to say they were selfless in making their way in the opera world."

Her single-mindedness, and her ego, if you will, have so far precluded much in the way of long-term personal relationships. "It is impossible to have an international career without travel," she says. "So, even if I were to find a man who could deal with a performing artist on an emotional level, in terms of self-esteem, ego, and so on, it would be difficult to sustain when I'm on the road so much." She feels that this problem afflicts women performers especially. "Men seem to work it out easier. Women singers, particularly if they have children, find it very hard to juggle career and family." She hopes ultimately to succeed in this, too, but for the moment her fortunes are so rapidly ascending that her energies are focused on opera.

It is Kathleen Battle's mixture of knowledge and performance technique that have taken her this far. Lynn Harrell recalls that when he rehearsed the Villa-Lobos song with her before the Tully Hall recital, the singer felt that her throat was not in good shape. "So, at our final rehearsal, she didn't sing or speak the lines. Most singers would at least mouth the words at a last rehearsal. To do neither was both risky and very unusual." When she sang on the night, the audience was swept away. "She gives of herself with an intensity that is positively ferocious," Harrell says. "She feels her work is a calling. She's been given this wonderful instrument and she must present it in the best way possible."

Admirers of Kathy Battle wait for announcements of her Gilda (in Verdi's Rigoletto), her Mimi (in Puccini's La Bohème), her Lucia (in Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor). Silence so far. She declares an interest in "crossover"—music that crosses over the boundaries between classical and pop, such as the work of Gershwin and Ellington, and spirituals. She is starting to record her current repertoire, and this year her recitals include Brahms's German Requiem with Giulini and the Bach B Minor Mass with von Karajan. New operatic roles? More silence. Whether this extreme caution will continue to pay off and whether her voice will continue to develop and bring her to a larger repertoire remain to be seen. Meanwhile, New York audiences can hear her this month in the Carnegie Hall concert performance of Handel's Semiramide and in the fall runs of Der Rosenkavalier and Le Nozze di Figaro at the Metropolitan Opera. Patrick J. Smith, a music critic and the author of A Year at the Met, probably speaks for all Kathleen Battle fans when he says, "She is an unusually canny artist. And so long as she wants to keep a tight rein on her career, even if it means a smaller repertoire than most, more power to her."
BEST BUYS OF 1985

A buying strategy for wines under six dollars a bottle.

By Robert M. Parker, Jr.

The last several years have seen a succession of bountiful high-quality grape harvests in Europe, and to make matters more interesting to Americans, the dollar has increased in value against the currencies of the wine-producing countries by over 100 percent since 1979. The result has been a plethora of excellent European wines at the best prices since the early seventies. But the party may soon end. Preliminary reports from western Europe's vineyards indicate that the 1984 vintage was small and of inferior quality. Importers and distributors are already clamoring for stocks of wine from such vintages as 1981, 1982, and 1983 before prices begin to soar.

For consumers, this is the time to stock up on a bevy of fine imported wines before the impact of higher prices is felt later this year. If the dollar begins the decline that most financial observers expect, the cost of imported wines will escalate even faster, since each dollar will buy fewer and fewer francs, lira, and pesetas.

Here is my buying strategy for wines under six dollars a bottle, ranked on a scale of 100; 80–89 is very good. Unless otherwise noted, they can be kept for a year or two in a cool (below 70° F.), dark storage area, free of odor and vibration. Where a specific importer is not mentioned, the wines in question are widely available.

WHITE WINES

The white wines fall into four categories. First is Mâcon-Villages, those wonderfully fruity, full-bodied wines from southern Burgundy produced from the Chardonnay grape. Both the 1982 and 1983 vintages were successful.

Second, the distinctive, spicy white wines of Alsace are exceptional values thanks to the strong dollar and the 1983 vintage, which was both prolific and great. Those made from the Pinot Blanc grape are the top values; all are available for under six dollars a bottle.

Nineteen eighty-three was also a great vintage for Germany's Mosel and Rheingau wine regions. The less expensive 1983s offer exceptional value to those who like wines a little softer and less alcoholic than those of the Mâconnais and Alsace.

Last, Italy has made remarkable progress in producing refreshing white table wines, having mastered the Californian technology of cold fermentation in stainless-steel tanks. The result is deliciously clean, fresh, crisp white wine at prices below six dollars. Look for only the most recent vintages, for such wines rarely improve.

Mâcon-Villages

These flavorful white wines offer stunning values. The following five are top-notch.

Mâcon-Îgé Domaine des Roches 1983 ($5.99) 84

Opulent, alcoholic, spicy, intense, and long on the palate, this wine matches well with full-flavored chicken and fish dishes. Importer: World Shippers and Importers Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mâcon-Lugny Les Charmes 1983 ($5.99) 82

Less buttery and full-bodied than some 1983s, this wine exhibits good, fresh, apple fruit and acidity, lively fruit flavors, and a crisp, long finish. Importer: Seagram Château and Estate Wines Company, New York, N.Y.

Mâcon-Prissé Les Clochettes 1983 ($5.99) 84

This has a depth of flavor normally found only in Meursault—unchurned, rich, alcoholic, and very full-bodied. It should be drunk over the next twelve months. Importer: World Shippers and Importers Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mâcon-Vire Le Grand Cheneau 1983 ($5.99) 84

Another intense, spicy Mâcon with a buttery, tropical-fruit-scented aroma, full-bodied, opulent flavors, and good acidity to counterbalance its strength and weight. Importer: Mosswood Wine Company, San Francisco, Calif., and New York, N.Y.

Mâcon-Villages Georges Duboeuf Domaine des Granges 1983 ($5.99) 83

Duboeuf's selection from the Mâconnais region has the power of the 1983 vintage, a heady, perfumed aroma, and long, clear, fresh yet big, fruity flavors.

Alsace

The wines of Alsace are neither French

Robert M. Parker, Jr., edits and publishes The Wine Advocate.
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Tang Figure, height: 14 inches.
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not German but inimitably Alsatian. The Pinot Blanc grape normally produces agreeable quaffing wine, but a great vintage, as 1983 was for Alsace, is of remarkably high quality.

Hugel Pinot Blanc Cuvée les Amours 1983 ($4.49-$4.99) 84

One of the finest white-wine values on the market, this one is loaded with fruit. Rarely do Alsatian Pinot Blancs approach this quality—spicy, with fresh, long, ripe, silky, concentrated flavors and medium to full body. Importer: Dreyfus, Ashby, and Co., New York, N.Y.

Domaine Weinbach Pinot Blanc Reserve 1983 ($5.99) 84

Madame Faller’s spicy 1983 Pinot Blanc is loaded with big, rich, fruity flavors, full-bodied and very concentrated. This wine will make believers of those who doubt that Alsatian Pinot Blancs can achieve complexity. Importer: Vineyard Brands, Chester, Vt.

Germany

In Germany, too, 1983 was a remarkably fine year. Because the crop was large and the dollar buys more marks than ever, prices for the best wines are very reasonable. The following are recommended estate-bottled Kabinetts.

Bischöfliches Priesterseminar (Mosel) Wiltinger Kupp Riesling Kabinett ($5.99) 83; Bischöfliches Priesterseminar (Mosel) Trittenheimer Apotheke Riesling Kabinett ($5.99) 84

Fresh, delicately fruity, and quite dry, the Trittenheimer is firm and lean but shows good ripeness, balance, and length. The Wiltinger has subtle apricot and peach aromas (surely a sign of botrytis), a deep, fruity texture, and crisp and bracing acidity. Both are cleanly made, subtle, elegant wines that need one to three years of aging to be at their best.

Jostock Piesporter (Mosel) Treppchen Riesling Kabinett ($5.99) 83

A wine with good length and ripeness on the palate, a dry, crisp, racy acidity, and delicate flavors. Drink over the next three years. Good value.

Ulrich Languth (Mosel) Graacher Himmelreich Riesling Kabinett ($5.99) 84

Rather sweet for a Kabinett, this wine is precocious and shows immediate appeal. Stylish, fragrant, and easy to drink, it can be drunk over the next three years.

Lang (Rheingau) Kiedricher Sandgrub Riesling Kabinett ($4.49-$4.99) 84

A very fine, flowery, spicy wine, attractive and robust, with lively acidity and a tight, deep, fruity structure. Great value.

Schloss Schönborn (Rheingau) Hattenheimer Pfaffenberg Riesling Kabinett ($5.99) 83; Schloss Schönborn (Rheingau) Erbacher Marcobrunn Riesling Kabinett ($5.99) 83

The Hattenheimer has a big, perfumed, spicy bouquet, ripe, round, solid flavors, and a crisp, moderately long finish. It will improve with cellaring. The Erbacher is very spicy, still quite youthful, with good length, ripeness, and balancing acidity.

Staatsweinguter Weinbautomane (Rheingau) Steinberger Riesling Kabinett ($4.99) 85; Staatsweinguter Weinbautomane (Rheingau) Rauenthaler Baiken Riesling Kabinett ($5.99) 84

The Rauenthaler has a reticent but promising bouquet of ripe apples and flowers, followed by an austere yet impeccably balanced wine. The Steinberger is similar—to very promising but lean and needing cellaring.

Dr. R. Weil (Rheingau) Kiedricher Gräfenberg Riesling Kabinett ($5.49) 84

I admired the graceful, aromatic character and deep, round, well-balanced flavors in this wine. Excellent value.

Dr. Bürklin-Wolf (Rheinfalz) Wachenheimer Gerümpel Riesling Kabinett ($4.99) 83

With surprising deep color, a big, plump, robust texture, and a full, intense, precocious flavor, this wine is ready to drink. Excellent value.

Italy

Italy’s new breed of white wines are fresh, lively, fruity, and impeccably made. The following are among the best available.

Abbazia di Rosazzo 1983 Pinot Bianco ($5.52) 80; Abbazia di Rosazzo 1983 Sauvignon ($5.52) 82; Abbazia di Rosazzo 1983 Ronco Acacie ($5.52) 82; Abbazia di Rosazzo 1983 Tocai Friulano ($5.95) 78

These are extremely well made, delicious everyday wines with an exuberant fruitiness and racy, streamlined flavors. The Sauvignon and Ronco Acacie have the most character and interest; the Tocai is slightly sweet and softer. They will do justice to chicken and fish dishes but, best of all, offer charming, pleasant flavors. Drink over the next year. Importer: Kermit Lynch Wine Merchant, Berkeley, Calif.

Badia a Coltibuono 1982 or 1983 Bianco di Coltibuono ($5.49) 82

This white from one of Chianti’s best wineries offers a bit more body, light spice, and plenty of dry, austere fruitiness. Importer: William Grant and Sons, Inc., New York, N.Y.

Bianco di Caffagio 1983 ($4.99) 80; Bianco di Roeri Carretta 1982 ($4.99) 81

The Carretta is a triple-fuller-bodied and more substantial, but both are wines to drink during the next year, while they retain their vivid, lively fruitiness. Importers: Ardsley Wine & Spirits (Neal Rosenthal), New York, N.Y., and Classic Wine Imports, Boston, Mass.

Pio Cesare Cortese di Gavi 1983 ($5.99) 84

An outstanding value, this round, generous, crisp wine has a flowery bouquet and lush, fresh, gentle flavors. It is excellent drunk with seafood and poultry. Importer: Paterno Imports, Chicago, Ill.

Vietti Moscato di Piemonte 1983 ($5.99-$6.49) 84

This slightly spritzy, somewhat sweet and fruity Moscato has 5.5 percent alcohol yet is so vibrant on the palate, so refreshing and well balanced, that it is hard not to polish off several glasses in a few minutes. Drink as an apertif over the next few months. Importers: Mayflower Imports, Mayo, Md.; Kermit Lynch Wine Merchant, Berkeley, Calif.

RED WINES

The 1982 Bordeaux vintage is legendary, and the wines from the meticulously run small châteaux or wine-producing estates can be great values. The smaller estates have produced wines that are sumptuous, glossy, fat, and fruity but will yield untold pleasures if held until 1986-88.
There are other good red-wine values: the fruity, gutsy 1983 Beaujolais; the full, flavorful, 1981 Côtes du Rhônes; the lovely 1982 Dolcettos from Italy's Piedmont; and, of course, the round, spicy wines from Spain's Rioja and Penedès regions. But the 1982 Bordeaux dwarfs them.

Fourcas-Dupré 1982 Médoc ($5.99) 84

From a very well run château, the Fourcas-Dupré 1982 is typically dark ruby, and its fat, fleshy, intensely fruity character is admirably displayed. The moderate tannins call for four to five years.

Du Glana 1982 St. Julien ($5.99) 84

Very soft and delicious to drink now, this dark ruby wine will undoubtedly "close up," as most Bordeaux do. Loaded with black-currant, spicy, cedar fruit, it has a long, velvety finish and moderate tannins. Best consumed within ten years of the vintage.

Greysac 1982 Médoc ($5.99) 82

Greysac has made wines of real elegance and character in such vintages as 1975, 1976, 1978, and 1979. The 1982 is another success, richly fruity with a bouquet of cassis and mineral scents, delicious to drink over the next eight years.

Patache d'Aux 1982 Médoc ($5.49) 84

This is a respected property in Bédagan near Château Greysac and Latour de By. The 1982 has a top-flight bouquet of olive-scented, ripe black currants, suggesting a fine Napa Valley Cabernet. A classy, rich, well-constituted wine with plenty of tannin, the excellent ripeness and richness of the vintage, full body, and a long, lingering finish. It will need five years of cellaring. Exceptional value.

There is a plethora of excellent European wines at the best prices in years.

Potensac 1982 Médoc ($5.49–$6.99) 85

Potensac is the "other" property of Michel Delon, the genius behind Léoville-Las Cases, in St. Julien, and the 1982 is the finest ever produced there—very dark in color, with a ripe, cassis-dominated bouquet and full-bodied, deep yet tannic flavors. Needs six years' cellaring.

La Terrasse 1982 Bordeaux Supérieur ($2.99–$3.49) 81

This finely crafted wine has good, rich fruit, an interesting bouquet exhibiting ripe cherries, some spice, and a long, solid finish. Moderate tannins are ripe and round. Best drunk within the year.

Château La Tonnelle 1982 Premier Côtes de Blaye ($3.95) 83

If I were in the restaurant business, I just wanted a big, juicy yet surprisingly complex, precocious Bordeaux to drink and savor over the next five years. I would load up on this wonderfully fruity, spicy, concentrated wine. Dark ruby with a ripe, seductive bouquet of berry fruit, it has real character and class and ought to improve for three or four years. Great value.

St. Bonnet 1982 Médoc ($4.99–$5.99) 84

A dark, ruby-colored wine, the 1982 is clearly the best yet from this excellent small château. Big and forceful, loaded with black-currant fruit and mouth-gripping tannins, it needs one to three years to soften and develop and will last ten years. Great value.

La Tour de By 1982 Médoc ($5.99) 84

La Tour de By produces wines as good as many much more famous Bordeaux estates. The 1982 is dark ruby, with a bouquet of ripe cassis, spicy oak, and plums. Rich and full-bodied on the palate, with oodles of fruit and moderate tannins, it can be drunk now or aged eight to ten years for a more complex, round gustatory experience.

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EAGLE EYE

It was in New York’s Greenwich Village, down a side street and up five flights of stairs. Grumpy. We knocked. Our host threw open his apartment door, and there, piled thick and high, was the densest collection of first-class contemporary art we have ever seen.

Charles Choset is a composer who used to live by proofreading. Now he reluctantly supports himself by deaccessioning—to the tune of $15,000 to $25,000 a year. “I started collecting in 1974,” he says, “I bought out of passion. The first piece was a drawing by George Segal. I’d never heard of him. The next was a tile by Helen Frankenthaler. I’d never heard of her either. But that was what I loved about collecting. I was educating my eye, by myself.”

He was a quick study. Today Choset owns nearly two hundred pieces (mainly paintings, but also some sculpture) by such artists as Mary Frank, Alexis Smith, Robert Motherwell, Paul Signac, Elaine de Kooning, and Donald Judd. He also owns nine Sean Scullys, seven of which have never left the artist’s studio; the client has nowhere to put them.

Choset bought his collection with his meager earnings from checking proof on mass-market paperbacks. There are prints and paintings in every corner—in the kitchen, in the bathroom (shown: an untitled Joseph Stella), under the bed, in the closet, hung from bookcases, stacked on the floor... One piece is even built onto the ceiling. “Joe Neill owed me some money,” Choset explains, pointing out the construction in painted wood that runs like convoluted train tracks around an overhead light fixture.

We don’t talk prices. “I always hated that part,” the collector remarks, “but there’s one story I have to tell you. One day I saw a Hans Hofmann drawing in a little East Village gallery. The woman managing the place had no idea who he was. She wanted a hundred dollars. I paid—and ran like a thief.” After catching his breath, he sold the piece at auction, a year later, for over three thousand.

SILVER SKATES

The Elstutendentocht is a one-day, 125-mile race on skates that is to distance skaters what the Indy 500 is to auto drivers or the Tour de France to bicyclists. The race is traditionally run up and down the canals of the Dutch province of Friesland, hitting eleven towns in all (Leeuwarden, Sneek, Ijlst, Sloten, Staveren, Hindeloopen, Workum, Bolsward, Harlingen, Franeker, and Dokkum)—which, if you know Dutch, explains the name.

They still hold the Elstutendentocht, but not in Holland. For the past twenty-one years, the winters have been balmly. Ever hoping for a big chill at home, the practical Royal Netherlands Skating Association now routinely makes a contingency plan. The Dutch don’t care for skating in little circles, so the chief requirement is simple: a 125-mile loop of solid ice. In February 1982, the hardy Hollanders (along with the handful of international skaters who can keep up with them, nearly a thou-
the meantime, the skating association will immediately also call an old-style Elfstedentocht at home. They tell us that no fewer than 25,000 Netherlanders are keeping their blades sharpened, just in case.

UNMASQUED

In the reign of King James, masques were something you could count on. The royal patron loved them and could afford them. Now that masques perform at the whim of more fickle sponsors, there can be the little contretemps. The Capricorn Theatre Company’s production of Ben Jonson’s Vision of Delight (“A Whirl of Talents,” Connoisseur, December 1984) fell victim to unanticipated money troubles, and the scheduled performances in January were replaced by a more modest Elizabethan revel. The Capricorn is determined that their Vision shall be seen again, and we hope it will.

ROYAL DELUSIONS

Who is she? A Russian grand duchess? An impostor? These are not the sort of questions audiences expect to be asked to settle at the ballet, but they are precisely the questions posed by Kenneth MacMillan in Anastasia. As the newly appointed artistic associate of American Ballet Theatre, the choreographer and former head of London’s Royal Ballet is now mounting his classic dance drama in a fresh staging for ABT. It premieres on March 12 in Los Angeles and will be featured at all major stops of the company’s long national tour. Like its glamorous heroine, the ballet has an involved past. We asked the British dance historian Clement Crisp to straighten it out for us. He reports:

“Many doubted the young Anna Anderson when she showed up in Berlin in the early 1920s, insisting that she was really the Russian grand duchess Anastasia, saved from the cellar where in 1918 the imperial family was mowed down by Bolshevik bullets. In 1967, MacMillan (then based in West Berlin) told her story in a one-act series of flashbacks, later seen in London and New York, with the great dramatic ballerina Lynn Seymour hurling through a maelstrom of memories. The action culminated in a final coup de théâtre, with the crop-haired Anna circling the stage in her hospital bed, unshakably convinced that she was, indeed, Anastasia. Such was Seymour’s power that the audience believed her, too.

“In 1971, having assumed the directorship of London’s Royal Ballet, MacMillan expanded Anastasia backward, providing Seymour with two preliminary acts as Anastasia in Russia. People loved the three-act version or hated it, but for Seymour personally, it was yet another unquestioned triumph.

“ABT is returning to the one-act original. It is a haunting essay, and three of the company’s reigning ballerinas, Martine van Hamel, Cynthia Gregory, and Meghli Messac, are in line to dance the part of Anna Anastasia. They may perhaps follow Seymour in cropping their hair for the role (I enclose Seymour’s photo), but will they make audiences believe Anna’s story? That will be the test of their artistry.”

BOMBSHELL

If you are thinking of catching the hottest new star in American opera, go see Eva Marton. The Hungarian-born soprano started the 1984-85 season in Wagner’s
### CAFETHEK LUXE

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### VACUUM VIRTUOSITY

Nothing insulates as well as a vacuum. Put the vacuum between stainless steel walls, add stylish plastic end pieces (one is a screw or cup) and handy carry strap, give it a wide mouth and a twist-and-pour stopper — and you have the hottest-selling insulated beverage container on the market. Imported from Japan, the Nissan vacuum bottle is warranted unbreakable and thermally efficient for a full five years. Maintains beverages at constant temperature for more than 6 hours. This personal size vacuum bottle holds 1 pint (about 21/2 cups). In blue #A1134, yellow #A1132 or red #A1133 for $32.00 ($3.95) each. We also offer the Nissan vacuum bottles in a larger quart size in white #A1141 or black #A1142 for $42.00 ($4.95) each.

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**THE HEARST CORPORATION ADVERTISEMENT**
romantic Lohengrin, playing Ortrud (a supporting role), and her bold Amazonian war cries simply blew off the roof. (Our snapshot has her pointing out her target moments before.) The gala audience responded with a roar of approval that stopped the performance for a full six minutes. She has not faltered since.

If you cannot get to New York, you can listen to her on a new recording of Puccini's clangorous Turandot (CBS Masterworks), in which she sings the part of the bloodthirsty Chinese princess. (The performance, staged by Broadway's Harold Prince and taped live at the Vienna State Opera, is also available in video.) If you can attend a performance, put aside one or more of these dates: on January 31 and February 1, 2, and 5 she will be singing in concert with the New York Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta in act 1 of Wagner's Die Walküre. At the Met, on February 11, 19, and 20, Marton cuts loose again with Ortrud. See Lohengrin now. (Though it is on the Met's schedule for the 1985 tour, Marton will not appear with the traveling cast. And when the opera returns to Lincoln Center next year, she moves up to the samtly, prima donna role of Elsa, which is gentler and not half the fun.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

Gordon Naccarato and Michael Grimsley, newcomers among restaurateurs in Aspen, Colorado, snap their fingers at superstition. They opened their new place on Friday the thirteenth (of July) but prospered through the summer. Now the skiing season is well under way, and Gordon & Grimsley's has achieved a kind of fame as the best of Aspen's thickly clustered restaurants. An itinerant epicure we know visited G&G's lately and reports: "Gordon the chef and Michael the manager honed their talents at Michael's in Los Angeles, that amazing launchpad for fine young chefs. G&G's has brought Aspen California cooking at its best: unpretentious, unpredictable, unbehaved with starchy traditions. The fresh ingredients Gordon insists on are grown locally or flown in. My tender Florida bay scallops still tasted of the sea. Pastas have been made exciting again. I had some with sweetly charred and pureed red peppers mixed into the dough, served with a cream sauce perfumed with Walla Walla onions, slightly roughened with vodka, and topped with golden whitefish roe. The menu changes daily.

"G&G's is a family establishment and has that homey air. Gordon's wife, Rebecca, creates the yeasty pastries; Michael's wife, Leslie, is the co-manager and arranges the flowers, which lend the pastel spaces a captivating lightness. "You should know, though, that Gordon has an anarchic streak and a secret penchant for junk food. As a late-night snack, he offers beluga on homemade potato chips—delicious. California continues its relentless move east."

CIAO, CIAO, PAPA

"Your farewell dinner should be the last Rome has to offer," our editor-in-chief wrote at the close of his Connoisseur itinerary for the perfect Roman holiday in October 1983. "I'll stick my neck out and pick Papa Giovanni, number 4/5 on the tiny Via dei Sediari. Order exactly what your waiter tells you to." The place was great. Back then.

Our apologies to all who followed our advice. Many have written to say that they were aghast at the slapdash service and cooking that was at best so-so. Papà has hit the skids.

GROWING WILD

According to an advertisement from Norm Thompson, a mail-order outlet in Portland, Oregon, a can opener is now our most important gardening tool. The can to open is "Meadow in a Can" ($19.95). All you do is open it up, scatter around your grounds the seeds inside, cover them over with soil, and sit back awaiting the "explosion of color" of seventeen different kinds of wildflower, from bachelor's button to yarrow.

Skeptical that such slender efforts could bring forth such beauty, we rang up Steven Davis, the director of buildings and grounds at River Farm, a plantation once owned by George Washington and now the headquarters of the American Horticultural Society, in Mt. Vernon, Virginia. Davis says he planted six acres of meadow at River Farm four years ago and is delighted with the results. There is now less lawn to mow, and in the winter the meadow provides food and shelter for wildlife. And during the growing season there really is an explosion of color.

The seed for River Farm came from Brook Nursery, in Litchfield, Connecticut, but Davis has run tests on the Thompson brand and likes that, too. Also fine: the product from Applewood Seed Company, in Arvada, Colorado, which formulates special mixtures for different regions of the country and for particular growing conditions, such as shade or low rainfall.

Davis had one word of caution. Some communities have antieweeds on the books, under which your meadow may be condemned. In that case, you can return your can opener to the kitchen—outdoors, it's back to hoe and trowel.

PRETTY FAMOUS, REALLY RICH

Alert: Here comes what could be the tube's finest hour. The subject: Adnan Khashoggi, the forty-nine-year-old Saudi megabroker, probably the richest man in the world. With a personal fortune "conservatively" estimated at over $1 billion, he can afford to scorn publicity. Last year, he rebuffed Barbara Walters for "20/20," as well as "60 Minutes." But then he consented to be shadowed for a whopping five months by his favorite television show. The crew from the breathless weekly magazine "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" tagged along on four continents, in the air on A.K.'s planes, and on his fairy-tale yacht the Nabila (which he occasionally leases out to the sultan of Brunei for, well, a pasha's ransom). Says a "Rich and Famous" director, "Tracking the man was expensive; I never had the right clothes. But around him you always feel that anything is possible. Ten-billion-dollar deals are cut on the phone. Entire cities are taken over for parties. His customized hundred-million-dollar Lear shuttle crosses the world like small-town taxis. It was a shock stepping off his magic carpet back into mundane reality, where you have to hail your own cabs and dial your own phone calls."
PRIVATE LINE

Long legendary for such superdeals as the headline-making Lockheed Hawk Missile transactions of 1970, A.K. couldn't have asked for a more compliant Boswell than the show's Australian host, Robin Leach, king of the paparazzi. His game is to stroke his rich, famous subjects, while giving the folks out in TV Land a grand illusion of talking tough.

Leach goes through the rich and famous like Kleenex. His average star is good for about $100 million and six minutes of airtime. At that rate, the stocky, swarthy family man Khashoggi should rate a ten-hour mini-epic (He is shown here in Monte Carlo in 1983 at the premiere of the film Never Say Never Again, with his dotting daughter.) In fact, he is getting an unprecedented fifty-four-minute special, to be aired the week of February 22 on over 150 stations nationwide.

At the end of the filming, the "Lifestyles" gang wanted to present A.K. with a little remembrance. What do you give the man who has everything? * Why, a silver satin jacket, emblazoned with the "Rich and Famous" logo, run up not by Bijan (who was put on this planet for jobs like these) but by a supplier to Hollywood crews by the name of Cat's Pajamas.

Contributors: Matthew Flamm, Allen Lacy, Patricia Lynden, Alan Schwartz
Edited by Matthew Gurewitsch

* For his fortieth birthday, his wife, Lamia, reportedly sprung for a golden globe from Bulgaria, five inches in diameter. It has sapphire sea, diamond continents, and a ruby marking the holy city of Mecca. Price tag: $1 million.

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**The Rolex Gold Cup: Galloping into polo's new golden age.**

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Datejust Oyster Perpetual Chronometer in stainless steel and 18kt. gold with Jubilee bracelet.

COVER Storefront photograph by Olof Wahlund; chair courtesy of Busnelli

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When a prominent person is linked with a work of art, an interesting bonding process unfolds. The piece almost always inherits the relative importance of the person it touches. If one were to accept this premise, then our 19th Century Japanese cabinet has compounded its significance three times over.

This lacquer masterpiece was originally made for the Emperor Meiji in 1870. It was unquestionably crafted in the Imperial Workshops. Although the piece is unsigned, it is equal in quality to the work of Japan's quintessential master of the artform.

Fifty-one years after its creation, Prince Hirohito presented the cabinet to the Duke of Windsor during a visit to Buckingham Palace. The piece joined the collection of Ashkenazie & Co. late last year. With or without its lofty associations, it is the most stunning example of Japanese lacquer to sit in our gallery.

This cabinet is obviously a statement of quality. It has passed through very few hands in 115 years. And rather distinguished hands at that. It is also a reflection of our approach to Oriental Art. We have a commitment to our customers and prospective clients. It centers on our insistence to maintain a collection at the highest levels of each discipline: be it jade, cloisonne, netsuke or a lacquer cabinet. Our future depends on the strict adherence to this principle.

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MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

OH, FOR THE PERFECT PORTRAIT

While in Paris a few months ago, I was able to burrow my way deep inside the world's most obscure bastion of culture, the Bibliothèque Nationale. The B.N., as it is affectionately called even by those nearly paralyzed with boredom as they wait hours, sometimes days, to get into the reading room, is without a doubt one of the richest—and least-known—treasures of artworks on the globe. The millions of books and original manuscripts shelved in the labyrinthine stacks are only part of the richness of the French National Library. Buried in various repositories, there is also an amazing abundance of Greek artifacts, medieval reliquaries and illuminated manuscripts, and modern prints, drawings, and photographs.

In the department of prints, I casually asked if there were any drawings by François Clouet, one of the most sublime masters of the sixteenth century. Within two minutes, laid out before my astonished eyes were three dozen delicate and vibrant depictions of personalities from the courts of Francis I and Henry II. These figures—captured with a few sure strokes of the pencil in all their complexity and life—went way beyond verisimilitude and gave me the overwhelming feeling of real human presences. What a period for the portrait! Especially when you remember that, in London, Hans Holbein was busy creating his dazzling drawings of the court of Henry VIII just around the same time.

As I gazed spellbound at the magnificent treasures before me, I couldn't help muttering, “I wish somebody would bring back the portrait.” Oh, I guess there are a few real portrait masters left in the world today. But I'm not interested in those practitioners of the flat, pallid, stuffed-shirt corporate or governmental portrait in which every CEO or politico is made to look like a cross between John Barrymore and Voltaire. Nor do I mean those icing-on-the-cake, stars-in-the-eyes, soft-focused, and surgically perfected portraits of society types. And I'm definitely not talking about the smash-'em, bash-'em, semi-abstract school of the contemporary portrait (much in vogue on certain magazine covers and on op-ed pages) in which the subject is made to look like a victim.

What I am looking for is an honest, sensitive modern portrait, the sort of thing Diego Velázquez created—those lean, spare, yet incomparably rich depictions of ordinary people in the full majesty of humanity. With just a few colors and tones, a quick dab for a glistening eye, a calculated blob for an ear, it all adds up to a thinking, seeing, about-to-talk human... I'd settle for something akin to Rembrandt's stolid images of human vulnerability, or even those bold, stark, and luscious portraits of Goya, Gainsborough, and Fragonard, reeking with psychological undercurrents, spiced with sensuality, armed with bone structure.

I know that my search is quixotic. Don't tell me that the photograph has won out and that art, by and large, is nowadays opposed to human beings. I know it. But wouldn't it be great if someone like François Clouet showed up again? Isn't it about time we were amply and vividly reminded of our humanity?
**Best Shows of the Season**

Toronto—"The European Iceberg: Creativity in Germany and Italy Today," at the Art Gallery of Ontario, February 8–April 7. During the last few years, art has been shifting its ground—both metaphorically and literally. Not only has a new form of figurative expressionism begun to dominate painting and sculpture; it has manifested itself most vividly in countries like Italy and Germany, hitherto regarded by followers of contemporary art as uninteresting or even backward. In this exhibition, a few well-known names are to be found—Beuys, Burri, Pistoleto among them—but most are still unfamiliar on this continent, where we have grown complacent about the superior quality of our own art. Chances are we will not remain so for much longer.

New York—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934–1944," at the Guggenheim Museum, February 15–April 14. Having mounted "Kandinsky in Munich: 1896–1914" in 1982 and "Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915–1933" in 1983, the Guggenheim is now ready to complete its monumental survey of the Russian artist's work with "Kandinsky in Paris." Because the museum started out as the Collection of Non-Objective Painting, and because it owns the largest collection of Kandinsky in this country, the Guggenheim is the most appropriate place to honor the achievement of the man who, more effectively than anyone else, carried painting across the borders of representationalism into pure abstraction. While Kandinsky's role as one of the key theoreticians in modern art is secure, less certain is the staying power of his late geometrical abstractions. Intended to liberate the imagination, they do little more for most viewers than chill the spirit. After New York, the show moves to Houston's Museum of Fine Arts (June–August) and then to Vienna's Museum of the Twentieth Century.

Los Angeles—"Japanese Ink Painting," at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, March 8–May 12. If only a few aspects of Japanese art are familiar in the West, one reason is surely that so much of it is extremely delicate and thus hardly ever travels. Though sumi-e, or monochrome ink painting, is among the most subtle and expressive forms of art ever pro-

duced, its fragility has left it virtually unknown outside of Japan. The rare opportunity to see 140 examples of sumi-e landscapes from the fifteenth to the early nineteenth century, all drawn from collections in Japan and including many designated National Treasures, should change that situation. Bewarned; however: due to the delicate nature of the hand scrolls and screens, the exhibits will be rotated, works from earlier periods being on view only from March 8 to April 7, and the remainder from April 16 to May 12. Moreover, "Japanese Ink Painting" will be seen only in Los Angeles.

San Francisco—"Hockney Paints the Stage," at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, March 28–May 26. Though he has only a handful of stage productions to his credit, the English artist David Hockney has had a greater impact than any theater designer since the days of Cranes Flying by Mount Fuji, *one of the rare silk scrolls in Los Angeles.*

Brooklyn—"The New Path: Ruskin and the American Pre-Raphaelites," at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, March 29–June 10. Because the writings of John Ruskin, the nineteenth-century English art critic, combined high-mindedness, passion, and, above all, eloquence, their effect in both Britain and the United States was very persuasive, especially on the young. For a small group of New York painters of the 1860s, headed by the expatriate Englishman Thomas C. Farrer, Ruskin's influence led to a new kind of landscape painting, small in size; meticulous in detail, and brilliant in color. For an earlier group of painters, like Asher B. Durand, Frederick E. Church, and Albert Bierstadt, Ruskin's attraction was just as irresistible, though it manifested itself in terms less of technique and style than of outlook, which was unabashedly serious. A show that offers an unexpected insight into nineteenth-century American painting, "The New Path" will also be seen in Boston, from July 3 to September 8.

Fort Worth—"Spanish Still Life in the Golden Age," at the Kimbell Art Museum, May 11–August 4. Why in the early years of the seventeenth century well-to-do Spaniards should suddenly have begun to search out still lifes—and, particularly, still lifes composed of humble kitchen objects—is hard to explain. No doubt, the vogue had something to do with the passionate interest in unheroic, contemporary subjects encouraged by authors like Cervantes and Lope de Vega. In the best still lifes, as in the best novels of the time, realism is less a matter of surface appearance than of inner truth. While the show does not lack big names, the leading figure is Juan Sánchez Cotán (1561–1627), in Diaghilev. From *The Rake's Progress* at the Glyndebourne Opera to the triple bills "Parade" and "Stravinsky" at the Met, Hockney has brought to the staging of opera a new range of imaginative possibilities, especially through the daring use of color. His own art has been affected, in turn; he has been encouraged to paint in a bolder, more personal style. This exhibition, organized by the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, not only presents an exhaustive survey of his theatrical work—in drawings, gouaches, set models, props, and stage "environments"—but also points up the connection between his stage designs and his studio paintings. After its stay in San Francisco, the show will travel to London.
Clockwise from top right: David Hockney's Sunbather (1966) and Harlequin (1980) create their own drama in San Francisco; Juan Sánchez Cotán's Quince, Cabbage, Melon, and Cucumber (ca. 1602), in Fort Worth, radiates the calm that marks the best of Spanish still life in the seventeenth century, while Mimmo Paladino's latest from Italy, Vrândante, 1983, in Toronto, has a shocking vibrancy; Wassily Kandinsky's chilly Various Actions (1941) and Dominant Curve (1936) will come to Manhattan for the final installment of the Guggenheim Museum's tribute to the Russian artist, and John William Hill is one of the American Pre-Raphaelites whose work reflects the influence of the art critic John Ruskin, especially in Apples and Plums (1874), at the Brooklyn Museum.
Ah, vacations. They're one of life's most precious rewards. Something those who achieve a certain level of comfort take for granted. Yet, vacationing well is something else altogether. It requires knowledge, taste and, of course, a bit more expense. And it requires the right vacation resort. While it would be presumptuous to imply that The Mauna Kea Beach hotel is the only choice worth considering, it would be almost unconscionable not to extoll its virtues. Here, then, are some obviously biased opinions on the subject.

Vacationing well begins with a perfect location. Say, on the Big Island of Hawaii. On a perfect white crescent beach. In the midst of a black lava moonscape.

The climate, too, must be perfect. Average temperature: 82 degrees. Average rainfall: 7 inches per year.

Of course, there must be all the expected activities and amenities. A world-famous championship golf course. Nine immaculately maintained tennis courts. Sailing, snorkeling and swimming in an azure blue sea.

But, something more is needed. A vacation philosophy.

Ideally, it is a commitment to excellence in every detail. To creating an environment of beauty and art where rebirth and recreation can flourish. Open, airy architecture. Prolific flora and fauna. Rooms luxurious, yet simple. With no television or radio to remind one of the outside world.

Now imagine adding a museum's worth of art from all over the Pacific. A Buddha dating back 700 years. Eighteenth Century Thai guard dogs. An extensive
array of authentic Hawaiian quilts. A total collection of over 1,000 pieces. But, unlike a museum, this art is unobtrusive, placed carefully about the hotel grounds, so as not to disturb the natural environment.

And because works of art come in culinary form as well, an internationally-acclaimed restaurant or two (or three) is a must. After all, traditional art may satisfy the soul, but well-prepared cuisine goes a long way toward total peace and harmony.

Service? It should be constant, yet invisible. Always there when needed and never in the way.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, all these many elements must piece together smoothly and quietly. The resort should never call attention to itself, but rather serve as a vehicle for each guest's complete relaxation. After all, the true genius of art is to make it all look easy.

Find out more about the art of vacationing well and The Mauna Kea Beach hotel. See your travel agent or call 800-228-3000.
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**CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD**

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All along, there was no one to tell Farrell how to do it, no zoo had ever tried.

Today, between sixty and seventy species are on view at any given time, except in February, when the Butterfly House is closed for two weeks. Thousands of butterflies from far-flung places like Malaysia and Sri Lanka are bred each year. The rarest of them all is the blue morpho, which can be observed during high season, from March to November.

Charlie Chaplin used to say, "Catch me, I'm a butterfly," when beset by trailing beauties. He had it wrong, as a visit to Syon Park proves. One is grateful to Farrell for doing the catching. It's so much nicer to watch the butterflies flitting free in their own habitat.

—Stephen Fay

---

**SCAMSHAW**

If you should find yourself on a Greek island and a local fisherman offers you a bronze statuette of a goddess that has just been fished from the sea— a lovely little piece, obviously very ancient and with a richer patina than anything you've seen in the Athens museum—you will, of course, laugh uproariously. And if, after traveling a hundred miles through the Pakistan desert, you should stop for tea at a caravansary and a bearded camel driver pulls out a little bundle and offers to sell you his greatest treasure, some ancient coins bearing the image of Alexander—"Sikander, Sikander!" he murmurs reverently, running his fingers over the coins—again you can roar with laughter, confident that it's just another instance of native ingenuity.

But suppose Aunt Matilda from Rochester, New York, goes to the Paris flea market on a Sunday afternoon and stumbles on a treasure that's as American as apple pandowdy—some lovely pieces of scrim-

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A very fine Queen Anne bureau in walnut of beautiful colour and patina bearing its original brass handles and escutcheons. Circa 1710

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Dead ringers for the real thing made cunningly out of weighted polymer plastic.

shaw, the engraved sperm-whale teeth or walrus tusks produced in the last century by New England whalemen or other scrimshanders to while away the time on their long Pacific voyages. Aunt Matilda is, of course, thrilled to discover these mementos of the Yankee past in a nondescript display case full of French bric-a-brac. She has never owned any scrimshaw herself, but she knows that it is now regarded as a significant form of American folk art.

As she examines the pieces she becomes even more excited: here is the ship Charles W. Morgan out of New Bedford engraved on a walrus tusk, and the whaler Higgin off Tahiti with its whaleboats, and the good ship Susan, and the Dakota from Nantucket, dated 1860. Aunt Matilda has been away from home for only three weeks, but already she can feel the stirrings of her latent national pride and the desire to repatriate these fascinating examples of Americana. She wonders, perhaps, how they happened to wash up on this distant shore among the art nouveau lampshades, but no matter; she does not question her good fortune. Matilda has a vague idea that in New York they might be worth thousands of dollars rather than the six or seven hundred francs (about $70) the friendly dealer is asking for each one. So she takes the lot; and the dealer wraps it up in old newspaper.

Alas, she has been had. The market is flooded with whale’s teeth made of polymer plastic, cunningly weighted with lead inserts so as to give them the “heft” of real sea ivory. The fakes can be found “seeded” in flea markets throughout England, the Continent, and America.

George IV Two-Color Gold Snuff-Box

Date: London 1835  Maker: John Linnet  Length: 4½”  Weight: 14 ozs. 19 dwts.

An inscription on the bottom of this piece indicates that it was presented to Hugh Moncrieff by Robert Napier, K.C., K.C.B., in 1840.

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Experts in the field remind us that genuine scrimshaw has always been as scarce as hen's teeth and now fetches astronomical prices. Accordingly, the vast majority of what one can find on sale, even if engraved on true sperm-whale teeth, is of recent manufacture, faked by hand forgers or, even, machine methods. There are some honest craftsmen of replicas who sell handsome polymer ivory copies at prices ranging from six to twenty dollars. One such shop is History Craft in Gloucestershire, England. But there are even more sinister suppliers in the field selling pieces

to curio dealers whose sole intent is to bilk the Aunt Matildas of this world.

So, if you should see some scrimshaw tucked half out of sight in a shoebox of odds and ends at the Paris flea market, treat it exactly as you would a bronze Aphrodite on Mykonos. Incidentally, there is a way of telling instantly whether a whale tooth is real or fake: hold it to your cheek—a plastic copy will quickly warm up to the ambient temperature, whereas the true whale tooth remains cold to the touch, as though in memory of the Arctic seas.

—Frederic V. Grunfeld

**Giving Sheepskin Status**

Tucked away amid the ageless hills of Chester County, Pennsylvania, that Andrew Wyeth loves to paint lies a forty-acre farm on which time, in a sense, has also stood still. Enter the massive eighteenth-century stone barn that is headquarters to the French Creek Sheep & Wool Company, and you'll find men and women working at knitting machines of century-old design. Others may be meticulously hand-crocheting sweater seams or reinforcing calfskin-bound buttonholes on sheepskin coats—employing old-fashioned and largely forgotten techniques to produce the classic country clothing of French Creek. Each jacket, vest, sweater, and skirt is assembled and sewn by a single artisan, with painstaking labor that occupies an entire day.

The family-run business of French Creek may hark back to past ages, but in reality it doesn't even predate Jean and Eric Flaxenburg's first child, born in 1968. Jean made a sheepskin hunting to soothe that colicky babe and soon found herself fulfilling orders for friends who admired her design. From the hunting, the Flaxenburgs expanded their offering to include supple shearing coats, rugged sheepskin jackets, oversize sweaters of grease wool, cashmere, cotton, and silk, and jackets, shirts, and skirts of lamb suede and leather. Jean designs all of the sheepskin and leather apparel. Eric runs the business, and the clothing is created by forty workers in the barn, plus about thirty-five working out of their homes.

French Creek clothes demand to be caressed, examined, tried on. Ironically, they are marketed mainly by mail, pitched to prospective customers who cannot run their fingers along a dye-straight sweater seam or snuggle into the furry embrace of a

Sweaters right off the backs of the Flaxenburgs' own Corriedale sheep.

shearling greatcoat. But when you live in a town like Elverson, Pennsylvania, that's literally too small to get onto the map, you must look elsewhere for customers. (To order, call 800-343-4991.) The Flaxenburgs' reputation for quality and care has generated a healthy trade bringing in about $3.5 million a year.

Perhaps the worst that can be said of Jean Flaxenburg's classic designs is that some are a trifle staid. Yet their simple lines and muted earthen tones have attracted a surprisingly colorful clientele. The most expensive French Creek sweater, a $750 shawl-collar cardigan of eighty-ply cashmere yarn, has been bought to enhance the profiles of such varied types as Burt Reynolds and Wally (“Famous”) Amos, Ginger Rogers, Tom Selleck, and Deborah Harry. Asked how his premier sweater achieved this star status, Eric chuckles and admits, "I have no idea. One day somebody ordered it, and we recognized the name." Since then, they've been keeping track.

Originally, the wool for French Creek


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**THE BATHER**

by Allegain

Mme Du Barry, the beautiful mistress of Louis XV, commissioned THE BATHER in 1767 for her elegant gardens at Louvecienne. It is now in The Louvre.

The reproduction, 48½" high on a marble base, is made from o xo lyte resembling Carrara marble in appearance, weight, and feel. Its $2221 price including freight is payable by check, Visa, or MC. A 23" size for $333 p.p.d., a 14" size for $103 p.p.d. (black marble bases), and a 62" hand carved marble reproduction for $15,000 are also available. Color catalogue of 145 statues $3.

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knitwear came from the Flaxenburgs’ own herd of Corriedale sheep. But by now, the demand has so far exceeded the output of their own flock that today the Flaxenburgs must buy an additional 20,000 pounds of wool a year, all specially processed to retain its lanolin (and its rich, buttery color). For the shearing outerwear, Pyrenean lamb, California mouton, and Texas dapple pelts are used. No matter what the provenance, sheepskin, once the workaday pelt of the Marlboro man, has been transformed by French Creek into attire so soigné it can be worn to the opera. —Susan Crandell

WHEN THE SPIRIT HAS GONE

D alcoholized wine, anyone? In place of your lunchtime Perrier, the more thoughtful restaurateur might offer you a sparkling white champagne, a delightful still red, or a delicate rose—all alcohol free, all from the Rhine vineyards of Carl Jung (no kin to the Viennese analyst of the same name), who resurrected the dealcoholizing process in 1903. The Egyptians began it 3,000 years ago, and the Roman armies were given alcohol-free wines to keep them sober on the march. If you must return to the office in a similar condition after lunch, you can avoid the monotony of mineral water and still have a sophisticated drink.

During Prohibition, the Jung wines flourished in America, and with the new tough laws on drinking and driving, they may flourish again. The Hilton Commercial Group, of Orange, California, is rapidly expanding a line of fine imported deal-

“That’s the real grape,” he said, smacking his lips—but it was only 0.05 percent alcohol. Alcoholized wines. Along with Carl Jung’s Rudesheim wines, they have introduced Giovane, from Italy’s Trebbiano di Romagna grape—young, zesty, fruity, and low in calories (38 per four-ounce glass as compared to 150 in alcoholic wines). There will also be a sparkling white champagne from France, along with a red Cabernet, a dry white Chablis, as well as sangria and exotic herbal drinks—all containing but 0.05 percent alcohol, which classifies them as nonalcoholic.

The Jung wines begin as fully fermented alcoholic wines. Then a vacuum process is

A Contemporary Depiction Of An Historic Event In American Industry

AND A BUST OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

The artist, CAM HARRIS, effectively portrays a span of history in the communications industry by showing a youthful Alexander Graham Bell as a kite-flying enthusiast prior to his becoming interested in human speech and ultimately the telephone.

The fragmented telephone pole and crossarms indicate the seven divested regions, leaving a somewhat frazzled “Long Lines” or A. T. & T. Company suspended in mid-air. The shadow of the displaced pole remains but the hole (whole) is missing. The crows flocking into the scene depict competition entering into the industry.

Conclusively, the artist has, in a subtle manner, revealed the sorrowing bust of an aged Alexander Graham Bell, viewing distressfully the fracturing of his creation—the finest telephone system on earth.

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

Bryant Washburn in Temptation: those were the days when drinks were drinks.

applied that removes the spirits without noticeably affecting bouquet, color, taste, or healthful enzymes. You will not often find them at your local wine merchant but, more likely, at a gourmet-food store or counter, from here to Scandinavia and even on the shelves of London's grocers to the queen, Fortnum & Mason.

While living in one of the queen's outposts ten years ago, I had my own first encounter with dealcoholized wine. This was New Brunswick, Canada, where the winters can be nine months long and odd thoughts can get into a man's head, such as giving up drinking. The thought was reinforced by the discovery of a rack of Carl Jung wines in, of all places, a local K-mart. I bought a bottle for about five dollars and loved its taste, zest, and faint 0.05 percent euphoria. As the weeks passed, I noted that I was the only one purchasing this new product. Months went by, no Jung wine sold, and the price kept dropping. I concluded that New Brunswickers, suffering from the long winter, needed more substantial fire in their veins. When the price dropped to ninety-nine cents a bottle, I purchased the entire rack. The ultimate test of Carl Jung wine came when I served some to my friend Lazlo, a Hungarian refugee, who loved fine wine and would sing brilliantly and tearfully of his homeland after a bottle or two; he also prided himself on his knowledge of wine's subtleties. One night, without telling him the wine we were about to drink was dealcoholized, I popped the cork on a bottle of Carl Jung's

Ming Dynasty
1368-1644 A.D.
Huang Huali Height
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back: 44"

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206 BC - 221 AD, $22.50.
sparkling white. We drank a toast to old Budapest; Lazlo smacked his lips and extended his glass again enthusiastically. "That's the real grape," he said, after which he sang brilliantly and tearfully of his homeland, finished several bottles, and reeled to his car.

Perhaps spirit is, after all, an indefinable substance.
—William Kotzwinkle

THE IMPOSSIBLE IN PHILADELPHIA

In the real world, sleet may be pummeling the hesitant snowdrops, but there are five acres somewhat nearer to home than the Caribbean—inside Philadelphia's Civic Center, to be precise—where sapphire blossoms of delphinium glow beside white irises, pink hollyhocks and peonies, apricot lupines and softly speckled foxgloves, scarlet lilies, roses creamy and coppery, daisies, dogwood, blazing gaillardia and poppies, daffodils and sweet william—an almost impossible chrestomathy of the blooming of three seasons, rioting over what appear to be venerable walls, ancient pavements, and greenwards. And yet, everything—trees, hedges, lawns, walls, flowers—will have been moved in by the truckload only days and hours before the opening of Philadelphia's annual Flower Show, on March 3.

For the hundred and fifty-sixth year, the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society is throwing an annual spectacle, the biggest and best flower show in America, and in the world a second only to London's great Chelsea Flower Show. While Chelsea is held outdoors in the mild month of May when flowers love to bloom, in Philadelphia, winter hangs on, and human guile brings the summer's favorites to open their flowers in March, six months or so off schedule.

Early last spring these hoodwinked plants were set going in pots and, after a summer outside, refrigerated to put them to sleep, then revived in greenhouses in November under eighteen-hour artificial days. Miraculously, most of them produced their intoxicating bloom around March 1, under the impression that the appointed hour in June or August is at hand.

This year the theme of the show is "A Touch of Britain—Our Garden Heritage." Besides the expected cottage-garden bowers sanctified by the great English gardener Gertrude Jekyll, there will be Elizabethan knot gardens, topiary, and gardens of herbs and roses. The ebullient
CONNOISSEUR’S WORLD

It takes the Horticultural Society’s magic to get these flowers to bloom on time.

queen of flower arrangers, Sheila Macqueen, will be on hand to show how sumptuous bouquets are made, like those that Jan (“Velvet”) Brueghel painted, using, for instance, no more than one white gladiolus, a white dahlia, a poppy or two, spikes of prunella, a tress of alchemilla, and the leaves of geraniums and beets. Last year 230,000 people came to see and smell these wonders. Even more are expected this time.

—Eve Auchincloss
Philadelphia Civic Center, Thirty-fourth Street and Civic Center Boulevard, March 3-10. Sundays, 10-6; weekdays, 10-9:30.

MOMENT OF TRUTH

Joan Semmel is a painter known, since the early 1970s, for her powerful depictions of nudes. These works are distinguished by their unusual point of view—that of a woman looking down on her own, or a male lover’s, nude reclining body. The audacity of these compositions with their dramatic lighting and perspective has earned recognition for Semmel as a key figure within the women’s art movement.

In her new, monumental figurative studies of friends and colleagues, Semmel has made a significant departure, combining the strong modeling of her earlier nude studies with passages of brilliant color applied with vigorous brushstrokes. These exuberant touches contrast with a subtle treatment of the head—twisted just so as to catch the most revealing expression. Her colors seem to act as a barometer reading of unseen emotional states.

Besides her penetrating portraits, Semmel has recently turned to landscapes, or “summer pictures.” In these, she takes delight in jarring otherwise serene depictions of nature with sinister nuances. Her painfully emaciated horses set out to pasture, or the decayed undergrowth in the forest unmasks the ruthlessness of existence and reminds us that nature assures its own survival first regardless of—sometimes despite—our own, individual passions, fears, and hurts.

Since the demise of her last gallery, Lerner-Heller, Semmel has had a difficult time attracting a viable commercial outlet, but her work can be seen through late February at the Bockley Gallery, in Minneapolis, and the Tomasula Gallery, of Union County College, in Cranford, New Jersey. Today, while a new generation of figurative painters is emerging and has been received with an enthusiasm inconceivable ten years ago, Semmel has already shown us how powerful statements are made.

—Lotery S. Sims

FLOATING THROUGH FLANDERS

What better way to enjoy the rosy, bright splendors of Europe in springtime than by plying its waterways in a luxuriously outfitted hotel barge? Many have enjoyed the pleasures—and the gourmet food, guaranteed isolation, and indulgence—of barge trips in France, England, or Holland. Now they can float through Belgium, too.

Only one barge travels the nation at a time. I came aboard the Lys in Antwerp on a Sunday afternoon. It measures sixty-two feet in length and can house twelve with ease. Built in 1927 to transport wheat in England’s north country, the Lys makes weekly trips to the glorious Flemish art centers of Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges. At the gentle pace of four miles an hour—that’s barely faster than an average hiker—this ninety-mile journey lasts six days.

Passengers were greeted by the unfailingly cheerful and charming crew of four, who handed out glasses of champagne and hors d’oeuvres. Eating and drinking are an important part of waterways cruising: much is promised, much is delivered, and much is consumed. We ate ourselves silly, working up to a bravura ten-course dégustation on the final night aboard. Meals on the Lys combined elegant service and deli-
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

Cious forays into the local cuisine with a steady supply of baked goodies and desserts made on board by Karen Wrightson, the chef. The wine, some of it exceptional, flowed freely at lunch and dinner. This cornucopia of indulgence was included in the fare, only bar drinks were extra.

If the food and wine were as good as imagined, some of the other delights promised call for a certain mental adjustment. Cabins aboard the Lys are small and modest. Be sure to cast an eye over the deck plan before booking; try to avoid a berth next to the rackety engine. Similarly, most passengers had imagined endless sunny hours out on deck floating past a continuous bucolic landscape. Belgium just doesn't work that way; rain is possible, if not probable, and signs of industry abound along the canals that were built to accommodate it. Even so, there were at least as many idyllic stretches on the rivers Schelde and Lys. For hours at a time, all that could be seen were flower-strewn meadows, occasional huddles of red-rooted villages, formations of newly hatched ducklings, and a heron or tern poised on the riverbank.

In each city the barge's mooring was an easy walk to the center of things. And the parent company, Floating through Europe, hired knowledgeable local guides for visits to Rubens's palatial home and garden, in Antwerp; the Van Eyck altarpiece in Ghent, one of the world's most breathtaking art treasures; and the Memling Museum, in Bruges. Mercifully, time was provided for wandering through Ghent's medieval streets or seeking out Bruges's walled Beguinage, a religious retreat shrouded in a palpable hush.

A final tip: it may take a day or two to get your mind and body adjusted to the barge's own, graceful pace. Once you do, you will wonder how you ever overlooked such perfect bliss—and why you would ever bother to leave the barge at all.

—Carla Davidson

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

Most travelers on their way to or from Hungary (see pages 96-115) will be in Austria long enough for a meal or two. We asked one of our favorite Viennese, Hans Fantel, to tell us what culinary delights to expect on this side of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

One thing to bring Austrian cooks to a quick boil is the lingering notion that their country's cuisine is heavily Germanic. "Just because our language is German," protests a Viennese hotel chef, "it doesn't mean that our food is all dumplings."

Indeed, it hardly overstates the case to say that Austria's cooking grows out of the country's history as Europe's largest and most lasting empire, which endured more than six hundred years. During all those centuries, Austria drew on the traditions of all its domains, from Alsace to Italy, and from Bohemia to the Balkans—and melded them into the mellow amalgam of "Mittleeuropa"—central Europe. This unmatched synthesis of Eastern, Western, and Mediterranean influences shaped not only Austria's music and architecture but also its cuisine. In a land where five fairly leisurely meals slow up the day, food is as much a part of the national self-image as music. Consequently, deliberate efforts are under way in the better eating places to create the culinary equivalent of a Mozart minuet, a Strauss waltz, or a Haydn divertimento. Whether any cook can put Mozart on the menu remains debatable; but Austrians are incurably epicurean, and in their relaxed penchant for the pleasures of life, they hardly care whether those pleasures are products of the intellect or the kitchen.

At any rate, current developments in Austrian cuisine, aimed at lightening the fare, have been so successful that gourmets have begun to traverse the country, visiting outstanding restaurants in unabashedly romantic settings. For instance, Palmer Young Travel, Inc., of New York, now offers twelve-day tours under the expert guidance of Annemarie Victory (800-222-6656), who grew up in an Austrian castle, married an English banker, and is as conversant with Austria's history as with its gastronomy. The tour makes an obligato...
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

stop at Vienna's fabled Hotel Sacher, where waiters click their heels as if they still expected every guest to be an archduke, and where the boiled beef is as tender as oysters, served with a palette of sauces. At Salzburg's Goldener Hirsch, the emphasis is on venison and wild boar from the surrounding subalpine forests; and at the Schlosshotel (Castle Hotel) in Durnstein, fresh fish from the Danube blends with the local wines and the superb view from the baroque terrace.

