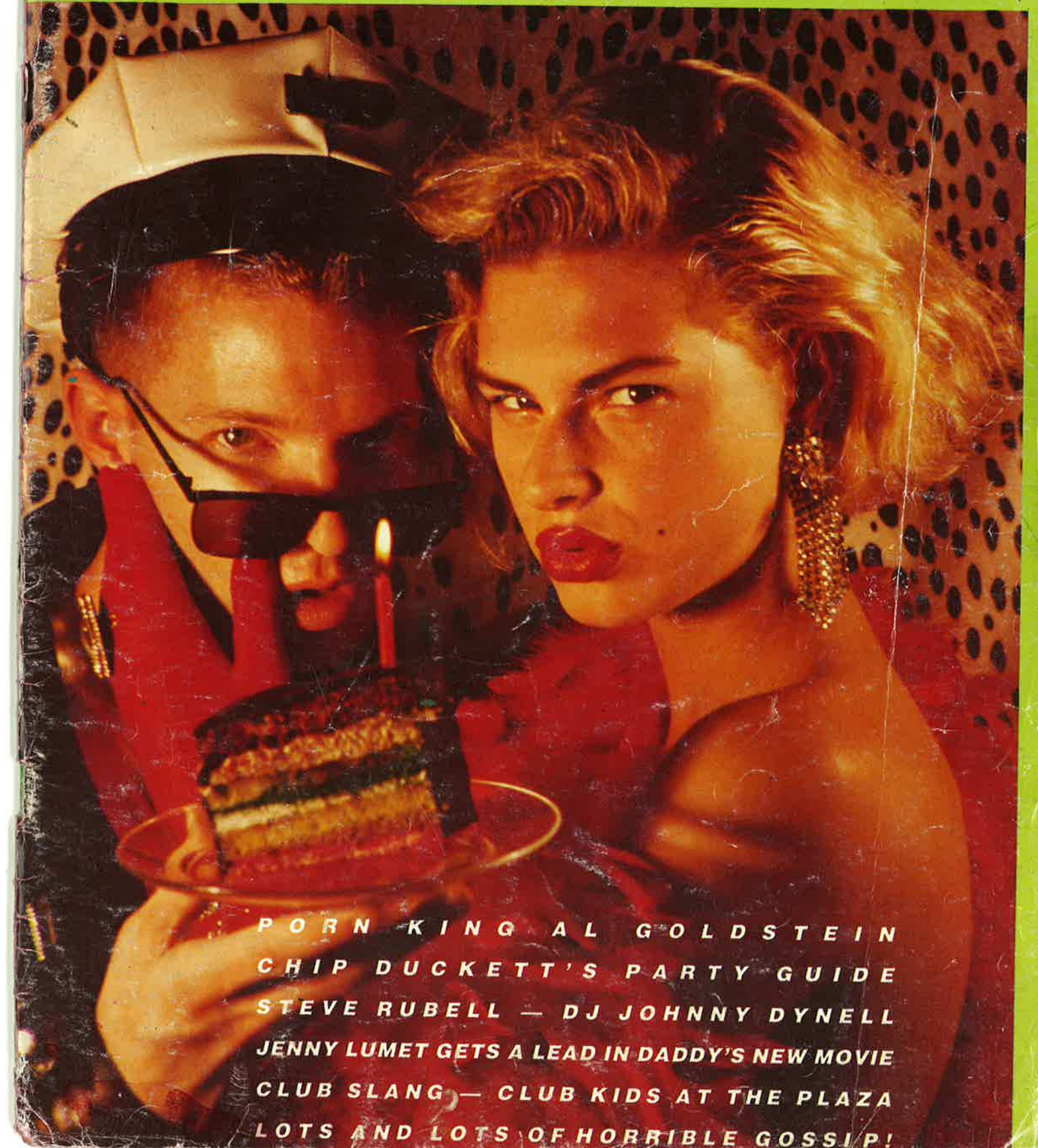


FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

PROJECT

ONE DOLLAR x ISH NUMBER TEN x NEW YORK



PORN KING AL GOLDSTEIN
CHIP DUCKETT'S PARTY GUIDE
STEVE RUBELL — DJ JOHNNY DYNELL
JENNY LUMET GETS A LEAD IN DADDY'S NEW MOVIE
CLUB SLANG — CLUB KIDS AT THE PLAZA
LOTS AND LOTS OF HORRIBLE GOSSIP!



ALLAN & SUZI

A UNIQUE CLOTHING CONCEPT

416 AMSTERDAM AVE NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10024
(CORNER WEST 80TH STREET)
212-724-7445
1713 SHEEPSHEAD BAY ROAD BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11235
718-332-7003

CONTENTS

CLUB RUBp 4



CLUB VOCAB.....p15
THE NEW WORDS THAT EVERY HIP
CLUBSTER SHOULD KNOW

by RUDOLFp17
A SICK FICTIONAL EXPERIENCE

ART.....p188
ARTIST ROMAN KREHELI

DININGp21
A RESTAURANT REVIEW

PORNOGRAPHER
AL GOLDSTEIN.....p 23

FASHION.....p 26



MUSIC
HOT NEW ROCK GROUP RIP PLANET....P38
D.J. JOHNNY DYNELL.....P40

JENNY LUMET.....p 42
FROM CLUBDOM TO STARDOM

FUN FOR FAGS AND DYKES....p46

LAHOMA 'S HOT FLASH.....p49

MONGERS ABOUT TOWNp50
GOSSIP- BELIEVE IT OR DON'T

CLASSIFIED.....p53

MISS CONCEPTION'S HOROSCOPE.....p54

PROJECT



RUDOLF
PUBLISHER

JULIE JEWELS
EDITOR -N-CHIEF

MICHAEL ALIG
CO-EDITOR

KAT
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CHIEF PHOTOGRAPHER
JOHN SIMONE

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS
LEX BOTERF, VIVIANNE BRAHMS, TINA PAUL
SCOTT KORN, LAHOMA

ART
ROBERT WILLIAM

FASHION
KAT AND JULIE JEWELS

MUSIC
MONEYPENNY - SENIOR EDITOR
CONTRIBUTORS-MARI MILLAN, KEOKI

FOOD
RUBEN SANDWITCH

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
MICHAEL ALIG, RUDOLF, RICHARD METZGER
JAMES ST. JAMES, IZZI KOOL, CHIP DUCKETT
MISS CONCEPTION, LAHOMA,

PROJECT X IS PUBLISHED 10 TIMES A YEAR, SOMETIMES MORE
IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW WE FEEL. OUR MAJESTIC HEADQUARTERS ARE
ON 330 EAST 38TH STREET, #25H, N.Y.C. 10016.

MAIL YOUR MONEY, GOSSIP, AND PHOTOS TO THIS ADDRESS.
ALL CHARACTERS HERE REPRESENTED HEREIN ARE FICTIOUS, EVERY-
THING WE SAY IS A LIE, DON'T BOTHER SUING BECAUSE WE STILL
DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY AND TAKE NO RESPONSIBILITY WHATSOEVER.
SO HA!

LETTER



**Project X: After one year it's becoming...
well, a one year old magazine!**

What started not so long ago as a cheapotrash rag, stayed amazingly...just that. Project X will always be deeply concerned with superficial things that are basically important but not so much. If this fails to impress, we are committed to invent facts and rumors that are just awful, and still nobody cares. Julie said in the first issue that "Everybody should own a magazine at least once before dying". This is sooo deep, sooo AW! It doesn't mean that we are dead though! It just means that...that...hell, we don't know what it means! Truth is, that we are trying to come up with wonder words about this unexpected anniversary. When we started 52 weeks ago, we had no intention to do anything durable-God forbid! In our world all things last 15 minutes. Those of you who subscribed took a fat chance here. If it wasn't for our eagerness on self-promotion, you would have lost forever your hard earned \$7.95.

So now, what? Do we have any visions and plans for the future? Of course we don't, pleeeeeease! This magazine is just for the spur of the moment and the "in" thing to do is to throw it away right after reading it! We are now and then we are nothing! Someone else will find a copy in the garbage, re-read it, and throw it away, again. It's the neverending cycle of fabulousness.

Then, maybe, just maybe, there is something serious about us, after all. Serious enough to be taken over by Crandall Publications, does this mean we have to be professional and run this rag like a real magazine???

Julie, M. Alig, Rudolf

MICHAEL ALIG'S

DIFFERENT AS

DAY

Club Rub⁴

Have you ever noticed that the more you go out, the later you stay out?? A person who goes out for the first time, usually retires by 1 or 2 a.m... After a year that same miserable soul is dancing till 4... Three long jaded years later, you couldn't make him leave his favorite afterhours club for all the drink tickets

in the World, (which happens to be none, at the moment). You know the type, they are the ones who just can't go home before 8a.m. and never go out before 1 a.m. But what's next??? There are only so many afterhours clubs and most of them close by 11 or so, so what's a bored mega-clubster to do?! Read on, curious ones...

Since you're already used to going to bed at noon, force yourself to stay up (I can't think of any way to do that, off-hand), until at least 11 p.m. the next day. Sleep. Sleep a full, healthy (!) 12 hours. Get up, put on your favorite outfits, get out of the house by 2 p.m. (those who are really "in" don't get out until 3) The upper 50's of this city is an absolute GOLDMINE of daytime club-type activity!!



Club Kids are having brunch at Rockefeller Center



Statuesque fountain want-to-be Michael Alig

Club Rub AND

N

IGHT

The Plaza, on 59th and 5th, can easily be compared to the good ole' days of the Palladium...complete with Gaultier queens and young east-village-esque trend-setters! The truly hip, by the way, are over 45...They sport nothing but Channel originals. STUDY THESE FOLKS CAREFULLY AND GET TO KNOW THEM...you never know which one of them is the doorman at the Pierre, on 61st and 5th Ave. (Which is compared to Nell's, all the way.

I heard the Pierre turned away Cher last week! It's oh-so-posh and QUIET! Loud discos are O-U-T! After all, it isn't POSH to yell across the room "After we finish our cucumber sandwiches, let's go to the powder room and fix our liquid eyeliner.."

The Fashion Patrol in Times Square



Club Kids at the Plaza



Some peace-disrupting individual



Photos by John Simone

6

Down the block from the Pierre is the Pyramid, er, I mean Trump Tower. The door policy is a bit less strict, but the very heavily-pancacked, elderly ladies inside could teach Hapi Phace and Sister D a thing or two. I'm talking 75 year-olds in FULL DRAG. For those of you who can dish it AND take it, there is a thriving social scene in Times Square, which to an educated observer, could be mistaken for IT.

