

issue no.1

NEWEST  
NEW  
MAGAZINE

# Project

Make-up Tips



## CLUBS CLUBS

AND MORE CLUBS

glamorous  
drinks



## High Fashion



Hot Gossip:

Michael Musto eats toilet paper and lives!!

also:

Original Problem Princess  
Music  
Art  
Travel

and  
much much more!!!



july 1988



**SCRATCH  
'N' SNIFF**



**TÜNNEL KINDER**



# letter from the editor

Dearest Readers,

It is my theory that everybody should have his or her own magazine at least once before they die. And New York's downtown should always have a new one. So I consider it my duty to start Project X. It's the only way to entertain those knowledge-seeking, gossip-hungry, enquiring mind of yours. Project X is aimed to inform you about latest club events, ultimate fashion developments, beauty, art, music, travel, and general type entertainment. Kind of a Vanity Unfair. This month, the travel section talks about a glamorous get-a-way- Acapulco. Cover story "Glamorous Drinks" is confessions of a real life bartender. Make up tips on how to look better in the dark, problem solving woman, all the club news and much more in this first issue. We are a new magazine and we welcome new contributors, So please contribute.

Sincerely

*Julie Jewels*

Julie Jewels

P.S. I'm not telling you what Project X stands for.

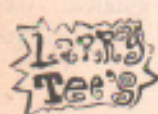
## Staff:

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.....	Fred Rothbell-Mista
.....	Rudolf
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Drinking Section.....	Liza Mae
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Outta Space

(VOCALS 70S R&B MIX)

22 Palace de Beauté

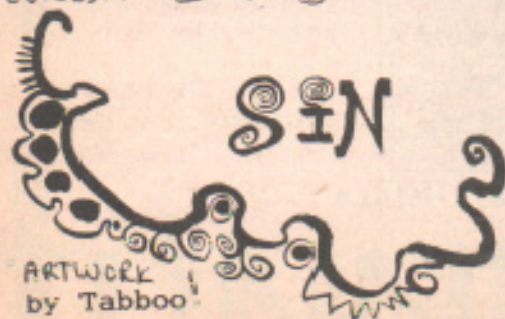
the Treasure Seekers



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AND TOWER RECORDS.....









# Michael Alig's

## \*\*Club Rub\*\*



Taboo and Zaldy



A lot of you may be wondering... What is this? What's going on? I don't understand!! Well, let me clarify a few things. Julie Jewels, Andy Anderson, Keoki, Mykul Tronn, Larry Tee, James St. James, and myself are no longer associated with that third-rate slander sheet of a magazine.

There. Now that the big wind is gone, here's the poop. B2 is due to open soon, Stephan Lupino has been commissioned to take the photos for the invitation. Tunnel will be the home of the new exhibition by Walter S. who's been gathering momentum through these last months and will present his photos on July.30. The party to be at, (or to be on), was the Bridge Party on Little 12th and 10th Ave. Everybody showed up except Stephen Saban, so it was fun. All of the complainers were there, (you know who you are, you wimps!) Rudolf and Frank Roccio were the discriminating doormen who had to deal with all the old people's wry lamenting about "all those stairs" Go back home and shut up. The Fashion Patrol will turn one year old on July 22 at the World. It seems like only yesterday when they hosted Miss Michelle Tang's Birthday party last year. Now, however, things are different. Michelle is no longer speaking to the fabulous patrol that made her. She stated: "Fuck 'em-I don't need 'em anymore! I can make it on my own..."

Limelight sucks. I don't care who is sitting in that tired library, if there's no one there to see it, what good is it? Congratulations to Fred Rothbell-Mista for leaving. Octagon is where lots of old ugly people go. What are the young and the beautiful to do? Go to Twilite Zone, which opened, closed, opened again for one day, closed, and will finally re-open forever soon. Gr. wait for Danceteria to open in September.

