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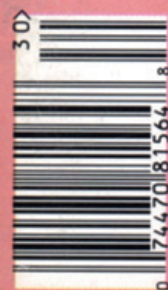
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no. 1

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Traci Lords

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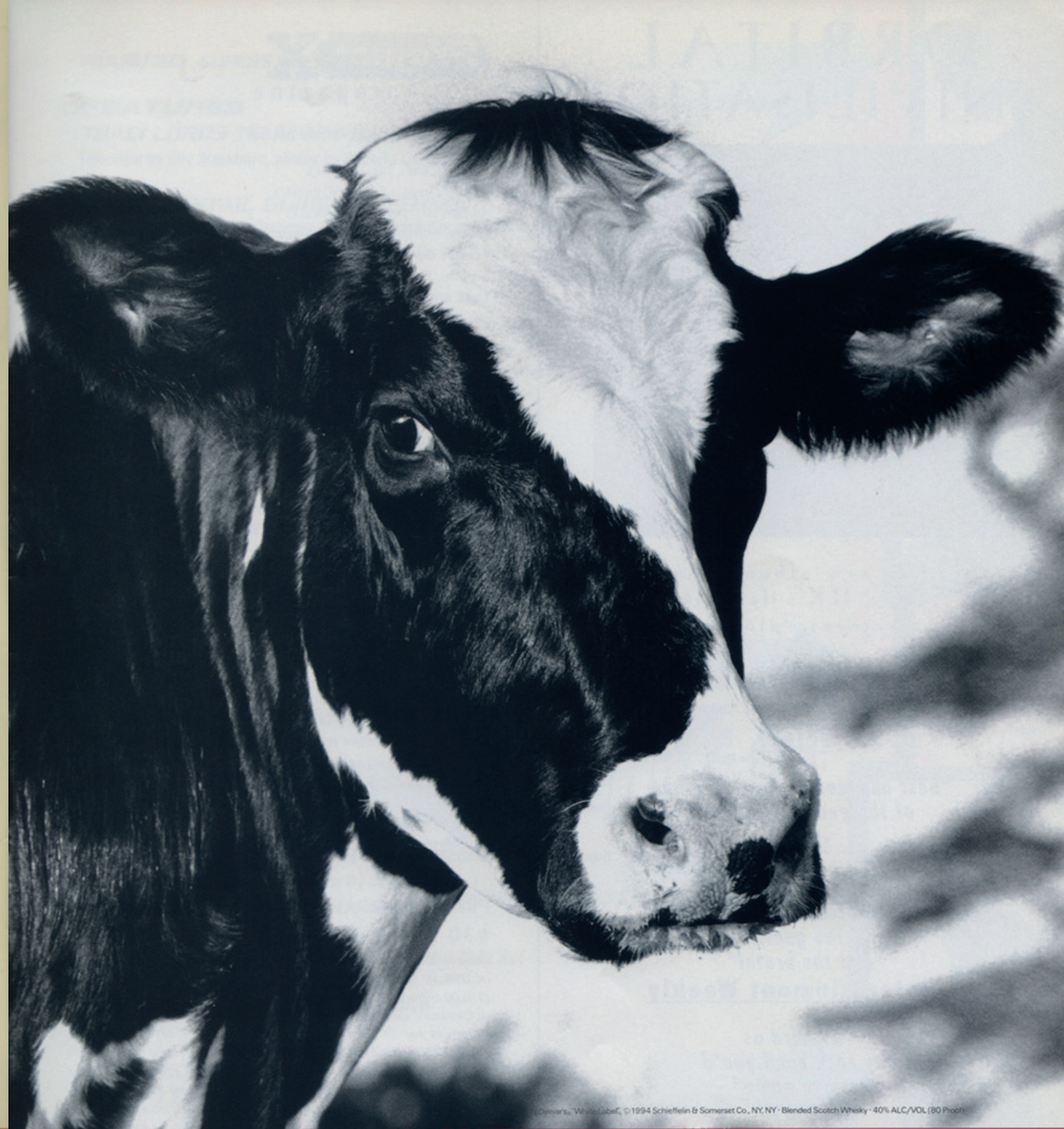
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Editor in Chief... JULIE JEWELS

Graphic Design... EIKONOGRAPHIA

Art Director... JAVIER MICHALSKI

Fashion Marketing... MONTGOMERY FRAZIER

Fashion Contributing Editors... CLYDE RAY BRUAL, HIROMI

KOBARI, FRANCOIS & HEATHER, GALADRIEL MASTERSON

Music Editors... AFSHIN, JAMES CHRISTIAN

Senior Writer... SLOAN MANDELL

Production Coordinator... DANNY D'AGOSTINO

Arts Editor... STEVEN MILLER

Interns... LISA MARIE ROVITO

Words... MICHAEL WEISS, OLLY BLACKBURN, SLOAN MANDELL,
ERNIE GLAM, TAMARA PALMER, JOSEPH PASTRANA, JOSH
WINK, ALEX GERRY, KHIEM TRUONG

Images... ROBERTO LIGRESTI, CONRAD SANDERSON, GEERT
TEUWEN, EVA MUELLER, PABLO RAMIREZ, IGOR VICHNYAKOV,
JAMES SMOLKA, JOSEPH CASTRO, JEFF HORNSTEIN

West Coast Editor... KHIEM TRUONG

UK Editor... Alex Gerry

On the Front Cover...

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ENJOY THIS SUPER ISSUE.

MESSAGES: thanks to MacStuds Chris-n-Sean at SVA

MAG/30 SUPERSTAR ISSUE

FEATURES

TRACI LORDS The All-American Superstar

Interview by Olly Blackburn, photos by Roberto Ligresti... p. 32

YOUR COCKTAIL GUIDE TO TECHNO

Can you tell the difference between intelligent hardcore and pure ambient?

Do you know what to wear to a jungle rave? Take the Pro X techno course... p. 70

LAURA WHITCOMB

Meet our centerfold and designer behind the LABEL label... p. 44

COSMIC BABY The German Trance Pin-Up comes to America... p. 30

FASHION

JUNKO KOSHINO photographed by Eva Mueller... p. 36

STEPPING OUT? Pro X Beauty Tips

photographed by Pablo Ramires, styled by Hiromi Kobari... p. 14

FAMILY FUN Meet the Pro X nuclear family

Photographed by Jeff Hornstein... p. 25

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE Pro X Models go wild

Photographed by Igor Vishnyakov... p. 48

SHINY GLOSSY STUFF FOR YOUR CLOSET

Photographed by Geert Teuwen

CALLING ALL GEEKS loser fashion... p. 60

MUSIC

POP WILL EAT ITSELF The sampler icons by Sloan Mandell

UNDERWORLD interview by DJ Josh Wink

DJ PROFILE Armand Van Helden

SANDALS by Alex Jerry

DOUBLE DJ PLAYLISTS Our favorite DJs list

THE HARKISS FAMILY

San Francisco's underground collective

REVIEWS

REGULARS

YOUR LETTERS... p. 13

X-TRA X-TRA READ ALL ABOUT IT... p. 18

First Class Entertainment - keeping busy on plane rides; This Shit is Expensive - Toilet Art;
Club kid Bashing; Why We Hate Donovan Leitch; Breakfast Cereal Culture; Techno
Museums; Guarrana 2000; Lady of Rage; Fashion X-Tra

DOUBLE LIFE STORY Project X soap opera continues... p. 56

Story by Mike Weiss, Images by Javier Michalski

CLUB RUB Style over substance... p. 64

contents



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Letter from the Editor

hi,

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, five weeks to be exact, Traci Lords called to tell us that she was now a techno recording artist. At twenty three, there is not much Traci Lords hasn't done - she arrived in L.A. from Ohio at the age of 12, "hung out and got into trouble", got busted by authorities, appeared on national news from a suicide hospital ward, and was dismissed by the rest of the world as a washed up ex-porn star. Since then, Traci put herself through school, got married, starred in John Waters films, and is now looking forward to joining the Hollywood elite as the star in Scorsese's new film opposite De Niro. Oh, yeah, she's making pop techno music too.

Since Project X doesn't cover movie stars or mall music, why is Traci on our cover? Well in the ye olde skool Project X style-over-substance tradition, Traci is the new home coming queen. But she's more than just that perfect combination of talent and fluff. Traci took what is perceived as a liability by the general public and turned it into an asset: using the press as a step ladder for her new success. She turned her scarlet letter of shame into a badge of honor. As society continues to look down upon "negative" elements, youth culture embraces and redefines those elements (remember when nose piercing and ecstasy were a no-no.) Don't ever let anyone tell you that what you believe in, what you wear, or what you listen to is wrong. Use your flaws to your advantage, just like our superstar covergirl did. So read Project X and you'll live happily ever after. The end.

Julie Jewels
Editor in chief



Jah Wobble's
Invaders of the Heart
Take Me to God
The Sun Does Rise
Becoming More Like God

Jah wobble's
invaders of the heart

the new album
take me to god
includes
The Sun Does Rise
(guest vocal: Dolores O'Riordan of The Cranberries)
and
Becoming More Like God
(guest vocal: Annette M. Drecker of Bel Canto)

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THE PARTY IS TONIGHT...

and you still don't know

what you're wearing?

Well this time, make it all

about your make-up and hair...

Hair and Make-up by **Hiromi Kobari**

Photographed by **Pablo Ramirez**

Styled by **Melanie McKenzie**

Harue (Women Model Management) wears a black T-shirt with rhinestones by Helen Storey at Showroom 7 International.



Tania wears a turtleneck from JuJu & Moxie and a bowler hat by Cesar Galindo.



Laroe wears a bronze dress by Cesar Galindo.



Tania wears a lycra top with overcast stitching by Wendy B. and a leather collar by Body Worship NYC



**DID YOU KNOW...
THAT THERE IS SOMETHING
CALLED "BREAKFAST CULTURE"?**

Just when we thought all was normal, out pops Flake: The Breakfast Nostalgia Magazine. Apparently, collecting old cereal boxes and bottom-of-the-box prizes is quite the rage. The prizes of yesteryear are elegantly referred to as "premiums" in this publication of the minute — with Cap'n Crunch decoder rings that would be the envy of any club kid, and Moonstones moon buggies to transport yourself to that higher place. What's there to be nostalgic about nowadays, when all we seem to get are coupons and cut-outs on the back of the boxes? Editor of Flake is Scott Bruce of Cambridge, MA, who presents a loving collection of old boxes, interviews with the cereal moguls themselves and morning munchies in milk trivia. But the highlight of the magazine comes in the huge array of reader letters in each issue: a worldwide support group reassuring each other that they are not alone in their passion. Snap, crackle, pop! —T.P.



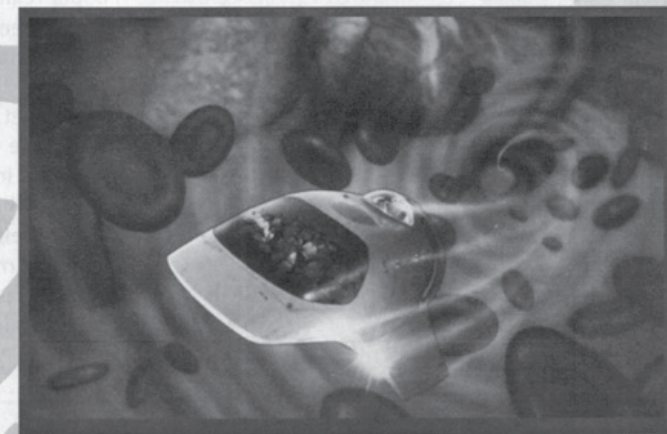
CLUB KID BASHING

A disturbing new trend has been sweeping the country, and the fad has reached epidemic proportions in New York alone. Random acts of senseless violence have been occurring right around the corner from such hotspots as USA and The Tunnel. The victims? Clubkids. The Perpetrators? Club Kid Haters: bridge-and-tunnel youths who revel in the high of watching these club stars yell "Work!" while their faux eyelashes and face glitter fly in the air. Project X first became aware of the problem when one of our closest friends came stumbling into the office, barely conscious (was it the beating or the last shot of Stolichnaya, we wondered), after being knocked in the face 50 times with a four-foot Puma platform. They were his platforms, too. We at Project X demand an end to this madness. We called the fashion police but were told that there was nothing they could do unless the perpetrators continued to wear Adidas-striped clothing until after they were way out of style. We faxed the mayor. He told us that unless something happened at his fave party—the Saint-at-Large Black party—he didn't want to hear about it. So now, we've decided to take the law into our own hands. We here at Project X have come up with a few safety tips for our dear friends in clubland who find themselves walking home alone late at night:

1. Give the hoodlum your money. Hand over your drink tickets. But if he asks for your make-up tips, be prepared to shed some blood.
2. Conceal a weapon on your body at all times. When the party-pooper sees you whip out a hairbrush from the secret compartment in your platforms, he'll be freaked.
3. Always lock your lunch pails BEFORE you leave a club. Keep your backpacks zipped. And please note that according to police files, all reported victims of Club Kid bashing were sporting a furry animal backpack at the time of the incident.
4. And if all else fails, look at the perpetrator straight in the eye (make sure to take off your ski goggles first) and proclaim the scariest threat in all of clubland, "Step off or I'll introduce you to Michael Alig!" —concerned citizen

**PLEASE FASTEN YOUR SEAT-BELTS AND PLACE
YOUR BONGS IN THE OVERHEAD COMPARTMENT**

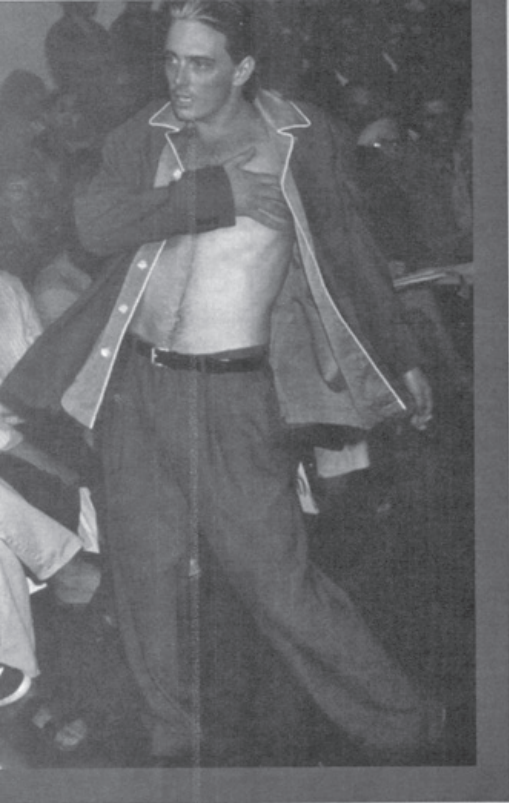
Have you ever sat on an airplane, cramped between two 300 pound Swedish sisters who are so fat and so whack that they actually read those stupid airplane magazines? If you have, there's good news for all you global ravers out there who find themselves hopping around the planet looking for techno hotspots. Airlines finally took notice. So, in the spirit of "Generation Instant Gratification," (also known as "Generation X(tc)") airlines have begun to cater to a market of jetsetters who will not sit idly by and eat their bag of peanuts as if everything were fabulous. Realizing this need, forward-thinking airlines have begun to consider their passengers' comfort level by installing Nintendo for a quick fix of Formula One, personalized telephones for those 976 calls, mini TV sets for watching the latest Björk video, and faxes just to be cool. Camel Cigarette Co. has even gone one step further, throwing a party on a plane complete with turntables and a bar. Aerorave, which happened in July made three stops at three different co-sponsored raves in different cities. Five hundred on-boarders partied in Berlin, Cologne, and Amsterdam in one night, courtesy of Camel (sure beats the New Music Seminar they sponsored here New York!) The possibilities for in-flight entertainment are endless: virtual reality stations at your seat, DJs in the aisles, fat after-hours parties in the luggage compartment for those red-eye flights. It is conceivable even, one day, to have the flight attendant come to your seat and ask, "Would you like a beverage or a bong hit?" —K.T.



SHE'S ALL THE RAGE

Hip Hop culture is a massive force that has been setting the tone in sound and style for a whole decade. From the mellow and sun-drenched style on the West Coast of Snoop Doggy, to the hyper-Southern flavor of Luke, to the hardcore weed induced East Coast style, we have enough trend-setting going on to keep the urban hardheads and the suburban mall rats happy. What's missing then? A spokeswoman.

Hip hop has been a male dominated culture since the start and the girls on the scene either shake their booties in guy's videos, or don't sell enough records to have a long term recording career, (with exceptions of Queen Latifah and Salt-n-Pepa, both of whom are excellent defenders of women in hop hop but are much too mainstream.) Well, here's a newcomer who represents the underground and she does it with style. Lady of Rage got a call one day from Dr. Dre at her job as a receptionist at Church King Studios in New York and he wanted her to come out to LA because he heard her rap, and liked what he heard. She went without looking back. "Dre was cool, he was gonna tell everyone I was his little sister because some people say we look alike." That was 1990 and since then she signed to his label and released her single "Afro Puffs." "I got the idea from my photo album...my cousin had afro puffs... The track "Afro Puffs" is basically about lyrical skills and just a taste of what's to come." In an industry dominated by chauvinist male rappers, Lady of Rage is cool, calm, and collected. "Negativity also influenced me: people telling me I wasn't gonna make it." Well, she made because she's good (and we love her afro puffs). "My look is different, I'm real, and the lyrics I kick are hardcore." She's definitely all the rage.—J.J.



WHO THE HELL DOES DONOVAN LEITCH THINK HE IS?

Lately I've been daydreaming a lot. Dreaming about having a life full of glamour, money and fame. I spend hours fantasizing about modeling in all the trendiest fashion shows. Being paid hundreds of thousands of dollars by Pepe Jeans for Bruce Weber to photograph me. That my loyal friends Kate, Linda, Christy and Naomi simply will not go to a party without me. That I can't open a magazine—be it The Face or The New York Times—without a picture of myself in the social section. On top of all this my father was a superstar of the sixties and my sister is a famous actress. Oh, and did I forget to mention that every record label is fighting to sign my band?

Suddenly I come out of my daze, images of my fantasy life still fresh in my head. "But who really lives a life like that anyway? It's just not possible!" I comfort myself, and then along comes—you guessed it—Donovan Leitch, and ruins it all.

Donovan Leitch is one lucky Nancy Boy, and I could not despise him more. I mean why is he constantly praised by the media as a trendsetter, youth leader, fashion scion, and living objet d'art? He's cute, but not THAT cute. He hasn't done anything even semi-important. He probably couldn't even write. People really should know about ME! Look to me for style and wisdom, and not to mention, my ability to meet an editorial deadline! I could out-fierce this Leitch character any day. I could! I could! I could!—but no one gives me the chance.

In fact no one even gives me the time of day. I can't even get a date! Oh god I hate Donovan Leitch!

But maybe I could be his best friend? I'm positively sure we would get along marvelously. He could take me along to all those fabulous parties. He'd insist on my being included in all of his modelling campaigns. If Kate or Christy or Naomi couldn't get in touch with Donny (I'd call him Donny just to annoy him) then we'd just go out without him. He's really getting to be no fun anyway, so conceited and grumpy. I hear Bruce can hardly bear working with him anymore. All the media attention is moving towards me anyway. I have a better voice and...

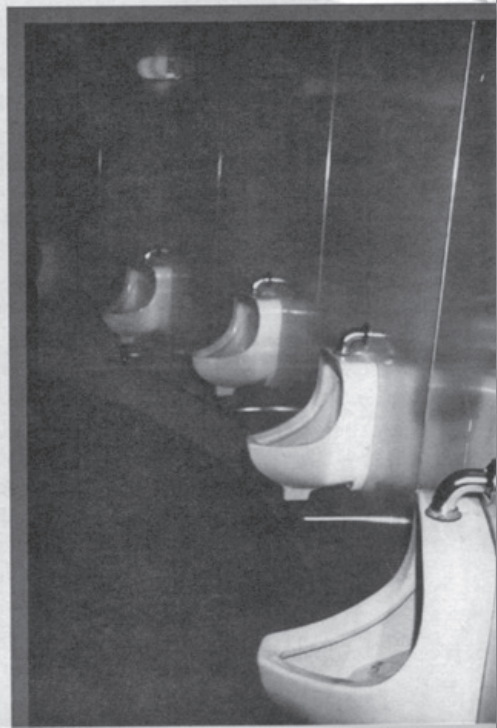
Oh what a sick bitter queen I am. I can't even be happy for my best friend's success. I'm sorry Donny, jealousy can be so very ugly. If fate has deemed you to be the coolest fairy on earth today, then so be it.

But please Donny, call me more often!—S.M.



BEVERAGE 2000

What's green, smells gross, comes in a trendy bottle and has become the latest techno accessory for clubbers? If you guessed the new Cannabis-flavored Snapple iced tea, you're wrong. Project X has travelled across the globe to bring you the latest beverage of tomorrow's scene. And the winner is: Gusto, the nippy runabout for zooming round town (that's their description, not ours, thank god.) So forget about coffee (drank it), forget alcohol (puked on it), forget about drugs (too eighties), because now the best high you can get (without getting arrested) is Gusto, which comes in such tantalizing flavors as lemonade, apple, and sparkling herb and packed with loads of Guarana 2000—the speedy, all natural South American herb. The staff at Project X has once again used ourselves as guinea pigs for the sake of being truly avant-garde (because what else do we have to live for) and our conclusion is that this thing is really disgusting. But then again, after doing the cabbage patch for 48 hours to bad breakbeat in an old warehouse while passing around one bottle of Evian between ten people, does it really matter?—K.T.



