

As an antidote to the frenetic pace of Matt's work life, the triplex's front door opens to a soothing palette of earthy neutrals. In the entrance gallery, as throughout the main level, Haverland-designed paneling with an overscale grid motif has been painted a crisp white. Complementing the foyer's woodwork is a fluffy Moroccan-style diamond-pattern runner that's rolled out before a Michael Taylor travertine console table flanked by circa-1905 Josef Hoffmann chairs cushioned in their original leather. Above hangs Richard Avedon's infamous shot of actress Nastassja Kinski being embraced by a Burmese python, part of a small but powerful art collection that features eye-grabbing images by Lotte Jacobi, Edward Weston, and Ellen von Unwerth. "Matt doesn't like the word *collector*," his brother explains, "but if he were to be classified as one, it would be of photography."

The living and dining rooms, located at opposite ends of the parlor floor, share an intimate yet sophisticated air that comes from their irreverent mix of furnishings, colors, and metallic accents. Both spaces have similarly neutral background tones—the living room's faux-suede walls are mushroom color; the dining room's paneling is golden oak—but they have distinct moods. In the latter, at the rear of the building, an orange *Perle Fine* painting overlooks a vintage Jules Leleu oval table surrounded by *Directoire*-inspired chairs by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings. Built-in oak bookcases ascend a dozen feet, their shelves accessed by a custom-made ladder so the volumes can be read rather than merely looked at from afar. Pride of place has been given to a circa-1912 Steinway grand piano that was inherited from one of the Cohlers' great-grandmothers. "I like to play Bach, but I'm not very good," admits Matt, who occasionally hosts small but festive gatherings when in town.

While the dining room is quietly chic, the living room's vibe is decidedly livelier, thanks in part to a luminous red-and-white abstract canvas by Caio Fonseca and two large blue-hued works, one by painter James Brooks and the other by photographer Alfred Seiland. Atop the quarter-sawn white-oak floor is a marvelous, motley array of furnishings, among them Louis XVI painted armchairs, a curious stool cushioned with shaggy Mongolian lambswool, and a classic Chanel-style suede-covered sofa that Eric describes as "deep enough for napping."

Up the slender, dramatically paneled staircase and past a Von Unwerth photograph of model Nadja Auermann in a black lace cat mask is the master bedroom, a paean to tranquillity, where the same creamy fabric (one of Eric Cohler's own designs for Lee Jofa) is used for the walls, curtains, and headboard. Furthering the cocooning effect are dove-gray carpeting and a sound-deadening layer of cotton batting under the wall upholstery. "Matt travels a lot," his brother notes, "so we wanted a room that would invite slumber. The only interactive element is the fireplace—there's not even a television." Down the hall, though, is the mischievously unrestrained library, painted a glossy persimmon.

Cultured yet without a hint of ostentation, the residence is precisely what Eric and his like-minded brother were aiming for—welcoming and absolutely cozy. "Because at the end of the day," the designer says, "true luxury boils down to comfort." □



West Elm pendant lights illuminate the kitchen, which is equipped with Varenna by Poliform oak cabinetry, a Sub-Zero refrigerator, a Corian backsplash and countertop, and Dornbracht sink fittings.