

The Selby

is in your place.

"Todd Selby is becoming a kind of Horst of the hip set" – The New York Times

"When shooting a portrait for a magazine, a photographer generally tries to capture a single iconic moment through their subject's expression. Wouldn't an authentic look at the person through a revealing look at the environment in which they choose to live be that much better? Their books, artwork, personal collections, furniture, and pets, are just a few of the myriad items that describe and reflect who people really are."

–Todd Selby on the "The Selby is in your Place"

The Selby is in your Place started in June 2008 with this simple premise: exploring the ways one's personal space reflects one's personality and documenting creative people in their creative environments.

Todd set out to photograph and document his friends in their respective environments on a daily basis and began recording these sessions on his website, aptly named **The Selby (www.theselby.com)**. Friends were soon followed by friends of friends —authors, actors, curators, directors, painters, performers and designers, all filmed and photographed in their odd, fun, quirky, bohemian, clean, colorful, messy, irreverent, intimate, and always surprising spaces. By mid-summer, the site was garnering up to **35,000 hits a day**, its subjects spanning New York, Los Angeles, Paris, Philadelphia, Mexico, Sydney and London.

With an artist's eye for detail, The Selby offers an insider's view of creative people in their creative spaces.

Free of heavy cosmetic touch-ups and staged sets, each session becomes a collaborative experience where subjects spontaneously assist in art directing the shoot, and often find themselves telling stories about their favorite things before a small video camera. As such, a session typically unfolds over the course of a few hours, incorporating both film and photographic elements, and leading up to a candid handwritten Q&A conversation between Todd and his subject, always touching on interests and quirky anecdotes during the session. The hand written conversation is later scanned and posted online, along with the photographs and the video recording. A watercolor rendition of the person will then complete the portrait.

Current editorial collaborators include French Vogue, Vogue Hommes International and The New York Times T Magazine. Abrams is publishing a 300 page book of The Selby's work that will be released worldwide April 2010.

Colette, the cult Parisian concept store, has recently hosted the first **The Selby** solo show. Watercolors, videos installations, small photographs and large-size panoramic portraits were displayed throughout the 8,000-square-foot boutique and gallery on rue Saint-Honoré. For the Colette show, Todd embarked on an eight-day marathon journey in Paris, photographing twenty people in just over a weeks time, including artist **Xavier Veilhan**, pastry chef **Pierre Hermé**, shoe designer **Christian Louboutin**, interior architect **Jacques Grange**, as well as Lanvin Homme's **Lucas Ossendrijver**.

Reprinted from

The New York Times

November 20, 2008

My Home, My Self: Photography as Art Project

TODD SELBY, a photographer based in New York, is becoming a kind of Horst of the hip set: an environmental portraitist of Williamsburg and Silver Lake society. Since the summer, Mr. Selby, 31, has been shooting his mostly young, mostly good-looking subjects — movie directors, fashion models and designers, painters, writers, indie magazine editors — in their homes in New York and Los Angeles (and, more recently, London and Mexico). The results are posted on a Web site, theselby.com, and will be exhibited next spring at Colette, the Paris boutique.

Mr. Selby started the project, he said, because of his curiosity about the ways personal space reflects personality. “I’ll see an interesting character and think, what does their apartment look like?” he said. The answers vary, of course, but most of the places in these pictures, like their inhabitants, are attractive in a seemingly offhand way (even when, like their inhabitants, they have been carefully put together).



Often, Mr. Selby hears about a compelling home through friends, and after a cursory visit he sets up a shoot — a process, he says, that is loose and collaborative. “It’s their opportunity to tell the world what they’re all about,” Mr. Selby said. “‘This is my favorite book’; ‘this is a picture of me and my mom.’ I think it’s really exciting to them.”

Several people photographed for the project know one another, and most confess they check the site regularly to see whose interiors have been added (there are now around 60 on the site, which has been growing by about three a week).

Mr. Selby’s own apartment, in Manhattan, has not made an appearance. A self-described maximalist, he said he has scaled back on flea market visits since beginning the project and being exposed to so much stuff. “I see people who have these amazing collections and I love it,” he said, “but I love coming home to a blank slate.”

He is content to live vicariously through the homes of his subjects, he said. Here, a few offer their own takes on their personal spaces and the things that fill them.



Ceramic Ponies and Blown Glass in the Kitchen: When Collections Overflow

As an interior designer who works primarily with young, affluent bohemian clients, Ryan Korban says he has developed his own “downtown” decorating style. “It’s a mixture of 1970s Italian, which is similar to midcentury but sexier and more polished,” he said, “and traditional 18th century.” He is big on brass lamps, full-length mirrors, chunky antique furniture and eccentric curios, as evidenced by his own 550-square-

foot studio apartment in SoHo.

