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# project X

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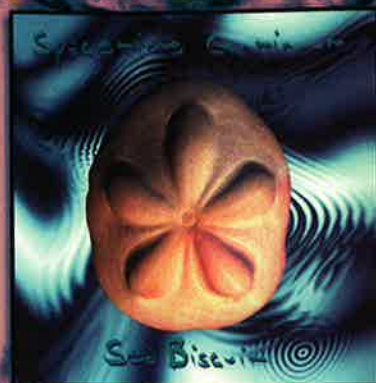
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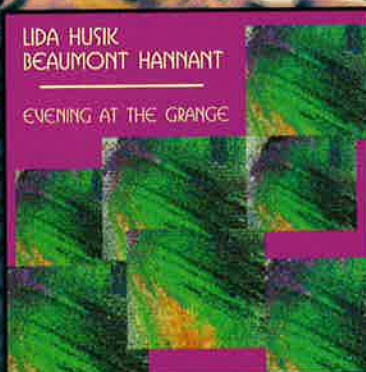


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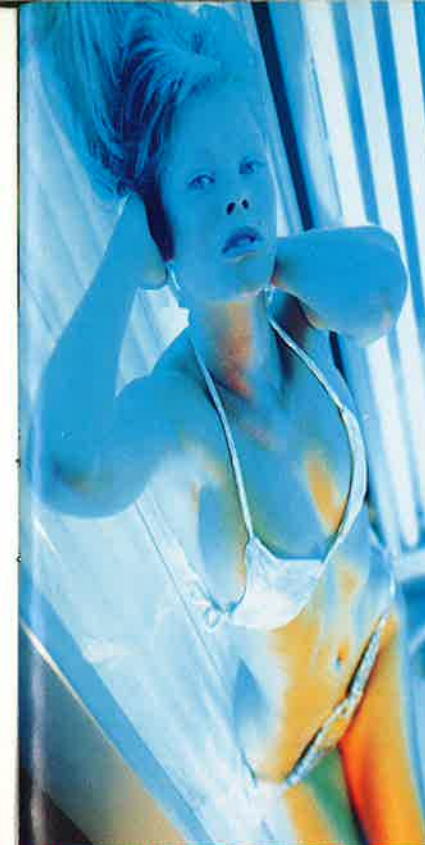
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time and wanna learn all about publishing (and envelope stuffing) send us a note  
with some info about yourself. Also, if you get bored, just write us a fan letter. We  
really really like them! Now stop reading all the fine print junk and enjoy this issue.



NO.31  
The Swimsuit Holiday Buzz Issue yum!

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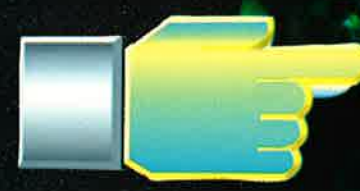
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"Stop the Madness..."  
Susan Power

## Letters to Pro X

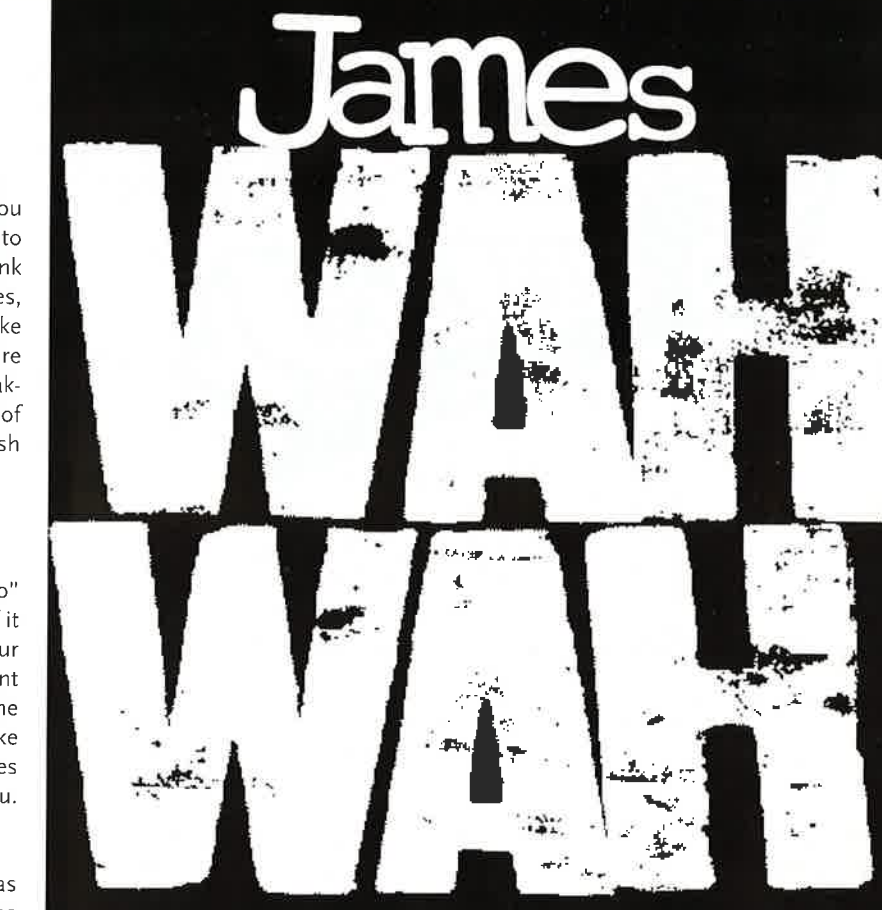
Dear Project X people,  
First of all, I'd like to say that I really like your magazine and you guys are doing a really good job, but I do have some comments to make about the "Cocktail guide to techno" (issue 29). First, I think that it's really negative to break up techno into so many categories, especially for fans like me, because it becomes really confusing - like I can't tell the difference between "intelligent techno" and "pure techno". I also can't tell the difference between "jungle" and "break-beat." So I think that the writer is wack because I'm sure that half of that shit doesn't exist, like "groove trance," no disrespect to DJ Josh Wink, who "coined the term" but still!  
-R.H. Philadelphia

To everyone at Project X,  
Me and my friends really got into your "Cocktail Guide to Techno" story. We liked it so much that we've made a bored game out of it by coming up with more categories at parties. Here are some of our examples, We hope you print them: **Lounge Techno** - ambient meets Tony Bennett, **Backpack Techno** - all the classic cd's at the bottom of your backpack, **Handraiser Techno** - anthems that make you wave your hands in the air, **Make-Out Techno** - chill-out grooves that sound so good you start makin' out with the person next to you.

Dear Pro X,  
I'm writing concerning your story on Vapour Space (Issue 28). I was very surprised that one of the leading Trance artists had his name spelled wrong. Mark Cage is really Mark Gage. Also, he recorded under the name Cusp. That was not mentioned in your article. As far as Rochester being bleak... We have put on shows for Moby, Prodigy, 808 State, Cybersonic, Orbital, Meat Beat Manifesto, Fierce Ruling Diva, The Orb not to mention DJs like Keoki, Frankie Bones, James Christian, Dimitri, John Aquaviva and Richie Hawtin. Rochester is also home to Philly's leading DJ Nigel Richards who gained recognition in Germany and Holland (and US). We also hosted Cosmic Baby tour that you sponsored. Then, a friend of mine had an after hours party where Joey Beltram spun and mentioned that he had a very good time in Rochester. I just didn't like you describing Rochester in such a manner. We consist of a lot of hardcore dedicated people to the scene. I do thank you for a story on Mark Gage. Keep up the good work. I do apologize for any spelling errors I may have made.  
-Peace, Brad  
Ed.: So do we!!

Dear Editors,  
A few months ago, I went into a rockin' store in San Antonio called Planet K. While I was there, I saw your magazine. I wondered about the cover. I felt like I had seen it before or something. I flipped through it with my good friend Ernest Olivo, who works there - the images are so exciting but then I remembered where I had seen them before! It turned out that I looked at the credits and found that Javier Michalski is you art director and realized that I saw all those photos in his apartment when I was visiting New York last March. In addition to that Javier is my cousin too! I wanted to write and say that I really enjoy your magazine and Ernest tells me when they come in. Please give Javier a big hug and kiss!!!  
-Adrienne Gutierrez, TX

Ed.: Done!  
Now, could you give the guys at Planet K. a big hug and kiss from us.



23 compositions written and performed  
by **James**  
and **Brian Eno**  
recorded at Real World during  
"the Laid Sessions 1993."

"Improvisations are almost always the seeds of James' songs... I suggested that instead of working on just one record we find two studios next to each other and develop two albums concurrently. One of structured songs (Laid) and One Of Improvisations (Wah Wah)."  
Brian Eno

"Every Song We've ever created was spawned from improvisation...All the songs on Laid evolved from this process. All But three pieces of Wah Wah are being born as you hear them in an attempt to capture the moment of creation spontaneously."  
With Love,  
Tim Booth  
of James July, 1994

WAH WAH  
limited edition Digi-Pak  
compact Disc  
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## Reefer Madness

The makers of the Truth Phone™ (see Future X-Tra) have come out with another wonderful invention that lets you know what's really going on. Don't you just hate it when your best friend / lover / uncle is obviously high as a kite but denies having even seen any pot in the past year? Then just how did the selfish little bitch / bastard / dyke manqué manage to get so dazed and confused when your back was turned? Well with the Cannabispray™, you can call their bluff (or their spliff). Packaged in a convenient Binaca-sized atomizer, the Cannabispray™ is easily transportable; just pop it in your purse / stuffed animal backpack / Botega Venetta briefcase and take it to your friend's place / the bathroom at Tunnel / outside. Spray a little bit on your friend's babydoll dress / navel ring / thigh-highs and find out what's been going on while you generously went to get the drink tickets / invites / party favors. Faced with the incontrovertible evidence, you can demand, "Hand over a whole joint please." And they will.

- Jared Paul Stern

## PeTA Pocket

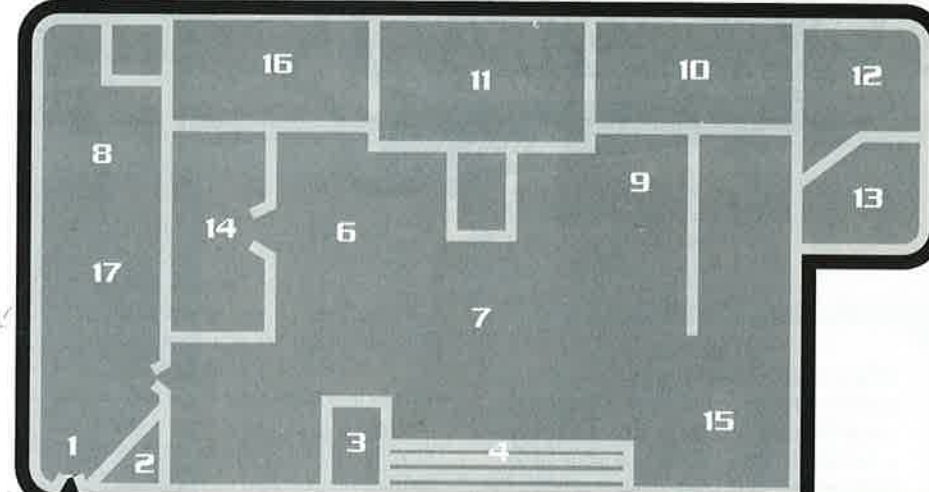
It seems that celebrity endorsement can be a double-edged sword at times, especially for organizations whose earnest, sincere, do-good image is all too easily undermined by its fluff-brained spokesluts. People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals understands this paradox well. Their fabulous celebuntante supporters such as Naomi Campbell, Christy Turlington and Cindy Crawford attract attention to the undeniably worthy cause while simultaneously detracting from the importance of the organization's message and integrity; I mean, let's face it - Cindy Crawford is not the first person most people turn to for guidance in political and ethical matters, and Turlington has come under fire for eating meat and wearing leather, habits which would seem to contradict the pro-animal rights stance she purportedly espouses as a PETA-billboard spokesnude. Of course, as with any enterprise that smacks of overt political-correctness, contradictions are nearly as pervasive as the over-zealous windbags who spout them. Having said all that, let me now reveal that PETA has come up with a truly worthwhile project in conjunction with turkey-in-the-straw designer Todd Oldham, who has created a line of fake fur hats made from recycled plastic and glass, which will be sold to benefit the organization. Oldham's sense of stylistic humor shines through in his designs, which include a fluffy beret, an "Elmer Fudd 'anti-hunting' cap with ear flaps" that looks simply ridiculous on self-professed monogamous heterosexual Cindy Crawford, and a "puffy Rasta hat". The best part is that their price actually reflects their value, that is to say \$25 each. So you can wear an original piece of the inimitable Mr. Oldham's collection, support a worthy if somewhat loony cause, and look like a complete idiot (i.e. très fashionable) all for only twenty-five bucks. Sounds like a deal to me.

- Jared Paul Stern

## Your Very Own Personal Map to New York's Sound Factory

story by Khiem Truong, map by Ernie Glam

In a city like New York, scenes last for mere seconds, parties die after a few weeks, and superstar DJs can barely keep a grip on the color of their hair. So it's surprising to note that New York City's queerest boys have been coming back week after week to Junior Vasquez and Richard Grant's Saturday night/Sunday morning love garage at Sound Factory. Maybe it's because Sound Factory transcends trendiness. Maybe it's because the music is hot and the post-op transsexuals are hotter. It's definitely because Sound Factory is more than just your typical party. What seems like just a normal warehouse on the edge of the land of the SuperProstitutes, Sound Factory is actually a complicated and intricate network of social systems and a hierarchy of cultural cliques. Though everyone would have you believe that Sound Factory is just a bunch of wholesome types having a little rub-down fun, the truth is that the groups are very distinct and are usually determined by muscle development and fashion sense. Though exclusive, this system of codification is not only necessary, it is empowering: it allows the scene to remain vital, it keeps the booty fresh.



With a grant from the NEA, Project X has put together an essential documentary on the Sound Factory subculture, an in-depth exclusive on the Junior Vasquez (see: DJ profile) phenomenon and how it has captivated the imagination of an entire sexual orientation. We will attempt to show you a civilization known as After-Hours Land and take a look at their constantly-evolving inhabitants: their needs, their wants, their desires. So, take the map with you to the Sound Factory (or Sound, for those in-the-know), check out a scene, and as soon as you don't feel a good vibe anymore, pick up your backpack, give everyone that "You are so tired" look, and move on. Trust us, it's the only way to keep the scene alive.

**1. Security Goon Barrier Reef** I shudder to think of a more volatile situation than a club full of queers on drugs who have refused to design another bias-cut dress, to cut another Caesar haircut, to style another goddamn Vogue fashion layout! But remember, there's a fine line between an innocent pat down and copping a feel, so if you feel you've been violated by a Security Goon, try to get the guy's name and phone number and find out if he's seeing anybody without being too pushy.

**2. Troll Booth** Don't even kid yourself that you're on the guestlist. Hand over that 20-spot and save your bitching for a bad hair day.

**3. DJ Cliffs** Off-limits for anyone except Junior and his endless succession of fag hags and banjee wannabes. (And Madonna, next time we suggest you keep your hands off of his volume control.)

**4. Stoner Steepes** The home-baked and refried minds of an entire generation get sauced on the kindest bud around. Take a seat, take a hit, and take it easy, buddy.

**5. Valley of the Voguers** Enter at your own risk, but if you don't have the style, the extensions, and the Kaboodles make-up kit to compete, consider yourself ovah.

**6. Desert of the Trendoids** (also see: Poseur Peninsula) FIT rejects who didn't make the cut (or the sew, or the hemming, for that matter.) Instead, they enrolled in the Institute for Anorexic Men Who Wear Skirts as Fashion Statement. Don't expect to get hit on, and don't even dream about having Thierry Mugler come over and ask you,

"Honey, where did you get a pair of legs like THAT?" Maybe it's best that you go home and listen to your MTV Party to Go album by yourself.

**7. Miss Thing Mesa and Banjee Basin** Here, it is everyone's fantasy to grow up to be Naomi, to work the runway, to be paid thousands of dollars just to wake up in the morning and to fall hopelessly in love with brutish, yet sensitive men like Mike Tyson and Sean Penn. Well, wake up covergirl, because the closest you are ever getting to Naomi is when she hires you to relax that nappy fake head of her's. Phrases to know: "Fab-bul-lous!", "Own it!" and "I can read you like the last month's issue of Allure!"

**8. Bridge-and-Tunnel Tundra** A cold and barren wasteland. We would know nothing about these people. They scare us. They're into "Ricki Lake."

**9. Muscle Clone Beach** (also see: Pectoral Peak) Finally, it has happened to me, right in front of my face are all these shirtless guys with really big muscles who walk around comparing chest sizes, and relating steroid horror stories.

**10. Raver Ridge** If it's raver booty you're on the lookout for, check out the NAMBLA-approved raver platform with all the hype girls and boys (who, by the way, are dancing on the floor...). Practice your liquid moves beforehand so you don't look like a complete Herb, and remember, true ravers never reveal their nipples in public.

**11. Mount Make-Out** Nesting ground for self-affirming straight folks who feel they are the saviors for the entire heterosexual world. What

they really need is a good gay hairdresser to save them from those scary hairdos of their's.

**12. Drug Duty-Free Zone** The Barney's of the drug world, but of course without the sales tax and the fabulous black shopping bag.

**13. Mount Olympia Activator**, activator, you'll need some activator to get her big ass off of that bar (and her hands off of your man!) Watch out for the glitter.

**14. Land of the Lounge Freaks** (also see: Be Seen Archipelago) Home to freaks who have spent so much money shopping, so much energy putting their outfit together, so much time getting their make-up on, that by the time they get to Sound Factory they are so poor, so tired, so weighed down by lunch boxes that all they're good for is lounging and hitting on each other.

**15. Coolest Diva Glacial Zone** (also see: Model Detour) Swimming with queens so fierce, they will dismiss you with a snap, a click, and maybe a goodbye if you're lucky. Oftentimes the zone will be completely empty because they will have all dismissed each other. You may also notice drunk models hanging on each other. They are probably not enjoying themselves, but Cafe Tabak finally kicked them out and they're too insecure to go home.

**16. Old Faithful Guyzers/Girlsers** Ambi-sexual playground for those who need to go wee-wee.

**17. Clothes Check Canyon** Home of the world's largest documented collection of CK Calvin Klein underwear on the planet.



This is my jazz nightmare: It's a Thursday night and I'm standing on the corner of Broadway and 47th street, waiting in front of a club with a flat, black façade. There's no name on the front, only a hint of people milling outside. The man at the door is dressed in a black suit, stroking a velvet rope the way only men from New Jersey can. He pulls the ropes aside, and in walk two women, one dressed in skin-tight neon and the other in gold, reflective lamé. Both seem to be suffering from the Oglivie Home Perm syndrome, their big hair getting bigger with each step of their Candies cork wedgies. One of the women has her silver mini-backpack slightly unbuckled, and I can see inside that she's carrying a copy of the infamous Details music issue, the one with the "Hottest 100 Nights Out," and then my heart stops. Wait a minute, this isn't the Supper Club! It's Club USA!

I wake up. Richie Rich is trying to give me mouth-to-mouth but I swat him away and my friends take me safely down the block to the Supper Club. Inside, I can breathe again. I hear the sound of fat beats. The Giant Step family is meeting once again, like it has each week for the past four years, delivering the goods like only it knows how. Jazzy Nice lets the needle hit slow wax. The honey-flavored sounds of N'Dea Davenport floats like a butterfly through the smokey room. The ghetto modsters are trying to impress the ladies by the stage, and I start to think that this must be what heaven is like: there are no club kids fronting fierce attitude, there are girls who are really girls, the homies are improvising their careful footwork to the slow acid bass, and, believe it or not, there are people here getting down just for the funk of it. "We cater to people who actually dig music," says Jonathan Rudnick, one half of the Groove Academy team. Giant Step and the Groove Academy are, first and foremost, about the music. They

are about experimenting: Nappy G gets up on stage and freestyles with a jazz ensemble, DJ Smash mixes in Mad Lion with a house track, the projectionist throws up a film still from Dolomite just to see what happens.

But in order for any new musical form to flourish, it must find a family which will embrace it, offer it something that it is missing, allow it to express itself beyond conventional methods of musical interpretation. And that is why the Supper Club finds itself hopping every Thursday night with a community that transcends racial lines, economic status, fashion styles, and musical tastes. It is one part mellow, two parts chill, and all parts pure funkadified. "What we're doing is a reaction to the whole 'fabulous' New York scene," says Giant Step co-founder Maurice Bernstein.

No one can deny the impact Giant Step has had on the music industry. Names like Diggable Planets, Guru, Rebirth of Cool, and Us3 are not only new entrants into our pop music vernacular, but also dominant forces which have helped shape the way the record business views black music culture in all of its forms. "Out of the club, we've discovered other talents which we have now gone on to manage," Bernstein asserts, listing off names like Groove Collective, Raw Stylus, and Repercussions, all of which have been sign by major record labels. The Groove Academy has been instrumental in importing an acid jazz vibe throughout the jazzmopolitan scene. The rare groove sounds that Bernstein and Rudnick have been advocating for so many years has found its way to clubs around the world.

Together, Bernstein and Rudnick are like the mad scientists of groove: having found a universal solvent, jazz, they are constantly trying to reformulate it, find other musical and verbal collaborations. Dana Bryant, whose Gil-Scott Heron remake "The Revolution will not be Televised" has placed her at the forefront of the jazz poetry and spoken word movement, is a Giant Stepper. Both the Brand New Heavies and Diggable Planets debuted at Giant Step before they made it to the lush life.

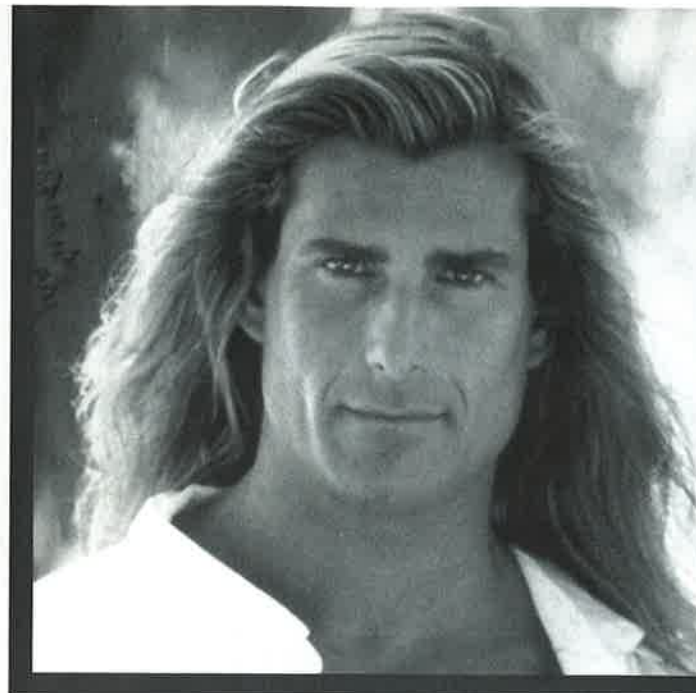
Like the music that it promotes, Giant Step, too, is constantly evolving. It is about movement, about progression, about change. Named after John Coltrane's "Giant Steps," Groove Academy embodies its namesake by leaping boundaries, taking things

where they have never been taken before. The weekly Thursday night party has moved several times during its five-year stint as the most massive acid jazz gathering in New York City.

The story begins at S.O.B.'s in September of 1990 and ends—by way of Metropolis Cafe, the Village Gate, The Cooler, and numerous other spaces throughout the city—at its current home, the Supper Club on 47th street. During the course of a night, you will hear musicians experimenting with new sounds, chill boys coming up with new dance steps just because, and artists creating paintings that reflect the energy of the room. "You can go to Giant Step each week and know that something different will be going on," claims Rudnick. "You're part of something that's an on-going creation." "You find longevity by creating a scene, not by creating just a party," states Bernstein. What the Giant Step scene promotes is a sense of contained anarchy, an independence from established notions of what you should play, how you should dance, what you should feel. "We have always kept our independence," Bernstein says proudly. "We've never gone into a big club because we know if we were to work for Peter Gatien, there would be pressure on us to meet certain criteria. In doing that, one has to compromise what one does."

