

PROJECT X

YOUR GUIDE TO TOMORROW'S SCENE

ISH #16 \$1.95

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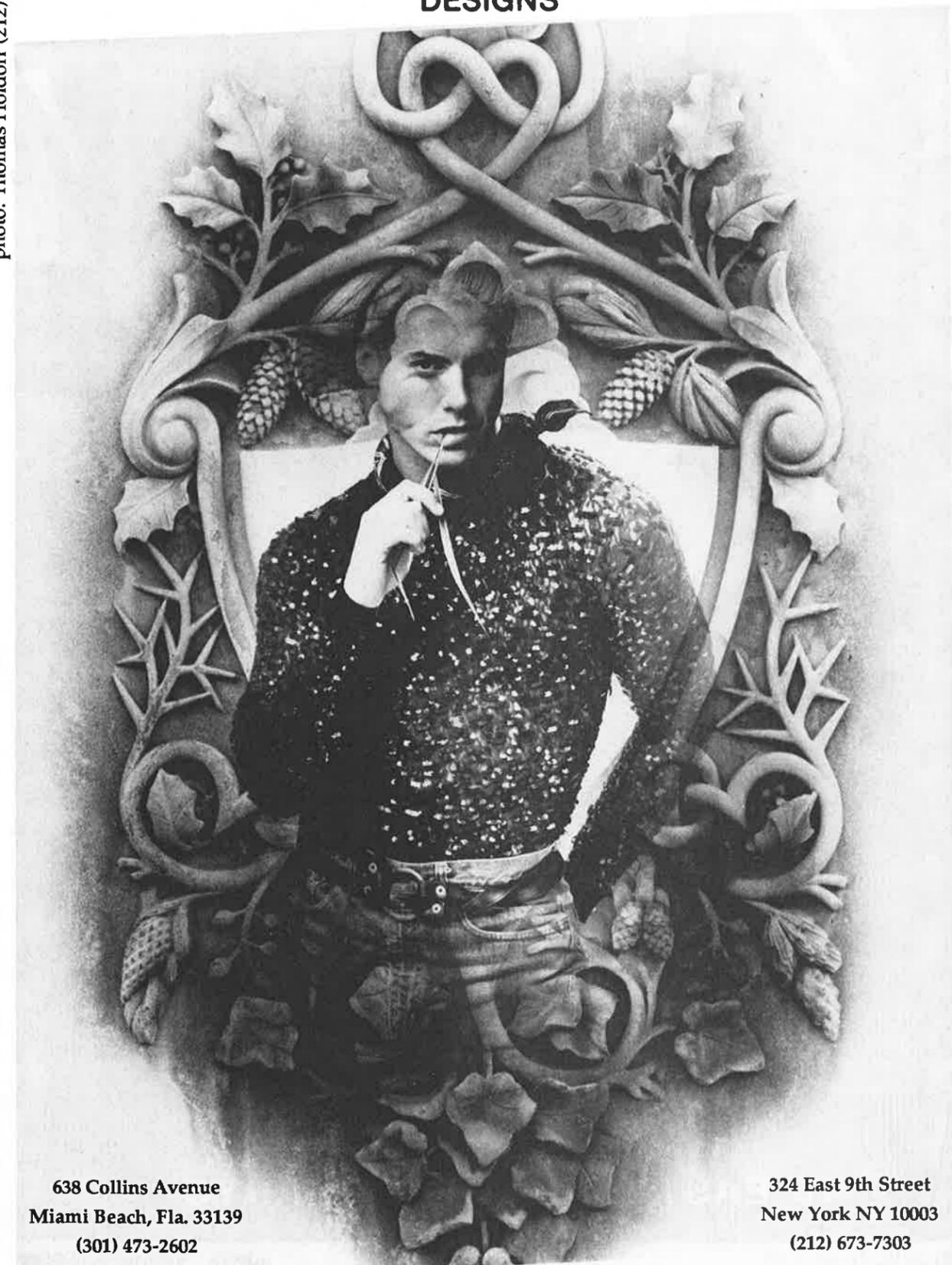


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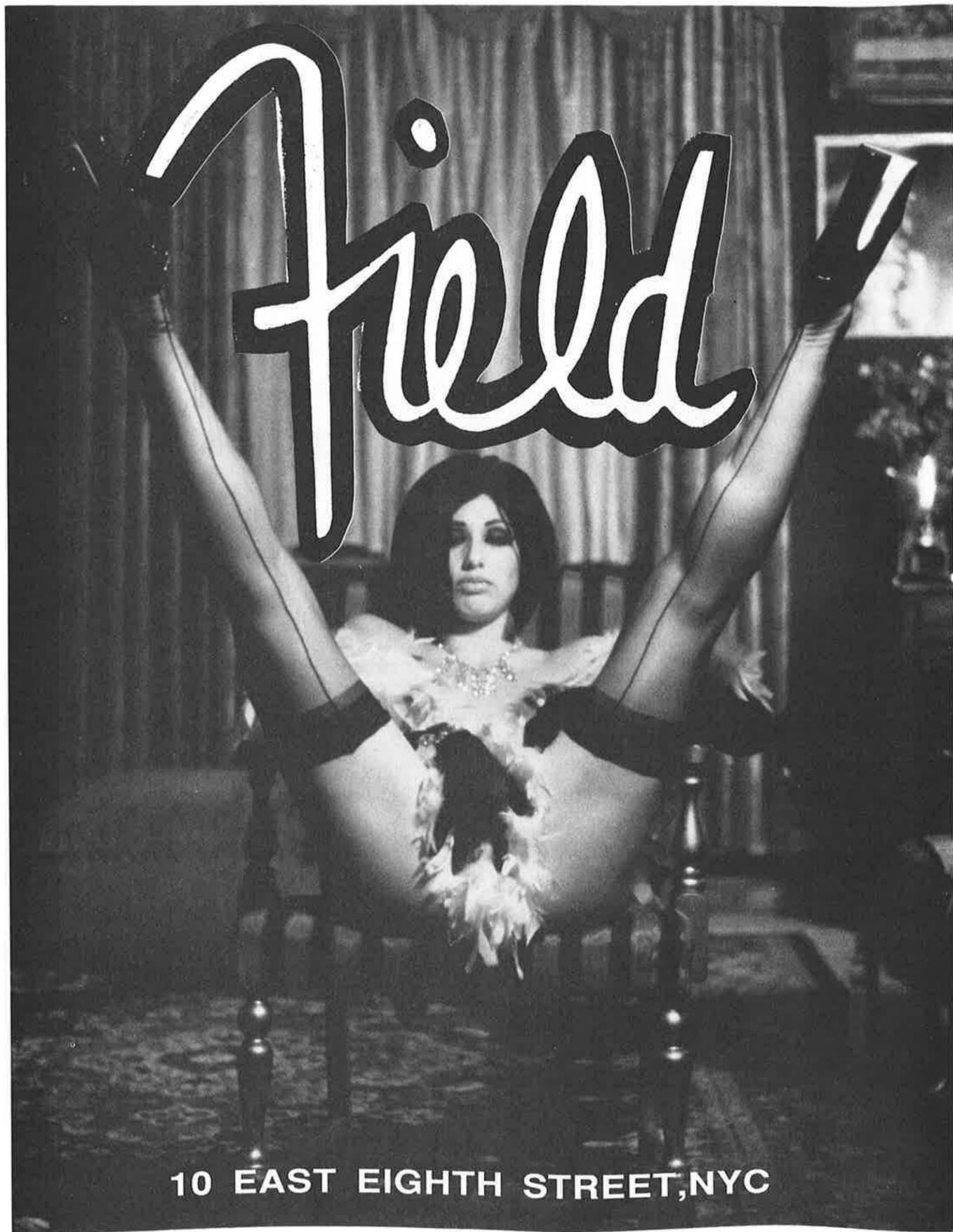
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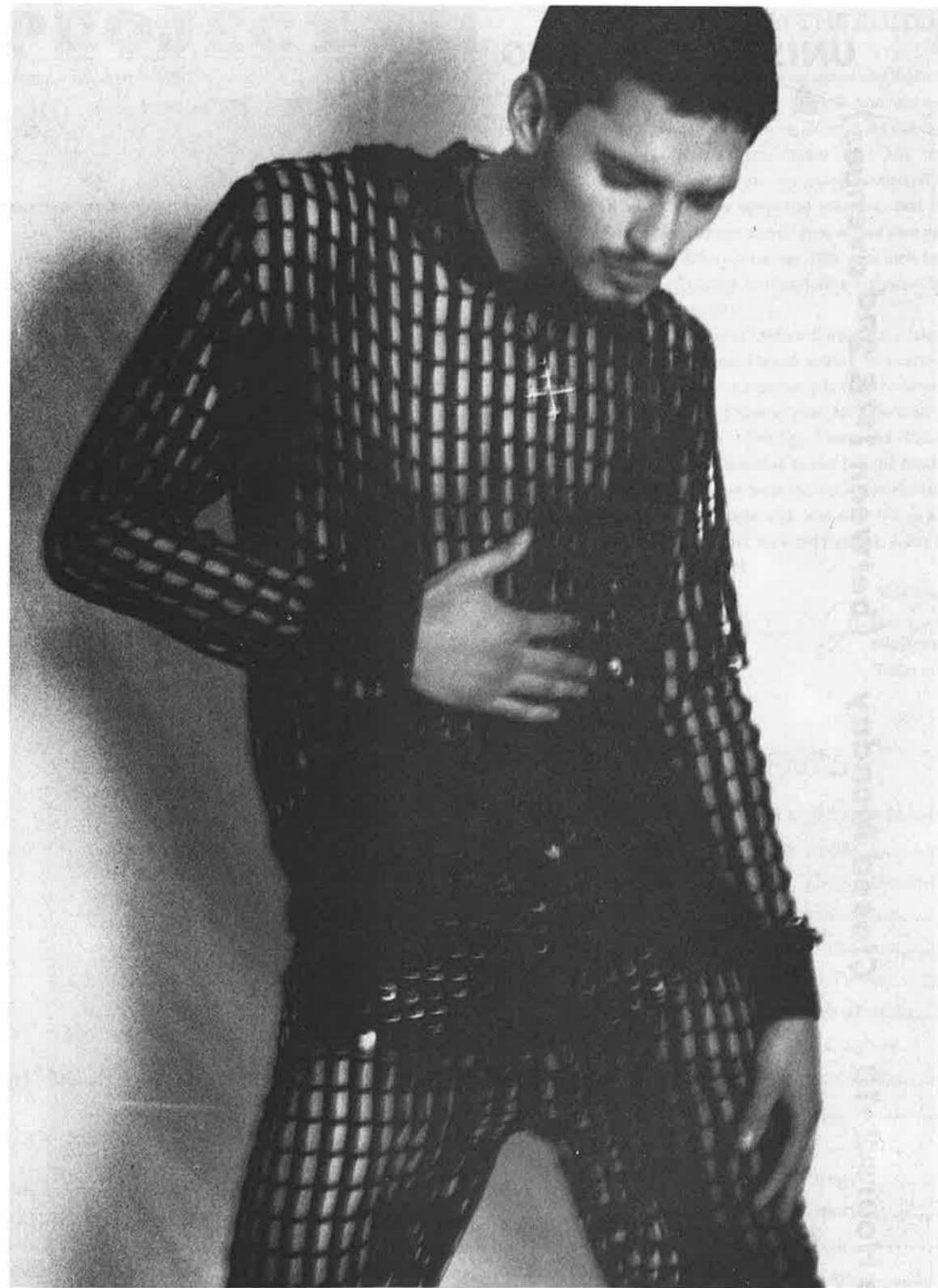
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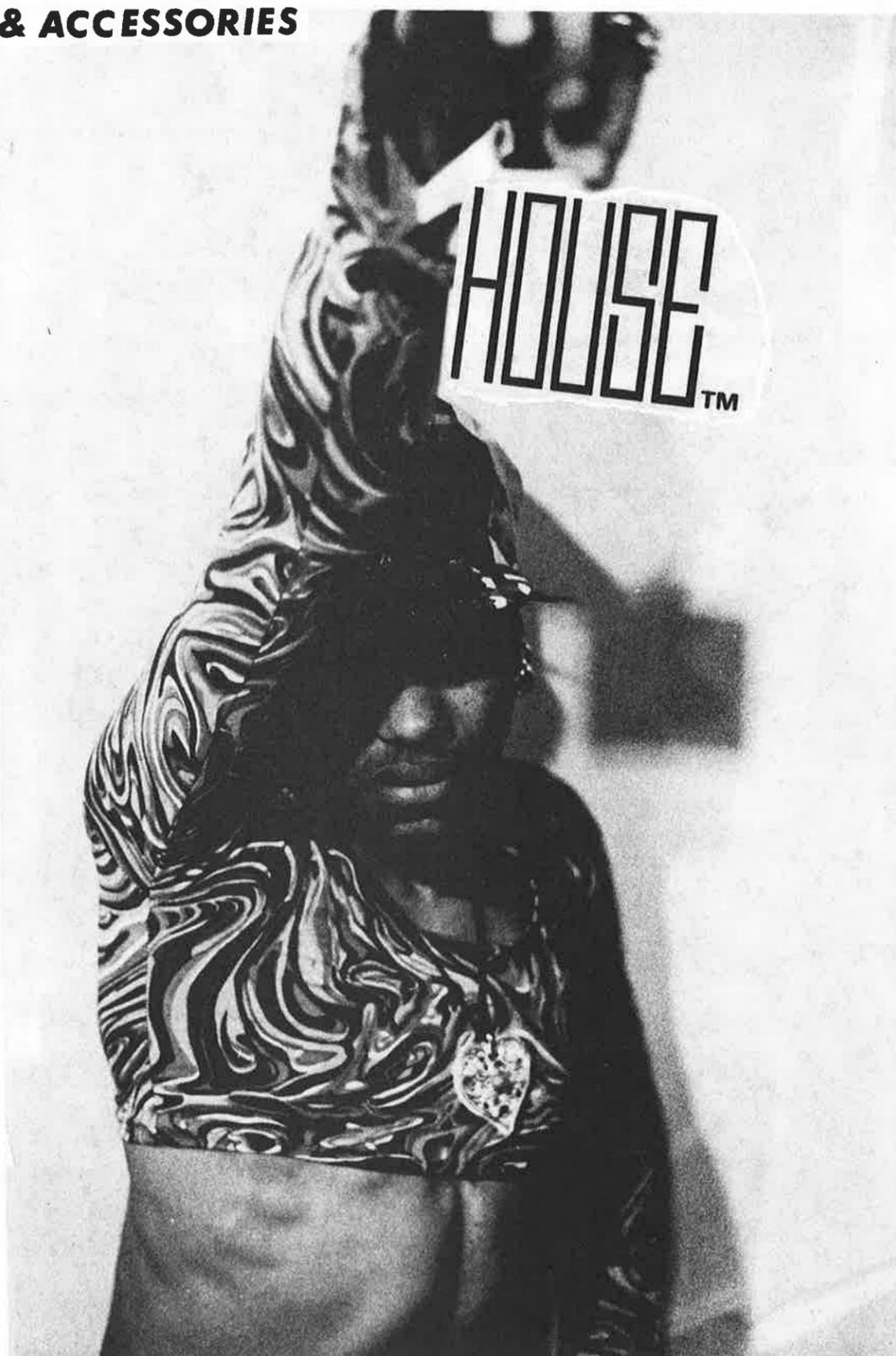
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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dearest Readers,

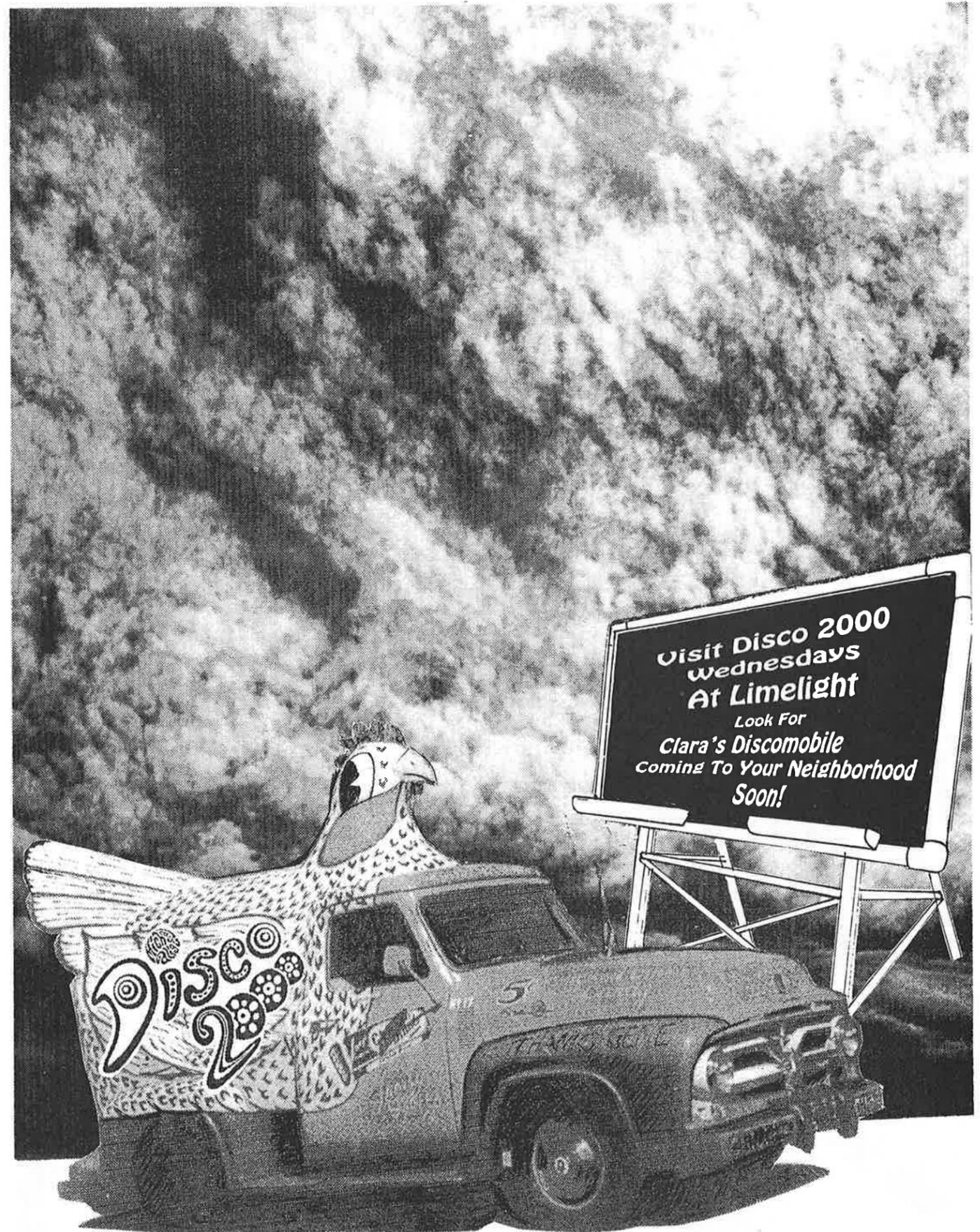
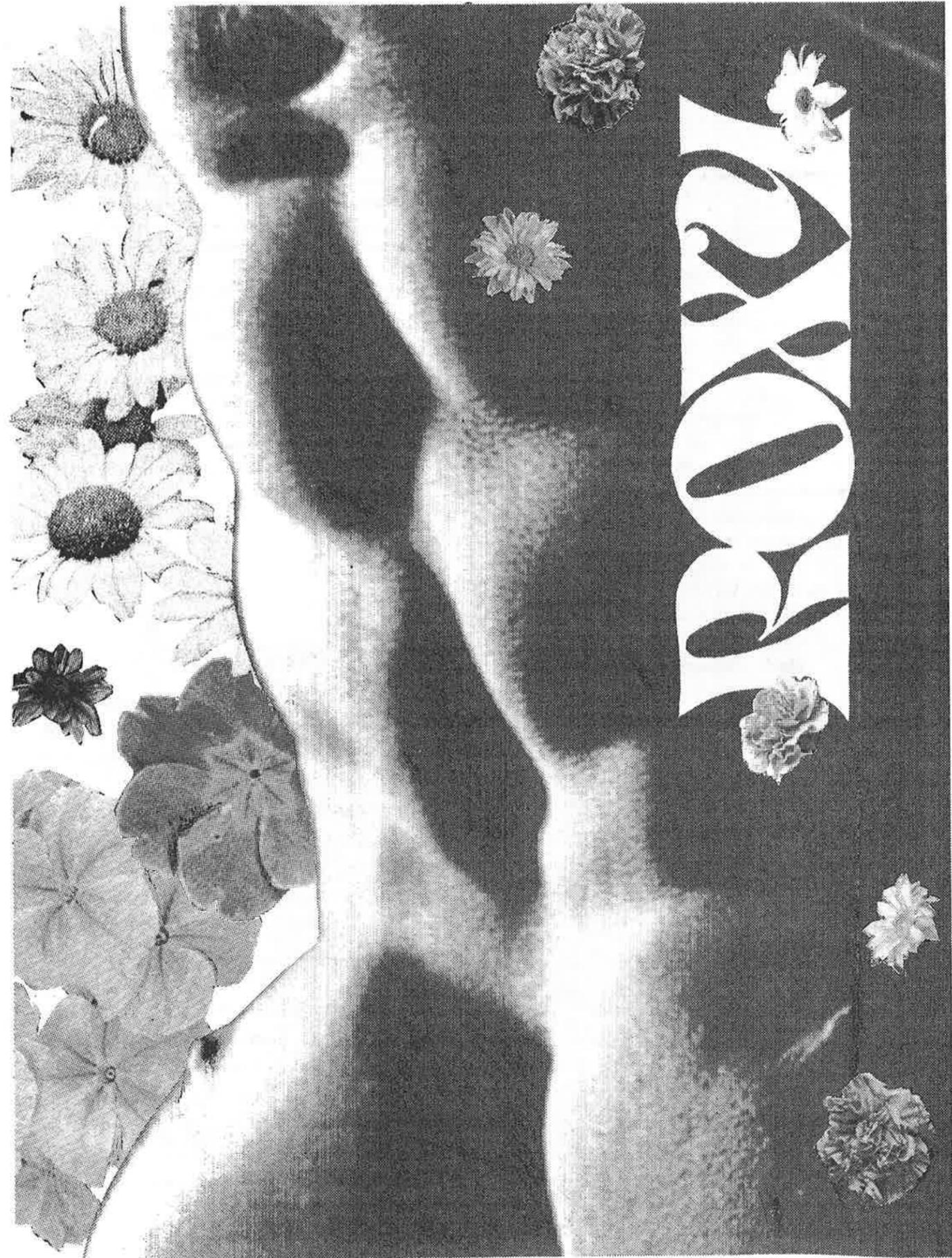
OK, so we know that our economy stinks and that our planet is dying. It's very depressing indeed! And, our sequined-lined minds are doing something about it! As our cover story explains, fashion, is one factor that has taken an ecologically correct U-turn by going completely FAKE. Instead of using hair spray and mascara, that clog our landfills and destroy our ozone layer, we are now using pre-styled wigs and false eyelashes. The new look for a safer environment is totally artificial...We welcome back the Barbie-Doll-Barbarella look.

The ever-so-glamorous Outlaw Parties have taken a turn to save money. Instead of lavish soirees in luxurious disco-trucks, our parties are now featured in frugal subway station (where the train takes you to your favorite club for only \$1.15) Opulent glossies like Egg, Fame, and Nightlife had to shut down operations due to the lack of funds. They should have taken a cue from Project X (environmentally-aware-large-hearted-scenester) and debuted as a xeroxed handout at a trendy club. So learn from us, make Project X your nighttime textbook!