EXPENSIVE SHIT

The Art World Goes To The Toilet

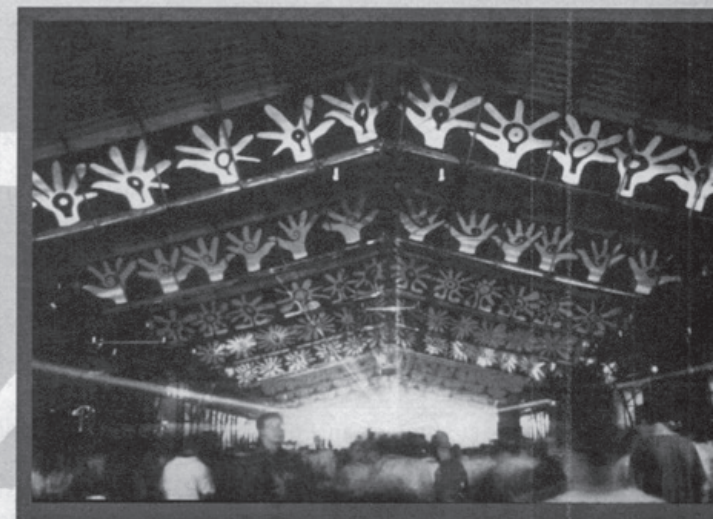
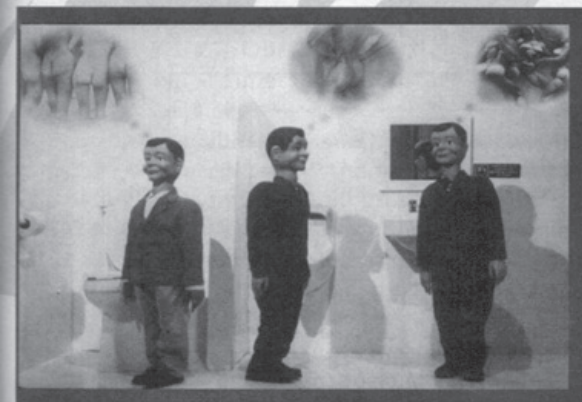
This one goes out to all of you who said that I'd never amount to anything so long as I spent all of my time in bathroom stalls at nightclubs. You laughed at me when I claimed to be doing "research" for my "art." Well look who's laughing now! I am now considered to be one of the world's foremost authorities on possibly the most important movement in the art world of the nineties. Yes kids, Toilet Art has finally come of age, and don't say I didn't tell you so!

If Eric Goode's recent exhibition of urinals at the Tunnel is considered to be a proper art exhibition, well then I'm practically a curator. It's so reassuring to know that I'm not the only artist fascinated by the Porcelain God, to feel that the words "latrine" and "sculpture" are in fact interchangeable.

Of course, I was not the first to contemplate the beauty of the toilet. Marcel Duchamp shocked the art world all the way back in the 1930's with his Dadaist exhibition of readymade art which featured the urinal as it's main piece. But today's world does not dwell on the past, and the toilet has now reclaimed it's place at the forefront of culture.

With recent exhibitions by Laurie Simmons at the Metro Pictures Gallery and the "head art" of Jeff Koons, this loo queen can rest easier knowing that Toilet Art has made a permanent skid mark in the history of art. So feel free to scrawl down your innermost thoughts on a stall door today, it could end up in the Smithsonian tomorrow.

And all of you had better think twice before you poo-poo another of my genius ideas.—S.M.



JAMES BROWN MAY BE DEAD... BUT TECHNO IS FOREVER

The Project X manifesto dictates that Clublife—the places, music, people, clothes, and cocktails—is of major social significance and that the disco does far more for world peace than the Pentagon. A good club provides so much more than simple entertainment because house culture is the most positive social development of the past twenty years and has presented peaceful racial integration, total communication, and an overall positive vibe. Clubbers are not just a bunch of dropouts, but artists and revolutionaries in the fight for individual freedom and self-expression. So it is with great pleasure that Pro X introduces you to CHROMAPARK.

Chromapark is the first museum dedicated completely to "Techno Art." It's located in Berlin: probably the most forward-thinking city of the 90's and the spiritual center of the Techno movement. The museum, which presented it's first exhibition last season, will present installations reflecting the Techno aesthetic, laser shows, live interactive DJ sets, performance artists, graphics displays, and more. Yes kids, we are finally making our mark on world culture. Ravers and club fiends can no longer be dismissed so easily now that we have a museum of our own. Today's counterculture is finally disproving the theories of slackerism and Generation X. Forget about Warhol and forget about the Woodstock reunion, we don't need to define ourselves by yesterdays youth cultures. Instead check out Chromapark—it's all about today and it's all about you, so keep the party going!—S.M.



True Storey,

by Joseph Pastrana,
Make-up by Liz,
Photo by Robert Castro,
Styled by Melanie McKenzie
Model: Harue at Women Model Management

As fashion capitals go, London has seen far better days. But even in an industry with permanently-installed revolving doors for names that come and go, there is never a shortage of British talents who thrive and continue to mesmerize the rest of the well-dressed world with their genius. And among those deservedly enjoying undivided attention is Helen Storey.

A daughter of an English author, Helen recalls finding herself constantly surrounded by her father's friends from artistic, theatrical and literary circles who never failed to challenge her young imagination. There, her interest in clothing flourished, prompting her to venture into costume work for the theater and eventually training at Valentino in Rome. At the renowned couture house, she honed her understanding of the trade until she was ready to officially launch her own line in 1984.

By the late '80s, her innovative designs drew considerable international notice. In 1990 she was named Designer of the Year by the British Fashion Council. That same year, her popularity crossed over the Atlantic and worldwide, a triumph that earned her the British Apparel Export Award.

For her legion of followers, Helen Storey's main appeal lies in her uncanny understanding of fabric. When the fiber company giant, Courtland, launched tencel, it was through Helen's 1992 collection that the stretch fabric came to vivid, effervescent life. "Sometimes I'm approached by textile companies to try out some new material," she confides. Often though, she will actively go to different mills in search of fabric yet untried by manufacturers or designers of lesser daring.

To celebrate 10 years of Helen Storey, she is currently working on an interpretative dance performance predominantly anchored on plastic as clothing for the design museum in London as slated to premiere in November. There is also a commemorative photography book in the works with British Elle's Sally Brampton looking back on the finest Helen Storey designs. The word at New York's Showroom Seven is that the book will include possible participation of top photographers and stylists with their American interpretation of Helen's bestsellers. All that and her latest collection—a fine-tuned focus on shimmering colors—may provide the means of jumpstarting London out of its temporary funk. "The city's fashion scene is going through a rough transition," Helen admits. "But, it's about to come out shining."

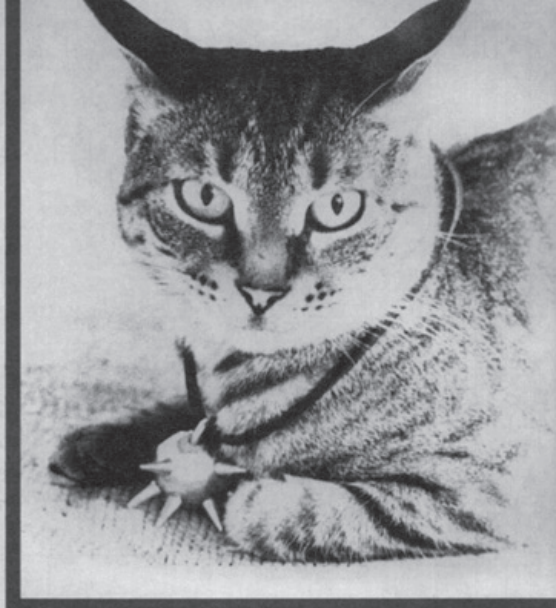


TO DRESS OR NOT TO DRESS that is the question

We here at Project X are not morning people. We are not afternoon people. To be completely honest, sometimes we just say "Fuck it!" and don't bother waking up (unless, of course, something fabulous like Models, Inc. is on.) Who wants to deal with the conflicts of everyday life: do I wear my Gaultier Hasidic Jew ensemble or my white trash Anna Sui pantsuit? Velvet or Limelight? The decisions can become mind-boggling when you lead the glam lifestyle that we lead. So, in true '90s deconstructivist style, we've decided to not decide. We've conveniently forgotten all those fashion tips that Halston taught us. We've simplified our lives — no more John Fluevog platform mules, no more Tanqueray for breakfast, no more pizza with 'shrooms for that business lunch. We've bypassed the grunge, the waif, the Helmut Newton glam sluts and opted for the uniform of the minute: pajamas. What could be more simple (and fashionable) than that? Imagine how easy life would be if you could just come home after a week of school and clubbing and not have to worry about changing into proper sleeping attire. For me, personally, I would rather pass out in a pool of my own running mascara than try to get out a pair of rubber pants (but that's a whole different fashion X-tra.) Our 24-hour trend alert has spotted club superstars sporting their own versions of sleepwear-turned-clubwear. So buy your own version soon (we suggest those cute, fuzzy, one-piece outfits that all the babies are wearing) because it won't be long before every suburban trendoid catches on and you know what that means. Wasn't that Keoki I saw at Victoria's Secret last week trying on the satin, floral-print nightgown with laced ruffles? —K.T.

ISN'T THIS CUTE?

It is very hard being the (self-titled) bible of fashion, style, and cool culture to a whole planet. With such stressful demands, we here at Project X feel we are doing our job if we are able to change at least one fashion-starved youngster's life by informing them that, let's say, barrettes are very five minutes ago. If that makes them feel all that much better about themselves, we know there will always be a place in tomorrow's world for Project X. With that in mind, when Eugene Welsh walked into our office with his fierce ruling jewelry, we determined that it was our duty to report it immediately. Welsh's company, Eugene Accessories, makes necklaces and bracelets out of pewter and lots of other shiny stuff and fashions them into serious designs (some were even inspired by last month's Pro X.) Eugene's jewelry can be found at Big Drop, L'impasse, and on the necks of tasty hipsters and cool cats all over the world. —K.T.



CAN THE LOWER EAST SIDE GET ANY TRENDIER?

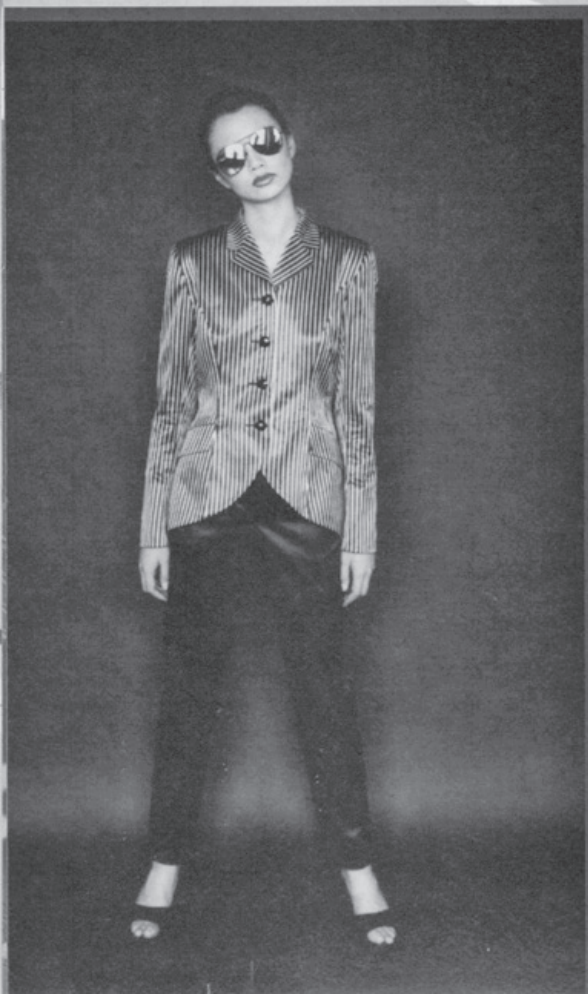
For those of you on the Lower East Side scene who have begun to resent arty-Max Fish-types and vomit at the thought of seeing another white, suburban homeboy with 555's all over his shirt, there now is hope. Over on Eldridge Street, Deborah Brosenne has opened up a true style mecca called Corrugated (237 Eldridge Street, 212.473.4350). Inspired by such forward-thinking designers as Martin Margiela and Rei Kawakubo, Brosenne takes the most futuristic of fabrics, such as shiny cotton Lycra and vinyl, and makes them into clothes that are street smart, yet sexy enough for those moments when getting into a club means something other than paying cover (and I think you thirteen-year-old girls out there know what I mean.) Brosenne paid her fashion dues at Pratt, Parsons, and FIT and can be credited as one of those hip souls back in the old school days who helped make Ludlow Street what is today. With Corrugated, she outfits the urban men and women who don't have time for style tragedies, who aren't into

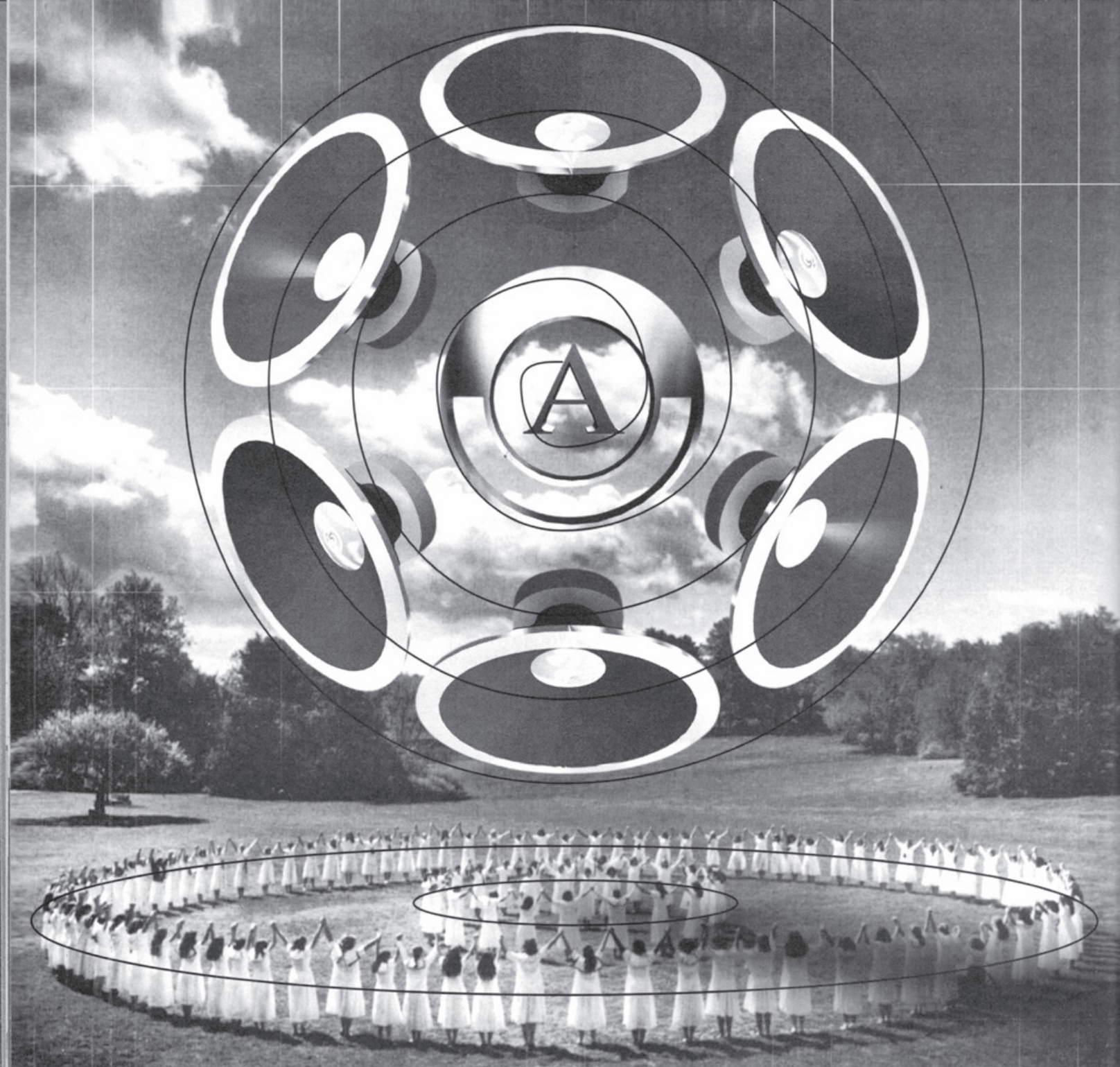
flashy-trashiness, who go from their internship at Project X to their coffee shop job to the guest list at Squeeze Box and don't have the time in-between to put on neon-green contact lenses or dye their hair leopard-skin. The pieces range from a sexy square-cut Lycra top for \$25 to an elegant full-length, satin wrap dress for \$100 (and the wonderful thing is that they're unisex, but what isn't unisex these days?) With such reasonable pricetags, the clothes are flying out of the store and into the trendiest downtown restaurants and parties. From the hip and chic waitresses at Dok Suni's to the fashion merchandising class at Parsons, we're convinced that every yummy ingenue will be sporting Brosenne's designs by next month. So hurry up and get your camouflage supershort mini today before you miss the last exit on the fashion superhighway.

CORRUGATED



TEL 212 - 473 - 4350 TEL
237 eldridge st, new york, ny 10002





NYC

patricia fields 10 e. 8th st.
liquid sky 241 layfayette st.
union 172 spring st.
99x 84 e. 10th st.
swish 115 st. marks place
romp 659 broadway
house 84 e. 17th st.
na na 414 amersam ave e 138 prince
fat stiches 362 broadway, kingston
mad grill 133 court st., white plains
bike loft 717 s. bayrd, n. syracuse
samurai skate shop 2240 monroe ave. rochester

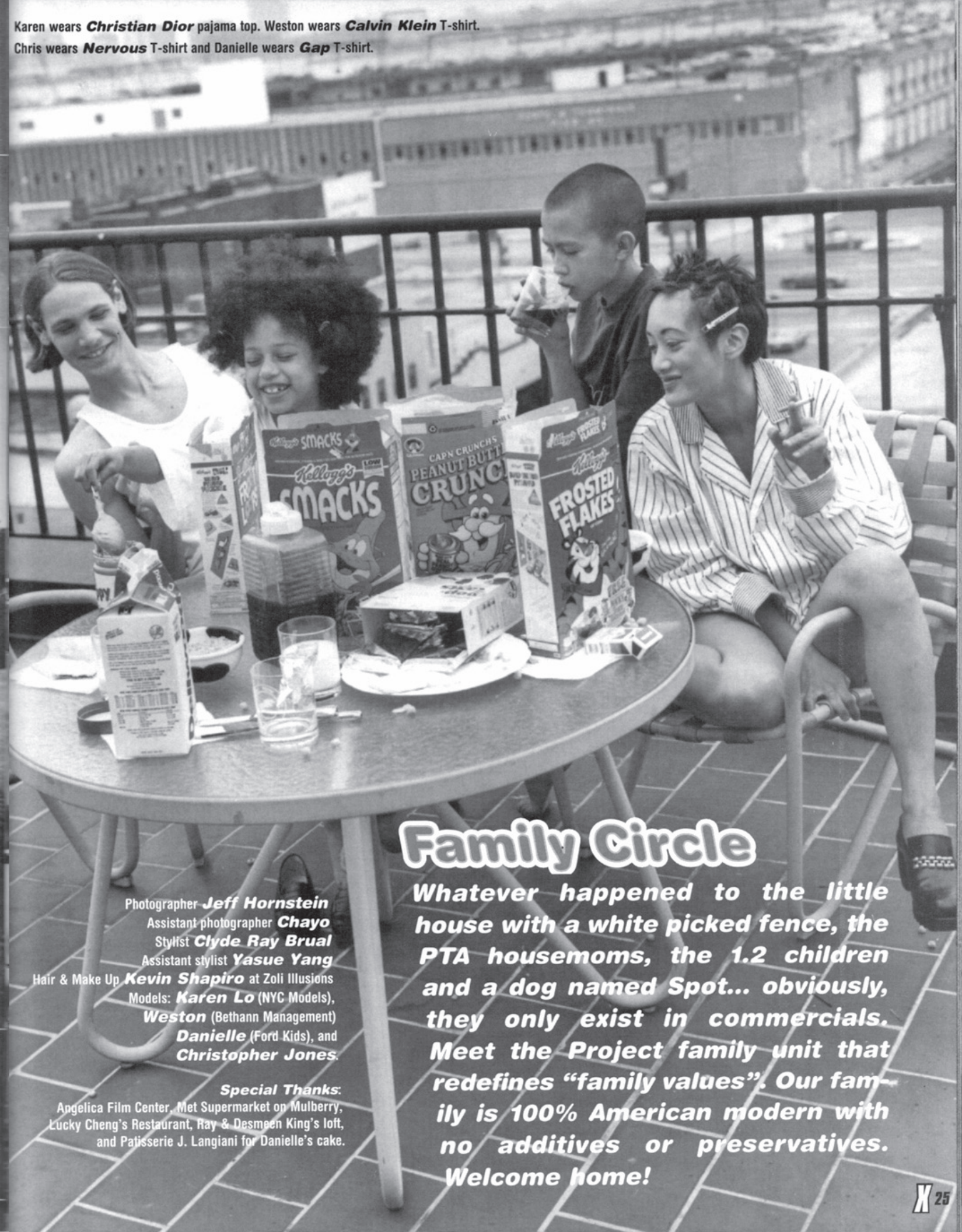
NEW JERSEY

99x 55 first st., hoboken
psycho skates 148 moris st., morristown e
skate werks 330 washington st., hoboken
abf skate shop 546 durie ave. closter
846 livingston ave.
n. brunswick

D.C.

bohemia 3209 m st. n.w.,
washington d.c.

Karen wears **Christian Dior** pajama top. Weston wears **Calvin Klein** T-shirt.
Chris wears **Nervous** T-shirt and Danielle wears **Gap** T-shirt.



Family Circle

Whatever happened to the little house with a white picket fence, the PTA housemoms, the 1.2 children and a dog named Spot... obviously, they only exist in commercials. Meet the Project family unit that redefines "family values". Our family is 100% American modern with no additives or preservatives. Welcome home!

Photographer **Jeff Hornstein**
Assistant photographer **Chayo**
Stylist **Clyde Ray Brual**
Assistant stylist **Yasue Yang**
Hair & Make Up **Kevin Shapiro** at Zoli Illusions
Models: **Karen Lo** (NYC Models),
Weston (Bethann Management)
Danielle (Ford Kids), and
Christopher Jones.

Special Thanks:

Angelica Film Center, Met Supermarket on Mulberry,
Lucky Cheng's Restaurant, Ray & Desmoen King's loft,
and Patisserie J. Langiani for Danielle's cake.



MOM RECOMMENDED AND APPROVED

Karen wears Mark Eisen suit. Danielle wears Baby Lap & Biker Barbie jacket at Me-ki Kids.



