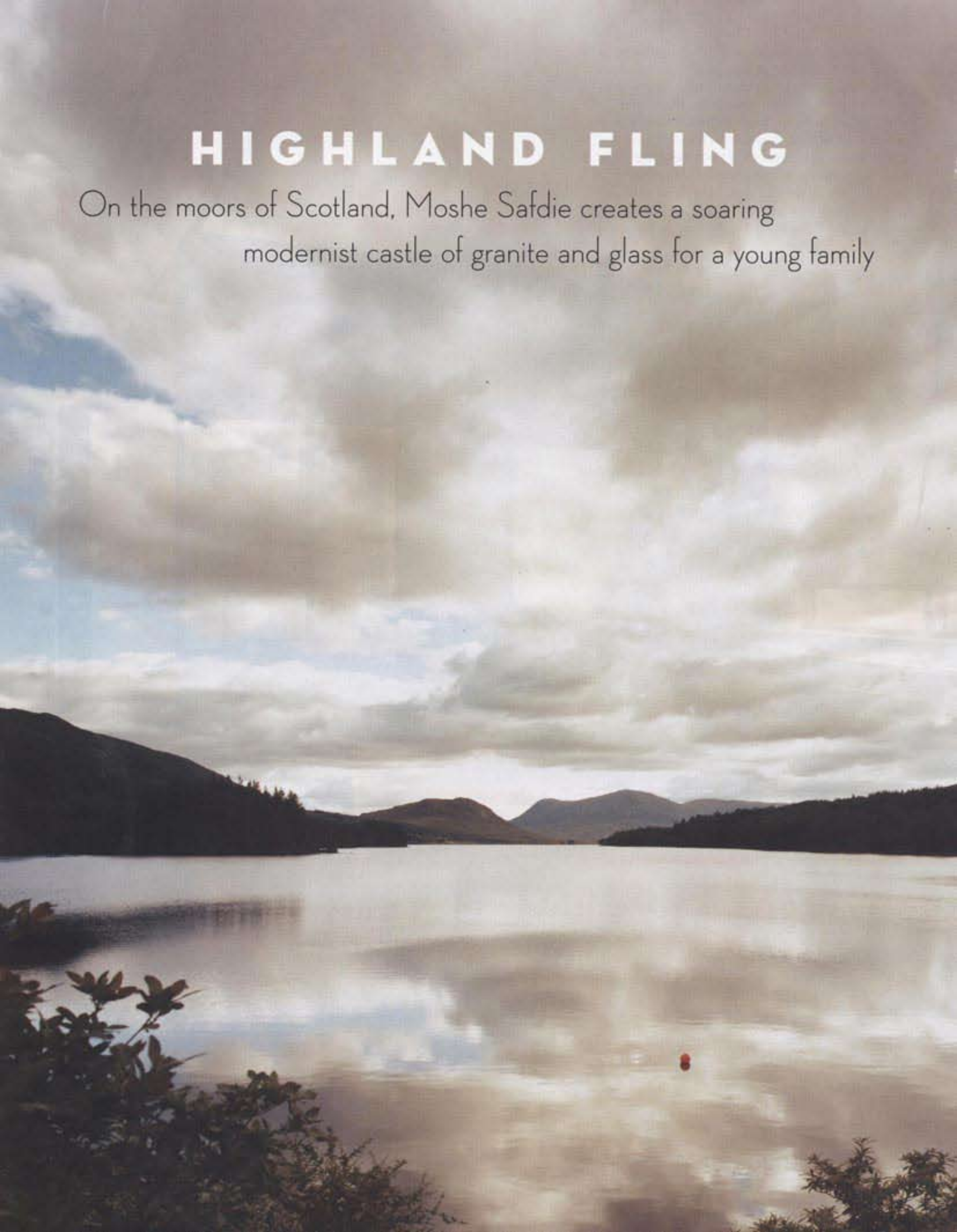


HIGHLAND FLING

On the moors of Scotland, Moshe Safdie creates a soaring modernist castle of granite and glass for a young family



Brawny yet graceful, the stone-and-glass towers of Corrou Lodge marry the sensibilities of the past and the present. One facade faces a rebuilt Victorian garden pond, this page, and takes in a view, opposite page, across Loch Ossian.