As the nature of jazz fusion develops—whether it be with hip hop, funk, or dance music—many jazz purists feel that the true nature of this musical form will become lost, bastardized by too much borrowing, not even giving. What would the jazz greats have to say? Charlie Parker? John Coltrane? Miles Davis? They would probably agree that jazz exists in so many different forms of expression that the only way for jazz to truly survive would be to allow it to expand, to redefine itself.

Acid jazz exists within a continuum. It is merely bridging a gap between where jazz has been and where it seems to be going. Giant Step is either the road to something higher or the exit to something different. Whichever, I doubt our souls will ever be able to groove in the same way again.



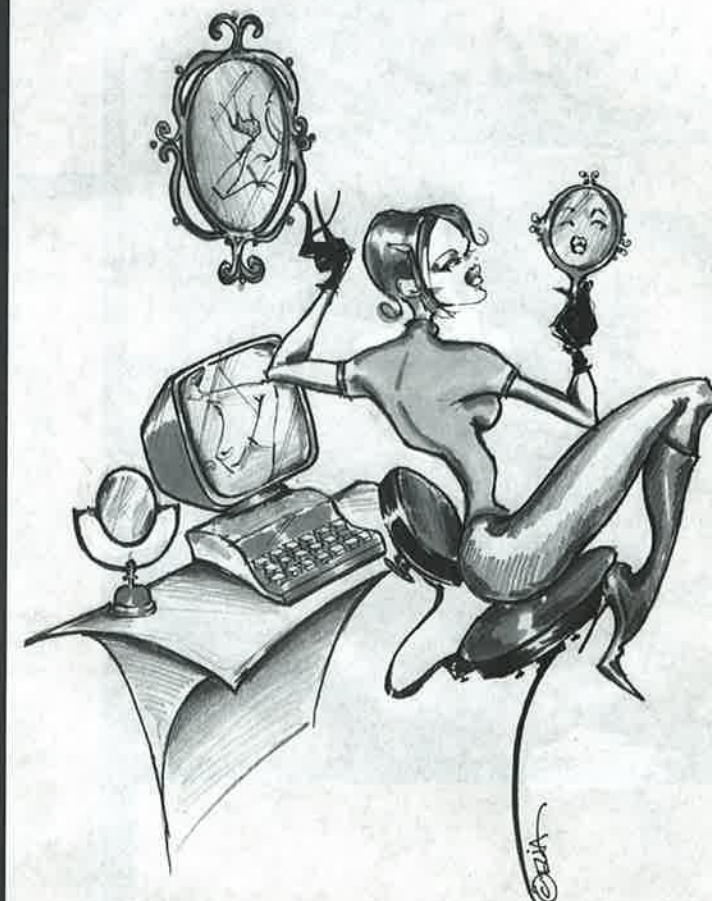
## Point, Click, & Drag.... him to the Trash!

Draw a blank while shopping for X-mas gifts? From the useless, gag product-from-hell department comes Fabio, The Screen Saver and Wallpaper for Windows. We screamed with delight, or was it horror, upon receiving GT Interactive Software's press release, which starts off, "The Sexiest Man In The World... At Your Fingertips." Well darling, the thought of such a "fantasy" makes my fingertips yearn to fondle and caress the delete button! However, the sure to be discounted suggested retail price of \$29.95 makes it a good joke gift for the romance novel-reading single working mother who's too busy for dates, or for you connoisseurs of digital kitsch. The question is: Will consuming beefcake give you Montezuma's Revenge? - E.G.

## Who's The Fairest of Them All....

As the world economy grows increasingly competitive, companies are seeking new ways to squeeze productivity out of hapless workers. Just in the nick of time, VaniTek Systems has come to every secretary and typists' rescue with an essential new product, the Vanity Monitor. This brilliant computer monitor has a screen mechanism possessing a cutting edge LCD technology that allows users to convert the screen into a handy mirror with a simple push of a button! No more emergency trips to the bathroom, missed calls from important clients, or complaints from grumpy supervisors over being away from the desk too often. The monitor is compatible with any Apple computer system, although a retail price has not yet been announced.

The manufacturer estimates that increased productivity and reduced employee down time could save billions in payroll expenses. Billions aside, we just want to look pretty. So be on the lookout....For your reflection in the computer!! Meanwhile...due to the complete failure of zoning laws, curfews, and police harassment, Big Brother is now watching you through the mirror! Having exhausted all available means of controlling teenagers, vanity has become Authority's new weapon. The understaffed, but not so clueless, Florida Department of Law Enforcement is looking into low-pressure sodium lamps to help them deal with unwanted teenage cruisers on weekends. It seems the lamps render complexions a sickly white. "They are particularly unkind to teen-age skin...It makes their acne stand out," says a researcher at the department. "So the idea is that the teen-agers will go somewhere else." Though misdirected, Project X knows this will work and would like to cite a similarly effective use of this strategy. At the defunct after hours club Save the Robots, good old fluorescent lights did the trick at 8 a.m., closing time. "They were particularly unkind to Club Kids and adult skin...It made the bags under their eyes stand out," said Dennis, the former owner. - E. G.



## The New School of Jazz Cool by Khiem Truong

**Giant Step**  
NYC  
est. 1990



## New Age Mutant Tiny Turtles LATEST FASHION CRAZE



It's not often that one thinks of slimy amphibious reptiles as fashionable (with the possible exception of Johnny Depp), but I bet that if Madame de Pompadour were alive today, she'd no doubt be the proud owner of an entire menagerie of baby snapper turtles. You've probably noticed the large crowds forming outside of Tower Records and on Canal Street, and looked only to find not a dead body or public sexual display but a bunch of trendy people fawning over tiny little fish tanks filled with tiny little turtles sold for \$1.99. Perhaps because they're the ultimate low-maintenance city pets - I mean, how much can they eat anyway? And it's not like they're gonna poop all over your apartment - plus the fact that they resemble ugly nature-store jewelry, the little critters are fast becoming to jaded Manhattanites what expensively-coiled poodles used to be to the Park Avenue types. It seems as if every apartment I walk into has a bunch of the little buggers displayed. A rather unfortunate placement as it turns out, because I mistook them for hors d'oeuvres at my friend Rebecca's party last weekend and nearly chipped a tooth. To me turtles have always been kind of creepy, and I keep envisioning a Gremlins-type scenario where they all suddenly grow huge and sprout fangs and finish off all the Absolut. In the meantime, however, they're just cute, portable, affordable little accessories for today's bus(t)y little motif-stealing dilettante. At press time, police were arresting the turtle vendors because their wares were unsanitary, and had apparently given several people a new kind of social disease...

- Jared Paul Stern



## GOT MILK?

pic by Robert Castro  
styled by Melanie McKenzie  
model: Nine at Company.  
wardrobe by Milk, shoes by Stuart Weitzman

Sofia Coppola can do anything she wants. In fact, she does! When Sofia wanted to act, she starred in Daddy's movies. When she wanted to go out with a boy-of-the-minute, she dated Anthony Kiedis. When she wanted to go clubbing, she hung out with Madonna. When she wanted to get rid of that clean cut image of hers, she starred as a fabulous drug mess in the Black Crows video. When she wanted to model, she posed for Donna Karan's ads and appeared as her luscious self in the pages of British Vogue, German Bazaar, and French Glamour. After being photographed with all her friends that are famous for something, Sofia finally fell into a career category that will distinguish her as a talent all of her own. Milk is a street smart and sexy collection designed by Sofia Coppola along with partner Linda Meltzer and it will fly out of the stores and into the hands of all the hype clubber boys and disco dummies. It consists of easy going and well-cut T-shirt, skirts, dressers (and tiaras). What X-girl was to 1994, Milk will be to the new year. So congratulations are in order to Ms. Sofia Coppola, the designer.



## THE PULSEMAN is here

Pulseman is the newest sensation from that pop marinated land of the rising sun, Japan. This soon-to-be raver favorite immigrated here via our friends at the graphic/clothing design team Anarchic Adjustment in San Francisco. It all started when Sega noticed the trend setting and funky AA style and asked the team to do a one-off T-shirt design for the release of their new video game based on the cutie character. The game will be released in Tokyo this month at the legendary Club Yellow with a full techno party. Dai Sato of Gamefreaks Inc., the originator of combining "gaming" and "techno music" and co-creator of Pulseman, will DJ and be the master of ceremonies at the party. Though you probably didn't get an invitation, rest assure that Pulseman collectors' item T-shirts will be circulating in your town.

-JJ

## Who's That Covergirl?

In case you're wondering who the winter vixen on our cover is please meet Nicolé Maddox, the starlet from Company Models. Between her Vogue cover shoot in Hamburg and her Albert Watson shoot in Beverly Hills, we convinced this 22 year old beauty that it would be fabulous to snuggle up with some chartreuse fun fur and ski goggles. And presto! She's a Techno Pin-Up! Not really, her favorite group is Sade.

So how did she get to be on the cover of Project X, you wonder? Nicolé was drawn to modeling while in college studying Law. She hoped to become a judge, but realizing that nobody would take her seriously, she chose a frillier career path. Her advice for aspiring models? "Be a model with all your heart or not at all, and never give up."

In her spare time, Nicole can be found in bed sipping Mai-Tais. -EG

pic by Michael Williams



G  
gigli

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**Hong Kong Singapore Taiwan** Taipei  
**Giappone** Tokyo Osaka Kyoto Kobe

Produzione e distribuzione: Nuno spa  
Rimini tel. 0541.390344 fax 0541.706870





## Echobelly by Tamara Palmer

"This is 1994, boys, wake up!" Sonya Aurora-Madan is pissed. It seems that the British press has been keen on labeling her five-piece band, Echobelly, as being primarily a derivative outfit, a pale comparison of The Smiths, Blondie, or Siouxsie and the Banshees. While they make no secret about the bands who have influenced them, Echobelly's freshness cannot be ignored.

With a lineup that reflects the diversity of modern society they are the quintessential English pop band of the '90s. Sonya (on lead vocals) comes from a very strict Anglo-Indian upbringing. Busting out of her predestined mold and instead aligning herself with the recent wave of the American riot girl bands, Sonya puts a much needed twist on the concept of a frontman, declaring her strength through her socially conscious and antagonistic lyrics all the while not shying away from using her God-given sexual charms. Glenn Johansson is her co-lyricist and lead guitarist, hailing from Sweden. Debbie Smith (ex. of Curve) wails on the guitars and is jokingly referred to as the "token black lesbian" of the group. Add Alex Keyser on bass and Andy Henderson on drums and it becomes plain that this is no clone indie band. They are a refreshing change from what is still the norm in English pop, white boys in white bands singing about their pristine heterosexual white male concerns.

Though they've been around for two years now and released two EPs entitled 'Insomniac' and 'Bellyache,' their debut full-length release is brand new. It's called Everyone's Got One (read: E.G.O.). The songs are constructed in the classic pop style that evokes Morrissey and Marr most pleasingly. It is reflected in Glen's brooding guitar, Andy's aggressive drumming and Sonya's vocal inflections, which are at times mocking, plaintive, and playful. With Sonya's musical education coming chiefly from watching Top of the Pops religiously, listening to John Peel while doing her homework in her school days and The Smiths' heydays in England, these are not unreasonable observations.

But this is really where the similarity ends. Echobelly are not an imitation Smiths. In fact, they are much more politically relevant in this day and age. Though you are grooving and singing along the same way you did to The Queen is Dead, with Echobelly you stop and realize what you are happily singing about. Alienation, segregation, oppression - these are principal themes running throughout 'Everyone's Got One' images and feelings evoked by the name of the band itself.

"I wanted something that conveyed that message of being hungry for something," says Sonya. "Echobelly trips off the tongue easily and doesn't mean anything, which I love, but it still conjures up certain things for me. It's very female and it's quite organic. A voluptuous word with a hidden meaning."

Each song contains issues that are so far-reaching yet have had little airtime thus far in the pop world. When Sonya sings, "Outside, will you come out and play with me/ I've been scrubbing at my skin you see/ but the color remains on me/ I wanna be the same be the same, wanna be, wanna be the same as you..." in "Call Me Names!", she's addressing that fear of rejection and need for acceptance that so many people face. In "Father, Ruler, King, Computer," she details the struggle to break free from the lifelong training to be a subservient wife in an arranged marriage, a tradition that still persists in strict Indian households. "Give Her a Gun" legitimizes female rage at being silenced in a patriarchal society, and songs like 'Bellyache' and 'Taste of You' evoke the vulnerability of being in love. Sonya claims her voice in the wake of so many people telling her she shouldn't have one, whether it's because of her ethnicity, gender, or family tradition. In so doing, she is establishing herself as a role model for many who have long remained silent.

Echobelly are confident in the relevance of their messages and have the cheek to make fun of their popstar status. While The Smiths came out with 'The World Won't Listen,' Echobelly have counter punched with the album's first single, "I Can't Imagine the World Without Me." With the closing refrain of "me me me me me," they ridicule the status quo while delighting in being a part of it. Morrissey never had it so good. Echobelly started their U.S. tour in November. Their debut album, 'Everyone's Got One,' is available through Rhythm King.



## BassStation

The hottest new synth on the market, Novation's BassStation, has all the acid heads on the waiting list. This amazing-new analog bass synthesizer is the answer to everyone's dream. It reproduces the kind of bass sounds and layers which have returned in strong popularity and could only be created if you were lucky enough to have an old 303. This fabulous little gem even has some extra features that the old 303's did not possess and most importantly, it's MIDI. At first glance, this keyboard could easily be mistaken for a Fisher Price starter set for a little eight year old. It has a width of 18 inches, depth of 8 inches and weighs in at an astonishing 7 pounds. The BassStation is easy to operate, making it perfect for those looking to invest in their first keyboard. The price, ranging anywhere from \$555 to \$595, gives you an affordable purchase that doesn't leave the enthusiast bored after the initial learning process has been conquered. This synth has such a wide range of sounds, that it's being used by heavy industrial bands such as Nine Inch Nails to electronic wizards that include Orbital, Sabres of Paradise and Eat Static to name a few. If you have ever wanted to build your own studio, today is the day and the BassStation is your way. GO!



## A FAX from Germany

The most surprising releases this fall will come from the new Fax USA label which will be controlled by Instinct records in New York. The previously unheard of, unobtainable and unprecedented works of Pete Namlook will now be available domestically and in full spectrum. Cheers to Instinct. on October

25th, they simultaneously released four separate double disks on Fax USA which will retail at single CD prices. Air, the first of these four releases, is the solo projects of Pete Namlook himself. Pete also appears on the second release, Silence, as a collaborator with Dr. Atmo. Bringing a different point of view to the ambient realm, the third release couples Dr. Atmo with Ramin giving birth to Sad World. The eerie vocals of Tanja Arnold and guitar sorcery of Oliver Lohmann will add a new level of excitement to everyone's world in this case. The fourth and final release in this series, is Alien Community. This undertaking pairs Pete with San Francisco based Jonah Sharp of Space Time Continuum. Their disks will take you on a long, intergalactic journey that will leave you gasping for oxygen. Only one track on each of their disks. If you are not sure which of these four best fits your personality, look for the CD titled Fax Compilation (also a double disk), which includes tracks from these artists among others. These previously hard to come by imports will be widely available across the country and won't cost you an arm and a leg. Look for Instinct to continue their assault on Planet Ambient with other releases from the well established Instinct Ambient label along with more artists and compilations to be seen from Fax USA.



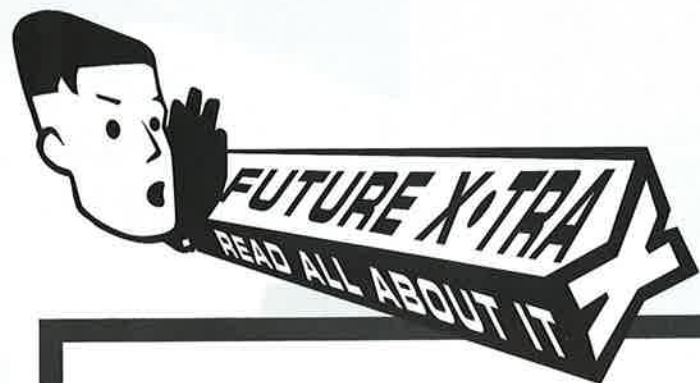
## BLENDER

Do you ever get bored of reading magazines that just aren't as good and interesting and insightful as Project X? Well, Regina Joseph is and she's doing something about it. She is the editor-in-chief of Blender, a monthly CD-Rom disk about pop culture. Blender will keep you up-to-date on today's youth culture news, style, movies, art, technology, but mostly music. The magazine will allow you to read stories and reviews, hear and see related audio and video, and watch exclusive interviews and live performance footage with stunning cutting edge graphics. The experience can best be described as a cross between magazine and television. Blender plans to give new meaning to the word interactive. "For instance, you can watch an exclusive cartoon short and then be able to look up the animator's e-mail address to send a fan letter or questions" explains Regina. Users will have access to interact with filmmakers, writers, musicians, artists and selected celebrities. Blender is designed to run on both Macintosh and PCs. It requires a 13" monitor and at least 4 Mega Bytes of free RAM. It will be distributed through retail stores, priced at around \$15 per issue or \$99 for a one year subscription. Look for Blender, which premiered in October.

## Industrial Rox Box

13 is the perfect number for anything this dark. Wax Trax! records has put their history into a triple CD box compilation. The Black Box features 41 songs, over three and a half hours of industrial rock from every band that ever called this label their own. Some of the artists represented include Ministry, KMFDM, Meat Beat Manifesto, My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Coil, The KLF, The Young Gods and even Divine. It will first be issued in a limited collectors edition with an illustrated 72 page book, an embroidered patch, a poster and a couple of coasters. Oh yea, and several yards of Wax Trax! I don't get it. The bottom line: great packaging on the outside, great music on the inside. An awesome gift idea for those born rock.



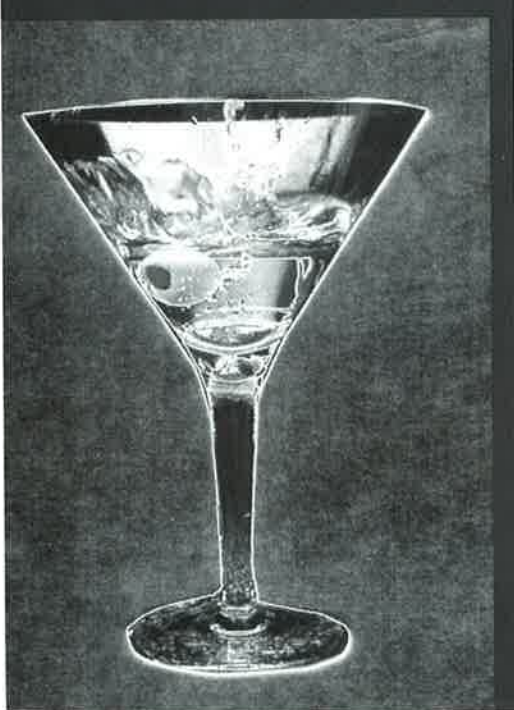


## Pathological Liars Beware...

It is indicative of the extent to which we rely on the telephone as a means of communication that the "Big Lies" are most often told via NYNEX ("I love you" and "The check's in the mail"). However, if you're one of the millions of Americans who habitually trot these fibs out during phone chats, CCS International has some bad news for you. The Madison Avenue supplier to the espionage trade has developed a telephone with a feature that puts call waiting to shame; it's called the Truth Phone™, and talking to your boyfriend / girlfriend / both will never be the same. Here's how it works: without the other person knowing, the Truth Phone™ analyzes their voice for the sub-audible microtremors that naturally occur in stressful speech (i.e. deception). Voice Stress Analysis technology has long been used in the polygraph tests that are now part of any trial. The Truth Phone™ instantaneously gives you a digital readout of the person's voice stress level; constant readings indicate low stress or truthful responses, while higher numbers scream LIES!! In addition, all your conversations are automatically recorded, Watergate-style. Now before you get all paranoid and start envisioning the Big Brother scenario where everyone knows what you're really thinking, you should know that at \$3900, there's not exactly going to be one on every telephone stand; you can probably continue telling them "I have to work late tonight, dear," at least until the price drops. CCS reports that their biggest orders have been from their Beverly Hills store, where movie moguls snapped them up, hoping to get an edge in their endless dealmaking. Demand subsided however when word got around that they never got anything but a sky-high reading...

- Jared Paul Stern

## Click, Chin-Chin, Click



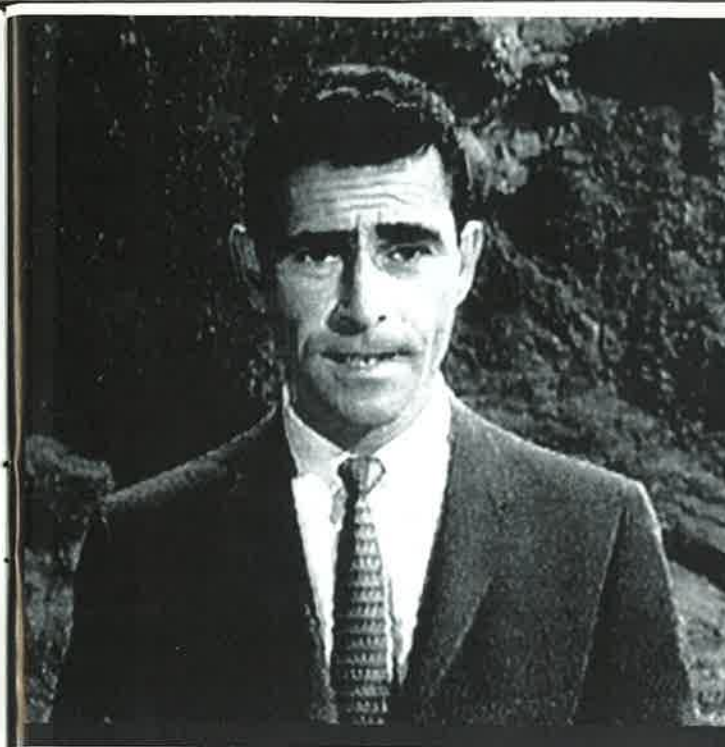
Just when you've decided that there's no reason to squander \$1,500 on a multi-media computer for the right to vogue on the information super-runway, along comes some software that might rekindle many Project X readers' interest in a computer purchase.

Mac Cocktail is a CD-ROM program containing over 200 contemporary and traditional cocktail recipes including "Nightclub Drinks." Each recipe card features a mouthwatering 24-bit color photo of the drink and QuickTime movies that teach basic mixology.

However, for the piece de resistance, imagine this scenario:

Your dream date is dropping by in 15 minutes to take you to the movies. Having spent the last hour rearranging your hair and changing in and out of five different outfits, you've found "the look." You grab the Dewar's and elegantly stroll into the kitchen to prepare an impromptu pre-movie cocktail for your guest. Upon opening the refrigerator, romantic fantasies shatter as you survey the ingredients within: Pespi, sour mix, and apple juice, with a block of Velveeta most prominent. Time to panic?? Not necessarily... Mac Cocktail's exclusive refrigerator option can show you what drinks can be made with seemingly incompatible items in your refrigerator and bar. Mac Cocktail comes to the rescue by working wonders with the liquids on hand, saving the Velveeta for another day!! - E.G.