Mr. Korban, 24, created a small, set-off living area with a pair of Federal-style chairs — for which he had powder blue tufted cushions made — and a sleek update of a Porter floor lamp. Elsewhere, he spruced up “a horrible rental kitchen” by replacing the plastic cabinet hardware with brushed nickel handles, painting the walls chalkboard gray, and adding unlikely decorative items, like a ceramic pony on a wooden lacquer pedestal, a porcelain blue-and-white Chinese urn atop the fridge, and blown-glass pastry stands from Sur la Table. “I collect these things and I run out of space to put them,” Mr. Korban said. “So I decided to put things in spaces where you wouldn’t expect. I left them there for a few days and it worked.”

Bringing Fashion to the Bathroom Walls

Last spring, when the bathroom of his apartment was being redone, Brian Lichtenberg suggested a design to his landlord. “I thought it would be cool to do it like Givenchy,” he said, referring to the fashion label’s blocky geometric logo, which is now rendered in black tile in his shower. Mr. Lichtenberg, 29, is a self-taught fashion designer with an eponymous label of his own, and he has also incorporated elements of his design work throughout the three-bedroom apartment he rents on the top floor of a 1920s house in the Silver Lake area of Los Angeles. The walls of a second bathroom, for example, are painted in a red, yellow and blue drip style, a design he developed for a hooded sweatshirt (the colors drip from the hood). He describes his aesthetic, in both fashion and décor, as “stark and minimal, but graphic and colorful,” though his at-home showroom is plain white: “White clears your head,” he said. He liked being part of Mr. Selby’s project, he added, mainly because “it was a good excuse to make the apartment tidy and nice.”





‘20,000 Leagues Under the Sea,’ and Below That, the Basement

Adam Wallacavage, a 39-year-old artist known for his elaborate and bizarre chandeliers, thinks of his brownstone home in Philadelphia as “an ongoing art piece.” What he describes as an “eccentric, Victorian-style” dÉcor actually verges on the otherworldly. For instance, he created a ground-floor dining room reminiscent of an undersea realm, with a ship’s porthole looking into a sunroom, aquamarine walls and a chandelier he made from cast plaster with octopus tentacles for arms. Smaller

tentacled fixtures nearby repeat the motif. Mr. Wallacavage, whose recent show at the Jonathan LeVine Gallery in New York was dominated by nautical themes, wanted a space with a “20,000 Leagues Under the Sea” look, he said, and this house seemed an ideal place for it. “When I called the Realtor about this space eight years ago, he told me the basement looks like a ship, and I knew that’s the house I wanted,” he said. “There was a piano, a bar, portholes and ship paintings.”

These days, the basement is his work space, its floors given over to bags of plaster, its rafters teeming with ornate picture frames. “I just collect things, like picture frames,” he said. “When I don’t know what to do with them, I’ll stick them in my basement.”

Mr. Wallacavage recently rented the house out as a backdrop for a magazine photo shoot; Todd Selby was the photographer, which is how he discovered the space. “It was nice to see the house through someone else’s eyes,” Mr. Wallacavage said.

Poetry Student Who Can’t Stop Collecting

“In terms of my decorating style, I love stuff,” Chase Cohl said. “I love really unique and special stuff.” Ms. Cohl, a 21-year-old poetry student at the [New School](#), has a simple theory about accumulation and dÉcor: “If you pick up things that your personality is drawn to everywhere you go, you’re bound to have an interesting space.”

The living room of the two-bedroom apartment is an array of items, including a zebra-print rug, a bar end table and a vintage floor lamp with beaded fringe, bought at a local antiques shop. She found most of her furnishings, in fact, at antiques shops and flea markets (the Rose Bowl market in Pasadena is a favorite), except for the bed, which her mother picked out at ABC Carpet & Home.



“She said, ‘It might be really cool to have a plain bed because all of your other stuff is crazy,’ ” said Ms. Cohl, who nevertheless put a pair of painted papier-mâché lips (another antiques store find) above the headboard.

Several people have praised her style since the photographs of her apartment appeared on Todd Selby’s Web site, Ms. Cohl said, and while she is flattered, she isn’t taking it too seriously. “It’s not like I pride myself on the fact that I can put a chair next to a lamp and make it look O.K.”



Unfettered Actress's Well-Furnished Lair

Krysten Ritter, a model-turned-actress who co-stars in the coming movie “Confessions of a Shopaholic,” doesn’t see herself as the domestic type. “I’m a girl on the go,” she said. “I own six pieces of clothing and one piece of furniture.”

