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At Home with

Marc Jacobs

& NEVILLE, HIS INSTA-FAMOUS BULL TERRIER

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Marc Jacobs (pictured opposite, in his garden) worked with interior designers Paul Fortune, John Gachot, and Thad Hayes on his Greenwich Village townhouse. In the foyer, a Philip and Kelvin LaVerne cabinet from Donzella 20th Century Gallery is flanked by Fritz Henningsen chairs beneath a Jansen mirror from Bernd Goeckler Antiques. The Alberto Giacometti floor lamp is from Vallois. The silk rug is by Tai Ping. For details see Sources.



PRINCE OF THE CITY

Fashion superstar Marc Jacobs's New York townhouse is a tour de force of old-school glamour and serious connoisseurship. (But Neville, his beloved bull terrier, has full run of the place!)

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The house is full of art and design masterpieces, but nothing is more treasured than Neville, Jacobs's oft-photographed bull terrier, who has nearly 200,000 Instagram followers.



Above and left: In the living room, a 1962 Ellsworth Kelly painting surmounts the custom-made mica mantel. Diego Giacometti bronze stools join a Jean Dunand lacquer cocktail table and a Eugène Printz side table on the bespoke V'Soske rug. Armchairs in the manner of Francis Jourdain are covered in a Holly Hunt fabric.

Marc Jacobs is no stranger to provocative gestures. Those who have followed his career over the past three decades have grown accustomed to seeing the jet-setting couturier in an array of outré poses: showing up at the Costume Institute Gala at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art tricked out in a peekaboo black lace dress over white boxer shorts; championing skirts for men and other gender-bending apparel; frolicking on a Rio de Janeiro beach with a fetching former porn star (they were dating); even once exposing his own shapely bum—by accident—on Instagram. Every such caper instigates a feeding frenzy among gossip websites and fashion scribes, but Jacobs remains sanguine. His attitude might be summed up in one of the signature pronouncements of *South Park*'s Eric Cartman: "I do what I want!"

Considering Jacobs's free-spirited temperament and insouciant iconoclasm—who can forget his seismic 1990s grunge moment?—one might reasonably expect his Manhattan home to be similarly unbound, irreverent, or, for lack of a

better word, funky. But it is none of those things—in fact, quite the opposite. Impeccably composed and curated, the four-floor Greenwich Village townhouse evokes the air of old-school chic that wafted through the dreamy abodes of Jacobs's fashion forebears. Think of Yves Saint Laurent's spectacularly layered Paris apartment, Bill Blass's aggressively refined Sutton Place digs, or Halston's haute-1970s Paul Rudolph townhouse.

"I'm not big on having a particular concept or look," Jacobs says in response to a query about the aesthetic sensibility of his home. "I just want to live with things I genuinely love—great Art Deco furniture, pieces from the '70s, and contemporary art. But I didn't want the house to feel like a pristine gallery or a Deco stage set—just something smart, sharp, and comfortable."

Smart, indeed. An avid design junkie who monitors auction houses and dealers around the globe, Jacobs will go to great lengths to get precisely what he wants. Consider the pair of bronze monkeys by François-Xavier Lalanne that grace the designer's bedroom. "I saw them in a picture in *Vogue*, and I became fixated. I had to have them," Jacobs remembers. "I called Paul Kasmin

A Gerhard Richter painting and a Dopey sculpture by Paul McCarthy take pride of place in the television room. Jonas custom made the sofa (clad in a Manuel Canovas silk blend) and the club chairs at far left (in a striped fabric from Lee Jofa). The Gracie lacquer cocktail table is topped by an 18th-century Coromandel panel from Mallett and a Sean Landers bust. The Pierre Chareau nesting table is from Vallois, and the table lamp is by Marc du Plantier.







Gallery, I called Sotheby's, and eventually I called [art collector and Warhol superstar] Jane Holzer. She introduced me to the Lalannes in Paris, and she found me the monkeys."

Similar stories surround the acquisition of other important pieces in Jacobs's estimable collection—Diego Giacometti bronze stools, a Pierre Chareau table and sconces, a mammoth Eugène Printz chandelier, a Samuel Marx secretary—as well as furnishings commissioned for the house. The custom-made V'Soske carpet in the garden-level television room, for example, is based on an archival Syrie Maugham creation from the early '30s that Jacobs spied in an old design book. It feels right at home with his glorious Gerhard Richter photo-based paintings from the 1960s and his contemporary masterworks by Richard Prince.