Very Sincerely,
Julie Jewels
Julie Jewels,
Editor in Chief

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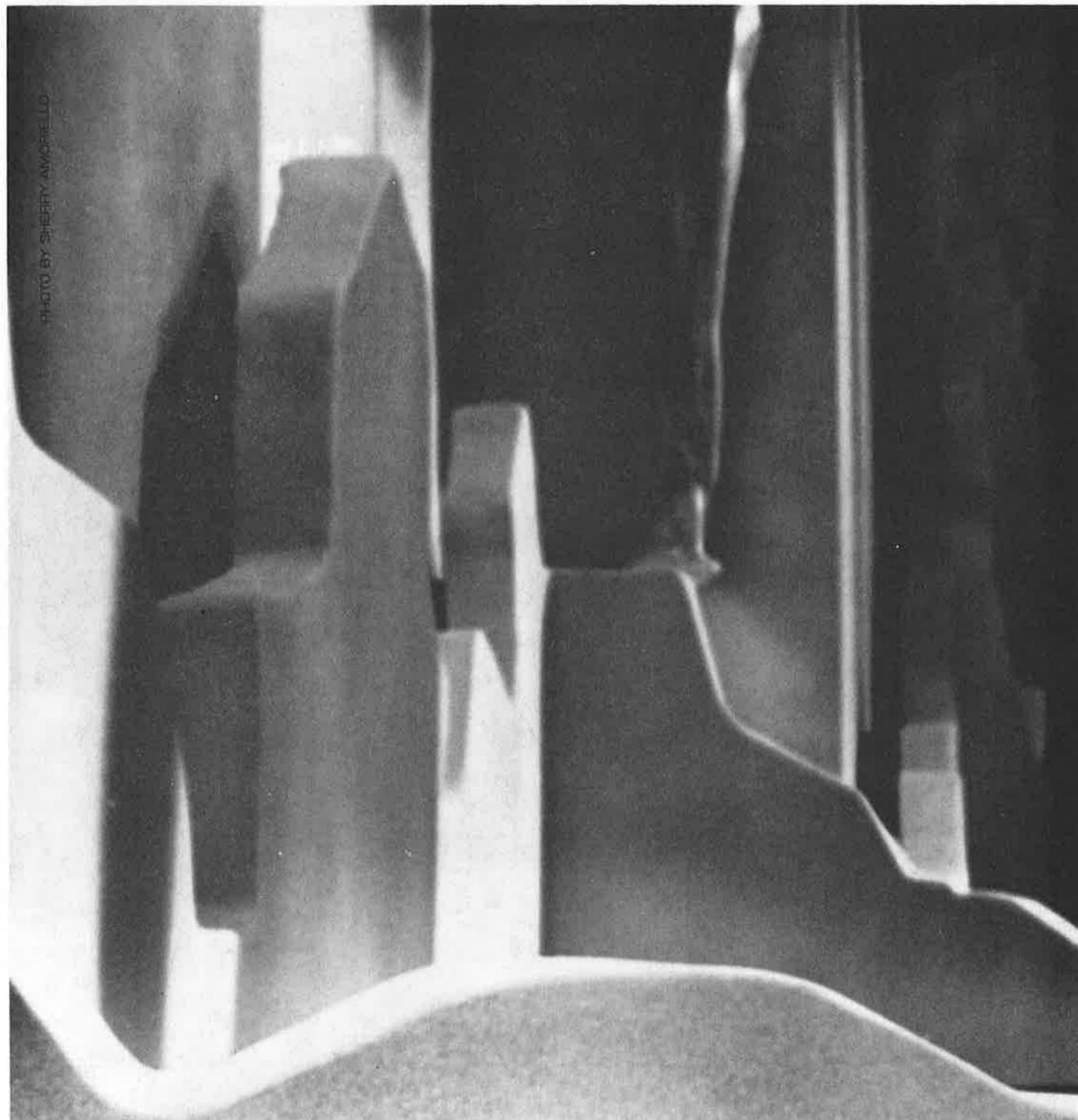


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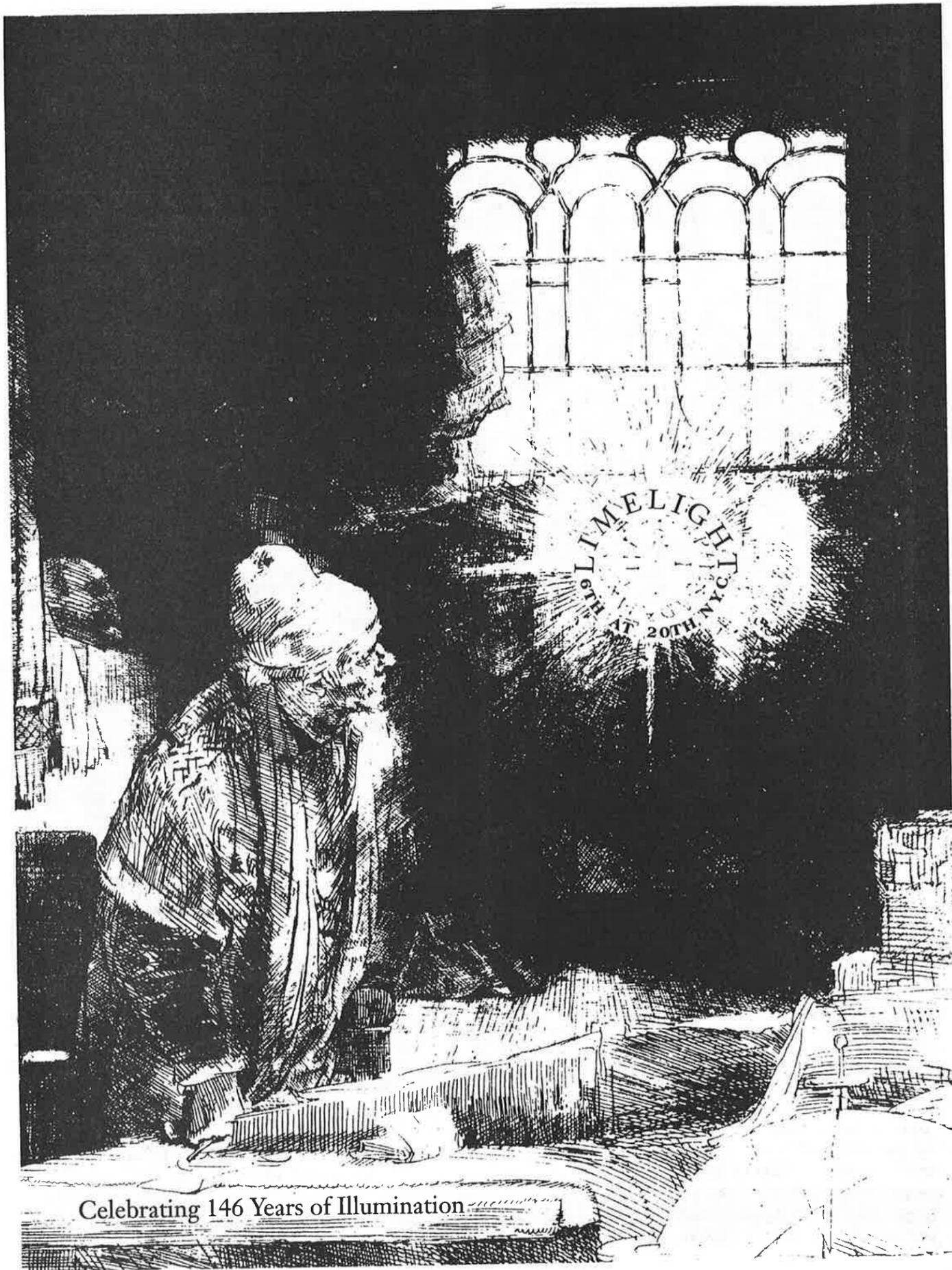
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PARALLEL

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Celebrating 146 Years of Illumination

CLUB-RUB!

By Michael Alig

And as the dark angel¹ embraced the land, the beloved children², so numerous, weakened and fell limp in the arms of their disbelieving parents. Some were transformed, only in the shadows of their former selves, while others passed to death and shook the world that was thought unchangeable.

Verse 29, Trendy Testament

1 Synonym: Bill collector

2 Synonym: Publications; Clubs

According to informed sources, that was part of the eulogy from the commemorative service held for Egg magazine recently. Fortunately, Malcolm Forbes was not around to learn that he had laid a bad Egg. It's rumored, though, that Outweek magazine, bitter over his non-declaration of homosexuality, has conducted repeated seances in order to inform Malcolm of his failure. Alas, poor Egg. They could have taken a cue from Project X, and debuted as a xeroxed handout in a trendy club. That goes for a few other publications! Meanwhile, back in clubland, the year started off with a shebang. We all started the evening at Julie Jewels' spacious loft, replete with camcorders documenting everyone's fast dive into drunkenness. Having reached a proper messy low, we tripped over to Limelight, where Laurie Anderson performed to our artsy approval. After



Greg Miller

CAN YOU FIND THE DRUG PUSHER IN THIS PICTURE?
Thirsty and exited crowd at the world's longest open bar at the Building's Groove Thing

photo: Jon Jon Martines



Michael Musto and Mrs. "I've fallen and I can't get up" Fletcher during his Birthday Fete at Disco 2000

photo: Tina Paul



Grace Jones, Dimitry Daddy-O and Kier partying it up at Limelight

the second round of abstract applause, provoked entirely by Chicago's John Boy vomiting on stage, I overheard Laurie's fans commenting on how vomit symbolized revulsion over society's emotional degradation of such policies. John Boy claimed it was some hot Sex on the Beach in the middle of a cool Sea Breeze! You say tomato, I say tomatho.

Suzanne Bartsch's party at Palladium was so hard to enter because of the crowd at the door, the hostess herself was shivering outside. This was due to mostly Netherlandal security apes who were more interested in forcing the crowd to "take a few steps back" rather than admitting them. The broken ribs and tussled wigs were worth the effort once inside. Attending this party was the first orgasm of any kind that Michael Musto claims to have had since visiting a dark corner at Disco 2000 last fall.

In between overdoses, Dee-Life stirred the crowd into a frenzy that drove most club kids and drag queens to the stage, or was it all the TV cameras aimed at the stage? Either way, it was a night to remember, but no one can for all those drinks.

All these parties were a perfect introduction to a new year of nightclubbing filled with options, the best being Disco 2000, need you ask? Every week the club provides us with with some new diversion to entertain our television attention span. D.J. Keoki even mixes TV commercials into his hypnotic dance music for that, "we'll be right back" feeling of reassurance. For the two particularly exhilarating weeks, a giant slide was erected on stage. The likes of Leigh Bowery were seen sliding stomach first into the excited crowd on the dance floor. No fatalities were reported in that incident. All the fun came to boring end when some foolish drunk girl climbed on and broke her leg. There is always a spoiler.

Speaking of spoilers, it's believed that just such a type was responsible for the fire that burned Circus Maximus into oblivion. No fire, although, was responsible for the demise of Panty Girdle. In fact, it was the lack of fire. There is certainly no chance whatsoever of fire over at Fame magazine since the Dark Angel paid a visit and shut down operations. And when party promoters fail to draw a crowd, thus burning the club owner, he'll say, "Ouch, it's over!"

No Dark Angel roams the halls of Roxy, unless he is a new club kid having a Hollywood party upstairs, or a performance artist recreating biblical myths for Disco Interruptus downstairs. There wont be much biblical reenactment over at the Roxy since rabid right-winger Patrick Buchanan accused Disco Interruptus of Satan worship. He is obviously not familiar with Roxy's crowd, which would only worship Satan if he were a bottle blond French designer of slut clothes. Or, is he referred to a s God? Bowing to pressure, owner Gene Denino, started "consulting" on invitations and party themes, so as not to instigate mouth frothing among our self-appointed moral superiors.



Rush hour at Roxy

photo: Tina Paul



Kimono at Sticky Mike's for Xavier's Birthday Party



The dapper gentlemen Walter Thomas and Stephen Saban at More



Building's Carlos Almada with Ada Morena at Groove Thing

One fire that we hope won't go out is the nightly party at the Building. Censored on Friday, and Groove Thing on Saturday are the most appealing nights. Censored along with Communion every Tuesday at Limelight, bring us the alternative sound, style, and scene direct from the suburbs. Not everything we've abandoned in the suburbs was bad, and these fun two nights prove that. Vito Bruno's Groove Thing offers us a scene with which we're more familiar. It's a must when traveling the Saturday night party circuit. For those of you who just don't feel sleepy before 8:00 a.m., the favorite fire trap of the minute is Save the Robots, again. One thing you don't save is cab fare; it's so far from all the other clubs, but worth the price. (Especially if Bella Bolski or James St. James give you a comp!) For the budget conscious, Sound Factory is \$5 closer to all the clubs, though Lincoln and Chauncy won't comp you! This delightful duo (we just saying this because they are our friends) are also bringing to you the best of Parallel on Friday nights. Tuesday night finally picked up in the last month. After the disappearance of Mind Bender, most club goers feared forcing themselves to watch Nick-at-Nite. Instead, Nell's-at-Nite offered us Jackie 60, starring the House of Field, hosted by go-go dancer/poser Richard Move, Johnny Dynell, and Chi Chi Valenti, with lots of uptown houses fashion flair and attitude. Jackie 60 has moved to Clit Club on 14th street, putting it closer to a place where it should be, on the pier, hello! Just a few blocks away, Sebastian Jr., the youngest of the loudest, bespectacled promoter, serves up Luxury on a silver platter at Rex.



Dressing up in San Francisco: Promoter Sara Lee, DJ Pete Avila, and designer Richy Rich



Sebastian Jr. serves Luxury at REX



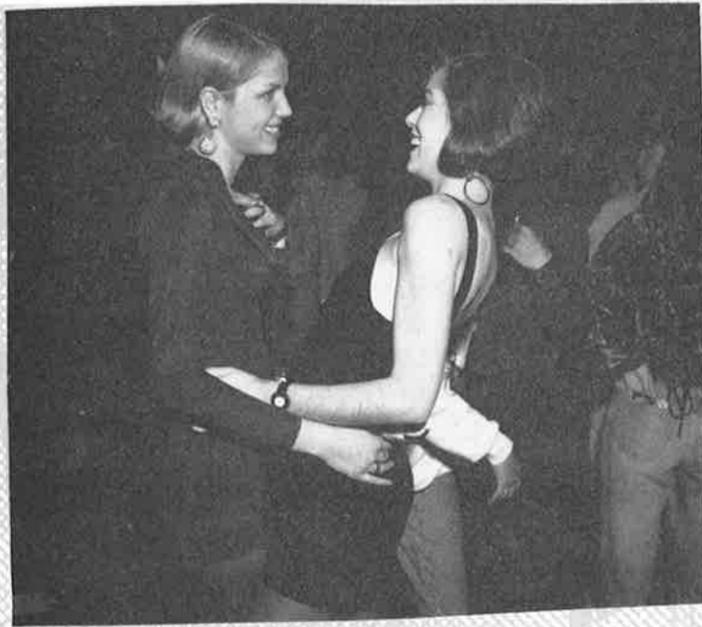
Fashion extremists Leight Bowery and Nicola with video artist Charles Atlas and host Johnny Dynell at Jackie 60

One place no one still mentions as an option is Red Zone. It's just as packed today as it was eons ago when many of us called it our second home. Now, however, it is our second home-boy. The opposite could be said about Red Zone's sister club Palace. We asked the owner Maurice Brahms about its promising reopening. He declined to comment.

On the other side of the planet, D.J. Larry Tee has been spreading fabulous gospel as musical ambassador. He recently traveled to Tokyo, Rome, and Miami to enlighten the masses. Another intercontinental D.J. is Mark Kamins, who beats Larry Tee when it comes to globe-hopping with his records. When in New York, you can catch him at a Wonderama, a new, fresh-as-a-whistle, traveling party on Friday nights.

Miami has been on everyone's lips lately. Disco 2000 has recently travelled to this hot spot and landed at Cameo Theatre for one night of nihilism. Unable to contain the party, it spilled over to Torpedo, Eclipse, and Warsaw Ballroom. Antenna magazine's Dean Smith was our gracious host and insured that every moment of our stay was golden, or at least gilded. We can't wait to return.

Returning to the past, another dinosaur that has reared its fossil-fuel head is Pyramid. New club kid on the block, San Francisco refugee Don,



Outlaw girls in the subway exchanging fare evasion tips



Laurie Heitfits and Baroness Sherry arriving to the Subway Outlaw Party: a part of NY she had never seen



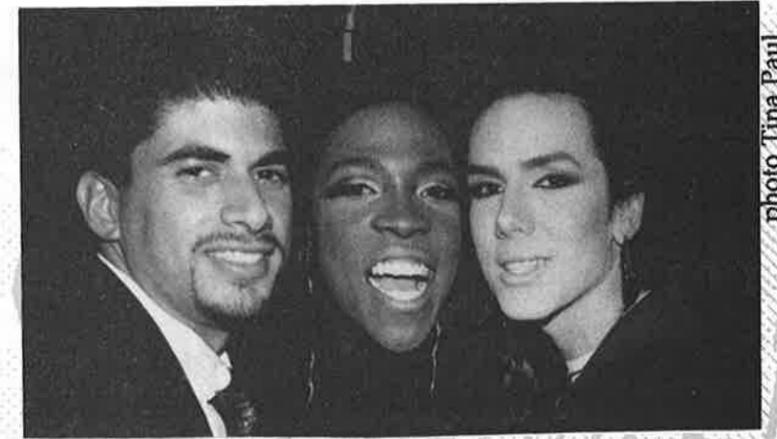
outlaw host Tiny Tim

along with Paige stunning pencil-thin beauty, have turned Friday nights into Loony Bin, a kooky little affair worth investigating.

Also on Friday nights, other end of the island and sexual orientation, More offers you the largest assortment of USDA approved lovely, wannabe models. Jefferey Jah takes the helm on Saturdays to offer you his recipe for fun. On Thursdays, More goes gay, with the cutest boys in town. It could have something to do with the fact the promoters are the cutest boys in town, Dominic, Keith Cokes, and Tony (Don't hate them because they're beautiful).

One of the definite highlights of this winter were the outlaw parties in the subway stations. Those negligent subway attendants forgot to close the gate leading into the token booth area. Hundreds of outlaws took advantage of Transit Authority's carelessness and entered the area to have a little soiree. The first outlaw was hosted by not-so-Tiny Tim, who almost had to be rushed to the hospital. The excitement of having so many celebrities in such a small space enjoying his ukulele plucking overwhelmed his fragile heart and caused it to skip a few beats. Posers galore turned out for the second outlaw hosted by Jessica Khan and in these economically difficult times, everyone took the subway to Limelight to continue the festivities. Club Kids are prevailing in many parts of the country. Clubs all over are encouraging wacky people in silly clothing and make-up to patronize them in exchange for free drink tickets and admission. Chicago has the most developed scene outside NY, but I've heard reports about San Francisco. I officially proclaim this phenomenon a growing trend that is sweeping the nation. Soon we'll be everywhere.

Just as the Punk look swept U.K. and then the U.S. in the late 70's, the Club Kid look will grace MTV by the mid 90's. The fabulous difference between us and the Punks is that they got dressed up and got angry if you stared or gave them attention. We, on the other hand, want all the attention we can get, or else!



Kareem, Princess Diandra and Miss Guy at Jackie 60



Alternative fashion victims at Building's Censored Party



Photographer to the bar-stars Jon Jon Martines



Wednesdays at Laura Belle are hosted by Gilbert Staffort

Back in reality, Limelight was proud to host the 1991 King and Queen of Manhattan Coronation. Every celebuteante in the latest Ernie-Glam creations was vying for the prestige, privilege, and most importantly press. There were so many eligible contenders, I couldn't decide for whom it should be fixed. Seriously, after agonizing debate and sobering up, the judges selected James St. James and Codie Field to rule over us, benevolently, we hope! Two clubs were benevolence dried up are Mars and Quick! Investors in the Land of the Rising Sun plugged their dollar hemorrhage in the Land of the Rising Debt, to the neighborhood prostitutes' relief. They had a hard time distinguishing between johns and club goers.



1991 KING and QUEEN of CLUBS

If you wish to order your own autographed poster of the King and the Queen please send \$5.00 to Project X magazine. Allow 6 to 10 weeks for delivery



photos: Michael Fazakerley

QUEEN: CODIE FIELD
PROFILE:
occupation: Fashion buyer; Entertainer; Mother of House of Field
greatest Achievement: Keeping her apartment clean
future: Watch for her as a lead in an MTV live action animated series

KING: JAMES ST. JAMES
PROFILE:
born: Trust fund baby with a silver spoon in his mouth
occupation: Writer for PROJECT X, FAD, OUTWEEK party host, mess
future: Intends to move to St. Tropez to write a book

photo: Tina Paul



Ulrich and glamour babe Larissa at Big City Diner



Moscow Circus performers dining at Big City Diner

photo Jon Jon Martines



Sylvia "I just can't stay home" Myles at Big City Diner for "The Grifters" Party

Thirty blocks north of Mars, Big City Diner is serving a great combination, dinner and dancing. Thursdays, R. Couri Hay, robust promoter for the monied set, puts you in the dinner place. On Saturdays, Maurice Bernstein recreates the magic of Ada's House of Love. Be prepared for anything. The dining room has often erupted in mayhem. Once, I wasn't even the instigator!

Nor am I the instigator of weekend parties at the World. Back from the dead, for the umpteenth time, this club has risen to house Christina Visca and Junior Vasques, formerly of Sound Factory. It will be the place to practice my pierspeak, (slang used by pier queens). Apparently, these queens spend so much of their time on the phone that they have adopted words, sounds, and gestures associated with this essential of club life.

For instance, hello! What was a simple greeting now means: Yes, I know; I'm in full agreement; Know what I mean? Work, once physical labor, now signifies: Do it; You look great!; I love your voguing; Walk down a Parisian runway; Have one's way, by any means. Over, pronounced Ovah, Simple top of the line; grand; best. Fauntch, more onomatopoeia for the phone's busy signal, connotes: Masculine; sexy.

Introductory lesson:

Plainspeak

Steve: Shall we dance?
Kristen: I would be delighted!
S: This D.J.'s segues are impeccable!
K: I couldn't agree more
S: You vogue divinely
K: I find you extremely attractive
S: May I spend the night with you?
K: Why, I could never! I'm not that kind of a girl!

Pear Speak

Jose: Wanna dance?
Maria: Hello!
J: The D.J.'s ovah!
M: Hello!
J: Work!
M: You're fauntch!
J: Wanna fuck?
M: Click!

Note: All these expressions should be pronounced with a spanish accent

photo Tina Paul



Limelight's ruler Peter Gatién with promoter Neville Wells

None of the above leads me to Shampoo. Imagine an old club It, with a bigger interior design budget and functioning bathrooms, minus The Twins, and filled with the old Palace crowd. This unlikely club-concoction premiered in February. Shampoo features Susan Anton and James Brown as hosts on Thursdays, gay nights with no lights and no girls on Fridays, and Lady Bunny and Goldilox on Saturdays, with all they entail.

Lastly, the nebulous future promises us new clubs to woo our fickle allegiance, like the highly touted Danceteria. Less than three blocks away, Parallel will open its doors. Another place was due to open in February on Houston and Essex. They're still promising, but don't Bank on it.

In the interim, dress ovah, go out, and work the door whores. Click!

photo Jon Jon Martines



Miss Chickie sat down to rest at Limelight

photo: Tina Paul



stars Glenn Close and John Malkovich

IT'S ANITA SARKO

ALL NEW

Anita, the legendary VIP lounge DJ (in many a club's glory days) sought out Perfidia's wig magic to transform her social life. Here are the stunning results!

FEWER CALORIES

IMPROVED



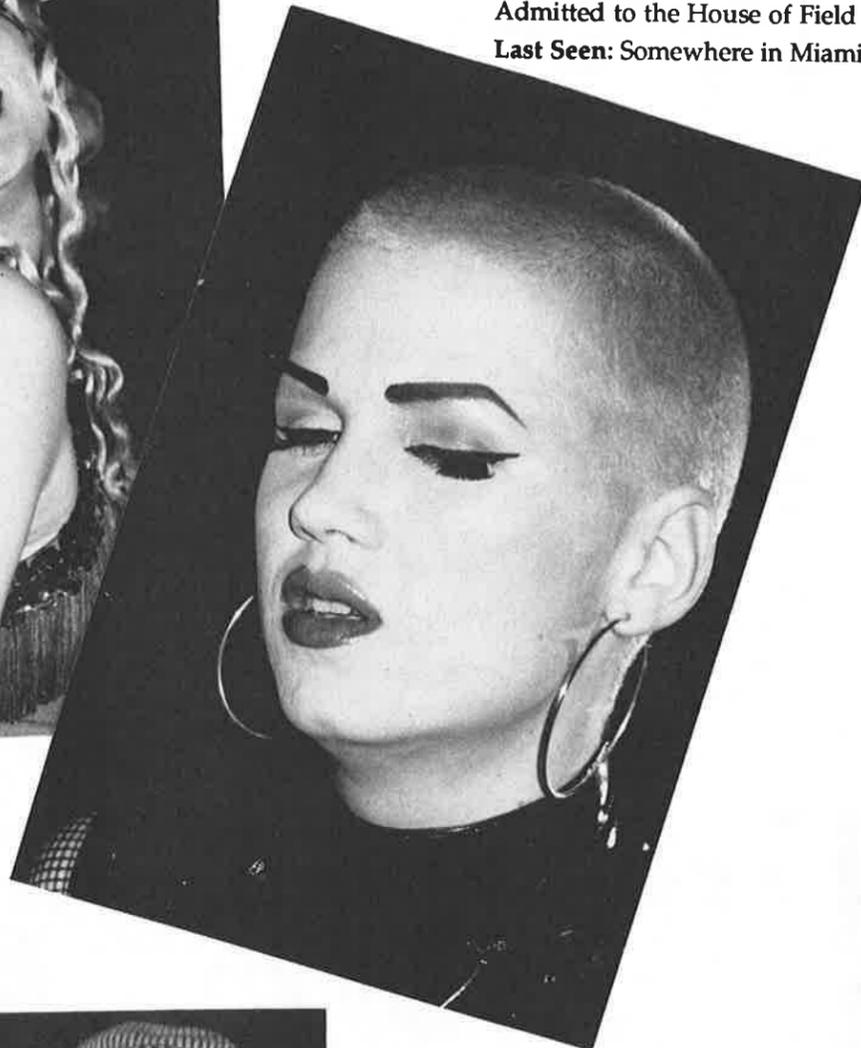
HAVE YOU SEEN THESE CLUB KIDS??!

Club flames that flickered into obscurity



photo Tina Paul

KELLY
 born: Summer of 1990, Roxy
 Age: 21
 Greatest Achievement:
 Getting comped at clubs
 Last seen: Boarding a taxi



CHYNA BLEAU
 born: Copacobana, April, 1990
 Age: 21
 Greatest Achievement:
 Admitted to the House of Field
 Last Seen: Somewhere in Miami



Paper Magazine's publisher
 David Hershkovits at Roxy

Tatou's Mark Fleishman with his hostess Carmen Delassio both use Epismile, see!



photo Tina Paul

One of the many exotic birds spotted at Palladium, New Year's Eve.



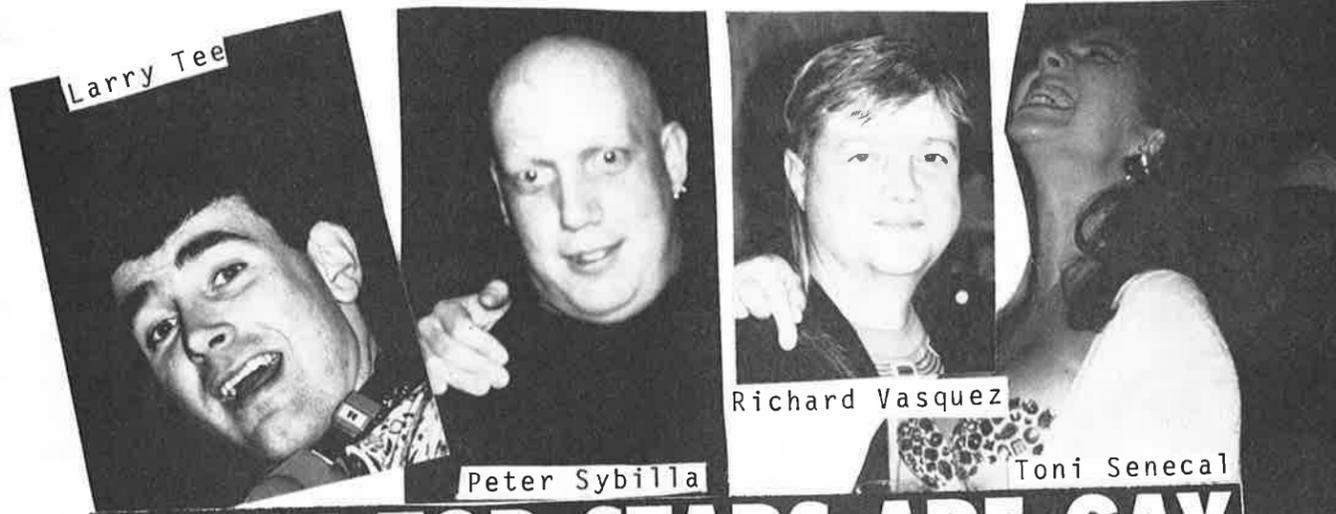
photo: Jon Jon Martines

TONY FORNABAIO
 DOMINIC SILVESTRI
 KEITH COKES

MORE MEN

EVERY THURSDAY

239 11TH AVE AT 26TH ST / 633-0701
 OPEN BAR 10:30 PM - 11:30 PM
 D.J. TOMMY RICHARDSON



THESE TOP STARS ARE GAY

A gay group has targeted a shocking new batch of club celebrities in their latest "outing" campaign. The astounding list includes includes includes notorious ladie's man Larry Tee, capricious clubster Kenny Kenny, bidatious bombshell Bella Bolski, and even the titilating Toni Senecal. The group, ACT UP!, sponsored a massive post card-writing campaign in which dozens of celebntantes were urged to come out of their closet and openly declare their sexual orientation.