Available from Educorp, 800-843-9497



## Wanna quick trip to that Fifth Dimension?

From the land of strange-inventions-that-no-one-ever-uses comes a somewhat necessary software for those stuck in a boring job or a never-ending class at school - it's the the Twilight Zone screen saver from Source Sound Interactive. What's really great about TZ screen savers is that it actually shows a mini episode, complete with a "UFO has landed"/"Your mother is an alien plot", not just a cheap display of the logo. The sound effects are pretty good too, sticking closely to that original spine-tingling moment that takes you to that fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man (or drag queen.) So next time you're bored with data entry or homework take a quick trip to another dimension and don't worry about getting into trouble as your boss or teacher will pleasingly see you glued to your computer in full concentration. TZ screen savers are \$19.95 and comes with both a 3.5 floppy and a CD-ROM. In stores for X-mas.

## SEGA's New characters inspired by CLUBBERS

Redwood, CA. Following last month's "Sega Summit" meeting, 25 software publishers joined the first wave of major video game software companies committed to the international launch of Knuckles, "Sonic's trendier friend," a spokesperson from Sega informed us after admitting that all inspirations came from hanging at at Doc Martin's parties. "We noticed an infiltrator at the warehouse," admitted Doc. "He was trying to blend in with the hyper crowd, but the suit and tie gave him away." (The spokesperson from Sega finally admitted that it was Mr. Shinobu Toyoda, the Executive Vice President, who was hanging at the DJ booth, offering spliffs to every well styled passerby). With that information revealed, our research department issued a statement after carefully investigating this matter and here's what it revealed about Knuckles:

The dreadlocked look was modeled after Superstar DJ Josh Wink; The platforms are Little Keni's knock-offs; And the superhero pose became famous on acid-sheets on the Baltimore underground scene. In any case, the game is now famous on the club circuit, so get your Sega CD copy now!



interview by Khiem Truong  
photograph by Roberto Ligresti

**Is your life one fat party after another? Even on your days off?**

Well I get up at about twelve, I have my coffee, and then I make a lot of phone calls. Then I veg-etate in front of TV or I go to the gym. Then I pick up new records on Friday and Saturday, and I just kind of breeze through them. I use them at the club as filler, or just trash them. I don't spend too much time sorting out music until the weekend.

**What do you do after Sound Factory, after all the queens have passed out?**

After Sound Factory, I usually take a walk to the flea market or go to breakfast with a couple of friends. I'm standing all night, so when I leave, my feel just want to go "zoom!" I live in TriBeCa, but I usually walk home from Sound. Sometimes I take my car, and I'll drive to maybe Jersey to shop or something. Normally I just come home and crash. The ideal Sound Factory after party? Going to an amusement park like Great Adventure, or going to the beach, like Fire Island.

**How did you get your start as a DJ?**

Keith Haring basically gave me my start. I was influenced at that time by Larry Lavan at the Garage - I went there for ten years. I literally stood in the middle of the dance floor the night it was closing and I said to myself, 'I'm going to accomplish this somehow.' I actually said that to myself. I didn't think that it would come true, but I kept wanting that and I kept idolizing Larry, and just pulled that energy in there. I met Keith in the last couple of years of the Garage and I would make him tapes and we became really good friends. One day I played a pool party for him at the Carmine St. pool and there was this girl there, Christina Visca, who hired me to do her birthday party and the rest is history.

**DJ JUNIOR VASQUEZ**  
**"I've gone from Deep House to Hard House to House to Tribal to Hard Tracks, and now, I play vocals. For a long time, I didn't play vocals, because they were too fluffy for my nerves. When I get tired of something, I figure, my crowd is getting tired of it too. Deep House doesn't move me anymore."**

**What sort of impact do you think Sound Factory has had on how house music around the world?**

I rarely go out to other clubs, but I hope that it had an impact on club music. House music in an under-rated category of music. Usually they connect it with being gay music. Everything else commercially is ninety bears per minute - rap, hip hop, or R&B - it's pretty annoying after a while. As far as it being in the underground, I'm not aware of what impact it has had. When I travel to Los Angeles or London, there seems to be an energy surrounding the whole Sound Factory mystique.

**What about Sound Factory that is so hype?**

We're an after-hours, that's a big plus. But there are lots of reasons: We don't have liquor, the fact that I weathered the storm-through Garage and Bassline-and that I had Richard Grand who allowed me to do my thing artistically. I'm not pressured into playing what everybody else is playing. If I want to play ballads for three hours, I'll play them. I have the freedom that allows me to have creativity as a DJ.

# DJ Profile

**Your career began nearly a decade ago playing Deep House. How has your music evolved since then?**

I try to follow some sort of a trend in music. If I was still playing deep house, I would be playing Shelter-type music, and that doesn't suit me. I've gone from Deep House to Hard House to House to Tribal to Hard Tracks, and now, I play vocals. For a long time, I didn't play vocals, because they were too fluffy for my nerves. When I get tired of something, I figure, my crowd is getting tired of it too. Deep house doesn't move me anymore.

**How do you manage to keep your scene fresh?**

We don't force anything at our scene. We don't have club kids, celebrities at the door, bars in every nook and cranny. It's just a natural environment. You get good music, great sound system, and a twelve hour party. We don't have massive guest lists. You pay to get in unless you're on

Junior's guest list. It's not a comp crowd. You're going to pay your twenty dollars to get in and you're going to have a good time. We don't honor that whole Peter Gatien/club kid crapola. It's underground... and it's about everybody getting along - blacks, whites, gays, straight - that's what I see on my dance floor.

**Does Junior have a reputation among other DJ? Are you offended when other DJs call you a queen?**

Somebody's got to wear the crown! But Sound factory is so big and important, they think I have control over everything. They probably don't like me, but I have to deal with a lot of stuff like that and watch my back. ...It's not like that. If you're going to come to the door and act like an asshole, you're going to get treated like one. I have the utmost respect for other DJs and producers. If you're the focus, people will try to find little things you say to pin you against other people. ...because of the way I am, my unapproachability, I take the good with the bad.

**What the key to a totally slammin' dance floor?**

The music. You have to start out slow and you build up into different frenzies during the course of the night. I realize that you can't please everybody, so you have to please then in groups. When people want to stop dancing, I don't allow them to stop. I don't give them a rest and they force themselves off the dance floor. Just when they're off for three minutes, I'll play some awesome song and I'll spring a remix like "Divas to the Dancefloor."

**Who are the most memorable people who have passed through your DJ booth?**

Madonna, Janet Jackson, Queen Latifah, Juliette Lewis, the list is endless. They usually hang out, say "What's up?" go down to the dance floor and tell me that the floor is pumping. Madonna doesn't stay long, she usually hangs out by the speaker with her friends and goes home at around three.

**How do you manage to kick it so hard for twelve hours up in that DJ booth?**

All I have is a bottle of water and the energy of the room.

# dj GROUPIES

Photographed by  
Roberto Ligresti  
Styling and story by  
Khiem Truong  
Make up by Kevin Shapiro  
for Zoli Illusions  
Hair by Neil Grier  
for Black Hole Productions  
Models: James King and  
Angelica at Company,  
Alan Scott at Irene Marie NY,  
Armand Van Helden, Ludwig,  
Crispy, Lara.

Shot on location at  
Downtown Records,  
164 West 26th Street, NYC

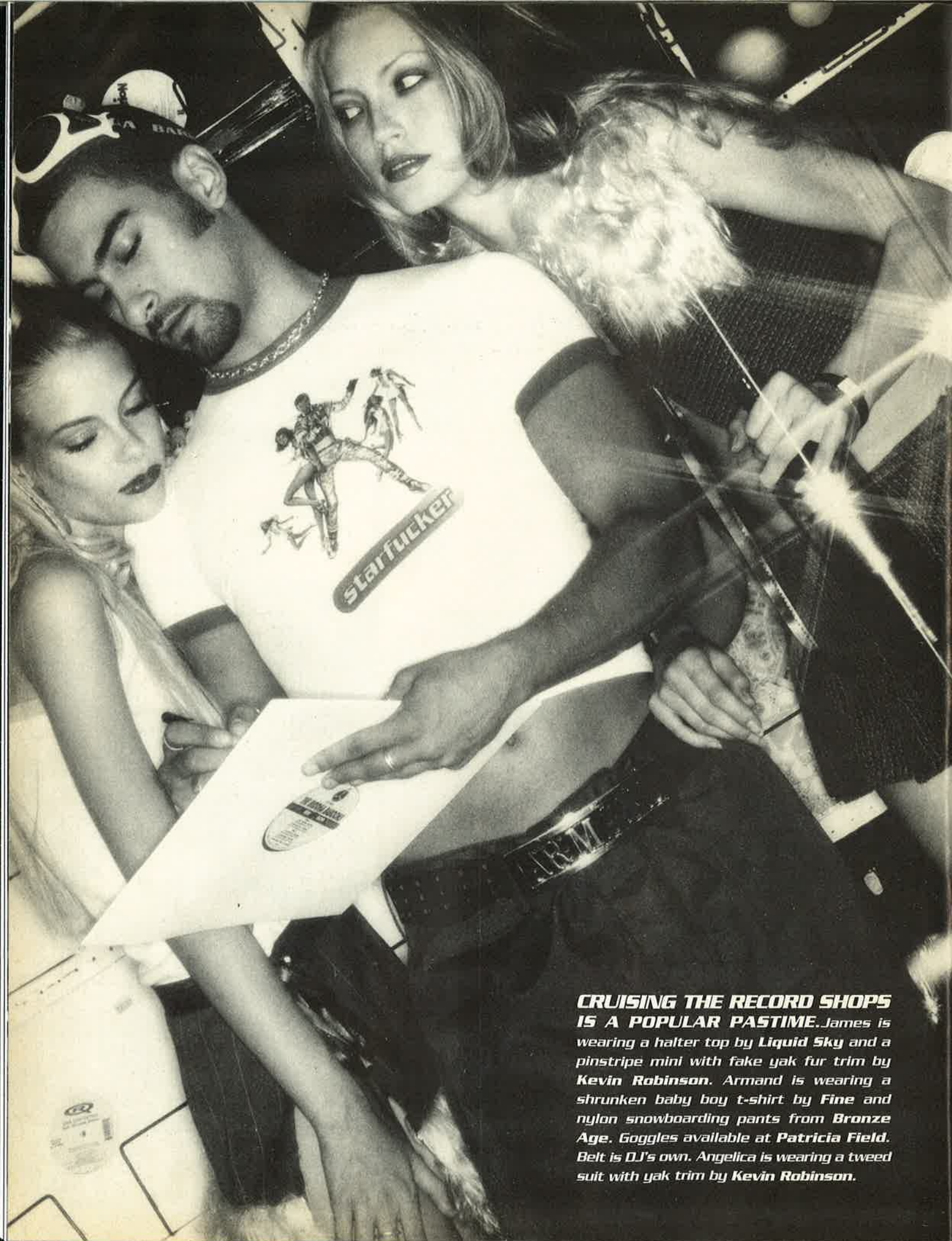
They go through...

more needles than rock stars,  
more drink tickets than club kids,  
more comps than the super models.

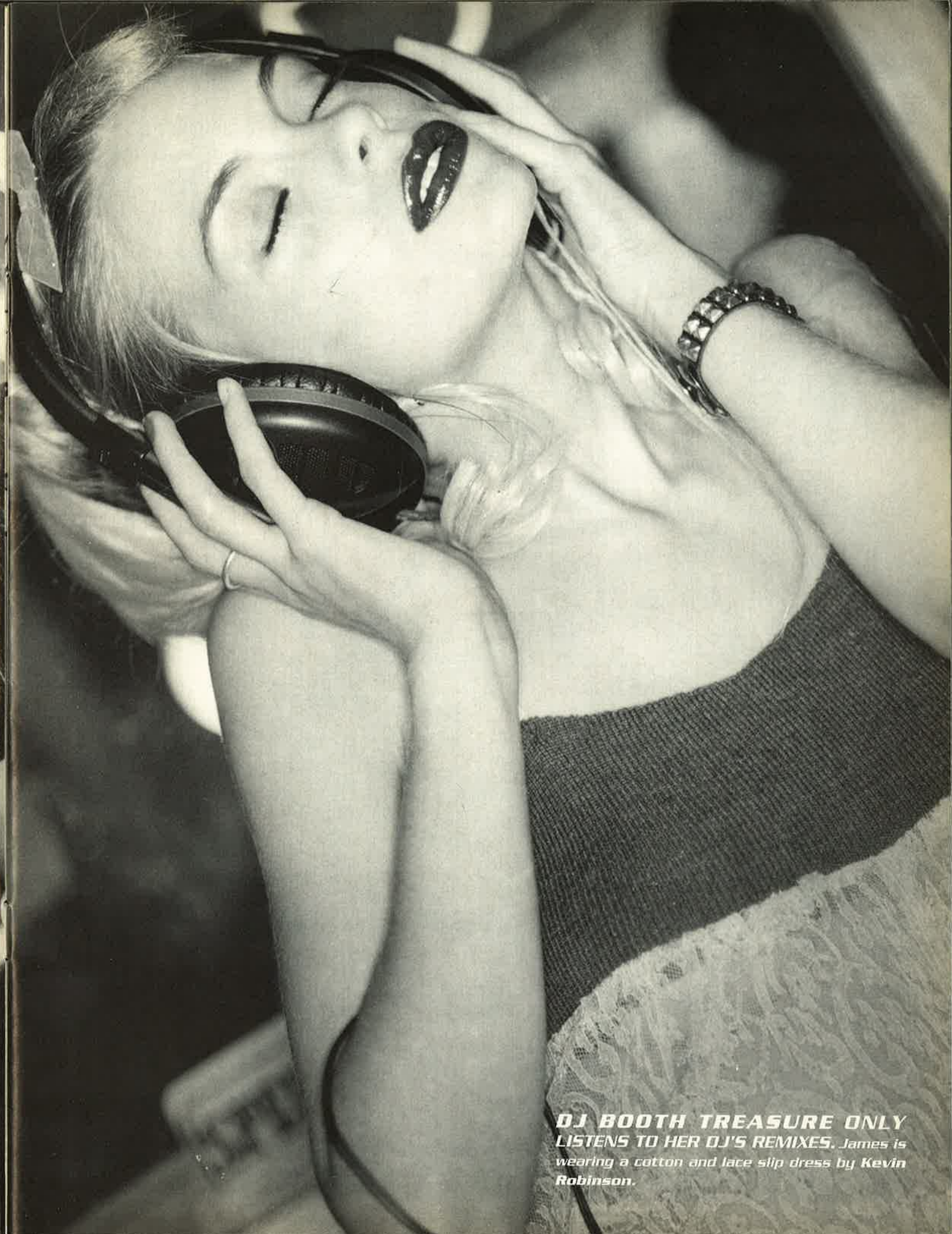
They're DJ Groupies and they're...

## dyn-O-mite

NO SUPERSTAR DJ IS EVER PROPERLY EQUIPPED WITHOUT HIS DJ CASE, HIS HEADPHONES, AND HIS TECHNOBUNNY. DJ Ludwig is wearing a black fitted t-shirt and metallic drawstring parachute pants both by Liquid Sky, underwear by Calvin Klein. Lara is wearing a blue sweater tank by Planet Claire and an angora bikini top by Ruby, both available at TG-170, 170 Ludlow St., and nylon pants by Liquid Sky.



**CRUISING THE RECORD SHOPS**  
**IS A POPULAR PASTIME.** James is  
 wearing a halter top by **Liquid Sky** and a  
 pinstripe mini with fake yak fur trim by  
**Kevin Robinson**. Armand is wearing a  
 shrunken baby boy t-shirt by **Fine** and  
 nylon snowboarding pants from **Bronze**  
**Age**. Goggles available at **Patricia Field**.  
 Belt is DJ's own. Angelica is wearing a tweed  
 suit with yak trim by **Kevin Robinson**.



**DJ BOOTH TREASURE ONLY**  
**LISTENS TO HER DJ'S REMIXES.** James is  
 wearing a cotton and lace slip dress by **Kevin**  
**Robinson**.



**TURNTABLE MANIA** James is wearing a "Fuck Panties" t-shirt by **Fine**. Angelica is wearing a handmade t-shirt by **Pluto Cat on Earth** available at **TG-170**.



**THE CLASSIC GROUPIE PLOY:** FOLLOW THE DJ INTO THE RECORD STORE AND SNEAK UP ON HIM TO CHECK OUT ALL THE RECORDS THAT HE'S BUYING. Armand is wearing a nylon snowboarding jacket and snow pants, both by **Bronze Age**, available at **Patricia Field**, **Swish**, and **Big Drop**, and a navel-cropped tank top by **Ding Dong School** available at **Liquid Sky**. Crispy, alias "Trainspotter," wears a vintage basketball jersey found at **Screaming Mimi's**.

.REAL.

.DRAMA.

.NO.

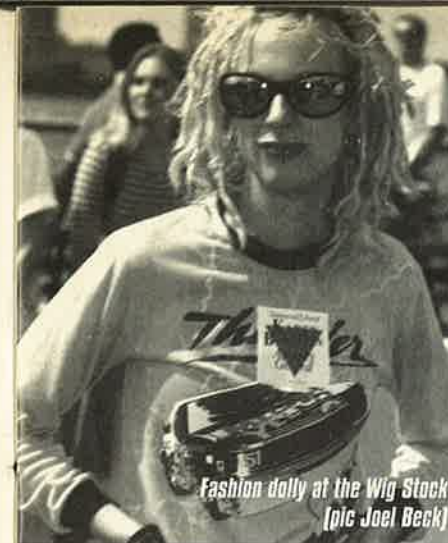
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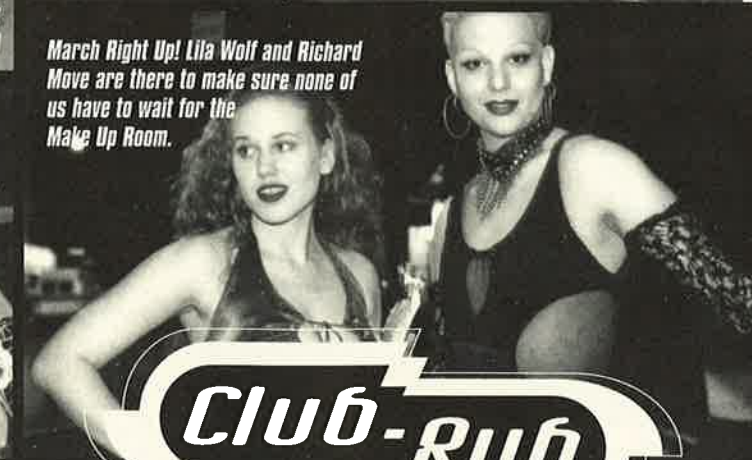
.SATURDAZE.

.218 W. 47TH ST.

.NYC.



(pic Rob Rich)



## Club-Rub

by Michael Alig & James St. James

Boy are we in trouble. We can't even read our own handwriting. Even that sentence makes us confused. Oh, if our loyal readers could only see us now. Haggard. Drawn. Withered. Wizzened. We look and feel like crap, especially, when all the most fabulous people in New York City are flying to Gay Paree (Paris to you) for fashion Week. Walt Paper, Jennytalia, Sushi, Karlin, and Suzanne. Frolicking in the streets of Paris. Getting beaten up (haven't you heard?) Photographers. Designers. Celebrities. Anybody who is anybody. As a matter of fact, everybody but us. But I don't mean to sound bitter, it isn't as if we don't have anything going on here. Zaldy is in a Levi's ad, for God's sakes. Rupaul took her makeup off. Everyone is doing all these things and we just can't seem to get it together and be serious for five nonstop minutes. So after some brain-storming, we decided that you would all be interested in us interviewing each other. Admit it! You've secretly longed to hone in our exclusive, private, post midnight, interludes for decades! We've caught you, with a glass against the stall, reveling in your newfound knowledge. You think you're so slick and sneaky..... Trying to steam open our fax transmissions... Tapping our phone lines and lingering around Future disguised as a rubber tree. No need. No fuss. No muss. It's all here in black and white. The ramblings of two demented old clubbers, who for some reason manage to sniff out all the hip that's fit to print.

M: Somebody needs to interview us.

J: It's up to us to do it right.

M: We couldn't trust anyone else.

J: Nobody could make us look as good as we do.

M: Or important!

J: I trust you, Michael.

M: I trust you implicitly. How does a typical evening begin for you, James St. James?

J: I start with a nice 30 lb. tank of nitrous oxide from Dianna Whippet puts me in a nice groove.

M: Nitrous Oxide?!

J: Yes dear, nitrous oxide. Then, I put on women's underwear and roll around for a few hours. What do you do, dear?

M: Oh my God, my house is loony bin. 15 friends. Eyebrow plucking. Party favors. Music. Make-up. But wait... that depends upon the night. What night is it?

J: Friday, of course, darling.... Your night.

M: What other night is there? The first stop is Webster Hall.

J: Don't wait on line, darling, march right up to Richard Move and Lila, demands your comps, run to the balcony upstairs where Peter A. and Reign Voltaire are hosting their Madcap Weekly Shindig. The rest of the club is pretty scary.

M: It's not for us fragile, delicate types. All the cutting up Rickety Rak Uppity Up and Conflama!

J: We're twirling now, girl! From Webster Hall it's just \$3.50 cab ride to Limelight!

M: Oh, the boys at Future Shock! Nightclub celebrities Chanel, Chloe, and Astro Erle. I don't know about you, James, but I'd love a valium right about now!

J: Valium, how 1990! What happened to Rohypinol?

M: Shortage.

J: Don't forget to mention Michael Schmidt's Madcap Weekly Shindig, Squeezebox! I've never been...

M: Don't dig holes, James!

J: I worship Michael Schmidt. I love him... I think the world of him...

M: Yes? Is that why you've never been? It's the Club Soda of Friday nights!

J: Quite frankly I've always worked for you. Now that you've fired me, I can only go where people take me, and nobody will take me because I'll embarrass them.

M: Let's talk Tunnel.

J: Mils! Erich Conrad! Desmond! The Connie Girl!

M: Mavis and Freeze in the bathroom! Oh James, after 15 minutes with them you're practically immobile and talking to chairlegs. Feel your way to the main dance floor, flop around and bump into as many people as possible, and if it's after 4:00 a.m., fall on the floor a couple of times, let yourself go! The minutes are ticking away... it's almost closing time... every second counts...quick! Find your friends, pour into a taxi and head down to Future! What does Future mean to you James?

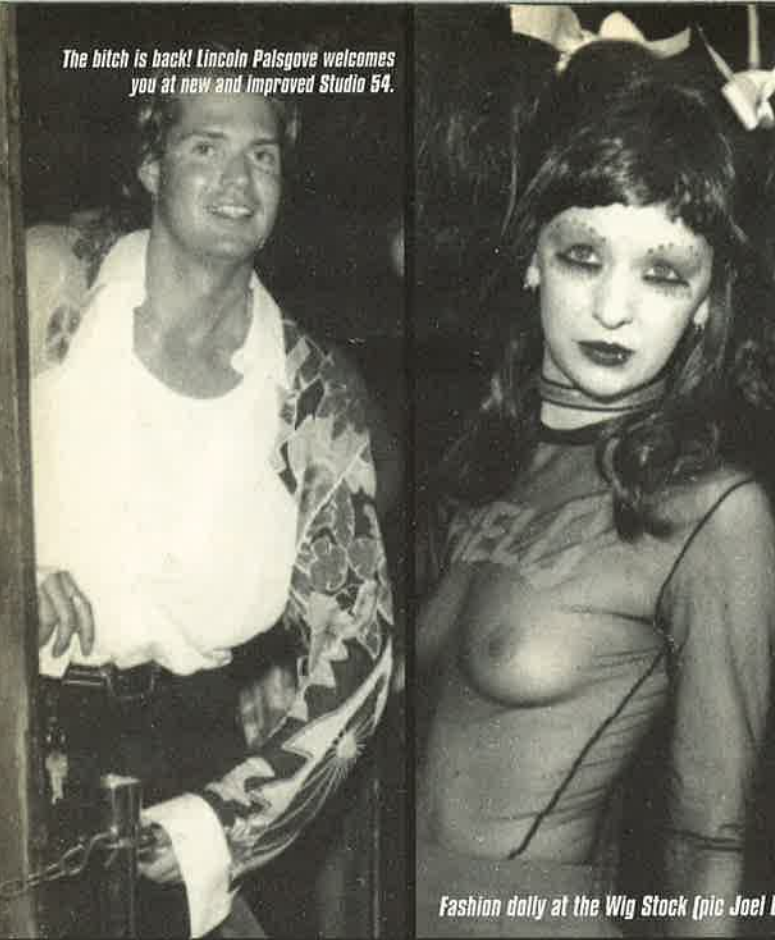
J: Future is the most fabulous, seedy, evil, terrific after-hours club on...