Luckily, Ms. Ritter, 26, has made up for this lack by renting an apartment in a striking house built in 1980 by the architect Dion Neutra (son of Richard), and sharing it with an interior designer

roommate, Lauren Bratman. Ms. Bratman, 29, decorated in a style she described as “bohemian vintage,” filling the house, in the Silver Lake area of Los Angeles, with pieces like brass and leather kitchen barstools from the 1970s (picked up for \$80 at a vintage store in Westwood), a ’60s-era one-piece teal sofa (\$500 at an estate sale), an Art Deco coffee table that she refinished (\$100 at an estate sale), and a digital reproduction of a William Eggleston photograph that dominates a living room wall. Ms. Ritter’s contribution is “Guitarlos,” an acoustic guitar painted with a woman’s face; it was found by an ex-boyfriend on the streets of Brooklyn, where Ms. Ritter lived prior to moving to Los Angeles last year, and now hangs near the kitchen.

“This is by far the coolest place I’ve ever lived,” Ms. Ritter said of the wood-shingled home, which has a pool, a Jacuzzi, a fireplace and three big bedroom closets for her clothes. “Every day I’m, like, really? Is this really our house?”

In a Tattoo Parlor, an Antique Settee and Rifle-Target Wallpaper

In a few cases, Todd Selby photographed his subjects’ work spaces rather than their homes, because these were the places into which they had “put all their creative output.” Scott Campbell’s Saved Tattoo parlor in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, is the opposite of the cramped, dimly lighted aesthetic of most ink emporiums. Housed in the 2,000-square-foot ground floor of a warehouse, it has the bright, airy feel of an art-filled loft apartment. Mr. Campbell, 31, lives in a studio apartment a few blocks away that he says has a similar feel on a smaller scale.



He used to run a combination tattoo studio and antiques shop nearby, and his love of old things is obvious here. He works on clients in an area furnished with an antique dresser and settee, and he installed subway tile and an old-fashioned sink in the bathroom. For that room’s wallpaper, he used rifle targets bought in his native Louisiana; bullet cartridges embedded in a Lucite toilet seat extend the theme. Mr. Campbell said the studio is meant to be welcoming and comfortable — home-like, in fact — “because obviously getting a tattoo is stressful.”

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE SINCLAIR

in vogue

ARTS, DESIGN & LIVING



Art times

Spring's cultural scene is bursting into life with exciting things to see, do and read...

Clockwise from above, take a peek inside model-turned-designer Erin Wasson's stylish warehouse; Peaches Geldof shares her Brooklyn pad with friends Bunny (pictured) and Lily; show your loyalty to Theselby.com with a tote; designers Chase Cohl and Alexander Wang let Selby take snapshots of their creative spaces

Photography

Photographer Todd Selby takes shots of his eccentric group of friends at home, and their quirky possessions, for his addictive website, Theselby.com. Poke around Erin Wasson's Manhattan warehouse, Alexander Wang's minimalist office and Peaches Geldof's new NY digs, or tour Tom Wolfe's dandy-ish abode (complete with dapper table lamp with white fedora shade). Catch Selby's exhibition, *The Selby is in Your Place*, at Colette, Paris, until May 2. CS



Todd Selby

BLOG.

DEVINE QUI VIENT SHOOTER

PLUS DE 30 000 PERSONNES
CONSULTENT CE BLOG CHAQUE
JOUR: RENDEZ-VOUS SUR **WWW.
THESELBY.COM**, INVITEZ-VOUS
CHEZ EUX ET VISITEZ DANS LES
MOINDRES DÉTAILS L'INTÉRIEUR
DES GENS LES PLUS COOLS.

Vous êtes beaux, artistes, lead'op (leader d'opinion) et, en plus, vous avez un joli "chez vous"? Attendez-vous à figurer bientôt dans le tableau de chasse de Todd Selby. Lorsque ce photographe américain, bien connu des services de *Dazed & Confused* et d'*Another Magazine*, s'empare d'une proie, il ne la lâche plus, avant de lui avoir tiré le portrait, de l'avoir dessinée à l'aquarelle, interviewée et d'avoir disséqué les moindres détails de son appartement. Une aubaine pour le visiteur du blog (www.theselby.com), qui se délectera à l'idée de pénétrer dans le loft d'Erin Wasson, celui de Peaches Geldof entourée de ses copines, ou encore dans le studio d'Alexander Wang, comme s'il y avait été invité.

