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is here w/Deeee-Lite



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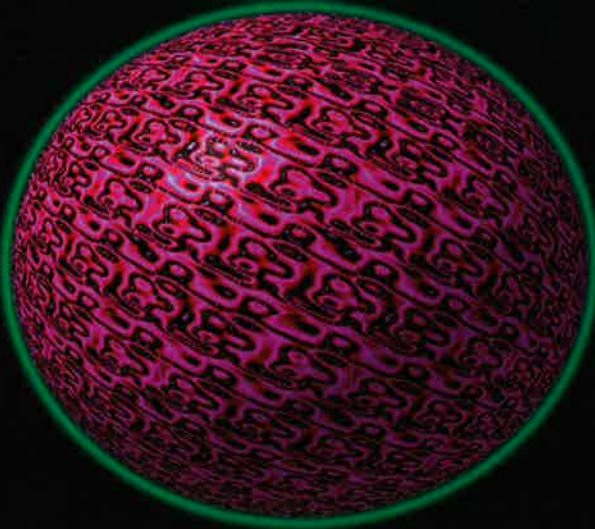
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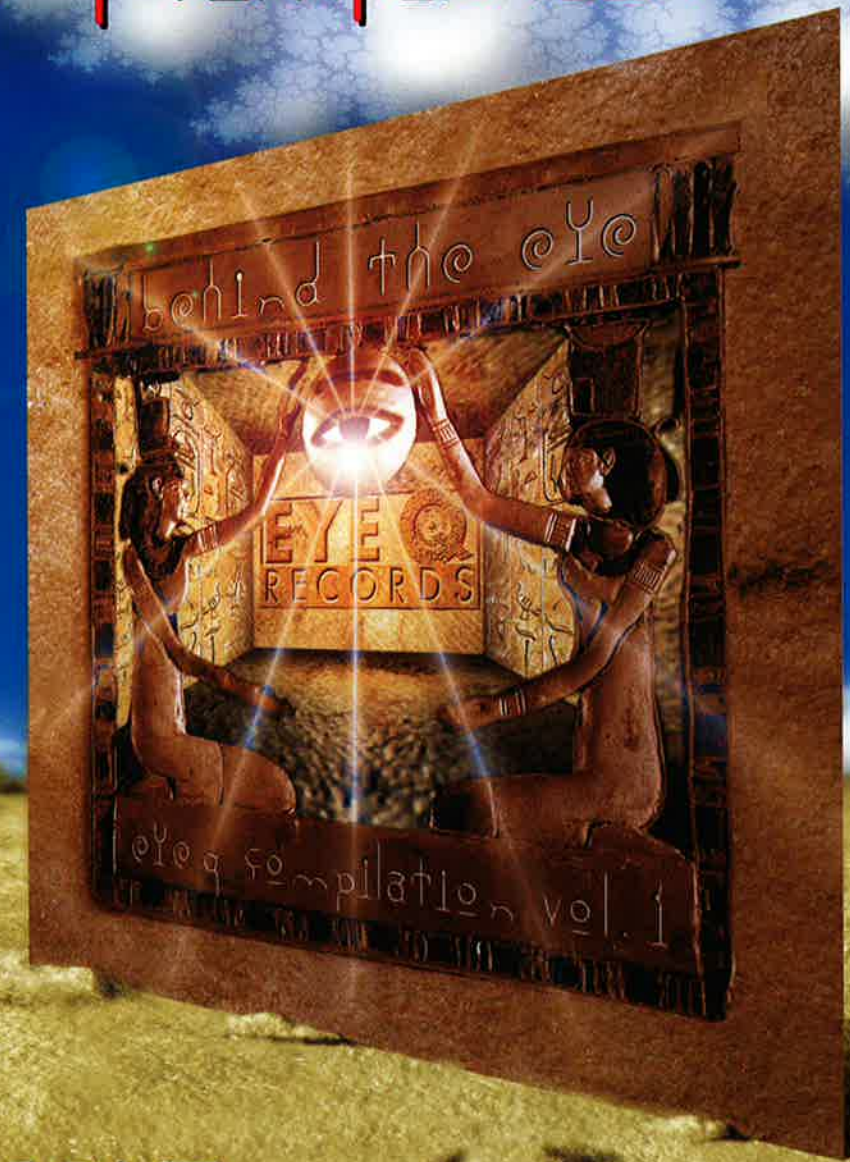
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behind the eye

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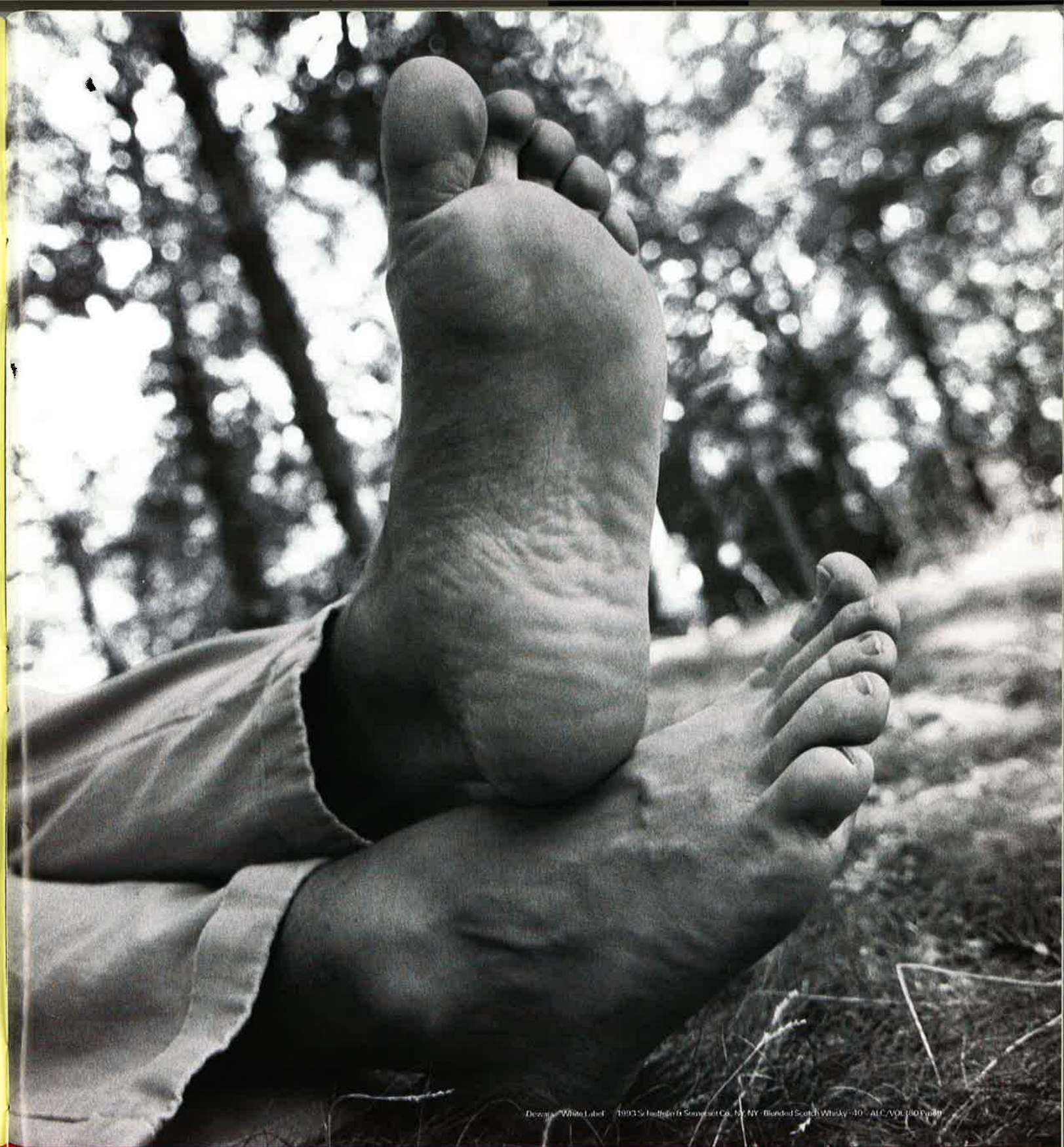


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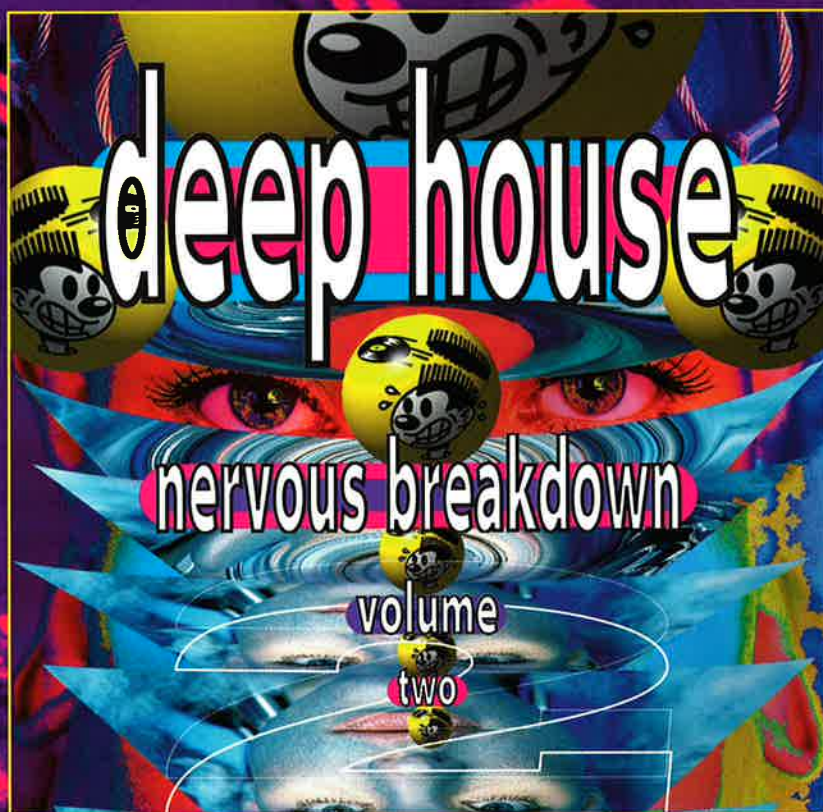


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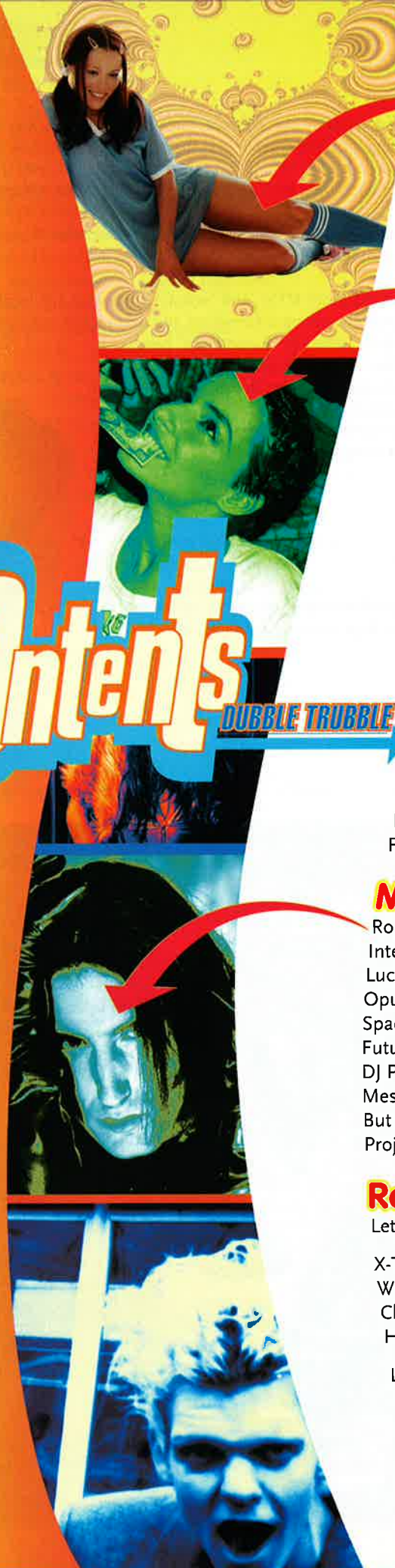
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Sorted Records Compilation Volume 1

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LETTER FROM EDITOR

"...All of a sudden, we were in the same category with what we always detested: which is overexposed, force-fed," said Lady Kier in a Project X exclusive interview. "It's like a bucket of water that keeps filling up, filling up, filling up... and when it gets there, you just kinda flow over the top."

Deee-Lite's success story is classic: from the slums of East Village to the runways of Paris and the center stage of the world, the three camera-ready musketeers set the press on fire, and the press, in turn, burnt them right back. And this is a typical case in which the "information super-highway" lead the unsuspecting fast lane speeders into the wrong exit.

Information is the ultimate commodity of our computer age and with a touch of a key, everything is available. Information is sought out, analyzed, stored, and then sold to the highest bidder. This may sound like some spy movie plot, but this happens every day.

The information I'm referring to is the underground.

In America, corporate "trend monitors" usually get their information second-hand (from MTV), and "scouts" are sent out to locate the newest trends and "translate them to sellable products." No one should have a problem with sharing information, but when it has been all "revised" in order to make it "sellable", then that's where we draw the line. Good house music is ruined by "Eurocheese" bands like Black Box, America thinks that techno is 2 Unlimited, and cool style aspects of the underground can now be seen on the windows of Macy's, (and of course no one will ever wear Pucci tights again). It used to take some time for underground trends to cross over, but now all it takes is fifteen minutes of anyone's fame.

But don't worry, the well of resources will remain endless as long as the youth culture exists. So, stay true to your underground, work hard to build your own team, and most importantly, don't have inspirations to become famous... have inspirations to be true to your scene.

Julie Jewels,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

P.S. We apologize for the absence of Club Rub section in this issue. Our correspondents were sent out to document so many parties, that their column disappeared somewhere between the open bars and our deadline. New and improved Club Rub will be back in the next issue.



Project X magazine

Issue NO. 29 THE DOBBLE TRUBBLE ISSUE

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UK Editor... Alex Gerry

On the Front Cover...

LADY KIER was photographed by JOSHUA JORDON. Styled by OHARA MARS, Hair by THOMAS MCGUYVER, and Makeup by JAMES CALIARDOS for VISAGE. All makeup by IL MAKIAGE.

On the Back Cover...

Dreamgirl DAWNYA at COMPANY MANAGEMENT was photographed by ROBERTO LIGRESTI. Styled by MONTGOMERY FRAZIER. Hair and makeup by GUILLERMO FERNANDEZ.

Dawnya wears hair ribbons from JAY BRA BEAUTY SUPPLY, a fake fur jacket and striped knee high clown socks all available at PATRICIA FIELD NYC, with an angora PLAYBOY bodysuit and angora clogs both from Label by LAURA WHITCOMB available at UNTITLED NYC.

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MESSAGES: happy wedding to doc martin...
sloan: get you ass back in the the office, we miss you...
hello to Brain (yes that's BRAIN) and friends in L.A....
to michelle at the levee; dum spiro spero...
hi mike.

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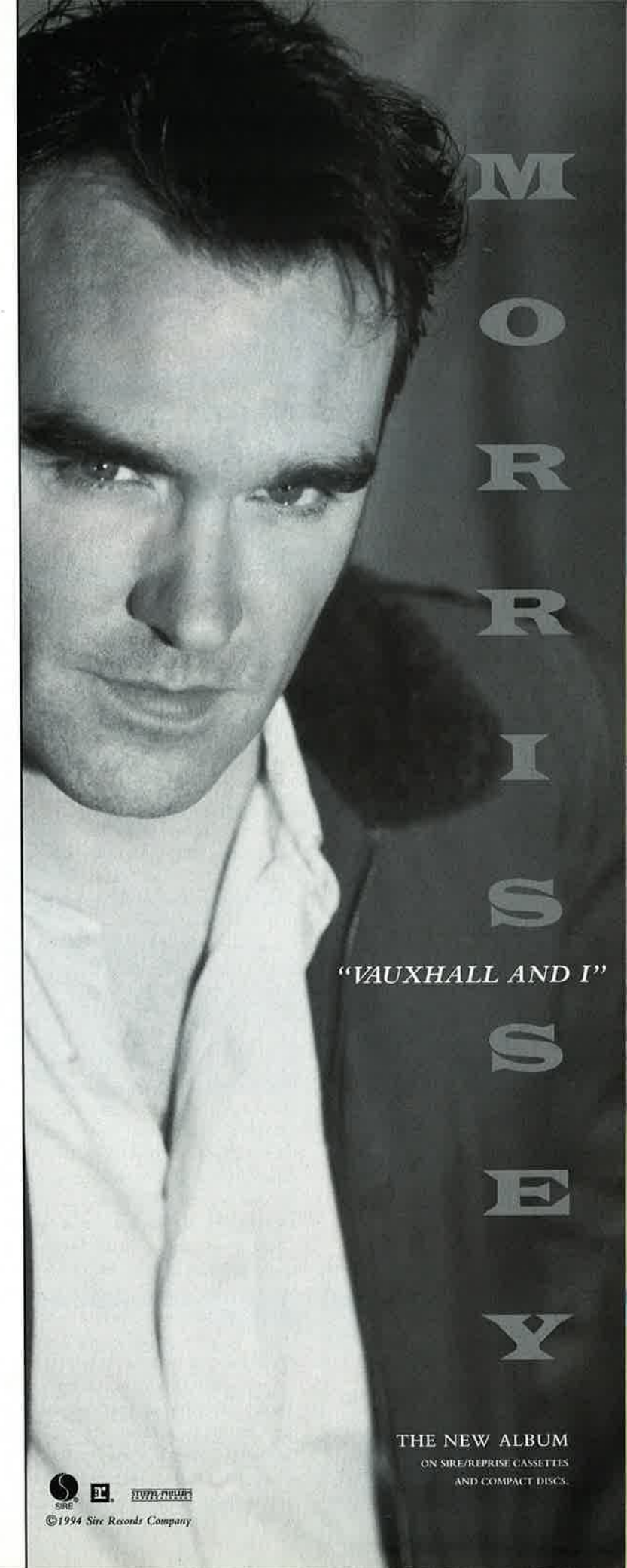
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Deee-Lite

The original cool cats (and a disco dolly) of the New York underground are back with a trippy new flavor

"It's like a bucket that keeps filling up, filling up, filling up, filling up, filling up and you say 'Oh no! What happens when it gets to the top?' And when it gets there you just kinda fl-o-o-o-w over the top."

That's Deee-Lite's definition of dance-pop superstardom. Or at least, to be more exact, Lady Kier Kirby who is intermittently visible, bobbing up and down, behind the rim of a coffee-table tucked against the wall of longtime collaborator one-time husband and Super DJ Dmitry's apartment. Sprawled across the floor, she speaks in steamrolling New Yorkese with the euphoric turn of expression of a fire & brimstone Gospel preacher who's just been chasing the dragon. Combined with wraparound tortoiseshell shades, ponytails and ribbons partially visible behind some greenery poking out of a large vase, she resembles the Easter Bunny on speed.

Dmitry is pensive: passive during her spiel (and there's a lot of it), muttering a laconic sentence here and there during brief lulls.

Kier on Dewdrops in the Garden - the new album due for release in July. "It's like trippy-hippy-trance-dance-hip-hoppy-funk-on-a-dub-trip-with-a-rub-a-dub-soul-sip-progressive-dance-jazz-work-it-to-the-bone-house-flipped-out-freak-beat-global-minded-street-beat-as-long-as-it-makes-you-move-your-feet." Phew... Dmitry: "Go for the future baby."

Deee-Lite blew up in 1990, when Groove is in the Heart became a universal anthem and the album, World Clique sold in boatloads. With their downtown eclecticism and kitsch-cool glamor, they served up a new image which personified diehard New York style. They were post-modern New York. A Russian DJ, Japanese programmer and an All-American diva who put in their time in the East Village sub-culture and took off in a hurricane of glamour, and the ultra-fame. "We worked," says Kier, "We played for four years before we even thought about getting a record contract. I got fired from working as a lady's room attendant, kicked out of jobs doing coat-check at Limelight for blowing my nose on someone's fur coat. We worked for years." Very Horatio Alger, very New York.

Like Soul II Soul, Massive Attack or the KLF, Deee-Lite produced revolutionary, hugely successful dance music and were more a 'collective' of talent around a hardcore cluster of bandmembers rather than a traditional pop group. They were a family. They were also the only successful American group in that league, and one of the few overall to have stuck together.

Towards the start of the interview Lady Kier announces that "what we're about is not fitting into a category", and throughout the interview her, Dmitry and newly arrived bandmember On-E (or Ani as the record company prefers to call him) keep on chanting their uniqueness like a mantra. But like those other dance groups who became big at the same time, Deee-Lite stumbled on similar problems. Reconciling massive media exposure with underground, avante-garde roots, the intoxication of stardom and keeping a grip on whatever reality it was that they'd come from.

"You know, being misunderstood and having to slow yourself down, just slow enough so the public could get it. And then once they got it, the fame quickly turned to shame because all of a sudden we felt like we were in the same category with what we always detested: which is overexposed, force-fed. We didn't ask anyone to play our song 13 times a day... We just did what they asked us to do. We didn't know we were being overexposed until after it was too late, after everything came out." Lady Kier's description of what went wrong could have come from the lips of any number of acts. Throughout her reminiscence Dmitry is slumped on a sofa like Yogi Bear on Prozac, muttering "Scary, it was scary."

Which probably all goes to explain the commercial failure of Infinity Within, the 'second' album, and their return to a rawer sound, collaborating with young talent (On-E is twenty) for Dewdrops in the Garden. "There's a reason for 'slick', but right now the direction for us is not slick. Everything is so produced, so manufactured in the world around us that we wanted to do something different." Explains Dmitry. With some heavily Acidic moments, Punk-Reggae sampling (courtesy of The Clash) and stabs at

a variety pack of dance styles, the album is bizarrely reminiscent of late-'80s UK rave: which, when Deee-Lite originally exploded, they stood up to as the N.Y. counterpoint. Even their current masterplan, a cross-country festival of open air dance parties called The Moonlight Gathering, has major echoes of the M25 Orbital raves and Summer Solstices which jump-started English rave culture. The plan also echoes the legendary Full Moon Gatherings of the trippy San Francisco summers.

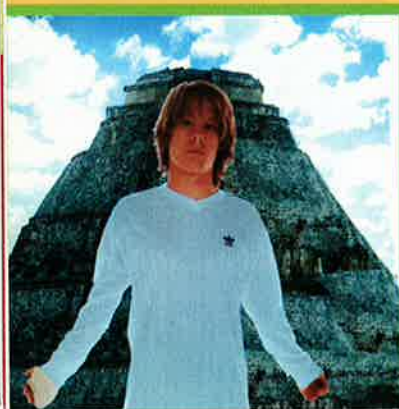
But the band doesn't like this retro-'80s mention. "I think it's state of the dancefloor", is Kier's retort, and she isn't mincing her words. "Some people get up at five on a Sunday morning to go to church, we get up to revive our soul on the dancefloor where the DJ booth is the altar, the DJ's the gu-ru, the eclectic taste of the DJ is like your communion.... Yeah, music is spirituality..." "Spiritual," echoes Dmitry, "I definitely think of our going onto the dancefloor as a Pagan experience."

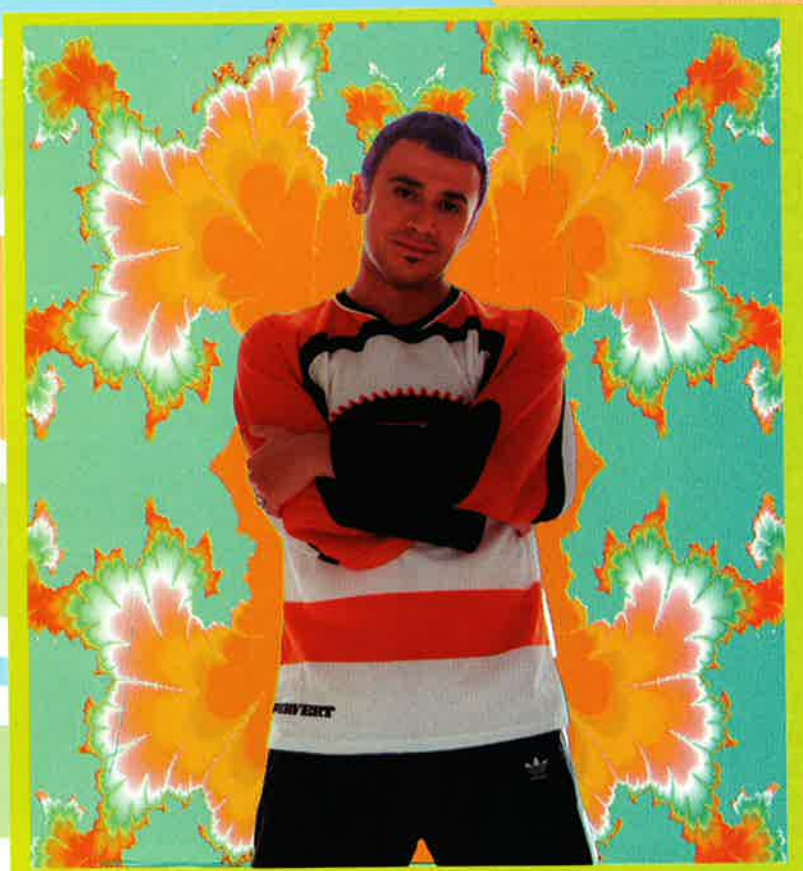
Musical mysticism, willful rawness and a bee-line back to nature. Deee-Lite are pulling out all the stops to get back on the path. If it sounds drastic - well, the band are thirtysomethings, they have history and pretty seminal view of their situation.

"We grew up witnessing the older generation with a very idealistic attitude. That didn't work, thanks to that you had Punk. When we came up through the Punk scene it was just 'Fuck that! Let's fuck everything! Anarchy!' Well, we lived through that and realized it didn't work either, all that did was the lowest voter turn-out rate since the Depression. So we're part of a new generation that has a new attitude - to combine the idealism with the realism and the activism." "Yeah, you gotta work!", pipes up On-E, the twentynothing who met the group while DJing his signature breakbeat style at local rave events.

In 1994 is Deee-Lite new and improved with 25% more members, 50% new style, and 100% energy? You bet.

Meet
Deee-Lite's
newest member
On-E, or "Ani"
as the record
company likes to
call him.