← J. Jewels, Dianne Brill, and... Rudolf (from left to right)





Sticky Vicky + friends

The World will be vocationing in August, closing its doors on July 30 and re-opening in September. Rumor has it that Frank Roccio and Rudolf will be in cahoots during this lapse and entertain us with "outdoor-type parties" on some pier downtown.

It looks like one-night-per-week events are here to stay, as much as I hate to Admit it:  
 Tuesday-Rock-n-Roll Fag Bar, World  
 Wednesday- Celebrity Club, Tunnel Bentley's  
 World

Thursday-Funkmachine, 10-18

Friday- Tunnel, World

Saturday-Tunnel, World

Sunday- Pyramid, Tracks

Monday- sleep!

As a final note, I would like to put an end to that libellous abusive ill-mouthed Cynthia Powell's remark about Rudolf having contracted AIDS while vocationing in the Caribbean. Social lying liar!



Bottom: Christina, John Simone, Brandy Wind Top: Boyd  
 Bottom corner: Mykui Trann, Keeki and Chatham

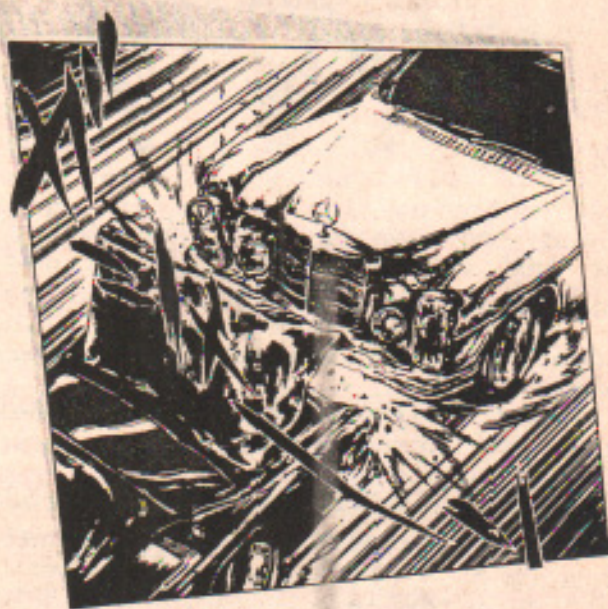
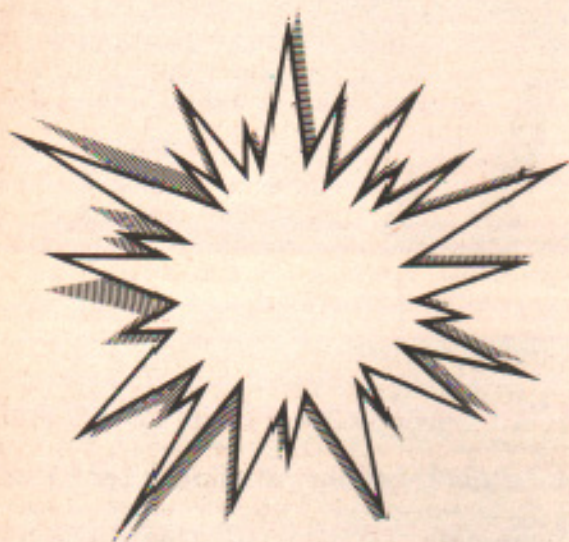


