



before

Lisa Kogan wanted the bedroom of her dreams, so she asked designer Tori Golub to channel her every desire

bedroomeyes

Clockwise from above left: Lisa Kogan asked Tori Golub to overhaul the bedroom in her New York apartment. The vanity is a thrift-shop find that Golub refinished; she also designed the velvet headboard. Kogan's bedroom pre-Golub. The Danish Modern armchair is from Homenature. A 1950s T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbins bench from Palumbo. See Resources.

The house call is set for 6:30. I'm nervous, but I know that I need professional help. As the buzzer rings, I regret everything I've ever bought (or, in the case of my Egyptian claw-foot cocktail table, pulled from a Dumpster on Park and 38th). Those throw pillows on the sofa—do I shove them into a closet or let the interior designer standing outside my door know right up front that for a while there, I actually viewed magenta as a whimsical color choice?

Enter Tori Golub. At 33, she's a few years younger and a few light-years hipper than I am. But I'm too busy wondering how I came to be the poster child for Pottery Barn to notice. I launch into the typical New York story of having gone from a college dorm (empty pizza boxes and secondhand stereo) to the teeny studio where I lived for >

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produced by KENDELL CRONSTROM



My bedroom has been transformed into a sanctuary that both Carole Lombard and Judy Jetson would kill for

Golub installed a nickel-plated folding table and a 1970s Lucite lamp next to the bed. See Resources.

before



18 years (sofa bed and lower-back pain) to this 950-square-foot one-bedroom apartment. “Which,” I tell her, “is where you come in.”

As we sit together on my nondescript sofa, I explain that I have no idea what I want. I show her the little I already own, but swear I’m not married to any of it. I give her my budget. I’m thrilled she likes the paintings I bought on a Paris street corner 13 years ago; she’s thrilled I clipped a magazine photo of a bedroom I fell in love with (she saved the same picture). When she decides we should work together, “starting with your bedroom,” I feel weepy with gratitude.

The following Saturday Tori returns to give me a Rorschach test. “I’ll show you a picture, and you give me your gut reaction,” she says. We spend the next two hours getting to know what I like and what I don’t. “That’s very ‘Stevie Nicks: The Chunky Years,’” I respond to the first image. She flips to the next card. “That’s sort of Hanoi Hilton,” I murmur. She flips again. “This look says, If you step into my kitchen, you’ll find I’ve also paneled my toaster,” I sigh.

Tori nods and takes notes. “Okay,” she says finally. “It seems you want simplicity and fantasy combined. Something restrained but quirky, *feng shui/rococo*.”

Two weeks later she has assembled three different plans (along with fabric swatches and paint samples). The first one has a Moroccan aesthetic. Rich patterns of olive and persimmon render it earthy yet ornate. (But will the room

seem dated five years down the road? Have I learned nothing from the great Santa Fe design fiasco of the late ’80s?) The second plan uses a serene palette—shades of celadon and dusty aquamarine. It’s the safe choice—but how safe do I want to play it? The third concept is pure glamour. The walls are oyster (Martha Stewart’s Quahaug, to be specific), trimmed in bright white; the ceiling is pale icy pink. “How do you feel about animal skins?” Tori asks, producing a swatch of caramel-and-white leather. “No offense,” I stammer, “but as long as there’s a chance—however remote—of sleeping with Paul McCartney, I don’t think I can risk having a dead cow lying around.” The cowhide is instantly replaced by faux zebra, and I opt for plan three.

At St. George’s Thrift Shop in Gramercy Park, we pick out a Deco dressing table topped with a round movie-star mirror. Tori has the drawer pulls nickel-plated and the vanity refinished, painted white, and put on casters. A lumpy old swivel chair is transformed after Tori strips its chipped black paint and reupholsters it in pink suede. Good-bye, Paul; hello, Ringo.

We hit the Sixth Avenue flea market for tchotchkes and buy a sisal rug in the remnant section of a carpet store. Tori tracks down Moyna Singh, who makes handbags embroidered with mirrors and beads, and commissions her to create a large embellished square, which she then backs in cashmere. We toss it on top of

some monochromatic Calvin Klein bedding—a vast improvement over my previous throw, a scratchy little acrylic number with a gigantic Merrill Lynch logo.

We come across a sparkly crystal chandelier that’s sort of grand, sort of groovy. We find a Bedouin lantern, two alabaster lamps, and one in Lucite. Tori designs the lampshades. She also designs a plush headboard upholstered in taupe velvet and a simple cabinet for the TV and VCR. My bedroom is being transformed into a sanctuary that both Carole Lombard and Judy Jetson would kill for.

We pick up an easy chair at an Amagansett antiques shop. We hang white curtains as sheer as angel wings on a Lucite rod. Tori laminates my blackout shade in linen. I look around the place, amazed by how she has managed to catch the essence of what I’ve been dreaming of.

I find myself craving something rustic, and we settle on a Chinese wedding chest to serve as a bedside table. Tori puts her seal of approval on the loopy little abstract painting I’ve been pining for and finds a vintage print of an André Kertész nude, which makes for at least one skinny woman in the apartment at all times.

“Now what?” I ask one hot August evening as we stand in the doorway, admiring the photograph we’ve just hung. “Now you enjoy your bedroom,” she says softly, and heads out the door, into the night. ✨