"Imagine if all the straight people realized that so many of their heros are gay," said ACT UP!'s Lori Kohler.

"Toni Senecal is definitely not gay," declared Rudolf, a former club owner.

A spokesman for Lincoln Palsgrove IV declined to comment on the group's hysterical accusations.



Zany Kate Harwood dressed in drag for Copacobana. Go figure.



Kenny Kenny

Lincoln Palsgrove

- shocking claim by radical gay group

I went to bed with Saddam!

XXX-rated starlet woos Iraqi for peace — but romance turns sour



'He's covered with hair!'

Southern love goddess, Lahoma Van Zandt, made it to Bagdad and secretly slept with the wacky Iraqi Saddam Hussein in a Nobel-effort to bring peace to the Persian Gulf. But the tryst in the Gulf turned into a groof when passions fizzled. "He's got a horrible moustache," said the disappointed celebrity. Saddam didn't have such a hot time on the colt either. "I had more fun during last year's camel-greasing finals," said Saddam through interpreter Aya Shotda-Sharif.

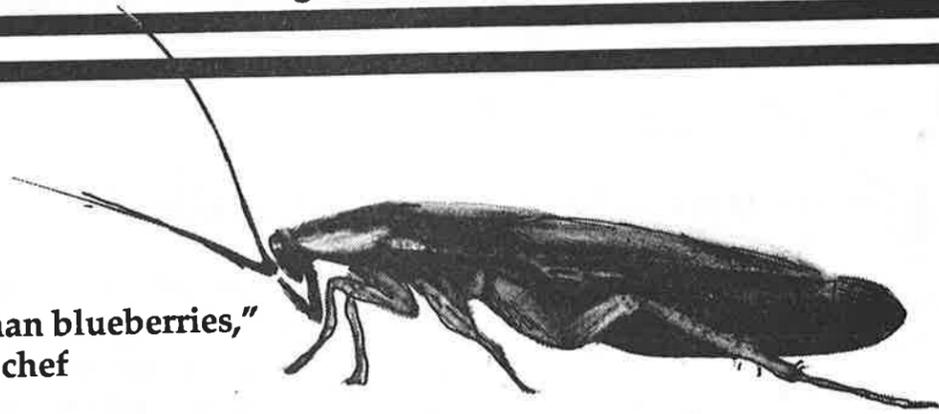
Lahoma doesn't consider the trip for peace to be a total waste. "I got quite a good tan," she said.



© ALEXIS DI BIASIO

Irresistible entertainer Lahoma VanZandt flew to Iraq to make Love, not War - but her peace plan bombed...

Wacky hubby eats roaches



"They're better than blueberries,"
-says the buggy chef

Wacky Frita Leigh lives on what he calls one of nature's most perfect delights- Roaches!

"I eat them at every meal, every single day, mostly when I dress in my wife's clothes," says Frita, who lives on the south side of Chicago. "They bugged me for years in then I figured out how to get rid of them. I started gobbling up every one in sight. They're a superb source of protein, one of nature's best-balanced snacks."

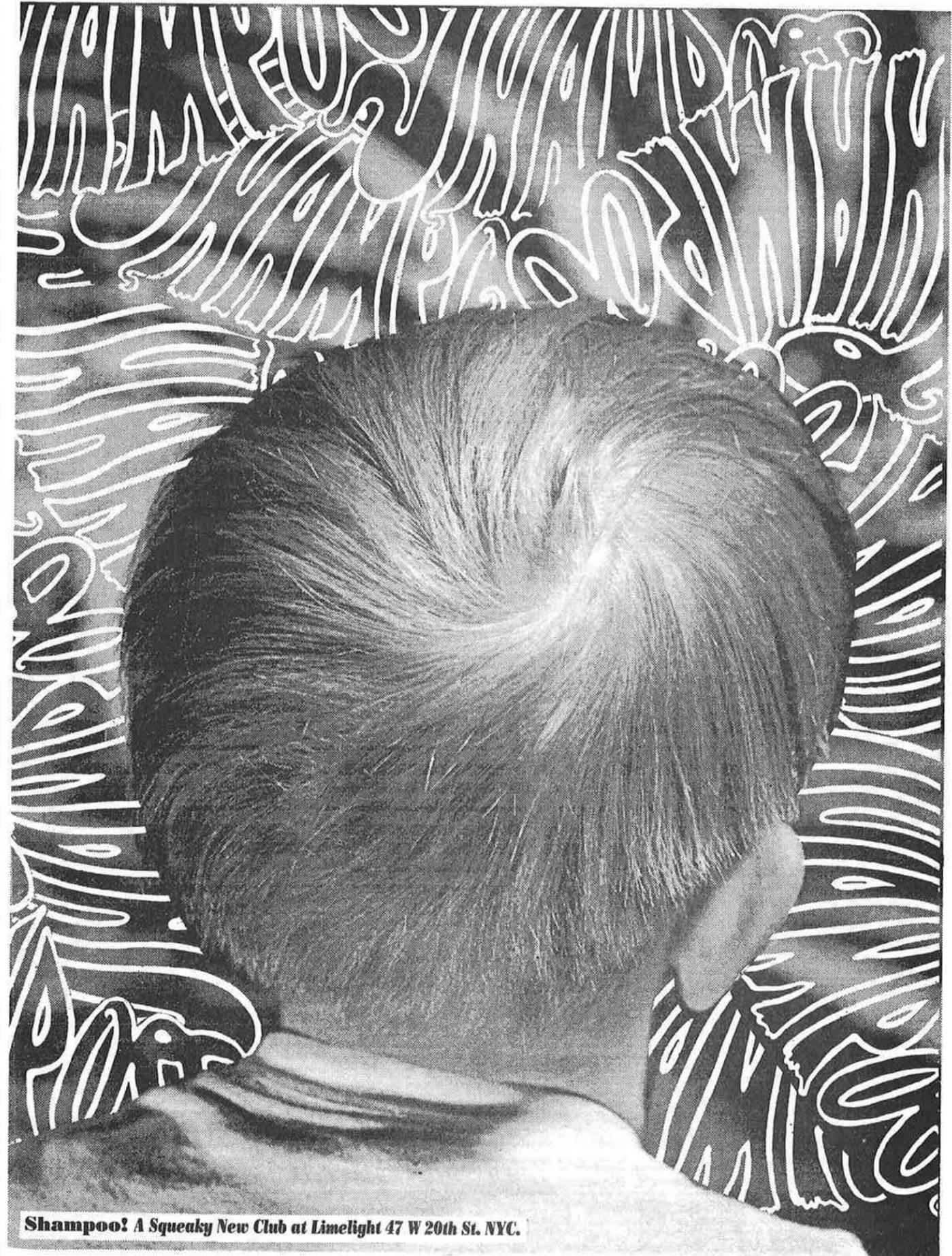
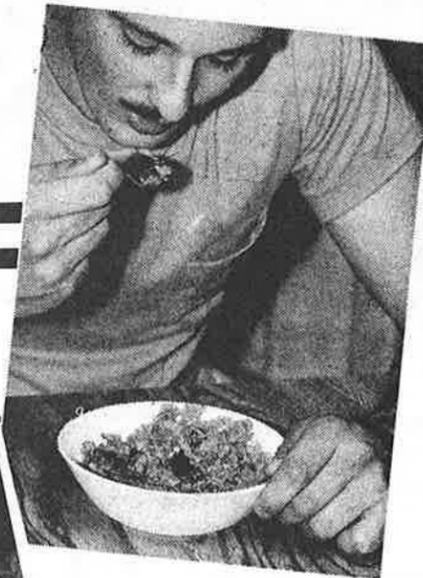
His wife, Elizabeth, puts up with his loony habit because she loves him dearly, not to mention the money they save on exterminators.

"He mixes those creepy critters with cereal, muffins, and even meatloaf," says his fed-up wife.

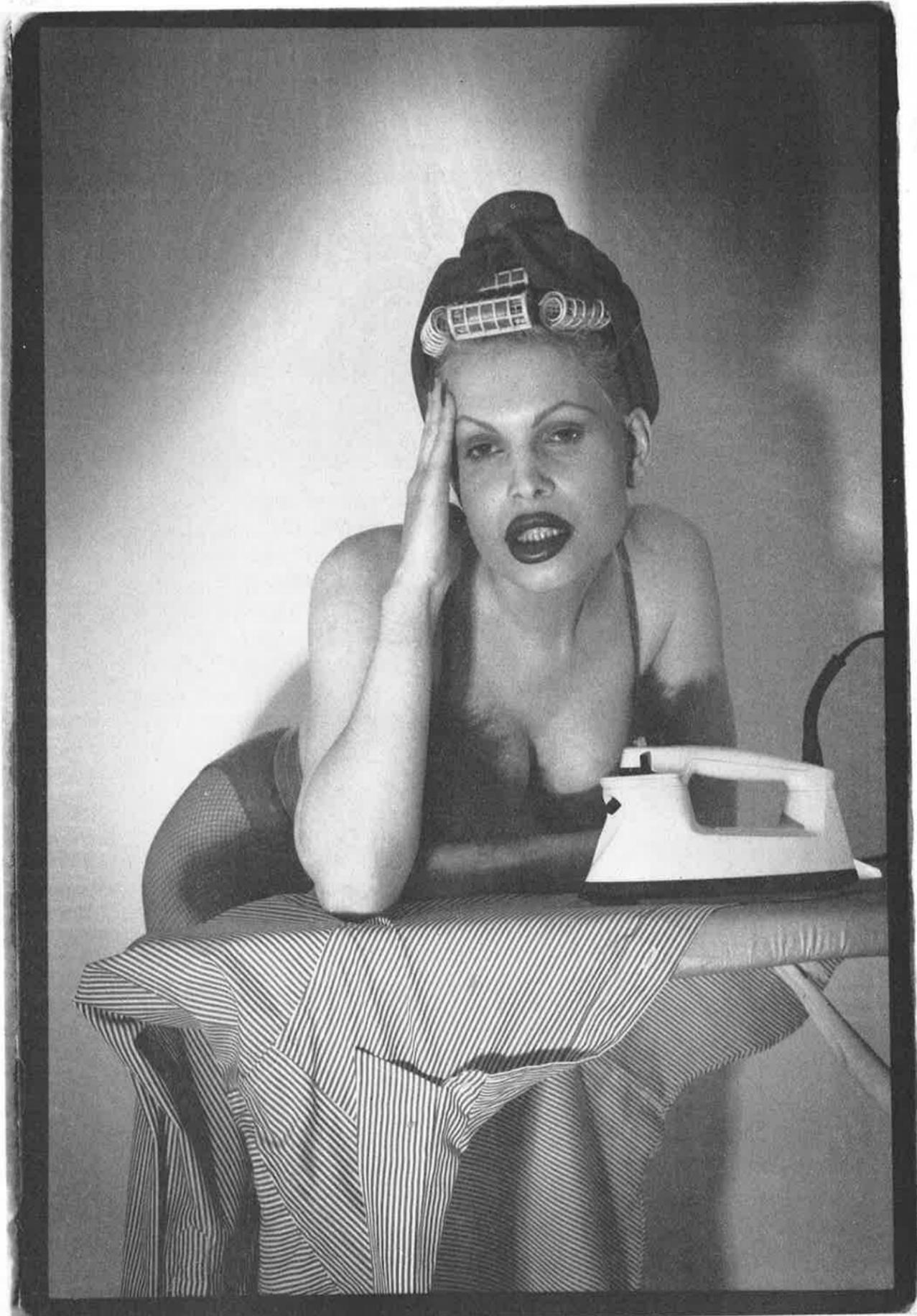
Weird Frita, as a man, eats roaches with his breakfast cereal, Left, and even spices up his pancakes, Right, with the crunchy critters.



WIFE Elizabeth



Shampoo! A Squeaky New Club at Limelight 47 W 20th St. NYC.



An unhappy childhood, a disastrous first marriage, driven to steal and strip - going from man - to man - *just to survive!* Poor Amanda Lapore has certainly been through the ringer!

A STARLET'S FIVE YEARS OF HELL!

by: James St. James

She was an unusual child, wild and uncontrollable, refusing to conform to the standards that guide the rest of us. She was a rebel. The girl with something extra. The other children sensed this and taunted her mercilessly.

With the help of her parents, who placed her in a new school, a doctor who, uh, helped her feel more like a natural woman, she tried desperately to lead a normal life.

BUT FATE HAD SOMETHING ELSE IN STORE FOR AMANDA LAPORE...

When her highschool sweetheart and future husband laid out the dough-re-me for a few, uh, "cosmetic alterations", her *five year road trip through hell* began. He asserted his influence over her, refusing to let her leave the house alone and leaving her under the careful supervision of her pesky live-in mother-in-law.

She was kept a prisoner in her own home...forced to dress in skimpy lingerie and work, work, work her fingers to the bone.

She sucked, she fucked, she cooked, she cleaned, that was her daily routine.

Denied access to friends who could help her, denied any money at all, she slowly started

to steal money from her husband's pockets-squirreling it away in a jar she kept hidden. While her husband beat her and berated her, telling her she was



his property to do with as he pleased, she plotted and schemed to escape.

One night she did. She jumped from the bedroom window and ran as far away as she could.

She stayed with a man she met at the doctor's office, but he too

began beating her. She fled again, seeking refuge with the next door neighbor. But like poor (penelope Pitstop) he forced her to go-go dance *naked* at the local flesh emporium.

When asked to comment on why she has gone from one disastrous romance to another, she says simply :

"I AM EVERY MAN'S FANTASY... THE IDEAL WOMAN."

She came to the big city, armed with only a few dollars, a pair of red fuck-me pumps and some sequin pasties to begin her new life as a goddess.

"Because of all this stuff," she tearfully admits now, "I'm sorta socially retarded, y'know?" Nobodies noticed.

So now our little starlet lives and breathes much easier in the seedy underbelly of Manhattan. Clubland has embraced her and made her into a goddess. Joan Rivers begged for an interview...clubs vie for her go-go abilities...even "A Current Affair" was Thunderstruck by her poise and beauty.

Who knows what next will befall our fair heroine...Fame?...Fortune?...

Only time will tell.

Photos: Michael Fazakerley

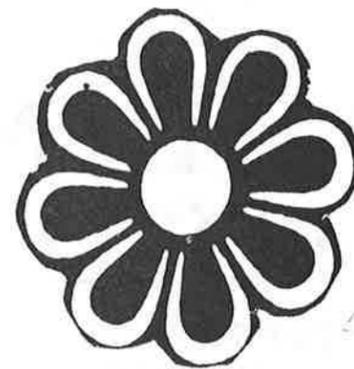
LATEST RAVE-VIEWS

by Keoki



LUSH

Where the hell is Manchester? Anyway...let's talk new groups, none of which, by the way, are from Manchester. First, we have LUSH. Having given us a fine debut "Scar" at the end of 1989, this group shows no signs of restraint. Their "Mad Love" e.p. released earlier this year, consolidates their typical 4 A.D. feel while adding amazing lyrics and melodies. For an introduction to LUSH, or just more of them, look for their new album "GALA" later this year, which contains everything they've released.



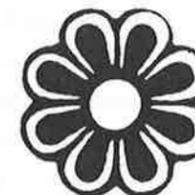
THE CHARLATANS

Now we've agreed on excluding any Manchester-ridden groups this time around. So when we mention THE CHARLATANS U.K. why do people start screaming Manchester!? Well, they do that because the band members were all born "near-Manchester", although they describe their music as "British reggae rock", not at all like the M-word sound. This group is putting out good alternative pop and they can be found on "Beggar's Banquet Records"



INSPIRAL CARPETS

If you haven't yet discovered INSPIRAL CARPETS, don't worry, it's not your fault. Their first album, was released only on their own private label "Cow Records", (not a very big label). But just recently, this band was picked up by "Mute", (a big label). Their very first "Mute Album" is called "LIFE" and it's more than just pretty good! My personal favorite track is called "This Is How It Feels", but there is a lot more to "LIFE" than that track, so get a record and find out!

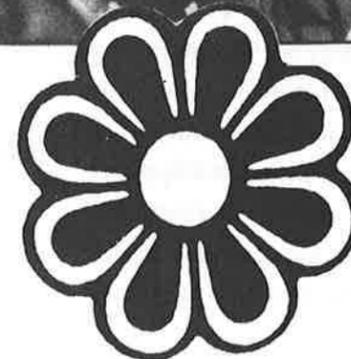


Local New York talent is up again...Club celebrantes Larry Tee and Ru Paul Charles have combined their talents to come up with "I'VE GOT THAT FEELING". Mr. Tee is currently big on producing and we congratulate him. This record is out on Cardiac Records...don't miss it.

"CHAPTER ONE", a project joining novice talent as well as veteran talent, comes booming on to the dance floor with I.N.T.L. (Techno for the Non-Technical). This brilliant e.p. joins D.J.-turned-record-maker Moby, with D.J. Money Penny, D.J. Kip Lavinger, and techno-wizes Lenny and Ralphie Dee. This record is an absolute must-have for ambient club dance fans. It is coming out on "Strictly Rhythm". Hopefully it won't be the last time for this collaboration.

In the meantime, check out D.I.Moby and his debut e.p. "MOBILITY/GO", out now on "Instinct Records", a truly groovy e.p.

And so, music lovers, this brings us to an end now. From all of us here, to all of you out there: Keep on Disco Dancing!



IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN QUEENS WERE BOLD

JOHNNY DYNELL TALKS TO DAVID DePINO

If you have ever walked into a club and heard a mysterious (almost) operatic voice bellowing OVER the loud music on the dance floor, you are undoubtedly listening to D.J. David DePino. David, who loves to sing along with the records he plays, is one of New York's most dynamic and colorful D.J.'s. He currently rules the Sound Factory (alternating Saturday's with Legendary Legend Frankie Knuckles). Replacing the ornery Jr. Vasquez ("not her real name", David volunteers), he has helped transform the club into the party it was always meant to be. David DePino has a past. Growing up in Brooklyn in the late sixties, early seventies, he was witness to the beginnings of club life as we know it today. "I was at the Stonewall Riot when I was 14. I went to the village to buy some granny glasses and I heard the noise." The noise he heard was to change not only David's life but everyone's. Constantly harassed by police and thugs, gay people finally took a stand at the Stonewall Bar. As they fought back with sticks, bricks and anything not nailed down they found a new strength and power, a new

pride. All of this seemed to come together in their clubs, now called discos.

Discos like "The Tambourlane" and "The Sanctuary" were magical places of color, light and debauchery. "The Tambourlane" was destroyed in a spectacular fire and "The Sanctuary" (an after hours club in a church complete with demonic saints and an upside down crucifix) was eventually closed down by the Archdiocese. "Drugs and Drags were big then," David remembers, "Suzanne Bartch's parties are mild sparks compared to the fireworks of those days"

Around this time David started going to "The Gallery" and "The Loft" where D.J.'s like Nicky Siano and David Mancuso were pioneers. "David Mancuso was a big influence on me. He is responsible for everything underground today. He taught me that there has to be love and spiritualism in your music not just mechanics. The mixing of two records is not important compared to what's in the two records. I think that today there is too much emphasis on the mix, the technical

part." Mancuso had at the time a young protege named Larry Levan who was to become legendary in his own right as a mixer/producer and master D.J. of the "Paradise Garage".

"The Garage" was a deep, dark, steamy all night clubhouse that was more of an experience than a disco. David worked there as Larry's assistant. "I was spoiled, that was my first experience working in a club. Michael (Brody, Owner of the Garage) was wonderful to work with. He was very generous and always insisted on quality. I thought all clubs, and club owners were like that, they should be. The Garage was never pretty though, there was never a clock, never a mirror. Whenever there is a mirror, there is a fairy dancing in it. You should dance with the music, not with yourself."

Larry, who was spending more and more time in the recording studio depending on David to D.J. and run things at the club. "He left me to babysit when he was busy. He gave me the most important thing to him, his turntables. I learned a lot from Larry, he taught me not to be afraid of clearing a floor. People come to hear you, the party that's in your head, not just one particular song."

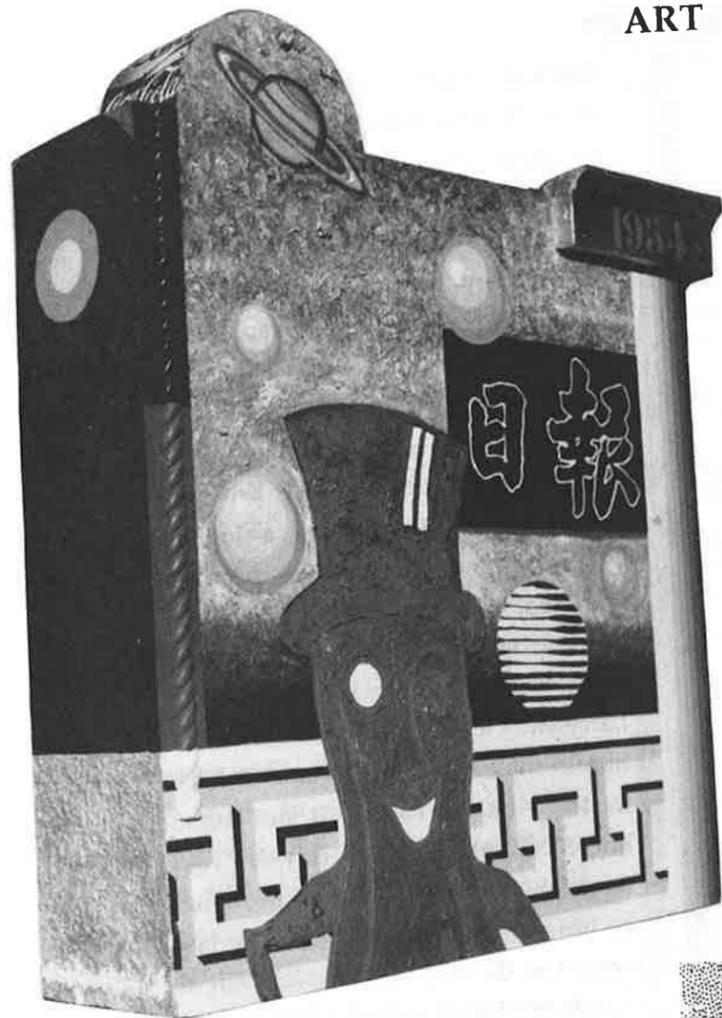
After the Garage closed, David stepped out. He took a nonexistent Tuesday night at Trax and made it his own. The crowd he developed over the years playing for Larry at The Garage grew and he took on an additional night, Friday. "In a way, Trax was everything the Garage wasn't. I worked there for three years and never met the owner." Trax was replaced by "Kilimanjaro" a black (African) owned

club featuring Reggae and Third World Music. "I thought the new owners would be good. They turned out to be a nightmare. They were racist and extremely Homophobic. I left, but of course they continued the night. It breaks my heart to see my people going to a place where they are hated."

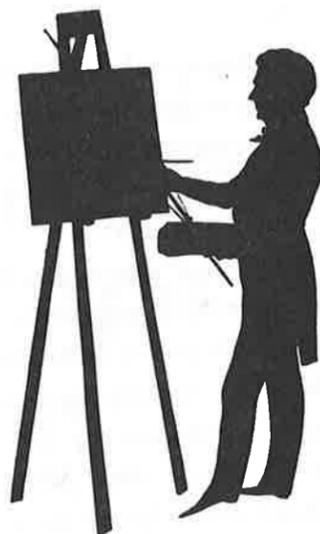
When Phil Smith (owner of the Sound Factory) needed to replace "Bad Witch" Jr. Vasquez, Frankie Knuckles and David DePino were a logical choice. "Sound Factory was never a continuation of the Garage, although Jr. tried to make it seem that way. The torch was never handed down from Larry and I to Jr., circumstances allowed him to snatch it. Now the torch is back in the rightful hands. It has come home". Frankie says of David, "I go there Saturdays when I'm not working, he has me dancing for hours. The last person to do that was Larry Levan at 'Reade St'. David creates magic."

This dance floor magic is best when a D.J. loves his crowd, and vice versa. "My crowd comes to dance. They're not trendy, they're beautiful. They don't care if they get sweaty and the mousses runs down their face. They come for the music. I could never really feel good working in places like the Palladium, places with dress codes. I had to walk out of many interviews when a club would say 'We don't want a black gay crowd'. I would say 'Then you don't want me!'"

ART



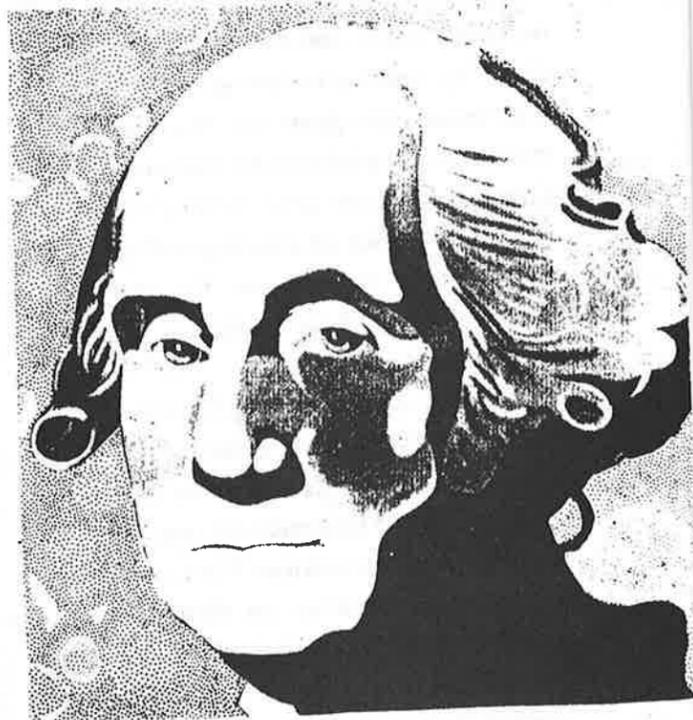
MICHAEL CLARK



Michael Clark is an artist whose current subject matter is good ol' Americana. Because he portrays the most recognizable symbols like Mr. Peanut, the one dollar bill, Coca Cola as well as Mickey Mouse, his work has had a universal appeal. For example, he incorporated Japanese lettering with a Greek facade and the AT&T symbol in one of his works shown here

"Most known artists," says Clark, "are a product of strong P.R." He believes Julian Schnabel to be the current generation's answer to Picasso, attributed to his well paid publicity department. "It's kinda like Bev Biv DeVoe" he continues, "They're not exactly talented, but they are famous!" According to Clark, most great artists are overlooked these days. He trusts in the old cliché, "The best artists are starving artists." Although I'm sure that Michael's an exception to this rule.