M: You can't say where it is, James!

J: Oh, forgive me. It really is fabulous, thought! They have gambling there - blackjack tables, slot machines, A wrestling wring with topless go-go girls and a back room with friendly chair legs and comfy padded carpeting to cushion K falls.

Aren't we fascinating? Aren't you just riveted? Hanging on the edge of your seat? Step back, shut your mouth and put your tongue back in...We could go on like this for hours, and, quite frankly, we do! We haven't even touched upon the other days of the week. Every night has its own centerpiece, it's own enigma. Monday night is Sugar

The hitch is back! Lincoln Palsgove welcomes you at new and improved Studio 54.



Fashion dolly at the Wig Stock (pic Joel Beck)



(pic Aaron)

Kier with pigtails still in place at the last show of Deee Lite's national Rise Up tour in NY.



(pic Rob Rich)

The sexy runway exhibit from FILA competing for Playmate of the Year.



London calling: Freeze, Joe and Pie at Disco 2000

Babies at CB GB's Gallery. Tuesday night's obvious choice is Claire, West Village restaurant famous for it's Key Lime pie... No, really it's Jackie 60 (still!) hosted by Chi Chi and Johnny with weekly themes too numerous to mention. Tuesday is also Soul Slinger's Egg at Nell's, we never thought we'd see that day when Nell's "upscale" establishment plays hosts to ravers dancing to Dimitry downstairs and ambient guest DJs upstairs. Not much more we can say about Disco 2000 that hasn't already been said... it's been going on now for 4 years and nothing we do or say can stop it. Friday is the new It Night in New York with the opening of the new and improved shiny glossy Studio 54 that packs 'em in - 3,500 clubbers decked out in their Friday best trying to get past the door ropes - very old school and fabulous. Saturday has two enigmas...USA and Grey Gardens at Irving Plaza. Thank God that Cafe Con Leche and Bump are right next door to each other on Sunday Nights. But wait, there's more. Deee Lite finished their national tour, the other night, Yves St. Laurent threw a red carpet bash complete with fireworks on Ellis Island to celebrate the launch of his new perfume, Micro threw Essence III for five thousand hard core heads, Suzanne Bartsch and Hugh Hefner threw the Hopping at the Playboy Mansion...So.

About Us.

You may wonder do we do in our spare time... we play games. Here's a little game we made up on one of our many airplane trips. It's called "Which fag hag attaches herself to which fag?" Match 'em up!

FAG HAG

Linda Evangelista  
Loni Anderson  
Pebbles (the cartoon)  
Pebbles (the girl)  
Sonya/Jackie  
Madonna  
Stella Elis  
Larissa  
Debbie Harry  
Liza Minelli  
Mrs. Howell  
Amanda Lepore

FAG

Steven Sprouse  
Christian Lacroix  
Zaldu/Mathu  
Todd Oldham  
Keni Valenti  
Fred (Scooby Doo)  
Andy Warhol  
Whillel  
Bam Bam  
Herb Ritts  
Fred Astaire  
Marcus Leatherdale

Edie Sedgwick  
Ann Magnuson  
Daphne (Scooby Doo)  
Suzanne Bartsch  
Cindy Crawford  
Marie Seznec  
Ginger Rogers

Jose & Luis  
Burt Reynolds  
Jean Paul Gaultier  
Halston  
Mr. Howell  
Steven Meisel  
Christopher Comp

Don't worry if you're not smart enough to match each and every name, we just might put the answers in the next issue.

And now, one last amazing anecdote to tell. One day we were late for our plane so we did what anyone else would do. We called in a bomb threat to JFK airport. Of course that gave us all the time in the world. And we got a bit of press out of it too! Front page of the Post "Airport Beefs Up Security After Bomb Threat" No pictures, but sometimes that's for the best, you know?

On the plane back, we decided to snatch a couple of oxygen masks that nobody was using. They were just hanging on the wall for Christ sake! And they would make such cute accessories for Tunnel's new theme (Karlin thought so anyway) and we put them in our luggage. We were very inconspicuous. The food fight wasn't our fault. But for some reason everyone took an instant disliking to us. So the plane landed and the stewardess said "Look, I've been nice to you the whole trip, but it's too late now. The police have already been called." We pretended to be asleep and then just put on a "who us?" expression. Then the pilot said "Thank you for flying with us, unfortunately, no one could leave the plane until the three people 'who know who they are' returned the oxygen masks." We gallantly tried to return them without looking too guilty. Didn't work. We returned them and the police came. The passengers were allowed to disembark (after giving us dirty looks) and the whole thing looked like a Thelma & Louise episode with police outside and all. The kick though was an elderly policewoman who said "Aren't you the same Michael Alig who threw the fashion show on the bridge in Tribeca and stopped all traffic a couple of months back?" Humbly I admitted "Yes, I am the same Michael Alig." "When will you grow up? One strike, two strikes, three strikes, you're out. Now get the fuck out of this airport." That's all she wrote.

For thousands  
of years,  
man has  
attributed  
all of his  
greatest  
triumphs,  
conquests,  
wars,  
masterpieces,  
miracles,  
mysteries,  
downfalls,  
revelations  
and acts of  
malevolence  
to Religion.  
Now,  
we have to  
blame is...  
Science.

Science.



TUNNEL.  
220 12th Ave. NYC.

by DJ Dimebag

Since the 70's, Steve Hillage has been on the leading edge of electronic music. Just one listen to his "Rainbow Dome Music" album will explain much of the current trend in today's ambient electronic movement. Some would even say that he is partially responsible in the creation and development of The Orb. As rumor has it, Dr. Lx Paterson was DJ'ing one night at the club Land of Oz, when a bewildered Steve Hillage stepped in. It just so happened at that moment, Dr. Paterson was working over Steve's classic, "Rainbow Dome Music" with various reggae dub beats. Not only was he more than thrilled to hear his record, but he was most impressed by young Lx, who shared many of the same ideas and visions for the future of music. Years have past by since this encounter with several collaborations along the way, now is the time for System 7's third trip into the universe of beats and bleeps. The newest offering is called "Point 3," look out for the soaring guitars.

**Pro X:** I recently read an old interview where you said that you listen to The Beatles, "It's All to Much" every morning. Is this still true?

Steve: Well, not every morning, but I do like The Beatles. In fact, I've been producing the Charlatans 4th album, (I also did their 3rd) and we've been listening to lots and lots of The Beatles, particularly to "The White album," "Sgt. Pepper" and the song "Across the Universe"

**X:** With your current group System 7 and the making of your music, are you still focused on the spiritually relevant side of things?

SH: In my personal life orientations, yes, but in my verbal outpouring less so. I think I've said what I had to say on that subject in the public domain in the 70's.

**X:** How do you compare the hippie culture of the 70's to the rave culture of today?

SH: There's a few superficial parallels, but in many ways it's very different. I think people have a less clearly defined idea of 'we're part of some group and everyone else is a part of some other group.' There is a less tribal way of looking at things now, which I think is good. That's one of the great problems in the hippie movement. If you get people going around in their minds saying, 'I'm a hippie,' I think that defeats the purposes because you're really seeking to raise definition of yourself. That was one of the main areas where the hippie movement floundered. It was based on hypocrisy. People are more realistic now and less naive. I also believe that a lot of the rave culture in the U.K. is to a certain extent, a parallel to what they call the slacker culture in the U.S. which is not the same as the hippies. In the U.K., the whole imagery is much more positive than it is in America. You don't get very many British records where the main hook line is, 'I'm a loser baby, so

why don't you kill me.' I haven't heard of many techno artists who have blown their heads off with a shotgun and it surprises me greatly that the American scene is based around such negativity. I think this is something that is going to change.

**X:** As far as vocals and messages in music, I noticed after the first System 7 record, there hasn't been much use of vocals. Do you think it takes away something or adds a flavor?

SH: As a producer, I like doing stuff with vocals because obviously I produce a lot of groups as a separate activity to System 7. I love working with singers and I wouldn't rule out singing again myself at some stage. On the first record, we had instrumental house tracks, vocal tracks and ambient tracks. We felt that maybe it was a little complicated, so we decided on the second record to simplify our approach. And now, with the new record we've taken that same more simple focused approach and attempted to make it deeper and wider.

**X:** Your old band, "Gong" always had a lot of rotating members and you've worked with so many different people on each of the System 7 records. Do you feel that System 7 is an evolving process?

SH: Very much so. In fact, it's in contrast to a lot of what I did in the 70's after leaving "Gong." System 7 is not a solo project and it is based around the concept of collaborations. Miquette Giraudy and I are the core members of the group and obviously we've got certain unique styles of playing that give us a very distinctive sound. With System 7, the basic approach is based around collaborations with various people that we meet and hook up with in the techno field.

**X:** How did you find it working with Laurent Garnier and Marshall Jefferson?

SH: Well, Laurent is an incredibly talented guy and I think he's going to become a massive star. I believe we were one of the first people to collaborate with him when normally he does everything on his own. I think that was a shock for him.

**X:** How do you feel about analogue versus digital? Do you prefer to work in one medium as opposed to another during the recording process?

SH: I tend to just use whatever is the best at the time. On the new album, we used a midi-sequencer, 3 Akai samplers, etc.. All quite digital. We also used a MiniMoog and an analogue synth. Basically a blend of the both. I think most intelligent people would find that there is good and bad in analogue and good and bad in digital. As someone who grew up with synthesizers right from his inception, I certainly don't have a fetish with using old analog synthesizers. I try to avoid the 303 bassline because I think so many other people have used it so well. We have other strings to our bow.

**X:** What festivals have you done this year?

SH: Only one really, The Phoenix festival.

We also played in a large open air event in the south of France at the Nemes Amphitheater.

It's an ancient roman amphitheater. It was amazing, the best night of my life. We played with The Drum Club and Orbital along side some really good DJ's.

**X:** What are you listening to at home these days?

SH: My current favorite albums are Orbital's "Snivilisation" and the new "Feed Your Head" compilation record from Planet Dog. I also listen to The Beatles, "Ill Communication" from The Beastie Boys, the first "Selected Ambient Works" record by the Aphex Twin.

**X:** How did you make the initial transition into dance music?

SH: It wasn't really a transition, it was just a natural evolvement. I've always enjoyed things that break down arbitrary barriers between different styles of music. I've followed the club scene since the seventies and I was criticized heavily back then for having what they called 'a disco element' in my music. When samplers and house music evolved, it was a natural development for me to rekindle my desire to work as an artist in that genre. If I had a 909 drum machine and a sampler in the seventies, I would have used them to correspond the sounds I was imagining in my head years before.

**X:** What do your live shows consist of?

SH: It's the live equivalent to what we call 'the leaner and meaner approach' which is Miquette and myself. I play lots of guitar and she plays lots of keyboards over a programmed backing track. It actually corresponds right to the very first idea I had for System 7, of me going up on stage with my guitar and playing with a DJ. Although in this case, I'm my own DJ playing my own customized sub plates. The idea goes right back to the Ska Toasters in Jamaica.

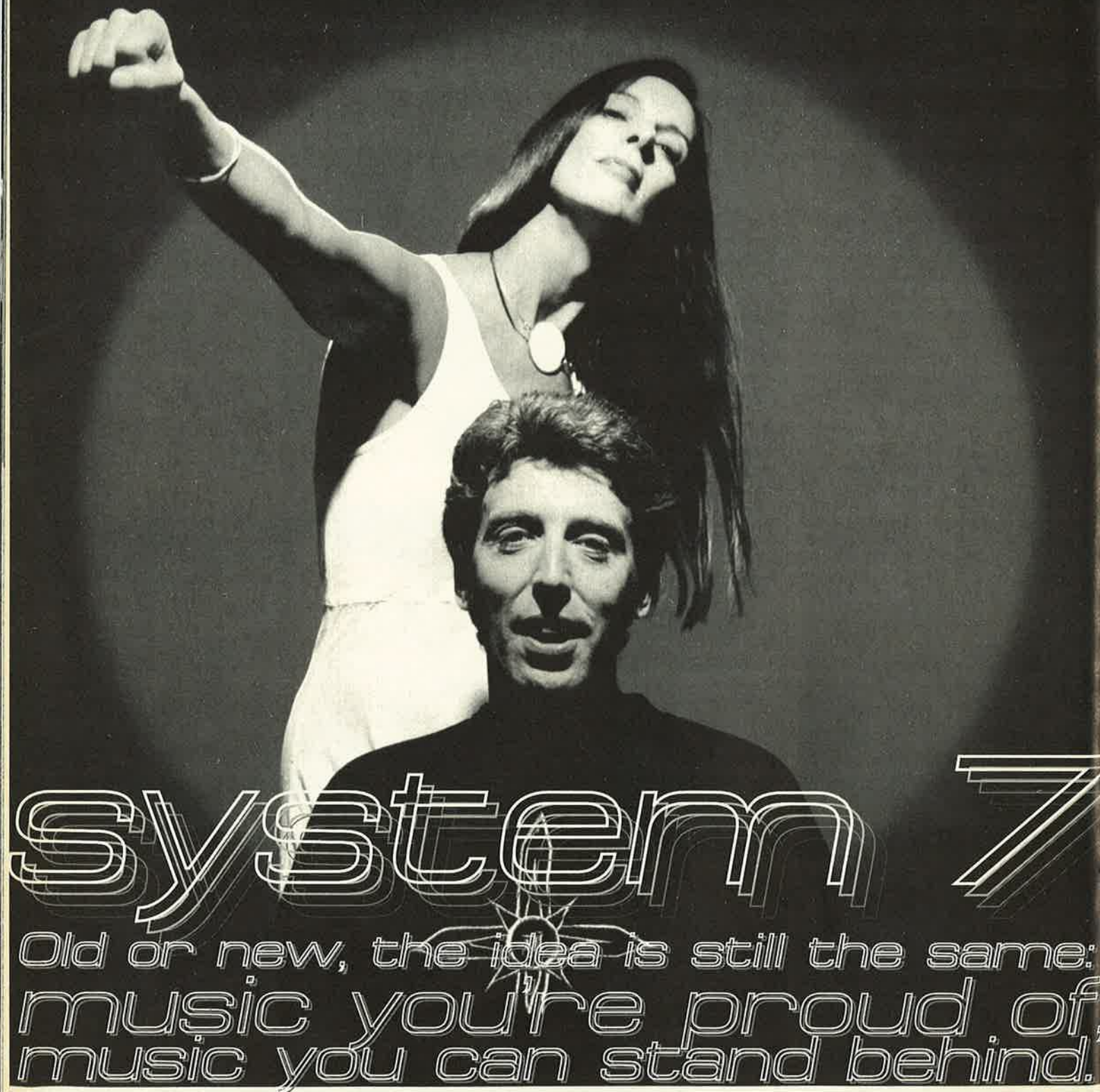
**X:** Do you have any interest in getting involved with interactive media?

SH: I've done some music for two CD-ROM games based on the film "Lawnmower Man." With it's virtual reality graphics, it's just brilliant.

**X:** What does the future hold for System 7?

SH: We've got the new record coming out called "Point 3" which is a fairly obvious title since it's our third album. It's come out in a rather novel form in the sense that the original rhythmic record which we call "The Fire Album" has subsequently been remixed. We took the beats out and made everything much more floaty and tranquil. We named it "The Water Album." The two will be coming out simultaneously.

System 7 have just signed a deal with Astralwerks for domestic release, but due to trademark laws, they will be known as 777 here in the states. Look for the record to be released in January of 95' under the title of "System 7.3".



## Sloan Mandell appoints himself the tour guide of New York's Twilight and Highlife for **ST. ETIENNE**

photo by Payman

Saint Etienne may be the coolest pop group on the face of the earth. Since the release of their first album, Fox Base Alpha nearly five years ago, I've been consistently awed by their perfectly formed dream pop. The Saints never cease to amaze their fans. Over the course of three albums, they have achieved complete sonic transcends from all other bands. Combining the sensibilities of 60's girl pop and 90's technology with timeless melodies and lyrics, St. Etienne makes music that pulls at the heartstrings and keep the feet dancing.

Saint Etienne recently visited New York to promote their new album 'Tiger Bay' and to play their first American live shows ever. The core of the band is composed of vibrant vocalist Sarah Cracknell and melody makers Bob Stanley and Pete Wiggs. I was quite anxious about meeting the band in person, being such a huge fan and all. I had interviewed Sarah for Project X before, but that was over a trans-Atlantic telephone line. I showed up 45 minutes late to the photographers studio where we were scheduled to meet, not exactly professional. But once we got to chatting, the band quickly charmed up to me. In fact, they won me over to such an extent that I appointed myself St. Etienne's tour guide of New York's twilight and highlife.

We did the typical journalist-pop star interview, but I knew there was much more to the personalities that make up St. Etienne than I could ever find out in a half hour Q & A session. As their publicist whisked them off to a photo shoot for Vogue, I quickly invited them to come to Tunnel after their concert that night. Acting as notorious London scenesters would, the band quickly agreed. We decided to meet up backstage after their concert that night.

Saint Etienne took the stage of the Manhattan Center at midnight and proceeded to seriously move the crowd. I wasn't

sure how their music would carry, transforming studio sounds into a cohesive live show. But they managed to arrange their music for live performances as a complete band. Free of samples, backing tracks and turntables, they could not be denied due credit. Live drums, guitar and bass added a raw new texture to the sound, transforming the greatness of their songs into this more traditional 'live' musical context.

Sarah served the crowd her sixties-edged glamour, arriving on-stage in a silver mini-dress accessorized with a tiara and white feather boa. Her voice was clear and strong - more powerful than on the records. Accompanied by fabulous backup singers Sobhan and Debsy (wearing ultra hip Hysteria Glamour gear) the show was a pitch perfect pop dream.

After the show, I went backstage to congratulate the band and see if they had the energy for clubbing. To my surprise, the party was already in full swing, the band had brought all of their friends over for the shows. I told Sarah how fantastic I thought they were. "Well, the sound on stage was awful, but the crowd seemed to like it," she said. Bob, a little pissed off, continued, "we had to cut it short because the American Music Club played so long." Quick to the point, I exclaimed, "lets go to the club!"

Finally, with the help of Sobhan I managed to persuade Sarah to come to Tunnel. The girls, Angus the guitarist and I hopped into a cab and headed into the night.

Arriving at Tunnel, the band was greeted by the locals as the pop royalty they obviously are, especially with Sarah in her tiara. In passing conversation, I asked her what life was like before St. Etienne. "Oh, so dull and incomplete" she laughed as we headed to the bathroom-bar."

"Was there a lot of pressure on you performing for the first time in America, especially during the CMJ music convention?"

**Combining the sensibilities of 60's girl pop and  
90's technology with timeless melodies and lyrics,  
St. Etienne makes music that pulls at the  
heartstrings and keep the feet dancing.**



"Well we've had three albums out so there is pressure to put on a great gig, but the feeling was more one of excitement" she explained.

We headed down to the basement to dance in the reggae-rap room. We carried on for an hour or so before a much needed cocktail break. Interested in the life of a back-up singer, I questioned Sobhan on life outside of the band. "Well, we have a bar in London called the Riki-Tik. Its a members club and its probably the best thing going right now." I'd read about the bar and their fabulous chocolate and candy vodka shots. "Oh yeah, they're very tasty" exclaimed Sobhan as she downed her drink. We joined hands and headed upstairs to the Bedroom in search of party favors. The club kids flocked around Sarah and Sobhan, serving up all those things New York Nightlife is famous for.

Sarah, Sobhan and Angus were joined by several more members of the bands touring party and we all carried on 'til the last song was played. I begged them to stay for after-hours, but since they had another concert the next night at the Limelight, they called it a night. We said our good-byes and decided to meet up for their final night.

The show at Limelight was even more spectacular than the night before. The band played a much longer set to a full house who were in the palm of their hand. Hits like "Avenue" and "People Get Real" flowed seamlessly through the Limelight's ace sound system. Sarah looked fabulous in white platform go-go boots and satin hip huggers with a matching jacket. After several encores the band left the stage triumphant.

"I think that was the best gig we've ever played!" exclaimed Sarah. I congratulated Bob on the performance, "Yeah thanks, it was great fun" he replied. The mood in St. Etienne's dressing room was way happy as the celebration began in earnest. I gath-

ered some New York characters to amuse the band who really went out of their way to talk to all the fans. After a while I asked if the band was into going out for a night cap. Sobhan, Sarah and Debsy were up for continuing the party, so the three of us along with the local club stars Mavis and Jennytalia headed off.

In the taxi, I asked Sarah how she hoped St. Etienne's music was viewed by the fans. "I hope it's emotionally enriching," she answered.

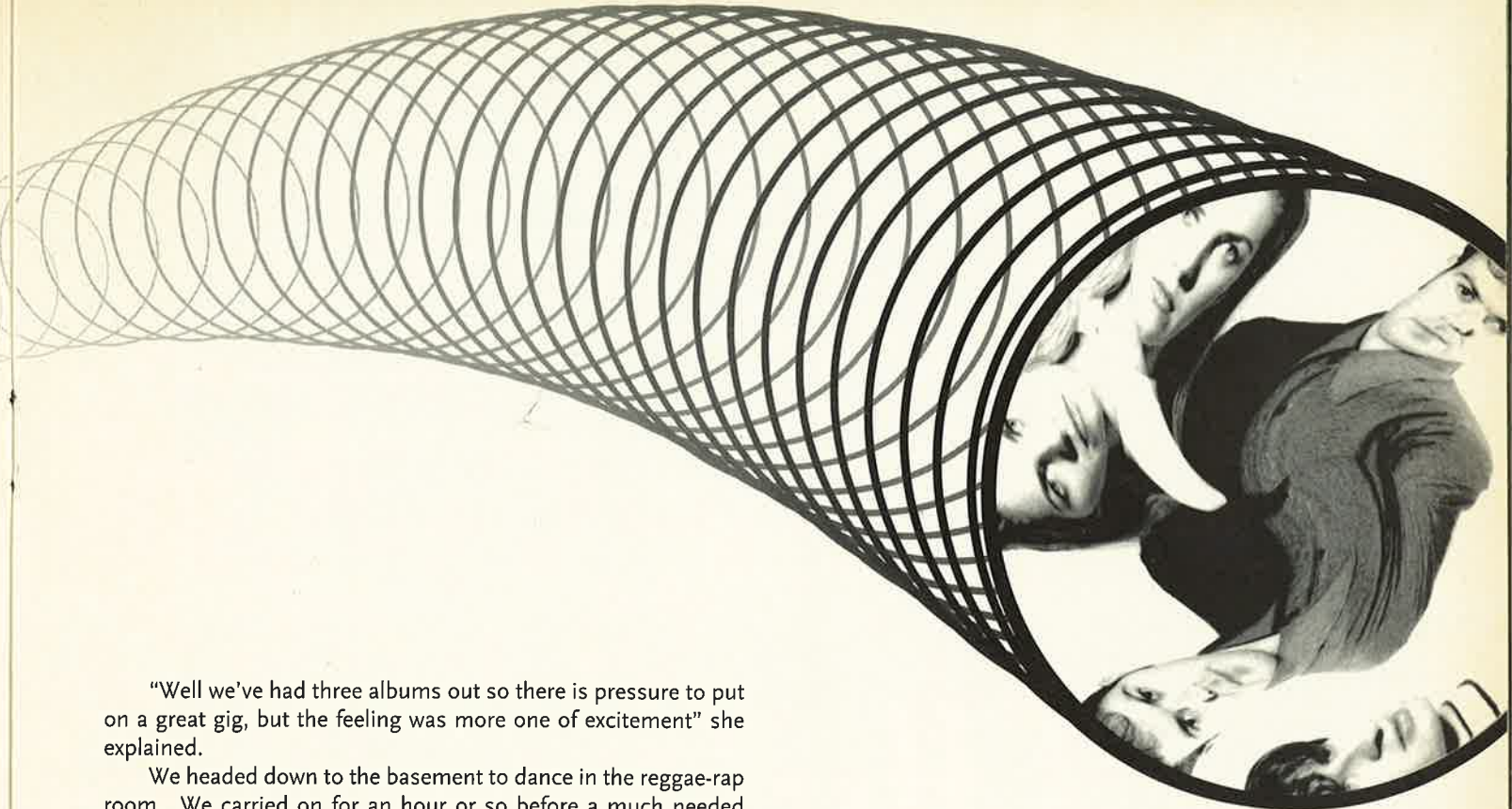
"Tiger Bay is such a varied album, what were the influences?" I continued.