UNE MINE D'IDÉES DÉCO

Du voyeurisme de qualité 100 % assumée et autorisée par la personne photographiée. Le résultat est si bluffant qu'on donnerait cher pour être sur la liste. Nous sommes loin des photos de décoration lifestyle privilégiant plutôt l'ordre, la propreté et interdisant la présence des propriétaires des lieux. Dans *The Selby*, plus c'est Verdun, mieux c'est. Les proprios jouent le jeu, acceptant les intrusions dans les recoins les plus intimes de leur appartement. Todd Selby montre tout, de la cuvette des toilettes en passant par la chambre à coucher, les œuvres d'art ou les mots doux qui traînent. Cet exercice de style en dit long sur la personne photographiée et représente une mine d'idées déco pour le blogueur. Après plusieurs sessions à Brooklyn, Londres, Los Angeles et Manhattan, il vient de terminer une tournée parisienne, passant au peigne fin les univers d'André, de Pierre Hermé, Xavier Veilhan, Christian Louboutin, Jérôme Sans ou Nadège Winter. Photographiée par Todd Selby, même l'assiette de cacahuètes de Frédéric Beigbeder prend alors l'allure d'une œuvre d'art.

www.theselby.com

Une exposition aura lieu chez Colette du 1^{er} avril au 2 mai.



Lorsque Todd Selby s'imisce chez eux, aucun détail ne lui échappe. Ici, quelques extraits de son blog (www.theselby.com).







Le loft d'Helena Christensen
 (à droite, à droite, suite par
 Herb Ritts dans le clip Wicked
 Game de Chris Isaak) incarne
 l'élégance - déjantée - qui a
 toujours symbolisé le West Village
 à Manhattan. Intellectuel et
 artiste contemporain d'appuyer
 le charme des rues parées, des
 « bohemians » des fleuristes
 raffinés et des restaurants pour
 gourmets. La mannequin d'hiver
 et le quartier il y a un an, pour
 un événement « caritatif ».



BOHÈME en PROSE

Helena Christensen
 a fait sa première
 couverture de *Vogue*
 il y a vingt ans.
 Aujourd'hui, elle vit à
 New York dans un
 univers singulier, rempli
 d'images et d'histoires
 sans paroles. Son
 appartement est un
 «work in progress»,
 une installation d'art
 brut qui reflète son
 goût pour la brocante,
 les voyages, la
 lumière floutée et les
 paysages intérieurs.

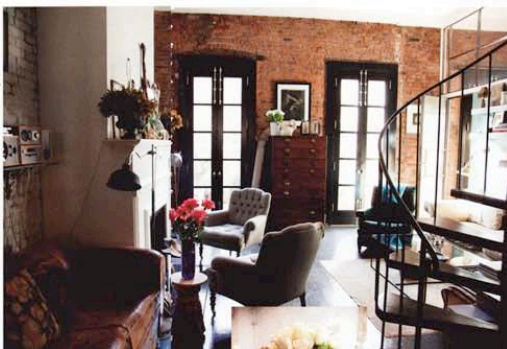
Par Carole Sabas.
 Photographie The Selby.



Chaque espèce, le mannequin
 se laisse guider par son instinct
 sans chercher à rencontrer ni à
 expertiser ses frustes.
 « J'ai une bouteille la fin de
 « une petite fille de cet en bois,
 trouvée aux puces de Chelsea ».



Ses peintures reflètent ses
 goûts pour les portraits
 naïfs, les paysages
 nostalgiques, les nus
 féminins. « En ce
 moment, je cherche des
 cadres pour les toiles que
 je n'ai pas encore
 accrochées aux murs ».



L'arrière du loft sur
 une rue tranquille et boisée
 dans Manhattan. Le
 soleil d'hiver vient frapper
 les grands fauteuils du
 salon, avec quelques
 en collant au plafond
 à la mexicaine-grenier.

TOUS LES OBJETS,
 ETH, Y EN A DES
 MILLIERS, SONT DES
 SOUVENIRS VRAIS OU
 ADOPTÉS CHEZ LES
 BROCANTEURS DU
 DIMANCHE, À CHELSEA
 OU À LA CAMPAGNE



Helena aime les objets
 trouvés pour un événement
 dans le loft. Elle aime
 les objets de son enfance
 les cadeaux reçus de ses
 parents, les objets trouvés
 lors de ses voyages.
 Elle aime les objets qui
 ont une histoire, qui ont
 été utilisés par quelqu'un
 d'autre.



