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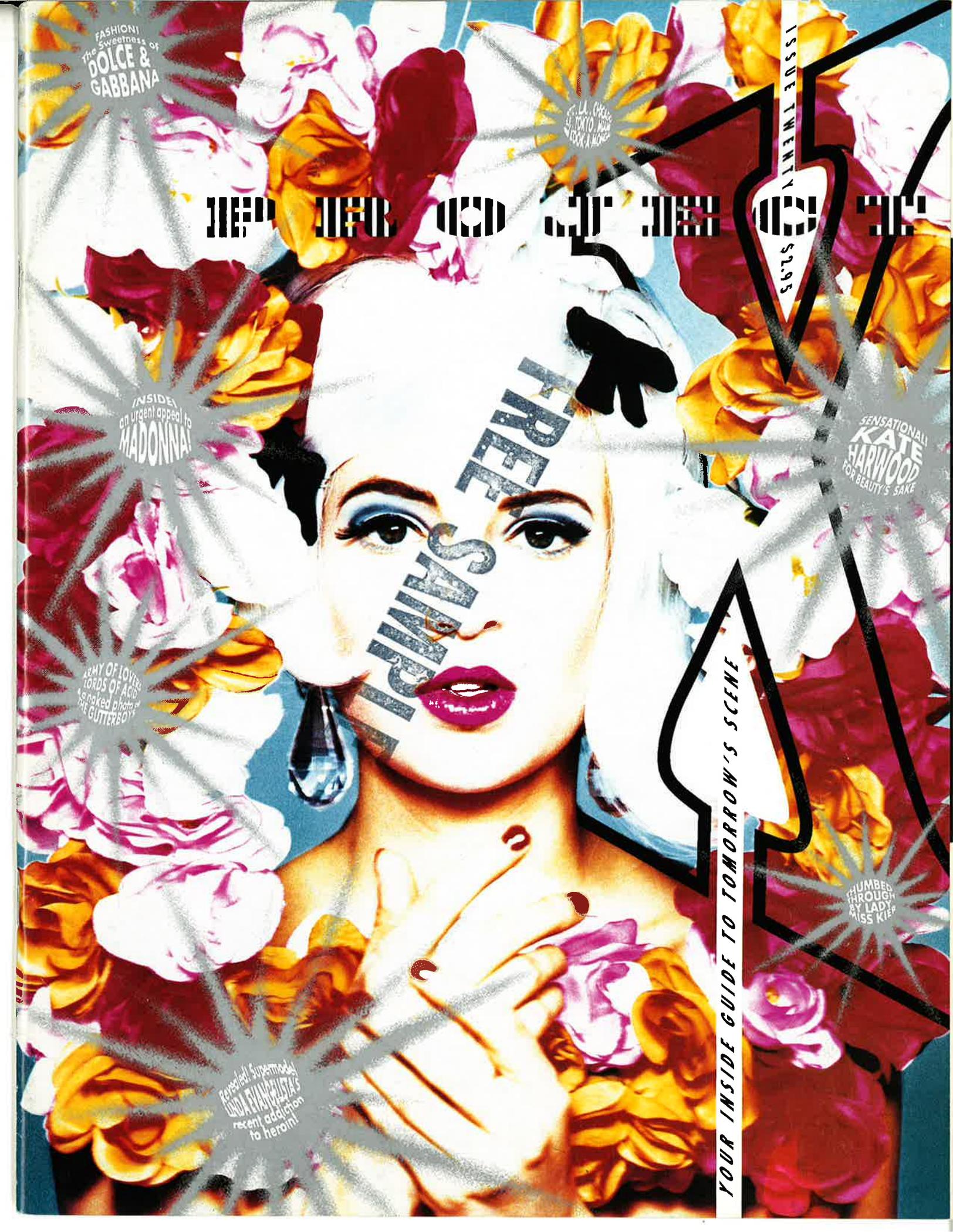
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HARWOOD**
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LORDS OF ACID
to naked photos
of the GUTTERBOYS

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THROUGH
BY LADY
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recent addiction
to heroin!



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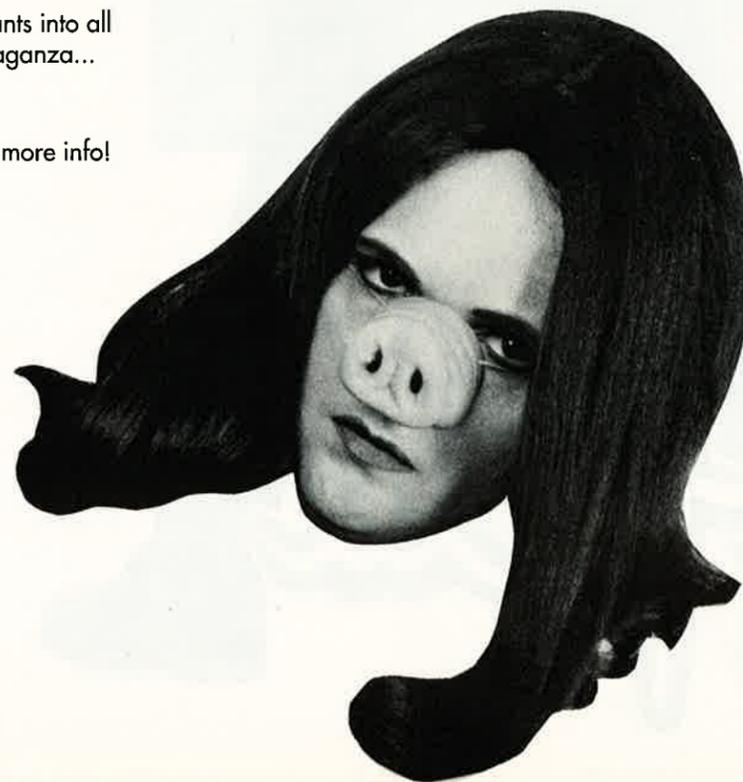
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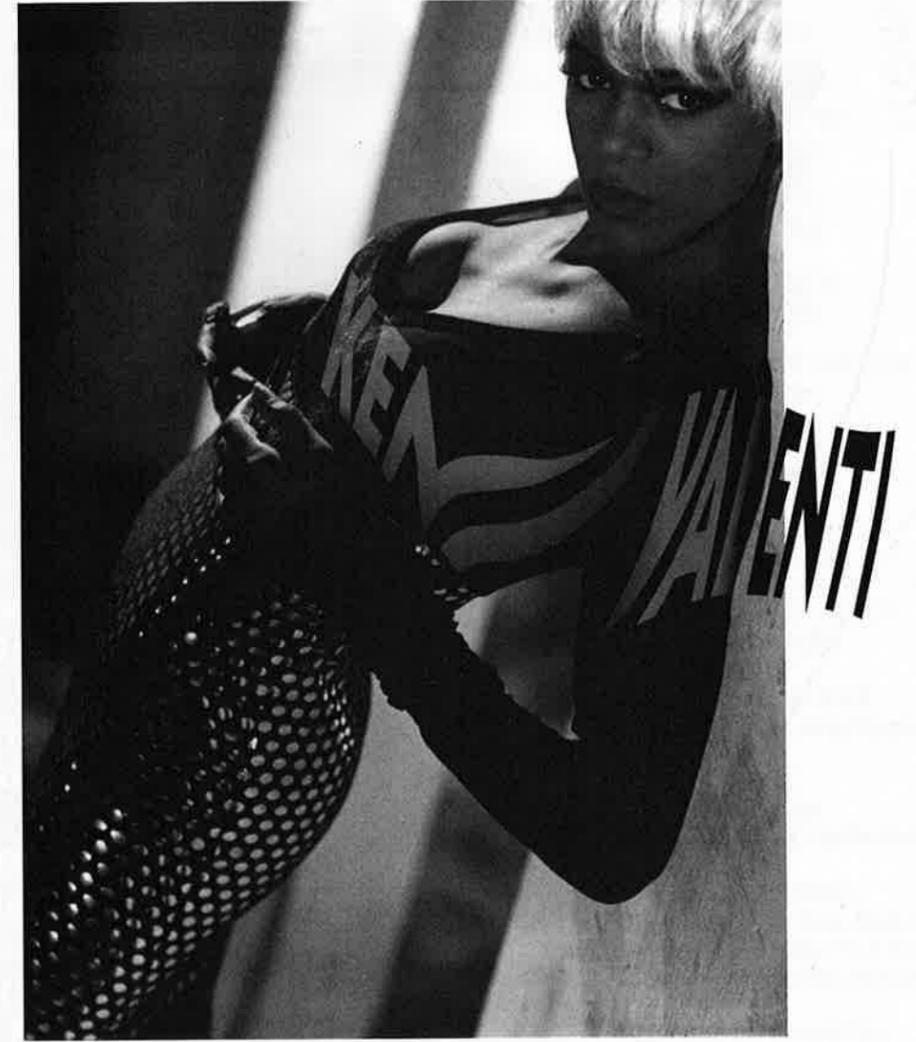
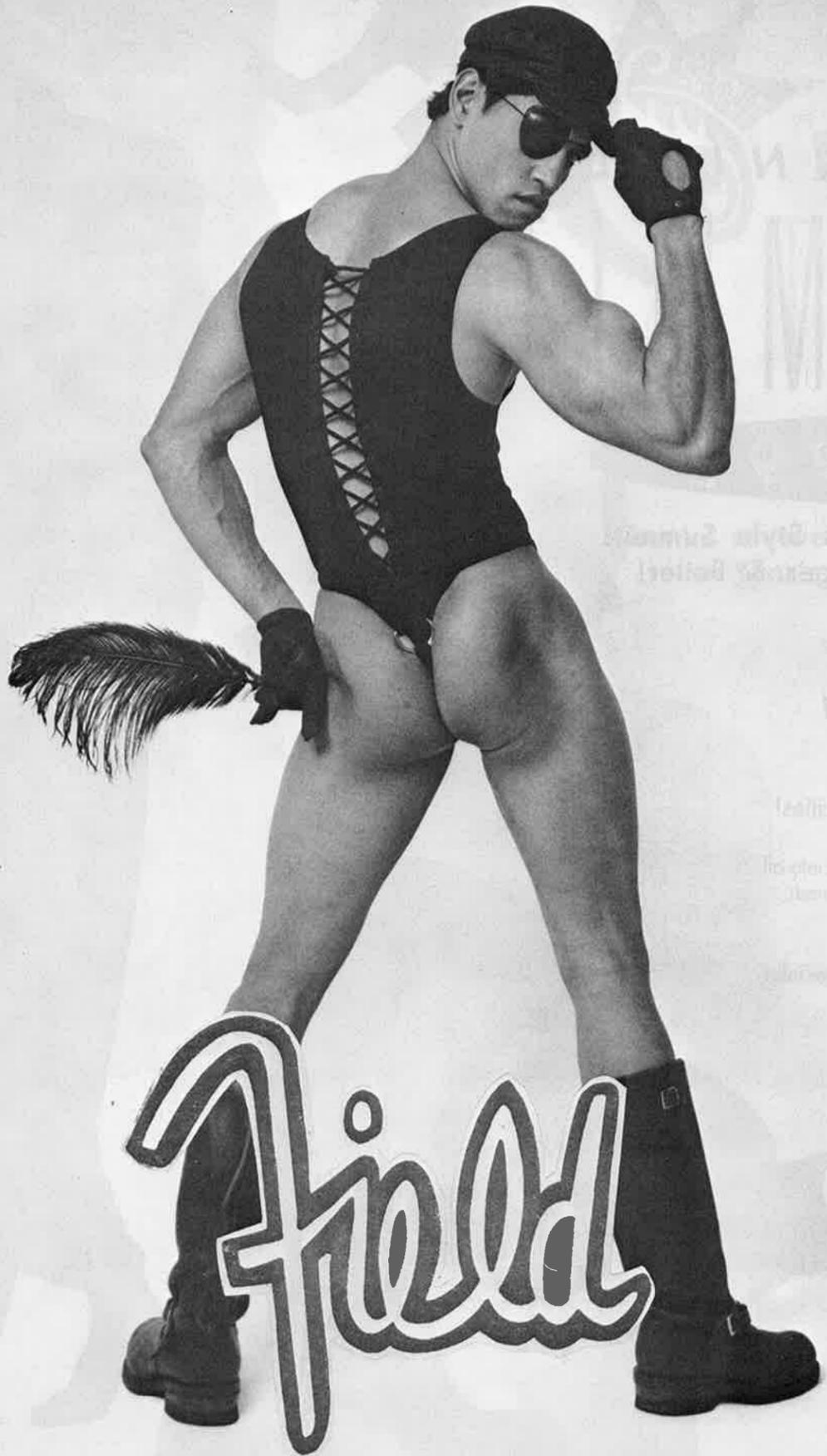
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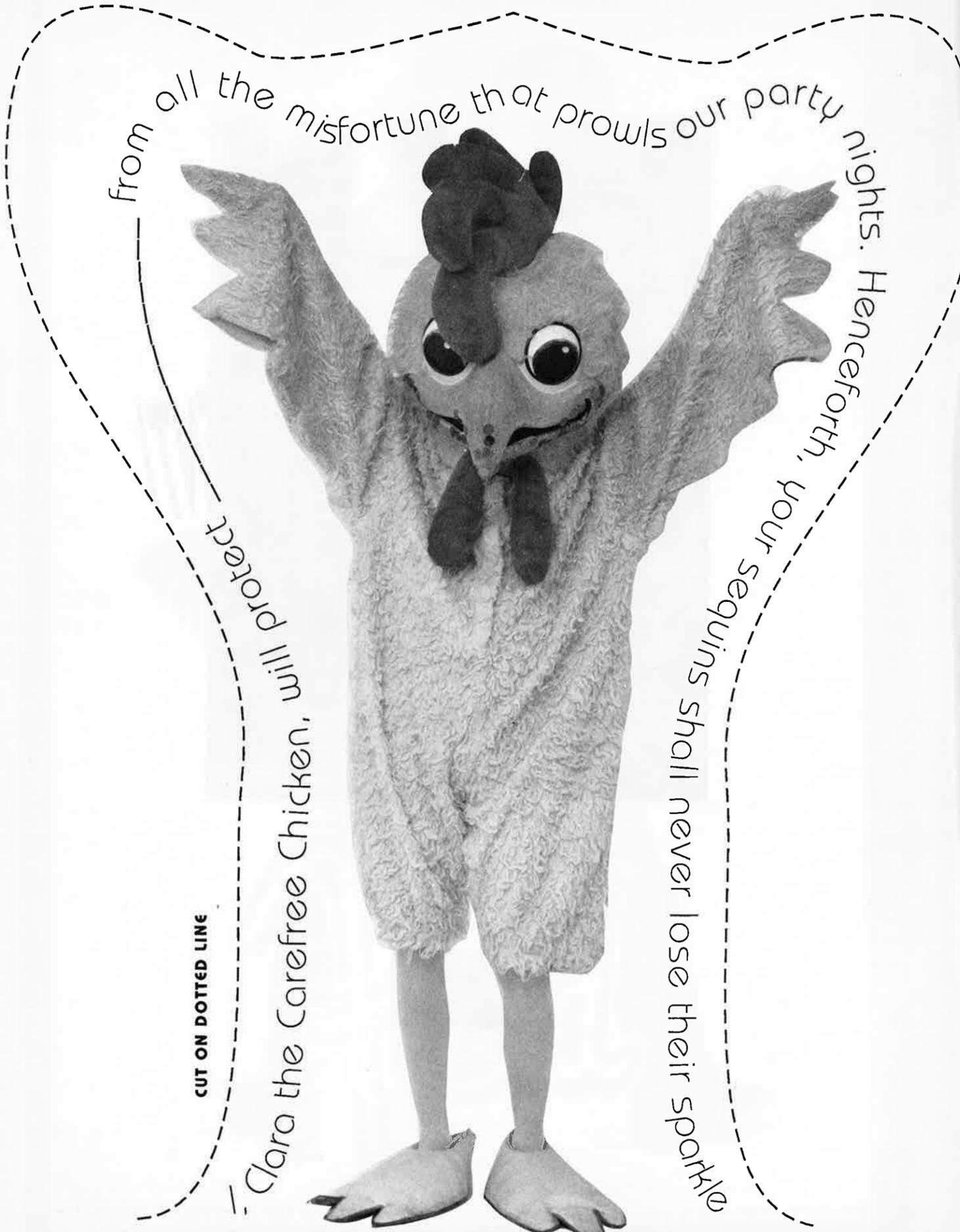
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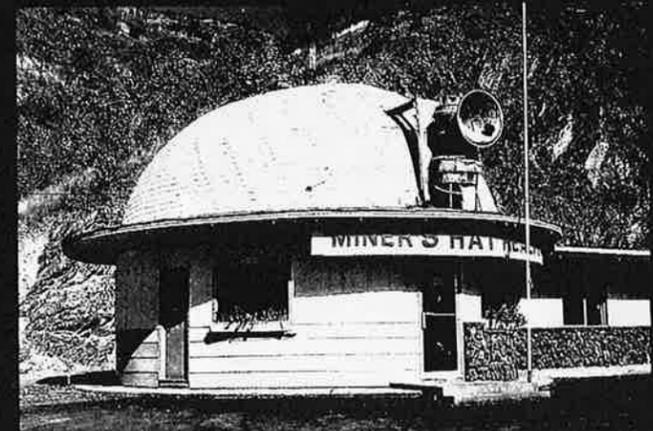
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Coffeepot Restaurant, Lexington, Virginia, 1982



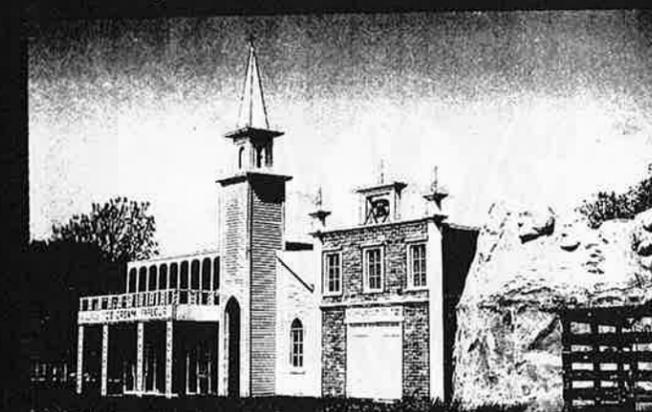
Miner's Hat Realty, Kellogg, Idaho, 1987



Mammy's Cupboard, Natchez, Mississippi, 1979



Indian City Exxon, Allentown, Arizona, 1979



Enchanted Village, Rapid City, South Dakota, 1980



Jesudi's Italian Restaurant, Columbia, South Carolina, 1988



Fish Inn, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, 1987

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**ANOTHER ROADSIDE
ATTRACTION**

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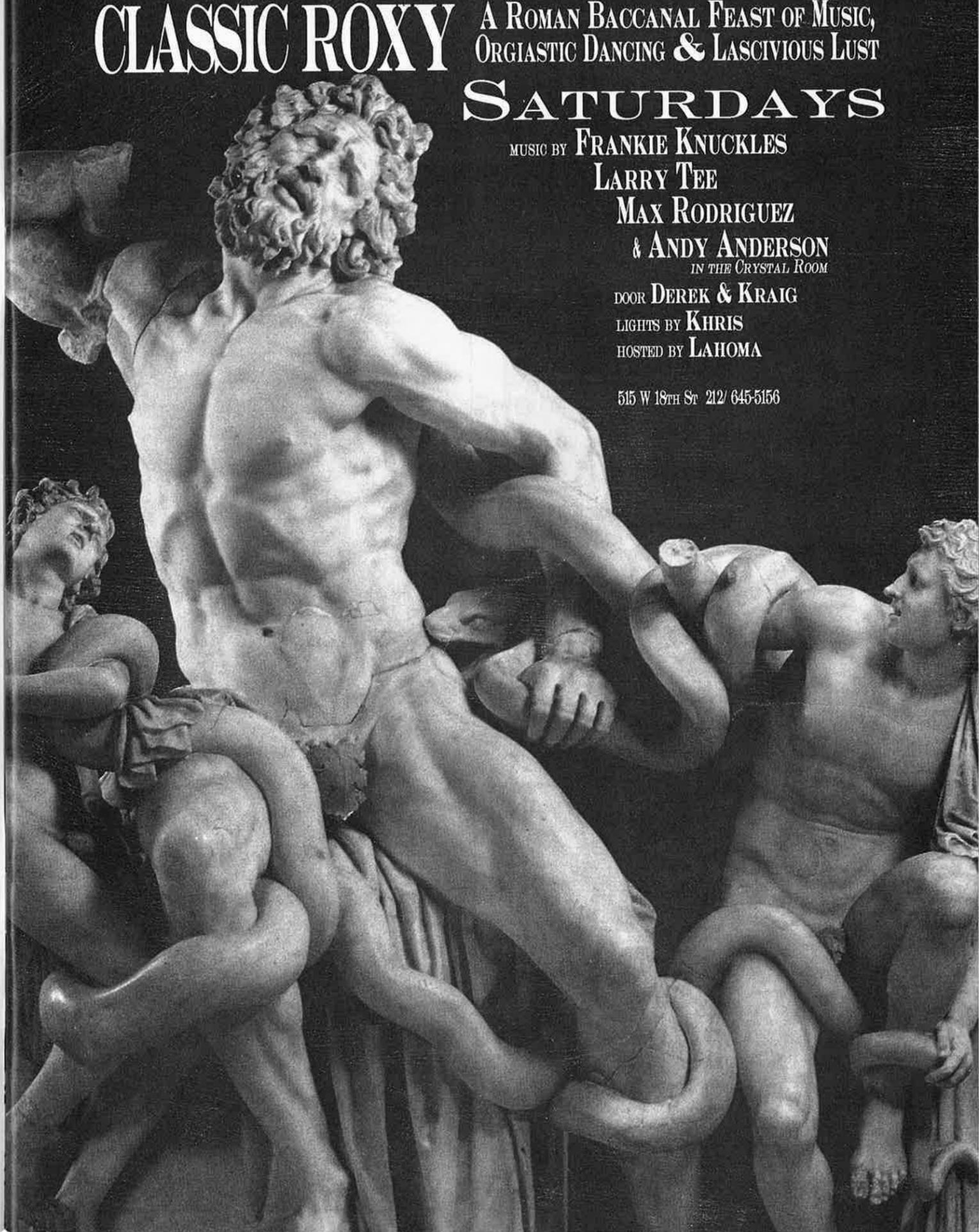
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LIMELIGHT

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**1992
KING OF MANHATTAN**
...And don't you forget it!
JO JO FIELD



**1992
QUEEN OF MANHATTAN**
Doorgirl/Superstar
KATE HARWOOD

New York City. It's a sick, festering pus-filled boil of a place where the corruption and violence and exploitation of a diseased society burst into the open. You can find all the happiness in the world here. How lucky we are to be in the hands of such a competent king and queen. King Jo Jo Americo Field, the six-foot-plus (with platforms), wig-wearing lead singer of Jo Jo and the Jockstraps, and Queen Kate Harwood, the Barbie-like, eyelash-wearing, high-paid doorgirl/lead singer of For Beauty's Sake, rule this island with iron fists.