One lovely afternoon, I found myself sipping cocktails at Howard Johnson's, at 45th and B-way., with the beautiful mountain of a woman Olympia, and whom did I run into but Mr. Fake Facial hair himself, Earnie Glam, and his two friends Dean and Chuckie. Dean is the illegitimate son of of London's kook Leigh Bowery, and Chuckie is worse...Be on the lookout for these two.

After another round of drinks, (we paid for the, which is also cool), it was getting.. oh-no! DARK! We high-heeled it H-O-M-E, not before Olympia was mugged and man-handled (literally), by some rough and ready Thug that did not look unlike some Hawaiian DJ we all know...Her purse was stolen and we all went home to bed.



1. Anita Sarko at M.K. doing her cabaret act NO ENTIENDIES which is now at MARS (Haoui is somehow involved too)
2. Lypsinka and Ellen Foley at MK
3. Nina Hagen, also at MK, and bored
4. Olympia being mugged at Times Square

Club Rub**Club Rub

Photos by John Simone



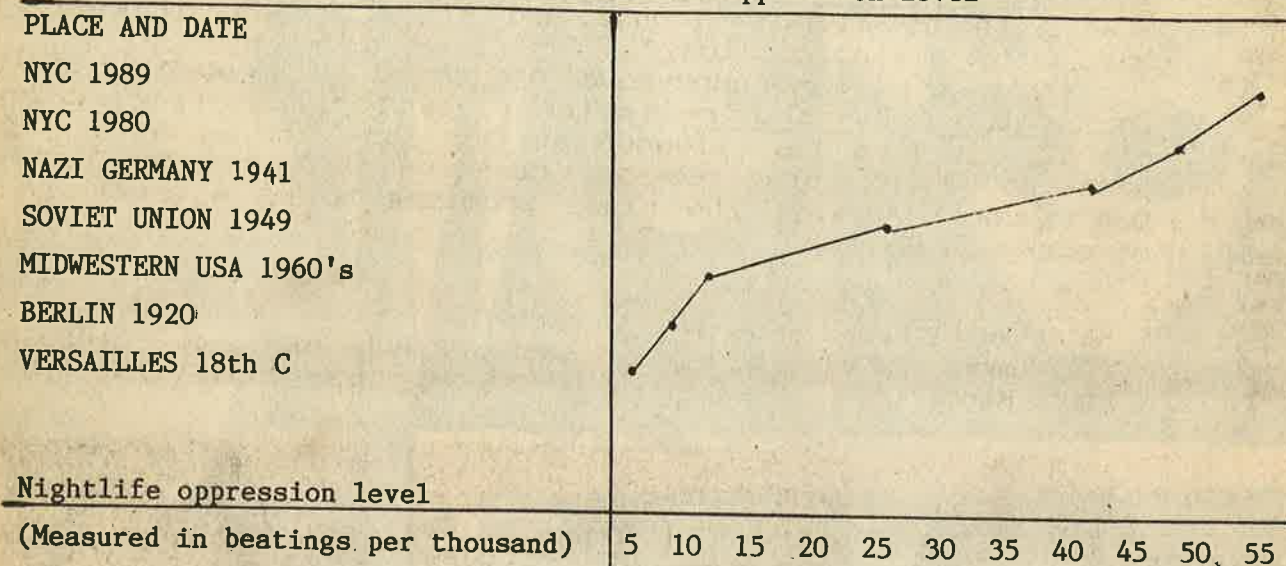
1. Designer/party girl Kathy McKinnon
2. Artist Allan Midgett and Jerome Robbins at Real Art Gallery
3. Baroness Sherry Von K.B. and designer Michael Kats
4. Justin Ross and Kiki Mason at MK
5. Doorman-about-town Chauncey
6. Partyboy/Promoter extraordinair Chip Duckett
7. Terry Toye and Patric Fox at Red Zone
8. Lady Bunny at Copa
9. Designer Mark Bower
10. It's Rubin Herman and Pee Wee Sandwich!!
11. Having thrown-up after eating too much caviar, Robin Leach goes to Pipeline



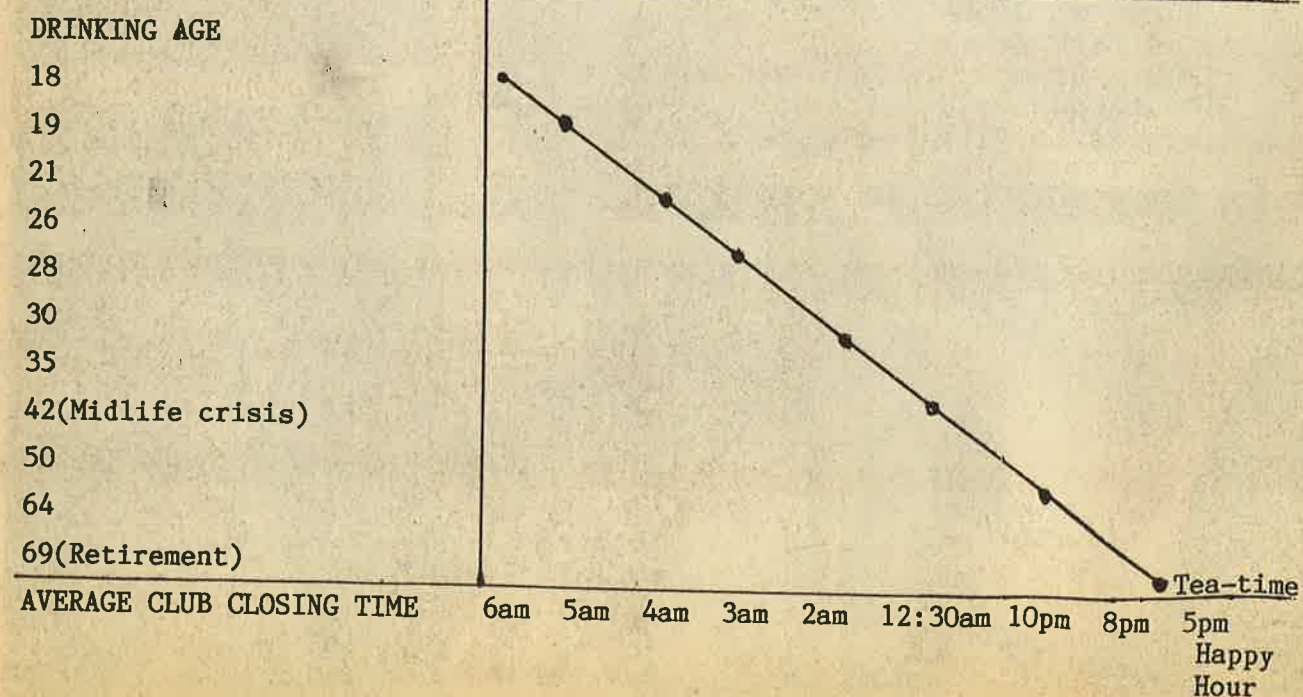
Nightlife in NYC goes in cycles. It was fun for a few years, then boring for a few, then fun, then boring, ect... As we mentioned before, we're in the boring cycle for a while. And we're either have to endure the boredom or do something about it. The OUTLAW '89 Party, held under the 59th St. bridge, was one sure way to beat the boredom in clubs. Over 1,500 people showed for this outdoor phenomenon thrown by Splash magazine, Paper, DV-8, and Project X!!!

While the good times are getting better, the bad times are getting worse. So you may better understand this, here are a couple of helpful graphs:

Graph #1 Compare the year with the social oppression level



GRAPH # 2 NYC's ENERGY LEVEL



Club Rub**Club Rub

As you can see, there are many deciding factors when determining the energy level of our fair city that wants to shut down the doors our clubs. Just exactly how much fun can we have?!! Whatever the law says, we can still have as much fun as we want to! You can take 3 hits of ecstasy and you still won't have as much fun as you would

at Circus Maximus, the newest addition to the city's dwindling afterhours scene. With its 2 levels, Circus promises to be the Twilite Zone of '89...that is if it lasts as long as it takes to get this column printed! Oh well, if it closes, we can always go home and do drugs...that's what Mr. Koch obviously wants us to do when he closes all the clubs down.

It wasn't hizzoner who closed down Dean Johnson's Rock and Roll Fag Bar and Motocycle Club, it happened anyway. What with no liquor license and all...Doesn't he realize that we're all alcoholics??

Even the most anonymous alcoholic will openly admit that Cabaret Re-Voltaire is the place to be every Saturday night. Located in a lounge at Red Zone, it is an insane hodge-podge of drag-queens, trendies and necropheliacs. Don't ask. Anyway, the place promises to be a chock full of energy. Enjoy!

1. Actor John Stamos and his mom at MK
2. John Simone and friend at Red Zone
3. Kenny Kenny, lookin' fierce at Copa

4. Frankie and Corola at Red Zone
5. Dean Johnson and Connie girl

Photos by John Simone



Photo by Vivianne Brahams





C'est Kwān-trō I's Hott

A round da cub c'est waye,

waye warm. If ū havint bin ther,

ū nō knot wūt ū miss.

Bring Kwān-trō and bring

cumpane. Then

let nāytchur—fir and I's—tak its corse.

COINTREAU

C'est Kwān-trō onde rox.