The innovative aspects of Austrian cooking are perhaps best expressed at the Plomberg Hotel, on the shores of the Mondsee (Moon Lake), between Salzburg and Linz, where Herr Karl Eschlbeck holds forth as chef of the only local inn. Here one encounters mousse of Reinamken and Saibling—fish native to the lake—herbed with a subtlety that Escotter himself might envy; milk-fed veal that acquired its mild succulence on Alpine meadows; and duck and pheasant of such lightness as to seem airborne even on the plate. As for those famed Austrian desserts, they too have been lightened and enlivened with orchard-fresh fruits and berries gathered in the neighboring glen.

The nouvelle touch that has extended even this far into Austria is more than just a nod to the powerful influence of the West. It's an expression of the new Austrian identity (derived, by and large, from an age-old ingenuity) to look to the West for the future, to its own past for meaning. Happily, the politics of cooking are of little concern to its practitioners. All that matters, as Herr Eschlbeck puts it, is Geschmack—how it tastes. —Hans Fintel

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CHOICE AUCTIONS

T

ough the season is but two-thirds over, Sotheby's is sweeping the field, setting one record after another, and their lineup for the balance of the best auction months in Europe and the United States looks just as impressive. Ever gentlemanly, Christie's refuses to act alarmed despite its own disappointing season. The unfailing confidence of Christie's is evidenced by a significant investment in the expansion of its Park Avenue quarters to include new, custom-built sales areas, more offices, and more warehouse and storage spaces. Both events bespeak the continuing maturation of the American market, the final stage of which would be the emergence of a major competitive American firm.
London—Christie’s, March 5 and 6, 1985. Ancient glass from the Kofler-Truniger collection of Lucerne. To call this one of the finest private collections of ancient glass in the world almost understates its importance. The collection—with its medieval European, ancient Egyptian, and ancient and Islamic glass—distills 2,000 years of glassmaking history. It is unlikely that anyone will assemble anything of this magnitude again.

London—Sotheby’s, March 13, 1985. British paintings, 1500–1850. The emphasis is on the nineteenth century, and that’s where our interest lies. The sale features two important Constables, none more pleasing than an 1825 portrait (recently rediscovered by Sotheby’s David Moore-Gwyn) of the Lambert children, for their grandfather, who was off in the Bengal Civil Service. What is most remarkable is the close attention lavished upon the charming (if anatomically curious) little donkey, actually a last-minute replacement in the scene for the children’s grandfather.

Amsterdam—Sotheby’s, March 18, 1985. Modern and contemporary art.

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underrated Karel Appel. While he was not a progenitor of movements, Appel's work resonates with the visual, structural, and color sensibilities of forebears as diverse as Vermeer, van Ruisdael, and Mondrian. It easily should fetch a presale estimate of $20,000–$30,000. The sale also includes goodies from such cohorts as Willink, Luczert, Cornet, and Huszár.

New York—William Doyle Galleries, March 20, 1985. Nineteenth-century furniture, paintings, and decorations. Here's another episode in New York's continuing love affair with Doyle's "house brand" of highly decorative schmaltz. It is hard to be a snob when confronted with the overwhelming popularity of these sessions: try even to get in the door at the weekend viewings!

Actually the best of the lot is the least typical: a midcentury American pierced and carved rococo-revival parlor suite, attributed to the Meeks workshop (estimated at $8,000–$12,000).

New York—Christie's, March 20–21, 1985. A series of important Japanese art sales. These sales are a sort of birthday, bank holiday, Fourth of July, and Bastille Day all rolled into one for collectors in this ever more popular field. It seems we Occidentals are just discovering the sheer sensory satisfaction of Japanese craft and art.

A number of important private collections are represented in this multisession marathon: a single-owner collection of Japanese armor; a superb collection of sword fittings; prints from the Tannenbaum collection; and Japanese art from the collection of Mary Louise O'Brien, notable for its highly important early ceramic pieces.

—James R. Lyons
UPDATE:

THE CHARDIN QUESTION MARK

The Chicago artist George Cohen has been trying for two decades to prove that a painting he owns is a grisaille imitation bas-relief by the eighteenth-century French master Jean-Baptiste Chardin. Connoisseur described his quest for authentication—involving documentary detective work and painstaking comparisons—in December 1984. The article led the Art Institute of Chicago to hang the painting in public for the first time, in the institute’s eighteenth-century gallery next to a certified Chardin, The White Tablecloth.

Cohen lent the putative Chardin to the museum in 1975 in exchange for its restoration. Three successive curators pulled it out of storage and hung it in their offices because they thought it a wonderful work of art, but they would never put it in a public exhibition space because it had not been certified as Chardin’s by an expert or a consensus.

Richard Brettell, Searle Curator of European Paintings at the institute and one of the three who had hung the picture in his office, made the decision to put it on show. It began by bearing a label saying simply, “Jean-Baptiste Chardin (1699-1779).” The question mark made it plain that the quest for authentication was not over. Then Brettell decided, “I’m convinced, in my own mind,” and took off the question mark. Actually, the only person who can deliver a final judgment is Pierre Rosenberg, a Chardin expert and chief curator of paintings at the Louvre; he has said he will deign to take another look at The Vestals, as Cohen calls the work, when he next visits Chicago.

No doubt about it: The Vestals is on the gallery walls at last.

Brettell once thought that showing the picture with a label saying “attributed to” might reduce the chance of authentication and lower its ultimate value. He adds, “Publicity has certain values: it focuses attention on the question. A lot of people read Connoisseur, and I thought it would be interesting after the article appeared for people to be able to look at this painting. I wanted the picture to be seen.”

—Anthony Astrachan
Not everyone was lucky enough to be at the Palais du Louvre in Paris when this brilliant new Dansk Tapestries dinnerware by Jack Lenor Larsen was exhibited for the first time.

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THE HEIGHT OF LUNACY

In praise of the exhilarating Cresta Run on its centennial.

By Richard A. Wolters

For many years around the turn of the century the fastest route on earth was by sled!—down an almost-mile-long ribbon of ice connecting the three Swiss villages of Saint-Moritz, Cresta, and Celerina. It is the now famous Cresta Run, which has just marked its one-hundredth birthday. Although the village of Cresta has long since gone, the name lingers on today to strike terror into the most macho of men. Tradition has it that those who have “sped on” still rattle their drinks at the Kulm Hotel’s Sunny Bar, cheering those who pit themselves on an odd, steel sled against such treacherous curves as the Curzon, Brabazon, Rise, Battledore, and Shuttlecock. Record time for the run is a cool 53.24 seconds—which means skimming down the run at speeds up to ninety mph.

Who would invent such “sport”? Who else but the British? It seems that in mid-Victorian times a Swiss by the name of Johannes Badrutt owned the Kulm (meaning summit) Hotel. As legend insists, in the year 1864, during an era when the Alps were fearfully avoided in the winter, Badrutt invited four Britons who had been his autumn guests to spend the winter at his expense in Saint-Moritz. His aim was to convince them that the town, with its pure air, clean snow, and bright sunshine, was preferable to London, with its fog, dampness, and chill. Badrutt’s experiment succeeded, and the world’s most famous winter playground was born.

Most of the first wool-clad guests were tuberculous patients, sent from England to Saint-Moritz for the cure. Their favorite pastime was sled riding. Because of the British love for gaming, what started innocently as “I’ll race you to the bottom” turned into serious business. Thus was the sport of tobogganing popularized, and it soon spread. In the nearby resort of Davos, a tobogganing club was formed, one that wasted no time in challenging the invalids of Saint-Moritz to a race.

A racer in full regalia hurtles down the icy run on his “skeleton.”
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The sled racing was such fun that it turned into a rage in which the boys of the Kulm's Sunny Bar always lost. The Davos team had an advantage—a wicked run that could be mastered only with constant practice. Their racetrack was the post road that wound through the village of Davos, then rushed steeply down to Klosters.

Not to be outdone, the "sports" of Saint-Moritz retaliated by constructing their own chute of ice, starting from the meadow across the road from the Kulm Hotel. It plunged from the village of Saint-Moritz and into the valley. Early in 1885, the Davos team went to Saint-Moritz by horse-drawn sleigh in a magnificent moonlight ride across the Juher mountain pass. With its opening, in 1885, it became the challenge of challenges. Sled riding in Davos was given back to the children. The Cresta of Saint-Moritz was man's work.

His Royal Highness Prince Philip took one look at the Cresta Run and said, "No wonder the continental's are convinced that the British are raving mad!" Long before that, Lord Brabazon of Tara wrote of the Cresta, "To love her once is to love her always." And Sir James Coats was moved to proclaim, "The Cresta is a powerful and attractive mistress. She will stand no nonsense when you are learning the ropes, and many and severe are the rebuffs that she administers to her most ardent suitors." A sexist remark? Unquestionably: when speed became king, the bluebloods of Europe, possibly fearing the competition, banned females from the Cresta forever, explaining that the speed would damage their bosoms.

Even now, when women can run for vice-president of the United States, no females ride the sleds, but they have learned to play their own game, perhaps seeing the wisdom in Paul Gallico's statement about running the Cresta: "A man ought to know better." They elegantly adorn the clubhouse overlooking the run; in costumes direct from Givenchy of Paris, Fendi of Rome, Karl Lagerfeld, and such, they "Jolly good!" and "Hear! hear!" their favorites on the ice.

Why did I try this madness? There is an attraction, though it can be understood only after the first run. The exhilaration is like a drug, and the adrenaline rushes addictively at the ninety-degree turn called the Shuttlecock—nightly named because a rider is flung out of it with the ease of a badminton bird, only to land with the grace of a dead duck.

Stupidly, I plunked down my 150 Swiss francs (about $75 worth this morning, according to my Swiss bankers in Zürich), entitling me to five runs—now all prepaid. When I inquire about the distribution of the remaining funds should I be killed on the first run, I am assured it doesn't happen "in most cases." The English who run the club have learned much from the Swiss. I never get an answer about the money.

I await my turn in the hushed inner sanctum of the clubhouse. The main hall, a bar and glassed-in viewing area overlooking the run and the magnificence of the Alps, is warmed to Riviera temperatures. Decorating the walls are old sleds, ancient photographs, and Swiss winter paraphernalia. It all seems a modern version of a stage set for a 1928 musical, complete with posing and strutting dolls. Inside, Europe's most elegant women, in their voluminous turs, sit sipping things. Uneasily, I manage to stay there about as calmly as a convict awaiting the chair.

Over the hush, in the background, and with the enthusiasm of a Britisher reading stock quotations, the secretary of the Saint-Moritz Tobogganing Club, Ronnie Ramsay Rae, CB, OBE, informs us by loudspeaker of the happenings on the course: "I say, there goes chap . . . number fourteen . . . topping off Shuttlecock." For a split second I think the sipping might stop. It doesn't. I get a glimpse of the poor duck in midflight, ending with a dangling leg protruding just above the snow.

Then comes a tap on the shoulder and a
request that I go to the dressing room. There I am rigged for the event by an official dresser, an Italian who learned his trade from his father before him and, like him, doesn't know a word of English. I have a swelling need to talk, to get information, knowledge, before I go out into the arena to face whatever I am facing.

But information was not included in the 150 S.F. package. (Nowadays, it costs 260 S.F., or about $100.) On my head the dresser processes, by means of a screwdriver, a helmet. That is comforting, since it is the part of me that is to be flung down the mountain first. Then come goggles that tug up inside the clubhouse and outside. On each arm is strapped a heavy leather pad from biceps to wrist. My knees are given the same care by my official dresser. Both articles produce an extended stiffness of limb. A pair of gloves covered with aluminum disks are to prevent my skin from grinding off if I should wog into the ice walls of the run. My dresser steps back to survey help keep you from skidding sideways in the turns. The thing has a moving seat like on a rowing machine, although you belly-whop on it. Pull your weight forward, the seat slides up, and the sled rides on the runners—that's fast. When the seat is pushed back, the knives dig in—it's still fast. The steering wheel? Squirming body English with the help of a raked foot and a prayer.

Over the loudspeaker and echoing through the mountain valley comes another of Ronnie Rae's "daily quotations." "Number thirty-three!" he proclaims. That is my stock!

Things then happen quickly. I belly-whop onto the skeleton (I had plenty of practice at that as a boy on the streets of Philadelphia). My jet across the Atlantic couldn't have taken off faster, and I am going only as far as Celena. My first thought is "If I make it to the bottom alive, I shall be a good citizen the rest of my natural life."

As the first turn, the Rise, arises, I slam back the seat, dig into the ice with my rakes, and swear I'll give more money to charity. As I am flung into Battledore, I swear I will never use bad language again. Now I'm in the middle of a thought about going to church, as Shuttlecock looms at me; I am too scared to "swear" anymore. My "brakes" are to no avail. I do some fancy English and swoop around in one piece, I think.

I groan with delight. The acceleration in the Straits is breathtaking. I am flung around the Bulpetts, the curve named after the guy who designed the bloody run, leap over the Cresta Leap—that drop off the world—and end in an uphill glide. I climb off my sled as proud as punch, and I say a very stupid thing: "Next time I think I'll try it faster!"

"No wonder Europeans think the British are raving mad," said Prince Philip.

my costume, his handiwork. I feel like a Roman gladiator or, better yet, a knight in shining armor.

Would I get a horse? I know the answer is no as soon as I see my shoes: steel toes with rakes pointing forward. The room starts to get hot as I stand stiff, upright in my mechanism. I am physically turned and guided to the door. I hobble toward the starting line. If I could run I would head for my bed in the Kulm Hotel!

Finally, at last, I hear someone say something about instructions. I am pointed toward a broad fellow with a handlebar under his nose. But he too had learned his trade from his father, who also spoke only German. He motions for me to pick out a skeleton (a most unfortunate translation of Schlitten, that simple Swiss word for sled). In my ensemble I can hardly bend over to move it, let alone pick up its sixty pounds. My instructions in English consist of two words given to me in a fine German vibrato: "HOLD ON!"

The "skeleton" is a rather ingenious torture device. It's about the size of a kid's sled, with two runners of tubular steel. The rear six inches are fluted into knives to

Richard A. Wolters is a soaring pilot, mountaineer, balloonist, bobsledder, deer-stalker, dog trainer, grandfather, and writer.

Saint-Moritz and the equipment have changed since the 1920s, but not the pre-run anxiety.
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CAVEAT DONOR

The IRS is catching up with artful tax dodgers.

By Kevin Krajick

There are plenty of good, selfless reasons to give works of art to tax-exempt institutions, and plenty of good, selfless people who give art away. Museums and universities receive millions of dollars' worth of donated art each year. The cultural lives of countless Americans are thereby immeasurably enriched. But as anyone who has played this game knows, altruism is not the only motive behind a gift. Indeed, it barely holds a candle to the hefty tax break you can qualify for on April 15.

This year, that tax break may be a lot harder to get than in the past. Congress, as no one in the higher income brackets needs to be reminded, has tax reforms on the brain and is demanding tighter collecting procedures from the Internal Revenue Service. The following outline is accurate as we go to press. Even so, if you are contemplating major gifts of art to a tax-exempt institution, stay up to the minute on the latest financial bulletins from Washington, and keep the line open to your tax lawyer.

What the New Law Says

A new law, in effect for donations made after January 1, 1985, calls for stiff penalties for overvaluation of gifts of art, and stricter controls on appraisals. Written appraisals are now required for any piece worth more than $5,000. The IRS has increased the number of tax returns it audits and signed on a larger cadre of prominent art experts to advise tax examiners as they audit deductions.

The crackdown, which affects most other noncash charitable contributions as well as gifts of art, comes after what many experts believe to have been a period of rampant overvaluation of art (and anything else that museums will accept). Since 1917, when deductions for donations of art were first admitted, they have been under attack, but it is only lately that much evidence of abuse has been collected. In 1983, a panel of IRS art advisers found that 52 percent of the pieces they examined had been overvalued, by a breathtaking average of 671 percent.

Keeping Them Happy

Most appraisers admit privately that evaluators feel pressure to give valuations donors will be happy with. "Art dealers who make appraisals want them because it means more sales," says William Speiller, for many years a professor at Rutgers University Law School (and an ex-IRS attorney) who was called on as an expert in these matters by Congress last year. Deductions for donated art, he says, are almost always far higher than the prices donors paid. Since the standard for deductions is "fair market

Kevin Krajick is national editor at the National Law Journal.
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value—a nebulous term at best—it can be more profitable to give than to sell. "Everyone is cheating," Speller contends. "It's just a question of how much."

The Threat of the Audit
Claiming a deduction for a gift of art will not, according to the IRS, in itself trigger an audit. Tax returns are scrutinized by computer. If enough suspicious-looking items come up on the scorecard, the return is pulled for a review that may or may not look into the charitable donation. (What the criteria for selection are is a secret the IRS does not reveal.)

Thanks to the agency's increased computerization, such audits are on the rise—despite tremendous backlogs. By the beginning of 1984, the IRS was auditing a yearly total of 335,000 returns involving tax shelters, 18 percent more than in the previous year. (Ten thousand of those cases dated back to 1979.) Noncash charitable contributions account for a small but growing number of these inquiries.

Most audits are conducted at local district offices by appraisers with little expertise in art. Gifts valued at $20,000 are automatically assigned to the IRS art-valuation group in Washington. Since 1968, the professional staff for these valuations has grown from one member to five. Today, the group is assisted by an art-advisory panel composed of prominent art dealers, museum professionals, and academics. The panelists, who serve without pay, meet twice a year to review photographs and documentation of items that the tax examiners have raised questions about. The panel sees mainly the cream of the write-off crop. In 1983, the members examined a total of 226 pieces, each with an average value of $168,000.

Until last January, the IRS advisory panel numbered twelve experts in painting and sculpture. Now, ten more experts have been added to deal with the increasing number of donations of primitive and Asian art, which are often tricky to evaluate. Karen Carolan, the head of the IRS art-valuation staff, explains, "We want to make sure, for instance, that the African tribal pieces people are giving are the real thing, not something they picked up in a tourist shop." Another new headache: repainted pre-Columbian pottery.

New Penalties
Although the new law will not significantly affect the way in which art donations are audited, it imposes extra penalties. (They promise to be difficult to enforce.) The IRS will now levy a 30 percent penalty on taxpayers whose donations are overvalued by more than 50 percent; that's triple the old penalty. Museums face extra paperwork. In case a donated work is sold within two years, the donee institution is now required to inform the government—and the donor—of its sale price.

Other controls mandated by the new law are stronger. Thus, claims for a deduction for any donated object (or group of

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Who Can Judge?
The IRS gives no indication about what constitutes acceptable qualifications but will now levy a penalty on the appraiser as well as on the taxpayer in case of overvaluations. IRS officials hope thereby to discourage less-than-professional would-be appraisers. The agency is empowered to bar practitioners who have made several missteps from making any further valuations for tax purposes.

The law is clearest on another point: the appraiser must not be a person whose relationship to the taxpayer would "cause a reasonable person to question his independence." That rules out the dealer who sold the object to the taxpayer, the staff of the donee institution, and any employee of the donor, including an appraiser who works principally for him.

There are more points that make and will keep the new law controversial. For instance, it disallows appraisals based on sliding-scale fees, which have been criticized as giving appraisers an incentive to overvalue. However, fees paid directly to a "recognized association of regulating appraisers" are exempt from this rule. Only one organization apparently fits this bill: the Art Dealers Association of America, a group of high-powered art dealers based mainly in New York, whose members donate their time, and whose fees go to pay the group's administrative expenses.

Understandably, the exemption has enraged other groups of appraisers, whose members collect their own fees directly. They say that the law gives the ADAA an unfair edge in the tax-appraisal business. Besides, they point out, the ADAA tends to be better represented on the IRS panel—from which, in fact, full-time appraisers are barred. According to IRS statistics, appraisals made by ADAA members consistently fare better before the panel than appraisals made by other experts, with fewer and smaller overvaluations found.

Victor Wiener, the executive director of the rival Appraisers Association of America, insists that this is because of the "ludicrous conflict of interest where you have ADAA members sitting in judgment of each other." Ralph F. Colm, who, at eighty-four years of age, has been the administrative vice-president and legal counsel to the ADAA for twenty-three years, counters that it is because "practically all the other so-called experts are unqualified in the fine-arts field." The new law suits him just fine. "I think museums will be referring more and more people to us."

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to dicker with the IRS. Members of the advisory panel admit that expert appraisers can differ widely, often by a factor of two or three. That may be one reason why the IRS officials whose job it is to decide whether to assess extra taxes based on the panel’s findings often prefer to try to negotiate a compromise with the taxpayer rather than insist on the evaluation of the agency’s own panel.

William Speiller contends that the real reason for the agency’s willingness to back off is that there simply isn’t time to argue every case—and that the IRS is “completely incompetent” in many areas such as carpets, jewelry, furniture, and books. “They’re not that hard to intimidate if you

The IRS’s new penalties for excessive deductions are triple the old ones.

can bring in a big-name appraiser,” Speiller claims, adding that only a few dozen cases involving donations of art have ever reached the United States Tax Court, often the last forum of appeals from tax adjusters’ decisions.

Speiller and other critics of IRS policy thus feel that the “reform” embodied in the new legislation does not amount to much. In fact, they say, it institutionalizes the IRS’s often lenient attitude, in that it waives penalties for overvaluations made “in good faith.” Earlier versions of the bill were not so forgiving, but thanks to intense lobbying by museum and university officials, who feared donors would be scared off, the language has been much toned down. One requirement of the previous law was even relaxed. Formerly, a taxpayer had to hold a work of art for a year before his giving it away would qualify for a tax deduction. The deduction may now be claimed after six months.

Lawrence Reger, director of the American Association of Museums, predicts that when all is said and done “those who give because they care about the community will continue to give.” On the other hand, he concedes that some donations to worthy institutions will be lost. “Even for most honest donors the tax advantage in giving is very, very important. Some people will look at the increased penalties and say, ‘Oh, I’ll not take the chance,’ and sell instead.” But on balance, he thinks, the new rules are reasonable and will have the intended effect of cutting down on the most obvious abuses. No one can complain about that.
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After years of obloquy, the sculptor's work is a blue-chip investment.

By Robin Duthy

To the question of who is the greatest sculptor of all time, the answers people give most often are Michelangelo, Rodin, and Henry Moore, with Rodin nowadays taking the lead. He is being acclaimed the ultimate sculptor of the human body, the only man able to represent in bronze every emotion, from ecstasy to despair.

Rodin's reputation may be riding high today, but only thirty years ago, discriminating people recoiled at the mention of his name. His work was considered dated and bombastic, a vulgar consummation of nineteenth-century Romanticism. Then, in the 1960s, for no apparent reason, people began to take him more seriously. They looked again and saw that even if he was sometimes very bad, he could also be a truly great artist.

Prices for his work have been climbing ever since, and our index shows an increase of 300 percent over the last decade alone. The fifteen-inch version of The Thinker is up 430 percent, to $110,000; The Bronze Age (twenty-five inches) is up 640 percent, to $151,000; The Kiss up 300 percent, to $125,000; and The Cathedral up no less than 1,000 percent, to $150,000. The market has never been more buoyant. Some eighty bronzes and marbles are auctioned each year, and dealers are handling almost as many.

Surprisingly, the more common pieces cast in large numbers have been rising as fast as the rest. At the same time, the rarer marbles command huge prices, even though all but the finishing touches on his marble sculptures was generally the work of professional carvers.

Prices for the bronzes are determined by three main factors. First, there is the popular appeal of the subject. Rodin undertook many commissioned portraits of celebrities and always produced a lively interpretation of personality. Even so, a bust of Bernard Shaw or Victor Hugo, however accomplished, is of less interest to collectors than The Kiss, Eternal Spring, or any of the great, impassioned themes that made him famous.

Second, casts vary in quality according to the foundry doing the work; casts within an edition vary as well, since the polishing and patination gives each bronze its special character, and some come off better than others. Not all the casting done for the Musée Rodin since the war has been of acceptable standards; one foundry has recently been dropped from the list.

The third factor is size. The smaller casts, perfect as domestic art, are in great demand as a sculptural complement to Impressionist paintings hanging on the wall. Yet the larger the cast, the more expensive; life-size figures that call for the setting of a garden or park now fetch around $250,000.

Rodin's bronzes were cast in the conventional way, in a mold taken from the original plaster model. Though he never fixed a limit to the number of casts that might be made, or kept proper records, it seems likely that fewer than ten casts were made of any one piece. The editioning history of Rodin's work during his lifetime is confused; to say the least. After his death, in 1917, it becomes more so and may never be sorted out. For investors, then, the vital question of rarity must remain moot.

Monique Laurent, now head of the Musée Rodin, in Paris, has, however, shed some light on casting in Rodin's lifetime. Records show that he worked with at least twenty-eight founders between 1875 and 1917 and occasionally sold the rights to reproduce his work on a commercial scale. This entitled the founder to make as many casts as he could sell. The rights to Suez, for instance, were sold to a Belgian foundry, the Compagnie des Bronzes, in Brussels, which is why this pretty head appears

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move in. For Rodin's bronzes, the procedure is simple enough. They take a genuine bronze, make a mold, and cast more.

These aftercasts, or surmoulages, are mostly made in Paris and Rome. Easily recognized by anyone familiar with the genuine casts, they lack crisp definition and have a poor finish. They give themselves away, too, because takers tend to use cheaper and lighter metal. They also turn out smaller than the originals by some two or three percent. Since there is, however, more than one way of measuring a bronze, such a test need not be altogether conclusive.

Nobody knows how many of these takes are in circulation. Most are sold through doubtful dealers rather than at auction. If one does slip into a sale undetected, outside experts are usually quick to expose it. At any rate, the problem is not serious enough to undermine confidence in the Rodin market proper.

A movement to stimulate interest in Rodin's work and related items is the Rodin Society, 1910s, the dancer Loie Fuller—more for her own benefit than his—arranged the sale of important bronzes to American collectors and even planned a museum of his work in San Francisco. Since then, a succession of millionaire benefactors have brought Rodin's work to the American people. B. Gerald Cantor, however, who has been buying Rodin sculptures for the past forty years, has outgunned them all. He has donated 28 Rodins to the Los Angeles County Museum; more than 130 to the Stanford University Museum of Art; 31 to the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, together with $5 million for exhibition space; and 55 to the Brooklyn Museum, with $250,000 for installation. He still has many pieces left in his private collection.

Americans therefore have plenty of Rodins to look at. Though the market is now rather unselective, it will in time reflect the uneven quality of his work.
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Kenneth Clark believed that Rodin's most successful sculpture came about when some pose or movement "caught his eye, fired his imagination, and almost unconsciously became in the actual modeling the embodiment of an emotional state."

Rodin liked to have two or three naked models wandering around his studio so that he could study every detail of their movements. Every part of the body seemed to him to possess expressive power. The moment a model moved into a position that suggested a particular feeling, his fingers began working to capture it in clay. He usually worked to a fifth or a tenth of life size. These models were later mechanically increased in size by his pupils, but the smaller format is the more faithful record of Rodin's own modeling.

That Rodin was impulsive does not mean that his famous commissioned works, such as The Burghers of Calais and Balzac, should not be reckoned among his greatest, for these too seem to start from natural gestures and movements. Indeed, the Balzac more than any other work established Rodin's claim to greatness. When he received the commission from the Société des Gens de Lettres in 1891, the writer had been dead over forty years. Rodin set out to discover all he could about his appearance from those who had known him, even traveling to his birthplace in search of look-alikes. Judging by all accounts and by Nadar's photograph of him, Balzac's appearance was decidedly unheroic. A squat man whose paunch in profile was said by friends to resemble the ace of spades, he would have cut a ridiculous figure if sculptured in the nude, as was the custom in representing men of genius.

All the same, Rodin made seven large naked models of Balzac, which he contemplated for many months. Finally he decided to cover each one with a cast of drapery to suggest the famous dressing gown Balzac always wore. The one he liked best was sent to the Salon of 1898 and surpassed his enemies' wildest dreams of disaster. It was denounced as an "obese monstrosity," "a colossal toetum": people shook their fists at it and swore that no human body could exist under such drapery. Rodin knew he had only to take a hammer to it and the drapery would fall off to reveal the naked figure beneath. Instead, he coolly withdrew it from the Salon and set it in his garden at Meudon.

Balzac should be the "control" sculpture against which to measure all other Rodins. It has enormous strength, dignity, and defiance. It is a fusion of greatness, that of the subject with that of its interpreter. Above all, it is free of the clinging theatricality that taints much of Rodin's popular sculpture.

Worldly success seldom does much for an artist's creative powers, and broadly speaking, Rodin's later work has less to recommend it than what came earlier. He drew and modeled incessantly, though he was compelled to give up even that in the end. In his dotage he was shamed by treatments both by the government to which he had given his life's work and by the spotters and charlatans who advanced upon his villa at Meudon. Finally he was refused pencil and paper for fear he should sign yet more wills, and was allowed only a fortnightly visit to the Musée Rodin, where his gift to the nation was housed.

The very end was no less tragic. Though the privations of World War I Rodin's founder could find fuel to continue casting, Rodin and his wife were to die from the effects of cold at Meudon, just as his mother had done during the Franco-Prussian War, forty-five years before.

The art world now seems to be trying to make amends. The steady revaluation of Rodin's work since 1960 has a permanent look about it, and his preeminence as a sculptor, at least in the public mind, is beyond question. As an investment with guaranteed blue-chip status, Rodin can hardly be bettered.

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Great, impassioned themes: The Kiss, sold at auction last May for $90,000.

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TEN TOP RODINS OF 1984

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Height</th>
<th>Material</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>1. Adam</td>
<td>76&quot;</td>
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<td>2. The Age of Bronze</td>
<td>71&quot;</td>
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<td>3. The Fallen Caryatids</td>
<td>19&quot;</td>
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<td>4. Eve</td>
<td>30.5&quot;</td>
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</tr>
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<td>5. The Age of Bronze</td>
<td>41&quot;</td>
<td>bronze</td>
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</tr>
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<td>6. The Thinker</td>
<td>14.75&quot;</td>
<td>bronze</td>
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<td>7. Meditation (Meditation sans Bras)</td>
<td>57&quot;</td>
<td>bronze</td>
<td>$120,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. The Thinker</td>
<td>15&quot;</td>
<td>bronze</td>
<td>$110,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. The Kiss</td>
<td>33&quot;</td>
<td>bronze</td>
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<tr>
<td>10. The Age of Bronze</td>
<td>25&quot;</td>
<td>bronze</td>
<td>$85,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Does eroticism make for great art? The Age of Bronze, from the Musée Rodin.
GEORGIA — "HOLLY HILL", completed in 1977, was built by noted architect James Means. There are over 6,000 sq. ft. of living area, 5 bedrooms, 4 full and 2 half baths, 5 fireplaces, cozy nooks and crannies and impressive formal rooms. On this 16-acre estate, all out-buildings are Williamsburg style and include a guest house, formal gardens and pool. $1,050,000.

ALABAMA — HORSE FARM — Iron gates provide an impressive entrance to this 412-acre estate with 2 lakes, 2 stables, hay and equipment barns, a manager's home and owner's residence which contains over 4,400 sq. ft., 4 bedrooms and 5 baths. There are 11,000 ft. of 3 rail-welded steel pipe fencing and 3½ miles of woven wire fencing. Just 40 miles from Birmingham. $1,750,000.

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GEORGIA — This luxurious lake front home on a private 600-acre lake, has boating, swimming, fishing and water skiing, yet is only 20 miles from downtown Atlanta. The grounds are landscaped and at the back are decks, patios, a pool, hot tub, a dock and boat house. There are about 6,000 sq. ft., 4 bedrooms, 4½ baths, a fabulous kitchen, cathedral ceilings, and 3 fireplaces. $485,000.

GEORGIA — The cover of Unique Homes, Oct-Nov 1984, "Claremont" was built in 1882, is fully restored and has about 10,000 sq. ft., solid walnut, chestnut and heart pine floors, 14 ft. high ceilings, 11 fireplaces, 5 bedrooms and 5 baths. The woodwork and moldings are works of art. It is in the historic district of Rome, GA (68 miles from Atlanta), and has a guest house of the same period. $325,000.
rowing has caught on as one of the most popular forms of home exercise — with good reason. It provides rhythmic aerobic exercise. It exercises arms, chest, back, shoulders, legs and midriff at the same time — all the body’s large muscles. It is private. Now Vitamaster has taken a top-grade hydraulic home rowing machine and added a few clever refinements that turn it into a multi-action home gym. The MA-500 enables you to do shoulder presses, curls, bench presses, squats, arm extensions — all in addition to rowing. The result is a versatile economical exercise machine that meets the needs of the whole family. Tension settings are variable. One-twist height adjustment. Fold-up storage requires only 10” depth. $169.00 ( $19.95) A1251.

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MONTEREY'S NEW AQUARIUM MAY BE THE WORLD'S BEST

BY THOMAS HOVING

When challenged to name the most innovative buildings created in the Western Hemisphere since the war, architecture experts invariably put a museum or two on their list of the top ten. One that often shows up—and deserves to—is the Museo de Antropologia in Mexico City, Pedro Ramírez Vázquez's majestic hymn to thousands of years of Mexican culture. Another deserver is the Kimbell Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas, designed as an act of love by Louis Kahn. A third is that brash, dramatic, exuberant, and efficient burst of energy the National Air and Space Museum, designed by Gyo Obata, on the Mall of the nation's capital.

Last October, a fourth institution that belongs in this exalted pantheon opened to the public. It is the aquarium erected in the coastal city of Monterey, California, almost steals the show in its new home.

Above: Starfish (species: Patiria miniata) form an undersea Mameluke carpet.

Left: An orphaned sea otter (Enhydra lutris) almost steals the show in its new home.
on the stretch known as Cannery Row, so vividly chronicled by John Steinbeck.

A quality these four new museums share is that they give special prominence to their contents and displays. What counts most is the way the buildings are used. The ideal museum is a combination of an educational facility and an entertainment palace, a place of contemplation and excitement. It calls for a fiercely tricky balancing act. The best new museums have been accomplishing it without playing up their exterior structures. The Monterey Bay Aquarium takes this lesson to an extreme. It is almost non-architecture: a forthright, no-nonsense, concrete, glass, and wooden edifice with gently sloping “factory” roofs and expansive windows that blend in with the rest of Cannery Row. The architect who designed it, Charles Davis, of the San Francisco firm of Esthetick, Homsey, Dodge and Davis, did not indulge in any trendy postmodern posturing. There’s not a hint of an ersatz silhouette.

The place extends a wonderfully inviting welcome to its visitors and the creatures and specimens that live there—all five thousand of them, representing nearly three hundred species of fishes, mammals, birds, invertebrates, and plants. All—with the exception of a single chambered nautilus, imported from New Caledonia—are to be found (and occasionally to be seen cavorting nearby) in the incomparably rich aquatic territory of Monterey Bay, an unimaginably vast geological formation as wide and deep as the Grand Canyon.

The Monterey Bay Aquarium was dreamed up in 1977 by four local marine biologists. Their aim was to create an aquarium dedicated exclusively to the natural wonders of Monterey Bay. Their highly complex program described in detail the incredibly diverse marine life that exists in the bay’s bewilderingly variegated habitats. It made perfect sense. All the biologists on the program team grew up on the teachings of the marine biologist Ed (“Doc”) Ricketts, the Boswell of the Pacific tide pools. (Thiny disguised, but still called “Doc,” he is the key character in Steinbeck’s stories of Cannery Row.) In the splendid, anecdotal volume Between Pacific Tides (1939), Ricketts described the biological and social relationships between the sea’s “good, kind, sane little animals,” ranging from those that thrive in a few inches of water along the shore to those maneuvering ponderously in the black canyon. Ricketts showed how each group exists in its specific arena, each a
microcosm in fragile tension with the others, each a self-contained playground of survival and death. The biologists wanted to build an aquarium that would reflect Ricketts's mysticism as well as his science—not in isolated tanks, as in so many institutions of marine life, but in Ricketssian “zones,” habitats that range from the vast to the microscopic.

In 1980, construction began on the enormous facility, 177,000 square feet. The realization of the dream was made possible through the unique generosity of the computer entrepreneur David Packard, of Hewlett-Packard fame, and his wife, Lucile, who put up more than forty million dollars. They had a special reason to care about the project: their dedicated youngest daughter, Julie Packard, was on the original team of biologists. She is now the aquarium's executive director.

In a sense, the aquarium rose from the ashes of the fish-canning business. When sardines started disappearing from the California waters, around 1951, the not-so-sweet-smelling Cannery Row started to die. In the 1970s, even Hovden, the largest of the canneries, was forced to close down, and the area began a rapid decline into rinky-dink (a process that still hasn't been completely reversed). Now, however, the site of the old Hovden cannery has been put to good use. This is the 2.2 acres

Left: The entrance to the Monterey Bay Aquarium harmonizes perfectly with the industrial look of old Cannery Row. Right: Looking skyward from the heart of the Kelp Forest.
that the architect Charles Davis was given for the new aquarium. The building preserves the old Howden canning factory's pump house and the boilers—just enough for flavor. The three original smokestacks have been reconstructed. Throughout the facility, there's an unabashed use of industrial fittings. Air ducts and water pipes hang undisguised from the ceilings.

Yet despite all this purposefulness, there is nothing plain about the interior. The displays resound with the aquarium's ecological message, giving the entire complex a deeply affecting sense of spiritual celebration. In the core are huge tanks, like mini-skyscrapers, containing whole underwater forests and landscapes. Along the outer walls are microcosmic exhibitions of the details of the larger landscapes, nooks, crags, and crannies, displayed like objects in the vitrines of an art museum. Moving back and forth from far off to close up, from core to surrounding wall, you feel like an enchanted scuba diver who has an inexhaustible supply of air, can explore without fear, and who will never get wet.

For the ideal tour, it's best to start in the great outdoors, on the broad terraces, with their commanding view of Monterey Bay. (If you keep a sharp watch, you're bound to spot some animal that is on view inside the aquarium.) Proceed to the man-made tide pool, stocked with a wealth of sea stars, anemones, harbor seals, and sea otters. Once inside, forget the fifteen-minute introductory film. It's easier to get oriented by reading the ingeniously designed and easy-to-comprehend wall display.

There are two monumental underwater tanks, called "Kelp Forest" and "Monterey Bay." Both afford a thrilling experience. The "Kelp Forest" tank is unlike any other anywhere. It is sixty-six feet long, twenty-eight feet deep, the tallest in the nation, a swaying, watery Milky Way open to the sky, filled with kelp like the size of young weeping willows and populated by hundreds of magnificent creatures: silvery dappled halmoons, lavender rubber-lip surf perch, greenlings, charcoal-gray sand sharks, jacksmelts traveling in shining silver schools, rockfish floating alone with their heads pointing straight down or dozing on the sandy bottom, multicolored anemones, bright-purple sea urchins bursting out of cracks in the rockwork, bat stars, bat rays, crabs, and sea slugs. The stars of the show are the stars of the sea. They seem to form dozens of Mameluke carpets, so rich and various is the spectrum of their hues. Approaching the "Kelp Forest" from the upper mezzanine landing and heading down from there is almost like diving in and swimming slowly to the bottom.

Turn the corner to the second great tank, "Monterey Bay," and suddenly you've plunged to the floor of the open sea. The display, no less than ninety feet long, is in the shape of an hourglass. Your first view shows what you would see way out in the bay, four hundred feet down, at the base of the granite reefs. From there you "swim" placidly toward shore, past the sandy sea floor (150-100 feet down), closer in by the shelf reefs (30-20 feet deep), and eventually to the relative shallows (10-6 feet), where stands a row of massive thirty-to-fifty-year-old wharf pilings encrusted like a Surrealist painting with creatures the color of strawberry jam, honey, and blueberries.

In the exhibits devoted to the deep reefs and the sandy seashore are sharks, bat rays ceremoniously flapping along, a batch of chinook salmon with their petulant, jutting jaws, and decorator crabs doing slow-motion somersaults among crowds of white-plumed anemones. In the sides of
A microcosm in natural balance, the man-made tide pool may be viewed from above or close up, from the very edge.

**THE DISPLAYS RESOUND WITH AN ALMOST SPIRITUAL MESSAGE.**

debris of mankind—a worn rubber boot, a rusting digital watch, a busted fish reel—can be the most natural of homes.

Emerging from the shallow water around the wharf and taking off your diving gear, so to speak, you'll walk through exhibits featuring the slough or the rocky shore. Speeded-up films dramatize the eternal drama of what it's like to cling to a fragile domicile, washed by changing tides, watched over by vigilant predators, rocked by storms. Not to be missed are exhibits of coastal streams, tide pools, and a splendid two-story, glassed-in gallery, a twenty-foot slice of beach complete with lapping waves. Seabirds—stilts, avocets, killdeer—forage here. It's like walking through a living Audubon print.

You have heard of petting zoos, but a touch pool? "Think of a ray as a flat, gentle shark," reads a sign. You have to touch for yourself. I wouldn't dream of spoiling the experience of getting your own fingers on a living bat ray or a sea star.

For a change of pace, visit the gallery devoted to memorabilia and gritty film clips, where you'll get a feel for what Cannery Row looked and felt like when it was still a cannery row and not yet a tourist attraction. Besides the restaurant and cafeteria, there are a buffet restaurant and a delightful bar where one can order oysters...
and a glass of local wine. Outside the vast picture window, seagulls scud by, and a half mile out, a family of seals makes the water boil. In the spacious surrounding galleries, stuffed sea lions and other marine mammals in painted fiberglass and latex—orcas, dolphins, even a forty-three-foot gray whale shepherd her twenty-two-foot calf—float from the ceiling in a stately parade.

And what finale could possibly be grander or more delightful than those born clowns the sea otters? At present, the aquarium has three robust specimens, orphaned in a storm but rescued by the staff. They slither, glide, rocket around playing with and nibbling at each other, scratching, preening, and, especially, eating, in a tank so designed that the gorgeous creatures can be seen on the surface, from three feet below the water, and all the way down at the bottom of their tank, fourteen feet deep. These frisky sea mammals consume up to 25 percent of their own body weight daily, so feeding time seems never to stop. They scurry up and down, picking up fat clams and juicy crabs, smashing them open on the view glass, and stretching out on their backs on the surface of the pool using their stomachs as trays. Then they pause a little while, until their stomachs start to rumble again, whereupon they begin another mad downward dash to fetch another clam or crab.

Like the waters that frame it and the creatures that populate its aquatic worlds, the whole aquarium gives off a sense of order, grandeur, and harmony. Its lessons, like those of an inspired teacher, are always vivid, at times amusing, frequently profound, but never heavy. As Julie Packard says, "We're not trying to preach any point of view. We seek to foster a heightened awareness of the incredible diversity of the ocean and a greater sense of responsibility to what's there." And indeed, the aquarium makes a visitor aware of an infinite and cosmic community of living beings and habitats far beyond our realm. It is the universe John Steinbeck evoked in his Sea of Cortez (1941), written together with Ed Ricketts, in language that braids together science and poetry: "plankton, a shimmering phosphorescence on the sea and the spinning planets and an expanding universe, all bound together by the elastic string of time."

The Monterey Bay Aquarium is open 364 days a year. (It is closed on Christmas Day.) Admission costs $7 general, $5 for students and seniors, $3 for children. Cannery Row is an easy day trip from San Francisco. For further information, call (408) 375-3333.
Deep in the château-encrusted Loire valley there is a woman whose life, like Cinderella's, has changed—all because of a pair of shoes. In turn, the designer Maud Frizon has refined the aesthetic standard of what women the world over wear on their feet. The boldly sculptural Maud Frizon shoe is to footwear what Dom Pérignon is to champagne, Frank Sinatra is to the singing of ballads, Hermès is to saddles, and golden beluga is to caviar. Its hallmark is state-of-the-art design that is as pure and elegant as a mathematical equation.

It all started because of a gold Dunhill lighter. In an artist's atelier in Montmartre some fifteen years ago, Maud Frizon did something that anybody in love would understand. "I took practically all of our living money to buy a present for Gigi (DeMarco, now her husband), the extra-special present of a gold Dunhill lighter," says Frizon. A bit of a scandal, too, she recalls. Frizon was wearing her shiny chestnut hair in a short, casual cut; her clear green eyes vie for attention with a burst-of-sunshine smile. "While money wasn't everything, it was, naturally, a necessary commodity, and so the purchase of the lighter made us think about working together." At the time, Gigi was in the process of leaving an Italian shoe company, which he had successfully represented in France. Maud's fashion background was mostly confined to her working as a free-lance model for Patou, Courrèges, and Dior. More important, as it turned out, she had assisted her first husband (who also happened to be in the shoe business, in Paris) in picking out shoes for his collections. Shoes had always been her passion. Even when she was a student, she spent her pocket money on her feet, starting with a pair of violet-colored pumps from Charles Jourdan.

One day, as they were strolling down the Rue des Saints-Peres, on the Left Bank (today it is a street of chic boutiques with elegant clients; then it was an antiques-dealers' alley), Maud and Gigi decided to take a look at the idea for a shoe store that was born. At the same time Maud decided—as she always does, quickly, without looking back—that she would design a few models herself. "It was the time of the midi skirt," she recalls in her accented English, "I had always liked the big, wide Russian boot and thought that its full volume combined with a high heel would be the right proportion to complement the mid length. For me, the colors then in fashion were sad. I don't like black shoes with black clothes, so I decided to make my boot red."

The shape and heel immediately marked the footwear as innovative. Beyond that, the boot presented a unique technical problem. Frizon wanted it made without a zipper. When the factory informed her that this was impossible, Gigi took matters into his own hands. "I felt that machines were made to work for me, rather than the other way around," he says. And so the teddy-bearish Neapolitan set about modifying the machines that made both the last and the shoes.

As soon as the boot was ready, in December 1979, the Maud Frizon boutique opened. It was the end of the season, when most winter collections go on sale. Maud arranged the small store with furniture borrowed from friends. "At first people couldn't figure out if we were selling shoes or furniture," she says. They started with ten pairs of boots in stock. To fill out the selection, she bought a sports shoe in three different colors, and, for looks only, she displayed the right shoe of Gigi's former line. The red boot occupied the star position. "There were no ads, no public relations. Don't forget, we were poor," says Frizon with good humor.  "But in Paris if you do something that's different—and good—things can happen very quickly." The city's top fashion models came to the shop and the boot took off. People waited weeks for a pair. After that first succès d'estime, the next season's creation produced another. Maud Frizon designed a tight, elasticized canvas boot to wear with shorts, the summer fashion craze. Catherine Deneuve bought them. Brigitte Bardot kicked off a football season wearing the boot, and the picture made front-page news. The zipperless boot had arrived.

Irrationally, there was no cash to finance a third collection. Gigi called on several of Maud Frizon's biggest clients with an unusual proposition: "I promised them a wonderful collection—although I wasn't sure just what it would be—if they would agree to pay for it in advance."

They did. This unorthodox approach rather typifies the way Metallic emerald kid and a red high heel transform a classic suede pump, "Daniela" (1981), into a party shoe for grownup Cinderellas.

Dena Kaye writes for Vogue and Town and Country and is the travel correspondent on CBS's "Morning News."
Maud Frizon and Gigi do business. Neither of them knew the rules of design or manufacturing, so they made new ones. Theirs may be the only shoe factory that does not employ an agent in other countries to sell the product. All of Maud Frizon’s 200-plus worldwide clients, from the boutiques to the department stores, have come to their door. Frizon has made shoes for such designers as Sonia Rykiel, Claude Montana, and Azzedine Alaia, and Maud Frizon products appear in scores of fashion layouts—all without the benefit of a public-relations firm. “We make pretty shoes; we spend a lot to make them—and hope people will like them,” says Gigi, “but we do things honestly. A product can be expensive, but not overpriced.” He sounds as if he believes what he is saying.

The Maud Frizon collection is now manufactured in their own factory, just outside Venice, Italy, on a residential street where the neighbors’ children play ball. Grapes grow in the empty lot next door. Rosebushes line the path to the front door of the factory, a charming little red house that belies the multimillion-dollar business it contains. The company logo, “Maud Frizon,” in white block letters, is the only indication that the building houses more than just a nice family of four. Maud Frizon wanted something cozy.

The manufacturing process combines nineteenth-century European craftsmanship with computer technology—for billing and keeping inventories of materials. The layout, the order of production, and the manufacturing techniques were designed by DeMarco. “I give people a lot of liberty, but ultimately I accept total responsibility,” he says. “I am the only one who is aware of everything.” Boutique managers remark on his prodigious memory; he keeps balance-sheet figures in his head and rarely forgets who wore what when.

Gigi DeMarco and Maud Frizon now preside over a forty-million-dollar-a-year conglomerate. In addition to women’s footwear—more than 250,000 pairs are produced annually—the line also includes men’s shoes, luggage, handbags, briefcases, wallets, and sweaters for men and women. The 1984–85 fall and winter season has seen the introduction of four new items: children’s shoes, suede and leather scarves and belts for adults; and Maud Frizon perfume, which comes in three different concentrations: Beaucoup, Passionnement, and A la Folie (named after the French version of the lover’s daisy test “She loves me, she loves me not”). Frizon picked the fragrance, chose the names, and designed the hand-blown glass bottles.

To meet the great increase in demand for shoes, handbags, and other Maud Frizon products, the owners have found a characteristic way of expanding. DeMarco chose several of the workers who had started with the company and lent them money to build their own factories—provided that they produce exclusively for Maud Frizon. “People who never would have had the chance advanced from worker to manager,” says DeMarco, who, in his paternal fashion, has created a business family. “Morally, the factory belongs to the workers. A man’s right to achieve is his liberty.” Gigi sets an example, commuting from Paris and New York to the main factory, in Venice, several times each week. When problems arise, they are usually resolved in the Italian manner—around the lunch table, over pasta. Both Frizon and DeMarco speak with pride of the teamwork and rapport between workers and employers. The man who worked with Maud on the red boot is now the factory manager. In this atmosphere of loyalty and camaraderie, it is hardly surprising that boutique managers often spend their vacations at the bosses’ domaine in the Loire.

The collections are designed in September and March, over a six-week period. During this time Maud and Gigi repair to a cozy apartment in a thirteenth-century building in the old section of Padua. The apartment has the original beamed ceilings, but its rooms are furnished in the typically eclectic stylistic mix favored by Maud—with church pews for chairs, Louis XV commodes, a Korean armoire, and, at the head of one bathtub, a bronze bust of Gigi’s grandfather.

As might be expected, Frizon’s approach to designing shoes is a trifle offbeat. She doesn’t compulsively sketch or cut leather. “I don’t believe that designing on paper works for shoes, because the foot has volume and dimension,” she says. “Sometimes I make notes or an occasional sketch. I am not a craftsman—I work closely with a collaborator at the factory, Giorgio Bettin. After nearly fifteen years, Giorgio knows how I think. I describe what I want—
The cone heel is one of Frizon’s best-known stylistic innovations, along with her now much imitated practice of using fabrics in unexpected combinations: crocodile and canvas, for instance, or suede and satin. Her own wardrobe reflects this sensibility: a handsome Saint Laurent blazer is thrown over casual pants that Frizon found at a flea market. She describes her clientele as elite. “By elite, I mean people who know quality, whether it’s someone who saves to buy one pair of shoes or someone who can afford thirty-five pairs,” she explains. “The collection is always a marriage between more-classic shapes that will sell, and shapes for people who want more fantasy.” She prefers a simple, clean line. Her favorite flower, for example, is a single branch of temple cloud orchid. She likes merchandise displays that are almost austere, often paring down the number of shoes in boutique windows. “You should be able to see every detail of the shoe from outside the shop.”

Frizon can’t explain how she gets her design ideas but says she keeps her eyes open and is very responsive to nature. Her memory for colors and shapes is nearly infallible; indeed, as a child, she “collected” colors. She carries a notebook where she records colors and textures—of a butterfly’s wing, a fishing rod, the slate blue of country rooftops. When she visited Polynesia in the spring of 1980, she saw baskets made of woven leaves; her next handbag collection featured purses fashioned from woven leather strips.

“One of Maud’s biggest talents is that she seems to know in advance what will be in style,” Gigi says. Nor does she lose sight of what has gone before. “I keep in my mind a continuity of fashion from the previous season,” maintains Frizon. “The 1984–85 fall-winter collection contains flat, masculine shoes for both sexes because men’s and women’s day wear has been steadily growing more interchangeable.” (Maud often wears Gigi’s sports coats and blazers—and she enjoys an after-dinner cigar.) Women’s evening shoes, she insists, must be sparkling and feminine.

The secret behind the architecture of a Maud Frizon shoe is its perfect proportion. “I put the shoe on a table that has nothing else on it or behind it. Then I pick it up and hold it in the air.” Frizon demonstrates, holding a shoe in front of her like a bride-to-be admiring her new diamond ring. Another test comes before a model goes into production. Frizon has a prototype pair of shoes made up and wears them. “If I don’t like their looks, or if they’re not comfortable, the shoes are not made.”

Although some of Maud Frizon’s designs are futuristic—postmodern funky—she follows a manufacturing process that is best described as old-world. There is an artisan whose only job is to make the wooden lasts. The skins are stretched over the lasts by hand. “Skin is a living thing, and this technique ensures its elasticity,” explains Gigi. As much as two million dollars’ worth of fabrics and skins are locked in the factory vaults, including lizard, snake, lamb, wild pig, and kid. (Over a hundred different materials are used for the two annual collections, each of which contains some two hundred different designs.) The sole on every shoe is custom-fitted—“We are the only big shoe factory to make our own heels and soles,” DeMarco claims. The leather is ironed like cloth, by hand, brushed, and cossed. Finally, the shoes are packed into the familiar green boxes: classic pumps made striking with large rhinestone clips; sexy sling-backs constructed, in part, from practical, durable fisherman’s net; coquetish Mary Janes and men’s evening pumps in black patent leather—each design exemplifying the taste and personality of Maud Frizon.

Frizon just may be France’s version of America’s superwoman. She does everything with great determination. “I look forward to pushing myself hard during the collections,” she says, “but I also like changing horizons. I love the calm and tranquility of living in the country.” She is not too busy to look after her children, Caroline, twelve, and Thomas, ten, to plan each day’s dinner arrangements, “Pecos” (1973), cowboy boot; “Pauline” (1975), espadrille.

The factory’s 300 employees turn out 250,000 pairs of shoes a year. 

The billiards room of Les Hautes Belles, Frizon's estate in the Loire valley. The guitars (against wall, left) are played by Gigi.

menu; to pilot friends on helicopter tours of the châteaux near the family's 300-acre country home, near the village of La Breillelles-Pins, population 500, in the Loire valley. The DeMarcos spend every spare moment there. Their Left Bank Paris apartment, they explain, is merely a way station for friends.

A long gravel driveway framed by tall pines leads up to the three-story manor house. A café-au-lait-and-cream-colored French gingerbread house, it stands straight and tall and looks like illustrations of Sleeping Beauty's castle, sitting beside a large lake. A gaggle of motley dogs, led by a beautiful golden retriever named Rainbow, forms the welcoming committee to the property, named Les Hautes Belles.

Pure Frizon, the house gives testimony to its owner's penchant for mixing a wide array of disparate elements. Her formula for shoes applies to home furnishings: "It isn't enough just to be pretty," she says. "Pratique et beaute: everything has a function." Frizon would never keep the "good" china and silver in the closet, and so, morning coffee is served from an elaborate antique Italian silver service. By way of contrast, the breakfast baguettes arrive on a thick sheet of the bark from the New Hebrides on which the locals crush the kava-plant root. Her other maxim in home decorating is to put on display all that's attractive and hide the rest. The Water Pik in a bathroom lies concealed under a large straw hat. Mementos from the DeMarcos' travels are interspersed among valuable pieces. Frizon's taste runs the gamut from Barbotine vases to ivory elephants, she places her Gallé glass next to Indian pots from New Mexico. They are, to her eye, both in the art deco style. The ambience is, well, lived-in. Frizon likes to call ahead, alerting the housekeeper to buy fresh fruit and flowers; and then, on arrival she will walk through the house, dusting cobwebs, fluffing pillows, putting her touch everywhere. As one friend says, "The house comes alive when Maud is there." "I love the feeling of space and the outdoors," says Frizon, who has selected paintings showing flowers, children, and couples to hang on the walls of Les Hautes Belles. "I love Lartigue because he loves the country, and many of his photographs remind me of my childhood," she remarks.

Frizon was born in Paris and grew up, along with her two brothers, in a house where her blue bedroom overlooked a garden. Her mother is English, from the Lake District; her father is French. Her family often spent July in the Loire valley, August by the sea in Normandy, and their winter vacation in the Swiss Alps.

"I was very fortunate to have a stable childhood with parents who have always gotten along well," she observes. Her own children are equally fortunate. In fact, Maud calls Les Hautes Belles a maison pour enfants. Caroline's and Thomas's friends like nothing better than to visit Les Hautes Belles in the summer. They get to sleep in bunk beds and play freely without grownup interference; they don't even have a helipad. As one friend says, "The house comes alive when Maud is there." "I love the feeling of space and the outdoors," says Frizon, who has selected paintings showing flowers, children, and couples to hang on the walls of Les Hautes Belles. "I love Lartigue because he loves the country, and many of his photographs remind me of my childhood," she remarks.

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"What is the point of working hard if you don't take the time to live well?" asks Gigi. He and Maud both enjoy flying helicopters—they are even a little competitive about piloting. They always share their good fortune with many friends, some of them business associates, but also others who have no professional connections with them. A favorite fishing comrade is Christian Auvignon, the architect of the Byblos hotel in Saint-Tropez. Two other companions are a captain and his wife, whose boat the DeMarcos chartered years ago in the West Indies. From time to time,
they have invited guests to cross the Atlantic with them on their seventy-five-foot ketch. Gigi grew up around the water in Naples and was a crew member of the Italian championship team in the 1960s; the boat is his greatest enthusiasm. Once a year he takes the whole family—including Maud’s twenty-year-old daughter, Sophie, from her first marriage, and his two children from his own previous marriage—for an extended sailing trip around the Greek islands, to the Caribbean, or even to Polynesia. Maud plays chef de cuisine, preparing “simple food, but good.”