Clark's works have been exhibited in numerous galleries around the country as well as Japan and Europe. At the moment, the Zero One Gallery in Los Angeles and the Smithsonian Museum in Washington DC are showing his work. So it's easy to see why we chose Michael Clark as Project X's Artist of the Month! KM



RESTAURANT REVIEWS

TABLE SERVICE



by the "Eat Twins"
Marc Berkley & Matthew Bank

One Sunday at 5am, after a night of failed attempts to meet the politically aware trick du jour at Mars, we overheard some trendy notables opinioning on the relationship of sex and food. "Food is like sex," quipped one young thing "when it's good, it's fabulous, when it's not so good it's still fabulous!" His co-dependant countered, "As my mother said to me this evening when she handed me a pack of rubbers, 'Remember dear, whether or not you have a hot trick, you always need a hot meal. And a job.'" A strobe light flashed over our heads, real or imagined to this day is unclear, an both in unison exclaimed, "It's not the food, it's not the sex, it's how you're served!" It was at that moment we realized too many restaurant writers ignore the look, the feel, and the touch of the waitrons. Let's get real, who hasn't been so overly influenced by the recitation of specials from a hunk or hunkette, that they completely forget what they wanted? With concept in mind we set out to find the perfect restaurant.

Jerry's 103. Sparse and elegant, the room exemplifies the phrase, "less is more" and allows the food and the people to be the decor. Banquettes and diner-style booths abound, making table-hopping easy. Upon arrival, Anthony, the extraordinary maitre d', bursts with enthusiasm (and muscles) as



he attends to our every whim. (unfortunately, he doesn't work on Saturdays, but can be found at the Roxy, dancing up a storm.)

Sitting at the sandblasted glass bar while waiting for a table, allowed us to check out the patrons to our hearts' content, as well as the bartender, Rob, also to our hearts' content.

The ubiquitous warm focaccia greeted us at our table and satisfied our immediate desire for nourishment. The waitrons walk like they're in Paris on Gaultier's runway, never showing one ounce of emotion and carrying their trays as though they were prized possessions. Jerry should require proof of daily gym attendance, or let some of them wear black--it's so slimming, you know.

Matthew, a perfectly coiffed boy from down under, has signature gold lame boots that dazzle the eye, while Nick's everything dazzles the eye. Our personal favorite, however, is Jeremy, the runner, who has lifted fresh pepper grinding to a truly aesthetic experience. And by the way, the food's good, too. Our appetizers were grilled leeks vinaigrette, with a mountain of marinated lentils and a slightly piquant concoction of Cajun-spiced shrimp, corn and greens. Since roughage is our thing, we're ecstatic they have a salad for every day of the week. Even as we mourn the death of the warm Montrachet, we still enjoy the new more creative, more colorful lower cost fare. Notable appetizers are the crisp fried

calamari, goose liver pate and all the soups du jour.

The pork chops were quite juicy and flavorful, in perfect harmony with the milky corn pudding. The duck breast was just as delicious, atop a rich and delicate gratin of potatoes. The only drawback was the mushroom sauce--a bit overwhelming. A popular choice is always the array of personal pizzas, not your everyday flavors. Hearty American staples include roast chicken, steak, fish, and lamb dishes. (be on the look out for wilted escarole) There are always four or five great pasta dishes, but now that we're watching our weight...

Dessert is always a rich and rewarding experience, from the heavenly banana cream pie to the sinful chocolate torte. All in all, Jerry's 103 is like food and sex. When it's good, it's fabulous, when it's not so good, it's still fabulous.

Breakfast finally over, check paid, we stumble over a bundle of PROJECT X's and land face-down in front of one of those charming transvestite entrepreneurial types. "Ooh-eeh child", she screeched, "you've got some lawsuit on you hands. And I'm a witness." She handed us her business card, and sauntered over to a white Mercedes stretch limo, got in, and disappeared into the dawn. The card read: Candy O. Samples, A Sweet Thang for your thing. 555-SUGR. As we contemplated living in Paris on our settlement, we decided that the best revenge would be to write for them. By the way, instead of reviewing the newest, trendiest or even best, the establishments that benefit from our gaze tend to be within stumbling distance of the last watering hole we were thrown out of, or closed down.



JERRY'S 103. 103 2nd Avenue (6th Street) 777-4120. Open for lunch Mon-Fri. Brunch on weekends, Closes 2am on Sun-Thurs, 4am Fri. and Sat. Reservations recommended. All major credit cards accepted.

PROFILE:

DESIGNER ROLAND NIVELAIS

You can take the boy out of France, but you can never take the France out of the boy. This becomes very clear once you've been exposed to the couture-land of Roland Nivelais. His creations have graced the bodies of the "Unforgettable women" in Revlon's ads and are also seen in the ads of Elizabeth Arden. The creme de la creme of NYC's society wear his designs and so do many celebrities including Phoebe Cates (at the Oscars) and Whitney Houston.

"A woman must be elegant", says Roland. "It's not always what she wears, but how she wears it!" A woman of ultimate style, he believes is Ava Gardner. "Style is an aura, a presence..."

Monsieur Nivelais sure knows a thing or two about style! His collections have been praised by the fashion press and Women's Wear Daily dubbed him "The fantasy designer for real women". I guess it's like the TV commercial for Calgon bubble bath ... "Roland, take me away!"

While his designs are a little on the fairy-tale side (wearing them makes you feel like a modern day Cinderella), Roland is a down-to-earth realist. And like any artist, he is completely temperamental. For example he will not alter his designs for a larger order, and will absolutely not let you wear his clothes if you don't look good in them. (I should say he will not let you wear his clothes if you're not good-looking.) Magazine stylists also have a very hard time working with him because he will not allow "just anyone" to wear his creations. Love him or hate him, his talent cannot be denied.

Roland Nivelais, is like a bottle of Dom Perignon in a land filled with Earnest & Julio Gallo...

Having started his own label only in 1985, Roland is building quite a strong following. His fashion shows, at the Academy of Art, are always packed. Each show has a particular theme - it may be a person, or a place, or a movie, or even a book. One collections was very 40's Hollywood, another payed a tribute to Jean Cocteau, and in 1987 (way ahead of its time) the collection was Breakfast at Tiffany's. After top stores such as Bergdorf Goodman, Barney's, and Fred Heyman have bought the line, Roland will not compromise quality.

Always patriotic, this createur du mode, actually supports American fashion..."Most European designers laugh at American fashion, but they are all inspired by either Hollywood, movies or Donna Karan's sporty-chic"

Revival of the 70's, according to Roland, is "not going to last very long because it was such as ugly period in fashion. Also everyone is so fixed on the 60's radical fashion, but much more interesting was the 60's conservative chic"

This frenchman in New York has absolutely no desire to go back to Paris. "NY has such freedom. Everyone is an individualist. In Paris, you have follow the mainstream fashion. In NY, people will come up to you and tell you that they like your outfit, but in Paris they will say something only if they don't like it."

Well, he won't have to run into any tight-lipped Parisians here.

by Julie Jewels



photo: Stephan Lupino

HELLO ANYBODY HOME?

THERE IS A NEW LANGUAGE OUT THERE AND ALL THE WELL CONNECTED BAR STARS ARE USING IT. NOW YOU TOO CAN REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE...

1. HELLO: The ultra way to address somebody. usually followed by a snap of the finger. ex: *Hello, gimme a cocktail!*

2. CLICK: The ultra way to let someone know that you're over them; not interested; please don't try to reach me. Usually follow by a gesture of hanging up the phone. ex: *You're ugly...click!*

3. BUSY: Replaces the word fierce, which replaced the word ovah, which replaced the word fabulous. ex: *Busy outfit!*

4. OUT OF SERVICE: Not particularly sober; unable to take messages. ex; He was *out of service* on the dancefloor at Roxy!

5. TEMPORARILY DISCONNECTED: Out of service ; see #4.

6. SMOOTH OPERATOR: A *busy*-looking boy or girl. ex: Johnny Depp is a *smooth operator*.

7. DIAL: To pick up; start a conversation with someone. ex: *Wow! Let's dial the bartender.*

8. IF YOU WISH TO CONTINUE THIS CALL, PLEASE DEPOSIT MONEY!

9. YOU HAVE REACHED A NON-PUBLISHED NUMBER: You're not a *smooth operator*; I'm not interested in *dialing* you.

10. 411: To obtain information, gossip or dirt on someone. ex: *Hey, what's the 411 on Rex?*

SHOCKING SECRETS: THE TRUTH ABOUT

GAULTIER!

JEAN PAUL...that is!

Yes, we've uncovered the truth behind this golden boy of the French fashion world. He is not at all what he pretends to be! The ultra-fabulous runway rascal hides behind his glamorous facade but he's nothing more than just another pretending Parisian Poodle. We sent our Inspector Clouseau-like investigators in an Inspector Gadget-like car to expose the ugly, cross-eyed, acne faced, wrinkled ol' truth:

1 His ears are REALLY big.

2 His hair is REALLY processed...and...

3 His accent is REALLY real! (and we all know that it's only cool to have a fake accent)

SO
NOW
YOU
KNOW!



LOOKS



TO LOOK



FOR



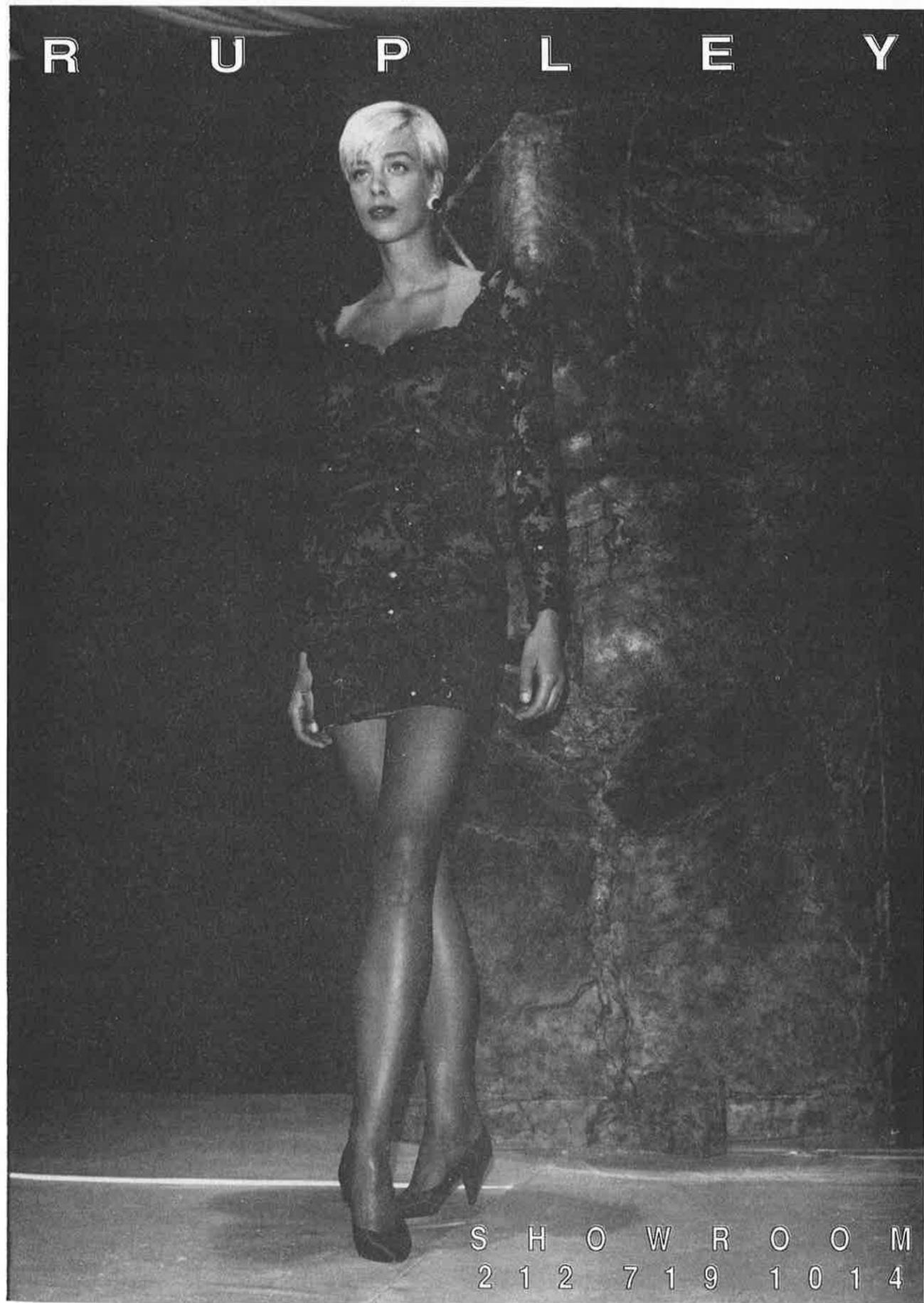
This month, it's Jo Jo Americo (alias Jo Jo Field) who's got the looks we look for! This high styled fashion figure is a proud member of the House of Field as well as the shining star of his own catchy club band: Jo Jo and the Jockstraps. He likes fast cars, big hair, long legs and lives by the motto: Fear not dress right!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY: RAPHEL FUCHS

R O B E R T



R U P L E Y



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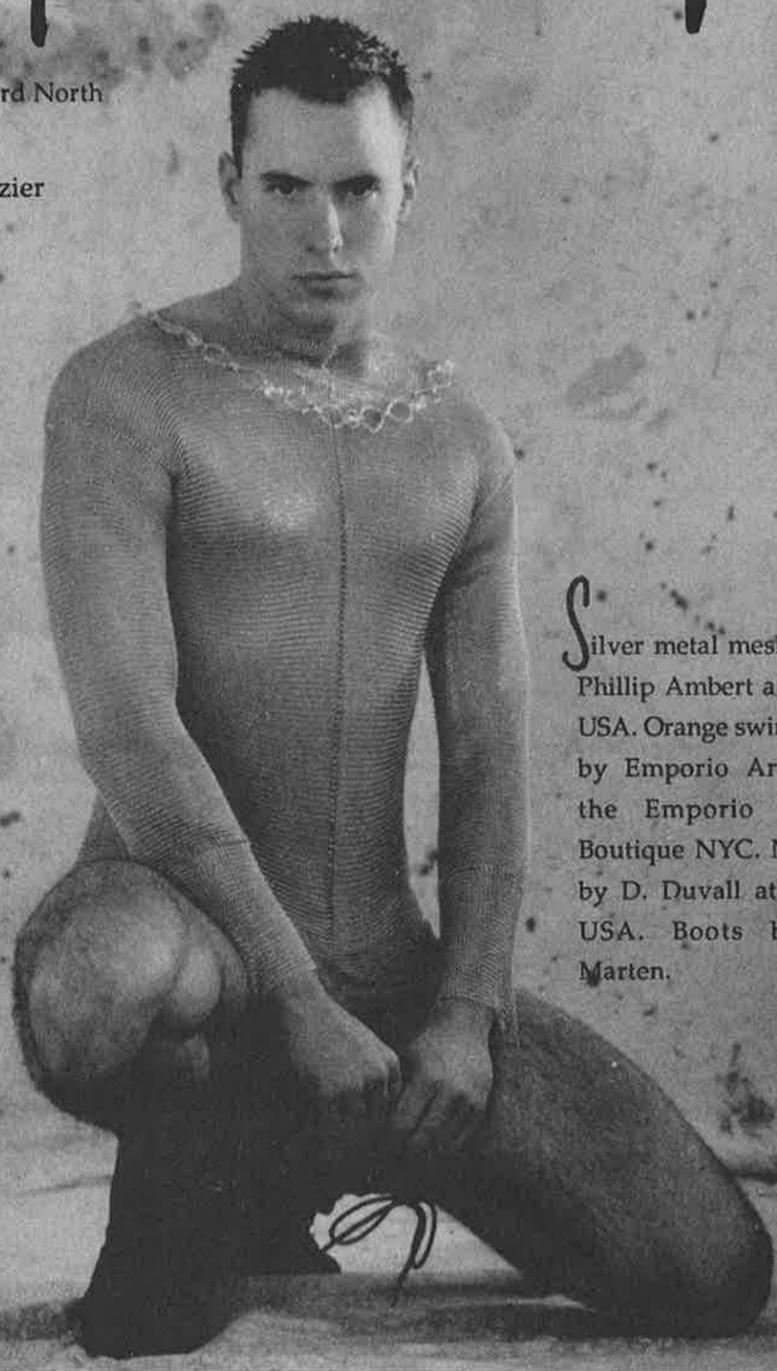
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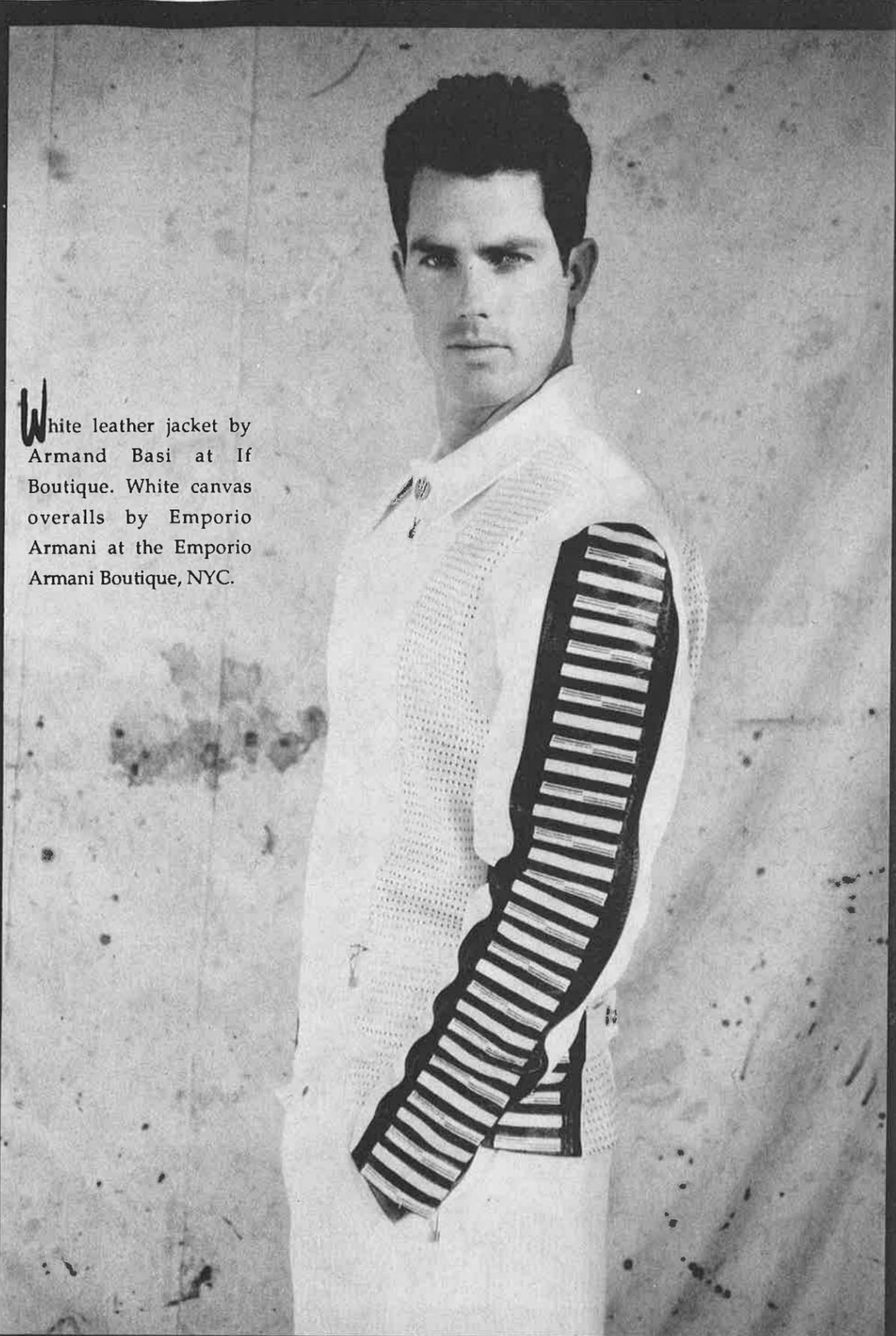
"Boys will be Boys!"

Photos:
Salvatore Biaino
Assisted by: Edward North

Fashion Editor:
Montgomery Frazier



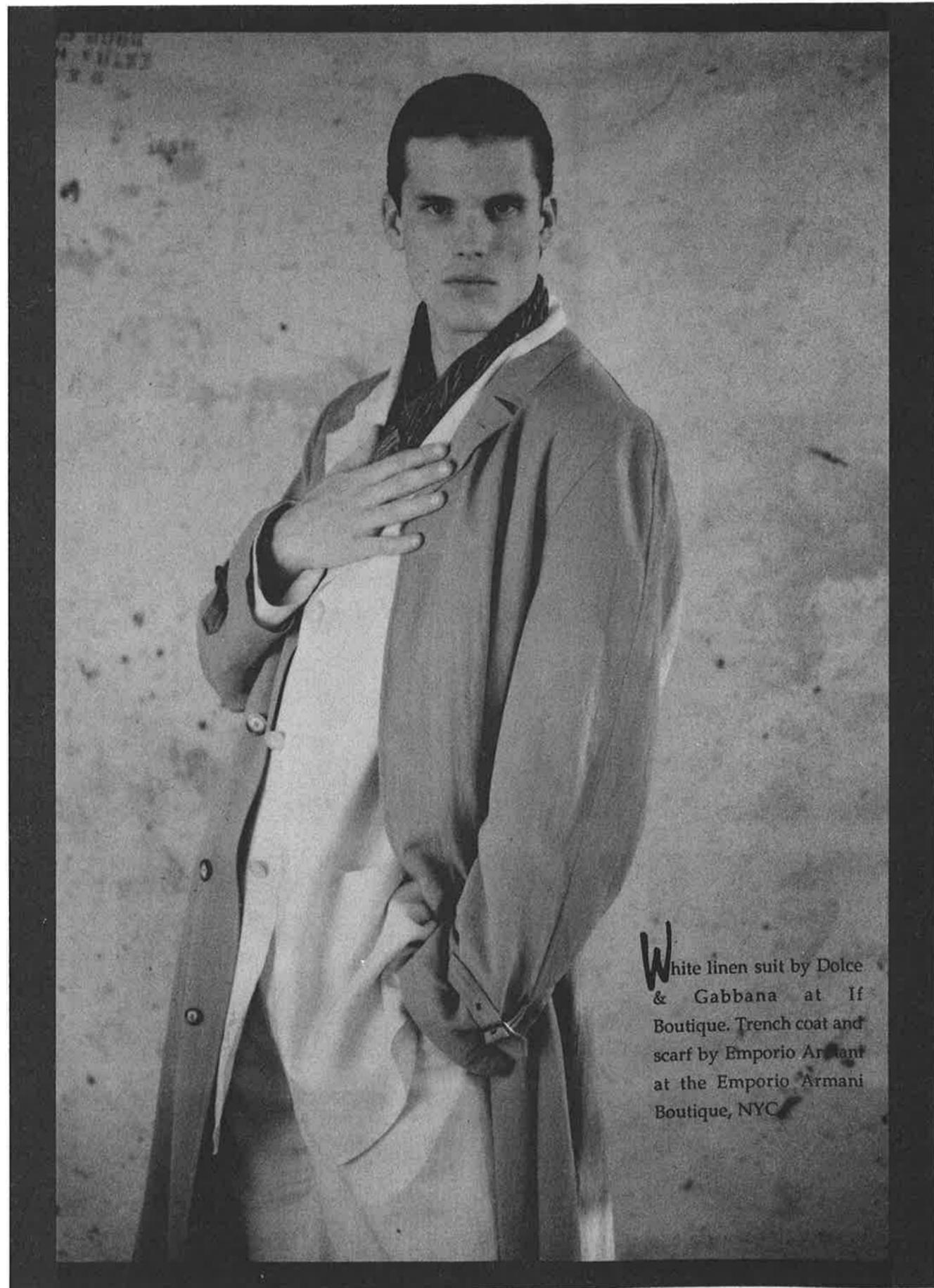
Silver metal mesh top by Phillip Ambert at Jet Lag USA. Orange swim trunks by Emporio Armani at the Emporio Armani Boutique NYC. Necklace by D. Duvall at Jet Lag USA. Boots by Doc Marten.



