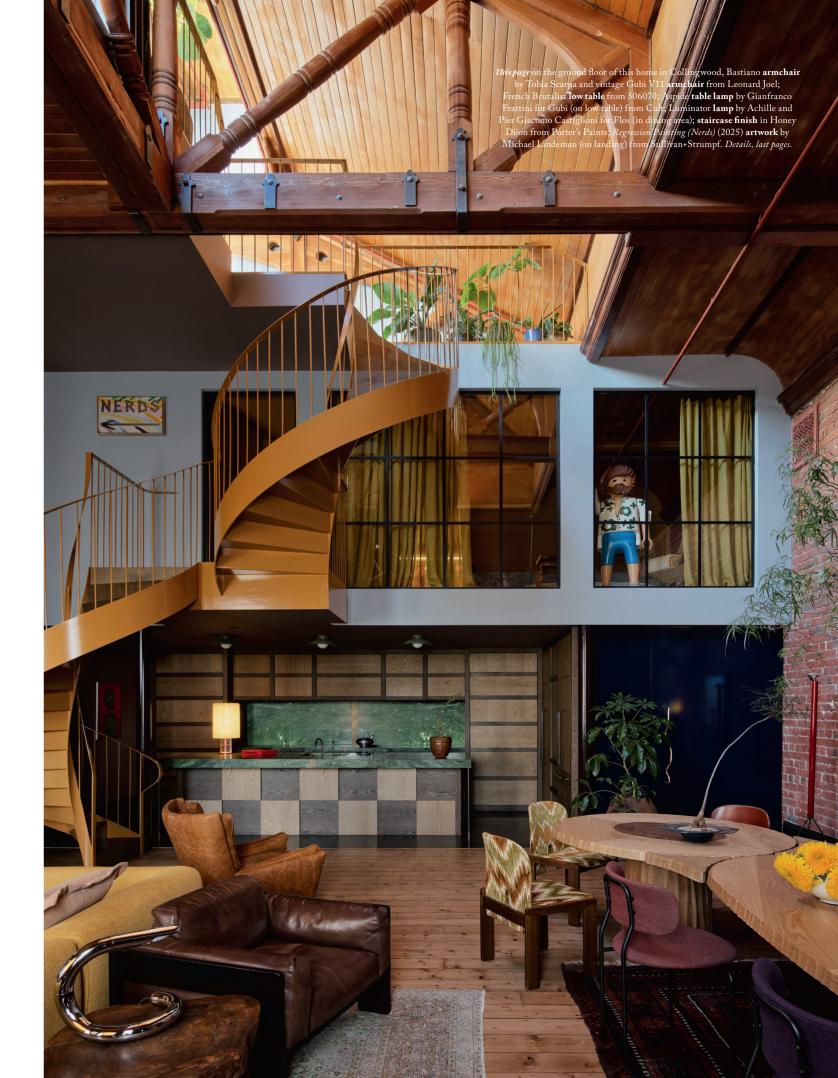


ODE TO JOY Working with a toy-collecting client who likes to think outside the box, FLACK STUDIO channels *radical optimism* to design an INDUSTRIAL *imaginarium* in a former Collingwood department store complex.

By ANNEMARIE KIELY Photographed by ANSON SMART Styled by JOSEPH GARDNER







n this moment of unprecedented urbanisation, geopolitical instability, climate catastrophe and rapid technological change, do the ancient Greeks still have anything valid to say to us? Damn straight they do, demonstrates designer David Flack who, though not intimately acquainted with Aristotle's *Ethics*, consistently actualises the philosopher's belief that happiness is the meaning and purpose of life — "the whole aim and the end of human existence".

Flack vents it loud and proud in Smiley, the 1970s simplification of a smiling face set into the marbled threshold of his latest reboot — a residence in Collingwood's former department store complex Foy & Gibson. Designed by architect William Pitt, and dating back to 1895, its street-long amalgam of warehousing, showroom and factory floor clearly incurred the developer's carve-up into offices and residences; the latter of which have either kept 19th-century detail intact or decoratively deferred to this era's hyper individualism.

