

PROJECT X

No. 21 • JULY/AUG • \$2.95

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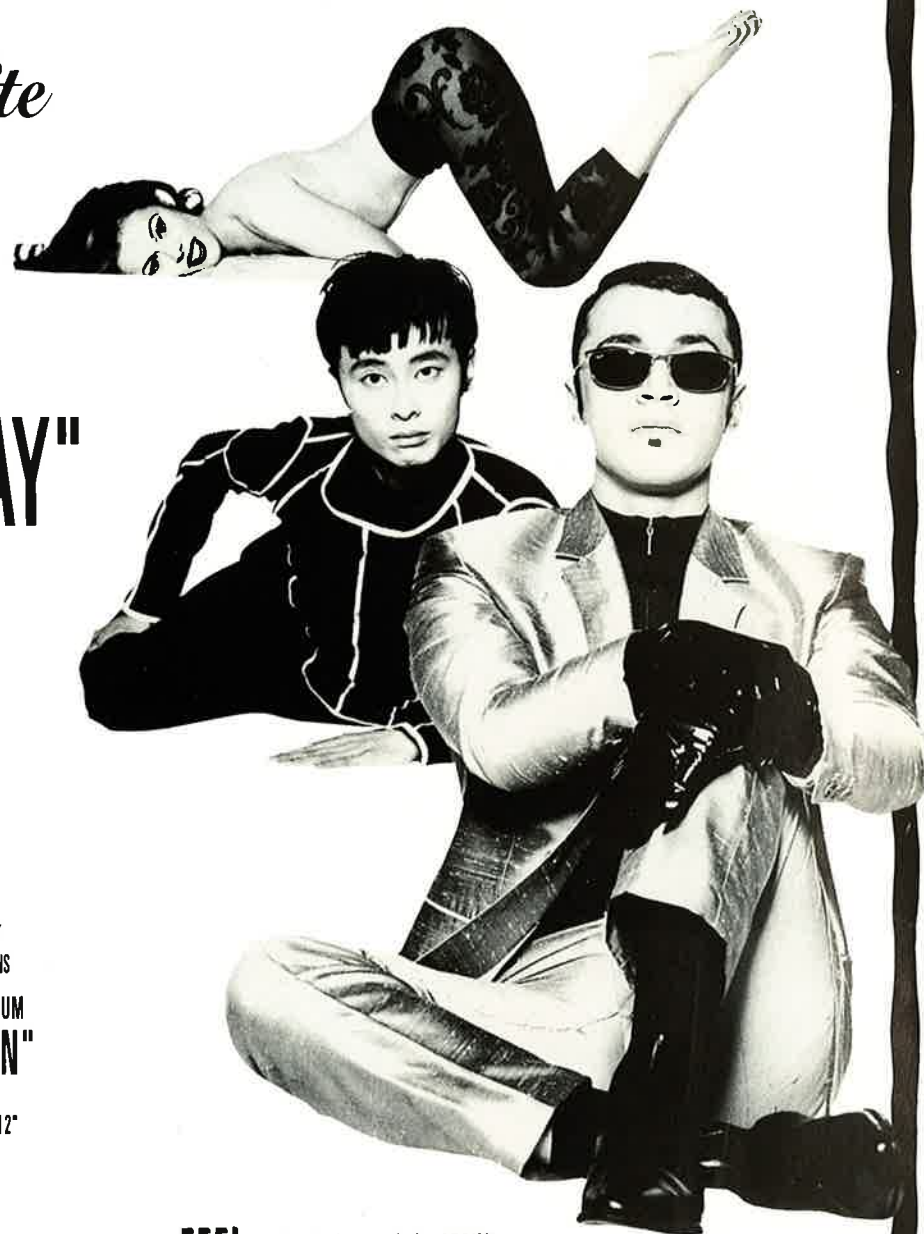
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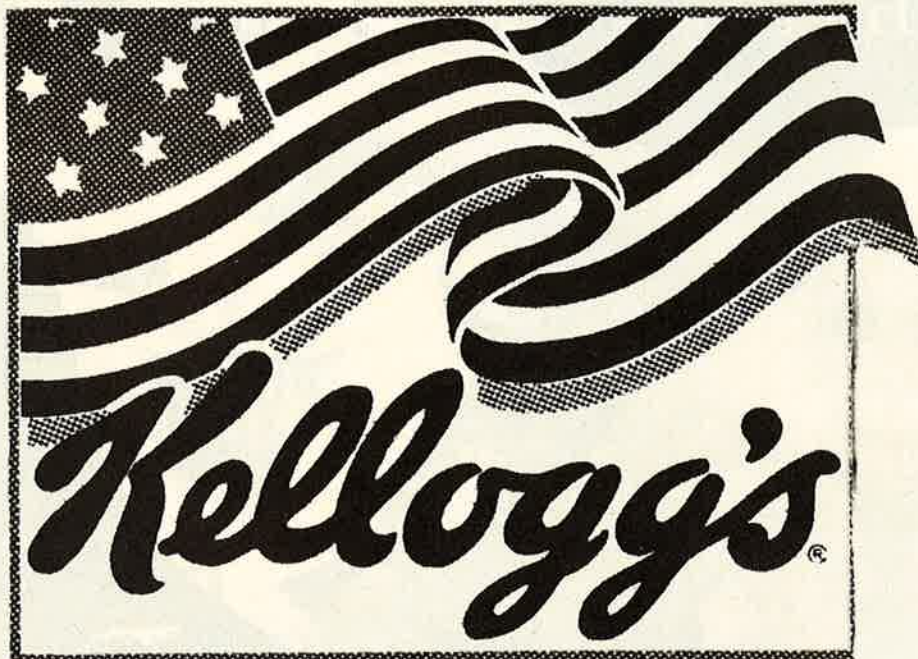
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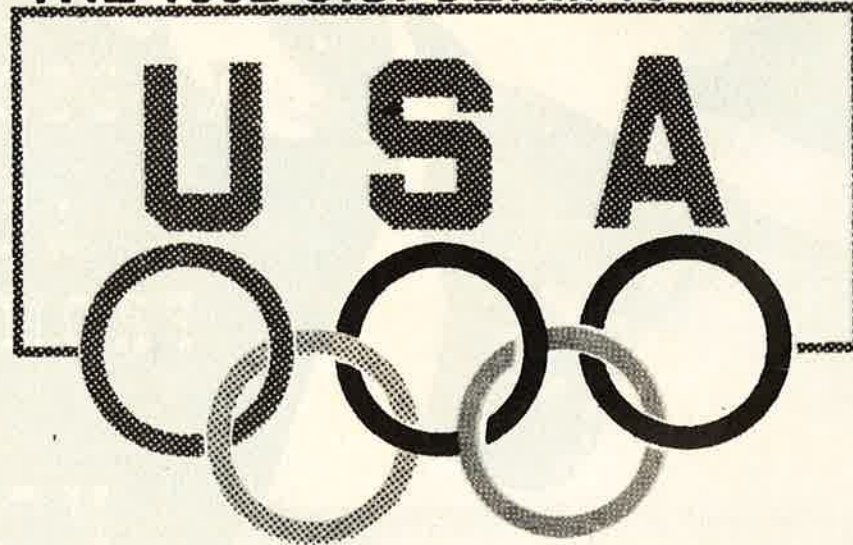
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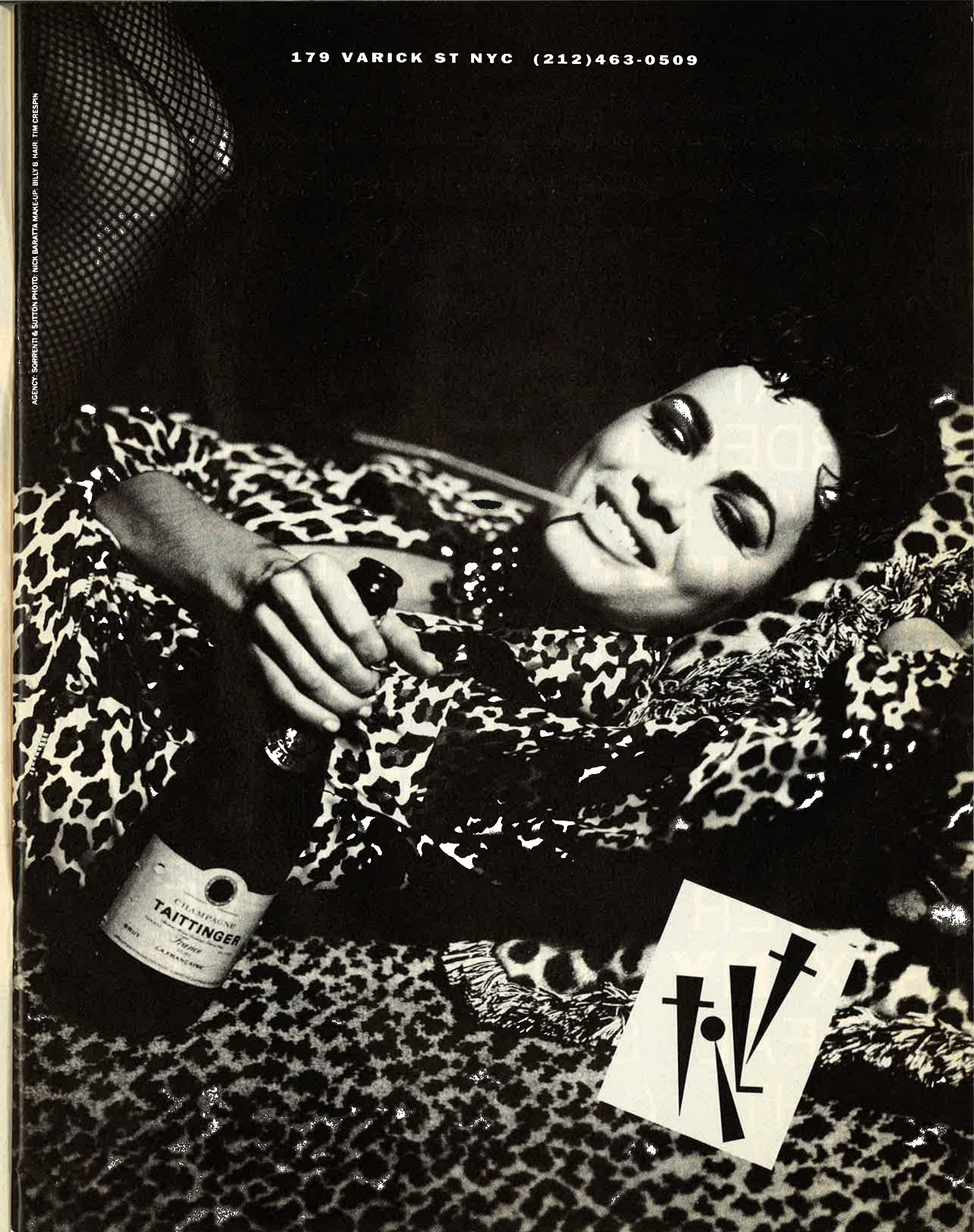
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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Our planet has happily floated in the orbital system for over 4 billion years and has somehow always managed to maintain a perfect balance in all of its ecosystems. Surely there were a few notable famines, earthquakes and wars, but it's safe to say that the earth was always healthy. Of course, we happen to live in a time where the catastrophes of all ages now occur over a single weekend. How exhausting!

With all this in mind, our magazine has been criticized for being frivolous, pretentious, small minded and ignorant of any issues of importance (like saving the planet) and it's the truth—we take it as a compliment. But it's all for a good reason. We're not really ignorant. Reality has just become so terrible and depressing that we just choose to have some fun and add just a little bit of color to our globally grey scheme.

So, if you don't agree with our thrill-seeking ideology, then give our magazine to somebody who will. And you should lighten up a bit!

Enjoy this issue,

Julie Jewels

Julie Jewels,
Editor in Chief

On the Cover: Bjork, the lead singer of the Sugarcubes has a style of her own. Photographed in Iceland by Sisa. Styled by Bjarni Bredisdjord. Creative Director: Montgomery Frazier

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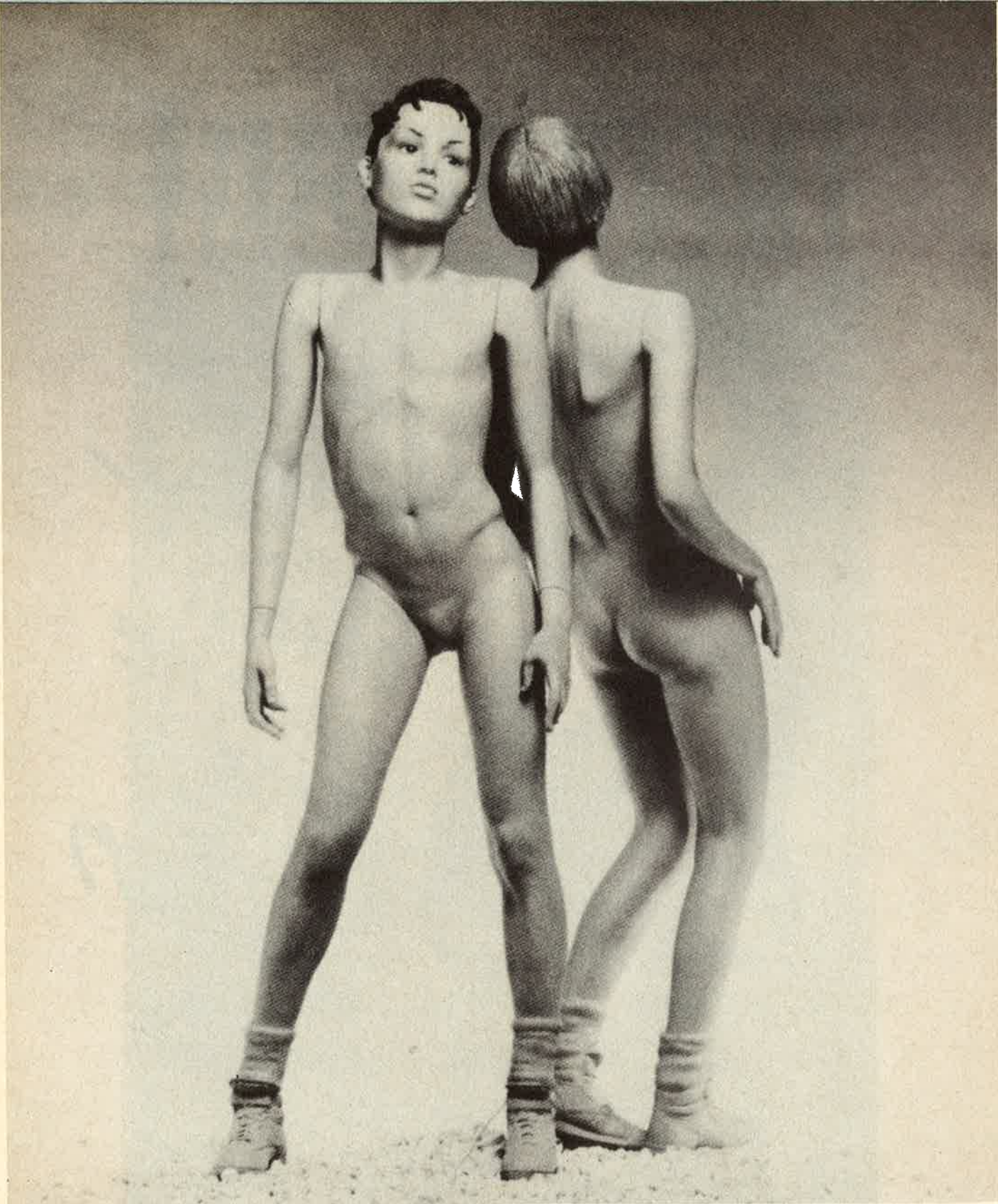
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Are you wondering what this is? Well, read on for the answers...

Hello, it's me again. A funny thing happened to me on the night of April 29th. It was my birthday and I wanted to have a good time, so I took a few ecstasys, did some speed, drank a whole lot, then took one of those dreaded runipinals (that drug that is so horrible, we can't even spell it). I had just come from the doctor with a fever of 102, and was told to rest and drink lots of fluids. I did. Vodka, rum, beer...you get the picture. I had to be carried home and at approximately 7:30 a.m. the following morning, was so sick I thought I'd die.

A sickness that might have passed in a few days developed into full-blown hepatitis by the weekend.

I learned an awful lot during the next few days, the most important thing being that hepatitis is one of the most contagious diseases around! You can catch it by merely DRINKING FROM AN INFECTED PERSON'S DRINK!

Now, let's see...who did I share my vodka with? Maybe it would be easier to think about who I didn't share it with. Well, I didn't share it with Julie, who was so drunk herself that she had to go home early. Ah! Yes! Desi Monster was first on line to taste the germed elixir. Now then, who has he been sleeping with?

I had dinner with R. Couri Hay at his chic new uptown restaurant, Citi. Guests included Anita Sarko, Pebbles and Matt, Sushi, Amanda (who tasted my dessert), Heather Sommerfield, Ernie Glam, oh dear!!

Now if they each sleep/eat with two or three people a week, they could each infect quite a few people during the infectious period.

Then I visited Robert and Tim Twin on the occasion of Robert's birthday. There I kissed Bella Bolski, Jonathan, Rachel and Tim to name a few. Tsk-tsk-tsk.

The main party at the Limelight was a big blur. I remember patches here and there, like doing cocaine in the ladies room with Sacred Boy, and falling down the Shampoo stairs in my new Alfredo Vilorio. The next thing I knew, I was watching somebody smash the window of the Chase Manhattan Automatic Teller on lower Broadway. (Or was I the one smashing it?) Once inside, I shared a bottle of vodka with David Alfabet, Walt Paper and Ludovic, to name a few.

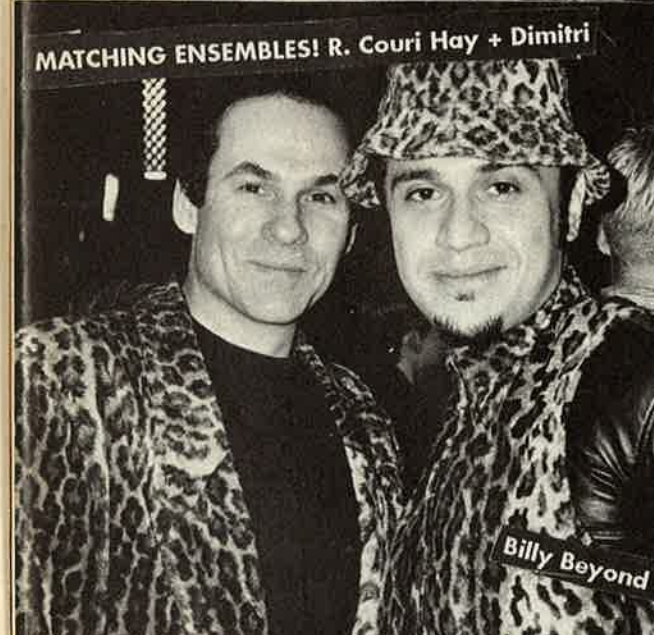
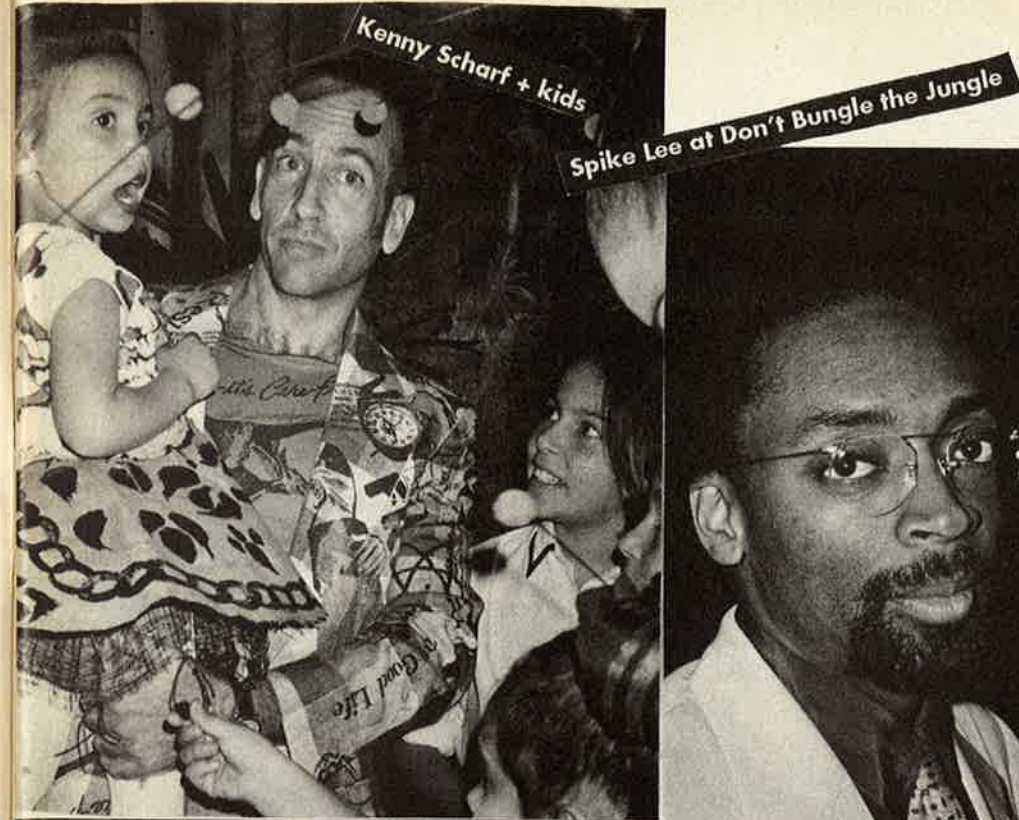
Six whole bottles (I swear it) of vodka and rum later, we were at Opera. I actually don't remember that at all, but somebody videotaped the whole thing. That must have been where I got sick. The next thing I know, I'm in my living room lying in a pool of vomit. The end.