The DeMarcos’ world seems to be moving closer to America. Last summer the extended family sailed in the waters around New England, and they are fixing up a penthouse they recently bought in the Carnegie Hill area of New York City. Gigi’s disenchantment with the Socialist government in France spurred the move, with a little help from the burgeoning market for Maud Frizon in the United States. But it also attests to the couple’s continuing curiosity about the world. “At Les Hautes Belles, we can grow old together,” Gigi says; “now is the time to explore new things.” Maud echoes that she, too, is open to everything. In the immediate future in New York, she says, she plans to learn how to play tennis and to find a riding stable that is within commuting distance from New York. By helicopter.
THE HUNGARIAN EXPERIENCE

HERE'S A LAND THAT OFFERS MANY FAMILIAR WESTERN PLEASURES—WITH A DIFFERENCE

BY ANTHONY ASTRACHAN
Few countries live up to your expectations as Hungary does. The feeling of crossing a boundary into another universe is almost palpable. Everything—language, food, faces, not to mention the "socialist" political system—differs tangibly from the traveler's usual experience of Teuton tongues or Latin tastes. Most people, taking the standard three-day passage through Budapest, translate the differences into stereotypes: paprika, pastry, and nostalgia for the nineteenth century.

But Hungary gives much more than the expected; in fact, it provides a combination of pleasures you never dreamed of finding there. The country excites and satisfies a multitude, a diversity, of particular passions. If you like art that has the same themes as Western paintings but is strikingly different in the variations, from medieval Christian to contemporary abstract, you will love Hungary. If you have museum mania, know that Hungary must have more museums per 1,000 citizens than any other country in the world. If you have a passion for decadent urban architecture; for music, classical or new; for little-known but wonderful wine; for riding magnificent horses across the country; for swimming pools and hot springs, medicinal or recreational—Hungary can stimulate and satisfy you. Take ten days or two weeks; spend half the time in Budapest and half the time in one or two other places that cater to your special pleasures.

It can be a pleasure not to fly. Budapest has a perfectly good airport, but the speed of air travel wipes out the feeling of crossing a border between two worlds. In the old days, Budapest burghers took the train to and from Vienna. It still runs, but the view today is better from the Soviet-built hydrofoil that skims down the Danube. The route skirts Czechoslovakia until the Danube bends sharply south into Hungary on both sides; and in summer, the craft reaches Budapest at sunset.

The real attraction of Budapest is its vitality. Its citizens are quick to meet the challenges of the world around them, and
quick to see the humor in it. They need their mixture of humor, brains, and emotion to appreciate their history, which lives more in books or talk than in stone. For a thousand years, Hungarians lived under a series of foreign occupations whose wars destroyed most of the monuments. Few buildings survive from the medieval Hungarian monarchy or the days of Turkish rule (1526–1686), which kept Hungary isolated from most of the Renaissance.

The genuine survivals are wonderful, like the fifteenth-century streets and houses on Buda’s Castle Hill, with their French and Italian flavors. The Hungarians make up for their sparsity with what can only be called aICKERY. The former royal palace looks Gothic, for example, but was in fact built in the city’s one-time heyday, from 1867, when the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary was established, to 1914, when World War I broke out. Or take the parliament building, on the opposite bank of the Danube in Pest. It looks like the Houses of Parliament in Westminster. It should, because it’s an imitation of Westminster, but much larger (perhaps to compensate for Hungary’s never having been a true democracy).

The pleasures of Budapest are described in detail in the article starting on page 100, but let me make a few general remarks. Do not miss the music, either classical or contemporary. The country of Liszt, Kodály, and Bartók is a land of many musical competitions, one every four years, for best conductor, is televised nationally. While in Budapest, I was lucky enough to hear Iván Fischer conduct the Budapest Festival Orchestra, with Zoltán Kocsis playing the Mozart Piano Concerto in C Major. Fischer, a Hungarian who lives in West Germany, and Kocsis formed this orchestra in 1983. It brings together members of seven other orchestras and chamber groups, and individual musicians. They perform together only three times a year—in spring, in summer, and at Christmas—but they try to play in the “chamber-music-like way of performing that involves intensive listening to each other, that identifies itself with the piece and not the individual sounds,” as Fischer’s program note puts it. This is a rare phenomenon in the symphonic world.

Hungary’s art is not quite as familiar to a Western eye as its music is to a Western ear. Yet I tell in love first with fifteenth-century variations on familiar Christian themes—Nativity, Crucifixion and Resurrection, the lives of saints. You’ll find splendid examples in the Christian Museum at Esztergom, just around the Danube bend, part of a fine day trip north from Budapest. Hungarian art historians call these paintings late Gothic for good reason. The painters were at least fifty years behind comparable Italians, Flemings, and Germans; the Renaissance never reached Hungary, because of the Turkish occupation that began in 1526. The Hungarian painters also usedHomely and naive images of real life in their religious paintings. The faces are often those of real, often lower-class people. This use of models is relatively rare in the familiar Renaissance masterpieces.

As for Hungarian contemporary art, the easiest way to see it is in charming town of Szentendre, part of the same day trip as Esztergom, or just forty-five minutes up the Danube from Budapest. Once home to seven different Russian Orthodox communities, it is today an art colony where painters and sculptors work and exhibit. Its Müthely (Workshop) Gallery is Hungary’s only private gallery. The officially encouraged art is figurative and optimistic—a descendant of Socialist Realism—but young artists like to do non-optimistic representational or superrealist art, perhaps because they follow Western fashion, one to ten years behind the times.

Talk about the relationship between state and art is inevitable in a system of “socialist” economy and one-party politics. But you do not feel the weight of the system as you do when you visit Czechoslovakia or the Soviet Union for even a few days. Indeed, at the Museum of the Hungarian Workers Movement, in Budapest (in a wing of the royal palace, across from the National Gallery), I was amazed at the display of historical honesty. A huge mural photograph of Hungarian revolutionaries visiting Moscow in 1919 shows Lenin and another, unidentified Bolshevik leader in military greatcoat, spectacles, and goatee—probably the only picture of Leon Trotsky on public display in a socialist country today.

Nor are there any controls on your activities. Stores are full, though the range of products in the supermarkets is limited. The tentative movements away from central planning toward a free market are apparent to the traveler primarily in privately operated restaurants whose managers bid guaranteed minimum payments to rent them from local governments. They usually offer better food than state restaurants do. The weakness of the economy is apparent to the traveler primarily in Hungarians’ dreams of getting rich; they are thwarted capitalists.

I took two trips through Hungary, one to the west and south of Budapest, one to the northeast. Péter Csilag of Ibuz, the state travel agency, helped me find the kind of things I love. He speaks English and is the best guide I have encountered in any country.

On the first trip, to the southwest, I indulged my love of museum-going in the delightful town of Pécs, a city of 160,000 people, where I stopped counting when I reached sixteen museums. Among them are two museums of ancient stones, two museums of Roman ruins, a museum of minting, and the Yakoval Demir Mosque, the only Turkish building in Hungary to survive intact to the present day. Pécs owes this wealth partly to its history as a university and religious center, partly to its being the home base of Gyorgy Acsel, Hungary’s cultural czar since 1956 under a variety of titles.

The museums that excited me most included one dedicated to the almost Post-impressionist art of Tibor Csongrád
Kosztka (1853–1919), and another to the work of Béla Uitz (1887–1972), best known for Communist posters and other revolutionary art.

The exotic, Hungarian version of art nouveau that delights most travelers in Budapest is an even richer confection in Keckszemét, halfway between Pécs and Budapest. The architect of many fine Budapest buildings, Odón Lechner, did Keckszemét's city hall, salmon pink with blue panels containing flower designs. The Youth House masses white curves in a way that reminds some visitors of Gaudí's Church of the Holy Family in Barcelona. And don't miss the House of Trade Unions, with its mix of colors and forms.

From Pécs to Keckszemét you travel the edge of the great Hungarian plain. It is flat grassland, yet wild, almost alien, a hybrid of steppe and pampas ridden by a Magyar hybrid of cossack and gaucho, the embodiment of Hungary's millennium-old equestrian tradition. Ibuzs arranges one-week riding "schools" for travelers, going out every day across country and sleeping each night in a country inn where the horses can be stabled. It is a rider's heaven: there are no large private properties that put constraints on rideable trails; you can gallop anywhere across collective farms as long as you don't trample on crops.

Not all riding schools move on the great plain. I joined one in the foothills of the Bakony Mountains, in northwestern Hungary. This is a beautiful country, of oak and beech woods and rolling green farmland on low mountains (under 3,000 feet), ancient volcanoes where Chief Árpád and the first Magyars galleped in A.D. 896. If you ride cross-country in Hungary, you must be in training to ride like Árpád. I wasn't, and my mare ran away with me. I was proud that I wasn't thrown, but the ordeal gave me my first serious back trouble. Fortunately, I was able to assuage that pain with another Hungarian specialty. Almost every town has hot springs channeled into baths, many with medicinal claims, and into indoor and outdoor swimming pools.

My second trip took me on a search for the best wines, through northeastern Hungary (there are also fine wines in other regions). The town of Eger is the home of Eger Bikavér (bull's blood), the only Hungarian wine that most Americans know, which usually tastes like a second cousin to a Bordeaux. It can be much better.

István Magyar, the superintendent of the largest cellar of the Eger-Mátra wine kombinat, took me, my guide Péter, and a friend through a tasting of ten wines. The two Bikavérs were drier yet fruiter than anything I'd met in America, at least sisters to a Bordeaux and capable of competition with good French and California wines. We also tasted Eger white wines fit for the world's palate: a Débreceni Harslevelü, named for the linden leaf, which is similar in shape to the grape leaf (this wine has a distinct aroma, though not the smell of the linden blossom); and several Leánykas, greenish white with a delicate bouquet but in the 1964 vintage as powerfully sweet as a Tokaji.

Tokaj itself is a town farther to the east, which makes great dessert wines that once were the favorites of kings and emperors. Like the Sauternes of France and the Trockenbeerenauslesen of Germany, these wines depend on the "noble rot," a fungus that depletes grapes of their water content. The wine known as Tokaji Szamorodni is drier and more acid, reminiscent of Sherry, a wine that might excite the enophile world if the Hungarians learned the techniques to market it.

Hungarians do not like their wines quite as dry as Western connoisseurs do, perhaps because they don't want too great a contrast with the rich, paprika-laden sauces that decorate meat dishes in all the good restaurants. When I wanted to escape peppers, I looked for game restaurants, fish restaurants, or so-called second- and third-class restaurants. In some areas, the initials MGTSZ on a restaurant sign assure you of excellent cheap food. They are run by collective farms.

The "lesser" restaurants generally serve wonderful food at the lowest of low Hungarian prices. It's possible to have an expensive meal in Hungary, at least in Budapest, but I never paid more than six dollars per person for a meal (three courses, with wine) except in the luxury hotels, where it was a mistake to eat, anyway. In most cases the food is mediocre, and the headwaiter unpleasant.

In hotel accommodations, Budapest not surprisingly offers a wide range of choice. My personal favorite is the Gellért, which is renowned for its swimming pools and vasuuses. (A double room with bath costs $70.) In other Hungarian cities you usually have a choice of two first-class hotels at prices between $25 and $30. From the Pegasus Fogado, in Tállándorf, the less than first-class inn of my aching-back riding trip, to the Hilton in Budapest, I never had a bed that was too soft or too short anywhere in Hungary.

Anthony Astrachan has reported on life in thirty-four countries, seven of them socialist.
recently, I took my wife, Jennifer, to Budapest to show her the city I so
often visited as a child with my
father and where I later was to
study music. It is this Budapest of
nearly forty years ago that I have cared
with me since the day in 1946 when I was
forced to flee. I would have liked to walk
back from New York, to have had time to
adjust to my reawakened past life, time to
tell my wife about sitting in 1939 under
the horse-chestnut trees with a carafe of wine
glittering in the moon’s generous light.
The wind held back its breath that eve-
ning; a chambermaid—a displaced peas-
ant girl—sang in the kitchen, and the
dughter of my host played Bach. At this
magical moment, I thought the entire
world was well-tempered, and Budapest
the found paradise.

The first night of our visit, I was not sure
I should tell my wife what else my brain
and nerves had preserved throughout the
years. While looking at the Széchenyi
Chain Bridge—the symbol of Budapest—I
remembered running across the same
bridge one day in 1945, showered with
machine-gun bullets from low-flying Rus-
rian planes. The city, wounded and partly
ruined, was shivering that cold Christmas
as the German and Russian armies
clashed. I have always been perplexed at
this God did not end all the inhumanity.

Instead, the Communists took over,
and we survived. Hungarians have always
been masters of survival, helped by our
sense of humor, which, especially in Bud-
pest, is as inventive as any other art form.

A spring-fed pool, one of several baths in
Budapest’s famous old Gellért hotel.

It allows us to distance ourselves from real-
ity. There is the story, for example, about a
Russian and a Hungarian miner who dis-
cover a sizable gold mine. The Russian
hastily assures the Hungarian that they
will share it in brotherly fashion. “No
way,” snaps the Hungarian. “This time it’s
going to be fifty-fifty!”

Even though Hungary is today domi-
nated by Brother Russia—you can choose
your friends but not your family, according
to another Hungarian joke—it is unlike
any other Iron Curtain country. Since the
1956 uprising, Hungarians have achieved
just about everything they wanted, and all
the things the rest of the Soviet bloc coun-
tries still crave: prosperity, relative free-
dom of choice, and the right to be wrong.
Budapest presents other contradictions.
Although the average citizen of Budapest
carries only $100 per month, the people are
well dressed, and many families own one
or two cars, partly because of a form of ca-
ternationalism that is expanding throughout the
country. As evidence of a rich cultural life,
nightclubs and theaters abound—but so
do the scars of bullets from World War II
and the 1956 “counterrevolution.”

This is the Budapest I returned to with
Jennifer. I wanted to show her what the city
has become—the most charming, the
most Western of all Eastern European cap-
tals. It is like the phoenix of legend:
always destroyed, always reborn.

The Castle District

Our first walking trip was to the Castle
district of Buda, on the right bank of the
Danube. Here, during the eighteenth
century, well-to-do vineyard owners and
burghers built their exuberant miniature
palaces. Perhaps inevitably, it has turned
into the city’s tourist center. Because it
also remains a fashionable area to live in,
the ten-block district has retained the
atmosphere of a small medieval township
surrounded by a more or less modern city.
In spite of the mélange of baroque stucco
ornaments on the two-story houses, Ren-
Aissance graffiti, and Gothic archways,
these townhouses blend into a genuine,
immediate neighborhood of urban decency,
vividly expressing an age that despised
straight lines.

The center of this fairy-tale town is the
often-destroyed and rebuilt Royal Castle,
in Szént György tér, which now houses
four museums. In the southern wing is the
permanent exhibit “A Thousand Years of
Our Capital.” It includes countless objects
used in Budapest’s daily life throughout its
history, and altogether, the museum offers
the best way to get a feel for the city.

Please remember to look at a pair of pic-
tures toward the end of the exhibit. One is
a huge photograph of the boisterous excite-
ment and festivities of the allied German-
Austro-Hungarian forces in 1914, at the
beginning of World War I. Directly next
to it, the other picture, taken in 1918 on
the same boulevard in Budapest, shows a
child begging sitting in the rubble. These
photographs should hang opposite the bed
of every general and politician for them to
see when they get up in the morning.
What a lesson in the utter vanity of vio-
lence and the horrors ofHubris! The ques-
tion is, will we ever heed it?

George Lang, an author and restaurateur,
collaborated on this article with his wife, the
food writer Jennifer Ilene Lang.

George Lang, an author and restaurateur,
Nightclubs and theaters abound—but so do scars of bullets from the 1956 uprising.

A City of Museums

Budapest has quite a number of offbeat museums worth visiting—most notably, the Military History Museum (leave it to a nation that hasn’t won a war in ten centuries to be so concerned with it), the Transport Museum, and the Museum of Stamps, to name a few. Perhaps the most unusual is the Museum of Commerce and Catering, Fortuna Utca 4, which is within walking distance of the Castle Museum. Among other things, it displays entire sections from yesteryear’s restaurants and pastry shops—musical clocks and all.

The Museum of Commerce wing gives visitors a fascinating glimpse into the last two hundred years. You can almost shop in a re-created hardware store and see what ladies wore underneath their stylish clothes in a small town, circa 1890.

Across the river in Pest is another of Budapest’s great treasures, the Hungarian National Museum, Múzeum Körút 14–16. On the first floor is a fascinating permanent exhibit, “The History of the Hungarian People from the Magyar Conquest to 1849,” the year when the revolution against the Hapsburgs failed. My favorite room houses a large, opulent Turkish tent designed with subtly colored patterns and cushioned with intricately woven carpets. It was captured in 1686 when Buda was liberated from one and a half centuries of Turkish occupation.

Also in Pest is the Museum of Fine Arts, in Hősök Tere. The best pieces here come from the collection of Prince Miklós Esterházy, which the state purchased in the second half of the nineteenth century. These include a Madonna by Raphael; Goya’s almost pre-Impressionist Girl with the Pitcher; and a small equestrian bronze recently attributed to Leonardo. Other favorites: a late-Gothic altarpiece signed “M.S.” by an unknown fifteenth-century Hungarian master, and Rodin’s Eternal Spring, with its flowing, emotional lines.

The World of Coffeehouses

Just as certain diamonds come complete with curses, a Hungarian husband comes complete with coffeehouse stories. Jenifer now knows that my father’s world was divided into two kinds of coffeehouses. One had round tables on cast-iron bases and was the home of the sarcastic members of the artists’ and writers’ clique. The waiters there called everybody “Mr. Editor”—unless the client unexpectedly got a job. The other kind of coffeehouse had square tables made of imitation mahogany, where the customers sat down to get a cup of coffee with whipped cream, look at the illustrated papers, and spend time ungaily.

Today, I know I can’t find the ghosts I’ve been talking about for years, but Hungary’s Lenin Körút 9–11, has at least restored its neoclassical ceiling frescoes, the surrounding stucco, and its ornate chandeliers. It once again recalls the splendor and proportion of a provincial opera house, with its three levels and marble columns. Like most coffeehouses, it offers complete meals—of uneven quality—in addition to coffee and pastries.

Another 1 like is the Wiener Kaffeehaus, in the Forum hotel, Apáczi Csepő
Paprika. Paprika, the dried and ground pods of red-ripe green peppers of the Capsicum family, is to Hungarian cuisine what wine is to conversation. Depending on the plant, as well as on the amount of internal veins and seeds used in the powder, it can, like Hungarians themselves, be mild (" noble sweet rose") or fiery.

- Goulash. This dish consists of little pieces of beef or lamb, cooked in a heavy kettle and flavored with centuries of experience. Invented by the nomadic Magyars, it is enriched by paprika and embellished with little dumplings or potatoes.
- Fogaš, or the smaller version, sültő, may be the greatest fish in the world. Unfortunately, it is found only in Lake Balaton, about sixty miles from Budapest. The texture is firm and the flavor lightly nutty, almost like that of a very young chicken fed on nuts and trout.
- Fisherman's broth. Hungary is a soup lover's paradise at a time when soup is no longer fashionable. At least a duke in the kingdom of waterfront soups is halászlé, or fisherman's broth, a freshwater-fish version of bouillabaisse. Spicy from paprika and mellow from sweet onion, it cries out for the golden-hued semidry white wines of the Lake Balaton region.
- Game. Our age is polite when it shouldn't be: I have rarely tasted in America game or game birds that had the flavor of the forest and the open skies. Wild boar, fallow deer, partridge, quail, and wild duck have an irresistible taste at the restaurants of Budapest, and they don't need the chemistry of cunning sauce cooks.
- Goose liver. One of my favorite foods as a boy was a huge, cross-cut piece of my mother's potato bread, spread with paprika-scented goose fat and filled with slabs of freshly roasted goose liver and sliced fleshy green pepper. The corn the goose is fed is one of the several elements that determine the special taste and texture of the liver.
- Strudel. First step: Stretch a fist-sized lump of dough to the size of a large tablecloth so that a lady could use this breath- thin sheet as a toga. Then sprinkle the greased sheet with sour cream, almonds, raisins, and apples; roll it all into the shape of a boa constrictor; and bake it with the refined sense of fire of a Spanish inquisitor. Try the apple, cherry, poppy-seed, cabbage, walnut, or cheese versions of this many-layered, crisp dessert.
- Apricot brandy. Brăcă de pălăria is a happy marriage between two kinds of apricots that grow around the town of Kecskemét and an ancient and complicated distilling technique. The brandy can be purchased in an unusual-shaped bottle called fiúudó (whistler) or in a fine Herend porcelain kulacs (canteen).
- Tokaji Eszencia. Here is the philosopher's wine. Each perfumed glass contains the flavor of the early winter sun. It is not the ordinary Tokay—this one, deep amber in color, can last as long as two hundred years and has the elusive bouquet of pumpkin, cherry, and chocolate. If you can't find Eszencia, try to get a bottle of Tokaji Aszú, making sure that it says "#5 patyomos" (an indication of a high proportion of late-harvested grapes). It is almost as good and equally long-lived.
János Utca 12. Although this cut-rate Viennese art deco place is not a Kaffeehaus in the traditional sense, you can still conduct a love affair, meditate, or listen to the sounds of conversation around you while eating the best pastry in town. Make sure you try the kindli, a crisp pastry filled with poppy-seed ice cream.

**Eating Is Believing**

The first eating establishment opened in Budapest in 1328, and the city does not now lack excellent restaurants. Here are my favorites:

- **Alabárdos**, Országház Utca 2. One of the first high-class restaurants after the Stalin era, it still offers the most seamless luxury in Budapest. It seats about fifty people in a sixteenth-century white-washed Gothic room with vaulted ceiling, and more in summer at stylish tables in the cobbledstoned courtyard. The ubiquitous goose liver takes on a new meaning here: the cold, agate-like slices lie on a bed of apple and sweet-pepper salad, with small mounds of clarified goose fat to spread on round slices of hot toast. The menu is small, but almost every dish bears the special mark of the talented chef.

- **Százéves**, Pesti Barnabás Utca 2. The table-side preparations, the discreet playing of the local Gypsy orchestra, and the candlelight fit the rustic elegance of the small baroque townhouse. Venison is done well here. Also good are stuffed entrecôte Csáky style, crayfish ragout with dill sauce, and sültí, the snow-white-fleshed fish of nearby Lake Balaton, the only waters where it can be found.

- **Kispipa**, Akácfa Utca 38. The small dining rooms with linoleum-covered floors and a lighted Marlboro sign will not win interior-design contests, but here you can enjoy the kind of dinner prepared on happy occasions by Hungarian housewives. Order lentils cooked with home-made sausage, savoy cabbage with roast pork, chulent baked with smoked beef, or garlic lamb braised in red wine.

- **Nánsci néni**, Ordógárok Utca 80. Before the age of pseudo-enlightenment—and pretension—in dining, there were simple restaurants with a few tables and a passionate cook in the kitchen. Nánsci néni is one such place. Here, delectable yet substantial dishes are served in a cheery little room and, in good weather, in an outdoor shaded garden.

- **Apostolok**, Kigyó Utca 4–6. Ask your waiter in this 1902 brasserie to put together a big platter with cold goose liver, beefsteak tartare on toast, the famed Hungarian winter salami, gyulai sausage, stuffed eggs casino style, Russian red cav-

The most delectable of Hungarian soups is halászle, a rich, freshwater fish bouillabaisse.
My uncle lowered a Gypsy violinist into a well, ordering him to keep playing all the while.

salami chunks; and steaming smoked meat with four-inch slabs of thick-crusted bread and pickled peppers—all this for about twenty-five cents. Bring Kleenex from the hotel (and a penknife if you are fussy) because the only accessory you’ll get is a small piece of wax paper.

Two blocks away from the Tolbuchin market, a powerful thirst is bound to strike you, and you can slake it with champagne sold by the glass in a little store at Váci Utca 82, on the corner of Szarka Utca. For a few pennies you can taste Hungarian Torley sparkling wine, or a Russian version that comes both sweet and dry.

Music on a Grand Scale

Attending a performance at the dazzlingly restored and newly reopened opera house (Népköztársaság Utja 22), I was just as impressed as I had been as an awestruck young man. It is a place of formality despite the Marxist-oriented society. Indeed, a newspaper article during our visit admonished the public to come in appropriate dark suits to the opera. We heard a complex but exciting program of Bartók pieces—The Miraculous Mandarin, Bluebeard’s Castle, and The Wooden Prince.

The legendary national conservatory of
Hungary, the 1,200-seat Academy of Music, Liszt Ferenc tér 8, has excellent acoustics—they are rated among the best in Europe. Equally appealing is the tradition of seating about a hundred listeners on the stage surrounding the artists; this creates a kind of intimacy impossible to achieve in the huge halls built these days.

Liszt was the first president of the superb concert hall, and virtually every great composer and musician since has been heard there. For instance, the first performance of Brahms’s Piano Concerto in B-flat Major took place here in 1881 with the composer as soloist. Sir Georg Solti, now conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, graduated from the academy, as did Antal Dorati, János Starker, Eugene Ormandy, Eva Marton, and dozens of other world-renowned musicians and artists. They saw—and learned from—the gilded inscription next to the organ pipes: Sorsum Corda (Lift up your hearts).

Gypsy Melodies

One of my earliest recollections is of my paternal uncle Ódon, who put a Gypsy violinist into the bucket of his well and lowered him into the water all the way down to his neck, ordering him to keep playing all the while. He did—naturally, the rewards were equally outrageous—and I can still hear the wild music pouring out of a hole in the ground.

I took my wife to several restaurants where I knew the primás, the lead violinist, whose name is always taken by the orchestra, and asked them to play a verbunkos. A distortion of a German word for recruiting, this particular type of folk music with words—dances, really, played by virtuoso fiddlers—emerged toward the end of the eighteenth century and has been considerably refined since then. Besides the basic Gypsy influences, the characteristic melodies have moments in which listeners will hear echoes of Turkish music and a similarity to American jazz, with its opportunities for improvisation and instrumental virtuosity. Here they are played by the violinist, the player of the cimbalom (a cross between a harpsichord and a zither), and the clarinetist.

There are wonderful bravura fiddlers in Budapest (and a few true artists, too). Seek out Fehér Sándor, Lakatos Sándor, Lakatos György, Dékí Lakatos Sándor, Kállai Károly, Györi Szabó József, and Vörös Kálmán. Your concierge can tell you where they are playing.

Bargains and Treasures

When the sun is shining, take a stroll along Váci utca, Budapest’s Fifth Avenue. Given the prices and the pace in this shopping district, you might imagine for a moment that you’ve gone backward in time to the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Unfortunately, what is missing from that era is the quality of the merchandise; it has become a challenge to find goods that are both cheap and well made. But for those with a good eye, Budapest offers bargains and treasures aplenty.

- Rózsavölgyi, Martinelli tér 5. This venerable music store stocks 160,000 pieces of sheet music, including interesting facsimiles of well-known compositions. Also, five centuries’ worth of Hungarian music is available on records and cassettes, including the definitive, sixteen-record Hungarian Folk Music, collected by Kodály, for the absurd price of approximately $25; Bartók at the piano, from 1920–45, in two volumes; as well as a huge selection of Gypsy music.
- Fotóművészeti Galéria, Váci utca 7. This two-year-old gallery—the only one of its kind in the East-bloc countries—features changing exhibitions of talented Hungarian photographers. All photos are for sale, at an average price of $20.
- Vadászatü Szaküzlet, Harmunccul utca 8. Since Hungary has some of the best hunting in the world, a store exists in Budapest to sell some of the best supplies and equipment. Many items will interest nonhunters as well: fur and roebuck pelts, small leather shoulder bags (about $22), men’s boots, heavy sweaters, and llodin caps.
- Antiquarium, Népköztarsaság utca 2. This antique-book store also sells original prints: seventeenth-century maps, eighteenth-century etchings, and nineteenth-century colored fashion etchings—all $5 in all.

A guard poses before a Secessionist mural in the superb Franz Liszt Academy of Music.
FOR THE TRAVELER

• Books. Before you go, some background reading will increase your pleasure in the city. One good all-around guide is Budapest, by István Wellner (Corvina, 1982, $12). Available by mail from Puski-Corvin, 251 East Eighty-second Street, New York, NY 10028; phone: (212) 879-8893. My own Cuisine of Hungary (Atheneum, 1983, $11.95) explains the history of Hungary through its cuisine and gives traditional recipes featured in many of the restaurants of Budapest.

• Music. Two of the best collections are Hungarian Folk Music, two four-record sets, each with a 75-page English booklet, and Musica Hungara, a four-record set that comes with a 152-page book in English. Each four-record set costs $49.95 and can be purchased through the mail from the American Hungarian Foundation, 177 Somerset Street, New Brunswick, NJ 08903; phone: (201) 846-5777.

• Tour Guide. Given the difficulty of mastering Hungarian, an investment in an English-speaking guide may well provide you with the easiest—and most pleasant—way to get around the city. A good guide can be arranged through your hotel concierge for only about $10 per day. You can also call Tourinform (179-800), a remarkable tourist-information service that operates in five languages.

• Concierge. Because of the language problem, your hotel concierge will be more valuable to you than in most other cities. Always check with him about schedules, addresses, reservations, and tickets. Ask him to write down the name and address of the place you’re visiting so that you can show the paper to the taxi driver.

• Transportation. If you haven’t hired a car along with your guide, you can count on taxis, which are plentiful and convenient. You can find them at hotels, or flag one on the street if its top light is on. Stay away from public transportation unless you want to take a souvenir ride, perhaps to the zoo, on the first subway built on the European continent.

• Tipping. Some traditions survive even social revolutions, and in Hungary, tipping is one of them. Waiters, taxi drivers, maids, and hairdressers will appreciate a pourboire of 15 percent or so. You might want to tip the concierge on the first day of your trip. Keep in mind that a five-dollar tip is equal to a day’s wages for an average worker.

• Clara Haute Couture, Váci Utca 12. This establishment ranks among the best haute couture houses in the world, in workmanship and quality, if not in style. The prices are stunningly high for Hungarians and those moneyed ladies of other Eastern European countries who travel to Budapest to buy here. But they are ridiculously low compared to what similar goods cost in Paris salons; approximately $500 for an item from the haute couture line and $250 for a prêt-à-porter number. It takes about six days to make a garment from the current season’s line, and a week to ten days for an entire wardrobe. Styles are classic and flattering, if not quite chic. Perhaps the best use you can make of Clara is to have the shop copy one of your favorite dresses or suits. The price will be about $200, if you bring your own fabric, and about $50 more if you use their fabric.

• Dán Gábor, Régi Posta Utca 7–9. Pretty fur caps of natural mink, muskrat, and other pelts from Russia are available at this family-run shop half a block from the Duna Inter-Continental Hotel. Old-fashioned, 1930s-style fur boas are also sold here. Depending on the fur, hats and boas cost about $100 apiece. Although this shop also sells fur coats and jackets at equally low prices, resist the temptation to take one home—you won’t be happy with the workmanship.

• Association of Hungarian Painters, Etchers, and Sculptors, Tánics Mihály Utca 5. This cooperative gallery, housed in a small baroque mansion, has traditionally featured Hungary’s finest contemporary artists. Prices range from $30 to about $1,000.

• Judit Folklore, Országház Utca 12. Although the prices for the embroidered Hungarian clothing and costumes in this shop are higher than most others are around town, the quality is higher too. Pretty white-on-white peasant dresses in cotton for the summer cost about $100; a large selection of striking, colorful vests runs about the same price.

Taking the Cure

If you are used to the famed spas of Europe and America, those in Hungary might be a disappointment since they are neither especially luxurious nor especially pristine. The mineral waters that bubble up from beneath Budapest are genuine, however—the ancient Romans "took the cure" here—and the following examples are clean and beautiful enough to be worth a visit.

• Gellért, Szent Gellért Tér 1. This is the Taj Mahal of baths. In huge rooms decorated with mosaic and maiolica, radioactive waters are used in every known medicinal treatment (some of these are hopelessly unpronounceable in any language). Note that the pastries and coffee in the great entrance hall are good, if you go only for a look-see.

• Rudas, Dóbrenci Tér 9. These baths date back to the sixteenth-century occupation by the Turks. Today, Hungarian writers and others of that ilk sit in the steamy baths and comment on the world outside. Ladies can use the individual sunken marble baths.

• Thermal Hotel. In the middle of Margaret Island, in the Danube, this hotel was built for the comfortable use of its medicinal waters. Even if you burst into tears from the sight, the island-park affords a kaleidoscope of swimming pools, musical fountain, tennis stadium, rock garden, riding trails, picturesque medieval ruins, and other restorative pleasures.

A Good Night’s Rest

Duna Inter-Continental, Apáczai Csere János Utca 4. The first luxury hotel built after the war, it is in some ways still the most satisfying in Budapest. The concierge here is omnipotent. Each of the 360 rooms overlooks the Danube; the two-bedroom presidential suite ($350 a day) also has a small winter garden and large terrace. The hotel restaurant, Csárda, is especially recommended for local specialties.

• Budapest Hilton, Hess Andras Tér 1. This 323-room hotel overlooks the Danube from the center of the Castle district. Perhaps the most opulent accommodation in Budapest is its elegant, five-room suite 408 ($419 daily). Built on the run of a ninth-century monastery, the Hilton has an above-average restaurant, which features the cooking of the Kalocsa region of Hungary, and, on the top floor, a gambling casino.

• Forum, Apáczai Csere János Utca 12. Designed and smoothly operated by Hungarians, the 408-room Forum is centrally located on the Pest side of the Danube. A good deal of thought went into its elegant Silhouette restaurant and the stylish casual Grill.

• Hotel Gellért, Szent Gellért Tér 1. Slightly off-center on the Buda side of the city, the 234-room Gellért was built as a super-luxury hotel in the twenties. Time and cut-rate restorations have not treated it kindly, but suites numbers 438 and 223 ($112 per day) still have a gracious, old-world ambience.

A passerby peers into the Luxus department store, on Vörösmarty Square.
The monumental gate has survived all the vicissitudes of time, looking as fresh and rust free as when it was cast. It leads into a courtyard embraced by the horseshoe-shaped façade of the palace built by Prince Nicholas Esterházy two centuries ago. Here, on the swampy shores of a lake, he built a Hungarian Versailles where for a generation courtly life flourished in all its central European grace and pomposity, where wild ducks were slaughtered by the tens of thousands, and where the modern symphony was born.

After long decline and decay, the palace is being slowly and painstakingly restored to its old brilliance. Its low wings are almost as good as new, and in use by the Hungarian government as agricultural and forestry institutes and laboratories. The five-story central structure is now a museum. The elaborate exterior, the double staircase, the pediment, columns, pilasters, balconies, balustrades, vases, stone-work, garlands, the putti holding lanterns, all shattered by war and neglect, have been put back in place, just as they appear in old paintings and engravings.

The palace is called Fertőd today, after the lake, but it was once Esterháza. Its days of glory were brief enough. Built in the 1770s, it was derelict by 1800. Once it had echoed with the music of Franz Joseph Haydn; now music was played no more; no more fireworks lit the night sky. By 1824 a melancholy traveler was writing: "The cabinet of curios is empty. The huge water basins, each one of which cost 60,000 florins, have ceased to exist. The masterpieces from the rooms inside have been taken away. The Chinese dancing house has burned down, hay is kept in the theater, the gardens are left untended, potatoes grow in the lawn." The little pavilions scattered through the park, where Prince Nicholas's guests had gathered for picnics or dances, were gone with the wind, along with the stable for 110 horses, the winter

Right: Behind its great iron gates, Esterháza glows in the spring dusk.
“In Hungary I have four thousand shepherds,” said the prince. “I have never counted my sheep.”

garden, the puppet theater where “every wall, niche, and cavity was covered and filled with various rocaille decorations, stones, shells, and snails” and richly dressed marionettes acted out fairy tales and Haydn operas. Sheep were quartered in the Sala Terrena, the great marble-paved ground-floor room where once there were giant mirrors and three dazzling chandeliers and water basins on both sides of the room with a porcelain dragon, a swan, a stork, and a duck spouting water.

Few nonroyal families can ever have been as rich and proud as the Esterházy. Rising from the mists of a warlike Hungarian past, they piled property on property all through central Europe. At a time when Hungary was a much bigger country than it is today, they owned one-eighth of the land. Even after the world wars and the Communist takeovers of the twentieth century, their holdings remain immense.

Visitors to the splendid palace the family still owns at Eisenstadt, outside Vienna, can sometimes catch a whiff from the cellars, where the produce of the 50,000 acres of Esterházy vineyards is stored.

The present generation, quietly domiciled in Zurich, keeps a modest profile. They lived on a grander scale in the old days of the present prince’s great-grandfather, who was Austrian ambassador to the Court of St. James’s in the early 1800s. One day, at lunch, an English nobleman remarked, “In Scotland, Your Serene Highness, I have four thousand sheep.” “In Hungary, dear friend,” replied His Highness, “I have four thousand shepherds. I have never counted my sheep.”

Even Prince Paul pales a bit before the splendor of his great-grandfather Prince Nicholas, “the Magnificent,” who was head of the family at the apogee of the Hapsburg monarchy, in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

He was one of the few Hungarian noblemen who, when the empress Maria Theresa—driven from her throne because she was a woman—appealed for help, drew their swords and cried out. “Vivat Maria Theresia rex Hongriei!” He helped her regain her throne, he led her armies against the Prussians, he went to France on diplomatic missions. She rewarded his unfailing loyalty with showers of gifts and titles. Received with great pomp at Versailles, he was smitten with the harmonious grandeur of Louis XIV’s monument to what he called his gloire. Versailles had been only a hunting lodge in the middle of woods and swamps. Prince Nicholas had his own woods and swamps in western Hungary and in them a hunting lodge at a place called Sütőr. What a Bourbon had done, could not an Esterházy do?

Nicholas was a younger son with little property besides Sütőr. But when his elder brother Paul Anton died childless, in 1762, all the manors and revenues and the 570,000 hectares that made up the family estate came into his hands. He could now do what his gloire demanded.

He soon earned the nickname “the Magnificent.” The adolescent Goethe saw him at a coronation in Frankfurt in 1764 and in later years remembered him as “not tall but with a good physique; lively but at the same time fittingly dignified, without hauteur or coldness.” Present as the empress’s ambassador, Prince Nicholas created for the occasion an Esterházy fairyland into which the young poet and his friend Gretchen wandered wide-eyed: “The whole area sparkled with lamps. Pyramids and balls of transparent light stood on pedestals between the trees. Glittering

Below: The Sala Terrena, with an E (for Esterházy) gilded on the ceiling.

Left: A painted limestone sculpture. Summer, gazes toward the garden.
Esterháza were no gang of rich ne'er-do-wells compulsively looking for novelty and pleasure—a sort of eighteenth-century jet set; they were the ruling class of a proud and prosperous empire in the full flush of expansion, the generals, diplomats, and great landowners engaged in building a nation out of a collection of unstable principalities and feudal domains that for two hundred years had been devastated by foreign invasions and civil wars. It was only a couple of generations since the Turks had stormed to the gates of Vienna (massacring Haydn's grandparents on the way) and half of Hungary was a desert. Now the Turks were gone and the arts of peace could flourish. Under the enlightened eye of the Hapsburg emperors, provincial little Vienna would become one of the great cities of the Western world.

Prince Nicholas wanted his new palace to be to Vienna what Versailles was to Paris, a satellite and a rival, an intellectual and artistic center in its own right. He filled it with 300 Italian and Dutch paintings and a library of 25,000 books. Traveling troops of actors produced Shakespeare, Goethe, and Lessing in his theater. And he had his heart set on creating the finest musical establishment in the world.

His elder brother Paul Anton, a couple of years before his death, paid a visit to the castle of Count Morzin in Bohemia, and his well-trained ear was struck by the quality of the music he heard performed. It had been composed by the count's Kapellmeister, or music director, a young man named Joseph Haydn, who a few years earlier had been a starving street performer in Vienna. When Count Morzin fell into financial difficulties, Paul Anton hired Haydn at once and put him in charge of the music at his palace of Eisenstadt. Along with his brother's title, Nicholas inherited Haydn too, happily recognizing in him the leading musical genius of the age.

Haydn served Prince Nicholas for twenty-nine years, performing all the functions of Kapellmeister: he directed a choir and an orchestra of twenty-eight musicians; he copied out the scores; he kept the instruments in tune; he staged operas (a new one every month in the high season). But mostly he composed: an unending series of operas, symphonies, trios, quartets, sonatas, concertos, divertimenti, for the daily and nightly concerts the prince offered his guests. Nicholas liked to play the baryton, a strung instrument resembling the viola di bordone, and Haydn wrote 150 works attuned to his patron's moderate skill with this instrument.
During the nineteenth century, Esterháza fell into decay. Around 1900 the Esterházy family began to use the palace again, but most of the restoration work was heavy-handed, and it was largely destroyed, along with much of the original structure, when the Red Army rolled through Hungary in 1945. Seeing no reason to pay attention to what it regarded as an obscene relic of an evil feudal past, the Communist regime installed by the Russians permitted and even encouraged the vandalizing of the ruins.

But Hungarian nationalism runs deep; it must, say the Hungarians, for how else could we survive when we have been on the losing side in every major war in our history? The name of the palace may have been changed to Fertőd, but the people still call it Esterháza and are proud of the achievements of the family that built it.

During the last quarter century the regime has accommodated itself to popular feeling in actively and conscientiously trying to restore the palace and some of its surrounding grounds. It may take another twenty-five years to finish the job, but the results are already heartening.

One by one, teams of specialists have been restoring the rooms within the palace, and about a score of them can now be visited, though yellow paint stands in for gilding in all but the music room and ceremonial hall. Only a fraction of the original furnishings has survived—what has become of the armchair that played a flute solo when you sat down on it?—but a little collection of treasures and curiosities can still be seen: the great porcelain stoves with their luxuriant decorations, a different design for every room; Chinese-style wall paintings to satisfy the eighteenth-century taste for the exotic East; a few pieces of furniture, like Prince Nicholas's monstrously heavy lignum vitae bed, which is placed, as the guides leeringly point out, almost next door to the bedroom occupied by Maria Theresa on her state visits (though how many of her fourteen children were fathered by "the Magnificent" they do not pretend to know).

There are also the clocks. Prince Nicholas, a great amateur of timepieces, loved the most elaborate and ingenious specimens and had over 130 of them. None were left twenty-five years ago, but a shrewd police chief spread word through the prisons of the land that the government was in the market for the Esterházy clocks, no questions asked. Now some thirty of them stand on marble-topped tables in the various rooms, silent, many without works or hands, because there is not money enough for their repair.

Enough money has been found, however, to repair and repaint the walls, restore the delicate carvings on the panels, even cover some with gold leaf. In the music room, with its nine-meter-high ceiling, where the Esterházy guests could hear Haydn conducting his own chamber music in the afternoon, concerts are held every summer, and gifted children who come to the palace for six-week courses give recitals. This too is in the tradition. The Esterházs always felt the obligation to disseminate civilization in what was for centuries wild frontier land. Besides Haydn, they were patrons of the young Schubert and Liszt. Prince Nicholas, if he returned, would miss a thousand treasures, but listening to the familiar music in the Haydn Room, with its marvelous acoustics and its walls once again sparkling white and gold, he might well feel that the Esterházy gloire has stood the test of time.

Opposite: The ceremonial hall and, through the door on the right, the music room.
Anybody who can play the piano can do anything in life." From someone other than João Carlos Martins, those words would amount to sheer hyperbole, but coming from the forty-three-year-old Brazilian virtuoso, they have a ring of conviction. He has raised versatility to an art form. At twenty-two, Martins made a brilliant Carnegie Hall debut; eight years later, however, a persistent hand ailment forced him to quit the concert stage. He then entered the world of banking, as a teller; by the time he left, several years later, he was a director. Along the way he managed a welterweight boxing champion and served a term as secretary of culture in his native state of São Paulo. Currently, Martins owns and operates a successful construction company of about fifty employees. At the same time, his wayward fingers finally restored to performing condition, he is involved in the monumental project of recording the complete keyboard works of Bach: they will occupy twenty-seven digital discs.

"Any other profession—sure, it's easier!" says the irrepressible Martins. A tall, dark man who wears horn-rim glasses, he speaks in engagingly skewed English with a machine-gun delivery. During his enforced musical sabbatical of almost a decade, he accumulated a handsome nest egg, so that now he is able to order his life according to a desire to work almost incessantly at the piano. Preparing to resume life as a performing musician, Martins has scheduled his return to active duty on the concert circuit for 1985, the year of the Bach tricentennial.

Gary Graffman is a renowned pianist and the author of I Really Should Be Practicing.
He generally rises no later than six in the morning and does the first of his daily piano workouts at home. Arranging for pianos to be at his disposal virtually everywhere, he practices whenever the urge strikes. "Yes, even at my construction company," he smiles. "I'm president—and I really have nothing to do there except practice! Each day I have lunch at my office; that's when I tell my technical director and my financial director my decisions, but I don't get involved. I would never lose more than twenty minutes at that. After lunch I maybe take a little nap, and then I practice in my office for four or five hours."

Although his repertoire includes concertos of Rachmaninoff, Mozart, Brahms, and Ginastera, Martins is best known as a Bach specialist. Ever since the age of nine, when, after studying piano for less than a year, he won his first competition in São Paulo playing the Two-Part Inventions, Martins has revealed in his affinity with the music of that composer. He freely acknowledges his highly individualistic (some might even say eccentric) treatment of this music. Martins has been taken to task for unusually brisk tempos, for arbitrarily leaving out repeats, for a seemingly capricious approach. "Nobody knows how Bach played," he insists, "and I have my way to see his music." He agrees with Paul Hindemith's contention that Bach would have cheerfully discarded "the chirping harpsichord" for the "modern Steinway," had it only been available. "With the instrument that we have today, the imagination can be worked much more—with love, with hate, with everything that a human being can feel inside the music. So I try to develop a modern rendering of Bach's music—a human rendering," he explains.

The pianist's full-blooded interpretations of eighteenth-century clavichord music on a bright and contemporary-sounding nine-foot concert-grand piano have raised a few eyebrows. His conception of a twentieth-century piano concerto, the Rachmaninoff Second, as presented in rehearsal with the Milwaukee Symphony and its guest conductor Leonard Slatkin, however, created a musical furor in March 1984. "I know it sounds crazy," Martins admitted shortly before the event, "but I would like to show how a guy in the eighteenth century would play Rachmaninoff. If by magic, Bach, for example, found a Rachmaninoff manuscript under his clavichord, what would he do with it?" And so, in spite of the not inconsiderable evidence specifying quite clearly how Bach (if not Bach) wanted his music played, Martins offered such a personal version of the famous old war-horse that, after much eleventh-hour discussion among conductor, management, and soloist, the Martins-Slatkin-Milwaukee collaboration was abandoned, by mutual consent.

Martins's approach to this year's celebration of Bach, which will begin at Carnegie Hall on March 25, 1985, is equally fraught with risk. The volume of material he has elected to perform in one year is awesome. By any standards, two, or at most three, recital programs would be considered generous. Martins has chosen to play cycles of the original Bach keyboard music, eleven full recital and concerto programs, in such cities as New York, Los Angeles, Boston, Washington, Chicago, London, Paris, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, and São Paulo. The amount of intercontinental shuttling is staggering.

Martins thrives on such challenges. Similar audacity led to his first big success, at twenty-one. In 1961, when the original soloist canceled, Martins agreed to learn, on horrifyingly short notice, Alberto Ginastera's Piano Concerto for its world premiere, with the National Symphony in Washington, D.C. Exactly twenty-one days after first seeing the score he played the musically complex and technically knuckle-breaking concerto, from memory.

By the time he recorded the Ginastera with Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra for RCA, in 1968, the young musician was well on the way to becoming an all-around keyboard virtuoso of international repute. His recordings had begun to receive enthusiastic, even respectful, attention. He played a healthy share of important concerts, and his press representatives were kept busy clipping reviews of the "not since Schnabel" variety. Major recognition seemed to be within his grasp. Privately, however, Martins was undergoing a frightening and frustrating experience: problems in controlling the muscles of his right hand, a condition that had plagued him for most of his adult life, were beginning to make every performance an act of sheer will.

To add to his difficulties, in the summer of 1966, Martins indulged a lifetime passion for soccer by joining a visiting São Paulo team in a violent training session in Central Park, in New York. He fell, injuring his right forearm. A pebble worked its way into the wound. Complications ensued, and eventually an operation was performed (to clear up scar tissue). Martins is vague about the result of the surgery. "I cannot prove," he says, "if it had any relationship to my problem."

But the immediate result was clear. The joy of playing had been replaced by concern and worry and effort. He spent the afternoon of a concert working on the muscles of his right hand. The turning point came in 1970, after a New York recital that earned "the worst review I ever had in my life." After reading the review, his reaction was, "Why should I suffer so much?" I start walking on Fifty-seventh Street and I think, 'This Donal Henahan [now the chief music critic of the New York Times], he is right. Because I am erratic... My mind, it's much more attentive on my hands than on the music. Because I have to do things that are against my imagination just to accommodate my hands.' So I think, 'Why should I be playing?' So I wrote a letter to my manager and said that I would never play piano anymore in my life." Returning to Brazil, Martins went to work as a bank teller.
IT WAS THE WORST REVIEW OF HIS LIFE.
"I WILL NEVER PLAY AGAIN," HE WROTE TO HIS MANAGER.

For a long while he avoided the piano, concerts, and his musician friends as well. It was in 1972, while watching the surprise triumph of a welterweight boxer he was promoting, that Martins began to consider a return bout with his keyboard. “After the third round he went down,” the then ex-pianist recalls, “but he woke in the fifteen round, knocked down his opponent, and won the championship. What a stamina! So I thought to myself, ‘Why don’t I sit twelve hours a day at the piano and try to get my hands working again?’”

By this time, Martins was financially independent and able to devote his full attention to exploring every conceivable method of rehabilitation, no matter how time-consuming, arcane, or bizarre. He practiced with braces and splints. He spent months concentrating on learning to control individual muscles in various parts of his arm and hand. Says Martins of those years of struggle, “When I was twelve I could play anything. And I think that one of the biggest fights that any pianist can have after he’s an adult; how can he put his hands back in the position of a twelve-year-old? So this started to be my fight, and I am still fighting.”

In 1978, he started to play again, at first for two minutes; then, painfully, he worked his way up to twenty. In a few months he ventured informal recitals at friends’ homes and, eventually, began to perform in small towns. When Martins felt that he was ready to play in New York, in 1978, he engaged Carnegie Hall for a recital. He set ticket prices at a conversation-provoking one dollar per seat and filled the auditorium. Three years later he was back, this time for a recital at Avery Fisher Hall. His program, of the Goldberg Variations, was warmly received, and not even pianists among the audience could detect any hint of a hand problem, yet Martins knew he still was short of the “one hundred percent operating efficiency” required of top performers. He returned to Brazil for more therapy.

A few months later, he allowed himself a short detour on the road to recovery, accepting the post of state secretary of culture in June 1982. During ten months in office, “cultural affairs were on the front pages of all the newspapers,” Martins proudly declares. He scored a resounding victory with the establishment of a system of tax deductions for donations to cultural institutions, “I tried to bring a lot of American ideas to Brazil, like these deductions for corporate gifts.” While Martins worked full-time as a government representative, during his term he brought a piano to his office, “I managed to do my work while practicing—using the soft pedal in order not to annoy anybody.”

In the city of São Paulo, a traffic-choked, smog-shrouded urban sprawl with a population of about ten million, João Carlos Martins is an authentic celebrity. Often recognized on the street, he is mobbed by admirers at musical events—when he makes one of his rare social appearances, that is, “I never go out in the evening,” he states flatly. Secluded in one of several lavish appointed homes—his current favorite is a spacious retreat in a verdant, highly secure enclave about a half hour from the city—he is utterly at peace. “This place is the dream of my life,” he says. “I have one of the best collections of drawings by Brazilian painters here; I have my books, my pianos, and I can watch on TV, when I want, a soccer game with my team.” A private soccer field is on the premises as well, and Martins, wearing a protective baseball glove, still plays with friends on weekends. For less strenuous activity, a tennis court and a good-sized swimming pool await. Servants pad about bearing iced drinks. An aura of calm elegance prevails, although the silence is occasionally shattered by power mowers as a corps of gardeners manicure the extensive grounds.

Recently separated from his third wife, Martins often plays host to their eight-and-a-half-year-old daughter, as well as two sons, fifteen and seventeen, from his first marriage. (Another son, twelve, is a New Yorker.) Martins, whose high spirits and zest for life give him a boisterous appeal, meanwhile manages to maintain cordial relations with the mothers of his children. “Two are Jewish and one is Lebanese,” he notes with amusement, “so I am the demilitarized zone.”

Martins himself is a born-and-bred Paulista. His only piano teacher, Josef Kliass, was, however, trained in Russia. “Of course, I made friends with the visiting artists. Any artist going through an underdeveloped country has to see the boy who plays the piano,” he observes wryly. At eleven, he recalls, he spent an afternoon with the legendary French pianist Alfred Cortot and was intensely impressed by “the way Cortot did make the piano sing… and he made me a comparison that I’ve kept in mind until now. What is that thing with which you cut wood?” (He hums Khachaturian’s Saber Dance.) “Ah, a saw. Well, Cortot said that whenever we play a long note we have to think about a saw. We have to find a way that the note will go ‘Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmpmmmmpmmm,’ and this is why I think his sound was totally different.”

Later influences came from recordings of Wanda Landowska—“on the harpsichord, she was the first one that brought drama to Bach”, Edwin Fischer—“even technically he was not so good, but he showed me the natural way to see Bach”; Leopold Stokowski—“from him I found out how to try to build a fugue, in a very orchestral way (I am sure the musicologists will hate it)”; and Glenn Gould—“the biggest genius we had in this century to play Bach. What clarity! What elegance! What courage!”

Martins is reluctant to teach. He worries that his super-individuality may be a bad influence. “I am afraid to transfer this personal approach. I think I would not help a pupil—I could even disturb him. Because sometimes”—an expressive lift of the eyebrows—“I disturb myself.” Nevertheless, Martins remains coolly assured. Never let it be thought that João Carlos Martins would make only a small mistake, his smile seems to say. “So, I will believe in myself until the end. Perhaps there will be an accident; perhaps I will fall. But never will I fall from the first floor,” Martins vows. “For sure, it will be from a high floor, and that I can promise!”

MARTINS ON RECORDS

J. S. Bach, The Well-Tempered Clavier (Books 1 and 2) (Arabesque)
J. S. Bach, The Goldberg Variations (Arabesque)
J. S. Bach, The Six Partitas (Arabesque)
J. S. Bach, The Italian Concerto (Arabesque)
J. S. Bach, The Overture in the French Style (Arabesque)
Bach Meets Chopin with Arthur Fong (Arabesque)
Alberto Ginastera, Piano Concerto (RCA)

MARCH 1985
CON MOLTO BRIO

THE BEST OF THE GREAT MILAN FURNITURE SHOW
BY PATRICIA CORBETT

Above: "Cycles," in gray enameled metal and frosted glass, from Artemide's elegant lighting series inspired by classical antiquity.

Below: The designer Remo Buti created this lamp, an enameled metal valentine called "Iris," for Star's. It is available in low-voltage gray or ivory.

Left: The Italian architect Ettore Sottsass tries his hand at a looking glass, "Diva," in the art deco power style of the thirties; it was designed for the Memphis Group, which often seeks new ideas from kitsch.
A
got and Aforismi, Pratika and Pretenziosa, Branarte and Mitzy, Charleston and Ciclope, Flu, Radar, and Ditto. Newly discovered supernovas? No, yet certainly stars of a kind: these are some of Italy's provocative new designs in lighting and furniture. Imaginative, streamlined, often outrageous, the 1984 collections made the Milan Furniture Show one of the year's most talked about trade expositions. Born of a collaboration between small local industries and international designers, the prototypes on these pages offer dramatic proof that there is indeed something classy and sassy in the world of furniture.

The new creations revel in a tongue-in-cheek interpretation of the familiar. Sideboards and dressing tables turn up with stylized, space-age metallic pediments and pilasters. The past inspires the present, as in graceful, candy-colored armchairs, evoking the saloons and salons of the twenties and thirties. Clever assemblages of geometrical forms recall the monumental shapes of antiquity.

A pleasure to the hand, as well as to the eye, many of the objects in the show provide a very physical, tactile enjoyment. Luxury material is a hallmark of Italian furniture: leathers, handcut, dressed, and stitched; textiles, ranging from silk damask to Missoni tapestries; tinted marbles and seasoned woods.

Refined colors act as an antidote to startling shapes. A subdued matte or glossy bases of black, red, white, or gray soothe psyches jolted by fantastic silhouettes. Let viewers be lulled into a false sense of confidence—especially where contours are conventional—whimsical touches of fluorescent violet, cobalt blue, salmon, or pistachio make quick eye-openers.

It is this bold instinct for contrast, with humor following close at its heels, that lends Italian design its special cachet. Tradition goes hand in glove with a modern attraction to the high-tech products of the aerospace and automobile industries: hence, a daring use of carbon fiber, sheet metal, lightweight resins, and nonscratch lacquers and enamels.

The artisan approach to Italian furniture production gives clients the chance to feel like patrons of the arts. Firms are able to offer a vast palette—well into the hundreds—of colors, finishes, and upholstery. Experts are often willing to devise special solutions to fit personal requirements. Seats and sofas may be ordered with high or low backs; cabinets, with one or more showcases; beds, with curving or rectilinear headboards. Never merely furniture, Italian design is chamber architecture, relief sculpture, or tabletop decoration, in which designers' avant-garde vision meets the highest standards of the artisan—as well as your own.

Patricia Corbett covers cultural affairs in Europe.

