

HEIDI HOFMANN



“When people enter our home, they say it has a lot of personality,” says Copenhagen-based fashion designer Heidi Hofmann. “Our home reflects who we are.” Hofmann and her husband, an art dealer, own a third-floor apartment in the district of Vesterbro, the local’s pick in Copenhagen, with a re-animated Meatpacking District and cozy-cool boutiques, bars, cafés, and furniture shops. The apartment has a balcony of medium size that overlooks a backyard. Inside, the couple have a couch and a few vases inherited from grandparents but, apart from the occasional dosing of contemporary pieces, almost everything else has been sourced, second-hand, from far and wide: Hofmann bought a vanity at auction, on which she hangs her vintage hat collection; an abstract floral chandelier above the bed was designed by Emil Stejnar and found at a Berlin flea market; above the marble, Eero Saarinen dining-room table hangs a dense, cascading cluster of geometric Murano glass “buds,” hand-blown during the 1960s and found at Alfies Antique Market in London while Hofmann was living in the city. On a shallow shelf in the living room, beneath a brown vase she grew up with in her childhood home and an early-twentieth-century vase, is a Shibori image by the renowned Japanese photographer Nobuyoshi Araki. A ceramic bottle found in an old factory in Barcelona anchors a wooden credenza, and the coffee table is actually a Poul Kjærholm bench.

“In my work, I appreciate really good quality—craftsmanship and the story behind it—and it’s the same in my home. To me, that story is worth something. We don’t ever buy something just to have to it. In fact, for a few years, we didn’t have a coffee table because we couldn’t find the right one. Everything in our apartment has some meaning; there are a lot of stories in our home.”

In essence, this is a domestic environment that tells the story of two people in that 360-degree, non-linear way that the most eloquent, “chamber-of-curiosity” interiors do. It also reflects a certain pragmatism, lack of pretension and native creativity—an appreciation of simplicity and objects that become repositories of memory; of the uniqueness and quality of the handmade and artisanal; and, not least, of the pleasure of expressing oneself, one object at a time, to oneself.



Hofmann grew up in a small city in Jutland, where she practiced ballroom dancing and designed and drew her own costumes. When she finally decided to go into fashion, she studied at the Design School Kolding, and then went to work in Paris for fashion label Chloé. During a visit home fifteen years ago, she met her husband-to-be, Claus Robenhagen, who was studying art history at the time. Fast-forward to the purchase of their apartment nine years ago (they have only lived in it for eight years because they took a year to renovate the property); the two have designed their own kitchen and bathroom, and done whatever else they could do without being master carpenters, electricians, or plumbers, themselves. In the bathroom, they chipped

away at stucco and eight layers of wallpaper to lay down a grid of white Bisazza tiles, and added a whimsical-modern sink by Spanish artist and designer Jaime Hayon. “When you buy an apartment of a certain size, you think you can live out your dreams,” Hofmann recalls, “but we didn’t have the money to finish the kitchen for three years.”



← Under a Jean Prouvé lamp, beside her grandmother’s sofa, a Børge Mogensen bench has come to serve as the coffee table.

→ The 1920s vanity, which Hofmann uses daily, was bought at auction and holds her antique hat collection and jewelry.