

issue no. 2

AUGUST
1988
25¢

Project

latest club news

NEW MUSIC SEMINAR

TRAVEL: ATLANTIC CITY

INTERESTING STORIES

PROBLEM PRINCESS

AND MUCH MUCH MORE INSIDE

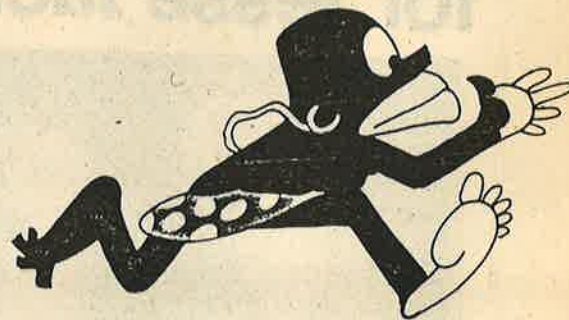
**fans cheering
for Jesse Jackson !**



**serious
fashion**



TÜNNEL



KINDER

letter from the editor

Dearest Readers:

This fabulous fast-growing magazine would like to thank you for all your contributions and we urge you all to write. Of course keep in mind that you can write only if you're going to tell us how great we are. Otherwise please don't bother. We are very vain, conceited, self-appraising and arrogant. So please be kind.

Sincerely and with lots of love,

Julie Jewels
Julie Jewels and Project X Staff

Staff:

Publisher.....	Rudolf (He is going to be overthrown by the staff very soon.)
Editor-n-Chief.....	Julie Jewels
Associate Editor.....	Michael Alig
Important Editor who will try to correct our spelling errors.....	Frank Roccio
Travel Editors.....	Fashion Patrol
Fashion Editor.....	Mykul Tronn
Photographerers.....	Lex
	John Simone
Drinking Section.....	Various Bartenders
Special Contributor.....	Olympia
Fiction Stories.....	F. Rothbell-Mista
Music Editors.....	Keoki
	Money penny
Special Thanks.....	Jimmy Lee
	Gregory Hines
	Manhattan Max
	and my good friend Jesse Jackson

MR. SUPERFAB

X

MADAM SCHLOCK

by Rudolf



His real name nobody knows. But for the glamour magazines of the world he is Mr. Superfab, the most sophisticated man alive! His trendiness is the stuff of the legends: everything he does or wears or drinks or enjoys is totally, totally fabulous! He throws the best, best parties, visited by the most "in" celebrities. Oh, he's sooooo fab!

On the other side is Madam Schlock, the corniest and kitschiest woman on earth. Social columnists become speechless when she arrives...at Stringfellow's, wearing a fake Oleg Cassini dress and the most ordinary perfume of all the women there! All the guidos from West Hampton love her wet T-shirt parties! Fredericks is her personal fashion counselor and she thinks soap operas are a cultural experience.



Mr. Superfab and Madam Schlock are waging a war of universal scope. A battle symbolizing the eternal struggle between good and evil. An epic of homeric proportions! What could be more important to the future of mankind than the outcome of the Kampf between good taste and bad?

It all started when she dared to send him.... a heart-shaped candy box! He was appalled at this aesthetic insult and instructed his butler to deliver, in a carriage, a baccharat-full of beluga caviar at her address in New Jersey. She reviled by having her decorator fill the salon of his next party with pink flamingoes. Furious, he sent her a whole collection of Julian Schnabel paintings. She was horrified at the sight of it and decided to get tough: She kidnapped him and made him ride on a bus! After he overcame his two week depression, he lured her into a meeting with William Buckley....She puked, then she stole Mr. Superfab's secret recipe of his gourmet-applauded salmon mousse and sold it.....to Burger King! And so on....

We know that the destiny of our civilization depends on the final victor of this brutal conflict. We know the odds..... but frankly we still have not decided on whose side we should be! We hate Fab's waspiness and we dislike Madam's accent. On the other hand, we adore his luxurious fetes and appreciate that Madam Schlock's maid is a drag-queen.

