



# **FEATURES**

#### 104 MIX TO THE MAX

The moody, masculine London residence of designer Hubert Zandberg sets the stage for his eclectic collection of vintage treasures.

By Stephen Wallis

## 112 HER OWN WAY

To create her perfect Palm Beach home, interior designer Lillian Fernandez played up patterns, paintings, and personality. By Jennifer Ash Rudick

#### 122 OUTSIDE THE BOX

Using innovative machinery and pioneering techniques, artist Larry Bell creates otherworldly glass sculptures, which are now on display in a monumental retrospective.

By Mark Rozzo

## **128 FORWARD FOCUS**

In a Francis Sultana-conceived San Francisco apartment, daring high-design furniture makes just as much of a statement as the bold contemporary artwork.

By Vicky Lowry

# 138 CREATOR, CONNECTOR, CATALYST, COLLECTOR

The Mexico City apartment of Zona MACO's founder, Zélika García, devised by Luis Bustamante, is a showplace for the large-scale works and installations created by her inner circle of artist friends.

By Michael Slenske

#### **146 LIFE IMITATES ART**

Art, design, and fashion converge in moments of unexpected visual synchronicity. By Stefanie Li

### 154 STYLE IDYLL

The dreamy Brazilian retreat of art dealer Ivor Braka and model Kristen McMenamy features a creative blend of architectural styles, reclaimed woods, and antique discoveries.

By Dominic Bradbury

# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

hen we embarked on creating our inaugural Collectors issue, one of the first people I reached out to was Max Hollein, the recently appointed director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. If anyone knew how to curate a collection, I felt certain it would be him. But instead of explaining how to make big-name acquisitions, he went deeper and shared his observations on the psyche of collectors—and how their intimate knowledge of the works can teach even the most specialized curators new ways of looking at things. Unsurprisingly, his insights were spot-on and applied to the many luminaries

> featured in our story "The Collectors" (page 64).

This passion extends to the talents we visit in their



his studio in Taos, New Mexico (page 122). And in London, designer Hubert Zandberg goes for a bold salon-style display, mixing Guido Mocafico with Robert Mapplethorpe, Maurizio Cattelan with Rick Owens (page 104).

Once we scratched the surface, everyone had something to share, from the fabulously rare to the exceptionally quirky. Personally, I've been hooked on oyster plates for decades always on the lookout for these 19th-century gourmet collectibles, from Limoges versions with demure, hand-painted flowers to bold majolica ones bursting with colors. We'd love to hear from you about what you collect. Visit galeriemagazine.com/mycollection to tell us your story, and we'll post our favorites on our newly redesigned site.

And if you're on the hunt for what to snap up next, we've broken down the hottest art destinations, highlighting locales for fairs such as Art Basel, Zona MACO, and Nomad St. Moritz. After all, is a collection ever really complete? As designer Robert Couturier teased, after taking me through his impressive assemblage of Old Master portraits: "Collecting is really just an elegant form of hoarding." Elegant, indeed!

nequeline

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o ahead and cue the clichés: More is more, or taking it up a notch, too much is never enough. Because it's all true when it comes to Hubert Zandberg, the aesthetically voracious,

insatiably acquisitive South African-born designer whose latest London apartment is a refined study in fill-it-to-the-brim exuberance. While his client projects—whether a historic Paris hôtel particulier, a Tuscan villa, or a penthouse in Moscow-span a wide stylistic range, his own homes consistently betray the soul of a dyed-in-the-wool maximalist.

"I did really slightly overdo this place," Zandberg says of his two-bedroom apartment, located in a recently constructed building near his office in Notting Hill. "I thought I could push the boundaries in terms of sheer quantity of items."

At just 850 square feet, it's much smaller than his previous London residence, a historic five-level former canal keeper's house, where displays of art, decorative objects, natural history items, taxidermy, and assorted curios lent the space a distinctive cabinet-of-curiosities vibe. While quite a few pieces made the move to his new home, Zandberg was eager to live with recent acquisitions that had been in storage and let contemporary art really take center stage. "I had a need for something a little bit fresher and wanted to force a change," explains the designer, who also bought a second apartment in London's East End that will serve as more of a weekend base-"my country place," as he puts it.

Inside the Notting Hill home, the visual barrage begins in the entrance hall, where dozens of black-and-white artworks, including photographs by Guido Mocafico, George Dureau, and Peter Hugo, are arranged floor to ceiling in a dense salon-style installation. Adding to the arresting effect is vivid yellow wall paint inspired by the canary-colored stairwell at 10 Downing Street, only



"slightly updated with a bit more acid, a bit more green," Zandberg says. He compares the space's initial impact with that of a busy pattern on a fabric. "It becomes an overall concept," he says, "but then you can start to peel away the layers and engage with individual pieces."