Kevin Aviance, were also around for the festivities, which included a smart little cocktail party in the 14th st. A train subway station. About 250 policemen and several firemen with water hoses also attended, but a bit later.

The beautiful, multi-talented Tara Solomon, Louis Canales and John-John Bubblegum, among others, flew in from Miami to strut their stuff, and, in Tara's case, got her purse stolen....

The West Coast also sent us J.V. McAuley, from the Advocate, who was guest of honor at a party for that same magazine on the same night as the SS. Rumor has it that he, Lollipop, and Ron Koch actually stole a bus on Sunday Afternoon after leaving the Sound Factory high on drugs. It seems the unsuspecting (and why not?) driver left his seat to get a cup of coffee in a nearby deli, when...WHOOSH! Our wigged-out friends hopped on the bus and DROVE IT AWAY! Not very far, however, they stopped at a red light, hopped into a cab and went to Show World, a strip-go-go-club in Times Square.

So long (but not for too long, we hope) to the vivacious Tasty Tim, who returned to London last month to work at an as yet unnamed fag-drag club. He'll be returning for the opening of USA, which is the name of Peter Gatien's new club in midtown, which is on everybody's lips...especially those of Parisian fur designer-socialite-vodka bottle Larissa, Area-MK genius Eric Goode, top designer Thierry Mugler and Italian trendsetter Moschino, who are all, in one way or another, involved. Can't miss.

Until then, there are plenty of existing clubs to keep us fairly busy, including the Sound Factory Bar, which is where Private Eyes used to be. Kevin Williams does Tuesdays there, and the legendary Frankie Knuckles spins on Fridays, and Saturdays just sort of "happen."

A great place to eat (and drink) is Polly Esther's,

a fun café-bar located on 26th st. right near FIT. It's always crowded with nice-looking, friendly people, and the prices are reasonable too!

Back into circulation is Element, a funky, mid-sized bohemian-style club located in the Soho area. Although very hip and relatively underground, celebs like OJ Simpson and JFK jr. have been seen slipping into the VIP room....It's a definite stop on your Friday night club-hopping circuit. (The cops never ever really shut it down.)

Aside from the obvious Saturday night monster-size clubs Limelight, Roxy and Palladium, Tilt, a new club located at Varick st. (where Heartbreak used to be) is a must-stop for young, thrill-seeking, weekend club goers. I've only been there once, and, you guessed, I was on one of those funny pills and so were Amanda, Desi and Christopher Comp, so none of us remember what the place looked like, but we had lots of fun! We do remember bumping into DJ Richard Vasquez, Stephen Saban and the nice manager, who tried to kill us! (by giving us alcohol)

After-hours fans can now enjoy a multitude of late-night dance spots. Save the Robots, Opera, Sound Factory, Sara Lee's bedroom, the action never seems to stop! Opera is the latest addition to every insomniac's list—it's located on W 38 st, and is open Wed-Sat.

Have Fun!



The musical equivalent
of a steel vibrator

LORDS OF ACID ROUGH SEX



From The Album



Remixed by
Joey Beltram

Plus remixes of the smash hit
"Take Control" by MNO

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PROJECT X MAGAZINE
PROUDLY PRESENTS:
the mighty adventures
OF:
REPETE
THE TECHNO-BLUR!!
YEP! REPETE!
THAT'S ME! THE
MOST NERVOUS
D.J. IN NYC!!
by Teddy
© 1992 7-21

A BRIEF HISTORY...

REPETE IS NEW YORK'S FIRST
AND MOST POPULAR ALL
TECHNO D.J.!!

SOME WOULD
EVEN SAY PETE
HELPED CREATE
THE NEW YORK
TECHNO
SOUND!!

NOT ME!

SCRUB.
LORD
OF
TECHNO

WHY HASN'T PETE
BEEN RECOGNIZED
FOR HIS ACHIEVEMENTS
???

I WANT
MORE
MONEY!!

NONETHELESS...

REPETE HAS SPARKED
MANY ADMIRERS
AND FOLLOWERS!!

"ANASTHASIA" IS
THE BEST SONG
I EVER HEARD
IN MY WHOLE LIFE!

love

REPETE-
I LOVE
YOU!

FABULOUS!!
keeki

TECHNO
IS DOPE
BRO!

repete
rules!

K

PETE HAS ALSO
WORKED WITH MANY
UP AND COMING
BANDS LIKE N.Y.C.'S
SEVEN TO ONE!!!

GREG:

PETE
IS THE
BEST!

I LOVE
REPETE!

7-2-1

TEDDY:

PETE
IS THE
BEST!

I LOVE
REPETE!

7-2-1

LORD MICHAEL:

YOU'RE
ALL
SCRUBS,
MAN!

LORD

"DESPITE ALL THE
COMMOTION, PETE IS
NOT ONLY THE BEST
D.J. I KNOW, BUT HE
IS ALSO A GOOD FRIEND.
I HOPE REPETE CAN
ONE DAY FOLLOW HIS
TRUE DREAMS TO
BECOME A NUCLEAR
PHYSICIST AFTER
ALL THIS TECHNO STUFF
FIZZLES OUT. RIGHT
PETE?"

RIGHT MIKE! I'M
DOING A NUCLEAR
EXPERIMENT RIGHT
NOW, AND- WHOOPS!!

NEXT: REPETE MEETS GOD!

CONCEPT AND ART BY URI "TEDDY" DALLAL JAN. 30, 1992

TECHNOTECHNOTECHNO TECHNOTECHNOTECHNO

BY HEATHER

Record stores everywhere are being flooded with crap Techno. That's because people who either don't understand the music, or can't do anything original are producing it. It's up to the DJs and the R***s now. The DJ knows what to play and if he doesn't, then he obviously won't be in demand.

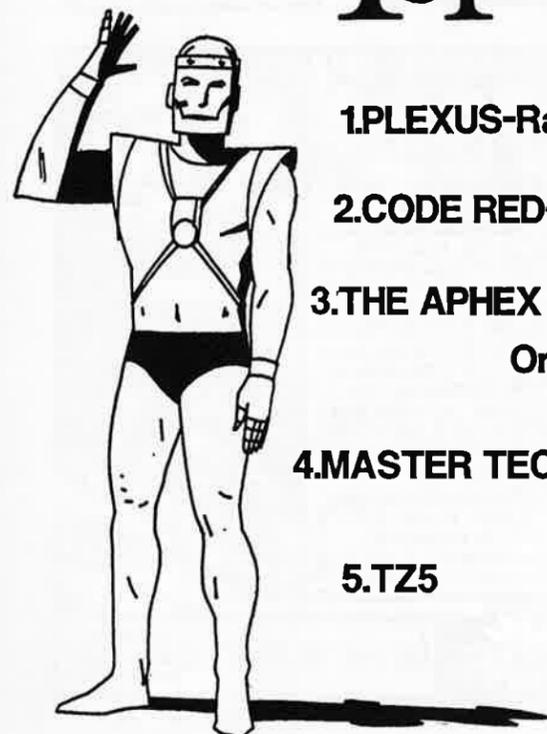
There is a lot of good underground music coming out on labels like: DIKI(FRANCE), MOVING SHADOW(England), HARDWAX(US) and DANCE OPERA(Belgium).SEEK AND YOU SHALL FIND!!!

In the last year, techno has dominated New York cities club scene. We've had DJs from everywhere spin the techno sounds that are joining hands across the globe.

DJs like DOC MARTIN(Los Angeles), CHRIS COLLINS(England), FRANKIE BONES(New York) and JEFF MILLS(Detroit) amongst others.

Great techno acts have come before us. Although it's been on the commercial tip, it is a treat seeing these groups from the other side of the world.

Top 5



1.PLEXUS-Raw Mission

2.CODE RED-White Label

3.THE APHEX TWIN-
Order To Dance

4.MASTER TECHNO-Vol 3

5.TZ5

QUADROPHONIA

*LUCIEN had everyones hands
in the air on Staten Island*



THE WORD IS LOVE IS THE WORD IS LOVE

Joe E Mar E & Sus E

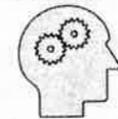


**THIS SCENE IS
PEACE LOVE & UNITY**
There is no feeling like
the one you get from being part
of an underground R***. This
place has no boundaries, no
rules.You are free here.
The atmosphere is electric.

It doesn't matter what you
are wearing! You are here to
have a good time and the people
here only want to dance with
you; to share the experience. It's such a magical feeling to interact with people
(some of them complete strangers) on such a spiritual level. It truly is a moving
experience.

There is an underground scene that is progressing in New York but, it's not in
the city it's on the outskirts; in BROOKLYN and LONG ISLAND.
The outdoor parties in the summer of 1991 were HARDCORE and they established
the scene. This summer it explodes. **SUPPORT THE UNDERGROUND!!!**

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VINYL...
OR GIVE
ME DEATH**

THE WORD IS LOVE IS THE WORD IS LOVE

DJs '10 TOP 10

SCOTT FORBUSH, Metropolis, Cleveland

1. OBSCURE FM • Michael Jackson is in Heaven Now
2. PHENOMANIA • Elvis (Who is Elvis?)
3. M.A.D M.A.D. • Action
4. R.I.P. • Desole Madame
5. RADIOACTIVE GOLDFISH • Electrode
6. MISSION CONTROL • Red Alert
7. EUPHORIA • Beleive it
8. N:JOI • Mindflux
9. CASSEOPAIA • Neutron Dance
10. FORTUNA • Meaculpa

D.J. DAVE THE WAVE, Voodoo, Long Island, Bar, New Haven Connecticut

1. TWO UNLIMITED • Twilite Zone Radical Records
2. MOBY • Go! (Rainforest Mix) Instinct
3. SHAMEN • Make it Mine Epic/US
4. PRODOGY • Everybody in the Place XL/UK
5. SUGAR CUBES • Hit! Electra
6. APOTHEOSIS • "O" Fortuna Electra
7. D.J. P.C. • Insomniac INC/Holland
8. SARA MCGLOCLON • Into the Fire Arista
9. REAL PEOPLE • Window Pane Relativity
10. DIE WARSAU • Never Again Fiction

SPENCER KINCY, Shelter, The Answer, Red Dog, Chicago.

1. MR. FINGERS • Closer MCA
2. ABSOLUT • Introduce Me to Love white label
3. PEARL NECKLACE • I'm in Heaven

4. LOVE ROOT II • Funky Emotions 4th Floor
5. TODD TERRY • This Will Be Mine LP Freeze Records
6. TUFF GROOVE • We Need E.P. Champion Records
7. UMM • House Sax G.M. Records
8. SPENCER KINCY • Are You Ready (Remix)
9. D.J. KEOKI • Jump & Shake (Disco 2000 E.P. Vol I)
10. CHAIN REACTION • Problem House III Hit Haus

Mark Farina, Shelter, Kaboom, Voodoo, Chicago

1. MAURICE JOSHUA • I Got a Hold on You I.D. Records
2. TERRY HUNTER • Jouse Scat House in Effect
3. MR. FINGERS • Dead End Alley MCA
4. SCAT • Scat and Bebop DWA
5. OFF SHORE • Got to Get Away Epic
6. LISA STANSFIELD • Masters at Work white label
7. MICHAEL JACKSON • Do You Remember? Epic
8. TODD TERRY • Gypsy Men Legal Records
9. JAMMIN' SPOON white label
10. TUFF GROOVE E.P. Champion Records

SCOTT HARDKISS, San Francisco

1. STRINGS OF LIFE • Rhythm is Rhythm (unreleased mix) Nettwerk
2. ALWAYS • Midi Rain Vinyl solution
3. MVR • Love (Remix) white label
4. PAPA NEW GUINEA • F.S.O.L. Jumpin & Pumpin
5. MOVIN • Marathon (original Mix) Ten
6. ECSTASY • Club Man on Fantasy Island Shades of Rhythm/ZTT
7. THE BELLS • Fluke Circa
8. 128 • Tricky Disco Rumour
9. DUB U. MORE • Sunscreen white label
10. Anythng by Orbital FFRR

LOARDS OF ACID

interview by Keoki

So, who are the Lords of Acid? Well, I asked myself that same question and took it upon myself to find out.

When I reached Dirk V. of LOA, he was just returning from an exhilarating game of squash, so he agreed to do a quick interview.

Keoki: Hello, Dirk, can you hear me?

Dirk: Yes, Hello!

K: So I understand you were just playing squash. Are you all clean now or are you still sweaty and stinky?

D: (Laughs) Oh, no, I'm clean, you can believe that.

K: Do you find the aggression let out during a game of squash equal to that of jamming in the studio producing songs?

D: Well, in a way yes and in a way no....The concentration in the studio is slightly more focused.

K: Do tell me, when did the LOA project begin?

D: Well, Nathalie and I met in St. Tropez in August of 1988.

K: So can that day be considered the seed planted day?

D: Well, basically, yes.

K: So, are you and Nathalie involved in a relationship other than making music together? I mean, do you have sex?

D: Well, I'm not really going to say that now.

K: OK, we'll skip that question. So you met in '88, what happened next?

D: Well, we got together with Praga Khan, Jade 4 U, and Oliver Adams to release "I Sit on Acid," in October of '88 and that was our first record together.

K: Well, "I Sit on Acid," as I recall, being a DJ myself, was one of the most sought after records of that year.

D: Yes, that's very exciting.

K: So, are there any bands that have an influence on your work?

D: Well, I do enjoy listening to Crash G. and MC 900 Ft Jesus.

K: I understand that Marc Almond and Jimmy Sommerville are fans of your music. Is that true?

D: Well, yes, they were caught slamming to our music in Ibiza once....

K: So, why did Nathalie turn down an offer to appear in *Playboy* magazine?

D: Well, I think it was because she prefers to sing her sex rather than show it.

K: So, I had heard once about this scandal involving LOA and Disneyland, can you explain it to me?

D: Well, we had used a sample from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves*, "Hey Ho," and they weren't too happy about it. So we took it out and replaced it with "Hey, whore!"



Nathalie + Dirk of LOA ▲ photo: Marc Van Lommel

K: Sounds a lot closer to home anyway.

D: Thanks.

K: Well, Dirk, I know you must be tired, so I want to thank you very much for your time and your music.

D: Thank you, Keoki, we'll see you soon.

K: Yes, I heard you're planning a tour soon.

D: Yes, if all goes well, we will be in the U.S. soon.

K: Well, speaking for all Americans who need a good dose of acid, hurry up!

The Lords of Acid can be found on Caroline Records and are planning a spring tour this year. A most definite show to catch!



Army of Lovers

...LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE!!

An interview between Keoki and Alexander

Keoki: So tell me, Alex...May I call you Alex?

Alex: Sure. Why not?

K: So, Army of Lovers...tell me...are you all about love and peace...like...save the rainforest and stuff?

A: Oh, God no! Sting has done enough of that to make us all puke. And, besides, Sweden would benefit wonderfully from the ozone layer hole. And, anyway, it's the cow and pig shit that's destroying this planet.

K: So, what are your songs inspired from? Where do they come from?

A: Everywhere. Absolutely. We like to frequent clubs...so the music that's usually being played at the time is what's inspired us.

K: So...the rave/techno thing is a positive effect?

A: Well, for now. But it's all getting quite tired. It will be wonderful when we all go back to disco.

K: How did you all meet?

A: Well, we all met in clubs. We actually hated each other but decided it would be much nicer to join our energies.

K: And just how long has this wonderful energy been glowing?

A: Four years now.

K: So, when you're in the studio, do you actually operate the technical instruments and punch the buttons that make the music?

A: Oh, God no! There are too many buttons and lights and things. We prefer to sit back and eat potato chips and tell the engineers what sound we like.

K: So...what about Americans? What are your views on America?

A: Wonderful! It's the land of glamour...the land of Disneyland and Liz Taylor.

K: And the land of Deee-lite?

A: Oh, that whole Deee-lite thing was so stupid.

K: Well, tell me your version. I had read an interview with you that said you hated Deee-lite.

A: Well, Keoki, you know we were constantly asked about Deee-lite and how we were Sweden's Deee-lite, over and over and over...so we were so sick of it and at one point we just said...oh, we hate Deee-lite! And the press just took that all wrong. We think they're wonderful! It's Roxette that we really hate!

K: Oh...good...give us dish! Please!

A: Well, they can certainly afford plastic surgery. There is absolutely no excuse for their appearance.

K: Well, Americans sure love them. Then again you know Right Said Fred? (I'm Too Sexy is #1)

A: Oh, they're so cute! You know, I had them all.

K: Really?

A: Yes! They all have wonderful bodies. Yumm!

On Deee-Lite:
**WE THINK
THEY'RE
WONDERFUL!
IT'S ROXETTE
THAT WE
REALLY HATE!**



**(L-R) JEAN-PIERRE BARDA, LA CAMILLA, ALEXANDER BARD
PHOTO BY CARL JOHAN PAULIN/COURTESY OF REPRISE RECORDS**

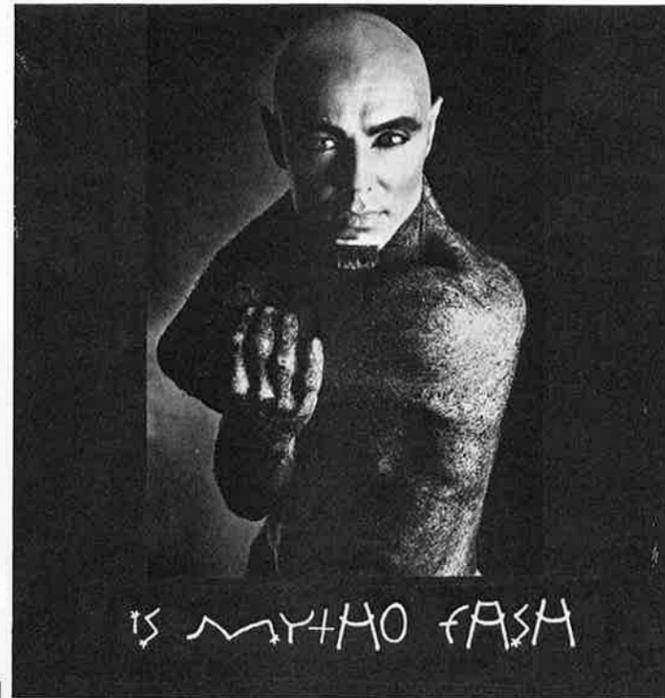
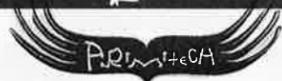
WHAT'S THE BUZZ?



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with love, spirituality and war paint holding them together. A band whose goal is "to exercise mula from the spirit of war."

IS ALTAIR-NATIVE



IS MYTHO FASH



Extremely talented and even more beautiful, Primatech will be a leader in the coming musical revolution of faux music and real music. Be on the lookout.



•Keoki



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Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Julie Jewels Searches for the facts

Romeo Gigli has a quiet, charming elegance about him that makes him appear almost shy. His perfectly put together look is what distinguished him from the crowd, but it is his talent that distinguishes him from the masses.

Today, Romeo Gigli is one of the top designers in the world, and, it's fair to say, one of the most unique of that group. Gigli's creativity is very subtle—there is nothing brash or obvious about his designs. His talent lies in his creative combinations of fabrics, his close attention to detail, and his perfect cut. But, there are enough experts out there to analyze his designs, so upon our meeting at Laura Belle, we decided to talk about more important things.

Julie Jewels: Mr Gigli! I'm so pleased to meet you. Why don't we sit down and I'll start with the questions.

Romeo Gigli: No, no, no. Why don't we go to the bar first and have a drink! Do you like vodka?

J: (Wow! This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship!) Of, course, Mr. Gigli. Have you a chance to look over the magazine?

R: Yes, I love it. It's really a fresh idea. Since it's so different, so must be our interview. Let's talk about everything else but fashion, OK?

J: Of course, Mr. Gigli! So you don't want me to ask what your inspiration was for this collection or if you prefer to use cinnamon or cappuccino brown?

R: Right!

J: What would you like to talk about?

R: Oh, something fun...like sex.