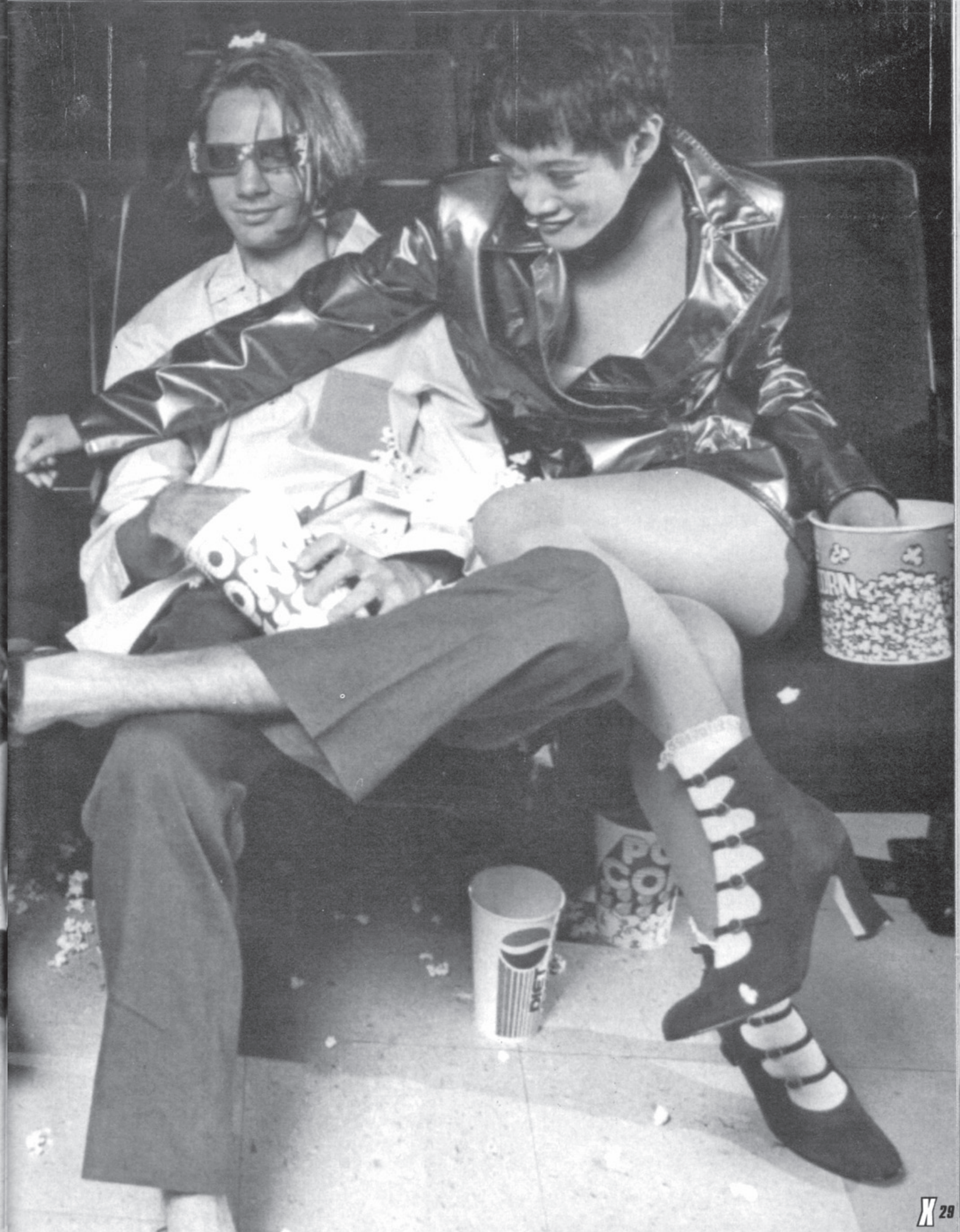
KIDS -R- US

Chris wears a Nervous Records T-shirt and Danielle wears daddy's Gap T-shirt



PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

Karen wears Mark Eisen suit, Charles Jourdan shoes. Weston wears Todd Killian shirt. Chris wears Nervous T-shirt, and jacket, jeans and shoes by Guess.



The global trance pin-up talks about his journey through the techno underground, the record business, and coming to America...

It's very easy to get lost in Cosmic Baby's eyes. They are sad and direct, and tell a story of an artist who wants to be understood but can only explain himself through his music. "I have done so much and I have so many people that follow my sound and travel to the places where I'm performing, but there are very few people who really understand who Cosmic Baby is," he sighs melodramatically, looking off into the distance while stuffing an endive into his mouth.

Throughout the course of our lunch interview, Cosmic Baby talks about his future plans with his new record label Logic, the direction of his ever-evolving trance sound, and his past.

Over the last two years, trance had become the catchphrase of the minute and the topic of cocktail conversation for every fashionable clubber. It was the era of the post-acid rave-English scene and post-hardcore Northern techno, and what the electronic music arena needed was a new buzzword, a new trend and

the trance sound was just starting to emerge from Germany. Bringing techno to a new, more intellectual level, trance became hard, mesmerizing, and very, very popular. Cosmic Baby, back in 1991, after just moving to Berlin, started applying his classical skills to electronic compositions. "When we started, nobody in town was interested. But then we started having acid house parties for fifty people and it started growing." Then The Wall came down, marking the start of a new future for Germany and the start of something that became much bigger than anyone had ever dreamed.

The New East was full of old abandoned government halls and massive Communists structures that were taken over by the acid house scene and, eventually, the underground techno community. Clubs like Tresor became famous for launching new talent and that's where Cosmic Baby and his contemporaries started performing. Suddenly there was a group of German techno visionaries that started gaining worldwide attention. People like Sven Vath, DJ Dag, and Mark Spoon, became the collective that lead this sound to worldwide glory. But Cosmic tells a different story: "Everyone thought we were

such a collective, but in reality, that was lie. Everyone was pretending it was a movement, but everyone had their own interest." Nonetheless, they posed for photographs together.

As Cosmic's popularity grew, international labels started taking notice. "I was happy everybody was interested in my music, but I was so innocent about the business side. I didn't want to sign with anybody that didn't understand me completely and wanted to change my sound for commercial reasons." Then came the MFS - Masterminded For Success - a progressive trance label which was run by Mark Reeder, a British experimental sound addict living in Berlin. "The MFS people were the first that said 'You are our artist and we want you to do whatever you want because we believe in you,'" said Cosmic. "And that was the most important." Signing with MFS became a turning point and the beginning of a whirlwind of fame.

MFS released "Transcendental Overdrive" and "Tranceformed from Beyond" followed by works titled Visions of Shiva produced with DJ Paul Van Dyk which shot up the charts. Cosmic Baby appeared in just about every cool European music magazine—i-D, DJ, Mixmag, The Face, Frontpage, Groove. He was called the Electro Mozart, the Trance Wizard, and the Trance Prodigy. He played at Mayday and Love Parade to tens of thousands of people. There were Cosmic Baby T-shirts, posters, and groupies who followed him around the globe and cried at his shows.

But that was in a place far, far away. Here in America, no one has ever heard of anecdotes of Cosmic Baby or his legendary fame.

America, the land of of QVC and rock n' roll, has never been interested in "the underground," let alone Cosmic Baby or German trance. America, the land of the billion dollar record industry and the Big Mac, doesn't seem to have time for novelties. But ready or not, America has just become the new home to Cosmic Baby and his new record label Logic (distributed by the giant record company BMG). So why are you here, Cosmic Baby?

The German scene tried to be true to its underground more than any other country and when Cosmic Baby became the global trance spokesperson, the scene was very proud to have a 100% German maestro leading the way. But when Cosmic left his record company MFS and signed with Logic and had his hits on the charts, the underground called him a "sell-out", (which is a typical criticism for anyone doing well). "People don't go to his shows as much as they did before," said one Berlin clubber who attended his first show. "I'm still waiting for Cosmic to call me and explain to me why he left. He never even told us that was looking for a major label," said Mark Reeder of MFS. But Cosmic is prepared for criticism. "My work is constantly evolving and I still only work with people that believe in me and even though Logic is a major label, I don't let them do 'major label' thing with me like promotional things, like paying people money who are not interested in me to sell or play my music... I'm not a showbiz animal... that's not the way I want it." His fans, he's certain, will always remain true. But what about America, where no one cares about this stuff? "For me, there's no problem if no one is interested in me in America. Maybe they'll be interested in ten years. I'm very patient and I believe in my work. I'm not a typical artist who thinks that if I don't make it in two years then it's over. I got my primary power as an electronic musician but I have a history, and a future, but most importantly, I have the present."

And that present will hopefully include the new youth culture in America, those trend-defining teenagers who have discarded Top 40 and Dance Party USA, and who now seem ready to embrace the new sounds and progressive grooves that are immigrating from Europe. Cosmic Baby and all those who understand his music sound confident that America's techno underground will welcome him with open arms. Besides, Cosmic Baby has evolved beyond the German trance community. As Reeder prophetically commented, "He's moved on to bigger things."



**cosmic
baby**

All-American Treasure TRACY LORDS

Story by **OLLY BLACKBURN**

Photographed by **Roberto Ligresti** Styled by **Montgomery Frazier** Wardrobe by **Betsey Johnson**

Hair by **Kevin Woon** for **Oribe** Makeup by **Kevin Shapiro** for **Zoli Illusions**

"I really honestly feel that writers write what they wanna write — what I mean by that is all a writer can do is give his interpretation of who you are, and in my opinion it is nearly impossible to write down on four or five pages who somebody is that you just met an hour ago... Maybe a lot of artists really don't want to be captured in an hour; you present what you want presented. With me, and it's just the way I am now, I try to really be straight... Sometimes that just works for me and sometimes it works against me. The thing that disturbs me the most and that I've seen in print the most — and I understand why it's in print, but that I hate — is those three little words in front of my name all the time: *ex-porn queen*. I hate talking about my past. I hate having to live in the past. I'm ready to put that totally behind me. That's why I'm not real specific about it, because I really don't feel that it's anybody's business, to tell you the truth. It's something painful in my life that I'd rather not relive."

Traci Lords, actress, nascent dance-music singer and, of course, those three little words is — very kindly — outlining the pointlessness and interminable necessity of hack and star, the pitiable hunter and beautiful prey. And all my spiffy notions about fame as another mode of pornography and glamour, a spread web of manipulation, are floating belly-up in a sea of ill-advised questions. I can feel the sweat trickling between my shoulder blades. "You look like you're about to burst," she observes with a mixture of concern and disgust. "And I do feel sorry for you. I do understand, I really do."

Traci Lords speaks in an earnest, succinct sort of way. She looks serious and her pretty-elf features give her a sharp, matter-of-fact quality. She's about to launch herself as a Techno-dance artiste with a record due out this fall, and we're the first stage on the promotion masterplan.

Well, she's really happy that Radioactive is her record label because they're such nice people and she's really happy that Mike Edwards (of Jesus Jones) is her record producer because he's a wonderful teacher and just a really great person. She's a living testament to her hard work and a strong focus and is always ready to learn. I mean, she's still taking acting lessons. Indeed, at times, you can sniff in Traci Lords the attentive schoolgirl with a pristine pencil case, eyes on the teacher's every word and the irritating security of success. That she should even commiserate with my difficulties in writing a potential stitch-up job on her, it's just so, well, *conscientious*.

Lords moved from Steubenville, Ohio to Redondo Beach, CA when she was 12. She "um... hung out, got into a lot of trouble and then..." Then got busted by the Feds, appeared on the CBS evening

news and in the suicide ward of the local hospital, pulled herself out of the mire and put herself through acting school. In addition to her films with John Waters, she starred in TV shows, an HBO mini-series called *Tommy Knockers*, and is currently shortlisted as the lead actress on *Casino: the Scorese-DeNiro/'70s/Vegas movie-of-the-decade*. At 23, there isn't too much white space on her resumé. Now she's making a dance record in London because "music's always been really important to me... when I went to high school, what we listened to was Death Metal. And now, like my little sister, they listen to the Techno... It's the future, I think. It's the kind of music you lose yourself into and I just have this thing for that kind of escape."

Hearing her describe all this is like living in a perpetual present of revolving press notes and PR copy, her constant spin (although, in a bizzare way, Lords' fervent recitation seems a touch more honest). The "I've-always-been-real-into-music" line is pure Breakfast TV, another star's shameless reindoctrination of the public

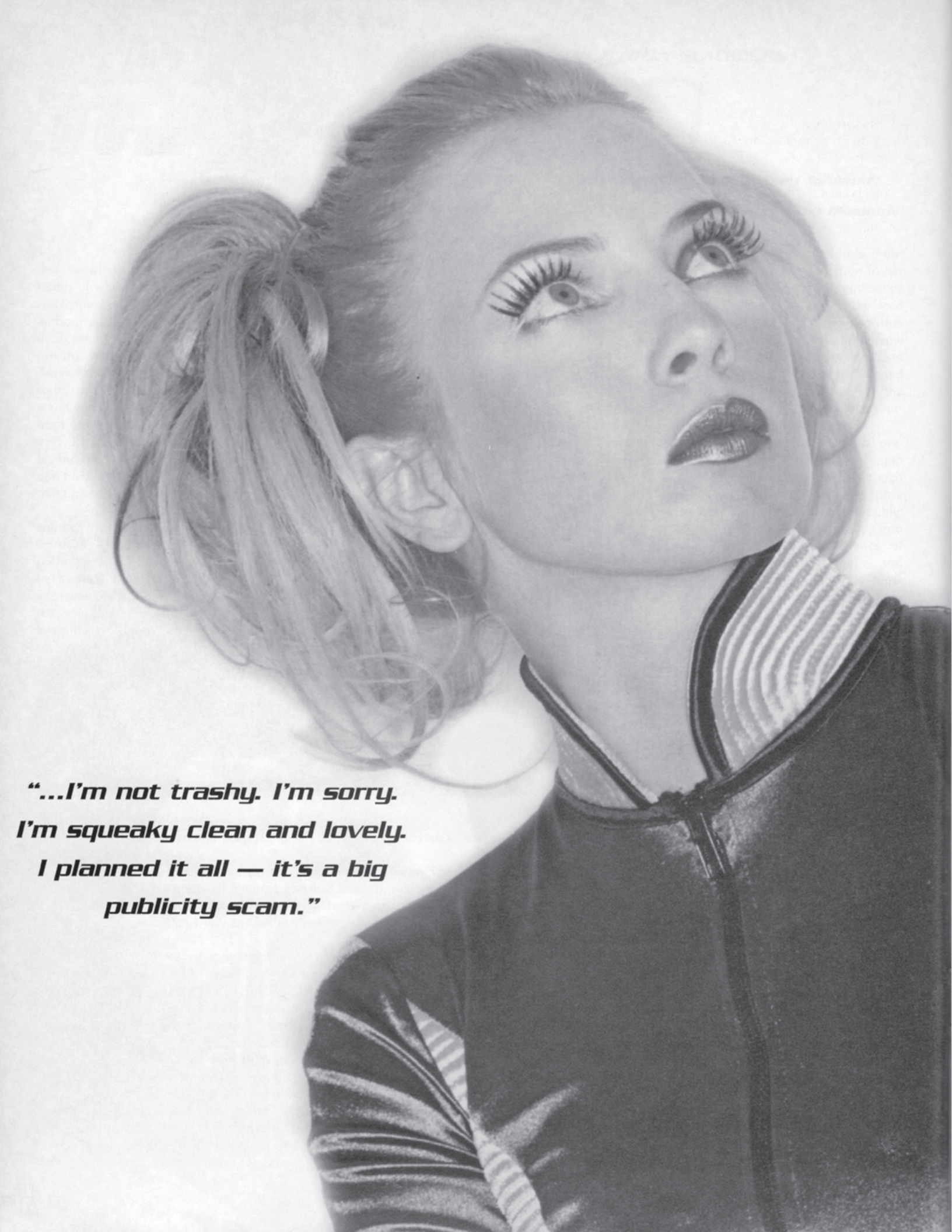
which we happily buy into because the essence of stardom is image and changes. But Lords' tenacious trust in every turn of her career is way more solid than that anti-universe where Bruce Willis sings blue-eyed soul, Ethan Hawke pens the *Great American Novel* and Chris Isaak acts. Lords' past, or at least a good chunk of it, is a hole ("Drug-Induced Teenage Wasteland"), and the present stands in replacement.

"When I left that world (pornography), I really left that world and all of those people behind. And by behind I mean in my past, almost like they were erased from my world in a way. I worked very hard to separate myself from that. I have never seen any of those people again... I like living in the present now; I like living in the moment. I like to enjoy life. It's nice to remember things sometimes; it's nice to reminisce sometimes. If you had a nice day, you think about it. You think about your dreams for the future. But the present moment is all that you really have as guaranteed. Nothing else is guaranteed. You don't know if you're going to wake up tomorrow morning or not. I try not to think that far ahead because then you lose the present. I'm so happy right now."

And indeed, living for the moment is the by-word, the staple diet of Popsumerism. "I'm not looking to be like a Pop diva," she declares mid-stream. "I would be really happy doing things that are more underground. That's what I'm really into." Nonetheless, the production on her album is by members of Jesus Jones and The Thompson Twins (both of whom had No. 1's), which is poking pretty far above ground already. *And...* the music itself is a trolley-ride through the supermarket of House, ending up with a 2 Unlimited-style platter of Pop Techno. Not that that should be a criticism, even if that

"...the present moment is all that you really have as guaranteed. Nothing else is guaranteed. You don't know if you're going to wake up tomorrow morning or not. I try not to think that far ahead because then you lose the present. I'm so happy right now."





***"...I'm not trashy. I'm sorry.
I'm squeaky clean and lovely.
I planned it all — it's a big
publicity scam."***

matters very much — this is bubblegum Techno, and bubblegum Pop is the living present on vinyl. It only exists for a few minutes on the turntable, rolling over to be substituted with something just as instantaneous, with the vague memories of the moment it was played still sticking to it.

Ohio, bubblegum, HBO specials, Pop, consumerism. If you think there's a scent, it's of suburbia, the American revolution of the 1950's that homogenized youth & folks behind a regime of high school proms, neighborhood BBQs, and the toothy white grin of a society indoctrinated with happiness and wholesome pleasure. It's no surprise that Lords is part of John Waters' family on the screen and in life (she starred *Cry-Baby* and *Serial Mom* and has since married his nephew). The maestro of suburbia. Waters is definitively '50s with a devotion to the demonically camp strands of tract America. He's B-movie apparition from an Alka-Seltzer billboard and like Lynch, or even Warhol, the combination of aw-shucksiness with a sharpened razor of a brain.

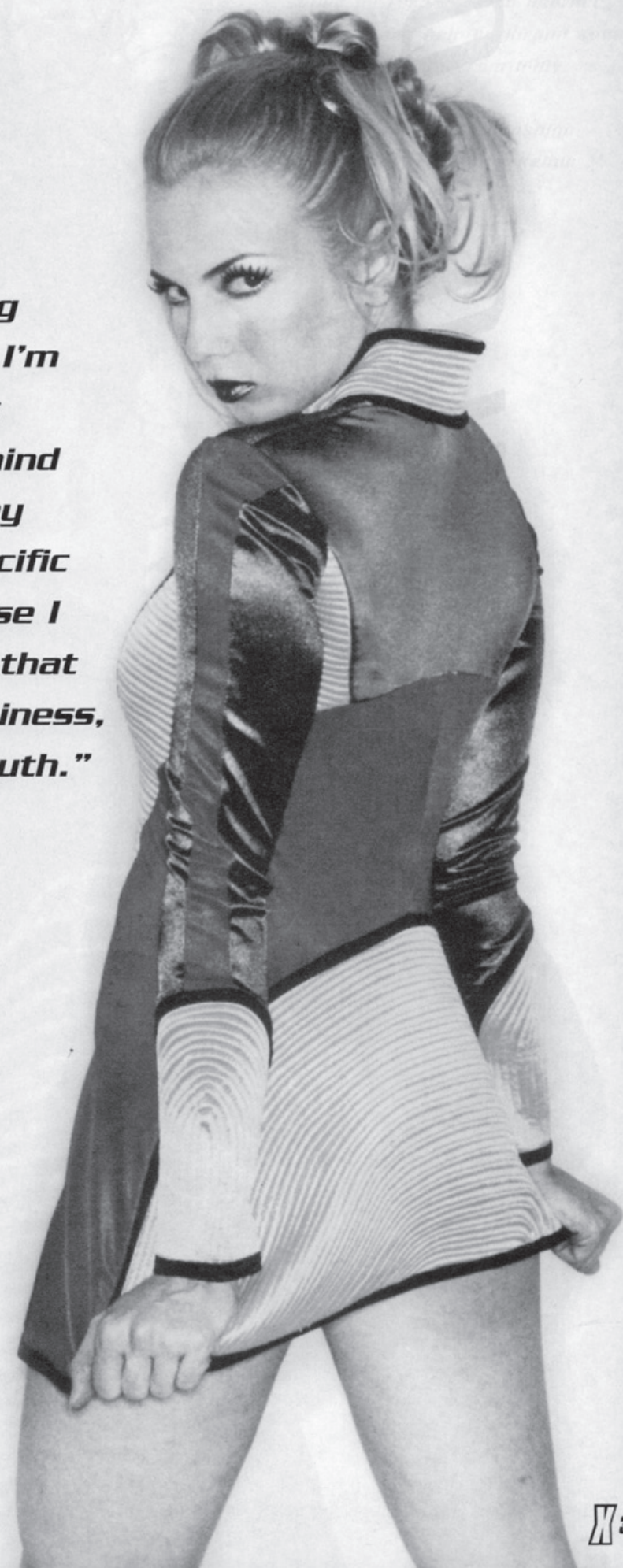
Suburbia has always had a measure of the grotesque. Not even behind-white-picket-fences stuff, there's just always been something obviously weird about it and people like Waters decided to make films about that (his movies all happen in the '50s or now, which are basically the same thing anyhow — a general now).

And what about Traci Lords...? Well, look, here's what she likes:

Favorite toys? "I was into Barbies. I used to like to take their heads off and wear them 'round my neck like a necklace. My mother found it horrifying. I mean it was just like jewelry. I didn't mean anything by it." Any pets? "I have one large, white cat named Mr. Steve and he is a Persian. He's the most important man in my life — he never leaves me and I always make him purr." Top author? "...Dr. Seuss — do you know that they found a manuscript which nobody's published and they're making a movie of it? A new Dr. Seuss movie! And do you know what it's about? It's about a girl that grows a flower out of her head! Wow! You know, I'd love to grow a flower out of my head for Dr. Seuss. That's my dream role. I'd shave my head and plant grass on my head. I really would. I'd let them cover me in dirt."