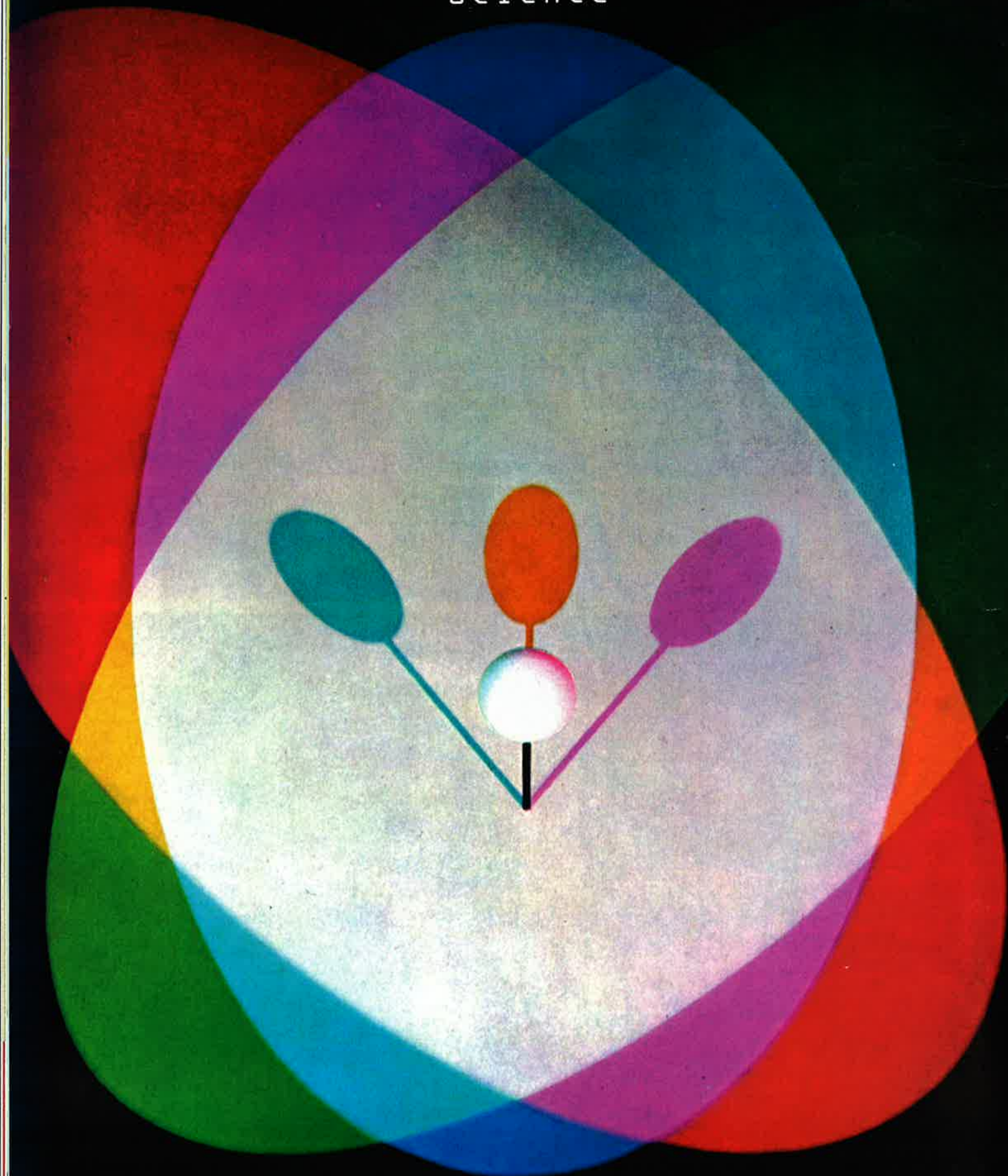




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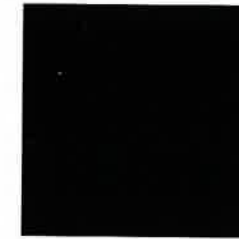


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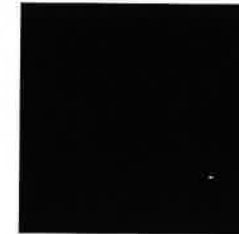


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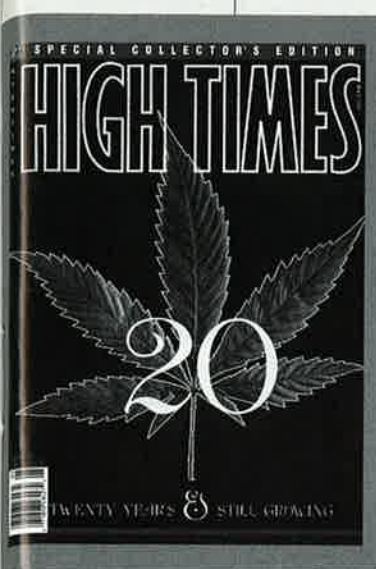
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EURO STYLE

Have you ever wondered why is it that the European dance music communities are so much more advanced than their American counterparts. Why are the major record labels overseas producing top quality tunes that hit the coolest dance mix shows on radio while major labels in the US produce Michael Bolton and Vanilla Ice. Why are young European designers producing original gear that hits the runways with corporate endorsements, while all the young designers in America have to look forward to are tacky, badly styled Absolut campaigns? What happens when the greatest American cultural export becomes Beverly Hills 90210?

Well, part of the answer lies in the fact that the European corporate community is much more in touch with their youth culture and inadvertently they present their products in fresher and more exciting formats. Major companies overseas appeal to the cool youth market with exciting promotions. For example, Camel Cigarette Co. sponsors the Mayday Rave in Germany and Universe Raves in England. Phillip Morris organizes underground techno-tours worldwide and started Marlboro Music (which sponsored techno visionaries like Sven Vath, Mark Spoon, Paul Van Dyk among others). But the Project X marketing award goes to Pepsi for their Love Generation ad sponsoring Love Parade in Germany this year (pictured here). It's strange to acknowledge that these companies are actually American, but they've adopted strictly un-American underground policies when it comes to advertising. So anyone reading this at Pepsi in Germany, we're groovin' on your ad work, can you run it in Pro X next time??? - SM

NEW ON THE PLANET

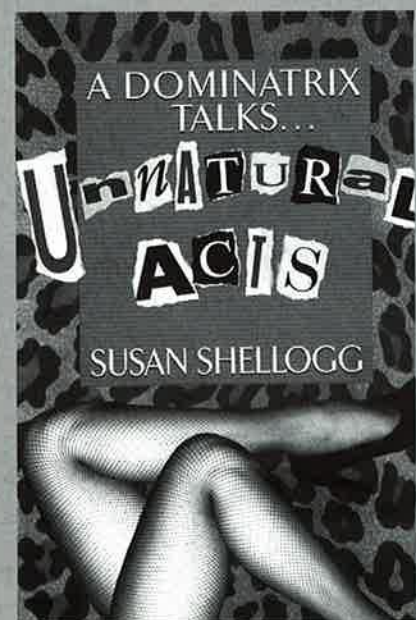


20 YEARS AND STILL GROWING

Did you know that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Henry Ford were a few of America's best known hemp farmers? Did you also know that it was twenty years ago exactly that High Times, every suburban pothead's Bible was launched and it has been giving its addicted readers the straight dope on dope ever since. Bursting with fact-filled editorials on topics of the hemp movement, magic mushroom cultivating, indoor/outdoor pot growing, smart drugs, and pin-ups of celebrities with their bongos, High Times has also featured famous writers like Timothy Leary, William Burroughs, Truman Capote, Spalding Grey, Andy Warhol, and Tom Robbins whose story-turned-motion-picture "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" first appeared in a 1970 article. See, being a useless aspiring pothead writer does lead to success! Well straight out props are in order to our marijuana-marinaded publishing moguls who have taken the time to remind everyone that over a twenty year period, an acre of hemp will produce more than four times as much pulp for paper-making than an acre of trees. So check out the 20th Anniversary Issue and Greatest Hits editions, where you'll also get the groovy "Best of Hemp 100" with listings like "Legalize today, get high tonight," "Only users lose drugs," and "To smoke or not to smoke, that's a stupid question." - J.J.



BELIEVE IT or NAUGHT-Y



Are you one of those readers who immediately turns to the rumor-filled portion of Project X every time our latest issue falls into your gossip greedy hands? Do you live for tawdry, tell-all rags, tabloid talk shows, and trashy "info-tainment" like A Current Affair and Hard Copy? If so, ignore the electric bill, visit an ATM, and rush to your nearest bookstore with \$21 to buy Unnatural Acts by one-time Project X journalist Susan Shellogg, published by Barricade Books. Unnatural Acts is a delicious autobiography of a dominatrix. Forget any episode of Geraldo or Oprah that has ever focused on S& M; they've only perpetuated a stereotype. Susan's intelligent, irreverent, and hilarious prose strips domination of all its tired cliches. None of her sexual exploits are erotic, they're absurd. The smile on her face isn't the pleasure of giving pain, it's her contained laughter. With zippy truisms like, "Morality was a high school play put on by amateurs for an audience of idiots" and "Urine the money," Susan makes her book a healthy, self-parodying guide for S&M life. She has successfully passed herself off as a bitch to those who deserve it, while giving the reader a fabulous wink. - E.G.

The QUICKER PICKER UPPER

For the many of us who can't function before noon and find that their most creative time of day is 3:00 a.m. on the dancefloor, help is on the way. No it's not a twelve step program to get you out of clubs and into the classroom, it's a simple quicker picker upper that guarantees to get you out of bed and turn you into a more productive, brand new you. They are the government approved CFDA-recommended and Project X staff-tested caffeine and sugar-filled yummys and they're available at every Korean Deli for a buck. So next time you need that something extra to get your blood circulating and your brain functioning, forget those "smart drinks" and turn to the "naturally" flavored, speed fortified thirst quenchers. - J.J.



pic by R.L.

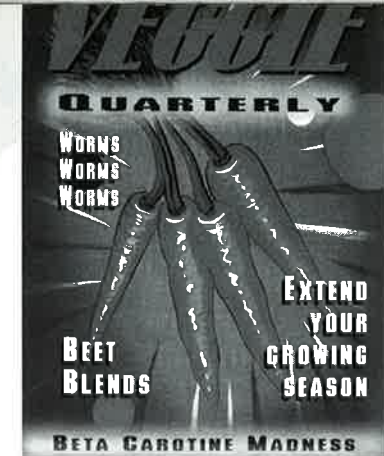
fun in Orlando... and we don't mean Disney World

Nightlife capitol in America have always been booming urban centers with overwhelming numbers of high-tech million dollar discos, bars, and after-hours. Cities like New York, Chicago, Miami, and San Francisco have always been the utopias for insomniacs and martini lovers in high fashion gear. But the times, they are a changing... Currently, the coolest nocturnal gatherings usually take place in massive suburban warehouses several hours out of the city where the sound systems, the light shows, and the crowd surpass any urban superclub. As the venues have changed, so have the mentalities of the clubbers. It's not urban vs suburban, it's the search for the idyllic community that shares similar tastes in music and attitude.

One dance community that has maintained its underground appeal, while constantly updating its scene with the latest progressive dancefloor sounds is Orlando. Inconveniently located near the center of American cluelessness - Disney World - Orlando's nightlife scene is probably the coolest in the whole country right now. With indoor/outdoor clubs like The Edge and Beecham Theatre representing the local chillers, the mellow, down to earth Orlando club culture is a well kept treasure (not anymore!! - just

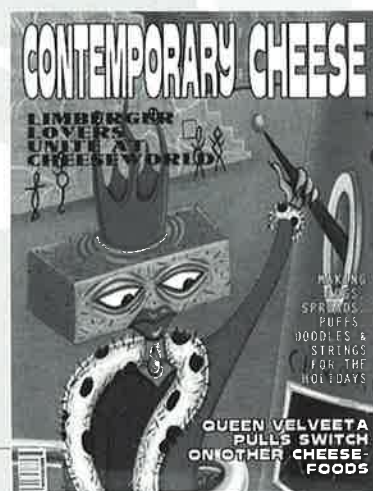
kidding). "I play all over the world," says the top local DJ talent Kimball Collins, "but nothing compares to my hometown." Kimball, along with Dave Cannalte, Robbie Clark, and DJ Icee have become sought-after DJs, and with the formation of their own studio and record label, (check out DJ Icee's Energy Traxx), the Orlando sound has arrived. Aligned with the progressive sounds of the UK, Orlando also plays host to super star DJs like Sasha, Dave Seaman, and trance pin-up Cosmic Baby. The parties are sensational and the people are great. So next time, you're feeling a bit tired of the New York Club Kids or the attitude-ridden and siliconed LA "stars" plan your trip and trip out in Orlando. All the Pro X editors love it! - S.M.





HOT OFF THE PRESS

Time Warner, amongst many others, invested millions of dollars this year on studies focusing on youth targeted publications and we the consumers were hit with hundreds of "cool" titles like Mouth 2 Mouth, Bikini, Tell, etc... all trying to capture the flavor of this youth market. Even Newsweek magazine gave the topic a cover story "profiling" today's average teen-to-twentysomethings (unfortunately, they were way off, stating that they're all Levis-wearing, Nirvana-listening, mall rats). Well, we think that this type of research should be left to us, the self-appointed connoisseurs of cool... and after our own research, we came up with the true magazines-of-the-moment. The hottest magazines this season are here; they're post Generation X, post teen, post anything that marketing analysts can even begin to identify. Check them out at your local newsstand and when you see Conde Nast knock offs, remember, you read about them here first!—S.M.



Covers designed by Michael Pantuso, a brilliant graphic artist who won an Emmy for his art direction on Sesame Street.

THERE'S SOME WACKY TV OUT THERE

Personally I hate TV. It seems that the more channels they put on, the less there is to watch - the endless infomercials, twelve thousand talk shows, and three, THREE, country music video dance stations. Plus I have to tell you about my most recent TV viewing experience that was so ridiculous, I still hardly believe it was on (luckily a couple of friends saw it too, so I know it wasn't a drug hallucination)...

I sat down and tuned into RESCUE 911 hoping to catch a bloody car wreck or a sensational suicide, and what do you suppose these fearless rescuers were up to? Well, the show began with some strange screaming from the emergency 911 call: "Heeeewlp meeee" and a fleet of cop cars was sent to the source. Upon arriving at the scene, the armed pigs approached the house ready to catch a violent felon and help the hideously abused. They shot off the lock, smashed in the door, and entered the house to bring us the most horrifying and dangerous rescue attempt they could find. As the tension built and the peak of the action arrived, they discovered A DORKY KID WITH HIS TONGUE STUCK TO THE FREEZER. Well, I figured at least they'll have to cut it off, but no, no, no. All they did was put some hot water on it and got it loose. I couldn't believe it! The in-depth interview with the cop in charge revealed his true fear and drama of the situation... What was he doing licking the freezer anyway? It was the most ridiculous thing I have ever seen on TV (barring the Club Kid's most recent appearance on Donahue.)

"Is this what entertainment has come to?" I asked myself while longing for the good old days when there were only 7 channels on TV. Luckily I continued channel-surfing and landed on a treasure that is the Manhattan Cable public access channels. And I'm not talking about about the Robyn Bird show either, although the burnt out bleached blond and her "finest" strippers have become every horny viewer's late night companions... I'm talking about the funniest new Do It Yourself shows.

First we have "On Patrol" where two demented, loud, drag queens, (and friends of Project X) Brandywine and Brenda A-Go-Go, "attend" high society gala events and "interview" the guests ("How are you today, that's a nice dress" addressing Blaine Trump at the Whitney Museum party).

But topping them all is my favorite DIY show "Driveways of the Rich and Famous". Hosted by a goofy looking dude with a goofy-looking "Bikecam", we visit the pathways to the dreamhomes of Hollywood's royalty and annoy them till they come out. We visit Aaron Spelling's house and throw things at the gate until the alarm goes off, or ring Madonna's buzzer until she comes out and tells everyone to "fuck off". This show is totally hilarious.

VANITY UN-FAIR

Yes, we here at Pro X do realize that our superfresh and fascinating editorial ideas, concepts, and intense creativity are checked out by the editorial types of every other mag in town, It's the price we pay for being the new kids on the block (or NKOTB as we now prefer to be called). Well, STOP IT!

One old hack at the Tina-Brownless and totally tired Vanity Fair actually STOLE text from one of our editorials WORD for WORD (bitch). We won't be petty and name names (Lynn Hirshenberg) but IT has got to stop, GIRL! If you want, (or face it) need, the creative talents of our writers, please come directly to the source. We'd be more than delighted to help.

Meanwhile, check this out... a few months ago, our brilliant creative team came up with the concept of having the "Girl of the Minute - Miss Club USA contest". Well, the Miss USA pageant organizers didn't think it was so brilliant and actually sent us a letter threatening a lawsuit if that name was used, so our ever-resourceful creative team came up with "IT Girl 1994 Contest" which was sponsored by our generous advertiser Dewar's and Club USA. We ran editorial introducing our beloved readers to the concept of the IT GIRL and we sent out invites all over town. Well three months later, Vanity Poop, I mean Vanity Fair presented "their" editorial entitled "Paging the IT GIRLS." Yuk! Just examine the specially prepared comparison.

Sloan Mandell
(the original writer of the IT GIRL story)

Project X January 1994

EDITORIAL APPEARS ENTITLED:

"Girls of the Minute; Sometimes fifteen minutes Can Last a lifetime" profiling gorgeous club girls that went on to become famous. FEBRUARY 19, 1994, Dewar's and Project X present **"IT GIRL 1994"** party at Club USA...invites hit city weeks before.

Text:

Identified the original Girls of the Minute as:
Holly Golightly, Dianne Brill, and Edie Sedgewick

Budget for It Girl Story:

Includes hiring a writer and photographer: **\$150**

Project X full time staff: **4**

Vanity Fair April 1994

Suspiciously familiar editorial appears entitled **"Paging the It Girls"** profiling Hollywood starlets.

Text:

Surprisingly refers to the original It Girls
Holly Golightly, Dianne Brill, and Edie Sedgewick

Budget for It Girl Story:

Includes writer and two assistants going to Hollywood, staying at Chateau Marmont bungalows, hiring Wayne Maser and two assistants, plus stylist and two assistants, plus hairdressers and make up artists and two assistants, all chartering a private plane and going to Las Vegas for a lovely day of shooting by the pool. **\$20,000**

VF full time staff: **137**

THE PARTY IS LONG OVER BUT NOBODY CAME TO CLEAN UP

In the mid to late eighties Miami's South Beach had become the ultra-hip party destination for the world's most ultra-decadent elite. Designers, divas, international playboys, supermodels, and muscle queen extraordinaires all headed South for a nose packin' (remember Scarface?) good time. It was oh-so-exclusive and faaaaabuluos.

But then something went wrong... Article after article on South Beach popped up in every corny publication from around the world and every talentless pathetic press whore and catalog model from the East Coast to the West moved down South seeking fame, fortune and a one night stand with Thierry Mugler. Seemingly, all at once the truly fabulous fled, leaving "club stars" with names like Kitty Litter and Jules Urbane actually ruling the town. Oh and Versace stayed too.

South Beach became its own worst nightmare populated by fat, ugly, badly dressed German and Italian tourists, out of work models, alcoholics and the die hards - those who couldn't afford to move... They were left on a twenty block strip, each block with four carbon copy fried calamari restaurants, two clueless clubs and five bars. Legendary clubs like Warsaw are no longer pumping with hot house and homos, but with top 40 and tacky tourists who pollute the Beach with their garbage.

Well, some of the real (or more like surreal) residents of So-Be are no longer willing to put up with any more trash being dumped on their art deco doorsteps. The remaining drag contingency united in an attempt to save their town from total ruin by introducing an ad campaign under the slogan "Did you drop something?" which is the fiercest thing to come out of South Beach in a while. The poster, which was organized and commissioned by some of the grooviest residents in the area, showcase several scandalized queens staring at offensive garbage. The campaign is posterized all over town and I have a feeling these girls are not only talking about litter, but the human trash littering their paradise. Good luck cleaning this one up girls.

-S.M.

photo by Adolfo Gallela





2B OR NOT 2B, there is only one answer.

OLYMPIAD (PAT FIELD STYLE)

Patricia Field doesn't mind if you sweat up her clothing. As a matter of fact, she kinda' enjoys it. To her, fitness has always been at the height of fashion, or is it the other way around? While more and more designers get into the swim, creating gear that appeals to the ever-increasing athlete amongst us, Patricia Field's clothing has always had an athletic slant. Her ideas are an exercise in innovation, made for people to whom dressing is a highly competitive sport.

Since the late 70's, Patricia Field has mixed spandex and lycra into her collection; she's always been known for her sexy, skintight, skimpy designs for the fit and fabulous, (read: for those who compete for paparazzi shots at the hottest nightspots.) This June, she'll return her attention to the sports arena for the upcoming Gay Games in New York City.

Here's a classic success story, two friends get together and start making hats to sell at local street markets. Well, a year later, their hats are sittin' on the heads of Dr. Dre and Snoop Doggy, Tupac, L.L. Cool J, Kate Moss, Linda E., and Christy. Partners of 2B are Maximillian Gross and Rosanna Lewis who design the best hats around. Their hat creations like Speed-E, Tatooed+Fierced, Kansas-Fried, and Strapped + Stitched, can be asked for by names at your local convenience shops.

With the cooperation of Adidas Sportswear, Patricia Field will sponsor four promising Gay Games entrants in track and field, diving, and swimming. "We wanted to show New York that the House of Field was more than just club kids," she says, adding: "And we wanted to inject the Gay Games with a little of that House of Field flavor." The four out, fit and outfitted who are injecting that House of Field flavor are: Rebecca Weinberg, 25 year old dancer and actress, 5'8", 145 lbs., blonde/blue, Virgo competing in five men's middle distance freestyle and individual medley swimming events; Scott Ewalt, 28, computer artist and former Princeton swimming champion, 6'4", 185 lbs., brown-haired, green-eyed Gemini competing in the 100m and 200m backstroke, 200m freestyle and 200m individual medley; and finally, the diver, Kenny Casanova, 27, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown/blue, an administrator and Gemini signed up to climb the one meter and three meter springboards. For the opening ceremonial procession, the athletes will wear futuristic warm-up suits in silver, black and white. They will compete in DayGlo orange, chartreuse, and hot pink swimsuits, muscle tops, or running shorts trimmed with Scotch-lite reflector tape. Some DayGlo feathers are also promised, as well as, in the words of David Dalrymple, the designer of these fab pieces, "a little extra drama" for the awards ceremony.



seen

Have you seen this super creature? (and we don't mean on the cover of Style-less of the Times!) Clubber-extraordinaire, trend-monitor, and friend of Project X Little Keni was spotted in Times Square McDonalds (on his way to Boy Bar) ordering the special meal combo #3. We thought, you should know...

pic by Adolfo Gallela



DO YOU REALLY NEED AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS ONE?

OK, OK here it is... Stolen Wallets are chain wallets made of fine quality leather and are available in most unique colors. Available at Swish, Junk and other fine stores (or for more info call (212) 505-9877.

FUTURE WEAR RIGHT NOW

Rave/techno clothing line Sabotage was launched in Germany back in 1987 by brothers Thomas and Michael Dannroth and it was THE label to be seen it at fashionable techno weekenders. Their image was set as the most progressive and cool among the clubbers and their ads featured famous DJs in groundbreaking designs using reflective materials, camouflage designs and fabrics containing carbon and ceramic. This summer, Sabotage is finally arriving here in America and they are ready to set some trends. For its 1995 collection, Sabotage will introduce a jacket with Stainless Steel Shell which has never been used in clothing (the designers went to Osaka, where they heard this material was used for screen printing). After a lot of experiments, the company produced the most futuristic garment up to date - silver jackets, pants, and snowsuits. The color is limited to silver and the properties are water repelling, warm, good-breathing, comfortable, and way affordable.

pic by Jac;
model Sean at Partners NY.



Paying too much for vintage clothing?

Get your vintage clothing where the downtown boutiques get theirs.

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Huge range of garments including theatrical wardrobes and military uniforms. Everything cleaned and pressed

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Where?

From Manhattan: 'J', 'M' OR 'Z' ONE STOP TO MARCY AVENUE STATION.
FROM QUEENS: B.Q.E. (KENT AVENUE EXIT) From Brooklyn: B.Q.E. (FLUSHING AVENUE EXIT)

IT'S 10PM

Lies aMeRiCaN STyLe

by Ernie Glam

Are you ever in situations with parents when the web of deceit you've cleverly spun becomes a tangled mess? Or perhaps this web has become so intricate that you've started writing crib notes? Do you resent having to play a role that, with every passing month, reflects your true identity less and less? Well unfortunately, there is no way around it. And don't you even consider laying the reality on your folks, forcing them to deal with it because there are some things, teeny little things, that should always remain in secret...

The reason has always been simple - to avoid hurting them. You see, honesty doesn't work with parents because they are reluctant to accept the truth about their children. All parents have ideal visions of what their offspring will be that they probably got from TV commercials. It's a romantic fantasy that will always conflict with reality. As children, people recognize this discrepancy and hide their true selves. You aren't lying, you're protecting them!!

It's no wonder that young people resort to deception and secrecy while engaging in activities that are disagreeable to authority - parental or social. Wouldn't under-age girls just prefer to tell mom that they're dressing in tight little cocktail dresses and highest heels tonight to hang out at a fashionable bar? No, because such desires don't comply with parents' ideals. And they will never understand an all-nighter or coming home in the morning after a rave. Parents invite deception. due to that fact that it's far easier to get parents to swallow lies. This redefines, or should we say "updates" every youngster's vocabulary. For example, "babysitting" now means clubbing, "Going to class" means getting your tongue pierced and so forth...

It's too bad that parents won't accept many of the daily pleasures of their children. Consider piercing. "Why are you doing this?" a loving parent might cry. Don't take it personally, Mom & Dad, maybe your child is making a statement about his or her identity, which is younger and different. Mom & Dad should always look on the bright side of any situation... at least it's not a tattoo. Piercings can be removed upon meeting a cute boy or girl that doesn't have any, but for now, you're going out with a cute boy or girl who does!!!

Project X is well aware that the "generation gap" is ancient, that "honesty is the best policy", that "the truth hurts", and that what "they don't know won't hurt them". We offer no solutions whatsoever to this dilemma, with the possible exception of incorporating individual/family therapy into our popular culture. Meanwhile, let us take delight in those little deceptions.

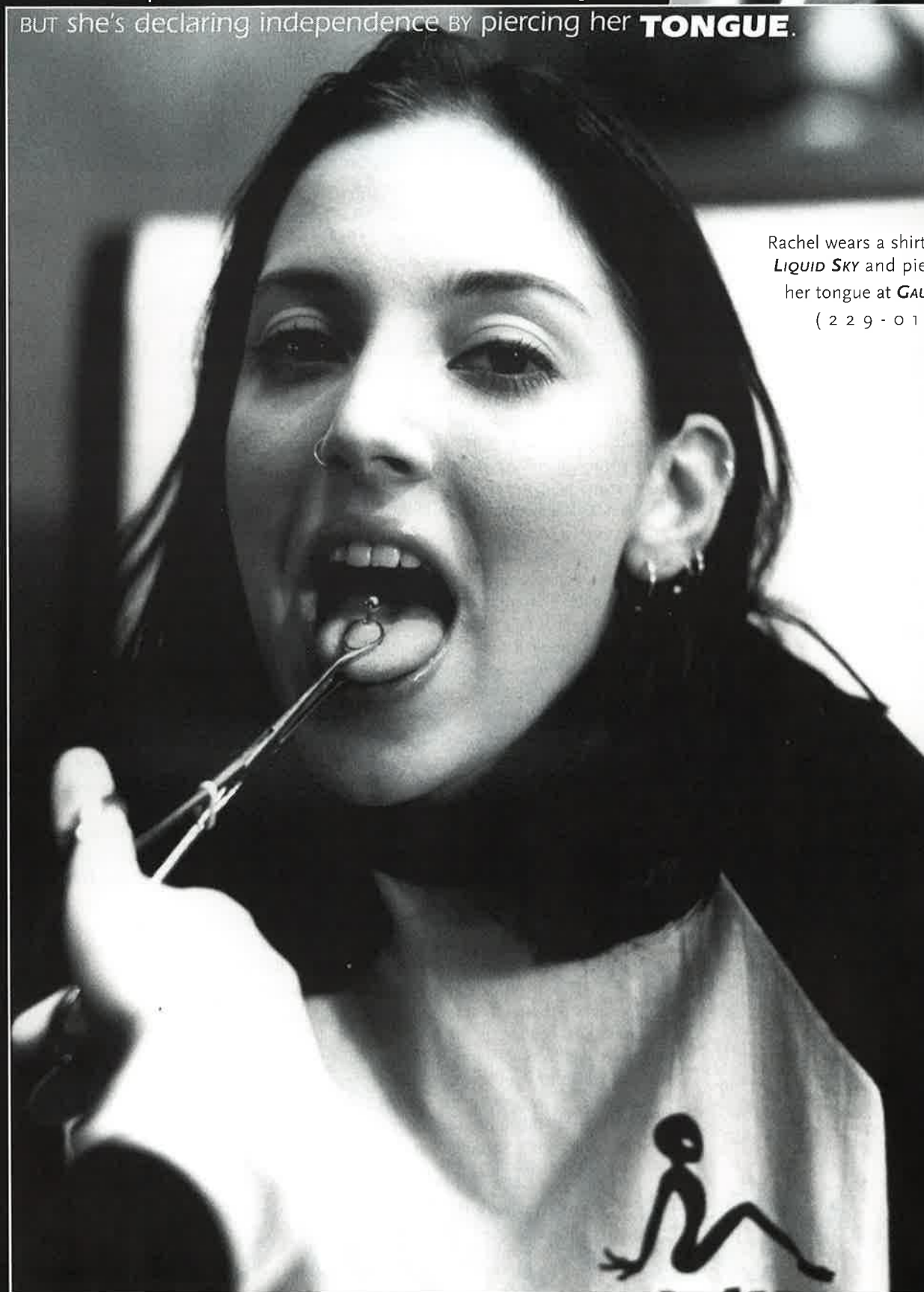
For the sake of openness, the following photo-essay illustrates six realities of post-modern teen-age life. None of these images are likely to whip up more than a momentary pause out of our readers as they leaf through this publication like good, all-American consumers should. Yet, these very images in the wrong hands could whip up waves of hysteria. In Jesse Helms' hands, we might get a Congressional hearing. In the neighborhood librarian's hands, we could jeopardize the library's funding. And in your parents' hands, your room, clothes, journals, or car might be searched for those tell-tale indicators of "misbehavior". So quick... hide this issue!

Do you know where your children are?