PRODUCED BY MICHAEL REYNOLDS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARTYN THOMPSON
WRITTEN BY TRISTRAM HOLLAND



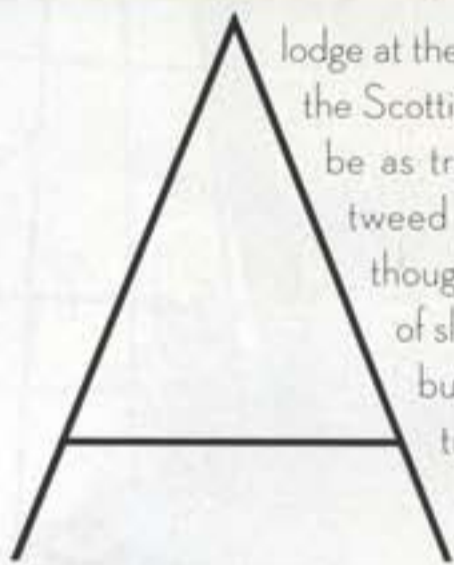
of Morris and Steedman Associates, the firm appointed executive architects in Scotland, sees Corrou as “an interpretation of a Victorian shooting lodge based on Scotland’s tradition of tower houses.” Though additions were made to Safdie’s design, the strongest architectural elements are his verticals, expressed in his signature geometric shapes—a stone rectangle penetrated by a glass cone; a cylinder pierced by a pyramid. Granite was used so remnants of Maxwell’s house, which had been built of estate-quarried stone, could be incorporated, but since the owner was loath to gouge more out of the land, matching

granite was imported from Portugal.

For the interior and the landscape design, the owner put her trust in two women whose tastes are in tune with hers, and whose talents she instinctively recognized. She turned first to landscape architect Jinny Blom, having discovered through reading articles about her work that they shared a passion for plants, conservation, and ecology. The task of “repairing landscape that had been traumatized by overgrazing and commercial forestry,” Blom says, “was a huge challenge.” She began by clearing enough to reveal, and to allow to thrive, native trees such as birch, rowan, and aspen. Miles of fencing were erected so that “deer didn’t come and eat everything.”

Maxwell had been an ambitious gardener and plant collector, and vestiges of his Victorian garden remained, either hidden or derelict. The large ornamental pond was restored—the stones were taken apart one by one and numbered so they could be put back successfully. Blom and the owner worked out an ethos for the planting, which was to achieve a balance between natives and nineteenth-century introductions. For example, the “meadow” that comes right up to the house consists of native Scottish moorland grasses threaded with exotics such as tiger lilies, blue poppies, and giant Himalayan cowslips.

Designer Suzy Hoodless, who had worked with the owner before, took on the (Cont. on page 114)



lodge at the heart of a deer-stalking estate in the Scottish highlands, you’d expect, would be as traditional as Sherlock Holmes’s tweed cap. A 12-mile private drive, though, leads not to a Victorian array of slate, turrets, and dormer windows, but to a dazzling modernist structure of granite, steel, and glass. Soon the shock of the new is

subsumed by admiration for the peerless quality of the architecture and the spacious, restrained interiors, which combine to make a most exquisite piece of classic twentieth-century design.

Set on 50,000 acres of remote moorland, surrounded by majestic mountains, and overlooking a secluded loch, Corrou Lodge is in its third incarnation. When deer stalking became fashionable around the mid-nineteenth century, the first lodge appeared. Sir John Stirling Maxwell, the owner, built a second, substantial one in the late 1890s, but fire destroyed it in 1942. It took more than half a century and a new owner with daring and discernment—as well as a large measure of gritty determination—to start again.

Moshe Safdie, one of the world’s leading architects, was approached. Although he had designed few domestic buildings, the owner’s family knew him personally and persuaded him to undertake the design, in the late 1990s. Philip Flockhart

Austere yet plush, the sitting room, opposite page, sited behind the pyramidal window walls, features custom sofas by Suzy Hoodless, from George Smith, NYC. Polyhedral tables by Mattia Bonetti, from David Gill Galleries, London, and, in back, a Chieftain chaise, ca. 1949, by Finn Juhl. The tufted ottoman, also by Hoodless, is covered in Holland & Sherry's Rembrandt silk, linen, and wool in Ivory. A sperm whale jawbone, this page, is used to sculptural effect under the granite staircase in the main hall.







The master bedroom contains colorful surprises, such as a Piero Fornasetti butterfly desk and Swedish textile designer Märta Mäås-Fjetterström's Yellow Tree rug, opposite page. The room's scale and crisp lines are echoed by, respectively, Hans Wegner's Poppa chairs, at left, this page, and Gio Ponti's Superleggera chair, center. Pillows and a throw, also by Märta Mäås-Fjetterström, bring more warmth and texture to the space.

Less is indeed more with design elements as dramatic as the elk antlers, neoclassical marble console, and glassware (including a ca. 1957 Ingeborg Lundin Apple vase) in the front hall, this page. The vaulted conservatory, opposite page, features sofas and a Zero-In coffee table by Edward Barber and Jay Osgerby. The Adam Ellis wallpaper that serves as a backdrop to Anish Kapoor's *Mountain* (1995) reproduces a drawing by Joseph Farrington.