An A-Z of mainstream oddness and top-class trash. "I'm not trashy. I'm sorry. I'm squeaky clean and lovely. I planned it all — it's a big publicity scam." A break. "Right now, life tastes... *delicious!*" she expounds, and her eyelashes are prised so far apart they look as if they're about to flutter up to heaven. Traci Lords forgets what was and lives for the moment, makes bubblegum House, works hard and stars in John Waters films. She is suburban America, she's a national treasure, she's a... Queen.

***"I hate talking
about my past. I'm
ready to put
that totally behind
me. That's why
I'm not real specific
about it, because I
really don't feel that
it's anybody's business,
to tell you the truth."***



JUNKO KOSHINO

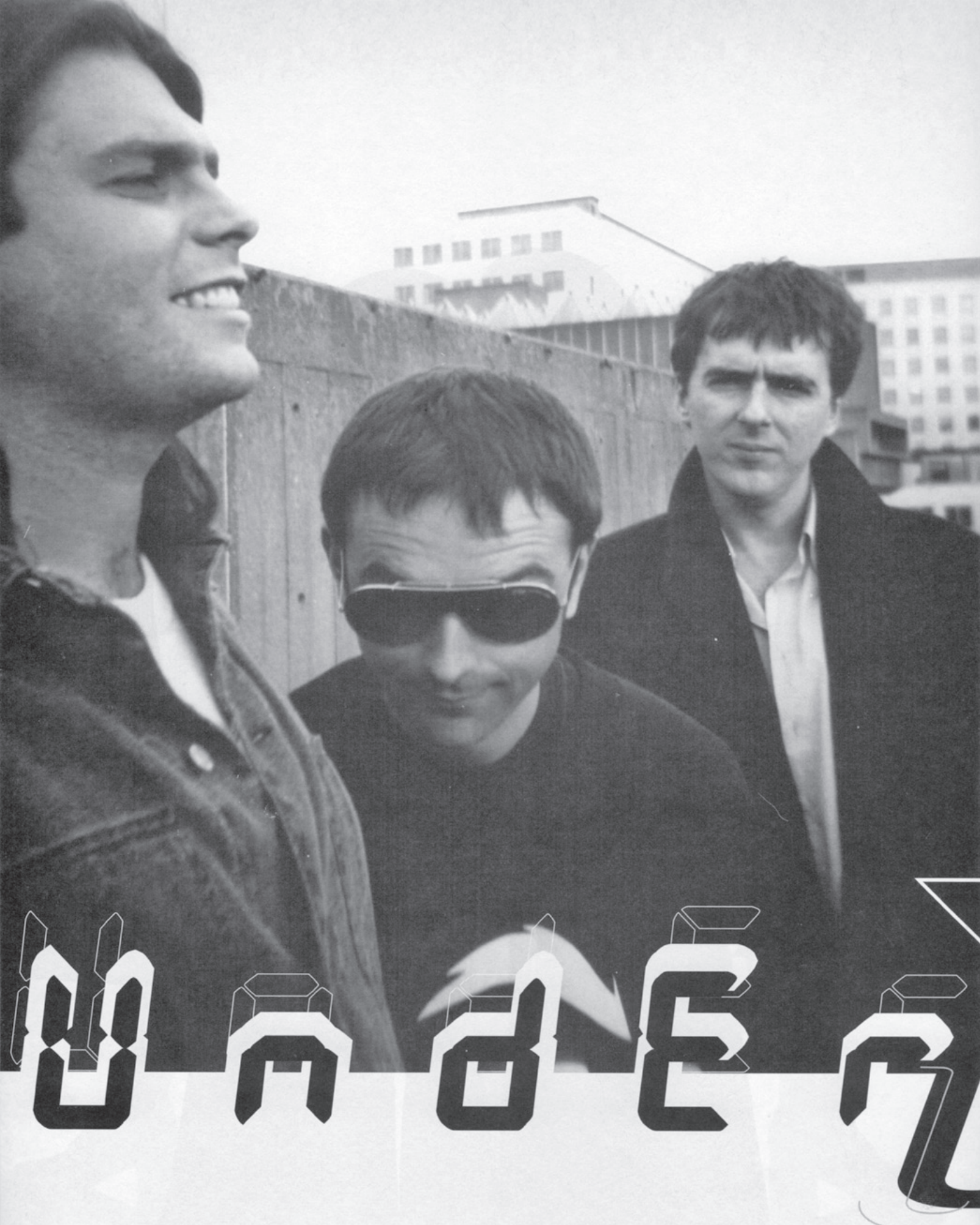


JUNKO KOSHINO'S DESIGNS are way too expensive to grace the pages of this mag. but her unique creations inspire every designer and fashion victim worldwide. Junko (whose sister Michiko London is another trendies' favorite) has a vision of establishing one global couture culture. Although her inspiration and design basis are traditionally Japanese, the clothes are très modern. In her designs THE CIRCLE is the future, THE SQUARE is reality, THE WAVE is eternal movement, and THE HORIZON is a straight line representing human creativity. Although her theories are too intellectual for our short-attention span and low-budget taste, we consider Koshino a pure fashion talent.



Photographed by Eva Mueller
Styled by Francois and Heather
Make up and hair by Hiromi Kobari
Models: Caroline from IMNY,
Leja and Alexandra
All clothes by Junko Koshino,
all shoes by Stephane Kelian





The English are coming!!

DJ Josh Wink interviews *Underworld*

"The best new band in the world", "The greatest record ever," -these are just a few of the quotes found in some of the many influential music magazines and papers in the U.K. So why are people in the U.S. just now finding out about Britain's most-celebrated group? You have probably heard their music in the underground clubs over the past year and have not made the connection. Or maybe you have.

In the mid-'80s, Rick Smith and Karl Hyde signed an album deal with Sire records in the U.S. under the guise "Underworld", an electronic, pop-rockish, alternative band that had top 10 hits in most countries around the globe (except their label's own). By the late '80s, Rick and Karl found themselves playing as the opening band on The Eurythmics farewell tour of North America, playing for crowds of up to 90,000. "It was fun," Karl remembers. "But we got sick and tired of rock and corporate music." "Out with the old and in with the new" was their view, meaning kudos to the formation of the new Underworld and the addition of the famous British DJ Darren Emerson... and this is where the journey began.

The new Underworld's members each have their own special role in the musical production. Rick engineers, and creates loops and sounds. Karl plays guitar and acts as a lead singer/poet. And Darren incorporates dance floor DJ knowledge for sequencing, along with helping in writing programs. However, being spontaneous, they all work together — at most times acting as a creative collective — incorporating their know-how to fabricate a unique blend of music and a stimulating live show.

Favoring the club scene and culture, the band usually performs at small dance club venues, "improvising live" mixing and DJ-ing (No DAT's). Underworld produces an entertaining show, which keeps the interest and attention of the crowds, while at the same time making it possible for people to dance, as if there is no band playing.

Rick and Karl's influences of German electronic music and reggae dub mutates beautifully with the input of Darren's techno dance flavor, originating a distinctive sound of dance music. "The challenge is to incorporate the voice into something that will turn people on, on the dance floor in a way that doesn't interfere with the groove," Karl explains. "Originally, the idea was to make one side of the record for us and the other side for Darren to play out in the clubs." Their first release was "The Hump" in 1990 where they pressed the record themselves and sold 500 copies out of the ar to local record shops in London. After this, they met Steve Hall from Junior Boys Own records (JBO), probably the hippest dance label from the UK. A deal was formed and suddenly the three went from selling 500 records in their car to selling hundreds of thousands worldwide through their new home label.

The working relationship between Underworld and JBO was exactly what they, and probably most bands, ever wish for. They could now release records as they desire, at their leisure. As a side from their work with Underworld, Karl and Rick started working on other musical projects creating soundtracks for films. One such film called "Transmutators" was based on a book by Clive Barker, which was originally the inspiration for their present name, Underworld. And that's not all...through time, the two, along with some other graphic designers and artists in Europe, formed Tomato, a design cooperative concentrating on and specializing in various multimedia areas. In addition to graphic work they've done for mega companies like Nike and designs for The Rolling Stones, the cooperative is experimenting in fusing different forms of media together as technology advances. Visual projections are incorporated in the group's musical performances creating an interesting hybrid of sensory experiences.

The Underworld films will preview in galleries worldwide throughout the year, highlighting the group's live show performances in an artistic manner. The band's two new single releases in the U.K. are both designed by Tomato and are equally appreciated by most for its musical content and visual aesthetics. "Mmm Skyscrapers, I Love You," the massive European dance hit, will soon be a self-titled, 200 to 300-page graphic design book. A fashionable coffee table souvenir from Underworld...

So, it seems as if Underworld has travelled a great distance from their early years to where they are today. Enjoying the rise of their continuing success, Underworld is using their present situation of being on top, to progress themselves and others to new and different levels of art appreciation, both musically and visually. Their debut album, *Dubnobasswithmyheadman*, has been commercially available for several months in Europe and has been featured on most musical charts there consistently. The unique mixture of music that has electronic-dance qualities, techno and house tinges, indie rock flavor, and is DJ-friendly, should be a big seller in America. Finally, Underworld will domestically hit the U.S. market this month on New York and Chicago-based label TVT and Wax Trax records. Through the support of DJs in the clubs and on the radio in the U.K., Underworld has risen to the top. But in America, one would think it may be more of a challenge to do so. For one, it's a much, much bigger island than Britain and two, the radio sticks with the formula for success and is rarely open to experiment with new musical sounds. But Karl is not afraid "Potentially, the U.S. dance scene has the best scene in the world." But, he too sees the corporate music army constricting the underground scene, leaving little space for new musical genres to receive much-deserved radio attention.

Regardless, Underworld is happy where they are today. They are producing the music they always dreamed of releasing, and at the same time are having people from all across the globe appreciate their music. Mixing guitars and vocals with dance tracks, while still staying on the underground tip. Who wouldn't be happy?

So, with continued headlines like, "Best New Band in the World," and "Greatest Record Ever," hey America! Wake up! If you haven't heard of the English trio Underworld then get ready for the invasion... The English are coming... The English are coming!

project **pin-up girl**

name/ **LAURA WHITCOMB**
occupation/ **FASHION DESIGNER**
FOR LABEL age/ 24

Photographed by CHERYL DUNN
Image Manipulation by JODY EDMONDSON
Makeup by SCOTT WEINSTEIN
Hair by KEVIN SHAPIRO for ZOLI ILLUSIONS

"I'm doing what I always wanted to do. I've been styling since I was 16 and I'm proud of the work that I did in the hip-hop market, but styling for groups like the RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, CYPRUS HILL, and FAR SIDE ultimately convinced me that I should start designing my own collection. I sort of evolved into it."

People started asking me to design clothes for them."

"Pauline and Sally from FUNKESSENTIALS encouraged me to start my own company. I invested my own money from what I saved being a stylist. It was money that I was saving for a rainy day. Of course, I'd rather have gone shopping."

So I moved to Ave B and lived on beans and rice to do my own business. I proved that someone who left home when she was 12, from the outskirts of L.A.

I proved that someone who left home when she was 12, from the outskirts of L.A. I proved that someone who left home when she was 12, from the outskirts of L.A. I proved that someone who left home when she was 12, from the outskirts of L.A.

"Women should use their femininity to their best advantage. That's the one thing that they have that men don't have. Everyone that works for me is under 25. They're a team of women should be what they are and not what they aren't."

"ADIDAS and PLAYBOY saw the potential of my designs and marketing strategies. I want to break cultural barriers. I wanted to empower women by dressing them in a feminine way without making them victims."

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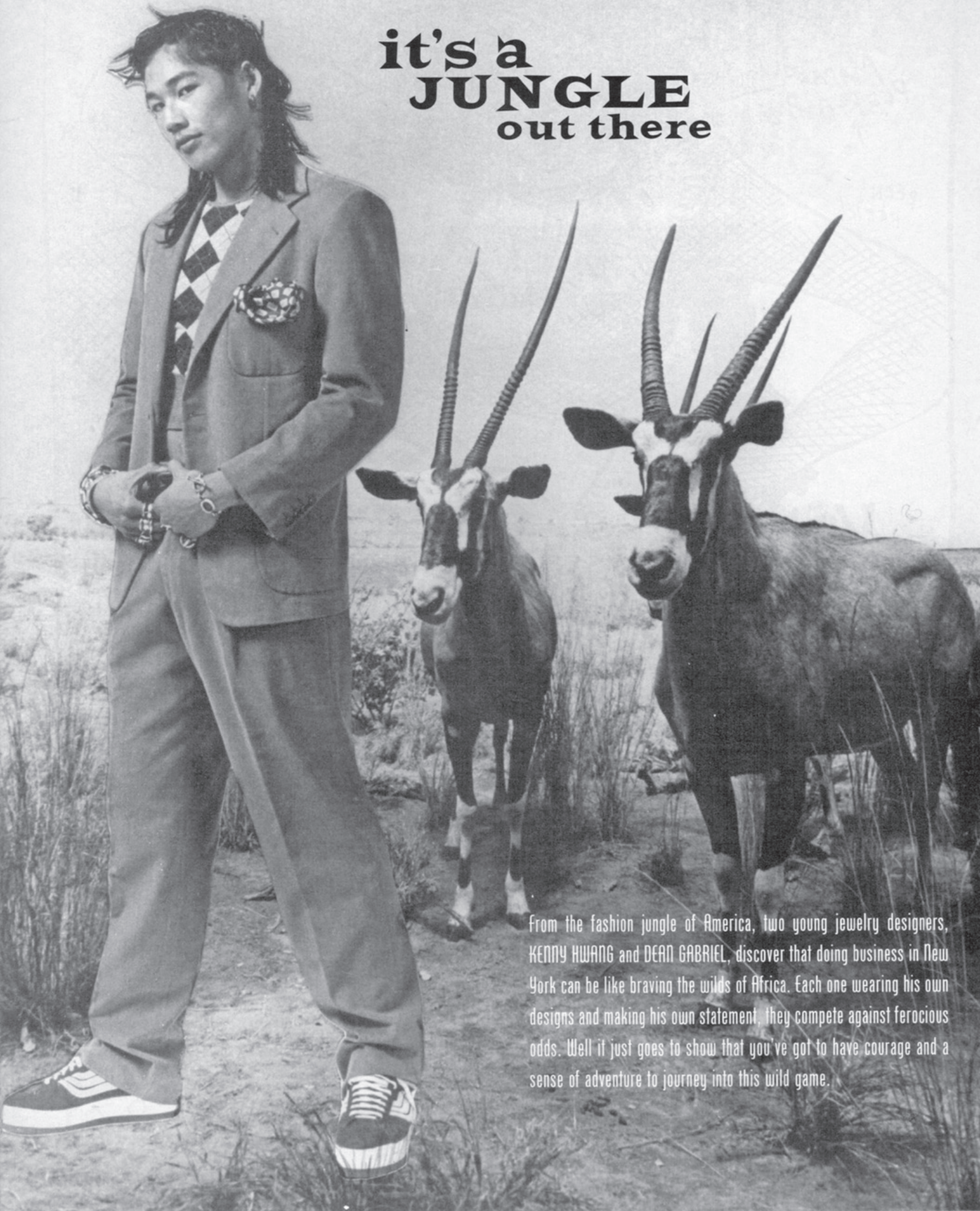
From Manhattan: 'J', 'M' or 'Z' ONE STOP TO MARCY AVENUE STATION.

FROM QUEENS: B.Q.E. (KENT AVENUE EXIT)

From Brooklyn: B.Q.E. (FLUSHING AVENUE EXIT)



it's a JUNGLE out there



From the fashion jungle of America, two young jewelry designers, KENNY HWANG and DEAN GABRIEL, discover that doing business in New York can be like braving the wilds of Africa. Each one wearing his own designs and making his own statement, they compete against ferocious odds. Well it just goes to show that you've got to have courage and a sense of adventure to journey into this wild game.

Dean wears a corn-cob hat from SCREAMING MIMIS, a sterling silver "full metal jacket" bullet necklace by DEAN GABRIEL NY INC. available at SELIMA OPTIQUE Soho, a canvas jean jacket and pants from GREENLIFE by EMO PANDELLI, a belt from JOSEPH ABBOUD and shoes from KENNETH COLE.

Opposite page: Kenny wears a gabardine suit & silk pocket scarf from the JOSEPH ABBOUD COLLECTION, an oversized polyester tartan sweater and sneakers from SCREAMING MIMIS. All his sterling rings & bracelets from KENNY HWANG DESIGN GROUP at IF BOUTIQUE NY, CARLOS FALCHI Dallas, and NEIMAN MARCUS Beverly Hills.



Photographs: Igor Vichnyakov

Styling: Montgomery Frazier

Art direction: Maxim Vokhmin

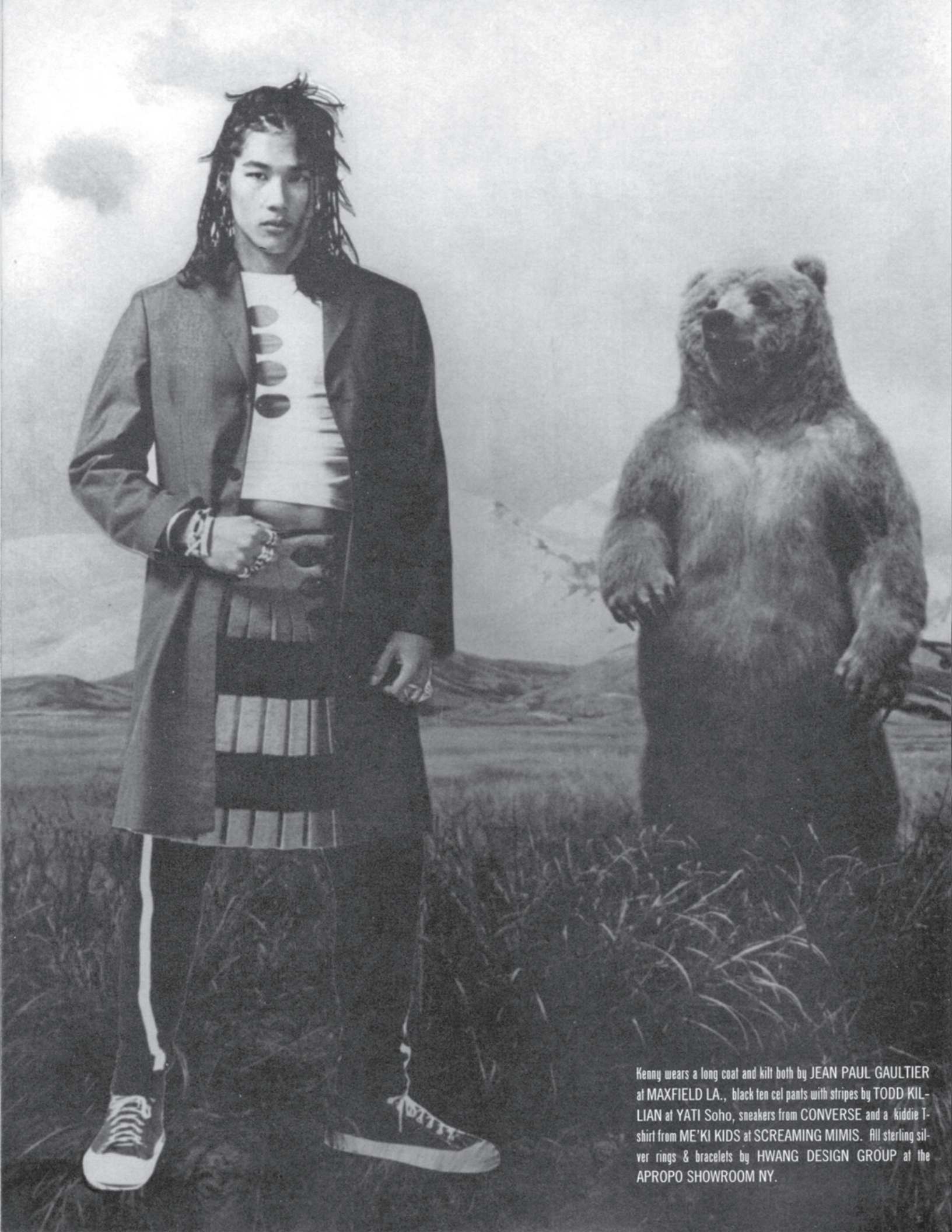
Assisted by Jose Perez

Hair by Don Francis and

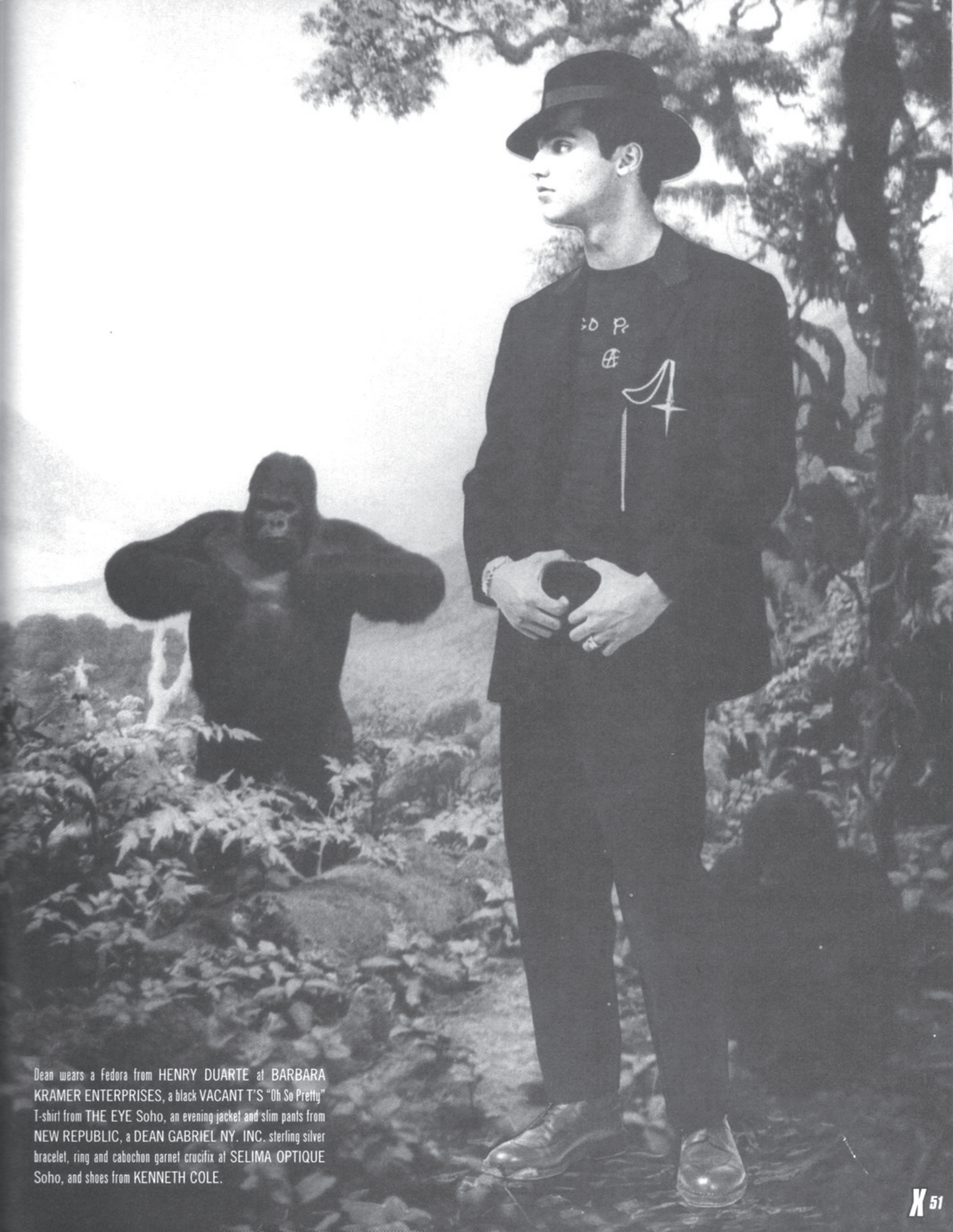
makeup by Colette Scarfe both for Jingles Intl. at The Space.

