



front of the camera). Within minutes, one corner of the beautiful room has been transformed. There are colored marbles flying through the air, cat food and melted chocolates being ground into an exquisite Arman carpet, and shrieks of pleasure as the two children take turns bounding off the sofa in front of a large Frank Stella canvas. Two Andy Warhol Brillo boxes seem tailor-made for Yasmine and Philippe to play on—when their mother is out of the room. Not even the beautiful velvety cushions from one of Arman's musical-instrument-case armchairs escape becoming momentary playthings, though it isn't long before they too are cast aside—for a Keith Haring radio.

Downstairs, in the children's wing, Yasmine's and Philippe's rooms are crammed with toys. The painting that hangs over Yasmine's bed—a large, colorful canvas covered with wooden paintbrushes—is by her father. In a

bookcase in the hallway, her admiration for her father's work is reflected. There, in a pile, are some of Yasmine's own artworks—a few of which feature small plastic paintbrushes glued onto a piece of cardboard.

Zena, six, and Malia, two, live in a cartoon house. The telephone—enhanced by their father, Kenny Scharf—looks like a neon-painted spaceship. A tall canvas of a brightly colored mutant daisy decorates the stairwell, while the Jetsons take off from a painting on the second-floor landing. Even the Scharfs' dog, Honey—who may be the only dog in the world to resemble her owner's *work* instead of her owner—has the doe-eyed, long-eared, short-legged look of a comic strip canine.

The girls' room is a child's dream of a room. Scharf has covered Zena's wood-frame bunk bed almost completely with planets, fish, snails, birds, and dogs, and carved the wooden bars of Malia's

crib into a brightly painted zoo of animal shapes—an elephant, an octopus, a frog. The rest of the room, with its toy green velvet curtains framing the windows as if they were puppet-show theaters, is full of child-size furniture, books, toys, and cartoons, all drawn specially for the girls by their father.

In their parents' room, where Zena and Malia have temporarily turned the white-lace-covered bed into a trampoline, the feeling is still playful. The bed is framed with wrought-iron curlicues, while a heavy metal chair rests on thick springs. Both are Scharf's creations. The artist has even placed his mark on the previous tenant's old wallpaper. In the bedroom, he has torn down alternating strips of the light gray paper to reveal stripes of warm yellow glue beneath. And from the otherwise unremarkable wallpaper in the hall, Scharf has cut out strange starlike shapes that resemble nothing so much as the ▶ 420