

Linda
O'Keeffe

Linda O'Keeffe

HEART AND HOME: Rooms that Tell Stories

HEART AND HOME: Rooms that Tell Stories

R



RIZZOLI
NEW YORK

ANTONIO PIO SARACINO	It's Nurturing to Be Alone in My Own Mind, I Mean, World	6
BRIAN McCARTHY	This House Didn't Spring Forth from a Shopping List	14
CALVIN TSAO & ZACK McKOWN	Roles and Rules for the Decorative and Whimsical	22
DEBORAH EHRlich & CHRISTOPHER KURTZ	A Charged Spot in the World, a Deluge of Creativity	30
ELLEN JOHNSON & RONNIE SCHWARTZ	If Our Belongings Had a Gender It Would be Masculine	38
FEDERICO DE VERA	The Unconventional and Curious Lingering in the Mind's Eye	44
GENE MEYER & FRANK DE BIASI	Casualness and Beigeness Are OK, but What Then?	56
GEORGE LINDEMANN	Interacting with Beauty May Scuff but It's Life Enhancing	62
HANYA YANAGIHARA	In a Spare, Neutral Space I'd Feel Permanently Adrift	68
HAYNES LLEWELLYN	Sometimes I Feel I'm on the Border of a Hoarder Disorder	76
HERMES MALLEA & CAREY MALONEY	We're the "Buy It Now, Edit It Later" Types	84
JOHN JAY	Connecting an Oreo to a Boot to a Muscle Car	90
KATE HUME	Hanging Giant Crystal Chandeliers from a Chestnut Tree	98
KELLY WEARSTLER	Beautiful Imperfection and a Dialogue Between Tensions	108
KENNETH COBONPUE	The Airiness Mimics Sunlight Fracturing Through Trees	118
LEE LEDBETTER	Perfect, Skillfully Executed Interiors Leave Me Cold	126
MARJORIE SKOURAS	Dressing Dinner Tables from Target and Tiffany's	134
PAUL MATHIEU	Happiness Is a 4B Pencil and a Blank Piece of Paper	142
PAUL SISKIN	One Aspic Away from Throwing a Big Dinner Party	150
PHILIP MICHAEL WOLFSON	I'm a Minimalist at Heart but I Need to Touch Everything	158
RAY AZOULAY	If Comfort's a Top Priority You're in the Wrong Place	164
RENE GONZALEZ	Space, Light, Blurred Edges, and Obscured Delineations	172
ROBERT WILLSON & DAVID SERRANO	Sobriety Keeps the Baroque and Kitsch in Check	178
RONALD BRICKE	Unlike Beauty, My Memory of Things Ugly Is Short-Lived	188
RON SHARKEY	Nothing I Buy or Sell Requires White-Glove Handling	194
SCOTT CAMPBELL	The Sky and a Harmonious, Controlled Piece of Chaos	202
SHAMIR SHAH & MALCOLM HILL	Shoot Me If My Designs Ever Reek of Ostentation	208
THOMAS LAVIN	In a Disciplined Glass House, Where Would I Hang My Art?	214
TOM PFEFFER	Collecting's Not About the Money, It's About the Mission	222
WOLFGANG JOOP	Sometimes I Feel As If I Need an Invitation to My Own Life	232
240	Credits & Acknowledgments	



Wolfson picked up a set of eight T-chairs designed in the 1950s by Katavolos, Kelly & Littell, and one of them sits in his studio on a 1960s Danish carpet beneath a photograph by Iran Issa Khan. Various study models and framed working drawings demonstrate how his furniture is not preoccupied with function. "I'm not sure why a creative person would want to rehash something that already exists," he says. "Everything I make has its own narrative. They're characters in their own right."