SUJA makeup line available thru Jingles Intl. at The Space.

Animals shot at the Museum of Natural History, NYC.



Kenny wears a long coat and kilt both by JEAN PAUL GAULTIER at MAXFIELD LA., black ten cel pants with stripes by TODD KILLIAN at YATI Soho, sneakers from CONVERSE and a Kiddie T-shirt from ME'KI KIDS at SCREAMING MIMIS. All sterling silver rings & bracelets by HWANG DESIGN GROUP at the APROPO SHOWROOM NY.



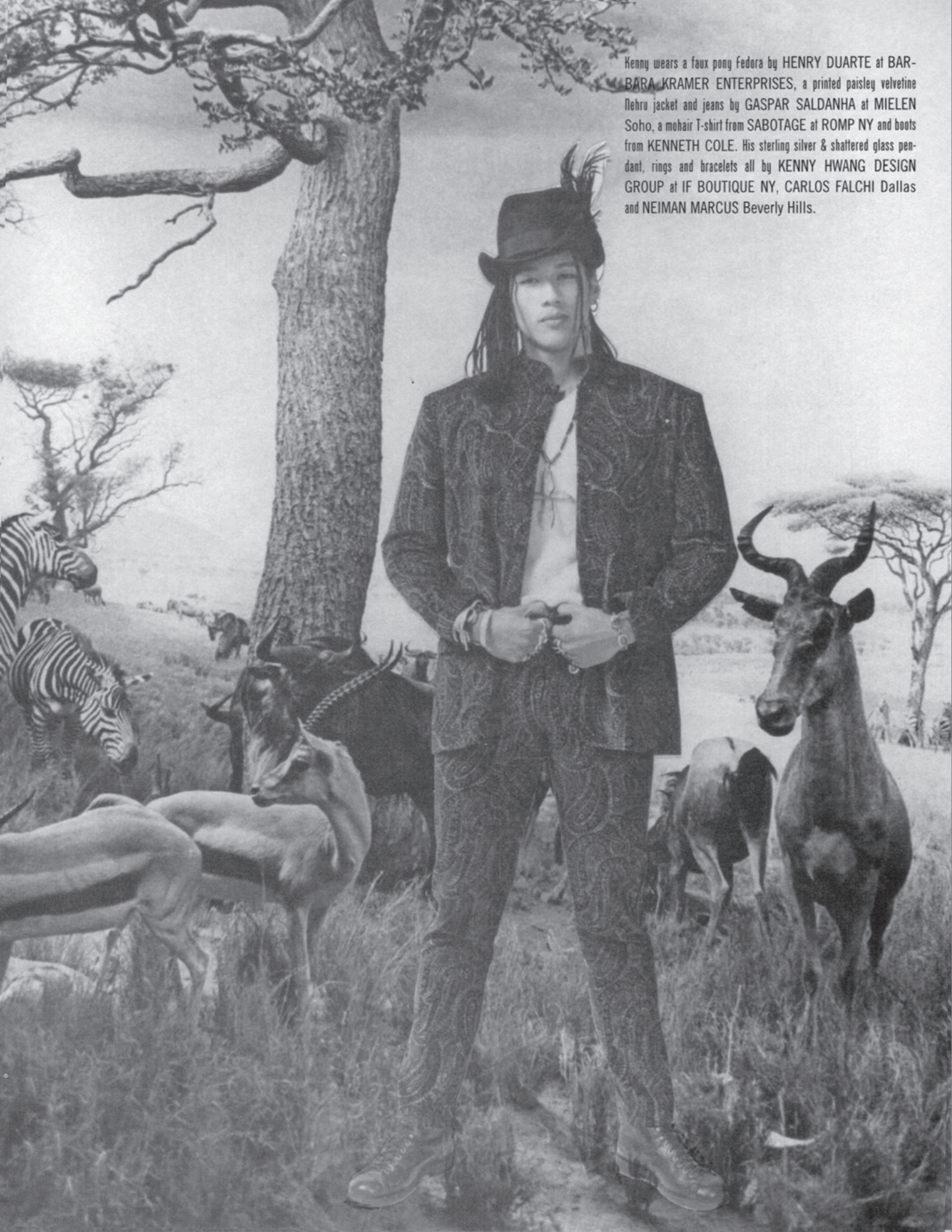
Dean wears a fedora from HENRY DUARTE at BARBARA KRAMER ENTERPRISES, a black VACANT T'S "Oh So Pretty" T-shirt from THE EYE Soho, an evening jacket and slim pants from NEW REPUBLIC, a DEAN GABRIEL NY. INC. sterling silver bracelet, ring and cabochon garnet crucifix at SELIMA OPTIQUE Soho, and shoes from KENNETH COLE.



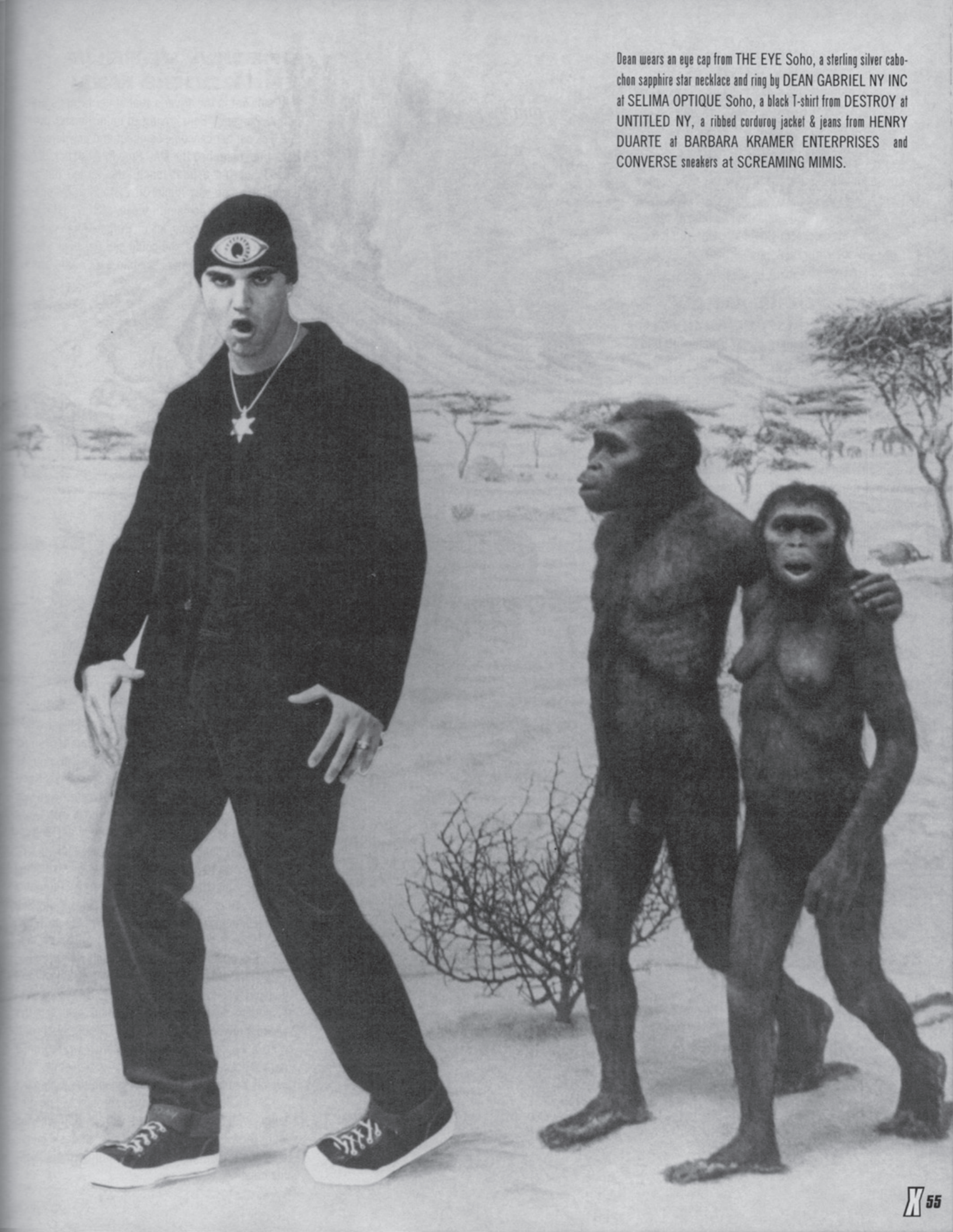
Dean wears an undersized polyester pullover from SCREAMING MIMIS, a white gold, cross and sterling silver ring by DEAN GABRIEL NY INC. at SELIMA OPTIQUE Soho, a birdseye tweed, DB jacket and flat front pants by JEAN PAUL GAULTIER, a silk pocket scarf from JOSEPH ABOUD COLLECTION and CONVERSE sneakers at SCREAMING MIMIS.



Kenny wears a paper boy cap from THE EYE Soho, an ASTRO BOY undersized T-shirt by THUMP, a "little boy's" Spencer jacket and black cuffed cigarette pants by TODD KILLIAN at YATI Soho, and boots by KENNETH COLE. All oxidized sterling silver rings & bracelets by KENNY HWANG DESIGN GROUP at IF BOUTIQUE NY, CARLOS FALCHI Dallas and NEIMAN MARCUS Beverly Hills



Kenny wears a faux pony fedora by HENRY DUARTE at BARBARA KRAMER ENTERPRISES, a printed paisley velvetine Nehru jacket and jeans by GASPAR SALDANHA at MIELEN Soho, a mohair T-shirt from SABOTAGE at ROMP NY and boots from KENNETH COLE. His sterling silver & shattered glass pendant, rings and bracelets all by KENNY HWANG DESIGN GROUP at IF BOUTIQUE NY, CARLOS FALCHI Dallas and NEIMAN MARCUS Beverly Hills.



Dean wears an eye cap from THE EYE Soho, a sterling silver cabochon sapphire star necklace and ring by DEAN GABRIEL NY INC at SELIMA OPTIQUE Soho, a black T-shirt from DESTROY at UNTITLED NY, a ribbed corduroy jacket & jeans from HENRY DUARTE at BARBARA KRAMER ENTERPRISES and CONVERSE sneakers at SCREAMING MIMIS.

Life story

images by Jav Michalski

words by Mike Weiss

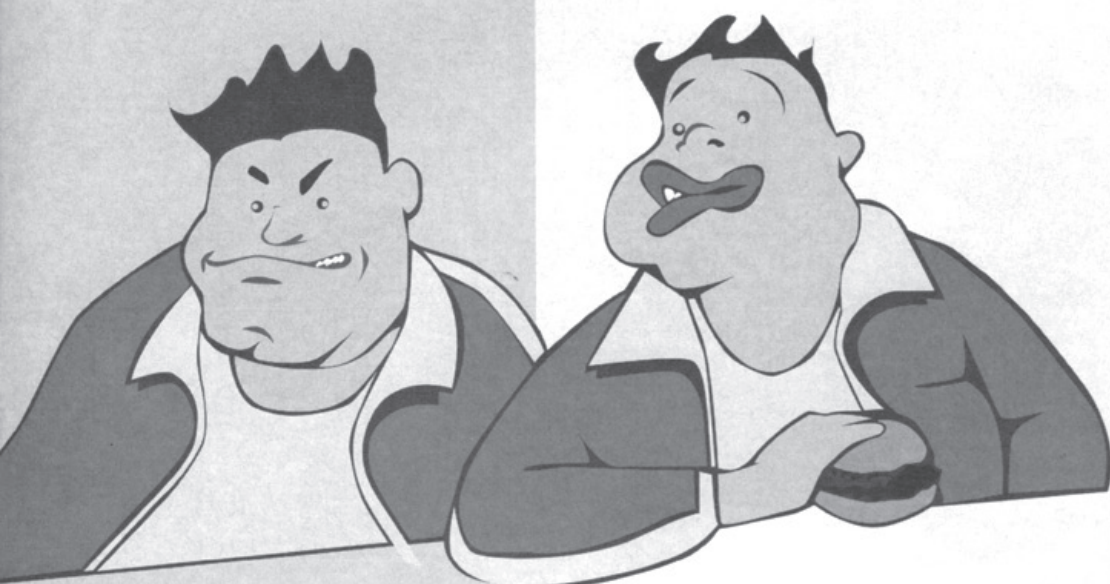
THE BOOGIE MEN COME TO BURGER KING

The world is full of ugly, stinky people with bad personal hygiene. But for many of the customers sitting in Burger King on this particular evening, the two bloated, dirty guidos sitting in the corner, known in this suburban neighborhood as the Cantini brothers, were the most disgusting they had ever seen. Wearing deeply-stained satin sweatsuits and exuding an odor that was a combination of unhealthy sweat, dog crap and fungus-filled feet, Luigi and Mario were oblivious to the dirty looks they were getting as they sucked down their Whoppers and fries.

"Hey, um, which one we meeting tonight?" Mario asked, as he noticed an ant crawling on one of his fries, and then absent-mindedly picked that french fry and dropped it into his sewage-like mouth.

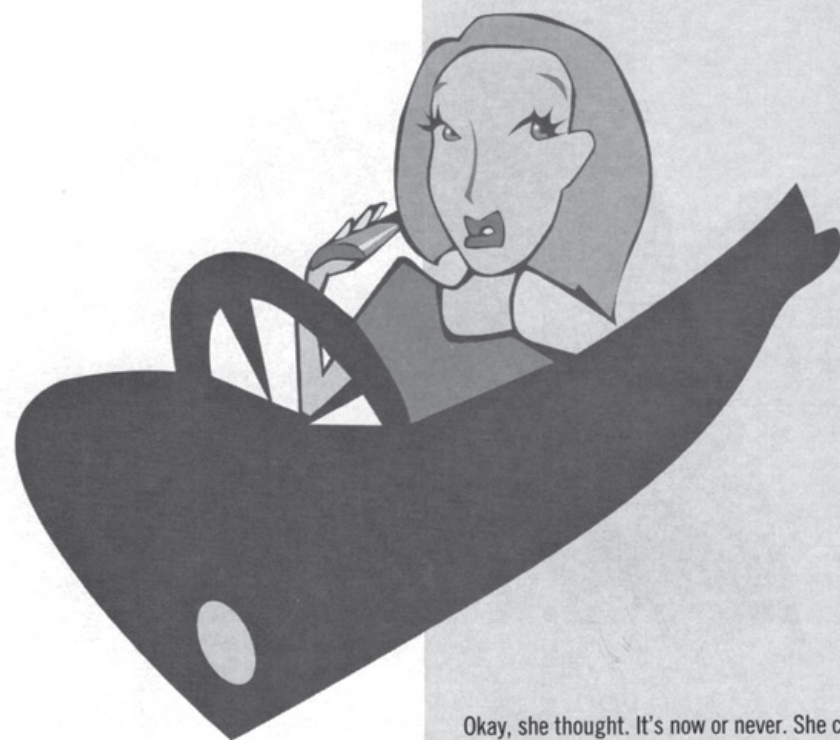
"Who knows," answered Luigi. "Some girl who wants to work at the rave." He rose from his seat slightly and expelled a wind of gas, causing an evacuation of the table behind him.

"She sounds a little desperate for the job," Mario said with a stupid grin. "Real desperate."



URSULA VERSUS THE BOOGIE MEN

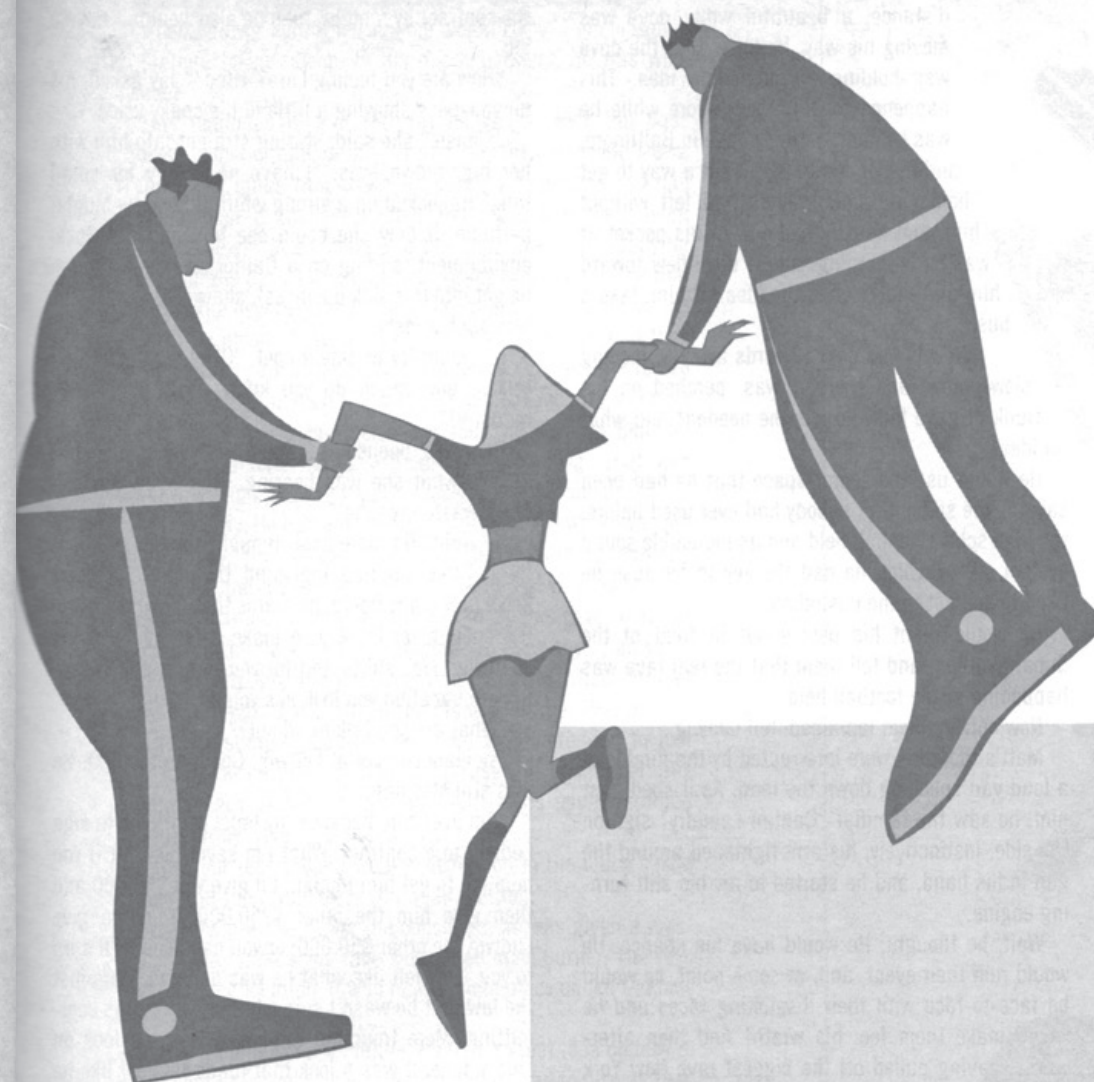
Ursula sat in the driver's seat of her father's black 380SL Mercedes Benz, trying to calm herself down. She took out her Lancome compact and powdered her face, then reapplied the MAC Pure Red lipstick to her pursed lips. As a final touch, she turned her lips down the same way Alicia Silverstone had done in Ursula's favorite Aerosmith video, "Crazy." She was situated in the parking lot of Burger King. Her car was in the back, and she could see the back corner of the seating area, where she told the Cantini brothers to meet her.



Okay, she thought. It's now or never. She checked her outfit one last time. Her Junior Gaultier tennis skirt and her tight, pink Pat Field t-shirt looked great with her double push-up bra. There was plenty there for a couple of loser promoters to get lost in. And lost was just the way she needed them if she was going to pull this off. She took a quick gulp of vodka from the Astroboy flask in her purse and got out of the car. Walking towards the Burger King entrance, she saw a flyer on the ground promoting tonight's SupaRavathon featuring Superstar DJ Ludwig. She pictured Ludwig's gorgeous eyes. "This is all worth it... I have to do it... for Ludwig" she reminded herself. She took another huge swig and walked in.

When she saw the Cantini brothers, she couldn't help but let out an expression of "Yuck!!!" They were disgusting - two overweight, thick-necked guys wearing ratty old satin tracksuits. The one on the left wore a big, gold chain with "Mario" written on a nameplate and gave Ursula a gross smile and sweaty handshake when she reached the table.

"So finally we get a chance to meet," mumbled Luigi, with his mouth filled with a half chewed Whopper with cheese. Ursula had to suck in her stomach to keep herself from vomiting at his horrible breath.



"You're a very persistent little girl," Mario said, still smiling. He looked quickly at his brother. Something about that look made Ursula feel uneasy.