X

WHEEL OF HEPATITIS



HEPATITIS: The gift that keeps on giving!!



While too sick to venture out, reports of continued fun were pouring in by telephone...

The "Don't Bungle the Jungle #2" party at Amazon got the most phone calls. "Oh, my God!" raved one phone caller, who begged to remain anonymous, "Dimitri Daddy-O and Couri Hay were wearing the same outfit!" Claudia Schiffer, Isaac Mizrahi, Paulina P, Todd Oldham, Kenny Scharf, The Connie Girl, Lady Kier, King JoJo, Fran Lebowitz, and Larissa were there. Another telephone gossip says that Vogue's Elizabeth Saltzman was arm-in-arm with Def Jam's Russell Simmons. Where were Robert DiNiro, Richard Gere and Madonna? Well, Madonna is the only one with an excuse. She was probably home preparing her proposal to take over Project X. Rumor has it that she has taken an interest.

Being bed-ridden gave me the much-needed time to prepare for **SUPERSTAR**, the American Tour. Twenty (or so) personalities have been chosen to represent Peter Gattien's newest venture, **USA**, in most major cities across the nation. Zaldy, Billy Beyond, Queen Kate Harwood, Amanda Lepore, Astro Earl and plenty of others will be traveling all across America looking for interesting personalities in other cities to give golden tickets to. These golden tickets can be exchanged for a round-trip airplane ticket from the winner's hometown to NYC for the opening of **USA** in early fall, 1992. Some of the included cities are Chicago, San Francisco, LA, Boston and more!

The phone rings. It's John Carmen harping about Grace Jones' birthday party at Palladium. Big dinner. Cocktails. The works. The only problem is that it's on the same night as Marcus Leatherdale's opening at Arthur Roger Gallery and later on his dinner at Limelight at exactly the same time! Pat Field, Rebecca, John Badum, Hayne Suthon, Larissa, Clinton and their crew were at Marcus'. Then they were at Grace's. That was also the night of the Vivienne Westwood show at Limelight. I heard the shoes were great.

More telephone calls told me about Thursday at Wunderbar. Hosted by Brenton Brewster... fashion-type models and such... Nicole Miller-types... you know. Project X had a party there the same night as Grace, Marcus and Vivienne's parties.

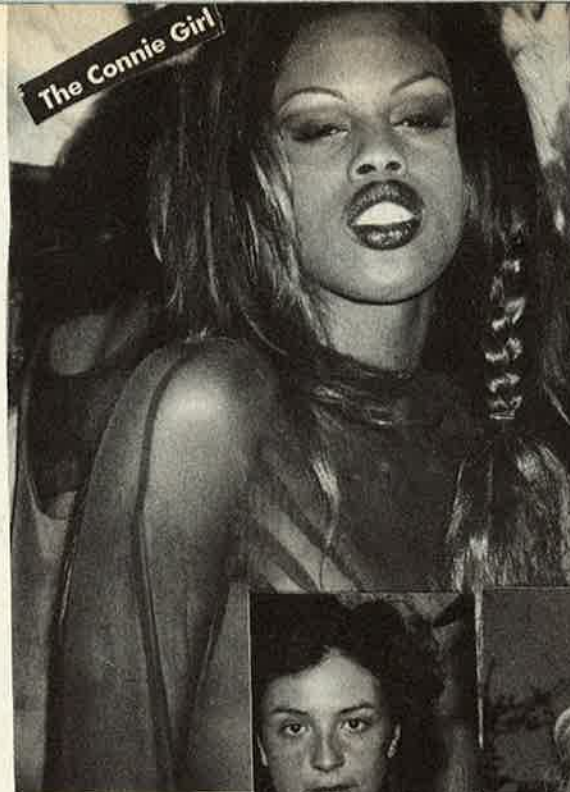
People say that Sundays are rolling right along at Tilt with Joey Horatio and Sister Dimension, the latter having just tied the knot with the toast of the town who's always toasted, Bubbles. It was a straight-(ish) wedding, I'm told, as Mr. Sister's folks were in town for the blessed event. "My parents think that their 'eccentric' son is finally getting married," somebody told me that Sister told them that his father told her. "Praise Be!"

The delivery boy at the local deli told me that the happening clubs in the Hamptons this summer will be **Morissey** and **Element**. He said they're supposed to attract "loafer-wearing, straight-acting preppies." Like him, I wonder?

Raves are sweeping the intercontinental clubscene not only in London, NYC and LA but in Rochester, NY! Club **Carpe Diem** is a happy host to many sweaty, arm-waving, hood-wearing techno addicts. Who'd believe it?

The only American performance of **Army of Lovers** dragged me out of bed, if only for one night, to see these overgrown club kids perform. What a band! These guys (and girl) have all the glitz and glamor of a Las Vegas show. They're friendly enough. I had a small party for them at my house before their show at **Limelight**. The two guys posed for fake porn shots, told dirty jokes and insulted the band's former lead singer, calling her an alcoholic and drug addict. So why would they kick her out you ask? "She couldn't sing," said **Alex**, the most talkative of the three. The new lead female seemed real, but, then again, you never know.

I hear Tuesdays are back again, with **Martin X** and **Fuschia Doll** doing **Wunderbar** with Sister D, Larry Tee and the rest of 'em. **Venus**, **Vianca** and their lot host **Element** on that same night, and **Javier**, **Heather Somerfield** and company do **Metro CC**, which has a great rooftop. People are telling me there's a great new crowd of fresh people there....



Kelly Cutrone at Metro CC roof party



That's what tit's all about: Sofia at Disco 2000

Princess Ra, Keoki and Sonja at Lord Michael's Future Shock



Cleveland's Metropolis owner Scott Lucci



QUEEN OF MEAN: Rupaul at Tafou



Kalinka at Bendel's



THE WHORE-IFYING TRUTH? Is this how Julie Jewell convinced Francesco Scavullo to shoot our next cover?

Zelma Davis of C+C Music Factory sings "Happy B-Day" to Louis X-travaganza at



Carpe Diem's DJs DV8 and the Almighty Powercut

RAVING IN ROCHESTER:



Germ Sharing: the new trend at Le Bar Bat. Chauncy, Kat, Monty, Jessica Jessica's going away party.

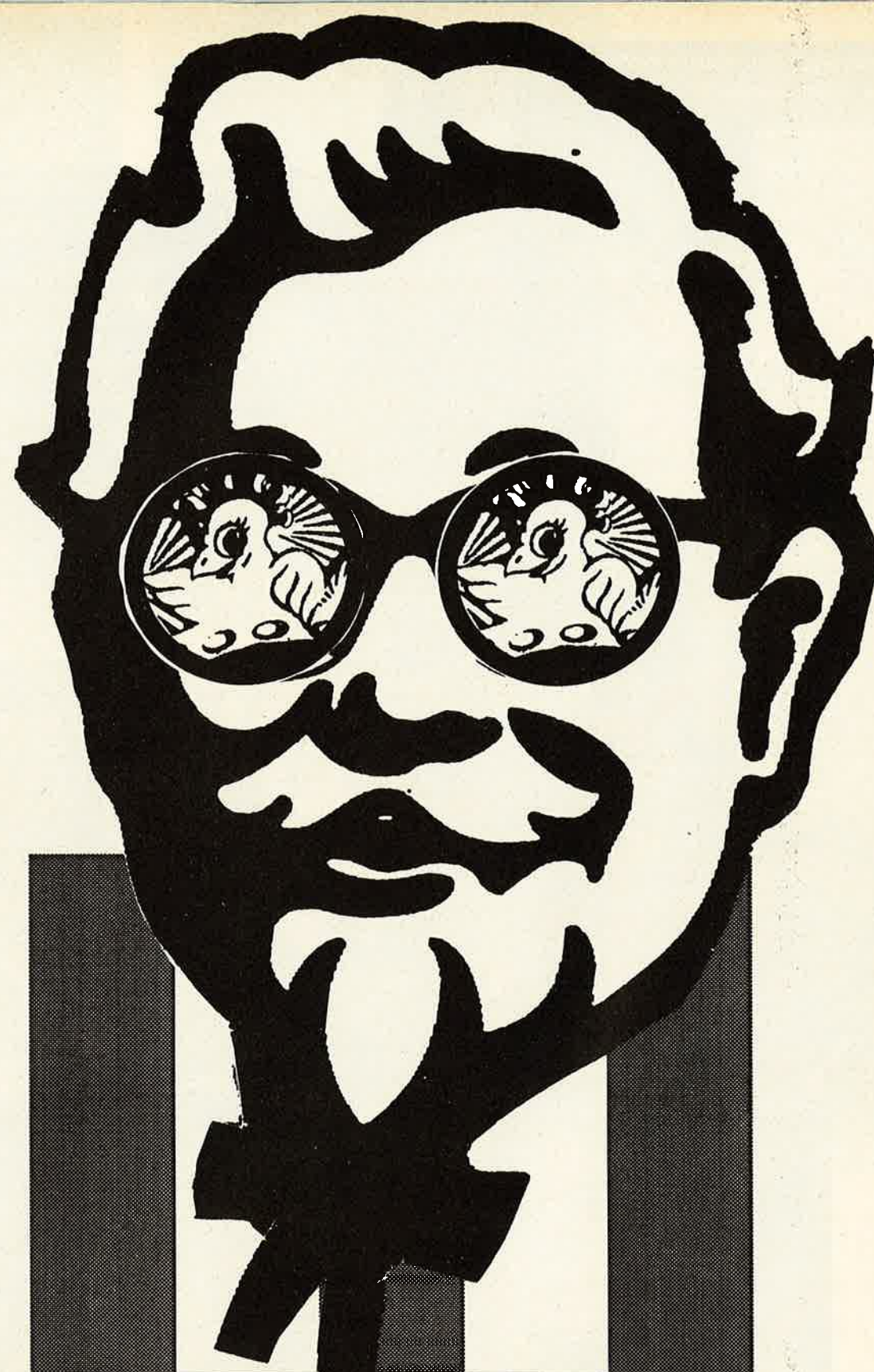


Beth Ann and Linda Evangelista at the Anna Sui fashion show



MAKING GOOD: Eric Goode with supermodel/Playboy covergirl/live-in girlfriend Rachel Williams

Claude Montana at Limelight



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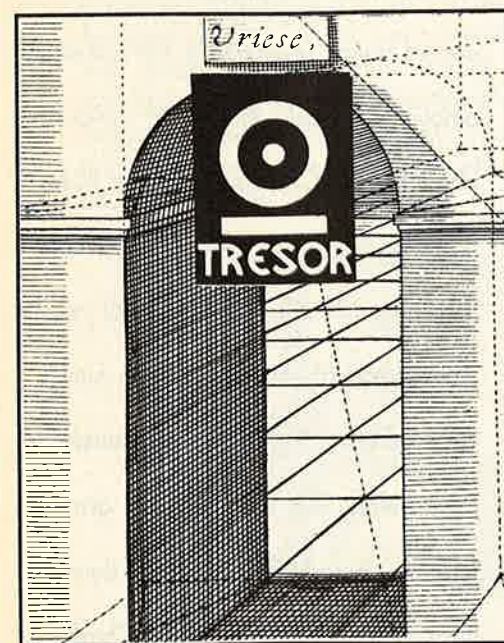
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You see, there's something happening here. As we move closer to yet another millennium, music will play a major role in the development of our culture. And at the forefront of this change will be dance music and its artists. As the hip and trendy aspects of our culture surely evolve into the mainstream, it will be noted and realized that the raw magic created by these artists is ever so important to ensure a secure, strong, happy, creative, and, might I add, groovy nation. People will come together in the rubble of this once ruling country among the ashes of racism, corruption, lies, propaganda, censorship and the "PEPSI" generation. They will once again look inwards for answers. The soul within us all will be examined, analyzed and worshipped. It will be the number one most important thing in the universe. The world will once again have heart and soul, and dancing will, as always, be the universal language.

Peace,
KEOKI
Music Editor

So, as expected, creativity has finally started to emerge from producers everywhere. Patience does pay in some cases. It seems that more and more people are starting to get it. The age of the "no rhythm necessary" techno record is finally coming to a close. More and more veteran producers stop dismissing the techno revolution as a tiresome, uncreative fad. They're instead using their experience and getting involved, whether it be with novice producers who are at the forefront of the techno dance scene or simply making their own "phuture-grooves."



UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE

One group of producers who didn't need a kick in the butt, but who were, on the other hand, doing the kicking are our friends in Detroit, namely Jeff Mills and the Underground Resistance posse. Their most recent effort comes to us in the form of X-102 The Rings of Saturn. In the true spirit of UR and its style, this two record set comes complete with [forwards] and [backwards] tracks. Beautiful music and lots of it, get it quick! These guys have simply grabbed this revolution in dance music by the throat and said "you're coming with us." True innovators and true to dance. UR—"music for those who know"—and know you do. If you're unable to find it, you may fax Tresor Records at 011-49-30-2152350.



R + S RECORDS

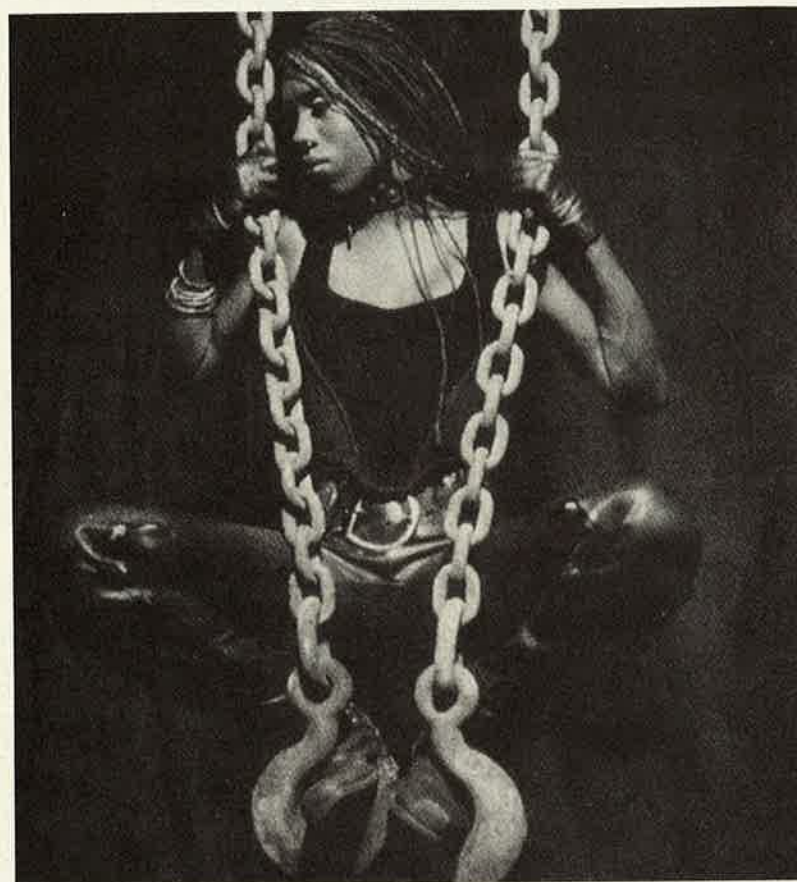
A group of friends who we hadn't really heard from in a while is the force behind R+S Records. They are most definitely back, and in a powerful way. First off, check out the Jam and Spoon project, Tales From a Danceographic Ocean. Groovy and original. While you're still thinking R+S, pick up Ramirez—"La muzika tremenda"—complete with south of the border babble. Be assured that the label that brought us Joey Beltram is back and it's serious.

*exist
dance*

Closer to home, "on the independent label tip," comes EXIST DANCE. A small, but nonetheless powerful label out of Los Angeles that's been making moves with their Eden Transmission—"I'm so high." This is an absolut must-have record for all TRANCE fans. You may reach Exist Dance at 213-892-0036. Do call, these guys know what's up. I mean it!

blue pearl

big life records



If you follow **Charlie Cassanova**, you've undoubtedly noticed the amount of remixing he has been doing. Charlie has told me that he attributes this to the amount of time he spends DJing in techno clubs around the world. He claims that the sound is different everywhere and through his remixes and his knowledge, he's been able to produce a global sound for the people knowledge. Most recently, Charlie has remixed **Blue Pearl's Can You Feel the Passion** on **Big Life** records. The results are, must I say, successful. The song sounds much better and there are plenty of mixes to choose from. Big Life is most definitely a powerful option when choosing dance records.

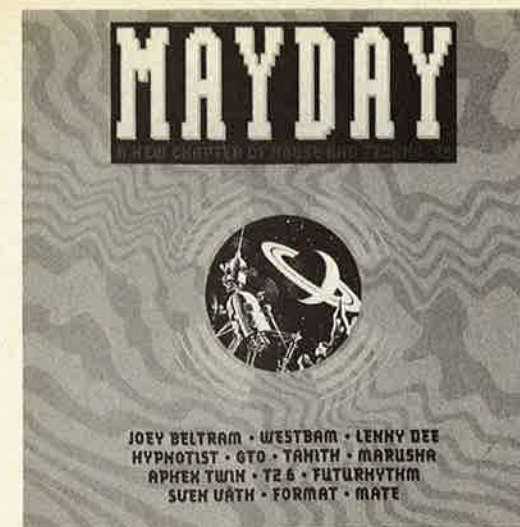
Guerilla records are back with a dark act—R2R "Whatever You Dream." Two mixes are included on the 12", the dark mix being my favorite. Lots of bass and spooky ambient whispers.



BIG BEAT RECORDS

Another aspect to take note of in this current dance revolution is the current amount of labels that seem curious about techno. One could say that **RCA** has paved this way of curiosity when they signed **N-JOI**. One label that you would probably never expect to jump the trend bus is **Big Beat Entertainment**.

Nonetheless, Big Beat has just given birth to **Pyro-Tech**, a techno dance label. First off, we're given **Charlie Cassanova's** remixes of **Jomanda's "Got a Love for You."** While most of the remixes are hard and fast, the label is definitely headed in the right direction. Most interesting of the Cassanova remixes is the **Limelight Mix**. Then there's **DO NOT RESIST THE BEAT**, my favorite of the Pyro-Tech records, lots of bass and cute samples.



MAYDAY

Now, the following double album may be difficult to find, but it should be a definite plus to your groovy disc collection. **Mayday—a New Chapter of House and Techno** comes to us from our friends in Europe. The two record set is extremely well mastered. Most impressive tracks are **Westbam's The Mayday Anthem**, **Aphex Twin—Metapharistic** and **Lenny Dee's Night Phantom** [the curse] but do listen to all. It's available on **Low Spirit Records**.



Marcel Monroe • Framed Certain Records

Following a debut l.p. last year, this self-produced album by Manhattan's very own trio is a groovy collection of songs that flow clearly and beautifully. If you are already a fan of "Love is Not" get ready for a heavier dose of songwriters **Bob Windbiel**, **Kim Jean** and **Luie Attel**. Check out Kim's vocal mastery on "Ride the Pony" and I'll keep you posted on these up-and-coming talents.



Now for some deep down kick butt dance! Just take a dose of the big kids on the block, **Maxi Records**. These guys know dance! There's no escape from a fierce, pumping house track. Captured by bass and commanded by slamming vocals, we find ourselves "working" uncontrollably on strange dance floors at the hands of an unseen master above—the DJ—to **Chained to the Beat**. Produced by **Marcus Sherard** and **Floyd F. Fisher**, **SOUL VERITÉ** brings this truth to soul pumping track. Exceptionally groovy is the **Danny Tenaglia** club remix. **Chained to the Beat** is in no way **Maxi's** first butt moving track. These guys know their music and stick to their well established musical values. They're here to stay and we are glad. If you feel the itch, you may give a call to **Claudia Cuseta** or **Kevin McHugh** at (212) 366-0950, be assured the label contacts are refreshingly hip.

LOUNGING WITH LURIE

TY BATIRBEK

After a year of fruitless attempts to get an interview with John Lurie, the Lounge Lizard of my dreams, I finally got permission to do a phone interview. Granted, a candlelight dinner was more like what I had in mind, but, as they say, "beggars can't be choosers." He called me at home at 8:55 p.m. to say he would call me back in eight minutes. He wanted to "warn" me the interview was on. In lustful anticipation, I sat by the phone with my hair in a towel, a cigarette hanging out of my mouth, waiting...waiting...waiting...and finally it rang exactly eight minutes later. In a lame attempt not to appear too anxious, I let it ring twice with my hand resting on the handset and with the other, I put out my cigarette.

The sultry, underrated star of Jarmusch films (Down by Law, Mystery Train and Stranger than Paradise) talks about his music, upcoming television project and how he sees himself on the world's scrutinizing eyes. I always knew he would be deliciously sweet, brilliantly intelligent and a genuine dream sent from Jazz gods of heaven...but I never imagined him to be so soulfully deep.

John Lurie: Hello?

Ty Batirbek: Hi! How long do you have to talk?

JL: Uh...I don't know. Let's see how it goes. I wanna just start practicing, you know.

TB: First, a typical question. In which direction do you want to go...film or music?

JL: Music. Mostly. I'm doing the fishing show which is exciting to me. It's for Japanese TV. It's called fishing with John. Um...for the first one, I go fishing with Jim Jarmusch for sharks in Montauk. We actually caught an eight-foot shark. Then Tom Waits in Jamaica...ice fishing with Willem Dafoe in ten degrees in Maine. Also fishing with Dennis Hopper in Thailand.

TB: That's brilliant!

JL: Yeah, I think they're really funny. What's happening is that a Japanese company is paying for it. There's been some pre-sales in England and other territories but not in America yet. What I'd really like to do is start talking to WWOR about running it during baseball games during rain delays. Try to get them to put it on announced. That's what I'd like to do right away with it. I think it would be like Orson Welles' War of the Worlds or something.

TB: How would you describe your lifestyle?