Helena Christensen s'est posée là il y a neuf ans.
 Avant, elle vivait en «gypsie» (son mot), un jour ici, un jour là,
 domiciliée partout, Copenhague, Monaco, Paris, «mais surtout
 dans les avions». Depuis la première couverture de *Vogue*, en
 1989 à Paris avec Peter Lindbergh, le sulfureux clip topless
Wicked Game de Chris Isaak (1991), ou sa récente vidéo d'Agent
 Provocateur, Helena applique une seule méthode : sortir de la
 zone de confort, s'exhiber, s'amuser. Éclectique, elle a choisi
 d'arriver son monde à New York, «parce que j'aime l'énergie,
 l'électricité, les vibrations». Elle remplit les vêtements de vie
 et de feu, a dit aussi John Galliano.
 Le loft est arrivé dans sa vie après une longue chasse :
 «J'allais enlever le bébé. Je l'ai trouvé dans les vestiges
 d'appartements. Et puis j'ai découvert cet endroit. C'était
 l'atelier du peintre Jim Dine et de sa femme, la magnifique
 photographe Diana Michener. J'ai tout de suite adoré le
 lieu, avec leurs œuvres partout. Mais on était plusieurs sur la
 liste, il y a eu beaucoup d'attente angoissante. Le destin,
 remarque-elle aussi, a toujours modifié sa vie d'une façon
 intéressante, le plus souvent bizarre, en bien ou en mal.
 Aujourd'hui, le Village est un vrai village pour son fils Mingus
 (comme Charlie) Lucien (comme Freud), qui vit aussi à
 temps partiel à quelques rues chez son père, le mannequin et
 acteur Norman Reedus. Il fréquente l'école du quartier,
 apprend le piano, nage à la piscine des Chelsea Piers et part en
 week-end dans l'autre maison, près de Saugerties, dans les
 Catskills. Lui aussi adore cuisiner, tous les soirs, on s'y met
 ensemble : tagine de poulet, ragoût de poissons, toujours bio...
 Parfois, la grand-mère Elsa, d'origine péruvienne, délaisse sa
 boutique de vêtements d'occasion à Copenhague pour baby-
 siter à New York : «Elle lui a appris l'espagnol par e-mail». Les
 vacances se passent en famille au Danemark, Copenhague pour
 les Noël avec les parents, la sœur Anita, mariée avec deux
 enfants, et la grand-mère de 92 ans. L'été, ce sont les plages de
 la mer du Nord, trois mois au soleil boréal, parties de cerf-volant
 et pêche à la grenouille.
 A Manhattan, le jour de la séance photo, le printemps n'est
 plus qu'à deux semaines. Il fait un grand ciel clair et glacé. La
 terrasse et sa tonnelle sont à nu, le paysage est à l'intérieur.
 La maison d'Helena ressemble à un cottage de campagne, avec
 ses vases pour fleurs séchées, des bûches pour la cheminée, une

«Zero, pas bouger!» Helena Christensen ouvre la
 porte de son loft du West Village, en chaussettes à rayures, une
 tartinée à la main. D'un mouvement doux, elle retient le chiot
 Labrador qui n'a qu'une envie, machouiller le manteau en lapin de
 la visiteuse. «C'est le chien de mon fils, s'excuse en se relevant
 du haut de son 1,77 m le supermodèle aux yeux vert d'eau.
 D'habitude, il vit avec le père, mais ce week-end, je le garde.»
 Avant même d'entrer, on a la réponse à deux questions : oui,
 Helena Christensen est bien la fille éclatante de beauté naturelle
 et relax que tout le monde décrit. Et oui, tout est au plus cool dans
 la vie recomposée de la mannequin internationale, photographe
 de mode et d'art, actrice occasionnelle, mère dévouée et chinoise
 experte. Son loft renvoie la même atmosphère de calme et
 d'intensité poétique que lorsqu'elle vous serre la main en vous
 invitant à la regarder casser la croûte. «Ce brie est incroyable, vous
 devriez essayer», décide-t-elle en coupant une tranche de pain
 aux céréales, debout derrière l'immense comptoir. Un coup d'œil
 à droite, vers les fenêtres sur West Village, à gauche, vers la terrasse
 en bois gris : la table haute et massive qui délimite la cuisine est
 bien pile au milieu du loft tout en longueur. Helena Christensen
 appartient à la famille des dévoreuses multiscénaristes,
 parfaitement atablées et pas enclines à se réfréner. On la regarde
 ouvrir son pot de tarama, trancher une pomme en racontant sa
 saga New York : «C'est un tel melting-pot de gens de toutes les
 cultures, de toutes les croyances, c'est libérateur. Je me suis tout
 de suite sentie chez moi dans le West Village. C'est comme une
 ville d'Europe, tout est à proximité, mon fleuriste, au coin de la rue,
 mon bouquiniste à trois blocks, le supermarché en face et Jason Lee,
 mon coach de boxe et ami, au Chelsea Piers, au bout du quai.»



