

Walls of art make
the living room
an exhilarating experience

Every available inch of wall in Mr. Newhouse's living room is tapestried with paintings; every vantage point offers a change of perspective, a fresh juxtaposition to enchant the eye.

On one side of the room rise the spring-green shafts of a Caro sculpture, and on the opposite wall hangs a Morris Louis. An aquamarine glowing cube-of-concentric-cubes by Leroy Lamis floats on the light from its pedestal beside the arched opening to the hall—and to more planes of paintings—another Morris Louis, a Paul Feeley. Over the arch hangs a dense and secretive Clyfford Still and beside it a soaring, open Frankenthaler. A brilliant Kenneth Noland flares above a black-and-white Jackson Pollock. And all around the room small sculptures add their own kind of riches: the David Smith behind the sofa, the Ruth Vollmer on the coffee table, a Mark Di Suvero on the table under the Louis, an Issac Witkin on the floor beneath it. None of the art is spotlighted; Mr. Newhouse enjoys the difference he sees in each work as the light in the room changes. (*Continued*)