When Jacobs purchased the newly constructed home in 2009 for himself and his then-fiancé, Lorenzo Martone, it was just raw space, and the couple enlisted interior designer Thad Hayes to oversee its build-out and decoration. Hayes recalls a telling moment early in the process, when he and Jacobs were discussing upholstery options. "We were looking at a classic boxy Jean-Michel Frank sofa and Marc said, offhandedly, 'Of course I love it—it's tattooed on my torso.' Then he lifted up his shirt and showed me the couch."

Jacobs and Martone separated before the house was completed, and the fashion designer

finished the project with John Gachot of Gachot Studios, a decorator who originally worked in Hayes's office before striking out on his own, and Paul Fortune, Jacobs's longtime friend and collaborator. "I'd worked with Marc on his Paris apartment," Fortune says, "so there was a certain comfort level. He had his ideas about the New York place, and I was there to see if those ideas would work." Occasionally Jacobs tested his friend's genius as an *ensemblier* with acquisitions that required considerable spatial finesse. "One day Marc announced that he'd bought a giant sculpture of Dopey from Paul McCarthy's 'White Snow' series. The only place we could park it was in the television room, which was basically finished at that point. So we closed the street and craned the thing in through the back. You do what you have to do," Fortune says.

"The television room was so perfect that I felt it needed something to disrupt all that order and refinement," Jacobs says in his own defense. "But I'm not interested in wacky juxtapositions for the sake of wackiness."

Jacobs's art collection is heavy on depictions of the female form. In addition to Richter's seminal *Mädchen im Sessel* (*Lila*) in the television room and a nearby Richard Prince nurse painting, there's a classic Andy Warhol silk-screen of Jacqueline Kennedy in the living room, a passel of beauties by Elizabeth Peyton, Karen Kilimnik, and Lisa Yuskavage, Cindy Sherman film stills, and a king's ransom in John Currin sirens—nine canvases in all, six of them



An Urs Fischer artwork makes a dramatic contrast to the dining room's Jacques Quinet table and chairs from Bernd Goeckler Antiques. The alabaster sconces are by Pierre Chateau.

Opposite: In the television room, a painting by Richard Prince hangs above a custom-made sofa by Jonas and a brass Gabriella Crespi low table from Nilufar. The oak-and-parchment cabinets are by Paul Dupré-Lafon.







Left: A Eugène Printz ceiling light is suspended over the master bath's marble-clad tub, which is flanked by 19th-century urns on lacquer cabinets. The sink mirrors are by Urban Archaeology, while the gilded biomorphic mirror is attributed to Antoni Gaudí.

Right: A mahogany-paneled closet houses Jacobs's tightly edited wardrobe. The hardware, here as throughout the house, is by H. Theophile.

Below: The garden is inhabited by a toad chair and a lily pad by François-Xavier Lalanne and a John McCracken mirrored-stainless-steel column; Frances Elkins Loop chairs surround a custom-made table.





Left and below: The master bedroom boasts six paintings by John Currin, a pair of Lalanne bronze monkeys, two Dominique armchairs covered in a Holly Hunt fabric, and an Alberto Giacometti floor lamp. The Jansen dresser and mirror are from Bernd Goeckler Antiques. Neville surveys the scene from a vintage settee; the low table is by Jean-Michel Frank.



Above: An Elizabeth Peyton portrait of Jacobs muse Sofia Coppola hangs near a Samuel Marx secretary and a Pierre Chareau stool in a guest room.

in the master bedroom. Even the Ed Ruscha that presides over the stairs on the entry level reads *SHE GETS ANGRY AT HIM*.

The connection between the assemblage of great ladies and Jacobs's life as a women's fashion czar might seem obvious, but the designer is circumspect: "When it comes to art, I think whatever anyone sees is as legitimate as anything else. I just happen to like those artists."

"It all comes back to who Marc is," says Gachot, who worked closely with Jacobs from the earliest stages of the project. "The artworks, the furniture, the finishes—everything that your hand comes in contact with or your eye catches had to be considered. We'd spend an entire day sitting on the floor sorting through fabrics just to find one perfect bronze velvet."

Ultimately, all that effort produced a sublimely idiosyncratic home that Jacobs characterizes as a cozy, unfussy refuge for himself and his beloved bull terrier. "My favorite things are just cuddling with Neville on the sofa and hanging out in my bedroom surrounded by all these strange characters that John Currin has conjured," he says. "Now and then Sofia [Coppola] and I host what we call our 'adult dinners,' where we dress up and put out the good crystal and silver for a multicourse meal. That's as fancy as it gets." Who knew that a man who wears see-through dresses could also be a master of understatement? □



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