If they stage a TV debate, he won't stand a chance! If they settle their differences on a fashion show runway, she's history...

Maybe the only suitable outcome of this conflict is that they fall madly in love..... neither one of them knows he's a closet case!

On whose side are you?



Michael Alig's **Club Rub**

I've always said you can't tell a person by the company he/she keeps, but by what they keep in their purse. My spies at The World informed me that Nina Hagen had a tube of Colgate toothpaste, a big black magic marker, some magazines and a sticker with the sun on it!. What this means is that you should never put your purse in the coatcheck.

Three more clus opened to add to the list of one nighters- Keoki's sinful sundays at the Tracks, Cynthia Powell's Therapy, and Mykul Tronns and Julie Jewels' Tuesdays at MK.

Nothing is going on at Limelight, Octagone, or Bedrock, now named Bedrox for some strange (strange-legal?) reasons. Meanwhile at the happenin' Tunnel, Mattel Toy Co. is having a party on Aug.12 with the Fashion Patrol. They'll be giving out lots of free toys so bring your baby brother! NOTHING I could write would describe how fabulous the opening of Suzanne Barsch's Copa CObana was. so I won't even mention it.

Ding Dong, the witch is dead.. No, Claire O'Connor is still alive, rub your eyes, get out of bed and go to the Choice-the best afterhours every weekend. The World closed for August, we all know that. It will re-open in September, we all know that too...



Top: Larry Tee with Michael Alig, Suzanne Barsch
Photos by Lex



Counter Clockwise- Fab Fashion Victims, John Sex, Melanie and Jose Floydd, Ru-Paul, Robert the Prom King, and Cynthia Powell.

continues →

****Club Rub****

... → continued

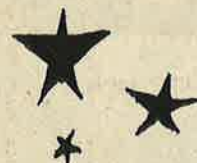
While I'm on the subject, here's a list of thing that everybody knows, and if you don't, you have to pretend that you did, or else people will laugh at you:

1. Michael Musto is writing a book
2. Kenny Kenny is engaged to a distant cousin of Liz Taylor
3. Stephen Saban is a distant cousin of Julio Iglesias
4. Michelle Tang is an illeagal allien.

Well, now you know.

Everybody knows that Rudolf is leaving the Tunnel for bigger and BETTER things, but do they know that Gabriel Rotello is the first in line to take his place? does anybody care? Probably not.

Bon Voyage to Steven Lewis, who's camping out with his wife and Yogi Bear at Yellowstone National Park. Va- Va- Va- Voom!



Motocycle Man Andy Anderson

More Fab Club Kids



The Original Problem Princess: Julie Jewels

Dear Jewels,

I am 33 years young. Recently I've noticed that the young club people refer to me as "Dad". Am I too old to go out?? Is there a generation gap? Are they not impresses with my degrees? Do you know any way that I can look younger? Tell me, problem princess, What do I do?

-Baird Jones, BA, JD, MSW, MA.



Julie with some unknown writer

Dear Mr. Jones, BA, JD, MSW, MA.

I am very impressed that your biggest problem is to be socially accepted by the Club Kids. Here's what you have to do: Drop the degrees, quit your job, go out every night, dye your hair green, and please wear a leather G-string.

-Jewels

**do you
have a
problem**

??

Any kind of problem, (but preferably about fashion or sex or clubs), send them to:

DEAR JEWELS

c/o Project X

126 Madison Avenue

suite 3F

New York, N.Y. 10016

Dear Jewels,

I am a bartender at a club that you come to sometimes and I'm very angry with you, you didn't tip me. Do you only tip the people you know? I've seen you leave tips only to people you talk to. Where are your manners?

Gimme a tip \$\$\$\$

Dear Gimme,

You have every right to be angry at me. I'm sorry. The bartenders work very hard and you deserve a tip. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will send you your tip.