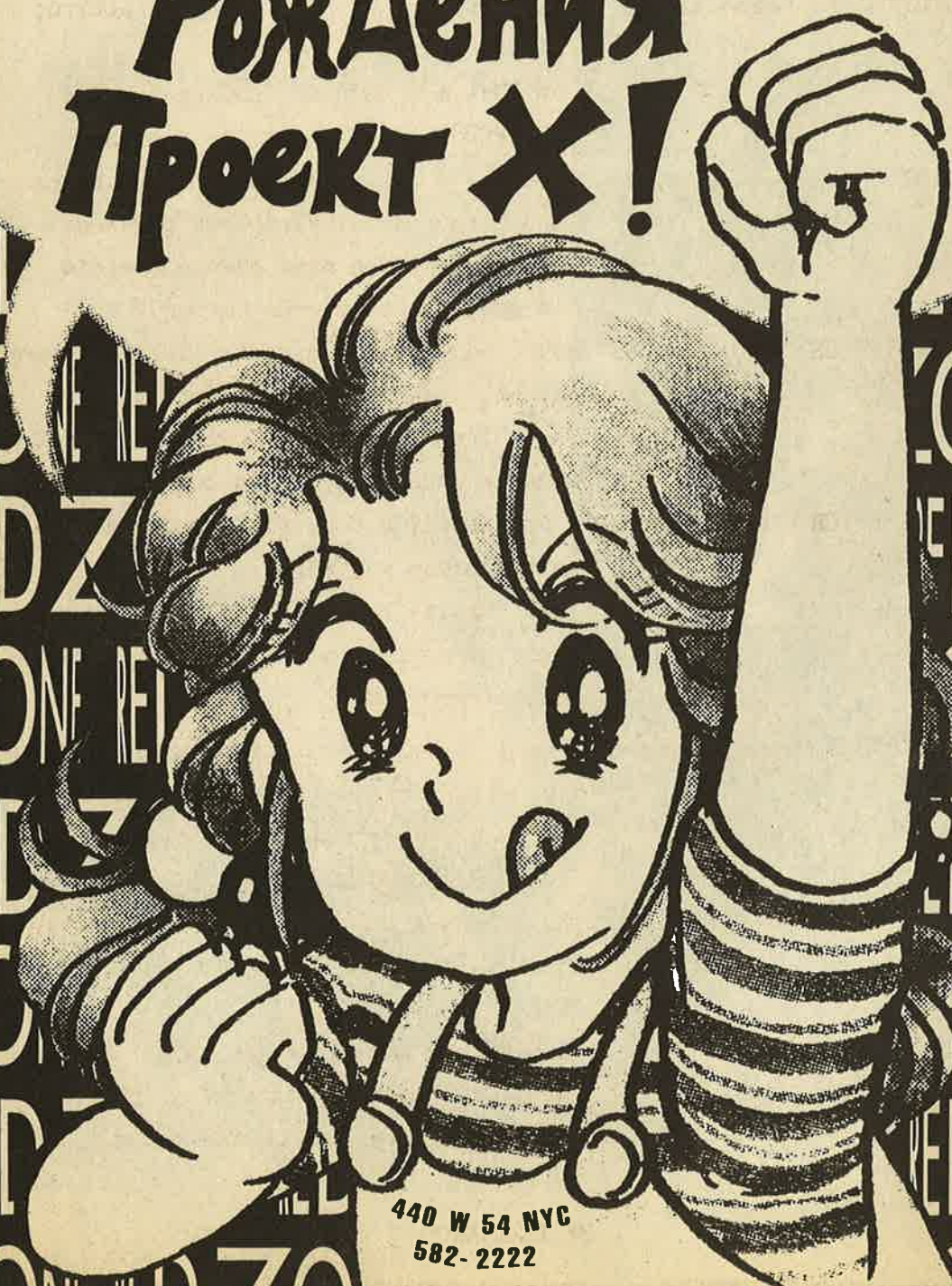
CLUB VOCAB

THE DICTIONARY OF NEW CLUB WORDS THAT YOU MUST KNOW
AND USE TO BE A TRUELY HIP DOWNTOWN PARTY CLUBSTER

1. CLUBULOUS (Klub-bū-lus) n. fierceness in attitude and attire; simply fabulous; see FABÚ, ex. "My, my, what a clubulous set of LEE PRESS ON NAILS you're wearing!"
2. CLUBMYDIA (Klub-mí-di-a) n. Pelvic irritation due to gyrations and thrusting at clubulous parties; ex. "Honey, you must have clubmydia, is go-go dancing your career?"
3. CLUBIQUITIOUS (Klub-bí-kwi-tus) adj. Describes the clubulous people at all the right places and parties; ex. "That guy was at Copa last Thursday and he wore day-glo wig and hot pants!"
4. CLUB SANDWICH (Klub-sand'-wich) n. Standing between 2 drag queens at a clubulous soireé; ex. "Excuse me, Miss, but could you get your breasts—oops, your water balloons out of my face?"
5. HUNKILICIOUS (Hunk-i-lish-us) adj. Lots of nuts and cream; a clubulous guy with a big bulge in his Gaultier tights. ex. Not Steven Lewis
6. FABÚ (Fa-bú) adj. SEE CLUBULOUS
7. SUKHREETION (Suk-rē-shon) n. A person poorly dressed and possessing bodily odors and clubmydia. Ex. SUKHEET GABLE
8. COMME ÇA (Kom'-ga) adj. Chic way of saying gay.
9. FAGULOUS (Fag-u-lus) adj. Clubulous way of saying 'DIVINE'
10. FAGSTATIC (Fag-sta-tik) adj. Homophobe; Latend homosexual

BY IZZI KOOL

СЧАСТЛИВЫЙ ДЕНЬ
Рождения
Проект X!



440 W 54 NYC
582-2222

Niice!

Love-lee

SUBSCRIBE
NOW!

For only \$7.95 you can have
the yearly subscription to this
fabulous ultra-trendy magazine

Write to:
PROJECT X
330 East 38th Street
Suite #25H
New York, N.Y. 10016
Make checks payable to Rudolf

THE ONLY MAGAZINE DEDICATED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE COVERAGE
OF THE YOUNG AND TRENDY NY NIGHTCLUB SCENE

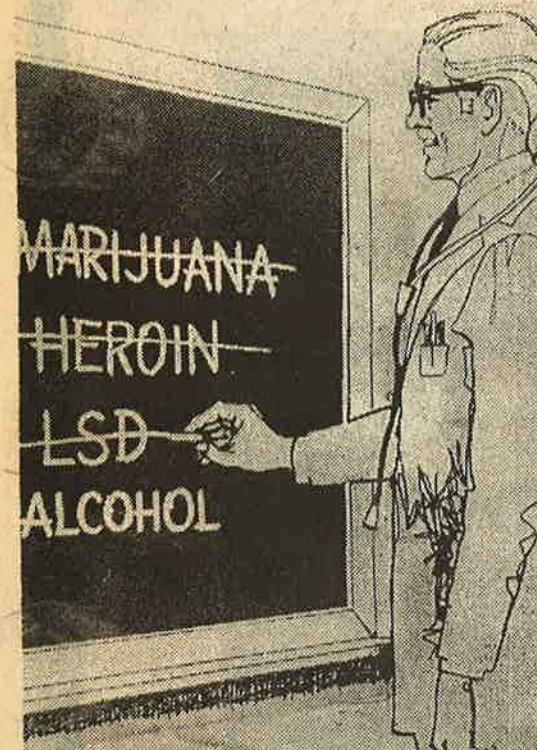
PROJECT

Ooooooh



THIS WAS THE EIGHTIES,
HOW ABOUT YEAR 2000?

by Rudolf



If you are concerned with the incredible right-wing repression campaign that drums in the media all the time, cheer up! The whole thing is about to peak, and you know what happens after that...it slowly falls into oblivion like all other American hysterias.

We are also reaching towards the 21st century and as we get closer to year 2000, people will start looking more towards the future and abandon the old stupid things from the past. If we look back in history, something fabulous happened just before year 1000 AD, when rumours about the end of the world started to spread rapidly and gained credibility. From 995 on, nobody worked anymore, people got nuts and started to indulge without boundaries: it was sex sex sex, party party party! Even the pope joined in the debauchery (something he did anyway in those days...)

So, the right thing to do now is to spread rumours about the world ending in year 2000. That will put everybody in a party mood and will stop real estate speculation at once! All that money will be channelled to drugs and orgies instead!

So, how was the New Year's Eve party for year 1000? It was the very best best best!

The next day, some people were disappointed that nothing happened though...

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Project X Issue no. 9
Recall

Serious technical faults were discovered in issue no. 9 of Project X. The publishers have decided to recall all copies of this magazine so that all mistakes may be rectified.

The fault lies in the margins, but it must be emphasized that readers are in no immediate danger, as only the left side margin is affected. However, all are advised not to manipulate that issue without safety measures like gloves and goggles and then, prolonged exposure should be avoided.

Under no circumstances shall readers attempt the repair themselves!

If you own one of these issues, please send it back to the publisher. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for its return plus \$10 for technical supervision and handling. We will effect all necessary repairs free of charge.

We apologize for any inconvenience.

LOTTO





"The most important thing in painting is form", says Roman Kreheli, a SoHo based artist. "It's not color, or texture --but form. It holds truth because everything in nature is distinct by it's form."

Photo by Robert William

Everything in nature has its form.....



"MATERNITY"
Oil on canvas 1989

Photo by Robert William

le.

★ COULD you be the next contestant on
Robert & twins
Wheel of Misfortune?
"it's easy!" says media
star **BELLA BOLSKI.** ★

who will Robert smash next?

why ARE club drinks
so expensive?

where have all
the Fruit
Loops gone?

is this the future of CLUB Land?

1933

Next issue travel to
L.A. by 6:00 with
Kathy McKinnon.

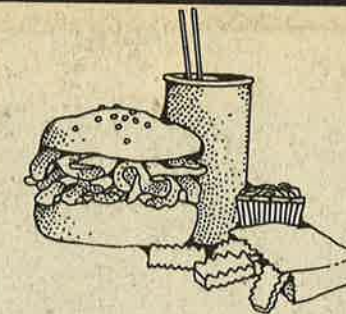
MISS U.S.A.
I dreamt
LA HOMA
WAS MISS U.S.A.

Wow! ≠
**STATUS
SYMBOL'S**
Coloring corner
Get out your crayons and
have a ball. color yourself
green with envy if you aren't
in this issue of Project X

win a night on the town
with
mykultronn
reigning queen of the night
a grand tour of New York's
Nite life could be Yours!
for those who prefer a male
date, one of equally stunning
Proportions will be provided!

