

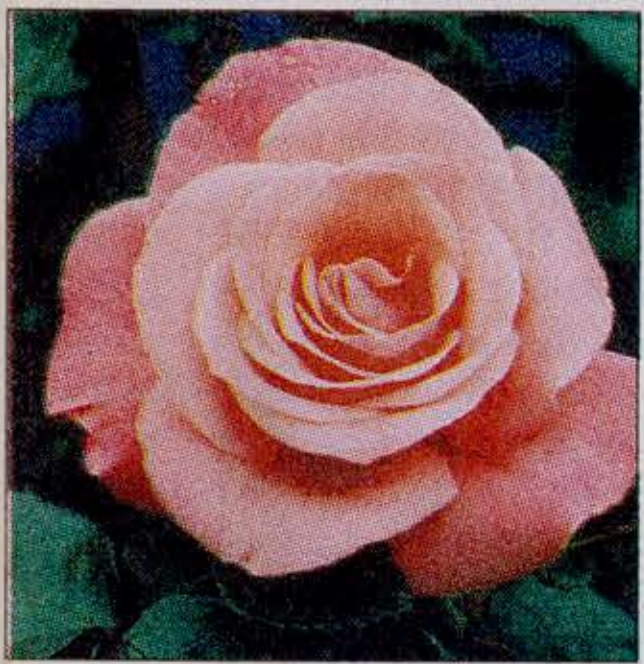
HOMIE

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 2000

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The new Dream Pink rose.

Defeated By Roses? This Bud's For You

By ADRIAN HIGGINS
Washington Post Staff Writer

The quest for the perfect rose may be over. An Australia-based plant marketer named Anthony Tesselaar has teamed up with an octogenarian from San Diego, Jerry Twomey, to produce a series of plant-and-neglect roses called Dream Roses. They will launch four varieties next month—one each in red, pink, orange and yellow.

Tesselaar and Twomey are not alone in the trade in recognizing that while roses might be for lovers, the American homeowner is close to ending the love affair with this most beautiful and demanding of garden plants.