-Jewels

Music & The New Music Seminar

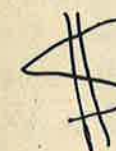
Alas! We're all back and recovering from the New Music Seminar-having seen enough of the Music Business Honchos in their satin touring jackets rolling through the aisles with their carts of bullshit and hype to last a lifetime, if not just another year. The whole four days were lots of fun, even if one had to roll out of bed at the crack of noon in order to make the panels - especially since there were over 130 club concerts, parties and events to attend in that single week!

High-profile types spotted were Larry Tee and Lahoma working the crowd with La Palace de Beaute paraphernalia, Frank Roccio at the Dance Music and DJ's vs. Management panels, in addition to doing a great job as MC on the Nightclubbing panel. Michael Alig was also on that panel, telling types like the Mormon club owner from Utah why he is what he is(?) here in New York or words to that effect-even Rocco Primavera and the Nightingales did a quickie at the end and I must have seen dozens of Important Record Company Men rushing to sign them to Fame and Fortune and maybe even The Meadowlands Arena!. Rudolf demonstrated grace under pressure when he had to moderate the Artists panel, which had the usual assortments of has-been and never-was celebrities being asked stupid un-fresh questions by the audience. His bone(r)-dry sense of humor sure saved that thang! He introduced Jellybean as the man who fucked Madonna into stardom, and who else should know! The most fun, though, was to be had at the Sex and Rock Panel. John Sex was hot just being John Sex, Karen Finley ranted and raved and told us to vote for her bush this November and downtown DJ Anita Sarko looked quite glamorous and sexy in her lame spinning costume. They collectively brought to light the fact that most MUSIC IS ABOUT SEX and why try to pretend that it's not and doctor / censor / over-romanticize it? Check it out- when you're dancing in a dark club basement at 3am and it's 115 degrees and everyone's sweat is flying and the dancing is, well, DIRTY. You feel those bulges and curves and hands and eyes all over you and the record goes BAM BAM BAM BAM, PUSH PUSH PUSH PUSH and BANG! BANG! BANG! GO-BANGO!-hey, are you thinking about church on Sunday? Sex is right there to be had on the dancefloor and it's safe and fun and thank god that people are still making the hardest 12 inch records about it so us DJ's can play them

MONEYPENNY



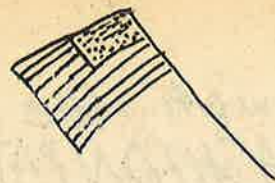
TRAVEL : *with the* FASHIONPATROL



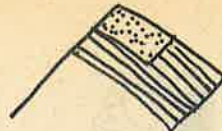
atlantic city



Tired of clubs and still lookin' for somewhere to go for that open-bar? Well baby, the Fashion Patrol has the solution! Go to your local deli/head-shop and request a ticket to Atlantic City. For \$17.00 you get a roundtrip ticket for a 2 1/2 hour ride there, but that's not all. You will also receive \$12-\$15 in quarters, food voucher for \$5, and a cash voucher worth \$5 for the next time you return to the city of glitter. The bus leaves at 8:30 AM and returns back at about 9:00 PM. All casinos offer free top-shelf liquor to all the gamblers. At times it's much better than the clubs. Due to quantity control in clubs, one can only order 2 drinks per person at the open bar. Well, not in the casinos! Can you imagine the look on the face of the waitress when she was asked to bring 20 drinks for Brenda and Brandy? HUH!! Well, us girls take care of our waitresses all the time, that is as long as we are winning. OUR SECRET SUPER SAVER: Get your dollars and quarters changed into nickels, sit and play slots all day!! Sometimes the chances are not so great, however, if you spot an ol' lady retiring from the slot, it's because she already put \$200 in the machine. The chances of hitting the jackpot are much greater, and that's just what Brenda did. And she hit the Jackpot!! Well, the old gal came back and tried to grab Brenda's winnings. Can you see Brenda up against this 75 year old thing? She obviously didn't know that the Fashion Patrol is not to be messed with! Playing the slots and drinking all day can be a lot of fun, but there is also a broadwalk with all kinds of Hotels, in case you decide to stay over. For example, Ascot Hotel offers a room for \$32.00 per night. So if there are four of you it only costs each person \$8.00 and it comes with two beds and a view of the ocean. The casinos are opened all night so after you get bombed, you can go and see the shows, like Cher at Tropicana, or Joan Rivers at The Sands. So pay the fare, get on the bus and tell the driver you want the Fashion Patrol Special. Coming soon!! The FashionPatrol Charter to Atlantic City!!!!