Photographer:
Conrad Sanderson
Stylist:
Eva Goodman
Make-Up:
Gail Goodman

Hair:
John Toth
All Jewelry by
Guenevere Rodriguez

her parents MAY think she's AT THE library,
BUT she's declaring independence BY piercing her **TONGUE.**

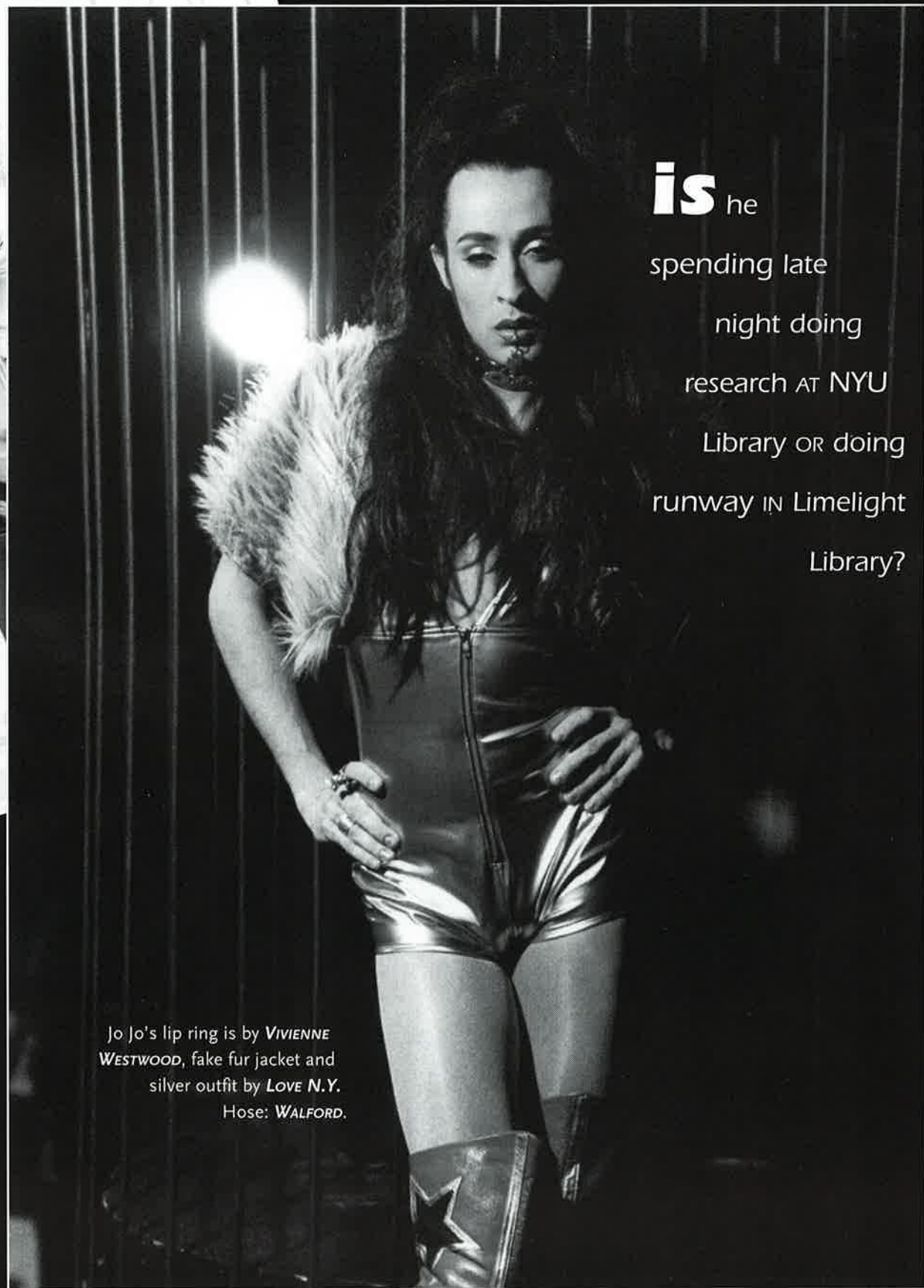


Rachel wears a shirt from
LIQUID SKY and piercing
her tongue at **GAUNTLET**
(229-0180)



OUT TO LUNCH:
The CASE of the
absentee SMOKERS

John wears
baseball
jersey by
LOVE N.Y.
and jeans
from **LIQUID SKY**. Kelli wears kilt skirt and suspenders by **GAULTIER JEANS JR.** at **BARBARA KRAMER ENTERPRISES**. Deborah wears X-girl shirt at **LIQUID SKY** and superman velour halter and denim mini skirt by **ANNIE & HELEN** at **BIG DROP**.



Jo Jo's lip ring is by **VIVIENNE WESTWOOD**, fake fur jacket and silver outfit by **LOVE N.Y.**
Hose: **WOLFORD**.

is he
spending late
night doing
research AT NYU
Library OR doing
runway IN Limelight
Library?



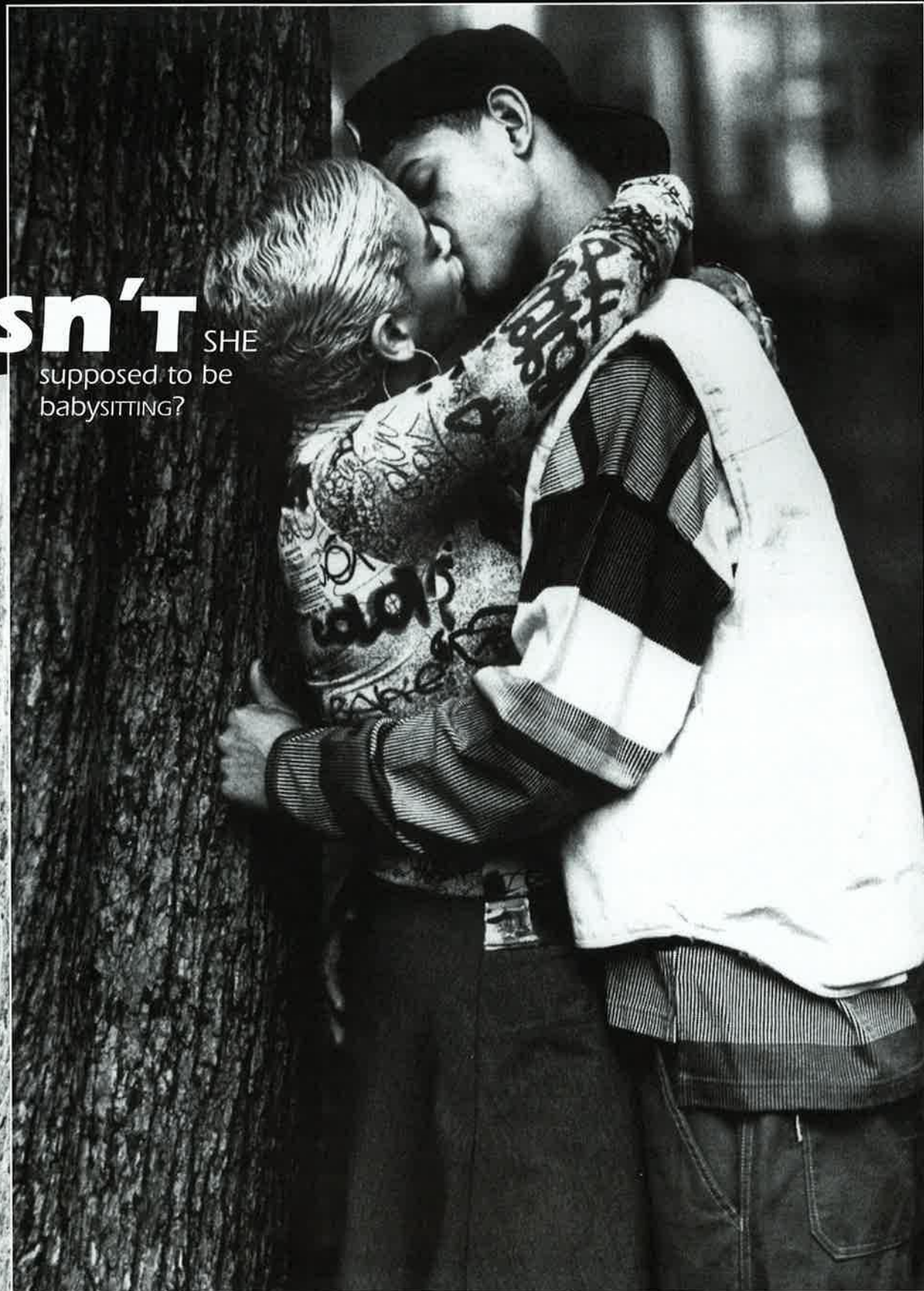
Is SHE really AN
ADULT?
The case OF THE underage
drinker.

Chandra North (represented by Women) wears a T shirt by **JYSP JOHNSON** from **LIQUID SKY**, dress by **LOVE N.Y.**, hose by **WOLFORD** and shoes by **FLUEVOG**. Jonathan Mercado models his own suave suit.



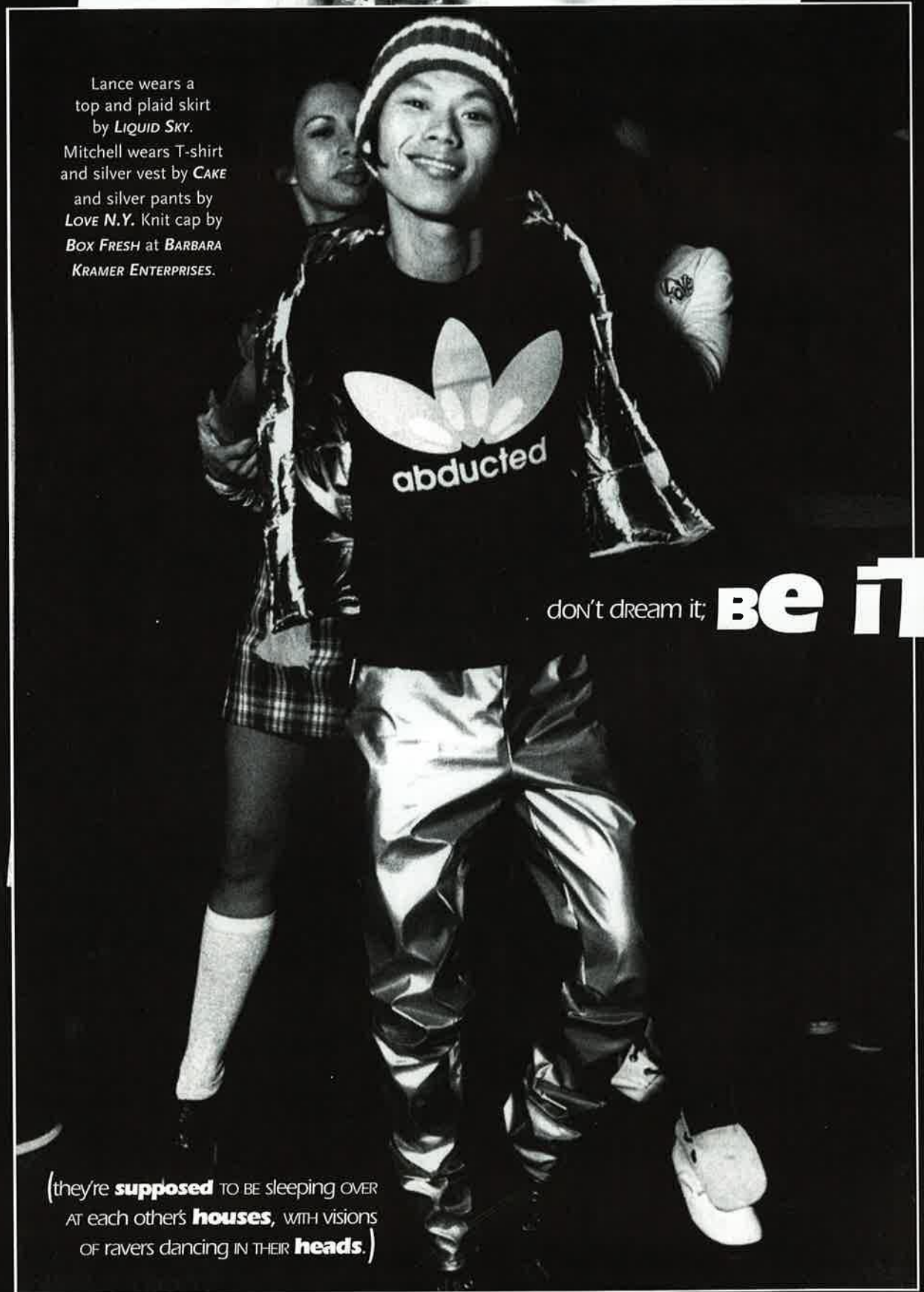
Didi wears a print top by **GAULTIER JEANS JR.** at **BARBARA KRAMER ENTERPRISES** and skirt by **ANNIE & HELEN** at **BIG DROP**.
 Juan's outfit is by **BOX FRESH** at **BARBARA KRAMER ENTERPRISES**.

Isn't SHE
 supposed to be
 babysitting?



Lance wears a
 top and plaid skirt
 by **LIQUID SKY**.
 Mitchell wears T-shirt
 and silver vest by **CAKE**
 and silver pants by
LOVE N.Y. Knit cap by
BOX FRESH at **BARBARA**
KRAMER ENTERPRISES.

(they're **supposed** TO BE sleeping OVER
 AT each other's **houses**, WITH visions
 OF ravers dancing IN THEIR **heads**.)



don't dream it; **Be it!**

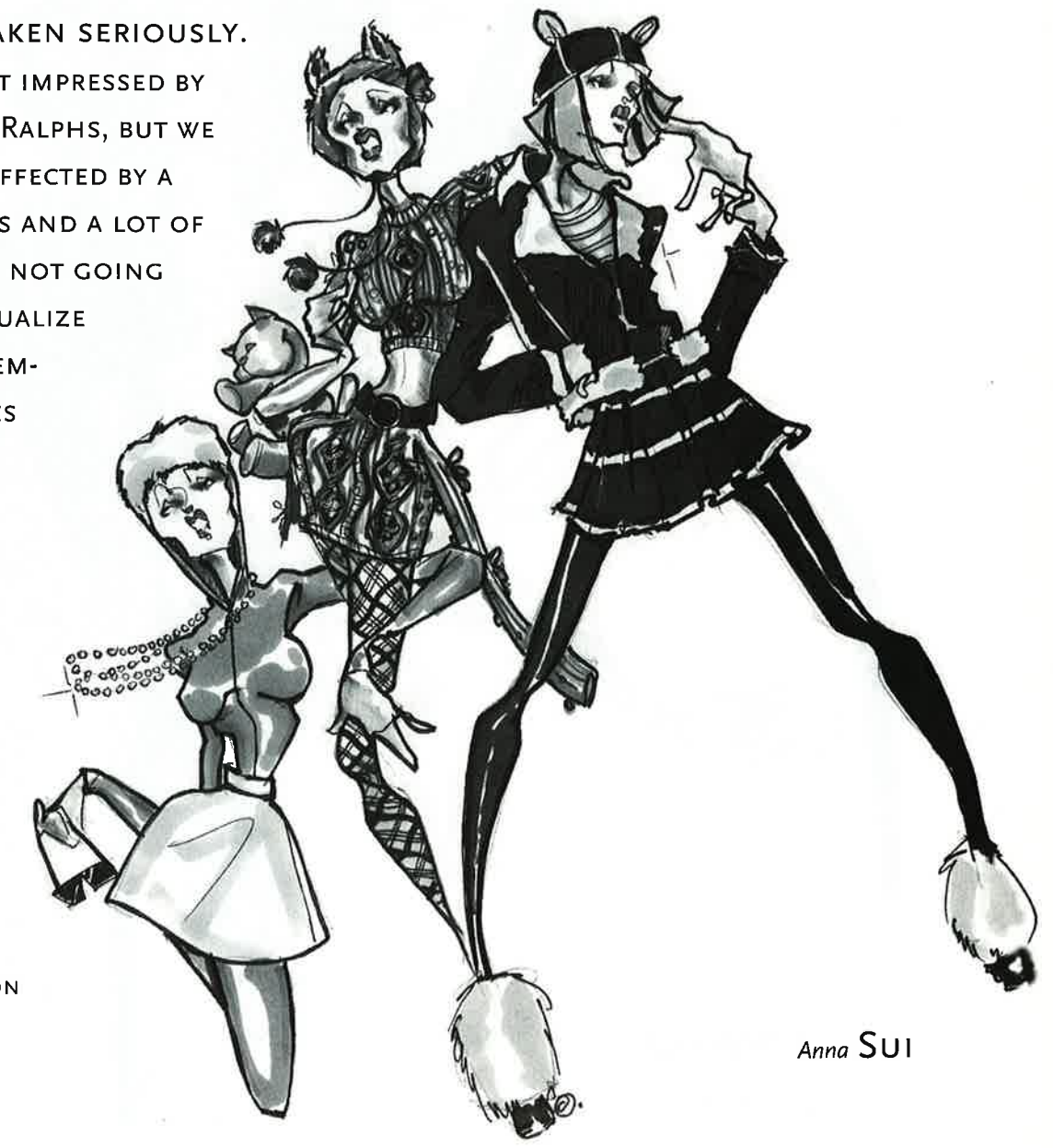
BIG DROP

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Get Ready, Get SET, **WALKER**

FRESH FROM THE SUPER CROWDED TENTS AT BRYANT PARK IN NEW YORK CITY CAME THE FEARLESS FASHION PACK OF CREATEURS...

LARGE FASHION BY GRAND
 TALENT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.
 PROJECT X WASN'T IMPRESSED BY
 THE CALVINS AND RALPHS, BUT WE
 WERE SERIOUSLY AFFECTED BY A
 FEW FASHION PROS AND A LOT OF
 NEW FACES. WE'RE NOT GOING
 TO OVER-CONCEPTUALIZE
 ABOUT TRENDS, HEM-
 LINES, ACCESSORIES
 AND BULLSHIT
 LIKE THAT. WE'LL
 LEAVE THAT TO
 THE FASHION
 BANSHEES.
 HERE, PROJECT X
 INTRODUCES THE
 MEGA-TALENTED
 SUPER-ILLUSTRATOR
 CELIA CALLE TO
 INTERPRET WHAT
 WE SAW AS THE
 COOLEST NEW GEAR ON
 THE SUPERHIGHWAY
 CATWALKS.



Anna SUI

Fashion Editor:
 MONTGOMERY FRAZIER
 Illustrations based on photographs by
 ROBERTO LIGRESTI



Kenneth RICHARD
Amy CHAN



LABEL by Laura WHITCOMB



Byron LARS



GHOST
KALINKA
Emo PANDELLI



Liza BRUCE
Betsey JOHNSON
Betsey JOHNSON



Todd OLDHAM



Designs of THE FUTURE



Cynthia ROWLAY

Norma KAMAKI

Christian Francis ROTH

the
M A R K H A M
restaurant and cafe

59 FIFTH AVENUE
647-9391

FLASH

Fresh from Paris press...

Updated menswear by two of Paris' **HOTTEST DESIGNERS**

Jean Colona and Helmut Lang

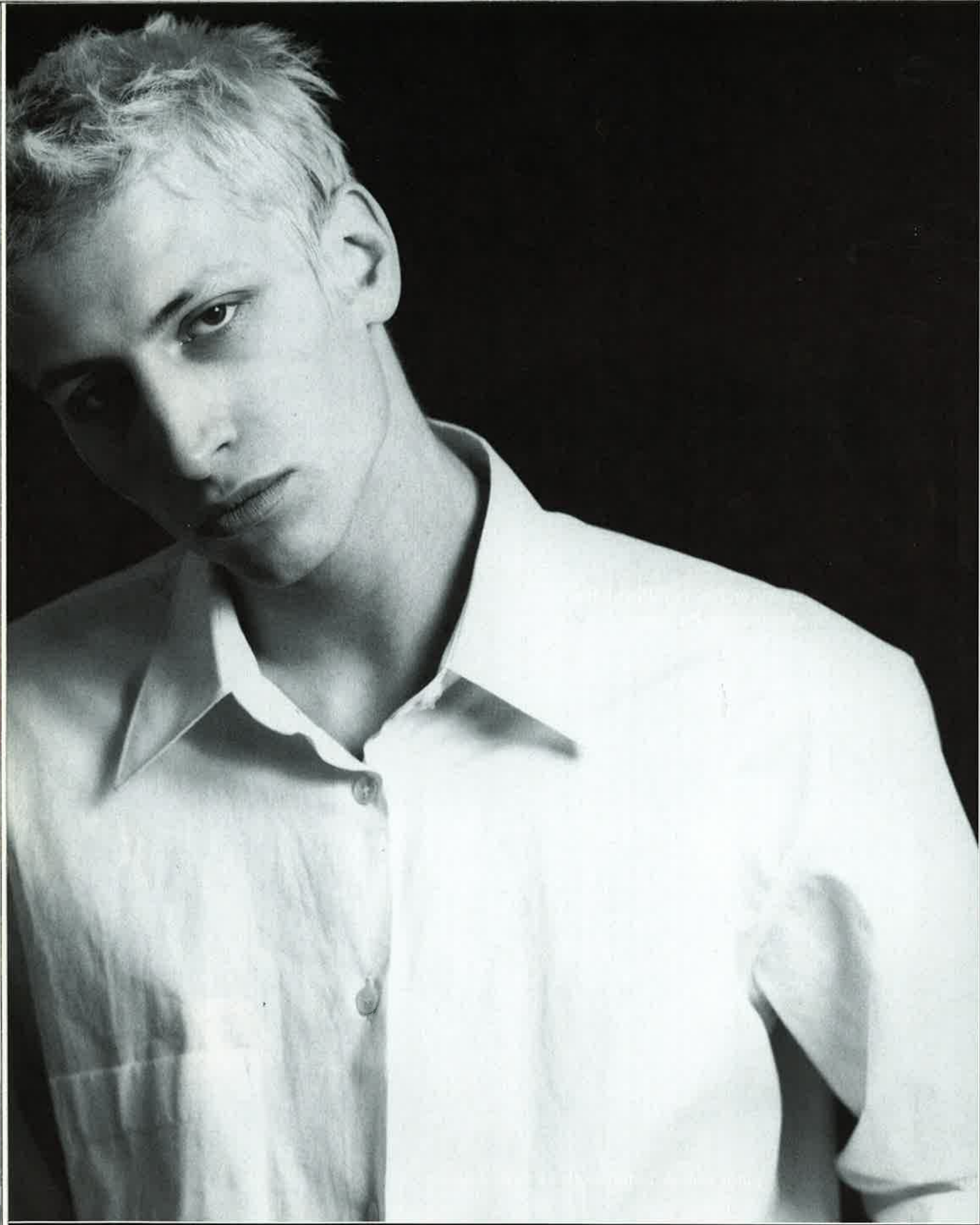
by Jea/Kithe

Photographed by Jea Edman

Styled by Kithe Brewster for Ivy Bernhard

Model: Jerome at Partners

Black Rubberized vinyl jacket, plum ribbed T-shirt both by Jean Colona



White cotton dress shirt, black tuxedo pants with white stripe both by Helmut Lang





White linen three button jacket with gray pin-striped vest, button-fly pin-striped pants all by Jean Colona





Yellow plaid jacket with blue and grey striped lycra polo by Jean Colona

Navy short-sleeved shirt over white sheer cotton shirt with white cotton pants by Helmut Lang



Photographed by **Roberto Ligresti**

Styled by **Montgomery Frazier**

Hair -n- Makeup by **Guillermo Fernandez**

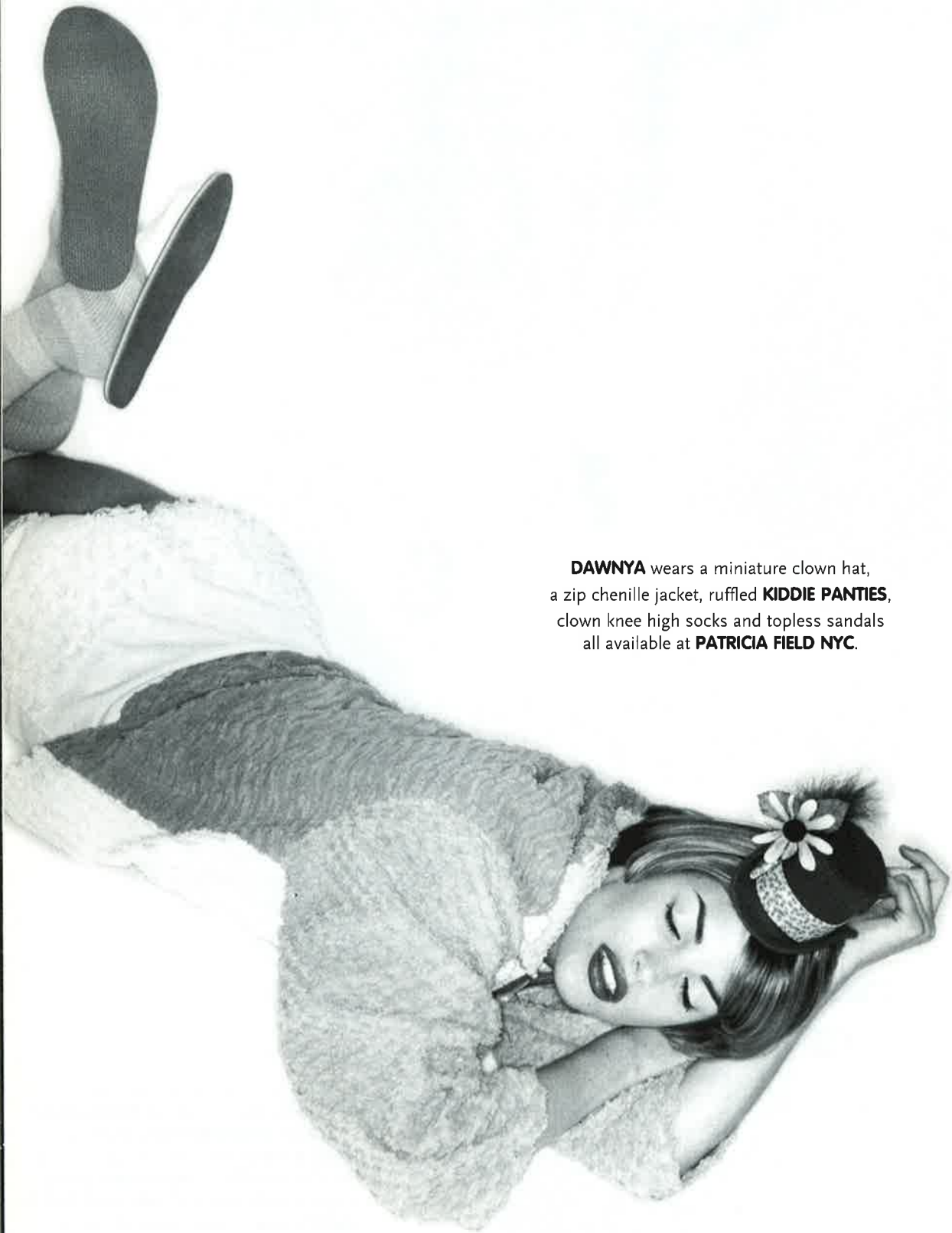
Models: **Dawnya** at **Company Management**,

Erica at **Company Management**

Dreamgirls in WONDERWEAR

The fashion of the moment is bursting with pin-up flavor. We're over the mega-models skipping down the runway in mini-wear. It's not about little girl wanna-bes, it's about big girl glamour. The essential fashion items this season are not the lollipops or the pacifiers, they're the wonderbras, the fuzzy bodysuits, the ribbons and the heels. On the following pages, please enjoy the wonderwear, and stop drooling...

ERICA wears an ostrich hat, fake fur jacket, teddy bear earrings by **MARIA AYALA** & **ALEX THOMPSON** all available at **PATRICIA FIELD NYC**, with an angora baby dress from **LABEL** by **LAURA WHITCOMB** available at **UNTITLED NYC**, **BIG DROP NYC** & **MACY'S**, with striped undies all her own.



DAWNYA wears a miniature clown hat, a zip chenille jacket, ruffled **KIDDIE PANTIES**, clown knee high socks and topless sandals all available at **PATRICIA FIELD NYC**.



DAWNYA wears hair ribbons from **JAY BRA BEAUTY SUPPLY**, a 34-24-34 choker by **MAN TRAP**, a sheer flouncy nightie dress over a sheer white ruffled camisole dress both by **JOIE REDMAN** with stirrup hockey socks and marabou mules all available at **PATRICIA FIELD NYC**.