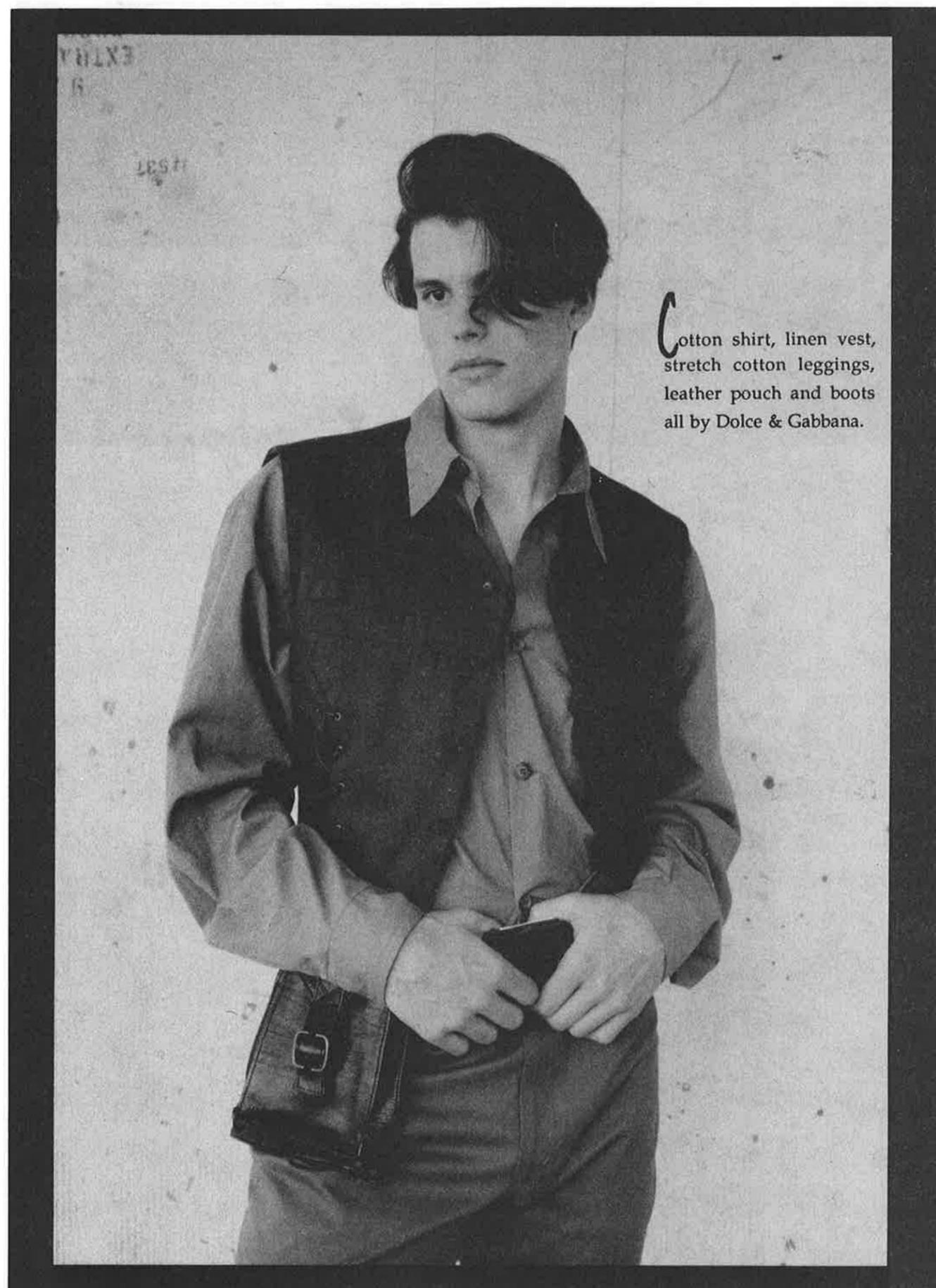
White leather jacket by
Armand Basi at If
Boutique. White canvas
overalls by Emporio
Armani at the Emporio
Armani Boutique, NYC.



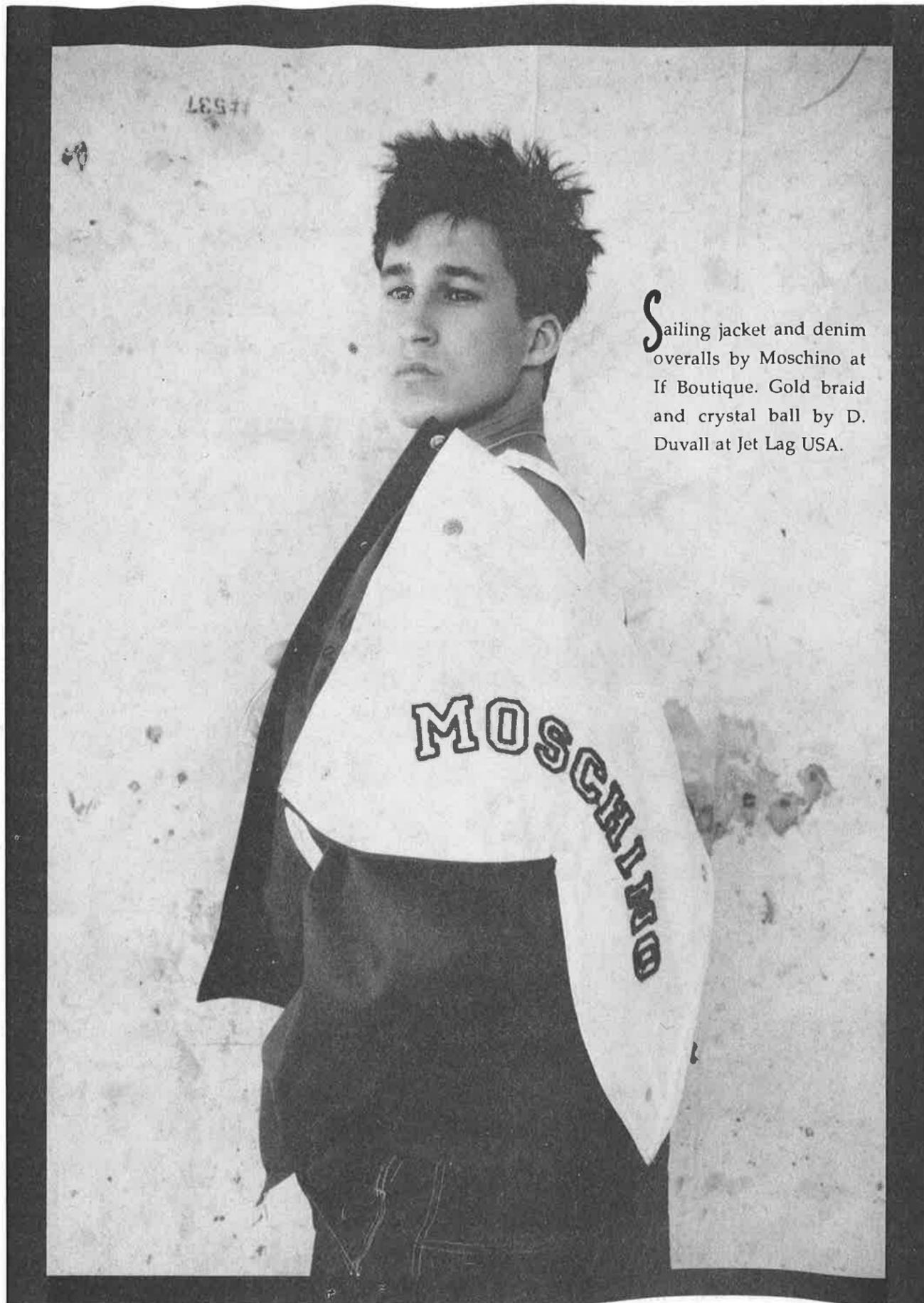
Ecrú linen jacket and
trousers, striped shirt all
by Dolce & Gabbana,
striped cap by Emporio
Armani at the Emporio
Armani Boutique, NYC.



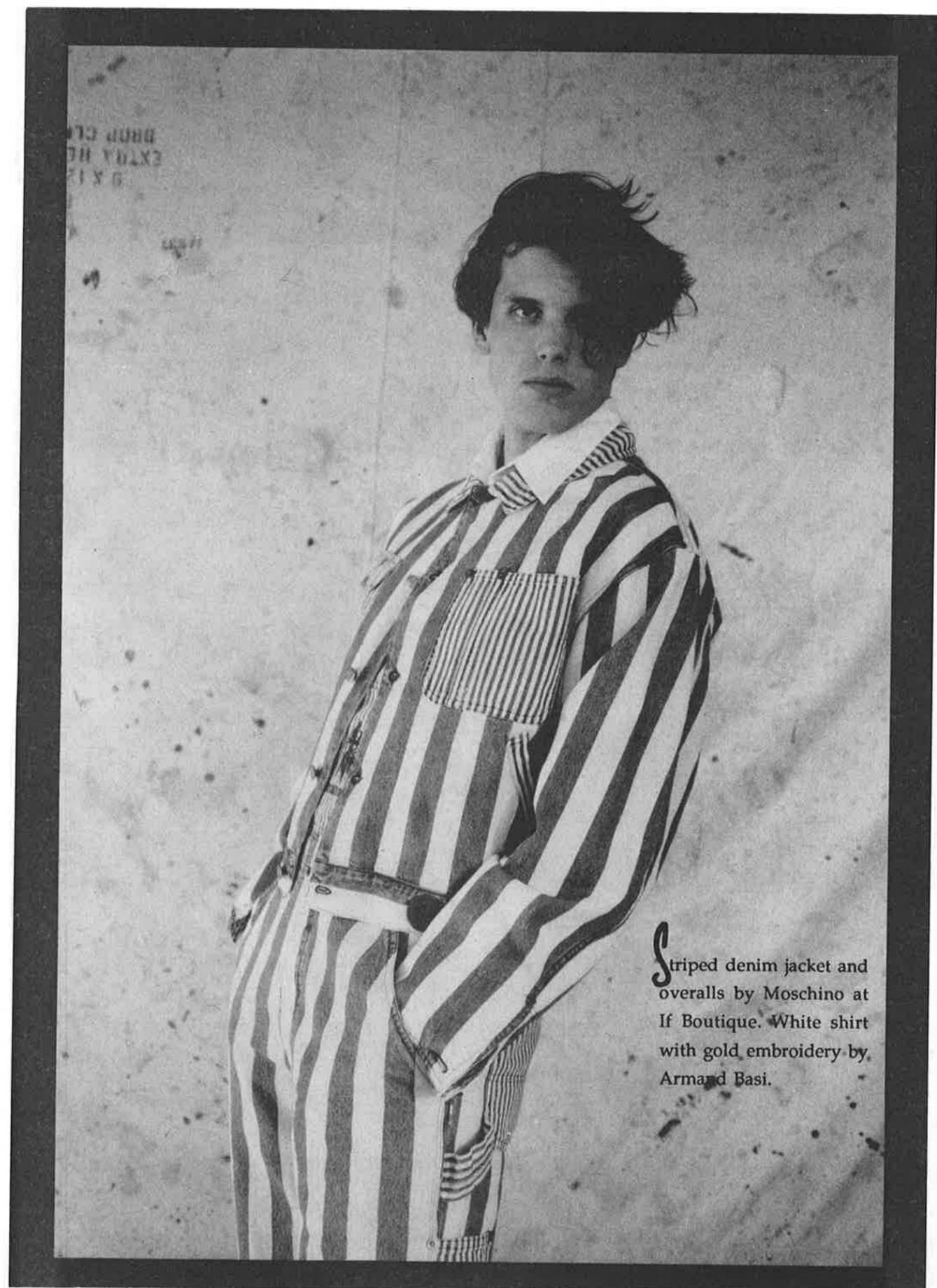
White linen suit by Dolce & Gabbana at If Boutique. Trench coat and scarf by Emporio Armani at the Emporio Armani Boutique, NYC.



Cotton shirt, linen vest, stretch cotton leggings, leather pouch and boots all by Dolce & Gabbana.



Sailing jacket and denim overalls by Moschino at If Boutique. Gold braid and crystal ball by D. Duvall at Jet Lag USA.



Striped denim jacket and overalls by Moschino at If Boutique. White shirt with gold embroidery by Armand Basi.

Wind breaker and graphic t-shirt by Moschino at If Boutique. Striped shorts by Emporio Armani at the Emporio Armani Boutique NYC.



Shirt, bermuda shorts and hooded jacket all by Emporio Armani at the Emporio Armani Boutique NYC



Double breasted jacket,
trousers, and silk shirt by
Dolce & Gabbana. Straw
hat by Fred Hasson at Jet
Lag USA.

Photos:

Salvatore Biaino
Assisted by: Edward North

Hair:

Don Francis

Make-up:

Scott Prusinski

Fashion Editor:

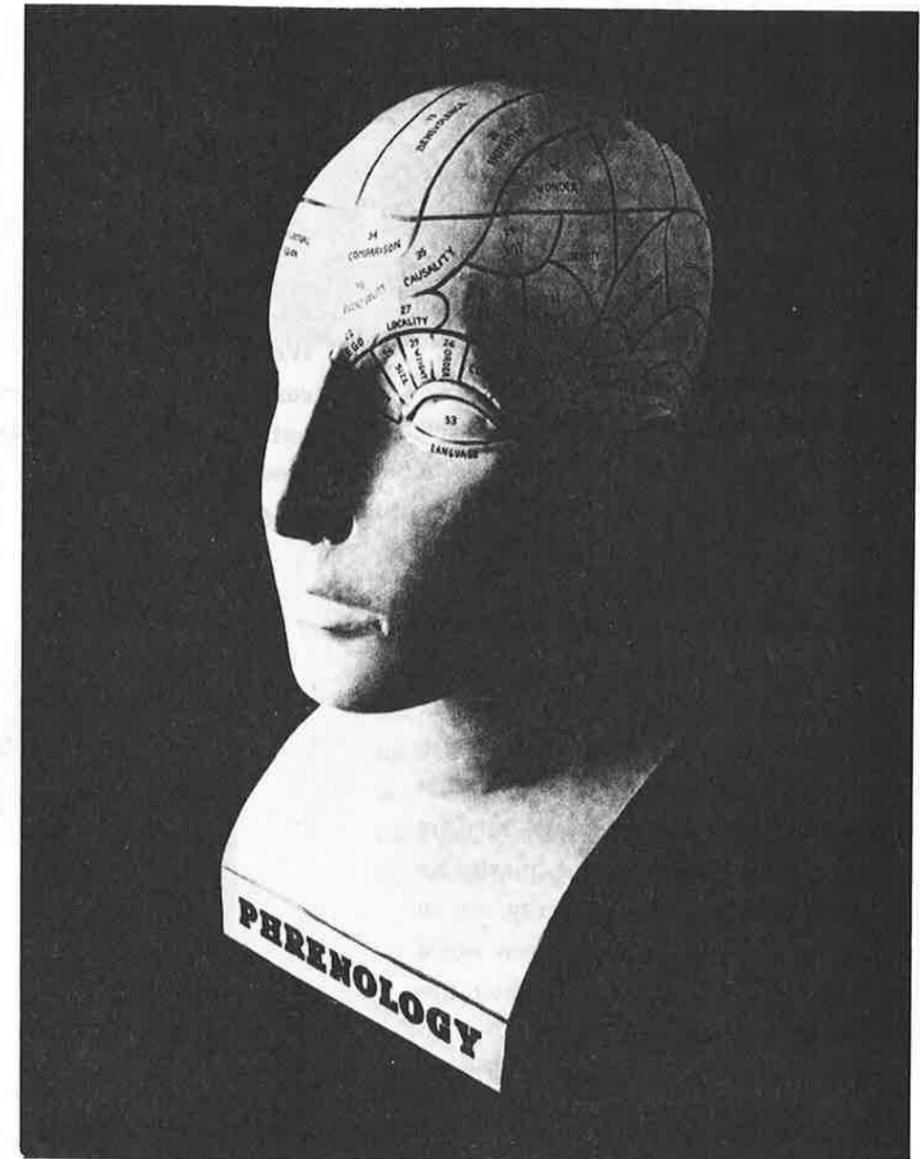
Montgomery Frazier

Models:

Rusty Thrasher (ford)
Craig Vaccaro
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Rhair Montana

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COVER STORY:

THINGS: How fake are they?

•••••
Have you noticed lately that as fake things are becoming more popular and commonplace, there is a growing backlash against them?

With every passing day a new product arrives on the market to make our lives easier, more fun, or just plain glamorous. The best thing about these products is that they need only be used once before they are disposed of, so that boredom doesn't cloud our consumer happy days. But there is one little problem, thought... Our garbage can, the Earth, is almost full!! So then some thinkers have suggested recycling and sorting trash. O.K., sounds logical, but when one has hours of trouble just assembling one's outfit for the evening, individual little piles of garbage seemed terribly out of question.

The environmentalist movement is forcefully pushing us in the direction of all-natural living and green products. Some of our favorite objects-de-trash are in the danger of being Handy-wiped off the face of the earth. Things such as wigs, make-up, sequins, all womens necessities, are all derived from environmentally unfriendly process. Men are no better... disposable razors, latex condoms, plastic six pack holders - all the evidence of our masculinity, are on the verge of vanishing forever, as the new, green world order falls into place. What can be done, to brighten this post-convenient future, you might ask?

It's not as if most club-oriented people are against the cleansing of the planet and the preservation of the forests, rivers, and oceans, but we are so busy as it is! Behavior modification and product substitution seem like the only course of action. How will that affect our shallow, pleasure seeking lives? The answer is simple. Where as in the past we relied on fake products like plastic lunch boxes and Big Mac containers for real fun, we'll now have to resort to real things for fake fun. What might these REAL products be?

•••••
CLEANING OUR EARTH:

We can live without big Mac containers, but try and get ready to go out one night without foundation or powder.



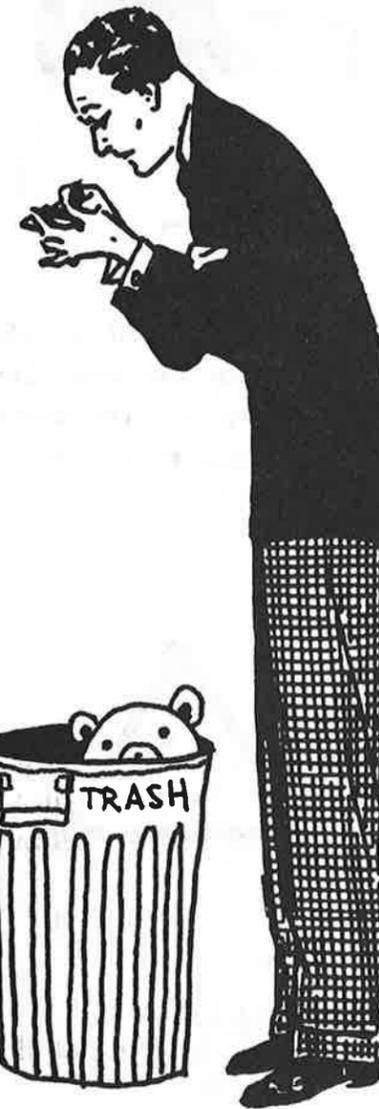
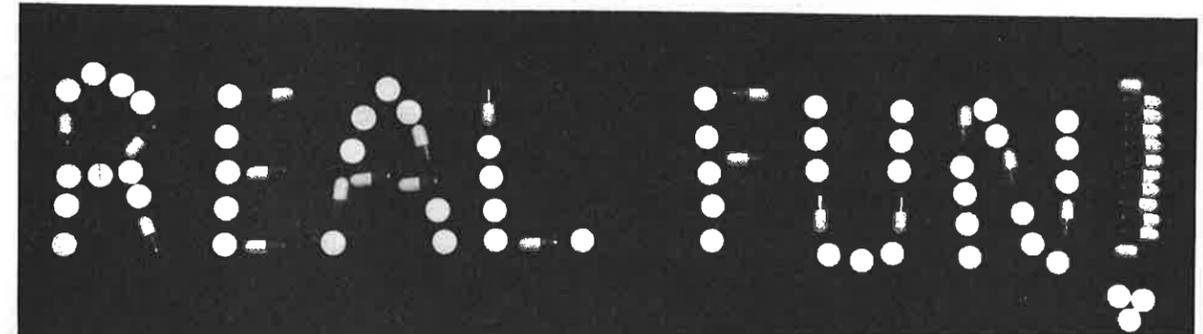
•••••
FACT:

Did you know that in NYC alone over 3.9 million invitations are printed daily? One seventh of the Brazilian rain forest is chopped down every year to print all the invites needed to satisfy the insatiable needs of the ever-growing NYC party circuit

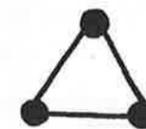


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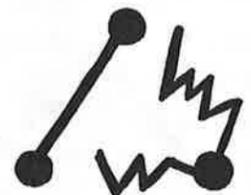
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Once upon a time, a simple pleasure, like holding a non-biodegradable plastic lunch-box could put as in the party mood. We'll now have to substitute that pleasure with three environmentally-friendly hits of ecstasy. The plastic sequins we used to glue to our bodies were discarded only to choke marine wildlife. They are now substituted with organic magic mushrooms, so we can at least hallucinate the shiny dots of color. Or how about those soft, cuddly, petroleum-based, acrylic teddy bears that used to lull us to sleep? Well, they are now heaped on the bonfire of history and replaced with the new-age bedtime buddies, Valium and Librium, which biograde in our stomachs quite handily, thank you!



OZONE MOLECULE:



BROKEN OZONE MOLECULE CAUSING LARGE, DANGEROUS GAPS IN THE STRATOSPHERE:

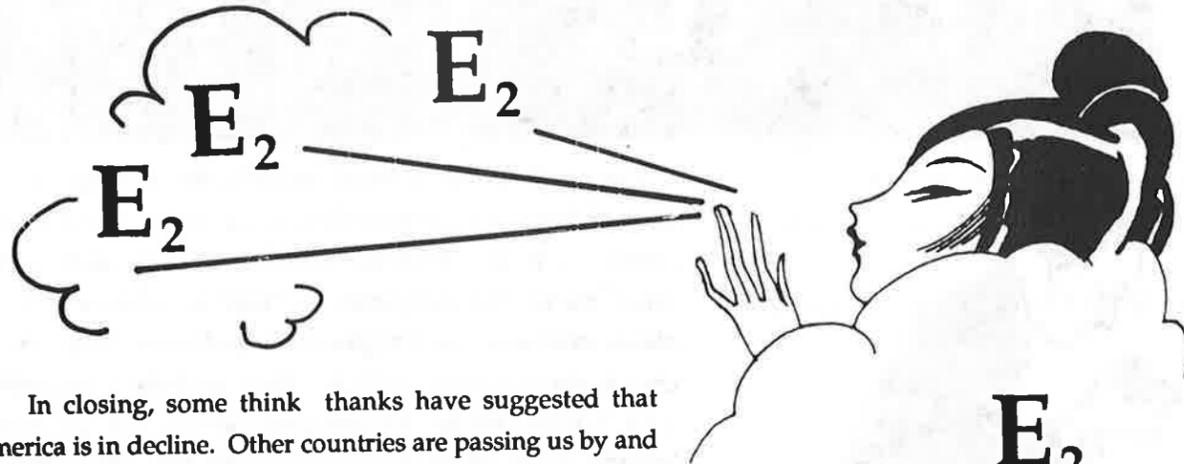
THE FRENCH: Most tranquilized people on earth
Those gluttons for tranquilizers have found new bed-time buddies



DR. Feldstein

A known environmentally aware physicist and psychologically unstable specialist confirms the facts.

Some countries are well on their way in making the transition. America amy still be swimming in plastic soda bottles and used pampers, but the French (according to the NY Times, Jan.21, 1991, "Gluttons for Tranquilizers, the French Ask 'Why?'" have prescribed their troubles away. Already. France is "the most tranquilized country on earth", consuming some 80 pills per capita. One never hears a word about about their landfills overflowing. But their fashion runways do overflow with creative inspiration season after season. For years, fashion editors have wondered where is originated, not realizing it was the friendly, neighborhood pharmacist all along.



In closing, some think thanks have suggested that America is in decline. Other countries are passing us by and we can't even get a grip on our problems. Problems like pollution and our love affair with a disposable lifestyle of convenience. Come on America, we can't lounge idly while sneaks, like the French outdo us and pop all their troubles away. The Earth, unlike your brain, is a terrible thing to waste, so do your share and show you care. Put America first!

E₂
ECSTASY MOLECULE.
released the day after
ecstasy is consumed.
Referred to as Ecstasy
Exhaust

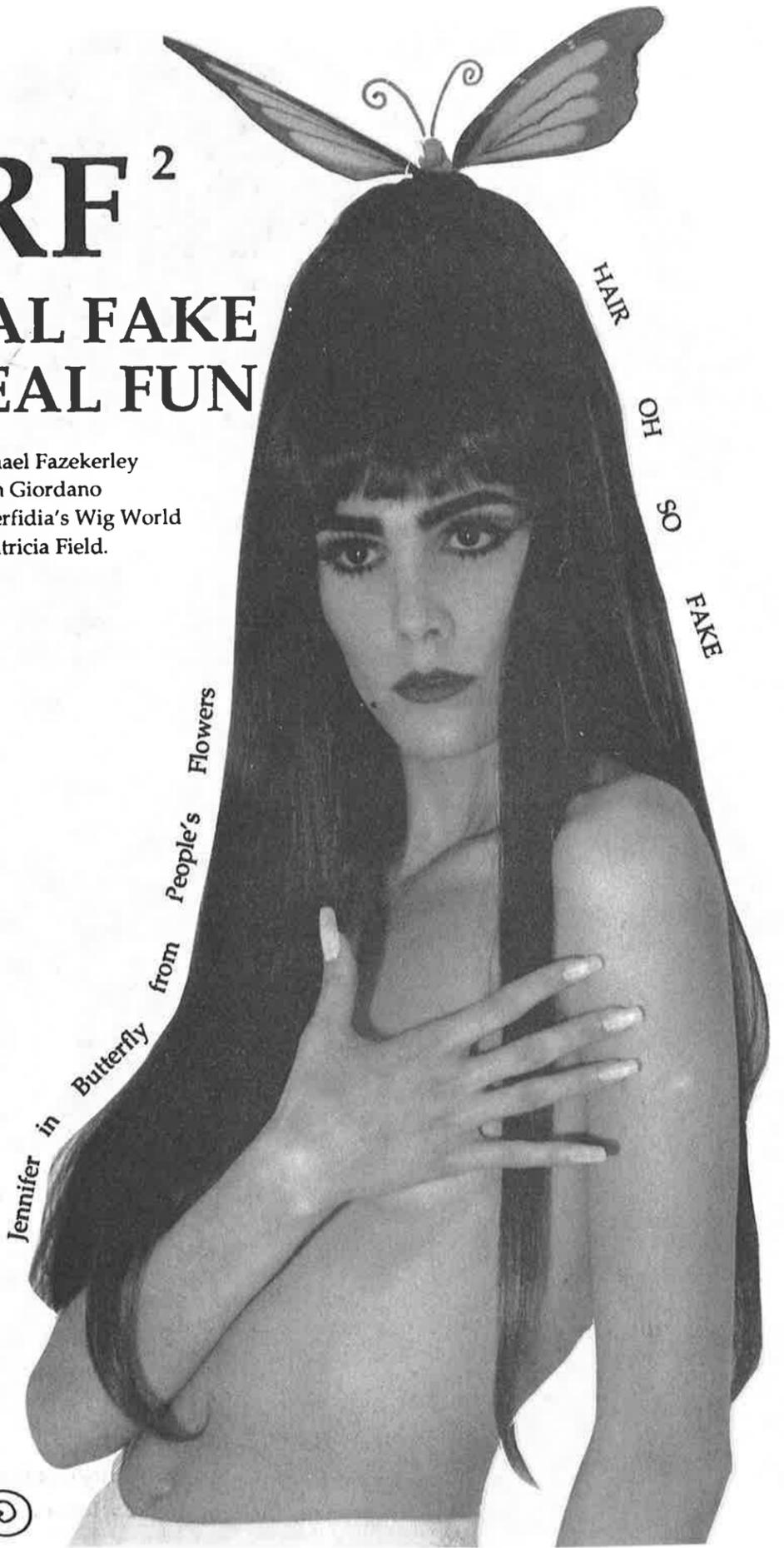


IN THE STRATOSPHERE:
Ecstasy exhaust combines with broken ozone to produce an ultraviolet ray blocking ozone molecule .

