



ex shops are supposed to be fun. But there's that whole stigma to them. Most are way too creepy, and, honestly, who really wants to be seen entering or leaving one?

Well, fret not. **Kiki de Montparnasse** has come to Los Angeles. Designed by the creative team Commune (the same people who did the New York store, which opened in 2006), the West Coast boutique feels like a 1950s Italian Carlo Molino apartment. You are buzzed in through a gate, which opens onto a secret garden. Already the creepy factor has vanished—now it's just sexy, like **Catherine Deneuve** in *Belle de Jour* or



something. Photographs and art by **Thomas Ruff**, **Helmut Newton**, **Pablo Picasso**, **Man Ray**, and **Brassaï** hang alongside a selection of **Sam Haskins** black-and-white images, which are for sale. The dressing rooms feature a dimmer switch with three settings—before, during, and after; a sexier version of day, evening, and night. The luscious interior complements the merchandise perfectly. These are toys you don't have to hide—beautiful rock-crystal, blown-glass, and titanium sculptures with a dual purpose: 24-carat-gold handcuffs fancy enough to wear out to dinner; and candles that melt into massage oil. There are custom leather or satin blindfolds, riding crops



with antiqued-silver tips, ostrich-feather ticklers, and super-chic lingerie. If you're looking for something really spectacular, a brass-and-leather sex chair custom-made in England will surely fit the bill. Tallyho!

Kiki de Montparnasse founder **Jon Rubin** sums up the store's point of view: "At the core, we hope to provide people with experiences that, in addition to being sexy, seductive, romantic, fun, empowering, and fulfilling, might actually be transformative." And if by that he means ratcheting up by a million percent everyone's perception of what a sex store should be, well, then, mission accomplished. —LISA EISNER