JL: Mmmmm...I don't know. I'm trying to keep a balance between, you know, the sort of poetic moment or whatever you want to call it...the mystical.

TB: That's how I'd describe it!

JL: I don't know what to describe it as. If I want to play the saxophone this minute, I can just start playing, or, if I want to paint or whatever...I'm trying to keep that going and yet keep organized so I can make a living doing this stuff also.

TB: Do you think your lifestyle gets in the way of your career?

JL: No. I think the career gets in the way of my lifestyle. I don't consider my life more important than my career.

TB: Will people like you, Jim Jarmusch, Arto Lindsay and that certain set ever make it big in the Hollywood sense?

JL: I think we're struggling pretty hard not to. You know, I'm not entirely opposed to that, but man...this thing just happened to my brother. This is it in a nutshell, and I wasn't there so I don't know exactly what happened. He was hired to do the score for a big Hollywood picture. They call him and say, "We need two and a half hours of music and we gotta do it in a week." My brother says, "That's impossible." So they say, "Just write five themes and we'll repeat them over and over throughout the movie," which he does. Then some other part of this company takes it and does a test screening to ask test audiences what they think. They made them watch the movie and they said the music sounded very "repetitive"...cause they've only taken these five themes and repeated them for two and a half hours over and over again!! And so they fired him. That's the idiocy which is Hollywood. I feel that it's impossible for any person with one vision to go and do anything. Everything's done by committee which is not the way to do anything creatively. Unless you are such a mega power that you had total control...which I'm never going to get to in my lifetime. So I don't want to do the route.

TB: That's the thing, with people like you and Jim [Jarmusch] and Tom [Waits]...it's such a poetic existence. we wouldn't want to give you guys up to Hollywood anyway!

JL: For me, especially with the music, it doesn't get anywhere here. It does great in Europe and Japan and wherever...Brazil. But here, it's kind of the artist's obligation to reach people. It's more entertainment with Hollywood than art.

TB: There's something wrong with downtown NYC. What is it?

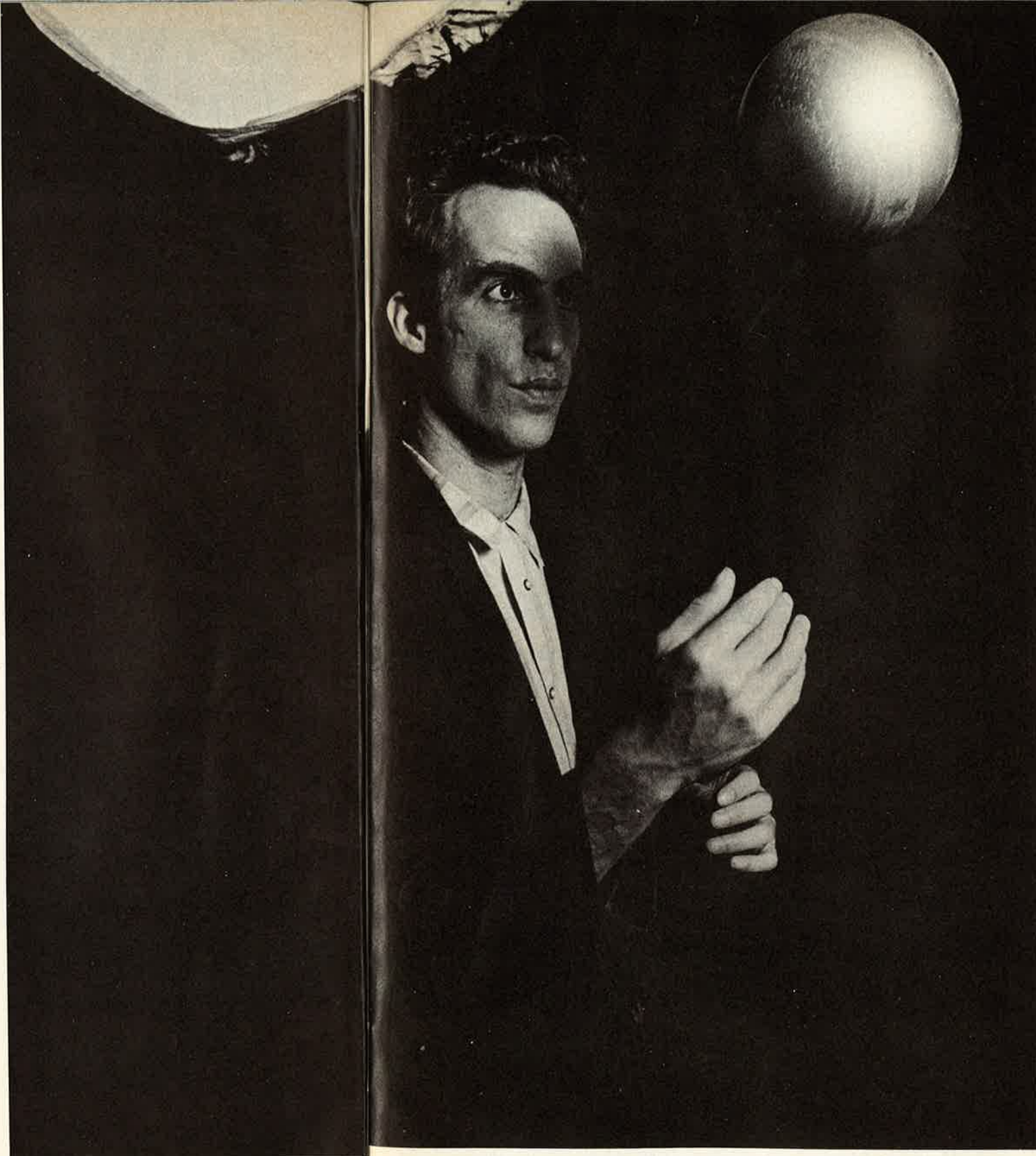


photo: Marcus Leatherdale

...A GENUINE DREAM SENT FROM THE JAZZ GODS OF HEAVEN

MUSIC

JL: Well, I think people are suddenly, you know, worried about their careers. I went to a party last night and everybody was so stiff. Everybody's terrified to have fun. A lot of people have died too, you know. And a lot of people were no fun in the first place.

TB: Are you willing to do something about it?

JL: I'm trying all the time! I mean, you can only do something about it by doing what you do.

TB: Somehow, I would hate to see the Lounge Lizards or Jarmusch to sell out and become huge in that Hollywood sense, no matter how much I'd like you all to be successful.

JL: Yeah, but you can't even see the Lounge Lizards here in this country! We pretty much draw more people in any tiny European city than here. In a way, it's kind of cool not to be too famous where you live. I mean, when I was doing the fishing show with Dennis [Hopper], there were too many people, creepy people recognizing us. With me, it's limited to the elite...somehow. You know what I mean? Don't give me away!

TB: (I'm in love at this point) Who are your heroes?

JL: Hmmm...Coltrane, Cassavettes, Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr....

TB: Do you consider yourself a sex symbol? (I was dying to ask him this)

JL: I'm too old...too old and my legs are too skinny.

TB: You've got to be kidding me! Well, do you consider yourself a cult hero?

JL: I don't know what that is. A cult hero means that you are a hero of a very few people. You know, nobody considers themselves a cult hero. Nobody considers themselves a sex symbol.

TB: Come on...you know you're a sex symbol!

JL: I read this stuff and it's just like, well, that's interesting, but, then you get up and look in the mirror and it's like forget it! Or you see some girl and you try to catch her attention and she thinks you're the most grotesque thing she's ever seen.

TB: Like that's ever happened to you, right? (sarcasm)

JL: 'Course, that happens to everybody.

TB: Actually, I can't imagine that. You can have any girl you want can't you?

JL: No! You're leading me into something, aren't you?

TB: No. (I wish...) Anyway, let's get off that touchy topic. Let's talk about music. What's your opinion on what's happening right now...for example, techno and rave?

JL: I don't know. sometimes it's like...my girlfriend (ugh! He's got a girlfriend!) goes to this place and they pound the music...and I've gone a couple of times and I've hated it, but sometimes it catches me. You know what I mean? if you get into a certain kind of mood...it's not to listen to. It's like to be in the middle of and be pounded by it. That's only good for something but not much...for me. I've said this before, but I don't think Jimi Hendrix could get a record deal right now.

TB: What would you like the world to know about you and your legacy?

JL: Geez...I don't know. It just sounds so trite if you say what you really think, you know. I'm not good at that. It just sounds so silly. You know what I mean?

The interview ended and I reluctantly hung up the phone. My dream had come true...I smiled and then woke up. Yeah, John, I know what you mean.

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THE WHAT WAS NOT

JUDE SCHWENDENWIEN

There's an intriguing bit of sampling at the conclusion of the opening cut on PiL's powerful new album "That What Is Not," at the end of "Acid Drops" amidst a dense wall of guitars, one can decipher the echo of the king of punk, Johnny Rotten, singing the prophetic words "no future!" only this time it's repeated over and over like a mantra.

In the original context as the coda to the controversial anti-anthem "God Save the Queen", Rotten and his then band the Sex Pistols were ironically predicting the end of both purist punk and of themselves. Yet it is Rotten (née John Lydon) who has had the last laugh as the one true punk survivor who has forged a successful, enduring career without "selling out" to the mainstream. His band Public Image Ltd., formed soon after the demise of the Sex Pistols in 1978, has been an ever-changing forum for Lydon's irrepressible rage and gusto. While it was clear to anyone with half a mind that punk's fifteen minutes were always meant to implode, it was Lydon who took it upon himself to help punk grow up in the real world.

Now it's 1992 and John Lydon is—dare we say it—a respectable professional who puts out albums and performs live on a regular basis. At the same time, he remains just a few steps short of that pivotal limelight that could catapult him to a new level of stardom. Perhaps it's best Lydon remains where he is, although the new album produced by Dave Jerden may be an unprecedented success, thanks to the gelling of a real band consisting of Lydon, guitarist John McGeoch who's played with Howard DeVoto in Magazine and Steve Severin in Siouxsie and the Banshees, and bassist Alan Dias, who hails originally from Brooklyn.

In between PiL's first, and still most radical, inception featuring guitarist Keith Levene and dub-style bassist Jah Wobble and the new lineup, Lydon has worked with a rotating cast of characters including major league guest stars like guitarist Steve Vai, ex-Cream drummer Ginger Baker and producer Bill Laswell. Yet, throughout the years, Lydon has never treated PiL as a solo project, even though his ideas have always provided the common threads of anger on all the albums.

It makes perfect sense, then, for Lydon to be working with someone like McGeoch, who began playing guitar at age 12, became a Sex Pistols fan while in his early 20's, then was recruited by a roommate at art school who knew that Howard DeVoto was seeking a young guitarist who could play punk. Lydon became a living legend at a very young age and now works with people who experienced his impact. In the mid-80's, Lydon even toured with a Holiday Inn-style PiL cover band—the ultimate postmodernist rock experience. McGeoch is even more acutely aware of the PiL legacy he has inherited, as he fondly recalls the early PiL recordings: "I thought it was a brave thing for John to



leave the Sex Pistols. The first cut by PiL was an astounding piece of music that was difficult to ignore in the UK." That seminal song, simply titled "Public Image", bid goodbye to the old Johnny and welcomed the new ("I won't be treated as property!"). Like the aural assault and unfettered rage of the Sex Pistols' sound, the first three PiL albums (the self-titled debut, "Second Edition" a.k.a. "Metal Box" and "Flowers of Romance") charted new territory with songs that went beyond seven minutes, incorporated disco rhythms, stark guitars, minimalist song structures and eccentric dub-style basslines that were almost difficult to listen to when first released and were deliberately the antithesis of punk. By the early 1980's Lydon had lost his original band just as he hit another musical impasse. It was time to reassess the anger of punk within more conventional song structures and elements, including female backup singers, horns and even melodies. "That What Is Not" is Lydon coming full circle by acknowledging but not being engulfed by his past as blistering McGeoch's guitar.

LYDON EVEN TOURED WITH A HOLIDAY INN-STYLE PiL COVER BAND...

...THE ULTIMATE POSTMODERNIST ROCK EXPERIENCE

and aggressive as Pistol's guitarist Steve Jones and as musically sophisticated and adventurous as Keith Levene's. In many ways this album sounds like what the Sex Pistols would be if they had matured, rather than becoming cartoons of themselves as they actually did when Sid Vicious took over the vocals on some campy remakes of "G'mon Everybody" and "My Way".

It could be said that Lydon is growing old gracefully, even though he's barely touched his late 30's—punks started young. In interviews, he is still wily, self-reflexive, arch and provocative, but it's all in good fun and that's why he's a survivor, not the self-destructive nihilist that shortsighted punks wanted him to be. While Sid Vicious took punk too seriously, failing to recognize that all the talk of anarchy was meant to be tongue-in-cheek, Lydon has always understood that life goes on and that, yes, happiness can exist alongside rage (just ask his wife, to whom he is happily married). Lydon is certainly in good company and in a good creative space; as McGeoch asserts, "We feel there's something positive going on. If there's any punk ethic, it's the idea of music being a progressive, not an imitative, art form. We're sincere, we don't compromise." Sounds like there is a future, after all.

DJs' TOP 10

all lists compiled 5.29.92

DESTRUCTO, L.A.

1. TWO BAD MICE • Bombscare (Movin' [Shadow 14])
2. JAM + SPOON REMIXES (R+S)
3. THE WORLD IS MINE • Master Beats vol. 2 (In Disc)
4. 303 NATION • 6 Tracker (303)
5. PRIVATE PROD. • Looped (80 ohm)
6. TPLC • Rhythm Score (TPLC)
7. BRAINSTORM • Do I Feel Lucky (R+S)
8. ALTER EGO • The Crunger (white label)
9. INDUSTRIAL HIGH (white label)
10. DIGITAL RAVE • Transformer (STD)

SLOAN MORGAN, NYC

1. BEASTIE BOYS • Professor Booty (Grand Royal)
2. ST. ETIENNE • Join Our Club (Heavenly Promo)
3. SLY + LOVECHILD • Spirit of Destiny (City Beat)
4. INNER CITY • Hallelujah—Leftfield Mix (10 Records)
5. GENOCIDE II • Narra Mine (Hardcore Urban)
6. LOVE CORPORATION • Palatial—Danny Rampling Mix (Heavenly)
7. MC KINKY • Get Over It—Apollo 440 Mix (More Protein White Label)
8. IF • Everything and More (MCA)
9. ISUS-AD • Pressure (More Protein Promo)
10. GRACE JONES • On Your Knees (Island 1979)

REPETE, NYC

1. The Sound of Rotterdam Vol. 1 (Rotterdam)
2. REPETE • Children of Rave
3. INTERACTIVE • Dildo (Strictly Dance)
4. INDUSTRIAL HIGH e.p.
5. PROGRAM 2 • Twister (Vortex)
6. MESSIAH • Temple of Dreams (Kicker)
7. BHAB + CAS • Brain + Behavior (HPF)
8. INSIDER • Destiny—Remix (Music Man)
9. DJ SPY • Space the Final Frontier (Media)
10. GLOBAL • No Boundaries e.p. (Excell)

DJ KEOKI, NYC

1. The Night Tripper (Go Bang!)
2. I'm So High (Exist Dance)
3. The Rings of Saturn (Tresor)
4. Better Nation (Infonet)
5. Mayday (Westbam)
6. STYLUS FLIGHT • Equitech (R+S)
7. Jam + Spoon e.p. (R+S)
8. Scream Trance (white label)
9. 100%/Knowledge (Music Man)
10. The Traller e.p. (Wonka)

TERI BRISTOL, Chicago

1. DEEE-LITE • Runaway (Elektra)
2. STRUCTURE • Structure (Structure)
3. NOYS • Ave Maria (Logic)
4. URBANIZED • Helpless (Maxi)
5. DIGITAL BOY • This is Motherfucker (Flying)

TOM-E, Chicago

1. DEEE-LITE • Runaway (Elektra)
2. FRANKIE KNUCKLES • Rainfall (Virgin)
3. NOYS • Ave Maria (Logic)
4. APOTHEOSIS • O Fortuna (Radical)
5. SPEEDY J • Pullover (Plus 8)

DJ TROPISPHERE, NYC

1. KC FLIGHT • Voices-remix (MVT)
2. I • Warm Sunday (Pod Communication)
3. PACIFIC SYMPHONY • Trans Former 2 (Round + Round)
4. TZ7 e.p. (Belgium)
5. EBY • Acid Indigestion (Groove Kissing)
6. SPASMS e.p. (D Jax)
7. TIME WARP • Zooloops (ESP)
8. FX CREATORS • Survival of the Trippiest (Amsterdam)
9. TRICKY DISCO • Sonic Trance Vol. 1 (white label)
10. GAT DECOR • Passion (white label)



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SOUP DRAGONS

"I'm free to do what I want, any old time...." Most ravers will remember The Soup Dragons' revolutionary call to the dancefloor. The group had many an ecstatic dancer taking to the floor with their rave favorites "Mother Universe" and "I'm Free" from their debut album *Lovegod*. Now they've returned with a powerful new LP called *Hotwired*.

The first single "Divine Thing" has already had a powerful start on the most important dancefloors of the UK and is set to fly into the mainstream here in the US. *Hotwired* is a diverse and energetic selection of cuts ranging from the guitar dance of "Divine Thing" to the slow, looping deep styley dubs of "Forever Today" and "Mindless". The album flows well and freely through these differences in styles, giving us a consistent collection of cuts displaying the full spectrum of The Soup Dragons' talent.

The Dragons are backed by Big Life Records, the label that has brought The Orb and Blue Pearl into the eyes and ears of discerning music lovers around the world, so the listener can be assured of *Hotwired*'s dancefloor clout. Far from two-hit wonders, The Soup Dragons have carved a definitive niche in the alternative scene, so be sure to check out this new release before the Dragons reach superstar status.



courtesy of Big Life/Mercury



courtesy of More Protein

more protein

Who would have ever thought that Boy George, drag darling of the eighties, would be the man responsible for the most progressive record label of the nineties?

Well, believe it or not he is. **MORE PROTEIN** is the name of the label devised and launched by George O'Dowd himself in 1990. Originally put together to release the now legendary "Everything Starts With an E" (as in extasy) by the **E-ZEE Posse** featuring **MC Kinky**, the label has blossomed to include a stable of truly genius acts. **More Protein** is now the home of the Swiss-born glamazon diva **Eve Gallagher**, the diminutive toasting genius **MC Kinky**, legendary British DJ **Jeremy Healey** (formerly of **Haysi Fantayzee**) and his **E-Zee Posse**, the ragga house beats of **ISUS—AD** and the gospel house of George's own **JESUS LOVES YOU**. In these days of faceless and feelingless techno, **More Protein** is providing a sophisticated and stylish alternative. Each act provides its own distinctive look and sound to the MP Posse but all of them have the soul and sound of true stars. **Closet Classics Vol. 1** is a compilation of the most important MP tracks and has just been released here in the US by **Charisma records**. The album is an absolute must-have for all listeners on the truly avant tip of house music. We here at **Project X** play it constantly without getting bored (and we are always bored). So look out for **MORE PROTEIN** in your record shops or miss out on some truly magical music.

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say

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words can be ^{strong} or weak.

