

Globe-trotting model and actress *Cara* Delevingne fashions a London home as ravishingly rebellious as she is

> TEXT BY JANE KELTNER DE VALLE PHOTOGRAPHY BY **SKYLER SMITH** STYLED BY TOM BARTLETT





Bartlett, founder of Waldo Works, an architecture and interior-design practice whose groovy clients include Jade Jagger and Smythson.

"Most of our clients, we sit them down," Bartlett says. With Delevingne, design meetings generally took place via FaceTime from across different continents and time zones. "The DHL people were chasing her around everywhere. It was quite a modern approach," he recalls with perfectly British understatement. She adds, "I remember doing one early-morning video call from bed in L.A. I was covered in [mood] boards and got the samples in a complete muddle." Needless to say, the benefits of their having known each other since Delevingne was a child were instrumental to making it work. As he puts it, "There was a shorthand."

The actress was starting from scratch as far as decor went, and wanted a space that echoed her punkishly cool sensibility, but also one that she could grow with. "Cara's an individual—she's always had that strength of character," says Bartlett. "We wanted it to reflect the way she lives there. Like if you were a 25-year-old, it's about having friends around, going to sleep jetlagged and feeling in a cocoon" but also starting to explore a more domestic life. Does Delevingne cook? "I think she probably heats stuff up," Bartlett deadpans.

He approached the house in distinct layers. The garden level serves as a de facto play space with screening room, bar, and a

music room to display Delevingne's growing collection of guitars. The clubby home cinema is lacquered in purple and green duochrome car paint in homage to her love for the *Pimp My Ride* style of West Coast custom shops. Here, on a sofa that seats a dozen, she and her pals can "pile in front of the TV and have a movie marathon... then push the sofas back and do some dancing," she quips with a cheeky wink. A neon FRIES sign hangs above a bar cart and is one of the few preexisting things she brought with her. (Delevingne followers will recall her well-documented fondness for McDonald's Happy Meals as a young model.)

Moving up to the ground floor, or "the adult entertaining space," as Bartlett calls it, there's the kitchen, featuring a pink terrazzo countertop, and the dining room, which is relatively neutral apart from a mismatched set of chairs that projects a rebellious cast of characters. "So even when you're by yourself, it's like the people are already around the table," Bartlett remarks.

The upper floor is a refuge from an otherwise high-speed life. The jewel-hued drawing room is punctuated with Ettore Sottsass's colorful, iconoclastic Carlton bookcase, a George III mirror, and contemporary pieces such as a custom George Smith sofa. The master bedroom features a serene canopy bed and overlooks the garden, which is in the hands of hot young landscape designer Hugo Bugg and will





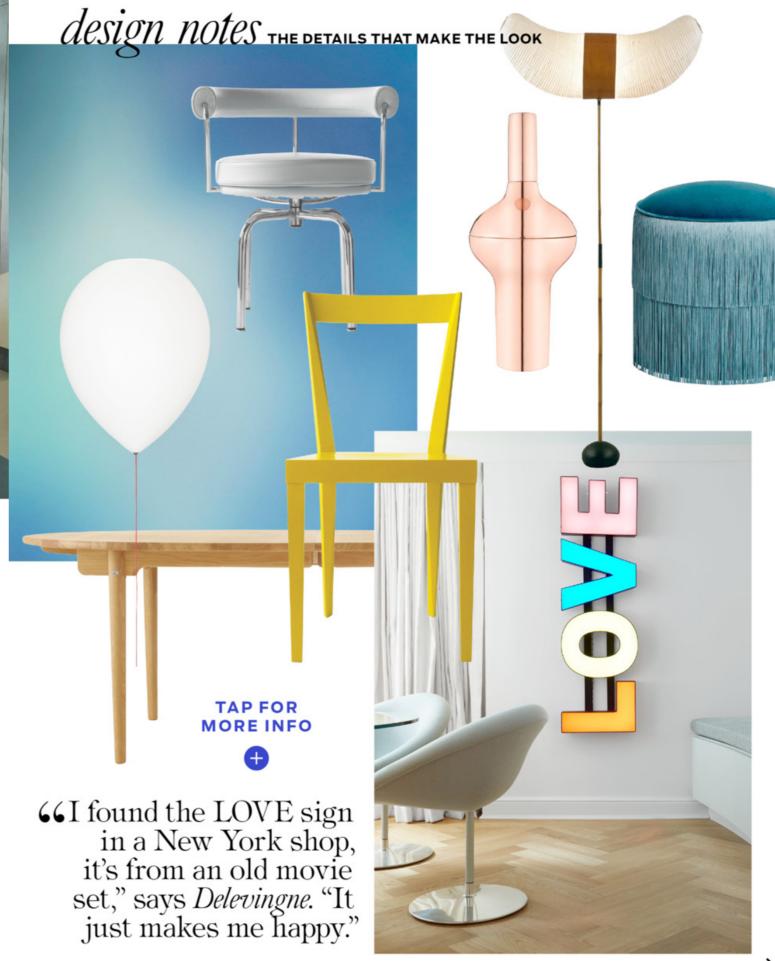


include a Waldo Works yoga shed that's clad in black mirrored glass.

It's all very cool and very Cara. Though without question, the pièce de résistance is the master bath, wrapped in a cloudscape by British muralist Sarah Hocombe. There couldn't be a more fitting metaphor for someone who literally spends much of her time in the lower stratosphere. "She really liked the idea of lying in a bath after coming back from traveling, and having it feel romantic and dreamy," Bartlett says. "The English love baths," he continues. The sink and toilet are in a neighboring space clad in reverse-painted glass that depicts dawn. Guests will be pleased to know that their lavatories, too, have received thoughtful

attention to detail. In one guest bath, two toilets sit side by side, a design characteristic Bartlett credits entirely to his client. "I like a chat on the loo," Delevingne says with a shrug, adding that the ladies' room at the Crazy Horse show in Paris inspired the idea.

Her first visit to the house upon its completion was a rather nerve-racking occasion. "It was strange and exhilarating," she says. Bartlett recalls, "She had her hands clenched under her chin the whole time. It wasn't until we got upstairs to her bedroom that her whole body language changed. She lay down on the bed like a giant starfish and wouldn't move. I had to do the rest of the meeting about bills and stuff with her lying there."



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