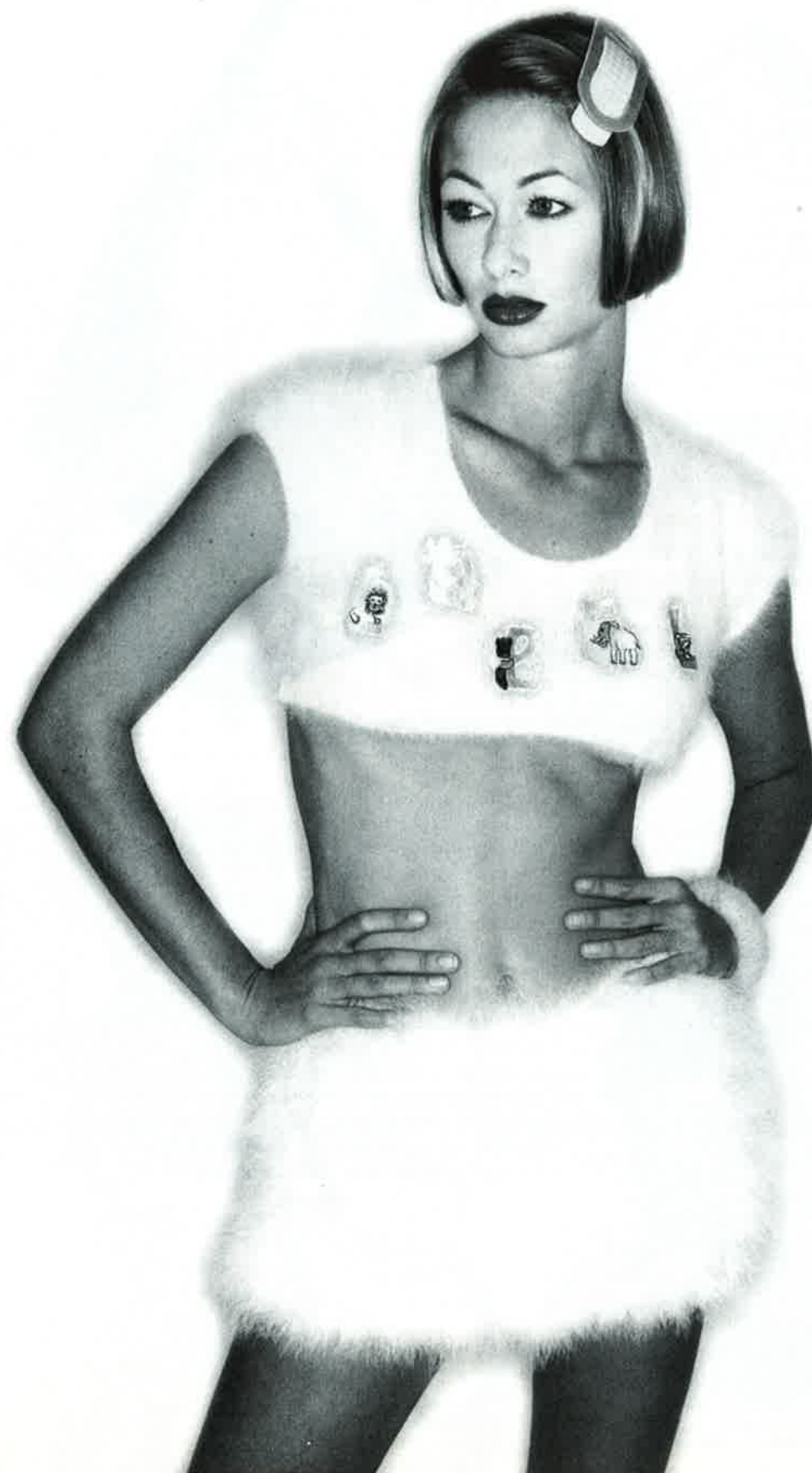
ERICA wears hair ribbons from **JAY BRA BEAUTY SUPPLY**, a pane velvet bustier trimmed in chenille by **FAYCAL AMOR** available at **CAROL ROLLO/RIDING HIGH NYC**, with ruffled underwear by **JOIE REDMAN** and a marabou stole all available at **PATRICIA FIELD NYC**.



DAWNYA wears hair ribbons from **JAY BRA BEAUTY SUPPLY**, a fake fur jacket and striped knee high clown socks all available at **PATRICIA FIELD NYC**, with an angora Playboy bodysuit and angora clogs both from **LABEL** by **LAURA WHITCOMB** available at **UNTITLED NYC, BIG DROP NYC & MACY'S**.



DAWNYA wears hair ribbons from **JAY BRA BEAUTY SUPPLY**, a satin piggy choker by **MARIA AYALA & ALEX THOMPSON** at **PATRICIA FIELD NYC**, a crinkled satin dressing gown trimmed in chenille with pane velvet girdle shorts both by **FAYCAL AMOR** available at **CAROL ROLLO/RIDING HIGH NYC** and a satin bra by **CHRISTIAN DIOR**.



ERICA wears hair ribbons by **JAY BRA BEAUTY SUPPLY**, an angora baby sweater from **LABEL** by **LAURA WHITCOMB** available at **UNTITLED NYC, BIG DROP NYC & MACY'S**, with a marabou mini skirt by **JOIE REDMAN** available at **PATRICIA FIELD NYC**.

Jay's Last Chance

Another shot of Dewar's slid down Jay Retco's throat, leaving its warm, recognizable burn. That was his sixth shot. He let his head fall with a thud on the bar in midtown Manhattan's Royalton Hotel, where he was staying in a luxurious, \$600 dollar a day penthouse suite, courtesy of his record label where he was the young hot-shot executive. Unfortunately, the luxuries of the past few days were about to come to a deadly halt.

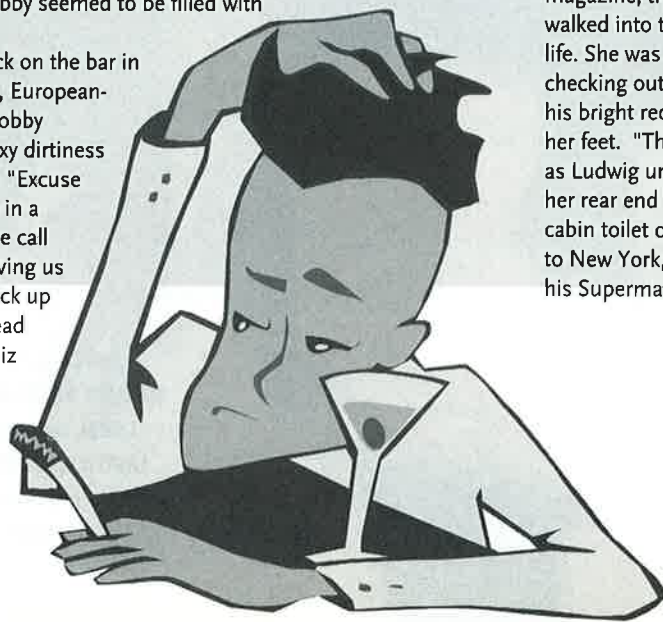
Jay's mind wandered back to the good old days when he lived in a studio hole two blocks off Melrose Avenue in L.A. Back then, the most crucial things on his mind were remembering the names of the blond models waking up next to him every morning, and knowing where he would get his next joint.

But that was before all this bullshit record biz stuff had started. After just six months on the job, he had been promoted to the top of the label's newly formed trance department and had been sent to New York to sign the most famous German DJ/producer Ludwig to a multi-year, million dollar contract. Ludwig was in town to headline the biggest East Coast rave - Supa Ravathon. But here, he was, already two days into his New York stay, and he hadn't been able to locate anyone yet.

No doubt when he returned to L.A. his charismatic, reclusive boss, Mick Crowd, would ruthlessly fire him. Jay was the one who convinced Mick to start the Trance Division and sign Ludwig and so far the only thing he's been able to sign was his bar check. Ludwig had vanished from his hotel, didn't show up for his meeting with Jay, and no one knew where he was. So what the fuck, he thought. He would get drunk, and of course charge the bill to his room. Might as well abuse his credit card while he still could.

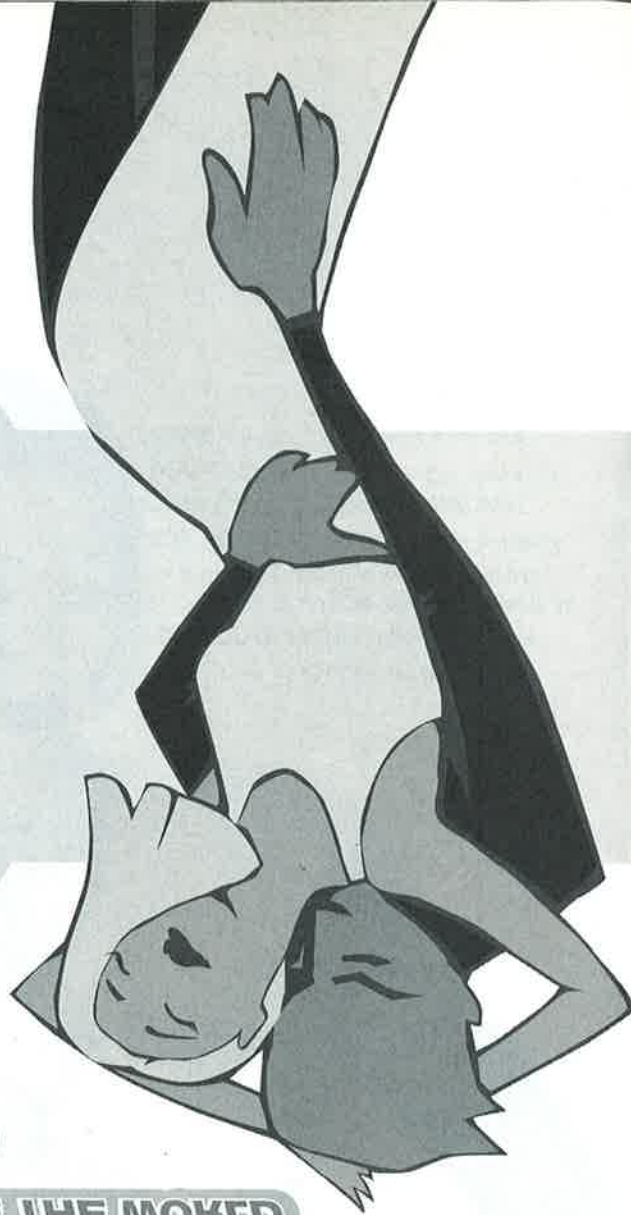
Jay lifted his head and took a peep around through his blurred eyes. He'd heard this place was supposed to be trendy. Maybe there was some innocent, aspiring model that he could take advantage of. But the whole lobby seemed to be filled with dorky, mid-American tourists.

His head was about to fall back on the bar in desperation, when a cute, thin, European-looking girl walked out of the lobby elevators. She had a kind of sexy dirtiness about her that appealed to Jay. "Excuse me," she said to the concierge in a strong German accent. "Please call me a taxi to the airport." "Leaving us already?" "No, I'm going to pick up my boyfriend Ludwig." Jay's head perked up fast. So his record biz career wasn't over just yet!



UP
ABOVE THE MORTD

With Ludwig biting her neck and scratching her back, and with beads of sweat dripping off his bold head, Ursula smiled to herself. It was only two hours ago that this gorgeous superstar DJ, the man whose face appeared on the cover of ID, Project X, and DJ magazine, the man who was every DJ groupie's dream, walked into the Downtown Record Store and into her life. She was hanging out with some local rave kids, checking out the new vinyl when he walked in wearing his bright red "Ludwig Live" jersey and swept her off her feet. "This is my dream come true," thought Ursula as Ludwig unzipped her ankle length Label dress. With her rear end squeezed onto the sink area in the main cabin toilet of American Airlines flight 124 from Miami to New York, and the new love of her life pulling down his Superman underwear, she knew she was in love.



Deathride

Matt Gurner sped down Old Mill Boulevard. He saw a crowd of ravers gathered on a side and jerked his Nissan to the left, cutting off two Puerto Rican kids driving a beat-up purple corvette and blasting Wu Tang Clan. "Yo, muthufuckuh!!! You fucking cut me off, punk asshole..." Matt didn't have time for this. He sped off to the side and jumped out of the car into the crowd to find Ziggy, this kid he used to buy acid from, passing out flyers. He was also tripping hard.

Matt pushed through the crowd and took a flyer. It was promoting his very own event Supa-Ravathon featuring Ludwig, but it didn't have his logo, "GurGurHouse" on it. If fact, it wasn't even designed by his graphic artist.

"Ziggy, what the hell is going on?"

Ziggy had that faraway, totally fucked up look in his eye. Matt shook him by the shoulders. Suddenly a light registered in his eyes.

"Gurner," he whispered. "Hey, man, you want a flyer?"

"Ziggy, what are you doing with these flyers? Where did you get them? This is my event."

"Wow man, stop screaming. You're hearting my head. Mario and Luigi, the Cantini brothers gave them to be. They told me not to talk to you either. They told me they had taken over the rave."

Matt saw red. He felt his heart start to pound in his chest. He grabbed the whole stack of flyers from Ziggy. "Fuck these flyers!"

He ran back to the car and roared off. There was only one thing he could do. He would go home, take his father's gun, find the Canitini Brothers and shoot them.

He furiously glanced at the stack of flyers he had and suddenly noticed a weird sheet sticking out. That idiot Ziggy handed out his sheet of acid along with the invites. Good. It was just what he needed to get motivated to commit a homicide.

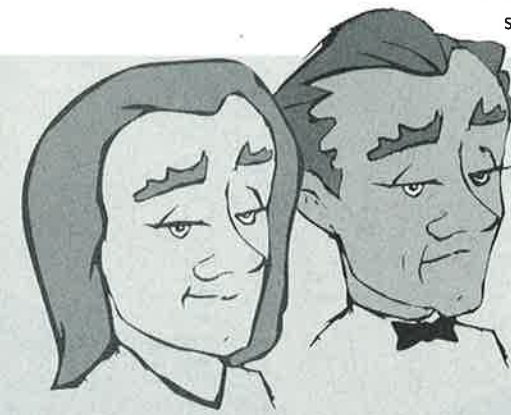
Matt did two tabs, a quick U-turn, and then sped home.



Damm's Dilemma

Officer Chuck Damm knew his daughter had been smoking pot. He could recognize the smell even though it was covered up by Lysol spray. He didn't say anything at dinner. Her boyfriend was there, and he didn't want to embarrass her. He knew she didn't like to be talked to when her boyfriend is over.

He thought back to the time he and his friends came back from a protest up at Columbia University in '69. They had protested the way Columbia treated the minority neighborhood that existed right outside the University's rich and privileged academic community.



That night at dinner, Damm's own republican father started going off on the way hippies were ruining the country, and that there should be mandatory crew cuts for everyone. Moments like that made him promise himself never to hinder his children from experiencing youth in an uninhibited manner. Sure he had seen that box of condoms in her room next to the rave flyers.

And anyway, he had more important things to worry about. Like how the hell was he going to tell his chief that the big rave that he was supposed to bust that night was being organized by the chief's very own son Matt Gurner. Shit, his own daughter would probably be there too.

the HEAVYWEIGHT BATTLE of the babes

Ursula and Ludwig walked hand in hand out of the plane, through the customs area, and toward the domestic arrival building at JFK. Ursula tried her best to fix herself up, but her beautiful linen dress was wrinkled and her hair was all over the place. As for Ludwig, he didn't even bother to wipe the lipstick off his shaved head or zip up his trendy quilted denim pants. Ursula felt great about herself. Just two days ago she had been at this same airport, sitting around waiting anxiously for the same guy whose hand she was now holding. She was picturing their romance, and how jealous all the other girls would be as they would arrive together at the DJ booth later that night.

Ludwig felt great too. He had just fulfilled a fantasy that had been on his mind since he first noticed this girl. Of course, during the moments of extreme passion, while she was making heavy noises, he had closed his eyes and imagined that Ursula was Lara, his faithful girlfriend and manager. He felt guilty for just a second.

They walked through the door and saw a crowd of people waiting expectantly behind the ropes. Ludwig recognized Jay Retco from that L.A. record company, and Lara was there too waiting for him. Everyone saw each other at the same time.

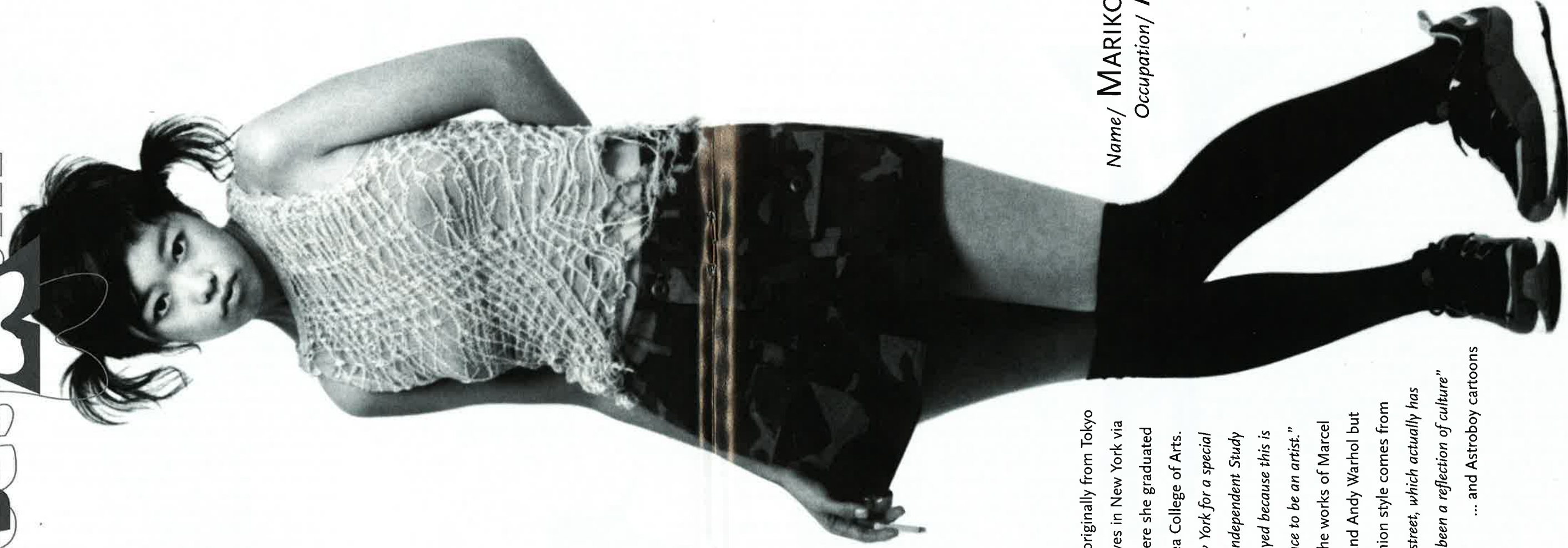
Lara started speaking softly to Ludwig in German, who immediately let go of Ursula's hand and took hold of Lara's. Jay started to speak excitedly about the rave that was supposed to start in just a couple of hours. And Ursula simply stood in place, staring at Ludwig, twirling her hair, and applying lip gloss. She didn't care who these people were. She knew that after the flight from Miami, Ludwig was all hers.

Ludwig, Lara, and Jay all began walking briskly toward the exit. Ursula continued to stand alone. She watched them walk out of the terminal, get into Jay's car, and drive off.

Her heart stopped. For a second she forgot where she was and tears rolled down her well-powdered cheek. But then a minute later pure rage came over her. She collected her thoughts. She would certainly not let this end here. This was not the last any of them had heard of Ursula!



Project Pin-Up Girl



Mariko is originally from Tokyo but she now lives in New York via

London, where she graduated from Chelsea College of Arts.

"I moved to New York for a special Whitney Museum Independent Study Program and I stayed because this is still the best place to be an artist."

She admires the works of Marcel Duchamp and Andy Warhol but her fashion style comes from

"the street, which actually has always been a reflection of culture"

... and Astroboy cartoons

Name/ **MARIKO MORI**
Occupation/ **ARTIST**

The Escape.

This started out to be a simple review of a show, but by night's end I had become so transformed, so taken by all that this was, that I couldn't possibly let it end here. I made a conscious choice to see all that I could of this amazing production and in turn give you a glimpse of what it was like to be with Nine Inch Nails.

The NIN tour sold out in record reported time. Among them Moore Theatre in Seattle, which sold out in 1.5 hours, L.A.'s three dates sold out within 1 hour, Chicago sold out in four minutes, and here in San Francisco, the Warfield Theatre was sold out in one hour. Nine Inch Nails have built up an incredibly strong fan base since only 1989, when their first album "Pretty Hate Machine" was released, and since then, Trent Reznor has risen to the status of a cult hero of epic proportions.

I have always been captivated by Trent's unrelenting emotional struggle and his ability to communicate with a raw ferocity that is empowering and at times overwhelming. He is one artist who delivers the goods.

Tonight in San Francisco, the stage is a shroud of stained cloth, draped snugly around the stage. The drape hid the set, and added to the thick anticipation seething throughout the crowd. Many people tonight seemed to be verging on hysteria, it was very intense. And although I had never seen NIN live, I could understand what they felt. Only minutes ago, while driving to the show, I had this sick, nervous rush of excitement just eat me alive. Somehow I think that Trent, the super being behind NIN, wouldn't have it any other way.

To me, Trent was a personification of a world out of control and he wasn't offering any solutions... just a thousand more questions. I knew the escape was pending... Would NIN live up to what they're supposed to be?

As the sound of the fog machines drove everyone in the audience into an alternative frenzy, the lights went off and the moment had arrived. The crowd noise defeated what was coming through on the PA, the Warfield theater was lost in darkness. And then came a light and silhouetted Trent against all darkness. He struggled to rise up, he grabbed and pleaded against the curtain, all the while the sounds of NIN slowly overpowered the audience. All at once the curtain fell away and revealed the man of the dream of awesome proportion.

The set was barbaric looking, mad max videodrome. Wooden arms shot up in angled directions and black rubber wraps were the backdrop. The drummer, Chris (Rod Boy) was on a riser just like James, the keyboardist, opposite of him. Robin (Queenie) on the right and Danny (Boner) on the left placed Trent center stage... where he likes to be... and don't you forget it.

Throughout the scope of the night I began to get engrossed in the tremendous production NIN involved in. I had to think that Trent is someone who is insightful as he is brilliant because he is already giving people so much of what he is, but he takes it to a completely other level by making this tour a theatrical event rather than just another show. This was 100% interactive - the meeting of the minds and spirits of all members of the audience with each other and the center stage. I started to feel as if NIN was suddenly the most underrated act in the world. I watched as Trent built his anger and his sorrow into something he could harness at any time, and when he cut loose it was such a rush of adrenaline. The NIN show was definitely a contact sport. That is he contacted your mind and you accepted, period. Trent teased, taunted, and begged the audience and they surged at his every move. They were all sharing something vital to this whole scenario, themselves. NIN is a band that said "Fuck you" to categories and "Fuck you" to people who try to put us there. NIN are an experiment in sound and everything else.

This brings me to the focus of my story. The whole production was compelling enough for me to seek out as many people as I could to try and experience what this tour entails... first hand. So I got on the bus with NIN to bring your backstage pass and take you along.

Sean Beavins was the lucky first to be interviewed. He is the sound engineer and has been with Trent since before NIN (Since they were both studio engineers in Cleveland.) He is really the heart of the whole production. He makes sure that every drop of Trent's voice will be broadcast with exactly the right tone and that the quality and the sound of the entire group is superior. "Trent would never ask any more from his crew than he is willing to give himself. In Seattle he stayed and helped program the lights, that's just the way he is." "How does a show like this come together?" I asked. "A lot of meetings, then about three weeks of rehearsing, and then we hit the road with 42 boxes just for PA. That's a whole truck. We don't use the house PA systems. Because they're crap for most part. We bring every bit of sound with us."

Just think about that for a while. When you see NIN live, you realize that every speaker, every monitor, chord, mic... all of it had to be put and taken out every day... three trucks worth of gear just so that we can have a good time. "We haven't really had a day off tour in about a year. We're either in a studio or on the road. Our load in time varies because sometimes what the promoters say they have, isn't always the case. (On average) we get it done in five to six ours. It's pretty glamorous."

My next move is for Willie and Nip, the lighting engineers. All the intensity of the NIN light show is all possible through the programming minds of these two. "The hardest part of all this is sitting in dark studio and programming, then dubbing it when it's finished, only to turn around a week later and say 'That really sucks' and start over again" said Willie. "There are a lot of artistic opinions involved and the ultimate artist's opinions are usually not available to you..." It's a real spectacular array of what the band and the lighting crew can achieve... "We'd program for a few hours then leave when the band comes in to rehearse. Finally, we got a tape of one of their rehearsals, and that is what we used to put it together."

Every note of the NIN performance is a beam or a strobe somewhere on their stage. It gives such an intensity to the show and alternative reality for each song played that it becomes chaos and order in a power struggle and it's part of why NIN is such an assault on your senses. It can ravage you then comfort you in an instant; it's almost like Trent's whole emotional being is cast onto the stage.

Dave Rottenburg is the set designer, the one who creates the reality vs. panic mood of the stage and convinces you that the land of NIN is dark and archaic. Once the curtain is lifted and you're exposed to their world, it becomes your world too. "I'm just happy to see that people are enjoying it, that it adds to the whole experience. When we go to Europe, we're not able to bring all of it with us. For instance, the rubber back drop, we're not bringing the rubber." I remind him that you should always bring the rubber... that's a joke son. "The set is a lot of work, but we all love what we do."

The show is an escape. But in a way it surges with passion and identity. It's a presence of its own that just consumes all the emotion out of you and you feel its penetrating spirit.

When Trent found out about this piece, he was genuinely happy that someone was taking the time to examine the whole concept, rather than just one form. His reasoning for to the theatrical approach is "to take things to the next level" and he's never out of touch with his fans. He is all that you see on stage, his show may be an act but his motives are true. NIN is not for everyone, but when you find something that touches you in a personal way, you keep it close and you protect it from those who don't understand. You really have to willing to let him inside your head to really feel leveled by his music. "So, did they all say they think I'm a prick?... I bet they did!" "No!" I had to tell him. "Demanding" I've heard, but that followed but 'completely professional'." After listening to "The Downward Spiral", the new album has become a classic in my book. Lyrically, it's probably Trent's biggest accomplishment. I don't think I have the capacity or the audacity to think that I could possibly explain a record of this magnitude. I really cannot do it justice. I vote that you run out and buy it before it all sells out and then you can be left as satisfied and speechless as I was.

nine inch nails



by SARA CAMPBELL
photographed by JOSEPH CULTICE

OPUS III

Bringing a message of love and communication through their music.

"Sometimes I'm so frustrated, I just shave my head," said Kirsty of Opus III. "Just like the time I went to Sea World at Disney Land with my parents for my 24th birthday... I saw whales in such confined spaces and trained dolphins with huge Coca-Cola ads over them. It made me ill. My parents didn't understand what was so horrible. But to me this was so appalling that I just locked myself in the bathroom and shaved my head with a single edge razor - I was so frustrated at the level of human cruelty! I cut my head too."

Kirsty wants to free all the caged up beings and spirits. She wants to help the world and share what she feels. "It's simple - my quest in life is to understand myself and surround myself with the truth."

What exactly is this "truth"? What message is Kirsty trying to communicate? Whatever the message, it's in her music. Guru Mother is the new album by Kirsty's techno gang OPUS III and it's filled with beautiful melodic soft trance tunes and tracks that burst with energy and power essential to the dancefloor and to the mind. It contains songs of hope, love, and communication from the heart.

Opus III was first heard just two years ago with the release of their smash single "It's Going to be a Fine Night." It climbed up the international dance charts and the band proved itself as an excellent headliner as Kirsty, Kevin, Ian, and Nigel - the Opus III posse - went on tour. "One minute we were doing a TV show in UK, the next playing to 10,000 people in Japan." After touring the rave world and beyond for one year, Opus III decided to take it easy, relax and start working on their second album. "I was mentally exhausted," said Kirsty who went to India to meditate.

"India is the spirit of the world - although every raver goes to India these days to party. It's so trendy, all these club girls are running around with little shirts, and they get their tits pinched and go around crying about it.

But the women of India are so powerful and spiritual. There I learned discipline, I learned to be joyful and truthful, and I learned to not think or act with my ego. There are so many egos in the music business and in the world. It's

too easy to become self-destructive when you have success. Look at Kurt Cobain, he was a lost soul and he couldn't see the truth. I don't want material things because ego satisfaction is temporary. Many of my old friends think that since I'm successful, I must have changed. It doesn't matter how famous you are. I didn't feel the joy of success and I had to put up barriers."

Opus III had commercial success. They sold over 200,000 singles worldwide, appeared in numerous magazines (including a Project X cover story) and evolved from grungy Northern British rave kids into spiritual and mystical leaders of the new sound. Three years ago Kirsty travelled around England going to weekend raves and festivals, sleeping under trees, only to party again the next morning. Since then she has matured in her thoughts as well as in her music.

"There are so many seekers in this world... and through my experience I've met many lost souls. The scene is so different here now. Back then it was brilliant and I had incredible experiences and friends. But I hardly go out at all nowadays. I'm either in my studio or at home. I'm also in love and that changes everything. The next part of my life will be very nurturing. I think I'm preparing myself mentally to have a baby, although I don't think my boyfriend knows that yet..." She laughs.

"It has been suggested by certain wise people that we have a Mothering energy inside us that once activated (by love), guides and nurtures us. It gives us the quality of compassion and forgiveness and connects us to a more intuitive side of ourselves." Ah ha, so finally, we're given a reason for the album name "Guru Mother".

Now, with the worldwide release of their new album, Kirsty, Kevin, Ian and Nigel are preparing for another tour and are ready for the challenge. "I have learned a lot about myself and I learned to believe in an all pervading power of love." Kirsty is comfortable with her music, her friends, and with her inner self. You can tell, because she stopped shaving her head. -by J.J.



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OTHER WORLDS DO EXIST.

A MITE ON THE NECK OF A TERMITE. NOTE THAT there is another organism-probably a bacterium, yeast, or mold-at the upper right quadrant of picture

A SPIDER MITE ON THE UNDERSIDE OF A MARIJUANA LEAF. The mite has, seemingly become entrapped in the resin of a broken nodule.