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-CASHBOX

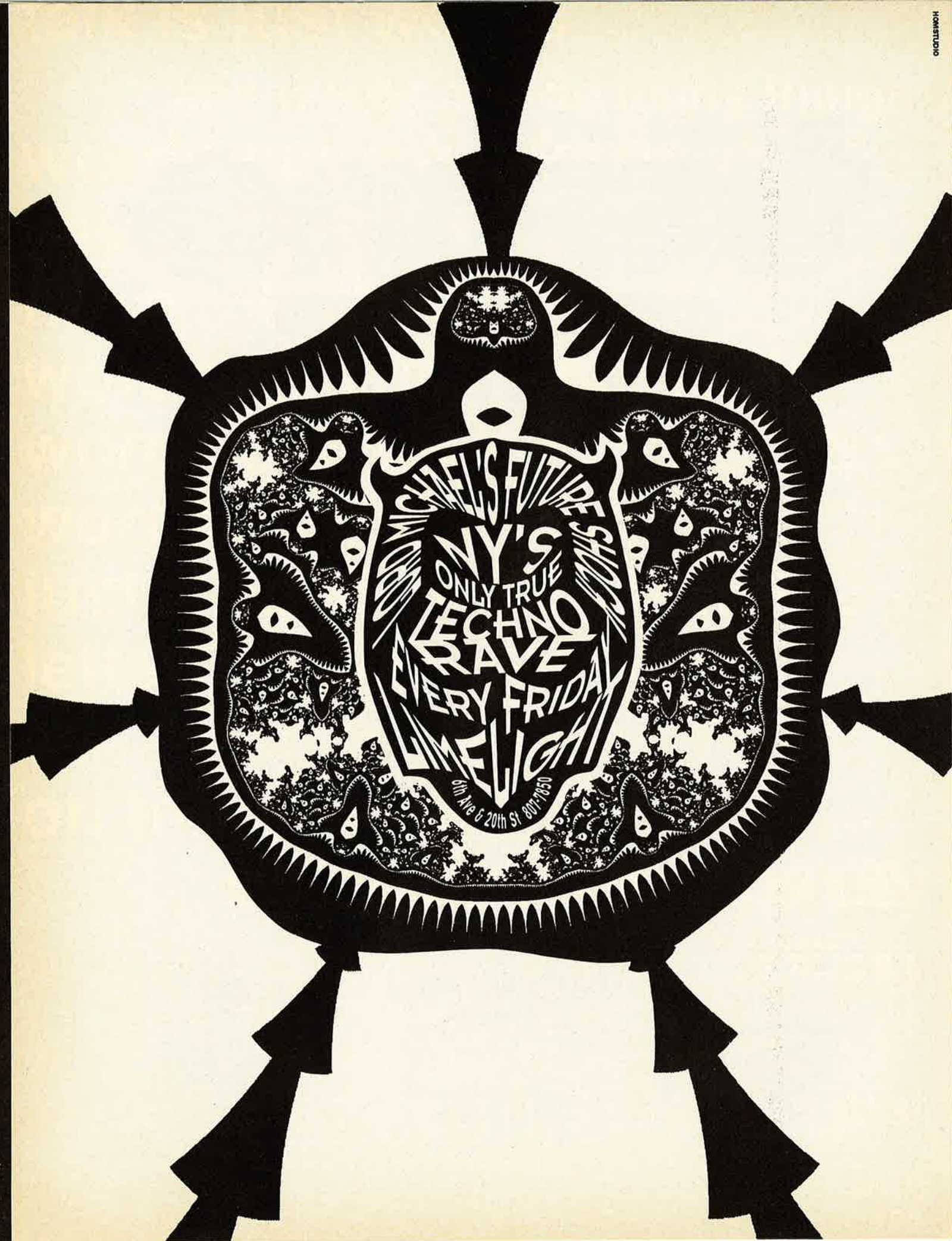
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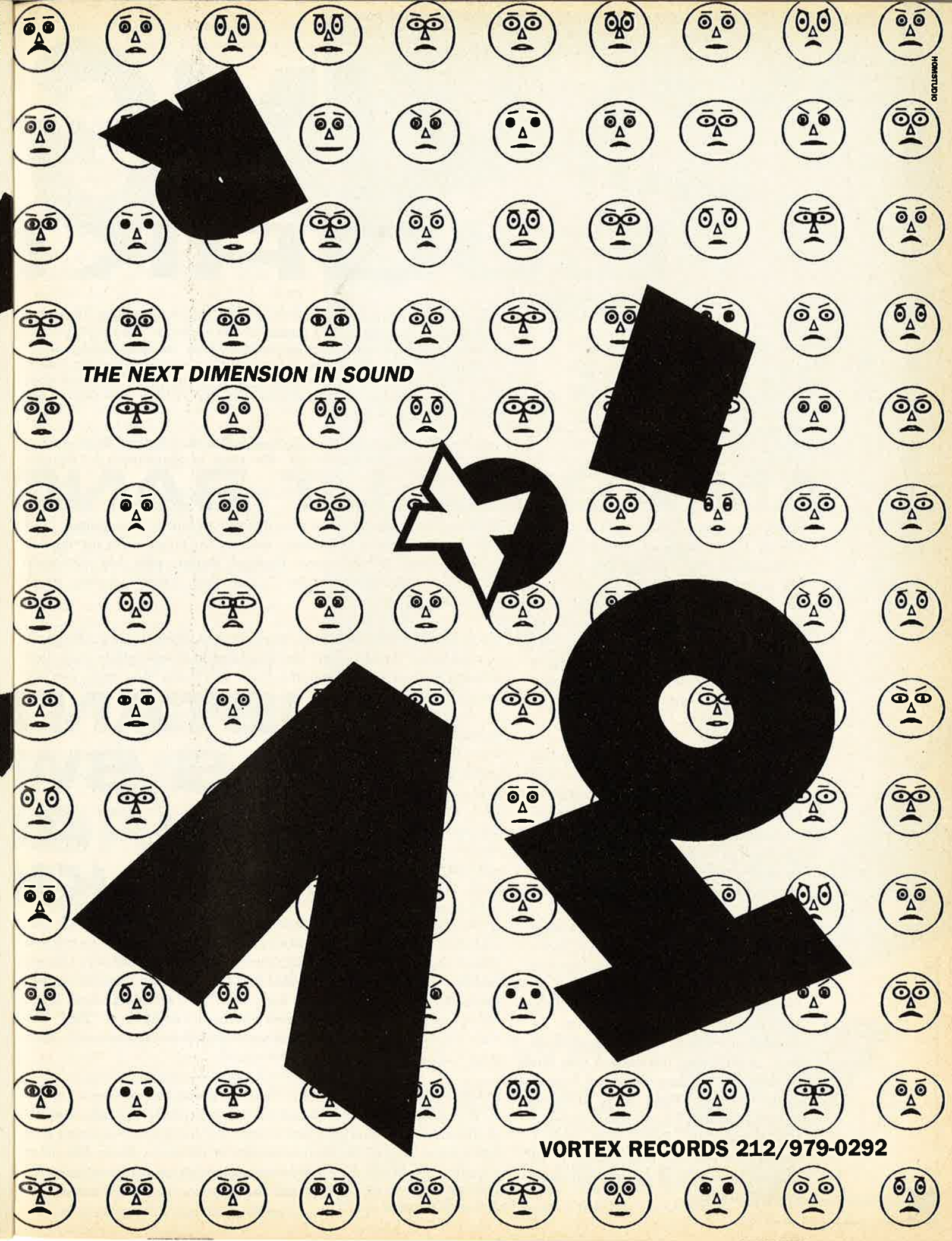
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BOOZING

with
BJORK!

DJ KEOKI

I SUPPOSE

I suppose it is safe to say that the boozing actually started prior to meeting up with Bjork. Julie Jewels and I met up at my house before the Sugarcubes concert for cocktails. I

AN ABSOLUT BANG

always prepare for a visit by Miss Jewels by stocking up with plenty of Stolichnaya vodka before her arrival. We were both anxious to see the band since the last time we met up with them in Reykjavic, Iceland was such an "Absolut" bang. We sipped our cocktails ever so slowly, not wanting to start off the evening with too much of a push, if you know what I mean. Of course you do.

So off to the concert. Julie and I pulled up in front of the Roseland concert hall slightly smashed and headed straight to the bar. Two Stoli vodkas, please! Remember, we don't want to start too early! We then looked for the VIP lounge in order to see just what kind of people turned up for the Sugarcubes.

Well, since the Roseland is such a huge place, and the state my editor and I were slowly putting ourselves into, we just couldn't find it. Suddenly we realized our cocktails were empty! So off we went to the bar. There we decided our drinks were watered down and made the bartender give us doubles, just to be polite, and headed to the VIP area. Once there, we found our table occupied by Richard Butler of the Psychedelic Furs. Julie and I decided he was fabulous enough to sit with us, so we shared our watered-down vodkas with him.

The band was announced and the lights flashed. Suddenly, Bjork was standing center stage with a ghetto-blasters in hand. She put it up to the microphone and some sort of unintelligible mumble came out, an artistic statement, I suppose. The band then went into the live version of "Gold." Now I say live version because, since "Gold" was one of my least favorite songs on the album, the live version was clearer and much more uplifting.

As the show progressed and the vodka flowed, I noticed Bjork seemed slightly lost on the huge stage. She tried to compensate by skipping

back and forth, but I'm not sure if it was effective. Nonetheless, I did feel the urge to dance much more than sit, the music really moving me. I looked over at Julie and Richard Butler, who had obviously discovered "the ghost in her," and they weren't paying much attention.

Up until this point I guess you could say the concert was pretty good, but I started noticing that the Roseland is so incredibly huge that unless you have the backup of a Guns and Roses tour crew, you just seem lost. The most

unexpected surprise though was the groups surreal ending—it was fabulous. As the crowd cheered for an encore, Bjork suddenly skipped back on stage without the

ghetto-blasters, to announce that she had a group of friends with her. The crowd screamed and cheered and out came downtown's very own Walt Paper and seven of the nightclubs' fiercest club kids. She (Bjork) told the audience that her friends had requested an encore song that she had already sang, but she knew that "you wouldn't mind" if she did it again. So she pounded into one more rendition of "Hit." The club kids bounced and squirmed on stage, all to the tune of "...This wasn't supposed to happen...", or was it?

I was hoping for "Motorcrash," since the group hadn't sang it, and it is my Absolut favorite Sugarcubes song. But, overall, Bjork's performance was energetic and strong, her incredible voice won over our hearts. Among the bizarre aspects of the show, Einar (the other vocalist kept lifting up his shirt to expose his ever-so-cute belly. He also kept doing strong cat call screams on stage directed at the

audience, like, "Excuse me, I'm trying to sing a song, stop interrupting me!" Not that anyone tried to.

So on with the evening! As we finished our last Roseland cocktail, it was time to the post-concert party at Limelight. Julie and I figured that we had schmoozed Richard Butler enough, so we grabbed him and headed for the church.

Once at the Limelight, there was more schmoozing and drinking while we waited for the band's arrival. Soon enough Bjork came skipping (she does a lot of that) followed by Little Kenny, her ghetto-blasters and all those wonderful, beautiful and loud club kids. She seemed extremely happy. After a quick hug and kiss, I got her a vodka cranberry. She squealed with delight, so I ordered her another while thinking what a beautiful creature she is.

She confirmed my feelings about the stage being so huge and overwhelming and then announced, "The show is over and I want to dance!" So I quickly gathered up both her and Julie's belongings as best I could, all the while balancing that damn ghetto blaster on my head. We headed towards the blistering techno sounds of Limelight's "Future Shock" dance floor.

INSTANTLY SHE WAS SWARMED WITH ADORING CLUB KIDS...

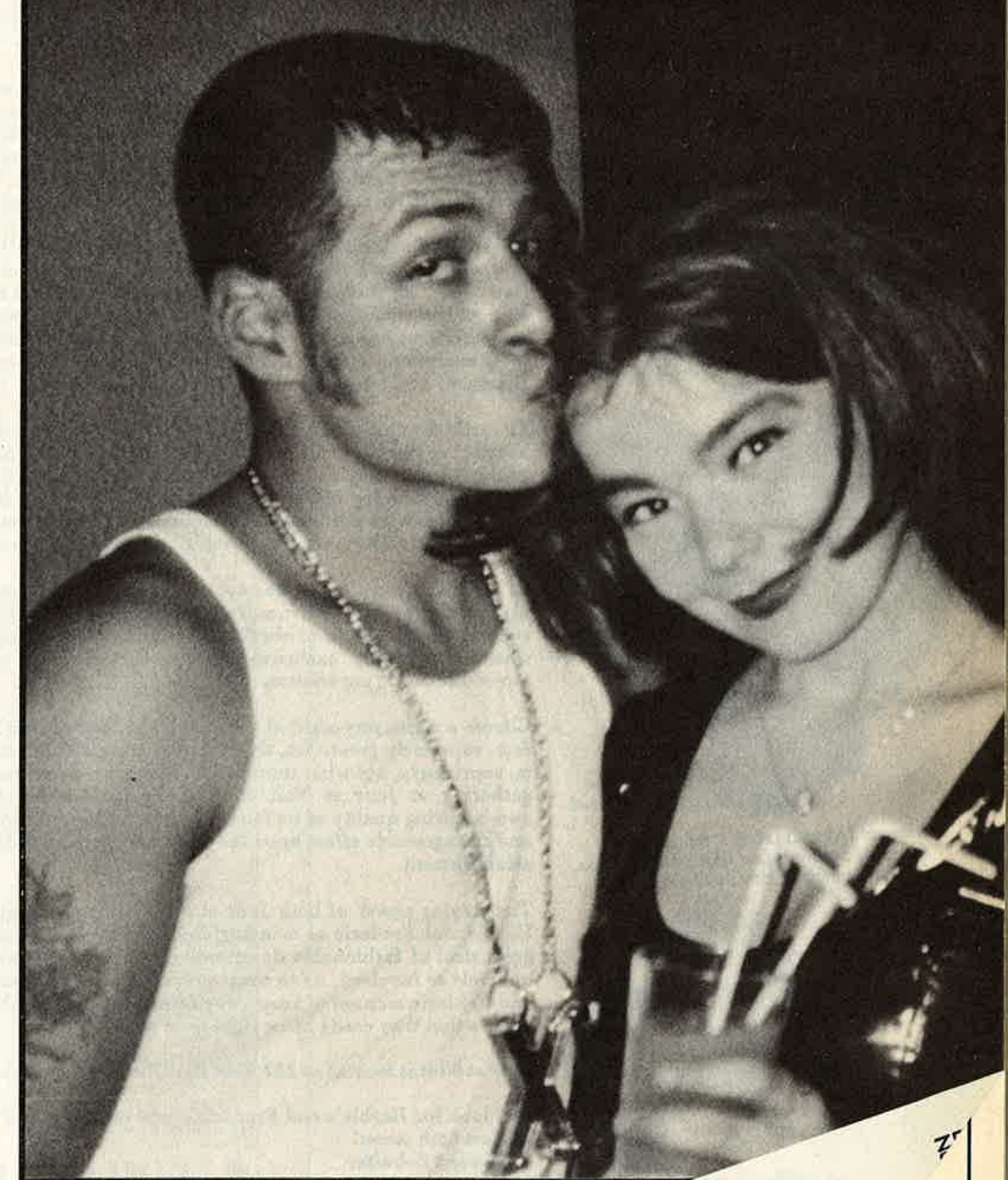
Bjork seemed bewildered by the amount of people and energy and just couldn't find a place to boogie, so I lifted the petite poet onto the main stage. Instantly she was swarmed with adoring club kids and seemed content.

As the evening continued, I suggested to Bjork & Co. that we head to Palladium to perhaps catch the Marky Mark show in progress. I grabbed Bjork's things, yes, the ghetto blaster too, and we were off.

Our train of cabs pulled up in front of Palladium just in time to catch Marky Mark scream, "Yo, what are y'all into?"

BUZZED + STILL BOOZING: DJ KEOKI + BJORK

photo: Steve Miller



"SO...WHEE! SAVE THE R"

That techno shit?" Bjork, the club kids and myself were in Michael Todd room. Julie, who has a very short attention span, was not. Thankfully there, the music was wonderful. We all danced and the spirit now seemed wonderfully huge. I hugged her and asked, "Where is Save the Robots?" Again, I thought, what a beautiful



and Japan

A, please contact our NY office.



Coffee talk...
None other than Zaldy was seen at
Café Tabac with femmes fatales
Jody Foster and Sharon Stone.



Unlikely Pair?
Maybe not—Baroness Sherry Von
Korber Bernstein & Willem Dafoe
at Café Rafaella.



Seen...at Mamma Leone's: Bill Cosby,
Suzanne Sommers and Clara the Carefree
Chicken splitting a double order of the
house speciality.



Exchanging fashion tips at Jour et
Nuit—Larissa and Taylor Dayne.



At Boom: teenage heartthrob Arman with
actor Jason Priestly and Cybil Shephard.

FOOD

FOR THOUGHT

Jour et Nuit

I first met Herb Anton in the early 1980's. He and I were working at the nightclub AREA. He didn't have one of the most glamorous jobs. He was in charge of manufacturing all of the club's world-renowned invitations and subsequent eight-to-ten-thousand-piece-a-week mailings. What I remember most about Herbie was that he worked!...that he even worked religiously at working! Damn, he worked so hard. He was so dedicated to the project. He really and truly believed that his hard work would inevitably lead to the genuine success of the club. God, how I loved Herbie back then!

I first met Frederic Lesort near the middle of the 80's. I was working at the nightclub Nell's and he was one of the many European born and raised boys, employed by internationally prominent superelegant New York City restaurants, who happened to frequent the place on a nightly basis. He seemed to me to be a rather confident, naturally alluring, fun-loving, much admired, suave French "playboy" with the smoothly gracious social manner of someone able to deal with people easily and most of all, tactfully. In fact, everything seemed to come easily to him...He seemed free from the embarrassment, constraint, strictness and, most of all, the pain of hard work. He was the ideal maitre d'; the perfect host!

Towards the end of the 80's the three of us found ourselves working at the stylish nightclub MK, and I heard that Herbie and Frederic were going to resign and open a French restaurant. Back then, I truly couldn't have imagined of a better business marriage than a union formed by the both of them. I was also keenly aware of the fact that given some time Herbie and Frederic, both as individuals and collectively, were destined to undoubtedly experience more than their share of wealth, fame and rank. Boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, I couldn't have been more correct!

Of all the current smart restaurants situated in downtown New York, the one that has attained the highest degree of excellence and importance over the past few years is Jour et Nuit. With Herbie supervising the back of the house and Frederic ruling the dining room floor with ease, a patron, whether a highly exclusive regular customer or most suprisingly a tourist, is treated to a top-of-the-world experience.

Choose a night, any night of the week, and Jour et Nuit's dining room clique is very pleasing...if not in fact, supremely great. Yet, the intensive attractiveness and affluence of this small restaurant's select set is, suprisingly, not what continues to bring the crowd back over and over and over again. The habit of gathering at Jour et Nuit is expressly commanded by the exceptional relationship between the awe-inspiring quality of its food, the generous and friendly manner in which it is prepared and served and the agreeable effect upon the mind and senses produced by the actual physical surroundings of the establishment.

The staying power of both Jour et Nuit as a significant, widely and favorably known restaurant and Herbie and Frederic as meaningful impresarios, is perhaps all that is left to question. In the past, a great deal of fashionable downtown restaurateurs have either gotten so entangled with partnership quarrels so involved, as to consequently result in the closing down of their business. Whether Herbie and Frederic manage to keep away from these undesirable obstacles is not yet known. I, for one, really believe that they easily know right from wrong.

Jour et Nuit is located at 337 West Broadway. The telephone number is 925-5971.

And look for Herbie's and Frederic's new bar called...Frederic's Bar...located at a nose-hemorrhaging 24 East 64th street!
—Howard Schaffer

Café Tabac

A new self-appointed hangout of models, their agents and their agents' friends (who couldn't otherwise get in). The food is pretty bad, the service is OK—as far as overcrowded restaurants go, but you're on the A-list if you've got a table. Oh, the owners are really cute, too!

A definite restaurant-of-the-minute, Café Tabac—located at 232 East 9th Street. The telephone number is 674-7072.

—Julie Jewels



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Screaming Mimi's, The Makeup Shop, Urban Works Gallery, Domsey Warehouse
Palladium, Allan & Suzi, John Fluevog, Untitled, Kinko's, Carpe Diem/Rochester

CHICAGO

Cairo, Peltoma, Flashback, Strange Cargo, Beatnix, 99th Floor, Shelter,
People Like Us Books, Black Moon

LOS ANGELES

Star Groove, Streetsound, Bourgeois Pig, Retail Slut, Exit 1,
Pleasure Chest, Melrose Newsstand

PASADENA

South Raymond News

SAN FRANCISCO

DVB

MIAMI

Torpedo, Century Hotel, Warsaw Ballroom, Boomerang, Hombre,
Don't Say Sandwich, Bamba, Tommy at the Beach, NewsCafé, Paragon

WASHINGTON, DC

Commander Salamander

PHILADELPHIA

Vagabond, Afterwords Bookstore, Armed & Dangerous

PITTSBURGH

Ice Nine

CLEVELAND

SmartBar, Metropolis

BOSTON

Triolent Books

ATLANTA

Limelight, Velvet, Backstreet, Bill Hollman, Berlin

MINNEAPOLIS

Risk, Via's Vintage Wear

INDIANAPOLIS

Horizon Books

TEXAS

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Austin: Liberty Books

TOKYO

Endmax Club, J Trip Bar Dance Factory, Cisco

ICELAND

Ingolf's Café

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STRIPVIDEO

MAUREEN GALLACE

Stripvideo was written and directed by Marc Balet. It was shot in black and white by Don Munroe. I went to Don's video studio so I could see the piece and then spent some time with him and Marc to let them explain.

Don Munroe: I have a copy of STRIPVIDEO for you to watch and then another one of the installation at Wunderbar. It was a multi-monitor thing. I did a lot of that stuff at AREA...

The tape is 10 1/2 minutes long.

MG: So...tell me what you wanted to do with this.

DM: "Well, originally, Marc really thought of it as a club thing. Although this specific version was made to work with this piece of music...STRIPVIDEO can work in a club with really any house music...and it's black and white so it really attracts your attention with all the color around, all the lights...."

We look at the installation version, a documentation from the first screening at Wunderbar. Then we walk through SoHo to Marc's loft. In the elevator we talk about the recession and also the new Paramount Hotel ads.

MG: I'm still wondering about what you ultimately wanted to do with STRIPVIDEO.

DM: Well, we're starting to think about a television pay-per-view set-up...an extended version with music.

Marc joins us.

DM "We were just talking about what we want to do next...."

Marc Balet: Oh, really, what is that, Don?

DM: Get our money back!

MB: Oh, right...our money.

MG: Don mentioned pay per view?

MB: Well, yes, that's Donald's area of expertise. I'm going to be in Europe next week, so I'm going to give the tape to a bunch of European film distributors and see what happens...I think they might be really interested over there...even more so than here.

MG: Otherwise what kind of exposure have you been getting?

MB: Recently there was a TV show, kind of an evening magazine type, that did a very nice lead-in spot to their show where they used STRIPVIDEO. It was interesting to see what their take on it is...the mass media kind of thing. They saw it as a high fashion video where strippers are taking off Dolce & Gabbana and Ralph Lauren as opposed to some two-bit outfit. So the whole thing, as they said, was "moved up a notch." Which was really partially what it was about. Taking the stripping thing and making it elegant, making it beautiful...Making it heroic, as opposed to commonplace. Everybody that worked on the video is involved in fashion. Donald and I got the best people in the business to work with us. I mean definitely the people in the video had something to work with. We followed what they had. We shot it in black and white and the way Donald lit it...it looked really almost '30's.

DM: I think when people came to see it they were surprised at how well it was put together.

MB: I think their idea of STRIPVIDEO was probably a little coarser than what we ended up presenting...We had a beginning, a middle and an end. We developed all the characters. They all have their own stories. The other important thing was to be in constant motion. That's sort of what fashion is about...to me, to see how a person wears the clothing is very important. To see a ballet dancer leap across the stage, part of it is of course her innate beauty...but part of it is the garment that moves with her. It was that kind of elegance we wanted to bring to this piece. The fashion was very key...The fact that Giorgio Saint'Angelo made the Pearl outfit for us, the fact that we used Dolce & Gabbana and Ralph Lauren....

DM: Getting the strippers together was the hardest part though. They were all a little suspect.

MG: Are they all really strippers?