Politics



Project X covers the Convention

The national Democratic Convention took place in Atlanta, June 17-22, where everyone wore T-shirts that said "No more BU__SH__". I flew down to visit the Convention because we, here at Project X, really do care a lot about politics. I went with a serious candidate - Manhattan Max, who is just as sane as you and I are. He represented the Party People's Party (PPP) which proposed dance music in elevators, party passes at all the Waldbaum's supermarkets, and taxi cabs with build-in bars. Too fabulous. But those bores wouldn't let him run for candidacy because, as he puts it, "I was fashionably late for the nomination".

Something had to be done about this so we obtained an invitation to Jesse Jackson's party at the Hilton Marquis, (we told them over the phone that we are here from New York on assignment from a very prestigious magazine to cover the social aspect of the Convention on what the delegates wear). We planned to tell Jesse how important it is to have us in the White House and that the country should be called United Party of America but as he walked in, I got nervous, (everybody gets intimidated by big powerful men, you know). But I did get to shake his hand and he complimented me on my long blonde hair.

So the mission wasn't accomplished. But we are covering politics from the Republican Convention in New Orleans for the next issue, and we won't let Bush run without us!

By Julie Jewels

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coming in sept.
young
talented
and
broke!

On Cable this Fall/Keoki & Co.

CELEBRITY SHEET



LA BELLE REGINE



SUDSY ANDREA EVANS



LOVE AND FORTUNE

The party network in New York is diverse, exciting and chock full of celebrities. Because New Yorkers give parties ad nauseam, a party is not worth attending unless there is a guarantee of celebrity action. The social climbers and party crashers in this city thrive on breathing second-hand celebrity carbon dioxide. Also, the crowd desires to observe celebrities in close proximity to see if they really are just like us. (i.e. If you catch a stray booger on Madonna's nose you know she is only mortal.)

One aspect of a celebrity being themselves is when they must pose for the ubiquitous celebrity photographers, otherwise known by the passe term paparazzi. The paparazzi are known by many to be rude, pushy, rude, loud, rude, stupid and rude! The celebrities only put up with the flashing onslaught because their press agent who brought them to the party forces them to pose. The more press the agent gets for the celebrity, the more dependent the celebrity will be on the agent, thereby ensuring the press agents job.

Regine one of the original grande dames of the New York party scene with her local outlet of her international chain of McDiscos threw some of the legendary parties of the seventies. People today consider her club a joke, outre and ridiculously overpriced, but those legions of pesky, young Europeans of questionable heritage (i.e. Countessina Bella Donna della Pasta Primavera and Igor, The Crown Prince of Bosnia-Hegovia-Slovakia-Prussia and the Ukraine.) Anyway Regine is a fiery, fashionable woman who played an old prostitute in the French film "My New Partner" a few years ago.

A party is not a party without an honest to goodness live soap opera star (How many times have you seen Andrea Evans this week?) Last fall, nobody missed meeting Todd Fortune on the party circuit. After a short stint on Another World he sought just that and packed his bags for Hollywood. Fortune's buddy, Peter Love (Mark D'Angelo on Ryan's Hope) still manages to make the rounds popping up at Stringfellows regularly.

Also at Stringfellows (albiet a long time ago) was the one and only Burt Bacharach and the one and only Dionne Warwick at their party where they threw in Peter Allen (for good measure) into the mix for a truly memorable photo opportunity. And I was there to capture it!

