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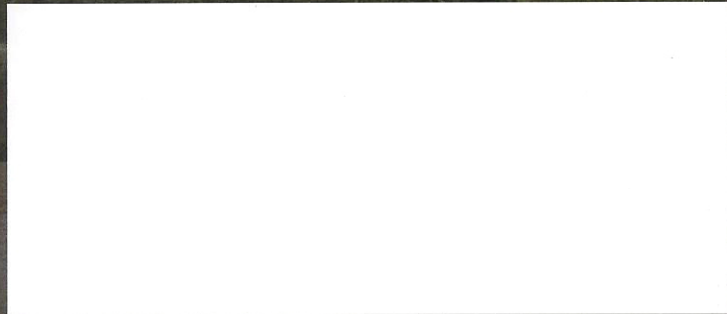
**ANDY
COHEN'S
SECRET
STASH**



WELCOME
to the
CLUBHOUSE

New York LA Ibiza

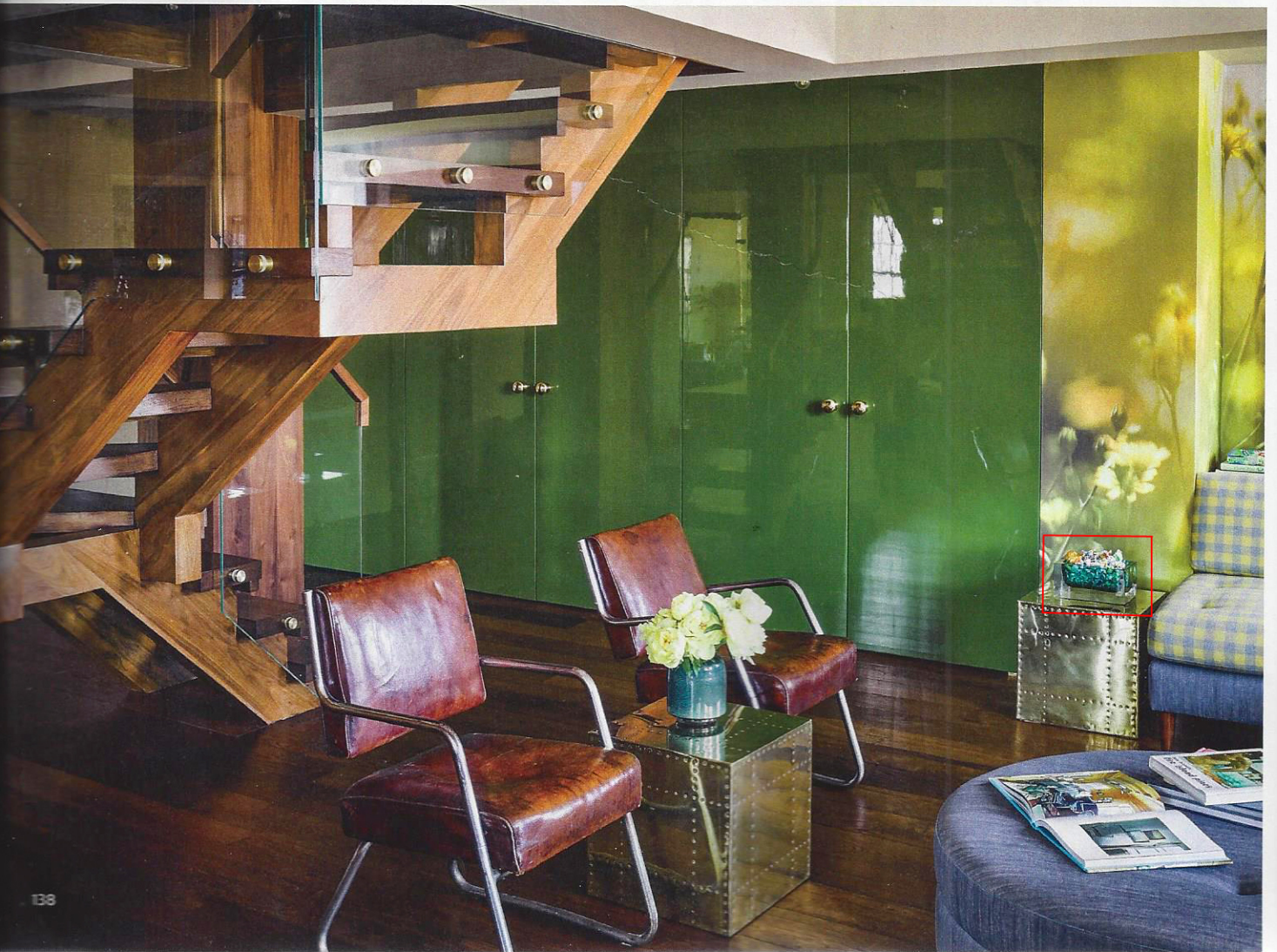
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Andy Cohen answers the door of his West Village apartment, a duplex in a 17-floor, circa-1931 Bing & Bing building, wearing a fitted navy T-shirt, plaid shorts, and no shoes. It's a Wednesday afternoon; he has just woken from a nap and is still a little sleepy. "I have, like, nine jobs," he says. These include: executive producer of Bravo's *Real Housewives* franchise (nine locations to date); host-provocateur of a nightly talk show, *Watch What Happens Live*; emcee of Fox's reboot of vintage game show *The Love Connection*; Warhol-style diarist; and Sirius XM radio impresario. Today, though, is a "super-mellow day." He pours

me a glass of San Pellegrino in his handsomely equipped kitchen. "I barely cook, to be honest," he says. The gold-tiled bar in the living room, however, seems primed for entertaining. Not surprising, perhaps, as many of Cohen's friends—Anderson Cooper, John Benjamin Hickey, Joe Mantello—live in the neighborhood and often show up for impromptu visits. And the invite list to Cohen's annual Christmas party is typically 90 guests long.