DM: Bona fide. Yes. Except one guy Marc knows from the gym. Marc went up to a coffee shop on 55th street and 9th avenue to meet with the owner of the stripping agency and convince him that we were legitimate...that, you know...we were qualified.

MB: We had to talk with him for a while. He realized we had some pretty good credentials. Patty Wilson, the stylist, had just come back from doing Prince's Diamonds and Pearls video. The strippers came and met with us...they saw our set-up and they went with it.

DM: They are all really happy with the finished product. You know what's also interesting is that we came out with this just at the time everyone was running out to the strip clubs to do their little two-minute piece on stripping. Stripping was everywhere in the media...it's like the voguing of the 90's or something.

MB: It's the girl in the cage again...the AIDS answer to sex.

Marc leaves to answer the phone. Don tells me he believes that over the next 4 years we will most definitely see nudity on broadcast television. He shares with me that he and March have not really collaborated since Andy Warhol TV in 1979. He then tells me he thinks Project X should do a TV show.

FROM THE RUNWAYS

an in-depth reportage on what the designers are showing

ALFARO



MOODY



Two newcomers with great ideas—**B. Moody's** winter whites with feather wow-hats and **Victor Alfaro** one-piece bodysuit.

Nicole Miller

and **Kalinka** were influenced by the pre-war Hollywood style and showed almost identical shapes—long skirts, tight waists and plunging necklines. This uniform seeks to set the tone for the day.

KALINKA



MILLER



With the way **Maria Snyder** mixes it up, it's a drag queen's dream come true. Colorful, gaudy, over accessorized—love it.



ALFARO

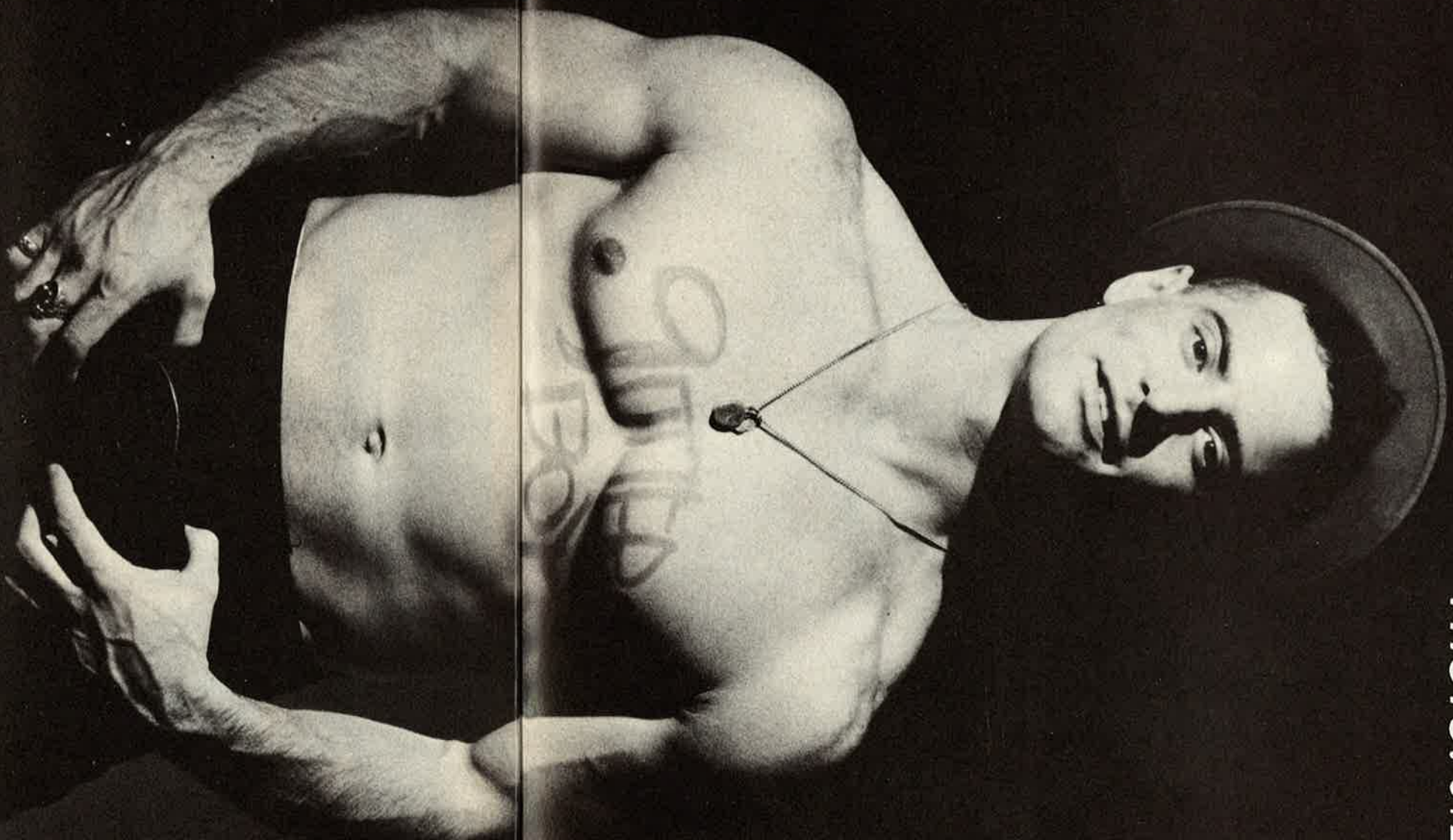
DI SANTANGELO

④ Peek-a-boo straps at **Giorgio Di Santangelo** and **Victor Alfaro**

Fierce Creativity Award goes to **Todd Oldham** for bringing some fun to Seventh Avenue.

CENTREFOLD

PHOTO: STEFAN LUPINO



Name: Dito Montiel

Age: 25

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 175 lbs.

Sign: Leo

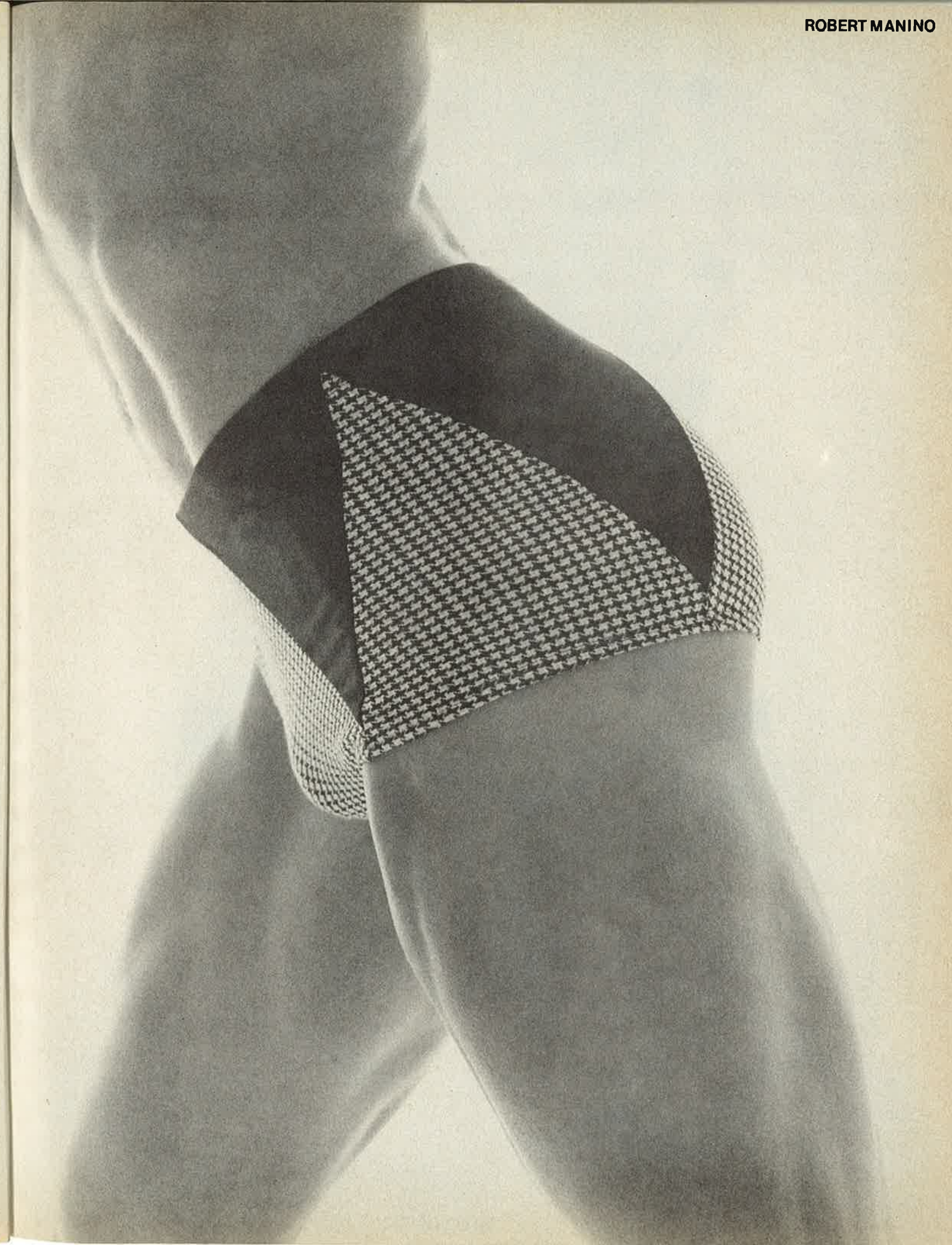
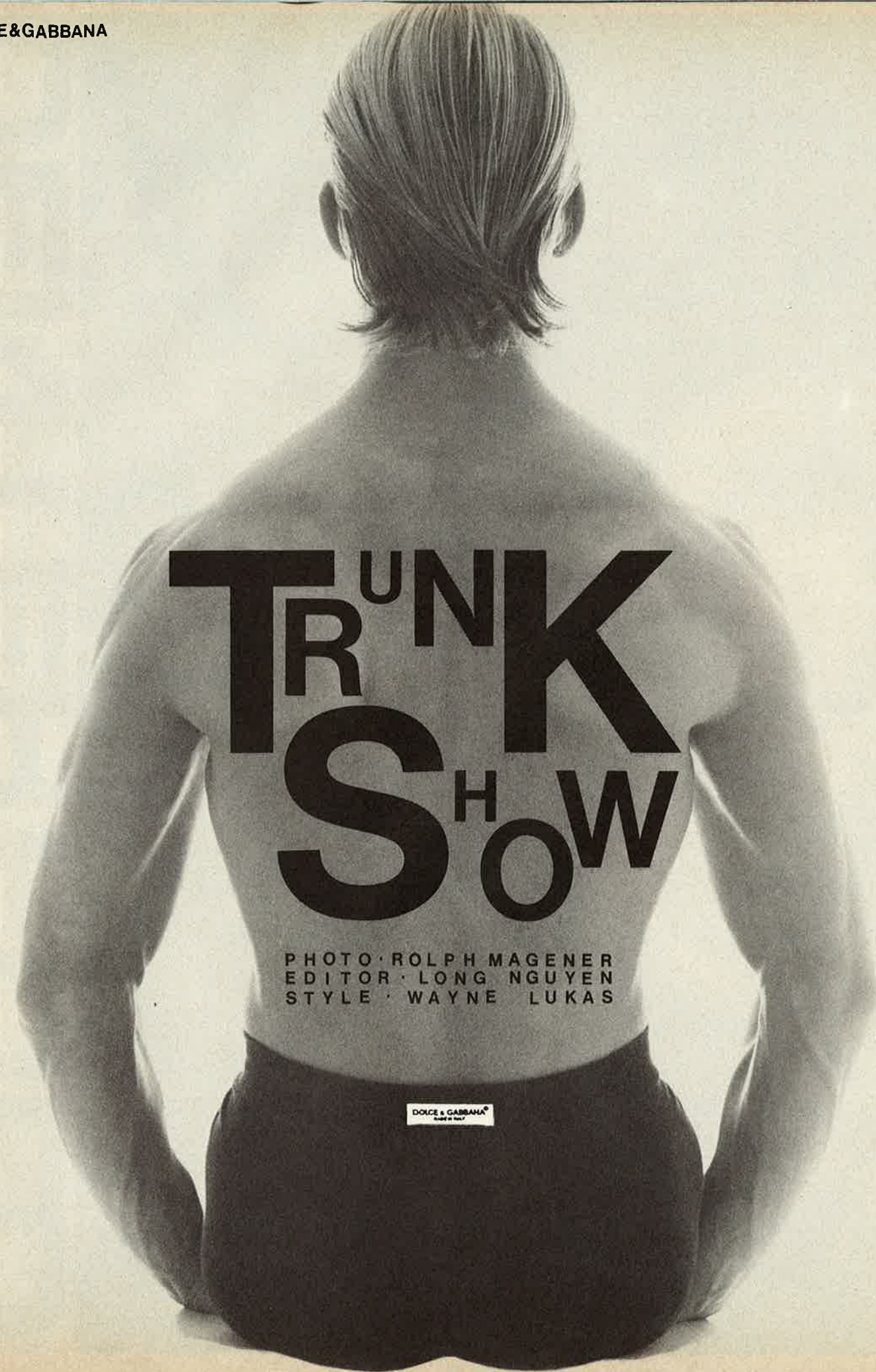
Favorite Color: Hot Pink

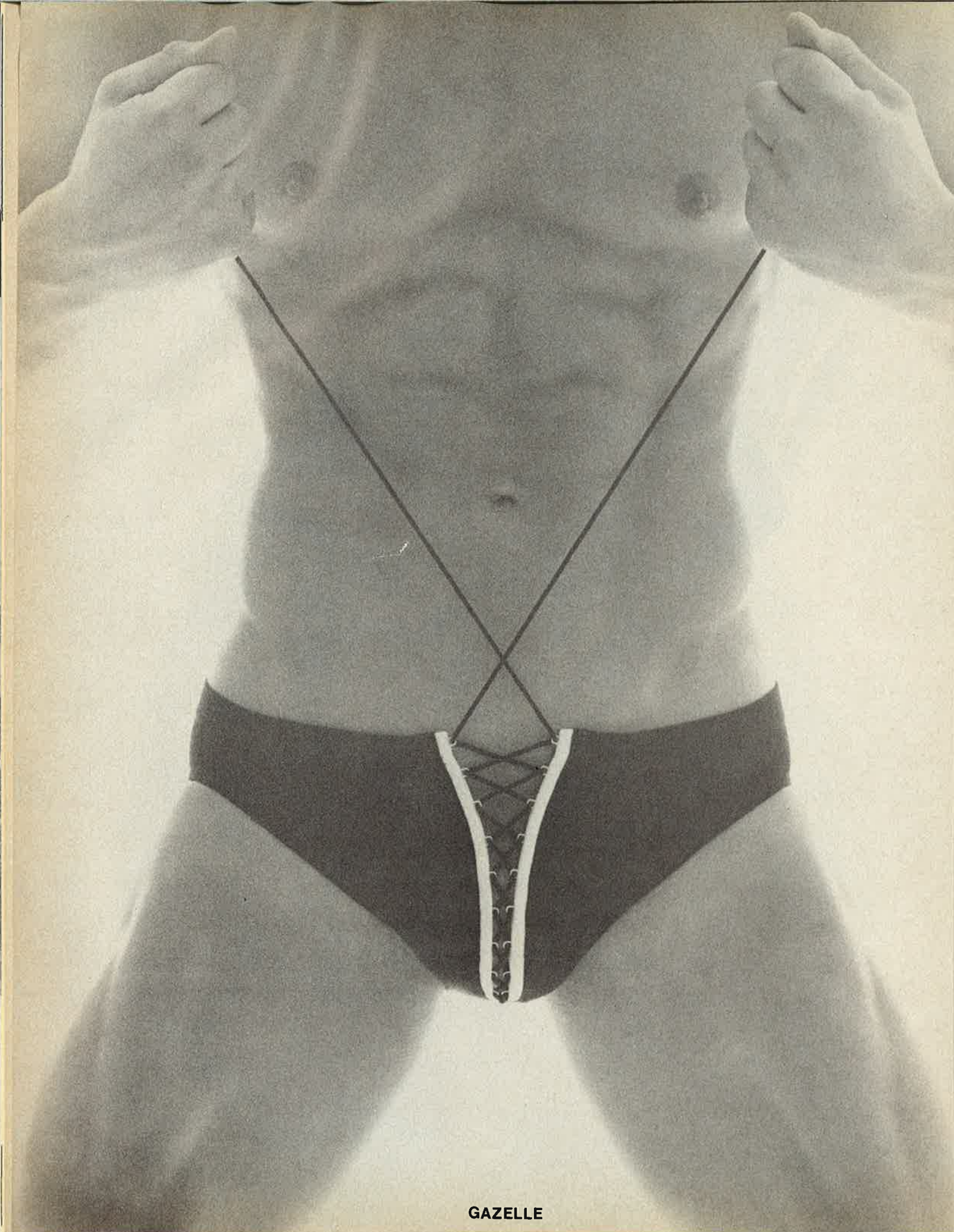
Occupation: Lead singer for hugely successful band **GUTTERBOY**

Heroes: Tony Bennett, Tony Randall and Laurence Olivier (only in interviews)

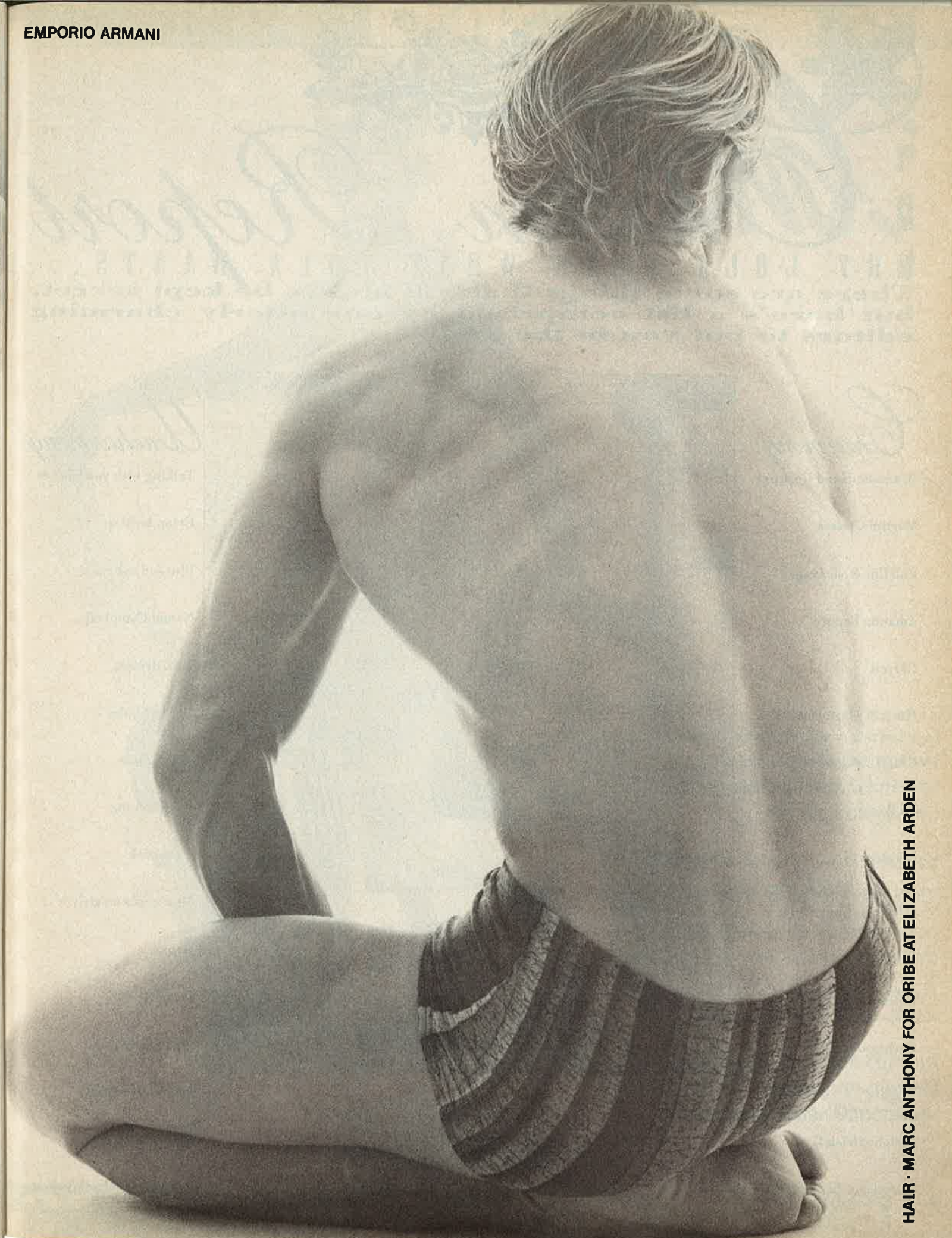
Current Projects: Touring the boroughs with Gutterboy promoting newly released album, **GUTTERBOY** (Mercury Records)

The Perfect Date: A true romantic...jumping turnstiles, sneaking into the Central Park Zoo and finding restaurants open at 3 a.m. in Little Italy





GAZELLE



HAIR · MARC ANTHONY FOR ORIBE AT ELIZABETH ARDEN

THE Charm Report

WHY LOLA GETS WHAT LOLA WANTS...
There are some things that will always be kept secret, but here's a list comprised by our utterly charming editors to put you in the know...

Charming:

Dramatic Hand Gestures

Martini Glasses

Full lips & cleavage

Amanda Lepore

Corsets

Heels & platforms

Crème Brûlée

Winking

Lip gloss

Curls

Velvet

Dolce & Gabbana

Getting drunk

Giggling

Rich boyfriends

Carrying a flask of liquor



Photo: Niero
Stylist: Ingrid McAuliffe
Makeup/hair: Nancy Von der Launitz
Model: Marie Newberry

Uncharming:

Talking with your hands

Evian bottles

Plucked eyebrows

Naomi Campbell

Tent dresses

Roller blades

Tofu salads

Complaining

Chapstick

Men's cuts on girls

Denim

Isaac Mizrahi

Smart drinks

Overrationalizing

Starving artists

Looking for drink tickets

BILLY BEYOND.