Right: “Walse,” a reclining armchair with an ottoman, combines hand-finished leather upholstery with a seasoned-beech frame set with steel springs—all superbly crafted, from Poltrona Frau.

Below: “Il Pellicano,” by Parma, is a bed with a drawer on either side of the headboard for reading or paperwork. Constructed of wood, this piece comes in black, white, gray, or China red.

Right: Balanced on three plaster legs and a pivoting chest of drawers, “Dione” is a dressing table fit for a careerist, by Antonia Astori; it features a pedimented mirror set off-axes. From Aleph's Aforismi collection.
Above: Ugo La Pietra's strong, sculptural shapes adapt naturally to the light tubular structure of "Agevole"; cushions are detachable and upholstery removable for both comfort and convenience. They are produced by Busnelli, who also make matching armchairs and a three-seat sofa.

Left: In "Tamburo," heavy-duty floodlights by Tobia Scarpa for Flos illuminate home and office sets for the high-tech crowd; it comes in green and black enameled metal with an adjustable base.

Right: The Memphis Group continues its assault on conformity, upstaging all other furniture makers. Here, circular and rectangular planes intersect in nadspace in "Continental," a plastic-laminate end table designed by Michele De Lucchi.
Above left and right: A black lacquer adult "Playbox," by Aceris International, opens to reveal a light diffuser, revolving tray, pullout surface, ventilated rear panel, teed plug, cable channel—and just about everything needed for a complete audiovisual system.


Above: Lissitzky's early abstract paintings inspired this arresting glass table, with its chiseled cement base and brightly colored metal support, from Saporiti Italia.

Left: "Pak"'s back and arms are formed from bent crystal with beveled edges; the seat is lacquered wood. By Nani Pri-na for Rimadesio.

Right: Night lights. Pliable tubular elements from Star's are guaranteed to create the skyline of your dreams—for about ten thousand hours.
Above: Pure goose down rounds out “Valmara”'s arms, while a mixture of down and fire-resistant polyurethane lends support to the seat cushions. Created by De Pas, D'Urbino, and Lomazzi for Busnelli.

Left: D'Ur's “Lunana,” available as a floor model or a wall lamp, suggests a partial eclipse of the moon; primary red or black against white enameled metal.

Center: Blond burled burl slabs are joined by four sturdy chrome pillars, the end table "Hyatt" evokes the solid luxury of yesteryear. The leader of the Memphis Group, Ettore Sottsass, is the person responsible.

Lower right: The random movement of clouds across the horizon moved M. Salvato to design these tables, "Nuvole," for Saporiti Italia.
Above left: "Plura," modular units for home and office, are crafted in rare Italian walnut by L. Leventi and L. Vagli for Poma.

Above center: "Radar," Martinelli's tilting table lamp, in your choice of black or white enamel, transmits light in all directions.

Lower left: Early flying machines and stringed instruments inspired "Alcina," Piero De Martini's lightweight straddled armchairs of leather and lacquered ash, for Cassina.

Above: With deco patterned upholstery and stylized maple base, "Mitzy," by Hans Hollein for Poltronova, is a graceful throwback to the thirties.

Right: This planar armchair, designed by Burghard Vogtherr for Arflex, actually assembles in a wink. Order it with a high or low back.

Left: Birds of black and white lacquered metal flock together on Martinelli's "Le Rondini" wall lighting system.

Left: E.T. would have loved Alta-Lite's intergalactic, high-intensity lighting system, "Structura HID," in blue and white lacquered metal with a gray plastic base.

Above: Alta-Lite's high-tech "Pulsar" spotlight contains a special screen to protect earthlings from harmful ultraviolet rays.

Left: The retro refinement of "Flessuosa," Ugo La Pietra's armchair for Busnelli, is reflected in upholstery of delicately contrasting tints.

Above: "Ciclope" in a mythologically inaccurate two-eye ceiling light and, at right, as a more correct, if unconventional, one-eye floor lamp. By Barbieri and Marianelli for Tronconi.
Right: Antonia Astori views familiar forms through a space-age filter. The "Acale" secretaire, of gray metallized laminate, is punctuated by cobalt blue, violet, or silver-gray lacquered wood. From Aleph's Aforismi collection.

Left: Pared down to the basics, "Aga- mennone," a stalwart pillar light designed by E. Ambasz for Artemide, repeats the popular red and black color theme in home furnishings, in enamel-coated aluminum and metal.

Below: "Cuna," the most complete modular seating system; goose-down-driven and lacquered-wood coffee table by De Pas, D'Urbino, and Lomazzi for Poltronova.

Right: Ideal alone or in groups for communal areas, "Lucretia," with lightweight molded-aluminum structure and patterned-cotton upholstery. Marco Zanini designed the chair, and Ettore Sottsass the fabric, for Memphis.

Left: Metamorphosis of the spindle park bench—"Cantilla," by Zanotta, in cheeky pink laminate and green forged steel (as shown) or with plum slats and white frame.
Since the last century, California has been the magnet for aspiring American vintners, but in the 1960s a few of the more adventurous among them began instead to turn north, toward Oregon, that immense square of a state where dark evergreens outline acres of blond grains, and both seem to run on forever.

The new pioneers brought with them another crop, wine grapes—not the hundred or more varieties that grow in California, but those of cooler regions and countries, those that produce the white wines of Germany and Alsace: Riesling, Gewürztraminer, and Pinot Gris, and grapes that account for the great red and white wines of Burgundy: Pinot Noir and Chardonnay. In this limitation lie the challenge and the promise of Oregon.

Chardonnay has been planted with varying degrees of success in many wine regions of the world—in California, with considerable success. But there, especially in the past, it has often been made as a big, assertive wine short on subtlety. In Oregon’s cooler climate and in expert hands, the grape can be more easily shaped into restrained and elegant wine.

Pinot Noir, on the other hand, has never really found a compatible home outside its thirty-mile ribbon along the Côte d’Or, where, in Burgundy’s precarious climate, it has been grown for centuries. California has produced a few commendable Pinot Noirs, but in spite of years of experimentation, they remain exceptions, not the rule. Oregon planted its first Pinot Noir in 1966; in under twenty years, this fragile, temperamental grape that seems to thrive on adversity may have found a home.

Nearly all Oregon’s wineries are in the western part of the state, the majority in Willamette Valley, a strip about 140 miles long and 40 miles wide running roughly...
from Portland to Eugene. Separating Willamette Valley from the ocean is the 2,000-foot-high Coast Range.

Spring usually arrives two weeks later in Oregon than on the Côte d'Or, and the harvest is later too. Although their soils are generally comparable in texture, Burgundy's is basically of limestone while Oregon's is mostly of deep clay loam, volcanic in origin. Burgundy's climate is continental, Oregon's maritime. Yet with the dissimilarities come likenesses: marginal climates that mean a yearly struggle for vines and vintners, and the same overall temperatures during the growing season, which, in the blessed years, is long, slow, and dry in autumn, preserving the fruit and flavor of the grapes.

The first person to sense the affinity between Oregon and the delicate Pinot Noir grape, and the first to plant it there, was David Lett. After getting a degree in philosophy from the University of Utah, he stopped in Napa Valley on his way to the University of Washington's school of dentistry. He had not grown up with wine, but after a day of visiting Napa's wineries and tasting the wine, his life took a new turn. "I knew at once I'd rather spend my life caring for grapes than for teeth."

He enrolled in the University of California's School of Viticulture and Enology at Davis and began to fall in love with red Burgundies. With its warm climate and rich soil, California, he felt, was not the best place to grow Pinot Noir. After graduation he went to Europe and asked, wherever he went, "What grapes do you grow and why do you grow them here?" Why not Pinot Noir in Bordeaux, where it could always ripen, as it can't in Burgundy? Why not Cabernet Sauvignon, the basic Bordeaux grape, in Provence, where it should do well every year? The answer, he believed, was that while soil matters, climate matters more. A benign climate suits neither Pinot Noir nor Cabernet.

He studied the climates of wine regions throughout the world. He thought about settling in northern Portugal or southern New Zealand but decided finally on Oregon, and from there he narrowed his choice to Willamette Valley. His professors at Davis discouraged him, prophesying failure because of rain and frost. Never indecisive, David Lett bought 3,000 cuttings of Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, Pinot Gris, and other cool-climate grapes and headed north to Oregon in January 1965. He had never before that time set foot in the state.

He rented a plot of land, planted his cuttings, and looked for a job. The first was handling blueberries for seventy-five cents an hour. The second was driving a tractor for a dollar twenty-five an hour. In September 1965 he began selling college textbooks for a publishing house and kept at it for eight years while establishing his winery.

"Wherever I drove on my way to college, I would dig down with an auger for a sample of soil. I bored holes across western Oregon. In sixty-six I found twenty acres in the Red Hills of Dundee, here in Willamette Valley. My wife, Diana, and I named our land the Eyrie Vineyards because in the fir trees we saw nests of red-tailed hawks. I planted the first four acres of my own land that year. I've been planting ever since. My first harvest was in 1970. But I picked the Pinot Noir too early, and the result was thin and tart. I was too embarrassed to call it Pinot Noir; I put it out as Oregon Spring Wine."

Nineteen-eighty was the year when the Burgundian shipper Robert Drouhin organized a blind tasting in France of wines made of Pinot Noir. Much to everyone's surprise, the Eyrie Vineyards' 1975 Pinot Noir came in second, only 0.2 point behind Drouhin's 1959 Chambolle-Musigny and considerably ahead of the third-place Chambertin Clos de Bèze 1961.

Fourteen years after David Lett started out, it was the French who put him and Oregon on the world's wine map. Today the Eyrie Vineyards produce about 5,000 cases a year. Lett expects to stabilize at 6,000 to 7,000 cases. His production is mainly divided among Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, a small amount of Muscat Ottonel, and Pinot Gris, which accounts for the largest percentage. Why Pinot Gris, a grape grown in Alsace, Germany, and other countries under various names, but little known here? Possibly because David Lett requires endless challenge. While other Oregon vintners concentrate their major production on such well-known wines as Riesling, he is determined to introduce America to Oregon Pinot Gris.

I found his 1983 Pinot Gris easy to drink—light-shaded, crisp, dry, and tasty. His 1982 Chardonnay shows the lovely delicacy and integrated subtlety of oak aging and varietal character that can be achieved in Oregon. His Pinot Noir Reserve '82 is a brilliant wine that captures
the essence of the varietal’s fruit. His Pinot Noir ’76, now hard to find, has a kind of glory about it, with its still-youthful bouquet, silky texture, and lingering fruit.

In his midforties, David Lett has given considerable help to others coming to Willamette Valley. One is David Adelsheim, whose background includes German literature and work and study in Europe as well as work at the Eyrie Vineyards. Adelsheim and his wife, Ginny, have an eighteen-acre vineyard, which they both work. Their Pinot Noir ’82, like many of the best Pinots from Oregon, has a light shade that belies the wine’s strength and complexity, excellent balance, fine varietal character, and satisfying finish. Their Chardonnay ’82 has a creamy-textured body, a good balance of oak and varietal character, and a pleasant, lingering finish.

David Adelsheim is responsible for writing Oregon’s wine-labeling regulations, which are the strictest in the country. Among other things, they prohibit the use of generic names; no Oregon wine can be labeled “burgundy” or “claret” or “chianti.” A wine labeled with a varietal name—Pinot Noir, for instance—must consist at least 90 percent of that varietal. The exception is Cabernet Sauvignon, for which 75 percent is the minimum and the names of the other grapes used must be stated on the label. Oregon also outlaws Johannisberg Riesling on a label; the name must be Riesling or White Riesling, the true name of the grape.

Another vintner, Bill Fuller, came to Oregon from Napa Valley because, he says, “I didn’t want to be just another winery on winery row.” In 1973, he bought an old farm with a partner, named it Tualatin Vineyards, and since then has made some of the finest wines in Oregon. Most impressive is Tualatin’s Pinot Noir 1980, a fragrant wine of depth and finesse, hauntingly reminiscent of a young, well-made Burgundy and, in Oregon’s best style, with an excellent balance of acidity, tannin, and oak age. The varietal rings clear and true. The 1981 Chardonnay displays a round, buttery texture with an inviting combination of rich Chardonnay character and oak vanilla in the aroma. Tualatin also has a delicately spicy Gewurztraminer ’82 that could, I believe, walk over any of this varietal made in California.

The promise of Oregon also enticed Richard Ponzi, an engineer, and his wife, Nancy, from California in 1969. Like Lett, they are fascinated with the possibilities of Pinot Gris. But it is the Pinot Noirs of Ponzi Vineyards, with their elegance and roundness, that appeal to me most. Another Californian, Dick Erath, owns 111 acres in partnership with Cal Knudson—the largest vineyard-winery in the state. “I couldn’t find a climate in California cool enough for the grapes I wanted to grow, so I moved up here. I began planting in 1969 and started my winery in 1972.” Of the wines, I liked best the Pinot Noir: a young, promising ’83; a Vintage Select ’82; and a ’75 that is smooth, elegant, with signs of aging in the tones but a surprising youthfulness in the nose and taste.

Three excellent wineries have been started, for reasons that defy diagnosis, by doctors. Dr. Fred Benoit closed his medical practice last year to devote full time to his winery, Château Benoit. Eighty percent of his wines are white and include sparkling wines. At a recent tasting a pale, delicately spicy Gewurztraminer ’83 was especially distinguished. Joe Campbell practiced medicine for fourteen years before going part-time while he and his wife, Pat, operate their Elk Cove Vineyard. And at the southern end of Willamette Valley, Dr. Don Jepsen has twenty acres of vineyards on a steep hillside rimmed with dark firs. He too practices part-time medicine and devotes the rest of his time to producing, among other wines, a refined Chardonnay ’82 with excellent balance and a fruit-laden finish; a delicate ’83 White Riesling redolent of flowers; a dry, austerely spicy ’83 Gewurztraminer; and an ’82 Pinot Noir reminiscent of some Côte de Nuits Burgundies.

Farther south, in Oregon’s Umpqua Valley, Cabernet Sauvignon, which requires warmth, has been successfully planted in Richard Sommer’s Hillcrest Vineyard, at Roseburg, producing a ’79 Cabernet with firm structure and defined varietal character that promises to have an integrated, velvety texture; and a ’78 young and hard but intriguingly complex.

The future of Oregon wine making, however, seems to lie in Willamette Valley. Its wines are still relatively unknown, but they are available in some twenty states—if sometimes in minuscule quantities. From Lett’s first four acres, in 1966, the vineyards of Willamette Valley have increased to 2,000 acres. The state has only thirty-nine bonded wineries, but a giant step has been taken since David Lett, with his 3,000 cuttings, first drove into a state where a Pinot Noir vine had never before grown.  

Ennise Fried often writes about wine for Connoisseur.
The Analyst

Whether He Painted Horses, Men, or Tigers, George Stubbs Knew What Made Them Tick

By Marina Warner

The eighteenth-century "horse painter" George Stubbs achieved his first masterpieces through an arduous process. Determined to understand his subjects, he retired in 1756 to a remote barn in Lincolnshire and ordered that the carcases of dead horses be brought to him for dissection. He had devised a system of tackle, hoists, and hooks with which to raise the subjects of his searching scrutiny and pose them, their hoofs barely touching the floor. He would leave the horse to hang for six or seven weeks, stripping it down layer by layer to uncover the sinews beneath the surface, naming and numbering every bone as the dissection proceeded. His working drawings (which lay undiscovered in a bundle at the Royal Academy until 1963) were later highly finished, and from these Stubbs engraved the plates himself. A folio volume of these engravings, The Anatomy of the Horse, was published in 1766. Both drawings and engravings, along with a large selection of his paintings, are now being exhibited at the Yale Center for British Art, in New Haven, Connecticut. They are inexpressively powerful. (Running until April 7, the show comes to this country from London's Tate Gallery largely reduced in content. Among the paintings missing are some of the most arresting: Hambletonian, Rubbing Down; Whistlejacket; and Cheetah and Stag with Two Indians.)

Stubbs's Anatomy takes to a zenith of achievement the Renaissance commitment to thorough understanding of the figure. But in the century of light and in the English shires, Stubbs's immaculate record of nature's way with one of her greatest wonders, the horse, takes the dispassion of scientific inquiry to a new extreme and shows the "painter of horses" in a new guise.

The astonishing veracity of Stubbs's horse paintings has inspired total admiration since the 1760s, when he first established himself in London as an artist available for private commissions. "The wide creation waits upon his call," wrote a critic after

Above: Hambletonian, Rubbing Down (1800), painted when Stubbs was seventy-five—his great, life-size portrait of an exhausted champion. Opposite: From The Anatomy of the Horse (1766), a finished pencil study, showing the surface muscles.
seeing his early work on show at the Society of Artists. "He paints each species, and excels in all. While wondering Nature asks with jealous tone, Which Stubbs' labours are, and which her own."

His knowledge of the horse's inner structure gave him the skill to produce those still, equable, airy evocations of man and mount set against an English sky, under an English oak, among English weeds—foxglove, burdock, brans, coltsfoot, arrowhead. His champions the late art critic Basil Taylor and the curator and critic Bryan Robertson, who first brought Stubbs to the wider public of art lovers with his exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in 1957, have drawn attention to the "composition" of Stubbs's paintings. The artist communicates to us a sense of unalterable completeness, of monumental calm, of a unity abolishing tension and time.

Stubbs achieves his composure through the suppression of expressive elements. He never shows the turmoil of a race, the conflicts and passions of a Newmarket crowd, a jockey lashing his horse. His paintings' characteristic evenness of temper is achieved through a formal evenness of design and an absence of dramatic contrasts; paintings of famous racehorses with their jockeys up present the horse in profile against the sky, its head occupying the intersection of the vertical center and the horizontal golden section, mounted but not ridden, suspended in time. In these portraits there is no supporting narrative. The horse and its rider pose there for Stubbs, and as we occupy the vanished artist's position and gaze at them, we feel the painter's weight of their presence.

Another recurring compositional motif gives Stubbs's paintings their tranquillity. When painting horses or hounds in groups he strings them out across the golden section as if in a frieze. The diagonal and the syncopated overlapping of animals or figures are foreign to his sense of order. Even when he relates a series of events—the Goodwood trilogy, the dramatic confrontations of The Groseren Hunt—the scene of action seems to have been hushed under an enchantment: the galloping horses, with legs outstretched, leap and are forever fixed in that leap.

Stubbs's illusion of photographic likeness gave rise to a story recalling the Greek legend of Zeuxis, who painted grapes so faithfully that birds flew down to peck at them. In the stable yard Stubbs was painting his marvelous, life-size canvas of the rearing chestnut stallion Whistlejacket. When he set the canvas—nearly three meters high—against the wall "to view the effect of it, and was scumbling and glazing it here and there," the stallion caught sight of it and began to "stare and look wildly at the picture, endeavoring to get at it, to fight and to kick it." It took both a stable lad and Stubbs, bearing the horse "with his palette and mahl stick," to bring him under control.

Whistlejacket's portrait was commissioned by Stubbs's patron the marquis of Rockingham for an equestrian portrait of George III, but he was judiciously left prancing without a rider against a blank ocher ground after Lord Rockingham realized how complete a work of art Stubbs had created. Like an equestrian statue, this fiery-eyed stallion, with blowing mane, muscles visible beneath gleaming coat, blond tail streaming, hooves in the air, will never come to earth.

Stubbs fixed his portraits of living horses in an eternity of calm, whereas he gave the subjects of his dissections the contrary, equally arresting quality of movement in death: his flayed and skeletal mares advance upon us or trot away like the steeds of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, or the mount of Death in fifteenth-century memento mori. Unlike Rembrandt, with whom his investigations of anatomy have been compared, Stubbs did not make images of corpses, but drew corpses to look alive.

Toward the end of his life, around 1795, he returned to anatomy and began to work on another immense study, the Comparative Anatomical Exposition of the Structure of the Human Body with that of a Tiger and a Common Fowl. The drawings reproduce a young man, as if he were a life model, standing and running, and then gradually turn him transparent, until all that remains of him...
is his bones. His semi-crouching gait is compared with the rolling pace of a tiger, which Stubbs retrieved from a menagerie where it had died, and then with the skittering of a Dorking hen, which seems to be flapping to escape the cooking pot.

From his profoundly researched grasp of the structure below the surface— anatomical, pictorial, and social too—Stubbs derived his unique composure. Behind the tranquil semblance of his rural scenes lie not only the docketed bones of the Lincolnshire barn but the known hierarchy and interrelations of eighteen-century sporting society, with its duels and adventur- esses, its self-made men and spendthrift heirs, its multitude of attendants and servants—the grooms, the trainers, the breeders, the jockeys, the lads, and not least the journeyman artist who celebrated its rituals (racing, hunting, shooting) and its totems (horses, hounds, dogs). George Stubbs chronicles with his characteristic impasivity the status quo of society in the shires during the sec- ond half of the eighteenth century, when the Ameri- can and French revolutions could have shaken it to its foundations but did not raise a breath to stir the oak leaves or the manes in Stubbs’s patrons’ world.

So brilliantly were his animals painted that his human portraits stand in the shadow of them. But if we look again, we see how he captured his subjects’ humanity—the tenacity and the experience of the forty-seven-year-old veteran jockey John Singleton; the sensitive, almost dreamy beauty of the young groom in the portrait of Lustre. He was also interested in the duties of the people he painted. In Lord Torrington’s Hunt Servants Setting Out from Southill, Bedfordshire, a liveried footman hands a young huntsman the leading rein of a hunter, while he restrains a spaniel with a red bandanna; another huntsman, riding out of the picture, with his kit strapped to the small of his back, turns to gaze out at us, while a hound looks up to him, expressing the pack’s expectations and discipline. The chain of command, man over horse, dog, or man, is always clear in Stubbs’s pictures.

Lord Torrington commissioned this picture as one of a trilogy depicting the various outdoor workers on his estate, and although such a commission reveals the community of feeling on a large and aristocratic property between the lord and his underlings, it also speaks of the lord’s wealth, splendor, and benevolence. Stubbs’s paintings show us servants clothed in livery that marks them as their lord’s possessions, displaying his noble horsemanship, and the intricate comforts of his new carriages, like the “tim-whisky” (it whisked you along) on whose tufted purple leather seat Elizabeth Milbanke, mother of Lord Melbourne, sits like a sacred effigy. And at the center of this network of possession stood the horse himself: valuable, costly to maintain, the focus of extraordinary exchanges of fortune—for eighteenth-century betting was no- toriously steep, bets for thousands of pounds being laid on such light-minded wagers as that a man could ride fifty miles in four hours. (The bet was won by his changing horses ten times.)

The greatest single picture of Stubbs’s oeuvre, Hambletonian, Rubbing Down, was painted in 1800 when Stubbs was seventy- five. It condenses the painter’s major themes and takes his life-long knowledge of the horse and man’s relation with it to another, deeper level. This life-size painting, nearly seven by twelve feet, does not display the great stallion in composure but in the restive extremity of a desperate race’s aftermath. His owner, Sir Henry Vane-Tempest, had wagered that Hambletonian, winner of the St. Leger and the Doncaster Gold Cup, could beat another great winner, Diamond, over four miles of flat ground at Newmarket. His bet was 3,000 guineas, a fortune. It was the biggest crowd ever gathered at Newmarket. The race lasted eight minutes and Hambletonian won, by “a little more than half a neck.” Both horses were “much cut with the whip and severely goaded with the spur,” it was reported, “but particularly Hambletonian; he was shockingly goaded.” Stubbs has painted the horse’s exhaustion: his head is

**HE COMMUNICATES A SENSE OF UNEALTERABLE COMPLETENESS, OF A UNITY ABOLISHING TENSION AND TIME.**

(*Zebra (1763): an exquisitely exact portrait of a wild animal.*

**Lustre (1760–2): he observed humans as sensitively as he did horses.**

 Stubbs’s Self Portrait (1781), done in enamel on Wedgwood ware.
Whistlejacket (1762): large as life, he was to have carried a rider, but seemed perfect as is.

lowered, the veins stand out, he seems to quiver as he pants with lolling tongue. The two men with him, stable lad and trainer, who in frock coat and top hat holds the reins, look out of the picture enigmatically, exhibiting not excitement but a silent pensiveness in which we may read the stunned reaction of an audience who have just assisted at a tragic hero's agon.

The passions expressed within the characteristic stillness of *Hambletonian* mark a departure for Stubbs. His new empathy with the plight of animals can be felt, too, in a painting of the same year, *Freeman, the Earl of Clarendon's Gamekeeper, with a Dying Doe and a Hound*. It records the moment, in the gathering dark of a game forest, before the wounded doe’s throat will be slit. Again, the gamekeeper looks up at us as if we had intruded on a rite.

In both paintings, which may reflect the aging painter's acceptance of his own mortality, Stubbs pays homage to the life within an animal with greater powers of sympathy than he could earlier convey, even in the fairlylike *Zebra* or the beautiful *Cheetah and Stag with Two Indians*. The zebra is a miraculous transcription of nature, and the two Indians are as truthfully observed as the cheetah, the three figures containing some of the greatest passages of paintwork Stubbs ever accomplished.

Yet neither of these masterpieces is filled with the impassioned authenticity of the later works *Dying Doe* and *Hambletonian*. Even the famous sequence of the lion attacking a horse, which dramatizes with Romantic flourishes the terror and death throes of a stallion, achieves none of the conviction of these later paintings.

Stubbs was sensitive to being considered a mere horse painter and injured by his treatment at the hands of the art establishment; not a founder member of the Royal Academy, he was made an associate only in 1780. Other academicians, like its first president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, prescribed lofty themes, religious and historical, as the subject matter of art. It is interesting to note that Orazio Humphrey R.A. should, in a watercolor of him, have portrayed his friend Stubbs in the act of displaying his painting The
Early in his career, in the 1750s, Stubbs charged around 100 guineas for a horse. For the life-size Hambletonian of 1800, he had to sue Sir Henry Vane-Tempest for the 300 guineas payment agreed to. But in 1812, six years after his death, a portrait of the great racehorse Eclipse fetched only 5 guineas; in 1830, a pair from the Lion and Horse series fetched 15 guineas; in 1920, Dying Doe was sold for 170 guineas; and in 1949, White Poodle in a Parl for 95 guineas. But in March 1970, the superb Cheetah and Stag with Two Indians went to the Manchester City Art Gallery for £220,000, a record up to that time. Since then, Stubbs's prices have gone on rising steadily. The auction record up to this time is held by Tristram Shandy, sold in London by Christie's in November 1980 for $669,000.

Stubbs's paintings vary greatly in quality, because he often experimented with new media, like pine resin and beeswax to bind his colors. Hence their condition can be poor, and prices range tremendously. A painting of a spaniel, Fancy, was sold for £74,000 in July 1985, of a horse, Mr. Ogilvy's Trencham with Jockey Up, at Newmarket, for £115,000 in November 1983; but a Foxhound fetched only £4,950 in February of that year. In 1984, Sotheby's sold two previously unrecorded paintings—one a Mare and Foal for £77,000, the other, Bay Stallion beneath a Large Tree, for £132,000. The rise has been 70 percent since 1975 overall, and the trend is up.

Only in the last thirty years, through the discernment and enthusiasm of connoisseurs like Basil Taylor, Bryan Robertson, and Paul Mellon, the chief lender to the exhibition, has Stubbs been seen not as a mere painter of horses but as a master of observation who understood in more ways than one the structure that lay beneath the surface of things. 

**THE STUBBS MARKET**

*Fall of Phaeton* rather than one of his great horse studies. Stubbs's paintings of individual, living horses, dogs, and men did not meet the conditions laid down for entry to the pantheon of British art. Though Stubbs was elected R.A. in 1781, he was never officially enrolled, the excuse being that he had failed to deposit the diploma picture required under a new rule.

Stubbs the keen, dispassionate observer of men at work. Reapers (1785), a pendant to Haymakers, a lyrical yet realistic pair of paintings bought for the Tate Gallery in 1977 for a record price after an unprecedented national fund-raising effort.
The Impressionist paintings by Duane Alt are happy and free, with colors and subjects of spring and summer in France and Northern Italy. The fresh works of this American-born, French-educated artist are widely varied and unique. His newest collection will be shown in Carmel in mid-March, and an invitation and brochure will be sent to you in response to your letter or telephone call.
Magic Piper

Heinz Holliger has been called the Paganini of the oboe.

By Tim Page

In little more than a decade, Heinz Holliger has rehabilitated the oboe's image from that of the orchestra's wayward child to that of (if not exactly a concert-hall superstar) a full-fledged solo instrument, with himself as its greatest living master.

Like Pablo Casals or Wanda Landowska, Holliger has all but reinvented his instrument. "An ill wind that nobody blows any good" is the proverbial description of the oboe. Notoriously difficult to play, the double-reed instrument demands constant vigilance to pitch. Yet with a flawless technique and buoyant spirit, the Swiss virtuoso inspires rapturous responses from cynics and believers alike virtually every time he puts oboe to mouth.

It is doubtful that any other player has ever managed to combine such speed, fluency, breath control, and articulation with such a sweet, singing tone. "Aside from his phenomenal technique," says Heister Furman, a young oboist who attends all of Holliger's New York concerts, "he is an original musical thinker, continually discovering new repertory."

It is unusual for any artist to command so much attention yet still hold the respect of his colleagues. Musicians and audiences look with awe at Holliger, who has elevated performance standards to such a high level that "expect the impossible" might make an appropriate byword.

Among his contributions to contemporary oboe technique, few are more significant than his emphasis on circular breathing. In this manner of playing, the performer stores air in his cheeks, which he then expels while drawing breath, giving the appearance that there is never any need to inhale while spinning out a melody that unfolds over an astonishing length of time. Onstage it seems magical, but Holliger compares it to the technique used in glass-blowing or in playing a bagpipe drone. He has also evolved a glossary of double stops, squalls, moans, and clicks that have greatly expanded the oboe's capabilities.

Holliger travels throughout the world, playing ninety or so concerts a year. He has recorded much of the oboe repertory on over 100 albums for Philips, Deutsche Grammophon, and other labels (see listing, page 44). Somewhere in between performing, composing, and conducting, he manages to teach. On one hectic winter morning, a starry-eyed oboe student is waiting in the lobby of the Manhattan hotel where the older musician is staying during a performance tour. "I think it's kinder to let them audition on this side of the Atlantic than to call them over to Freiburg [the town in Switzerland where he lives] with no promise of acceptance," he explains.

Holliger is tireless, dressed in a cardigan sweater and suit pants. Like many balding men, he has grown his hair long and carefully arranged it to cover an increasingly aggressive scalp. But he does not seem vain; with a fixed grin, caught somewhere between shyness and abstraction, he laughs easily and speaks softly in fluent English transmitted through a heavy Swiss accent.

The previous evening, Holliger played a concert of operatic transcriptions by a variety of composers, accompanied by his wife, Ursula, a distinguished harpist. It was the trothiest of programs, somewhat akin to a full meal made up of nothing but airy desserts. Still, Holliger transformed his matter with the skills of a musical alchemist. He played with an empathy for
the music’s limitations, but without a trace of condescension, realizing these little works with the same floating, effortlessly lyrical tone and masterly command of musical line that he would have devoted to the obbligato in a Bach cantata.

“I have a great affection for some of this music,” Holliger says. “For every Mozart piano concerto, for every Beethoven symphony, there are a thousand minor works that deserve an occasional hearing. I like Hummel’s music, I like Spohr’s music. Not everything they wrote can be considered a masterpiece, but even lesser works tell us about the times and allow us to put masterpieces into context.

“I am capable of loving the most minor trifles of a work, if I have the chance to make something beautiful out of it,” he continues. “For me, the greatest and most interesting music for oboe was that written by Jan Dismas Zelenka.” (He is referring to a nearly forgotten contemporary of Bach’s, who lived from 1679 to 1745.) Holliger has recorded for Deutsche Grammophon all of Zelenka’s Trio Sonatas (DG ARC 2708 027) and played the music throughout the world; he is one of the leading figures in a current Zelenka revival. “Some of his music is more complex than even the most intricate works by Bach. It challenges both player and listener and takes them to the limits of the possible.”

Holliger is not the first to complain of the paucity and mediocre quality of the oboe repertory. He is quick to emphasize that his complaints do not refer only to a lack of music that is technically challenging. “Real difficulty begins where the technical difficulty leaves off,” he explains. “As a pianist, you can work an entire lifetime on the Beethoven Opus 110 or 111 sonatas; a violinist can spend years on the Bach Partitas. There’s nothing in the oboe literature of that magnitude, but I think Zelenka may come closest.”

The young oboist in the hall is looking in Holliger’s direction. “I don’t know what I’m going to say to him. There are a hundred ways to play the oboe, all valid, but teaching requires more thought than playing—you are codifying, thinking and talking consciously about what you normally do instinctively. I don’t think I’d be much good at teaching beginners. You have to be so patient, so clear, so concentrated. Besides,” he says with a laugh, “I don’t yet know enough about the oboe to be a successful teacher for beginners.”

The son of a physician, Holliger was born in Switzerland. He studied at the Bern Conservatory, continuing his work in Paris with the oboist Pierre Pierlot and the pianist Yvonne Lefebvre, and in Basel with the composer Pierre Boulez, whom he calls his most important musical influence. By twenty, he had won first prize for oboe in the Geneva International Music Competition, first prize in the Munich International Competition. After playing first oboe in a Basel orchestra, he struck out on a solo career. Now, in a given week, he may perform concertos by Mozart, Strauss, and Witold Lutoslawski. In a recent season, he played solo with the San Francisco Symphony, the Cincinnati Symphony, the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, and others, with recitals throughout the country. More important than any prize or prestigious engagement is his having persuaded such composers as Hans Werner Henze, André Jolivet, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Frank Martin, Ernst Krenek, and Henri Pousseur to fashion works for the Holliger talents.

Paradoxically, Holliger is associated with contemporary and baroque music.

“Did you know that Beethoven wrote an oboe concerto? I’ve spent years hunting for it.”

although he claims a preference for compositions of the Romantic era. “It is that music that moves me most deeply. Even early-Romantic music; did you know that Beethoven wrote an oboe concerto?—right about the time that he created the Second Piano Concerto. It has been buried without a trace; I’ve spent years hunting for it.

“There are not that many oboe works by well-known composers, and record companies don’t want to take a chance on unknown repertory. This is why I record the same pieces repeatedly. But I don’t mind; I take such joy in playing the oboe.”

The joy is palpable and easily communicated to the audience. In a recital, he walks around the stage, now holding his oboe overhead like a big-band reed man from the thirties, now bending over to the floor, playing melodiously. He is an unassuming showman, but a showman all the same.

He is a composer as well as an interpreter of other people’s musical ideas. Holliger has written several cantatas, two short operas on Beckett texts, as well as a large-scale opera, The Magic Dancer, for two singers, two marionettes, and chorus. “In the next ten years I want to have longer periods of uninterrupted time to write,” he says. “If you are in the middle of creating a new work, and then suddenly have to fly off to play somebody else’s music, it can take quite a few days to get back into gear.”

And, in Germany, Holliger devotes time to conducting a youth orchestra.

Touring has long since lost its luster, but he concedes that it is inevitable for anyone who wants to make playing the oboe a career. “I can’t imagine ever giving up performances. It’s a physical need. Playing the oboe is sheer creation.”

That this is so should be apparent to any who heard Holliger’s performance of Richard Strauss’s Oboe Concerto at his Carnegie Hall appearance last winter. Strauss wrote this gentle masterpiece in 1946, immediately after the most destructive war in modern history, one that had caused the octogenarian composer great personal suffering. Some play the Oboe Concerto as a sunny, neo-Mendelssohnian frivaltry, romping and scampering without memory or consequence. Holliger sweeps the listener along in arching lines of joy and sorrow and, finally, to that lofty plane where joy and sorrow cease to matter, where heart, brain, ability, and soul operate in delicate balance. ☎

Holliger on records: Of his many recordings, these are a few of the best. Richard Strauss Oboe Concerto, Vox Cam Laude 9064; Mozart Oboe Quartet, K. 370, Philips 7300.607; Schumann Oboe Pieces (3 LPs), Philips 6275.034; Vivaldi Concertos, Philips 9500.604; Music of Bellini, Cimarosa and Salieri, Deutsche Grammophon 139.152.
When does the bidding end in an auction today? Suppose a telephone bid were coming through, at the moment the hammer was falling— is the caller too late?

The question is not moot. A year ago last month, Sotheby’s ran an auction in the most civilized of surroundings: Hope town House, the stately Scottish home of the marquises of Linlithgow. Lot number 241—a watercolor called *Herb Boy* (1886), by the Scottish artist E. A. Walton—came up, and the auctioneer’s hammer soon came down on a bid of £11,000 from the Fine Art Society, a medium-size British art dealership with galleries in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

That should have been the end of the story. But four or five lots later, the auctioneer announced that there had been a dispute—something about a phone bid having gone unrecognized—and that the Walton (shown above) was therefore being put back on offer. Second time around, the hammer came down on a bid of £15,500, from a Sotheby’s employee representing another gallery in London.

FAS took out an injunction in the London courts to stop Sotheby’s from handing the picture over to the second buyer or anyone else. Sotheby’s appealed but was overruled by the judge, who said the case would have to go to trial. “Part of our argument,” says Andrew McIntosh Patrick, the managing director of FAS, “was that when the hammer came down the first time, the picture technically became our property, and that the second time, they were selling it illegally.”

Sotheby’s seems to have been persuaded by that line of thinking. They have agreed, out of court, to reimburse FAS for its legal costs and return the picture. Says Joe Och, director and legal adviser to Sotheby’s, “We are pleased to have resolved the difference between all the parties.” All? Surely, the seller cannot have been happy. Meanwhile, McIntosh Patrick has been exhibiting *Herb Boy* in London, with considerable satisfaction.

A friend bound for France last year was thumbing through Ian Jeffrey’s *European Hideaways* when she came across this intriguing tip: “If you visit Vence on March 27, you can pelt blossoms at each other during the local Battle of Flowers.” The prospect seemed irresistible. On the appointed day, at the peak of the flowering season, with mimosa, lavender, jasmine, and lemon blossoms perfuming the countryside, she checked in to the lovely Château du Domaine St.-Martin, requested a room with a terrace overlooking the town square, and settled in over a kir royal to view the festivities.

“Visions of medieval tradition danced in my head,” she writes sadly. “But not much happened. I was joined by a friend who has lived on the Riviera for all her life. ‘A flower battle?’ she asked me. ‘You mean when we throw flowers from floats during Mardi Gras?’ That wasn’t what I had in mind. ‘I think I know what you mean,’ said the composer’s fate to write better music than his customers demanded, and this is not the place to discuss the merits of his best-selling album, which is a thing of sumptuous snippets and patches. But we note with pleasure that sales of bona fide Mozart records—the symphonies, concerti, chamber music, operas—have doubled since the release of the movie.

The expression on the face of Mozart (above) could have been caused by *Billboard*’s pop-album chart. Astonishingly, the sound track to the movie *Amadeus*
An artist of international stature, Cloutier combines muted tones and simply stated themes offering a satisfying blend of strength and romance, subtlety and grace. Write or call for further information on Cloutier as well as...

Sixty other fine artists including: Rosemary Miner, Jack Laycox, Maurice Harvey, Edward Szmyd, Gisson, Ray Swanson, Gary Swanson, Lynn Lupetti, Helen Caswell, Patti Bannister, André Andreoli, Trinidad, James Verdugo, Francois Cloutier, Racina, Robert Krantz, B.R. Garvin, Choo Keng Kwang, Archuleta, Douglas Remley and more.
the head of tourism for the Côte d'Azur the next morning. 'But either it was held last week or it hasn't been held in the last few years.' Off I went on a day-long fact-finding odyssey through the mountain towns of Provence. In Grasse, I quizzed a perfume mogul. 'Well, this time of year there are many extra flowers left over and people scoop up armloads of them to bring home,' he mused, 'but I don't think they throw them at each other.' In Mougins, a famous chef shook his head. 'I don't think they do it here. Try Vence.'

'My friend did some detective work, too. 'As close as I can tell,' she reported, 'flower battles were invented in Nice in 1911, but nobody knows why or when the next one will be or why they stopped or what they actually do.' She had never seen one, nor had any of her relatives, but they exist. Honest. Like the unicorn.'

**THE THREE TEARS**

Rumor has it that a new club is forming right now in London. To quality, you have to have worn the same pair of Lobb shoes for fifty years. We're prepared to believe it. Lobb was founded in 1851, when shoes were shoes, and neither their styles nor their workmanship has changed much since back then.

John Lobb Ltd., bootmaker by appointment to Her Majesty Elizabeth II, does not advertise. John Hunter Lobb, the great-grandson of the founder, makes two yearly sweeps through the United States—one in May, one in October. In each of the cities he visits, he rents a hotel room, settles in for a few days, and waits for customers—just as his uncle did for thirty years before him. He brings a selection of leathers, about twenty shoes, a pad of paper, a pencil, and some long strips of brown paper.

To fit a new patron, Lobb takes out his pencil, holds it straight up and down, and traces the patron's soles on the pad. Then he takes three measurements of each foot by means of little tears in a strip of brown paper. From this scant information, cloggers at home prepare a pair of customized wooden lasts on which they hand-tool shoes that are quite simply the ne plus ultra in foot comfort.

It takes two men two days to fill an order, but even with prices ranging from $750 to $2,000 a pair (not including such necessaries as Lobb's hand-carved shoe trees), business is brisk. Delivery time these days is six months, more or less.

To last forever, fine shoes need maintenance. Lobb cheerfully resoles (cost, $110; service time under two weeks) but discourages customers from sending in just for new heels.

**ON THE ROAD**

People in the big cities like to think that the cultural riches are all theirs. Usually they are right, but not always. Late this month and next, the glorious Finnish baritone Jorma Hynninen, a far too rare visitor to this side of the Atlantic, is turning up for recitals in a most surprising set of American concert halls. On March 31, he sings a matinee at Proctor's Theatre in Schenectady, New York. On April 2, he appears at the Great Hall at the Wharton Center for Performing Arts on the campus of Michigan State University, East Lansing; on April 9, at Gano Hall at William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri; and on April 10, at the Thomas Wolfe Auditorium in Asheville, North Carolina. If you're in striking distance, go. He's one of the real originals—the finest baritone since Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau.

As for New Yorkers, on April 3 and 6, there will be a chance to hear this magnificent artist at Carnegie Hall in two tiny but crucial parts, as Christ in J. S. Bach's The Passion according to Saint John and The Passion according to Saint Matthew. After that, he doesn't return until December, when he sings the Count in Mozart's Le Nozze di Figaro with the Metropolitan.

**TOWN FOR SALE**

Here's something for the person who has everything except solitude. The town of Gorda on the California coast is for sale, lock, stock, and barrel. Included: a sparsely stocked general store, a Mobil gas station, the Sorta Gorda restaurant, half a dozen small houses, twenty acres. The architecture ain't much to look at, but the sunset views over the Pacific are out of this world.

Seventy twisting, cliff-hanging miles south of Monterey, halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, Gorda might as well be on another planet. The land is too steep to farm. The ocean is too rough for boating. Radio reception is crackly; television reception, nonexistent. Newspapers arrive a day late. For part of the past two years, the town has been cut off from the north by the Big Sur landslides. Tourists pass through, all the same, especially in the summer, picking up jade from local craftsmen and a hearty meal at the Sorta Gorda. But the twelve year-round residents like it best when there's nobody there. "It's like being on an island in the Caribbean," says the taciturn manager of the general store.

Gorda's present owner, one Larry Anderson, has already sold the town once,
three years ago. The buyers were some teenaged video-game entrepreneurs from Ramona (our photo). Anderson foreclosed on them when they fell over $100,000 into arrears. Now he is asking $895,000. George Fusco at Del Monte Realty, Carmel, is ready to handle an inquiry or two. He doesn’t expect more.

MY POT-AU-FEU SERVES TEN
Ever since we published George Lang’s recipe for the classic pot-au-feu (January 1985, page 59), the restaurant’s friends and disciples have been phoning him and stopping him on the street demanding to know, “How many does it serve?” By a mechanical error, that key bit of information was dropped from our story. The mystery is solved in the line above.

YOU SAW IT HERE FIRST
We’d like to alert you to the arrival of a new kid on the jewelry block. He is Pedro Boregaard, and he has two great distinctions. One is his supple, meticulous craftsmanship. The other is his versatile design sense. The pieces in his case—a ring set with a black pearl and hundreds of tiny diamonds; a pair of shell-shaped earrings, his line of bold accessories in the dramatic shark-fin motif (shown)—might come from a half dozen different artists.

Young Boregaard—who is German, his name notwithstanding—arrived in this country as a jeweler ten years ago at the age of twenty-seven with exactly $200 to his name. He landed a job with a famous New York dealer whose name he can’t tell you (but you’ll figure it out), filing, polishing, and soldering at minimum wage. “You

P R I V A T E  L I N E
always have to be willing to start at the bottom,” he says philosophically. In time he advanced to the position of consultant to the store’s star designers. “I learned from Elsa Peretti,” says Boregaard, summing up seven years of experience, “practiced on Angela Cummings, and breezed through Paloma Picasso.” Now he is on his own, at 48 West Forty-eighth Street, Suite 904, in the hectic gold-and-diamond-trading district. You will surely be hearing about him soon from other sources.

IN ARCTIC WATERS
For a trip out of the ordinary, our traveling correspondent, Sister Viator, recommends the Cunard/NAC Sagafjord cruise to Alaska. You won’t spend all your time on the boat. Viator remembers with delight a helicopter hop to the gray, blue-streaked ice mountains of Mendenhall Glacier. And the national park of Sitka, with its colorful Tlingit totem poles. And Skagway, the restored gold-rush mining town. And most magical of all, Endicott Arm (see below), a fjord thirty miles long, where he sighted seals and whales and even a bald eagle, perched on an iceberg.

Our friend gave high marks to the amenities of cabins, health club, and dining room, but the band, he tells us, was “listless and off-key.” (This year, Cunard is spending 25 percent more on nightlife, so the problem may be solved.)

“One of the nicest things about the Sagafjord,” Viator reports, “is that it’s an easy place to get lost on. Even though the floating hotel sleeps up to five hundred guests, we could always find a dark, secluded place to view the Northern Lights from.”

Sagafjord's ten- or eleven-day cruises leave Vancouver and Anchorage from May through August. Inside cabins start at $1,950. (All prices are per person, double occupancy) Outside cabins, greatly preferred, go for about $2,290. Book through Cunard, directly (212-661-7777), or consult your travel agent.

STARS AND CHILI
Last fall, I.d. with a z, Dudley ("Arthur") Moore, the actor Tony Bill, and two other partners opened a restaurant in the now chic beachfront outpost of Los Angeles called Venice. 72 Market St.—named for its address—is a dramatically styled hangout where the beautiful people go to see and be seen. Consequently, tourists get a good show. Besides an occasional appearance by the owners, you might just catch a glimpse of someone you recognize. More likely, your attention will be focused on the young, punk, purple-haired bar crowd in bathing suits or jeans; the gorgeous aspiring hunk tossing his tousled hair; the stout, sixtyish lady with Mae West curls, pearl choker, and miniskirt and red jersey ruffles.

You may be too distracted to notice just how lousy the food is. One dish we tried consisted of tagliatelle (soggy) with shrimp (rubbery), basil (promised but not delivered), and (watery) tomato—all for $16. The "grilled Maine lobster with cognac and brown butter" ($28) bore no trace of having been grilled, or of cognac. Better to stick to the low-priced basics. The salads ($6 to $8) are inventive, fresh, and tasty. The lavish desserts taste homemade. The signature dish, called Kick Ass Chili ($6 as an appetizer, $11 as a main course), is perfectly ordinary, but it will put the cultural anthropologist in you in just the right mood.

Contributors: Mary Alice Kellogg, Patricia Lyden, Raymond Mungo, William Rynor, Frederic Rosen, Helga Tilton
Edited by Matthew Gurewitsch
Let me illustrate my subject—how photographic records of various sorts of art may themselves be art—by taking you back to an unusual moment in my own life and career. It was December 1976, and I was busily preparing for a work of "performance art"—a genre dating back to the beginnings of this century, to Futurism, Constructivism, and Dada. I had chosen the empty Houston Astrodome for this work, called Seven Thoughts. In the dénouement, I was to "speak" to the entire sense of loneliness of one, private person trying to speak to millions of other, distant private persons.

Now, I knew from the first I wanted a man with a video camera on the platform suspended near the Astrodome's roof, documenting the majesty of that space—and the performer (me) down on the field, alone. Yet the idea of a photograph did not occur to me until a few days before the event, in New York. One of my closest friends, a professional photographer, happened to say to me, "I've always wanted to take pictures from above. Remember Rodchenko, the Russian artist? He loved the bird's-eye view. So do I."

And so he came to Houston with his wife, also a photographer. She stayed on the field; he rode the platform into the air. Both clicked away, taking photographs that have carried the iconic message of that iconic event in 1976 to more people—and with greater effect—than the satellite itself (very few nations allowed my words to be broadcast). If we pause to think of similar "documentation" images—of the magnificent Concert of the Factory Whistles in Russia in 1922, probably scored by the poet Mayakovski, with the conductor poised, baton in hand, on the roof above the city; of the naked Marcel Duchamp posed, limp hand above head, as Adam in Picabia's 1924 ballet Relâche; or, to leap many decades, of Vito Acconci whispering into a video camera in 1974, almost leaning out of the monitor—we come to a surprising conclusion. Certain photographs are much more than simple records of artworks that are either temporal or difficult to see: they are primary sources, at once documents and unique, precious objects.

There is no doubt that the artist in the twentieth century has deliberately embraced the fleeting, evanescent moment, perhaps primed by the general decline of belief in an afterlife. The Italian Futurists and the Russian Constructivists opened the century by deriding the secluded status of the perfect, fixed, classical work of art.

Photography has the unique ability to transform reality into metaphor.

They staged enormous spectacles like the factory concert, produced movies, and marched in the streets. Dada incubated in the café Voltaire in Zurich in 1916, performing skits, reading poems, singing, dancing. The drive to impact on the world, to shatter (and, as the critic Lucy Lippard has so well pointed out, to dematerialize) the pristine, self-contained object, culminated in the late 1960s and early 1970s, when artists used every conceivable means beyond the conventional object to pursue their goals—words (as in conceptual art), performance, video, even Earth itself, into which "sculptors" like Robert Smithson and Michael Heizer inscribed huge, looping arcs and long, spiraling trenches.

One "object"—the photograph—has survived them all. Think for a moment of the following images: Luigi Rosollo, the Futurist composer, surrounded, with his assistant, by an army of speakers and sound machines, the triumphant materials of his antimusic concerts in Milan in 1909; Hugo Ball, decked in a tall cap and cardboard cape, reading a "sound poem" aloud in Zurich in 1916; three helpless figures covered with sheets, tied up in ludicrous ropes, leaning against the information booth at Grand Central Terminal, a mo—

Douglas Davis is an artist, author, satellite pioneer, and architecture critic of Newsweek.
ment in a 1965 "happening" by Allan Kaprow; the German artist Joseph Beuys, his head covered with honey and gold, holding a small animal, standing before a painting in an infamous performance in Dusseldorf, How to Explain Pictures to a Dead Hare (also in 1965); Dennis Oppenheim seen from the air, driving a small tractor across a wide, sweeping field in Holland in 1969, a performance called September Wheat Project; Nam June Paik, the "video" artist, sitting hunched before a small monitor containing the image of Buddha in 1974, in a state of traditional meditation enhanced and engulfed by the incongruous presence of television.

They are memorable images partly because they are photographically crisp, clear, concise. More important, we are at once aware, as the audience for an art, that the action is symbolic, weighted with a reference beyond what we see. Alfred Stieglitz once argued that photography's main claim to aesthetic status was its unique ability to transform reality—that is, the believable world—into metaphor. Certainly this is doubly true in what I would like to call "performance photography"—a record of an event that is by intention figurate, however flat and mechanical the means of recording.

In the end, the Astrodome photograph made by my colleague depicts me far below him, looking up. This image was enlarged and displayed at Documenta 6 in Germany, the following year, for three months. It was seen by more than one million visitors. The photograph of the last few seconds of my "reading," seen from his wife's camera at ground level, beneath the goalpost, has often been exhibited and reproduced. In these pictures, the Astrodome performance completes itself and its intention of juxtaposing human frailty with an impersonal system. In that sense, they are as "original" and meaningful as the live event. The nude Duchamp, the honeyed Beuys are similarly effective. Who finally is the artist in this collaborative chain of events, chance, and intention? In part the photographer, yes, but he plays a role akin to the role of the printer in printmaking. The real author—at the source of the idea and the intentional symbol—is the artist, whether he is aware of photography's crucial importance or not.

The artist in this century has deliberately embraced the fleeting moment.

PICTURE SOURCES: Page 5: (top left) Libby & Lovell Langstroth; (center) courtesy of Memphis Group; (bottom right) George Stubbs, Zebra (detail), Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection; (bottom left) Sylvia Plachy/Archive. Page 19: (top left and middle left) Photo, Carmelo Guadagno. Pages 24-25: Courtesy Prudence Cuming Assoc., Ltd. (2). Page 38: (left) Courtesy Sotheby's, London; (right) courtesy Christie's, London. Page 39: (center) Courtesy Christie's, London; (right) courtesy Sotheby's, Amsterdam. Page 40: Courtesy George M. Cohen Collection.

The artist in this century has deliberately embraced the fleeting moment.
Britain. One of London's prettiest museums is the Courtauld Institute Gallery. Small and cozy. Handsome antiques and porcelain. Also has one of the world's most important Impressionist and Postimpressionist collections, including Manet's splendid Bar at the Folies-Bergère. In Woburn Square, WC1.

The trout-fishing season in Britain opens in March, but the dates vary somewhat from river to river. As any respectable fly fisherman knows, there is connoisseurship in fishing, too. England's much-respected Field magazine has offered a few suggestions for the well-mannered fisherman:

"When fishing from one bank only, it is important to show consideration for whoever may be fishing on the opposite bank.

"Try to establish a friendly relationship. A wave or a nod will do.

"Never start fishing in front of another rod, whether he is on your own bank or the opposite.

"If a fish is hooked, the other rods should immediately stop fishing until the fish has been taken. The successful rod should be given a full chance to start again where he hooked the fish.

"Always offer to help another fisherman over matters such as freeing a snagged fly, or anything similar.

"Be careful to shut all gates, lock all huts, and padlock all boats safely at the end of the day.

"Good manners in sport are the same as good manners in anything else," says the Field. "They oil the wheels of life and imply consideration for others."

Strutt & Parker is a very old and well-established, London-based real-estate firm that leases sections on certain rivers for fishing. (They call them "beats.") Their address is 13 Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London W1X 8DL. Phone: 629-7282. Telex: 8955508.

Kronberg Castle. One of Europe's most elegant castle hotels, seventeen kilometers from Frankfurt in the Taunus Mountains. Once the home of Empress Victoria, wife of Frederick III and mother of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Was a U.S. Army headquarters during World War II. Converted into a hotel in 1954.

All fifty-three rooms are different. Many have fireplaces. (Number 27 is an especially sumptuous suite.) Each one is large and furnished with good antiques. Overlooks the park. Six rooms have balconies. Many family portraits, antiques, ceiling-high bookcases, and lavish carpeting. Wide staircases. Many tapestries. Excellent wood-paneled restaurant. A warm, lived-in atmosphere throughout. In its park is an eighteen-hole golf course. Address: Hainstrasse 25, D-6242 Kronberg im Taunus. Phone: (06173) 7011.

Milan. If you're poking around this interesting city (see page 120), you might like to have a look at an unusual food shop that considers itself so superior that it even looks down its nose at Fauchon, the famous food shop in Paris.

It's called Peck, after Francesco Peck, who began the business as a cheese store in 1884. Actually it consists of several stores and is immediately south of the Piazza del Duomo. Specializes in different kinds of food. The main shop is at Via Spaderi 9, the others nearby.

And if you're looking for a good restaurant, remember Savini, an elegant old landmark. Has been described as the Grand Véfour of Milan. Michelin gave it one star. Luxuriously atmospheric, with food and service to match. You'll find it between the Duomo and La Scala. Has long been a favorite of La Scala personalities. Address: Galleria Vittorio Emanuele II. Phone: 805-8343.

Incidentally, in Milan you'll also find one of Europe's most respected chefs—Gualtiero Marchesi. Unlike so many accomplished chefs, he is modest and unpretentious. His restaurant is small and always booked far in advance. Rated two stars in Michelin. Gualtiero Marchesi, Via Bonvesin de la Riva 9. Phone: 74-1246.

Yachting in the Virgin Islands has become so popular an activity that there is literally a yachtsmen's traffic jam at certain times of the day—especially in the British Virgins.

The competitive maneuvering for overnight anchorage spots begins about mid-afternoon. Good places are snapped up early. Radio channels are continuously tied up with yachtsmen making dinner reservations ashore. And some restaurants now require dinner orders to be placed at the same time as reservations.

Saint-Moritz restaurants. For lunch, La Marmite, on the slopes of Corviglia, is a first-class restaurant, some say the best in Saint-Moritz. (See page 42.) Reserve and ask for a window table. The Grill at the Palace for finest à la carte dining. Chesa Piram, in nearby La Punt, in the Engadine, is lovely for dinner and Sunday lunch. Wines and spirits can be purchased. Reserve. Phone: (082) 7-2515.

Produced by Passport, the Newsletter for Discriminating Travelers, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, IL 60606.
THE SPIRIT OF KYOTO

DRY IN THE STYLE

HUBERT'S LAST YEAR

HOW TO DECODE ARTSPEAK

MAR 19 1985
How to avoid the artificial perfection of mass production.

Machines produce so-called "perfect" decanters—objects of soulless uniformity spewed out in great profusion.

Craftsmen, by contrast, turn out objects of art—each one unique and each bearing the hallmarks of originality.

The Waterford decanter you see here exemplifies the latter process.

It was blown not by machine, but by the breath of a master glassmaker who drew the molten crystal directly from the furnace.

Hence, it differs subtly in weight and form from every Waterford decanter that went before, just as the occasional bubble frozen in its surface will never be exactly repeated.

