

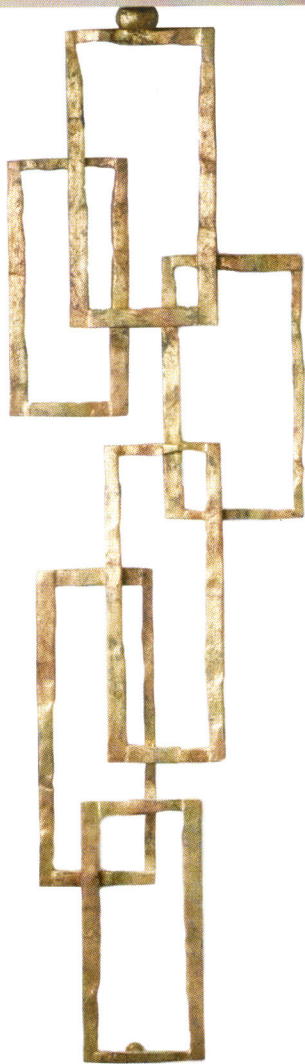
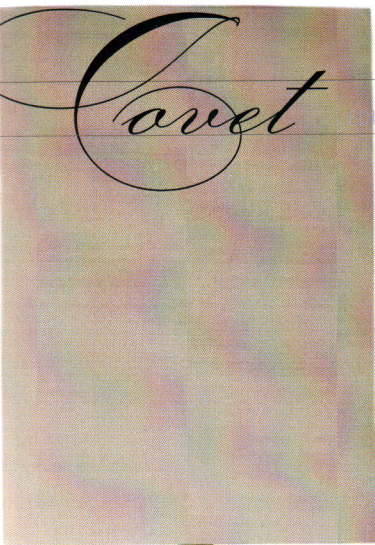
# interiors

MAGAZINE



# Carvet

EDITED BY ARIANNE NARDO



Your husband's dream of having a Great Dane—pony rides for the kids, a home security system that does tricks, a different dinosaur every Halloween!—will alter things around the house. A small fortune in organic chow for that contemplative gaze and sweet temperament, while the crystal, the lamps and patience shatters whenever the pup bounds in. The divine Salperton sconce from London's Porta Romana captures all the glittering regality of life prior to frigid midnight walks around the neighborhood. Handcrafted of iron and wearing a silk shade, the original bespoke design graced the yacht of an adventurous client and comes drenched in a white gold finish (silver or bronze, as the Olympians do.) Strikingly quadrate, companion table lamps are also available, if one cares to chance it. To the trade, portaromana.co.uk



Couples beside each other in the same booth = absurd. In the second row, far left at the cinema: awful. Between the aisle and the window in economy class: unfortunate. Seating is to ambiance what skinny jeans are to a second date... an essentiality clinging with eat-your-heart-out torment. The Radar from Carlos Motta redefines a furniture staple sans unflattering angles, predictable curves or the numbing sensation left by the chairs voguing at a newly anointed hot spots. The Brazilian visionary transforms the raw and rustic, luring reclaimed peroba rosa wood into a simple, four-leg tripod silhouette—modern, engaging and unpretentiously self-aware with a swivel. In the airy New York studio of Espasso, we discover a cast of gorgeous, unrepentantly sensual offerings from Brazil, including this piece—undoubtedly the best seat in the house. To purchase, Espasso 38 North Moore Street, New York, NY 212 219 0017 espasso.com