"A little from column A, a little from column B," advises Flack of the imminent meet-and-greet of his 40-something tech-investor client, "who battled cancer during Covid, self-declares as a nerd, and dots her collection of vintage store display toys into a Milanese-ease of whimsy and worldliness." He elucidates on a super-idiosyncratic brief seeking a smile-inducing sophistication, when the door opens to a brightly dressed brunette who calls her antechamber's happy quirk 'smile washing'.

"I did a lot of research in 2020 about taking every opportunity to draw out smiles in a natural way," she says, leading passage to a double-height, umber-walled living room, where a russethued helical staircase drills three levels up and large-scale figures, presumed former toy shop displays, invest the air of an Imaginarium into the fabric of old industry. The fantasy is charged by a large Noguchi pendant lamp, hung low to harvest moon effect, and a 17th-century verdure tapestry in which linear perspective insinuates a portal into a different space-time continuum.

"Oh my gosh there's at least 100 hours in the online search for the right one," she says of her quest to find "old storytelling" free of people and creatures for a bricked-in archway that conceals heating while preserving architectural history. "We were particular about maintaining everything that was original... didn't want to touch anything. This is the actual factory floor, and we saved as much of it as we could. I think that space can really take you someplace else."

Perhaps to the fantastical island of Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are*, the beloved book in which a boy enters the realm of his own creation, roamed by untamed creatures. The 20-seat conjoined Happy tables, made by local craftsman Daniel Poole, would certainly suggest so. Chamfered bite-like on their edges and dividing into minor and major options — "no kid's table here" — they assume the anthropomorphic attitude of benign monsters with stumpy legs.

"Entertaining is a big part of this place," explains the client with clarification that as a tech investor she likes gathering bold thinkers and doers around a dining table which, if linear in composition, would limit engagement and "end up a bit 'royal family'.

"I didn't talk about materials, I didn't talk about the shape, I didn't talk about any of the things that perhaps a normal person would," she says of briefing Poole for the custom furniture. "I wanted it to be a happy creature," set in a domestic landscape peopled by fanciful figures whose round hands and barrel heads pin-back to German toy company Playmobil, and the archetypes developed by former cabinet-maker Hans Beck in the 1970s.

"They've all named themselves," she says, calling the living room cowboy Herschel and the bearded surfer dude, seen waving not drowning in upper-level glass-walled bedroom, Herbie. "Ira is under the stairs, but they move around," she says of "a German police officer", who she re-cast in the green and gold of a nearby Babar, the elephant of French children's book fame.

He monitors transit through a kitchen that is an envy-inducing envelope of green Ming marble — a decadent design homage to the warped drive of cinema's greatest anti-heroes. "The villain's lair always looks so much more seductive and sophisticated than the hero's hangout," she shares with the push of a doorway panel, concealed in an oak-faced grid of cabinets, to a hidden war-room (her office) carpeted in 'watch-and-act' orange and blue. It's a particular brand of 'bad' that loves such full-tilt modernism and radioactive mayhem, comments Flack.

"I feel like this was such an opportunity to reconstruct myself," says the client of cancer treatment and her identification with the DC Comics character Doctor Manhattan, a nuclear physicist caught in radioactive test who returns superhuman and blue. "Each environment in here has a slightly different feel, which is very deliberate. As you go on the journey you see space from all different angles and feel connected to a mood of positivity."

She continues up the twisting stair, its aerial appreciation of the 'atmospheres' inducing lightness and a laugh. The reality of mid-level bed, bath and boudoir — a rack of colour-mebright "girliness" — repeats the metaphor of redemption; a positivity which peaks in a rooftop guestroom and terrace garden by Florian Wild. "I frequently find myself stopping mid-moment to appreciate how beautiful something is and smile. It's a beautiful space — a Happy Haus."