"I'm here 'cause I want to work with you guys. I've heard so much about SupaRavathon and so much about you." Oh no, she thought. That sounded so phony!

Mario still had that stupid smile on his face, and Luigi was staring straight at her breasts and picking his teeth.

Okay Ursula, go for the kill.

"You see, I've been throwing parties and hosting major raves for a while now. I know everybody and I know who to keep out. When I work a club it never fails." She was trying to keep back the hiccups all that vodka was causing.

"Okay, how much you want?" asked Luigi.

Ursula crossed her fingers and hoped that \$100 wouldn't sound stupid. She had never done this in her life, and had no idea of what standard payment was.

"A hundred bucks."

"You got it. Just make sure of one thing."

"Sure."

"I don't want this pain in the ass punk Matt Gurner anywhere near the spot. If you see him or any of his

friends, you come get us right away."

No problem, thought Ursula. As long as she had the door, that meant she would be able to have the most incredible man she had ever met, superstar DJ Ludwig, all to herself. And, she could take Ludwig's girlfriend, Lara, off the list and make sure she wouldn't get in. "Ha," she thought, once again she was getting her way. She felt great; the liquor started to kick in, forcing her eyelids to droop and her mouth to smile. She hiccuped.

Both brothers suddenly rose from their seats.

"C'mon," said Luigi. "We'll drive you over to the club. You can check out the door area."

"Um, yeah, good idea," said Mario. His stupid grin was starting to bother Ursula, who felt the world spinning around her.

"That's okay," said Ursula. "Just give me the address. I'll find it." She took the flask from her purse and took a gulp.

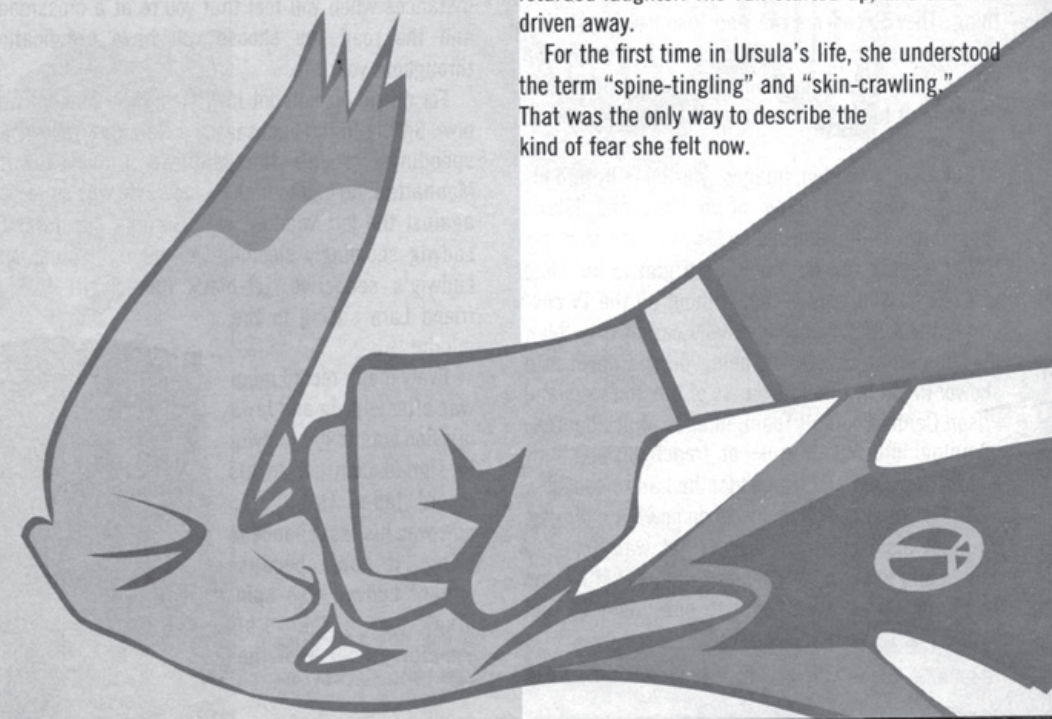
At that point, everything happened very quickly. The two brothers stood up, letting off a new wave of disgusting odor that almost made Ursula sick. Luigi and Mario each took one of Ursula's arms, pulled her up out of her seat and started walking her toward the exit.

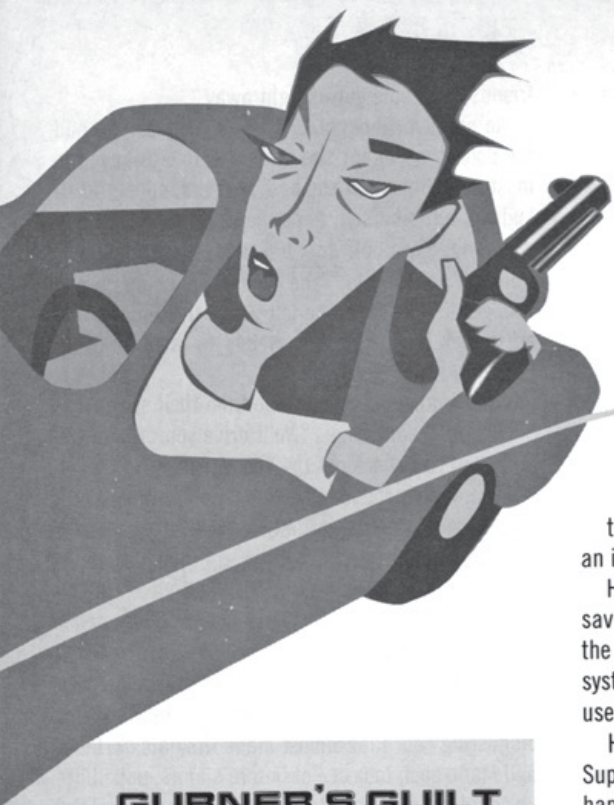
Ursula could feel the stares from everyone in Burger King as she was led out. She was about to yell something like "Help!", but it just seemed too corny. This whole scene was like something out of a bad T.J. Hooker episode.

A raver kid whom she recognized from some other parties moved in front of the exit door. "Hey, what are you bozos doing?" Mario punched him in the face and then the brothers lifted her off her feet and led her toward a beat-up red van with a "Cantini Laundry" sign on the side.

Everything's happening so quickly! thought Ursula. She had to avoid getting into that van, but her limbs felt like Jello and the next thing she knew she landed on a cheap, furry rug. She was immediately overcome with an overwhelming wave of car fresher smell and the muffled sounds of dumb, retarded laughter. The van started up, and she was driven away.

For the first time in Ursula's life, she understood the term "spine-tingling" and "skin-crawling." That was the only way to describe the kind of fear she felt now.





GURNER'S GUILT

Matt Gurner pulled his Nissan over to the side of Oakmay Hemlock Road, stuck his head out the window and vomited. Then he leaned back in his seat, once again smelled the bitter odor of the Smith and Wesson gun sitting in his lap, leaned out the window and vomited again.

He had had contact with guns before. As the son of Police Chief Gurner, he had grown up with guns around the house, but he had never before handled one with the intent to shoot somebody. And here he was, on his way to shoot the Cantini brothers because they were trying to steal his SupaRavathon, the mega-rave he'd been planning for months. All this just because he owed them a few hundred dollars for the flyers. The day before, Matt and the Cantini brothers had agreed that they would work the party together and split the profits. But today, Matt had seen new flyers printed up, and they didn't include his "Gur Gur House" logo, his name or anything. They forced me out and just took over! How dare those pigs! Matt thought. So he had dropped a tab of acid, took a gun from his father's closet and headed out to the corner where the Cantinis always hung out.

But all of a sudden, images started to fly into his head: images of riding down the Long Island Expressway being followed by seven police cars (his father leading the way) holding a gun to his head just like OJ Simpson, except without all the TV coverage and without anybody really caring if he blew his brains out; images of being pinned down in a shower in jail by three members of the Riker's Island Prison Center Football Team; images of accidentally bumping into Mike Tyson; of french kissing Amy Fisher; and then all of a sudden he had to heave.

And so what was he going to do now? The biggest event of his life — the event that was going to enable him to show the gorgeous Ursula that he was worthy of her — was about to pass right by him because of some low life losers.

And then he saw it coming. Flying from a distance, a beautiful white dove was moving his way. He knew that the dove was holding an incredible idea. This happened to him once before while he was tripping during a rave in Baltimore, and he needed to figure out a way to get home after his friends had left without him, and he only had \$10 in his pocket. It was early morning, and a dove flew toward him and that's when the idea hit him: take a bus.

Now it was only 50 yards away... moving slowly now, and there it was, perched on his trunk. It gave him the idea he needed! And what an idea!

He would use the secret space that he had been saving. The space that nobody had ever used before: the high school football field and its incredible sound system, all of which he had the key to because he used to sell pot to the custodian.

He would plant his people out in front of the SupaRavathon, and tell them that the real rave was happening at the football field.

Now only problem remained: tell Ludwig.

Matt's thoughts were interrupted by the rumble of a loud van speeding down the road. As it sped past him, he saw the familiar "Cantini Laundry" sign on the side. Instinctively, his arm tightened around the gun in his hand, and he started to rev his still-turning engine.

Wait, he thought. He would have his chance. He would ruin their event, and, at some point, he would be face-to-face with their disgusting faces and he would make them feel his wrath! And then afterwards, having pulled off the biggest rave New York had ever seen, he would be worthy of the ultimate prize that he had dreamed of every night -the gorgeous, sexy Ursula.

LARA'S TRUE LIES

Everyone has their defining moments in life; those instances when you feel that you're at a crossroads and the road you choose will have ramification throughout your life.

For music biz hotshot Jay Retco, that moment was now. Sitting in the backseat of a New York yellow cab speeding through the Midtown tunnel toward Manhattan, he had to make a move. He was squeezed against the left window, with German superstar DJ Ludwig seemingly sleeping on the right side, and Ludwig's seductive, jet-black haired girl-friend Lara sitting in the middle.

Every major record label was after Ludwig and Jay's mission was to get Ludwig to sign a contract to his record label. He figured now was his last chance to bring it up, because tonight Ludwig was spinning at the big SupaRavathon and then

tomorrow he would be gone. And if Jay didn't have the contract by tonight, then he also wouldn't have a job.

"How are you feeling Lara? Tired?" Jay asked, his nervousness showing a little in his shaky voice.

"Please," she said, staring straight into him with her big, brown eyes. "I have no energy for small talk." He picked up a strong whiff of her new Mugler perfume. If only she could see him in his natural environment, surfing on a California beach (before he got into this sick business), she wouldn't think he was such a loser.

He would try to play it cool. "Okay Lara, no small talk... how much do you know about the music industry?"

Her eyes opened and shut as if she couldn't believe what she was hearing. "I'm trying to rest. Don't waste my time."

All right. No more cool, thought Jay. "How about this? Three-hundred thousand US dollars. I don't know how many Deutsche marks that is, but I'm sure it's enough for Ludwig to make a few more of his "Ludwig Live" shirts and for you to take the French Riviera vacation you look like you could use."

"What are you talking about?"

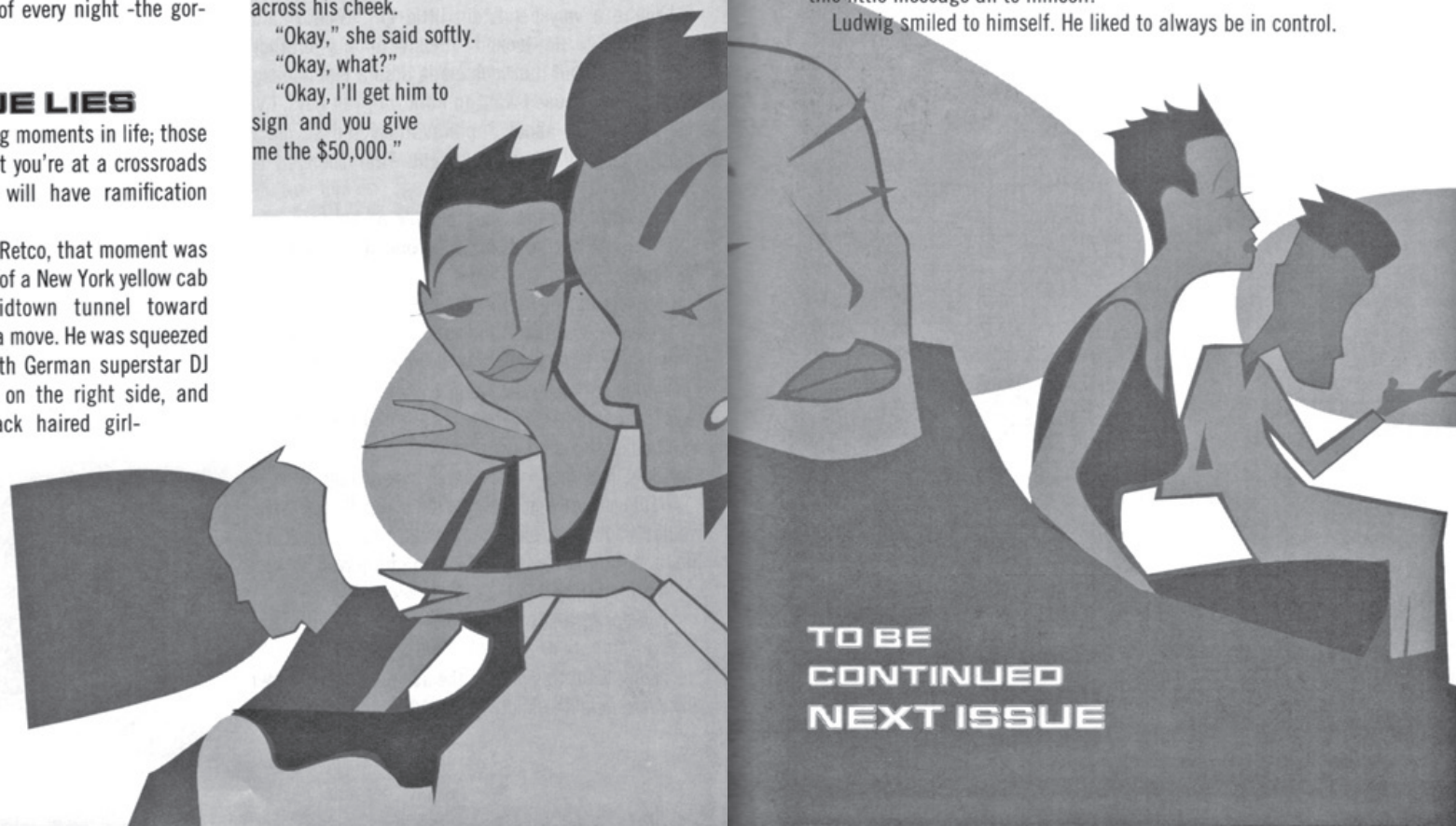
Jay glanced over at Ludwig. Good, he thought. He was still sleeping.

"I'm over here because my label wants me to sign Ludwig to a contract. What I'm saying is that if you help me to get him to sign, I'll give you \$50,000 and then give him the other \$250,000. You can give Ludwig the other \$50,000, or you can keep it. It's up to you." Jay felt like what he was doing was against the law, but he wasn't sure what crime he was committing. More troubling than that was the look on Lara's face. It was a look that made Jay feel like he was about to have her hand imprinted across his cheek.

"Okay," she said softly.

"Okay, what?"

"Okay, I'll get him to sign and you give me the \$50,000."



LUDWIG'S LAST LAUGH

When Ludwig heard her say the word "Okay", he continued to pretend to be asleep. In his mind, however, he was wide awake.

This reminded him of the day he heard "Kick the Bass Wicked!" on German radio. He and his then partner, Trevor Trance, had made that track in Ludwig's basement and had decided to start their own label and make that their debut release. Ludwig was listening to the radio, waiting happily for the end of the record when the disc jockey would announce that this was the new release on their new Intel Techno label. At the end of the record, however, he didn't say anything. And then when Ludwig called the station, he found out that the record had been brought there by a rep from BMG records, a major label. Trevor had gone ahead and sold the track to BMG for 100,000 Deutsche marks without telling Ludwig. That was three years ago. Ludwig hadn't spoken to Trevor since.

It was okay. He had always suspected that the world was full of treachery. First Trevor, then Lara. There would be more. As long as he had his music, everything would always be okay.

All he wanted to do now was to get to this rave, play his music and then get back on the plane to Germany... oh yeah, and hopefully find the gorgeous American girl whom he had such a fantastic time with on the plane ride from Miami.

The car stopped. Ludwig stretched and pretended to just wake up. Lara smiled at him in her usual cold manner. The American guy smiled at him as well, in his usual retarded manner. They were both so obvious!

"Get your records and we'll wait for you in the lobby," said Lara. "And then we'll drive to SupaRavathon."

As Ludwig walked past the concierge, he was given a message. It was from some rave kid named Matt Gurner. The rave had changed location. It was now at someplace called Oakmay High School Football Field.

Ludwig thought for a minute. He had a great idea on how to ditch both Lara and this guy Jay. And all he had to do was keep this little message all to himself.

Ludwig smiled to himself. He liked to always be in control.

TO BE
CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE

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Alex is wearing a dress
from **Smylon Nylon**,
109 Crosby St., NYC,
and tights by **Capezio**.
Jon has on a shirt from
Goodwill Industries, NYC,
and plaid pants
from **FAB 208**,
110 E. 7th St., NYC.

***calling all geeks
calling all geeks***

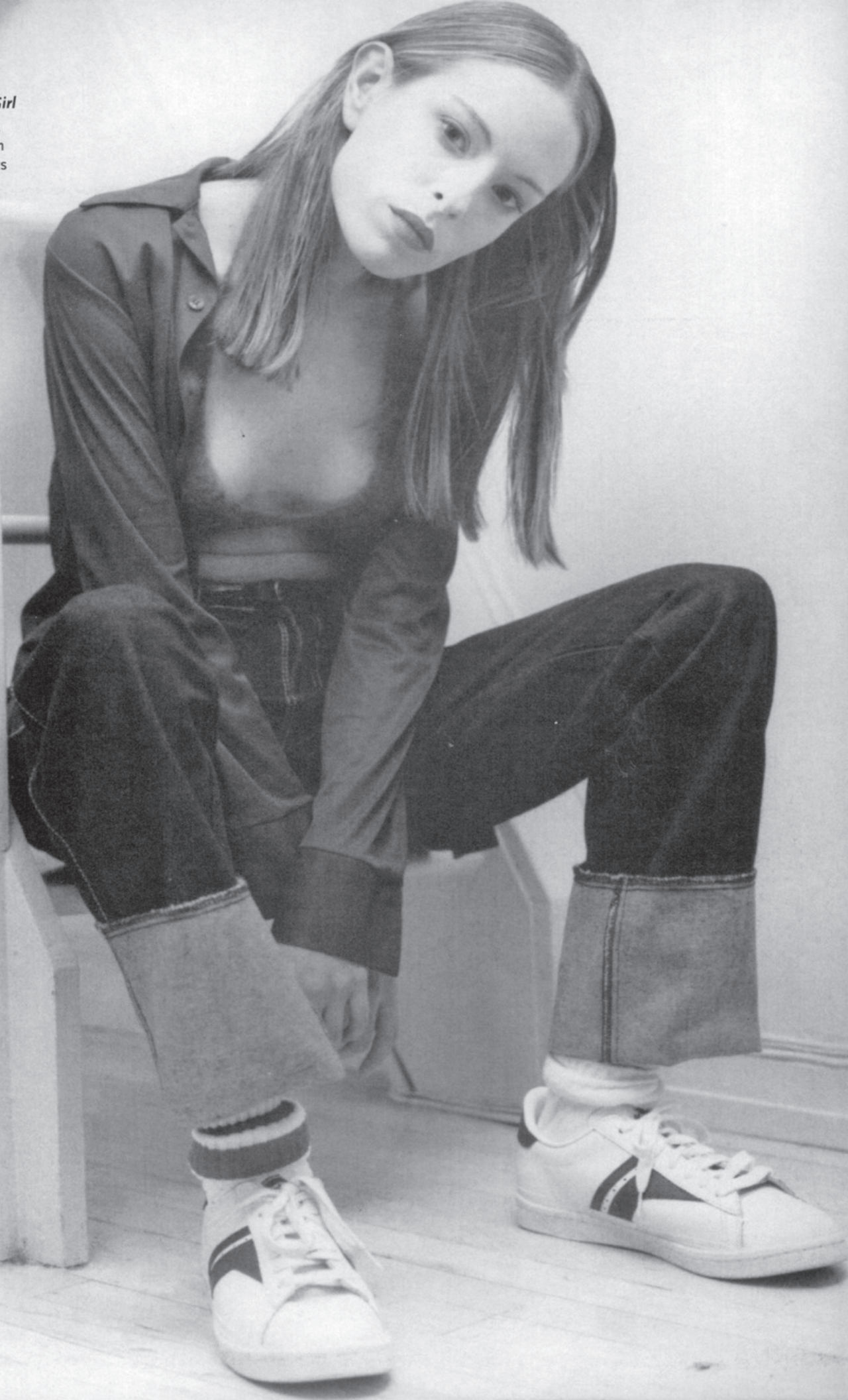
*All you school dorks,
computer nerds, mall losers,
and rave net freaks, this
is your moment.
Enjoy it while it lasts.*

Styled by **Galadriel Masterson**
Photographed by **James Smolka**
Models **Alex** and **Jon**

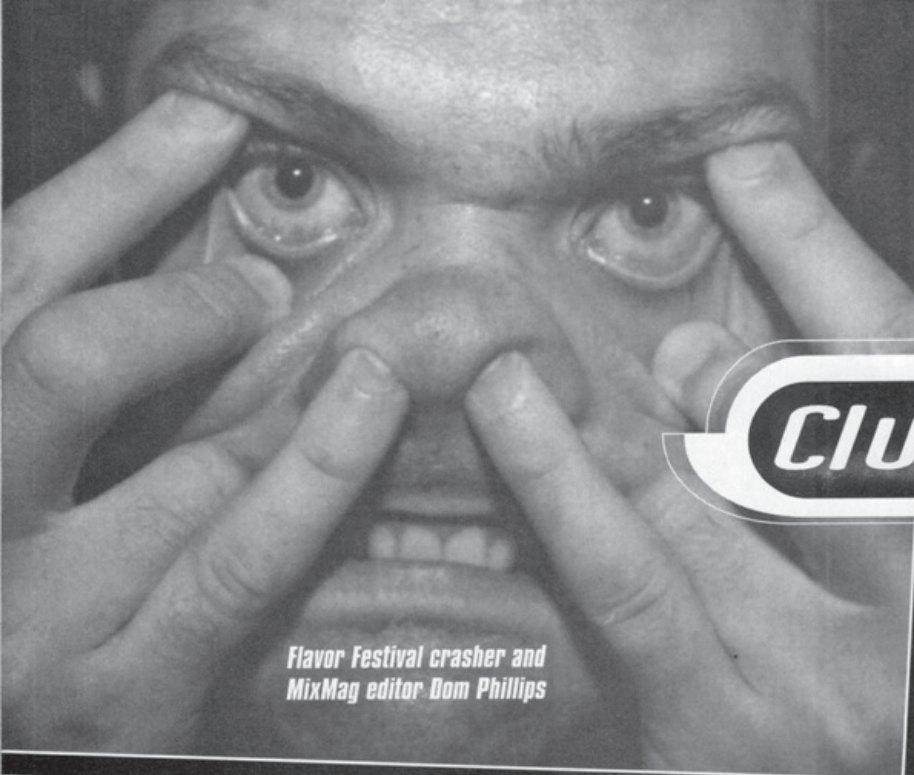


Alex has on a dress
by **X-Girl** available at XL,
a medal from **House**,
84 E. 7th St., NYC,
socks from **Woolworth's**,
and sneakers by **Keds**.

