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PILING ON
DE TAILLAC-TOUHAMI WITH HUSBAND RAMDANE TOUHAMI AND THEIR CHILDREN, ADAM, NOOR, AND SCHERAZADE, IN THE MASTER BEDROOM.



Nomads at Rest

VICTOIRE DE TAILLAC-TOUHAMI'S POP-BRIGHT PARIS PENTHOUSE IS THE IDEAL PERCH FOR A FAMILY ON THE GO.



An American friend told us we have good real estate karma," says Victoire de Taillac-Touhami, laughing. In the past half-dozen years, she and her husband—entrepreneur, art director, designer, and man of a thousand trades Ramdane Touhami—and their three children (Scherazade, eleven; Adam, nine; and Noor, six) have moved from Paris to Tangier to New York and back to Paris, landing each time in a still-more-spectacular location.

Their current abode, a modernist duplex penthouse on the Rue du Bac, perched atop an eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier* built for the daughter of Louis XIV's finance minister, benefits from sweeping views of the Eiffel Tower and Les Invalides and "very un-Parisian proportions," de Taillac-Touhami says, meaning luminous, wide, expansive spaces. The look **VIEW >242**

THE NEW RUSTIC
THE DINING ROOM (LEFT) FEATURES A TABLE SO BIG IT HAD TO GO IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS. "IT WAS WORSE THAN A PIANO," RAMDANE SAYS. ABOVE LEFT: AN ECLECTIC MIX OF ART IN THE COUPLE'S BEDROOM.





UNITED COLORS
FROM COMMONWEALTH
CUES TO ARABIC
CALLIGRAPHY, THE DINING
ROOM IS A CASE STUDY IN
JUBILANT JUXTAPOSITION

inside, though, is anything but streamlined. Instead, it is a happy jumble, bearing witness to a life of multiple passions crisscrossing wide worlds of art, design, and fashion.

Headquarters for the couple's latest project—Buly 1803, their relaunch of a celebrated nineteenth-century *parfumerie*, with whimsically packaged, luxuriously handmade soaps, water-based perfumes, and all-natural beauty products sourced from remote corners of the globe—is just a few blocks away on the Rue Bonaparte. Ramdane (who helped usher Cire Trudon, the seventeenth-century French candlemaker, into the twenty-first century) designed the shop's engagingly retrograde decor, which melds warm wood paneling and a turquoise tiled floor. Victoire, a willowy aristocrat turned shopkeeper, may be found in the boutique most days, suggesting herbal concoctions to soothe the complexions or explaining the usefulness of Brazilian tucuma-seed oil. (Later that afternoon, sitting in her kitchen, she applies it to her sunburned legs, souvenir of a recent family



LINED UP
MID-CENTURY-MODERN
FURNITURE MEETS AN AD HOC
PORTRAIT GALLERY IN THE
MASTER BEDROOM. ABOVE:
EYEWEAR AND VINTAGE EGYPTIAN
FILM POSTERS IN A BATHROOM.

vacation on a Spanish island.) She also edits *Corpus*, a biannual beauty magazine she and Ramdane launched last year.

But if the Seventh Arrondissement (where Victoire grew up near the Eiffel Tower, and where her mother still lives) is once again home, the couple's peripatetic philosophy of life hasn't changed. "We are gypsies," Ramdane explains over tea in their cheerfully chaotic salon. "We want to stay free. If tomorrow we decide to live in Hong Kong, Tokyo, or New York, we collect our stuff, and off we go."

The couple met in the late nineties, when Victoire was handling publicity for the then-fledgling boutique

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Colette; Ramdane had cofounded L'Épicerie, a concept store in the Marais, and was commuting to Tokyo, where he had a hand in re-fashioning the brand And A. She is a descendant of a royal guardsmen who was one of the inspirations for the Three Musketeers, and her family has a château in Gascony; he is the relentlessly inventive son of a French-Moroccan apple picker from outside Toulouse. Together they have moved eight times, taking their history (radical posters from the 1960s, an armchair that belonged to an aristocratic ancestor) along with them to each successive location.

The ornate nineteenth-century baldachin bed in the couple's master bedroom, for example, fit for a princess and wide enough for the whole family to tumble into, is a legacy of their first house in Tangier, which had belonged for decades to expatriate English decorator David Herbert. The enormous wooden farm table, long enough for fifteen or 20 people to gather around in their dining room (an "Ali Baba's cave," Ramdane says, with walls painted dark eggplant and partly covered in metallic wallpaper), was acquired for their first house in Brooklyn, where the couple moved four years ago while Victoire was overseeing the construction of her sister jeweler Marie-Hélène de Taillac's Manhattan boutique, a mini-Versailles, at Sixty-ninth and Madison.

The "ancestral" Hello Kitty portraits in their son's bedroom were created by Ramdane for an exhibition in Tokyo celebrating the brand's thirtieth anniversary, while throughout the apartment works by the couple's artist friends—Philippe Parreno, José Parlá, Anri Sala, and others—jostle with objects of beauty like the Dieter Rams for Braun turntables that Ramdane collects and flea-market finds he has picked up around the world. Yet the life these cosmopolitan nomads lead is homebound and family-centered. "We cook a lot, always from scratch," Ramdane says. "We don't keep bees or chickens on our terrace, but even when I'm alone here, I cook for myself."

The family's frequent moves, he says, are in the service of creating citizens of the world. "I want our children to experience something other than the daily grind of Parisian life—so we will be in Paris for a few years, and then we'll see. I think, having done Africa, America, and Europe, there is only Asia left." —LESLIE CAMHI

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FOWL PLAY
RIGHT: A TREE-TRUNK TABLE IN THE BEDROOM.
BELOW: POSTCARDS AND TOY BIRDS SHARE SPACE IN VICTOIRE'S OFFICE.



NO ADULTS ALLOWED
ABOVE: SCHERAZADE, NOOR, AND ADAM ON THE BALCONY WITH THEIR JACK RUSSELL TERRIER, HOLY. BELOW: ADAM'S BEDROOM.