DINING

WITH RUBEN SANDWICH



21

AROUND THE CLOCK

8 Stuyvesant Street

Those of you who can appreciate dining in a place that has not only tablecloths but also cloth napkins, may read on. As for the undesireables who believe a meal should be served on a tray with plastic utensils - put this magazine down and go find a job! Now, let's get back to the more refined readers. I'm sure you're intelligent enough to figure out that AROUND THE CLOCK is opened 24 hours. You have a choice of sitting in the fully stocked bar while your host/hostess cleans the table for you in the smoking or non smoking section, or, you can have a cocktail once you've been seated in the elevated dining room. I prefer the tables aligned along the windows facing the street. The elegant, (and quite gorgeous), waiters are polite and coherent, so you don't have to worry about getting your order screwed up. You may even want to savor one of their wines. The main course is quite plentiful yet you may want to engulf one of their splendid desserts that are so pleasing to the eye. The ambiance is energetic and very friendly. It's a perfect place for the after clubbing rendezvous. The lighting is just right, (so the smeared make-up goes unnoticed)

**** - FOUR STARS

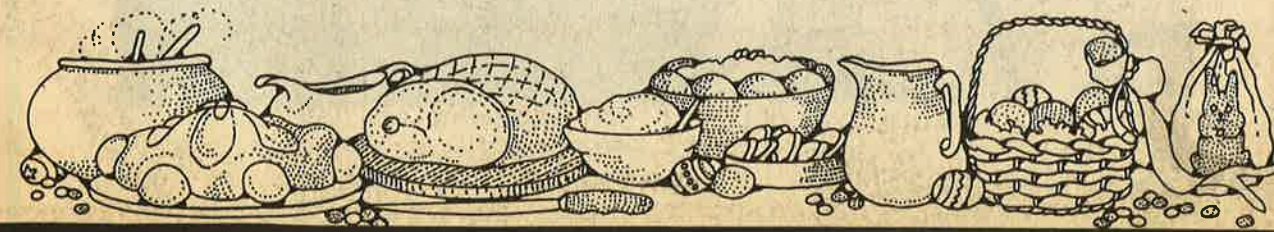
COOPER SQUARE

RESTAURANT

87 Second Avenue

Tears blurr your vision as you stumble up Christopher Street. You've been dumped!!! To make things worse, you're hungry! You want to go to a place where no-one knows you; where it's calm, serene, and peaceful; where the lights are so dim that noone can see your red eyes and green bags. You want to go the Cooper Square Restaurant. The elevator music will soothe your nerves, and your old problems will slowly dissappear but only to be introduced to new ones!! Usually, one speaks to his waiter/waitress in English, however, here at C.S. Restaurant one must be fluent in the remarkable language of Arabic. Nevertheless, the food is quite tasty. The prices may vary pending on the intellegence span of your waiter. The portions are generous for the affordable prices they advertize. You may even meet another troubled soul wallowing in self-pity over the loss of a companion... then you won't be single anymore and you can leave this depressing joint.

*** - TWO AND A HALF STARS



THE CURRENT INTERPRETATION OF THE CUISINE OF IMPERIAL ROME.
DINNER AND DANCING NIGHTLY



CAVE CANEM • 24 FIRST AVENUE BET 1ST & 2ND STREETS • NEW YORK CITY • TEL. 529.9665



QUOTATIONS OF CHAIRMAN AL

BY RICHARD METZGER

It was not without some trepidation that I rang the doorbell of SCREW publisher Al Goldstein's upper east side townhouse. I would soon be face to face with the man who verbally made paté out of Morton Downey Jr. and who has damned waitresses in his editorials for refusing to supply him with an extra slice of onion for his hamburger. Whatever fears I harbored were immediately assuaged by the warm greeting I received from America's #1 pornographer/TV personality.

Al Goldstein is the only true heir to the legacy of comedian Lenny Bruce, a gigantic pain in the ass to the establishment. But unlike Bruce, Goldstein can say or do almost anything he wants, and he able to get away with it. He's smart, RICH and POWERFUL, so no one can really stop him. He burried Nixon and Reagan and he'll bury Bush and Quayle.

After fifteen years on Manhattan Cable's channel "J", Goldstein's "Midnight Blue" will soon be satelite up-linked and broadcast to several major cities, surely one of New York's finest cultural exports to the rest of the country.

If Al Goldstein did not exist it would be necessary to invent him!



RICHARD METZGER: TELL ME ABOUT THE ROB LOWE SEX TAPE:

AL GOLDSTEIN: That video was the best thing that could have happened to his career. It would have been a real scandal if he was sucking a 15 year old boy's dick. I bought the tape for \$15,000 in Atlanta and I've sold 6,200 of them for \$30.00 each. If Rob Lowe will publicly admit that it was him, I'll give him royalties. I'd be happy to.

RM: WHAT'S YOUR OPINION ON THE PROPOSED ZONING LAWS THAT WOULD FORCE NIGHTCLUBS TO CLOSE AT MIDNIGHT ON WEEKDAYS AND 2:00am ON WEEKENDS?

AG: Are we in Tiananmen Square in China or New York City? Will Koch send out tanks to make sure club kids are off the streets by midnight? Politicians are the lowest form of human life. They're the whores of polite society like used car salesman, they will say anything to make a sale and this is an election year and they're selling their own pathetic hides!

RM: SO, WHO ARE YOU VOTING FOR?

AG: I hate them all. But I prefer Koch to the sanitized candidates like Dinkins and Guiliani. At least you know what you're getting. Koch is every nasty cab driver who I seem to get every day, he's every Sabrett vendor selling hot dogs on the corner, he's every nut case complaining to himself walking down the street. Koch's meanness and pettiness is good for the city.

RM: AND RONALD LAUDER?

AG: Ronald Lauder is the stupidist man in politics, the stupidist man I've ever met. He's a pimple on Dan Quayle's rectum.

RM: WHAT ABOUT THE SUPREME COURT'S RECENT RULING ON ABORTION?

AG: The Supreme Court is infected with Ronald Reagan's syphilis. The Court holds that human life is sacred but if you're 17 and retarded, they'll kill you. I favor abortion...for Dan Quayle's mother.

RM: HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT ROBIN BYRD'S NEW DOWNTOWN CELEB STATIS?

AG: Robin Byrd is the Tiny Tim of women. Robin is giggly and sweet and I don't want to say anything bad about her but...let me put it this way: Robin Byrd and Dan Quayle could have a meaningful relationship.

RM: DID YOU ENTER THE "WIN A DATE WITH JULIE JEWELS" CONTEST?

AG: Well, no, because I just got married. Whoever sponsored that contest really fucked up.

RM: OH?

AG: Yeah, if they had a 'Win a Fuck with Julie Jewels' they could've made millions.

RM: THEORETICALLY SPEAKING, HAD YOU ACTUALLY WON THE CONTEST, WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED?

AG: We'd have a magical evening, she'd fall immediately head over heels in love with me, we'd get married, I'd break her heart, she'd divorce me and I'd make her rich like all my ex-wives.

HAPPY HONEYMOON TO THE GOLDSTEIN S FROM...

PROJECT X



BACKS THAT TURN HEADS!



Opp. page: Jean Paul Gaultier's fitted jacket with laced-up back

This page: Alfredo Vioria lycra tank dress with floor length fringe applique.



This page...Carina is sporting a patent leather A-line dress with matching short sleeved motorcycle jacket by MICHOEL SCHEOLER. Earrings by URSO LaMONTAIGNE. Sloan is a pretty fashionable individual also in his Comme De Garçon shirt.

Opposite page...The perfect party dress on Dinorah: Rhinestone studded and feather ensemble by FREDERICO for LA TROYA. Dreamboat Robi is wearing a fierce ruffle shirt by ARTIFICIAL EYE and tights by JEAN PAUL GAULTIER.



This page...

Roxanne is wearing a cheetah print fur blazer and a cheetah print fur muff AND a cheetah print fur hat...ALL by MICHOEL SCHOELER. Glasses by JOEL NAME.

Opposite page...

Dinorah is in a stretch velvet jumpsuit trimmed in leopard print fur and a leopard print fur hat AND a leopard print fur bag ALL by ABRAHAM D. LEVY FOR JULIE JEWELS.



FUNKY
FAB
FIERCE
FUN
FUR



This page...Roxanne has on a VERY, VERY, VERY fluffy marabou feather jacket from PATRICK KELLY and grey lycra dress by MARK WONG.
Opposite page...From the south of the border...Leslie flaunts an orange lycra fringed jumpsuit by FREDERICO and that cowboy without a cow is still wearing that COMME DE GARÇON shirt and JPG jacket. hat by CHRIS EDDY.



Carina is ready to hit the clubs in her multi-colored leather jacket and black quilted leather mini by MICHOEL SCHOELER.



SHOPPING GUIDE:

JEAN PAUL GAULTIER: lace-up jacket, tights, and mens blazers available at Charivari 57, Barney's, Bergdorf's and lots of other fine stores

ALFREDO VILORIA: by special order, available at Alfredo Vilorio boutique, NYC

MICHOEL SHOELER: available at Riding High NYC, Baggutta NYC, and by special order
Victor Price: velvet cocktail dress available at Allan and Suzi NYC

ABRAHAM D. LEVY for JULIE JEWELS: available at SoHo Generation, 109 St. Marks, Allan and Susi

COMME DE GARCON: at Comme de Garcon, silly

PATRICK KELLY: fether jacket at Allan and Suzi

FREDERICO at La Troya Boutique NYC

STYLING AND ART DIRECTION BY KAT AND JULIE JEWELS

PHOTOS BY JOHN SIMONE

You know, Aleister Crowley may be just an old hippy pasttime by now, but the guy had the right ideas sometimes. Just read his very own "Declaration of Man's Rights" and you'll realize that we could trust him. Aleister, where are you? Come back! (He probably will, if we insist...)

"Every man and every woman is a star."

There is no god but man.

1. Man has the right to live by his own law—
to live in the way that he wills to do:
to work as he will:
to play as he will:
to rest as he will:
to die when and how he will.
2. Man has the right to eat what he will:
to drink what he will:
to dwell where he will:
to move as he will on the face of the earth.
3. Man has the right to think what he will:
to speak what he will:
to write what he will:
to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as he will:
to dress as he will.
4. Man has the right to love as he will:—
"take your fill and will of love as ye will,
when, where, and with whom ye will."
5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart these rights.
"the slaves shall serve."

Aleister Crowley

Reasonable Rants

by Rudolf

Jesse Helms is rapidly becoming America's Ayatollah. Not only is this father of wonderbread yahooism a leader of the Anti-Abortion Movement, but now he's also a champion of censorship. He deserves to be ostensibly on everybody's shit list. His move to cut all grants to the institutions presenting Mapplethorpe and Serrano is typical of a nazi in face of "Entartete Kunst". Not that this will affect any kool new artists—they don't get any NEA support. It will affect those bourgeois pseudopainters from Soho, which actually deserve a kick in the ass anyway—but not from right wing extremists! Sold-out lazy scumartists which have not produced anything new or challenging in 10 years deserve to be ostracized only by...us! Their only punishment should be everybody's contempt. While they are comfortably installed in their lofts, Ed Koch and the real estate gang attempt to evict from their working space any real artist. You know what? This sucks!