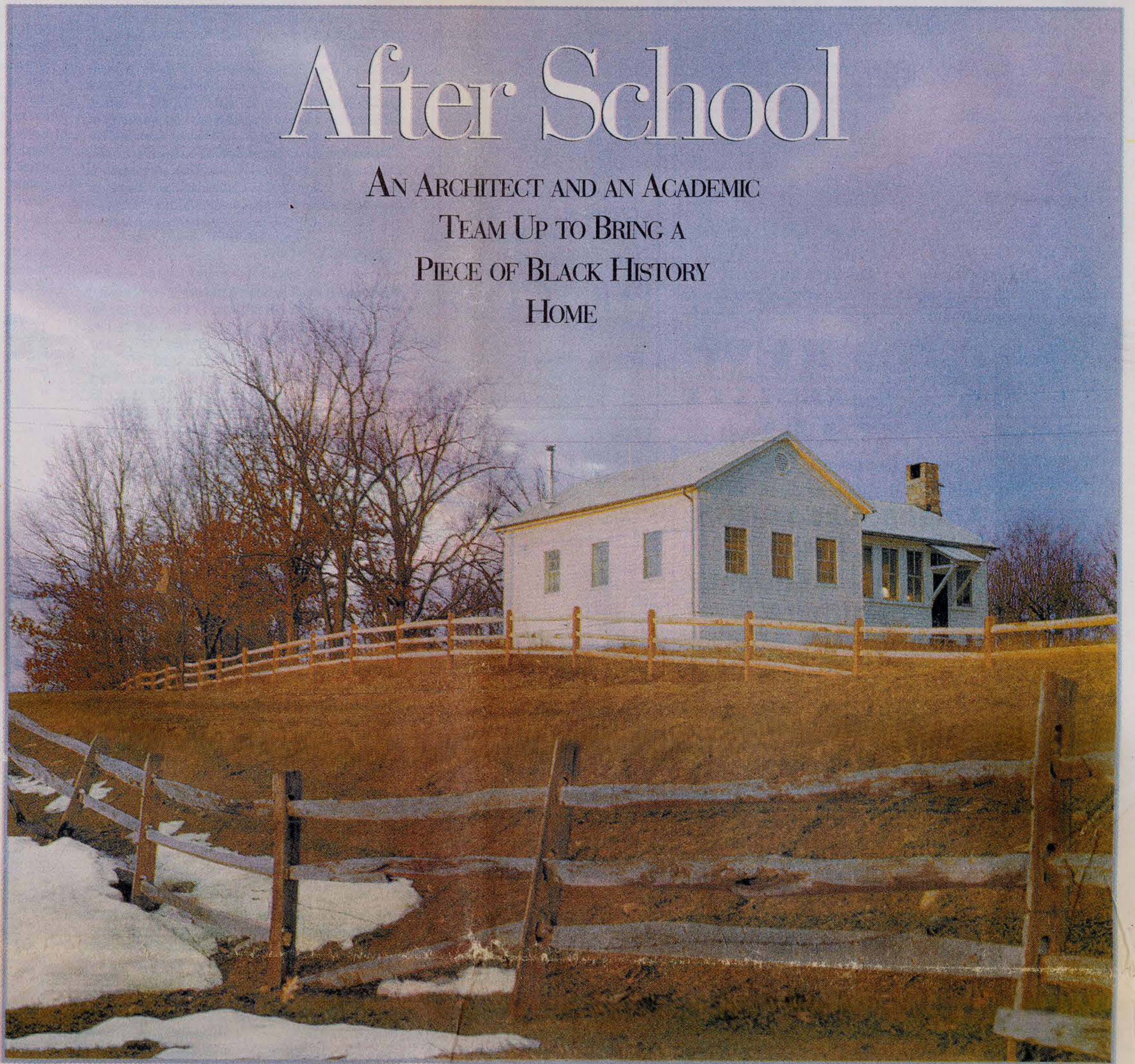
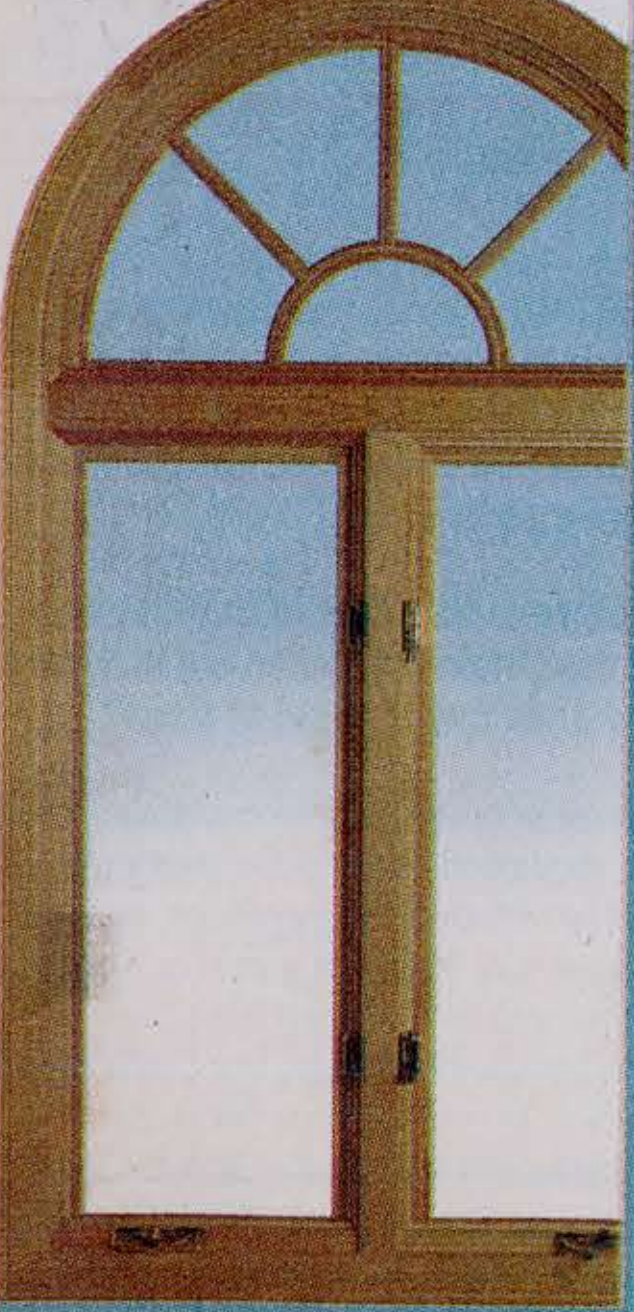
Rosarians around the world have been on a search for something easier in the rose line, to stop the consumers' switch to perennials and grasses, and rose breeders in the United States, France and Germany have been successful in developing low-maintenance roses that can be neglected and continue to bloom. (Look for them, among other places, in the parking lot planters at Reagan National Airport.) They are serviceable, even attractive, but they are shrubby, and the flowers, while sweet and brambly, would be laughed out of a rose show.