Billy moved to New York City in December of 1984. Lady Luck fell into play when he got his first job after asking Fred Schneider for his autograph.

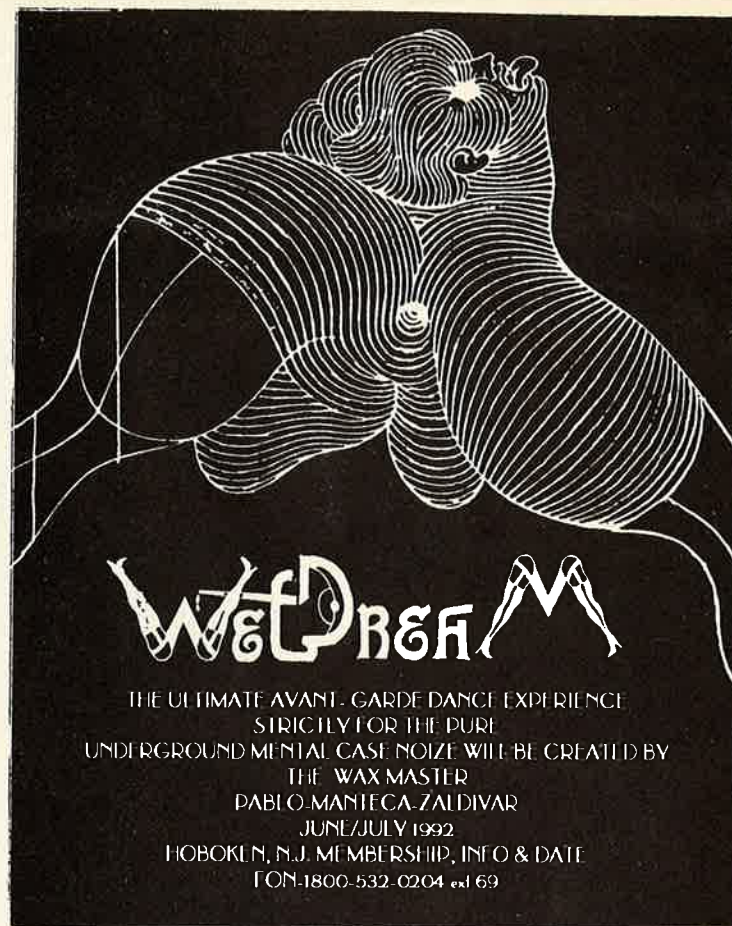
He started designing jewelry. A disco modeling school graduate, Billy began his illustrious career as a non-paid professional runway model. His dream was realized when he began modelling for Todd Oldham. After meeting Sister Dimension, he soon became her assistant at the Pyramid where he reigned his drag skills and perfected the art of gender illusion.

His favorite drink is a side car and he is currently working on a music project with Sister Dimension.

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BACK ISSUES

ISSUE #15:

Before and after pics of famous club celebs
Pin-up: Michael Musto
Rare interview with David Morales by Johnny Dynell
Fashion: X-cruciating glamour, Pucci Power, back to nature looks
Club Scene: Chicago, Berlin

ISSUE #16:

What we found in famous DJ Larry Tee's trash can
Club Scene: Chicago, New York, Los Angeles
Music: Larry Tee & Ru Paul's "I've Got that Feeling", Charlatans, Lush and
Inspirat Carpets
Johnny Dynell talks with David Depino of *When Queens Were Bold*
Fashion: Rolan Nivelais, Chicago Glam, Fake Fashion, Club Looks
Pin Up: Montgomery Frazier

ISSUE #17:

Artist Duggie Fields
Rare Photos of the Love Ball
Club categories from Eurotrash to Club Kids
Pin-up: Amanda Lepore
Looks to Look for modeled by the fabulous Lauren Ezersky
Fashion: Chantal Thomas, Koshin Satoh, Hot menswear looks, modern
Cinderella fashions
Club Scene: Miami, Chicago, LA

ISSUE #18:

Techno takes over! Records to buy!
Artist Martine
Fashion by Philippe Ambert, back-to-school menswear, on the block fashions,
Charade looks to die for!
Pin-up: Sergio Viana
The very tragic James St. James story
Club scene: Miami, Tokyo, Chicago, LA

ISSUE #19:

Techno unveiled
Music: Die Warzau by Keoki, Danie Dee, Michelle Shocked, DJ's Top 10
Reno Dakota's new film *American Fabulous*.
Fashion: Romeo Gigli, Connie Girl models the latest looks, fashion tatoo story, club
kid look of the moment, ancient Greek games fashions for men, Hollywood glam
Pin-up: Adrian Hernandez
Interview with Horatio by Sister Dimension

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- Admission to the gala opening of USA

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TRAVEL

REYKJAVIC, ICELAND:

JULIE JEWELS

RULING FROM THE TOP OF THE WORLD

You won't find any polar bears or penguins in Iceland, nor will you find any Eskimos or igloos. What you will find in Reykjavik, a well-hidden, booming metropolis, are beautiful Nordic denizens all named Thor, Inga or Bjork, who all look great and all enjoy a cocktail or ten. My entourage, which included writer Michael Musto, DJ Keoki and fashion guru Montgomery Frazier packed our mittens and hit the snow. Quickly, I learned all about the Icelanders and the nightmare is indeed true—they are all naturally blond and perfectly gorgeous people, people the New York Times has declared "the most fashionable people of today."

Our host was Ingvar Thorvason, the Peter Gatten of Iceland, an infamous citizen who is raising the entertainment level of Iceland by opening nightclubs like Holli, representing Coca-Cola advertising, producing award-winning movies and just plain having fun. "Anything for a good story" is the motto of his company, which includes his partners in crime Alfred and Victor (yes, both blond and cute).

After checking into Hotel Borg, our home away from home, we went on a whirlwind of talk shows on the local stations where I had to listen to DJ Keoki's and Michael Musto's perfectly rehearsed speeches about NY nightlife, "It's a cultural exchange," says Musto—yeah, of drink tickets!

Our first night was spent at Pearl, a luxurious revolving restaurant situated on top of a giant glass dome with panoramic views. The guests were Iceland's A list, and as any A list, they were charming, fashionable and drank a lot! But enough of first class. we quickly slid down from the top of the dome to the back rooms of some local nightclubs, where vodka shots flowed along with Keoki's great techno sounds. Keoki, by the way, is Iceland's local hero and a superstar who got asked for autographs wherever he went. I decided all the success was going to his head when I called his room only to hear "Don't bother me until the car is here to pick me up!" Nonetheless, every kid there now wants to be a DJ.

The club of the minute is definitely Ingolf's Café, where the stylish and the hip elite meet on the weekends. The club's director and the most fashionable citizen of Iceland is Bjarni, who works the room snapping his fingers for a cocktail or a camera (love him!), while sporting the coolest Gaulier threads. Sigga Vala, who is the hostess, is the city's premier party girl who works the room just as professionally.

Of course, it was not all about nightlife, we did some nature too—like the iceberg expedition to the Blue Lagoon, a geothermally heated 90° lake which became a surreal vision of steam in the midst of snow. Another nature day was horseback riding, trust me, not a beauty moment. The Icelandic horses are short, furry and cute—until you get on top of one. My hair was almost gone with the wind, my lipstick mixed with the flying dirt and I couldn't wear heels. But it was beautiful and peaceful with an overwhelming feeling of vast space that engulfed me completely (was that poetic?) Keoki, all of a sudden, had turned into the Marlboro Man, galloping ahead of us by miles.

Living in Manhattan, one forgets what it's like to be in a quiet, natural place without smog, noise and wierd people on the streets who mumble to themselves. The people of Iceland, who don't mumble to themselves, are very spiritual. They believe in ghosts, energies from the earth and the stars and their identity. "We are on top of the world," they say with pride.

OK, back to the nightlife. Easily, Ingolf's is one of the hippest clubs I've ever visited, enough of a reason to come back. Another notable place was Café Opera, which served some of Iceland's best dishes. There Michael Musto confirmed the fact that all Americans are slobes by eating with his hands, but not before the food rolled around the table a little bit. It's OK, it almost looked chic! Just across, sat Lilia, Iceland's girl-of-the-minute whose minute will be extended into a lifetime, for sure. A one-time winner of Ford's model search,

A CULTURAL

Lilia definitely has a style of her own. She also smokes cigars (fashion tip).

Our other home away from home was a new club called Holli, Ingvar's new place and the host of the Project X party, which featured a runway show (organized by Mr. Frazier) of NY's finest—Byron Lars, Giorgio di Santangelo, Alfredo Vioria and others.

Like in any good nightlife capital, Reykjavic's notable citizens like Bjork of the Sugarcubes, hosted an afterhours which lasted way past any reasonable hour! Dora, Iceland's premier columnist and her friend Oliver hosted some afterhours too, where we pretended it was Save the Robots and that Dora was Bella Bolski, NY's afterhours queen.

Was that a sign of being a little home-sick? Well, with the amount of energy those Icelandic Vikings provide, I don't think so. In the morning, I mean late afternoon, we packed our hangovers and left for the airport, but not before a hot cup of coffee with a splash of Stoli, in the true spirit of keeping warm in Iceland.



Ingvar: a host with the most and local superstar DJ Keoki



The A-list at Ingolf's Café



Holli's opening



Bjarni: director of Ingolf's Café and the most fashionable citizen.

Glamour girl Hildur with Iceland's premier stylist Simbi



EXCHANGE... OF DRINK TICKETS!!



Running with the wind... Our cute hosts Victor and Alfred, me, Oliver and Keoki—the Marlboro Man



Iceland wasn't all play: Our fashion team at work at the Blue Lagoon

WARNING!!



AMYL NITRATE has been known, in some cases to be thought of as a possible co-contributor in the alleged process of contracting the virus that may develop into symptoms that have been linked to the AIDS virus.

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

MELTING IN ICELAND

photography: SISA

creative direction: MONTGOMERY FRAZIER

styling: BJARNI BREIDSJORD

make-up: OLI + MAGGA

hair: SIMBI FOR JOE + CO. SALON

models: LILJA, HILDUR, HLIN



Lilja is wearing a cut out dress by **Giorgio di Santangelo** and a silk organza cape by **Alfredo Vioria**.

Lilja is wearing a catsuit under a clear plastic jacket by **C.D. Greene**

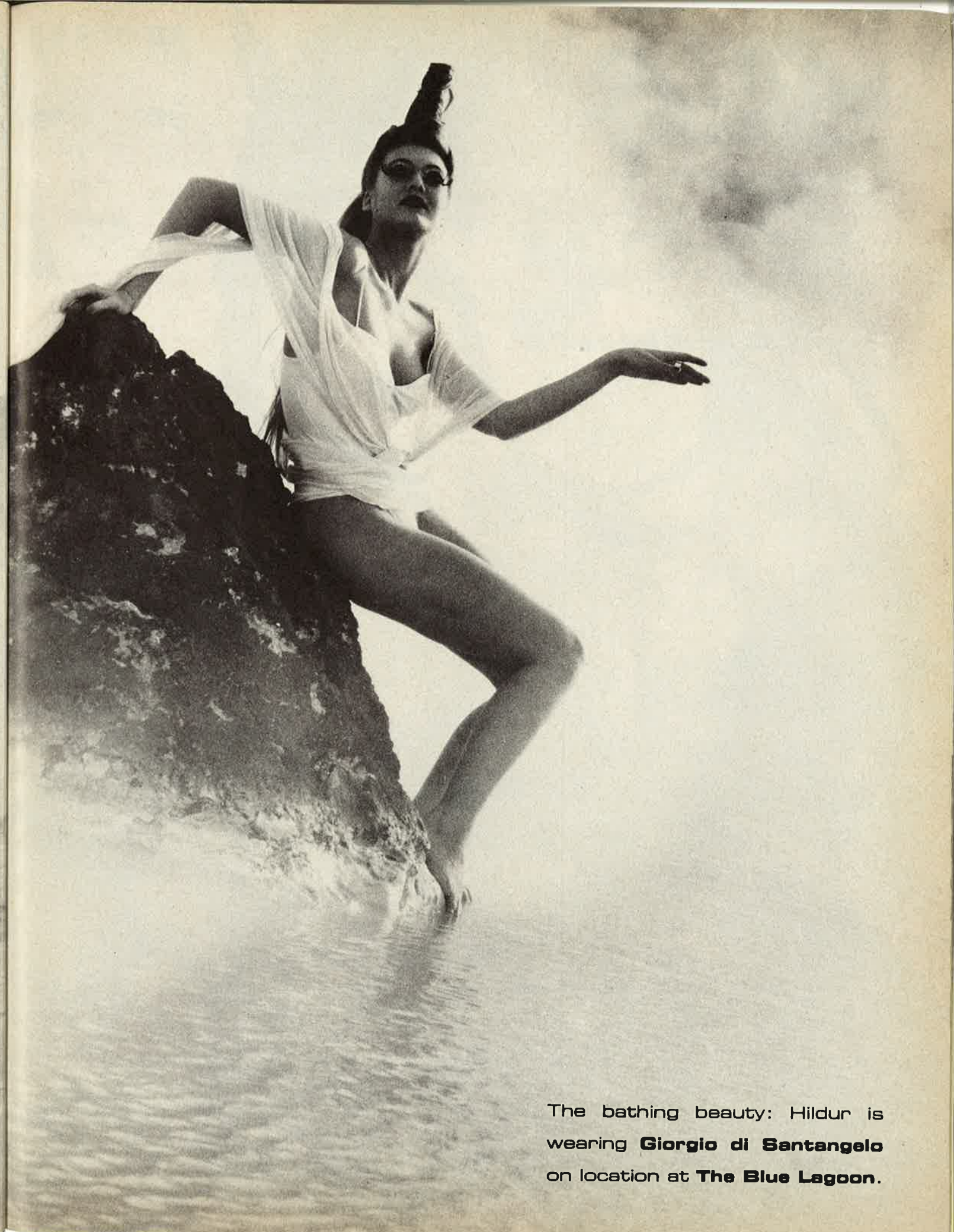
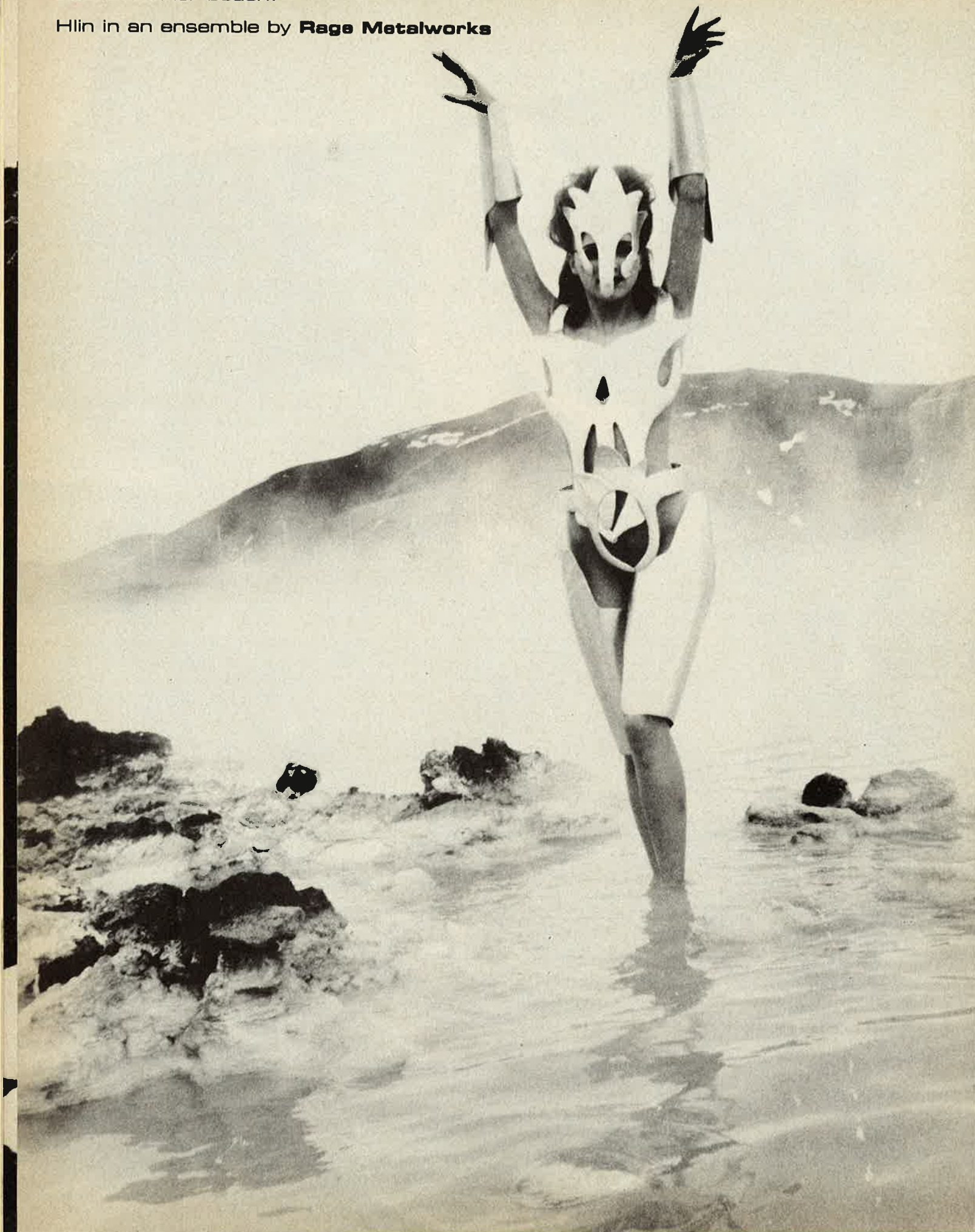


On the road to nowhere:
Lilja in a bridal gown by **Byron Lars**



Blade Runner beach:

Hlin in an ensemble by **Rage Metalworks**



The bathing beauty: Hildur is wearing **Giorgio di Santangelo** on location at **The Blue Lagoon**.

looks
24
 look
KABUKI
STARSHINE



...looks to look for belong to **Yuki Starshine**, who is the newest addition to clubland and its exotic denizens. Originally from Hampshire, England, he is inspired by **Issey Miyake** and **Yohji Yamamoto**, who works as an illustrator of fairy tale books, dislikes shopping, subways and housework but loves his newly acquired accessory—a rubber Viking hat by **Lori Rogers**.



"NO, WE DON'T *@#% EACH OTHER!"

INTERVIEW BY JOEY ARIAS

I met Alan and Charles many years ago at a store named Fiorucci...where I also worked. I thought, "What cute twins!" We'd always said hello and exchanged a few words. But, like so many New Yorkers, we never have the time to find out about someone.

Their interest in the classics and oddities kept me pinned to my chair. And, at the age of twenty-five, they are living a life so fascinating and rich with experience. Both are fine artists with individual interests such as fashion and nutrition. **So pick your twin and let's go to brunch!**

Joey: Let me click on this little tape recorder now so we can make this easier.

Alan: Do you want to do this in an interview form or....

J: No, no...let's just talk.

A: And then you'll edit it.

J: Ah...ah huh...exactly! I'll eat it! (both laugh)

A: Can I just show you what I got at the Antiques Expo show on the Pier?

J: Right here at the table?! (both laugh) Oh yeah—Fred Schneider goes there every year!

A: But what I wanted to say about the Pier show in this article of yours is, "As Bloomingdales was to the '70's, the Pier show is to the '90's! Everybody's there, it's the place to be!"

J: Drop some names!

A: Larissa...Donna Karan...Barbra Streisand—you know!

J: Yeah...THE BIG SHITS!...So, what do you collect?

A: Scandinavian Glass is what I like. So if anybody finds it, please write me at Project X Magazine!

J: Yeah, and if you find Bayer Pottery, write me too!

A: But to tell you the truth I really don't buy anything there. I usually like to go to some little wierd junk shop...that's the thrill! But let me show you some postcards I bought!

J: Oh, yes, they're beautiful! Turn of the century? Look at all those men in those bathing suits. What big baskets they have!

A: Yeah, interracial social meetings! Wouldn't you have liked to have been there!

J: MMMMMMMMM...It could have been the secret club kid meeting of 1913. Turn the beat around. (both laugh) But I love this floral card. It looks like a pair of testicles!

A: You know its funny you're saying that...the orchid is derived from the Greek word for testicle.

J: No!

Alan: Yes!

J: It's funny, I love the way orchids smell and I do smell the resemblance! Kinda. (both laugh)

A: Oh, hi. Here comes the other half... what's up, Charlie?

Charlie: Sorry, it's been kinda hectic!

J: I know.

C: What are you guys talking about?

J&A: Great buys at thrift shops.



J: Seattle has great thrift shops.

A: That's funny. Charlie is moving there!

J: What? Is it a love affair or a career change?

C: No, its a career growth.

J: Has it something to do with your art?

C: No, it's not. But my art has something to do with it.

At the same exact time Alan started telling me that they both have separate careers. It seems strange for a moment to have striking twins talk about themselves at the same exact time!

C: Alan and I just can't seem to settle on one thing...so we do a lot of different things!

J: Sounds like—looks like...(all laugh)

C: What I do aside from making art is work in the field of alternative health care and, I don't know if you know this, but I've been working at Angelica's herb store for the last three years.

J: Oh!

C: It's the best in the country for medicinal herbs and I also cook and cater vegetarian food.

J: MMMMMMMMM! Any good food stories?

C: Well, I catered the first Deee-lite video!

J: What? I saw Kier and Dimitri at McDonald's eating whoppers and fries!

C: No!

J: I'm just kidding. Hee-hee.