LARRY TEE

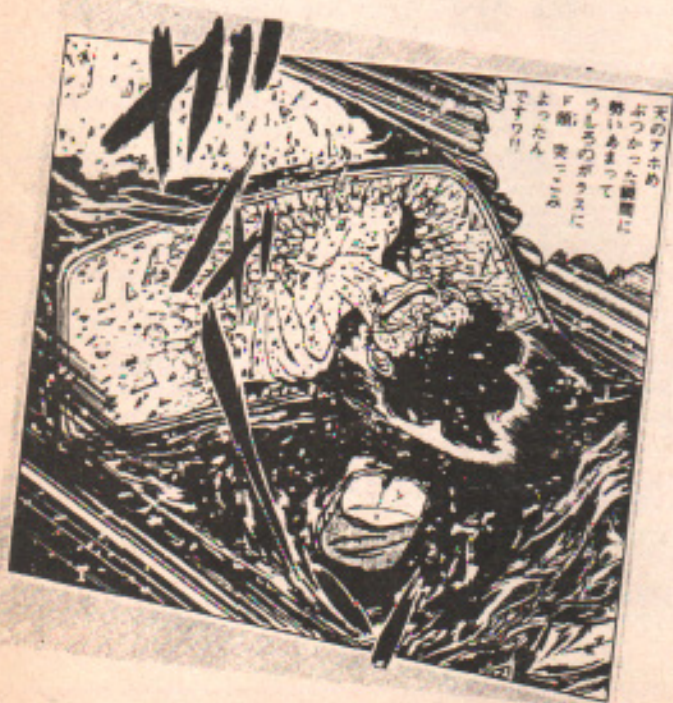




MINIMUM AGE OF 21 TO DRIVE, BUT YOU CAN DRINK SINCE YOU'RE 12 YEARS OLD! Yes, this is the way it happens in the Far East, where everything is so different, Thank you. If you wanna get into a car, you have to show a wristband, proving you are O.K..



This kid, Katnetsao Yoshinori, (pronounced John Smith), somehow got a wristband in spite of being only 16 years old and went to a Car Bar and ordered a Black Mercedes straight. After being served, he jumped into a vehicle and speeded like a madman and crashed ridiculously .



We interviewed him on the scene (and what a scene it was, the whole set gorgeously vandalized, fabulous debris all over, a great place for a party). What he had to say in Japanese, was: -"AAAAHHH! GASP! GASP! OOOHHH! AGGGHH! A-A-A-ARRRGGH! AA-IIIIEE!!... Which, translated into english means:

-Fuck that shit! It's much more fun and safer to drink than to drive! From tomorrow-on I will only drink and stay in the same place!

A MESSAGE OF PUBLIC INTEREST BY  
THE BIG R.



# The Original Problem Princess:

7

## Julie Jewels



Dear Jewels,  
I came to you with my last problem. I wanted to know how my boyfriend really feels about me and you advised me to get him drunk. It worked. Thank you very much. Now I have a new problem, I can't get a drink anymore in clubs. What's the story with these wrist bands and stamps?  
I want a drink

Dear I want,  
The clubs are doing this only to protect themselves and to continue existing so you can continue having fun. Those liquor authorities demand I.D.s. We all know that you're old enough to drink, (So is everyone in clubs, of course). But, for everybody's sake, please get yourself an I.D.

Jewels

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Dear Jewels,  
I've heard a lot of Rumors about how you and Dianne Brill really hate each other and always fight about who is a better designer or whose blonde hair is longer. Is this true?

Desperately Curious

Dear Desperately,  
No, it's not true. Dianne and I may have a thing or two or three in common but we don't fight about it. We actually give each other tips over tea. In fact, I was planning to ask her if she wants to hold seminars with me and give courses on how to be the girl of the minute. I know a lot of you want to know.

Jewels

If you have any problems, send them to Dear Jewels c/o Project X 126 Madison Avenue, suite 3F New York City, N.Y. 10016  
I expect to hear from you because I know you all have problems!







# TRAVEL: Acapulco



The Fashion Patrol are the travel editors to project X. For this month, these fashionable model-look-a-likes traveled to Acapulco, Mexico:

The trip was a last minute decision - a bargain package of \$298 per person which included round trip air/9 day/8 night/in a Budget Hotel. Do you know what a Budget Hotel is? Good Lord Missy!! Well, if you know Brenda and Brandy, those girls love to travel 1st class, just like the way they dress. "We went storming to the tourist desk screaming that the air conditioning doesn't work nor the shower. Also, to everybody's horror, there were coo-ca-ra-chas in our room along with piss stains in the corner of the hut. Not to mention the hotel bus driver was just fired for drunk driving. After all that screaming, the charter group tourist director said ALRIGHT! We'll put you up in the Hyatt Regency. With a state of shock Brenda exclaimed, "You gotta be kidding. I hope there's a pool! Little did she know it's the 1st class in Acapulco. It's not the Plaza, but we did room next to Joan Rivers and Spike. In the restaurant, the mud pies were the special for days (and days). While Brandy played water-bunny in the pool, Brenda went shopping and we all know the end to that story! We also did some sportin' in our florescent bathingsuits, which everyone loved, some parasailin' and glass bottom boat cruisin' and more shopping. During shopping, Brenda spotted her prey and screamed TOURISTA! Do you all know what a turista is? For night life there were discos such as Baby O's, Fantasy, and Gallery Show Club, which is a cha-cha disco with a 45 min. drag show-oops. Those Mexican show girls consider themselves on a more upscale level. There were four Mexican boys singing Janet Jackson's "Nasty", Donna Sommer's "Bad Girls", Diana Ross' "Baby Love", Charo, etc. On the way back on the plane, what happened to Brenda but a TOURISTA in the air- oooh nooo!!

photo: Carlos Nunes







★ ★ 10  
*Olympia's*  
**club**  
**commentary**

Clubs come and go; but the Pyramid is eternal. Eight years of shows! Shows!! SHOWS!! I myself was born at the Pyramid exactly 29 and 3/4 months ago. It all started when Ethyl Eichelberger presented me with my first tube of liquid eyeliner and my very first vial of face and body glitter. If you ever wake up in the morning, be speckled in glitter, know that these are Olympia droppings from the night before.

Pyramid, "solely" owned and operated by drag queens offers to its exclusive crowd unparalleled spectacle 7 nights a week. This way, the Pyramid stands as an international modern-day mecca for beauty, glamour and fun, all symbolized in an effigy of a white poodle.

The finest rock bands are featured Monday through Thursday. Weekend are catered to

satisfy even the most connoisseuring cabaret aficionados, everywhere. Featuring a bevy of acclaimed performers and world-famous divas, such as her majesty, reigning Queen of Manhattan-Sister Dimentation. Performed by birth, divine creator of wigs, poodle mother, and pyramid's very own magic music developer for Saturday and Sunday evenings. (Also at Bentley's). Also acknowledged is her excellency, Lady Bunny, queen of charm and cultivator of social graces. She will be doling out favours in two sets, on Saturday, July 9th at 12:30 and 1:30 a.m. The "Lady" is also responsible for the annual Labor Day weekend extravaganza of peace and love, better known as WIGSTOCK. Its scheduled to take place this year on Sept. 5th in Thompkins Square Park. Loretta B. DeMille is the keeper of the key to the temple of Decorum which she rigously upholds at all times. The Hag mother presides over ceremonies every Friday and Saturday. Her Highness, queen of whispers, Hapi Phace is there to welcome you every Sunday. Also, for Fridays, as always, innovatively "female". Special events during the month of July include: The Late Show- every Friday at 1:30 a.m., Penny Acrade on July 10th, International Crysis (the girl with everything) on July 13th and 17th, and of course Vava, a cabaret motivator like no other. Vava is also hosting cocktail parties every Sunday afternoon from 4 to 10p.m. as Miss Hattie spins records from her D.J. booth.







**another  
serious  
public  
message:**

**use  
condoms**



→ *continued:*

Now, if you care for a glamorous drink, try an "Olympia". That's a vodka, soda, and roses, but, when ordering one-ask for vodka gimlet, splash of soda. (That way you get more vodka)!! An Olympia is glamorous because you don't taste the liquor in it. That way you don't count- you just drink. Perfume! Hairspray! Jewelry! Clothes! And remember my words of wisdom in the age of safety: Sex is nothing without make-up!