J: (OK, so he's not that shy) Do you like men or women?

R: Women

J: What's your type? Do you like young women or old, or models....

R: Well, I don't like models too much, but I do appreciate their natural beauty and grace. I like intelligent women. It takes intelligence to look correct, to be attractive and it takes intelligence to be sexy.

J: How do you feel about American women in comparison to European?

R: Every country has a stereotype—Italians are really wild, French are very chic and romantic, Americans are...let's have another vodka.

J: Hmm, OK.

R: I'm going to Milan tomorrow, so this is my last night in New York to have fun.

J: What's your idea of a fun night out? Do you go to afterhours?

R: It always depends on who I go out with. But I have so many obligations that I sometimes prefer a quiet evening at home.

J: Where's home?

R: Milan, That's where I live and work. But NY is one of my favorite cities.

J: That's nice. Would you like another vodka?

R: OK

Note: it is almost impossible to walk through the place with

Romeo Gigli without being attacked by hounds of press or by his entourage or fans.)

J: Why is everyone following us around?

R: Those are my colleagues. When I'm in NY, especially when I go out, they try to spend all their time with me.

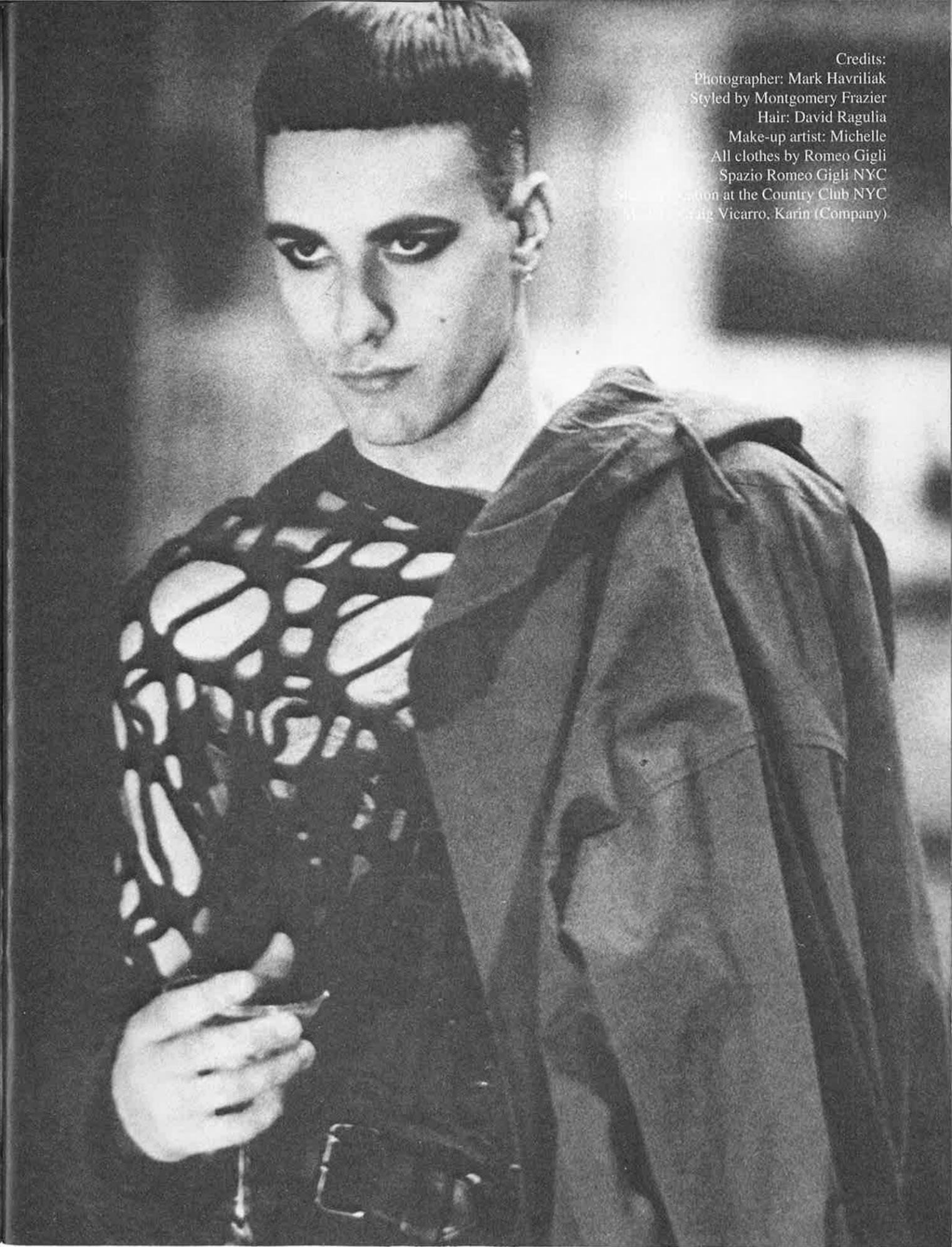
J: So they follow you around? (And I thought it was me). Romeo, so what was that deciding factor, that ultimate revelation, that *je ne sais quoi* that paved the way for you to become a designer?

R: Julie! That's a fashion question!

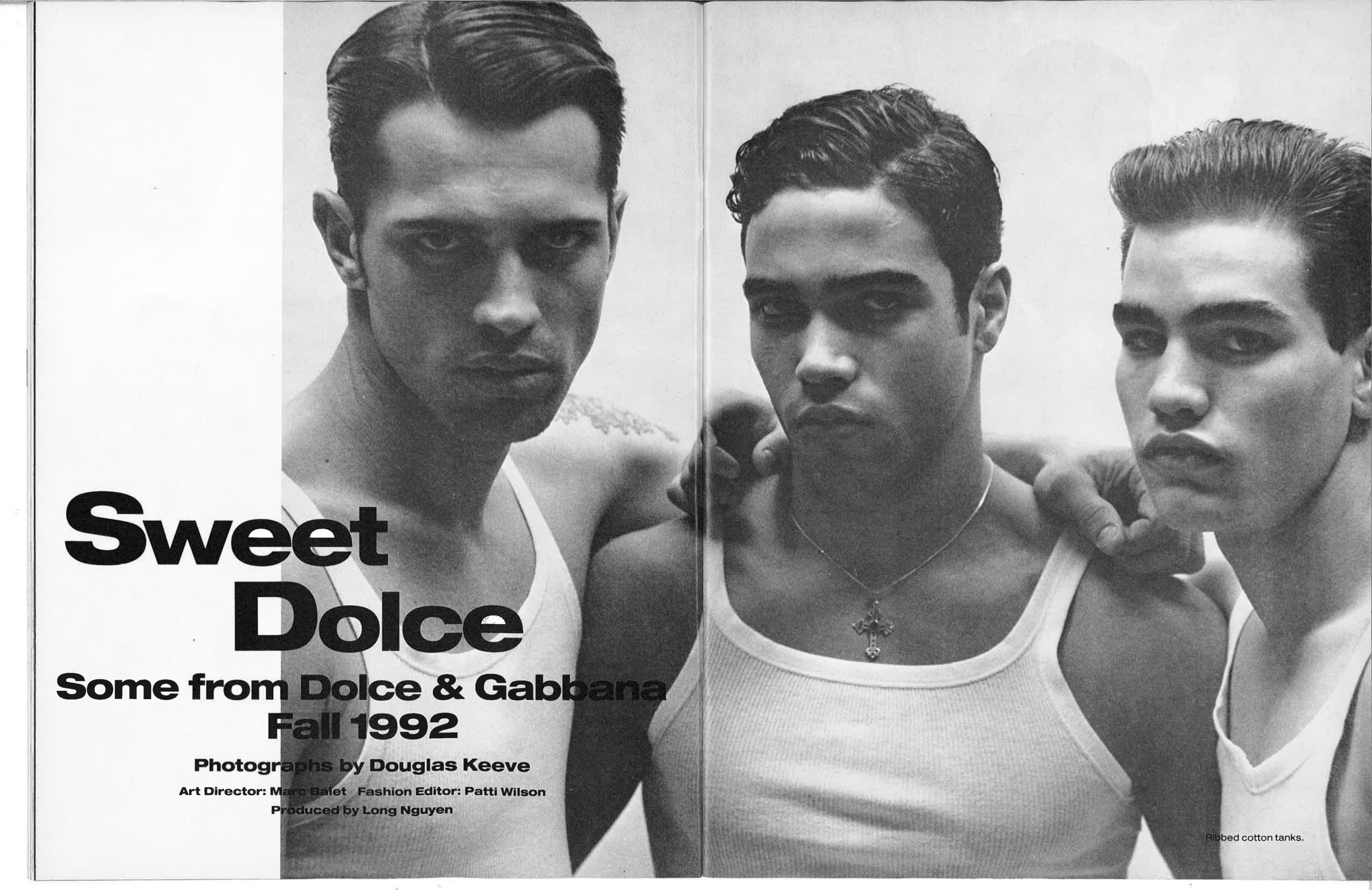
J: Oh, sorry. Want to dance?

On this note, our interview ended and I had formed my opinion of Romeo Gigli—not only is he one of the best and most respected designers in the world, etcetera, etcetera, but, above all, he's fun.





Credits:
Photographer: Mark Havriliak
Styled by Montgomery Frazier
Hair: David Ragulia
Make-up artist: Michelle
All clothes by Romeo Gigli
Spazio Romeo Gigli NYC
Location at the Country Club NYC
Model: Craig Vicarro, Karin (Company)

A black and white fashion advertisement featuring three male models. The model on the left is shown from the chest up, wearing a white tank top and looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The model in the center is also shown from the chest up, wearing a white ribbed tank top and a necklace with a cross pendant, looking slightly to the right. The model on the right is shown from the chest up, wearing a white tank top and looking towards the center. The background is a plain, light color. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Sweet Dolce

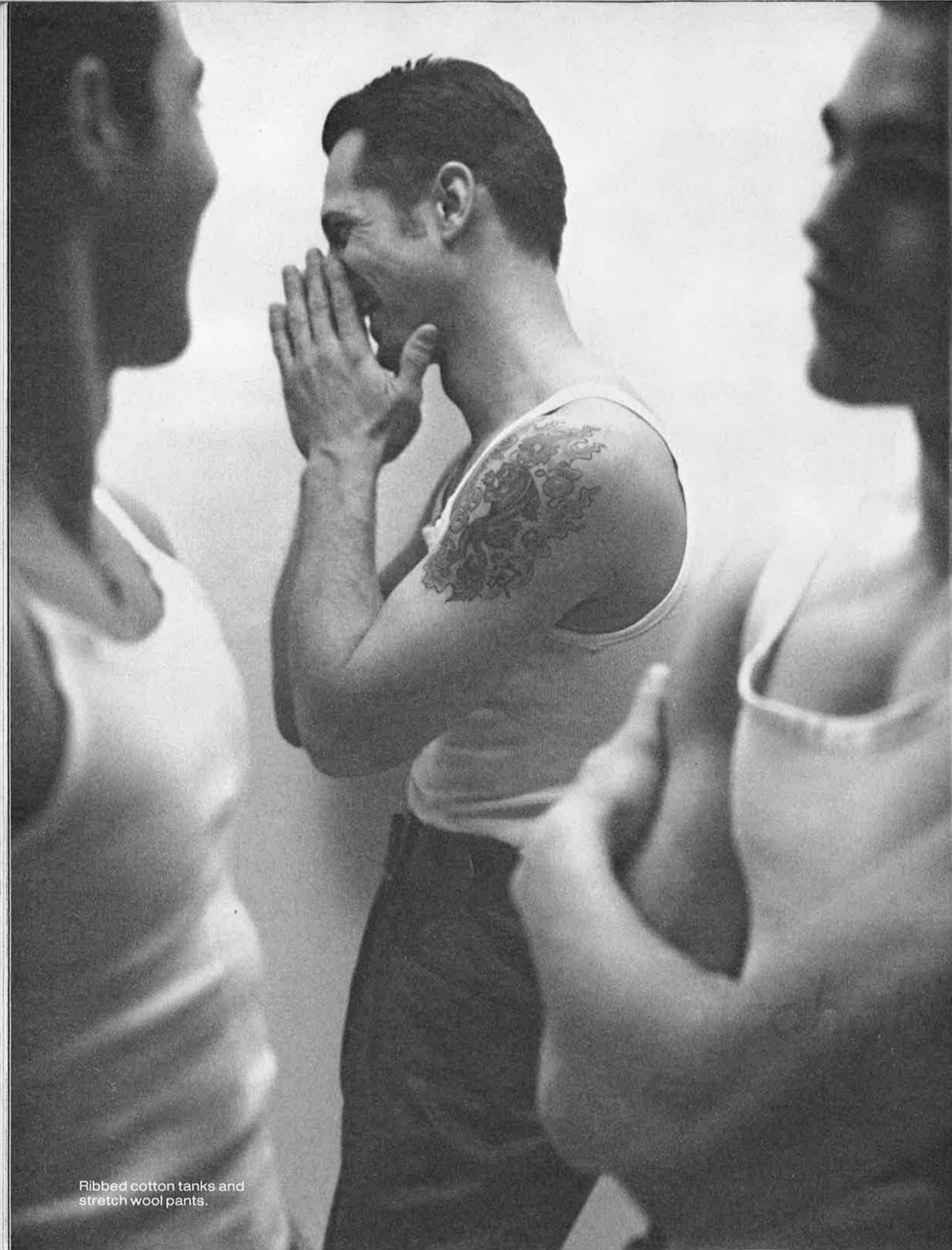
**Some from Dolce & Gabbana
Fall 1992**

Photographs by Douglas Keeve

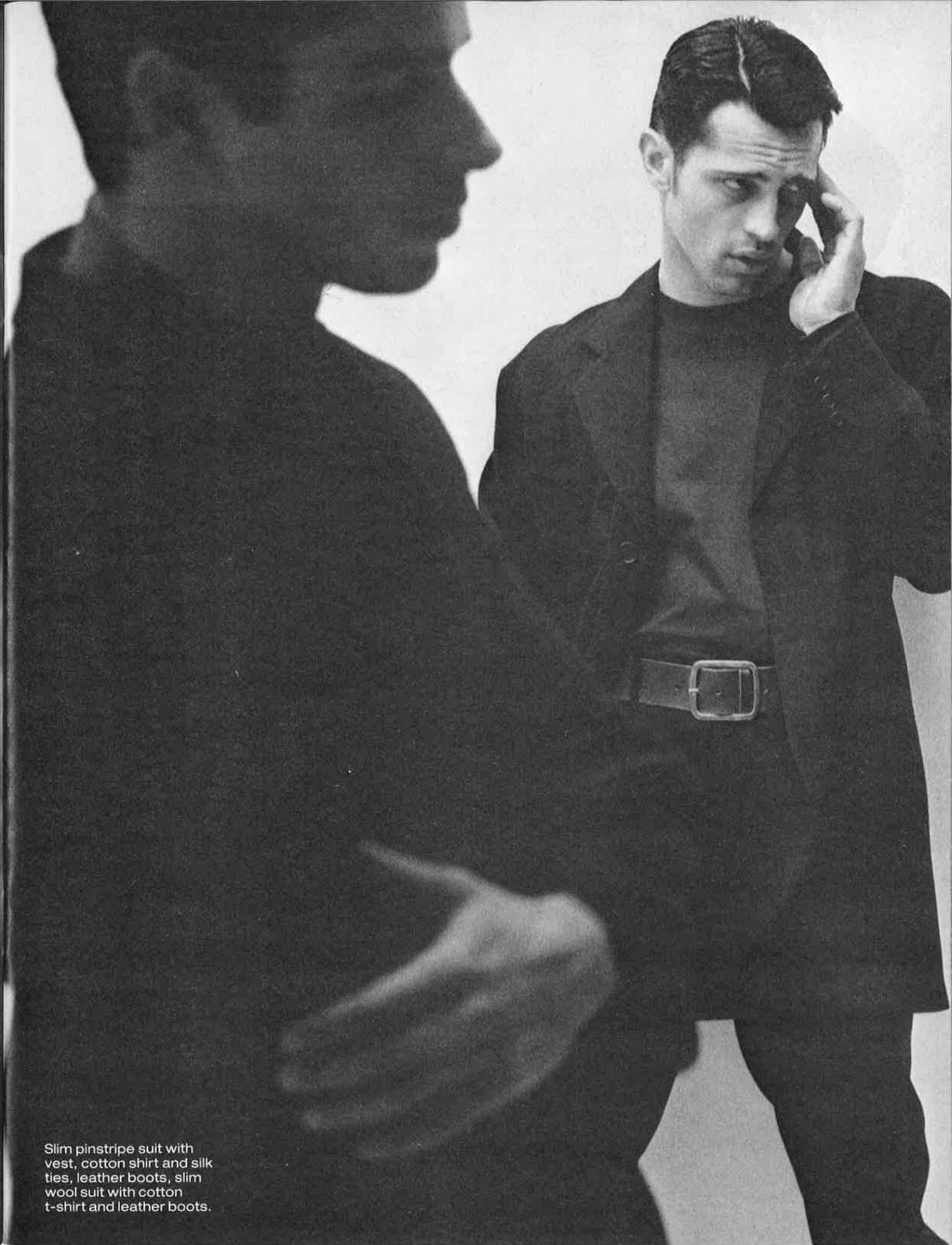
Art Director: Marc Balet Fashion Editor: Patti Wilson

Produced by Long Nguyen

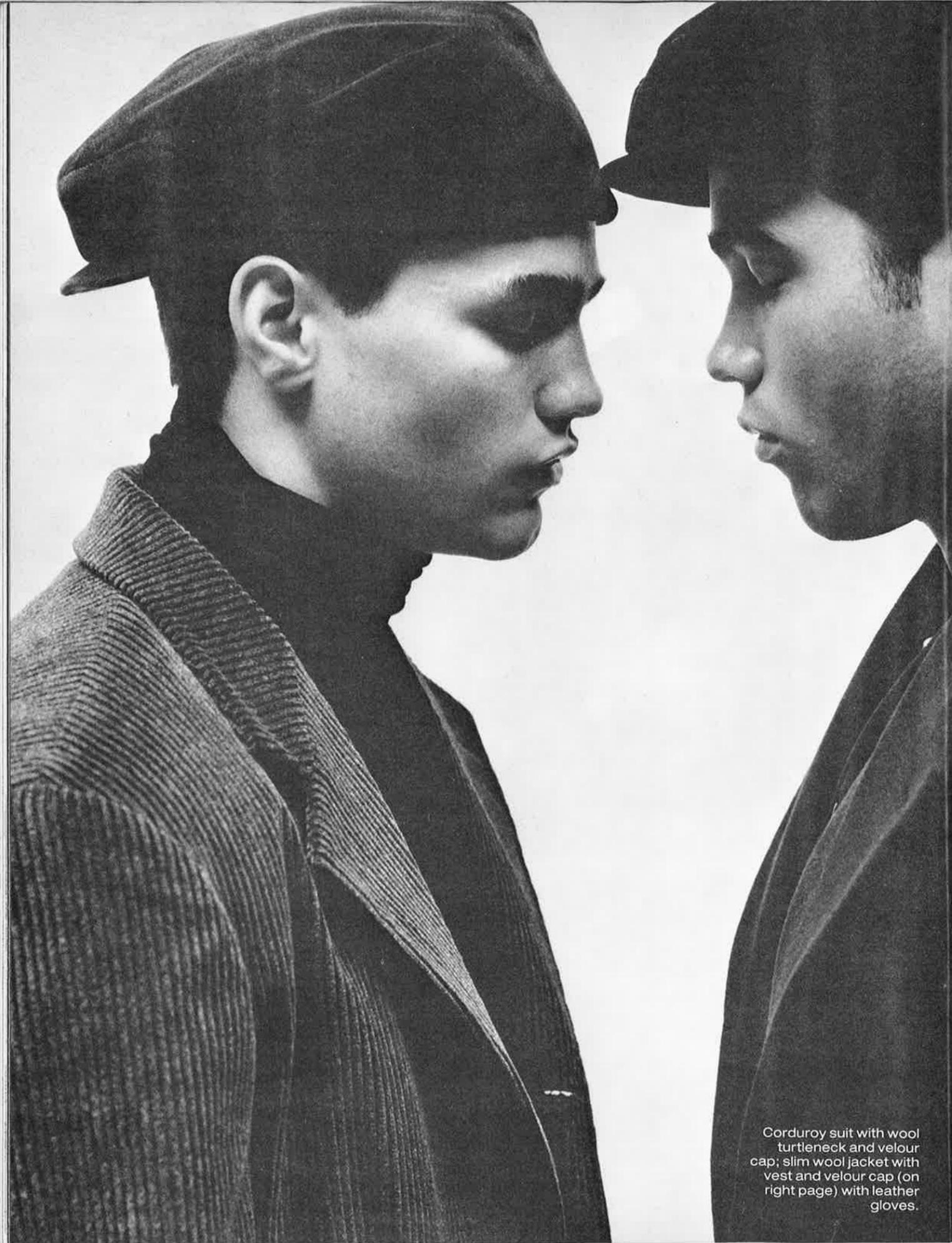
Ribbed cotton tanks.