PHILIP MICHAEL WOLFSON

I'm a Minimalist at
Heart but I Need to
Touch Everything

Most of the sculptural objects Philip Michael Wolfson designs appear to capture or suspend motion. A desk mimics a kind of twisted trajectory; a chair jostles with itself; a white table base conjures up a stream of heavy cream. Wolfson's father was a space scientist, which may or may not account for his son's attraction to the hovering and airborne, but Wolfson sees the shapes he designs as the outcome of his efforts to coax out each material's latent characteristic force. Either way, some of his furniture has enormous grace and some of it looks downright aggressive. "I want my objects to be felt rather than easily heard," he says. "That's a paramount concern."

Born in Philadelphia, Wolfson subsequently moved with his family to Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Miami, and New Orleans. Two anchoring memories from those transient years are his extensive set of Lego and his well-serviced fleet of modern toys cars. During that period of time he also discovered he had a fascination with the way other people lived. "I developed a habit of running through any homes we visited so I could memorize the layout before we left," he says, "and I set off many alarms in the process and caused my mother great embarrassment." He began collecting at the age of twelve when he successfully bid on a set of Art Deco silverware, a garbage pail, and a bed frame in an auction commemorating the decommission of the *Queen Mary*. Later he amassed piles of vintage publications from the 1900s through the 1930s and recalls dog-earing the pages of the real estate sections of *Town & Country* magazine, where they published apartment floor plans.

After studying architecture at Cornell, he transferred to the Architectural Association, in London, where a tutor, Zaha Hadid, collared him to head the design department of her then-fledgling architectural practice. The manipulated motion inherent in her horizontal skyscrapers and topographic furniture struck Wolfson as a natural extension of the mid-twentieth-century Russian Constructivism and Italian Futurism he was drawn to, and he stayed with Hadid through the 1980s.

The furniture in his current portfolio relies on a wide range of materials including colored aluminum, carbon fiber, acrylic stone, concrete canvas, cast bronze, and Corian, and his inspiration can be as prosaic as origami or the letter Q or as esoteric as the sound waves of





Left: In the entrance to Wolfson's studio and living space two pieces from his Twisted series are constructed from acrylic stone. The shape of his Whynot mirror derives from the letter "Q" as it morphs into a spiral. His strawberries and cream Split chair LOW features a compound twist and an uncharacteristically bold use of color. "Visual movements project certain colors to me," he says. "That's why I was commanded to use red here."

Facing page: In the studio the Arkana table and chairs date back to the 1960s, the carbon fiber centerpiece vase is a recent studio prototype, the seascape video is by Maxim Nilov, the Tsukumogami stool is another studio piece, and the double-stacked aluminum Tonic tables are late 1990s prototypes. "I designed a rather large table for someone several years ago," he says, "and they've taken this thing with them through four different moves, even when they downsized. That's terrifically rewarding for me to know that something I created is that well appreciated."

poured whiskey. "I always come at things from an architectural perspective because I'm fusing art and design into a kind of sculptural exploration," he says. "Function and usability come later, if at all. Comfort's a relative concept."

Wolfson surely shares the family genes of an uncle whose prolific collection of textiles, objects, and ephemera from the first half of the twentieth century now comprises much of the collection of the Wolfsonian, a museum in the heart of South Beach, Miami. "Acquisition is definitely in my blood, however I'm currently not in the market for anything," he says. "I have no more space and no more need!" Although once in a while he finds himself on the lookout for Marcello Fantoni's ceramics from the 1950s, and he recently purchased fifty-three pieces of the *faux bois* pottery produced by Grandjean Jourdan in Vallauris, France. "I don't attach a nostalgia or a longing for the past to any of the vintage things I own, and at this point in my life I'd rather look forward than backward."

He keeps an apartment in Miami, but his home and studio occupy the top floor of a late-nineteenth-century house in a mansion block in Bayswater, within sight of the heart of London's financial district. His designs may rely heavily on negative space but his apartment is chock-full. "At heart I'm a minimalist," he says. "But in reality I need to touch and see everything I own. I derive a great deal of enjoyment from my belongings. For example, I have a Gio Ponti side table that absolutely hits all the right buttons. It embraces shadow and reflection, plays with light, affects the space around it, and it's always a pleasure to be around."