Anomalously yours,

Olympia

*Lady Bunny*







\* Notice the cone-bra look  
on the Cover Model!



fashion

fashion

fashion

Covergirl  
Melanie

is showing how

eyeliner should  
be worn at  
night:

EXAGGERATED



↑ Above:  
New look in couture,  
hand embroidered jacket from Abraham D. Levy



# Interesting Stories

## by Fred Rothbell-Mista



He noticed her immediately when he first entered the Crystal Room. She was leaning against the bar, cool and deliberate. Her black gloves led him to her shoulders-bare, soft, almost white-He was teased into her cocktail; Her blue eyes made it certain that he'd drown. He made his way toward her, he was hesitant, but determined.

"Don't I know you?" He asked, impatiently.

"Exactly" She pouted and walked away, through the swinging door leading to the ice-machine and the basement. Club Kids were in small groups everywhere. Some were actually having fun, others watched the minutes go by on the time clock, or wanted to be seen, or see something or someone. He caught a glimpse of her making her way through the crowd, the polka dots on her dress danced across her hips, sang to the full moon and he smiled as he watched her disappear into the narrow, dimly lit staircase leading to the VIP room. He had to piss.

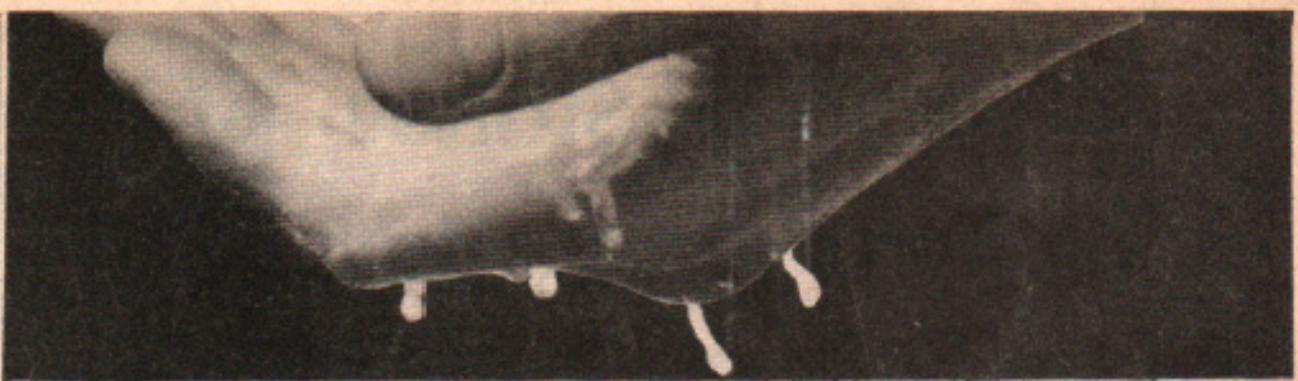
"Was it Michael Alley's party? Or was it Julia's fashion show?" He scratched his head and zipped up his zipper..."I've seen her somewhere."

On the third floor balcony, Michael Kron stood near the blonde venus, her hair fell in falls around her waist; They were fending off admirers who lusted after air-conditioning and autographs-They loved the unicorn and the blond venus but wanted more of them-their ideas, their secrets and desires, a free drink?, some hairspray, anything fabulous...He noticed them all: Trendies, Fashion Victims, Promoters, Downtown GO-Go Boys and lots of girls in black, but he was searching only for her. By accident he stumbled into the Apartment. A cocktail party was in full swing, and cKBYdOKey and Oliver This, and Srawberry and Cha-Cha and Dug-Out wre running around in circles trying to make something happen and it did. When he saw her step out of the air-conditioned office-Frankly speaking she had a bead of sweat hanging on her upper lip. She wiped it off...slowly...and slipped her finger between her tits to wipe it off. She noticed him, smiled and left to visit Frankly Knuckles, the DJ. He always looked forward to her visits. She watched kids dance in their jeans and tuxedos, cocktail dresses and bras and undies and cut offs and cut offs. All kinds of outfits on all kinds of people, all hidden with meanings and possibilities. He walked closer to the DJ booth and smiled at her accross the balcony; She seemed to notice, he was pleased. Nothing made sense that night... It was as if he had the whole World in his hands and he was playing basketball.

THE END







FREE  
BALLOONS

# INTERWORLD