Wacha (pronounced "wocka")—an adopted mutt he named after Michael Wacha, a pitcher for his hometown St. Louis Cardinals—follows Cohen from room to room. The dog is a celebrity in his own right, with his own Instagram account (215,000 followers and counting). As we lounge, me on Paul Smith stripes and Cohen on Ralph Lauren denim, I admire a David Hockney lithograph of the garden of a Mexican hotel that occupies an entire wall. But the real view is outdoors. Windows wrap around the corner apartment, forming a panorama crowned by the Empire State and Chrysler buildings. "The light in this apartment is



OPPOSITE: The consummate host, Andy Cohen mixes drinks at his custom walnut bar lined in gold-leaf tile by Ann Sacks. The circa-1960 barstools are from High Style Deco. **THIS PAGE:** In the sitting room, Cohen's Instagram-famous dog, Wacha, perches on a vintage bamboo ottoman from Barbarella Home upholstered in a Rogers & Goffigon wool blend. The blue midcentury Italian armchair is from Lucca Home and the vintage Guillerme et Chambron armchair, in a Manuel Canovas stripe, is from Hollywood at Home. A Roy Lichtenstein lithograph hangs above a Chesney's mantel in Nero Bilbao marble.



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The living room's sofa, in a Maharam stripe by Paul Smith, and love seat, in a Ralph Lauren denim, are from Classic Sofa of NY. The Willy Rizzo cocktail table and Italian bench, both 1960s, are from John Salibello. The faux-bamboo vintage brass stools, with seats in a Rogers & Goffigon wool blend, and the mid-century Marcello Fantoni lamp are from 1stdibs. The brass side table is from ABC Carpet & Home, the vintage folding chair covered in a Jerry Pair leather is from Harbinger, and the silk burlap wallpaper is by Ralph Lauren. Green jute rug, Lawrence of La Brea. Oak flooring. LV Wood, Photograph by Elmar Ludwig.

BELOW: The Ralph Lauren bed in the master bedroom is upholstered in a Maharam plaid by Paul Smith and dressed with Pratesi linens. The vintage leather bench is from Black Swan Antiques, the custom nightstands are by Blend Interiors, the vintage Pierre Giraudon green-resin lamps are from John Salibello, and the sconces are by RH Modern. The rug is from Crate & Barrel and the walls are covered in a Ralph Lauren Home wallpaper. The photograph over the bed is by Micheal McLaughlin, and the *Sweetie* image was taken by Cohen at a carnival outside Saint-Tropez. **OPPOSITE:** A guest bedroom has a Consort bed covered in vintage Mexican blankets. A midcentury nightstand from Patrick Moultney is topped with a vintage lamp from the End of History. Rug, Lawson-Fenning. Wallpaper, Flavor Paper. For details, see Resources.

“It’s weird because nothing matches, but everything matches.” A powder room by the front door is cheerfully decadent, with sexy cherry wallpaper and a red lacquered antechamber that holds a shrine to what Cohen calls his “lady idols”: a Bob Mackie sketch of Tina Turner, a Debbie Harry poster, a photo Cohen took of Madonna licking George Clooney’s Academy Award. The kitchen and family-room walls are lined with a photomural of an Oregon meadow. “That flowered wallpaper, that yellow buffalo plaid on the couch, are so divinely Andy,” says Cohen’s friend and Village neighbor Sarah Jessica Parker. “They’re whimsical but weighted in something grown-up. I sneak out to Andy’s place when I have a half hour, and we’ll have a drink and catch up.” (Thirst, it seems, is a running trend.)

Upstairs, Cohen shows me his office, a near-replica of the tchotchke-stuffed *WWHL* set, which he has nicknamed “the Clubhouse.” He points out items on the serpentine shelving that was custom designed

to house his autobiography-in-stuff: “These are autograph books from the show that the guests have signed over the years. These are my high school yearbooks. Some old cassettes of Grateful Dead shows. A Peabody award for *Project Runway*. There’s an Emmy up there.” He gestures to a group of glass jars. “A lot of pot.”

Cohen’s personal possessions “speak to him in a way that they don’t to a lot of clients,” Hughes explains. “I tried to treat them like artwork, because they’re incredibly important to him.”

Standing in a walk-in closet that holds dozens of suits and more than 500 ties (“It’s a little much,” Cohen admits), he shows me pocket puffs imprinted with Wacha’s face, a gift from a fan. “I have more paintings of Wacha than you would believe,” he says. “When you’re a talk-show host with a dog... people send you things.” The apartment makes him feel like a king, he says, but it’s clear that Wacha, running excitedly in circles as I prepare to leave, reigns supreme. ■

