

Hollyv

Stars,

Roosevelt Hotel was Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, who famously canoodled in a penthouse there, or perchance Marilyn Monroe and Joe DilMaggio—not Kirsten Dunst and Jake Gyllenhaal. But even with ambitious renovations to this grand Hollywood institution still unfinished, hot pairings like Dunst and Gyllenhaal, Adam Brody and Rachel Bilson, sisters Jessica and Ashlee Simpson, plus Lindsay Lohan, Eva Mendes and a few cool older cats like Mick Jagger and Paul Allen have been making the scene at the hotel's poolside Tropicana Bar.

This sudden influx of glamour and (dare we say it?) decadence is the handiwork of Amanda Scheer Demme—director Ted Demme's widow but also a music supervisor and all-around Renaissance maven who likes to describe herself as "a lifestyle producer" and "a rock 'n roll Martha Stewart." Last year Demme and collaborator Dodd Mitchell, the designer behind current Hollywood hotspots Dolce, Katana and Koi, set out to turn the Spanish-Moorish marvel towering catty-corner from Grauman's Chinese Theater into something worthy of its 1920s origins when, with Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Mary Pickford and Louis B. Mayer among its backers, it opened in time to host the first Academy Awards in 1929. Where others tried in vain to end the ruinous spell that befell the Roosevelt in the last couple of decades, the Demme/Mitchell team has already succeeded to an impressive degree, with a combination of elegantly hip design and a philosophy of enforced exclusivity.

So far about 60 suites have gotten the Mitchell treatment with silk carpets, velvet drapes and a mix of original furniture with his own designs in "faux zebra and alligator skin that is all Pamela Anderson correct," he says. But it's the poolside area, cornered by bungalows Mitchell redid in clean Streamline Moderne/Palm Springs chic, that's the real draw. On any afternoon one can spot the gilded youth of Hollywood sunning and sipping cool drinks delivered from the Tropicana Bar by waiters in immaculate polo shirts and shorts. The azure-hued pool itself-decorated with minimalist squiggles applied under festive circumstances by David Hockney back in the '80s—is the setting for the most outrageous tableaus of irreverent fun at the HRH, whether it be playful Dunst Frolicking in the water or (as word has it) a young man leaping in from the second-story Marilyn Monroe suite occupied by Lindsay Lohan. Once the sun sets, the Demme effect takes full hold onto Mitchell's backdrop. Velvet ropes go up and not even hotel guests may enter unless they're on her list. The nightlife doyenne says she would ideally install friends and associates in the poolside cabanas, which feature Mitchell's wenge and teak furnishings and classy black and white upholstery. "I'm trying to make this a hotel within a hotel," she adds. "An artistic haven. A beautiful collage of beautiful people."

Still, the jewel in the HRH's crown is likely to be a new club set to open in early September. Demme wants Teddy's (named half after husband Ted and half after hotel namesake Teddy Roosevelt) to channel the vibes of '80s L.A. hang Helena's and Andy Warhol's Factory, "It's gotta feel super-chic, glamorous and timeless," she explains. And as with the poolside bungalows, the mise-en-scene at bungalows, the mise-en-scene at bungalows, the mise-en-scene at continued on page 108

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