The intimate library, this page, features a chair and ottoman by Fritz Henningsen, from Jacksons Contemporary Design, Sweden, plus a 1960s desk by Ole Wanscher and A. J. Iversen and an office chair by Ray and Charles Eames. The custom mohair carpet is from the Rug Company, NYC. A jetty extends into Loch Ossian past a sauna with a planted rooftop, opposite page.



The rugged grounds of the estate are home to the owner's Icelandic ponies, this page. A guest bedroom, opposite page, is playfully but practically outfitted with a tiled stove from Wiklunds Kakelugnsmakeri, Stockholm. A ca. 1950 cabinet by Josef Frank stands nearby. The carpet is by Märta Mäås-Fjetterström.





A walking path cuts through Corrou Lodge's lush, rough garden, this page. The lodge has a place to write in every room. In a guest room, opposite page, a teak and cane chair by Hans Wegner is drawn up to a ca. 1940 Danish writing cabinet.





A Stchu-Moon floor lamp in gold, from Twentytwentyone, London, and antlers found on the estate grounds sit on the granite mantel in the dining room, this page. The bronze sculpture *Here and Here* (2001), by Antony Gormley, opposite page, was provocatively sited in a copse near the jetty. See Shopping, last pages.





ARCHITECTURE

(Cont. from page 50) could be saved. It soon became clear that, hard as the hit had been, moving the complex technical operations elsewhere would be much harder. The astounding logistical feats performed by Verizon's emergency team—which revived this vital communications node within days of the disaster—could serve as a remedial FEMA course in crisis management. But from the get-go, Veltri never forgot he was also entrusted with an official New York City landmark, designated for its interiors as well as its architecture.

In the aftermath of the attack, the sumptuous lobby—which the sober-sided Mumford deemed “as gaily . . . decorated as a village street in a strawberry festival”—became command central for the building's restoration. But the vigilant Veltri insisted that protective plywood panels be laid over the bronze medallions in the travertine floors and no holes be made in the richly finished walls, even though smoke from the adjacent inferno had already darkened every surface.

Once the structure's most immediate functional needs were addressed, Veltri persuaded Verizon officials to embark on what turned into a textbook restoration program. “You could do it,” he says, “or you could do it right. And we decided to do it right.” Trained as an engineer, Veltri has always prided himself on his aesthetic sense, just as the Barclay-Vesey's otherwise pragmatic patrons had commissioned a work of uncommon artistic ambition. Veltri, working with architect William F. Collins and a brigade of specialist engineers, time and again made design decisions that raised the project—admirable enough as a salvage effort—to a level of perfectionism unheard of in commercial architecture today.

Nothing ruins the architectural character of office or apartment buildings more than piecemeal changes to original fenestration, so all of the Barclay-Vesey's windows (more than 1,800) were replaced by convincing and technically superior reproductions. It wasn't enough to find the exact shade of buff-colored brick to

repair the shrapnel-pocked facades, but also a manufacturer who would custom-make the angled corner pieces needed because of the parallelogram footprint. It's even more difficult to match new stone to old, so in order to fix damaged dados, the marble veneer from one workaday story was removed and recycled where needed.

Particularly impressive is the painstaking re-creation of the building's intricately carved exterior masonry by Petrillo Stone Corporation of Mount Vernon, New York. Because the east and west elevations are nearly identical, it was possible to work from detailed digital photographs of the surviving ornament. But high-tech aids will never wholly replace the human touch, and Petrillo sculptors literally felt their way through by gauging the proper depth of their new bas-reliefs, rendering them indistinguishable from the lost originals. Fittingly, the glorious rebirth of the Barclay-Vesey Building won a National Preservation Honor Award from the National Trust for Historic Preservation last fall.

There's no doubt that Veltri was the right man in the right job at the right time; large-scale rebuilding projects are never this successful unless captained by a leader who understands what great architecture can mean in a civilized society. (Memo to Governor Pataki, copy to Mayor Bloomberg.) Yet Veltri is quick to stress that the project drew the best from everyone involved, from conservationists who cleaned the lobby's ceiling paintings meticulously inch by inch to Verizon executives who approved the reported \$140 million restoration after having spent a reported \$70 million to stabilize the structure. Indeed, the company's top management became so appreciative of their renascent landmark that they moved into their corporate headquarters and recently reoccupied the magnificently detailed executive floor.

“At a certain point, it became personal for all of us, because of where this building is and what we want that to say to the world,” Veltri explains. “We wanted to give something back, to the city and to the country, and this was our way of doing it.” □

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