

What's New in *Los Angeles*

SLEEPING

■ **MAISON 140**, 140 SOUTH LASKY DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, 310-281-4000

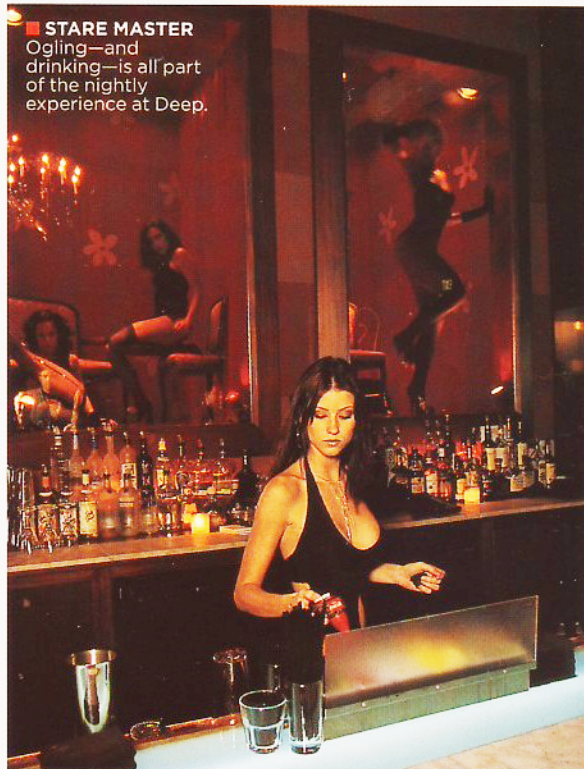
Walk into the lobby of most Beverly Hills hotels and you encounter a typical mix of lilies and livery. But at Maison 140, you're greeted by a kind of Sino-cinematic fantasy: a tiny opium den of a bar lacquered red and black and dotted with nuzzling couples. Astrolounge floats from the stereo, some chick singing something about a "space-cake break at the Titi-caca Lake." The elevator, a tiny chamber with a zebra-skin rug, lifts you to an impossibly long and narrow hallway with piped-in Moog music; it's as if you're one of those movie characters who, no matter how far they run, never reach the end. But when you do (remember, you're not actually in the movies; just Hollywood), you'll discover a room with vermilion walls, a ceiling plastered with bamboo wallpaper and a bed as big as a trampoline. It's worlds away from anything, except mega talent agency CAA, which happens to be just outside your window. —NANCY ROMMELMANN



■ **ORIENT YOURSELF**
Enjoy a night of French-Asian luxury at Maison 140.



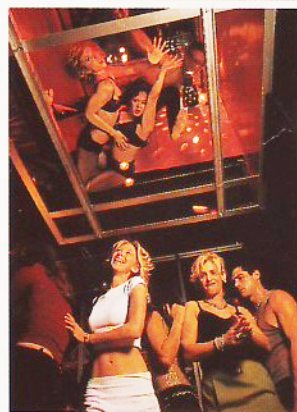
■ **STARE MASTER**
Ogling—and drinking—is all part of the nightly experience at Deep.



DRINKING

■ **DEEP**, 1707 NORTH VINE STREET, HOLLYWOOD, 323-462-1144

What's that? You want a bar and a boudoir and a place to dine and dance with voluptuary abandon? You have exactly one choice: Deep, an all-that-and-more club on the site of one of the latter-day incarnations of the legendary Brown Derby. In a city of Draconian smoking laws, Deep (somehow) offers up an indoor smoking lounge. And, yes, barely dressed bartenders are hardly unusual in this city, but here you can gawk not only at them but also at the glass go-go booths above the bar. Inside, dancers in artfully shredded lingerie kick, shake and sway as if auditioning for a Fosse musical. There are also oysters and foie gras and chocolate cake—and a black-lit back room with a Plexiglas cube of a dance floor. And if it is all just too damn much, you can always book one of the walk-in freezers transformed into a Casbah-plush private-party space. —N. R.



SHOPPING

■ **HOMework**, 1153 NORTH HIGHLAND AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD, 323-466-1153

You know when you go to someone's house and everything, from the lighting to the glassware to the frigging washcloths, is slick and functional yet also fun? Your friend probably shops at Homework. Owned by Laser Rosenberg, a former film-and-video-production designer who burned out on the business, the shop is organized by color (lime and coral and lots of metal) and features all sorts of new and collectible design-savvy gear: Eames chairs, abaci, a squishy Sir Leo Lick-a-Lot doll, vintage sterling cuff links and a stainless-steel salt-and-pepper set that could sub for 007's two-way-radio pens. Here's a dare: Go to Homework for a gift and try not to walk out with ten things for yourself. —N. R.



■ **WORKING IT**
Laser Rosenberg trades in all things dooland modern at Homework.