When Dan Quayle got elected we all thought that at least we would have a good laugh every time he opened his mouth. I mean, the guy had potential when it came to saying stupid things. His oratory could be compared to Idi Amin, another big mouth champion with only two brain cells. There's no question that Quayle also would become as monstrous as the ex-dictator from Uganda if he ever reaches a position of power. Some people even think that our vice-president resembles physically Idi Amin. I don't know...

The bad news is that Quayle, with all that capability to say ridiculous absurd things, chose now to remain silent! It's a torture! Frantically we scan all TV and radio stations in search for his retarded thoughts and ...nothing! He doesn't talk anymore! What could we do? Should we provoke him? No, that would confuse the guy and he may never speak again.

Hey Dan! What's going on? Say something, would you? We need the magic of your words to cheer up from the gray repression your boring government is imposing on us!

There is no news from the Koch administration about the law proposing an early closing hour for clubs. That's good news! The City Planning Commission, in charge of this demented project took some beating lately. When they held a public hearing on the matter, 19 people of relevance spoke against the proposal. Nobody manifested itself in favor! That didn't make the politicians feel good... Then the NY Cabaret Association (NYCA) delivered 15,000 petitions (the ones that some of you signed, thank you) and that always causes some stir. Then the Court of Appeals ruled that the City cannot pass legislation that contradicts state laws. This means that the State Liquor Authority has the last word on what time shall the liquor stop being sold, and that means 4 am. Nice, heh?

So, you see that we are winning the battle against the curfew. And we will score a final victory if you continue to support the NYCA. So, on Tuesday, August 29 at 9 pm, go to NYCA's big big Benefit Concert at the Palladium...and stay there til 4 am!



**TOMMY GUNN
PRESENTS
THE BEST OF
NEW YORK METAL
EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT**



Move over Axl Rose, this new band is HOT!

WELL, YOU MIGHT ASK, WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT "RIP PLANET" FROM THE OTHER N.Y. AND L.A. ROCK SCENE BANDS? I WASN'T GOING TO BE SO CLICHÉ, BUT AFTER MUCH PRODDING, I GAVE IN AND ASKED. THEIR REPLY IN UNISON WAS, "OUR FINGERPRINTS". MORE CREDIT THAN THAT IS AWARDED TO THIS SEVEN MONTH OLD "HARLEYWOOD" BAND.

DESCRIPTION: ☒

- ☐ TYPICAL
- ☐ DULL
- ☐ MAGNETIC
- ☒ GODLIKE

AND THEY ARE!! FROM THE BEAUTIFUL VOICE OF THE LEAD LINGER TO THE FUNKY MUSIC BACKGROUND WITH HEAVY ROCK&ROLL OVERTONE, THE BAND, ALTHOUGH VERY ZEPPELINÉSQE, THROUGHOUT ITS VARIED REPERTOIR REMAINED ORIGINAL, DYNAMIC AND SURPRISING.

THE UNIQUE RECORDING STUDIO'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY BASH WELCOMED RIP PLANET WITH OPEN ARMS. THE AUDIENCE CLAPPED FIERCELY TO MANY OBVIOUSLY FAMILIAR TUNES WHILE OTHERS ENJOYED FOR THE FIRST TIME RIP PLANET'S ORIGINAL MUSIC. THE BAND IS KEN SAMUELS ON LEAD VOCALS, MICHAEL LAWRENCE ON GUITAR, THADDEUS ON THE BASS GUITAR, AND GLENN HAMILTON ON DRUMS.

THIS BAND GRABS THE AUDIENCE'S ATTENTION AND DOESN'T LET GO!! IN ADDITION TO SHARING A PHISICAL LIKENESS TO AXL ROSE OF GUNS + ROSES LEAD VOCALIST AND SONG WRITER OF RIP PLANET, KEN SAMUELS, CAN ALSO BELT OUT THE TUNES!!

MONEY'S MU\$IC.....MONEY'S MU\$IC.....MONEY'S MU\$IC.....



JOHNNY DYNELL : DJ IN VOGUE THIS MONTH

Dynell's Dynamic Top 10 List

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. "Work It Out" | Steve Hurley |
| 2. "Tears" (re-mix) | Frankie Knuckles |
| 3. "Paradise" | Blue Jean |
| 4. "Payback Is A Bitch" | Liz Torres |
| 5. "I'm Glad You Came" | Bas Noir |
| 6. "Call It Techno" | Frankie Bones |
| 7. "In A Vision" | Virgo Four |
| 8. "101" | Sheena Easton |
| 9. "Turn It Out" | H.B.O. |
| 10. "In The Beginning" | Obatala, Sango & Ochun |

MU\$IC.....MONEY'S MU\$IC... MONEY'S MU\$IC....MONEY'S

MONEY'S MU\$IC.....MONEY'S MU\$IC.....MONEY'S MU\$IC.....

A MEANS TO AN END - OR AN END TO A MEANS.....???

Having been a downtown club DJ for quite a long time now, Johnny Dynell was quick to comment on the few similarities between the club kids of a few years ago and the current crop of carousers making the scene. "The big difference now is that the feeling is very corporate", he says. "I mean, back then we thought of nightlife as a means to an end - a way to pursue a career related to the field - and when we entered that lifestyle there was no going back"! It sounds like they lived it, every day of their lives - and fortunately, the pioneering spirit of the original downtown DJ's lives on today....Johnny feels that today alot of these clubbers are doing the "club thing" as a job in itself, apparently with different motivations than the celebutantes of yesteryear. "Now, it's almost like working for IBM, only with different hours and not so many benefits", says Johnny. He also feels that most of these kids will be working on Wall street in a few years time. (God help us all). But I do agree with him - the politics, unscrupulousness, takeovers and traitors exist just the same in this present corporate club culture as it does at any fortune 500 company!) I guess back then Fabulousness was never a sole occupation, you had to have real personality and talent as well to get started. Johnny clearly had all three traits!

He started DJ'ing at the Mudd club, where erstwhile DJ Anita Sarko gave him his first lesson. Then he started throwing all night parties with Chi Chi Valenti at the Squat theater, calling them "Is It All Over My Face Disco Jags" (PS: Chi Chi and Johnny ended up getting married). Then he picked up work in some of the great after hours clubs like Continental and The Jefferson. From there he moved onto the Pyramid, where he was fired from when the manager said he wanted his boyfriend Alan to be the DJ (and that was the birth of Sister Dimention....another story). Johnny and Sister are good friends now, and we all know what became of the Pyramid! He hit paydirt when Rudolf discovered him and hired him to DJ at Danceteria. Then it was onto the most exciting stint of all - AREA. "So many wigs and so little time", moaned Johnny. AREA was IT - this DJ's delight. He said when Area closed it truly hurt: an absolute end of an era.

Well, life goes on and if you're a club DJ in this city and your spot closes you **get over** it honey, and move on. That's what he did and now in addition to DJ'ing at Nells on Tuesdays and Tunnel on Fridays and Saturdays, he's busy with many studio projects right now. He just produced and arranged a dance record called "Extravaganza" by Elements of Vogue in London. Johnny's also got his own single on the kettle called "Power: Pop, Dip, Spin". His favorite clubs are Choice on Friday and Sound Factory on Saturday.

☺ XXX^{ooo} DJMP

MU\$IC.....MONEY'S MU\$IC... MONEY'S MU\$IC....MONEY'S



from clubdom to stardom:

JENNY LUMET

I remember once I was spending the night over at Jenny's and for some reason or another I just couldn't sleep, so I started being really obnoxious and jumping up and down on the bed and putting her hand in warm water to see if she'll wet the bed—oh, and putting cigarettes up her nose and taking pictures... Things like that and, eventually she got really annoyed with me and told me to go downstairs and play. "And if you get really bored," she said, "go through my father's phone book."

I wandered around their five story apartment for a while, then, having nothing to do, I opened up that phone book, just for a peek. The first names I saw were Streisand, Streep, and Stanwyck—their home numbers!! I gagged a little, then found the home numbers of Elizabeth Taylor, Katherine Hepburn, and list went on and on. I wrote down the numbers of Diana Ross and Jane Fonda, then ran upstairs to take out the cigarette from under Jenny's nose. I prayed to god she wouldn't remember in the morning how obnoxious I was. I had forgotten who I was fucking with.

It's hard not to be a little in awe of Jenny Lumet. She comes from such impressive lineage—her father is Sydney Lumet, —the director, her grandma is Lena Horne, her mother is Gail Lumet Buckley, the writer and pre-girl of the minute (back in the

the fifties), her sister is the ultra-glamorous spit-fire Amy.

You'd think that would make Jenny in awe herself. But forget about it. She is going to outshine them all. You just know it. You probably don't remember the days when she was out every night—when she worked at Details—back when she was an ordinary girl. That's when I got to know her. Now she's all grown up and glamorous—starring in this movie with Run-DMC and that video with Bobby Brown, and dating this rock star and that. She is everywhere.

She just landed the female lead in her father's new movie co-starring Timothy Hutton and Nick Nolte.

James St. James: It sounds a little fishy, Jenny, getting the lead in your father's new movie...

Jenny: Of course, that's what everybody else will say. But I had to audition audition just like everyone else, and I was called back five times.

Five times! And I know my father and he wouldn't compromise his film for for my sake. I know I had to be good.

James: Let people talk then.

Jenny: Time will tell.

James: What's your character like?

Jenny: She is a black girl who passes for white and falls in love

with Timothy Hutton., he find out and dumps me, then five years later they meet again but on different sides of the law.

James: Can you pass as a black girl passing for white?

Jenny: Different hairstyle, a little make-up...sure.

James: I want dish. Does your grand mother have any bad habits that we should know about. Is she a slob? Does she pick her teeth?

Jenny: (laughs) My grandmother is absolutely wonderful. She has more energy and enthusiasm than anyone I know.

James: (I guess she doesn't pick her teeth)

Tell me the Michael Jackson story again.

Jenny: (groans) After my father finished (The Wiz), he had a Christmas party with all the cast over and we kids thought it was boring because it was all just dull old people like Diana Ross, so we went to our room and Michael Jackson came upstairs and he sang to all of us giggly little girls...