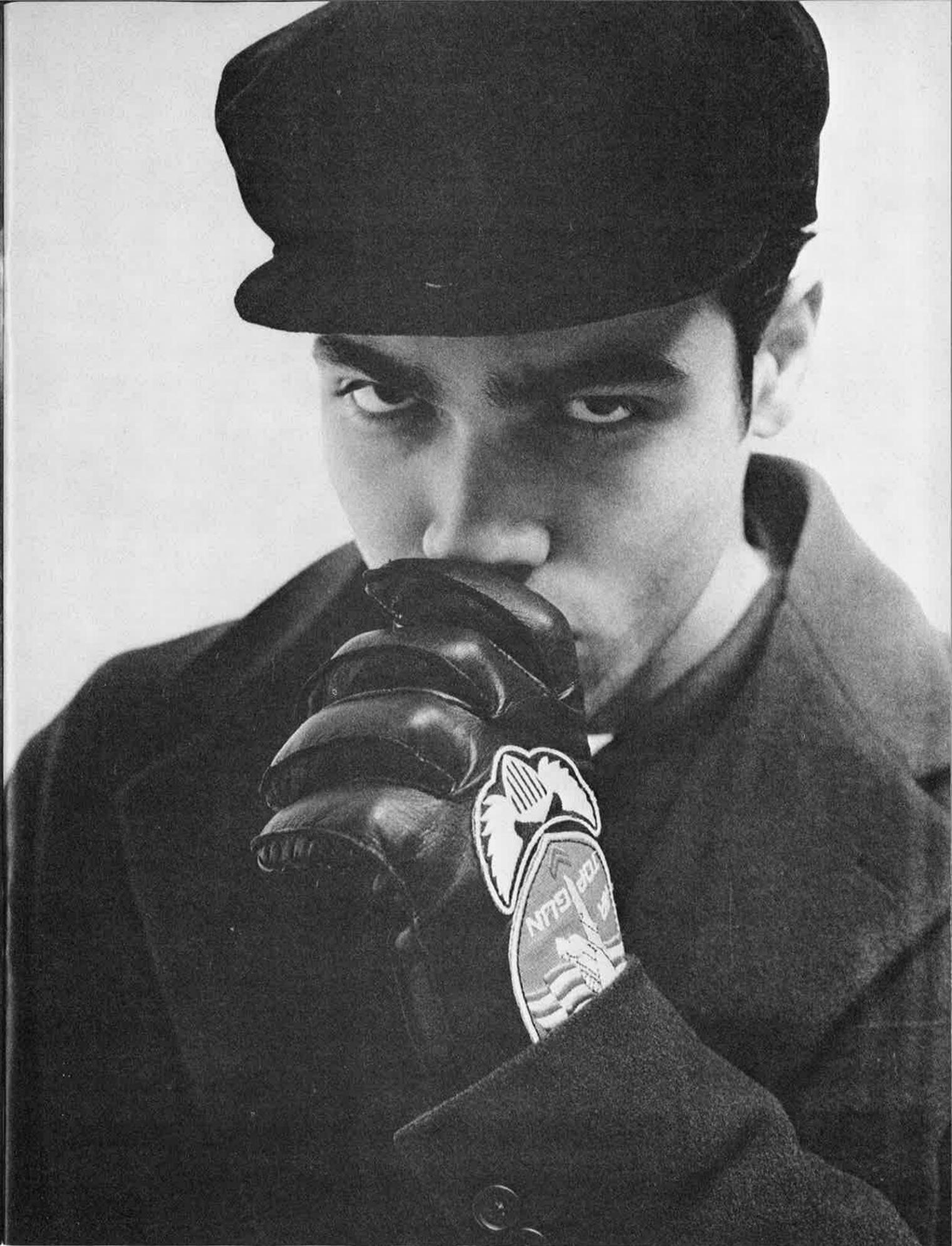
Ribbed cotton tanks and stretch wool pants.



Slim pinstripe suit with vest, cotton shirt and silk ties, leather boots, slim wool suit with cotton t-shirt and leather boots.



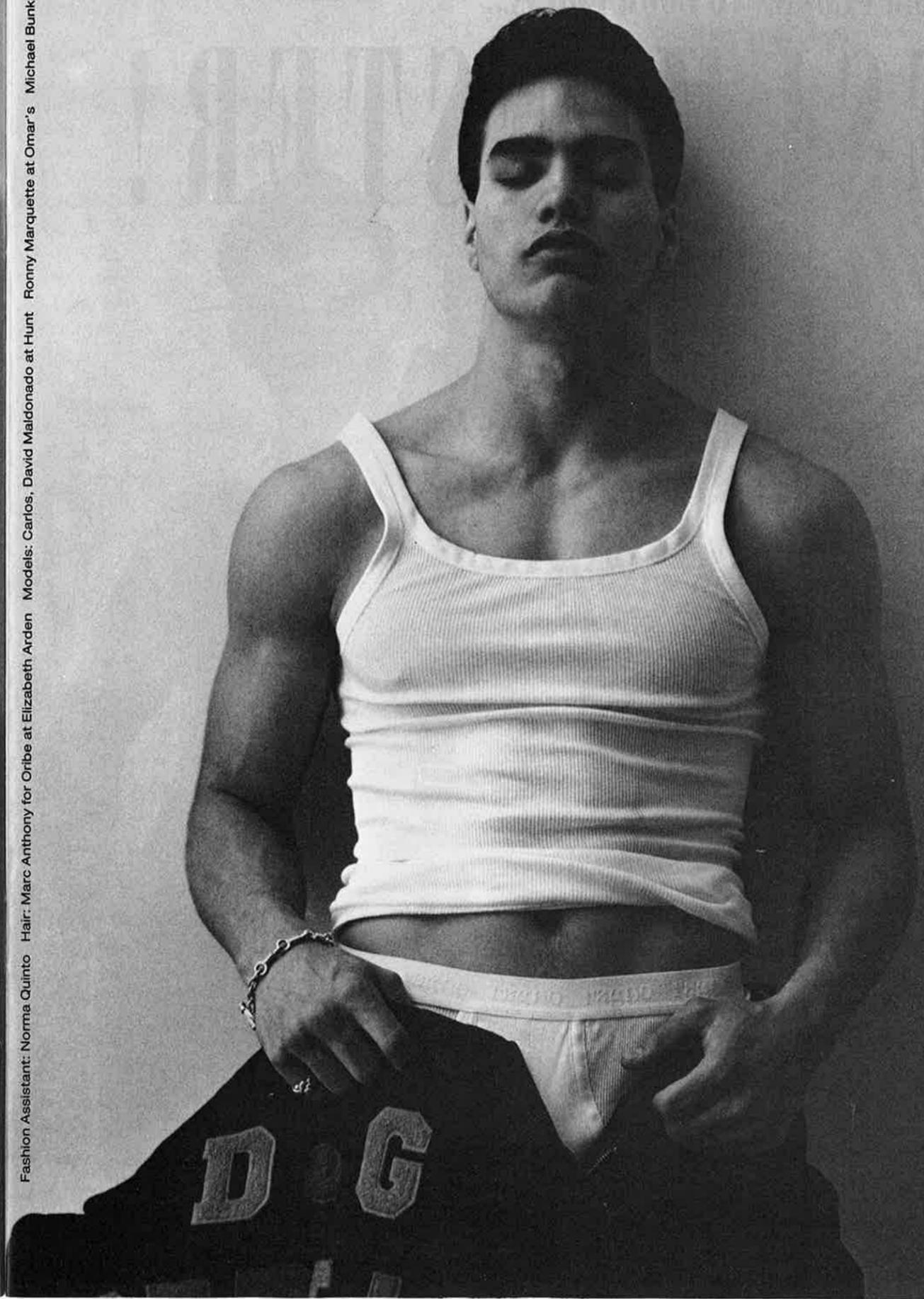
Corduroy suit with wool turtleneck and velour cap; slim wool jacket with vest and velour cap (on right page) with leather gloves.





Double breasted wool peacoat and ribbed wool turtleneck.

Fashion Assistant: Norma Quinto Hair: Marc Anthony for Orbe at Elizabeth Arden Models: Carlos, David Maldonado at Hunt Ronny Marquette at Omar's Michael Bunker at Nytro



Bomber jacket, cotton tank top and jeans.

This month's LOOKS TO LOOK FOR is...

DESI MONSTER!



It's no wonder this wayward party promoter's favorite dish is girls with big tits! Desi Monster is not comfortable with labels such as straight, gay or even human for that matter! Instead, he created his own "individual" being, with the help of a little LSD, which he feels exposes the profundity of one's own inner nature, especially when taken in clubs! Abandoning Palladium, Desi is now scouting out-of-the-way locations to offer respite to the fledgling underground scene.



Like a modern day Pied piper of the Netherworld, Desi plans to lead the new generation of Club Kids underground!

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE...



...by consuming alcohol with this product!

EVERETT QUINTON

OF THE RIDICULOUS THEATRICAL COMPANY

by Liz Tuccillo

Though he has never seen the club kids in action, Everett Quinton generously gave them a “two thumbs up” also. “Kids are great...They are doing what kids should do...”

We naturally began the interview on the question of men’s need to dress up. He felt he could only speak for himself and did. “It’s just a part of me, it always was. I was always a drag queen. I used to lip-synch to Diana Ross and Gladys Knight and the Pips in my sisters room. I thought I was going crazy...Today I glory in it. It is part of me as a gay man.”

He also added, “It’s not misogynistic, it’s not about women, Though I do get inspired by women who dress fabulously.”

And who might that be?

“My first resentment that I ever had was that I outgrew my mother’s shoes. My mother used to dress fabulously. She was a beautiful woman. Also my aunt. The lady down the block. She was a snappy dresser, went to my church.”

His life experiences seemed to be very much split between before he met Charles Ludlam and the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, and after. “I was a drug dunce, totally floundering...a freaked out repressed kid from Brooklyn...The first time I went out on stage at the Ridiculous, it felt like the hand of God, saying ‘don’t worry, Everett, things are going to be OK’”

And judging from his success in the company, they were. He has now been with the Ridiculous for sixteen years, performed in over forty shows and won numerous awards. Since the death of Charles Ludlam

•cont’d on next page

blue-beard

& theater in America

an inter-view with Michael Alig, Christopher Comp & Sushi

“Well, first of all, why were you all late?”

Michael:

We couldn’t find the theater.

Chris:

We’re always late.

Sushi:

(no comment)

Funny, though thirty minutes late to the theater, they managed to arrive just in time for the outrageous seduction scene between Everett Quinton (Bluebeard) and Eureka (Mrs. Maggot).

“So what did you

guys think of the seduction scene?” I asked at intermission.

Christopher Comp: Funny.

Sushi: Cute.

When asked later if they were shocked or surprised when Everett Quinton took off all his clothes onstage, the worldly Michael Alig replied, “We do that every night in front of more people than this.” And to make sure I had the proper perspective, later added, “You’re asking that of people who pay other people to drink urine for fun.”

Michael:

“You’re asking that of people who pay other people to drink urine for fun.”

•cont’d on next page

EVERETT QUINTON (cont'd from previous page)

(the company's founder) in 1987, Mr. Quinton has assumed the role as the company's artistic director.

Through his years in the Village, and with the Ridiculous, he has had the opportunity to see changes in the gay community. "The Puritans, the fascists, the Cardinal O'Connors would come and we would all go kill ourselves, we bore the weight of their misinterpretations. They encouraged us to hate ourselves—and into a way of living that is not conducive to good mental health... We've gotten stronger. We are not going to kill ourselves over it. We will not turn on ourselves, go back to our self-hate. There's a community where people can reach out. We have a fabulous community center... we can now take our place as equals." But he adds, "It's a hard row to hoe."

I try to pry out of him any personal favorites—favorite actors, scenes, costumes—he seemed to enjoy it all. I was, however, able to get some good acting advice that could perhaps also be applicable to the readers here. "In order to do what you do, you can't be concerned with your reputation. In order to do a service to the theater, you have to first be fearless."

Thank you, Mr. Quinton, for being just that.

BLUEBEARD (cont'd from previous page)

When asked what their favorite character was, they all seemed to agree on Mrs. Maggot, played by Eureka.

Nevertheless, as I sat in the Sheridan Square diner, sharing a post-show meal with these three made-up, feathered, lipsticked, high-heeled club kids, call me crazy—but I couldn't help noting the similarity between the theater and their club life. They agreed.

Sushi: In Japan all the club kids are actors.

Chris: Going out is a lot like theater except there is no script.

Michael: Sometimes there is a script and we plan exactly what we're going to say and what we're going to do.

Chris: And sometimes our audience hates us, and sometimes our audience loves us and goes home with us. (And since they were all leaving the next day for an all-expense paid trip to Chicago, sometimes they even get to go on tour.)

And what about these wacky costumes, guys?

They all seemed to think actors had the right idea.

Michael: I think everyone should dress up. Everyone subconsciously wants to dress up and be different. So a business man will wear a suit, but

with stripes or a bright tie—that's all he can get away with. When asked if they had any favorite costume in Bluebeard, Christopher cited the leopard costume, worn by the Leopard Woman (played by Brian Neil Belovitch, designed by Toni Nanette Thompson.)

In terms of the special effects in Bluebeard, their favorite seemed to be the amazing set-change in front of our eyes from parlour room to laboratory. Christopher thought it was like being on acid and Michael thought it was a great idea for a club.

Though their knowledge of theater is frighteningly spotty, they all seemed to feel theater is important and knew what they liked.

Michael: People should think it's more important, reality isn't always so pleasant, you need an escape.

Chris: I like theater were there's more interaction with the audience, where you never know if someone is going to embarrass you.

Both Christopher and Michael seemed to be up for theater that is wilder and perhaps even riot-producing, "drug-inspired", but they both added that this night out was very "civilized" and a "nice change of pace."

Funny, we never really got around to talking about the plot of Bluebeard—which is about a mad scientist who tries to create a third sex and ends up mutilating the genitals of all his patients.

As for their final summation of the production, they all had rave reviews.

Chris: Two thumbs up.

Michael: For a club kid to like it, it's got to be great.

Sushi: Faburous.

**EVERETT
QUINTON in
character ►**

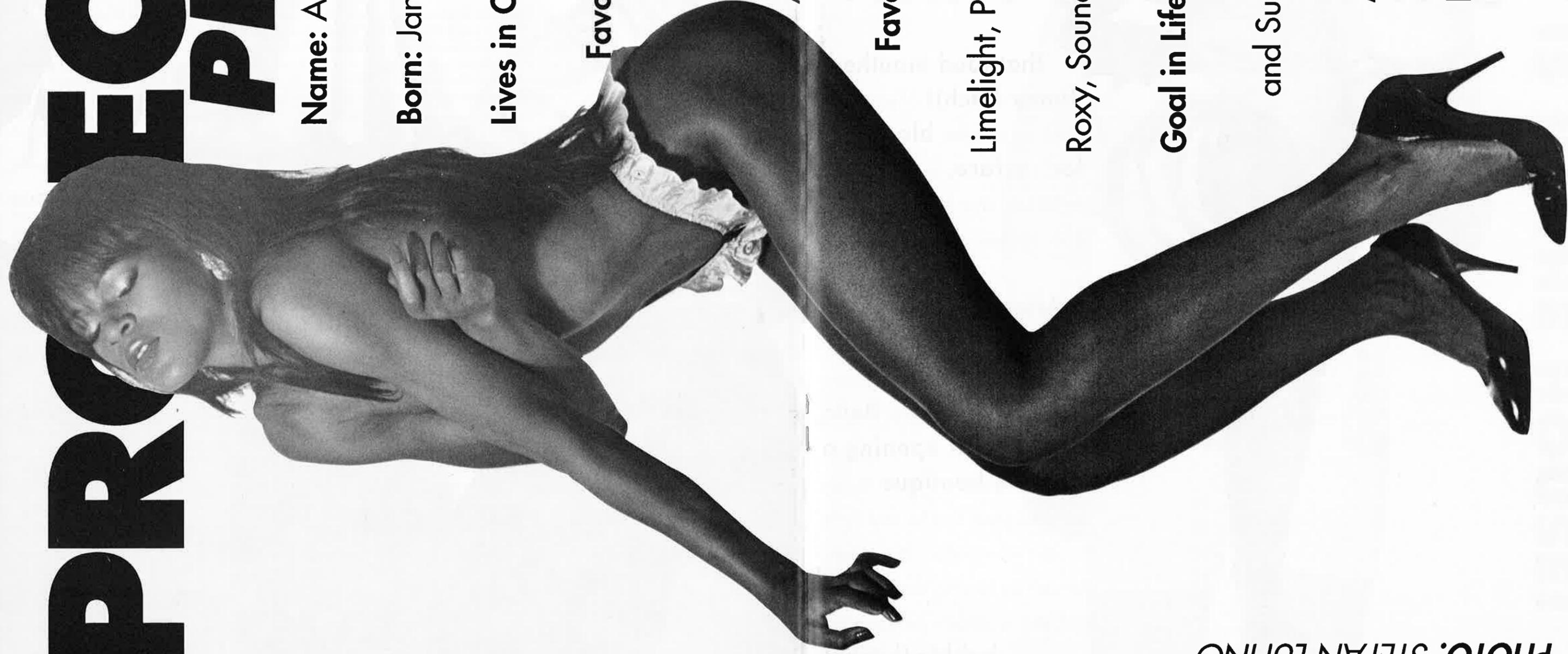
photo: Martha Swope

BARON KHANAZAR VON BLUEBEARD:

a mad scientist who tries to create a third sex...



PROJECT X PIN UP



Name: Angelica

Born: January 18, 1972

Lives in Chelsea

Favorite Color: Red

Best Friend:

Amanda Lepore

Favorite Clubs:

Limelight, Palladium, Jackie 60,

Roxy, Sound Factory

Goal in Life: To Be Happy

and Successful for Eternity!!

Angelica Also Enjoys

Dancing and Boys!!!

PHOTO: STEFAN LUPINO

Meet Bella Polski!



That loud mouthed, funny bitch!! She's been known to offer **blow jobs for carfare**, but prefers to spend her time hosting engine room soirees at **Palladium**.

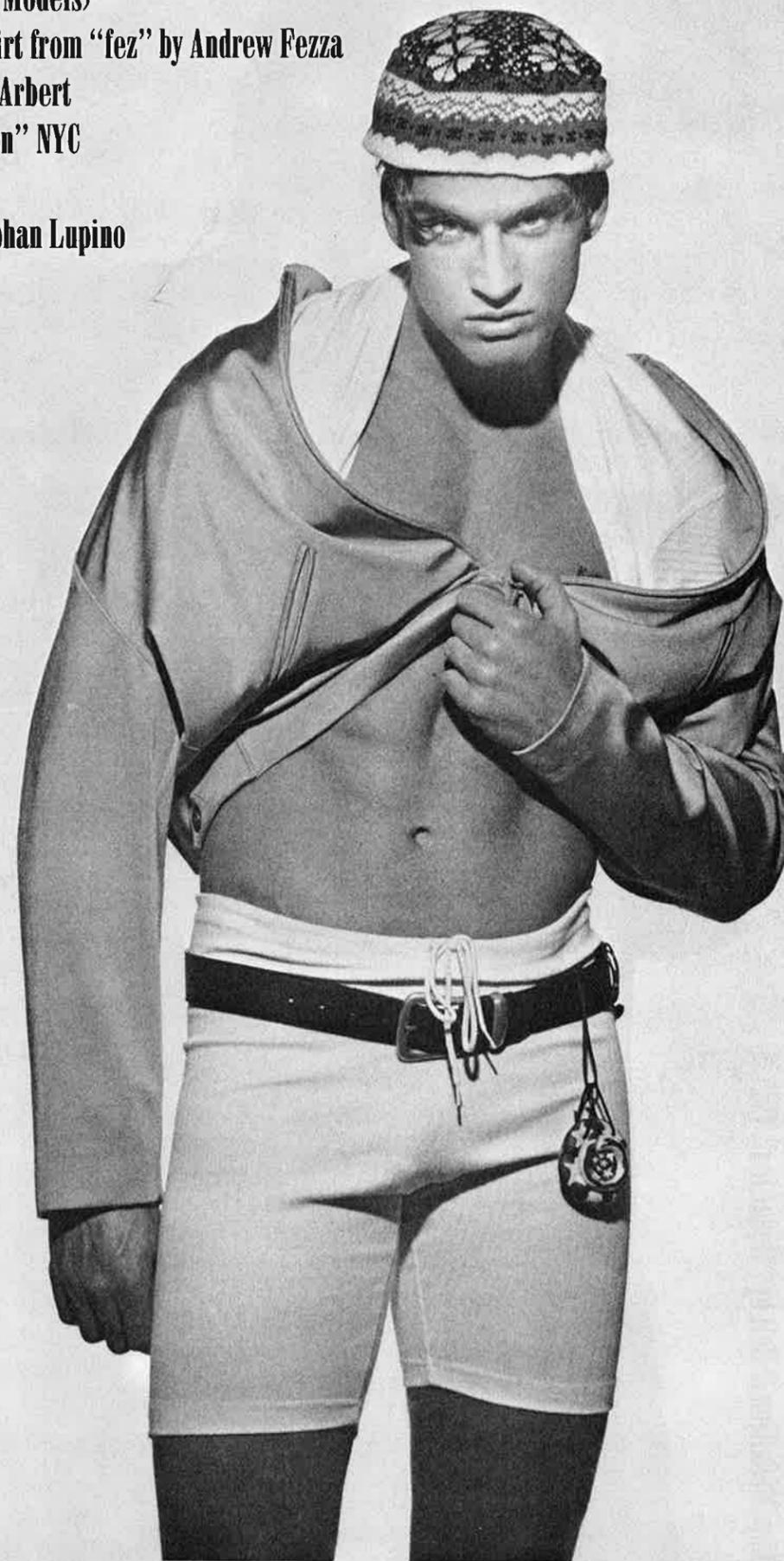
As the "**Queen of Afterhours**," Miss Bella loves to look outrageous and designs her own outfits mostly.