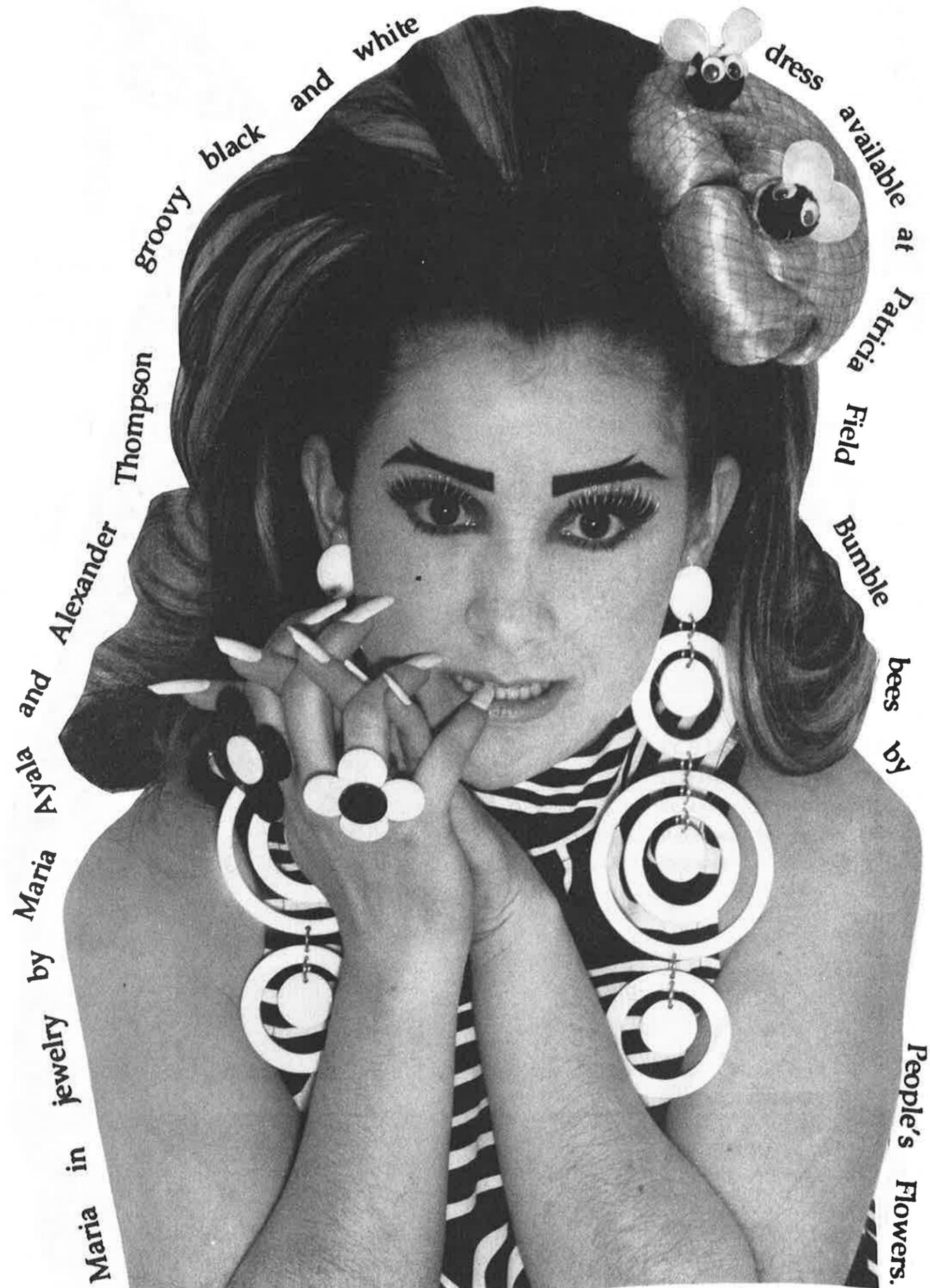
F=RF²
FUN = REAL FAKE
FAKE = REAL FUN

Photographer: Michael Fazekerley
Make-up: Susan Giordano
Hair: Steven Field for Perfidia's Wig World
exclusively at Patricia Field.

Jennifer in Butterfly from People's Flowers

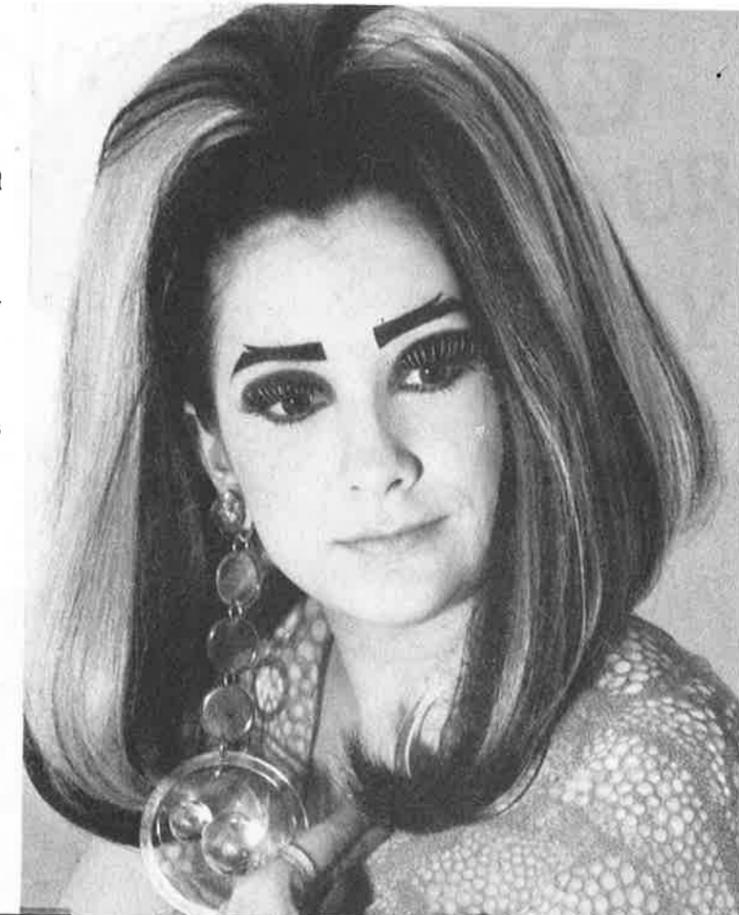


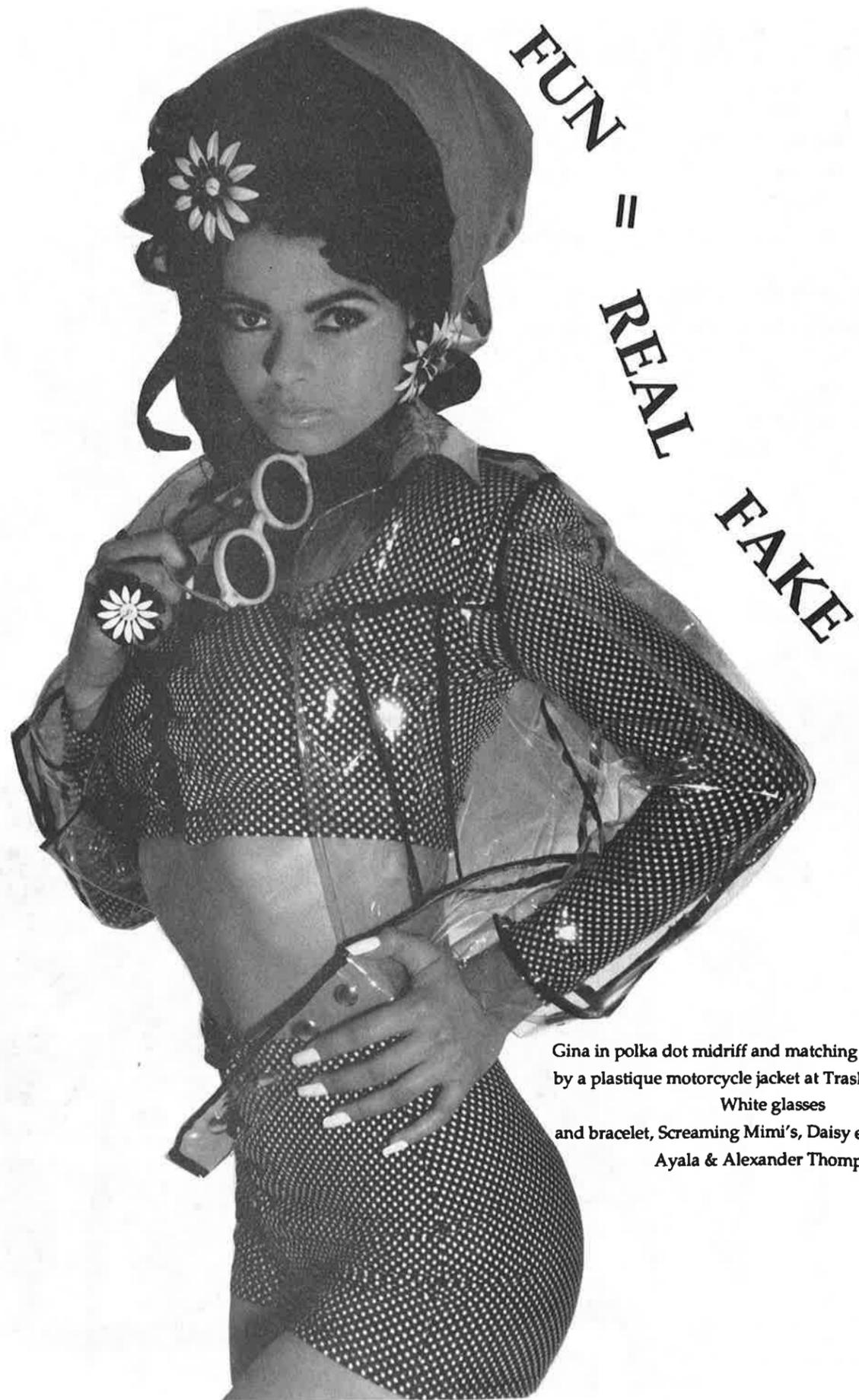
HAIR
OH
SO
FAKE



REAL FAKE

Right: HAIR - OH SO FAKE
 Maira in jewelry by Maria Ayala and Alexander Thompson
 Lower left: PRESS ON PERFECTION
 Gina in lipstick and nails in Nude Fantasy by Fantasia
 Lower right: DISTENDED DECOLLETE
 Metallic tank dress by Pink Soda, silver shoes by John Fluevog at Trash and Vaudeville





Gina in polka dot midriff and matching hot pants, topped by a plastique motorcycle jacket at Trash and Vaudeville.
White glasses
and bracelet, Screaming Mimi's, Daisy earrings by Maria Ayala & Alexander Thompson

NEW DESIGNERS ARE SWINGING YOUR WAY



Photographer: Jean Marie
Fashion Editor:
Christopher Amazing
Hair & make-up:
Matthew Sky
Photographed at Limelight

DISCO



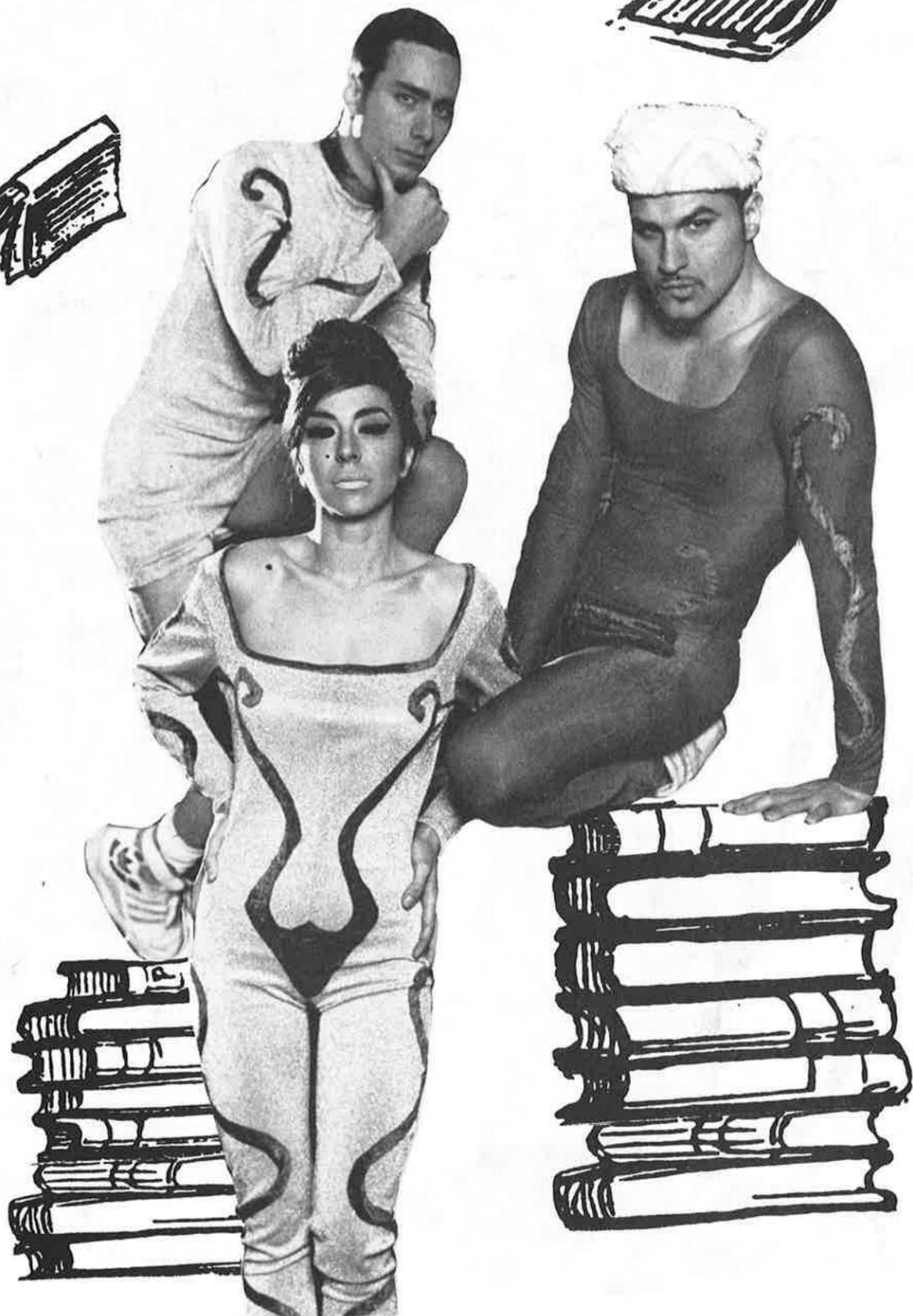
DOLLIES!



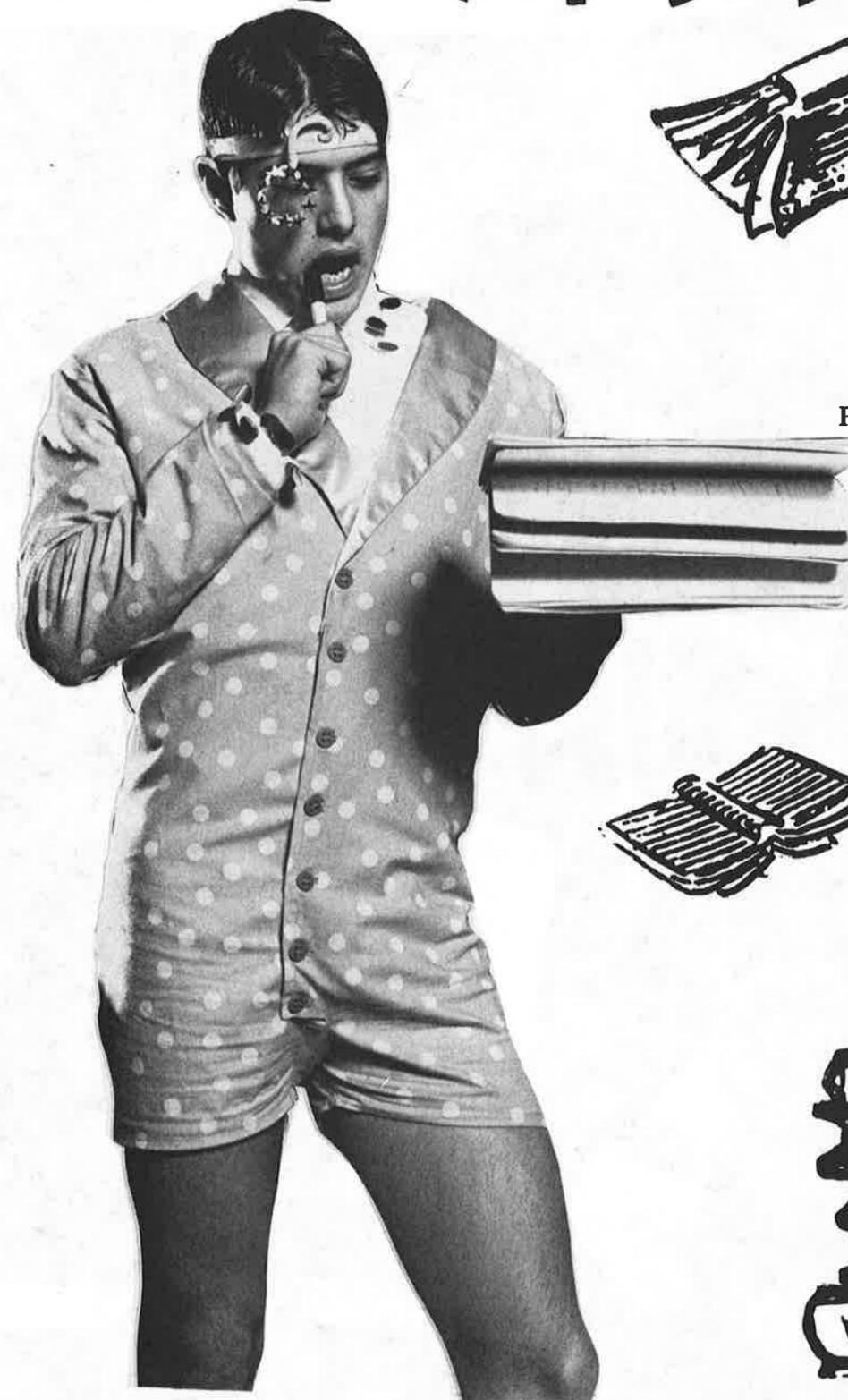




ATTRI-



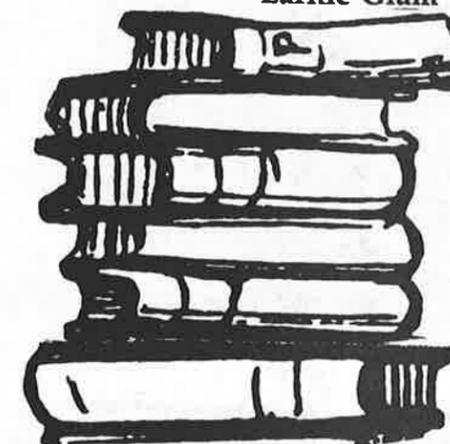
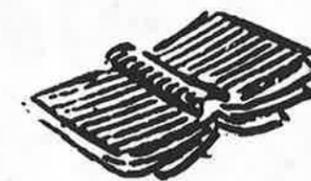
BUPTIONS:



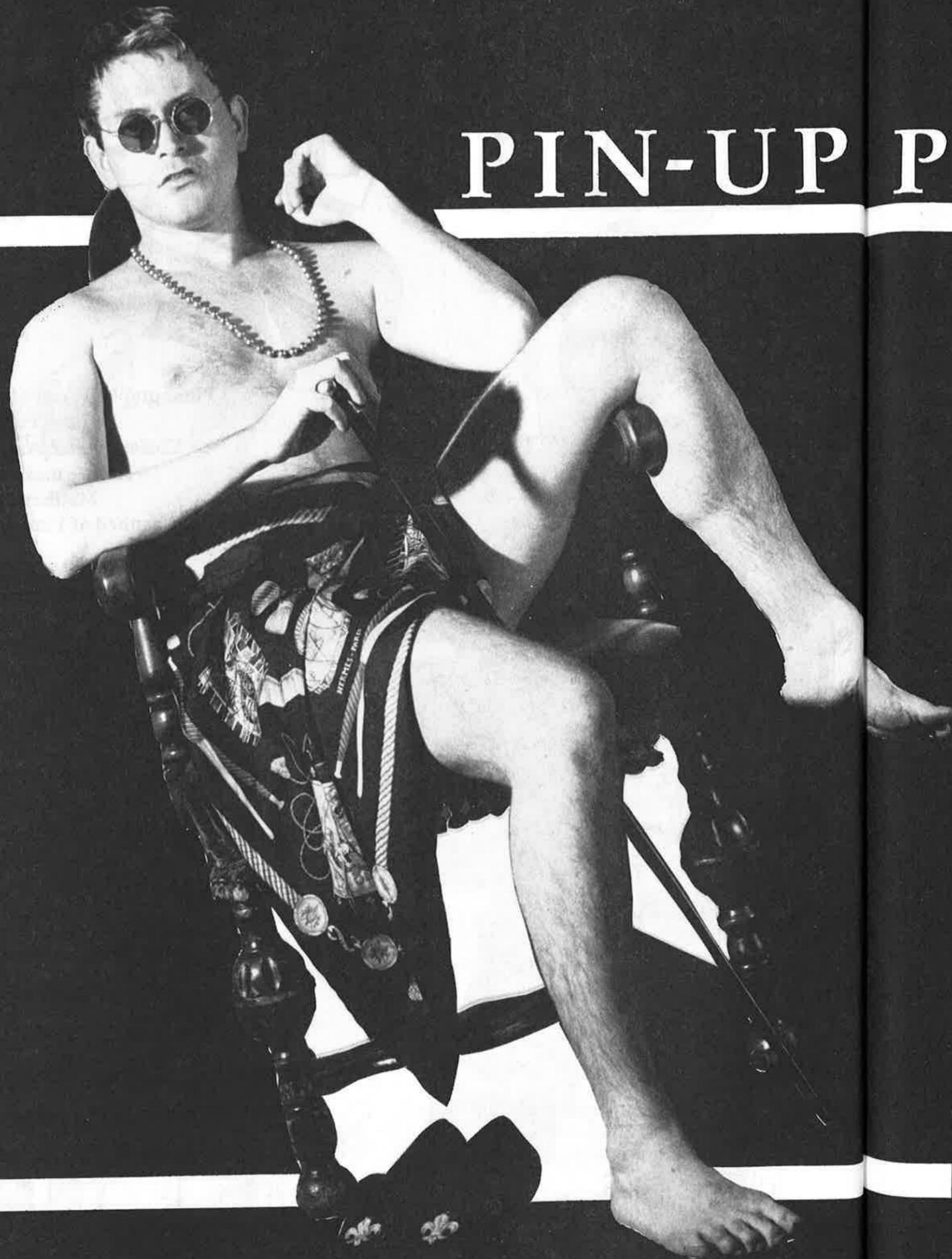
Photographer: Jean Marie
Fashion Editor:
Christopher Amazing
Hair & make-up:
Matthew Sky
Photographed at Limelight

MODELS:
David Dalrymple
Kathleen
Greg Menudo
Tina Love
Guya
Pepples
Sandra
Ahmeed

DESIGNERS:
David Dalrymple
Donald Simrick
Jason Bunin
Dedra Britt
Earnie Glam



PIN-UP PERSONALITY



Name: Montgomery Frazier
Occupation: Image / Fashion
Consultant
Age: Ageless (this means he
doesn't want to admit his age)
Height: 5'9"-
Sign: Aries
Measurements: 40 (in Gaultier
and Matsuda) 38 (in Perry
Ellis)
Favorite Color: White
People he most admires: Little
Lord Fontleroy, Zeus,
Cleopatra, Louis XIV,
Downtown Julie Brown.
Current Project: Organizing the
first group show of American
Designers in Paris

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHAN LUPINO



IRAQNOPHOBIA

BY: WILLIAM MORALES



GROOVY GROUND WAR GET-UPS AND SCUD DUDS MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE ON THE BATTLE LINES NEAR KUWAIT.

THE FRESHEST LOOKS ARE EMERGING
from the runways of

TOKYO

OK, so we'll have to give them credit for Godzilla movies, sushi bars, and clever real estate speculations, but did we ever stop to notice that those Far Eastern minds are far more creative than we ever dreamed? Some of the hottest, most innovative, and completely modern looks are being designed in Japan. On the following pages, Project X features the top names from the Tokyo shows so that you can have a glimpse of this full-force creativity. Of course, it's all forbidden fashion. Japanese designers are completely unmarketable in the USA due to the value difference between the dollar and the yen, so don't bother breaking the piggy bank!