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artist: **DAVE CLARKE**

title: **Red 2**

label: **BUSH RECORDS**

Repetitive smooth synth that just grooves and grooves over ever changing and building percussion in the typical Dave Clark style, which is becoming increasingly popular. This techno-house style track is sure to keep the floor moving. -J.C.

title: **X-Mix-2: DESTINATION PLANET DREAM**

artist: **VARIOUS MIXED BY LAURENT GARNIER**

label: (Studio K7 Berlin) **CARGO RECORDS AMERICA**

This may seem like just another DJ mixed "Musical Journey" category, but "DESTINATION PLANET DREAM" from the X-Mix series is much more than that. Yes, this is a collection of tracks from various dance artist, but check out the artists: **Sven Vath, Laurent Garnier, Robert Armani, Derrick May, Underground Resistance** among others. And yes, it was mixed by yet another DJ, but check out the DJ - it's **Laurent Garnier**, one of the very few who actually deserves the title "superstar DJ". Laurent Garnier, who A&Red this project, named this CD his masterpiece, and we tend to agree. It's a unique listening experience because it presents the most innovative artists in house, trance, techno and acid from around the world. At the same time, the marketing is what sets this one apart - it comes with a video providing synthetic visualization through computer animation. It was visualized by 13 computer artists from Japan and Europe, producing a 3-D computer wilderness into a new digital reality and of course, it's programmed for the CD soundtrack. Now that's a "Journey" of the future. (We also highly recommend the first release in the series: "X-MIX-2 the MFS Trip" with tracks by the original MFS artists including Cosmic Baby and Paul Van Dyk. -J.J.)

title: **THE SESSIONS, MINISTRY OF SOUND VOL II**

label: **MINISTRY OF SOUND RECORDINGS**

Depending on whom you ask, the Ministry of Sound is either the "best" or the "worst" club in England. It used to be the music industry hang-out, and now it has become a glam club with lots of wannabe UK trendies who like to get blasted on ecstasy. One thing that cannot be denied is that this place has the best sound system in England, and consistently features the best DJs. This compilation features superstar DJ Paul Oakenfold mixing together some of the club's anthems of the previous year. The most prominent names in New York's house underground, Masters at Work, Nervous, Strictly Rhythm, Roger S, India all appear very prominently, along other house classics that make for a good buy for anyone who has appreciation for this distinctly New York sound, which is made here but appreciated over there. -M.W.

artist: **ROBERT ARMANI**

label: **MUSIC MAN**

My favorite here is the Bonzai mix of Ambulance Two - pure energy and mid tempo make this one a top quality driven techno. The ambulance siren that whaled throughout creates anticipation and the sheer breakdown creates excitement. The second track, Armani's mix, is on the money. The heavy kick fashioned with industrial sounds with a groove, maintain Armani's growing popularity. -J.C.



artist: **UNIVERSAL AGE**

title: **THE EPISODE PART I**

label: **SORTED**

The phrase "musical journey" has by now been overused, and usually signifies music by a producer who is too scatterbrained to put any consistency into his work. In the case of The Episode, however, "musical journey" is the only way to describe this beat driven psychological tale of a young man sitting alone in his room pondering his dismal, lonely future. Made up of four cuts, all produced by Ralphie Dee, Michael Marolla and David Macalizzi, The Episode has traces of pure German trance in the first cut "Conscious & Unconscious," and a more progressive UK vibe in the fourth cut "In the Darkness He Cried," which makes this tale of sounds 100% American and original. -S.M.

artist: **ST. ETIENNE**

title: **TIGER BAY**

label: **WARNER BROS**

Saint Etienne, in Project X's opinion, may still be the most pleasant sounding pop group to emerge from England in the '90s. Their first hit was followed by another, and another, and another... And after two full mega-successful albums ("Fox Base Alpha" and "So Tough") St. Etienne are back with another treasure of a collection. The new album, "Tiger Bay" contains the signature melodic singing of Sarah Cracknell, backed up by loads of wonderful flutes and guitars and beats that will make you want to run outside and dance on the streets. This is one band with very definitive sound. "We've got the same sort of ideas - which are almost very acoustic, but since we can't play any instruments, we translate them through technology." And that's their secret. -J.J.

Richie Hawtin

Interview by James Christian

Like his contemporaries in this early stage of development for American techno, Richie Hawtin aka Plastikman is only 23 years old. This DJ/producer is currently lighting up the underground dance scene with blow out hits like "Plastik" (on Mute Records). Hawtin is a technical wizard and an admired artist always keeping one step ahead in the music unmatched by it's originality. Richie, who is quickly becoming one of the world's leading producers, shares some thoughts with Project X.

Pro X: Where do you regularly DJ? Where can a Hawtin fan see you play live?

Richie: Usually once a month or so, while I'm in town, we (myself and John Aquaviva of +8 Records) throw +8 parties in Detroit. These parties are getting a big following because of the reputation we have for being weird. We always have two rooms - one for dance and one for ambient. The ambient room is set up to feel like you're in some real environment, with special visuals and art. Our parties are a complete audio-sensory package and my music is live with both a hard and a soft side. We have a party called Liquid Metal coming up soon.

So how did the Hawtin Phenomenon get started?

During the late '80s in Detroit, I started DJing at the Shelter and at the Music Institute. I was into electro music, and I was slowly transformed into listening to house - Detroit techno, and Chicago acid. **Is this when your production work began?**

I got the bug to do it by hanging out with Derrick May and Scott Gordon. I hooked up with my partner John Aquaviva and started messing around in the studio. The first we did was "States of Mind" which was the first +8 release. The second release was by Kenny Larkin and after that came cybersonic technology. We figured 'let's do a record, sell a few copies, then tinker off,' never expecting it to develop like it did.

Where do you do most of your production work and how?

In my studio, in my hometown Windsor. The last album "Plastikman" was done with a

303 and that kind of stuff. The new work is a lot different. I got rid of your typical Roland stuff and got a few things that were built for me. My 303 was ripped apart and now it has 16 knobs as opposed to 5. A bunch of modular stuff like that was built for me. My dad built me some fitters. Even though the last album was done on pretty standard stuff, I tend to E.Q. things a lot, so it still sounds different.

How do you feel about the underground dance scene here in US?

I think it's on a good route, but some places, like the East Coast, I can't get into. What's with this East Coast phenomenon of 2,000 people, half with blankets, sitting down on the dance floor? I played at a party in NYC and I'm playing good records which these kids should get into but they're just sitting, and it's hard to play well when they're just sitting there. It's LIVE, what the fuck? I've been asked to come back, but I don't know if I want to play there again. Then I played at Boston, and it was the same fucking thing! Places like San Francisco seem to be picking up on it. The best place is the whole mid-western area. Detroit, Cincinnati, Columbus, Kentucky, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis as well as Montreal and Toronto. The quality of the music is just as good.

The whole Midwest is fucking kickin'! Especially Detroit! I would have never recorded

"Plastikman" if not for the experience that happened to me around the Detroit area.

...I like this single the most because it doesn't sound like anything else.

And that is Plastikman's vision of his future?

I would eventually like to get into film soundtracks. My whole recording process is radically changing now, my tracks aren't going straight to DAT anymore, it's going to be a very different sound. For every 100 records you get, there is one that's very special. Now, that's pushing me even farther away from being normal. I want my next album to be so far ahead of its time.

What's with this East Coast phenomenon of 2,000 people with blankets sitting on the floor?

I'm playing good records, it's LIVE, what the fuck? ...The best place (to DJ) is the whole Midwest Area - Detroit, Columbus, Cincinnati, Kentucky... the whole Midwest is fucking kickin'

-Richie Hawtin



Little Louie Vega and India

Their story reads like something out of a Hollywood movie...

Once upon a time, a little boy named Louie lived in the Bronx. Louie was known as one of the best roller skaters in the neighborhood and every Saturday night he would dominate the scene at the Parkchester Roller Rink. Unbeknownst to Louie, a little girl named India used to watch him from afar. India wasn't a very good skater, but she wanted to figure out a way to make Louie notice her. One day she tried to keep up with him but took a bad spill. Fortunately, Louie was right there to help her up.

They soon became friends, and India started to help with the parties he was throwing at local Bronx high schools. "Louie always had lots of girls who wanted to carry his records, but I didn't want to do that. So I became a flyer girl, passing out flyers for the parties."

"Back then, there was a lot of competition among the promoters," said Louie. "Yeah," added India, "and if anybody said anything bad about Louie, they'd have to deal with me!"

The two started spending more and more time together and one day, while hanging out, Louie started to play some instrumental tracks on his turntable. On an impulse, India started to sing over it. If this was indeed a movie, that's the scene when the orchestra would kick in and all of the sudden the sky would break open in sunshine. They made a commitment to each other at that moment to work together and help each other become stars one day.

That day has certainly come! Currently, Little Louie Vega is one the premier house music DJs/producers in the world. India has the fiercest voice in the dance music industry, and has become a superstar on the Latin scene. And they have done it together. "We've always had the same vision," said Louie during a recent conversation at the couple's spectacular Manhattan penthouse apartment. "We both wanted to be successful in the music industry, and we always helped each other. I helped India because I was always DJing and I knew what was kicking in the clubs. And India has helped me as producer, because I have learned about the importance of things like melody and pitch."

Their friendship kept growing and developing and one day, in 1990, they decided to get married. "We just decided to do it," said India. "We flew to Puerto Rico." "Ponce, Puerto Rico," adds Louie. "That's where my mother is from."

Both of their careers are now flourishing. India recently enjoyed massive international success with "LOVE AND HAPPINESS" which was produced and co-written by Louie, of course. In addition, Louie had great success with "BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE", which he produced and India co-wrote for Barbara Tucker. He is also responsible for innumerable club hits in his role as one half of the MASTERS AT WORK team with Kenny Dope. They have dominated the house underground with cuts like "NU YORICAN SOUL" on Nervous records, "DEEP INSIDE" on Strictly Rhythm records, and their Cutting record's album, which featured classics like "CAN'T GET NO SLEEP" and "GET BACK TO YOU."

But Louie's major passion right now, other than his wife, is his role in promoting the house music scene. "In the mid-eighties, the freestyle scene was kind of the same way the house scene is right now. Nobody really thought it could blow up. I helped make this sound popular in clubs like DEVIL'S NEST and HEART THROB back then. Now I play on Wednesday's at SOUND FACTORY BAR and Thursday's at TUNNEL as well, and I'm going to let other house DJs play like Tony Humphries, and Danny Tenaglia, so more people get exposed to bigger crowds. Eventually the scene will blow up."

Being at the home of Louie and India on a Wednesday night with Louie going to the "club", one can't help thinking of Ricky Ricardo and Lucille Ball, with Sound Factory being the modern day Tropicana. And just like Lucy, India will go to the club to pick up Louie at the end of the night, or 6:00 a.m. in their case.

"My main goal is to help India become one of the biggest stars in the music industry," says Louie. "We've just recently toured England, Italy, Germany, and France. Before that, we did the West Coast here in America. Soon, we're going to Tel Aviv. I know what kind of talent India has, and with the right exposure, she can be as big as anybody."

Louie retired to his music room, which is filled with two walls of records, some keyboards and a turntable set. He started to work on some keyboard lines. Later on that night, India would join him, sing along, and work on new lyrics. Kind of like when they were kids many years ago in Louie's home in the Bronx. Except now, the result of their session will end up being heard on radio mix-shows and in clubs around the world. It will also probably set the musical trend of the moment, as their sounds so frequently does. When asked what first attracted her to singing, India says, "Back then, anything that would help get me out of the Bronx was good to me." Well, the combined talents of this couple has certainly taken them out of the Bronx, and across the world.

Little Louie Vega and India...



The Lucy and Desi of House Music



PICK—PARTNER—YOU

Sister-Cities pair-up and compare their underground music

There has always been a strong connection and constant correspondence between the members of the same underground music scenes, even if they're on different continents. In the past few years, with the emergence of acid house and the origins of house and techno, a lot of cities have become "sister-cities" due to their strong attachment to certain underground sounds. Call it a positive vibe, call it cosmic connections, or just call it plain old karma via modem.

In ancient times, sister-cities depended on each other for raw materials and cultural support and not much has changed since then... In 1994, sister-cities are still exchanging essential cultural influences through technology, which enables everyone to communicate at ease, but it's the underground information in music and culture that has become the export of high demand.

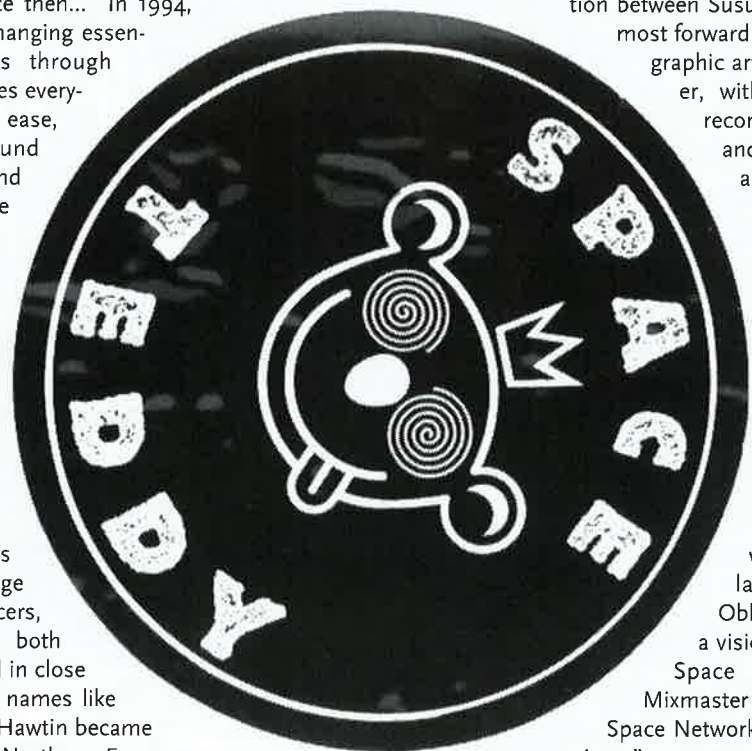
It's important to note that some of the close relationships that have built up over time between far away urban centers have shared a very close vision in dance music. Rotterdam and Detroit, for example, have always been linked to a hard edge techno and the producers, artists and labels from both cities have always stayed in close contact. In short time, names like Derrick May and Richie Hawtin became as well known on the Northern European techno scene as back home. London and New York have always had a strong connection with the Brits adopting and nurturing the deep house and garage sounds of New Yorkers like Louie Vega, David Morales, Frankie Knuckles and Tony Humphries. Yorkies in turn, fell in love with, well, just about everything UK - from electronics like The Orb, Future Sound of London, and One Dove to Acid Jazz, to progressive to Boy George. Another example of sister-cities is Goa/San Francisco with their mystical charm, psychedelic chill-out sounds, and clubbers walking around in a weed induced state of happiness. Frankfurt and LA are sister-cities in techno because both are bursting with Sven Vath groupies. And finally Orlando and London have a very strange relationship in which Orlando embraces the progressive high energy sounds of X-Press 2, Limbo Recordings, and everything on Junior Boy's Own and UK, with super DJs like Sasha & company flying in all the time for R&R.

Berlin is one city that always had a strong connection with New York, and up to this date Tokyo was known for its poppy, commercial version of house/techno. So we were quite surprised that a new collaboration was announced pairing up Berlin with Tokyo as the sister-cities in an underground ambient sound. Berlin, home to Project X's favorite DJs, clubs, and record labels, has always presented an uplifting trancey hard house sound, while the only Tokyo reference in our office was that we all like the little dresses that those girls in Shonen Knife wear.

Now there is a brand new collaboration between Susumu Yokota, Tokyo's most forward electronic musician, graphic artist and photographer, with Berlin's visionary record label Space Teddy, and it looks like Berlin and Tokyo just may end up being another lucky pair. Uwe, who runs Space Teddy teddy label, which released the very progressive ambient German works including Dr. Motte's recordings, has started to release Yokota's work on his new label Medulla Oblongata. "Yokota is a visionary comparable to Space time Continuum, Mixmaster Morris, and Deep Space Network, but he is also very unique."

Susumu Yokota has definitely caused a buzz in the ambient scene "I like to think that this is alternative music, rather than club music. It's referred to as intelligent techno, but that's so as long as a composer is intelligent." His new album *Ebi Zen* is ultra intelligent. It's mind soothing melodic trance that will become a favorite of chill-out fans. "I have over 800 tracks and each one is inspired by different things and sounds. I don't listen to records but to natural sounds. I compose like I live - one day I may be in the mood for Indian Curry and Chinese noddles at the same time." How's that for a truly international flavor comparison!

As Tokyo and Berlin get set to start off their relationship in contributing to the electronic underground, that's just another example of sister-cities collaborating, and open-minded futurists dedicating themselves to creating exciting new sounds. J.J.



FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON

The Chill-Out Zone

by Alex Gerry



This is almost suburbia: a barren street of North London's Dollis Hill amid endless rows of virtually identical semi-detached houses. This John Major grey concrete jungle provides the setting for Earthbeat studios, the **Future Sound of London's** headquarters. The little room appears to be every techno kid's dream come true, cramming in all the technology that a budding studio enthusiast might desire. In actual fact, Gary Cobain and Brian Dougan, the duo that makes up the FSOF, have created a veritable laboratory of audio-visual invention at their fingertips.

I arrived right in the middle of a phone-in interview with some New York magazine, followed by a brief meeting with their managers which involved some animated money talk and some signing of countless contracts. A timely reminder that, in this business, artists have better shift units (or else). But for the moment, the sky's the limit for the boys as they find themselves caught up in all the media attention only reserved for music royalty.

Brian cuts a rough and ready figure reminiscent of a young Eric Burdon, with a sweet and taciturn nature to boot. He's quite content standing behind the mixing table, rolling a spliff, or just twiddling his knobs (no pun intended!). He leaves all the talking to Gary, who owns the communicative skills that make journalists rub their hands with glee. The young dude knows his onions and is not afraid to let the world know about it. When I ask him to expound on the Future Sound of London, nothing can stop him pouring his heart out...

"It's narcissistic realism, a self-obsession really. I guess it's like redefining yourself with electronics... immersing yourself in it... questioning yourself... forcing yourself into coming out with the unnatural rather than being comfortable with what we are as human beings with influences and tastes which are generally *not* very interesting.

"We try to beat ourselves up into constantly moving forward. Everyone is capable of good work and the rest is crap. We listen to everything, picking up bits from the whole history of music without being into anyone in particular. We have the most reprehensible collection of music possible from sound effects to world music. We're just obsessed with sounds, even employing people at home to record from TV and radio and even the bathtub. I do think that electronic music requires certain education."

Some of these points may sound dead pretentious to the uninitiated ear but that would be missing the point. Cobain is so entangled in a creative web that his wariness of people's intrusion proves almost tangible. He and Dougan are in control of the whole caboodle (except the business side) and obviously intent to keep it that way. They met in Manchester some six years ago whilst at University. Brian was brought up in Glasgow and, as his dad owned a recording studio, he had an early taste for the business. Gary used to play guitar and he seems a more obvious choice for writing melodies. They write their material independently and both contribute to everything, like swapping around on the Mac or the video to their heart's content. Naturally, they're well aware that electronic and ambient music are hardly new genres, from the innovations of Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd, via the avant-garde of Tangerine Dreams or Brian Eno, up to the current crust of the wave, the Orb; it's more or less all been done before. So what really sets FSOL apart?

"Well, let me tell you that I'm always confused by the Pink Floyd reference because I don't actually like a lot of their experimental music," argues Gary. "I don't think that it has anything to do with us. They're a band stepped in a rock tradition and so are the Orb, playing live and so on. As for the Tangerine Dream connection, all right, they did film scores but the similarity ends there. I know that it's difficult to innovate and I'm not going to sound like a pompous asshole who thinks the world of himself by saying that we're achieving it. Although 'Lifeforms' (the album) is important I also think that it sucks at the same time..."

"To be innovative lies purely in not concentrating on the one medium..." Indeed the two entrepreneurs are developing this idea of broadcasting. They do live radio gigs from the studio, turning the sounds into code then sending it down digital phone lines to Radio One where it is decoded and transmitted to a couple of million people.

"I'd rather hit people in their homes where they have the opportunity of listening, than taking them out and (playing live) as they're stamping about in bear," retorts Gary. "Added to that we're starting to gain access to the technology we've been trying to get to for the last five years. We're pitching an audio-visual battle so that we can release a film with a soundtrack on a different format and have a record company to deal with it. But there's a lot of red tape involved. We're hoping to set up a never-before-seen weekly TV show. We've got a 10 minute pilot coming

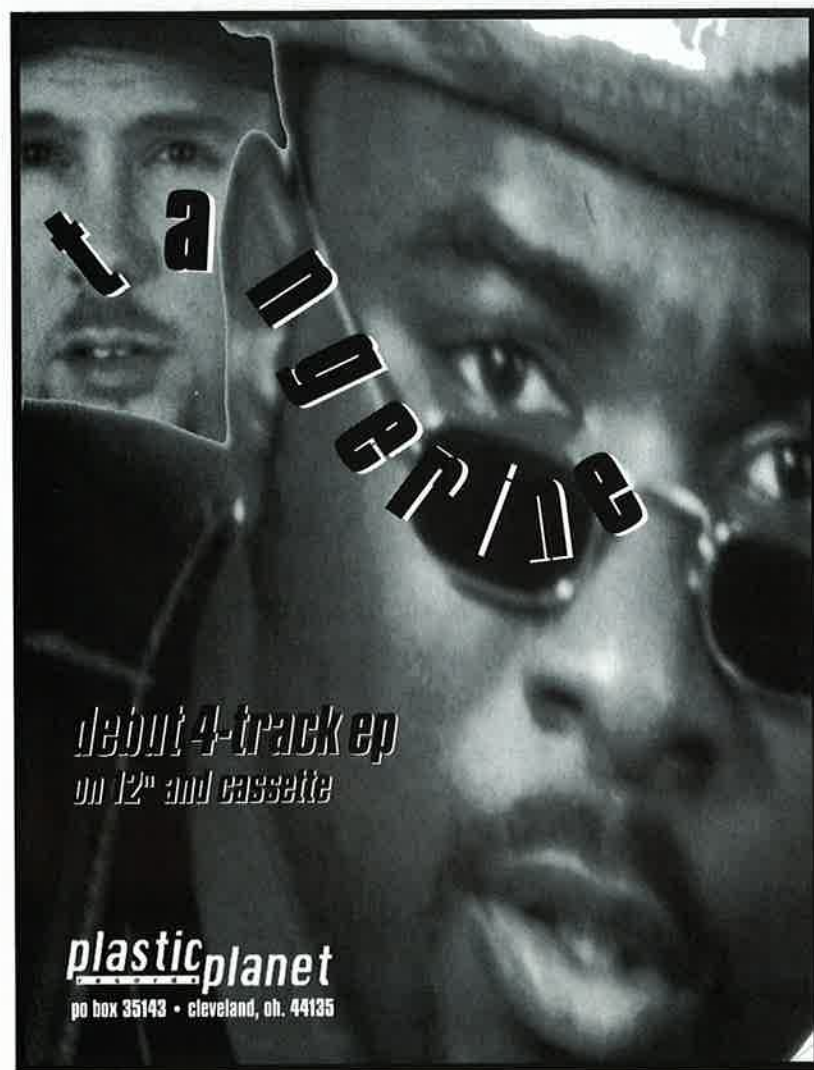
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out with the album. When we broadcast on TV, it'll be the start of something new."

Audio-visuals have been talked about for decades but Future Sound of London are likely to surprise a few people by exploring ideas with media as diverse as movies, TV, video, computer graphics and radio.

"That's why we're completely different from any other band," continues Cobain. "Having everything in the studio, making an audio-visual movie within the one unit, we're bound to achieve something that Tangerine Dreams never did. We're preparing for a new phase in electronic music which could potentially expand to millions of people instead of remaining this esoteric thing."

'Lifeforms' oozes style: an intricate technological soundscape of practically epic proportions, be it of aquatic, spatial or jungle inspiration. Each track merges into a seamless movement composed of synth sequences, crashing waves, bird sound effects, dislocated voices and guitar feedback. The almost irrelevant track titles show a lot of humor and a certain amount of sarcasm too...

"They're a microscopic delusion of things around us. For example, 'Elaborate Burn' stemmed from a picture of horribly mutated bodies from some kind of warfare that a guy gave us. Brian and I use that phrase when a project that we're working on is not going particularly well; we'd go 'Well, that's an elaborate burn'. 'Dead Skin Cells' came about because this studio used to be a third of the present size and it had the same amount of gear in it. We could never clean it and the place was so dusty. So we thought it's because we're flaking off our dead cells and that's what the room is now known as."

It becomes increasingly obvious from talking to the odd couple that their main objective is keeping in control. Ever since signing a big contract with Virgin (for a reputed £200,000 advance), Gary and Brian have been fighting other people's views and opinions being pushed on them. Gary seems particularly worried about that, as he confesses...

"To a certain degree we're already preparing ourselves to the idea that FSOL will die one day because anything that you create that someone else controls dies. We're currently assessing how healthy what we're doing is. I'm not sure yet but I know it is killing me. It's a stifling atmosphere based on control of anything that we do. All we can do right now is to keep this unit here intact and keep our heads together... By the time the band dies, we'll be somebody else because we're an organic entity that is changing all the time. the worst thing we can do is put out the same easy-listening sound once a year, get pompous and trash, but there is no chance of that. As it happens, we're already moving on radically."

DJ Profile



Name: Kimball Collins

Resident DJ at: Reunion at the Beecham Theater and Barbarella in Orlando.

Current Projects: Recently hosted Renaissance 2nd Birthday in US with Sasha, John Digweed, and Sam Mollison. Currently on mini-tour with UK's Sasha as support DJ and "polishing up some original compositions in my home recording studio for my new label...under a few aliases."

Orlando is a really hot underground dance music and club scene and a center of a booming DJ culture. Why Orlando? Could it be because of Disney World?

No, Disney is not the reason, it's just a little added bonus for the visitors. I think it's because there is a lot of very promising DJ talent, record stores, and good quality promoters who are in it for the right reasons: trying to take care of their crowds first and then looking out for themselves second. That's what it takes.

Who do you think are the rising stars on the Florida scene?

I have to give a lot of credit to Rabbit and the Moon and Hallucination Records out of Tampa - Dave Christopher is an incredibly talented guy; and I give a lot of credit our DJ Icee for finally getting his track "Energy Tracks Volume 1" out with the help of the new Edge Recording Studios here in town. But the real rising stars is the crowd supporting me as a DJ and the Orlando scene. I've played around the world, and the overall vibe just doesn't compare to what I have here at home. Don't take me wrong, everywhere I've played, I've been welcomed to their great scenes and all, but I wouldn't trade my hometown for anything. I'm not being pompous about it, but if you've been down here, you kinda understand where I'm coming from - it's very alive. I owe everything to the scene. I think that all of us involved in the Central Florida scene as DJs, artists, producers, should realize that if it wasn't for the sincere scene, it would have been a lot harder for us to have been "found". Of course, the most important rising star here is my English Bulldog pup, George.

Orlando is similar in spirit and clubbing style to UK. There is also a whole exchange program going on here. What's the connection?

We must have really good taste in music and vibe. It

just so happens that they have similar tastes to what our crowds have gotten accustomed to here. Over the past few years, we've developed solid friendships with some British DJs such as Simon Hanson & Lawrence Nelson, David Seaman, John Digweed, and most notably Sasha, who has been over more than a half dozen times. They're "mates" and we've developed a working relationship which really works. The similarities are uncanny in our delivery and overall crowd development over the years. But, again, the key is to have a receptive audience that loves to listen to new sounds and dance with an open mind. That's what we're all about. No glitter, no hype, just a fresh night on the dance floor

What's your advice for DJ wanna-bes?

I feel like a lot of people "wanna-be a DJ" now because of a status linked to it. If they're into it because they want to make a statement, or if they have something to offer to the scene with their playing - then it's cool. But if you're getting involved because it's a popularity contest, or to outbetter someone, or just for the money, or to try to be cool... it just seems that some people get into it for the wrong reasons. The dance floor is what should be the number one concern.

What is your fave ride at Disney World?

Well, um, yes, it's the Mad Teacups... I know, I know, you might think that's a wussy ride, but if you get three guys on it - you combine their power and get those teacups really spinnin' - I'm talking some serious G's man. It's a blast, and the reason I prefer lil' teacups to roller coasters is because they're on the ground, I kinda have a fear from falling from high places.

So Kimball, now that you've been to Disney World, what are you going to do next?

I'm going to put the finishing touches on my own studio with some amazing new gear. I hope to indulge in a few of the remix offers I've been getting lately... and sneak out some of my own stuff. Further down the road, I'd love to help produce some people both here and abroad. I've been learning all my technicals from scratch and I am fascinated with it all. I hope to possibly work on some collaborations with the likes of Sasha and Cosmic Baby - those are two people who I think are incredibly gifted. Meanwhile, I may do a few gigs out of town, and otherwise stay with one of the best scenes in whole world - right here at home... keeping the vibe alive!

messiah

Hardcore techno darlings are back but will they be worshipped?

"Secretly, I want to be your centerfold pin-up," Mark casually admitted. "But I don't have the body for it..." Mark is usually quite shy, but today he is slightly overtired due to the fact that he's been up for the last two days, so he is rambling on.