As for the future, **Bella dreams of opening a cozy little boutique** to sell self-designed frocks and café au lait to weirdos. Bella sees herself as having the ultimate business woman's personality, **bubbly/bitchy!**

photo by M. Fazakerley

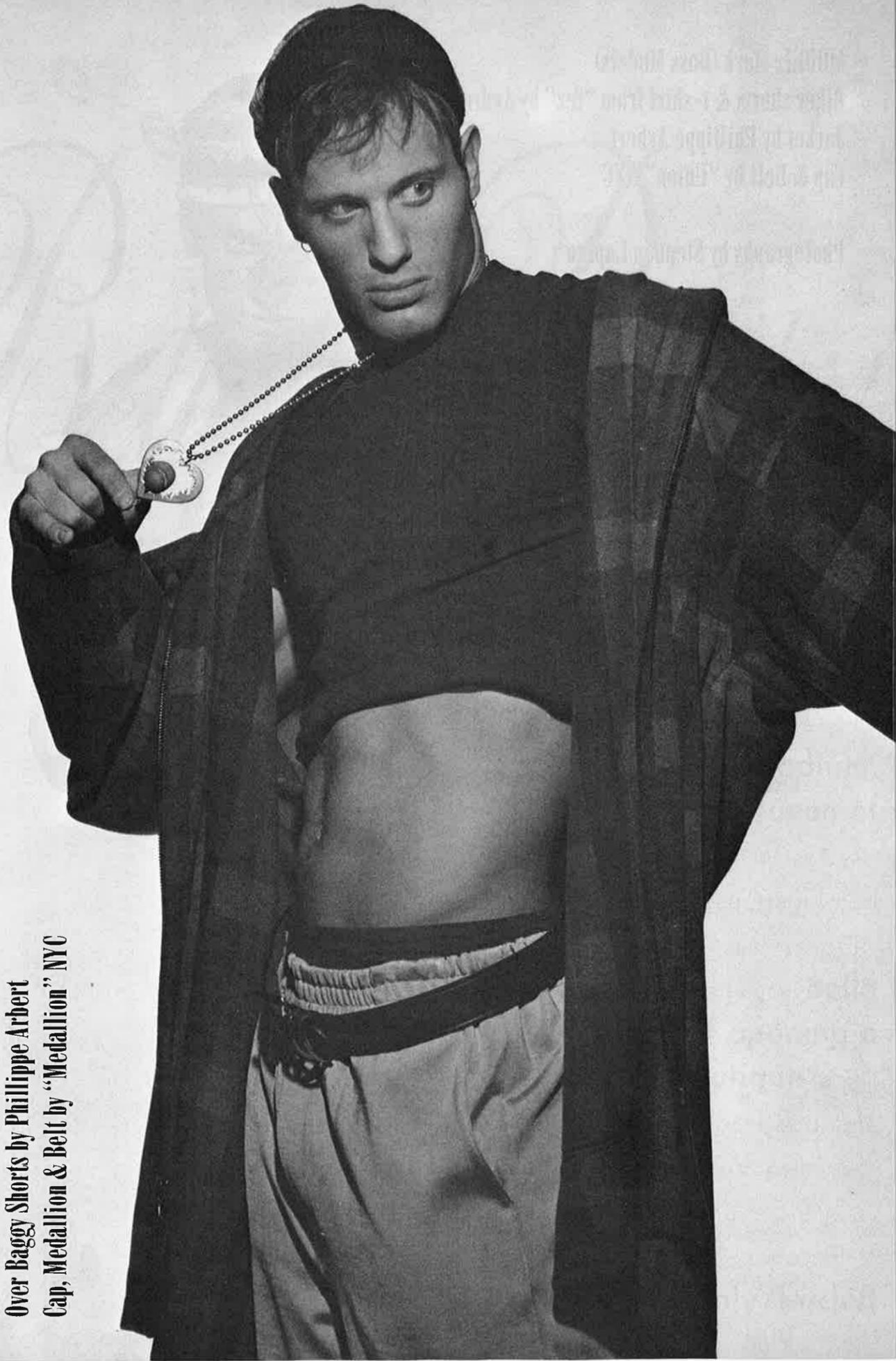
MODEL: Mark (Boss Models)
Biker shorts & t-shirt from "fez" by Andrew Fezza
Jacket by Phillippe Arbert
Cap & Belt by "Union" NYC

Photographs by Stephan Lupino



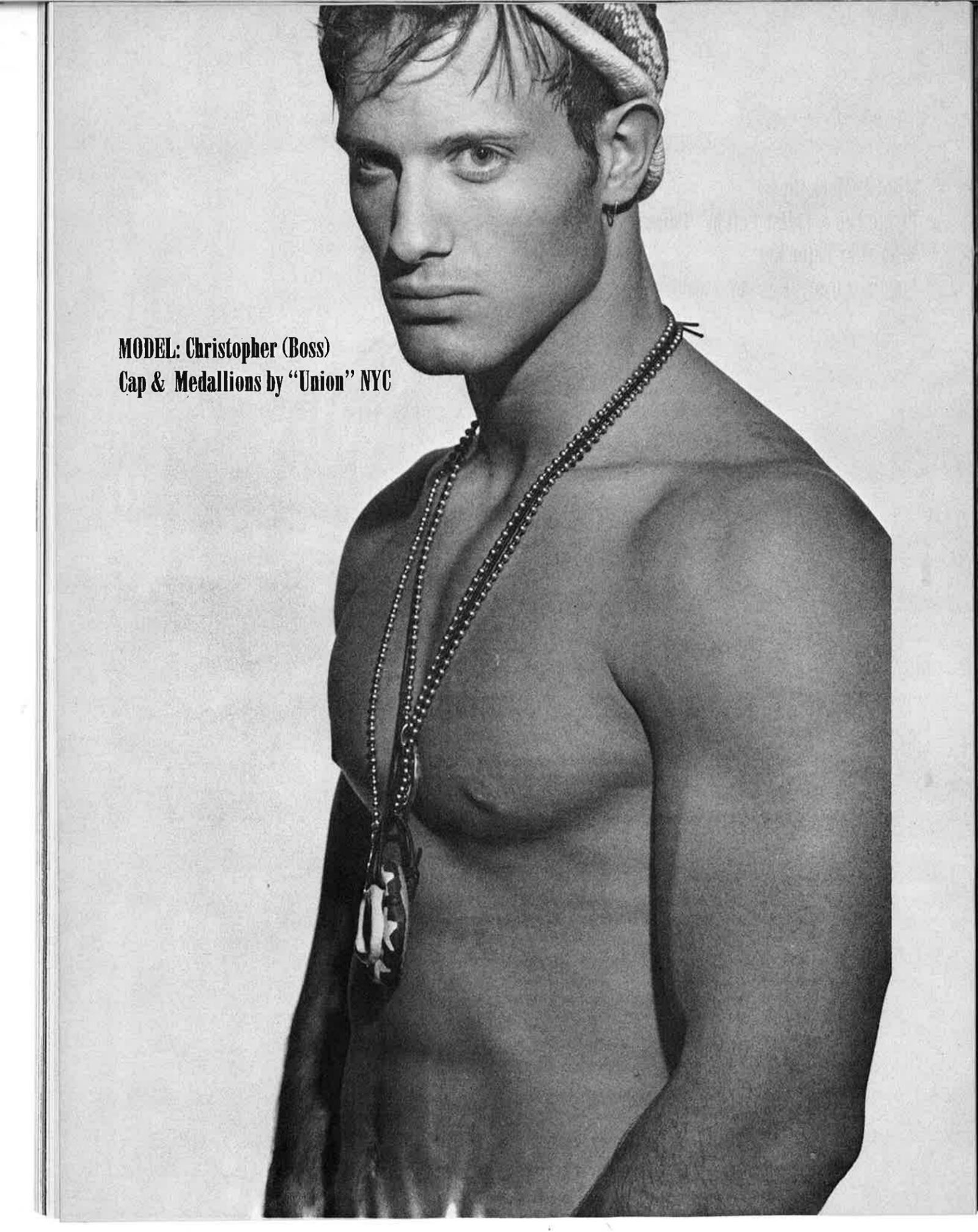
THE BOSS IS IN THE HOUSE!

MODEL: Christopher (Boss)
Coat, T-Shirt & Undershorts from "Fez" by Andrew Fezza
Over Baggy Shorts by Phillippe Arbert
Cap, Medallion & Belt by "Medallion" NYC



MODEL: Mark (Boss)
Pirate Cap & Collar Belt by "Union" NYC
T-Shirt by Peter Key
Leggings from "Fez" by Andrew Fezza





MODEL: Christopher (Boss)
Cap & Medallions by "Union" NYC

the makeup shop

If You Can Imagine It...We Can Do It!

**Makeup Supplies, Temporary Tattoos, Haircolor,
Professional Makeup Brushes, Makeup Books, Classes,
Theatrical Makeup, Eyelashes, Makeup Kits, Matte
Pigments, Latex Prosthetics, Special Effects Supplies,
Glitter, Custom Wigs, Wig Dressing, Custom Blended
Powders and Foundations, "Peel Off" Makeup in a Rainbow
of Colors, Airbrushed Nails, Face Painting....**

And Much, Much More!!!

131 West 21st Street, NYC 10011 (212)807-0447
Visa and Mastercard - Mail Order

"The Experimental Kitchen"

by Jeffrey Dahmer

Are Afro-Americans more flavorful and nutritious than white people?

After years of research and taste-testing, Mr. Dahmer says he prefers the taste of dark meat to white.

Mr. Dahmer, a singular culinary expert and nutritionist in his own right, says "Dark meat has a smoky, piquant flavor, compared to the mild taste of white meat," and he adds, it's "low in saturated fat and is easily digestible."

For those who yearn for country-fresh dairy butter, but are afraid of the calories and saturated fat, Mr. Dahmer suggests you try his recipe for "Black Butter."

1. Into a container of an electric blender, pour one cup of freshly rendered Afro-American body fat and 1/2 cup of savory body fluid
2. Blend on high speed for about fifteen seconds until fat is whipped. As soon as fat begins to thicken around blades, it is whipped and ready.
3. Spoon "Black Butter" on broiled meat patties, broccoli, cauliflower, and baked potatoes.

Or, Spread crackers with "Black Butter," heat ten minutes in a moderate oven and use as a base for canapés.

Or, simply spread "Black Butter" on a nice crisp baguette.

Bon Appetit!

the Nasty Woman

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

In this world everyone has a very favorite place...a very favorite room perhaps...some cool room full of warm memories, perhaps about a very certain favorite God in a miniskirt sitting on a sweet round couch with its blue cover and its soft white, fleshlike inside.

In this world everyone has a very certain secure place in a very certain time that helps one to see the secret meaning of all things.

When I was a child...young...around four years old...my very favorite place was my bedroom closet.

No matter the time of day...no matter the time of night...when I needed a private place to dwell...when I needed a refuge to direct my thoughts and interests inward, I would strike an awkward pose by standing on my tippy toes, clumsily tug open my bedroom closet door, and, sink, somewhere...into a darkness full of silence.

Sometimes my mother would approach and press her ear against the door and listen. I'm sure she yearned to be invited in. She seemed so lonely by herself in the huge emptiness of the apartment. But I never—ever allowed her to gain admittance. Even back then I was never one to entertain guests...in any capacity!

Everybody's is Denise Carbonnell's private place.

Far from my retreat, far from my common cave...it is unique and inch by inch her. It is like the most beautiful brightest star in the deep blue sky. And she is like a sea nymph whose sweet singing entices you in closer and closer and closer.

I have known Denise for many years. We have never really been very close. She is light where I am dark. She is an individual interested in making herself known to others where I deliberately hide and conceal both my physical and spiritual nature from the sight and knowledge of others. Yet, somehow, we share a thousand similar thoughts and feelings.

Perhaps that is why I view her restaurant with such deep fondness and respect...respect for her keen and perceptive, almost supernatural, ability to receive, entertain and satisfy any stranger who happens to pass into her life.

The great pleasures derived from Everybody's aren't thoughtlessly wasted solely upon the shoulders of the ownership. Like the pulse of Denise herself, the staff, lovely young boys and girls in jeans and t-shirts, parades with expertise and pride throughout the expected physical and mental order of their workday as if their occupation carried with it a greater deal of value and esteem than that of their very own private lives.

Early evening, late night, nothing doing, something doing, long tables filled with uproarious festivities, a single pale figure in lamplight peering ahead...on the many occasions I have dined at Everybody's I have always been filled by delight by all the aspects of the food. The lure of the chef's graceful concoction floats easily and gently, to and fro, on the enclosed air of the kitchen and tiny dining

room. The soups are smooth and warm and squishy. The diverse appetizers filled with the promise of happiness yet to come. The principal courses are boldly creative; life-bringing. The desserts are not simply the sweet last course of dinner but the cure for all disease and evil. We love them almost too much.

And the sum of money asked in exchange for all these goods? Every meal has its price. Everybody's is well within the bounds of common sense.



Denise Carbonnell, Owner, Everybody's Restaurant
photo: Tina Paul



Everybody's is located at 31 Second Avenue. The telephone number is (212) 473-1884.

ANTHONY DeVITO

Anthony DeVito is the principal of Anthony DeVito Design, an illustration and graphic design studio run out of Brooklyn. His artwork has been getting much attention lately because of its immediate identifiability and quirky cleverness.

have a **gas** with



... and let 'em know you've been there!

Reworking the clean look of 1940's and '50's trademarks, ads and graphics, he creates images that are uniquely of-the-moment due to their smart statements on contemporary consumerism.

Anthony sees this approach as a deliberate reaction to what he calls the "can-they-draw-or-can't they" school of illustration. "The artists of the forties and fifties had amazing technique and control over their lines, and there were no false moves," he says. "I have real respect for any artist with the talent and confidence to nail down a line without any unnecessary extras."

With his cutting-edge fashion art, editorial cartooning and graphic work, Anthony is a triple-threat. He's one artist worth watching.



Does some joker know too much for his own good? Give him some time to THINK about it!
(he'll come to his senses soon enough!)



OFF BROADWAY

Maureen Gallace

It seems like such a long time since I've looked at art in the East Village

...Artists as Dealers, the East Village, Money, Soho, Recession, NOW WHAT? You know the story.

NOW WHAT? Maybe you've noticed some recent attempts to find out. Young artists are grouping together and doing shows themselves. Finding a space for a couple of weeks (maybe even one week), maybe even one night. And doing whatever whatever it takes to get the work up on the walls. There is a sense of urgency surrounding these events. Guerilla shows.

Michael McCauliffe is an emerging artist and curator. His lifestyle is similar to that of most other young artists living and working in New York City—except maybe that he has a job he's been able to hold onto. He works for Julian Pretto Gallery, so he's pretty familiar with the mechanics of getting a show up. As well as the curatorial effort involved. His first effort as a curator/organizer was a recent exhibition titled "Off Broadway" (for all the reasons you might think). The card lists the names of thirteen artists. The show ran for two weeks in the end of December, and kept (almost) regular gallery hours. The space used was at 17 White Street on the ground floor. This was formerly the Alternative Museum, which they have moved to the Prince/Broadway area (neither of us were sure of the reason for this move).

Michael says he "found out" the space at 17 White Street was empty and for rent. He approached the co-op board and asked for permission to borrow the space. They eventually gave their approval and Michael thought "maybe they figured it could help them to eventually rent the space." All the artists (13) chipped in to buy an insurance policy that would last for about two weeks. The total cost of this was \$800,000.

"This show, and others like are direct result of the recent art crash. The goal was just a chance for people to show their work. The work that no one

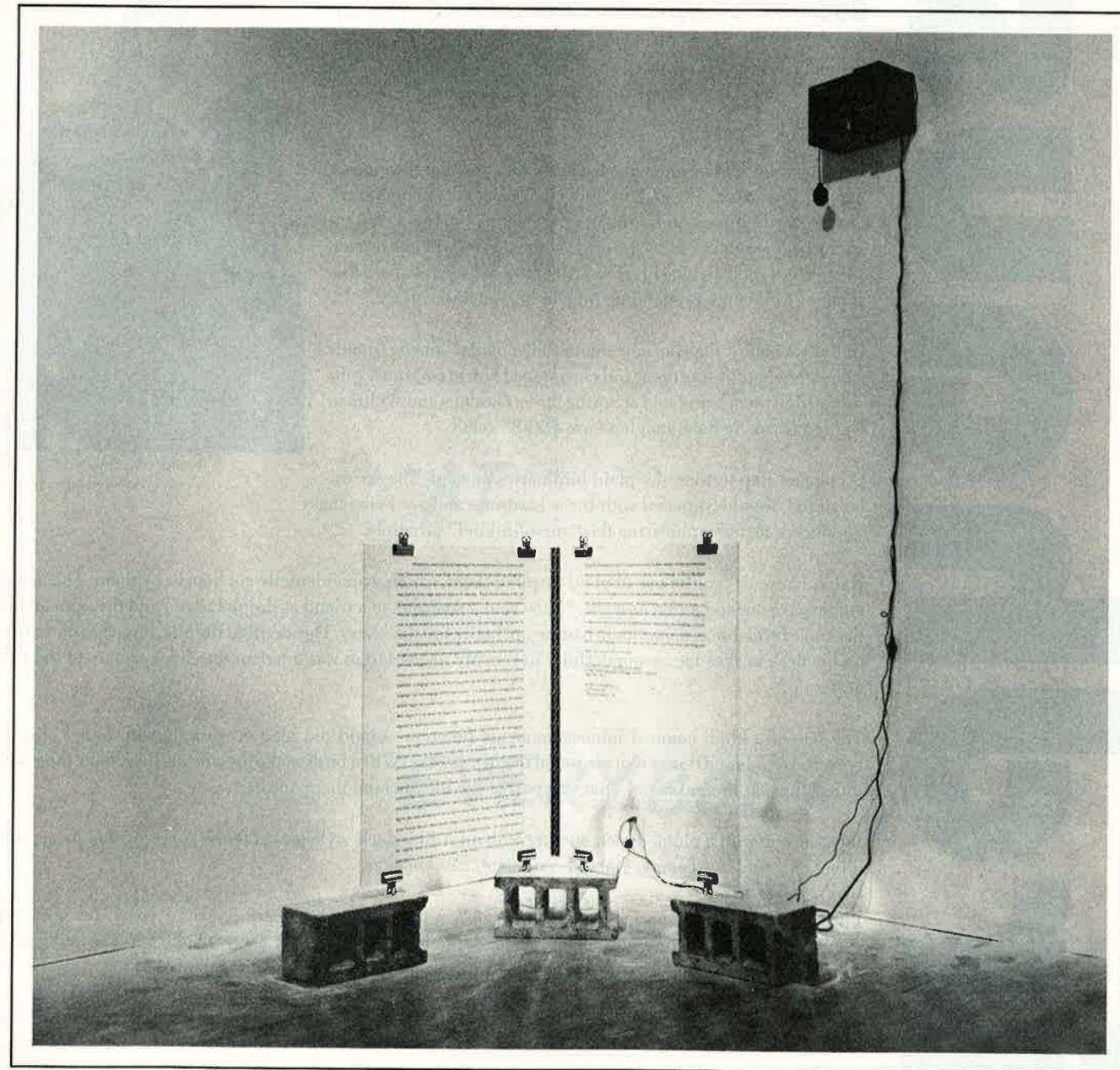
had ever seen before. This is a chance to get it out of the way and get on to something else."

I asked Michael if he was too young to have been around here during the East Village thing. He said, "Yeah, sort of.. I was here in NYC, but I wasn't going into any galleries or anything." What he's saying sounds so familiar to me. "...this is a reaction...There just aren't any places to show..."

So, "Off Broadway" was basically his idea. He claims he put it together with no real curatorial effort." He says that it was a "somewhat arbitrary decision as to the actual work that was included. "As far as who the artists included in the show were, "friends, friends of friends...people I thought made interesting work...just people I knew."

"I knew Jackie McAllister because he would always come by the gallery. I knew he made these paintings. Deborah Garwood, I knew wsa an artist. She works at Dia...David Simons had brought his work by the gallery before...Tak Arit and Kei Tsujimura I have gotten to know because they both work for Sol Lewitt...Erika Knerr works for Lucio [Pozzi]...David Licht custom builds stretchers for other artists...I know Luca Buvoli because he works for Keith Somier...Andrew Moore is an art mover...Mary Jones has shown before in California, she might be the only one...I had herd Patricia Thornley did these installations...Perry Greaves and I are friends. It was all word of mouth, I just wanted to get some work up."

The response was very good. A great deal of people saw the show, and, more importantly, saw most of this work for the first time. I asked him if he'll do it again. He's definitely thinking about it. Getting a space seems to be the major concern. "I'd like to do a photography show, maybe...a show where there is no monochrome...something that no one else is doing. So, yeah, I'll do it again if I can get the space for free."



• Installation by Deborah Garwood

BIRDHAUS

salvatore siggia
by ty batirbek

Many of us who grew up in suburbia or in the country will remember little things that evoke nostalgic childhood memories. Bringing us to a time of curious purity is Salvatore Siggia, who has brought a sense of neo-kitsch to the newly popular and chic interest in birdhouses.

Brooklyn boy Sal has anonymous charm like one that disappears happily in a crowd. Shy and boyish in looks and very understated, he has startling passion for his up-and coming business. With a strong background in crafts, he made stained glass windows for ten years. He started making his trendy one-of-a-kind birdhouses this summer while he was spending time in his Catskill cottage.

Initially a hobby, they became immensely popular among friends who started purchasing them and encouraged him to continue. Now we can find them being sold at Spring Street Gardens and Wolfman Garden Goods in Soho ranging from \$60-85 retail.