C: But what I was saying before...the reason I like doing lots of things is because they are all integrated...conceptually at least...like my artwork, which addresses issues around the body, health and disease...which are the things that really interest me...and, on the other hand, I feel like I have to do something also that's more practical with that interest...so I've decided to go back to school to study

nutrition...and the school that I want to go to is in Seattle!

A: But you'll be coming back, right?

C: And so what I want to do is...I want to have a career as a nutritionist and be able to make art as well.

J: So, Alan, tell me about your art and interests!

A: I'd like to say that I also have two careers going on at the same time. I do make art which is very important to me but I also work as an Arts Administrator and as an Art Historian for a small non-profit organization.

J: Which one's that?

A: The Metropolitan Historic Structures Association. And I'm the sole staff member so, I'm running the whole organization, and I also make art...and I'll tell you something...there's a sort of prejudice in the art world. Some segments of the art world sort of respect you more if you're like an artist and a waiter. But if you also pursue something else in a serious way then you are not a serious artist.

J: MMMMM!

A: That's bullshit as far as I'm concerned.

J: So, what do you think—really—of the art world?

A: We keep our distance in some ways...

C: But we do go to openings, we show our work, and...

A: It's certainly a community that I participate in, but I feel it's also important to participate in other communities as well...like fashion and music.

C: In fact, the art world seems to be one of the more limited circles in New York.

A: But I think that the art world is starting to open up now. There's an artist named Sylvie Fleury, she's Swiss and I'm dying to see her show. What she does is shop at fabulous boutiques like Chanel, YSL, Hermes and buys an article of clothing and so her sculptures consist of the bag and her purchase! And that's her art! She's one of these people I call a cross dresser—she moves between the fashion and the art world.

C: It doesn't have to be fashion and art, it could be any combination.

J: So, would you call us cross dressers?

A&C: Yes! (all laugh)

J: So, would you call yourselves twins?

A&C: Oh, yes, we are identical twins. When people meet us they say, "Isn't it amazing!" So now, when we meet people we say, "Yes, we are twins, isn't it amazing!"

J: Are you both single?

A&C: Yes we are both single.

J: Are you looking for...or...if it just happens...a relationship?

A&C: If it happens...it happens, we've given up on looking for it.

C: Should we be talking about this?

J: Why not, it's real...isn't it?

C: I just want to say one more thing. My artwork is about letting go of the idea of trying to develop a career in the art world and so it's freed my work so much that I have no pressure anymore and now I'm doing better work.

A: That's exactly how I feel about my work also. I stopped for about a year and a half and now I'm producing work that I am truly excited about.

J: Can you describe what you are doing?

A: Well, in the past I primarily did photo collage. But now I'm doing things that have sculptural elements. So now I'm combining things that hang on a wall with sculpture.

J: So they're all separate pieces?

A: Yes...that work as one unique piece of art!

J: Verrrrrry interesting! Oh! Look at that guy over there!

OOOOOOOH! By the way...have you ever done it with each other?

A&C: NO! Everybody always asks us that, especially homosexual men.

J: Well, how about heteros? Don't you think it's a fantasy for everybody?

C: Well, you know what their fantasy is really?

J: Tell me.

C: It's to have sex with themselves, so when they see twins they immediately go "Aha!" But to us it's like having sex with your mother.

So now you know.

Rachael Carron

A recession requires resourcefulness; adapt or teletransport yourself back to those heady days of cash flow and cheap credit. Alternative shopping is the new wave in the consumer experience. Farmer's markets are replacing supermarkets, designer outlets outstrip boutiques and coffee houses are becoming the haunt of the former nightclub habitue. The buyer in the know has fled the confines of Christie's and Sotheby's for the freedom of the flea market.

With all this in mind, meet Peter Szypula, who lives in a purple and chartreuse apartment which he painted in the face of some protest. The objections have now mellowed to unbridled enthusiasm as fellow-tenants in his building consult him on outlandish color combinations. For several months, no food was prepared in Peter's kitchen. A minor struggle ensued as he created a mosaic with found quarry slate and white tiles collected from the now decimated West side piers. This mosaic depicts his four exquisite Basenjis cavorting in a stellar paradise. The kitchen is a place in which to linger and one realizes there is a visionary at work here with a confidence to create environments that challenge the conventional boundaries in a very personalized manner.

Working as a graphic designer for the last fifteen years, Peter started collecting 50's and 60's furniture as a hobby. "As a designer, I appreciated this simplicity and elegance. I came across great finds, things that caught my eye. Prices were low so I would just buy them. Having done some research, I found certain pieces were extremely valuable. Designers like Nelson, Eames, Saarinen and Bertoia quickly became buzzwords in present-day collectability. The obsession began. I not only furnished my own apartment but soon had my

basement stacked with treasures." He is now designing clients' apartments, offices, restaurants and styling photo shoots with his finds. This initially grew out requests made by friends and acquaintances who fell in love with his apartment and wanted something similar in their own; the word has spread. At the request of clients, he also searches for specific pieces (which he has an uncanny ability to locate in the most unlikely of places) and creates his own pieces from recycled furniture and found objects.

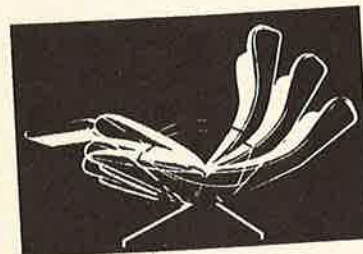
The building Peter lives in on the Lower East Side is one he bought collectively with some friends. After gutting it, replacing the beams, plumbing and wiring, he can now look back favorably on an

experience he never thought he would remember with nostalgia. "If we had known about the money and work involved in renovating the building, we probably never would have done it. Now, looking back, though, it's one of the best things I've done."

"When I go on vacation, I try to plan the trip around flea markets. It's a real pleasure for me, it's that much of an obsession," says Peter who is a self-confessed flea market addict. He knows exactly what a piece is when he sees it, who the designer is, the manufacturer, the materials used, where it was built and its value. At first he bought an object for its visual aesthetic, slowly acquired a business sense regarding an articles worth and the etiquette of haggling. He is quick to add that a piece has worth not only in the commercial sense, but as an historical reference to revolutionary ideas from artists, architects and designers. This idea is beginning to gain popular credence as many exhibitions now honor the efforts of these designers. "I saw a Borsani chair in a flea market in Paris, it was one

of the first produced by Tecno Spa Milan. I couldn't pass it up as it is hard to find, especially in the States, it folds up like a jackknife and I used it as my carry-on the flight back."

The 50's is his favorite time period which he targets on his antique adventures. "That period after the war, when everyone was looking towards the modern, designers were using these innovative new materials and they were going into mass production, they really wanted to revolutionize the idea of modernism.

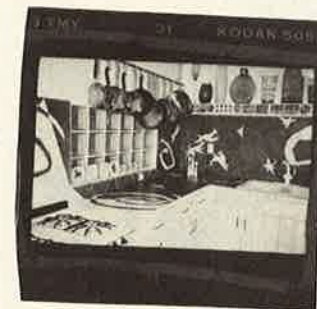


Their utility, strength and beauty is what interests me." Peter has found a way to bring that look into the 90's. There are those rare designer items that everyone wants and the market for them is vast, but its the less celebrated pieces that can really make an apartment. It's all a matter of putting them together with flair. For example, in the absence of closet space, Peter has an enormous Mission armoire which is set off with Jetson-like furniture—a Phillipe Stark table and other current pieces—which creates an entirely contemporary effect by bringing the 50's and earlier ancestors into the 90's.

Early vanguard designers are his favorites, Bertoia, Borsani and anything by Nelson, Ames, Artists

and Craftsmen and George Nakashima. "As I bring things home, I say, 'I've got to live with this for a while.' Then you store it downstairs in the basement until you replenish with new stuff. I sell a lot of it." His harmoniously eclectic apartment is up for location rentals and is being considered for the new Eddie Murphy film and a Spanish soap opera shooting a series of New York episodes.

Peter's clients whom he shops for are the ones who know what they want but don't know where to get it. He also makes his incredibly beautiful mosaics (on view in his kitchen and bathroom) to be merchandised in environments to client specification. Trying to figure out a client's lifestyle, what they need to make it all functional is part of the job. "I enjoy making these environments according to the way people live. Le Corbusier said, 'a house is a machine for living.' Form should follow function. Setting out to design a room can be an awesome thing, starting is always the most difficult part. Designing environments



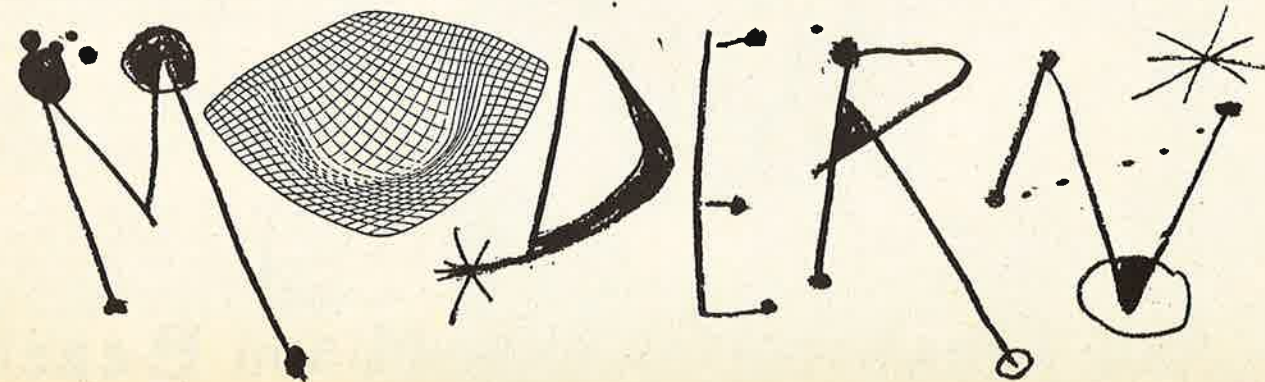
Peter Szypula is available for design consultation and furniture retrieval. You can contact him at (212) 228-7600.

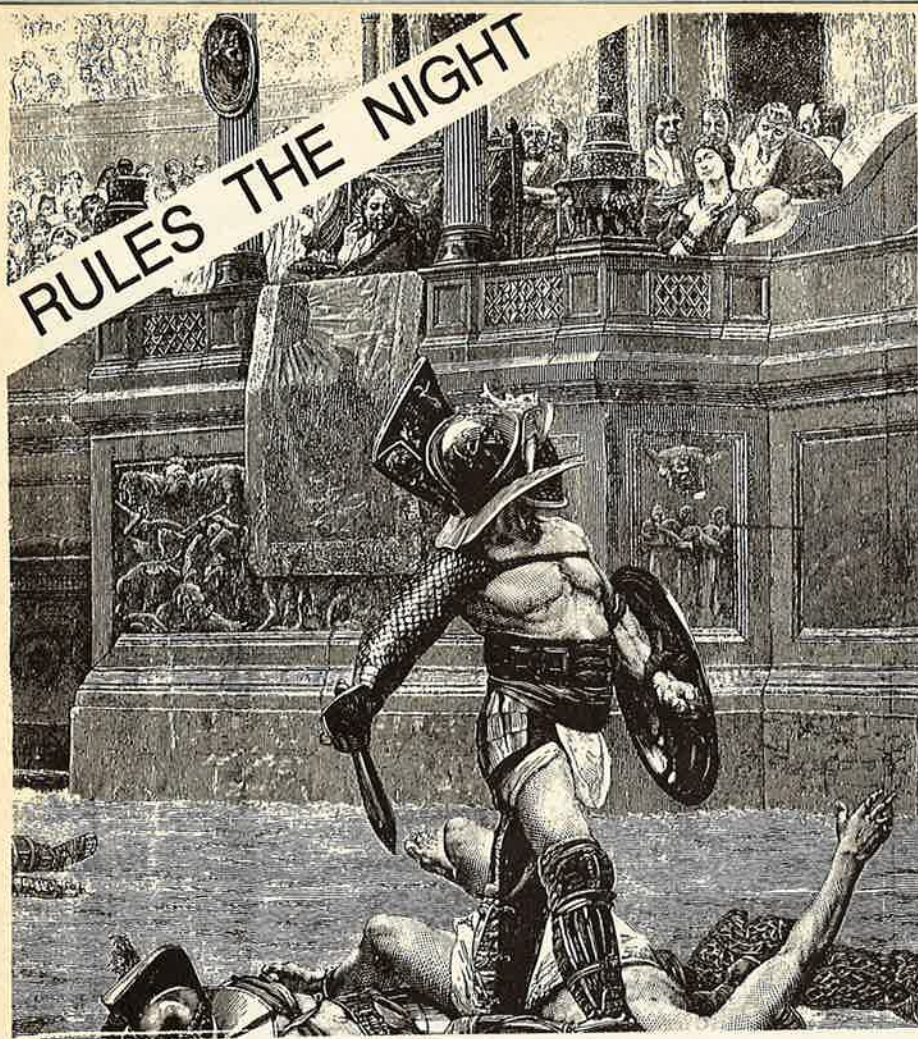
requires a very tolerant philosophy, it creatively accepts unusual combinations of period,



style, materials and colors. Fanco Albini said, 'there are no ugly objects, one only has to display them well.'

For those who are afraid to experiment, outside of painting our walls white, we asked Peter to give us some words of wisdom. He says to take chances. People who live by 'white walls' and are afraid of color, but who would like to try it, need to just do it. "That's the thing. You can't be afraid of it. You've got to realize that so what, you don't like it, then do it all over again." Peter's apartment, and those of his clients, bear testimony to the fact that you will like it, and that doing it over will only be to experiment further.





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NEWS FROM SOUTH BEACH

JON JON BUBBLEGUM

Ahh, it's time once again for the recounting of sin.

Fortunately it fits like a second skin. And maybe at the end of it all, someone can explain my recurring dream with about five hundred black naked gospel singers doing a tourism ad for Miami Beach.

Anyway, South Beach is fortunate enough to have a long list of plastic surgery disasters and late evening nightmares, thus making the rest of us look stellar by comparison...not to mention scandals of national proportions. SoBe resident Erin Cosby (yes, as in Bill's daughter) recently told her tragic story to the National Enquirer about Mike Tyson forcing his affections on her, but many people here admitted that they would have happily traded places with her.

Tara Solomon's Karaoke Institution has become a once-a-month thing at Dilido Beach. It moved from a one time club-of-the-minute Sempers, which had since turned into a dirty little basement, hosting homo parties on Mondays.

The ever-popular Miss Kitty Meow, a local rapid social climber and friend to small animals, has had it up to here with comparisons. "I'm not Naomi Campbell! I tell you, but remember to come every Tuesday to 976-CLUB..."

In the I-had-this-revelation-on-acid category is ex-King of Manhattan James St. James. I'm convinced that he had channeled the soul of mass murdering pedophile John Wayne Crazy. In fact, the evidence of this is his recent stunt as Homo the Clown...something to keep an eye out for. Antenna Magazine continues to be the South Beach Bible, now with the new addition of George Wayne to the roster.

In spite of everything, there is still a vast amount of afterhours available. At the top of the list is Don't Say Sandwich to Me, a hamburger joint where the blaring whistles are just a part of the acid-induced frenzy. The only other place that holds five in a bathroom comfortably is AM-PM...late night thrills and thank-you pills.

Hot Spot owner/model Gary James, who recently got rid of silent (but smelly) partner Mickey Rourke, is now working with child prodigy/promoter Michael Capponi, who present LUSH—a young, trendy and mixed debauchery that takes place weekly at Butter Club. Apparently Phil Jones is also jumping on the trend train and looking at a space on the beach, as is liquor promoter (isn't that a lovely title) Michael Jacobson.

Warsaw or Paragon—is the question on everyone's lips and the debate rages on, where should I go? Both have great music and fun people. Paragon has lots of stairs to heighten the drama of the evening and is suited better for showing off your outfit. Warsaw, on the other hand, always guarantees fun and has three years of madness behind it. Obvious answer: whichever place gives you more drink tickets.

Rowdy clubsters Brett Love and Candy Cane are considering giving up the jet-set lifestyle of Miami Beach for a vegetarian compound, go figure. The South Beach sequins are trembling at the threat.

And finally, it was all about The Third Rail which featured just the right amount of everything with the premiere of Jackie 80. Betty Page mania is spreading like melted latex. So, remember, as the BIBLE says, after the apocalypse, the world will be reborn...so if you fuck up, don't worry about it.

photos: Danny Garcia



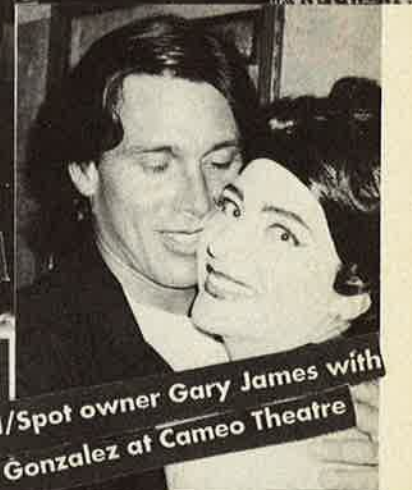
Louis Canales with the Bone Boyz at Paragon



Thierry Mugler, SoBe regular, and Jon Jon at Paragon



Gigi Honey and Roxy Bunny at Third Rail



Model/Spot owner Gary James with Myra Gonzalez at Cameo Theatre



Birds of a feather: Kitty Meow and James St. James



Tara Solomon and writer Eric Jewel at Karaoke at the Dilido

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 DEEP AHKNATEN REANIMATOR
 SATURNALIA E.S.P. MELTDOWN
 ELECTRIC TEMPLE HAPPY HOUSE
 BABYLON INFINITY BLITZ DEEP
 SHAG HAPPY WEDNESDAYS
 SYNERGY NIRVANA LOVE GENESIS
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SHHHH
 IT'S A *secret*

Project X Magazine, Division: *Los Angeles*
Editor: *Asher Hung* **Co-Editor:** *loliPOP*

Contributors:

*Randy Allman, David Arias, Ron Koch, Vaginal Creme Davis, Christian Farrow,
 James Gary, Steven Duarte, Willi Wonder, and the PXLA Advisory Panel*

2 KNOW you've seen them



THEY ARE THE PUBESCENT, AND OFTEN PRE-PUBESCENT 12 to 17 year old networking whizzes who spend their weekends participating in illicit nighttime spectacles, while their peers are shopping in malls, and primping for school dances or keg parties.

I have just entered adulthood and consider myself a qualified expert on being an illicit nighttime spectacle, so I am appointing myself as your guide through life as a club kiddie.

So, club kiddie hopefuls and wanna-bes start taking notes, I'm about to share with you my past secrets, which up until this point have been *heavily* guarded. Share my wisdom with all of your friends who still have to live at home, go to school, and appear "normal" once in awhile.

LYING TO YOUR PARENTS

If you are luckier than I was, and don't have a curfew, well, you can just go right ahead and smoke my cock. But if you have strict anal retentive parents, like I did, these tips are meant for you. Don't forget that the best lies are based on the truth. Here are a couple of my best lies for getting your curfew extended, or dismissed all together:

-tell your folks that your going to see the "Rocky Horror Picture Show"; this lie allows for strange ensembles and staying out later.

-slumber parties and camping trips are also good lies, but make sure your story is bullet proof. Once you've been caught, it's hard to get out of it, unless you are a good liar with lots of experience, like me. These particular lies also allow for being exhausted and looking like hell warmed over

SCHOOL

Unfortunately, school is the bitch of being a club kiddie. Teachers never quite understand that social climbing and networking are physically and emotionally draining, and that homework just doesn't fit in with the larger scheme. But there are some benefits to school.

-you can use some classes to benefit your social climbing: use jewelry class to make accessories, the computer classes to make flyers and organize your closet, and sewing classes to enlarge your wardrobe.

-the most important thing to learn early in your club kiddie/school life is how to monopolize pay phone time;

just tell those who bother you, while you are conducting business, that their phone calls couldn't possibly be half as important as yours are and that they should just go fuck themselves.

MONEY

Being a club kid is quite hard work, not to mention expensive. You have to have enough money to afford to out-do the outfits worn by more established celebutants.

-flying for promoters is a great way to earn money, but it's one hell of a shitty job. You're on your feet all night, and are often in contact with lower life forms (ie, people who pay).

-selling certain substances which are often in demand at nightclubs is also great for quick cash, but of course I don't condone the purchase or use of illegal substances for purely recreational reasons. But if it's only to keep you awake so that you can work, go right ahead darling, and save some for me!

-selling ad space for club rags such as Project X

-lying to your parents and telling them you need money for tutoring (be sure to get cash only).

-selling personal services for high prices, but again, I just don't condone prostitution, unless it's to buy those Vivienne Westwood platforms that you have been drooling over since puberty hit.

ID'S

Getting in without an ID (not the magazine) is also a major bit of trauma for underage Club Kiddies of Los Angeles. So here all my most guarded secrets go out to the general readership of Project X.

-advice for girls is to flirt like hell with the doorman, but if he's gay, you're screwed, and if he's not, there is a good chance you will be anyway.

-for all the gentlemen out there (assuming there are any), a great way to achieve entrance sans ID is to "become" part of the tech crew or sleep with the promoter (in more cases than you probably realize).

See, it's really not that hard to be a successful club kiddie. All you need is a good pair of shoes and lots of networking talent. Pretty soon you too will be scaling the club kid mountains and leaving confused high-schoolers in your wake.

loliPOP

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FUTURE PERFECT

CAMPAIGN SEASON- EMPTY PROMISES AND CHEESY exposés, lots of smoke and no fire. Well not in the case of **Shevelva Kennedy-Sinatra**, ex Advocate cover girl and Revlon spokesmodel running for first lady on the ballot of **Joan Jett Black**. For Miss Kennedy Sinatra, love child of Rose and Frank, there is only one universal message: glamour, glamour, glamour... and lots of it. Our photographer had to handcuff her to anything immobile to get a few shots without her in them.