Once shaped, it was deeply cut for sparkle and life in virtually the same way as Waterford crystal of centuries past—by skilled hands that leave their individual touch.

This traditional method is painstaking, to be sure.

But it is also necessary, because the unsurpassed lead content that gives Waterford its characteristic brilliance and its music, "ring" also makes it defy machine-cutting.

Even the stopper was hand-ground, to fit the unique dimensions of this particular decanter's neck. When it is lowered and given a slight twist, the seal is airtight.

Throughout all this, the decanter had to repeatedly pass the critical eyes of inspectors who, along the way, reject six out of every ten pieces.

The fact that it did pass is confirmed by the etched signature on the bottom, hard-won recognition prized by the many craftsmen involved in making the decanter.

You will find such a signature on every authentic piece of Waterford you examine. Each is, quite literally, an original.

Because, at Waterford we never settle for "mere perfection." And everything we create, we create for those who feel precisely the same way.

Waterford
Steadfast in a world of wavering standards.
Fine Pair of Famille Verte Porcelain Plates, Of the Kangxi (K'ang Hsi) Period, A.D. 1662-1722
Diameters: 8½ inches
The Mercedes-Benz Turbodiesels for 1985: still the most powerful line of diesels sold in America.

The Mercedes-Benz 300D Sedan, 300TD Station Wagon and 300CD Coupe represent three variations on a radical theme: the idea that dramatic on-the-road performance can be blended with diesel efficiency and stamina.

The idea works. These Mercedes-Benz Turbodiesels move. With accelerative energy and cruising ease worthy of gasoline-powered cars. With power enough to flatten hills and make quick work of sudden passing maneuvers.

TURBODIESEL POWER, DIESEL DURABILITY

Yet consider the bottom line. The Turbodiesel you will be living with and maintaining and paying the bills for, year in and year out, is a true-blue diesel. No complex electrical system. No conventional tune-ups. A durability factor that has become part of automotive folklore.

The key to the Mercedes-Benz Turbodiesels' performance is less the turbo than the diesel—its three-liter, five-cylinder engine. It is unique, a high torque powerhouse so advanced that it even oil-cools its own pistons as they move.

Turbocharging any engine boosts its power. Turbocharging this engine boosts its power—by 42 percent in models sold on the West Coast, by 45 percent in models sold elsewhere.

Many makers have aped the Turbodiesel idea since Mercedes-Benz pioneered it in production automobiles in 1978. Scant surprise that no maker has yet aped the Mercedes-Benz Turbodiesels' vivid level of performance.

The Turbodiesels rank not only as the most powerful but also the most varied line of diesels sold in North America today.

SEDAN, STATION WAGON AND COUPE

The four-door 300D Sedan accommodates five persons and a gapping 12-cu.-ft. trunk within a wheelbase of just 110 inches, helping lend near-sports-car agility to this family-sized automobile.

"The 300D's success in striking a balance between ride comfort and handling response," reports one automotive journal, "is equalled by less than a handful of other cars in the world."

The 300TD Station Wagon interlaces the driving pleasure of a Mercedes-Benz with the workhorse utility of a five-door car all. Total cargo capacity well exceeds 100 cu. ft. A hydropneumatic leveling system is integrated with the rear suspension, to help keep the vehicle riding on an even keel—whether the load is heavy or light.

EXOTIC, YET PRACTICAL

The 300CD Coupe is the world's only limited-production two-plancoupe, the true-blue diesel touring machine. It sits on a taut 106.7-inch wheelbase—one secret of its quick-witted...
Its graceful coupe bodywork, sans central door pillars, formed in a process involving extensive handworkmanship, 300CD is that rarity of rarities, an automobile both exotic and relentlessly practical.

Coupe, Mercedes-Benz Turbo-diesel power is harmonized with high standards of performance in every sense of the word.

From suspension to steering to brakes, every Turbodiesel is engineered to be a precision driving instrument. "There's a cornucopia of driving delights at your disposal," concludes Car and Driver—suggesting that in driving precision there is driving pleasure.

From biomechanically correct seats, to a superb automatic climate control system, to the deadening of the outside wind noise to an almost inaudible hum, remarkable comfort prevails. Virtually every useful driving amenity is standard, including an uncannily precise electronic cruise-control unit.

Safety precautions are remarkably comprehensive—both in helping avoid trouble, and in protecting the occupants should trouble occur.

MORE THAN POWER
Ultimately, the Turbodiesels' appeal extends beyond their performance and driving pleasure. There is no more powerful line of diesels sold in North America—and there may be no more versatile, more competent, more timely line of automobiles. In North America, or the world.

Engineered like no other car in the world

SEE YOUR AUTHORIZED MERCEDES-BENZ DEALER
No other voice could describe a Rolex so beautifully.

Kiri Te Kanawa gave her first public singing performance at the age of fifteen to a local ladies' committee in Auckland, New Zealand.

Impressed they may have been, but none of those ladies could have realized they were listening to a girl destined to become one of the finest opera sopranos in the world.

Her appearance fee was then a munificent four dollars.

Today, after hearing her perform the role of Donna Elvira from "Don Giovanni" in Paris, or the Countess from "Le Nozze de Figaro" at Covent Garden, many critics have been moved to describe her voice as priceless.

New York, London, Paris, Milan — wherever this truly international star performs, audiences respond with standing ovations. And a film of "Don Giovanni" starring Kiri as Donna Elvira is another huge success with opera lovers around the world.

"I owe a lot to my basic technique," she says. "My early training and the way in which my voice has developed means I can usually sing my way through colds and sore throats without any problems... in fact, anything short of laryngitis and tonsillitis combined! And, of course, consistency of performance is extremely important.

"That can make or break your reputation."

Given her opinions, it is very gratifying to note Kiri Te Kanawa's choice of wristwatch.


"In all the years I've had the watch it's never gone off key, and it's never been ill. And I know how hard it is to always be 100 percent.

"Every day, wherever I am, I spend at least an hour singing part of a role just to keep my voice at its best. So I can really appreciate the time, skill and effort that goes into something so beautiful and so precise as this watch."

Kiri Te Kanawa and her Rolex Lady-Datejust.

No other voice could have put it quite so beautifully.

ROLEX
CONNOISSEUR
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FINE BRITISH PAINTINGS
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

THE WHOLE CIVILIZED WORLD

I like to look upon Connoisseur as a guide to the civilized world, assembled every month by writers and experts in many fields, intended to instruct and inform our readers about the most creative and fulfilling experiences on earth.

In April, we take you to Tokyo, the most intriguing—and alien—city in the world, and to a charming, thoroughly Japanese resort in the mountains not far away. Anyone who has visited Tokyo and encountered those stark, gray, ugly low buildings stretching for dozens of miles from the city center knows how frightening the environment can be, seemingly bereft of charm and reason, and lacking any known system of organization. We asked two connoisseurs of Tokyo and Japan, Donald Richie and Terry Trucco, to provide a guide that would make sense of the city. They introduce us to wonderful places—some exquisite, some exciting—and suggest several gastronomic and electronic adventures. Their brilliant characterizations of Tokyo, and especially of its rich spirit, should go a long way toward dispelling any anxiety a visitor might have.

Another part of our guide this month is on how to hack your way through the tangled jungle of definitions for modern art movements. There is an ism to fit every style. Remember Transavanguardia? A couple of years ago in Rome, a friend suggested I attend the opening of an artist working in that then new ism. I went prepared for a transcendent intellectual experience or, at least, "a lateral exercise in forced, hard-edged diagonals existing in a sociological spatial construction." The reality behind the word, I was flabbergasted and amused to find, was nothing more revolutionary than a brand of washed-out realism. Since then, I began to jot down every ism I encountered in the art-critical press. I found dozens, ranging from "Abstract Illusionism" to something called "Hairy Whoism." Some are clearly balderdash; others, silly attempts by art critics to carve out a niche for themselves in art history. Still other isms are well-meaning, albeit muddled, efforts to describe today's strange styles. With the help of the eminent British art historian Edward Lucie-Smith and a bevy of able researchers, we have compiled an up-to-date glossary of forty-seven of the most potent and puzzling isms in the ever-expanding universe of modern art. It is meant to be of help when you are in a gallery or museum devoted to contemporary art. If it seems occasionally a little wry, that is because we are convinced that art can stand on its own, without the crutch of any ism.

Speaking of art, we all know Andrew Wyeth's work. Depending upon our critical point of view, we variously consider him an anachronism or a genius of realism. What we do not know about is the woman behind him, Betsy. What is her style? What does she do and think? Lesley Hazleton reveals that Betsy Wyeth is a creator, too, one who is both close to and far away from her husband's ism.

Creative genius is perhaps the most exalted level of civilization. It is also the most difficult terrain to chart. In this issue, David Roberts confronts the problem, considering how Franz Schubert could have written his most brilliant and serene music in his final year, one of turmoil, physical pain, and mental anguish.

Nineteen eighty-five is fast becoming the year of India. I am not talking about David Lean's A Passage to India or PBS's "A Jewel in the Crown" so much as the remarkable festival of India that starts in May and will include over twenty-eight exhibitions and performances across the country over the next two years. This month, timed with the Piaget World Cup polo championships in West Palm Beach, Florida, we offer a gripping photographic and verbal description of the grand and awesome sport as it is played in India, the country where polo grew up.

From time to time, we like to be aggressive and prod something of excellence into becoming even more excellent. Most people have heard of Gore-Tex, the wondrous system of waterproofing fabric so that it breathes even as it keeps the rain out. Gore-Tex rain gear (jogging togs, parkas, and boots) is sensible and efficient—and could never be accused of being exciting. For an article on the history of rain gear, we were able to persuade the skeptical Gore-Tex executives to allow a hot fashion designer, Akira, to take a "Gore-Texed" Bordeaux-colored Burlington Mills fabric and, for the first time ever, transform Gore-Tex into a work of high fashion. If that isn't guidance, what is?
MAD ABOUT THE FRENCH

The Japanese possess a surprisingly durable strain of Francophilia that manifests itself in an almost boundless affection for such exports as Vuitton handbags, L'Notre croissants, and the actor Alain Delon. This fascination is hardly new, as visitors to the Tokyo Metropolitan Teien Museum of Art quickly discover. The Teien occupies a genuine Japanese rarity: an art deco villa completed in 1932. It has an interior by the French designer Henri Rapin, scultured glass doors by René Lalique, and a royal legacy. Until World War II, it was the home of His Imperial Highness Yasuhiko of Asaka, a cousin of the current emperor and husband of an earlier emperor's daughter. Prince Asaka studied in France during the early 1920s and was smitten by the culture, particularly the wonders he saw at L'Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes, the exhibition credited with launching the art deco craze of the twenties and thirties. The prince returned to Japan determined to bring a bit of the new look back with him. It is the visitor's good fortune that his former manse, set on a splendid plot of land near Tokyo's Meguro Station, survived both war bombings and—perhaps even more miraculous—the city's single-minded efforts to replace virtually all old buildings with new ones.

Prince Asaka's furnishings are gone, but the home's magnificent crosshatched plaster, ornamental grillwork, and marble fireplaces, all imported from France, remain, as does a remarkable collection of light fixtures—from the magnificent pressed-crystal chandelier to a brilliant hanging stained-glass star. Also unchanged is the second-floor green marble bathroom, with its tall, marble-encased tub.

This month the Teien will be considerably more Gallic. It will host a special loan exhibition from the group of top French firms that calls itself the Comité Colbert. In addition to a generous selection of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century objets from a number of the Comité's sixty-nine members, including Baccarat, Christofle, Lalique, Hermès, Van Cleef & Arpels, and Chaumet, the exhibition will feature such personal treasures as the jewels worn by Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon, and the Egyptian King Farouk's coffee and tea cup. A similar exhibition was held in Paris in 1983, but this is the first time the show has traveled. It could hardly go to a place with a more appreciative audience.

—Terry Trucco

THE SELLING OF AMOS FERGUSON

"Paint by Mr. Amos Ferguson" is a show that deserves attention for the wrong reason. On view at the Wadsworth Atheneum, in Hartford, from March 31 to May 19, it consists of fifty pictures by a sixty-five-year-old Bahamian who until a few years ago painted houses for a living and brushed away at his own art in between. Amos Ferguson lives in Nassau and specializes in scenes of Caribbean life and interpretations of biblical tales. An unknown, self-taught artist—so why should anyone take notice?

True, Ferguson is an authentic instance of the classic folk artist: a devout man whose religious spirit commanded him, late in life, to glorify God by the expression of a blossoming personal vision. He is a sincere painter but not, as his supporters claim, a great one. Though his work is clean and well composed, it lacks the revelatory depth and fantastic gravity of outstanding folk painting.

Much more interesting is the story of Ferguson's propulsion into the art market by none other than the institution that decided he merits a show—the Wadsworth Atheneum. Indeed, the conduct of the museum director, Tracy Atkinson, and its chief curator, Gregory Hedberg, is open to question, as both may have taken advantage of their professional connections; then again, they just may have been manipulated by the collectors who discovered Amos Ferguson in the first place.

Ferguson's emergence owes much to Dr. Sukie Miller, a Manhattan psychotherapist who was vacationing in Nassau in 1978. A colorful picture of a family leaving church and signed "Paint by Mr. Amos Ferguson" caught her eye, so she bought it from a local dealer for about $450. Inquiring whether any more paintings were to be had, she was told that the artist was either dead or living in Miami. For five years Miller tried in vain to find him in Florida; then, in 1983, she returned to Nassau. On the assumption that Ferguson was dead, she asked a cabbie to take her to his grave. Instead, he drove to a shack in a poor district well beyond the tourist track. There, very much alive, was Amos Ferguson.
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Oscar's Library

Oscar, the golden boy of Hollywood, icon of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, stands just thirteen and a half inches tall and weighs only eight and a half pounds, but he is a colossus in the world of cinema. Now in his fifty-seventh year, Oscar is getting even bigger, taking on the roles of promoter and educator.

In 1931, just two years after Oscar's first appearance as Hollywood's award for excellence in moviemaking, the academy that created him—crusader sword in hand, standing sternly atop a reel of film—established a library in a tribute to his art-and-science ethos. Some say it was the academy's first librarian, Margaret Herrick, who inadvertently named Oscar when she exclaimed on seeing the golden statuette that it looked just like her uncle Oscar. Margaret Herrick's own name has since been given to the library over which she presided for forty years.

The Margaret Herrick Library ranks today among the world's most complete collections of film-related material ever assembled. From the most serious cinema research to the scrapbooks of the gossip columnist Hedda Hopper, the academy library is a gold mine of information for film scholars and fans alike. The two floors of the seven-story "house that Oscar built," on Wilshire Boulevard, are filled beyond capacity with 16,000 books, 4,000,000 still photographs, 8,000 scripts, and clipping files on more than 60,000 films and 50,000 film personalities.

Not everything is open to the public, and no materials leave the library. Visitors can bring only pen and paper into the main reading room. Yet the thrill of being among so much movie memorabilia makes an afternoon in the library as rewarding an experience of Hollywood as the Universal Studios back-lot tour. It is also a more like-

In the archives: DeMille with Fredric March and Elissa Landi, in The Sign of the Cross.
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

No place to see a star: many use the library
to study old scripts.

Despite a just-completed remodeling of
the fifty-seat reading room, the library
needs a new home. No sooner had its staff
found barely enough room for the personal
papers of Mary Pickford, John Huston,
George Cukor, and Lewis Milestone than
in came fourteen file cabinets and
forty boxes from the estate of Alfred
Hitchcock, with
everything from
Thornton Wilder's
handwritten script
for Shadow of a
Doubt (1943), said
to be Hitchcock's
favorite of his films,
to the audio tapes
of his renowned
conversations with
François Truffaut.

Now the acade-
my plans to take
the next, obvious
step: building a new
library twice the
size of the current
one. When com-
pleted, it will form
part of a $25 million hall of movie know-
how to be called the Academy Cinema
Center. The project will feature a central
corridor on the history of Oscar, with
color-coded special-interest loops leading
to the moguls, directors, and technicians
who have taken movies from nickelodeon
"flickers" to Star Wars special effects.

"The academy exists," says President
Gene Allen, himself an Oscar-winning art
director (for My Fair Lady). "to encourage,
then reward, the best in filmmaking,
which we consider the art form of the cen-
tury. Educating tomorrow's moviemakers
is my most important priority of all."
Others might just want to read Alfred
Hitchcock's letters.

—David Reed

OLD-FASHIONED ART

To understand the Artists' Choice
Museum, you have to remember there once was a time—and not so
long ago—when artists interested
in figures, landscapes, and the real
world felt like fugitives with no place to go
in an art scene entralled by the abstract.
Down in New York's bohemian quarter of
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A new concept in the art of Perfumerie.
in 1976 to start up the Artists' Choice Museum, where representational artists could stake a claim for themselves. For years, ACM, as it's known, led a nomadic existence, borrowing space in galleries all over town. Finally, last April they found a 3,500-square-foot home, at 394 West Broadway, and immediately launched a series of shows of such underestimated contemporary worthies as George McNeil and the sculptor Richard McDermott Miller. This month's exhibition (April 9–May 19) is dedicated to the landscapes and still lifes of the bearded and burly, fifty-six-year-old artist Paul Resika.

Resika was trained in the camp of the arch-Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann but made a clean break in the late fifties with landscapes that shared something with Corot. "My friends called it a heroic thing to do," he says about turning back to realism, "but I'd call it perverse."

Since then, more and sharper colors have been creeping into his portraits and scenes of shock-absorbent flowers, brooding Mexican plains, and the beaches and waves of Cape Cod. Critics have called him a "poet of nature," and his dealer, the Graham Modern Gallery, which is concurrently showing his most recent work, reports that the poetry sells very well. Not that he panders to popular taste: Resika has always painted what he likes, how he likes.

He is, of course, honored to be selected by a museum run by and for artists. "It's a wonderful idea," says Resika. "You can see that they're up to is not the swinging stuff." To Richard Pitts, chairman of the board of artists at ACM, "Resika's conservatism is radical today." That is just fine, Pitts adds. With ACM's "great respect for the traditions of art and its legacy," the museum is itself almost revolutionary—and a nice place to see first-class, slightly old-fashioned work. —Julie Lorna

LOUIS XV'S GRAND SALON, WITH PANELING COPIED FROM A CHATEAU OUTSIDE OF PARIS, IS A PERFECT GEM FROM "MADE IN MINIATURE: HISTORIC ROOMS BY THE KUPJACK FAMILY," AT THE COLUMBUS MUSEUM OF ART, OHIO, FROM MARCH 24 THROUGH MAY 12

THE RETURN OF WILLIAM MORRIS

After decades of rejection in favor of bare, white walls and blank spaces, patterned wallpapers are making a comeback. Arthur Sanderson & Sons is way ahead of the trend. Ever since 1940, the English wallpaper manufacturer has owned the rights—and the original woodblocks—to the wall-covering designs of William Morris, the nineteenth-century poet, socialist, craftsman.

Morris formed a workshop, in 1861, to revitalize the medieval trade of designer-craftsman. Rejecting industrial processes as dehumanizing, he used craft techniques to create his own ornamental fabrics, furniture, stained glass, and wallpapers. Medieval sources and nature provided the inspiration for Morris's wallpaper patterns, but his abstract and stylized treatment made them original rather than Morris wallpaper has a life of its own.
Highly Important Tiffany Lamps
The Sugarman Collection

Auction to be held on Saturday, March 30 at approximately 4:30 p.m. in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue in New York. Viewing is from March 23 through March 29. Fully illustrated catalogues are available through Christie's Publications Department MM, 21-24 44th Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11101. For further information about this sale, please contact Alastair Duncan, Consultant, at 212/546-1025.

Detail of Tiffany "Zinnia" table lamp with mosaic base. Designed and handcrafted as a prototype, this piece is unique. 25" high, 24" diameter of shade.
derivative. His goal was an “art by the people and for the people . . . a happiness for the maker and user.”

In America, Morris's handwork proved too expensive and exclusive to reach the masses, who had to settle for cheaper, dilated versions of his patterns. Although several companies, including Bradbury & Bradbury and Scalamandré, now offer silk-screened or roller-printed fine reproductions of Morris's designs, only Sanderson has the rights to the twenty-four hand-cut woodblock patterns, which it acquired forty-five years ago when it bought out Jeffrey & Company, the firm that originally printed Morris's papers. Sanderson has been producing the papers in England ever since, but not until the company opened a branch in New York, last fall, have the Morris designs been readily available to interior designers and architects in this country.

Each Morris pattern—foliage, fruits, flowers, or birds—is created by the overlaying of images from a series of four to ten blocks. The paper is covered with hand-mixed natural paint, and each coat must dry before the next color is applied. The work is completed in England by no fewer than eleven craftsmen.

Obviously, the process is time-consuming and costly: a double roll, twenty-one inches wide by thirty-three feet long, retails for from $97 to $200. (To "bring Morris to everyone," Sanderson has placed four patterns into silk-screen production, which retail for $57 per double roll.) "The sales are just beginning to take off here," says Judy Woodin, managing director of Sanderson's in North America. "It takes a certain amount of education to appreciate Morris's form and depth of color. But we're not producing this for financial gain. We're doing it for reputation."

People are beginning to see Morris papers as a way to escape the monotony of modernism. Two leading New York designers known for adapting English styles to American taste, Mario Buatta and Mark Hampton, have both used Sanderson's Morris papers in their interiors. "We're seeing a Morris revival," says Buatta. "His papers have become popular with the

Another Morris favorite, Granville.

Manhattan firm of William James Design, has also used Morris papers. He particularly likes their patina, explaining that "because some of the original woodblocks are worn, the ink doesn't take as strongly in parts. This makes the paper look as though it has been there a long time, imbued with personality and warmth."

The interior designer Philip Johnson is living up to his reputation as an iconoclastic prophet of postmodernism. For a large commercial project in Dallas, he plans to use a combination of modernism—steel, marble, concrete—and Morris papers. Morris would have understood: it will be a joy for creator and user alike. —Gini Sikes

BEST OF THE BASQUES

To the Basques, that tribe of culinary artists, it comes as no surprise that one of "their" restaurants is widely considered the best in Spain. The restaurant is Zalacain, in Madrid, and its reputation for mastering the best of Basque traditional fare and for innovation makes its name the password for travelers to Iberia.

The Basques have always been known for their stunning treatment of seafood, and more particularly for the way they top their fish with garlicky green and ink sauces. Oddly enough for a nation on the Bay of Biscay, where fish practically leap in schools into Basque nets, sun-dried and salted cod is a favorite local specialty. The real secret of Basque culinary success, says one devotee, is that "Basques are used to eating very well at home. That's one way in which the women control their men."

More important, the food writer Penelope Casas points out, male-only cooking and eating clubs "have for generations fostered a particular pride in the Basques for experimenting with new dishes." Whatever the reasons for the excellence of the cuisine,
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

its inventiveness owes something as well to the region's seafaring tradition. Basques have for centuries put to sea as cooks on the commercial fishing boats plying the Atlantic. They have been exposed to a myriad of ingredients and an extremely demanding clientele.

"It takes a long time to develop a mastery of Basque cuisine," says Benjamin Urdain, Zalacain's top chef. "When you can cook Basque food well, you can cook any other kind well, too." Indeed, the Basque country has long been exporting fine cooks to other parts of the globe.

And now, according to Penelope Casas, the Basques are at the center of a dining revolution in Spain. Basque cooks in the north have been teased by whiffs of French nouvelle cuisine, waiting across the border.

into treating their own native dishes with a lighter touch. In Madrid, Zalacain is making the most of the new sensibility, blending the old and the new into what inevitably has been christened nueva cocina española. Standard dishes like bacalao (cod) and squid in ink sauce do not dominate the menu. When they appear, they are apt to be lighter and subtler than usual. Merluza en salsa verde (hake in green sauce) comes out flaky, delicate, and dressed with cocochas, the tender flesh from alongside the gills; lubina (striped bass) has a similar sauce and lies on a bed of fresh spinach; menestra de verduras (a tomato-less ratatouille) is light on the olive oil and flavored with bits of tangy mountain ham. When the fare is traditional, it is splendidly so. Chuletas de cordero are the most succulent lamb chops imaginable; and the extra dessert put on every table, la torta, is a crunchy confection of butter, almonds, and egg whites that defies resistance.

Zalacain occupies a villa at 4 Álvaro de Baena (to call: 341-261-48-40), a tranquil little street that parallels the frantic Paseo

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de la Castellana. The interior is simple but elegantly appointed, with an abundance of fresh flowers. Antique porcelain and silver grace the tables, arranged in several small rooms where warm red walls are set off by dark wood moldings and chairs. Never mind that this bastion of Basque refinement is but eleven years old. In Madrid, Zalacain has long since earned its reputation as a national treasure.

—Roger M. Williams

MINOSA OF ARABIA

In the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, it is said, the Saudis have an edifice complex. With their immense oil wealth, they have erected whole new cities, acres of industrial plants, and superhighways spanning a desert country as large as the United States east of the Mississippi. These modern monuments, if not exactly filling the vast landscape, are definitely altering a culture that once looked as if time itself could not touch it. Out of the West and into precisely this desert has come Tchekof Minosa, a Frenchman of German-Hungarian-Italian descent, a vagabond armed with a camera. His mission: to photograph and document a vanishing way of life.

From Riyadh to Jiddah, Saudi citizens are lining up to view exhibitions of Minosa’s work. They respond eagerly to the photographs he took over the course of the three years he spent in Najran, an oasis at the edge of the forbidding Rub’al-Khali Desert, known as the Empty Quarter. The shots are dazzling—of camels and Bedouins, sheikhs and emirs—and their appeal suggests a nostalgia for a lost Arabia.

Minosa’s eloquent photographs deal with a green and fertile ancient region, where date palms tower over 300-year-old clay houses, crenellated like fortresses and gaily painted. An abundance of fruits, vegetables, and grain springs up like magic from the rich silt watered by the Najran wadi, where streams flow out of surrounding dunes.

Minosa’s shot of rock in the desert.

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The good life in the Najran as recorded by Minosa.

The cultural artifacts of an ancient history—brilliant carpets, elaborate silver jewelry, carved camel saddles, immense dishes of lamb and rice called kabs—coexist in Najran today with the modern Al Madhiq Dam, controlling and channeling the rushing waters of the wadi.

Minosa's photos, collected in his book Najran: Desert Garden of Arabia (Scorpio Productions, Paris: $45), also pay tribute to the fiercely patriarchal life of the Bedouin, the nomads and desert herders surrounding the oasis. Here are bearded men in traditional head-dresses and flowing robes, sitting in a circle on a fortune in Arabian rugs, cooking over an open fire. They wear crescent daggers in their belts, and you can almost smell the myrrh and taste the cardamom-scented tea they drink.

A gold ring in his ear, Tchekof Minosa has recorded these scenes for posterity. Now forty, he has traveled since the age of sixteen to faraway places for National Geographic, Geo, and Paris Match. At age twenty, he wed the same woman ten times according to the customs and rites of ten remote tribes from Turkey to India and then made seven films and a book about the experience.

Minosa and his text writer, Patricia Massari, had a formidable job working in Arabia, where the cult of privacy is powerful. They moved slowly, cultivating the local people and gaining their respect. They became friends with the Bedouin tribes, and even with their camels. They told of learning to understand the relationship between a man and his camel and the sweet talk one must whisper to the she-camel before she can be milked. Minosa says they often slept with—sometimes even under—the beasts, on freezing desert nights beneath the stars.

The result of their intimacy with the ways of the land is over a million slides. Before the lions of the desert completely disappear into their air-conditioned dens, Minosa plans one more photographic trip to record their passing. This time he will travel across the sands the old way, loping along at four miles an hour atop his new best friend.

—Barbara Phillips

**CHOICE AUCTIONS**

New York—Sotheby's, April 24 and 25, 1985. Impressionist and old-master paintings and drawings from the estate of Florence J. Gould. First, there was the consummately staged struggle among the major auction houses for the rights to dispose of her various collections, about which you have, no doubt, read enough. Then, the paintings collection, which Sotheby's so neatly landed, traveled all over the place—to the Seibu department store in Tokyo, the Royal Academy in London, and L'Hermitage in Lausanne. The marketing arm of Sotheby's certainly deserves credit for wielding so much clout. Whether or not museums should be involved in this sort of hype is another question. Even so, the Florence J. Gould pictures are simply not of the caliber of recent big winners, the Havemeyer and Wolf-Dreyfuss collections.

The Gould pictures are more impressive in the press releases than in the viewing. The right names are present—multiple Bonnards, Ce\-zannes, Corots, Degas, Manets, Monets, Pissarros, Renoirs, Lautrecs, as well as cameo appearances by Cassatt, Coubet, Dau\-nier, Gauguin, van Gogh, Goya, Mat\-tisse, and Seurat, among others—some 200 in all. Impressionists will be sold the first evening: old masters, the next day. Should the old masters continue to be overshadowed by an apparently insatiable appetite for Impressionism, bargains may abound. The group includes solid works ranging from the fourteenth-century Florentine Taddeo Gaddi to Hubert Robert and the eighteenth-century British luminaries Lawrence, Romney, and Hoppner.

There are modern masters of consider-

Above: Seurat's Etude pour La Grand Jatte is bound to please, at Sotheby's. Below, left: A Federal sofa at Phillips may be the last in private hands. Below, right: Jim Dine hand colored Toothbrushes #2, Variation #1 extensively, at Christie's.
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

able merit, but if you were to ask ten curators or collectors to say which ones, the very lack of consensus would strike you as curious. Take a look at the handsome two-volume catalogue (a mere $50), and you will recognize the familiar, friendly iconography of Impressionism and Postimpressionism. Even van Gogh's much-touted Paysage au Soleil Levant (1889) has trouble holding its own against fond memories from the recent "Van Gogh in Arles" exhibition at New York's Metropolitan Museum. Has the whole "school" hit a saturation point, lost its ability to snap, crackle, and pop in our imaginations? I say no! The best works by these artists always are alive, challenging, and difficult. The real answer is simply that the Gould pictures are largely good, rather than great, irrespective of the prices they may fetch. It is time to remind ourselves that the art market recognizes factors—supply, timing, fashion, economics, and now marketing—that have little to do with art.

New York—William Doyle Galleries, April 24, 1985. Abandoned jewelry. Major banks periodically clean out abandoned safe-deposit boxes, and their contents go on sale. Cataloguing—done by the banks, not the auctioneers—is quantitative, not qualitative. "A lady's white metal and clear stone ring" may turn out to be a five-carat diamond set in platinum. Last August, Doyle grossed some $230,000 on 631 boxes. Hidden in a "bag lot" of costume jewelry (estimated at $20-$40) was a complete set of Italian micromosaic jewelry similar to a set in the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. If you know what to look for and have the patience to do so, you might turn up some real gems, too.

New York—Christie's, April 17, 1985. Important silver, vertu, and Russian works of art. The silver market has enjoyed extraordinary robustness the last two seasons. While the continued erosion of European currencies against the U.S. dollar is partly responsible, the metals markets are not in such great shape, so what we are seeing must be a refreshing instance of artistic value asserting itself in a purer sense. Among almost 500 eye-popping lots spanning four centuries, the must-see lot here is certainly the pair of 1732 Augsburg silver sconces (26.5 inches high) by Johann Valentin Gevers. Sconces of this vintage in this condition are extremely hard to come by. Rarity and quality should push the hammer well past the presale estimate ($30,000-$40,000).
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*Marshall Field's*
New York—Christie's, April 18, 1985. Artworks from the collection of Tatiana Grosman. In her lifetime, Tatiana Grosman, who died in 1982 at the ripe old age of seventy-eight, single-handedly legitimized contemporary printmaking for artists, publishers, collectors, and museums. Calvin Tomkins (one of our better cultural pulse takers, who has contributed a preface to the Christie’s catalogue) once remarked that Tatiana Grosman, in the garage of her Long Island home, with a fifteen-dollar second-hand lithographic press, hector and nudged some of America’s very best artists into going beyond themselves to accomplish things never done before in lithography. More important, she created and fostered a demand for quality contemporary graphics that profoundly affected the development of midcentury aesthetics in America. The artists represented would catch anyone’s attention: Dine, Francis, Frankenthaler, Johns (with some unpublished, never-before-seen items), Motherwell, Rauschenberg, Rivers, Rosenquist, Stella, Twombly, among others—over 200 lots in all, some of them first proofs or corrected galleys. You must go, see, and touch to understand why all this stuff is quite simply sans pareil.

New York—Phillips, April 24, 1985. Fine American furniture. The undisputed star of the sale, and potential record setter, is an important Federal mahogany Sheraton-style sofa (1800), newly “discovered” during a probate valuation in Boston. A textbook piece in splendid condition, this sofa has everything, plus carving attributed to the incomparable Samuel McIntire. Only seven others have been similarly documented, all in public collections, so this is your big chance, if you don’t choke on the presale estimate ($120,000-$180,000), which may be just the beginning, the sky’s the limit with American furniture, these days. —James R. Lyons

Fine English and Continental Silver, Objects of Vertu and Russian Works of Art

Auction to be held on Wednesday, April 17, 1985 at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue in New York. Viewing is from April 12 through April 16. For catalogues and further sale information, please contact Anthony Phillips at 212/546-1154.

One of a pair of Charles II silver-gilt chinoiserie dressing table boxes, London, 1685, makers’ mark BB, crescent below, 5 in. wide.
Important pair of George III carved and giltwood girandoles of lyre form and unusually large scale. Circa 1770.
death. At one extreme, he prefers to rely upon the judgment of others: "I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave," the painter Thomas Gainsborough said in his last illness, eyeing his friend the playwright Richard Sheridan. "Will you come? Aye or no?" At the other extreme, the Roman emperor Vespasian found little comfort even in the thought of immortality. "Alas, I suppose I am turning into a god," he fretted at the last.

Salt-of-the-earth Romans faced death more pragmatically. When the classical author Petronius was forced by the emperor Nero into committing suicide, according to Tacitus, he opened his veins—and then took advantage of his slow death to write "a full account of the orgies of the emperor with the names of the debauchees and mistresses and details of each new perversion and sent it under seal to Nero." He also broke some extremely valuable pieces of pottery in his collection on which he knew Nero's heart was set.

Most of us must come to terms somehow with our inevitable end. We admire the wit of Madame de Pompadour, who, when her confessor rose to leave, murmured, "Stay a little longer, Monsieur le Curé, and we will depart together." We rejoice in the hunting braggadocio of Louis XV's Madame Louise, "To paradise, vite, vite, au grand galoop." And we sympathize with the poisoner William Palmer's trepidation as he stepped on the gallows' trap and inquired, "Are you sure it's safe?"

—Tom Dewe Matthews

**THE UMBRELLAS OF PARIS**

Every inhabitant (and maybe even every visitor) senses a certain seduction in the weather this month in Paris. There is a special grisaille—that misty spectrum of cold northern grays in her zinc skies, slate sidewalks, and ancient granite walls. April is not only gray, but wet. It is the height of the "Parisian monsoon," when, as the French say, "it rains ropes."

But if trapped on the Left Bank in the springtime deluge, take heart. You are probably not far from Madeleine Gély, the oldest umbrella shop in Paris and perhaps the finest one in Europe. The tiny shop, which an ancestor founded in 1835, is housed at 218, Boulevard Saint-Germain, in the building where the eighteenth-century philosopher Saint-Simon penned his celebrated memoirs. With its faded wooden façade and crossed-umbrellas trademark, Madeleine Gély remains an isle of old-world sensibility in the boulevard's archipelago of high-tech stereo and fashion boutiques.

Parisians call the umbrella and cane shop un p'tit coin de paradis. Petit is an understatement: half a dozen customers chez Gély is a full house. One has the impression there not so much of entering a shop as of squeezing into a closet curio, or through a thicket of exotic wood. Beneath the ceiling's swirled canopy of pleated avocado and rose satin are drawers upon drawers of umbrella handles: African ebony and snakewood, Brazil rosewood and mahogany, Malacca cane, continental cherry, ash, pear, and chestnut. From a clutter of

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**Fine English and Continental Silver, Objects of Vertu and Russian Works of Art**

Auction to be held on Wednesday, April 17, 1985 at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue in New York. Viewing is from April 12 through April 16. For catalogues and further sale information, please contact Marie Betteley at 212/546-1146.

This sale includes an important collection of fine Russian enamels sold by order of the Trustees of the North Carolina Museum of Art.

A fine shaded Enamel silver-gilt bud vase by the 20th Artel, Moscow, 1908-1917, 5 in. high.
CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

Agostina,—

CONNOISSEUR'S Gely guaranteeing The quartz, sticks centuries. parasols. porcelain mainly varied the "An local centuries. russets, "Fine cottons charming will stay a occasion. has you umbrella a area, rich northern: Hong Kong crystals, millions, hundreds umbrellas from clarets brolly and and umbrellas say Madeleine of the umbrella  and and under the original, mechanical devices like her caille fleur, whose silver rip conceals a tiny pair of garden shears (triggered by the handle) to snap an elusive rose overhead on the garden trellis. Umbrellas, however, and not canes pay the rent. Having watched carefully, Madame is convinced that "seasons used to be more clearly marked in France. It rained in spring and snowed in winter. It's all mixed up now; must be the Americans and Russians meddling with the clouds. Of course, I still prefer Paris when it rains, except, that is, on Sundays and Mondays. That's when we're closed." —Stewart McBride

TOWN OF THE MADONNAS

The rolling syllables of the very words campagna romana conjure up visions of the gentle green countryside surrounding Rome, which has delighted foreign travelers through the centuries. Painters, starting with Poussin and Claude Lorrain in the seventeenth century, were especially inspired by this varied area, with its jagged mountain ranges, rich farmlands, and ancient ruins. Yet it was only in the 1800s that artists—mainly from northern climes—really discovered the campagna, dotted with such picturesque hill towns as Tivoli, Subiaco, and Genzano. Here, the German Nazarenes found the serene sunlit landscapes for their religious compositions; and Gustave Doré, the tumbling waterfalls and plunging ravines depicted in his paysages.

Local craftsmen were amused by the eccentricity of these landscape enthusiasts. A traditional joke has one farmer asking, "Don't they have rocks in their own country?" The reply: "Of course they do, but then they've got no sun." An even greater attraction was the beauty of the inhabitants, particularly the women. A French painter rhapsodized, "They are all to be painted: when it is not for the beauty of their lineaments, it is for the ingenious elegance of their attitudes."

One of the villages most celebrated for female pulchritude was Anticoli Corrado, overlooking the Aniene River, in the Apennines some fifty kilometers east of Rome. It was dubbed the Paese delle Madonne—Town of the Madonnas—because so many of its women posed for religious paintings. Until World War I, many Anticolani—both men and women—made a profession out of modeling for Italian and foreign painters in Rome. During the hard winter months, they thronged the Spanish Steps waiting for the offer of a day's work. Often, however, the artists preferred to go directly to the source, and thus Anticoli became known as a bucolic retreat. Oskar Kokoschka, the Austrian Expressionist, once wrote to a local artist announcing his need to stay "in this wonderful little town if I want to paint the most beautiful Italian girls in the most suitable Italian landscape."

Relations between the artists and their models were always cordial—to say the least—and many happy matches were made in Anticoli. All six daughters of the Toppi family (whose first, illustrious forebear, Bernardino Toppi, sat for many painters) were the models and then the wives of artists. One, Margherita, married to a Swiss painter, P. Oswald, followed in her husband's profession. Two brothers, Mario and Carlo, also achieved recognition as a painter and a sculptor, after having worked as assistants in local studios.

The Anticolani always maintained a bemused, if not querulous, attitude toward the artists. An inhabitant who rented out studio space in his stables to a series of painters is said to have complained, "First, they painted my donkey Pippo just as he was. Then, they showed him with two tails, no head, lots of legs, sometimes straight and sometimes crooked. Now, they're doing him in purple with one red eye. " 'Don't worry," came the wise reply, "your Pippo has been witness to the major art controversies of the last twenty years."

—Patricia Corbett

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ABS technology has been used successfully for years on the wheel brakes of commercial aircraft landing gear to maintain control. And it is now available from an American luxury automaker. Couple this with the fact that Lincoln automobiles have been rated the highest quality luxury cars designed and built in the U.S., based on an average of problems in the prior six months reported in a survey of owners of 1981-1983 luxury cars conducted in 1984.

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There is more to knowing perfume than immediately meets the nose. Perfumers distinguish their scents by defining five families—florals, cypress, tern, amber, and leather—each with as many as fourteen subfamilies. And for attentive nostrils, a scent has its dynamics as a piece of music does. The professionals talk about the “top notes” that pop out of the bottle; the “heart,” whose presence grows like the bouquet of a faintly warming wine; the “bottom notes” that arrive like an aftertaste; and finally what American perfumers call the “signal” and the French, more poetically and more precisely, the “wake.” Partly a presence, partly already nostalgic, the “wake” is the trace a perfumed woman leaves behind. In memory, it may become an identity.

The discerningly sensual French are good at this kind of serious inhaling. The fact that they work more and more for American fragrance companies these days simply confirms that they have been and remain, individually, the world’s best creators of perfume. The French, who gave the world Descartes and Roland Barthes, also have a great cerebral obsession with meaning. One would expect a French expert to have studied, documented, and expounded upon the “communicative” side of perfume; but until recently nobody had made the attempt.

That situation changed because Marylène Delbourg-Delphis, a Parisian writer armed with an Apple III computer and nurtured in Barthes’s close reading of texts, has come forward to be at the same time the missing expert and perfume’s first historian. Over the course of eight months, she blasted through 20,000 magazines dating to as far back as 1880, looking at perfume advertisements and building a memory bank of what the makers of the fragrances wished to convey. The result goes far to show how the style of scents, the forms chosen for their bottles, and the promises of their advertising reveal things about our daydreams and desires and how they might change with the times.

Delbourg-Delphis drew on the established olfactory categories and also created categories of her own, such as themes, forms of attraction, and the psychological meaning of each perfume’s consumption, as she encoded descriptions of each. Her categories branched out into subcategories. Love, one of her eleven themes, has subthemes including thrilling, naive, sinful, crazy, pure, and platonic.

In a handsome old building near the Champs-Elysées, Madame Delbourg-Delphis can now sit at her Apple III and push buttons that yield cross-referenced data on 6,000 perfumes. For 4,000 of them, she can also flash on a screen opposite the computer all the advertisements she encountered for each one of them.

She types “Opium” for a visitor. An English version of a file card appears on the computer with, in part, the following information: Opium’s themes are “travel” and “Paris life.” Its secondary themes are “adventure” and “talk of the town.” Its fragrance type is “amber notes” and its secondary fragrance type is “semifloral-amber.” Its attraction is “lure attraction,” with a secondary attraction of “exoticism.” Its consumption imparts “psychological lift,” and there is a secondary consumption effect of “travel.”

Marylène Delbourg-Delphis with her Apple III. The readout: Guerlain’s Vol de Nuit.
Bewitching splendor from the first name in cultured pearls. Mikimoto.
For each of the perfumes in the memory bank there is also a card giving the year of launching, the scent, and the bottle creators, if known, plus some remarks about salient points in the perfume's history.

Paying customers can have access to a special key that calls forth an evaluation of the perfume's market success. When the perfume in question no longer exists, the judgment is based largely on the comparative fortunes of the house before and after its launching.

For a while, it seemed that the lady in thick, dark-rimmed glasses was creating some potent new weapon for perfume marketers interested in mapping cyclic trends, as cycles of the stock market are charted. (Her work was proposed and financed by Saint Gobain Desjonquères, the world's leading perfume-bottle maker.)

But Madame Delbourg-Delphis's memory bank has turned out to be more of a warning to the perfume industry than a surefire weapon it could use. Perfume successes, she has discovered, have been highly unpredictable. Some winners followed the mood of their moment of launching, some took a completely opposite tack, and there were no apparent indicators about when to do which. The greatest enduring hits, she points out, were "both symbols of the moment in which they appeared and escaped that moment completely. As times changed, they were perceived to be different from what they were conceived to be before."

For Madame Delbourg-Delphis, the great strength of the French perfume industry from 1880 to the 1950s was its enthusiasm for "trying everything" and its "fear of nothing." She adores the sort of courage Elsa Schiaparelli showed in Paris in 1937 when the designer launched Shocking in a bottle shaped like the dressmaker's dummy she had used to create a dress for Mae West.

Madame Delbourg-Delphis chose the 1880s for the starting point of her work because it was then that "modern perfumery came into being. With the use of synthetic products and of solvent extraction and not just distillation," she explains, "a new and more powerful olfactory universe emerged." At the same time, perfumers broke away from classic formulas common to the industry and began to experiment individually with their new chemicals.

The "communication" kept pace with its own new evocativeness. Ads tried to ride the waves of fashion. Tango (1914) caught on to a dance craze, as did the ill-fated Rock 'n' Roll of 1959. Mitsouko (1919) borrowed its name from a character in a novel. Vol de Nuit (1933) evoked the excitement and luxury of early air travel. Flirt (1909) took its name from a word cropping up in the titles of plays and books. Its acceptance on a perfume bottle signaled a shift in a woman's sexual role from totally passive to more active.

Coherent trends in perfume did develop. "In the twenties, for example," says Madame Delbourg-Delphis, "more than fifty percent of the fragrances evoked dreams of movement and travel. More than fifty percent of them were aimed at providing a psychological lift. In the thirties, there was an emphasis on sport and on luxury. Bouquets and a strong presence of lavender were a thirties style of fragrance. The heavy bouquet of Joy spoke of luxury. Lighter florals expressed sportiness."

"Communication" on the right wavelength helped a perfume, but Madame Delbourg-Delphis's research indicates that the true secret weapon of a successful perfume is the smell itself, and its mysterious resilience. Consider Jicky, she says, "Jicky was a best-seller in the twenties, although its lavender aspect was not at all a trend then. In the thirties Jicky was called fresh, although now we consider it rather heavy. In the twenties, people loved the vanilla aspect of Jicky; in the thirties they thought it smelled principally of lavender. A perfume has the fragrance of the period in which it is smelled."

Jicky was created in 1889 by Aimé Guerlain, who named it for his son Jacques. It is still selling well. Jean-Paul Guerlain, current creator at the house that bears his name, says that when his great-uncle chose the formula for Jicky his simple criterion was that "it smelled very good." In the face of the Americans' greater power to invest and promote, says Madame Delbourg-Delphis, French companies can save themselves by having what a computer has not: daring creative flair.

The important general lesson of perfume history, she says, is evident on the market, even today. "Opium, launched by the Charles of the Ritz Group Ltd., the American owners of Yves Saint Laurent perfumes, contradicted all the trends as defined by marketing people, in its style of scent, name, bottle, everything. The totally French Anais Anais was created a few months after Opium and is in almost every way its contrary." "Anais Anais is not at all amber, as Opium is, but floral: lily and honeysuckle. Its attraction is not naughty, like Opium's, but romantic, with a secondary attraction of nature."

Despite the differences, says Madame Delbourg-Delphis, the best industry estimates available indicate that Opium and Anais Anais are at the moment among the world's best-selling fragrances. The value of her memory bank, she concludes, cannot be that it provides an infallible guide to marketing fragrances successfully. What it does do is open up a vast warehouse of forgotten but eminently reusable ideas.
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THE GREAT GERMAN VINTAGE OF ’83

The best in years, these harmonious wines have charm and character.

By Robert M. Parker, Jr.

The 1983 German vintage is said to be the best since 1975 or 1976. Indeed, many claim it is as good as the great 1971 vintage. How good is it, in fact? Were the drier wines most successful, or the sweeter? In what regions was it best? And who succeeded in making the finest wines? After tasting as many of these wines as possible, I can agree on the quality of the 1983 vintage. It produced a good crop in all Germany’s viticultural areas but is exceptional in the Mosel-Saar-Ruwer regions.

The only way to approach the complicated hierarchy of German wines is to understand the official terms. In Germany, quality grading for table wine is based on ripeness, and seven levels are acknowledged. In ascending order of ripeness and sweetness (and usually price, too), they are: 1. QBA; 2. Kabinett; 3. Spätlese; 4. Auslese; 5. Beerenauslese; 6. Eiswein; 7. Trockenbeerenauslese.

All the wines I tasted have an excellent concentration of ripe, rich fruit; fine levels of tartaric, rather than the green, tart, malic acidity; and a degree of precocious ripeness and harmonious roundness that makes them wonderfully appealing even so early. However, they will age very well. If stored at a constant temperature below 65° F., the top Kabinett wines will improve for five to seven years, the Spätlese wines between five and twelve years, and the Auslese wines five to fifteen.

The vintage seems to be strongest at the Spätlese and Auslese level, for the production of Beerenauslese and Trockenbeerenauslese wines was very limited. There will also be above-normal quantities of the opulent, nectarlike Eiswein, owing to the early freeze on November 15. It should prove to be spectacular.

Prices are quite reasonable, thanks to several large German harvests and the strong dollar. The top 1983 German wines are going to be fairly readily available as well. The reviews that follow are broken down geographically. Importers are not listed, since most German wines, like Bordeaux, can be represented by anyone.

The following are the best I have so far tasted from the Mosel-Saar-Ruwer and Rheingau wine regions of Germany, at the Kabinett, Spätlese, and Auslese levels, scored on a scale of 100.

Mosel-Saar-Ruwer Region

Recommended Kabinette
Zacharias Bergweiler-Prüm Erben Wehlemer Sonnenhur Riesling ($8.99) 84
An intensely floral aroma is followed by good length, a round richness, and crisp yet not green or tart acidity. It will be better in one to two years.
Friedrich Wilhelm-Gymnasium Graacher Himmelreich Riesling ($6.49) 85
Friedrich Wilhelm-Gymnasium Trittenheimer Apotheke Riesling ($6.49) 85
These lovely wines are quite drinkable now but will not really blossom for four to five years and may age well for a decade. Their subtle, fragrant, floral, spicy, citrusy aromas are top-class. On the palate, they show good, ripe fruit, crisp, fresh acidity, and long, lively, understated sweetness. The Graacher is a trifle more forward and fruity than the Trittenheimer.

Egon Müller Scharzhofberger Riesling ($10.99-$11.99) 84
A firm, somewhat closed bouquet gives way to reveal steely, lively, deep flavors, firm acidity, and very attractive weight and length. Ideally, it needs three to four years to show its class.

Von Kesselstatt Graacher Himmelreich Riesling ($5.99) 83
This wine needs time to develop more bottle bouquet, but the spicy, floral component shows real style, it has plenty of ripeness and length on the palate, and it will improve if cellared for two to three years.

Recommended Spälese
Zacharias Bergweiler-Prüm Erben Wehlemer Sonnenhur Riesling ($9.49) 87
The bouquet of this beautifully made wine gushes forth from the glass with lovely scents and fresh ripe fruit. Rich yet restrained, it is moderately sweet, with excellent acidity for balance, and should age gracefully for a decade.
Friedrich Wilhelm-Gymnasium Graacher Himmelreich Riesling ($6.49) 85+
Friedrich Wilhelm-Gymnasium Bernkasteler Badstube Riesling ($6.49) 84
These two wines are characterized by a youthful but intensely perfumed flower-garden aroma, solid, crisp, racy fruit, a round, slightly sweet finish, but excellent ripeness and a blossoming complexity. The Graacher has more concentration and a beautiful finish. Drink over the next seven to eight years.

Hohe Domkirche Scharzhofberger Riesling ($6.99) 85
A rather austere, drier-styled Spälese, this wine is impressive for its spice, length,

— Giant wine keg in Bremen's city hall.
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ripeness, and long-term potential for development. A concentrated, very distinctive wine that must be cellared.

Egon Müller Scharzhofberger Riesling ($13.50) 86
Stylish, fragrant, and beautifully made, this Spätles has lively acidity, a tight yet promising bouquet, and very good length. Cellar it for four to five years.

Joh. Jos. Prüm Bernkasteler Badstube Riesling ($9.49) 85
Joh. Jos. Prüm Wehlener Sonnenuhr Riesling ($13.50) 88+
With these two wines, this outstanding producer has captured the magic of the 1983 vintage. The Bernkasteler Badstube has a full-blown yet youthful aroma of flowers and ripe fruit. It has moderate sweetness, very good grip on the palate (or attack, as the English say), with a velvety yet crisp finish. The Wehlener Sonnenuhr is the best 1983 Spätles German wine I have yet tasted. Deep and long, with gorgeous, round, ripe, fruity flavors, solid acidity, and a stunning finish, this moderately sweet wine seems to have it all. Both should age well for five to eight years.

Staatliche Weinbaudomänen Serriger Vogelsang Riesling ($6.99) 84
Tightly knit, with plenty of character in reserve, this wine is slightly sweet and has a full, round texture, crisp acidity, and a delicate floral, mineral-scented bouquet. It needs one to two years of cellaring.

Dr. H. Thanisch Bernkasteler Doctor Riesling ($27) 86
Dr. H. Thanisch Bernkasteler Schlossberg Riesling ($14) 84
The wines of Thanisch, Bernkasteler's most famous producer, fetch remarkably high prices. The quality is high, but there are cheaper wines just as good, and some better. The Schlossberg, though a bit reticent, has a lovely texture, tight, crisp, fruity flavors, and some sweetness. The Doctor is perfumed, with ripe yet firm, round, generous flavors, a crisp, steely finish, and a long life ahead of it.

Van Volxem Scharzhofberger Riesling ($7.49) 84
Van Volxem Wiltinger Klosterberg Riesling ($7.49) 85
Rather big, intensely aromatic wines, these two have voluptuous bouquets, full, round, ripe, fruity flavors, plenty of concentration, and a precocious personality. I slightly prefer the Scharzhofberger for its lovely bouquet, already well developed. Both can be drunk now but will be better in two to three years.

Vereinigte Hospitien Scharzhofberger Riesling ($6.99) 84
Some botrytis is noticeable on the nose, but this deeply colored wine has very attractive, spicy, ripe, fruity flavors and a crisp, slightly sweet finish. It can be drunk over the next four to five years.

Recommended Auslese

S. A. Prüm-Erben Wehlener Sonnenuhr Riesling ($15.95) 87
A very fragrant, ripe, fruity bouquet is followed by a wine loaded with tropical-fruit flavors. Firm, rich, and sweet on the palate, with excellent acidity, a round, rich, plump texture, and excellent length, it can be drunk now, but five to six years of cellaring will reveal a real treasure.

Geltz-Zilliken Saarburger Rausch Riesling "Lange Gold Kapsel" ($22.95) 90
Geltz-Zilliken Ockfener Bockstein Riesling "Lange Gold Kapsel" ($22.95) 90
These two are rare and difficult to find but worth a special search. Both possess incredibly complex bouquets of tropical fruit, floral scents, and mineral aromas. Though in the mouth they are quite rich and sweet, they are impeccably balanced by crisp acidity, and taste light on the palate. Very long in the finish and capable of aging and improving for at least a decade.

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WINE

Fritz Haag Brauneberger-Juffer Sonnen- uhr Riesling "Lange Gold Kapsel" ($25) 92
Fritz Haag Brauneberger-Juffer Riesling "Gold Kapsel" ($15.99) 90

These special bottlings of Fritz Haag's best Auslese wines are both spectacular—at once rich and powerful yet delicate and elegant, with rich, fragrant bouquets ex-hibiting ripe, intense fruit and opulent mineral scents sensationally long on the palate. Excellent acidity provides balance and freshness.

Egon Müller Scharzhofberger Riesling ($16.95) 90
Egon Müller's 17.3 acres of vineyards in Scharzhof produce a splendidly structured, rich, yet restrained wine that ages as well as dry German Riesling. All his 1983s, whether at the Kabinett, Spätlese, or Auslese level of ripeness, seem especially suc-

Prices are reasonable thanks to large harvests and the strong dollar.

This Auslese is wonderfully rich and ripe but tightly knit with excellent, crisp acidity, a steely backbone, and fine length on the palate. It needs five to six years in the cellar.

Rheingau Region

The Rheingau produced very little Auslese—less than 1 percent of the total production—making 1983 a year for Kabinett and Spätlese wines as well as a surprising number of Eisweins. Of those producers sampled, the following are among the top for 1983 Rheingau wines.

Recommended Kabinetts
Schloss Groenesteyn Kiedricher Grafenberg Riesling ($7.99) 86
This classy wine is tightly knit, lean, austere, and made to age for five to eight years. Crisp, bracing acidity will serve to keep it fresh. The bouquets subtly suggest pineapple and apricots. On the palate, it shows restrained yet ripe, rich fruit. Slightly sweet in the finish and very promising.

Schloss Schönborn Hattenheimer Pfaffen-enberg Riesling ($5.99) 83
Schloss Schönborn Erbacher Marcobrunn Riesling ($5.99) 83

The Hattenheimer exhibits a big, perfumed, spicy bouquet, ripe, round flavors, and a crisp, moderately long finish. It will benefit from two to three years of cellaring. The Erbacher is very spicy and youthful on the palate, with good length, ripe-

ness, and balancing acidity.

Staatsweingüter Steinberger Riesling ($4.99) 84
Staatsweingüter Rauenenthaler Baiken Riesling ($5.99) 84
Staatsweingüter wines have a firm, steely edge, suggesting they need several years' cellaring. In one tasting of Rheingau Kabinetts, the Rauenenthaler took top honors. A reticent but promising bouquet of apples and flowers is followed by an austere yet impeccably balanced wine. The Steinberger is similar—lean but very promising.

Recommended Spälese
H. J. Ernst Eltville Langenstück Riesling ($7.99) 84
Admirably balanced by good acidity, this moderately sweet wine has floral fragrance, solid, ripe flavors typical of its fine vintage, and a crisp, long finish. To be drunk now or aged for two to three years.

Schloss Groenesteyn Rüdesheimer Berg Schlossberg Riesling ($11.99) 55
This beautifully balanced and textured wine has depth, freshness, lively acidity, a Lauter-like roughness and structure, but length and character on the palate. It will improve with three years' cellaring.

Landgräflisch Hessisch Weingut Johannisberger Klaus Riesling ($7.94) 84
This medium-bodied wine has a seductive bouquet of ripe fruit with a slightly botrytis scent, sumptuous, long flavors, racy acidity, and a fresh, lively feel on the palate. Drink over the next five to six years.