Going one step further, the plaid birdhouses ensued. They're upholstered, weather-proofed with brass hardware and are being mass produced, metamorphosing the "one-of-a-kind" principle.

Ralph Lauren's prolific use of plaid inspired them, which, coincidentally got bought by them. The design studio gave one to Lauren as a gift. "I just sent a snapshot to a friend at Ralph Lauren and the woman from the home furnishings department had me up there a few days later. The idea that Ralph Lauren has one sitting on his desk strikes me as wonderfully ironic. My use of tartan was a tongue-in-cheek tribute to the Polo aesthetic."

The one-of-a-kind, comical mini-monuments function around the idea of working with found objects, recycled woods and things that are found in thrift stores. "When birds make their nests, they make them with things that are around them. That was part of the idea behind them, too."

Imagine one with a plumed roof, another with an Adirondack-style picket fence, one covered in sequins, all manifesting in a campy, outland sentiment, *with an edge*.

Playing up a comparison with city life, as he's worked in nightclubs for several years, he saw deep symbolistics of things past and social issues. Says Siggia, "I think they are symbolic of home and family. Like some of them don't have holes for the birds to get in, symbolizing homelessness."

Sal is watching his new business expand. He says he won't quit the nightclubs just yet, but is optimistic that these witty structures will continue to amuse future retail prospects. "Ideally, I'd love to find a partner that sees the same potential that I see in them. I think the mass-produced ones could turn out to be a small thriving business, and I could see them selling even through mail order."

The real beauty of BIRDHAUS is that it summons a time of nostalgic youth, of innocence...a time when watching a bird held intense fascination. When Siggia was a kid, he used to go upstate in the summers which gave him and appreciation for nature and much pleasure.

He expresses, "When I see certain things, it's like a memory jolt! We have a sled and an old tricycle laying around the yard. Everyone can relate to these things."



• birdhaus! Salvatore Siggia
photo by Henny Garfunkel

I

EAT

IT

AT

EVERYBODY'S

31 SECOND AVE

KATE HARWOOD

Singer, Doorperson, Skier, Covergirl

Billy Beyond

Kate Harwood, like a rare and precious blue diamond, is multifaceted and sparkles even in low light. As the ruling Queen of Manhattan, she enjoys her reign and is loyal to her thousands of subjects. As the doorperson-in-chief at Limelight, she works hard to edit angry crowds, creating a more preferable mixture of freaks and paying customers (not an easy job). As a skier, Kate loves the freedom of the open slopes and is excited about snowboarding. Kate the cover girl preserves the timeless elements of beauty, innocence, clarity and a good pair of lashes. Most of all, Kate the singer brings happiness to her listeners as lead vocalist of her band "For Beauty's Sake" Recently I chatted with Kate during a break from her door duties.

Billy: What's the wildest thing that ever happened at the door here?

Kate: (pause) We had a stalker last week. Some guy ran by naked because he couldn't get in.

B: Skintillating! Has being involved in nightclubs helped your career with the band?

K: Somewhat. I suppose I know more people because of it, but it has't helped incredibly.

B: How long has For Beauty's Sake been together?

K: Five or six years.

B: And the members have remained the same?

K: Basically yes. Craig Kafton and I still do all the writing, though the music is new.

B: The band's music has changed a lot over the years, hasn't it?

K: Yes, we're not so concerned about fitting into a market now—we're just doing our own thing. Our sound is spiritually inspired and we don't feel obligated to have any certain sound.

B: Have you been writing new stuff?

K: Yes, we were working today on sampling sounds from all over the world.

B: What are your favorite records right now?

K: hmmm...Oh! the Indian version of "Hot Hot Hot" I listen to all kinds of things. I've been listening to some Zen tapes, too.

B: Who are your favorite singers?

K: Patsy Cline, Karen Carpenter, Annie Lennox, Nona Hendrix...I have so many it's hard to say really.

B: The members of the band are?

K: Craig Kafton on bass, Scott Harding plays guitar, Derrick Smith plays drums, Chal Pivik plays guitar and Alex Arcé is on keyboards.

B: Are you currently shopping for record deals?

K: Yes, although all the major labels don't seem to be encouraging new acts. Everything seems to be either Michael Bolton or Mariah Carey. We're interested in a few independent labels—basically we just want the music out there. We're proud of it—it's good and it doesn't require a lot of expensive production.

B: I hope we can hear it soon. Kate what's the best movie you saw?

K: Wayne's World.

B: And the last book you read?

K: The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People

B: In your opinion, what are the best eyelashes and where do you buy them?

K: These are 501's and I probably bought them at either Lee's Mardi Gras Boutique or Pat Field's

B: Concerning the Style Summit '92, what was your reaction to the man who drank his own urine?

K: Ahhhh...it left a lump in my throat. I would never drink that man's urine.

B: Kate, what are club kids?

K: I wish I knew.

B: How old are you?

K: Let's just say my head hurts from the pounding of my biological clock.



For Beauty's Sake! Kate & her band

AN URGENT MESSAGE TO ...



Dear Madonna,

We at Project X magazine think you're really great. Not only are you a wonderful performer, but you really understand where it's at and how things are. You really get it.

We like to think we do, too...but, unfortunately, super-corporate-executive-types who run huge-mega-conglomerate-type-advertising companies aren't as fast-forward as we (when I say we, I mean you & I, Madonna) are, and shy away from modern, cutting-edge-type magazines like this one because they're afraid to make the first move...They want to see their competitor test the market, then they jump on the bandwagon.

We can't wait!

Project X has grown in 2 1/2 short years from an 8 page newsletter to the 96+ page sleek, shiny, informative, user-friendly, controversial bible of style that it is today. Our modest office can no longer facilitate the immense amount of work involved in publishing such a manual. If we are ever to expand & jump to the next level, then somebody with a lot of insight, a person who really knows what's up...an intelligent, fashion-savvy individual with lots of wigs, has to stop and say "I'm here! How can I help!" You are our icon, Madonna. Who else could understand both the importance of a nationally distributed anti-establishment schlock-rag and also afford to help fund one? Right now, Project X is completely run by a group of young visionary, subversive sexual reformers who do it for fun, not for money. Sure, the magazine makes enough to support itself right now, but with an ever-growing market now encompassing most major cities, will soon need to expand our operations...and that will cost \$!

Madonna, we're not asking for any vast fortune! Not even a small one. In fact, virtually anything you might feel the urge to send us would be immediately put to use to expand our market & cover new ground!

Here are some options....

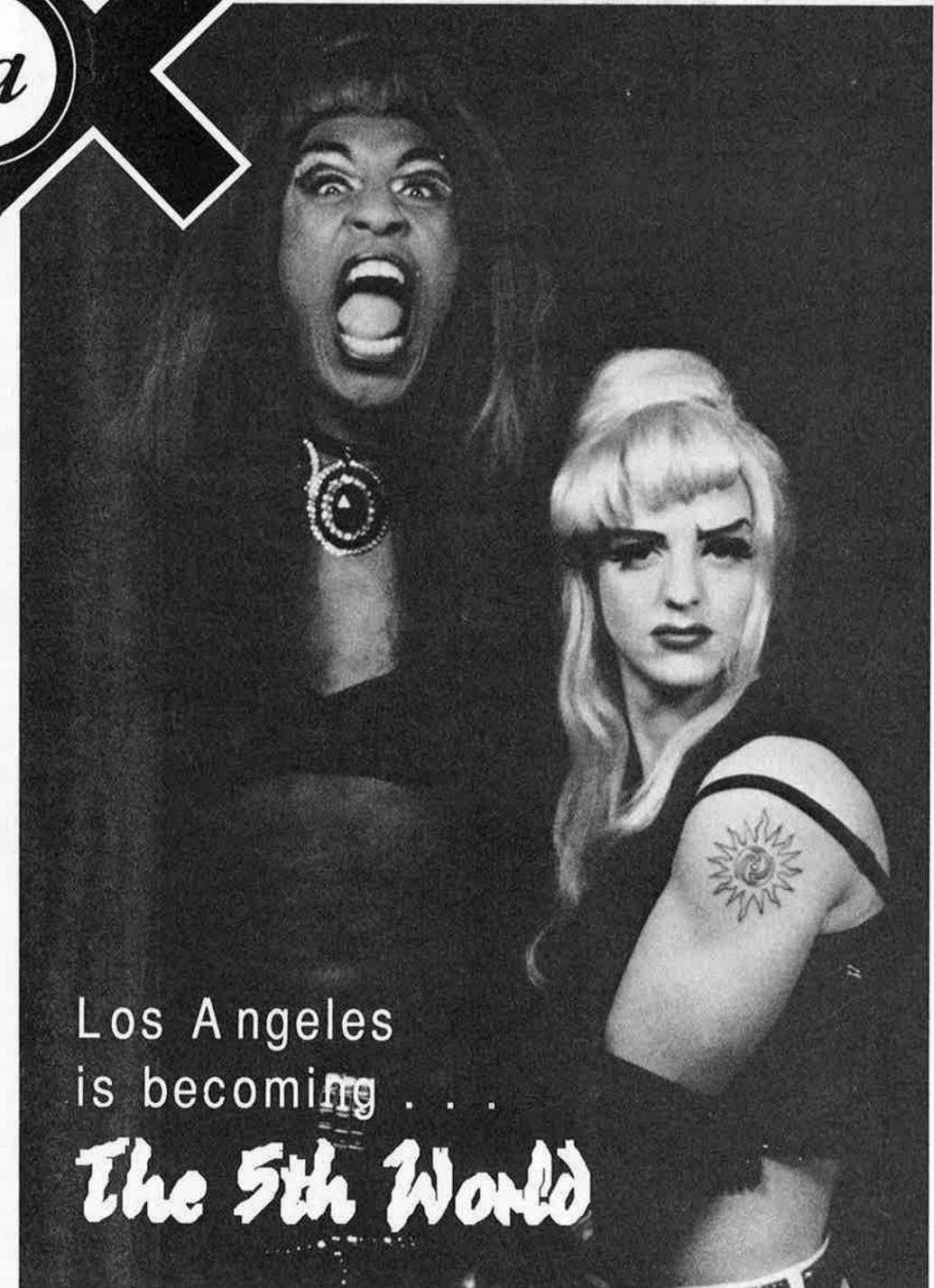
- You've really gotten to me! I'd like to BUY Project X!
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The Editors

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is becoming ...
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miss kitty, denim flare, paris lorenz, mario barberio

la

l. a. p. d.

los angeles popular dish

"Does it ever stop raining here" asked the visitor after we left **Club Louie**—otherwise known as **Club Push-n-Shove** or **Club Get-Mugged-At-Gun-Point**.

"No, never mind," we replied, making our way to **Moore, Orlando** and **Miriah's** (the "Battlady") 3-to-7 a.m. spring/summer afterhours club, which turned out to be fab. These two love-girls were all over each other on the stage, and everyone from rave kids to hip-hoppers to heteros and homos wanted a piece of the action...well, maybe not everyone.

Orlando, along with **Sue Dread** and **Jeffrey Lame**, is also running the Wednesday night **Citrusonic**, which is like getting a little more or More, just during the week.

Another happy, late-night surprise is **Sheap**, which is popular with **Rany X's** "older-mixed crowd" and goes on (some) Saturdays. It's true the crowd was older. Today's kids either can't stay up late or just can't find their way out of those Long Beach nitrus-rave clouds.

Enough about the older days, it's time to look into the future (translation: starts

tomorrow and lasts about two weeks). There's a new trend in the town of **KILLER TITS**. A bunch of new bars—yes, bars—are blooming on the star-spattered streets of Hollywood.

It began a while ago with **Smalls k.o.** on Melrose. Then came the **Burgundy Room** on Cahuenga. Then the **Three Aces**, a swanky little offshoot on Vine. And, most recently, the original underground club gods—**Josh Wells, Soloman Mansoor** and **Bruce Purdew**—came up with their double-deck booze pit on Cosmo Street.

I'd tell you the name but I don't know it because they don't.

April La Rue and **Christian Farrow** opened a similar joint on Wilcox, called **Zed**, the only one with a dance license. And, at any minute now, **Brent Witke's** going to open the old **Grandia Room**. The best part is, they are so close to each other, we can start taking cabs and stop getting DUI's.

Too late for me, I already got mine.

But the event every scenester will be killing to get a ticket to is the **AIDS Project Los Angeles** benefit—repeat **B-E-N-I-F-I-T**—honoring **Theirry Mugler** on April 23.

A pre-fashion show "Brassiere-a-Thon" will auction bustiers by **Gaultier, Armani, Versace, Calvin Klein** and **Bob Mackie**.

Expect to see runway rats **Diane Brill, Iman, Matthew Rolston, Billyboy, Jeff Stryker, Traci Lords, Pee Wee Herman, Suzanne Bartsch** and goodboy/badboy **Luke Perry**.

And with any luck, Unites States First Lady candidate **Shevelva Kennedy-Sinatra** will saunter down the runway as **Mugler's** replacement for **Ivana Trump**, the tabloid-reader pleaser.

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For Your Information

by Vaginal Cream Davis

I'm an award winning Blacktress, I'm a sexy retarded whore, I'm a has-been that never was and I know just where to go for a really Haute time:

1. Some R Some Rn't
On Santa Monica Blvd. in Hollywood, this is the premier pre/post-op, drag/dyke, fag/transcendral club on Mondays and Friday nights. The show starts at midnight and features the beautiful Tit Queen, Anais.

Beware of Eddie Murphy and his bodyguards—they like the dick-and-tit queens there.

2. King King
In the Miracle Mile district, this is owned by the Super Mario Brothers and the big-footed cruel club cock, Tupelo Joe, whose b-bop/punk-fusion band keeps everyone's pussy moist and nipples bullet-hard.

3. The Black Light
On Western Avenue, this is the most dangerous bar in Los Angeles. If you like to get into fist fights with pure unadulterated, snaggle-toothed white trash straight from the Ozarks, then this is the place for you.

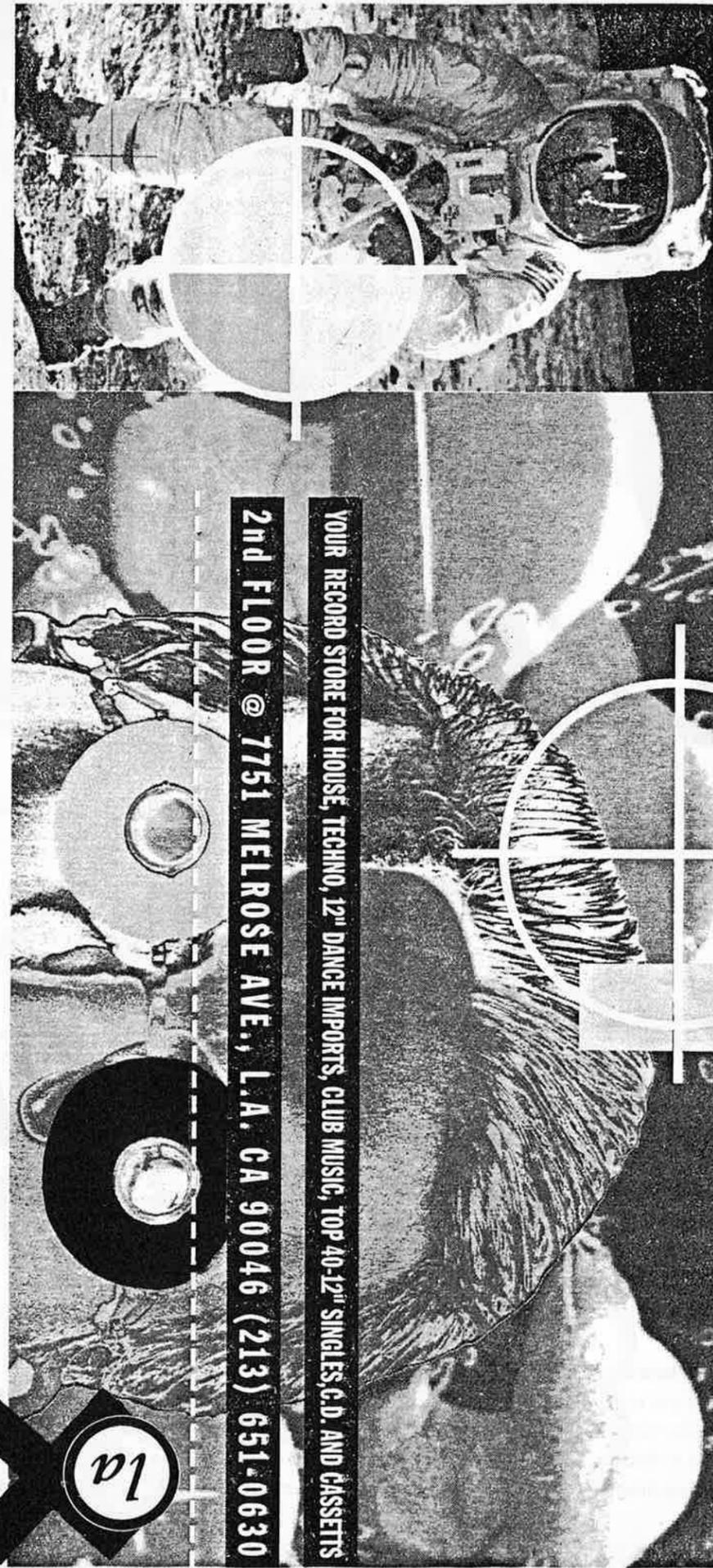
Inbred intimacy and dysfunctionality at its best!

4. Troy Café
In Little Tokyo, this trendy coffeehouse is run by former Warhol superstar Bibbe Hansen ("Chelsea Girls," "Trash," "Heat") and Chicano filmmaker Sean Cannilo. They play host to the political and multicultural glitterati of Hollywood and East LA.

Anything can happen at Troy. Fertile La Toyah Jackson conducts weekly gospel/funkaerobic Lamas classes there and the cast of regular lunatics includes: Richard Montoya of TV's "Culture Clash," a performance comedy group on HBO; Waldo the Dogface Boy, a punk rock band; Ghy and Miss Kitty; Mazzy Star's Hope Sandoval; and nude magicians the Szengali Brothers.



Keep a lookout for these queen-scene events this spring and early summer: 1. The return of Café Hag; 2. Cherry Jefferson's Harvey's Bristol Creme Party; 3. Anal Wart's Christmas-in-July party; and 4. The Belissa Cohen Look-a-like Contest (entries: Most Jaded, Most Cynical, etc.).

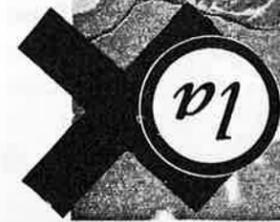


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by lollipop

Club kids are known for their outrageousness. To be an On Fire! Club Kid, you need to have a closet that just doesn't quit, even if it's a Sunday morning. Every On Fire! ensemble can be worn once a season, with a total of four

Out

times a year. The following is a list of items we think should be ceremonially burned, or at least sold to Claudia's.