...

James: That's so fabulous. How is your sister Amy?

Jenny: Domesticated. She is out in the country making pot roasts with her boyfriend (writer P.J. O'Rourke).

James: Who would have thought. Amy was the original hell-bound club kid. So destructive, so much fun.

Jenny: Like Nancy Spungeon in a Channel. Thank god she got herself together though.

James: I miss you guys, Why don't you go out anymore?

Jenny: I do. But basically I'm a day person now. Then I go out with friends to Nell's or MK. I just go out to dance.

James: Well, good luck with the movie.

*****BY JAMES ST. JAMES*****



TALENT BANK INC.
PRESENTS
THE TALENT BANK CONTEST
FEATURING
**SINGERS, DANCERS, STRIPPERS,
DRAG QUEENS, JUGGLERS,
OPERA SINGERS, and...**

YOUR HOSTS
JOHN SIMONE
SISTER DIMENSION

BEGINNING MONDAY AUGUST 7

10 P.M. M.K. \$5
204 Fifth Avenue
Come Show Us Your Assets for Cash Prizes

To Enter Contest Call John Simone at 935-8372



Subscribe To FAD
magazine

Subscribe To FAD
Strictly Visual
FASHION
ART
DESIGN
ALTERNATIVE MUSIC
NIGHT LIFE & DAY SCENES

Attention New Subscribers
Enclose payment and Save!!

- ☐ 6 issues \$11.95
- ☐ 12 issues \$19.95
- ☐ 6 issues & FAD T-shirt \$19.95

FAD MAGAZINE
PO BOX 656 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101

The Cutting Edge Of Design



FUN FOR FAGS AND DYKES

BY CHIP DUCKETT

ALL PHOTOTS BY TINA PAUL

The high point of Our Gay Summer, of course, is Gay Pride Week, packed with the promise of gay affirming fun for thousands of queer New Yorkers and gay tourists with bad haircuts who romp in the streets. At times the fun seemed to be in spite of the scheduled events (who at the Heritage of Pride, which organizes these things, thought that we'd want to see a lengthy martial arts exhibition at the Central Park Rally?). The parade on Sunday, led by the delicious DYKES ON BIKES, was fun, and the packed pier dance and fireworks were great. Everyone had lots of sex, discos were fabulous (Mars set the house record that night), and for a while at least you could truly live in a completely queer world.

All was not well in Gay Land, however. Most horrific, a Saturday night staged re-creation of the Stonewall Riot turned ugly when a panicky driver drove INTO the crowd, seriously injuring several people. He tried to escape down Christopher Street (good move, asshole), where he was overtaken by an angry mob of hundreds of gays who destroyed his car and forced police to hustle him to safety in the Lucille Lortel Theatre. The New York Post headline the next day: GAYS BASH BACK. That's MY idea of Gay Pride: banding together and refusing to be downtrodden by anyone. Initially, this rampaging driver was not even charged with a crime, but community pressure changed that, too.

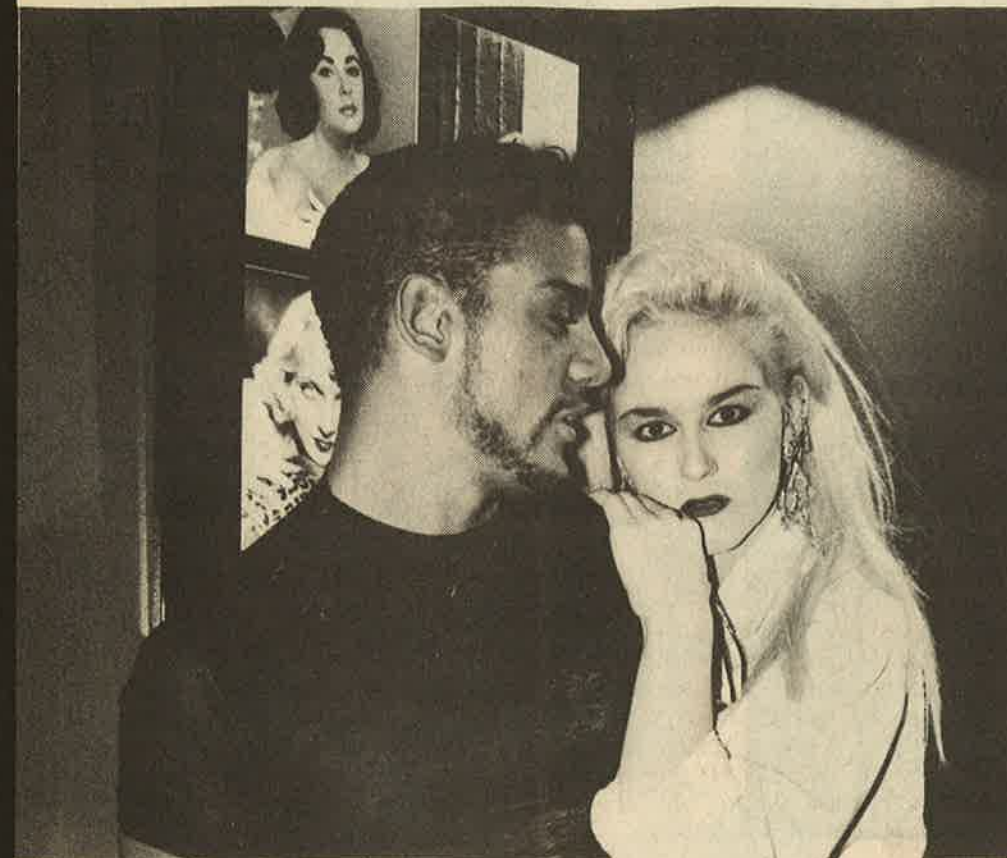
No one WANTS to be militant, but things look increasingly bad about our civil rights, our health care, and our very right to be gay. I'll stop picketing --- and, if necessary, rioting --- as soon as people with AIDS can be treated when they're ill, when closet-case elected officials stop working directly against progressive AIDS policies, and when you and I are given full civil rights. Your single voice DOES make a difference, especially in an organized protest. Just ask the ACT-UP gang, whose quickly-instituted protests at the Department of Health in NYC and at the International AIDS Conference in Montreal helped force NYC Commissioner of Health/Head Shithead STEPHEN JOSEPH to back down from his neo-Nazi plan to keep lists of all New Yorkers who test positive for HIV, and to outlaw anonymous testing. Good job, ACT-UP! (By the way, ACT-UP usually has a good fight going to help ease the AIDS crisis. Stop by the Gay and Lesbian Community Center on 13th Street some Monday and see what you think!)

ENOUGH, ALREADY --- what about the DISCO SCENE? LARRY TEE started his new Love Machine on Tuesdays at the Underground. On July 4 the place was hot, with terrific music and every fag I know there. Everything was dementedly out of control, and by the time LAHOMA VAN ZANDT and I emptied the toilets of tissue paper and threw it around the still pumping dancefloor, I knew where I'll be heading for the next few Tuesdays.

DEAN JOHNSON's much-heralded Rock and Roll Fag Bar and Motorcycle Club came and went, if any of you noticed. The crowd was good opening night. The excruciating heat and the execrable JAYNE COUNTY's performance were bad opening night. The real low point came when the IT TWINS took over Wednesdays, calling them "Fag-It" and printing two sets of invites: one for the Mars Sunday kind of crowd, and the other (are you ready?) for straights, I suppose to try and trick them into coming. By the time the sound system was ripped right out of the club (some issue over the sound people not being paid for it), I guess we all knew that this non-spot was doomed.

Much more fun for the lesbian set are two nights, Sundays at Cave Canem and Mondays at MK. The Sunday girls tend to get a little hot and bothered --- luckily there's a pool where a girl can cool off. Cave Canem is conveniently located in the East Village, so go already; just save enough energy for DEB PARKER's Dame-Nation at MK, with her usual blend of classy and trashy women. Come on, girls --- call your friends and make Dyke Nightlife hop!

Wednesdays at Bolido came to an end when that yucko club bankrupted (Bolidismo, indeed), sending creative directors SCOTT CURRIE and R. COURI HAY and promoters MATTHEW KASTEN and SISTER CODIE RAVIOLI scurrying for a new home. Somewhere along the line, a tremendous parting of the ways occurred (easy to imagine if you know these four people), with Codie and Matthew going one way and Scott 'n' Couri the other. At one point, each claimed to be running those erratic new Undochine nights without the other (there were always drink tickets, so I didn't care). Don't ask me what happened, or who's doing what club --- ask one of them. I suggest Codie --- her version is by far the most entertaining.



GLAMOUR COUPLE OF THE '90's
ATTILLA LIKAT AND SISTER CODIE RAVIOLI

JOHN SIMONE's Homo Hop at KAOS turned into a nightmarish Homophobic Hop from the very beginning, as the homophobic management of this new club tried to cash in on the gay set. By Week 2 they couldn't take it anymore, ejecting the few patrons and promoter at 1:30 a.m. with a few choice anti-gay epithets. These hardy clubgoers merely crossed the street to the usually aimless Zone dk, which was tossing its best party to date, a birthday bash for Gay Cable Network kid KIKI MASON. RUPAUL performed the show she had planned for Homo Hop, Kiki flounced around in silver lame and burned copies of his old employer The New York Native, and by the time that other cable TV queen ROBIN BYRD arrived even I was having fun.

Speaking of the Native (and I bet you rarely do), you now have a choice in gay papers in NYC. Party boy cum activist GABRIEL ROTELLO and party columnist cum activist MICHELANGELO SIGNORILE have joined forces with actual journalist ANDREW MILLER to produce Outweek, a new weekly gay magazine. The magazine is good, and filled with interesting features and informative news. It is also offering a balanced coverage of the AIDS crisis, something the Native has simply failed to do. At any rate, we all agree that healthy competition is good, and so is having a choice. Buy a copy of each and make your own decision.



