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MURAKAMI MADNESS!

MAID TO ORDER: CULVER'S
GEISHA GIRLS

THE MAN WHO FELL
TO SPAGO

JET, SET, GO! RESORT
WEAR GETS GLOBAL

Nouveau World Order

AFRICA GONE WILD?

ZANZIBAR FROM A TO Z
APE-CHIC IN UGANDA
CAPE TOWN & COUNTRY

CALIFORNIA UPSIDE DOWN:

MONTECITO'S MOD SQUAD
ESTATE ENVY IN BAJA
IS L.A. THE LAST CHEAP WORLD CITY?

GOING FOR BLOKE

"IT" BRIT JAMES McAVOY



DECEMBER 2007 \$5.95

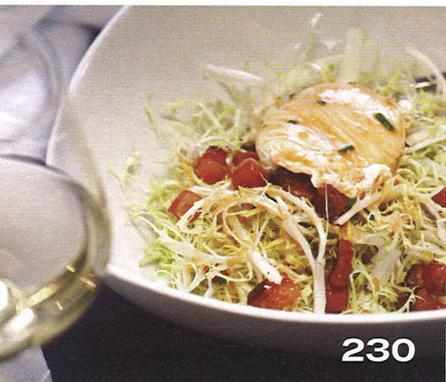
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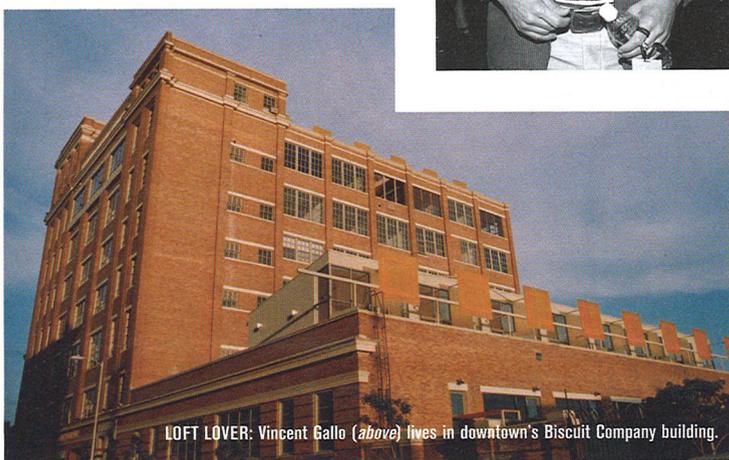
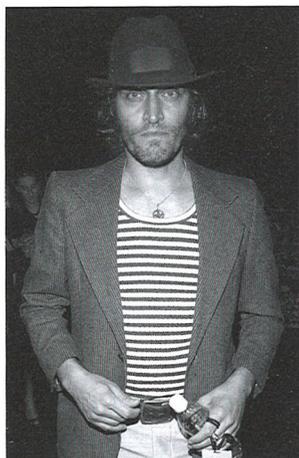


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THE RADAR REALTY!

BY GARY BAUM



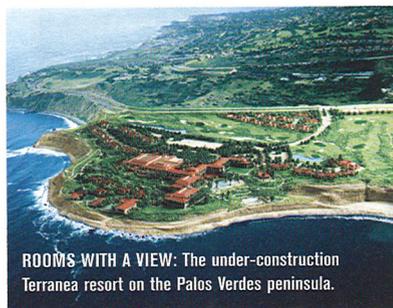
LOFT LOVER: Vincent Gallo (*above*) lives in downtown's Biscuit Company building.

MONDO CONDOS!

Look who's building and buying L.A.'s priciest new pedigreed pads

DOWNTOWN'S REIGNING MEN

Forget those stunning rooftop pool decks. What starstruck downtown lofties really want to gossip about over their blue-cheese fries at Pete's are their buildings' respective celebrity mascots. Ryan Gosling calls the Historic Core's Santa Fe Lofts home, while Johnny Depp is said to have plunked down for an Art Deco penthouse pied à terre near the Fashion District at the Eastern Columbia tower. Meanwhile, rumor has it that Shaq has reserved a condo across Chick Hearn Court from his old Staples Center stomping ground in the upcoming, 54-story L.A. Live skyscraper. Finally, over in the scruffy Industrial District east of Alameda, equally scruffy indie director/provocateur Vincent Gallo now owns two units in the Biscuit Company Lofts—one to live in and the other for use as his studio/office.



ROOMS WITH A VIEW: The under-construction Terranea resort on the Palos Verdes peninsula.

COASTAL RESTRICTION

Talk about making every moment count: Buyers of the two- and three-bedroom oceanfront condos at the Montage-esque Terranea resort, which is expected to debut in 2009 along the Palos Verdes peninsula, had better enjoy each evening in those posh bluff-top suites—they'll only be allowed to stay in them for up to 90 days a year, for no more than 29 days in a row, with at least a full week's break between visits. Why the unique set of restrictions? It turns out that this is the California Coastal Commission's way of ensuring that the entire 102-acre former Marineland site remains available to the public at large (which really means hotel guests—in this case that great unwashed demo who, although either unwilling or unable to plunk down \$3.5 mil for a unit, can still easily swing a grand for an evening's stay). Developer Rob Lowe is unconcerned that the covenant is going to sour sales, which he claims have already been brisk. "Most buyers of resort properties don't even use them 30 days out of the year," he says. **A**



SKY SCRAPPER: Richardson Robertson III.

THE LIMESTONE COWBOY

Remember Fleur de Lys, the 15-bathroom, 45,000-square-foot, latter-day Versailles in Holmby Hills? Of course you do. And you know full well it's currently on the market for \$125 million. Now its architect, Richardson Robertson III, has something even bigger on the drafting board: The City House, a 60-story condo/hotel tower expected—softening market be damned—to break ground downtown at the southeast corner of Olympic and Grand in the already crane-strewn South Park district sometime next spring. Much like Robert A.M. Stern's upcoming Manhattan throwback-monolith Fifteen Central Park West, Robertson's Classical building will traffic in tall ceilings, limestone cladding and nostalgically ornate bas-relief carvings—all at mind-bending markups. A pointed critic of trendy hometown starchitects Thom Mayne and Frank Gehry ("We're in the Baroque period of Modern architecture"), Robertson sees his 'New Beaux Arts' style as an aesthetic antidote to the two Pritzker Prize winners' theorist thumbsucking. The project, to be completed in late 2010, is gunning for a name-brand five-star hotelier to run the per-night show, while reaching out to potential celeb chefs for a grand ground-floor dining room. Yet Robertson is perhaps most impassioned about the granite cobblestone motor court planned for its entrance. "I work in the Library Tower"—now called the U.S. Bank Tower, aka the tallest-building-west-of-the-Mississippi—"and you enter through the rear. I want people to arrive by car at the front door, not with the trash cans. This is L.A."