

Just..

Real New Yorkers' recent design projects

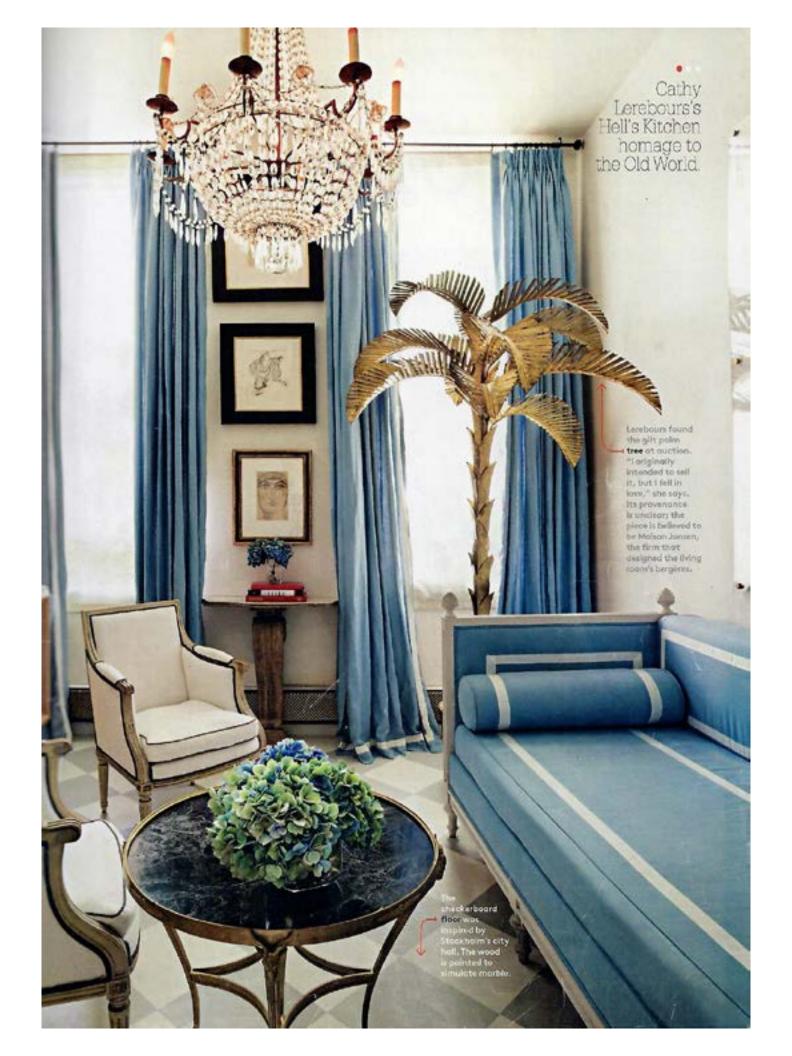
## turned my 375-square-foot studio into a Parisian flat

athy Lerebours can recite
the precise inventory of her Hell's Kitchen
apartment, a continental fantasia in miniature a few blocks off Times Square. "Cerused
oak doors, French, late-eighteenth century,"
she begins. "American mirror, 1950s, with an
ebonized and gilded wood frame, flanked by
nineteenth-century gilded sconces." This is
partly professional habit (Lerebours owns
an antiques shop on East 60th Street), but
it's also circumstantial: She has lived here for

twenty years, more than enough time to memorize every one of its 375 square feet.

When Lerebours signed the lease in 1994, the apartment had linoleum floors and Formica cabinets, and she had two roommates who slept on a futon. "I spent my young adulthood here," she says. And she grew up here, too, taking over the space on her own in 2000, around the time that she became an antiques dealer. Over the next decade, the apartment





## The chandelier.

is callapsible and therefore portable for trevel; the antique piece had to be wired, as it was designed to hold candles.

## "I am a complete and absolute Europhile."





Working with Interior designe Julie Yenicog, a good friend, Larebours creates a loft bedroom ti feels like a maste suite. They ran out of the cream yellow Schumach wallpoper white installing, and had to motch the rest with point.

The handcorved wicker heedboard is French, from the twenties.

developed alongside her career, slowly filling up with castaways from her store, relics from frequent European trips, and custom flourishes.

Reminders of those travels across the Atlantic can be found at every turn. ("I am a complete and absolute Europhile," she admits.) In a striped guard tent at Drottningholm Palace, Sweden's Versailles, she found the motif for her blue-and-white bathroom. The color theme recurs in a clean-lined. mid-century French daybed, which Lerebours had upholstered with grosgrain banding, and in the checkerboard floor that she painted herself. A fifties brass palm tree from France adds to the crisp Mediterranean scene. Trips to Paris, the Turkish city Ephesus, and Venice are commemorated in Lerebours's own photographs, which are unfussily framed for a casual feel.

But not too casual. Even if you squint past the Maison Jansen armchairs, it's difficult to picture the futon and milk-crate shelves of a young woman's cramped first apartment. "In retrospect," Lerebours says, "how in the beck did we all live here?"



The door (which leads to a much-needed walk-in closet) Is inset with mirrors to make the space feel more open.

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