"This time there was a heavy folk influence for a lot of the songs, but also filmic influences and a techno sensibility which is why we used such strong remixers like Underworld, Autechre, Secret Knowledge, and others we feel a kinship with," Sarah replied. "Our label does the Heavenly Sunday Social at a pub in London which is great. People like the Dust Brothers and David Holmes DJ regularly. But we've been on tour so much that between when we leave and come back, most clubs have changed character."

After a while Sarah and Debsy were partied out. We said our good-byes, exchanged numbers and kisses and sent them off in a taxi. Sobhan, however, had really gotten in the spirit and accompanied me to an after hours at Jennytalia's house. We partied hard, very very hard. So hard that when some freaks and I finally brought Sobhan back to the hotel at 4 o'clock the next afternoon, the bands entire touring party was waiting in the lobby for her. One look at Sobhan, myself, and the accompanying creatures with eyes glazed and giddy, answered all their questions.

As we said good-bye and turned to leave the hotel, a friend suddenly realized just who it was we were seeing off. "Wow, I love you guys!" he exclaimed ecstatically.

"Me too," I said to myself as I left the hotel visions of tiaras, feather boas, and singing angels in my head.



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# Orbital

"A soundtrack for right now, modernist music in the proper sense, and as such, 'Snivilisation' is one of the truly great albums of the '90s." - NME  
Includes "Are We Here" and "Sad But True."

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## DJ Wildchild, LK

Legends of the Dark Black Vol. 2 - Wildchild (DARK BLACK)  
Melissa's Dream - Sound Design (FREEZE)  
Lipstick Bitch - The Kiss (NITEGROOVES)  
Funkadelic Relic - DJ Sneak (CASUAL)  
People Don't Change - Leon Neal (NOTT US)  
Keep on Putting Me Through - Steamy Joy (KING ST.)  
It's all Right - D.C. Tag Team (EMOTIVE)  
Black Keys EP - Lem Springsteen (EMPIRE STATE)  
Years of Pressure - Romanthony (WHITE LABEL)  
I've been Changed - Inner Faith (PLAYTIME)

## DJ David Waxman, NY

Tuscania Movement Vol. 2 - Bass Material (TUSCANIA MOVEMENT)  
Funky Vibrations - Sax 4 Two (FIRST IMPRESSIONS)  
Let's do it Again - Hardground (HARDTRAX)  
Waiting for You - Think Twice (EMI UK)  
Unreleased Dubs Vol II- DJ Duke (POWER MUSIC)  
Phylpstrak -  
Loosing Control - DBX (PEACEFROG)  
Whispering Your Name (Roger S. Mix) - Allison Limerick  
Touch Me - Blake Baxter (LOGIC)  
Secret - Madonna (SIRE)

## DJ Lewis, The Orb

Hip to be Disillusioned Vol. 1 - Chez Damier & Ron Trent  
All I can Give - PJ featuring Saxy  
Unpredictable - Mike Dearbon  
Game One - Infiniti  
Escape Ventures - Sons of the Subway  
Heaven - Ron Allen  
Homeland - 365 Black Homeland  
Make Me do Right - Shyman & DJ LJK  
No Music - The Innocent  
Solitaire - Tokyo Offshore Project

## DJ DB, Sm:(e Communications, NY)

Embracing the Future, Sasha Remix- BT (MUSIC NOW)  
Liquid Air - Air Liquide EP (SM:(E COMMUNICATIONS)  
Use the Bass - Ellen Alien (YELLOW PROMO)  
Foul Play 4 Track (MOVING SHADOW PROMO)  
Are You Ready to Flow - Nicolai (SM:(LE PROMO)  
Acid Folk - Perplexer (DEF)  
Why Why Why - Underworld (JUNIOR BOY'S OWN)  
Poison - Prodigy (XL)  
Dead Dread EP Moving Shadow Promo  
Universal Love - 4 Hero (REINFORCED)

## DJ Jaymz, Nylon, S.F.

Realm - Gods of the Underworld (ACETATE)  
Underground (Nylon Anthem) - O.N.R. ( NYLON RECORDINGS)  
Overdrive - General Elektrik (tape)  
Funogen - Centuras (JUNIOR BOY'S OWN)  
Where Shall I turn - Sin (INNER SANCTUM)  
The Wild Life EP - Roy Davis (SEX TRAX)  
Funky Vibrations '94 - Sax 4 Two (1ST IMPRESSION)  
House Fever - The Burger Queen (MINISTRY OF SOUND RECORDINGS)  
Joy(TUNES OF BURNING DESIRE) - Quadripart Project (SM:(E COMM)  
Father in the Bathroom LP - Goodmen (FRESH FRUIT)

# underworld

dubnobasswithmyheadman



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# Kylie Minogue

## Sex style & pop

by Olly Blackburn

**Kylie's descent upon America will be a double-barreled blast of nymphet Kung-Fu and lush bubblegum-tunes, which is typical of the genius with which Kylie has ridden the pop zeitgeist.**

I don't care about trade-barriers, abortion-clinic gunmen or fundamentalist fruitcakes. If you need any proof that America's had her head in the sand for the last decade, the yardstick is plain: you don't know Kylie.

A combination-platter of trash (meaning good) and suburban innocence, Kylie is the last, true doyenne of an art that has all but evaporated from the USA: pop. Over ten years she went from soap super stardom (*Neighbours* - it's life in a Melbourne cul-de-sac and the most widely-viewed TV show in Asia and Europe throughout the '80's), to chart-topping supremacy (16 UK top ten hits), to a completely left-field acceptance as sex symbol, super-style icon and - the ultimate seal of approval - soaring gay diva. As Kylie exists, it is necessary to re-invent her.

"It's that thing, that isn't really me, sitting here, it's... Kylie."

Reclining in an electric lime jacket and pants, on a swivel-chair framed against a dead-on symmetrical view of Central Park, Kylie looks mighty real. DeConstruction, the Manchester dance label (and Imago in US), is launching her new record and she's appearing next to Van Damme in *Kickboxer*. Come winter-time Kylie's descent upon America will be a double-barreled blast of nymphet Kung-Fu and lush bubblegum-tunes, which is typical of the genius with which Kylie has ridden the pop zeitgeist.

"You reach icon status, you just have that power, but instantly you're so vulnerable as well. It's like being put up here and you have everyone down there, but also you're an open target. It's good but look out, because you have no protection."

The phenomenon of Kylie's glory is that precisely that crass swirl of hyper-celebrity and girl-next-door mundanity. Her enormous success was built on the best foundations of checkout-line style, which was the hallmark of the '80s. And she cringes in embarrassment while talking about some of the earlier videos,

"I was young and so shy I hardly looked at the camera, and the biggest move I could wrangle was a little kind of... (she performs a micro-wiggle) Oh my God! It makes me so embarrassed! You know, some girl from this soap opera arrives in singing *I Should Be So Lucky*, lucky, lucky, lucky... it takes over the #1 position for five weeks, if I was in the music industry at that time, I'd be thinking: 'It's a crap song, talentless...'"

But after a mass-produced onslaught of hits spanning the late '80's (which, in the latest spasm of cultural recycling, are finally receiving their dues as pop classics), she discovered... sex. Overnight she emerged from the cocoon of tastelessness that only the description, Suburban Australia can hope to convey, to a sublime state of seething babe-ness: curling peroxide mane, thick silt of makeup and a lineup of rubbery bustiers.

"You want to know the worst part of it?", she says of her infamous, not to mention, influential pre-1990 hairdo, "It wasn't a perm: it was my hair. But hey! - it was a layered thing, and I didn't apply the green eyeliner to myself each day, it was a

makeup artist and I'm sure it was fairly stylish in Melbourne in those days." As to the post-1990 re-Vamp: "It's

bizarre. People ask about being a sex-symbol and I get shy and embarrassed, which sounds ridiculous as I'm, y'know, working it left, right and center... but you had

Sex and Pop twenty or thirty years ago - what about the Pointer Sisters? They were foxy birds, or Donna Summer singing *Bad Girl* - which I sang when I was 9, not realizing what 'Friday night and the strip is hot' meant. Mick Jagger: that's selling, sex. You know, I saw Cheryl Crowe's video. I've never heard of, or seen her before - I thought she was incredibly foxy. Just the tilt in her mouth. You don't have to get your clothes off to do it I guess is what I'm trying to say."

"I love being a young woman, I love being able to relish being a woman..., and I have to say I think that women are the stronger sex. How? Childbirth for one thing - and all the plucking, waxing, razor-ing, kinking, dyeing, curling, straightening... But to be 'the woman society wants you to be', I mean things like that annoy me. Bring me a woman who's perfect, I'll buy your goddamn potion for the rest of my life."

But, hold on, there are women across the world torturing their bodies precisely because they imbibed Kylie's super-saturated, svelteness off of MTV. "I know, this is why I don't go into it too much, because I'm fully aware that there are people who look at me and think 'She has everything.' But I have to do the same things everyone else has to do. To a degree... When they're using a 12-year-old's body and they're selling cream for 45-year-old women - I sway from thinking 'I really have to stay super-fit, I have to have zero fat on my body,' then the next day I'm thinking 'Wait a second! This is a woman's figure, you're not meant to look like a 14-year-old boy.' I'm as easily swayed as any other woman in society."

With 'SexKylie' smacking of self-referential kitsch (vs. oblivious kitsch), signing to deConstruction - the Northern house label with ultra-conceptual packaging and a top-end roster that includes M-People, K-Klass and Lionrock - was the last word in, well, kitsch-in' style which is to say, style. The underground label and plastic superstar have lovingly co-opted each other and the result is streamlined pop, just a little lush and more spacious than before, with Kylie as the figurehead riding over a slick wash of house.

She talks about the label with all the excitement and adoration of someone who's finally been granted the permission to carry style: now she's one of

**Overnight**

**she emerged from the cocoon of tastelessness Suburban Australia a sublime state of seething babe-ness: curling peroxide mane, thick silt of makeup and a lineup of rubbery bustiers.**

the cheerleaders - remixes by anyone she wants, fashion spreads everywhere from *Vogue* to *The Face* and prom queen at Sydney's Gay Mardi Gras. "There's this bar in Sydney, in Oxford Street - the main gay strip, and each Sunday they have Kylie night. We drove by one night and I pleaded with my friends 'Can't we just go? I just wanna see it.', and they said 'Are you crazy? You'll get yourself killed.' But I went to the Mardi Gras and it was probably the best night in my life."

So the strategy is finally set (she talks of the "phases" of her career: "shocked, embraced, had a field day..."). But the greatest challenge remains America. "There are so many sections and demographics in America, it's a market I don't fully understand yet... I wish they would catch up (in dance music), it's eternally embarrassing for me when people say, 'Oh yeah! You sang *The Locomotion*.'"

She muses on her "non-addictive personality" (despite a few "baby-breakdowns" early on), the importance of a solid family and finally we decide it's time to overhaul Sex, Drugs & Rock'n'Roll for Sex, Style and Pop. She's the Madonna you could take home to meet your parents. And right as the proceedings draw to a close she bounces up to flex a few proudly learnt kick-boxing positions over the boardroom table. Behind, the Gordon Gekko view of Manhattan turns golden.

"You know," says Kylie Minogue, "New-York-London-Paris used to be something I only saw on perfume bottles."



# Orbital

*the forefront of our generation*

by Sloan Mandell

Orbital may be the band to take electronic music out of the 'techno ghetto' and into the ears of the mainstream. Their latest album "Snivilisation" is selling by the truckload in the U.K., holding steadily as a top five album since the week of its release. The critical acclaim for the album has been way beyond positive, and their live performances have solidified their reputation as the 'rave' act that can move any crowd - from hardcore hoodlums to Woodstockers.

Perhaps what separates Orbital from the rest of the techno hopefuls is the strong element of humanity in their music. Bringing a sense of warmth and feeling to digital music is no easy feat, but meeting the men behind the machines gives us a clue as to how their marriage of technology and mortality is achieved. Orbital is a two man operation, composed of brothers Phil and Paul Hartnoll. Both have shaved heads and wildly optimistic attitudes about their music and the scene surrounding it. The Hartnolls are a harmonious team, finishing each others sentences and backing up the others ideas in the way only a best-friend and brother can.

The Orbital odyssey began in 1989 when their debut single 'Chime' became the acid house anthem for the now legendary 'Summer of Love' (when techno, ecstasy, baggy clothes, and smiley faces came together to become Rave.) "It was very lucky for

us," says Paul, "We did the demo thing, taking our songs around to the record companies and nobody was interested. We knew this guy who was doing a record shop that really wanted to set up a record label. He really liked 'Chime', so we did a pressing of a thousand copies. They sold very quickly so we did another thousand. By the time we were on the third thousand it started to be really popular in the clubs - ending up on the anthem side of things around that time." Phil then picks up the conversation, "It was really lucky, really brilliant and it helped us in securing a record deal so that we could make LP's which was an unheard of idea for this type of music at the time." I suggest that Orbital were not just lucky, that they managed to capture the vibe of that revolutionary time perfectly with that first single. "Well it was the biggest hit we've had so far as far as sales and charts go, so it was really great for us."

Since then the band has gone from strength to strength - never bowing to trends in the scene or repeating previously charted territory, but consistently gaining a wider audience. So what's it like to go from being unknown suburban boys to being the top techno band in the world? "Well, it's a mix of feelings, you go from being really glad and happy about it to being really confused and trying to make sure no one's pulling the wool over your eyes," says Paul. "You get a sense of paranoia about the record com-



pany," adds Phil, "the whole dance thing really took them by surprise and I think that they really hoped it would disappear so that they could get on with the safe business that their use to. But on the other hand, since they didn't know what to do with us, they left the music alone which is great. We've been able to really enjoy ourselves without having to compromise ourselves at all."

But how have the Hartnolls been able to create a sound so definitive from their peers? Maybe their credibility allows them access to bigger and better technologies? "No, not at all" says Phil "we don't go into big studios at all, we don't like them. The big technology isn't there for us because we choose not to go for it. We've been gathering equipment for almost a decade now, and we do everything from beginning to end in our home studio with completely self-taught knowledge. I think this process is better because it helps you retain your own sound. The studio is like a child's activity center, we just go in and do what we fancy." Paul continues that "As long as we're being emotionally stimulated by the music then we'll continue to follow it. If something becomes

*You get a sense of paranoia about the record company... trying to make sure no one's pulling the wool over your eyes... they didn't know what to do with us, so they left the music alone, which is great.*

dull and there's no emotion in it then we discard it and start something else. Our recording process is a lot like our live show, running all of the assembled sequences into a live mix. It's really a good process for us because it keeps the music spontaneous."

So how does Orbital plan on progressing in the near future? Paul responded with, "We want to start keeping everything in house, from video direction to cover design. To put together our own little cottage industry and collaborate on everything from cover art to vocal tracks. We had a lot of control over all elements of 'Snivilisation,' but still not as much as I would like to see. From just simple things like the position of words inside a CD cover, down to the last details." It's this attention to details, the immense emotional involvement in all aspects of their art that makes Orbital exceptional.

Seeing the Hartnolls interact with each other, it becomes clear why their music transcends electronic stereotypes to reach into the listeners emotions. Their love of the music and for each other can be heard in the harmony of each track, feeling pulses through their beats and sequences. The Hartnolls leave us with the basis of the Orbital philosophy, "Live in now, not the past or the future because you only have now!"

That perfectly sums up Orbital - music for NOW.

## CD Reviews

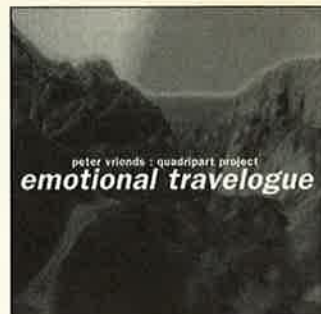
76:14  
Global Communication  
Dedicated

To close your eyes and experience Global Communications first album 76:14, could be as easily described as floating on calm turquoise seas of harmonic tranquility. Your voyage will consist of wondrous landscapes of electronic wizardry stacked over each other like a triple layered fudge chocolate cake. The music will provide you with the means for your fantastic voyage without the use of external matter. Initial impression of the album might have you comparing it to some selected ambient works by the Aphex Twin, but don't be fooled, these guys have their own technique for getting the message across. Although it's true that Tom Middleton, half of the duo that makes up Global Communications (the other being Mark Pritchard) does have the same birthday and has collaborated with Richard James in the past, their minds work in different octaves. Unlike Aphex Twins' darker and harder edge tracks, Global Communication invokes more emotionally stirring psycho-acoustics. The album and all the tracks are simply identified by their length of play. No need to isolate the selections by a mere name. Instead, you are encouraged to use your own imagination in identifying each track by images conjured up through your sub-conscious. If you have mastered the art of dreaming, then Global Communications' 76:14 album will undoubtedly make your dreams more colorful. Highly recommended. A must buy for those self proclaimed messiahs. (K.G.)



Emotional Travelogue  
Peter Vriens  
Smile Communications

Smile records debut release by Peter Vriens tries to capture and enhance a series of feelings, which is where all of the song titles are created, ranging from "Fear" to "Lust" with some success. He starts off with "Serenity" which I found to be just that, and then takes you through an emotional roller coaster which he has dubbed as his travelogue. Soon after the start of the CD, the energy picks up which is expected with tracks titled "Anger", "Envy" and "Jealousy"; however, Vriens saves the best for last with "love" and "Joy - endless sensuality suite". Around the middle part of the album the loops get a little weak at times and I found myself wanting to skip the end of some songs, but overall the album is a clever and fun ride with no lines or admission fees. (A.S.)



U.S.D.A.nce  
Compilation record  
Tribal America

Documenting their most recent attack on the twelve inch dance market, Tribal has conformed it all in this one disk for you. The show begins with what was the most mysteries song of the year, "So Get Up" from Underground Sound of Lisbon played in its original



format. From their, you're taken into the house of house with Kiwi Dreams performing "Y," Roxy and The Ride Committee who "Love to do it," and new signings Deep Dish given you "High Frequency." This compilation also includes tracks by The Daou and Saxmachine, ending with "I'm Ready (for your love)" by MCJ featuring Davina. Ten very groovy house tracks from Tribal makes this record an easy choice if your looking for something to turn up before you go out. (R.H.)

Colourform  
The Higher Intelligence Agency  
Waveform Records

Looking to pump some more energy into the electronic music market after their extremely successful One A.D. ambient dub compilation, Waveform presents us with its second release. Colourform from The Higher Intelligence Agency consist of the same stuff other ambient records are made of, but in a more intriguing package. The record starts off fast (for an ambient record) with a light and cheery dub titled "Spectral" (which appeared on One A.D.) before transforming into a digital aura of sound scapes on "Delta" and then really picking up the beat on the third track, "Speedlearn." Next are four easy flowing, subdue ambient tracks that build up to the final two songs that put this record into overdrive. The end of this journey will not only leave you in a state of higher intelligence, but also in great anticipation of a third release from Waveform. (J.C.)



360

Dread Zone  
Creation/Tristar Music

Can I tell you how bad I thought this record was going to be after looking at the cover? Can I tell you how wrong I was? Greg Roberts, an original member of Big Audio Dynamite and Tim Bran have taped together an incredible range of fun, diverse, bizarre and melodic songs that are sample addictive. From trance to dub, ambient to reggae, this one has it all. It's such an odd CD that it actually makes sense in a wacky way. The relaxed atmosphere in which this record was conceived is more than obvious. Titles such as "The Good The Bad and The Dread" and "House of Dread" are as interesting as the tracks themselves. Dread Zone have definitely etched out their own sound in a world where too many artists are comfortable simply building on the works of others. (J.C.)



Ambush  
The Ambush  
(Written, Produced and Arranged by Oliver Lieb)  
Planet Earth Recordings

This is subtitled "Trance-Sedated Jungle", a good description of what this sounds like, though in this case "Jungle" means sounds of the wild rather than something with a breakbeat behind it. Oliver Lieb is behind the harder Harthouse project known as Spicelab, and this is definitely a differ-



She's  
grown up...  
she's the Kylie  
you've been  
waiting for.

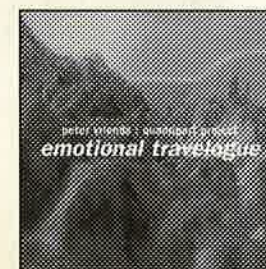
The single...  
"Confide in Me"

KYLIE MINOGUE

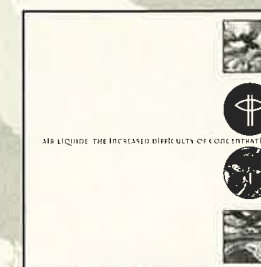


(i-mä'go)

## TRANSMISSION HAS BEGUN



PETER VRIENS  
"EMOTIONAL TRAVELOGUE"  
(PERCUSSIVE AMBIENCE)  
CATALOG N° : SM-8002-2/4



AIR LIQUIDE  
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smile

ent type of sound. It's very raw and tribal and though you wouldn't necessarily want to call it ambient, it would work well in a chill-out environment. (T. Palmer)

Sea Biscuit  
Space Time Continuum  
Astralwerks

Jonah Sharp heads off on another journey round the San Franciscan mind-set, this time without Terence "lend us a tenna" McKenna. Say what you like about the mushroom man's monologues, at least they gave you something to think about. Without them, it's a very thin parade of the regular ambient repertoire of squelch 303 bits, state-ly echoey organ bits, swishy bits, tweedy bird bits and so on. We've heard this thing too many times now and it's starting to get stale. The mind cries out for something a bit more substantial to get into (you strain to hear the words of a subliminally-sampled telephone conversation in "Q11", for instance, out of sheer boredom), and on the other hand, the mix is too busy for it to be a successful, truly ambient album. It'll do for the chill out rooms at Bay Area parties, but it really doesn't take the biscuit for me. (J. Speakman)

Mindflower  
Human Mesh Dance  
Instinct

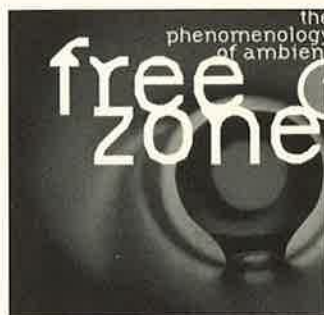
This is the second solo outing of New York's ubiquitous Taylor Deupree, also known as half of Seti and a third of Prototype 909. The anti-drug sermonizer of the internet has been true to his word and produced a rather stylish ambient album you don't have to smoke anything to enjoy. Hardly any gimmicky samples,



most of it is the trademark tasteful minimalism of other stuff on Instinct's Ambient sub-label, but just when you might tire of it he'll go off on another tip, sorta tribal on "Skyflower", distinctly groovy on "Hyaline", bass-heavy beats on "Satellites (ring the sky)." That's not to say that it doesn't have its low points, especially towards the end and sometimes on the dance tips you can feel him restraining himself lest it become a P909 song where really he should just let go and to hell with it. Overall, though at a time when everyone from Debbie Gibson to GWAR is probably thinking of doing an ambient album, this is the direction the genre's going to move in if it's going to survive. (J. Speakman)

Free Zone  
Ambient Compilation  
-SSR Records

Free Zone, a double CD, "The Phenomenology of Ambient" has brought ambient sonic objects from the four corners of the big blue to create a trance lucid interval of insanity right on time for the awakening. Young American Primitive, Terre Thaemlitz and Moby lead the American contingent by supplying solid hometown ambient anthems, while artists such as Pete



Namlook, Solar Quest and Karl Biscuit contribute some truly deep tracks from around the world. The list of accredited artists goes on from there in any practically way you care to point. The gist of the matter is that I have had this album for two weeks now and my butt still hurts! Need I say more. (K.G.)