When in London, Zandberg tends to buy art from a few preferred galleries-including Maureen Paley and Carl Freedman-and he's a familiar face on Portobello Road on Saturdays and on Columbia Road and around Shoreditch on Sundays. He also makes frequent trips to his favorite hunting grounds in Paris, Berlin, and Cape Town, where he keeps what he calls "lock-up-and-go apartments." Zandberg jokes: "Some people have a sex life. I have a shipper who's on speed dial."

Given his passion for art and objets, it's tempting to say that Zandberg designs with a collector's mentality. But it's equally true that he collects with a designer's mentality. "I often collect with a bigger narrative in my mind," he says. "It's the combinations of items and the dialogues between them that most interest me."

In the apartment's L-shaped living area, Zandberg deployed an open bookshelf as a divider to help create three distinct

"IT'S THE COMBINATIONS OF ITEMS AND THE DIALOGUES BETWEEN THEM THAT MOST INTEREST ME," SAYS **HUBERT ZANDBERG** 

Left: To create an intimate, clubby sitting area, Zandberg (below) installed custommade rosewood and brass paneling, mohair curtains, and an eclectic mix of vintage seating that includes an Eames lounge chair, a Cini Boeri sofa for Knoll, and an armchair by Preben Fabricius and Jørgen Kastholm. The swing-arm lamps are circa-1950 Lunel Edition designs, the large photo work is by Anne Hardy, and the ceramic sculpture near the window is by Sebastian Stöhrer





spaces, each with its own feel and interplay of pieces. Outside the small and minimally used kitchen ("the oven is mostly for Champagne storage," Zandberg admits), he composed a sitting area where a bamboo daybed and a Brutalist mosaic-top cocktail table are joined by a vintage Brazilian rosewood armchair and a 1960s geometric bar cabinet. Rounding out the eclectic mix of accoutrements are a wall-mounted Paul Evans mirrored cabinet, a tribal mask from Liberia, and photographs by Edgar Martins and Wolfgang Tillmans, an artist of special importance to Zandberg. "I adore Wolfgang's work—he really captures the zeitgeist," says the designer, whose social circle overlapped with the artist's when they were both starting out in London. "When I look at a picture by him, that's my time. Those are the pictures of my life."

There's also a small dining area—where the table is as likely to be arrayed with art objects as it is with plates of food—and a lounge-like space outfitted with what Zandberg describes as "midcentury, almost gentleman's clubby paneling" and "furnishings that are a bit masculine." This is where he spends most of his time, on the 1970s Knoll sofa or in the Eames lounger, reading or watching TV, perhaps enjoying a cocktail from the vintage bar trolley in the corner. "I love retro barware—the playfulness and kitschiness of it—as well as the juxtaposition of high and low art," he says. "It's about not taking things too seriously."

Even in the bedroom and dressing room, where the mood is a bit more restrained, Zandberg inserted hits of eccentricity and whimsy. Next to the overscale canopy bed, the dashing refinement of a Tommi Parzinger horn mirror and a Sergio Rodrigues rosewood table is balanced by the idiosyncratic expressiveness of a hand-molded vase by Johannes Nagel, one of the ceramic artists, along with Sebastian Stöhrer, who count among Zandberg's latest obsessions. In the dressing room, he devoted an entire wall to artwork depicting women like Courtney Love and Faye Dunaway. Zandberg calls it his "wall of girls—portraits of strong women that I just thought would be fun to hang together."

With this apartment, what Zandberg wants to avoid at all costs is the sameness and suffocating tastefulness of so many interiors. "The pieces may be stunning and you love everything in it, but why does it not sing? Why is it not capturing you, not filling you with joy?" For this anything-but-ordinary designer, with his ready embrace of kitsch, contradiction, and cliché, it's how you put it all together that really matters.  $\Box$ 



Above: Zandberg designed the bed with a canopy upholstered in a Dedar gold-metallic fabric; the midcentury swing-arm lamps are by Lunel Edition. Opposite: The entrance hall's salon-style display of black-and-white artwork—including large photographs by Guido Mocafido and Peter Hugo on the far wall—is set against a yellow backdrop inspired by a stairwell at 10 Downing Street; sculptures by Rick Owens and Kendell Geers stand atop a 1970s console found in a flea market.