Alex is wearing a bra top from *TC-170*, Ludlow St., NYC, a disco shirt by *X-Girl* available at XL on Ave. A, NYC, designer jeans from *Domsey's*, Brooklyn, socks available at Woolworth's, and sneakers by Keds from Screaming Mimi's, 382 Lafayette St., NYC.

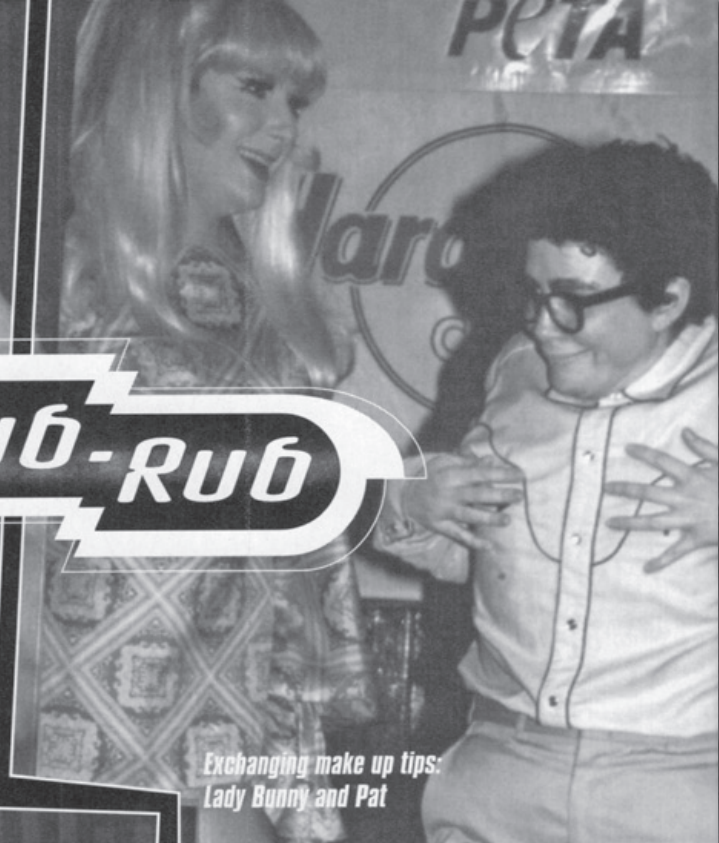


Jon is wearing a shirt from *Smylon Nylon*, trousers and shoes available at *Screaming Mimi's*, and socks from *Cassia*, on Ave. B, NYC.

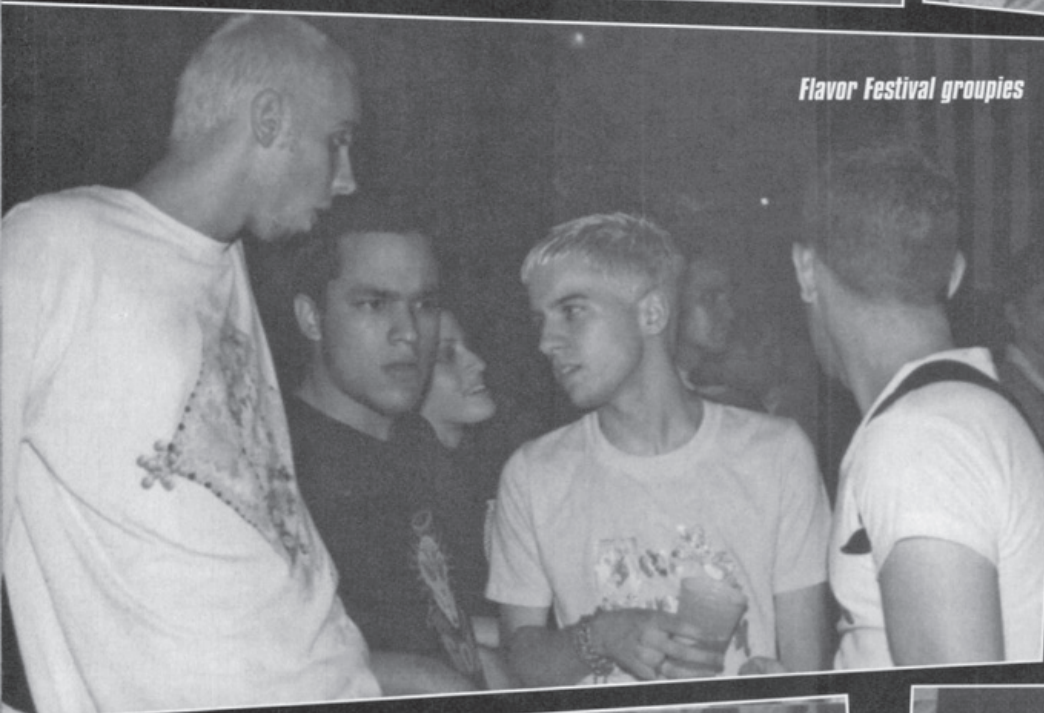


Flavor Festival crasher and MixMag editor Dom Phillips

Club-Rub



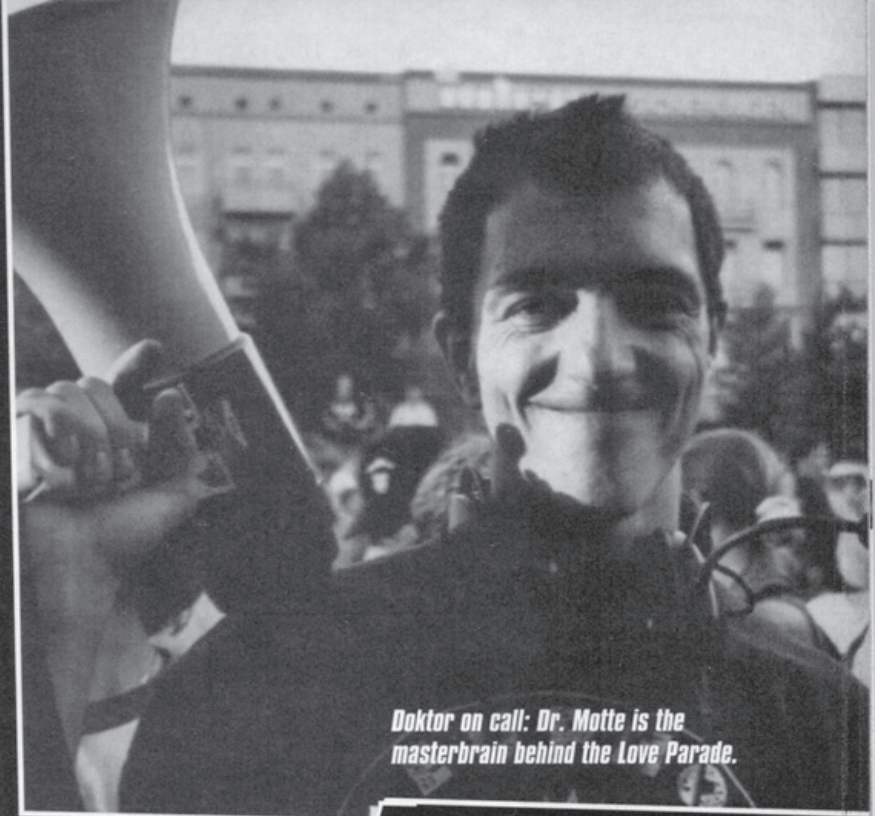
Exchanging make up tips: Lady Bunny and Pat



Flavor Festival groupies



Fashion victim, party pooper and friend of Project X, Astro Erle.



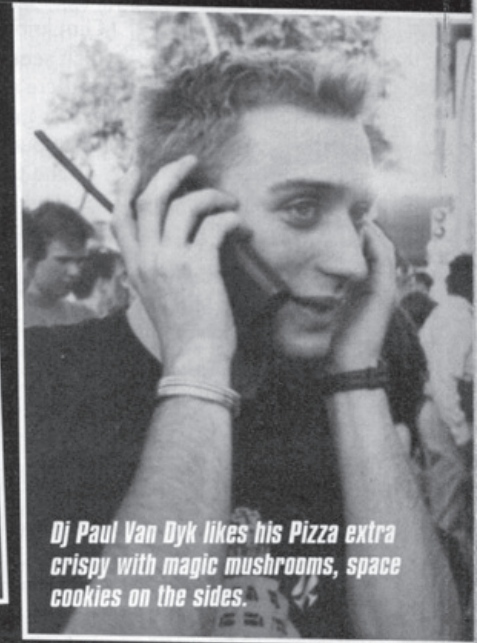
Doktor on call: Dr. Motte is the masterbrain behind the Love Parade.



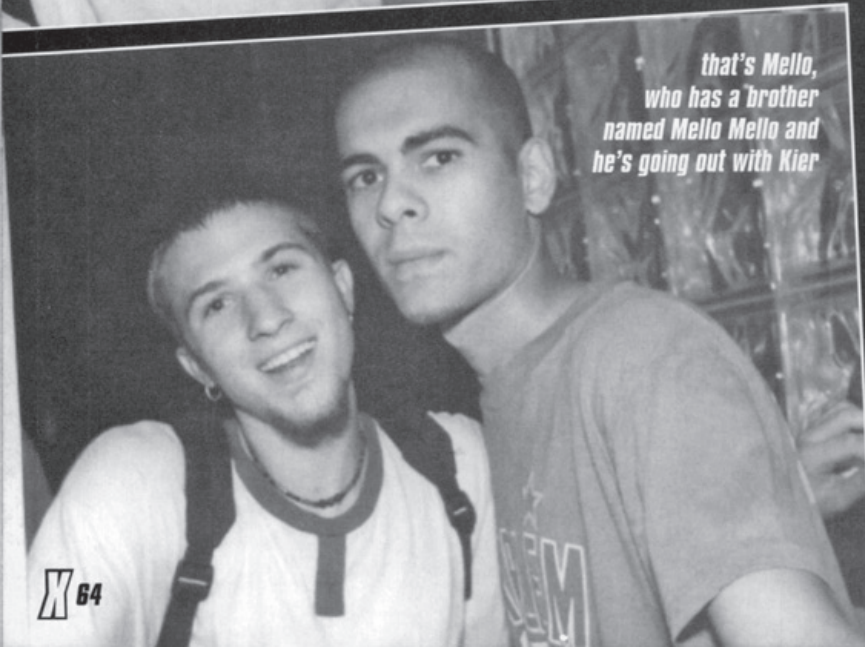
Simply everyone was there (pic-Nancy K)



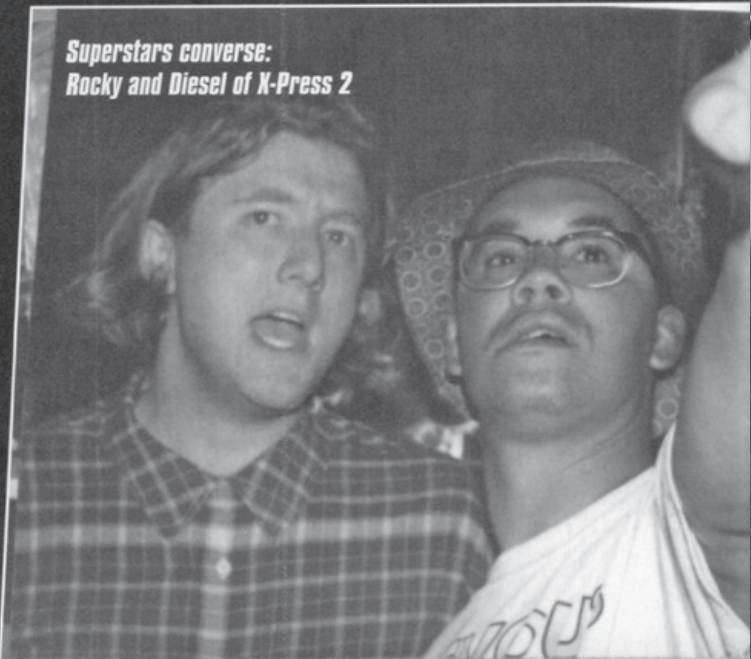
Some RaverChic off the streets of Berlin



Dj Paul Van Dyk likes his Pizza extra crispy with magic mushrooms, space cookies on the sides.



that's Mello, who has a brother named Mello Mello and he's going out with Kier



Superstars converse: Rocky and Diesel of X-Press 2



mob outside Flavor Festival
-Oops! correction. The Love Parade in Berlin.



ENTER THE FUTURE WITH POP WILL EAT ITSELF

by Sloan Mandell

Pop Will Eat Itself: innovators and instigators of the sampling revolution, purveyors of Very Metal Noise Pollution, and possibly the most influential (and ignored) band of the past decade are poised for their first major assault on American eardrums. The originators of metal-rap sample-grunge industrial-funk may not be familiar to you but the sound they've created certainly is. PWEI have been ripped off by everyone from the Beastie Boys to EMF, Nine Inch Nails to Hardfloor.

The General in Chief of PWEI is Clint Poppie, rapper, instigator of social mayhem and noted delinquent. He defines the Poppie philosophy, where it came from and where it's going.

Clint knows the Poppies are one of a kind and fights against the musical caste system which seeks to categorize them: "I don't really care what label the music press labels us as. If there's another band in England that sounds like us than bring 'em on and show 'em to me but I really feel were pretty much apart from everybody."

Over the course of four albums Pop Will Eat Itself have developed a culture surrounding their work. As the title of their last album stated "The Looks or the Lifestyle", PWEI present a multimedia onslaught. The artwork that accompanies the bands records, videos and T-shirts is an integral part of their image. Using powerful insignias and customized corporate logos PWEI put a lot of thought into their public image: "Graham and I come up with the general ideas of how we want the music presented and then The Designers Republic (globally praised graphic design team) handles the artwork. But I gave them loads of ideas for the artwork on the new album to represent where the band's at now and they've come back with the same stuff as usual, so were working that out now to broaden it."

Their legions of loyal fans are known as Grebos and they flock to the Poppies performances at major festivals throughout Europe: "A Grebo is Northern English slang for a greasy, strung out 70's type rocker. Very Led Zeppelin. We saw ourselves as modern Grebos, so we took the term and went with it. It still applies."

Now the Poppies are back to instigate a riot with their new single "Eich Bin Ein Auslander". A full out attack on the racism running rampant in Europe. But do the Poppies have a political manifesto? "The lyrics aren't overtly political or personal. I like bold lyrics, they should make you think. Yet it's just important that they sound good and that there are phrases and melodies that really stick with you." The single's machine gun guitars, militaristic breakbeat and sneering rap forcing the Poppies into the future. On their new release **Amalgamation** PWEI ignore boundaries serving up scolding tracks in a range of styles. From the major techno slowburn of "Is It Doing To You What Its Doing To Me" to the rock and roll breakbeat of "R.S.V.P."

Oh, let me not forget to mention their new record deal with Trent Reznor's NOTHING records.

It seems that Mr. Nine Inch Nails has been a long time Poppie fan, so when RCA unceremoniously dumped PWEI (after their first top ten single "Get The Girl, Kill the Baddies" no less) he quickly signed them on: "The new deal is so amazing. It really came out of the blue, I'd hears that Trent was a longtime fan of ours so when we got dropped by RCA they immediately asked us to sign. so we thought "Fuckin' hell this is incredible." It's almost a dream come true really that someone whose doing their own thing is prepared to put the money and the effort back into other people. So Trent gets much respect. Yeah it would be great if we all made a million dollars, fantastic but that's not really the point. At the end of the day we just want for people to like what we do, to get the music out there and be able to continue to do what we love."

POP WILL EAT ITSELF

Name : Armand Van Helden Age : 24

Tell us about the Armand sound.

"The form of house that I like, and the form of house that I play usually, is the type of house without "noise" in it. It's Hard House, but not the hard house on the rave scene - it's Hard House on the house scene. It's hard but it's not ballistic. It's a mix between Little Louie Vega and Junior Vasquez. Most DJs cannot play Louie and Junior. You're either playing Junior or you're playing Louie because basically those are the two guys in New York that everybody's following... it's Junior and Louie are running the shit.

What are the trends right now?

"What I do is I go out. The main thing is that a lot of DJs and producers don't go to other clubs or they don't go to something that's totally different from what they're doing to see different crowd's reactions. They just stay with their scene and they just know their scene.

DJ Profile

And meanwhile, they are missing the boat, while up-and-coming, high-breed things, like Eric Morilla, at Strictly Rhythm, who combines reggae and house, start to take over. If you were deep in the dancehall

scene, you saw it coming, because they were starting to speed up the beats. A lot of people didn't catch it and he caught it and now he's huge. For me, that's the technique I used when I put together spinning and producing."

What is the musical direction for New York underground right? Deep House, although it's a distinctly a New York sound, is at a low point here while blowing up overseas.

"The Underground Network scene right now has a problem and that problem is the same that the Limelight, Tunnel, and any big-Club USA-scene has. The problem is that there isn't any youth in there. The house

scene doesn't have a culture or a face. There's no way you can look at somebody and tell that they're a house-head. There's nothing there that's going to specifically let you know that that person's into house. That's the biggest problem with house. It has no specific culture — it has all different types. To me, that's why it's never going to be as big as people claim it would or should be, like hip-hop culture, which I originated from. The reason why hip-hop exploded is because it had a walk, a talk and a face. The promoters in the New York scene need to open up to the younger generation. The house scene in New York is a older, mature crowd. What they need to do is make a slammin' house scene with phat DJs that appeal to a mixed, younger crowd— gay, rave, all types. The only way for the New York scene to kick off is if all the scenes combine to break down the walls. New York is going to be a dead issue until that happens."

How do you feel about techno and progressive sound appealing to such a large new audience of raver kids? Where do you think the rave underground is heading?

"I think it's heading in a positive direction in the sense that the rave kids from three years ago are now older but they still go out. They've matured and learned a lot from the rave scene and now you have elders in the scene, and that's something you can respect. When you have older people there, it shows you that it's not just a flash-in-the-pan. With the new kids coming up, to me, that's the most important thing. The main thing for me to see at a club is all races, all ages, all sexual backgrounds.

We love your style. As an up-and-coming superstar DJ, style is very important. What is your "uniform," your favorite look and your favorite labels? What is your most important style element?

"I never fall behind because I go out and do my research. I like to wear something and then have people say, "Where the fuck did you get that?" I definitely scoop from the rave scene. Back two years ago when I started going to raves, when I saw the breakdance culture with their Adidas, Pumas, and Converse, I knew that was it. I'm all about a breakdance revival and I'd like to see that scene come back hard. But if I feel that I am falling behind, I love to go to Patricia Field. I definitely like to go different than the norm, but the only way to go different in New York is to go heavy club-head. I'm not into labels and names. If you want to break it down, I shop at the Salvation Army.

Who do you look up to professionally?

"The person that I really look up to and who I think I could really work with would be Todd Terry. But the thing with him is that he's doing his own thing and he probably doesn't even know I exist.

If you were confined to working only one month per year, and you have a gazzillion dollars, what would you do with the extra time?

"I would throw parties that get put in the history books — it would be the phattest party, everyone would get comp and open bar. I'd have people writing about me 20 years from now raving about the parties."

So, what's coming up for Armand Van Helden?

I have three new records coming out. I'm not signed with anybody right now but I would sign with anybody. I'm a label whore."

photo by Conrad Sanderson



RICHIE HAWTIN • Detroit

Rosengranz • Mike Ink • Sakho
Sewer • Unit Bobius • Bunker
Aquatic Park • The Nightshadow • Progressive Music
Threatment Feel • Minimal Man • Vinyl Solution
Jack on the groove • D.S. Vol II • F Communication
Courtship EP • Thee Madkatt • Deep Distraction
Vixens • Joe Mantana/Mellini • Subway
Burning Spear • Rabbit in the Moon • Hardkiss
Erotmania(original Mix) • Katana • Jinx
Kriket • Plastikman • Acetate

ARMAND VAN HELDEN • New York

Crusty the Caveman • Banana Spliss • Cutting
Allright • Old School Junkies • Henry Street
Puerto Rico • Pirates of Carribean Vol. 3 Strictly Rhythm
Another Night • Real McCoy • Arista
Nightlife Remixes • Kim English • Nervous
Emergency on Planet Earth • Jamiroquai • Columbia
Word Up, Doc • The Buddha Baboons • AV8
Untitled • Morning Factory • Prescription
Witch Doctor • Armand Van Helden EP • Strictly Rhythm
Stuff Luv • Sagat • Maxi

FRANKIE BONES • New York

X-Tront Vol. 3 • Luke Slater • Peacefrog
Red-Volume 3 • Dave Clarke • Bush
The 6th City Mob EP • Cold Crush City Cru • Cold Rush
Stone Circle • Carl Cox • MMR
Your Mind • Progression • Sorted
Kudos • DJ Pulse & Alex Reese • Movin Shadow
Chant • 2 Clues • Empire State
Drumfeed • Christian Vogel • Magnetic North
Funk It/Annihilating • Caffeine DJs • Caffeine
The Episode • Universal Age • Sorted

KEOKI • New York

Wave Speech • Lazonby • UK White Label
Liquid Thoughts • RHC • Rising High
War Cries • Chitoo • Bomb Records
Casanova • Cocker and Lazonby • Love, Sex & Motion
Mozart EP • Beethoven • Antler Subway Records
Tizzler EP • Ken Haggerty • Sorted Records
Hen E & Scratch E EP • Hen E & Scratch E • Pandemonium
Vicious Circles • Poltergeist • Platypus Records
Kruspolska (Sasha Mixes) • Hedningarna • China Records
Airscape EP • Airscape • Pound and Pound Records

DAVID MORALES • New York

Congo • The Boss • Strictly Rhythm
Nite Life • Kim English • Nervous
Anthem • Satoshi Tomiie • Strictly Rhythm
Noe Night In Heaven • M People • A&M
Ready To Rock • Level 9
Doo (Def Mix) • Doo • MCA
Hold On • Sabrina Pope • King Street
Hit By Love • Ce Ce Peniston • A&M
In My House • DJ Dexter • DMC
Throw • Massimo

SASHA • UK

Nocturnal Transmission • B.T.
Thousand Rains • Tekuana
Dance With Me • Underground Sound of Lisbon
Three Minute Warning • Yum Yum
Twist and Shout • Quiver
Love Nature • Histerya
Wave Speech • Lazonby
Hand in Hand • Opus III
Fragments • Rhizone
Rising • C.A.P.