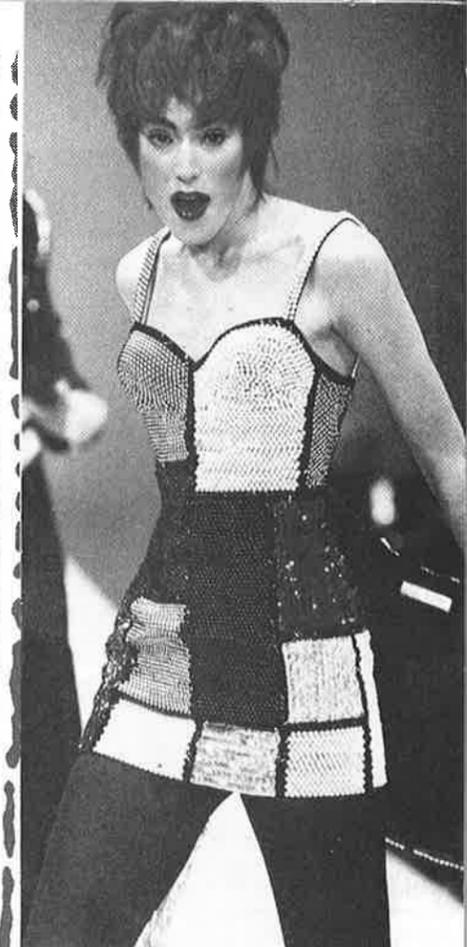
by Julie Jewels



Hironichi Nakano



Yukisaburo Watanabe

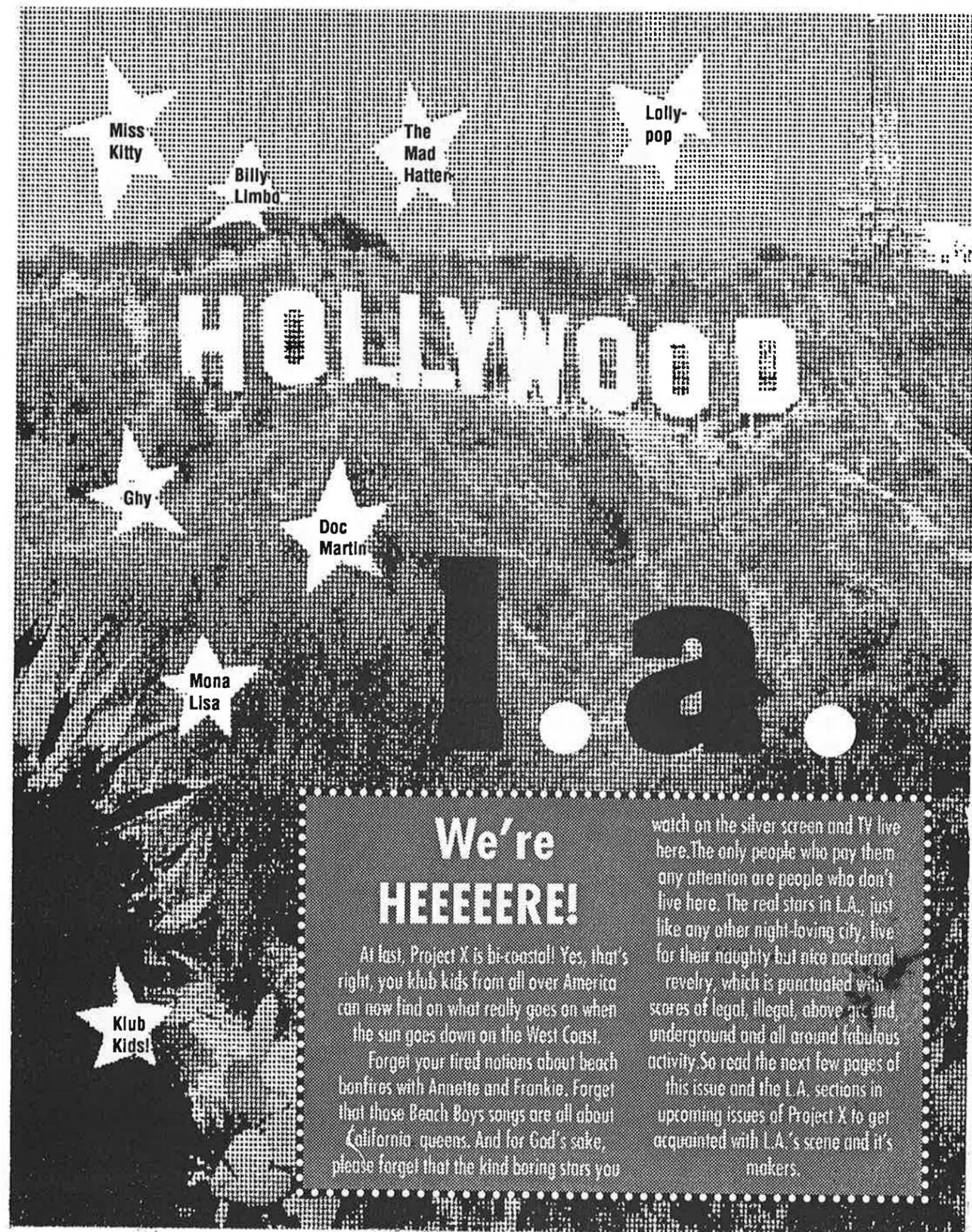


NEW OPEN: MAY '91



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DANCE FACTORY

SHIBUYA-CITY TOKYO JAPAN TEL: 03-3780-0639



**We're
HEEEERE!**

At last, Project X is bi-coastal! Yes, that's right, you klub kids from all over America can now find out what really goes on when the sun goes down on the West Coast.

Forget your tired notions about beach bonfires with Annette and Frankie. Forget that those Beach Boys songs are all about California queens. And for God's sake, please forget that the kind boring stars you

watch on the silver screen and TV live here. The only people who pay them any attention are people who don't live here. The real stars in L.A., just like any other night-loving city, live for their naughty but nice nocturnal revelry, which is punctuated with scores of legal, illegal, above ground and underground and all around fabulous activity. So read the next few pages of this issue and the L.A. sections in upcoming issues of Project X to get acquainted with L.A.'s scene and its makers.

BACK TO THE FUTURE: **nineteen seventy**

by ron koch

HOLLYWOOD — It's just after midnight Sunday. The working world is in bed and the stars are all out, shinning brightly. But they're wearing double-knit polyester, leisure suits, feathered hair, sideburns, sequinned bell bottoms and, yes, platforms.

Wait a minute, what year is this? It can't be 1991 — or any year in recent memory. All I can see as I peruse this snaking line of eager-to-get-in klub kids from an era gone by are fashions and attitudes that I thought died even before Andy Gibb.

Disco is supposed to be dead, right?

Well, then, that must be it's ghost that's been doing the hustle at promoter Billy Limbo's theme club centered around and named after the most decadent of decades.

And that John Travoltaesque spirit, along with a band of more than 400 faithfuls and hundreds of others who occasionally sit in — er, groove in — for a history lesson in the 1970s have been haunting 836 N. Highland (and everywhere else the club's been in L.A.) every Sunday night and Monday morning for three years.

There have even been reports of night owls spotting them on Haight and Ashbury up in San Francisco. Wonder if that has anything to do with

Freddie Fast Hands lived the first '70s



Belissa Bell Bottom, 16

the fact that Billy brings his disco ball and soon-to-be antique records up there on Thursday nights for a S.F. production of 1970?

Oh well, back to the L.A.'s 1970. As I approached the entrance of the club, I spotted the dazzling Disco Queen Doorwoman of 1970, Anita, who was having a hard time deciding who in the line deserved to be compe. They all seemed to be dressed for the occasion to me.

But not to Anita, who, after grooming the crowd with her fine-toothed, back-pocket, handle comb, spotted the perfect Disco Dolly and decided to make an example of her — an example for the rest of us to follow. She had found a diamond in the rough, or rather a fake and glitzy gem so fabulously tacky she had to usher her right in. And so she did.

Then it was my turn to talk with Anita . . .

rk: Anita, right?

a: That's right, darling. Who told you?

rk: Billy Limbo. I'm here to take some photos tonight and do some interviews. I'm from Project X.

a: Who's project?

rk: Nevermind. You'll just live and die for us in a few weeks, when we're being

distributed all over L.A., making and breaking club celebrities, moving and shaking the West Coast with the latest gossip and nightlife news from all around the world. That's all. (I didn't really say it quite like that).

a: Well, then, come right in, darling. Billy's upstairs, in the DJ booth.

So after *Project X's* cameo appearance at the door, and after being nearly abused by the ferriouciouly frisky security guards (during the week the club space is host to big hair rock 'n' rollers who must predictably carry guns and knives?), I made my way down a long mirrored hallway and up a flight of stairs onto the mid-level of this wonderful multi-level space.

At first glance, in the main lobby, everything seemed normal — a bar, dark and cozy lighting, lots of trendies, a few drugged-out club-goers sitting with their backs to the walls.

Then a flurry of shrieking klub kids jetted accross the room, apparently to the dance floor, as some eerily familiar sound was beginning. The song: "Come On, Get Happy" (The Partridge Family theme song . . . remember?).

Then I knew this was no ordinary club. The energy that radiates within

Disco Dollie Dionne, 19



Jon and Jeorge dress for 1970s success

1970 is every bit as '70s as the '70s were. themselves. That's because the people there, for the most part, are so young they're discovering the '70s for the first time at 1970.

And everyone who remembers the '70s knows there's never been better music to dance to than disco, nor funner clothes to go out in than a '70s ensemble.

The '70s were the height of nightclubs and nasty, raunchy lifestyles marked by over-indulgence in drugs and alcohol, all in the name of good, honest fun. Those really were the days, weren't they?

Well, whether you think so or not, there seem to be plenty of budding youth — the nightclub leaders of tomorrow, I might add — who sure do.

Just listen to what some of them have to say . . .

Dionne, 19, a model from Hollywood: "Other clubs are just places with a lot of acid-washed college kids who have no idea what the word decadence means. There's no other place I can even stand." Asked what she thought about the possibility of an '80s-retro club, she torted: "The '80s can suck my unborn cock."

Mona Lisa, 22, an art student from L.A. who's called, affectionately, a "little freak on stage" for her famed solo dancing: "I like polyester. It really sticks to 'ya. It hugs your body

and it never wrinkles." She also is falling in love with the '70s because it was a more friendly time than today: "It was beautiful and fun for everyone. It's that whole idea relived. It doesn't matter wheter you're a lawyer or a bum on the street, everyone loves you at 1970."

Mona had to excuse herself quickly when one of her favorite songs — "I Will Survive" — started playing.

After talking with these disco dollies and their drones I decided it was time to meet Billy, the mind behind this revival. But before I went up to see him, I took a mini-tour of the club and found a TV at a bar downstairs that was showing one of my favorite episodes of "The Brady Bunch."

I just had to watch it — it was the one when Bobby used a whole box of detergent to wash his clothes and turned the Brady's basement into a suds pool. Come to think of it, TV was even more fun then, too — "I Dream of Jeanie," "Gilligan's Island," "Batman."

Anyway, it was getting later in the evening, or earlier in the morning, and I had to get up to see Billy before he started playing, "It's the last dance, the last chance, for romance, toonight."

In the DJ booth, overlooking a 60-square-foot dance floor, filled with writhing bodies and lined with overoccupied go-go dancing boxes, Billy Limbo spins around and around.

No, Billy doesn't have to DJ. He's the promoter, the father of the club, the one who creates the ads and plans the entertainment — like a recent K.C. and the Sunshine Band concert and '70s fashion shows. It's just that he really wants to DJ.



Groups of go-go dancing 70ites jam the show boxes at 1970 every Sunday night

In fact, when his second-hand man in the booth, Steve Lawrence, has to leave for just a minute and puts his light board on manual, Billy — enjoying the opportunity for more control — runs back and forth, between spinning vynil and lighting the disco ball, on a sort of high comparable only to kid who wants to play with two new toys at the very same time.

Decisions, decisions.

It's with that energy that he choses every single song he plays. And does he have a collection. From dance music to the rock 'n' roll of the decade, from Abba to Zep, he's got the '70s covered for everyone who enters his club.

While he got off from the crowd reacting to what he was doing up above (shrieks, screams, dancing trains) he explained that 1970 started as a joke.

"I never meant for it to turn into this," he says, pointing down to the floor, jammed to its capacity while at least 100 klub kids wait outside, hoping people inside leave and give them a chance for their turn.

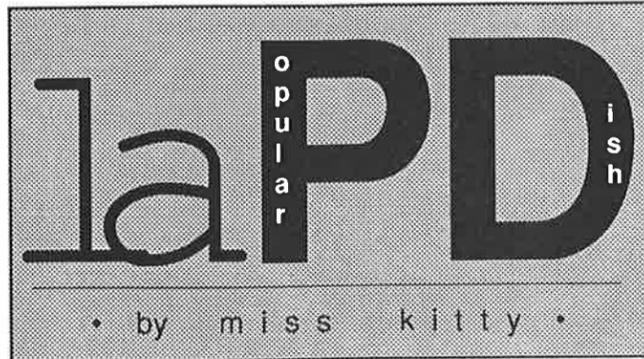
Fat chance. Whoever was inside by midnight that night, stayed inside, so whoever was outside, stayed outside.

"I just decided to get together my old records and do this party based on a '70s theme," he explains. "A lot of these records were ones I had been collecting since I was a teenager, just records I had that I didn't even play. But it turned out that they made everyone dance the most. Now they are my 'record collection.'"

So if 1970 started out as just a joke, a one-time party to give a few good laughs, it's safe to say that it's joke that everyone got. And it appears that the two-city cult club is a joke that no one's getting sick of.

Outlaws Run Into L.A. Law

Hello from La La Land. Let me inform you that LAPD stands for LA Popular Dish, not LA Police Department. But I decided to dedicate this article to all those men in blue, or, as I like to affectionately call them, **Donut Dans**.



around helper of the scene, saved the day by caravanning carloads of klub kids back and forth to the location.

Willy Wonka II was well-hidden behind an abandon building on Santa Fe Street downtown.

I feel a special bond to Dan since he detained and question and questioned me for an hour on Friday, Feb. 15 at the **Mad Hatter's** B-Day Bust-up. As I was leaving the police recognized me as **Miss Kitty**, the owner of Miss Kitty's Koncessions, the local cigarette and kandy boy-girl business. Dan told



Lolly Pop, Sean Perry, friend and Miss Kitty at Paw Paw Patch

myself and **Ghy**, my boy koncessionaire, to have a seat. My interrogation went something like this:

DD: *What's your name, address, social security number, birthday and basic bullshit.*

MK: *Lies, lies, lies*

DD: *How would you describe you're clothing?*

MK: **ON FIRE!** An **ON FIRE ENSEMBLE!**

DD: (very confused)

Er, um, okay. Whatever you say, lady.

Well, so we can forget Friday. Go directly to Saturday, Feb. 16, which promised to be a big day for all us die-hard underground klub kids.

We had been waiting a whole year for the return of **Willy Wonka**.

We were promised it would be even better than last year's Wonka. We disco hostages had our doubts when we learned the map point had been visited by Donut Dan at 11 p.m., when he closed operations. But **Mr. Clean**, an all



Paw Paws take the fun outside when DD visits

The only way to reach one of the rooms was through a hole the boys punched into the wall, and then down a slide, umpalumpa style. Myself and the disco hostages were in an **Xstatic** mood until **Daisy Boy** (**Xcellent** klub kid) informed us that we had undercover DD's in our midst. Imagine that: 40-year-old geezers, trying to act nonchalant about their note-taking while trying even harder (and failing miserably) to look like klub kids. What was our first clue?

Well, we weren't going to let 'em off so easy.

So klub kid **Glitter** and I made little **Gary Gizmo**, a photographer of the scene, take a picture of us with the undercover DD's. But

before they knew what hit them **Brad Baker**, our video man, got them on film. At this time, our shaken-up men in undercover blue decided to leave this stupendous event.

But the Wonka boys would not let them out of the building . . . Oh well . . . Guess they had to wait until 6 a.m., when Wonka closed, before they the could hit the local Winchell's, the L.A. Donut Dan hangout-station).

Well, that's all for now klub kids. 'Till next time, steer clear of the law.

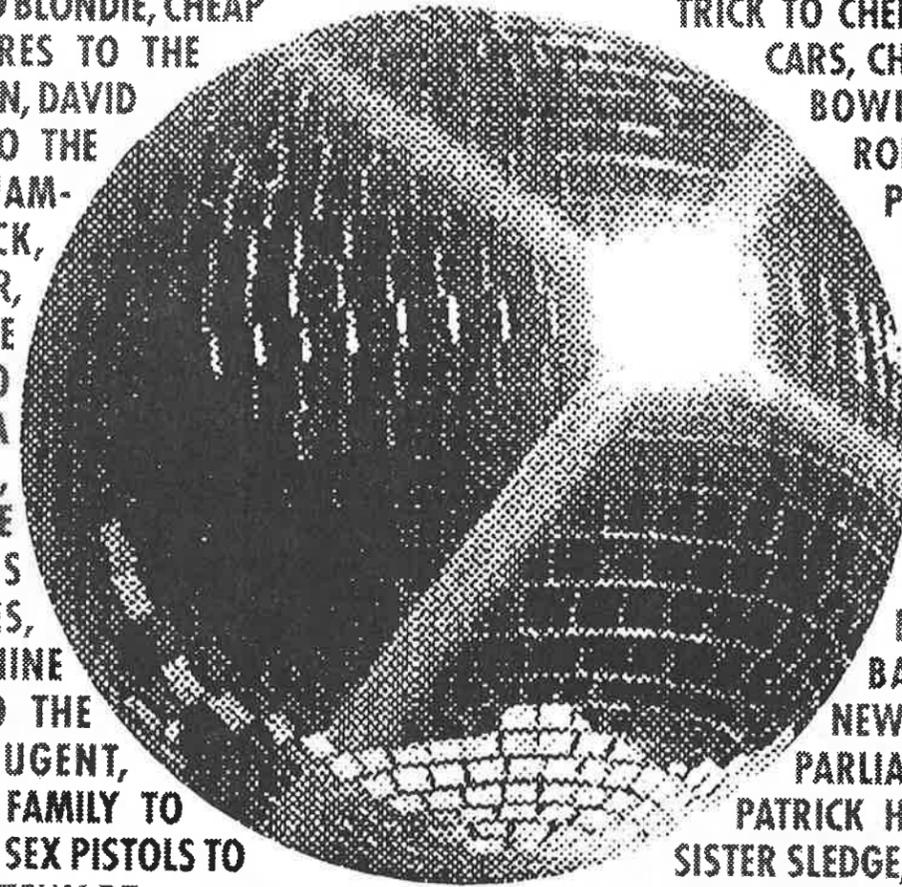


Alex models his lame at the Paw Paw Patch, the Mad Hatter's spectacle

SHUT UP & DANCE!

ABBA TO AEROSMITH, THE BEE GEES TO THE BAY CITY ROLLERS TO BAD COMPANY TO BONEY M TO BLONDIE, CHEAP COMMADORES TO THE LED ZEPPELIN, DAVID SUMMER TO THE EVELYN CHAM- THE KNACK, EDWIN STAR, FOXY TO THE ARDS TO GLORIA NICKGILDER, TO THE JAMES RICK JAMES, THE SUNSHINE NUMAN TO THE TO TED NUGENT, PARTRIDGE FAMILY TO PRINCE, THE SEX PISTOLS TO TO ROD STEWART, RUFUS TO LOU REED T.REX TO THE HALEN TO VOYAGE TO TO VAN MC COY & TO STEVIE WONDER TO

TRICK TO CHER TO CHIC, THE CARS, CHERYLE LYNN TO BOWIE TO DONNA ROLLING STONES, PAGNE KING TO THE EAGLES TO FORIEGNER TO FLYING LIZ- FUNKADELIC, GAYNOR TO ELTON JOHN JACKSONS TO BROWN TO KISS TO K.C. & BAND, GARY NEW YORK DOLLS PARLIAMENT TO THE PATRICK HERNANDEZ TO SISTER SLEDGE, AMI STEWART ROXY MUSIC TO TO THE RAMONES, TRAMMPS, VAN THE VILLAGE PEOPLE BARRY WHITETOWAR LEDZEPPELIN!...1970!



★ THE DANCE CLUB OF THE DECADE ★

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836 N. HIGHLAND AVE ★ HOLLYWOOD ★ 18 & UP ★ 9PM TO 3AM
THURSDAYS IN S.F.
1748 HAIGHT ST ★ HAIGHT - ASHBURY ★ 21 & UP ★ 9PM TO 2AM



Trendies look fab at 1970

Ghy at work?

I. a. album

photos by
RON KOCH



Glam-rocker James at 1970



Daven and Sarah at Purity



Lolipop, friend at Paw Paw

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i let's **Go!**

by ron koch

Calling it another huge, trendy, theater-turned-upscale-downtown club doesn't tell the whole story.

When you walk through the entrance of the ornate Mayan you feel like you've just opened the vault door to a Pre-Columbian, Meso-American tomb.

Inside the two-year-old night-

And with its raunchy but rich history — Marilyn Monroe stripped there in 1948 and Z-rate flicks like "Lust Flight 2000" starring Samantha Fox have been projected on its once-sleezy silver screen — a spirit that's fitting for a club emanates inside the Mayan.

Chao didn't try to forget the less savory aspects of the Mayan's history, either.

Inside the flights of fantasy is a maze of jeweled corridors, catwalks and ramps; cozy couch rooms perfect for ec-

Re Disco-covering THE MAYAN

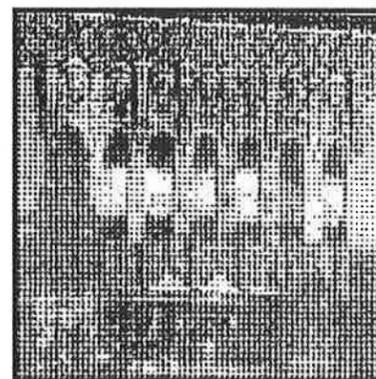
club, at 1038 S. Hill, you do what you do at most clubs in L.A.: see, be seen, dance, drink, indulge, drop names. But you also discover the ruins of a lost society, the Mayan civilization, those ancient people of Mexico who mysteriously vanished.

Is owner Sammy Chao telling us something about our destiny?

I think so.

But regardless of his reasons for revamping the historic Mayan theater — a vaudeville stage in the '20s, then a movie theater, followed by porn palace — Chao has created a nightclub experience that's literally like no other.

The Entrance of The Mayan



stasy trips; dramatically lit 30-foot Aztec totem statues, etc.

Then there's the porno posters. Chao found them in the theater and dredged them up for hanging around his alleyway entrance.

He even kept intact the performance art rooms (translation: places to watch live sex acts) that are viewed through spider web screens.

Chao hired promoters Sue Choi and Raymond Lee, veterans of the L.A. scene machine, to keep the club cool. They're doing the job.

Although the Mayan's main crowd is oriental — like it's darling doorwoman, Beverly, it's promoters and its owner — on some nights it's tre eclectic. When Dee Lite was in L.A. last summer, they played at the Mayan, an event that attracted a big cross section of the world clique.

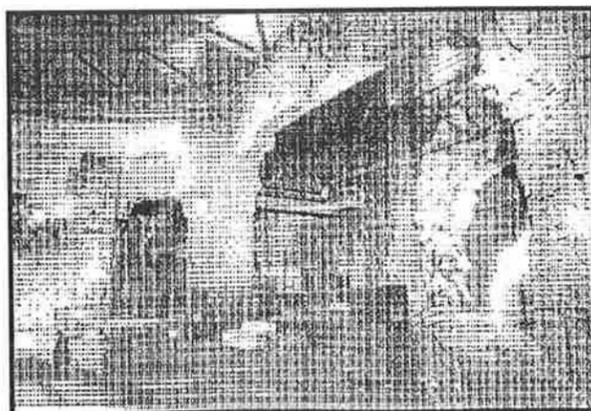
On Valentine's Day, the Mayan



Go! Go! DANCE, JASMINE!

celebrated its one-year anniversary with a V-Day/B-Day party that attracted models, drag queens who acted like models and trendies.

An on-fire fashion show — featuring styles from 1969 — was the main draw as the Mayan go-go dancers jumped through a giant satin heart onto a bouncing, inflatable runway that made them look like

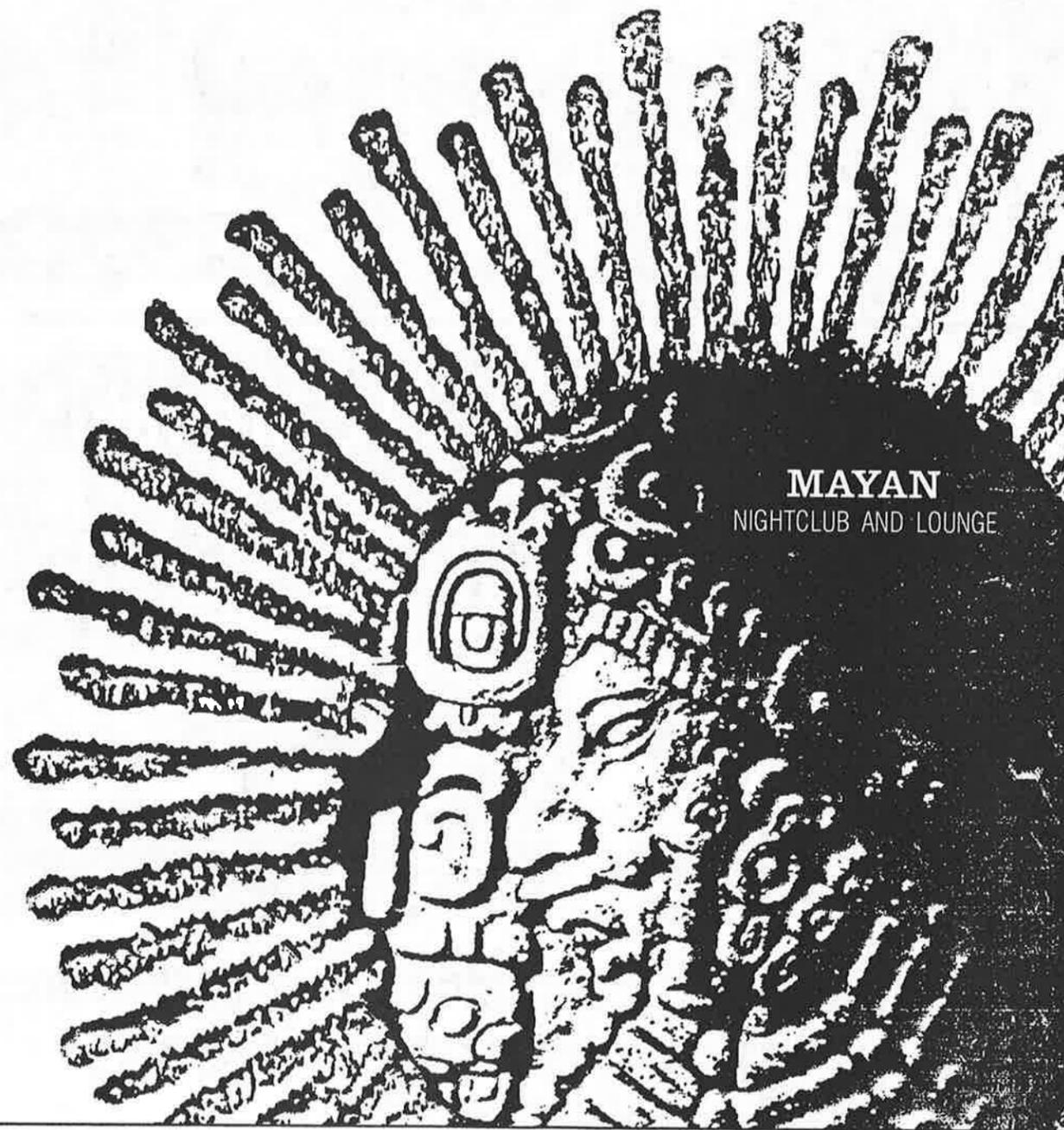


The Mayan's Dance-Floor and Loungee

they were moon walking.