The quest continues for a rose

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EYE ON DESIGN

Palladian windows can be a blessing and a curse. Tall and dramatic, they add a grace note to an exterior and flood the interior with light. They also can be difficult—and expensive—to cover. We ask some experts for guidance. Page 5.



A two-room schoolhouse in The Plains, Va., was redesigned as a private home. The architect, Michael Marshall, below.

PHOTOS BY RICHARD ROBINSON FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

By PATRICIA DANE ROGERS
Washington Post Staff Writer

A little white dwelling on a hill bears evidence of its humble schoolhouse beginnings: the simple symmetry of an old classroom with a long blank wall that once held a blackboard; a rustic tin roof; worn heart-pine floors; banks of tall, sash windows set below beadboard ceilings.

But the past has made way for signs of here and now: freestanding walls crowned by sleek glass transoms, a curvy kitchen island in what was once the students' cloakroom, a sliding door made of frosted glass, a vivid red and yellow Andy Warhol portrait of a cow.

The meeting of old and new represents a joint effort by two men—a white academic from Richmond and an African American architect from Washington—who came together to rescue a piece of history.

"It seized me from the first time I saw it," says David Curry, the curator of American art at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. "It needed to be loved for itself."

Says architect Michael Marshall, "I tried to balance old and new. I tried not to erase the memory of what was here before but to enhance it with details historic to the house,

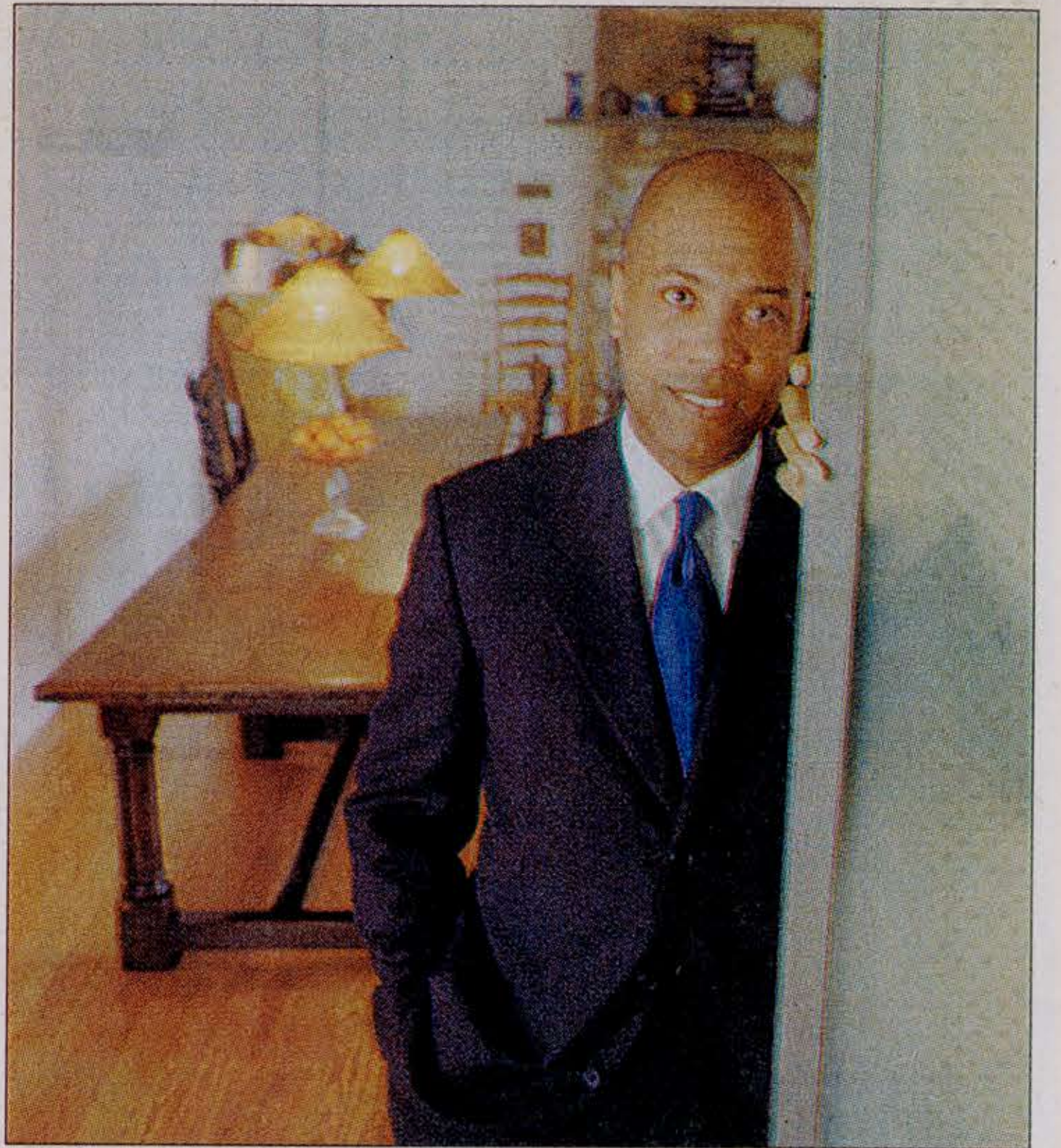
adding modern counterpoints for today's living."