One might think that Mark, who is one half of the techno duo Messiah, had been up for the last two days partying or playing at some hard-core show somewhere up north to a thousand crazed techno heads, but that's not the case. He's been in his studio working on new tracks. He doesn't lead the life of a rising techno star; in fact, he lives with Mom outside London and probably helps with the dishes

too.

Messiah released their first commercially successful single in '92. It was "Temple of Dreams", a hard breakbeat concoction of mesmerizing sounds. It was pretty cool and it was released at a perfect time - techno was receiving it's first American feedback, Moby was on the cover of every consumer magazine except Lady's Home Journal, and everybody wanted to catch a quick glimpse of pure techno. Well, the hype disappeared as fast as it came. On the mainstream level, techno was dismissed as some rotten Blade Runner drug music, but the underground embraced the sound and kids spent their hard earned \$12 bucks from weekly allowances on techno CD compilations. Mark John-Davis and Ali Ghani of Messiah became famous for a minute. They performed at all West Coast raves and rural weekend parties, got interviewed by techno fanzines and got played heavily on college radio nationally. But they never quite made it big... at least not as big as Rick Rubin thought they would...

Rick Rubin is the sugar daddy of techno, the master of inventions in the music industry. So when Rick Rubin got into his Rolls Royce and drove out to a rave to see Messiah play live, people started talking. The buzz was that Rick would single-handedly redefine the sound of American teenage mutant ravers by developing artists on his new White Labels, a division of American Recordings. After the less-than-magnificent releases of Digital Orgasm and Lords of Acid, the state of techno in America remained questionable, although the Harthouse compilation of German hard trance received great feedback. "Yea, Rick Rubin came to see us, explained his vision for Messiah in America and we signed...." said Mark. "He's cool, he started the industrial revolution in music."

Drawing on their mutual love of alien images and seeking innovations in alternative dance music, Messiah releases have been embraced by their fans. Their first release "20,000 Hardcore Members" was a Top 10 in U.K. Dance charts. "There Is No Law" reached Top 10 and became the first record of its kind to cross over to the Industrial Dance Scene. America was stunned as it stayed at #1 on US college radio charts for five weeks. "Temple of Dreams" quickly reached Top 10 US Dance Charts last Fall. "The single sold over a million units world wide," we were told by Messiah's publicist in U.K. Although we don't believe him for a minute, the hype was there. When we asked Mark what chart does he see himself on, he answers "...definitely alternative, somewhere near Nine Inch Nails but far away from Ace of Base."

Will Messiah live up to the expectations of Rick Rubin, American techno enthusiasts, and Project X readers with their new release? Give it a listen and judge for yourself.

...DEFINITELY ALTERNATIVE,
SOMEWHERE NEAR NINE INCH NAILS
BUT FAR AWAY FROM ACE OF BASE."

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Track	ARTIST	Label	#
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• Play with the Voice in Germany (Paul Van Dyk rmx)	JOE T. VANELLI	Sorted	•326
• Egyptian Magic	JUNGLE JUICE	Nervous	•327
• Outside	DORADO	Instinct	•328
• One 4 Love	MELLO MELLO	Astralwerks	•329
• Moon Beam	LAURENT GARNIER	Fnac Music	•330
• Blue Orchidee	ESSENCE OF NATURE/SVEN VATH	Harthouse	•331
• Twizzler	TWIZZLER	Sorted	•332
• Lifeforms	FUTURE SOUNDS OF LONDON	Astralwerks	•333
Groove Gumbo	EXODUS QUARTET	Instinct	•334
• Lost in Spice	SPICELAB	Harthouse/Planet Earth	•335
• When you Made the Mountain	OPUS III	East West	•336
• Zen	YOKOTA	Space Teddy/EFA	•337
• Revolt of the Perverse	FIERCE RULING DIVA	Astralwerks	•338
• How's the Music	WINX	Sorted	•339
• Never Let Go	PUSSY GALORE	Nervous	•340
• Come on Everyone	FRED JORIO (TRIBAL SEXTRAX CD)	Tribal America	•341
• Behind Closed Doors	NIGHT TRAINS	Instinct	•342
• Smoke Belch II	SABRES OF PARADISE	Sabres/FFRR	•343
• Spirits	TRANSFORMER 2	Astralwerks	•344
• Dark End Street	SPICE FROM "SOUL OF THE CITY" COMP.	Instinct	•345
• Acid Love	CYPHER	Sorted	•346
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THEME FROM BUBBLEMAN/ Bubbleman/ Stress
14th CENTURY SKY/ The Dust Brothers/ Collect Boys Own
ANNA DIN/ Panorama/ Big Fish
Strata/ P.O.B./ Seismic
PACIFIC DIVA/ Salt Tank/ Internal
THINKING ABOUT MYSELF LP/ Cosmic Baby/ Logic
LEMON PROJECT/ Peppermint Lounge/ Movin' Melodies
WHEN YOU MADE THE MOUNTAIN/ Opus III/ East West
YOUNG HEARTS ARE FREE(Loveland Mix) / Respect/ Djalmy

Josh Wink, PHILADELPHIA

SUN CHILDREN/ Eternal/ Bomb
FUNK DE FINO / Gypsy test pressing on Limbo
I WANNA BE THERE/ Model 500/ R & S
SMALL ENTRANCE TO A LARGE SPECTRUM/ Nicole/ Aura
HOW'S THE MUSIC/ Winx/ Sorted
MAS SUAVE/ Dogma/ Angel Eyes
DIGITAL AUTOPSY/ 3 Man Jury/ Test Pressing on Slip 'n' Slide
O-WA/ Hed Boys/ Seka
BURNING TRASH FLOOR/ Hexagon/ DJAX
EL RITMO (DEL GROOVE)/ Urban Tribe/ Test pressing on Thumpin'

James Christian, NEW YORK CITY

RED HOT/ Dave Clark/ Bush/ 303 Mix/
HOLD ME '94/ Hyperactive/ Strictly Hype
WILD TRAX Vol 4/ Wildchild Experience/ Loaded
RED 1 Rmx/ Dave Clarke / Reload
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BLOOD CLOT SOUNDS / The Ministry/ Strictly Rhythm
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN (Rmxs)/ Fresh Tunes #1/ Strictly Rhythm
SAY FREEZE/ Stretch Boys/ Vinyl Addiction
AFRICAN DREAM/ African Dream/ Eight Ball
VARIOUS/ X-Sight Trax Vol 1/ X-Sight

*CJ Mackintosh, UK

NITE LIFE/ Kim English/ Nervous
I WAS TIRED OF BEING ALONE/ Klaudia/ DJ Box
JUMP TO IT (CJ Rmx)/ Aretha Franklin/ Arista
PRAISE/ The Sample Choir/ Nervous
TROUBLE/ Joi Cardwell/ Eightball
LEAVE A LIGHT ON/ Martha Wash/ RCA
YOU GOT IT (CJ Rmx)/ Jodeci/ MCA

OOOOHHHH BABY/ Vida Simpson/ Nervous
FREESTYLE / Full Swing / Strictly Rhythm
AND I'M TELLING YOU / Donna Giles/ Club Vision

Little Louie Vega, NYC

SOUFFLE/ Mondo Grosso/ white label
LEAVE A LIGHT ON/ Martha Wash/ RCA
JUMP TO IT / Aretha Franklin/ Arista
MICHAEL'S PRAYER/ Michael Watford/ East West
NITE LIFE/ Kim English Nervous
CURIOUS/ Sung, Sung, Sung/ Strictly Rhythm
ONE KISS / Pacha/ Flying
IPANEMA SUNSET/ First World/ Nervous
GO ON MOVE (Roy Davis Mix)/ River Ocean/ Strictly Rhythm

Orlando, LOS ANGELES

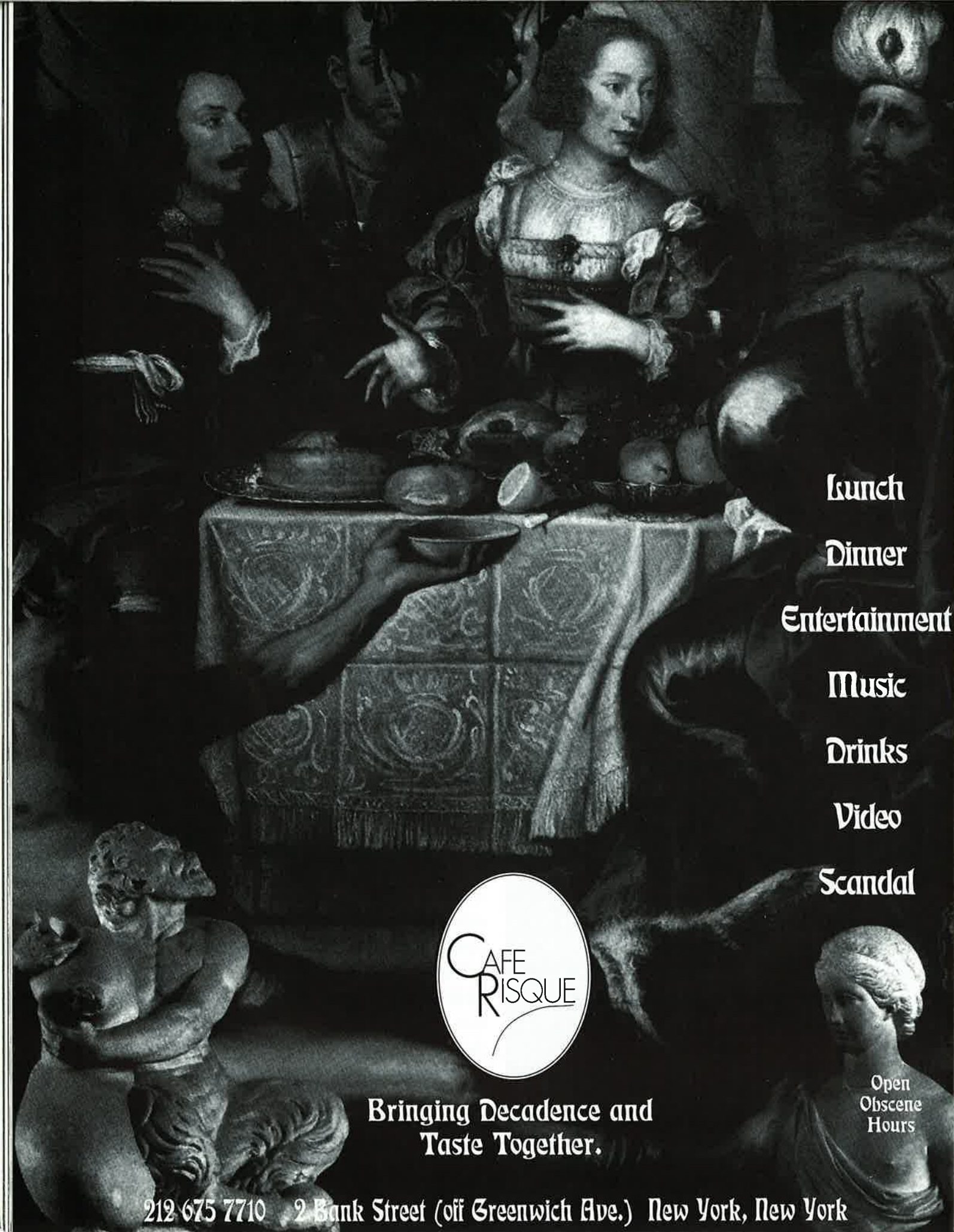
THE FRENZY DANCE/ Just 2 Brothers/ After Dark
LICK IT/ Karen Finley/ Pow Wow
PREACHER MAN/OFF THE HOOK/ Green Velvet/ Relief
ARRIBA/ Spanish Society Pres. "La Soca"/ Strictly Rhythm
RED 2/ Dave Clarke/ Bush UK
BUILD ME UP/ Movin Heat/ Groove On
HIGH UP/ Funky Green Dogs/ Murk
WORK OF LOVE EP/ EKO/ Pound America
GET WICKED/ Skunk Traxx Vol 1/ Underground Construction
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Sven Vath, GERMANY

SACRET CYCLES/ Lazonby
THE AMBUSH LP/ The Abmush
VOL 1/ Twisted Systems
THE PROTEIN VALVE/ M-Planet
DOUL HUNTER/ Pulse
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A SPLASH OF ACID/ Deeper Side of London/ Blunt Music
RED 2/ Dave Clarke/ Bush
NITE LIFE (Armand Van Helden rmx)/ Kim English/ Nervous
PALE DRIFTER/ Societe/ Sperm Records
SWAMP FEVER/ Delta Lady/ Hard Hands
HIT HARD/ Robert Armani/ Music Man
TARO/ Cypher/ Sorted
EVERYBODY/ K. Hand/ EC Records
HIGH ENERGY PROTONS/ Juno Reactor/ Nova Mute
LAST BREATH ON EARTH/ Heaven & Earth



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HIGH ROLLERS

by Danny D'Agostino

Photos by KEITH NG

(no we didn't misspell it, that's the photographer's name)

Styled by DANNY D'AGOSTINO

Models: NINE from Company Management,

KENNY, CORINNE, and MICHAEL.

Make-up and hair by MICHAEL DELFINO from Beauty Head.

I was just thinking the other day... I'm a first year college student and I have very limited budget for just about everything. I don't know why this so-called "Generation X" is so hot, especially when companies try to sell their shit to us, because we don't have the so-called "Spending Money." Being a student and most of us are, I find it impossible to save any money. Getting paid for writing this story could be one way, but since I'm not, I'm under constant pressure to make money. And I'm not into getting some corporate part-time job waiting-on-the-boss position, and even if I was, there are just no cool jobs out there. My other option is to work at McDonald's flipping burgers and frying fries. Then again, I can continue to study, finish college, face unemployment, and then get a job at McDonald's flipping burgers and frying fries.

I don't have too many choices right now.

Meanwhile, I have to enjoy my life on a budget of approximately.... about.... well.. almost nothing. So I got to thinking...

Now is the time we should enjoy all those amazing innovations that were discovered during those cold, snowy nights when we were bored. Every summer brings new music, new styles and new things-n-pills-n-places-to-try and here's something a little different for you and your friends to enjoy. I call it *High Rolling*.

You can call it old-skool gambling with a twist.

High Rolling once involved placing big bets while gambling. But now? Well let's just say bets are not the only thing that are high anymore.

You see I'm always broke. So I'm always looking for a quick buck and gambling just seems so.... handy. OTB racetracks and casinos have become my new hangouts and might I add, they are quite fashionable these days. Next to the old, fat, pleasantly plaid-suited midwestern creatures, we have, well, we have me and my friends. We're always betting on just about everything and if you play your cards right, it's much better than flipping burgers. These days we hang out at OTBs and casinos all the time, and you should too. We plan weekenders, get a cheap motel, drive out to Atlantic City and *High Roll-it*.

Recently my friends and I became curious about what would happen if you dropped acid in a casino. We actually thought that doing mescaline at a casino on an Indian reservation would somehow bring us close to the Indian spirits and we

would be guided to a fortune. Well it actually worked. And not just at the Indian reservation. We took weekend trips to just about every casino we could get to.

If you're as crazy as we are you should try this out. Casinos are popping up all over the place (check your local Indian reservation). So pick a casino and drop a tab each when entering and look for your favorite games (Blackjack & Craps are great High Rolling games), but don't start playing. It'll be a long night so save your money for later. You don't need a lot of money. \$50 to \$100 should last you all night. Just don't bet big and don't start gambling 'till after you peak because you'll be too fucked up to understand what the hell's going on. So again, take a walk around to see what's in store for you. Be prepared for a total bug-out. The casino will probably drive you nuts when you start tripping, with all the activity that's going on, so escape to the bingo lounge and play a few rounds. I personally get my kicks from a room full of old people looking at you like you're some kind of freak. And to top that off, many casinos give free drinks (yes, open bar all night long) while you play. So quench your thirst, bum a Capri from grandma and play some BINGO. After getting thrown out of the lounge for not being able to stop yourselves from yelling BINGO after each call, head out to the lobby and catch one of the shows. You might get lucky and get to see the Mexican Elvis who sings the best of Sinatra. I'm serious. He was the best Elvis/Sinatra impersonator I ever saw on acid.

The thing that's great about casinos isn't the gambling but the wild tackiness. Where in the world can you find the full collection from *America's Most Wanted*, grandmas and clubbers all schmoozing during the open bar?

After peaking and coming back to reality, it's time to hit the casino. Don't think that you're going to make a killing at the tables, but if you play your cards right you'll be one happy camper. Gambling is not the main course but dessert. In other words, if you feel lucky give it a shot, because no matter what anyone says, it all comes down to luck. (It would be good if you know the game too.) Start your bets small and test you luck. When coming down from a trip your mind is still active and is aware of everything that is occurring around you. You'll be surprised at what decisions your mind makes. I'm sure you'll be a winner. Don't get carried away and have fun. My friends and I are totally addicted. And we haven't lost yet.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: If loss of money occurs, contact a drug counselor immediately.

*On the way to the casino, don't forget to get
your vitamins and nutrients at McDonald's...*

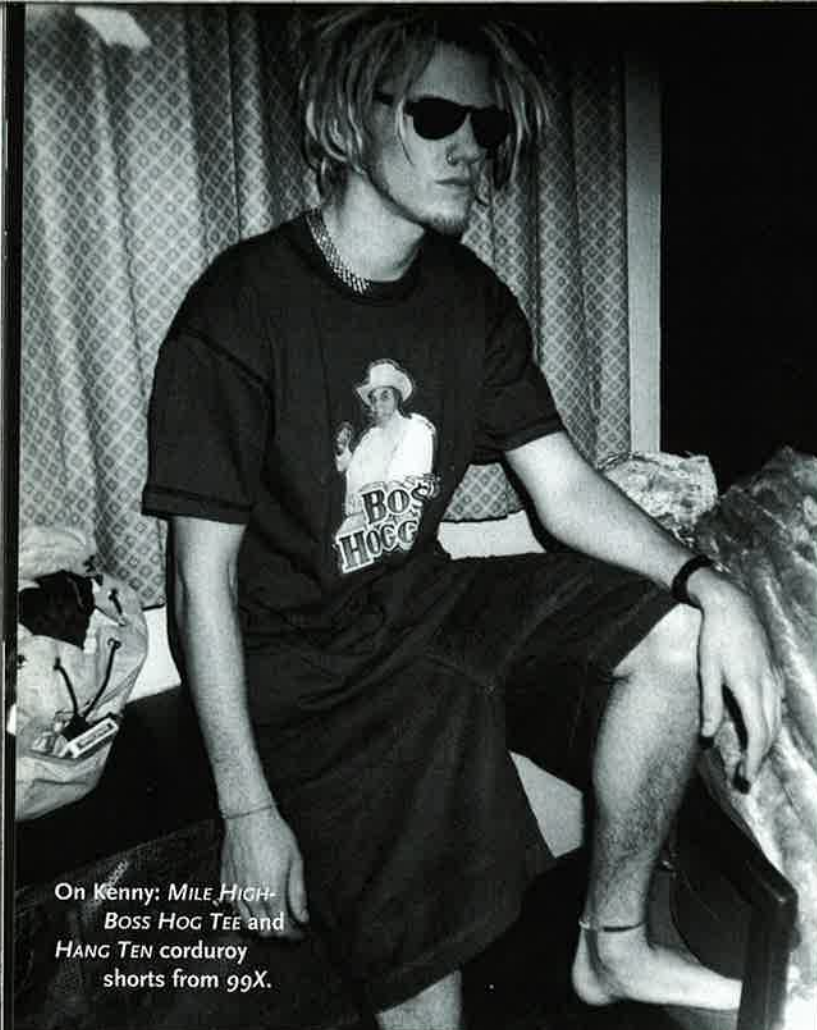


Kenny wears a
top by FRESH JIVE

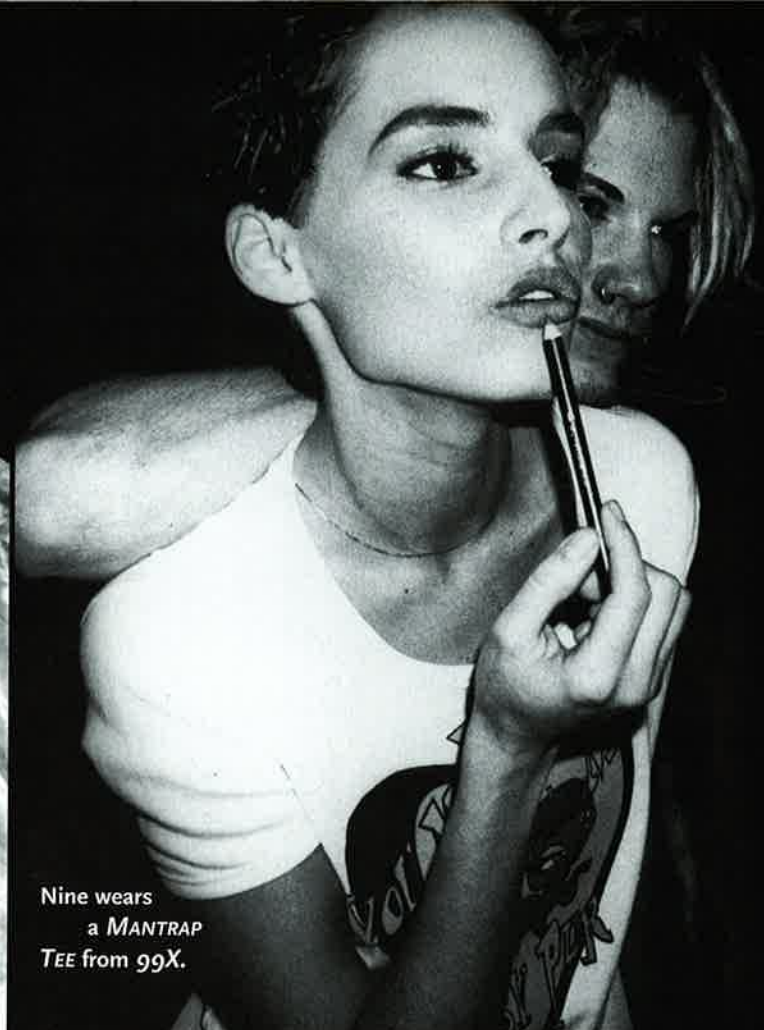
Nine wears Poot T-shirt
and jumper from 99X



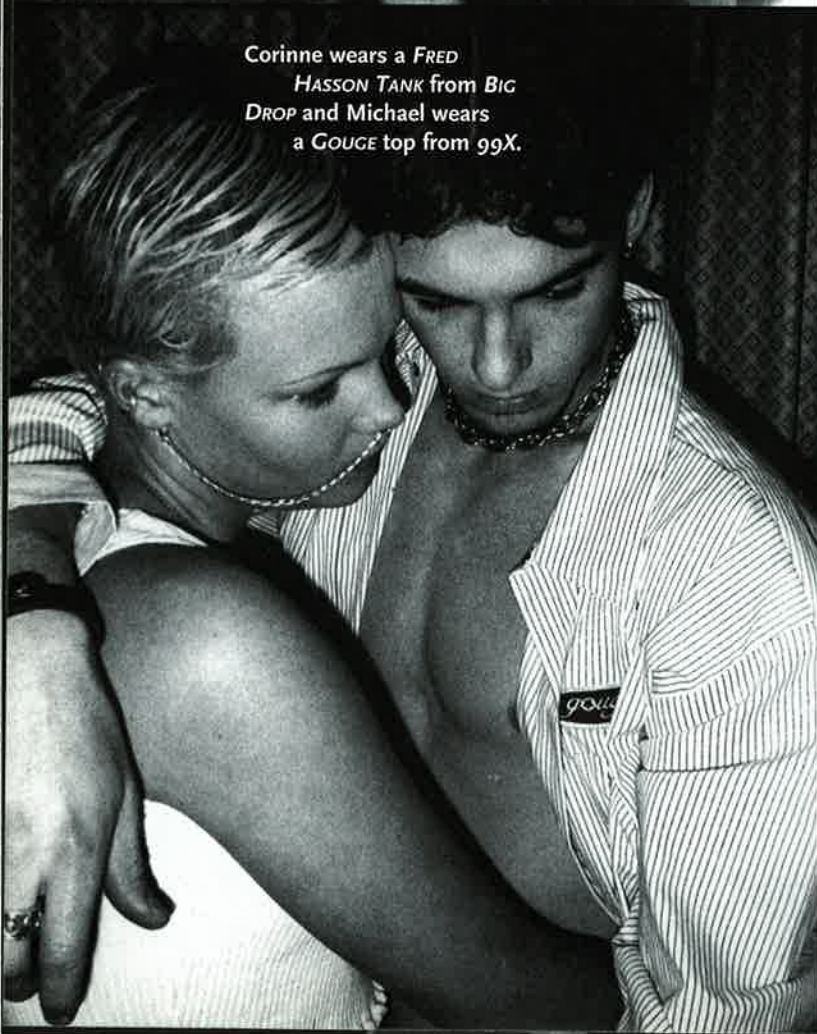
*...because one day, after you graduate
from college, you may have to work there.*



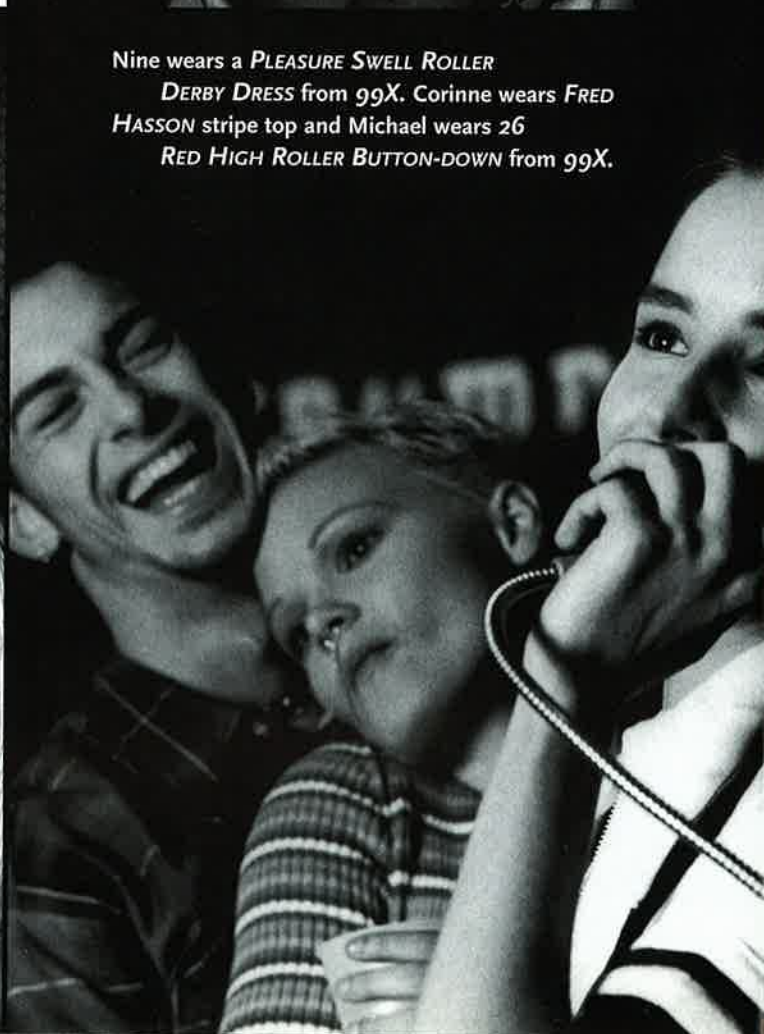
On Kenny: *MILE HIGH-
BOSS HOG TEE* and
HANG TEN corduroy
shorts from 99X.



Nine wears
a *MANTRAP*
TEE from 99X.



Corinne wears a *FRED
HASSON TANK* from *BIG
DROP* and Michael wears
a *GOUGE* top from 99X.