Very few clubs put up the money to do events like this in L.A., but the Mayan always puts a lot — a lot more than just money — into its events. And into its very essence.

1038 S.
HILL ST.
DOWN
TOWN
213 /
746 -
4674



t h e
L U V
- I N -
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in MARCH
PAW PAW PATCH #4
PAW PAW PATCH #4
UNDER the
PAW PAW PATCH
DAVEN
the mad hatter
map: 213/960-4303



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MODEL: DINA HAIR/MAKE-UP: LOIS BRODERICK EARRINGS: CAROLE DANER DRESS: ALFREDO VILORA PHOTO: STUART GROSS

Dina Was Having a Spectacular Evening...

But Had Too Many Cocktails And Lost Her Head!

CHARLES GARONE
graphics: 212 • 532 • 8089

CHICAGO

by : John Boy

It was tough luck for Steve Eddleson and his latest offering to Chicago's scene. Tough Club was to be the hottest club around with Harleys in the hallway, chain link stair railings, piranha fish tanks all within a maze of rooms and dance floors. Unfortunately for Steve it wasn't enough for the city's liquor commissioner who Steve has been pestering for a while with his other club The Bridge in a dispute over the outdoor portion of that club. Tough Club's opening was pretty good. They had to give drinks away all night, as they had no liquor license. Weeks passed, temper tantrums were thrown but still no license was issued. Steve was forced to sell out. The new management tried using the former owner's license but this trick didn't work either. They finally threw in the towel and now Steve might have trouble opening any new drinking and dancing establishments in town. Rumor has Steve headed for L>A> any day now and not feeling so tough.

Michael Morton, along with head promo dude Wade Hampton, hosted two nights of introductory festivities in their new bar/restaurant/dance club Voodoo Beef Bar housed within an old meat locker/packing house. Downstairs is quiet and relaxed, while upstairs is loud and frantic. Great work in a unique space.

No one has been fooled by the new name or the slightly altered facade of The Phoenix when it became Paradome. The Bridge's former general manager in town but by all indications, Paradome is Para-doom.

Cairo has added a third floor and a half at the top of their building call the Pyramid Room. It's huge room with at least 30 foot ceilings and 15 foot windows overlooking the city. While

it's mainly just a large dance floor it has a lofted balcony VIP room where one can oversee the masses below. The opening party was outrageous fun.

It's been a long time since I've been out that late or early depending on how you want to look at it. But at the stroke of 3am, Shelter's promo god Michael Blatter and Project X's Michael Alig opened the back fire escape door of ABT Dance Studio to throngs of partying fools. A host of local club deejays and NYC's Keoki spun and stunned on a deafening sound system put together by head Shelter techie, Noel. The dancefloor was actually bowing to the beat the crowd and dancing got so out of control. I left at 6am and it was still going on so I don't know how long the party went on.

House music DJ and performer Joe Smooth has opened his own dance floor called Warehouse. (named after the first Warehouse from years back) It is located in the same district that houses Shelter, Industry and Mars Gallery. I understand it to be a nice space although since I wasn't invited, or even given a membership card, I couldn't say firsthand...

Shelter owner Jerry Kleiner has more things in the works including his own Kleiner Gallery which will showcase aesthetic but affordable furniture adjacent to Shelter. He's also planning a new late night cafe restaurant in the area as well.

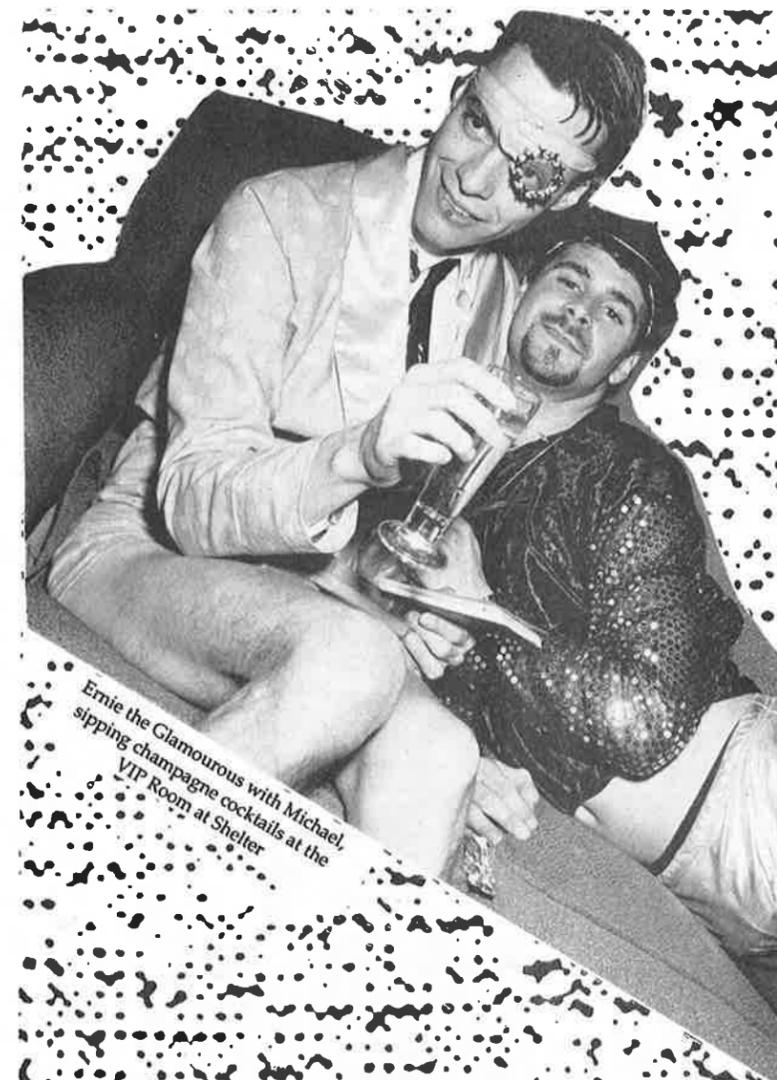
It's quite a team up. The heads of two small cool couture empires have decided to pool their talents in one big project. The name of the place is Ka-Boom! and is the brainchild of Cal Fortis (NEO, Oo-La-La, Angelina), Nunzio Fresta (Orbit Room, Oo-La-La, Angelina) and Ken Smith (Exit, Outtakes, Esoteria). The space is located at Halsted and Chicago Avenue slated for an April or May opening. Based on these three's backgrounds, it should be a great place. Rumor has it, and rumor is rarely wrong, that the people behind China Club in NYC and LA are prowling around the Windy City looking for a space to set up shop. Places under



John Boy, the wonder boy, flying high at Shelter



Krystal B Dazzled and Michael at the Blue Room



Ernie the Glamorous with Michael, sipping champagne cocktails at the VIP Room at Shelter



Outlaw Boogie



John Boy and Shelter's doorman, Chris.



Keoki, Julie Jewels and Michael Alig at Voodoo Beef Bar.

consideration include the vacant Billy Lee's (a block from Shelter) and Park West which has only been a concert venue and not a night club spot as of late.

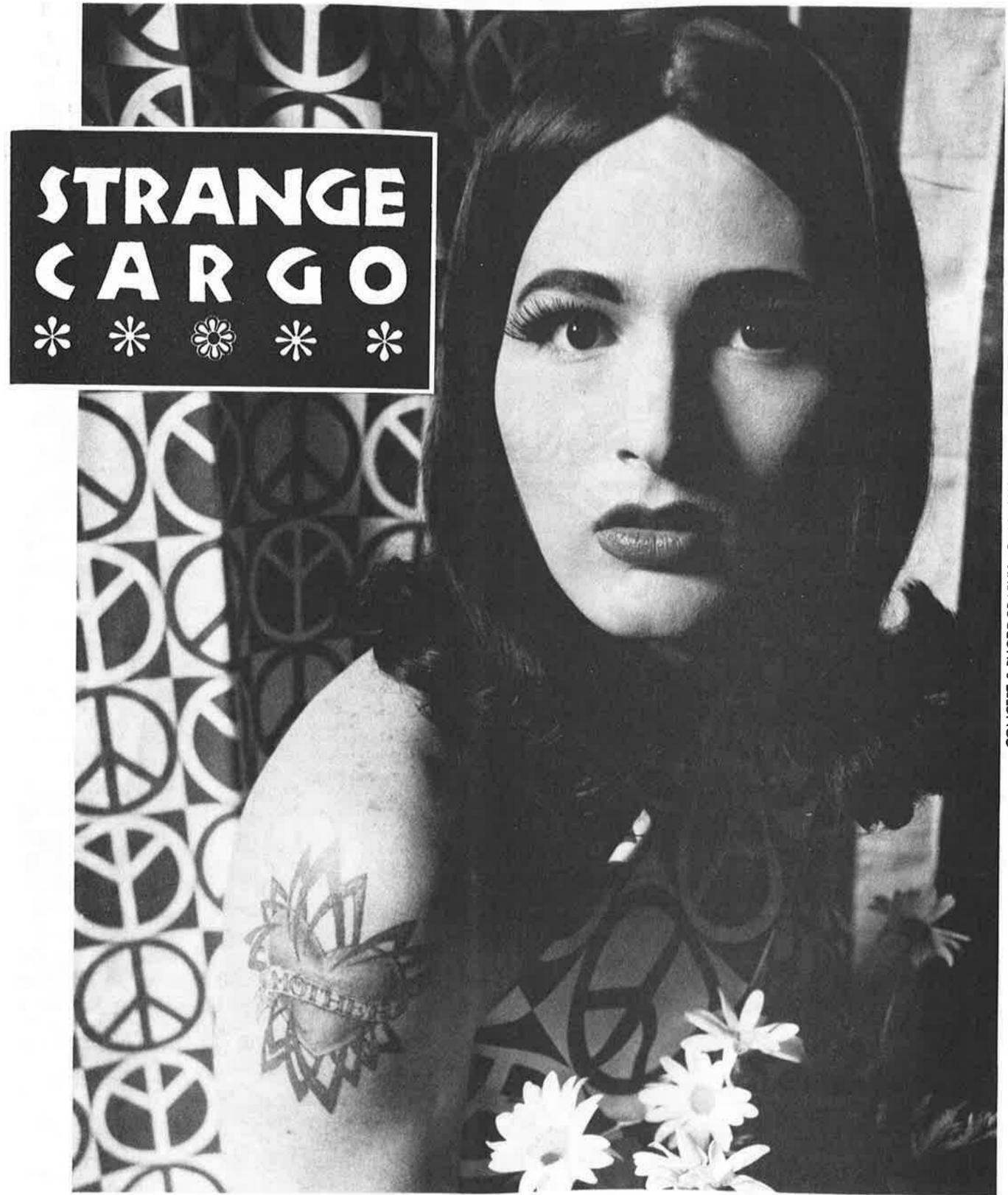
It's been at least three years since Limelight has closed and Peter Gatien has not been in town ever since. While rumors of a new Gatien space routinely circulate, some citing a club on a river ship or barge or at a dock space along the river, fiction may well be fact in the near future. While "The Barge" idea is still out there, new information has Gatien taking over the old Blackstone Theater and turning it into a club complete with it's Disco 2000. Time always tells the truth but we'll keep our ears open in the meantime.

John Boy is trying to get into the bus business. No, not working as a Greyhound busdriver. He's trying to buy a bus to travel around the midwest in search of summer fun. He's currently looking to Shelter and others for sponsorship of his "Happy Bus", for a late Spring launch date.

Everyone else has a top ten list for 1990 so why not us? Here's our official list of the hottest, slam bang excruciatingly fun happenings for 1990 right here in the Windy City.

- #1. Shelter's Opening Party.
- #2. Museum of Contemporary Art/ Neon Magazine Party.
- #3. First Project X party.
- #4. Halsted St. Market Days.
- #5. Shelter Skate Ramp Party.
- #6. Voguers' Ball.
- #7. Outlaw Party '90.
- #8. Cairo's Steamy Sunday's 2nd Anniversary Party.
- #9. Opening of Shelter's Paramount Room.
- #10. Museum of Contemporary Art Block Party.

Photos by Phil in Phlash



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Gigi is waiting for her wheelchair in her intoxicating can-can ensemble from Flashy Trash.



Love is in the air and time for tea, too for

Ron and James in Delirious Deluxe wear

12) My favorite part of the magazine is _____

13) I think you should cover more of _____

14) I think you should cover less of _____

15) You are perfect just the way you are. Yes___ No___

16) My favorite magazines are _____

17) I am a...

a) smoker

b) non-smoker

18) If #17 = a, then, my favorite brand of cigarettes is _____

19) My favorite nightclub is _____

20) My favorite restaurant is _____

21) My favorite fashion designer is _____

22) My favorite stores are _____

23) My favorite drink is _____

24) When I order a drink, I order...

a) vodka

d) scotch

b) gin

e) beer/wine

c) whiskey

f) other _____

25) My favorite brand is _____

26) My monthly budget is...

for restaurants _____

for nightclubs _____

for appearance, (clothes, hair beauty) _____

27) I have sex once...

a) a day

b) a week

c) a month

d) in a while

28) I practice safe sex.

a) true

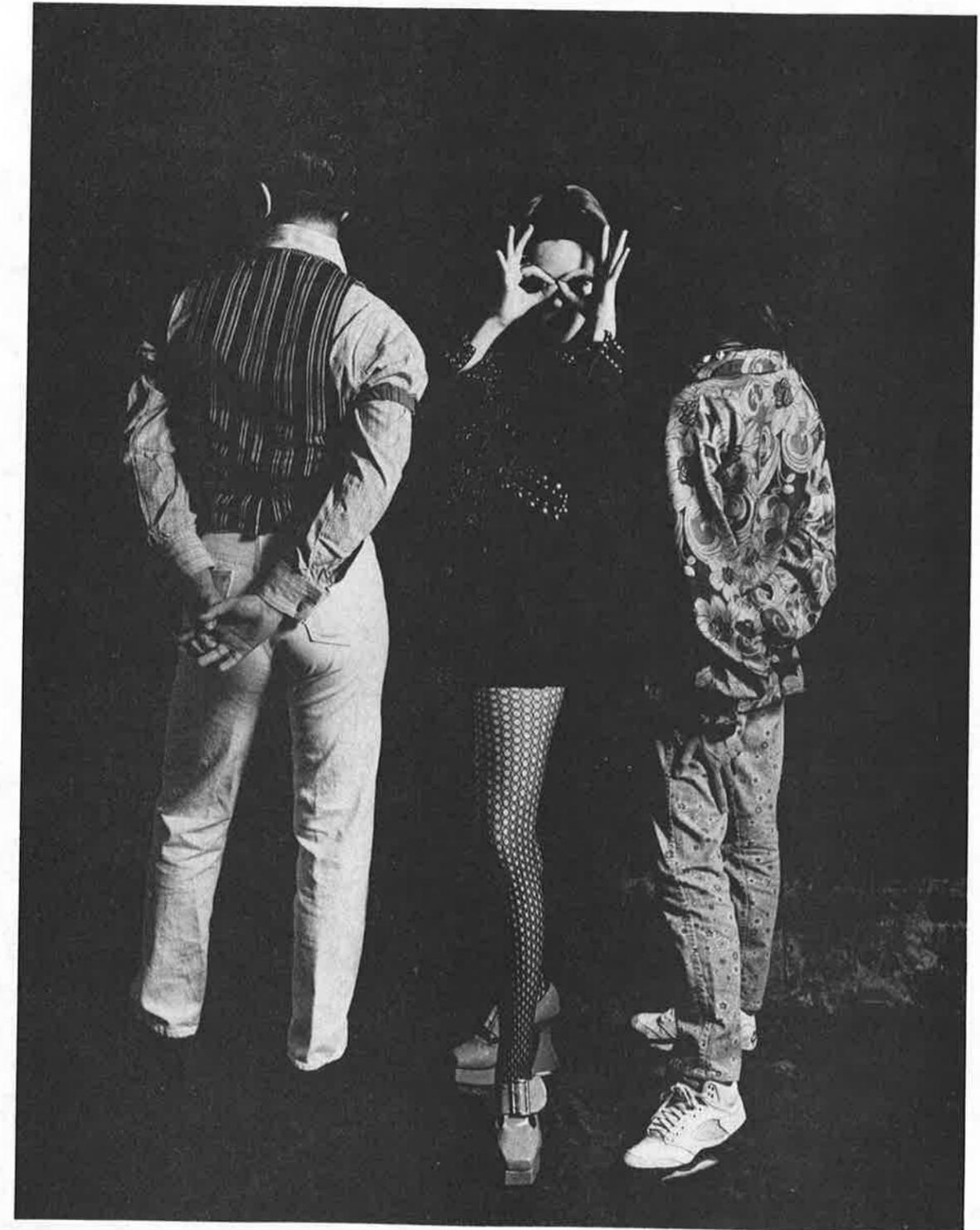
b) false

Fill in below if you wish to be contacted about your ideas for Project X.

Name _____

Telephone # _____

HIDDEN IDENTITIES II



by **MARCUS LEATHERDALE 1991**



MONGERS

ABOUT TOWN...
BELIEVE IT OR DON'T!



DOUBLE TROUBLE
Trouble for the big eared, bleached-blonde French designer Jean Paul Gaultier that is!! He's been caught stealing ideas from NY's nightlife scene yet again. It started off with his knock-offs of our underwear-as-outerwear and pointed busters and it didn't stop there! His latest thieving accomplishment...The Twins. Known to our scene better as the It Twins, they have graced the clubs for a few years now and as soon as Monsieur G. spotted them at Roxy, there was no stopping him! His "new" idea can be seen in his ads.

MONGERS WEEKLY MENU
Monday: Tatou, The Last Supper Parties (Starting in April)
Tuesday: Jackie 60, Soul Kitchen, roller skating at Roxy
Wednesday: Disco 2000, Laura Belle, Parallel, Rex
Thursday: More, Roxy, Metro, Danceteria, Limelight
Friday: More, Limelight, ABC, Parallel, Wonderama, Save the Robots
Saturday: Roxy, Big City Diner, Danceteria, Building, Shampoo, Sound Factory
Sunday: Building, Rock-n-Roll Church



THE MOUTH THAT ROARED
The Project X Attention-Shiftter Award goes to RuPaul Charles. Not only did this nightlife fixture manage to turn every topic of discussion on the 9 Broadcast Plaza talk show to herself and "my new record", but she even turned the entire audience against her, gathering a loud chorus of boos and hisses at one point. Obviously, the crowd hated RuPaul's New Age, pseudo-Oprah, "Everybody-Say-Love mumbo-jumbo. They recognized the loud-mouthed, hot winded, wannabe talk show hostess when they saw one! Her valuable lesson was to dress loudly, to carry a small shtick, and that silence is golden.

HOMELESS MAN DERIVED OF SLEEP
A dirty, foul-smelling wino was rudely awakened by 2,000 rambunctious partiers on March 7 at the 1st Ave & 14th St. subway station. The noisy crowd had gathered to hear the infamous Jessica Hahn give a special midnight lecture on golddigging. The public response was so great that there was a standing-room only at the screwdriver affair. A wretch was thrown into the finely tuned event by the disturbed wino, who called the cops to complain about the noise, causing 8th Ave bound train to become the "Elle" line filled with the most fashionable of downtowners who climbed aboard to make a quick get-away.

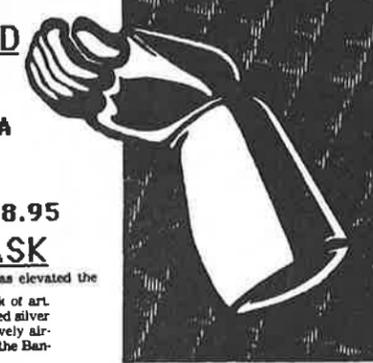
IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, GET OFF CENTER STAGE
To the older, club-has-been crowd's dismay, their prima donna, Suzanne Bartsch, won't be having her scheduled Friday night Copa reruns at Parallel. Libations, the name of the now-nixed night, was to feature exotic cocktails like Travesti (a shot of tequila mixed with champagne), the Long Time No See (a shot of vodka with a splash of wrinkle cream and a twist of designer label), and the Good Old Days (iced tea with a snap of attitude, served in a Bentley's glass). The sudden cancellation was due to Suzanne's discovery that Parallel intended to hire other well-known club promoters to take other nights. This angered the Swiss Miss because she always insists that any club she works at only have horrible bridge-and tunnel crowd other nights, so that her parties seem great in comparison. The thought of actual competition and comparison with other promoter's events so frightened her, she swallowed hard on Libations and quit!

HOTTEST SPOT IN TOWN?
You may not believe this, but the place in Vogue to pose at these days is Spike. The ultra seedy, West Side Highway leather bar has been the regular stop of the likes of Madonna, Jean Paul Gaultier, Claude Montana, Thierry Mugler, and a new comer Philip Ambert. Believe it or don't, the real bar stars share their cocktails with the slick body boys of the West side. Best time, around 1:00 a.m.

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 Fifth Column

♠ **Exposed Identities:** In this issue, Marcus Letherdale premieres his Hidden Identities II. From downtown to superstardom - it's Dee Lite featuring Lady Miss Kier, DJ Dimitri, and DJ Towa

Corrections:
 We hate to admit that we make mistakes, but here goes: Last issue's cover was photographed by Steven Wolter. Chicago club section was photographed by Jorge Garcia. We also apologize to The Grolier Club...we didn't mean to insult your club owner by saying that he stays out till 5:00a.m., He really stay out till 7:00a.m. and we consider him to be very very cool! And last, Pucci fashion spread : make-up and hair was styled by Don Francis. We extend our apologies and drink tickets!

Project X is a bimonthly magazine that is published and edited by the self-proclaimed highest social-setters in town. And if you are really cool, then your picture should appear on its pages. Subscription rate is \$8.95 per year (6 issues). We welcome your contributions and responses. So please feel free to bother us at 47 West 20th Street, NYC NY 10011 Telephone (212) 807-7850 Ext 31

GIRL • LOVES • BOY • LXIII

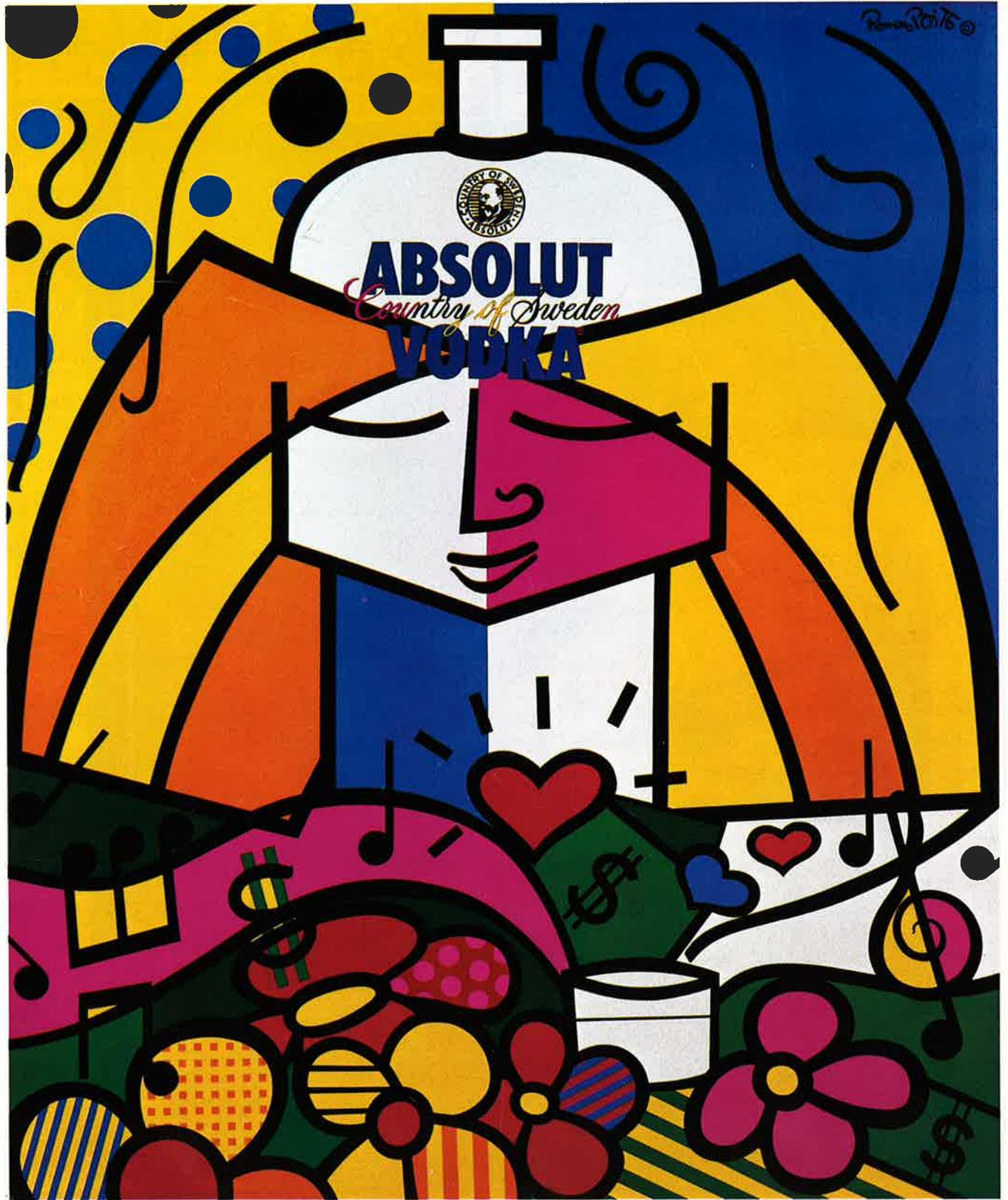
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