D. J. MISS PERFIDIA AT MARS

DEAN JOHNSON AT ROCK & ROLL
FAG & MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Regular readers of the Village Voice are aware of the appalling scandal of the Warwick Foundation which MICHAEL MUSTO broke. You'll recall the weekend DIONNE WARWICK swept into town for a series of high-ticket fundraisers for her self-titled foundation, proceeds allegedly going to AIDS care and education. The centerpiece of the event was an Avery Fisher Hall concert featuring stars like WHITNEY HOUSTON, GLADYS KNIGHT, PATTI LABELLE, and CYNDI LAUPER, and which contained some dazzling performances (especially an impromptu Patti and Cyndi duet on JOHN LENNON's "Imagine"). Creepily, though, the entire weekend had a disturbing feeling of continual Warwick Ego-Boosting, as this "official" Ambassador of Health" (as she perpetually refers to herself) plastered her name on everything she could get her hands on. And as Musto reported, last year's Washington, DC gala weekend raised over \$400,000 --- yet, due to some pretty ambiguous expenses reported on their official tax forms, lost over \$20,000 and gave NOT ONE PENNY to AIDS charities. The response of their administrative director: "That's pretty good for our first year." The very existence of an alleged AIDS Foundation that can raise over \$400,000 in one weekend, yet is unable to give any of it to the people in need for whom the money was donated, is vile. It is doubtful that Lauper, Labelle, Houston, SINATRA, et. al., knew this when they donated their time and talent, but Dionne Warwick certainly must have been aware. After all, it is her self-named foundation, she is President of the Board of Directors, and she is the "official Ambassador of Health" --- just ask her. Perhaps a little less self-congratulatory self-promotion and a little direct work with people with AIDS might make her understand what a farce she has made this "title." Shame, Dionne, shame.



MONGERS ABOUT TOWN!

50

Playmate of the month

Believe it...or don't.(and we know it will be hard). Everybody's comrade, Sukreet Gable, appeared NUDE, spread all over the pages of the ultra-underground mag, MY COMRADE. This glamorous sex pony promised not to leave much to the imagination.

Mr. Big Stuff - Mr. Tee

Congrat's are in order for Larry Tee and his buddy in tow, La Homa. Having come here a mere two years ago, they are responsible for the oldie but goodie, Celebrity Club. He became a major DJ in NYC and DC, and she, the hostess with the mostess. They're the Donnie and Marie...the Sonny and Cher of nightlife. She's a little bit country and he's a little bit rock & roll, in any case, they've got you, babe! Larry Tee is working on a new video with producers/directors Alan Henderson and Richard Metzger. And this boy wonder is also running the successful Tuesday nites-Love Machine. NOT TO BE MISSED!

IF YOU KNOW OF ANY RUMORS, DISH, GOSSIP, HEARSAY, SCANDALS, ETC...DON'T HESITATE...SEND THEM TO US!!! MONGERS, PROJECT X, 330 East 38th St., Suite 25H, New York, New York 10016

believe it... or don't

Celebrity How To's

When you grow up would you ever want to be...

A) a club owner?
B) a gossip columnist?
C) a celebtaunte? Well now's your chance to learn all about these exciting careers and decide: Rudolf, club legend/publisher is now advertising in the Learning Annex. He's giving classes on how to start your own nightclub, (but the seminar does not include lectures on how to keep one going) Or perhaps you'd like to be a gossip columnist! Cindy Adams is sharing her insight with her class entitled, "How to be a Gossip Columnist or Just Behave Like One". Next month, Project X can help you learn how to be a celebtaunte...or just pose like one!

Funky Fridays

Doorpersons Chauncey and Diana struck gold with the opening of their new night, Funk inc., at Undochine. There hasn't been a party this good since the days of Michael Todd. It's where the truly hip, truly gorgeous and truly downtown people hang. To list the guests would be endless so let's just say, Thank God for Funk inc.!

Michael Todd is back

The dead overgrown dinosaur of a club, Palladium that is, has some fabulous parties to come!! One promoter,(whose name we can't disclose yet, but we will if you bribe us), anyway, one promoter will take over the Michael Todd room, call it TODD, and have hip downtown parties there every Friday starting in September. Tommy Gunn, the promoter to rock-n-rollers, will be hosting Saturday nights also in Michael Todd room. We just can't wait.

MONGER'S WEEKLY MENU

MONDAY: Carmelita's, Nell's, Big Deck
TUESDAY: Love Machine, MK, Cave Kanem
WEDNESDAY: MK, Nell's, Peggy Sue's
THURSDAYS: Mars, Red Zone, Boy Bar, Au Bar, Big Haus and Spo-Dee-O-Dee
FRIDAY: FUNKY INC.(at Undochine) Mars, Red Zone, Choice, Save the Robots
SATURDAY: Red Zone, Mars, Cave Kanem, Sound Factory
SUNDAY: Mars Needs Men!

London Disco Monger - SUED

This tale could very well bring a tear to a glass eye! Peter Stringfellow's divorce suit (no he's not a homosexual) was finalized recently. It seems judge Whoppner awarded Mrs. Stringfellow a whopping five million pounds. This forced our little clubmonger to sell his famed Eurotrashy Hippodrome. With the remaining capital from the sale, Mr. S. is hopping on a plane to get far away from London. Next stop for this club mogul...Chicago, where he'll open a new club...

Dynamic Duo

Rumor has it, and rumor has never been wrong, that rich boy Malcolm Forbes and writer Hal Rubinstein are teaming up to hit NYC with yet another entertainment mag.(Gee, just what NY needs). What will they name this new publication you ask? Project X has exhausted all its possibilities and came up with this...MAL & HAL...Stay tuned for an update on this dynamic duo, same bat time, same bat mag!

51

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



STEVE RUBELL



WE LOVE YOU NELSON,
LAHOMA

FOR SALE

1ST ISSUE OF Andy Warhol's
Interview..also, 1st edition
"A" a novel by Warhol
call 353-2167, evenings

Selling-Cannon A-1 camera
w/28 mm F2.8 lens.
Excellent condition
call 534-8485 - Robert

WANTED

Unusual and fabulous cabaret
type acts for talent shows
at MK. Call 935-8372 -John

WANTED - - for Project X
journalists, photographers,
and fashion stylists,
experience preferred Send
resume and phone# to us.

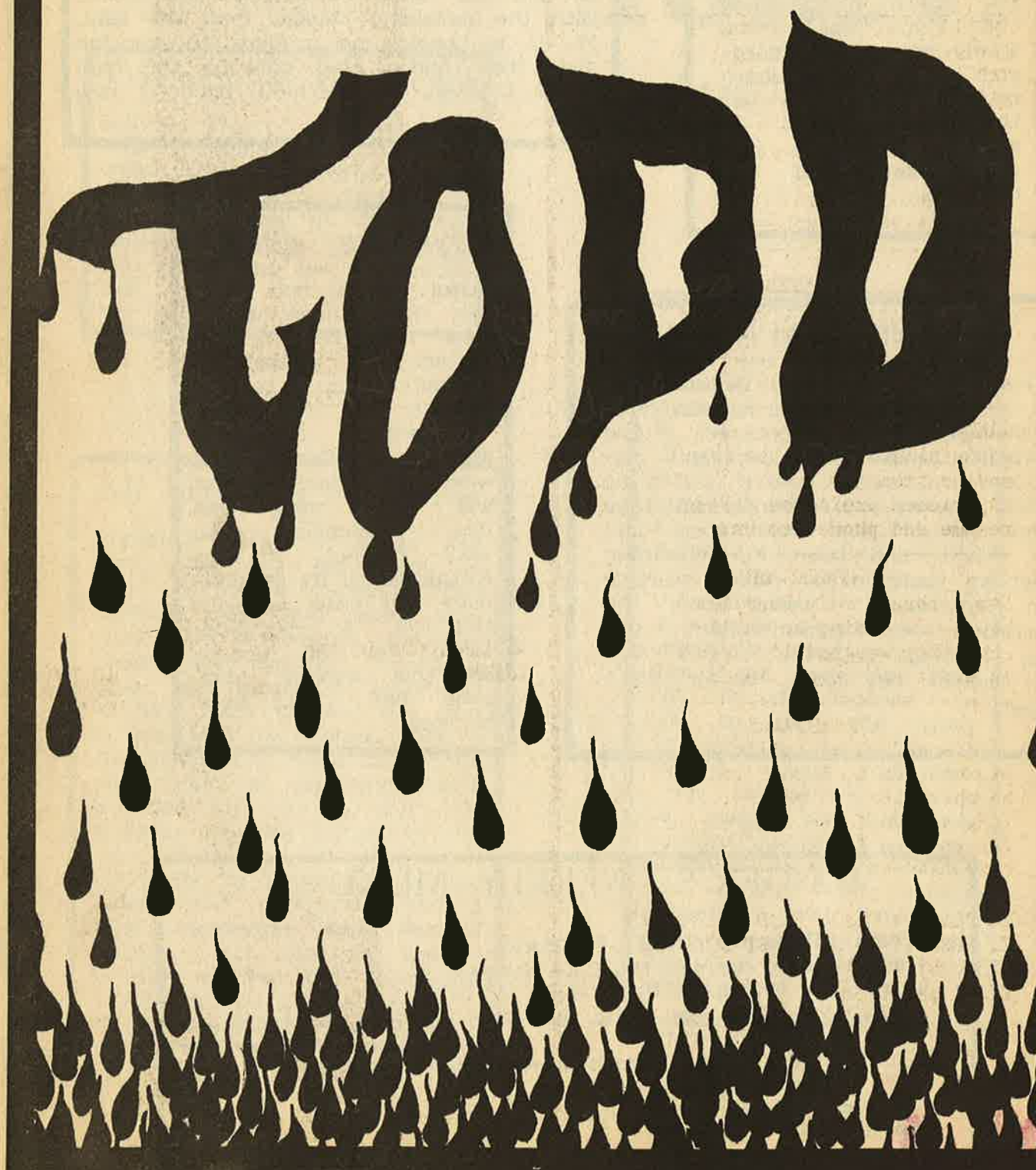
COMING UP

Don't forget Lady Bunnie's
WIG STOCK coming up on the
Labor Day weekend!!!
An event not to be missed!

PERSONALS

I send you my spirit to
protect you because I can't
be there for you myself. I
know you've found what's right
for you and I wish you heaven.

TO PLACE A CLASSIFIED IN PROJECT
X, SEND IT TO 330 EAST 38TH
#25H, NY 10016
\$2.00 per line



HOROSCOPE

54
by Miss Conception

VIRGO

Happy birthday Virgo!! This fall is the beginning of many changes for you, and they're all great! You'll be showered with presents, sought after by your dream date, and that's not all! Yes, Virgo, this is your "photogenic month" There won't be one bad photo of you--now that's good news.

