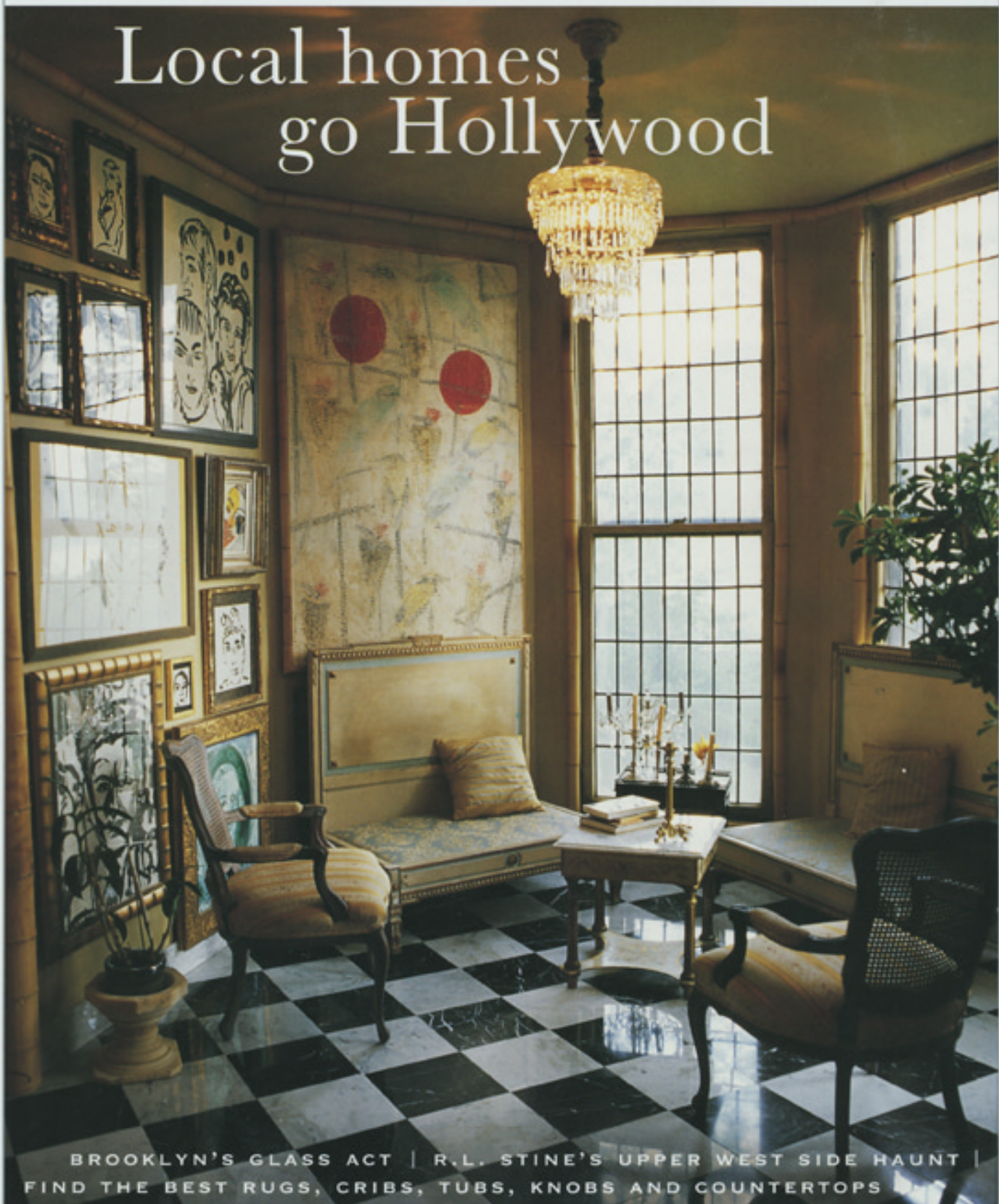


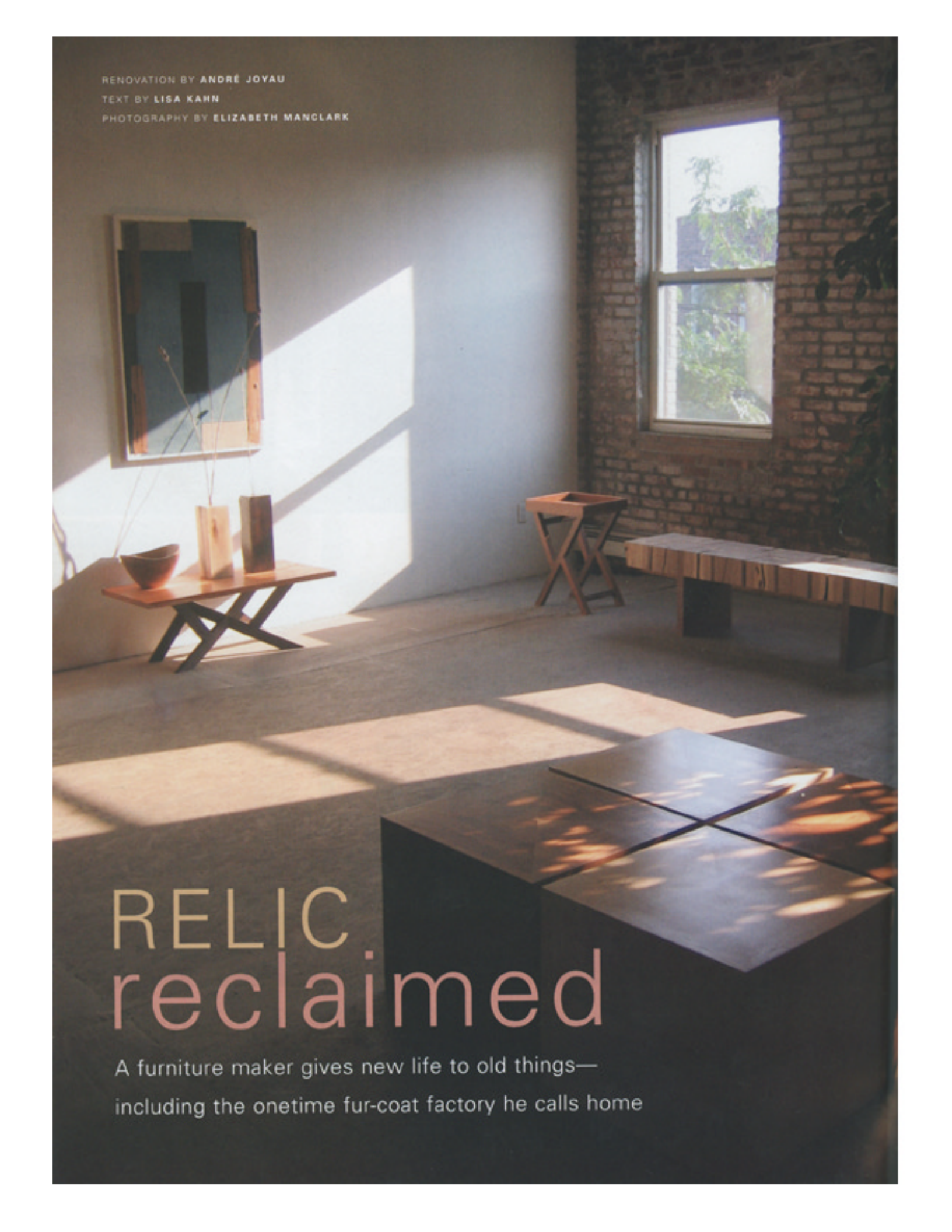
NEW YORK SPACES

THE HOME DESIGN MAGAZINE OF METROPOLITAN NEW YORK

Local homes go Hollywood



BROOKLYN'S GLASS ACT | R.L. STINE'S UPPER WEST SIDE HAUNT |
FIND THE BEST RUGS, CRIBS, TUBS, KNOBS AND COUNTERTOPS



RENOVATION BY ANDRÉ JOYAU
TEXT BY LISA KAHN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELIZABETH MANCLARK

RELIC reclaimed

A furniture maker gives new life to old things—
including the onetime fur-coat factory he calls home



An L-shaped space connects furniture designer André Joyau's living room, left, to the dining area. A steel and walnut table, designed by Joyau, does double duty for meetings and meals.

WHEN YOU OPEN THE DOOR, THERE'S ANOTHER DOOR—an old, steel fire door displayed as a work of art. Stripped of its layers of peeling paint, each dent and ding displayed like a badge of courage, it hangs at the entrance to the combination gallery, workshop and home of French furniture designer André Joyau in Brooklyn's once-industrial Greenpoint section. It's a portent of the spare and unlikely beauty that lies within, coaxed by this artist out of other people's discards.

Joyau, 50, learned to be handy growing up on a farm two hours west of Paris. "When we needed something, we didn't buy it; we made it," he says. Fascinated with what he calls the "character" of old wood and metal that most people would consider junk, he now creates tables, screens and chairs from lumberyard rejects and the remnants of demolished buildings. An array of these pieces adorns the living and showroom areas in his 18,000-square-foot space. But the space itself is his biggest reclamation project.

A onetime fur-coat factory, the building was an abandoned pile when a realtor first showed it to Joyau. But he needed space, and it was enormous compared with what he was renting on Mott Street in lower Manhattan. So he took a leap of faith. "I wasn't afraid," he recalls. "I had done a lot of work on my first apartment in Paris when I was 21."

Alas, the dilapidated brick structure proved to be far more of a challenge than imagined. A pipe had exploded one winter, neighbors explained, and one side of the building had been "completely frozen over." For two years he camped out in a small corner of the building as he did many renovations.