Wolfson prefers rhythmically complex music, from Baroque to Brazilian salsa, but its floridity never seeps into his work. "My sense of color," he says, "has been referred to as 'bland' and 'odd,' so it was reassuring to be asked, as I was recently, to forecast trends for the coming year." His non-use of applied pattern is pretty rigid, although he once relented and inserted a swatch of eighteenth-century Toile de Jouy in a bed headboard in a historically correct project. A current project involves his applying graffiti and written abstractions onto a series of concrete canvas sculptures. "It's my way of referencing the spirit that inhabits inanimate objects."





Above: A variation of a sectional sofa Wolfson used in a series of interior design projects in the 1990s converses with a pair of flamed mahogany Cubist cabinets from the same period. On their shelves and sitting on the Tsukumogami Soul stool are some of Wolfson's Faux Bois Vallauris ceramics from the 1950s, while a 1960s Gambone vase sits on the floor.

Facing page: "Fashion doesn't influence me at all. Not one bit. Oscar Niemeyer is one of my gods and so many other peoples' aesthetics influenced me. There's Zaha [Hadid], of course, all the Futurists, and the Russian contributions to the Constructivist movement," he says. "Then there's Luciano Baldessari and artists like Naum Gabo, Lucio Fontana, and Mathias Goeritz... the list goes on." In the dining area more T-chairs sit around an Italian glass table on a Scandinavian carpet from the 1960s. One of Wolfson's Tsukumogami Flowers acts as a centerpiece while its Mushroom and Flower counterpart sits on the floor.

WITH GRATITUDE to Maggie and James

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Heart and Home would not have been possible without many peoples' committed aesthetic and generosity. Thanks in particular to the inhabitants of every room featured and the photographers who brought their talent, passion, admiration, and fancy equipment to each location. Heartfelt thanks to Annie Kelly for her professional largesse and friendship; to Vicente Wolfe who set me on the road; to Haynes Llewellyn for unselfishly connecting dots; to Ricky Spears for his heart and sharp instincts. Special thanks to Barbara Bohl, John Ellis, Robin Holland, Laura Hull, Teresa Laughlin, Peter Murdock, Mark Roskams, and Yvette Renda for their support, and appreciation to Steve Blatz for his many talents. Thanks to the entire Rizzoli team, in particular Sandy Gilbert, and Ron Broadhurst for his steadfast support and sensibility. Last but not least, thanks to G.

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

Antonio Pio Saracino—Peter Murdock
Brian McCarthy—Robin Holland
Calvin Tsao & Zack McKown—Peter Murdock
Deborah Ehrlich & Christopher Kurtz—Robin Holland
Ellen Johnson & Ronnie Schwartz—Mark Roskams
Federico de Vera—Robin Holland
George Lindemann—Mark Roskams
Gene Meyer & Frank de Biasi—Mark Roskams
Hanya Yanagihara—Peter Murdock
Haynes Llewellyn—Robin Holland
Hermes Mallea & Carey Maloney—Robin Holland
John Jay—Bruce Wolf, with the exception of pages 90 and 94, below, by Miles Johnson
Kelly Wearstler—Laura Hull
Kate Hume—Frans van der Heyden
Kenneth Cobonpue—Paolo Konst
Lee Ledbetter—Mark Roskams
Marjorie Skouras—Laura Hull
Paul Mathieu—Henry Wilson, with the exception of page 145; by Paul Mathieu
Paul Siskin—Robin Holland
Philip Michael Wolfson—Maxim Nilov
Ray Azoulay—Laura Hull
Rene Gonzalez—Mark Roskams
Robert Willson & David Serrano—John Ellis
Ronald Bricke—Peter Murdock
Ron Sharkey—Robin Holland
Scott Campbell—Peter Murdock
Shamir Shah & Malcolm Hill—Ellen Silverman
Thomas Lavin—John Ellis
Tom Pfeffer—Robin Holland
Wolfgang Joop—Beate Wätzel

Linda
O'Keefe

HEART AND HOME: Rooms that Tell Stories



US \$55.00 CAN \$55.00

ISBN 978-0-8478-4364-0



9 780847 843640