Von Simmern Kiedricher Sandgrub Riesling ($8.79) 85
Von Simmern Rauenenthaler Baiken Riesling ($10.99) 85
Von Simmern Erbacher Marcobrunn Riesling ($9.90) 86
Von Simmern Hattenheimer Nussbrunn Riesling ($9.50) 87
Von Simmern can make as good a Riesling as any in Germany, but I did not give the highest score to the most expensive wine. Nevertheless, the Rauenenthaler is a lovely wine, with a beautiful structure and lively, long, fruity flavors buttressed by firm acidity. Give it several years. The Kiedricher is similar to the Rauenenthaler. The Erbacher tastes slightly sweeter and seems to be deeper, lushier, perhaps more precocious. The star, however, is the Hattenheimer, which displays remarkable depth and ripeness, moderate sweetness, and a lush, clean, lively finish.

Dr. R. Weil Kiedricher Grafenberg Riesling ($10.99) 84
With a ripe, sweet, plump style, this big, almost fat Riesling has lovely, rich fruit and a lingering, sumptuous finish. ■
The Anne Klein tasseled terry robe, with 1.5 oz. Body Lotion, $22.50 with any Anne Klein Fragrance purchase. At fine stores everywhere for a limited time.
Southampton, New York
MAGNIFICENT SOUTHAMPTON ESTATE: This gracious 3.5-acre estate features a beautifully renovated turn-of-the-century residence and guest house, each with its own swimming pool.
$3,500,000  Brochure #C1-178

Santa Liberata, Tuscany, Italy
MAGNIFICENT SEASIDE VILLA: Dramatically set on a cliff overlooking the sea, this remarkable property includes a 9-room Mediterranean Villa and guest house. A private boat dock-yard.
$1,000,000 (Furnished)  Brochure #CE1-05

Santa Barbara, California
MONTECITO VILLA: Reminiscent of a soul European villa, this magnificently landscaped 6-acre estate offers sweeping ocean views. Property features an 18-room Mediterranean residence, guest cottage and swimming pool.
$2,900,000  Brochure #C

Santa Gertrudis, Ibiza, Spain
C'ANTALTAVUIT: Situated on the sun-drenched island of Ibiza, this 11-room residence opens to a terraced swimming pool and features a rooftop “spa” with whirlpool bath and sauna. Tennis court. Price on request.  Brochure #CE1-01

Southampton, New York
KEEWAYDIN: This magnificent 20-room Stanley White-designed residence is situated on over landscaped acres with a guest cottage, swimming pool, pool house and a large heated greenhouse.
$3,950,000  Brochure #C1-1

Stamford, Connecticut
SUNBEAM: This brilliantly-designed Contemporary residence is set on 2.3 acres with 200' of frontage on Mianus River. The property includes a riverfront gazebo and reflecting pond.
$975,000  Brochure #C4-111

Santa Gertrudis, Ibiza, Spain
KEEWAYDIN: This magnificent 20-room Stanley White-designed residence is situated on over landscaped acres with a guest cottage, swimming pool, pool house and a large heated greenhouse.
$3,950,000  Brochure #C1-1

Waverly, Pennsylvania
GOODSTAY: The home of Lt. Gov. William W. Scranton III, this superb Norman-style landmark residence is surrounded by 10+ acres of beautiful landscaping.
$560,000  Brochure #C6-17

Beverly Hills, California
MAJESTIC BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE: Offering panoramic 180 degree views, this extraordinary 4½-acre hilltop estate features a custom-designed 12-room Contemporary, spectacular championship-size tennis court with oriental-style pavilion.
$15,850,000  Brochure #C21

Albany, Georgia
WESTERLY PLANTATION: Designed by Edward Vason Jones and James Means, this Queen Anne-style country house is set on 26 acres in an area of fine shooting plantations. Subdivision potential.
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The Bible does not give the date, but it is clear from Genesis that shortly after creating man, God let it rain. Ever since, man has been searching for ways to avoid getting wet when forced outdoors in inclement weather. Unless we allow the ark within the definition, and that would be capricious, Scripture does not record any early attempts to fabricate rain gear. Yet as the rains continued—and the sleet and penetrating mist—someone, somewhere was always trying to make some clothes that would keep him dry.

The emphasis has been on function—impermeability—rather than on fashion. The earliest attempts at foul-weather protection were based on the use of natural materials that were themselves water-resistant, things like leaves, straw, and bark. Some of the primitive garments developed in this way have a beauty grounded in their function. But until this month, when the designer Akira turned his attention to the problem (see box, page 87), the idea of good-looking rain gear has been pretty much a contradiction in terms. (How beautiful is a trench coat, after all? And while we are on the subject, how waterproof is it, really?)

Shepherders, whose livelihood requires them to brave all weather, have always been quick to spot things that would keep them dry. Perhaps the most primitive rain garment was the sheepskin itself. With the development of tanning, the unshorn pelt was replaced by leather, which is more supple. More recently, the sheep’s wool, rich in waterproof lanolin, was woven into a tight cloth and fashioned into capes, like the ruanas still worn by herders in the Andes.

Capes of canvas, too, have had their day. In the Massif Central region of France, shepherds wear layered canvas capes and carry huge umbrellas, tined with wood, to avoid attracting lightning. They are large enough to double as rudimentary tents under

David Outerbridge, an editor and author, has written memorably about courtship and acting, food and hangovers.
which one can manage a huddled sleep. Farther south, in the Pyrenees, Galician shepherds fashioned long mantles of straw, constructed in overlapping layers like a thatched roof.

In less rural settings, such rain gear has been left behind by modern technology. In most cases, the improvements are based on treatments that render fabric less porous. One pioneer in this field was Edward Vernon, an admiral of the British navy in the early 1700s. He was fond of pacing the quarterdeck in a cape of the coarse silk-and-wool fabric called gregam that he spread with a mix of pitch and wax against stormy weather. (It was on account of the gregam cape that Vernon’s crew nicknamed him Old Grog, which in turn inspired the name grog for the new drink created when he ordered the sailors’ daily half-pint ration of rum diluted with a quart of water.) All went well for the admiral, they say, until one night when subfreezing temperatures hardened the pitch and wax. His crew found him immobilized on the quarterdeck. Not until he had been carried below and his habit thawed out was he able to move again.

The next breakthrough came from Charles Macintosh, a chemist, born in Glasgow in 1766. His accomplishments were many. He was granted a patent for converting malleable iron into steel, improved the processing of Prussian blue, and invented bleaching powder. In the 1820s, he became interested in possible uses for industrial wastes, which led to his patent for bonding two layers of fabric together with India rubber dissolved in coal-tar naphtha, a by-product from the distilling of tar. Within a year his cloth was being widely used in the manufacture of waterproof clothing and equipment. In England, a raincoat was being sold and still is known generically as a mackintosh.

The rubberizing of cloth has remained to this day a popular way of treating foul-weather gear, even though by now there are far better methods. Sailors, in particular, have demanded—and gotten—watertight solutions to a persistent problem: seepage through the needle holes in seams. Line Seven, which is coated with the plastic PVC (polyvinyl chloride), has seams that are welded together on the outside. The seams on the Atlantis Weathergear are taped on the inside. Popular as these are, they are unlikely to catch on with landlubbers, being expensive (suits retail for up to $400) and necessarily baggy.

Of the two choices I consider best, one is something of a throwback to the example of Admiral Vernon. Barbour cloth, named...
after John Barbour, who invented it a century ago, is a finely woven Egyptian cotton impregnated with a mixture of oil and wax. (There are many imitations, all known, though improperly, under the generic name.)

Barbour cloth and Barbour-like imitations are virtually indestructible. One coat of such fabric was fished out of a lake after eight months and needed only a little new dressing to be back in order. The London Sunday Times reports of a gamekeeper who bought a Barbour coat in 1927 and waited until 1970 to have it re-treated with the oil-and-wax mixture, not having found the time before retirement.

Barbour coats in drab shades of green are a common sight in the hill country of Great Britain, where shepherders wear them for protection against the very foulest weather. They are also popular with the British gentry, who buy them at such aloof stores as Purdey's and Swaine, Adeney & Brigg, in London, where they also pick up their shotguns and saddles. Supreme no-nonsense though they are, Barbour coats have lately become trendy. The preppy "Sloane Rangers," lolling about the West End, wear them with silk scarves.

This does not go down well with Margaret Barbour, the third-generation owner of the company. "We're in the protective-clothing business," she says drily. "We're rather trying to avoid getting caught up in fashion." It's a losing battle. At Kreeger and Sons, in New York, a serious store for serious outdoor outfitting, the only Barbour item is a "Burghley riding coat," which comes rigged with buckle-fastening leg straps and a press-studded rear gusset. Who in the world is buying such an article? According to the store's merchandise manager, it is sold as a fashion item.

Material, of course, is only part of the equation. Design counts, too. The best coat I have ever found in the Barbour genre is the Orion jacket. It is made of a Barbour-like cloth by Nevisport, a small outfitter in Fort William, Scotland. Designed in the early seventies by the firm's directors, Ian Sykes and Ian Sutherland, for use in the hill country, it won in 1976 one of the awards that are given annually for excellence in design by the British Design Centre. Since then, Nevisport has considered discontinuing it, but the public simply won't let them.

More than half of Nevisport's Orion jackets are now sold to the British military. After the Falkland Islands incident, the company received many letters praising the Orion's performance in that
harsh landscape. Like almost all Barbour-type coats, the Orion is lined, the fabric of the shell being slightly oily to the touch when it is new. The Orion lining is nylon, which I find hangs better than the tartan wool often found in the official Barbour coats. I have worn my Orion in terrible, terrible weather, and it has always done its job.

If the Orion is wonderful, but an anachronism, the Marmot Mountain Works all-weather parka is the space-age counterpart. It is made with Gore-Tex. Unlike Macintosh and Barbour, Bill Gore is very much alive. The patented "miracle" finish leaves fabrics wind- and waterproof, laminated with a microscopic protective layer of a substance much like Teflon. And unlike cloth that has been treated with rubber or plastic, which gets steamy, cloth treated with Gore-Tex breathes naturally.

The Gore-Tex on the market today is second-generation. The first-generation product, launched in the midseventies, proved to have a flaw in extended use: over time, body oil and other foreign matter broke down the membrane. Gore promptly stopped production on the original Gore-Tex and came out with an improved formula, guaranteed for three years. It has withstood the test of time and is now used in the manufacture of coats, gloves, tents, and shoes. Gore's company, W. L. Gore & Associates, Inc., is now chalking up sales of over $200 million a year, of which Gore-Tex Fabrics itself accounts for an estimated 25 to 30 percent.

For Gore-Tex to do its work, design is critical. Bill Gore is particular about the uses to which his product is put: "There are two factors: aesthetics and waterproofness. We do our best to insist on durable seam-sealing technology, for example."

Eric Reynolds, the founder of Marmot Mountain Works, was among the first to use Gore-Tex and has mastered its use as well as anyone in the world. His company is small compared to such competitors as Sierra and Patagonia, and his all-weather parka is expensive compared to analogous gear. Yet at Keeger and other sportswear stores, it consistently outsells everything else on the rack, year in and year out. The parka is made of nylon, and where the Gore-Tex guarantee leaves off, Marmot confidently picks up. Reynolds guarantees waterproofness for life. That guarantee gives plenty of time to ensure that we shall see this great invention superseded, too. This is one of those stories that will never end. Such is the importance to mankind of staying dry. ☄️
Until now, no fashion designer has latched on to the possibilities of Gore-Tex, a Teflon-like waterproofing compound that breathes like natural fiber. The Gore-Tex membrane, laminated onto cloth, is "semipermeable." The microscopic pores are so small that they keep out wind and rain, yet are large enough to allow perspiration vapor to escape. Connoisseur decided to make the breakthrough. We asked Akira, a Japanese-born New Yorker who sells to such customers as Nancy Reagan and Barbara Sinatra, to create a Gore-Tex raincoat. Although he is accustomed to working with silk ottoman, crepe, or taffeta, he jumped at the chance. "I am thinking of something that can even be worn over evening clothes. I hate to see a woman have to cover my beautiful sequined gowns with a trench coat that looks like a man's." Still, he was apprehensive. He thought fabric backed with Gore-Tex might be too stiff to drape. Besides, the people at W. L. Gore & Associates, Inc., the Maryland-based concern that holds the Gore-Tex patent, insisted that the designer honor their own top priority, which is function. No gaping necklines, they said. No openings where water can seep in. No avoidable stitching. As few seams as possible.

The result was a smash. The burgundy-colored light wool with which Akira was supplied proved soft and supple, and his coat passed muster with Gore. "We thought the wide sleeves might be a problem," Jean Norvell, a Gore designer, admitted, "but he cinched them at the wrist to close them up. He made the front double-breasted and the shoulder-back yoked, so that all the top-stitching and pleats overlap in some way. We're very pleased."

In fact, the only thing Akira would like to change is the color. "I'd like to make the coat in black or white—or especially bright red," he says with wide eyes. "For adventurous women."

The original, shown here, has not yet been priced. Told that a prototype of a Gore-Tex raincoat for men, now being developed, might run as high as $700, Akira smiled, "Mine would cost much more."

—By Joyce Pendola. Produced by Kathleen B. Hearst
Long ago, when time moved slowly and people took the long view, an ism was something you could live with. Classicism, NEOCLASSICISM, even NATURALISM and ROMANTICISM*—these were spacious concepts. Each defined a standard, summed up an age. By the third quarter of the nineteenth century, isms began appearing at an accelerated rate. The Paris public had hardly assimilated IMPRESSIONISM (1874) when NEOIMPRESSIONISM came along (1884), only to be superseded by SYNTHETISM (circa 1888), whose practitioners insisted that it was the true Impressionism. Eventually, all these gave way to POSTIMPRESSIONISM (1910). Since CUBISM (1908), the art world has been reeling from multiple compounded future shock. Isms have been changing with the moon.

People invent new words when they think the old ones won’t do. In artspeak, the best coinages pack in description and interpretation. Thus, the New Yorker writer Arturo Vivante recently described an artist he admired as transfigurative (“beyond figurative”). "Figurative," he wrote, "seems inaccurate. Rarely does one succeed in giving the sky its airiness, the clouds their lightness, the sea its freedom, the earth its breath, but in his work, it seems to me, this does take place. Matter is transfigured, spiritualized."

Not everyone has such care for nuance.

If some isms seem to fit the art they are attached to, many do not. Artists carried away with new theories create new isms to tout them in manifestos (see FUTURISM and SURREALISM). Publicists sweat blood over them for press releases (more or less the same thing; see RAFTURISM). Critics plant them, like flags, to claim territory (see ADHOCISM) or brandish them to prick a balloon. (The last laugh may be on them; see IMPRESSIONISM.)

The isms game can be played like dominoes, by stringing together the elements from existing isms, as with Cubo-Futurism, which as a name has a certain pizzazz. Adaptable prefixes are always to hand. As history spirals from past to present, neo keeps cycling into fashion. Trans and ultra are in order when one generation claims to outdo what went before. Post suggests a new beginning when the future is still looking hazy.

The additive procedure made sense in the case of NEOCLASSICISM. With NEOIMPRESSIONISM, it was plain lazy. TRANSAVANGUARDIA is ridiculous. What was beyond the avant-garde? Washed-out NEO-EXPRESSIONISM. Besides, there are more elegant ways to play. Mikhail Larionov and Natalia Goncharova liked to think of compositions in terms of "rays of force," and so founded a folie à deux they called Rayonism. (VORTICISM was an ism of one.) And plenty of bright minds have made up isms without bothering actually to call them isms. (See DADA, POP ART.)

With sources standard and recondite, we have prepared an assortment of isms in nutshell, mostly from the period since Monet's Impression: Sunrise. A few cardinal isms of earlier date are here to help you get your bearings. And remember, trust the art, not the ism. □

Names that appear in SMALL CAPITALS are described in the glossary. Related terms not defined here appear in italics.

*researched by Anne Phalon and Pamela Marcussen with consultation from Edward Lucie-Smith and Charles Stuckey.
ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM. A pioneering style—variously slashing and dripping—that emerged in New York in the 1940s and remained dominant until the late 1950s, widely regarded as the most powerful original movement in the history of American art. The term (used interchangeably with the more descriptive Action Painting) is often applied to artists whose work is either not abstract (Willem de Kooning) or not expressionist (Mark Rothko), like a Nabokovian hero’s “vanilla ice cream, which contained no vanilla and was not made of cream.”

ABSTRACT ILLUSIONISM. A label stuck in the mid-1960s on such painters as Frank Stella and Larry Zox, described by the critic Lucy Lippard as “incorporating the statement of the flat surface of a painting and counterstatement of an inverse perspective that juts out into the spectator’s space.”

ADHOCISM. “What do we need and what exists?” The Adhocist stance is anti-aesthetic and brutally functional. The term was coined by the architectural theoretician Charles Jencks (who is also responsible for the vocable POSTMODERNISM). Jencks used it, ad hoc, to describe London’s jumbled South Bank Arts Complex (provisionally completed in 1976), the overall effect of which he summed up thus: “There is nothing new in this scheme except the whole (which isn’t a whole).”

AESTHETICISM. The theory of art first formulated in the eighteenth century by Immanuel Kant, according to which art can be judged only by its own standards. “Art for art’s sake” (a phrase borrowed from the French of Baudelaire and Gautier) became the rallying cry for the English artists of the Aesthetic Movement, among them James McNeill Whistler, whose Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rocket (1875) occasioned a famous libel suit. “I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now,” wrote the defendant, John Ruskin, “but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public’s face.” Whistler won the suit. Adding insult to victory, the court awarded him damages of one farthing.

ANAÇRONISMO. The style of a group of Italians of the 1970s who take their cue from sixteenth-century Mannerism and especially NEOCLASSICISM. As the synonyms

1. (Above) Karel Appel, Fleurs et Animaux (1951). This school’s vivid colors and vigorous, almost recognizable, designs might have given rise to the label Biomorphic Dynamism. 2. (Below) Giacomo Balla, Abstract Speed—The Car Has Passed (1913). Lines plunge into the depths of the canvas with a cyclonic intensity for which the term Vorticism might have been the right word.
Ipermanierismo (“hypermannerism”) and pittura colta (“learned painting”) suggest, the anachronisms tend to the prezioso.

ART BRUT. “My art,” Jean Dubuffet said, by way of explaining his “raw” style, “is an attempt to bring all disparaged values into the limelight.” He applied the term Art Brut also to the images produced by children and psychotics.

DER BLAUE REITER (The Blue Rider). Named after a painting by Wassily Kandinsky, the logo for an international avant-garde movement he founded in Munich with Franz Marc in 1911. It had no program but aspired to show “how the inner desire of artists realizes itself in multiple fashions.” “We both loved blue,” Kandinsky explained later. “Marc loved horses, I riders.”

BODY ART. Associated with the Happenings of the late 1950s, and defined by the use (sometimes humorous, often destructive) of the human body as the medium of expression. An early landmark: Yves Klein’s Imprints, for which he dragged across a canvas naked girls smeared with blue paint. Later Body Artists gorged until sick, cut themselves with razor blades, stuck toothpicks in their gums, and took deep breaths. In public!

BRUTALISM. The term coined in England in 1954 to describe the late architectural work of Le Corbusier (a.k.a. Charles-Edouard Jeanneret) and his followers, who favored raw concrete and left functional elements undisguised. (See also PURISM.)

COBRAISM. “It is snowing colors! The colors are like a scream!” Snakebite delirium! No. An evocation of the vigorous, multi-hued abstractions of a group of artists from Copenhagen, Bruges, and Amsterdam who struck in Paris in 1948 but quickly recoiled.

COLOR FIELD PAINTING. The empty art best exemplified by the canvases of Barnett Newman (1905-70). As Harold Rosenberg wrote, Newman “worked with emptiness as if it were a substance. He measured it, divided it, shaped it, colored it. He might even be said to have had a proprietary interest in it; when Rauschenberg, some years after Newman’s first exhibitions, at the outset of the fifties, showed four unpainted canvases joined together, the older artist commented, ‘Humph! Thinks it’s easy. The point is to do it with paint.’”

CONCEPTUAL ART. Since the 1960s, words, words, words, the idea being that the idea is the work of art, and the realization in paint, bronze, and so forth, strictly incidental. The movement is the spiritual
CONSTRUCTIVISM. Two variants, both traceable to the geometric abstractions pioneered by the peripatetic Russian brothers Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner. Their own emphasis was aesthetic; and in the West, their style caught on among aesthetically minded artists. The result was International Constructivism. Back in Russia there was a violent reaction in favor of the utilitarian, called Soviet Constructivism, associated with the truculent Vladimir Tatlin. He aimed to establish a detached, scientific "culture of materials" that would serve the social and industrial needs of the day. The time was the 1920s, the Bauhaus was in its first flower, and such ideas were in the air.

CUBISM. A term probably inspired by Louis Vauxcelles's review, published in 1908 and reprinted here in its entirety, of a show of paintings by Georges Braque. "Monsieur Braque is a very brave young man. The bewildering example of Picasso [whose Les Demoiselles d'Avignon had been dumbfounding other artists since 1907] and Derain has made him bold. Perhaps, too, the style of Cézanne and reminiscences of the static art of the Egyptians obsess him beyond all bounds. He constructs deformed metallic men, terribly simplified. He despises form, reduces everything, places and figures and houses, to geometrical schemas, to cubes. Let us not make fun of him, since he is honest. And let us wait."

Braque's style, which shows different aspects of the same object simultaneously, using overlapping planes, has come to be known as Analytical Cubism. There are several other varieties, chief among them the Synthetic Cubism of Juan Gris, Braque, and Picasso, which translates reality into a code of visual signs that look like nothing you'd recognize from any angle. Cubism, Gris held, was quite simply a "new way of representing the world"—a claim less original than the art.

CYBERNETICISM. Art that talks back. Influenced by the scientist Norbert Wiener, artists in the 1960s—Nam June Paik and Robert Breer among them—began to create pieces capable of responding to environmental stimuli. The dream, as one practitioner had it: to achieve between the viewer and the work of art the degree of communicative interaction of two humans conversing together.

DADA. Not a new style or technique, according to its high priest Tristan Tzara, but a giddy, witty "state of mind" that sprang full-blown from the cheerfully anarchic heads of the crowd at Zurich's Cabaret Voltaire in 1916 and swept on to Berlin, Paris, and New York.

EARTHWORKS. Art made from natural materials such as earth, rock, turf, and snow; or imposed on the landscape. Walter de Maria's Mile Long Drawing (1968; two parallel white lines traced in the Nevada desert) is a prime example, though it fits almost as neatly in the pigeonhole of CONCEPTUAL ART or even MINIMALISM (writ large).

EXPRESSIONISM. You might call it FAUVISM auf deutsch. IMPRESSIONISM sought truth to appearances; the painters of the Berlin avant-garde circa 1910—Emil Nolde, Ernst Kirchner, Erich Heckel—pressed for truth to emotion. In their case, this meant violent distortions of shapes and a brash, garish palette.

FAUVISM. One of the Parisian counter-moves against NEOIMPRESSIONISM. While Matisse, Derain, and Vlaminck were cleansing the doors of perception with their brilliant colors and shocking contours, the sculptor Albert Marque was carving such chaste pieces as his Torso of a Child. They all wound up in the same room at the Paris Salon d'Auomne in 1905. Louis Vauxcelles (see CUBISM) saw the Marque and quipped, "Donatello au milieu des fauves!" (Donatello surrounded by wild beasts) Hard cheese for Marque; the Donatello label didn't stick.

FUTURISM. "A racing automobile is...
more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace! You’re tuned to 1909, and the poet F. T. Marinetti is broadcasting his first Futurist Manifesto. He was picked up far and wide, even in the studios of the progressive Jack of Diamonds group in Moscow. Crazy for technology, Marinetti denounced “museum art” as “passéist” (thus issuing an option on an ism that no movement has yet exercised).

Hairy Whoism. Trash treasures—don’t be too sure about the treasure part—from a Chicago monster born in the mid-sixties of mixed-up parents including Jim Nutt, Gladys Nilsson, Karl Wirsum, and sundry others, who showed—for reasons best known to themselves—under the collective name of Hairy Who.

Impressionism. A strange thing, reputation. The satirist Louis Leroy saw what the new painters of the 1870s were up to. All that shimmering water! All that flooding light! That wasn’t reality, just personal, physiological impressions. Claude Monet’s Impression: Sunrise, Leroy thought, summed up the whole thing. The art still bears the name he made up to mock it, and Leroy is remembered, if at all, for his bad judgment.

Junk Sculpture. “A mop, a broom, a pail: the props my dreams are made of.” Assemblages of subaesthetic objets trouvés, perpetrated since the late fifties.

9. Jules Olitski, High A Yellow (1967). A sandy expanse, minimally varied in texture and hue, ruffled by ribbons of muted color, drawing the eye up and away from the center. If Postrepresentationational Lyricchromatism existed, this would be its icon.

10. Diego Rivera, Mural at the National Palace, Mexico City (detail; 1929–35). Monumental images, message, and style: why not Monumentalism?

Mexican Muralism. An engaged school of large government-subsidized pictures on public walls. As art for the people, the paintings tended to illustrate political—or at least nationalistic—messages, propagating revolutionary ideals. The program, inaugurated in 1920 by José Vasconcelos, Mexico’s minister of education, was carried out brilliantly by Diego Rivera, David Alfaro Siqueiros, and José Clemente Orozco.

Minimalism. Since the sixties, artists in the minimal mode have been putting forward works that abandon all pretension to either expressiveness or illusion in favor of an impersonal timelessness. There’s not much to it. A favorite ploy is to take a geometric module, and another just like it, and another just like it, and another just like it . . . "I have nothing to say," the Zen master John Cage once told an audience, quoting the medieval mystic Meister Eckhart, "and I am saying it."

Naturalism. An antique. When Caravaggio painted muddy feet on the pilgrims kneeling in adoration before a vision of the Virgin, that was Naturalism. But the word was first applied (in 1672) to the Caravaggists, who followed their master in copying nature faithfully whether what they showed was ugly or beautiful. Since then, the word has all too naturally been used.
for any artist who does as they did.

NEOClassicism. The great eighteenth-century clean-up job after the messy frivolities of the Rococo. An attempt to revive the Classical art of ancient Greece and Rome.

NeO-Expressionism. “Most Neo-Expressionist painting is like somebody singing the blues, and you just don’t believe they ever had the blues,” said the Neo-Expressionist painter Frank Young in a symposium on the subject published by the magazine Art in America. “It reminds me of overacting.” There’s the critique; here’s the description: violent figurative art that picks up where the Expressionists left off. (See Expressionism.) Since the late 1970s, Neo-Expressionist work has turned up under various monikers here, there, and everywhere. The German painters in this style go by the name Neue Wilde (New Savages). In the United States, the buzzword has been Bad Painting, associated with Julian Schnabel.

NeoImpressionism. Like Impressionism, only later and more so, based on ever more rigorously scientific application of ever smaller colored dots that blend into a coherent image in the eye of the beholder, like the dots on a TV screen. The name to remember is that of Georges Seurat (1859–91), who reduced his brushstrokes almost to geometric points, giving rise to the highly descriptive term pointillism (which he did not like).

Neoplasticism. “Universal beauty,” according to the painter Piet Mondrian, “does not arise from the particular character of the form, but from the dynamic rhythm of its inherent relationships.” Translation: All lines shall be horizontal or vertical, all angles shall be right, all colors shall be primary. This dictum held from about 1917 to 1920; it is the ultimate extension of De Stijl.

Orphism. In 1913, Guillaume Apollinaire, an absurdist poet with a penchant for the oracular (see also Surrealism), felt a new term was needed for Robert Delaunay’s “art of painting new structures out of elements that have not been borrowed from the visual sphere but have been entirely created by the artist...” Actually, it’s just Analytical Cubism (see Cubism) with a twist: no subject.

POP ART. Pop? It was the Big Bang! After the earnest individualism of successive generations of Abstract Expressionism, artists in England and the United States burst onto the scene with a brash determination to start all over. In their very own ways—Jasper Johns meditating on the flag, Claes Oldenburg grinding out phallic lipsticks, Andy Warhol idolizing Marilyn and Jackie, Roy Lichtenstein apostrophizing the comics—they sent up commercialism and shrewdly exploited it. This was art for the Age of McLuhan, when the message was the medium. “I don’t care! I’d rather sink—than call Brad for help!” Shazam! Kaboom!

11. Jean Dubuffet, Lieu de Campagne aux Deux Promeneurs (1975). With their deliberately childlike indifference to niceties of technique, Dubuffet and those who followed his example came up with a style one might think of as Faux Kiddism.

Postmodernism. The Pluralist or Radically Eclectic contemporary architectural fashion christened by Charles Jencks (see also Archigram) and best exemplified by Philip Johnson’s new AT&T Building in Manhattan (1984), with its stylistic echoes of the architecture of ancient Egypt and Rome and Fascist Germany—to say nothing of its Chippendale roofline. As Jencks has noted, while the style can be “witty and even appropriate,” it too often degenerates into the brand-name designer look, “that combination of good taste and uncreativity which has made prestige commissions so remorselessly banal.”

Post-painterly Abstraction. After
ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM, the critic Clement Greenberg suggested in 1964, American art forked off on two paths. One—that of Post-Painterly Abstraction—was toward "physical openness of design, or toward linear clarity, or toward both." Under this ample umbrella, Greenberg covered Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, and Ellsworth Kelly, who were all working in large fields of pure color unmodulated by brushwork. (The other path was toward POP ART.)

12. (Below) Jim Nutt, She's Hit (1967). Images borrowed from the funnies and a will to displease: Shock Comix would have served. 13. (Above right) David Von Schlegell, Radio Controlled Sculpture (1966). It moves! Would you say Motor Art?

PURISM. Simple forms that aim to eliminate mere decoration, emotion, and expressiveness. The painters Amédée Ozenfant and Charles-Édouard Jeanneret (a.k.a. the architect Le Corbusier), who launched the ephemeral movement in 1918 with their book Après le Cubisme, planned to usher in a cooperative epoch of order. (See also BRUTALISM.)

RAPTURISM. Seismic shocks in Manhattan's East Village from such wave makers as Jane Irish and Jim Butler. Right now, if hopeful publicists are to be believed, they should be hitting 8.5 on the Richter scale. "Rapturist painting reveals previously undreamed of combinations of geological forces, industrial edifices and tools, and personal belongings."

REALISM. With a capital R, the term refers to the nineteenth-century French art typified by Gustave Courbet. But any art that strives to reproduce reality down into its minute details can be classified as Realism, and ahem—what, exactly, is real? You see tomatoes, I see tomatohoes. Thus: Fantastic Realism, the fairy-tale art that emerged in Austria in the 1940s; New Super Realism, or POP ART; Social Realism, beginning in the 1930s, the depiction, usually solemn, of subjects from the jungle of cities and factories; Socialist Realism, the official art of the Soviet Union since about 1934, celebrating happy farmers and happy tractors; Super- (or Hyper-) Realism, a style largely based on the direct copying of photographs, practiced in the United States since the late sixties; SURREALISM—but that's another story.

REGIONALISM. "A windmill, a junk heap, and a Rotan have more meaning to me," said Thomas Hart Benton, "than Notre Dame or the Parthenon." He and such like-minded American artists of the thirties and forties as John Steuart Curry and Grant Wood stayed home and chose their subjects accordingly.

ROMANTICISM. The cult of feeling and individual imagination. It arose in the mid-eighteenth century as a revolt, sometimes disordered, against the rigid formalities and containment of NEOCLASSICISM and colored the whole spectrum of philosophy and the arts. The great Romantic painters of the first wave (through 1850) are Eugène Delacroix, Théodore Géricault, Caspar David Friedrich, and J.M.W. Turner, but in a broader sense, it may be said that Romanticism is still with us in the chaotic fragmentation of our century's "modern" art.

SEZESION. Translates roughly as "going away mad," which is what young German and Austrian artists of the late nineteenth century took to doing whenever the establishment wouldn't give them a showing.
SYMBOLISM. Still, mystic waters with deep undercurrents of depraved eroticism. Best exemplified by the art of Odilon Redon, Gustave Moreau, and Puvis de Chavannes, the style flourished around the turn of the century.

SYNCHROMISM. America's first avant-garde movement, originating with the expatriate painters Stanton MacDonald-Wright and Morgan Russell working in Paris around 1912, and among their heirs were Joseph Stella, Arthur B. Davies, and Andrew Dasburg. They held that color alone was enough to provide the content of a work. Never mind the linguo. Their art is just Analytical Cubism (see CUBISM) with a twist: no subject.

SYNTHESTIC. The ism of flat shapes and bold outlines from Pont-Aven, home between 1886 and 1890 to a group of painters surrounding Paul Gauguin. It was his belief that the artist must not merely transcribe from nature but "dream in the presence of reality."

TACHISME. Tache means spot, and Tachisme is the abstract art of spontaneously applied spots and stains practiced in Europe since the early 1950s. (The more adventurous American equivalent is ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM.)

TRANSVANGUARDIA. In the late seventies, the Italian painters were swinging into a new style derived from NEO-EXPRESSIONISM, and the critic Achille Bonito Oliva felt he had to call it something.

VORTICISM. FUTURISM under a London fog. The short-lived avant-garde movement, founded in 1914 by Wyndham Lewis, takes its name from the Italian Futurist Umberto Boccioni's truism that all art emanates from an emotional vortex. Ezra Pound thought to bring its aesthetics into focus with this distinction: "Futurism is descended from Impressionism. It is, in so far as it is an art movement, a kind of accelerated Impressionism. It is a spreading, or surface, art, as opposed to Vorticism, which is intensive." By 1956, Lewis had nailed it all down more neatly. "Vorticism, in fact, was what I, personally, did, and said, at a certain period." Period.

14. Franz Marc, The Unfortunate Land of Tyrol (1913). The bright patches only deepen the gloom of what might have been christened Ultradismalism.
Southern Island: a perfect teardrop of rock, barely twenty acres large, at the entrance to Tenants Harbor, in southern Maine. Though it’s only a five-minute boat ride from the mainland, it is a private place. You have to walk over the hill to the side hidden from land until you see the lighthouse and bell tower; yet the moment you see them, you have the strange feeling of knowing the island intimately, even to its moods and shadows. A minute later you realize why: you have seen it in many of Andrew Wyeth’s most memorable paintings—paintings such as Sea Running, of the bell tower, the nearby anchor, and the Maine fog closing in.

Andrew Wyeth painted it; but it was Betsy James Wyeth, his wife, who fell in love with Southern Island and who set about making this rugged world into the perfect hideaway—a tiny landmark of expensively perfect simplicity.

Betsy Wyeth has a talent for making the expensive life seem simple, even on the wild coast of Maine. She glides over bumpy back roads in a pale gold Stutz Bearcat (a present from Andrew), with gold-plated fittings and good, old-fashioned headlamps. By sea, she speeds from island to island in a white Aquasport, with her white Chinook dog Nome, a constant companion, at the stern. She strikes a slim, girlish figure, posing like a dark-haired Dietrich in denim jeans and jacket, leaning casually against the rail of the boat. "Tough" is the first word that comes to mind. But alive and vital, too. And then you sense a vulnerability behind the toughness, a shyness. She’s the kind of person who needs an island of her own.

Above all, the tough façade hides a

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romantic. Who else would have done what Betsy Wyeth did with the light?

The Southern Island light was extinguished in 1934, after seventy-seven years of service. But climb the lighthouse tower today and you'll find it far from empty. At the top, in the lantern room, on the pedestal that once supported the light itself, stands a lead figurine of a young woman, perhaps three-quarters scale. She wears a Victorian-style jacket with tightly cinched waist, her long hair is caught in a loose bow at the nape of her neck, her blue eyes stare out to sea—and her right hand is raised with thumb and forefinger touching in the universal gesture of appreciation.

Betsy dubbed her Mrs. Muir. The name comes from the movie The Ghost and Mrs. Muir, in which Gene Tierney plays a widow in a rocky coastal retreat who falls in love with Rex Harrison as a ghostly sea captain. To an outsider, the name is unsettling: many people, perhaps deceived by Andrew Wyeth's reclusiveness and impressed by the almost classic status of paintings such as Christina's World, seem to think he died some years ago.

In fact, Betsy Wyeth's sea captain is alive and kicking, painting every day, as he has done all of his life. At sixty-seven, Wyeth looks like a somewhat wirier Saul Bellow, slowed up a little from a series of hip operations but far from stopped, indeed unstoppable. The couple have been married forty-five years, and the bedrock of this marriage is a delicate balance of togetherness and privacy. Its language is a shared sense of humor, often irreverent, occasionally shocking—a laughing defiance of death.

There is the matter, for instance, of Andrew's present to Betsy for her sixtieth birthday, in 1981: a self-portrait, the first one he has painted in many years. In it, Wyeth, a naval- and military-history buff, sits in the bell tower of the lighthouse, looking out to sea. He wears a War of 1812 American naval jacket. The small tempera shimmers with the gold of the braid

Top left: Betsy Wyeth on Southern Island, Maine; left, at dinner with Andrew Wyeth; above, viewing Night Sleeper, 1979.
and the deep blue of the wool. But Wyeth's skin does not glow—he has painted himself as a skeleton.

"I laughed when he gave it to me," says Betsy. It really is a self-portrait: Wyeth even had an X-ray made of his skull as a preliminary study for the painting. Betsy named it Dr. Syn, after a film with George Arliss about a pirate who becomes a minister. Despite its value (as one of the world's renowned living artists, Wyeth can command up to $750,000 for a tempera), it has never been shown. In this issue of Connoisseur it has been reproduced for the first time in any form. But value is not an issue, for Betsy. The painting is, in the first place, a grand gesture. And to honor that gesture, she has hung it above the fireplace in the lightkeeper's house on her island.

Mrs. Muir watches the water; Dr. Syn guards the fire. Southern Island spins its calm and timeless world.

Like the Wyeths' home in the complex of mill buildings near Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and like their summer home in Cushing, in southern Maine, the lighthouse is furnished in early Americana. Says Fred Woolworth, the president of Manhattan's Coe Kerr Gallery and Wyeth's senior dealer, "I trust Betsy's eye and knowledge in American antiques more than just about anybody who's involved in the field professionally. She's entirely self-trained but has a brilliant eye." And an instinct for just how many pieces a room can take.

A sharp-beaked Bellamy eagle spreads its wings on the main beam. Old naval jackets hang in the lightkeeper's room. Scrolled navigation maps are stacked in the corner. A pale-blue wash on the floor, a range of candles in brass candlesticks—the only lighting Betsy uses when entertaining here—a dozen solid old library chairs ranged around a huge dining table, two leather sea captain's sofa beds from the old vessel Virginia, a few shells, the self-portrait over the fireplace ... little more, and yet it is complete.

To those accustomed to the more lavish luxuries of modern life, Southern Island might seem sparse, even stark, but it suits the way the Wyeths live. Though they are known as reclusive, they are not idlers. When you work every day from eight to five, you rise early and go to bed early, which leaves little time for socializing. Whatever happens in Andrew Wyeth's workday is known only to him. He may

Top: Andrew's vision of the inner man in the self-portrait he gave to Betsy in 1981; below, the Wyeths' Southern Island hideaway, a decommissioned lighthouse, built in 1857.
thought, give, like, think, He's, am, not.

satisfaction. countryside, have, freedom, way, her.
der, one, man, telling.

1961, to, up, to,Buffalo, where Betsy's father was the rotographe editor of the Buffalo Courier-Express. The summer of 1939, when they met, Betsy was seventeen and Andrew had just turned twenty-two. In a matter of just ten months, they were married. And Betsy introduced her husband to another world, Christina's world.

The crippled Christina Olson lived with her brother and father just up the hill from the Jameses' summer home. The James children went up to the Olson farm to play. Christina, the victim of a degenerative illness detected when she was three, could still walk a little, leaning heavily on someone's shoulder. She was close to forty, but as Betsy remembers it, "my ten-year-old's image of her is that she looked exactly like Christina's World. To me, she seemed to be in her twenties."

Yet by the time the painting was done, in 1948, Christina was fifty-five. By then she could only drag herself along the ground, crippled arms and legs bone thin against her heavyset body. How is it that the woman in the painting seems so young, then, more as if she were a girl of twenty than a woman nearing sixty? In truth, she is both. Wyeth used a second model for many of the pre-studies: his young wife, Betsy. "He asked me to crawl very fast, again and again and again," she remembers, "so that he could get the motion of it." When the final painting emerged, Christina's crippled limbs and the contorted angle of her body had been superimposed on Betsy's slender frame, twisting up the hill to the farmhouse.

Betsy figures in many of her husband's paintings, but rarely full-face. Her favorite, "the one that is most me," is French Twist, which hangs outside her office at the Brandywine River Museum. In it, she is turned away, her hair in a French twist. As she is the first to point out, "there was no visual contact at all." Other paintings of her are only slightly more revealing. In Distant Thunder, for example, she is lying in the grass, hat over her eyes and the omnipresent dog nearby.

Posing, she discovered "a strange communication between artist and model. You become very involved with his mind, and he becomes almost totally lost in you, and that doesn't usually happen in a relationship, even with husband and wife. It's very complex, very close. You find out what you're like in all kinds of odd, detailed ways. I've never been to a psychiatrist, but I think it must be something like that. He gets you fascinated with yourself. And maybe he wants to see those qualities in you that he sees and will make you become what he wants you to be. You see, he'll have chosen you not because of what you look like, but because of the possibilities he sees in you."

Where most critics must approach a painter's work from the outside and then work in, Betsy Wyeth knows her husband's work from the inside out. She has produced two books on it—Wyeth at Kuerners and Christina's World (both published by Houghton Mifflin)—which trace

Above: Posing for Andrew's Distant Thunder, 1961, was a breeze for Betsy; below, the Wyeths relax in their son Nicholas's boat.

have been in his studio, or out roaming the countryside in his jeep, or... He's not telling. "Nobody knows where I am during the day," he says with a grin of absolute satisfaction. "Nobody at all."

That includes Betsy, and that's fine by her. After all these years, she still seems somewhat amazed at her husband. "He's a man you absolutely cannot stand in the way of," she says. "He gives me enormous freedom, and I like to think that I give him enormous freedom, too, because if he for one minute felt that he was married in the image of most conventional marriages, he'd be gone. I think the most extraordinary thing Andrew ever did was to ask me to marry him! It's incredible that he turned up for the wedding at all, knowing his nature—not wanting to be confined, not wanting people to know where he's painting, not wanting his work to be seen while he's working on it, not wanting anyone to know what he's really like."

They met in Maine—the place where the James and Wyeth worlds came together, where both families summered. The Wyeths, headed by Andrew's father, the illustrator N. C. Wyeth, went up from Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, in a virtual caravan, while the Jameses motored over from near Buffalo, New York, where Betsy's father was the rotagraphe editor of the Buffalo Courier-Express. The summer of 1939, when they met, Betsy was seventeen and Andrew had just turned twenty-two. In a matter of just ten months, they were married. And Betsy introduced her husband to another world, Christina's world.

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Posing, she discovered "a strange communication between artist and model. You become very involved with his mind, and he becomes almost totally lost in you, and that doesn't usually happen in a relationship, even with husband and wife. It's very complex, very close. You find out what you're like in all kinds of odd, detailed ways. I've never been to a psychiatrist, but I think it must be something like that. He gets you fascinated with yourself. And maybe he wants to see those qualities in you that he sees and will make you become what he wants you to be. You see, he'll have chosen you not because of what you look like, but because of the possibilities he sees in you."

Where most critics must approach a painter's work from the outside and then work in, Betsy Wyeth knows her husband's work from the inside out. She has produced two books on it—Wyeth at Kuerners and Christina's World (both published by Houghton Mifflin)—which trace
sequence after sequence of sketches and watercolors in their dynamic growth to the final paintings. The books are culled from her huge private collection of four thousand pieces, which includes childhood paintings—vivid battle scenes signed ANDY in a child's block lettering. There are watercolor sketches spattered with mud or blurred by falling snow, some of them removed from the block so fast that the paper tore. Small human footprints march across one drawing; they probably belong to the Wyeths' elder son, Nicholas, who was three when the sketch was made. And there are studies bearing canine paw prints, made when the dog wandered in while Andrew was working on a tempera, with the precesses spread out on the floor for easy reference.

Betsy's love of her husband's work shines through both books. She loves it so much that she often refuses to part with it. Some in the art world describe this as a canny selling technique, since it raises the price of Wyeth's art. But Fred Woolworth claims, "If I offered her a million dollars for some of the pieces in her collection she still wouldn't part with them."

She has bought back pieces she didn't really want to let go. Night Sleeper, a large tempera of a sleeping hound, is a case in point. Betsy purchased it anonymously through her son Nicholas, an art dealer who handles some of his father's work (Jamie, the younger Wyeth son, is himself a well-known artist). The previous owner had no idea who had bought the painting until it was displayed last September at the Brandywine River Museum, at Chadds Ford, which opened up a whole new wing with a large exhibition of Wyeths, the most important since the exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in 1976.

Frolic Weymouth, the chairman of the Brandywine River Conservancy, the museum's parent organization, and a close friend of the Wyeths, points out that the new wing would have been impossible without a million-dollar endowment from Betsy Wyeth. But ask her about that and she replies vaguely, "Oh, well, it probably amounted to that."

"It" is a series of oil and gas investment programs. The seed money to buy the paintings came from Chadds Ford Publications, a company Betsy set up some years ago to do limited editions of Wyeth reproductions. At first, she invested the profits for her own use. "Then one day it dawned on me that though we couldn't donate paintings in a tax-deductible way, we could donate oil programs."

The programs have proved to be her way of remedying an incongruity in the tax laws that allows a buyer to donate an artist's work to a museum and claim a tax deduction, whereas the artist would not receive similar credit if he were to donate some of his own paintings. This situation has severely limited artists' contributions to museums, and Betsy Wyeth has bribed against it for years. Her eye for oil and gas turned out to be as keen as her eye for antiques. The program increased rapidly in value, Brandywine found matching funds, and the new wing now houses the Betsy James Wyeth collection, from which the opening show was taken.

Many in the art world see Betsy Wyeth as controlling her husband's work with an iron fist. Her control over reproduction rights to his art, her success with Chadds Ford Publications, and her astuteness in investing have helped create her reputation as a tough businesswoman. Like most reputations, it contains some truth.

True, Betsy Wyeth was in the forefront of the struggle to establish an artist's copyright to his own work. True, her meticulous files have become the major reference source for Wyeth's work and thus have ensured that there are few fake Wyeths around. Together with professionals, she manages the income and investments. She and Andrew decide what works to sell, but she does not help set prices. Those decisions are made by Andrew and his dealers, in particular Fred Woolworth.

And though she can be a sharp-eyed businesswoman, she can also be, in her own words, "rather old-fashioned. I've never borrowed a penny in my life. People who advise me have given up trying to persuade me to use somebody else's money. And we don't carry life insurance; we've never liked the idea of that—it's like gambling on life." Moreover, while she can invest money brilliantly, she can also spend it quite unconventionally.

She has a traditional patronage relationship, for instance, with the goldsmith Donald Pywell. "It's amazing what happens when you just give someone a hunk of cash and the freedom to work," she says. They collaborate on the initial design, looking through Andrew's work to pick out elements that might be used as the motif of a necklace or brooch. The result is an $85,000 collection, for which Pywell has created jewelry out of eighteen-karat gold: shells, corn in husks, buoys, and poplar pods. He even made a pendant necklace with a miniature millstone—a

sculpture in its own right. The idea of a millstone around her neck doesn't bother her, Betsy declares, adding, with perfect timing, "so long as it's gold."

Then there is her purchase of Allen Island: 450 wooded acres due south of Cushing and halfway to Monhegan Island, where their son Jamie spends his summers. She bought it partly to save it from a developer dreaming of marinas, golf clubs, and water rides, and partly because "$350,000 for 450 acres didn't seem like a bad investment." Yet its purpose in her scheme of things evades her. "That huge monster," she calls it fondly.

So far, she has cleared forty-five acres, brought in sheep to keep them clear, and housed an archaeological team looking for signs of European influence on the Indian culture prior to 1605—when the first Anglican church service in the New World was held, on this island. The evidence is still inconclusive.

She may spend a summer's day at the dig, pondering the meaning of a pipe fragment or a piece of mink jaw, but she's always home when Andrew comes in at the end of his day. He makes the drinks, using 80 proof vodka for her, 100 for himself, and then savors sharing a story or two with a guest—stories he knows his wife would never tell.

There was the time, for instance, when he was invited for a private audience with the queen aboard the royal yacht Britannia, when she visited the States in 1976. Andrew entertained his interlocutor capitably with an account of the Battle of Brandywine, where the Americans under Washington put up stiff resistance to superior British troops. The queen nodded sagely. "I always think of the Americans as our unruly children," she responded. Whereupon, Andrew came back with "May I then be permitted to introduce you to one of those unruly children—my wife." Which is how Betsy James from western New York State met Queen Elizabeth II of England.

Left to her own devices, Betsy would have fled in the opposite direction. Behind the grand gestures, behind the businesswoman, there is still the shy seventeen-year-old from the north country—and an absolute devotion to her often charming, sometimes ornery, always energetic husband.

"Friends often say they're not sure which I love more, the man or his work," she says. "And I just roar with laughter, because I'm not quite sure either!"

Andrew Wyeth might bet on that just for the heck of it. Nobody else would dare. □

Nome keeps Betsy, a prolific knitter, company in Cushing, Maine.
A foreign garden makes us think of home; the strollers in it make us think of foreigners. In Tokyo, though the pink sakura of Ueno Park may remind us of the flowering dogwood of New England, it is not likenesses but differences that make us feel we are really in Japan. And the major difference is the people. They all look alike, we naively exclaim, just off the plane. After a day or two we see we were wrong. Well, we say, they may not look alike, but they certainly act alike. A week later we are not so sure. There is such variety, such difference. Why, they are almost as various as we are. A month finds us quite ready to drop the we/they game and start observing.

Objects and buildings are fascinating, of course, and souvenirs are fun to collect, but when one is abroad it is people that matter most. Look at Tokyo. At first the cityscape seems an unvariegated

At the Meiji Shrine: beneath apparent uniformity, teasing variety.
mass. One thinks of the backside of a silicon chip made enormous, and sees only dread uniformity. The traditional Japanese house, for example, all module units—all the same, all interchangeable. It is differences that are human. But where are they?

Well, look closer. Tokyo is not a uniform structure. It is a collection of small towns—villages, really—each made of discrete units: beauty parlor, greengrocers, coffee shop, pachinko pinball hall, general store, chicken man, tobi woman. More than that, these villages have concealed to make up towns embedded within this enormous city. These towns are the districts of Tokyo—Asakusa, Ueno, Ginza, Roppongi, Shinjuku, and many more, each different from the other.

All cities are made this way. Yet to the New Yorker, east side or west side is much the same, and the accent no longer identifies the Parisian who lives in the seizëme arrondissement. But in Tokyo, differences remain and variety flourishes.

Tokyo folk themselves make much of the difference between those who live in the northeast of the city and those who live in the southwest. This is because the north holds what is left of the old city, Edo—as it was called until a century ago—and the traditional way. The south holds the newer city, those who came later, the modern, the new, and the trendy.

Thus, the people of the old city—the shitamachi, or downtown—see themselves as keepers of this tradition. It is in Ueno and Asakusa that tile roofs and traditional shops are still to be found. The people of the yamanote, the uptown, pride themselves on being modern, and so it is in Roppongi and Harajuku that the new high rise and the latest boutique proliferate. With such diametrical differences coexisting within the city, further differences must be looked for among its parts.

ASAKUSA

Old Edo was a city of small businesses, and Asakusa still is. They are layered in the old, traditional pattern, that of medieval Europe or the modern Arab town—metal goods in one quarter, leather in another, paper in a third. So from the tile-rooted Asakusa Kannon temple, at the center of the town, it is up to Iriyator shoes and handbags, down to Kurame for festival decorations.

The small businessmen of Asakusa are thrifty, hardworking, not given to innovation for its own sake. Yet, like the Edoites of old, they are always ready for a traditional bust-out. The Sanja Matsuri, one of Tokyo's biggest, rowdiest festivals, belongs to Asakusa. Fellow feeling is as important as business, here.

Men wear sweaters and windbreakers a lot, and women dress just as sensibly—good, warm socks in winter. The restaurants serve mostly traditional food—lots of sushi and grilled eel—and there are plenty of old-fashioned pubs around. People like to drink, usually sake or beer or the potent, vodka-like shochu. The people of Asakusa are more open, more friendly, and much more tolerant of true novelty (like the blue-eyed foreigner sticking his head into the drinking place) than are those uptown. This, they say, is because they are edokko, the children of old Edo.

UNESCO

No, say those in Ueno, also a part of shitamachi and an important railway terminal besides, it is we who are the edokko. The rivalry continues as to which is the more open-hearted, the more hot-tempered; which is quicker to anger, faster to make up; which is more different from the cold-blooded folk of the yamanote.

Ueno people are also artisans and traders. Here are the big wholesale markets where food and clothing are half the price that uptown Roppongi would ask. Here raffish types in caps and kerchiefs call out their wares. Here indeed is a warmedhearted and feisty people, quick to smile, to shout, then to smile again. Different indeed, these people, from those of uptown. Why? Is it because they are proletariat? They do not think they are, no more than the uptown thinks it is bourgeois. Japan has agreed that almost everyone is comfortably middle-class.

GINZA

One of the reasons is historical. The Tokugawa period (roughly 1603–1868) was one of strict repression. Those who mattered in Edo were molded into the self-effacing, emotion-denying Japanese of whom we have all heard. Those who did not matter, however, were left to grow naturally. Thus, those in shitamachi are the result of nature and benign neglect. Those uptown are a product of nurture, Tokugawa style.

The Ginza used to be called Tokyo's Great White Way, and Ginza Street was the fashionable shopping center. Now it remains the home of old, established stores, like Mitsukoshi, Matsuya, Takashimaya. And here one still sees Tokyo matrons in kimono, bowing politely to acquaintances, stopping for a cup of

Left: In Ueno Park. Center: In Harajuku, young people perform on weekends dressed in fifties regalia. Right, above: Shinjuku, with its sex bars and video arcades. Below: At a shrine in Asakusa, people rub themselves with incense smoke to cure what ails them.
Ceylon tea and perhaps an eclair after an afternoon at the nearby Kabuki-za or shopping at stylish Wako.

What is it like, wonders the foreign visitor, memory stirred. Ah, yes, Fifth Avenue in the days before everyone went to Bloomingdale's. There is the same feeling of a gentility slightly faded, of a district past its prime. One of the reasons, both on Fifth Avenue and on the Ginza, is the proliferation of nearby big businesses. The streets and coffeehouses are filled with blue-suited businessmen, computers in their briefcases, intent entirely on mercantile concerns.

The level of etiquette in uptown Tokyo is much higher than it is in shibamachi. Lots more bowing (and some scraping), much more handing around of visiting cards. The level of manners, in the old-fashioned sense of concern, is, however, lower.

ROPPONGI AND HARAJUKU

As the city moves steadily west, the newest of the new has passed the Ginza and is now much farther out. The young, the modern, the vibrant, and the with-it are now very far out in all senses. By day they are in Harajuku; at night, in Roppongi. The former has become Fashiontown, Youngsville. Here, at the very entrance to both the old Meiji Shrine and the up-to-the-minute Yoyogi Olympic gym, flock the young and the name-brand boutiques. As elsewhere, youth is a major growth industry, and this teenybopper shoppers' paradise is the result.

Harajuku folk are seen at their best on Sundays. They all come from somewhere else and on the day of rest converge here in their thousands. In their bright colors they perform stilted little dances, hundreds strong, right in the middle of the closed-off street, and one sees in them, as one watches, their great-grandparents, also kimonoed, performing the round dances of the summer o-bon festival long ago.

Connected to another past are the rock-and-rollers—youths in black leather, greased ducktails, one earring—who are gyrating to their big, square, portable beat. And here, in other groups, one can make out oddly mutated descendants of the frug

the Madison, and, for all I know, even the turkey trot.

When not dancing on a Sunday, the youngsters are buying things or eating. Since the West is not only popular but a part of the East by now, Big Macs and Frostees and things presumed to be finger-lickin' good are in. No soba in sight.

Streets are packed with people seriously intent on having a good time. Everything is wall-to-wall neon, and yet the feeling is not far from that of the old-fashioned matsuri festival. Papa may have toiled a portable shrine; here his son gets just as sweaty and just as much carried away revolving to The Who. Friday night is Roppongi time. Though there is a bit of punk and a smidgen of glitter, the crowd is mainly preppy. It is “Trad But Far Out,” as a number of sweatshirts proclaim.

And there, as one looks up from the noise and blare of nighttime Roppongi, is the promise of even more modernity and nocturnal fun—the great towers of Shinjuku beckon.

One could go on and on, and indeed, in Tokyo one does. But even this short tour will indicate how enormously varied Tokyo is and how different from one another are the people of this capital made up of hometowns. And yet, one is told that up to 75 percent of those who live in Tokyo were not born here. True, no doubt, but so what? Tokyo people become their neighborhood, and after a few weeks they have been there forever.

To be sure, the signs of a new uniformity are all around. You can get Yves Saint Laurent in Asakusa now. He’s right next to the place where you can still get Edo-style underwear.

The differences in Tokyo are enormous, yet the city is just about the safest in the world. Here, in the artisans’ side street in Asakusa or under the glittering skyscraper in Shinjuku, you can stop and smile and have some sort of converse with anyone. And you really ought to try. Of the many things you can bring back from Tokyo, an understanding memory of the people—these peoples—is best.

Donald Richie, a longtime resident of Tokyo and an expert on the Japanese film, is the author of The Inland Sea.
Tokyo makes a terrible first impression. Visitors arrive, slightly battered after the two-hour drive from the airport, and confront the crowds, the haze, and the big, boring buildings. They see so many signs in English that the place could be Cleveland, yet everything appears formidable and foreign. The entire city seems a vast concrete maze, sprawling aimlessly in all directions, with no definable center and few discernible charms. This can't be the real Japan, they groan. It's enough to make anyone hop the first train to Kyoto.