From the closets of our beloved Club Kids, comes the recycled rags of the next generation.

of the closet

lollipop> her pale pink lace up corset and her chastity belt
Markie ♥> his silver and black ensemble that he seems to wear whenever he can't find anything else

JV> his 1/2 pair of yellow Fluevog sandal necklace and his messy lipstick look

Denym Flare> his coral pink pant suit with white feather boa trim which everyone in this town has worn at one time or another

Rocky Diva> his/her entire closet, sparing its death rock look and all of its neo-'60s/"ala dee-lite" (if you will) looks

Miss Kitty> her stolen Patricia Field black catsuit with hood worn with her Patricia Field, WINK! WINK! (JC Penny) push up bra

Mike Hell> not a thing, we prefer to have Mr. Hell keep his clothes on
Daven(the Mad Hatter)> his red snake skin loafers and that cow print hat
"Big Daddy" Sean Perry> his purple Jesus robe, his poncho/cape sort of thing and his goatee

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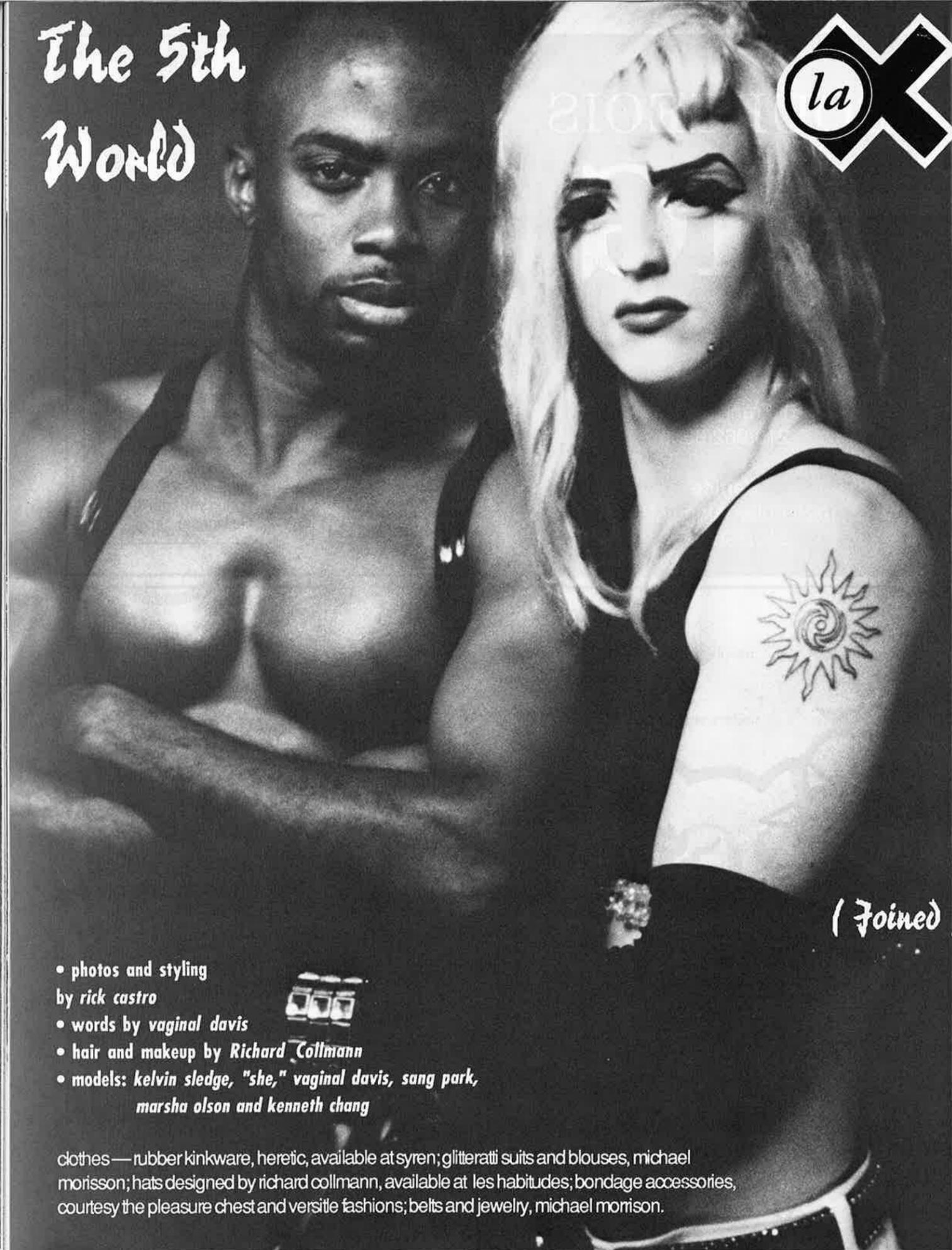


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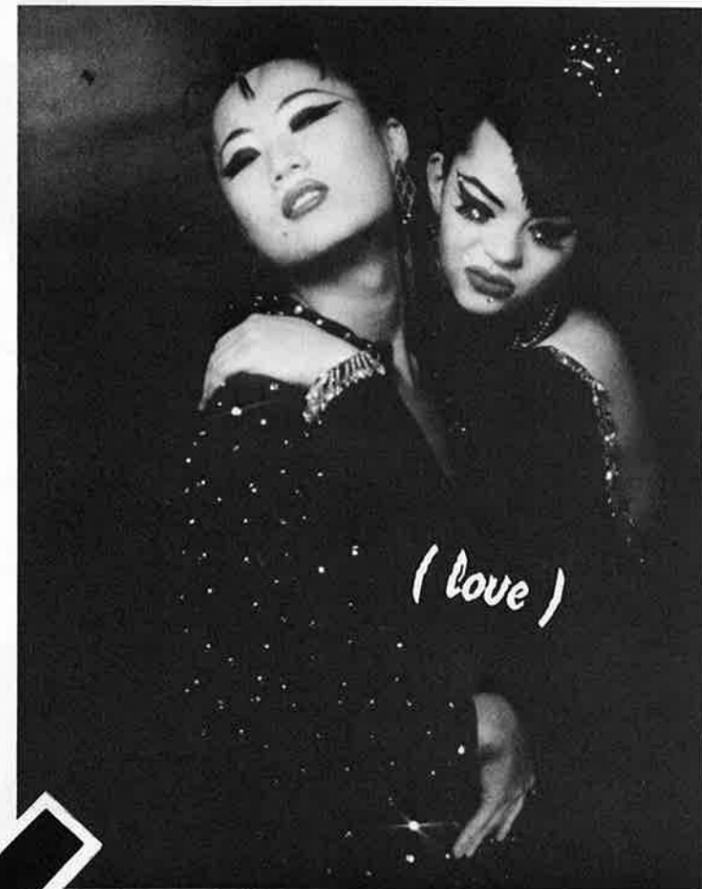
(Joined)

- photos and styling by rick castro
- words by vaginal davis
- hair and makeup by Richard Collmann
- models: kelvin sledge, "she," vaginal davis, sang park, marsha olson and kenneth chang

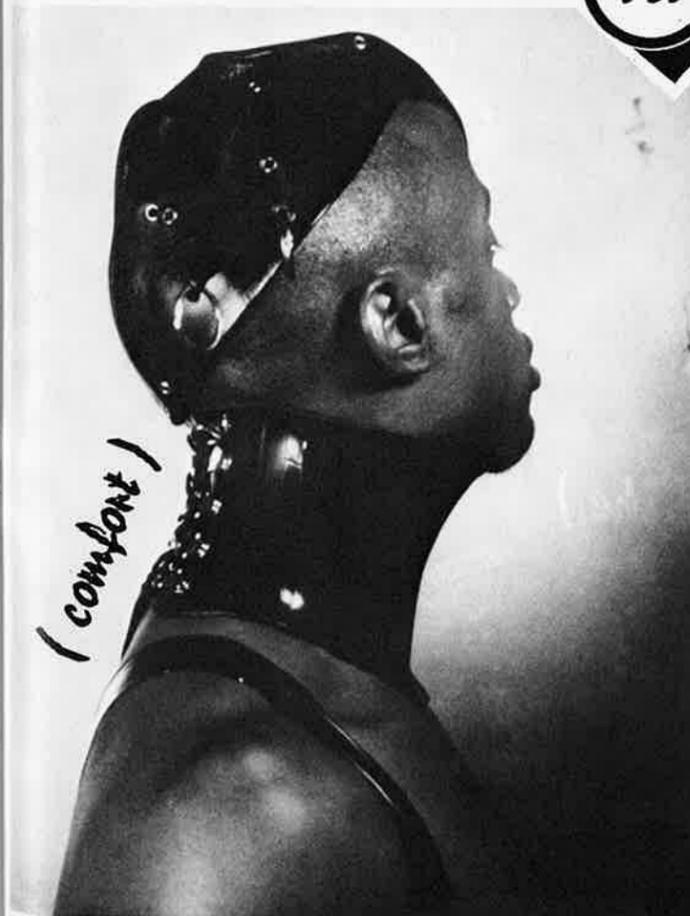
clothes — rubber kinkware, heretic, available at syren; glitterati suits and blouses, michael morisson; hats designed by richard collmann, available at les habitudes; bondage accessories, courtesy the pleasure chest and versite fashions; belts and jewelry, michael morisson.



(morgue)



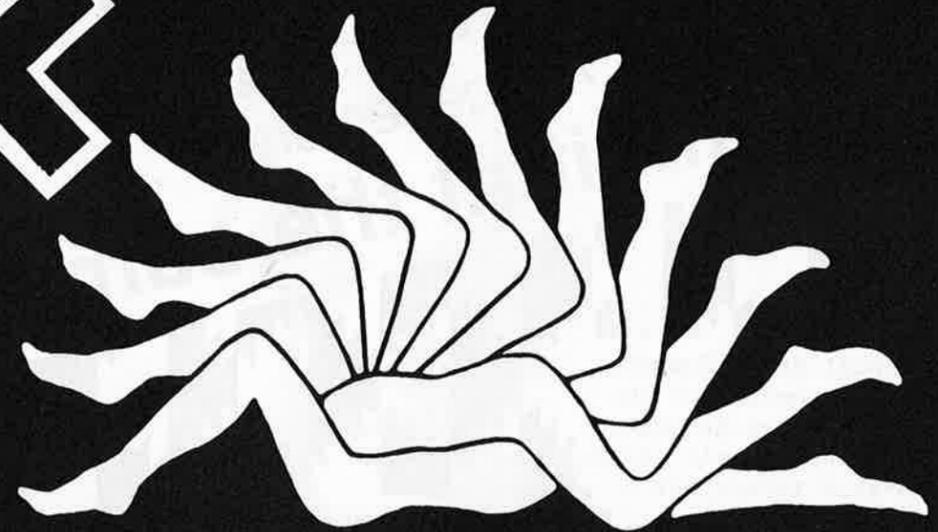
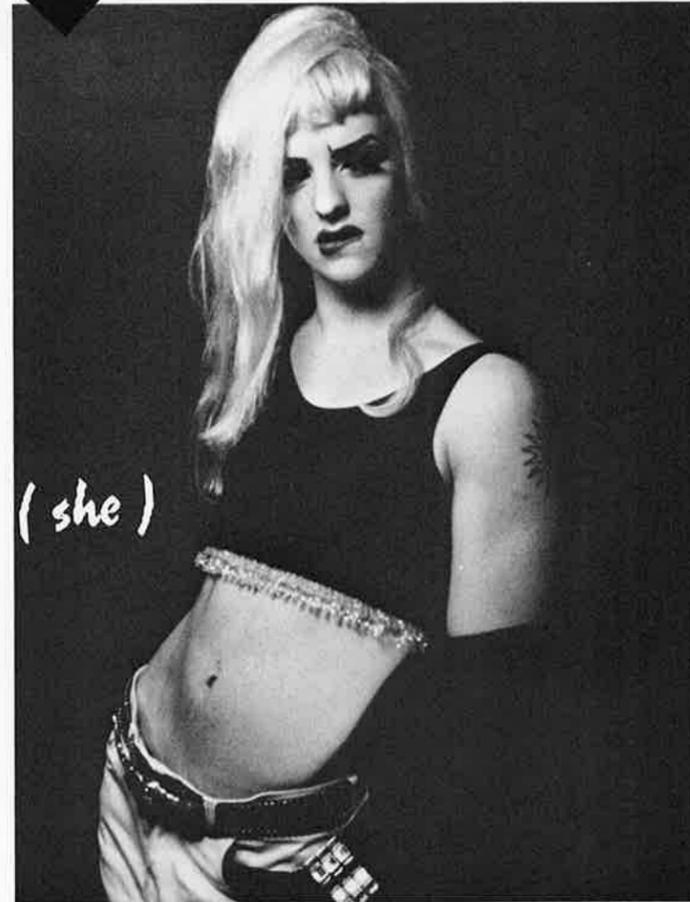
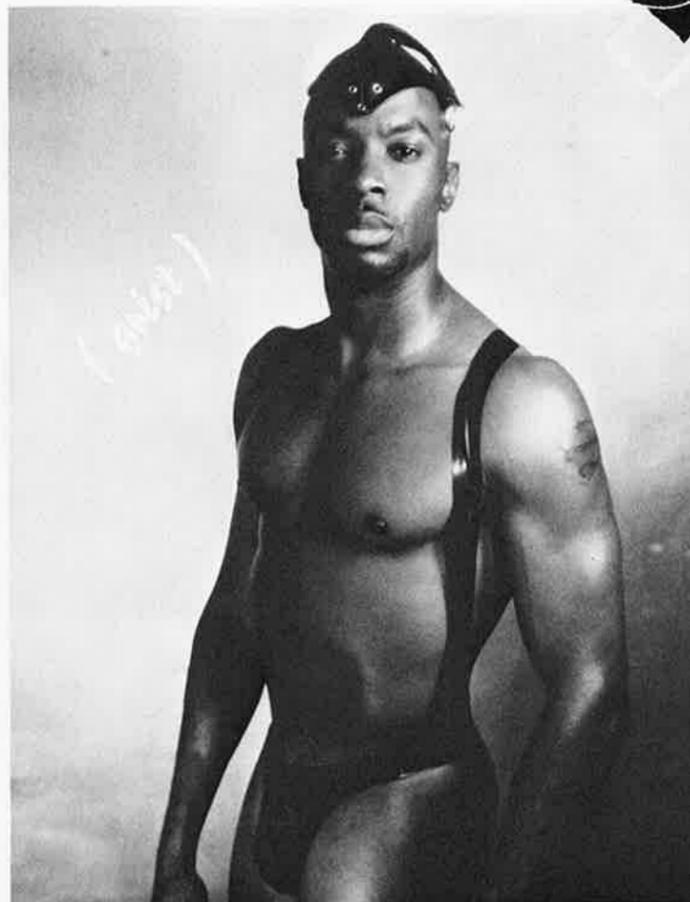
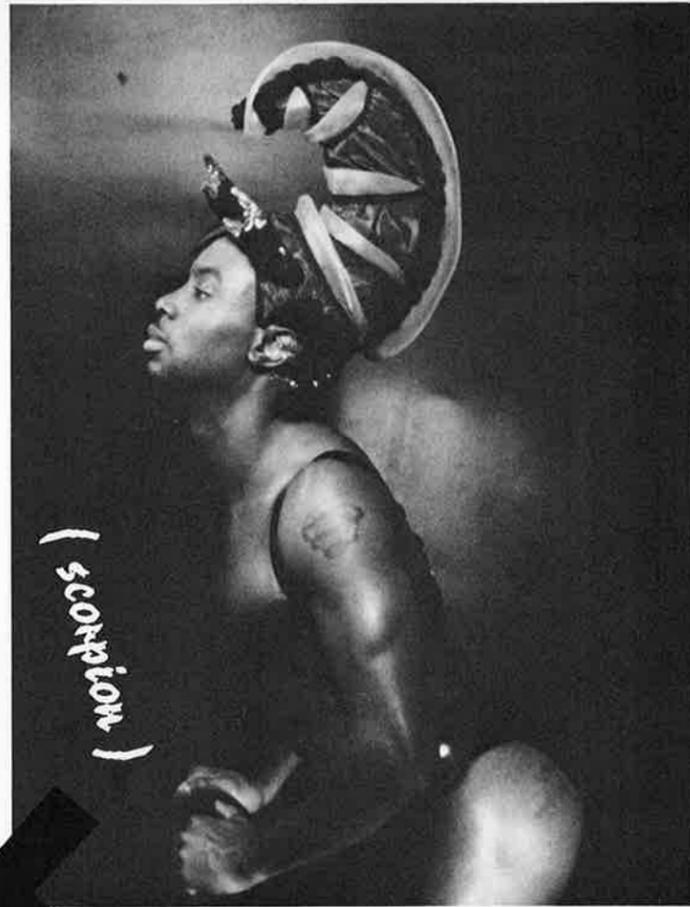
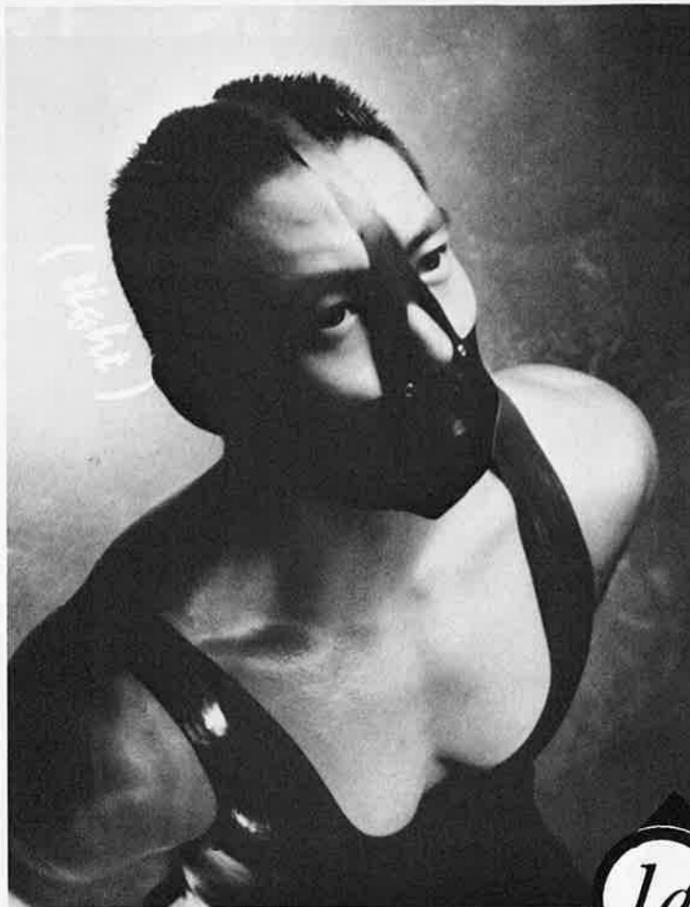
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L. A. scenesters ... plummit at the summit!

February's First Annual **Style Summit**, a four-day national club convention in New York, sent its Los Angeles delegates back home with some things to talk about (and some they'd probably rather not talk about).

And since no one ever willingly talks about things they'd rather not talk about ...

J.V. "Mess" McAuley, celebrated chronicler of L.A. nightlife:

Was supposed to be a celebrity judge in the **Style Summit Awards Contest** at the **Paladium**, but, drunk as a skunk, didn't realize the competition had been moved up one night. In an oblivious blur, J.V. left the Paladium minutes before the gala show started and went to the **Roxy**.

Rocky "Diva" Racoon, mother of the **House of Fierce Ruling Divas**:

Was bombarded with rotten eggs by the local homeboys when exiting a cab to descend into a subway station for the jam-packed **Style Summit Outlaw Party**. Seems the New York locals saw right through the cross-dressing Rocky's make up, wig, jewels and slinky dress, shouting, "Homosexual-faggot-freak!" as their eggs dripped down his leg and onto his suede Fluevogs. But Rocky showed them in the end, as he got the only L.A. mention in **Michael Musto's** Village Voice column for being such a fabulous out-of-towner. So there!

Lollipop, biggest fan of the **Lollipop Fan Club**:
Was asked to strut her then 17-year-old stuff in the highly publicized "**Fuck Style, Give Me Fashion**" show at **Limelight**. But she missed her big chance to shine because she was afraid her mom (who thought she was in N.Y. on "business") would see her on T.V.

Ron Koch, Project X, L.A., editor:
Missed the last night of festivities when a "friend" forced a downer down his throat -- "If you drink after taking one of these it's like two negatives making a positive, so it's really like an upper, I swear!"

Laurie Laurie, only real girl in **House of Divas**:
Seemingly avoided trouble and embarrassment during entire **Style Summit**, only to find that she lost her day job when she returned to L.A.! Now she's out of control, partying every of the week . . . and collecting unemployment.

Billy Limbo, owner of **1970**, promoter of **2001**:
Was the only L.A. delegate to the **Style Summit** who kept his composure -- and reputation -- in tact. How did he do it?

Don't miss out on all of next year's embarrassing moments; call **Cynthia Social Lies**, **Style Summit** coordinator (and former L.A. nightlife queen), at 212/807/7850 to book your reservations early!



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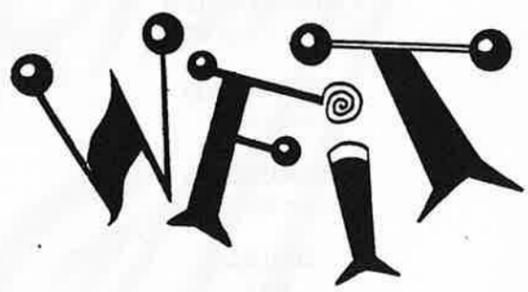
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ENRIQUE

Enrique frontmen, **Darcy and Jason** don't just do **Enrique, they live it.** Advocating 9 hours of TV a day, and taking their Haight St. apartment into account, it's obvious that Mom parked them in front of the box for most of their formative years at the trailer park.

From the shameless Leif Garret pin-ups, to the purple glitter exerciser belt, it's **a nightmare, or wet dream of '70's kitsch,** with Charlies

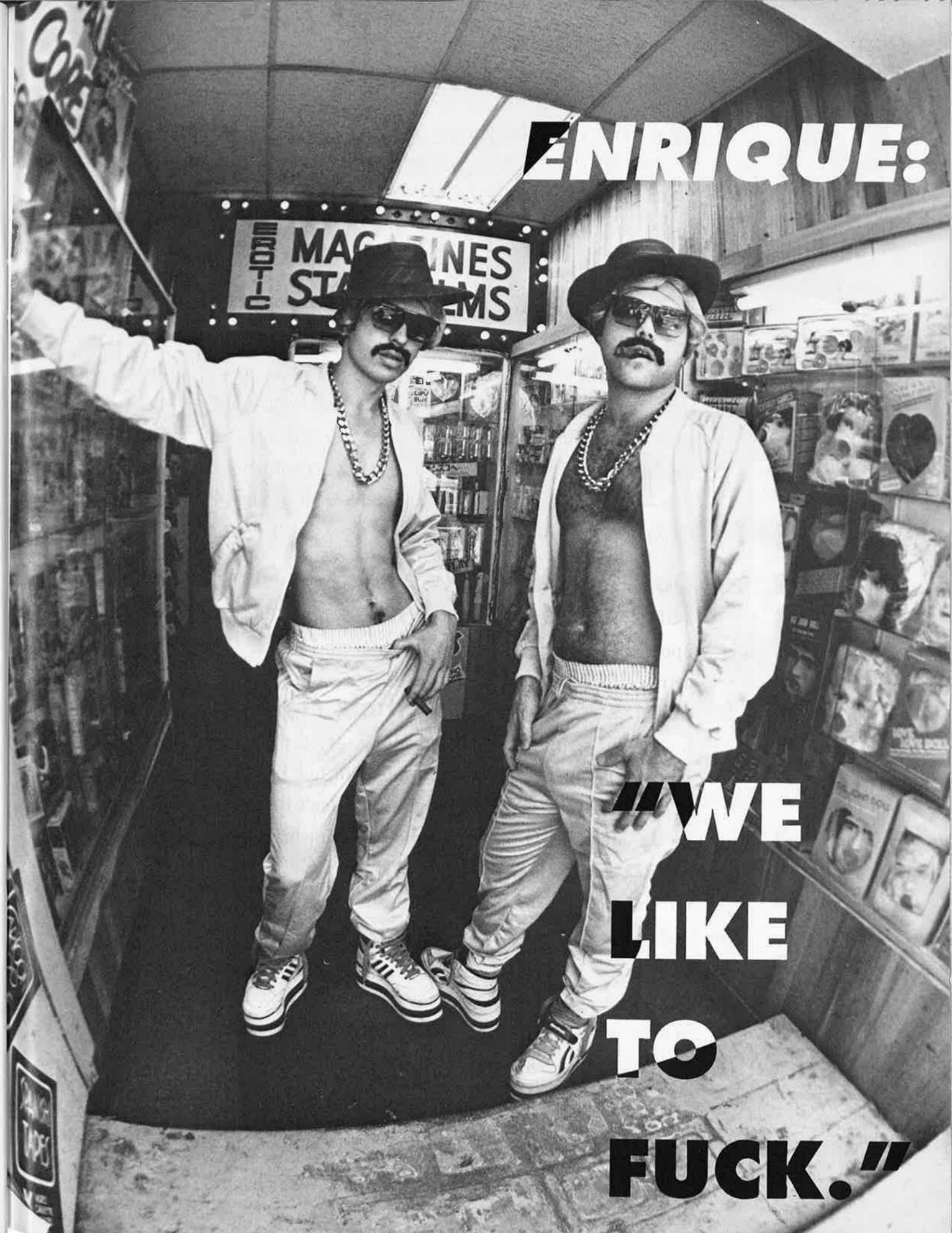
Angel everything. With Afros, hairnets and high-rise platform sneakers, they're **reinventing the sexual revolution** with such songs as "(Let's Make

Orange Juice." Enrique recently opened for **David Cassidy** at Club DV8. Just like Angeline (a big boobed blonde bimbo from L.A.), Enrique have their own pin-up poster. This month, "Enrique Does Moore," superimposing their own grinning head on Mary T's Mid-Western body.

