

## A Night at RH Paris-Where Luxury Meets Legacy Photos by BFA, Astra Marina, BFA, Pierrick Rocher and Getty, Darren Gerrish

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Dear Shaded Viewers,

There are doors in Paris that are simply passageways. Then there are doors—six-meter bronze ones—that announce arrival. On a September night thick with possibilities, RH Paris flung those monumental doors wide, drawing the city's most notorious, most cultivated, most curious into its secret garden just off the Avenue Montaigne—a gathering at the crossroads of elegance and intrigue.

Inside, even Parisian icons seemed to lose the armor built by years in the public eye. Catherine Deneuve slipped past crushed limestone and sculpted trees to greet RH Chairman Gary Friedman, while Zoe Saldana and Theo James disappeared into a vortex of glass, steel, and contemporary ambition. Ellen DeGeneres laughed over a Cyril Lignac pastry as DJ Milana measured the room's pulse by vinyl.

This was not retail as mere commerce, nor hospitality as ordinary comfort. RH Paris is a manifesto delivered in layers: a design studio, an immersive library, and a gallery that hovers between home and museum. On every floor, art and artifact sit in silent congress, daring visitors to redefine 'living'—one onyx-clad surface at a time.

Le Jardin RH, two floors up, is a fever dream—an armature of glass and steel under which guests dined, their conversations lit by the ghostly shimmer of white onyx. Above that, the World of RH Bar & Lounge blurred space and time, as Colin Field set down a glass of something impossibly crisp, and the city's lights began to wink through the curved structure.

Then the ascent: Le Petit RH, a jewel-box salon glowing with over seven thousand handblown polyhedrons. From here, the city's landmarks—Eiffel Tower, Grand Palais, the Louvre Pyramid—seemed to nod in approval. Patrons picked through caviar plates and seafood towers, finding themselves part of an exhibition where the line between guest and artwork felt intentionally porous.

As midnight approached, the space did not close—it transformed. The atrium's caryatid, attributed to Chabaud, watched as legacies converged: Parisian and transatlantic, ancient and ultramodern. In this gallery, RH defined new terms for luxury: not scarcity, not excess—but immersion, history, risk.

For one unrepeatable evening, RH Paris became more than a destination. It was a living archive—part salon, part sanctuary—where the future of luxury took root among the city's storied stones.

P.S. Cyril Lignac makes the absolute best sushi in Paris.

Later,

Diane