The clapboard structure was once The Plains School at Foster Hill, a two-room schoolhouse for black children in The Plains, Va. Though its precise beginnings are in doubt, records show the school was in continuous use until desegregation closed it down in the '60s. It mostly stood empty of all but passing squatters until six years ago when Curry bought it and set about restoring it as a private home.

If the boys and girls who bent over their books there returned, they would find the rows of desks and the blackboard gone but recognize the basic layout. The earlier classroom, now one large living area, still forms an L—with the kitchen and bedroom wing carved from a '20s addition that served as a second classroom. In place of an old pot-bellied stove stands a monumental fireplace of local stone. On the opposite wall, which opens now to the kitchen, the sliding glass door hangs from real barn-door hardware.

In the master bedroom, a rainbow of salvaged beadboard—the product of a century of painting and repainting—has been pieced

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Martha's Growing Empire

By JURA KONCIUS
Washington Post Staff Writer

NEW YORK
Hold on to your hedge clippers. Brand Martha is branching out again. Coming in April to a Washington-area Kmart is Martha Stewart's latest effort to add zing to the lives of mass-market shoppers: stylish outdoor furniture, garden tools, live plants, seeds and barbecue gear—right down to the mesquite wood chips.

The 1,000-plus items in the Martha Stewart Everyday Garden collection, unveiled at a flower-filled press lunch here earlier this month, reflect their namesake tastemaker's legendary attention to detail and zeal for perfection. "I hate it



The Sonoma dining set (\$566) at Kmart.

when I go into somebody's property and see ugly green hoses," Stewart told the group of 100 reporters and magazine editors gathered at posh restaurant Daniel (invitations had arrived printed on Martha seed packets). "They don't have to stick out in the landscape. That's why mine are gray or olive green."

There she goes again. The woman who turned domestic arts into the spectator sport of the 1990s is now into beautifying middle America's patios and decks. This time, the focus is on creating an outdoor oasis lit by romantic low-voltage lanterns and furnished with "Montecito" sling chairs and "peat"-colored oval-domed grills (that hold a whole turkey). The 350 varieties of seeds in the collection were

test-grown and the plants photographed in Martha's Connecticut garden.

The Kmart collection—from the faux-terra-cotta urns to the basket-weave wicker chairs—is inspired by Martha's Own Stuff. The "Norwood Sprinkler" was named after one of her gardeners.

"Like everything Martha does, it has to reflect her taste and sensibility," says Terry Sutton, a vice president of Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia. "It's more classic. Go back to what is old and new and try to get the best quality, better fabrics to last longer in the sun, to push the industry to work harder."

"I've done inventory in almost all of her properties," continues Sutton (at last

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