Actually, Tokyo offers everything—for those who choose to look. It is at once the nation's capital, its commercial center, citadel of learning, and cultural hub. It is home to high fashion, high finance, high priests, and an emperor.

Tokyo is also a fascinating study in contrasts. In a city that has outfitted much of the world with super computers, election ballots are still counted by hand. In a city with some of the most forward-looking architecture anywhere, the skies are those of the 1920s, webbed and knotted with telephone wires. Tokyo offers the exquisite refinement of the tea ceremony—and the raunchiest of X-rated shows. You can see a ballet or a baseball game, a Bunraku play or a Japanese jazz band, a symphony orchestra or a dance by an aging geisha, all on the same night. You can drift mistily into the past in an old wood temple or gaze hard at the future in a glistening glass skyscraper, both on the same block. The Japanese are the first to tell you the place isn't beautiful, yet Tokyo contains pockets of supreme loveliness.

Because Tokyo is so big (800 square miles; 12,000,000 people) and baffling, it is best to approach it through the more than twenty-five distinctive neighborhoods that give the city its shape, style, and variety—and make it possible to see the meaning behind the maze. The following guide uses this "district" approach, separating Tokyo into large areas—central, northeast, and west.
ago, is best viewed from the tenth-floor dining room of the nearby Palace Hotel. The Imperial Palace East Garden, open to the public but so vast it is rarely crowded, is one of Tokyo's glories, its trees and hedges pruned to perfection. Swans glide by in the surrounding moat. After a few bends in the path, the nearby office buildings seem to disappear as old Edo envelops you.

The palace's perimeter, just over three miles, is Tokyo's most popular running trail, used almost round the clock. (The nearby Imperial Hotel even provides guests with complimentary running togs and shoes.) And as you enter the garden at Otemon gate, glance over your shoulder at the quaint brick building with a pointed roof. Tokyo Station is a rare remnant of the architecture of the Meiji Restoration (1868-1912), when the nation was reopened to the West.

THE GINZA

Once the height of elegance and style, the Ginza district has tarnished a bit in recent years: too much neon, too many hostess bars, too many tourist shops that hawk polyester kimonos. Its department stores are still a highlight, however, a three-hundred-year-old Japanese cultural institution designed not just to sell but also to entertain. Takashimaya, in Nihombashi, two subway stops from Ginza on the Ginza line, is the best of the old, with all the proper accoutrements: a vast basement food emporium, a flock of restaurants and tearooms, fashion and furnishings boutiques, a kimono department, and a first-rate art-exhibition gallery with shows lent to top international museums. Arrive when the store opens, at 10:00 A.M., and you'll feel like the owner: the salespeople line up and bow.

The Ginza's Seibu department store is the newest of the new, stocked exclusively, it seems, for Japanese yuppies: clothes by Issey Miyake and Ralph Lauren, imported ice creams, and a stunning array of contemporary Japanese decorative objects. A toast to high-tech Japan, the store features 177 closed-circuit television screens—even in the elevators—beaming everything from rock-music tapes to atmospheric snippets of breaking waves, falling snow, and, this month, cherry blossoms. Nearby, Ginza's Printemps is just as stylish, if less indebted to electronics. And halfway between old and new are Matsuya, Wako, and Hankyu—less stodgy than Takashimaya, more democratic than Seibu.

Ginza's imposing tile-rooted Kabuki-za is almost never dark, holding two daily performances, each lasting nearly four hours, every month except July and August. You needn't stay or pay for the entire session; although sixteenth-century plays are spectacular, they tend to be very long, very slow, and hopelessly stylized. The actors Ebizo Ichikawa, Ennosuke Ichikawa, and Tamasaburo Bandō are worth seeing in anything. For other types of theater—Noh, Kyogen (comic-relief plays originally performed to amuse Noh), Bunraku puppetry, and Shimpaa (a bridge between classic and modern theater)—consult Tokyo Journal, an excellent English-language guide listing cultural activities, or ask at your hotel. They are interesting, though less accessible than Kabuki.

Museums are still relatively new to Japan. Many are awful, vaguely reminiscent of America's old cultural tombs of the fifties. The finest specialty museums are often owned by corporations: indeed, purveyors of tires, securities, and liquor run three of the best in central Tokyo. The Bridgestone Museum of Art is arguably Japan's finest Western-art collection. Besides some neoclassical Picassos, the handsome Impressionist works on display serve as a textbook of Japanese taste in Western art (1-10-1 Kōbashi, Chuo-ku; phone: 563-0241). The elegant Yamatane Museum of Art boasts one of the country's most appealing museum interiors—beamed ceilings, shoji, even a rock garden. It is the perfect showcase for the superb collection of Nihonga, con-

THE CENTRAL CITY

THE IMPERIAL PALACE AND ENVIRONS

Tokyo's origins go back many centuries, but it came of age less than four hundred years ago, when the first Tokugawa shogun made it his capital and constructed an enormous castle there. Like nearly everything from that era, Edo Castle did not survive, although remnants of its garden and gate adorn the serene grounds now occupied by the Imperial Palace. This is Tokyo's spiritual, if not physical, center, and it is an excellent place to begin your exploration of the city.

The flat-rooted palace, most recently rebuilt seventeen years

Japanese ladies, under a film poster, wait in line for the matinee.

Spring—any time before June, when the dreaded rainy season begins—is the perfect season for a visit. Days should be mild and skies clear, but bring an umbrella to be safe. At some point in early April, the cherry blossoms will appear. Try to stay for at least a week before setting out for Kyoto and points west. Two days in each main area make a good visit, with the last for a side trip (page 115) or a return to an intriguing spot.

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temporary Japanese paintings using traditional techniques (7-12 Kabuto-cho, Nihombashi; 669-4056). And the Suntory Art Gallery, atop the Suntory Building, in central Tokyo's Akasaka district near the Hotel New Otani, houses an admirable Japanese crafts collection and a delightful reading room (1-2-3 Moto Akasaka; 470-1073).

Shrines and temples occasionally have excellent little museums, too. Japan's enormous memorial to the war dead, Yasukuni Shrine, a brief cab ride from the Imperial Palace, has a fascinating, chilling collection of memorabilia from the Russo-Japanese War to World War II (3-1-1 Kudan-kita, Chiyoda-ku).

TSUKIJI
Tokyo is breathtaking at dawn, and no one knows this better than the more than 2,000 buyers, sellers, auctioneers, and restaurateurs who crowd Tsukiji Fish Market and help generate its $8 million in daily sales. Get there between 5:30 and 8:00 a.m., and watch the fish being hoisted out of boats and trucks. Most, including giant tuna, wind up on the market's cement. In an odd way, the Brobdignagian clumps of sashimi are visually pleasing. Have a sushi breakfast at any of the little shops nearby; most close by noon. Tsukiji is popular with revelers, whose morning visits cap a long, long night.

THE NORTHEAST CITY
Nothing in Tokyo is very old. The Japanese blame war bombings, earthquakes, and fires, but the truth is that most Japanese simply prefer new buildings. Tokyo's shitamachi, or downtown, the northeast end of the city, nonetheless manages to look old and inviting, with its narrow streets, shrines and temples, low wood houses, and craftsmen's stores.

From central Tokyo the most colorful way to reach this area is by water taxi, or Suijo bus, up the Sumida River. It leaves nearly every hour from Takeshiba Pier, near Hamamatsucho Station, or, more poetically, from a stop at the nearby Hama Detached Palace Garden. The garden, once a playground for shoguns, is orderly, cared-for, and postcard pretty. The Sumida isn't the Seine, but the trip allows you to watch the transition from new Tokyo to old. In thirty-five minutes you're at Asakusa Pier. (Have your hotel call ahead for a water taxi; 841-9178.)
Tokyo would win few awards for beauty but many for vitality. This is the four-chome intersection of the Ginza district, ablaze in neon.

SETTLING IN

Of Tokyo’s myriad hotels, the following are highly recommended:

Hotel Okura, 10-4 Toranomon, 2-Chome, Minato-ku; phone: 582-0111. For many visitors the Hotel Okura, in chic Roppongi, is Tokyo. In just twenty-three years, it has become a favorite stop for distinguished visitors, Japanese and foreign alike. Its decor, a curious blend of Japanese and contemporary, grows in appeal. Doubles start at $117; both Western and Japanese-style suites are available, the latter (with tatami mats, shoji screens, and futons) quite pleasant.

Imperial Hotel, 1-1 Uchisanwai-cho, 1-Chome, Chiyoda-ku; 504-1111. Ideally located near the Ginza, the Imperial traces its origin to the Meiji era, but with its stately main building and colorful new tower, the hotel is thoroughly modern, efficient, and appealing. (The original building, designed in 1923 by Frank Lloyd Wright, has been moved to Meiji-Mura, a museum village outside of the city.) Its shops and restaurants are among Tokyo’s finest. Doubles begin at $104, with suites in the $200 range.

Palace, 1-1 Marunouchi 1-Chome, Chiyoda-ku; 211-5211. In a city where hotels tend to be big, the Palace—a mere ten stories high—seems almost intimate. The cheery rooms in this sleek and modern hotel are among the largest in town. Many overlook the Imperial Palace and grounds. Doubles begin at $114, with suites beginning at $355.

Hotel New Otani, 4-1 Kioi-cho, Chiyoda-ku; 265-1111. With more than 2,000 rooms, this is the largest hotel in Asia. It provides everything—from tennis courts to a brand-new outpost of Paris’s Tour d’Argent restaurant—and is thus in a class by itself. Doubles begin at $111, with luxury suites from $334.
ASAKUSA

As the story goes, many years ago a trio of fishermen cast their nets into the sea and drew out a gilded effigy of Kannon, the Buddhist goddess of mercy. It was reverently placed in a nest of boxes and installed in the big, red Senso-ji temple, in Asakusa. No one has seen it since, but the legendary statue is nonetheless the treasure of Senso-ji. The temple is the perfect introduction to shitamachi. Noisy, animated, and colorful, it is in stark contrast to Kyoto's austere temples, and it has the most intoxicating incense in town.

The general area is dotted with dozens of fascinating little shops, from Fujiiya, which sells cotton hand towels called temari (usually seen around the heads of sushi vendors), to Hyakusuke Shoten, an old-time cosmetics shop. Among the ancient beauty remedies for sale there are dried nightingale droppings, which, dissolved in water and spread on the face, are said to make a rejuvenating mask.

Also nearby is Kuremutsu, a traditional shitamachi restaurant with an interior out of old Edo. The sake flows here, and if you're lucky you'll see some of the regulars, including stars of Kabuki and Rakugo (traditional Japanese comedies). Phone: 842-0906. If you care to try the inari, or broiled eel, as popular in Japan, the place to go is Koyanagi, which has been a shitamachi fixture for sixty years (843-2861).

UENO PARK

Your tour of shitamachi continues in the district's big, spirited park, across from Ueno Station. It's a bustling entertainment center, highbrow and lowbrow. On cherry-blossom weekends everyone comes: old ladies in kimonos, armies of schoolchildren, and even bigger brigades of drunken partiers. Try to visit on a weekday, when Ueno is less crowded. Ballet and opera companies and symphony orchestras perform almost weekly at Bunka Kai-kan performance hall. Ueno Zoo is deservedly famed for its panda bears. And the Tokyo National Museum, the largest museum in Japan, has a first-rate Japanese art and archaeology collection as well as world-class special exhibitions in its high-ceilinged but unfortunately rather dreary hall. Skip the overrated National Museum of Western Art and the Metropolitan Art Museum unless there's an intriguing loan show, but don't miss the delightful Shitamachi Museum, in an opposite corner of the park. Local residents have donated most of the beautifully designed everyday objects that fill the museum's reconstructed Edo tenements.

AKIHABARA

During the postwar years, Akihabara was a roaring black market. Today, it's a booming electronics bazaar—great fun to ramble through. The dozen or so blocks near Akihabara Station boast more than 500 shops and stalls, selling the latest appliances, the shiniest gadgets, and the intricate parts that make things blink, buzz, and hum. Several stores, notably Laox and Yamagiwa, specialize in electronics for export, many with proper voltage adjustments. The real fun is ambling through Akihabara's labyrinthine streets, daubed with cheeky ads and brazen colors, and eyeing Japan's postindustrial wares.

RYOGOKU

This is sumo city, home to the thirty-odd stables where legions of big, beefy men eat, sleep, and grapple. Visit at almost any time of day, and you're likely to see at least one or two wrestlers waddling down the street, swathed in kimonos, their long hair in topknots. You can watch them in action at nearby Ryogoku Kokugikan, Tokyo's new sumo stadium; there are three tournaments a year here, in mid-January, mid-May, and mid-September. An afternoon of sumo is rich in color, pageantry, and excitement. Drop in at around three P.M. and stay until the last fight ends, at six. Sumo is extremely subtle and complex, but the basic tactics are simple: two wrestlers, clad only in bright silk mawashi, or belts, push, shove, and slap each other until one touches the ground or gets hurled out of the ring. It's over in seconds.

If you miss a basho, as a tournament is called, make a consolation visit to the Kokugikan's Sumo Museum. Better yet, arrange to see a morning practice session. Have your hotel phone one of the following stables for permission, and get there around 8:00 A.M. (Kokonoe-beya, 1-16-1 Kamezawa, Sumida-ku; 621-1800. Takasago-beya, 1-22-5 Yanagibashi, Taito-ku; 861-4600.)

THE WEST CITY

Tokyo poses a curious problem. Streets are rarely named, and house numbers indicate where a place was built, nor where it stands. Landmarks become your only guide, but Tokyo is changing so fast that even these don't last. Nowhere is this truer—or more disconcerting—than in the booming west city, where almost everything looks shiny and new because it is. This is hightech Tokyo, with its modish shops, chic little cafés, and a crowd sporting what the rest of the world will wear tomorrow. Yet it's still the Tokyo of neighborhoods: right beside the gleaming, high-tech buildings you'll see a humble open-air fish market or a vegetable stall.

SHIBUYA AND AOYAMA

These two neighborhoods share the shopping district that was the Ginza's undoing. The problem is that the hundreds of offerings, mostly little shops, cover a vast area. Down the street from Shibuya Station, in the Parco complexes, you will find countless boutiques for men and women. The stores in these vertical shopping centers carry all the "right" designers, from Mitsuhito Matsuda to Yoshi Inaba.

If you want to make a day of it, head for the Omote-sando area and have the cab drop you at the Nezu Art Museum, a wonderful collection of Japanese, Chinese, and Korean works. The museum, somewhat academic-looking, with a grim, functional interior, stands in the midst of a stunning garden, complete with pond, little wooden bridges, and a shrine, perfect for a Sunday-morning stroll (6-5-36 Minami Aoyama; 400-2536). When you leave, walk in the direction of Omote-sando-dori. The first stop is the sleek brick building called From First. Its boutiques are less crowded than Parco's and cater to a slightly older crowd but include all the big-name designers. From First has two charming coffee shops, Café Figaro and the downstairs Pergola, which uses enormous red marble slabs for tables. It also has two attractive French restaurants, the bistronomique Le Poisson Rouge, appealing for lunch, and the more elegant La Tavola, with a Japanese-inspired art deco interior.

Close by, Yohji Yamamoto has recently opened a three-story new-wave emporium in minimalist style for his monotonous fashions. Across the street is Issey Miyake's menswear boutique, in a less austere but equally adventurous shop. Kenzo is near the corner, and once you cross at the big Aoyama-dori intersection, you'll be on what's known as Omote-sando-dori, the cool, tree-lined boulevard built in the twenties so that the emperor could travel to the Meiji Shrine in style. The designer Hanae Mori's small fashion center, carrying all her lines including haute couture, occupies a structure by the architect Kenzo Tange. This is one of the only places selling Western sizes, for both men and women. Upstairs is L'Orangerie de Paris, one of Tokyo's few restaurants serving a Sunday buffet brunch (457-7461).
SURVIVAL KIT

Getting in: Tokyo's international airport is at Narita, nearly forty miles from town. It takes at least two hours to get in, considerably more than that in traffic. Major hotels, like the Imperial, offer direct limousine-bus service; ask about it when you make reservations. The most attractive alternative is probably the orange-and-white airport limousine bus to the Nihombashi station, in central Tokyo, a must if you have lots of baggage. Taxis also line up at the airport, but it's a costly ride—$80 minimum.

Getting around: Tokyo taxis are plentiful, luxurious, efficient, and clean: doors swing open automatically, drivers wear white gloves, and most cabs are fitted out with white seat covers and TV sets. The only problem is traffic. Taking the subway, which is also efficient and clean, can be much faster. Subway lines are color coded; station names are printed in Roman letters, and with the help of an English-language map, they are simple and fun to master. Trains run daily until midnight; after that, cabbies get choosy. Desperate riders hold up two or three fingers, informing drivers they'll pay twice or thrice the meter's price. Tokyo also has buses, best avoided if you don't speak Japanese.

Exploring: The Japan Travel Bureau offers full- and half-day Tokyo tours, leaving from most large hotels and Hamamatsucho Station. You can also hire your own English-speaking guide for about $60 a day from the Japan Guide Association (phone: 213-2706). But with a good guidebook you can easily investigate the city on your own. Several excellent ones appeared last year. Tokyo Access, color coded and bilingual, is a magnificent compendium of maps, instructions, and odd facts (Access Press, $11.95). The chipper Tokyo City Guide, by Judith Connor and Marumi Yoshida, presents the city in greater depth (Ryoko Tushin Co. Ltd., $99). And for an insightful look at the history of the city's various enclaves, Paul Waley's Tokyo Now and Then: An Explorer's Guide will regale Japanophiles (Weatherhill, $35).

Getting lost: Everyone does, including natives. This maze of a city was built in Tokugawa times to repulse enemy attacks, and the general blueprint, basically unchanged, continues to befuddle friend and foe alike. The fact that streets aren't named or buildings numbered in logical order adds to the confusion. Never leave your hotel without the name and telephone number of your destination written in Japanese, and be sure you've got a return map or a matchbook if your hotel isn't well known. Always make certain the taxi driver knows precisely where he's taking you before you leave. Also, carry a good city map, preferably bilingual, so that a Japanese can rescue you if you're lost. Or stop by a police box, called koban, and dial 502-1461. That's the Tourist Information Center, where an English-speaking staff mans the phones weekdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Saturdays from 9 A.M. to noon.

Getting across: All that English you see on menus and neon signs doesn't mean a thing; it's there mainly for decoration, providing what the Japanese consider a modern look. Chances are slim that many Japanese will understand spoken English. However, most of the younger Japanese—those educated after the war—have studied written English for at least six years. Always carry a notebook, and if verbal communication fails, write out your questions. Remember also that spoken Japanese is based on a collection of phonetic sounds that differ sharply in most instances from those used in English. This means that Western words will get Japanese pronunciations. For example, coffee mysteriously becomes kohi, steak is suetei, and Western-style tea is either remon-tea (tea with lemon) or miraku-tea (tea with milk). You're safe in a kisaten, which usually displays plastic food models. And topnotch restaurants will get your order right.

Timing it right: Most—but not all—museums, gardens, and galleries close on Mondays, and nearly all museums take a week-long break when they change exhibitions. Always have the hotel call in advance to make sure what you want to see is on exhibit. A special show will often relocate to storage the permanent collection you hoped to see. Department-store days are erratic, too. Most are open Sundays but close at some point during the week. Phone in advance. Taped telephone information in English about events in Tokyo is also available daily; call 503-2911.

Taking it with you: Carry tissues. Japanese test rooms scrimp on all paper products. Dinner napkins also tend to be in short supply. Japanese-style restaurants, for example, will offer a steaming oshibori (cloth towel) before your meal, then remove it, leaving you quite defenseless to face a plate of yakitori or a row of sushi. If you're so inclined, you can also carry a bag of cash. The locals do. Japan recently issued new currency in different sizes and colors, so take a little time to study the various styles and numerations of paper. Major credit cards have finally become acceptable in Japan, though many places still prefer cash.
On a festival day honoring small businesses, a shopkeeper in Asakusa dispenses good-luck charms.

The street, serene at its start, gradually grows crowded and frenetic, with shops, stores, and countless examples of that curiously Japanese institution the kissaten, or coffee shop. They're the logical invention of a land-starved city; your two dollars for coffee in a thimble-sized cup is your rent for the table (no refills in a kissaten). None are as stylish as those on Omote-sando-dori.

At the big central intersection, the area officially becomes Harajuku, Tokyo's trendiest turf and the perfect place for watching people. When you've had your fill of the glitter and loud music, head for the majestic Meiji Shrine, just down the street, and bask in the tranquility of the surrounding forest.

The west city has two exquisite museums, the Tokyo Metropolitan Teien Museum of Art (see Connoisseur's World, p. 24) and the Nihon Mingeikan, or Japan Folk Art Museum. Visiting the Nihon Mingeikan is like being in the house of a Japanese friend. You remove your shoes as you enter the low, Japanese-style building, ascend its gracious wood stairway, and find yourself in the midst of old Japan, surrounded by objects that the common folk used—textiles, lacquers, porcelains, and pottery (4-3-33 Komaba, Meguro-ku; 467-4527).

**ROPPONGI**

They call it the gaijin, or foreigners, ghetto, and the nickname is apt. Roppongi is where the Japanese go to see blondes, eat hamburgers, and feel international. Among Roppongi's other attractions is the big white Axis building, a cluster of about twenty-five handsome shops featuring elegant Japanese contemporary objects and home furnishings. The place also has several appealing restaurants that serve meticulously arranged food. Kissō, in the basement, offers some of the more adventurous Japanese dishes in the district, all in modified Kaiseki, or tea-ceremony cooking style. A Tantō is popular with artists and designers and gets its biggest lunchtime crowd around 3:00 P.M. Its Japanified nouvelle dishes are a touch experimental—usually, though not always, the new concoction succeeds. The streamlined interior, the cheery outside terrace, and the best coffee in town make up for the occasional culinary error.

The Wave building, around the corner from Roppongi crossing, is another preview of Japan's future. It's technically a record store—the first four floors are called Disc Port. But, like the Ginza Seibu department store, it contains a forest of videos, including special screens and headphones so that customers can watch the tape of their choice.

**Aux Six Arbres**, whose name is French for Roppongi, is widely considered the village's finest restaurant, both for lunch and dinner (7-13-10 Roppongi, Minato-ku; 479-2858). Queen Alice, also featuring French food, has a magnificent glass-encased terrace—a perfect luncheon setting (3-17-34 Nishi Azabu, Minato-ku; 405-9039).

Roppongi is best known for its nightlife—café-bars, clubs, and
disco that rages on into the night. Several of the more civilized outposts are Neo-Japonesque, part café-bar, part disco (Basement, Roppongi Forum, 5-16-5 Roppongi, Minato-ku: 586-0050); Pacha Cafe, with its modified Viennese art deco interior and pulsating dance floor (Basement 1, Ryudocho Building, 7-4-4 Roppongi, Minato-ku: 479-0522); and Ink Stick, with high ceilings, Oriental screens, dance floor, and a little stage for impromptu performances—usually by locals, although now and then a visiting rock star stops by (Basement 1, Casa Grande Miwa Building, 7-5-11 Roppongi, Minato-ku: 401-0429).

SHINJUKU
This area abounds in superlatives. It has the nation's busiest railway station (1.23 million commuters a day), the majority of the city's tallest buildings, Tokyo's most buttoned-down businessmen (working in the tall buildings), and what is indisputably its nastiest nightlife (across the tracks from the tall buildings). It also has Shinjuku Central Park, a wonderful garden, spacious and grand, once a feudal lord's estate. It's the oasis of sanity often needed in Shinjuku, and its one-dollar admission fee keeps away the huge Ueno Park crowds.

Shinjuku's charms, such as they are, are urban charms. People come to gaze at the city from the skyscrapers, especially the Sumitomo, Shinjuku Center, and Nomura Securities buildings, all of which brush fifty stories and feature rooftop restaurants for a sustained view of the environs. The Hotel Okura operates two of the finest of these restaurants, both in the Nomura Building. Toh-Li is a branch of the hotel's Toh-Ka-Lin Chinese restaurant, and Top Hat, with its rather conventional Western food, is popular at lunchtime with businessmen. The tall buildings offer everything from sushi bars to kisetsu, and the choice is made easier by the ubiquitous plastic food models.

The real Shinjuku, however, is the crowds of humanity on the other side of the tracks. The area, still called Kabuki-cho though the plans to build a Kabuki theater here were abandoned, is crammed with restaurants, cheap coffee shops, pachinko parlors, department stores, fast-food stands, movie houses, and theaters. Here too are Tokyo's X-rated entertainments, from no-pant kisses, where waitresses are sans underwear, to some rough-and-tumble brothels, for years called Turkish baths. (The name was dropped last fall at the behest of a clustered Turkish embassy.) Though it vaguely recalls Times Square, this is Tokyo, and even these streets are relatively safe to stroll—not the prettiest, but hardly life-threatening either. With its screaming signs, its low, clustered buildings, and its hordes of people, Shinjuku is the one place in Tokyo where you actually feel you're in Asia.

THAT EXTRA DAY

Leaving Tokyo for a day or even an afternoon is easy and relaxing. Nikko, Hakone, and Mount Fuji are technically day jaunts, though it's more fun to spend the night and lengthen the excursion. Here are three better trips well worth taking.

Kamakura offers a glimpse of old, idealized Japan. Once the nation's capital, in the twelfth century, Kamakura today is a sleepy little town with fine beaches, a mild climate, and wonderful treasures—most notably the Giant Buddha, a breathtaking, massive thirteenth-century bronze cast. Kamakura's abundant natural beauty and its stillness can be a welcome respite from Tokyo.

Tokyo Disneyland, about forty minutes from the center of Tokyo, looks just like the American version with a few amusing differences; here Mickey Mouse bows to visitors and Donald Duck speaks fluent Japanese. The huge Tomorrowland exhibit makes much of high tech and the adventures of space travel. A guided tour of the park's theme lands, covering some 114 acres, takes just thirty and a half hours.

Tsukuba Expo '85 is a highly televised international exposition that covers a massive Tsukuba, a little science and research community about an hour and a half from Tokyo. Since all the major electronics corporations are represented by pavilions, a visit is an electronophile's dream. Matsushita, for example, presents what it claims is the world's first robot artist, and Sony displays a 132-foot-wide television screen, said to be the world's largest.

Other nations have pavilions as well, designed by some of Japan's dynamic architects. And in the city proper is a new Seibu department store, operated almost entirely by robots and computers. Expo '85 runs through September 16.
追跡！ しきしき誘拐団
From Baden-Baden to Vouliagmeni, through Cortina, Gstaad, Ibiza, and Saint-Tropez, every industrialized country has a grand resort where the privileged gather. What about Japan? Where do the elite of this dense, intense society go to get away? In a land guided by tradition, many go where their parents and grandparents went, to a cool, clean town nestled among blue-green mountains streaked with silver waterfalls and streams: Karuizawa.

Karuizawa is not on most tourist itineraries, yet the name is almost magical to the Japanese. About two hours north of Tokyo by train in the mountainous spine that traverses central Honshu, Karuizawa is really two resorts. One is the old Karuizawa, a place of quiet, larch-lined lanes with expansive lawns and rambling houses set back among the trees, where a sociable subculture of foreign diplomats and executives and some of Japan’s most powerful families has gathered for generations.

The other is new—the Karuizawa of trendy boutiques, of pricey

Donald W. George has lived in Japan and written about it at length.
art galleries and antiques stores, of coffeehouses and pensions designed to look like Mediterranean villas, whose main streets are thronged with Japanese tourists in their teens and early twenties, toting tennis racquets, out to see and be seen.

Both these Karuizawas come to life only in the summer, when the population increases tenfold and more than 270 stores and restaurants from Tokyo and Yokohama open temporary branches. The rest of the year, Karuizawa is a tranquil town of 15,000, popular with skiers and skaters in winter, trekkers and photographers during the spring and fall, but in atmosphere not so different from the back-country village it was a century ago.

Some old Karuizawa hands will tell you that the summer town has lost the class it had thirty years ago and that today the only times to visit are spring and fall, or winter if you ski. But the imperial family still summers here, and the diplomats and corporate heads, the poets and the politicians, still come. The new Karuizawa lends vitality to the old, and the old gives elegance to the new. The combination makes this town a delightful and utterly Japanese version of a great cosmopolitan resort.

Karuizawa was "discovered" in 1886 by Archdeacon A. C. Shaw, an English professor stationed in Tokyo. It was then nothing more than a pleasant post town on the interior road between Tokyo and Kyoto. Enchanted by its natural beauties and healthful, temperate climate, Shaw determined to build a summerhouse there. Back in the capital, he preached the wonders of Karuizawa to his friends, both foreign and Japanese. Within a decade, a convivial international community had begun to convene each summer in what were democratically called cottages—custom-built houses that were mansions by Japanese standards. In an era of feverish Westernization, having a second home in Karuizawa became the ultimate stamp of success.

The imperial family, too, came to favor the resort; and indeed during World War II Crown Prince Akihito was lodged there—which leads to the second part of this tale, for in the late 1950s, when the Japanese economic recovery was bringing material luxuries within the dreams, if not the reach, of all, Prince Akihito met a young woman named Michiko Shoda at the Karuizawa Kai tennis club. Within a year the prince had married the commoner he courted in Karuizawa—the first such marriage in Japanese history. Thus the resort gained an entirely new cachet among a generation that had already assimilated the Westernization of its elders, while to an up-and-coming class of romantic young girls, ever more free financially, Karuizawa became a fantasyland where dreams could come true. One could even marry a prince.

Today the best way to get a sense of these two Karuizawas is simply to roam on foot or on a rented bicycle. With your bike you will be given a map showing an extensive network of sign-posted trails. Set off in any direction. An hour or two of wandering will take you past tennis courts crammed with eager teenagers, and immaculate golf courses bright with canopied carts and Gucci-groomed players; fragrant bakeries and produce shops bursting with such regional specialties as apricots, apples, and jam made from Asama berries; gallery-like one-room stores selling woven baskets, pottery, and handmade dolls; placid lakes ruffled by rowboats, the women in fanciful flowing dresses and sun bonnets, the men with rolled-up sleeves, straining at the oars; and spacious estates with children blowing soap bubbles on the lawn and a couple reading and rocking on a colonnaded porch.

For hikers, a two-hour trek that combines natural and man-made beauty starts at St. Paul's Church, designed in 1934 by an American architect, and proceeds up a paved road past villas and a memorial to the man who started it all, Archdeacon Shaw.

Left: One of the back roads to be roamed by bicycle or on foot.
GETTING THERE

The quickest and most comfortable way to get to Karuizawa is by limited express train from Tokyo's Ueno Station. The journey takes about two hours. By car, the time is doubled.

WHERE TO STAY

The Karuizawa Prince Hotel is a vast complex of gardens, groves, restaurants, and sports facilities, with three kinds of accommodations: the elegant original hotel; separate log cabins equipped with all modern amenities; and a posh new annex that overlooks a pond and golf course. The complex is well worth a visit even if you choose not to stay there. Karuizawa, Karuizawa-machi, Kitasaku-gun, Nagano Prefecture 389-01; phone: 02674-2-8111.

The Mampei Hotel, Karuizawa's first Western-style hotel, is an attractive, chaletlike structure especially popular with visitors looking for a sense of old Japan. Sakuranosawa, Karuizawa-machi, Kitasaku-gun, Nagano Prefecture 389-01; phone: 02674-2-2771.

The Hotel Kajima No Mori is particularly popular with Japanese visitors. Prime Minister Nakasone stayed here last summer. Hanareyama, Karuizawa-machi, Kitasaku-gun, Nagano Prefecture 389-01; phone: 02674-2-3535.

Visitors who prefer the atmosphere and amenities of a traditional Japanese inn, or ryokan, should try Tsuryu Ryokan. 678 Kyu-Karuizawa, Karuizawa-machi, Kitasaku-gun, Nagano Prefecture 389-01; phone: 02674-2-5555.

WHERE TO EAT

In summer, Karuizawa offers restaurants catering to every taste, from boeuf bourguignon to Wiener schnitzel, through sushi, spaghetti, and sweet-and-sour shrimp. Coffee shops for sandwiches, light meals, and cakes are also plentiful. In other seasons, the offerings are less exotic.

In general, the hotels offer the best and most consistent cuisine. The Karuizawa Prince complex includes some thirteen restaurants, from an informal Japanese grill to a sophisticated French restaurant overlooking a pond, where a harpist accompanies the meal. Highly recommended. Away from the hotels, try Akasaka Hanten, a Chinese restaurant that features open-air dining in a graceful garden during the summer. Another favorite of residents and visitors alike is the Suehiro steak house.

Reservations, made through your hotel, are advisable for all restaurants.
before branching off onto a narrow footpath. This winds through a leafy tunnel of cedar, birch, maple, and larch trees to the Usui Pass Observation Platform, a serene vantage that offers sweeping views of jagged peaks, glistening plains, and, to the northwest, brooding Mount Asama, the second-most active volcano in Japan. It is an excellent place to stop and munch the fruit you bought earlier or the o-bento box lunch your hotel prepared.

Another commendable hike descends from Mine-no-chaya ("mountaintop teahouse," where an ancient trail to the top of Mount Asama begins) through forests of birch and larch to the shimmering skirt of Shiraito-no-taki waterfall, then on to an old mansion, like an elaborate piece of confectionery, called Mikasa House. Originally it was the grandest hotel and reception hall in town and is now preserved as a cultural monument.

Karuizawa has always been distinguished by its emphasis on outdoor enjoyment, a distinction particularly acute in Japan, since resorts were traditionally tied to hot springs, where the most strenuous exercise was getting in and out of hot baths. Other popular activities include golf, tennis, horseback riding, archery, sailing, swimming, and fishing, and, in winter, skiing and skating. A variety of facilities are available for these; arrangements can be made through your hotel.

While Karuizawa does not boast many cultural treasures, the Takanawa Art Museum moved its collection of Japanese paintings, sculptures, and handicrafts here from Tokyo two years ago. In summer, there are outdoor concerts of classical music.

Karuizawa occupies a special place in the hearts and minds of the Japanese, being sought out in fall, winter, and spring for its tranquillity, its spectacular scenery, and its wide range of outdoor activities, and in summer for its sports and shopping and society-column soirees. Whatever the season, there is a magic in this meeting of the old and new Japan.
Although he hinted at despair, he kept the worst of his knowledge to himself. "My usual headaches are already assailing me again," wrote Franz Schubert to a friend in October 1827. Several days later, he excused himself from a party on the grounds of being "unfit for any society," and a few weeks after that he postponed lunch with an old friend without explanation. In January 1828, writing to another close acquaintance, he signed his letter, "Your faithful friend until death, Frz. Schubert." It was the first time he had ever used the phrase "until death" in closing.

In the autumn of 1827, Schubert was thirty years old. Even in his native Vienna, he was far from famous: he had not yet enjoyed a single public concert devoted to his works, and what had been published had garnered mixed reviews. Schubert was not starving, but his existence was frugal and precarious. He relied on the support of a loyal brother and of a small group of drinking cronies. He had never married; his friends thought him too timid to
approach women. Self-effacing, Schubert was a bit of a recluse, given to sudden alterations of mood. So far as we know, he never shared his deepest secret with anyone. The secret was that he was dying of syphilis—and knew full well that he had only a short time left to live. That we, at the distance of a century and a half, now share in his secret can only add to our awe as we behold what this modest man accomplished in his last year.

In that small Vienna circle of taverns and coffee-houses, reading parties and musicales, the figure Schubert cut was far from heroic. His friends had nicknamed him Schummerl—“Tubby.” He was small, stocky, with rounded shoulders and a fat face. The oval spectacles propped high on his nose he never removed, even at night. He had thick, curly hair, and his skin, one friend recalled, was often pimply. The same man described Schubert’s face as “somewhat negroid.” Another friend remembered Schubert as having “small, plump hands with short fingers,” a third, that he smelled strongly of tobacco and neglected his teeth. All agreed that he dressed carelessly. Sonnleithner wrote that “one could have taken him for an Austrian, or more likely for a Batavian peasant.”

Hüttenbrenner, who knew him long and well, swore that Schubert “did not have even a suspicion of a love affair.” His friend was “so cold and unforthcoming toward the fair sex at parties” that Hüttenbrenner had concluded Schubert simply disliked women. During a walk in the country, however, he asked the composer if he had ever been in love. Schubert confessed to a hopeless crush on a schoolmaster’s daughter years earlier.

For a century and a half after Schubert’s death, his fatal illness was described as typhus, a term medically ambiguous both then and now. Schubert’s great biographer Otto Deutsch declared firmly in 1946 that the cause of death was typhus abdominalis, or typhoid fever. But in 1980, in the Musical Times, in an article entitled “Schubert’s Illness Reexamined,” the scholar Eric Sams proved conclusively that Schubert died of tertiary syphilis. Victorian propriety had helped to veil the diagnosis, and medical confusion muddied it. How Schubert contracted syphilis remains a mystery. It may be that he frequented prostitutes. Sams is convinced that Schubert caught the disease in late 1822 or early 1823 and thus suffered from it for the last six years of his life. It may be that he avoided women in order not to pass on the terrible mala- dy. Perhaps the most important implication of Sams’s finding is that even as Schubert mentioned the “usual headaches” in his letter to a friend, he knew, by the fall of 1827, that he was dying. “Medical text books of the time,” as Sams dryly puts it, “would have told him what to expect.”

The documents that survive to chronicle Schubert’s last year are lamentably few and unrevealing. The composer kept no diary, wrote few letters, and was reticent with his friends. If we had only the second-hand scraps collected by Deutsch to judge by—Schubert’s complaints to publishers, newspaper clippings, bland diary entries by his friends—we would have no idea that the creative effort of the composer’s last year was anything out of the ordinary. Indeed, the year before, from October 1826 to October 1827, had been, as his biographer John Reed points out, “the least productive of Schubert’s working life.”

Yet Schubert’s last thirteen months amount to an amus mirabilis unmatched in the life of any other composer save perhaps Mozart. The dates of his compositions are themselves muddled, but in 1978 a thematic catalogue based on Deutsch’s lifelong labors was published. With as much certainty as is ever likely to be possible, it assigns the multitude of posthumously published works to their actual dates of composition. Between October 1827 and November 1828, Schubert produced a few pieces that now seem trivial or unsuccessful. But he also wrote or completed the following masterpieces: the Symphony in C Major, known as the Great; the incomparable String Quintet in C Major, his most perfect chamber work; the two great piano trios, in B-flat Major and E-flat Major, so different in mood that Schumann called one “feminine” and the other “masculine”; the second half of the Winterreise, the greatest song cycle ever written; the three prodigious piano sonatas; in C Minor, A Major, and B-flat Major; the Impromptus, Opus 142, and possibly also the Opus 90 Impromptus; the three lovely “opus posthumous” Klavierstücke; the brooding, tragic Fantasie in F Minor, the greatest work ever written for four-hand piano; also for four-hand piano, the Lebenssturme Allegro in A Minor and the Rondo in A; the Mass in E-flat Major; the superb songs to texts by Heine, Rellstab, and Seidl, later spuriously joined as Schwange- sang; and a dozen other first-rate songs.

Even his best friends had no idea what Schubert had wrought in that last year. For a memorial epitaph, the poet Grillparzer moralized tritely, “The art of music here entombed a rich possession, but even fainter hopes.” A French critic later said that “if he had not been a slave to evil desires” (the reference is to an alleged fondness for drink, not women), Schubert might have become “the equal of Carl Maria von Weber.”

As we peer through the cloudy apertures of the documentary record, we catch glimpses of what Schubert’s last year was like. One day the composer urged his friend Spaun to come to Schober’s house, where “in a voice wrought with emotion, he sang the whole of the Winterreise through to us. We were quite dumbfounded by the gloomy mood of these songs, and Schober said he had liked only one song, ‘Der Lindenbaum.’ To which Schubert only said, ‘I like these songs more than all the others, and you will get to like them too.’”

In early 1828, the Winterreise was published. A sarcastic Berlin review complained that instead of twenty-four repetitious songs Schubert might have composed one good one. A Munich journal muttered that “the whole suffers from a certain monotony.” Only from Vienna’s Zeitung für Kunst did he get a good review.

On March 26, 1828, with the help and encouragement of his friends, Schubert was given the only public concert of his life—

David Roberts is at work on a biography of the writer Jean Stafford.
time. On the program were the E-flat Major Trio, the first movement of the G Major Quartet, and eight songs. The concert was well attended; afterward, Schubert and his cronies went (according to the diary of one of them) "to the 'Snail,' where we jubilated until midnight." But Paganini was in Vienna at the same time, and the newspapers, full of the brilliant violin virtuoso, failed completely to notice Schubert's concert.

From February through October, Schubert haggled with two publishers over the rights to his E-flat Major Trio and to his second set of Impromptus. Reading the correspondence today is enough to make one weep with indignation. Schubert asked for 100 florins for one of the two or three greatest trios ever written; H. A. Probst, of Leipzig, gave him sixty florins for it (about fifteen dollars in today's currency) and delayed publication so unconscionably that Schubert never saw his beloved trio in print. B. Schott's Sons, of Mainz, at first halfed Schubert's request of sixty florins for the Impromptus, then later backed out on receiving an "intimation" from Paris that "these works are too difficult for trifles and would find no outlet in France."

In March 1827 Beethoven had died, in Vienna. Although he esteemed the master's works above any other composer's, Schubert had been too shy to approach the man. We cannot be sure the two composers ever met, but Schindler swore that during Beethoven's last illness he gave him a collection of some sixty of Schubert's songs. "For several days on end he simply could not tear himself away from them..." wrote Schindler later. "With delighted enthusiasm he called out repeatedly, 'Truly, in Schubert there dwells a divine spark!'

Yet in his own last year, Schubert gained precious little recognition from the musical society of Vienna. All Europe was in the thrill of Rossini's operas and Paganini's violin playing. Schubert the drawing-room accompanist seemed content with his oblivion and began to flatter the composer, but Schubert got up from the table and abused them loudly as musical hacks. All composers gone, he ranted, "You call yourselves artists! Blowers and hiddlers are what you are, the whole lot of you! I am an artist, I! I am Schubert, Franz Schubert, whom everybody knows and recognizes! Who has written great things and beautiful things, that you don't begin to understand!... Because I am not just a composer of Landler [Austrian dances], as the stupid newspapers say and as the stupid people repeat—I am Schubert! Franz Schubert!"

In September, a long-planned vacation to Graz had to be canceled. Schubert's letter of regret cites "money and weather" as the reasons, but his own worsening health must have been the real cause, for three weeks earlier, suffering from "effusions of blood and fits of giddiness," on his doctor's advice he had moved, in quest of better air, to his brother's house in a Vienna suburb. In early October, with three companions, Schubert went on a three-day walk to Eisenstadt to visit Haydn's grave. It was his last outing. On October 31, at one of his favorite taverns, he could not eat his dinner. On November 11 he took to his bed.

It is heartbreaking to think how few of Schubert's greatest compositions he ever heard performed. The works of the last year were, by and large, stylistically out of joint with the fashions of the day. The fate of the Great C Major Symphony is illustrative. Schubert had sold the score to Vienna's Gesellschaft der Musikianer. At a private recital, when the audience warmly applauded the singer, ignoring the composer sitting at the piano, the hostess came over to commiserate. Schubert is supposed to have replied that he was "quite accustomed to being overlooked, indeed [he] quite liked it, for [he] thus felt less embarrassed." Another anecdote, however, hints at a darker response. One night at an inn, after Schubert had drunk many glasses of punch, several famous musicians from the opera-house orchestra walked in. They came over and began to flatter the composer, but Schubert got up from the table and abused them loudly as musical hacks. All composers gone, he ranted, "You call yourselves artists! Blowers and hiddlers are what you are, the whole lot of you! I am an artist, I! I am Schubert, Franz Schubert, whom everybody knows and recognizes! Who has written great things and beautiful things, that you don't begin to understand!... Because I am not just a composer of Landler [Austrian dances], as the stupid newspapers say and as the stupid people repeat—I am Schubert! Franz Schubert!"

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Discography of Schubert's Last Year

The following discography lists highly recommended recordings, all available, of many works of Schubert's last year. The "D," or "Deutsch," number, based on the 1978 Thematiches Verzeichnis, indicates the probable chronological order.

Trio No. 1 in B-flat, D. 898: Suk, Churcho, Panenka; Quintessence 7111.
Impromptus, D. 899: Murray Perahia, piano; CBS IM-37291.
Die Winterreise, D. 911: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Deutsche Grammophon 2707118.
Impromptus, D. 935: Lili Kraus, piano; Vanguard C-10031.
Fantasie in F Minor, D. 940: Brendel, Crochet, piano, four hands; Turnabout 34479.
Symphony No. 9 in C, The Great, D. 944: George Szell, Cleveland Orchestra; CBS MY-37239.

Klaviersstücke (Piano Pieces), D. 946: Alfred Brendel, Philips 7300791.
Allegro in A Minor (Lebensstürme), D. 947: Brendel, Crochet, piano, four hands; Turnabout 34516.
Mass No. 6 in E-flat, D. 950: Erich Leinsdorf, Berlin Philharmonic; Seraphim S-60243.
Quintet in C, D. 956: Berg Quartet, Schiff, Angel DS-38009.
Schwanengesang, D. 957: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Philips 6514383.
Sonata in C Minor, D. 958: Richard Goode, piano; Nonesuch 79064.
Sonata in A, D. 959: Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; RCA AGL 1-2707.
Sonata in B-flat, D. 960: Alicia de Larrocha, piano; London LDR-71067.
Der Hint auf dem Felsen, D. 965: Ameling, Denizer, Denus; Quintessence 7099.
freunde, but the society never performed it—because, tradition has it, it was considered too long and difficult. The symphony languished unknown and unperformed after Schubert’s death, until Robert Schumann discovered it among the composer’s brother’s papers. Ecstatic, Schumann persuaded Felix Mendelssohn to perform it with the Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra. A letter from Schumann to his future wife, the pianist and composer Clara Wieck, is radiant with magnanimity: “Clara, I was in a state of bliss today. At the rehearsal of a symphony by Franz Schubert was played. If only you had been there. It is not possible to describe it to you; all the instruments are human voices; it is gifted beyond measure, and this instrumentation, Beethoven notwithstanding—and this length, this heavenly length, like a novel in four volumes, longer than the Ninth Symphony. I was completely happy and wished for nothing but that you might be my wife and that I, too, could write such symphonies.”

Nevertheless, it took decades for the masterwork to win a regular place in the repertory. In 1844, despite his success in Leipzig, Mendelssohn had to give up his plan to perform the symphony in London because the orchestra members openly derided the music. Other works suffered similar vicissitudes. Schubert tried to get Schuppanzigh, perhaps the leading quartet player of his day, to run through his D Minor Quartet (the haunting Death and the Maiden). Schuppanzigh and his colleagues began the first movement, but after several bad mistakes, the leader abruptly called a halt, declaring that “this was not quartet writing and was not playable at all.” Well into the twentieth century the three great “opus posthumous” piano sonatas were regarded as eccentric, meandering, and even repellent. Like most of the productions of that last year, they existed, for Schubert, only inside his head.

It is not easy to say what musical features these last works have in common. Romantic biography would see in them a private testament, a turning away from the world, like that of the late Beethoven. But in the Schubert of 1827–8 there is no clear break from what went before. He was, after all, still a young man. To the end, he was capable of pouring forth melodic streams of the most ingenuous simplicity, like those that flow in one of the very last songs, Der Hirt auf dem Felchen, with its serene clarinet obbligato. There is no overt hint, like Beethoven’s epigraphic “Muss es sein?” on the Opus 135 quartet, of a metaphysical quest being conducted through the music.

Yet there is an all but unfathomable deepening and enriching in Schubert’s last several years. One need only listen to the uncomplicated, musically conservative Symphony No. 5 in B-flat Major, from 1816, back to back with The Great Symphony, or to the 1819 Trout Quintet side by side with the C Major Quintet, to gauge the gulf the composer had traversed. Early in life, he had defined his musical strengths: a limitless reservoir of melodic inspiration; a great dexterity with key changes and tonal ambiguity, particularly in making startling but logical shifts from the major mode to the minor, and vice versa; a penchant for what Reed calls “continuous development” (development being used in the technical sense of the second section of sonata-allegro form); a knack for subordinate but powerfully original motifs to accompany the melody; a Mozartean clarity of texture.

Now, in the late works, all these tendencies are pushed to their limits. In addition, Schubert dares to expand the given forms and to write pieces of a Beethoven-like length and ambition that he had never hitherto undertaken. The melodic invention is as rich as ever, and the mastery of key change has so deepened as to allow emotional depths that Schubert had never previously plumbed. He doubles with octaves in the right hand of the piano as never before; uses odd quavers and trills in the muddy bass of the left hand with extraordinary boldness; relies more than ever on those characteristically melancholy modal gambits the plagal cadence and the Neapolitan sixth chord; and turns the conventional coda into a speculative soloquay as eloquent as it is brief.

It is a hopeless task to try to describe music in prose. A technical account of what is going on gives no idea why it works, how it produces something beautiful, and metaphorical effusions that hope to explicate the beautiful commit every heresy known to criticism. There are, nevertheless, moments in late Schubert that seem to follow with perfect inevitability from everything that has just been said, yet arrive with such unexpected lucidity that they produce a kind of shock: the moment, for instance, in the Fantasia for Piano, Four Hands, after the rollicking second theme jolts to a halt in midphrase, and the quiet first subject—simplicity itself, two tones and two upbeats—returns for a last time, with its wistful but unrelenting assertion of F minor. Or the hair-raising ending of the second movement of the Piano Sonata in A Major (D. 959), when one of Schubert’s most poignant melodies dissolves into something like pure design—bass quavers in answering octaves. Or the first four strophes of the Rellstab song “Ständchen,” in which the pulsing piano motif transcends its function as accompaniment to engage in lilting antiphony with the baritone—triplets against double rhythm, minor giving way to relative major. Or the second subject of the first movement of the C Major Quintet, when the cellos burst forth in parallel thirds in a melody so sublime that an English quartet leader had the measure carved on his tombstone. In the late works, there are so many such wonders that analysis is baffled.

Schubert wrote his last letter on November 12. Addressed to his friend Schöber, it begins, “I am ill. I have eaten nothing for eleven days and drunk nothing, and I totter feebly and shakily from my chair to bed and back again. . . . I ever I take anything, I bring it up again at once.” He goes on to ask Schöber to bring him some novels by Fenimore Cooper, “or anything else.”

According to an account that may be spurious, some friends played Beethoven’s mystic quartet in C-sharp Minor (Opus 131) for Schubert as he lay in bed. On November 19, at three in the afternoon, the young composer died. His brother, writing to their father, said that on the eve of his death, apparently delirious, Franz had cried out to protest against being buried alive. When his brother assured him that he was still in bed, not under the earth, Franz raved, “No, it is not true: Beethoven does not lie here.” On November 21 he was buried in the cemetery in the suburb of Währing, a few plots away from Beethoven’s grave.

During that last year, Schubert did not share with his friends the knowledge that he was soon to die. Instead, he went his usual rounds with them: to the Partridge, the Snail, the Burgundian Cross, and Leibenfrost’s coffeehouse for drink and good cheer; to
Schober's for reading parties; to Span's for the musical evenings that came to be called Schubertiades. He kept his hopes and griefs to himself, and shook no fists in public against his fate. In his rooms on the second floor of the Blue Hedgehog he went on writing music. To thank his hostess in Graz, he wrote a march for her son, sending it off with an apology in case the boy failed to like it. Yet when his closest friends sat dismayed and dumbfounded by the Winterreise, he knew not to change a note.

As the sickness began to take its final hold on him, he wrote down all he had to say. Too shy to make a fuss even over his own death, he spoke instead in stemmed ink jots laid out on ruled staves. Dramatic though Schubert's life seems in the bare bones of its telling, it would be ludicrous to make a movie or a novel out of it. There is no narrative gesture, either of defiance or resignation, in those last compositions. Schubert's ultimate thoughts were musical ones, and we shall find the integrity of his art, the courage of his privacy, only there—in the music itself. Into ears it helped prepare, it pours the benediction of his genius.

CELEBRATING SCHUBERT

Two years ago, the great baritone Hermann Prey launched his Wiener Schubertiade—a week-long festival of intimate concerts held in Vienna during the week commemorating the composer's death. The concerts recapture the style of the original Schubertiades—chamber musicles in which Schubert, inconspicuous at the keyboard as he accompanied his friends, regaled his small but discerning circle with the splendid Lieder, trios, quartets, Ländler, and Walzer he had just written. Prey's scheme is to present virtually all Schubert's compositions in chronological order. These first years of the festival, then, offer an unparalleled opportunity to hear the master's early works.

We expect precocity from Mozart, but it comes as a revelation to learn that Schubert, who labored in infinitely greater obscurity, also turned out adolescent masterpieces by the dozens. The critics were initially fearful that an evening made up of, for instance, thirty-three songs written when the composer was eighteen might prove heavy going. In response to the festival's first two years, however, reviewers have uniformly voiced ecstatic approbation. In 1985, Prey's Schubertiade will occupy Vienna from November 14 to 24, presenting works from the years 1815 and 1816, when Schubert was eighteen and nineteen years old.

There is also an excellent Schubert festival every June in Hohenems, a small town in the Austrian Voralberg, organized by Prey's friend and rival baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Unlike the Vienna festival, the Hohenems concerts include the works of other composers.

For further information, get in touch with the Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10110; phone: (212) 944-6880.
It is the most celebrated sheep-milk cheese in history, the blueblood of blue cheese and, indeed, the father of all the world’s blues. Creamy, rich, smooth, moist, its succulent, ivory-shaded body laced with blue-green veins, Roquefort is one of France’s greatest cheeses, and one of the world’s oldest. The beginnings of this delicacy are shrouded in legend, but as early as the first century of the Christian era, Pliny the Elder proclaimed Roquefort “the cheese that bears away the prize.”

Some seven hundred years later, Charlemagne was introduced to it when he stopped at the monastery of Saint Gall and the bishop served him Roquefort. Charlemagne picked the blue marbling from the tangy cheese until the bishop asked him to eat it as it was. He tried it. He liked it—so much so, in fact, that he left the next morning with two chests of Roquefort and an order that two more chests be sent to his castle at Aix-la-Chapelle each year, provided the cheeses were well veined with blue.

Since then, Roquefort has passed through the centuries giving pleasure and garnering high praise. And yet this cheese, which has been enjoyed in such opulent splendor, originates in a meager land, a high mountain plateau, more than 3,000 feet above sea level, that is like dried bone. Stone gray with tawny patches, a few green clumps, and mauve shadows, a mesa known as Combalou rises above the plateau. On its side is the tiny village of Roquefort-sur-Soulzon, and in its bowels are the mysterious caves of Roquefort.

The countryside of Roquefort is known as the Causses. (In modern French, a cause is a chalky limestone tableland.) Its center is in the department of Aveyron, about 400 miles south of Paris and about 75 miles from the Mediterranean Sea. Only sheep, among domesticated animals, can live there, thriving where cows would die. Sheep can travel as much as ten miles a day with their shepherd and his dog to seek out a few weeds, tufts of short grass, wild thyme, or sage. They may have to go that day and the next without water, and to withstand the searing heat of the region’s summer or the cold of its winter.

In an ironic twist on the ways of nature, Roquefort cheese would probably not exist if the land were less desolate, for the uniqueness of this glorious product is born of two things: the intensely rich milk of the sheep and the limestone caves of the Combalou, a scree shot through with fissures that formed when a mountain collapsed eons ago. It is here that the cheese’s distinctive blue mold develops, and where all true Roquefort must be put to ripen.

Throughout the Causses are 900,000 sheep, almost 99 percent of them ewes; most of them are of the Lacanue breed, an animal that lives about eight years. The same 6,500 flocks spend those years with their shepherds, men with a job that is ancient, honorable, and lonely.

In a pasture one summer day, while his flock cropped a sparse growth, and his dog sniffed and snapped at me, I asked the shepherd, “What do you do all day?” Made silent by a life of solitary days, he simply shrugged. “What do you carry in your knapsack?” He produced a book, a few papers, and a lunch. Then he shrugged again and beckoned his flock to follow him to the narrow road, past a dolmen—two large upright stones capped with a third, horizontal stone—one of many such ancient structures in the region that were probably tombs of a people who lived on the Causses before the Gauls. The slow ride of sheep swept along as the shepherd led them toward other grazing land.

Sheep mate in early summer and give birth in late autumn, often to two lambs. Through December, the ewe nurses them with two to three quarts of milk a day. That quantity diminishes, however, by the time she has weaned her lambs, and for the 180 days that follow, during which her milk is used to make cheese, she averages barely a quart a day. (A cow, by comparison, produces at least twenty quarts of milk a day.) During these six months, the ewe gives enough milk to make about sixty-five pounds of Roquefort, or a dozen five-and-a-half-pound cheeses.

Though its quantity may be meager, the milk of the ewe is unsurpassed in richness, creaminess, and sweetness. In fact, the French have a saying: “Cow milk gives the best butter; goat milk gives the best drink; sheep milk gives the best cheese.”

After the sheep is milked (by machine), the milk is brought to the fromagerie and poured into large vats. The milk is heated—but not pasteurized—and then seeded with spores of Penicillium roqueforti, a special mushroom that turns the milk blue.

A well-veined mature Roquefort (foreground), and younger cheeses.
When rennet is added to fresh sheep's milk, it curdles, yielding a cream-cheese pain, or loaf, that is placed in perforated molds to drain; then, it is

spore that lives only in the caves of Roquefort (and is not the antibiotic penicillin). These spores will develop into the blue-green veins of Roquefort, giving it its tangy flavor and piquant taste. Only two grams of powdered *Penicillium roqueforti* are added to 4,000 quarts of milk, but the amount is enough to ensure that the veining will be rich and evenly spread throughout the cheese. When the cheese is about a week old, it is ready to be put into the caves of Roquefort.