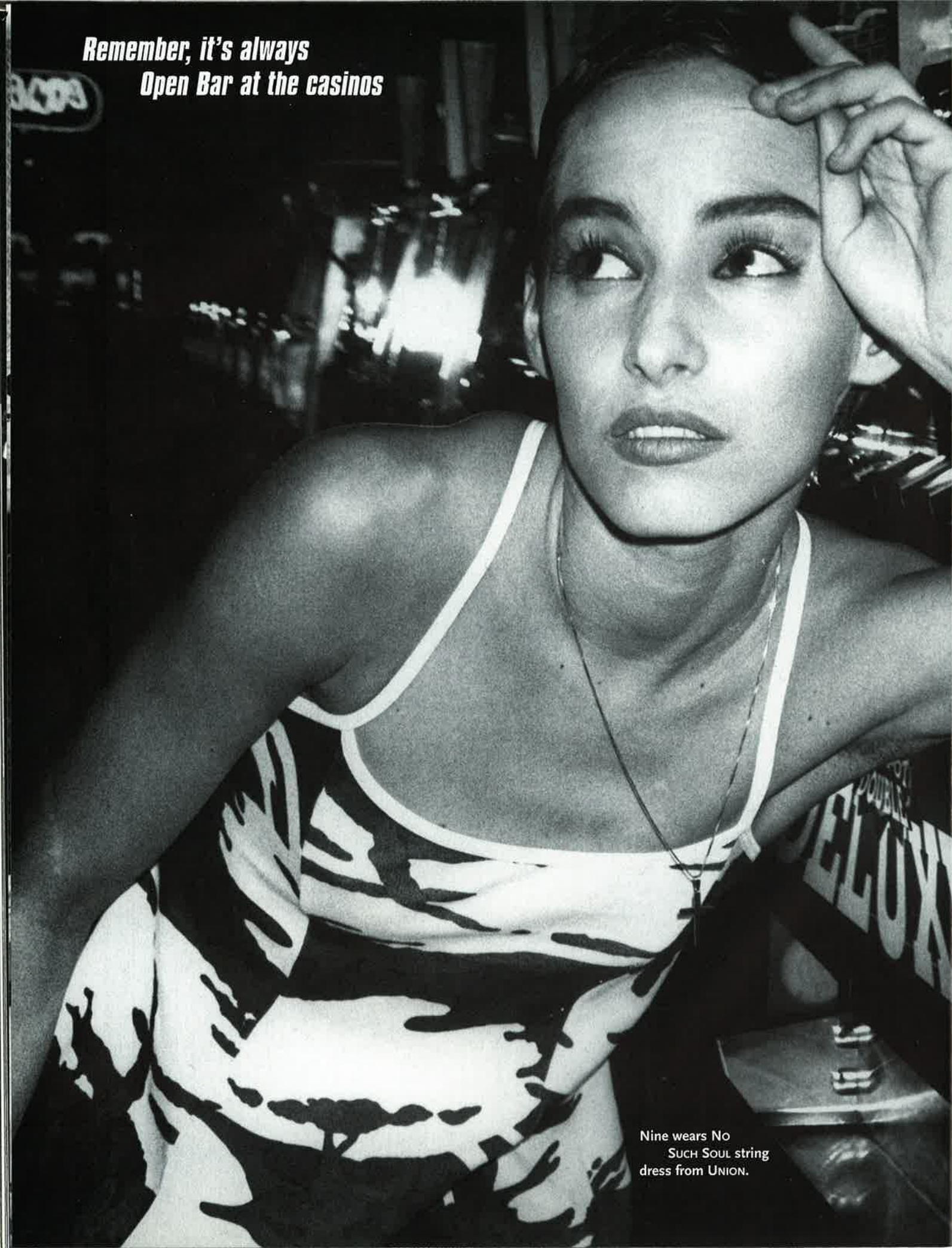
Nine wears a *PLEASURE SWELL ROLLER
DERBY DRESS* from 99X. Corinne wears *FRED
HASSON* stripe top and Michael wears 26
RED HIGH ROLLER BUTTON-DOWN from 99X.



*Heads I win...
Tails you lose*

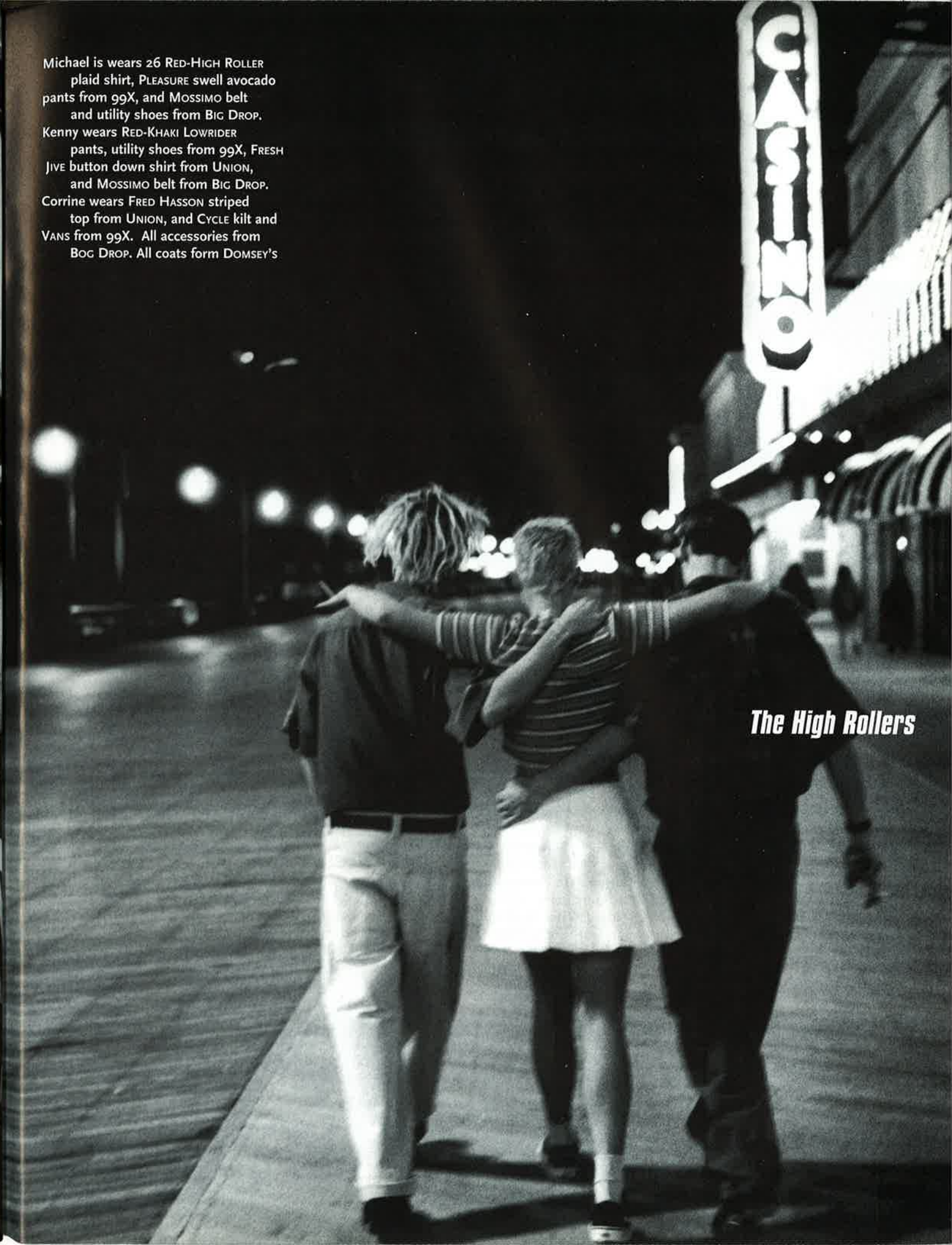
Kenny wears a truck-
plaid button-down
and Nine wears
PUSSY PUR TEE.

*Remember, it's always
Open Bar at the casinos*



Nine wears No
SUCH SOUL string
dress from UNION.

Michael is wears 26 RED-HIGH ROLLER
plaid shirt, PLEASURE swell avocado
pants from 99X, and MOSSIMO belt
and utility shoes from BIG DROP.
Kenny wears RED-KHAKI LOWRIDER
pants, utility shoes from 99X, FRESH
JIVE button down shirt from UNION,
and MOSSIMO belt from BIG DROP.
Corrine wears FRED HASSON striped
top from UNION, and CYCLE kilt and
VANS from 99X. All accessories from
BOG DROP. All coats form DOMSEY'S



The High Rollers

WEST COAST ALL-STARS The Left Coast.

A place that normally follows the avenue of fad and adornment; a place where you can get wasted in any convenience store or carjacked at any stop light. Yet it continues to add to a culture that for some time has gone unnoticed: the underground. L.A.'s underground is a place where trend are set in style, in art, and in dance music that the rest of the country follows. The scene continues to be a culture for the rest of the country to observe. As the greed of the mainstream continues to attempt to penetrate this underground, this group of subversive visionaries stay true to their scene.

(do you?)

California Dreamin'

photos by Kiino Villand

URB: PAPER, INK, AND SOUL

In case you haven't personally witnessed an issue of URB, you should get off your ass and buy it because it's redefining West Coast urban culture. It started out as just a simple newsprinted and stapled rag and has grown to represent the underground and present it to the masses.

The man behind Urb is graphic designer and publisher RAYMOND LEON ROKER. He started the mag out of his house three and a half years ago. "It started as a form of expression for a culture that was not getting a good dose of attention," says Roker. As it has, from its conception, "Urb continues to champion the unity of house, hip hop, and electric music although it's a hard battle against cultural and ideological differences." He is a firm believer in taking the media into his own hands and in publishing information about urban culture before it becomes recognized on a commercial level.

ROKER, AS URBAN AS HE WANTS TO BE.



DJ DOC MARTIN

Los Angeles is a home to a number of prominent DJs. Among them are STEVE LORIA, TAYLOR, MARQUES WYATT, SANDRA COLLINS, and MARK LEWIS. The L.A. sound ranges from funky house and garage straight up to hi-energy and trance. The sound of the underground is heard loud and clear, especially when thousands (literally) will follow a certain DJ to any faraway warehouse for a good night's dance-a-thon. One DJ whose name everyone knows is DOC MARTIN.

San Francisco transplant, Doc began his career back in '87 when his cult following began forming. It hasn't stopped growing since. Upon his arrival in the city they call home, Doc saw "a scene saturated with positive energy and incredible potential." In no time at all, his musical influence changed the way people in the Los Angeles scene listened to music. A vibe was created and initialized solely by Doc which was coined *Flammable Groove*. The beats and rhythms were a blend of spiritual, groovy, tribal house which kept the floor burning all night 'till noon the next day. This fever spread throughout the continent and across the globe to Europe where Doc has become a sought-after super DJ.

DOC MARTIN REPRESENTING L.A. UNDERGROUND



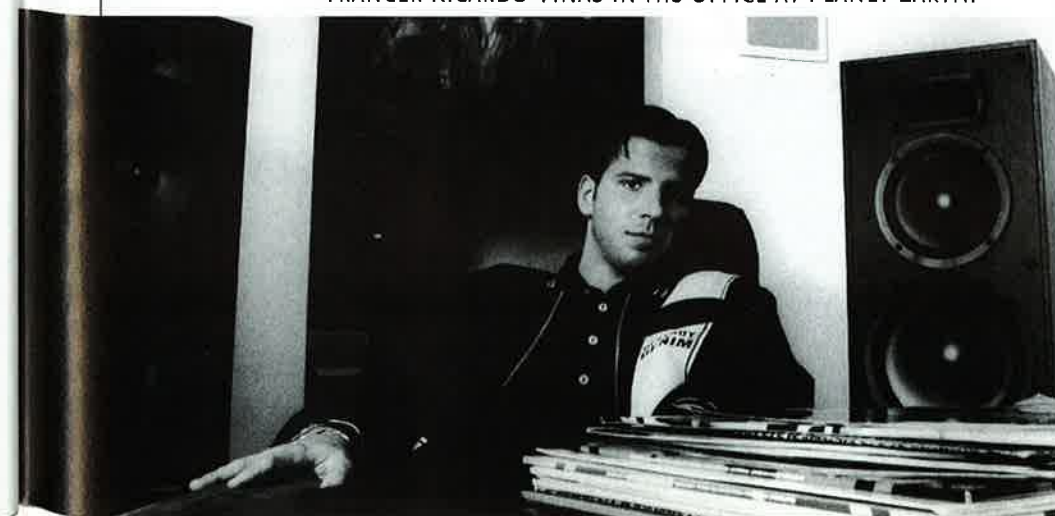
INDIE RECORD LABELS

Record labels from the West Coast have always been known for their Hollywood spending and old-school rock, although West Coast rap has become incredibly distinctive with the sound of Snoop Doggy and Dr. Dre. But somewhere between Aerosmith and Snoop lies a gold mine that has recently exploded with the most unique sound. The true flavor of the West Coast dance music scene lies in the "collectives" of DJs, producers, artists and enthusiasts that have formed the independent labels like BRASS, UBIQUITY, HARDKISS, and PLANET EARTH.

San Francisco's incredible underground dance scene is inspired by and simultaneously transcends the concept of "rave" and now there is a label which reflects its uniqueness. Its scene is a diverse mix of idealistic '60s hippy culture and spiritual revelers that gather for the now legendary *Full Moon* parties. (New York has *Sound Factory*, San Francisco has *Full Moon* parties). Its grooves are trancey, funky, and very very trippy. The local DJs are treated like techno-shamans and the events generate a magical energy that must be experienced to be believed. The HARDKISS "Family" see themselves as revolutionaries and this group of musicians and producers, who are also the artists. Names like ULTRA VIOLET CATASTROPHE, JON WILLIAMS, ROBBIE and GAVIN HARDKISS, MIKE WERTHEIM, and many others (who are also responsible for the ultra cool Twitch Re-Mix Service) and are setting the tone for the West Coast sound.

In Los Angeles, PLANET EARTH is busy introducing America to the sounds of real hard trance by representing Germany's HARHOUSE Sound. Ricardo Vinas, who co-founded MOONSHINE MUSIC, one of the most successful independent record labels to emerge in the 90s, is setting new trends with his new label Planet Earth. In early 1994, he added some of the most talented young people to his staff (like Jason Bentley as A&R Director) and took the label to the next level. Their first releases represented pure trance-mania with artists like SpiceLab, Resistance D, and Hardfloor. One of their goals at the label is "to develop local and international talent while always exploring new musical horizons and introducing them locally," Vinas said. This is one label that's committed to breaking the finest in new musical trends.

TRANCER RICARDO VINAS IN HIS OFFICE AT PLANET EARTH.





SKEPT AND HIS MURAL (ALONG WITH RELIC, K2S AND STN) AT THE MUSEUM. YES, THE MUSEUM.

SKEPT: TAKING STREET ART TO THE MUSEUMS

With the '80s explosion of hip-hop, graffiti art (a one-time strictly urban New York subculture) has crossed its state borders and traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast at the speed of light. There it was embraced and reinvented with its own unique flavor, just like the music. Nowadays, a true connoisseur can easily tell the two apart. While in New York, the art remains on the street, in Los Angeles it has travelled from the street to the museums.

From East L.A. (The Pacific Zone) to Downtown L.A. (The Belmont Zone) to Silver Lake (Sanborn Yard) to South Central L.A. (The Jefferson Yard) the tags and pieces of SKEPT, whose real name is Paul Kenemitsu) have consistently been seen throughout the city. Inspired by the LA Bomb Squad and Style Wars, Skept devoted most of his life to graffiti, and days were spent "racking paint and stealing everything." Skept incorporates realism, and Japanese calligraphy along with an abstract expressionist feel in his art. (Kung Fu movies inspire the East Coast and Japanese calligraphy inspires the West Coast - California always did upscale things just a bit). Skept's work is not just on the streets, in fact, its at the Museum of Contemporary Art in an exhibit *Urban Revision: Current Projects for the Public Realm*. As far as the future, he believes "there will always be graffiti because it's a culture."

FUCT DESIGNERS ERIC BRUNETTI AND SLICK

Fashion has always been linked with cultural movements. Each decade has its own cultural mentality that is reflected in fashion... like the '60s had miniskirts, the '70s had synthetic polyester and platforms, the '80s had anything preppy and, of course, Sergio Valenti designer jeans. But today there are so many cultural revolutions taking place all at once, that fashion historians will have a very hard time associating any particular trend with our culture. Multiple new means of communications truly makes everything a trend-of-the-minute. In LA, a city that is definitely not known for high fashion, the style of rave gear has always laid low in the underground. But recently, there's been a nation explosion and demand for Los Angeles based wear like Fresh Jive, XLarge, Funkessentials, Label Whore and others. They are opening up boutiques all over the nation and their fashions are gracing the pages of several magazines throughout the world.

The skater/rave gear is uniquely a West Coast thing and one company in particular that has always stood out from the group is FUCT clothing. Starting just three short years ago, they wanted to "give clothing to people who wanted something to wear as an alternative to all that crap..." In the beginning people were somewhat shocked at their style of clothing only because they "didn't know what category to stick them in" said Erik.

Currently Slick and Erik are working on FUCT STATEBOARDS, and with worldwide distribution already achieved, they have a jumpstart on their future goal... "world domination."

DESIGNERS IN THEIR SHOWROOM.





Someone's Yearning is a very decadent glam/punk night with very eclectic mix from the decks, from Bowies and Elvis to upfront house. pic: Jac

*words & pics by
ALEX GERRY*

No specific trend prevails on London's clubland at the moment, although everywhere else, London is the trendsetter of the moment. The old house and techno blockbusters carry unabated although a definite rebellion can be felt in many a quarter. The clubbers who are bored, disillusioned or angry at the state of the current scene are longing for a change. And that might be just around the corner. Ecstasy-free underground clubs have mushroomed in the past few months and they seem to be catering for all tastes. Different people with different style and background can now gather under the same roofs and party to similar eclectic music policies. DJ playlists will often feature acts as diverse as Blur, Smashin' Pumpkins, Suede, L7, the Sex Pistols, the Buzzcocks alongside with the same hip hop and tons of assorted 60s, 70s, 80s rock, soul and disco tunes. There, that just about covers everything! In actual fact, anything from Bach to Bjork is likely to creep in on the dancefloor in these upbeat niteries with names like "Someone's Yearning", "Vague", "Pleased", "Betty Ford Clinic". Could this be a start of something big or just another fad? Time will tell, but until then, it sure is nice to be given a choice.

Here's a recommended route (by no means exhaustive) through UK clubland. Don't forget that one-nighters often prove flash-in-the-pan affairs. They sometimes come and go before you can say "guest list", so do check the guest list before you go out of your way and enjoy!



Vague is a Northern Venue with a big rep and an even huger sound system. Crowds from miles around come here to check out the latest theme "Strictly Handbag"... very classy rave type DJ stars and good jumbo sized visuals make this one a definite pleasuredome. pic: Jac

Smokin' Jo is London's top female DJ and has only tried her hand at the wheels of steel for three years. Nowadays she jets around the world guesting at many exotic nighteries when she's not tied up at Ministry or Cafe de Paris or Betty Ford Clinic pic: Alex Gerry



...and go before you can say "guest list", so do check the guest list before you go out of your way and enjoy!

TUESDAY/ Yvette of Fringe fame hosts **Red Hot** in the Kitch rococo heaven that is Cafe de Paris, a mixed night of pandemonium (3 Coventry Street, London, tel 71-287-3602).

WEDNESDAY/ The demented DJ Jon Pleased the Wimmin directs a chaotically orchestrated techno/housey **Pleased** at Velvet Underground (143 Charing X Road 71-439-4655). Fruit Machine at the massive space that is Heaven, always means fun (Villier Street, London 71-839-3852). Covent Gardens' Gardening Club plays host to the ultra trendy **Betty Ford Clinic**, a busy garagey night with DJ Smokin' Jo, Alister and Daniel (4 The Piazza 71-497-3154). **THURSDAY/** Leave My Wife Alone at Soho's perennial dive offers a night of Acid Jazz with DJs associated with the label like Simon from Brand New Heavies and other assorted beatniks (35 Wardour St 71-437-5534). **FRIDAY/** DJ Fat Tony recently launched **Prozac**, a highly anti-depressant club at the more garagey end of house with Princess Julia, Tasty Tim, and Boy George in the DJ box. (Apple Tree Yard, 71-839-2591).

Powerhaus is the home of **Totally Wired** where Indie reigns supreme with DJ Mimi. Nice bar prices and jangly guitar noises guarantee a very busy night. (1 Liverpool Rd, Angel). **SATURDAY/** **Smashin'** is hosted by the unstoppable Matthew Glammamore. Audience participation is always welcome during the show while the eclectic music policy never ceases to amaze. (Rascals, 5 Little Portland St) **Ministry of Sound** probably provides the best garage sounds in the capital. Resident DJs Justin Berkman & Bert Bevans are joined by international names and local superstars, but beware, it fills up fast (103 Gaunt St 71-378-6528). SW1, a plush and convenient venue offers **Spirit** with great DJs like Judge Jules, Dave Lambert, Harvey, Jerry Rooney and their mix of soulful toons and hard house (197 Victorial St 71-828-7455). **Club X** at the Astoria proves another important indie/alternative club with NME's Paul Moody amongst others (157 Charing X Rd). You might find it difficult to get into **Club For Life**, if you're not a member - it get's packed fast. Linking up with adjoining Rock Gardens means plenty of space, two floors and a host of DJs playing happy house and harder sounds, notably from Jeremy Healey. Flipside at **Iceni**, a stylish 3-floor Mayfair venue also fills up quickly. A spate of DJs play a choice of sounds from house, rap to Latin jazz (11 White Horse St 71-495-5333). **High Society** at Villa Stephano (next to Holborn tube) means garage heaven with Smokin' Jo, Judge Jules, and others. (227 High Holborn 71-831-7318). **Someone's Yearning** claims to belong to a new breed of clubs. The chaotic DJ box and the drunken atmosphere seem to appeal to a horde of regulars. Lastly, if you have parties all night and still want more you could do worse than visiting the infamous **Trade** at Turnmills where Malcolm Duffy and guests work those hardcore house beats 'til you drop.

Princess Julia has been around since the heady days of new romantics, Steve Strange and the Blitz. It's only recently that our cockney sparrow with big eyes and sultry looks discovered that she'd rather play music than be a shop assistant. She decided to learn the trade more seriously during her long stint at Daisy Chain. She is much in demand with residencies at Queer Nation, Garage and Prozac. pic Alex Jerry



This is Tasty Tim, who considers himself a 'Disco Legend' - he claims he was born and raised in a disco and we believe him... He has virtually spent the last twelve years either clubbing, hosting parties, or DJing. Tasty was the original gender-bender-offender and the darling of all media. Tim shares his time as a host and DJ of Heaven, Prozac, as well as Ministry and Vague. pib: Alex Jerry



Blow Up (at Leicester Square) is a large west end venue with weekly guest DJs that play trash disco house. It runs til 6:00 am, but no one shows up before 3:00. pic: Jac



Stagger into **Pleased**, and you're in Jon Pleased Wimmin's Area of the fab, busy and glam. This is a club for serious haircuts, satin suits, peroxide locks and a crowd so mixed that fierce queens bump bodies with teenage runaways. pic Jac



THE BRIT AWARDS

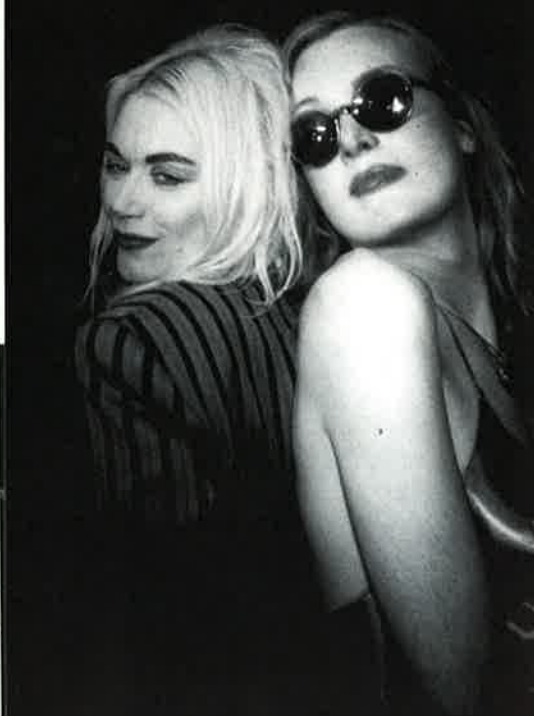
Every year the British music industry gathers together for a self-congratulatory ceremony, the Brit Awards. The event, which usually proves a bit of an endurance test to most people who have to sit through it, still has quite a glamorous image. Diabolical weather conditions didn't dampen spirits as a 3000-strong audience filled North London's Alexandra Palace, a perfect venue for such occasions: huge, decaying and in middle of nowhere. As everyone sat at the immaculately dressed round dinner tables, the towering Ru Paul appeared on stage flanked by pint-sized Elton John to present the show. Shame that much of their innuendo and saucy quips were judged unsuitable for TV broadcast, thus a clumsy editing spoiled much of the fun for 10 million viewers at home. Best British Dance act went to M-people. Less predictable, the Stereo MCs collected two titles: Best British Group (over current teen sensation Take That) and Best British Album. Gabrielle picked up her award for Best Newcomer, Bjork scooped Best International Female and Lenny Kravitz Best International Male. Dina Carroll was elected Best British Female Act. In the pop department, the Pet Shop Boys staged "Go West" dressed in white with matching ray-bans and helmets. Contless other 'luminaries' including Bon Jovi and Meatloaf made appearances but few succeeded in fluttering the doves. One exception, TV presented Paula Yates (Bob Geldof's spouse) could hardly walk down the grand staircase swathed in a spectacular Anthony Price see-through lace dress which cleverly disguised a corset. "What's New Pussycat" served as musical accompaniment to her turn which prompted an unfortunate quip from Elton "There is nothing new about your pussy dear!", something the blonde bombshell won't forget in a hurry. Jean-Paul Gaultier also had difficulty moving about perched on his 10 inch platforms. He donned the perennial kilt and Breton shirt, this time with a frog drawn at the front. As for the diminutive sex kitten Kylie Minogue, she told Ru Paul, who was teasing her with a magnifying glass, "I might be short, but at least I'm every inch a woman." Predictably, it was Ru Paul who stole the lime-light, thanks to her customary savoir-faire and seven scintillating costume changes. With plenty of nominations, but not one trophy to bring home, this year's most undeserving losers were Jamiroquai and Shara Nelson.

1994

words & pics by ALEX JERRY



Whatcha got there Jamiroquai?



Designer Pam Hogg and Sybil.



Those permanently trendy clubbers Boy George and Bjork.



The British pin-up girl herself Kylie Minogue.

Among the corporate major labels, house music gets the least amount of respect among all musical genre. It generates the least amount of sales and represents a community that the straight-laced, conservative, corny major label execs don't feel comfortable with. For that reason, when house producers reach a certain level of success, they often experiment with other formats.

One of the premier house remixers in the world, David Morales, made his artist debut on Mercury Records a ragga album. House legend Frankie Knuckles did a gospel tune on his album on Virgin, and sample track king Todd Terry has recently been producing hip-hop tracks on his Freeze label. Despite these efforts, each one of these producers is still known as a "house producer." While producing house has brought each of them a considerable amount of success, being labeled as such seems to be somewhat of an albatross that they would prefer to be rid of.

So one can only question the musical journey of UK producer CJ Macintosh. Until several years ago, CJ was known as England's top rap producer/remixer. It all began when he won DMC mixing competition in 1987. "Back then, nobody was into DJing that much. My brother was always playing music around the house, so just got into a lot of different grooves from listening what he was into.

CJ teamed up with Dave Torrell, and they did the remix to "Pump Up the Volume" by MARRS which became the hip hop/club anthem of the late '80s. "When the record first came out, it was by a group called Nasty Rox, Inc. It didn't do that well, and they asked us to do a remix on it. We just threw in all the best samples we could think of... Back then, the whole sampling thing wasn't as big an issue as it is now."

When the record blew up, CJ's name became synonymous with hip hop/club hits, and he did a string of well received hip hop remixes... Eric B. and Rakim's "The R," Tribe Called Quest's "Bonita Applebaum," De La Soul's "Say No Go," and Digital Underground's "Sing A Simple Song."

In 1991, CJ took notice of the underground house sound coming out of New York. "I was buying all the Strictly Rhythm and Nervous releases, and a lot of the stuff was really good. The Masters at Work records, and tracks by Todd (Terry) and Roger (Sanchez) all were starting to

Best Of BRITish/CJ MaCKiNTosh

make a big impact in UK clubs. Back then, people used to think I should play hip hop all night because that's all they knew about me. But then, I started playing house and a lot of people gave me shit. I didn't care. I kept playing house. Eventually the crowds got used to it."

It was about this time that CJ broke up with his long time partner Dave Torrell. A lot of the industry insiders felt that this was a bad career move. There was further skepticism when word got out that CJ was doing a remix for the Sounds of Blackness house record "Testify," because before then CJ had only done hip hop remixes. But it became a huge club hit which quickly followed by Janet Jackson and Luther Vandross' "Best Things in Life Are Free," Sabrina Johnson's "I want To Sing," Dina Carroll's "Ain't No Man," Loni Clark's "Rushing," and Janet Jackson's "That's the Way Love Goes."

For every record he has remixed, he has turned down five. "Remixing is cool, but I think it gets a little out of hand when record companies ask you to make something that was doesn't sound anything like the original. What was the point of someone producing it in the first place? The problem is that a lot of the A&R people are wankers. They never go out, they don't have any idea of what really works in clubs."