LIBRA

Your face is your fortune and that's why you're absolutely broke. Go straight to Elizabeth Arden and let them make you look like a model, or just feel like one! Oh, also, your love life stinks this month, so you might as well spend your money in beauty salons.

SCORPIO

It looks like you've finally outrun that dark cloud that hovered over you last month. The worst thing that can happen to you this month is that you'll be getting stuck in the elevator around the 11th. Enjoy it!

SAGITTARIUS

Your pisces playmate is too busy flexing his muscles this month to pay attention to you. It looks like it's time to shop around or a new one! or two, or three. Maybe then he'll see the priceless gem that you are.

CAPRICORN

You've taken on a huge project and you'll soon find out it's not as easy as you thought! It's like sucking jello out of a crazy straw! Bear with it, eventually you'll reach success and it's not as far away as Mars is.

AQUARIUS

Oh, you couldn't be more powerful this month. Your social calendar is booked solid with all those dates. You love it, you trash.

PISCES

A man is able to gage his success by the amount of friend he has, but power is gaged by the amount of enemies. Well, it looks like you'll be pretty powerful this month. Make up with ALL your friends and take them ALL shopping at Barney's.

ARIES

"If there is a wrong way to do it, a right way to screw it up, nobody does it like you!!" You'll offend a club doorman, and make a fool of yourself!

TAURUS

Have you looked at yourself lately? Looks like too many breakfasts at Florent for you! I can pinch more than an inch and I'll be happy to... So run to the store and get yourself some diet pills, fiber pills diet shakes and Lean Cuisine before it's too late.

GEMINI

You've never been happier, Gemini, you're finally dating the drag queen of your dreams She's got everything you've ever wanted, and more! But all's never well... watch your step around 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. But do n't worry, it's nothing horrible, like breaking a nail!!

CANCER

It's a good thing you saved your pennies last month, because you will need them this month. You're going to travel to every major night club and it'll all be worth it, you'll get a drink ticket wherever you go.

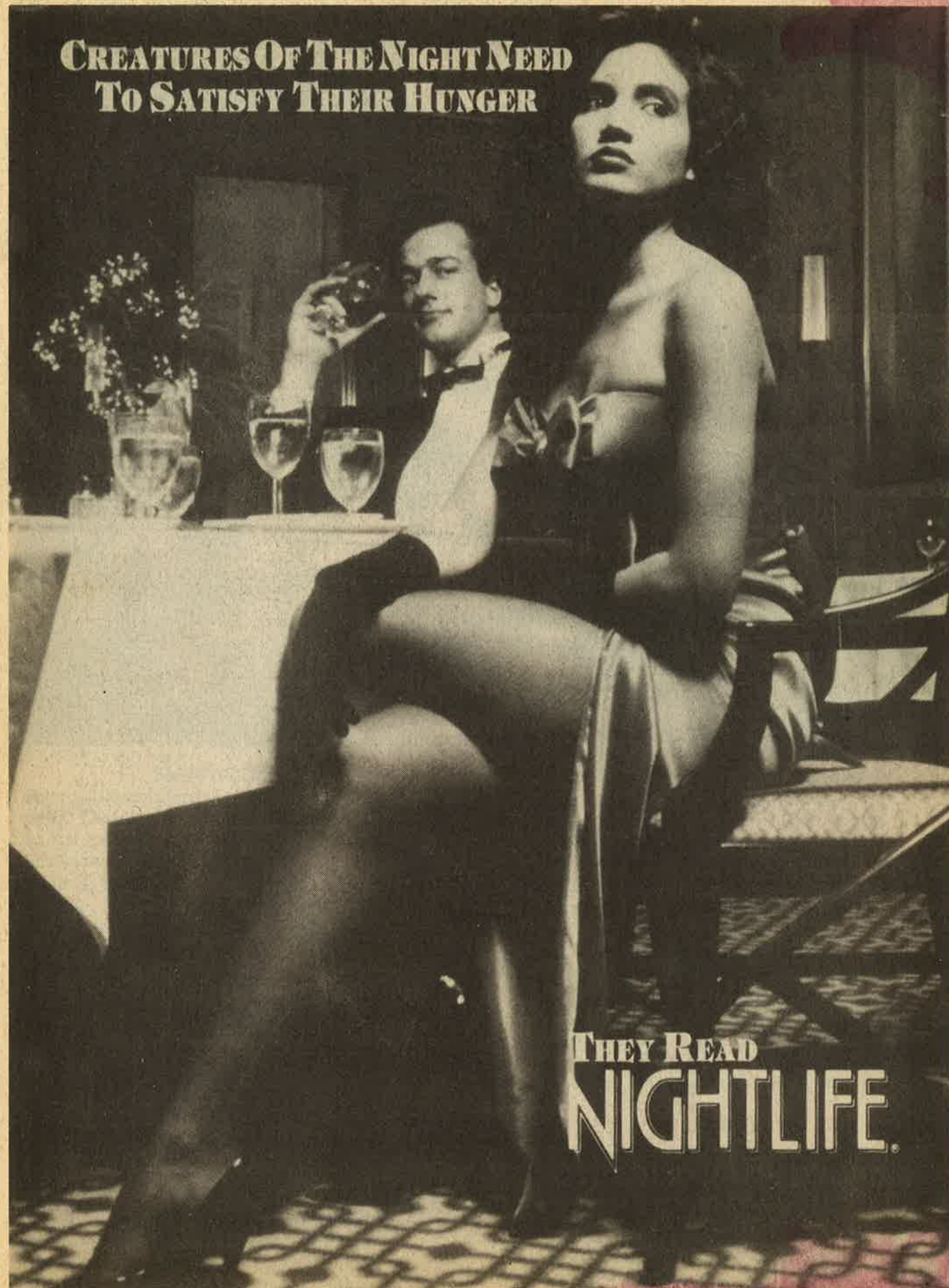
LEO

Stop growling, lion, your fangs are showing! There is a cigarette burn in your new Montana jacket. Can you believe it!! If you don't have Montana jacket, don't buy one--you'll get a cigarette burn in it.

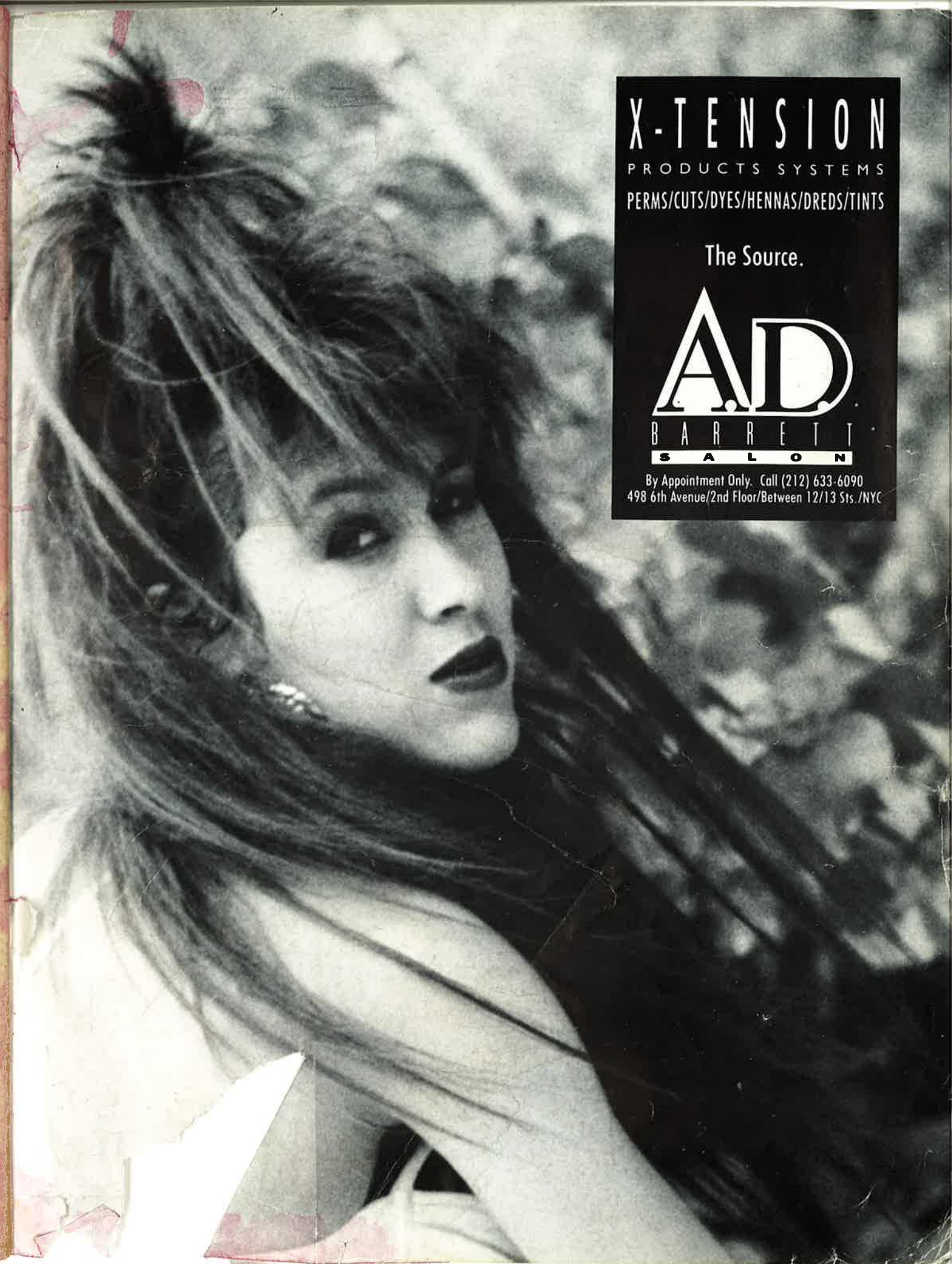


SPLASH MAGAZINE.

**CREATURES OF THE NIGHT NEED
TO SATISFY THEIR HUNGER**



**THEY READ
NIGHTLIFE.**



X-TENSION
PRODUCTS SYSTEMS
PERMS/CUTS/DYES/HENNAS/DREDS/TINTS

The Source.

AD
BARRETT
SALON

By Appointment Only. Call (212) 633-6090
498 6th Avenue/2nd Floor/Between 12/13 Sts./NYC