Credit producer Jim Woody for that Enrique sound, Jason Rail for the hair-dos, and TV watching for the rest. Forget the Golden Gate snow globes. **Be the envy of Jackie 60** with your hot pink Enrique lunchbox! And **as for sex,** we won't say who or what, but word is **they never remove those platforms.**

Photo: Tom Pitts

ENRIQUE:



**"WE
LIKE
TO
FUCK."**

Hell!

ELVIS HERSELVIS

We don't know why the Weekly World News hasn't caught on yet, but Elvis is alive and well and taking care of business like a pro. That's Elvis Herselvis of course, S.F.'s most glamorous drag king, complete with gold lame, ruffled shirts and the biggest pompadour this side of Memphis.

Performer Leigh Crow shatters the Liza-Judy-Marlene stereotypes of female drag, preferring downright garish cowboy gear to top hat and tails. Well, you can take the gal out of Arizona, but... Lately, Ms. Crow's been exploring the other side—a recent Klubstitute show found her gloved and bewigged, the very picture of 60's whiner Lesley Gore.

Does all that cowboy drag conceal a femme heart? Who will really wear the pants in the upcoming marriage between Ms. Crow and beautiful actor/drag artiste Justin "Glam" Bond? Darling, who cares? Let us run amok in both their closets, and we'll toast their happiness loud and long—with pink champagne, naturellement. Lee's hoping to augment her lip-synching with live singing—a recent down-and-dirty "Don't Be Cruel," backed by the Memphis G-Spots had the crowd rushing the stage in a teeny bopper frenzy. So, all you rockabilly queers, polish up yer harmonicas! She's hosted Electric City TV and played for everyone from Native American children to aging queens in the suburbs. She's got a fiancée, a hairdresser, and (rumor has it) a beautiful gal at home just to grind her coffee. What's next? "Vegas," says the King. Topless barber by day, Boylesque drag king by night.

Vegas or bust!

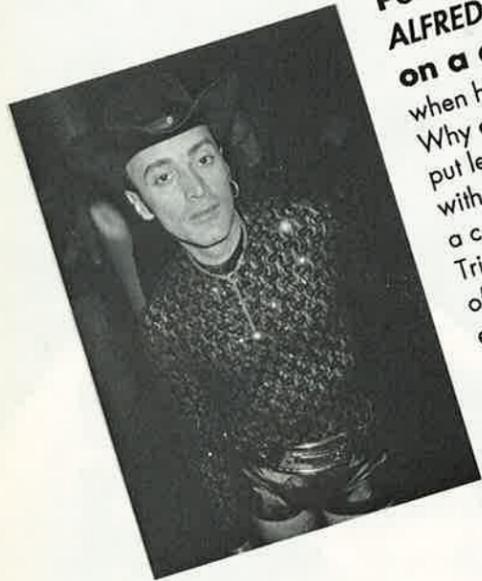
ELVIS HERSELVIS
photo: Tom Pitts

from woman's fridge!



PIZZAZZ

PARADE! by JAMES ST. JAMES



Perhaps **ALFREDO** was on a **quaalude** when he got dressed. Why else would he put leather hotshorts with a sequin top with a cowboy hat with a Triumph belt and top it off with liquid eyeliner? **John Wayne** meets **Liberace!**



What is this **mess?** Who let this woman out of the house looking like this? There's too much going on here. The belt is superfluous, the jacket is tacky. The necklace is horrible and **what is that thing in her hair?** Little Miss No Name takes the **worst dressed** honors of the month



These **two yahoos** look like they should be **out picking mangos**—not rubbing elbows with New York's finest. Get a grip boys & **learn how to mix and match**



LYPSYNKA gets our **best dressed** award. Kids take note: the hair is **immaculately coiffed**, the makeup is **divine**. I just hope that's not **real fur** on those cuffs.



Oh **ELLEN W!** Out for a night of **flashdancing?** That ripped sweatshirt certainly does emphasize the fullness of your **bosom**. But, please, dear, lets **dress it up a little next time**.



Black and white film doesn't do **TOUKIE SMITH** justice. The pink jacket **sizzles** & the little blond wiglet is **adorable**. Just one hint, Toukie—**too many accessories ruins any outfit**.



Angie baby, you're a **special lady**. But even you, **MISS BOWIE**, need to **stop drawing your eyebrows on with a majik marker**. And change the top. You look like a **flat-chested hooker on a bad night**.



RUDOLF is **always so elegant**. Who cares if he doesn't fund **Project X** anymore? Who cares if he is a **hypocritical Indian giver?** He's still **one hell of a fine looking gent**.

PROJECT X



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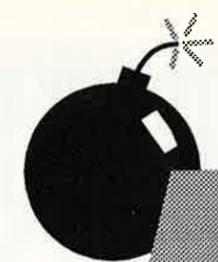
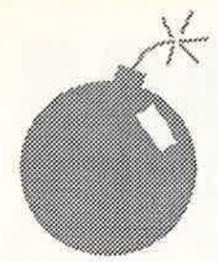
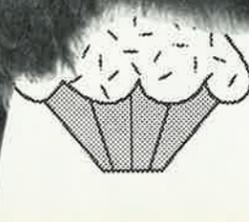
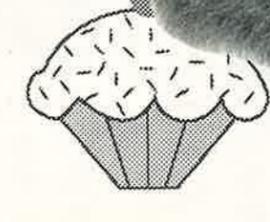
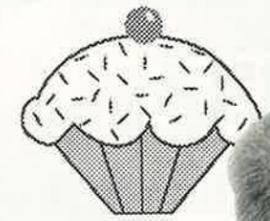
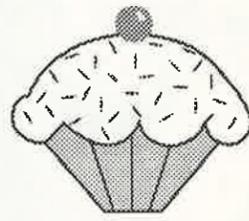
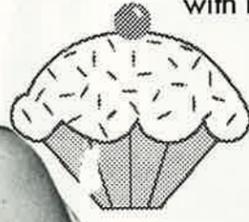
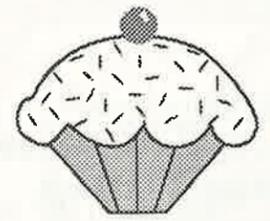


Inspired by such diverse personages as **Speed Racer** and **Penelope Pitstop**, Kanae & Onyx manage to look **sporty, yet glamorous** in these **delicious** little numbers. **Onyx** wears a **hooded 3/4 vest** in clear plastic with maribou feather trim. **Kanae** wears a **mat jersey dress** with clear plastic bra insert.

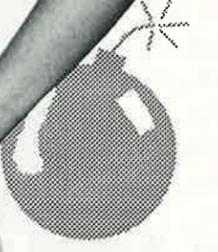




Jenny looks a
tempting treat
 in this scrumptious
 concoction. Powder-pink
layer cake dress
 with maribou feather tiers.



R
obin wears a sporty
 look that says
"Taste me!!"
 ...Mat blue **vinyl**
vest with white trim
 & white **terry**
cloth mini



CREDITS:
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FROM WALL STREET TO FASHION AVENUE....

fast fashion drugs have become the breakfast, lunch and dinner of professionals in every field, supplanting old fashioned hard work with the acquisition of synthetic forms of ambition. Junkies, no longer merely recognizable by torn jeans, Army surplus jackets and ski hats now don Armani double-breasted suits and tote alligator skin attaché cases while detouring from their commute home to Larchmont with a quick stop to the 125th St Station.

Likewise, highly paid models far better suited to grace fashion runways now sashay down rat-infested Lower East Side alleys and brave abandoned tenement hallways where the smell of stale urine is more pervasive than the fragrance of Chanel No.5 at a Parisian fashion show.

As the false promises of cocaine have been revealed to most by now, the fashion conscious are now embracing the latest glamdrug, heroin. Tired of the anxiety-ridden, sleepless nights that cocaine dependence induces, the chic have retreated to the temporarily numbing tranquil domain of opiates, like codeine, morphine, Demerol® and especially heroin—in the search of a remedy for the frazzling superficiality of the 80's, these 90's trendies are attracted to heroin's ability to create profound euphoria. Albeit this salient quick fix of "well being" is costly. Addiction and total dependency are imminent threats to even occasional users.

In the fast-paced world of fashion, more than ever, top models are seeking relief from their often frenetic work schedules by sniffing heroin. Income is often the only regulatory factor in terms of how much dope is consumed by these models who use as much as their



swollen salaries can fund, which of course amounts to dangerous quantities of it.

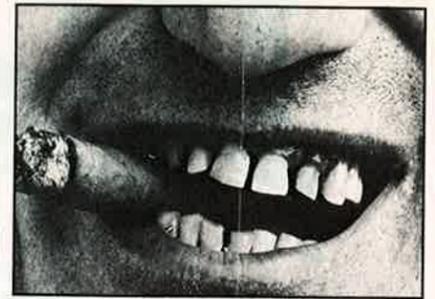
One fashion world insider told Project X mag, "Some of the top girls are making \$1000/day but are spending as much to feed their habits."

When pressed to name names, the anonymous source responded ambiguously, "I'm only going to say that she's a superstar, with a short haircut that is subject to change color and that she was high during that video of George's."

This has led Project X reporter Robert Michael to investigate the most obvious guess, supermodel Linda Evangelista. Like other models, Evangelista is part of an overglamorized, high pressure world where decadent recreation can be an escape from the cameras, marathon shoots and hectic preparation for the runway. One can sympathize with the loss of self control in the midst of overwhelming success. And success is far too inadequate an adjective when tallying the fashion magazine cover appearances that the stunning 25 year old Italian model has made.

Upon further investigation, Project X has discovered, as far as our intelligencer, Robert Michael can ascertain, Evangelista is vindicated for her alleged heroin addiction.

MONGERS ABOUT TOWN BELIEVE IT OR DON'T!



BARTSCH UN-TY-ES THE KNOT OR IS IT THE OTHER WAY AROUND?

The reigning queen of the intercontinental drag scene has been dumped by her blonde beau of four years—Ty Basset—like a common, soap-opera-watching, mud-mask-wearing housewife. "She's quite upset over the breakup," says a close personal friend, "but Olympia and Baroness are keeping her spirits up by adding extra sequins to her platforms." Meanwhile, Basset, who is basking in the sun in South Beach, Fla., has decided to give up all the glitz and glamour and take on the job of a maintenance man on ocean beach property.

THE AMUSED MUSE

She's the epitome of French chic—ultra sophisticated, ultra thin, a designer suit on the body and a cocktail in the hand—She's Larissa—Mugler's muse and best friend to every designer and now the fashion director to USA, the club-of-the-minute. "Daaaaaaarling," says the cuture-clad Cleopatra look-a-like, "someone has to be faaaabulous" (in a French accent—real, of course).

THE KING OF CLUBS

Mr. Gatien has sure been playing his cards right! The new Steve Rubell/Rudolf rolled into one (no, we're not complimenting him because he owns this magazine) has gone on a shopping spree like he just won the lottery. Added to his collection of nightclubs are Palladium, Tunnel and USA. Also, some movie production deals are in the works. "Project X is my most valuable asset!" Peter was overheard saying just today.

THIS JUST IN...HOT SPOT ALERT

A new addition to the global list of hot spots is Reykjavik, Iceland. No, you don't have to know how to pronounce that to have fun. Located on a remote island in the middle of nowhere, this place sports blond-haired, fun-loving, vodka-drinking gorgeous Vikings who dress ultra-fashionably. More in the upcoming issue....

CLUB NEWS:

Special reportage: Webster Hall didn't get liquor license, future looks dim and just plain nonexistent...Sound Factory Bar: alive and kicking, a must on Friday nights, owner Phil is opening a sister-club in South Beach...Tunnel: Erik Goode set to design this extraordinary space, promises to be another surreal venture...Tilt: great decor, no people, no promoters, go figure!...Nell's: same place, same people, same promoters, still going, go figure!...Palladium: a must on the weekends...Limelight: Disco 2000 on Wednesday is still NY's ruling night, crowded and fun on the weekends...Jackie 60: leather whips and stiletto heels, Chi Chi and Johnny kind of place...Wunderbar: stop by only if you know what the party is...USA: the club of the 90's. Hyper-real decor designed by the world's top designers, including Mugler, Moschino, Leigh Bowery and more!



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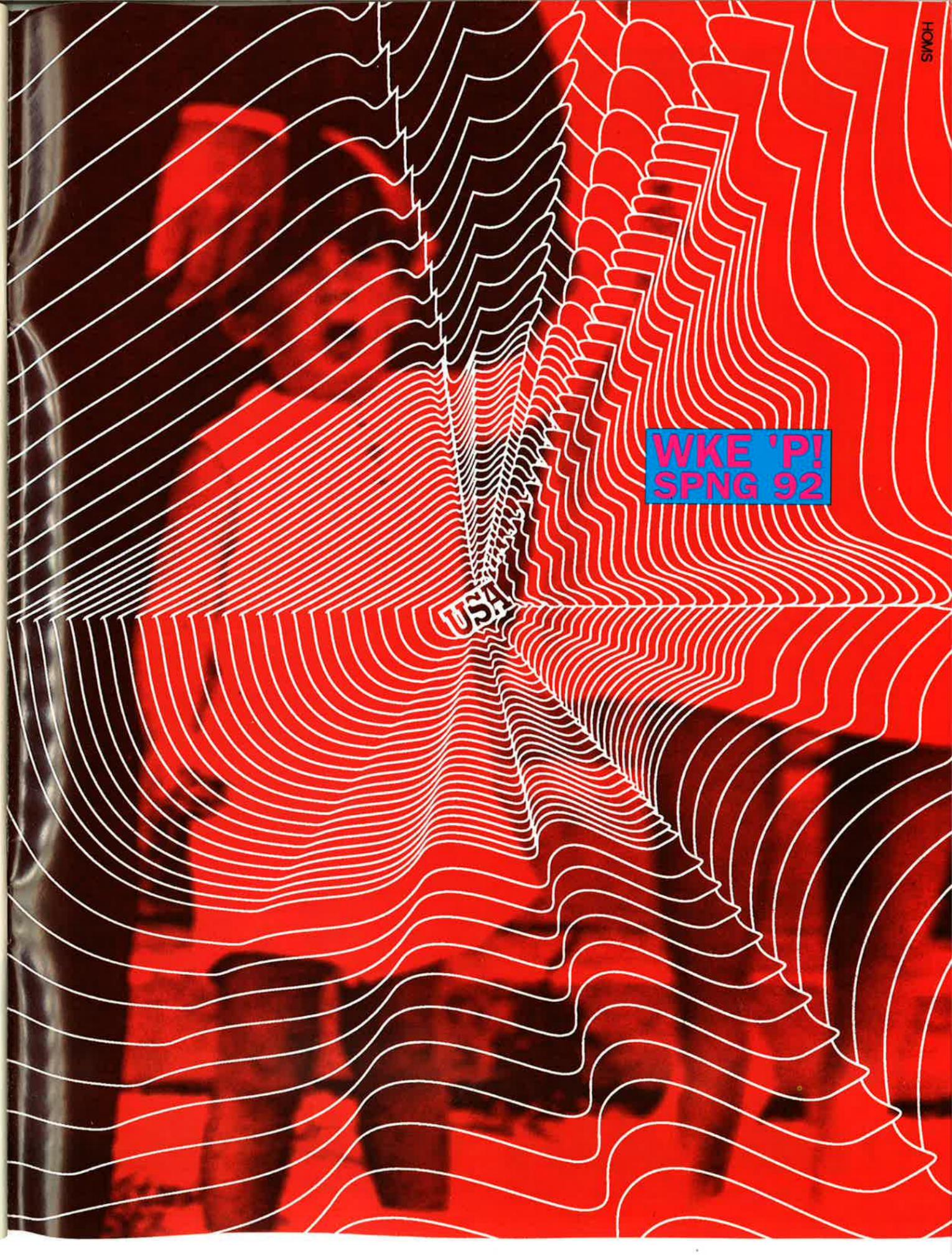
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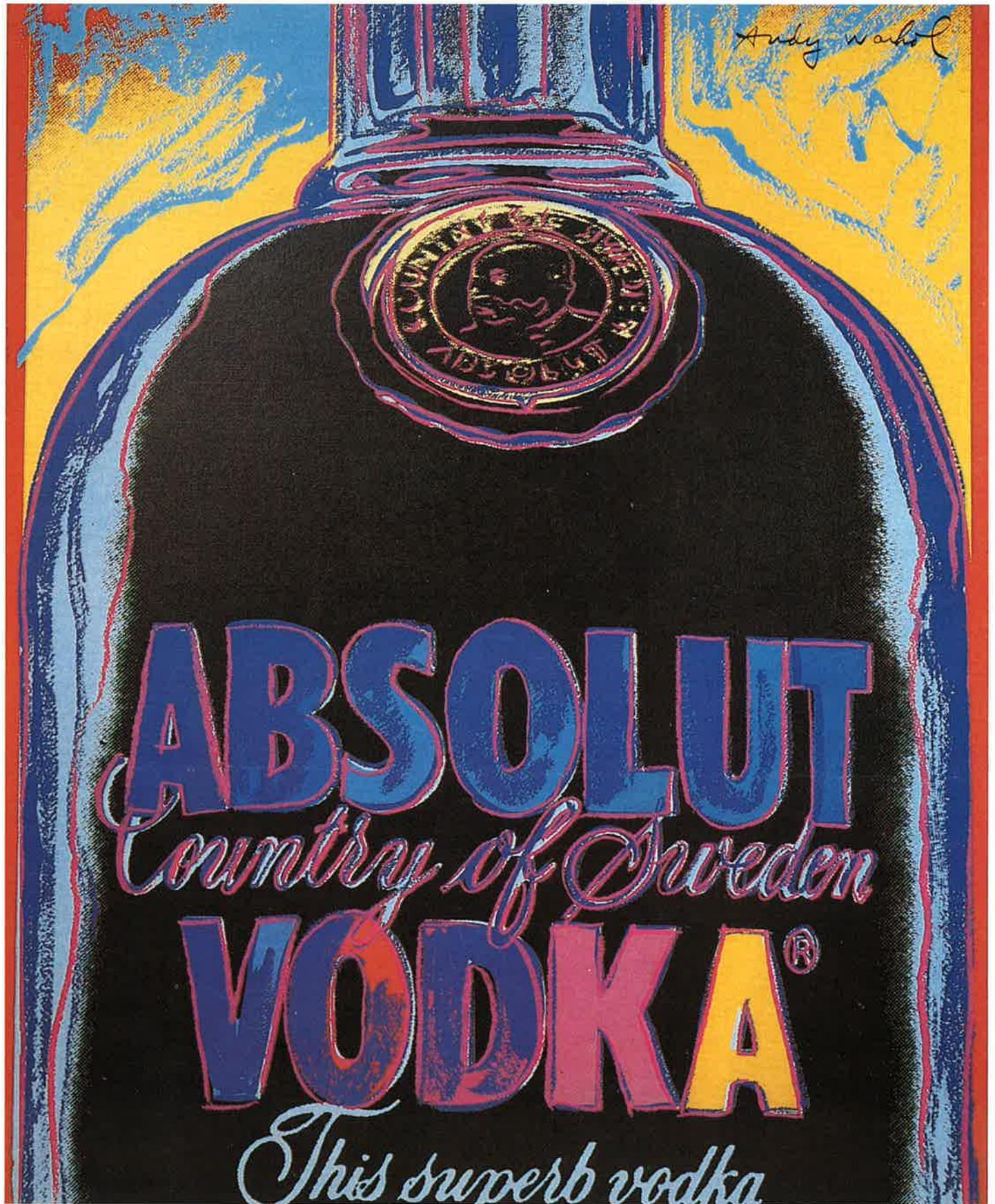
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