EDITOR'S HIT  
Approaching Standards  
Roy Hargrove  
Novus/BMG

It's rare when something comes along in life that's so different from the norm, you become extremely fond of it. Roy Hargrove's 'Approaching Standards' album fits this case in point. Personally, I'm far from a Jazz connoisseur, but I do know what I like when I hear it. This cd has been in constant rotation in my stereo for well over a month now and I still don't want to take it out. Mr. Hargrove plays the trumpet like the master of his trade. Full of life and emotion, each song captures a distinct quality that will sent you into a world of thought. For those, more peaceful moments when break-beat and house are just not what you're looking for, the ambient disks are all sounding alike, 'try a little tenderness' -Otis Redding.

Jazz Not House Vol. 1  
Jazz Compilation  
Eightball

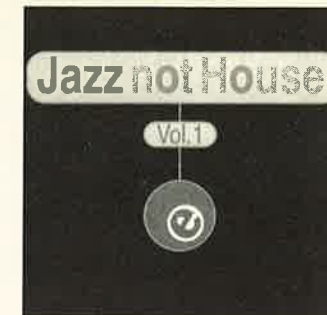
New York's own Giant Step kick off this jazzier then house compilation that



crosses the limits of tracks reserved only for clubs. The first in a series of releases for Eightball features a smooth mix of vocal and instrumental acid jazz that work well together. The African Dream picks up the tempo on the third and seventh songs with 'Black Thought' and 'Jazz Impressions,' both produced and mixed by Mr. Onester. These two and the final song, 'The Hands of a Raindrop' from Fred Jorio and Behavior could easily be miss contrived house tunes. Even though the songs consist some jazz elements, they really have no place among the rest of this compilation. Don't be discouraged. This is a good cd from beginning to end, just not a great name.

Massive Hits Vol. 1  
New Age Steppers  
On-U Sound/Restless

To dub or not to dub. This is the question? The newest release from Adrian Sherwood's ON-U Sound label is a collection of fifteen songs taken from The New Age Steppers three records, embodying their blend of reggae and history of band members. Even though all of the music was recorded between 1980 and 1983, it shares an incredible kinship with the emergence and popularity of today's dub sounds. This band



now that  
Superman  
is who  
will  
kick  
ass?

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included (at one time or another) Style Scott from the Roots Radics, George Obar of Aswad and the vocals of a young Neneh Cherry. Very melodic tripy reggae and dub beats dominate the record along with easygoing vocals on a few tracks leaving you on the shores of Mar's, sipping on a piña-colada. If you're looking to chill out, but to something more than the standard ambient record, this could be the tool for the job. (J.B.)

Tripomatic Fairytales 2001  
Jam & Spoon  
Epic Record

After a string of club smashes including 'Stella,' 'Right in the Night (fall in love with music)' and 'Find Me (odyssey to Anyoona),' Jam El Mar and Mark Spoon have released their first full length domestic record. All of these songs along with new material are patched together to create well over one hour of mixed ambient and trance songs that even include some very catchy lyrics. It's unusual to find trance melodies that can incorporate vocals without getting to cheese or compromising the artists position. Jam & Spoon not only make them work, they make sense of it. Songs that talk about love and music are always appreciated and extremely uplifting. Their music is intelligent, not over bearing, loud or obnoxious. The record is full of fun samples that break up the monotony between songs making 'Tripomatic Fairytales 2001' a joy to listen to.



United State of Ambience II  
Ambient compilation  
Moonshine Music

The latest compilation release from L.A. based Moonshine is the second in the United State of Ambience series. Electric Skychurch sets the tone with a thought provoking, ethnic offering titled 'Deus.' The next track features One Dove and their impression of Dead Can Dance. 'My Friend' is not an original presentation, but none the less, it keeps the mood in tack for the remainder of the cd. Other artists worth mentioning include Orbital with 'Attached' and Synthetix performing 'The Tao of Dub.' With a lot of different ambient styles represented from tribal, trance to experimental, this compilation gives a good overview of the state of ambience today (making it a very good title for the record). I wasn't personally familiar with most of these artists, therefore I found it more refreshing to hear new voices and opinions on a genre that has so few stars.



B-Tribe  
Fiesta Fatal!  
Atlantic

If the Gipsy Kings were cool, funky and had rhythm, they could have been B-Tribe. This record is full of international flavors combining great soft danceable beats with a wide variety of instruments and vocal echoes. Be careful for your hands! They could easily be reaching for the skies, fingers snapping to the beat of a different drum. Listen for all The Orb and Enigma samples used very cleverly. The entire record is very honest and true to its origins, full of the life, enthusiasm and spirit of European countries. The perfect cd to play when you want to impress someone with your intelligence and cultural refinement. They'll never know what hit them and you'll look like an authority of fine worldly music.



## Box Set



Their full length debut featuring "Kill the Crow"

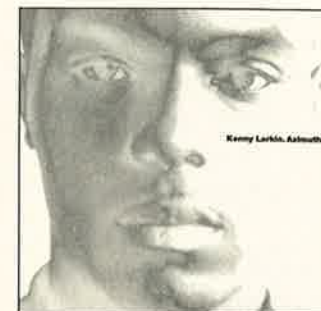


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The Platinum Blonde Collection  
Blondie  
EMI

No, this isn't a rerun of Solid Gold, nor is it a commercial for Sara Lee French bread, nor is it a review of the highly publicized Jazz Passengers tour, but all three of these have one thing in common...Deborah Harry. The Platinum Blonde Collection is a sugary sweet 47 track, double album choc' full of all your favorites and candy coated with flashy remixes of 'Rapture' from UK renowned K-Klass and the up-and-coming Diddy remixing 'Atomic.' I don't know what to say about this record. There is just too much and I'm afraid I won't do it justice. The PBC kicks off way back when with some of the early selections, 'X Offender, I'm on E,' transporting you on a journey to your very impressionable youth. By the time you 'Fade Away and Radiate' and hit the lush and seductive 'ooohh, ooohh, uh-huh' of 'Heart of Glass' you will completely lose it and find yourself longing to somehow be a part of this diva, just like you were for the past decade (or even longer for some). Included of course are the more popular tracks: Die Young Stay Pretty, Call Me, and The Tide is High. Overall, this energetic, melodic and thought provoking compilation has something for everyone....just listen. (B.)

Azimuth  
Kenny Larkin  
TVT



Delectation is the feeling that looms over you when listening to the sounds and conclusions of Kenny Larkin's latest album, Azimuth. Released on Warp in the UK several months ago, TVT has finally made it available domestically. The title of the first track 'Hello' sets the mood. A greeting of the warmest kind translating into each subsequent song contrived and disillusioned by hypnotic transfusions of sound waves. Groovy beats and funky samples underline the Azimuth world with psychobustin mindscapes. The record does at times have an extremely pungent electronic sound for all the synthetic lovers out there. If that's not your thing, you will find yourself skipping a few of the tracks, before settling into this.

## MELT THE VINYL

12" reviews by Afshin and David Waxmen

SING, U.N.I.T.E.D., KNOCKOUT RECORDS

-Fred or Junior, Fred or Junior, Fred or Junior. It's a good thing Fred Jorio's name is on the record otherwise, Junior would get all the credit. A New York style house anthem if ever there was a thing.

Turn The Beat Around, Gloria Estefan, Epic Records

-Guest commentators:

"-This song sucks!!!"

huh,huh,huhuhuhu

"Yeah, this song really bites the big one,"

huh,huh,huh,huhuh,huhuhuh....

The Singing Saw, House "E" Delic, GIG Record

-Vienna franks and Peter Rauhofer: two great tastes that taste great together. The ultimate Austrian experience.

Waiting For You, Think Twice, EMI United Kingdom

-This girl really sings her heart out. Even though Hex Hector plays the first track on the A-side, our favorite is 'Roger's Turntable Terror Mix.' It gives you a lot more sound.

Phylpstrak, Spirally label art work, no credits anywhere on this record

-Why nobody wants credit for this one is beyond us. Very Detroit industrial house oriented. For the head strong only.

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# Upcoming Releases On



**nervous**

**HOT**

by **Willie Ninja**

produced by **Masters At Work**

**TRIP SO HIGH**

by **Loni Clark**

produced by **Mood II Swing**

**OOOHHHHH BABY**

by **Vida Simpson**

produced by **Double Platinum Prod.**

**YOUR MIND**

by **Progression**

produced by **Micro and Vicious Vic**

**TIME FOR LOVE**

by **Kim English**

produced by **Ten City**

Funky Vibrations '94, Sax 4 Two, First Impression

-Jaydee wakes up from his plastic dreams with another hard core classic. Best description: SMOOOOTH. You can let the needle ride, no hurry to take this one off.

Losing Control, DBX, Peacefrog

-From the mind of a very sick and twisted person. Major trip factor evolved here. If you say it once, it'll get stuck in your head and then you will loose control.

Plastique, Plastikman, NovaMute

-Whether it's a 303, 909 or a 1212, as long as it's divisible by 3, Richie Hawtin will work it to the bone. The Plastikman sound is all over this one. If you know it and love it, get it.

La Selva, Eddie X, Aquaboogie

-Ricky and Lucy never went at it like this. Que lo que pasa aqui, eh? Que lo que pasa aqui, eh??? This Latin tango will definitely spice up your set.

Feelin', Bi-atch, Groove On

-Wildchild puts together a firey first release for Groove On with the production help of George Morel. Keep an eye out for that Wildchild, he's re-locating to New York and that can only mean trouble.

Wilmot 11, The Sabres of Paradise, Warp

-Their at it again, creating music that just isn't expected. Very laid back and full of percussion. One side is very dark and the other more uplifting, you decide your mood.

Touch Me, Blake Baxter, Logic

-X-press 2 hits a home run with the "Pitch Invasion Edit" while the "Original 12" Mix" fouls off to the side in the sixth inning. These MVP remixers are in our hall of fame.

Secret, Madonna, Maverick/Sire

-Yes, the secret is out. Junior's got another slamin 'Sound Factory Mix.' Even MTV found out about this one. Play it now before everyone in the world does.

Tuscania Movement Vol. 2

Bass Material

Tuscania Movement Records

-A very juicy little import if you're luck enough to find it. 'The One's,' Part 1 and 2 rule. A strong candidate from the Italian country side.

'Lets do it Again'

HardGround featuring Madeline Rosado

Hardtrax records

-If you guest this record has a hard bass line, you win absolutely nothing. Another solid release for Hardtrax. If house is a feeling, then this record is going to make you feel really good.

X-Man

Whit label

-One strong track on each side of this release makes it a good buy. A little to sampled at times, but still worth a touch of the needle.

The Unreleased Dubs Vol. 2

DJ Duke

Power Music

-'Get Up' is the winner here. DJ Duke has taken Underground Sound of Lisbon and turned it inside out. It's actually not bad. A cute little twist to a song everybody is very familiar with.

As bored book binders repairing antique books, Bob & Michael Dog thought endlessly about music and its mystical powers. Eight years ago, they combined forces to create Club Dog, a weekly circus of DJ's and artists on the same planetary groove looking for recognition. Club Dog created a medium for many of these underground psychedelic and ambient artists to perform and show their stuff. As the club's success grow, visuals and performance art where added to create an even more surreal atmosphere. "We wanted to take the focus of the audience off of the artist pushing buttons on samplers and mixing boards during live performances", says Michael. The idea was to create a free-for-all, the way clubs were meant to be. He adds, "At times, visuals for the club have ranged from a huge tent inside the venue to just about anything hanging from the ceiling. You probably couldn't recognize the place from the inside". Whether the decor made sense or not, they were willing to try anything.

**DOGpower**



**JAMM**

photo by Payman

Originally held in small venues, Club Dog's popularity soon outgrew its small surroundings and demanded a larger capacity. The Rocket, a well known club in the North found its match and The Mega Dog was born. The increasing success of this London event left them with no other choice then to present Mega Dog to the whole country. With a good deal of courage and enthusiasm, Bob and Michael now take their spacy, trip-hardy kaleidoscope shows on the road. Frequently stopping off at major cities around England, the tours range in venues from the outdoor parks of Fordham, where they take part in a huge one day multimedia event to the small clubs that gave them life. To help distribute

continued from previous page

recordings made by the artists during these tours, Mega Dog set up a mail order distribution company called Woof. Later, in May of 1993, Planet Dog Records was formed after the huge and popular response to Woof Distribution. This marks the true beginning of a journey which started eight years ago for a couple of professional book binders who had a child's dream and a man's size imagination.

Regular Dog performers and long time friends of the Dog crew, Eat Static, were the first group to release an album on Planet Dog. "Abduction," which hints towards their interests in extra terrestrial life, went on to reach number one on the indie charts and entered the dance charts at number four. Before signing with Planet Dog, Merv Pepler and Joie Hinton aka Eat Static (former members of Ozric Tentacles) released two 12"s on their own Alien Records label along with cassette albums which they sold in hefty amounts at live gigs. June 13th of this year was the release date for their highly anticipated follow up, "Implant." True

to form, Eat Static not only continued to revel in their thoughts of extra terrestrial worlds, but also in the success of their music. These eight new tracks capture the aura of the unknown with dreamy loops and spacy samples which could only come from the imaginations of a couple of freaks running wild on the highways and byways of the galaxies. We wouldn't be surprised if these guys were aliens themselves posing as earthlings who just want to make music. Say what you will about their opinions on other worlds, but judge the record on its own merits.

"Feed Your Head," Planet Dog's second release is a compilation of laid back ethnic ambient tracks, successfully diverging from the purely elec-

tronic material on most other ambient compilations. The albums success opened more doors for artists like Toby Marks, better known as Banco De Gaia, who contributed a track to the album. Toby, also, helped himself by carrying an enviable reputation as an amazing live performer. He also used to sell his self made cassette albums by the handful at live gigs and through Woof Distribution. Toby's style, best described as ethno trance, is a direct result of his interest in traveling to see and learn ethnic cultures. His most recent release, "Maya", has nine tracks combining tribal chants, ethnic instruments and hypnotic percussions with radiating synthetic ener-

*"These eight new tracks capture the aura of the unknown with dreamy loops and spacy samples which could only come from the imaginations of a couple of freaks running wild on the highways and byways of the galaxies. We wouldn't be surprised if these guys were aliens themselves posing as earthlings who just want to make music."*

gy. He's been quoted as saying, "I don't play world music. I just put elements of it into Western music."

After recently catching Banco De Gaia and Eat Static performing live at The Limelight in New York City, we became true believers of the hype. As promised by Michael Dog, the show combined three hours of pulsating digi-beats to a kaleidoscope of images and beaming lights. Banco De Gaia came on first living up to his reputation as a great live electronic performer. His percussive ethnic mixes played with a bass line that kept our feet off the ground for an entire hour. At times, I would look around to catch the crowds reaction, to see what everybody else's thought of the show. Were

people dancing, looking at the visuals or waiting for Toby to smash a keyboard or two like those ethereal gods of rock and roll? To my surprise, there were plenty of people who just zoomed in on the visuals and just stood there. Not saying that they weren't enjoying themselves, we wouldn't know, but the music we heard would make your feet do all sorts of silly things.

We asked Toby how he thought the audience reacted towards his show, his response was "I don't know, some were dancing and some were just standing there. At gigs in England, the audience is more into dancing than just standing around." Eat Static

picked up where Banco De Gaia left off after a furious DJ set by Michael Dog himself.

Transcending you from the exotic terrestrial to extra terrestrial corners visited by Merv and Joie, the Eat Static set was even more thumping and reverent than Banco De Gaia, but still lacked reaction from a less than enthusiastic crowd that was content with just watching the stage. The night of guest performers ended with The Aphex Twin spinning records for an hour before having the plug pulled on him.

"Thanx to Mike & Bob & Dog crew for pushing frontiers" reads the sleeve from Eat Static's "Implant" record. That may not mean much to us, but the true meaning lies within the words. It describes what Planet Dog is all about. Michael and Bob are more concerned with quality recordings by giving the artists total freedom of expression. Look for "Feed Your Head 2" featuring the likes of The Drum Club, Spooky and Planet Dog's new signing, The Children Of The Bong. Also, Toby Marks is working on a second album which he explains to be more ambient than the dancier beats of "Maya" and Eat Static released their second single in late October.

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## MAYHEM HIGH

It was a quiet night at the Oakmay Hemlock High School football field. The bleachers sat silently on the east side of the field, resting after having been the support of so many screaming fans a few hours earlier during the weekly game. The goal posts shook lightly in the wind, the grass slowly began accumulating dew, and a couple of field mice undertook their nightly practice of trying to find crumbs to feast on. Any regular Saturday night, this was just about the most excitement this field would see.

But tonight was different. Tonight, there were four 3000 watt speakers lurking on the outskirts of the field. Fifteen fog machines were strategically placed to create a virtual swamp of fog when turned on. A sound activated laser light show was positioned atop the trees surrounding the field, and would create effects that would be seen five miles away. Tonight, the high school football field of Oakmay Hemlock High (or Mayhem High as the locals called it), was about to host the biggest unauthorized rave that this town had ever seen.



## FUN WITH CANTINI BROTHERS

The Cantini brothers drove their van up to the cleaners, Cantini Laundry. This was a big night for them. In the past 48 hours, they had managed to take this suburban town's biggest rave event away from it's organizer, Matt Gurner. And now, they stood to make over \$10,000 in cash. In addition, they had a cute raver chic tied up in the back of their truck. They planned to keep her that way until the next morning, when they would celebrate their success with some good weed, good junk food, and some casual sexual assault.

Luigi Cantini stopped the van directly in front of the entrance. "Okay Mario. Go in the store and get my gun."

Mario hesitated for a minute, a look of anxiety crossing his greasy, pudgy face.

"What's wrong, moron?" asked Luigi.

"Nothing, Lou. I just, um, don't know where the gun is."

Luigi smacked him across the head. "Under the cash register, you retard. Now go get it. You have the key in your sock, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah, that's right."

Luigi watched as his brother lumbered to the entrance, picked his nose and wiped it on his pants, and then opened the door and went inside. For a second, he looked like a little kid again, and Luigi thought back to that day their drunk mother came home, held eight year old Mario upside down, and started banging his head on the kitchen floor. After that episode, Mario began to demonstrate the streaks of sadism that would eventually turn him into one of this town's most terrifying criminals.

Luigi's reveries were interrupted by the sound of banging from the back. He smiled to himself. This was a feisty one. She would definitely give them a good time.

Now Mario was leaving the store. Luigi stepped out of the van, made sure the doors were locked, and then led his brother to the parking lot in the back.

"C'mon," Luigi said. "We're taking the Chevy to the rave."

Another look of anxiety from Mario. "But what about the girlie?"

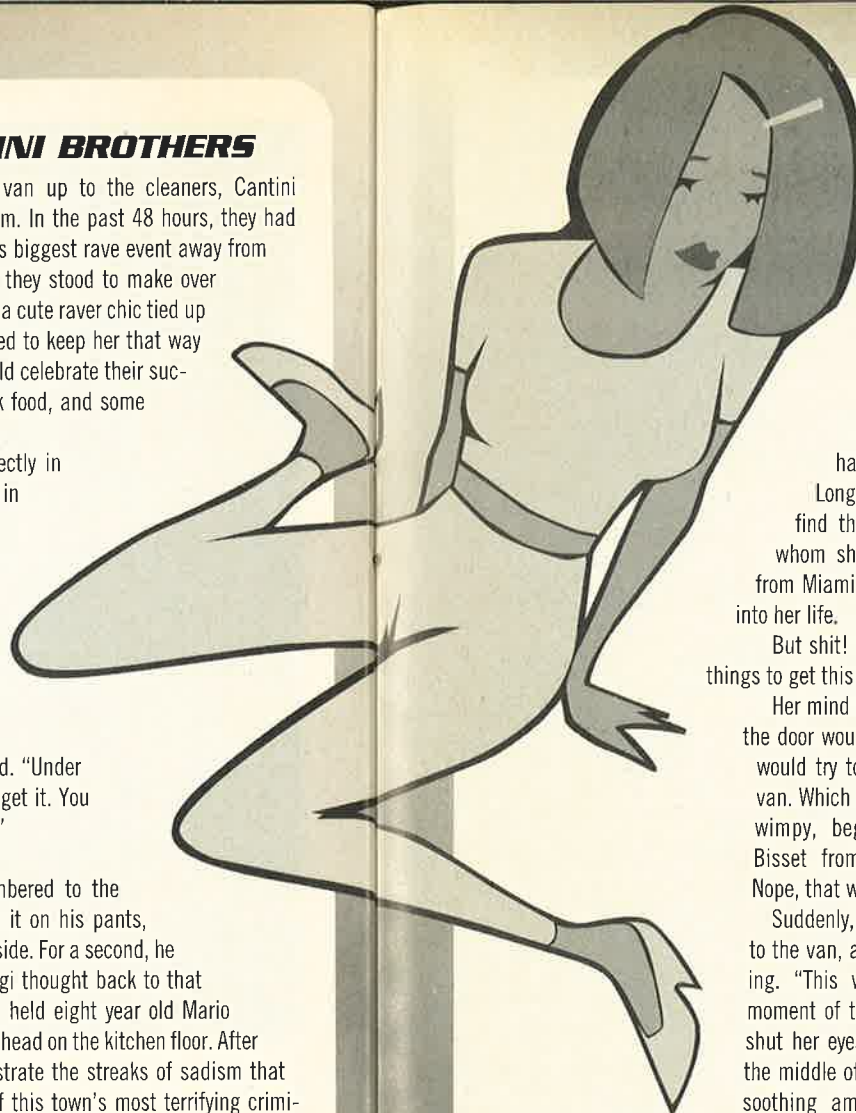
"Don't worry. We'll leave her here. Then in the morning we'll come back and have our fun."

Mario couldn't help but suppress a giggle. His feeble brain thought back to the last girl they had fun with. Of course, he didn't think of three broken ribs and irreparable emotional damage that the girl had experienced.

## URSULA'S TRIP

Ursula continued to keep still. Having been abducted at Burger King by the Cantini Brothers, she had been thrown into the back of this disgusting van, and had just suffered through a bumpy, painful ride rolling around the hard steel floor of the van. Now the van stopped and Ursula waited for something terrible to happen.

Ursula was a sheltered eighteen year old who was constantly complaining to her rich Madison Avenue friends that her life was too boring. Her father was always away "on business" and her mother was too busy with her Park Avenue fund-raisers. Actually, that suited Ursula just fine and gave her just enough time to



entertain herself between clubbing at after-hours and shopping with Daddy's credit cards. She spent the entire summer waiting for either some incredible romance or some mind-bending drug experience. She had neither, and she came to Long Island on this night to try to find the gorgeous DJ Ludwig, with whom she had such a steamy flight from Miami, and inject some excitement into her life.

But shit! she thought. She didn't want things to get this exciting!

Her mind started to race. She assumed the door would open any minute and they would try to rape her right there in the van. Which approach should she take? A wimpy, beg-for-mercy-why-me Josie Bisset from Melrose Place approach? Nope, that wouldn't be too convincing.