The opening of **M•A•X•X** in Hollywood had everybody out on a Wednesday night. The **Chanel Twins** and their in-house designer **Tony Franco**. Photographer top the stars, **Matthew Rolston**, **Ted Gueffen**, **Anthony Machado**, and **Thierry Mugler** in town for his much anticipated Aids Project Los Angeles fundraiser. **Mario "Atlas" Tamayo**, **Ron Meyers**, **Joan Quinn**, **Lance Loud**, plus **Chi Chi La Rue** and **Gender** shipped off to Cannes for more blue movie promotion. **Mark "Slash" Trilling**, **Tef Foo**, **"Sweet" Sade**, **Tra La La**, **Glen "Atlas hostess with the mostess"**, **Andre Miripolsky**, **Richard Velasco**, **The Club Fuck** contingency, and last but not least **Claude Deloffre**, bon vivant and woman about the globe.

After a recooperation weekend in Palm Springs it was back to the ever popular Tuesday night den of iniquity, **Richard Glatzer** and **Jeffrey Hilbert's Trade** featuring on that particular night, the illustrious talents of **Frankie Payne**, **Alexis Arquette**, and **Jerry "Edye" Jaeger**.

Wednesday my phone never rang once, due to, I'm sure, the heavy preparations, sequin sewing and last minute, long overdue beauty rests for the fashion industry friends of APLA benefit honoring **Thierry Mugler** with **Sharon Stone**, **Lady Miss Kler**, **Ivana Trump**, **Sandra Bernhard**, **Jeff Stryker**, **Bob Paris**, **Chynna Phillips**, **Lypsinka**, and **Julie Newmar** (the original Catwoman) on stage and many more stars in the audience.

We couldn't wait to get out of there and over to **Mario Tamayo** and **The Manipulator's** afterparty at Atlas. I will spare you yet another endless list of names except for that of **Suzanne Bartsch** finally finding herself as the incarnation of a circus horse, hoofs and all. Well, of course, Miss Bartsch did always take true glamour one step beyond.

Speaking of going beyond, **Apocalypse II** took all the ravers one step beyond all known Los Angeles County limits to the heart of Riverside county for what promised to be one of this year's best outdoor events. The team of **BeeJ/Blitz** productions worked its fingers and its promotion team's (the **Bomb Squad**) to the bone in months of preparation for the most dissapointing bust this year. At 10pm, the evening of the event, the local police showed their true colours and despite all necessary permits refused to allow the evnt to go on as planned. **BeeJ/Blitz**, however, made it up to all 4000 at their free party entitled **Apocalypse 2 and a half**.

At **Circa '92**, a "Cyberdelic Eventica" everyone (sans the local police) was in attendance. This benefit raised in excess of \$12,000 for **L.A.C.E.** and helped bring something of a conscience and a purpose to the growing underground and rave scene. All in attendance were shown how it really should be done by **Tef Foo** and **Richard Duardo** who really pulled out all the stops. Stayed tuned and find out all about the **Utah Saints** show at the **Mayan**, the **3 day outdoor Fourth of July rave** from **BeeJ/Blitz**, and the **Mad Hatter's Paw Paw Ranch**.

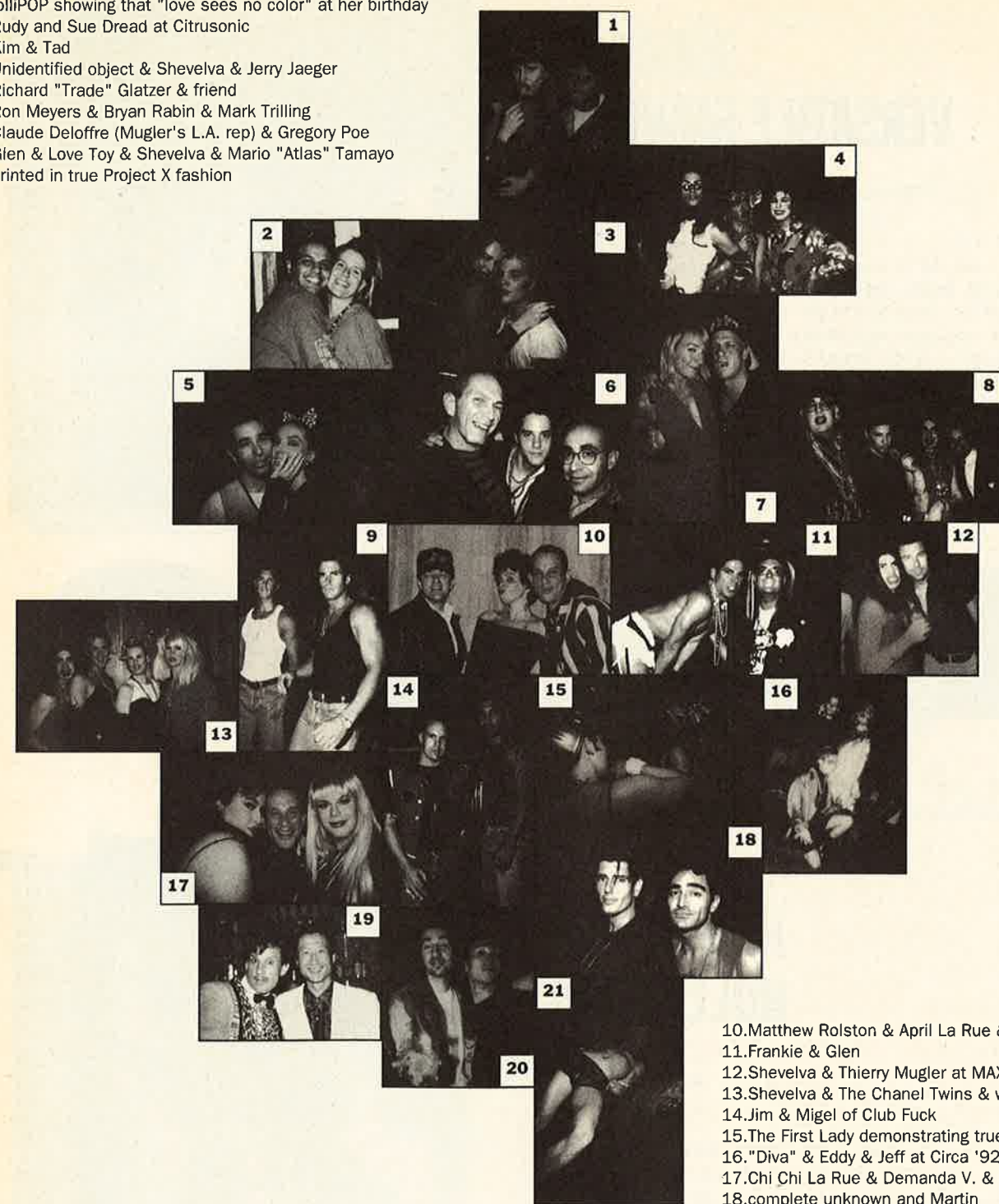
apla

by **Christian Farrow**
and **lolliPOP**



Kat and Juliet, Rick Klotz and Jive, Keicher & Renee

- 1.lolliPOP showing that "love sees no color" at her birthday
- 2.Rudy and Sue Dread at Citrusonic
- 3.Kim & Tad
- 4.Unidentified object & Shevelva & Jerry Jaeger
- 5.Richard "Trade" Glatzer & friend
- 6.Ron Meyers & Bryan Rabin & Mark Trilling
- 7.Claude Deloffre (Mugler's L.A. rep) & Gregory Poe
- 8.Glen & Love Toy & Shevelva & Mario "Atlas" Tamayo
- 9.printed in true Project X fashion



- 10.Matthew Rolston & April La Rue & Richard Velasco
- 11.Frankie & Glen
- 12.Shevelva & Thierry Mugler at MAXX opening
- 13.Shevelva & The Chanel Twins & who knows
- 14.Jim & Migel of Club Fuck
- 15.The First Lady demonstrating true protocol
- 16."Diva" & Eddy & Jeff at Circa '92
- 17.Chi Chi La Rue & Demanda V. & Gender
- 18.complete unknown and Martin
- 19.Richard Velasco and Sammy
- 20.Mr. Kool-Aid and Tef MAXXed out
- 21.Alexis Arquette's little red riding hood look

Photos by David Arias, Randy Altman, Asher Hung, and Ron Koch

Soloman, Silas and cloBber +2, Laura,

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VISIONS

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Astrid Hadad, Madame J, 2. Wade.

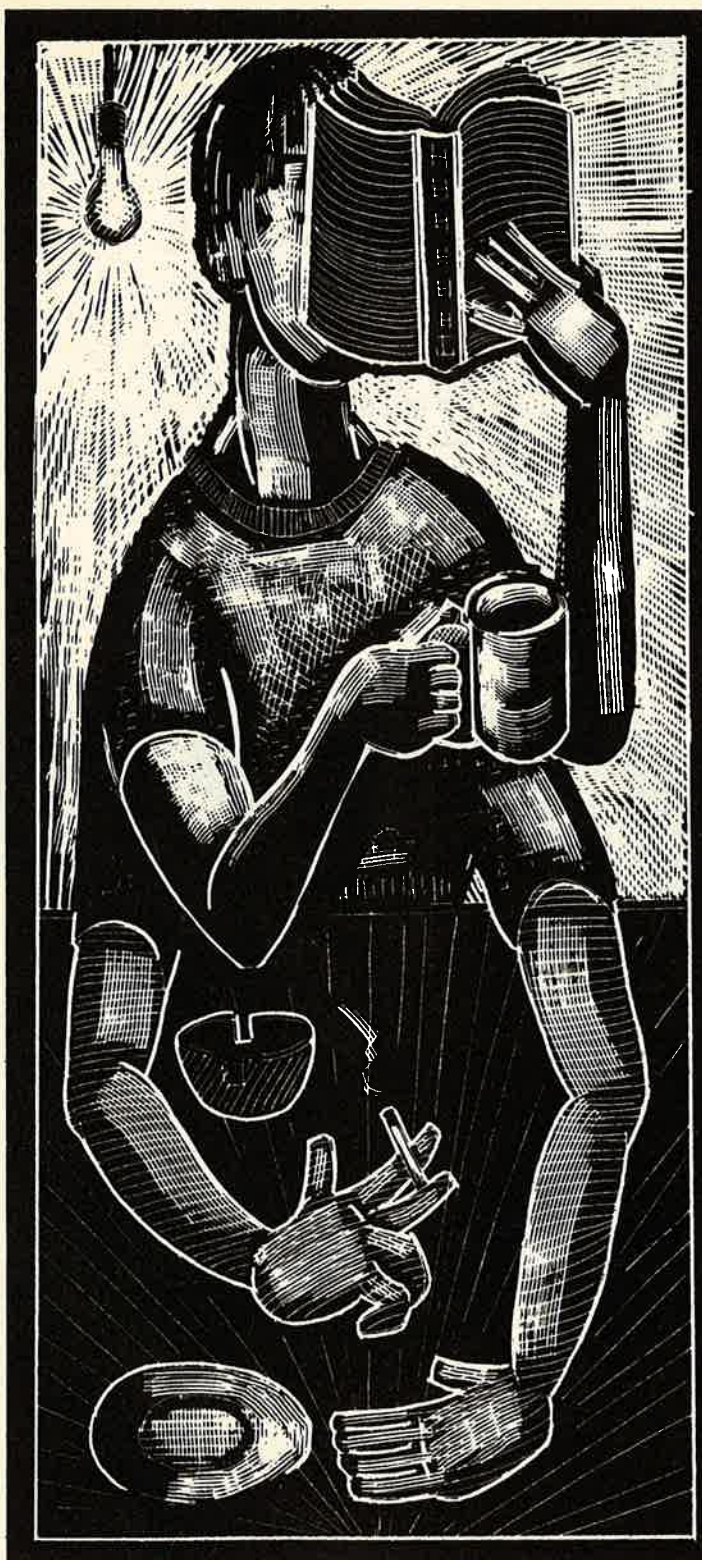


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GARY

coffeeHOUND

WITH ALL THE UPROAR IN LA, THE CURFEW AND THE NATIONAL GUARD ON EVERY CORNER, IT'S BEEN HARD TO GET AROUND TO THE CAFÉS AND PICK UP THE SCOOP FOR ALL YOU NOSY READERS.

Let me digress for a moment and explain what a column on the coffee house scene is doing in a rag dedicated to clubs. Sooo simple: cafés are where we all go to stoke up and rev for our long nights of clubhopping and where we repair for late night snacks to regain enough sobriety to get home safely.

The **Pik-Me-Up** (like most of their Melrose neighbors) cruised through the fateful Wednesday physically unscathed but psychically beat. Early Friday morning, about 1:30 am, the Pik-Me-Up was saved from certain destruction by loyal neighbors when a molotov cocktail broke the café's front window and flamed up threateningly. The window has been replaced and the damage cleaned up with business proceeding as usual. Glad to know **Johnny Depp** (a Pik-Me-Up poetry reading audience regular) and his bondage pals won't be at a loss for a cool place to hear bad poets.

The folks at the **Living Room** (claim to fame? Ex-druggie child star now soft porn queen **Drew Barrymore** used to pump coffee here) got a taste of the action relatively early. Someone emptied a few rounds into the Living Room. Customers, in a genuine gesture of cafe unity, flung themselves enthusiastically to the floor to escape certain death. Christopher, the manager of the Living Room, valiantly stood atop the roof of his café to defend from all threats (what do they pay him?). Their café escaped unscathed but said manager had a great view of Samy's Camera in flames and loads of TV and stereo laden cars coming away from the nearby Radio Shack.

Cinema Café (they show movies) and **Big and Tall** (bookstore/coffeehouse) experienced relative calm and closed well before the dusk to dawn curfew Wednesday through Sunday.

Up on Vermont the **Onyx/Sequel** crowds hung out all Thursday with the gates pulled preparing to defend their cafe to the death. A few threats were received, but luckily no damage was realized.

Downtown Los Angeles, on the front lines of mayhem, had **Cafe Troy** where early (choose one) demonstrators/rioters/gang members/arsonists returned from Parker center and City Hall to the café to catch themselves on TV, critique their performances between espressos, then dash the two blocks back to the city buildings to rejoin the skirmish.

A certain locally known handsome lothario lead of a famous underground comedy team from up north was reported to have thrown several garbage cans through the front windows of the LA Times building but this reporter didn't see a thing. I'm sure if said rumor was true the dear boy was "just confused and full of rage".

A host of Troy regulars including the artist extraordinaire and paragon of LA style **Diane Gamboa** in leather and tattoos (what the well dressed woman will wear to an uprising) carrying a portable bar (Kahlua and cognac), **Richard Montoya** from **Culture Clash** (sans red bolero shirt), **Fertile La Toya Jackson** from the **Afro Sisters**, converged on Troy. Though it was after curfew, Troy's personal guard unit flagged them into the parking lot and escorted them to Troy where the occupation party was happening.

One guardsman played air guitar on his M-16 while dancing with Diane, while another guardsman complained about his equipment being too heavy and

how he just wanted to get naked and go surfing and yet another was buttonholing Sean's wife ex-Warhol superstar **Bibbe** for Velvet Underground anecdotes. Many shots were exchanged of the alcoholic variety and before the end of the night, this troop of Guardsmen were won over to the peoples' cause.

Best sight of the night: One downtown homeless guy swinging a club through a storefront window chortling with glee as glass shattered on the sidewalk: "I got me a job now!"

Finally, as a closing note **Little Frida's** on Melrose has managed to embarrass everyone by merchandising the fabulous Frida Kahlo (a national treasure and art icon of the Mexican people) with the most shameful abandon. It gives one pause that someone of the stature and "pc" of **El Vez** would perform there and lend credibility to this enterprise. But perform he did in the middle of riot torn LA. Would somebody call El and read him the riot act?

Willi Wonder

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FASHIONS

Little Known Facts About Yasser Arafat



1. Watches "I Love Lucy" religiously.
2. Hopes to win Nobel Peace Prize.
3. Had an affair with Vanessa Redgrave.
4. When in LA hangs out at **Troy Cafe**.

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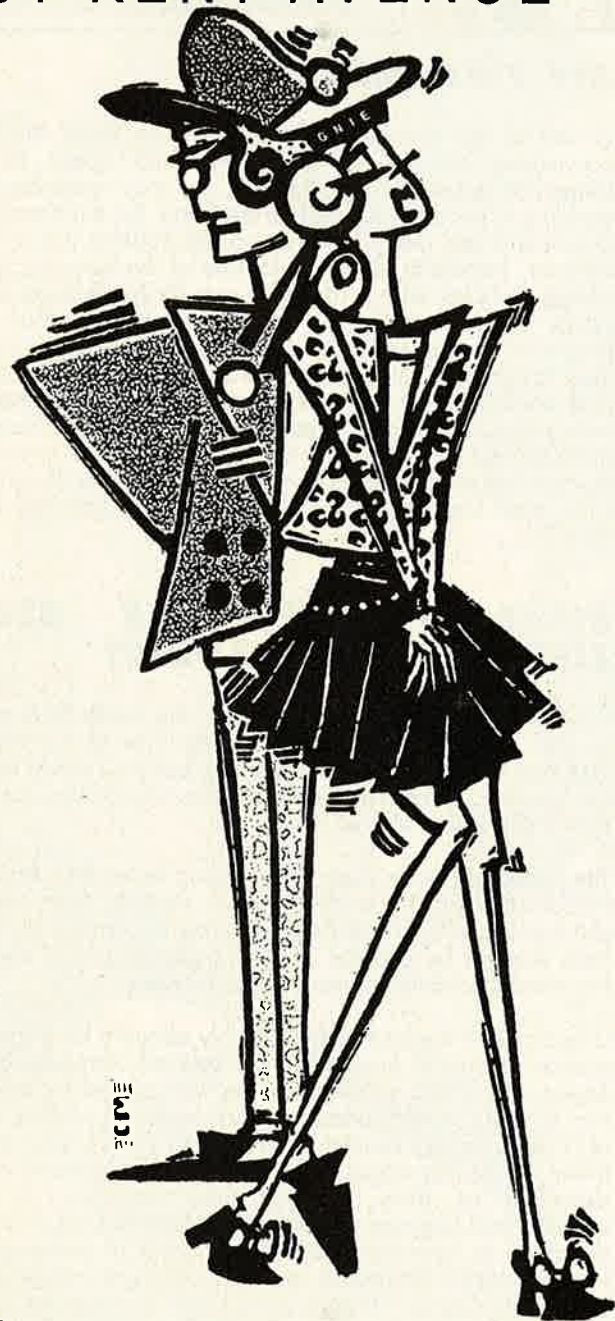
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The new album

Featuring "CRUCIFIED"

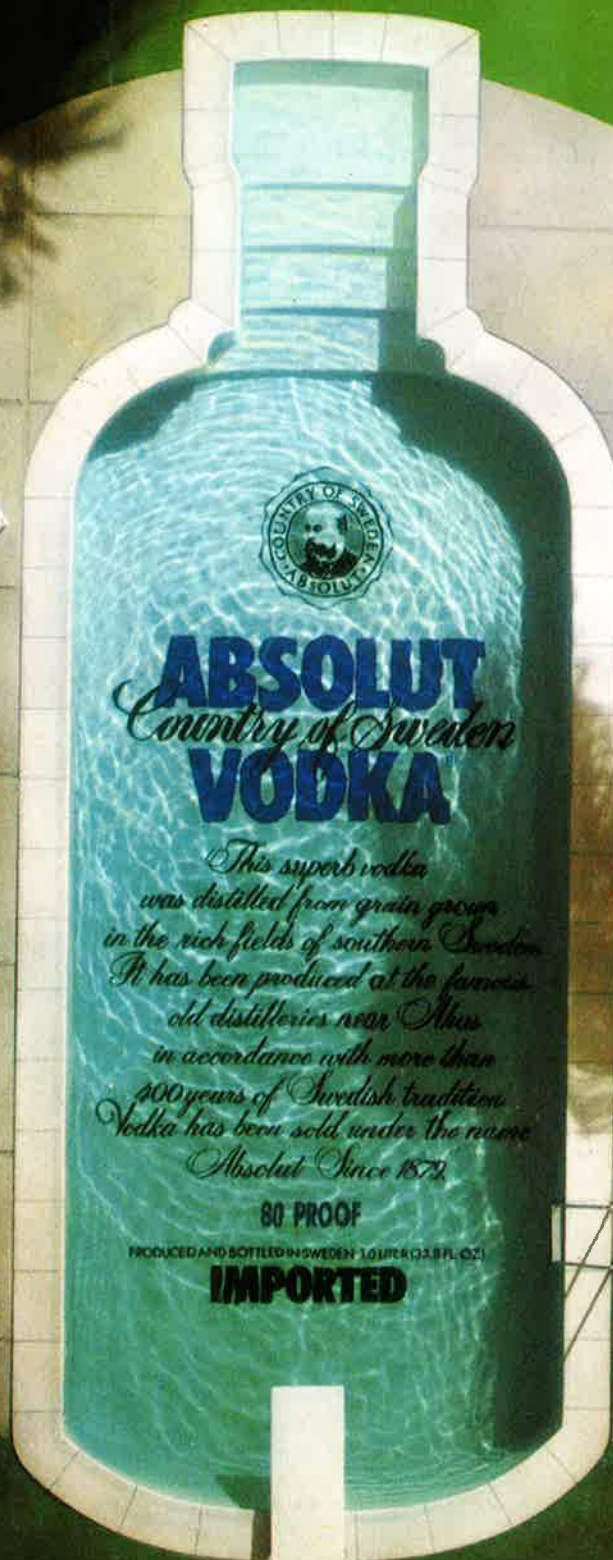
MONDO MAXI SINGLE:

available on vinyl (12") and compact disc (somewhat smaller but lasts longer) with remixes by DNA

Album available on Giant Cassettes and Compact Discs. ©1992 Giant Records

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