



James Roark

From Beach Strolls to Kitchen Stints, Artists' Family Likes Being Together

By CAMILLA SNYDER
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LOS ANGELES—It's not an unusual sight at 6 o'clock in the morning to see Heidi Bucher, the noted Swiss sculptor, and her husband, Carl Lander, also an avant-garde sculptor of note, stroll along the beach at Santa Barbara with their two sons, looking for shells of a particularly pearly-beige hue.

It's also not unusual four hours later—Indigo, 11, and Mayo, 9, in school; the morning's finds displayed on the mantelpiece of their five-bedroom beachside house—for the couple to head 100 miles south for lunch in Los Angeles with one of their collectors.

Nor is it unusual to see Mr. Lander busy in the kitchen doing the cooking.

A Change of Names

"I do have a very modern husband when it comes to sharing the work," said Mrs. Bucher, whose hazel-green eyes glow with catlike contentment when she talks. "Carl really shares the

Heidi Bucher, a blond sculptor from Switzerland who says she has fallen in love with the "blond life-style" of California, sits inside one of her foam sculptures.

chores. Some nights I make oriental meals with many vegetables; Carl tends more toward steak. And when we have guests he generally cooks."

Mrs. Bucher and Mr. Lander (he changed his from Bucher to Lander recently to conform to his sculptures, which he calls Landings) enjoy their frequent jaunts to Los Angeles.

"We love Hollywood," explained Mrs. Bucher, a tall blonde who likes to dress in her favorite shell color, pearly beige, and is amused when she is occasionally mistaken for Veronica Lake or Elizabeth Scott, two movie stars of yesteryear.

"We get inspiration here. It is as much our milieu as the beach, or museums or our studios. More and more I believe in the blond life-style that Hollywood gave us. It is so vibrant, so alive."

For all her reputation as a sculptor — her polyurethane foam Body Shells, as she calls them, are 5 to 9 feet high and 3 feet wide—Mrs. Bucher insists that her real penchant is for wifehood and motherhood. The art is simply a welcome offshoot, she says.

Helps Prevent Boredom

"Art is an ideal profession for a woman because she can stay at home," Mrs. Bucher said. "She can involve the children sometimes, then when they are at school she can be alone for hours, never bored."

"That's the problem so many women have," she continued. "They become bored. But if one has art one can never be bored. I don't mean art as in the artsy craftsy kind of things, but fine art."

Mrs. Bucher, an articulate

woman who shows a reticence only when age is discussed, was already a serious and acclaimed artist before she met her husband, who is in his early 30's.

"When we met, Carl was a law student who loved his studies but was depressed by the idea of practicing law," Mrs. Bucher recalled. "His grandfather was a judge, his father was a professor of economics, one of his brothers was a lawyer. But though there had never been an artist in the family, Carl wanted to be one. He became one, a very good one, soon after we met."

A Major Purchaser

One of Mrs. Bucher's most outstanding successes occurred during the winter when Al Latner, a Canadian collector, purchased whatever of her completed works were still unsold and commissioned several more for a series of building complexes he has going up in Toronto.

The Bucher-Lander liaison at home seems as successful as their professional partnership. They usually exhibit together, but in adjoining galleries. At home they work in adjoining studios, but get together in the kitchen—that is, if their blond-haired sons haven't beaten them to it.

"Both the boys are really very good fishermen," Mrs. Bucher said, those hazel-green eyes again glowing. "They go out in the big fishing boats and what they catch they bring home, cook and serve us for dinner."

"Indigo says he wants to be a fisherman and live quite simply in a shack by the water. If that's what he wants, Carl and I think it's just fine."

About the only time the

Bucher-Lander partnership falls apart is when it comes to changing a tire, a significant potential problem when you consider all those 200-mile round trips for lunch.

"I couldn't change a tire if I had to, and neither could my husband," Mrs. Bucher said.

"There are mechanics for things like that," Mr. Lander said with a shrug. "Besides, we belong to that great American institution, an automobile club."