Suddenly, she heard a car pull up next to the van, and then footsteps approaching. "This was it," she thought. "The moment of truth for her entire life!" She shut her eyes and pretended she was in the middle of the dance floor, listening to soothing ambient techno, and twirling around in her new Vivienne Westwood

dress. "Everything is going to be just fine..." she said to herself, but didn't believe it for a moment.

## DIRTY LAUNDRY

Police Chief Gurner walked quickly to the entrance of Cantini Laundry. He needed to pick up a clean uniform, so that he would look good when the papers took photos of him arresting the promoters of tonight's illegal gathering. It had taken him and his deputy, Chuck Damm, three months of investigation to get to this point. And when the glory came, he wanted to make certain he got his share. It would make his son, Matt, really proud of him. Maybe that would make Matt open up to him a little bit. Lately he seemed to be drifting further and further away.

His thoughts of his son were disrupted by a loud bang. He quickly took his gun from his waist holster and assumed a policeman's "Shoot to Kill" position. What a night this would be! He would stop a robbery at the Cantini Laundry and break a rave ring.

Another loud bang! It sounded like it was coming from right behind him. Swiveling quickly, he realized that the noise was coming from the Cantini Laundry van parked right in front of the shop. With his gun in front of him, he walked around the back of the van, and tried to open the door. Locked. Now that banging was increasing in force.

"Stand back!" he yelled, and with all his strength, he kicked the lock on the van door. Suddenly the doors were thrown open! Before Gurner could even react, a disheveled, crazed-looking girl jumped out with a scream, and ran right past him.

Gurner stood there, and watched her run screaming down the road. He

didn't have time to go after her. He had to worry about going home and finding a clean uniform. But, why not send Officer Damm after her? He went back to his car and signaled Damm on his transmitter.

## DAMM'S DISTRESS

At that very moment, Deputy Damm was in his den reading "The Road Less Traveled." Ever since he had ran across an old best friend from college, who was a rising Hollywood star, he had second doubts about his life as a police officer in this dreary suburban town. In college, they both planned to hit Hollywood with Damm as a screenwriter and his friend as an actor. Well, his friend went after his dream, while Damm felt like his life was wasting away without anyone's notice. He was hoping this book would help him come to terms with himself.

So, when his radio signal rang, Damm didn't hear it, but his fifteen year old daughter Debsy, who was sitting in the hallway playing with her naval ring and in dire need of some cheap thrills, did hear it. She tiptoed into his bedroom, stopping for a second to make sure nobody was coming, then picked up the portable policeman's radio transmitter. Clearing her throat, she pushed in the transmitter and said in a low gravelly voice, "Damm here."

## LARA'S REVELATION

Jay Retco was about to make a move on Lara. She could read his mind so easily! Any minute he would casually put his hand on her knee. Then he would lean in and try to kiss her. Then he would try to accidentally drop his hand down her shirt.

Suddenly, the cab door swung open. It was Ludwig. Jay's hand flew back to his side.

"Lara, suddenly I don't feel very good," Ludwig said. "Can you and this American guy go upstairs and get my records please?"

"Of course, Ludwig. No problem." Lara hoped that Ludwig hadn't seen the look in Jay's eyes.

Lara and Jay walked quickly to the elevator. Lara took one glance back to the entrance of the hotel. For a quick moment she wanted to run back to Ludwig in the cab, kiss him madly, then tell him that they should go back to Germany and leave this horrible country full of crooked record label reps and club sluts. But then, that urge was quickly diminished, and she continued for the elevator, moving steadily ahead on the path of betrayal.

It had been approximately one hour ago that she had gone to JFK airport to meet Ludwig from his gig in Miami. They had arrived in NY together just two days previously and been booked to play the SupaRavathon rave, and while Ludwig was away, she had met up with this



over-anxious American guy from a major record label Jay Retco. He offered her a deal whereby if she would help him get Ludwig to sign to a record contract for \$250,000, she would get an under-the-table payment of \$50,000. She decided to go for it. After all, Ludwig was her boyfriend. If anyone could do it, it was she!

They entered the steel lined elevator and Lara pressed floor seven, then leaned back against the wall. Jay took a cigarette out of his mouth and threw it to the ground. So this was probably the signal that they were supposed to kiss.

"American boys are so predictable," she thought. They all fell into one of three categories; Brad Pitt wanna bes - the gorgeous yet approachable type, Arnold Schwarzenegger wanna be - the strong and dumb type, or the Christian Slater wanna be - the super smooth and annoying type. Jay was the latter type, trying to impress Lara with his unbuttoned shirt and his unfiltered Camels hanging out of his John Richmond motorcycle jacket.

"Here we are," she said, as the elevator reached their floor. "Here's my key. I'll hold the elevator, while you get the records."

Such obvious sadness that she wasn't going into the room with him for a quick kissing session. Just like the sadness that Ludwig would feel if he knew that she was using him and working a deal behind his back.

Just like the sadness her mother felt that day so many years ago in Hamburg when her father came home late one night smelling of cheap perfume and alcohol. Just like the sadness, she and her sister felt when they learned they couldn't go to college because their father, by now having abandoned the family, had spent all their savings on gambling. Yes, there was plenty of sadness for everybody in this world, and Jay Retco and Ludwig were not to be excluded from its path.

Jay returned to the elevator, lugging Ludwig's two metallic record boxes. He let them drop on the elevator floor with a thud. Lara could tell he was exasperated.

"Don't feel so bad, Jay" she said, moving up next to him, and rubbing his shoulder softly. "You're about to become a big shot at your label, right? You're signing the superstar of all superstars, DJ Ludwig."

"Yeah, but what about you? Are you one of those prizes I get for such a great achievement?"

These Americans, so corny! she thought. "We'll see," she said with a slight laugh.

The elevator arrived at the lobby. Lara led Jay quickly back to the front. She had a bad feeling all of the sudden. She had taken too long. Maybe Ludwig was mad that she had left him alone on the cab.

Now she was running to the front swinging open the big Mahogany doors, and... he was gone!

"Where's the cab that was here?" she yelled at the doorman? Her German accent coming back heavily.

"Excuse me?"

"The cab, the fucking cab, where is it?"

"It took off as soon as you went inside."

"Shit."

"What's wrong?" said Jay.

"He fucking left. That's what's wrong, you idiot."

It all came rushing back to her. The nights when her drunk father would be yelling at her mother. That day when three skin-heads attacked her by the Rhine river. The night the Berlin wall came down, when she dropped three tabs of acid and woke up in the middle of the Black Forest with her clothes thrown around her and absolutely no memory of the night before.

Two policemen were standing across the street. Lara walked swiftly towards them. She motioned at Jay to follow her. The knowledge of what she was about to do giving her a strange sense of strength.

"What can we do for you, Miss?" asked one of the cops.

Lara suddenly reached for his holster and grabbed his gun.

"What the fuck..." screamed the cop.

"Back up, both of you!" she screamed.

Jay threw his hands up.

"Not you, fool," she screamed at Jay. "I'm not gonna shoot you."

She walked into the street and pointed the gun at the Mercedes 560sl sports car that was coming her way. The elderly blond woman in the driver's seat didn't say a word. She simply held her hands up to her mouth and walked away.

"Jay, get in the driver's side," she ordered.

Yes, she thought. I have officially become a character of a Quentin Terrantino film.

"Lara, you're fucking out of your mind" screamed Jay.

"Shut up and drive."

Now there were sirens screaming behind them. They were driving down 44th street, about to pass Madison Avenue when Lara saw a police car speeding up Madison, headed right for them.

"Turn left," she screamed, and then BANG!!! The police car hit them.

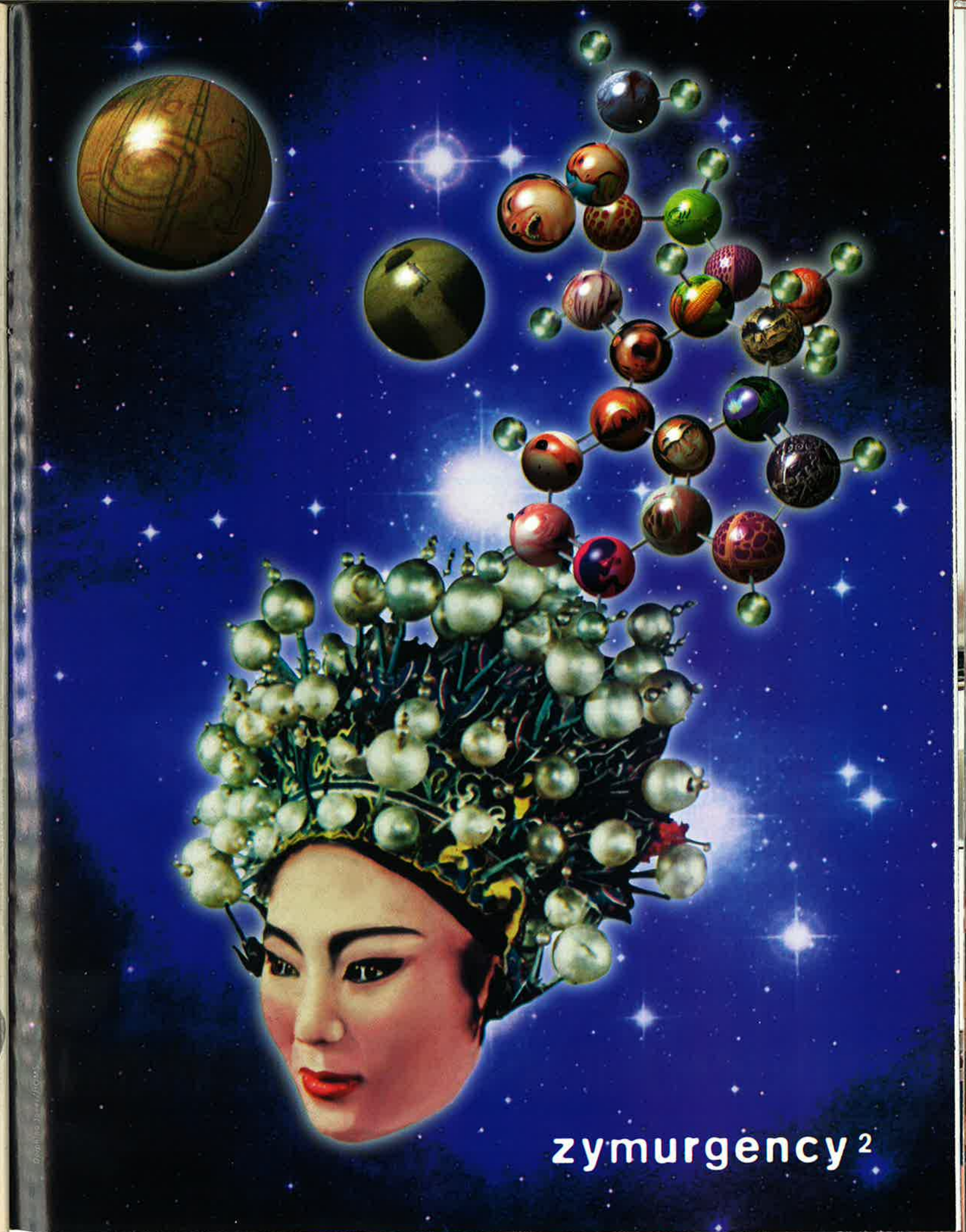
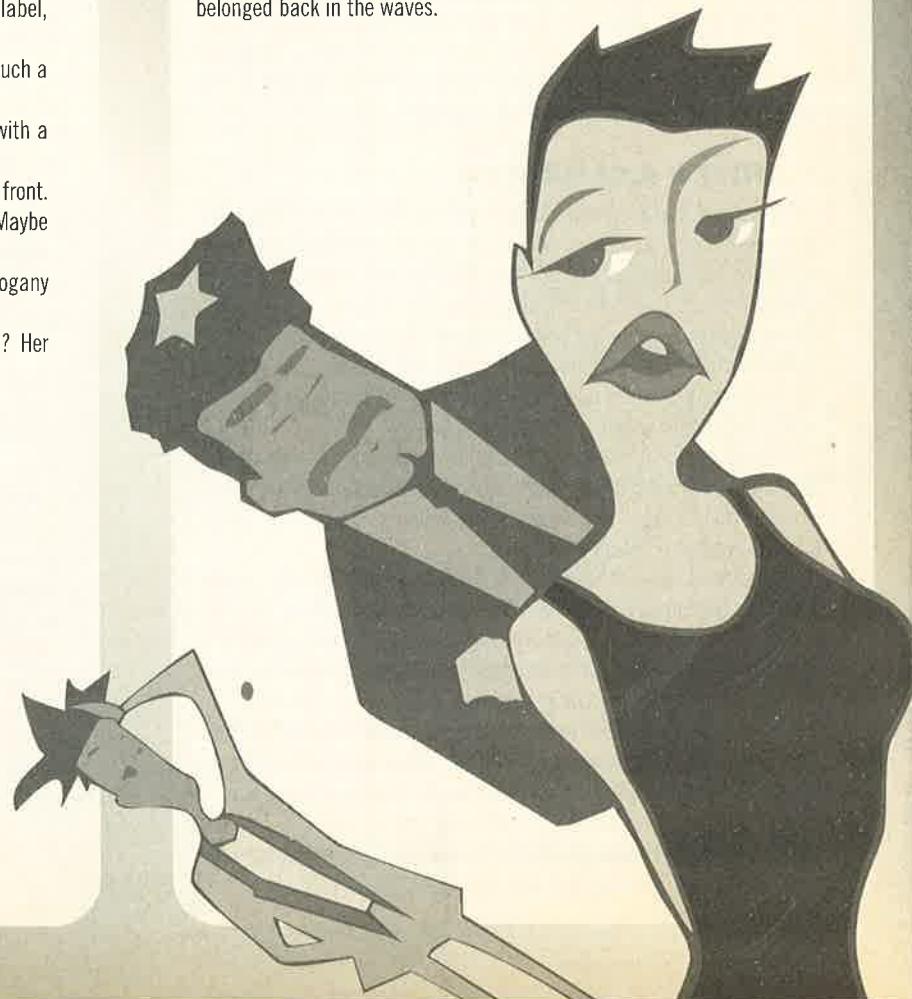
Lara was dazed but not unconscious when the car stopped spinning. She could see that Jay was conscious as well.

"Lara, what are you doing? I mean, what got into you? Do you want to call off the deal? No problem, fuck the record deal."

"You idiot," she said. "Don't you understand, this is my destiny." She smiled, put the gun to her mouth... and was pulled out of the car by the cops who quickly threw the gun to the side.

"Jay, find Ludwig, but don't tell him what happened," she yelled, struggling with the handcuffs. "He doesn't like to hear bad news."

Jay just sat there, ignoring the cops that were now pulling him out of the car, asking him what happened. All he could think of was the beaches of Southern California. Now he knew that his whole record biz thing was bullshit, and he belonged back in the waves.



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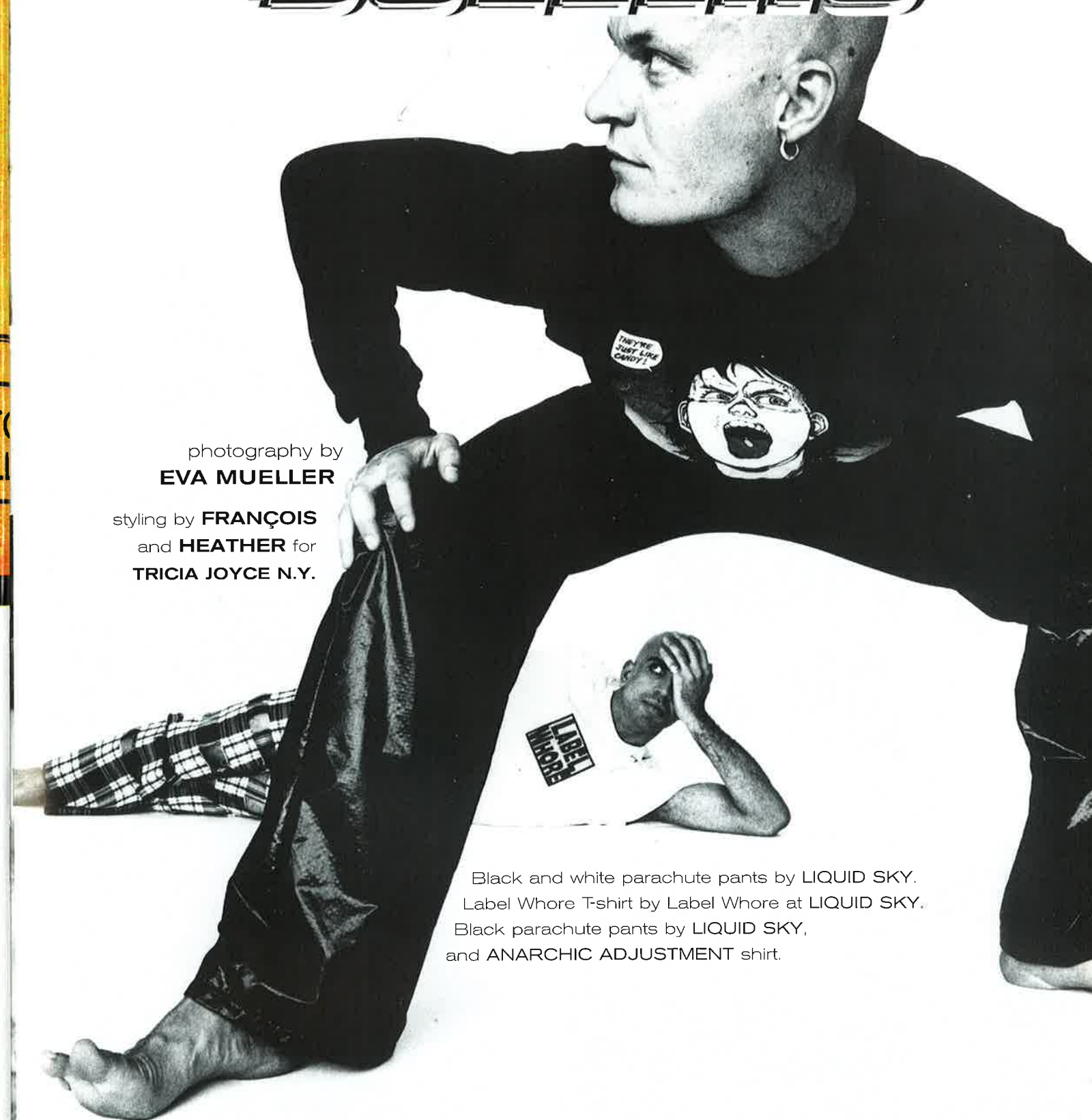
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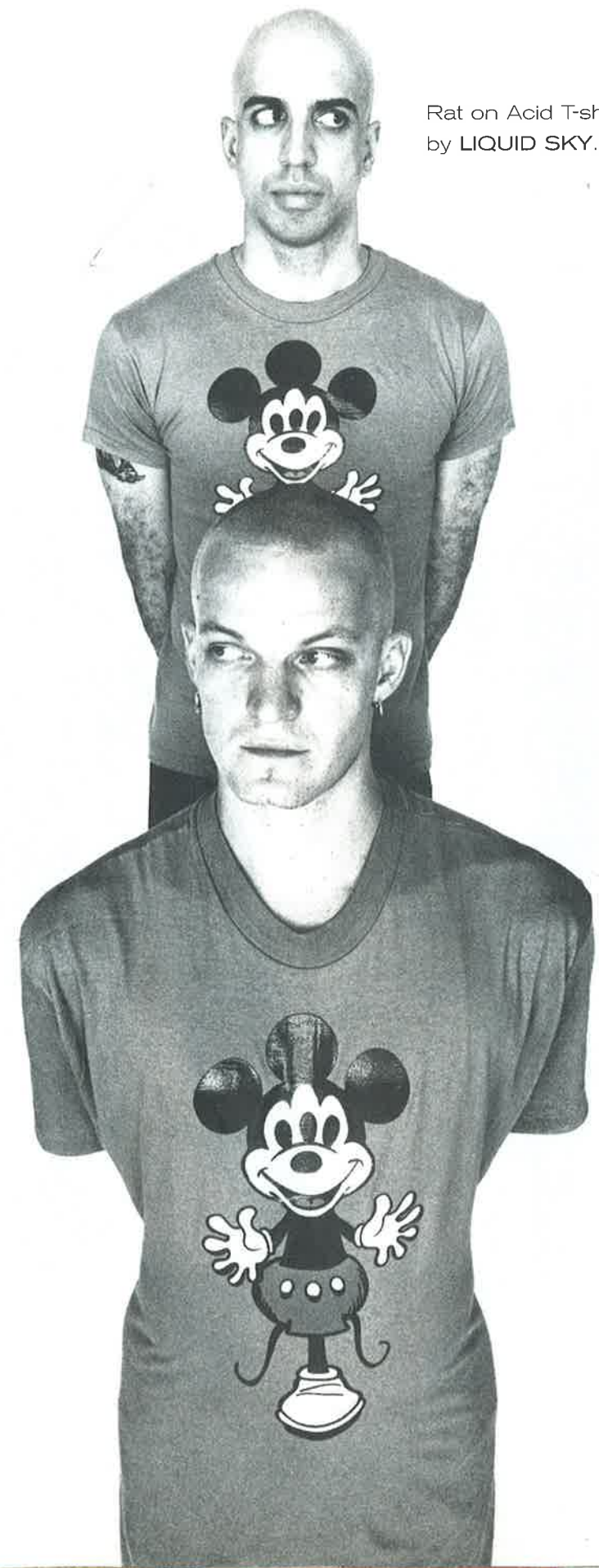
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**EVA MUELLER**