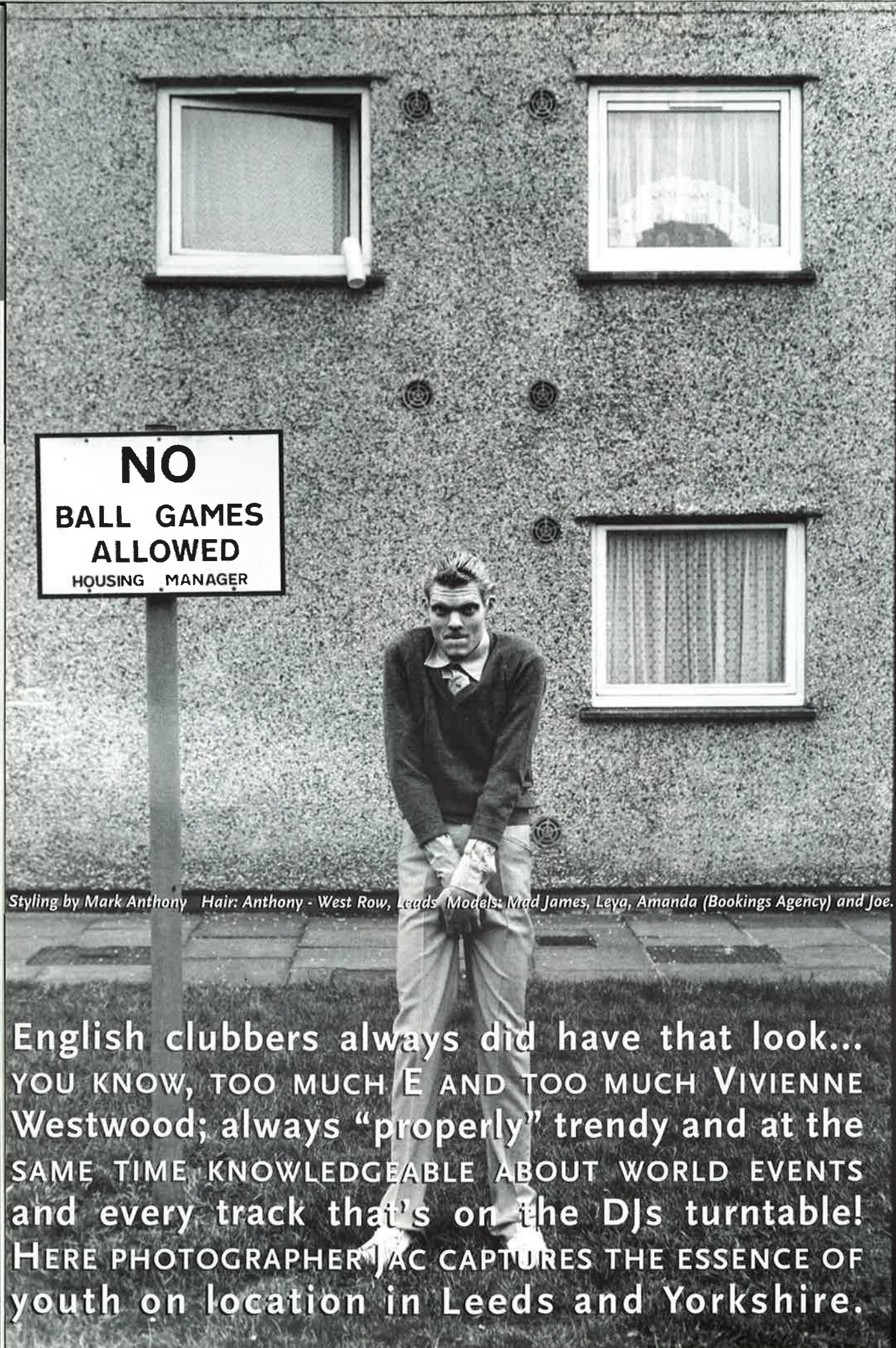
Along with his constant studio activity, CJ still does regular gigs at Ministry of Sound and the Hacienda. He feels that he's ready to take on his talent to another level, and he's going to be producing a group that he has discovered "Love Happy", which he already signed to MCA in Europe. With Love Happy, this is something I'm staring to work with on ground level, so I'm really excited about it. The project is going to include songs both house and R&B and hopefully it will be songs that peo-



ple will remember for a long time. House is great, but a lot of songs don't have memorable qualities."

There is no question in this writer's mind that Love Happy will become a smashing success, just as CJ has in the last few years. This is an industry where talent alone is just not enough. You have to have determination and wisdom as well. CJ has those qualities. In an industry where the most successful people are often the biggest jerks, CJ has managed to stay as down to earth and humble as anyone can imagine. This is one case where a nice guy will finish first.

by MIKE WEISS



James wears pink trousers by Contemporary Wardrobe, Shirt by Joe Casely-Hayford, V-Neck sweater from Portobello Market and shoes by Dunlop Greenflashed.

Styling by Mark Anthony Hair: Anthony - West Row, Leeds Models: Mad James, Leya, Amanda (Bookings Agency) and Joe.

English clubbers always did have that look... YOU KNOW, TOO MUCH E AND TOO MUCH VIVIENNE Westwood; always "properly" trendy and at the SAME TIME KNOWLEDGEABLE ABOUT WORLD EVENTS and every track that's on the DJs turntable! HERE PHOTOGRAPHER JAC CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF youth on location in Leeds and Yorkshire.

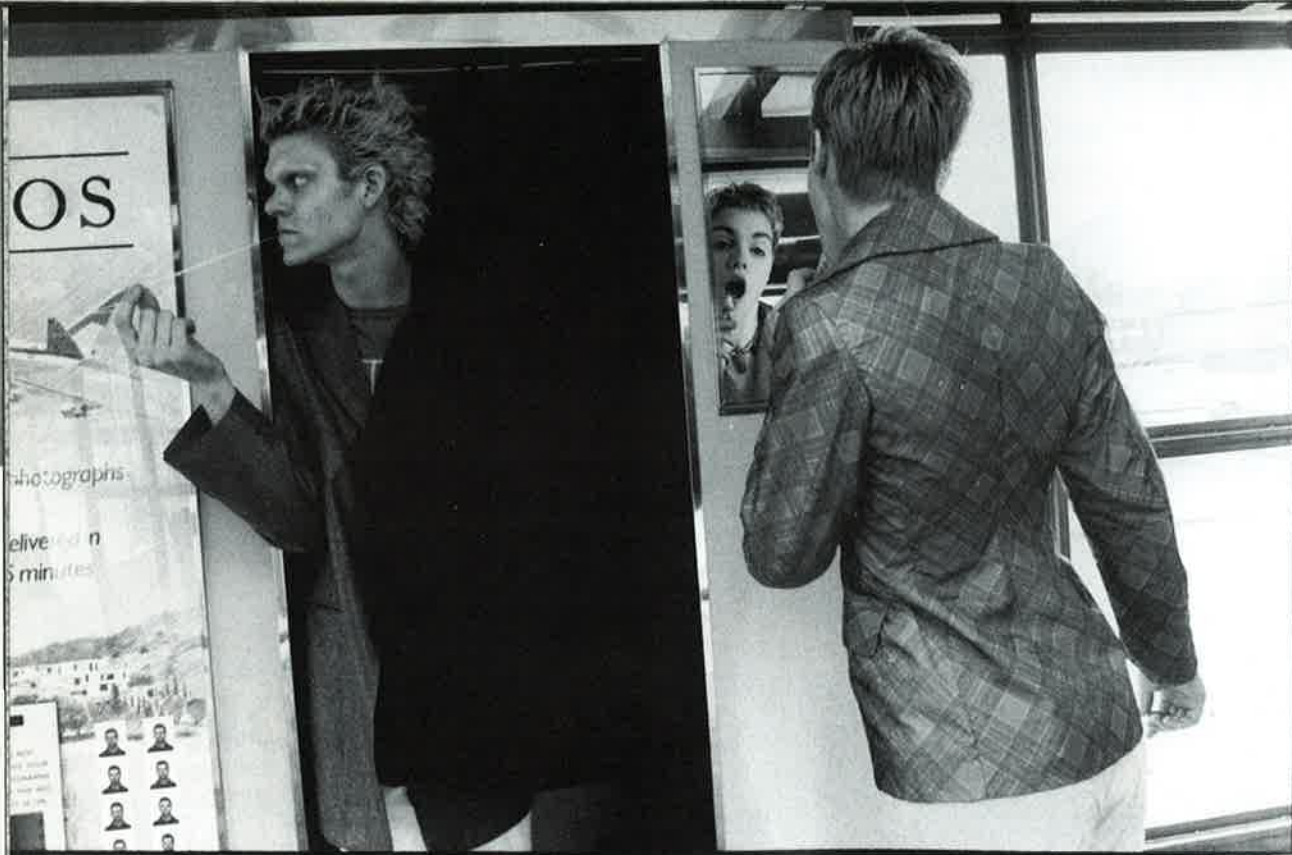


James wears outfit co/ OXFAM High Street, Leeds. Leya wears skirt by Jean Collona, shirt is models own.

James wears trousers by Levis, bracelet by Paul Smith and shoes by Patrick Cox.

Joe wears black satin shirt by Guns for Dope. Leya wears satin shirt and pearlized skirt from Darren Gender.





James wears jacket by Paul Smith, trousers by David Sterling Frizzle and Shoes by Patrick Cox.

Amanda wears necklace by Peter Jessop, jacket by Darren Gander, trousers by Mario.



James wears shoes by Patrick Cox, trousers by David Sterling Frizzle, jacket by Jean Collona, sunglasses from Portobello Market. Leya wears jacket and trousers by Jean Collona, shoes by Dunlop Greenflash. Amanda wears jacket by Paul Smith and shirt by Jean Collona.



mmmilla

**The life and times of a
not-so-average starlet**

by OLLY BLACKBURN

photographs by DAHLEN

styled by MONTGOMERY FRAZIER

Milla Jovovich used to be a top model and actress in cut-price movies like *Return to the Blue Lagoon*. But now, she just wants to sing. It sounds like another worn-out '90s cliché - singers want to be actors, actors want to be models, models want to be singers and presidents... So why feed the publicity machine for *another* model with the same old career pretensions? Models aren't hired for their conversation skills and philosophers don't get published for their looks. You don't ask a clothes horse what they *think*, and you don't send Mr. Ed down a catwalk.

Jovovich, though, seems a little more interesting than your average "what I really want is to *sing*..." stereotype. Firstly there's the music - her debut album is a relatively strange mixture of rootsy folk and strum-rock ballads inhabiting the same territory as Tori Amos. And then there's her attitude - self-reliant and pragmatic: not what you'd expect from the star of *Return to the Blue Lagoon*.

"I've never planned on making modelling more than something that paid my bills. Modelling was the thing that, as a teenager, pretty much paid for my schooling and any sort of lessons that I wanted, just normal financial responsibilities. But I never thought of myself as 'a model' because it was something I did on a side and it was successful." This is a way of saying that she's given up modelling as any sort of career - "I mean if somebody offers me a good campaign for a large amount of money, I'm not stupid, but..."

She sees her future in film less similarly.

"Not only am I going to wait for *the* part to come along but I'm going to wait 'till I feel like I'm ready enough as an actress. I don't want to just do a film and not immerse



myself in it and not really, really, really work on it so that I am able to be a good actress..."

Last year she worked with Richard (Slacker) Linklater's '70s teen-bong epic *Dazed & Confused*. The experience was sobering - she got fobbed off with a two word bit part and then saw her face plastered over the posters for the marketing campaign (branded by *Details* as one of the worst of 1993). She joined the film on condition that she could write and act in her own scene, "for the whole three months I worked with the other actress. I wrote it and it was really good and then three months after the fact and four days before the (entire) shoot is over, we're shooting my scene and the producer comes up to me and says: 'Look, we don't have time for this, we've got too many things to do and we don't have the money to shoot things that aren't in the script already.'

And so they had me do the whole movie, screwed me over in the end and then used my face in the posters... so I was a little bit offended." Once burned, her response is to be more aware in the future. "I definitely have a lot to blame myself for, because I was naive enough to trust people's word and I know Richard was getting a lot of shit from the people that had the money... But just never trust people's 'word' in this business, you gotta have it in black and white, on paper, to have any meaning."

She ran into the same brick walls when she first tried to embark on her music career - companies treating her like just another pretty face, a top-end mime act. "I signed a development deal with SBK and they put me together with with these really horrible producers who made me sing shit, man... horrible music. I mean just sugar-pop, you know, naff love songs. I used to come home from recording in tears because

I was so fed up with recording this shit that they were making me do. And finally when I was sixteen I took my guitar and just wrote my first two songs and played it at a company meeting and they were like, 'It's not a hit. Two or three albums down the road you can do it, but now just concentrate on this...' and I had to tell them that we shouldn't waste anymore of our time and money."

SBK assumed they could 'dress me up, put it together, and put it out quickly' and though Milla showed she had guts, even EMI (SBK parent conglomerate and her American label) seems to have found it hard coming to terms with a model-singer who isn't interested in Madonna rip-offs or playing with her boyfriend's stadium-rock combo. The release of her first album (she's already well into the second) has been delayed for almost a year and the music certainly isn't what we've come to expect from this actress/model/dragqueen-cum-singer genre. It's a simple sound and isn't aimed at the mall rats, certainly not when you think of its folk/fairytale ambience. Milla defends her music and especially any hint that it's too unexpected. "Objects inspire me, even just a word - the way a word sounds. It could just be new chords I learnt... it's got folk roots...I dunno, I mean in today's world what music is out of time?"

But the difference may also be thanks to her particular background. The daughter of a Russian silver screen diva, she moved to the West Coast when she was five; and whether talking about her childhood, or why she's spending all her time now in Europe, she still seems to look at the U.S. as another land, a foreign place. "We moved to Sacramento, because my parents thought 'the capital of California...Sacramento' the way that in Russia the capital is Moscow and it's the metropolis... Here my mom gets to Sacramento, it's woodland and farms and stuff like that and she looked at my dad - 'Oh

my God! Where have you taken me?' ...And it was still weird to move to L.A. because it's not really a city, it's kind of like a provincial town..."

But she insists that, as far as she can know, her life in Russia was perfectly normal. "I knew Grandma, playground, dog, movie set with mom..." Perfectly normal.

Which is to say that her slightly skewed experience of what is, in the end, a pretty generic celebrity lifestyle (model-actor-singer? I hear L.A.'s opened a trailer-park for them now) is what separates her from the hordes behind. A top model who insists she only does it to pay the rent, an ex-child actress who won't even look at a script unless it's suitably highbrow, a glam-singer who writes her own...folk songs? Well, some people talk about doing it. What's interesting is not necessarily Milla's music or her looks, which aren't too far left of the mainstream - it's the attitude of achieving what she wants (and then that's nothing as crude as the career-bitch/willing-bimbo cut-outs that women are saddled with even today.) A combination of dipping your feet into the shit to get where you want and some finer, higher, sense of talent and personal satisfaction.

"I did get over it (the treatment from her record company), I told them that I did my own thing, I didn't listen to them and didn't bow down under them, and do what they told me because I couldn't take it anymore. If I couldn't do my own music, it wasn't worth it. I think it's always gonna be that way, a (pretty) girl is always gonna be put in that sort of light no matter who she is, that's life..."

A new type of diva for the 'gos? Let's hope.

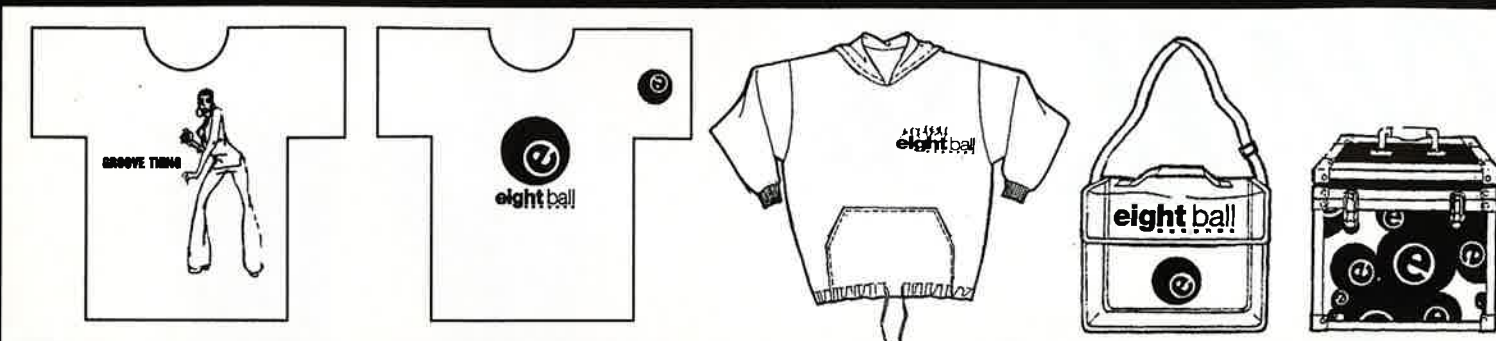
Milla



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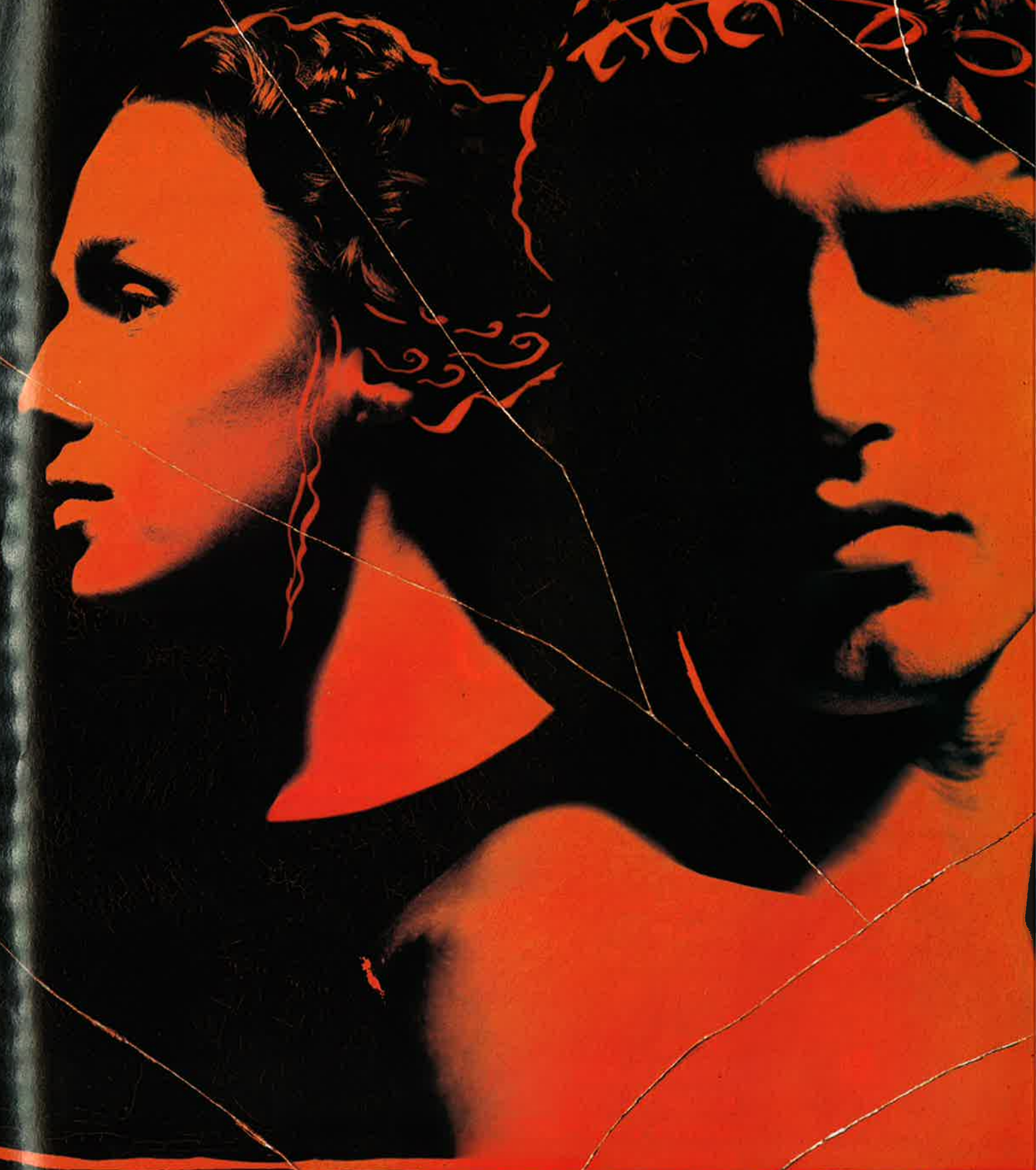
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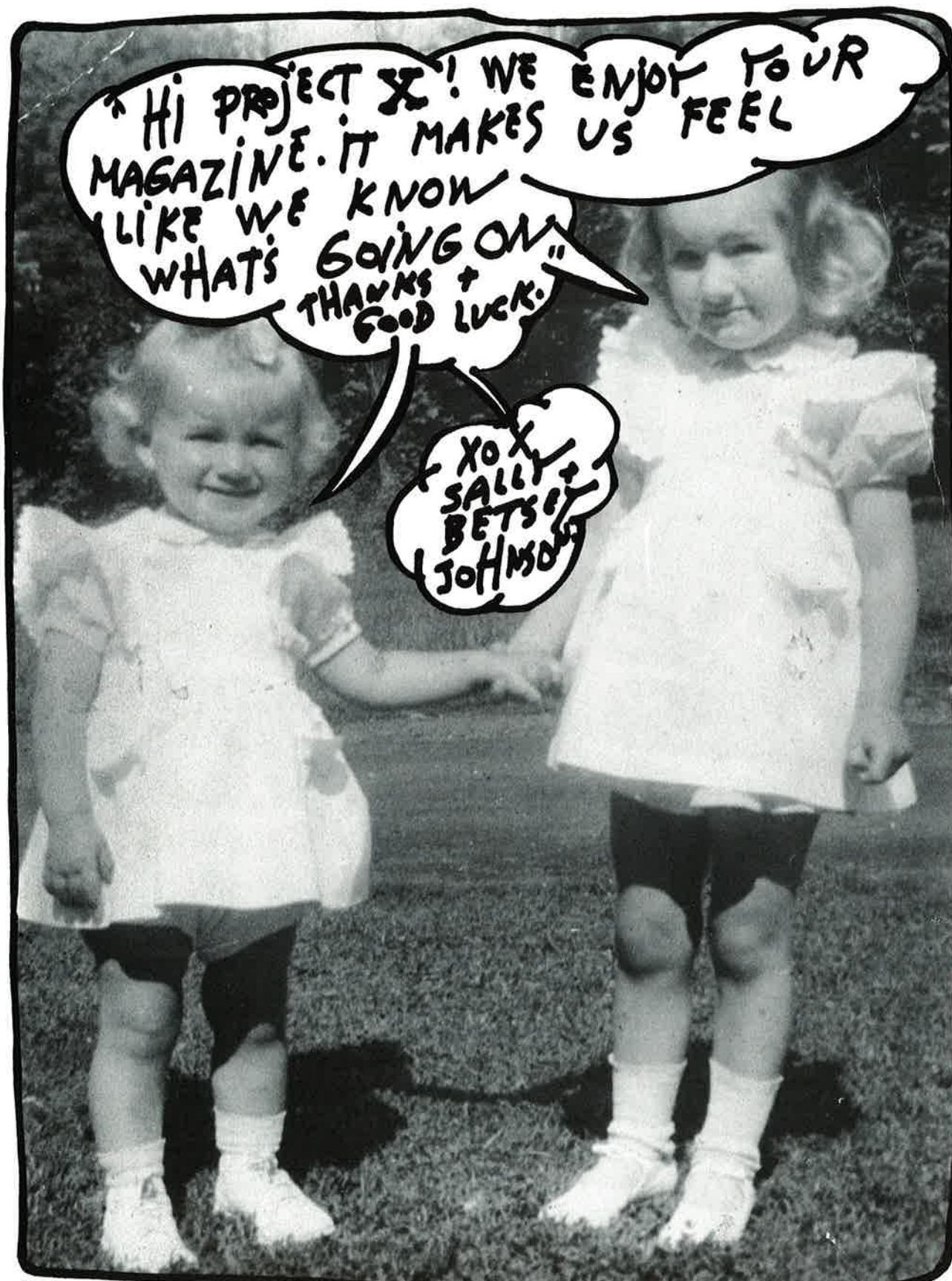
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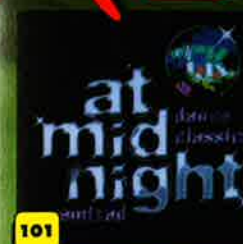
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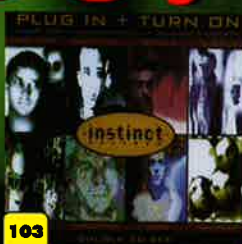
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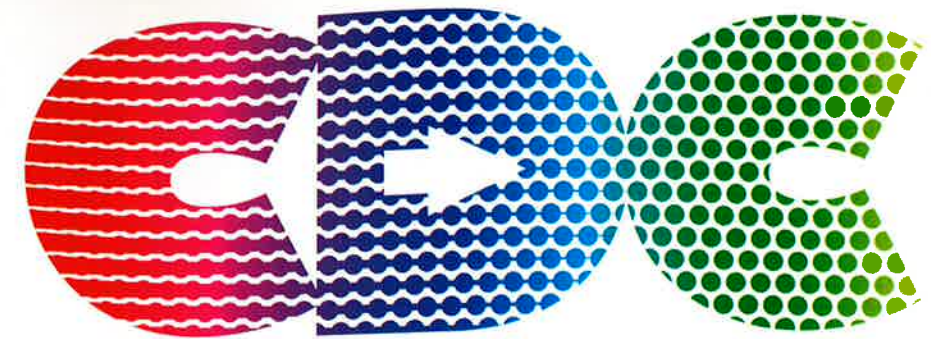
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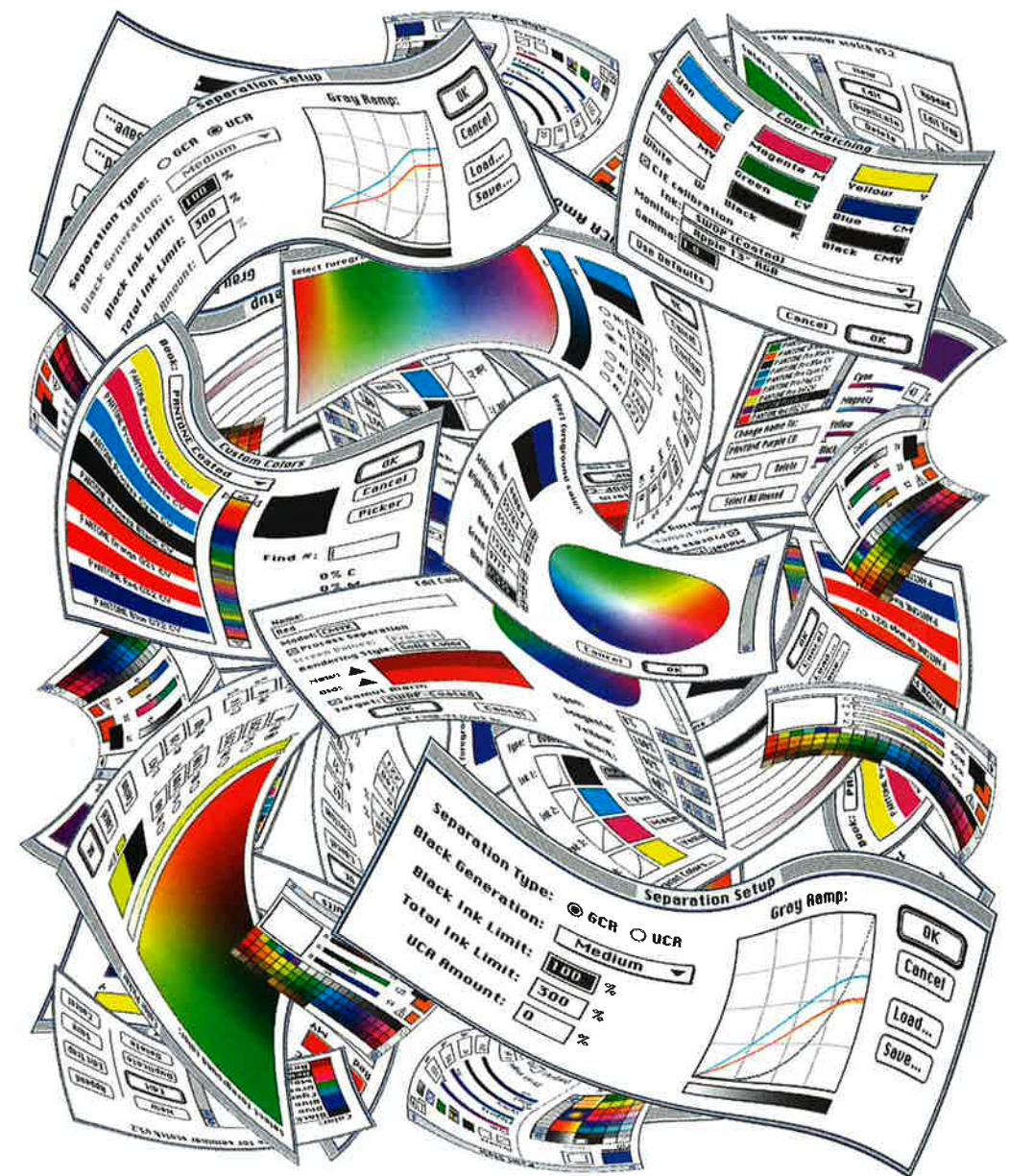
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