ROCKY of X-PRESS 2 • UK

Do It Harder • Submission • Jus Trax
Get Up • Urban Sound of Lisbon Tribal UK
Thank You Remix • Chuggles • Back 2 Basics
Masterpiece Trilogy • Juan Trip • F Communication
Altered States • Black Science Orchestra • Junior Boys Own
Volume 1 (In 2 Deep) • Dog Trax • White
X-Press 2 • Rock 2 House (Remixes) • Junior Boys Own
K-ussi • Jark Prongo • Fresh Fruit
Blackkatt • Felix Da Housecat • Bush
The Triplepack • Various Artists • Hardtrax Records

REESE • New York

Transformation • Fierce Ruling Diva • DJ Reese remix Astralwerks
White Label • Derrick Carter • Bomb Records
Pressure • Spacetime Continuum • Astralwerks
O-Wa • Hed Boys • Seka Records
Clashback • Felix Da Housecat Soma
The Morning After • Felix Da Housecat • Soma
Bang The Acid • Domon Wild/Tim Taylor • Sinewaves
Can't Stop The Groove • Mellow Mellow • Astralwerks
Mercury Beats • Dust Brothers • Junior Boys Own
Throw • Paperclip People • Carl Craig remix Open

JUNIOR VASQUEZ • New York

Dreamer (SF Remix) • Livin' Joy • MCA
Trouble (Jr. Vasquez remix) • Joi Cardwell • Eightball
Tribal Track • Afrika Bambaata • White Label
Morrel's Groove Part 6 • Strictly Rhythm
Get Up • Urban Sound of Lisbon • Tribal UK
Hit By Your Love (Remix) • Ce Ce Peniston • A&M
Reap • Vernessa • Acetate
Burnin' Up • Yellow Label
Love To The World (UK Mix) • Michael Watford • EastWest UK
Everybody Be Happy • Slo Moshun • Six

JAZZY NICE • New York

No Sound Is Too Taboo (LP) • UFO • Talkin' Loud
Conversations With The French Conn (EP) • Various Artists
Acoustic Soulful BeBop Booms (EP) • Peace Bureau • Eightball
URBS and Spices • DJ Smash • Peace
Gotta Be (LP) • RAD • Soulciety
Breakfast At Denny's • Buckleshot Lafonque • Columbia
It's Gonna Be Alright • Dee C. Lee • Pony Canyon (JAF)
Nerd (Remix) • Groove Collective • Reprise
Life's A Bitch • Nasty Nas • Columbia
Goodtime • Jazzmina • Kult

STEVE LORIA • Los Angeles

Take Me • Davina Powermusic/Sexmania DJ Duke • Exclusive
Adore • Joe Roberts • FFRR
Sound Generation • Riviera Pimps • 909 Rhythm
Release Me • Mass In Motion • Unothorized Recordings
Pluto Retreat/Anna • Pluto • Joy
Janet Rushmore • Choice
Armand Van Helden feat. Old School Junkies • Henry Street
Voices In My Mind • Voice • Ministry of Sound
Shoulda Known Better • Candy J. • Vinyl Solution

ROBBIE HARDKISS • San Francisco

Additional Elements • D.S. Vol I • F Communication
Always Falling • Quark • Two Thumbs Records
Satellite Serenade, Part II Suzuki KI • AO Records
Enjoy It • Shock Therapy • Blue Cucaracha Records
Right To Be (Original Rockers Epic Mix) • Reborn Island Records
What About This Love • Mr. Fingers • Alleviated Music
Thrush LP • Herbie Hancock • Columbia
June • DS Vol II • F Communication
Untitled • Little Wing • Hardkiss
The Phoenix • God Within • Hardkiss



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SANDALS

THESE SANDALS ARE MADE FOR TOURING AND THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY'LL DO

by Alex Gerry

The Sandals feel like a world-weary lot these days, being almost permanently on the road. Glastonbury, Phoenix, Barcelona... these are a few of the boards they have just trod, with plenty more in the offing. The band consists of four individualists sharing a common open-minded philosophy: Derek Delves on vocals and percussion, John Harris on vocals, flute, clarinet and sax, Will Blanchard on drums, percussion and vocals, and Ian Simmonds on bass and vocals. They already have Rite of Silence under their belt, a rather grown-up album which ingeniously mixes live and programmed sounds, fusing rap, dub, jazz and rock, the production credits boasting Hugo Nicholson, Mike Nilson, Leftfield and Joe Gibb.

"Touring can be quite demanding," confesses Ian, the soft-spoken bassist with the boyish good looks and big blue eyes, as he rolls another spliff in his manager's front room. "As for the big festivals, I don't know if I'm into it anymore, it's been done to death. It seemed like the whole world gathered in Glastonbury: a lot of freaks, people with guns and then the fucking heat. I enjoyed the Phoenix festival better as there was more space to breathe. The important thing with touring as far as keeping it together is to treat it for what it is, with all the bullshit that surrounds it. I guess having been on the road for the last three years, we are just totally jaded, to be quite honest. There's a lot contributing to that, not just the music. Our very existence is jaded, cutting through life day by day, mentally, socially, it's a big wind-up and you either cut yourself off or take it on."

Sounds like heavy stuff, but Ian is more than a realist and a bit of a cynic. The four Sandals have been friends for donkey's years, but instead of forming a band in the early days, they pursued other projects, the things they were into at the time. As visual artists they have exhibited all over the world, including Los Angeles. They ran an off-the-wall club called The Happening in Soho's Violets, which proved a complete antidote to the emerging acid house craze. It was a creative gathering of poets and beatniks with goatees, berets and Breton shirts. Audience participation, live percussion and poetry readings were de rigueur in between the groovy jazz film soundtracks. It worked well but the Sandals got tired and went on to open a shop in the basement of London's Trocadero, the shelves of which were stacked with their own sculptures, rizlas and other hippy commodities. The posse's final successful venture before taking the plunge was another impressive club, Tung Kung Fu at the Gardening club, which brought them wider recognition. It also unleashed their musical talent to an unsuspecting public during a first live gig heavy on percussion and tribal rhythms. Apart from being DJs, the four guys are all musicians but making music within a band format wasn't a conscious decision, as Ian explains...

"It was all quite ramshackle. We never intended to become hugely successful and make lots of money. We just had an opportunity once to go into a studio with a bunch of friends of ours (which included Leftfield's Paul Daley). We recorded some music which got heard by some people who liked it and it snowballed from there. We could've done it years ago, but we were doing all those other things then. We're all in our thirties now so we can take all those experiences on board. Derek was already playing with other bands, and I used to play the trumpet, although I always messed about

with a lot of other instruments, coming from a musical household. My dad was a trumpeter with English jazz and swing bands in the '50s and '60s like the Cyril Stapleton Orchestra, and he had a massive influence on me. When bass was needed in the Sandals, I took it up. I find that you develop as you go along, with the help of experimentation. We all agreed to cutting the album the way it was done. Using samples, which can be a fault, boils down to experimenting and it's something we've always done."

Although the band is more about live instrumentation, samples and loops actually take a major part on Rite of Silence. They add a heavier edge and contribute to its melodic quality. There's even a Bali Hai-like hook on "No Movement", which apparently doesn't come from South Pacific at all but from a library record. Also, rap is handled more as poetry reading rather than hard-nose hip hop. Then there are the remixes, which play an important role in these guy's music. "Some people are always a bit cynical when you have your music tampered with by DJs," Ian carries on. "But I'm really into what other people are doing, and when that can make your music become something else and make it reach different areas, then I'm quite proud to be part of that. That's what keeps the whole thing going. I don't want to get stuck in one groove."

Changing, developing, experimenting seem to be the Sandals' main preoccupations. As Ian and I speak, the band has already completed a mini-budget album titled Changed. It is due for release in October, and in Japan in September to coincide with their tour there. Ian describes it as a more "true-to-ourselves", down to earth project that includes three songs, three other pieces of music and a dancier track.

"The direction the band is taking seems to be unfolding at last. I don't quite know what it is, but it feels natural, organic. I always visualize our music like a dog who has 12 mongrel puppies and they're all born with a different color. That vision has stuck with me since I was a kid. It's funny but we haven't made any money yet, apart from the advances that we had and they've been small. Once they're divided between the band and everything else, with the debts that build up, it's all gone. At least, as I see it, we're making records and that's forever. Given the right support from the record company and the publishing company, I'm sure we can start selling records. Our music is accessible, fairly inoffensive and certainly honest. It can be successful. A good thing about us is that we don't put all our eggs in one basket. We are four different people with different tastes, thoughts and ideas, but it works together as a whole. We strive on keeping a fresh approach and that's rewarding in a creative sense." The Sandals will carry on touring consistently for another another year as a seven-strong unit, using, as always, audio-visuals. Their live gigs are enhanced with film loops from eight 16" film projectors operated by a duo named Vegetable Vision. The whole of Europe and Japan are on the agenda but, if viable, a proper college tour of America will eventually be devised.

"One day I can see that we'll pack it in because we don't want to be on the road for the next 30 years like the Rolling Stones. It's fine if that's what you wanna do, but it's just not us. There are a thousand doors to be opened and we are opening them slowly. Try to open them too fast and it backfires on you."

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REVIEWS

TOX UTHAT Vol. II

A trance ambient combination
SILENT RECORDS

The magical sounds of this compilation transformed me back in time to this summer's rave at The Edge in Ft. Lauderdale. I was sitting outside the club in the outdoor ambient arena, feeling the warm summer breeze, watching happy rave kids dance in a circle holding hands and listening to the most beautiful music. I wanted to ask the DJ what he was playing, but he was too far

away and I was too high to walk over. But the memory of the fantastic sound has remained tattooed on my mind. That was six months ago and I haven't heard a similar sound since. Until... I received the Tox Uthat II compilation from Silent Records in San Francisco, who licensed it from Tox Records in Germany. This compilation is a mind melting dose of pure bliss, especially the "Style Over Substance" track, my absolute favorite. I recommend this highly for any fan of melodic ambient mind music.—J.J.

Caffeine DJ EP

CAFFEINE RECORDS

This legendary name in East Coast underground has finally launches its own record label. After playing host to the worlds top DJ talent, Caffeine has established a reputation for bringing the consumer the finest in techno and you can definitely see that in this record. The ep consists of three different tracks each catering to various audiences. Side one has two progressive trance mixes that are dark, grungey and hard. Side two features a hard house track and a trance track that is destined to please the dancefloor.—J.C.

Winc

Thoughts of a Tranced Love
LIMBO

Josh Wink is definitely one of the hardest working men in rave/show business. He is a constant, positive presence at east coast events, as well as a partner in Philadelphia's number one underground record store, 611 Records. His two releases on Sorted Records under the artist name Winc, along with his many remixes, have established him as one of the industry's most prolific composers. On this release, Josh continues to develop his so-called Groove Trance sound, using a roving acid synth, brittle snares and a sample of "Don't Go Away, Don't Leave Me", to keep the energy high. Look out for Josh's next project on Virgin, which will probably go under another artist name variation of Winc... maybe Wind.—M.W.

Stay tuned

LIFTED RECORDS

This compilation contains four fat tracks with a New York attitude. The first cut on side A is a sure hit, a tribal progressive track that samples Santana and is an ear-catcher to any audience. The second cut on the first side has a trance/house feel that is just as hype. Side 2 finishes off the ep right with catchy vocals, trancey basses and a house groove. A must have.—J.C.

Dubtribe

Sound System
Organico Records

After going global with their rave-essential track, "Mother Earth," these two San Francisco techno-hippies bring back the love on "Sound System" with much smoother bpm's and the kind of flavor that has made the Bay Area the house music epicenter for planet Earth. The music is 50% pure house and 50% pure trance, with a little acid thrown in, maybe half a hit, to give it that wicked sound. The second release, "sunshine's theme" is one of those rare grooves that is destined to become a house trance classic, with its hypnotic beats and a super-lush voice asking, "Can you feel the love?" And believe you me, you can feel it. On this lp, Dubtribe goes deeper into that black hole of wailing diva house, and comes out unscathed, partly due to their imaginative acid loops and their fresh vocal sampling. For all you house trance junkies out there, "Sound System" will definitely get you the fix you need.—K.T.

Deep Space Network

Big Rooms
INSTINCT RECORDS

If you have ever sat in a chill-out room and felt the deeply personal journey of a true ambient DJ, then listening to Deep Space Network's new CD will be like déjà vu. Jonas Grossman and David Moufang, the technoshamens behind Deep Space Network, have produced a celestial compilation that combines complicated "natural" noises with otherworldly sampling. On the track entitled "zenn la," the artists superbly synthesize vocal images of time, space and peace, and unites them with a spoken word performance that acts as your own personal ambient tour guide. The other tracks on "Big Rooms" are much less tactile, but still remain stimulating in an electronic expansional manner. "Big Rooms" is so chill, we had no choice but to put it in the Project X icebox hall of fame.—K.T.

Septic Cuts Compilation

SABRES OF PARADISE/FFRR

It's with great pleasure that Andy Weatherall announces that "in England the cuts on this release were deep, crossing the water to US, they turned septic." Weatherall's label, Sabres of Paradise, has teamed up with FFRR to bring you their first US compilation Septic Cuts and it's

filled with progressive house tracks that only a British DJ know how to make. "Smokebelch II" by the Sabres themselves is a bell-ringing, whistle-blowing tribal concoction of dancefloor madness, and everything else on this album is just as multidimensional and original. You won't stop waving you arms in the air or shaking your booty, like everyone in our office does when this is on.—J.J.



HARDKISS TEAM

There is no doubt that the "Techno" scene has become the victim of commercialization. The movement which prided itself on its anti-materialistic values has been twisted into a profit-based industry, forsaking its original vision of a peaceful and positive youth culture for the pursuit of the almighty dollar. Robbie, Gavin and Scott HARDKISS are of the original breed — musical magicians with the faith that the beat and the rave can make the world a better place. These (spiritual) brothers refuse to compromise their talents to simply fill their pockets or to sell out for meaningless fame.

The HARDKISS collective are determined to stay true to the scene's underground roots while consistently coming up with new innovations and concepts to keep the scene fresh. With their music, HARDKISS takes techno into unexplored territories, crafting unique sounds and sequences into other-worldly melodies. Their tracks are not easily placed into any single category. Instead, they combine ambient, trance and hard beats to create a powerful sound. As the premier DJs and promoters of San Francisco's tightly-knit rave community, their participation in an event ensures a good vibe and a mind-expanding experience.

I had the opportunity to hang out with the HARDKISS boys while they were in New York City for the New Music Seminar. I arrived at their room at the Paramount expecting to be intimidated. After all, these San Francisco music visionaries have a following of fans in every part of the country. All the kids I had spoken to about the HARDKISSes spoke about them in reverential tones — how they'd been awed by their transcendental DJ sets, that every release on their self-run HARDKISS label was worth its weight in ecstasy and that they were the ultimate in California cool. But nonetheless, walking into their room I immediately felt at home. Everyone was laid back: Robbie and Gavin were lying with their girlfriends (who'd just got back from touring Europe), passing around Rolling Rocks and joints. It was like hanging out with my best friends on a hot day during summer vacation.

Since they were ostensibly in town for the Seminar, the conversation turned towards the record industry. Were they looking for a major label deal while in town? "No, absolutely not. We're voluntarily unsigned," Scott replied. "I mean, which department would sign us anyway? We're not exactly dance, certainly not pop. Alternative? Rap? What?"

Gavin, the tall, long-haired, English HARDKISS brother, brought me up to date on forthcoming releases. "We've got a compilation coming out with all our stuff to date along with

Photo by *Kristen Sand*

Text by *Sloan Mandell*

some unreleased stuff. That'll be out through Caroline Records as a double CD. We've slowed down our output so as not to overflow the market (weeded laughter around the room) — so now it's about a 12" every six months."

So what's the San Francisco scene like these days? "It's pretty mellow," Scott said.

"Slowed down," Gavin added.

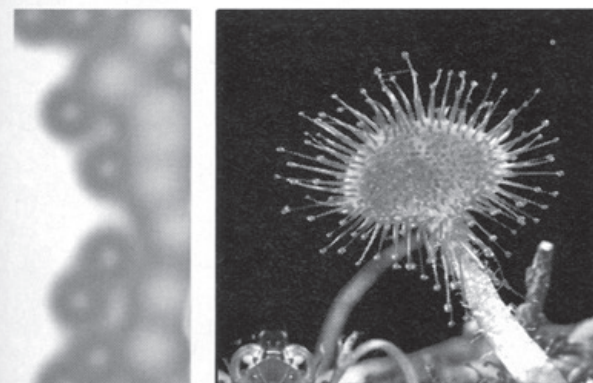
"Chill," Robbie said just for effect. "It's still a really good vibe, but there's not a whole lot of big parties going on. Tighter smaller events. We went to a party Wednesday night where there were like 500 new kids that I've never seen before. So it's like this whole scene has developed independently of the original scene, and they were all really into it. It was very cool. A lot more people now are really up on the music in San Francisco than anywhere else. For a while, the scene got so overdone with everyone jumping on the bandwagon — a lot of people lost money, a lot of people burnt out on speed. So now the scene is sort of regenerating again from the beginning."

"What happened in S.F. is that all the people who were doing parties from the beginning for all the right reasons are still doing them — like us," Gavin said.

The HARDKISS boys gave me hope that there were still great parties, music and people to find out in the rave universe. And if you can't find 'em, just follow the San Francisco vibe, and they will come.

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THINGS

Photographed by **Geert Teuwen**

Styled by **Eric Hester**

Make Up by **Mathew Sky**

for **Pierre Michel** at the **Plaza**

Hair by **Clyde Haygood** for **Sarah Laird**

Models: **Nicole Maddox**

and **Alex Aerts** at **Company**

and **Julian** at **Boss**.

Nicole wears dress with shorts by *Daryl K.*, necklace by *Erickson Beamon Showroom Seven*, red platform by *Vivienne Westwood* and turquoise shoe by *Yves St. Laurent*. Alex wears dress by *Marc Jacobs*, gold shoe by *Yves St. Laurent*, and red shoe by *Anne Klein*.



Nicole wears top by *Frances Smiley*, shorts by *Agnes B.* and shoes by *Anne Klein*. Alex wears slip dress and robe both by *Frances Smiley*.



Nicole wears bra by *Hanro*, skirt by *Vivienne Westwood*, necklace by *Erickson Beamon* at *Showroom Seven* and shoes by *Vivienne Westwood*, Alex wears blouse by *Agnes B.* and briefs by *Daryl K.*



Nicole wears dress by *Marc Jacobs* and shoes by *Vivienne Westwood*. Alex wears dress by *Marc Jacobs* and shoes by *Yves St. Laurent*. Julian wears pants by *Paul Smith*, shirt from *Antique Boutique* and belt by *Carlos Fulchi*.



FASHION TARGETS BREAST CANCER.

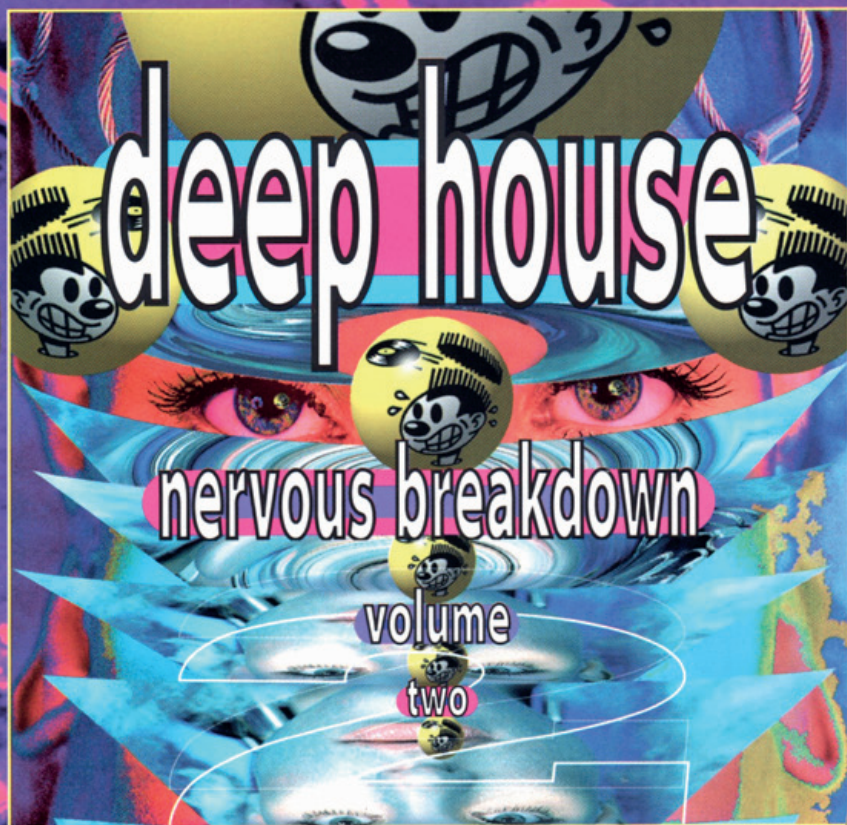
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