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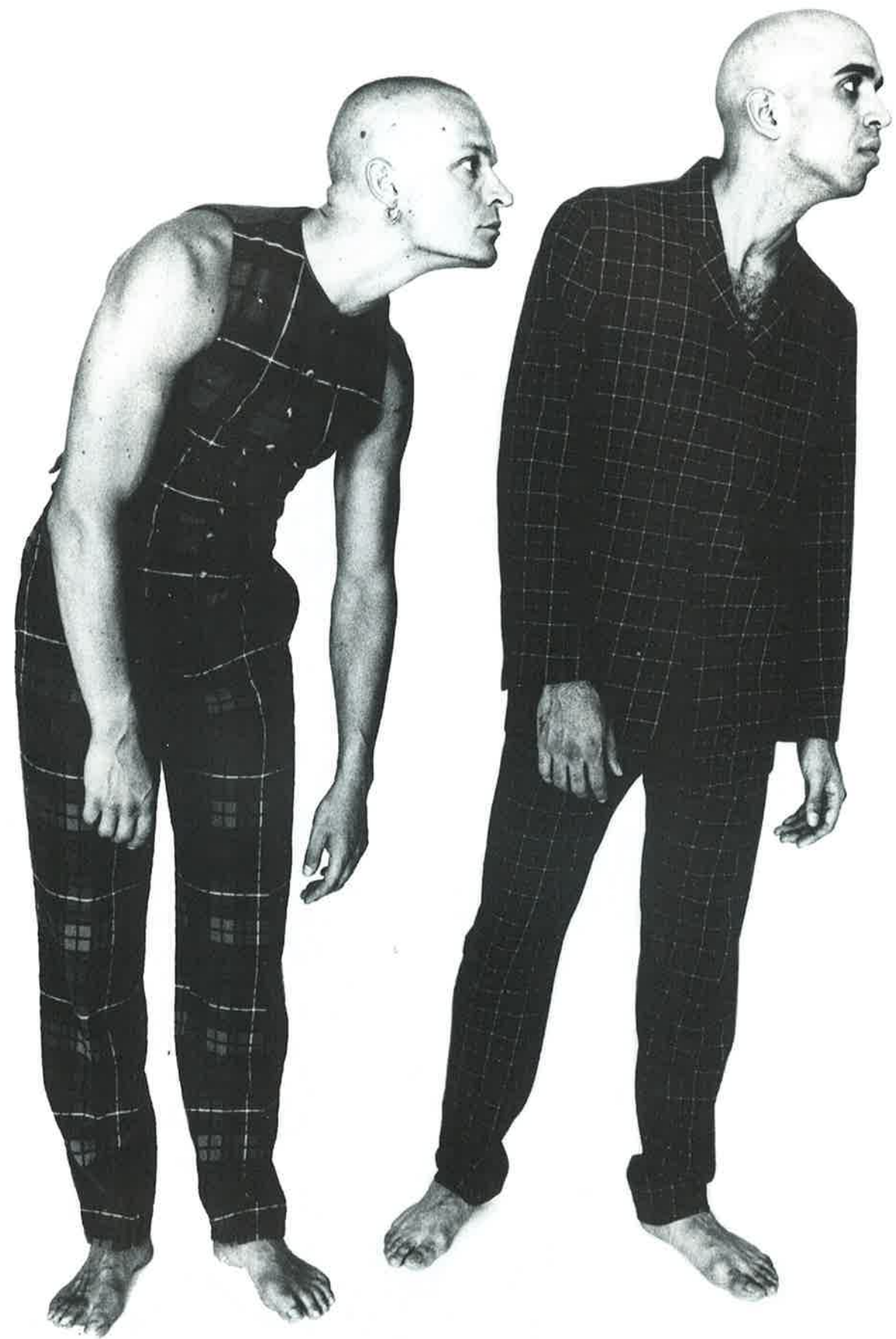
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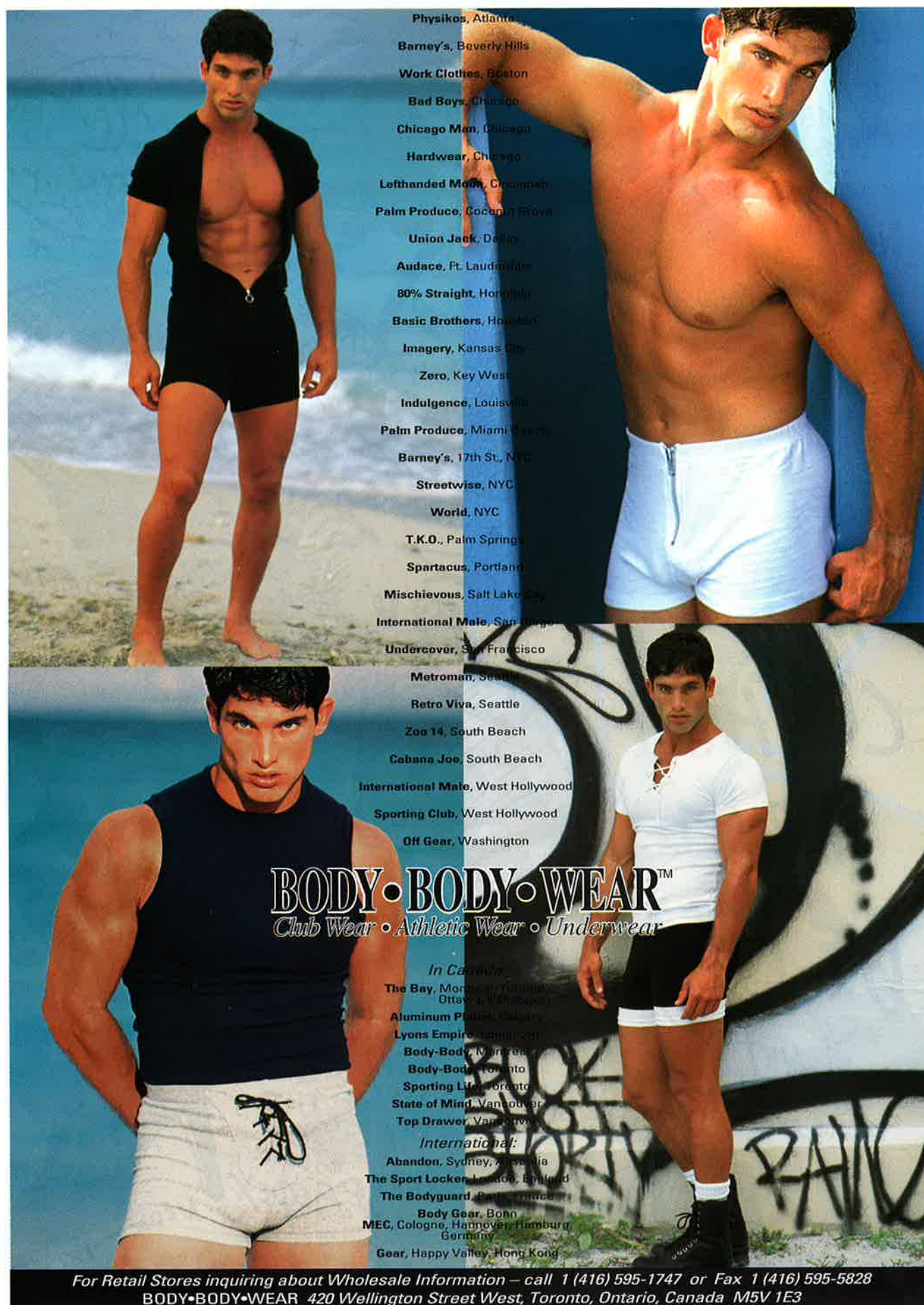
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# PORTISHEAD

by Alex Jerry

and even less can understand  
a place where few have been,

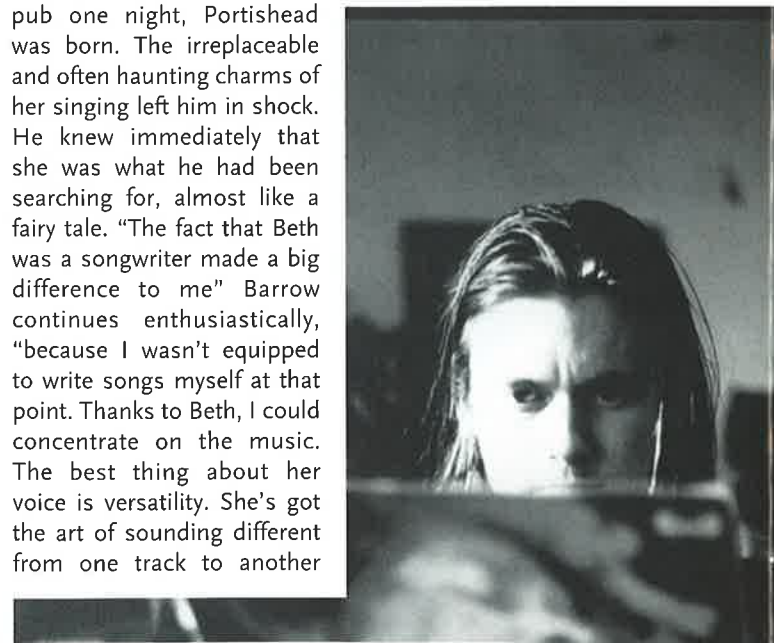
Imagine if you will, a small bistro in downtown Wandsworth, south-west London. The place is buzzing with music biz notables. The guest list reads like a media's who's who. For tonight, we are about to journey into the Portishead zone. It's the first live performance for this band named after the small town outside of Bristol where they originated. Their rather protective manager had warned "no press will be allowed, it's only a rehearsal in front of friends." As always, hype and reality belong in two different worlds. One can feel a certain atmosphere of excitement in the room, as though people know something important is about to take place. Beth Gibbons and Geoff Barrow take to the stage clad in their thrift shop gear. They claim not to be image conscious. Accompanied by a guitar, bass, keyboards and drums, the audience listens religiously as the band sets out to reproduce the sound achieved on Dummy, their debut album on Go! Disc/London records. The duo's nervousness proves almost tangible, but they still manage an impressive performance. Behind two turntables, Geoff relentlessly scratches and cuts his chill-out hip hop beats while Beth sings her heart out hiding behind her hair, chain smoking like a school girl who's just discovered cigarettes, but forgot to read the health warning on the box. The songs deal with traumatic subjects such as unrequited love and other human emotions close to all of us.

Hearing a great new voice, you could spend all night trying to establish who it reminds you of. Obvious traces of Marianne Faithfull wail's on "Roads," occasional similarities with Bjork and a strong Janis Joplin influence can be identified.

Twenty three year old Geoff joins me for a chat alone. He looks immensely happy and overcome with excitement. He's a buddy-buddy kind of guy and his high pitched laugh proves quite infectious. "Beth doesn't like doing interviews," he explains. "She feels as though she's already said it all. She's given so much of herself in the songs that she doesn't need to explain herself any further." Indeed, Beth's lyrics come from a highly personal angle.

It is rare nowadays that so much emotion can be translated into music. "We're not sad people," continues Barrow, "it's just the way that we write. I've had so many comments from the press about being bleak and languid. Other people have said that we just make thinking music and that's fair enough."

Beth and Geoff met three years ago while registering at an Enterprise Allowance Scheme (long winded title for unemployment). Geoff started his career as a studio tape operator in Bristol. He met Massive Attack there while they were recording their Blue Lines album. Their manager, Cameron McVie who happens to be Neneh Cherry's husband, took an interest to him and gave Geoff some studio time to put down demos for Neneh. Meanwhile, Beth had been writing songs for a number of years and was interested in working with Geoff. After inviting him to come and see her perform Janis Joplin covers in a pub one night, Portishead was born. The irreplaceable and often haunting charms of her singing left him in shock. He knew immediately that she was what he had been searching for, almost like a fairy tale. "The fact that Beth was a songwriter made a big difference to me" Barrow continues enthusiastically, "because I wasn't equipped to write songs myself at that point. Thanks to Beth, I could concentrate on the music. The best thing about her voice is versatility. She's got the art of sounding different from one track to another



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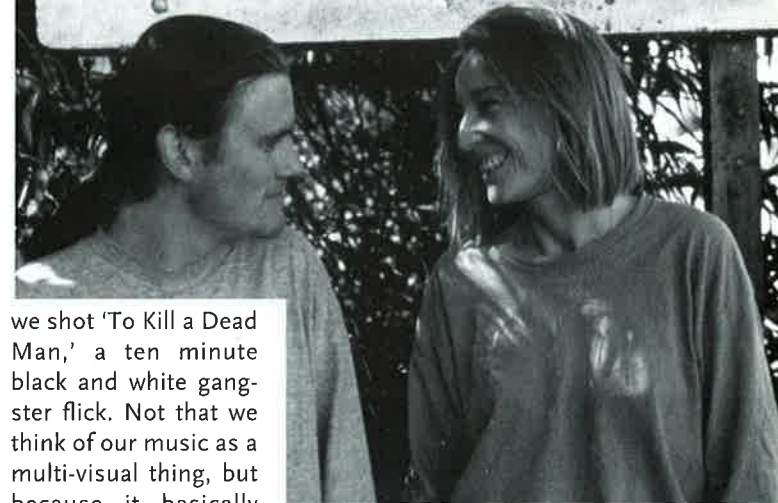
other people have said that WE JUST MAKE thinking music".

without any cue. I don't think she's totally original, she'd admit that herself, but she's not short of style. The two of us are very different, but we have something in common: we don't know an awful lot about other people's music. I realized Beth's music collection was so small when we were recording and I think that helped as she wasn't trying to achieve what other people had already done."

If you haven't heard of it yet, prepare yourself for 'trip hop.' The newest term in a relentless categorization of music that never asked to be branded. The British press has gone out of their way to tag bands such as Portishead and Massive Attack with this title. They define it as experimental instrumental hip hop. Although this record does contain certain hip-hop elements, it's absurd to compare them to anything that's rap oriented. As Geoff explains, "We write songs, so how could we be trip hop? The melodic element is very important to us because you can have all the beats and scratches in the world, but if you don't have a song, you've got nothing. We're trying to make music that is hopefully intelligent, not pop music that'll be forgotten in three months." Shelf life is precisely what Dummy is all about, real songs with heartfelt vocals, desolate lyrics, an edgy backdrop of hip hop beats, guitar licks and strings. Lifted samples remain minimal as Geoff and like-minded musical director Adrian Utley believe in experimenting with their own sounds. They record them on to vinyl, then sample them thus creating an individual atmosphere of suspense rather than resorting to second hand hooks. In fact, only six borrowed samples in all are credited on the sleeve notes.

"I've been branded a soundtrack buff," chuckles Geoff, "I'm not really, I just use bits of music that I find interesting. We wanted to do an instrumental soundtrack (for the record), so

WELCOME  
TO  
PORTISHEAD



we shot 'To Kill a Dead Man,' a ten minute black and white gangster flick. Not that we think of our music as a multi-visual thing, but because it basically saves us from making an awful pop video with pretty girls dancing everywhere and naturally, we could use the artwork instead of pictures of us (for the album cover). "What Geoff reputedly enjoys most is staying at home with his girlfriend and cat. He describes himself as a bedroom DJ who cuts up tunes on his decks at home. Not exactly a night owl, he's more than content without the nightclub factor in his life. "Interacting with people is impossible and the club DJs are different, they like mixing house music" he explained. To Geoff, DJing has a contrary style and it's labeled scratching. At the age of fifteen, he entered a DJ competition, but didn't get very far. Since then, he spends more time concentrating on the 'feel' of things, rather than the technique.

The future is without boundaries for these talented artists. Their unconventional sound and harmony has placed them in a field where few have tread before. With a critically acclaimed debut album, Portishead are now ready to take on America. Don't miss their album out on FFRR/London records, it's a gem.

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photographer: **Jordan Doner**

stylist: **Anne Christensen**

hair: **Gerard Decock** @ The Spot NYC

makeup: **Regina Harris**

layout & compositing: **Ken Harris**

models:

**Kristeen Arnold**, IMG

**Raquel Edwards**, IMG

**Amy Grahm**, Company

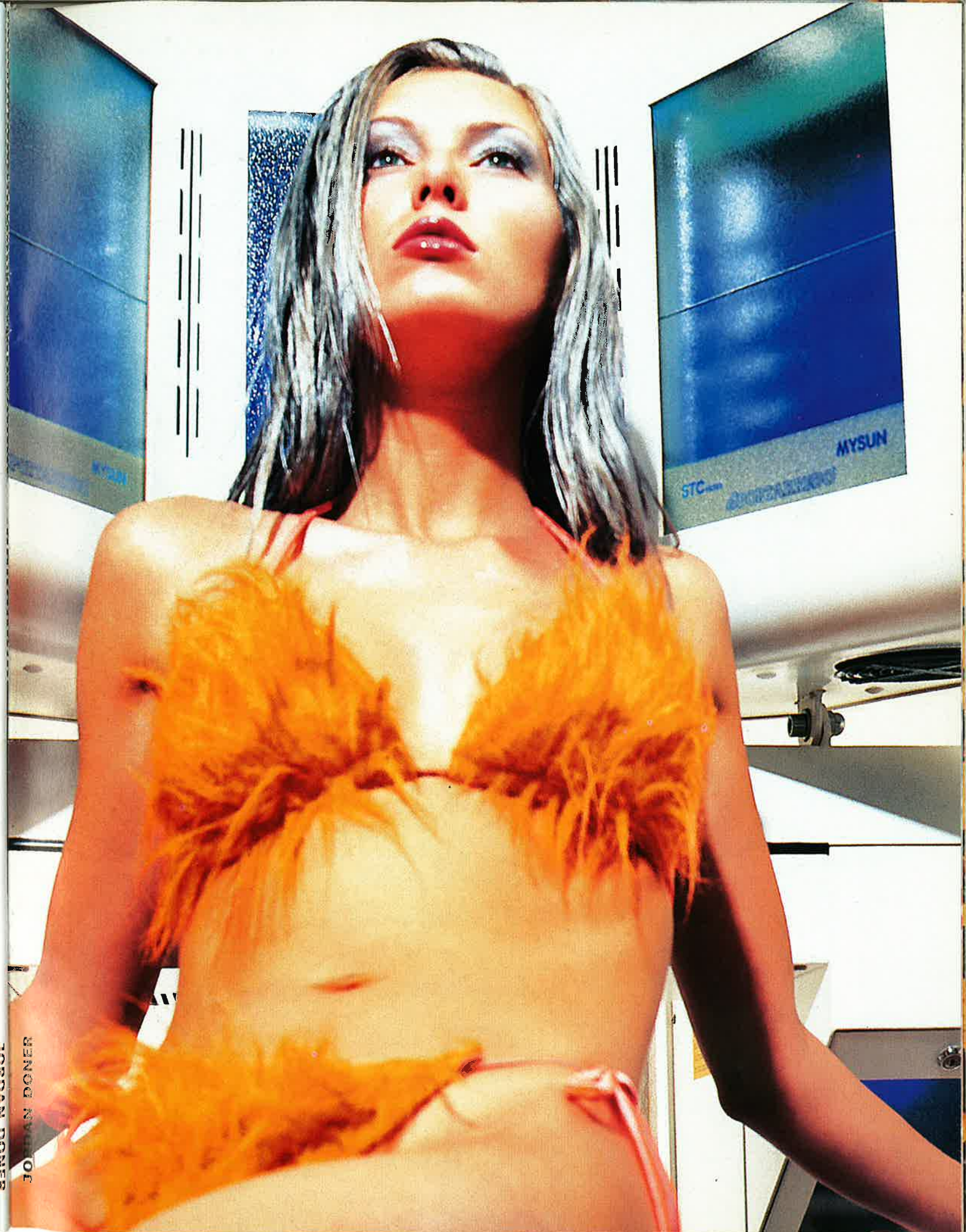
**Lesli Holecek**, Company

Stainless-Steel  
Surf-side with  
Raquel Edwards  
and Lesli Holecek



*cover:* Raquel and  
Lesli wear Purple and  
Blue Metallic Bikini's  
by **Jeffry Costello**.  
*this page:* Lesli  
sports a Black Faux-  
Fur top and a Black  
Vinyl bottom from  
**Corrugated**. Clear  
Vinyl shoes from  
**Fredrick's of  
Hollywood**.  
*opposite:* Amy  
Graham, swathed  
in a **Betsy  
Johnson**  
Orange Faux-  
Fur Bikini,  
soaks in it  
at *Future  
Tan*.

JORDAN DONER  
JORDAN DONER





*this page:* Lesli, wearing a Pale Green Satin Skirt by Malia Mills, glistens in the cascading Falls of Isis, Robert Perlis' stainless steel and polycarbonate water-sculpture. *opposite:* Lesli, stands tall in a Red Nylon Top and a Red Vitamin-E Pill Bottom by Alex:Choi.

JORDAN DONER



JORDAN DONER



*this page:* wearing a White Pané Velvet Top and a Diurex Pill Bottom by Alex:Choi, Lesli stretches out in the Sun-All 3000.

(Opposite) Kristeen Arnold sparkles in the sumptuous marigold bed of the Liberty Science Center parking-lot. Blue Sequin Bikini by Ziganne.

JORDAN DONER



JORDAN DONER

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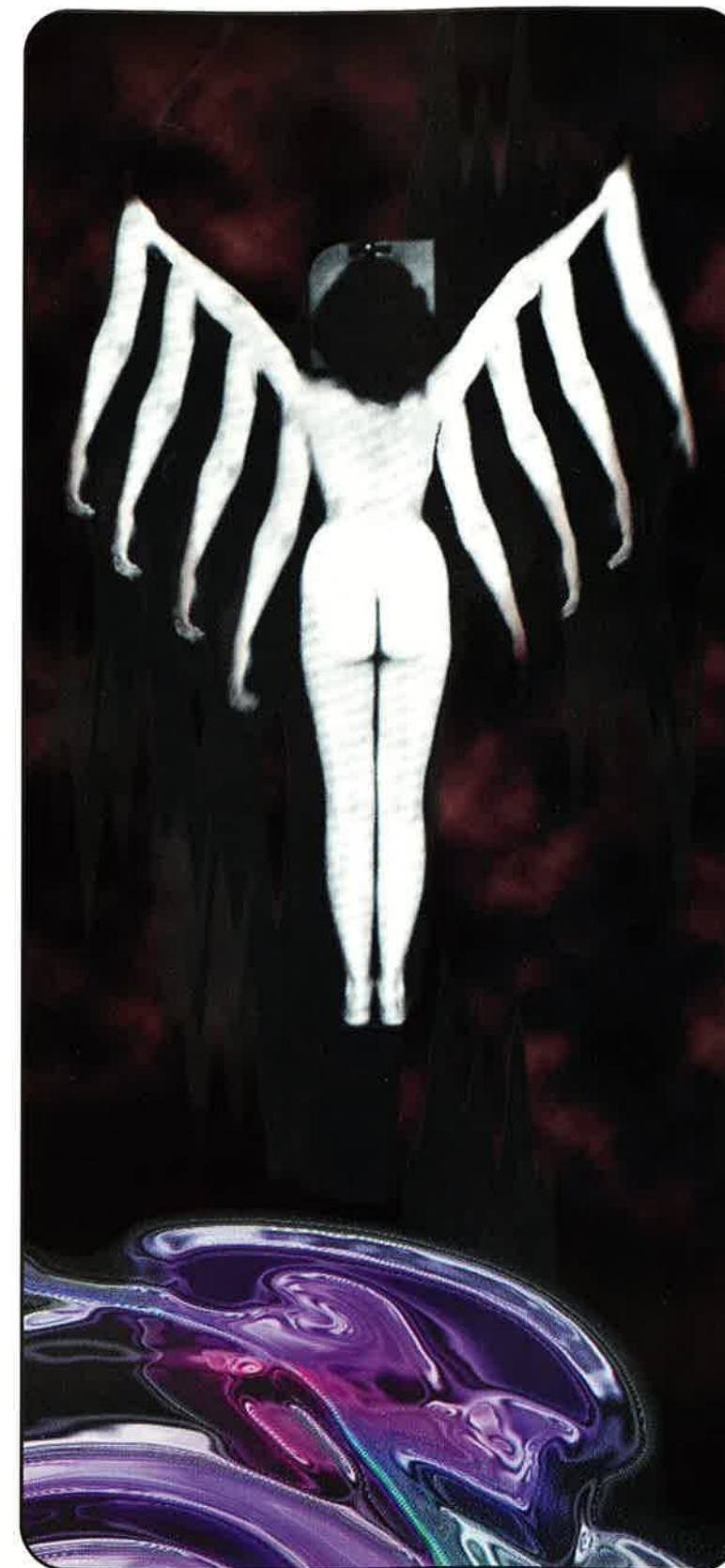
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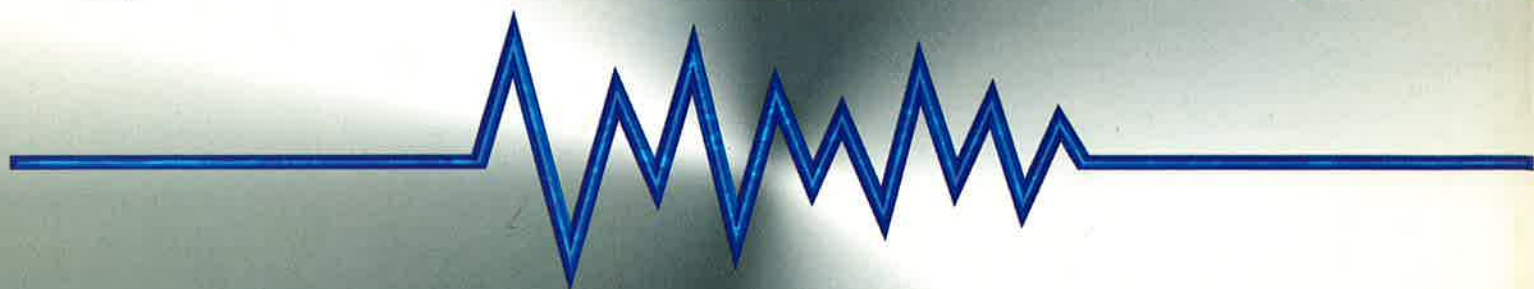
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