The secret of the Combalou caves lies in the faults and fissures, which the people of Roquefort call *fleurines*. During the giant upheavals of a geological era many millennia ago, a mountain collapsed, leaving a massive pile of rocks about a mile and a half long and at least 1,000 feet deep, with natural caves punctured by holes, cracks, pockets, and tunnels. The caves face north, and through the faults, or breaks in the rocks, blows a stream of fresh air that keeps the caves at a constant year-round temperature of 9° C. (48.2° F.), with 95 percent humidity. Entering the caves on a warm summer day, the visitor is plunged immediately into a moist, dark chill that feels all the colder because of the overwhelming dampness. With wool blankets around our shoulders and flashlights in hand, we walked through caverns that were filled as far as the light allowed us to see with ripening Roquefort.

When the new cheeses, or loaves, arrive at the cave, they are pierced with needles, to allow the carbonic gas produced by the fermenting curds to escape and the fresh air from the *fleurines* to enter. They are placed vertically on oak shelves for the first stage of ripening.

After three or four weeks, during which the veins begin to develop, sending streaks of blue-green throughout the interior, each loaf is snugly wrapped in a sheet of tinfoil to be deprived of air and thus slowed in its maturation. In about eight to ten weeks, when the tinfoil is removed, the cheese master examines each loaf to see if it is supple and properly ripened. If he gives his approval, the loaf is wrapped in alumi-
The sheep of Roquefort supply some seventy-four million quarts of milk each year. Above left: Fissures in rocks keep caves air cooled; right, an aging room for cheese.

rubbed with salt before being set in the caves.

num foil and the symbol of a red ewe on a white background bordered in red is added, a guarantee that the cheese was ripened in the caves of Combalou. It is true Roquefort, a name, like Champagne and Cognac, protected by law.

Although the ewe gives her milk to cheese only from January through June, the demand for Roquefort goes on all year. To have good Roquefort always available, the cheese maker removes some of the foil-wrapped loaves when they finish their first ripening and stores them at temperatures just above freezing. Before they are ready for market, the loaves will be put back into the caves for about two weeks.

Of the 37 million pounds of Roquefort made each year, 90 percent is enjoyed in France, while exports go chiefly to the United States, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. The name most likely to be found in this country is Société, the oldest brand in Roquefort. The company was formed in 1842, and it continues in good stead today, responsible for more than half the region's total production.

The creamy, piquant pleasures of Roquefort can be savored as soon as you buy it. Serve it with a grand red wine—a great Bordeaux or Burgundy, a Côtes Rôtie or Hermitage from the Côtes du Rhône; a well-agedGattinara, Barolo, or Barbaresco, from Italy's Piedmont; or a California Cabernet Sauvignon such as a Heitz, Burgess, or Freemark Abbey. For a new experience, follow the advice of Count Alexandre de Lur-Saluces, the present owner of Château d'Yquem, who swears that no match is closer to one made in heaven than his own honey-sweet Sauternes and a racy Roquefort.

Wrap Roquefort in aluminum foil and put it in an airing box in the coolest part of the refrigerator to keep it moist. Take out only as much as you need at a time and let it warm to room temperature for about two hours before eating. Then, experience Roquefort at its best—rich and fragrant and distinctive, the child of France's harshest land whose cheese lovers have crowned king.
Masters of the Game

of all the many polo games I've watched, one stays in my mind. It wasn't the best game I've seen or the highest-handicapped, and it had none of the splendor that attends an exhibition game played in the presence of the president of India, which begins with the mounted Lancers of the President's Bodyguard trotting down the polo ground, pennants and sashes of starched turbans waving in the breeze as they wheel round to present arms. True, the maharaja of Jaipur, who led the legendary Jaipur polo team to an unbroken world record of polo victories, was sitting among the spectators that day, and the famous Rao Raja Hanut Singh, who had played on his team, was participating in the match. But from the time we were old enough to attend polo games, we had been accustomed to seeing players like Rao Raja Hanut Singh, the maharaja of Jaipur himself, the maharaja of Cooch Behar, Prithi Singh of Bara, players from the great teams of the maharajas of Patiala, Alwar, and Jodhpur, and the cavalry regiments of the Indian army galloping down the ground in the polo capitals of India. This was just an ordinary game in the middle of the polo season, and yet it thrilled me, in part because it seemed to me to recapitulate the history of polo.

For a start, it was being held in Calcutta, a city where European officers founded one of the first modern polo clubs, in the early 1860s. They had learned the game from Manipur horsemen in the eastern Himalayas. Without the Europeans, polo might have never become a game for clubs. In Manipur anyone who had a horse played polo, ladies included. A polo team consisted of as many players as you could get on a side. By the time the Europeans discovered the game, it was not uncommon to see the mounted citizenry of entire villages racing down the polo ground in pursuit of a bamboo-root polo ball. The polo tournaments that took place on religious occasions were highly anticipated events, ending in three-day benders with the whole population of Manipur drinking toasts to the winning team. This informal note was singularly lacking in European tournaments. Marvelous photographs taken in the 1860s in Calcutta show smartly clad British officers on their thoroughbred horses, and rather more eccentrically dressed crack riders from the mountain kingdom of Manipur, their horses small and wiry, like their riders, the teams eyeing each other with suspicion.

The Manipurs claim to have invented polo, citing as proof the game's religious significance, the population's mass participation, and the fact that they had been playing it for as long as their own history. In fact, the Persians have a prior claim. Several centuries before the birth of Christ, Persian nobles were playing polo at the court of King Darius, and the game must have been kept alive through the years, because Sir Anthony Shirley described polo matches in his Travels to Persia in 1613. In India, during the time of the Mughul Empire (1526–1761), the game was played throughout the subcontinent. Miniature paintings that record life in the courts of the Indian maharajas reflect the prestige the sport enjoyed among India's kings and noblemen.

And with good reason: polo is without question the finest game ever invented for horse and rider. It tests both the strength and skill of the rider and the speed and intelligence of his mount, and it stretches the training abilities of any master of the horse to the utmost. Its popularity in olden times was by no means contained within the boundaries of India and Persia. Before our century of mechanized transport, horse and horsemen ruled the earth, and polo was enthusiastically embraced by riders throughout Asia. Polo was played in Constantinople and Turkestan. It spread eastward to Tibet, China, and Japan. From Tibet it was imported to other Himalayan kingdoms. When centuries of internecine warfare sent the game into abeyance in more accessible parts of the globe, polo was still intact in Manipur, ready for discovery by Europe. It is entirely possible that there are still other places, like Manipur back then, where riders have continued to play polo down the centuries for the sheer love of the game, unaware that today there are such things as international polo tournaments. Indeed, I remember a dinner in Moscow when an irate Mongolian ambassador lectured me at length on the surpassing skill of his country's otherwise unsung polo players. I saw no reason to doubt him—history has given us adequate proof of the equestrian abilities of Tartar horsemen.

Anyway, with that admirable penchant of theirs for getting things down on paper, the British officials of the Calcutta Polo Club started reporting those early polo games in Calcutta. In England, cavalry officers of the British army read accounts of the games and took up the sport themselves with such fervor that it led to the foundation of London's Hurlingham Polo Committee and an attempt to draw up an international code of rules, in the 1870s. In the next thirty years, the popularity of the game spread so quickly that thousands of polo clubs mushroomed all over the world, from New Zealand to Ireland, from the Americas to Egypt, from Malaysia to South Africa. In a fast half century, polo...
THE SPIRIT OF POLO STILL BURNS BRIGHT IN INDIA

BY GITAMEHTA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DILIP MEHTA

once again gained ascendancy over every other form of mounted sport. By 1910 it had already evolved into the game as we know it today.

And what is that game? Well, at opposing ends of the polo ground, roughly 300 yards long and 160 yards wide, are two goals, their goalposts 8 yards apart. Four mounted players, playing as two backs and two forwards and armed with polo sticks ending in a slightly angled head, try to wrest control of a polo ball, three inches in diameter, from the opposing team. As in football or hockey, the aim of the players is to put the ball into their opponents' goal. On scoring a goal, the teams change ends. A polo game lasts about an hour, divided into six seven-minute periods of play known as chukkers (from the Indian word meaning rounds). In the three-minute intervals between chukkers, players ride to the sides of the ground to change ponies, exhausted from the punishing pace. The game is conducted mostly at full gallop.

Polo is the oldest game played with ball and stick. Appropriately, its name is drawn from the word pulu, meaning ball, and from the language of Tibet, a country so obsessed with polo that its players were advised by public proclamation that the playing of polo on crowded city streets could only be hazardous to their compatriots' health. But as the game of modern polo evolved it began to reflect the national characteristics of those who played it. Being Indians, the Manipuris invested polo with religious overtones. Being imperialists, the British institutionalized it, concentrating on improving methods for training horses and riders and developing a highly scientific game based on backhand strokes and defense.

Then came the Americans, to infect polo with their own craving for speed. Anything that might slow the pace of the game was jettisoned. Out went offside

Cultivating classic form: a Sikh horseman in training on the polo grounds of Delhi.
rules; up went boards around the polo ground to prevent the ball from going out of play. Instead of waiting to place defensive strokes, the Americans practically pitched themselves out of their saddles to meet the ball, hitting under their ponies' necks rather than striking stylish backhands from the side of the ground. They also came up with a system of handicapping that rated a player according to his skill, capacity to score goals, and horsemanship, from a high of ten to a low of minus one, so that game scores could be adjusted whenever the handicap totals of two opposing teams were not equal. This ingenious system encouraged excellence in younger players by allowing low-handicap players to play with high-handicap players in high-performance games. The cowboy instincts of the Americans led them to play more daringly than their European counterparts. They galloped faster than their opponents and were more accurate hitters of the ball. The efficacy of their methods was proved in 1909, when an American team known as the Big Four—Larry and Monty Waterbury, Devereux Milburn, and Harry Payne Whitney—won the coveted Anglo-American Westchester Cup from the British for the first time. They went right on winning it until 1914, when British officers trained in India broke their streak.

By the time the British regained the Westchester Cup, everyone had adopted the American rules. Polo players from Deauville to Budapest, from Calcutta to Toronto, from Melbourne to Dublin were all playing the fast-attacking game of the Americans. The sheer speed with which polo was now played required bigger, better-trained horses, and thoroughbred polo ponies were in great demand, even though conservatives
claimed that the size of these horses had made the game much less flexible than the polo played in Manipur. And then, at the height of the golden age of polo, the First World War was declared, leading to a massive depletion of men and horses. When the war ended, Europe no longer had a wealth of polo ponies. The Americans and Argentinians dominated the game for the next twenty years—until suddenly an Indian team appeared out of nowhere, authoritatively reminding sports fans just where the West had learned the game of polo in the first place.

This was not as surprising as it appeared to be. During the time that polo was being adopted all over the world, the best games were still to be seen in India. The traditions of equestrian excellence in India lent themselves to the development of outstanding players. One popular Indian army sport, pigsticking, required a rider to gallop full-speed at a charging wild boar. Since the boar could easily disembowel the horse with its vicious tusks, the rider needed to be able to stop midgallop at the slightest command. And since a wild boar will “jink,” or turn sharply in its tracks, ponies needed to be trained to make extremely rapid twists and turns, and the rider’s own reflexes had to be as fast as his quarry. Also, since the rider was carrying a spear in one hand as a weapon, he had to become skilled at controlling his mount with one hand only. This stood him in great stead when he exchanged his spear for a polo mallet. Then there was the later sport of tentpegging, in which a rider moves at full gallop at the slightest command.

Attendants at the President’s Estate Polo Club, in Delhi, rise with the sun, don their helmets, and exercise the ponies.
lop to spear a small wooden object lying on the field. It helped develop accuracy in hitting a polo ball.

While the Indian army was engaged in these variations of equestrian sport, the nobles and cavalry regiments of the Indian kingdoms were adapting their game to the changing international rules and were breeding polo ponies for the speed and stamina necessary for modern polo. As will be recalled, even at the height of the British Empire, about one-third of India remained independent, governed by its own rulers. It was these independent Indian kingdoms, states such as Patiala and Alwar, Jodhpur and Jaipur, that produced polo players good enough to challenge the finest players of the Indian army—British officers all, as was inevitable at the high noon of British imperialism. Such high-scoring polo games could be seen only in India, and the prowess of the teams from the Indian kingdoms was largely unknown to the world.

Then, in 1933, the young and dashing maharaja of Jaipur brought the Jaipur polo team to England. On the Jaipur team were two princes from Jodhpur, a prince from Baria, and the maharaja of Jaipur himself. Challenging the best polo teams in the world, the Jaipur polo team entered the international arena. To the astonishment of the polo world, the Jaipur team swept every British trophy that year, creating a record of victories that remains unbroken to this day, and was immortalized in a famous cartoon showing the Jaipur players astride an elephant as they mow down the hapless polo teams before them.

Thirty-five years after that victory I sat on the polo ground in Calcutta watching one of those Jaipur team players, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, line up his team. It represented three generations of his own family—himself, his son, and his grandson. The only generation missing was that of Hanut Singh's own father, the legendary Sir Pratap Singh, regent king of Jodhpur, reputed to have been the greatest rider in the world. (It is in memory of him, whose riding apparel his admirers imitated, that riders everywhere today refer to their riding breeches as jodhpurs.) Sir Pratap trained his horses carefully—so much so

Polo tests the rider, the horse, and the trainer.
PLAYING FOR PRESTIGE

In the United States, polo, traditionally "the sport of kings," is fast becoming the sport of magnates. Such corporate sponsors as Rolex (which has offered their Gold Cup in polo for the last five years), Cadillac, Coca-Cola, Piaget, and Cartier are helping to underwrite tournaments at the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, to the tune of some $300,000 per season. The result: new life and visibility for a game once considered the plaything of playboys.

The first glory days for polo in America were in the thirties. At the open-air Meadow Brook Polo Club, on Long Island, stars such as the ten-goaler Tommy Hitchcock, Sr., winner of all the major polo titles going, attracted cheering crowds of up to 42,000. But as the costs of the sport soared, American polo declined, and the action moved south, most notably to Argentina.

If any one person is responsible for the game's American comeback, it is William T. Ylvisaker, the founder of the Florida club and chairman of the board of Gould, Inc., a $2 billion electronics company based in Chicago. Six years ago, he took 1,650 acres of swampland in what was then the working-class community of Wellington, seventeen miles west of Palm Beach, and fashioned there a posh, sprawling complex with eleven polo fields and stabling for a thousand horses.

Many corporations helped. For the opening season, in 1978, Ylvisaker signed up Rolex, Cartier, and Anheuser-Busch. In all he has had forty-seven corporate sponsors.

The cost of maintaining a high-goal team ranges from $250,000 to $1 million a year. In return, sponsors benefit from polo's elitist image. Their names are placed before what may be the most affluent segment of the population. As Helen Boehm, of Boehm Porcelain Studio, puts it, "People who like polo generally like good things. You don't see too many beer people in these tournaments."

Boehm sponsors the Boehm team and also the $40,000 Boehm International Challenge Cup, for younger players.

Piaget, the Swiss watch manufacturers, have an elegant line of sports watches named "Polo." The engineer of their four-year-old association with American polo is Gerry Gursberg, the president of the exclusive distributor for Piaget in America. "Polo has the image of the market we want to reach," he explains, "that of an aggressive, dynamic, and successful individual." Yves Piaget, administrator of the family firm, adds, "A tournament like this is the ultimate. And, of course, it brings a lot of response from customers"—enough to justify expenditures estimated to be in the vicinity of $250,000 on the Palm Beach tournament and a charity ball.

Corporate sponsorship has been good for polo in this country. The quality of play has improved. Polo players are playing at better stadiums, on faster horses, and once again for larger crowds. (The major tournaments at Palm Beach are often carried by ESPN.) A high-goal pro can command up to $2,000 for a single game. Most players prefer to work out a seasonal gentlemen's agreement with their team's corporate or private sponsor, often involving such perks as cars, club memberships, luxury housing—and the understanding that the sponsors will buy their string of polo ponies at a markup of up to 400 percent over their original purchase price.

By the standards of Joe Montana, Dave John T. Oxley, captain and sponsor of the Boca Raton team, recovers from a match.

Still to come at Palm Beach:
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$100,000 Piaget World Cup
April 10-21
Coca-Cola Challenge Cup
April 20-28
USPA Bronze Cup
April 21
Olympic Inter-Nations Cup
April 30-May 5
Southern Palm Cup
May 7-12
Southern Silver Cup
May 19
Palm Beach Polo Club: Polo Match

Polo, American style: a daredevil sport played by daredevils at breakneck speed.
that when the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, mounted one of the Jodhpur horses, Sir Pratap asked him to dismount because his hands were too hard for the pony's mouth. This love of horses was echoed by his grandson in a recent conversation. "People in the polo world talk too much about their handicaps, forgetting that it is the polo pony that wins the game for you. Today's players are very hard on their horses. They pull the reins back so fiercely it damages the pony's mouth, and after a season or two the pony can't be played anymore. It is a terrible waste when you consider that it takes seven years to train a good polo pony. We were always taught that such behavior was the mark of a bad rider, but in countries where horses are plentiful they don't seem to care how they treat their mounts. Here, where our riders and trainers are so skilled, the game of polo is dying out because we are not allowed to bring in new horses to improve our stock." While the Indian military does import horses for crossbreeding with the existing stock, the government considers that similar imports for the sake of the game are a luxury the country in its present financial condition and for the foreseeable future cannot afford.

The afternoon I remember, twenty years ago, the maharaja of Jaipur was watching Rao Raja Hanut Singh, his former teammate. The beautiful maharani of Jaipur was presenting the cup. Among the other spectators were some of the highest-handicapped players in the world. In the row behind me sat an Indian cavalry officer, whose mother had shocked the conservative Calcutta of the twenties by dressing in jodhpurs and playing polo in public. A trumpet announced the start of the first chukker. Two umpires rode onto the field, the leather containers that contained their supplies of white polo balls slapped against their saddles. One umpire was from the Indian army; the other was an Indian prince: this symbolized the two institutions that had kept the game of polo alive through the centuries. Eight riders crowded together in the middle of the polo field as an umpire threw the ball onto the ground. The ball disappeared under the hooves of milling horses. Shouting players and clacking polo sticks echoed across the field. Someone hit a powerful backhand, and the ball came speeding toward the boundary where we sat under brightly embroidered tents. Five riders galloped after the white ball in a cavalry charge. Rao Raja Hanut Singh and his son were in the vanguard, shouting to each other that other players were gaining ground to ride them off the ball. In a thunder of horse hooves the players galloped at us. The spectators in the front row shrank back into their chairs, as they always do. It never seems possible that the riders will be able to stop their horses from plowing into the crowd. The thundering horses stopped right on the boundary, as they always do. And in that moment, as Rao Raja Hanut Singh and his heirs patted their sweating polo ponies, we who cannot play the game felt the exhilaration of the sport, with all the demands it makes on grace and strength, intelligence and courage, horsemanship and gallantry. I remember, too, feeling proud of those who can accomplish so much. And then the horses wheeled, sashes fluttered, and the game continued elsewhere on the field. □

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THE BARBIZON SCHOOL

Out of favor at present, Millet, Corot, et al. paved the way for Impressionism.

By Robin Duthy

“But you haven’t seen my Corots yet,” says Sir Robert Chilten in An Ideal Husband. “I am not in the mood tonight for silver twilights and rose-pink dawns,” replies the blackmailing Mrs. Cheveley. Oscar Wilde was not the first or last to take a swipe at the Barbizon painters. Even by the art world’s fickle standards they have had a rough time. After years of rejection by the French academic elite, a few of them won acceptance in 1850, though even then poverty and disappointment lay in store. After they died, prices for their work soared and remained high until the Impressionists took over the limelight, and since the 1930s, they have drifted in a kind of cultural limbo.

The hamlet of Barbizon, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, was discovered by Théodore Rousseau and some of his followers in the 1840s. Though just thirty miles from Paris, it was a pastoral backwater where peasants scattered seed as they had in biblical times, gleaners followed in the steps of the reapers, and shepherd girls called their sheep by name. The backdrop to these ancient ways was the forest—eerie, wild, and magnificent.

Over the next few decades, artists from London, New York, and all over France gathered at Barbizon every summer. The leaders of the group were Rousseau, Camille Corot, Jean-François Millet, and Charles-François Daubigny. Rejecting the pretentious classical, Romantic, and historical compositions of the French academic school, they took their inspiration from the great Dutch landscapists Hobbema and Ruysdael, admired and drew on Constable, and borrowed the ordered tranquillity of Claude and Poussin.

Though their work is generally Romantic in conception—amounting to little more than variations on the theme of natural beauty—their scrupulous observation of nature and light led them toward a new-ly atmospheric rendering of landscape. Corot and Daubigny in particular saw light as matter’s counterpart; in this they were the forerunners of Impressionism.

They were attempting something unprecedented and, in the art world of 1840, that spelled trouble. For centuries, head-on collisions between artist and establishment have been set off by the natural drive to create something new as it clashes with the equally natural suspicion of change. Every individual values his own creativity, but other people’s needs watching.

In the art world, a radically new style is usually rejected at first. In time, it begins to be accepted; eventually it may be admired. The financial counterpart of this cycle can be seen in the evolution of market prices. It presents the investor with interesting opportunities.

To win recognition for their work, the Barbizon artists had a political as well as an artistic battle on their hands. For one

Corot’s Chevaux à l’Abreuvoir devant un Bouquet de Saules was sold in 1983 for a hefty $176,000.
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12th to 24th June, 1985, Stand no. 12
thing, their pastoral subject matter was at odds with the mood of imperial France. Though they were briefly in favor during the republican period, between 1848 and 1852, the advent of the Second Empire put them back under a cloud. Millot’s Le Vanmeur (The Winner), of 1848, shows a gaunt peasant at work, dressed in red cap, white shirt, and blue apron—a defiantly republican statement that might have been calculated to send shivers down every bourgeois spine.

Though the struggle was not over for some painters, by 1870 Barbizon art had become respectable, at the turn of the century it was all the rage, and yet already collectors had begun to fall under the radiant Impressionist spell. By comparison, Barbizon art suddenly looked cold and drab.

Since then, the Barbizon painters have been treated, as one art historian put it, with a respect that amounts almost to disrespect. During the last ten years, their prices have barely changed, though many sectors of the art market are up 100 percent or more. In terms of growth in value, the Barbizon school must be in contention for the booby prize.

For some investors, buying just about anything at 1975 prices sounds attractive. Wall Street bargain hunters love a recovery situation, for if the forecast recovery takes place, big profits come with it. Yet neither on Wall Street nor in the art market do prices catch up without good reason, and, sad to say, the case for the Barbizon painters is weak. Their palette is heavy, their message dated, and the market awash with fakes turned out when they were hot numbers nearly a century ago. Collectors looking for capital gains should cash in their Barbizon holdings and switch to a likelier sector.

The best-known of the school, Corot, has always posed problems. A prodigious worker, he painted 3,000 canvases in fifteen years. “Of that number,” the old chestnut goes, “some 5,000 are believed to be in the United States.” This joke was first cracked before the turn of the century. The dealer Michael Knoedler had introduced Corot to New York collectors in 1866, and in the clamor to buy that followed this event, many a dubious Corot changed hands.

For every genuine Corot accepted for sale at auction today, at least ten are rejected as copies or fakes. The authenticity question is, however, easily settled. If a painting supposed to be by Corot neither appears in Alfred Robaut’s catalogue raisonné, published in 1905, nor has a certificate from Jean Dieterle, the leading authority on Corot, then nobody, least of all an investor, should touch it.

Corot did not help matters by touching up his students’ work and adding his signature, but his style in any case lent itself perfectly to faking. The soft green willow groves were painted in broad, imprecise strokes, scenes Corot himself repeated with little variation over the years.

Corot’s biggest break came in 1855, when Napoleon III bought a painting. Twenty-eight canvases were sold in 1858 for prices he could scarcely believe. Before long, he found he was rich. But he was a simple, deeply religious man who gave generously to less fortunate artists—10,000 francs to Miller’s destitute family, a house to the old and blind Daumier.

Since 1975, Corot’s work has fallen in value by 20 percent. What I call its “marker price” (the average of all Corots sold at auction excluding the highest and lowest 10 percent) is down to $22,000. The reaction that set in over the years against the big “Bond Street Corots,” which were fetching $25,000 to $50,000 at the turn of the century, now looks irreversible. There are Corots that arouse interest today, however. They are small, sketchy landscapes of the campagna around Rome, painted during his visits of the 1820s and 1830s, which have a freshness and understatement emulated by the Italian Macchiaioli in the 1860s. Degas reckoned Corot painted figures even better than trees; his figure paintings too are now highly rated. A record price of $3.85 million was paid last November for his La Femme à la

Even by the art world’s fickle standards they have had a hard time.

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<td>$22,000</td>
<td>$3,850,000 (1984)</td>
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<td>Charles-François DAUBIGNY (1817–1878)</td>
<td>$7,250</td>
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<td>Narcisse Virgile Diaz de la Pena (1807–1876)</td>
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<td>Charles-Emile JACQUE (1813–1894)</td>
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<td>Jean-François MILLET (1814–1875)</td>
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<td>Théodore ROUSSEAU (1812–1867)</td>
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“Marker price is the average of prices paid at auction, excluding highest 10 percent and lowest 10 percent.”
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Grande Troupe, though paintings of such market value rarely appear on the market. Of all the Barbizon painters, Millet is the only one who can still produce shock waves. Born into a Norman peasant family, he endured hardship as a struggling artist in Paris, where he did pastiches of Boucher's naked ladies. When he discovered that his artistic reputation rested solely on these, he renounced such potboiling, and just before his move to Barbizon in 1849, from that date he applied himself to the peasant subjects he so cared about. "At bottom, it always comes to this," he wrote. "A man must be moved himself in order to move others, and that is done from theory; however clever, can never attain this end, for it is impossible that it should have the weight of life."

Artists of Brueghel's time usually showed peasants skating or carousing. Millet saw them differently. He believed deeply in the nobility of a peasant's work and was the first to represent it in the light of that feeling. In this more cynical age, many would doubt that it was feasible for an artist to convey such an idea without sentimentality. Yet if Millet's message now seems moralistic and heavily stressed, his forceful style and obvious sincerity come to the rescue, establishing him as an important artist.

His best-known painting, L'Angélus, he sold in 1859 for $350. Thirty years later when it came up at auction in Paris, Cornelius Vanderbilt had Knoedler bid up to $100,000 for him, but the Louvre went still higher. Later that year, $250,000 was reputedly paid for La Bergère (The Shepherdess), a record price for a modern painting that stood for forty years.

Like those of other Barbizon painters, prices for Millet were high at the turn of the century but slumped after 1920 as competition for the Impressionists gathered pace. But in the last ten years, Millet's work has moved up 80 percent. In 1978, the National Gallery in London gave $600,000 for Le Vanneur; a first-class work would now fetch well over a million.

Though not so widely faked as Corot, Millet nevertheless presents difficulties too. His nephew was convicted early in the century for selling works painted in his uncle's style, complete with a fake atelier stamp. No catalogue raisonné yet exists, and in the meantime the opinion of Yale's Prof. Robert Herbert is what counts.

Daubigny prices took a hammering between the wars. In 1919, $36,000 was paid for his Retour du Troupeau, yet in 1935, an eight-foot canvas of another flock of sheep—admittedly seen at midnight—was knocked down for fifteen dollars. Like Corot, Daubigny may repeat himself too often, yet he is the most attractive of the Barbizon school. Obsessed by the play of light on water, he had the idea, later taken up by his friend Monet, of using a studio-boat from which he could paint the river. In this he moved around the Marne, the Seine, and the Oise, painting glorious views of the banks and water meadows. Corot had persuaded him to forgo detail in the interest of natural effects, and whatever he showed at the annual Salon was savaged by critics for its slapdash handling. Though his work may have been a little somber, it avoided the sentimental trap. If any of the Barbizon painters deserves a revaluation, Daubigny must be the first.

The work Théodore Rousseau submitted to the Paris Salon was rejected every year from 1836 to 1848. The Louvre final-

Of the 3,000 canvases Corot painted, 5,000 are believed to be in the United States.


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**INVESTOR'S FILE**

Ily bought La Clairière (The Clearing) for $750 in 1858, but even that mark of official acceptance scarcely made life easier. His ruminating green landscapes, like Daubigny's, are a little heavy for modern tastes and have actually fallen in value by 20 percent since 1975.

"For God's sake," he wrote, "let us try in our work to make the manifestation of life our first thought, let us make a man breathe, a tree really vegetate." But in this Rousseau was almost too successful. His spectrum seemed to run from emerald green to mossy green; his landscapes are suffused in green and though true to nature seem to carry their color as a burden. Standing, as it were, on Rousseau's shoulders, the Impressionists later perceived that green could overwhelm the viewer, and they took to representing it as a combination of other colors.

In Rousseau's case, as so often before, the art market showed a cruel streak. Within a few years of his death, his work was changing hands for $5,000 or more. It peaked in 1913, when a United States senator paid $160,000 for Le Pêcheur (The Fisherman). Now the market price for a Rousseau is $2,500, and no early revaluation can be expected.

The market for middle-range Barbizon pictures seems certain to stay weak. Top-flight works, on the other hand—and this means no more than the twenty or so best paintings each artist ever did—should still prove a sound buy. For fifteen years, Japanese demand for the Barbizon school has been a key factor in the market. Of all European cultures, the Japanese feel greatest affinity with the French, and since Japan was until this century basically a peasant economy, they find Millet's paintings irresistible. They have become highly selective investors, however, and can no longer be sold run-of-the-mill work.

Sooner or later, perhaps in Japan, a major exhibition of Barbizon artists will be held. Critics will commend their nobility of purpose, and the market may sputter into life. People will remind themselves how worthy these artists could be—but also how dull—and, probably, apathy will set in again.

Robin Duthy is editor of the Alternative Investment Report.
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By Roger M. Williams

The manuscript-filled studio of Yepes reflects its owner: neat and well-ordered.

Among all save devotees, the world of the Spanish classical guitar has in recent decades attracted little curiosity. Andrés Segovia is king; the instrument itself, in the hands of a few exacting craftsmen, continues to meet standards set hundreds of years ago. What we nondevotees have failed to recognize is the inventiveness, versatility, and sheer excellence of a small, shy Spaniard named Narciso Yepes.

At fifty-seven, Yepes belongs to the post-Segovia generation, yet he long ago began to emerge from Segovia's broad shadow, and today he stands as a master in his own right. The means of his ascendance: a revolutionary ten-string guitar and a level of musicianship matched by few performers on any instrument.

North America lags in appreciating the virtuosity of Narciso Yepes—a situation that may well be rectified by several concerts in the United States this year, starting in Toledo, Ohio, on March 29 and winding up on April 17 in a joint recital with the harpist Nicanor Zabaleta at the Ambassador Foundation in Pasadena, California. Yepes has been presenting, worldwide, more than 120 concerts and recitals a year, and he has made about forty recordings. Among the latter are several classical best-sellers and his internationally acclaimed score for the French film Forbidden Games.

In concert and on record, Yepes displays an extraordinary range of repertoire. He virtually owns Joaquin Rodrigo's celebrated Concierto de Aranjuez, and he plays Bach, Telemann, and the Scarlattis; Spanish folk songs; and twentieth-century compositions. Most distinctively, perhaps, he plays centuries-old pieces for the lute and such arcane stringed instruments as the theorbo and chitarrone.

With much of this material, Yepes has an unusually personal connection. A substantial number of the contemporary compositions were written for him, and the typical concert piece for lute comes from his own collection of old manuscripts. "Maybe my repertoire is bigger than the other guitarists," he says with a shrug. "I know when I arrive in Japan, people are amazed that I've sent them six or seven different programs to choose from. I learn new pieces very easily."

Yepes projects that same quiet confidence from the stage. The guitar seems almost as big as he is, and its fingerboard, enlarged to twice the size of that of the normal guitar to accommodate the extra strings, seems too wide for his stubby fingers. Man and instrument merge, in much the manner of Pablo Casals and his cello in the famous photograph by Yousuf Karsh. The ten-string guitar, with every note resonating naturally, produces a sound that is now big and full, now soft and plaintive, always crisp and commanding—an instrument of many voices, many moods.

The striking contrasts within the Yepes sound are easily discerned in a comparison of certain recordings. A disc containing guitar works by Francisco Tarrega has a crystal, bell-like quality, while a tape of Domenico Scarlatti sonatas reveals a deep, low range. Yepes observes, 'It's as if I have two guitars in one. I can play the real guitar, the one with the strings, and the sound that resonates naturally."

Roger M. Williams is an American journalist who is currently based in Paris.

Auction to be held on Wednesday, April 3, 1985 in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue in New York. Viewing is from March 28 through April 2. The illustrated catalogue #5850-CO is available for $10 or $12 if ordered by mail. For further information, please contact Jonathan Snellenburg at 212/546-1013.

A gilt brass and silver universal Equatorial Dial, by Johann Willebrand, Augsburg, late 17th Century.
dark, biting sound, the notes almost tearing away from the strings, that even racing, rippling passages do not mask.

Yepes had an unusual musical birth and an all but unique musical education. His parents, poor farmers in the Spanish province of Murcia, had neither musical interest nor background. But the senior Yepes bought a small guitar for his son when he was four, and the father rode the son five miles on a burro to and from lessons three days a week. Later, from the meager family resources, he bought the boy a bike.

In his early teens, Yepes stopped taking guitar lessons. "I began asking my teachers questions they couldn't answer. Luckily, I then met a great composer-musician, Vicente Asencio. He was a pianist who loathed the guitar because a guitarist couldn't play scales very fast and very legato, as on a piano or a violin. 'If you can't play like that,' he told me, 'you must take up another instrument.'"

"I tried to match his piano scales on my guitar. Guitar teachers always taught you to play scales with two fingers. I used three, later four fingers, and after a month of very hard work, I went back to Asencio. 'So,' he said, 'it's possible on the guitar. Now play that fast in thirds, then in chromatic thirds.'" Evenly, technique ceased to present problems to Yepes.

The rest of his musical education came from a series of renowned musicians: the pianist Walter Gieseking, the composer-violinist Georges Enesco, the pedagogue Nadia Boulanger. Yepes admired their musicianship, and they responded with instruction in such matters as tone color, phrasing, and precision of attack.

But it was the four years with the merciless Asencio that prepared Yepes to mount to the loftiest professional stage. A final boost was provided by the conductor Ataulfo Argenta, who happened to hear the young guitarist in his hometown and urged him to go to Madrid. There, a year later, in 1947, he made his debut at the age of twenty. His first European tour followed in 1948, but the American debut, at New York's Town Hall—three evenings of Spanish music from five centuries—did not take place until 1964.

Problems with his American management kept Yepes away from the United States for another six years. Meanwhile, however, American moviegoers were humming his theme music for Forbidden Games and for the 1962 film The Girl with the Golden Eyes.

In the early sixties Yepes invented the ten-string guitar. "I wanted an instrument in which all twelve notes of the scale resonate equally, rather than just four, as with the six-string guitar. That way, I could play the medieval and baroque music as it was written, and a contemporary composer would be much more interested in writing new pieces for me."

"Impossible," said José Ramírez, the famous Madrid guitar maker, when Yepes approached him with the idea of the expanded instrument. "All right," the guitarist replied, "I'll try somebody else."

"Not that impossible," Ramírez said.

Learning to play the new instrument, Yepes says, was not difficult. "I received the guitar on March 1, 1964, and I was determined to play it at a concert in Berlin on March 15. Just before departing, I called in a group of musician friends and told them, 'I have to decide whether to take the six- or the ten-string to Berlin. Which should it be?' I played the program through on each, and everybody said, 'What a stupid question.'" Yepes now owns three ten-string guitars, and he performs on them exclusively. Although he has taught students to play the ten-string, none has yet risen to high professional status.

His taking advantage of the instrument's flexibility has opened Yepes to some criticism. A prime example is his interpretation of Bach's Chaconne in D Minor, which some listeners complain is overly subjective, choppy, and un-Bachian. He makes a straightforward defense: "There are three versions of the Chaconne and I analyzed all three. The version I play is the one I think Bach would..."
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**THE PERFORMER**

have written if he’d composed the piece for guitar or lute.”

Comparisons with Segovia are inevitable, but for the most part Yepes manages to avoid such speculation. “Segovia is a very beautiful player,” he says, “but it is not necessary to imitate him. Why should Rostropovich imitate Casals?” Is he in any sense a successor to Segovia? Yepes smiles. “We’re both Spanish, both from the south, and both guitarists, so just maybe I am.” Then he adds, with no smile, “I’d like very much to be thought of as a successor to Segovia.”

With his Polish-born wife and three children, Yepes lives in an expensive new Madrid suburb off the highway to El Escorial. The house is comfortably casual, and Yepes’s studio, in one corner of it, overlooks a wooded valley. In the middle of the

“Segovia is a very beautiful player—but it is not necessary to imitate him.”

studio floor sits a solitary music stand, and on bookshelves rest the hundreds of old manuscripts that Yepes hopes to transfer—with philanthropic assistance—to a permanent archive.

Sometimes, late at night, the house resounds with the music of flamenco guitar. Yepes loves flamenco’s “enormous quantity of art,” and he serves on juries at festivals dedicated to that peculiarly Spanish form. He also plays flamenco, but only for family and friends. It is a private passion, along with telescopes and the Zen garden he tends on his terrace.

So far, Yepes has not composed any music for classical guitar. “I’m working up to that now. I already have a concerto planned.” That’s the sentiment of a man who does things at his own rhythm, and it recalls a statement he made a few years ago. “The idea is just to be happy with the instrument and to make people happy with what you do,” he told a Canadian interviewer. “The only thing I want to do now is to have more and more of an inner life—and show it with the guitar.”

A Brief Discography:

You can hear Narciso Yepes on the following recordings, all available from Deutsche Grammophon.

Rodrigo: *Concierto de Aranjuez*

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STEREO'S NEXT STEP

All you need to know about compact-disc players.

By John Woram

It wasn't long ago that the musicians union wanted double scale for recording those newfangled double-channel stereo albums. The logic was that double the music deserved double the pay. James Petrillo, the union president, was adamant, and stereo got off to a slow start—until the record producer Bert Whyte gave Petrillo a crash course in the facts of recorded life. If stereo caught on, everything in the catalogue would have to be recorded all over again. Why risk the prompt demise of the new medium by holding out for a few bucks short-term? After Whyte's lecture, the demand for double scale was dropped.

We all know the rest of the story: Monaural recordings are found mostly in history books, and the two-channel stereophonic long-playing record is king.

With mono dead (and the flash in the pan of four-channel, quadraphonic sound all but forgotten), the future of the by now conventional stereo LP looked secure—until recently. The newest kid on the block, of course, is the compact disc, which can squeeze more than one hour of playing time on a single-sided disc. (With its 4 3/4-inch diameter, the latest disc is "compact" in comparison with the 12-inch LP of yesterday, which was "long-playing" by comparison with the 78s of yesteryear.)

Will the CD again force the music industry into re-recording everything in the world? There is every indication that history will indeed repeat itself, for once again, the new technology promises significant improvements in the sound reproduction of the music.

As with just about everything else that's new in electronics today, the CD is a child of digital technology. Sound travels through the air as waves. The groove of a conventional (analog) record, one might say, is a scale model of the music: it is shaped like the original sound waves. On a CD, the original sounds are captured in a Morse code—like stream of computer bits that is etched by laser beneath the disc's transparent surface. These bits, to continue the analogy, are blueprints for reconstructing the original sound patterns. It takes another laser—located in the CD player—to read the blueprints and convert them back into sound waves. The great advantage of the laser beam over the cartridge of a conventional phonograph arm is that it ignores everything else—so there are none of the pops, clicks, and scrapes that are the bane of the vinyl LP.

Perhaps the CD's most obvious physical characteristic is a concession to the past: like the LP, the 45, and the 78 before them, the CD is still a rotating disc. Charles Darwin would understand the

John Woram, a sound-engineering consultant, is the author of The Recording Studio Handbook.
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BRIEFING PAPER

Evolutionary pattern. But as far as high-tech goes, there is something anachronistic in yet another medium that spans. A more elegant system might store its data on a file card that would simply be read into memory by computer. In fact, such systems are already under study, so we may well need an update on this Briefing Paper one day. And if the audiofile card doesn’t catch on, something else will. But the important lesson is that if you want to wait for the final solution in audio, you’d better get comfortable. It will be a long wait.

As for the rest of us, there are enough CD players on the market to satisfy just about any requirements (see “Systems”). Plain-vanilla players start at about $300, while for the dedicated audiotechnophile there are systems with bells and whistles costing from $1,000 to over $6,000. CD players for the car are showing up now: Sony has a CD Walkman; and there are magazine-load home systems that will hold and play fifty different discs in just about any sequence you can dream up. In effect, it’s the space-age Wurlitzer.

Operating a CD player differs quite a bit from playing a record in the old-fashioned way. In the old days, if you didn’t care for, say, band 3 on side 1 of your otherwise all-time-favorite record, you would have to get up and move the playback arm ahead to band 4. You don’t have to do that sort of thing with a laser beam. Instead, you refer to the CD’s liner notes, which tell you how the (invisible) bands and band segments on the CD have been numbered. By pushing a few controls on the front of your CD player, you can play the entire disc or just one or more selected bands.

Unlike quadraphonic, which came and went, the CD is here to stay.

Depending on how many buttons there are (read: how many dollars you spend), the system may let you do some creative programming. You might want to hear every other band, for instance, in reverse sequence. You might put band 4 on perpetual repeat—or prevent it from playing ever. With one of the digital jukeboxes, you can skip from disc to disc for weeks. With a top-of-the-line system, you can do all sorts of prelistening. If you’re really serious about it, you can probably spend more time pushing buttons than listening. But this too will change. Most premium-price units now come with some sort of add-on computer interface designed in. There’s nothing to hook them up to yet, but sooner or later—and probably sooner—the computer half will be announced. You’ll have to do your programming just once, and it will be remembered for as long as you wish.

Before you rush into the CD arena, a few warnings are in order. With surface noise a thing of the past, the digital systems’ dynamic range from softest to loudest can cause some shocks. Never check whether the system is on by turning up the volume until you can just hear the “hiss.” There is no hiss to hear. If you try to produce it anyway, when a fortissimo comes along it could blast you into orbit—or at least blow out your loudspeakers.

Though the expanded dynamic range of the CD represents a technological advance over LPs, it is a mixed blessing for listeners who just want a little background music. With a player set for comfort at top volume levels, quiet passages may not be heard at all. For “wallpaper music,” some systems therefore feature a compressor that can be switched on and off at will. When in operation, it smooths out the dynamic range so that both the quiet and the loud sections are kept within reason. You’ll want to switch the compressor off for critical listening, but switch it on for your next cocktail party and you should get rave reviews.

While the CD’s immunity to surface noise is impressive, it’s not invariably all it’s cracked up to be. A mere fingerprint may be enough to interfere with the beam of the laser pickup, in which case you will hear not the old-fashioned surface noises but a sudden moment of silence. Sensitivity in this respect differs considerably from system to system. The same fingerprint that will distract one CD player will often go unnoticed by another.

The reason for these differences lies in the players’ error-detection and correction circuits. All CD players have them, but their sophistication varies from model to model. The error-detection circuit discovers your fingerprint; the correction circuit reconstructs the signal to its preprint condition. The laser “groove” contains a certain amount of redundant information that makes such corrections possible, but success is largely a function of the individual player. Fortunately, most blemishes can be wiped clean by the user, and with reasonable care a CD should last indefinitely, sounding the same after a hundred plays as it did on the first. What almost certainly won’t last is the brittle plastic album jacket.
BRIEFING PAPER

One more word of caution, more important than all the others. Digital technology is a new tool, not a new art form. The word digital neither enhances nor diminishes the musical value of a recording by one iota. For the moment, a digital version may even seem a bit worse than the analog version, since digital clarity has a way of highlighting all those minute flaws that might otherwise have remained just below the threshold of audibility. All the same, the CD shows every promise of becoming the recording medium of the future. James Petrillo would be delighted.

SYSTEMS
You can add a good compact-disc player to your existing stereo system for as little as $400 or as much as $6,500. Here is one critic’s sampling of what’s available.

Under $500 (but not by much)
At a suggested retail price of $399, the Yamaha CD-X2 is plain vanilla all the way, but should do quite nicely. Although not reviewed at press time, it introduces several improvements over the company’s CD-X1, at a lower retail price. It features just enough front-panel controls to get the music playing and to let you do a rather limited amount of programming. There’s also a built-in headphone amplifier and a headphone jack on the front panel. Helpful tape-recorder-style fast-forward and fast-reverse buttons let you move around quickly. Volume lowers automatically when you search with these controls, protecting your ears and your speakers, but you still hear enough to find out what you want. Yamaha’s latest error-detection/correction system is among the best around. No remote-control system is available with this model.

Under $1,000
At $600, the Technics SL-P3 is one of the more feature-laden machines on the market. It comes with a dizzying thirty-two front-panel controls. (An earlier model, already discontinued, featured twenty-eight buttons.) The SL-P3 has a headphone jack with separate volume control, which is pleasant. You can program it to play any sequence of up to thirty-two bands or band segments. For times when you don’t know what to listen to next, the music-scan function offers you the first few seconds of each band until you intervene. The wireless remote control is an added bonus.

Peter McGrath, the owner of Miami’s Sound Components (see “A Selective List

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of Audio Specialists”), reports that he is particularly impressed with the Meridian Model MCD, a British import priced at $689, in the middle of the spectrum. The system is very basic, with no remote-control facilities, but lots of extra attention has been lavished on the electronics. The sound quality is top-of-the-line, making the Meridian ideal for the listener who wants “just the music, please.”

**Deluxe, $1,000 and up**
If you want first class, the Swiss-made Revox B225 is the only way to fly. At one time, some misinformed CD watchers pronounced it a bargain at $1,700. Actually the price is now $1,150, which means you’re getting something like a supersaver fare on Regent Air. Though the B225 has extensive programming facilities, its control panel is so carefully laid out that the higher-function buttons don’t get in the way of simple start-stop playing. The player is a logician’s delight. Pushing almost any button will turn it on, yet even the off button doesn’t do its job if the disc drawer is left open. For the technical crowd, there is a CALIBRATE function, which interrupts the music and inserts a steady tone of 1,000 hertz (cycles per second). This is useful for making critical level and balance adjustments.

A remote-control accessory is available. It is designed as a single command center for the entire high-end Revox line. Consequently (and for some buyers inconveniently), the remote volume control will operate only in conjunction with Revox’s 200 Series components.

**For the design-conscious**
Those who are in the market for music hardware that doubles as art are hereby advised to be patient just a little bit longer. The Danish firm Bang & Olufsen—whose predigital hardware is on view at New York’s Museum of Modern Art—has yet to announce its first CD player, but industry sources expect a CD player from them sometime this year.

**The Wurlitzer**
The SL-P15 from Technics, which should reach the market within the next month at an expected price of $1,500, will load up to fifty CDs in its magazine. Needless to say, it will allow you to work out a programming sequence involving all fifty discs.

**Pro models, above $2,000**
If you want to intimidate the neighbors, the brand-new and forthcoming fully professional CD players from Technics, Sony, and others are what you’re waiting for. They will run $2,000 to over $6,000, and some of the ones that are not out yet should become available “soon.” “Soon” is an ancient Japanese expression that means maybe tomorrow, maybe next year, but not until we’re really sure that someone will actually buy one. The Technics SL-P50P has just come on the market with a $4,000 price tag. It sports two full-size VU meters that monitor audio levels; a bargraph display plus light-emitting diodes that read minutes, seconds, and frames (just what you’ll need for reviewing your next film score); a line-output slide fader; a built-in monitor speaker; a numeric key pad; and a search dial that allows you to “spin” the disc back and forth to find the precise note you’re looking for. Technically, that’s a very neat trick.

**On wheels**
The Fujitsu Ten Corp. recently displayed a combination CD player and AM/FM stereo radio that came fully equipped with a Toyota. Price tag: to be announced within weeks. If you already have a car you like, Sony’s CDX-R7 (equipped with a clock and an AM/FM radio) will slide right into the radio slot on the dashboard. These traveling CD players perform quite well, given reasonably smooth pavement.

**On foot**
The new addition to Sony’s Walkman family is the portable model D-5, which measures 5 by 3/4 inches, weighs just over one pound, and costs about $300. The AC adapter lets you plug it in to your regular sound system, but with the headphones and battery pack ($50), it is completely self-sufficient. But the D-5 is delicate. If you jog with it, it’s apt to mistrack.

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GALLERY AMERICANA
carmel-by-the-sea
PRIVATE LINE

PHANTOM OF THE ORIENTAL

For four years, the power brokers who read the magazine Institutional Investor have been asked to name the world's best hotels. Four years straight, Bangkok's Oriental, owned by Mandarin International Hotels, has topped the list. "What is your secret?" we asked Kurt Wachtveitl, the general manager. "Elegance, ambience. Our hotel is an oasis. Any hotel can be beautifully built and furnished," he explained, "but atmosphere takes time." Joseph Conrad slept here. So did Somerset Maugham, James Michener, and Noel Coward.

Hoping for a more enlightening answer, we dropped in on the beautiful Ankana K. Gilwee, the Oriental's guest-relations manager, who has worked at the hotel since 1948. "What is your secret?" we asked again. "Service. Providing our guests with what to you or me does not seem possible.

"Here is an example. A guest checked in and thought he saw a little jing-jok lizard in his room. He called housekeeping and said, 'You must get this fellow out of my room, or I check out immediately.'

"The boy said, 'We are so surprised. Normally, this kind of lizard does not live where there is air conditioning. This little fellow likes the heat. We will have to do a lot of searching, but we will find him for you.' The guest said, 'I give you three hours.'

"Housekeeping looked everywhere—

BLESSED BE THE CHEERFUL GIVER

Pope John Paul II turns sixty-five next month (on May 18), and many of the world's 745 million Roman Catholics are wondering what to get for the Holy Father. If you want to give something, here are some points to keep in mind.

- Keep it white. If it's a book—John Paul reads widely—you will have to have it bound in white leather.

- Emblazon all gifts with the papal crest. A copy of the tiara and the keys of Saint Peter may be obtained from the Holy See mission to the United Nations.

- Be original. The pope loves to ski and kayak, but he already is overstocked with parkas lined in alpino mink, blessed bindings, and papal paddles.

Alas, even if you follow these rules, there is no guarantee that your gift will find its way to the pontiff. Perishables go straight to the apostolic pantry. Other gifts go to a secret clearinghouse: the little-known magazzino privato ("private storehouse"), on the ground floor of the Apostolic Palace. There, Sister Ariberta, the magazzino manager, plans for the dispersal of the presents to favored parishes—this week Guyana, next week Grenoble.

The supreme honor comes when the Holy Father accepts a gift for his own use. Francis Cardinal Spellman was especially clever at making offers the man in the dou-

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PRIVATE LINE

On Soviet television, the Mad Hatter's tea party has been given a mad new twist. The authorities have produced what they call "a new and correct interpretation of Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll." The story line is familiar, but the cartoon figures are deliberately Marxist-Leninist. Alice wears a little red worker's cap—and looks like a Russian wolfhound. Alice (without hat) appears in the guise of those brave Stalinist goddesses on propaganda posters throughout the Soviet Union. The Red Queen, drawn in the manner of the stock capitalists in the Soviet funnies, wakes up even the Dormouse long enough for her to scream, "Off with her head!"

We hear that the program has been a success and that the Russians are now reviewing other Western classics as candidates for "reinterpretation." Curiouser and curiouser.

DUCK MEAT LOAF

Richard Perry isn't a household name yet, not even at home in St. Louis, Missouri, but gourmets we know say that his Victorian-style tavern, at 3265 South Jefferson Avenue, over near the Busch brewery, serves the finest food in the Midwest. Gregg Mosberger, the brilliant young chef, rings nouvelle changes on traditional local recipes, for such delights as striped bass in Napoleon pastry, duck meat loaf, hickory-smoked capon, and an ethereal array of desserts. Perry ain't fancy, and neither are the prices.

WHATEVER THE CUSTOMER SAYS

If you are in the market for a new Mercedes 500 with a solid-gold grille or a Rolls-Royce with door panels in silk brocade or a Porsche with rainbow-hued seats in finest velvet, the man to talk to is the thirty-two-year-old ex-ship's engineer's apprentice Chris Hahn, of Hamburg-Schenefeld. In the past four years, his well-named Styling Garage has converted more than five hundred luxury vehicles into rolling paradigms of conspicuous consumption. Special paint jobs come as cheap as $4,000; more-elaborate orders—armor-plating a stretched Mercedes 500, installing a telephone, a television, stereo equipment, a rosewood dashboard, and a hand-carved gearshift knob in the shape of a falcon's head—and trimming the exterior with twenty-four-karat gold—run in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million.

"We aim to please," says Hahn, who drives a rusty VW Rabbit he bought second-hand five years ago for $1,500. "There is nothing you cannot do to alter or improve the appearance of an automobile." His little factory grosses about $12 million a year, principally in sales to the United States and the Middle East, a market that unexpectedly opened up to him, like Ali Baba's treasure cave, when Hahn customized a motorcycle for Sheikh Abdullah ibn Khalifah Al Thani, son of the emir of Qatar. Today, the Styling Garage employs seventy full-time artisans, craftsmen, mechanics, and specialists in bodywork. Seventy free-lancers—goldsmiths, jewelers, wood-carvers, tailors, seamstresses—are on call.

To put it mildly, his suppliers are not always overjoyed by his alterations; they abhor any dealings on the so-called gray market. Though Hahn works closely with Daimler-Benz on cutting Mercedes 500 SELs in two to stretch them two feet, the company has gone to the trouble of obtaining a court order to bar Hahn from shipping his specials with the distinctive three-point Mercedes insignia on the hood and the grille. Since there is no way the manufacturer can live up to their performance guarantees, that sounds reasonable to us. Hahn replaces them with his own SGS ("Special Garage Styling"). He thoughtfully leaves a solid-gold Mercedes star and medallion in the glove compartment, however, and the customer does exactly as you would expect.

THE SIENA LOYALISTS

The plot has thickened since Connoisseur reported last fall on the activities in Siena of the contentious American art historians Gordon Moran and Michael Mallory. Their case, you will recall, is that Simone Martini's famous equestrian portrait Guido Riccio—almost a symbol of the city—is a brilliant fake. Local authorities were appalled at this revelation, to put it mildly.

In October the Tuscan town was to have hosted a major Simone convention and seicenteschial celebration. The events were postponed until last month, probably in the hope that the controversy would blow over. Perhaps not unexpectedly, when Moran and Mallory applied to the convention committee for permission to introduce new evidence about the disputed mural, they were turned down.

"We get a letter from the mayor," Moran told us, "explaining that the committee had decided against us because..."
they'd heard our arguments on numerous occasions." But the scholar smelled a rat. He wrote to seven of the committee's members to ask whether they had known of the decision. Five wrote back, saying they had not. "One said he'd recommended that we should be allowed to speak, and was shocked by our exclusion. Another talked of foul play."

Further investigation, says Moran, suggested that the decision had made by a cabal. Yes, confirms Prof. Luciano Bellini, of Siena University, the members of the convention committee were not all present when Moran and Mallory's application was discussed. Yes, those who were decided to exclude them because they wanted "people to speak about something new." If not new evidence, then what? Moran hears that a scholar of the inner Siena circle has been given the go-ahead for a paper disclosing in detail why he and Mallory are wrong.

**ISLAND HOME**

Lynn Hanlin of the Spoleto Festival USA, in Charleston, South Carolina, just phoned to tell us an opportunity to join the city's landed gentry. A two-story, four-bedroom beach house is being given away. It is on the Isle of Palms, a resort area twenty minutes drive from downtown Charleston that Charlestonians have recently begun frequenting year-round. The 3,250-square-foot house, built five years ago in "traditional" style, has exuding a veranda and air conditioning.

To enter the raffle, make out a check for $200 (it is tax deductable) to Spoleto Festival USA and send it to Dream House Giveaway, P.O. Box 157, Charleston, SC 29402. The drawing will take place on May 2, at an auction to benefit the Spoleto Festival—which this year (May 24 to June 9) boasts an even more ambitious series of music, dance, and drama than last year's, which was splendid.

"We couldn't help being a little wary. What's the catch on the house? we asked. A fifty-year mortgage? Quicksand in the backyard? An all-night gas station next door? None of the above, Lynn told us. When we demanded to know what prompted such largesse, she paused and said, "Uh, somebody's tax problem."

**WHISTLE STOPS**

This month, the Metropolitan Opera embarks on that annual logistical nightmare known as The Tour. As usual, the touring roster of artists this year is full of hopefuls (some with great careers before them) and veterans (some with great careers behind them)—and one or two stars at their peak.

This year, in Boston (April 22 to 27), Cleveland (April 29 to May 4), Atlanta (May 6 to 11), Minneapolis (May 13 to 18), Detroit (May 20 to 25), and Washington, D.C. (May 27 to June 1), the clunker will be Wagner's Lohengrin, cast entirely from the bottom drawer. The top attraction is the American soprano Carol Vaness. During the regular season, she was glorious in two Mozart operas. On the road, she is scheduled for all performances of Così Fan Tutte, the vehicle of her greatest triumph (our photo). Washington, D.C., Boston, and Cleveland will also have the chance to hear Vaness in a new role: as Tatiana in Peter Tchaikovsky's Eugene Onegin, which is well suited to her healthy, radiant vocalism.

There are two other sopranos to watch, both also American. Catherine Malhitas offers her now-classic interpretation of Mimi, in Puccini's La Bohème, and sings Gilda, in Verdi's Rigoletto. The newcomer April Millo appears opposite Sherrill Milnes in Verdi's Simon Boccanegra, in which she made an auspicious Met debut earlier this year, replacing an ailing star and far outshining her.

Even as the company is gearing up for the tour, there will be two noteworthy revivals at home. Julia Migenes-Johnson, the fabulous spitfire who is dazzling moviegoers as Carmen in Francesco Rosi's film of Bizet's opera, takes center stage in Alban Berg's harrowing Lulu (opening April 1). Jon Vickers returns for Parsifal (opening April 8). The part of Wagner's holy fool is one of the tenor's best, but he has never recorded it commercially, and it is rumored that he intends to say goodbye to it with the April run of performances.

Contributors: John Dornberg, Eric Goodman, Corby Kimmer, Allen Klarweil, Kenneth Murphy, Deborah Patton, William Raynor
Edited by Matthew Gutweisch
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