Soap stars are one thing, and music greats another, but then there is true celebrity - Larry "Bud" Melman, in a class alone. A living nightmare type of celebrity surfacing when you least expect him, like in the Tunnel's Basement. This guy is irrepressible, irreverent, irrefragable, and really gets my ire up because he proves that a complete half-wit can become a celebrity in New York.

That's the tally this issue on the Celebrity Sheet. I know that all of you can hardly wait to discover who will be the unfortunate few who qualify for the Sheet next time. Until then, hang on tight.



BURT, DIONNE, PETER



LARRY MELMAN!!!

BY JOHN SIMONE - 1988

fashion fashion fashion



Christian Lacroix

Last year Christian Lacroix broke away from the Couture House of Jean Patou to start his own house. He was instantly the rage! With his outlandish intricate designs specifically made for the super wealthy. These dresses were particularly popular after last year's stock market crash-they were obvious, loud and only Lacroix could have made them. Thus, all the society people know that one of his dresses can cost \$50,000. Lately, Lacroix has had a complete change of heart. This season he has introduced free flowing, unconstructed garments that combine very high waists in an array of widths and lengths with loose fluid tops as shown here.

Mykul Tronn

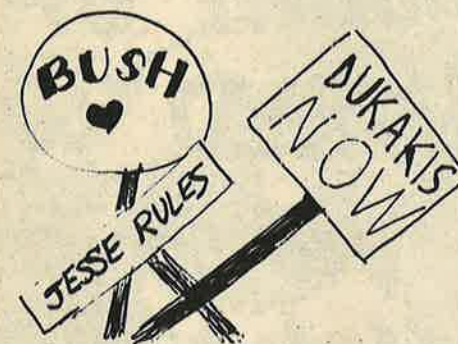
ALFREDO VILORIA

DESIGNS



Interesting Stories

by Fred Rothbell-Mista



The good-looking stranger she espied last week was standing, rather magnificently, at the bar...He was so very handsome...and well... different from the others, whatever that means. Mike Krom interrupted her reverie when he handed her an invitation to the National Democratic Convention. "That was last week", she laughed, gently pointing out his mistake. "Yea", he said, "I know, wanna go? Okeydokey is going, and Dean JohnJohn, and Shaman-The, and Cha-Cha. We can all blow horns, vote, and make promises to everyone we meet!!!" "Wait just a minute," she interrupted, "Who does your hair and who is Cha-Cha anyhow?" "You know I do my own hair, and I have no idea who Cha-Cha is either, but everyone talks about him", he quipped in that special way. As if on cue, the handsome stranger walked over to the pair and offered to buy them drinks. Three girls walked by wearing bright red lipstick, Garbo and Dietrich's shade. "It's so wonderful being blonde", she thought. Two of the girls, Tush and Snush thought they knew her, the third one constantly missed the point. The handsome stranger never took his eyes off her. "What a broad", he thought, "She never wears more than two feet of fabric in the summer". "Champagne??" he asked. "Oh, Bubbles", she replied, "Tell me, do you support the Era or is Debbie Harry way off base?". Klub Kids ran by wearing "I love Bush" buttons, leading them was Michael Alley who kept blowing his whistle and screaming "Push, Push in the Bush".

King Arthur, Franklin, and Peter the Great, acting like the four musketeers, went from bar to bar counting "Jesse Jackson for President" buttons. Everyone looked like a dream from a certain acute angle, and that was unavoidable, especially if Stefan SeBaaBaa wrote about you in his column or even if he thought about you for a split second. The handsome stranger ordered another bottle of champagne as he brushed ashes off his "Dukakis Now" button. "He's out of this world", she thought as he went to the dancefloor to vogue. Everybody looked so familiar to everybody now...with the election so very close.....

to be continued in the next issue

Dear Friends -

Beginning Sunday July 31st
AND Thru the Month of
AUGUST, THE WORLD will
be closed for Vacation.
Have a Great Holiday &
get plenty of Rest.
We invite you to join us
SEPTEMBER 1st for the
Grand Opening of A
Brave New World.

Love & Kisses

The WORLD